

VANDY #32



This is VANDY #32, FAPA mailing 130, February 1970, from Robert & Juanita Coulson,  
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## THE LONESOME TRAVELER

by Robert Coulson

I was sitting here wondering what to do with an extra hour I somehow acquired this evening (Jan. 15) and after deciding I didn't really want to read any more right now, I pawed around on my desk until I uncovered a FAPA mailing and realized that I had not read one of those in months, and it might be fun to read and comment. I don't know if Juanita will add anything or not - I'm not even positive she'll even get this mimeographed in time for the mailing. I suspect this is our last year in FAPA; there is not only no point in staying in if we're going to be deadwood, but it is extremely doubtful if we'll get in 8 pages for our requirements, and if we don't I will not have the gall required to circulate a petition. People who don't like the organization well enough to contribute don't belong in it.

If you get YANDRO you know what we've been doing in the past year; if not you're out of luck, because I won't bother to recapitulate here. (Though I suppose I might include the Coulson Newsletter that I stenciled last night - it was intended for relatives, but I suppose we might inflict it on FAPA, too. I'll see what Juanita says. If we do include it, just remember that it was written for non-fan relatives.)

CURSE YOU, RED BARON! (Eney) I'm not sure if this is part of the FAPA mailing or not; I thought it was a postmailing when I got it, but now, looking at the credits, I believe I erred. However, since Dick is still a member, I'll take the time to say that I enjoy these thoroughly. Do you want to trade these for YANDRO, Dick?

CAMP CLOVELLY YEAR BOOK (Lyons) If tobacco really does lead to physical addiction, as Pat says, then it should be banned like any other addictive drug. (I couldn't say; I used to buy cigarettes when I was in Canada so I could startle the local yokels by pulling out a pack - or box, as the case might be - of Black Cats or Winchesters or Buckinghams, but I never got any particular enjoyment out of smoking per se, and eventually dropped the whole thing after the joke wore thin. I did rather enjoy some Mexican cigarettes I got once; they were so foul-smelling they drove off other smokers.) So I'm rather indifferent to the whole argument, as long as nobody puffs his used smoke on me.

HORIZONS (Warner) I find an occasional move an absolute must; otherwise the stuff just keeps accumulating. I figure we'll have this place - 13 rooms, 5 of them unheated - filled solid in 10 years. (At which point we will either move to a bigger house, discarding the stuff we don't want to take, or we'll stay here and discard.)

I sent you the YANDRO with my review of All Our Yesterdays, but did I send you the more recent one with Dave Locke's review? He says about the same things that I did (and I tried mildly to discourage him from reviewing it, since he'd mentioned his opinion in advance, but I don't believe in dictating to columnists). However, it is a review, and egoboo, and he says nice things about your writing. Like me, he just isn't thrilled by previous fandoms. So if you didn't get a copy, yell and I'll send one.

I'm not sure I believe in the sanity of anyone who would collect Zane Grey books. (Or science fiction books, if it comes to that...)

CELEPHAIS (Evans) When we moved last time, we just asked the post office to hold all mail. And they did, and we drove over once a month or so and picked it up. This wouldn't do for someone moving from Chicago to Los Angeles, however. Neither would a P.O. Box unless you had a trusted friend to pick up the stuff and forward it.

RUBBER FROG (Eklund) I don't find any more - or as much - satisfaction in writing professionally than I do in fan-writing. But it does pay better. That first sale is a real thrill; after that, the glow wears off rapidly. I do, however, need cash, so I still spend time writing professionally. And it is fun, sort of.

Also, I find writing professionally far more satisfying than drafting or project engineering (I'm supposed to be learning the latter job). I don't want to drop fandom to write; I want to drop my regular job to write. But I need some more experience - not to mention sales - before I do it. (If I ever do it, which is dubious.)

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR (Tackett) I think Eden was probably in Africa. And Adam and Eve turned white from shock when they were expelled.

I'd put the last really good year for stf a lot earlier than 1965. But we're booming again. 1969 wasn't bad; not bad at all. Tons of crap, of course, but some good stuff with it. Mostly in the paperbacks; magazines are dead and don't know it. A few like AMAZING and FANTASTIC are still twitching occasionally. (If you hadn't had to run so many reprints I'd push AMAZING for a Hugo, Ted. Maybe next year?)

OF CABBAGES AND KINDS (Peggy Pavlat) Yes, there are other crosses between mystery and science fiction. Sloane wrote another; Edge of Running Water, though it tends toward fantasy. L. P. Davies has been writing several of them; The Paper Dolls, The Artificial Man, Psychogeist. He also writes more or less "straight" mysteries, such as Who Is Lewis Pinder?, but I have yet to read a bad book by him. (I am currently looking forward to reading his The Reluctant Medium and Twilight Journey, both of which I just obtained.) Leslie Whitten wrote a couple of mystery-fantasies, both good (both published by Ace.)

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC (Brown) I agree that marijuana should probably be legalized, but I fail to sympathise for the poor deprived youngsters who turn to speed because of the current crackdown. Anybody who is that much of a damned jackass deserves anything he gets. The kids who died from glue sniffing (one did recently, in Fort Wayne) got precisely what they deserved. Marijuana is something else. I would object to seeing it advertised on tv or any other "hard sell" medium, but as long as liquor is available to anyone who wants it, marijuana should be, too. Maybe some day the human race will grow up, but as long as the babies require their pacifiers they should be allowed the relatively harmless ones. Yeah, I'll pay to treat addicts of the hard stuff, if it comes to that. I'd also pay to have them lined up and shot, as being completely useless and possibly dangerous. (The objection to that is that past history shows that once you start shooting people it rapidly gets out of hand. The addicts themselves would be no loss to anyone. So, shooting isn't really practical, and I suppose I wouldn't really support it. But I have no humanistic objections.) The addict got that way by himself; if he suffers for it it's his own damned fault. I know the current theory is that nobody should ever be held responsible for his own decisions, but I don't go along with that shit. If treatment of drug addicts proves cheaper in the long run than letting them run loose - and I should think it would - then treat them. Otherwise the hell with them. "The hard-core addict is literally killing himself." So what? I think suicide should be made legal, too.

Suppose you legalize all these drugs, Rich. Who controls them then? The big drug houses - are you really naive enough to think they have more morals than a backstreet pusher? Or do you turn the control of all this over to the federal government - the government for which you feel "there isn't any hope"? Come on; you've spent a lot of wordage telling us how bad the illegal stuff is; spend some on why you think legalizing it would be an improvement. Who's in charge?

TERMINUS TELEGRAPH (Scithers) George got me one of those addressers, and I vouch for everything he says about it. It was the salvation of YANDRO at one point, too. Except the plastic frame does not handle a 2 x 4 sheet of paper; it handles a 3-11/16" x 2 1/4" sheet of paper. I know, because after using up the first batch of precut ones I bought Speed-O-Print Thrift Quality spirit masters, measured and ruled them to size, and cut them out with a pair of scissors. It takes a bit of time, but it's quicker and cheaper than ordering from Germany. When the subscription number changes, I correct the master; when the address changes I type a new one. //My bank has always accepted any check on my personal account. I cash checks made out to "Yandro" regularly.

HORIB (Lupoff) Trouble is, Dick, you expect thrills out of your hobbies.

No, the "Witch World" series isn't the worst Norton, or at least the first book wasn't. It was one of the best. The series did go downhill rapidly, but then most series do.

I find it interesting that so many fans accuse the critics of the "New Wave" of trying to dictate to stf readers, while the comments of the "New Wavers" themselves - such as Moorcock's that all other types of stf were now obsolete and should be forgotten - are ignored. The entire argument was started by the "New Wave" and if they are now overly abused, so what? All they wanted in the first place was publicity, and the argument provides it. NEW WORLDS would have folded years ago for lack of interest without it. Norman Spinrad did precisely the same thing, and got even better results. The technique is as old as civilization; it's just new to stf. (This is not to say that the "organized" opposition to the "New Wave" isn't stupid - the fact that its results are the opposite of those intended proves that.)

THE VINEGAR WORM (Leman) "...when the female of the menage is pleased with her house it makes for happy living." I think I'm in trouble, then; you ought to hear Juanita comment on this place - particularly on a below-zero January day.

Carl H. Claudy. I own a copy of Blue Grotto Terror (Grosset & Dunlap, 1934) and I have seen copies of Land of No Shadow and A Thousand Years A Minute but have been unable to obtain copies. G&D also published The Mystery Men of Mars, which I have never read, and presumably Return To Mars, which I read as a magazine serial. (Not a very good one, as I remember.) Blue Grotto Terror is the direct sequel to Land of No Shadow and opens with Dr. Alan Kane trapped twenty miles down in a bottomless shaft. (He gets out.) The Year After Tomorrow, a Winston juvenile anthology, reprinted "Master Minds of Mars" (well, so much for my comment that I'd never read it), an abridgement of "Land of No Shadow" (it doesn't say it's an abridgement, but I know the book version was over 53 pages long, and the Winston book uses big print), and "Tongue of Beast". Two Claudy stories I'd like to see are "Holes, Holes, Holes" (the first story I ever read about killing people via supersonics) and "Doom Tocsin" (it was a two-part serial and I never got the second part.)

HORIZON quotes: Are you accusing Harry of taking a firm stand by threatening to run away, or do you feel that making a comment is equivalent to taking a firm stand? I see no particular conflict in the statements given.

KIM CHI (Ellington) I have this bargain syndrome. I read your comment that you have old fanzines that you are willing to give away, and just for a minute my ears pricked up. Then rationality hit; what do I want with someone else's old fanzines? I sell most of my old fanzines to Billy Pettit. (Incidentally, if you are willing to go to the trouble of packaging them, Pettit will pay shipping charges plus cash money -- or plus old stfmags or damned near anything else you want, American or European...well, anything that's legal.) However, I suppose Pelz has cleaned you out by now.

And I seem to have some space left. Well, I decided to spare you the Coulson Newsletter, so I might as well use up the space on personal affairs. We are now a three-dog ~~family~~ family; Bat-Ears has been joined by two female-type puppies, Lessa and Tribble. Lessa looks like she might grow into a sort of miniature Weimaraner; I still cherish hopes that Tribble will grow into a dog. Currently she looks less like a tribble and more like a very tiny black bear. Bruce is now a second-class Boy Scout; reader of science fiction, Sherlock Holmes, non-fiction by Asimov and history; chess fiend; knife accumulator, and he just purchased his first firearm. (He's 12 years old.) I am now an ordained minister in the Universal Life Church, and realsoonnow I'm going to see about getting licensed in Indiana if I can find any advantage to doing so. (Phoo on half-price fares on airplanes; how about cut-rate gasoline? And we can't get a discount on mimeo supplies, since we're Speed-O-Print dealers anyway.) There is a new stf club in Indianapolis - the boom has struck! We plan on attending occasional meetings.

RSC

EGGS AND MARROWBONE by Juanita Coulson. I suspect Buck is right in that this may be our last year in FAPA. I've hesitated to take the plunge of dropping out prior to this because there are so many groovy people in the organization, people who sometimes don't publish anymore anywhere but in FAPA. I'd hate to miss their publications, and if it boils down to staying in being the only way to keep getting those publications, I'd be tempted to cough up the dues and manage minac. But as Buck says, that deprives someone on the waiting list who might be absolutely faunching to join FAPA and turn out 100 page zines every mailing of the opportunity to do so. Presently, is a puzzlement. I think the major problem is the fact that we publish a somewhat regular genzine, and that it goes to many of those same people publishing work in FAPA (the work I would hate to miss, remember). So that when it comes to us saying anything to them in Vandy, it's difficult, because we've already said it in Yandro, maybe months ago. What I'd like to hang onto is the return fire, as it were. But if it boils down to a choice between Yandro and Vandy (and it just about has), Yandro gets the nod, without hesitation.

Incidentally, some of the youngfen express an opinion of FAPA that would make some of you old timers used to "FAPA is where fans go to die" curl toes. To them it is no longer a joke. Perhaps the problem is that fandom is becoming so large that FAPA's mail-order cocktail party has become pretty small pickin's. I'd like to join the party now and then, but there are so many things going on in the main body of the convention that time gets crowded. We shall see.

CAMP CLOVELLY YEAR BOOK (Lyons) That sounds like a great camp, and I wish something of the sort were available for Bruce. He doesn't much need the reading stimulation, though. If he were anymore stimulated in that direction he'd be unbearable. He has to make do with a week of Boy Scout camp, with mundane excitements like cut feet and poison ivy and the thrill of capturing a raiding raccoon family and donating the results to the camp zoo. (The raccoons apparently made life, especially sleeping, a bit nervewracking until they were finally trapped in a trash barrel.) I believe the dramatics would especially interest Bruce. He already has the saving grace of my excessively carrying voice and is automatically selected as the class announcer for any school plays or reviews (just as I was at his age, because it made sure that the attending parents could hear every word of the introduction, perhaps even a bit better than they wanted to if they were sitting in the front row).

As far as young sensibilities go, Bruce saw ALICE'S RESTAURANT during a recent family visit to Milwaukee, and wasn't bothered. (After all, he's been browsing through Playboys for a couple of years and there was nothing in the movie to compete.) I must say I was bothered, though, when I saw EASY RIDER at the local theatre and noticed a woman who had brought a baby and two boys, about 3 and 5 years old. I don't think the sex would warp them, but the violence could well give them nightmares and I wonder what the woman was thinking of.

I think I remember that Midwescon, and I can answer at least one of the questions: Evelyn's dark glasses came off magically whenever a camera appeared.

Beautiful repro, but then you know that.

HORZZONS (Warner) Both the touchdown and the actual Moonwalk thrilled me in a way I thought had been abandoned in my childhood. I know the touchdown was only voices and a simulation, but my imagination could fill the gaps and I kept mentally repeating the equivalent of "This is no drill". We all stayed up to watch the walk. As a matter of fact because of the possibility the walk would come much earlier than it did I had the set on most of the day and kept poking my head in to listen and channel hop and doing other impatient things. After Armstrong and Aldrin were on the surface and apparently doing fine Bruce (who had all but propped his eyelids open with toothpicks to be sure and see this) finally gave up. Buck went to bed a short while later. But I, in some sort of sympathetic magic, felt I had to stay up until they were back once more in the LEM. It required shaking my head violently at times (to force my eyes to focus, my reaction to extreme fatigue) and almost dozing off a couple of times, but at last they were back on board and I could go to bed. The liftoff was more tense and I think I felt as some of the engineers at Houston must have, waiting anxiously to see

if the engine would operate properly and all that. I found myself thinking with practical callousness that if it didn't we had at least made it there, and the species had done that much, at least. But I was happy my Harry Golden warding-off-the-anger-of-the-gods pessimism wasn't needed.

As I detailed long ago in a Vandy, I grew up next to a carnival grounds and became pretty jaded on rides and stuff. Oddly enough, though my home town was the county seat and had The Carnival of the summer, it did not host the county fair, which was held later in the summer in another town in the county, a town with the necessary stock barns and whatnot. Hartford City is the county seat and fair host (logically, since it is one of the two villages worth recognizing in the county...said county being one of the three smallest in the state); but the carnival is pretty poor and the stock exhibits about the same every year....the "fair" is really a 4-H fair, and exhibits by adults are uncommon. I think Bruce may have ridden on the merry-go-round once several years ago, but the majority of the rides don't appeal to him. (Besides, having watched those rides put together over many a years, I have rather strong convictions on the safety of the ones operated by the small town spinoffs from the big carnivals -- the splinter carnival gets the cheapie rigs, and the ones prone to break down and structural failure.) He usually buys a souvenir plastic sword and looks at his friends' stock exhibits and eats some cotton candy and that's it. We generally at least go to the fairgrounds, because the Scouts march in the parade, which starts at the court house and ends at the fairgrounds, and since we're already there...

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Yeah, a Seventh Day Adventist neighbor of my mother managed to sell her some of their soya meat, which she couldn't eat and offered to us. It had both the taste and consistency of cheap dog food, and that's what it ended up being. Our dog loved it.

Over the years I've heard many a eulogy delivered at many a con banquet, but the one for Willy at St. Louiscon was the first one to bring me close to tears...not by what was being said but by making me remember Willy, how much pleasure it had been to hear him speak and read his writings, and to realize afresh that death had cheated him of something he had waited so long for.

A PROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) "...civil rights movement of the late fifties." Late fifties? Johnny-come-latelies, phooey.

Well, I was once in a piano recital and not only didn't make some personal progress but rather retrograded. My teacher insisted I play "Minuet in G" (and it was years before I discovered that I really liked Beethoven, after all), which I loathed; and I put on the ultimate brat bit of stumbling through half the piece in a utter snit, getting furious and stalking off the stage. I felt no remorse and couldn't be persuaded to go back. I even got knuckled under to: in future recitals my approval was always obtained for the number I was supposed to play....and I performed con brio if not with any particular brilliance.

DIASPAR (Carr) I found this very interesting, but there isn't anything I can say about it. I'm not in the know, and won't quibble because I dasn't; but it made fascinating reading.

SERCON'S BANE (Buz) So you haven't kicked tobacco after all? One major reason why I'm brain washing Bruce never to start. He has a strong come back for the "chicken" sneering he'll be getting from his peers: his maternal grandfather died of throat cancer, which is a very unpleasant way to go...and his maternal grandfather smoked like a straw-filled chimney. Addiction comes in all things. I was remembering your comments some time back on the tricks of dieting and will power and all that. Well, food is for me what tobacco apparently is for you. I managed to lose about 35 lbs last year, but I fell off the wagon over the holidays and 20 of it came back instanter. For me there is no dabbling, and there is no easy road to losing. Losing that weight was about as much torture for me as I gather doing without cigs. is for the tobacco habitue. Shall we try to shore each other up and send get-well and stick-with-it cards back and forth?

Living in the country presents special problems in the exercising-to-lose-weight department. Jogging in place is about the only feasible possibility. There is no place to run without tripping over roots, stepping in groundhog holes or getting run over by tractors. The highway is a death trap even for cars (one of the highest rated "killer roads" in Indiana), and bicyclists and joggers on that road had better have paid-up insurance. I find the biggest physical demand made on me comes in the summer, and it's one that requires a different sort of stamina than jogging or calisthenics: I become a stoop-laborer, and day after day spend an hour or hours bent double or kneeling or squatting, working my way along a row of beans or carrots or beats or tomatoes, picking or weeding or watering. The muscles in my back and the backs of my thighs and calves are in great shape by the end of September... But the only way to make the lard come off is simply to eat less than 1000 calories a day. Bean picking builds muscles, but doesn't seem to use up many calories. Nuisance.

COGNATE (Hickey) Rosemary, reading this, especially page 4-5, took me back to the picnics and Chi parties and like that; it was a nice reminder of hearing your voice again and anecdoting and folk singing and recipe swapping. Dear dead days. Nice to hark back, though.

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR (Tackett) Maybe all towns are the same. You say Albu can't get worked up over anything but hippies. My home town of 40,000 (when it was my home town ...I mean, when I still lived there--I suppose technically it's always going to be my home town unless somebody bombs it out of existence, which they may) had the usual corruption, scandal, loss of school accreditation and all, too; but the most exciting thing to the populace seemed to be the occasional eruption and/or explosion of the ancient light plant. Once a drunken workman backed a truck through a generator or transformer or something and produced a miniature mushroom cloud of steam from boilers or something. The whole east side of town trooped down to the riverbank and gazed across at the light plant in rapt admiration at the spectacle. Try getting that many people interested in an election or a school bond issue.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS (Peggy Pavlat) Sounds like you got the same break with Eric that we did with Bruce. He was a comparatively quiet baby, content to lie in his sling chair and watch the world go by and occasionally talk to himself...impressing Gene DeWeese's mother untold because he didn't fuss or object to being left to amuse himself now and then. He didn't sleep the required amount, but he was very quiet about waking up or waiting to go to sleep.

Any calendars left? I meant to send for one, and if you still have some I'm interested.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK (Brown) "It is also my opinion that heroine...should be available to users." Well, some of them I've read about certainly have been.

Your mention of the cyclamate banning is particularly galling to us, since Buck is a diabetic and I am a foodaholic. I object that on the basis of considerably less evidence than the dangers of cigarettes cyclamate drinks were banned, while cigarettes continue coming out with little warnings that nobody pays any attention to. If some one argues that children drank cyclamates and were thus "endangered" and that children don't smoke I will laugh in that one's face...loudly. Not even infants are safe from the eye irritation, throat rasping and other annoyances (including perhaps some we don't yet know about, as a result of inhaling smoke, as an innocent bystander, from infancy) of cigarettes. Next time you're in a public place look around and spot the smokers and the number of infants. I'm all for Nader's move to make smoking in a public place illegal; you want to pollute the air do it in your own home. And if cigarettes are harmful but permissible, so should be cyclamates. And marijuana, by that light. I encountered both high pot smokers and drunks at St. Louiscon, and I preferred the former, believe me.

I wouldn't take or use marijuana myself. I have bad reactions to perfectly ordinary drugs like novocaine. And my few experiences with phenobarb puts that in the no no category for me...it doesn't knock me out, it acts like a heavy dose of speed on

me. Lord knows what marijuana would produce. I'm not anxious to find out. I had one unknowing experience with something strong--an ergot derivative used in the treatment of migraines, one I have since discovered is related to acid. The results were not helpful and may have done me some permanent physical damage. I hope not, but it's been two years since the last dose and things are not back to normal yet.

VINEGAR WORM (Leman) We've never bought a house, but changing a rental residence on short notice is harrowing, too. Ruined a car once that way--not ours, my father-in-laws. We move ourselves and everybody chips in. It's the fannish way to do it...

We've never had a wrecked furniture claim but we've had an awful time getting the type of fire insurance we wanted. Since 99% of our furniture and appliances were things we'd bought used and if we bought more we got them at the same place (\$30 for a range and like that).his estimates on replacement of household goods seemed way out of line, and it was hard to convince the agent that the place we really wanted coverage was on our various collections of books and records and stamps and coins and guns and so forth.

Tsk, you and Buck have the same fuddy duddy taste. When I'm driving alone I always kick on the AM car radio and, well, not dance dance dance right there in the car, but find the trip considerably less boring. I like rock.

BCBOLINGS (Pavlat) We don't have the conveniences of your place, but I might match our surroundings. Don't know, since I don't know what you've got going. But we've been hauling our own garbage to county dumps for ten years. Had an Arlo-type frustration Christmas Eve, though--dump was closed for the holidays.

Never had a close acquaintance with an Alfa, but two of my close acquaintances have, and theirs caught fire.

We are becoming rather devoted to AMC. We finally junked, at 120,000 miles, a '59 pregnant roller skate baby American station wagon. It was still operating but the nit picking new state vehicle inspection law would have required more cash than we had to enable it to pass. Fellow who bought it has several models of the same and hoped to get an operating and passable car by cannibalizing from these; he was terribly impressed with the motor in our '59 -- so were we, but the moldering body cancelled it out. My current pet is a '62 Classic. Yes, Tackett, the same wheezing green barn we drove to the West Coast. At that we didn't do badly. We drove away from the Sequoias and from Loveland Pass while newer and far more expensive cars sat there grinding their starters. (Well, the drivers were the ones who were...) We don't pass many people, until their cars break down. Weird car. It operates fine in hot and cold weather and hasn't been tuned up for over a year...but dampness cancels it out.

I like the handling on both cars. The '59 was bug-sized and very quick. In comparison the green one seems slow...until I try to drive a '59 Impala we picked up. The car is a cream puff but drives like a truck and I loathe it. I can't drive it, only aim it.

We're looking forward hopefully to AMC's projected "Gremlin." Not that we'll be buying...now. But it sounds like the sort of thing we might pick up in several years used. Both the '59 American and the '62 Classic were used and the wear and tear has been no more on them than on the Ford we bought new in....'55? Something like that. The Ford was junked six years ago, or more, and was in twice as bad a shape as the '59 was when we sold it. At least it moved away under its own power.

Will say one thing for Fords, they make tough front ends, as Buck found out in a wreck long ago.

KTEIC MAGAZINE (Rotsler) You sound like you're enjoying yourself. I approve.

TATTOOED DRAGON STRIKES AGAIN (Ditto) Some of this was enjoyed. We have two copies. Anybody get shorted?

KIM CHI (Ellington) Enjoyed but uncommentable.

Which goes for most else in the mailing, too.