



VANDY #2

Published for the '86th FAPA mailing by Robert and Juanita Coulson, from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA

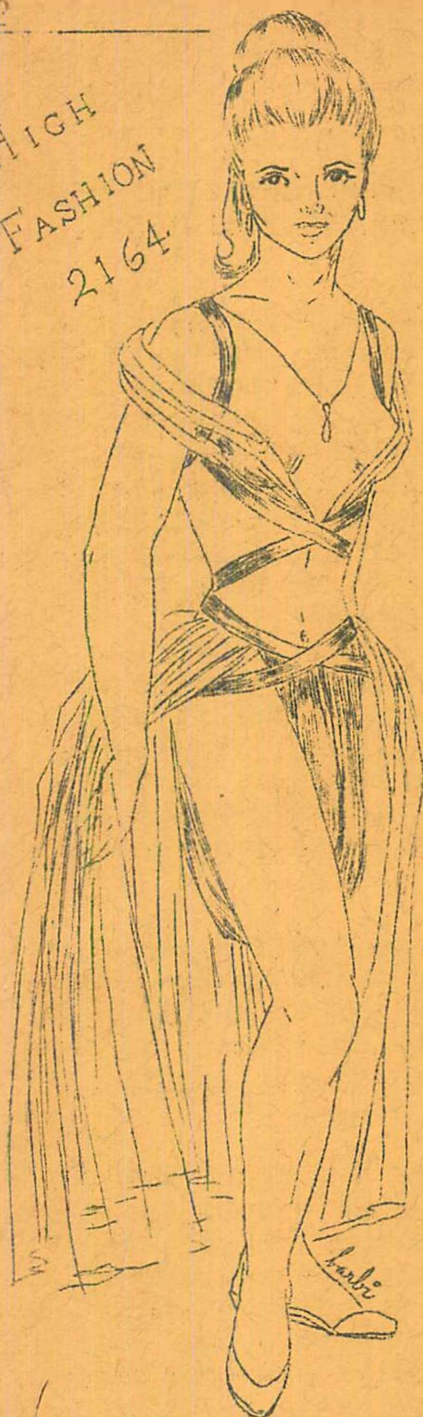
I should remark that listing my name first in the above note is pure vanity. We're in FAPA because Juanita wanted in, not because I had any desires one way or the other on the subject. VANDY is mostly Juanita's mag, even tho I may do most of the writing in it. Juanita prefers to draw, and even gets a childish pleasure out of the act of mimeographing. In other respects, she's about as sane as any fan -- which isn't saying much.

CORRECTION: After my saying that there would be no "outside" contributions in the first issue, Juanita blithely sticks a huge illustration by Robert E. Gilbert on the bacover. So there was an outside contribution, and Gilbert would have been given credit if I'd known what was going on.

POLICY STATEMENT: Since we don't always agree in our opinions, mailing comments in VANDY will be divided into two sections; one by me and one by Juanita. Each section will be labelled so that you can tell who said what. In case you haven't figured it out by this time, this is Robert (hereinafter known as Buck) at the typewriter.

While chipping ice away from the tires of the car the other day, I gave thought to the fact that I might have had an unusual experience. You have all, probably, had the experience of buying some gadget that seemed to be badly needed, only to have it sitting around, unused and taking up space, until you gathered the courage to admit that you were wrong and threw it out. It seems a rather common failure, and one that has plagued me more than once. Yet how often does one run across the other face of the coin -- an item, bought for an ornament, which turns out to be useful? In my case the unexpected utility comes from a fancy German dagger. I've long been fascinated by guns and knives -- particularly the exotic Oriental daggers which wealthy sportsmen in detective stories keep on the desk as letter-openers and murder weapons. At one time I was hell-bent on obtaining a Malay kris -- the kind with the wavy blade that cuts its victim into ornamental patterns. I was finally dissuaded by the discovery that a good wavy-bladed kris costs about \$40, which is too much for anything that you don't intend to actually use. Anyway, this yen for the exotic stayed with me, and one day while I was prowling around the firearms and saddlery store in North Manchester, what did I spy but a German dagger with a beautiful wavy blade

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about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and a genuine stag handle. As the price was reasonable -- about \$4, as I recall, I promptly carried it home, with only vague plans as to its use (I figured mostly on putting it on my desk to impress visitors, or possibly plunging it into the back of an unfaithful mistress. I didn't have even a faithful mistress at the time, of course; in fact, I didn't even have a desk. But I didn't let that stop me.)

Anyway, the dagger stayed ornamental for approximately two weeks. Then I began using it as a letter opener, and from there came the deluge. It still opens letters, but it now has more varied duties. With the increased flood of fanzines which has come our way in the past couple of years, I've discovered that the dagger is a far superior staple puller to anything being sold for the purpose. It also works fine for cleaning fingernails, I've used it as a back-scratcher on occasion, and when well-cleaned it's just dandy for poking holes in Parmesan cheese cans and prying up the lids on vacuum-packed stuff. I could probably open bottles with it, in a pinch. It's been used as a leather punch and an ice pick -- at the time the idea for these comments struck me, I was using it to clear away some ice which had frozen solidly around the auto tires. In short, that ornamental dagger is probably the most frequently-used tool in the entire house; no well-appointed fan dwelling should be without one.

MAILING COMMENTS BY RSC

HORIZONS (Warner) Several years ago when I made my lone trip west, I was puzzled by a series of cryptic signs somewhere in the desert country (Utah or Arizona or someplace like that -- I don't recall which state) which consisted simply of a yang-and-yin symbol and the word **TECHNOCRACY**. At the time I didn't

have the vaguest idea of what they were, but I eventually found out. Later, a fannish-type friend of ours put me on the technocratic mailing list, but since they wanted money for their publications I didn't get any (if they'd been free I'd have taken some out of curiosity). So there still is a technocratic organization, but that's about all I know.

I enjoyed your comments on stereo; mostly, I admit, because we don't have enough money to buy a set. Our excess cash at the moment is going into records and tapes for playing on medium-fi equipment; I'd rather have a good record player and 100 records than a super-stereo-hi-fi deal and 10 records. (Actually, of course, we have closer to 600 or 700 records, counting 78's.)

Contributor's credit: illo above by Barbara Johnson.

GEMZINE (G. Carr) Trouble is, I foolishly wrote all my comments to you in a letter, so now I don't have any left to put in VANDY. Except to repeat that I certainly am unable to realize that right and wrong can be both unalterable and affected by social environment. It sounds to me like so much doublethink. Sure, the difference between a martyr and a crackpot is strictly one of viewpoint; but if you admit that the question of whether an individual is right or wrong depends strictly on the viewpoint of his contemporaries (or the majority of his contemporaries), then you're in the position of defending a ~~more vicious~~ "dictatorship of the proletariat" than Karl Marx ever conceived.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) We played your "screwy... version of king on the mountain" at our school, too. Called it Black Man, as I recall. Never thought about the title when I was playing the game, but now that I think about it it has a sort of sinister social significance... particularly the idea that the first "black" man turns the other players "black" by touching them. We also had something called Red Rover, in which the object was for a person on one side to break through the linked arms of the kids on the other side. If he broke the line, he chose one of the other side to join his side; if he failed to break it, he joined the other side. The idea was for one side to end up with all the players, but I don't remember that it ever occurred.

You seem to write like I do; a fan friend once gave me a couple of pages of story that he said were too wordy. He wanted me to condense them for him. I condensed them into two medium-sized paragraphs and he's never let me touch one of his stories since.

PAMPHREY (Willis) It never fails; as soon as I join an organization, it begins to fall apart. In another year or two, FAPA will be a hollow shell. Seriously, I'm sorry to see Walt drop out. I think he's being pretty thin-skinned over the whole affair, though. Possibly my disdain for other people's opinions is abnormal, but you wouldn't catch me, for example, turning down a chance to visit England just because a prominent Anglofan said that I was anti-English. I'm in fandom for my own benefit, and I can't see sacrificing any benefits for a point of honor. (Ted White will say it's because I'm not honorable.)



PHLOTSAM (Economou) Your house sounds fascinating; a true faanish dwelling. We've never had anything as interesting as an uncovered, completely out in the open john....I envy you. The chief inconvenience of our present apartment is that the door to the basement stairs is exactly 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ " high -- I just measured it to be sure. It wouldn't be so bad except that I have to go down to the basement once a day to fire the furnace (small stoker). And at last measure, I was 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ " high. Our place in North Manchester possessed an interesting little c bbyhole; one gained entrance to it via a 2-foot square door, the bottom of which was approximately 8 feet from the floor. Back of the door was a nice little storage compartment, two feet high, about 4 feet long and 2 feet deep. About the right size for a dead body, providing rigor mortis hadn't set in. But nothing to compare with uncovered johns.

Loved the Grennell story....in fact, I tried to talk him into taking it back from you and giving it to us, but didn't make it. Anyway, I consider it a small masterpiece.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) Sorry I wasn't around in time to answer the poll. The questions -- some of them, anyway -- were fascinating. As for the one on religious faith, I expect Juanita would be interested in finding a fellow deist -- I'd never heard of the word until I met her. I don't agree with anyone on cars.....the one of my choice is the one I'll be buying next time I scrape up the money; a 4-door Rambler 6 Sedan. But I'll be friends with the guy who chose a Rambler station wagon.

The trouble with one free, unpunished murder is that it isn't enough. Killing one person isn't going to make one damned bit of difference to the individual (except the individual who get it in the neck, of course) or to the world. If you offered me one free murder, I'd positively decline. If you offered 20, I'd be tempted, and if you offered 100 I'd probably take you up on it. With 100 of the world's worst pests out of the way, there might be a noticeable improvement in affairs. But just one isn't enough. (Bloodthirsty, aren't I?)

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) I agree fully with the idea of sampling all sorts of food. Unfortunately, the only Chinese foods that I can go are rice and tea. Everything else reminds me of day-old garbage. Mexican and Italian foods I like (with the sole exception of the one Italian dish that everyone else craves; Pizza). I've never tried many of the more exotic dishes because I don't frequent restaurants that serve them; I don't frequent any kind of restaurant any more than I can help, and when I do go I'm generally thinking more of the cost than the flavor, so I pick a place that looks cheap. (One thing I like about Mexican and Italian foods; they're good and cheap.)

That takes care of all the helpful little checkmarks I put in the mags the first time I read them. Now for the hard part of commenting on the ones that I didn't check and whose contents I have utterly forgotten in the ensuing months. Comments will likely be short.

MOONSHINE (Sneary) I have given up reading convention reports. For those who like them, fine; but I'm sick of the things. Wrote one myself this year, and it was just as abominably stupid as anyone else's; possibly more so. So I didn't read MOONSHINE.

Well, let's see. Zines composed entirely of mailing comments don't leave me much to talk about, since I didn't see the original item. Especially since the biggest discussion seems to be about jazz, and I know very little about jazz and care less.

LIGHT (Croutch) This was one of the most entertaining parts of the mailing, but it doesn't inspire me to any comment, just chuckles.

VARIOSO. (Magnus) I'll stay out of the argument, if possible, because I think that you and Young are both partly right. I certainly didn't know that RUMBLE was limited to a circulation of 33.....I knew that you'd said it was "limited", but I'd pictured that as meaning limited to 75 or 80 copies. I can see a quite good reason for Young having published his attack himself, instead of sending it to you in a letter, but I can't see a valid reason for his having distributed it to a different, and larger, group.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (Evans) Old prozines are pretty bad; old fanzines seem to be worse. Not that the contents of this particular issue were particularly hideous, but if this represented one of the better fanzines of the era I'm glad I didn't have to plod through the average sort.

Frankly, I can't see much sense in the seemingly accepted practice of commenting separately on everything, whether it has been read or not, or whether it proved interesting or not. For this time, I'll compromise by lumping several issues together.

READ AND ENJOYED

ATAVISTA (Janke), APROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran), TARGET: FAPA (Eney), LARK (Danner) FANTASY AMATEUR (I did too enjoy it; I found the official squabbles highly entertaining)

READ

GAMBIT (White), COSWALZINE (Sorry, THE WILD FRONT EAR -- that's what artistic layout gets you), BURIED IN THE ATTIC (Coswal), DIFFERENT (Moscowitz), GALLERY, etc. (Derry), NULL-F (White), PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail)

We didn't vote in the Egoboo Poll because we knew too little about too many members. We didn't vote on the dues question because I forgot about it until after the deadline. We'll do better on both counts next time.

Now for a comment on what purports to be a pre-mailing of the 86th mailing: INVOLUTIA (Janke) You can't join the Ailing Cockroaches. A Mrs. S. Tupper Bigelow was the guiding light; her reply to my own application was that the club had reached a membership of 75, "including two freighters", and that enough was enough. "The last applicant was an entire section of the U.S. Navy and, at that point, I had to give up!" She said that my name had been passed on to "what may turn out to be a new club"; if anything turns up, I'll let you in on it. Flattery, eh? INVOLUTIA is an exceedingly fine magazine, sir, and I would continue to sing your praises for another half page except that I don't have anything to fill up the other half-page with. So on to Juanita.....

EGGS & MARROWBONE

As the term goes, distaff side beginning now, the two series of mlg comments being necessary due to divergency both of interests and opinions.

But firstly a non-related comment or several. I sometimes get the impression from masculine conversation that a housewife's lot would be the working man's ideal in life - lots of time for lounging around the house to do whatever one pleased. Understand, I do not intend to launch into a violent sermon on the wear and tear of housework; as a matter of fact, I regard any woman having a normal sized house who uses more than a few hours of the day in actual housework as either the slightly daft domestic type who empties ashtrays the moment they are slightly used or a self-made martyr. Still, there are difficulties in keeping occupied in a household, particularly in the winter. The weather has been of such a nature hereabouts recently that trips outside with a small child in tow are simply out of the question - not just for a few days, mind you, but for, literally, weeks, while glare ice and packed snow coat sidewalks and streets. This leads to a mad desire to scream for want of a simple breath of outside air, no matter how cold, particularly when, in the past, one has been addicted to long, thoroughly enjoyable walks about snow covered streets.

Beyond the claustrophobia, there is a further problem. As stated, housework in itself is not too time consuming, but the average, steadily employed male fan might be surprised to discover how quickly reading palls as an entertainment, particularly when one is violently myopic and subject to eyestrain. This leads to reading jags wherein I will snatch up anything at hand for days on end and pore over printed matter until my eyes are bloodshot; these jags are followed by days in which the very sight of a book or magazine makes me shudder. There must be some solution to this cyclic dilemma, but I have yet to find it.

Fortunately, there are other entertainments. Our record collection is pretty extensive and it takes a while to exhaust its possibilities; yet it can be done. Of course, there is the radio with the ever-present deejay; fortunately, I have no objections to popular music and r&r so this is good for several long periods of staving off boredom. The television is not much of a solace, for the only programs of interest occur in the evening when I have human companionship and conversation as a ready-made deterrent to boredom (I realize daytime t-v programs are supposedly set up specifically for the edification and enjoyment of the housewife, but I'm afraid my reaction to soap operas and quizzes is not only indifference but absolute nausea).

Probably, with reading, records, radio, and an occasional worthwhile re-run movie on t-v, the constant stay-at-home routine would not be so bad, with one exception - the lack of contact with other human beings. Admittedly, there are kaffee klatch-



ing neighbors and all, but this is poor substitute for the stimulus of intelligent conversation; there is a sort of frightening unreality to these weather-shopping-children conversations. When one has been used to intelligent and thought-provoking fannish conversation via letter, tape, fan party, convention, etc., there is frequently a tendency to sit up straight during such a hen party, look wildly about and exclaim mentally: "What am I doing here?"

It is not so much loneliness that is the bugaboo of the housewife who thought that at one time she had some modicum of intelligence, but a dread fear of stagnation, or at least, so it seems from this vantage point (through a coal-smoked window out into a world of dirty snow overlaid with a glaze of ice).



Our system on mlg comments will be in the manner of leap frog: I shall wait until Buck has reviewed some several zines, then take them up in the identical order, thus avoiding, we hope, duplication of comment - however unlikely that might be, considering difference in attitudes and habits.

And I see he has firstly taken up -

HORIZONS (Warner) Busses can be a huge advantage or a nightmare. Rode one quite frequently during my college days and found the one-every-hour service offered by the local outfit a great convenience. This got a bit out of hand when two sections of the company split and continued to operate identical schedules and routes; this involved mad races from one stop to another, with the busses of the two companies overtaking, passing, and cutting out one another at speeds considerably over the state limit for busses to the nail-chewing horror of the passengers, especially considering the route traversed (Ind. 32 between Muncie and Anderson) is one long, hideous, twisting and roller-coastering mass of residential suburbs and sudden side road entrances with possibly two truly safe places to pass the entire distance. -##%##%##%- Gee! Ernest T. Seton - used to unnerve the grade school librarian by pushing aside her nice little Bobbsey Twin epics in favor of Seton's sometimes melodramatic but always tragic bits. In operation even then, I suppose, was the theory that children were to be ~~excluded~~ from mention of violent death. -##%##%##%- Even more frightening than the faint is the blackout, the realization that you've been walking around normally and possibly even talking to people without any awareness of the event. This happened to me long ago, and, despite my tender age at the time, it's still pretty frightening in retrospect. Seems during a school recess tag game I swerved to avoid colliding with the kid who was "It" and resultingly crashed headfirst into the side of the school building (brick). My next recollection is opening my eyes to find myself lying on the ground some several hundred feet from the building (bouncing is sort of far fetched) with interested kids clustered around me and a worried teacher galloping up, no doubt with visions of a lawsuit prancing 'round her brain. It seems during the interim, I had assured the other tag players I was all

right, gone back to the game, run several hundred feet from the building and then keeled over spectacularly. Even a blackout of such short duration is both frightening and embarrassing, to say the least.

GEMZINE (Carr) You might be happy to know Consumer Reports agrees with you in sizing up percale vs. muslin (forgive, please, couldn't resist it). Apparently it is all a matter of personal taste. My mother detects a great difference and much prefers percale, while my only concern is adequate size (detest sheets that are not as wide as the blanket!) -#%#%#%- Needless to say, I have personal political objections to the fictional insert, but the most frightening part of it all centers around the story's assumption of American military mastery, and I'm thoroughly unconvinced of such at the present. In fact, at every further statement by some government official that the Russians really aren't very far ahead of us in missile development and we're making simply splendid progress therein, my main reaction is a sickening cold chill of apprehension.

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Back roads around here are not just a convenience for scenery and car-breaking-in purposes, but are about the only method of getting somewhere in a decent hurry. Once one knows the county roads 'round about Indiana, travelling is much faster, safer, and considerably less wearing on the nerves -#%#%#%- Kindergarteners now play your version of king of the mountain. If I remember correctly, it's now called Fishing, for purposes of simplification and identification, so the lil' kiddilets can say they're "catching" the victims. Works out very well in a gymnasium and wears out the little monsters adequately in the process of entertaining them, a primary consideration in any game conducted during school hours. - #%#%#%- I hesitate to even venture a comment in this jazz instrument business, what with all the experts running around, and further compounded by the fact that I missed the original statement precipitating the discussion. But the furore of the femininity of the sax inspires a comment quite apart from the strictly musical quality of the instrument. In a field not generally considered by jazz buffs, to wit, rock and roll, the sax is definitely a feminine instrument, in quite another sense than the one under discussion. I hate to puncture the fiction laboriously constructed by a number of teenage slanted articles and movies, but a good share of r&r is sexual in intent and content, and some is downright obscene, with one of the chief exponents of this quality being the sax. The sax, in, as someone along the line called them, "performances" of this sort, is a sexual symbol, pure and simple, and any parent who could see such a demonstration and not be slapped in the face with its purpose is pretty naive indeed. Understand, far from objecting to this, I find it one of the larger attractions in the genre, much in the same way the rhythms of the afro-cuban idiom attract; but I do wonder how much tongue is being bitten off inside someone's cheek each time I hear one of these Freed-man speeches in defense of r&r to the effect that it's all good clean wholesome fun and totally devoid of any base emotions. Just for the record - some FAPAns already know this, but others don't - my musical tastes embrace just about everything, and I do mean everything. Naturally, my enthusiasms are centered in certain fields, but there is practically no kind of music I do not enjoy listening to - by that I mean I would rather be listening to the music than not listening to anything - and this includes symphonies, all manner of jazz (purists, do not jump me), pops, r&b, folk music, Kabuki, Indian

religious music, Bach chorales, afro-cuban - from Welk to Powell to Toscanini and all stops in between (while I can't say Welk is a music I would go out of my way to hear, I would prefer listening to that emanating from the radio to the chugachug of the refrigerator motor...and there, make what you will of that, extremists of both sides.).

PAMPHREY (Willis) Sorry to see you go, and here's hoping it isn't permanently, even with HYPHEN coming in trade for YAN.

NULL-F (White) "Birth of a Nation" is bad in one respect for its obvious prejudice (yes, I've seen it). Impartiality I could accept, but not this, with its effect of a sackful of water slapped in one's face. -##%##%#% Used to get a kick out of dissecting old National Geographics when I worked at the bindery. Some of the car advertising therein during the depression years would really curl your hair, particularly the obvious horns of a dilemma between the ridiculously low prices and the apparent fact that these prices were still out of reach for the populace in general. -##%##%#%- "'I can quibble just as fast as he can, I betcha!'- Yes, but not nearly as accurately." Well, I tried desperately to fight the temptation to quote this out of context, but my will power lost.

ATAVISTA (Janke) About your comments on saxes, I've previously had probably too much of a say, but I would like to mention the amusement derived from watching a college room mate threaten to develop buck teeth while attempting to study clarinet. That's as close as I desire to come to taking up any sort of reed instrument. -##%##%#%- Pun noted and groaned over. -##%##%#%- Not much to say regarding the rest of the material. You are, of course, entitled to your own opinion, but this business of "I hate boys" and "girls are sissies and nuisances" bears a remarkable resemblance to some of your statements - sort of prepubertal.

NOTED - BUT NOT INSPIRING COMMENT:

THE RAMBLING EAR (Calkins); MOONSHINE (Sneary); LIGHT (Croutch); VARIOSO (Magnus); REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (Evans); TARGET:FAPA (Eney); LUNA (Danner); GAMBIT (White); THE WILD FRONT EAR (Coslet); BURIED IN THE ATTIC (Coslet); DIFFERENT (Moskowitz); FANTASY AMATEUR

GALLERY (Etc.) (Derry) This business of two different sizes in one is devilish unhandy when commenting. -##%##%#%- Frankly, I suspect the QRS stencils we buy wholesale are produced by hand labor. The boxes are different each time we order - sometimes National, sometimes QRS, and heaven knows what else. The outfit is a subsidiary of a leather goods factory and each quire contains a typewritten slip to the effect that it was inspected by inspector #14. These are course weave stencil absolutely the living end for illo tracing, but sturdy enough for one to have taken over a thousand runs as a return address stencil. They're also quite cheap. I still have a mental picture of some little old lady chained to a chair in this closet in a tanning factory, laboriously making stencils with a stack of "Inspector #14" slips at her elbow all ready for insertion. -##%##%#%- Oboler's FIVE could have been better, of course, but methinks you've missed some of the filmed crud being labeled stf that's been poured into the projectors in the following years. The earlier films get better with each attacking bem. Particularly effective in FIVE was the scene of girl and villain coming into the

bombed-out town, with the siren screaming in the girl's mind. Little touch, of course, but memorable after the spate of papier mache monsters on view in the following years.

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) We may have mentioned via letter that there's a large spiritualist camp outside Chesterfield, Ind. Possibly not. Similar to your outfit, apparently, for it's regarded more as a religious health camp, not table rapping and ectoplasm sessions. Rather pleasant if slightly befuddled looking people sometimes come into town from the place. Food for thought - they're politer and pay bills more promptly than the bulk of the populace.

APROPOS DE RIEN (Caughran) Pliz, no more stapled in backwards pages!

PHANTASY PRESS (MacPhail) Apropos the Parker article: well, Ron, it may discourage you, but the type of alleged jazz fan nut you mention is all too common. In fact, in some college towns, this type is so common that the average undecided music lover is strongly touted off any attempt to explore the field of jazz music simply by running into one too many of these characters - general impression being "If the field is composed of creeps like this, deal me out."

FANTASY ANAGRAM (White) The Rexall wrapping and string wrapped and rolled bundle arrived in fine shape, despite the mailman's penchant for leaving fanzines in a rather damp flowerbox adjacent to the mailbox.

INVOLUTIA II (Janke) Nope, I was afraid that was what would happen when I tried so incoherently to explain my attitudes on fueding. I'm perfectly willing to listen to discussions and change my opinions, but I refuse to participate in the type of alleged discussion in fan circles that almost immediately leaves the realm of logic and descends to personalities. I know many people consider this sort of thing highly entertaining, but I'm afraid I don't. Gentle ribbing and jesting is quite understandable, but in my short stay in fandom, I've seen many a fanzine discussion, and I use the term loosely, go all too quickly from a level-headed criticism manner into four letter descriptions of another fan's character, fanzine, and general demeanor. This is pretty distasteful to observe and I imagine even more unpleasant to find oneself personally involved. So, my usual reaction to something of this sort is to ignore the thing entirely; there are usually quite enough participants in this type of fracas, anyway, without my two cents worth of inept logic interfering.....well, OW's bad reputation or no, I'll be grateful to Palmer for introducing me to my first taste of Eric Frank Russell. The period of OW which drafted me into fandom was that of "Way in the Middle of the Air", "All For One", "Dear Devil", etc., not that that will make any difference to some. However, since struggling through "By the Waters of Babylon" at age ten or so, I was happy to discover any magazines on the stands on my home town that carried easily understandable stf. The range of choises was not great: scattered copies of Avon Fantasy Reader, Astounding, and OW. My first experience with Asf was a Piper paratime story, which is a murderous beginning, in my opinion..... I couldn't agree more on your attitude on education, especially after four year's professional training in the educational theories of today- and there is something to curdle your blood.

More or less.