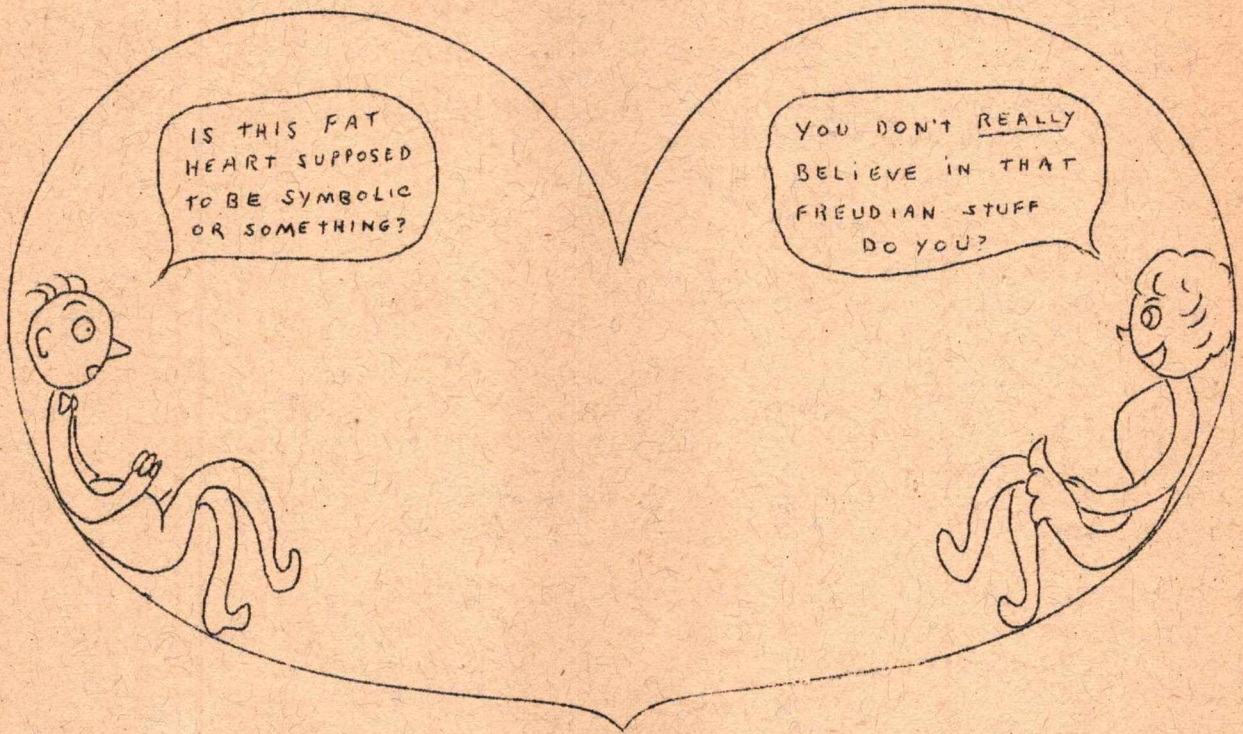


P H L O T S A M # 17



G L E A N J N G S , , ,

Dean McLaughlin (we really missed you at the party, Dean -- don't do that again!) says that my book inventory last issue obviously runs to reference works, "a sign of lack of confidence, perhaps. Reminds me of the newlywed couple I know who were keeping a copy of Ideal Marriage next to the phone book. Or somebody's discovery that the Library of Congress classified the first of the Kinsey Reports in the category, 'useful arts'."

There's nothing wrong with a newlywed couple -- or even one not so newlywed -- having a copy of Ideal Marriage on hand, Dean. Or even, necessarily, keeping it beside the phone book. Their degree of dependence on it would hinge on where they kept their phone book. I don't feel that my store of reference books indicates lack of self-confidence. It's just that I've always preferred to surround myself with a comprehensive store of reference works so that I can pick the brains of others when convenient, rather than clutter my brain with all sorts extraneous material. I'm able to do much more and better thinking on matters of importance to me if I have a clear field in which to do it -- not one all crowded helter-skelter with bits of data on just how many teaspoons of baking powder in date muffins, or what to do for an ear-ache, or how to kick a pleat in a drapery. Or the meaning of Laocoon. Whatzit?

You alarmed me, Art Rapp. In your letter, you said: "But on to better things, like PHLOTSAM. There's a natural human tendency to feel a bit hostile toward anyone who doesn't speak the language YOU use. I guess we subconsciously equate inability to communicate with defective mentality." (Or defective hearing, Art -- surely you've heard those types who appear convinced that anyone not speaking their language will understand every word they say if they just shout loudly enough.)

Up to that point, Art, I thought you were talking about PHlotsam. Which is me. And I thought, incredulously -- "Is he telling me we don't speak the same language? Can it be that he doesn't dig PHlotz?" Then, shaking, I realized you were on the subject of Franch-Canadians. Yes, that was basically lack of communication. While on the subject, can anyone tell Art how to indicate "This is insect-repellant" in sign language, in case he ever needs to communicate such a message again?

Your item about how the Mexicans are favored economically over Americans by being charged only 1¢ to cross to the U.S. while it costs 2¢ to go back makes as much (and the same kind of) sense as the bit I told a few issues ago about my cleaning woman who was continually after me to wall in our basement john to make it usable -- because it was so much easier on the heart to go downstairs instead of going up. (Art, in telling me about the above, was not claiming it made sense -- quite the contrary.)

This bit of Art's letter I can't believe, although I have no facts to back up my opinion. Would like a few more opinions -- or especially facts -- on this subject. He says -- "Re your comments on LIMBO -- and I'm not saying you're wrong, I'm merely asking -- hasn't it been found that there is no significant correlation between economic status and IQ? In other words, if the people comprising the present top economic level fail to reproduce and thus become extinct, it doesn't affect the intelligence level of the population as a whole at all. It merely means that the top economic level in future generations will consist of the descendants of those in today's lower economic levels."

Reddish beard and fannish beanie -- send our allies TAFFman Eney!

(CONTINUED PAGE 11)

PARTURIUNT MONTES -- NASCETUR RIDICULUS MJS

This is PHlotsam #17, your damp Fapazine, ccming at you from Phyllis H. Economou, 2416 East Webster Place, Milwaukee 11, Wis. The occasion is the 94th FAPA mailing. Gosh, we'll be up to 100 soon -- what'll we do? ... All right, all right -- I'm sorry I asked.

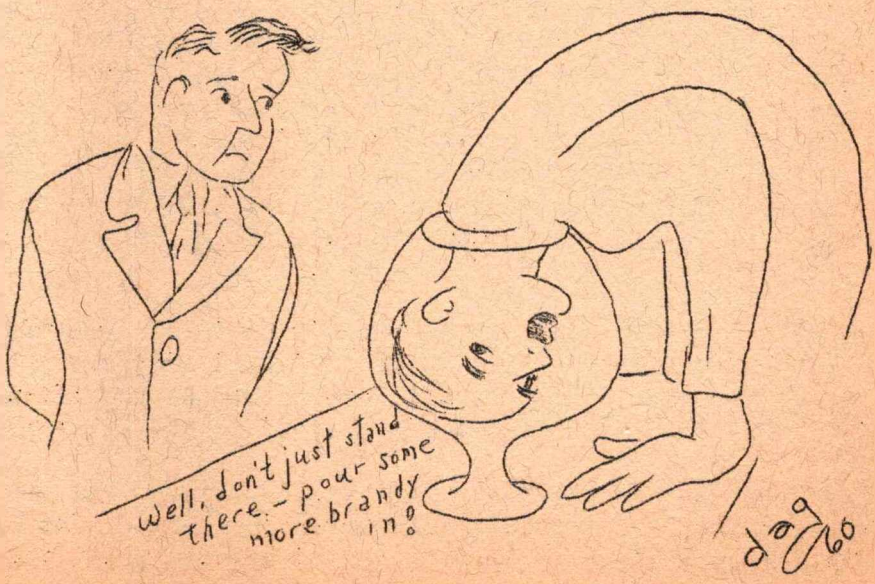
S P I N D R I F T ~ ~ ~

THIS IS GOING TO BE a very abbreviated issue of PHlotz. Health problems during the past quarter have made it impossible for me to do anything on PHlotz and now there isn't time for much more than the skimpy 10 pages I have done. So far (with just one week to go and much mundane work piled up) there are no mailing comments, but I might be able to have a try at some very truncated ones. Forgive -- I hope to be back in stride by next mailing. Y'know, I really enjoy doing mailing comments.

SECRET'S REVEALED!!! Fapa has never showed any curiosity -- lost your sense of wonder, every one of you -- but I've received many letters from others on PHlotsam's mailing list asking the meaning of the motto above and on the front cover. As Latin phrases glossaries are apparently not standard equipment, I'd better translate before all fandom breaks out in a rash. So -- "Nihil ad rem" means "nothing to the point"; the motto above reads, "The mountain labored and emitted a silly little mouse," or something of the sort. I think them both highly appropriate, especially the last one when I need to go on a diet.

LAST ISSUE I GOOFED by crediting Dean Grennell with two pages instead of three. The back cover, of course, was by DAG. Not my fault, exactly, as the first page was already run off when Dean came here one night and dashed off the back cover. Another goof -- how many caught it? -- was the date "1942" instead of "1492" at the bottom of that page. This raised a bit of havoc with the point of the item, but maybe your eye simply rearranged the figures as they obviously should have been, as mine did.

THE CARTOON to the right was inspired by my 11-inch red brandy snifter. I keep greenery in it right now, but at my next fan party it will be filled with blog and Mr. Grennell will receive a challenge. Or any other comers. I don't know the exact capacity, but it's well nigh unliftable filled.



This is the first issue of PHlotsam to be turned out on the brand-new electric Gestetner. What a dream! I've a new electric folding machine too, but can't think how to use it for Fapastuff.

IT'S BEEN A REMARKABLE WINTER. Right now, the sun is shining brightly, the temperature is in the mid-50's, and a neighbor is in his back yard hosing down his car in shirt sleeves. This, of course, can always happen any winter -- in Maine we used to call it the "January thaw." The remarkable thing is that there's nothing to thaw. It's almost mid-January way up here in Northland Milwaukee and there isn't a speck of snow on the ground. And there hasn't been over an inch of snow on the ground at any time this winter. By special intervention of kindest Fate, that inch was deposited Christmas Eve so those of us who are sentimental about such things had a white Christmas. Those who are not sentimental had it too, but didn't even have to take a shovel to our nice snow -- just a broom, if that. At times this winter it has been quite cold, but springlike weather such as today's hasn't been a rarity. Remembering last year's 11-inch snowfall in November, just the forerunner of a long winter's back-breaking shoveling, hymns of gratitude are arising from all over the city. Especially when we read about the drifting and clogging in other parts of the country. We had one "heavy snow warning," several weeks ago. But our kind Fate was in the ascendancy and although Chicago -- just 90 miles south of us -- got 11-13 inches, we had only a "trace." The season is now so far advanced that gleeful Milwaukeeans are saying, "Let winter throw anything at us now -- it can't last long and we can take it." I think I'll go dally on the porch swing for a while. (

SOME WOMEN LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE -- mine is just a half-life. Because I'm radioactive -- yes I am. Recently, my doctor, who is a very progressive and scientifically oriented fellow, decided that I should partake of the miracles of the nuclear age and prescribed a dose of radium. This for diagnostic, not treatment, purposes. So I offered to the hospital one chilly morning, reported to the atomic laboratory -- or whatever they called it in the reassuring little full-color booklet they handed me, covered with whirling, intersecting egg-shaped symbols on the front cover, which explained all about atomic medicine and all the precautions the hospital takes against contamination of everyone but the patients subjected to it. Time to start a new sentence. Anyway, I was herded into a small cubby and in time a nurse came along. She was wearing heavy gloves and holding a small, obviously lead, box at arm's length. She opened the box and with 15-inch tongs extracted a capsule which she offered to me with a cup of water. Now when one is offered something held in gloved hands by ten-foot poles -- I mean 15-inch tongs -- one naturally hesitates. It seems somehow ominous. But realizing that I was expected to ingest this colorful capsule into my innards, it seemed absurd to quail at taking it in bare hands. So I did. And I swallowed it to background music from Bald Mountain. I heard it, I tell you.

Next day, I returned and was shown to another cubby where, after draining me of most of my blood -- for unfathomable, but to a horror book addict, guessable purposes -- I was told to clamber up on a table while my radioactivity was calculated with a geiger counter. First they aimed a steel shaft connected to the big geiger counter at my thyroid gland whence all the nice radium was supposed to have fled. This is a discomforting experience because if you so much as cough the slim steel pricks like a dagger. The machine clicked away rapidly. Then, just for comparison I guess, they aimed the counter at my right knee. To my untrained ears, the geiger clicked just as frantically -- if not a bit more so.

They tell me I've got to do the entire thing over again some weeks from now because I had been taking vitamins which contained iodine and that threw the tests off. However, I'm convinced it's all because of the knee thing. Miri Carr may be the Girl With The Golden Googies but I'll bet I'm the only Fapan with Radioactive Knees.

Everyone at the hospital simply looks pained when I ask what is my half-life? A perfectly logical question, but one doesn't ask questions in hospitals, it seems. Now if I double up on my previous half-life ... gosh, how scientificational can you get?

THE BRINKER MAKES HIS SOCIAL BOW. The Third-Annual Old-Traditional Blizzard Party, which fell on New Year's Eve this year, was a swinger, judging from the decibel level noticeable when one occasionally went upstairs away from it all. Not an unpleasant level; there was no shrill laughter or loud conversation -- except now and then from Arthur and Louis Grant who spent much of the time expounding their opposing convictions so vehemently that the timider souls would periodically be scared out of whatever room they happened to be in. But there was the muted roar that results from a dozen simultaneous conversations going full blast, backed by the soft plink of Juanita's guitar -- present by special invitation. Everyone, apparently, was in their most extrovertish mood that night. And most extrovertish of all was Schuyler van Brinker Economou who was attending his very first full-fledged fan do. Always before, Brinker has been banished to the shed whenever a group of people -- especially including children -- was present, because his excitement would be a little too much for his good manners. But this year he had apparently matured enough to remain on good behavior despite quivering with excitement. He was friendly and courteous; didn't jump on people or dash about wildly, so he was permitted to take his place among the guests all night. And how he paid for it!

January 1 dawned bright and clear. At least, Arthur and I assumed that it did as that was the condition when we stumbled blearily into the debris around noon. Both trying to outcomplain the other about the size of our respective hangovers, we cleared a path through the glasses, coffee cups, paper napkins, hassocks and small cluttered tables which seemed to have spent our sleeping hours busily reproducing themselves, until we reached the kitchen where parties always seem to hit their peak. At this point, Arthur emitted a hoarse groan and fled back to the relative sanctuary of the living room. Shutting my eyes, I fumbled my way to the sink and got coffee going. Then, opening the back door furtively with a wary eye out for neighbors who might be traumatized by my unkempt state, I let the Brinker roam for a few minutes. It was only later after being fortified with copious black coffee and aspirins that we noticed the Brinker was absent. Wondering why he was not, as usual, begging for some breakfast -- which I vainly tried to eliminate long ago -- I looked around and found him doping in a far corner of the shed, completely uninterested in life or any of its manifestations. There he remained for all of three hours.

Eventually, he requested a return to the warmth of the house -- but only to flop on the living room rug. There he lay, showing no sign of life beyond an occasional groan, twitch, or laborious shift of position. Incredibly, even the sound of dog biscuits chonking into his dish failed to elicit more than a heavy sigh. It eventually dawned on us that the Brinker was painfully experiencing a gargantuan hangover! This was logical. From 8 PM until 5 AM this dog, whose existence is extraordinarily quiet and sheltered, had lived at an unprecedented emotional pitch. He had spent hours being showered with attention and affection from the Kemp children -- he had experienced a heady love affair with Sally Kidd -- he trod the forbidden primrose path of begging food when I wasn't looking, and probably getting it -- he consumed quantities of nuts, potato chips, bits of bread, meat, octopus, cake and other comestibles that had dropped on the rugs. In fact, half the night he spent roving the rooms like a uranium prospector, using nose for a geiger counter, sniffing out trodden tidbits -- I didn't even have to vacuum next day! Several times Arthur or I had looked around for him, sure he must have collapsed in some corner from sheer exhaustion, but each time we would discover him still going strong, bright-eyed and eager, absorbing excitement and attention with undiminished ardor.

Two days later he is still not back to normal, wandering about foggily, sleeping copiously, and eating indifferently. As he slumps to the rug and wearily lays his shaggy head on his paws, you can sense his thoughts -- "That party was a ball -- but boy, am I glad it's over for another year!"

ONE OF THE HIGH SPOTS of the past quarter was Russ Chauvenet's visit to Milwaukee during Thanksgiving week. We saw all too little of Russ because he was attending a chess tournament at the Hotel Schroeder which apparently went on day and night for several days. However, Arthur and I had dinner with him at the hotel on the Saturday night, in company with his charming sister and her family -- husband, two fine mannered young boys and an enchanting small girl. Russ had only an hour between games but we crammed a lot of pleasure into that brief hour. Afterwards we kibitzed a bit in the tournament room, but everything was so solemn and hushed that we soon went on our frivolous ways. I'm so glad Russ' sister lives in Milwaukee because we can hope he'll come this way again.

Frankly, I'm surprised they consented to meet the Economou at all -- our first contact was so faaanish, in the dubious sense of being oddball. Cringing every time I thought about it, I told Arthur several times, "I know I'm going to like her -- she was so pleasant despite my acting so darned weird!" What happened was this. Russ had written me that his sister would phone Thanksgiving day to set up a date for us to get together. However, I'd been feeling rocky for several days before the holiday and then on Thanksgiving Day I really got sick. Don't ask me what -- I was just simply mowed down (and instead of taking me to a restaurant for a fine dinner, Arthur made do with three fried eggs and a spoonful of cottage cheese!). I baked a pumpkin pie in the morning -- my one concession to holiday tradition -- just barely managed to finish it and took to my bed. I tossed fretfully for some time, then fell into an unnatural sleep that was practically a stupor.

A ringing phone awakened me. Stumbling out of bed, I fumbled to the phone. It was dark and I snapped on the light. The clock pointed at ten minutes to six. I was filled with alarm, unable to imagine why anyone would be phoning at six A. M. unless it was my family and trouble. My head was spinning and I couldn't quite seem to get any starch in my knees. I picked up the phone and spoke. A feminine voice asked pleasantly if this was Phyllis Economou. "Yes," I said. "This is Russ Chauvenet's sister," the voice went on lightly. Good grief! what kind of fannish goings-on was this, I wondered -- waking people at six o'clock in the morning? I was aware that she was chattering on, something about Russ asking her to call me, but my only reaction was indignation. Why something of this sort was enough for Arthur to demand that I quit fandom! Not that he would -- he's never been the type to demand -- but I'd not have blamed him if he had.

My voice must have been a mixture of ice and confusion as I stammered, "But -- but -- it's six o'clock!" "Why, yes," she said -- and adding to my confusion, she sounded puzzled. "Well, just a minute," I said, crossly, "let me shake myself awake." "Oh, were you asleep?" she said. "I'm so sorry." The tone of surprise in her voice now had me almost as puzzled as exasperated, but I said, "Yes, I was still asleep. I rarely get up before eight or eight-thirty."

By this time the poor woman was probably so much on the defensive that she just could not think of anything more to say. There was silence on the phone into which gradually percolated my appalling thoughts -- where's Arthur? ... where's Brinker? ... something's funny here .. it's ... it's THANKSGIVING! ... Thanksgiving DAY!!! ... six o'clock ... six o'clock in the EVENING! ... Lawdy! what've I done? And I started stammering incoherent explanations about being sick, confused, thoughtitwasmorning, etc., at the bewildered lady at the end of the phone who had probably been understandably distrustful to begin with of these strangers her brother had never even met.

But, as I said, she couldn't have been more understanding. I feel that only someone quite exceptional could have managed to project such warmth after undergoing such an incomprehensible ordeal. And I told Arthur, "I know we'll like her." As we did.

A B O U T M O Y I E S . . .

No, I haven't been going to many -- I rarely do. The only picture I've seen in some time was the delightful Ingmar Bergman comedy, "A Lesson In Love." However, movie data of various sorts has been seeping into my consciousness from many directions lately. First of all, I received a copy of the beautiful big picture book, "A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen" for Christmas and found it of utmost fascination. Next I want "A Pictorial History of the Talkies." (Wonderful, aren't they, Betty?)

Then recently I read an item in the Milwaukee Journal about a very near neighbor of mine -- whom I don't know, though -- who makes home movies in his garage with outstanding success. SoCalfandom should find this interesting.

Titled, "International Prizes Won by Film Made in a Local Garage," the item read, in part -- "When the cleaning women complained, the movie director moved his "studio" from an office building corridor to the two car garage at his home. There he began producing a film, using friends who had never acted before. The resulting movie won three international awards and catapulted a Milwaukee attorney among the elite of amateur movie makers.

"He is Al Bahcall of 2019 E. Webster Pl. Eight years ago he had never run a foot of film through a movie camera. Today, he is a veteran of some 30 amateur movies, and the short films he made as a hobby have won prizes from Australia to Cannes, France. His most recent awards were three bronze medals at international film festivals at Cannes and London in 1959. The medals were awarded for the movie he made in his garage with the three friends without acting experience. They star in Bahcall's surrealist presentation of Edgar Allen Poe's 'Telltale Heart,' a story he chose because it has a simple basic plot that is widely known. 'People who haven't acted are best,' Bahcall said. 'You can tell 'em exactly what you want them to do.' When Bahcall makes a movie, directions can be given while the camera is running, for he adds mood music and narration later.

"Close-ups are one secret of his technique. 'A lot of illusions can be created by intermixing scenes showing one character and then another, although both have been shot at different times and places,' he said. He provided an example: In a deathbed scene, the strangler's face and arms are shown; he is actually throttling an orange. Then the camera switches to hands on an old man's neck. They are the more muscular hands of the third actor, shot on a different day.

"A neighbor, who doubles as actor, is a commercial artist who helped with make-up and produced the few props which required surrealist artwork -- a rippled clock, a door in perspective, a set of simulated floorboards. Backdrops for the scenes were 10 by 20 foot sheets of heavy paper -- yellow for serene scenes, blue for the build-up for the strangulation, red for the climax. Colors of the actors' make-up vary, too, as the mood changes.

"From idea to completion, the movie took eight months of spare time. Planning and other preparations took about five months; filming three. Because of his thorough planning, Bahcall shot only 200 feet more film than the 350 feet that appear in the finished product which runs about 11 minutes.

* * * * *

Still on the subject of movies -- many of you have probably been wondering, as I was, whatever happened to Bill Grant and CANFAN. A recent letter from Bill Tells All and, as it will be of such interest to many, particularly Bloch, Tucker and Betty K., and because it's about movies, I'm printing it in full here instead of in "Gleanings."

"Since my last letter to you, some three years ago, my 'pack rat' tendencies have turned to another focal point. Mind you I'm still collecting, but I've switched full force to old motion pictures and the odd SF feature.

"It all happened about a year and a half ago. Word had it that 20th Century Fox was taking over the distribution of Rank films in Canada. In the transition many short subjects could not be distributed by Fox. On 35mm most of this material went to the scrap-heap, but in the 16mm field it was a different story. I thus became interested in 16mm sound films.

"By December 1959 I had picked up a sound projector for \$125.00. An old US Army machine that had been used for 3D work, completely reconditioned with new parts and then stored in 1947. Then about ten machines turned up in Toronto and with a slight bit of conversion work (about \$15.00) I had a heavy duty small theatre quality projector.

"Then I discovered about five outlets for surplus TV prints and highly surprised that I could purchase a feature length film from \$17.95 upwards. So from New York, Chicago and Los Angeles I started after the lists.

"In the SF field I have picked up 'Destination Moon' in Color for \$100.00, 'Rocketship XM' for \$34.95 and some borderline Rank product for nothing (no charge). Another point that is interesting is the fact that these TV prints are from good to almost brand new. In other words they do not get that many runs on TV compared to a theatrical print which is handled by many.

"As you know I have a great overall interest in movies so I have come up with some real odd ones as well as some particular favorites. There is one outfit that will let you name your TV show and over a course of one month or six you can obtain your favorite 'Wagon Train', 'River Boat', Zane Gray Theatre episode.

"For example I have just had a confirmation that I will get a copy of the 'Colter Craven Story' (Wagon Train episode of Nov. 27/60) which was directed by John Ford. Specific Wagon Train's go for \$34.95, while random or unspecified episodes sell for \$28.50. Now this is a 55 minute film.

"Up in Canada a ten-minute short subject sells for \$29.95, so you can see the difference. What I would pay for a short in Canada will buy me a feature in the USA.

"I have managed to pick up a goodly variety as you will see from the following list --

THE LARGE ROPE (1955) UA - Donald Houston, Susan Shaw	\$ 19.95
THE CAPTIVE CITY (1953) UA - John Forsythe, Joan Camden	39.95
ESCAPE TO MEMPHIS (1960) Revue - Jeanne Crain	32.50
GREAT GOD GOLD (1933) MPFT - Sidney Blackmer	17.95
VAGABOND LADY (1934) MGM - Robert Young	33.50
I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE (1959) NTA - John Mills, Cecil Parker	34.95
PARK ROW (1953) UA - Gene Evans, Mary Welch	39.95
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME (1951) Rank - Basil Radford, K. More	23.95
ROAD TO HAPPINESS (1938) MPFT - John Boles	19.95
WOMAN IN BROWN (1942) UA - Conrad Nagel, Fritz Kortner	19.95
EYE WITNESS (1949) EL - Robert Montgomery, Leslie Banks	34.95
CHAMPAGNE SAFARI (1955) - Rita Hayworth	34.95
OUT OF THE BLUE (1947) - George Brent, Virginia Mayo	28.50
THE OUTSIDER (1948) AB - Richard Attenborough	19.95
JACK OF DIAMONDS (1948) - Nigel Patrick	19.95

(continued on page 10)

THE ART OF ONEUP MANSHIP

IN ALITERATING FANATICS --

by

Gene DeWeese

We had a short plague of Mormons last year, and a few years earlier there were some brief skirmishes with other local church types. They made no great impression on us, but, on the other hand, I'm sure we made even less of one on them. But we did have a bit of trouble getting rid of them -- a mumbled "Not really interested," was remarkably ineffective. It left them holding the initiative, thinking we were pretty wishy-washy and probably susceptible if only they would persevere. So they did persevere, several times. It was probably only from boredom they eventually gave up.

Recently, tho, I've heard of three dandy schemes for grabbing the initiative from such people and greatly discouraging their perseverance. Lee Carroll, the originator, claims all three have worked quite well for him. Being an innocuous sort myself, I'll probably never work up the glibness and guts needed for execution of any of the three. However, for the benefit of others who may also be troubled by visitors with a missionary zeal, here are the three methods. If you ever have occasion to use any of them, let me know; I'll chortle vicariously.

Method number one is for use with the visitor who seems scholarly and rational, one who feels that you can be converted by a serious, intellectual discussion of the Great Truths held in the Bible.

Begin by acting pleasantly surprised and enthusiastically inviting the person in, saying that you have been hoping for such an opportunity for some time. A Bible scholar yourself, you have been most anxious to discuss the Book with someone else. If you want to lay it on really thick, mention cloddish neighbors and co-workers.

Once you have lulled the visitor into a false sense of security, ask to see the Bible he has with him. Take it from him, glance at it only briefly, then recoil slightly. "Oh, this is one of the modern translations," you say, regardless of what the translation is. "Is this the only version you have?" If they say yes, you continue to push them off balance with "I'm sorry, but I wouldn't dream of discussing this version -- most inaccurate. I've made all my studies of the Old Testament in Aramaic and the New Testament in Greek. It's the only way to get at the Real Truth."

If you have the incredibly bad luck to run up against someone who has actually read these versions, you're on your own.

Method two is for those who feel that you are an unbeliever simply because you have not been exposed to their enlightened point of view. Such exposure, they feel, will certainly bring you around to sanity.

Again, invite the person in and listen politely for a while, nodding occasionally but

never openly saying "Yes," or "I agree." Be noncommittal. Then, at the first lull in the conversation, say that you have just returned from a job in the Far East -- pick your own area -- and have become a convert to Mohammedanism, or Buddhism if you prefer. You realize, you say, that an intelligent, broad-minded person such as the visitor can readily grasp the infinitely superior aspects of your faith. You have, in fact, been seriously considering establishing a missionary in the city. Could the visitor, you wonder, give you the names of a few people who might know a bit about the organization of new churches and similar work? Perhaps, also, he might know of some vacant building which could be converted into a temple? You are extremely enthusiastic about this project and feel that the community is quite in need of this sort of enlightenment.

To reassure the visitor, you say that the temple would, of course, maintain amicable relations with the local, native religious groups.

Method three, and my favorite, is for use on the violent type, who, the instant the door is opened, asks you aggressively, "Have you been saved!?" and then offers to do it for you then and there.

This type you also invite in, acting very friendly and as if you were happy to see him. Be slightly condescending, if possible. If you have a large collection of books -- as most fans do -- allow him a glimpse of them. If he is impressed by them, all the better. Just as he is being seated, however, you snap your fingers as if just remembering something. "Oh, I'm sorry, but could you come back next week? You see, my tape recorder is broken and won't be repaired until then."

If he looks a bit puzzled and asks what a tape recorder has to do with being saved, you say, "Well, I'm doing a graduate thesis at school, and my subject is Religious Fanaticism in America. I would like very much to get what you have to say down on tape -- it would be most helpful, I'm sure." An English or affected accent is very helpful with this method.

With these three counterploys for inspiration, fandom can surely take it from here.

... GDeW

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(ABOUT MOVIES - continued)

"Believe it or not, film buying in 16mm has turned out cheaper than 8mm. For example I paid \$75.00 for Chaplin's THE KID on 8mm. Mind you this is an extreme case but nevertheless based on Canadian prices the 16mm field in your country is rosie indeed.

"That's it for now. Anytime you want verification of old movie subjects please let me know. If I can't answer it one of my friends can." ... Bill Grant

Thanks, Bill, for writing so interestingly and at such length. What a fascinating hobby! -- I'd give anything to be able to visit Toronto just to see some of these. Wish you'd come to a convention again and show them like you used to. I've been missing CANFAN -- and especially all those old-movie articles in it. In fact, the last few issues were more old-movie fanzines than the SF kind, and all the more interesting (to me, at least) for that. Hope you get the pubbing urge again one day. Have you discovered if there is such a thing as "old-movie fandom" as such? Fans, certainly, but what about an organized fandom like ours? PHLotz would be interested in anything on this subject. Come again soon!

E N E Y f o r T A F F !

(GLEANINGS - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

Obviously, Art, if today's top economic level population becomes extinct, the top strata of future generations would have no where to come from but today's lower economic levels. However, as a believer in heredity, I can't quite accept the idea that the general IQ level would not suffer for the loss. Admittedly, many high IQ youngsters can be found in the lowest economic levels, and many of them rise in the world -- but I also believe that many members of the lowest strata of society are in their nethermost totem pole position mainly because their intelligence does not equip them for anything better. I strongly doubt that you would find the same intelligence level in a slum as in a prosperous executive suburb. Mind you, I'm referring to the lowest strata now --not the great middle class. And it is these lowest strata members who reproduce so heedlessly.

(Incidentally, Art -- what ever happened to "The Great SF Crisis"?)

My plea last time for enlightenment on the complicated matter of who and what is a Jew elicited few answers -- non definitive. Probably most people are just as confused as I am about it. Maybe I'll have better luck in the mailing itself. Les Nirenberg was one who tried. He said:

"... I would like to comment on your comments to Coslet (re Jews) but godammit, I'm a Jew and I haven't got any answer, even...yet...already."

Les then proceeds with "answers" -- subjective though they may be --

"By Hitler's definition a Jew is a person who had a Jewish grandfather. By my definition, a Jew is a person of Jewish lineage, who ceases to be a Jew when all feelings for the rest of the Jews leave him. As long as he has any emotions for other Jews, he is a Jew. He may even become a Christian legally, but if that feeling exists, he is still a Jew.

"One good example is the Marrannos of Spain. These were Jews who were converted to Christianity during the Inquisition. Even though they had converted they still continued to practice their religion in secret. One of the leaders of the Inquisition (I forget his name...I think it was Torquemada) was himself a converted Jew. He hounded the Jews unmercifully and doled out the most terrible punishments. But deep down he was a Jew, because his very actions prove it. Sort of, like leaving no witnesses. But he was still a Jew, and his zeal at exterminating them proves that some thought and soul searching went on in his mind. I don't think he ever had any peace."

Les' point of view is, of course, intensely personal and far too nebulous to be "authoritative." "Legal" or even accepted definitions of anything must be awfully black and white (and I was trying to discover if this sort of sharp delineation existed at all) -- not dependent on the state of one's emotions, and even less dependent on anyone else's conjecture about the state of one's emotions. And while it covers the Jewish convert to Christianity and even the religious backslider, it expresses no opinion about the convert to Judaism -- of which there have been an unusual number of highly publicized ones recently. But at least Les has the matter clear in his own mind, for him, and that's no small accomplishment.

Les, I do protest your use of the word "converted" with reference to the Jews during the Inquisition. Conversion is an intellectual/emotional thing and I cannot view a forced "conversion" as a true one at all -- it would be at most an expedient. I hold the same view about Catholic "converts" who, just before marriage to a Catholic, choose overt -- but insincere -- acceptance of Catholicism as the simplest way around family opposition, acceptance by the Catholic partner's social group, or even romantic acquisition itself. I'm not saying it's necessarily "wrong" -- it's a private

affair -- but I do say that, unless sincere, it's an expedient, not a conversion. Back when the lions were threatening knashingly not all Christians chose martyrdom, but they weren't necessarily "converted" -- just hanging onto their hides.

Betty Kujawa has ideas on the subject, too. "About the remark (Coslet's) 'Jews are fascinating characters' -- I'd say make that -- 'Semetics are fascinating characters' -- cause to me its more the general group from the near-east. The semetic type with the vivacity, shrewdness, keen wit and competitiveness that seems to have evolved in all that area among the Hebrews, Arabs, and the like -- not only a 'jewish' personality but a geographical and sociological thing from the trader-merchant way of life. I sound like I, too, am putting on labels -- BUT my labels are not so much because of the race as the long-time occupations and environmental influences upon our near-eastern cousins -- or am I making it clear enough? (Agree.) Yup...a Christian who has been converted to Judaism is certainly a Jew -- reverse it -- to me a Jew who joined, say, the Baptist church is a Protestant. Not too many would agree with me, perhaps --. To me a Jewish person who is not practicing Judaism is NOT a Jew. Or something like that. Perhaps now that there is a Jewish homeland we can rightly call people born there or who have become citizens of it 'Jews'. The ones from the various European lands who came here -- polish jews, russian-jews, spanish jews, german-jews -- well, if they ain't members of a synagogue, then in my eyes they aren't Jews."

Betty then goes on to belabor me mightily with every cudgel at hand because of my supercilious attitude toward television. She snarls and growls (prettily but unmistakably), sneers her scorn at people who claim there's nothing on the box worthy of their precious attention, and takes pages to outline all the goodies available to lucky TV owners recently. I'd be really smarting, had any of these blows struck a vital spot. But Betty either hasn't been reading her PHlotsams carefully enough, or long enough, or she would know that I have NEVER scorned TV fare. On the contrary, I've often mentioned my terror of TV simply because there would be so much I'd like to watch that I'd never get anything else done! Right now, my few free hours are divided inadequately among my correspondence (I can hear the chorus rise from fandom -- "WHAT correspondence?"), FAPA, reading, talking with Arthur, listening to music, and on rare occasions visiting or being visited. None of these things are done to my satisfaction, and many many other things I'd like to be doing are omitted entirely. I shrink at the thought of anything impinging on these few hours. So you were hurling all those brickbats at a straw man -- or gal -- Betty. Besides, I'd be the last person to low rate TV fare -- not having it, I don't know what's on it!

Clever girl, this Betty Kujawa. Swinging into the old pop songs her mother used to sing to her, then using my memory of the "Lincoln Highway" theme as a peg, she guessed my age darned near on the button -- just about hers, which is a very nice age to be. (Yes, Betty, I remember most all of those things -- and I still have my beer-jacket covered all over with the signatures of the boys and counselors from the boys camp near our old summer place on the lake. Each name is painstakingly and colorfully embroidered by my own dedicated fingers. Dedicated to boys, that was. The most important one (at the time) has his name on the pocket right over my heart -- every so often I cudgel my brain trying to remember WHO the devil he was.)

Message to Bill Morse from Betty. "Bill Morse was highly interesting. As I said before -- and will again, I have no doubt. The steam-engined tractor report was very interesting. And the pub in Wales -- perhaps Bill could tell us more about something I read of in TIME -- this will kill you, if you haven't heard about it before Phyl -- when the BBC tv goes off (it may be BBC radio come to think...) right on that wave length comes on a boot-leg station -- "Radio-Free Wales", no less, urging revolt, rebellion and the freeing of Wales from England!!! Aint that a dilly!? And they aint kiddin'!!!" (I could keep quoting Betty for pages more, but there's also -- }

Curtis Janke, who, although in FAPA, has committed himself to a policy of No Mailing Comments. (For the same reason small boys with tummy aches swear No More Green Apples.) For some strange reason, Curtis is talking about my age, too. Who started this age business, anyway? Me? I'll have to reread PHlotz #16. So he says -- "This age bit, now. Well, ma'am, I happen to know the facts in the case. Like, how you celebrate your birthday and your wedding anniversary on the same day. And how, on your twentieth anniversary (HEY! Wait up! I ain't got there yet!!!), though you don't come right out and mention your age, you sort of let it be inferred that you are twenty five.

"Now, I happen to know that you deliberately let it be understood, through such mendacity, that you are actually five years older than you really are! Knowing how people are about counting on their fingers, you had to do this so's people couldn't accuse you of being conceited by letting them know how all the eligible bachelors in town quickly queued up when the word got out that your mother Was Expecting."

Curtis, this quotation alone should be enough to cause 10 drop-offs from the FAPA waiting list.

Dick Schultz claims that FAPA is still quite esoteric to new-fans, judging from his own experience. He also asks if I ever went through the stage of what he terms "sophomoreism -- i.e. 'I've learned most of the general aspects of fandom. Now all I've got to do is to absorb the details.'" Did I ever go through it! We all do, I would think. Just a few months after I discovered general fandom -- and was writing for every fanzine in sight -- I had the fabulous luck to have Bob Tucker visit me in Florida. Bob tried to explain FAPA and, to whet my interest, sent me a batch of Fapazines after returning home. I found them completely esoteric and very dull compared to what I'd been used to in general fanzines, and had absolutely no interest in joining. It was a full year later before I became fannishly sophisticated enough to appreciate this particular aspect and get my name on the waiting list. Luckily, it was still short enough that I had only a six-month wait.

Dick also says he will have an occasional voice in FAPA through Martin Alger's zine. This waiting-lister participation is one of the nice things that has come about with the lengthy wait and large number of launching waiting-listers. However, Dick, unless you stimulate Martin to more frequent publication, your participation will be occasional indeed, as Martin is a very occasional sort of member. Maybe your efforts will have the happy result of giving us more Alger in the mailings. # No, Dick, the ex-Fapan Myers mentioned in PHlotz is not Bill Meyers of Chattanooga, but Wilfried Myers of whom nobody outside Fapa has ever heard.

Message to John Berry: Dick says -- "Fortunately, 'Berry At Bay' is good, is well-written, and says something. It says, 'I'm happy to be here.'" And we were happy to have John, too -- I wish he'd come back!

Several more letters, but little more space -- just enough for briefest replies to a question or two. Bob Lichtman -- Jay Kay's photo booklet did not make the December publication planned deadline (what ever does?), but is well underway and shouldn't be delayed too much longer. This was a major project and I shudder at the work involved. #I don't blame your brother for preferring commercial white bread to such strong flavored types as rye as a steady diet. But has he ever tried real home-made white?

Craig Cochran -- War and Peace is a fascinating book, but draggy as compared to most modern writing -- as are most of the Russians including Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago. Craig also strongly defends rock and roll, claiming that most adults just have a sort of mental block against it because it isn't what they considered good music when they grew up. This has always been true, Craig, and there was just as much uproar when jazz and ragtime came out. (I've heard -- I don't remember!) Keep writingalloyou.

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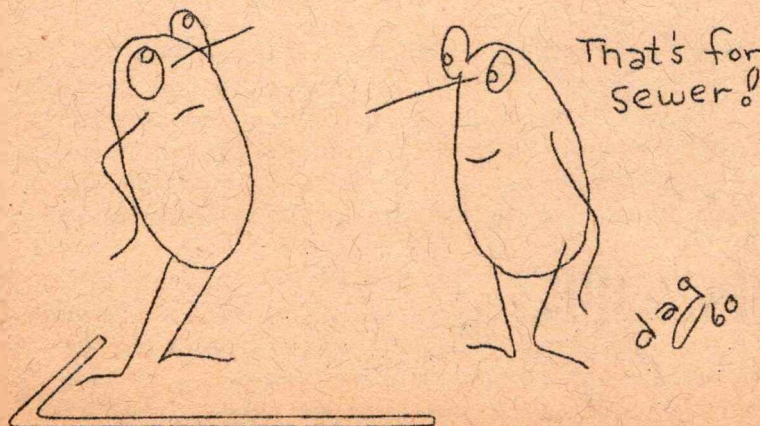
SO THIS IS IT for this time around. No mailing comments, but next issue I'll be with it again. No Morse, either -- what happened, Bill, did you tame the monster and plan to surprise us with a beautifully reproduced BULL MOOSE this mailing -- or are you just goofing off, too?

ALSO BYPASSED of necessity this issue were commentaries on two books I received this quarter "for review." One was the "Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society," beautifully printed and featuring Del Rey, Anderson, Gunn, Bok and other luminaries. This I haven't yet had the opportunity to read and may have comment next issue. The other was a Gold Medal soft-cover, "Rogue Moon," by waiting-lister Algis Budrys. I approached this book with some trepidation because I've abandoned so many science-fiction novels, half-read, around the house lately. They bored me. But "Rogue Moon" kept me going -- fast and fascinated. The idea was original and gripping. I enjoyed the characterization -- people really are just that insanely motivated. Especially effective was the nightmare atmosphere built up around the "thing" on the moon -- what it was was never revealed, and wisely so. All in all, a surprisingly interesting book -- "surprisingly" considering my high interest-threshold -- and I wish I could discuss it at greater length. Like, read it.

OVERHEARD at the Blizzard Party -- "But I'm not a homosexual turtle!" ... Sally Kidd.

I FINALLY GOT MY EGOBOO POLL mailed to Eney -- just under the wire. And, as Dick chided -- me an officer supposed to set a good example. But I'm a creature of habit and Dick's point-count system was so esoteric I just couldn't bring myself to tackle it. Especially realizing that just one mischievous member voting their total point allowance in each category all for one person could toss the final results galley-west, as far as being a true reflection of the opinion of the entire membership is concerned. Were he present, NGW could emerge as top FAPAN this year. But maybe nobody thought of this. Or maybe Dikini was feeling mischievous. It will be interesting to see what upheavals -- if any -- are wrought by this madly unorthodox innovation in the Poll. Also (bearing in mind that the Constitution allows the Veep every leeway in his method of conducting the Egoboo Poll) it will be even more interesting to see whether this radical departure inspires the next Veep to an even wilder spit-in-the-ocean type Poll system.

Being a plumber has its unpleasant aspects



THIS ISSUE, I think, has set a record for typos. It was churned out in a rush and obviously inadequately proof read. I'll certainly not reread it again because all those typos leap out and smite me from every page. (So, I've given away a secret -- make of it what you will - I reread my own Fapazine. Sometimes I reread yours, too.)

Let's send Britain a Bundle --
Vote ENEY for TAFF!