

FANN

"I could proceed further, but methinks I can hardly forbear to blush when I consider how the most part of men will look upon this: but yet again, I have this encouragement, not to think all these things utterly impossible, though never so much derided by the generality of men, and never so seemingly mad, foolish, and fantastic, that as the thinking them impossible cannot much improve my knowledge, so the believing them possible may, perhaps, be an occasion of taking notice of such things as another would pass by without regard as useless."

--Robert Hooke

F A P A

No. 11

TOADS

F A N - T O D S

unillustrated

Number One

c o n t e n t s

FAPA

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This, be it known, is the enfant terrible of Norman Francis Stanley and "Mephistocles" (take it away, HCK), the Mephistophelean MSA mimeo, and is to be foisted upon the FAPA and sundry other luckless individuals. It's to be feared you'll be seeing us around regularly each quarter, if the Army and the Scrap Drive don't get us first. The publisher disavows any responsibility for statements (including his own) made in this publication. 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine is the place to which comments and contributions should be addressed, and we'd dearly love to see some.

BEARD MUTTERINGS: As I write this (Nov. 29, 6PM), the score stands as follows: All pages and cover dummied, three stencils cut (successfully, oh how I hope!), and but one run off. So it's a toss-up as to whether you'll be getting this per reg. mailing or via post-posting from here. Past week, which I'd banked on to put this through with a rush, was most effectively sabotaged by three nights and Thanksgiving Day spent toiling at my job, plus an evening's soiree at the Local draft board---an invitation I could hardly pass up. Most distracting. If the mastheads on the various pages this time are on the seamy side, as I think likely they'll be, fault's mine for ever using 'em in first place. My typemill seems to have a sprightly touch that neatly bisects the stencil whenever I try cutting a long underline, and my stylus is a bit blunt for a neat job, I find. Or mebbe it's me. Add also the fact that my mimeo and my stock of stencils were never made for each other at all. I was mildly surprised to find that the first stencil I cut was actually readable, considering the age and condition of the typewriter. I now have hopes that the rest will likewise be at least legible despite the dollops of fingernail polish applied here and there. There was to have been a cover illustration this issue but lack of time and experience at such things shelved it. Nexttime, perhaps, you lucky people, if I master enough of the technique during the next three months. C U then.

YESTERDAY'S 10,000 YEARS

"Mr. Cloukey's 'Rhythm' is a masterpiece! It was exceedingly interesting and I found but one mistake in it. Mr. Cloukey says that von der Konz listened to the 'rhythmic toy' for three hours, during which he mentally cursed Calvroom three trillion times. This is quite impossible; it would take a person about six hundred and three billion, nine hundred and twenty-two million, two hundred and forty-two thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine hours (603,922,242,199) to curse a person that many times!"

Forrest Ackerman

--Amazing Stories, July 1930

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"First let me join Mr. Herbst, Jr. in the request for a sequel to 'Thumitak of the Corridors'..."

Albert F. Downham

EC: "We are entirely in accord with your remarks about the story 'Thumitak of the Corridors'..."

--Amazing Stories, July 1932

It must be catchin'!

-o-

"Here is another idea for your authors. Eliminate the inertia of the cosmic flyer and our hero can attain infinite speed with negligible power. Then he restores his inertia and the ship will continue at its infinite speed, with no further application of power. If he wants to play safe, he will not restore the inertia; then if he should collide with anything, there will be no shock. The power required to eliminate the inertia might be equal to the power necessary to attain that speed without it, according to Newton's law on the conservation of energy."

Charles Schneeman

--Amazing Stories, May 1932

You didn't, by any chance, write "Gray Lensman", as well as illustrate it, did you, Charlie? I had to look it up, though, to assure myself that Newton was not responsible for the doctrine of energy conservation. It's an empirical principle and was not universally accepted prior to Joule's work during the last century.

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"I see that Mr. Milton Kaletsky has written a nice letter independent of myself."

Donald A. Wollheim

--Wonder Stories, March 1935

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"I think that anybody who says such things about the magazine ought to be barred from reading it."

Milton A. Rothman

--Wonder Stories, March 1935

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"I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS!"

Bob Tucker

---Wonder Stories, June 1935

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"It may interest your readers to know that the American Interplanetary Society has just completed its first year of existence, and looks forward to a most energetic second year in pursuing its aims."

Nathan Schachner

--Amazing Stories, Sept. 1931

-o-

"Before long the newsstands will be stocked with dozens of Science-Fiction magazines."

Charles D. Hornig

--Amazing Stories, Oct. 1931

"It seems to me that I have always had an inclination and liking for the unusual, the unique and the imaginative."
 Julius Unger --Amazing Stories, Dec. 1930

-o-

"If you have read this far without tearing this epistle into myriad shreds, we would like to suggest:
 First, another cover contest.
 Second, if possible, more new stories.
 Third, semi-monthly 'as is' publication.
 Fourth, less detective stories.
 Fifth, less detective stories.
 Sixth, less detective stories, etc.

Paul L. Stanchfield

Robert D. Swisher

--Amazing Stories, Nov. 1927

Who was Paul Stanchfield?

-o-

"phantasy--phooey"

Louis R. Chauvenet

--Amazing Stories, Apr. 1938

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"Also I think it would be a good idea to change the name Amazing Stories to Scientifiction Magazine."

Ray Palmer

--Amazing Stories, Oct. 1928

Well, how about it, RAP?

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"I have just finished the January issue of Amazing Stories and here is my vote on stories, et cetera."

Jack Darrow

--Amazing Stories, Mar. 1928

-o-

"I see no valid reason for writing this, my first letter to you."

Norman F. Stanley

--Amazing Stories, Apr. 1938

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"Can you imagine one of your old reliables settling himself into his favorite chair prepared to digest the latest news about the I. F. P. or the exploits of Captain Brink and coming upon a story of a type commonly known as weird fiction? Can you further imagine this simple, trusting soul wading into the mass of irrelevant detail about 'vampires' and 'werewolves' and eery Roumanian castles with ghosts groaning on the floor every half inch or so?"

John B. Michel

--Amazing Stories, Mar. 1933

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"Some day perhaps we'll have a Lord Dunsany in this field; a fellow who can do poetical things with scientific ideas. But there is only a thinnest of partitions dividing that field from blithering nonsense. We'd better be serious till we learn how."

Miles J. Breuer, M. D. --Amazing Stories, Aug. 1928

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"'Around the Universe' disappointed me because of its frightful slang."

Harold S. Farnese
Los Angeles, Cal.

--Amazing Stories, July 1928

Wonder if he ever attended an LASFS meeting?

-More of this bilge next issue.-

THE MOUNTAIN DIDN'T COME TO MAHOMET

The phone informed me that a fan was haunting our bus, railroad and Pony Express station and would ~~someone~~ please come and exorcise it. As I had, that day, already stood by while several transports had arrived and departed without disgorging anything representative of stf, not even an Amazing Quarterly, a certain skepticism seemed pardonable. But it was dusk and the note of incipient hysteria in my informant's voice was unmistakable. This, in view of the known terrifying effect which the presence of fen has, in semidarkness, on the normal species, seemed good evidence that the expected had arrived. And so it was that I went to greet a husky six feet and a crew haircut of affability who was indeed my good friend-through-correspondence, Louis Russell Chauvenet. The erstwhile chef du gare, perceiving that the situation was apparently under control, got himself in hand sufficiently to open his eyes and peer timidly down upon us from his perch in the inaccessible reaches of the chandelier.

You FAPA'ers, most of whom, through his writings, correspondence and personal contacts, are well acquainted with the amiable LRC, can anticipate with me the rare conversational treat which his weekend visit to Rockland promised. Nor was I to be disappointed, unless it were at the end of hours of fangabfest in the realization that so much remained unsaid. This, though the topics strung along the tortuous thread of our discussion were near-infinite in number and variety and withal productive of some truly pyrotechnic displays of erudition and ignorance. We raked over all manner of things from the merits of the early versus the recent (or should we say the "late"?) Prof. Jameson to the desirability of tensors as pets to symbolism in art to "do machines live their lives?" to the schism of stfans and science hobbyists a. s. o. Many the skeleton was ghoulishly rattled in fandom's closet. The inevitable superman argument concerned the relative weights assignable to life and intelligence in the scheme of things and led to a search for a possible state of being comparable to intelligence as intelligence is to life, and we found only bemusement. Then there was the Battle of Waldo with bewildering shifts of counsel from prosecution to defense and back again as Russ alternately attacked the tale's metaphysics and psychology, which I strove to uphold, and defended the extrapolated radiation theory which I considered illogical. At least we agreed on our right to take both sides of a question simultaneously, in the approved liberal manner. A copy of Du Nouy's "Biological Time" apparently was the stimulus for an LRC-engineered breakfastable discussion of certain of Dunne's experiments which latter I thought unconvincing. Russell's approach to some elementary experiments in magnetism, which we undertook, interested me greatly, particularly when he whipped out a millimeter scale and started taking quantitative measurements. Here, friends, we have a true Baconian. But our magnetic investigations wandered into a consideration of hemoglobin and its similarity to chlorophyll, and of other matters which go unchronicled.

I had long wondered that so many fans seemed also to be devotees of the a. & h. game of chess and had mentioned this in my correspondence with Russell. But our discussion came to naught, for, lo, his idea of what constitutes a chess player and mine were as far apart as

Vandemar and Alsakan. However, one particularly pleasurable evening was thereby given over to what, I fear, was a monolog by Chauvenet on the theory of games; wherein his learning is surpassed only by my wealth of ignorance. I particularly appreciated your exposition of the theory of tic-tac-toe, Russ. By golly I didn't even know it had a theory! Also your patiently repeated demonstration of that baffling manipulation of the pencil, which I now have down pat and demonstrate to the indifference of whatever audience I can summon.

Lurus is no stranger to the Maine coast, having spent many a summer at Vinal Haven island, just across the bay from here. Nor is he unacquainted with the delights of small-boat sailing. On this and on the desirability of Penobscot Bay wherein to sail we saw eye to eye. And so plans were laid for a day upon the water. Shutterbug Chauvenet had brought along his faithful miniature in anticipation of a photographic as well as aquatic holiday, but, alas, that was not to be. For They Who Guard Our Coasts have, in their wisdom, decreed that cameras in boats shall not go, nor firearms. In other words you're not allowed to shoot anyone in any sense while at sea. Truly one of the horrors of war. So we had to compromise with field glasses and a good memory. (Even the glasses are now verboten! But one may still use one's eyes, I believe, provided one does not stare too fixedly at any military objective.) Otherwise, amazingly enough, our projected excursion went through without a hitch. The Gods presented us with a beautiful day, though at first damned with faint breeze on which we drifted aimlessly out of Rockland Harbor. Russell, it seemed, shared my perennial disposition, once in a boat, to set out for unreachable objectives with fine disregard for time, wind, or wave. Thus, encouraged by a freshening breeze, we set out across the bay in the general direction of Russ' old Vinal Haven stamping grounds, with some vague idea in mind of sailing on into the thoroughfare between Vinal and adjacent North Haven island. In the end the lateness of the hour (time estimated by the sun and we both guessed abominably) and the lengthiness of the trans-bay passage ruled this out so that we contented ourselves with circumnavigating the handiest island of the Vinal Haven group. One designated on the chart, unimaginatively, as "Dogfish Island" and familiar to Russ, who claimed natives, as he knew 'em, were friendly. But I have since learned that the present inhabitants have rechristened it "Treasure Island", which gives one to wonder just what trade they may be pursuing. It was well, perhaps, that we essayed no landing and were unusually circumspect in navigating the treacherous waters thereabout. But by fair fortune and faith in those cryptic little numbers and notations that dot the charts we skirted Scylla closely, yet safely (to our mutual relief), and fell not on Charybdis. True, for a time we had the makings of a pretty bol-ix and the nautical miles yet to be traversed seemed very long indeed when the cosmic energy turned fickle. Alas, we could not resort to the auxiliariatomics for they, too, were inoperative for want of the rationed juice that makes go. But at length the winds did blow, if not stormily at least with heartening vigor, and we bowled homeward, rail awash, over a main that was beginning to bound in right sprightly fashion.

Having accomplished a safe return with an hour or so to spare, we set our course for the waterfront plant wherein I toil and there made what I blush to describe as a "crash landing" and so ashore for a gander at tubs and vats of assorted colloidal goos. As is wont t'happen when I am found wandering thereabout I was quickly set upon and put to work and this apparently would have gone on forever and aye did we not

sneak out when no one was looking and jockey our noble steed through the gathering dusk back to moorings. I uncrossed my fingers as we un-animously voted the day a success.

Culmination of a pleasant weekend association was the frenzied noontime dash I made from work to the boat in rescue of Russ' forgotten field glasses and thence pantingly to the bus station where I bid him a breathless farewell before noticing that the bus hadn't yet appeared. As 'twas we found opportunity for further chit-chat on such matters (as I recall) as boat-building and fire-eating and Widner and like topics more or less non-germane to the occasion. Thus it transpired.

I now have some pleasant memories and a bedroom with a placque inscribed "Chauvenet slept here." I don't share his unbounded enthusiasm for dried apricots, but I think he's grand companionship. Here, proclaim I, is a chap who impresses me as getting a lot of fun out of the too, too, serious business of living. He says he's coming again, and I am happy. Gives ketchup on t h e beans nextime, Russell!

STF WILL OUT

It's insidious. Deviously it insinuates its tentacles among even the most commonplace threads of prosaic existence. And feeds thereon in darkness and concealment. Until one day it bursts forth, gibbering in its assault on the citadel of common sense. Like unto the half-worm encountered in the seeming soundness of a goodly apple. I know. I have seen portents. There was quite an acute attack of it recently at the place where I work. One day a lab. assistant, who had hitherto exhibited no signs of abnormality, suddenly confessed that he'd been reading "scientific fiction" and wondered if I ever read any of those magazines. Ah, a kindred soul! He was a comparative newcomer and we had some interesting discussions of the contemporary field wherein I found that while he was solidly for Amazing and Fantastic Adventures, he greatly liked FFM ("Darkness and Dawn" and its sequels) and also read Unknown and Astounding. He might have developed into true fan, in time, but, alas, abandoned stf for married life. Then there was a copy of Amazing which mysteriously appeared and was much in evidence around the plant for several weeks. But I never caught anyone reading it. But the climax came when a chap who had recently come to work for us was distinctly heard to avow that "the Gostak distims the doshes!"

STATISTICS PROVE--

A recent survey has shown that the average graduate of Harvard has 1.2 children whereas the average Vassar graduate has 2.5 children. We conclude that women have more children than men do.

"I am a statistic.
For me lovely figures dance
In ever curving paths of mystery
With polar, Napierian, and Cartesian
co-ordinates."

--Gerald J. Cox

SO THIS IS FAPA?

Specifically, The Fall Mailing

Wherein were found:

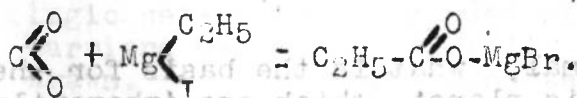
EN GARDE!: Your airbrush covers are on a level with butterscotch meringue in my scale of aesthetic values. A bit rich, perhaps, but--aaah, mon cher, ravissante! Unquote. Acknowledgment. Truly the cover alone is one of the top-notch items of the mailing---and neatly complemented by JW's on the back. Icing on the outside, but there is good meat within. We feast: From a look at the record so lucidly set forth 'twould seem there's been much too much ado about Nova's allegedly treasonous swindle sheet. After all, you can't start from scratch on anything less than a shoestring. Mark you, even so lowly an effort as the present offering has already swallowed up some twelve of my good dollars, and only this, first of all its race, to show for it. But that twelve is going to have a share in putting out a lot of issues to come--I hope. Same with Nova, I take it. That initial stake is going to go a long way in dispensing fanjoyment. But if Nova flops, it will not be entirely due to the expense. It may be asked why I say this so assertively when it is fact that I know hardly anything about Nova--have never seen a copy. That is my point. If you will but bend an ear, Ashleys et al, a charter member of the Introvert's Club will attempt to sell you the idea of good Yankee promotion. Friends, your mag. is not getting noised around enough, particularly among the outer circle fans, such as I, at whom the flossier publications should profitably be aimed. If you really have something--plug it! Now look, I never even heard of Nova until Unguh's recent yelp. I, for one, would like to know more of it. Will you let us know your sub. rate, Al? Or is such information confidential? -For your math. dept. this problem child lets it be known that the average of $1/2$ and $1/3$ is $5/12$, not $2/5$. Stay as sweet as you are!

ZIZZLE-POP: Soda-pop. S'matter Pop? Theweaselgoespop. Okeh, but I'm looking forward to seeing a superduper Sardonyx by the time you see this, Lurus.

IMAG-INDEX business: I was surprised to learn that the cover for SDM May '30 was a Ruger. I never read the magazine but remember seeing that particular ish on the stands 'way back then and the cover made an impression that stuck, perhaps because it was one of those rare white backgrounds. I recall it as Paulesque and had always credited it to the o. m., but then Ruger's style was not unlike that of Paul.

THE NUCLEUS: Gee and Estuff most 'taining, but the reviews would be enhanced in interest, I believe, if more of the background, history, and significance of the operas were given along with the synopsising. Frinstance, Rddigore was supposed to be a take-off on the Gothic novels, with their legions of spooks, was it not? I usually think of Rddigore in connection with the shivery musical passage therefrom which was thematic music for the "Sherlock Holmes" radio dramatizations a few years ago. Which was an interesting association wherein the same tune served both for the doings of the acknowledged master of deduction and for the highly farcial mystery business of the opera of the cheerful title. From Doyle to D'Oyley, one might opun. . . . The G & S quotes were very amusing. Trudy a Vomaiden? !!!!

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: I like your masthead! Speaking of the Holt fantastic series one might include in this such copies of the Holt-published Noyes "Organic Chemistry" as contain, like mine, the following remarkable equation:



That, I submit, is fantastic.

SUSPRO: Could be it's my ignorance of the subtleties of the philosophy involved, Jacques, but I don't understand your objection to the photo plate that showed the future. Wouldn't it apply equally to any photograph, and why is it an objection? Isn't the photograph itself just a blob of Bergson's goo that we compartmentalize to get the picture according to our conventional conception of the real world? The Bushman, isn't it, who finds the photograph a highly sophisticated and equally incomprehensible representation of the real thing? While the notion of photographing the future is fantastic, it seems not quite without the pale of possibility. After the manner of Keller's "Time Projector" it could be done if we could gather enough data to fix definitely the shape of some thing to come. I would grant events of the future and past equal objective reality with those of the present. The idea of events "happening"---springing into existence at their given moments---seems rather something-for-nothingish. Couldn't one say, rather, that all possible events "be"? That events are things we come across and which the limitations of our senses cause us to conceive of as "happening". Or intersections of world-lines in a continuum of three spatial and two temporal dimensions. Therein lies a possible explanation for whatever kernel of truth may underlie the numerous instances of precognition, prophecy, and the like. Maybe the human mind possesses undeveloped ability to subconsciously make detailed observations and to evaluate this data into a highly probable picture of the future event, which may then be cast into the realm of consciousness as a dream, premonition, vision, or what have you. Or one may be mystical and call it an ability to see farther than usual along world-lines. . . . Horse-sense Hank, I take it, is supposed to be a sort of extrapolated idiot savant. Are his extraordinary powers any more incredible than the many well-substantiated instances of exaggerated mathematical sense? . . . On reading your disquisition on phonetics I discovered I'm intelligent ---whoops! The cover cartoon is clever. What are the two tetrahedra sposed to be--of space?

CERES: There is room for improvement, Suddsy (I should chirp!), but what I like is the pixyish attitude in which the thing appears to have been conceived and perpetrated. The editorial sets the atmosphere beautifully. This sort of stuff gives me happy feelings.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Another Ashley cover--Ummm! I hasten to second the proposal re waiving of certain membership requirements for the servicefen and outlanders. Whereupon it behooveth those of us who are still able to contribute to be as active as possible.

A TOUR OF THE EVANS: is fast becoming an FAPA (or is it a FAPA, Speer?) institution. 'Tis well--it is Evanly. . . . Re your comment of Fan-zine Digest that heiroglyph you translated as "Bytte" I took to be "Fytte". Which is right, Russ? And what's the vowel you intended to use with "swll", E3?

YHOS: One might hazard a guess or three as to the f. I. hand behind the lead (or lead-slinging) article. It's suggestive of one facet of a very versatile and popular stf author. But other hints point rather more definitely to an equally popular editor. Quoth he with a deific air of omniscience.

Granted that man is a combative animal, what is the basis for the assumption that there are cultures on this planet which are inherently war-loving? Non sequitur! We are motivated by other drives besides combativeness and we can isolate no one of them uncolored by the others in the human individual or mass-animal. Self-preservation, herd instinct, a. s. o., all have their say as to how we express--or rationalize--our pugnacious tendencies. There is no evidence of any human instinct for war per se, since war is not the combative urge itself but only one particular way in which it may be expressed, while the manner in which combativeness expresses itself is governed largely by environment. If the social and economic matrix is not favorable to directly expressed combativeness, then any such expression, such as war or the code duello, tends to run counter to our other instincts and their combined influence is exerted, successfully or otherwise, to divert the combativeness into different channels.

All of which is lovely theory, but the point I wish to make, in conjunction with it, is that our present culture is one not suited to war, hence that the human species at its present level tends to avoid war. By our culture I don't mean the American culture or any other specific national or racial or geographic culture, but simply the common social, economic and technologic grounds on which civilized men meet. War in this culture is no longer a paying proposition. There is, true enough, a certain level of civilization at which war does have positive advantages, for the victor at least, who not only demonstrates and assures his survival value but in so doing gains substantial economic and social concessions from the vanquished. But this is most true of primitive tribal warfare and as societies increase in complexity there arise difficulties which soon offset any advantages to be gained thereby. The principal difficulty is our modern technology which makes war so ~~undeniably~~ destructive, yet at the same time is so ingenious at defense that the total warfare it makes possible becomes necessary for the forcing of a decision. Hence the victor, after waging a war not only fearfully expensive and destructive of his own economic and cultural values, comes into the conquered lands only when they are shattered to an even greater degree and much more liability than asset. The opposing culture may be thoroughly slapped down but the conqueror in so doing has brought his own society dangerously close to collapse. When compared with the productive efficiency of modern technology war is such a hopelessly inefficient way of getting anything that it is folly to resort to it. Its existence is a measure of man's ineptitude at avoiding it, not of his desire for it, in our present cultural stage.

Comes now the question of the value of war as a destroyer of "unfit" cultures. What is the gauge of the fitness of a culture? Surely not a militaristic attitude. That's secondary in this day of total economic warfare since it's the economically well off culture that can hold off collapse on the home front and outfit the biggest military machine. The individual will compromise with militarism and set aside the instinct of self-preservation because he considers his culture desirable enough to defend and fears the enemy culture as alien and undes-

irable to his philosophy. Ultimately, then, the survival of a culture is determined by the willingness of the individual to be a part of it. This is not a matter wholly to be decided on the battlefield. For the world has been shrinking of late and the post war world will be very small indeed. Cultures cannot remain isolated structures in a technologic set-up that includes high-speed air travel. Geographic and economic barriers between them will of necessity have to be more loosely drawn. There will undoubtedly be much hedging and fumbling about it, but eventually these walls of cultural isolation will crumble. Perhaps not from intelligent recognition of their undesirability, but rather from the very pressure of travel and commerce. And there will be too many people who are too well acquainted with their neighboring nations to accept the old suspicions and fear of the unknown which has caused man in the past to seek refuge in nationalism.

What will be the shape of this cosmopolitan culture of the near future? Odds are in favor of its being an outgrowth of our present democratic procedures. It seems unlikely that the future will bring any noteworthy increase in the intelligence of our species en masse. That's not defeatism but is simply a recognition of the principal shortcoming of homo sap, who individually is a tolerably amiable, well-meaning, and not completely unreasonable creature. But consider our almost complete isolation from one another as individuals. We cannot cooperate very effectively because we are congenitally incapable of more than vaguely appreciating our fellows' thought processes. If it is the destiny of genus homo to surmount this, it will probably take a mutation the product of which will be definitely not species sapiens. Thus it is to be thought that the greatest opportunity for advancement of our species lies in the fullest development of man as an individual. Wherefore the American culture is to be supported as that at present offering the best opportunities to the individual while at the same time being sufficiently diverse in its racial and cultural antecedents to be an adaptable foundation for cosmopolitanism. Totalism, on the other hand, emphasizes the mass-animal and hence is a step in an unfruitful direction, not necessarily retrograde but rather toward a type of existence unsuited to our kind.

Your move, Art.

MILTY'S MESSAGE: The words of one Francois Arouet on freedom of speech still sound sensible to me. We would do better to remedy the causes which give rise to undesirable social philosophies. Suppression may drive them underground but until the underlying unhealthy condition is relieved the irritation remains. If we had made even a half-hearted effort, 25 years ago, to rehabilitate Germany to a useful and honorable status among the nations instead of permitting its economic system to collapse and a national inferiority complex to develop, there would never have arisen the need to "slap" Hitler "down". He would have been laughed down.

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD: So I did, and frankly, Russ, I didn't altogether like it. Except for your propaganda I know nothing of the present philosophy of technocracy or of its technical soundness. If it is an outgrowth of that movement which attained notoriety for its exceedingly silly statements 'way back in the thirties, then I concede the possibility of its having grown up into a mature plan in the intervening years, but your information is too scanty to convince one of the

fait accompli. But what I actively dislike is this America for 100% Americans, "aliens and Asiatics" and all foreign philosophies keep out, attitude. That's rank isolationism regardless of any stand that may be taken on the prosecution of a war that we're thoroughly in and playing for keeps. Remember, we'll be living in the post war world and not just the North American Continent, and there'll be aliens and Asiatics in that world, and, like it or not, we'll play ball with them. By casting these people and their ways of life out of our well-ordered universe we'll simply erect another have/have-not culture on this planet. And social and cultural have-nots can be just as resentful as political and economic have-nots. . . . Then, too, Fascism and like undesirable ideologies are not altogether imported products. Perhaps the most virulent example of authoritarianism to arise on this continent in recent years was one peculiarly American, you may recall. Trust the ingenious Americans to improve on the original imports. . . . Come again, Russ.

HORIZONS: Fan music dept. is good stuff. Pray continue. Also prozine revistas. Storm warning: I am thinking of reviewing Amazing in FT. Results should be interesting inasmuch as I read something less than 10 per cent of each issue.

MUTANT: to be will be awaited with interest away up here in Maine.

SCIENCE-FICTION GOO: The horror motif in Lovecraft's stories never seemed very convincing to me, perhaps because of its Gothic lavishness. Horror is an exotic spice that I enjoy best in small doses by way of contrast. There's an example of this in Fletcher Pratt's "Onslaught from Rigel" (Wonder Quarterly, Winter '32, p. 160) that contrasts beautifully with the general atmosphere of the tale.

FANZINE SERVICE: Received. Acknowledged.

BOBLIQUEP: What's this? A sodamint!

PHILOSOPHY SHOP

"And we keep it up because we are alive and not dead. There is no other reason at all for keeping it up. Because we go from here to there, because we breathe, reproduce, because we look up at the stars and dig down into the earth, because we remember and plan, because we build schools and churches, because we set up governments and try to make living secure--because we do all this, we are impelled to try to understand it."

--F. J. E. Woodbridge

RUMOR HAS IT that a new Ziff-Davis fantasy mag is due to hit the stands soon. 'Twill be an annual, large size, with about 3,000 pages, selling for 50¢, but cannot be regarded as a revival of the old Amazing Stories Annual as it will probably consist of reprints from the recent Amazing and Fantastic Adventures Quarterlies and will be slanted at the casual reader rather than the rabid fan.
