

# VANDY

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All illustrations by JWC  
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Issue #15, published for the 99th FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, United States of America

I think we'll be different and not put anything into the 100th mailing -- or maybe just some old St. Patrick's Day cards.

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ODDS AND ENDS, or: A FAIRY FESTIVAL  
(being various comments by RSC which are made partly to tidy up loose ends but mostly to fill up the rest of the stencil)

I just finished reading my Doubleday stf selection, "The Necromancer". Can anybody tell me what Dickson was talking about in that thing? (I'd ask Dickson, but I'm not sure he knows....) From the letters of various fans, I'm beginning to think that maybe Galouye's "Dark Universe" has a chance to win the "Best Novel" Hugo, after all. Originally I figured that "Stranger In A Strange Land" would walk off with the award. It's a pity that those two novels came out the same year; both are head and shoulders above everything published in the two previous years.

I've discovered an outfit which produces lavender mimeograph paper. ("I've never seen a purple fanzine, I never hope to see one....") I've been toying with the idea of getting a few reams and putting out a purple issue of YANDRO. We could dedicate it to...well, never mind. I think it's a jim-dandy idea, anyway. (Juanita is hoping that if she ignores the whole thing maybe I'll forget about it.)

Best item in the 98th mailing: the cover of TARGET: FAPA. (And I only hope that I'm not contradicting anything that I said in the mailing comments.)

In the last VANDY, Tucker asks which fanzine in the mailing is read first. Generally, I skim thru the lot (looking for my name) before actually reading any of them, but I usually read CELEPHAIS first, and then a zine by Bradley or one of the Busbys, or maybe Danner. RSC





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# Lonesome Traveler by RSC

THE OTHER DAY we got a postcard from Bob Tucker, announcing: "Stop Duper! Dean Grennell has just notified me that he is suing me for \$83,000.47, for certain defamatory remarks in the last VANDY concerning furnace salesmen. He stands an excellent chance of collecting the 47¢. His quote: 'Nothing personal, mind you -- it's just that I need the money'."

NO COLUMN from Tucker this time; I guess he's waiting until we re-print the last one in YANDRO.

MY FINANCIAL STATUS IS IMPROVING. Nowadays I'm getting on real high-class sucker lists. The advertisement for EROS magazine (4 issues for only \$19.50) wasn't so bad; it was the one for Civil War books (send your advance payment of \$88 now) that really got me. Then someone tried to sell me a home movie outfit (complete with a "classic Woody Woodpecker cartoon") for \$199.95 plus shipping, and I got a real flossy pseudo-embossed invitation to become a member of the National Travel Association for some outrageous price. (This is the one that said at one point that membership was restricted so I should join now while I had the chance, and then had 4 places on the application where I could buy "gift memberships" for other people.....)

I didn't buy any of them, but I'm happy that salesmen have such confidence in my ability to pay.

Alan Dodd sent a clipping concerning a building contractor who got a contract to build a housing development which would be used mostly by CIA employees in Langley, Va. So, he wrote to the CIA, asking how many employees they had in the place. They wouldn't tell him -- nobody would give him any information at all. So, our resourceful hero wrote to the Russian embassy and asked them. He got a prompt, cheerful, courteous reply, stating the past, present, and expected future employee situation of the CIA at Langley.

YANDRO readers can skip this one. Some time back, I got a gun catalog from the Service Armament Company, to send to Alan Dodd. Some of the writing was so fascinating that I kept it and got Dodd another one. There was one ad for Thompson sub-machine guns, in working order, to be sold to law enforcement agencies only. I quote: "For many years these fast shooting guns have been a favorite with professional thugs and gunmen in various Police and Military units as well as with notorious criminals." On the next page, in an ad for the Schmeisser MP40, was: "Few will deny that this deadly tool has all the specifications needed for mass murder. We are now offering these weapons for Police use....." The entire thing read like something written by Dick Ellington, and I still don't know whether it was deliberate or simply bad phrasing.

SOMETIMES I WONDER about fandom's future. (Not very often; just when I'm feeling morbid.) Despite gloomy predictions, there seem to be about as many new fans and new fanzines as ever. But there is one difference. The new fans today have had little or no contact with fandom.



The urge to publish appears to work whether there is any knowledge of other publishers or not. We're always going to have fanzines, it seems; the only thing we may lose is the contact between editors. I can visualize a future where some kid in every high school publishes a fanzine on stf, or comics, or horror movies, or whatever the pseudo-intellectual fad of the time is, and where not one of these publishers has ever heard of any of the others.

Y'know, it might be a pretty nice future at that, come to think of it.....

I BOUGHT A STAMP MAGAZINE, and was somewhat startled to see all the ads for stamps commemorating various astronauts. For example, the US didn't bother to put out a stamp commemorating Shepard's flight -- but Paraguay issued an entire set for the occasion. Albania issued a set commemorating the Gagarin flight. Hungary put out souvenir sheets for both Titov and Glenn (which I thought was pretty broad-minded of them; can you imagine any of the "free" nations putting out a stamp commemorating any of the Russian achievements?) West Germany put out souvenir post cards honoring Glenn, Shepard and Grissom. Togo issued a "space sheet" which is now sold out and being wholesaled at \$4 per sheet, according to the ad. Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Mongolia, Romania (and, of course, Russia) have all issued various stamps commemorating Titov, Gagarin, and the Sputniks. Frize item, though, was the note that North Korea had issued a Titov commemorative, but since the importation of stamps from North Korea to the US is illegal, the notice is being given "for the record" only. I never realized that stamp collecting could be so dramatic.....can't you visualize a few unscrupulous dealers smuggling enemy stamps into our country, a disgruntled collector who had received a badly centered plate block tipping off the FBI, the stake-out, a pigeon spotted bringing in a new shipment, the anti-aircraft batteries go into action, the FBI agents, armed with Tommy guns, rush forward, and another vile plot against our nation is foiled. Sounds just like an Ian Fleming novel, doesn't it?

Now that the tape recorders are working, the record player has conked out. Always something.....

I HAD ONE ONCE, BUT THE HEADLIGHT FELL OFF. I think I'm going to have to do something drastic about our car -- like get another one. For the past few months, we've had a 3-passenger station wagon -- the back seat was out. I did get that back. Now all I need is a front bumper (well, we have a front bumper, but it isn't attached to the car), a gas gauge, a speedometer, a dash light, radio repairs, cooling system repairs, a new front seat, a valve-grinding job, wheel balancing, and a method of keeping the rust from eating thru the rest of the frame. (I put the headlight back on; I hope it stays.)

Anyone interested in buying a 1956 Ford?

I TRUST THAT ALL YOU FAFANS bought copies of the Pyramid edition of Alan E. Nourse's Nine Planets -- after all, it's not only speculative science, it includes the Busbys in the "Acknowledgements". Personally, I was most impressed by the details of just how little we actually know about the Solar System. Like, I suspect, most other fans, I had a somewhat exaggerated idea of our scientific knowledge. Actually, the entire Pyramid Science Series is worth investing in. RSC



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ACRES OF CLAMS

mailing comments by RSC

THE FANTASY AMATEUR (Officials) I'd like to know who made up the ballot, particularly regarding the categories which stated that there was a 30 point total, with a limit of 5 points per person -- and then left only 5 places to write in names. Somebody doesn't divide very well.....and what is done with the space saved by this machination? Why, it's given over to 8 places to use for blackballing waitinglisters. Is it possible that anyone could find 8 fans on the FAPA waiting list that he objected to that violently?

As regards Ed Martin, I think Trimble should have been more informative in his official message as to the exact reason for dropping him. I'm quite happy that Martin was dropped -- and I wrote him a postcard and told him so -- but there should be no doubts left as to the legality of the procedure whenever a member is bounced, and there seem to be several doubts, in this case. You're supposed to give the man a fair trial before you hang him, John.....did you?

1961 FAN DIRECTORY (Bennett) I see you got our tape recorder in, this time -- you still didn't get DeWeese's, though, and he's had one longer than we have. (Of course, he only has one; we have two.)

THE RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Oh boy -- I can't wait to see Raeburn start bouncing over that comment about don't Canadians pay in checks for "dollars rather than pounds". You were joking, weren't you?

The reason authors often seem to run out of inspiration near the end of stf novels is that damned few stf plots are built to carry more than a novellette length story. The more it's stretched, the more the padding shows.

AMAZING and FANTASTIC both print some very good stf, at times. Check the contents pages if you're doubtful; if the novellettes are by good authors then that particular issue is worth buying.

You didn't face a lawsuit when you "found yourself winning" against Gem Carr because she never admitted that you were winning. However, compared to some fans, Gem was pretty well-mannered, at that.

THE incomplete FAPA WHO ZOO (Calkins) I shake my head in mild wonder.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) Yes, Canadian coins do fit nicely in US vending machines. Of course, they don't actually operate the machines, but they do go in nice and slick.

THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE BEAT GENERATION (Rotsler) I think that Rotsler is a great fannish humorist, as a writer.

BURBLINGS (Burbee) Did you see the "Twilight Zone" episode which contained your life story? (The guy had all these piano rolls, see, and when he played them everyone around got up and told all their sordid little secrets, just like a California fan party.)

THE BULL MOOSE (Morse) Will wonders never cease?! Not only can I read it for a change, but it's one of the best things in the mailing. I



can't think of any valuable comments -- my Arthurian reading stops with Tennyson, White, and Treece -- but I can make appreciative noises.

SILME, SALES PITCH (Trimbles) No particular comment, since I'd already seen SILME. Those trophies are pretty hideous as they stand, but #208, on page 7, wouldn't make a bad art trophy if you took the figure off completely and just left the base and the wooden top piece that looks like a boomerang with delusions of grandeur.

ELMURMURINGS (Perdue) I see you saved your membership again. Too bad. Anybody who shows any of my fennish bitchings about my work to my employer is in for a shock. At one time YANDRO was being sent to a writer on the Honeywell corporation newspaper, and from comments I got it must have circulated to most of the executives in the home office. They already know what I think of them.

ALIF (Anderson) You revived my sense of wonder with your comments about the POST illustration for Heinlein's "Green Hills". I'd like to see that original; I still have a copy of that issue of the POST, and I'll stack that Fred Ludekins painting up against anything by Emsh, Paul, or Bonestell that anyone cares to mention.

SALUD (E. Busby) Don't go saying too many harsh things about the German people, Elinor -- in thought and action, the Germans are closer to the Americans than are any other European people, including the English. (That's why we have so many little misunderstandings with the English; we have a mixture of the German mentality combined with the English political setup, which means that we and the English use the same political position to achieve entirely different ends.) You probably don't believe me, but ask anyone who has been in service in Europe; of the people I've talked to, the unanimous agreement is that the Germans are "easier to get along with" than any other nationality. Of course; the language may be different, but the thoughts and ideas are similar. With the English, the language is similar, but the ideas are different, which naturally causes misunderstandings. As to the point in question, you have some idea of what Negroes in this country have to put up with. The Germans don't have Negroes to pick on, so they used Jews. (We haven't exterminated the Negroes, of course, but there are one hell of a lot of people in this country today who would be glad of a chance to start such a project.....and there are political movements -- fortunately not powerful as yet -- which would sanction it.)

Tch - you're generalizing. I can name several fans who have friends and no enemies as far as I know. (Of course, I have to restrict this to fennish contacts; after all, for all Harry knew, Doc Weir may have been cordially detested by mundane acquaintances.) But, aside from Weir (since I didn't know him at all), there are Dean Grennell, George Scithers, and several minor and fringe-fans, such as Ed McNulty, who you probably don't know anyway. The sayings of Oscar Wilde are fascinating reading, but I've yet to run across one that had any particular basic truth to it. (By "basic", I mean a truth that can be applied to a group, rather than to a specific individual.)

"All men imagine themselves as Conan?" Anything I could say to that comment would be unprintable, so I will merely say that I have never under any circumstances imagined myself as Conan, or anyone like Conan.

I'd suggest any of Edgar Pangborn's stories for your friend who liked



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"Flowers For Algernon". Of course, it all depends on why she liked it; I'm assuming that it was because it was based on fairly universal human emotion and reactions as opposed to the more common sf plots which rely on technological gimmicks or my own favorite of logical-yet-alien backgrounds as depicted by Heinlein in "Universe", Galouye in "Dark Universe" and Clement in almost everything he writes. Of course, she could have liked it simply because the background was contemporary and therefore easily believeable, in which case you might try her on Lester del Rey's "Nerves" -- in fact, you might suggest that one anyway, though it might be a little too realistic for comfort.

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) You're quibbling about the job/hobby bit. My point was that to a really mature person a hobby would not "come up with more stimulation". You can take your pick of whether a mature person would be capable of being stimulated by any job or whether he would pick a job which stimulated him -- probably a combination of both. But in any event the hobby would be relegated to definitely secondary importance, and the time and attention it received would be minor compared to that received by the job. Of course, the entire discussion is based on the fact that your definition of "maturity" does not bear the slightest resemblance to my definition. Obviously; I've given you mine and you didn't like it.

As for survival types, it looks to me like you're expecting the times to change strictly for the worse. The fact that times change doesn't mean that they're ever going to change back to where pure brute force is a survival characteristic. In fact, you've actually strengthened my point, which was that since times do change, and since what is a survival characteristic in one period may be anti-survival in another, the people who talk about "weak genetic stock" are simply blowing off hot air. Muscles may become useful again, certainly; but unless you know they will, calling them a survival feature is ridiculous.

I must say that I'm disappointed in General Walker. I had hopes for him when he was honest enough to resign his commission, but he doesn't appear to have lived up to them.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) I wouldn't call "Sweet Betsy" that "other song" to the tune of "Wadi Maktilla" (where'd you get your spelling of the name, by the way? Mine comes from a Riverside record jacket, but I wouldn't guarantee its accuracy.) There are so many "other songs" to that tune; we have probably 14 or 15 in our record collection, including what is presumably the original, "Villikins And His Dinah". The only folk tune with comparable popularity is "The Unfortunate Rake" (also known as "Streets Of Laredo" and God knows how many others).

Hey, as a confirmed rabbit hunter I object to that crack about "killing any sentient crittur which is weak enough to be defenseless" being "pretty shocking". (You eaten any veal lately, by the way?)

I enjoyed "Drunken Saviour".

The only previous time that I've heard "passive resistance" seriously suggested as a defense against the Russians, the proponents were Methodist theological students. (And they didn't go so far as to say it was a "defense"; only that it was the only resistance a true Christian could make.) I had to admit that, given their basic religious beliefs, they were absolutely right. I also had to admit that while they might be made of the stuff of martyrs (and while one of them probably was I rather suspect that the other one would have funk'd out if it came to



an actual test), I wasn't. I believe in resisting with anything I can lay my hands on, including H-bombs if they're available.

WRAITH (Ballard) I got threatened with a libel suit once, too. It never went beyond threats, but I had my campaign mapped out; I might not have won, but by the end the guy's reputation would have been ruined everywhere he went, not just in fandom. If I ever lose one, I'll at least get my money's worth out of it.

My, you list a lot of western writers. (You left out Peter Dawson, though.) I love Henry Herbert Knibbs' verse, but I can't say I think much of his fiction. I suppose my all-time favorite western writers are Frank Spearman, Robert Alexander Wason, and L. L. Foreman. (The latter for "The Renegade" and "Road To San Jacinto", not his numerous magazine appearances.)

HORIZONS (Warner) Everybody talks about a whispering campaign, but nobody does anything about it. I mean, I keep hearing from various FAFA members about a whispering campaign against one of the waitinglisters, (and I even heard from the waitinglister about it), but I have yet to hear one of the whisperers. O'mon, fellas, don't you think I'd enjoy hearing all the dirt? (Not that I'll believe it, but I'll enjoy hearing it, anyway.)

"Can anyone explain why the Cult should have been worth all that trouble to save?" That is the best individual line in the mailing, Harry -- even more worthy of preservation than anything on Eney's quote-cover. (Possibly I should explain that I have always regarded the Cult as a rather silly and pretentious organization, anyway -- even by fan-nish standards.)

Majority rule, Harry; if enough fans regard FAFA as a status goal, then it is one, whether it started out that way or not. A status goal is like a BNF; it's determined by what people think about it. At any rate, FAFA bears a lot closer resemblance to a status symbol than it does to a college.

So waitinglisters are required by the constitution to acknowledge every other FA, at least. So what does this have to do with the elimination of Berry and Nirenberg? Even I remember (and I say "even" because I have a horrid memory) that at the time the acknowledgement requirement was adopted it was specifically stated that this was a minimum requirement and that secretary-treasurers could require any additional response that they wanted. Nobody is "violating the constitution"; read that "at least" part again. They may not be acting wisely, but they are being strictly constitutional."

Oh, sure, the little finger can be used for a frequent character; it is by a good many typists, including me. But why should it -- especially when the right index finger is resting on "J"? You're not going to tell me that your left little finger is stronger than your right index finger, surely? Or that "J" is a frequently used letter?

Somewhere (I can't find it at the moment) you mentioned Hagerstown, Indiana. I ran across a basketball score the other day that I thought you might appreciate. It happened in this year's state high school tournament, and the score was: Hagerstown 87, Boston 43. (Indiana has some lovely place names; other teams in the scoring columns that day included Oolitic, Needmore, Ossian, Petroleum, Brazil, Mecca, Warsaw, Syracuse, Ninevah, Triton, Alquina, Roachdale, Ireland, Ferdinand, Delphi, Deputy, Young America, Klondike, Rolling Prairie, Mount Olympus, Cadiz, Morocco, Rising Sun, Loogootee, Carthage, Pekin, and Ambal.)



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CELEPHAIS (Evans) You "prefer the vodka taste" -- you mean you prefer the vodka lack of taste, don't you? Having drunk the stuff straight, I can assure you that it don't got no taste. That's why you see bottles of orange and pistacchio flavored vodka on liquor store shelves; people who demand flavor in their liquor have to have it added to vodka.

Are you sure you don't have Rog Phillips' Century paperback novel confused with C. M. Kornbluth's "Not This August"? (If so, shame on you.) The bit about liquidating the Communist party was in the Kornbluth book and was not in Phillips' Century effort (tho it might have been in one of his other novels; I am not going to read all of his crap to find out.)

You'd rather have "interesting chit-chat from the Coulsons" than "the hyper-active fan" in FAPA. Thanks for the compliment, but so many people seem to think that we are hyper-active fans that it's a bit confusing....by

including us and the Busbys you have implied that people who put out 30 to 50 page monthly fanzines aren't hyper-active, and I'm a bit deflated.....(Oh well, it was a nice compliment, anyway.)

BU8798b (Ed Cox) Agree with you on the parodying of religion. As I am fond of saying, what's so sacred about religion, anyway? Also, you make a very sensible suggestion with regard to the Moskowitzes. I cannot understand people who retain membership in a club which they don't seem to like. (This goes for you, too, Redd Boggs, even tho I don't believe that you're at all as concerned about the degeneration of FAPA as you let on to be -- you just muttered about quitting to see how many members would beg you to stay....and at that you have more nerve than I have. I'd be afraid to test the reactions to my quitting the club.) Anyway, this seems a common practice in normal society; one belongs to the "right" clubs, whether one enjoys them or not. It's ridiculous.

I seem to recall having a little chemistry set as a child. I never did much with it. Where I had fun was in high school chemistry lab. One of my fellow students was a practical joker and accident prone. When he wasn't splattering one of his experiments all over the ceiling or running a jagged glass rod into an artery in his arm he was persuading one of the less intelligent students that he should drop a large piece of sodium into a small dish of water. (I was getting ready to dive under the table when the instructor came by and corrected things.) Then there



was the time we accidentally produced a poisonous gas -- it was the middle of December and we still had all the windows open, airing out the place, when the janitor came up to check the temperature. He seemed unhappy because the thermometer registered about 40°.....

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) I don't think much of your law against the purchase of knives, revolvers, etc. Mainly because it will not stop any juvenile delinquency and it will harm people like me who buy knives and revolvers for their own amusement and without intending to go out and use them on any handy bystanders.

Yep, we get our Twill-Tone paper (most of it, anyway), our ink, our stencils for pages containing illustrations (such as this one) and some of our correction fluid from Vari-Color. Stencils for straight typing come from Sears, and some of the corflu and a small bit of the paper comes from an Anderson, Indiana, office supply store. (That is, sometimes we only need 1 ream of paper to finish out an issue, and we can't afford to order a case from Vari-Color until payday. So we get it when we're in Anderson. Same with correction fluid; it isn't enough of a saving over the local price to bother ordering it unless we're ordering other stuff at the same time.)

I won't guarantee the fact that HUAC has only considered six bills; that's what Frank Donner says. I have no particular reason to disbelieve him.

Enjoyed your remarks on Rolls Royces. Fan friend Gene DeWeese was all enthused about buying a Rolls a year or so ago -- someone was selling used ones for about \$4,000. I forget how old they were, but Gene figured that they would still outlast any brand new US-made car. He never got around to getting one, though.

CHURN (Rapps) Why in heaven's name should the egoboo poll "rate publications, not people"? The publication doesn't care if it gets egoboo or not; it's the editor who gets the benefit. You can





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praise a magazine all you want to, and it will just lie there unresponsively. It's people who are interested in egoboo, not publications. Of course, as far as I'm concerned, ratings should be by membership, the same as voting or anything else in the club. That is, if we're going to take the poll seriously.....when you come right down to it, all of this mutual backpatting is a bit silly, and arguing about it is even more so, so maybe I should shut up.

A Few Comments To George Price: Give me one good reason why HUAC shouldn't be abolished? It doesn't expose Communists -- since its only effective witnesses are ex-FBI agents it would appear that the FBI knows more about the Communist Party than HUAC does -- it doesn't even consider legislation; what good is it? Congressmen goof off enough on the taxpayers' money without sticking them on committees that are useless at best and harmful at worst. The laws regarding judicial and Communistic affairs are handled by other committees anyway. Get rid of HUAC and nobody outside of the John Birch Society would ever miss it.

You ask if we are to conclude that HUAC does not perform any useful function. The answer is a resounding YES! It does not perform any useful function, and there is the crux of the whole matter. Aside from its own publicity-seeking, all the work it does is duplication of the efforts of other committees and law-enforcement agencies.

The fact that a man fails to see one blot in Congressional activities does not mean that he's imagining the one that he does see. The Liberals may be neglecting other committee evils, but so what? Your comments are completely irrelevant to the question.

Also, you are ignoring the fact that HUAC seldom questions present Party membership. Whether or not you think that the Party should be outlawed, the fact is that membership in the Communist Party in 1933 or 1943 or even 1953 is not a crime and does not mean that the individual involved believes now in the overthrow of the government. Your support of ex post factfinding is as big a menace to liberty as Communism itself. Sure, the Liberals are against the committee because it "exposes" their past Party membership -- the point is that there is no proven relationship between past Party membership and subversive activity, and no more reason to "expose" them than there would be to haul you up before a Congressional committee because you were a past member of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club. The fact that any idiot can see that Communism is a menace today doesn't mean that he could see it 20 years ago.

There is no "assumption" that taking the Fifth Amendment does not indicate guilt. It is a legal fact that pleading the Fifth Amendment does not indicate guilt. What you're actually saying is that you feel that the Fifth Amendment should be ignored altogether. I say there's been too damned much encroachment on individual liberty already. The liberals have hamstrung the "right to bear arms" with their idiotic gun laws; I'll be damned if I'll see the conservatives toss out my right to avoid bearing witness against myself at the same time that the libel laws are being rigged so that I can't bear witness against my neighbor, either. Maybe you prefer to have all power in the hands of the federal government -- I'm a bit skeptical of the idea.

One thing I do agree with you on is on the deposing of Castro. I'm quite aware (as you don't seem to be) that sending in the U.S. marines would be morally wrong and give us all sorts of bad world publicity. However, I believe in playing to win, and I note the pressure of World Opinion that we're so worried about doesn't seem to bother the Russians a bit. They go right ahead and play dirty -- and win.



PHLOTSAM (Economou) I don't know about the other bidders at the party, Phyllis, but I had all the prozines; the one batch of IFs that I bought went to a friend in Sweden. (Of course, I was a bit shocked at the idea of people paying money for old fanzines....I can't explain that.)

Just for you, Phyllis, we're putting great big labels on the mailing comments. Though I really think that if FAFAns are so damned smart they should know how to use a contents page.

You can take a lot of the gamble out of buying by getting a sub to CONSUMER REPORTS. All the reports may not be 100% accurate, but they're better than you can hope to do on your own. And they stick strictly to quality ratings. (I loved an answer in their recent issue -- they had stated that a good fallout shelter would cost \$3,000 to \$5,000 and was therefore beyond the purchasing power of most U.S. families. A reader rather angrily demanded to know why, if this was the case, they bothered to rate Cadillacs and Imperials. The answer: "We don't.....they attract many buyers who are chiefly in search of prestige, which CU does not assess.")

Well, here's a man who is notably indifferent to fashion. I pay attention to whether a woman looks nice or whether she doesn't, but that has nothing to do with whether or not she's dressed in the latest fashion. (Except that a majority of really up-to-date fashions -- the latest from Paris and all -- make the average woman look ridiculous. At least I assume that the pointed clown shoes and hats and some of the weirder costumes I see in cities are fashionable; I can't imagine any other reason for anyone to wear them.) Incidentally, "The Sixth Man", by Jess Stearn, presents an interesting reason why the style-setting fashion houses turn out stuff that makes a woman look silly. I recommend it to Arthur.

NULL-F (White) Was it really necessary to publish this as 3 separate issues? BREEN: Ammunition is unmailable; weapons are not. And even ammunition may be sent via express. I have had both guns and ammunition shipped to me across state lines and over distances of several hundred miles. I could buy either one right out of a Ward or Sears catalog right now (or at least I could if I had the money to pay for it). And I don't want to see any restrictions put on my right to buy by mail, either.

Maybe your weakest finger is your fourth; my weakest one is my fifth. Go design your own keyboard.

You realize that you left me a beautiful opening to say that any woman who would marry Ted White can't be very intelligent....of course, I wouldn't really make such a snide remark, but I just wanted you to know that I thought of it. (Or at least, I wouldn't make such a remark in print, unless I could prove I was joking. Ha, ha.)

WHITE: This fiction points up one reason why I steer well clear of the more fannish crowd. Ted, you said in YANDRO that Terry Carr disliked "Rogue Moon" because the motivation was poor, and here you say that Terry liked these stories, whose entire motivation stems from emotions which I can only describe as infantile. Now, either Terry isn't as motivation-conscious as you made him out (a good possibility) or --and this is the horrible thought -- he actually knows someone whose reactions are near enough to those of the protagonists of these stories to make them seem believable. Well, chum, if this is the sort of people you get to know when you're a part of the Berkeley-New York Axis, then I don't want any part of it. In comparison to the character and motivation of these things, "Rogue Moon" is Nobel Prize material.



Maybe it wouldn't have bothered me so much if you hadn't quoted him as saying "Rogue Moon is unreadable" and "Terry digs Gary's ear for style". I know they're different media and approaches and all, but the idea of anyone straining at "Rogue Moon" and swallowing "A Son Of Two Fans" under any circumstances is mind-shattering.....unless, of course, he actually knows someone who would react that way. (I don't know, there are one or two of my acquaintances who might have been that childish in their younger days, but they are the sort of people that I avoid knowing very well.....)

The fiction, both that by Koning and Deindorfer, had nice style and all, but it was ruined for me by my utter disbelief in the reactions of the protagonists. Or not actually disbelief; dislike would be more like it. (And in Koning's story, I am referring to "Dean Ford", not the narrator, so don't go telling me that he's supposed to be disliked.) They are the sort of people that I contact, in fiction or fact, only when it's unavoidable.

So that's why I Am Not A Fannish Fan.

"There's been criticism of the mixture of live orchestras and taped electronic music..." But criticism by who? By the audiences that Harry was talking about, or by professional musicians and music critics, who are -- or should be -- able to detect differences that would go unnoticed by the average listener?

LIGHTHOUSE (Graham-Carr) Best things in the issue were (1) Alva Rogers' article, (2) Bill Rotsler's column (Rotsler is a great writer -- too bad he can't draw) and (3) Walt Willis' article. Unfortunately, I don't have a single other comment to make on any of them. CARR: According to "The Girl In The House Of Hate", Lizzie Borden and her sister left an estate of "about a half-million dollars" between them when they died 10 days apart, so I'd guess that they did inherit. Sudden thought; has anyone ever suggested that Lizzie's sister might have committed the murders, and that Lizzie was covering up for her?

DEINDORFER: But don't you care what Pope John is like?

GRAHAM: But why must "realistic" fiction be written about a crisis-point in an individual's life? How much time does the average person spend having crisis-points, for God's sake? Of course, crisis-points are more dramatic, but we're discussing realism, not drama. Of course, you probably couldn't sell a really realistic novel, but that's no excuse for calling crisis-points more realistic than normal undramatic fiction about domestic problems or boy-meets-girl.

I'm with you on arguments; if I disagree with someone, it's because he's too stupid to see the intelligent side, which is naturally mine. However, I often argue a position where I'm not convinced that I'm right, or even when I know I'm wrong, if I happen to feel that my opponent needs to be shook up a little.

CARR, again: "on the Fritz" and "Jerry-built" antedate World War II; I'd guess at the immediate aftermath of World War I as their date of origin.

Of Wilimczyk's names, I get Maurice Richard (hockey), Sonny Liston (boxing), Orestes Minoso and Don Drysdale (baseball), Elgin Baylor (basketball), Charles Connerly and "Big Daddy" Lipscomb (football). I don't do so well on yours; just Brandt, Mollet and Dodd (politics..... you did mean Senator Dodd, of course?)

DESCANT (Clarke) Don't take your tape recorder into that tavern; it's already been done and it's out on a 12" lp record. Honest. Titled "Mike On A Barroom Floor" and that's just what it is. About 40 minutes worth.



# Eggs & Marrowbone

mailing  
comments  
by JWC

DESCANT (Clarkes) "My mother is a tailor/she sews those new blue jeans" made in Hong Kong, no doubt. Bruce's favorite phrase, uttered in an admiring tone is "When I grow up a Daddy I learn how to say that." He also is great on impressionistic paintings and scribbles - very descriptive; wild splashes and jaggles of color are variously thunderstorms, booms, or broken windows.....he rarely draws pictures of Daddy, but there are appendaged potato pictures all over the house labeled "Monster" .....I'd reproduce some of them, but he seems to think B\*I\*G - not a spare inch of paper must go to waste.

The Twist craze is fairly easy to understand. Anyone who can count to two, even males with three left feet, should be able to do a fair approximation of the "steps". My own opinion is that it's a lateral grind without a bump on the end - waving the feet and hands around being mere trimming. The simplest jitterbug step requires deep thought and rhythmic ability in comparison. I do get tickled whenever they play some polyrhythmic on American Bandstand and the little kids go crazy trying to keep step - going nuts trying to alternately follow piano, drums, or bass. Sad commentary of the listening ability of the average American. Of course, I don't know why they play those anyway - they aren't designed for dancing, though you can, if you can listen.

As for Martin, I thought I was a pretty sheltered type, but I'd heard every one of the stories, sometimes in what I swear was identical form, and I'm not a califan.

FANTASY AMATEUR. Covers? This sort of thing always makes my eyes water.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Twilltone Paper, which we use, definitely has variation in quality. It's never been so lacking in absorbency to cause trouble (though I have had ink problems in this department), but now and then a ream will somehow acquire a static charge and end up with me ready to scream from inked rolleritis.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn). Well, Bruce weighs better than 40 lbs, and while I wouldn't say I toss him around with the greatest of ease, I don't have too much trouble tucking him under an arm and carrying him (kicking and screaming) to the bathtub.

No, but Slurvian quite frequently becomes the standard and generally accepted pronunciation of the word. That's why language, particularly English, is living - occams razor and all that.

I agree - Raeburn is simply enough to spell.

BURBLINGS (Burbee) I would have gladly paid you for the sewing machine ....with money....a treadle machine made in 1850 or so occasionally becomes frustrating.

Better throw that root beer out and get a fresh



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one. Even A&W root beer gets sort of oughish after sitting around that long.

And even so, I bravely volunteer myself for the buttermilk drinking contest, provided salt and pepper are permitted.

SALUD (Elinor) I'm afraid, Elinor, that I'd much rather be a woman's auxiliary of SAGWAL (member that is) than watch males. But then you know I'm a kook.

Wish I could knit something besides scarves. Either I've forgotten how to purl or I never knew; things are slightly complicated by the fact that I'm left handed and all the directions are backwards, or something.

In my opinion, the only men who have to imagine themselves Conan are the ones who are dissatisfied with themselves, tottally - or living in some sort of dream world. Thank heavens I found a man who doesn't have to fantasy this sort of thing to feel male.

I don't think it was so much knocking down the door as trying to pull Harlan through it that did the damage.....the Ingalls never was able to repair the door save with a plywood panel (but they did build a fancy new meeting hall downstairs).

"Shifting gears". That's a pretty good description. To me, it's somewhat of an urge to swallow, but what it actually is, for someone of my range is a shift from the chest to the head, or so they tell me. The sensation is more from the back of my throat to the front, and I tilt my head slightly up when singing lower notes and tilt it down when I go over the break. I don't know why singing on the break is difficult, or whether or not breaks come in different sizes - mine can vary from three to five or six tones and it is much easier for me to sing "up" into it rather than "down". This, apparently, is what causes that strange little bobbling sound when singers are really belting and go over the break in, say, an octave leap. Control the bobble and you've got a yodel (I can't).

If you've got Fitzgerald's range, I'd say you've got a mighty good one. I can sing with her, but I'm uncomfortable when she goes way up, though I can sing lower and harmonize.

SERCON'S BANE (Buz) Well, I hear tell (just rumor, you know) that one fellow went along with passive resistance so well that his followers eventually organized a cult that took over most of Western world.

APROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) What is this thing people like you and Redd about writing in books? "What else is a goddam book for..." If you mean a book is to keep pretty and read only with gloves and that the main concern of book owners is the appearance of the book, you have lost me, boy. A book is to learn, a book is to stimulate, a book is to think, to argue, to enjoy. I would never think of defacing a book which did not belong to me, or damaging a book which has as its main appeal appearance and illustrations, but a 50¢ paperback of solid type which I own and is worth reading more than once is worth a comment, a bracketed paragraph, an underlining, a cross reference ("compare with phrasing on page 28"), an asterisk or other pertinent mark. All of the lit classes I've ever had advise one to get a cheap edition and read with a pencil or ball point in hand. It helps considerably when you



find out, as I did, several years after reading a work, that you are going to need umpteen certain points from this for reference in writing a graduate paper. I have a very good eidetic memory, but quasi quotes are no good. I can pick up my copy of ANNA KARENINA, BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, BY LOVE POSSESSED, SON AND LOVERS, TOM JONES or anything else in my literary paperback library and flip through and find exactly the quote or passage I'm looking for.....and perhaps find a new point for consideration the next time I read it. All the textbooks I considered worthy of keeping were underlined and pointed up, and the ones I sold were equally marked - lowering the price or no, it makes for much better study. I say you boys are just prissy old maids about your books. You probably empty your ashtrays the moment anybody looks at them, too.

I think that plane he rode on was a fugitive from the Twilight Zone, or else they were testing a new alloy unbeknownst to the innocent passengers. Like brr.

I have no difficulty typing Isaiah with one finger, if you let me use one on the other hand to hit the shift key.

Your comment on GROTESQUE was beautifully apt.

TARGET:FAPA (Eney) I assume you must be kidding in your query about "break", but if you aren't, see above comments to Elinor. It's very hard to describe, and even harder to cope with.

WRAITH (Ballard) "Hog on ice", sure. Also a heifer. We had one of our usual ice storms here not long ago, freezing rain, they call it, and on the way north in the car I noticed most of a herd snuggled up to the barn of a farm out of the wind - but one independent beast lying, I thought, in the middle of a frozen pond....sort of looking around boredly chewing her cud. But then when we got closer, I saw she was not sitting - not out of choice; she was on her belly, all four legs sprawled out....expression less bored than disgusted. Apparently she'd decided the hell with it and gave up trying to get out.

I don't like trains. I've always had some Freudian fear of them (those newsreel shots of the train roaring over the camera give me cold robbies) - and the only times I've ridden on them, I've had to run, struggle with tickets, eaten lousy food, suffered water running down the aisles, been too cold or too hot. There must be a better way to travel.

HORIZONS (Warner). Cliches or no, SENTINELS OF SPACE (or STAR WATCHERS) is one stf novel I re-read at least once a year, do numerous drawings structured around, and generally recall all the sense of wonder that got me into fandom in the first place. In my admittedly screwy opinion, Russell is so skillful with words that he could manage to make cliches sound somehow fresh. In other words, you're up against a hopeless case of hero worship.

A clasp pin? A fannish clasp pin? Hoog. Where would I wear that? How about a frat-soror ring type, instead. You know, ruby set in gold, with rampant helicopter beanie and engraved with the year one matriculated into fandom?

You don't go far enough in your IQ test recommendations. Tests should be many, given under all conditions, and for females should be spread out over two or three weeks to average out



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mental fluctuations caused by the menstrual cycle, and these can be quite fierce. Phyllis, I believe, also mentioned the pitfall in the average clinical test for the creatively intelligent child, such as a definition or comparison of - for instance - the word "table". To the snap judgment kid who gets a good rating, the word is simply "Table - with four legs, the kind you serve dinner on" - the definition the test maker had in mind nine times out of ten. But the thoughtful child debates "Now does he mean a dinner table, or a table of figures, or a water table, or tabling a resolution or....."

Too much knowledge, and thinking, is a very bad thing while taking an IQ test, at least for the bright child who considers all possibilities rationally.

I certainly hope you haven't had the sinus trouble this year that I've had. I hope no one has. I wouldn't wish it on anyone. Apparently this year has been incredible in this area of the midwest, people sitting around with icepads and heat pads and running the pharmacists out of patents and prescriptions faster than you can say "Haven't you heard about Dristan?" I doubt that a patent over the counter would help. My prescription medicine is pretty strong stuff, and even it hasn't been enough a few times this year. For the first time in a long time, I'll be glad to see winter end.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Well, you and Phyllis have seen one side of the coin in the dept. of responsibility and conscientiousness. But bev DeWeese started as a proofreader-editor recently and discovered that young earnest typists came into the place all enthused and willing to work and do a good job in copying.....but after several weeks of struggling through the illiterate messes handed them by their bosses, decided what difference did typos and proper hyphenating make? Sometimes the attitude filters down from on high...-..sort of the 'you can't fight city hall' of the business world.

Of course, it's my opinion that anyone who is truly conscientious should do his job.....if you don't like the job, you may leave. But if events prevent or you are not so inclined, the fact remains you are being paid...perhaps not adequately in your opinion, but still paid. This gives you no right to goof off....particularly not so tremendously as do, or so it seems, more and more young adults going into employment. Result perhaps of too much "let george or the government do it". Of course a lot of paternalistic employers are simonlegree but maybe if there was a slight trend back toward the days when a boss could fire an employee for laziness or incompetence without having to beat off or knuckle under to the union people might have a little more tendency to work.

When I worked at the bindery, I was poorly paid, and the work was frequently downright boring, and the straw bosses and supervisors often stupid or dictatorial. But I was being paid. So I did my work to the best of my ability, grumbling now and then, but putting out the material handed to me. I didn't feel like a downtrodden worker. and I didn't feel the poor pay gave me permission to do shoddy or snail pace work as some of the other girls - the work will be done by somebody (probably a sucker like myself and some of the other girls who felt they were being paid to work).



I've mentioned this in YANDRO, and probably been somewhat scapboxy, but it's a subject I feel strongly about. I felt strongly about it while teaching, and the good teachers also felt it, and showed it by their actions. Maybe concern about doing a good job leads to physical exhaustion at times, but if one is rational about it, it rarely leads to guilt feelings.

As I mentioned to Phyllis, I think females, particularly fannish type females who are concerned about more than recipes and childraising, will be well informed on their innards because there are so many more of them and so many more things that apparently can go wrong than with male anatomy. But as for your theory that the males, bachelor or otherwise, can contribute in the field of sex technique - well, this is a theory that makes me wince and grit my inlays. Madame de Beauvoir (from the previously mentioned THE SECOND SEX which I was discussing with Marion last mailing or so) also brings this up.....the intense....bluntly, annoyance and irritation....on the part of some females over this male egoism, the theory that feminine satisfaction is all a matter of technique on the part of the male.....if the male is just well read enough or experienced enough, everything will be dandy. It reduces sex (to certain females, and I'm one under this heading) to the level of robotry....the female is some sort of mechanical equipment or android and if the all-knowing male punches the right buttons and pulls the right switches (and no reading-in-of-innuendo, you PLAYBOY minded types)...bingo!

Rather insulting, if you stop to think about it.

Actually, it's been my experience that among intelligent and well-read men and women, both have quite a background fund of knowledge on the subject, but the males so often seem to read the wrong books, or maybe misinterpret them. So many books aimed at informing the feminine audience make no pretense of "why" something works or at hard and fast rules....they are rather general rather than specific, and I gather from male chatter that the sources they read are collections of specific technique rather than general feminine psychology....and then they encounter a female who doesn't fit the type and wonder why she blows up or gets irritated.

After all, half the fun of getting acquainted should be discovery, rather than working from a pre-conceived notion and finding belatedly one was wrong.

My, my, see what one little comment set off. One of us must have used a magic formula for discussion.

STEFANTASY Very sorry to read of the disenchantment, and I can only hope that we are on the privileged list of people who will be getting future issues when the creative urge strikes, please?

CHURN (Rapps) I think we should get Ed Cox and Gene DeWeese together; the two seem to have equal luck in meeting odd characters and having odd experiences....on the other hand, I shudder to think what sort of strange occurrences and incredible characters the two could dredge up working together.....maybe we'd better work on keeping them apart, instead. All fandom would be plunged into war.

On women drivers, I think the poor women drivers irritate other women more than men, simply because they give us all a bad reputation (notice how I hopefully put my-



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self in the preferred group). Women drivers are overcautious about getting out into traffic and swinging wide going around corners and such... naturally timid or such....though a lot of the problem is the fact that so many cars are built for men...they are too big for women to handle adequately and I know many women such as myself have a difficult time judging the width of the car because even with a cushion, it's all I can do to see the front fenders, let alone the back. Maybe smaller cars will help.

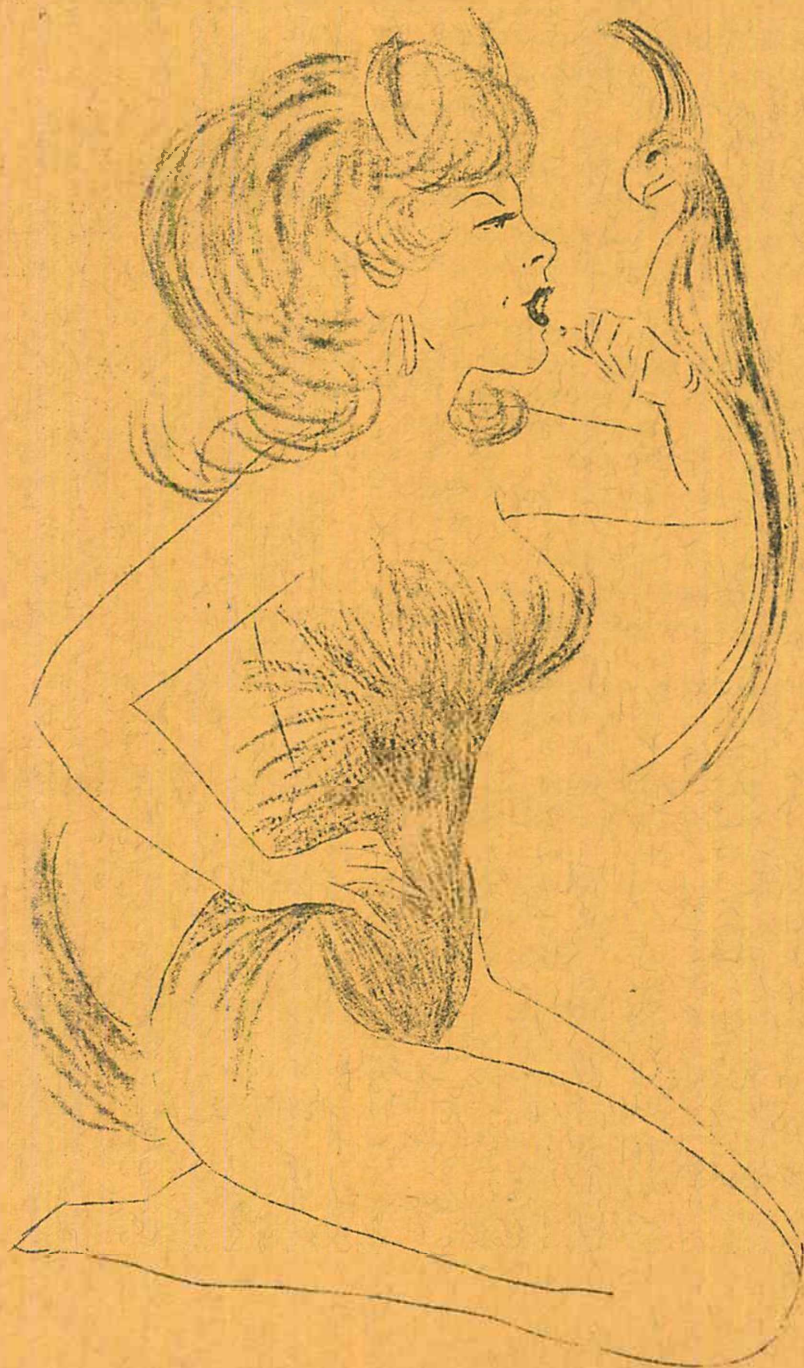
But I notice it's men who open their doors into traffic without looking. This is probably my pet peeve in driving; and since I've been driving our junkheap and a little extra damage wouldn't matter, I've been sorely tempted to scoot in and yank off the door when one of these idiots pulls this on a city street with traffic in the other lane....even if you're driving at fifteen miles an hour, the only recourse is to hit the brake and send your purse, packages, and children jostling around. And

then the s.o.b. has the nerve to turn around and glare and swear at you for scaring him.

Probably the worst habit, safety-wise, of the woman driver, is her instinctive urge, in any crisis, to hit the brake. Of course, in a skid or certain traffic situations, this is the worst possible action, but a lot of women have a feeling that if they can just get stopped, it will be all right. Moving cars are enemies...if the things are standing still, any damage or injuries should be slighter or less likely, or so women seem to feel.

In my humble opinion the menace of the road second in status behind the drunken driver is The Old Goat. Some older men are good drivers...but when they're bad, they're absolutely incredible...senile, I suppose. Older women are frequently bad too, but there are fewer of them, thank heavens.

I really should talk to the Rapps, too. Your P.O. service sounds not so good as ours. We go 'round and round with the postmaster and helpers about stamps and mailing rates, but they are very good about delivering strangely addressed mail.





We even occasionally receive stuff made out to my maiden name addressed in care of my college landlady, although not recently. After eight years, I suspect the statute of limitations or something has run out. Whenever we move, we carefully put down that we will pay postage due on anything forwarded. For a few weeks or months, this will mean paying for a few specifically addressed ads, but it also means all our fan correspondence, fanzines, etc., gets forwarded...or it did, before the last "Return Requested" bit.... that'll give trouble the next time we change. Another point to list when you change addresses is to put down every conceivable name you might be addressed by.. maiden name, children, pets, fanzine title.....we hadn't made allowance for someone like Bill Pearson addressing something to "Crazy Old Buck Coulson", but our P.O. delivered it just the same.

PHANTASY PRESS (Dan) Loved Kerry's illos, but then you already knew that.

Thanks for the art show award support, but it looks like it'll have to wait till next year...pity.

Cold kraut is quite delicious, but it's almost impossible to obtain in this area unless you hit a town with a heavy German population such as Milwaukee. I stock up whenever we visit the DeWeeses. I can't be bothered making my own, but I do like the stuff, much to Buck's horror. I figure if he can eat sardines, I can eat kraut.

Ordinarily winter doesn't depress me, but this particular winter has been horrible for me health-wise, so I'm quite happy to see spring, tornados, insects, and all.

I edited and mimeoed the bulletin for the local Newcomers' Club when we first moved to Wabash, but not for pay. I've done some fan pubbing for pay....does this make me a member of side business duplicating or whatever?

BUS798b (Ed Cox, again). Is this your telephone number. Your Anne has more courage than I. In this area, I'm afraid to iron and watch t-v at the same time...it blows the fuses.

My Royal gets the habit of jumping





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as you described. I don't know what does it, but when I take it in for repair and checkup every two or three years, I mention it, and when I get it back it's temporarily cured...so it can be fixed.

NULL F 26 (Breen) "Plinker" is a gun for plinking....usually a .22. You plink with it....go out in your yard and shoot up targets on your back stop of an old stump or log or shoot tin cans in an abandoned gravel pit and so forth. I think Grennell, who does this sort of thing with a magnum load in a .44, should be referred to as a plunker, or maybe a P-\*p LBANG\*-ker.

I don't smoke, and I like liederkranz. Difference in taste buds. Between us, I think we like every kind of cheese...difference being I like mild yellow cheese and sharp white cheese, while Buck likes sharp yellow cheeses, which I don't much care for. Not indidible, just not my favorite.

How do you inherit myopia when you are the first person in umpteen generations to be a myopic in your family? I think this applies in both our cases. One fan once took a "scientific" survey at an Indifan club meeting by going around the room and inquiring of everyone: "Are you nearsighted, and did you have measles?" Since everyone who answered the first in the affirmative also admitted the second, we shrugged and decided the measles theory is as good as any. Recent research seems to point that some kinds of myopia are produced during the years from 4 to 7, when the eyeball is undergoing its adjustment and when the child is traditionally learning to read....if detected and corrected by lenses, it sometimes eases the severity of the myopia. It's a possibility, and I certainly intend to have Bruce carefully checked in the vision department, with an inheritance from both parents of worse than 20/200...it would be nice if he inherited my father's vision, although that's all I'd want him to inherit from that direction.

I know Laney didn't invent the smart and rich saying - I meant you had reminded me of his reference to the saying as applied to fandom and fans. Okay?

"If you're so rich, why ain't you stupid, at least?"

NULL-F 24 (White) Repro comment: I find orange on white nearly illegible. PHLOTSAM (Phyllis) Well, once again, I'm a freak, Phyllis. On the rare occasions when I've been girl-watched, I automatically think I've got dirt on my face or my hair's turned uschia or something - it worries me.

Your dress buyer sounds like bev DeWeese and I buying presents for each other....we have no objections to each other's styles, but we would never wear them ourselves!

I think fans are intolerant toward Christianity in retaliation for the fact that the mundane world is so frequently intolerant toward the free thinker, in the name of Christianity...a striking back at being stomped on in a free atmosphere where the stompers can't get at you and refuse an atheist a public office in favor of a church-going grafter.....not typical, but far too common occurrence.

I think the Cogswell con incident is hilarious, and you should too.. you didn't have to carry him, after all.

Hooray for you Phyllis for getting in a word for females who must wait on men....such as George Young (at the Border Cities con) telling a mundane girl friend he'd be "right down" (realsoonnow) from the hotel, and showing up an hour later with a dozen fans in tow and wanting to bobrow her car on top of it all.

And this is really enough.....