

Marvelous to see the old magazine with a respectable looking format, isn't it? Twasn't planned that way, neither, but just happened, what with one thing & then again others, mostly my sudden move into the wildernesses of Jersey where I am now ensconced (hark ye one and all) at PO Bx 171, Bound Brook, New Jersey.

If it turns out that with new members & everything the Treasury zooms, then I would definitely favor using some of our more or less surplus funds to provide cash prizes to go with Laureate awards. More about this next March when we've had a better chance to see how things stand.

Surprising how little time is required to make one a veteran in the FAPA. Well I remember the sultry August afternoon in Washington DC in 1940 when I was talking to Elmer Perdue outside one of the huge government buildings; mentioned the FAPA and wondered idly what one need do to join. Fork over 50¢ and you're in, sezze, and thus the momentous happening came to pass. These tranquil reflections are induced by the sight of the Volume Three Number Two legend, and the fact that as I write this it is almost exactly three years since I joined the FAPA. If I had my FAPA files with me, as I have not (they're all home in Charlottesville), 'twould be easy for me to refer carelessly and learnedly to items in the various mailings going back two or three years; easy, because I could of course look everything up first. Now for a retrospect, only my memory is of any use.

What, then, did I particularly like & remember in the mailings of the past three years? Somewhat surprisingly, in spite of endless discussions & thousands of words, I seem to recall relatively few articles & dissertations. What I remember having admired most includes: Walter Marconette's hecto covers for Horizons; Michel's silk screen covers on Phantagraph & other Futurian pubs; Milty's discussion of why an article on super-man is more or less futile; JFS' startling series of mutant covers on SusPro (the space warp straw, the diver's bonfire, the cloud-mower, especially); the first issue of FanTods (the nicest article about myself ever written, so how could I forget?); the issue of Yhos with the Foo coat of arms and De Camp's discussion of the same; H. C. Koenig's remarks on "War with Jenkins"; the amazing triple column triple author format for the Philly Blitz account; Elmer's semi-autobiographical paper, most interesting stuff; the humorous asides which crop up so unexpectedly and entertainingly in the Check List; "Quotations and Comments" with the exception of the parts about authors vs. artists which seemed less amusing or note worthy; the covers Al Ashley & his cohorts produced for the Amateur, which made an even better sequence than those for his own En Garde; the article on controlled dreams in En Garde; Speer's discussion of AEHousman & Singleton's ideas on AEH; the lady with the anatomically anomalous posterior on one of Tom Wright's publications; the expression on Art Widner's face as he overtook me (driving his pet car) on my perambulation to the post office with the December 1941 mailing, just in time to get Yhos in under the wire; the desert scene cover on a bygone number of Fanfare: but that's not FAPA; I'm getting mixed up. Well, it's still a list of memories worth having, and much which has long since dropped out of active recollection was keenly enjoyed at the time. I thank you one and all!

--Reed B. Dawson jr.--

The scattered buildings ramble through a dell
Of lawns and foreign trees. My way unfurls
Past pools and wooded groves where sunlight curls
On glossy leaves and a passing bosom's swell.
The forgotten faint persistent pungent smell
Of unknown spices through my senses whirls;
On sprinkler-spangled paths the strolling girls
Throw shadows there where shades of others fell.

But you say you'd met somewhere these strange tall trees,
These greens, and patterns formed where shadows cross:
Do you recall these things you never knew?
Whence does it blow, this scent which past the breeze
Summons from sleep the wrong of ancient loss?
And you who see in dreams: the eyes are who?

.....
When the year is young....

--LR Chauvenet--

I see bare trees against the day's first breaking
Gather the silver of the coming Spring,
And, light in darkness for a moment's waking
Upon the dawn-lit sky their patterns fling.

Out of the troubled East to windward, morning
Harries the night with flame beyond the hills
Until the cold stars melt within the dawning
And the blue day my lifted vision fills:

And I know, as I watch the changing glories
Which flower and bloom on highlands near and far,
This magic comes, not out of fabulous stories,
Nor wrought by spells within the sixfold star:
Yet in this sudden hour is seen with more ease
Than even fairies are!

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by L. R. Ch---er, I mean R. L. Stevenson.
 Sorry, pardon mistake. I mean:

Journeys with Art

by L. R. Chauvenet

Yowsah, nature is wonderful, so we admired the beautiful trees, flowers, sky, ocean, people, houses, stones, etc. which go to make up the New England countryside; imagine for yourself this splendid panorama as a background for all our trip, for I certainly can't be bothered to keep describing scenery, however artistic; and besides the idea of the title is only to prop the old & feeble wheeze (not himself, but the joke; quiet, you in the back seat) up for a fresh dustoff.

My mind holds many things, mostly memories about myself such as the time I fell into the fish pool ("I'm sorry I frightened the fish", "But we had no fish until you fell in") and, more to the point, the time no less a personage than Arthur Lambert Widner, junior led me out to the open road, pointed dramatically at the northern horizon, shouted "Rockland, here we come!" and then fell frantically to work tinkering with his cranky gear shift as I pedaled gaily down the road. After about half an hour I looked over my shoulder at the empty road behind me & went on back. "What hit you?" says I when I encounter the leader of the expedition toiling painfully along in the rear. "Oh, everything", says he, mopping that wide expanse of forehead which gives him such a comforting air of wisdom. "But I fixed the bike (I think!)" and onwards we went. Well, that was a pleasant journey, for it lasted scarcely three hours and we'd not had time to tire before we arrived at Art's grandmother's place.

Now Art's grandmother is a wise old lady; at once she saw that we weren't yet exhausted, and might actually be good for somethin after all. We spent a pleasant afternoon improving her opinion of the Younger Generation by some diligent spadework (I wish to be taken literally, if you please, sir); then we left the garden to take a quiet stroll in the woods and rest up. Just in case we should become bored we toted along a couple of axes and a two-man saw, and after a pleasant saunter we paused to rest ourselves against a gigantic oak tree. "Do you not think," I remarked to Art, "that this tree somewhat blocks the view?" "View?" he inquired, "Er, ah, yes, of course," as I glared at him. "And if two men with two axes, chopped it for half a day," I suggested, "would it not be a noble deed?" "Well, if you say so," returned Art cautiously, and with this we seized our weapons and fell upon the forest monarch, which some hours later did its best to return the compliment, except that we were too quick. "Congratulations!" we exclaimed, shaking hands vigorously; then "Ow! My blisters" rang about the evening woods and meadows in anguished tones. Yet life was sustained most amply, for Art's grandmother fed us indeed well.

Came dawn, and onwards led the road again. "Portsmouth and Portland" our battle cry resounded; then two hours later, "Portsmouth", we gasped, "only lead us to porsmuth". "What a strange place it is," we told each other: "Why, Portsmouth is a large seaport in New England situated at sea level on the top of the highest mountain in New Hampshire", as we wheezed up hill on hill. Yet we left it behind us in the end; in fact, it was a pleasure.

That was the day of our longest journey, when we covered a good hundred miles on board our bikes. As I recall it, we were much stimulated by Maine-grown strawberries, and by our marvelous wisdom in taking a couple of hours off in the heat of the afternoon to sample the exquisite pleasure of ocean bathing at Orchard Beach. Ocean bathing, as practiced by the firm of Widner & Chauvenet upon this memorable occasion, consisted, of course, in a hesitant semi-immersion in an only too frolicsome breaker, followed by a thoughtful retirement inland and a most luxurious hour's basking in the warm sand under a sun which seemed much less hostile than when we were grimly standing up to slug the bikes over hills by sheer muscular strength (ahem). Fortified, then, by the rest, and an elegant feed, Portland became a possibility, and even in due time an actuality, rather than a nebulous mirage upon the far horizon.

Picture us, then, at the entrance to the city of Portland, as twilight swept softly down the evening skies with a loving touch on our fevered brows. Anxiously we debated our possible routes: to go left (my idea) or right (Art's suggestion) or else uphill straight ahead into the city. On the diligent study of a map, it appeared Art's plan would lead us directly into a maze of waterfront wharfs, some miles out of our way; the treacherous proposal was indignantly rejected by the Chief Map Reader (namely, me). Of the remaining two routes, I still liked the left one, but when Art held stoutly to the uphill & thru City plan, I thought it best to humor him. Also I must acknowledge vanity played its evil part, for I suspected that Art might suspect my reluctance to go his way sprang from a weariness of hills. Naturally I was weary of hills, but after all, one must maintain Moral Prestige---and up that hill we went.

A couple of hours later, clear of Portland, we'd learned our hideous mistake. We'd gotten lost, & lost each other, & found each other & lost & found our way. Worst of all, these exploits were performed over a pavement resembling a piano keyboard with every other key missing but all the sharps & flats left in. The City of Portland is paved with cobblestones, and O, it is an evil place for a pair of innocent cyclists. Be warned by this, gentle reader, and shun the false, betraying lure of the cobbled path, an ye would see the light of day once more. Fortunate indeed we felt ourselves to escape so easily: a mere few dozen bumps and bruises more being of course of no account.

That night we slept beyond Portland, and in the morning pushed on again, into cold chilling mists, and through a rain squall which dampened all but our hardy spirits. Yet in the triumphant hour in which the rain cleared away and we had survived it undismayed, came nevertheless our direst danger. It was in Freeport that the forces of Fate sought to detain us, and well I know how narrow was the margin of our escape. It happened like this: seeking refreshment, we'd halted & fed at a wayside diner. Then as we were about to leave, we spied a pinball machine, and promptly decided to test our respective skills on the cranky device. So passed a pleasant ten minutes, and then came time to leave. At this crucial moment, Fate struck: Art surprisingly won 5 free replays and sent up a wild cry of jubilation. Time and the games went on; he'd soon used up four, and my face as I consulted my wristwatch & roadmap had lost much of its anxiety when again Fate struck hard and mercilessly: Art on his last free try won five more free games! Gleefully he chuckled, and prepared to settle down for the rest of the day at that wonderful machine. Grimly I advanced upon

him, and as he saw me come, a sudden horror and understanding of my dread purpose drove the boyish jubilation from Art's face. "No! NO!" he protested, as I tore him away from the little metal spheres and the pretty colored lights, "I won those games! They're free!" Wordlessly I led him outside, pointed to his long neglected bicycle, and stood with folded arms between him and heaven, where cleverly won free games mourned his neglect. Sadly, an aged and disillusioned man, Art, reluctantly hoisted himself onto his bike: "They were free; FREE!" he said to me bitterly, and a large tear gleamed for an instant in the corner of his eye. Then his bike swung round; he pedaled dejectedly up the road to Rockland; I mounted and followed, and the worst of our dangers was over.

It was late that afternoon when we began to feel the full weight of the two hundred miles we had put behind us. Now Rockland lay barely over the rim of the sky, yet the speedometer needle on Art's bike wavered and drooped from its original proud 15 down to a lowly 10 or even eight as we went on, yard by painful foot. As we came to each town, and while we passed through it, we would curse the unoffending place most bitterly for not being Rockland and the End of the Trail. We rode with a dazed gleam in our eyes and the westering sun began to throw our long shadows on the roadside, proof that time went on and that perhaps we did too, in spite of the illusion that Rockland lay at the ultimate remoteness of an infinite regress towards which all progress is no progress at all.

Six miles to go! said the map; we looked at each other speculatively, each wondering if the other believed it true. Now as we started again, our backs straightened; the needle quivered and rose towards fifteen or even higher. We would finish like men if it killed us, we agreed without exchanging a word, and in that last mad sprint we drew on all our reserves of strength. The landscape lay in vague unseen blurs about us; only the road and bikes were real. Hills were no longer to be walked up; we drove recklessly on with scarcely slackened pace, heedless of what the effort cost us. Now at last in spite of all our aches and our weariness, we were Masters of Time and Space, and felt the glory of our achievement, and were further spurred---- till that last and finest moment when we came booming down into the very heart of Rockland, braked hard, and swung around into Broad Street, there to be made most welcome by Norm Stanley and his mother, who indeed fed us right royally, and had the supreme courtesy to appear reasonably impressed by our cycling feats.

Of our pleasant stay in Rockland I could write much; but Norm and Art are undoubtedly better fitted to describe the doings there than I am. (See FanTods; see Yhos). This tale is overlong, as it is; yet it would be most incomplete without the telling epilogue: when we had most reluctantly taken leave of Norman some days later, and headed back to Boston, we did so travelling by train, bikes riding in the baggage car, for somehow when we thought about our 200 miles in three days the notion of a return trip by bike just died a natural death. Strange, isn't it? But life was always like that, as you know!

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"Nous ne connaissons nos propres rêves que dans une traduction que nous en donne la réveil----dans un état qui est incompatible avec eux," a dit Paul Valéry en son petit livre, "Autres Rhumbs"

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Once more they's lots of it. This could go on indefinitely; in fact, I support the notion. But since they's other stuff in this issue (especially 3 pages on bike trip) I am under the impression I will curb my tendency to comment lengthily on all. We'll hope I'm right, but who knows?

SARDONYX: I took special pains in cutting the stencils, too. This issue is being professionally mimeographed as a result.

AMATEUR: Cheers for the cover & a rousing huzzah for our new President, who served us so faithfully, so magnificently, as Official Editor during the past year.

FA LEAN-TO: 33 is respectable to put it mildly; & I have even heard rumors of a post mailing, unconfirmed as of August 19th, but then I changed my address lately. 'Twill be fun to see how the SHACK idea works in practice.

RAY: Why did the first regular NFFF election fail to pan out? Simply because Elmer Perdue, the Sec'y.-Treas., took a long holiday so that Jenkins & Gilbert were helpless to send out the Bonfire which was to have contained the ballot, as they had no ballot. By the time Elmer did send in his reports, Joe was in the Merchant Marine and somehow Harry Jenkins just didn't seem able or willing to go on without Joe. You simply cannot run an organization like NFFF or FAPA without reliable Sec'y.-Treas. and Editors; FAPA has survived because it has had officers in those positions who never took long and unannounced vacations without delegating their job to someone else, nor lost interest suddenly & let things just go to pot. This year no one filed for Editor in the FAPA and I had a most difficult time persuading Bob Swisher to undertake the task. He agreed mostly because he is good-natured and interested in the FAPA; if no one had filed for the Editor's post, what would have happened?

FANTODS: Islandians didn't seem to have much trouble keeping alive; they knew how to make a living from land & sea without driving themselves to desperate extremes of labor. While the basis of their society was agricultural, they knew about and applied mechanical inventions of various sorts insofar as these did not interfere with the age-old patterns of their lives, with which they seemed fully content. In the book there is a period when John Lang attempts to interest Islandian farmers in modern agricultural machinery; he tells one farmer how he can cultivate his fields in half the time with tractors, gang-plows, etc. The farmer looks mildly surprised and asks why should he wish to do this? He can handle his current tasks easily enough; there is no pressing need for haste; he has no desire to expand his holdings, nor could he well do so anyway, Islandia being thoroughly settled and having a stable population. Thus to the farmer the machinery has no reason for existence; the labor it saves is nothing gained because it introduces a harsh and ugly note into the rich patterns of leisurely and traditional life.

Now I find myself most sympathetic; for you must understand that Islandian culture is well abreast of medical discoveries, and epidemic diseases, together with dirt, squalor, and poverty, are unknown in that fair land. The reason Islandian culture is unique is that it has sufficient grasp of scientific thought to curb the ravages of the natural world, thus granting men freedom to live in relative security, while at the same time it remains entirely unsusceptible by the great American (indeed, Occidental) illusion that activity is meritor-

ious per se. (Think of Stapledon's inspired view of the future stage of our culture, in Last & First Men, in which energy & motion are deified & as power sources wane the dying vitality of the society is employed in maintaining meaningless aerial gymnastics as homage to the god!).

Now I hold that if we threw away all our mechanical devices overnight, virtually all of us would soon starve to death; remember there were at most scarcely over 5 million (some think less) Indians in North America in Columbus' day, while 200 million occupy the same area now. I agree most heartily with Don Marquis' observations in "The Almost Perfect State", which the class will please read before our next meeting, that the world is most grossly overpopulated; and that the ideal population for the whole world would be on the order of 20 to 25 million, not 1 or 2 billion. Also I don't like urban societies much; in "The Crystal Age", by W. H. Hudson, which I read with great pleasure a month ago, the sylvan society therein depicted seems to exist on a much higher "plane of being". But I am afraid the only certain thing about our discussion of ideal societies is that none of us will ever live in one.

The remark about the tendency of natural evolution to come to a halt as soon as it produces something good enough to get by is by and large correct, tho there are plenty of puzzling instances of so-called orthogenetic evolution.

You'd be surprised how many archers there are in the U.S.; at least a couple of million. But of course there aren't so many who make it a profession!

I cannot help but suspect a sadistic streak in an otherwise most admirable fan who goes to the extreme of slicing the word though exactly in the middle at the end of a line. Heavens to Betsy!

I believe I said something about my own impression that there is likely only one dimension of time; whereas Dunne's idea seems to be that our "immortality" lies in other dimensions of time. If I ever really do study Dunne carefully there will be more about his theories here; I've been too lazy. But I don't understand your notion of 2 co:ordinates of time being required to fix an event, in addition to three of space. To view the Pearl Harbor attack in a time machine we require the special co:ordinates of the place and the time at which the attack occurred; what possible need is there to consider what other events might have occurred at the same place at that time, or at different times or at different places at that or other times? Tell me more!

EN GARDE: The classic understatement about the introductory remarks on p 1: "The scientific approach is lacking", had me laughing for ten minutes or so. See item 3 in the Listening Post section this issue! Regarding the majestic dreams here traced out for us with such a loving touch, Art Widner's approach is that while you have a pipe dream, why not make it a good one, & buy a whole island of several hundred square miles & build it all up & establish rocket service to the principal cities of the Earth Moon system, & so on & such. My own angle is somewhat different in that I consider the plan feasible enough all you need is 100 people with \$1,000 each (your estimate of 3 to 5 thousand is presumably for land alone, which will be the least of your expenses). My objections would be rather: first, I have no wish to tie myself down to a given segment of Earth's surface by making a heavy

capital investment---not until I'm either married or over 40, and I'm not likely to reach either state for some years. Second, I wouldn't be too happy with quantities of other people around, few or no, friends or no; I get along better with only a few close associates. Third, I do not want to live in Battle Creek; why, the place is thousands of miles from the nearest ocean! All these reasons are personal objections which others may not share. Should anything be attempted along the lines set forth, I might be sufficiently interested to become a stockholder, although 1) I would never become a permanent member of the colony, and 2) I would, to be candid, regard money spent for stock in such an organization as money donated, not invested; ie, I question the financial soundness of the set-up envisaged and would be astounded to receive any return on the investment.

Was I going to be taciturn this time? Well, I can anyhow stop at the foot of this page, which crowds the rest of the mailing somewhat:

AAGH: Stubbs' article is probably the best ever to appear in any FAPazine since the origin of the FAPA; certainly the best I've yet seen. With due meditation it gives an article in a future Sard. yet. Certainly I can't discuss this in a mere paragraph!

Fungi from Yuggoth: I must read it sometime. Wonder if it's any good.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: Every time someone carefully explains to me what the title means & how it came from Joyce, (which has occurred twice so far) I succeed in forgetting it within 10 minutes. It is better not to know, evidently.

While the general comments on my verse are fair enough & I agree with them in large measure, I must say that generalizations like these are almost meaningless as far as usefulness goes. "Some of them irritate somewhat" due to "poetic verbiage in some instances"; yes, yes, we know, but which poems? And what instances? That would be what I need to know for help in trying to improve my future verse!.....Well, there certainly isn't much profundity in the foregoing pages; I trust Doc likes this issue better than some which have preceded it. Even tho I still don't see why there's any need for getting drunk, ever.

JINX: Abattoir wins the blue. Sure SF Fen are serious; why up in Rockland the Maine SF Convention (2nd edn.) solemnly passed a formal resolution that henceforth the plural of fan is fen. All fanzines please copy. So we progress, little by little. Iz ve fice oar fen?

FANDANGO: My removal from the neighborhood of Swisher's collection effectively saves me from any temptation to take part in the compilation of a Fanzine Anthology; now who'll take the job?! This number is good going for Francis on short notice; come again, mon ami.

MOONSHINE: Could read it, so'm sorry it's folding for duration. Had Sard. finished before I remembered the M.C. yarn & hence Z. Never heard from Jack Gilbert, by the way. Ah'm willin' ter see moah uv Space-Bo Hank.

SUSPRO: Swisher identified cover as rehash of illustration for old Bob Olsen 4th dimensional story; or maybe that was Norman Stanley who identified it; yes I think Norm; he turned up the original for me, or Swisher did! There's so much stuff in this issue I'd like to talk about that I may hold comments for nexttime; just can't squeeze more in now. CUL8R!

THE LISTENING POST will be given over for this issue to R. H. Thouless' remarks from How To Think Straight.

Argumentive Devices

How to deal with them

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|--|---|
| 1. Use of emotionally toned words. | 1. Translate to emotionally neutral. |
| 2. Implying 'all' where 'some' is true. | 2. Insert 'all' & show that statement is now false. |
| 3. Proof by selected instances. | 3. Point out true form of proof. |
| 4. Extension by contradictions or misinterpretations. | 4. Restate own moderate position. |
| 5. Evasion by sophistical formula | 5. Analyze formula; show unsoundness. |
| 6. Diversions | 6. Restate real question at issue. |
| 7. Proof by inconsequent argument | 7. Ask for explanation of connection |
| 8. The mean between extremes | 8. Show mean not necessarily correct. |
| 9. Syllogistic errors, as undistributed middle, etc. | 9. Make simple statement of argument showing up its unsoundness. |
| 10. Arguing in a circle | 10. ditto |
| 11. Begging the question | 11. ditto |
| 12. Suggestion by affirmation | 12.-14. Be on guard for such use of suggestion & do not accept mere suggestion as valid argument. |
| 13. Suggestion by confident air | |
| 14. Suggestion by prestige | |
| 15. Prestige by false credentials | 15. Expose. |
| 16. Prestige by technical jargon | 16. Ask for simplified expression. |
| 17. Affectation of failure to understand. | 17. Explain very simply. |
| 18. Questioning designed to draw desired admissions. | 18. Refuse to make the admissions. |
| 19. Appeal to authority | 19. Examine supposed "authority". |
| 20. ABCD...trick(you admit A, then B follows then C, etc.) | 20. Be on guard; there is a weak link in chain at some point. |
| 21. Appeal to prejudices (It is evident to right-minded men..) | 21. Question the "obvious". |
| 22. Use of tabloid thinking | 22. Point out things ain't that simple. |
| 23. Academic detachment, 'it does not concern us'. | 23. Taking no action has consequences, too! |
| 24. Arg. by imperfect analogy. | 24. Examine in detail. |
| 25. Arg. by forced analogy. | 25. Show how other analogies are poss. & give different conclusions. |
| 26. Use of dilemma: ignoring the continuity between two extremes | 26. Refuse to consider extremes the only possible choices. Gray exists as well as black & white. |
| 27. Use of continuity to deny diff. between extremes | 27. Diff. is nevertheless real & black is <u>not</u> white. |
| 28. Illegitimate demands for or use of definitions. | 28. Do not attempt formal defs. which complicate issue. |
| 29. Ambiguity in terms used. | 29. Ask for explanation. |
| 30. Speculative arguments | 30. Ought to be ain't is. |
| 31. Attempt to anger opponent | 31. When bec. angry, have lost arg. |
| 32. Special pleading | 32. Apply it to other propositions |
| 33. Decision based solely on pract. conseqs. to self. | 33. Distrust own judgment on guests involving own welfare. |
| 34. Argument by attributing prej. to opponent. | 34. How I got view is different? from is my view right. |

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