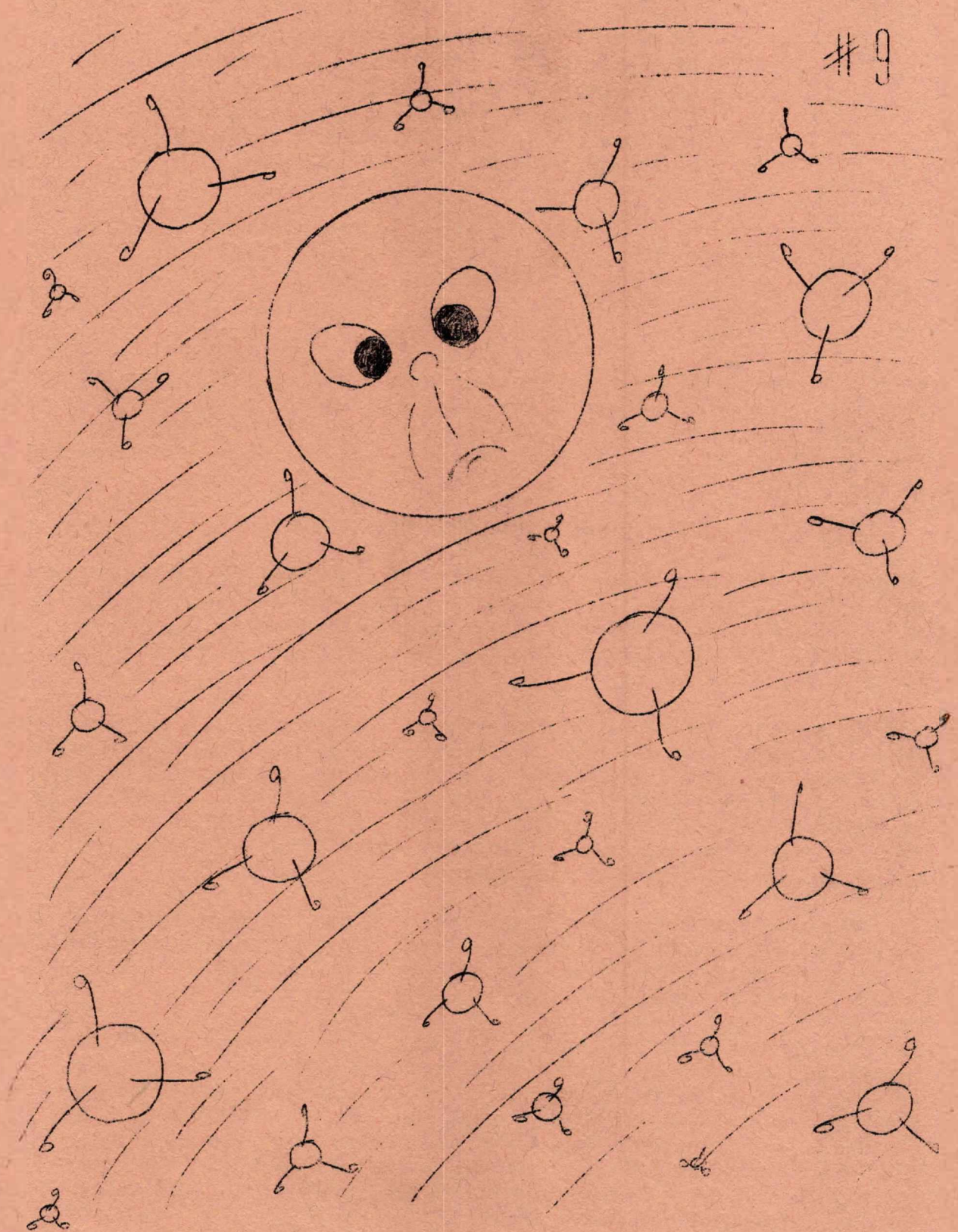


P H L O T S A M

#9



a nihiladrem press production

NOV. '57

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PARTURIUNT MONTES - NASCETUR RIDICULOUS MUS
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So at last I can say it. This is PHlotsam #9, coming to you from Phyllis H. Economou, now residing in P. O. Box 1325, in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. And because posting date of the 81st FAPA mailing is almost yesterday, we shall immediately launch into

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

OF COURSE, everybody knows the Russians have tossed up a satellite called Sputnik. Or does everybody? A newspaper poll, conducted on the campus of an Indiana college, asking what effect students thought Sputnik would have on our national policy, discovered that 10% of students polled wanted to know: "What's Sputnik?"

And college students are supposed to be experts on heavenly bodies. #

Support for the views of the anti-bathtub (Detroit-variety) brigade, has been offered by a Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, semantics expert of San Francisco state college. The good doctor strays out of his baliwick somewhat to analyze the '57 autos from a psychological viewpoint and comes all over Freudian about the matter.

He sees the 1957 autos as sex symbols of potency explaining that they have "sacrificed all else -- common sense, efficiency, economy, safety, dignity and especially beauty -- to be psychosexual wish-fulfillment." The rocket-ship motif of the new cars is also related to inability of the purchaser to deal effectively with the living men and women around him so that he often lives increasingly in a fantasy world of power and heroic action in distant, interplanetary spaces.

The excessive horsepower of the new cars, as well as their design, is seen as symbolic by Dr. Hayakawa. Every single horsepower above 160, he says, is purely symbolic and has nothing to do with transportation except to make it more dangerous. #

AND SPEAKING about the new cars -- 1958 this time -- Arthur is becoming insidiously more Fappish (to his horror). Last night our conversation somehow got onto Dr. Brady again -- he of the asinine newspaper column about how we will someday have to carry the Word to primitives on other planets -- and I mentioned Dr. Brady's assurance that nowhere, nowhen, will space explorers ever find a civilization that begins to approach our magnificent level of development. "Gosh, yes!" Arthur exclaimed, "You should see the new Chevrolets!"

We can't resist gurgling over the Chevvie ads aloud. The ones that say: "... Longer! ... Lower! ... Wider! ... when you team up Chevrolets new Turbo-Thrust V8 with triple-turbine Turboglide ... !" Wouldn't it be fun to hear a Japanese read that commercial?

THIS CREEPING FAPPISHNESS is infecting Arthur to such an extent that I'm going to begin interlineating him if he doesn't watch out. He bellows, "Leave me out of that stuff!" yet last night we started discussing the number of stars in the galaxies, distances between stars, and all those goshwow, sercon things that so suffuse us with the Sense of Wonder, and for some reason I happened to mention that the total weight of the Earth is 6,592,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. "Gosh!" he gulped, "What holds it up?"

I'VE BEEN UNABLE, in my rush, to find the type of stencils I'm used to -- nice, dull, waxey ones with film and a plastic sheet, and these pages are being done on shiney things I mistrust. Panama-Beaver is the brand. Ignoring their white carbon sheets, I'm using my old plastic backers, and topping them with old film. Except for this page which I'm testing with carbon because the others don't look too promising. Morse's article and my mailing comments were done on my good old reliable Aristocrat stencils and I shall be most interested to see how they, respectively, turn out.

It's such a nuisance, in a new town, having to find new doctor, dentist, hairdresser -- and stencils.

IMPOSSIBLE to keep up with all the new gourmet delicacies these days. The latest Damar catalog is offering, among other things; Chocolate-Covered Ants ("tasty-crunchy"); Young Roasted Caterpillars ("plump"); Fried Grasshoppers; Fried Zaza Insects; Salted Whaleskin; Mexican Fried Agave Worms; Fried Bumble Bees; Lily Bulbs in Sweet Syrup; Fried Silkworms In Cocoon; Sparrow On A Skewer; Skewered Baby Octopus; and Smoked Oyster With Pearl ("We guarantee a real pearl in each tasty, tangy oyster, or return can and we will replace it"). Also Fried Ants ("We guarantee 2000 in each can ... and each one fried to crisp goodness!")

However, in case all of the above are old stuff to you, a food delicacy shop on W. 57th St. near Carnegie Hall in New York has the very latest specialties to tempt your jaded appetite. Pickled rooster combs, anyone? Broiled baby bees in honey sauce? Baked bats from Guam? Hurry, the supply is limited.

A QUESTION asked in Bill Morse's column about the origin of the word "olio" has already been answered by Dean in SPUTNIK, this mailing. But here's another -- I've long been curious about the origin of "panhandling." Anyone?

SASSY UPFLIPPED FINS are old stuff this year. They've crossed the Chevies with blimps and now the '58 models are sporting pregnant rear fenders.

DURING THE COURSE of a forum on the radio last week, a Nobel Prize winning scientist proposed a plan whereby the U. S. could hope to catch up with the Russians scientifically. He spoke scathingly about the vast underpayment of our scientists, and insisted scientists are held in contempt by most Americans. According to him, if a 10% tax were to be levied on all new cars for one year, 20% for the second year, and 30% thereafter, proceeds to be applied toward scientific research, then in 10 years automobiles would be in much more logical size and shape, and the U.S. would be on a scientific par with Russia.

That's the trouble with these scientists -- always daydreaming.

turb thrust with triplet turbine turbo glider turb thrust with triplet turbine turbo glider

RELUCTANTLY, we've been forced to join the despised ranks of the Day People. The Chicago commodity markets, which key Arthur's -- and thereby my -- day, open at 9:20 AM, 10:20 AM New York time which we've been used to of course, and which enabled Arthur to slumber until eight-thirty or so and me to slugabed for an hour after that. On arrival here, we realized the appalling fact that our day would have to start a full hour earlier. We had just about a week to get used to that regime when the powers-that-be decided that Wisconsinites all should arise with the songbirds, and the State went back to Central Standard time -- a full two hours behind New York and an 8:20 AM market opening. The phone is apt to start ringing at 7:30 AM and ... I ... just ... don't ... know ... how ... long ... I ... can ... stand ... it!

This time thing has also added another complication to our lives. Although we are here in Milwaukee and, at present, fully intend to remain forever, our stomachs are still stubbornly operating on Eastern Daylight Savings Time. Whereas in New York we would skip breakfast, nibble a dainty lunch at 1 PM, with a hearty dinner at 6:30 or 7, now our crazy mixed-up stomachs start demanding food -- even crass things like eggs! -- at about 10 AM. Sometimes we can hold out, ignoring rumbles and gurgles resolutely, until 11 or so, yet at 3:30 or 4 they start yelling bloody murder to be filled again. We have two choices: to toss together a hurried dinner to be bolted before 5 -- which goes against the carefully-cultivated city-nature of this refugee from a Maine small town -- or to dampen the rumbles with an afternoon snack which, Wisconsin cheeses and other native delicacies like bratwurst (which I've yet to taste, saving it for a burst of special daring, but which sounds -- sort of -- well ...) and yellow milk and stuff, just bursting with country calories and vitamins, will make us abominably fat in no time at all. So it's a royal battle of wills -- the Economou stomachs vs. Central Standard Time -- and so far ... puff! ... the stomachs have the upper hand.

Incidentally, those of you who innocently occupied yourselves at the New York convention, tossing your pretty, foil-wrapped samples of "Genuine Wisconsin Cheese" out the 19th floor windows, as I did -- let me say here and now that those samples were probably circulated by the late Senator McCarthy's opponents to discredit the name of this Great State. Those blobbets of yellow clay, boiled in linseed oil, which bounced off 43rd St. like premasticated bubble gum, bore no faintest resemblance to the delectable stuff distending our waistlines these days. We're cheese fanciers from way back and this is the most.

So far, we're delighted with Wisconsin. We've been told that it gets a bit chilly here in midwinter, but we pay no mind to tall tales like that. Socially, it's a ball. Grennells, Blochs and a Janke almost within yelling distance, and I've heard tell, we may even be invaded one of these days by kittens accompanied, I presume, by their Calkinses. Arthur has even broken his life-long non-joinerism to become a member of the local chapter -- pardon me -- Assembly of S.A.M. which Howard Lyons will recognize as the Society of American Magicians. These fellows hold monthly meetings to which they all tote their cards and amuse each other, and between meetings hold a steady stream of events like "Cabaret Night," and special meetings with a speaker, where they all tote their cards and amuse each other.

With beer.

milwaukee the city that made beer famous milwaukee the city that made beer famous milwauk

SAX ROHMER is not, I believe, spelled "Rhomer" as I had it last issue. These multitudinous typos and/or spelling errors always jump out and bite me just as soon as an issue has been irrevocably run off. I consider myself pretty good at spelling, but have certain blind spots. If unsure of a word, I look it up in the dictionary -- and usually find I was right -- but the words I'm most certain of are apt to be incorrectly spelled. At least nowadays I quite consistently remember to put the "s" in "conscience," so there's progress. Now I'm working on nuscience - nusiance - nuisance -- there!

SHADE'S OF THE TWENTIES! Here in Wisconsin, bootleggers are back in full force. Only they are not bootlegging alky products -- they bootleg colored olio. Wisconsin, in deference to the farmers, having made the product illegal, one's best friend is apt to tap one's arm and mutter out of the side of the mouth, "Getcha some hot olio?" Just before entering Wisconsin the Illinois billboards are plastered with ads touting "last-chance" Olio.

I'VE BEEN TOLD the cars in Europe this season are so small you don't step into them -- you put them on.

WHILE BOOKHUNTING with the Grennells in an old antique shop in an invisible town called Butte de Mort, pronounced Bewdamore, and meaning I don't know what but it has some grisly reference to death, no science-fictional treasures were found. However, I did buy an old cookbook, circa 1891 (led into this by Jean who more or less collects them). This book just begs to be quoted, and one of these issues I shall. Now there is no time, but I will offer this irresistible sample, dedicated to Dean Grennell to replace his lost, lamented vision of Joan Carr in her undies cranking out Femizine. This bit is excerpted from a section called "How To Be Handsome" -- but don't ask me what-all it has to do with cooking:

"Ladies who have ample leisure and who lead methodical lives take a plunge or sponge bath three times a week, and a vapor or sun bath every day. To facilitate this very beneficial practice, a south or east apartment is desirable. The lady denudes herself, takes a seat near the window, and takes in the warm rays of the sun. The effect is both beneficial and delightful. If, however, she be of a restless disposition, she may dance, instead of basking, in the sunlight."

Apparently, Murine had yet to appear upon the cosmetic scene, and for ladies wishing to increase the brightness of their eyes, the rather drastic procedure of splashing soapsuds into them was recommended. That would certainly make them bright -- bright red!

There's real good stuff in this book though. More to the point is a recipe many fans and/or Fapans may want to try for the next convention. It makes "Ginger Wine" and proceeds thusly:

"One-half lb. cinnamon bark, 4 ounces pimento, 2 ounces mace, 3/4 lb. ginger root, 5 gallons alcohol; macerate and strain or filter, after standing 15 days. Now make syrup, 30 lbs. white sugar, 1/2 lb. tartaric acid, 1 1/2 lbs. cream of tartar, dissolved with warm water, clarify with whites of 2 eggs, and add soft water to make 40 gallons. Color with cochineal and let stand 6 months before use."

If you start right now, it should be just about ripe for the Midwescon. #

S A D D E R B U D W E I S E R

by *Bill Morse* —

As Phyllis explained in the last mailing, these items are handwritten by me in the hope that she is clever enough at decyphering to be able to read it all. So far she has done probably a better job than I might myself, but this one is being complicated by the fact of being written on both sides of white flimsy. (What're you trying to make me prove, Bill?) As Phyllis deduced, I keep no copy of these tales -- I keep no copies of any letter I send -- so may sometimes miss a detail. My apologies.

The Melodrama with Oleo really puzzled me. As I explained twice before, my dollar shortage was acute, and I had made the habit of walking from the L.A. hotel to Hollywood, because the street-car fare was too much. By walking, I could manage coffee and donuts at the end of the journey. On the way I passed a white-painted wooden erection which called itself a theater and promised a nightly Melodrama with Oleo. I knew what a melodrama was -- villainous brushing of long mustaches and maidenly wringing of hands -- but oleo? I could think of only two meanings.

An airplane, when it lands, is inclined to bounce on its wheels. To reduce the bounce and the shock of landing, there are shock-absorbers and telescopic dampers fitted. We called them oleo legs. Could it be, I wondered, that there was some sort of hydraulic damper fitted to the seats or the stage, or something? They'd hardly have a full sized airplane in there -- or would they, this being Hollywood?

I trudged on down Sunset Boulevard. In Canada, I remembered, margarine is still called olio-margarine, to remind buyers that it is made of fats and oils, not of milk from contented cows. Hah! Maybe they dished out sandwiches spread with margarine during the interval -- or was it a new twist on the custard pie theme: a quarter pound of margarine bang in the villain's mush? I toyed idly with this idea as I turned up Vine and into Hollywood Boulevard. I forgot the whole thing when I reached Grauman's Chinese Theater, paying my respects to the tiny shoe-prints of Jean Harlow in the concrete outside. Jean had been a very special favorite of mine in my youth.

So I thank Y'edde for her explanation, as far as it goes. But why does Oleo mean vaudeville? Did they grease the stripper's g-string, or what? See Phyllis' comments in this issue (I hope).

(Sorry, Bill, I shot my informational bolt last time. However, Bob Tucker has kindly filled in the olio picture here -- and, as an old hand, may be able to enlighten us as to the origin of the word next time, if we ask nicely. Bob? And here's his letter:

"You are so very right, in re 'A melodrama with oleo.'

Except that I think it should be spelled 'olio.'

Unhappily, I haven't worked in a legit or vaudeville theater since our local showcases bit the dust during the depression twenty-four years ago, but the magic lore of the theater still lingers ... somewhat threadbare, to be sure.

Stage theaters were equipped with an olio, which meant certain things depending upon the grandness of the house. In ours, the olio was a velveteen curtain which hung just a foot or two behind the "stopper," the fire-proof curtain which separates the stage from the auditorium. At the beginning of the performance, the stopper is raised to reveal the olio, and the remainder of the show is worked with the olio. At the end of the performance, of course, both the olio and the stopper are lowered.

A 'Melodrama With Olio' is a two or three act melodrama which offers small vaudeville turns between the acts -- something to keep the audience occupied while the stage is being set. The acts work in front of the olio, in a space perhaps three or four feet wide between the velveteen curtain and the footlights.

This is also called working 'in one,' meaning in the first arbitrarily-allotted space at the very front of the stage. Acts containing a few more people, or equipment, worked 'in two.' The olio was raised and they were given another few feet of space, working before another curtain or backdrop of some kind. The largest acts worked 'in three' or 'in full,' meaning practically the entire stage. A bill containing several acts would usually be arranged so that an act would work 'in one' between each 'two' or 'three'; the stagehands could set the stage for the next big one while a single entertainer did his turn in the footlights.

Alas, all gone from these parts."

... Bob Tucker)

On to the further revelations of the real Morse behind that bluff, hearty facade.

In 1951, I had a card from Harry B. Moore (where'd he get to lately?) It suggested I make a special effort to get to the Nolacon ("you can really do anything down here, Bill"). That settled it, and I started planning the trip in February, to pass away the long cold nights up near the Mackenzie River mouth. Greyhound for preference, and go via Chicago, St. Louis and Memphis. Let's do the job properly, I thought, and take in a ballgame and visit Joe Coyle (a very old friend, then doing a 3-year-hitch in the USAF in Keesler AFB). So -- across Saskatchewan and into Manitoba. Turn south at Winnipeg and down to the border.

Snag No 1: a newly arrived Immigration officer. He felt good and sure that if he held out long enough, he could soak me for poll-tax. He didn't give a damn for any arguments on passports, he was going to set a precedent all on his own. Fortunately an older officer heard him and drew him to one side for a few well-chosen words, leaving me to rejoin the bus. Fargo, Minneapolis, Chicago, Check in the Y and sleep till noon next day.

Now I know why they call it the Windy City.

If I had been in Chi and not seen a ball game, various of the crew

back in Edmonton would have obscenitied in the milk of my cornflakes when I returned. True, the White Sox were home merely to the As, but a major league game is a major league game, and Edmonton at that time was not even bush league, only semi-pro. Besides, at that time the Sox were still in the running for the Pennant, so at least they would be trying. Off I went to watch.

I'd never seen anything like it. The Sox made every play as though they were fighting the fifth game in the Series, and the fans were yelling them all the way home. Minoso managed a walk from a ball on the fore-arm, stole second, stole third. This upset the A's pitcher a bit, because he was barely into his windup when Minnie went. As a result, he flubbed a bunt and Minoso was home. By that time I was screaming as loud as the rest of the fans, and Bobby Shantz was right off form, so they lifted him for a relief pitcher, and another, and another. For Chicago, Louis Aloma put in 7-2/3 innings of relief with one run scored. I was delighted.

I can still see some of those plays, and the ball going round the infield after an out, and the A's catcher jumping up in the air as he argued with the umpire who had given him out on a close slide home, and the umpire doing the traditional homeplate dusting. Hoo boy! But the clearest picture is Minoso's face-splitting beam as he stood on 3rd. A mere second before, he had been on second; all I had done was glance at the pitcher's wind-up and there was Minnie standing on 3rd.

Englishmen are not, regrettably, ball fans. Not the stiff-upper-lip Englishmen.

Two days later, I humped my bags down to the Greyhound Depot and checked them in for the St. Louis bus. There were 2½ hours to wait, so I went out to watch the traffic and to window shop for a while.

A tall grey-haired type loomed up and murmured good evening, observing that he'd seen me booking my bags for the St. Louis bus. By merest coincidence, he was heading that way too. Chicago man himself -- would I care to waste an hour or so wandering around the better areas? After all, I might have missed some of the more historical sights. He could, for instance, show me authentic bullet scars in buildings dating from Prohibition days. I was on -- a genuine bullet scar, perhaps from the typewriter of one of Capone's leading torpedoes? Just show me. I'd seen it in the moon-pitchers often enough to want to see the real ones.

So we strolled along Madison passing chit-chat casually enough. From the shadows there appeared a fat little white-haired body in a dark suit and wearing a hard hat. He wobbled along unsteadily on the other side of Slim Jim and bumbled beerily with a Yogi Yorgensen accent about the woman he'd been with before meeting us and what he'd said to her and what she'd said to him and how she'd demanded fifty bucks in advance and then, as soon as he'd paid it, turned him out and locked the door.

Fifty bucks.

Slim Jim turned to me and muttered "Hey -- this old s.o.b. is loaded."

Loaded bilaterally, it looked to me.

On rambled Swede. He'd sold one of his houses last night. Sure, his sister had been living in it, but what of that? She could get out. He didn't owe her nothing; it was his house and his money. Nope, he didn't know where she would go to live now. So what? He didn't owe her nothing; it was his house and his money. Yup, she was a widow. So what? He didn't owe her nothing ... etc.

"Get him" muttered Slim Jim. "He deserves to lose every cent of that."

"Sounds like it," said I.

"I know -- we'll match him for nickels, huh? We can't lose. I'll always turn up a head, you always turn up a tail, then one of us will always win. If it's me, I'll slip your stake back in your pocket; if it's you, you do the same for me. O.K.?"

What's a nickel, after all? If old Swede was that wicked, he deserved to lose it. So we tried it three times for nickels, and Slim Jim won each time. Then we got daring and matched for dimes. Then for a quarter. Then for a dollar. I was not too keen by now, because the Slim type had won every time, although my stake was slipped into my pocket each time as agreed. It seemed a bit fishy.

Then, right by a dark alley, Swede dug his toes in. How come he'd never won once? How come?

Slim very reasonably pointed out that I hadn't won either. Was Swede suggesting there was anything crooked about it?

Yes, Swede was. He was going to hold the stakes next time we matched and those stakes hadda be big or else. Fifty bucks each, or Slim Jim and I were a couple of crooks.

Click! I'd read enough Scotland Yard memoirs to recognise this one. Truthfully, I pointed out that I had but a few dollars on me. All the rest was packed in my bags, in Traveller's Checks.

Click! Slim Jim grabbed Swede by the arm.

"You play pool?"

"Sure I play pool."

"O.K. I play you a hundred up for your fifty."

"O.K."

And they vanished rapidly down the alley.

The other end was brightly lit. As they reached it, they stopped. Swede pulled out a pack of cigarettes and they both lit up. They took a few puffs, then shrugged shoulders at each other before walking quietly out of sight.

I went back to the Greyhound Depot, thankful for those Traveller's Checks. On the way down to St. Louis (as I expected, Slim Jim did not appear) I had plenty of time to reflect on my own sense of honesty and how soon it had warped. I didn't really enjoy the thought, although at the time, walking down Madison, it had seemed so right to take a few nickels from the old slob.

By Memphis, I had it all nicely explained away.

By Jackson, Miss., I had other things to worry about, such as keeping cool in a place where the overnight low was 83 degrees. I was sweating in a Canadian made "light summerweight" suit.

In New Orleans there was so much to do. Visit Biloxi, to see my USAF friend. He took me across to Metairie, where I was introduced to a young Suth'n gal, who really did say "Y'awl" and "Ah like to died," all same like they did it in the pictures. I was fascinated, and missed several of the Con items (but not the Bloch speech at the banquet, nor the sneak preview.)

The night after the Con ended I was dancing at the Court of Two Sisters with Miss Metairie till two a.m., when her father drove us down to the Greyhound Depot for farewells, and I was on my way.

Back in Saskatchewan, there was snow on the ground.

That, to my deep regret, was the last I saw of the U.S.A. In the midst of planning a trip to Lynn Haven, the U.K. had another dollar crisis and most of the RAF types were called home, me with them.

Dammit.

But we'll be back. Some day, somehow, if only to show Maria the Redwood trees. ... Bill Morse

* * * * *

Wisconsin has some mighty pretty scenery, Maria and Bill, and you can turn up fan-types under every rock. Check it on your itinerary.

That poignant windup on Bill's article has an air of finality about it, but we're assured that PHlotsam hasn't seen the last of him. Despite his becoming a member of Fapa -- and welcome, Bill! -- with his own Fapazine, and his column in BIRDSMITH, and a column now in the works for OOPSIA!, Bill still has enough character-types filed away in his travel memory banks to keep PHlotz supplied with entertainment for a while. And I'll do my part -- even to sitting down and writing the necessary quarterly reminder letter which is real drastic action for slothful me.

In re that "olio-oleo" question, if Tucker or anybody else can supply the origin of the word in the theatrical sense, can anybody also explain its origin as applied to airplanes and margarine? No wonder foreigners find English such a crazy mixed-up language to learn. I'd try it myself except that my encyclopedia and dictionaries are stored with my frieght -- which gives me an excellent excuse for boobos in this issue, especially misspelled words which I would ordinarily look up in the dictionary. I'll lose sleep wondering whether, up above here, "itinerary" should be "itiniary."

EGOB00 & EGOB00-000:

bricks, bats & bouquets

aimed at

the 81st FAPA mailing - (2nd division)

If you are merely skimming through the mailing looking for mention of your name and/or brainchild, I'll save you time right now by listing everyone talked at, to, or about, on the following pages. All the rest of you hurry over to SPUTNIK, the inevitable Grenomou publication, in which my mailing comments started and wandered witlessly on until I ran out of Rex-0 masters much too soon. See you there ...

And now, en garde: Youngs, LeeS, McCain, Eney, Warner, McPhail, White, Raeburn, Wansborough, Sanderson, Willis, Wesson and Officialdom.

SIAMESE STANDPIPE/Wesson: Helen, I'm sorry to be unable to say anything about this beautiful item, because I haven't a copy. I saw it briefly at Dean's and assumed it was a part of my unread mailing. However, it wasn't there and as it isn't listed in the FA I guess it must have been a post-mailing. If it doesn't arrive via forwarded mail, or turn up in my stored gear, I'll badger Eney for one of the extra copies.

NULL-F/White: It is generally accepted that, as you say, national slick magazines depend heavily on advertising revenue, and will fold if unable to obtain great quantities of ads. Yet two of the long-lived monthly magazines I enjoy, COSMOPOLITAN and REDBOOK carry far less ads than the unwieldy, ad-laden tomes I complained about, and no more, I think, than the defunct, unmourned AMERICAN from which the editorial spark had fled long before the magazine expired, if it ever existed at all. The spark, I mean of course, not the mag. Also, READER'S DIGEST seemed to be doing very nicely for a long time before they started accepting ads. # You could, if you had wanted, have mailed Clyde's WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE back to him by express collect, couldn't you? That, I understand -- not through personal experience -- is the way most feeble literature is circulated.

TARGET:FAPA/Eney: Here's what I've been looking for -- all those "Built in etceteras." Arthur came in the other day all full of an anecdote about how he'd seen this VW with a sign on it, "Built In Der Black Forest By Elves," and all, and I said, as I so annoyingly often do, "Oh, yes, I've read about those things in Fapa." But I couldn't remember what the others were, or where to find them. Nothing like Fapa for increasing one's store of conversational tidbits. If it weren't all of 30 or 40 miles from Milwaukee -- the stix to us commutation haters -- we'd take off tomorrow, moving Lares and Penates to a small town just west of here, just so we would say of our Market Advisory Letters "Published in Oconomowoc by Economous." #We shall see how Milwaukee postal service compares to the New York brand this mailing. As usual, this'un will very likely have to go special delivery again. Gives me those few extra days I've learned to count on. Danner and others may jeer all they wish at the Post Office Department, but anyone doubtful of the efficiency of this Great Department of our Great Governmental Organization need just observe operations in Fond du Lac, Wis.,

to develop a proper appreciation. Those boys there are really cracking! Some time back I had occasion to address a special delivery parcel to 402 Maple Ave. It was mailed in New York about 5 P.M. Friday afternoon, and the slush-and-sleet boys waked the Grennells at dawn Sunday ramming the mail truck into a tree in their front yard in their trembling eagerness to live up to the immortal slogan, "The Mail Must Go Through!" Apparently they were just a bit confused as to "through" what? But they were sure trying.

PHANTASY PRESS; Election Edition/McPhail: Enjoyed this, Dan. Glad you used your imagination so effectively. (Isn't that a beautiful orphan?)

CHOOOG/Shaw: This started off as comment on your comments on unions. But when I found my thoughts running away from my typing, and my typing spilling off the bottom of the page, and I was breaking out in a sweat I was that spitting mad, then I tore it all up and said the devil with it, I'm in Fapa for fun, not to run such a temperature. I cannot write calmly about unions and I think that song "It's My Union" the ultimate horror. I don't like any of the Songs of the People's Artists. I don't like "People." It's too collective.

KEEBIRD/Eney: What all kind of typewriter you using there, Dick, to do all that squunched-up conversation? Was it all said sotto voce? #The fan art was amusing, which was all it was meant to be, I hope. # Must an inundating tide of Fapans overwhelm all Wisconsin? I had imagined moving from New York to Milwaukee a highly original thing to do.

YE BOFFTON BOY BIRDWATCHER'S BUGLE-BLAST/Youngs-Shaws: The gay, mad, sort of thing gay, mad, people produce when they rise gaily from their beds in the wee hours to put out a one-shot.

TERRA WELCOMES YOU/Wansborough?: If this is truly Norman, here's an "E" for effort.

SCREE/Youngs: Everything out of Cambridge these days is one-shottish. Has Andy become too immersed in geo-fizzical year activities, or is this the result of so much fapa-conventioning, where all the flush of creative enthusiasm is rubbed off by personal contact with faaaans? I miss all those rambling, incomprehensible, mathematical, astronomical articles -- and mailing comments.* # The Lincoln and Holland tunnels in New York are fun to go through because they are so well-ventilated. However, I remember with horror the six (I think) tunnels through the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. Long -- ranging from 3,000-6,000 plus feet --dark and gloomy and reeking with carbon monoxide. After the first tunnel made me sick and dizzy I tried holding my breath through the others and averaged two gasps per tunnel. But the damage had been done and I was more or less car-sick all the way to Wisconsin. And I'd never been car-sick in my life.

SONGS OF BOSSES' ARTISTS/Raeburn: Are the Shaw's contagious?

Item: Some funeral homes in the South now give trading stamps to purchasers of caskets, or the complete funeral service.

*It came -- it came! Welcome back, Andy.

BIRDSMITH/McCain: I can't agree less with your statement that new territories are settled by "sweepings" from the old. Sure we all know the bald fact that Australia and Georgia were settled by criminals, but do we know what crimes led to their conviction? To be a Jew in Nazi Germany just a dozen years ago was a "crime" punishable by imprisonment or death, and from that standpoint Israel was settled by "criminals." New territories are never settled by the cream of any society -- if by cream you mean the old-line aristocracy of entrenched wealth and/or power. There is no reason for them to leave their cushy lives. Immigrants are, for the most part, refugees from the lowest-on-the-totem-pole economic segments of civilization, but many who seek escape in new lands are the very cream of their hopeless strata -- the ones with the vision, energy, intelligence and determination to better their lot in life at any cost of uprooting, labor and struggle. Judging by the accomplishments of these "sweepings," their cream would seem to be a lot fresher and richer than that of much of the world's present-day acknowledged "aristocracy." (Maybe I'm just defensive because my forebears -- for reasons unknown -- came over here from Aberdeen in 1635.) # Nothing annoys me more than the all-too-common movie reviews which tell the story of the movie. If advance mentions of a forthcoming film tempt me, I want to know whether the script and filming were well-handled and whether or not it succeeded in arousing and holding interest, but when the whole story is told, scene by scene -- except maybe for the ending, which is usually obvious anyway -- it spoils my anticipation and usually I don't bother to go. # "Needles" and "Pins" is not one of my conditioned reflexes. What's "Needles" and "Pins"? I do not consider personal jokes -- anyone's personal jokes -- darkly dangerous. But how can an imposed national reflex be "personal"? Perhaps no one vocally responds "Like a cigarette should," at hearing the ritual 4-syllable stimulus, but you'd have to hunt far and long I think to find an individual able to avoid thinking it. And that's what I object to. I disapprove of all these amateur Pavlov's in the advertising business. # Bill Morse's column does have a different slant and flavor in PHlotsam. If it were not unforgivable I'd say, "He's a Morse of a different color..." # Shopgirls crave identification with glamor, which accounts for the tremendous sale of movie magazines with their 100% hoked-up copy, as well as their reaction to Tallulah, I guess. Popularity has little to do with the hysteria I talked about. Many personalities such as Kate Smith, Crosby, Como, Durante, Gable and other loved celebrities, have achieved heights of popularity far exceeding that of a Johnny Ray, but, with of course some exceptions, have not been subjected to the crazed mauling, moaning and fainting antics of their fans. You forgot Valentino who beat Bankhead and Vallee. I think probably he was the first -- or did Francis X. Bushman get the treatment? Tucker? Bloch? The Jimmy Dean mania is the worst and most disturbing. I recently read that his studio still receives upward of 4000 letters a week addressed to him, or about him. All from silly little adolescents well aware of his death. Some expressing such sentiments as how the writer wishes she were dead just to be near him. However, some of this emotional slop is fed by money hungry fly-by-night publishers catering to the kids with reams of ghoulish copy and 1-shot mags about Dean. Glancing through one of these at the newsstand the other night, I saw the following blurb in one issue of a cheap publication obviously edited strictly for teenagers: "James Dean Is Not Dead. He was badly mutilated in that auto accident and this great and sensitive actor cannot face his public in this condition. But Jimmy refuses to have plastic surgery. Come Back, Jimmy -- your fans want you!"

MUGGY TODAY -- followed by Tuggy, Wengy and Thurgy.

HORIZONS/Warner: Is your suggestion for a specific constitutional provision to vote on retention or ejection of a member, either actual or prospective, really necessary? Isn't that well covered by Sect. 9? Seems to me the trouble lies in lack of use, not lack of provision. # I think it was Bill Evans who was waxing so enthusiastic about the beauty of modern locomotives, but I feel an incurable tenderness for the old steam engine. Like a beautiful woman who purses her lovely lips and emits a bronx cheer, the raucous "B - L - A - A - A - T!" of the modern diesel shocks -- bringing swift nostalgia for the lovely, low and romantic "WHOOOOO-WHOOOOO-woo-WHOOooo" of the old-time choo-choo. The old girl may not have been much to look at compared to this modern, brassy, streamlined, painted hussy, but her cooing, wooing voice evoked an aching wanderlust in many a breast. She was a lady, and I, for one, mourn her passing. # For some reason, employees in the New York post office used the Great Mail Crisis as an excuse to permanently slacken their service. Prior to that black week-end, we used to receive mail posted in the city, on the following day, which is as to be expected, although falling far short of London's phenomenal intra-city delivery within hours. After that week-end, a daily report mailed to us from a business office little more than a half-mile away, more often than not took two days to be delivered. The postmen scratched their heads and "couldn't understand it," but that was the way of local delivery until we departed. # Texas may have more square miles south of the 30th parallel, but it does not have Florida's lush semi-tropical and even sub-tropical climate and atmosphere -- in the popular interpretation of those words. Regardless of the dictionary, and geographical definition of the word "tropics," it is popularly associated with areas of lush growth, of palms, hibiscus and soft ocean breezes -- or with rank, steaming jungles. It's hard to think of arid areas such as Texas or Saudi Arabia as "tropics," although technically they are. Actually, I see that I'm answering here a question you did not ask -- fatal in Papa! You want to know why Floridians boast so much about southern climate when Texas is equally far south. The answer to that is, "Why shouldn't they?" Nobody is stopping Texas from bragging about same thing. They're so busy bragging about so many other things, they probably just haven't been able to get around to it yet. # I cannot see the absurdity of parochial school children using public school busses. It's only fair. In many areas, a sizeable percentage of the children go to parochial schools. The parents of all these children pay the same amount of taxes as parents of public school children, yet receive nothing for their money. In addition, the community is saved enormous sums of tax money which would be necessary to educate the parochial school children at public expense. Your taxes are thus much lower, yet these children are denied the small privilege of use of the school busses. Not only are the parents of these children paying a share of public school education, but they also pay the total expense of the parochial schools. True, this is a matter of personal choice. But the people of Augusta, Maine answered this niggardly argument very effectively in terms of economic reality that everyone could understand, when they simply decided to close all parochial and private schools and enroll the 9,000 children involved in the public schools. This, of course, they had a perfect right to do. They merely proposed to take advantage of the taxes they had been paying for so many years, as long as their children were denied usage of the school busses. I don't know how this finally worked out as I left Maine this summer before it was decided, but the city officials, and the entire population, were in a panic at the thought of just the new schools that would have to be built, not to mention teachers, books, supplies, administration, lunches -- and school busses.

When I left, it was taken for granted that the decision was a foregone conclusion. Faced with the prospect of having to give every taxpayer a full yard for his money, I imagine the city fell all over itself to grant the inch asked. # I have never worked deliberately with ESP, but I think many married couples take it more or less for granted, which would indicate that intimacy and affection are important factors. Last week Arthur and I had two such experiences that quite startled us because they occurred within hours of each other. One evening we were both quietly reading, when I looked up and started to speak. I meant to tell him I had an old song running through my head that I hadn't heard since I was a child. Just as I started speaking, he broke in and there was a minute or so when we each protested that the other go ahead and talk first, then he told me an anecdote he had just recalled -- for no good reason -- about his mad youth, involving a girl who everlastingly was sitting down at a piano and playing, "I Get The Blues When It Rains." My scalp prickled when he said the words because I could feel them coming and that was the old tune that had been running through my mind. I don't know who influenced who, that time. And no, there was no background music or any other stimulus to account for it. The other incident happened next morning. Arthur was typing. We were expecting some people in so I said to him, "When you go out will you stop at the delicatessen...?" "You want some Half-and-Half?" he asked. "Yes," I said absently. Then I jumped and so did he. This might seem routine except that I had never used Half-and-Half in my life, having seen it for the first time at the Grennells and decided on the spur of the moment to try some. I had cream in the house and could have much more likely needed almost anything else from the store. It was spooky. # Science fiction also develops curiosity that prompts you to learn a bit about science. # The ideal anesthetic for putting pulp victims out of commission would seem to be the spinal type used on Arthur when he had his appendix out. Only difficulty would be in administering it. He was quite effectively paralyzed for some time, but when I entered his room after the operation, expecting to find a very sick, nauseated husband, he greeted me with a big grin, wave of the arm and a flip hiyah kid. I found out it is characteristic of this anesthetic that it results in a feeling of near-hilarity in the patients. Unfortunately this mood evaporates in a while, but there is no nauseous after-effect. # Wish I had read all this information about the simplicity of escaping from bonds when I was a kid. I'd have been spared a nightmare memory. Playing cowboys and indians -- I was always the indian because I was a girrrl -- I was well bound and gagged one day and shoved into a locked cupboard in a shed behind our house. Soon thereafter, I heard the father of the cowboys calling them to hop into the car to go swimming, which they blithly did, forgetting all about me. Some hours later, my mother, who had been shopping, returned home and I could hear her calling me for a very long time, unable to answer or do anything else except drum my feet on the floor and door. Eventually I was found, but the how has blanked out. But I did try to escape -- frantically. Perhaps it was my own belief that I could not that caused me to fail, eh? # A captive woman's nails are a lethal weapon. # Perhaps Hagerstown will soon follow the new banking policy that is being adopted by many cities and towns around the country -- including Milwaukee who instituted it a couple of weeks ago. "Banker's hours" are now until 5:30 PM -- until 8:30 PM Fridays.

PAMPHREY/Willis: Isn't the Third Programme the one aimed at the intellectuals? Certainly ball games are not suitable fare. Or is cricket considered to be on a loftier plane than baseball? In this democratic nation we have our clearly-defined social strata among sporting

spectator types. Onlookers at the Forest Hills tennis matches, for instance, are considered to be on a much higher cultural plane than plebian baseball fans. # I, too, would view with incredulity American tv plays and films about people suffering because they can't afford medical attention. Things here are not all that bad. The poor have countless free clinics available, and the great middle-class pays for major medical attention on the installment plan. They're so far in debt to begin with, what matters a bit more or less? # I was shocked at the TAFF results -- humbled too. Methinks we of Fapa, and what we consider organized fandom, may have been taking ourselves too seriously. Especially after hearing about Madle's remark that Eney is hardly known over here. Just can't figure out what trees all these voters were hiding behind. I had been faintly alarmed that Eney and Raeburn, both so popular with our group, might split the vote -- but had never imagined that the total of the Eney and Raeburn votes combined could be less than those of the dark-horse winner. But Madle's a nice guy -- I'm sure you'll agree. # Colly, how we miss SLANT! # Glad you again reprinted ROLL CALL by Rory Faulkner.

CLAUSE/Sanderson: Welcome. # Wish I had saved an article that appeared in a Milwaukee paper just after the hysterical Series celebration. It was a learned analysis by a psychiatrist of the whole affair and according to him, a mass inferiority complex was the least of the things wrong with this city's population. It was really frightening to discover what abnormal, maladjusted types we've chosen to live among. And they all look so nice and ordinary too. # You're about to give all Fapa a mass inferiority complex with that 50 price on your head. Doubt one of us is worth more than the basic 97¢ on the hoof -- or has that succumbed to inflation too?

THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Officialdom: Your keying system makes a lot more sense than the ones used heretofore. Hope it will be continued this way. # Has Fapa, in 20 years, ever been confronted with legal problems that would require reference to the laws of any state? Again, in proposing to add a complicated legal framework to Fapa, I think we are taking ourselves too seriously -- and just asking for trouble. The possibility of lawsuit is mentioned, but who would sue? why? and what could be gained? Also, if we bind the group to abide by any specific set of laws -- with which no one could ever hope to become familiar except most superficially -- might not those very laws someday compell Fapa to action contrary to the wishes and intent of the membership? We'd be asking for it. # The rest of the constitutional revisions sound OK except that I cannot see how 3.1 eliminates the possibility of reprint material being used to meet renewal activity requirements by the addition of "credentials as described in 2.21 and 2.22..." Neither of these specify anything about reprint material, and I've been unable to find the word "reprint" in 3.1. Let's be sure these points are really clearly specified so we can let the constitution rest in peace for a while once the job's completed.

PUFF! So I did my staggering duty and said something about every single thing in this massive mailing. Not quite as massive as last time, but still overwhelming compared to the 350-odd-page mailings that were standard not so long ago. How far can this trend go? I have said nothing about any postmailing, except Jack Speer's. Any others -- if there were others, are probably mouldering in the railroad freight warehouse. Storage warehouses have always been the Economou's homes-away-from-home. #

SIENTIFIKER FIRENSCHPITTER

DAS DOUBLEN-GESCHPRECHENKEIT

(Lifted from the New York Mirror)

The German influence in building rockets and guided missiles has inspired a special language for personnel of the Air Force's air research and development command. Here are some terms from an unofficial "English-German glossary" being circulated -- under separate cover -- for use with technical literature:

GUIDED MISSILE -- Das sientifiker geschtenwerkes firenkrakker.

ROCKET ENGINE -- Firenschpitter mit smoken-und-schnorten.

LIQUID ROCKET -- Das skwirten jucenkind firenschpitter.

CELESTIAL GUIDANCE -- Das schruballische schtargazen peepenglasser mit komputerattachen schteerenwerke.

CONTROL SYSTEM -- Das pullen-und-schoven werke.

WARHEAD -- Das laudenboomer.

NUCLEAR WARHEAD -- Das eargeschplitten laudenboomer.

HYDROGEN DEVICE -- Das eargeschplitten laudenboomer mit ein grosse holengraund und alles kaput.

Responsibility for the above lies with management "das ultzerenbalden gruppe" and the following departments:

PROJECT ENGINEER -- Das schwettenoudter.

WINDTUNNEL -- Das huffenpuffen gruppe.

STRUCTURAL TEST -- Das pullenaparten gruppe.

SECURITY -- Das schnoopen gruppe.

PLANNING -- Das schemen gruppe.

NUCLEAR RESEARCH -- Das whizkidden gruppe.

SUPPORT EQUIPMENT -- Das garterbelten gruppe.

Addenda (Mine): SPUTNIK -- Das sientifiker razzengeberryballische mit
whirlen und beepengoesen. Ach!

-oOo-