



"THE FANZINE WITH THE WHIPPED-IN GOODNESS!"

a nihiladrem press production

This is issue #15 of PHlotsam, churned out in a rush for the 92nd FAPA mailing by Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 E. Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wis. Chalk up four pages for Bill Morse this time around all ye scribes, official and un.

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS

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

THINGS HAPPEN to me in the summertime. Visitors, trips, food poisoning, just about everything. Thus, this is apparently going to be the second annual, old traditional, August type tossed-together issue. The date is July 22 and the only material at hand is the first edition of a new column which I plan to include in every PHlotsam. Very likely this is the only reason I'm getting anything in this mailing at all, because I'm afraid if I don't print this first column, it may well be the last.

I've no intention of turning PHlotsam into a genzine, now -- and am not soliciting any material. But when a waiting-lister expressed interest in having a column in each mailing -- sort of a run-for-the-hills-folks-see-what's-coming sporting warning -- I decided to stretch the pages of PHlotsam a bit and take him in. I feel the young feller shows definite promise and in time may make quite a name for himself in FAPA and fandom. Be generous, members, remember you were trembling waiting-listers once yourselves. You'll find John Berry's first column on page 9.

IF BILL MORSE made the unannounced and unheralded deadline, you'll find him on page 5. I didn't send Bill any chop-chop letters because I wasn't at all certain I'd publish anything this quarter. I'm still not.

YOU'LL ALSO FIND something on all the other pages, too. If you don't, let me know which and I'll send you a copy that printed both sides.

ONE OTHER FELLOW was supposed to have an article in here. A delightful guy some of you old timers (especially Bob Pavlat and Dick Eney) will remember. Name of Lee Carroll. Or Leo. Used to be part of Washington fandom and published a fanzine called QUANTO back in the 40s. Since then he's been travelling to far exotic places and having Experiences and Adventures, and tells a fine tall tale, some of which he promised to write down for PHlotsam. But he needs prodding and I've very carefully refrained from prodding him this quarter. Once this issue is in the mail, I intend to prod like mad for something for the next one.

Gene DeWeese dug Lee from der voodvoork oudt. Imagine discovering an old-time fan sitting at the next desk at Milwaukee's AC Spark Plug. Lee's job is an adventurous sort of affair. He's constantly sent hither and yon -- England, Florida, Morocco -- and rarely tops 10 months in one place. Unfortunately, as he's been here quite a few months, it's doubtful that he will still be around for the 1961 third-annual, old-traditional Economou Blizzard Party. But if I can inveigle him into PHlotsam, it's but a step to the FAPA waiting-list.

AS YOU'LL NOTICE ON YOUR BALLOT -- if Ron didn't double-cross me -- I'm running for President this time around. Not power mad. I've been hearing ominous rumors that FAPA had no Presidential candidates this election -- and without a President the FAPA would surely be plunged into Chaos. So I nobly step forward. And if anyone else has decided to run, I thought I'd better keep them honest. So VOTE awreddy.

Monday, July 29, 7:30 P.M.

I DON'T FEEL AT ALL like working on PHlotsam tonight but it's now or never. Just a couple of days left and Arthur stayed downtown tonight so I could try to concoct some sort of an issue. But it's sticky and oppressive, smelling of heat and the tar they sprayed on the street this afternoon.

I've been sitting on the porch swing killing time and trying to cool off. But it's worse out there. The light is eerie and the atmosphere ominous with no breath of air stirring and a premature darkness gathering in. Tornado warnings are out, and also warnings of "locally severe thunderstorms with damaging winds and hail." I'd feel a bit easier if I had some idea what to do if a tornado does strike. I used to have the routine for a Florida hurricane down pat, but this is something quite different I think. I dislike the idea of cowering in the cellar, but maybe that's what I should do if it comes. Or is that just for cyclones? Is there a difference, I wonder? I also wonder how I'm to know the difference between a severe thunderstorm and a tornado, because I love severe thunderstorms and insist on sitting outdoors through the worst of them admiring their awesome commotion.

During the great New England hurricane of 1938 -- which nobody recognized as a hurricane in the beginning -- I sat on the porch in Maine clinging with both arms around the porch pillar, defying the wind until it picked up a heavy rug off the floor and whisked it end over end through the air down the street. I might be tempted to try that through a Mid-Western tornado except that the porch pillars here are square instead of round and would be quite uncomfortable to cling to.

Just checked outside where the air is like a smothering blanket, leaves on the trees dangling limply and the people on the top floor of the apartment building across the street anxiously searching the sky from their balcony. The radio is no help, blithely playing bop or chamber music in between their occasional brief warnings of the dire possibilities to come. Secretly, I guess I'm really hoping a tornado will come -- despite my apprehension -- just for the drama of it. This was the way of it in Florida when the hurricane warnings were out. For days people lived in a fever of apprehension and preparation -- boarding up, accumulating food, fuel, candles and batteries, sterilizing the bathtub and filling it with water -- then if the storm veered and bypassed, there was a tremendous sense of letdown. All that adrenalin stored up with no place to go. This you could admit to nobody though, because they just might be one of those who lost their roof in the last one.

Anyway, in a lesser degree, I'm charged with adrenalin tonight, feeling that it might be necessary to be decisive and take action -- if only to dash about closing windows. If nothing dramatic happens, I'll probably discharge it all over you.

THAT WAS A WEEK AGO. Nothing happened after all, and I so keyed up with expectancy that I spent the rest of the evening sitting on the porch sulking. However, we've had "locally severe" thunderstorms almost every night since. The pleasure and excitement is wearing off in direct ratio to the increase in the humidity. Everything in the house is damp and rather chilly in a cryptish sort of way. Books and magazines are waving, stamps and envelopes stick, label sheets curl. I grotch.

It has been an inordinately cool summer. Was it like this everywhere? One or perhaps two days it climbed into the low 90s -- 10 or 11 is the average -- and not too many days have even managed to hit 80. Especially here near the lake which often runs 10 degrees cooler than other parts of the city. Actually we had our warmest weather during those few April days I wrote about last mailing. Enough weather, though -- I'd never dreamed I was filling a whole page with the universal stuff.

IN A RECENT LETTER -- a bit of which is excerpted at the end of Bill Morse's mailing comments -- Bill describes the incredibly efficient postal delivery system over there. He also mentions, with due assurances that he is not Casting Reflections, that there a P. O. Box indicates something to hide. I can see how this would come about in a nation where clock-like regularity, speed and efficiency of the postal service is legendary. But in this backward part of the world, where Arthur Summerfield's boys spend their days playing tic-tac-toe sitting on the mailbags, a P. O. Box is one method of bettering the situation to an extent. House deliveries have been down to one a day for years now, and I'm convinced they often do not deliver all accumulated mail, but let part of it go for a day or two. However, with a post office box, mail is fed into the boxes constantly as it comes in, and may be picked up -- at least in main city post offices -- 24 hours a day, seven days a week. This is a psychological boon, at least, to impatient types who can't bear to be kept waiting, even if they're expecting nothing in particular.

Also, in many of the smaller towns across the nation, there is no mail delivery at all, except for "Special Delivery." Each family has a box at the post office and must call for their mail. Apparently in England there is universal mail delivery or there wouldn't be such an opinion about post office boxes.

YESTERDAY WAS AUGUST 6th, and with Phlotsam far from completed, Arthur took pity on my plight and hied himself off for the day and evening. (He may also have had some slight inclination to escape from my extreme irritability at any interruption.)

With DAG's brother Ralph, who is also a small-plane enthusiast and is building himself a powerful job called the "Cougar," and Ralph's wife Lois, Arthur took off at eight in the morning for Rockford, Illinois to attend the 7th annual "National Fly-In" of the Experimental Aircraft Association. Home-built airplane enthusiasts come from all parts of the country to talk designs, construction and flying, and admire -- or criticize -- each others "home-builts." Some attendees actually do "fly-in," but others use mundane transportation, especially those from far places whose planes lack the flying range for long trips.

Arthur has had his plans for the "Jodel D-11," a highly complicated, all wood construction, two-seater, for a long time. Due to many reasons -- especially preoccupation with business and lack of any clear idea of just where a large plane could actually be built and assembled -- things have never gone beyond the stage of studying the plans -- which took about six months just to figure out. However, last night he returned afire with enthusiasm and can hardly wait to seize a few tools and start work on a few prosaic projects, just to get the feel of construction again while he maps out his more ambitious strategy for the Jodel D-11. He built a plane once before, but that was a long time ago. Meanwhile, he's picked up his flying lessons again and will solo in a few more hours.

I'm all for the deal. Although he refuses to tell me what he has in mind to build, being a believer at the moment of "action, not talk," nothing but good can come of all this. Whatever "projects" may materialize in the process of his sharpening his technique with tools in preparation for the big job, it is certain they will be sorely needed and greatly appreciated. All this is supposed to be in the realm of "surprise," and I've been forbidden to speculate -- but those of you who have seen all the cartons of books piled in the foyer tier on tier will have some idea of the "great expectations" crossing my mind.

Next year I plan to attend the "Fly-In" too. Who knows, maybe I'll even get to like it again.

BILL MORSE COMMENTS:

on the 91st

FANTAM - Officialdom....This is postmarked May 20th - reached me June 17th....Nice packing, though....Pleasantest surprise of the mailing is name No. 44 on the Waiting List. Haven't heard from Shelvick since '54, just after his polio recovery; he'll be most welcome here....There are obvious difficulties for European members who feel like filing for SecyTreas and OE: how many past Presidents and Vice-Presidents have we had?

ALIF....I loved this.

BLEEN - DAG....That's a handsome Fapan on the front cover....Seems to be a habit at Fan Gatherings to be wide-eyed and innocent about drinks. At Nolacon, I couldn't figure out why the mixer in the rum wasn't doing its stuff properly - turned out it was Tom Collins....You obviously live in the wrong country - there's not the slightest objection here if you amble up to the bar, have one, and amble out again. This gives the best chance of pub crawling; if you start at the Cumberland and work your way steadily east along Oxford Street, then by the time you turn up Hatton Garden for the Globe you will very likely be literally on your knees....Custom in West Compton is to drive to Pilton, pack a dozen or so into the back of the sidecar and take them back home to cool off in the fridge.

CATCHTRAP - MZB....People stopped going by bus here because it was cheaper and quicker by car. So the bus company raised fares to make up their losses and lost more passengers. Latest is the complaint from the bus company that people with cars are giving neighbours rides to town and "there oughta be a law to stop this sort of thing."....We speak of a Mid-Atlantic accent to describe the phoney twang of UK pop-singers and TV comperes. From time to time we get Hollywood imitations of our regional accents which are indeed sidesplitting....Fish'n'Chips is the natural Saturday night supper of the ordinary type of lowlife. Fried fish - cod, skate or dogfish ("rock salmon") - and our version of french fried potatoes, which are thicker and a trifle softer than the french fries I usually got served in Canada or the States. Wrap the lot in grease-proof paper after a liberal dousing with salt and vinegar; wrap again in outdated newspaper and you then have food for the body and for the brain as well - especially if the outer wrapping is a sheet or two of the News of the World....No mustard on your hamburger? Ugh. Next you'll be saying No Onions....I assume you mean that Brad was in WW2?....It is also damned easy (and very often a temptation to which they give in) for the rich to preach the blessed virtues of poverty.

CELEPHAIS - Evans....May I say, here, that I greatly appreciate your writing in Speculative Review?....I gathered at one time that Ike hoped to turn his position into that of a remote and ceremonious Chief of State - most European Presidents are likewise. Germany, Austria, Portugal - even USSR....Your view of Dorothy Sayers as the perpetual experimenter is as valid as any I've come across. If you read the shorts carefully you can see where she tried out the styles of more than one established detective writer. For instance, in Lord Peter Views The Body there is a most obvious Reggie Fortune....The female half of Manning Coles died not long ago, but the male half intends to continue.

HORIZONS - Warner....I must have read Barchester Towers six times at least; perhaps more, to judge by the well-thumbed look of it....Evelyn Waugh went one better than a thundermug in his Men At Arms, by introducing a character who took his Bush

ThunderBox with him wherever he went. It ended up being appropriately sabotaged with a Thunderflash when about to be used....When I first read Time's comment on Diz Dean's use of the 'slud home' piece, I got quite the wrong idea of the pronunciation, thinking it was made to rhyme with mud; later, over AFN, I heard it rhyme with mood. Mildly surprising... Hagerstown Journal) Back in 1956, we attended a Guy Fawkes Night do that was run by a local motor-cycle club. Towards the end of it, some of the younger members were letting off threepenny rockets from a horizontal launching site. Made things quite interesting....Your experience at Charles-town parallels what happened the other year at Tolpuddle. This is a sleepy Dorset village from where three farm-workers were once sentenced to transportation for life for conspiring to start a farm labourers' union. They couldn't raise any support in '58 for the annual pilgrimage and ceremony - not even from the organisers.

LARK - WMD....Pirelli tyres: if you imagine, first, a cover with a wide groove where you normally expect to see a tread, then you have the basic part of the new idea. The slip-on comes as three hoop-sections, equivalent in total width and thickness to that of the missing tread. With the cover deflated, it is simple enough to force the hoops over one edge one at a time and joggle them to fit snugly side by side within the groove and around the outer periphery. It is a little trickier to get them off again, but not much....Yep, I'm acquainted with 1066 and All That, Horse Nonsense, Now And All This - agreeable nonsense, as you say....I remember a B film years ago that had murder done remotely by the thin hollow glass ball filled with deadly gas and cracked by the voice of a music hall performer (over the radio). Don't remember much more detail, because it was the voice-breaks-glass idea that took me, but it began with an elaborate wreath labelled "As Ye Sow" being delivered to the hotel room where the dead man lay and ended with a florist with a missing finger being arrested for the murder. What kept it in memory was this glass thing, as I say, and the perpetually puzzling recollection of the detective captain in charge of the case saying what sounded an incredulous "cydro-HEdrate?" when told what the gas was. Must have been 25-30 years ago....Shame on Ken Bulmer - if he really wants to pad out the wordage he should drop Ellison a line to ask for a few hints.

LEMOINDRE - Raeburn....For Ghu knows how many years now, the Organ Moods type programme on BBC was Canadian Sandy MacPherson. It only goes to show something or other....If you ask for a pint of wallop in most pubs they are liable to keep on at you till you explain whether you want Mild, Bitter, M&B, black'n'tan, pale ale, dark ale, Bass, Worthington, XX, XXX, XXXX, or any other type wallop they may happen to have. Down our way, "a pint" meant a pint of Mild; further west it was liable to mean Best Bitter. In Wells it usually means No. 5 Worthington. And a damn fine wallop, too....You missed out Drika Pinta Milka Day....I remember when the US dollar was harder. There used to be a USAF Colonel (chicken type) pass regularly through Edmonton between Great Falls and Alaska; he'd come into the all-ranks canteen and order a "cuppa javva," then throw down a US dollar saying "that's REAL money, huh?" When the revaluation got to -5¢, one of the elder canteen girls picked up the dollar, turned it over in her fingers for a bit and then asked in a hesitating tone "Haven't you got any REAL money? I'm not actually supposed to allow you more than 95¢ on this." It was just a little return on all those insulting refusals to accept Canadian dollars at all, more than 50 miles south of the 49th parallel.I first saw salt in the beer in Ottawa....There's a fairish amount of Socialism in Western Europe, you know.

LIMBO - Donaho for Rike....I'm never sure whether stereo in a room would be of much use for me - only one ear in operation (oto-sclerosis). The 'Stereo' Fantasia was obtrusive when it was noticeable at all and on the whole I preferred it the old-fashioned way. Have you tried closing one ear as you listen? With what results?

PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail....Apart from the use of colours, you are describing exactly how the last issue of Bull was printed. You have my sympathy for your pains and my congratulations on the results....Your report on Glen Pray and his Auburn - Cord - Duesenberg purchase has my mind in a complete whirl - all those absolutely fantastic vehicles....

PHLOTSAM - Phyllis....We are a long way off being the publishing Giants of West Compton. Truck driver down here has six and one due any day now. There are eight families in the hamlet, and three of them aggregate eighteen people; the woman next door has three daughters and is expecting twins in September - honest....William III's married life was almost stupifyingly respectable. I haven't heard from your consciencious objector yet....We have a weekly paper called Titbits....That's you and me both going all fuddy-duddy about Pop stuff. We have an Adam Faith, an Eddie Falcon and (Godelpus) a Billy Fury. Eddie Falcon seems the most human of them, and quite the unlikeliest sentimental songster I know. Looks like a not-very-successful small-time pug, but has a lightish quite pleasant tenor voice. I think you can be sure there will be no 1960 version of Tenderly, Autumn Leaves, Perfidia, or any of them. Philip, my elder son, looks blank when I speak of Hoagy Carmichael as anything but Jonesy of "Laramie"; he knows the modern junkmen and that is about all. It might improve things if I could get ahold of a player to remind him of all my vintage Miller, Shaw, Armstrong, Goodman and the rest. If you are not joking about Teen Angel (and I just cannot believe that you, of all people, could joke over THAT) all I can say is thank God we don't have a radio. We had Oh Dio Mio on the BBCTV JukeBox Jury the other month; to my delight, one of the panel - Italian born and bred - beat hell out of the O Deeeeeeeoh Meeeeeoh aspect of it before going off into detail of what she thought of the rest of the thing...Polite English terms for derriere depend on what your company is. You could start with the excruciatingly refeened 'lower back' and work through situpon, bottom, BTM, and so on to backside and fanny, (though not in England for the last one)....[After four or five mailings, I'd say we've just about scraped bottom on this question - ph]/....I'll say this for the young Royal consort - like Townsend, he has a damn sight more chin than most of the noble types who made the regular escort list for Princess Margaret. But see the Observer Profile.

REJECTED CANON - Eney....It may have been rejected, but it goes on file as a necessary work.

SALUD - Elinor....Not sure I agree with you on religion; I just don't agree with Leeh either. Russell says: "I believe that when I die my body will rot and that will be the end," yet Russell spends his old age trying to improve the chances of us ordinary types seeing the start of the 21st Century....No reason why Bloch should have to hang around outside while he is on the waiting list - he can easily contrib in any of 'most all the 65 registered memberzines....Hah! You remind me of McCain: "Why do you say this - or that - or the other?" Does me the world of good. For one thing I do not believe for a moment in Nancy Mitford's Socialism. Nancy is the only genuinely U Briton she knows, and there is nothing more calculated to demonstrate the essential Non-U ness of an individual than Socialism, unless it be Socialism professed by an Aristo. Where did you get your information from? As I've seen it, the nearest she has come to Socialism has been National Socialist connections - not quite the same thing....Whether tidbit or titbit is easier to say must surely depend on which you learned as a tad. I never knew of tidbit till I read it in a US journal of some sort, and I've never actually heard it spoken yet.

SERCON'S BANE - Buz....Let's let me fill in the details of Socialism applied to a country above starvation level - US. On the whole, we did quite well out of it.

True, we now have a solidly entrenched Tory government, but that only shows what snobbery can do for you once you have your status symbols. The crying need for all-out socialist practices has faded, but there are some things that MacMillan will not reverse, for fear of losing Powah at the next General Election; these include the National Health Service, labelled by US doctors as Socialised Medicine. Can't think why that would scare off the American people, who are widely known to be able to smell a piece of good business from afar. I'm strongly in favour of it, myself. Of those whom I know who are opposed, all are (a) wealthy enough to pay the extortionate charges (b) snobbish enough to view being a private patient as a Grade A status symbol (c) snobbish enough to resent the thought that they might be looked upon as ordinary common or garden people....Reason why the Russians welcomed the Nazis at the time of Hitler's invasion was still anti-regime. Joe Stalin was a bit much, even for his Kremlin cronies.

THE BIG THREE - Boggs....A monumental work, to be kept close at hand for reference and the occasional nostalgic retrospection. In general we seem to have shared similar opinions, as far as I can remember. Ken BeAle pointed out that Galaxy's claim that 85 percent of the readership approved raising the price to 35¢ really meant that sales fell 15 percent.

VANDY - Juanita....Your comments on opera in English - we had Tosca sung in English some time ago. Somehow the romance got quite lost; where, I ask you, is the suspense before the firing party when you hear Tosca sing that it is to be "A simulated execution, using blank cartridges"? Try singing it to yourself - it sounds quite banal and even a little stupid....Proust, I grant you, is interesting, but he does go ON so....Ugh! Boxed, minced, dehydrated onions - how revolting can you get? One of the finest ways to cook an onion - good Spanish onion - is to cut off the top, scoop out the centre (just enough for the next move), insert a well-buttered kidney and replace the top. Boil. Serve hot with buttered exterior and slices of new bread, well buttered. Delicious with a pint of best ale....Hacking jacket is as you say. Normally with two side vents, not to spoil the cut of the suit when hacking, but the single vent style is becoming fashionable again. Just peacocks, us British males.

[Because I miscalculated and thought these comments would fit into three pages, I crowded Bill's first page badly. So, with permission, I'm filling in this page with excerpts from Bill's last letter -- it's a pity to keep it ALL to myself.]

"Let's start with that long old address, and why it is more necessary in this tight little island than in the enormous expanse of the US. West Compton is a hamlet with no shops, no pub, nothing more connected with the outside world than the post-box, which is emptied daily. The postman comes from Shepton Mallet daily to deliver and to collect. If it were the same postman all the time, then it would be possible to omit the Rose Cottage and leave it to the memory of the regular man; as it is, we get an occasional afternoon parcels delivery by a relief vanman, who doesn't know one house from another and leaves mail wherever seems right to him.

All the same, a letter from London posted at seven p.m. on Monday reaches us at nine thirty on Tuesday, having gone through at least four sortings and handlings in the post office and probably three changes of train on the way down. That's where all the information comes in so handy. At London they sort it out into West Country mail. On the train they sort it out into Somerset sections and then at Bristol they sort it into Shepton Mallet postbags. At Shepton it gets sorted for the last time into the West Compton man's pile for delivery in the morning. There is also an afternoon delivery of mail from local sources, as well as the parcels delivery. Box Nos. in this country are looked on as being an indication of something to hide. Nothing personal is intended, mark you! [I'll talk about this somewhere here. ph/

BERRY AT BAY — 1

For many years I have wished upon myself the good fortune to have my own column, unrestricted and uncensored, a platform for me to write about anything which comes to my mind, ranging from the mundane to the unbelievable. After negotiations with Miss Economou, I have at last achieved this notable climax to my fannish career as a writer.

Frankly, I pleaded with Phyllis for space in her FAPAazine. As you may know, I at present hold a lowly place in the FAPA waiting list, but I am given to understand that in about ten years I shall be next or near to the fabulous position of number 1.

It is also widely known that my type of writing (which, on one memorable occasion was actually referred to as "literature") takes a little getting used to. Fortunately, Miss Economou has promised to amend my many spelling mistakes, so at least you don't have to negotiate that hazard. The typos also depend upon Phyllis, so at long last I have high hopes of my material at least looking sort of polished.

My point in trying to appear regularly in FAPA is to get you used to me, and, rather more selfishly, to provide yet one more outlet for my meanderings. I presume that my trip to America last August/September is the cause of this frightening phenomena ... the astounding fact that I cannot bear to be away from a typewriter. My mind is packed full of ideas, and so many fanzine editors have gone out of business trying to keep up with me that I've had to spread myself in SAPS, and now FAPA.

As I said back there, I'm going to write about anything ... and everything.

I have some rather fixed ideas about certain fannish matters concerned with fandom as a whole and the apas in particular ... and as some of my notions haven't been popular when I've broached them verbally, who knows what strife I shall cause in FAPA? You see, I have the perhaps Victorian attitude about my career in fandom, in as much as I consider a fan should have at least five years of active fanac behind him (or her) before actually committing himself to statements of fannish policy which concern controversial matters. For instance, I maintain that a fanzine reviewer capable of giving a considered opinion without bias or immaturity should have been an ardent publisher and letterhack for half a decade. I think it is the height of stupidity for a neofan to review fanzines, and if you read as many fanzines as I do you'll agree it's a very common institution!

I've given you an idea there how ornery I am, now that my five years is up and I feel free to express myself upon every fannish matter under the proverbial sun.

First of all, a few words from my unexpurgated and unpublished work --

CONFESSIONS OF A PROVINCIAL

I am bound to admit at this juncture that although I have always maintained in print that I am sort of innocent, a pure provincial, I have always been rather smug in the knowledge that really and truly I'm not!!! I've written hundreds and thousands of words, giving an undercurrent of provincialism as a sort of excuse for the many mistakes I have made in my life. We all make faux pas, right up the scale to simple idiocy, and I discovered at quite an early age that I was very prone to make unfortunate mistakes and miscalculations. I've used these mishaps and misunderstandings as the basis for many of my BERRY FACTUAL ARTICLES, but as I've typed I've sort

of simpered to myself, happy in the realization that all the allusions based on my mistakes, although showing me up as a provincial, have in reality merely been a means to try and get my readers to laugh, or at least to titter. I knew I wasn't a provincial, but my BFA were good for laughs.

... But truth will out. There is no doubt about it. I AM THE BIGGEST PROVINCIAL OF THEM ALL. It came to me in a blaze of embarrassment last night, as I was looking through my photograph album, showing some seven score snaps of my American Tour.

My tour included some twelve hours at the fabulous residence of Dean and Jean Grennell, in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. I was with Jean Young, Butch Young and Richard Eney. I've spent many pages in my tour memoirs (The Goon Goes West, in CRY OF THE NAMELESS) describing the fascinating time we had, but one enormous error of mine lay dormant until my discovery last night. Ghod knows what Mine Hosts thought of my actions. Let me place the scene before you. It was after lunch on the 5th of September, 1959.

Dean was standing in the doorway chatting to me, Jean Young was putting the finishing touches to Butch's toilet, and Jean Grennell was washing the dishes. Now I am a superbly trained husband, and back here in Belfast I meekly stand at the sink in the kitchen every night, and as my wife Diane washes the dishes she hands 'em to me and with deft movements born of long experience I wipe off all the detergent and place the crockery and cutlery neatly behind me on a shelf.

So, at DAG's, anxious to show my breeding, as Jean washed the dishes and put them in racks in a sort of metal container, despite their protests I grabbed hold of a cloth and imparted a shining gloss on the wet crockery. I really felt at home, you know, and to make extra sure I polished them all over again. Then I stood back and admired my skillfull application of elbow grease to china. DAG appeared with his camera and with trembling fingers recorded the incident for posterity.

After I'd arrived back in Belfast, Dean sent me a batch of photographs he'd taken during our all too brief stay. After flaunting them to my friends and associates, I ignored their kindly and somehow sympathetic smiles, and pasted all the pictures in a large album.

Like I told you back there, I looked at the album last night, my heart thumping wildly as it all came back to me. I stopped at the picture depicting me in shirt sleeves polishing a dish like mad, AND IT SUDDENLY CAME TO ME IN A BLINDING FLASH OF HORROR. I HAD BEEN TAKING THE KNIVES AND FORKS AND DISHES OUT OF A DRYING-UP MACHINE!!!

TELEVISION TRIPE

What I want to know is, what sort of idiots do they think we are?
It's like this.

I've got a 14 inch TV set; I've had it for five years. For four years and nine months I've had the pleasure to watch programmes by the British Broadcasting Corporation only. The programmes catered for the rather more intelligent reader; plenty of opera, ballet, orchestral concerts and discussion groups ... and, on the lighter side, a high sports percentage, and a lot of entertainment such as music halls, The Perry Como Show, The Bob Hope Show, Jim Hardie, Philip Marlowe, etc.

I found fault with some of the programmes, but no one could say that the features were not well presented. The B.B.C. took a certain commendable pride in trying to have quality all the time.

Then, last October, we in Northern Ireland got a new commercial channel.
And, like I said, what sort of cretins do they think we are???

.....

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I would be the last one to force culture down anyone's throat. Although I am a poor speller, and have trouble with my punctuation and suchlike, I do have a genuine interest in music, opera, art and sculpture, etc. It isn't affectation.

So if a high percentage of the British Television Viewing Public prefer to watch commercial TV, well, they are in command of the knob on their set, and they can watch what they like. I hear commercial fans say "The White Hunter is brilliant" and "Cheyenne Body is superb" and "Mark Sabre is magnificent," and so on.

Personally, I always have the B.B.C. on, and sometimes argue with my wife, because she thinks that TV is a means of relaxation, and you shouldn't have to think about Ming Dynasties and Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and "The Sexual Life of the Cuttlefish."

My stand is that if you want relaxation you should go to bed. My wife is afraid to do that, but it's the principle which counts.

So, to please her, I said I would watch only commercial TV for one week

The trouble with me is that I make rash promises.

I finished my fingernails the first night, and by the end of the week I was down to my knuckles.

WHAT SORT OF DOLTS DO THEY THINK WE ARE ????????

.....
A joke is a joke.

At first, I thought some of the half-hour films were jokes, but it seems they are serious attempts at telling a story. No humour, no slap-stick, no satire, but real solid sercon stuff.

Well, I ask you.

Have you seen The White Hunter???

The opening blurb tells us that "These are TRUE stories ... they actually HAPPENED."

It isn't for me to dwell on the shocking dialogue and the obvious fact that, due to financial reasons, most of the film has to be shot in a studio. If the attempts were honest endeavour, I would forgive this.

But take last night, for example.

The White Hunter has undertaken a safari to take two men to shoot the rare giant Kudu. During the night, his two native bearers have absconded, presumably to sneak treasure being worn by native girls in a nearby village. (The film was called "The Treasure of Tippu Tib.") The White Hunter decided to rescue them, and he takes his two employers with him. They discover the two bearers are strapped horizontally to a sacrificial rock, and a horde of natives with long spears are just about to justifiably butcher them. (You see, this action takes place on top of a mountain, where the giant Kudu is still around.)

We see a shot of a mass of elephants blowing water out of their trunks on a river bank, and we flash back to the White Hunter who snaps his fingers and says with authority "Follow Me!"

There is a shot of them stalking through the undergrowth, and they creep up behind the elephants. They fire their guns and make a hell of a row, and the elephants start to stampede towards the natives. We see the natives running in disorder, and then we see the White Hunter and his two bewildered associates cutting loose the bearers in some agitation and the White Hunter says, "Hurry up and run to that cave, the elephants will be here."

THEY HAD STAMPEDED A HERD OF ELEPHANTS, RACED THEM UP A MOUNTAIN, BEAT THEM TO THE TARGET AREA AND RESCUED THE TWO BEARERS BEFORE THE ELEPHANTS ARRIVED, ALTHOUGH THE NATIVES HAD RETREATED BECAUSE OF THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF THE ELEPHANTS SOME TIME BEFORE!!!

I looked at my wife, aghast.

"But dearheart," I cringed, "that's impossible."

"I know," she sighed, "but isn't it exciting?"

.....

QUOTE CARDS ANONYMOUS

That superbly witty title above was used in my old OMPazine VERITAS 9, published in February 1959. I was poll-struck, and in VERITAS 8 I sent out specially printed postcards (but unstamped) with several questions and a plea that the recipient be a sport and send the card back. I received 24 cards, and I filled one up myself to make the arithmetic easier. (To anyone with even a nodding acquaintance with arithmetic, it will probably occur to them that it is incredibly easy to work out percentages from a total of 24, but I never was any good at mundane figures and 25 seemed to me like a nice number to work from. I mean, it is a quarter of a hundred and therefore all I had to do was multiply the pertinent figures by four to get the percentages. Or something like that!) To my knowledge, no one before or since has ever sent out a poll on the Quote Card Phenomena, and I think maybe you'd like to see some of the conclusions I arrived at. You can rely on the arithmetic. My son checked it.

My first question asked: "Have you ever sent out a Quote Card?"

The results amazed me. 96% of fandom send out the blasted things. One man (who is in FAPA) confessed without the slightest trace of humility that he had sent out 2,000, and that was over a year ago!!! On the other hand, one fan modestly declared, with a tinge of nostalgia, that he had sent out "but one."

Look at yourself squarely in a mirror and ask yourself, have you ever destroyed a Quote Card? Be honest with yourself. I admit I have. Not many. But I have done the dirty deed. See what my other 24 confessors admitted ...

28% of my clientele had precipitated Quote Cards with the rest of their garbage. One classic answer: "I sometimes throw them away ... not as an aesthetic judgement, but they pile up so that otherwise I couldn't get rid of them without stuffing six or eight in every letter I write."

The question which interested me most of all concerned the percentage of fans who had their own Quote Cards returned full of fannish signatures. Only a half dozen of the 25 reported the happy news that the Quote Card homing instinct had proved successful. Only two of those six had more than five returned. The chance of getting your own card back is therefore 4 to 1. This seems high to me. None of mine have every been returned. (You haven't got one of mine, have you? If so, send it back and I'll let you have yours.)

To the question "Do you think Quote Cards are a waste of time?" fans were rather more wary. Some fans didn't answer, some hedged, and my final statistic proved that only 52% thought they were happy about the situation.

My own conscience twinged somewhat when I prepared question number 5. "How long do you keep them before sending them out? Immediately/week/month/longer?" Unfortunately, probably due to the way I phrased the question, I just could not work out any percentages. Typical answers were ... "I've done all of these" ... "It's hard to generalise" ... and the wittiest reply "Every time I send a letter I incorporate one. At present I haven't a single one in stock. Care to send me one?"

Question number 6 just pleaded for remarks and I got some choice ones. One enthusiast pointed out with much delight that "You spelt 'pocketsard' wrong," and another "You must be getting hard up for something to write about," and yet a third, "Happy New Year."

At the conclusion of this revealing poll, I produced a chart with the statistics emblazoned for all to see, and I included perhaps the most telling comment of the whole lot "This Quote Card was short circuited on account of bad taste (unintentional) BUT YOU SIGNED IT."

I gave up the unequal struggle with a final fling, "When things look black, and all hope is gone, and your psychiatrist is pressing for his fee ... think ... there is one amongst us who has sent out 2,000 Quote Cards.

Yaaaaagggghhhhh!

I've noticed this last few months that very few Quote Cards have accumulated. One theory which springs to mind is that, as a result of this poll early in 1959, fans had deduced that I'm anti-Quote Card, and they presume (quite wrongly) that I light the fire with them. Whilst not expressing an opinion as to their distinct lack of flammability, I must explain that because so few have been sent to me I've taken more of a personal interest in making sure that they've been dispatched with (excuse me) dispatch! It would be interesting to hear whether or not other fans in FAPA have noticed a steady decline in Quote Card popularity, and I'm especially interested in hearing from the client (he's in FAPA) who sent out the 2,000.

FINALE

The word count for this first BERRY AT BAY has just passed the 3,000 word mark, which is, I feel, sufficient to let you all know I'm here. In the next column (which should be in the next PHlotsam) I aim to lay before you several controversial items; regarding excessive Mailing Comments in the apas; the psychology of humour, and a word or two about some personal observations of American fans and America.

Happy mailing.

John Berry

April 1960

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So there you have it -- Installment I of a new PHlotsam PHeature. And stop giving me all those dirty looks for not having this in the last mailing. Despite the date, copy for this arrived just about two days after I dispatched the last issue to the OE -- and if I'd waited another 24 hours, there would probably have been no PHlotz #14 in the mailing either.

Glad to hear, John, that you intend to be controversial. PHlotsam never has been particularly -- except lately when Dikini and I have been rather agreeably disagreeing -- and I've long felt PHlotz needed a touch of tabasco. In fact, as long as the brickbats land on your noggin, I'll be perfectly willing to have you get downright inflammatory.

I was aware of something subtly wrong while I was reading John's column for the first time, and finally managed to pinpoint it. His calling me "Miss Economou" made me feel so much like a lady Career Editor that my extremely informal garb and demeanor seemed inappropriate. Thenceforth, while cutting the stencils and proofreading BERRY AT BAY, I donned my smartest hat and made it a point to sit up straight and felt much more in keeping. (Whatever that means.)

John did really have to piteously plead with me to accept his column for PHlotz. In fact, it must have taken me all of ten minutes after receiving his letter to sit down at the typer asking when I could expect the first one.

But this is it. Y'hear that, all you out there? As long as Berry and Morse (Mère and/or Père) are PHlotsam regulars, the outside-contributor quota is gefull. This is just about as fat a PHlotz as I care to tackle and I have no intention of being crowded out of my own FAPazine by anybody. That is, except ... Anyway, lest I be accused of inflation of the headbone, let me remind that people often do follow the leader, especially if they think PHlotz is open for outside contributions -- and I'd rather mention this now than be faced with the difficulty of actually having to turn down material by a friend some day. One thing is sure -- now I can't gafiate!

I SEE BY THE PAPERS . . .

Toronto has Berton, but the Milwaukee Journal has Gerald Kloss who writes a column twice a week or so called "Slightly Kloss-eyed." I don't always read it. This is the sort of thing you have to be in the mood for. Sometimes I'm tempted to clip them all out and save them for a day when I am in the mood. But I doubt I could ever stand that much Kloss. To illustrate, the preview of things to come in tonight's column reads as follows: "Thursday, believe it or not, Dr. Arch V. Neuter-Gender, noted throat specialist and race track tout, will describe, in hair raising detail, how he contracted a near fatal case of tropical whinnies by examining too closely the laryngitis condition of a 3 year old thoroughbred mare awarded him for outstanding services to the city of Hittin, Miss. Don't miss his hard hitting article, "I Looked a Hoarse Gift in the South." Tonight's column features a hard hitting bit about the Madison Ave. game entitled "Buy Now, Pray Later," to wit:

"Henshaw P. Hardsell, our Madison Av. advertising genius, zoomed in the other day, flashing the big smile and expense account, and revealed that his agency, Phast and Luce, has picked up the ad contract of the year -- producing the TV commercials for both the Democratic and Republican presidential campaigns. Henshaw takes a practical view of things, and he has planned the TV spots along familiar lines. To wit, for the Republicans:

"Cute little girl runs up sidewalk to front of house, flings herself into her mother's arms and shouts excitedly: Look, mommy, no deficit financing!

Mommy: Oh, that's wonderful, Susie! And all because we voted for Richard Milhous Nixon on election day! I never dreamed we'd have such perfect results! I'm sure that your father, an average, straight thinking, working man, is just as happy as I, a housewife and mother!

Susie: Yes, mommy, and furthermore, Richard Milhous Nixon does not upset my stomach!

Announcer: Yes, millions of American voters, just like Susie's mommy and day-dy, are learning that the safest, fastest remedy for world tensions and a logy, ache all over economy is Nixon, with his wonder working ingredient, Leadership. Remember, Nixon spelled backward is Noxin! Aren't you glad you're going to vote for Nixon? Don't you wish everybody did?

And for the Democrats, Henshaw has come up with this:

Announcer: Say, have you been voting Republican lately but enjoying it less? Wouldn't you like to get back to that old-fashioned, lip smacking, honest to gosh goodness that you had before 1953? Then why don't you try Jack Kennedy, and enjoy again the clean, crisp, mellow flavor of statesmanship -- the kind you thought had gone out of fashion.

Kennedy satisfies, and that's why millions of folks just like you are switching to him every day. He works faster and lasts longer, according to an impartial survey at the Democratic national convention. Next time you go to a voting booth, cast your ballot for Jack Kennedy, on our exclusive, four year, White House trial. But hurry! This offer is for a limited time only; votes will not be accepted after Nov. 8! Remember: Kennedy acts good, like a president should!" End Kloss-quote.

SOMEWHERE BURIED IN CHAOS I have another clipping from the Milwaukee Journal which I do not have room for this issue -- even if I could find it. DAG has this, too, and if he doesn't print it this mailing, I'll rout it out from where it's hiding and have it for you next time around. It concerns two young Milwaukee neos who plan to put fanzine (PLANzine) publishing on a paying basis -- via newsstands! Watch for it.

EG0B00 & EG0B00 B00 . . .

BRICKS, BATS & BOUQUETS INSPIRED BY THE 91st FAPA MAILING

To relieve the insomnia of all of you who've been laying awake nights trying to figure out the system I use for commenting on the mailing, I'll explain here and now. I haven't any. I read the mailing in fits and starts, completely at random, pecking away at whatever tidbit offers interest at the moment. Then I comment in the same way. Therefore, there is no good reason at all why I should be starting this with

DEUKALION/Speer: The Advice fo Chillun was a good idea and well put, and as a new-comer I'd have gobbled it up. There will probably continue to be new members who wail about the uselessness and boredom of comments on comments on comments, and I can see their point. I read the comments first of all, but it's hard for a newcomer used to general fanzines to get in the spirit of comments until he/she becomes personally involved -- then watch for the burning out, as happened to Curtis. I disagree with you, though, that it's better to say nothing at all than to make comment such as, "I enjoyed FEEDBACK, Bill, but there was nothing in it that particularly inspired disagreement or comment." I doubt that reading these words a few times will be any great strain on the other members and it often happens that something I most enjoy inspires the least comment -- except that I enjoyed it. And when this happens, I want the member who furnished me this enjoyment to know it, and not be left wondering whether he had wasted his time and effort. Surely the appreciative word should be as valid and acceptable in mailing comments as violent disagreement. # No, I was not an orphan -- if you insist I must have a handicap, you'll have to look further. But when my mother was in the car with Daddy and me, we did not go 115 mph! # Do you actually mean that fans can get together and have trouble keeping a conversation going? This has never happened to me. In fact, it seems the opposite to me -- conversations with fans you see rarely are apt to be unsatisfying, because there's too much ground to cover in too little time. After conventions or parties, I'm always regretting not having pursued this matter or that further and wishing I'd had the chance to go into certain touched-upon subjects more deeply. # And once again I must disagree. (Am I in an unusually perverse mood today, Jack, or do we just see everything from different angles?) Your objection to judo knowledge being widely disseminated is that it would be used by thugs, while a pistol is a "great equalizer" -- as if thugs don't use pistols! The fact is that police advise that businessmen who keep a gun in their place of business, or people who have one in the home not to try to use it against a hold-up man or intruder. In untrained hands, a gun is no "equalizer," but instead an invitation to violence instead of mere robbery of worldly goods. Many people would be unable to shoot an unaccustomed gun straight or with steady hand if they tried. And how well would women, generally, fare with the pistols you advocate? Have you any workable suggestions as to how the entire populace, including the women, could be gun-trained in our larger cities where some measure of self-defense training is most needed? It would hardly be practical to institute mass target practice on the school playgrounds, not to mention noisy. On the other hand, from what I've read about judo, this is the true equalizer, which enables the frailest woman to have an effective defense against direct physical attack. Whether or not it is logical speculation to assume that if, for instance, judo was taught in all schools, that automatically all thugs would also become judo experts, it would surely be a more effective defense than lung power, which is the average woman's only defense at this time. The best -- though still

not entirely safe -- procedure, of course, is for women, in large cities especially, to stay at home nights, but this is not possible for many night-working women who find it economically necessary to travel deserted streets and subways after dark. A gun in the handbag is less than no defense against the pouncer from behind -- which is one of the basic situations judo equips one to counter. # I don't think the membership's gripe against Myers was so much a matter of mediocre material alone, but the combination of mediocre material plus bad faith. We may squawk about boring material, but have generally conceded a member's right to write about what he pleases. But Myers consistently slid by with the absolute minimum, reprints, shopping guides and every other form of constitutionally unacceptable material -- until he finally outsmarted himself and tripped over his own laziness. If Myers had produced his eight pages of material that met constitutional activity requirements, he'd still be a member -- regardless whether or not his material met our exalted standards of interest. # When you come right down to it, just about every occupation is expendable -- including, or maybe especially, politicians -- based on "human need." Boiled down to essentials, human need includes four basics: food, water, shelter and body covering. Those who bake the food, flavor and carbonate the water, install pink tile baths in the shelters -- or even erect shelters, which could adequately be caves or thatched lean-to -- or weave filaments into effete cloth for body covering, are serving human comfort, not "need."

THE FOREGOING was written weeks ago, just after the mailing arrived and I sat myself down immediately to turn out a long, leisurely PHlotz. Had I continued the pace, this issue would be about 50 pages, which it assuredly will not be. Ever. So now time presses and brevity is the watchword -- if I can control my unbridled garrulity.

HORIZONS/Warner: You'll probably be top dog in the Egoboo Poll for years to come, Harry. HORIZONS seems to have found the formula for universal popularity. It does seem that there are many talented newcomers in FAPA, as you say, but my analysis last mailing shows that they just don't rate at Poll time. Guess the members are a conservative bunch who will not bestow approval on anyone until they've been around for several years. The Coulsons made 20th spot last Poll, but of the 19 above them, Janke is the only one who's been a member less than 5 years. # Response to the Poll last time was excellent despite the many categories -- which members are not at all obliged to fill out completely. Response to the old post-card Polls was often very disappointing, too. Apparently the members need an issue, like this year's urgent blackball, to stir them into action. # Registration on my page 3 was bad and I lost the bottom third of the page. Hope I didn't miss anything Significant. # If you ever do manage to become unpredictable in HORIZONS, your efforts would probably be greeted with outcries of annoyance, instead of the "excitement and pleasure" you anticipate. As witness your covers. HORIZONS has become an Institution and people don't want their Institutions tampered with. # I solved my stapler problem. When I finally finished the large box of staples I've had for years, I discovered they had been the wrong size. The difference is almost undetectable, but the stapler works fine now. # Greatly enjoyed your Fourth of July bit. Brought back so many memories. At the last minute on the evening of the Third, my dad used to make the rounds of the stores which would be closed the next day, and usually found them happy to unload their remaining stocks at much reduced prices. At our summer place, we'd build a ramp from which the skyrockets and other aerial pieces could be fired out over the lake, and on the night of the Fourth people would gather from miles around to see the show. The year that the largest crowd of all had gathered, the first skyrocket backfired and writhed its flaming way into the box holding the rest. The entire stock went off in a frightening flare of pyrotechnics, hissing every which way into the crowd, the house and the water. People scattered wildly -- none hurt luckily -- and once they saw that the house was not going to burn down, they made their way dejectedly home. Same thing happened here in a Milwaukee park last week, on a larger

scale, when a wild rocket set the entire fireworks tent ablaze and over a hundred big pieces went off simultaneously, spoiling the fun for thousands of expectant people. My love for firecrackers ended the year I was burned in the leg by a thrown one and discovered the hard way that I'm allergic to tetanus antitoxin.

WRAITH/Ballard: It figures that Eney won the OE election in SAPS. Dick has never had any trouble winning any election that involved lots of hard work. It's just the glory posts that elude him. VOTE FOR ENEY IN 1960-61, whatever he runs for -- Prez, Veep, TAFF, dogcatcher ... # Wonder why you find FAPA inhibiting -- and who the members are you're "afraid of" -- and why? Reading your big fat bountiful OUTSIDERS makes one to wish you'd be that garrulous in FAPA. # Funniest thing I've read in ages was in Betty Kujawa's letter in CRY saying, in response to John Berry's raves about the Ballard plumbing, that she intends to land her plane in your south 40 one of these days and demand "Take me to your bathroom." If Chick Sales are a recent and not holey accepted innovation out thataway, what sort of facilities preceded them? I remember CS's whose appointments were the ultimate in togetherness, but can't even visualize anything more primitive. Except the sylvan wilderness itself.

LIMBO/Rike (Donoho): Like the looks of that first page -- the brown-on-white is pretty. Your portrait of young romance in the Spring intrigues me -- in an appalled sort of way. Young things meet on a picket line -- attend lectures, political meetings, go to protest meetings, etc. In my day ... # Wonderful idea to have Bill do mailing comments. He's good at it, too. Much better, in fact, than most new members, even though he's still a waiting-lister. With Bill reviewing the mailing and Berry in PHlotz, if a few other members do likewise we'll be able to enjoy the cream of the waiting-list without waiting years and years. # I found no particular enjoyment in Sandy Cutrell's folk singing in Detroit, but you're quite right about Juanita Coulson. She was doing a bit of guitar playing and singing at Fran Light's party this spring, softly and unobtrusively. She was across the room from me and I was enmeshed in conversation with a number of people, but her singing was so lovely that I found myself straining to hear. # Your (Bill) high school sounds like heaven. I could never find hours enough for all the reading I wished to do. On warm lush spring days it seemed unbearable to go to school and I'd often, after lunch period, ensconce myself with a book under a tree on the edge of the wood behind the school -- in full view of the classrooms. I was told our principal would stomp up and down the main study hall, pacing back and forth before the window threatening that dire things would befall me on the morrow when he got his hands on me -- but somehow nothing was ever said. # I rarely drink beer, but flip for Ballentine's India Pale Ale. Unfortunately it's almost impossible to find -- my neighborhood liquor store has never heard of it and hasn't been able to get it even from the Ballentine salesman. With that 6.2% law in Cal., your only recourse is Home Brew. Good luck!

SO YET ANOTHER WEEK HAS PASSED -- it's July 30 -- and I've not even made a beginning. So I must be even less garrulous. But I'm determined to review the entire mailing this time if I have to wind up with one line comments. But not quite yet.

SALUD/E. Busby: Speaking of deadlines, I note the date "May 7" on the cover here, and wonder how you possibly manage to get it to Cambridge on time. Do you air-mail the whole package? I send mine Special Delivery and feel Monday before the deadline is the absolute least time I can allow. Yet 2,000 miles further West, you apparently feel no more urgency (or less) than I do. Have you a secret? # You are so right about dancing. There is no more enjoyable pastime if you know how. Yet men will say they don't like to dance when they can't even put one foot in front of the other without falling over both. I wouldn't like it either if I stumbled pathetically around the floor like all too many men who consider that they are "dancing." Men don't have to be expert, just competent, because it's such a rare pleasure to be led

by a man who knows what he is doing on a dance floor, and is decisive about it, that women are apt to lionize him. In a Chicago supper club the other night, an old man well into his seventies was the center of all eyes because he was such a superb dancer and taking turns giving all the much younger ladies at his table a whirl. He was obviously having a ball, and so were his partners. If a man has learned to dance well and then says he doesn't like it, I can respect his opinion. But phoo on these males who scoff at it in vast ignorance, and for no logical reason equate dancing -- which is as strenuous a physical sport as tennis -- with masculinity, virility, or lack thereof. # Open door parties at conventions are fine things as long as the quarters are large enough to hold a crowd comfortably. But jam 50 people in one small bedroom on a hot September night, and the desirability of a doorkeeper will become apparent. # I also share a birthday with Barbara Stanwyck, if that means anything. # DAG finally located a copy of Pious Pornographers, but I don't want to get into it here for brevity's sake. However, generally I agree with you completely that all these articles about female medical problems and marital relationships that PLAYBOY finds so titillating has no such effect on the feminine readership of the women's magazines. Only a masculine outlook could find a clinical discussion of a uterine cyst sexually stimulating.

PHANTASY PRESS/McPhail: Dan, I'm no longer certain of making the Pittsburgh convention -- and if I cannot, I'll mind the most missing the chance of meeting you. # I hope the news was all good when you took your mother back to the doctor in June. # Sure enough, I had to go dig out BLEEN to find out what you were talking about in your mention of Dean's "final observation." Yes, it was worth rereading. # With the mailings the size they are, I think the last thing we need is more members participating each mailing. If FAPA ever achieved SAPS record of participation, the mailing size would be so formidable we'd all give up commenting. This was also one important reason why the proposal to add 10 extra members was turned down several years ago. # Enjoyed Pauline's hats -- I'm a sucker for fabulous hats -- but just accumulate them and never seem to find opportunities to wear them, not being the bridge club or garden party type. Worse, it's almost impossible to dress smartly in Milwaukee very often -- babushkas get the nod over dramatic hats here because the town is so windy that wearing a hat means walking awkwardly down the street hanging on to it every minute. Especially those big-brimmed beauties that Pauline designed. # Kathleen Ann Econcmou is not related to Arthur -- in fact we have no middle-west connections at all. We moved to Milwaukee just a couple of years ago, you know. However, there are several families here with the name, or variations thereof.

SERCON'S BANE/F.M. Busby: Don't know if it's in here that you mentioned it -- yes, it is -- but I want to apologize for calling you and Elinor "Busbies" from time to time. Don't know who started it, but I liked it. Howsomer, if you don't I'll not use it again. # Much of the fun of a con would be missed, I feel, if you stay with a group, as MZB recommends. There are so many different groups of people to meet and enjoy that I like to spend some time with each group. # It appears that you were the only "solidly loyal TAFFvoter" in FAPA -- when Boyd found out about the candidate slate he declared himself neutral. This, I think, was one of the most noncontroversial slates TAFF has had -- whoever won would have pleased almost everybody. # I agree with you that the long TAFF campaigning is bound to be emotionally very rough on the candidates, and would like to think that fans, generally, would be big enough to support the winner financially whoever it might be. However, there have been so many bitter words written in the past about certain TAFF winners, that I can't help wonder whether the contributions would have materially lessened if those winners had been known earlier. Of course, it might be that just a noisy minority did all the beefing to such an extent that it sounded as if all fandom (as we know it) was up in arms. The difficulty always seems to be about the candidates from our side of the pond. # Trouble with Southern Comfort is that it's so smooth

and tasty that rugged masculine types are apt to decide it's a sissy lady drink and guzzle it like bourbon. My brother-in-law did just that some years ago. He was due back at his base and had to take an 8 P.M. train to make it. About 6, on my recommendation, he had a bit of SoCo. It went down so easy he had some more. "I don't even feel it," he said as he had another. Just about then, or maybe on the next one, the little man with the hammer got busy. We finally managed to wake him about 9 A.M. the next morning. My shot-a-day does all sorts nice things for me -- like keeping my hair red and my blood bubbly -- but you just don't trifle with this lethal stuff. # Be warned, if you ever visit us, the Brinker greets all comers with barks until they get into the house -- but he saves his most ferocious sounding, fang-baring racket for people he likes. It's his highly disconcerting way of saying hello. Ask Dean. He and Brinker have a mad love affair going, but when Brinker comes tearing through the house, out the door and down the steps with teeth gleaming purposefully and uttering great menacing barks as he hurls himself in the general direction of the Grennell throat, the DAG still pales a few shades before shakily laughing it off.

I'M STILL being too long-winded. Must cut down or I'll get through only half the mailing. Just too many check marks in all of these but from here on I have to ignore about 3/4 of them. This time I mean it. I think.

ALIF/Anderson: Goody. No check marks at all. But it's pretty and I enjoyed every bit -- especially Doheug and -- well, all of it.

A FANZINE FOR KAREN ANDERSON/Bradley: I like to look at muscle men in tights too -- although I heartily dislike career-type muscle men as people. This reminds me of a time (one of the) when I was responsible for my poor long-suffering husband finding himself in a very embarrassing situation. Wanting to get in a bit of drawing practice for ambitious art plans for PHlotz which never materialized, I asked Arthur to pick me up one or two of those muscle men magazines for models. He innocently picked up a couple at the corner newsstand, then wished he hadn't, at the contemptuous scorn on the vendor's face as he took Arthur's dollar and practically hurled his change in the street. Arthur slunk away with the covers turned inside like an old time pulp science-fiction fan. Another time he found himself in much the same sort of situation on my account was years ago when we were living in Executiveland -- Westchester County, N. Y. -- and Arthur was commuting from N.Y.C. I suddenly decided that my life would be incomplete until I saw a copy of the Daily Worker to see what all the row was about. Arthur made the mistake of trying to buy it for me at one of the newsstands in Grand Central Station during the commuter's rush hour, and found himself suddenly surrounded by a sea of hostile faces topping dozens of Ivy League suits. He just got out of there fast and I never did get to see a copy.

&/Anderson: Enjoyed this more than anything else you've ever done, Karen. I like you when you chatter. Your new home sounds delightful and I wish you many happy years there.

THE BIG THREE/Boggs: Redd, this was a fascinating study, beautifully done and both Arthur and I read it with great pleasure. One of the rare items I'll break up a mailing for -- this will go on the special shelf with FANCYC II, the TATTOOED DRAGONS and WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION. Thank's for this. # I should be telling you this by letter, and maybe one of these days, if my good intentions get the better of my lethargy, I will. Anyway, lest you ruthlessly lop me from the mailing list, let me say confidentially that I've been enjoying RETROGRADE immensely. It's a joy to behold and more so to read. Hope you can keep up the pace, and please keep sending it to me!

ENEY for ANYTHING!

BLEEN/DAG: What a shame that squirrel-with-Hugo on the cover didn't reproduce more clearly. Wonderful idea. Would it be because of the orange stock? The Phlotz cover turned out so much clearer. I really like the paper you're using here and hope you know where to get more because I may be calling on you next mailing to get me some. Our local supply house dropped this type paper for a while, then just when I was frantic about where to get some, they decided to stock it again. Only somewhat better grade and much more expensive. Now they tell me they are dropping it again due to lack of demand. I have what I need for this issue but don't know how much they'll have or what colors by next mailing. # I'll vouch for Hansen as being real. That leaves Norris and Underman who might be W____. # My tendencies may be kleptomantic, but my intentions are good. When you were here the other night -- yes, the night you came bounding in, grabbed me by the arm and hustled me down to your car so fast I hit twelve steps in three places, because you just "had to show me something." And the something turned out to be a 25 or 50 or maybe 75 lb. keg of gunpowder, an awful lot anyway, and you just sneered when I begged you through chattering teeth to park the car up at the corner, preferably some corner in the next county -- that night, remember? Anyway, to get back where I started, that night I told you that I was planning to plug Our Bhoy Eney this issue by saying something to the effect, "Vote For Eney -- Whatever he runs for." And you smiled enigmatically, which I took for approval, unaware till just now that this bit of Economou cleverness was simply a paraphrase of your blurb last time, "VOTE FOR RICHARD H ENEY, NO MATTER WHAT HE RUNS FOR, EVEN IF IT'S ONLY THE DOOR!" So why don't you tell me these things? I often tell Arthur little quips or stories all fresh and shiny -- I think -- which he told me sometime last week. # You made a tactical mistake, Dean, in assuring Juanita that "Honest, I wasn't trying to put you away at Economou's for some Dark Purpose." Don't you realize that women love to think they are the object of Dark Purposes? Why spoil the fun? # I was quite intrigued with the term "horizontal bores," and spent some time speculating whether a horizontal bore would be preferable to a vertical bore and whyfor. But all the ramifications became quite extensive, so I won't pursue the subject here. # When I gave you that "chilly stare" that frosted your windshield, it was not what you think. I was not being haughty to a supposed masher. On the contrary, I always wave at truckdrivers who whistle at me -- and would probably whistle back if I knew how. I was probably just abstracted, figuratively contemplating my naval, which has never inspired me with any great degree of warmth or animation. # Hope you'll keep with BLEEN, Dean -- real nice having you around every mailing.

A FANZINE FOR FAPA/Rotsler-Trimble: I received a preview issue of this and was supposed to do something or other about it, but in my usual procrastinating way, didn't. I'll endorse the idea of reducing dues for fans outside the dollar area. This would be A Good Thing. However, it would deplete the swollen treasury by just a very few dollars, 7 to be exact -- not cost our 58 other members \$1.00 each per year more! So we'll have to think of something that will cost a wad. Unless we settle for reducing dues again each time the treasury becomes unwieldy. (What a negative sort of word for such a delightful state of affairs.) I've suggested to the other officers that the excess funds be used to send all the officers to Pittsburgh Labor Day for a special Business Meeting, but my fellow officers were ~~thick~~ somewhat hesitant about making such an appropriation without a vote. Barring this, I favor financing a FAPA book such as Gregg is supposed to be working on, with biogs and photos and all.

H-1661/Hevelin: If you can't comment on every mailing -- and it would be so nice if you could -- your HUUZZAHS system is a pretty good alternative. # You say "Wesson (with Burton Crane) was contemplating The Unspeakable Thing," back in July 1945. How "contemplate"? Did Burton Crane actually publish a fanzine? (Helen, can you get him on the FAPA waiting-list?) # Rusty, come visit me some day and I'll show you my treasured volume of screen star photos, circa 1932, with beautiful full-page portraits and biographical sketches of all those old favorites.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Officialdom: The padded mailing bag is fine. I doubt that any members will quibble at a 6¢ expense per mailing to insure receiving the mailing intact, and hope these mailing bags will be used permanently. #Ron, I did not uphold your decision on Elmer's membership, because that matter was never referred to me for formal decision. I just said that I would if it were. As I also said I would then be willing to sign to keep the rascal in. # Everyone vote YES on amendment proposals #1, #2 and #3. I'm not in favor of Rick's proposal as it stands, although I admit there should be some clear definition of what constitutes acceptable activity for credit. Yet I don't think that a Fapazine such as Mal Ashworth is planning -- containing general material to be circulated through two APAs, but with mailing comments included for each individual APA -- should not be allowed full credit. If a member publishes material of interest, why should he be forced to decide which APA should have the pleasure of reading it? On the next page our OE is saying substantially the same thing. Actually, I don't think anything of this sort is really necessary, because members with enough interest and ambition to belong to more than one APA are not apt to be the ones who need activity credit. It's the deadwood types barely hanging on in FAPA alone who need to have their last-minute 8-pagers strictly scrutinized.

THE ASCENT OF NEXT-TO-NOTHING/Ashworths: "We are mountaineers." Much as I shudder at the thought of all that exercise, I found this more fun to read than Annapurna. Especially Sheila's section. Whyfor, Mal, haven't you officially registered Sheila as a joint member of FAPA? I predict she would give you a run for your "Best Humorist" Poll standing. Vernon sounded awfully rugged and energetic, but I could almost get to like Sheila's style of mountaineering -- "to find a nice grassy patch and lie on my stomach ...". As for you, Mal -- I don't think you take your mountain climbing really seriously.

FRINGE/Ashworth: Your Planzine sounds fine, especially with mailing comments in. Hope it isn't just a Dreamzine -- we all put out such terrific issues of those. # I see no reason why you couldn't have commented on the mailing even though you hadn't yet read it. In I DREAMPT I CREPT IN MARBLE CRYPTS you didn't hesitate to comment on the membership of FAPA before you ever knew them. And did a fine job of it too -- even if you did confuse me with Wilfried Myers. A bagatelle -- we're often mistaken for each other. # Your review of "Solomon and Sheba" is a howler -- funniest thing I've read in ages. How about including a Movie Review column in all upcoming issues?

CELEPHAIS/Evans: Better to mention here than not to mention at all that I've been enjoying your work in SPECULATIVE REVIEW. And yours, too, Dikini. And yours, Bob. # I went all bashful listing myself among the unsung Fapans realizing how delightfully sung I was this time. # Come now, Bill, do you mean to say they do not allow any smoking in those men's grill rooms you mention? Or that men don't light up after a meal because you don't like it? # When I was a kid we used to have both a wood-burning furnace and wood-burning stove. Each fall mountains of wood would be trucked into the yard and dumped behind the house near a cellar window. Much of it had to be split -- which I was not allowed to do, thank goodness -- than all of it had to be tossed into the cellar, then stacked in wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling rows in the cellar "wood-room." This was my job. How I used to long for the brother I didn't have! # Without looking it up, I don't know exactly what the "63-16 = 47 (Economou)" means, where you're correcting Dan on things, but he did forget to list Demi-Phlotz from mailing 88 which was 8 pages, although he included it in the total. # What made you think the cat on the cover of PHlotz #13 had extra toes? As far as I can see, he hasn't any toes. # I've never cooked a duck shot with a shotgun, rifle or BB gun. I dislike game of all kinds and don't anyone bother trying to sell me on the idea that I shouldn't. # Perhaps, strictly speaking, my brother-in-law (my sister's husband) should not call Arthur his brother-in-law. But it simplifies things and is easier and quicker to say than "my sister-in-law's husband." # As I've mentioned elsewhere,

DAG found a copy of the Pious Pornographers for me. Wish I had time to analyze it here, but will save my thoughts on it for another issue. # Most if not all of the breweries in town seem to hold permanent open house. Visitors are invited to tour and enjoy free samples. I've seen a lot of invitations and never noticed anything about "proper sponsorship." Come and try it sometime.

THE RAMBLING FAP/Calkins: I can't wait to read Boyd's comments on the photo of him you used here. This is not one of his favorites as it was taken just after he was picked up in Harlem on suspicion of looking for a rumble. It's so much fun to look at fan photos -- hope you can do this again.

VANDY/Coulsons: Your impression of the Wall Street Journal is way off. Actually, it's one of the most interesting general papers around, over and above its financial slant. Standard size, not particularly thick, lively writing. I'll send you one one day when I think of it -- or save one for when I see you again. #A&P may have the lowest prices around but they also have just about the lowest quality too. At least in the things I've tried. Their eggs and meats in particular. # Dancing ... see my comments under SALUD. Are you sure you don't fail to find pleasure in dancing simply because you don't know how? #The foregoing was aimed at Buck -- now on to Tucker. And I would like to know, Grandpappy, why you should enjoy such unholy glee by omitting the key letter in ads you answer? If you're interested enough in a product to answer an ad, why make it tough for the company? If you gain enough recruits, advertisers will have no way of weeding out their unprofitable ads so their advertising costs will go way up and all those goodies in plain sealed wrappers you've been sending for will cost twice as much. Serve you right. # And Juanita -- why do you consider a bow on the rear of a dress "stupid"? I have one like that and I prefer to think of it as "provocative" when I'm in that sort of mood. # Someone who ferreted out your "deep dark balladeering secrets" gave you one second-place vote for poetry, Juanita. You mean both of you carry on this way in secret?

EGO BEAST/Wilson: This is a neat, interesting, but singularly uncommendable Fapazine. Can't find one little checkmark therein except a note after Cox's section saying, "Enjoyed this." Maybe because there's so little Wilson therein. Since August 1956 Don can find only one single page to write to us? Do like that clever cover.

KLEIN BOTTLE/Carrs: The "Soiled D'Oily Opera Company" was a CHARMING touch. Bill is worth reading even if you have to struggle through that illegible pale green. Educational too. I've learned that Misaye is pronounced Me-sigh, when all along in KM I've thought Bill was being gallant and cryptic by using the lady's initial -- Miss A. # Loved the Tucker bit -- it could only have happened, no one could invent that. # Looked at the pictures of the SF riots to see if I could recognize any sensitive fan-nish faces. Dave and Miri especially. Were you among the drenched ones, Miri? # Ed Cox' remark that Roberta Gibson's poem "really is a poem" reminds me of the story about an eminent politician -- Churchill or maybe Teddy Roosevelt -- who, when confronted with an outstandingly unattractive infant for his admiration, gave the mother to beam by exclaiming, "Now, that really is a baby!" # When you told Jack Speer that no FAPA female over 27 had answered the poll, didn't you mean that no FAPA female over 27 had answered the question about age? # Les Nirenberg is quite right. I've always known the only logical and practical way to read a magazine or paper is from back to front, but I've never been able to convince the publishers. Nevertheless, I always read them that way. I'd never attempted it with books, though, until one day when I was reading a story to the Grennell young 'uns and Janet insisted she was tired of hearing that story the same old way and that I should start at the back. I cooperated with her non-conformist urge by not only reading the book from back to front, but also from bottom to top. But I saved the version reading from right to left for a special treat another time.

GEMINI/Bradley: I have absolutely nothing to say about this except the sort of comment that grotches Jack Speer because it takes up his valuable time to read it. To wit: I enjoyed every word of this -- you can be so interesting, Marion. # In the final interlineation on your style sheet, I think the word "twice" is superfluous.

DAY*STAR PRESENTS/Bradley: Read this with interest also but have little comment beyond saying that if you're of a mood to continue writing about aerialists, I'll go right on reading you with pleasure.

CATCH TRAP/Bradley: Marion, I notice that many of my check marks in here all deal with approximately the same subject -- your attitudes toward Fapa, your own activity, and the members' reaction to it. Without presuming to speak for the other members, I'll try to give you a few of my own thoughts on the matter. When you get kudos for stuff you turn out in a breeze, and indifference to material you labor over, I don't agree that the reason is lack of discrimination on the part of the members. When your efforts are applauded, it's because you are giving the members what they want to read. General writing and formal editing they can find in general fanzines. But FAPA is something different and special. Here we have a close-knit group of people who are friends and enjoy the personal approach in Fapazines. You contradict yourself here, too. First you say that you would prefer having your material published by someone else because you do not feel capable of passing objective judgment on it -- then you quarrel with the objective judgment of the other members because their greatest appreciation of your material does not go to that portion of your output which you have decided they should most appreciate. Instead of deciding that we do not appreciate the "right" things, why not realize that you've finally found the formula for pleasing us, and continue with it if you wish to. Fapans do not read the mailings and vote in the Egoboo Poll "with their eyes shut" Marion. You recieved votes for best article writer because the "Mariontalk" in Ugly Bird, however brief, was vital and vivid and interesting. We liked this with our eyes open. You also received votes for mailing comments because those you included in the final mailing of the year were well-done and enjoyable -- and with their eyes wide open, the members noticed this and remembered it when they voted. Basically, what it boils down to, I think, is that we are looking for you in your work. If we find you, we're pleased and interested, if we don't, we're apt to be bored. That's why your circus material -- which you say was intended to gently chide the sports car, photography and gun buffs for overdoing -- surprised you by being received so warmly. This was you, Marion Bradley, a nice person. You also mention that, until recently, when you found an informal fanzine you felt as if you had gotten all dressed up for a party and arrived to find everyone sitting around in undershirts, shoes off, drinking beer. And as if you were surrounded by hordes of disapproving strangers instead of close friends. But don't you see, Marion -- when people throw an informal party, they can be made awfully uncomfortable by someone arriving all dressed up who sits stiffly on a chair and refuses to take off her shoes and join the gang. You're much more fun now that you're sitting here on the floor with us chattering informally -- and we hope you're enjoying yourself too. Forget whether or not your conversation is polished -- we're listening to what you're saying. One other point, then I'll climb down off my soapbox. If you rate higher in the Egoboo Polls this coming year, once again it will be because you're writing what the members like to read -- not because of any increased quantity of your output. Take another look at the Poll results -- true, several of the top rankers are quantity producers, or at least consistent. But others like DAG (last year), Bloch, Calkins, Raeburn, Tucker and Boggs were greatly out-produced by a number of members lower on the list. So if you better your Poll standing this year, don't continue to low-rate the merit of your stuff -- or our judgment -- by attributing it solely to increased activity. I've been long-winded here -- but I wouldn't have bothered if I didn't like you. CATCH TRAP is full of checkmarks all over the place but I'm not even going to look at them. I've said enough to you this mailing.

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: How pleasant to be sitting here on this steamy torrid evening contemplating all that lovely snow. Snow is always lovely to contemplate in August. This past winter we didn't allow even one little flake to escape anywhere else. We hoarded it like miser's gold and it was piled as high as, and on top of, and above, over and up to. # When I wrote my article last mailing about the Top Forty I was not attacking it in toto, but it was more fun to write about the horrors than the innocuously pleasant ones. Like, (hear this, Bill Morse) I've been told they now have a male version of "Teen Angel," where the fella is wailing about his girl who, for some daft reason never stated, hopped back into the car stalled on the railroad track and got clobbered into the next county. One I think is fun right now we've been pulling in every time we turn on the car radio. It's Patty Page's new one called (maybe) "One Of Us." Two men have quarrelled, and two men will fight, she sobs, and, Oh God, stop them from doing this terrible thing for the sake of two women who wait. And one of us will weep tonight -- one of us won't sleep tonight, etc. Real old-fashioned tear jerker. # My favorite current ad is the one for the new cigarette, Kentucky Kings. When I first saw this, I thought it must be a gag -- and very funny. But as the ads continue, it's obvious no one is going to budget full pages in color in the New York Times and elsewhere, for a joke. But I still think someone with a wonderful sense of humor devised the idea of a filter cigarette with an all-tobacco filter ... I'm mad at myself for not noticing the name on the whisky ad I caught out of the corner of my eye yesterday passing the liquor store. I was so bemused by the mechanics of the process that I failed to note which whiskey was the only one with whipped-in smoothness -- the ad showing a pot or kettle of amber liquid, presumably whiskey, being beaten with a wire whisk sort of thing like an omelet. Might have a go at a bowl full of Seagrams to see what ensues. # You don't like to Sing Along With Mitch????? # I love President Eisenhower's direct quotes. Bet they'll be collected into a book some day and scholars will write volumes analyzing their obscurities.

GASP/Steward: My earliest memory stumped my family for years. From time to time as I grew up I would describe a place I remembered in great detail. I would tell how we (but couldn't remember who "we" were) drove up to a dock on a foggy evening and, with a megaphone which was there, called across the water until somebody answered. A boat picked us up and took us across a channel to a brown house on a bluff overlooking the water. I recalled the woods in back where ladies' slippers grew, and the dining table which had a bench attached to the wall on two sides instead of chairs. No one in the family could place this memory and insisted I'd never been to such a place. Finally it was quite decided that it was all something I'd read in a book at some time. Then one day I was riding with my mother and dad along the Maine coast where it's riddled with harbors and inlets when I yelled "There it is!" On the other side of the channel we were driving beside could be seen a brown house backed by dense woods. We tried to drive to it and discovered it was situated on an island and could be reached only by boat. After much cogitation, my mother remembered that I had been taken for a week to just such a place by relatives. She had never associated this visit with my odd memory because I was scarcely two years old at the time. #I admit that my ideas about Canada are distorted and colored by old prejudice, but I think that knowing you and Boyd and Ron has done more than any amount of reading to alter these concepts. Perhaps if I were ever able to visit your country I'd be able to brush all the old cobwebs out and gain a clearer picture. I spent much of my life -- from 9 to 18 -- in a small town about 85% French-Canadian, and detested everything about it. They were ignorant, uneducated, bigoted, narrow and provincial people who thought it great sport to poke fun at me because I couldn't speak French -- which was all many of them knew. Another source of great fun was my determination -- announced loudly from the day I arrived in that benighted town -- to leave and head for a big city (which I did) the day I reached 18. As if anything really existed beyond the town borders! I was that "crazy English girl" with the screwball ideas, and in turn my loathing extended from them to the "Mohray-ál" and "Cona-daw" they all seemed to

spring from. Except for those who proudly proclaimed themselves to be "Pee-eyes," with roots on Prince Edward Island. This, of course, was a very distorted viewpoint, but I was really very much surprised to learn eventually that Canada was not totally inhabited by this particular breed of French-Canadians.

SECRET MYTHOS/Parker: Welcome, Ron. If I could have my druthers, I'd like to be a mink and -- with cooperation from another friendly mink -- raise my own coat. # Enjoyed your castle lore. While you're over there, why not look up Count Dracula's castle to see if there are still coffins in the subterranean regions.

XTRAP/Linards: I have a big fat note on the cover of this saying "WRITE!" But, of course, I didn't. I almost never do. To anyone. Anyway, the nicest thing about both #2 and #3 is that Jean was well enough again to write them and that Anie is back and things presumably looking up -- if not quite rosy as yet. You're a worrisome fellow, Jean. Now get all well, and put some weight on, will you! # Don't apologize for your material. We've waited a long time for you in FAPA and, as you will discover, most of the best in FAPA is "personal ramblings." # So you ask what we'd like from you -- mailing comments, especially, also your fan visits would be of interest, yes, whatever you like -- you write it, we'll read it. And if we're not happy, you'll hear about it. Then pay no attention. # Just reread your request for cliches which I had forgotten -- I'll try to keep it in mind for next time. # I read you loud and clear about "types of minds." You two make much more sense to me -- even when your words don't always -- than many Americans. Come again soon.

FANTASIA/Wesson: How delightful to find Wesson items in two consecutive mailings! Helen, when I read about your personal life, as on the pages you call "Name-dropping" it seems larger-than-life -- just too fascinating to be true. Not in detail, but in aggregate. Do you fully realize your life's excitement and interest, or does it sometimes, or often, seem prosaic to you because you're the one living it?

LARK/Danner: Flashy cover ... very nice. # If any of you other Gestetnerographers took Bill up on his offer to try his 60¢ a pound ink, let me know how it worked out. With all the work I do, this \$2.65 a pound black gold vanishes awfully fast. But I wouldn't dare experiment. # Japan has a manufacturing center named "Usa" and many items stamped "Made In USA" are actually Japanese imports. # Your comment to Dan about reaming out the plugged holes on his drum made me remember with a shudder the many many hours I spent gouging out the holes in my old Tower with a straightened paper clip. They seemed to get plugged about once a month and couldn't be worked on until the drum was emptied of ink. It never would empty completely and there was always seepage out of the holes that had to be blotted away with paper towels or it would drip blackly and thickly all over the machine and table. Think I wrecked an entire wardrobe over the years through great black messy accidents. With renewed affection and appreciation I now contemplate my Gestetner. # If you had no trouble splicing stencils securely it was probably because you had the good sense to use stencil cement. As I mentioned, I'd been using corflu for the job, and it isn't intended for that. I didn't know cement existed until someone -- Bob Lichtman, I think although his nice long lettercomment eludes me just now -- told me about it. Thanks, whoever. # I believe the only Exchange that does not bar women is the Kansas City Board of Trade, which recently let down the barriers and admitted one woman. All the others -- New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Mercantile Exchange (which objected to my name on our letterhead), Chicago Board of Trade -- probably dozens of others which deal in stocks, bonds or commodities, specify that members must be male. In fact, they don't even allow a female on the floor. Not that I'd care to tangle in those screaming madhouses, but it's the idea of it. What, I wonder, are they afraid of? They have no objections whatever to accepting a woman's money for trading. # This is the end of the page and I'm glad because I'm hungry.

THE REJECTED CANON/Eney: This did not have the fascination of Fancyc II, but was interesting in an historical sort of way. I'll file it away with my Fancyc -- but the mc's at the end should stay with the mailing. What to do? (All my problems should be this simple!) # Last mailing, before embarking upon a minor argument with you -- which was basically semantical -- I started off by saying "Foosh to you, too, Dick." Son, if you think that's the way I express myself when I'm "irritated," or even "put out," you keep your illusions as long as you can. Except for an occasional bit of testiness, I've rarely been really annoyed in FAPA and even more rarely let it show. Not because there has never been reason, but simply because for me FAPA and fandom are strictly hobbies, for pleasure and relaxation, and I do not care to expend negative emotions on them at any time. If something or someone displeases me, I ignore it or him/her and find ample area of pleasure remaining. However, a friendly argument about almost anything, without rancor, I enjoy. Trouble is, this argument we've got going right now just isn't. Far from being moved to profanity as you fear, I'm reluctantly moved to concede you the game. Not because I can't keep it going -- it would be easy if I wanted to spare the space and time. But I see no particular point to it except to play games because there's obviously no basic disagreement between us. You're maintaining that the individual soldier acting under orders in war-time does not bear moral guilt for killing. That's true, of course. What I'm trying to say is that when people die en masse as a result of the deliberate actions of other people, there is moral guilt somewhere -- and, for want of a more precise word, I'll continue to consider such deaths "murder," as opposed to mass deaths caused by natural catastrophe. Trouble is, throughout history no one has been able to accurately pinpoint where this guilt should lie, therefore wars have been accepted as "natural" and inevitable results of "human nature," instead of the crimes against humanity they actually are. If the day ever comes when people are able to decide or agree on which "criminals" start wars -- or the particular criminal outlooks that lead to war -- something may be done about it. That's just dream stuff. Meantime, we're still just rattling the old sabers like school kids. (If you're still disagreeing with me, I'll fight. But not just for silly semantics.)

And finally I reach the Shaw's postmailing. I do hope this was everything, and apologize if I've missed anyone. Things really got strewed about this summer and haven't been sorted yet. Probably never will be. They usually aren't.

ICE AGE/Shaws: Congratulations on the newcomer, Noreen and Larry. Hope Michael is bonny, bouncy and beautiful now. # Harry's article struck me very funny. Everything about Peyton Place that he says here is remarkably so, yet I doubt that anyone else noticed these inconsistencies. Harry must be able to read on several levels to become aware of things like this. # Re Bloch's article -- not only have we had a deluge of Detention reports, but have even seen a major Solacon report published recently. I agree that if fanzine fans ignore completely the official program and events of conventions in their reports, that it would be awfully rough on the morale of the hard-working Committees -- or prospective Committees. But it seems to me that there have always been a number of convention reports, formal and informal, covering this aspect of every convention, including publication in fanzines of the complete text of the speeches. If a greater number of reports dealt with the official events, it would become very repetitious, and I'd miss the variety of outlook and participation found in the personalized con reports. So far it seems to me they have been reasonably well-balanced. # Enjoyed Algis' reminiscences. # Hope you will be able to find time one of these mailings to let us have some Shaw-stuff. Don't try to backtrack through all those past mailings -- the job will become so formidable you never will get around to it. Just try this one.

 endofeconomoutypemailingcommentsnoneothersgenuinedon'tbefooledvote foreneyvoteformetoo

G L E A N I N G S . . .

Les Nirenberg sez: "Phlotz sorta grows on you, like moss. [HMMMMMMMM]... but I have one beef. Howcum no lettercol for us waitinglisters? C'mon, I wanna be heard."

First a word of explanation about what this section isn't. It isn't a lettercol. A lettercol, I have observed, is the quickest surest route to Faned's Bloat, with resulting Creative Constipation inevitably ending in the dread Gafia (GRUE type). But the mail piles up and doesn't get answered and is chonk full of crispy bits of goodness that should not be allowed to just lie there and get all soggy. So I shall, from time to time -- when I have the supply, space and disinclination to fill the space with anything requiring Creative Labor -- glean nuggets from the mailbag and fling them at FAPA like ~~beetle~~ ~~beetle~~ like ... like read it awreddy.

ABOUT SHALIMAR: First Betty Kujawa said, "Phyl, you so and so, you really got me involved -- irate -- and confused!!! "The Shalimar" you ask about! Oh that silly, I thought, she simply hasn't the proper books -- how could she miss finding THAT? Yeh -- so I look -- and look -- AND look. And you are right!!! The lyric comes from THE KASHMIRI LOVE SONG, I'm pretty sure -- and I, too, always figured it to be a river -- or lake -- or lagoon in the Vale of Kashmir. No so says all my books, atlases including our Encyclopaedia Britannica. Could have sworn it was a real for true river. Obviously the composer made up the word -- wanting a pretty sounding name that would fit in with the song. Things I Never Knew Till Now Dept."

Reading this, I thought if it isn't in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, it isn't, period. But next day came a note from Dean McLaughlin: "Webster's Geographical Dictionary carries the entry: "SHALIMAR. Beautiful Oriental gardens laid out in 1637 by the Mogul emperor Shah Jahan, 6 miles east of Lahore, central Punjab, India." He added the observation, "I gather the Lawrence Hope poem must have alluded to some interesting shenanigans in the shrubbery. Ah, these Victorians! All action, no talk."

Betty -- neither of us have the proper books. Next word on the subject came from the Santa Monica Al Lewis who gave substantially the same information as Dean, and added that you can spot it on the map and there are a couple of photos in the Nov. 1958 National Geographic.

Finally came a veritable deluge of information about Shalimar from Chuck Hansen, who said: "Your query about Shalimar prompts me to expound so batten down the hatches and hang on. I can't help you on the actual origin or meaning of the word but the perfume is probably named for the gardens, or perhaps from the poem which you quote. The poem is "Kashmiri Song" from India's Love Lyrics by Laurence Hope. Like Kipling's Mandaley and others, it was later set to music but who did the music I can't tell you. If you look it up in the Encyclopedia Britannica under Shalamar Gardens [right book, wrong information, Betty] I think you will find it, it is in my edition. I don't know whether the spelling was altered by the EB or Hope. Anyhoo, Shalamar Gardens are a very lovely gardens 6 miles east of the city of Lahore in the Indian State of Punjab. The gardens were laid out in 1637 by Shah Jahan, the Emperor who erected the Taj Mahal as a monument to his beloved wife Mumtaz Mahal. Lahore is in northern Punjab near the border of the neighboring state of Jammu and Kashmir. So the gardens are not actually in Kashmir, but not far away. Lahore is located on the Ravi river but whether it runs through the gardens I wouldn't know. Being an Indian garden, there would be lots of pools anyhow. Gotta be water for those "Pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus buds that float On those cool waters where we used to dwell," etc.

Chuck winds up by saying, "I hope this wasn't more than you wanted to know about it," which reminds me of the story about the little girl (Dean Grennell, am I stealing one of your stories again? If so, let me know and I'll credit you next issue.) who had to write a book report about a story she'd read about penguins. "This book told me more than I really cared to know about penguins," was her comment.

But no, Chuck, this was Fine. I would also like to have the recipe for Mead -- "the fine traditional old drink which helped make Merrie Old England so Merrie" -- which you mention making recently. I'm sure this would be a popular item for PHlotsam's Public Service Department. (I'm still waiting for a recipe for bathtub gin.)

To return to Betty's letter -- which I wish I could quote entirely and which I also rashly but determinedly promise to answer -- she also mentioned getting a charge out of my pop-music bit and enclosed an amusing column from John Crosby on the "He'll Have To Go" -- "He'll Have To Stay" records. I haven't space to include it here, but will save it for next issue.

'Nother note from Dean McLaughlin enclosing a clipping from Publishers Weekly, July 18th, because of my "interest in things Bloch-like." [No, Dean -- just the genuine article ...] The clipping read: "'PSYCHO,' a Crest book, is benefiting from the success of the Alfred Hitchcock movie released by Paramount in about six cities. The paperback is nearly sold out two weeks after publication." Dean tells me to "notice particularly how careful they were not to misspell the author's name." Phoo.

My old boss, CONFUSION editor Shelby Vick and his wife, Suzy, collaborated on a delightfully quotable letter that made me very pleased about Shelby's return to fandom after far too many years -- and eager to know his sparkling Suzy better. However, all the things I'd planned to quote from this letter were overshadowed by the very sad news that Shelby and Suzy had lost their little twin girls, born prematurely. I can only offer them my deep sympathy and wish them courage in living through this dark period in their lives.

THE WORD for PHlotsam's cover on #14 is GESTAFAX, I was informed by several people. Al Lewis (the California one) supplemented this -- "The proper term ... is Gestafax. Stenofax is the same process done to an ordinary stencil by somebody other than Gestetner. In either case, it represents an electronic scanning of the photograph, which modulates a current which produces a spark -- and the spark jumping a minute gap puts holes in the stencil with a frequency that corresponds to the density of the original photo. We have used it for the covers of SHAGGY 39 and 45, as well as the Barr illo and the Larry Ware bit in the Xmas Supplement last year. As you notice, it tends to produce all blacks and whites. We have found that a bit of judicious re-touching is absolutely mandatory, if a photograph is to reproduce well. Our trouble, however, has been insufficient contrast, so we were adding pure black and pure white to a normally-graded photograph. Bjo could give you more explicit directions, as she is the one who performed the surgery. Another tip might be helpful. When running a Gestafax, it will have a tendency to stick [don't I know!] unless one uses a porous sheet between the silkscreen and the stencil. Gestetner sells these in quire lots, but I have found that the black carbon sheet from a quire of yellow stencils does just as well -- and costs nothing extra. Yellows, by the way, are much easier to use for stenciling artwork." [Thankee, suh.]

Clayton Hamlin -- blessisheart! -- in addition to sending me a copy of THE ODD ONE, with a beautifully done photographic page, has gone all out to insure receiving PHlotz forever -- as forever goes in fandom -- by mailing me his complete file of N'APA mailings. These I'm faunching to see! I love to read mailings from other APAs, but can't possibly spare the time to belong to another. Clay is also trying to inveigle me into joining the ISFCC -- he's President and working hard to revive the club. It

is certainly not because I doubt that the group would "interest me enough ... that I won't be able to resist just a little bit of effort..." Clay, but that I just don't want any new activity interesting me into effort. Not until I can manage my FAPA activity without a great last-minute crisis in the Economou household every deadline. Not until I can manage to reply to at least some of the great clutch of letters bulging my "must answer" files. Not, probably, until my mundane life alters to the extent that I will no longer be working at this typewriter, cutting stencils and running a mimeograph four or five days a week for business. This routine does not predispose me to hie myself to the typer and mimeograph for more of the same during my free hours -- fandom and FAPA is really a busman's holiday for me, and just about the most unsuitable hobby I could possibly have chosen!

But in case anyone of the rest of you have time for a bit more fanac, and would like to lend a hand in getting the old ISFCC off the ground again, contact Clay -- Clayton Hamlin, 28 Earle Avenue, Bangor, Maine. The old club wound up on the ground because the then members just let it lie there -- including me -- but this process can easily be reversed, and will, if Clay's enthusiasm becomes contagious.

Dick Schultz wants to know where I plucked his name from [the FA waiting-list], and agrees with me at great length and vigor about the Farm Subsidy program. He then says: "Your discussion on the Rise and Fall of the FAPA waiting list is certainly of most interest to me, since yours truly is a member of that same select body. May I turn into one of the hangers on, that you describe? For by the time I reach the point where I can enter those gilded portals, my sense of Wonder should have undergone an arduous campaign in the Napoleonic manner. In other words, my level of fanac is apt to be but a shad of what it was, or is right now. The idea of eight pages a year appeals to me in that sense. You mentioned the Top Ten there, but what about the others that have managed to survive the rigorous test of FAPA fanac? What about the others, in other words? Is there no hope? Does one become either a FAPA BNF, or an ex FAPAN, and nothing else? Will Elizia survive her whipping? Can Elouise cross the Ice floes? Will Simon catch up with Pearl Pure-heart? Tune in next issue ..."

So, Dick, I'll do a bit of prognosticating. If you are right about your level of activity and/or interest having fallen off by the time you enter FAPA (if you haven't dropped off the waiting-list en route), the odds are that one of four things will happen. 1) You'll fail to join when your turn comes due to lack of interest, lack of credentials, or both; 2) you'll join, fail to produce activity required by your third mailing and be dropped; 3) you'll join and maintain minimum activity for a year or so, find scant FAPA enthusiasm for your scant efforts -- FAPA offers little approval or egoboo to the member who contributes as little as possible in return for four fat bundles a year of other peoples' work -- then you'll lose interest and drop out without leaving a ripple. Or, 4) you'll catch the FAPA ~~hkg~~ spirit and find both your interest and activity in an ascending spiral. 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.

Bob Lichtman observes: "Publishing the issue on white paper certainly makes a great difference. Why, it's almost as if it were an entirely new fanzine; the suggested grayness is gone, if indeed it was ever there. How are the prices of that fibrous unborn Kleenex and this in comparison? If it's not too much, suggest that you continue using this white stock. Or do you have to slipsheet with this? I thought Gestetners when properly operated didn't need slipsheeting. But that's only in the adverts that they don't, I guess."

The only slipsheeting I did last issue was the front and back covers and the page of

graphs. If I had to slipsheet, I probably wouldn't publish at all. Although I don't know the exact price, I'm quite sure that this type is more expensive than the white. However, I've never felt at home with white -- it seems to me to lack personality, or intimacy, or something. This color, I agree, leaves something to be desired -- they call it "blue" but it looks gray to me and apparently to everyone else. But it was the best of the lot. Must find another source now and would like to locate something similar to my old Topsham's Shell, which I always felt expressed the Inner Me.

Add horrible experiences. Bob goes on to say, "During my recent stay at the hospital for the above-mentioned thyroid operation [which he survived], I had the misfortune of having a roommate who played nothing but rock and roll off the town's outlet (one of them, anyway -- there must be a dozen here in LA, going along with the quantity tradition prevalent here) for 12 or more hours a day. Now if that isn't depressing I don't know what is; and I had to put up with it for four days! Ugh. So now I'm thoroughly down on current music again. By the way, "Teen Angel" was, even if the voice didn't sound like it, sung by a male negro. [This I'd never have guessed -- the song was supposed to have been sung by a girl, and couldn't have sounded more so.]

Bill Donaho pocsards: "Thanks very much for PHlotsam 14 and especially for the gesture of sending it Special Delivery! [Bill had been loudly bewailing my delay in publishing the recipe for Home Brew.] The home brew will soon be flowing freely ... Your cover is great, particularly the fascinated expression on your face. Was that real or did somebody retouch the photo? Anyhow it's a riot." [That was a genuine, unretouched photo. I just naturally look like that. Someone, I think Bob Pavlat, commented to DAG that he'd like to know just what might cause me such shock -- surely not just that book. I do have a pretty high shock threshold, at that.]

Vic Ryan writes: "Yes, most every other fanzine has had a number one issue, but, you have to admit, this is rather mundane, and out of the spirit of the group. PLOY's first issue was #2, and Karen Anderson's SAPSzine started with 770 as its initial number. Why you never published #s 1 or 2 (now that is unusual) is beyond me; perhaps you'd care to explain the whole gory mess? [No.] I'm afraid I can't tell you just what "shalimar" means, but I can say that "sha" is an Indian Sheep." [This will be a very valuable addition to everyone's Things I Never Knew Til Now files.]

I was quite taken aback when Ken Cheslin commented: "You know, when you come right down to it PHlot is like a Meringue, solid looking, tasty, but really nothing in it. Y'know I've read it all thru' and while I was reading it I enjoyed it, I still feel happy about it, but really there wasn't much substance to it ... Egad ... PHlotsam, the Insubstantial femmezine! or like that ..."

How about that, boyzngirlz? Is so?

Ed Cox now comes up with near three pages of tasty morsels marked for quoting, and I'm near out of stencil. But Ed, the doll, always writes long interesting letters, so there's practically certain to be Coxian tidbits next time I decide to do this. Most important is that Ed has acquired a Volvo and is "definitely planning" to get to PITTCON. Another reason I'll be chewing the rug if I'm not there. Ed's still working doggedly at getting the Economus to move to the lower West Coast, not realizing that there's something insidious (and sinister) about the Middle West, Milwaukee-type. One becomes filled with inertia and sodden contentment and tells oneself this is the end of the road. That sounds even worse than it really is, I think.

There were other letters, and fanzines for exchange (and in answer to some of you -- send yours if you haven't already, eh?). And PHlotz' temporarily-permanent mailing list grows and grows. But I'm enjoying it and hope you are too.

'voir,

Phyllis