

STOP FANDOM!
I WANT TO
GET OFF!

WR

NOTE: For the benefit of any of you who are unable to decipher my rather clumsy alteration of the issue number on this cover -- this is PHlotsan Number Eighteen. Only after running off the full 150 copies, did I notice that I had misnumbered it "19." At times I have lived in the past -- right now, for some reason, I'm apparently living in the future! (Burb, please don't reject PHlotz on the technicality of the copies not being "identical" -- I've been away too long already. And I tried my very best to make them all equally messily identical!)

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS

This is the long-overdue 18th issue of PHlotsam published for the 97th FAPA mailing by Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Los Angeles County, Wisconsin. It's mostly Burbee's fault. Inside illos, blame on Rotsler. XTRY! -- Ed Cox is now a Fapan once again -- welcome! -- take note of 2-page credit, Trimble.

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

10/14/61

THIS MORNING I awoke with a song in my heart. This is news? Well, truthfully, it usually takes at least two black coffees to persuade me to even acknowledge that it is morning.

But today is somehow magical. Something wonderful is bound to happen. A letter from a loved one -- a legacy from a remote, unknown relative -- a surprise visit from someone delightful -- a day at the office when all the markets are mannerly and spirits soar -- an inspiring book in the mail -- a smile from a stranger (this will inevitably happen because on such a day I smile at everybody, and some are bound to return it -- tentatively, often, obviously wondering if they should know me. People somehow seem so afraid to smile.) Anyway, something wonderful must happen when I feel like this -- if only that this gorgeous, brisk, sunny October day remains exactly as it is. That alone would satisfy me. It is such a delicious mood to start writing something for FAPA that at 10AM I'm getting it down on paper quick, while it lasts.

THIS IS THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY edition of PHlotsam. Represented herein are Rotsler -- lots of lovely Rotsler -- maybe some Cox -- and the first prose to appear in FAPA by John Burbee, son of the Living Legend (move over, L.L.). This piece was published in John's school paper -- I read, enjoyed and snagged it for PHlotz -- and would like more. Wouldn't you all? (John, here are your preliminary credentials -- hop on the FAPA waiting list -- like, quick.)

But that's not all! In a rash moment at Burbee's, I was promised Mailing Comments by Elmer Perdue for PHlotz. Now everyone knows Elmer is and does many things, but never mailing comments -- so I felt this would be quite a scoop for PHlotz (possibly even make this issue fannishly immortal, a Superzine to be raffled off in 1968 to bring both Berries over for a 10th Anniversary convention.) If it really came to pass.

So came last week, deadline approaching with terrifying rapidity, but from our Elmer nothing at all. I mailed him an air mail post card, demanding to know where were those Mailing Comments -- pleading with him not to cause me to lose my Childlike Faith in Elmer Perdue.

Sunday morning, I received a long-distance, person-to-person telephone call from Himself. (Elmer doesn't like to write letters, but felt an air mail post card deserved an answer -- and especially he couldn't bear that I lose my Childlike Faith.)

Mailing Comments by Perdue there were, he assured me -- but no time to send them to Milwaukee. They would be turned over to Burbee to here there was a long pause while Elmer tried to explain just what he intended that Burbee should do with them (I haven't asked Burb what he'd like to do with them) -- and commenting that it was costing him \$1.35 to try to think of the word he was groping for to explain this to me. Horrified that the cost of this one word might in time equal that of an entire edition of PHlotsam -- I finally suggested that Elmer entitle his Mailing Comments, "PHlotsam, Second Section." Thus it was left. So, unless Burbee has other ideas about what should be done with Perdue Mailing Comments, the "PHlotsam, Second Section" should be right here in this mailing somewhere. Look right now -- it should be well worth looking for, I would guess.

(Does this make me a legitimate, accredited member of Telephone Fandom?)

IT'S BEEN A LONGISH TIME since the last PHlotsam -- February, in fact. Yet, this Spindrift will probably be briefer than usual. In the intervening months, mundanity has had me in its grip and, except for the necessary quarterly President's reports, I've given hardly a thought to FAPA. (This is not entirely true -- I'm not one to brag that "I haven't even read the mailings" -- I read them all avidly -- miss comments on me because I wasn't in the last one -- and mentally compose all the mailing comments I intend to have next time around.) However, there is no little notebook or folder available this time filled with all those bits and pieces which usually make up Spindrift.

There is not even a letter-excerpt section this issue because -- due to a certain crisis at the time of the February mailing -- that issue was never sent to the 60 or so non-Fapans on my mailing list. However, that outdated issue will go out with this one, and perhaps, if there is anything commentable in either -- my mail will start flowing in again. It is now down to a barely perceptible trickle, and that's frustrating. I do love incoming mail -- but realize I receive so little of it because there is so little outgoing mail from here. Meanwhile, thanks to all of you non-Fapans who have kept me on your "trade" list all this time!

NOT THAT the past six months have been uneventful. Quite the contrary. We -- unheard of thing! -- closed shop completely for the full month of June, during which we spent a very exciting week in Chicago, among other things. Then, in July, Arthur moved into greatly expanded (and fabulously decorated) offices, and now has a crew of pretty young things doing all the work -- and more -- that I used to do. (I'm still in there pitching though, but at a lessened pace, and not -- we hope -- permanently. Somehow, though, there's always just one more job needs doing.)

One disadvantage is that my old IBM typer has been "temporarily" hijacked for use in the office, so this issue at least will have to be produced after hours here at the office. Hence this pretty new type-face -- I'm using their new IBM. Eventually, though, I intend to get my old one back home and -- to quote an immortal Willisism -- will "revert to type."

(Support the Willis Fund! It's over the top now as far as the actual trip is concerned -- but let's treat them to steaks instead of hamburgers on their visit.)

WHAT ELSE HAS HAPPENED? Jeremiah II, the stupid turtle, has joined the long-departed shade of Jeremiah I -- and was promptly followed into turtle heaven by Jeremiah III. There will be no more Jeremiahs in the Economou family -- I can't help becoming emotionally involved, even with a turtle -- and it hurts! There is now only Zachariah, to whom you have never been introduced. Zach is a small,

brown-shelled turtle with great, staring yellow-ringed eyes -- and is distinctly the "survivor type." He eats his lettuce avidly, come what may, sits unblinkingly on his rock, and exhibits no signs of genius. Therefore, there is nothing much to say about Zachariah -- except that he makes me comfortable.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN other events, but everything else has been completely overshadowed by my 3½ week trip to Seattle, the Los Angeles area and the desert -- reported elsewhere in this issue. (NOT a "con report," Bill Danner.) This trip still fills my mind and everything prior seems misty.

ONE INCIDENT, not mentioned in my trip report, was my first encounter with my two-year-old nephew, Johnny-boy, in Oxnard, Calif. Perhaps Johnny-boy is like all two-year-olds, but I can't quite believe it. I honestly doubt there would be many surviving parents (my sister is also obviously a "survivor type" -- and she's just barely making it).

Johnny-boy is an angel-faced hellion who can (and did!) in a split second of freedom from eagle-eyed observation, simultaneously open a pound of coffee, dump the contents on the kitchen shelf, into the utensil drawer and on the floor -- overlay the coffee with a can of baby powder, thus making it all completely unsalvageable -- pour a full bottle of Karo syrup throughout and all over the pots-and-pans cupboard, including of course the pots and pans -- empty two ashtrays of their butts onto the living room rug -- then fill the nice dirty ashtrays with his cup of milk. This all actually happened in five minutes flat!

He is also very fond of cartons of cigarettes and could probably set a world's record for ripping open the carton, tearing apart every pack therein and demolishing each and every cigarette into it's component paper and tobacco shreds. Fun!

It took me about a half-hour after my arrival to learn to always lock all my belongings in my suitcases -- high places are an easy challenge to him. But in that limited half-hour, Johnny-boy managed to open a momentarily unguarded box of my snapshots secured by strong elastic bands, and with his tiny powerful fingers, pry open a roll of exposed film and, laughing merrily, ribbon it all over the kitchen table. There were five exposed rolls there -- luck was on my side, plus his mother's eternal vigilance! -- or I would have lost all my wonderful snapshots of my Western trip. The loss of any roll would have been painful, I suppose, but it seems this one was especially heartbreaking as it contained, among other particularly treasured snapshots, the ones I took at the Busby's home the day I arrived. Buz and Elinor, Boyd, Wrai Ballard, Ella Parker -- and I think Jack Speer was still there, too. Fout!

TEASERS: My mail has been full of teasers lately -- probably because many people have dropped me from their exchange list because of the absence of PHlotz and I'm not getting all the fanzines these days. These teasers, if nothing else, will impell me to get back on the ball and either sub or mail out my tradezines again.

Not all have to do with fanzines, though. First was a brief note from Sally Kidd mentioning that there was something on page 104 of the September 23 New Yorker which would tickle and delight me, or something to that effect. Of course, the September 23 issue of the New Yorker was then off the stands. Having possibly a bit more than my share of curiosity, I went to incredible extremes to get a copy -- to find it was the "Hello, there," bit about Harlan which all of you must have read about by now. At least, that was one curiosity itch I was able to scratch! (Harlan's gone Hollywood, I hear, so I was unable to send him the item. Make that

last sentence read "has gone to Hollywood" -- I like Harlan! I just don't know his new address.)

Next teaser was a letter from Buz Busby, discussing in considerable detail a fan-nish matter, but the "details" were of the advanced sort that obviously presumed that I was completely familiar with the background. The entire letter left me in the dark and wildly confused. When I begged Buz for enlightenment, he told me it had all been discussed during Monday dinner at the Seacon -- at which he insists I was present with him (and presumably Elinor), Pavlat, Evans and others -- at which Monday dinner I know I was having an Italian dinner with Raeburn, Ballard, the Whites and several others someplace entirely else -- at which Buz is now accusing me of living in an "Alternate Universe" at Seacon. And maybe I was ...

Third teaser -- these things are driving me nuts! -- was Void #something (it's home, so I can't check). So, ticked off on the "reason for receiving this" section was, "Your name is mentioned -- hunt." Hunt I did, of course. And I hunted. And hunted. Who wants to miss even any smidgen of egoboo when it's so rare these days? And I'm willing to swear on The Immortal Storm that the only place my name was to be found was on the address label. (Ted, if that was what you had in mind, I'll strangle you, so help me!)

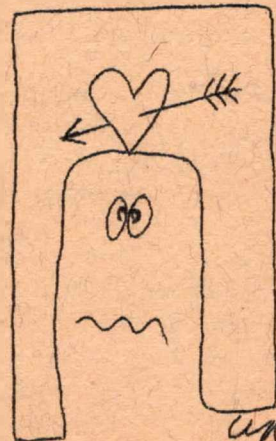
Just to top this all off -- and seriously threaten my sanity -- this morning's mail brought a "gag" card (but a very flattering one, thanks Lee, I feel the same about you!) from Lee Jacobs. This was very nice -- except for a few words, a very innocent few little words, written across the top. They said -- "especially since reading Xero." -- seemingly referring to something said about me therein. And ... sob! ... I haven't been receiving Xero lately, except for the Willish. I combed that, but it was apparently not the right issue. Such frustration!

The obvious conclusion to my reactions to these teasers is that my recent fafiation is not quite ready to turn into gafiation. No potential gafiate would be quite so concerned with finding egoboo (good or bad -- maybe when I find it I'll wish I hadn't). So, I'll have to start publishing regularly again, writing to people, subbing to fanzines and all the other trufanactivities -- an exhausting prospect to contemplate, but I guess I'm hooked.

ADDENDA - 10/27/61

THERE IS COX! This morning's nick-of-time mail brought a delightful article from EdCo -- and when are you going to start travelling in the current fannish manner, Ed? How about bringing your charming wife over for a drink one of these days?

THE SAME MAIL also brought a welcome letter from Bill Morse, with assurance that he has not gone gafia, but become embroiled in such mundane activities as politics and Motor Club rallies. But another BULL MOOSE is in the works for February. Bill, knowing that having other people's material on hand prods my conscience into publishing it, says that if I don't snap to it again he'll send some pages across to "force my hand." This might be an excellent method to prod us both into more activity. Bill, if you do send me material, I'll publish a "Milwaukee, Wookey Hole, Wisconsin" edition of PHlotsam. (I adore the name "Wookey Hole" -- I'm so glad you moved there!) ... PHE



HOW FAR THE FAN?

by

ED COX

Phyllis said that this is the Milwaukee-Los Angeles County-Wisconsin edition of PHLOTSAM. The implication of such a statement, such an edition, is rather vast. It immediately causes me to have the comfortable feeling that Milwaukee is sort of just next door. A mere afternoon's journey from here to there.

By jet it is. And maybe there is among other reasons, a slight bit of balm for me in this Milwaukee-Los Angeles County-Wisconsin edition of PHLOTSAM. Long-time readers of this sterling fanzine might remember that I've been conducting a campaign to get the Economus to move out here to the west coast (suthren div.) for years. And this sensation of next-dooriness engendered by the M-LAC-Wis issue might tend to calm me down Why, Ed -- I never realized! ... or help dull the edge of finality with which they seem to have occupied East Webster Place.

However, this nextdooriness is a way of thought that has, by and large (a handy phrase, that!) come over fandom in the past eight or ten years. It used to be that a world convention was one of the few times that fans from any part of the country got to see many fans from other parts of the country. And there were few (other than Ackerman) who got to go to many of them.

Then, regional conventions started happening all over the map. Fans from afar travelled to some of them. Suddenly, people like Ron Ellik changed the face of the fannish nation. Nowhere was too far to go, no difficulty too great to overcome to attend a convention, conference or gathering. Fans have come to know one another personally, and even the veriest hermits have come to be recognized at sight (Larry Shaw, the Original; Harry Warner; Wrai Ballard ...). Gone are the days of isolation when contact was through letter-columns, personal correspondence and fanzine publishing, mainly. Fans fly, hitchhike, drive, take buses and trains, and it seems that it is nothing to drop over to Milwaukee for the afternoon ... from Cincinnati -- or drop into New York ... from Toronto.

Not long ago, the editress of this furlong stanzine dropped in at the home of the originator of that phrase for a brief party (it lasted only 36 hours or something like that) during a layover from her trip from Seattle back to Milwaukee. This served to convince me that I don't really lose out if I don't make it to all the conventions and things. Myghod, one of these days maybe I'll pick up the phone and learn that I can attend a party in honor of Redd Boggs being in town! In fact, when an out-of-town fan calls me up these days I ask "Where are you? There or here?" Telephoning has also become pretty popular these years. (Where were you, Walt Willis, the morning of January 1st, 1961?)

What with all this travelling about and shrinking of distance, it's a wonder that somebody among us hasn't gone into a statistical orgy about distances covered, using real wild yardsticks and so on. Since nobody has yet, I might as well have a go at it. Who knows, I might start a Horrible trend.

Using an AAA US auto map, I find that Milwaukee is 2,187 miles from here. (Here being LA, to save the new, curious members a trip to the FA.) Do you know how many

fanzines it would take to reach from LA to Milwaukee? I dunno either. But it would take 13,955,800 pages end to end to make it. Figuring in 20-page fanzines, it'd take 1,395,580 fanzines to equal that number of pages. In a recent DYNATRON somebody mentioned that there's been 137 titles published so far this year. Figuring them averaging out at a quarterly rate of 40 pps each, it'd take these same publishers over 1275 years to publish enough fanzines to reach from Milwaukee to LA. This is by direct auto route but you might knock off a few years as the crow flies.

Bringing this foolishness closer to home, FAPA published some 2064 pps in mailings 92-95 (using FA figures) which would take some 3380 years to pave the road from LA to Milwaukee with FAPA bundles. Isn't this frightening? It means that members had better publish more per mailing to reduce the figuring in a thing like this.

I was originally going to do some calculating about how many fanzines it'd take to reach from Milwaukee to the moon but ...

Don't depend too much on the accuracy of my figures when reporting to the Stationers Institute the alarming gravity of their situation. I say this because all the fan-travelling these days is probably cutting down the amount of correspondence-type chatter in fanzines. If there was little travel, fans would publish more to attain the personal-contact substitute through fanzines. There'd be thousands more pages published each month, reams more of paper, gallons and pounds of ink, quires of stencils, etc., used. But with all this travelling, this nextdooriness, there isn't so much writing and publishing, except for an ever-diminishing number of con reports. Sales graphs have probably fallen off from their extrapolated soaring curves and stationers all over the country probably think fandom is dying.

Before I get delusions-of-Gamow /?... PH/ and go into how many cranks of the mimeo, foot-pounds of energy expended on publishing fanzines and all that, in addition to the stationery part of it, I'd better get back to the original theme of this thing.

I think it is a significant and great thing to have a Milwaukee-Los Angeles County-Wisconsin edition of PHLOTSAM. This feeling of togetherness, the nextdooriness of it, is wonderful ... and I'm looking forward to the next time Phyllis -- any of you -- comes out to Los Angeles County.

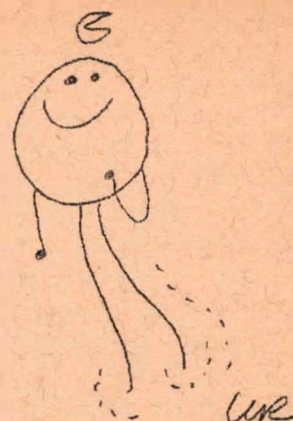
How about this afternoon?

... Ed Cox

-oOo-

/PHE here ... Now there is the sort of article I like in PHlotsam -- meaty, sercon, informative, full of statistics and stuff! I never want this Fapazine to become known as PHrivolous PHlotsam. And the nice personal parts make me feel so wanted! Ed's "campaign" -- consisting of stuffing my mailbox periodically and, for some time, anonymously, with giant editions of Los Angeles newspapers -- started way back when we were talking of leaving Miami, continued at unpredictable intervals during our three years back in New York when we were planning always to move -- destination unknown--and I think there have been a die-hard one or two issues during our present Milwaukee sojourn. The New York campaign almost worked -- for a while we were seriously considering the west coast. What deterred us, I think, was the unthinkable hours forced on people in our business out there. As the major markets are located either in New York or Chicago -- which are still on daylight time -- the markets are now opening at 6:00 AM, Pacific time! Of course, the work day would be practically over by noon, but we're night people, doggonit! Anyway, we probably made the right decision in moving to Milwaukee. As I mentioned above, Ed's column makes me feel so wanted, and it's my theory that being wanted is often better than being "available." That way, people rarely get to see my demoniacal side!/
- 8 -

BEER ON MY SKIRT!



From August 30th to September 23rd, I covered 6,823 miles of the woolly wilds west of Milwaukee -- and here I bubble about it. No pity have I for those of you who dislike travelogues -- surely this mailing will hold enough material to your liking. Philately, anyone?

For the first time in many years I actually had time -- 3½ lovely weeks of it! -- to take trains instead of flying. How nice, I thought -- comfort, companionable club cars, scenery to enjoy, no misadventures such as I am invariably subject to in planes and, glory be! -- I'll arrive on time. Hah!

Paging Mr. Mussolini -- they do say he made the trains run on time.

It was on the morning of my second day out, Thursday, August 31, on the Great Northern en route to Seattle, that inescapable misadventure befell me. Or, it might more accurately be said that I befell it -- off the observation dome into the aisle which was about 17 feet -- or maybe 17 inches or so -- down, landing on legs, knees and, judging from bruises, just about every other portion of my anatomy. It was rather fascinating to see bruises cropping up in the most unlikely places and speculating how anyone but a contortionist could possibly have simultaneously struck the floor both here and there ...

After much foofaraw with train officials -- including all the functioning staff right down to the porters -- I was ensconced in bed with my raw right knee banded and my badly battered left leg packed in ice from ankle almost to knee. For most of the rest of the trip, the bartender considerably changed the ice pack every hour or so -- with appropriately iced liquid refreshment at intervals.

Hobbling off the train at Seattle, I was met at the station by a stellar cast including the Busbys, Boyd and -- Stu Hoffman & Wrai Ballard who had both been on the very same train with me! Stu scooted off to Hyatt House, while the rest of us hied to Maison Busby where Ella Parker was waiting and Jack Speer stopped by -- not long enough to get into a hassle with Boyd and me, if, indeed, he's the hassling type which seems improbable. Very pleasant, in fact, courteously avoiding mention that we have disagreed on just about everything just about always. After breakfast of scrambled eggs and home brew, setting lovely precedent, we offed to Hyatt House and the Con was on.

This will not be a "Con report" -- I wrote one such way back in 1954 and always since have maintained that anyone has only one vital and/or vivid con report in their system. So, as I seem to say every year -- this was the best Con yet -- fun, parties, old friends, new friends, all with the bonus of a beautiful setting and magnificent rooms. At least my poolside room was magnificent! The same things seem to hold true every year -- not enough sleep, overabundance of excitement, not nearly enough time to spend with the people you want to be with -- all simultaneously. So you are filled with delight at what you did and who you saw -- regret at all you unavoidably missed by not being six people -- and it was marvelous! Thanks and congratulations to the hard working ConCommittee for arranging such a superb affair.

There is just one specific point I want to mention and explain. Explain very

briefly, that is -- I have no intention of getting into any involved philosophical discussions on this controversial matter. However, I was told that several people were asking other people (why not me?) why I got up from the table and walked out in the middle of Heinlein's Guest of Honor speech.

From a diplomatic standpoint, probably I should have explained that I felt ill after the banquet. This would have been completely acceptable. However, truthfully, I walked out in the middle of Heinlein's speech simply because I lacked the guts to walk out at the beginning. I am not by any means a Pollyanna, but I do feel that there are some constructive aspects to any situation -- even the present international one which was the theme of this speech (and what has that to do with Science Fiction?) -- or, at least, that there is always hope that a constructive turn of events can take place. However, from Mr. Heinlein, I heard a poisonous spate of the most negative, destructive ideas I have ever been subjected to. My blood started to boil; I became angrier and angrier; yet sat there, seething, hoping eventually to hear just one constructive word out of the man. My dominating thought throughout all this doom-shouting was that this is probably just the type of propaganda that the people behind the iron curtain are constantly fed about us, keeping international distrust and tension at the boiling point. When my ire reached the uncontrollable point where my only choice was to either get up and walk out -- however conspicuous this might be -- or to leap to my feet and make a most emphatic speech of my own, which would have been much more conspicuous, I chose the nearest exit. Enough of that.

Tuesday noon, Sept. 5, I headed south to Los Angeles. The "schedule" called for arrival in Martinez (just outside San Francisco) at 7:30 Wednesday morning, a brief 20-minute train-change stopover there, then arrival in Los Angeles at 7:30 Wednesday evening. From there, I planned to leave shortly for Palm Desert -- 13 miles from Palm Springs -- arriving about midnight for a stay with my mother.

Again, paging Mr. Mussolini!

I left a 6:30 AM call -- woke next morning -- my watch said 7:30 -- the train was stopped at a station and I went into panic! Just 20 minutes to change trains, I told you! Frantically, I rang for the porter with some idea of insisting that he demand they hold the L.A. train until I dressed. Soothingly, he told me to go back to bed and sleep -- we were over 200 miles from San Francisco and might remain right there until 2:00 PM. A 13-car freight wreck completely blocked the track about 50 miles ahead -- nobody hurt, miraculously -- but no telling when they would get the debris cleared away. (Believe me, it was quite a sight to later see those 13 great freight cars crumpled on both sides of a steep embankment, upside down, stove in, wheels off -- just hauled off any old way by the wreckers.)

Considerately, they had held the train (since 2:30 AM) well north of the wreck in a picturesque little town built on a steep hill called Dunsmuir. At least it gave us, within limits, a place to wander. The day was sunny, breezy and delightful and the whole adventure, once accepted, was quite enjoyable. (There were a few cases of near-hysterics by passengers scheduled to take a 4:00 PM boat from San Francisco to Honolulu, but these people were eventually loaded aboard a bus and transported south of the wreck to catch another train in time.) After wiring my mother in Palm Desert that I would be "indefinitely delayed" and would arrive "sometime Thursday," I relaxed and waited to see what would happen next.

Surprisingly, we started off at 11:00 AM -- usually the time involved in these affairs is underestimated. Instead of Martinez, we were debarked at Oakland Wednesday evening, then transferred to San Francisco where we had an all-too-brief few hours to wait for the train to Los Angeles. San Francisco is a city I've always hungered to

visit -- now more than ever! -- and if I were to be there at all I wished it could have been more than just a teaser. But I was ecstatic at even so brief a time.

Another night trip to L.A., of course, instead of the day trip I had planned. Most memorable feature of this trip was waking very early in the morning, pushing up the curtain, and seeing that we were rolling along the deserted Pacific (my first real glimpse of the Pacific) -- miles of deserted ocean -- no houses, people, highways -- just water breaking in the gray dawn. I thrill to big water. Lovely. Lovely. I lay unmoving in bed, watching the breakers, for an endless time until eventually houses and all the other impedimenta of civilization started to appear, then I pulled down the curtain and got up to dress.

This train, too, of course, was 45 minutes late, causing me to miss the 2-1/4 hour express to Palm Springs and instead take a 4-hour clunker. Calling Mr. M!

Followed a week at Palm Desert at a plush motel managed by my mother and owned by Willard Parker (the Texas Ranger) and Virginia Fields Parker. Most of the time the only other resident was Maggie Douglas, beautiful 16-year-old daughter of Virginia Parker and the late Paul Douglas. So, practically speaking, we were usually free to shop, tour, gab, visit and do a night spot or two. The pool was uninviting on the broiling desert afternoons, but the nights were magnificent.

This visit was broken in the middle by a fabulous, legendary Burbee-type party on Saturday night, attended by a delightful assortment of LAreans whom I had not been able to see in Seattle. Thus happened another of my great adventures -- and misadventures. The Parkers drove me the 120 miles into town, dropped me at the Union Station, where I was promptly met by a car in which I recognized a couple of characters named Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs in the back seat -- and the unmistakable Living Legend at the wheel.

They tossed my suitcase (containing a change of clothes and, optimistically, night things) somewhere, I climbed in besides Burb, and we were off to fabled Whittier. Burb immediately spilled (or dumped) a quantity of beer on my skirt (thus giving me an excellent reason to change out of my rumpled cotton into something more Partyish). He explained that this was standard practice -- that spilling beer on a girl's skirt was the equivalent of sprinkling salt on a bird's tail -- however far I wandered, I would be inexorably drawn back to California. (It worked, too!)

I had thought that, like most parties, people would start straggling in at about 8:30 or so, but when we arrived at Burbee's about 5:30, the place was already jumping. I don't remember who all was there -- or showed up at intervals during the evening -- but there was a fellow named Rotsler, complete with beard and his Playboy's Playgirl (luscious blond named Carol Bailey -- watch for her in Playboy about June or so) -- Ron Ellik, complete with Peggy Rae MacKnight, a 17-year-old Pennsylvania innocent with what the boys called a "sexy giggle," kidnapped from Seattle by these persuasive Angelenos when she should have been starting college back home -- that courtly gentleman, Elmer Perdue -- Ann(?) Cox, Ed's pleasant bride -- and hordes of other fun people. The party is now a jumble of Burbee Tales (Burb, we've GOT to think of a way to print some of those!), Isabel's FABULOUS food, piano-roll ragtime with people teaching people how to Charleston, Jacob's all-too-brief piano boogie, many vodkas with something (Burb mixed 'em for me and I didn't ask -- just slurped), singing, and all around delight.

I had no chance to get to really talk with my hostess until about 4 AM or so, as she was occupied with entertaining the kitchen brigade while I stayed glued in the living room (except for a delightful stolen interlude on a bed in sole company

((all right -- watch that blood pressure now!)) of a surprise packet of Rotsler comic strips and cartoons which I gleed over -- and which will keep me publishing for some time to come. Sneaky way to get PHlotsam back on schedule. Rotsler also designed a "Phyllis Economou Day" page for the Burbee guest book, which everybody signed -- many delightfully. Wish I had a copy of this among my souvenirs!) However, eventually the crowd started to thin out -- Burb tumbled off to bed -- and Isabel and I found ourselves in relative seclusion in the kitchen to get acquainted. We talked and talked -- then Johnny Burbee came in and I asked if his watch really said 6 AM -- which it did. Obviously, Isabel and I agreed, it was silly to think of going to bed then, as I was taking the 9AM bus back to Palm Springs (I was determined not to lose another day with my mother, having already lost one due to the train wreck). So Isabel made oyster stew, and we suddenly remembered the bottle of champagne Lee Jacobs had brought "just for me" (lovely laddie, Lee), which I had promised to drink before leaving -- so we breakfasted on the oyster stew and champagne! (As I mentioned earlier, in Seattle our breakfast was scrambled eggs and home brew -- these West Coasters really LIVE!) Then we talked and talked some more -- Isabel is a truly fabulous cook -- I stole one of her finest recipes just because I hadn't time to get them all -- but WHY hasn't anyone mentioned what a very interesting and intelligent all-around person she is? Isabel Burbee is one in particular I'm faunching to meet again -- and not just to get my tummy filled!

Along about 8:30 AM, Isabel woke Burb, poured a scalding cup of coffee down his gullet and, muttering about "crazy kids staying up all night" he managed the superhuman feat of actually getting me to the station as the gates to the bus were opening. This inhumanity should have been enough to set Burb off me for life, but his pleasant goodbye seemed genuinely cordial. He's a Good Man.

Then came the kickback. The trip into LA, the sitting all night, then the three hour trip back to the desert had taken their toll of my injured leg. Exercise -- dancing at the Costume Ball in Seattle, for instance, which probably surprised many people who had seen me limping and hobbling about -- was beneficial, but sitting for long periods was murder. I arrived in Palm Springs with a leg like a log, swollen twice its size, and unable to walk unaided. Followed doctors, complications -- which still, after six weeks, exist -- and even now still more doctors -- but it was well worth it! Enough of that, too.

Back to Palm Desert -- wish I could tell you about this experience --describe the beauty of the mountains -- the desert sky almost white with stars at night -- so much! -- but this could easily turn into a book.

From there, I spent one night (just one -- my time seemed so awfully short!) with Arthur's brother John in Long Beach -- ate prodigiously (which I did all through the trip -- convinced that I would have grown out of all my clothes when I returned home -- not caring -- and, amazingly, dropping close to 10 lbs. during the 3½ weeks!), talked half the night, toured Long Beach in the morning, including the co-op apartment house John recently finished building and selling, and the site of the plush Polynesian-style motel he is about to start near the new Marina.

Next afternoon, John drove me to Bob Bloch's lovely new home for another one-night-stand. I was extremely fortunate to catch Bob on just about the first day off he has taken in many a moon. He's been working like a demon -- but is anticipating the day when he can again relax a bit and enjoy a little socializing -- particularly the Chicago Con! Bob has just finished the screen script of that classic oldie -- "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" -- and I'm dying to see what they will do with it. (Bob, Arthur and I saw the original here in Milwaukee shortly before he moved West.) It was such a delightful visit! Again, Bob, Marion, Sally Ann and I ate prodigiously

Chinese style (and where can I ever find Lychee nuts prepared that way again?), then wandered briefly along Hollywood Blvd. -- it was too cold and we were too flimsily dressed to wander more than briefly -- visited the inevitable bookstore where I was tempted to overload my suitcases with books, but managed to confine myself to one -- a gift for Arthur -- then we drove a thrilling, winding, canyon (Laurel canyon?) route back to the house. Thanks for a wonderful visit, Bob! Again, just one night -- so much to see, so much to talk about -- so very little time!

On to Oxnard, north of LA, where my sister, a navy wife, lives with her husband and three tots in a roomy trailer near the base -- the only practical answer to Navy personnel on the move with children. 4½ days there -- hectic often, restful sometimes, delightful always (what is more delightful than children of 5, 2 and six-months old?) -- exciting and wonderful days in their own very special way.

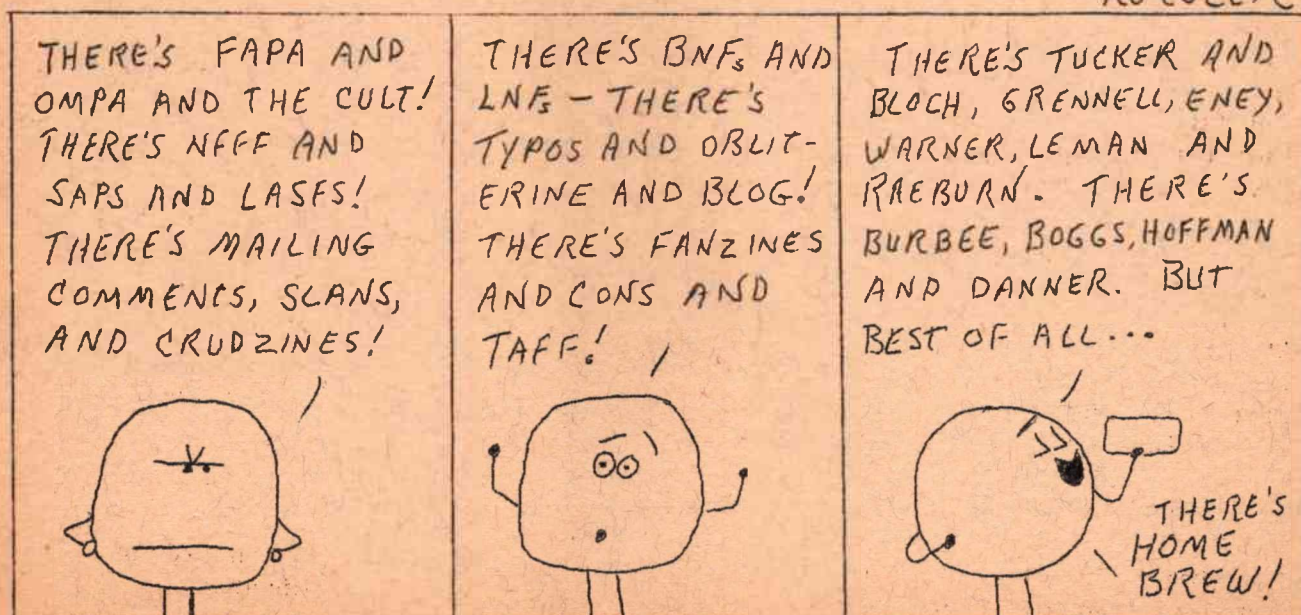
It was a wrench to leave -- but leave I did, on schedule. Back home via the Super Chief. Nice. Lush -- fabulous scenery -- choice of radio, popular or classical music in every room -- marvelous food. Left LA at nine Wednesday night -- the "schedule" (calling Mr. M. once again!) had me arriving in Chicago at 1:30 Friday afternoon where I would have three dreary hours to wait for a train to Milwaukee. And Friday, Arthur's Market Letter day, is the one day he couldn't meet me in Chi.

Fortunately, I had not followed my impulse to ask a friend to come into town to see me as, of course, the Super Chief was very late and, after transferring to another RR station to catch my Milwaukee train, I made it on the run.

But I made it. With a million memories. Now I'm back home, at the office every day, trying frantically to catch up on the work backlog and even more frantically to get out a PHlotsam. PHlotz, of course, is, and apparently always will be, frantic for one reason or another.

It was marvelous, exciting, memorable, thrilling. Being back home is thrilling and exciting too.

If only Burbee hadn't spilled that beer on my skirt!

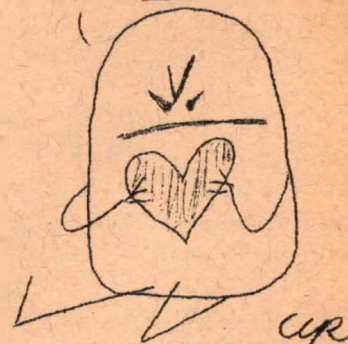


CHOP ~ CHOP!

by

JOHN BURBEE

NOW WHAT GOOD
ARE YOU?



As I squat before my typewriter in the traditional manner, I bear in mind the mythical "starving" children of China. Opposed to the general Occidental belief that the Chinese children are under-nourished due to lack of existing food, this humble correspondent has quite another theory to lay at your feet.

In America, and indeed, the entire Western World, eating is a dirty habit imposed upon us by our parents before we are old enough to know better. In ancient, tradition-ridden China, the situation is virtually the opposite.

I see that statement merits -- nay, cries for further explanation.

You are aware, of course, that the Chinese are a proud and dignified people; respectful of elders and ancestors and all that jazz.

For countless centuries they have been justly proud of, among other things, their ability to employ chopsticks in most amazing feats of manual dexterity; to pick up anything from slippery bits of rice to rare chunks of fish and meat. But this skill didn't come from nowhere, no sir! This custom is carried out with a great deal of personal and national pride involved, and a Chinaman who handled his chopsticks clumsily would be a disgrace to his Family, his province, and to his country.

So, centuries ago, the inventive Chinese elders -- seeing they had a problem with negligent eaters -- set out to devise a system which would, without fail, eradicate the future possibility of a sloppy eater.

Knowing that children are notoriously negligent and irresponsible, they felt that there must be some positive way they could insure that the eating habits of future generations of youngsters would conform to the correct standards of Eating with Chopsticks. No stupid guys, those Ancient Chinese. They discovered one Sure-Fire way, bless their deceased, sadistic hearts.

Really very simple -- the system provides that: All Chinese children, until the age of twelve years, are strictly forbidden to eat.

At the age of twelve, each child undergoes special, intensive instruction in The Way to Eat-With-Chopsticks. Schooling prior to twelve years would be probably a waste of time on the careless boys and girls. But believe me, you'll find no slovenly eaters in those kids once they start Chopstick School.

And thusly we learn of the heretofore unknown Twelve-Year-Fast.

The Chinese parent has observed that The Fast is excellent training for the child's sense of discipline and obedience: It is said that proper meditation is dependent

on long fasts; obviously at the end of these initial twelve years of "self-denial," every boy and girl is more than expertly versed in metaphysics and various ways of meditation.

In addition, since not eating has now been a habit from birth, when they do finally get around to it, they don't indulge nearly so excessively as do we Westerners. Consequently they remain fit and slender throughout the remainder of their lives. You may scoff, but have you ever (I know, I know) seen an obese Chinese? Those ingenious Chinese really rang the bell with that Fast of theirs.

And any misgivings you may have regarding hungry children; remember that the Chinese parent finds that the saving of vast quantities of food more than compensates for whatever pangs of conscience the sensitive parent may have due to living with a dozen, screaming pre-twelve-year-old kids.

My personal wish -- now that I am past twelve and out of danger -- is that we can swallow our pride and attempt to learn from the wise and resourceful Chinese people. If we could adapt ourselves to a modern knife-and-fork version of the Twelve-Year-Fast, you would find that -- overnight -- large grocery bills would diminish; the need for additional schools would be minimized; the population explosion would come to an abrupt halt (funny that hasn't happened in China ...); juvenile delinquency would be curbed, and all this would mean a reduction of taxes. Chop - chop.

... J.B.

* * * * *

BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT

The reason why PHLOTSAM now has a Book Review Department is because books are being sent by publishers for review. This state of affairs is a very happy one, and I should like to have it continue.

The book at hand this issue is CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, a collection of short stories by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. -- particularly remembered for his novel Player Piano. Very few of these stories have previously been published in Science Fiction magazines, and should therefore be new to many of you. They are not all science-fiction or fantasy. Some of the best, particularly the poignant and effective "D. P." -- as well as the touching shocker "More Stately Mansions," are neither. The science-fiction tales are solid -- though generally a bit too downbeat for my personal taste. Then there is "The Euphio Question" -- funny, and with a very delightful ending. The mixture also contains a fascinating psychological puzzler called "The Foster Portfolio." And many more.

All in all, an usually good collection. Highly recommended.

... PHE

EG0300 & EG0300-300

BRICKS, BATS & BOUQUETS INSPIRED BY THE 96th FAPA MAILING ...

THE FANTASY AMATEUR/ Officialdom: Think I'll miss seeing my name on the masthead next mailing. Bradley and Evans will still be there, but Eney and I will be off. Bill, how many years since your name has not been on the masthead? It's such a fixture I think the actual foundations of FAPA would shake without it. # So glad Ger is still with us -- don't cut it so fine next time, Ger -- we'd miss you! # And the waiting list up to 53! -- with just 65 members to turn over. When I made my survey in PHlotz #14 -- May 1960 -- it took three years to get in. At Seacon someone was telling me they recently calculated that with a much slower turnover now (just one drop-out last time) that it will take about five years for new additions to get in now! # CELEPHAIS was listed as 9 pages instead of 19 -- bringing the total to 395 -- about 441 with Phantasy Press and postmailings. Glad it isn't one of those 600-page monsters -- I'm feeling long-winded, probably from being away so long -- and I'd never make the deadline (if I do!) with a giant mailing to comment on.

VANDY/ Coulsons: All this vividly clinical discussion of sex techniques, sensations and contraceptives -- and the equally graphic descriptions of childbirth processes and reactions -- makes me to giggle. I know Ted White started the current one -- but in every other instance I can remember, these topics have been broached and elaborated on by our female members -- so greatly in the minority. And just a certain few of those -- the rest of us gals are apparently either inhibited or reticent on these subjects. I've watched subsequent mailing comments with interest, and notice that comment on these topics is conspicuous by absence in about 98% or more of the Fapazines produced by our masculine contingent. I always wonder with amusement what is the reaction of, for example, Warner, Danner, Ballard, Raeburn and others of our "bach" members to these gynecological dissertations. Also, I vizualize with hilarity the reaction of Fapans 20 or so years ago, when Fapa was almost 100% masculine and so serconishly Science Fiction minded! # You are wrong in saying that I classify the fan you refer to (not by name) as a "major nuisance," Buck. In fact, he has not been a nuisance at all. I know he can be one, is one, if encouraged. A constant mealtime-dropper-inner who never knows when to go home (and has absolutely no conversation). However, the first time he pulled this stunt on me -- a stranger, although he said he had seen me at a party once -- I was pleasant, friendly, but quite firm. I refused to tolerate this -- as have people we know who find themselves victimized by their own inability to put their foot down. Since then, he has never bothered me. He showed up at my New Year's party -- how he learned of it, I don't know -- but was perfectly welcome because he had not been a nuisance meanwhile. He will again be welcome if he comes to the party this year, for the same reason. And I don't believe I gave any impression of being cold or unfriendly, or he would not have come to the party. I think fans who find themselves imposed upon usually invite it to begin with. # How I envy you people who have time to do so much reading. I used to read omnivorously, but now books and magazines are piled up unread -- this high! Oh, well -- the day will come ...

REVOLTIN' REMARKS/ Probably Alger: They weren't particularly, but not commentable.

I miscalculated my space -- pretend I'm talking just to Y O U here!

NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE/ Anderson: How could you do this to us, Karen? This is pure dynamite in the hands of children. I'll never dare accept another drink at a con for fear it just might be an H-BOMB or OPPENHEIMER'S U-235. Maybe even a VIRGIL FINLAY -- "1 oz. brandy -- champagne to fill!" Fill WHAT? My brandy snifter holds 5½ quarts. Or am I just being a stuffy, conservative old Nuclear-fuze reactionary?

ALIF #12/ Anderson again: You and Poul must be on perpetual vacation -- lovely! "Off day-after-tomorrow" -- whenever that was -- "back the end of August" -- then Seacon! Your trip sounds wonderful -- just the sort of aimless wandering I would enjoy. Tell us about it. # Don't know how your "Orc's Marching Song" or "Talking Fapa Blues" would sound -- especially after a few of the (I can't think of an appropriate word for them!) listed in the NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE, and, of course that's the only time such songs are sung. But they must have been fun to do. # Skipping to ALIF #11 from last mailing, I wanted to mention that you are probably quite right in describing the process I so loosely called "radium in my thyroid." At one time I was up to 7 grains of thyroid daily but have now stabilized at 2. (Is the fact that both Karen and I are on thyroid Significant to your theory, Jack Speer? And, as long as I'm talking to Jack here in Karen's egoboo space, I have a note on Alif's margin saying, "whither-whence." This refers to my thought on reading Karen's explicit correction of the medical process I described so vaguely -- actually lightly -- contrasted with my reaction to Jack's sole comment on that same item of mine. Karen's I considered informative and interesting, but your quibble about my use of "whence" instead of "whither" I felt to be lint-picking. Here I go again, fussing at Jack Speer who really is a very pleasant fellow in person -- but invariably does bring out the contrary in me in print. But this time, I will admit he was right.)

DIFFERENT/ Moskowitzes: Cute cover, Chris. # If Mrs. Moskowitz wishes to write some of her SEXOLOGY-type articles for FAPA, fine and dandy. She might as well join the parade (see my comments on VANDY). The only Constitutional restriction on type of material is mailability. # As for the rest of the contents of DIFFERENT -- feud away, chillun. I find all this hassle great fun -- from the sidelines.

CELEPHAIS/ Evans: Such a pleasure to have met you at Seacon, Bill! You were not at all as I had vizualized -- but whoever is? # Another mention of GMC's "castigation" of us 4 E's. Won't somebody tell me what she said? # Unbelievable! I read CELEPHAIS with my usual interest, but except for a notation that page 8 is upside down -- unlikely to be news to you -- I haven't another checkmark in it. Obviously I agree with everything you had to say -- and nothing sparked me to elaboration.

STEFANTASY/ Danner: Bill, I think this cover is the best you've ever had -- it's marvelous! # I wonder what the legal grounds were for fining Boya so heavily for "stunting" in the Niagara River. Does Canada -- or the U.S. have a specific law against such "stunting"? And if so, why, I wonder? # All those pages of lettering -- though possibly helpful to members lacking lettering guides -- were certainly no adequate substitute for "The Skeptic Tank"! Dean is literally over his head in work I know, but badly missed here. # I couldn't quite grasp the meaning of the story "No Strings" -- but it made me quite uncomfortable. I didn't much like it. # This was more than compensated for though by "Miscellany," which I loved! The SPCA will be down on your neck -- I hate to imagine the letters The Manchester Guardian received when it was printed! -- but I still thought it great. We're having our own such problems with starlings or sparrows or some such birds that cluster at airports and have been blamed for many planes crashing on take-off. # I do not care to have a Satellite Sarcophagus, thank you -- who wants to revolve throughout all eternity in space which will be inevitably cluttered with discarded beer cans and old orange peels? # As always -- despite DAG's absence -- STEF was delightful!

ELECTION BALLOT/ Officialdom & TAFF VOTING FORM/ Eney: I used them both, but did just so-so in picking winners. Condolences, Dick -- one of these days you'll surely get what's coming to you! If I can help it ...

OVERTIME FOR EYETRACKS/ Coslet: Walt, I don't know whether you are trying to be deliberately controversial, or just not thinking things through. I hate to be disagreeing violently with you twice in a row, but find your opinions completely nuts on the subject of pornography. So, if sex acts happen in your literature, you want them described clinically rather than "hint around and arouse curiosity." Good grief, Walt -- wouldn't that become awfully repetitious? And why should such omission of detail "arouse curiosity?" Are YOU actually consumed by curiosity when you read of a marriage taking place because the writer fails to describe the wedding night in minute detail? You're a grown man, Walt -- where have you been all these years? You finish this nonsense with "'And so they lived happily ever after.' Doing what???" I'll answer that question for you, pet -- Living. Eating, working, talking, watching TV, bringing up children, going to bed, getting up, brushing teeth and all the endless etceteras. Do you want detailed, blow-by-blow "specific description" of all these activities -- including the etceteras -- or does your "doing what???" refer only to the 6th mentioned one? As your demand here is for "detailed description" of the sex act in literature, I can only conclude that your question "Doing what???" indicates that you have the nonsensical assumption that these fictional people spend the rest of their lives in bed -- and you resent not being invited to look on! # You are the first person to sound actually authoritative in answering my question "What is a Jew?" Thank's for this information. But now you are retracting your original statement -- to which I objected and started it all -- that "Jews are fascinating characters." Now you maintain that you actually meant to say "Jews try to be fascinating characters," and go on at length in an effort to prove this point. Then you ask me to "rebut away." No, Walt, I'm not going to "rebut" -- I would simply be repeating myself. I still maintain that Jews are not "characters" -- fascinating or otherwise -- Jews are simply people.

APOCRYPHA/ Janke: Curtis, I'm wise to you -- you're just trying to make all the fellows jealous with these accounts of your adventures with glamorous girl singers. As to women yawning as they run their fingers through your hair -- be grateful you still have hair, sugar -- and surely you recognize those "yawns" for what they are? Mad passion -- nothing less. Just watch a movie starring any of the current "sex-bombs" -- they've always got their mouths open. # Whoa here, Curtis -- what kind of husbands do you know, when you refer to the "ethical bachelor" who "sniffs a blossom and then leaves it unplucked for a succession of wayfarers to enjoy in like fashion" -- as opposed to the marrying man "who hypocritically festoons his bier-like mantle with a sad succession of once-lovely floral cadavers." This is lovely rhetoric, I grant you (or purple prose), but -- well, what kind of husbands do you know??? # Your Lincoln Capri sounds lovely -- lovely! But when are you going to bring it down to visit us? After Sept. 23rd you said -- I've been back over a month now and no sign of Curtis. Nary a word! # For a "disillusioned" man, you can get more frequently involved with women (always the 'wrong' women!) than any other male I know. # As one of the "married friends" you refer to (I trust), there are sound reasons why I've never attempted "matchmaking." First of all, what would I possibly do without you? -- I'd be insanely jealous of any girl who snagged you. More practically, the only time I usually see you is at my parties -- and I find it impossible to ever round up nearly enough women to match the men. Fandom is very short of females -- and the free ones are usually grabbed quick. I could, I suppose, invite the pretty girls from the office -- but I'm afraid they would quit the very next day and we can't have that. Meeting a mob of fans "cold" can be a traumatic experience. # This whole issue was delightfully WAddish -- I liked it.

THE VENUS ORGANIZATION & FILMS FOR BUSINESS NEEDN'T BE DULL/ Rotsler: If this busty wench is included in the cast, one of your films for business could hardly be dull, Bill! We may call on your services some day -- a few naked bosoms like these might liven up our business no end. But ... could our clients keep their minds on potato futures or the soybean market? Anyway -- very best of luck!

THE RUNNING JUMPING AND STANDING STILL MAGAZINE/ Ashworth: Mal, are you trying to compete with Hoffman for both length and variety of titles? She has quite a head start, you know. # Sheila, don't lose heart. Being a witch is like being pregnant -- you either are or you aren't. Obviously, you are. A witch, I hastily add. You just haven't yet developed control. But, as we old hands know, this takes time and much practice. When I first started out, I found it was simplest to practice on people with whom you could establish a rapport of sorts. Say, a talkative neighbor you don't much like. With a minumum of concentration you will find you can bring about such effects as laryngitis, mental blanks -- where she gropes for something else to say and comes out with, "Well, I guess I'd better run along home" -- or even create the need to have all her teeth extracted. These are all temporary measures, of course, but fine practice both in gaining control of your witchy powers, and in developing the scope of your imagination in order to use those powers to greatest advantage. Good luck! # Of all the libraries I've been in -- many! -- the one I really loved was in Jacksonville, Florida. It was an ancient building and, though large, was far below capacity for the number of books there. As a result, all the shelves were filled and the overflow stacked up in tiers on every window sill, or left around the rooms piled in carts. I delighted in rummaging through all that unsorted, unalphabetized confusion of odd stacks -- convinced that whatever was there would inevitably be more interesting than the books prosaically lined up on shelves. Also, as I became friendly with the head librarian, he would let me take home treasures from the vaults below that were not generally available to the public -- fascinating things like bound volumes of Godey's Lady Book published a century ago. If Jacksonville ever builds an adequate library -- as they inevitably will -- I'm glad I'll not be there to see it. I'd perish of nostalgia.

TARGET: FAPA/ Eney: Dick, you should be admitted to the Fannish Hall of Fame, if only for your original covers. This one killed me! # The tight new one-page Constitution you offered in answer to all the hollering was not accepted by the 33 members required to make it legal. I received one signed copy -- NOT from you -- NOT from Redd. This I don't understand -- Redd is making most of the noise -- yet when you offer this beautifully simplified document, he failed to support it. Personally, I think our Redd is just in a hollering mood this year and if -- by remote chance -- this new Constitution had been adopted, he would have lost his bean bag. # Just think -- FAPA doesn't even have initiation rites! # I did vote for TAFF -- just in the knick of time -- but in time. However, I still maintain voting forms weren't as freely circulated this year as formerly. I had a devil of a time finding one (the one you placed in the mailing.) # Why don't you start a round-robin serial, Dick? I did part of the apparently (and mysteriously) ill-fated "The Great SF Crisis" and found it lots of fun. But I need a jumping-off place. Let's! # Dick -- you're a brick! I take back my suggestion about you starting a round-robin. Let someone else do it. How like you -- and how unlike most of us lazy FAPs -- to suggest a FAPAnthology for the 100th mailing, and volunteer to do the work yourself! As for the rest of you -- all Dick is asking of you is suggestions (except for Warner and Speer). Let's inundate him with suggestions by title, Fapazine and mailing number. -- don't make him do all the searching, too! The only worthy ones I can think of at the moment are probably much too long -- like Pleiades Pimples -- but once this PHlotsam deadline is off my back, I consider this worth combing through my back mailings for suitable stuff. You'll hear from me, Dick.

THE NEHWON REVIEW/ Boggs: Fie on you, Redd! Reading this, I felt such a nostalgia for the old, fascinating SKYHOOK. It seems obvious to me that your diminishing interest in FAPA -- even disillusionment -- is due to your lack of real participation in recent years. You've become uninvolved -- and a crochety old man about all these frivolous youngsters. (A loveable old man, Redd -- but crochety, none the less!) You mention FAPA as being loaded with "chatter and knives." Chatter, sure -- we like to talk to each other -- we'd like to talk to you again if you wouldn't just sit back and glare at us so. But knives? Golly, where? (Don't point them out if they do exist. I haven't noticed them and would rather remain unaware.) Could it be that you are finding only what you seek in us these days, Redd? I feel honestly sorry about this. Couldn't you jump in and join us in our fun, instead of standing way off there continually muttering? Come on -- give it a try!

A FANZINE FOR NOW!/ Lewis: My only mark on this single-sheeter is a question mark where you say "Fandom leaves records behind which are mulled over by countless generations ..." But Al -- aren't you wistful thinking here? Fandom hasn't existed long enough for "countless generations" to have evolved. Why, even Tucker, old graybeard of fandom's Neanderthal age, is still working on his second generation -- although his lineage now also extends to the third. But "countless"? Perhaps I'm doing a wrong to shake your great faith that Fandom's Archives are your hope of earthly immortality -- people who have such Faith usually need it -- but, just to be on the safe side, why not try to write a great symphony, or paint a masterpiece, or even father a child? This last, I'll admit, is chancy as a path to everlasting remembrance -- but look what happened to Whistler's mother!

MOONSHINE/Sneary: What's going on in FAPA these days? So many of our "backbone" members talking of dropping out! If these horrors actually come to pass, that five year wait for admittance to Fapa will decrease sharply. But who wants that -- at such cost? # When you are writing something subtly funny, or satirical, Rick, always clearly label it "M-A-D" -- otherwise about 1/3 of your readers will take you seriously. (I wonder if you took my comments seriously about your Jr. & Sr. Fapa?) If you continue this for a while, so many members will have taken your nonsense seriously that you will be evermore labeled "Fugghead" instead of scoring high on the Poll for Humor. # I was not impressed by your proposal for a Constitutional Monarchy in the United States. It was just too wishy-washy. All those hedges and restrictions. Not the President, but just Governors, can be Kings. All those panels of experts to decide on merits -- tests -- examinations -- etc. And especially the power of the Legislature to impeach the King! If we're going to have anything as dramatic as a Monarchy at all, there should be none of this shilly-shallying, toe-in-the-water cautiousness. Let's have a good solid Absolute Monarchy where the King has power to dissolve the Legislature. Off with their heads -- and all that sort of thing. # Enjoyed reading your casting of Fapans for your old Western town characters. Me, banker? This is reaching far out! "PHE who at least knows more about banking than anyone else." Rick, all I know about banking is my attempt to make my checkbook balance every month. But I'll go along -- it's a nice green pasture to be placed in. You didn't explain your casting of yourself as "Bank Teller." Let's see if I can add to the cast. How about Taurasi as Publisher of the rival newspaper; Chris M., of course, as Surgeon; Ashworth as Ranger (he climbs mountains); the Busbys as Club Presidents and Activities Organizers; Calkins as Associate Ranger; Caughran as the City Slicker (from far parts); Danner as the Hermit of the Hills; Jacobs (ex-DPOF) as the Town Drunk; McPhail could represent the whole inevitable Indian Tribe; Bill Morse as Politician -- I could go on, but this is long enough. # My personal concept of Hell is too personal for discussion -- wonder how much cooperation you'll get on this loaded question, Rick. # A very good issue -- I have more checks for comment but time is running out and I've a long way to go.

LARK/ Danner: What's happened to you, Bill? Why the gafia? Surely you haven't completely lost interest in all of us! We still love you -- we do -- even with just three pages of mailing comments. Come on back, please! # In addressing the hundreds of envelopes we use weekly, we always prefer a longer state abbreviation to a short one. Thus we always use "Penna." -- right or wrong. In fact, we often spell out state names completely. Postal sorters are often careless and mail addressed to "Pa." winds up in the "Va." bag. "Ind." mail is often routed to "Md." and vice versa. In aggregate, the typing adds up to many extra man-hours, but it's worth both the time and money to know the mail is being delivered.

LAUNDRY MARK/ Hevelin: So. "Had I been of strong influence on Phyllis she would have been mischievous ..." Why weren't you, Rusty? -- haven't you ever heard of ESP? I received no emanations from Scotia while debating whether or not to be mischievous about those conflicting Proposed Amendments. # As you know, I disagree with you -- because you are agreeing with Redd -- on the Constitutional matter. As for the lengthy Fantasy Amateurs, much of the length you so deplore can be attributed to me during the past two years. I enjoy reading the FA -- especially enjoy rambling, chatty officer's reports -- so I wrote mine so. People gripe that members don't read the FA -- perhaps if it were more entertaining, they would. But the "simplified, clear reports" you want, all brisk and businesslike, add up to anything but entertainment -- and Fapans are easily bored. (How do the rest of you feel about this? Am I wrong in thinking there's no harm in the FA being fun to read, with interesting and/or amusing, if lengthy, officer's reports. Remember Ron Ellick's hilarious Veep reports? Or should the FA be merely a dull, crisp accounting of strictly business? I'm out of it for now -- with my rambling reps -- but future officers might benefit from member's opinions on this subject.)

CHURN/ Rapps: That's a tremendous cover kids -- I shudder at thought of the work involved! Such labor of love could only happen when trufan marries trufan. # You say that "married producers of a joint zine (or even unmarried ones, for that matter) should be rated /in the Egoboo Poll/ as a single entity." I can't agree with this -- and what would be your definition of a "joint" zine by unmarried people? Among our married couples, you and Nancy, of course, produce a "joint" zine -- as do the Coulsons. Now, perhaps you and Nancy would like to be rated as a "single entity" -- but when Buck and Juanita each write individual editorials, mailing comments and other material, why should they be forced to publish two Fapazines if either wishes to know individual standing in the Poll? To many members, the Poll is important -- if they spend much time and effort for Fapa, they are definitely interested in knowing how their offerings have been received. I won't bring up the fine point of members who publish through other's Fapazines -- but will mention SPUTNIK, which was an actual joint zine produced by Dean Grennell and me when I first came here. Are you seriously saying that Dean and I should have been rated as a "single entity"? Think about it -- impossible! # Glad to see you in Fapa, Art -- even if you did sneak in through the back door via marriage. This has happened several times in recent years. Think I'll take a look at the Waiting-list to see if I can spot the next likely prospects. # I enjoyed all of this, but find few checks for comment -- especially on Nancy's article. I avoid controversy, generally -- although you'd never guess it from parts of this issue -- but Nancy's obviously capital-L Liberal while I'm an old hide-bound Conservative, so ... # Hope you don't mind my taking a bit of your space here to talk to Bill Morse, as he hasn't a BULL MOOSE this issue to comment on. Bill -- a message from an old hand: I hope you have now learned a lesson I discovered years ago -- NEVER give FAPA any obvious trivial hook for comments or they will ignore everything else you say. This can be so frustrating. I can imagine your reaction this mailing -- your search through the mags for egoboo -- only to find over and over the sole comment, "Your typewriter keys need cleaning."

SILLY SEASONSVILLE/ Trimble: So you got it -- Secretary-Treasurer Trimbles. But Trimbles, I tremble. Congratulations, I say dutifully but apprehensively. Things somehow happen to Angeleno officers -- Lee Jacob's non-tenure as OE; Don Wilson's frantic search for \$14.10 or \$9.40 or some such amount which had all FAPA on edge for a year -- must I continue??? And, once again, FAPA's Treasury is in the hands of LAreans! (I love them -- but they are all MAD! This is news?)

THE LAREAN/ Ellik: Love that Bjo cover -- love all Bjo's work -- love Bjo, too. # Your experience in getting your degree -- or not getting it -- was rough, rough. But imagine, if you'd been in Idaho -- no Burbee party -- no Pennsylvania doll -- no ... it just doesn't bear thinking about! (Incidentally, I did phone while in Long Beach as I promised, but just left a message as everyone was out -- except, of course, whoever answered the phone.) # Granted, the Constitution is becoming a bit involved these days -- but each change and addition was necessary, as you know. Also, I think the increasingly lengthy waiting-list had its effect on tightening up on the members. Actually, we owe the waiting-listers nothing -- but when talented people are now faced with a wait of perhaps four years or more to get in, deadwood is apt to be viewed with a much more jaundiced eye than formerly. When new members could be admitted in a few months, nobody much cared about a few heel-draggers, but now -- well, honestly, don't you all feel a little compassion for Waiter #53? # I've been wondering what ever happened to "The Great SF Crisis" -- I gave my creative all to that opus ridiculus -- now you refer to it as "the unfortunate manuscript." What happened? # Just because it's your very first time on a Con Committee, Ron, and you must do us proud, I'll send along my Westercon dollar. Who knows -- I might even make it! # Congratulations on winning TAFF, Ron -- England will never recover from the effects of a six-foot-Squirrel at their convention!

SALUD/ E. Busby: Bjo did a delightful cover illustration for you -- and you did an excellent job stencilling it. # You are so right about children feeling such necessity to conform. I've always disliked cold -- loathed skiing and ice skating (though I enjoyed roller skating in rinks), but forced myself to do these things in a vain attempt not to be "different" in a community where these were popular winter activities. I say "vain" attempt because I was different anyway -- I never managed to do these things well -- my feet would chill and numb in skates until I became very clumsy. Yet I would tag miserably along. The only winter activities I found really exhilarating were sledding and tobogganing -- especially the latter. I adored the speed of it -- the danger (we would take the toboggan over the lower ski jimps). It was a long time before I was able to accept the fact that I was, unchangeably, an "odd duck" -- dreamer, screwball who read books when I didn't even have to! I have often since thought it a pity that so few children, not of the mold, are unable to accept themselves as worthwhile. # What you say about women keeping their ages secret to avoid being categorized as "over the hill" is largely an American attitude. Possibly British as well -- I don't know about this. It is symptomatic of the American "youth cult" -- a viewpoint scorned on the Continent where most men prefer ripe maturity, mellowness and experience in their women. Women -- not girls. Over here, the "youth" fetish is so ingrained that women in their fifties and sixties will ridiculously refer to themselves as "the girls," rather than feeling pride in their womanhood. Yet, I wonder if they would really wish to revert to girlhood again, were it possible. I wouldn't -- would you? # What would you name me, if I were to hold a contest to select an appropriate one? # I'm so glad you mentioned that it "became July 16 some pages ago in the middle of Bill Morse." Even though I was unaware of it at the time, it's rather fun to realize I had a birthday in the middle of Bill Morse. And Bill didn't even know what was going on -- or did you, Bill? Unexplained tummy-ache, perhaps? # I have a really lovely picture of you at Seacon, Elinor. I'll have an extra print made and send it to you.

WASHINGTON GUIDEBOOK/ Speer: This is a valuable work, Jack, and I hope other Seacon goers had spare days to make use of it. That area is very beautiful and would be a joy to tour. However, at a convention, most people rarely stray from the Con site -- whatever the outside attractions. Maybe next year, fans may be visiting the World's Fair there, and this Guidebook will be handy indeed.

A PROPOS DE RIEN/ Caughran: This was postmailed, but nothing is in order here. I just can hope I have everything. If anyone was overlooked, it's unintentional. # Jim, I can't understand your statement that you are less active as a fan partly because you "don't like to be disciplined by such extremes of organization" -- referring to the lengthy Constitution. As a member, the only "discipline" you are subject to is 1) producing eight original, mailable, pages per year on any subject, and 2) paying dues on time. This hardly seems to be "extremes" of either discipline or organization -- and neither are new, they are simply more rigidly enforced than formerly. Just what "extremes" are you referring to that apply to you, Jim? # I think the reason a low-pitched woman's voice is considered sexy is not merely a "cultural habit" -- but because high-pitched feminine voices are so often shrill, penetrating and discordant to the ear. A low soft voice suggests intimacy. # I, too, cringe at the sight of anyone mistreating a book -- tossing it down carelessly -- turning down pages, etc. However, I do not place writing in a book in this category, as you do. This, to me, symbolizes true appreciation, receptiveness to the contents and desire to capture the thought inspired by what is being read. Such marginal notes make a book all the more personally one's own, I feel. # Jim, you don't photograph like yourself at all -- I took such a long time to identify the fellow I photographed at Seacon leaning against a pillar. And then I finally did it only through memory.

LIGHTHOUSE/ N. Y. Fandom - Berkeley Division: Pete, it may not matter a hoot to you but I wanted to let you know that in my book your personal stock has really soared. I don't very often agree with you -- have thought I'd probably not like you very much -- felt sure you wouldn't like me much either ... BUT I now admire you very much! That was quite a blast I gave you -- in PHlotz #16, I think it was -- about your article "Jazz On A Summer Night" or something similar. Such a blast that, while several members agreed with me, several others took me to task for being too "rough" on you. When I read your reply, I was greatly surprised. I don't know what I expected -- but certainly did not expect you to admit that I was right -- that you had been trying to make a point by exaggeration and didn't quite pull it off. When I read that, I said to myself -- Whether I agree or disagree with Pete Graham -- there is a MAN! The usual (and normal) reaction to such attack is -- right or wrong -- counterattack. If I am ever in such a position, I hope I will also be big enough to publicly admit getting off the track. # The results of your Musical Fandom's game are a foregone conclusion. By now, everyone knows the Busbys are fandom's foremost Fanzine Snatchers. They would end up with all of them. # To Ted White: So glad you're continuing to do so well. Rogue is a much better market than the Jazz magazines, isn't it. Maybe I'm wrong -- I don't know anything about the jazz field. One thing has always puzzled me -- when Harlan was editing Rogue, he asked me once why I didn't do something for them -- that I "had the touch." For Rogue??? # What I said to Pete above about being a MAN also applies to you, too, Ted, for your sincere apology to Sam Moskowitz in here. I took no sides -- knowing nothing about the matter -- but apparently you were wrong in what you wrote. But admitting it and apologizing are something else altogether. Now, I am very curious to see how Sam Moskowitz will follow through on the incredibly vitriolic article he wrote about you in this same mailing. (Golly, am I the one who was saying just a few pages ago that I was unaware of any "knives" flying about FAPA? Well, I was unaware, until I started this writing about them. What displeases me just doesn't register, I guess. And I like it that way -- FAPA stays fun.)

CATCH TRAP/ Bradley: Marion, I'm so glad you no longer share Redd's view of mailing comments. You're so much more fun to have around -- and I think you are having more fun in FAPA, too. # Juanita's illustrations throughout this were excellent and so very appropriate. # Tell me, what do all of you do with the quantities of goodies that are left over after trick-or-treat night? Especially if you don't care for sweets? The neighborhood mothers don't want the kids to have the stuff as most of them have had too much already. # Marion, I think you are making the same error in logic that I discussed in my statistical survey in PHlotz #14. You say that by the time waiting lister #29 or 30 gets in -- 29 of the present members will have to drop out -- and probably your favorites. This is not so at all. Drop-outs from the present membership will probably be relatively few, judging from the past -- and those mainly the inactive, non-participating ones. There are 29 waiting-listers above Ruth Berman. Before she gets in, those 29 will either have to be admitted, or drop off the wait-list, as some will. From past study, I found that the greatest FAPA turnover during the period before Ruth gets in will be from the ranks of those 29 potential new members above her. The "hard core" of FAPA gets increasingly larger, and the turnover group consists mostly of a fringe of inactive older members -- and the new ones, many of whom stay just a short time. (Out of curiosity, I checked back just now to the FA of mailing #89 -- November 1959. Bruce Pelz, our newest member, was #23 at that time. Of those 23 waiting listers, only 12 are now members, or roughly 50%. However, out of the 65 members in Nov. 1959, only 11 have departed -- just 17%. As to your fear that the drop-outs to come are "unlikely to be the ones with whom I, personally, could dispense" -- the 11 members we lost in that two years were: Bloch (sob!), G. M. Carr (inadvertent, maybe), Derry, Hickman, Higgs, Madle, Quagliano, Schaffer, Smith, Wansborough and Wilson. How many of these have you greviously missed? Stop worrying! # If you think you have trouble with "Zimmer -- you should see the wild variations people can dream up on "Economou". Right now, Arthur and I are in a dance class where we wear name tags -- he's "Economli" and I'm "Ecomonon." Sometimes, for simplicity's sake, we just say "Conley." # During the 20's, thyroid was widely sold in this country also for reducing purposes. It was placed on the "by prescription only" list because of many resulting fatal heart attacks. Unless overweight is actually caused by a sluggish metabolism due to thyroid deficiency, the metabolic speed-up caused by thyroid extract may have very adverse effects on the heart. # Marion, we are in disagreement on a basic issue here. I am one of those women you so deplore who has someone else clean her house while she works. (There are no children involved, of course.) And, despite your horror and scorn, I don't feel the least bit apologetic about it. I have certain skills which are valuable in the business -- I am contributing much more to our mutual welfare than I would by washing curtains at home. Even if -- or when -- I leave the business, I shall continue like this because there are other things I would much rather do -- and I see no reason why I should throw Earline out of her job. She likes it -- cares for my home as if it were her own (I wouldn't think of telling her what to do!) -- and if she were not doing housework for me she would be doing it somewhere else. (Probably less pleasant, from what she has told me.) I give her independence, and she feels pride in her work. And don't come back with that old saw about "lack of opportunity." People differ greatly in their ambitions and goals -- if not capabilities. High school education is free -- yet how many youngsters quit as soon as they reach legal age? Even higher education or technical training can be of nominal cost, through night school and other means, but how many avail themselves of it? Even those with education and skills often do not wish to make full use of them. This was very forcibly impressed on us recently when trying to find people to take over available jobs -- at relatively high pay -- at the office. Despite many applicants, this was very difficult -- still is -- because I stressed the fact that I was seeking people willing to accept responsibility and to advance. Quite a number didn't even bother to show up for the interview, and the

reaction of several others can be summed up in the words of one woman -- "Oh no, that's not my cup of tea -- I don't want responsibility, just a job." So how can you realistically deplore separation of individuals into "equals" and "servants"? Even in the business world, I consider any person who simply wishes to do routine work, or be told every move to make, as simply a "servant" -- hardly the "equal" of the person willing to use initiative, imagination, take responsibility and utilize the brain the good Lord gave them.

DAY STAR/ more Bradley: Before looking for check marks, I'll say first that I'm going to deliberately skimp comment on this one, Marion, I gave you more than your share of lineage already in commenting on CATCH TRAP. # Must say the Kerry cover is a lovely one. # Going back to college -- or entering it -- seems to be a trend among women in Fapa/fandom. You, Juanita, Bev DeWeese, Nan Gerding, to name a few. Wonder if this is a national trend -- or just a fannish one? I admire your enterprise and courage -- especially with that formidable drive -- and wish you luck. But, Marion, are you quite certain that, if you put equal effort into your writing, you would not be as -- if not much more -- successful, than becoming a teacher? It seems a pity to see such writing talent -- talent you've proved by sales -- not being fully utilized. # I'm not fond of "Spectaculars" but had fun reading your review of "The Story of Ruth." # Now Marion, why waste almost a page reviewing a book that "It's a Pleasure To Throw Into The Trash Can"? How could you bear to even read that atrocity??? # This is coincidence -- McPhail with his account of an Indian Pow-Wow and your brother describing (very well!) the 16th Annual Scottish Games in the same mailing. # More checks, but this is enough.

SERCON'S BANE/ Buz: For some reason, this was not listed in the FA. # These four meager pages are disappointing -- I look forward every mailing to reading lots of your natter. However, considering the reason -- the wonderful Season you were so hard at work on -- all is forgiven! These four pages were all very entertaining, but I haven't a single checkmark -- no hook for comment. Forgive, and hurry back!

HORIZONS/ Warner: Harry, can you be shamelessly fishing for compliments? After so many years in #1 spot on the Poll, surely you know HORIZONS is always well-written." # This is the first time I've seen Macy's referred to as a fashion center for colorful clothes. Sak's, yes. But Macy's is about as drab as you can get. You are right though, in saying that, with regional exceptions, usually resort areas and the Southwest -- Western peoples dress very drably. When I flew in to the Midwescon in Ohio after several years in Miami, my first impression was of indescribable drabness -- dingy dark houses and stores, in contrast to Miami's whites, shocking pinks, pale blues and other colorful buildings. And especially the women! Black, brown, navy blue and dark gray clad women -- with black, brown and gray hair (most all Miami women are blonds.) I felt conspicuous in my colorful clothes. All this dreariness seemed to have a psychological effect on the women too -- they seemed to be much more inhibited, have less vitality, less bounce, more stoop and slump. This made such a vivid impression on me that, since returning North, I've made a deliberate effort to try to avoid falling into this dismal pattern -- but it takes a great deal of effort and searching to retain a colorful wardrobe when confronted with stores and stores filled with racks and racks of black, brown, navy blue and gray. (For some reason, however, this season is better -- hooray!) # Harry, how can you (and a few others) bear not to answer the phone when it rings? Of course, it's all too often a salesman -- but there's always the possibility of a delightful surprise! # It's easy to tell Lee Jacobs from Ed Cox. Ed eats -- remember his culinary articles in earlier PHlotsams? Lee is the one people point to saying, "He drinks, you know." # Much enjoyed your Hagerstown Saga and would like to see more. However, it's un-commentable -- except that Hagerstown is obviously a place I would RUN from!

CAMPAIGN (F)LIAR/ Jacobs: Now you, Lee, I would have enjoyed as a Vice-President -- or President. (It's the work and money offices I worry about.) Sorry you didn't make it this time -- do try again! These are offices where the devious Jacobs' mind could really liven things up -- as previously -- with fascinating legal (but just barely) shenanigans. This would precipitate another raft of Amendments to the Constitution -- possibly even a brand-new Constitution all over again. People would yell and holler in the mailings, Committees would be formed, Redd Boggs would remain in FAPA just to write heated denunciations -- and it would be a ball! Please, everybody, elect Lee to office next year, eh? # Personal note: Yes, Lee -- I enjoyed the champagne breakfast muchly! Thanks for your thoughtfulness -- just wish you had held out long enough to have had it with us. Nothing quite like oyster stew by Isabel and champagne courtesy of Jacobs to start a day off ri...er, to start a day off.

THE RAMBLING FAPS - #25 - 26 - 27/Calkins: Delighted to see you so agtive again, Gregg, but if you insist on putting 3 little issues in the mailing, instead of stapling them together (to run your numbers up so impressively? -- I'm not sure that's cricket), I refuse to waste great amounts of space listing them three times. (Of course, the fact that I've wasted even more space telling you this is beside the point.) Anyway -- to RAMFAP #25: CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCH --Indexes are never commentable in relation to the work put into them, but this one was really appreciated. I've missed quite a bit of Bob's work and this gives me a starting point to hunt -- there's no one quite like the old Maestro! Thanks, Gregg. # RAMFAP #26: I wonder how many others sent their opinions on my solution to the contradictory Amendment problem on to the Busbys, as I suggested. Buz didn't say -- but I got the impression that not too many minds were at work on the matter. You are probably right in saying that most members don't read the FA. However, I found the "fascinating legal mechanisms" really fun these past two years as an officer -- and rather miss it all. I had an unusual number of them to cope with, I think -- and when there weren't any I manufactured some. (To the dismay of our esteemed legal-eagle!) # By missing the last mailing, I was unable to comment on Redd's OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS, but you've said it all here. Even if I tended to agree with Redd -- which I emphatically do not! -- I'd somehow find a reason to disagree just to be termed a "Snollygoster" and a "microcosmic Pettifogger." I think these are absolutely delightful words and love to know they apply to me. (Red, you do say the nicest things!) # About 19 months ago, Arthur was smoking 3 packs of cigarettes a day -- and quit cold. However, I still smoke quite a bit -- more than I should -- and his reaction to my smoking is often very contradictory. At times, usually when he's tired, smoke is very distasteful to him -- other times, he'll say wistfully, "Blow some my way." The urge never quite disappears, apparently. He shows me "scare" articles in the papers on the effects of smoking -- and the next day forbids me to ever stop because I'll inevitably get fat! Not that I particularly want to stop. I like it -- but so many smokers seem to have a guilt complex about it and are everlastingly either temporarily stopping -- suffering -- feeling and acting cantankerous -- gaining weight -- then going back, or talking about stopping. If I ever wish to stop, I'll do it -- until then I'll smoke with pleasure. # Wish someone would send me a copy (I'd return it, if requested -- Al Lewis, maybe?) of Gertie Carr's "attack" on Eney, Ellik, Evans & Economou. I'm consumed with curiosity about what she had to say about the "Four Evial Eees." # How lucky you and Jo are so very compatible about your sleeping habits. I simply shudder at sleeping in a freezing room, and the very thought of a porch with snow-drifts croggles me. And I particularly loathe getting up to a cold house, as I often did when a child. Cozy kitten type -- that's me. # More checks here, but the subjects either have been discussed elsewhere -- or are so pertinent to me that I would go on for pages if I got started -- and I haven't time for more pages. So on to RAMFAP #27: Sorry, Gregg, no comment -- I'm rather disenchanted with Heinlein at the moment.

ANKUS/ Pelz: Welcome, Bruce -- it's been a long climb but you finally made it. # Your title is inappropriate now that you've acquired such a svelte physique -- congratulations -- and do hang on to it! # The books you mention: Brief Candle, Happy Returns and The Far Traveller sound like the type I would enjoy. As a favor, how about listing more of this genre that you would recommend? It's so hard to tell from book-list titles what would be good reading. # Incredible -- no more check marks! Can this be a Pelzine? (I'm used to reading your massive SAPSzines.)

SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK/ Bradley: Marion, I had to check through the bundle quick to find this -- to know whether you were being clever, or had made the perfect typo by listing this in the FA as "SURPLUS STUCK"! Bravo -- why don't my typos ever turn out like that? # Does anyone have a copy (or more) or PHlotz XII with my Grennell illustrated theater bit? I'll pay! Youngs -- that was Mlg. #89, your first as OE -- do you have any in your Surplus Stock?

DRIFTWOOD/ Kidd: Sorry you were unable to be at Seacon, Sally -- you missed a lot of fun. And now, with the next con in your back yard, you're talking of migrating to Southern Cal. (Incidentally, Angelenos -- Sally's a fun type -- a doll -- and John is a Good Man!) Sally, have you seen "Medium Rare" which has been running at the Happy Medium in Chicago for almost 2 years? A delightful series of satirical sketches -- I think you'd love it! # Before you ask me, too, why I didn't see you while we were in Chicago, the reason was because our every minute was so tightly scheduled. We did manage to visit the Kemps one evening -- but otherwise it was a whirl. Most of Arthur's business friends are there and from lunchtime on every day we were on the run. Which reminds me -- I think I told Boyd about this at Seacon -- but Andy Young must hear it! If Andy ever visits Chicago, Sally, see that he dines at the Pump Room. This, as I've heard for years, is the ultimate in Fancy Expensive Restaurants (the kind Andy loves so!) and I finally got there. Arthur and I were being entertained by people who took it all very seriously, so we were forced to somehow contain our almost uncontrollable mirth. Six of us were in a booth near the very noisy dance band, so conversation was virtually impossible. The menus were so massive -- pages and pages, too -- that we were unable to study them without putting both neighbor's eyes out. Most of the entrees were flaming sword affairs, and the deserts alcoholized and set alight. (Which reminds me of an item in the paper -- a man went to the Pump Room and ordered two eggs, scrambled soft -- "And serve them on a sword, please.") Just as we were trying to decipher those gigantic menus -- all the lights went out, to heighten the effect of all those dozens of fires, I guess. And they stayed out! Arthur struck a match and, risking burned fingers, tried to read the menu. At once a waiter rushed over and, with perfectly straight face, handed around miniature flashlights from his pockets. All the food was quite elaborate, but Arthur's "chicken coconut curry" was a culinary "spectacular!" On his plate reposed a whole, furry brown coconut -- topped with a circlet of browned mashed potatoes, the whole surrounded by little containers of all the usual curry accompaniments from slivered nuts to chutney. After a brief period of bewilderment, Arthur discovered that the top of his coconut lifted off at the mashed potato line, and he had to eat his dinner out of the coconut in which it had been baked. To top it all off, a Negro came along, about 6'6", dressed in green satin pantaloons and other equally festive raiment, with a headdress and plume that added another two feet to his height. His job, we discovered, was to serve the coffee! I don't know what the check looked like for this feasting orgy -- and probably would not have survived seeing it, especially with quite a few drinks all around. The only price I noticed was for my appetizer of 6 baked clams -- \$2.00.

But I don't really WANT the trains to run on time -- what would I write about?

PHANTASY PRESS/ McPhail: Dan, I do enjoy your little Communication section on the first page so much. # Highlight of this issue was the beautifully written and so fascinating account of the Indian Pow-Wow -- and the fine cover that complemented it so well! In second place, only because of the excellence of your Indian article, was the account of your journey. I hope it really revitalized you, Dan -- that all is well in your world now. After reading this issue, if you don't rate way up there in the top ten article writers, it won't be my fault! # I'm very glad you have resisted the temptation to write the "expose" you could so easily do of so many old time fans. These people were youngsters then -- perhaps short on judgement. Also, public opinions and attitudes toward many things have changed drastically since the thirties. Bringing out activities and outlooks of so long ago that would be seriously condemned today would only serve as sensational gossip fodder -- and might do great harm. Probably many mature people -- in or out of fandom today -- tremble for their jobs and families everytime they think of their youthful fannish follies being raked up to confront them now. I hope that in the future, others will have the good judgement and consideration you have shown. # Does anyone know the meaning or the origin of the term you mention here: "Independent as a hog on ice"? # Congratulations to Pauline for her fabulous prize-winning ability!

THE VINEGAR WORM/ Leman: Isn't it a delightful thing to be the owner of a Gestetner -- any model? Nothing like it. # Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary lists "gender" as a colloquial word meaning "sex" -- as well as a grammatical term. So Pegler was not really wrong -- unless he alone influenced the dictionaries. # For once I really enjoyed fan fiction -- I mean BRISKER PIPES. Most of it is just too frivolous for me, I guess, but this serious constructive stuff is just great! You are very very good at dialogue, Bob. # Blast, I wish I would write marginal notes that I could read! # Nobody says that to be a member of fandom -- whatever that is -- you must necessarily accept all fans as bosom buddies. There is no law yet against selectivity, despite the outcries of certain idealists who consider this to be dreadfully undemocratic. # You say that you are in contact every day with people who are "more intelligent than I am." Intelligent by what standards? Because of their technical training? This does not necessarily indicate "intelligence." Yet, you consider them "half-educated" because of their lack of broad background. So why sell yourself so short, Bob? # Loved your comments on Danner's TYPE SPECIMENS -- and they must have tickled Bill. That was such a "noted" type of entry. # Even though I have missed several mailings, it makes me feel such a part of the family to see the subjects I brought up all of a year ago still being discussed, like your listing of books, the definition of "Jew" and a few others I've noted here and there. Nice to know I can occasionally pitch a good ball. # Even though I simply use one or two paragraph excerpts from letters -- when I use them -- I found that when I started running bits of my LoC's that my mail increased greatly. Before that, I seemed to be mailing PHlotsams into the blank blue yonder.

LIMBO/ Rike-Donoho: Bill, where were you when we were in Seattle? Missed you! # For all practical purposes, I was an only child as I was 11 when my sister was born. However, I was never conscious of being "lonely." In fact, I rather enjoyed my "only" status. I had a few friends always, good ones, but never cared to run with a pack. And I think I usually preferred my own world of books even to those friends unless they also shared that world with me. These pages of yours on Earl's WHY IS A FAN? are fascinating reading. # I do not understand your feeling that the business man on the political platform would deny to his dying breath writing the article which said that labor unions power is becoming so great that in time they would actually approach the power of management in running the business and in some cases actually become the senior partner -- and deploring such a situation. I will not argue the fact that labor unions were a necessity in the old days of exploitation

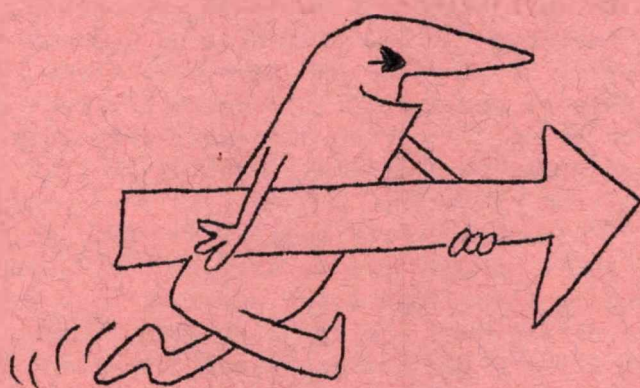
of labor by business. However, these evils have been in large measure corrected, and in my opinion at least the unions are becoming monsters more formidable than business every thought of being. Whether large or small, businesses are owned by people -- individuals or stockholders -- and I cannot understand why it should be considered a social evil for these owners to control the enterprises they have developed. I am in complete sympathy with the many businesses who have simply packed up and moved elsewhere when the unions have become too overbearing. By what moral or ethical right should unions be allowed to control businesses which belong to others? "The 'rights' of the workers" is a fine, high-sounding phrase, but I think your opinion as to the extent of these "rights" would change drastically if you ever found yourself on the other side of the fence. Just as an example of what I am talking about -- a man we know owns a medium-size printing plant. He had promised that an important job would be delivered on a certain Monday morning. By Friday, the job was incomplete, due to the trimmer having taken off a couple of days during the week and refusing to put in any overtime on Saturday -- and union rules prohibited any of the other employees (many of whom would stand idle much of the day lacking enough of their particular work to keep them occupied) to help with the trimming. That was all that was needed. As failure to deliver this job when promised would have cost this man much future business (to the detriment of his employees, incidentally, as he was just "getting by"), he went to the plant himself on Saturday and finished running the booklets through the trimmer. Despite the fact that this was his plant, his equipment, paid for by him -- the union immediately jumped him for his "crime" threatening strikes and other retaliation. Putting yourself in his place, Bill, would your outlook still be the same? # As far as I am concerned, Macy's is a junk shop. They have their "French Room" or some such, where you can buy expensive clothing, but in general their merchandise is very drab and somewhat shoddy. Marshall Field's in Chicago makes a finer impression at sight than any large store I've ever been in. The decor is attractive, the lighting good, merchandise well displayed, and most impressive of all are the extraordinarily spacious aisles. It is such a pleasure to wander about, never being jostled or crowded. Apparently the management feels that this customer comfort and pleasure makes for better business than calculating the maximum merchandise that can be crammed into every square foot of floor space. And, judging from results, they must be right. I love to go there. # On the matter of wine -- I think the greatest barbarism I've ever witnessed was in one of Milwaukee's best (i.e. most expensive) restaurants the other night, when we saw a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream in the refrigerator! When we exclaimed in horror to the bartender about this crime, he reacted with as much indignation as ours -- telling us that people here refuse to drink it unchilled! However, he did always keep one bottle set aside for "civilized" people who wanted it as it should taste -- then he poured us a generous sample of each for comparison. Incredible!

PANTOPON #2/ Shadow Mailers: I'm honestly sorry I am unable to comment on this, but time has absolutely run out on me. However, it's a wonderful idea and I'm so very glad that someone took over from Russ. Next time I promise to get an earlier start and do my bit by all you waiting-listers. But you'll get PHlotz in return this time anyway.

And that does it for this time.

W H E W !





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