

a nihiladrem press production



This is by way of being PHlotsam #6. PHlotsam is by way of being a FAPAZine, published for the 77th FAPA mailing. FAPA is by way -- Oh skip it! Let's leave the by-ways and hit the hiway ... Economou, 436 West 20th St., NY, NY -- 3-page credit to Ed Cox, please.

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You'll find in here:

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Page 1 ..... Some sort of cover  
 Page 2 ..... This'n  
 Page 3 ..... I talk about my trubbles  
 Page 4 - 5 ..... Spindrift: I talk some more  
 Page 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 ..... Carriers: Here I lose all control!  
 Page 10 - 11 - 12 ..... BULLY! -- Ex Cox talks for a change  
 Page 13 - 14 ..... Convention Report -- S & S  
 Page 15 - 16 - 17 ..... Takes me 3 pages not to write mailing comments  
 Page 18 - 19 ..... Spume: I begin to suspect I'm an IMJ  
 Page 20 ..... Bacover -- and none too soon!



PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULOUS MUS!

\*\*\*\*\*  
 ... I know better than to stand around gawping at a volcano!  
 \*\*\*\*\* eney



# way out on a limbo --

or

LOOK, MA -- NO PARACHUTE

Well, friends, the Economou are off again. This is the last PHlotz to emanate from 436 W. 20th, NY -- Kitty-Kamp, Petunia-Promenade, and two-year "temporary" abode. Where are we going? (Rather, now, where did we went?) Where can all my pen-pals reach me? Where can Eney ship this mailing? Well, now -- that's a heap of difficult questions. Downright embarrassing, in fact. I mean -- well, I know people ought to have a destination when they pack Lares, Penates, and 42,834 books and magazines, and depart. Obviously they ought. Departing just isn't done without. To make things worse, we're not only departing, we're also going. And people who go, ordinarily go to. But not the Economou. Not for us to follow the simple, customary, uncomplicated path through life's briar-patch. Oh, never! From all present indications, November 15th will see us off, bucketty-buck, on the high road to Limbo.

Now if I were a heroine in a book I'd be feeling très gai and adventurous as all get out in this predicament, but with all this being strictly for real and me no heroine, I actually feel precariously perched high on a thorny, 3/4-sawed-through limb. It's uncomfortable. For the birds, to be precise.

This uncertain situation we find ourselves asea -- or aloft, to keep metaphors meticulous -- in, is not the result of sheer fecklessness, as might seem. We had planned, oh so carefully, dreamed, schemed and charted. Our minutest move had been mapped like a military campaign. This was pretty much a necessity when moving an information business requiring absolute reliability twice a week. It is still necessary for us to be regular as a bran-chomper, but said regular reliability will have to stem, it appears, from a messily haphazard situation, and that won't be easy. Quite possibly, in time, some roadside haven in Upper Sandusky or Lower Oblivia will be commemorated as the Economou-Mimeo-Motel.

As I said, our plans had been laid like the D-Day assault. Click-click-click. But d'you know what happened when time came for them to hatch? Do ya, huh? Cluck-cluck-CLUNCK! That's what.

After carefully considering thither and yonder -- Florida, California, and all pernts S., E. and NNW, we settled on Milwaukee. D(for departure)-Day was to be October 15th. DAG was alerted, Bloch bubbled at, one-shots planned and -- just incidentally -- business arrangements made. So we were practically enroute to far Milwaukee when suddenly several large-Economou-size complications came larrupping, gloppity-glop, over our beckoning horizon. Steeling our girders, we charged 'em head-on and -- gosh, Ma, this limb is beginning to creak, yet.

At any rate, November 15th will see us headed -- somewhere. Our lease here is up and besides we're all packed and faunching to go. We're still working doggedly on Milwaukee but may land anywhere. D'ya hear that, all of you out there? ANYWHERE! You can ink up the mimeographs, but don't bake a cake -- or load the shotgun -- 'til you see the red of my bloodshot eyes.

C'est la furshlugginer vie!

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Later: Packed, but now we don't know when we're going either. Vie furshluggs on!

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

Those discriminating ones among you who enjoy PHlotsam, may toss a posie or two out LA way at Ed Cox who is 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ % responsible for this issue's existence. Back in August, I was effervescing like crazy with 100% eager-beaverism about the slam-bang issue I'd prepare for the far-off November mailing. By October 15th, this madness had dwindled down to a dim 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ % wistful gleam, kept barely a-glimmer by a 1-page bit I'd hiccuped out one eve as the aftereffect of all those bubbles. That would, in all likelihood, have been the end of it. Then E. Mitchem Cox sent me a Column!

Now that may not sound like such great shakes to some of you who receive Columns frequently and have become blasé about it, but to me it was a Momentous Event. Here was this lean and hungry young man way out in California who had sitten himself down and written his heart out just for me. (And egoboo, of course.) I was touched. I was touched right on the tender spot in my conscience still smarting on account of the lovely material I received, lo, these years ago, from DAG and BobB for PHlotz #1 still a-mouldering in Miami. (#1 will probably be along somewhere between #s 7 and 10. Anyway, it'll be along someday.) I could get a Reputation that way. So, obviously, Ed's Column had to be published, and as the constitution plainly states that PHlotz must be substantially mine own I had to get with it. And so I did and here it is -- such as it may be.

NOTE: You clods out there who don't like PHlotsam, please heave your bricks this-a-way and not at Ed. I want to keep on the right side of that guy. It appears good intentions and even effervescence are not enough -- I need an occasional -- hey! that reminds me of a line I particularly liked in the movie "Three Coins in the Fountain." This bored Author is being harangued by a middle-aged Gushpuss about her novelistic life. "My husband says," she simpered, "that if anyone just followed me around with a pencil, he'd have material for a wonderful book." "Ah, madame," quoth the Author, "I'd love to get behind you with a pencil."

\* \* \* \* \*

The great, unsightly, unesthetic hole you will see gaping from the top right corner of every page of this fapazine is not an experiment in layout moderne gone wrong. It is not a space for you to insert your own filler-illos -- Ed Cox took a priority on that idea in ESDACYOS, and I neglected to ask him for a release. Don't get fitty trying to decipher what was there that didn't print. Nothing was. I simply refused to cater further to my monstrous-mimeo's temperament and zipped right around the spot that is so daintily reluctant to have any contact with the ink. If I can't be artistic, I can, at least, be literary and say with Lady Macbeth, "Out, damned spot!"

Now when Ed left all his little blanknesses scattered about, he didn't say anything about using them to jot your mailing comments on -- or I don't think he did. Anyway, if he didn't, suppose you all do just that. Let's see now: spots roughly 1" by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " times 18 or so pages times 65 members equals -- equals -- ??? Oh, well, it would take Andy Young to figure that one out, but it's a sight of egoboo, no? Mais oui!



Papers and magazines have been reporting how the French have been getting real schmaradt -- or très cleveur as I imagine they say on the Rue de la Poulet en Fricassee. Time was when the American dollar would buy a leg of lamb almost, but today it's hardly enuf for the pantie ruffle on a Parisian lamb chop. The cost today to the American tourist promenading on the Place de la Concorde makes the budget-conscious wish he had stood in Dubuque. So bad has the situation become that everybody -- but everybody -- is fleeing from Paree to La Roma where a steno can still hope to spend her 10 days à la Contessa.

Now, being nobody -- but nobody -- the closest I've approached to La Belle France is the Patisserie up on 23rd street, but evidence of this inflationary tendency has reached right into my own living room. For a bit of vicarious traipsing, I subscribe to "Realities" -- English edition, "sent to you direct from Paris." They have a section called the "Flying Gift Department," offering trifles like classy writing paper @ \$16.00, an orangeade set for \$49.50, etc. Taking a leaf from American mail-order firms, they are now offering a FREE catalogue of distinctive gifts. The coupon reads, conventionally enough: "Please send me, free, the Flying Gift Christmas catalogue 1956. Name: ... Address: ..., etc." Then it concludes, "Enclosed 75 cents for mailing costs. (\$2.00 extra for Airmail.)" Zut!

\* \* \*

Drop a salty tear for the Gallant -- vanishing in self-defense. Arthur is one of those rare die-hards still retaining old-world courtesy toward ladies, but he's learning, methinks. The other day, riding a bus, he was impelled to do the unheard of and offer a female his seat. Glaring at him, the harridan snarled, "Whatsa matta:-- ya think I look old or somepin?" And we moan...

\* \* \*

Slowly, but perceptibly, Jean Shephard is winning his one-man campaign against those insidious "rules" which stricture the lives of the most non-conformist of us. Many who have no fear of the flamboyant eccentricity, says Mr. Shephard, blench at thought of defying any of the multitudinous pesky little "regulations" we all so unquestioningly accept. He contends that, subconsciously, modern man has nightmares about finding himself at 'tother end of the bridge without the toll. A brave listener last Sunday decided this gauntlet had been flung at his own personal feet. He called Mr. S. announcing that he was about to pick it up and fling it in the face of "authority." As he was riding in a chaffeur-driven Chrysler, with telephone, he could hardly claim lack of change but he was simply going to refuse to pay, on grounds of principle, and let us all know wha hoppen. At the Holland Tunnel he made his nervous little speech to the toll-taker. After gawping at him for minutes while the line piled up to the rear, he was ordered to move aside until it was decided how to cope with him. Our unaccustomed rebel sat quaking at the side of the road, eyeing an unmanned police car parked nearby and expecting every moment to be tapped on the shoulder and propelled off to the pokey. Or Bellevue. However, the minutes went by and nothing happened. Anticlimax. Gradually, our hero got his steam up again. He was, he announced, going to start up and drive right straight past the toll-taker and head on into the tunnel. So off he went chortling with delight, mixed with fear, all the way through the tunnel. Every minute he expected to hear the wail of a siren in pursuit but his FREE ride was unimpeded. No road block at the other end either. When he reached 8th Ave. headed toward 42nd, he breathed for the first time. You could fairly hear cobweb prisons disintegrating all over town.



# THE CARRIER TRADE



Among the most friendly and fascinating people in the world are those who make their living piloting public conveyances. Not all, by any means, but proportionately I've found more talkative, pally, opinionated, original and amusing people in the carrier trade than in almost any other occupation. Through the years I've exchanged more bubbling conversation with cabbies, bus drivers and train conductors, often in a matter of minutes, than I've had with many tradespeople with whom I've been in almost daily contact. Friendly as you may be with the laundryman, grocer or super-market delivery man, conversation is usually confined to desultory platitudes about the weather, how's the family and, in October, the Series. But any clamber into a public conveyance is apt to develop into a conversational adventure.



Foremost on the list, of course, are the legendary, New York

## \* \* CAB DRIVERS \* \*

In this category, it may properly be said that "all" are talkative, pally, etc. But, for those of you who may at some time have climbed into a New York cab, driven to your destination, and gone your way without exchanging a word with your driver, let me say there's a trick to it. Probably many cabbies have been snubbed by surly or aloof passengers, because most of them, like the old pump at camp after going unused all winter, require a bit of priming. They will drive along, silent and bored-appearing, but with an eager ear cocked toward the back seat for the friendly word, question or observation that will set them off. And once they're off the words fairly tumble over one another.

I don't know whether this phenomenon is peculiar to New York cabbies, who have gained such a reputation for garrulousness, or whether it's general throughout the occupation everywhere. In other less centralized, less congested cities, I've usually got around by car or bus, considering taxies a luxury suitable mostly for transport to or from railroad stations when loaded down with luggage. However, here in New York a car is impossible, I'm a long way from the subway, and bus travel through the midtown congestion requires a couple of hours start to be assured of reaching a destination at any specific time. In addition, unlike most cities, New York busses are operated by several different companies and often as not it's necessary to pay double fares to get where you're going. Thus cabs are much more commonly used, being much faster and little more expensive -- tho I still can't entirely throw off my small-town feeling of being extravagant and more than a little racy, riding in a taxicab.

Cabbie conversation usually falls into one of a number of clearly defined categories. Just to be specific and name a few, there are the: a) Family Men; b) Philosophers; c) Gripers; d) Wolves (j.g.); e) Explainers; f) Humorists; g) Magpies; h) Sight-Seeing Guides -- I could etc. along here, but won't. I do feel like elaborating a bit on each of these but in order not to overdo the thing I'll not give an entire paragraph to each of them which tempts. Maybe just one fell paragraph for the lot of them, unless I get carried away.

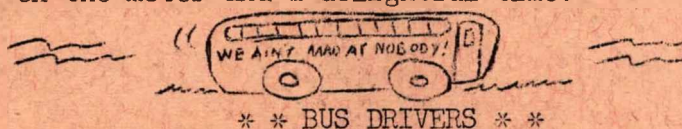
"Family Men" are the nice, contented types who regale you with anecdotes about



the grandchildren, detail daughter's misadventures learning to drive, or have a wife you remind them of in one way or another. Or the tragic widower I rode with the other day, who finds the job, people, the city and life itself savorless these days. \* \* \* "Philosophers" need little explanation -- "What is Life?" and "Whither goest we'uns?" conversationalists. \* \* \* "Gripers" must tote a massive load to be able to shovel so much off in a ten-minute ride and still have ire flashing from their hot eyes. Delinquency. Traffic. Teachers' salaries. The City Administration. Unions, pro and con. Pedestrians. Passengers. Weather. You fill it in. \* \* \* "Wolves." Little need be said about this familiar breed, except that I've never met an open one. Perhaps due to fear of losing their license or something, wolfish drivers are invariably overt and subtle. After all, no woman can make a fuss about a look, hint, or intonation. \* \* \*

'Nother paragraph, just to break it up. "Explainers" need a bit of explaining. They are the ones who -- perhaps because of guilty conscience -- always seem to think maybe you think they are giving you a run-around to run up the meter, and keep up a running commentary during the entire ride about why they crossed 23rd instead of shooting up 9th, and how they have to go clear to 45th because 44th is a wrong-way, one-way street. And etc. \* \* \* "Humorists" are delightful -- even when their humor isn't, particularly. \* \* \* "Magpies" are my favorites, I think. They have an opinion on anything and everything and try to cram them all into 10 blocks uptown. I'm constantly astonished with the way they can develop a theme, expand and expound upon it, allow for polite attention to your own ideas on the subject -- plus their rebuttal -- and draw up at your destination with the conversation all tied up in a blue ribbon, the last word being said as they flick down the meter. Nothing left dangling. I've made bets with myself that a discussion would get chopped off, just to see a light go red for the exact number of seconds necessary. It's sorcery. \* \* \*

Leaves just the "Sight-Seeing Guides" with a paragraph all to themselves. Not that they are so exceptional, except one. Most content themselves with pointing out anything of any conceivable interest -- newly-decorated store windows, new construction, and such like. These boys are in their glory at Christmas time with so much beauty to "looka-there" at all over town. The exceptional one was the cabbie I rode with a week or so ago who carried this guide business to rather unprofitable extremes. We were bowling along 34th St. enroute to 20th when he started to tell me about a freak accident the night before. Suddenly he asked me if I was in a hurry. When I told him no, he flicked off the meter, turned a sharp right up 6th Ave. and wheeled all the way up to 44th so he could point out the site and show me the damage. (A car on the 2nd floor of a 4-story parking garage had backed up in a hurry and sent the car -- and driver -- hurtling through the wall of the building and down into the street. Fortunately, the only damage, other than to the inanimates involved, was a bit to the careless driver and some flying glass cuts to pedestrians below.) After we had exclaimed sufficiently over it all, my cabbie headed back down 7th Ave., meticulously not setting the meter going until we reached 34th again. All in all, I gained a block on the meter and a delightful time.



My notes on bus drivers are scanty but my few impressions are vivid. Most New York bus drivers are surly, with cause. A rare, "humorist" driver will divide



the passengers -- half find him just too hilarious, while the others pull disgusted faces at his unbecoming levity. Ptoocie on them! \* Greyhound drivers are a quiet, responsible lot -- until the last 15 minutes of their run, when they act like kids out of school. \* Jacksonville, Fla. drivers reflect their company slogan -- a big sign on all busses saying; "We're Not Mad At Nobody!" They even "Thank yuh, Huh-neh," for dropping your ccins into the box! An observer can often see Southern Courtesy unmistakeably separate the Serene Southerners from the Nervous Northerners on a Jax bus, when the driver parks 20 minutes at the curb, unhurriedly answering some bewildered little old lady's directional inquiries, with city maps and much repetition. Northerners fidget and mutter, while Southerners glare at the rude critters. All very magnolia -- but goshamighty!



Not customarily chaffeurs to the general public, except in a rather limited sense -- yet eligible for inclusion on my list of high-spirited, extrovert drivers -- are those wheel-borne members of Miami's finest, the

\* \* MIAMI PATROL COPS \* \*

Now, just for the record, I'm a rather quiet, well-brought-up type and not a habitué of patrol cars and/or paddy wagons. In fact, I've had just one such ride -- but that one was probably my most memorable, and quite sufficient!

It all happened one balmy night when I -- for reasons unnecessary to detail -- found myself several miles from the center of the city with no idea where, or when, I could find a bus. I trudged aimlessly for a block or so, then spotted a patrol car in front of a diner, manned by two stalwart cops gulping containers of coffee. Timidly, (why do police give the most innocent people a guilty conscience?) I went up and asked them where I could find a bus into the city. These two were typical of the Miami police force, which appears to be hand-picked for good looks and bubbling puppy exuberance. Hopping out, one of the cops opened the rear door of the patrol car with a true Southern flourish, and bowed me in. They, he declared, would personally chaffeur me to my destination. Fortunately, it was dark enough so I hadn't too much fear of being recognized and starting a scandal, so I delightedly accepted the offer.

After I'd joined them with coffee, we headed cityward -- sedately enuf at the beginning. However, as the blocks rolled by, power-madness seemed to seize the driver. We went faster and faster, then, with a grin at my white face in the back seat, the demon-driver flicked on the siren and we went tearing into the city, careening the wrong way down all the one-way streets. It was probably not quite as dangerous as it seemed -- the cars did scoot out of the way or hold up at our noisy, red-light-flashing approach -- but there's a dreadful sinking sensation in hurtling down a narrow street head-on at a swarm of facing cars straining at a red light just half a block away. I don't know how long this would have gone on -- or how long I could have stood it -- but at length a radio call summoned my playmates to do something official at a bar.

My limousine finally pulled up at my designated corner and one of the boys advised me that he'd be off duty in 10 minutes, or as soon as he disposed of this bar call, if I'd care to wait around for another joyride. Thanking him kindly, I pleaded a husband and five hungry children awaiting me, then went, jelly-kneed, on my way.





Unlike cab-drivers, who are constantly in the conversation-inviting situation of conveying one or two people from here to there, this next group are apt to have their natural garrulousness inhibited by much detail work and passengers en masse. However, given the opportunity, gregariousness and sometimes extreme loneliness are revealed by some of the nicest guys on wheels:

\* \* TRAIN CONDUCTORS \* \*

Most train conductors I've been in contact with have just automatically punched, tore, or poked in the seat back, my ticket -- and gone silently on to the next passenger down through the car. In fact, most train conductors look extraordinarily glum. Perhaps because they don't have the chance to sit down and be sociable on their ticket-punching, car-trotting long runs. However, even in this busy group, I've a few members to add to my list of Delightful Drivers I Have Known. ("Drivers" is inaccurate - but it's the same difference, sort of.)

High on my list are the conductor -- and baggage man -- who played rummy with me all night on a coffin in the baggage car. Cocktails weren't served, but we did have a nip or two from the baggage man's fuel supply, just to keep warm. It was a real pleasant trip. All the fun came about because I was forced to companion my pup in the baggage car as he shrieked out his heartbreak, waking the entire train, each time I moved out of his sight. Lest we be accused of irreverence to the dead, let me make clear that our thoughts toward our silent companion that long night were of the gentlest -- and if he was aware anywhere, he was probably enjoying it all too, I like to think.

Considerably lower on my list is "Lonely Louie." I was traveling night-coach to Florida when I met this wistful wanderer of the slumbering aisles. My car was almost unoccupied, and I slept well and soundly on two double facing seats with my feet on one and my pillow on the other. Presumably, Lonely Louie had wandered all night, searching for someone to talk to among all his oblivious passengers -- and at 5 AM his thwarted gregariousness got the best of him. I was half wakened by a jostle on my foot, but shifted a bit and conked off again -- but lightly. A few minutes later my pillow jerked sharply. Startled, I sat up. Louie apologized profusely for disturbing me -- stumbled, he said -- but instead of taking himself off so I could try for more sleep, he shuffled from one foot to the other, asking if I was comfortable, should he turn the air-conditioning up or down, looka-there -- the sun's coming up -- all with an almost audible plea in his eyes. Resisting the impulse to snap, I finally shook myself awake and shuffled my numb feet to the side of the seat, whereupon he beamed, forthwith plunked himself down and started chattering 60 to the minute. Just an occasional grunt in response practically brought tears to his eyes. I've never seen anyone quite so obviously starved for human companionship. After a bit he trotted off to wherever conductors keep their galley and hustled back bearing a gallon jug of hot coffee and two mugs. By Savannah we were fast friends, but nonetheless 5 A.M. is -- monstrously -- 5 A.M.

To wind up, the delight of my life was the debonair conductor who, as we sped through Rhode Island, sang out: "PROV - i - dence. PROV - i - dence. The FLOW - er of New ENG - lund and the HOME of BEAU - ti - ful WIM - men!"



# WITH PROTRUDING RIB . . .

## notes on bachelor. AND SUNKEN CHEEK cooking?

by E. Mitchem Cox

A few comments in the fifth (there's something about that word...fifth) issue of PHlotsam have prompted me to explain a little bit about a few things. So, in typical Esdacyos style, whatever that may be, I'll tromple on through page after page until I think Phyllis' patience can stand no more.

In re the subject of my ex-nest which was for sale while I lived in Hermosa Beach. Well, I saw the sign. Actually, nobody got to see it much. It was placed in the vacant lot fronting the property and since all vacant lots in Hermosa Beach are sand and unstable, the sign kept falling down. I did not, however, see the ads in the paper, if any.

But you are right. Some of the ladies, and not so middle-aged either, did look interesting and -ed, I think, unless that was a maternal gleam in their eyes. I'd have done better with the protruding rib bit actually. In fact, I've decided to try to cultivate the dissipated look. With me it's much easier than to try to grow William Holden type pectorals.

Not being able to cook has a lot to do with it. When I first went on my own, my motto was: "Blessed be the Can-Opener." That was about two years ago. Now my electric-plate Hermosa days are long gone and I've been here in command of a gas stove (with oven and broiler) for close to a year now. Now my motto is: "Blessed be the Can-Opener."

Of course, I have graduated slightly above the dump-a-can-of-beans-in-a-pot school. Especially after that time Don Wilson looked into the cupboard and started reeling off all the cans of beans in there. Now I have Franco-American spaghetti ( I would still like to find that other can...) which serves its purpose quite well. Dump it in...

But realizing that such a diet won't submerge protruding ribs, I've branched out. I fry bacon for breakfast on weekend mornings and it turns out pretty well. Sadly, though, is the egg situation. They always break. So I ragingly scramble them up good until I have a slab-like, greasy, omelet-like thing that thuds soddenly onto the paper plate. Luckily, the paper-plate sops up some of the grease. It is a slow process with sausage links. It takes them forever to fry but I recently discovered what I call bulk-sausage. Just like buying hamburger.

This morning I tried some for the first time. Made little patties and they fried and sizzled in good shape. Too good. They must've had water on them or something. But by the time the first two were done it suddenly occurred to me that I didn't know what to eat them with. So I searched frantically for something and luckily discovered some instant potatoes I'd forgotten about.



At about here, I'd like to mention something I'm proud of. A while back I bought one of those measuring cups; a glass, cup-like deal with graduations on it. I know this is all old-hat to women and stuff that married men just never pay any attention to, but to me it was a Great Big Step. Now I could measure things! So this morning I measured out one cup of water (which isn't easy as I have to hold it under the faucet and scrooch down until I can see the level of the water) and started it boiling and then measured out a cup and a quarter of instant potato.

Maybe someday I'll learn to believe measurements. When I dumped in the potato, it looked like there'd be too much water. So I took the box and sprinkled in more potato until I discovered that there must've been just enough to begin with. But I sloshed it all around until it looked edible and put about a quarter of a lb. of butter on it.

I'm still alive anyway.

It is also true that hamburger and hot-dogs are pretty handy and quick to fix. Adds variety to my diet. But it looks like the hot-dogs go.

Yesterday I found something that must have been mistakenly left in the hot-dog package. It was a slip of paper which says: "Ingredients: beef, pork fat, water, pork hearts, beef hearts, beef tripe, pork stomachs, pork spleens, cereal, salt" and a bunch of chemicals. I thought about the frankfurters I'd just eaten and nearly gagged. They go!

Now I'm getting suspicious of sausage.

But there are better sides to the cooking game. Like the day recently after my purchase of the measuring cup. I made my first Jello. I'd wanted to for a long time but upon looking at the instructions and seeing "--cup" or " $\frac{1}{4}$ cup" etc., I'd pass it by. Then I got smart and bought the cup.

It was really simple, too. I measured out the required water and heated it. Of course, despite the little lip on the cup, some of the water managed to elude me and spill on the stove when I poured it into the pot. But it heated. It steamed a bit, so I turned off the gas and poured in the Jello. Then it seemed to take ages for it to dissolve. It was, I thought, hot enough, but scrape, scrape, grit, gritty, grit, it never seemed to completely dissolve. So I thought the hell with it and poured it into the thing (I can't ever figure out the names of all these utensils) I was going to let it freeze in. Somehow it didn't all quite go in and a wide, purple dribble of molten Jello sloshed down the drain-board into the sink. It jelled alright and it is filling and all that, but I haven't made any since.

Sometimes I think I should get a cookbook but I know it would just drive me crazy.

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Wanted: a wife; must be able to cook. Wanted: a wife; must be able to cook. Wanted: a wife; must be

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Some addenda which hasn't too much to do with the foregoing. Earlier this year I was going with a blonde who was rather nice and all that. She liked my kind of music and movies and books and such and it was all very good until the day I found that she knew how to cook only three different things. I haven't seen her for quite a while now.



COMIC For many years POGO held sway over the fannish heart  
DEPT: and even today when interest waxes low for things non-fannish, POGO still is held dear by many a fan of the older guard. Including me who I think is a member of the new old guard.

But a new star has risen in the firmament and one I think is not getting just due from fandom. PEANUTS. I don't recall any mention (even by me) of this newer strip (since 1950) in FAPA, but then, I've not read the last three mailings. At any rate, POGO is carrying on in fine form with nine little books out now. But coming along rapidly is PEANUTS. Rinehart & Co. has issued three books of the strip now, PEANUTS, MORE PEANUTS and GOOD GRIEF! MORE PEANUTS. At a buck each, and to me, well worth it.

Schulz, who is 33 and lives somewhere in the vicinity of Redd Boggs, has a wife and three kids and, I suspect, a small dog. It all shows up in the strip which sort of features Charlie Brown. Snoopy, the dog, steals the show for my money. Schulz is a master of facial expression and many a hilarious strip goes by completely wordless. Like POGO, it is fun for the kids but also contains a lot of subtle and not-so-subtle reflections of human behavior for the adults. And it's all fun.

Anybody share my feelings? At first, I didn't like the strip when it came to my attention in the Bangor Daily News in 1950. But by the end of 1950 I found I had an immense slab of the strips cut out and saved! When I got out of the army in Jan. 54, I found that the strip was really big and had a Sunday edition. It has won the admiration of the field since Chas. Schulz was voted Cartoonist of the Year recently by the National Cartoonists Society.

I never liked little kids but I LIKE Schulz' little kids. Of course, they're "big kids" to Linus, who is Lucy's little brother. And Lucy whose stentorian voice stuns people, is terribly stuck on Schroeder who plays Beethoven on a toy piano and isn't at all interested in her. And Charlie Brown who ... well you have to see them for yourself. Or are there a lot of PEANUTS fans in FAPA who have just been quietly enjoying it all?

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Mixed emotions: When your mother-in-law drives new Cad off cliff!!

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POST SCRIPT Of course, it isn't that I don't try to raise a set of muscles  
ON DIETS: of the Wm Holden type, Phyllis. I've given up taking my lunch to work since it's tiresome eating lunch meat all the time and besides I hardly ever got around to making sandwiches for a long time before I just simply gave it up.

So now I eat in the cafeteria at work. And usually, a blonde (different one) from the office goes with me. She's dieting (altho I don't see why...). I'm not. So we go down the line together; she takes a salad and I take the main dish with gravy thick as crank-case sludge and she takes a soup and I take vegetables and bread and she takes Jello and I take a thick slab of pie. And butter, real, too. And she looks at me. I shrug. Ah, the tragedy of it all!

It doesn't do either of us any good, to hear us talk!

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"Three's a crowd, but four's an orgy." -- Boyd Raeburn

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R E P O R T    O N    T H E

F O U R T E E N T H

A N N U A L

W O R L D

S C I E N C E - F I C T I O N

C O N V E N T I O N

s e p t. 1-2-3, 1956

b y

P H Y L L I S    H.    E C O N O M O U

biltmore hotel

new york, n. y.



GEE  
kids,  
but  
it  
was  
fun  
!



# IN LIEU OF MAILING COMMENTS:

No Ego-boo, nor even Ego-boo-boo, this time. Naturally, with poll-time upon us, I would have liked to sparkle and scintillate all over the place, comment-wise, flinging ego-boo like Liverache's rose petals.\* However, such was not to be. The mailing was a fine one -- such readables as HORIZONS \* WENDIGO \* POO \* FAPA BOOZE \* RATC \* CONTOUR \* GASP -- heck, if I keep this up I'll list the whole mailing. Anyway, all these and so many others were prime entertainment. So what did I do? I read them. I was entertained. Then I sat down at the typer to comment. And I sat. Like a lump, a clod, a dolt, I sat.

I had nothing to say.

I still feel lumpish when I look at frabjous things like Warner's "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," all of STEFANTASY, or Tucker's "Notes on Culture." I mean -- well, what CAN you say??? Next time won't all of you say something I can disagree with -- or expand -- or somehow discuss? Else I'll just continue to sit back and savor the mailings with uncommunicative pleasure.

However, I do have a few odd remarks to make to a few more-or-less-odd people:

Dunn: You are welcome to use "Flotsam" Sally, as long as you spell it with the "F." However, this is fair warning that eventually I shall have a "Jetsam" too -- and I want no shouts of plagiarism. It was obviously a natural for PFlotsam, on which I have dibs, and for over two years now has been letter-guided on sten-cil atop a column by DAG that was scheduled to appear in PFlotsam #1. It is still scheduled for PFlotsam #1, which has been scheduled regularly for ever so long, and will surely appear any year now. # Were you in New York for the con?

McPhail: You didn't spoil my fun, Dan. Ed Cox did. The word was "Meddibemps" not "Beddibeeps" or even "Middibeep" as you variously have it in PHANTASY PRESS. And "Meddibemps" turned out to be a tiny town in Maine, my home state, with a population of 10. # You're living in the past Dan -- dating this issue 1856. # "... one of the molders of science-fiction's thought." -- who, ME?

Eney: I suspect you of whitewashing history, Dick. "Sansculloides" I would not translate as "days of revolutionaries with Republican ankle-length trousers," but rather as "days of people without pants." Zoze French! # And, no, I do not think Fapans are unusually low-minded -- just usually so. # Plaintive query: Why would anyone want to embed a fly in amber, anyway? # Glad you like "unfor-cenities." You have my permission to use it now and then, if you wish. # I've been trying to think up a good excuse to explain your remark that "you and I ate while Arthur wrote up his market letter." I thought he was looking kind of peaked lately.

Ger (A): I once had a window just as interesting as yours which looked out on the House Across The Street. Mine was in an apartment we once rented on W. 72nd St. and looked out across a court to another apartment in which resided two boys-would-be-girls. They would occasionally toss a party for hordes of their likewises at which all would cavort in full drag. Too bad I'm so lazy -- could have made a mint charging admission. # "An Afternoon in Dallas" was reprehensible -- but I couldn't help my sneaky giggles.

\*See page 17



DAG: Better than "heart" for a sure-fire gold platter is a James Dean ballad. I tuned in accidentally on one of those caowboy-lament programs and listened thru 4 straight "Jimmy" wails. When I switched out they were starting the 5th. All about this sweet, angelic feller, too good for this wicked old world, being called to his maker and welcomed into heaven by an adoring St. Peter accompanied by a deliriously happy celestial chorus. All in a Greenwich Village Western nasal twang, yet. # Have you heard about Fats Domino's new album -- "Music To Handicap Horses By"?

Danner: Thanks for sending along those F&SF sub cards I came right out and asked for. You're a livin' breathin' walkin' talkin' crusty-old batch Dydee-doll! That sub will save me enough to buy an Amazing once in a while. The "FC" and "WSF" on the address plates are quite probably keys to tell the promoters which purchased mailing list their returns come from. Never know who your name will be sold to when you order something by mail. We bought a number of mailing lists when we had the Florida Journal and I once noticed a promotional piece going out to a Mr. Wilson Tucker in Bloomington. Nothing happened though -- it was a very low-grade list. Did you notice the different approach in the two cards? The \$1 offer used high-toned copy like "unprecedented low price" and "brilliant" stories, while the \$2 offer, mailed 3 years later, came right down to earth with "amazingly low price" and "thrilling" stories. They apparently concluded thru promotional trial-and-error that people got money but ain't got no culchah. # Mr. Lffferpffefer's first name is Ralph -- 'twas the last one that stumped me.

Tucker: Blast you, Bob! So to answer a perfectly civil question about what's an INJ, you send me plowing back through ancient mailings for my "Neo-Fan's Guide. And you wouldn't even say which mailing! So that's what it is. Just to be real nasty, I'm not going to tell either -- let all the other curious neos like me scrounge through their own dust to find out.

Young Citizens Young: As many of the things you say are so far beyond my limited comprehension, Andy, I've come to simply accept your statements - convinced you know what you're talking about even if nobody else does. It was thus with your mention of the Esquimaux (mo? -- make up your mind, please)'s suit, loose and baggy enough for him to turn around in. So fine, I thought, let him spin around in his suit all day if it amuses him. Lord knows, he seems to lead a drab enough life, although I've heard rumors of wife-swapping that -- well, I'm getting off the subject here. Anyway, I then started to vizualize Egbert Eskimo at his innocent pastime -- and I boggled. It was easy to see an Eskimess turning around in her dress, yes. (Poetical overtones unintentional) In fact, I soon had entire choruses of Eskimisses flipping passionately about inside their dresses under the Northern Lights. But poor Egbert! Not only could he not flip, but the most laborious, clambering attempt to turn around in his suit landed him flat on his tundra. Perhaps my imagination is disgracefully limited, but as you possess the inquiring spirit and scientific outlook, I'd like to challenge you to an experiment. Secure a pair of the loosest and baggiest pants obtainable, put them on in the usual manner, then try to turn around inside them. Will you do it for me, Andy? (And will you stand in the wings with a movie-camera, Jean?) I found that Egbert simply did not have the acrobatic agility to get his foot out of one leg and way up over the crotch of his britches down into the other leg. And he couldn't figure out how to turn around in his suit any other way. When I left him, he had hooked his toe in his walrus-tusk grippers, with night coming on any day now. I got Eggie into this mess so I feel responsible. But please, Andy, don't make the answer mathematical. # The Poos are priceless. Bacover determined me to back DAG's "razor blades for Andy Young" campaign.



Dutch: I just can't share all these hearts and flowers for the poor helpless bull in a bullfight. These bulls, especially bred for viciousness, are as helpless as a manta ray. No outcry is heard about all the truly helpless beasts slaughtered daily by the thousands to feed the avid mouths of this tender-hearted segment of the public, but when powerful bulls are offered the privilege of killing or horribly mangling a brave man before dying, tears flow fast and copiously -- for the bull! This misplaced sympathy is based on a number of misconceptions. The bull is doomed to die, true -- but that's the ordained fate of all livestock -- and the fighting bull goes down with far more glory than his unmourned counterparts in cattle-cars everywhere. His "tormentor" also faces gory death each time he enters the bull ring -- and eventually meets it. Further, there is no "sadism," no "torture." As anyone knows who has ever suffered a deep cut, there is no pain for the first 30-60 minutes. Except in the case of hysterics, no anaesthetic is required to sew up a cut as the area is numbed by shock. In addition, the thick hide of a bull is relatively insensitive, rendering the banderillos weakening and annoying, which is their purpose, but not painful in any degree. A proper death thrust is quick and clean, offering no satisfaction to any sadistic impulses among the spectators. What the bleeding-hearts in this country fail to realize, is that people attend bullfights for the pageantry and traditional ritual -- for the thrill of seeing a dangerous beast virtually hypnotized and subdued by a puny man -- or taking his outclassed adversary with him to death. We would hustle any child off to the psychiatrist who wept for the dragon instead of thrilling to the knight -- what signifies this nonsensical, non-empathetic identification with vicious bulls? # I think Wendigo tops all for interest this mailing, Dutch.

Oh yes -- Liberache: Our own toothsome Loverboynik was recently greeted in London town by an adoring crowd scattering paper rose petals in his path. He was also greeted by one Bob Monkhouse who does a devastating take-off on L. on British TV, called "Slobberace." "I'm so thrilled to be here!" dimpled L. Murred Mr. Monkhouse, "We worked all night to shape London like a piano just for you."

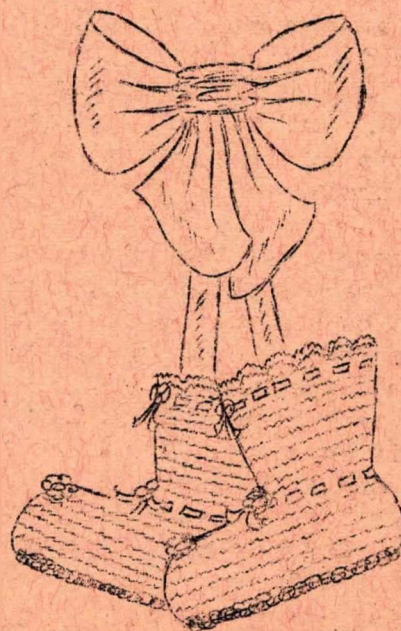
\* \* \* \* \*

#### SPACEDOGDITTY

Spacedog Cy, a moral guy,  
Hit the lanes to Pluto.  
Parsecs out, he heard a shout,  
"I'm in the hold -- come let me out!"  
A stowaway, without a doubt.  
'Twas Lily Bigbazooto.

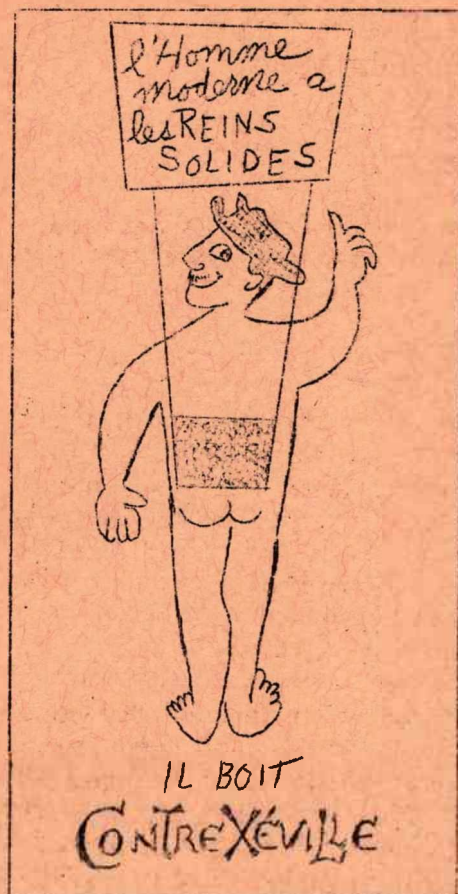
"So what?" you wail. "That ancient tale  
Can't make my heart beat faster.  
An upright guy like Spacedog Cy  
Would play it cool. He'd rather die  
Than leer at Lil with lustful eye --  
For kicks they'll play canasta:"

But listen, pal, this Lily gal  
Was out to land her laddie.  
So hips a-fly, she sauntered by,  
And brazenly she winked at Cy.  
Alas, weak flesh -- our spacedog guy  
Debarked a spacedogdaddy!





S P U M E



Dear to my funny-bone are the two ads on this page. They are both part of a cut-throat campaign by French mineral-water bottlers to capture the "gaseous" or "gasified" water market. (Only water with its own natural gas may be labeled "gaseous." The artificially gassed-up product, which bloats, they say, must reveal itself clearly to be "gasified.")

This advertising fracas is rapidly becoming torrid in the best Gallic tradition. While Vittel merely claims their water "sings and dances," Evian insists that "if a young nursing mother drinks Evian water, then her own milk tastes better." (So that's what Research Departments are for!) Perrier modestly informs us their water goes "Pschitt," but Contrexéville makes the all-out claim that "The Modern Man Has Solid Kidneys -- He Drinks Contrexéville!" But they didn't stop there. Not Contrexéville. As convincer, the newspaper ad, reproduced at left, had only to be held up to the light and, with your own eyes, you could see these essential organs being solidified under treatment. (It is not said whether or not such solidification is A Good Thing)

Seems as if Madison Avenue could do a lot better with Pepsi and Coke. Girls - girls - potato chips and canoes. C'm on, boys -- let's PSCHITT a little!

\* \* \*



To Ed Cox: I firmly restrained myself from talking in brackets throughout your article, but have a thing or two to toss in here. Things like: Haven't you discovered 3-minute, pre-cooked sausage links? Now that you have a measuring cup you can tackle rib-sheathing things like Instant Chocolate Pudding -- just add cold milk and poke in the ice box. None of that tricky business of boiling water involved. Served regularly with Redi-Whip (shake and squirt) whipped cream, this bachelor's delight is guaranteed to adorn you with pod if not pectorals.

Yes, Ed, Fapans have been quietly sitting back enjoying PEANUTS. I recently sent DAG an especially delightful Snoopy strip, and he told me he has acquired an accumulation sent to him by various other fans, although Wisconsin has no PEANUTS yet.

There was steamboat time and Johnny Ray time -- now it's PEANUTS time...



It was my intention to let the convention pass with just the all-encompassing comment on page 14, but I find so many highlights plaguing me. To select just a few, I particularly remember:

\* \* \* Arthur's bewilderment when I told him I'd split my filmiest sheers attempting a Yogi squat. He'd thot we'd all foregathered for four days to discuss Science-Fiction.

\* \* \* Susie Young asleep on a bathmat in the closet.

\* \* \* Poor Pat Lyon's face when she popped one of my Parke-Davis throat discs into her mouth -- not realizing that these harmless-looking lozenges feel like the lighted end of a cigarette sprinkled liberally with cayenne.

\* \* \* The great, strapping, 6-foot pro who surprised everyone by "passing out cold" on a 12th floor bed, although he had been doing no noticeable heavy drinking. His dead-weight hulking bulk was rassled (with ruptures, I suspect) down long corridors, into elevators, up to the 21st floor, down more endless corridors and finally, with a few final twangs of spraining tendons and muscles, onto somebody's bed. As the survivors approached to disrobe the carcass it sat up and said with great dignity, "This has gone about far enough." Then it stepped calmly over the supine bodies and ambled off to its pad.

\* \* \* The bicycle race down the 12th floor corridor at 2 A.M.

\* \* \* My chagrim (and that's not a tyop) when I invited Boyd Raeburn for spaghetti and meat balls the Sunday before the con -- only to find that my brother-in-law and pals had scavenged the refrig like locusts the night before, devouring my pre-cooked Sunday dinner and every shred of my dignity as a hostess. The fiendish depredations were discovered three hours before dinner -- and my spaghetti-special takes 8-10 hours to make. So I blub-blub-blubbered excuses, and Arthur and I hauled Boyd off to the pizza-palace.

\* \* \* The First-Annual-World-Science-Fiction-Convention-Independent-Insurgent's-Banquet at the Brass Rail.

\* \* \* Walt Liebscher beating it out on the grand piano -- and the hypnotized gal standing at his elbow in a trance.

\* \* \* That bone-weary, dissipated feeling at 8 A.M., Tuesday in the Automat where bedraggled I and my bleary-eyed, unshaven cronies were winding it all up over black coffee -- surrounded by bright-eyed and bushy-tailed New Yorkers stepping briskly into this crisp (ugh!), sunshiny (echh!), day (g-r-o-a-nnn!).

\* \* \*

Just two weeks after the Newyorcon, Arthur went off to Chicago for a con of his own. A convention of Butter and Egg men -- honestly, they do exist. I did not accompany him, nor did I care to. In fact I felt rather sorry for him -- convening with all those stuffy business men -- not to know the light-hearted gaiety of my sort of convention. For, of course, these dignified folk would certainly not be living it up with bicycles in the corridors, dry ice in fountains, or beer bottles out hotel windows. Gracious no! They contented themselves with throwing mattresses out the windows (well, one anyway-- things do get exaggerated in the telling.) Not Arthur's group, of course, they were about more constructive pursuits -- trying gamely to fill that straight.



