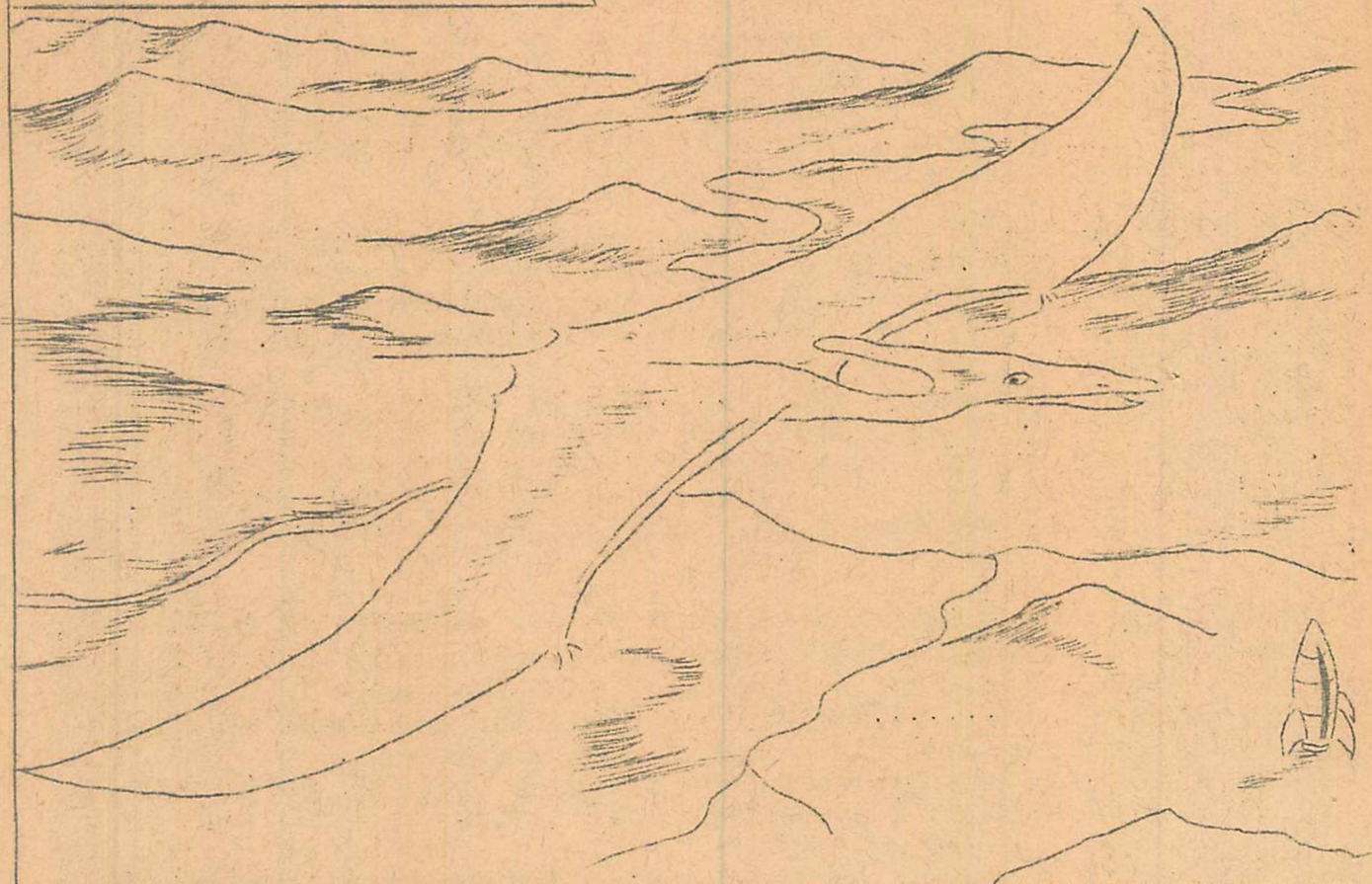


VANDY



Issue #3, published for the 87th, more or less, FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA

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ARTWORK

Above half-cover by George Scithers

Pages 4, 5, and 10 by JWC

Page 7 by Dean Grennell

Page 12 by Robert E. Gilbert

Page 13 by Dan Adkins

The Tucker column herein is to be counted on Tucker's page-credits. The column is also running in our subzine, YANDRO, but anything published in VANDY will be published here first, to avoid squabbles over reprints. It may come as a bit of a surprise to him, also; I warned him that we might run part of the column in VANDY, but I don't know if he took me seriously or not. The cartoon-page by Juanita is a reprint here; it's not included for credit but because we thought you might enjoy it.

ACRES OF CLAMS ——— RSC ———

No particular reason for starting with mailing comments this time, except that I felt like it. And no particular order to the zines commented on, except that it's the order in which Juanita left the stack after writing her comments. (Or possibly the order in which Bruce left them after knocking the entire stack on the floor.)

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) Well, mostly, thanks. I'm afraid your "challenge" idea won't work. Trouble is, once you get into page quotas and deliberately trying to increase your output, fandom becomes work. And once fandom becomes work, there's no use keeping on with it. Anything that's work should be profitable.

Mt. Vernon is a piker on floods.....Wabash is going through its fourth in 10 months. Doesn't bother us -- we're up on top of a nice high, rocky bluff -- but I understand that some of the families near the river are getting tired of pulling fish out of their furniture.

I'm the sort of person who is fascinated by statistics; keep 'em up.

DIS AND DAT (Higgs) Afraid that I don't recall meeting you in Chicago, but then I don't recall meeting anyone in Chicago except Harlan Ellison and Howard Browne. I was the typical neo, wandering around with an open mouth and blank stare.....Ellison's personality was forceful enough to penetrate the haze, but I'm afraid no one else's was.

Incidentally, if you met both Juanita and I in 1952, you're one up on us, since we didn't meet each other until 1953.

WRAITH (Ballard) Of course I buy my cartridges over the counter. Would you have me buy them under the counter?

Hmmm....Ballard....guns.....Say, you don't have any connection with the Marlin Firearms Co., do you?

Smaller FAPA? Migod, then we'd have been 4 years on the waiting list!

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT (Alger) Both of us loved the little bit about the character spending Christmas in jail on suspicion of murder. You don't hardly find that kind no more.

The most hilarious bit, though, was the sentence "the dog started without any training at all, just suddenly said 'Hello' to someone". I got to thinking about the possible reactions -- I mean, what would you do if a dog wandered over and said "hello" to you?

You're lucky that you only "almost" got into all those hobbies -- I did get into a batch (stamp collecting, gun collecting, cartridge collecting, fanac, chess, photography, tape recording, etc.) with the result that I never have enough time to devote to any one of them. (Or enough money, I might add.)

For trying out horses in a small way, there are these spring-mounted hobby-horses for children -- very realistic, I've been assured. And no stable to clean up afterwards, either.

GASP! (Steward) Loved the account of the racing. It's the sort of thing that I love to read about but which I wouldn't participate in if you

gave me a car.

CHAPTER PLAY (Tucker) You have dealt Indiana fandom a mortal insult! In your list of fan-pros, or pro-fanity, you omitted two of Indiana's immortals -- the only two, in fact, until Madle moved in. Namely, Joe L. Hensley, who published a fanzine sometime in the '40's, I believe, contributes to YANDRO and has written quite a few professional stories; and James R. Adams, who has been fanning for 10 or 15 years and has sold several stories to PLANET, and possibly one or two elsewhere.

Gene DeWeese and I have both sold gags to cartoonists; does that count?

The trouble is, if anyone presented cowboys and badmen on tv as they actually were, nobody would believe it. (By "nobody", I mean 99% of those people who watch tv westerns.) My own favorite old-time western photo is the one which I've seen several times; "Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch", complete with rifles, pistols, scruffy suits and derbies.

A' PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) I think the cover on this gave me the biggest chuckle of any single item in the mailing. Bjo is fabulous.

The letter to the Daily Californian was fascinating.

OIL...ON TROUBLED WATERS (Young) Suggestions on your Brown recorder? Sure; threaten to get rid of it and buy one from another company. This puts the entire sales force in an uproar, Sales comes down on Engineering, and Engineering comes up with a new gimmick. (And I probably get to design the box that it goes in; the Wabash plants handle mostly the sheet metal operations.)

You apologize about the way I do.

And may I put in a rather timid comment that, please, I'm not either an engineer or a Company Man.

BULLFROG BUGLE (Hickman) Well, I haven't read "Only In America" yet, but I'm going to -- just as soon as I get time off from reading fanzines.

I don't think Max Shulman is funny.

AMIS (Trimble) I'd seen "A medal for Horatius" before, though I don't recall where. (MAD, perhaps? Or one of Dick Lupoff's service mags?) Anyway it was still funny the second time. Enjoyed the ramblings.

TAPEBOOK (Rotsler/Pavlat) Some of the info in this has already helped us, and at least a few lines have been passed on to other prospective tape-owners. Addenda -- in sending tapes to Canada, we've found it a good idea to mark it "Tape recorded letter, Property of Addressee, No commercial value" -- and then send it first class. And if the tape is going through Detroit, a note to the Detroit postmaster to get the lead out wouldn't hurt, either.

Our principal problem, Mr. Anthony, is this: If you have a dual-track Webcor with misaligned heads, what do you do about it besides listen to bad jokes from your friends? I mean, short of paying out money for repairs.

We'll accept any tape. We don't guarantee to send it back, of course, but we'll be glad to accept it.

And where do you get 150' of splicing tape for 40¢? I had to pay 43¢ for 66' -- wholesale.

LE MOINDRE (Baeburn) At least part of the Glencannon stories reached hard covers. The only book that I own is "Mr. Glencannon Ignores The War", which was a POST serial in '43 (when I first read it) and was published by Dutton a year later. I seem to recall seeing a "Glencannon Omnibus" at some time or other, though.

Just got out my Glencannon book to see if any others were advertised, and while none were, there was an ad on the jacket for "Golden Apples Of The Sun" by Rosemary Obermeyer. I wonder if Bradbury knows about this? The blurb says that it "combines adventure and fantasy," too.

We've never eaten passion fruit, but a year or so ago I was looking over the frozen fruit juice section and noticed several cans labelled "passion fruit juice". Of course, I bought one.....don't recall exactly what it tasted like, but I remember thinking that it wasn't enough better than limeade to warrant the difference in price (Besides, I never saw any more.) Exotic tropical fruits seem to be awfully sweet and sticky; papaya juice is especially syrupy. Being a fancier of unsweetened lemonade myself, I don't go for them.

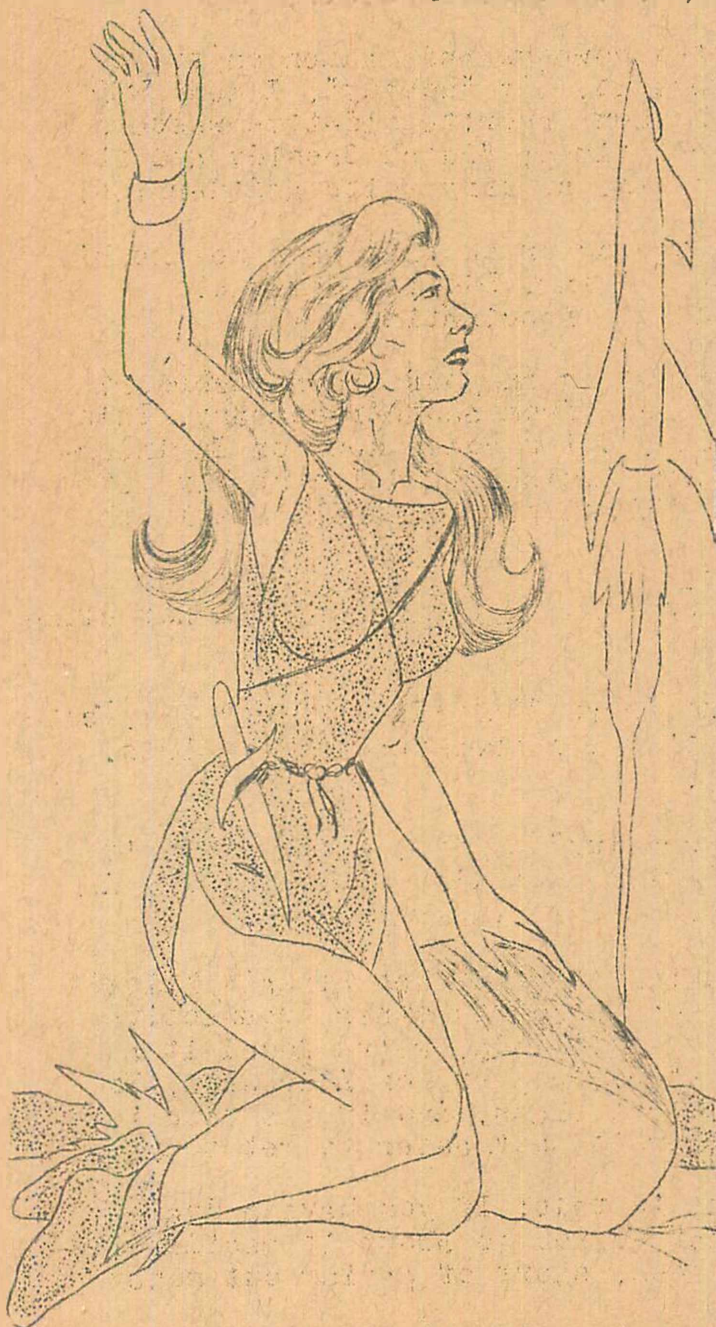
I've seen the verb "score" often enough to recognize it and know what it means, but it isn't one of those things which is used much. Seems mainly used for newspaper headlines.

Both of the Berton pieces were beautiful.

PURELY PERSONAL (Schaffer) I think reverse New Years resolutions are a good idea. Anything that resists the habit of smiling pleasantly while mired in even the most boring social functions is a good idea.

There are still plenty of horses around, Ray, if you really want one. I don't have exact figures, but I'll bet there are about as many riding horses in this country today as there were 60 years ago, and if you want to go 50 miles or so north of Wabash you can still see

buggies on the roads. But as for me, I'll take the Ford (until I scrape up enough cash to buy a Rambler). I like being able to drive 50 miles on weekends to see friends.



CELEPHAIS (Evans) Not wanting to disappoint you, I'll rise in defense of rural drivers (except milk truck drivers, who are a hissing and an abomination). Maybe Maryland rural areas are more primitive than ours, but there aren't any 40-mph roads around here (in fact, if you want to make time around here, you take the back roads, where you can do 70 without interference from slow drivers, state cops, etc -- and the boys who are really in a rush barrel along county roads at 90 mph or better. It's the city drivers who never get a chance to speed up.)

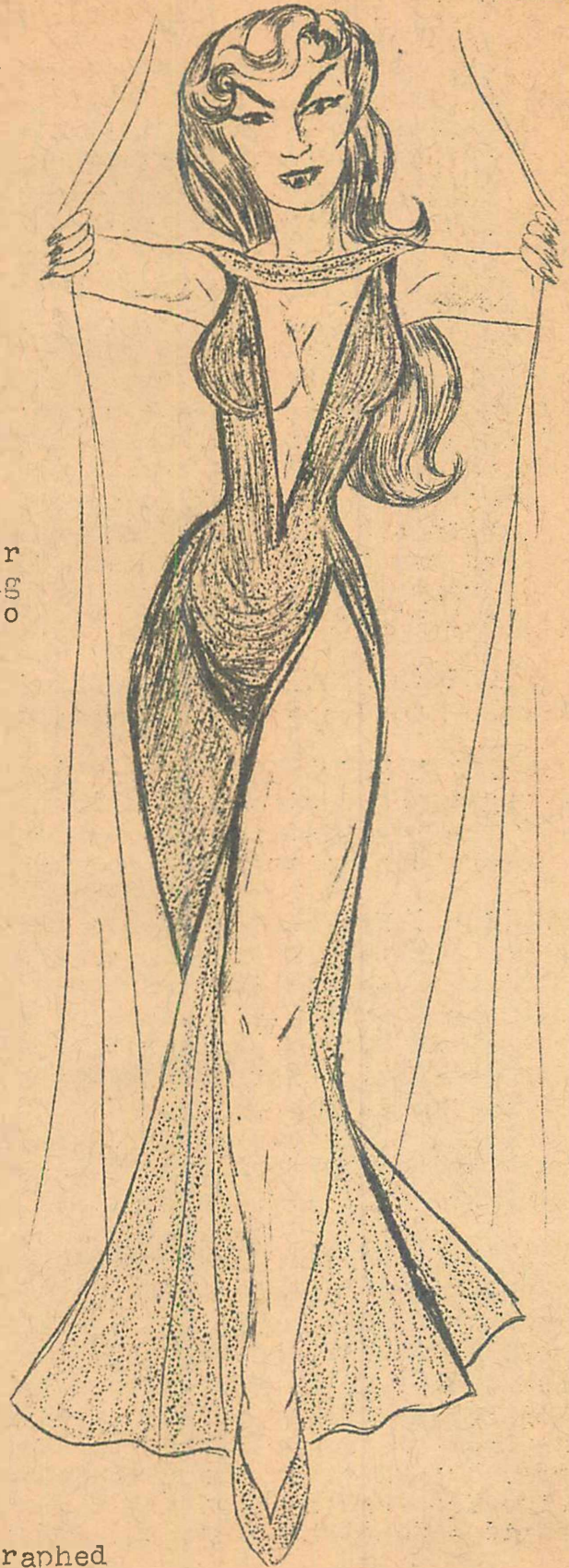
When I was a kid, we had an old wind-up Brunswick phonograph. As this machine had been an expensive model for its day, it included a speed-regulating device, running from about 72 rpm up to 82 or so. Of course, since the variant record speeds weren't listed on the labels, it had to be worked by ear, more or less.

Get a tape recorder and you can have your old 78's, faithfully reproduced, taking up 1/15 the space that they presently do, and with no danger or breakage or scratching. I'm busily transcribing all our old 78's on tape.

LARK (Danner) Don't blame your encyclopedia; Keeshond isn't in the Americana, either. However, in case nobody offers a more accurate explanation, as I recall it's a fairly old (but obscure) breed, from Asia. The one photo I recall seeing was of a white furry dog, medium-sized, looking somewhat like a thinner and more amiable Siberian Husky with perhaps a bit of Saluki blood thrown in.

Dianetics and scientology are old hat now. The new cure-all is Synergetics. This seems to have originated with one Art Coulter, who is supposedly giving his all for the betterment of mankind and not making a profit on his material.

One Synergetics publisher was putting out a 60-page quarterly mimeographed magazine, charging \$5 for 4 issues, and claiming that he was losing money. I decided that whatever synergetics was good for, it didn't improve business acumen, and lost interest.



STEFANTASY (Danner) Beautiful. I think possibly the "Anabufferdris" ad is my favorite.

Dowsing for oil? Ridiculous! Almost anyone in my home town of Silver Lake, Indiana, could tell Leman that the only thing you dows for is Water. (Only they call it witching instead of dowsing.) To get a well put in around there, you send for a well driller. The driller comes out, cuts himself a willow wand, strolls around your place until the wand dips, and then starts drilling. And if you're lucky, you get water. No, I am not kidding; one summer we had two different drillers trying to put a well in on our place; both of them were dowsers, and neither one found any water. These two drillers, by the way, between them did about 75% of the well-drilling in the county. One of them had the added attraction of being able to stop bleeding by reading a verse from the Bible. Absolutely and verified by dozens of witnesses. He was a large dirty man who raised a flock of small dirty children in a shack a few miles from town. My mother tried one of the wands, and swore that it dipped for her at one spot (not where either of the drillers had got results). I tried it, too, with absolutely no results whatever. Come to think of it, I guess I was right -- we never did find any water. Maybe I'm psychic.

Tsiolkovsky is mentioned several times (under the spelling of Ziolkovsky) in Ley's "Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel".

GARAGE FLOOR (Stark/Young) Afraid I'm a lowbrow as regards modern art. Enjoyed the story and the numerical poem.

PEBBLES IN THE DRINK (Stark/Young) I don't really know enough about modern poetry to appreciate this properly. I mean, it was funny, but I have the feeling that it would have seemed far funnier if I'd read more of those little poetry journals. I liked it, anyway.

GEMZINE (Carr) Most comments made via letter again. Besides, as I said in the last letter, we've reached rock bottom on this and shall have to wait until something else comes up to argue about. That is, you think that Comstock "isn't typical of anyone except himself" while I think he's typical of 90% of every literary censorship group in the country. The only difference is that he was a warped little man, while most censors are warped little women.

Please, will you either number your pages or quit putting them in backwards and out of order? I had one hell of a time getting the Horrocks letter to make any sense at all.

HORIZONS (Warner) There might be one other reason for the relative non-acceptance of stereo discs; price. Lp's, as I recall, came along at a time when most people had money and were eager to spend it. I've heard a lot of people say that they were going to get stereo "some day"; in the case of lp's, they didn't talk about it, they went out and bought them. Also, stereo offers nothing but higher fidelity; the lp's were not only as far or farther above 78's in fidelity as stereo is above monaural, but they also offered convenience in playing, storing, etc.

Aside from saying that I was fascinated by every page of HORIZONS, I'm afraid I don't have any other comments.

FANTASY AMATEUR - We tried for the target date, but having YANDRO run late kept us from making it. I applaud the idea of setting a date a week in advance, though. I keep my watch five minutes ahead of the office clock for the same reason.

The—Wabash—Cannonball—

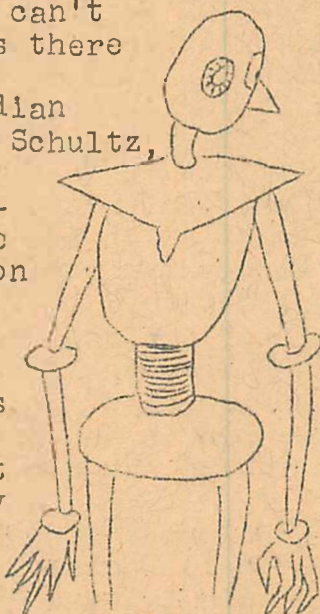
A week or so ago, Gene DeWeese was looking over my list of folksong-titled columns in various fanzines, and asked "Don't you ever pick something that has something to do with the column?" Well, but above title may be egotistical, but by George it has something to do with the column! Mainly, if we're going to get VANDY in the mailing, this column has to be wrote like it was shot from a gun.

So, back to the old reliable; Ernest Tucker's column from the Chicago American. This time, he's off on juvenile enterprise. It seems that the censors and the Comics Code did not entirely kill off the old horror comics. Oh, there aren't any new ones being printed, and all of the new comics are filled with the sort of juvenile pap that people seem to think is "good" for children. But there are still those old, original, dog-eared EC's that were salvaged from the book burnings. And it seems that there is now a thriving black market in these items. The bookleggers don't sell them, though; more money can be obtained by renting them out, for a dime a day or so. "A canny operator with a store of 100 horror comic books can get independently wealthy".

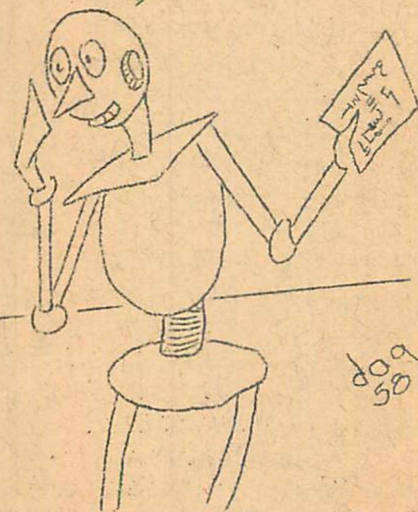
Speaking of literature, more or less: does it seem to you that children's books are becoming rapidly ~~less~~ palatable to anyone, child or adult, with an IQ of over 75? Every year there are more and more juvenile books turned out, each one full of morals and empty of anything else -- like entertainment. Oh, there are exceptions; the Seuss books for younger kids, and recently I got an ad from AMERICAN HERITAGE for a series of children's historical books to be published by AH. And sometimes there are others. But every time I look at the juvenile shelf of a bookstore, I think that it is no wonder that Johnny can't read -- what incentive is there for him to learn?

The books I read; Indian stories by James Willard Schultz, dog stories by Thomas C. Hinkle, Tom Sawyer (unexpurgated -- oh yes, there is now an abridged edition which removes all that harmful gore), the Pony Rider Boys, James Fenimore Cooper (whose tales are ideal for 6-year-olds) and others, may not have been psychologically designed to remove all harmful ingredients, but they were entertaining.

The present "milder, much milder" cult seems to have lost sight of that one-time goal of literature.



Psst-Buddy!
WANNA BUY SOME
FEELTHY WIRING
DIAGRAMS?



dog
50

A DORIC COLUMN

FROM — bob tucker —

About a year ago, in FAPA, I repeated a bit of misinformation which had been picked up from the Saturday Review, or some similar source. I reported that the Vatican Library at Rome housed the world's largest pornographic collection, and that the second largest accumulation of erotica was owned by the Kinsey Institute at the University of Indiana. Nobody called me on it, and the matter was not mentioned again.

Needless to say, my scrupulous conscience has been bothering me, and I feel impelled to correct this misinformation, as well as to amuse and instruct my readers on what the Other Half Reads. All information and quotes herein are from An Unhurried View Of Erotica (The Helmsman Press, New York, 1958), by Ralph Ginzburg and divers hands.

This authority (and his authority has been documented) confirms that the Vatican owns the largest collection: "It includes 25,000 volumes and some 10,000 prints, collected over the centuries from all parts of the world as specimen outcroppings of the creative urge that are to be shunned by good Catholics." But the late Doctor Kinsey did not own the world's next largest collection. That honor belongs to the British Museum in London: "...Henry Spencer Ashbee's private library forms its nucleus, and its total holdings come to 20,000 volumes. In addition, the British Museum collection embraces a number of curious erotic objects d'art, including a photograph of Algernon Swinburne, the poet, intimately engaged with a buxom young American actress who posed for the shot while on a good-will tour of the British Isles."

Us Yanks are keen on cementing international relations.

Kinsey trails in third place, with about 15,000 volumes. This library "represents a remarkable feat of American ingenuity in view of the fact that it was started only some fifteen years ago. In fact, so rapidly has the Kinsey collection been assembled that much of its material is as yet un-catalogued, a task for which the Institute is not lacking in learned volunteers." This collection ranges from A to Z in the erotic world: from latrine wall scrawlings up to several paintings which the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art wants to purchase. I had long heard of the famed "Japanese Pillow Books" which are supposedly given to brides on their wedding day -- Kinsey has some, but I don't suppose his followers will permit me to inspect them.

Other libraries have smaller collections, of course. The Library of Congress has about 5000 books; the New York Academy of Medicine has a sizable library; the late J.P. Morgan blew more than a million dollars accumulating his treasured tomes; and in San Marino, California, the Henry E. Huntington library and museum now has possession of his personal collection.

Ginzburg says that many of the great financial barons of the previous century collected such erotic libraries, most of which have now gone to the heirs, and that from time to time divorce proceedings bring these libraries to light as the two principals stage a court battle to divide the booty. In many cases, the heirs simply turned them over to the Ivy League colleges to be rid of them. (Ex-king Farouk was a mountebank, a piker; his supposed collection was newspaper fancy and his actual collection consisted of cheap slides, movies and cartoon booklets.)

Aside from the question of libraries, the identification of some of these "objects d'art" surprised me -- but I suppose you will claim that you knew it all along.

A highly prized object is a copy (or the original, for that matter) of a Gilbert & Sullivan magnum opus called "The Sod's Opera". This operetta, frankly described as obscene, contained "...the characters of Count Tostoff, the Brothers Bollox, a pair of hangers on, and Scrotum, a wrinkled old retainer." American and British painters Hogarth, Rowlandson and Aubrey Beardsley have committed certain fancies to canvas, "...though of course they do not even begin to compare in stature with masters of the continent like Rubens, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Titian, Boucher and Rodin whose secret works also depict erotic scenes."

The Library of Congress contains a prized (?) document written by Benjamin Franklin which is known as "The Franklin Letter". One might describe it as a fannish letter or a form of fan fiction; it is addressed to the Royal Academy of Brussels, and outlines his great plan to convert the offensive odor of flatulence into sweet-smelling aromas. Franklin was something of an inventor, you know. A fairly common bit of erotica which can be purchased openly here and there is Mark Twain's small book, 1601. It was written in 1876, privately printed and suppressed, and now seems to enjoy an un-sensational freedom. (I think I picked up my copy for about a dollar, mail-order.) Twain's story concerns an imaginary conversation at the court of Queen Elizabeth, with the Queen, Ben Johnson, Beaumont, and Shakespeare speaking their minds in a forthright manner as they search out the culprit who broke wind in the court chamber.

But back to the libraries, for a brief closing note. It isn't easy for just anyone to walk into a large library and ask to see "those books". But to those who persist, the pornographic collections will be found in some of the strangest-sounding places. In the British Museum, the collection is indexed under the code name "Arcana"; at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, look up the "L'enfer" ("Hell") collection; at the Armed Forces Medical Library in Washington the books are stashed away in "The Cherry Case"; at Harvard, in "The Hell Hole"; while the Brooklyn Public Library prefers to keep its erotica in "The Treasure Room". The New York Public Library stores its treasure in "The Cage"; but it remains for the Library of Congress to go straight to the point -- its erotic material is kept in "The Delta" section.

And by the way, just about any American taxpayer over sixteen years of age (hide your propellor beanie) can request and receive a book from The Delta. Uncle Sam is very broadminded about this. There's a small string attached, of course. An armed guard will watch over your shoulder as you read, making sure you do not remove any of the fannish pages.

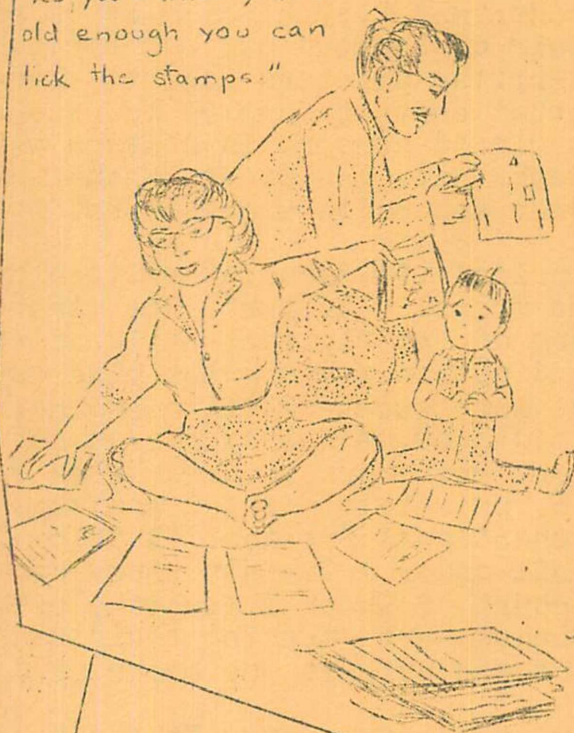
you inferior brown sugar, said Al Ashley

and:

you sweet Spanish wine, said Al Ashley
 you abbreviated title, said Al Ashley
 you debased type, said Al Ashley
 you spurious mahogany, said Al Ashley
 you out-sized file, said Al Ashley
 you hybrid animal, said Al Ashley
 you alula, said Al Ashley

IT CAME FROM INNER SPACE

"Yes, yes - when you're old enough you can lick the stamps."

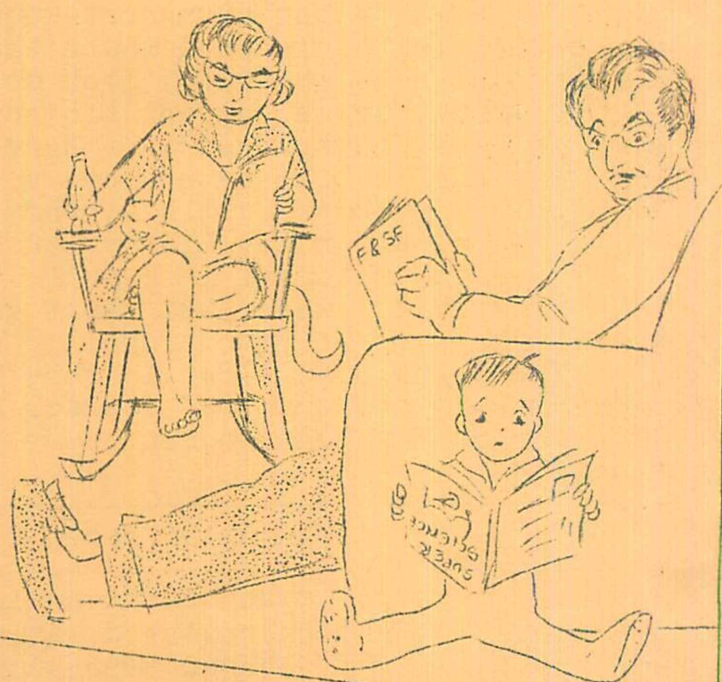


9/1/70



"Look at it this way, Bruce: you'll be the only kid in the neighborhood with a magnetized hand."

"Yeah, I know what he's looking at; Figured he should start at the bottom and work up."



eggs & marrowbone

'Way back when I was a young and idealistic high school student, I made up my mind I wanted to be a teacher. I had been blessed throughout my some twelve years in the public school system with

a remarkably fine group of teachers; for the most part, my instructors were the intelligent, dedicated type of career teacher, well calculated to inspire emulation. Oh, there had been some characters, some freakish know-nothings, but I, in adolescent enthusiasm, was inclined to put these down as one-in-a-hundred misfits, left-overs from an earlier day.

I was horribly wrong.

The first few months at college were a terrific denouement - not to most of the persons on my curriculum, but to me. I discovered there were interesting courses, professors, etc., but not in my field, which happened to be elementary teaching. I had entertained the naive idea that the principal difference between elementary and secondary teachers was the age of the children one intended someday to teach.

Rather shortly, I found myself always conversing and chumming with secondary teacher candidates - people who seemed to know something of what was going on in the world, who seemed to have read a few books, and who were perpetually stunned to discover that I was "on elementary".

There were a few fellow students on the elementary curriculum who displayed attitudes of awareness, but the key-word was 'few'.

Within those first few months, I found my fellow elementary teacher candidates contemplating withdrawal from college because the special, geared-down and embarrassingly simple history courses required of us demanded 100 pages of outside reading per week (most of them were hard put to read 100 pages per semester and survived scholastically mainly by virtue of copying); a classmate asked for help in studying for a test, and in scanning her class notes, I came across the fascinating word "smurged", which eventually I translated, by checking my own notes on that day's discussion, as "submerged", I found that 85% or better of my classmates had never read a book which they had not been told to read by a teacher, could not write a complete sentence under threat of torture, and felt there was really no need to learn anything because the state was so desperate for elementary teachers that anyone would be pushed through to graduation; I was to find that the specialist professors considered an assignment to teach elementary classes as a punishment of the cruelest kind, and the astonishment registered by them when anyone in an elementary class seemed to understand the lecture was a pity to see.

The perpetual carp of the educators is - "Why can't we find intelligent young men and women to teach in grade schools - people with imagination, ideals, enthusiasm?" Four years in an education factory gave me at least part of the answer. If I had imagination, ideals, or enthusiasm at matriculation, it was in spite of the fact that I took the course demanded by the state of Indiana. The only thing, many times, that prevented my transfer to secondary education was the fact that I sincerely wanted to teach the 6-9 year-old age level, and no other.

Any idealism left after college was taken out of me by bouts with the elementary supervisor, the school board, and various and sundry other school officials - all this in one short but extremely hectic year. I've been informed things have tightened and toughened up in the

years since. Perhaps so. It's a sure thing they couldn't have been made any more lax.

I was doing a bit of mental nose counting the other day on the children born to fan marriages. I obviously do not have all the statistics, but just at a casual calculation, it would seem Mom Nature is up to her old tricks - the predominance of female young whenever a minority species is involved. I believe the Youngs have two girls (?), the Grennells have four girls

and two boys, the Ellingtons have a girl, the Clarkes have Nicola Belle, etc. Anybody ever taken a survey? This, I hasten to underline, was a counting of fan marriages wherein both are fans - I didn't know about and couldn't count fans married to non-fans.

Do fan children become fans? Is there any such case on record? Admittedly, first fandom was rather small, but percentage-wise even one carrying-on-of-tradition case ought to mean something. Tucker?

And now to a few mailing comments - few, did I say?

CHAPTER PLAY (Tucker) Ah yes, good ol' Cap Future. I didn't get in on them when they were new because they weren't handled by the newsdealers in my home town, but I can well see the nostalgia involved, and I'll wager most of the Cap Future fans were also devotees of the other series stories and 15 chapter movie serials. They seem to go together.

Ditto on the reaction on Carr's statements on the Post's leftist tendencies. How far right can one go, politically? Are we now seeking the descendents of G. Washington in order to establish a monarchy?

Well, I admit the t-v cowboys are laughable as far as authenticity goes, but as a means of pure escape, a never-never land of a half-hour's relaxation, they have few equals. Whenever a producer succeeds in creating a truly adult Western, it really is no longer a Western, but drama in a Western setting. It's the same deal with me as series fiction - sheer nostalgia.

I liked the Brothers K, despite what they did to the original story.

STEFANTASY (Danner). Well, there isn't much comment I can make on this, save to say it's fabulous. We've been faunching for copies ever since DAG showed us some back issues when we were up Fond du Lac last fall. Leman and the ads probably were the top items, although the entire bit is terrific.



PURELY PERSONAL (Schaffer) Oh, you can get riding horses almost anyplace in Indiana, but the farmers might begrudge any sudden increase in the number of equines - they're using the pasturage to fatten up beefsteak on the hoof. Why you hate cars? We live 30 to 70 miles from our closest relatives, 50 miles from our best friends, 20 to 30 miles from a decent newsstand or bookstore, with no direct train, plane or bus routes thereto; as a matter of fact, when we lived in North Manchester, there were no bus, train, or plane routes whatsoever, and I assure you, a small stagnant town in the Midwest is not a place to endure once the week's employment has been completed.

LARK'S APPENDIX (Danner) I've had similar troubles with my mimeo all winter. The Tower is stored in an unheated room, sans roller, which I detach lovingly and store carefully out of harm's way. But the result of a cold machine and even slightly static-charged paper produces rather spectacular bursts of electricity and invective.

I suspect the problem is not the lettering guide, but the stencil. You should try QRS stencils. We're constantly sending them unsolicited testimonials.

The English verb "to be" is pretty strong competition for "avoir"

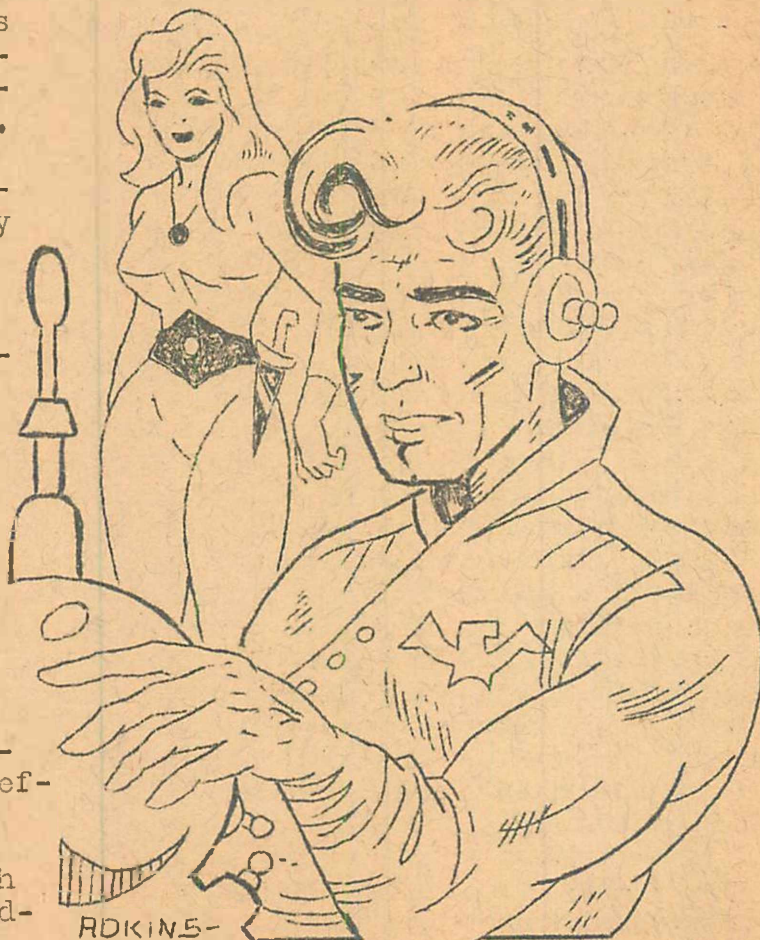
LARK (Danner) Bhut...bhut, how could Ballard have mentioned us to you? So far as we know, Ballard has no acquaintance, either via letter or Yan, with us.

GEMZINE (Need I say who?) Howscome you don't think I can stay neutral in the fan discussion bit? You gung out of your way to get me mad or something?

Oh, I like Campbell's editorials, and his writing. I may not always agree with him, but I think he's one of the greatest literary hypnotists ever.

I imagine my bitter half will have quite a bit of summat to say on GZ, so I'll break off mine non-argumentative remarks here.

POOR REGISTRATION (Pavlat) I think my first comment on seeing this was something to the effect "Ghood Lhord" and an open mouth. This still holds. And here I am struggling along with a thirty buck Tower! Main disadvantage to putting out a whole zine this way - where do you put the staples?



LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) The discussion of exotic drinks calls to mind the fact that in many bars in Indiana a sloe gin fizz is an exotic

drink. To elaborate. Several years ago, whilst still colleging, my room mate and I discovered that Muggsy Spanier was to be playing a date at a local dive cum night club (this was in Muncie, Ind.) and resolved to catch the show one night. Now this is one of these places where you may not just sit and listen or dance - you're there to drink. Due to childhood home remedies, I have this thing about whiskey of all types - I can't stand it; so I hopefully ordered a sloe gin fizz (I really prefer sloe gin highballs, but I can imagine the reaction that would have produced). The waitress stared at me for a moment, started to say something resembling "What's that?", then corrected herself and informed me "We ain't got any". I settled for a beer. My room mate wanted a Bacardi, and after a bit of whispered discussion with the bartender, the waitress returned and announced there wasn't any rum open and the bar didn't feel like opening one for just one customer. I think my room-mate got a Tom Collins instead. After a short while, the waitress came back and snatched up my beer, held the bottle to the light and shook it to ascertain that some remained, glared at me, then flounced off to inspect more bottles. All in all, listening to dixieland under these conditions leaves something to be desired.

Several such experiences led to caution in ordering sloe gin in any bar. At Cleveland in-what was the hotel bar? - The Purple-Something-Or-other I hesitantly asked if they had sloe gin fizzes, only to be regarded with a pitying expression by the waiter and a reply, "Lady, this is a bar - we serve everything here." Somehow, saying I was from Indiana, and indeed the bars there did not serve everything seemed a little lame.

Well, you have thrown it out in FAPA and I have taken the problem to bev DeWeese, who is quite interested in etymology and the history of the English language, etc., and after a bit of study, she (of course, we knew and accepted immediately the fact that "ass" derives from "arse" - this without question) defines the evolution thusly: in the pronunciation of "arse" the tongue must be arched in order to render the "r" sound, whereas in the pronunciation of "ass", the tongue may lie limply in the mouth - the tendency of English-speaking peoples, particularly in America, is to take the easy way out as regards speech, hence the simpler, lazier word evolved from the English. As to why the English list it in their dictionaries - perhaps they're less prudish, and perhaps it's because the word has been around a lot longer.

And incidentally, on this particular word, we got a chuckle recently when Gene DeWeese was sample-playing an LP by Alfred Deller, who is a counter tenor accompanied usually by lutes and recorders; since this was in the holiday season, I presume a lot of people thought this high, very English-sounding singer with male chorus was performing Christmas carols (trained voices are not noted for intelligibility), when all at once from the recrd blares loud and clear into the record store and the ears of its patrons this piercing voice of Deller singing a chorus over and over of "Kiss my arse, kiss my arse". This particular record is one of these old English "Pills to Purge Melancholy" types, although I cannot recall the exact title at the moment.

Okay, where do we start in talking about R&B - the vast resemblance between La Vern Baker and Mahalia Jackson, the evolution of the moaning background chorus, imitation Nat Coles - or - but I like Duane Eddy!

DIS AND DAT (Higgs) Oh, but I didn't mean to say that I had started all of Indiana publishing, just our particular facet of EISFA-YANDRO. Lee Anne's INDIANA FANTASY was a very going concern in '52, before I knew too well what a fanzine was. If we met at Chi, I'm afraid I don't

recall the event. I was too busy staring at pros and scrounging shrimp cocktails. (Peculiar thing that - remember those indigestible appetizers at the banquet? Everyone at my table loathed the things, including myself, but I was making the Chicon with \$20 total, that to include my room rent and passage home, and by that time I was pretty hungry, so I must have eaten three or four of the hideous things, those rejected by my table companions - and you know, I haven't been able to stand the taste of shrimp since.)

OIL.....ON TROUBLED WATERS (Young) This I vastly enjoyed, although I'm afraid I must admit it was the only Young publication which I enjoyed this mailing. Sorry. Chalk it up to a rather odd taste on my part.

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) Pleasant reading, but not inspiring much comment, save - well, let's go over it again for FAPA. The spelling of my name is thusly: J-u-a-n-i-t-a-. 'Way back in my innocent maidenhood when my last name was Wellons, I used to vow I would someday marry someone called Smith, so that store clerks and such could at least spell one of my names correctly - but look what happen.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT (Alger). The photos are much gleed over, and I imagine my bitter half will have some typical gun crank comments to make in his notes.

I suspect your liberal was a liberal in name only. Our only reaction to your "80% Negro" letter would be "so what?-when are you coming?" One of the most interesting fannish non-fans of our acquaintance is a Negro atheist ne Catholic, and that reminds me - mein mate - when do we jaunt up Culver way to see Denver and Co. again? Actually, Martin, you get a different idea of race relations when you've been refused service at restaurants and rooms in hotels because one of your party happens to be a shade too dark for the proprietor's prejudices.

BURBLINGS c/w ELMURMURINGS (Burbee and Purdue) Well, I'll tell you; this is something like the movie or t-v drama on which one has been touted for months - like "marvelous, fabulous, you mustn't miss it!" So one doesn't miss it, and one comes out feeling vastly so-whatish. Maybe I just don't dig fannish humor. The Bjo cartoons were marvelous, but then I do dig Bjo.

HELEN'S FANTASIA (Wesson) Interesting in the extreme, and unintentionally hilarious in many a spot due to your fascinating casualness regarding commas. More, I hope, is forthcoming soon?

GASP! (Steward) Much as it may startle some parties in FAPA, I enjoyed this muchly, in spite of typos, which I suspect are due to haste in preparation. I have always been able to understand the thrill of flat racing - the race against time - one car against a stop watch. But I must confess any auto race in which more than one car is involved makes me shudder; the dangers involved cancel out my enthusiasm for the speed. I'm afraid I would never make a good spectator at a gladiatorial contest.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney) Who's worrying? This was an explanation, not a hand-wringing exercise.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) The CQD - SOS discussion made me turn to my collection of disaster books (another of my morbid hobbies). I believe it's generally stated SOS was used for the first time in a major marine disaster during the sinking of the Titanic, after the CQD and various other pleas for help had been sent. The general impression given by chroniclers of the period is one of a rather desperate radio (pardon - wireless) operator throwing in everything available. CQ is quoted in these right-after-the-sinking books as being a universal signal to every wireless operator within range to shut up and listen, with D being added for 'danger'. As to the use of SOS, at the post-sinking hearing, Marconi testified regarding his experiments in coping with the curvature of the earth problem, and mentioning that he had succeeded during these experiments in transmitting the letter "S" over 2,000 miles and thus, I presume, settled on a signal that would include a letter proved for distance. I would speculate S-O-S was chosen over other simple signals because it could be used by an amateur, with the repetition of dots and dashes making it more effective than -. - or .-. -, strictly conjecture, this last. It does make a pretty effective signal, even to the untrained listener.

TAPEBOOK (Rotsler and Pavlat) Add us, with a Webcor with misaligned heads and speeds of 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Probably the tall member of this team will add that we are not overly enthusiastic about tapespondence, per se, although we enjoy exchanging tapes on music, humor, etc., and conversation tapes with people we know pretty well. For most fanspondence, though, a typer and a sheet of paper have it all over a strip of mylar.

The rest of the mailing does not inspire comment, and I see no point in listing each bit individually and saying that a) I enjoyed it but had nothing to say worth putting in ink, or b) this item was read and shrugged over.

One parting comment in general on the ideals of today's teenagers: Some months ago, I remember reading a letter in some magazine from a teenager who remarked: "Who cares anything about that wishy-washy Pat Boone? Give me Elvis - at least he's a real man." I'm rather fascinated by a standard of feminine admiration that equates masculinity with implied virility via voice and gestures, and rates it superior to proved potency via progeny. Strange things happen to words.

A PRIMER FOR AGNOSTICS

by Beverly DeWeese and June Eastman

Page 1

Oh, see!
Ch, see God!
Ch, see God create!
Creative, creative, God!

Unfortunately, the girls never got beyond the first page. A pity.