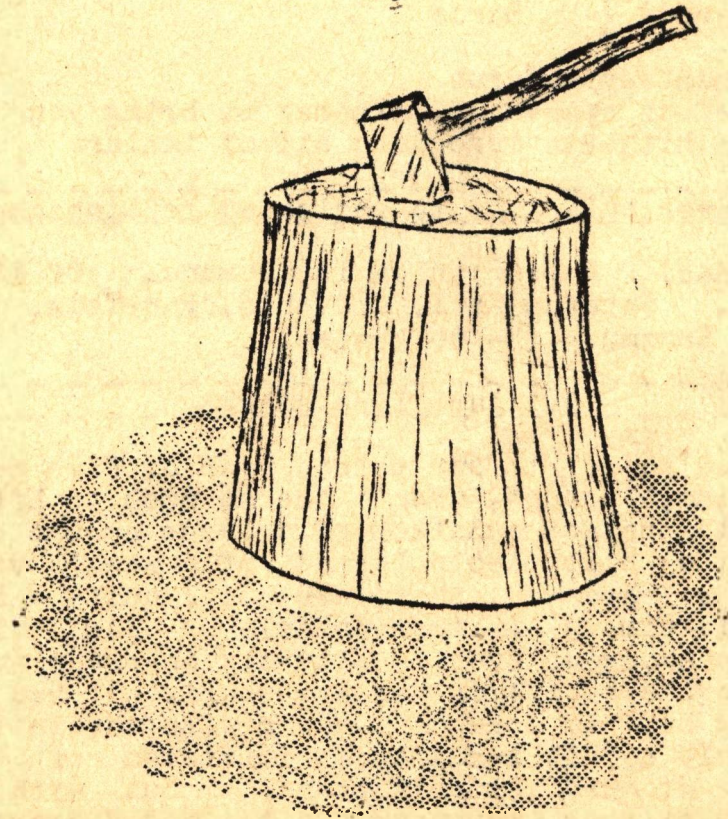


FAN'TODS



F A P A
Number 5

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F A N - T O D S

special thud and blunder edition

Number Five

c o n t e n t s

FAPA

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-----our cover this time is dedicated to Liebscher-----

Kingomi, friends! Norm Stanley is my name. Of 43A Broad Street in Rockland, Maine. Fapafan am I, and this, Fan-Tods, my fanzine. In sooth, what folly, Erasmus-like to praise!

-----that last line stinks-----

NFSsions: And so we're off to our second year of FAPA publishing. The extra pages this time, though, aren't due so much to Efty-five's being a first annish as to the accumulation of a large amount of material for publication and the happy coincidence of a week's vacation time in which to work it up. Even so, there are still quite a few items which were squeeze out this time. Another article by Chan Davis, originally dummied for this issue, goes over to Efty-six in order to make room for his contribution to the debate on war and stuff. I had hoped, in the interest of getting on, to present along with the latter my reply to his reply to my reply to his reply to my criticism of that long-ago Yhos article whence stemmed all this pother. But with the pages all coming out nice and even as they are, and the added consideration of my not yet having thunk said reply all out, that, too, goes over. There's no Chauvenet's Column this time because he didn't write one. He'll be around nexttime, no doubt. And--who knows?--we may even find some more By-Ways to explore.

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SOCIETIES, CULTURES, & THINGS

Chandler Davis

Hope nobody will charge me with disinterring a dead argument if I answer an article in Fan-Tods #3 of last summer's mailing. Stanley took an even 2 pp in replying to my reply to his reply, so I figure it'd look like cowardice if I broke the chain now.

He clears up to my complete satisfacton several of the points to which I originally objected; he also quite clearly reaffirms some of my contents. But there is still plenty in his comments to which I object.

Strangely enuf, he believes "cultural isolation with its engendered fear and dislike of the unfamiliar to be the basis of all other such forces favoring war." I don't. Undoubtedly it influences the nature of the war; & the unfamiliarity of the average American with the Japanese people & their customs provided a talking point for the propagandists of war with Japan. And yet, if this were the prime cause of war we should not have fot Germany in 1914. Her interests were not greatly in conflict with ours (certainly less so than in many cases where war did not result), & it is absurd to say her "culture" was "unfamiliar", since it did not contain the unfamiliar element of Nazism. Similarly we should not have fot GB in 1775. We should now be at war with Russia, of whose culture, especially post-Revoln culture, we know woefully little; Britain should have been at war with China continuously for the past 30 yr; etc, etc. It sounds good and plausible to say flag-waving patriotism causes wars, but it doesn't fit the facts. One possible excus: The War of 1812, about which I know practically nothing, may for all I can tell have had such a cause; in hi school they told us it did.

I believe in the economic interpretn of history. I'm prepared to defend it at length if necessary, but here I'll just relate it to the topics under discus. First, to the cause of wars. The simplest economic cause of wars, which I think Stanley recognizes, is the have vs have-not situing; fighting over raw materials, colonial markets, borders, etc. But such disputes have been settled peacefully, so this won't do by itself. Another cause which may occur at our present stage of development is the have-too-much vs have-too-much dilemma. Everybody knows that monopoly capitalism is up against a surplus of capital & a shortage of markets, which it can solve, unsatisfactorily by restrictung productun; temporarily by creating markets, eg by advertising or scientific research; or by war. War wreaks such changes in a modern country's economy that it is absurd to think that everybody fights for only what he will get out of victory; some economic groups (munitions makers providing the most obvious example) fight rather for what they will get out of the war itself. What they get out of it is an unlimited market for all the goods they can produce, profits on all the capital they can supply, a tremendous waste of concrete assets, & a tremendous accren of productun assets -- which is exactly what they want. Still another important cause is the individual's short-sighted but understandable insistence on continuing a profitable business even tho it may lead to war.

The kind of war which comes closest to being a direct "conflict of cultures" is that in which a change in

the structure of society is the issue. Examples: Most revolns; the American Revoln in particular (colonial dependence vs national independence); some wars of imperialist colonizn; our Civil War (feudalism vs capitalism); and, I think, the present slotter (capitalism & socialism vs fascism). The flag-wavers & the war-for-war's-sakers had their hands, no doubt, in all of these, but never the less these cases were different in that large nos of the common people, on at least one side, had a stake in victory & knew approximately what it was. An African calling on his fellow Fuzzy-Wuzzies to resist British dominn would not be just making phrases, Mr. Stanley, & if his countrymen followed him it would not be because they had not read Shakespeare.

Pardon me while I go slightly out of my way for a minute to say that one reason why Norm misunderstood my arguments was my assumpn that the word "culture" was taken to mean "form of society". I thot it was recognized that the artistic & intellectual culture was dependent on the social structure rather than vice versa. NFS soes seem to admit this in the case of this country, but denies it in the case of France, where he thinks the Bohemian life has continued undisturbed by wars & revolns. Well I'm no student of French lit or fine arts, but I challenge anyone to trace a continuous line of artistic descent from despres (is that how you spell his name?) to DeBussy--without involving along the way Bach, Beethoven, & other representatives of "different cultures", and without allowing several breaks in the line from economic-historical causes.

Adopting the interpretn above (which, as I said, I'm prepared to defend), let's see what happens to Norm's statement that "since cultural isolation seems likely to disappear" it is "obvious that war, too, is on the way out." With the geographic, & to a large extent the prejudicial, barriers to mutual understanding between dissimilar societies removed, individuals will be able to compare their own form of society with the other form, decide if there is any real difference or any necessary conflict, & choose a rational course of acn. The result may be peace; or, as I said before, it may not.

In this connecn, there is an interesting passage by Fichte (quoted by Howard Selsam in Socialism & Ethics) giving the prerequisites for a peaceful world. Very illuminating, but too long to go into here; you might be interested in looking it up.

Leaving Stanley alone now ((EC: Whew!)) & shifting the attack to LRC's column in Efty-four. I thot Chauvenet's analysis of the Problem of Good Govt just about as superficial as possible. He states the to him frightening dilemma that "if (a) men are given freedom, they will abuse it, while if (b) men are denied freedom, the controlling authorities tand to seek more & more power, until" etc. A descriptn of a society by the degree of "freedom" obtaining is not only inadequate, it is darn near meaningless. Imagine a society where no one had any economic reason for dissatisfacn. (It's hard to imagine, but imagine it.) It could include many features which to LRC would no doubt indicate lack of freedom, & still no one would rebel unless the laws against murder chafed his independent spirit. Or take the present set-up in this country: There is no more outside hindrance to an up-&-coming bootblack's setting himself up in the saloon business than there was in the West in the latter half of the 19th century, so you can't say men are being denied freedom; but -- need I finish? Again, does a system of private property (freedom to take what you can get & keep it) represent greater freedom than a system of communal property (freedom to take what you need)? You can get a bourgeois & a communist arguing on both sides of

that quesn. In short, Russell, you'll have to define "freedom", & give a different defn from any I've seen, before I can accept yr statements, or even admit that they mean anything.

Another equally minor objecn to the same column, this time to Russell's surprising statement that "nature is not concerned" over whether a man is "kind to dumb animals & treats his fellow men well, or whether he has a mind reeking with prejudices & beats his wife." This statement implies (1) that natural selecn is practically inoperative at present, and/or (2) that the social virtues are not pro-survival. Both of these are absurd. (1) It should be painfully obvious, especially to someone with Chauvenet's knowledge of biology, that thousands (at least) die annually, in this highly-civilized country, of poverty. Cases of starvn still occur, & malnutrn is the almost direct cause of many deaths from tb & other bacterial diseases. Whether or not those that die are "biologically inferior", the mere fact that they do die makes it absurd to say natural selecn isn't at work. And sexual selecn, as I have insisted before, is a much stronger factor in modern society than it ever was before in the species' history.

To refute (2), I can first say that at some time in the past altruism was almost certainly pro-survival, since we do have the characteristic, to a slight extent anyhow. However the way of life which produced these tendencies was obviously quite different from the American one, otherwise our instincts would always lead us to the "rite" acn, which I admit they do not. The particular brand of selfishness, altruism, & vanity which is most advantageous to, & most approved by, the society of a given period, & which is therefore pro-survival, is a funcn, if not a single-valued funcn, of the social structure. But no matter what the social structure, some types will be weeded out. For the mechanics of this weeding-out I refer you to Darwin's discn (in Origin of S) of the honey-bee.

If you don't mind the introdn of one more subject into this heterogeneous article, I have some quibbles with AWJr's comments on survival in Yhos #8. He thinks that "if all the competing cultures" (where have I heard that word before?) "get things all ironed out" the following characters will be most important to the individual's survival: "mobility, adaptability, curiosity, & intelligence." Intelligence I won't object to, but --

"Mobility" -- exactly what do you mean by that word, Art? Not the ability to run a 4-min mile, or any other ability of the individual, for you give the example of leaving the planet, which ability would be socially developed. Not only is mobility not an individual characteristic, but it depends on so many features of the society that it cannot be ranked as an independent character, heritable or otherwise, without confusn.

"Adaptability" & "curiosity" -- these two characters, tho always helpful, would be far less important in a stable society, which yr hypothesis implies, than in a complex & changing one.

And yr immediately following attempts to pick out which occupational groups would survive in a barbaric world, wind up in such a complete dead end that they unintentionally leave the reader with the concln that no such group would have a better chance than any other. I am neither criminal, archer, nor handy-man, nor has my experience in farming been extensive; my training has been in too-theoretical chem &

REVISTA

being the twenty-fifth mailing, as we sees it...

FAPA BLOTTER: Most useful item in the mailing.

SARDONYX: You should take up professional book-reviewing, Russell. Every review I've seen of "Islandia" made it out a very dull opus; your remarks make it a much more enticing prospect. But since I've yet to see the book I cannot intelligently debate Islandian economics with you. "Some other day, but not to-day!" But it's something I'll have to look into, particularly the manner whereby the Islandians attained their sufficient grasp of (applied) scientific thought without upsetting the age-old pattern of their lives. Does Wright deal at all with Islandian history?

What may be considered, though, is the bucolic ideal as it might be applicable to our own world. For one thing I'm wondering to just what extent we are seduced by illusions of the per se merit of activity. I (selected instance) am much won by machine age culture, but I certainly see no sense in activity that produces no beneficial result. The merit of any activity is measured in terms of what it accomplishes. In fact there is a major *raison d'etre* of the machine: It returns us more benefits for toil invested than do the old ways; it releases human energies for pursuits of a more pleasurable and/or edifying nature. That's pretty elementary, I guess, but the values it implies are real and positive and I cannot see their fuller development under any back to nature program.

But let's suppose the earth's civilized population were reduced to a matter of a few millions, say from a sudden development of interstellar travel with a resultant explosion of galactic colonization. It is probable that those who remained behind would be the traditionalists, those satisfied with an unchanging way of life. Allow them a few centuries of comparative isolation, such as might well occur with humanity dissipated among a billion suns. Now could such a low population density of conservative, unprogressive folk discard machine culture peacefully and with results happy to their way of thought? Consider transportation, which is a highly cooperative enterprise: Would enough people go on working in factories to turn out sufficient cars and planes--and the fuel for them--to supply even a small population? And, more important, would these machines get the care and service necessary to keep them running? Remember it's only through the efficiency of mass production that such things become cheap enough for the average man to possess. And you can't have mass production without ditto consumption. I'd say that with a small buying public practically all mechanical devices would come into the category of custom-made articles, and that as a consequence there would be only a small minority who would be willing or able to purchase such goods with the work-equivalent in value that was required to produce them. And repairs would be difficult without that peculiar feature of mass-production, the interchangeable part. So I'd look for a general breakdown in both high-speed travel and long-distance communication, with a resultant rise in provincialism and probably a breakdown of governments into small autonomies, consisting most likely of small centers of comparatively high population density under a feudalistic system. Society, being man's reaction to increased population density, develops in direct ratio to that density. Hence, my

position that a civilized culture could not arise in the absence of a concomitantly high population density, nor be maintained without the population to support it.

Whatever may be the cause, the plight of the small, independent agriculturist is nonetheless real. He has to put in an inordinate amount of toil in order to make a living. To me, one of the most depressing features of the small-farm landscape is the vast amount of complicated, and no doubt expensive, agricultural machinery left in the fields to rust its heart out. It's not particularly the farmer's negligence or ignorance, either, that's to blame. It's just that he's trying to run a complex food-producing mechanism more or less single-handedly. Naturally the result is inefficiency, which is to say an unnecessarily large amount of labor invested for the return. Unless and until something is done about that we cannot point to the pursuit of agriculture as the key to the richer life.

Agriculture is applied biology: If it's to be conducted at a level appreciably above the primitive, it will involve applied mechanics, chemistry and the host of other arts and sciences. The need for technical methods and technically trained personnel, not merely in agricultural colleges, but in the actual work of turning out agricultural products, is terrific. What I'd like to see is agricultural communities, each with its central processing plant functioning both as a reservoir of technical skill and adequate facilities for the efficient tillage of the soil, and as a manufactory processing the fruits of said tillage to at least the first marketable stage and extracting for sale or local consumption all feasible chemurgic by-product values. It seems at least possible that such a set-up would serve to put the farmer on a more nearly equitable basis with his non-agriculturist compeers, and at the same time offer the advantage of the rural environment to those of a temperament best suited to factory work. But I greatly fear that tractors, gang-plows, etcetera would be most essential to such a system.

The gadgetry of machine age civilization is undeniably useful. What are its disadvantages that make the proposition of its total or partial abandonment worth entertaining? Is the harsh and ugly note so ineradicable that only the abolition of the gadget will remove it? I don't see why. We have at least a fairly well developed beginning of an applied aesthetics aimed at harmoniously blending the machine into our environment. What do you think automobiles are streamlined for--decrease of wind resistance? There's room for an immense amount of development in this field, not only along established lines but also by experiment with new combinations. I submit that beauty, being a conception of man, has no eternal verities. Observe that lump gilt, for example, is no longer a source of aesthetic delight to most of us, at least.

As for Stapledon's extrapolation of the Westerner's love of enterprise; that was an extreme case qualified, you will recall, by his assumption of a future decrease in average intelligence. What would one extrapolate for Islandian culture assuming a similar decline?

Some further information on orthogenetic evolution would be right welcome.

Apparently my conception of the nature of time was not expounded as lucidly as I fondly imagined it to be. It goes like this: I postulate the objective reality of all possible events, not merely of those which we encounter in the present, have encountered in the past or will encounter in the future. Thus the Pearl Harbor example: There is an infinite number of events of every degree of prob-

ability that might have occurred at P. H. on that particular date. At any time previous to December 7, 1941 it was impossible to say just which of these events would "happen" on that date; some were more probable than others but no certainty existed. In other words a plurality of futures existed; if we grant the reality of the future then all these possible futures were real, too. Now just because the universe that we know proceeded temporally along a sequence of events that brought us to the attack as history says it occurred, must we regard all the other possibilities as having ceased to exist at that instant? My position is that we've no evidence to warrant such a conclusion; that because we took one course it does not follow no others exist; that the word "happen" has no more than subjective meaning--an event which happens differs from one which does not simply by the fact we are, directly or indirectly, a part of the former. Therefore, since all the possible versions of Pearl Harbor exist in temporal and spatial coincidence and since we are aware of only one of them it follows that the others are separated from our world by intervals measured along some axis other than the four of space-time wherein we have extension. I call this a temporal dimension (or dimensions) since it is more closely akin to time than space. I suspect that the postulation of two such subjunctive dimensions may be necessary to provide the requisite degrees of freedom for all possible sequences of events. But the picture is already too crudely mechanistic to admit of a very convincing argument for that point. It is simply an attempt at a philosophical basis for the wk "worlds of if" or branched time theories of science-fiction.

I didn't advance the idea that it would be necessary to specify the subjunctive coordinate of an event in order to view it in a time machine. Since tms are all highly hypothetical devices the answer to this would depend on the manner in which the machine were to accomplish its time-travelling. An example would be of a vehicle that could free itself of all external influences and then move forward through a given distance in time. The rest of the universe would also have moved forward along a course patterned by the sequence of events taking place therein. But the time vehicle is not affected by those events; would it then arrive at its destination to encounter then a state of affairs patterned by those events?

This point of view argues that plural pasts and futures may exist for an unique present. This does not eliminate the deterministic philosophy, for the manifold of all possible events is a static, unchanging, hence completely determined, affair. But the cause-and-effect relations existent therein should be regarded as multivalued functions. Hence the doctrines of free will and uncertainty are reconciliable with determinism. I suppose that for a given state of affairs at a time t one might argue that we may determine the most probable state for some future time $t + \Delta t$ and that the probability approaches certainty as Δt decreases, hence that if the future is completely determined for the infinitesimal interval Δt , it is likewise determined for the next Δt , a. s. o. by summation the future is completely determined. But that is very like the argument put forth by Zeno's paradoxes in question of the reality of change. And we all know that as far as we can determine by observation Achilles can overtake the tortoise, despite what logic may say to the contrary. I don't see how we can get away from the plural pasts and futures as there seem to be no exact answers to the questions of which way an electron will jump or how a man will react. Even from the mechanistic viewpoint you might call free will the psychological manifestation of the uncertainty principle. Or maybe--just maybe--uncertainty is the free will of the subatomic particle.

You may recall we were debating along a very similar line on the 1. 1. (really "long lost" this time, Jack) ChooChooChain. The preceding paragraph is stolen almost verbatim from something I put in on the second cycle and sent on its way to an (alas!) unknown, though not impossibly well-merited, fate. Tickled no end, by the way, at your third objection to life in Slan Center... Ghosh, me too!!

SATYRIC No. 1?: Hey, Checklister! What number was the March 1942 issue of thisheet??? EAM chews the fat (heheh, 'Satyric Acid') in right amiable style. Wish he'd contribute in this vein more often. "Subaqueous Romance" reminds me of a tilt I once had with a correspondent over whether subaqueous was synonymous with submarine. Still seems somehow like subaq oughta mean sub-submarine. The pome was amusing, though the raggle-taggle meter adds not to the pleasure of reading it.

GUTETO: "Chris Pienaar glared determinedly at the fast approaching English shoreline. This time there'd be none of the absurd communication difficulties that had befallen him before. For had he not mastered Esperanto, that universal language spoken by five million people throughout the world? So he ruminated as he mumbled his Esperanto vocabulary over to himself. The Esperanto equivalents of 'bicycle', 'Customs', 'rhubarb tart', 'low-down dive': jes, he knew them all. Just think, five million! What a helluva lot of Esperantists! Five million in a world population of two billion; one in four hundred--we-el, a bit awkward, that, but, he brightened, to be sure the percentage would be much higher in a civilized land like England. And one could look for the green star (Chris didn't know Williamson had found it years before). So up the gangway he went to search about the quay for his bicycle --- his new bicycle. He really shouldn't have gone riding that Dutch Esperantist and his English side-kick on the handlebars after that session in the Public House the last time over..... Chris approached a deckhand confidently...ulp, no green star! Well, try again--perhaps they didn't wear them on work clothes. But after accosting his four hundredth dock walloper Chris reluctantly concluded that the incidence of Esperantists among longshoremen was below the norm, though undoubtedly higher than among the Hottentots or Esquimaux. Oh well, better hunting, surely, in the haunts of more representative sections of the populace. He made his way uptown, selected a busy streetcorner, and settled to his task of buttonholing passers-by. It was not an easy thing to do gracefully ---confound his myopia, anyway! Some did not stop at his importuning, some were annoyed, others were helpfully minded but puzzled, one kindly disposed individual pressed a shilling into Chris' hand and hurried on. None understood him. But he hadn't really had time to get a statistical sample of the population when... 'Here, you! Wot's going on here? On yer way, 'fore I take yer afore the magistrate!!' Chris was apologetic. But the officer didn't speak Esperanto, either. Back on the waterfront Chris Pienaar stared moodily into the Humber. 'Oh, the Hell with it!' he said as he dived in and struck out lustily for De Helder. 'I'll be the first Esperantist to swim the North Sea, anyway!'"

Forgive me, if you can, Morojo, for this unedifying sequel. I just hadda do it!But I had always assumed Basic English to be what the name implies. That is, a foundational working knowledge of English, not an auxiliary tongue complete in itself. And is one necessarily limited to the Basic vocabulary in an English-speaking land? Seems like a Dutch-English dictionary would have resolved Chris' difficulties.

THE NUCLEUS: Now the Nucleus is the sort of stuff we laps up with the forthright approach of a cat to a saucer of cream. The solid blocks of editorializing are forbidding promontories, but one finds interesting thoughts within. The FAPA may be something tangible to refer to, but you refer right around it in your nightmarish tilting with your aggressive non-fan. There's really no such way out, you know. "Your own magazine?" he growls (slavering slightly, no doubt). "Show me one!" The tale stops here. It does not bear words to tell it. The w. k. argument based on the supposed orderliness of nature (i. e., such of nature as we can observe) is compelling but not conclusive. Atheists, however, impress me as being much akin to the religionists. Both are dogmatists. I'm not certain, but I believe a diligent search might bring up one or two authentic examples of Negro fen. And I seem to recall having read that the American Rocket Society had a Negro officer in its early days. Your arguments are well put. Only thought that occurs just now, though, is of a report of the friendly naturalness with which the English accept the society of the considerable number of Negro troops we've sent across. Interesting, in a people not noted for dealing with subject races on a basis of equality, but fortunate enough to be unburdened by the connotations our history has burned into our social mind's approach to the race question.

YHOS: So you got your hooks on a long-reach stapler, after all? The new format has my hearty approval -- hope you'll keep it (both of them, that is!) All'll be well, methinks, if you just let your guides be your conscience. The new arrangement within is a happy thought, too. "Coventry"? I pass. Check you to any desired number of decimals on "Survival", too.

"Hate"? Aren't you equating this to anger or rage? Or at least investing it too much with the aspects of the latter state? I don't think your definition is admissible. You see, hate isn't properly an emotion; it's a sentiment. Sentiments have been defined as acquired factors in mental life, due to the individual's past experience, in virtue of which an innate tendency or group of tendencies, becomes specially linked to a particular object or situation so that, when the object is perceived or thought of, the tendency is brought into action and its corresponding emotion evoked. Emotions, on the other hand, are innate. Hate involves the tendencies of fear and anger, but hate in toto is neither one of these affections nor any blending of them. In fact, the sentiment of hate may evoke a wide range of emotions, according to circumstances. Again, one cannot entertain a sentiment without an object (the object, of course, can be generalized or abstracted, but the original evocation of the sentiment is always caused by something particular and concrete), whereas the emotional potential which the sentiment arouses may remain as a mood and be subsequently discharged against an altogether different object. Thus you may be angry at your enemy, whom you hate. But it is the objectless, spiteful mood thus aroused that moves you to kick the unoffending cat. Yet, though you are unreasonably angry at the cat you do not hate her. The point here is that the sentiment, hate, is much more cognitive than the emotion, anger. I very much doubt the existence of pure, unreasoning, hatred. The reasoning may be inadequate or illogical, but it is always there.

Considering the usefulness of hate in warfare, recall that it involves both anger and fear tendencies. You do not hate your adversary if your only reaction toward him is that of anger; you must also fear him to some extent. I believe that if these tendencies are properly

channeled in your fighting man his combative tendency is not only enhanced but also rendered more effective. He should fear his enemy's potentialities--what he can and will do if he is not stopped. He should be angered by what his enemy does or stands for, so that he is emotionally keyed to make the supreme effort, and enabled to suppress his humanitarian instinct with the least possible conflict. Pure logic may prescribe what course of action he should take, but it will not make his adrenals secrete.

Now I concur most heartily with the contention that hate at our present cultural level is a positive disadvantage. And further believe that a war fought with blazing hatred is a greater catastrophe to that culture than is the less emotional conflict. But I cannot blink the fact that the immediate aim of any war, which is to blast the enemy to powder, is expedited by such a resolute animosity.

"Proposal": I'm fur it, even if I wuz too lazy to send you a card, Art. As a long-range project why not a fapa-sponsored decennial checklist? First edition could recap everything from 4004 BC up to 1940 AD. And plans could go along for eventual organization of the periodicalisting into Vol. 2, to appear ca. 1950-1.

"profoundity"..Sic yerself, Art. Though that's most likely but a typebull, whereas I've been putting things to route for years 'n' years. It's one of those follies which, for no reason whatsoever, always seem utterly correct to me. That. and "Raoul de Passy de Sales". . . . Kids' books? Anyone ever read "The Magic Soapbubble"? About a boy named Ned and his adventures in Fairyland and the gnome with his pipe which blew a huge soapbubble with a door whereby one might enter and go flying off in it. . . . The two accounts of the bicycle trip were delightful. Much fun to compare the two versions. Anent the allusions to fen's appetites, remember Russell when I offered him some algin? He popped a bit into his mouth and savored it reflectively. Then his face lit up. "Why it tastes just like Carter's Library Paste!" he said happily. Yes, fen are different. . . .

I imagine a World Police Force might consist of a comparatively small nucleus of regulars to be augmented with reservists in the event of large-scale military operations' being undertaken. Such an organization could also be the instrument for administering the proposed universal military training. The youngsters could be given six months of basic stuff on their home soil and then shipped abroad for a six months' tour of duty before being returned to civilife. The latter would inculcate a degree of international-mindedness and make a much more edifying experience out of an otherwise unattractive program. That is assuming, of course, that peacetime military training will be instituted. But one might conjure up fairly good odds that it will not. Sentiment's much in favor of it now, to be sure, but should the war continue much longer I'd look for a rather powerful reaction to pacifism after the shootin' is over. The logic for ucmt is good, but I'm inclined to regard it as a drastic invasion of individual sovereignty, and that I don't like. As for the highly-trained and intelligent International G-Men, I had in mind the products of the several WPF Academies which would surely be established to give advanced instruction in the various arms of the service.

Say, were the Psychora crack and the Coat of Arms (and pair pants?) sposed 2b part of Milty's Mess, too? "Psychora" does have a sort of narsty look, but what meaning can be read into it?

DREAMS OF YITH: The verse compares favorably with Lovecraft, after whose style it is obviously patterned. The drawings are a real pleasure to gaze upon, though Rosco gets much better results with his wash work. He'll be a top name among fantasy artists one day, I'll venture.

FAN-DANGO: The pro field is so much a matter of one fan's meat that I can't get excited over arguments concerning the relative merits of pro-zines. True enow, one finds remarkable unanimity among fen on the perennial Amazing-Astounding question. I think it's possibly the most interesting aspect of fan psychology. Consider the situation when Ziff-Davis took over: Fandom was just beginning to feel its oats; to realize its existence apart from the pros. Amazing was the oldest stfzine. Palmer was a name among the old-guard fen; he had put out the Weinbaum Volume, a memorial to the best-loved stf author of the day. Naturally the imaginative appeal of the new regime, obviously to be a drastic change from Dr. Sloane's amiable muddling, was irresistible. Fankind's interest in it was terrific. What happened, then, was that it became a veritable animus to fandom. Had the Z.-D. policy chanced to run more closely to what the fen of the day considered good science-fiction, Amazing would surely have been praised to the skies. But it did not, and by the time the fen discovered what was up the psychological damage had been done, and though they could not stomach the new Amazing they were equally unable to ignore it. The result was a reaction so deeply felt that fankind still suffers from it.

If Startling gets less attention than it deserves, this may be accounted to the fact that it specializes in one thing, the long adventure novel with a dash of science. It prints very few shorts and these, by and large, are incredibly banal. Naturally, no one buys this magazine for anything besides the novel. And, equally, few will read a long novel unless it is unusually interesting. Possibly it's due to my having many other more interesting things to do, and limited time in which to do them, but I find very few novels in Startling that attract me sufficiently to move me to devote an evening to reading one. And I can't recall more than one or two that I'd re-read.

Weird and fantasy stuff is mostly outside my range of interest, but I do note that Lovecraft's writings are predominantly of the Gothic school. Surely this is not the only type of 'literate fantasy'? I like Lovecraft, but still find this interminable dwelling upon nameless horrors much less convincing than the 'if this were so' type of fantasy.

Russell cited one very valuable present use of artificial impregnation and a large part of his column was devoted to his dissertation on a possible future application. The point is simply that it enables a woman to have a child without recourse to a union possibly distasteful, or fraught with emotional complications or offensive to the moral sense of our time.

Sid Dean's complaint might merit more serious consideration were he not suspect of having an axe to grind. I trust a disinclination to play Space Cops does not constitute intellectual snobbery? I've been hanging around on the outskirts of fandom for a number of years and have never encountered any of this alleged snootiness. Where is it to be found? Also questionable is the implication that fen are misfits in ordinary life. They seem to grow up, marry, and presumably even die, much like ordinary mortals--and in many cases remain actively interested in fandom, too. I think the trouble here is more likely that Dean hasn't yet adapted himself to fandom. I wonder if these people who howl so much about "doing something" have any clear conception of what fandom really is?

Ez fur the Fanzine Anthology, I am ready to lay it on the line to the tune of any reasonable amount (say, the cost of a coupla issues of Efty) when the time for the laying on comes to pass. Of course the project will require initial financing other than that derivable from advance sales, and that presumes a sufficient number of fen willing to dig down now and be paid back gradually later. I, too, see no reason for postponing the project for the duration. The immediate aim, though, is the compilation and dummying: Expense--coöperative effort, emphasis on the effort. If there's any work I can do, I'll try to do it. (I say this quite bravely for my mill's picatype whereas Elite will no doubt be used for stenciling for spasaving reasons, and, further, I'm too unfamiliar with the fanzine field to be of much use at selecting-compiling. But I'll dig into what I do have and make that list.) For dummying-stenciling let all who have Elite typers and would participate submit samples of their typing. Those whose machines have the sharpest type-faces will do the stencils; the others will dummy. Care must be taken to see that spacings agree, as machines may vary in this respect. And of course the typists should be moderately skilful, or at least willing to take pains. The actual duplicating can be done by any who have mimeos in operating condition and, again, are willing to do careful work. All of which is still pretty vague, but if there are enough fen who are really interested we oughta be able to work out something definite together.

GOLDEN ATOM: All most intensely interesting stuff, this collector's tales and travels. News to me was word of CABrandt's death. His book reviews were a feature that I used to enjoy greatly in the old Amazing, and in recent years I have frequently wondered what became of him. Also of interest to me was a brief mention of the 'Memorials of Andrew Crosse', biography (by his wife, I believe) of an early Nineteenth-Century amateur scientist. Gould devotes a chapter in his 'Oddities' to Crosse's still-unexplained work on the artificial production of life-like organisms. I wonder if this biography, published about a century ago, is at all rare or difficult to obtain? If it's not, I am very much interested in obtaining a copy. Has anyone any information to offer?

FAN-NOTES: I look forward with the utmost interest to endless further enlightenment on the state of the Bronsonian Nation. This initial installment, if indeed a true, unbiased account, comes as a complete revelation to me. For on a previous sojourn in Bensonia I had encountered a pertinacious reluctance on the part of the general populace to discuss, or even admit, the rumored existence of any border state called Bronsonia. It was only from the outrageous editor of the "Bensontown Bulletin and Crier" (locally abbreviated to "Town Bull"), an unusually plain-spoken man, though an arden bensocrat notwithstanding, that I obtained what crumbs of information I have, up to now, possessed. This individual readily admitted that Bronsonia did exist, but dismissed it as a minute, sparsely populated, adjoining state, and, furthermore, one of unsettled political aspect. Whereat Bensonia was unable to maintain normal international relations with its neighbor since any particular Bronsonian administration which chanced to send envoys to Bensonia was inevitably out of office and in an advanced state of mortification ere its representations could be adequately considered, the technique of diplomacy being what it is. Furthermore, he implicitly denied the peculiar annular nature of the Bronsonian geography (as expounded by Dr. Fassbeinder) when he asserted that Bensontown, in addition to being the Bensonian Capital and largest city, was also its chief shipping port. The absence of any visible shipping activities during the week of my

stay he explained (convincingly enough, so it seemed at the time) as due to the tide's being at ebb, the tidal displacement in the Gulf of California being (so he said) far greater even than that of the Bay of Fundy. In substantiation of this statement (at which I had expressed unbelief) he produced a volume of the tables of the Bensonian Hydrographic Office. This, however, I could not read as it was printed in the peculiar Bensonian characters. In retrospect, it now occurs to me that many of the impressions I got of the relative size and importance of the two states may have been distorted and inaccurate. Thus it is true that my railway journey into Bensonia did take me through Bronsonian territory. But, during the course of this passage the steel shutters of the railway coach windows were closed at all times! This, so I was informed by the Conducteur (a Bensonian), was for protection against possible attacks by Bronsonian brigands as well as cross-fire between the Bronsonian Loyalists (of the moment) and Insurrectos. Inasmuch as the rolling stock of state-operated Ralewajca Bensonja is designed to run not on the rails but on the sleepers (this somewhat inefficient method was, in justice to Bensonian technology, reputed to be a countermeasure taken to circumvent the practice of the Bronsonian Ministry of Transportation of seizing the Bensonian rolling stock in payment for the right-of-way granted it through Bronsonian territory), and as these are irregularly spaced (due to an unexplained Bronsonian statute requiring such on their territory) it is quite obvious that no accurate estimation of the speed of the train nor of the distance traveled could be made under such circumstances. Dr. Fassbeinder, I have an open mind. I may have done your nation an injustice in formulating my previous opinion of it. Tell me more!

WUDGY TALES: I took your advice, Phil, but still have had no success in obtaining WT. About all that particular approach netted me was a neat file of "Pong's Pornogram" and a carbon-copied advance issue of Degler's "Marvel Scientigirl Stories". Oh yes, one panderer did offer me a Vomaiden Portfolio. "Nank!" he said, as I drew the bowstring taut.

SCIENCE FICTION SAVANT: This bees right good stuff, Raym. Hope you'll be around every mailing.

SUSPRO: The arguments procon an over-all FAPA are particularly cogent now with so many concentrating in the organization and others clamoring for admittance. For my own part, while I favor gradual enlargement of FAPA as the demand warrants, it seems that there should be a definite upper limit to such expansion, say a memship of 100 as optimal or not more than 150 at the most. The purely personal reason in my case is that with my duplicator I hafta insert each sheet by hand and then spin the crank. All of which has the advantage of getting optimal reproduction with little paper waste but rapidly approaches the point of diminishing returns on large runs. Alternatives would be a less regular or a smaller Efty, and neither of these is very compatible with the general policy of the sheet. That line bottom p10 Efty-three was dopeltok, not misprinted. I am quite contrite over my thoughtless escapade with fanzines. Henceforth there'll be no more than five new titles in any one issue. As further atonement we make an attempt this mailing to justify the existence of one, at least, of those magless titles that clutter up the Checklist. "Free Lances in Diplomacy"? Ah, someone else remembers that most interesting bunch of ruffians! Liked your essay on "Scientific Romances"; loved the cartoon ofapan toyling over his brainchile; puzzled by your cover -- expl.?

B.R.O.W.S.I.N.G.: Which it is nice to see appearing so regularly. His
ish was well liked, as usual, though no particular comment occurs.

ELMURMURINGS: Aren't we all, each in our own cozy little way? I envy
Elmer and his experimenting with that most fascinating engine, the p.p.
Possibilities unlimited! But isn't hand typesetting rather tedious
work for the amateur?

EN GARDE!: The cover is a blinding flash--but I like it.

'Tis true I hadn't "Martian Odyssey" in mind when I was discussing alien remoteness, but, to me at least, this tale (and more particularly its sequel) embodies in high degree, and derives its alien atmosphere from, just that quality of vagueness. To be sure the adventures of Jarvis and the rest are described with great clarity. But from them what kind of a picture can you give me of Martian life and culture? Weinbaum explained a lot, enough to lend a convincing air of plausibility to the tales, but for every mystery he lopped off at the head two more sprang up hydra-like. Remember the interior of the Martian edifice which Tweel (or was it Tweel?) exhibited so proudly -- absolutely empty? Remember the rodent-like varmint who was--reading? There's no doubt that Weinbaum was interested here in maintaining the suspense element--there would have been further stories in this series, I believe, had he lived. But he got the alienness purely from the unexplained, and seemingly inexplicable, elements of the narrative. Once he did explain them rationally (and I don't recall that his explanations were ever anything but logical) the mystery evaporated and they were no longer alien.

There's a difference, though, between Weinbaum's treatment of the alien setting here and the style which S. Fowler Wright employs in his "The World Below", the latter of which is principally what I had in mind as the nth degree of alien atmosphere through vagueness. The Weinbaumysteries are utter. You may supply your own explanation, if you are able, but there is nothing in the story to suggest the correctness of any particular surmise. In TWB, on the other hand, much of the picture is implied rather than baldly described. At first everything is utterly inexplicable, but as you get on, and think back, the puzzle begins to fit together. At the end you have the picture well-integrated, but it is never complete, and, what is more important, it is never familiar. You see it, you realize that the author has skilfully caused you to set it up in your own mind, but you have the sensation that it is but a façade, one aspect of a totality quite beyond your comprehension. We have the feeling of seeing the world of 500,000 A.D. as (as Stapledon puts it) a cat sees the city of London. We, being top dogs in this world, aren't used to such a perspective. It's alien!

Your comments on Yhos gave me the key to the runes, and I got 'em without having to research. . . . Swisher's definitions of "fan-tod" are no doubt correct, but I like yours ever so much better. Consider it officially adopted. . . . I nominate the "Cereal Universe" as second funniest thing to appear in FAPA during the past year. "Stefan" was funniest. I'm still gurgling, though, over the exquisite picture of Walt and the Puffed Rice Artillery!

FANDOMANIA: Send 65 copies nexttime, Walt.

PRESENTING RONALD CLYNE: It's a pleasure, Ronald. Hope this is the first of an infinite series.

HORIZONS: Well worth the trouble of reading it. 'Stoo bad about the reproduction this ish. Wonder if a new platen for your typer won't fix things up, though? I recently replaced the fossilized one on my ante-diluvian No. 1 Royal and got wonderfully improved results. Though I can't be sure yet just how much the new platen had to do with it as I also switched to a slightly more expensive brand of stencils last issue. In case the experiment intrigues you \$3.25 worth, though, Pittsburgh Typewriter and Supply Co., 336 4th Ave., P., Pa., unplug, will fix you up, if your local agencies cannot. . . . I second Art's request for underlined fmz titles in your review column. Ynot? . . . On p2, I see I have your statement, "The sentiment, if such exists, is mutual!", (referring to Ackerman's serial) underlined. Think the statement, in its context, is meaningless. Obviously the sentiment exists, since you entertain it. The mutuality does not follow. Frightfully important, y^aknow. . . . I'm not sure, but think a reversed olfactory sense would be bad for our survival. . . . I spent a Sunday morning with Lang a few weeks back without finding out much, but general impression is that church music, much as we know it, developed somewhere around the eleven or twelve hundreds. Yeah, the librarian commented on what a heavy (avoirdupoical) book it was, as I trundled it away in my little wheelbarrow. . . . Headaches: Sure looks like you should take JFS' advice, not mine! . . . Was "Stephan Vincent Benet's" intentional? And I can't help but agree with you and the others who wail "Astounding has fallen--fallen!" Though there's still hope 'tis but a temporary slump. . . . LRC should be in your select circle. He was thumbing through a fantasy anthology while here last spring. Coming on "The Turn of the Screw", he said to me, "Have you read this?" I shook my head. "Don't!" sezze. Think he panned it once in print, too, in an early Sard or Detours or somewhere.

CCCOMMENTATOR: Mational anthem for Cosmic Circle: "Aloft in Cosmic Magnitude."

WE JUST HAD TO DO IT: Did ye, noo? That crack, "I am 4F and available," was kinda cute, though.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS (both of them): Spouse your cover depicts J. Fann contemplating his utter slantishness. That should hit right home to all of us. . . . I believe your dream is an authentic instance of clairvoyance. Undoubtedly a slightly distorted vision of the Mecon Movie Session. . . .

Since you do me the honor of classification with Speer, Chauvenet and other stinkers, I'll take you up, Walt. I think you're swell. I like Waddy: It appears every mailing, and it's not all froth, either. You obviously know much more about fantasy books than do I, hence I find your reviews interesting and helpful. Your humor is pleasing, by and large. Only fault I can jump on is your tendency to overwork anything that, I take it, particularly tickles you. Like those "C" interlineations you've been plugging--the first few were funny; now they're either strained or repetitious. As for the Cock o' the Crimson Culottes, if the foul is at all edible, may I suggest--nay, pray--that appropriate action be taken?

But I think we're all in FAPA for essentially the same reason, which is to have fun. And I think us stinkers have as much fun as any. I'm sure I do. Commenting on the other fellows' stuff may not be a highly creative form of writing, but it's what I like to do, and I try to put in something new, where it seems called for, each time around. And probably a good half, if not more, of the

pleasure of cooking it up lies in the conjecture of what you and you will say to this or that. Others as they will, I think I inject a moderate percentage of humor into Efty, and if there be any thought involved, well, I guess there's no lasting damage done. It really doesn't hurt any to think it--just tickles a little. . . . I notice with considerable concern, though, your mention of joining the Brandilian Party. Don't do it, Walt! They're Yngvies! Join the Electrocrats, a clean, progressive organization--and definitely anti-ghu!

FANTASY AMATEUR: Competently done. Nice goin', Bob. Particularly like the way ye OE sticks his car in here and there. Who said OEs should be seen and unheard? Decision on postmailings seems worthy of adoption as a permanent policy.

HAVE AT THEE, KNAVES: Ah, nothing but comments! Samuel, you be fan after my own heart. Of course I'd like to see this sheet longer and more regularly. All of this stuff was most interesting and agreeable to me. TBY's scholarly dissertation on the philology of Dawnish was perhaps most outstanding.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: Dotty had a Doctor's degree in music, you may recall, and played lots of better stuff than "Liebestraum" (sp.?). One might also mention John Wormwood, Coblentz' 'Man from Tomorrow', who referred to his wife's virtuosity with the 'peraltimo', 23d-century musical instrument; Rap's 'Crystal Symphony'; Ealara of 'Below the Infra-Red', who got exquisite music out of a xylophone-like gadget. There are no end of such minor instances.

FAN-TODS: Had pretty good luck at mimeoing this issue, even though the alleged Neostyle stencils didn't seem particularly well fitted to the machine.

RAHUUN TA-KA: Ta-ta, Ta-Ka! The phrottles look awfully suggestive of something. What are they?

INSPIRATION: I hadn't noticed any great trend toward non-humanoid ets in stf. Didn't De Camp once make out a rather convincing case for humanoids? Of course ets might be a lot different inside and have many differences in external features, too, but the chances are that on an earth-like planet (which is probably the type of world best suited to highly-organized organic life) our et would be erect, bipedal, and probably bilaterally symmetric.

YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY: Inadequate.

egregiously inefficient and excerebrose

epigram

Your immediate environment
Submit to circumspection
Ere you traverse
some feet of space
By muscular projection.

YESTERDAY'S 10,000 YEARS

Time-travel Symposium

"The fallacy in the idea of travelling back into time is this: that in travelling backward we are still going into the future, because time stops for no man. That is to say, a man goes (theoretically) back into time for one day. Still, while he is back in time, he is still advancing into time. Also, how is it possible for a man to go the opposite way that time is going? The only way that that could be done is to go so much more slowly than time that you are going slower than time at a given moment."

Michael Levy --Science Wonder Stories, Mar. 1930
-o-

"In the first place, he violates the generally accepted theory that time is a dimension--he calls it an electrical force."

Robert Hart --Amazing Stories, Jan. 1934
-o-

"Concerning time and time-travelling I have the following to say: Sometime ago you said that space was extant before matter. I think so, too, but will go you one better. I think Time existed before Space. From its very nature we see that it needed no pre-existing Creator to fashion it. Requisite to the existences of all matter, entities, and conceptions, time stands as the first order of things and is 'Supreme.'"

Edward Alpert --Science Wonder Stories, May 1930
-o-

"Some writers conceive of time as being a succession of still pictures which can be reviewed at will by the time traveler. Then he would see us, not as we see ourselves, but as solid walls winding back and forth mingling and crossing with other walls that are people and vehicles in motion."

Charles Schneeman --Amazing Stories, May 1932
-o-

"The point I wish to emphasize is that all time travelling stories ever written would have been more satisfactory, more interesting, and far more logical if the authors had considered time as being not a dimension but as being A FORM OF ENERGY!"

Milton Kaletsky --Wonder Stories, Oct. 1931
-o-

"I am now going to voice four opinions on Henry F. Kirkham's favorable pastime (Time Traveling). . . . (1) Now, in the first place if time traveling were a possibility there would be no need of some scientist getting a headache trying to invent an instrument or 'Time-Machine' to 'go back and kill grandpa' (in answer to the age-old argument of preventing your birth by killing your grandparents I would say: 'Now who the heck would want to kill his grandpa or grandma?') I figure it out thusly:A man takes a time-machine and travels into the future from where he sends it (under automatic control) to the past so that he may find it and travel into the future and send it back to himself again. Hence the time machine was never invented, but! -- from whence did the time machine come? (2) Another impossibility that might result would be:A man travels a few years into the future and sees himself killed in some unpleasant manner, --so--after returning to his correct time he commits suicide in order to avert death

in the more terrible way he was destined to. Therefore how could he have seen himself killed in an entirely different manner than really was the case? (3) Another thing that might corrupt the laws of nature would be to: Travel into the future; find out how some ingenious invention of the time worked; return to your right time; build a machine, or what ever it may be, similar to the one you had recently learned the workings of; and use it until the time that you saw it arrive, then if your past self saw it, as you did, he would take it and claim it to be an invention of his (your) own, as you also did. Then--who really did invent the consarn thing? (4) Here's the last knock on time-traveling: What if a man were to travel back a few years and marry his mother, thereby resulting in his being his own 'father'?"

Jim H. Nicholson --Wonder Stories, Feb. 1931

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"It is with great interest that I find you publish, quite frequently, stories relating to time-traveling. These stories condemn themselves by the absurd but interesting paradoxes that they quote."

Alan Connell --Amazing Stories, June 1931

Mr. Connell, we may add, should know whereof he speaks.

-o-

"We have all heard about the ripples made when throwing a stone into the water continuing indefinitely. It seems to me that the solution of looking into the past might be that past events send out electrical waves diminishing in the same way ripples do, but still continuing indefinitely to be picked up by some super sensitive instrument. If, as some contend, life and all things pertaining to it are predestined, it is just as possible to pick up the waves of this predestination and to forecast coming events, as it would be to recount things of the past."

R. Stanley Allison --Science Wonder Stories, May 1930

-o-

"A time travel machine would have to resolve the electrons into their atoms. If you can do this, time travel is simple."

Frederick G. Hehr --Amazing Stories, Mar. 1932

-o-

"For the sake of argument let us suppose that our descendants become advanced enough to travel in time. Thousands of years from now the machines may be constructed and developed. The people would take a trip back and end up in primitive times. Thus, if they took the machine with them, our earliest ancestors would be capable of travelling in time, and so would everyone hereafter, until the time limit of the human race. By this I mean that the human race could not become extinct, as time explorers going into the future could see every calamity approaching, and the entire population could spend all eternity travelling between the 'time-limit' in the future and the one in the past, or before the earth became habitable. For the reason stated, let us say that travel into the past is impossible. Now I don't think travel into the future is impossible, but it would be impossible to return. For that matter one may just as well get there by sleeping 40,000 years, or being knocked into the middle of next week by a truck driver."

P. J. McDermott --Science Wonder Stories, Apr. 1930

-o-

"In the April 1931 issue, Mr. Victor Endersby stated that 'the present is pulled into existence by the future as much as it is pushed into existence by the past.' Close consideration of the subject has led me to the conclusion that THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS THE PRESENT!"

Milton Kaletsky --Wonder Stories, Nov. 1931

-o-

INFORMATION BUREAU

Definition

R. D. Swisher

after much research has found the following in a certain obscure tome, a work apparently little known by the most part of fen, Attend, knaves:

fan'tod (fän'töd), fan'tad (-täd), n. [Cf. fantigue.] 1. State of fidget; a fuss; a pet; also, stomach ache. Slang.
2. A vision in delerium tremens. Slang.
3. Naut. A fidgety, fussy officer. Slang.

fantigue' (fän-täg'), fan-teague', fan-teeg', n. [Cf. fantod, fantastic] A state of anxiety or unpleasant excitement; ill humor. Chiefly Dial. Eng.
His nerves were "in a proper fantigue." Galsworthy.

((EC: Obviously both these words are traceable to the Old or Middle Fanish [Cf. Slanish, Slangish.] The characteristic prefix, it will be observed, is present. Religious significance may also be ascribed to the suffix of "fantigue", still preserved in recognizable form although the original pronunciation has altered greatly.))

Super-Fast Eyes

By T. C. McClary?
(Nope, Bob Tucker)

"Re the thing you thought you saw in the Bald Mountain episode of 'Fantasia'.

"You saw them all right, and they weren't bad, either, providing you don't mind wenches with claws in place of feet.

"I examined those frames rather closely after our first showing, for what I thought I saw startled me. My guess confirmed by close observation, I thereafter watched the episode with field glasses. Move over, my dear Stanley, to make room for another so-called pervert!

"All wenches in the scene are nekkid. All have huge breasts, similar to those cartooned in all west coast fanzines. (There seems to be a mania for such, out west.) While these women are still far away from the camera (so to speak), full colorization is employed to bring out those features usually found on females.

"However, as they come up out of the pit, or fly in from the distance, disturbingly close to the camera lens, this bright colorization is dropped. To appease Mr. Hays, undoubtedly.

"The artist brings them up to the camera fast -- so fast that you wonder if you saw something or not. About ten or twelve frames are used to bring them in. In the last four or five frames the brilliant red nipple is discarded altogether, and nothing but a feature-less yellow body is left. The breast and belly are allowed to smash into the lens, filling the entire screen, for the space of two frames. There are 16 frames to the foot, film travels at 90 feet a minute. Guess what kind of a break you got? You can count yourself lucky if you saw an optical illusion!

"But this above, sir, is just to keep you from sitting up nights, gnawing your knuckles.

(Tucker marches on--to p. 23)

R E P L Y

To Dr. Edward E. Smith,

It was a very real pleasure to have your comment on my critique of your famous science-fictional concept, the inertialess drive. The liveliness of your rejoinder is an happy indication that the Smith ability at give-and-take, to which the annals of science-fiction so well attest, is as keen as ever. In all frankness, therefore, I admit this reply to be in part put forth in the sincere hope of eliciting some further rebuttal in your most enjoyably witty style. Though naturally I am still convinced of the essential soundness of my criticisms; were I not I would be most disinclined to extend further the Stanley neck, however merry the battle might be wherein that valued segment of my anatomy were carried away. But enough of rhetoric; I shall now go to work:

I've no argument with the use of improbabilities in your stories; it's an attitude with which I'm considerably in sympathy. Even outright impossibilities, I believe, can be used to good effect as story material. Once the improbability be admitted, however, it does seem most desirable that the further development of the reasoning based thereon be subject to the rules of logic.

On this basis, then, if your inertialess drive violates the conservation-of-energy principle there can be no argument. For such a violation of an empirical law is not a demonstrable mathematical impossibility. If statistical methods demonstrate the exceeding improbability of such an occurrence they concomitantly refute its absolute impossibility. Again, statistics deal not with eternal verities but peculiarly with the observations of a certain species of bipeds native to Sol III. It's not impossible that the Second Law of Thermodynamics may break down to a degree quite unpredicted by statistics which do not, and probably never can, take all pertinent data into account. Schroeder's Paradox involves an isothermal conversion of heat into work; the "facts" are not yet thoroughly substantiated, but the implication is rather a jolt to complacent contemplation of the constancy of natural law.

But if the use of the inertialess drive presumes no violation of the conservation law, as you have asserted in your "Lensmen" tales and in other communications, notably your explanatory letter in Comet 1, 5, 124 (July '41), and a proof is then forthcoming which demonstrates that the law is violated, then we have a contradiction, which is a logical impossibility. I think I have that proof:

I don't question the possibility of inertialess mass, though the concept seems untenable if one accepts provisionally the recent hypotheses as to the nature of mass and relative motion. Nor is there any profit in debating your presentation of the mechanics of inertialess flight. You have created a fictional situation wherein Newton's First and Second Laws are negated, while the Third Law is retained. Obviously, since no one knows what would happen in such a case, you are completely justified in explaining it, for fictional purposes, as you wish. But once you return your inertialess vehicle to the inert state it is again in the realm of orthodox mechanics and subject to the usual

mechanical laws. And if, by following an inertialess 'path', you have translated your ship from state A to state B of higher energy level with the expenditure of less energy than would be required to translate it inert, then energy is not conserved, for by returning the ship from B to A along the inert path you regain the energy which would have been expended had it travelled the other way inert. Such a cycle could be self-perpetuating and energy-creating to boot.

That the inertialess path under such circumstances would take less energy seems to follow from your statement (Comet, loc. cit.) that inertialess vessels "assume instantaneously the velocity at which the friction of the medium exactly equals the force of the driving thrust." This is also a commitment on the question of gravitational attraction of inertialess matter; apparently the Bergenholm acts also as a gravity nullifier, since otherwise the velocity would have a component due to whatever gravitational forces were acting on the vessel. The role of the Berg in this set-up is exceedingly vague; apparently it is not a transducer since it gives out with "not power, but a force..." Yet "it takes a prodigious amount of power to run the Bergenholm." If all this energy doesn't appear in the output, where does it go? There seem to be but two possible answers to this one: Either a) the energy is stored in the inertia-neutralizing field and is kicked back into the input when the field collapses, or b) the gadget is frightfully inefficient. In neither case is the vessel's energy of position accounted for.

That's my main thesis. Now for the side issues: The loss of mass consideration is a minor one; however it may be recalled (Galactic Patrol) that until Kim and his crew overcame the pirate ship and got the data from it back to Prime Base none of the Patrol ships were powered by cosmic radiation via "receptor screens". They were dependent upon atomic engines and, presumably, carried their own fuel which, presumably, had mass.

Your remarks anent "energy of position" look awfully like an attempt to deny the reality of potential energy. Surely not that? Certainly energy of position is purely relative. Kinetic energy is, too, for that matter. We get nowhere by thinking of energy as some sort of quasimaterial fluid which a body possesses just so much of at any given moment. It's simply the capacity of that body to do work at some given point and hence is defined only relative to some arbitrary frame of reference. But the gravitational potential at any point in space is a perfectly definite quantity, a function of the instantaneous distribution of matter about that point. The potential exists regardless of whether or not that point is the position of any material body. And while there are an infinity of points which have the same potential (i.e., equipotential surfaces, and even volumes, exist), there is only one gravitational potential associated with any given point at any given instant. Then the potential energy, due to gravity, of a body at one point, relative to any other arbitrary point, since it is a function only of the mass of the body and the difference in potential between the two points, is likewise a perfectly definite quantity. It may be different for different points of reference, but it is always single-valued for any one such point.

It would be most interesting to watch the experiment of fusing a tightly-wound spring--from a safe distance. I'd expect a rather sudden transformation of potential energy into kinetic. Though if the heating were accomplished slowly enough and uniformly enough to anneal

the spring metal without weakening it to the point of rupture the strain might be relieved less spectacularly by internal displacement along the slippage planes of the metal crystallites. K. E. again! And in the end, random motion, in other words, heat. The spring would fuse easier. It wouldn't melt at a lower temperature, but it would require less heat to bring it to its melting point. Though the effect would be very small, since a "little" heat represents a lot of energy.

Come again, Doc.

Norman Stanley

----- "Yes, syzygy!" hissed the mathematician -----

information bureau; an unedifying feature continued from page 20

"Usually I cut out and save something like that when it comes along. In this case I didn't for it would have played Hell with the music--and that would be awful!"

And now, Swisher again to clear up a number of little mysteries. Such as:

Who was Dilm... oops, Paul Stanchfield?

This query was propounded a year ago in the first issue of FanTods: Sez RD: "Paul Stanchfield was one of the triumvirate of me, him and Bob Arthur at Ann Arbor High School (Bob Arthur and me being a dumbvirate since the 6th grade in Perry School after a little phist phight), and lo unheard of these many years, since 1934 to be exact. Bob Arthur has since written a number of fantasies for amusement, pulps and radio, I have become a chymist and PLS?"

The Case of the Antmen's Umbrellas (Not webwork--thank foo!)

enough, about the size of a rolled up copy of argosy when they first birst upon a startled world." ((Cf. Famous Fantastic Mysteries, 1, 4. 61 (Jan. '40)))

----- "Phkn!" he labio-dental fricatived -----

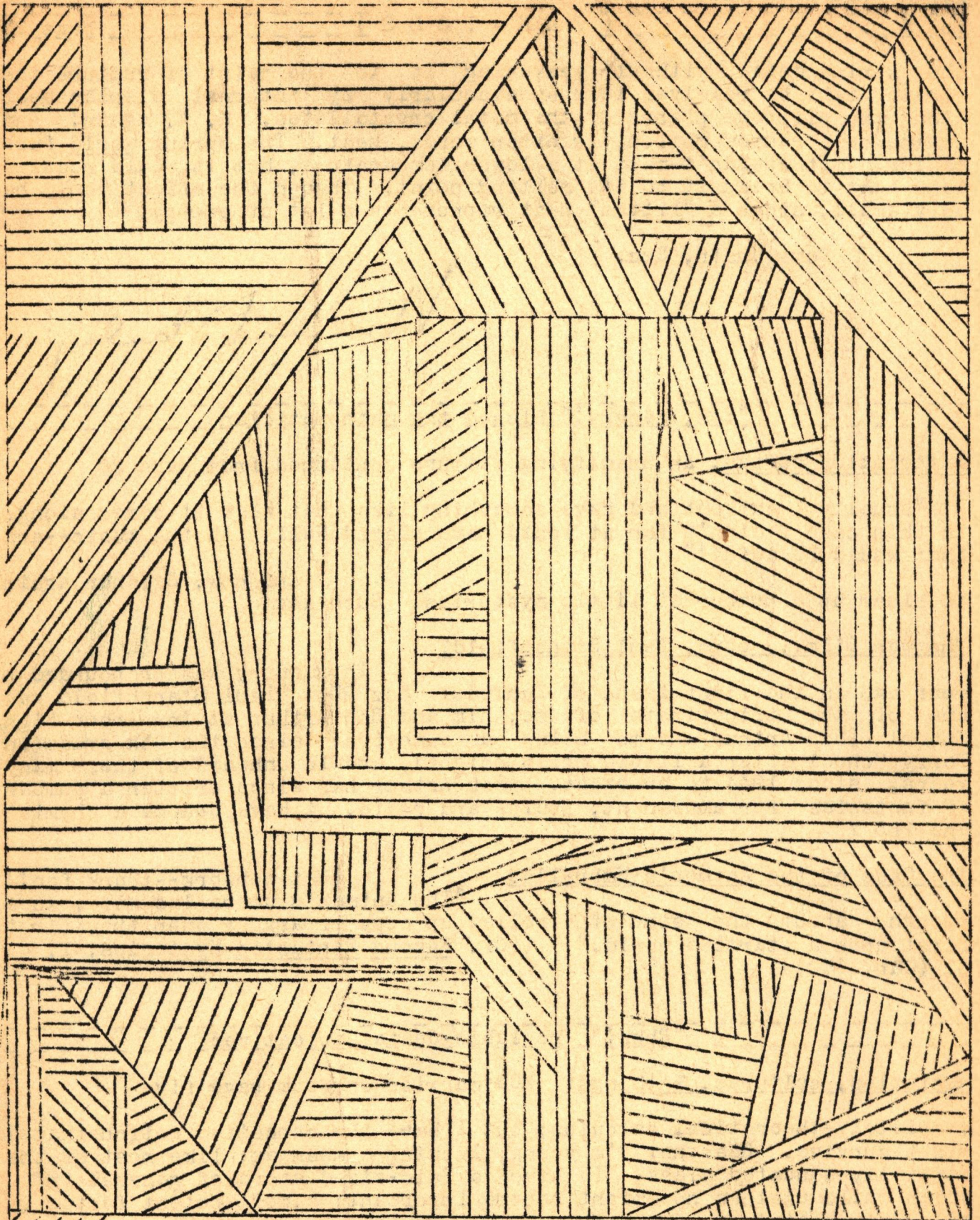
societies, cultures, & things: HCD carries on from page five

completely-theoretical calculus; but I have the conceited notion that I might survive. Reasons: I'm young; I swing a mean ax; like most of the partially-educated class, I have a fair-sized store of general info, which while useless now might become important; & most potent factor of all, I am a stefan.

Well, Norm, Russell, Art -- what do you say?

You & who else?!

----- Ugh! Fan-tod! G'night. -----



This is an ancient secret work of the Egyptians,
used by Egyptian doctors to cure Egyptian bellyaches.
- Pong

Hey, Swisher, this is
Pong's Phantasy Papyrus V1 N1

Stencil by HPP
Done on the Diabolic Duplicator