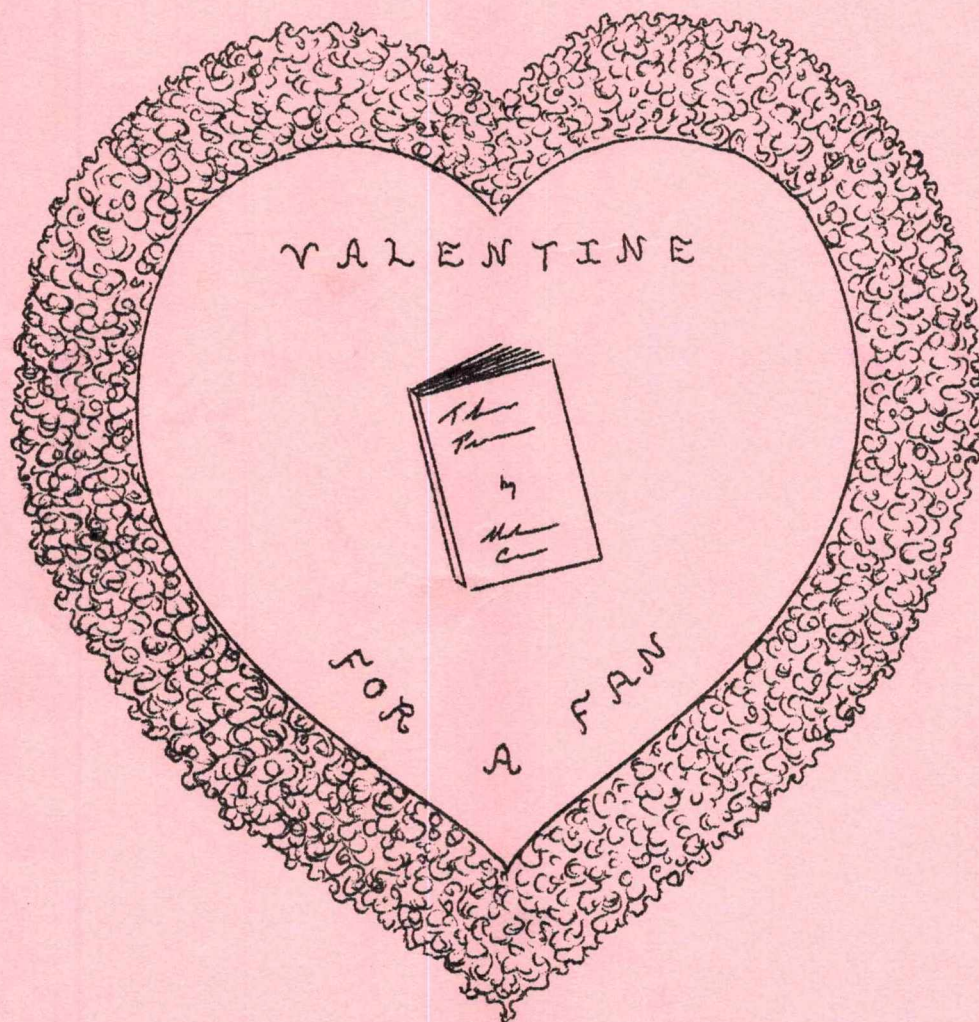


P H L O T S A M #19



a nihiladrem press production

FEB. '62

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS.

This is PHlotsam #19 -- the real #19 this time -- published for the 98th FAPA mailing by Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin. I'm all by my lonesome this time, except for cartoons by Rotsler. No complaints, tho -- with Rotsler around, who could be lonesome?

S P I N D L E ~ ~ ~

ONCE AGAIN the holidays are over, the Blizzard Party is over, and as soon as this issue of PHlotsam is over I'll be able to breathe again. I can't remember when I drew my last breath and people are beginning to notice.

It's all such fun -- and presents so many problems. There are times when just everything seems a problem. Somehow, though, the problems are all solved -- or if you don't bother solving them they go away -- and I know that when I hear the first jingle bell next year I'll react like an old fire-horse, heedlessly leaping to the reflex actions of list-making, chilled shopping and tree trimming.

Speaking of Bill Rotsler -- as I was above -- he compounded my problems this year. Now when Bill sent me a Christmas card, I know he was filled with jolly good cheer, spirit of the season and all. But he created a problem, nonetheless.

My dining room is large, with an old-fashioned plate rail running around all four walls. As Christmas cards come in, up they go on the rail which eventually is filled. Then I drag out the step stool to place the overflow atop the window ledges, door ledges and china closet. I am compulsively forced to display them all.

This year, just when I had reached absolute capacity, the final card of the season came -- a huge affair from Bill. "Merry Christmas" it said. Yes, indeedy. But -- where to display it? Hang it from the chandelier? Distracting, dangling over the ham and cheesecake that would be on the table below at the party. I tried it on the Christmas tree but the angel on top looked petulant -- she was the star of that show. Arthur just stood in the middle of the room looking at it helplessly -- incapable of offering any constructive suggestion. The tableau was so effective I fleetingly considered having him spend the holiday season just holding it thus. In fact, he seemed inclined to do just that.

But, as I mentioned, all problems are eventually solved. Even Bill Rotsler's extraordinary Christmas card. Belated Happy 1962, everybody!

I'M QUITE UNHAPPY TODAY. My next door neighbor, the nicest friend I had in Milwaukee, moved away yesterday and I feel blue every time my eyes stray across to those blank, bleak windows. I'm going to miss them very much. However, there are compensations. They've moved to Normal, Illinois, where her husband has joined the staff of the English Department in the college there. Normal is right on the outskirts of Bloomington. With both the Tuckers and the Klingers there, we will have a double-barrelled reason for visiting the area, and should be visiting it twice as often in the future. We've never been there at all and anything is better than that.

IN THE LAST MAILING Boyd Raeburn was wondering why nobody writes about the theater in FAPA. As I said in my comments, probably because nobody else writes about it. However, last night's delightful experience at the new Swan Theater here in Milwaukee impells me to natter about it. I hope it makes Boyd happy.

Milwaukee has a reputation for being a "bad theater town." On the surface, this would seem true -- but a number of explanations occur to me. For example, Milwaukee is a horrible taxi town. A wait of a half hour and three phone calls is not uncommon in attempting to get a cab. And when Arthur left the performance of Advise and Consent on a recent bitterly cold night, there was one taxi waiting at the theater, quickly grabbed, and he had to walk blocks in freezing weather to get a bus home. But who wants to take cars out at 10 below zero with no nearby parking?

Another factor is the condition of the available theaters -- until now. There was the ancient Pabst, uncomfortable and delapidated, scheduled last year for demolition. Except in the orchestra, the rows are so closely placed that there is no place for knees -- and it isn't easy to pay close attention to a play when one's knees are pressing into the seat ahead and aching. That's not all. When we went to the Pabst last year to see the Lunts in The Visit, it was a sell-out and we had to sit in the balcony. Not in the uppermost tiers -- yet, every time a character moved to the back of the stage (and the star played an entire scene there) the head was cut off from view. The top tiers could probably see the characters only from the waist down. Instead of demolishing, somebody took over the Pabst and prettied it up but I won't go there unless I can get choice seats.

Other available professional theaters were the Fred Miller, a small "theater-in-the-round" which has an occasional good offering but generally unappealing choice of plays -- and small audiences. Then there was an ambitious new undertaking, widely heralded, the "Variety Enterprises" which this season set about bringing Broadway to Milwaukee. They had exciting things scheduled -- we saw The Music Man a short time ago -- but theatrical conditions were appalling. Their shows were presented in an old movie house, the Oriental, which is gigantic and acoustically hopeless. Despite our fine seats, among the best in the house, it was impossible to understand half the dialogue or make out the words to the songs. Nothing can fully spoil The Music Man, but it was certainly playing under handicap. So last week, the "Variety Enterprises" went bankrupt in mid-season, and once again the cry went up about how Milwaukee is such a bad theater town.

In my opinion, last night's experience refuted this thoroughly! I think the people of this city just haven't been given much they could really enjoy. The new Swan Theater opened New Year's Eve 'midst many dire predictions. It is a beautiful little gem of a place, of moderate capacity, comfortable and lovely. I think any seat in the house would be good because the three sides of the stage project into the audience. There is a balcony called the "Champagne Horseshoe" around three of the walls, with tables where drinks are served and smoking permitted. Downstairs is a fine restaurant-Supper Club with bar and dancing. There's a special package deal -- for \$15.00 per couple a fine dinner, dancing, champagne and a show. Last night the place was jammed and jumping -- I haven't seen such gaiety since coming here.

The show was fabulous! Jack Carson in Make A Million -- the broadest of comedy, slapstick, farce -- but terrific. The laughs were so hearty and non-stop that you wished for respite just to ease your aching sides. The audience weren't the only ones having a ball. The cast were having just as much fun. Ad-libs were frequent, inspired and hilarious. This was the first time I have ever seen an old pro like Jack Carson break up so completely that for minutes the show was unable to go on. He laughed until he cried, tried to continue, then broke down again. This went

on and on -- and the harder he laughed the more we laughed until the show was complete chaos. On stage were four "soldiers" at attention, quivering, shaking and heaving like oak trees in a stiff wind. What all the laughter was about is indescribable in a family fanzine -- just a brief gesture -- but oh so effective!

That audience showed no inclination to rush for the exits at the curtain -- especially when Carson came back on in horrible red pajamas and mangy dressing gown and aggravated our painful ribs by telling joke after joke. I'm still aching.

Who says Milwaukee is a "bad theater town"? Next week we're going back to the Swan to see Pat O'Brien in Father of the Bride, drink champagne, eat lobster and maybe do a bit of dancing. Give the public what they want and you've got it made!

BOOM TOWN. Milwaukee has suddenly become a boom town -- sonic boom, that is. Almost every day Uncle Sam's flyboys are running faster-than-sound "test" flights in a direct line from Minneapolis to Milwaukee. And almost every afternoon, we get the window-rattling BOOM. The newspapers had given front page warnings about what to expect, but apparently people forget, or just read the sports pages and funnies, because the police got over 200 phone calls when the first one occurred.

That first time, Arthur and I were in a cab idling at a stop light. The two of us and the driver looked about in alarm, not sure whether there had been a collision behind us -- which it didn't quite sound like -- or part of the cab's vitals had fallen out. It was a considerable shake up, and our nervousness increased all the way home because of the cab's constant vibration, ticking, clucking and general misbehavior which made us feel it was imminently about to collapse into a heap of junk. The driver seemed quite oblivious to all the chaunkering, however, and this did reassure us. By the time we reached home, we were laughing helplessly because each time the driver eased up on the gas the cab would vibrate and rattle alarmingly. This had become noticable only after the sonic boom, and we had decided that the cab probably made noises like that every so often, too. Next morning, when I read the paper, it finally dawned on me what it had been. Among other reports, like falling bric-a-brac, a couple of store windows had shattered, despite official assurance that no damage would result from the BOOMS.

When the second one occurred next day, I was home reading the FAPA mailing -- recognized it for what it was -- but compulsively, nonetheless, got up from my chair to look for A) a collision; or B) an avalanche of snow that might have slid off the roof burying one of the neighbor's kids. The police had just 20 calls that time.

Now whenever it happens, I jump out of my skin, calmly climb back into it, check to see if any of the shook-up windows have shook out (at below zero, that would be dandy!), then go about my business.

But they say this is going to continue indefinitely on almost a daily basis, and I can't help wondering about the cumulative effects on people. Having oneself blasted a foot in the air every afternoon is not too far removed from sustained electric shock treatments, I would think.

The "authorities" tell us to think of it as "The Sound Of Security."

FASHION NOTE. During the past weeks, French and Italian designers have been exhibiting their new collections, and the papers are full of articles telling us women what's in store for us. As usual, there's the something new which doubtless has Mrs. Average screaming, "I'll never be caught dead in that!" Which she probably won't, of course. People are very conventional about attiring the deceased. Unfortunately,

however, far too many of them will be caught alive in "that," jiggling their way to the supermarket or even shopping downtown. This is going to be a sight to behold -- or, more accurately, an unsightly thing to behold.

I'm talking about the new style in women's pants -- low-slung, cowboy style, "hip-riders." With exposed navel. Yes, that's what I said.

This will probably be pulse-quickenning to men when worn by the slim and shapely. Trouble is, too many of the wrong women will wear hip-riders, too. Imagine, if you care to, the esthetic effect of matronly females with a naked bulge riding wide over their low-slung britches! But that's not the all of it ...

The day I resign from the female sex -- and declare myself neuter or something -- will be the first time I see a bulgy woman in hip-riders wearing Jacques Ester-el's cherry on the sundae. This is a belly-button ornament -- a thin chain belt fastened by a gold button with a gold tassel dangling in front of the navel!

Like house designers, women's apparel designers -- the famous ones anyway -- are mostly men. It has always been obvious to the discerning that both types of designers come from the ranks of woman-haters. Why do so many women accept their psychopathic "creations"?

Don't get me wrong -- I'm definitely style conscious. But I -- and many women -- will not accept any fad that is not attractive and in good taste. Alas, there are still too many women who will wear anything, however ridiculous, if the current fashion magazines say it is "in."

However, all may not be lost and I'm not going to give up on women too quickly. There are encouraging signs of an underground rebellion. Feminine resistance to the "sack" which died a swift, unmourned death, was a giant step in the right direction. So, too, was our women's refusal to have anything to do with the bound-down flat chest of the 20's which they tried to foist off on us a couple of seasons ago.

Maybe there's yet hope we will be spared the sight of fat middle-aged midriffs adorned with gold-tassled belly-buttons.

I AM PROPOSING A NEW TAFF CANDIDATE. Or perhaps a Special Fund candidate. Voting was very light this campaign and fears have been expressed that possibly fans are losing interest in TAFF. Coincidentally, opinions have also been heard that the TAFF trip reports have been lacking in sparkle ever since Willis' immortal epic.

Generally speaking, I have enjoyed the TAFF reports, but must admit that for the most part they seem to have been typed by writers wearing kid gloves. This is understandable -- TAFF winners are recipients of fandom's generosity, guests in a foreign country which is home to many friends, and unless the provocation is extreme courtesy would demand that they be gracious and refrain from undue criticism. This makes for much goshwow reading, avid riffling of pages to see if one was mentioned -- but few sparks. Yet the very fact that TAFF generally goes to the cream of fandom, automatically excludes the outspoken carping types whose reports would be guaranteed to start flames spurting from fannish nostrils.

So, if we are to have controversial, critical reports that will shake fandom out of its torpor and plunge it into war, the answer is obvious. We will have to -- fasten seat belts, please -- bring over a non-fan, one with no special allegiances, pledged only to write an unbiased, it-may-be-a-nice-place-to-visit-BUT report on the trip, on a Science-Fiction Convention, and fandom in general. Judging from reaction

in FAPA to any hint of criticism emanating from Canada, fandom should get their money's worth in sheer fun, whether their fun consists of leaping about frothing at the mouth, or laughing at the frothers.

There are so many things wrong with us that our courteous British visitors never dream of mentioning -- we drive on the wrong side of the street, claim to speak English while insisting that petrol is gas and lifts are elevators, overheat our houses, chill our beer until it loses all flavor, cut our food with a knife then juggle fork from hand to hand to spear it, etc. There is literally no end to United States barbarisms which could be detailed in a lively TAFF report by an unbiased observer. It might even cause a reaction comparable to the Boston Tea Party.

My first candidate, one of proven critical writing ability, would be a Miss Dee Wells -- address unknown, but she could doubtless be located. Miss Wells recently returned to England from the U.S. Her subsequent communication to the London Daily Herald is my ideal of what a scintillating TAFF report should be like. Unfortunately, I do not have the complete text, but here's the substance:

Miss Wells was considerably shaken by a night in a Miami hotel where a bellboy escorted her to a room, flicked some switches, "extorted" a dollar from her -- then slammed the door on the way out.

"The radio was on full blast," she wrote. "The television was on. The air conditioning was adjusted to send the temperature down to zero. Every light in the room was on. I escaped into the bathroom for a drink of water. The glass was triple-sealed in cellophane and I could not puncture it.

"I returned to the bedroom and two printed notices swam into eye level: 'Take a live alligator home; perfect present for the kiddies,' and, slightly to the left, 'insert 25¢.' I put my quarter dollar into the slot. No live alligator appeared.

"Instead, the bed began to shake and quiver. The bed shook for half an hour and then I saw a sign in small print, 'Weary? Tense? This bed is specially fitted with a relaxicating mattress which will soothe your fatigue away.'"

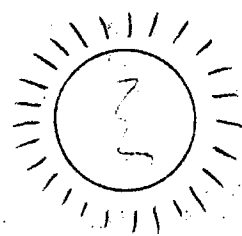
Miss Wells had too much pride to summon help. She fought back singlehanded against the monsters by finding a "hidden dial" which turned off the radio. She located the air conditioner along the ceiling molding and gave the wheel a full spin. She got the sound turned off the television set but could not do anything about the picture so she covered the screen with a blanket. She did not drop any more quarters into the relaxicator. She went to bed thirsty.

Next morning the room temperature was 90 degrees. Two figures on the TV screen were fighting a roaring gun battle with silencers on their pistols and mouths. When she checked out -- the bellboys ignored her.

Don't you think Miss Wells would be fun to have at a Convention?

AGAIN NO LETTER EXCERPT SECTION. LOC's were fewer than usual, even though I sent out two issues simultaneously. Sending them at the height of the Christmas season may have had something to do with this -- or perhaps they weren't commentable. The letters I did receive were mostly personal or filled with lovely egoboo, but I don't use either kind in PHlotz. (They're the best kind, though.) But keep writing, everybody -- that's the only way to be sure of getting another issue if you're not in FAPA or trading. And, if you want to be quoted, don't have printed "DNQ" letterheads.....PHE

SOMEWHERE THE WAS SHINING...



With the inevitability of the New Year, the time for the Fourth-Annual, Old-Traditional Blizzard Party rolled around. Now the First-Annual, Old-Traditional Blizzard Party was a fine atmospheric affair in the best Milwaukee fashion. It snowed all day, adding up to some six or seven inches, then stopped in the early evening and dropped to 10 below zero. People -- some people -- made it, but just barely. The Chicago caravan phoned at 8:30 or 9:00, just when I was expecting them here, to tell me they had only reached the Chicago outskirts (90 miles south) but would arrive eventually. Which, of course, they duly did -- very eventually. Blizzard Party attendees were thus "qualified" -- pioneer-spirited all, dauntless party-goers all -- the elements eliminated weaklings and the faint of heart.

However, the Second and Third Annual, Old-Traditional Blizzard Parties offered sissy weather -- making the parties a mockery on the name. Great fun, but from a "Blizzard" standpoint they might just as well have been Maypole dances.

So this year, deciding things should be appropriately rigorous once again, I ordered a nice Blizzard -- the Standard Model running five or six inches, with a bit of wind and cold.

I should have known better. Everyone knows what happens to special orders at this time of year -- everything invariably gets all bollixed up. Due to delivery delays, I had to postpone the party from December 30 to January 6th -- unhappily causing two regulars, Bob Briney and Sid Coleman, to miss for the first time as they had to be back East, and one newcomer, Algis Budrys, to miss as that was the week-end he was moving his family from the East to this area. (Wonder how that project went?) This was saddening, but try as I might, I could not get delivery of my Blizzard before the 6th of January.

The Blizzard arrived nicely on schedule, starting the morning of the party -- but through the usual "clerical error," I had been sent the Super-Deluxe Model! The snow continued all day, and the snow continued all night, and the wind blew furiously and fiercely until all outdoors was mountains of drifted white stuff, and I kept stamping my foot moaning "This isn't what I asked for!" but it was too late to send it back even. It was the 2nd heaviest 24-hour snowfall in 26 years!

To add insult to injury, I was charged plenty for it -- it cost me many of my most anticipated guests. But the delightful surprise was that there were still 21 who battled through -- all but two from out of town -- all but five from out of state! Midwest fandom reached incredible heights of fannishness that night.

When the last ones left (except Stu Hoffman who was staying over) -- at 7:15 AM, having decided to wait for daylight -- the snow totalled 14.1 inches! That's a lot of snow in any book, especially when blown into heights tripling that. Each departure -- whether for home or just a downtown hotel -- was accompanied by a great flurry of coming back for shovels to dig out the inundated cars. I still haven't heard whether anyone actually managed to get home or not. It's quite possible that the next Safari Annual will be issued from South Milwaukee ...

Throughout the morning, Arthur dashed about in the car, to the grocery, bakery, liquor store, ice vendors and even Gimbel's "gourmet" section -- his own idea -- from whence he came home laden with delicacies like Rainbow Trout Paté, Fried Grasshoppers (which Brinker leaped upon, convinced they were about to hop, but wouldn't eat), and the Diamond Back Rattlesnake meat I had promised the absent Briney. Each time he would return from an errand -- to start shoveling again -- he'd say, "It's petering out -- nothing to it." And I would again run to phone for the weather report and they would monotonously repeat, "Total accumulation about two inches, diminishing to flurries."

About 11:30 AM, the snow suddenly became very enthusiastic about coming down and in no time at all we had quite enough to suit me -- and then some. At that point, I started mentally reviewing the list of people I would have to phone in case I thought it necessary to cancel the party. But that repeated "two inches" reassured me that it surely wouldn't go over six or seven.

At 2 PM, when the snow had piled up to about 6 inches, the Weather Bureau finally changed their tune. "8 to 10 inches -- or over!" they said. Zowie!

But at 2 PM, it was too late to cancel. At 12 noon, the Detroit area contingent -- Dean McLaughlin, Howard DeVore and Jim Broderick -- had left Ann Arbor, Michigan for Milwaukee. Now I don't know just how far Ann Arbor is from here, but I'd guess something in the neighborhood of 450 miles. A very extensive neighborhood, that. It was just unthinkable to have them stagger in worn and weary, desperately clutching the collars of their sled dogs who had valiently led them hither through the Blizzard after having been given a whiff of one of Brinker's overshoes, to find the Economus engaged in a hot game of dominoes. So, to all the calls I received, the answer was, "Sure, the party's on -- come if you dare!"

And, being fans, they came. Cars full of intrepid, never-say-die fans, old Blizzard hands who had started out in mid-afternoon, slogged up East Webster Place, pulled up in front of the house where they promptly got stuck, and waded through drifts to the door shaking off snow like pups on the beach.

But McLaughlin didn't come. DeVore didn't come. Broderick didn't come.

At about 8:30 the phone rang. These three were actually about 20 miles north of Chicago -- just 60 or 70 miles to go -- and they'd had it! They'd been ditched, icebound, snowbound and all manner of other evils, and had decided to seek out a cozy little snowbank to curl up in until they could head back to Detroit. (I don't know if any of them ever got home again either -- the last word I had was the above plaintive appeal ...)

The minute I hung up the phone after exchanging sad words, everyone else started popping with bright ideas. Why hadn't they taken a train for the remaining few miles? Probably northbound, party-bound cars were passing them right now ... they coulda ... they shoulda ... But I didn't know the phone number of their snowbank, so nothing could be done.

They'll probably appear after the first good thaw. (It's been below zero ever since the party two weeks ago -- with 10-15 below predicted for tonight.)

HELP *We are prisoners
in a blizzard factory !*

*We have eaten our sled dogs and Dick
Schultz. May Ghod have mercy on our
souls. McLaughlin, Broderick, DeVore*

Somewhere north of Chicago Winter 1962

I did receive a post card from the marooned three some days before their desperate cry for help arrived. It showed a stretch of grass-lined highway, and the message -- "It wasn't like this last night. P.S. When's the rain-check party?" I was unable to decipher the post-mark, so organizing a rescue group was impossible. But I figure they'll be thawed by April at the latest, so am considering giving an April Fool's Rain-Check Party. It would be SO appropriate, it seems.

Leaving McLaughlin, DeVore and Broderick in their snowbank, we return to the ranch -- I mean the Fourth-Annual, Old-Traditional, Blizzard Party.

This year I had a gimmick. A Machiavellian, Economou-type Gimmick. You see, we are planning to move about June or July. Probably not very far from where we are now -- but that doesn't lessen the labor involved. Ever since our decision to move, I had shied shudderingly every time I passed a box or mound of fanzines or prozines. Every time I visited the cellar or attic, I realized that all of these dreadfulzines I belong to had been continually whooping it up in orgies of reproducing themselves. Every time I looked, I saw with horror how the cartons had multiplied since I last noticed them. This phenomenon, of course, is something all of you are probably familiar with, but after you've been a fan for a few years you simply accept this as part of life and the full implications of it fail to strike you until you are faced with MOVING.

Suddenly, I had a Brainstorm. An Evial Beaut of a Brainstorm. Now, obviously, fans need more fanzines and prozines like they need a third head -- but they just cannot resist them. Fans are hopelessly, helplessly addicted to anything between covers or mimeographed.

So, I went through each and every fanzine, prozine, mundzine, pocketbook and hard cover in my possession, ruthlessly weeding out. Of course, I kept a plentiful supply (a few zillion) for spawn -- I'm addicted too -- but wound up with several hundred volumes of stuff that I could bear to painfully part with. Arthur tied these up in bundles until his hands were raw -- dozens and dozens of bundles -- a slip of paper was attached to each bundle, and the whole were temptingly displayed on racks and chests where no trufan could possibly resist them. While at it, I also tossed in a number of odds -- very odd odds -- and ends, like a giant jigsaw puzzle, magic kit, a battered thermos bottle which had been used only to prop up a window, and other such unlikely objects. And then we had an Auction.

The fans, as anticipated, were inexorably drawn to the display and, as if hypnotized -- protesting every minute that they couldn't possibly store another zine -- would pick up a pencil and enter bids on the bundles. On bundles and bundles and ... bundles! For some unfathomable reason, bidding was especially brisk on the oddments like the 500 piece (I hope) jig-saw puzzle, and to the horror of SaM, had he been present, prices on the fanzine bundles far exceeded the bids on the prozines -- treasures like 1952 Planets, Futures and the like. Bids on many prozine bundles and on most of the pocketbook bundles (8 to 12 per) were nonexistent -- and they were all taken at the very last minute by someone for the minimum 10¢ per bundle. (Howard -- are you whirling in your snowdrift?)

As the 12:30 deadline for bidding neared, things grew quite frantic, and even those strong-minded ones who had managed to avoid the contagion found themselves compulsively with pencil in hand pushing and shoving to up the bids on bundle after bundle that they probably didn't want at all. When the alarm went off to end it all, I happily passed out containers to the ~~shocker's~~ lucky purchasers, while they forked over their \$\$\$ to DAG and gleefully stuffed their bags and boxes with all this horrible stuff I'll NOT have to move. We wound up with empty shelves -- beautiful

sight! -- and, despite the relatively meager crowd, about \$16.80 in the kitty.

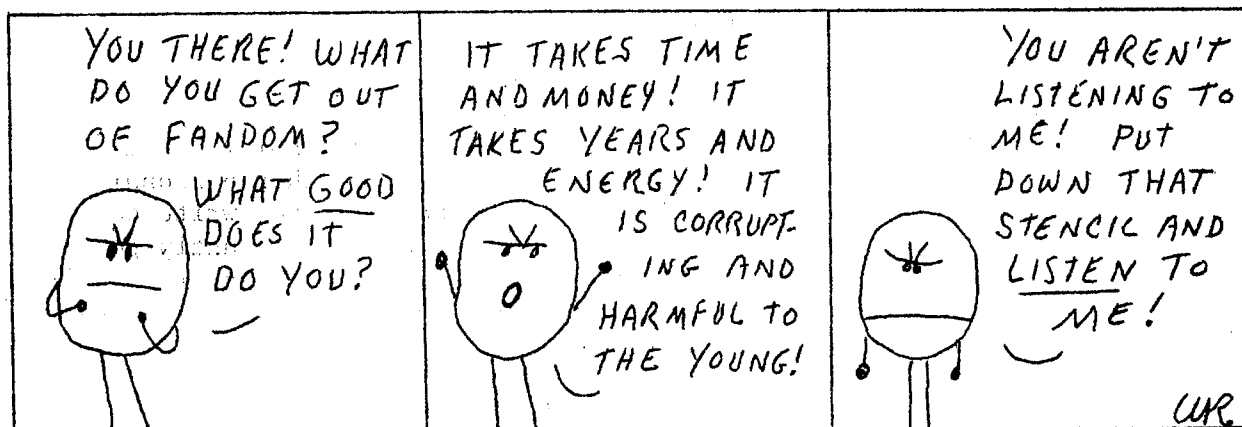
Meanwhile, people were also amusing themselves during the evening with another pastime. On the wall had been attached a long sheet of paper, listing a number of suggestions I had dreamed up as to what should be done with the Auction proceeds. These suggestions were numbered, and people continued to add to my original eight or so until there were a total of about 23 suggestions. Space will not allow me to list them all here -- although many would make very entertaining reading! -- nor do I care to risk possible Lawsuit by doing so.

At any rate, when the Auction proceeds were totted up, a vote was taken to decide what to do with the loot. Sercon suggestions like donate to TAFF, the Willis Fund or the John Birch Society were given short shrift. The vote ended in a tie between giving the funds to a custodian to buy a supply of prime potables to dispense to Blizzard Party attendees at the Chicon, and the winner -- decided upon by a tie-breaking vote -- that everyone present (except the Economus) draw a card from a tray; the Jack of Diamonds drawn by a male and the Queen of Diamonds drawn by a female would take all or split -- if neither card was drawn by the right sex, the Joker would take all. First call was for the Queen of Diamonds held by a disgusted Gene DeWeese -- the next for the Jack of Diamonds held by a delighted Stu Hoffman who promptly stuffed his pockets with \$\$\$ and ¢¢¢. Nobody thought to find out who was holding his/her breath with the Joker in trembling hand.

Maybe by the time I have a Rain-Check Party, I will be able to steel myself to part with a few more dozen cartons of impedimenta and hold another Auction. I sent out a flyer about this Auction to be sure everyone would bring plenty of jack in their jeans. Next time, some smart fans will probably come empty-pocketed, thus thwarting their natural fannish instincts (unless they hock their watches or resort to mugging the neighbors to satisfy their pack-rat lust), but if there is a next time I'll be counting on BHH to spark things.

If I had a mustache, I'd twirl it.

* * * * *



THIS "I.Q." BUSINESS...

Due to Chicago's plan to have I.Q. tests at the convention, I.Q.'s have become a major topic in so many Fapazines that I'll add my bit here instead of chopping up my thoughts in the mailing comments.

Many of the discussions are from an academic standpoint, this system versus that, and the relative validity of any or all of them. I'm uninformed on this aspect, so what I have to say will be mostly personal. However, I do have questions regarding the validity of any of those I've taken -- and I've taken many -- from the standpoint of measuring actual "intelligence." I equate intelligence with reasoning power, not formal knowledge, and believe many totally uneducated persons can be and are highly intelligent. Yet, all the tests I've taken (quite a while ago, so things may have changed) included quite a few sections depending entirely on technical knowledge such as physics or higher mathematics, and if one had not studied these subjects these questions had to be bypassed. What have such technical questions which cannot possibly be answered by "reasoning" have to do with intelligence?

Another aspect reflecting on validity of I.Q. tests is the fact that one's approach to such tests can so greatly affect the results. There are tricks -- especially after you've taken a few -- that might not occur to a nervous person used to doing things in the conventional way. On timed tests, which most of them were, I had a very effective method. First I would skim through rapidly, answering all questions I was sure of. Then I would go through again, concentrating on those I knew I would be unable to solve -- due either to lack of knowledge or lack of time -- and I would take a quick guess, as logical as I could manage, then forget about them. Luck and the law of averages would make some of these turn out right. Finally, I would return to the remaining ones which would require more or less mulling over. These I had mentally evaluated as to apparent difficulty, and would tackle them in such order, leaving the most puzzling to the last. I would not, however, spend a disproportionate amount of time on any one question. Usually, I would finish before the allotted time limit, and would spend the remaining time rechecking those I was dubious about. The results were always good because I had done the maximum, but I would always feel sorry for those who would afterwards wail, "I got stuck on such and such a question and was still there when the bell rang!"

I've also found that in timed tests the "quick-witted" have a great advantage over "thinker" types who may have far greater capacity for deep comprehension than those who are merely mentally agile. The nimble minded, whose basic abilities may be actually quite superficial, also have an unfair advantage over other personality types -- the dogged plodders whose chewed pencils bear down hard as they write each careful answer -- the chronically indecisive, unsure of anything, constantly going back to recheck, those who will spend hours of their lives retracing steps to see if they actually did turn off the gas. These character traits have no bearing on "intelligence" but can influence test results greatly.

Things have been said about fans bragging or "waving their I.Q.'s around." Let me make clear right now that that is not what I am about to do. In fact, I have always been inclined to keep my I.Q. -- not particularly startling from a fan standpoint, but apparently quite so in mundania -- a deep dark secret. And I will continue to do so -- no figures here.

This is because, due to early conditioning, I developed a king-sized guilt complex about it and, until recent years when I made a start toward throwing off those early effects, have felt unhappily apologetic about it. I have felt no inclination to "wave around" something which, it seemed, brought me nothing but grief.

Juanita has said it. I.Q. tests, properly used, may be of aid to teachers in their approach to individual children -- but I do not feel that anything is to be gained by informing either the parents or the children of I.Q. scores. It can become a status symbol for parents to brag about -- and a humiliation for those who trail the list. It can be otherwise damaging -- that I know! In fact, I'm not at all certain that they are necessary for teachers -- surely retardation in a child and the need for any special help will become obvious through their school work in a very short time.

What's all this about a "guilt complex"? Juanita has said that, too. Almost from the time I can remember, I heard one constant refrain, "With your I.Q. you should be doing much better!" However well I did in comparison with the other kids, there was rarely a word of commendation from teachers, but just the reiteration and insistence that I wasn't trying, that I should be spectacular, not adequate. (This despite the fact that I was two or three years younger than any of my classmates all through school. However, my advanced physical development probably made them forget that.) Although a number of teachers "visited" my home with these complaints, fortunately for my shaky self-confidence I never heard that hated term "I.Q." from my parents.

There were also resentments to cope with from both teachers and classmates, which added fuel to my developing guilt feelings. A fat load of coal was heaped on the fire at graduation from high school. I had failed to earn the distinction of becoming an "Honor Student" -- the top eight in the class -- but at the very last minute, to the disgust of a number of teachers, I became an "Honor Student" anyway. And many were the snide remarks about it! How it came about -- each graduating student had to write a 5,000 word essay on a subject selected from a prepared list. None of the offered subjects appealed to me -- "Sheep Raising In Australia" for example -- but at the time one subject interested me greatly so I asked to write about it and was given enthusiastic permission by our English instructor. Plans were underway to drop inter-scholastic debating because of the trip expenses involved, and this would probably also mean discontinuance of the debating and public speaking classes altogether. Now basketball and baseball made sense, but many parents and school board members could not see the practical value of teaching students to stand up and talk or to match wits and reasoning with others.

So I dashed off a white-heat essay on the practical advantages of debating and public speaking classes which was immediately chosen by my (biased) English teacher, with probably reluctant agreement from the other judges, as one of the two "Honor Essays" to be read aloud at the graduation exercises. My essay, delivered with the fiery sincerity of personal conviction, had everyone on their ears -- this was a Major Issue involving the Taxpayer's Money -- and people were as angry or pleased or excited as they used to get in a Town Meeting.

Therefore, I automatically became one of the Honor Students with my picture in the paper with the others. This was especially disconcerting because the standard layout was eight pictures -- as the Honor Essays invariably came from the ranks of the Honor Students -- and I made it nine! It was all so unfair -- so sly and tricky of me -- when, by gosh, I hadn't done a thing to earn it! Even that little triumph I was unable to take pride in, because by then I believed every word they said.

Almost as bad as the teachers who emanated condemnation because I wasn't living up to my "potentialities" as reflected by my I.Q. figure, were those others, very dear to

me, who were my boosters and supporters. Especially my morale supporters. They were few, but I loved them -- and felt everlastingly guilty because I "let them down." These were the ones who let me know that they had immense faith in me, the ones who knew I would become a genius in some field or other -- probably writing -- and I was going to be the shining star who would make all their years of teaching drudgery worth while. Yes, one put it just that way. She could envision me receiving wild acclaim and modestly saying, "I owe it all to Miss _____," and her Life's Purpose would be served. Unfortunately, I believed that too. It never occurred to me that I would not -- somehow -- become glittering and famous. With my vaunted I.Q., this was inevitable. Wasn't it??? Naturally, she could count on me ...

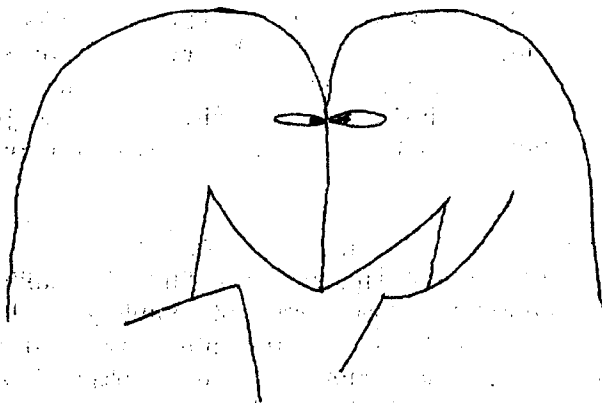
What a devil of a responsibility! Also, what growing bewilderment in me as the years passed with no great surge of creative genius setting me -- and the world -- aflame. What was wrong with me?

My best loved teacher is still waiting -- thinking about me often, I'm certain. As far as I know, none of her other students have come through for her. And here I sit writing for FAPA knowing that all these years she has felt dependent on me to give her life Meaning. Ironically, she herself, may have contributed to my failure to Justify Her Existence. One day she took me aside and earnestly advised me -- a 6th grader! -- not to make the mistake she made in not marrying. Not that I was the spinster type -- anymore than she was -- but who knows what delicate psychological scales were tilted that day? And without the contentment and demands on my abilities marriage brought, I might have felt more drive toward personal self-expression. Maybe.

I've thrown off most of my guilt feelings now. I've come to terms with a fact that nobody ever told me -- that a high I.Q. figure doesn't automatically guarantee an accompanying, built-in, spectacular talent in any particular field. Despite lack of fame or acclaim, I know now that I have lived my life thus far -- with many challenges it has involved -- capably, if not brilliantly. Generally speaking, I'm fairly satisfied with my performance.

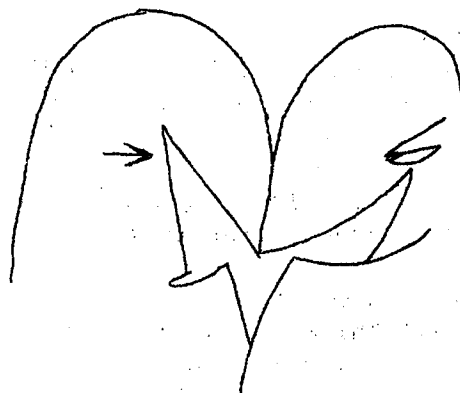
But I do wish I could forget that lovely aging woman -- now probably a little old lady -- who had such Great Expectations.

CHICON III



YAH - MY I.Q. IS HIGHER THAN YOURS!

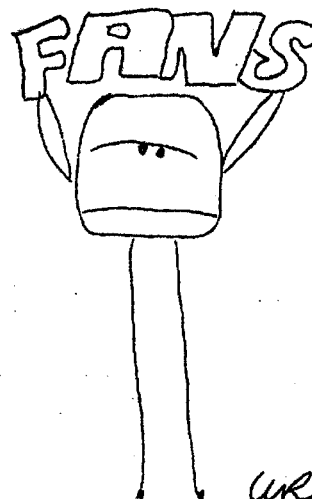
ROTSLER (CAPTIONS - PHE)



FAKE-FAN! YOU'VE BEEN HAVING
SECRET SESSIONS WITH REV. HARNESS-

EGOB000 and

EGOB000 - B00



THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Officialdom: Now that I'm no longer in it, I find little to say about it. Except the back of my wait-list was blank so I don't know who's new. Saved me a few issues of PHlotz. No-oh-no-oh-no -- I don't send PHlotz to all that mob. Just those who show appreciation somehow.

BOBOLINGS/Pavlat: I can't judge how many stars Chicago rates as a girl-watching area, but one enjoyable thing about that city is the many men there who have developed girl-watching to a high art. This is fun because Milwaukeeans are very shy and seem to specialize in sidewalk-crack watching or plane spotting. I was walking in Chicago one day with my mother -- who rates a lot of watching -- when we approached three practiced girl-watchers. After they passed, mother glanced briefly around and started laughing. One of them was walking backwards with the other two guiding him, she reported. Arthur is particularly fond of New York because of the many attractive man-watchers around. This is egoboosting and great fun. # Enjoyed all of this report of the adventures and passengers in your various cars. However, you stopped at the most interesting (to me) part. Was AFFAIRE DU COEUR the car I rode in at Seacon when we went off to find the police and got lost in a basement full of packing cases?

SALUD/Elinor: I can't agree with you unreservedly that seventeen years' age difference between husband and wife is excessive. It depends greatly on the individuals involved. Personally, I have always been attracted only to men quite a bit older than myself, although at my present age as long as a man is mentally and emotionally mature his years are relatively unimportant. When I was a teen-ager tho, I almost never would date a man less than 10 years older than I was, and would certainly have been unhappy if I had married an unsophisticated youngster. During my 15th-17th years, my favorite summer "boy friend" was a scintillating man in his 40's -- a dramatics instructor at Baltimore University who spent summers in Maine. This friendship enriched me greatly and -- strangely but happily -- my parents were discerning enough to be more comfortable when I was with him than they were about any of my other more conventional dates. # Tolerance, tolerance, Elinor! If people like martinis made with vodka instead of gin, what's the crime? Some of my best friends put mustard instead of ketchup on hamburger but I manage to overlook it. One must have compassion for the misguided in this world. # Old people may do less reading because of failing eyes. Or they might have other reasons for disinterest. When I was young, I was a voracious, omniverous reader -- recently reread my diary kept during my mid-teens and found I often read more than one book a day and rarely less than one. However, the more I became involved in living my own life, the less interest I found in fictional lives and read very selectively now. Before my own life really began, fictional lives were fascinating as I lived vicariously. Also, they were forming my own mental blueprint of what I did and did not want my future life to be like. Now fictional people must be extremely colorful to excite me. # How in the world do you learn all these abortion secrets about people -- do they actually tell you such things? Being reserved about my own personal life, I guess I do not invite such confidences from other people and find it rather incomprehensible to find some people sharing their intimate lives with all and sundry.

ALIF/Anderson: Another Season report -- greatly enjoyed -- but with no check marks. I like most con reports, when I've been there, but don't know which kind are most fun to read -- those which are describing my convention, or those in which the events seem to have taken place in an alternate universe. Your convention was Heinlein-swimming-pool-filk-singing oriented and differed as much from my Season as mine must have differed from Walter Breen's. But apparently everybody's Season was absolutely great! I wish it could happen all over again.

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE/Carr: These were very delicate and poignant, Terry, and the layout added to their effectiveness. Altogether, a lovely booklet.

PHANTASY PRESS/McPhail: Nice cover by Danaline -- she's developing quite a talent, Dan. # When congratulating Bill Evans on rounding out five years in FAPA, don't you mean five years as an officer, or something? Bill has been in FAPA just about forever. # Those vociferous HUAC opposers would probably deny that there is any undercover subversion to be dealt with. # I didn't know that few women whistle. I do occasionally. It's a thin little whistle, but adequate when I'm in a whistling mood. When I was very small, I tried desperately for what seemed a long time to learn, but nothing would happen. Then one morning I woke my mother in great excitement at 5 AM, shaking her and shrieking in her ear. She jumped up in alarm, sniffing for smoke and frantically trying to find out what was wrong. It finally registered -- over and over I was yelling in jubilation, "I can whistle, Mother -- I can WHISTLE!!!" And, dazed, she had to listen while I proved it there and then.

GROTESQUE/Martin: Grotesque it was -- not to mention salacious and generally ough. Golly, do we have to have such tripe in the mailings? (Addenda: Morning mail brought welcome news that Ed has been ousted from FAPA. To worried waiting-listers who get PHlotz and also received Ed's fuzzy complaint -- Martin's initial FAPA offering consisted of eight pages of obscene stories which, it now develops, were not even original. Ed's ouster was constitutionally valid on both cited charges -- unoriginality and claiming credit for reprint material. However, if Burbee had not been so lenient, he would have rejected this trash on grounds of unmailability.)

PHLOTSAM/me: I pulled a blooper last issue. Writing about my trip and the Burbee party, I mentioned "Ed and Ann(?) Cox." As I have already explained to the Coxes, Ed's bride is a delightful person to know and I certainly did not forget her name. But I was not sure how it was spelled. That should have read "Ann(e?) Cox."

LARK/Danner: I started school at four and finished 12 grades at 15, skipping, but I don't know whether this would be allowed anywhere now. Schools are far less flexible -- give short shrift to individual differences among children. I'm glad that I grew up in a more enlightened age. # I think you're being unreasonable and unrealistic, Bill, to reject magazines because they contain stories by writers you don't like. A magazine whose contents were entirely appealing, consistently, to anyone would probably fold in a great hurry. A competent editor has to try to find a selection of stories which will appeal to a wide diversity of tastes or his market will become increasingly limited. You'll never find a magazine edited entirely for you, Bill, so I think you may be depriving yourself of much pleasure by not looking at the contents with the view of seeing if there is anything therein that you will like. I'm happy if I find a magazine with one story that really grips me -- two is a fine bonus -- and if a couple more are passably entertaining I skip the others with complete satisfaction. We know a dress buyer for a top store who attributes her success to her practice of ordering a quantity of dresses she admires -- then, shuddering, ordering a batch of the dresses that strike her as being the most horrible available. She is clever enough to know that there will be a solid market for clothes that reflect "taste" the exact opposite of her own.

THETA/Harness: Wonder if I'll be the only FAPAn who'll admit to finding this offensive instead of funny? Many FAPAns who like to think themselves non-conformists are the most rigid conformists of all. They'd yell the walls down if anyone wrote an old-time Negro or Jewish satire because (thank heaven!) these days it just Isn't Done. But in FAPA it has now become quite acceptable to satirize Christians and, in my opinion, this indicates the same old stigma of intolerance. I'm not saying this because my toes have been stepped on -- they haven't -- but because it is so indicative of a fannishly fashionable trend to disregard the feelings and beliefs of a certain group. Most fans like to call themselves Liberals, also -- yet here violate the most basic aim of true Liberals -- the fight for respect and acceptance of every individual without regard to race, creed or color. What hypocrisy!

LAUNDRY MARK/Rusty: Another read with interest, but no comment except that I wonder where you found all those phone numbers. A great boon for phone fandom.

SERCON'S BANE/Buz: Your front page was great fun. # After Seacon and my swing South the list of FAPAns I haven't met is getting fairly short. I've met 47. This trip I added Ballard, Burbee, Anne Cox, Purdue, Rotsler and Speer. But there are still a number that I can look forward to meeting. The great pleasure of conventions is getting together with old friends (met at least once before) with whom you immediately feel comfortable and relaxed. But it's very exciting to meet people you've known only on paper and discover how their in-person personalities correspond to or differ from their on-paper personalities, and how they jibe with the mental image you've built up about them. Of course, I'll never be able to say I've met all FAPAns -- there are always newcomers and those wary old-timers who carefully keep out of my way. I'd hate to go to a convention and not meet any new old friend. #Wouldn't it be fun if you introduced Wrai to a Seattleite who used the trick of remembering names by association -- and started calling him "Mr. Snoosville." # Some silly people are becoming completely absurd in their flinging about of the word "Commies." Day or two ago there was a letter in the paper from a woman violently protesting the vulgarity of the "twist." It must have been invented by "dopeheads or Commies" she said. # I don't know what "evil experiences" Cogswell may have had with fans, Buz -- but I can testify that certain fans have had such with Cogswell. Well I remember the first night of the 1956 New York Con (remember reasonably well, that is -- I never really remember the first night of any Convention). In the wee hours, a small group of party die-hards congregated in my room because it was one of the few air-conditioned rooms in the "fully air-conditioned" Biltmore. I can't remember who was there -- Art Saha is the only one I clearly recall -- but do remember that none were of the rather heroic stature of Cogswell. Shortly before I decided I'd had it and told the others to take themselves off, our Theodore corked off on my bed. No amount of shaking or shouting resulted in as much as a muscle twitch. It was obvious that he was out cold, although there'd been no drinks in the hour or so we'd been in my room. But there had been plenty where we'd come from -- wherever that was. So, finding it impossible to arouse Cogswell, someone suggested simply rolling him off the bed and letting him sleep it off on the rug. However, up with that I would not put, and told them to pronto roll him into the hall and abandon him there if they wanted to. Instead, being kindly sorts (whoever they were) they somehow managed to heave the inert carcass off the bed and, surrounding him like tugs chugging about an ocean liner, dragged his dead weight down miles of 12th floor corridors to the elevators, transported him to the 19th floor, then, puffing, hauled him down more miles of corridor to someone's room. (I got this all second-hand next day.) Purple-faced from exertion, they tossed him on a bed and someone started to remove his shoes while another unbuttoned his shirt. At that point, Theodore calmly arose from the bed announcing, "I think this has gone far enough," and sauntered off to his pad leaving all those exhausted Samaritans with their open-mouthed faces hanging out.

CCON/Eney: Enjoyed this report tremendously, Dick. My but weren't you the busy one! That's what comes of letting people know they can depend on you. I'm afraid I'm awfully slothful about Doing Things -- the only thing I ever did was judging the Costume Ball with you in Pitt, and that I was abruptly roped into without any chance for backtalk. During the 1956 New York convention I had been living in the city for a couple of years and I don't think any of the concommittee even knew it. For which I sing Hosannah -- I'd not have liked to have been involved in that fiasco and am certainly not strong-willed, aggressive or even knowledgable enough to have done anything to alter it. # Thanks for filling in a little more of Friday night for me. So much happened so fast that I completely lost Friday night and at least you've got me up to 10:30 or so now. I remember Jim Caughran being barred from the bar because I was there, and I remember dinner with you and Bill and Marty (weren't Bob Pavlat and Peggy Rae along too?) -- and its hectic aftermath when I found I'd lost my purse with all my suitcase keys in it. This much you've given me back. Then from 12 to 1 AM, I was with Stu Hoffman getting a sneak preview of his costume. But before 12 and from 1 to 5:30 which I remember as my bedtime, I'm just blank even after all these months. Parties, surely, but where? whose? who with??? Fill in anyone? I lost Monday night too, as anyone knows within hearing distance of my walls Tuesday morning. But that was different. Monday night I was looking forward to being the same place you were -- with Boyd and the Busbys and Whites. But after the movies I decided to pack before joining you all, not to be faced with it in the morning. Then when I got to my room I was so tired, and the packing of those 3½ suitcases looked so formidable -- I'd unpacked everything so they wouldn't get crushed -- that I decided to take just a teeny little smoke and rest before I tackled the job. Next thing I knew, I was cold cold cold and crumpled, dawn was lightening the windows, my watch said 5:25, there were no lights anywhere -- and I was hopping mad! The last night of the convention gone irretrievably! After a 2000 mile trip it seemed such a waste. I was lucky though -- I couldn't remember putting out my cigarette before falling asleep, but I had. # So I "made good that proverb about wimmenfolk keeping us poor slaves waiting" by letting you fellows cool your heels a bit while I fixed my face before dinner. ~~Hmmmmmmmm~~. I won't quote any proverbs -- there aren't any because everyone knows that when a man does something, that's "different" -- but I just happen to recall your asking me to dinner in Pittsburgh, too. I told you to phone my room when you'd rounded up the other people and were all ready to go -- which you duly did. Then I spent the next half hour or so in rapt admiration of the handsome harpist down in the main lobby until you straggled in with entourage. Proverbs, anyone??? # "Martin Moore (large, friendly Chicagoan, somewhat reserved and dignified in manner)" -- that dinner in Pittsburgh -- association of ideas -- Holy Smoke! To that description of Marty, you can also add "courteous, kindly and a True Gentleman." Now I remember that Marty was with us at that dinner, yet when I accepted him as a stranger being introduced to me in Seattle he didn't blink an eye -- although he did later make a pertinent remark which I only now understand. But no embarrassing "We've already met -- don't you remember?" He didn't even remind me when we came close to the subject at the Blizzard Party. That would have been awful, because I probably would not have remembered until it came swimming out of my subconscious just now. Not that Marty is unmemorable -- anything but -- trouble is there are so many new people met at conventions that unless I can talk to them for a while so they really register, or associate them with a fanzine or FAPA, many are apt to escape my memory. Especially when they are quickly introduced to me in a crowd, as Marty was, after which he disappeared several seats away at the table with no chance to talk. This issue will be going to Marty with my thanks for passing up an opportunity to make me feel awfully silly. # This was a thoroughly enjoyable report and when I'd finished it I stopped reading. Why did you bother printing all that stuff about "The Death Of Science Fiction" after warning us at the beginning that it was "an uninspired yarn"? You couldn't have been more right!

CELEPHAIS/Evans: Bill, how disappointing of you to write this long -- and very interesting -- travel report, which dismissed the Seacon in five lines! I know I did the same thing last issue but that was different. I wrote my convention report years ago. Everyone should write at least one convention report -- and this was your very first convention. How could you resist it? # There isn't a single check mark in this issue. Reading about your trip was fascinating -- and I must have agreed with all your mailing comments. Or at least not disagreed. # Just realized I failed to mention meeting you, too, for the first time at Seacon in my mailing comments to Buz. It didn't seem that way -- I feel I've known you forever.

MELANGE/Trimbles-Cox-Perdue(What a melange!): Understand your nostalgia for your disappearing old home. I've felt the same -- in reverse. When I was in my teens, we spent summers at a wonderful old "cottage" on a lake -- beat and battered, with seventeen rooms. Marvelous for parties, sandy-footed girl friends for the week, putting up travelling camping groups (especially if they were male) caught in rain storms, and other such nostalgia-producing teen activities. After I left home, the folks sold the place and in a little while I could never bear to drive by there again. The new owners prettied it all up with paint, landscaping and remodelling. They built a concrete parking-lot-cum-boat-landing mess where our beach (hand-hauled sand) had been, and altogether ruined it. You couldn't imagine trampling through in dripping bathing suit. I hope it's still somewhere in its old form. # What does "Mathom House" mean? # How do you rate Perdue and Cox in the same issue? Both of these were from Howlsville. # What's the story on that d-r-e-a-m-y dress? Who wore it? Where? I drool! # I've gone on record against using FAPA funds for any Cause, but would be willing I guess to go along with this. However, if you hope to do anything about it in time for Chicago, the only way I can see is to try via a special petition and hope to get 33 signatures. There's hardly time for a vote.

THE RAMBLING FAP/Calkins: Your mention of home brew making being illegal reminds me of a childhood memory. The father of two friends of mine, twin girls, died and left his wife with a large brood and no means of support. As she was too proud to go "on the town," she started making home brew and many men would drop by after work to sit in her kitchen talking and having a few. There was a bit of clucking by disapproving townswomen, but generally it was accepted that she had to make a living some way and the "authorities" never bothered her. Just who the "authorities" were is not clear to me, but I remember hearing women say "they" should "do something about it." Actually, my grandfather was the sole representative of the law in that town. He was "town constable" in his spare time and had badge and a billy club upstairs to prove it. But he never did much beyond scolding truant kids and serving as boogy man for mothers to frighten their children with -- "If you don't eat your spinach, Frank Berube will come and put you in jail." The only arrest I ever recall him making was when a local man went beserk and ran naked down Main Street. I guess the real "authorities" were the Mill bosses who could have lowered the boom on her had they wished to. The entire town, with the exception of a handful of business and professional men, was dependent on the Mill, and the Bosses ruled the town in paternalistic manner. Quite well too, I think. When jobs were scarce and people all over the country getting desperate, our town made out relatively well, though meagerly. Jobs were allotted one to a family so that no families (which ran large up there) could have several wage earners, while others were forced on public relief. When things worsened, the work week was cut as necessary, but, generally speaking, there was still a bit of income for each family. Among those who had it roughest were the "rich professional men" like my dad who was a dentist and never got paid. After all, food and shelter came first and everybody knew that a dentist must be "rich" and didn't need the money. Under the same circumstances (heaven forbid!), I wonder how people would make out now with their strongly entrenched unions demanding seniority rights and all that.

FOTHPATLAW/Versins: It is necessary in FAPA to be on guard against certain members (naming no names) who set themselves up as self-styled "experts" on various subjects and proceed to write with seeming authority about them. Fortunately, we also have enough actual experts -- or at least well-informed members -- that the facts, or rather mis-statements, in these addled articles are usually corrected, as you have done with Moskowitz' discourse on French Science-Fiction. There is sometimes one difficulty, though. In this case, it is obvious who is the "expert" on French Science-Fiction. However, quite often this decision is not so easy and, between two differing "experts" the reader winds up with a wild melange of addled ideas of his/her own. Under such circumstances, I usually try to forget the entire subject, unless I'm interested enough to investigate the facts for myself.

WRAITH/Ballard: My memory of what I say and do at con parties is often vague. I'm so glad you relieved my mind by telling me just what I said to you to cause you to react by "blushing furiously, gulping your drink and trying to walk through a glass door." What could I have said? I've been wondering. For the benefit of the other curious, I told Wrai some nice things about his SAPSazines, just innocent fannish prattle. I'm glad I was persuasive, though -- I meant every word I said even if I don't remember them -- and I hope I was so persuasive that you will become the Publishing Giant of Blanchard, North Dakota. For FAPA's benefit, of course. That would give me even nicer things to say to you in Chicago -- causing you to blush even more furiously and carry on coltishly. And this time I'll be watching! # I'm undecided how to vote on the blackball. Misuse of it -- for inadequate or irrelevant reasons -- would be very disillusioning. I like to think better of FAPAns. Yet, rumor has it that it was very close to misuse this year. But had 22 signatures been previously required, Myers and Higgs would still be on the waiting list. Perhaps there should be a compromise, say 16 or so. # Lack of TAFF voting this year may have been because too many people like both Dick and Ron so well they couldn't or didn't want to decide between them. If I had not been for so long a perennial Eney campaigner (maybe I'd better stop!) I probably would not have voted either. And, of course, the non-fanzine fans had no purpose. I don't think people are actually tired of TAFF though. # There was a great flap recently in one of the local schools when an indignant mother (or maybe more than one) demanded removal of the Tarzan books from the library because Tarzan and Jane were "living in sin!" Finally, after extensive search, it was discovered that they had been quite properly wed. The school had actually been about to comply too, when the pertinent passage was found to clear Tarzan and Jane of this charge of moral turpitude. # Your words about North Dakota winters made me remember that such conditions were one reason why I couldn't wait to grow up and leave Maine. (I also wanted to See Life.) Now I wonder what am I doing in Wisconsin??? # Ackerman, I think, is the perfect example of making fandom a Way of Life. Your interpretation of FIAWAL differs from mine -- I think of it as mental and emotional commitment to fandom to the almost complete exclusion of everything else. This happens too -- especially among some maladjusted adolescent fans when they first discover fandom. I take fandom rather seriously, in a fun way, when I'm with it -- but I'm able to be with it so little that I could never consider myself a FIAWAL type. Or a FIJAGDH type either, by your interpretation. I've made too many fine friends for that. So I'm what?

VANDY/Coulsons: Strange -- there are just two checkmarks in this entire issue. I note that I get the pinwheel-shrinking effect, most unpleasant, everytime I try to sleep on the back of my head. If that's of any interest to anyone. # The other check concerned the lack of any identification of RSC and JWC mailing comments except in the table of contents. Newcomers are apt to get confused. If anyone cares. # Don't lose heart, though -- your discourse on I.Q.'s, Juanita, sparked me to an entire article in here somewhere which originally were part of Vandy comments. I got carried away this issue -- the party bit was originally part of Spindrift.

VOICE OF SEATTLE'S NAMELESS ONES/White: One of the few newspaper reports of fans and fanac I've ever seen that treated us fairly. I still squirm when I remember the Cincinnati paper that misquoted me as saying, "I'm just a worshipper!"

HORIZONS/Warner: Quality can still be found in manufactured goods, Harry, but you usually have to pay plenty for it. Trouble is that even price is not a reliable guide -- quality is a gamble these days and you can get just as stuck on an expensive item as a cheap one. The only difference is that your odds are better. What really gripes me is that manufacturers are permitted to sell junk that doesn't ever work at all -- like those little pencil sharpeners in the 5 & 10's that rob kids of their dimes and quarters and are completely worthless. There's too much of that dishonesty. # Coslet is the last person who should be advocating denial of activity credit for mailing comments. His MC's are all I read of his stuff, except on the rare occasions when he gets off the bible listing kick. # True, vegetables do not prey on living creatures -- but other than providing us with our vitamins and minerals, what other purpose do they serve? Any human being who lived like a turnip would be considered utterly worthless and if taboos were not so strongly entrenched against it, I'd recommend such creatures be eaten to offer some value to the world. By refusing to eat vegetables, you're advocating complete parasitism -- taking, absorbing, existing and doing nothing. Fie on you! # Your story about Charlotte was sordid and unpleasant, but it was written with such skill and conviction -- and has so many fannish parallels -- that I was completely fooled until the very end. It didn't occur to me that it was fiction until the melodramatic ending.

ILLEGAL BALLOT: New officialdom is off to a wild start with ballots that shouldn't be and frantic instructions not to use them and reports on the illegal results by the Coulsons and no Egoboo Poll in the November mailing. What's FAPA coming to???

ANKUS/Pelz: Bruce, I read you with interest but find myself with nothing to say. Either I am agreeing with you, or find you ranging out of my field of interest. However, I think Duperman is fabulous -- please, Bjo, continue it!

DIGITAL SCIENCE-FACT-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY/Hoffman: This is without doubt FAPA's most reliable fanzine, with -- I think -- the single exception of HORIZONS. How many others can boast of celebrating a 10th anniversary without a miss? Congratulations, Lee -- we'll be looking forward to #4 in 1966.

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: I wonder if it's my British race memory that causes me to usually spell theater as "theatre" and if I don't catch myself, write "lable" for label? I don't even know if "lable" is correct in England. # We've seen quite a number of professional plays during the past year, but I guess I don't mention them because nobody else in FAPA discusses plays. One gets in a groove of writing about what everyone else is writing about. The theatre/theater may not be getting its share of attention because it is not apt to be a common experience like a popular book or TV show. It's hard to discuss something you know nothing about -- like I had nothing to say about Pelz' description of the G&S show. # If an English "Solicitor" was described as "soliciting" wouldn't it be actionable? Or does the word have an entirely different connotation there than it does here? # I think custom-made clothes are uncommon here except among the very wealthy. There are not too many tailors and dressmakers -- probably far fewer ones capable of turning out a product as fine and professional as a good ready-made -- and the cost of custom clothing is quite prohibitive. Most tailors and seamstresses do mainly alterations. However, we buy good ready-mades and then have them custom fitted which is almost as satisfactory, with luck. I dream of custom-made shoes, but at \$50-\$75, they are still a dream. But Arthur's eyeing custom shirts. # Your reply to Marion's misinterpretation of your Campfire Girls observation was hilarious! # Hurry back Boyd!

ABJECT APOLOGY/Lyons: Do miss Pat's art -- is she mad at us? # Your trip sounds grand -- do hope you took the opportunity to gorge on a real shore dinner while on the New England coast. The memory of Maine shore dinners is about the only thing that tempts me to visit back there. Steamer clams dipped in broth and butter -- tiny tender fried clams eaten from a box like popcorn -- and, OH, Maine Lobster! We used to go to a place on the ocean where a little shack stood at the foot of a hill. We'd bring along bread, napkins, a pound of butter, lemons to squeeze in it, and nut crackers to break the shells. The man in the shack would take his boat and row out to his lobster bed (in nets or something) and catch as many of the wildly flailing beauties as we wanted -- usually about 3 apiece. Then he'd boil them in a great vat while he melted our butter. Carrying our steaming goodies, we'd climb the hill to a table sheltered by pines overlooking the ocean, and satisfy magnificently the enormous appetites whipped up by those ocean breezes. Ah, dream. This cannot be compared to any other variety of lobster in the world -- and bears almost as little resemblance to the expensive, languid or completely limp Maine lobsters available in restaurants or markets elsewhere. People "Down East" have two inflexible rules about food -- lobsters must be kicking, and corn on the cob is not fit to eat unless it's "20 minutes from stalk to pot." # Everyone is talking about the difficulty -- or ease -- of spending Canadian bills here. I don't know about that as I don't try. I brought a batch to Boyd at Seacon to change for me. At least I think I did -- I had them set aside to bring. However, nobody has said anything about whether or not United States bills and coins are generally acceptable in Canada. How about that?

EOS/Speer: An institutional ad is one designed to publicize a company in general rather than sell specific products. For example, when we were publishing a Florida magazine, the Florida Power and Light Company ran institutional ads as contrasted with realtors who were offering property for sale. # "Aren't I" may be an affectation but I think its only alternative "am I not" would sound even more affected today. Or do you advocate "amn't I"? # Although we sold the Florida Journal 8 years ago, we still receive annual Christmas cards from an early subscriber and his wife although we have never had any contact with them. And they, of course, are also on our permanent card list. # Here's a check mark I'm going to ignore this time. I'm trying to keep these comments reasonably brief and this is the sort of loaded subject that really sets me off. (I've also resolved to let one issue go by without sounding off at Jack Speer -- but no promises for next time.) The subject, in case you're curious, is your conviction that advertising is of no benefit to society. However, I can't resist remarking that you agree that advertising will cause people to buy one seller's product instead of another's -- aren't these sellers members of "society"? # Where was Phyllis Economou this mailing? you want to know. Well, it's egoboosting to know I was missed, even unto the extent of an interlineation. Or were you missing my usual harangue at you? I'll tell you where I was in a minute, but while mentioning harangues, I'd like to bring up something I've long been curious about. I've found it characteristic of both you and Harry Warner -- who are about the only FAPAns who have fairly regularly provoked me to argument -- that whenever I take issue with something either of you say, the next mailing you chatter on about anything else but, while I'm eagerly waiting to find out what you will say in defense and/or rebuttal. Could it be that you are both altogether too Gentlemanly to debate with a Lady??? Next time Boyd prods me into elaborating on one of his sound-offs at you, I think I'll refrain from taking up the challenge just to see if you will react to him. # So where was I this mailing? (Mailing before last) I was knocking myself out at the office getting new people trained and trying to get work done for weeks ahead -- and things like shopping -- all so that I could take 3½ weeks off to go to Seattle and other places in order to meet people like that wrong-headed liberal Jack Speer who knocked all my preconceptions right into a cocked hat by being charming. That's where I was.

LIGHTHOUSE/Graham & Carr: If you fellows want comments, you shouldn't publish such a monster zine. These gigantic affairs I always put at the bottom of the heap because I get tired just looking at them -- then when I get to them I'm too tired of writing comments to do justice to them. # Skipping the now meaningless checkmarks on Graham's Minor Drag, I'll just say that it was all interesting reading which I enjoyed. # Carr's Blind Clarinet was consistently excellent all the way through -- isn't there a pro market for this, Terry? Can't say enough about Sylvia's illustration for this which was also without question of pro quality. Bravo, both of you! # Ted, your point of view on army service makes sense to me. I wanted to elaborate on your opinion that you'd probably be less useful than a more phlegmatic type, but what I had to say would run a page so I'll let it go. But you do make a lot of sense. # Terry Carr -- why do you and other fans have such a tendency to generalize about people from your own in-group standpoint? Male fans may prefer women with long hair -- but it doesn't necessarily follow that "almost all males" do. Most of those I know outside the little world of fandom definitely do not. They want their women to look chic, and this is just about impossible with long hair unless a woman has a very skilled hairdresser, vast amounts of time and plenty of money. Except perhaps in bed, well-kept short hair is almost always prettier and more becoming to any female over six. # I have a book problem you may be able to help me with. When the spine and covers are off a book, what will make them solidly adhere again? Also, is there any known method of replacing the original boards on an old book when they have come off leaving the spine attached to the text? # Re Ray Nelson's big Beat problem -- these mixed-up kids will probably grow up to be the squarest squares of all to compensate for their unorthodox early environment. They'll spend their lives driving to earn more money to keep their analysts in couches. # Graham again -- if lawyers legate, do doctors medicate?

NULL-F/White and people: You "solicit" honest criticism of your story, so that is what I will try to give. It was definitely a "mood piece" rather than an actual story, but as such it didn't quite come off. The mood was not sustained. The first couple of paragraphs were OK, but the first girl to enter served no purpose that I could see. The second girl I thought unconvincing because the physical description -- especially of her attire -- indicated a sophisticated woman and it was quite a jolt when you mentioned her as "perhaps sixteen." I think my main dissatisfaction with it was that it didn't arrive anywhere -- even a mood bit should have some purpose, if only a change in outlook. This simply ended, and nothing had happened either inside or outside. # I'm surprised that Breen should have noticed only a dozen or so nonsmokers out of hundreds. In fandom alone, various surveys have indicated a high proportion of nonsmokers -- less than half in FAPA, if I remember correctly. I could name a dozen out of the 20 or so fans who were here the other night. Enjoyed Breen's comments -- hope he continues. # Loved "Sam's Blues." # Ted -- you're addicted to fannish feuding. Knowing this, I'll never take one of your feuds seriously again. Without these constant hassles, I'm sure you'd fade away and gafiate. What will you do if Eney fails to retaliate now? # The "Brandon" bit about a day with Sylvia was delightful -- once the first two paragraphs were hurdled. A minor quibble, perhaps, but in professional writing the opening paragraphs are all-important and these two were distracting rather than a "hook." This was caused by the superabundance of adverbs, many of which were repeated or almost identical in sound. To be specific: In the first paragraph -- Sylvia stepped "lightly"; the sun shone "warmly"; a "slight" breeze ruffled flags "slightly." Next paragraph (and sentence) started: Smiling "slightly," her head "slightly" tilted "happily" then she made her way "directly but unhurriedly"; tripped "lightly"; hummed a "light" tune that made workmen smile as they looked up "briefly." All in two short paragraphs -- see what I mean, Terry? Beyond that, everything moved along well. But watch those adverbs -- they sneak up on you. I know because I used to have adverbitis myself.

DAY*STAR/Bradley: Your accomplishments in the writing field these past months are tremendous. Congratulations! In view of this, I find it harder than ever to understand why you want to bother with teacher's training. # As a Night Person, I just shudder at your lyric description of your trip to school, starting with that 5:15 alarm. I, too, love the experience you describe -- fading stars, pinkening sky, and that first glimpse of the sun arcing the horizon. But I love it only when I'm on my way home from somewhere. # To Charles Wells: Thumbs down on your "Modest Proposal" from this member at least. I see absolutely no benefits to be gained by having the members' votes determine the order of admittance of the waiting-listers. It not only would be grossly unfair, but probably fail to provide even the one possible benefit you mention -- quick admittance of the most "worthwhile" waiting-listers. I've said this before, but it's worth calling attention to again -- activity outside of FAPA has in the past been no indication of either the quality or quantity of activity of a person once he's in. Many of the most eagerly awaited people, once they became members, have been very disappointing, either by not producing and dropping out, or by publishing material far inferior to their previous work. In reverse, many relative unknowns have become the most active and valued members. There is nothing necessarily wrong with a waiting-lister being a passifan. Of course, FAPA would benefit if new members had some experience in writing interestingly. But your proposal would probably result in a certain group of waiters writing and publishing like mad things in order to gain votes which would get them into FAPA quickly by which time they would be ripe for gaffiation from sheer exhaustion. Burned out. Sorry, Charles -- NO. # Back to Marion. Re the blackball -- in the name of "freedom and democracy" would you also advocate emptying the prisons and asylums of their inmates and loosing them on society? Our defense was urgent.

CATCH TRAP/Bradley again: Here's another FAPA generalizing from insufficient data. What men are "notably indifferent to fashion" Marion? Fans? Rochester, Texas, men? Some men are indifferent to fashion, I agree -- but you failed to even qualify your statement. Many men are quite fashion conscious -- not in the sense that they keep informed on the "latest thing," but they are generally aware of whether a woman looks up-to-date and are pleased with this if it is combined with good taste and attractiveness. (I have one such in my own house -- he screams if something I'm wearing displays too little leg in this era of short skirts!) # Thank fortune I would be temperamentally and emotionally incapable of spending ten years of my adult life in a place or under circumstances that I'd consider "hell" if extended to eternity. It would be impossible for me to survive without doing something about it. Life is far too short to waste years in passive acceptance -- without even the satisfaction of knowing that you are making definite, constructive efforts to change things as quickly as possible. Such efforts may take more time than hoped to accomplish the desired change, but they should at least be directed toward immediate alteration of undesirable circumstances. Heaven is far too nebulous to bother vizualizing what one would like it to be like there -- one's efforts should be directed toward molding here and now to the closest approximation of such an ideal. Of course, I'm writing subjectively here. Other people may find it possible to passively submit to circumstances they find deplorable, repressing their inward rebellion. But it has always been my nature to rebel violently and flail about until I smash whatever uncomfortable cage life tries to confine me in -- and I find it hard to feel empathy for the submissive. # Slenderness has become a status symbol, and the fashion -- but overweight definitely has adverse effects on health and energy. The ill-effects of lugging around unneeded poundage, straining heart and other organs, are statistically provable by mortality tables. I can also speak from experience here -- many minor maladies which make me uncomfortable when I lose ground in the battle of the bulge immediately disappear as soon as I get back to normal, and my energy increases tenfold. Try lugging around 20 lbs. of sugar for a few days and see if you feel full of vigor. And keep in mind that your circulatory system doesn't have to nourish that sugar.

THE GREAT FAPPISH LAWSUIT/White: I can't find this but am just as glad because I consider the whole mess completely appalling. So the Moskowitzes had to holler for papa. All we need now is for Ted to hire a lawyer, too, and tell the nasty Moskowitzes that his papa can lick their papa. Come off it, kids!

SPINNAKER REACH/Chauvenet: Everyone seems to say San Francisco is their favorite city. I've talked to dozens of people in recent months who all say San Francisco is their favorite city. I'm beginning to believe San Francisco is my favorite city too -- after spending something like 2-3 hours there -- and sooner or later we will probably do something about it. I know just about when, too -- but will not under any circumstances tell FAPA because they're apt to believe me, thus forcing us to remain in Milwaukee long past our mental deadline. That deadline is far far away, so don't anybody start waiting for Announcements. # After all your trepidation, your Speedoprint came through for you fine apparently, except for a degree of over-inking. Think Positively, Russ. # Very much appreciate your printing the Lenour-mand article about Russian experiments with telepathy. Whoever is doing it, I'm glad to see this matter being thoroughly researched. However, I think Dr. Rhine is placing himself at a great disadvantage with the scientific-minded by his ill-considered use of the term "supernatural powers" with reference to thought transmission -- or assuming that evidence of the latter somehow "proves" the existence of the human soul. That's fuzzy thinking. Proof that telepathy exists is simply proof that telepathy exists. If it exists -- and I have no doubt that it does -- it is a more-or-less latent power shared by everyone. Once understood and recognized, means will probably be quickly found to speed its development. But any human ability, however latent, is natural -- once telepathy is scientifically proved, it will no more be considered "supernatural powers" than are radio waves which once would have been regarded as "supernatural." # I cannot agree with the theory that telepathy is body-to-body rather than mind-to-mind. There is too much evidence that distance has no bearing on receptivity. # I also think you may have misread or misunderstood the beginning of the article. I reread this twice, trying to find your reference to the "obvious 'control' experiment of waking him up by an electric shock." I could find nothing of the sort. The button Prof. Vassilief pressed was simply to record the exact moment he gave the mental command he had been preparing himself for. The article says that even before the subject woke, "the electrical currents of his brain have changed." But this does not imply that he was awakened by electric shock -- simply that his brain received the command and responded to it before his body complied. (Another bit of evidence that telepathy is mind-to-mind.) Wasn't measuring the time it took the subject to react to the signal one of the principle reasons for the experiment, as well as recording that this mental contact actually resulted in a physical change in the subject's brain wave pattern?

PANTOPHON/Shapa: Buried away somewhere is a collective fanzine called PANTOPHON -- or something of the sort -- by a number of avid waiting-listers. I'm not sure of the spelling because I don't know what the word means and at this point haven't the energy to check the dictionary. P_____ is buried because around the holidays any number of things get "put away" temporarily, and a remarkable number of them are never seen again. Holidays should come more often in order to reverse -- or at least counteract -- the reproductive tendencies of such impedimenta. However, I do want to say I'm sorry for the lack of comments because I'd like to see the waiting-listers continue participating this way. The outstanding item this time -- and the only one I remember -- was Chuck Hanson's Seacon report. I do like con reports, and particularly enjoyed this one! And it was such fun meeting you, Chuck.

Until E. G.H.E.

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Please, people -- don't confine your
comments to complaints about the off-
set, the paper, the show through and
all that stuff I'm too well aware of.
I had the paper on hand -- it seemed
a good idea to use it, but I know
better now and won't do it again. OK?

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