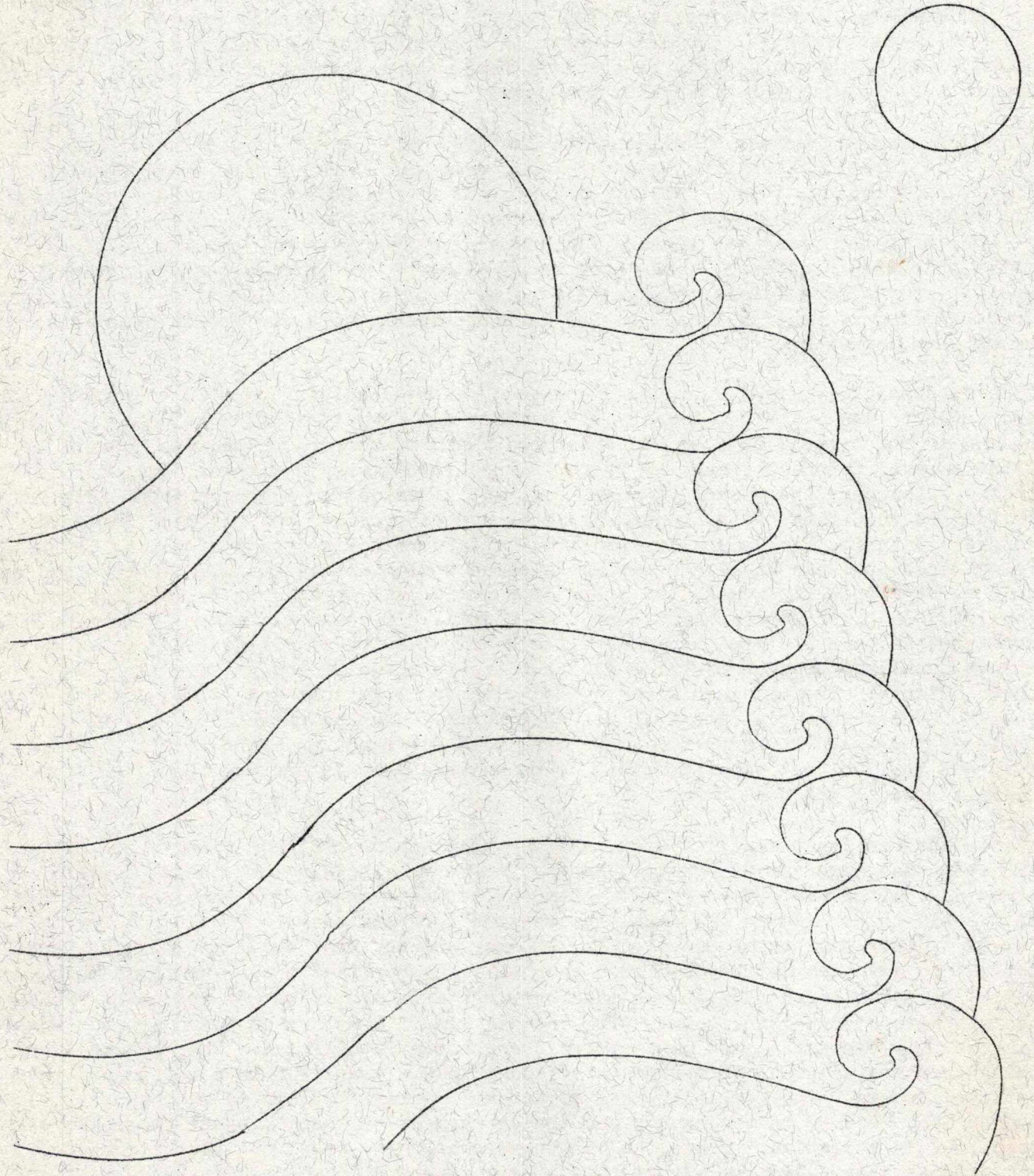


P H I L O T S A M # 16



a nihiladrem press production

G L E A N I N G S

If you're wondering why I'm starting this section in such an unlikely spot, and also -- unthinkably -- continuing it at the back, it's simply because everything else is an even number of pages. Unless I waste this page, which my thrifty scul will not allow, everything would begin on the left hand page and I don't like that. Once again we start with LES NIRENBERG, who says:

"Despite your attempt at disguising the last few pages of PHlotz, it still looks like a lettercol. Your zine is now 4 pages pregnant." But you're wrong, Les -- if PHlotz is pregnant, it's a false pregnancy. It is not going to continue developing and reach the huge, bloated state of the real-for-true lettercol. I shall continue to snip bits and pieces of letters, interspersing them with my comments -- if you think this is a "lettercol" ask those whose 4-pagers are snipped to a paragraph! Just to prove I'm a female, though, I'm going to print yours almost completely. Les is discussing my mention last issue of lack of empathy with the French-Canadians among whom I grew up.

"You're absolutely right Many isolated French-Canadians are still narrow-minded and tough to deal with. I had a visit a while ago from the VICK'S salesman ... While he was in the store I noticed his order pad. At the top of the pad was a small section reserved for such things as type of store, credit ratings, etc. Included in this section were the words: French, English. I asked the salesman about this and he told me that many of their men who cover Quebec province and parts of isolated northern Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were having trouble calling on the French accounts. An English speaking salesman would walk into a French store and as soon as he'd open his mouth, the proprietor would clam up and say he didn't speak English. In other words it was a sort of stupid, "If-you-don't-learn-French-you-don't-get-an-order," type thinking. I've heard of a lot of ill feeling caused by French Canadians because of this. Another instance was of a guy travelling in Northern Ontario. The rad in his car boiled over so he got out and walked down the road to a nearby general store to get some water. When he walked in, the French proprietor refused to serve him, motioning with his hands as if he didn't know how to speak English. It was impossible. The guy had to walk another ten miles to the nearest town to get some help.

"Since the war (that's WWII,y'know, the one that was advertised) a new breed of Frenchman has come out of Canada. Many of these provincials left their isolated homes and joined the army. Many of them saw action overseas and when they came home to the old church-ridden villages they had one look and beat it for Toronto or 'Moh-ray-al.' They had become educated in the army and now realized that l'Ingles were not out to get them as they had been taught. They realized there wasn't as much anit-French feeling as the church made out. As a result, I've met dozens of Frenchmen who have divorced themselves from the old life. They try to learn as much English as they can and a good many even discard Roman Catholicism. They become everything from Rosicrucians to Technocrats (and I know a couple of them who joined these cockeyed groups. The people themselves are not really to blame as much as the church is. Because of the church and the government of Quebec, these people have been kept in isolation. Since the war they've begun to crawl out of their cocoon, and someday there won't be any of this stupid counter-prejudice left."

On the same subject, BETTY KUJAWA adds: "My next door neighbor grew up much like you in French Canada [I grew up in a French-Canadian section of Maine, Betty], her

(continued on page 32)

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS

This here now is PHLOTSAM, your dewey FAPazine, which has just reached issue sweet sixteen ~~1/16~~ 1/16. Phyllis H. Economou of 2416 East Webster Place in Milwaukee-on-the-Lake, Wisconsin, is its progenitor; the 93rd FAPA mailing its purpose. Due note should be taken of Bill Morse's 4-page activity herein, and Dean Grennell's 2 pages. Pay no attention to Ed Cox -- he's just a waiting-lister and doesn't count.

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

A NEW MEMBER has been added to the Economou family. A few days ago we acquired an inch-long turtle who has been named Jeremiah II, after a fondly-remembered turtle companion of my childhood. I had no intention of adopting a turtle. Jeremiah II adopted me. By the check-out counter in the neighborhood dime store a bowlful of turtles are strategically placed as "impulse items." As I was paying up, a dozen or so of the creatures lay like rocks in the bowl -- but this aggressive little fellow (or girl?) clawed away at the sides of the bowl with a surprising racket, sloshing the water furiously. "He likes me!" I exclaimed to the girl, and before my wits were collected I was off down the street with a turtle in a perforated box.

Jeremiah II now lives in a clear plastic swimming pool with a climbing mound in the center topped by a green plastic palm tree. He spends his days swimming frantically around and around, splashing the water and constantly ticking away at the sides with his tiny claws. It took me some time to identify the noise. For a while I thought it might be a bomb or something amiss with the furnace which could be just as bad. He eats dried, ground horribles. I've been told he will also relish a bit of lettuce, hamburger, fish or maybe watermelon, but I haven't tried him on them yet. I might start him on a bit of the curry cheese I have in the refrigerator. Jeremiah II has demonstrated little intelligence yet beyond pulling entirely within his shell when the Brinker tries to get acquainted. Aloof type. When I put him on the kitchen table he runs like mad. When he reaches the edge, he keeps right on running. I think he may be stupid, but I won't tell him so. Einstein didn't talk until he was five years old. Jeremiah II doesn't talk at all. Maybe Jeremiah II will turn out to be another Einstein.



BERRY AT BAY, John's quarterly column, is apparently going to be irregularly quarterly. Deadline has come, sneered, and went -- and no word out of Belfast. Shucks, after DAG designed a quite spectacular column heading, too. If John follows his own precedent, his column will arrive about the middle of next week, just after this issue has been dispatched to MZB. Oh, well -- a semi-annual quarterly Berry is better than no Berry at all.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR scheduled for this issue, Lee Carroll, has apparently been fished for. Lee was here Saturday night and promised to drop off his article Monday. On Sunday he was in Fond du Lac and told DAG the article was finished and he'd mail it to me Monday. Lee lives just around the corner from me and that particular Monday was almost a week ago. As the Carrolls spoke of taking off for a couple of weeks in

New Hampshire, or some such madness -- everyone knows what can happen to people who venture in such places! -- we'll probably never learn what happened. Shall we all observe 30-seconds silence?

IN VIEW OF THE ABOVE, I was afraid this issue would be uncommonly skimpy. What I would like to know is how it got so #*%*@*! FAT?

HERE WITH THE CARROLLS last Saturday night were Gene and Bev DeWeese and Buck, Juanita and Bruce Coulson. We had a fine chattering time. We talked and talked. We talked not at all that I remember about television, which I don't believe any of us have -- and we talked little about FAPA and/or fandom. What, I've been wondering, did we do all that talking about? Let's do it some more, huh?

* # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # * # *

I AM A CARD-CARRYING MEMBER OF THE YMCA. Yes, I, Phyllis Harriet Economou, am a member in good standing of the Milwaukee County Young Men's Christian Association. This was a surprise to me, but I think I like it. Arthur recently joined the Business and Professional Men's Club of the Y -- a posh sort of athletic club -- and when he received his membership card today there was one for me, too. Mine just says "Basic" on it, with nothing about what privileges are involved. It seems there must be some privileges or why would they bother? I know I'm entitled to use of the swimming pool at times, but beyond that I must find out. Incidentally, for benefit of some of you -- I forget who -- who have had harsh things to say about crummy Y's, which there probably are, Milwaukee's YMCA is a big fancy joint that is a near replica of the UN Building, all plate-glass and multi-storied floss. It may also be the first YMCA in the country to have resident young women. I don't know about that but it's the first I've ever heard of. Apparently they built the place much too big -- it's just a few years old -- and now they rent several floors of very pleasant rooms to young working women, carefully supervised, of course. As a sidelight, both Arthur's and my cards have a pretty little sticker affixed which says "First Year Continuous Membership."

She's been a member of the YMCA continuously since yesterday.

SNIPPETS -- That's what Chris Miller (Christopher A. Miller, 44 Wheatclose Rd., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., England -- British neo at Oxford, send him fanzines) calls them. "Them" being just about everything in here but the mailing comments. He was not being snippety -- he said he liked my snippets. (He's a ghod man, he said he liked my mailing comments, too. Send him fanzines.) Anyway, the following are what I call snippets. I have here:

A PAGE FROM THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I've always known that women are the practical sex, but there are limits! The Ladies' Home Journal doesn't always observe those limits. This month they have an article called "The Cancer Nobody Talks About" -- one of those sexy bits of prose Playboy leers at. This article is quite revoltingly specific and clinical, detailing all the symptoms, manifestations and effects of rectal and colonic cancer. Educational, of course, and I'm sure every woman ought to read it. (Her husband won't.) However, I do object to the editorial insensitivity which placed a box at the bottom of one of the pages, smack-dab in the middle of the article, containing a recipe for "Holiday Macaroon Pie -- Best I Ever Ate!" Heavy cream whipped - pecans - marshmallows - pineapple - cherries - macaroons - etc. As one's eye strays from the brutally frank article into this box, the effect on the stomach of this listing of, I suppose, toothsome goodies is not quite as intended. This was one recipe I did not cut out.

I MANAGED to get to the Pittsburgh convention after all and it was terrific. But aren't they all? I saw old friends again -- saw old friends for the first time -- and made new ones. Jim Blish's guest-of-honor speech was fascinating. So was fan-guest-of-honor, Eric Bentcliffe. It was a delightfully science-fictional hotel -- two banks of elevators, one group UP only, the other group DOWN only. The generally accepted theory was that as each bank reached their destination, the whole building simply turned over. I doubt if many attendees would have noticed the difference.

I ALSO HAVE A REMINDER to put SoCal fandom on guard. Seattle fandom may now breath a sigh of relief, but fandom-at-large cannot escape me forever. Someday I have to go and visit my mother and sister. They've both now left the Seattle area. Mother is living in Palm Desert, near Palm Springs -- and my sister has just moved to Oxnard, Cal, practically on the doorstep of LASFandcm. I'm stuffing my pig bank like mad and he's getting mighty fat. Keep the shotgun handy -- but don't wait up.

BRINKER'S STUBBORNNESS has taken a new tack, and it was awfully exasperating until we caught on that he was just having his fun with us. With Arthur, rather, because he only does it with him. Always before when Arthur would pick up his leash, the Brink would leap and prance like a mad thing, flinging himself about in such excitement that it was next to impossible to catch his collar to fasten the leash on. Lately, however, every so often he quite docilely allows himself to be leashed -- then sits down on the rug, lays his ears back and refuses to budge. Arthur tugs. Brinker sits and stares malevolently. Arthur's temper starts to rise, because this usually happens when he's tired, ready for bed and trying to take the beastie out for his final walk. At first the little scene would end with Arthur dragging the dog out the door by main force, at which point Brinker would give up and trot along cheerfully. The other night, though, just as an experiment, Arthur winked at me, tossed the leash on the floor beside Brinker, turned around and walked out the door alone. Like a shot Brinker was out after him, leash flying. It works every time. Not to spoil the fun, Arthur still puts up quite a show of tugging and coaxing before starting off without him. If this keeps up, he'll wear out the rug digging in.

HEARD A STORY the other day about a little old lady who went about the house blocking up all the electric outlets because she was afraid of all that electricity leaking out and electrocuting them all in their sleep. I don't know this little old lady, but down in Florida we had just such a little old man for a landlord. He was tiny and wiry, in his 70's, and lived in a small house on a lot in back of our house. (He also went either roller skating or square dancing almost every night, but that's beside the point.) Both houses had a separate electric meter, of course, but he could never bring himself to believe they really worked. He used practically no electricity, eating mostly in the drug store and rarely burning a light for more than a few minutes at a time. He probably used a quarter's worth a month, but was charged the minimum, of course. Something like \$3.00 a month. Now, he was convinced that some of his electricity was leaking out into our house and he was being charged for part of our prodigal waste of the stuff. He couldn't manage to talk us out of burning lights all over the house -- we like brightness -- and we wouldn't even reduce the wattage. What he considered really unreasonable, though, is that we were not particularly eager to cooperate with his request that we please pull all the cords out of the wall on all lamps we weren't actually burning -- and especially the electric stove! That ate up tremendous amounts of current. And all the time all those cords were plugged in the electricity was flowing out through them, whether we made use of it or not. And by golly, he didn't care what the electric company said -- he was paying for all this! To quiet him, I finally said I'd try to remember to keep the cords pulled out in the daytime, at least. But when I found him constantly peeking in our windows to see if I was actually doing it, I had to read him the riot act and that was the end of it.

A POSER FOR YOU. The other night we registered to vote for the first time in Wisconsin. After answering questions, the lady asked me to "Please rise and raise your right hand." We stood facing each other, both of us with right hands, palm out, at shoulder height, and she asked me if I was telling the truth and I said yes I was. Then I left. Halfway home, the whole thing suddenly struck me as absurd. Was I more apt to be telling the truth because I said so on my feet with my hand sticking up in the air? What is the significance of the right hand in the air, anyway? Why couldn't I have as sincerely sworn that I was telling the truth with my hand at my side? It would have made some sense to "swear" with a hand on the bible, or even if there'd been a flag or something around. Unless someone can let me in on at least some sort of rationalization for this silly ritual, I'm going to feel awfully foolish from now on -- and probably unforgivably start to giggle -- every time I have to stick my hand up in the air to convince someone I'm telling the truth.

OUT OF SHEER DESPERATION I'm culling my mailing list. If I've put the whammy on you here, you're a cullee unless you do something to make me happy. You can't substitute PHlotsam. You've got to be more original, like a trade or a letter or a profane mynah bird or something. I won't say "Yell, if you want more" like I did last time, because Leslie Gerber did just that. He sent me a postcard marked just "YELL!" It worked, but it won't again. lesLIE???? ... PHE

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SCOOP! A PHlotsam first! Following is the first published material by the distaff half of my favorite team -- whose kindly heart prompted her to ease John Berry's embarrassed distress at having laboriously removed the Grennell crockery from a "drying up machine" to impart a practiced Berry hand-polish. (See PHlotz #15.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN BERRY from Jean Grennell

Dear John:

The only time my dishes get dried is when some saintly person takes pity on me and does them. If you made a faux-pas you were in good company because Phyllis H. Economou, Boyd Raeburn, Richard H. Eney and Jean Young, to mention a few, have seized towel and wiped. The dishwasher -- which you quite logically assumed must be a "drying-up machine" after seeing the dishes dunked in a sudsy sink and then stacked in the contraption -- uses too much hot water. As you can imagine in this family -- with the washing machine doing heavy duty and baths and showers on practically an around-the-clock schedule, hot water is at a premium and doing dishes by hand -- hard as it may be on my lily-white pinkies -- uses far less than the 10 gallons the thirsty dishwasher consumes. So I use it to stack them and let the air dry them -- unless some kind soul does the job. And John, you do a much finer job than even our genuine, Grade-A, accept-no-substitutes Wisconsin air!

John, I'd also like to take this time to thank you again for those buttons you sent me. I've mounted them on scarlet poster board and took them to the Button Club along with your letter which is paper clipped to the poster board. The rest of the club members were very impressed that a friend of Dean's through a hobby -- from Belfast yet! -- would send buttons to Wisconsin. Thank you again -- this is from 1/8 of the "We Love John Berry Fan Club," headquarters in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.



(There is an issue of BULL MOOSE in this mailing containing most of Bill's mailing comments. Fearing that it might not reach MZB in time for the deadline, Bill cut it short and the rest of what he had to say this time around is here. Hope you had much better luck with your repro this time, Bill -- but I also hope that if you really manage to finally tame the beast, that you (or Maria ... I'm still hoping!) will still have a few words for PHE. We're used to you, like ... PHE)

BILL MORSE COMMENTS . . .

about the 92nd -- & the rights of men

Well now, assuming this gets to PHE in time, greetings from the second half of the BULL comments --

Dick Ryan: We were chatting about government by experts, and I was expressing some doubts about it. If you want to know why, take a look at our lot. We have an efficiency expert at the Transport Ministry, and all he has done so far is open roads started long before he took office, and relieve the London traffic jams a little by installing parking meters. We had a financial expert and two clever money men in the Exchequer some time ago and all they did was preach the necessity of having a fairly high degree of unemployment to keep things going. They resigned in a huff when Mac-Millan took no notice of their advice, but have now returned to office elsewhere in the government. If you have been watching lately, you may have noticed that we have been going in for some government-directed merging in the aircraft industry. In fact, it is safe to say that SBAC, which once stood for the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, now stands for the Society of Both Aircraft Constructors. I say "government directed" because the aircraft companies were told that unless they reformed into fewer groups the Min. of Aviation would be hard put to give them any contracts. Where the Minister himself is not an expert on his official subject, you get the state where he relies upon his civil service experts who have grown old and grey in the practice of their principles and have no intention of letting such a transient character as a Member of Parliament run their affairs for them. In a sense, Attlee's government of '45 brought a whiff of fresh air into Whitehall, with ex-miner Bevan as Minister of Health and an ex-dockyard matey as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is said that when Ernie Bevan walked into the Foreign Office on his first day, he ordered a conference of all his top staff; when they were all settled down, he breezed in, grinned at them, and asked "Well, boys, 'ow d'yer like working fer the proletariat?" Churchill re-installed Eden and things reverted to the F.O. "expert" brand of long-weekend-in-the-country-mansion type of diplomacy as practiced in the days of Baldwin and Chamberlain (and you know where THAT got us).

XTRAN - Linard....St. Packard was done to death in the name of the great god Jugger-naut, up Detroit way....Your remarks to Elinor read like those of an unreconstructed agnostic - you just don't believe that anyone knows enough on either side to prove a thing. To the Romans, Christ was an obscure prophet in a rather irritating religion, who was executed by the order of a minor provincial governor to pacify native feeling. He was, if you like, judicially murdered. Whether that view or the one put out by the Vatican, or any other view, should be accepted is up to the individual, but I have as many doubts about all of them: I just object to anyone ordering me what to believe or not to believe, because no-one has first-hand knowledge of the subject.

These are genuine unexpurgated Morse-type mailing comments.

PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail....Another sport where time has no meaning is cricket. The three-day match is more or less standard; at one time we had a Timeless Test between England and Australia, but it just went on and on and on. Nobody on either side tried very hard: that killed the idea, naturally, because spectators stayed away in the thousands, and takings fell off. I can't explain the fascination of cricket, because I don't feel it. It can be pleasant and relaxing to sit in the sun at the edge of a soft green field while men in white stand around and occasionally trot gently in various directions; all very British and restrained and all that, but there is no more in it than that for me and even THAT applies only to cricket at village green level. High class county cricket and Test cricket bore me stiff; for one thing, county cricket is snob-ridden. When Hutton became the first professional cricketer to captain the England side against Australia, there was considerable adverse criticism in high cricketing circles (he rubbed it in a bit by winning, which had become unusual). Just a couple of years ago, an "amateur" retired and published his autobiography, in which he wrote nastily of Hutton as being low-class, unconfident, often rude to his "amateurs." The author got plaudits -- after all, he was an "amateur" (= gentleman) and therefore had to be right. So this year a retiring professional published HIS autobiography, and took a few shots at the present "amateur" who is captain of the England side. This author got sharp censure - they even took away his free pass to Lords cricket ground (like making Dimag pay to go into Yankee Stadium). It is all so bloody stupid, to insist on retaining all the snobbery and the class distinction when they are fighting to get the public back to watch cricket. I have used quotes for the name "amateur" because I do not know of any genuine amateur in the game, i.e. a man who plays for no reward at all. In general, the "amateur" has a well-paid secretaryship to his cricket club and probably a sinecure office job as well. That, of course, is provided that he is good at the game, but depends mostly on his being well-bred....Among place names within 25 miles of here are Ryme Intrinseca, Farleigh Hungerford, Maiden Bradley, Piddletrenthide and Nempnett Thrubwell (that's NEMPNETT THRUBWELL, absolutely sic).

FROM OUT OF THE PAST....This goes on file, too; thanks, Dan.

OLE CHAVELA! - Various....This has to go with the Enchanted Duplicator, SFFY and the Quannish. But not till we have tried all the recipes. If Isabel and Maria were to meet, I doubt if they would stop talking about food and its preparation for weeks. Like Here roasted in mustard sauce, and all that

THREE-CHAMBERED HEART - Champion....Snoopy is welcome on any Fapacover. One quote worthy of Sahl was produced by (of all people) Chapman Pincher of the Daily Express. He said that future historians will say of our generation: "When opportunity knocked, all they did was complain of the noise"....I agree with your Humphreyite friend - what cartoons Herblock could dish out for Nixon!

PORTFOLIO - Bradley's frank....Geoffrey, our 3 year old, is quite taken by the babe with the thunderflash. For grace, I think the second comes out best.

BAREAN - Ellik....The Ballad of Andy Young should be preserved for posterity. My copy is framed.

* * * * *

There are pages more of comment available, but I want to get some other stuff on the record. I had checkmarks on every item in the mailing, and apologise to all those I have missed out. But a special note to Canada's finest: Sweden is a Socialist country, and a most successful country at that (the lowest infant mortality rate in the world, for instance). At the last elections, the Socialists went all out for still more of it, including a four week holiday annually. The Conservatives naturally went

all out agin it. Result: they lost seats and haven't a catinhell's chance of doing anything effective for decades.

However - there is no longer a regular motor-cyclist in FAPA. We have lashed out on a 1948 Austin 16; five seater saloon with a 2199 cc engine and about 25 mpg. This is my first attempt at driving a car and I can only say it is a revelation: to think what I have been missing all these years! This model we have is well spoken of - so far I have never heard an adverse comment - and all in all we are a trifle smug about the whole thing. It has been regularly serviced for many years by the garage from whom I bought it, and was sold with the 10 Year Test certificate. I still have to get used to the wider track and longer wheelbase, and also still find it tricky to use two feet and one hand instead of two hands and one foot in control (I've done that for 23 years, after all). Maria almost purrs about it.

Finally - proof that the individual Briton is still capable of standing up and spitting in the eye of authority.

Mr. Ian Fraser is a live steam enthusiast (hi, there, Bill and Bill). Some years ago he bought an oldish (1915) six-ton road traction engine, which he restored to its original condition and used as a means of transport when shopping. So he decided to build an engine house cum workshop and, like any good little Briton, submitted the plans to the appropriate planning authority. The plans were approved, but then the local householders put in an official objection, on the grounds that it would ruin the amenities of the area. One of the locals employed counsel to argue that the engine house and engine would have an adverse effect on his own property, that the engine was intended for industrial rather than private use, and that the weight of the engine would cause vibration and danger to adjacent houses. Further, the smoke and fumes would lower the tone of the area.

So the permit to build was refused, on grounds similar to those complaints, and there the matter would normally have ended. Mr. Fraser, however, is a Scot AND an engineer; he is therefore naturally persistent and unlikely to take no for an answer. He appealed and an enquiry was ordered by the Secretary of State for Scotland. All sorts of people appeared as members of the staff on the enquiry, led by Sir Robert Russell, complete with stiff collar, bowler hat and umbrella. They heard the complaints first, then decided to test them for themselves. They inspected people's washing on their lines after Mr. Fraser had passed, they listened to the engine's steam whistle, and even tested for the vibration with a glass of water on the side of the road as the engine passed. From Sir Robert's written report, it appears that every complaint made had been tested and found to be baseless.

Sir Robert also pointed out (are you listening, WMD?) that "a traction engine or small gauge locomotive is no uglier to look at than a motor car or any other form of transport. Indeed, many people admire them." I like to think of Sir Robert, neatly dressed in his dark grey suit and black bowler hat, solemnly ordering one of his aides to get a glass of water and stand it by the road, and then, equally solemnly, watching the glass as the engine went by to see if the water rippled. In the report, he says it did not, but when he stamped his foot beside the glass, he saw there were visible ripples.

This case, I think, is unique. The inquiry took two days and ended with a victory for the forces of justice and truth (etc etc etc). Disregarding all that part of the flannel, it does at least show that one determined man can face down all opposition provided that he is willing to prove all his own points.

Moving now to another part of the country, there has been joy in the hearts of a good many Welshmen just lately. Wales is officially dry on Sundays, unless you belong to a club (or own a pub yourself). So countless Welshmen on the English border pop across for a pint or two of a Sunday before going home to lunch. The combined villages of Hay and Cusop stand on either side of a river which marks the Anglo-Welsh border, and

for many years - up to 1903, in fact - the Welshmen had been in the habit of nipping over the bridge for a quick one or two before going home.

They had, however, reckoned without the Salvation Army. These excellent people would take up their stand bang in the middle of the front wall of the pub and assail the customers with music and sermon. It took strong wills to go across the bridge and run that gauntlet, but many a Welshman in those days was made of stern enough stuff to do so, even though he could not avoid the song and sermon once he was inside. However, the licensee gave in eventually to this early demonstration of psychological warfare and surrendered her Sunday licence to the triumphant strains of the Army band and the tambourines.

In 1942, an application was made to return to the seven day licence, but this was opposed by the local police authority. But when the local police sergeant retired and became landlord of the pub, everyone expected that there would be quick results. But strangely enough, he had to apply annually for five years before he finally won. So now the Welshmen of Hay are happy, the licensee is happy, and only the Salvation Army are silent. Why? They disbanded a good many years ago and there is no-one left to reform them into the crusading spirit of the last century. The pub, by the way, is the Lord Nelson, and it is an odd but true point that of recent years the newly repainted sign has had the blind eye turned towards the Welsh border, as if to say "I'll be damned if I'll see any evil over that side."

A letter from Mme O.E. suggests that I should elaborate still more on this Box No. business. I'm referring to the "Box. XYD, % The Daily Whatnot," chiefly. The P. O. version is Poste Restante, and normally has the reasons for use suggested by Mez.

Finally (and about time too), Mme President had some answers to her question about acceptable euphemisms for the derriere. It took our Vera Lynn to show how far one can go along these lines. She was giving an address on the television a week or so ago, which included the postal address W.C.2, Now no-one can be quite as ladylike as our Vera, and she read this address out sedately, serenely - almost triumphantly - as West C.2.

Love to all, and I hope you have a happy election day. One question, though -- if a Roman Catholic is a danger as a President, why haven't Adenauer and De Gaulle taken their countries under the thumb of the Vatican? Or is that a naughty question to ask a Republican? And what sort of candidate campaigns by hanging on to his wife's coat-tail?
...WRM

* * * * *

PHE here. Now if that isn't an awkward ending to a fine column? Comes of not looking where you're going and suddenly you're there -- just a little too soon.

It may not be thing to do to comment on Bill's comments right here in the same mailing, but I have that advantage and opportunity -- and lack of moral responsibility. Because I am becoming obsessed with that word "derriere," and do not want to have to mention it again in the next mailing. My only wish is to put it behind me and forget it once and for all. This was not my question, Bill. It's been under discussion now for so long that I haven't the faintest idea who the culprit was that started it -- and I've even less idea how PHlotsam became so embroiled as to now be identified with it. If this continues, PHlotsam will go down in fannish history as "that fanzine that talked about derrieres all the time." From this day forward I will never even mention a rump con in these pages!

In Preparation, to be Distributed December 1960:

C O N V E N T I O N A N N U A L - - P i t t c o n E d i t i o n

The Convention Annual -- Pittcon Edition, is a unique enterprise: a complete photographic coverage of the 1960 World Science Fiction Convention at Pittsburgh.

Designed as the first in a yearly photographic coverage of world science fiction conventions, the Pittcon Edition is available only to a limited number (300) of fans and professionals. When sold out -- there just won't be any more!

The photographic section is printed by fine-screen photo-offset for high quality. This 20-page section, 8½ by 11, contains only photographs, permitting use of as many as possible.

All told, you will see over 150 unique and diverting photographs of the sort never before made available. Never before has anyone poked his camera into so many parties, to include not only the down-to-Mars convention goers, but also the beanie set and those lofty inhabitants of the "professionals only" gatherings.

Only a very few photos are of the platform activities. Instead, Jay Kay Klein focused on the people watching the program; caught them flitting in the corridors; tracked down and trapped them in bars and hotel rooms.

Good Ghod; You may see people never before photographed! There is a tremendous assortment of beards to suit the fancy of any science fiction addict -- or beard addict. See Avram Davidson, whose beard harbors a Dean Drive, avers Ike Asimov; TAFF candidate Dick Eney whose unique beaver is in bright red contrast to his black hair; shaggy Andy Young; clipped Bob Silverberg -- and other distinguished beards ranging from Ted E. White to Buz Busby. And there's Randy Garrett.

See the fabulous Bob Heinlein relaxing, drink in one hand, Judy Merrill in the other. And not far away is Dan Keyes, on the floor -- dead sober. There's E. E. Smith, Frank B. Long, Fred Pohl, Ike Asimov, Dean McLaughlin, Jim Harmon, Willy Ley, Ted Cogswell -- and other Deities too numerous to list. Oh yes -- mustn't leave out the great J.W.C. Himself. Nor the guest of honor, Jim Blish. Even Harlan Ellison is around. (Unfortunately not caught in mid-schtick! - phe)

TAFFman Eric Bentcliffe is caught making himself pleasant all over the place.

Yes, there's a complete gaggle of Fancy Names. And then, of course, there's us.

Without doubt, the Convention Annual of 1960 contains the most complete assembly of fan physiognomy ever gathered in one publication. There's a big fellow who claims to be Les Nirenberg. Another TAFF candidate, Ron Elik, is conspicuous by his presence. Fans and fake-fans calling themselves Coulsons - Harness - Sally Brues - Cox - Sandersons - Pelz - Breen - Busbys - Youngs - Raeburn (dimly) - Weber - Kemp - Shaw - Briney - Lupoffs - Gerber and other unlikely people abound.

There are shots of Stu Hoffman, the Most Monstrous; Bjo Trimble, the Most Original; and Sylvia White, whose costume was very simply the Most Least. You can cut out the images of Bob Pavlat, Phyllis Economou, Bruce Henstell and Ralph Holland for your scrapbook. Many, many more images are available for pin-sticking, mustache drawing and other fan activities.

Are you tempted by a folk-song session featuring a naked-torsoed Sandy Cuttrell at the piano? A fannish Glee Club spotlighting Dikini, Sally Brues, Juanita Coulson, Doc Smith and a raft of others, all topped with prop-beanies? Or Ron Ellik in a sheet earnestly lecturing neos in Carl Brandon's Purple Pastures?

You fannish greybeards will enjoy the pix of such old timers as Bob Madle, Jack Agnew, 4sJ, Don Ford, Sam Moscowwitz.

All in all, there are some 200 conventioners that could be named from the photos appearing in the Convention Annual for 1960. If you attended the convention, chances are you will find yourself somewhere in the book.

The separately bound second section of the Convention Annual identifies the conventioners in the keyed photos and tells something about what was occurring.

You will find the Convention Annual of 1960 one of the finest mementoes of any science fiction convention. And if you weren't able to make it this year -- there's even more reason for you to see who was there and what went on. Heck -- if you ain't noseey, you ain't a fan!

Take advantage of a pre-publication discount. Send just One Dollar to Frank R. Prieto, Jr., R. D. #1, Box 255, Warners, N. Y. Or to Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N. Y.

This special opportunity is available only to December 20, 1960. Remittances postmarked after this date must be for the regular price of \$1.50.

The publishers hope to issue the Pittcon Edition of the Convention Annual on at least a non-profit basis -- that is, to break even. If they do so, future editions of the Convention Annual will be assured. The Pittcon Edition is limited to just 300 copies and priced right down to the wire to sell out quickly.

So get your order in, and get your copy!

... JKK

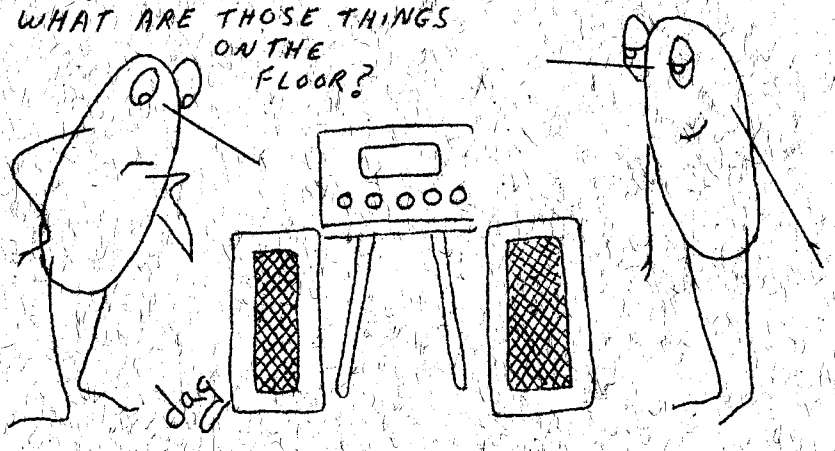
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So, chilluns -- you heard the man. How about it?

It takes something pretty exciting to get me to part with almost two pages of PHlotsam space for an ad - but I think a photographic convention annual IS exciting! For years I've been hearing people fuss that "everyone takes pictures at conventions but we never see any." So here you all are. Jay spent his entire convention with that hot camera -- let's see if fandom makes it worth his while now so he'll want to do it again in Seattle. ... PHE

A HI-FI STEREOGRAPHIC
PORNOGRAPH. HMM?
WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS
ON THE
FLOOR?

LEWD-SPEAKERS,
WHAT ELSE?



* * * * *



TWICE UNDER HEAVILY

A SORT OF PERAMBULATING COLUMN

by ED COX

BASEBALL FANDOM
DEPT.

Speaking of fandoms-within-fandom, and maybe somebody was, there are those few of us who are actually interested, even enthusiastic about the game. I seem to be alone among the hordes of Los Angeles fandom. Everybody else, at least those to whom I've mentioned it, sneer and look with disdain of the unwashed upon something beyond their ken when I speak of baseball. However, I take comfort in the words, written some time ago, of Harry Warner, Jr., when he wrote something about one of the intelligent fans in fandom of somebody else who liked baseball besides him. Grossly paraphrased but that's the gist of what he said and he's right. Lately, due to the Pittcon trip, I've found among the clayey fields of fandom several other sparkling gems. The first of whom is Gregg Calkins. He really knows baseball, the game, history, the teams, players, statistics, etc. The works.

Then in Pittsburgh, I found that Bob Pavlat and Bob Madle are also aware of the world of baseball. We sat in a run-down, down-town type bar, the only one nearby that was open early Labor Day afternoon, drinking 30¢ bottles of Budweiser, listening to the roars on the radio as the Bucs beat somebody and we talked baseball. A truly enjoyable interlude, that.

I didn't get to quiz many others about their attitude towards baseball. I somehow got the impression from the general atmosphere that I'd not get results wandering through the halls of the Penn Sheraton asking fans if they liked baseball. What was this bit circulating through fandom once about broad mental horizons...?

REDHEADS AND
DRINK DEPT.

Just the other night I decided, with heavy heart, that since my place was at last devoid of beer, there would be no more. This is indeed a sad situation but I'd been putting away great quantities of it week after week, month after month, all summer and thought that it was about time I did something about it. Besides, several factors contributed to this turn of events.

One is that Lee Jacobs told me shortly before Pittcon that he was going to quit beer for a month. Then one time at the Jacobs' I read this book about beer and found that it is good for one. Then John Trimble told me how he figured that it cost him more to drink beer than to buy a bottle of Chivas Regal and drink that.

It looked like a black day for beer. Not only that, but what I considered the Beer Season was nearly over. So I went down to the store determined not to buy beer. I didn't either.

I bought bourbon, vodka and gin. Plus loads of soda, Squirt and so on. While I was wheeling the little go-buggy around the store picking up mixers, this redhead I'd seen around the neighborhood was in the store. She noticed the great pile of mixer-type stuff I was loading into the go-buggy. She is in her late thirties or early forties, good looking, lots of mileage yet, so to speak -- not unattractive, like. She happens to be behind me at the counter. I ask for a quart of Gilbey's gin.

"I was wondering if you were going to get something to go with that," she says. "Of course" I say, and I order a fifth of blue label Smirnoff. The guy, who I know, behind the counter asks me how I'm going to get all this home. I point to the Volvo out front...and the red-head says to the clerk, "And I'm going to ride the bumper!"

Then I ask for Old Hickory and they don't have any and as I settle for 100 proof Old Forester, she says to the guy, "He doesn't know it but I'm going home with him!" Not entirely disagreeable to this idea, I say that she'll have to help me carry the crate of stuff upstairs.

But as I'm writing the check for all this, she has checked through and left. As I stagger out to the Volvo, I notice she is most of the way up the block. Hell, I thought, I wasn't going to invite her up to my apartment in so many words in front of that mob in there; couldn't she wait outside a minute? You know, innocently lighting a cigarette or something? So I get in and drive up and around the block heading for my place, turn down to the route she was taking but she'd disappeared. She's right nearby...somewhere...and thirsty...I'll see her around!

OTHER WORLDS I dunno. Maybe it's the same for most people. They go to the office, BESIDE US DEPT. work, go home. Probably the same route mostly; they go to the shopping center, to friends; places, take in entertainment, etc., mostly in the same areas. These are the backdrops of their world. And through movies, books or television, get glimpses of other worlds, other people's lives and backdrops. This is probably true of most of us except for the cops and newspaper guys; the skip-tracers and insurance investigators and others who have to follow their work into every level, every facet of our society. But most of us don't touch on the other's worlds.

This was brought out to me one day a while back. I had to go pick up a check for two or three thousand from one of our accounts near our office. So I walked over there in the early afternoon sunshine...and the dust and grime, big semi's roaring down Alameda Street, trollies clanging by, diesel locomotives slamming boxcars up and down sidings... I go into the office of a huge, dirty brick building in which the account (a bag company) exists. Tons of burlap, bags for potatoes, onions, etc., are stacked all over. It smells musty, dusty and dry. Out in the shop machines are going and a guy is flipping bags briefly into a machine that vacuums them clean in one quick slup! In the office, dirty and grimy...bags stacked around an ancient desk and a forsaken old lawnchair, calendars twenty years old plastered on the walls...filthy windows. The outfit is run by two brothers, real nice guys, too, and their old, old father putters around through the place, not much good for anything any more.

He tells me they're out in the shop and I go dig one of them out of the place. We talk and then he starts totaling up invoices for a final figure for the check.

Then in comes this guy. Right out of Dostoevsky, I think. He's a little over five feet tall. Maybe a little heavy for his height but his hands were thin, almost withered. And dry. He had a gnomish little face behind horn-rimmed, round, glasses and his shaggy greying hair protruded in shocks beneath the wide-brimmed, black hat he wore. Under a heavy black coat, thirty years or so old, that came down almost to his toes, he wore what was recently a white shirt and a tie under a vest and pin-striped trousers that might originally have been intended for ambassadorial wear. A jacket to match them completed the outfit.

He came in and went straight to the man I was talking to and said something. I'm sure it was Yiddish or Armenian or so closely allied that I couldn't distinguish which else. The brother asked me to excuse him and they went into a rapid conversation in which he was obviously trying to refuse or beg off from something he didn't really care much about. He then introduced me to the man who bobbed very politely, extended his dry hand and said something to me, his eyes twinkling from behind the glasses. Then he went into the conversation again with vigor.

Soon the guy went and got his father to come talk to the old man and, with them safely going at full tilt, he made out the check for me. I noticed, in the meantime, the gnomish little old man had produced from somewhere an old, old, but bulging, purse. The guy's father, however, declined vehemently and it disappeared. After a while, the little old man left the office, moving with a stiff, shuffling motion. It sounds like from out of a book, like, but that is the way he walked, in the overlong (and over-warm, I'd think!) coat, the baggy trousers, thin, long black shoes.

I took the check, thanked the guy and left. But as I walked down the steps, I couldn't see the little guy anywhere. He'd somehow already disappeared back into his world hidden behind the sunlight and roaring traffic of the warm afternoon.

-oOo-

... Ed Cox

E G O B O O & E G O B O O - B O O



bricks, bats & bouquets inspired by the 92nd fapa mailing

LIMBO/Rike-Donaho: Dave, was the artwork in here yours? I like. # Can't make up my mind whether I agree with you or not about the undesirability of "including stuff by outsiders in the mailings." My first impulse was to agree, then I thought of the things Terry Carr has sent through FAPA, delightful items like "The Stormy Petrel," and "The Expurgated Boob Stewart" in the current mailing. Would you have excluded these? Perhaps if you had specified material of a non-fannish nature, I'd agree. # So glad you're staying with us, Bill. Don't know why you should have found my article on FAPA turnover "very discouraging." Ture, you're still quite a ways down on the waiting-list, but as you are reading the mailings, participating actively and getting your own egoboo, the only thing left for you to achieve is the thrill (?) of seeing your name printed on the membership roster. # One good reason not to limit your children to two or three even if you can afford to support six or eight is because the lowest strata of society would continue reproducing like crazy. The very people who's genes would be most valuable to future generations are the ones who would limit their families to the simple replacement point. As population growth charts show, this most desirable element would soon become a minute portion of the total population. # A good organized program is a necessity at a convention because so many convention goers are new fans or fringe fans or just science-fiction readers who lack the friendly contacts that make conventions such great fun for us. I think these people have every bit as much right to attend a "World Science-Fiction Convention" as the rest of us and ample provision should be made for their enjoyment, too. # I can't see any justification for your insistence that "They (women) certainly don't dress to please men!" I think they do -- and that they succeed pretty well at it. In any "dress up" gathering (I'm not necessarily referring to fannish gatherings now -- fans are a breed apart), it is conspicuous that, other attractions of physique and personality being equal, the men invariably cluster about the gal dressed to the nines, smelling the fanciest, and with the most brilliant hair-color job. As for the "heart-burn" of the woman at the bottom of the best-dressed list, this is not caused by the fact that she has been out-dressed by the other women -- but because of the vast indifference of the males present. So if women "certainly don't dress to please men," why this typical masculine reaction to feminine outer-adornments? Maybe if the men went to the bother of discovering that the plainly-dressed woman had "soul" or whatever it is that attracts them like moths -- the girls would feel able to relax a bit in their relentless grooming efforts. Actually, some women dress not only for, but at the insistence of their men. Many men, especially those in the upper-income bracket, consider their wives as status symbols and parading them draped in mink and jewels enhancement of their own prestige. They would be very unhappy and indignant if their wives ever insisted that they would be far more comfortable in an old tweed suit, sans girdle, and that the mink coat was much too hot and heavy to wear. And they say women are inconsistent!

SAMBO/Martinez: Congratulations to Robert Lee -- a fine boy whom I met briefly at the Pittcon. Sorry you couldn't make it, Sam, but you were well represented. You are rightfully proud of your son. # I can't find a single other checkmark in this, but it was entertaining. When are you going to do mailing comments again, Sam?

NULL-F/White: Ted, I debated whether or not to mention your grotch about the "nit-picking emanating from the Milwaukee area" -- and decided that I couldn't let all palpitating Fapa, breathlessly waiting to see how I would counter-attack, think me a spineless lily-liver by completely ignoring this Dastardly Charge and chatting at you amiably. So, for the record, Ted and I clashed head-on at the Pittcon, the battle raged until both combatants were afflicted with blind staggers, then bloody but unbowed, clutching each other for support, we left the arena in search of liquid rejuvenation. As everyone knows who understands these things, this procedure works powerful juju and without quite knowing how it came about, we found ourselves reliving our fannish youth, threatening at any moment to start sentimentally harmonizing "Old ZIP Coon." Thus ended the Great White-Economou Feud. Who's next? # Congratulations on the wonderful progress you've made in your writing career. I enjoyed reading your article about Newport, but from your account of the type of crowd there I would not care to attend. Ugh! The only exciting thing was when you got home and went to see "The Maltese Falcon" with Harlan Ellison. I've seen it several times, but Ellison was never in it. Wondrous things happen in Manhattan.

BRADLEYZINES/CATCH TRAP: Your account of "seven or eight years of bitter weeping and homesickness" after moving to Texas makes me think of the book and movie GIANT -- although I don't think it took the heroine that long to adjust. I think I was probably as cut out for the expatriate life as anyone -- if anyone ever is. Most people think nostalgically of childhood scenes but I never in my life felt at home in the town I grew up in, or with the people I grew up with, and NEVER long to return. I've never actually felt "roots" until the last three years here in Milwaukee which I would hate to leave and would certainly always look back upon nostalgically if I ever had to. But prior to this -- Connecticut, New York, Miami (after leaving Maine) -- enjoyable in many respects, but never quite "home." I think, if life ever so dictated, that I could be perfectly content living in London, Hong Kong or Rio -- with just such occasional trips back here as Helen takes. # Don't know what you mean by the "little clique" at Detroit. There are so many "little cliques" -- consisting of groups belonging to the various APAs, or the N3F, or a regional club, or a fannish era, or sharing a special interest like the Hyborians, or simply people who find each other especially congenial. What did you mean by the "little clique"? # I find all these walking-around methods of collating fanzines exhausting to contemplate. PHlotsam is comfortably and almost effortlessly collated sitting right at the kitchen table. Ruffling the stacks to stagger the pages, I lay out pages 1-16 in two easily reached rows of four stacks each, page 1 at the upper left corner and 15 in the lower right. Then I pluck off each page with my right hand, check the underside and add it underneath the others in my following left hand. Then I criss-cross them on a nearby chair. I do the same with the remaining half of PHlotz, then collate and staple the two final stacks in one operation. Practically painless and with no strain on the feet or needless expenditure of energy walking around. A 70-pager would handle as easily by dividing it into 5 sets of 7 stacks, 14 pages each. # Bet, if you use just a bit of ingenuity, Marion, you could have a satisfactory light box for your lettering and art work. Mine is improvised, but works fine. I have a sheet of glass roughly 12½ X 20 (which, incidentally, I keep behind the sofa against the wall -- surely, you have some item or large or solid furniture which it could be stored behind to be safely out of the way). I usually work sitting on the sofa with the glass resting on two end tables and a table lamp with the shade removed on the floor underneath... DAY*STAR: Enjoyed your trip account here -- much more than you enjoyed the actual trip, I'll bet!-... KERRY ART FOLIO: Kerry is a good artist, but a bit saccharine in subject and expression for my taste. Possibly this would be well titled SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS... FORMAL NOTICE: You got your wish -- may Ghu help you! Good luck!... SODACON GREETINGS (w/McPhail): Good time was obviously had by all # You really are making good on your threat to flood the mailings this year, aren't you Marion? Hope it's as much fun to write as to read.

THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART/T. Carr: Sorry, Terry, but I haven't read this yet. Obviously it was a lot of work but I've been short of time this quarter and couldn't spare any for anyone but members. However, I've set it aside to read soon. In fact, glancing through it now I was almost hooked and only the size of it and urgency of the deadline stops me from settling down with Stewart. Looking forward to this.

ALIF/Anderson: Your bit about Lugosi and your ability to generate fogs captured my imagination. Obviously you have a taste for the weird and macabre equal to my own. You also expressed it very vividly; for a moment I felt a delicious cold fingerbone on my spine. Do you have a house full of books like "CREEPS," "SHUDDERS," "TALES OF THE UNDEAD," and the like -- and do your mundane neighbors gawp like mine when they start to casually browse? # Much enjoyed "The First Hamlet."

TIME FINDER/Coslet: Interesting to learn that Rog Phillips has persuaded himself that his sex novels "have some tendency to help people straighten out their confusions, and maybe even understand themselves ..." This is certainly a laudable motive for writing the stuff. Wonder if most other writers feel the necessity, or are able, to so rationalize and justify their purple output -- or if most are honest enough to say "I'm a businessman and this is where the money is right now"? # Your remark that "Jews ... are fascinating characters" I find annoying because it clumps them all together into a sub-species, hangs a label on them, and then assumes they will all neatly conform to a pattern, i.e. "fascinating" in this case. Jews come in all sizes, shapes, colors. They are brilliant and stupid; sparkling, prosaic and downright dull; conformist and rebellious; enterprising and lazy; rich and poor -- just list all the human traits and you'll know what a "Jew" is. Chances are that in any group of people -- except for those whose names have the traditional "berg" or "stein" type endings -- you would have difficulty singling out the Jews. Unless, of course, you have a special ability to do so through sensing this "fascination" they exhude. What I think you are actually referring to are those individuals who go around being ostentatiously "Jewish" -- Abie on stage all the time. I feel quite uncomfortable around Jews who are constantly telling Jewish jokes -- or Catholics who are forever trotting out priest and nun jokes -- although Dublinesque comedians telling Irish jokes seem quite natural. Probably because I sense a defensiveness there that keeps these people from relaxing and being their total selves. They present a lop-sided picture to people by selecting one facet of their individualism for emphasis and displaying it until it seems that's all there is. But they are in the minority. Actually, thinking about the matter, I'm quite confused about what a "Jew" really is. My encyclopedia defines a "Jew" as an adherent of the Jewish religion. If a person goes to synagogue and observes dietary laws, the picture is clear. This is a Jew. But what about those who attend religious services rarely, just on holidays or holy days -- as many Christians attend church only on Easter and/or Christmas? Those who eat their loin of pork or lobster with relish and impunity? Are they still "Jews"? Is a Christian convert to Judaism a Jew? Is an atheist, agnostic, or convert to Christianity with a Jewish heritage still a Jew? Why? Why not? And, in the latter case, for how many generations? These questions puzzle and confuse me. You're lucky if you've been able to pinpoint the answer by deciding that a Jew is a "fascinating" person. But unless all fascinating persons are, ipso facto, Jews, we're no further along. Answers -- answers -- who's got the answers?

SMALL WONDER (Pataphysique)/Linard: Read the Queneau article in #17-18 with great hilarity. One of the most delightful items in the mailing. Jean, either you are "J. Hugues Sainmont" -- or he's copying your style. And as your style is well-nigh uncopyable, I maintain that you are M. Sainmont. You are unmasked, sir! I slogged doggedly along through pages of #19 seeking to recapture my glee in the first, but alas, it became increasingly obscure and befuddling -- unfortunately not amusingly befuddling in the Linard manner.

OLE CHAVELA!/Califandom: Beautiful. Beautiful. Haven't tried the recipes because of unavailability of such things as fresh ginger, green chilis, dark red chilis or even curly ones, or seaweed in my neighborhood super-market -- plus dislike of exotic flavors on the part of the masculine half of this menage, and "hot" foods by both of us. But the book was entertaining and delightful and Bjo outdid herself illustrating it. Isabel must have been greatly pleased.

APOCRYPHA/Janke: Welcome back! See what you get -- no mailing comments, no check marks in this. This is annoying because I'll have to reread it in order to find something to say. And surely I must have something to say to YOU ... Not about the cover, though -- that's unmentionable. About the only thing we really missed when we moved to Wisconsin from New York was good old Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Wisconsin had switched back to standard time and we were appalled to discover that our business day had to start 2 hours earlier than it had in New York. We had been accustomed to 10 A.M. market openings and geared our day -- and bedtime -- accordingly, but after the switch we had to rouse blearily out of the downy before -- shudder! -- 7 A.M.. That we were able to (however protestingly) adjust to this horror, is testimonial to the multitudinous other charms of Wisconsin and inhabitants.

LARK/Danner: Agree with you thoroughly about the inadvisability of allotting cash from the treasury as a TAFF gift. This could set a precedent that could eventually grow completely out of bounds. I'm inclined to think that the treasury was originally intended to cover mailing costs and other OFFICIAL expenses only. In this case, dues should be adjusted to comfortably meet these expenses as they are anticipated -- and readjusted should these expenses consistently fail to absorb a major portion of the funds. Possibly a practical method would be to have each succeeding treasurer set dues for the next four quarters in line with the current balance and anticipated needs. As we have seen, a consistent surplus makes people itchy and all sorts of schemes are offered to GET RID OF IT. Even I have been more or less supporting one such idea -- the FAPA Membership Book. However, I've reconsidered. Once the precedent of a TAFF gift is set -- plus a membership book which could eventually evolve into an annual -- plus a fund to send a Fapan to an overseas convention each year or two -- plus a donation to help subsidize the Fan Art Show (worthy project, surely!) -- plus a FAPA ad in the Convention Progress Reports and Program Booklet -- plus an annual donation to the N3F for advertising to recruit new members into fandom -- our dues could without too much effort wind up at \$15.00 per year. Once we start passing out chunks of the treasury, each group of Fapans will have their own pet project deserving of our gracious help -- and who's to decide which to choose for our benefactions? Let's stay with the original purposes, eh? # Bill Donaho doesn't agree with you about Marlene Dietrich's singing being "awful noises." In LIMBO this mailing, Bill says "As far as I am concerned Marlene Dietrich communicates more sex than any other singer I know. Much more when she sings German than when she sings in English." I think so, too. #Your method of pagination may be "right" -- is this a "rule" -- but it would mess up the Sec-Treas' records when my inside front cover is blank as it was on #14. If I had numbered that page #2, the last page would have been #26 instead of #25. That would be cheating, wouldn't it? Or is the poor over-worked Sec-Treas supposed to count each individual page personally instead of taking the printed word of the publisher? #Although, as I said, we enjoy this house immensely, we wouldn't consider buying it for many reasons -- ill-fitting windows caused by age and settling; inadequate wiring system; plumbing with modern fixtures but a dubious future, already having required a major repair which involved ripping up the bathroom floor; questionable foundation which has also been given a major patch job in the past year. Such things can be the hidden booby traps in the most appealing old house -- but as long as we rent we can enjoy all the advantages and pass the headaches along to the landlady. # At least you can pronounce "Pitt" -- how do you say "Pgh"?

SERCON'S BANE/FM Busby: Clever cover. # I remember "Two Sleepy People" -- better than you do apparently. This song does not illustrate how "courtship, as distinct from marriage ... cuts deeply into ... sleep," because the "Two Sleepy People" were married. Some of the words go, "Do you remember the reason why we married in the fall? To build a little nest, and get a bit of rest. But here we are, just about the same, foggy little fellow, drowsy little dame -- two sleepy people by dawn's early light, and too much in love to say goodnight." (Never thought it would all come back like that -- isn't anything ever forgotten?) Of course, these two funny little people were overlooking the obvious which is probably why you misremembered. # How egoboosting for me to come up the "very first thing." # With all those BoyCon attendees, the only report I've seen to date was Andy Main's. Glad you're doing a Pittcon report -- I haven't seen one yet, except for a briefie by Mike Deckinger. Also, you'll be talking about my convention, and that will be fun to read. So many con reports seem to be talking about a different convention entirely than the one I attended -- different people, events, parties, restaurants -- I ask myself, "was I really there?" # Apparently Rickhardt decided to let matters drop as he hasn't made any appeal for reinstatement to my knowledge. One problem less to worry about. # Hey, what happened? No more checkmarks in SERCON'S BANE which is usually loaded. All harmony and agreement between us this quarter apparently. But fun.

PHANTASY PRESS #28/McPhail: This was very interesting, Dan, if quite uncommendable. I'm so glad you do these things for us. Especially enjoyed your introduction which was witty and clever. One thing has me really puzzled though -- the cover is supposed to be a reproduction of that first FAPA mailing envelope way back in 1937 -- yet in that illustration of Manhattan one building is a replica of the United Nations building. Was this more Science-Fictional prophecy?

SISYPHOS/Speer: Reading this is like stepping back in time. You mention a six-month lapse in your mailing comments -- the 88th mailing was 15 months ago! # You are really living in the past, Jack. You say that one of the dreadful effects of withdrawal of farm supports would be that "the farms would pass into stronger hands." But the trend for a long time now has been strongly in that direction -- more and more of the nation's food is being supplied by large combines, agricultural empires, and the family-size farm is becoming less and less of a factor in overall production. This also applies in the meat and poultry raising fields. Whether or not you approve of this, it is a fact -- not a future possibility to be viewed with horror. And once such a trend has started it is impossible to reverse it, however much screaming is done by the viewers-with-alarm. The family-size farm owners will inevitably have to adjust to this development in exactly the same way that small independent grocers have had to (protestingly) accept and adjust to the gigantic super-market systems which have evolved during the past 20 years. However, there was never any massive governmental effort using billions in tax money to try to stem that tide and maintain the status quo of the neighborhood grocer. If the only argument you can think of for this absurd struggle to keep the little farmer on his economically unsound acres is that "Oligopoly would have won another victory over individual enterprise and the lords of the land could then set food prices to suit themselves," you'd better start looking for a few stronger ones. Why hasn't this dire state of affairs already come about once the giant super-market chains won their decisive victory over individual enterprise? History shows that in all fields large-scale operations using mass-production methods always result in lowered prices for a comparable product. # In your remarks to Curtis Janke you are directly contradicting your own expressed point of view (on farmers). Curtis mentions "the day when there'll be full time jobs for all competent musicians who want them." And you tell him "This wouldn't be a good thing from the consumer's standpoint, if there was no need for all the musicians there are." But, Jack -- that's exactly what we've been trying to tell you all along!

PHANTASY PRESS #29/McPhail: That proposed new amendment on second class privileges is almost unbelievable! Such an amendment would probably decimate the present magazine ranks -- all types of magazines -- by half. And it would be almost impossible to start new magazines. Most magazine publishers -- if they are realistic -- expect vast returns on their first few issues, and must be financially prepared to absorb this as an anticipated expense. But denied second class mail privileges, the dice would be almost impossibly loaded against them. # Truism of the month -- your interlineation "Nobody who can read is ever successful at cleaning out the attic." # You are getting fine postal service if your bundle reached you in six days. Last time mine took almost two weeks (to go half the distance as yours), so this time I had Eney send it Special Delivery. Would you believe it -- he mailed it on Monday and it reached me Tuesday morning! # Your plugging Eney for Veep over your own candidacy was a sporting thing to do! However, you hadn't committed yourself to vote Eney for Veep -- you had promised to back my campaign for Eney-for-President. But then he crossed me up so I decided to get even by running for President myself. Now, hah, I'm Eney's Superior Officer and he'd better watch his step!

STEFANTASY/Danner: Love that ATOM cover! # Gosh, Bill, I feel a little foolish trying to comment on this. I already have a little by letter, but looking it over again all I can think of is raves. Now a rave is all right -- but to gush along with "The Rosygruesomes ad was Priceless -- and your picture was -- was -- kofkof -- Leman was Fabulous, and Grennell -- words fail me!" -- etc., makes my typewriter ribbon curl. It isn't Done. But there's this "Pi In The Sky" and the Danner AHT (how did you -- goshwow! -- do it?) and -- oh phooey on the mailing deadline, I'm going to sit down and read it all again right now. (Dean, you hurry right on down here and let Arthur give you one of his lectures on Positive Thinking!)

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: There's a ray of brightness in the mass-produced bread picture in the rise of such specialty bread companies as Pepperidge Farm and Brownberry Ovens. These breads, while not approaching in flavor and texture real old fashioned home-made bread, still have substance and pleasant taste and don't turn to putty in your mouth. I've reached the point where I very rarely eat a piece of the gluey stuff. I wonder if many people really LIKE that -- or do they just not know any better? Probably there are millions of youngsters today who have never tasted real bread. # I did not cite "Harbor Lights" as "enjoyable." I simply said they're playing it again. But I still like "The Day That The Rains Came." When I read your mention of "Little Sir Echo" I dredged it up out of memory -- gad, that was really a tinkling clinker, wasn't it? It was "Hey nonny nonny and a HOT cha cha (not tra-la-la). Add songs my mother sang to me -- "Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo," and "Yacka Hoola Hicky Doola." The current trend is toward "songs of the islands" -- wonder if that sort will be afflicting our ears soon. Mother also used to sing -- to my great glee -- "Mumbo Jumbo Jijabo Jay," "Oh By Jingo," and "Aragowan -- I want to go back to Oregon, Aragowan I want to go back to stay. I can feed the horses many a bale of hay for all that I have to pay to feed a chicken on old Broadway ... Aragowan-goway-gowiji-goway-gowiji-goway-gowan ..." etc. How I loved 'em! # "The Trend Factor" is definitely in the spirit of FAPA principles -- "some relation to fantasy ... is desirable." The basis of all good fantasy is the sense of "this could happen," and that "blood-curdling" thrill you got from reading about being short at 25.00¢ and closed out at 31.00¢ is from knowing it could happen -- but, thank Ghu -- probably won't! # An effective patent medicine is not only "just as cheap" but much cheaper than a visit to a doctor and the exorbitant price of most prescription drugs. # Wonder how Harry Warner would explain a newspaper printing such rubbish about L. Ron Hubbard. Everybody in FAPA knows by now that we should believe every word we read in newspapers because They Only Print The Truth. # 20 pages of value in an 8-pager!

THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Us: Is there no end to this rush of fannish lemmings to the w-l?

TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING/Graham: I didn't like "Jazz On A Summer Night" at all. I loathe this supercilious point of view, sneering and derisive of practically everybody -- especially if they are well-groomed and well-dressed (sure signs of mental cloddishness) -- ascribing to others thoughts, outlooks and motives manufactured from whole cloth out of one's own distorted viewpoint, then peering disdainfully down the nose at this sick creation. The only thing I wonder is -- when you're attending such events, surrounded by all these prosperous but superficial people who obviously cannot possibly share your insight, understanding or artistic appreciation -- tell me, Peter, how can you stand to be so wonderful?

STYLE SHEET c/w QUOTEWORT/Linard: Eh?

A PROPOS DE RIEN -- or THE FANZINE WITH THE FABULOUS BJO COVER!/Caughran: For a while I used to operate a teletype -- and the Western Union operator used to brighten my day every morning by clicking out -- "Hi, Phyllis -- I just heard a good one: There was this ..." or "Gosh, I'm bushed -- wait'll you hear! Last night I ..." Never saw her in my life but, like a lot of fans and Faps, she sure was fun. # Your car may turn a full circle in 34 plus feet --but it won't sleep six kids with mom and pop in front. # Why, I wonder, do people from Canada object so strenuously to any suggestion that it's probably cold up there? With a few exceptions -- like Toronto -- most of Canada is north of all the U. S., and logic would expect it to be colder. Maine people don't become infuriated because New Yorkers think it's chilly up there, and Wisconsinites don't run me out of town if I shiver a bit in winter and occasionally remark nostalgically about Florida. I've often felt puzzlement at Canadians -- including Torontonians -- emphatic refutation of any hint that Canada isn't the tropics, and have finally concluded that maybe they think we all envision them dashing frostily about in parka and mukluks, snowshoes slung across backs. Honest we don't, Canadians -- we know you have Summer, and a spot of swimming, and the snow goes and there's flowers and grasses all around, birds, too, and you only know about the Midnight Sun from books like we do. And you're not even particularly exotic. Darn it. #

MOONSHINE/Sneary: Does the absence of Woolston from this issue mean he's out? I guess. He needed activity this mailing. # Rick, your gun article was interesting reading but not comment-provoking. I never had a gun. # Obviously you're spoofing (I hope) about "Senior FAPA" -- but taking it seriously just for the moment, you didn't make yourself at all clear, despite all the detailed working out. As you mention, if all members had the chance to black-ball a certain number of members, few would escape at least one strike against them -- if anyone. On the first page of the article you mention that the new APA would be made up of members with no protests against them. Contradicting this, you say that these fortunate individuals would become Charter Members and would vote on who would become members, (presumably among those who were black-balled.) You then go on to say that one vote from a Charter Member would be enough to black-ball any prospective member from the ranks! So do the Charter Members choose the membership by not voting for them? You then wind up by saying membership would be limited to 50 -- which could hardly accord with your original statement that Sr. FAPA would be made up of members with no protests against them. How about starting all over -- s-l-o-w-l-y this time. However, details aside, I understand in general what you're driving at and would want no part of it -- if I could get in which I probably could never do. Most of the members I find most interesting would probably accumulate blackballs all over the place -- sweetness and light and non-controversial blither doesn't particularly make for fascinating reading -- and Sr. FAPA would probably wind up with a handful of namby-pambies who had managed never to cross typewriter keys with anyone.

THINK B*I*G -- VOTE E*N*E*Y FOR TAFF!

CELEPHAIS/Evans: Bill, you must be an adherant of the "Don't do as I do, do as I say" school. You are agreeing with Speer on the great desirability of "mailing comments full enough to be understandable without going back to the last mailing." But in your own comments, we find things like "A question: Maybe I can't read, but I can't get the picture of the first example of page 3," in your comments to Bradley on page 1, and "I should wait for the authentic answer, but I've heard that -- and been served them as -- fillets of flounder or such, deep fried, with shoe-string potatoes," in your comments to Bradley (again) on page 8. Why does Marion bring out this tendency to shorthand commenting in you? It isn't noticeable elsewhere. # I know you haven't met me -- but why not? I've been at the last two conventions -- where were you? # If the 75 member question is coming up again, I'll say the same thing that's been said repeatedly by better members. It would only be a stop-gap measure, and would make the mailings almost impossible to comment on with any degree of thoroughness. They're bad enough now. # Why would you be "afraid" of the FBI file on FAPA, even if you should be up against clearances? FAPA isn't subversive -- is it? # It could probably only happen among fans. When the Coulsons, DeWeeses and Carrolls were here last night we talked for hours and hours -- and I can't remember TV being mentioned once. In fact, as far as I know none of us have the monster.

XTRAN/Linards: Annie, how wonderful to see you doing the honors this time -- although I hope it's just because you wanted to jump in and not because Jean wasn't up to it. (Cliches rampant in that sentence.) You sound as distinctively Linardish as Jean and (for some reason I failed to read the heading immediately) it was quite a while before I realized that it was you. Welcome! # Both Arthur and I have a strong preference for emotional music over intellectual, which may in some quarters be considered low, vulgar taste. If so, then we have low, vulgar natures because we adore throbbing Italian music, Strauss and the wild gypsy music of Enesco. # Honored to be your FAPA "godmother." I had forgotten that long ago letter when I first broke the news to you two about FAPA -- but it was the goodest deed of my fannish life. Was it really as long ago as 1956 when I last wrote to you? I'm afraid it was. At about that time I became thoroughly embroiled in mundac and, of necessity, cut my fannish correspondence to the vanishing point. It was that or FAPA, and I chose to keep this contact with 65 rather than the closer contact with the small handful who were all I ever corresponded with regularly. But I've been "intending" to write to you for a long time -- convinced that I owed you a letter for perhaps six months or so! # We all do not "have" to bake our own bread -- it just tastes so much better. I don't think you people over there have yet been exposed to the horror which is our commercially produced, chemically softened so it won't ever feel stale, chemically whitened, pre-sliced, sanitarily wrapped, gluey, tasteless, soggy putty euphemistically labeled "bread." If it ever starts to happen to you -- organize another Revolution! # "You all" is perfectly acceptable Southern idiom. I think it makes sense, properly used to more than one person, but it is rarely heard outside of the South. # In PHlotsam, "official-type mailing comments" are when I conscientiously comment on each and every entry in the mailing -- on the rare occasions when I do some commenting but, usually for lack of time, am unable to be thorough about it, I term them "unofficial-type mailing comments" so that anyone not mentioned can say -- "Oh well, she wasn't really doing mailing comments this time," and not feel slighted. # Because Helen Wesson practically never does mailing comments (a pity!), I'll answer your question about "what's musical chairs." It's a child's game where chairs are placed back to back in a double row -- one less chair than there are children. Then music is started and the children march in a circle around and around the chairs. When the music abruptly stops, the children scramble to sit in the chairs and the one left out is eliminated. A chair is removed, the music starts and the game continues until just one chair and two children are left. The child gaining the final chair is the winner. This is much played at parties and during play times in the early grades of school. # Enjoyed this very much -- come again soon!

THREE-CHAMBERED HEART/Champion: So let me ask the obvious -- what means "Three-Chambered Heart"? # Please, John, I'm middlin' squeamish and this blow-by-blow of your murderous assault on those poor helpless moths fluttering prettily around your light wrings my three-chambered heart. If you want to declare war on God's little fuzzies, please have the decency to spare us this detailing of your killer-instinct in action. If you really must get rid of those moths, the humane way to do it is to use a spray can of whipped cream instead of a bug bomb. When they settle down to lick it off, you can lift them gently and deposit them outdoors in Nature's bosom.

SALUD/E. Busby: I have a marginal note here which has nothing to do with SALUD. It simply says "tawny" -- which adjective always comes to my mind now when I think of you. # I didn't mean we never laugh at the Brinker. Just that I think big dogs have a natural dignity that is important to them (small dogs, too, for that matter) and we try not to wound it. We laugh at him when he's clowning as he often does, but try hard not to when he's unintentionally hilarious and gets puzzled and confused by laughter. # One sentence here (under Economou) really threw me when I first read it. You see, when I first skimmed through the mailing, I picked up Curtis's APOCRYPHA, opened it at random and (delighted that he'd resumed mailing comments) started to read my egoboo. On the last two lines of the page I read, "In 1952 I was living with a woman who ... " Why, CURTIS! I thought. Shortly thereafter his zine and yours which had been stuck together slipped apart and I realized that I'd been reading your SALUD -- with a great sigh of relief that my illusions about Sheboygan's Celebrated Woman-Hater remained unshattered. # I agree about the relative impressions given by the names "Busby" and "Doub." Possibly an association of "Doub" with "dowdy." Busby lilts. # I'm surprised that you (or is it only Buz?) should so strongly dislike having people call you "Busbies" yet here you mention "two John Berries." Berries is as cute as Busbies. Sort of snuggly like. # Very much enjoyed your back page discussion of "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties."

EXPERIMENT MCMIX, PART B/Danner: WHAT is a frisket?

BANDWAGON/Ryan: "Persuasion" may or may not be justifiable -- I've never given the matter much thought. But certainly not on your basis -- that it is justifiable if "the persuaders believe in what they are selling." Just open your eyes and ears, Dick, to the preposterous things people staunchly "believe" in. The end of the world at 4 P.M. a week from Friday infusion of milkweed as a sure cure for cancer Castro Les Nirenberg oysters as an aphrodisiac horseless carriages rockets to the moon. "Belief" is no justification for getting people in a lather about absurdities. # How wonderful to have someone mention something I wrote five or more years ago -- ah, yes, Meddibemps. So this is immortality. Sigh. # "Why don't you do a piece on us slobs who have been around for five years and still haven't made the top ten?" Oh, but I did. At least, in a minor way. Last issue -- in my reply to Dick Schultz' letter asking how a new Fapan would fare who maintained minimum activity, I said -- "... True, some old members dangle around at the bottom of the Egoboo Poll list year after year, but they have usually had some peak of activity in the past -- now the interest remains strong enough that they consider themselves, and are considered, fixtures." That's what you are, Dick -- a rusty old fixture. Don't know whether or not you ever had a "peak of activity" in FAPA -- it would have been before my time -- but I do remember MAD with 30 seconds silence. # It never occurs to me to rate the FA on the Egoboo Poll -- but now that I realize it, it's one of my favorite Fapazines. I always read it first even before my own egoboo, to see who's dropped out, who's in, who has joined the waiting list -- and I'm always vitally interested for some reason in what the various officers have to say, even when they say nothing at all of import which is usually. # Who's Trina? You don't subscribe to FANAC!!! You missed the cover of the year -- Trina in (just) a beanie???? Fakefan!

ONE-SHOT FANZINE/Trimbles: Adored those spooky notes -- had me goosepimpling delightfully. Imagine dinner guests so entertaining who do the dinner dishes too! And the compulsion to put Drain0 in all the drains was the finishing touch. It finished me. # Bjo -- are your cats really so remarkable, or was the combination of -- ugh! -- cream sherry and ice cream having its effect? I quote you -- "Spindrift and Grey Mouser are very interested in my gardening; I fixed one large strawberry pot for planting, set it on the porch, and one of the cats promptly used it! Planted a violet in it." The exclamation point on those two sentences is at the end of the wrong one! # Someone, I think maybe Bob Lichtman, asked me if PHlotsam's chatter section "Spindrift" came before or after Bjo's cat. "Spindrift" started in PHlotsam in 1955 so was probably Spindrift #1 -- right? # This use of Wm. Rotsler's name, as a matter of course, is becoming somewhat of an incantation.

A FANZINE FOR ANDY YOUNG/Fapaconites: Dick --you mention here "throwing away the old car and getting a new one" on the Cambridge-N.Y. trip. I know that on your Virginia-Pittcon trip you had to "throw away the old car and get a new one." Was the Pittcon throw-away the new one of the previous trip? This is either conspicuous consumption or vulgar ostentation or stinking horrible bad luck -- I can't decide which. # Flipped at the vision of JeanY sitting and sitting and trying to think of something to write that would interest Andy -- then deciding to tell him the address of their new home. This was the funniest thing in the mailing. More fans going for a great rambling old house -- probably the greatest, rambling one yet. Don't fans ever move into tight little open-plan -- echh! -- development houses?

PHLOTSAM/Morsection: Your bus companies over there should adopt the Milwaukee system to woo riders from their cars. In New York, bus riding was an expensive affair -- 20¢ each ride, and several independent lines which would not honor each others' transfers, costing another 20¢ if you had to use two lines to get where you were going. However, in Milwaukee they sell a weekly pass for \$2.35 -- which amounts to less than 12 rides a week at the regular 20¢ rate -- good for unlimited travel. It costs more than double that just to park the car downtown. Arthur uses his pass going and coming from the office and for trips around the city and if I go shopping I pick it up at the office and can chase tirelessly from store to store and back to the first one all for free. Without knowing anything authoritative, simply from the standpoint of relative economy and convenience of their plan, I would guess that the bus company in this city is in a very healthy financial state. # Mustard on your hamburger? Ugh! I not only can't tolerate mustard on hamburger -- I can't even stand the taste in a meat loaf. Mustard is for pork, ham and hot dogs. Ketchup is for hamburger. Wanna fight? # One line in your comments under LARK has me buffaloed. (Cliche, Jean Linard.) "All That, Horse Nonsense, Now And All This." All I hope is that I typed it correctly so that it means something to somebody. # I get nothing from stereo -- as you say, probably the result of an inoperative ear. However, I don't think I'd care to be without it (the inoperative ear). Surely, there are certain disadvantages -- I have trouble hearing in a car unless I swing around and face the driver directly, and I sometimes have a tendency to fake a reply to someone rather than ask them to repeat -- to my occasional extreme embarrassment! But sleeping on the good ear is so peaceful, and when I'm trying to read or concentrate over radio talk or other distracting noises, I just lean on my elbow with my good ear on my hand and am blissfully oblivious. Hearing is a wonderful thing -- but especially when it can be shut off at will. Don't you agree? # Your three families aggregating 18 people set no records. When I lived in Maine the family across the street had 18 children! As the children grew up, they bought a huge house and chopped it up into apartments. Now several of the offspring are following the multitudinous breeding pattern, and all live together in the same house which has become a small community in itself. # I have never heard "titbit spoken -- and don't think I have ever even read it outside of Fapa.

DRIFTWOOD/Kidd: You live at high pitch, Sally. You call it a "lousy week," but all that business with The Pursuit of the Lost Balloon -- New Orleans to Tucson to San Diego and points west -- sounds like an Eric Ambler thriller. Of course, you were just sitting it out and that can be less exciting than reading about it afterwards. # Snob or no snob -- I refuse to be "Brinker's mommy"! Much as I adore the Brinker, he once had a mommy of his own and that's enough for any dog. To me, this particular thought conjures up visions of a plump and pathetic female cuddling her doggiekins and cooing "Uzzums wuzzums mummie's puppy wuppyboy?" # Don't mislead the Linards -- people (cats, too, I suppose) are "snug as a bug in a rug," but if "happy as bugs" is a cliché I've never heard it. # Pleased to see you tackling mailing comments even if PHlotz wasn't mentioned. Try it again a time or two and you'll be hooked.

THE RAMBLING FAP 23/Calkins: The Heinlein bibliography was appreciated, especially as I like Heinlein and see several here I haven't read. # So many departed and totally unfamiliar names on that fan list. But are you certain it was started only a "couple of years ago"? Time can go deceptively fast and this list seems to me to go back much longer than that. Jan Jansen, for example, is listed as a VBNF, but if memory serves he had his publishing heyday back around 1955-56 and has been completely gaffiated for more than a "couple of years." I peg the Geis activity at around the same date, likewise Pickles of whom I haven't heard in ages -- and surely Peter Vorzimer was not a VBNF in 1958! Further study of this list -- noting the absence of Sylvia (Dees) White, who published her first FLAFAN over three years ago, the Coulsons who have been at YANDRO's helm now for several years, and the Youngs who, I think, started publishing regularly about 1956 -- and the inclusion of such long-time gaffiates as N. G. Browne, Jim Bradley, Mike May, Denis Moreen, R. Multog, Touzinski, Peatrowsky, Vendelmans and Wegars -- I'd say you've had this list stashed away since at least late 1955 or early 1956. How about that, Gregg? It was interesting -- as you can see by the way it hooked me into comment. # Delighted to learn there'll be another OOPSLA! along in - eh? - September?

DESCANT/Clarkes: Hm, Gina -- "what difference would it make to anyone, including the children, whether or not a couple have married 'properly'? These days children are not likely to be made to feel badly about being illegitimate." Are you sincerely this naive, Gina -- or are you just trying to be controversial? The matter of the children being "made to feel badly" has probably lessened a bit in degree, but children can still be hideous monsters to each other about any conspicuous difference. However, of greatest importance is the legal protection of the children. Even under today's binding marriage laws, vast numbers of men simply take off for easier pastures, abandoning wife and children to the tender mercies of municipal welfare departments. As a woman with small children to care for can hardly chloroform them every morning and blithely set out to earn their living, a situation where a father was legally at liberty to walk away from his begotten at any time would result in half the population spending half their income supporting armies of abandoned women and children. Don't forget, these "free" men could immediately set about begetting another brood with the next palpitating Patsy. Or are you advocating state-run nurseries for working mothers in the Russian pattern? You must be advocating something more practical than simply cohabitation by mutual consent -- and damn the consequences! # Enjoyed these newspaper clippings about turtle petting and frog handling. When I was a kid, handling frogs -- or "hop toads" -- was supposed to cause warts. Or cure them. I disremember. # "The Quest For L. N. Gainsborough" was hilarious. The factitious pretentiousness of the "criticism and analysis" in the beginning tickled me and "... communication, through which one discovers, in another, oneself (and in oneself, at the same time, another, or lots of others, depending on the size, in space and time and the transcendence of these, of the self.)" is positively Linardesque! Hoo Ha. # "You're Terrific" was terrific. All told, a terrific issue. # Congratulations on your year-old issue, too!

TARGET:FAPA!/Eney: This Detention report is just a wee bit dated, but enjoyable for all that. I was very glad that you arrived at the Pick-Fort Shelby in this installment because if you maintain a regular schedule from now on you'll be able to arrive at the Penn-Sheraton before you arrive in Seattle, which is as it should be. You can just barely make it -- Detention in the November mailing -- trip to Pitt in the May mailing and -- puff! -- the Penn-Sheraton in August! Of course, this schedule doesn't get you home from either Detroit or Pittsburgh, but that's your worry. Especially do I refuse to worry about how you got home from Pittsburgh -- via bus, with all those suitcases and cartons and Nancy's wheelchair to pick up and cart along in mid-trip. And how did you manage to get all those belongings back to their owners? Gives me nightmares! On thinking about it, once you get the Detroit convention out of the way this mailing (I hope), why not start with the actual Pittcon report in May with just an introductory paragraph on the order of, "After the car broke down, I threw it away ... and we arrived at the Penn-Sheraton at ..." Then devote the August mailing to what must have been the harrowing trip home from the Pittcon. This way you'll still get back from Pittsburgh before you arrive in Seattle (and you'll have to squeeze in your trip to England, too, mind!), and we'll hear all the horrible details of the Pitt-Va. trip I haven't dared think about.

THE BAREAN/Ellik: Lovely BJO cover. # Why did you usually "pick up a small stone to chew on as we hiked"? How does one "chew" a stone -- and what's the point? If you keep swallowing them you'll have to start reckoning your weight in "stones" like the English. # Elinor does write exactly as she talks -- and she and Buz say I do too -- which should make you feel all the more as if intruding on a private conversation when reading our comments. And, now that we've actually met, this will probably be intensified. I find it much easier as a rule to write comments to people I actually know. # In all that great fat #14 issue of PFlotz full of articles and all sorts other stuff you couldn't find one peg to hang a comment on? Hmf. # "Ha!" I have writ here about "The Ballad of Andy Young."

HORIZONS/Warner: So if some staunch Fapan rushes to Hagerstown to rescue the Warner carcass from vulgar exhibition and ritual -- what do you want we should do with it? We can't very well pickle it for posterity -- that's reserved for Bloch. One appropriate disposition would be to petrify it for a monument in the lobby of the Tucker Hotel. # You may "want" to be the hermit crab of FAPA, but "soft-shell crab" would be much more suitable now that you've admitted so many Fapans into your lair -- yea, even unto the YOUNGest. # FEAR and SHOCK are reprinting all over the place (or were -- I haven't seen issues lately and don't know if they're still around), without any identification of the stories as reprints. It's annoying to read story after story and find this sense of familiarity cropping up after a few paragraphs. # What on earth is roiling around in your subconscious to prevent you from buying cloth? I can understand, if not sympathize with, the man I mentioned who made such a big deal about the unmasculinity of buying "Dog Yummies" -- it is essentially a "baby-talk" name -- but CLOTH??? # I've heard of slipsheeters, but have never seen one and don't have any idea how they work. However, because of a great increase in my mimeo load, and prospective much greater increase, we're planning to get an electric Gestetner soon and I may find I need one -- if such exists. Sometimes -- possibly due to atmospheric conditions -- I have offset trouble which I can control to a degree by adjusting the speed with which I run the sheets through the machine. But such control will probably not be possible with an electric. If I find out what a "slipsheet" is, I'll tell you. # Another pop song with very frank lyrics that goes back much farther than "Petting In The Park" was "The Shiek of Araby" -- "At night when you're asleep, Into your tent I'll creep. The stars that shine above, Will light our way to love ..." Current songs are just as sexy but more covertly so. # Enjoyed greatly all the other HORIZONS features -- as always. # And without room left to talk about anything else, I find myself with a line left over which I thus dispose of.

KLEIN BOTTLE/T & M Carr: Did Bill Rotsler really mean he "got to know Dan Curran and Brian Donahue better"? I have always bracketed Dan Curran with Bill Donaho. # Better get after Bill to write some more Kteic stuff or you'll be running out of Kookie Jars. That would never do. # Terry, I thought "Some Words With The Devil" was very well written but did not find the ending came off as a snapper. In fact, the rest of it was so good I've been trying, unsuccessfully, to think of alternate endings. # I don't "conceal (my) age and make a Thing of it," -- I just don't reveal it. I don't consider it anyone's business -- especially 10-15 years from now when I expect to still remain an old broken-down Fapan. # Your system of replying to letters by using different color print is very good. Enjoy this section. # The bacover was a gas -- in fact, I like all your art work. The ditto process is especially effective for such things as the Trina art.

VANDY/Coulsons: You are a true gentleman, Buck Coulson, for apologizing so emphatically after falsely accusing me of fuggheaded objectionism. OE Young was indeed the culprit and, I must admit, the last person I'd expect to be mistaken for. # You mention here that I was supposed to attack you last mailing for intolerance. However, I decided against it because if I'm going to go around preaching tolerance, I should start by being tolerant of other people's intolerances. # But why should a 4½ year old boy have a BB gun -- or a .22 at age 6? There is some constructive purpose here? # "Fan" is not necessarily a contraction of "fanatic." To me it's a contraction of "fancier." # Juanita may be, to quote her, "a terribly unnatural mother," and you may be raising Bruce in a "harsh regime," but whatever your methods, it's obvious you've struck a winning formula. I've never seen a more delightful, sunny, charming child. # Bob Tucker, I remember at least one picture 20 or so years ago using those "glasses" with the red and green cellophane (?) lens. The memory is vivid because my kid sister who was four or five at the time was with me, and when things started to fly out of the screen at her -- wasn't there a witch involved? -- the poor kid started screaming bloody murder and trying to climb the walls. She finally wound up whimpering under the seat. I coaxed her out and, with the glasses off, the picture was not so terrifying, but she sat through most of the rest of it with her eyes squeezed shut. # Why aren't you writing a con report about Pittsburgh? What did the con committee offer you to print your name in the program booklet to attract all sorts innocent neos like me to their fusty old con? No Tucker. No Bloch. Mmmmmf. # I was amazed that my absence from the Midwescon should be "conspicuous" as the last (and only) one I attended was in 1954. You disappointed me -- when you were sitting on the stairway chattering and the mundane type popped out his door he should have said, "You can't sit here!" # Juanita -- when you were here the other night did you see the snapshot DAG took of the cemetary with the big highway sign smack in front of it saying "DEAD END"? # We differ in one respect. I'm afraid I would get fidgety in your house because I can't live without great gobs of silence. Sometimes I have the radio for background during the day -- the soft music, softer commercials, almost-all-day Jack Raymond show -- but soothing and enjoyable as I find that program, after a couple of hours I need quiet and turn it off. With your loathing for silence, we'd never get along. # Several of you will be interested to know that I've arranged to become the proud possessor of Juanita's "Priestess Of Purgatory" which I greatly admired at the FanArt Show in Pittsburgh. There was much admiration for this painting which is a complete departure from Juanita's usual work. I found it very exciting. Juanita low rates it -- says she was "just fooling around" -- but I maintain that the best work is often done under just such conditions, when the subconscious takes over and the work flows effortlessly. Juanita is as baffled by the interest in this picture as Marion Bradley is by Fapa's response to what she thinks are "top of the head" ramblings. I find a parallel here. # The first time I ever stayed overnight in a tall building -- the sixth floor of the old Exchange Hotel in Bangor, Maine -- I was afraid to go to sleep that night for fear I would get up in my sleep and jump out. But I've never been bothered by such a fear since.

POST-POSTIES -- SHADOW MAILING -- and all that there illegitimate jazz ...

A FAPAZINE AT 4:20 P.M./Fan Hill Mob: This was uncommentable, but I'd like to see you kooks start right now campaigning for 1961 office so we'd see more stuff this entertaining. The inside-last-page cartoon was the absolute end!

ICE AGE/Shaws: Welcome, Noreen -- glad to see you plunging in with mailing comments. Your comment about New York rents gives one of the strongest reasons why we fled New York. A small four-room apartment at \$240 per month is bad enough but we couldn't begin to fit our stuff into four rooms, so we were really up against it. Especially as we loathe commuting and insist on close-to-midtown living. It's easy to understand why tenants can always be found for New York's \$500-\$600 apartments. You are in competition with all the UN personnel who pay the going rate and ask no questions. # Everything has speeded up for kids now, including the convertible. Our evening paper boy -- high-schooler -- delivers his papers in a flashy yellow convertible. # I never liked those radio serials (not things like Inner Sanctum or Lights Out, which were complete stories), and never listened to them, but some of them must have sunk into my subconscious as I even recall many of the words to the Lincoln Highway theme -- "Hi, there, neighbor - going my way? etc."

ACCENTUATE THE NEGATIVE/Stark: This arrived too late for comment in the 91st. I would like to find nice things to say about these stories, Larry, but even the very title rubs me the wrong way, not to mention the general theme of the stories. Call me Pollyanna, or whatever you will, but I loathe and avoid the negative. I strongly believe that one's life and happiness is determined by one's outlook and I refuse to subject myself to the dismal, degrading, violent, beat, or pessimistic philosophies of anybody. I avoid all such reading matter or "entertainment" like the poison I believe it to be. Not that I view life as entirely sweetness and light, but feel that an "Accentuate The Negative" outlook simply impells one to slump back and invite life's steamroller -- which can't resist such an invitation.

SPINNAKER REACH/Chauvenet: Missed the second "Shadow Mailing" which I've been looking for. What happened? # HABAKKUK is not a Fapazine. It is one of the finest fanzines going and I wonder where it is. # Enjoyed all of SR -- especially East Of etc.

IDLE HANDS/Metcalf: Are those regulation Gestencils you get for \$2.10 per quire -- fresh and perfect and all OK? Golly, I pay almost double that with a 10% discount. What's the gimmick? # We used to use the notched-spool-on-a-strong bit to startle innocent householders on Halloween night. No trick or treat or UNICEF then.

THE LURKING SHADOW/Hansen: Your review of the old-time Fapa mailings and Egoboo Polls was fascinating reading. I'm so glad I started it -- this was the perfect extension! # I think many older fans are thrown by the non-stefnal character of present day Apazines. They say that we're not fans because we don't write about science fiction. What they fail to realize is that science-fiction fandom is the common denominator which has sparked friendships and associations which have matured into more general interests. Science-fiction retains interest for most of us, I think, but is much too limited as the sole subject for year-in-and-year-out concentration. Fapa's breadth of interest is very stimulating. I'm not referring to you here, Chuck -- although an "Old-timer," you obviously dig us.

* * * * *

Cab driver told me about the boiled lady who poured herself into his cab. "You're passionate." the lady said to him as they drove along. "Listen, lady," he replied, "I'm a married man with two kids and four grandkids." "My place is five blocks back," the gassed lady said. "I toldja you was pashin' it!"

Prithee, gentle fapans, do not blame Phyllis for typo's here. Spurred on by two fonecalls in the last 24 hours, I am decanting a spot of fanac to serve as an egregious ersatz for such tardy titans as John Berry and suchlike.

Fonecalls--as Speer used to call them--are certainly the finest form of fanac short of revelling in the neverneverhardlyever world of a science fiction convention. If I had all the money I wanted, I would certainly spend a fat slice of it on long-distance calls. As it is, I spend a dismaying amount that way.

It certainly is infinitely better than writing letters and compared to making tapes...well, now! Me, I am not much for tape recording. Tapes come, I listen with interest but don't take notes. When I go to answer, months, years later, I have to play them over to make notes. By the time I'm done, there's no more time for recording and by the time I can record again I've lost the notes, etc., &c. To give you an idea of how foul I am at taping, I still have some small tapes here that Eney sent me in 1958...no, 1957...Raeburn said some stuff onto them to Eney in correction of the firstdraft of the FANCYC II and I not only didn't get them sent but when Eney was here last fall (fall of '59, that is), I clean forgot to give them to him! Boyd, Rich, I'm sorry, honest.

This noon (6 Nov.) we called Larry T. Shaw to settle some stuff regarding a projected article for GUNsport and got to say a few words to Noreen also. Fourteen minutes went by like a microsecond. I'd count myself a close runnerup for title of champ marathon telephonist though of course I'm not remotely in the same league with Horace Gold.

BADGE 13 RIDES AGAIN The Auxiliary Cops were out in force for Hallowe'en and, as we have for the last three years, I paired off with Jere Keller, a very tall, very thin, very energetic type, also from the Northeast sector. This year, after the usual lecture at Hqs., we were assigned to guard the City Hall till 9:00PM after which we were supposed to report back for coffee and donuts and go forth again. We scragged four merry lads who were lurching along the walk dousing cars with soap from a shave-bomb. I remember thinking to myself that even Danner and Arthur Economou would have to concede that that was one thing you could do with pressurized cans that you couldn't do without them. Apart from that, no action but City Hall was still as unscathed at 21:00 hours as it was before, though of course not any more so. After snacking it up at the Safety Building, we drew an assignment to Rosenow School (the one the smaller Grennells go to) where vandalism often is a somewhat problem. We stashed the cars across the street with the Blue Beetle heading outward for possible flying starts. I had also taken the worthwhile precaution of stripping all the assorted crud and impedimentia out of it so that we could corner at speed without capsizing from shifting cargo. It was well I had. We were waiting inside with the lights out when we saw an old car skreek to a stop at the nearby intersection. A kid got out and commenced wrestling with a sign warning of road construction ahead. He wrenched it loose and threw it into the trunk of the car and off they took with howling rubber. Jere and I loped over and

swarmed aboard the Beetle. I fired up the boilers and socked the lever into "S" with the speed of much practice and we stampede forth from the driveway at something like 8 g's.

It's a pity they hadn't read the sign; they'd gone straight ahead into the new construction and were bogged down in loose gravel. We pinned them down, bagged the ignition keys and stopped just short of having them put their hands along the top of the car for a search. No use, we said later, of being too joe Friday about it. After that, nothing much happened. One AM; it was cold in Fond du Lac...

WE MEET A TAFF DELEGATE Thanks to kindly old Uncle Bob Pavlat, we got to meet Eric Bentcliffe shortly after the Pittcon. We had a most enjoyable and pleasant faanish evening, listening to some tapes Eric'd brought from England, admiring some Eddie Jones artwork, shooting pictures and things like that. I dug up a battered slouch hat, a brace of .45 automatics and, with the black focusing cloth from my 8x10 camera we togged out in fair imitation of The Shadow and shot a bunch of mildly hilarious pix going yuk-yuk-yukkety-yuk at each other. At least the negatives look hilarious. One day I hope to print them.

October 30th the Coulsons, De Weeses and Carrolls came up for the afternoon and we admired some really fine Kodacolor prints that Buck had taken at the Pittcon. I admired them so much in fact that I gave Buck a dollar and a quarter to have a set made up for me. I really have got to try this Kodacolor sometime again myself. The last time I shot any was in 1942, down at Eagle Pass, Texas, right after I had got in the AAF and obviously they have come a loong ways since. Buck, Lee Carroll and I went down to the club range and shot up something like twenty targets. By the time we got done, we had a veritable Smoke Filled Room.

On hand is XERO 2 from Pat & Dick Lupoff. This is definitely one of the more memorable of the recent fanzines. Dick mentions he digs fanzines that discuss serious current social problems and I agree. Some time ago I lugged along the typer and some stencils and started doing up a fanzine--not the one called "Topaz," but since then. I got so enwound in a serious social discussion that when I read it in the lucid light of next morning I could only reluctantly decide that it wasn't for publishing. It must be nice to have time to firstdraft on paper.

—ENEY FOR TAFF—

PORTLAND, Ore. AP- Tom Crane, who is 102 today, says he owes his long life to "whiskey, smoking and fast women."

"I still take a drink and I will as long as I live," the ex-logger, a native of Virginia who came west in 1880 said.

"I had to give up chewing tobacco when I lost my teeth, and I quit smoking about six or seven years ago," he said.

As for women. "Well, I still look at them."

Crane lives in a rest home here.

Above item courtesy of Bill Stavdal, indefatigable newshound of Penticton, British Columbia, who notes, "This is the story I always wanted to write." Bill also sends the frontpage of the Penticton Herald for 23 Sep'60 which tells how an elderly Manitoba woman collapsed at the corner of Martin and Eckhardt streets in Penticton and also how two passing schoolboys found her "prostate on the sidewalk." Surprising they knew what it was. Bill says, "The Canadian Med. Assoc. wants to meet this lady."

SPUME - HERE THERE BE BOOKS

It has been said that you can judge a man (woman too, I presume) by glancing at his library. Maybe so. There's neither time nor space to take you on an extended tour of our library, but a quick once-over of a small segment may afford readers some fun in do-it-yourself analysis of the Economus. Our books, of course, are not me or him, but "us," as Arthur is a book accumulator too. I'll save the "library" proper (where all the fantasy and SF is) for more extended coverage at some possible future time. Right now, I'll confine my reporting to two shelves of the dining-room china closet behind me which is serving as emergency bookshelf space until the two 6-shelfers still needed to house the overflow are finished.

An intriguing juxtaposition are Karl Marx's CAPITAL nestled against McGee's GENERAL SEMANTICS OF WALL STREET. Whether this positioning was accidental or evidence that the subconscious has a sense of humor I don't know. I like it.

Another nice cheek-by-jowling is a Shakespeare anthology cuddling up to PSYCHO. DR. ZHIVAGO stands along beside SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY which is followed by some half dozen ancient volumes, including a bound set of PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for the year 1885 and M. G. Lewis' 2-volume TALES OF WONDER published in 1801. Then there is a space usually occupied by Lewis's THE MONK, 1794 edition (the last unexpurgated) which was the best seller of its day and now out on cautious loan.

Many of the books on these shelves are our best-loved and/or most used volumes which were ferreted out while all the other books reposed in stacked cartons in the foyer awaiting bookshelves -- and some of my musty old books which needed the air.

There's STAY SLIM FOR LIFE from which I cull recipes to try to make our chronic dieting regime interesting; DOG OWNER'S MANUAL; INTERIOR DECORATING; HI FI HOME MUSIC SYSTEMS; ROYAL ROAD TO CARD MAGIC; Darvas' HOW I MADE \$2,000,000 IN THE STOCK MARKET; THE ART OF PLANT & DRIFTWOOD ARRANGEMENT and Berlitz' ITALIAN.

Thomas Wolfe's YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN awaits rereading beside D. H. Lawrence's SEX AND LITERATURE, and they are flanked on the right by Walker's VENTURE WITH IDEAS and on the left by OMAR KHAYYAM. THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MURDER (fact) is appropriately paired with an Agatha Christie anthology.

Down in the right hand corner, which I haven't glanced at yet, marches in a row: ILLUSTRIOUS LIVES by Plutarch (an ancient family volume); my nursing school textbook of PSYCHOLOGY; the TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DIARIES; PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOPENHAUER; A TREASURY OF SCIENCE-FICTION CLASSICS; Storck's MAN & CIVILIZATION; THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS and Le Fanu's 3-volume FURCELL PAPERS dated 1880.

Topping them all, laying flat because it won't fit anywhere else, is Dick Eney's FANCYCLOPEDIA II.

Oh yes, those corrugated paper wrapped bundles on the lower shelf are my extra copies (2 each) of Lovecraft's THE OUTSIDER and BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP.

What have I missed? Scattered about I also see an 1863 "Doctor Book" from which I intend to quote some day; PAUSE TO WONDER; Duteil's THE GREAT AMERICAN PARADE -- one of my favorites; HOYLE'S GAMES, "established rules and practice of everything from whist to ecarte -- from draughts to 'matrimony'," published in 1845; WAR AND PEACE; TOBACCO TYCOON, the life of James Duke; THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEWING; WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL, a book of cartoons about women from 1851 to the present (delightful! -- men were poking fun at us way back then), and Emily Hahn's CHINA TO ME.

Now that I've recounted all this, I feel as if I'd inventoried my lingerie drawer for you. Books are that personal. But everyone who comes here browses among the books, so you might as well, too.

So what's your Little-Gem-Dandy, 10-Minute Character Analysis? (I wouldn't leave myself open to this except that I'm betting they'll be so wildly variant as to cancel each other out.)

And shall I continue?

(CLEANINGS - CONT. FROM PAGE 2)

daddy was on the faculty of MacGill, and she came here with NO prejudice against negroes or Jews -- but towards French-Canadians she is as baaad as a southerner against negroes..."

Betty ecstasically described the visit of Eric Bentcliffe and Bob Pavlat -- both GOOD MEN indeed! -- and horrifically described a tornado, which does sound worse than a hurricane, if only because of the unpredictability of it. To answer a question -- the latin on the first page is Phlotsam's motto.

Commenting on Morse's section, Betty says: "Enjoyed Bill Morse's comments -- sounds like a delightful lad. [Yes!] ... Will abstain from commenting on his comments on National Health-socialized medicine -- and keep my good temper."

To John Berry: "Loved the John Berry thing, but of course. And he is SO right about neo-fans reviewing fanzines -- oh my yes. Flipped over his 'White Hunter' reaction -- caught it on Chi. tv last night and thought of Jawn -- it is a dog of a series and chock full o bloopers and boners. Fascinated by his survey of quote cards ... Hope he'll be in the next issue nattering on the subjects he mentions ..."

GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO (address -- take a deep breath -- Beyoglu, Istikal Caddesi, Postacilar Sokagi, Glavani Apt. 13/13, Istanbul, Turkey. Send him fanzines.) writes delightfully about getting married, moving, his enjoyment of fanzines and Phlotsam and extends an invitation to "drop on me any time." Despite this amusing phrasing, (the expression is 'drop in on,' Giovanni) these Europeans like Giovanni, the Linards and the Versins with their command of other people's languages make me feel very provincial. I'm impelled to get back to my Berlitz book of Italian. I made fine progress for a while but, probably due to lack of incentive, let it drop. Now if someone would only start publishing an entertaining fanzine in Italian ...

ART WILSON writes from Hongkong in the Year of the Rat -- nothing crying out for quotation (he was commenting on #14 which was pretty well covered last issue) except "You read very well, which usually means that I agree with almost everything you say." I can see we'll get along excellently, Art. You've been reinstated on Phlotz mailing list from which you were removed for lack of response. Your letter is also one I'd like to answer if I ever manage to answer mail again.

About my mention last issue of the cigarette with the sense of humor, "Kentucky King, the cigarette with the all-tobacco filter," MIKE DECKINGER contributes: "... a friend of mine had a job during the summer handing out free sample packs of this Kentucky King cigarettes you mention and he gave me several. The 'filter' is simply tobacco that has been packed down more tightly to give the illusion of it being made of some thicker substance. This cigarette has one advantage though, unlike other filter cigarettes it can be lit from either end, and the filter will burn, though not as well as the other tobacco. It's really the gimmick alone that is selling them. And if they are successful the company will next bring out a cigarette made of all filter with no tobacco for those who want to be really safe."

Yes, I've received SPINGE 3, KEN CHESLIN. Thanks. I enjoyed it even if unable to comment except this way. That thank you is also for the rest of you who send your fanzines in trade. My enjoyment of them is the only thing that impells me to let Phlotsam's mailing list burgeon so frightfully. Ken says: "VIVA BERRY! ... this column was read with interest and I look forward to seeing it again. [Me, too!] I'm rather interested in seeing how John makes out, this (I think) is the first column, as a column, that he's done." Ken goes on quite violently about the state of British TV. I've never wanted it here -- now I doubt I'd want it if I were there!

It's ENEY for TAFF!

DEAN McLAUGHLIN notes: "Recalling your tale of 'The Absolute Last Time I Was In An Airplane,' (which, if you haven't recounted to PHlotsam readers, you should do at once) this small tip on what to do next time. Only, be sure and tell them the title! (And it better be SF. You hear?)" Dean enclosed the following clipping from somewhere -- "An airplane passenger, Mr. Gabriel Archer, was engrossed in a book one day last month when the air liner in which he was riding suddenly overturned as it came down for a crash landing, and he found himself 'hanging head down from his seat belt.' Afterwards he told reporters, 'I turned the page, folded it over to mark the place, closed the book and put it in my pocket.' We don't know what this fascinating book was, as the Philadelphia Bulletin says in reporting the story, 'it must have been a humdinger'."

First of all, Dean, my tale could not be titled "The Absolute Last Time I Was In An Airplane," because I've (reluctantly) flown to and from Detroit, Pittsburgh and all over the map since. It could be called "The Almost Absolute Last Time I Was In An Airplane." I won't tell it because I've now become a Positive Thinker -- and I don't want to spoil flying for fans who enjoy it. In the minority, it would seem from comments of Pittcon goers I talked with. Your plane passenger was indeed a cool duck. Of course, he must have been reading science-fiction. Probably an anthology. I can think of two anthologized tales that might have inspired such equanimity -- "Things Pass By" by Murray Leinster, and "Doomsday Deferred" by Will Jenkins. Others?

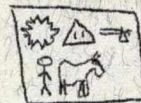
Correspondents are still writing about my article in #14, "1250 On Your Dial," concerning popular music. (Sorry I couldn't print the Crosby column, Betty. No room and it's out of date -- but thanks for sending it!) Final word on the subject, tho, was just contributed by BOYD RAEBURN who sent me clippings from the Toronto papers -- with pictures I'd give anything to reproduce -- describing a recent Fabian plus troupe performance there. I'll just quote without comment --

"Fan In Trance Attacks Fabian," one article headlined, then reported, "Rock 'n roll singing idol Fabian so entranced his fans at Maple Leaf Gardens last night that one of them leaped on him and dragged him to the floor. The surprise climax to the Show of Stars immediately had the 2,900 teen-agers screaming in fear and anger instead of ecstasy. As Fabian started for the wings, a Toronto student, Richard Fahrian, 19, leaped up on stage and grabbed him. Then the crazed fan clung so tightly to the singer that it took dozens of confused rescuers to pull him off. Fabian emerged bruised and shaken. His light blue, skin-tight costume was shredded ... Officials said the teen-ager had to be taken back to his seat several times during the evening after he shuffled in a trance toward the stage snapping his fingers to the music ... Master of ceremonies Herkie Styles clubbed at Fahrian with a chair in an attempt to loosen his grip. He seemed to hit everybody but the assailant."

The other paper had a slightly different -- and even more fascinating -- version. The headline this time went "Boy Kisses Fabian, Sparks Fight." It went on: "... An un-combed, orange-shirted young man leapt right on stage during Fabian's finale. Fabian, in his turquoise Eisenhower jacket and tight pants, turned to trot off stage. Orange Shirt shot after him and bussed him. Fabian's enraged "Fabulous Four" quartet forgot their verses and let their fists fly at the intruder. One bandsman dropped his instrument and grabbed a chair, getting in two or three good blows. Two policemen jumped on to the stage and grabbed the now-cowed youth. Muttered one of the show's sponsors: 'Boy, never again. This is the end. When boys go after Fabian and beat the girls to him....'"

And that's the final word -- unless I decide to do a bit of research and write an article about Rock 'n Roll. I've never listened to it and don't quite know what it actually is. I'll calculate my survival chances, then we'll see. 'voir... PHE

MANITOU
BLESS OUR
LITTLE
TEEPEE



See
below



THE FIRST F-A-A-A-N

"Me worried about little Leaping Turtle over there. All time him sit in teepee and read that crazy William Rogers stuff."

"Ugh."

"Him say story tell all about how some day Palefaces will visit us from far across the Big Water; Palefaces in Heap Tall Canoe. Him say Palefaces will bring wondrous thundersticks that can kill buffalo many arrow-flights away."

"Ugh."

"Him say story tell how Paleface will bring stuff called 'Firewater' that will make our feet stutter, make us talk when we got nothing to say, make us see strange visions nobody can see unless they drink this 'Firewater' too."

"Ugh."

"Me say this not so. Me say these writers speak with forked tongue. Me say to little Leaping Turtle, me say, 'Hah!' Me say, 'If there are Paleface far beyond the Big Water, Paleface with Heap Tall Canoe, Paleface with Magic Thundersticks, Paleface with Firewater....' Me say, 'If all this true, Leaping Turtle, how come they not contact us already?'"

"Ugh."

* Freely translated and appropriately corrected, the date on the calendar reads, "October 11, 1942."