

# YANDY

#24

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46992 -- for FAPA mlg 111

As of April 27, we're still here, though increasingly we wonder how long this will prevail. Our printshop is currently teetering on the brink -- it is operating only because liberal applications of scotch magic tape are keeping the silk screen from tearing loose any more from the bottom bar; maybe if I hold my mouth right, it'll last thru this last page of Vandy and hopefully thru the stencils for Yandro 147, though that'll be pushing it. And the Wabash plant of Honeywell is cunningly cutting down (or off) its overhead by the charming expedient of walking employees on the plank -- either to Minneapolis or Chicago, or oblivion. Again, so far, we're still here, but nervous.

"US Weather Bureau issues a warning of large hail, damaging surface winds and possible tornadoes on or about a line sixty miles either side of a line from Lafayette, Indiana to Toledo, Ohio." Again, we're still here, but we've been shaved on both sides and I'm trying to train the dogs to dig a cellar in the back yard. Watch this space.

Title page & EGGS & MARROWBONE -- JWC  
(seven pages)

ONE PINCH OF SOUR OWL CRUD -- RSC (4 pages)

BT-HIS PAGES (Tucker) (4 pages)

One Tucker-sponsored petition (1 page)

Bacover by Bruce Coulson, decorations by JWC



EGGS & MARROWBONE

A reminiscence on "Quiet, Please" (for Lee Hoffman, who remembered it a mailing or so ago, and Jack Speer, who inquired --- and for any other interested parties who might have mentioned the subject in the rest of mailing 110, which I haven't finished reading).

Jack says he began listening to radio again in 1946, which would have been time to catch "Quiet, Please" --- if he could. If fond memory serves correctly, "Quiet, Please" was broadcast in the late forties, but broadcast most erratically; my mother and I spent many a frantic Saturday and Sunday afternoon and evening searching the airways for that elusive program. A major part of its difficulty seemed to be a lack of sponsor --- which was also one of its many charms.

It ran, according to Ernest Chappel's pronouncement on the last program, for nearly three years. Much of that time, it was a will o' the wisp faithful listeners dial twiddled and program schedule dug for, all too often in vain. The network didn't seem to know what to do with it, and was wont to shuffle it around mercilessly and stuff it into the most ridiculous time slots.

The theme music was the second movement from Caesar Franck's symphony, the main, and frequently only, actor was Ernest Chappel (I'm not certain of the spelling of his name, so I'm guessing). Chappel is now the voice behind the Pall Mall commercials on radio and tv, and it's a horrible waste of ability.

The program would open with the theme played --- piano, I believe --- then Chappel intoning "Quiet, Please". Usually he would announce the title of the play and it would begin, immediately. I can not remember having the half hour's mood ever jolted by "but first, a brief message". Any messages delivered were developed in the play itself.

Programs leaned principally to fantasy, with occasional science fiction and very rarely a straight program such as a murder mystery. There were few if any concessions to the slow-on-the-uptake listener. I was in high school during this time, and quite frankly, some of the themes were over my head; I was aware they were beyond my meager experience and background and felt frustrated because I couldn't grasp it all, but I never turned off the set. I suspect the average listener did, but there must have been enough of the faithful about to keep the ratings decent.

One of the earliest programs I heard, and one I still consider my favorite, involved two men working with a matter transmitter. Uncertain of their distant contact point, they are puzzled by the coldness of a flashlight sent and retrieved, the presence of an Isabella caterpillar on the sending table, its coldness, and its peculiar response to the aurora borealis flickering outside the lab window. Eventually one man bundles up and goes through the transmitter himself, and his description of the alien planet and his reactions to its incredible cold are equal to written sf of the period, and superior to any other drama sf I've ever encountered. He comes back covered with caterpillars, and they manage to establish communication of a sort. "Our world" is too hot for the beasties. The narrator is put out of action for a time, and when he recovers, his co-worker and the caterpillars are gone --- through the transmitter. But they promise to return, when they have suitably reconditioned our planet to their thermal appetites. And Chappel's thoughtful voice finishes, "And I've been wondering about all the unusual bitter weather lately..."

And it indeed had been a bitter winter, and the program made chills, psychic and physical, twinge the listener's spine.

They did Biblical fantasies (the "inside" psychoanalysis of The Magi), ghost stories (a Brigadoon type Scottish tale), pure horror stories

(two rustic types who raise a giant fly -- down with the square cube law! -- and must murder to feed it, and finally volunteer themselves to keep their pet alive: "Careful, Louise. Don't step in the manpaper" ....and even an early sort of Strangelove, with the hell-for-leather military type who wants to bomb the moon with a cobalt missile, despite predictions of tidal catastrophes and the destruction of the earth; that one was called "If I Should Die Before I Wake", and concluded with an alarm clock ringing....no further explanations and go right into the final theme.

It has been many years, and memory starts to fail. I hang on grimly to the ones still vivid in my mind, and regret the loss of the ones I was too young to appreciate. I don't believe I'd care to see them done on tv -- no genius of a set designer could replace the human imagination led by an extraordinary narrator -- but I would be more than rapturous if some kind soul would revive them on radio. Out would come the tape recorder, and this time, they would not be lost to memory.

But, unfortunately, I suspect that was before the days when every thing was committed to tape, and only something like Mercury Theater which might conceivably be of historical interest (and how) was preserved.

"Quiet, Please" remains tucked in my fond memory file, with a few particularly impressive "Lights Out" tales and an all-too-vivid recall of the film version of "Edge of Running Water" -- Ann Revere and Karlott gave me a permanent fear of electricity that time. Certainly nothing has come along in tv to compare, although Hitchcock has teetered on the thin edge of joining them several times; I shall never be sure if the failure of today's programs is a fault in their material or the jading of my imagination and jading of my impressionability.

But the loss of the past is still an ache in the broken bone of my memory.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR Buck is amused by and I am resigned to people voting him into the Editor/Makeup category; Yandro he edits -- Vandy, no. Anything that goes in, its arrangement and general makeup -- all are my doing. It's the closest thing to my early ideas of fanzining....chatter and pictures.

Pavlat, I must admire your faith in feeling that the waiting list business is going to take place "In the absence of formal controversy..". Perhaps I'm unduly pessimistic, but I suspect you'd better batten the hatches.

SAFARI (Earl Kemp) Earl, I think you are perverse (or preverse as the case may be): you drop FAPA, and then move to California where you'll be next door to the OE and all sorts of cheap mailing rates.

SYNAPSE (Jack Speer) I think you'd better feed Son of a bit more ink. At a teacher's college, it's theoretically possible to get an M.A. after a B.S....since the arts may well refer only to the fact that you've taken foreign language. I assume the reason bachelors' aren't mentioned on fly leaf credits and what not is the assumption that you can't get an M.A. without the bachelors', and so why mention what's self evident?

My initials were chosen quite deliberately. Before my marriage, I signed myself JRW, and only a few days after I was married, I realized I could substitute my maiden name for a middle initial and come up with the initials of one of my favorite writers and editors (then -- I'm a



now and then reader at best anymore).

Oddly enough, none of my many archaeology books lists the meaning of Tut-Ankh-Aten...

Most male names in the Egyptian dynasties seemed to have meanings like "Aten-Is-Well-Pleased"...although I suspect that the courtier in great favor who might use the pharaoh's name would think no more of its actual meaning than people today think of someone named "Victor" as wearing a laurel wreath and riding a chariot.

Unlike Eddie, Bruce doesn't seem to write stories -- he has a more dramatic flair and goes in for acting out the parts of his creations. Maybe when he's a bit older he'll get down to writing playbooks first.

SELF-PRESERVATION (Hoffman) I must say this is the most interesting job of collating I've ever seen.

RANGER STATUS BULLETIN (Ellern) Much thanks. I dig this sort of thing.

KIM CHI (Ellingtons) Lord, don't you get tired typing your name on the cover that many times? After that, I think I'd change the title.

Well, I don't know where all the fuses are on the Rambler, but I imagine the manual would tell me, if I got desperate. But the average non-mechanically inclined person, male or female, just doesn't think of things like fuses -- until several years ago when the overdrive on the Rambler blew a fuse which had to be replaced, I didn't even know a car had fuses. I suspect Marion's like me -- able to make a hand-operated machine like a manual typewriter or mimeograph sit up and behave, but pretty helpless when it comes to anything like a car. I imagine I could change a tire, if I ever had to (if I could remember which threads on the nuts go in which direction on which side of the car).

THE BULL MOOSE (Morse) On Canada's new flag and the Separatists and all that, some months back we saw a documentary on Canada's --and particularly Quebec's -- problems in this department. It included such highlights as the French-Canadian underground leader who would speak English to the American tv commentator only because he was American; if he had been Canadian, he would insist on French. And the folk singer (unknown) with his jolly suggestion: "Comes the revolution, we'll all run and hide in the arsenal -- the Separatists have already raided that and the guns are all on the outside." Most interesting. Comforting to realize we aren't the only country that has internal problems; Americans sometime get the impression everybody else in the world is throwing bricks at them, presumably because they're wearing shoes.

ASP (Donaho) I don't think anything you can say about the Metcalf vote is half as convincing (or entertaining) as his own version.

I enjoyed the name-dropping accounts of the New York art movie in-groups. Other people are just as crazy as we are, eh?

SECRET AGENT 8 (?) X (Elierns-?) My oculist won't let me read things like this.

PHANTASY PRESS (Dan) I'm afraid you're probably wasting your time with Metzger. The professional non-conformist goes into anywhere convinced the whole thing will be a drag. Of course it is. If it weren't, he'd spend long hours worrying over his slipping image and indulging in auto analysis to figure out why he had such engrams. Frankly, I find Rotsler's approach, which seems to This-Is-New: Let's-See-What's-Interesting-About-It, much more to my taste.

SNICKERSNEE (Silverberg) Well, my mother went to the Fair too, on GM's package deal for employees, or something of the sort; but I gather she took it in at considerably less expensive levels.

While I envy you the ability to spend \$21 on dinner for two, I have this hausfrau tendency to gasp: "that's better'n a whole week's food for three of us!" Glad to see you up there, really.

PANTOPON (Ruth) Your typewriter nicknames are delightful. Let's see, I could call Buck's big LCSmith (our stencil cutter) Old Gimpy, because it limps on some letters.... Mine? Frug -- because it likes to put four letters in the space for two and save room, and because it dances all over the top of my desk when I type.

A PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) On this business of medical alteration of personality -- it is a fascinating, and as yet barely touched field. And I suspect some surprises lie ahead in the next fifty years of medicine. I also feel women are probably feeling such effects already -- they have since prehistory had personalities changed by physical changes, but now man is doing this artificially, with steroid hormones and the like; probably women are so easily shifted because their endocrine system is in a to-be-cycled position anyway.

But anyone who has worked with anxiety neuroses (or had them!) might have some qualms. The hysterics simply say "I can't move my arm, I can't!", even though there's no reason for such a belief. But the a.n.s., asthma, hives, eczema, some forms of sinus headaches, migraines, etc., cause actual physical change. What if medicine gets so efficient that when the human psyche throws one of these tantrums, it is easily and instantly correctable? Ah, blessing, says the sufferer. But the psyche is still annoyed, down in its Id, or somewhere, and if it can't get satisfaction by closing bronchial tubes, raising welts, inflaming capillaries or whatnot -- what next?



Frankly, I'm not eager to find out; I'm almost certain it will be some-  
things quite worse than the original ailments. I had eczema for quite  
some years, and then for various reasons, allergic sinus attacks began  
creeping up on me (partially allergic, but like all these annoyances,  
triggered by emotion, too). Now I rarely have eczema, but the sinus  
endures.....I'd much rather have had the eczema, and I wouldn't want to  
trade my sinus attacks in for anything worse, lordy! I hope the medi-  
cal researchers watch it, that's all.

WHY NOT (Lewis) Milwaukee has a nice museum which we visit now and then  
when we're up seeing the DeWeeses, Grennells... Bruce is getting old  
enough now to get a bit more out of it, so we'll have to take him back  
this summer. They feature a stuffed African elephant on a pedestal (I  
don't believe Bruce thought it was an animal -- certainly nothing that  
was ever alive was that big), life-like taxidermy behind glass a la  
Field Museum of a wolf pack attacking a deer, a reconstructed giant  
squid hanging from the ceiling (very impressive) -- quite a large place  
all in all. Part of the place is given over to a hall about the Ameri-  
can Indian, artifacts, home-life; first time out, when Bruce was about  
four, we came to this section last, and he came around a corner to face  
a life-sized statue of an Iroquois brave in full regalia: "Oh look,  
they got stuffed people, too!"

Sometimes I think we've raised that kid with too scientific an atti-  
tude.

THE MAIDEN AND THE DRAGON (Jacobs) I'm bothered when you can't make up  
your mind about what is the title. Or maybe this was a subtle something  
like forest with two "r's" -- I kept trying to decide if this was an es-  
oteric reference or ancient spelling I didn't know about. I'm a prison-  
er in a proofreader's factory, apparently.

SERENADE (Bergeron) I very much envy you that stained glass window.  
Someday -- sigh. I'm also very fond of -- prismsed glass? I'm not sure  
what to call it -- cut glass, the old-fashioned kind, is a close rela-  
tive. It's thick, seemingly ordinary glass that sometimes frames stained  
glass insets in older houses; when you move past it, it prisms outside  
light gorgeously. If I couldn't find and/or afford stained glass in my  
dream future house, I'll settle for some prismsed glass.

I try not to cut off acquaintances ("friend" is a word I reserve for  
very very few people I've ever known), because once I do, that's it....  
I mean, I still carry a very strong grudge against a kid who knocked one  
of my teeth out when I was seven, and that was more or less an accident.

"My mother, your mother, lives across the way,  
East Side, West Side, on Broadway.  
When I grow up I will hate you just as much,  
But then I'll think of rea-sons."

ANKUS (Ple . oh phoo. Pelzes). I've got corflu, but I'm getting tired.  
Someone else who tends to anthropomorphize things, like Berman. Some  
years ago, when it was a family and friend fad, I got in the habit of  
referring to inanimate objects (usually annoying ones) as "George" --  
this was before I knew anyone named George....I mean, personally. I  
still slip into the habit, but generally refer to things by their proper  
brand names -- Rambler, Tower, Gestetner. If I called the Gestetner any-  
thing, it would be "Clunker" -- not because it is, but because that's the  
sort of noise it makes.

GOLIARD (Anderson) Very much enjoyed, but like many such things, it's almost uncommentable upon....

NULL-F (ted) Interested in your 90% best record on contraceptives, especially where you got your percentage. Most of the data I have insists that in regards to the pill they have yet to find a case where a women conceived while using them correctly. "Well, gee, there was that date I figured it didn't really matter..." doesn't count. Such things are certainly no fault of the steroid itself, and it's unfair to chalk them up against it -- it belongs under the human nature column.

NULL-F #40. Gee, I never thought of running water to cut down static, but I'm afraid it might be self-defeating here, since our water is supplied by an electric pump -- which occasionally makes the kitchen wall tingle while it's operating. I do stash my ink in the refrigerator part time in very hot weather to cut down on oil separation and spreading. Seems to help quite a bit.

I admire your stomach -- I've been unable to watch more than one "Hullabaloo" show, and that was painful. Not even for Ian and Sylvia would I watch it, and that makes it oog in my book. Now most of "Shindig" I much enjoy -- some, shrug, but generally pretty good. I really dig the dancers....

DAMBALLA (Hansen) I defy anyone to compete with me as an animal lover but I am still able to see the artistry of bull fighting. I would probably prefer the Portuguese version, but in a world like ours, I would say the fifteen minute ritual of the bull fight might well be classed as comparative artistry. I grew up near a slaughterhouse, and I assure you the fighting bull dies as quickly, (and is considerably less frightened) as the average future beefsteak, who stands around in the "In" chute for forty-five minutes listening to the death screams of the animals ahead of him, terrified, electric prodded along the way and finally hung by one leg from a ceiling chain and bled to death. It is still done that way, and probably will be for a good many years, economics being what they are. Bullfighting comes off pretty well, stacked against that...

DESCANT (Clarkes) You always find the green break in my hilarity bone, and I only hope you keep it up -- at least as long as I'm around to read it.

HORIZONS (Warner) You seem to have sexier court cases in Hagerstown than do we decadent hoosiers. We seem to go in for violence, and ridiculousness--such as the gas station holdup where the guy, still holding a gun on the attendant and telling him "don't move, buddy", walked backwards into the grease pit. And the bank robbers who tried to escape into Lake Michigan on a boat, with police helicopters and patrol cruisers surrounding them. Real nuts.

LIGHTHOUSE (Carr) Must say Redd got more mileage from his tangle with creeping formism than DeWeese did in a YAN column detailing his attempts to buy some ordinary steel shelving from Gimbel's. Best he got was about two pages pica.

On the matter of school tough guys, I might say color, or sex, is not necessarily the determining factor. I was a smart little snob, and not at pains to disguise the fact, and I got my own share of roughing up in neighborhood fights and "don't push me" school stare-downs. Not that David is my type, but anyone "different" is going to be in for it, unfortunately. Human nature....

ONE PINCH OF SOUR OWL CRUD  
by Robert Coulson

The arrival of Tucker's stencils made me decide to write a few comments myself. To start with, while I see his point anent the special rule, I have far too much apathy in respect to FAPA to promote such a thing myself.

whose decision was it to unofficially include the material of ex-member Curt Janke? I was under the impression that the mailings were restricted to members and any outsiders were included only by being "franked" by a member. If someone wants to frank Janke's crap, it's all right with me; I don't have to read it. But how come he gets in "unofficially"?

On the subject of official actions, I feel that Scithers made a mistake. I won't speak on the legality of keeping him on the mailing list; if the officials concerned say it's legal, that's all right with me. But I think that anyone who made statements to the effect that FAPA had chosen its hero and he wanted no part of such a group owes the membership an apology if he changes his mind.

For the benefit of those who voted for me in the "Editor/Makeup" section of the Egoboo Poll -- thanks for your confidence, but it was misplaced. I edit YANDRO, but I don't think that's eligible in this poll. Any editing done in VANDY (there isn't much) and all responsibility for makeup is Juanita's alone.

ANKUS 14 (Pelz) I think the "Milwaukee Science Fiction Society" program you asked about was perpetrated by James Sieger. I wouldn't guarantee it, as it could be Grennell's doing, but I believe Sieger was behind it.

WHY NOT (Lewis) But what makes you think that the people who attended the Discon business session are entitled to have their decisions considered "the expressed will of fandom"? They are the expressed will of a majority of the attendees (all 40 or 50 of them, if I know anything about con business sessions), no more and no less. All this "desire and intent of fandom" is pure bull and you know it.

As for your proposed rules, I invite perusal of Sec. VII, Par. 4: "If no nominee has a majority, the nominee having the largest number of votes will be eliminated...." Either you failed dismally to say what you meant, or you have the most peculiar ideas on voting procedure that I've ever encountered. Presumably it was a typo, but it's a rather important one to be making. As for your rules in general, I agree with you that they would probably work. I doubt exceedingly that they would constitute any improvement over the present setup. Why is consistency so damned important, anyway? And while we're at it, why is prestige so damned important? Why does fandom suddenly need to become respectable and conventional and develop prestige in the outside world? Why the urge to conformity?

....

The blank (or possibly blotchy, if I don't do a good job with the corflu) areas on the preceding page are due to the fact that I decided that some of my comments thereon looked just like all the other comments that I've been making off and on for a year or so. After staring with mild disgust at the last page, I almost persuaded myself to adopt the policy of "if you can't say something good, don't say anything". (But I won't; what's the use of running off half a dozen blank pages?)

A PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) I can sympathise with your frustration, but I'm afraid that I have more in common with your students. I have always disliked math. There is no particular reason for this attitude that I can think of -- it certainly isn't because I ever had any trouble with it. I could always work the problems, and I always hated the time I had to spend on doing them. This dislike seems to extend to all phases of the subject -- I once bought a slide rule with the idea of saving time in the few engineering calculations I ever had to do, but I could never force myself to practice with it, and consequently it's still easier for me to work problems on paper or in my head. I never really got acquainted with "higher" math, because I detested the lower variety so thoroly. I think that a liking for math is something you're either born with or you aren't; I obviously wasn't, and you presumably were.

PANTOPON (Berman) Farcical horror? Well, there's Kuttner's "The Twonky", which might qualify. Even there, however, the antithesis is plain; the farce is successful, and the horror is successful, but I always had the impression that the two parts of the story didn't quite fit. (Which is one reason I enjoyed the movie; by removing the horror altogether, the ending in the movie was a far better fit to the rest of the story than was Kuttner's original climax.)

After glancing at SYNAPSE and PHANTASY PRESS, I was about to decide that this is the mailing featuring bad reproduction. (Then I looked at SECRET AGENT and knew it was.) Not this time, fellas. I sometimes read poorly reproduced neozines because the neos need encouragement, but I think you can get along fine without my comments.

SAFARI (Kemp) I loved Sidney's story.

Anybody need any old TAFF ballots? There seem to be 7 or 8 stuffed in here with the mailing.

ASP (Donaho) The thing that occasionally confuses me about fan feuds is the way fans will call each other all sorts of names in public, while continuing to correspond, hold friendly conversations at parties, etc. Quite possibly this means that these fans are more civilized than I am, ~~but I say they hypocrits and I say the hell with it~~, in which case they should be warned that they have a barbarian in their midst. I don't call names unless I mean them, and when I get fed up enough to quarrel in public I want nothing further to do with the individual. (At least, if I said the things that some fans have said recently, I'd want nothing further to do with the person I said them about.) So if I misunderstand some quarrel, put it down to the fact that I tend to believe the opinions (even if not the facts) you express in public. I'm always a bit bemused about feuds anyway -- if I acquire a dislike for a specific fan, it's the easiest thing in the world to simply stop associating with him, and I do. Public recriminations seldom do any good, anyway.

Note to nit-pickers; the "I" in the preceding refers to me; the "you" refers to fandom in general, not to Donaho in particular.

THE BULL MOOSE (Morse) I've always had something of a yen to live in Canada, myself. (Tho never enough of one to prod me into doing something constructive about it.) How's Canada fixed for tech writers? (Meaning, will they take one without a college degree? In the States, I've discovered, they generally won't.)

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE (Boggs) To deal with the police with a maximum of safety, obey the law in the first place.

KIM CHI (Ellington) I not only don't remember Skelton Knaggs, I don't believe in Skelton Knaggs. Not even as the real name of that noted tv star, Rock Enroll. I'm all in favor of letting idiots crush themselves under cars while working on them; it beats letting them crush themselves and half a dozen innocent bydrivers (well, "bystanders" isn't right) on the freeway. Shucks. I never actually looked close at a package of "Rum-Soaked Crooks"; my impressions of a rather limp cigar with alcohol dripping off of it came from the advertising. And now you say they only use wine -- another boyish illusion shot to hell. Incidentally, the local paper today carried a short item datelined Huntington Park, California. A medical student "lit up a rumsoaked cigar", and it not only exploded, it shot a .22 bullet past his ear. After that, I don't think I'm going to look very closely at a package of the things.....I thought cancer was the worst you could expect out of your daily smoke.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) From your comments, I'm afraid you missed the point of "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.". It isn't supposed to be "imaginative and fast-paced"; it's supposed to be funny. A parody is supposed to point out absurdities in the original by carrying them to ridiculous lengths; this is precisely what UNCLE does. (It also includes things like the episode where fish started coming out of the water faucets in the super-secret UNCLE building, along with a note saying "Eech. You're poisoned.") I can't imagine anyone looking at David McCallum mugging and then taking the show seriously.

You might feel better about unwanted long distance calls by considering how much the nit on the other end is paying for his joke.

NULL-F (White) Uh-huh. That was a good review of The Three Stigmata Of Palmer Eldritch -- but I notice you neatly skipped over the point that annoyed me; Dick comes to no conclusions and forms no coherent philosophy. I know it's the current fad to enthuse over the fact that an author asks searching questions in his work, but as I've said before, I can ask questions. I don't need to pay a professional to ask them for me. What I want from the professionals are answers -- conceding that there may be no all-inclusive, "final" answer, he should at least be able to come up with an interesting theory. Dick can't even come up with an interesting set of questions in this one.

As I said to Calkins, you aren't supposed to take UNCLE seriously. If it was serious, I wouldn't watch it.

JESUS BUG (Main) Kemp needed activity credits (if I'd known he was going to resign so soon, I might have turned him down. I did reject it for YANDRO, but I thought it was good enough for FAPA consumption.) I didn't think the story was "awful"; just not very good.

HORIZONS (Warner) Major flaw of baseball is its incredible slowness, which is getting worse every year. I don't fancy sitting still for 3 hours or so in order to watch 15 minutes of action. (I don't like fishing, for the same reason; when I sit down and watch something for hours at a time, that something is going to be a book, not a fishline or a ball game.) Of course, I'll admit that growing up in Indiana did probably prejudice me towards basketball ... I mean, what other sport is there?

When an installment-purchase is repossessed, the original buyer is still stuck for the full amount of the purchase. If there is a loss involved in the resale, the original owner is legally required to make it good. (Of course, if he is so hard up that he had the thing repossessed, it may be hard to collect from him, but that's the law.) That's why you see ads for someone to "take over the payments" on a car, or a roomful of furniture, or whatever -- quite often the original owner is willing to let the stuff go to anyone who will accept full responsibility for making the rest of the payments. (Of course, a lot of those ads are come-ons for gyp outfits, but some are genuine. One of my co-workers got himself a year-old Rambler for a couple of hundred dollars on just such a deal -- all he had to do was guarantee to make the remaining payments, thereby relieving the original owner of future obligations. Juanita tried to pick up a sewing machine that way, but this ad happened to be a bait-and-switch deal from a local gyp artist, so we didn't bite.) This applies to houses, too, as was pointed out by John Keats in The Crack In The Picture Window.

In many cases it's impossible to ask for reprint rights to material in old fanzines; neither the author nor the editor can be located. Similarly, one applies to the editor rather than the author because he's usually easier to find. The one time I wanted to reprint from an old fanzine, I didn't even know who the author was, since the article appeared over an obvious pseudonym. (Author turned out to be Lee Hoffman, as I recall, but I had to get in touch with the editor first to find out.)

I don't agree that it's nasty to ask outrageous prices for scarce recorded material. If the price is too high, you don't have to pay it; price is determined not by what something cost to produce but by what it's worth to the customer. It's tantalizing to see something you want being offered for more than you want to pay, but if you don't have any sales resistance in this society, there's no hope for you anyway. Producers of books and records seem to have a fiendish ability to price their wares just a dollar or two above the top limit that I'll pay for them; it's annoying, but hardly "nasty".

I liked "All Our Tomorrows".

FANTASY ROTATOR (Eney) I knew FAPA had to be better than something; I guess this is it.

LIGHTHOUSE (Carr) Gina fouls up her point in the third paragraph. Who do you know who are gluttonous eaters, love parties and presents, and pile up a lot of junk? Children? Nonsense; obviously, hobbits are fans. (Of course, I suppose they still could be fags.....) Ah, but you misjudge Pelz' attitude. He is a collector. Never mind whether the stuff is any good, he has a complete set and he can't bear to break it up. (I know the feeling -- I've managed to avoid collecting fanzines, but I bought GALAXY for a couple of years just for the collection, and with some hope that it might improve. Then a couple of years after I finally gave up on it, it did improve and I started getting it again -- and I went around surreptitiously buying up the issues I'd missed for half price.)

first fandom is not dead

his BT © pages

only tottering, granddaughter

(\*) THE SNARLY MAN (\*)

"... I almost resigned the post (( of Fapa editor )) in favor of some one else local (EdCo had said at one time that he would like to be OE, and Redd Boggs was willing to take over if I really wanted to get rid of the post.) (( But )) I came out of it in time (i.e., before I actually resigned or asked EdCo if he wanted the job.) ... "

-Elected editor Bruce Pelz, in Ankus 13.

Dear Elected editor:

This is the first letter I have written to an editor since 1936. I am only sixty-three and one-half years old. Please mark these words carefully, as they may save you the sticky embarrassment of a tar-and-feather job. I realize the pressures of work combined with mental depressions can cause a man to think of shoving it, and gafia; I doubt that anyone would blame you for such a decision and most of us would understand your position.

But, kind sir, the next time these troubles pile up on you, make no more noises about passing the editor's job along to some local pal. Instead, take a few minutes to read Section 6:11 of our battered old constitution, and then send an air mail letter to our grey-bearded president. He will know what to do.

Some of us old fuddy-duddies think of Fapa as something Holy that must be preserved at all costs. We find the members entertaining, and some parts of their published material likewise.

- (\*) -

"Boycott: (tr. verb) 1 To combine against by refusing to deal or associate with; place the products or merchandise of under a ban. 2 To punish or coerce by group ostracism; also, to refuse to use or buy. (noun) The act, pressure, or an instance of boycotting."

-Funk & Wagnalls New College Standard Dictionary, 1947.

I contend that Boggs, White, Davidson, Fitch, J. Knight, Lichtman, Main, et al., did NOT boycott the convention, no matter what they said they were doing. Too many fans in the November mailing reported seeing them in the hotel, mixing with con members, attending parties, and so forth. The first ten words of the above definition rob them of their desired roles. What the hell, gentlemen, don't be half-assed about your principles; if you wish to boycott a convention, do it.

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These pages are printed and published by Juanita Coulson, bless her bones. I furnish the completed stencils and she does all the work. ::

A few months ago I received a letter from a young lady (?) who called herself Monique Von Cleef, with the return address: Box 158, Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021. With sinking heart, I realized my name was on a new kind of sucker list -- put there, I suspect, by some kind-hearted Manhattan friend. The letter follows:

"Robert: The mail was so (slow? late?) but finally I got to answer you. If you ever come to NY you may contact me, it could be interesting. I like leather, rubber and I am very broadminded Sfc fan -- can be a generous partner, contact me. (s) Monique."

A photo-stamp attached to the handwritten letter showed a young Dutch or Germanic-type blonde who could be 20 or 25 years old; she was smiling at me, and appeared "interesting." Someone wrote to her, or the agency promoting her, and signed my name --- this letter was the result. Well, fine and dandy, I like broadminded Sfc fans who can be generous partners -- but look, fellas ... why did you have to include that leather and rubber bit? Do you think me a prevert? Do you think I really like broadminded blondes dressed in rubber skin-diving outfits, or decked out in leather costumes and boots? Nix. Please write to Monique again, and tell her that when I come to New York I want to find her wearing nothing but lipstick. Tell her I'm square.

Who's the scoundrel lurking in the Manhattan bushes, eh?

- (\*) -

Our Horatio Alger Dept for this month:

The following news item is reprinted in full from Boxoffice (a theatrical trade magazine) for December 21, 1964:

"Joseph E. Levine has signed writer Harlan Ellison to prepare the screenplay of the controversial Hollywood novel, "The Oscar." This will be an Embassy production for Paramount Pictures release, to be produced by Clarence Greene and directed by Russell Rouse. The book covers the conflict and intrigue which takes place during the battle for an Oscar of the Academy of the Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and is a biting exposure in novel form of a mythical actor's plan to be named for his performance. Ellison is the author of 13 published books, 500 magazines articles, and 12 television scripts, and this is his first picture assignment."

13, 500, 12 -- that's not too many.

- (\*) -

Reprinted from History (1914):

"50 Years Ago Today: Dr. Wilfred G\*\*\*\*\* expects to leave about the first of November for a year's absence in London and Edinburgh. From his correspondence with hospitals there, he learns that owing to the great number of English physicians who have gone to the Western Front, there is an unusual opportunity for physicians remaining to get any kind of hospital work. Outside of the unpleasantness of living under martial law and the possibility of having to dodge an occasional Zeppelin bomb, he does not anticipate trouble."

A little money will overcome the unpleasantness, eh Doc?

- (\*) -

And this is our Motion Picture Achievements Dept:

Eleanor Turner is a young lady unknown to me, save through the ink-stained pages of some California fanzines, therefore I pick no bones with her. But in the May-June 1964 issue of Shangri-L'Affaires there appeared a candid report that fair knocked my eyeballs acroggle. Mrs. Turner wrote that she and her husband had been invited to attend the second annual dinner of the Count Dracula Society, in Los Angeles, and they did so; and furthermore they watched the various awards being handed out to divers persons for divers reasons. Comes now the quote, ripped from context without cheating, that sent my eyeballs gyrating:

"After the introductions were made, the Ann Radcliff awards were given to Herman Cohen, motion picture producer and author, for his motion picture achievements and his advocacy of horror films ..." \*\*\*\* For the benefit of those who don't attend the moving picture theater as often as I do, herewith a list of Mr. Cohen's achievements:

Konga, The Earth Monster, How to Make a Monster, The Headless Ghost, Blood of Dracula, Horrors of the Black Museum (and later, The Black Zoo), I Was a Teenage Frankenstein, I Was a Teenage Werewolf, ad nauseum. He also produced some earlier hotrod pictures.

- (\*) -

Bob Farnham

I don't suppose many of you knew Bob Farnham. He wasn't too well known outside the N3F, where he did most of his fanning, but he did attend at least two worldcons, and one or two regional meetings as well. I believe he had one or two very short stories published in the Palmer magazines when Bea Mahaffey was editor, and for a time his local newspaper published a humorous column by him every week or so. I think he co-published (with Nan Gerding) a fanzine called Chigger Patch of Fandom, and of course he appeared in fanzines now and then. It is galling to know so little about a man I knew for so long.

Farnham worked for the Illinois Central railroad, in Chicago, up until about ten years ago, when an inspector discovered his deafness and canned him. He and his wife retired to Dalton, Georgia, to live on a small railroad pension. He had been in atrocious health for the past several years, and was bedridden the final year. He died December 30, 1964. This is a wretched obituary for any man.

- (\*) -

First Mimeo Given to Smithsonian (said the headline).

A UPI dispatch from Washington, dated Feb. 5 1965, reads thusly: "The Smithsonian Institution, which is the chief U.S. repository for the artifacts of our civilization, enriched its collection this week with the world's first mimeograph machine. The primitive flatbed duplicator was presented to the museum by the A.B. Dick Co., of Chicago. Albert Blake Dick, founder of the company, conceived the idea in 1883. He and Thomas A. Edison put together the machine that became known as the "Edison No. 3." Dick, who was then in the lumber business, knew a good thing when he saw it. He quickly switched from lumber to mimeographs, and the rest is history."

Personally, I doubt that the world's oldest mimeo reposes in any museum. I cannot doubt the weekly evidence before my eyes.

(\*)

Fans is Funnier Than Anybody -Plutarch

The most interesting item of the last mailing was not the Ego-Boo Poll results, but rather the reports (real and implied) of the Secretary-treasurer, and the Vice-president. The innocent bystander can't help but admire the sparkling sense of humor displayed by mr. rich brown, in blackballing the entire waiting list. Imagine it --- sixty people lopped off into limbo, in one swell foop! Utter ingenuity! And then, a few weeks later, the stunning climax: a petition for a special rule to restore that list to its rightful place. What cleverness! What tremendous humor!

I refused to sign the petition. I prefer to watch the clever mr. brown continue to exercise his sense of humor.

It's probably immoral as well as illegal, but I would like to see those poll sheets which were returned to the Veep, containing the blackballed names. If the sixty names were written or printed on the backside of the official poll sheet, well and good, but if they were listed on a separate paper prepared, or furnished by the dazzling mr. brown, I shall at once begin sharpening a special blade for the Veep.

Mr. Ted White puzzles me. I can't seem to see the sense of humor he had in mind, while abetting the big blackball. He's mad at the poor Secretary-treasurer for putting the list back where it belongs, yet he seems to be aiding mr. brown in the magnificent effort to put the list back where it belongs. Well, I never did understand the New York fannish mind -- I've long looked on them, collectively, as a pack of extracted foreigners. Maybe these two clever chaps are the one who gave my name to Monique Von Cleef.

(\*)

Notes for Granddaughters:

It's shocking, somehow, to learn that "The Phantom Empire" with Autry and Darro has turned up on tv. It probably shouldn't be admitted to you, but I showed that same serial in my very early days, in the first theater that cast caution to the winds and employed me. This happened not too long after Lindberg flew the Atlantic. I believe that serial was the very first film of any nature which showed television in action. I seem to recall the ultra-scientific underground city had tv sets which operated without benefit of a camera? True? If so, the thing has come full circle. Finis coronat opus, and all that.

Seeded any shoulders lately?

And Grandfathers:

Chuck Hansen, please ask Bob Peterson the name and date of that thick fanzine he published during WW2, which presented his fantasy fiction decimal classification system. Also, ask him if he recalls a similar fanzine, containing a similar system, published by a Canadian named Cameron? I was discussing these systems recently with Roy Tackett, but neither of us could remember the data. They don't seem to be listed in the Evans-Pavlat Fanzine Index, and yet I know I once had copies of both magazines. They were, I suppose now, rivals to Speer's own decimal classification system.

-Bob Tucker, March 6, 1965

Mt. Picake



the Map of Mars