

Theoretically the most appropriate time for cutting stencils is when the ambitious editor is in full possession of such wits as Nature has granted him, and is, moreover, teeming with vitality, vigor and even vim. As my faithful readers are only too well aware, Sardonyx never was, never is, and is never likely to be produced under such optimum conditions. Rather, after a hard day's labors, I sometimes employ the last two hours before I go to bed after midnight in adding a few more stencils to the pile which is supposed to accumulate during 'tween mailings. Then at the last minute, I rattle the things off on my mimeo, shove them into the mail, and forget about em. The fond, innocent dreams of such upstanding new members as John Gergen meet with my sympathy, but not with any action. To me the big advantage of the FAPA is its informality, and I believe time spent in careful and loving attention to such frills as format to be time immolated on the altar of the goddess Aesthetic Taste, at whose shrines I seldom worship. This is the last apology---if it can be called that!--I am ever going to offer for the careless way in which this magazine is written, stenciled, and produced,

Should someone in the audience be in on the secret, I would deeply appreciate information on how an Underwood portable, a semi-noiseless model, can be persuaded to cut stencils properly. Meanwhile these stencils must go thru the mill of my old Corona-3, which has a present cash value of about \$1.50 if one may believe the local typewriter shop. One of the signs of its venerable antiquity is the tendency of the stencils to slide on the platen, sagging down at one side or another. I'm not going to apologize for this any more, either. In fact, I shouldn't have wasted half a page on this stuff to start with, but it's too late now,

In the last issue (June) I bared my very soul in what I still claim was a pair of legibly handwritten pages. As all I got in way of return was an assortment of insults directed at the said "legible" handwriting, I see that in the event most Fapafans were actually spared the gruelling shock of coming face to face with "my very soul". This may have been just as well for everyone concerned.....But I never know what I'm going to say next when I type or write these stencils,

For a long time I was more or less bothered by a clash between my humanitarian ideals of the brotherhood of man, etc, and a practical realization of the obvious fact that it is only power which rules the world (in one form or another and in many subtle guises, eg, as money or as psychological influence over others). This conflict has been resolved, to the benefit of the latter view, largely because of my realization of the biological principle that only survival counts in the long run, but also because I have had the realities of war driven home to me, and, finally, because Julian Grenfell's poem, "Into Battle" changed my mind. I disliked it years ago, I agree with it now: "And he is dead who will not fight....." That's true, I think. You can't get away from it, once you really face the facts of life as it is lived on this planet,

(Cont. on p. 3)

EM PASSANT

--Norman Stanley--

I haven't thought it all out yet, but I've a feeling that there is something impossible, or at least highly improbable, about EESmith's description of the "inertialess drive." Smith has always made much to-do about the point that such a method of travel at incredible velocities is probable because it does not violate the energy-conservation law. Or does it? The point has been repeatedly emphasized in his Lehsman tales that whatever the velocity of the inertialess vessel may be, it loses this instantly on going inert and recovers instead the exact velocity it had possessed before dispensing with its inertia. Thus, whatever gyrations it may have gone through in the "free" state, it regains precisely the same kinetic energy it possessed previously, and "energy is conserved no end." But it must be remembered that the energy of a body is not completely defined by its mass and velocity. To mass and velocity must be also added its position. Then we have three terms to its energy description: intrinsic energy which is a function of the mass alone; kinetic energy, a function of both mass and velocity, and potential energy due to its position. Since Smith's ships move by the rocket principle highly refined---an expulsion of "fourth order" particles, which presumably must have mass in order to produce a reaction, there must be some loss in mass, hence in intrinsic energy. Then, too, the ship has moved in the inertialess state from one level of gravitational potential to another, higher, energy level relative to whatever body of reference it happens to have receded from. Therefore its potential energy has increased. This increase would be cancelled by the loss in intrinsic energy only if it were true that the inertialess ship were influenced by the gravitational field and the propulsion blasts were used to elevate the ship through this field. But the Doc, in commenting on rocket propulsion in the inertialess state, has let it be known that the free velocity attained instantly on going "free" is that at which the reaction of the blasts is balanced by the frictional resistance of the medium. Gravitational forces are not considered. Hence if it is taken that an inertialess body is not subject to gravitational attraction (from a relativistic standpoint this would seem essential), then energy is not conserved if the ship regains with its inertia its original velocity but retains its position attained by its motion in the free state. Either the regained inert velocity must differ from the original or else the ship must be translated back to its original velocity and position (which would render inertialess flight not a very practical means of getting anywhere) if the conservation principle is to hold.

The mechanics of inertialess motion suggest some interesting possibilities. A body without inertia would not conform to Newton's first and second laws of motion. Smith implies, though, that the third law still holds, since he employs the rocket principle. Whether that is possible or not I am uncertain, but we may contemplate the peculiar behavior of a body which does not tend to resist any change in its velocity. The inertialess ship could not coast. It would go only when 'pushed'. If the rockets were cut off, the frictional resistance of the inert medium, however tenuous, would strike the ship motionless on the instant. If Kennison, Cardynge, et cie., ever devised a way to neutralize friction as well, the results would be truly weird. The slightest impulse would give the ship an infinite velocity subject to change without notice. The free

ship at rest in a frictionless medium might remain at rest or equi- probably assume any velocity. We are simply stating negatively the laws of motion assumed to be inoperative. The actually resultant state of affairs, however, might not be so anarchic. It is quite conceivable that a new and unsuspected set of natural laws might be discovered to completely describe inertialess motion.

Smith has discussed only the macro-aspects of absence of inertia. What the absence of inertia would do to atomic and molecular systems, with concomitant effects on chemical and biological processes, is rather dubious. (I'd say any kind of life under inertialess conditions would seem impossible. ED.), The weird effects of inertialess were colorfully depicted in his "Triplanetary", but now Kinnison can take his ease in a state of "pseudoinertia," apparently a not-complete replica of the real thing.....

[CONT. FROM P. 1]

Due to such things as editorial languor and dilatoriness, devotion of spare time to hobbies and interests with no connection with science fiction, and causes of similar natures, this issue is being somewhat curtailed. Thus, we omit considerable material slated for Stanley's column; it is being held over for next issue. A short-short story by Creighton Buck, "Night of Brahma", is also being shifted to the next issue, as is some more material from Mengarini dealing with the eumachic conducting of machees, a very interesting topic. (I know you can hardly wait!).

The Listening Post is suspended for this issue, not because of any deficiency in the supply of pointed quotations, but merely becoz no 'appreciation' (meaning comments of some nature) of the said department has reached us for some time. If you'd like it back, tell us so, and it will run another year, at least.

You will find many typographical errors in this fanzine. They are there in order to test your intelligence and your skill as a detective (if any). The problem is merely to decipher, if such is possible, what was meant to be said.....

amp...?

Harry Jenkins explained the cover on the June SARDONYX as showing a little guy who was sad because he'd been blowing ~~xxx~~ smoke rings (green circles) and someone else had blown a larger blue ring, and he'd broken his pipe (red thing in corner) and couldn't try again. This was not the artist's original idea, but.....

The \$1 prize is hereby awarded to Ariel Mengarini for the best explanation of Dawson's poem in the last issue. No one else had the nerve to try! I was surprised. Mengarini's interpretation was delivered in conversation, and sounded convincing, though I haven't any record of it. I remember that it had to do with the poem's purpose as being to point out the dependence of the the present on the past, and consequently the survival of the past in the present (and hence in due course the future). Poppy decays, furnishes food for toadstool, etc. Sort of a perennial cycle notion.

You are not allowed to criticize format and typographical errors, as I have previously explained, BUT criticisms of the ideas expressed herein will always be welcome. E.R.C.

IMPRESSIONS--FALL MAILING

Zizzlepop was turned out in well under two hours, from start to finish. I wonder why?

Suspro's mutant cover was the most sensational item in the mailing by quite a hefty bowshot. I read the back cover thru from start to finish without knowing any more about the phonetic alphabet than I picked up in the course of the reading. I was much helped by the signature and address, which furnished key clues to the rest. Jack employs the thing to refute the arguments for it: I don't see any answer to the point about people who pronounce words differently spelling them differently, etc. Confusion would spread, rather than be eliminated, **** I can't stand jelly-bekked flag flappers either, and that's no sign I don't think a lot of the USA. If you feel deeply about something, you don't go around yelling out your every feeling. This is elementary, too, I guess. ***** Kuslan's epitaph specially good (last 2 lines!!!) in Spon River. Would of course like to see the thing carried to completion for all the other 'famous' fans---- including me, of course.

Mutant had even edges; they do no harm. But John is wrong in supposing he shouldn't mention names when he criticizes other Fapazines. We don't play like that. Besides, we're all grown up enuf not to grow offended at a little merited criticism. If U want to see any specific fapazine change in any specific way, we EXPECT you to quote chapter & verse.

Ynos was among the items redeeming a smallish mailing. That mermaid has a profile like a Roman gladiator, which ain't exactly my idea of the ultimate in feminine allure. However.....*****The two pages given over to our unknown friend are meet, in feneral, with my approval. The description of the biological background is true and very forcefully put. As I've said, on page 1, I've abandoned humanitarian idealism. But while it may follow from our unknown's argument that war is an inevitable feature of human life, it does not necessarily mean that the actual effects of war as practiced in the present day work to the benefit of the race. I am inclined to be sceptical regarding any attempt to establish benefits from something said to be inevitable. What is, does not necessarily merit praise for the mere fact of its existence. Because war seems inevitable is no proof war is a desideratum. ***** Beyond This Horizon is best story of 1942. Why? Becoz the picture of a future society is adequate and convincing. The plot is negligible; the characters, non-entities, but the environment lives, and gives life to the tale. Oh, BTH wouldn't rank tops in most years, but where has there been any competition? Only There Shall Be Darkness, whose writing & characterization is better, but which suffers from lack of originality---that "we've heard this before" feeling. Heinlein, by the way, has never had any magic touch for fictionizing.....*****Milty gets too dogmatic. "You must make up your mind" thus & so. Can this be the Milty we allus used ter know? The only reason Milty's Message got published by Art instead of me was, Art made me sign a promise to give it back to him, before he would even let me read the thing! ***** I wouldn't be so sure about there not being any internationally-minded teachers.*****Regardless of what Art thinks of "Frustration", the editors I've sent it to have politely sent it back again, just the same as with all my other verse. No one has ever paid me a nickel for the privilege of publishing any of my alleged poetry. I shouldn't wonder if this is because its really rathe third rate stuff. Ennhow,

nuts to it. I haven't written any poetry for a long, long time. This probably proves something or other about my mental state, but I have abandoned many old dreams. I have more interesting things to do now. ****Enthusiastically I second the sneer for "The Turn of the Screw". There's only one horror story which has ever given the horrors to me, and it is Robert Hichen's "How Love Came to Professor Guildea", and is included in the "Pocketbook of Mystery Stories." It still gives me a cold feeling at the back of my neck just to think of it.***** "The Fall of the City" reads plain and simple to me; where's the trouble? It sez man's greatest enemy is himself, it scores the evil tendency to relinquish freedom to be free of responsibility. If you've read Erich Fromm's "Escape from Freedom" you'll understand "The Fall of the City" without need for explanations!****There is fresh life in the monster, but I still claim it is less genuine than synthetic, and look forward to another crash. There are so pitifully few fans willing to take any responsibilities of their own volition. But p'raps EEE's scheme for telling 'em what to do will work out better. It couldn't possibly turn out worse than my policy of relying on the initiative of the several officers and committee members! You could subtn ct 4 fans from the NFFF and it would promptly cease to exist, so I can't feel too optiistic about the affair.

En Garde: I am not a mathematician but your problem is a pushover. Forgetting that eggs are a dainsite more expensive than U might suppose, if you buy ~~30~~ 30 eggs at 2 for 1¢ that is an average cost of 6/12¢ per egg. If you buy 30 more at 3 for 1¢, the average price for these 30 is 4/12¢. Accordingly, the average price per egg for your 60 eggs is 5/12¢, from which it follows that the eggs cost 25¢. On the other hand, if you buy all 60 eggs at 5 for 2¢, the average price per egg for the 60 is 4/10¢, and it follows that the total cost will now be 24¢. Is everything clear?

The War Lock: To think that ~~he~~, grandpapa of sf, fandom, is only 3 yrs. older than I am! It makes me feel an antique meself. That argument about deliberately breaking conventions seems silly to me. I pay them no attention wherever no inconvenience to myself is apt to result. Where inconvenience WOULD result, as from trying to play tennis in public unencumbered by unnecessary clothing, I conform to save trouble.

A Tour: My nefarious scheme is to introduce "Fans is cwazy" Gertruda Kuslan to "Fans is de nicest pipple" Everett Evans, and then duck.

The Amateur: How can you leave us in this suspense, Al? Did you make your six point or did you lose? If you lost, I s'pose the cost of the next mailing may be rather higher---if 'twas fapafunds. Or did you win us all a bonbon for Xmas? Give with the details..... Speer's proposal is OK by me. *****Schwartz will be glad to know that hecto int. always wears off in time. If he can't wait, he might try soap and hot water applied with a scrubbing brush AT ONCE after the ink gets on the hands. If you wait half an hour, you'll x have trouble. More than an hour is quite hopeless. There are various ink-removing creams &c. on the market, but they're not worth much.*****For HCK: Speer understood the cover very well. See Suspro.

Ceres: (not that it has any writing for it that I noticed!): this reminded me of the Rogues Gallery, a project which seems on a par with Tom Wright's DAWN and the NFFF Yearbook for ~~xxxx~~ 1941. By the way, Suddsy, I don't mind the yellow paper, but why not give with the mimoo ink a trifle more liberally?

Nucleus: Far, far removed from fandom's battle plains, the cool and shaded valley soothes our eyes. I liked the note about compliments and complaints.....

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I don't, I use it for
browsing purposes whenever
in a
browsing
mood!

Science Fiction Goo: What happens when you get a large library of sf. items is very simple. Either you try to classify and cross index it, which takes up so much time you have none left for fan activity, or you sit down and try reading it all, with the same effect. The best solution is to sell it for half what you paid for it, and borrow what you are interested in from collectors with a touching faith in human nature!

War Lock: In case you wondered why "Fandamn" wasn't in the last mailing, Pogo made the mistake of sending it to me, ignoring the fact that my term of office expired in July and Al Ashley had been elected Official Editor. I have sent the edition on to Al, and I presume it will appear in this mailing.

Horizons: This is much better than some of those hecto editions of the past, but I very much miss the Daugherty cover I'd hopefully expected. I love them---they're superior to any fan art work I have seen in the extent of my fan career, in sustained excellence. Can't you persuade Walt to draw you another cover, soon, Harry? I claim that a hecto cover is a big asset to a mimeo'd magazine, and Daugherty's have always been something special in the way of hecto covers.

Yes, I did appreciate the immediate-reply feature of the O.E. job. It was very convenient. Oh well, I can be O.E. again in 1946-7. It's worth waiting for, maybe!

You're right about gas-rationing ending the drives to nowhere. **WIN THE WAR!**
*****Agree with comments on JIIX: Subscription fanzines, and fanzines of the sub.fanzine type, certainly don't seem assets in the FAPA. We moves on ze higher planes of thought & life. About the ballot: I saw the stack of ballots at Swisher's last summer, and gloatingly leafed thru the heap, when no one was looking, just to see who had voted for me and who hadn't. A very illuminating experience, I assure you!*****There was a second "Last Xxxx Testament", which I saw fleetingly while in Columbia last summer. But I never got a copy by mail, & don't own one. By the way; I can't find the only copy of last June's SARDONYX I had around. Would any FAPA member care to part with his? If so, please let me know; I'd gladly pay 25¢ or so, and am probably the only man in the world who would ever consider an issue of SARD that valuable.

Strange, that seems to be just about all there is to the September mailing, save for a few one-sheets & such I'll pass in silence. I am inclined to suspect that lots of other people besides myself spent the summer in not working on their fapazines.

In giving me permission to use his poem, "At Midnight Strikes the Chime", Ariel Mengarini suggested that I might add a few words by way of explanation for those who might otherwise be puzzled by some of the allusions. Basically the poem is a protest against the falsity of boy-girl relationships, especially but not exclusively the sexual aspects, in our times. The setting is "date"; the speaker does not really love the girl but wants to 'make' her. That this situation arises so frequently is an indictment in itself. The poem gives much of the general 'line' the boy uses, but in the underlined passages he realizes (within himself) its falsity. But he cannot solve the problem; he can only take the girl home and.....

AT MIDNIGHT STRIKES THE CHIME

7

Ariel A. Mengarini

Elizabeth, I don't want to dance.

Elizabeth, the night is heavy with raindrops,

The night is pregnant with meaning,

Elizabeth, we can do better than to dance.

We are the cream of the crop, we are the fat of the land, we
are the cute cookies who at the same time number them-
selves among the intelligentsia and in their spare
time discuss poetry and psychology,

Let us take our clothes off and waddle naked in the rain,

Or,

(Since we cannot disregard the policeman on the street corner
even though he be officially a Servant of the People)

Let us sail our shoes in the gutted gutter making believe
they are the pleasure barges of Caracalla,

Or, if we do not wish to expose ourselves to pneumonia with
its usual slimy complications,

Let us charter a bus to take us to the moon,

Or,

Let us just sit here on a bench and spoon.

Did you know that I had a skull inside my head

You said, what did I just say?

I said, isn't this better than to dance.

We are the Apostles of the New Freedom,

We are the apostates from reverence,

It took Christ plus twenty centuries of improvement to

manufacture a you or a me,

We spend our days improving our minds

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And our evenings stealing the sex partners of our acquaintances, Thereby ensuring a full-blown life of the emotions.

We laugh happily and scornfully, we. . . .

But have you considered the poor girls, the homely girls, the girls with the fat jowls and buck teeth and the tired eyes and nobody to caress their breasts or sprinkle firewater on their souls

The raindrops fall from the trees above us .

and they fall upon your face.

They fall faster than I can get rid of them.

Your face is clean, firm and fresh, and every drop on it sparkles. Steam (or what looks like steam) rises around us.

I sing the doctrine of pan-libidism. . . .

But have you considered the men, the men that can't get the smell of sweat off their bodies, the weak men, the men with large carious openings where their teeth ought to be, the men that try to look like Clark Gable because they are afraid to show themselves as themselves

Do you not thrill at the delicious pungence of natural things, Does the tree not thrill at the touch of the rain upon it. .

In the flutter of wind

Do you not sense a tightening of mucous membranes,

Is not the sheen of the leaves

The vegetable counterpart of glandular secretions

Excellently adapted for lubrication?

And have you considered the high buildings that shut out the horizon

Things that I shall not ^{say} again

Mingle in puddles with the rain.

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And have you considered the horizon that shuts out infinity?

Here we are.

When the blue night closes in over your door,

And you are in,

The door seems a strong bulwark against the shadows hovering
trembling outside.

But when night closes in

And you are out

And the door is but a dim white patch upon the shimmering
hula-skirt of a rain-streaked night,

Do you think the door will hold?

And do you really think it will hold?

It will if you have faith in it.

Do not let God or mortal take away that faith.

I, being altogether sodden, am not so sensitive.

And have you considered in the end sleep

Ha, ha. No, not that way. No, no indeed. I always exact
a tribute from all my women.

Another kiss,

Forsooth,

A kiss.

* * * * *

Kinga Shinnen

Ichok Yilara

Vrolijke Kerstmis

Felice Pascuas

Tin Hao Hian

Vesele Vanoce

Wesolych Swiat

Glad Julen

Sarbatori Fericite

Sretan Bozic

Fullutte Zaducel

O Chystovjna

Boldog Karacsonyi Unnescket

Joyeux Noel

Fröhliche Weihnachten
