

P H L O T S A M

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And here once again is PHLOTSAM, your Moist Fapazine that is damper -- much damper. Distilled especially for the 87th Fapa mailing by Phyllis Aitch Economou, of the Lake Michigan Economous, at 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The mimeo may have changed, but PHLOTSAM is still A NIHILADREM PRESS PRODUCTION.

S P I N D R I F T

HALLELUJAH! At last a PHlotsam with no disreputable holes in the corners. It will, of course, be up to the membership to decide whether or not this state of affairs is an actual improvement. Perhaps the concensus will be that the more blank spaces in PHlotsam, the better. In which case, I will blithly thumb my nose at the august membership (and the May membership as well) and go my head-strong way happily using my new Gestetner, which not only magically fills up those holes, but will even, if I let it, print all the way out to the sides and clear down to the bottom of the pages like those jam-packed overseas fanzines. But I haven't that much to say. Nobody has that much to say.

Another new aid to regular PHlotsam publication (theoretically) is the IBM electric I'm typing on. This is a marvelous development and I couldn't do without it now. In fact, even in a short time I've become so used to the feather touch that I was unable to operate DAG's typer at all without stopping to think about how hard it was necessary to flail away. My speed -- when using typing shorthand -- has improved so greatly that I now take Arthur's over-the-phone dictation of the daily letter directly on the typewriter almost as fast as he can talk. Stencil typing, however, is a different thing. Much easier, but not too much faster as yet because of slight differences in the arrangement of the keys that I'm not used to yet. Also, I have the habit of resting my fingers on the keys during pauses, and this results in unauthorized characters appearing on the stencil due to the slightest inadvertent pressure of one finger. Just a matter of habits, though, overcoming some and forming new.

ALL OF YOU who have become purple in the face holding your breath waiting for me to make that trip to Seattle, may now exhale. I'm breaking precedent by not going at all. Heretofore, whenever I have confidently announced my imminent departure from wherever I was to wherever I had taken the notion to go, I always eventually got there, despite it requiring an average of four confident departure announcements, each a mailing apart, to accomplish the feat. This, of course, led to complications of sorts, such as when Bob Bloch studiously ignored me at the New York convention a year before I moved to Wisconsin, offering me only the briefest hellos from time to time -- because he fully expected me to be permanently settled in Milwaukee, on tap for talk-fests, within a couple of weeks. Or, such as when the Grennells, hospitable souls that they are, laid in a stock of my pet Southern Comfort on three separate occasions when I was expected momentarily to arrive in Milwaukee. Naturally, when I actually did arrive, all previous stocks had mysteriously disappeared and, with deplorable lack of confidence in me, they had foreborn to lay in more. Of course, finding themselves occasionally and temporarily overstocked on Southern Comfort may not have been any more of a catastrophe to the Grennells than it would be to me, but it was a complication -- of sorts, as I said -- nonetheless.

But to get back to my Washington trip. When it had been postponed from October to November to December to -- finally -- February, my sister stated flatly that she could not tolerate this suspense, so she and my small niece came here to see

me instead. This was a fine idea, much as I regretted being unable to make the trip. Among other things, I still detest flying and the thought of the Rockies made me freeze.

I'M CURIOUS to see how the preceding page will turn out. By mistake I omitted the typing plate and have never before typed a stencil without it. It will probably be much heavier than I like it. Guess I'm still not used to this type-writer enough to spot a difference in touch -- and there's a big difference.

SPRING has still not arrived in Milwaukee. April 27th, and a damp 38 degrees.

EARL KEMP arrived at much the same solution as my sister, to the problem of coping with PHE's inability to travel point to point reasonably on schedule. Ever since my arrival in Wisconsin, some 19 months ago, I've promised Earl repeatedly that I would trek to Chicago -- 1½ hours away by choo-choo -- to meet the gang down there. Finally I did make it to Chicago -- once -- for Arthur's convention that allowed no time for sorties into the fan world, or underworld. I can just visualize the diabolical gleam in Earl's blue eyes when he informed me shortly after Christmas that he and Nancy and Bill Beard were planning to visit me on Saturday night, January 2nd. I was delighted as I always am when the Kemps come to call.

A few days later I received word that Joe Sarno and Jim O'Meara were coming along -- then Bob Briney -- Sid Coleman -- Bloch was roped in, and the Grennells -- others -- things, as Earl put it, snowballed -- and I spoke no word, lifted no finger. Chicago, by gar, was coming to me -- not to mention Fond du Lac, Weyauwega and Pasadena, California. Earl had even assured me they were providing all the comestibles and potables -- which they did for an army. All I had to do was sit back and let things happen. We had a ball. So much so that one of these days -- or years -- I'm actually going to arrange another party myself, inviting people and feeding them and organizing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, and -- maybe -- even go to see them.

There must have been great determination in Chicago to disrupt my solitary unfannish ways, as January 2nd turned out to be a blizzardy day which carried into the night, temperature about 10 below, hazardous driving and all around nasty for a Milwaukee safari. Arthur even refused to drive to the post office that day and assured me that nobody -- but nobody -- would be able to come. But come they did, in force, through ice and snow, braving ditching and chilblains -- bless their fannish little hearts.

I'm beginning to feel like a shrine.

(The Tattooed Dragon could do a lot with that one.)

SPEAKING OF THAT MOST ESTIMABLE BEASTIE -- which is well worth speaking of despite the lapse of all these months -- my copy of THE TATTOOED DRAGON RETURNS was numbered 150 out of the 150 published. In his kind and tender way, to be certain of not bruising my delicate feelings, Bill added "Last but not least" under my name in the inscription space. This was nice, but not at all necessary. If I cannot be first -- and one so rarely can -- I am always grateful for minor distinctions such as being last. It's so much more soul-satisfying than everlastingly being smack in the middle. Besides, after all the years of being "Assoc. Editor" in Florida, and now being once again the "Assoc." in "Arthur N. Economou Associates," I feel quite at home bringing up the rear. Leading the quiet life that I do, I dearly love having things happen to me, and receiving #150 of THE TATTOOED DRAGON RETURNS

can certainly qualify as something happening. I lilt a bit. I talk about it. I tell Arthur, and now I'm telling all of you about it.

Not that such a j-g excitement (I'm speaking now of the number, not the book which was Big Brass) could sustain a very lengthy or scintillating conversation, but even a tidbit like "Hey, I got #150, the last copy of The Tattooed Dragon Returns," can come in handy when conversation sags somewhat. It invites a response like, maybe, "Did you really?" You see, the conversational ball starts bouncing. It's right back in my court. Of course, I then must at all costs avoid the snappy comeback like "Uh-huh" or "You bet!" Such phrases put emphatic periods to conversations. There is really nothing more to be said. Of course, the one left standing behind the slammed conversational door, with a silly grin on his speechless face, can then counter with, "No kidding?" but that just invites, "Honest" and we're no forrader.

Whoa, there! This did not start our as a course of instruction in The Gentle Art Of Conversation. All I intended to do was thank Bill for handing me this little conversational gambit because "I got #85 of The Tattooed Dragon Returns" would not have been at all effective, unless used to a neighbor or the laundry man -- but that's another thought...

JUST WITNESSED an odd happening that has my curiosity tied into frustrated little knots. Walking the dog along the street here, we passed a building with six apartments, one of which, with four windows fronting the street, was totally dark. We were on the opposite side of the street. At that moment, a police cruiser came along, slowed in front of the apartment building and flashed a spot-light at the darkened windows, one by one. In the third window a man was startlingly silhouetted, peering out with both hands flat against the pane. The light swept along, hesitated, then swiftly swept back to the motionless figure there in the dark window. He hadn't moved. I waited for the shooting to start, but instead the light went out, the cruiser picked up speed and went off up the street, leaving the four windows once again blank and dead in that lighted building. Even now, I remember the incident with an eerie creep of the nerves. The effect was quite similar to that produced by those old movies where, inevitably, when a closet door was opened a corpse would fall out. And trying to think of an explanation has me buffaloed.

WHO OF YOU out there sent me a copy of the LOS ANGELES TIMES Midwinter Edition? Must have been one of you as I know no one else there except Arthur's brother, and he wouldn't have addressed it to me. Last one I received was a couple of years or three back from Ed Cox, before we got the Milwaukee bug. But, whoever it is, thanks kindly. I love to look at out-of-town papers, but we have no intention of moving again -- ever. Let me know who you are and I'll send you a few MILWAUKEE JOURNALS to tempt you into joining the ever-growing ranks of Wisconsin Fandom.

I WAS THE VICTIM OF A TELEPHONE POLL. Answered the phone a while ago and a piping little adolescent voice posed me a question of great import. Now that Elvis had lost his mother, she wanted to know, did I think he might settle down? Seemed mean to deprive her of a chance to talk about Elvis, but I was busy and have little conversational lore re Elvis anyway, so I answered briefly that I imagined he might -- most people do sooner or later.

TIME TO STOP FOR NOW. There are over a hundred labels to be typed and the daily letter to be stencilled, run off, folded and mailed before five o'clock. And it's now after three. This should demonstrate that I'm not dragging my feet in Fapa out of boredom. Believe me, settling down to stencil cutting and mimeoing for Fapa demands dedication to the organization of the highest order!

PHLOTSAM IS TWO-TONED this time because I'm using up two left-over reams of paper. Those of you who have been around a while may recognize my favorite shell-pink that I used in New York. Not only was it unobtainable here, but now I'm told I'll be unable to get any color of this flecked paper which I've found offsets much less than the flat surface type. And offset is a definite problem with the Gestetner. Slip-sheeting is impossible. So I'm in trouble until I can find another source somewhere of this paper used by half of Fapa. One of the big office supply stores doesn't carry it and the other is discontinuing the line. And this in Wisconsin -- paper country!

SOMEWHERE in the mailing comments I mentioned that we were going to see a re-issue of The Great Dictator. This was called off, to our disappointment. Some difficulties arose about obtaining the film, but they're still trying.

There is apt to be a big differenceⁱⁿ inking heaviness between the first paragraph of this page and the rest of Phlotz. I'm lucky all my oooos aren't out. When typing the first paragraph, I had the touch indicator set at 20 instead of 5, which is about right for typing 15 carbons, not cutting one defenseless stencil.

DON'T miss reading PSYCHO, Bob Bloch's latest, a Simon & Schuster Inner Sanctum mystery. It's a thriller ... a chiller ... a shocker. It races and jolts. In brief, it's terrific! Walk if you're too fat and lazy to run to your nearest bookstore and -- never mind the lending library -- buy it. This is an unsolicited testimonial.

I'M GETTING WAY BEHIND on reading and if anyone discovers how little science fiction I've read lately I'll be drummed out of fandom. Perhaps the problem isn't so much that I'm reading less, than that for some reason we're accumulating a lot more reading matter. Just in the last few weeks I've gone through Psycho, Anatomy of a Murder, Nightmare Alley, Come With Me to Macedonia, a Nero Wolfe Omnibus and the life of John Scarne, and still have waiting The Great Prince Died, Doctor Zhivago and Fowlers End. Now that I'm actually stock taking, I'm appalled at the amount of reading matter piling into this house. All in addition to fanzines and Fapa mailings. We take both local daily papers, the New York Times and Wall St. Journal. We subscribe to U.S. News (weekly); Vogue (twice monthly); Flower & Garden; Foreign Affairs; Harpers; Atlantic Monthly; Ladies Home Journal; McCalls; Forbes; American Home; Redbook; Southwestern Miller and MUM, a magic magazine. I also pick up on the stands, oftener than not, Cosmo, Alfred Hitchcock and Ellery Queen. Has anyone any suggestions what to do with old magazines -- MILLIONS of them? Theoretically, even the capacity of our great attic is limited.

IT FINALLY HAPPENED! I spent a week-end with Redd Boggs. And the Grennells. But Boggs was the great event. During the past year and a half Redd has set as many dates for a Fond du Lac trip as I set dates to move to Milwaukee during the preceding year and a half, which is why this was an Event whereas visiting the Grennells has now become an Occasion. When I arrived in Fond du Lac, Dean broke the news that Redd had been unable, at the last minute, to make it -- and I was not a bit surprised, although disappointed. I'd never really believed it. But there he unmistakably was in the red station wagon, larger than life and twice as redheaded. He's a likeable, witty, personable guy, not at all formidable as I had expected from his impeccable and erudite SKYHOOK. We had a delightful week-end, despite not cutting any tapes or emitting any one-shots, and I hope we can do it again sometime before too long.

PICKED UP the oddest bit of ghost talk on the telephone. Have you ever been talking on the phone, or perhaps just listening to silence while holding the line, and


heard ghostly little voices as from a great distance, or a tinkling, disembodied laugh in the void? It's quite common, at least on our phone line. I listen to a lot of telephone silence because Arthur has two lines and is forever having to switch to answer the other while I wait -- and wait. Clients come first, of course, especially calling long distance collect. Quite often when he's dictating I'm distracted by a not-quite-audible feminine conversation heard from afar in garbled snatches -- so faint that usually Arthur can't hear them at all and considers me mad. Anyway, one day I heard a man's voice speaking just one sentence. I heard the words clearly and retained them in my mind as they were followed by silence and I was just sitting there holding the phone and waiting for Arthur. My mind interpreted "champagne on ice" which sounded very gay, and I sat wondering about the man and the occasion and who he may have been talking to and whether it was a rendezvous, and it made very enjoyable imagining while the sentence kept sort of ringing in my mind over and over. Then I suddenly actually heard the words again-- fed back from my mind which was still repeating the sentence verbatim -- and then began my mystification. The man hadn't said "champagne on ice" -- what he had actually said was, "I just wanted you to know I got some ice on champagne." A voice from a Null-A world?

HARPER'S HAS FINALLY DISCOVERED SCIENCE FICTION. Real, honest-to-goodness science fiction, that is. Not the stuff we've been calling science fiction all these years which has no right to the name at all. But why do I go on -- the quotation leaves nothing more to be said. This was not in the book review section, but from "The Editor's Easy Chair" said editor being John Fischer, who whimsically terms himself "The Old Original Beatnik." Under the heading "The New Original Science Fiction," he goes on thusly: The invention of a successful literary form is a rare event, ... This feat has just been achieved by Leonard Engel ... What Engel has produced is a new kind of serious science fiction. He did it by combining the techniques of the novelist with those of the trained and painstakingly accurate science writer, and then applying them to an actual, contemporary subject. The result, of course, has nothing in common with those science fiction fantasies about distant galaxies and bug-eyed monsters, and (to me at least) it is infinitely more rewarding. The name of his book is THE OPERATION, published by McGraw-Hill. It is the story of a four-hour operation on Joyce Wilder, a 13-year old girl born with a defective heart. Joyce is a fictional character; so are her parents and her family physician. But everything else in the story is real -- the place where it happens (Operating Room J of the University of Minnesota Hospitals); the surgical team (Doctors Lillehei and Varco, pioneers of open-heart surgery) ... etc. etc. Everything that happens to Joyce has actually happened to numerous others..."

Get the idea, you so-called science fiction writers out there? Feet on the ground.

THIS UPCOMING MAY MAILING is a milestone. It marks the fifth anniversary of my entry into Fapa in May of 1954, and the seventh anniversary of my discovery (GOSH WOW) of fandom in May of 1952. I discovered there were such marvels as BNFs, and forthwith determined to become one -- an ambition which, thankfully, I never achieved as I would never have had the stamina to live up to it. As it is, in my lackadaisical way, I feel I've now earned the title of (relatively) OTF, and have managed to outlast 3/4 of the publishing giants who were my heroes in 1952, and the way the years are slipping by, I'll probably be emitting desultory PHLotsams in 1972. Anything Bloch and Tucker can do (fannishly speaking) I can do too. Just as long as I don't bother trying to do it better.

CAN I SWING IT this time? It's now 11 PM Thursday, this must be mailed Monday at the latest, and I've yet to write two pages, cut 5 stencils, run off and collate it, see dentist and shop tomorrow, 3 letters and company Saturday. HMMMMMM... PHE

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THE FANTASY AMATEUR/Officialdom: First of all, let me say thank you to all of you who gave me those undeserved votes in the poll -- undeserved in view of my last year's activity. I promise I'll try to do much better this year. // Welcome, Rusty. // Couldn't figure out why there weren't dozens of votes for Bloch and Tucker's S F Fifty-Yearly until it occurred to me that maybe that was published last year. My mailings are not at hand -- but is it possible? No wonder I got left behind most every mailing if time skitters by like that.

VANDY/Coulsons: I like your policy of separate comment. Gives the impression that we have truly gained two distinct members -- nice bonus. // I grant there is a certain morbid interest about an open john, but as a practical housewife I find it frustrating to have house space cluttered up by an object for which no practical use can be found. I feel much better since I decided to plant philodendrons in it. (If you think this bizarre, I can show you a recent ad in the New York Times, offering the latest interior decorating gimmick -- a genuine, old-fashioned, crank-type wall phone, useful as a striking conversation piece, or as a philodendron planter -- price just \$29.95.) Now if you had only been imaginative enough to find a dead body to store in your North Manchester cubby, you would have really outclassed my john. // Rambler station wagon is a vulgar expression in this household. We had one once. // For the good and cheap foods you like, we used to occasionally visit the tiny foreign (to us, but not to the neighborhood) restaurants on the lower east side of New York. Italian, of course, like John's Pizzaria down on Bleeker St., the best in the city, a bare, wooden-tabled place where John served his superb pizza and spaghetti only -- and everything else had to be supplied by the customers. Entire families -- or groups of a dozen or so men -- would pile in burdened down with long crusty loaves of bread, bottles of red wine, pickled peppers and any other frills they considered desirable or necessary, spread a tablecloth, lay out the accessories, and wait for John to serve the heaping dishes of spaghet. There were also tiny Armenian, Russian, Jewish, Greek and many other places of varying quality in the area serving everything from stuffed derma to baklava. All cheap, some good. (Aside to Boyd ... don't forget to try the Golden Horn. Not cheap but GOOD!) // Juanita, I read you and gape. I'd give a lot for just a few of those empty hours you complain about. How do you do it? This sounds like a foreign stereotype of the American housewife who just has to push a few buttons in the morning to find her work done for the day and all the hours ahead for TV and bridge. I have books and magazines beckoning to me unread from every corner, correspondence unanswered, don't own a TV and wouldn't know what to do with it if I did, am theoretically free except for a few hours in the afternoon, but a bit of shopping downtown takes a week's planning. What's the secret? /You reviewed, as you said you planned to, everything in the order that Buck did, from HORIZONS through PAMPHREY. Next should have come PHlotsam -- but no. Not even in the NOTED. I stand snubbed.

PEBBLES IN THE DRINK #1 & #2/Young-Stark: Fresh and really EXCITING! Such vitality! Such imagery! My goose bumps erupting knocked the plaster off the walls.

THE DIRECTORY OF 1958 SF FANDOM/Bennett: Ron, you're never going to get much comment on this, but you must know how useful it is -- and very much appreciated. Do continue this work. There are all too few fans and Fapans -- myself included -- willing to do so much constructive work for the benefit of the rest of us.

CELEPHAIS/Evans: All this shilly-shallying about how to keep undesirable members out of the organization could be resolved very simply. The Constitution provides that a member, despite lapse of dues or activity, or both, will be retained if 12 members signify willingness through signature. I'd consider it just as fair and proper if signatures of 12 members would be sufficient to keep undesirables off the waiting-list, and also to expell members from the FAPA. To simplify matters, I would define as "undesirable" any member or prospective member designated by 12 Fapans -- in writing -- to be undesirable. Strictly speaking, this would not really equalize the Fapa's choice of membership, as it is always much easier to find members willing to help a fellow along, than to persuade any member, let alone 12, to take action against anyone, or anything, however much yattering they may do about the deplorability of a situation. To get 12 members to actually set their pens to an expulsion petition, a person would almost have to be a W____. To assuage the pangs of the squeamish, and to protect prospective blackballees against the machinations of Cliques, which certain members so seem to fear, it could also be stipulated that expulsion action could be invalidated simply by 12 signatures in favor of retaining the questionable member or prospective member. What could be fairer? // I did not notify you of a change of address because there was no such change. In my correspondence I use my home return address, but we still have the P. O. box and I would rather have my mailings sent there. That way I will receive it promptly if it arrives in the afternoon, or over a week-end. Last time my mailing arrived very late and it may have been because it was addressed to the house. Please change this back. // What happened to your page 7 -- and to lesser extent, page 6? I tried to read them but it was impossible. Looks as if you were typing through the plate.

POOR REGISTRATION/Pavlat: This page made me drool. My Gestetner is a delight, except that the feed is consistently quite inconsistent, so that the sheets print variously high, low, in between, and all too often, way up in the letter-head. The side grips are hard corrugated rubber and don't seem to hold like the sponge rubber grips on my old machine even though I tighten them to the point of buckling the paper. The paper is evenly cut, yet often a quarter inch or so from the top of the stack will slide forward in a graduated skid. I've tried more paper, less paper, a weight, a paper stop, and have finally settled for resting my hand lightly on the stack so that I can at least feel a bad skid and stop the feed before the roller gets inked. Any suggestions? Dean zips his along at high speed, but if I try that I spend half my paper, and hours of time with an inked roller. // You've met exactly double the number of Fapans that I have -- 20. But I've been to only two conventions. Hope to better that this year, in Cincinnati and Detroit.

NULL-F/White: It seems to be the coming thing for married Faaans to be adopting fellow Faaans. Ted and Sylvia with their Bill, Andy and Jean with their Larry, Joy and Vince with their Sandy, etc. All so cozy and fandom-is-a-way-of-lifish. Sometimes I suspect I'm just a fake-fan after all. // Mail out of Baltimore may come into Wisconsin exclusively by air, but believe me, it drags its heels on the way out. A number of our clients in Minnesota and Iowa, which border Wisconsin, complain that it takes often three days to receive their daily bulletin, although I mail it by air at 5 P. M. every afternoon.

GARAGE FLOOR/Young-Stark: This inspires no comment whatever beyond "Liked," "didn't like," and such like. But that's undeniably comment so: LIKED the cover; could not work up interest to carry me through the German art bit; LIKED Only The Loon; thought The Winged Animal REVOLTING, and enjoyed the back page, especially the 7-11 trick.

PHANTASY PRESS/McPhail: I was one of the lax ones about voting last year, Dan. My intentions were good -- famous last words -- but somehow deadlines would slip by and then ballots would pop accusingly out at me when it was too late. Resolve to do better this year, I do. // One of my painful memories I try not to dredge up too often, is of the days when I used to tootle the E-flat alto sax -- at times in evening gown at solo performances, yet. Which must have been an absurd sight. Blame impressionability and weak will. I had always wanted piano but in high school our music teacher needed (or wanted) another sax for the band and talked me into it. I played in the band for a few years, and also at local dances, but never liked it at all and always wound up with a terrific headache from the weight of the thing around my neck. I'm still determined to get a piano -- some day -- and learn, but have no concert aspirations. // We are slowly creeping up on those fans whose workshops resemble office-machine salesrooms. With the IBM, in addition to the Royal standard and Royal portable, I temporarily caught up with DAG -- until he recently acquired a German model with umlauts (sp?) and all that jazz. We also now have two mimeographs and an adding machine. // I've a bone to pick. If you would number your pages, it would not be quite so frustrating -- if possibly just as futile -- to try to find the continuation when a page like THE QUARTERLY TIMES ends in mid-sentence. "by the time Lowndes uses what he has on hand" ... what? // I note the names of no femme-fans in old Papa history. Who was the first feminine member -- and when? And was she -- whoever she was -- just an appendage of another male member, or did she find her way into the Papan labyrinth all by her lonesome like I did? //PHANTASY PRESS gets increasingly interesting each issue, Dan. Especially now that you're getting justifiably mad at people. You've always impressed me as an awfully nice guy -- but with spirit too, that I like.

LE MOINDRE/Raeburn: Boyd, most of your chatter about exotic foods I find interesting, and occasionally intriguing. But I blench at slurping slimy juice out of ancient duck eggs. Puhlease! // When I was marbles champ of the block we called them "taws" and "glassies." As I recall, taws were made of some dull substance like clay and your prestige depended on how many of your hoard were genuine glassies. // Loved your article -- rather, I should say, Berton's article -- about MAYFAIR. This is indeed a deplorable situation. However, as long as Baetz chairs continue to be advertised exclusively to the possessors of stately Victorian bottoms, some sense of the Fitness of Things will be preserved. Here in this country, with its Highest Standard Of Living In The World, such nice discrimination in advertising has fallen by the wayside. Shortly before we left New York, Castro Convertibles ran a double page ad for a sofa (double page because the illustrated sofa was so long it would not fit on one page) in the New York Daily News, whose 2,000,000 circulation, as everyone knows, is comprised of the Mawsses, with emphasis on the Lowah Clawsses. This ad advised every Bronx housewife that she, too, could own a genuine mink-trimmed sofa to the envy of all the other ladies in the block. The arms of this monstrosity, which to judge by the illustration could fit only in Grand Central Terminal, were completely covered with genuwine mink, and the back, cushions and front were lavishly banded in same. Recently, Castro ran a full color inset in the Times, this time featuring a gigantic fan-backed chair, the top of which fanned out a good six or eight inches above the head of the posed model, and the entire back of which was upholstered in let-out mink. "Because every hostess should have a chair exclusively her own." And I'll give you odds you could find at least one mink chair or sofa per square block in the Bronx -- at a little down and hardly anything a week. Mayfair's readers should also be alerted to the fact that all those potential parlormaid's are not safely -- if unfortunately -- ensconced in colleges. Many of them are now secretaries rubbing well-groomed elbows with the aristocratic sons of Mayfair, during these fun-filled days afloat at Nassau -- at a little down and hardly anything a week.

LARK/Danner: More frustration! Your pages were numbered, even though inaccurately, but page 1 still ended in mid-word with no hint as to where the continuation would be found. Honestly, Bill, these little secrets could be shared with the membership without any great damage. // "Soul" is still commonly used as a synonym for "person" -- don't you ever say "there wasn't a soul around" or "not a soul"? Wonder why all examples I can think of offhand are in the negative? Except "he was a nice old soul." Also, I can't think of any uses that are not in the singular -- except in religious terminology. Bill Danner is a Free Soul. // In winter we follow the only sensible course with regard to our car. When it became necessary to shovel the garage entrance -- we didn't. All winter we listened smugly to the squeal and whine of stuck chariots and the chip-chip-chip scrape of neighbors de-icing and de-snowing -- oh so temporarily -- their driveways. About two weeks ago the last of the accumulated snow disappeared from in front of the garage and we were delighted to see the old buggy again. We'd have long ago kicked its sides in if we'd had to pander so athletically to the monster all this miserable winter. // Shamefacedly, I have to admit that I'll do almost anything for money. Like other decent Papans, you also refer to "G. W." refusing to contaminate your typer by spelling out the obscene name. Hate to say, some months ago, we acquired a brokerage client bearing this unspeakable name and, with fearsome shudders, I had to type his name regularly for our Daily Trading Bulletin. However, after watching his commissions pile up -- he's an almost maniacally active trader -- my fingers hardly tremble on the keys any more. We also have a "Dean Jones" and "Robert Boggs" which helps some. // Judging by this past winter (past did I say? -- the ball game was called account of cold yesterday, April 19th, and today the temperature is diddling around the mid-thirties stubbornly refusing to admit it's spring), Milwaukee temperatures in February are bluntly appalling! Last year, when we were less firmly rooted, the weatherman broke us in easy -- cold at times, but mostly sunny days, with just a couple of reasonably formidable snowstorms to keep us honest. But this winter it was really thrown at us. Blizzard topping blizzard, consistently 10-15 below zero, bleak and dreary. I kept reminding myself desperately that weather isn't the only thing in life -- that if we'd wanted weather we could have stayed in Florida. I'd keep enumerating all the nice things about Wisconsin like 1) Bloch, 2) Grennells, 3) gawddlemityitssnowingagain!!! // I see I've been under a misapprehension about the definition of the word "fag." Never knew it meant "a laborious drudge." In the future, I shall gaze with more tolerant eye on the swish set, mindful that they are but laborious drudges in lavender clothing. // I'll take your bet that our place is as silent -- or more so -- than yours. True, we have neighbors, but virtually invisible and inaudible ones. But all those raucous birds and crickets that must be racketing about your place ...: // Saws ... planes ... screwdrivers ... chisels ... now Bill, you know my capabilities, why not suggest a practical solution to my door problem -- one that can be effected with a couple of bobby pins, tweezers and a bottle brush? Arthur, you say? No soap, his mother was frightened by a pair of pliers during pregnancy. // Basically, a Keeshond is a dog. Specifically, it's a beautiful creature, boxy, medium size, measuring, feet-to-withers and withers-to-rump, about 18 X 18, with foxy face, black-spectacled, perky ears and a luxuriant, double-curved plume of a silver tail carried over the back. The coat is very long and stand-offish, silver-to-cream underneath and black-tipped like a silver fox. The neck ruff grows in a leonine mane and the face and feet are neatly short-haired. Kees are friendly, but reserved, fine watch dogs. They originated in Holland in 1552 and are still used there today for border patrol. They are non-sporting, and although fairly large, do very well in the city as they do not require great amounts of exercise. They also develop a heavy undercoat like sheep-wool, so thick that you can see a bit of their skin only in mid-summer. This, as you would well know, is now coming out in great clumps -- enough to

stuff a sofa. I have two vacuum cleaners, neither equipped to cope well with the dog hair. One is a great heavy Hoover upright, terrific on open areas of rug, but too heavy and unwieldy to do nooks, corners or the carpeted stairs. The Lewyt rollaway will go anywhere, just doesn't have the suction to pick up the tenacious stuff except by using the tube alone and scrabbling about the rug with it inch by inch -- and even then it doesn't do particularly well. What kind are you using? What complicates things is that Brinker is an agoraphobe by nature whenever he wants to rest. There are plenty of places in the house where he could nap in privacy, but he is uncomfortable unless squeezed into the most inaccessible spots, between a chair or sofa and the wall, some nook where he literally has to force his way in -- thus leaving deposits of fur all over the backs of furniture and the rugs where they can't easily be got at. We have a low, spring-bottomed bed upstairs -- not in use -- with a long furry beard growing from the underneath of it, where Brinker crawls under and then works his way back and forth scratching his back against the spring. // There's always much to much to talk about in LARK.

SEX AND SADISM/FAPAC attendees: We did the impossible. We resisted the impulse to emit a one-shot even when the Redd Boggs and I were simultaneously week-ending with the Grennells. See what you all missed. // How, I would like to know, did Bill know that the redhead immediately stripped after pulling down her shade? I pull down my shades every night at dusk, but my activities immediately following the shade-pulling are seldom that titillating.

TARGET:FAPA/Eney: As I think I've mentioned somewhere else, several of our Iowa clients have complained of it taking two to three days for our air mail letters to reach them. Yet I have received a letter from Bill Morse postmarked 24 hours before arrival. And not even from London. // So awrite awreddy, what does "buskers" mean in the U.S.? // Truly I'm a lucky me, me, but I do not number among the multitudinous blessings of living in the vicinity of FduL, ads for Ye Olde Hunter. Maybe DAG has cannily been reserving a bit of a fillip for an unimaginably dull moment. // We get muddy reception, occasionally or regularly, from certain Milwaukee and surrounding stations, and some state stations we've been told about we never can get at all. Yet we've often become confused when some clear-as-a-bell station announces the time as an hour or two before or after what our clocks are registering, only to discover that we're listening to New Orleans, Pasadena, Philadelphia or Fort Worth. New Year's Eve we heard the year in three times by switching the dial around. // Speaking of stretching, I think it was Dorothy Parker who remarked, "If all the girls attending Harvard proms were laid end to end -- I wouldn't be surprised."

AMIS/Trimble: And another welcome. The old order changeth. If you do not intend to move back to Long Beach -- where, then? Wis. maybe? // This house is not a two-storey critter. It's a three-storey Addams. Not counting the basement. The third storey has dormers peering down at you. Real weird. // All of AMIS was interesting, John. Like your chatter about military life and devoured Horatius. But comment-provoking check marks are about nonexistent. Nothing at all controversial -- from my standpoint. Now if my brother-in-law read this -- a dedicated Military career man ...

FANTASIA/Wesson: Here is one of the most interesting Fapazines in the mailing -- fascinating, in fact -- that inspires no comment except appreciation. Only notation I have here is that Helen's mentions of "The three girls I have by Nakayama" and "I have an angora kitten by him (Sekino)," had a rather jolting effect on me.

SURPLUS STOCK/Eney: n o t e d.

CHAPTER PLAY/Tucker: That cover is a honey. // The policy of beginning a subscription with the current issue should not necessarily be taken for granted. At times in the past, some magazines had the policy of starting subs with four or five back issues. And the mailman just brought me my first issue of a sub to LHJournal -- which I bought weeks ago. The new one is already on the stands. // Had a marvelous bit of luck a few weeks ago and can hardly wait to huddle with Bloch over it -- hydra-headed huddle, of course, as Arthur is an old-movie bug too. Scrounging around in an old antique shop with the Grennells and Boggs, I found a beeyewtiful book, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ X10, containing 250 full page sepia portraits of film favorites, circa 1930, with biographical sketches. To make you drool, here are a few of the names: Renee Adoree ... Richard Arlen ... Nils Asther ... Vilma Banky ... Richard Barthelmess ... Monte Blue ... Clara Bow ... El Brendel ... Evelyn Brent ... Mary Brian ... Harry Carey ... June Collyer ... Betty Compson ... Bebe Daniels ... Marion Davies ... Reginald Denny ... Billie Dove ... Louise Fazenda ... Ann Harding ... Jack Holt ... Leila Hyams ... Helen Kane ... Harry Langdon ... Laura La Plante ... Rod La Rocque ... Lila Lee ... Harold Lloyd ... Edmund Lowe ... Ben Lyon ... Dorothy Mackaill ... Marilyn Miller ... Colleen Moore ... Lois Moran ... Antonio Moreno ... Jack Mulhall ... Mae Murray ... Pola Negri ... Marian Nixon ... Mary Nolan ... Marie Prevost ... Eddie Quillan ... Milton Sills ... Blanche Sweet ... the Talmadges ... Thelma Todd ... Alice White. Loretta Young was in there -- almost as beautiful as she is today. I bought the book for \$2.50 and saw it listed a few days later in a catalog of books about the Cinema for \$12.50. Of course any catalog referring to the "Cinema" would have to charge accordingly. Further on old movies, this coming Wednesday night we're taking another look at "The Great Dictator" which is Arthur's all-time great. Art theater in town has just started playing all the old timers -- beginning with The Gold Rush a few weeks ago. // But percale sheets FEEL so good. I see no sense in economizing on things like sheets. Considering the life of a sheet, whether percale or muslin, the difference in cost amounts to just a few cents a year, and the total less than you'd fritter away on a movie without a second thought. // What a pal, this Tucker! Always comes through in a pinch. Ever since I got my fancy equipment, I've been losing sleep about what I'd do for comments with no more blank spaces atop the pages. But Tucker to the rescue, Dan. Jot your PHlotsam comments in Chapter Play. We must be broadcasting on the same wave length because I hadn't even told Bob I needed a hole in his page. // I have never been able to tell any difference between a stereo or regular sound-track. Perhaps because I'm deaf in one ear which affects ability to pinpoint the source or direction of sound. I'll have to ask DAG if he has the same difficulty, as he shares the same affliction. And in the same ear -- the left. This caused a bit of a do when we first met that I wish could have been caught on film. What Chaplin could have done with it! We both automatically drift to the left of anyone we talk with to present theother with our good ear. So when Dean met me at the Fond du Lac bus station, we had to walk down the main stem to the car. As we started down the street, I gently drifted toward the curb. Ever the gentleman -- at least that's what I thought the reason then -- Dean instantly swiveled to re-assume the masculine protective position at curbside so I wouldn't get spattered with mud from the carriages. Nonchalantly, I whirled, pirouetted kittenishly a time or two, skipped along backward and ended the performance at Dean's left elbow which was already in motion to circumvent the manoeuyer. By the time we reached the big red station wagon, our initial cordiality has become wariness, and we were circling each other like a couple of strange pooches at a dog show. // I can still regain my sense of wonder reading the story titles in the old Weird Tales -- 1926-30. The Curse of Yig; The Bat-Men of Thorium; The Space-Eaters; The Dark Chrysalis; The Polar Doom; In the Toils of the Black Kiva; The Eighth Green Man and -- I flip for voodoo -- the Drums of Damballah. // We, too, liked The Brothers K.

THE BULLFROG BUGLE/Hickman: It is once again necessary to say "Welcome." I am not an indiscriminate "welcomer," preferring to wait and see, but I'm delighted to see new members like Lynn, Trimble, the Coulsons and Rusty Hevelin. Have I forgotten anyone? I have not forgotten Quagliano. I wish I could. // I not only can't get JD at my local liquor store, but they've never even heard of Balentine's India Pale Ale. A truly noble brew worthy of naming a Fapazine after. // I haven't read "Only in America," but somewhere I read the bit about mother buying the winter suit in midsummer, and liked the taste. Maybe someday when I'm real old I'll catch up on all the books I want to read.

A PROPOS DE RIEN/Caughran: So I did forget one of the new members. You caught me in an expansive mood -- so consider yourself welcomed too, Jim. // You're starting off nicely with mailing comments and pertinent ones to boot. Must have been reading old mailings to get the drift so quickly. // Read the Austin L. Moede letter with incredulous fascination. Is it really for real? // Dearth of check marks here which could mean two things -- because I know I enjoyed all of APetc. Either I was tiring when I read it or you were completely noncontroversial-- a canny course for a new member. At least no one will be hollering for your scalp right away. Only remaining check is next to a reference about long sentences which reminded me of one of my ancient tomes -- the two-volume one which ends volume 1 in mid-sentence and picks it up unceremoniously on the first page of volume 2. See if I can quickly find an example of a really long sentence. Here's one: "From this time matters seemed to go on smoothly enough, for the marquis became a prodigious favourite with those he was so artfully imposing upon, and the stories that he told of his great wealth and the exalted connections he had abroad, told admirably with Mr. Plumley and his family, all of whom were so delighted at the high alliance that was in view, that a suspicion never entered their minds to the prejudice of their visitor, who was thus honouring them with his company, and eating and drinking at their expense when, as the old gentleman observed, there could be no doubt that some of the first people in the land were jealous at the marks of respect he paid to those into whose family he was about to enter." Want another? "The first visit she paid was to Mrs. Cheerlie, of whose kindness and good intentions she had had so many proofs, and to do the worthy old lady justice, she received her young acquaintance with all the affection of a mother; congratulating her upon the good luck she had experienced in meeting with a situation that promised to be so comfortable, and over and over again assuring her that she was still disposed to be her friend and counsellor, and desiring that should she ever want advice, to come to her, and she would always do the utmost in her power to relieve her from any difficulties that might rise in her way." It is unlikely that these are the longest sentences, as they were selected by about 90 seconds glance through one of the books. // It has just occurred to me that this was a mean and hateful thing to do. Here you are, an eager new member, avidly skimming the mailing to see what everyone had to say about YOU, and all of a sudden your heart gives a great leap. Two Thirds of a Page all about A PROPOS DE RIEN! Zounds and Goshwow! And whaddya find -- some crummy quotations. I'm sorry, and promise I'll make it up to you some mailing.

THETA/Harness: I had something or other to say about Jack's shock at finding out what poor mental condition some Fapans are in, but I'm afraid anything I might say will be used for analysis to discover my deplorable mental condition.

WOW, PROFESSOR/AYoung: Everybody now, DUCK!

LARK'S APPENDIX/Danner: Repro is not too bad but you've a fierce offset problem. Show through is surprisingly light for 16 lb paper. // Those 21" stone walls should make a wonderfully cool retreat on the hottest summer days.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS/Young: Both sides of this hassle have been amusing, but I just don't believe in stereotypes. People, either professionally or in general, may appear to be stereotypes, but just start sticking them in round holes and see how many sharp corners they sprout.

REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT/Alger: Darn it, Martin, you are one Fapan I've never felt I know at all. Oh, I know you're interested in guns . . . and cars. And now I know you used to be interested in boats, horses and flying. But I just don't feel at home with you and never can think of anything to say. That's unusual for me, too. Maybe it's because you never have mailing comments. You're sort of talking at us, not with us. Not that I don't enjoy what you have in Fapa. I find it of mild and transitory interest like Jim Bishop's column in the Sentinel which I read if I've covered everything else in the paper before running out of coffee. You write well about things far from my sphere of knowledge and interest and after five years in Fapa I know you as well as I know #31 on the waiting list -- and that's not at all. I'm not carping or criticising, simply remarking on a fact. Moreover, I don't expect you to give a hoot. Undoubtedly your stuff holds great interest for DAG, Calkins and other such sterling Fapans whose hobbies run along the same channels, and what more can you possibly ask? Guess it's just that, though there's several other members who blank me, I don't give it a thought, yet I've always felt I'd like to have more to say to you. If I don't say much in the future, you'll know it's because I've stopped trying to force comment, but be assured I'm nodding to you cordially.

STEFANTASY/Danner: Often I'm tempted to rip out those ads and frame them, but can't bear to mutilate my STEFs. But it's a shame for these gems to be buried in boxes in the attic. They would make a wonderful wallpaper for a waiting room. // Loved Leman's article. Isn't that a natural for a sale? // If I ever should get to meet you, you'd better have the beard and that double-header pipe or I'll repudiate you on the spot. I've had that Image of Danner in my mind ever since 1952 when Tucker sent me a few Fapazines, one of which featured The Danner, to whet my interest. Maybe that's why it took me until 1954 to join.

DIS AND DAT/Higgs: Since this is plain-speaking hour, let me join the chorus pleading with you to drop the baby talk and dialect, Racy. Please. I always enjoy your stuff, easy to swallow bits and pieces, but I go all over squirmy and uncomfortable when I run up against these self-conscious corruptions of honest English. Relax, Racy, you're a big boy now and cuteness is unbecoming. // You and Boyd should get together to collaborate on "The Gastronomical Review."

BURLINGS-ELMURMURINGS/B-E: Theoretically, people are supposed to be people, but it just isn't so. Southern Californians have a distinctive and unmistakable flavor all their own. Bite Perdue and you taste Burbee, and Rotsler is cut from the same appetizing loaf. These SoCal fapazines couldn't possibly emanate from Iowa. // Arthur got scared away from conventions forever because he didn't find the bar at the Biltmore -- if there was one. He came looking for me one night and instead of trying my room first, he landed in the convention suite on the 19th floor, swarming with prop-beanied, adolescent SF Faaans. One look was enough.

CAPICON 60/Pavlat: House detectives are not the only convention menaces. At the Biltmore, the house detective was never in evidence, even at the latest parties -- and he never once said "You can't sit there."

JE M'EXCUSE/Sneary: Don't feel so bad, Rick. You tried. From what I've heard and read, you put on a bang-up convention. Fewer gripes than I've ever heard. If this is your sorest spot now that South Gate is history, congratulate yourself!

GASP/Steward: Thanks for the egoboo. And I'm so glad you spell my name "Phil" if you must nickname me. "Phyl" or "Phyll" always looks so chemical. // Glad you are sticking around Fapa even though I'm not a car buff. But I did enjoy this race account, although my reaction was, as usual, why? // Do you mean to say that sports car owners are becoming so cliquish that they have separate clubs for each make? Does Boyd belong to the A.H. Club or is he left wistfully out of things? Anyone want to join me in organizing the Dial Soap Club of Fapa? // I find this "HERO DRIVER" business vaguely disquieting. Sounds communistic to me.

WRAITH/Ballard: First thing you know, Wrai, the scoundrels will be pushing the railroad out there. // All this nostalgiana about childhood games, prompts me to reminisce about my favorite youthful game. Not from childhood, though, this particular form of violence occupied us at parties during early and middle adolescence. It was, strictly speaking, a kissing game -- as was inevitable at that age -- but not in the least resembling the sissy Post Office or Spin The Bottle variety. It started out as "Cushion" but we called it "Mayhem." Uninitiated guests were warned to wear their oldest, tattered clothing; flat heeled, rubber-soled shoes were a must; the room and all surrounding areas were cleared of breakables, and before the game started the prudent removed eyeglasses and wristwatches. The first aid kit was at hand, a cushion was placed in the center of the floor while everyone sat on chairs in a circle around the walls. The boys were given odd numbers and the girls even, muscles were tensed as everyone perched in take off position on the edges of their seats, one player was seated on the cushion and the game was on. The original, relatively harmless, version -- with which some of you may be familiar -- proceeded thusly: The boy (for example) on the cushion would call out an odd and an even number. The girl called had to try to kiss the boy on the cushion before the boy called could kiss her. Then the loser took the place on the cushion. This version resulted in a bit of scuffling -- more or less -- but lent itself to collusion and soon palled. In the "Mayhem" version we favored, the boy on the cushion would call out two girls numbers and they had to FIGHT to see who would kiss him first. Or two boys would FIGHT to kiss the girl on the cushion. It was a no-holds-barred affair, starting when the two callees would simultaneously leap from their chairs, collide in mid-air and usually land atop the cowering cushionee, where head-locks, eye-gouging and any other means were employed to keep the opponent's head from reaching the -- usually slowly bluing -- face of the cushionee. As the battle raged, the opponents would often depart the vicinity of the cushion completely, rolling and thrashing around the room, battering heads on chair legs and occasionally claiming another casualty as they careened into a spectator. Eventually, the action would work back to the vicinity of the cushion and one of the battlers would manoeuver into position where one last desperate lunge would implant a kiss (of sorts) on the cushionee. As you can see, this was all clean innocent fun, with nothing sensual or decadent like Post Office, as the osculators were invariably too pooped to palpitate. We now and then varied the sport a bit when a boy was on the cushion by giving a signal that would send every girl in the room -- up to 15 often -- hurling herself atop him simultaneously. Surprising how little stamina these husky lugs had in such a --theoretically -- dream situation. Ah, sweet bruises of yesteryear!

At which point I shall halt, have a cigarette, breathe, fluffle my feathers and try to gather steam to tackle the whoppers of the mailing -- The Vinegar Worm; Gemzine; Horizons and Tapebook. These big ones always wait til the last. I have the impression that it will take me as long to go through them as the rest of the mailing, but if I did them first I'd feel I hadn't even made a beginning and get discouraged then and there. And, as often as not, they don't inspire me to as much comment as some little 6-sheeter that happens to flip my ON switch.

TAPEBOOK/Rotsler-Pavlat: This is admittedly a heck of a time to be answering tapebook questions, but the fact is that I never received my copy of the poll. I've rechecked my May '57 mailing to be certain. When I do a PHlotz, I check off the contents of the previous mailing one by one to be sure I've not omitted something, but having nothing in the August mailing, I never noticed the absence of the TQ. From time to time since then, I've seen TTQ mentioned here and there, now and then, but have always assumed it referred to some poll sent to the possessors of tape recorders only. However, if I had answered the Tapebook Questions, it would have changed the results not one whit, as my answers would simply have added to the general disagreement on almost every question. I'm answering a few of the questions here, not because I think the Fapa can't survive without my opinions added to the poll's results, but simply because I've run off the whole of PHlotsam, except for two pages right here in the middle which must be filled with something or other, somehow or other, and within the next hour or this won't get into the mail tomorrow. And I feel absolutely stale. // Probably the reason I have such a horror of tape is because, on the two occasions when I was confronted with the necessity of saying something on tape, it was a cold turkey affair. Perhaps with a few notes in hand, as you recommend, I might retain a smidgin of poise. However, at a Midwescon back in 1954, I was unceremoniously dragged into a small room, a mike thrust into my hand, and ordered to "say something" to someone or other overseas. I hadn't -- and still haven't -- the faintest idea who I was babbling to, or what I said. The next time was at DAG's, when I first arrived. Many of you have no doubt heard that one as it was a round-robin affair with Rotsler, Raeburn, Warner, Danner and several others on it. Dean seemed confident I'd have no difficulty saying hello to so many friends. But I blanked. I blanked despite having just heard the tape through -- which all seemed to run together in my mind. I vaguely recall nervously giggling overmuch, and floundering around while Dean frantically tried to remind me of a funny incident from my Florida days that I might talk about, and I frantically tried to make out what he was trying to tell me while simultaneously, somehow, trying to fill that tape rolling so magestically and inexorably on. Tape now haunts my nightmares. // I'm astonished at fandom's lack of discernment when choosing favorite actors. Is there an actor other than Rossano Brazzi? // Arthur and I would have added two more movies to the wide range of disagreement about the best films. He still hasn't seen anything to equal "The Great Dictator," while I plump for "Summertime" -- the greatest of the Brazzi pictures. And there's only Brazzi. // I am no authority on sexiness in women, lacking the glands necessary for such appreciation, but I've always had the vague impression that Diana Dors' face is coming unstuck. Like a melting fancy jello mold. // My favorite comedian has always been Harry Truman. // I collect Kurt Maier records. // I find the results of the TV question hard to believe. I'd have guessed ownership of TV sets in this country to be closer to 98% of families than 28 out of 43. However, as you say, 10 of the 43 are students, and probably several others are young, unmarried people who would not personally own TV sets. Wonder what the results would have been if the question had been worded: "Do you have Access to TV?" Or was it?

SAY IT ISN'T SO, BOYD. Just read in the paper that the newest drink rage in Canada is a thing called "Red Eye" -- a combination of beer, tomato juice and gin.

PURELY PERSONAL/Schaffer: (Almost overlooked this one.) I made just ONE resolution for 1959. I firmly resolved to stop fretting about all the things I firmly resolved to do in 1958 and didn't -- and still don't, with a carefully oblivious, if not yet completely easy, conscience. Like Answering My Mail.

The New York Times crossword puzzle wants to know what's a three-letter word for "Busby." That should be easy, but ... Elinor? Buz? Anyone????

THE VINEGAR WORM/Leman: This is an uncommonly hard Fapazine to comment on. Or, as I just mentioned, maybe I've gone stale. It's chock full of goodies that make me glee, but I just enjoy with nothing to say. I have exactly two notations in my copy -- one after the con rep saying "enjoyed," and the other at the end of the report on The Moswell Plan saying "find -- where?" But I liked it all and just to show my appreciation for A HIGH DIVE, I'm going to quote a bit of "poetry" culled from the paper recently, written by a resident lady of the local Home for the Aged on the occasion of her 85th birthday. It may not be poetry, but I like it. Entitled "HOW DO I KNOW?" it goes thusly:

"How do I know that my youth has been spent? 'Cause my get up and go has got up and went. But in spite of all that I am able to grin, when I think where my get up and go has been.

"Old age is golden, I have heard it said, but sometimes I wonder as I go to my bed -- my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table, until I get up.

"Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself, is there anything else I should lay on the shelf? But I'm happy to say as I close the door, my friends are the same as in days of yore.

"When I was young my slippers were red, I could kick my heels right over my head. When I got older, my slippers were blue, but I could dance the whole night through.

"Now that I'm old, my slippers are black, I walk to the corner and puff my way back. So the reason I know that my youth is all spent is my get up and go has got up and went.

"But I really don't mind when I think with a grin, of all the places my get up has been. Since I have retired from life's competition, I busy myself with complete repetition.

"I get up each morning, dust off my wits, pick up the paper and read the 'obits.' If my name is missing I know I'm not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed."

(Here I didn't know what I was going to say to fill up two stencils, and I've managed to yatter on for over 1½ stencils with both HORIZONS and GEMZINE to go. But both of these Fapazines have had pages devoted to them in PHlotz previously, so they shouldn't mind if I skim them a bit this time.

HORIZONS/Warner: In a gardening article, someone asked if "tea" was good for plants, as is commonly thought. The reply was that the "tea" recommended in horticultural articles is an infusion of manure steeped for days in water. Plants just adore it, and will flourish ever so gratefully -- if you can stand it. // Judging from newspaper ads, one would think the purpose of bookshelves in the modern home is to serve as a repository for assorted gimcracks and "art objects." // Overeating became associated with hogs, I would think, because of the massive amounts of fat on them. // My anatomy must be shakier than I suspected. I never heard of "testes of the palate" before. // I still think newspaper offices should properly resound with "Stop the Presses! Tear out the Front Page!"

GEMZINE/Carr: Oh, phooey! I had things to say about this that want saying. I'll say them next issue, even if I have to review two GEMZINES to do it.

THIS PAGE WAS RESERVED for the aptly named QUAGMIRE. When this nasty thing slithered into my mailbox I was so incensed that I immediately sat down and wrote a full page letter to the membership requesting co-operation in tossing this gutter-snipe new member out of the organization. Once my spleen was vented on paper, I got involved in other things and never completed the job. I was planning to print the whole thing here, but am enjoying getting out this issue, and feel disinclined to even think about Quagliano at the moment. So let me just say this: If I ever again receive such filth in the mail, I will immediately turn it over to our postmaster for whatever action he cares to take. This in no way jeopardizes the Fapa because nothing this bad would ever be allowed in a regular mailing. But it does put the Quagliano-Weber-Bourne types on notice. I would not tolerate such conversation in my hearing, and I will not tolerate such writing being thrust upon me through the mail.

NEXT ISSUE, which I hope will appear in August, I'll tell you all about the current David and Goliath battle -- the mighty Francis I. duPont & Co. vs. Arthur N. Economou Associates. The duPont attitude is that either Arthur does business with duPont (or another similarly giant wire house) or they are going to force him out of business altogether. For six months or so, repeated attacks by duPont and their legal batteries have been repulsed by the shoulder-to-shoulder Economou and supporters, so now duPont has persuaded the almost equally mighty Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith to don battle armor and join the fray. Their latest effort to have the Economou license revoked was defeated by an 8 to 2 vote, so we're still pretty cocky. For all the exciting details, read PHLotsam #12.

WE'RE ALL EXCITED about some records we just received by Kurt Maier, "the Pianist with Rhythm." We consider Kurt Maier one of the greatest, and have always felt a sort of proprietary interest in his career. Back in 1948, we discovered him playing his superb piano in a small restaurant called the Post Road Grill in Greenwich Conn. It was a nice enough little place, but nothing outstanding. But Kurt Maier was obviously big time. He was apparently a refugee from -- maybe Hungary; invariably had a shot of whiskey on the piano, and we wondered if he were on the way down from drink, like in the movies. He would play our requests marvelously -- especially the Roumanian Rhapsody -- and we made the trip to Greenwich again and again, bringing friends, just to hear him. We later lost track when we moved to Florida, but were delighted to rediscover him in Winchell -- at the Little Club on Central Park South -- in Bermuda -- etc. So now we have a couple of his records -- which have all the old magic -- and are making an intensive search for all others he has cut. And would travel 200 miles to see him again.

THE LAUNDRY recently lost all my linens. They bought me brand-new percale sheets to replace the new ones lost, but as the pillow-cases were not new they replaced them with others "equally good." This would be perfectly satisfactory if those they gave me were not indelibly imprinted "MILWAUKEE RESCUE MISSION."

THIS ISSUE has taught me a lot about the gestetner -- and typewriter. Every mistake I made, cutting the stencil without the plastic plate and having the touch control set way too high (I thought) resulted in improved duplication. Most of the issue is much lighter than it should be for good readability, but next issue will be much better. (How's this page?) The registration may be improved too, as the heavier inking through a properly cut stencil permits me to run the pages through much faster -- and this has seemed to improve the registration, although I haven't tested enough to be certain. Anyway, I've learned a lot, so all this is comment you won't have to make.

SPRING HAS FINALLY ARRIVED in Milwaukee. May 2nd -- 90 degrees.

A pox on progress! Like H. P. Lovecraft, I was born a century too late. Well, not really that much, perhaps, but later than I like. I wouldn't care to be without a typewriter, washing machine, automatic furnace and other such sound aids to comfortable living. During the first quarter of this century, inventors had their feet on the ground and developed practical and substantial necessities. But this flighty new generation with their frothy notions -- starting with the creep who invented television -- fie on them! Fins and cake mixes and poisonous-tasting frozen meals and synthetic no-iron clothes that look it and ...

Sometimes I weaken. Over Arthur's howls -- he diatribes against gidgety living at the drop of a push-button -- I bought some of that synthetic "whipped cream" in a can with a spring thing on top that you shake to get all gassy and then squirt out on your defenseless pudding. Well, it worked fine the first time -- spewing out great globs of what anyone born since the mid-'40s might call whipped cream. But the fiendish contraption KNEW I didn't believe in it, really, and was just biding its time. Today, not quite sure it was still as fresh as it might be, but finding it still smelled OK, I decided to squirt it on the dog's cereal because I was short of milk. I shook the can vigorously, pushed on the spring thing with a no-nonsense finger, and -- glaaaaah! Whipped cream whooshed out in a pretty mound on the cereal but -- from a sneaky leak on one side of the spout, a slender but powerful stream, built for distance, jetted out. Now when confronted with a faulty typewriter, vacuum cleaner, sewing machine or other such appliance built with bolts and logic, I can, as I've bragged in Fapa, seize a screw driver, six bobbie pins and an eyelash curler and have the trouble righted in no time. But confronted with a leaky, modernistic can full of gassed up glop -- with nary a nut, screw or bolt in sight -- I simply got violently and heedlessly angry. Any intelligence I may have been born with went glimmering in the red haze of fury. The more persistently the contraption leaked, the more fiercely I pushed on the spring thing. (Like I stomp on the accelerator when I have trouble controlling a car -- which is, maybe, why I don't drive.) Besides, that onery little stream of cream looked fairly innocuous, and I was bigger than it was.

It sputtered and I pushed. It was so tenuous it even kept breaking off, so it was more a series of spurts than a full-fledged jet which I might have had more respect for. When, in my ire, I had emptied the entire can -- and had to throw most of it out because so much whipped cream would surely have gagged the dog -- the haze gradually cleared and, by degrees, the details of the kitchen swam into sight. First I saw the squiggles of cream spattered all over the table -- OK, that will wipe up -- then my uneasy eye travelled to the refrigerator, delicately patterned in white-on-white -- a quick, appalled glance at the floor ... the stove ... the window ... the wall. THE WALL!

Squiggly little white worms mottled its entire surface, floor to ceiling. Millions of them. "The Lair of the White Worm!" I shrieked, fleeing into the living room to hurl myself on the sofa where I lay and kicked until I stopped twitching, which is my usual course of positive action when my temper has once again landed me in the soup. Or whipped cream. I'd have preferred soup.

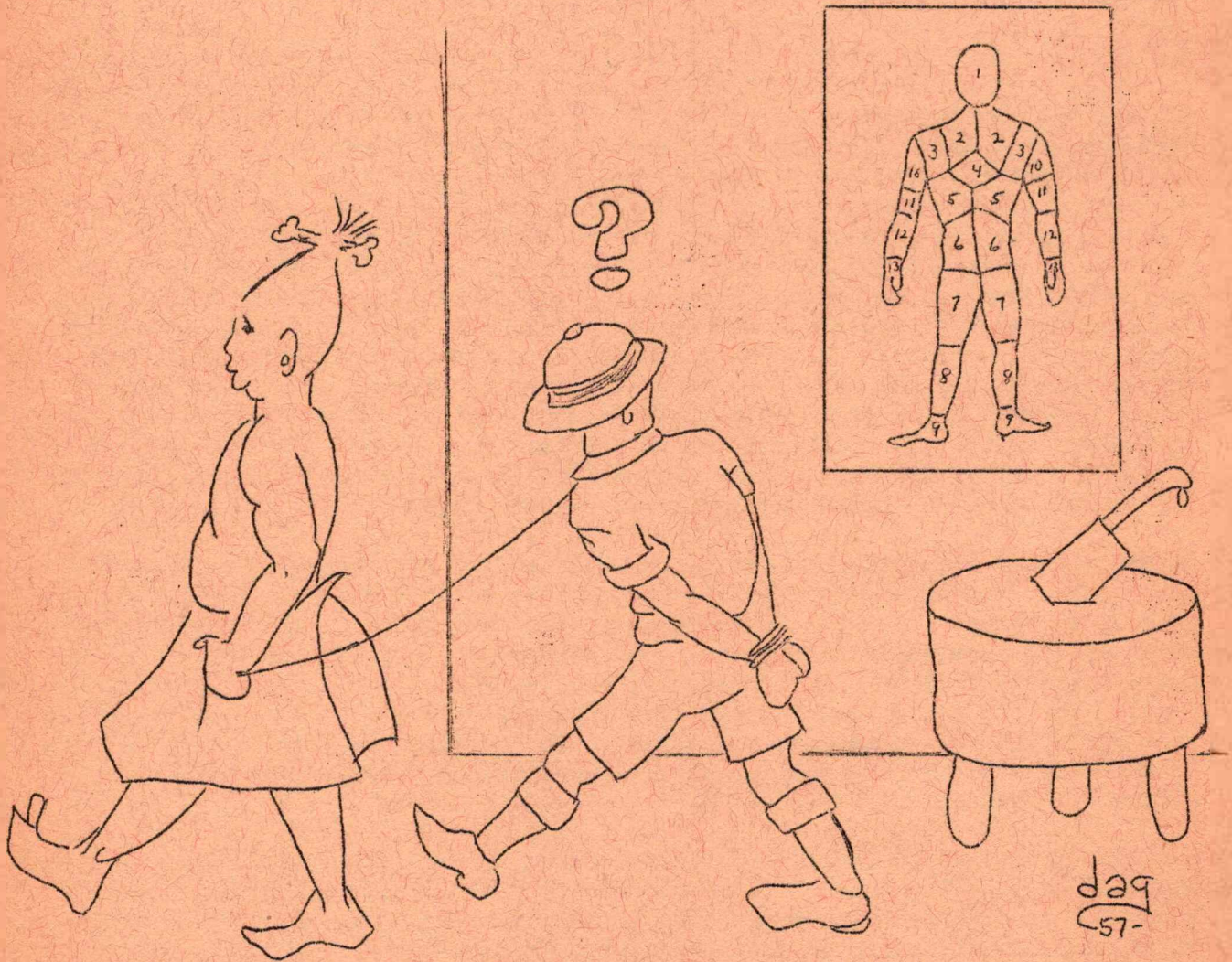
Which happening has served to settle me even more firmly into my reactionary mold. Does anyone present have a butter churn to swap for some old Amazings?

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PARTURIUNT MONTES - NASCETUR RIDICULOUS MUS
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Glancing back through the preceding pages, and
then observing the following cartoon by DAGovitch,
I've reached one inescapable conclusion:

I TALK TOO MUCH

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