

This is PHLOTSAM number 5. It has been written and duplicated for the 76th Fapa mailing, August, 1956, by Phyllis H. Economou, 436 West 20th Street, New York 11, N. Y. I am not proud of it. It is, however, my child so I must love it, I suppose.

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And this is the section I call

SPINDLIFT

where I chatter ...

THERE'S A REASON for everything, I've heard. I believe it too. For example, there are reasons why this issue is so disorganized, so unillustrated, unletter-guided even, why there is no heading -- not even a title -- to tell you where the mailing comments begin (turn right to page 7 if you're in a hurry.) There are reasons why page 5 is not numbered, why the top margins vary from a half-inch to an inch-and-a-half in width, why some pages are smootched and others pristine (and why the smootches are not in the same places you've come to expect them in PHlotz.) There's a reason why the top paragraphs of pages 3,4 and 5 are boxed up as if they said something especially important, which they don't, and there's a very good reason why a mailing comment on MASQUE will be in some inappropriate spot on these pages or the blank one I've got left in the middle, instead of with the others where it belongs. A blank page in the middle of a Fapazine when deadline has already come, leered and went is a traumatic experience. But that's my problem. You've got problems of your own. I'm sure you have lots of good reasons of your own too. Therefore, I'd appreciate it if you would each fit your own spare reasons to the above list of incongruities and save me the trouble of detailing mine. Thanks.

CAPITALS on these pages indicate a change of subject. This will probably occur frequently because my thoughts are like popcorn tonight. Maybe next issue I'll come all over puddin' headed and write you another essay. I like to write essay-type things but haven't figured out the formula. I don't know whether a subject like cats or an old movie invokes a mood where the words flow out, smooth and homogenous like chocolate pudding, or whether a chocolate pudding mood, all rich and easy, inspires a subject. Maybe you prefer popcorn anyway. Take it with salt.

NEWS CLIPPING--HOAX TURNS INTO A NOVEL: A 192-page novel, first conceived by a nighttime disk jockey as a hoax, will be published by Ballentine Books, Inc. Its title: "I Libertine;" its putative author: Frederick R. Ewing, Oxford graduate, retired Royal Navy commander, student of 18th century erotica -- in short a man as phony as a dicer's oath. (I'm copying this exactly.) Jean Shepard, WOR record spinner, a 32-year-old rebel who works from 1 a.m. to 5:30 a.m., was nettled last April when a book store clerk told him a book he sought did not exist. This clerk, Mr. Shepard told his audience of Night People, belonged to the Day People, smug, regimented conservatives. (Attn: Calkins - Danner) He was out to shake their faith in time-tables, appointment pads, lists of purchaseable things. With suggestions from the Night People, Mr. Shepard picked title and author and sent his listeners knowingly scuttling into book stores and libraries to ask for the book. Within weeks, Ian Ballentine, publisher, heard of the book from salesmen. He tracked the story to Mr. Shepard, uncovered the hoax, decided to publish such a book anyhow. So Mr. Shepard teamed with Theodore Sturgeon, a science fiction writer, and there you are: a first press run of 130,000 copies. "I, Libertine" will tell the adventures of an 18th century duchess.

Don't be a day-bird -- join the Night People TONIGHT!

THIS SHOULD HAVE appeared under comments on FIENDETTA, but I had no room. From Wells' sentence (to Wetzel): "You are obviously anti-Semitic since you use the word "Jew" as an epithet..." I am wondering if Charles has the same misconception as to the meaning of the word "epithet" as I had. In fact, from the common usage in my reading, I'm inclined to think that many people, writers included, share the same understanding -- or misunderstanding. I had gathered that the word implied a derogatory expression or vicious name, as apparently does Charles, and the writer of the following sentence which I read in a national magazine today: "Some youngsters today wince at the term "teen-ager" as if it were an epithet." Yet, recently I read something else -- can't remember what -- where usage of the word was so obviously incorrect if my understanding of its meaning was accurate, that I went scurrying to the dictionary. To my astonishment, I found this to be Webster's definition: "Epithet: An adjective expressing some real quality of the thing to which it is applied. Any word or name implying a quality attached to a person or thing." Nothing at all about derogatory. Apparently I could say to you "You're a doll!" and it would be an epithet. Am I revealing an abysmal ignorance or is this actually a common error? Perhaps a modern alteration in usage?

THE BIBLE explains all about how folks acquired all their different tongues in the Tower of Babel mess, but does it explain anywhere howcome people turned all different colors when we are all supposed to have descended from Adam & Eve? Or why? What color were Adam & Eve? Coswal?

WHAT EVER became of "The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bangs?

IT'S STILL A MAN'S WORLD BUT DEPT.: Have you heard about the major victory by the ladies of the WRAC over the forces of bureaucracy in Britain? As of right now the gals have official sanction to wear panties of their choice -- pink, white, blue or black-sheer-with-appliqued-hands like they sell the yokels on Times Square. No longer need they risk disciplinary action by being caught out of uniform -- uniform being vast khaki-colored knee-length bloomers designed for the military ladies by some frustrated missionary just prior to World War I. And they were being caught -- insubordination in respect to the khaki monstrosities had become so common that bloomer inspection became part of the general routine. Now the gals of the WRAC may keep their skirts down and their morale up. Recommendations have been made that surplus stocks of obsolete bloomers be reconverted for use as dirigible hangars.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT "Diabolique" and "Wages of Fear," the two French Clouzot shockers. I saw "Wages of Fear" twice and wonder which version the rest of you are seeing -- the original French with English subtitles and the most electrifying, shocking, crashing ending I've ever seen in any movie, or the emasculated version with English sound awkwardly dubbed in and the thunderbolt climax chopped off to provide the trite "happy ending" apparently presumed more suitable for American movie-goers? The last, I'll bet -- and it's a shame! It was a natural for the meddlers -- probably arranged that way deliberately by the canny distribution-minded French. When the picture played first run in New York, nobody was seated during the last 10 minutes -- but just prior to that final harrowing 10 minutes everything appears to be wound up in a rosy glow -- the pretty new ending for us squeamish Americans. See the original if you possibly can!

TURN to page 6 if you're in the mood for more popcorn -- or maybe nuts..

DER "GOOD OLD DAYS"

At least that's what they always say. Anyway, you can judge for yourselves now, the following being excerpts from the V I, No. I issue of TIME magazine dated March 3, 1923.

So, chilluns, this is how it went back in those good old days when Bloch was sorry and Tucker just beginning to tick. Without comment, I report:

NATIONAL AFFAIRS:

WHO WILL BE the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1924? Senator Oscar Underwood, Mr. Ford or Mr. McAdoo? Mr. Underwood's candidacy is being advanced by the more conservative element among the Democrats. Mr. Ford and Mr. McAdoo may fairly be classed as progressives.

PRESIDENT HARDING and Mr. Hughes proposed that the United States join The Hague Permanent Court of International Justice.

AMONG A MASS of interesting business which the 67th Congress left undone there are 77 proposed amendments to the Constitution, including:

An amendment to provide a minimum wage law.

An amendment to provide regulation of employment of children under 18.

THE MILITARY EXPENDITURES of the United States, England, France and Italy will be well over a billion dollars this year:

England	\$469,013,784
France	405,000,000
United States	251,250,231
Italy	150,000,000

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, has proposed that President Harding appoint women in charge of prohibition enforcement as they are the natural enemies of drink.

A BILL is before the Kansas Legislature to make the possession of cigarettes or material for making cigarettes an offence punishable by imprisonment. Kansas already has a law against selling or giving away cigarettes but none against smoking them. Utah also has a law prohibiting smoking in public and the sale of cigarettes.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS:

GERMANY is passively resisting the French occupation of the Ruhr.

LITHUANIA is shelling the Polish front in a boundary dispute. "The usual rumors are current stating that Russia is causing the dissention."

DUTCH trade is suffering from the French blockade of the Ruhr.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL SAITO says that the Korean people are as a whole satisfied with the Japanese regime and the present state of unrest should not be taken too seriously.

THE RED MENACE: The Bolsheviks are very busy talking about war and explaining to the world the significance of the Ruhr, Memel, Vilna. At the fifth anniversary of the formation of the Red Army, Trotzky, Minister of War, said: "We want peace, but nobody knows when the bad intentions of our enemies will compel us to get into the field."

<u>TAXES:</u> Per Capita	<u>Direct</u>	<u>Indirect</u>
Great Britain	\$55	\$30
France	15	12
United States	13.60	12.70

Note: The average annual cost per British head of the settlement of the American debt is said to be one pound sterling. This will raise total taxation to about \$90 per capita "which England will bear like a great nation, without grumbling."

BOOKS:

IN BLACK OXEN, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has coined a new word for the intellectual aristocracy of New York. It is possible that the word "sophisticates" may, in time, come into general usage.

AWARD of a \$2,000 prize by Dial, for the best poem of 1922, to an opus entitled The Waste Land, by T. S. Eliot, has raised storms of both praise and protest. Burton Rascoe, of the New York Tribune, hails it as incomparably great. The opposition claim it was written as a hoax. Here are the last eight lines:

"London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'accose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam ceu chelidon -- O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
"Shantih Shantih Shantih"

CINEMA:

THE WHITE FLOWER -- Another of those Hawaiian pictures concerning a beautiful half-caste with too many beaux of different shades of pigment. MINNIE -- The usual Cinderella story anent the transformation of Minnie, the ugly duckling, into Minnie, the bird of Paradise, thanks to true-love and a permanent wave. THE PILGRIM -- Chaplin as an escaping convict turned minister presents a gorgeously funny example of custard-piety.

"LOWELL SHERMAN is one of those villains whose very dressing gown exudes a purple and intoxicating charm. In his person the seething repressions of the timidly virtuous find a delighted escape. He is an inexhaustible well of vicarious sin."

THE THEATRE:

AMONG THE most important of the new Broadway offerings are: (1) ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN -- two of Manhattan's most impeccable young men about town, Roland Young and Leslie Howard, become inextricably involved with each others fiancees. "A comedy of mannerly intoxication." (2) RAIN -- The play is distinguished by Jeanne Eagels' acting and by real rain falling dismally throughout. (3) MERTON OF THE MOVIES (4) WILL SHAKESPEARE -- "Shakespeare is represented as a sort of divine sponge. When properly squeezed by a woman, an immortal play trickles out."

SPORTS:

GENE TUNNEY, former champion of the A.E.F., emerged from the smoke of a battle in Madison Square Garden holding Harry Greb's light-heavyweight championship of the world. But the smoke had hardly cleared when clouds of official disapproval rose to blur the brilliance of his honors. Tunny took the decision on points.

AERONAUTICS:

A COMMERCIAL AIRSHIP LINE between Chicago and New York, often discussed, took definite shape last week. A corporation is to be formed in which Marshall Field, William Wrigley Jr., Franklin D. Roosevelt, Benedict Crowell, former Assistant Secretary of War, and Owen D. Young, Vice-President of the General Electric Company, will be members.

First a careful investigation of the possibility of such a line was made by German engineers, who had been trained in the school of the Zeppelin. The report was favorable and preparations are going ahead.

Present plans are to build in this country a rigid dirigible of the Shutte Lanz type. Helium will be used as the elevating gas, because it is non-inflammable. The ship will carry 50 passengers, and is scheduled to leave New York at six in the morning and arrive in Chicago early next morning, the passengers sleeping en route. The Government is to give full co-operation because of the military advantage of developing commercial aviation in this country.

SADI LECOINTE, famed Frenchman, established a new world speed record. Lecointe flew over a four-kilometer course at Istres, averaging 233.01 miles an hour.

A SUCCESSFUL HELICOPTER -- "...So far as I know, you have produced the first successful helicopter." This is a fragment of the congratulatory message sent by Thomas A. Edison offering assistance in further experiments to Dr. Bothezaat, who broke the world's helicopter record at McCook's Field, Dayton, Ohio, by remaining in the air two minutes and 45 seconds at a height of 15 feet.

MEDICINE: A baby, born apparently dead, was successfully revived by unusual means, an injection of adrenalin.

MISCELLANY:

THE POPULATION of the continental United States on Jan. 1, 1923 was approximately 110,100,000.

THE CONCERT MAYOL, a Paris music hall, advertises a piece called Oh, Quel Mu! For the benefit of Americans and Englishmen, the following free translation is inserted on the billboard: "Ladies Shirt Off!"

THE CHICAGO Herald-Examiner quoted Edith Rockefeller McCormick as saying: "I was the first wife of King Tutankhamen. I married him when I was only 16 years old, and died two years later. My interest in re-incarnation is of many years' standing.

TIMES DO CHANGE -- OR DO THEY?

MCRE SPINDRIFT ON THIS BLANK PAGE ...

ABOUT MASQUE/Rotsler: Just what Fapa needed -- our own exposé magazine. It dishes the dirt. It names the names. Bloch by Tucker, Tucker by Bloch, Boggs and Silverberg by Grennell. KTEIC by Rotsler. Now will someone please expose Grennell and Rotsler? # Your "SMILE -- you're on Television" sign tickles me. Send me one, please, when you print them up. One of the nice vulgar Village nightclubs we enjoy now and then -- the one where the MC says "I may not be the funniest MC in town but I'm sure the dirtiest" -- has some really low-down bathroom humor. In the ladies and gents rooms, on the wall is a pin-up of the interesting sex adorned with fig leaf saying "Don't lift." Of course all the first-time suckers do lift, which sets off a great blaring of trumpets like the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. As both these rooms are accessible only by crossing the dance floor in full view of the delighted waiting audience, the poor victim is awfully reluctant to emerge, but of course the red-faced exit is eventually necessary. # I have noticed some unbelievable names in the New York telephone directory, but that seems like cheating somehow. Want some? However, I can contribute from acquaintances Daisy Mae Beanblossom (Alabama), Waldemar Pfeutzenreuter, and Arthur's uncle Tegu Tegu. And Phyllis Harriet Angela Teresa Economou, of course. Hey, PHATE -- I never noticed!

CRYPTIC REMARK overheard on an escalator: "One good thing about getting married is you don't have to worry about shoes..." ((?))

LAST NIGHT Arthur and I were witness to the awesome efficiency of the New York fire department. We also became acutely aware of the awesome cost to the city of answering an alarm. These boys take no chances of a fire getting out of control due to lack of manpower. It all started about midnight when we smelled smoke and traced it to the living room window. We are on the second floor and acrid smoke was pouring in a heavy cloud past and into our window from directly below. However, we couldn't see the source and had no way of reaching the area as, so far as we knew, the courtyard below opened only from our landlord's apartment directly beneath us, and he was away. We were afraid the fire might be in his apartment and well underway, but in any event the only thing we could do was to call the fire department. We called and then things really happened! We had hardly replaced the receiver when we heard the sirens, and had just time to reach the steps outdoors when trucks started pouring in to our street en masse. We counted eight in all, plus a department car, all of which arrived in little more than 3 minutes after our call. They got the story in a dozen words, then armed with hoses, axes and other destructive looking implements, about 20 of them swarmed the house from roof to basement, while another 50 or so stood by on the trucks that extended the entire length of the block. Fortunately, just as they were about to chop down the landlord's door, some of them found an exit to the courtyard through the basement. Somehow, a minute heap of rubbish out there had caught and was smouldering throwing off immense clouds of smoke. All those brave stalwarts, armed to the gills to fight a major blaze, milled about in frustration until finally one drawled, "Will somebody please bring a pail of water?" It was all very exciting while it lasted, and pretty terrifying until found, but it left us both with a suddenly awakened appreciation of this terrific New York fire-fighting crew.

The professor is under the bed in a box. He is blue ...

The ablest and most highly cultivated people continually discuss religion, politics and sex: it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they discuss nothing else with fully awakened interest. Commoner and less cultivated people, even when they form societies for discussion, made a rule that politics and religion are not to be mentioned, and take it for granted that no decent person would attempt to discuss sex. ... G B Shaw

PERDUE BY-LAW & BOBOLINGS/Pavlat: As long as Elmer fulfills his activity requirements as defined by the constitution, he should remain a member in good standing. If such activity is insufficient, the constitution should be changed. Besides, now that Wilfried has become inactive, what would Fapans have to squawk about if we lose Perdue? Elmer's perverse annual antics are amusing and there is no guarantee that a replacing new member would prove equally so. I say nay to this.

MOONCALE/Ellis: Romance languages may have simpler verb-forms than English but what about those maddening genders? I may be unperceptive, but I cannot see why -- for example -- an Italian ceiling is masculine while the wall is feminine. Nor why the walls in France are masculine. Furthermore, unlike the hippo, I doubt that the question is of any particular interest even to another wall. Except in Italy perhaps -- come to think of it, in that romantic country only the indoor walls are feminine and the outside ones are masculine. For all the good it does them. #A "preacher" with a considerable following here in New York expounds the doctrine that the after-life is a sort of eternal cultural never-never land with this earthly sojourn the training ground. This is the first "religion" I've heard of where "good" and "evil" or spirituality are not factors. Followers spend their days absorbing culchah -- musik, aht, littrachoor, etc. -- in the belief that their standing in the next world will be determined by the degree of their "cultural" saturation at demise. I've not investigated the reasoning behind this one. # Arthur and I joined a mob last night -- neither a happy one or vicious -- just curious. Coming out of a Times Square restaurant, we saw people gathering by the hundreds as they do in New York over anything at all. We asked around but none of the crowd could tell us why they were clumping up so except that everyone else was. Finally we saw a TV truck at the corner of 44th and Broadway and a prop man told us Steve Allen was about to shoot part of his show there. Curious as anybody, we backed into the crowd just as a platoon of cops roped off the area, so we had front row "seats." The crowd -- by then several hundred thousand on all sides of the street -- was so dense that I don't see how anyone in the middle survived, let alone seeing anything. If I'd been able to reach behind me I'd have clipped a guy for playing zylophone on my vertebrae when he was only trying to adjust his camera. Next to us were a couple of Columbian visitors, non-English-speaking, who had been caught in the mob with no idea what was going on. The terror on the woman's face -- especially when all the cops showed up -- convinced me that the poor lady thought she was trapped in a revolution. Arthur finally explained and the husband reassured her with "artiste televisione." It was a pleasant, orderly mob, and the songs, dances, pretty girls and sailors -- all so unexpected -- were fun. But you have to be in just the right mood to get entangled in a New York mob. # Enjoyed all of this, Dutch.

But I feel so independent drinking it quiescent
instead of effervescent

DY AUS/Speer: I was not bored by your remarks on movies although I had seen none of the films you discussed, and was not at all tempted to see them by your comments. Our movie tastes are in complete opposition. I particularly avoid spectaculars, movies advertised as using 10,000 extras and most would-be historical representations. I like good foreign films, several top-notchers lately, and my favorite American movie in a long time is Summertime which I've seen over and over. (Are you with me, Dutch?) I would not dream of recommending it to our hard-boiled and/or intellectual Fapans though. Pure schmaltz. # Damn Yankees is also in hard-covers. Tale of a little middle-aged guy who sells his soul to become a big league ball player, and the devil's temptress. # Employees at the post office in my neighborhood tell me that all mimeod matter, legally must be sent first class mail as it is not considered "printed." Fortunately, I always mark the envelopes "printed matter" and they end up saying "Well -- we'll let it go through this time." Do any of the rest of you have that trouble? # Yikes, yes I do rime aura and horror. It sounds perfectly dandy to me -- perhaps because I end them both with "uh." # I still do not think that government sponsored TV would be an improvement over commercial TV. The contrary. Despite the large numbers of programs directed at the theoretical 13-year-old mental level, commercial TV has both the funds and the incentive to provide high quality entertainment. The Federal government is much too paternal as it is. Before BBC went commercial, squawks were loud because of their paternalistic attitude -- "uplifting" the public-- arrogant statements by officials that the public should receive what was "good" for it regardless of what they wanted -- long, boring harangues in the interest of this and that. Granted that TV could be an excellent educational medium, and often is, still I think the poor American public should at least retain the freedom to choose their entertainment in their leisure hours -- even I Love Lucy (is that still around?) or the wrestling matches. Possibly a channel or two, government controlled, might be A Good Thing -- but no more. # I tried but cannot seem to manage to pronounce chair or lair with the cat vowel. They always come out rhyming with air, as does their. Oh well. # "thwice" was not only bad lithping but a mistake. Should have been "twithe" -- which reads hard because of the urge to rhyme it with thithle. # I finally, with Ed Cox' help, pinned down "Meddibemps." A Maine metropolis with a population at last census, of 10. I still don't know where or how I ever heard of it. # Tu, unlike thou, is very commonly used in French, as is te, but seldom as second person plural. As the familiar, or affectionate, form of vous, you can hardly say it survives "somewhat more" than thou, as it is in almost universal use among family or close friends. Of course, you could be speaking to several friends intimate enough to use tu to (toot-toot) but somehow I have an impression that I am misunderstanding you here. Are you indicating tu as the plural of vous? # Now that I've blithered all my stencil away on nothings, I reach the point where I really intended to cut loose and talk. But I'm sure you've heard it all before. Kapsule Komment: I'm a Republican. I am -- or fully intend to be -- a capitalist. As to any obligation to help others economically I say phooey! The poor capitalist today, besieged by unions, exploited by labor, squeezed dry by taxes, blamed for every economic ill from the price of coffee to the fragility of nylon stockings -- this pathetic, ahrrrased creature is fighting with his back to the wall, and the unions certainly do not need him by their side. They are more than capable of taking care of their own. This may be a "jungle-law" economic system, but the capitalist is no longer king of the beasts. And what would the country do without the wicked rascals -- if just to get and keep things going, eh?

TYKE/Harness: If you were a native of the Polar regions, you'd very likely have an insatiable desire for blubber too, unless you had been conditioned against it as we have. In cold weather the human mechanism requires more fat in the diet to furnish heat and the Eskimo probably could not survive the Arctic cold without large amounts of concentrated fat in his diet. Although the food tastes of most of us are more conditioned than natural we are still apt to find low fat foods like citrus or cukes with vinegar unpleasantly astringent in winter, and rich foods like pork unpalatable in hot weather. # This is a very sweet fanzine -- reading it with a bowl of corn flakes under my chin and clumsily upended the sugar bowl all over Tyke. # Re deep cryptic remark -- I hadn't thot Frede's would interest (or be interested in) a "Sam." Samantha, yes. But vice versa? Well, of course...

STEFANTASY/Danner: We were drooling over a new Rolls Royce the other afternoon -- ~~mmmmmmmm~~. No easter egg colors, no fins, no gills, protuberances or excrescences. Just a huge black step-up-and-walk-in beauty, looking little changed from the one I told you about dating from the early '20s. Price tag dangled conspicuously from the radiator cap -- to stop all the passersby from coming in to ask, I guess -- budget priced at nothing down and \$1.00 a week for 28,000 weeks. # Thanks, Dean, for the tip. If we ever buy a furnace for our house, if we ever buy a house, we'll be warned. # Tell us now -- after all dose tings what heppened in de Onkelarctic, den what dewelop wit Onkel Vilhjalmur Stefantasy? Iz all zo oggzitink!

BIRDSMITH/McCain: The 5-2-1 scoring method that Ed used in the latest poll was my suggestion, among others that Ed received. That's the system used in rating horses and for some reason seemed appropriate. Granted that it gives a heavy advantage to first placers, but the 9-8-7 method Ed proposed seemed even more unfair. Using that system, anyone receiving a heavy number of third place votes could receive first place position -- but that would not necessarily mean that his/her Fapazine was considered the best. It would still be the third best liked even though the first and second place votes might be split among several others. I think there should be more positions in each category to be truly representative. The "top ten" can hardly be that when members vote for only the top three. A person who might rate an easy fourth can be out of the running completely simply because no voter happened to rate him in the top three. I think that might account for the surprisingly low placing of some of Papa's best writers like Eney, Calkins, Young, Cox, and McCain -- to mention a few. If each category had ten places, not necessarily to be filled out completely by the lazy ones, the poll would be more truly representative in my opinion. Of course this would require the full size poll sheet that has been proposed, but Fapans have never been at a loss when expressing opinions. # Dawggone, my page eight is missing, blank that is, and so is page 18. 'Pears like a conspiracy to me. Is somebody collecting eights? # No need to apologize to me. Philotsam came late in the alphabet, but the things you said were so nice, don't mind attall that you said so little. # I disagree completely on grade skipping in school but have said too much on the subject elsewhere to continue ranting on about it here. # The Teahouse of the August Moon is going great not only in London but all over the world. Don't miss the movie -- if it's anything like the play it will be memorable. I've seen it twice and would have more if Braodway tickets were not so impossibly expensive. # I see by the papuhs we've swapped Monroe for England's Diana Dors who has all the NY photogs phlippin. # Nice going, Bill Morse.

DOUBLE-WHAMMY: This must have been fun, boys, but a two-shot is twice as much already. What can be added?

MALIGNANT/Ellick: Thanks for reprinting The Founding of Fapa, Ron. This was interesting reading.

HORIZONS/Warner: Harry, you're just plain prejudiced against dogs. About the only thing cats are conceivably good for is catching rats and mice -- most of them are just pampered pets. Whether or not you like dogs, it must be admitted that their services are many and vital. Hardly tricks. Even the average, untrained house pet is a good watchdog and protector, doubling as burglar alarm and/or baby guard. But a trained dog is magnificent! How about seeing-eye dogs, hunting dogs, herd dogs so invaluable on farms, dogs skilled in police work, and the Army K-9 Corps which were hardly kept around and trained for amusing tricks. The Keeshonds Arthur and I love so much are used for border patrol in Holland. Come now, Harry, be fair. # You're a slave, Harry, just a slave. To be always methodically anti-fashion denotes neither disdain nor deprecation of fashion; rather it indicates a strong respect for the power of fashion and a determined struggle to be considered non-conformist by naughtily disobeying its dictates. True indifference to fad or fashion would permit you to wear or not wear your hat, depending on weather, temperature and mood, rather than risk pneumonia by going undeviatingly hatless if hats for men should return to fashion. # Feeling extraordinarily contrary today, I'm also going to take issue with your remark, "The thing which causes many of us to gag is the enormity of the gap between the income of the wealthiest class and the wages paid to waitresses and domestic servants and similar low-income groups." Have you talked, frankly, to any waitresses or domestic servants lately? I've little experience with the latter group but I do know that the lowest paid of them are now scarce, completely incompetent, and still make more than the crisp pretty girls you see standing on their feet in the department stores. Well trained domestic help, including cooks, are even scarcer and -- in this area at least -- are asking, and getting, \$65-\$86 per week with TV and mink coat on days off. As for waitresses -- there I can speak from personal experience, having been one and known many. Sure, wages are small, but the reason you find so many ex-schoolteachers, office girls and other women trained for "better things" stacking trays and behind counters is the tips -- not that many of them discuss their tips, for tax reasons. Behind a counter of one of New York's "quick-lunch" chains a number of years ago before I married, I used to draw \$28 per week wages plus meals, and, with tips, average \$125 down to \$90 in a bad week. When I wanted prestige, I'd spend my days crisp and efficient sitting at a desk, but when I wanted considerable money in a hurry, I'd spend a while behind a busy counter. # One definition of an intelligent female is one intelligent enough to keep her intelligence from showing. # You and Sally Dunn may hesitate to express your liberal opinions in your mundane surroundings, but you have the ideal medium of self-expression in Fapa where I feel quite timid about confessing myself to be a Republican and hide-bound reactionary. But not a McCartyite. # Williamsport sounds much like the small town in which I grew up except that it's a paper mill looking into everybody's window, and the town has so many factions by religion and nationality that most of the town functionaries, school board, teaching staff and anyone else in any sort of public office are overthrown every town meeting. # I've a lot more check marks in this issue but am running out of space.

A NOTE FROM ELLIK/ I did not receive any postmailing from Chuck Harris. However, according to the FANTASY AMATEUR Chuck owes no activity, so I assume his material arrived and was mailed. Can you supply? Also, according to this you included TORRENTS #5 in with the postmailings to #74, but Nancy indicated it was for mailing 75.

QUABAL/Boggs-DAG-Eney-Janke: This is a one-shot most one-shottish. Typically, quite. Real Fizzish in fact (Nuclear, of course). Not to mention Stite. Yes. Experiment Of The Month: Try reading this to the Victor Herbert Album. Now, "Kiss Me Again." Oh my. Banana cream pie mit pickled onions. Seeing as how I'm in such a deliciously schmaltzy, cream-puffish (sickening?) sort of mood at the moment, I'll have to return to QABAL sometime bimeby. The flesh is willing enuf, but lawsy, the spirit is weak -- weak...

ZIP-GFI/White: This is the absolute End. I might as well abandon all efforts at mailing comments and sink languorously down on a chaise fluttering a lace fan. I'm apparently just not en rapport with Fapa tonight. Seeking something more in keeping with this anachronistic mood, I seized upon ZIP which appeared to contain Poetry. HMMMMMM. To a background of "Sweethearts" I find myself wallowing in "slop" and "pus." NO! G'nite.

* - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - *
She was in the mood for "Moonlight & Roses," so he brought her Four
* - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - * - *

Gloomy rainy morning. I'm feeling distinctly unsentimental and capable of facing up to anything -- even Ted White in batches:
(1) MINI -- (2) ZIP #8 -- (3) ZIP #9 -- (4) NULL-F/ (1) NOTED (At last a chance to say it.) # (2) A punctuation mark to indicate sarcasm would be handy to expedite dialogue. Instead of "You're so-o-o-o sweet, darling," she snarled, could be "You're so-o-o-o sweet, darling? I just adore Pelvis Presley? # (3) We're all glad you're a member, Lee. # (4) Sorry to hear you've been sick, Ted. But if they sucked all your blood out...? Maybe if they put some back -- might just help, eh? Kidding aside -- quick recovery! # Shucks, I'll never find out what Magnus said to Wetzel. My page 12 is blank. # Agree completely on the censorship question. As I've said before, however worthwhile a degree of censorship may seem in theory, it becomes dangerous in practice due to the nature of the individuals who form censorship boards. People of balanced good taste are not drawn to sit in judgment on their neighbors, thus the censorship field is left to the bigots and perverts who see salaciousness in any slightest indication that male and female created He them. # Thanks for your suggestions for remedying my mimeo trouble, Ted, but the difficulty is with the drum, not the ink. Although it's not visible the sides of the top portion of the drum are not level with the center so that in a couple of spots the stencil does not adhere to the pad and there is no pressure on those points. We have a replacement drum here and one of these days will change it -- or have it changed since we can't seem to figure out how to get the old drum off. At any rate, I dassn't experiment with different inks. I'm using Sears special for the closed drum and they warn in big black letters not to use any other ink as all others will ruin the drum. Maybe not so but I can't take a chance on putting the machine out of commission. I have no trouble with smearing when running letterheads. The awful smearing on PHlotsam is caused by running the pages through very slowly trying to make the top print. # QUESTION for your mimeo department: HOW do you remove the drum from a Sears closed drum machine that seems to be welded on in all directions?

PHANTASY PRESS/McPhail: The magazine Arthur and I started and published for 5 years in Florida, was an informational monthly for people planning to move to Florida. It featured articles on Florida communities, employment, business, housing, living costs, etc. Still going strong although we sold out in fall of '54. Stretching a point, you might say we are still "publishing." Arthur is now a commodity price analyst -- the difference being that where we formerly published a fairly sizeable, printed monthly magazine for thousands of subscribers at \$3.00 per year, we now "publish" a legal-length, one-page mimeographed weekly analysis for a few hundred at \$60.00 per year. (3 guesses who handles the mimeo...) I think last issue I mentioned my great fondness for Wall Street. # I doubt if anything can change the opinion of one who is anti-football, Dan. Marion Bradley's sentiments re football are mine, too, and not because I haven't tried. I've squirmed through football games from high school days on through a number of Orange and 'Gator Bowl spectaculars, tickets to which were forced on us by enthusiasts doing us a "big favor." I'm nuts about baseball, enjoy basketball and most other spectator sports, but football bores me stiff. Fortunately, Arthur's tastes parallel mine so I don't even have to listen to the stuff.

NITE CRY/Chappell: Which was the typo -- your age (-29 years) or your 20 years as a SF fan? Or is it a child prodigy we have in our midst? WELC'M

POO/Young: How typically fannish, in announcing two "new and interesting additions to your household, to expound at length on the tape recorder and toss in Susan as an afterthought. Bet you got the idea to produce her from DAG, just to provide someone to do your slipsheeting. # Very few members of the "ignorant public" you speak of, consider him/her-self any less than an authority on any and every subject. Up to and including life on other worlds. The roving sidewalk reporter the New York Daily Mirror recently asked the question: "Do you believe there is another planet in the universe with human life on it?" Note he said universe. These were the four answers. "I doubt it. It's hard to visualize other human beings living in such remote space. From what I've read, human life could not survive the intense heat and atmospheric pressure of other planets." "There might be -- but don't try to prove it by me! According to the scientists, there is vegetation on the planet Mars. For all I know, there may be people living on another planet same as we're existing here... Who knows? Someday it will definitely be known." "No, I don't believe there is. I do believe there is some sort of vegetation on some of the planets, but nothing resembling human life. What we see in the movies and in science-fiction magazines are just figments of the imagination." "Of course not! Figure it out for yourself. First of all, I don't think there's any oxygen on other planets. And another thing, the burning heat on some of the planets would make human life impossible to exist. You'd melt away to nothing." So there! Apparently, the Great American Public believes the stars are God's little lanterns hung out by the angels to make the night all bright and cheery. Oh well, it figures, they just selected Miss Universe in Long Beach. # The rest of POO was sure impressive. Sorry I couldn't follow it with my deficient background. I flunked Physics in six weeks. # This is not the place to say it, but I went nuts for SUNDANCE. So much so, in fact, that I sat right down and wrote Jean a letter about it the same evening I received it. Unfortunately, Arthur came wandering home when I was just about half way through, with quantities of chatter stored up. As soon as I finish this PHlotzthing I'll mail it off.

FIENDETTA/Wells: Guess I am one of the uncultivated GB Shaw was referring to in the quotation at the beginning of these comments, as I find it impossible to discuss in PHlotsam anything really personal. I find your discussions about religion -- and GM Carr's -- very interesting, but still find myself with absolutely no comment. I also avoid writing about, and have little response to, politics, sex -- except frivolously -- and most personal analysis. Except in a very intimate group, which Fapa is not quite, I find it much more comfortable to maintain a frothy attitude. However, I'm glad all Fapans do not share my inhibitions about public expression of one's intimate personal outlook. A mailing entirely composed of frivolous PHlotsam-type mags would be very dull fare. #I think you are much too dogmatic about the undesirability of grade skipping. "No one should EVER skip grades. EVER." I say that grade skipping is not only desirable, but an absolute necessity in some instances. And I'll give you an example. For once I will discard my reticence on personal matters in order to refute that never EVER. My opinion is not based on theory or speculation, but personal experience. I started school at four -- fortunately in a state where the six-year rule was custom but not inflexible. I also skipped one grade, which placed me, agewise, about three years younger than my classmates. However, at four I was as physically developed as most eight year olds, and at nine I was fully mature. As a result, until my last couple of years in high school, when my friends started to catch up with me, I was considered backward by some who did not know my age. Now if your dogmatic opinion on grade skipping were applied, would you have a girl who looked a conspicuous 16 in the 6th grade (which was dreadful enough), held back to the 3rd grade because of chronological age? Especially one capable of maintaining top ranks in everything but (shudder) physics? Of course there were disadvantages. Due to my age, I was not allowed all the social privileges of my friends. Also, I graduated at an awkward age, too young to enter college or work. However, the privileges came later and the fact is my classmates were my friends. They always accepted me. The children my age would have no part of me, considering me grown-up, and I, in turn, could not imagine associating with such infants. Furthermore, to fill in my time after graduation from high school I went back for two years, having a great time and absorbing all the courses I hadn't taken during the regular years. Now, Charles -- and Vernon -- and Dean -- can you visualize how intolerable those years would have been if I had been forced to follow the normal progression? I have not even mentioned here the very valid argument that a scholastic program that is geared to the lowest mental common denominator can have a very disturbing and depressing effect on a child capable of meeting much greater mental challenge. # Re the effect of increasing circulation on magazine quality, I recently read that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which for years has drably tried to please everybody, giving offense to nobody, will fold with the August issue. # You -- and a couple of other Fapans who chided me for telling you to publish fta without regard for Fapan approval or disapproval -- are quite right. There would be little purpose in publishing without some approval. Actually, I expressed myself badly and did not convey my meaning. I was simply trying to indicate that fta is well liked as it is; there is no need to alter it trying to conform to anyone else's standards or desires -- and the personality of fta might suffer (see note on AMERICAN mag above.) # You are fortunate to have such a comfortable temperature tolerance. Despite a childhood in Maine and five years in Miami, I find anything below 75 chilly and above 78 sweltering.

Buy a Detroit bathtub -- brother, you'll be cleaned!

DAY STAR/Bradley: I read this through, cover to cover, and can't think of a single comment except how much I enjoyed it. Exceptionally interesting, Marion.

QUABAL/Boggs & co: I cannot take this fanzine seriously. Not even Eney could say "Molecules are particles of the first order, and first-order vibrations include everything in the electromagnetic spectrum from long radio waves down to the extreme ultra-violet" around a mouthful of Southern Comfort Nuclear Fizz sandwiched between Triple Sec and cough syrup. I challenge him to try it -- I challenge anyone of you to try it. I couldn't even say it sober. # Dean, you Wisconsinites do suffer the nastiest injuries in the most uncommon ways. Conceivably, Bob could disjoint a finger in the acrobatic process of removing trousers but how -- HOW -- could you manage to get cut by falling drawers? I remember they used to scratch, but are they making them lethal nowadays? # You can't head me off from moving to Milwaukee by tempting me with all the fannish names in Texas. We may, of course, try Texas eventually, but we still intend to stop off in Milwaukee for a year or two or more on our way to Southern Cal. What could be more fannish than Wisconsin -- the home of Janke, the DAG and GHOD? # Are "poostermoolies" pediculi? They sound as if they should be, especially followed by "bitte." # A Cosmic Truth off the top of my head:

If you never learn how to milk a cow you never have to milk a cow

Black is the color of my true love's neck. # The geas worked. DAG got his snapshot but his drawers fell down catastrophically. # Redd, where did you get that delectable word "invaginated?" You were very, very funny herealong. "Sew-and-sew," she chortled, clapping her thigh. So you see, somebody does appreciate your witticisms. # In fact, everybody was very funny throughout this beautiful frawl. I just laughed and laughed. Just one thing puzzling me -- when you take Cosmic Truths off the top do they come back on the bottom?

TIGER JAG
(for.dag)

Hold that tiger, burning bright,
clip his claws then hang on tight.
Seize the slithy whiffenpoof
caterwauling on the roof.
Tag the chimp with jingle bells -
Toss black cats down all the wells.
Drape a wreath of poison oak
'round the pig enmeshed in poke.
Don't collapse with heebie jee
if you bag some potrezee!
Come and play with me tonight --
we'll dance skinless by the light
of that tiger, burning bright.

SCROOGE/ Wilson-Cox: Has the "membership assessment" provision of the constitution ever been exercised? Theoretically, it's a sound idea, but I doubt it would work in application. The membership is never 100% active or responsive at any given time. Even the election and poll seldom draw much better than 60% response. The constitution outlines no course of action in the event of a 60% compliance with an assessment. What then? Better raise the dues as Ed proposes.

DIASPAR/Carr: Do you need vitamins, Terry? Your mailing reviews started out hefty, got smaller and smaller, then grahamed out just about halfway through the mailing. Do you really have all that little to say or are you just tired. Tch. # Could be Sambo's jokes are mostly sexy because Sam finds sex amusing, which it is. Downright funny in fact.

LARK/Danner: Would appreciate one of those F & SF sub cards, Bill. That is one of the few mags I do buy but apparently you would have to subscribe at the full price to be solicited for renewals at half. #I'm in the process of learning Italian right now, which seems a beautifully simple language. Wish I could go to Rome later to absorb the accent. I also wish I knew why I'm learning it at all as the only use I expect to make of it is to explain to my favorite pizza-papa that I want my sausages on the side with sauce and not chopped on the pizza which he never can quite seem to grasp. # I disapprove of social security on all counts, but especially of the practice of forcing employers to contribute 1/2 of the "premium" for each employees' "life-insurance" while being ineligible for the great-giveaway himself. Not that it amounts to anything with all the restrictions that are placed on the recipients earning extra money to eke it out. \$ We had a teacher in high school as ineffectual as your Frenchman. He flunked me -- and about 15 others -- after the first term although I passed with another teacher the following year with a 90% grade. He was a dreamer whose classes were delightful except that you learned nothing. He would teach geometry for about five minutes, then the train would mournfully whoom by across the river on the mountainside and that would set him off. He'd wonder who was on it, where they were going and why, and then recount, most entertainingly, all his travel adventures. We adored him, but unless you plugged at the geometry at home all by yourself, you sunk -- flunked. #I don't know what my label stencils were. None of my stencils have any number, but I always use film so I don't have to clean gummy keys. Perhaps my gummed label sheets would not feed because of the New York humidity as everything else feeds OK. # Why should you "honestly intend to stick to the more commonplace hours"? Why all the guilty conscience because you enjoy going to bed late and getting up likewise? I go to bed 1:30-3:00 and set the alarm for 9:30 only because the mailman comes soon after that and rings my bell 'cause our mail never will fit into the little box downstairs. Sleeping so late may be considered lazy but I don't think so, because I cannot get started early in the morning. On the infrequent occasions when I've risen with the birds I kill the morning frittering, but at midnight I'm really clicking. # I hav'nt read J. B. Priestley's "The Old Dark House" although I'd like to, but perhaps the reason why the movie seemed so absurd was because of dated jazzing up that I doubt appeared in the book at all. For example, Lillian Bond was a cutie chorus girl, peppy as all get out, who established her character the minute she tumbled raid-drenched into the spooky manse by doing a few fast Charleston steps. She was traveling with her "boy-friend" Charles Laughton, but flipped when she met Melvyn Douglas. They immediately took off for one of the cars where they sat petting for a time midst nips from a flask. 15 minutes later they were madly "in love" and she explained that although she and Charlie shared hotels hither and thither, it was all most innocent. Charlie had never -- well -- you understand. So of course he did, and Charlie did too and it was all so frightfully sophisticated. I think all that nonsense took my mind off the rest of the picture which was still dramatic and frightening. # Is a "Thunderbug" same as a "Thunderjug"?

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: I'm just lousy with ignorance -- I've never heard of Josh White, but I can't imagine the possibility of anyone more primitive than Pelvis Presley. # I like a nice Detroit car, too, and would rather stay home than attempt a long trip in a sports car. On a long trip I want to be able to sit in comfort or curl up for a nap without having my bones rub a hole through my skin. Maybe you've got fatter muscles than I. # If "The Cat & The Canary" was a silent film, "The Cat Creeps" could not have been the original version. Although I don't remember, I'm quite sure "The Cat Creeps" must have been a sound picture because I have only the dimmest memory of seeing silents. I doubt if I saw more than half a dozen and the only sequences I remember were the girl-tied-to-the-rail-road-track or buzz-saw type from the Saturday serials. My movie going really started shortly after sound came in. I think the two pictures were entirely different, although "The Cat and The Canary" was remade later with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope, I think. I didn't see it.

PETITION/Lyons: Dog!

GEMZINE/Carr: I have no objections to you or anyone else voting for their own fanzine, Gem. Personally, though, I'd feel distinctly uncomfortable patting myself on the back -- you can dislocate a shoulder that way. It's so much cozier to be patted. # Much as I hate to admit it, my aversion to owning a TV set is not entirely caused by the plethora of low-grade programs. I also have no illusions about my own weak will. If I had TV in the house, I'd watch it -- good, bad and indifferent. Especially movies. I'm a sucker for movies -- just cannot bring myself to the point of walking out on even the worst of them. I now avoid such aggravating waste of time by movie-going seldom, and with great discrimination. I'm jealous of my time and terrified of frittering away hours unrewardingly. There are not nearly enough of them and they slip away so quickly and so irretrievably. In addition to the usual housework-laundry-cooking routine, I'm also in business with my husband. Free time that is not taken up with friends or "going places," I devote to reading, writing, correspondence, making clothes, learning Italian, listening to music, talking with Arthur -- endlessly -- and other avocations of lasting pleasure. I have never felt any cultural void in my life due to lack of TV and would greatly resent an exchange of what might have been meaningful hours for a hypnotic mess of immediately-forgotten "entertainment." So, knowing my own susceptibility, I refuse to have it around, tempting me with vicarious living. # I still cannot agree with you, Gem, that the small town permits a greater degree of self-expression than the city. You are confining your description of non-conformist urbanites to those few unfortunate eccentrics on the psychotic level -- hardly an appropriate representation. True, the human psyche cannot develop in a vacuum -- but a teeming city is the antithesis of a vacuum. Any person with normal social instincts is easily able to make as many -- or few -- friends in the city as are desired. It takes a bit of deliberate effort, but this, in itself, is an advantage. In a vast melee of people of widely varying cultures and interests, one is able to select friends by choice rather than mere proximity as in a small town. Any normal person, however non-conformist, can develop lasting friendships stimulating and compatible to his/her own personality. In the small town, the "odd duck" must either stifle individuality in the molded mousse of local social conformity or suffer the ostracism that results in those lonely, pathetic "characters" found in every small community. # I do run on at unnecessary length when I get into the always-absorbing Gemzine. Nuff!

FAHIED/Ellick: Nice artwork here, especially the encrusted trumpets on page 2. They look like those dizzy novelties you see around, fly starters, bottle openers, whisk brooms etc. all decked out with pearls, rhinestones and sequins. Speaking of which, this item, clipped from one of the say-nothing-about-everybody columns, is sure to delight Bill Danner and the anti-bathtub mob: "Debra Paget's mother's car is the biggest attention stealer in Hollywood, a purple Caddy completely encrusted with rhinestones and sapphires with gold lamé upholstery." No comment. # I resent George W. Price's remark that s-f fans are "a very small minority, on the fringes of society." Who's to say that our minority is not the tight core of society with everyone else fringing? # Letter from John Courtois -- the convertible fan. What ever happened to Jean?

GINZA GAZETTE/Wesson: This is tantalizing, Helen. Fascinating, esoteric bits and pieces. Nice to see some snapshots.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Despite the competent artwork on the cover here, I don't like it. After becoming so accustomed to finding the mailing contents on the cover, artwork is confusing. Everytime I want to refer to the AMATEUR I dig two or three times through the entire mailing mistaking this for just another Fapazine in my search for the familiar listing.

ESDACYOS/Cox: Ed, did you ever see the ad for your Hermosa Beach home? Mebbe your landlady was real clever and advertised it as "occupied at present by young man writing his heart out." Sure fire to draw the hordes of women (middle-aged?) you describe as invading your cave -- the lure would be ineffably touching to their maternal (?) hearts. However, you were not at all cooperative. Levis, yes, low slung. But the shirt was uncalled for. Think of the opportunities you missed with all those palpittypatting ladies -- each presumably complete with down payment -- fluttering about your nest. You've got to learn the angles, boy. Look at William Holden, for example. Bet you -- and no one else -- can name one movie he ever appeared in where he failed to remove his shirt and ripple his pectorals. And look where it got him. Even if you lack pectorals all is not lost. A protruding rib here and there is even more poignant. # Christmas Season was pretty. All heart. # Enjoyed ES and would like some of the same for PHlotz if it hasn't already been spoken for, please.

GROTESQUE/Martin: It could be verse. Liked it.

IT ISN'T ALTOGETHER ENEY'S FAULT/Eney-Martinez: La maison Economou is probably the only stopping point on Eney's l-o-o-o-n-g trek where no one-shot was produced. Shortly before Our Bhoy blew in, my previously reliable spine slipped a disk, then conveniently, but very tentatively and temporarily, switched to good behavior, allowing me to -- cautiously -- enjoy Eney's delightful visit. Did you think I always pad gingerly about like the Cat OAHTR, Dick? A day or so later -- b-o-i-n-g! -- I landed on a board where I remained for much too long. Me and Marciano. This is also in explanation and apology to all you nize pipples to whom I owe letters. I do still love you, honest... # Diabolique was magnifique -- and now the same director, Clouzot, tops it with Wages of Fear. Don't miss! # Is Haggie la Bagge on your last page one of the crinoids you picked up, Dick? # Robert Lee's page was the most fannish of all. Deploable what kiddies are learning at Daddy's knee these days. Home brew and Little Willie! Poor innocent, next thing he'll be wanting to join Fapa and go to conventions.

TORRENTS/Share: I'm glad Claude Hall is in Texas -- that chromonica and guitar make me blanche. Reminds me of my goilhood when I wanted to learn piano but our high school music teacher talked me into getting an alto saxophone (!) because she needed one in the orchestra. After six lessons I became one of the featured performers in public exhibitions of this and that put on by the hi-school. Fortunately, the strap made my neck ache so badly that I soon dropped it or I probably would have been run out of Maine before I decided to leave on my own. # I envy the equanimity of those two fellers in Hester's story Waterloo. Witnessing a murder most foul and five minutes later they're "guffawing happily." # Would like to see TORRENTS more often -- I like it.

I can't find any special love in my heart for a goose... NShare

IBIDEM/Lyons: What can be said about that cover that you don't know yourselves. You must be bustin' your buttons. Superlative! # How mean can you get, Howard? Butter pecan ice cream...raspberries...marshmallow ...etc...dro-o-o-lllll! With me on a diet. # I did not get to Cincinnati after all, after missing out on Bellefontaine last year too. In May I remained at home in a low dudgeon confined to bed and board by an unstable disk. # Now why do people go about buying ironing boards -- and then bragging about it when everybody in Fapa except the rankest newcomers (that adjective seems discourteous somehow) knows I am hoarding four ironing boards? Why even my own sister just went and bought one because she "forgot" about all my albatrosses. I'm beginning not to care. In fact, I'd probably miss even the least of them -- like children -- if they wnet. Ed Cox has promised to make me bookcases out of them when I go to California -- which will necessitate my hauling them all to Milwaukee for a year or some. Dean and I can use them to assemble one-shots, I suppose. While I'm at it, I might as well make a really good thing of it. As of right now I'm collecting ironing boards. Everyone send me a few and Ed can build me an entire library. #Must visit the Lyons sometime. Your likker tastes parellel mine invitingly. My pets are Harvey's Bristol Cream, Cointreau, B&B, Southern Comfort, India Pale Ale and a good chianti with anything tomato-saucy. Or beer.

BASANOIS/Coswal: What means BASetc? # Palmer is going all out on a new subscription campaign. Last week I received two sample copies (same issue) of OTHER WORLDS accompanied by a 3-legal-sheet sales letter. Expensive promoting.

HEATHEN/Anderson: How come all that pretty colored typesetting for the covers and insert? Right nice, but you could buy a mimeo for the cost of a few of those covers. Or did you do-it-yourself with your little Kiddie-Print set? Thankee for telling me I make you laugh hysterically. Hnnnnnn? Wish I could do it this time. I'd enjoy a good laugh and nothing rolls me in an aisle like my own funny. But I seem to be exceptionally sobersided this time around. Maybe I'll reprint a bit from my Bawl Street Journal -- if I can find it. I was going to reprint a lot from it but decided that the best of the lot were a bit too -- well too -- well gosh, not in Fapa. # Poor Phobos! -- but then, aren't we all? # How can you feel secure 8 miles from the oil refineries? Commutor I know wanted to move his family out of the New York danger zone, way up into Northern Connecticut or even Massachusetts. But then he found that the New York H zone overlapped the Boston one, so he stuck out his manly chin and said let 'em drop. # Your new home sounds delightful -- but gee whiz it's co-o-o-llllld up there!