

SUNDANCE



number

five

sundance # 5

jean Young
11 Buena Vista Park
Cambridge 40, Mass.

This will be either a postmailing
to FAPA February 1959
or in FAPA May 1959

Begun 6 January 1958
Finished 14 February 1959

It's been a tough year.

The poem on page 13 is by
my good husband aYoung

The Abomible Snowman is, and is by,
Larry Stark, Boy Bookseller

Drawings are, I believe, all
signed and credited. I kind of...
er... fixed up ... some of the
Rotsler drawings. I don't have
ENOUGH of them, and I have to
alter and fake over what I've got.

H I N T !

Dave's drawing by Dave. Unsigned
ones by me. Harness's one by Har-
ness. You know how it goes.

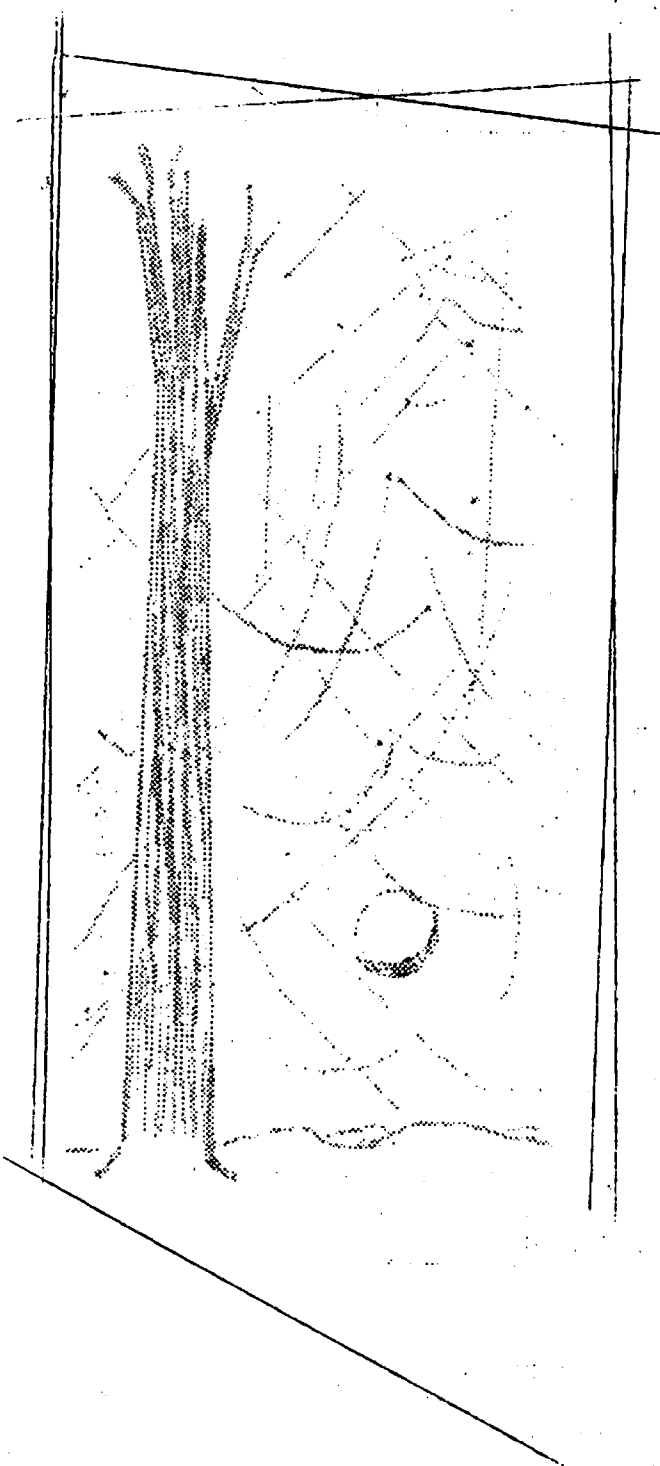
All other items, prose and non-
prose, by me.

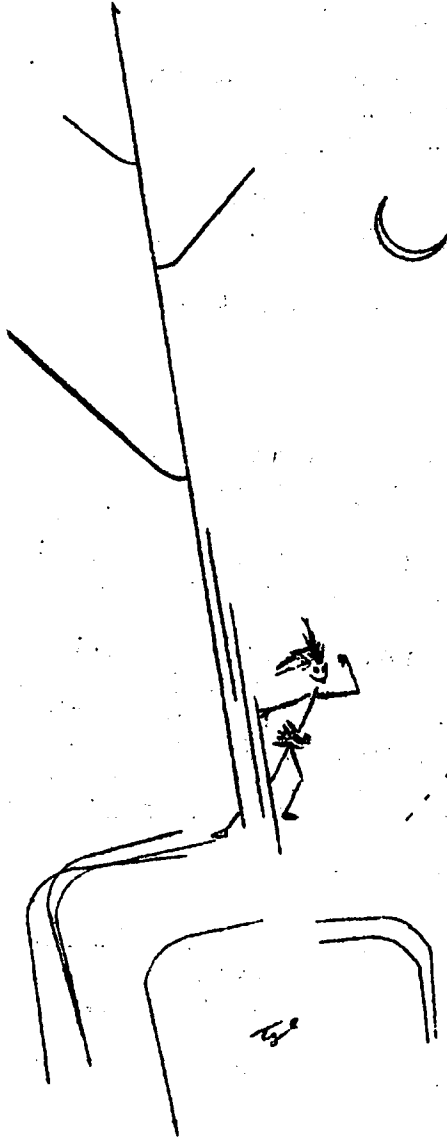
The poem on page 22 may be con-
sidered in memoriam...for too
many people. Always, afterwards,
we wonder, Is there anything I
could have said or done that
would have helped? And then
it is too late...

My thanks to the Staff of the
Ivory Birdbath for their
help in the technical
production

stencilsstaplespaperinktime moneym
moneymoneymoneymoneymoneymoneymon.

AN IVORY BIRDBATH PUBLICATION





Wandering wittleff...

6 January 1958

Just this evening I decided I would probably never publish a fanzine again, that gafia had at last snuck up on me unawares and done its dirty work whilst I wasn't looking, and that it was now Too Late. It often happens in January -- probably as the result of Christmas vacation. It's a good sign. It means I shall probably be cutting stencils within the hour.

I can laze around for months, thinking that soon maybe I'll get around to it, but it isn't until I've finally decided that it's hopeless, and what's the use, that I suddenly wake up one morning (or go to bed one evening -- it's all the same) to find that I've just cut 7 or 10 or 20 stencils, and lord, here we go again.

And gee, I've already made the first typo of the New Year, and rescued the bottle of corflu from where it was lost to -- an omen of some sort, perhaps -- we need not discuss of what sort. Too academic.

The dandelions have been taken over by a giant pigweed. It is coming along very nicely, thank you, and may even survive the drought occasioned by our absence during the holidays. I think there are still dandelions in the pot -- I just never see them.

*the wind from
the other way*



October. The blue haze in the air. I come down the steps; this is my first day out alone since the baby. It is class night. Warm, still. It had rained.

Lord, the damp on my face as I moved, soft as fingers. Drip from the leaves, sometimes down the back of my neck. Even though the Equinox is passed, there is still light in the sky at six o'clock, the strange afterglow that is so typical it should lose its eerie quality, but does not.

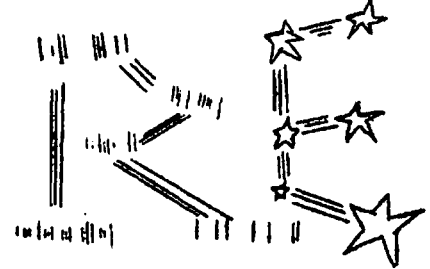
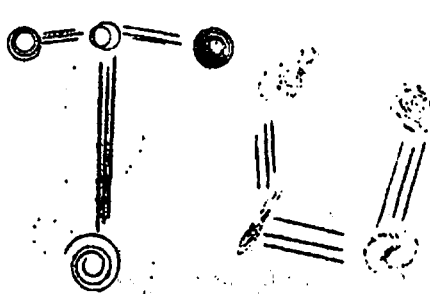
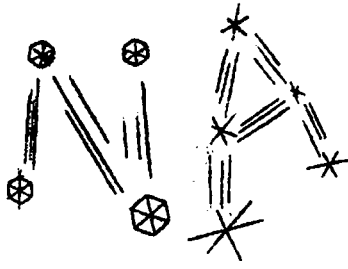
The trees converge down the street, the houses blue into the distance, though it be but two blocks away... down the hill and past Stone Lion. Something is wrong, I think. Faintly, faintly, the hint of the smell of woodsmoke...yes, but where is the tang of autumn, the hint of winter that makes woodsmoke proper? It is too warm, and Fall has got itself confused with Spring.

Across the railroad bridge at the end of the street, some chimneys I had never seen before show against a sky too pink, so that I thought for a minute it was not the sky at all, but the sunlight on a great marble building. But it was only sky, indeed. Two gulls, white and gleaming as wet chalk, wheeled where they didn't belong.

Surely it is not fair, on top of these mistaken colors, to find more? Above Sears (Sears, for godsake), a ribbon of light wavers. I trace the rainbow up as high as I can, then look for the other end. It is above the Dunkin' Donuts shop. Now I am out on the railroad bridge, and the pink sky turns to violet blue; the rainbow brightens and finally the whole arc shows, and then it is double. The gulls float; why must they be so perfect?

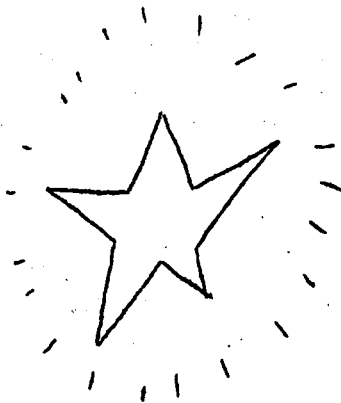
The trolley bus comes. I follow the rainbow down Mass. Avenue, craning my neck as we pass between buildings. People look oddly at me; can I be the only one who saw the rainbow? It is fading, and I crane my neck again. Somebody is staring very hard at me. I feel like explaining, "Rainbow", but I don't. It would sound silly.

Besides, it is my rainbow, and the night is too warm.



LORE

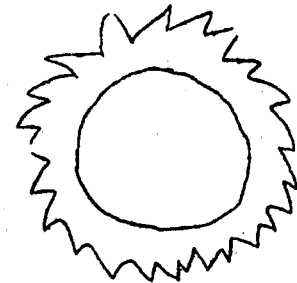
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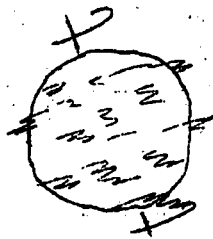
Today, my children, let us Consider the Wonders of the Starry Universe, and see what significance we can find in the Heavens for the Ordering of our Daily Lives.

To our left, we see a Star, such as make up the Starry Universe. Note that it has Five points. All the Better stars have five points. The Thermodynamic Significance of the dashes around the star is a problem of Greatest Import.

On the right, we have a sun, such as shines in our Sky, giving us light and Heat (although electricity and mittens help) and rendering this Planet (see below) habitable. The spiky extrusion which surrounds this Sun is the Corona, visible during Eclipses. (In the north, it is known as Corona Borealis, due to its supposed connection with the Aurora Borealis; in the South, it is familiarly called Corona Corona.)



Below, left, we see a Planet, our Earth being used as a prototype. It is, as usual, cloud covered, so that we can see nothing. However, if we look closely, we can see the Axes of Rotation, or Poles, protruding from the Planet. These are very important features, for without them the Earth could not turn around, and we should all fall off from Lack of Gravity and fall into the Sun and be burned to death!



Note also the little Directions of Rotation; if these should ever be reversed, we should all be immediately turned Inside Out!

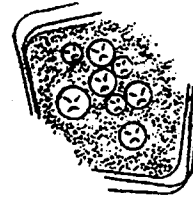
It is on the rare occasions when this Planet is not Cloud Covered, we can look out and see some of these wonders we have described. It should be kept in mind, however, that others can also see In.

Let us now for a moment step outside the limiting confines of our own Solar System, and wander about in Interstellar Space.



To our left, we find an Open Cluster. Notice how friendly and easy going the stars in this Cluster appear -- their bright happy smiles and generous spacing indicating their outgoing natures. These are the Population I, or type O, E, and OB stars (types A and AB will be discussed elsewhere, and we will not consider Rh factors in this paper).

Consider, on the other hand, the Closed, or Globular, Cluster, such as we see to the right. Note the unpleasant expressions on the faces of the stars in this Cluster. These Population II, or Late-type, Aged stars, have been hanging around together long enough to develop that closed, in-groupish, exclusive attitude.



Looking out beyond our own system of stars, we find Galaxies (or science fiction magazines) like our own, countless millions upon thousands upon hundreds of them, with even more countless thousands upon hundreds upon tens of stars in them. One of the important phases of Astronomy is counting all these stars and galaxies, and making a note when you've counted each one. This is called Positional Astronomy from the odd position you use when counting stars.

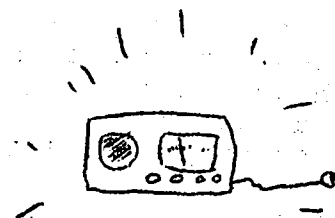


To the left we have a typical, or Andromeda, galaxy, whirling about in the vast reaches of Empty Space, an awe-inspiring sight and visible to the naked eye (though more spectacular when viewed clothed). This is a Spiral, or student notebook, type of galaxy.

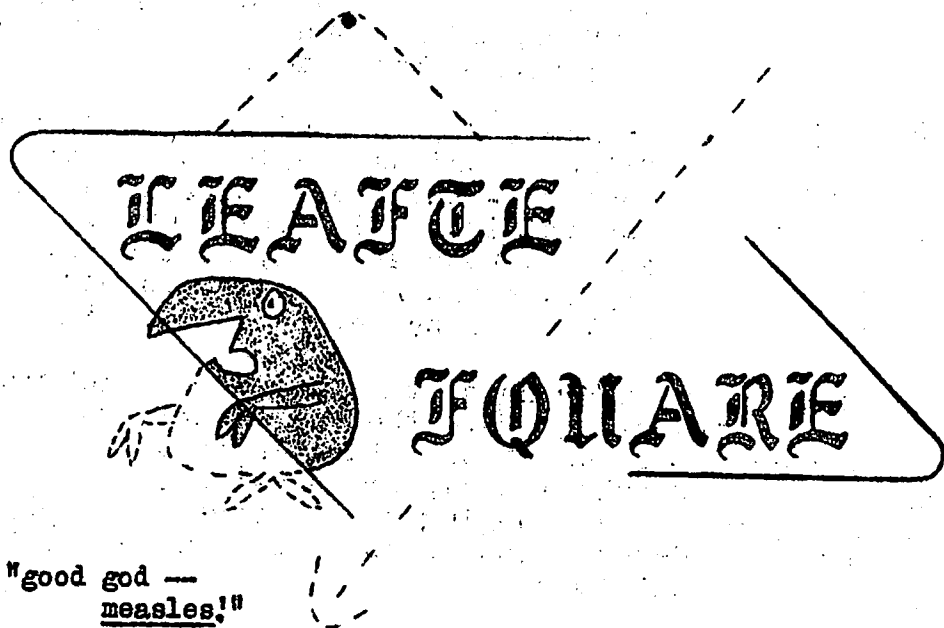
There are, of course, variations on this spiral, such as the Bastard, or Barred Sinister Spiral, seen below, right. In this Galaxy, the Spiral Arms are plainly visible, hanging grotesquely and pitifully off the shrunken trunk, or Bar. Some authorities have suggested that the arms may be leading, but it seems to this lecturer wholly inconsistent that the arms be anything but trailing in despair.



Now let us consider briefly, in closing, an exciting new field of Astronomy, Radio Astronomy. To the left is a Radio Star, or more properly, Source. It is not known if these Sources are stars or not, but this one at least, shows the typical system of radiating dashes about it that we saw about our Star back further. Radio Astronomy is also useful in obtaining Hydrogen, and as such, has commercial possibilities. Just a few days ago I saw a Radio Telescope in an Automobile advertisement. Perhaps they are using Hydrogen as a new fuel? At any rate, a practical Application of astronomy to our Daily lives seems possible.



ye olde



11 January

No, it isn't measles that I've got -- merely whatever charming bug it was my dear child came down with last Monday -- or was it Tuesday? Anyway, she came down with it, and my days and nights since then have been spent in such maternal occupations as washing out pajamas and rubber pants and shirts three times a day, doing the dishes real soon and thorough-like (to avoid germs) and rocking the Susan ("what do you want, Sue?" "Back-back.") day and night till I was well-nigh seasick. Now Susan thinks she can have Back-Back (sounds like some strange oriental disease) any time she wants, and we're having to break her of it gently. She shows withdrawal symptoms, such as screaming, beating head on floor -- hard -- biting down on fingers -- hard -- and so on.

Well, she's getting better, it seems -- but I'm not. And Andy has it, too, whatever it is. He went out this afternoon anyway, but I think we're in for it.

Well. So much for why I didn't cut any sterilcs the last couple of days.

I have boug^ht me another record -- a 45. It's the first in a very long time -- about a year, I think. It's "The Swingin' Shepherd Blue" by the Moe Koffman Septet -- an improbable sounding group. I suppose the record is rather improbable-sounding, too. Grotch if you will, gentlemen of Toronto -- I like this. It appeals to something simple and stupid in me (my taste, perhaps?). I heard this thing on the radio here one afternoon before Christmas, and squandered 98 ¢ of my precious Christmas money on it while I was at my parents' in West Chester (Pa.), where they have sales tax to climax all the other injuries of price, just so's I'd have it, and not get talked out of it by my near and dear.

=====
For a euphonium, you have execrable taste.
=====

26 January

From the date, it doesn't look as though so much time had elapsed -- a week or so only. But that previous page was done a year ago and more...

And how events repeat themselves. Susan has another ear infection, and as before, Andy is sick, and I have had a bit of it myself. Now we have Alan to get sick, too.

I can offer no real reason, no good and valid reason, why this lapse. There was the various illnesses last winter, which had me in bed and invalidish for three months, and being pregnant and the new baby, and these might make very good-sounding excuses, and are, indeed, a part of it. But I know that is not the main reason...and I'm not sure I know what the main reason is. It has something to do with losing heart, with discouragement, dejection, and fear, with being too far away. But I've missed you all, if I may say it. And at the very moment when I declared Sundance defunct, my family, and a few assorted passers-by (well, Eney, then) not only protested, but forbid, me to destroy or give away the stencils so far cut, and sat me down before our poor broken typer here, and commanded me to work miracles on it.

Now, miracles are not forthcoming as easily as that, and I make no promises and claim no cures. But a single stencil now and then, slowly accumulating to a publishable point -- I can see that, perhaps.

I looked at the stencils I'd cut so long ago before I started this. The dandelion then, I see, was hidden under a giant pigweed. Since then... lord knows what happened to the pigweed; it died, or was uprooted. The dandelions grew, died back, grew, died back, I don't know how many times...and finally bloomed, shortly after the baby was born. It was an occasion for great rejoicing. We sprinkled the fluff back into the pot, and there are now second-generation dandelions growing and dying back, growing and dying back, along with their forbears (which are flourishing mightily). And there is another addition to the pot: a tiny pine tree which we grew from a seed, the seed coming from a pine cone we found in the street and brought home for our mantle. It sprouted and grew almost immediately, and has been one inch high ever since. I'm quite fond of it.

We've tried to grow some other things, but our brown thumbs are against us. We bought a box of pansies in the Spring -- lovely, soft things, a dozen or so plants all crowded together in a basket and covered with blossom. We transplanted them into flowerpots we found in the basement, and watered them, and plucked off the blooms so more would come and put them in the sunlight as best we could (there aren't too many places where we can set things in direct sunlight, even in summer) and...they died. And when Alan was born, my in-laws sent a large potted flowering plant, which I took home with me from the hospital, and watered, even setting it in a favored position on top of the refrigerator, where it discharged bits of dead brown leaf over my pitchers and salad bowls. I finally threw it out.

eve always paid by check
#####

28 January

We decided to have our own Christmas celebration (commercialized or not) here before we dispersed for the holidays. After so many false attempts at a proper Christmas in previous years, I decided this time to start early (just like they tell you in the ads, just only not that early) and buy gifts bit by bit, as we had the money. We bought a tree and decorated it. I cleaned the junk off the mantelpiece and polished up the silver candlesticks and cake dish and decorated the mantle. I wrapped gifts. We decided to make it a very merry holiday indeed, and bought each other likker of varying degrees of hardness. We bought all manner of things for the Susan, who was at last old enough to appreciate all the fooforaw, and some for AlSam, who wasn't. I got Andy a pair of side-cutting pliers, a bottle of rum, a bottle of Cherry Kijaffa, and a record of "Lieutenant Kije". I got Larry a stocking cap to wear instead of my old scarf which he would wind about his head. Now he wears both.

I baked cookies three or four times, and had them eaten before they'd cooled, scarcely/. I cooked a Christmas dinner -- meatloaf, yet, at the request of my family.

###

WHAT FOUL DOG took this stencil out of the typer??? YOU? YOU? C'MON, 'fess u p. Oh. Richard. You wanted to what? Oh. A letter to Linards? Oh. Yes. Certainly. I didn't mean it, excuse me. It's just that I can't get the ruddy things back in straight. Furthermore, it makes days to pass before I resume where I left off, which interrupts the train of thought no end, old friend.

Meatloaf. What a ridiculous concept. Who in FAPA, fer petesake, wants to hear about MEATLOAF? (I just finished making up another one and putting in the oven.) This is going to sound like a cookbook soon, or a page from WOMAN'S DAY.

Still, I like meatloaf. (Ghod, this thing is taking possession of me.) It's a curious thing: meatloaf is one of those meat-stretch-ing, money-saving dishes, so dear to the thrifty housewife (me.). But normally, I buy a pound of hamburg, maybe a pound and a half, for supper for the fou r of us, and we eat well. So I decide to make a big old meatloaf with three pounds of hamburg, and we'll have it hot tonight and cold tomorrow and in sammidges the next day, and -- by tomorrow there isn't any left.

Do you realize that this page started out to be a lead-up to a discussion of my tastes in music (again) and what records I'd been buying recently?

So let me take a deep breath and say my say: I like Lieutenant Kije and I like Prokofieff and what's more I like Stravinsky too and his Song of the Nightingale is on the flip side of Lieutenant K . (o damn this typer is giving me hell and i probably have coffeenerves too) and furthermore yet, on top of this (and Tchaikowsky and Sibelius) I like jazz, both real and pseudo, and I heard the Frankie Mach ine music from Man with the Golden Arm and wanted it and Larry bought the record for me and that's the OTHER record I have. So there.

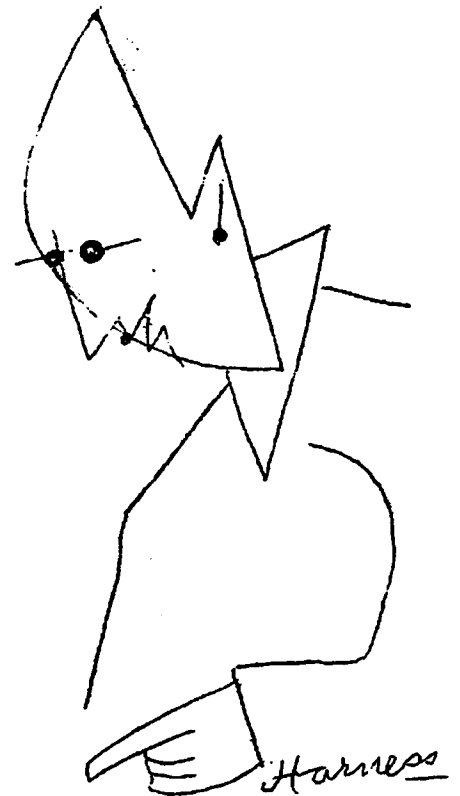
30 January

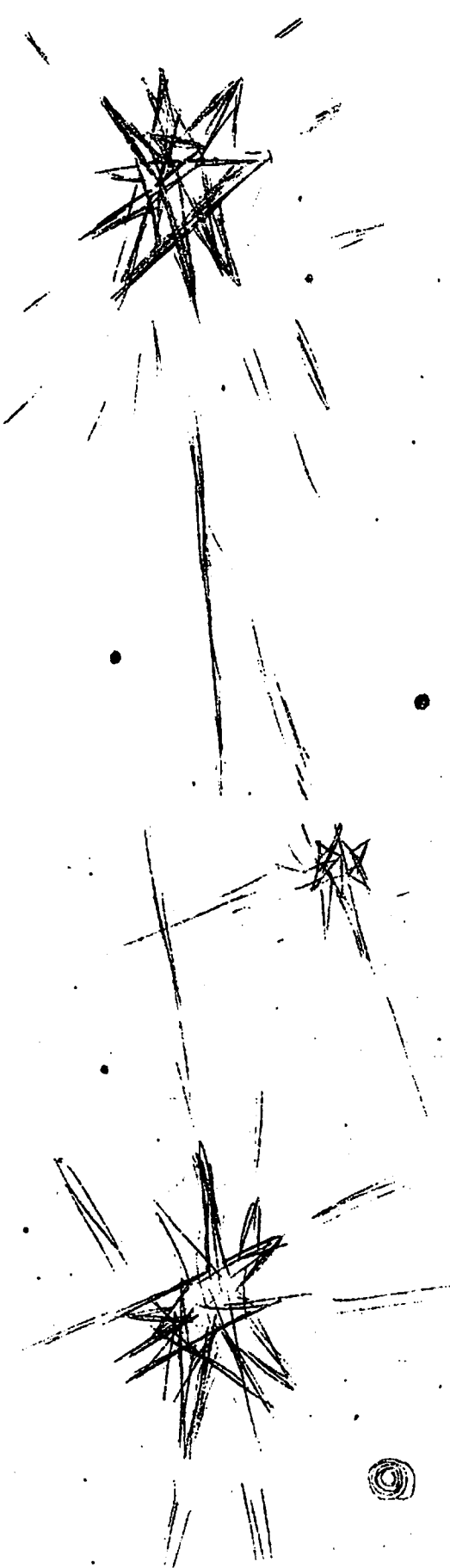
I often find myself wanting to do a long, thorough, exhaustive discussion on some topic, one consisting mostly of a defense of my own views, or perhaps even of a stream-of-consciousness monologue following my non-sequiturs about something I care about, usually care about very much. But I find a compulsion to speak of things briefly, to apply wit of a sort with a heavy and inexpert hand; to discuss this typewriter and the fact that the stencil has a tendency to come unglued from the backing, that the clock on the desk is making irregular rumbling noises which distract me every time I make a pause in the continuous stream of typing and that my hands are shaking, just as I feared and I must remember to buy more Decaf.

And, too, I find that though I often have ideas about things I read in FAPA, or about fans, or the things they do, I am reluctant to discuss them. I feel odd mentioning people's names, and even odder if I try to pass a judgment on their work, or even to explain my reactions to it. It feels peculiar to address a section of Sundance to you or you or you, and just as peculiar to talk about you or you or you without addressing you.

Still.... I have, as you can see, just finished stencilling a drawing of Jack Harness's up there. I often find too much of a muchness about Jack's drawings -- a sameness, and some other quality which I don't like, and which I cannot put my finger on. Yet I deeply envy his technical ability -- that smooth, sweet line (Rotsler has it too, of course) which is so difficult for me, with my shaking hands, to trace onto stencil, and which I know is partly the result of working in ink (which flows, you see, and you cannot make a stylus flow on a stencil). And I find that a whole stack of Harness drawings is a dizzying thing to look through, but a small pile of them is better; and that, though I don't usually like Harness work in other fanzines, I like to pick out several for my own. If I were in a different mood this evening, I would have captioned the sketch instead of discussing it.

I saw -- or heard -- somewhere -- perhaps on the FATE tape -- that Rotsler doesn't much care to have people caption his drawings. I feel rather bad about that, because I have been guilty of doing this myself. I like captioning Rotsler pipple; in fact, the temptation to do so is often irresistible. I doubt I shall be able to stand up against it this time, either. But if it offends you very much, tell me so, and I shall stop. I also like adding things to other people's drawings, modifying them with a bit of me for my fanzine -- something I would find unforgivable if done to me. If I have offended any of you out there in artoon land by doing this, tell me, and I'll try to watch it.





... AND

LIKE

THAT...

THE STAR OF K

It burned, they say
like with
everlasting

Unto life's very end

But then it turned
and ran down

with the rest

SONG FOR 10 BILLION A.D.°

Yes my friends the world is dying

no he expressed no valedictory wish

for who will stay to see him perish?

he asks that you forgive your sins
particularly those released against yourselves

before we go our several ways.

no he is not suffering excessive pain

physicians have prescribed for him a cooling balm --

he is old, my friends, you must remember

he has proved mortal and accepts it calmly
without cursing the Second Law of Thermodynamics

yes my friends the world is dying.

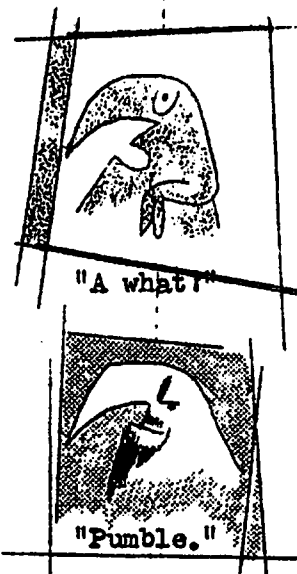
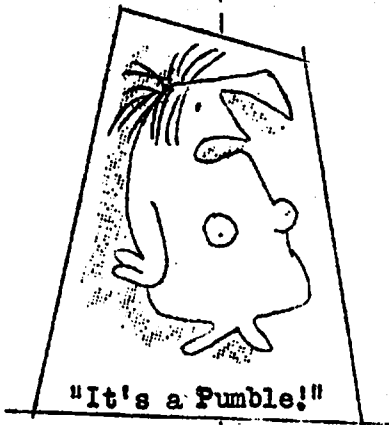
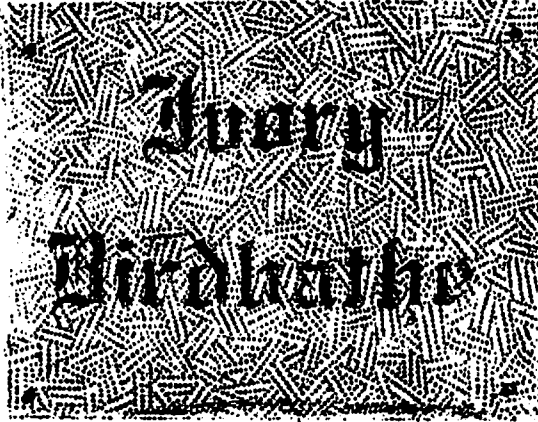
° alternate title: SONG FOR TOMORROW

-- atY
jan '59

30 January

notes

from the



It was Saturday night. Susan had an infected ear, Andy had a cold and even Alan had a plugged nose.

"When did you say Eney was coming?" says Andy to me.

"I didn't," says I. "He didn't, either."

"Do you suppose we've time to get an airmail postcard to him? I want him to bring up those books I loaned him," say Larry.

"We can try." I head for the stationery drawer. I extract a card and curl up in the big chair, with card, pen, coffee and cheese.

Phone ring.

"Good evening, Harvard Book Store," says Larry. Funny Larry. Then he shriek, "Hey, where are you?"

"Who, WHO?" we all ask.

Who else?

I think maybe that airmail pocsared won't make it in time.

He'll be here in an hour. Rush rush rush, clean up the place -- mustn't look too much like Clayfeet County, y'know.

Place is resonably straight. I curl up on bed with magazine. Must look nonchalant, Party going on upstairs. Slam. Bang. Yell, yell. Wow. Through the din, a feeble scratching at the door. "Come in?"

Is Eney. "What shall I bring up? Ditto, Varsityper, tape recorder?"

"Mostly bedding."

Wow.

We sit around, talk. Pull out old stencils, reminisce. What are

we going to put in FAPA and OMPA?
Well, hmmm. "Sundance is defunct,"
I tell Richard. "You want the stencils
I had cut for it?"

"Yes," says Richard.

"No!" says the rest. "You sit
down at that typer and you finish
the stencil you cut the heading for.
Now."

So after that was done, we
were all hungry. Richard drove
Andy and me down to Elsie's. It
was jammed. Dick looked worried.
We assured him that the food was
worth it. We work our way forward
enough to yell our orders. After
a while comes food. Jostling of
elbows while Eney puts hot mustard
on hamburgers to take back to Larry
who is babysitting.

"This a pumble," I explain.

"A what?" says Eney.

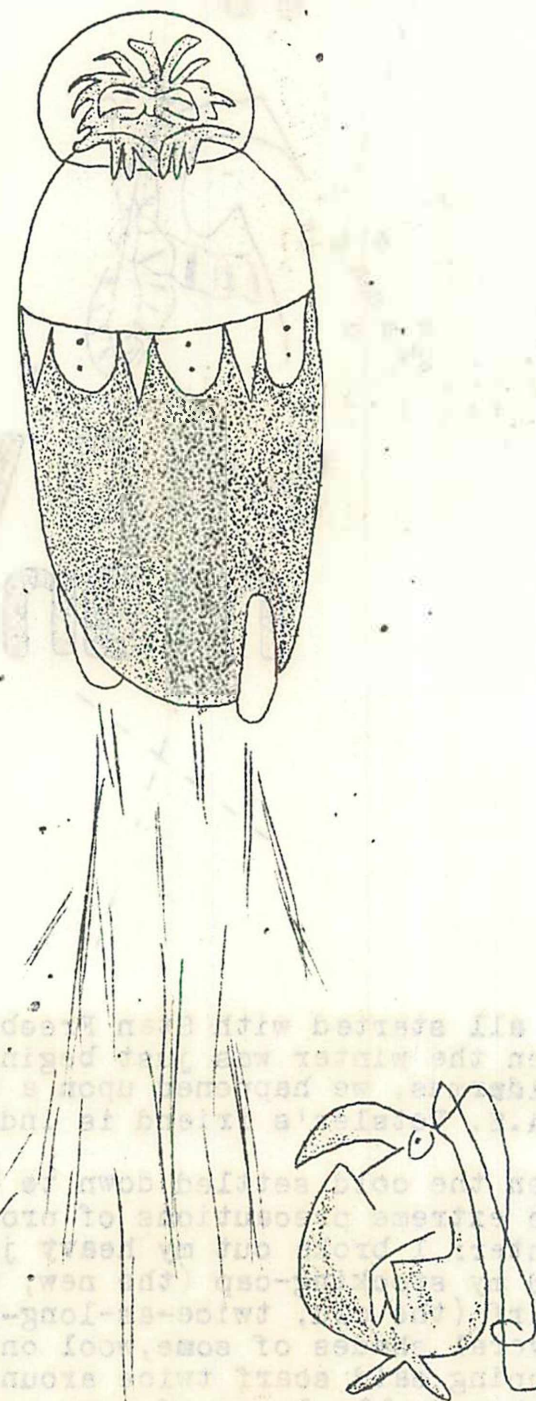
"Pumble."

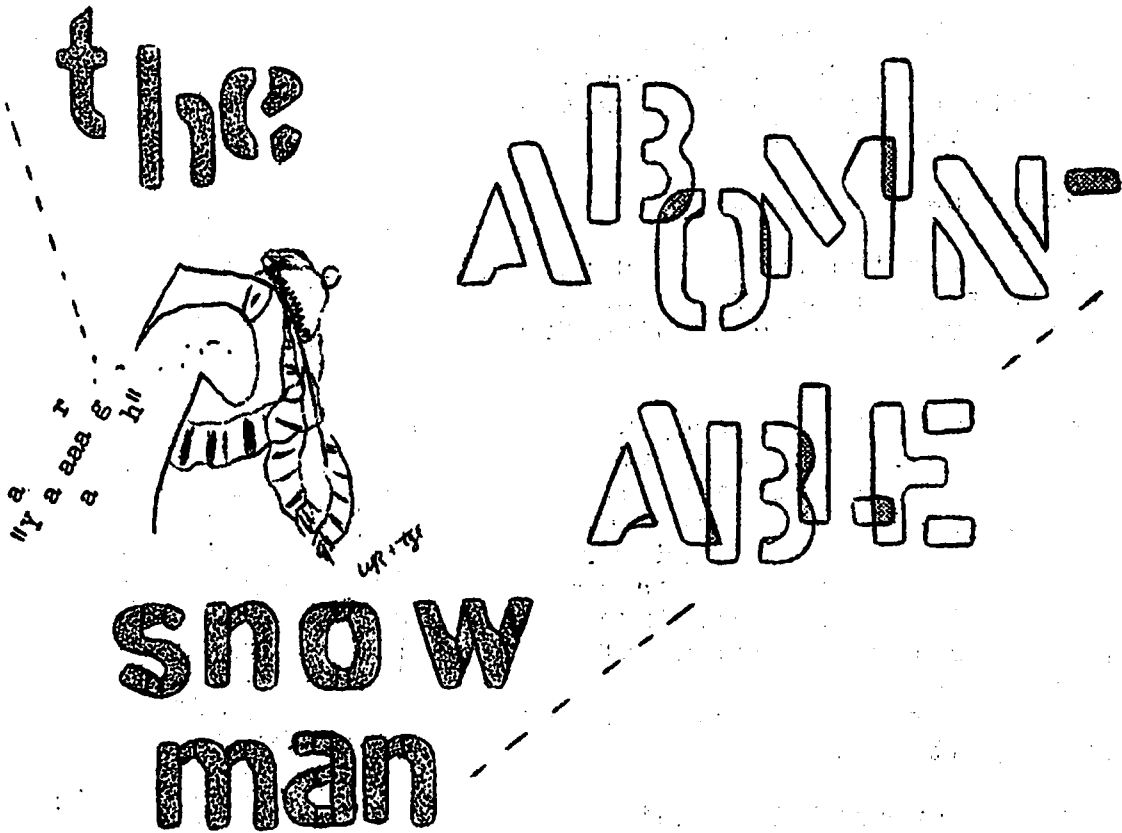
"What is?"

"This."

We pumble back to house and
pumble our food, and after a bit,
pumble off to bed. We have no extra
bed any more (Susan sleeps on
it now), so Larry puts mattress of
his bed on floor and sleeps on it,
and Eney sleeps on under part of
bed (studio couch). It's supposed
to be comfortable. But Eney doesn't
fit, and has to build an extension
for his feet with sofa cushions...

In the next four days we cut
stencils, ran off stencils, went
to work, went to the Obs., did the
dishes and washed the clothes, went
to a play, had Sandy English over three times and Dave once, went to
Chinese dinner (A.&I) and class, ran off things on ditto, cut masters,
caught a cold (Eney), cooked Chinese dinner (me), ate Chinese dinner
brought home from Young Lee's (all of us), stopped in at Harvard Book
Store, went to Elsie's again, went to coffeeshop (Tulla's Coffee
Grinder) and waved copy of PEBBLES IN THE DRINK and oh so carelessly
left it behind by accident. Waitress (coffeeshop variety) read it
while we were there. Vengeance on lit'ry types!





LES3

It all started with Stan Freeberg, as things often do. A while ago, when the winter was just beginning to lay foul hands upon the epidermis, we happened upon a re-broadcast of Stan's interview with T.A.S. Rotsler's friend is indeed a funny man.

When the cold settled down to bother us permanently, I began taking the extreme precautions of protection that I discovered necessary last winter: I broke out my heavy jacket (the new, shaggy, gray wool one), and my stocking-cap (the new, shaggy, blue wool one), and my long scarf (the old, twice-as-long-as-I-am-tall, every primary color and several shades of some, wool one). I have an elaborate system of looping said scarf twice around my head, so that it covers both ears with a double layer of warm wool, as well as wrapping the throat two or three times. This not only keeps me rather warm, it serves to keep my head from rolling off my shoulders...and occasionally I've passed the loop across my upper lip, leaving a mouth-hole through which to breathe, but protecting my nose from the wintry blasts. It was when thus attired that A.Young, merciless identifier of rare fauna, noted my resemblance to Freeberg's hairy friend. I stood there, owl-eyed (I can't twist my neck with my head tied on so tightly), and endured the giggles of my obtuse friends. I marched into the bathroom, looked

in the mirror...and had to agree with old bearded sinust; there was a sort of a shaggy resemblance.

Pumblng back into the living-room, I bethought myself...Hell, might as well have the game as the name. And so I sneaked up on old Jean Young and gave out with a Freebergian shriek (accomplished with an intake of breath, and surprised vocal-cords), the while striking an attitude with upraised arm like a Dave English critter giving a Boy Vampires of The World salute.

JeanY was impressed. I could tell by the pale facial complexion, the gasp of terror, and the glass of milk she threw up in the air. A Young let out a shriek of fright too, which gave me a glow of pride because he had watched me doing the sneaking. I polished the fingernails of my right hand on my coat (hard thing to do with gloves on), and went off to work, muttering modestly "I take pride in my work."

pride was short-lived, though, because Harvard Book Store is infested with a sort of Monster's Monster name of Earle Edgerton. A actor by trade, and therefore continually semi-retired, Earle makes the cellar of the bookstore the scene of a never-ending Phantom of The Opera re-run which we've come to call "The Game of BOO!" The cellar looks like a road-show library, with stacks and dust and ill-light and odd noises of people moving around upstairs. And Earle is a vigorous and aggressive BOO! player. He is the only guy I know who can effectively and successfully carry on the following conversation:

"Larry.."

"Yes?"

"RRUGHH!"

That is, of course, a special Edgerton-invented variant on the original game, called "Rrughh!" It is often even more devastating.

I have occasionally wondered aloud who it was who first separated the bookstore employees into BOOers and BOOees, and when we will expect to change sides, but no one seems to appreciate the seriousness of my question. Dave Kaminsky, a pre-med student at Harvard, and I, are the usual BOOees, and aside from Earle one of the most menacing of BOOers is Ruth Finn...a gal with a daughter of teenish age, and as thorough a paperback expert as a cellar-menace. Ruth has at least twice mistaken Mr. Kramer, the owner, for Earle, and BOOed him a good one. Mr. Kramer considers the game childish and undignified. It was also Mrs. Finn who once nearly gave a Harvard faculty-member a heart attack. Her BOOs are devastatingly successful, but, as must be apparent by her record, rather capricious. Ruth is always unexpected, but it's Earle whose prowess is most respected.

Harvard Book store is a kind of haven for people resting for a while before trying to do something else. Earle works between rehearsals and between plays. Peter Green spends his afternoons "pushing a pencil around", and has a play making the rounds of publishers. Jay Blum is just beginning five years of law-school. Dave expects to end up in Psychiatry. And now I'm working there, too.

I see I've forgotten to mention Chester Clayton, general-manager and no mean BOO-player himself. Chet was a salesman for Ziff-Davis when they were publishing books, and he has the most phenominal memory I've ever seen on anyone. BOO or no BOO, it's a fun place to spend eight hours a day, and they pay me, too!

5 February

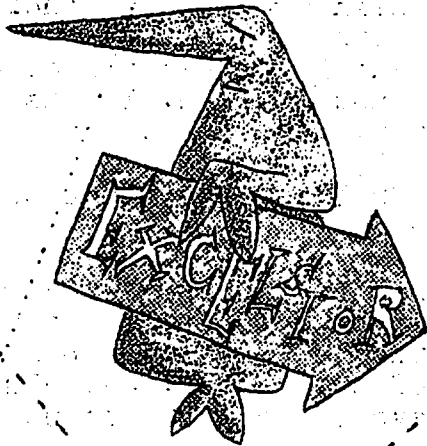
ONWARD

with the

ARTS

and

SCIENCES



WR +

Last summer Andy taught the Astronomy I course in the Summer School for a living, a job which rated him the title of Instructor and a fairly decent salary for two months. He was, indeed, a Faculty Member, complete with free membership in the Faculty Club (at whose dining room horse steak is served as a great delicacy); and I was a Faculty Wife. As such, I was entitled to audit a summer school course for free. Since this was a \$30 or so value, I decided it could hardly be passed up, so I looked thru the catalogue for something interesting, and finally settled on a last-minute addition, Poetry Writing with Robert Lowell of Boston University. I thought it might be instructive.

They expected some thirty or so people -- they hoped it would be only twenty. It was sixty. So we split into two sections to give an appearance of being a small, chummy group. Mr. Lowell very kindly gave auditors permission to turn in work and have a conference with him sometime after he'd taken care of the credit candidates.

So I rooted about through my files and tried to pick out the stuff that was least nauseating, and which most closely resembled the things we read for class assignments, and on the appointed day trundled them into him, and on a later day came into see him with a few more clutched in my hot and trembling little fist. I was braced, of course. He'd made it plain that most of these bright eyed girls and intense young men were probably pretty bad poets, and had given some student work a rough going over in class.

He seemed not to recognize me when I came in, and gave me a friendly, puzzled, harried look. I showed him my things, and he checked through his brief case and turned up my other poems. "Oh

yes, you're Mrs. Ummm - uh - Young." Yes, it was indeed I. I trembled. There was a painful silence while he read the things. He seemed embarrassed as he cleared his throat and tried to say something. How bad were they, for heaven's sake? "Well, you know, Mrs. Young...these aren't really poetry." I nodded, of course; he was a professor, after all, but I must have looked pretty blank. "You do see, don't you, that they're not at all the sort of thing that's in the book we've been reading?" ((New Poets of England and America)). This I had to admit, while somethereing an urge to say I didn't consider most of what was in that book poetry at all, but polished, insipid trash.

The conference went on, but I don't remember too much of it, except that he considered a thing about a stork and soapstone meadow that was in Sundance 1 or 2 the closest to being real poetry of all the things I'd shown him. All the time, and all the way home afterwards, the question kept bu zzing around in my mind: if it isn't poetry, even bad poetry, what was it?

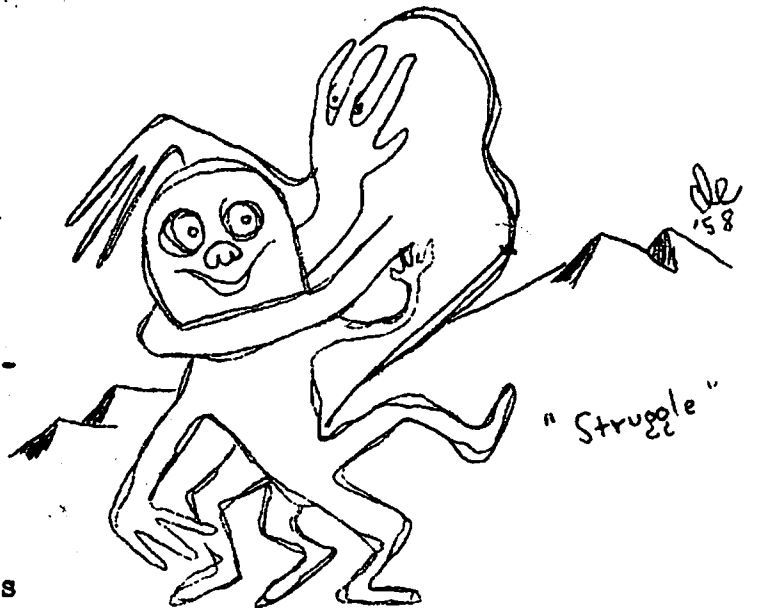
I missed the last few class meetings because of the August FAPACon, so I never did find out what the class thought of the verse about the stately stork and the soapstone meadow. When the fall term began, I was no longer a faculty wife, and was reduced to taking Lowell Institute Extension courses at \$5 or \$10 a throw, which was all we could afford. I looked through the catalogue for something interesting, and settled on Regional Geology of the United States.

I haven't tried to write any more ~~poetry prose texts~~ things like that since the summer. (The things in here were written before that). I know it's silly, but I can't keep the question from bobbing up in my mind whenever I think about trying, and when it does, it somehow stops me cold. I don't know why. If it's not poetry, and it's not prose, what is it?

Maybe Art Rapp had the answer...

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What with one thing and another, I hadn't done much painting this past year. A few things I'd done I took down to the Boylston Street Print Gallery to show to Andy Oates there, and he was interested and told me to come back a little after he reopened at Labor Day. But I was having a baby then, and when I went back to look for him, he'd moved, and there was a real intellectual dress shop on the premises. And the Cambridge Art Association is having a show of Contemporary Italian Music...

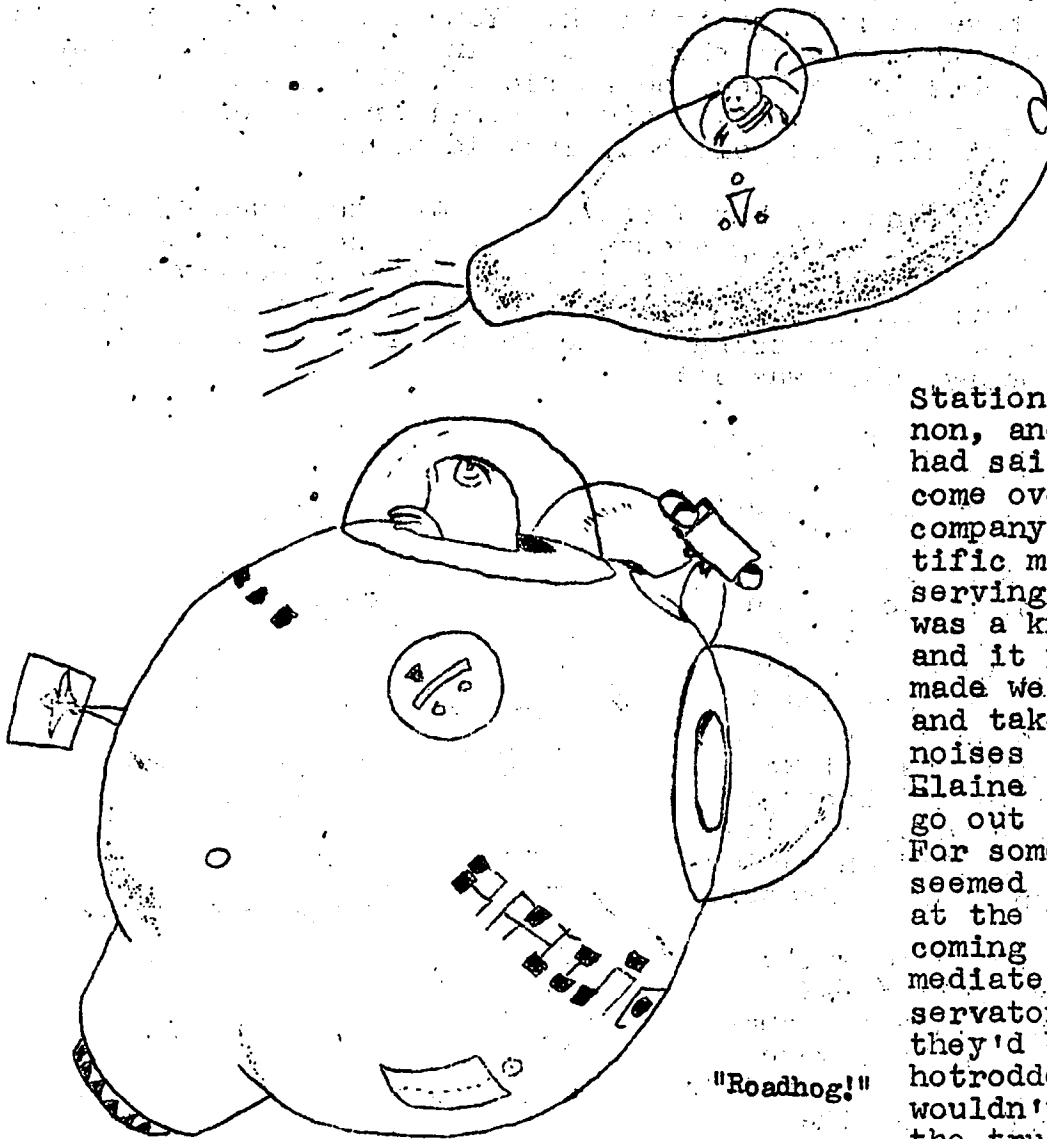


13 February

"We're going on a big, long Pumble," said Susan as we started out. "You said it, kid," her bearded father replied. That's the way it always is.

Andy was going out to the

Station with Frank Stienon, and we (the rest) had said Elaine should come over and keep us company whilst the scientific menfolk were observing. So when there was a knock at the door and it was Elaine, we made welcoming noises and take-off-your-coat noises and so on. But Elaine said, "Let's ALL go out to the Station." For some reason, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Frank was coming around almost immediately with the Observatory Mercury (which they'd bought from some hotrodders so observers wouldn't have to take the truck), so I jammed some baby food into Alan and rushed about getting diapers and



"Roadhog!"

food and other impedimenta necessary for a trip into the wilderness, while Larry took care of Sue and saw to it that the Liebfraumilch was added to the pile of necessaries. "Don't forget the fireworks!" I called; for Richard (Good Man) Eney had brought with him a bag full of little propellor-firecrackers called Flying Saucers which are available in the crude ol' south, and we'd been going to shoot them off the firetower at the station while he was here, and hadn't made it.

The men arrived, honking gently. We bundled children and provisions into the car, and nearly forgot the fireworks. Susan made her classic remark, and we were off. Half a block later we stopped to pick up more food. "Now we're really off," somebody said, and I suppose we were -- off our rockers, mostly.

The trip was mostly without incident, although Alan spat up on

three people in the back seat in the dark.

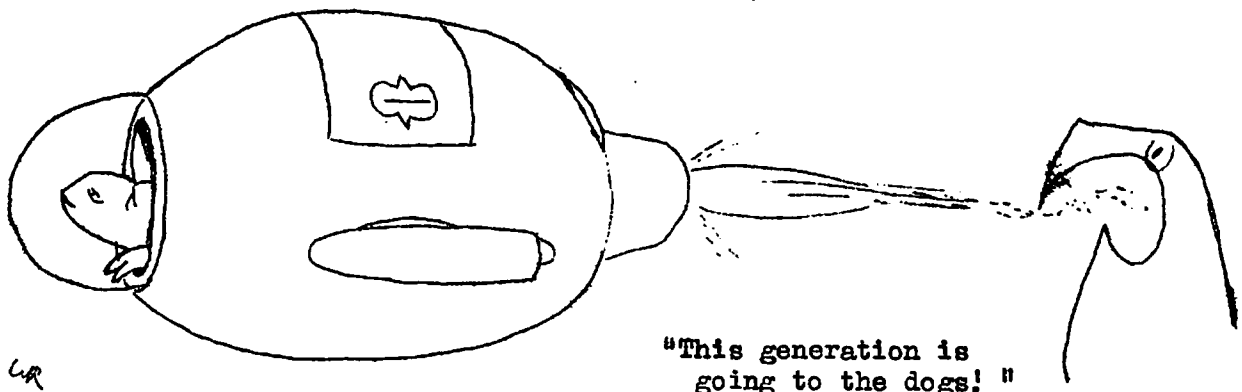
When we got out to Agassiz finally, we spread out in the Central Building, and the astronomers went off to do things to telescopes, saying they'd be back "soon" for fireworks. We waited a bit. We cut chunks of french bread and ate them and finished off a small bottle of Chianti. Susan danced for us. I danced for Susan. Mike, the Night Observer, came in with his dog, an enormous German shepherd who, despite his great size is still a puppy. Mike is a young fellow who just got his B.A. (in astronomy, I think) and is working for a year before going to grad school -- at least, I got that impression. He's from Kentucky or Tennessee (Andy told me the one, and it was wrong, but I've forgotten which is right), and finds it cold up here. He is saved by the heated Air Observer's suit which he walks around in, and plugs in wherever he happens to be.

We sat about talking and waiting. We discovered that we all read science fiction (shhh.) The Stienons already knew about fandom, sort of (after all, they've known us six months). We tried to explain it to Mike. We said the bit about the letter columns in the prozines, and he seemed to understand. He even knew about Fantasy Times, I think.

Finally Andy appeared. I think Frank was developing plates, and couldn't be reached, but the rest of us took the firecrackers and went out to look for a good launching pad, leaving the dog inside with the baby. (We figured perhaps if the dog was left long enough with the baby, he'd stop being afraid of him. The dog afraid of the baby, that is.)

It was windy. We decided reluctantly against using the firetower since it was rather conspicuous, and we might get the Obs. into trouble. We set off a couple from the platform which holds the patrol cameras, but that was too windy and they didn't go off well. We set off one inside the dome of the 60" telescope, and it hit the Observing Platform and went ricocheting about the building in a most unnerving fashion. So we finally settled on the walk between the dome and the Central Building, and launched eight or ten from there. We all took a try. It was quite spectacular, those things whirring up among the pine trees and leaving a trail of sparks behind. The dog stood on his hind legs at the door of the building and looked out, watching. He seemed perplexed.

We went back in and drank the Liebfraumilch and put Susan to bed (she'd been shy of the fireworks at first, but enjoyed them) and sat and talked about psychology and religion and that there stuff far into the night...

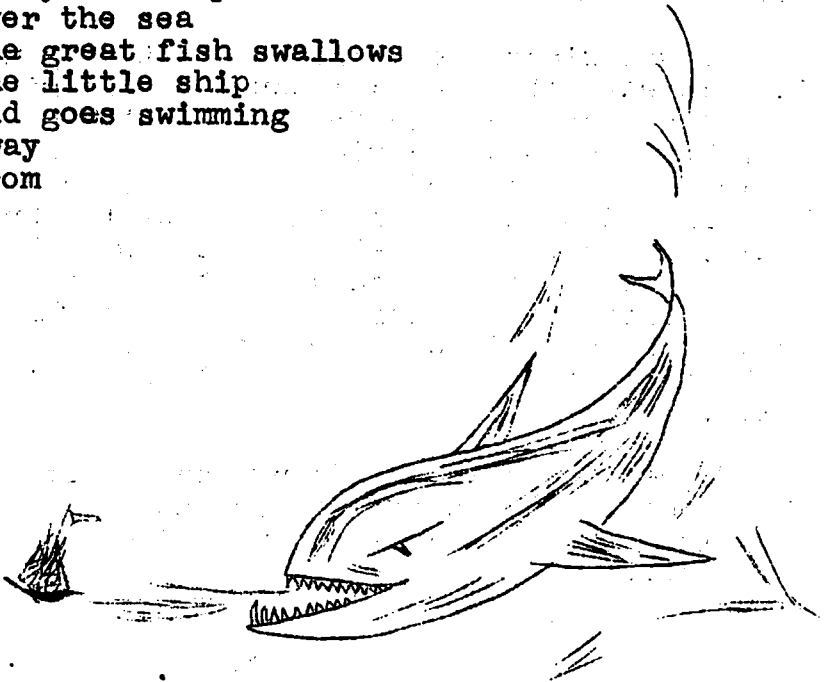


"This generation is
going to the dogs!"

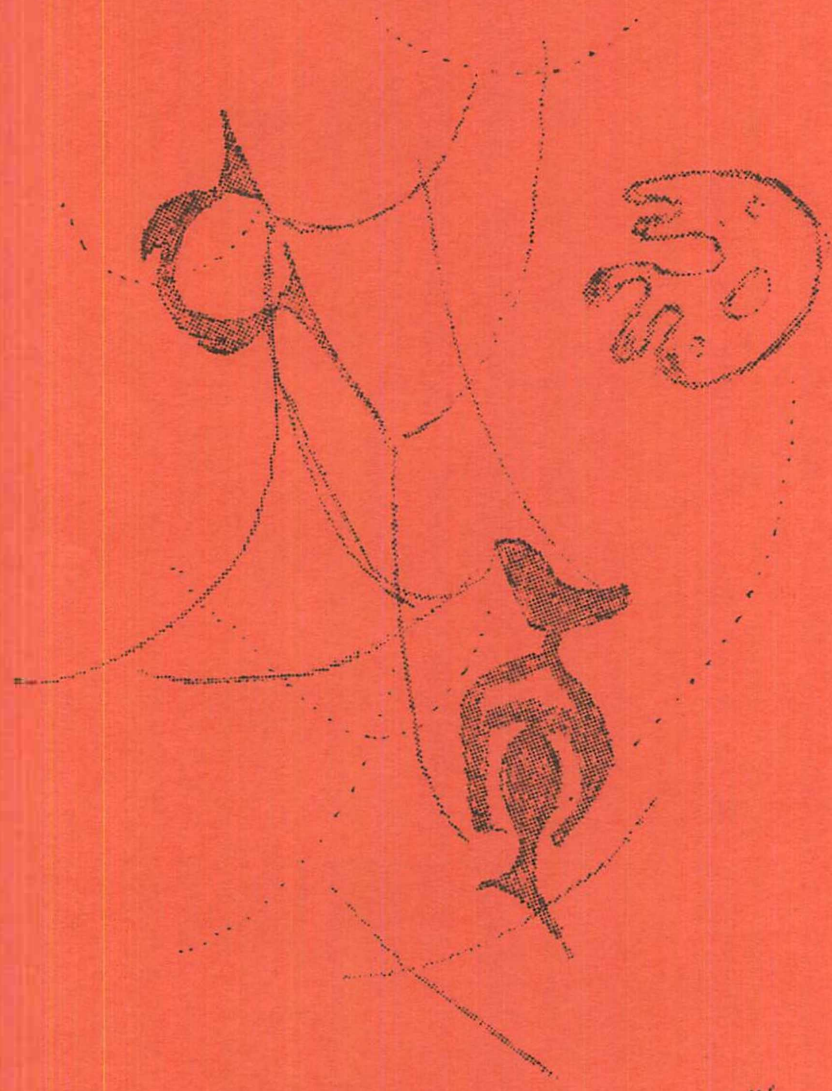
little gone

cutworm blind
and bubble break
the years go
one two three
and the little ship
that is lost in the stars
goes sailing
away
from
me

cutworm blind
and bauble break
the years skip
over the sea
the great fish swallows
the little ship
and goes swimming
away
from
me



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