

Phlotsam-14



A N I H I L A D R E M P R E S S P R O D U C T I O N

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Here be PHlotsam, issue number 14, generally speaking. Published in May, 1960 for the 91st mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Phyllis Aitch Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wis. Cover by DAG, who snapped me in an unguarded moment. Bill Morse has a page in here, too, Ronel and Dan.

S P I N D R I F T ~ ~ ~

WHEN I SAID ABOVE that this was PHlotsam #14, "generally speaking," I wasn't kidding. I don't really know, and I'm sure nobody else does either. Indexers among us who survived the traumatic effect of PHlotsams #1/2 and #3/4, only to see #3 emerge before #1 or #2 saw light of day -- not to mention an unnumbered "Demi-PHlotz" along the way -- will very likely be willing to take my word for it and accuracy go hang. For sundry sad reasons, #1 was prepared but never published. (#2 just never was, which seems somewhat sad but life's like that.) From time to time I still wistfully long for a Number-One-Issue of PHlotsam. Most every other fanzine has had a Number-One-Issue. And some day I will. This is my dream. Someday when I have on hand a really choice assortment of goodies all from fancy contributors -- like the little neos say they're going to have in the wonderful fanzine they plan to publish -- and when I have lots of ambition and ideas and time and money, THEN I will publish PHlotsam #1. Watch for it.

THANK YOU, TERRY JEEVES, for the bacover sketch which I forgot to credit.

I HAD HOPED to have a couple of outside contributions this issue to leaven so much unadulterated me. But today is May 6 -- a day by which PHlotz should be completed and isn't -- and so far the mailman has blanked me. Except for a page of Morse, this fat Fapazine is all PHEstuff, but maybe next issue gifts variety.

PHLOTSAM #13 WAS LOADED with boners, and I am covered with rue. First off, I soon discovered that Boyd Raeburn was not sponsoring Ashworth for TAFF as I said. But this I was told by a "reliable authority" as an accomplished fact. Then -- no, this was not in PHlotsam, but in my Veep report -- I mentioned that Quagliano was hopping back onto the waiting-list, but when I looked he wasn't there at all. But this, too, I was told by a "reliable authority" as an accomplished fact.

From now on I don't believe nobody, nohow.

TODAY, in addition to being May 6th, and being rainy, soggy and dreary, is also Princess Margaret's wedding day. In the pictures in tonight's paper, she looks very beautiful and glowing. Her husband looks handsome and beaming and, despite what some of the more conservative British circles and newspapers think about his background and bohemian ways, he sounds to me like a fellow who would fit just fine in FAPA. I'm glad the sun shone for them today even if it was raining here.

SHAGGY DOG STORY. I've always considered such fripperies as dog wardrobes and boots and the like to be feminine silliness at its stickiest, and an affront to the natural dignity of dogs. Except for short-haired breeds who shiver from the cold and need some sort of wrap. However, last year, out of sheer desperation from the rugs and floors getting constantly mud-tracked, I bought the Brinker a set of white rubber overshoes that tie with blue ribbons. (They had nothing ruggeded.)

Now Brinker is a big dog -- more coat than dog actually -- but a great shaggy creature who looks silly in white overshoes tied with blue bows. (I also don't believe in laughing at a dog, but when Brinker has his overshoes on he seems to enjoy clowning it up, leaping and prancing with his legs flung out at nonsensical angles, twirling in circles, and the harder we laugh the wilder becomes his cavorting.) However, the overshoes have a great drawback -- they're a confounded nuisance to put on and usually I lack the patience. But more and more lately I'm confronted with the question of whether its easier to go through all the business of grabbing four paws and manipulating the boot on, tying it tightly, then return and do it all over to the couple he's kicked off, ad interminum -- or cope with the balkiness of the stubbornest dog in Milwaukee. Whether it's the effect of wearing the overshoes in nasty weather, or a natural tendency, I don't know. But Brinker has developed a strong aversion to getting his paws wet. Not only does he balk at water or mud, but now is becoming adamant about the least bit of dew on the grass. If this trait develops much farther, we'll be presenting the absurd spectacle of a shaggy dog being walked in overshoes on beautiful summer mornings.

Today was a case in point. In Milwaukee we are quite severly restricted in where we can walk a dog, so we always take the Brinker to a certain grassy strip near a parking lot. (He's been brought up with grass and will have nothing to do with bare curbing.) When we reached the spot, he tentatively stepped on it with one front paw, skittered back onto the sidewalk and stared at me accusingly. The grass was dewey. I walked him back and forth along the short length of sidewalk near the grass, trying to coax him to hurry up and getitoverwithfhevnsake. He understood perfectly, but would have no part of that nasty wet grass. I knew if I took him back home, he would immediately be begging to go out again, so I continued walking back and forth, seething. At length Brinker got sick of this routine, planted himself firmly in the middle of the sidewalk and refused to take another step. This he does often when not getting his own way. I tugged and he set himself more solidly. He seemed to have grown roots into the sidewalk. I glared at him and he gave me back glare for glare, seeming to say, "Go dry off that stupid grass if you want any cooperation from me."

This battle of wills continued until I lost both temper and patience. I picked him up bodily and tossed him onto the grass. (This is not recommended when the dog is shedding and one is wearing a navy-blue coat.) Well, Brinker is stubborn, but he knows when he's licked. He made no attempt to get off the grass, but stared reproachfully at me through great pleading eyes as he daintily lifted one fastidious foot then the other clear of the dew. Finally, tiptoeing like a ballerina, he got down to business and we were able to go home.

The only crumb of comfort in this temperamental quirk, is that I can hope maybe Brinker has outgrown his bad habit of last summer. Remember, I told you how, on hot days, I had to give him his bowl of water, watch while he drank and then immediately remove it as he would instantly plunge both front paws into the bowl, splash thoroughly, then race dripping through the house. Trouble is, I've seen too many kids with this ambivalent attitude toward water -- nothing keener than swimming or puddle splashing, but a bath's a loathsome chore -- to have much hope.

PREVIEW OF SUMMER: Just about everything has gone by the board today while I spent every possible minute sitting in the porch swing. The temperature was in the mid-eighties and it seemed like summer. This, after two inches of a soggy snow just five days ago on Easter Sunday. I sat on the porch swinging gently, feeling lazy, and the hot sun and cool breezes felt like July. It sounded and looked like July, too. Windows were open everywhere and you could hear the sound of music, of people talking, laughing, arguing -- summer sounds. Girls and women in shorts -- the girls swinging along, lighthearted and carefree; the women, some of them, in too-tight shorts and high heels, self-consciously wriggling their way down the street. Men in shirt sleeves -- those with coats over their arms, fresh from downtown, mopping brows and purposefully heading home for a cold beer. Little children revelled in half-naked sunsuitedness and hinted to me that a Kool Aid would taste mighty good, but if I didn't have that a coke would do. For hours I swung languidly and listened and looked and smelled and almost convinced myself it was already summer, except that I could see the blue sky overhead and that was wrong. In summer on East Webster Place the sky is almost completely hidden by the leaves, but today the trees were still gaunt and almost bare -- just a bit fuzzy around the edges.

The paper says it will be in the forties tomorrow. But we've got it on the run.

RUNNING OFF THE COVER for this issue was a fine job for an octopus. Unfortunately, we had no octopi handy so I had to make do with my own two flailing arms and DAG to slipsheet. (See what happens when you get entangled with a femmefan -- the mighty Editor-in-Chief of the legendary GRUE demoted to lowly slipsheeteer.) Dean, Jean and the young'uns came visiting on Easter Monday and Dean brought along the stencil for PHlotz' cover. He'd cropped out the busy background of a snap he'd taken, brushed on the Logo and had it -- what do you call the process, anyway? Stenofaxed? Gestetnofaxed? The last may be correct, but I've a feeling I made it up. It turned out pretty well except that the white areas should have been outlined in black and didn't pick up, so I seem to have a pencil in front of my chin instead of fingers -- and I do too have ears.

After dinner we decided to run them all off. And we did too, although by the time the last one was peeled laboriously off the drum the little chilluns were plucking at daddy's coattails -- or wherever children do pluck when daddy isn't wearing his coat -- asking plaintively when are we going to go home, daddy, I'm tired? While Arthur kept the kiddies amused and Jean kibitzed and scolded the brood when necessary, Dean and I slogged away at those covers until latewards of 10 P.M.

Dean started to handle the job himself, but found that my Gestetner has absorbed a bit of Economou temperament and idiosyncrasies, so I took over. Resting my left hand on the paper stack so I'd know if it started to slip, I turned the crank with my right, slowly enough to ink properly, yet with a certain little fillip at the end so it would stick to the drum and ride it up and over. Then I'd carefully peel it off and DAG would tenderly lay on the slip-sheet. It was impossible to get the sheets to simply run through -- they all would stick to some extent -- and if I didn't have the proper flip at the end they'd stick on for just half the revolution then slide off down across the stencil, smudging themselves and the next five copies. Dean accused me of being enamoured of my own image because I'd stop and look at each emerging copy before he'd get the slip-sheet down. I was actually checking the state of the inking, which constantly needed renewing, but told him with considerable truth that I was checking to see if I was beginning to look as tired as I felt. That was ten days ago and I haven't unslip-sheeted them yet.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY! I know you've all been waiting for it with bated breath, so here it is, folks --the One-and-Only, Genuwine, Fabulous Burbee-type Home Brew recipe. It is just a wee bit different from the formula I printed in PHlotz a few issues ago. That one was taken from an 1879 cookbook.

H O M E B R E W

92¢ total cost!

1 6-gallon crock
6 feet of hose for siphon

1 2½ lb. jar Hop Flavor Malt Syrup
3 lbs. Corn Sugar
1 pkg. Special Beer Gelatine
1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast

OPERATION: Bring one gallon water to boiling point using pan large enough to accommodate water, malt syrup and corn sugar. Add malt syrup and stir until mixed. Stir in corn sugar slowly until dissolved.

Place crock on chair or saw horses (not on floor), pour in three gallons of warm water, then add hot ingredients. Now add sufficient warm water to make five gallons of liquid in crock.

Dissolve yeast in cup of lukewarm water with one teaspoon sugar. Allow to stand until yeast starts working (usually within one hour). Add the working yeast to mixture and stir until thoroughly mixed.

Special Beer Gelatin: Dissolve gelatin in warm water then sprinkle over brew day before bottling.

Place lid or toweling over crock and allow to set 48 to 72 hours in warm weather, somewhat longer in cold, or until brew has finished working. If in doubt, use beer tester for best results.

Beer should now be ready to bottle. Siphon into bottles -- being careful not to place end of hose near bottom of crock. In case beer is left in crock too long, add 1/2 teaspoon of sugar to each bottle. Store in warm place.

Beer should be ready to drink within seven to ten days. Store in cool place.

HELPFUL HINTS: 1) Wash crock with strong Purex water. Sweeten crock by letting set overnight with baking soda in water.

2) Place 40 to 60 watt light bulb under crock protected by tin reflector to retain even temperature while brewing.

3) Use of Beer Tester: Beer Tester is accurate when Brew is kept at uniform temperature, 65° to 70°. The tester will settle the first day between 3 and 6, this is the approximate alcohol content. When the Beer Tester settles to 1/2% or the red line "B" the brew is ready to bottle. If the Beer Tester settles to "W" it means the beer is flat. Taste to determine if the brew has turned sour. If not, then add one teaspoon of sugar to the quart before beer has been capped to restore life to the beer. In the event it is sour, mixture has spoiled.

4) Wash bottles clean with soda, but do not use soapy water. Drain.

5) Purpose of special Beer Gelatin: Gelatin is used to settle yeast to bottom of the crock and bottles, also helps make beer clear.

So there you have it. Courtesy of Phlotsam's Gracious Living Department, Charles A. Burbee and the originators, name of "Berg & Sons," who list their address as "5423 Ballard Ave., Seattle, Wash." I've also been hearing much about the Busby-type Home Brew. Could it be that the highly-publicized OaOGFBHB was actually a Busby first? However, it all sounds like jolly fun and games and I wish we were beer drinkers so we could try it. But we drink beer only with Italian style meals which we have more rarely than we'd like 'cause they're too fattening, and we still have upward of a dozen cans down cellar left from the New Year's party (thank you, Earl Kemp). But why don't you give it a whirl?

NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU STAND ANYMORE in this modern age. Any day now I expect to find a drug store where drugs are no longer available. Even now you often have to work your way through jungles of lunch counters, magazine racks, liquor departments (in Wisconsin), toy departments, cosmetics, household utensils -- just about everything but patio furniture, and some drug stores undoubtedly sell that -- to find the obscure little corner where drugs are furtively dispensed. Symbolic of this crazy mixed-up trend is the letterhead of a Texas firm that subscribes to our market letters. "Blank & Co.," it reads, "Hosiery & Underwear for Food Stores."

This also presents a paradox. The stores are symbolic of the Age of Generalization; when you buy your hosiery at the supermarket, roller skates at the drug store and accumulate dishes at the gas station. This Texas firm, which sells its hose and underwear only through food stores, is symptomatic of the Age of Specialization. Let's call it the Age of Confusion and be done with it.

THE PYRO OF PARK PLACE. For several months past I've been profoundly grateful that I live in a one-family house and not an apartment building. From mid-January until about three weeks ago this neighborhood has had ten minor fires in apartment buildings -- any one of which could have developed into a major disaster. Four were on Park Place, two blocks from here, the others on nearby streets. It was sheer good fortune that they were all discovered in time. All the fires were obviously arson -- crumpled newspapers stuffed under a staircase rug and set alight, or something of the sort. Teen age vandals were generally blamed, but there were no real clues (as far as we knew) and the residents of every apartment house in the vicinity were terrorized and hardly dared go to bed nights.

Suddenly it was all over. The clues had been there; the fire department and police had cleverly pieced them together until they at least had a general idea in which direction to start looking. And they looked, and asked questions and at the next fire they found the one they were looking for.

After the first few fires, the investigators noticed the pattern of the fires shaped up like the department's schedule for the firemen's days off -- or on. In other words, the dates of the fires corresponded with the duty days of one group of firemen; with the off days of another group. How they proceeded to follow through on this scrap of knowledge, which might have been coincidence, I wish I knew. At any rate, at the final fire they knew who they were looking for, and there she was. A woman in her mid-twenties, living on Park Place, who had recently broken off with her fireman boy-friend after a five-year romance. Desperate just for the sight of him, she had been setting all these fires on the days when she knew he would be on duty, then would hover around to watch him at work. She never meant to hurt anyone she said. At the moment she's being held for psychiatric observation -- and the people in the neighborhood around Park Place are sleeping again at night.

THE REASON I'm using white paper for this issue is because I've got it.

READ A FUNNY in Buck Herzog's Milwaukee Sentinel column this morning. About the astronaut who finds Mars inhabited by beautiful women 24 feet tall. The astronaut leers at the first lovely giant he sees and says, "Take me to your ladder, lady. I'll see your leader later!"

IN THE SPRING EVEN A FANCY YOUNG MAN'S FANCY ... Don't know where I found the following clipping, but it looks like Harpers. They are quoting from an editorial in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer (am I stealing your stuff, Busbies?) whose editor was apparently overcome by the beauty of it all.

"The engagement of Princess Margaret to Anthony Armstrong-Jones, a photographer, develops into as appealing a picture as we have focused on for quite a while. In the darkroom of our hearts we all respond to romance, and when one of the protagonists is a princess and the other a commoner, why then it is a full color print. We wish them an open lens of happiness and a long time exposure life."

The reaction of Harpers -- or whoever it was -- "In the developing bath of our stomach, we're feeling a little queasy."

SHALIMAR. Can anyone tell me the origin of this exotic, romantic word? I have a perfume by this name, and the song "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar," gave me the impression that it was probably a Far Eastern river. However, I've been unable to find any trace of the word in my Atlas, Encyclopedia or dictionaries. I find myself haunted and frustrated by this word. Help, anyone?

FAPANS CAN SKIP THIS SECTION. For some time now I've been running extra issues of PHLOTSAM because a number of people are kind enough to be willing to swap it for their fanzines even if it is an apazine. In addition, I've been sending a few others around to some of the waiting-listers and other fans I felt might be interested. However, due to the swollen state of the w-l, I've neither time, money -- nor inclination -- to scatter it about to just every old body, but I would like to continue sending a reasonable number of extras to those who enjoy receiving it. Who, though? That's the question. So, bowing to old fannish tradition, here there be boxes. If I've ticked you in one of them -- you take it from there, eh? I'm not asking for a Letter of Comment (although they're great to receive and thanks to all of you who've sent them), because I've just too many unwritten letters of comment on other people's fanzines backed up in my dusty mental files to stomp about making demands. Even a postcard will do. But silence will give me extra issues for other waiting-listers way down there in the nether regions. So:

Strictly sample. Yell if you want more.

Are we trading?

Haven't heard from you or seen your ()fanzine; ()SAPSzine; ()Planzine, in ages. Have you gafiated? This isn't necessarily a warning -- I'm wondering.

No checkmark means you're solidly on my temporarily-permanent mailing list, whether you will or no. If you just can't bear the thought, tear the head off your friendly postman and return it with a 25,000-word essay on the matter of The Sociological Significance of the Easter Bunny in Science Fiction and What He Brought Me. Neatness will get you nowhere. Neither will the Easter Bunny. Nor Science Fiction. Things are tough all over. ###

BENTCLIFFE for TAFF -- because ...

1 2 5 0 O N Y O U R D I A L

My insatiable lust (you should excuse the expression) for scholarly research has led me into strange and exotic byways lately. At widely spaced intervals, I depart from the FM airwaves and even the BC "Good Music Station" to subject myself for a period ranging from days to a week or so to the untender ministrations of WEMP, the local Top-40-cum-commer-shrills station. Closer to the top-20, tho, it would seem, judging from the frequency with which the reigning platters are repeated.

These lost-weekendish intervals usually occur whenever I happen to see a current "top-ten-in-pops" listing -- and realize with a bit of shock that I've never heard even one of them. Lacking both TV and teenagers in the house, this is easy. This time around, I also realize that my attitude toward pop music is generally condemnatory -- based mostly on what others have said about it (Hi, Bill Morse) and articles I've read about the processing of talentless young male sex-pots into million-platter "singing" wonders.

As usual, I wind up with the conclusion that I'm growing old, rigid and fuddy-duddyish; no more flexible or tolerant in my musical interests than my Nana. That's my grandma, and to Nana if it isn't the Blue Danube it isn't music.

So, in the interest of Youthful Outlook and Flexibility and like that, I decided to see for myself, switch to WEMP and the top-40 daily and, until I reach sodden saturation, catch up with the current musical pillipillation of the teen set.

It's been well over a year since I last listened to these Sounds of Our Time, and it seems to me that things have deteriorated considerably -- if that be possible. Or maybe I just hit a particularly bad period. All I know is what I hear on WEMP.

Elvis hasn't been around, but I imagine he'll be along any day now. Meanwhile, a number of youths named Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Bobby Rydell, Johnny Preston, Johnny Mathis, not to mention Eddies, Jimmys and Jackies, plus an incredible number of groups running heavily to quartets -- the Four Preps, Four Aces, Four Freshmen, Four Esquires, Brothers Four, the notably noisy Four Sons (Suns?) -- not to mention the Platters, Viscounts, Everly Brothers, Crew Cuts, Browns, utilizing all manner of electronic tricks and all sounding remarkably alike, have taken over the airwaves. For some reason, the distaffers are much less popular and less numerous. Mostly old familiars, too -- Sarah Vaughn, Rosemary Clooney, Doris Day and Patti Page are still going strong, and Debbie Reynolds has, as the trade puts it, "a big one going for her."



Guitarist Duane Eddy

So what's going?

Most often heard -- on an average of every 45 minutes day and night -- is a spirited, tuneful (the first few dozen times), Doris Day thing called Anyway the Wind Blows. This is, in my opinion, the most fun of the lot. However, I'm not going to give the lyrics here. These lyrics are so brazenly pornographic that if I set them down here baldly, without the window dressing of the lilting Day voice, the music and all the background commotion, they could well be viewed askance by the post office. Lesser things have been banned from the airwaves, but nobody seems to notice anything unusual about this one, despite its graphic clarity.

Tops in bad taste -- from my mouldy point of view anyway -- is Debbie Reynolds' timely "big one." Even technically, this is a worse record than most. So much so that the announcer, who could work up enthusiasm over chalk on a blackboard, remarked that this was "not up to Debbie's usual standard -- either the music or Debbie is off-key." But apparently the recent headlines cancel all defects because it's selling like crazy. A real tear jerker for all the little movie fans who just can't get over how poor little Debbie was done so wrong by mean old Eddie and that Horrible Woman. It's called Am I That Easy To Forget? and Debbie throbs and sobs her way through

"Guess I could find somebody too,
But I don't ^{WANT} no one but you.
How could you leave without regret?
Am I that easy to forget?"

There are also a couple of lines that go:

"Before you leave be sure you find
You want her love much more than mine."

Sad, isn't it, that such profitable use can't be made of all wrecked marriages?

Grammar takes a worse beating than Madison Ave. has been giving it in the June Valli disk called Apple Green. Viz:

"Don't the sun shine sunnier?
Don't a kiss taste honeyer?
And don't the world look apple green
When you're seventeen and in LUEHH-HUUUV?"

After all that grating grammar that don't nohow soothe the ear, that final word is drawn out in the low ululating moan of a heifer in dire distress. I find this particular record so annoying that by reflex action I now snap the radio off at the first "don't."

The sins are not all on the heads of the newcomers. Paul Weston's Orchestra and Chorus team up to really wreck the lovely old time ballad, I Love You (I Love You). To the background of that soft gentle music, they raucously chant over and over, "Hey dontcha know dontcha know that I love ya?" Feh.

Lyrics, in many cases, are something less than inspiring. Just heard a new one as I'm writing this. Missed the title and singer, but caught the opening bars which run about as follows:

"Each time we kiss goodnight
I find I get so excited
I can't sleep all night
Lose my appetite
No appetite... No sleep at night ..."

At that point I decided my current research was sufficient for the purpose.

Bobby Darin, who for some reason reminds me of Sinatra in his heyday, is heard constantly with a swinger called Beyond The Sea. Bobby has a habit of shouting the high ones instead of singing them. This platter has one startling feature; immediately after he hits one of these high ones -- an explosive "beyond a DOUBT" -- Bobby emits a high, sharp yelp. This is quite unnerving, as it sounds for all the world as if someone had just stepped on the Brinker. Or, to quote the DAG in another connection, as if the perpetrator had just been stoutly goosed. This is supposed to be sexy, maybe?

Sinatra's still around -- hasn't changed his style or type of song -- but his new ones are uniformly dreary, unrememberable, and the old boy sounds awfully tired. I used to enjoy Sinatra but these days I think he should stick to acting.

The number of records with exclusively teen-age appeal -- emphasized by the titles of certain songs: Teen-Ex; Teen Angel; Blue Bobby Sox; High School Play, etc. -- points out where the big singles market is today. Listening to the endless glorification of adolescent "love" on disks like these, I wonder how little pre-adolescents can bear to wait to become a grown-up 15 or 16 so they too can experience all these tha-rrriiill-ing emotions. And if a girl has actually reached that advanced age without being desperately In Love, poor dear, she probably might just as well be dead.

A religious note is added to the current musical scene by Annette Funicelli's (sp?) O Dio Mio. "Oh, won't you make my lover boy do this, that, and the other, please, O Dio Mio."

Fellow named Jim Reeves with a way-down-cellar voice has one called "He'll Have To Go" with a line that always tickles my funny bone. Probably because it reminds me of the line in that real oldie Shuffle Off To Buffalo: "For a shiny silver quarter, we will have the Pullman porter turn the lights down low." This line goes, real romantically: "I'll tell the man to turn the juke-box way down low..."

Incidentally, the success of the song mentioned above -- He'll Have To Go -- apparently inspired the publishers to do a sequel. In the first, a male vocalist sings to his ex-girl-friend that they should get together again, but she's with another guy and "He'll have to go." In the new one, called He'll Have To Stay, or maybe He's Gonna Stay, the tune is identical, but a female vocalist is telling off the first guy and insisting her new love is just fine. These are not necessarily sung together as each is complete in itself, but the new second version is usually preceded by the first. I'm not an authority, but this is the first instance I've heard of "serial" songs in the pop field. This is, of course, the basis of operetta and opera.

Many of these youngsters are also hitting the movies, but the young lady who sings The Carefree Years has a name that will never go on a marquee. Last time I heard it was "Leslie Uggams." In show business, this is surprising. Wonder why?

Haven't yet seen the movie "Jack The Ripper," but from the ads which indicate a moody chiller, I'm inclined to doubt that the boppish tune of the same title sung by Nino Tempo is a part of the movie. The only line I recall goes: "Mack the Knife had nothing on this mixed-up cat."

I've delayed all this time writing about the worst of the lot because I just can't bear to think about it -- let alone listen to it. I've heard it through shrinking ears only once and the song is apparently too morbid even for WEMP as I've never

heard them play it -- despite the incredible fact that this song was the No. 1 seller in Milwaukee for many weeks. I'm referring to the atrocious Teen Angel. I don't know the lyrics because, as I said, I've heard the thing only once, but this girl is wailing to her "Teen Angel" -- all about how they were taking such a nice romantic ride in his car when they stalled on a railroad track. They both got out of the car safely, but he suddenly ran back and KEE-RASH! They found him with her class ring clutched in his bloody fist. (1960 Holy Grail?) So they're burying him today and she'll never kiss his sweet cold lips again and -- "can you hear me, my Teen Angel?" Ad horripilaseum.

All this isn't to say there is nothing at all I've enjoyed in the current crop. Marty Robbins' Big Iron is fun; Welcome New Lovers by Pat Boone is listenable, and there are others quite pleasant if you're in the mood. But they will be predictably short-lived -- good for a few hearings, but rapidly growing tiresome. And none at all I can be even briefly enthusiastic about as I was last time around, close to two years ago, when a couple of the top pops of the moment were the vibrant The Day That The Rains Came and the Israeli Harvest Song (title?).

As always, they've brought back a few of the oldies. Pat Boone is singing one these days called Words, but those of us whose mothers sang of an evening will easily identify it as Silver Threads Among The Gold. They're also playing Harbor Lights, Sleepy Lagoon and Ruby. It always grotches me a bit whenever the announcer says, as he invariably does, "The old song, Ruby." 1952 isn't all that long ago. (And, all you lint-pickers out there, when I say "1952" I'm speaking quite generally -- give or take a year or two. I'm pinning these down from memory.) That, as I recall, was a particularly good year for enjoyable pops, still often played -- Blue Tango, Terry's Theme, April In Portugal, Song from Moulin Rouge, and several others still pleasing to the ear.

In 1968, I'm reasonably certain I won't be saying the same about this season's YahYahYah's. This is a bit I find hard to appreciate. Right in the middle of a modern ditty, the singer or singers will suddenly burst into a loud, raucous, "YAH! YAH! YAH!" Is this, maybe, supposed to be sexy too?

If I sound cranky, it's because I am, I guess. But where's the 1960 version of Begin The Beguine, Tenderly, Autumn Leaves, Night and Day and other such melodies for people to become nostalgic over years from now?

Closing my eyes, I envision a cozy living room of the 1990's. Grandma and Grampa are nodding before their old-fashioned smellovision when they are suddenly jolted awake by a raucous, blasting "YAH! YAH! YAH!" followed by a series of eerie moans through wind tunnels, yips, yelps and howls. By common impulse, their knarled old hands reach out to each other and their dim old eyes mist as Grandma whispers, "They're playing OUR song, darling."

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B I L L M O R S E ' S P A G E

(Editor's note: For various and sundry reasons -- and those are the best kind, you know -- there are no Morse-type mailing comments or U.K. Post in this issue. However, Bill did want to say the following to those members who mentioned that the U. S. Congress has its nuts as well as Parliament.)

"It is true that there are some idiots in the House of Representatives, but I have never noticed that if one of them feels strongly about a measure he goes and votes the way he is told to by the party. If he thinks a Bill is iniquitous, for whatever reason, he votes agin it and says so. Here, we have perhaps two members who have voted in a direction against the Party Whip, and they have been dealt with by the hierarchy. On BBC TV the other night, the Prime Minister's son (also a Member) was asked if a Member should vote according to his conscience or according to the Party Whip. His reply was that "while every Member must always pay heed to his conscience, of course, when the Government proposes a Bill one can be sure that it has been prepared by men who know more about the subjects than oneself and therefore one must act accordingly; after all, the Government experts do not prepare Bills unless they are wholly necessary" ... etc. etc. etc. The underline is mine. It seems to boil down to Father Knows Best."

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R E V I E W O F P O S T M A I L I N G

This issue arrived too late for the last mailing and must be reviewed here.

Latest Publication by the firm of Bill and Maria Morse arrived on February 19th last at 3:40 a.m. Weight 9 lb. 7 oz., girl, blonde and blue/grey eyes; name: Verna Christine.

Mother, father, brothers and baby all doing well.

Father's comment: She has the lungs of a Sergeant Major.

Mother's comment: Ha! free at last! And no more.

Brother's comment: Geoffrey have it!

* * *

(Editor's comment: With this fine big beautiful issue, the Morses are rapidly developing into the Publishing Giants of West Compton, Shepton Mallet.

Congratulations!)

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS

(NOTE: From long tradition, PHlotsam's motto belongs at the top of page 2, not buried back here -- nonetheless, here it is. As you may have noticed, there's a pretty little empty border running across the top of page 2 which I plain forgot to fill in. Now I have no wish to be mean to those methodical souls among you who get peevish and come out all over red spots whenever the microcosm is upheaved by Change -- like those blarsted covers on HORIZONS! -- so I promise I'll put the motto back where it belongs next time and try not to do it again.)

FRIEND FAPANS: The dozen or so pages of mailing comments I've been writing lately are out of the question this time. I'll not detail the mundanities I'm embroiled in, but embroiled I am to my pretty purple gills. So, I'll have to settle, as I have not too often before, for more or less personal messages to some of you -- mostly the things just begging to be said about this mailing. Apologies to the rest of you -- I enjoyed your Fapazines even if I don't say so. As this section is not going to be official-type Mailing Comments, I'll just call it

I N L I E U O F E G O B O O

Marion Bradley: You come first, Marion, because I've had you on my mind. I should say I've had your con report on my mind, where you said you wanted to speak to me in Detroit but were "awed by my superhuman poise and self-possession." I've thought about this ever since the mailing arrived -- been annoyed, amused, appalled and just plain flabbergasted. And after three months I still just don't know what to say. There's actually no defense against such an observation -- I can't very well jump up and down shrieking, "I'm not poised! I'm not self-possessed!" What can I say? -- except that I'm grateful that I do not affect everyone as I affected you, or my conventions would not have been the delightful affairs they have been. Because the basic fact is that I go to conventions for the same reason that you do -- to meet people and enjoy their company. We fluffed Detroit -- let's make up for it next time, shall we?

Bill Morse: I have been accused of slandering William I by calling him homosexual last issue, when it should have been William III. Rereading the bit, I discovered that you were talking about William II! This was too much for me and I told my accuser to take the matter up with you 'cause I don't know nothin' about no king what was homosexual. # When you say "we share your attitude towards city life," I think you've got me wrong. I love cities -- wouldn't consider living anywhere else. Milwaukee has a metropolitan area of about 1,000,000 and that's about right -- although admittedly a bit on the quiet side. It's the monstrous mega -- mega -- what's that word? -- megalopolises? -- like New York, Chicago or L. A. that I dislike in recent years. They've been spoiled. But I'm a city gal at heart! # Best news yet is that Maria's column may be in PHlotz one day soon if you're unable to tame the Beast. (Not, you understand, wishing you bad luck!)

Buz Busby: This is frustrating -- loads of checkmarks here when I'm severely limiting my page count and am officially "not commenting." I owe you a letter, anyway, will take another look when I write. # Your bit about a Fannish Hall of Fame, with marble statues of all the Giants of Fandom, made me remember Mal Ashworth's wonderful introductory Fapazine when he first came in called, "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Crypts." I'll exhume this from wherever it's buried unless you've already read it. If I take unconscionably long, remind me. #If I don't make that Seattle trip soon -- and I see little likelihood of that at present -- I won't have any family left there to visit. My mother has already left and is back in SoCal, and my brother-in-law is "Under Orders" whatever that implies. But quite possibly a move. Anyway, there's always Seattle in '61. #Other things I'll discuss by letter.

Harry Warner: I may be in adult company, Harry, but I do not consider that any reason for me to be unnecessarily provocative in my choice of words. My spelling of "tidbit" is not, as you say, incorrect. Webster lists "titbit" as preferred, but also gives my version as alternate. Thorndike-Barnhart, on the other hand, gives "tidbit" #1 listing, so my delicacy of choice can in no way be interpreted as prissiness or even euphemism. # Doubt that there is any danger of "trying to clear out the waiting-list" via the blackball, as you fear. On the whole, members were very conservative in their use of it. # From what DAG has to say, my quotation from Harlan Ellison's story was not even factual. Far from it. # I've heard of "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," but never knew of it to be played in our area. I came from a district of small towns and farms and they leaned heavily toward the sophisticated city-slicker type play and also "college humor." (College was also considered very sophisticated and exciting, too, as probably not one in a hundred high-school graduates went on to college.) Theatrically, they wanted something as far removed from their daily lives as possible. # Re your remark that "it is more logical for the government to help out through subsidy a man who earns his money in the backbreaking way, the farmer, than to give the tax advantages made possible by capital gains to the guy who sits at a desk and manipulates his bank account." Is there something more intrinsically "good" in digging ditches, and does a bookkeeper possess less moral fiber? The farmer doggedly scratching away at his backbreaking production of surplus commodities adds nothing at all to the nation's economic welfare, while at the same time increasing the tax load of all of us. On the other hand, the investor, who sits at a desk "manipulating his bank account" -- which he was probably diligent and intelligent enough to accumulate in the first place -- plays a vital role in our economic set-up. The sizeable one-man or one-family business has become a rarity today, and in all areas -- industrial expansion, utilities, housing -- all are heavily dependent on millions of investors. It is to attract more investment capital into these vital areas of the national economy that the government wisely allows the capital gains tax break. Your attitude is interesting, however, as a reflection of what many people consider a peculiarly American outlook -- the Puritan Conscience -- which places great moral value on such things as Hard Work, Early-to-Bed-and-Early-to-Rise, and other rock-bound habits which were necessary in the agricultural economy of a couple of hundred years ago, but of no inherent value today. This is also reflected in national scorn of the "egg-head" who lives by his brain power. The Puritan Conscience will still not allow Americans to enjoy "playing" without a nagging sense of guilt, and this trait is considered by many psychologists to account for the enormous sales today of sports equipment of the strenuous sort which, by turning "play" into work, permits people to "enjoy" their leisure with easy conscience. These devotees of "playing hard" view with suspicion the oddball who prefers to spend leisure time in a hammock reading a good book or listening to good music. All this is fascinating gist for an article, and may be one some day.

Elinor Busby: We should organize an anti-Pat Boone protest group and steamroller him right out of the LHJ by mailing scads of denouncing letters from all points of the nation. Each issue it seems he takes more and more pages for his teen-age natter. They've got Seventeen, what do they have to barge into our magazine for? # What type is born on July 16th? Answer this please, or I'll continue to ask you every issue henceforth. "You don't seem the type," is one of those frustrating observations that insist on explanation. (Maybe you've plumbed the facade.) # Every-boyd's been telling me about John Trimble -- including John Trimble -- but this is the first mention I've seen of his "frivolous nose." I like that -- mine is a bit austere and I used to yearn for the "turned-up" kind. # I doubt that John Berry has any searing regrets over the Japanese meal he missed. All the international cuisine he was subjected to left him something less than enthusiastic. He's probably spreading the horrified word around Belfast right now that a restaurant doesn't exist in the States that serves plain old meat, potatoes and vegetables. Although he said not a word and went along like a lamb (to slaughter?) John must have heaved an inward sigh every time he was told what the nationality of his next meal was going to be. At least for the banquet he was allowed to eat roast beef.

Bob Tucker: PLEIADES PIMPLES, despite the icky title, was just about the highspot of the mailing. It was eye-opening, too. Even your phenominally lucky young man reaped little enough reward for his labors if all that list of sales has netted him (or grossed him?) only \$5,000. When I first read this I thought you said \$50,000, and that made sense. # When your London publisher whacked 25,000 words from your 85,000 word novel, did he whack or did you? If he did, how could you bear it? # Must keep this out for rereading -- it's as fascinating as Jack Woodford. # Congratulations to you and Fern on the addition.

Dick Eney: This is not the place to say it but I wanted you to know how much I enjoyed your pictorial conreport in INNUEENDO even if I had already seen it in Detroit. Wonderful idea! # I think they've changed the formula for Pepsi. I used to like them but tried a couple of bottles some weeks ago and they were undrinkable. # Agree that Thanksgiving might be a fine time for the convention -- hotel rates should be low because few people leave home then and I imagine hotel business is slow. Also, it would be cooler and that would suit me fine because I loathe heat.

Bill Evans: Wonder what they put in that Syrian bread to make it stay fresher longer? Longer than what? With all the chemicals they put in store bread now it stays fresh-feeling at least almost forever. The only difficulty we've been having with home-baked bread is that it starts to go stale after the second day and both loaves have to be eaten up right quick. No trouble managing that, but rough on the waistline. # Bill, you're driving me crazy! Where did Curtis say he disliked me because I'm "supposed to be a woman"? And where did he say I have a "basically masculine outlook on things"? Curtis, did you say things like that about me? I was so dazzled by the nice things Curtis said about me that I may not have read everything else too thoroughly for the mist in my eyes. Just to see, I'm going to read INVOL-UTIA #5 cover to cover right now, but I think you made it all up, Bill Evans! Success! You skimmed this, Bill, and got all bollixed up. Curtis was reviewing VANDY -- talking to Juanita. He quoted Juanita as saying, about herself (in her previous PHlotsam comments which is what gave you the idea he was referring to me), "A friend once said I had a basically masculine outlook on things, and perhaps I do." And Curtis said nothing about "disliking" -- on the contrary, he said, (still to Juanita) "there, I knew there was some reason I couldn't dislike you even though you were supposed to be a woman." (Underline mine.) Now, that's much better. You trying to mess up the lovely Thing Curtis and I have going?

Boyd Raeburn: Glad you told the shrimp funny. Border reactionaries should now organize to combat this Menace to Security by passing out leaflets in front of all restaurants saying, "Don't Eat Shrimp -- They're Pink!" # You did say that the Club 76 offers "all you can eat for 50¢," didn't you? But - but - what do they have to eat? I can't think of hardly anything except maybe a hot dog and pickle that can be bought for 50¢ today -- and that's just one, not all you can eat. How about giving us a rundown on the details of this fabulous offer? # As I've mentioned elsewhere, the question was what polite English terms were there for "derriere." # I don't think you played fair with the "Moon is made of green cheese" question, because you didn't even list the correct answer. Obviously this statement is "Probable" -- because everyone knows where there's smoke there must be fire.

Bob Tucker (again): Whatever birthdate the _____ attributed to me, it was a dirty libel.

Bob Silverberg: You croggle me -- calling yourself a timid eater then revealing yourself as an ingester of Beefsteak Tartare! I've never quite managed this and probably never will as I'm getting increasingly conservative about beef with age. I used to enjoy it quickly wafted through a warm kitchen but now find it most palatable "medium" after passing through stages of "rare" and "medium-rare." A few more years will probably see me through "medium-well" and "well-done" stages, then Boyd and I can happily "char 'em to a cinder" together. But I didn't realize you were cringing as I dissected that lobster -- I thought you were drooling.

T & M Carr: Elron Hubbard would agree with Miri that it's sad about onions. Maybe Miri is empathizing the onions' reactions to being chopped. # If you had cast your vote for Brandon for OE there would have been a tie. What would happen then, I wonder? President or Veep could be shared by co-officers, but the OEs ship or Sec-Treas ship couldn't possibly be split by members situated at a distance from each other. The Constitution makes no provisions for ties and eventually we're bound to be confronted with this situation -- we've come close several times. I'd not like to be President when that question comes up! # I rather liked a line I read in somebody's SAPS zine, misquoted somewhat, but attributed to me. At the FAPA con in Detroit I was supposed to have said, "Bill Morse is such an interesting writer he doesn't have to be legible." # My article in PHLotz #XIII unearthed a surprising number of ex-thespians in FAPA. Fun to start such a chain reaction.

William Rotsler: QUOTEBOOK is a work to be proud of, Bill. Highly re-readable, and will not be buried away with the rest of the mailing.

Helen Wesson: Glad to read that there is more of this to come -- soon, I hope. These ten pages are crammed with fascination, but just a teaser because there is so much more it would be interesting to know. Your children's reactions to their trip should make a most interesting article.

Busbies: Jim Caughran's bit in FAPPENDAGE reminds me of the most self-possessed place-dropper I ever saw. En route New York to New England, the State-of-Maine express stops at Worcester Mass. for 20-25 minutes at 2 A.M. and many passengers hop off for coffee and New England style doughnuts. Sleepily following a man and a well-dressed middle-aged woman into the depot where ahead of us stretched a long dim unpromising-looking corridor, I also followed them to the left through a large arched doorway which we all thought must lead into the waiting-rooms. We found ourselves in a large busy men's room lined with urinals along one wall. In a loud clear voice the lady exclaimed, "My, this reminds me of Paris!" Then we all turned smartly and walked out.

Ron Ellik: In your Sec-Treas report haven't you boo-booed in saying "ATM -- activity is overdue, and if it isn't in this mailing, or postmailed hereunto, you are ineligible to renew"? Postmailings were disallowed as overdue activity credits a long time ago.

Juanita Coulson: When I saw that sketch you did of me, I looked in the mirror and immediately went on a diet. Bless you for the push -- it did the trick. You caught Brinker's "happy hound" expression very well here, working from memory. We like you, too -- come to all our parties, won't you? # Bruce may be nuts about Mr. Clean, but I'm nuts about Bruce. He's a delightful little boy. # I did my share of beating up kids too, but usually in self-defense (of either person or ideas, I wasn't particular). One day the man upstairs came home and found his son -- older than me -- prone on the lawn while I pummelled the daylights out of him. His dad stood there yelling encouragement to his pride and joy and exhorting him to "Give it to her, Freddie -- get up and let her have it!" I went home very indignant and huffily told my mother how awful that man was -- teaching his son to beat up a lady! My greatest thrill, though -- the day I felt At-Last-I-Am-A-Woman -- was when I was about eight years old and some boy insulted me in the playground. Instead of knocking him down in the dust and lambasting him -- and maybe getting a bloody nose in the process -- I coolly swung from the shoulder and connected with a resounding slap across the face -- just like in the movies. He was so shocked and stunned that he just stood there and I swung about on my heel and stalked off feeling ever so Garboish and 10 feet tall. # Terrific back cover!

Les Crutch: Surprised that you would have to cope with unemployment insurance and all that for one helper. I'm not certain whether or not things have changed lately, but some years back when the question meant something to us, unemployment insurance had to be paid by firms with eight employees or over. # The permeating, inescapable smell of popcorn is the thing that spoils movie houses for us.

Bill Danner: STEFANTASY was wonderful this issue and DAG outdid himself. I read all ads with a wary eye looking for the "up to." "Lose up to 10 lbs. in a week" ... "Make up to \$50 a day" ... "Up to 40% more for your money," etc. # The Masterweave prints beautifully. # I've seen that gigglesome Wrotsler girl on LARK's cover somewhere before. Where? # Local FM stations are on a Warsaw Concerto kick. Heard it three times in one day a couple of weeks ago. # If thundermugs are all that commonplace they wouldn't do for my purpose -- as quaint philodendron planters. I was a bit startled last night, though, to read that 21% of the dwellings in this country have no private indoor facilities. However, that must include the multitude of low-rent city apartment buildings which have a single toilet in the hall to serve a floor -- and even in my home town in Maine, some of the perfectly respectable multiple-dwellings in nice neighborhoods still lack private baths -- having a toilet in the hall for two families, and bathing still done in the kitchen. I feel like the silly woman who asks, "But doesn't everybody go to Europe by jet nowadays?" # I hope your irascible letters make you feel better -- I doubt they'll have much effect on the business practices you deplore. # Why don't you write some day about the Pennsylvania blue laws? This should be interesting reading. Or any other member, for that matter. Penna. isn't the only state with silly blue laws. Maybe I will myself if ever I get around to doing the necessary research. But don't wait for it. # Gestencils cost over \$4.00 a quire (a little less with our discount) but we have no choice in the matter. But the advantages of the machine are more than compensation. # See my Krushchev item in PHlotz #XII to see just how many spellings a name can assume in different countries. # I am quite incident-prone and already have the title for my memoirs which I shall write when I'm 82 -- "Adventures and Misadventures." # Why, next to your mention of Falumbo, did I write "Hell box"?

John Trimble: First of all -- congratulations! # I'll try to find you more recipes on the order of the one for beer I originally printed -- circa 1879. Many of them would lend spice to life, and probably a touch of ptomaine. # A February Egoboo Poll is Dan McPhail's idea, not mine. But a good one, I ween. # As I can't recall meeting you, it must have been during one of those mob scenes as my memory is excellent for anyone I've had even a brief chance to sit down and really talk with. But I am thrown by being introduced to sixteen people simultaneously with no chance to follow through on any of them. This is one disadvantage of big conventions -- you wistfully remember all the people who were there that you didn't get acquainted with. # Speaking of Holy Rollers, a girl I know lost her boy-friend who was a member of Jehovah's Witnesses when she, quite innocently, mentioned to me in his presence that he was a member of the "Rolling Jehovahs."

Wrai Ballard: As the Egoboo Poll is now out of my hands for at least five years to come, why don't you run for the next Veep so you can include an "Unhung FAPAN category"? # Larry Anderson was in FAPA until a few years ago.

Dan McPhail: Now that I've done a bit of research myself, as you'll see elsewhere in this issue, I can better appreciate the great amount of work that goes into your annual summaries, Dan. In fact, I'll even forgive you for cmitting "Demi-PHlotz" from your breakdown of titles published -- you did credit me with it in the Activity Record, though. This summary makes interesting reading and I agree with you that it should coincide with the Egoboo Poll mailing -- or vice versa. There's nothing to prevent the next Veep from conducting the Poll in February, and there's also nothing to prevent the Poll from covering the mailing May-through-February instead of a calendar year, which would overcome the objection that the current February mailing would overshadow that which had gone before. # Glad you are giving a bit of serious thought to the FAPABOOK project. This would be a Fine Thing and I'd gladly vote for a treasury appropriation for it. I think the members would cooperate once it actually got underway.

Buck Coulson: Maybe we had an extra hard platen on our typer to begin with and didn't know it because it absorbed five years of several-times-weekly stencil cutting with no appreciable harm. The roller still seems good as new. # When and if we ever decide to buy a house it will be much like the one we're in now (that Juanita calls a "delightful monster") because we love upstairses and downstairses and attics and rooms all over and they don't hardly build that kind any more. It will have to be in this general neighborhood, too, because we've gone and put down roots.

Gregg Calkins: I'll be impressed with you, Gregg, if you'll be impressed with me. This is the 5th consecutive mailing I've hit, after having only 16 pages in all of '58. # As I suggested to Wrai, why don't you also run for Veep and try to create an Egoboo Poll closer to your ideal. Admittedly, there are lacks and ambiguities in the present format and if enough members juggle it about over the years, eventually a satisfactory permanent format might shape up. However, I do not agree that your five categories are sufficient without a "best publication" vote. For example, this year Le Moindre, Phantasy Press and Fanzine Index all scored in the top-ten publications despite the fact that their publishers made no particularly impressive showing in the breakdowns, except for Boyd's mailing comment score. Sometimes the total effect of a Fapazine is greater than the sum of its parts. # Credentials are required of wait-listers only when they are invited to join. Any neo can join the w-1. What about writing the amendment? The officers can't enforce stipulations that are not in the Constitution, Sec. 2.3 of which now reads: "As vacancies occur, the secretary shall notify those whose names are earliest on the list. The applicant may then send dues and cite credentials." # Your poll results were a lot of work and much appreciated.

Dean Grennell: Hope you're having a wonderful time right now -- we're thinking about you and Jean a lot. But it's your story, so I'll say nothing more. # Dee-lightful to sit down and steep myself in the old BLEEN atmosphere again -- this I've missed. # I've picked up the habit from the Grennells and have been baking bread too, but just everyday white bread. We still find plain hot white bread fresh from the oven too much of a treat to bother with ramifications or exoticisms like rye, whole wheat or date bread. # "Caudal areas" is a fine one. "Derriere" won't do because, if I remember, this whole question originally was whether there was a polite "English" word for the nether region -- and there's another. Who started this anyway? # I wouldn't be without Mr. Clean. Maybe I'd feel differently if I was subjected to the commercials, but it's a fine effective cleaner. # After months of waiting for it to be ordered especially for me, I finally managed to get some corflu thinner and salvage about 11 bottles of thickened stuff. It's not stocked because they say it evaporates too quickly on the shelves. If you've any dried up old corflu, bring it down. (Or any other excuse you can think of -- or none at all.) # Our version of Ravel's Bolero (The Philadelphia Orchestra -- Eugene Ormandy) starts off almost inaudibly, instead of rather loudly as you say yours does, and works up to a frenzy from there. # Your blue-on-tan combination here is very pretty. Appeals to me much more than the yellow -- but I always prefer the soft colors in paper and you may not agree at all. # You have a way with a word or phrase, pal, and your bit about the "asbestos underwear" had me giggling hysterically. But when you thrashed about creatively and emitted hamburgers that "had been eaten once before, at least," I was plain hysterical period. Maybe we could collaborate one day on a sort of Sick-Sick QUOTEBOOK and call it "QUOTES TO GAG ON." # Always like to try a new Grennell recipe but, being fresh out of propellers, Chicken à la Propwash stymied me. But lil ol' adaptable me came up with a variation called Omelet à la Propwash. The gimmick is to toss the eggs into the shimmering disc of a revved-up electric fan and then scoop up the debris, shells, light motor oil, Brinker fur and all. You must join us for dinner.



Gee, I'd like to meet Bentcliffe in Pitt -- wouldn't you?

(The farm support program seems to be stirring up tremendous controversy lately in the public press. Letters-to-the-Editor columns and editorials abound with pros and cons -- with the farmers wailing that the public doesn't "understand" and they're all going broke anyway, and the anti-subsidy faction retorting that farmers should compete like everyone else, or find something else to do. Last month one of the big national magazines which I've mislaid -- SEP probably -- ran an article giving the farmer's point of view. This featured one of the wealthier farm families with a large-scale operation, who reported that not only the marginal farmers, but even the highly mechanized family-owned farms like theirs were losing money today much of the time. Their view, generally, was that practically speaking, the subsidy program doesn't amount to a hill of beans as a salvage gesture, despite its enormous cost to the taxpayer. As I interpreted their point of view, they seem to feel that the rest of us should gladly pay higher food prices and higher taxes so that the government could do even more about helping people stay on the family-owned farms because it's healthy or something. And besides, they like to farm, which automatically entitles them to special consideration. As a sort of last word, the following appeared in the Letters-to-the-Editor column of a recent Milwaukee Sentinel, "by a well-known writer under a pseudonym.")

TWO PAGES FOR BOYD RAEBURN

(and Harry Warner)

Just the other evening I ran across a boyhood friend, Fremont Guilfoyle. Fremont, dressed to the nines, stepped from his Mercedes with a blond creature on his arm who would make a man gnaw a crowbar. I wondered at all this affluence, for since the time he was four Fremont had been known to all as a misfit, a square peg in the round hole.

"Fremont, old boy," I said, "from whence comes this sudden wealth? The last time I saw you you were having difficulty holding your raking job with the WPA."

"I," said Fremont, "am in the buggy whip business. I am presently en route to California, where I shall open a branch factory."

"But aren't buggy whips a little passe?" I asked. "I have seen no buggies and but four horses since 1925. Just how did you get into this racket?"

"Well, it's like this," said Fremont, "I had about a thousand left from the dough the old man left me and what happens but I get talked into using it to buy a buggy whip factory. Everything else I had tried had blown up in my face."

"There was quite a stock on hand when I bought the place and I kept putting out whips until the grand was gone. I had something like 9,000 whips that were selling at the rate of a dozen a week. I couldn't meet the payroll or even buy my daily cigarets. I was on my way to get a pistol or some poison or a rope or something when I happened to take a gander at a government brochure someone had thrown on the postoffice floor. From that moment everything was changed. I am now in a position where everyone in the family, including cousins and Fifi, here, has his own swimming pool. Fifi is officially my secretary."

"What is the secret?" I asked. "It may be of interest to the common man."

"It was simple enough," said Fremont. "I wrote to Washington and explained that I couldn't even sell my whips for cost, and that unless something was done, the industry would be ruined. They sent an economist down and he agreed with me whole-heartedly, even thinking of some things that I hadn't. It was agreed between us that the government would buy for \$1.87 each all the whips I couldn't sell. I produced them at that time for \$1.53."

"But what did they do with them?" I queried.

"I don't know for sure," said Fremont, "but I understand that they sawed the handles off short and gave them to the Arab nations for use on camels. Hands across the sea, you know. However, in a couple of months all the storage space in town was full of my buggy whips that the government had taken over.

"By this time I was flush. I could put out the whips for 69¢ because of new machinery developed with government aid. I took the money realized from this and bought some surplus buildings from the government for 10¢ of the dollar and rented them back to the government to be used for storing the whips.

"I didn't think that things could be any better, but I was wrong. The economist came down again and said that since storage was a problem, the government would pay me the estimated profit I would have made on any part of the factory I would take out of production.

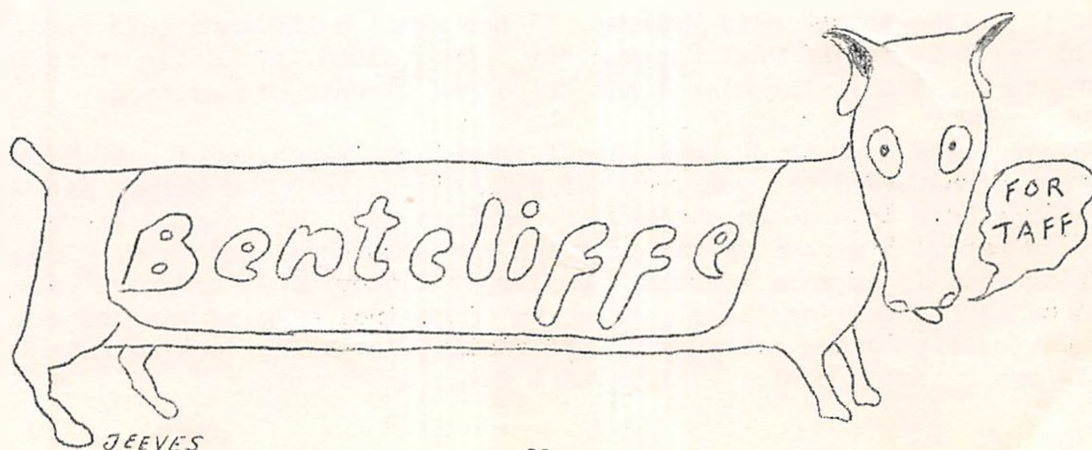
"I closed down three wings that had the old machinery and in return the government paid me \$19,000 per month. With this money I am going to open a new, efficient plant in California. I figure that I can double my output at a cost of only 58¢ per item. Anyway, Fifi just adores the West Coast."

"You seem to be doing all right," I said, "but from a common sense viewpoint, is the whole set-up reasonable?"

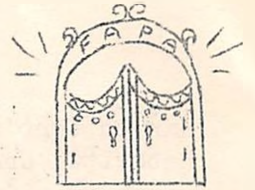
"Of course not," Fremont laughed, "but they have been doing it for years with wheat, corn and cotton -- why discriminate against buggy whips? I am surprised that nobody thought of it before."

"Come to think of it," I said, "I am surprised myself." ... Cy Butt

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C O M P T E R E N D U



Recently I received a letter of comment on the last PHlotz from a waiting-lister. In lamenting the departure of Bob Bloch from the FAPA, his logic slipped a bit -- in fact it came out all slaunchwise. This is the quotation that set me off onto dusty paths of research in old Fantasy Amateurs:

"If you think about it, though, it's obvious that a waiting-lister is going to enter a FAPA that's at least 75% different from the one that existed when he entered his name. With 65 members and 40 waiting-listers, there can't be more than twenty-five of the eager applicant's idols left when he attains the promised land."

Now, it was obvious to me that this waiting-lister was vizualizing the FAPA as a sort of tube into which you stuff a new entrant in the bottom and a properly seasoned veteran pops out the top. But, of course, it's not like that at all. FAPA's ancient greybeards (naming no names) have clung to their memberships since the year ought, and will die with mimeo cranks in their hands and "FAPA FOREVER!" on their lips. It's mostly the newccmers who pop in one end, slither up the sides -- pausing perhaps for a brief roundelay -- and tumble, disillusioned, or scared, or bored, or whatever, out the top.

All this set me wondering just how stable, statistically, the FAPA really is. So I checked back to find out. Then, as a chartist, I became curious to see how certain of these figures would appear in chart form, and you'll find these, for what they're worth, at the end of this analysis.

Exactly 50% of the present members were around when I joined FAPA in May, 1954.

Although numerically the 50%-in-six-years turnover figure seems to be still operating, on analysis the hard core of FAPA is undoubtedly growing harder -- and larger -- as the waiting-list grows longer and longer. This is accounted for, to an extent, by new members who flit in and out of a decreasing number of openings.

For example: From May '55 through Feb. '56 there were 14 dropouts; from May '56 through Feb. '57 - 8; from May '57 through Feb. '58 - 8; from May '58 through Feb. '59 - 7; from May '59 through Feb. '60 - 6. (However, I'm told that 1960 has started off with a relatively heavy dropout figure, so there's some hope for the patient waiting-listers.)

New members entering FAPA right now have been on the waiting-list just about three years. Therefore, I've based this analysis on the three-year period, May 1957 through February 1960.

John Q. Patience, new member, would discover upon entering the FAPA right now that the membership roster -- far from being 75% different from three years ago -- is actually 77% intact. Of the members listed in the FA for May 1957, only 15 out of 65 have departed, a 23% turnover, leaving 50 who are currently members.

Now, does John Q. unhappily discover that all his "idols" comprise the 15 who popped out the other end as he was slowly working his way towards the entrance? Let's take a look. Missing from our midst are May '57 members Ed Cox, Vernon McCain, Chuck Harris and Walt Willis -- and these we sorely miss. The remaining 11 are Jim

Harmon (who's a fine talent, but never got off the ground in FAPA), Anderson, Gould, Labowitz, Chappell, Jansen, Martin, Miller, Murdock, Myers and Share, none of whom -- in my opinion, at least -- left a particularly aching void.

During this three year period, these 15 openings managed to absorb 29 waiting-listers in one way or another. That is, John Champion, who became our newest member last mailing, was #29 in May of 1957. 15 of those waiting-listers are, of course, currently members. Of the remaining 14, four of them -- Gerding, Quagliano, Geis and Jenrette -- popped in one end and out the other too fast to be missed. Sanderson tarried just long enough to make his presence felt -- and missed! "Carl Brandon" is a special case and, in effect, still around. The remaining eight waiting-listers dropped off en route or failed to respond to the invitation to join.

For comparison purposes, I checked back to the preceding three year period, Nov. '54 to May '57 (I lack the Aug. '54 FA). As compared to the 77% stability rate of the past 3 years, this period showed only 62% stability. 27 of the 65 members listed on the Nov. '54 roster had vanished by May '57 -- a turnover of 38%. These 27 openings, during the three years, had gobbled up the incredible total of 45 waiting-listers, disposing of them by retention, chewing-up-and-spitting-out, or having them drop off the fork en route to the (then) gaping maw.

If this trend continues, it is possible that within a few more years, the FAPA will see a turnover of only 10% or so in a three year period, with just two or three openings annually for a waiting-list of 50 or 60 to rotate in. The only mitigating factor is that the fannish impulse to join the FAPA waiting-list seems to have had its peak during 1955 and 1956. The year ending Feb. '56 showed 26 people new to the waiting-list, and the year ending Feb. '57 accumulated 25 more. Since then the annual rate has been 16 by Feb. '58, 18 more by Feb. '59 and 19 during this past year. As the chart shows, the trend is slightly upward again, but new interest is still far below its peak. If this continues at around its present level, we may see a gradual erosion of the interminable waiting-list, with a corresponding decrease in the length of waiting time, which, as of right now, continues to gain.

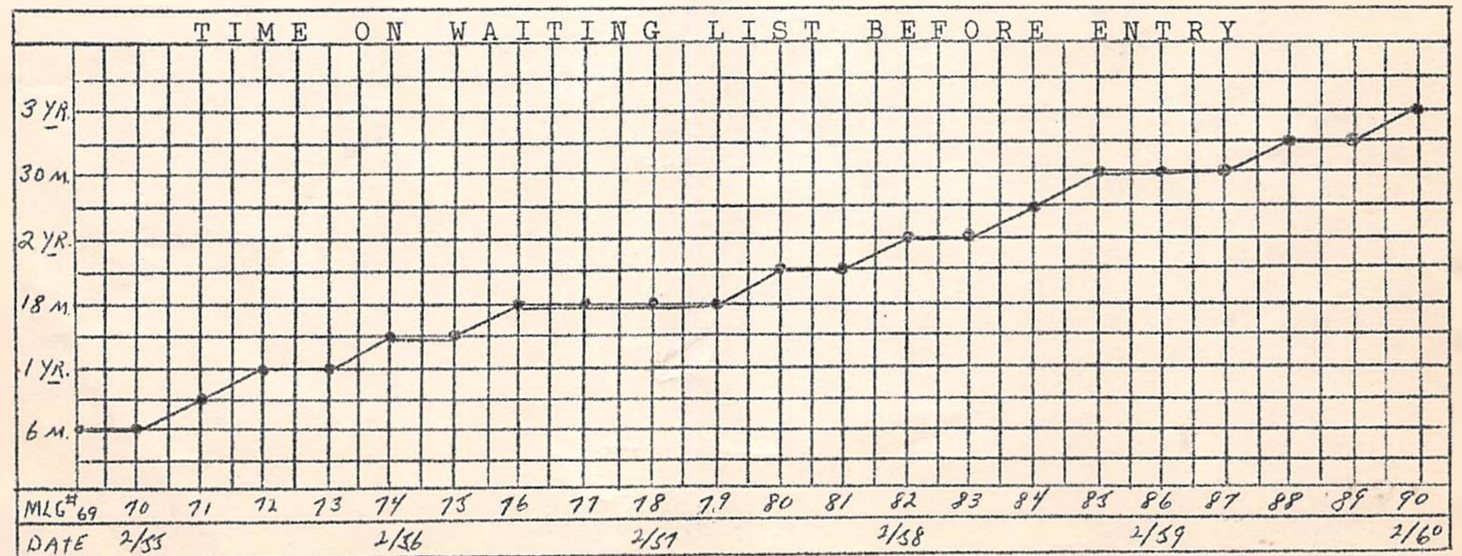
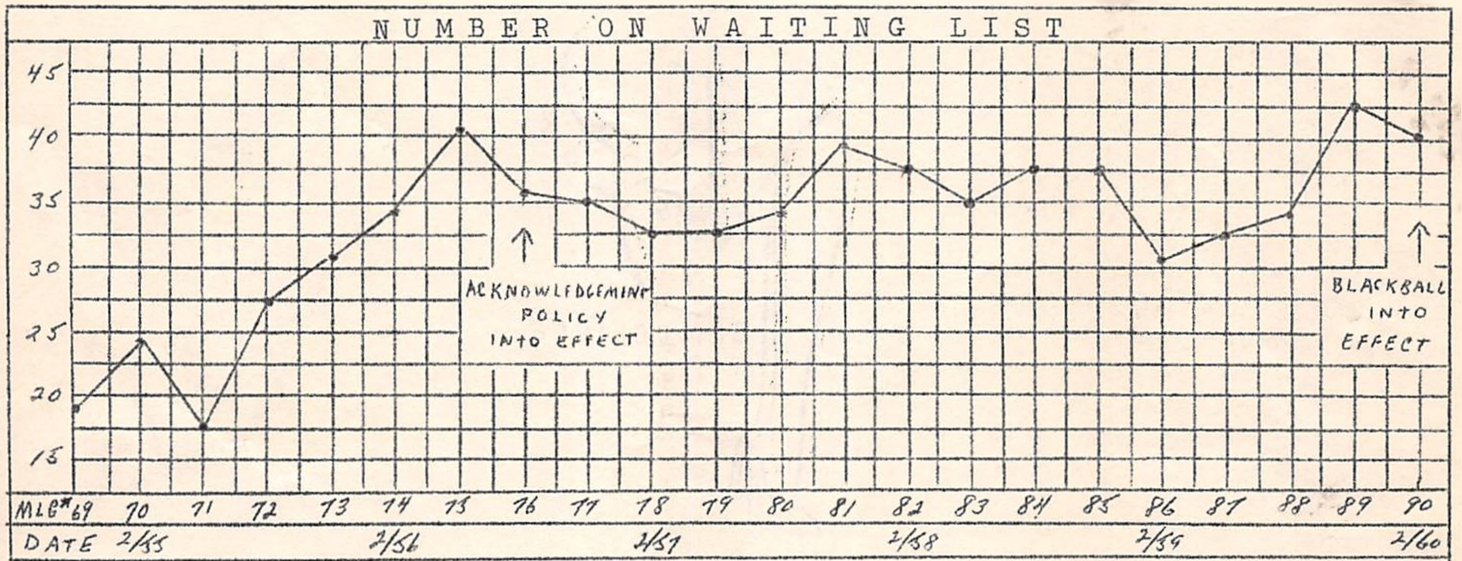
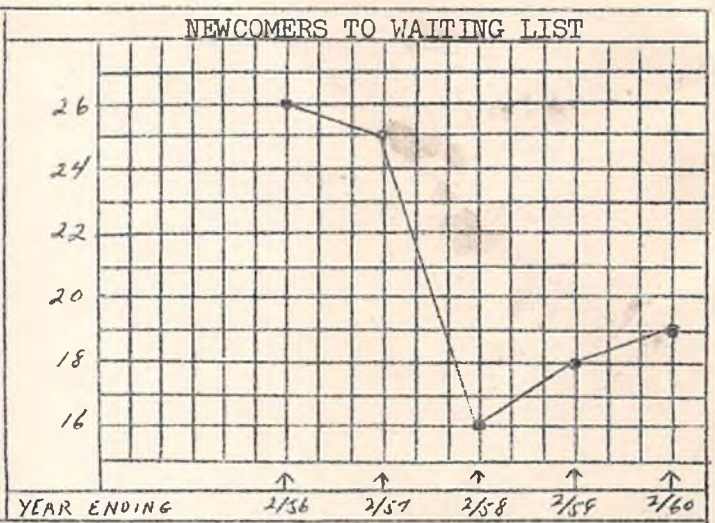
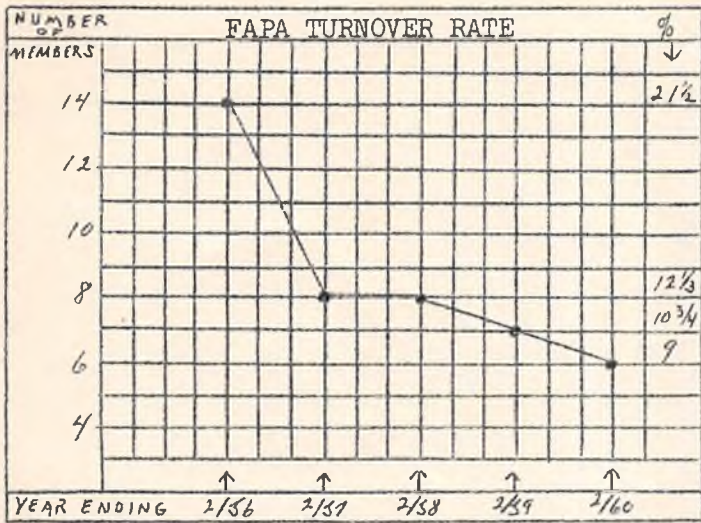
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There is one further interesting sidelight on this matter of the stability of the FAPA membership -- and this, I feel, serves also as a potent argument against "jumping" waiting-listers because "they would be so terrific in FAPA and shouldn't be wasted languishing 'way down there and let's get them in quick somehow before they lose interest and we all miss out on the wonders they have to offer us ..."

For all this fine new blood certain people are keening over, the FAPA "top-ten" is astonishingly old guard. In fact, I've checked back on the top 19 names and here's the way they stack up: 14 of the top 19 -- Warner, Danner, Grennell, TCarr, Calkins, Rotsler, Tucker, Boggs, Pavlat, Evans, Hoffman, Burbee, Eney and I -- were around in May 1954, six years ago. Coincidentally enough, of the remaining five, four of them -- Bloch, McPhail, Young and Raeburn -- all entered in May 1955, which should be commemorated as the Month-of-the-Jackpot. This was 5 years ago. Our sole flaming meteorite, "newcomer" Curtis Janke who made #6 this year, joined in Feb. 1957 -- three years ago. During the five year period since May 1955, although only one new FAPAN is in the current "top 19," the organization accepted 35 new members. The "whys" behind this fact I'll leave for someone else to figure out.

So there, said Wilfried, I hope I've given you all something to think about.

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NOTE FOR
BENTCLIFFE