



VANDY

LONESOME TRAVELER

By Robert Coulson

This will be a small VANDY, if it gets out at all. We have a multitude of more important things to do (not the least of which is the mimeographing of the Tucker and Warner FAPazines, which take precedence over our entry.) However, it was a good mailing and I hate to let it go by without commenting at all. (I'm talking about the 117th mailing, in case this doesn't get published immediately.)

LIGHTHOUSE (Carr) I wrote you a letter of comment and I reviewed it in YANDRO and I am damned wall not going to write mailing comments, too. Even if it was the best thing in the mailing.

HELEN'S FANTASIA (Wesson) You know, the last time I said anything about Laney, Buz Busby provided such a calm, reasoned explanation of the man's popularity that I decided to withhold further comment. But then someone reprinted another of the diatribes, and my good resolutions went by the board. Why should I worry about his being dead when he has so many equally smug acolytes to carry on for him? Somewhere I got the impression that material sent thru FAPA was intended to be commented on, and somewhere else I got the impression that people who speak well of the dead just because they're dead are hypocrites.

RAMBLING FAP (Calkins) I seem to have the same problem you do; I don't weigh any more than I have for the past 15 years, but it's been sadly relocated in that time. I used to walk to work occasionally, but now that I have 7 miles to go.....

HORIB (Lupoff) I liked your comics panel speech, Dick. Though I'm sure the one you didn't get a chance to make for the "S F Potboilers I Have Known" panel would have been better, judging from the excerpts you gave some of us that evening. (Speaking of potboilers, has anyone read the Belmont pb, The Cosmozoids? Yike!)

VINEGAR WOPM (Leman) Beautiful. The problem is not Bohemia vs. Suburbia, however. The point that Keats and Whyte -- and Packard, to some extent -- are trying to make is that people buy gadgets, not because they make life easier, but because everyone else in the block has one. The same point, more or less, applies to where you live. Take, for example, Gregg Calkins and myself. Gregg lives where he can earn a good salary and worries about his children's environment. I live where I please, and worry about scraping up Bruce's college tuition. We chose opposites, but we made a deliberate choice. Whyte in particular is not worried about Suburbia in itself; he's worried about people who automatically accept Suburbia's values without thinking about the matter.

And yes, there certainly are people like that. Some of them are my relatives (or at least some of my relatives.)

SOME NOTES, etc. (Lee Jacobs) Now that you come down to it, I guess I do think that apa polls are meaningless.

DIFFERENT (Moskowitz) Interesting. I was always fond of SATELLITE, even tho it published an awful lot of mediocre science fiction. (The one issue that I thought was one of the outstanding issues of any stf mag ever published was the one with Dick's "A Glass Of Darkness" and the lovely Freas cover. One of the early issues; I could go look it up but I'm not going to.) Margulies seems to like that "Department of Lost Stories" gimmick; I see he's revived it for MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. magazine, and he is still using it to run fantasy.

DOORWAY (Benford) I thoroughly enjoyed it, but I can't think of anything much to say. For example, your views on characterization were fascinating, but I haven't written enough fiction to have any views of my own.

SALUD (E. Busby) Gee, another small-town advantage. In our library, you can walk in and rummage to your heart's content. (Err...in the public library we patronize, that is; I catch anybody rummaging in our personal library and he'll be short some fingers -- I even have a saber hanging on the wall that I could do it with.) Of course, it doesn't have nearly the quantity of books that the Seattle library possesses, but what's there can be got at. Incidentally, the library in question is the one in Montpelier, Ind., not the one in Hartford City. Mainly because Hartford City charges \$4 a year and Montpelier charges \$1 a year. But paperback books do appear in all levels of literary efforts (or almost all levels; is there a paperback vanity press yet?), which is why it irritates me to see them sweepingly condemned. Especially by the rabid rightists who don't read a book a year anyway. As a matter of fact, I saw a second Silverberg juvenile archaeology book in the paperback ranks when we were up in Milwaukee. (Didn't buy it because I was short of cash....sorry, Bob, but it was a choice between your book and Anthony Nutting's The Arabs, and Nutting won.)

Hooray for your comments on Vonnegut and Ballard!

BINX (Grennell) I'm not sure I'd want Bobby Kennedy as president of the U.S., but I admire his go-to-hell attitude far more than I do the weaseling politicking of most other national political figures. And, while we're on the subject, is Reagan anywhere short of G. M. Carr? California spews forth some of the damndest politicians.

THE BOOK OF BJIMPSON - purty.

VUKAT (Patten) From watching the early horror movies, I got the impression that the trouble with Los Angeles storm drains was that they were so full of assorted monsters that they didn't have room for any water.

As far as I could tell (I didn't get out the serial and match them word for word) the Ace edition of King Of The World's Edge is identical to the magazine version. Terry?

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY (Hoffman) "...it consistently came in #1 on its own polls." Oh, come on, now, Ted; name me a fanzine that doesn't. A fine mag, but nothing else in it leaped off the page and hit me like that quote.

DAMBALLA (Hagen) I trust that my pouncing on one of the other reactions to "Tired American" didn't surprise you. If there are two sides to a question, I will invariably be opposed to both of them.

There are other good magazines in the mailing, but I sat down at the typewriter after coming home from a Cub Scout Committee meeting, and planning good works always takes it out of me. So I'll babble for a few lines and quit. Two pages is better than nothing -- it might even be better than four pages.

If anyone in FAPA wants a copy of the new edition of Tucker's NEO-FAN'S GUIDE, we're selling them for 25¢ each.

Major news around here is that Juanita has sold a novel to Ace. Her success inspired Gene DeWeese and myself to attempt one, which should be off to the publisher (and possibly back again) by the time you read this. Thomas Stratton rides again -- or does anyone in FAPA remember Thomas Stratton? (Does anyone out of FAPA remember him, for that matter?) One thing; our novel will be published somewhere; if we can't sell the 3 chapters and an outline, we'll run them in YANDRO.

This will be a most skimpy meal this mailing, because simply too many other things are pressing -- more important things than FAPA. What? You die-hards and old fans say? What could possibly be more important than FAPA? Well, I admit there are many enjoying moments to be had in the group, but I tend to regard Vandy as a very subsidiary hobby well down on my list of obligations. I mean, nobody's paying me to get cracking with Vandy; but our genzine is indeed a paying proposition for which people shell out hard cash and have a right to expect something in return. And Warner and Tucker cross the palm with silver, and their zines go in the works first, and as promptly and health and supplies allow. And then Terry Carr picked shortly before Christmas to give me the happy news that one of my three-chapters-and-an-outline submitted to Ace had been accepted and all that entails (money, and a lot of typing before a March deadline).

So maybe in May there shall be a fatter, chattier Vandy, but I wouldn't get all anticipatey; that isn't a promise, just a possibility.

I would like to say though that Mailing 117 struck me as one of the nicest looking mailings in some time. My reading time is woefully limited, so I can't comment on what all you nice people actually said, but some of you certainly look nice and shiny and impressive and similar blah adjectives.

The Stiles' work in Vorpil Dragon I liked, the sumii on Damballa, and it's nice to see some work from Harness after what seems quite a time lag. And of course the Bjimpson booklet is a treasure. Lighthouse, it almost goes without saying, is a visual feast.

But what you all said, sigh. This is one cocktail party I must bug out on because of prior commitments. Please accept my apologies and give me a raincheck.

The personal picture is also erratic. A report on my innards usually involves the inside of my head, which behaves as though it's in a continuous state of rearrangement. Last year whatever it is galloping around on my facial nerve-ends was diagnosed as migraine-type trauma, and the prescription was something called Sansert. It worked well, though it had been gradually losing effectiveness, and gradually inducing stronger and stronger (and more unnerving) side effects. A check last week showed the stuff had been boosting my blood pressure to uncomfortable levels -- so away with the Sansert. I'd rather have the headache than not be able to feel anything at all (although there are times during these headaches when I might as well not be around -- I am reduced to a large, throbbing vegetable).

At least Buck and I can share the prescription for the pills which reduce blood pressure. We're overdoing the togetherness bit with a vengeance.

So when I haven't got my head buried in a vaporizer, I'm typing, mimeoing, or looking for an elusive adjectival phrase.

And what do I do in my copious free time?

Well, I'm much taken with STAR TREK (sorry Ted, Terry, I'm incorrigible); THE MAN FROM UNCLE; and occasionally with THE WILD WILD WEST. That is about it as far as getting away from the workaday grind. I believe I mentioned LAREDO favorably last year; I no longer do, and I wrote the outfit to tell them so in great detail, pointing out why. I am grateful for STAR TREK, UNCLE, and THE WILD etc....the three hours a week when I simply collapse and absorb and enjoy fully. Visual stimuli really jog my adrenals, which is perhaps why I get more charge out of those three hours of video than I ever did from ten of reading sf and fantasy.....

But this is Monday, and mimeoing time.

This has been Vandy 28, published for Mailing 118 of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. LONESOME TRAVELER by RSC; EGGS & MARROWBONE by JWC. All decorations by JWC