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VANDY 26

EGGS & MARROWBONE.....SPARROW GRASS & BROWN BREAD, CORN PONE & GREENS/
TURN THE KITTLE 'ROUND & 'ROUND, RUSTLE UP THEM BEANS.....cooked by JWC

Fantasy Amateur: I suspect a lot of my non-interest in the Egoboo Poll traces to the fact that I put out a monthly genzine (Buck edits it, but I put it out). As a result we are deluged monthly with fanzines, comment and sundry. FAPA is another glop of fanzines arriving four times a year. There are some goshwowboyoboy things in it occasionally, but no more so than the rest of the year. Most of it tends to sink into my personal mental limbo unless I really know the person -- and I don't feel I really know very many people in FAPA.

SYNAPSE (Speer) Now I am wondering if you get other little details (on your pet hobby horses and various tirades) as scrambled as you did the details about your call to us. Or rather, detail. If it was Mrs. Coulson, Buck's mother, you talked to, you'd better start writing for Ray Palmer. I trust it was my mother -- at least she was the one who relayed your message.

GODOT (Deckinger) Having no great faith in my ability to compete at rough and tumble in close encounter with a thug, I'd prefer a gun for personal defense. Knives take more expertise than most people imagine. I've experimented with both knives and guns and I assure you it's much easier for this amateur to become deadly with a gun than with a knife -- I'm a better snot than I am a ... cut?

I never had a cat that had to be taught how to use a cat box. In fact, when we were at Wabash at one time one of the neighbor's kittens was accidentally locked in the house while we were gone; entirely an outdoor animal, it felt the call of nature, used its nose and decided the bathroom was the proper place, and used the bathtub. Several other cats of my acquaintance have done the same.

Daily brushing and rubbing your cats with your palms slightly wet will cut down on the loose hair problem.

From all accounts, the hideous part of snow in the southern US is the complete inability of most natives to cope, thru lack of experience and equipment. One hoosier who took a trip south during a freak deep south blizzard recounted with amusement a service station attendant crawling around his car examining with fascination the northern car's snow tires. Many people in this area leave snow tires on year-round -- rather noisy, but otherwise unnoticeable.

Glancing thru the movie and confession mags, I note about a third as many ads for putting on weight as there are for putting off. And the tone of delivery is equally obnoxious in both cases. And certain recent researches into metabolism have indicated that in some cases it is not simply enuf to eat less or more; some of the greatest trenchermen I've known have been stringbean types....

Wish you'd be a little more specific when tirading Christ and the Bible as one lump. They're not, you know. One section is an epic and contains some rather fine literature. The other is theology and ten nights in a hashish den. Keep your brickbats aimed, please.

I see you're another city-dweller who has swallowed the myth of the bottomless agricultural pit of America. Increased food production is by no means the answer, and I strongly suspect a couple of bad years may shake up a lot of placid people who assume the US will always be able to marshal surpluses of food for ourselves and the starving masses abroad. T ain't so.

DAMBALLA (Chuck Hansen) I'm afraid your "Tired American" (I've heard it before) reminds me strongly of a folk song line: "I don't want no changes made/ I like the status quo." I consider myself economically conservative, but not reactionary. And my attitude is that what looks like the best of all possible worlds from one point of view may be something quite different from another, and to yell "Stop moving the furniture around!" is not going to be very effective unless you can present valid reasons for your stand to the furniture mover--who feels pretty uncomfortable with the furniture the way it is.

Actually, this essay is less annoying than another which went the rounds some time back to the effect "I'm proud to be a square". Most of that one was concerned with honesty and patriotism, but it contained a line like this: "I'm a square, and I proudly get my books from the library, not the corner drugstore." I suspect that one was cooked up by an old line hardback publisher with no paperback outlets, and it stunk up the whole platitude.

QURP! (Bennett) Easy to tell your simile kiddies aren't living in the midwestern US. Rain clouds aren't "dull" --- they're mean and black and probably contain enough high winds to rip off your roof. And, the kid that thunk up "As dull as black paper" was no art student, obviously; I mean, black paper can be matte, glossy, textured...all sorts of things. "As sober as a soup" is a simile that I like; it doesn't mean anything, but it sounds lovely rolling off the tongue.

KIM CHI (Ellingtons) This time round maybe Kreiger will do Dormammu?

My friend bev DeWeese was recounting the case of some acquaintances with two cats and a dog, raised together ~ the dog washes itself and apparently tries to miaow. Shows which animal is more dominant...

I started out watching "I Spy" this year, but somehow I drifted away. Not enough yuk to hold my interest, I guess. I like Culp and Cosby and wish them well, but I didn't become a faithful viewer.

I did become a faithful viewer of "Laredo", though. I suspect a lot more people would enjoy it if they knew it wasn't a straight Western. Sometimes it is, true; but when the writer is hip it becomes a sort of grim Marx Brothers. And the weird part is, it's much closer to the way the early Texas Rangers really were than the previous uniformed and true blue film versions; those post civil war "peace"officers weren't hired for character --- they were hired to be tougher than the men they were after.

Our cat says the American Heritages we bought from you smell absolutely delicious. See, even over years and miles, a cat can sense true cat people.

I think my favorite Uncle episode this year has been the Japanese one... with McCallum elaborately rigging his device to blow the door and then discovering the thing is unlocked, the villain at the moment of truth pulling the trigger on a gun that poots a flower out of its muzzle...and like that.

Buck bent our four-spoke lug wrench, too, but he did it not loosening the nuts (as he thought), but putting them on so tight a hydraulic outfit had some difficulty getting them off. This was before we found out little things like the fact that the nuts have different directional threads on different sides of the car. Rambler's cute that way -- everything about the heap seems to work in relationship to the front or the back of the car, rather than right or left.

SALUD (Elinor) I don't know what it is about people like your Allura Figure Salon. Unless you've changed radically since Pitt, you look just fine to me, and I don't see a thing wrong with your hips. Somehow the fashion faddists in this country have rammed thru the idea that there's a "perfect figure", and for years they've been trying to stamp everyone out with a cookie cutter -- as if variety were somehow displeasing. Can you imagine how it would be to walk down the street and see no one but hatrack models a la Vogue and cardboard dummy males out of the store windows. Me for individuality.

I wish we could get the sort of mutual aid arrangement for older people you quote, for Buck's Dad. He lives alone, and doesn't have a phone, and he's an hour and a half drive from here. I worry, but then I suppose anyway who climbs around on ladders and roofs painting houses when he's past seventy must be reasonably healthy...hmmm?

Now that I think of it, Dick Lupoff does look like a tall Gomez Addams, save he lacks that maniacal Groucho leer and cigar. Try those additions out at Cleveland, Dick - only don't light the cigar, please.

Well, I have hopes for the wine I've been making this past year. I sipped the pear wine last fall when I bottled it and it tasted like raw vinegar. But Buck said after it'd aged some months it wasn't bad - dry....of course, I don't like dry wine much, but... I put up some raisin wine in March, which promises to be a Sherry-type wine when it's ready, and I can hardly wait. And I made dandelion wine - us rural types have some of the hugest dandelions imaginable growing right in the back yard....like three or four inches across; getting enough blooms that way was pretty easy.

ADAM FILM QUARTERLY (Rotsler) Beth had the best figure and Meg the sexiest face. The blonde was nowhere.....who casts these things, anyway? Rocks in their heads....either of the other girls would have made a better lead.

HABAKKUK (Danaho) Ray Nelson, I must say you put on paper so many of my ideas I'm tempted to accept the existence of ESP. Earlier you echoed my own head when you wrote about growing up during WWII. Now you put down many of my own impressions of music. For example: one of my absolutely favorite types of music is Kabuki, and it took me no time at all to adjust to the scales and timing -- I can now anticipate it in the same way I can blues. And I once tried to explain to a very musical but non-

blues minded friend (hi, Marion) about jazz and dancing; she said she got the idea, but it just didn't move her that way. (I told Gem Carr basically the same thing, but she didn't seem to believe that it's possible to be in a trancelike state as a result of dancing to jazz.)

By dancing, I don't mean the foot shuffling and social Pavlovism that passes for dancing with the great masses - they dance (so-called) because it's the thing to do. I mean dancing, with or without a partner, because one is moved to do so by the music; an itch that becomes a compulsion and proceeds to self-hypnotism. The only classical or symphonic music with such abilities is that which imitates the primitive, such as Sacre du Printemps. Oddly, Sacre is not so effective as is Antill's Corroboree; played at proper full volume on a decent hi-fi, if you have that type of soul, you must become a participant.

I must say the one form of music that completely fails to reach me is the sort of stuff Glenn Miller did. I like most pop stuff before and after that era, but not that -- even today it's current, and it's just as emotionless and blah as it was 25 years ago. Like the recent revival of "You, You, You"...nuthin'.

Ted: I know far far less about jazz than I'd like...mostly due to limited opportunity. I liked when they first came to my ears, and still like, Kenton, Shearing and Brubeck. I do not outgrow my appetites very rapidly, and I expect to enjoy the few jazz records I have as much ten years from now as I do today. (Hopefully I'll have acquired some new favorites by then.)

Yeah, like the "smaller" Gestetner 120's for shipment to India are "portable"...they do have handles. I notice when I haul the thing over the supply and repair shop in Marion, Indiana, the repairman always suckers one of his new teenage helpers into going out to the car to drag it in. It's fascinating watching someone lifting away like crazy on that handle without budging the monster an inch.

HORIZONS (Harry Warner) Most of the mundanes I associate with, such as housewives I meet at the laundromat, would react to anything slipped into the conversation from Quotebook with a completely blank stare. It's simpler to savor the joys in private.

Grafenberg more modified the ring than invented it. It's been around in one form or another for some centuries, and they still don't know how it works.

Famous Funnies would be quite valuable, reprint or not, because they are old. There are on the stands now reprints of "old" comics from the late forties and fifties, and they'll be worth little except memory jogging and nostalgia.

And then there's the abomination on the stands calling itself Captain Marvel. Did the supermarket have to mop after you too, Lupoffs?

VW is not longer to say than Volkswagen, not here in Central Slurvia. It comes out "Vee-Dub-Ya."

HORIB (Lupoffs) Gee, and I've always been sorry I missed "Transatlantic Tunnel". I saw the previews when I was a liddle kid, and I'd had such whammies over "The Devil Commands" and such a horror of water that I chickened out seeing it. I've been regreting it ever since; but if it's as dull as you say, maybe I've been lucky.

Boy, I'll say your M2 has a problem. That is an inexcusable fault in a mimeo. Maybe once every 1000 sheets my Gestetner 120 does that and I curse it out soundly. I run two safety copies of every page, and generally that's quite sufficient. 50% of the time things comes out perfect--

ly and we get 2 extra copies. I'd say it was never a trivial problem, and I'd have something done about it. I'd take it back and drop it on the head of whoever you got it from.

Pat, meteors always look blue white or occasionally blue-white-goldish to me, but never green. Sure it wasn't East Coast smog coloring the lil' blaggard? We are currently custodians of Gene DeWeese's 8 inch reflector scope -- first crack I've had at a telescope since my uncle moved to Arizona ten years ago (and took his lovely homemade 8 incher with him). I am rather a novice at handling the equipment, and it's much too tall for me -- either Buck digs a pit or I'm permanently committed to standing on a box to reach the eyepiece -- but I'm reasonably competent at locating constellations, planets, artificial satellites and like that. Dark of the moon in the middle of August, I am finally going to take a crack at seeing the Andromeda galaxy; (my uncle was mainly interested in the telescope from a Popular Mechanics viewpoint, and after he'd built it and looked at the moon and a few planets he couldn't be persuaded to do much stargazing.)

Tsk, tsk. You sound like another brainwashed city slicker with your comments on animal odors. For my money the Gary steel mills can outstink any animal waste ever -- even that of pigs and people, who are the worst in that department. Sheep are moderately fragrant and cows and horses aren't at all overwhelming. You've just been so blunted by city smells that a little nature seems overpowering. Yep.

Milton sounds like a dandy place, except it's too far east. This place has the ruins of an old orchard alongside the house. And I do mean ruins. We got a fair amount of apples and pears last fall, but I dunno about this year. We've had some pretty nasty winds and a BIG branch came down off the best-bearing pear tree and last evening we discovered a HUGE limb (like half the tree) off the only apple tree that had any fruit last fall. Two other apple trees have some apples on them, but they've never been topped and they're like twenty feet tall and no way to get at the apples -- we have to depend on windfalls and eat quick.

Hmm, wonder if my book includes a recipe for apple wine? As opposed to cider and applejack....we're a couple of hours from the nearest cider press (and besides, it's probably gone out of business since we last patronized it).

Kitchen gardening, wine making, black walnut extracting (like two bushels of hulled black walnuts we got off the tree in the yard - that's a lotta walnuts), bread making, sewing....I'd like to build a loom and take up cloth making, too. Sometimes I think I really believe in a post-atomic America and my own survival.

VORPAL DRAGON (Harrell) Mein Gott, Phil, I would have taken that paper back and screamed and stomped my feet and demanded a refund. That can't be mimeo paper - multilith or ditto maybe. Sheesh!

NIEKAS (Ed & Felice) Everytime I look at that cover I think a) it slipped or b) the logo didn't print.

Yes, I much enjoyed the CBS Stonehenge program too. Have you heard anything further from those stuffed shirts who stood around poo-pooing sun-over-heelstone ad nauseum? I mean did they have any explanation?

Did any of them claim OBS faked the sunrise or the position of their cameras or something? Any of them big enough to apologize? Curious.

Speaking of opiates for the masses, my friend bev DeWeese remarked that everytime she rereads BRAVE NEW WORLD it gets less and less fantastic and more and more depressing. As for soma, I sometimes think in America at least it's food -- more food than any culture has ever had generally at its fingertips before.

Speaking of children's fantasy, I would be grateful if someone could give me some data on a book called FARAWAY MEADOW...about unicorns and butterflies. It was sort of an animalistic Pollyanna, but the illos were lovely. I first read it in a library during the '40's, and I've never been able to find it since.

Buck also has a comment on West's Keepingism, and I would like to add that it little profit the humble downtrodden eventual victor in this battle of the human spirit if, before his day comes, he's been wiped out by chicken pox or measles. Hmmm?

Solon: Well, I would say fear of uterine cancer was strong enough to keep enough women on Enovid...but fear of menstruation? The program of Enovid doesn't eliminate menstruation...it (or a reasonable fassimile) is still there to nuisance up things. And Felice, I agree, that pregnancy may indeed do it. But Enovid's such a drag; I'm hoping that ten years and we'll have the research and religious brain washing over and the pill you take after will be on the open market.

Letter Column: Ray - I've always thot Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" settled the Founder versus Paul the Organization Man question.

May I say I find your type excruciating to read. Put me down as a voter for more frequent, bigger type faced issues of Niekas, please.

BREAD PUDDING IN MILK: There are probably many other things I could say on this mailing, but if I hope to get this thing run off tomorrow (the 19th of July) and mailed to California in time -- and I have yet to design the front and bacovers....well, let's call it schluss on the mlg comments.

This has been a wild and woolly year healthwise for me. For those of you who don't take YANDRO I may explain that those sinus headaches I've been griping about for years turn out to be a migraine type headache instead. The confusing part is that the headaches produce great incredible amounts of clotting mucuous in my sinus passages -- for all the world like sinus trouble, except that the onslaught is set off by emotional stress, allergy to ghu knows what, rapid air pressure shifts (I can predict storms 12 hours in advance, long before the barometer starts registering)....and like that. Ugh. However, unlike the sinus headaches, migraine type headaches can be prevented (usually) -- by taking pills that cost 25¢ @, sometimes 3 a day. And then I worry about our bankroll and the worry starts off another headache and I have to take more pills to

Hoping to see lots of you at the Tricon. Buck, myself, my guitar, and all our various pills and nostrums. No, I don't think I'm ready for post-atomic America, unless it includes a drugstore.

IT'S MY WAY
by Robert Coulson

The last FA lists us as having no pages due, presumably because we ran off Harry Warner's HORIZONS. Frankly, I can't see this; Harry paid us to do the job, and I don't see that we're any more entitled to credit than a local print shop would be. So we'll try to get in 8 pages in this mailing, anyway. (Now if I can only remember to send in the dues.....)

It's been a wild year. Our saga isn't quite as harrowing as Grennell's, but then it doesn't have quite as happy an ending, either. In the last VANDY (remember the last VANDY?) Juanita described the start of it; good old Honeywell offered me a choice between going to Chicago (at no increase in salary, or perhaps a decrease) or getting the hell out. I chose hell. I got a job with Dawson Sheet Metal, in Muncie, Indiana. This necessitated a 55-mile drive each way every day -- after a month of this, we moved. The closest we could get to Muncie was Hartford City -- nobody wants to rent you anything around here except 3-room apartments. (If we could have got enough 3-room apartments, we might have been all right, but....) Anyway, we found this huge 8-room farmhouse -- connected by porches to two other buildings containing a total of 5 more rooms and a fruit cellar. And it was much too good to turn down, even if it was still 25 miles from work. This condition was remedied shortly when I was fired from Dawson -- since in the entire two months I worked there I never figured out exactly what I was supposed to be doing, the firing wasn't too much of a shock. I promptly acquired another job, where I would be working under a former Honeywell engineer. This was an ideal setup; good pay, working under a man I knew, and who knew me and what I could do, and a good chance of promotion. (In fact, everyone in that department got promoted six months later.) Unfortunately, the job entailed a medical exam, and I became the first man in history to fail that company's exam -- with a blood pressure of slightly over 200. (I explained that I'd been reviewing a lot of fan-zines recently, but it didn't seem to impress anyone.) I not only didn't get that particular job, I was forbidden to work at all until the blood pressure went down. So we existed for 3 months on unemployment insurance. (\$40 a week, in Indiana, maximum.) During this period I had plenty of time for fanning, but no money and, due to the pills I was taking, very little ambition to do anything but sleep. They worked, though. Currently the blood pressure is 120 and the doctor assures me that I have a "normal life expectancy". (I laugh silently; the doctor doesn't know that I took a magazine quiz several years ago, designed to tell me how many years I could expect to live -- and came out with a minus 4.)

Eventually I was allowed to go back to work. After some fruitless weeks of looking for a job suitable for my varied talents, I joined the Overhead Door Co., here in Hartford City, as a factory hand. After a week of wrestling steel shafts (which damned near killed me, after 8 years of riding a desk) I got a transfer to the company drafting department. I'm still there. The pay is adequate -- barely -- the work is fairly easy, and the company is moderately congenial. Besides, as long as I stay here, we can enjoy our 8-room-plus-5 mansion. I passed a civil service exam for post office work, but one has to start as a substitute, and substitutes around here seem to average 15 to 20 hours work a week (while remaining "on call" at all times). I went on the inactive reserve list; it's something to fall back on if my present employment conks out. I suppose eventually I'll have to look for a better job, but I hate the idea of moving

One sure thing; I have never been happier about not going to Chicago than I was today, while reading the riot news.

The best thing we've got out of the deal is this house. (We're renting, not buying, but I think of it as "mine"; I'm very possessive.) We have a "living room", containing the tv, piano, tape recorders, record player, etc. (Maybe it should be listed as a conservatory?) Off this are bedrooms, one for us and one for Bruce. For the first time in his life, he has a full-sized room all to himself. Back of the living room is the office, containing, besides the stove that heats the place in winter, two desks, two mimeographs, Juanita's work table, filing cabinets, a set of built-in bookshelves, a set of homemade bookshelves, and an overstuffed chair that I bought for myself but which seems to have been appropriated by our cat. (The room is about 15' x 18'.) Back of this is a huge kitchen. Upstairs are two rooms comprising the library -- one room for stf and one for non-stf -- and one room serving as a playroom for Bruce. The adjoining buildings serve for toolrooms, storage -- including the fanzine collection, such as it is -- and so on. One of them could even be lived in if we needed it; I'd have to connect our old oil stove and install a screen door for summer. In front of the house is our one drawback; a state highway which seems devoted to heavy truck traffic. Back of the house are fields, the ruins of an orchard which provides enough fruit for Juanita's wine-making, our garden, and a couple of woods -- one of them small enough so that Bruce can go back and play in it. We occasionally hike back and discover various forms of wildlife -- myriad wildflowers, birds, trees, ticks, mosquitoes, etc. All in all, if they'd take that damned highway away, it would be exactly the sort of house I'd like to buy.

Bruce is getting along as usual; the other day he proudly announced that he'd read all the way through King Kong. He's in the Cub Scouts now, and has recently discovered the fun of chopping wood. (We don't have any use for the wood once he's chopped it, but I've promised to build an outdoor fireplace realsoonnow.) I always liked to chop wood as a child, though I hated sawing it. Bruce has had an opportunity to do both; I'm teaching him all sorts of useless skills. If we have an urge to target shoot, there is a big dead tree back of the house to serve as backstop. (No, Dean, it's not the one you blasted with your .38 or .44 -- I forget which, now. That one is still alive, though the dead area does seem to be slowly growing.)

Overhead Door is a fascinating company to work for. We manufacture the sort of doors that roll up overhead; the sort of things one sees at filling stations and so on. (A lot of the ones I've worked on have been for filling stations, with some for airport hangars and a lot for warehouses and so on.) We also build ordinary garage doors, but these are standardized and don't affect the drafting department. My job is, essentially, to take an order showing the type (wood, steel, aluminum or fiberglass) and size door desired and make a blueprint of it, showing all the parts to scale. The architect then looks this plan over, and if he approves it, it is used by the factory to build the door by. This isn't at all standardized; for example, we have a total of 11 "standard" types of door, 16 "standard" types of track that the doors run on, 4 diameters of balancing springs, and innumerable variations of other parts. Each of these has to be selected according to what the draftsman feels best fills the order. (After which the shop builds the doors whatever way they want to, disregarding the print, but we can't help that.) There are charts to

go by, but my boss cheerfully informed me that a good share of the time the charts are wrong, so it's always better to ask someone. Some of the company practices are, I feel, unique. Such as the fact that the engineering department is in Dallas, Texas, while drafting is in Hartford City. This is shortly to be compounded when the machine shop moves to a suburb of Cincinnati while the tool and die makers remain here. And then there are the blueprints -- or, more precisely, there aren't the blueprints. When I asked about a print showing a certain part -- so I could see what it looked like -- I was informed that there wasn't any print for that part, I'd have to go out and look at one in the shop. When I asked how the parts could be inspected when there were no prints, I was informed that "we don't have an inspection department". We don't, either; the doors are ordered, built and shipped out; no inspection. (As a result, replacement of defective parts, I'm told, costs a quarter of a million dollars a year.) The company makes money, though; I'm not sure how. Every day there are new concepts. Such as the day the Xerox camera was shipped to Dallas -- several partitions had to be torn down to get it out of the building.

MAILING COMMENTS

FANTASY AMATEUR - I'm willing to drop the Egoboo Poll, Bruce. Although the reason I didn't vote was that I'd only read one mailing in the past year.

HORIZONS (Warner) I don't like to work for other people, either. Trouble is, I just don't like to work, period. If I'd had a more assured income, my 3 months unemployment would have been the happiest period of my life. Agreed; taxing children should work better than birth control, in some cases. (But, most of the families that already have too many children couldn't afford to pay any more taxes, being in the lowest income group. And many women who don't want any more children have them anyway, either because of church affiliation or because they don't know how to stop and in many communities are legally prevented from finding out.)//I'm still planning to complete my ASTOUNDING collection; I guess that makes me still young.// I don't think the new quarters look counterfeit; it's that dull thud they make when dropped on a counter that bothers me.//We have an elected school board, and currently a lovely scandal, produced when members of a "lame duck" board voted to buy for school use a certain property that has not been approved by the state board of health (or by anyone else). Unless someone can come up with a method of sewage disposal, the county may have a \$56,000 white elephant on its hands. The local health officer did his best in a couple of public meetings (including, when a board member reproached him by saying "We didn't come here to argue", replying "I did!"). But the purchase went through despite him.

POS HIKOMPOS (Silverberg) We remember you, anyway, Bob. I even bought the British pb edition of the Robert Randall books.

HORIB (Lupoff) You mean to say that someone is actually interested in Sax Rohmer? What does it all mean? // Gee, I thought everyone knew the "Bowmen of Mons" legend. // New York may be a great town for culture, but one meets such a low class of people there.....

THE NEXT SEVENTY THOUSAND YEARS OF SOCIETY (Metcalf) Hah?

GODOT (Deckinger) D. Bruce Berry seems to be currently advising Fred Pohl

-- via the IF letter column --- on how to operate a professional magazine. (It's at least a relatively harmless pursuit.) // Anybody who would refuse to buy a car because he disliked its appearance deserves the inefficient, clumsily built, hard-to-repair monster he'll probably end up with. // The "dead man's hand" belonged to Wild Bill Hickock, not Wyatt Earp. Aces and eights, as I believe someone else pointed out this mailing.

FAN-DANGO - Laney was a smug little bastard with his denunciations, wasn't he?

BIRTH OF A PROJECT (Locke) This is exactly the sort of thing that I enjoy very much at times. Unfortunately, this didn't happen to be one of the times. Six months ago, or perhaps six months from now, I might have bumbled with enthusiasm over it.

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) I don't feel I have any kick coming about single or dual Egoboo Poll voting. I think we usually get two ballots, and if we don't, Juanita and I think pretty much alike anyway; it isn't at all hard to make out a joint ballot. The hard part is getting Juanita interested in voting at all (or getting me interested in voting, if it comes to that). // But couldn't you shoot an intruder outside the house and then drag the body inside before calling the cops? // I see Doubleday is making the most of the S F Writers' Awards; they have a book out already containing this year's winners. Let's do see how it goes, though -- in fact, let's see if it goes for more than a year or two.

SALUD (E. Busby) Whaddaya know; we agree. TAFF is not a benefit; it is an award for Distinguished Service To Fandom. If some fannish millionaire becomes a fabulous fannish name, then he has as much right to accept TAFF money as an itinerant IWW member, or a wandering draftsman. // I dunno; I've attended Midwestcons with and without pools, and on the whole I believe I preferred the non-pool ones. For one thing, I can go swimming without traveling a couple of hundred miles to do it. I go to cons to talk to people, not to splash water on them.

KIM CHI (Ellingtons) We watched the first few "Batman" tv shows, but they palled rapidly. Even Bruce decided that he'd rather watch "Daniel Boone" (the shows conflict in this area), so we switched back. // I still get a mental quiver every time I see you referring to a dog as "Buck". I'm just too, too sensitive, I guess.

QURP! (Bennett) "At the London WorldCon last year I met once again Dick Eney and Ted White." Not simultaneously, I hope; that sort of thing could get messy. "As beautiful as Mr. Bennett", eh? Well, there's one in every class, I guess. I can't say I was terribly impressed with most of the similes, but a few ("As right as a computer" and "As proud as a palace" being notable examples) were remarkably good and deserve to go down in history.

DAMBALLA (Hansen) Arthur Clarke's "Nine Billion Names Of God" was about mechanized prayer wheels, so I suppose it had lamas in it. And Harold Lamb's novel The Marching Sands concerned a lost white race and a vast Buddhist conspiracy in central Asia. (I thought it was pretty unlikely at the time; since Viet Nam and the assassination of the prime minister of Ceylon by a Buddhist priest, I'm not so sure.) // Like all platitudes, "A Tired American" was partly right and partly wrong. For one thing, free

enterprise and private initiative are synonyms for greed; the reason they work so well is that most people are greedy. Russia has found that out; people just don't work very well unless they're getting something out of the deal. Also, filth is an integral part of culture -- our culture, anyway -- and hiding one's head in the sand and refusing to talk about it won't make it go away. Some of the other comments were apt -- but I note that the author was too tired to suggest any practical alternatives.

SPINNAKER REACH (Chauvenet) Synthetic rubber is part of the reason for the lack of slingshots, rubber band guns, etc. I tried to make Bruce a slingshot from a forked stick and an inner tube, but the rubber didn't stretch properly. // Nonsense; pintle and gudgeon are both breeds of ducks. Or am I thinking of widgeon? No, a widgeon is something in a Surgeon story; "The Widgeon, the Dudgeon, and Norris Goff". (Retitled "Look Out, Duck!" for book publication.)

THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE (Moffatt) We got two copies of this, in case anyone was shorted. And we aren't even MacDonald fans.

BINX (Grennell) Just reading about your trials made me tired. Now I know why I don't get ahead in life (as if I didn't know it already) -- I'm too lazy. I just wouldn't do all that work.

HABAKKUK (Donaho) Lovely Schneeman article. And I thoroughly agree that Dold was "incomparable". For which thank God; I don't think the field could have stood anybody else who illustrated like that. // I not only can't explain why a certain combination of noises should make people happy, I'm not at all sure that they do. They don't make me happy, and I'm the only person whose emotions I can study first hand. (However, I'm open-minded and willing to admit Nelson's statement as a theory if not as a proven fact.)

THE ADAM FILM QUARTERLY (Rotsler) I enjoyed some of the photos, but the film itself sounds like one of the dullest bombs ever produced. Naked women may well be fun in person, but pictures of them aren't all that exciting. I seem to have no particle of voyeur in me.

THE VORPAL DRAGON (Harrell) And a belated welcome to FAPA to you -- I believe this is the first mailing I've hit since you've arrived. I used to have my fanzines in order, on shelves and all; since we moved, they are stacked in piles in and on an old wooden box we found here. Some day when I have some money, I'm going to get some of those cardboard files -- Mishek sells 6 for \$18 -- and get things set up properly. (We have a wood filing cabinet now, but it's full of Juanita's comics.) Foo, I'm a touch typist, and I use a manual typewriter, and I think the stencils I cut are legible. Admittedly, some manuals are better than others for stencil cutting, but I imagine some electric ones are better than others, also. // From your description of Viet Cong activities, they seem to have what I'd classify as "fannish minds"..... // Stay out of collecting. One reason I don't have any more space or spare cash is that I collect stfmags, coins, stamps, guns, cartridges, AMERICAN HERITAGE, etc, etc. (One advantage of my present job -- by-product, I should say -- is that one of my co-workers sold me 6 issues of the old paperbound AMERICAN HERITAGE at a ridiculously low price.) ///Stiles: I'm pretty much with you on Viet Nam, except that I think our moral justification is at least as good as that of the enemy, so what are we apologizing about? //Two Dylan records

for one Orphan Annie, eh? I can't quite think of a suitable comment on that. /// Back to Phil, I think: Lovely back page; I enjoyed both the accident reports and Harrell Laws. (Although I'm a little worried about the essential humanity of anyone who sits around laughing heartily over a list of accident reports..... maybe my critics are right.)

SYNAPSE (Speer) 4-track papers are sometimes necessary if you want your taper to be able to talk to someone else's taper. (I don't have one, but then I'm notorious for not paying attention to other people.) // As I recall, George Wetzel once tried to foment trouble between Harlan Ellison and someone else by forging scurrilous letters purporting to be from one or another of the victims and sending to the other one. Just one of Wetzel's endearing little charms. It didn't come to anything, because Ellison and friend caught on. (I'm not even positive that it was Ellison, come to think of it, but I believe it was.) Dunno what you consider a "forged fanzine"; there have been fake issues of SKYRACK and FANAC. These were parodies, but at least one or two of them were sent out with proper colophons, return address of the genuine publisher, etc. // What makes you think that air, water and temperature are essentials of life? (For that matter, the term "temperature" as you used it is utterly meaningless; everything has temperature. Even the depths of space are slightly above absolute zero... or at least the particles of matter in them are. The depths themselves, not being material, are temperatureless.) Food is an essential of life, but all that means is a source of raw material which the creature can transform into energy. // An askari is an African (colonial) native trooper; I suspect the weapon Lon was thinking of was an assegai. (Not sure of my spelling there, but that's close.) // You're right about the NEW WORLDS cover; all their covers were lousy until after they went digest size. Clothier was their first decent artist, and Quinn their first good one. (Of course, the quality of the stories in those first issues matched the covers.) // The rule that likes attract isn't true of people. A rule which states an absolute can't be partly true; it states that something happens in every case, and if the something doesn't happen in every case then the rule is wrong. And this rule is, and so is your defense of it. // Considering your comments on other people's grammar, I can only hope that you were painfully making a direct copy of Kaiser's letter when you typed "who's" where it should have been "whose". The least you could have done was put "sic" after it so we'd know that you knew better.

TRILL (Wells) An exceedingly well-reasoned comment on Viet Nam, which the more opinionated members of FAPA should take to heart but won't. Agreed, Guns Of August is a fine book. For agonized frustration over the sheer unmitigated stupidity of generals, however, try Flanders Fields, by Leon Wolff, which Ballantine brought out a few years ago. This covers the 1917 campaign, and proves that the British didn't gain anything when they replaced French with Haig. Actually, any good book about World War I will make you feel better about Viet Nam. We may still be stupid, but we're not that stupid -- World War I was positively incredible.

NIEKAS (Meskys/Rolfe) I'm still backing it for a Hugo, but it's too big to comment on adequately. What's wrong with tv as an opiate for the masses? It provides them with entertainment, keeps them out of mischief, and gives them something to do with their spare time. (Spare time, to the average soul, is a horror far worse than cancer. Look at the number of workers who drop dead immediately after retirement.) // "Conquest is always a losing proposition in the long run"? Tell that to the Sioux, Maya, Aztec, Blackfellow, Maori, etc, etc.

This has been Vandy #26 from Robert & Juanita Coulson...and herewith some postscripts from JWC: Binx was the most enjoyable zine in this mailing, if only from a personal viewpoint (but while we're delighted that such deserving and wunnerful people have finally received their just desserts and all that -- why did the resultant promised land turn out to be so far from us? Sobsob); we hope to see some of you all in Cleveland come Labor Day (and this 20th of July I'm hoping matters will somewhat have calmed down by the time the con is held -- I've had my traumatic experience at a con, at Chicago in '62). And Rex Kreiger may decide he's been flattered or not, because Bruce has declared he wants the cover off the Kim Chi in mailing 116...I plan to matt it and hang it up in his room (and yes, he knew immediately who it was).



Eggs & Marrowbone ... comments by JWC
It's My Way comments by RSC

Decorations this issue by JWC.....

