

PHANNY

THE
PHIMSY

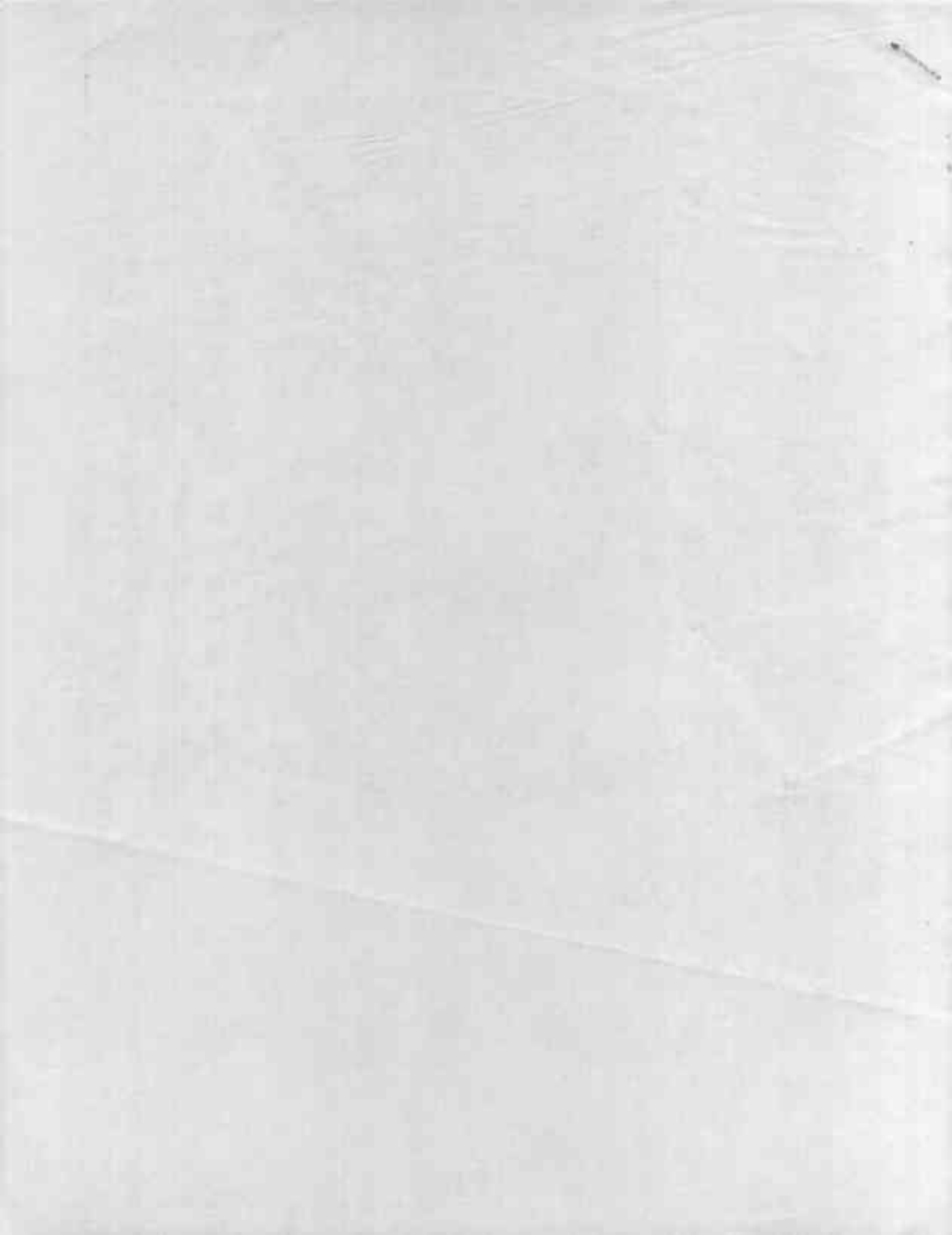
PHANZINE

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PHANNY

"The Phlimsy Phanzine"

Perpetrated Occasionally

for the

F A P A

By

D. B. Thompson

705 Scott St.

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Volume III

Number II

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This issue features two excellent sonnets -- one fantasy, one non-fantasy-- by Stefandom's Newest Poet, James Russell Gray. Gray's work last Mailing was in SAPHO. He is on a sort of slumming expedition here in PHANNY; but in the very best slum circles, of course! Hope you like his two poems as well as I do.

And of course, I hope you like "Realities." This was a new sort of writing experience for PHANNY'S Boss, and a very enjoyable one. I suspect that the two first stanzas, at least, express the feeling of a good many men -- yes, and women, too -- in jobs like mine.

"Banquet on Black Bayou" is an attempt to make clear to all and sundry, just how I'm affected by the general run of poetry and fiction of the weird or the horrible, when presented in the conventional patterns, as differentiated from the "modern fairy tales" which made up the best of the stories in UNKNOWN.

The cover this time is an example of what can be done with junk. It was printed on a roll of partly-exposed sensitized white-print paper which had been lying around the office for well nigh onto two y'ars. The contrast isn't enough for line drawings, but is sufficient for the purpose to which I put the paper. I think the effect is a little better than it would be if the letters were pure white. Which is all I got room for this time. (The TOC is a big help, that way!)
Summer-time in Loozianna! What more could a damn Yankee ask for? You tell me buddy. S'hot stuff!!

MORE ON GENIUS
(Pun intended)

There is an old saying, "A cat may look at a king." That is my justification for writing on the subject of "Genius;" none of the definitions of this word apply to me.

The response to the Query, "Genius and Super-Man" was very pleasing. I scarcely suspected such thorough and thought-provoking comments. Some of these were, in fact, more in the nature of articles, exceeding the original Query in length. To be sure, few of the questions were answered with finality; they were not intended to be that kind of questions, and the subject doesn't permit such treatment, anyway.

Widner, for example, says that we could recognize Super-Man, "...unless he hid his light under a hoghead. He'd probably have abilities our smartest couldn't touch, and those would be readily recognizable." Lowndes thinks such a man would be too smart to let us find him out. Probably they are talking about different "Super-Men," however; Art implies a mutation, while "Doc" sticks to the very intriguing concept of a "total genius," -- a person possessed of highly specialized ability in many or all fields of endeavor, and still entirely human.

Ashley and Laney are mainly concerned with genius as defined in educational psychology; that is, general intelligence equivalent to some arbitrarily chosen level well above the average; say, an I. Q. of 150 or more. Stanley suggests that special non-logical motivations which impell a man to utilize his abilities to the maximum are more significant than intelligence, and Laney evidently concurs. Norm says, "The very definition of the intelligence quotient renders an expression like 'I. Q. of 700' meaningless." Perhaps; but isn't it conceivable that a child of two might perform purely mental tasks on the fourteen-year-old level?

Speer, true to his insistence upon semantic perfection, inquires whether a being whose powers we can not detect may be said to exist. That reminds me of the two well-known definitions of sound; the classical one which goes, "Sound is that which is capable of detection by the organs of hearing," (thus implying that there can be no sound where there is no ear to hear it) and the one current in physics, which is couched in terms of a longitudinal vibration within a conducting medium.

Such diversity was exactly what I hoped for; I was careful not to imply any limiting definition for that very reason. (Anyone who can't think of at least one more reason why I was so vague can go to the foot of the class.)

The matter of "loneliness on the intellectual plane" was considered at length only by Laney. The rest tended to dismiss the matter as a case of maladjustment, and not pertinent to the main problem. Some one said that a true genius tends to be a little better balanced than the average, "...unless his education has been mismanaged." I don't think there will be much disagreement with that statement. Except in the case of extreme neurotics, environmental factors play a major part in determining temperament and mental health, just as sanitation and related factors of environment largely determine physical health.

It is my opinion that this very matter of maladjustment is the one element in the whole discussion which can be considered of immediate concern, and the only one about which anything can be done at the present time. It is all very well to talk about a man working out his own destiny; but if he is placed in a hopelessly bad environment as a child, he may find that he is working with factors over which he has control, and for which he knows no cure. There is very

little indeed that a small child can do to alter his immediate environment. If he is born of poor parents in a sparsely settled district, he is seriously handicapped, and may never discover his own abilities and capacities.

In such an instance, failure of the child to utilize his powers when he reaches maturity constitutes a serious loss to Society. And the fault lies with Society, not with the unhappy individual engaged in a routine job, while thousands of less gifted persons struggle and strain at jobs far beyond their powers. Perhaps he doesn't want to work at tasks requiring his utmost effort? That, too, I think, is the fault of Society, for children normally try to do their best at any and all tasks, if they are presented properly; and what the child does, the adult is most likely to do. Give him the right home and school environment, and the brilliant youngster will become a mighty useful man--and a reasonably happy one too, I think.

But the failure of the schools to provide the proper training and stimuli for the gifted child is not, primarily, the fault of the schools themselves. The problem of the gifted child is one of the most difficult of all educational problems. For many years, the National Educational Association, with the co-operation of various colleges and universities, and some city school systems, has been carrying out extensive and intensive experiments in this field. They have developed techniques and procedures vastly superior to prevailing practices, and persistently advocate the adoption of these techniques. If the NEA had one-tenth the legislative influence of some Big Business lobbies, or of the major Labor Unions, we would be well on the road to solving this problem. But the NEA is about half a century ahead of the man-on-the-street, just as Mayo's is ahead of the small country practitioner.

The major difficulty lies in the almost fanatical opposition which develops whenever any school man, armed with the latest findings of experimental psychology, attempts to do anything progressive on any level below the college grade--by which time it is almost too late, "as any fule kin plainly see," as they say in Bogpatch. The political mountebank can make more capital out of the suggestion that schooling should be adapted to the individual child than out of any other element in educational procedure. All he has to do is to get up and bellow, "What's the matter with our schools as they are? They was good enough fer you and me when we was kids, wasn't they? We didn't git none of this fancy coddlin'. Our kids ain't no better'n we was, are they?"--and so on, ad nauseum.

A few school systems have attempted to do something about the situation. Some have adopted the Winnetka Plan, either in its entirety, or with modifications. This provides individual instruction for all pupils, good, bad, and indifferent, and the children are encouraged to go as fast as they can, and no faster. Its success depends very directly upon the teachers, upon whom it puts a heavy load, unless the classes are very small. Under the prevailing low wage scales for teachers in most areas, sufficient capable teachers are usually not available, but even an average teacher who is conscientious can accomplish much, if she (or he) has the knack of keeping the pupils interested.

A simpler plan is to divide the pupils according to ability and aptitudes. This is so mething of a makeshift substitute, but it has, at least, the merit of making possible assignments of such length, complexity, and thought-provoking qualities as to challenge the intelligence of the pupils in the superior groups, rather than limiting the assignments to the capacities of a high-grade moron. Just how much has been done along similar lines since I last taught (in the early 'thirties) I don't know; but judging from the depression-provoked trends of the time, I should say that progress has been small.

For all that, Ashley's statement that there seems to be a definite attempt

to prevent thinking in our schools, can not be accepted without qualification. There is, of course, room for a vast amount of improvement in this respect, especially in the grades from one to six, inclusive. In these grades, the teacher is charged with the responsibility of seeing to it that their pupils master at least the rudiments of such tool subjects as reading and arithmetic. The time is limited, and the amount of material to be mastered is great; not great for the superior pupil, but very great indeed for the sub-normal would-be learner. What little time the teacher has for individual instruction must be utilized in the effort to make the laggards keep up with the rest of the class. Very rarely indeed does the teacher in these grades have any knowledge of or interest in what is known as "the scientific method" of approach to a problem, in which respect said teacher is on a par with some 90 to 95 % of our population, I should guess. The best such teachers can do is to assign special reports and similar tasks to their brightest pupils, and the easier, more routine material to the poorer ones. There is room for great improvement here.

In the junior and senior high schools, the individual is likely to receive much more attention--at least, that is true of the schools with which I am familiar. I recall with considerable pleasure, three or four teachers in Lincoln (Nebraska) High School, who were remarkably successful in making their instruction fit the needs of the individuals in their classes. There were six or eight others who did well at this, too; and that was in the early twenties--1919 to 1922, to be exact. Separation of pupils according to ability was beginning to be the rule, rather than the exception, although it was all very unofficial.

In college, there are two widely divergent attitudes toward the purpose of college study; yet, in the long run, they both attain much the same ends, if the teachers and the pupils really work at their jobs. One school of thought holds that the essential function of college training is to teach the pupil "the art of living." The other view is that the chief function of the college is to teach the students how to earn a living, and how to contribute directly to human welfare while doing so. In either case, the necessity of thought is obvious. The student of the Humanities and of the great philosophies has learned nothing if he cannot apply his studies to life as it is lived today. The chemist or engineer who merely carries out routine activities learned in school has no more to offer than has the tradesman who learned his job at the side of a skilled craftsman; and he is probably less trained in how to live than the craftsman's apprentice.

Methods of teaching in college vary far more than they do in lower schools, of course. At one end of the scale, we have the lecture room with 200 impersonal faces to whom the lecturer talks. If he is capable, he accomplishes much, but far less than he would in a smaller, more intimate group. The theory behind such instruction is that, by the time a pupil reaches college, he should know what he wants, and know enough to take advantage of all that is offered. The burden is upon the pupil, not the teacher, who is required only to know his subject well, and to present it intelligibly. At the other extreme is the informal session involving only a few individuals, with the instructor merely a guide in the discussions.

Between these two extremes is the small class--twenty or so pupils--working with, not under an intelligent, interesting teacher. At their best, such classes become very much like informal bull-sessions. The instructor does little but ask penetrating questions, or throw out ideas for the students to chew on. The business of answering such questions; questions of such a type, and presented in such a fashion that the intelligent pupil wants to answer them; becomes a splendid forward step on the road to learning how to think. I had an instructor in educational methods who taught that way, and the classes were both profitable and enjoyable. And the young woman who taught my summer school classes in

(Continued on page 15)

R E A L I T I E S

By day, my deeds are common-place;
They deal with War, 'tis true,
But War remote; the clang of mace
On shield--Death's ruddy hue
Of warm, slow-seeping blood--the whine
Of shells--the charging line
Of men--the faces grim with hate
And purpose high or base--
The bomber bearing hideous freight--
Mere tales from Other Space.

No, my concerns are more prosaic;
A Colonel (over-age) requires
A desk, and so for him I make
A set of plans. Jeep tires
Won't ride grease-racks of standard type;
A guard-rail of steel pipe
I must design, for jeeps need grease.
What pride is one to take
In tasks like these? The boon of Peace
Demands a greater stake.

By day, my deeds are common-place
But nights are mine to shape;
My ship through interstellar space
Drives on in wild escape.

On Worlds 'neath Cold Polaris' fire
Harsh stones to Life aspire;
Aldebaran sheds his Devil-glow
Upon 'a madd'ning face
That lesser men may never know,
Who shun each horrid race
That dwells on these far Worlds unknown,
Whose joys I taste alone.
By day, my deeds are common-place;
Can vain dreams e'er atone?

--D. B. Thompson

H U M M I N G B I R D

I stopped to rest one day where, deep in June,
A woodland drowsed; it seemed that nothing stirred,
When all at once, across the afternoon,
I saw a flash of light--a hummingbird!
He perched himself upon a dead oak tree
High up above the shadows where I sat,
And as I watched him there it seemed to me
That nothing could be lovelier than that.
Though summer now is gone into the past,
With memories grown dim and far away,
One clear-cut scene, I know, will always last;
The picture of a drowsy summer day,
A dead oak tree with branches reaching high,
A hummingbird against a blue, blue sky.

--James Russell Gray

T R Y S T

I loved a women once, when I was young,
Whose eyes were fire, whose hair was like the sky
On moonless nights; but something froze my tongue;
She never knew, unless she guessed, that I
Adored her so. She took long walks alone,
Always at night, and once I followed her
Into the darkness--for my doubts had grown
To monstrous size. I watched the shadows stir;
A man-like figure waited in a glade
Beside a marshy, shallow little creek;
The woman kissed her lover, and they made
A terrifying picture cheek to cheek;
And horror worked within my soul like yeast--
The creature had the muzzle of a beast!

--James Russell Gray

"BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

FANTASY AMATEUR -- Laureate Awards; I think some small, lasting token of little intrinsic value would be most suitable. -- Degler. Let's just forget him. In this connection, however, it seems to me that a bare majority should not be accepted as sufficient for ousting. -- Censorship. Shouldn't be necessary, but in cases of serious doubt, postal rules should be followed. -- The Waiting List. Some very ~~fine~~ future members here; remember the days, not so long ago, when we had a string of vacancies, instead? I think it might be well to raise the entrance and activities requirements slightly, as a means of assuring greater participation by all members. Such an increase wouldn't affect any of the potential members on the list, so far as I know. -- List of FAPANS past and present appreciated.

S-F DEMOCRAT — There's a n----- in the woodpile somewhere.

MATTERS OF OPINION — As usual, carefully prepared and interesting. The point about rugged individualism and the inability of intelligent youngsters to get an adequate education applies very closely to the discussion entitled "More on Genius" in this ish of PHANNY. I

SUS PRO .. Always plenty of food for thought here. — I got myf^gures on pop from the local newspaper, but I read the stuff a couple years ago, and may have been mistaken about that 40[^]; I'm certain, however, that "under 50/£" black is correct for all States. 'As for La. being-"partly Southwest;" well, that is true, but tte people consider themselves as typical of the "Deep South." The only important difference between La. and other Southern States that I can detect, is to be found in the high per centage of persons of French descent. — The "Recession" seems curiously unimportant to the discussion.- — Comments on the Alfapet appreciated. All the reading involved took place in the wwinter of '39 or '40. I reqd three books, if I remember correc'tly, on the general subject of linguistics. I also messed around a little with Interlingua and with a simple little text on "Japanese Romanized" (written by a Japanese student in this country, whose English was only Slightly reminiscent of the "Letters of a Japanese School-boy.") I took no notes. — Review/ as' a whole is all full of stuff and such, and genuinely interesting. I even agree with some of it! — "Beyond These Limits" is timely, end it appears that both sides have erred more than slightly at times in the Degler, business. — Re comments on Degler and the Rosicrucians—Claude told me that he planned for' the'CC to'be' something like the Rosicrucians, and I warned him that fans wouldn't go for that stuff. -- "Catching Up With Campbell" is enjoyable, but I reckon as hdown I enjoy ASTOUNDING a litte more than you do, Jack.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS — A little'more serious than usual, end improved in format. Starrett on Lovecraft highly appreciated. Like Starrett, I think the most intriguing of all Lovecraft's creations was Lovecraft himself. — I rather like the very brief rcvLews, and wonder if you actually read all those books, end when.

Cover dedication, Very' Oogy.

PHANTAGRAPH, Oct. '43 and Jan. '44. "Oil for the Lamps of Futuria" is interesting, although just today, I heard what was supposed to be an authoritative statement to the effect that the oil situation isn't nearly as bad as it has been paiirtod. ("today" is liny 3.) -- "Our Language and the Hiss" is good. I have always interpreted the pulp-writer's "hiss" in the fashion stated hero. — The Bronte poem indicates that in s>me ways at least, the world has progressed.

THE FAPA FAN — The catalog of titles was needed.

GUTETO. "La Frenezulo de Marso!" First time I was ever genuinely glad that I can't read Esperanto fluently. — I don't think Esperanto will get anywhere in the future, but I can't see any basis whatever for considering it either difficult or incapable of literary usage.

SARDONYX — You get more for your money with your commercial mimeoing than I get for mine, LRC. You put more lines On a page, and that borrowed typer cuts better Thisguffgoesonforseveralpagesfolkss.Justturnthepagelikenicelittlechilluns,willya?

stencils than my beginning-to-be-battered (boy; wot a understatement!) triper. -- "Fapafile" is extremely interesting as a picture of the ego that is LRC, as well as picture of FAPA-dom as seen through the eyes of a very keen observer. Probably the best-written discussion-type piece in the mailing. -- The informal review of scattered items from the previous mailing is not fitted to comment, but is the type of discussion I like; review and new ideas all mixed up indiscriminately, but logically. -- "The Listening Post." You find 'em, I'll listen. I especially liked Boresford and Bierco.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION. Right the first time! Cover OK. Top spots in the literary(?) portions of the ish go to Calise and Pong. Crib from PERTINENT pertinent. FLEETING MOMENTS. -- A very fine piece of publishing. Accent in this one is on the "Amateur Press" portion of our organization. Best liked poems were "Rapture" and "Dream of Light."

XENON -- Rouze's experience in the AAPA stands him in good stead in his first venture in the FAPA. Cover is excellent, and lino-blocks throughout are pleasing. Best single item is Grey's "The Leg-Pullers," with "The Old Piano" close behind. I think you should stick to the small size and the printed cover, if possible, Gordon.

HORIZONS -- Curves, again. The hop is just a curve, Harry, with the axis of rotation of the ball at right angles to the line of flight and parallel to the ground, and the forward surface turning upward. At high speed, the affect of gravity causes the ball to drop but slightly, when no twist is imparted; the difference in air pressure on the top and bottom sides of the rotating sphere is more than great enough to overcome this slight curvature downward, so a "rise" results. High speed is essential, and well as rapid rotation. The "break," I think, is also attributable to high speed. The deflecting effect of the spinning ball is partly offset by the tendency of the rapidly moving ball to maintain a straight line. The pressure difference must build up, and the forward speed decrease, before the curving influence can take effect; hence, the apparent "break." You can duplicate the "hop" ball easily with a ping-pong ball; but the latter hasn't enough mass in proportion to volume and area to hold line long enough to permit a "break." I don't know anything about the knuckle ball, though. I saw an Army pitcher a few days ago who could really throw it; while his control lasted, he had the batters reaching in all directions, striking at pitches they couldn't even reach. It performs some rather weird evolutions. -- "Decade"-- As usual, I disagree with you somewhat on ASTOUNDING. Although definitely not up to its best years, it is still the leader, and I like it well enough. Not great literature, to be sure; but generally some interesting ideas, sound plotting, fair characterization, and mature style. -- "Man Sagt." Hmnmnm; HWJr. admits to suppressing news. "Book of Miracles" sounds interesting.

BLITHERINGS. -- This starts off by violating one of the principles of the Laws of Learning, with the statement that the screwball abbreviations are designed to make the reader go slowly, thus better to discover some sense in the contents. The effort spent on deciphering the code necessarily reduces the energy and attention available for comprehension of the thought, thus defeating the purpose completely. That which is read rapidly is most readily retained, moreover. But the abbreviations don't bother me; I can read 'em just as well as if you knew how to spell. After all, I've been exposed to Gregg Shorthand, Ackermanese, Yerke, and sundry other corruptions of English as she is spelt. Wil tndg th uni, i tk nt tha lk lik ths. i ed rt mos s fs th nstr tk, n ed rd th lktr n ez n cmft t hm. b i nvr lrn 2 du t rpd n th tpr; tk me lgr thn rtg th stf. ot n fl. Yr wd "abbrns," i rt ths wa; "abvsn." th lgr th wd, th grtr th svg n tm n sps. -- "See You At The Rocket Port." I knew the durn things would be noisy, but I had no idea.... -- Time travel, xln--oops, I mean excellent. -- Comments on Campbell; my sentiments, too. "The Next Step." -- I dunno. It might be OK, if the prerepresentatives of Labor who move up into the managerial positions Goodplaceto rest. Ellington and Crosby in St. Louis blues on the radio. Not music, but somethin.

retained their attitudes after moving up. But a great many laborers have moved up, in the ordinary modes of advancement open to them at the present time, and they were thereafter not labor representatives. It seems to me that the type of training and the kind of responsibility which go into the making of an executive or manager tends to build up a new group of concepts about labor-management relations. Also, labor's attitude toward the value of pure research and intellectual activity is traditionally more conservative even than that of Big Business; that attitude, too, would need to change. -- I liked "Flesh and Fantasy," too; ditto "Lady in the Dark." And I have, at last, seen a "weird" movie of some merit--Dorothy Mc Ardle's "The Uninvited." A soldier sitting near me expressed the general feeling of the audience quite aptly, when Stella returned to the house alone. Said he, quite audibly, "Gaw dam, sister, don't go up them stairs!" The skillful, restrained use of lighting affects added a great deal to the picture. -- The Mailing-- So; here I find the statement about "education is mismanaged" in re the discussion of Genius. I missed it when I was writing "More on Genius." -- I was glad to see your comments on the "Alfapet." I like English "th" too; but it is relatively rare (in other languages) and very difficult to master when not learned in childhood. Including "n" would have meant omitting both "m" and "ng," and I think the two of them more than offset the omission. Not quite sure just what you mean by "Sam of zi favls ar also hart tu reprisent." I think, tho, that you mean English vowels, since there are only five vowel sounds used in the "Alfapet." -- Don't agree with your definition of "agnostic." A true agnostic doesn't believe either way; he says he doesn't know, and doesn't think there is any way to find out. The atheist believes there is no god, which is no more logical than believing that there is a god; both beliefs depend upon unsubstantiated convictions, and one is no more logical, nor illogical, than the other. You also classify deists with atheists; apparently, you cannot conceive of a sort of "first cause," which set everything in motion, but which is not concerned with the personal problems of men. You insist that the term "god" must mean "personal god," which is just a matter of definition. Yep; you are being dogmatic; so am I, no doubt.

CELEPHAIS -- Occasionally, I like to read such literary productions as "The Abominations of Yondo." I liked this one. But I don't think it should be classified as a "story." Not what I mean by "story," anyway. It's incomplete. It would do excellently as a chapter in a longer story. -- Your various forms of "4" in the number game go beyond my knowledge of the subject; I had only 16 hrs. of college math. And I can't read the forms as you drew them in below with a stylus; too fuzzy in my copy. -- The next time you send out a post-mailing, please don't wrap it so securely; I mutilated CELEPHAIS rather sadly digging the wrapping off.

SAPPHO -- Certainly one of the top items of the mailing, the cover alone being enough to justify high rating. I liked "They Wait Outside" by Gray, and "Gray Day" by the Yerke, in that order. On the lighter side, Waldyer's "Ode to a Cat" is pleasing. Graph was undoubtedly writing about the big black Persian which insists that the proper time and place for serenading the neighbor's tabby is at 2 A. M. under my window. "Eastern Sketch" is very good.

NUCLEUS -- This ish certainly justifies the inclusion of Trudy in the "Guest Expert" class in LRC's "Fapafile." It is rather remarkable the way the review of the previous mailing evolves into a well-thought-out article on the "Winning of the Peace." -- Trudy's regret at the passing of old, familiar faces from the FAPA may be a sort of prologue to her own leave-taking after her marriage. Those "other interests" are certain to assume even greater importance. I hope I'm wrong. -- Spence's pseudo-article is just a little too accurate to be funny-- or would be, if there were very many Fapans to whom it applied. Actually, I think there are more with Trudy's outlook than there are all-out fans.

MILTY'S MAG. -- Failed to reach the proposed "massive" dimensions, but what there was of it was interesting. The Math rather misses me; I studied and understood. The end is not yet folks, -- there is more coming, so just turn the next page..

some rather advanced algebra, but the very brief, hurried, course in the Calculus to which I was exposed has slipped away long ago, and the algebra is slipping now, too, from long disuse. I just haven't needed anything beyond first year college math for Lo these many years. And now, with my work turning gradually from simple engineering to equally simple architecture, I need even less.

TALE OF THE 'EVANS -- Chatty and interesting throughout. -- With respect to the World Co-ordinator idea, in which each country solves its internal problems for itself, I can see one serious drawback. How determine just where the line of demarcation lies? The economics of all important countries today are inextricably interwoven with those of many other countries. One function of government is to regulate national economy in such fashion as will best serve its people, or--in the case of certain outmoded types of government--the State or its rulers. The best interests of the peoples of respective neighboring States are certain to conflict to some extent, since the welfare of each will be improved if the other will grant concessions which impair its own economic system. And the conflicting States aren't going to agree readily as to the location of the line between internal freedom and external interference. If nations A and B are both democratic countries with similar viewpoints, arbitration will usually serve to settle the differences, with frequent conferences and compromises serving all purposes of both. But if one is democratic and the other is a Junker state, then there is no possibility of a satisfactory solution by arbitration, for the Junker considers war a normal and useful function of the State. You may say that there would be no Junker State; yet that seems to be the very type that the people of Prussia want. I have read that the Junker regards the principle of continuous, universal peace with the same abhorrence that we regard the principle of continuous, aggressive war. I think that is a true picture of the Junker way of thought. If we are to have peace, we must interfere in the internal life of a State which fosters the ideal of violence; for such a State has a very different notion from ours concerning the eternal verities of international relations. -- "Hunches." -- I don't know whether or not I've ever had one, so that lets me out of this discussion. "Imagination." Seems to me that this, for all the unanimous agreement as to the definition of "Imagination" is still a matter of definition. "Polysyllabus." Yeah, you should sign it; somebody else might be blamed for it otherwise. Fact is, though, that I enjoy such nonsense. LIGHT -- The cartoons are nice....oops; that isn't quite the fittingest word; let's say "stimulating," huh? Personal chatter OK. Review of the Mailing a complete phlop; wassamatta; no "P's" in your alphabet? There were two PHANNY'S in last mailing, and you skipped 'em both. PHANNY says phngkh to LIGHT's Review dep't. N'yaaaah!

BROWSING -- Still all to the good, although I could wish you would leave one word of the right-hand end of each line, Mike; dunno whether it's your mimeo, or what, but that end word is almost always illegible; and I don't like to miss any words. I liked the Farley poem, which was new to me.

PHANNY -- Sadly, I must again apologize for the numerous typo-misses in the last issue. The last was the worst; the sentence "I couln't have answered the question about the rolled up Argosy" should have read, "I could have answered.." FAN-DANGO. Some of the language seems to be unnecessarily crude, and I dislike the prospect of FAPA being in danger of disbarment from the mails. Otherwise, a very enjoyable issue, containing much to discuss and much to disagree with (For your information, Fran, there is much to agree with too, but there can be no arguments when we agree.) The contribution to the "Gonius" discussion has already been mentioned. -- I agree, Fran--my alfapet advanced the world just about as far as your pinochle game did--only I like to work on stuff like that, and Pinochle bores me immeasurably (although Bridge does not). -- Re adultery and fans and the future. Why do you associate this most ancient of pastimes with social advance; something to be aimed at as a sign of social maturity yet to come? There is certainly nothing new or unusual about it, to be grasped Hereinyeareinformedthatweapproachtheend, butithathnotyetarrived. Carryon, carryon!

eagerly by all who are interested in the future.

AGONBITE OF INWIT-- The swell discussion of the "genius" query pleased me very much; your discussion alone would have been worth all the effort I put on the matter, and look at all the other comments which showed up. -- I agree that some of the essential elements of the ancient slave system still exist in our modern wage system; but the improvement has been very great. Men are no longer "bound to the land" in the more advanced countries; Men have the privilege of moving from job to job, which they had in lesser degree in earlier times, and not at all in slave times; there is considerable choice as to the line of work which a man may take, although of course this feature is far from perfect as it stands. These and other points differ--mainly in degree, but none the less greatly--from conditions prevailing in slave times. But the greatest difference is to be found in the fact that the physical means of eliminating slavery are now available, when we accept them and when social development catches up with technocracy. In the time of the Greeks, this possibility did not exist, and there was no effort of importance made along the line of rendering slavery unnecessary. -- The plan to use a sliding scale in voting, with the number of votes per individual being determined according to his contributions to society, was advanced several years ago by Bernarr MacFadden in an editorial in LIBERTY. It is most astonishing, indeed, that I should have seen that editorial, since I have probably not looked through more than 20 issues of that magazine in the last ten years. But while I was patiently waiting my turn in the dentist's chair.... --I read the discussion of poetry with real interest and appreciation. "Transcendancy" is the right word. The statement as a whole is the best I have seen so far on the subject. -- Johnny and I are far apart on many of the points which lie behind his "Reflections From Troubled Waters." I do not think, for example, that the particular "one-sixth of the globe" of which he speaks in such glowing terms, for all its really magnificent advances, has yet shown itself worthy of the adoration which he bestows upon it. But like Johnny, I am sadly disturbed by the ever-increasing tempo of the drive toward a complete return to a pre-war economy. We won't return fully to that state, of course, but we may approach it much too closely. It is certain indeed that none of Michel's dreams will be approached even closely; but if the reactionary forces can be pried just a little way out of their complete control of the media for dispensing propaganda, perhaps a little may be gained. .. "A Bas Musique." Hilarious. I confess my own interest in music, such as it is, consists mainly of a liking for pleasant sounds. Obviously elementary; I have no business in the discussion. Anyway, I insist that the pleasantest sounds are made by the violin and the cello--and the least pleasant are those produced by the "country fiddler" and the guy who bats out brittle (and usually flat) notes on any of several steel-stringed instruments. --Trigger Talk.... grows more interestin' and amoozin, but I still don't savvy all of it. Wide asleep, that's me.

FAN TODS. Ah! My meat! --"Chandler Davis' Blitherings is so different from the stuff he writes for Stan and Art, that I've come to the no doubt baseless--and probably base--conclusion that Bl... is written primarily as a form of revolt against the severe constraint he exercises when writing for Yhos and F T. "Unborn Science" article was well liked by yrs. trooly. Nothing to argue about, tho. -- The review is full of the most wonderful stuff; and I'd like to mess into it, but there has to be a halt somewhere, and I'd never be able to stop, once I got started. -- Suddsy does right well with "10,000 Years." I commented rather fully on "War and Stuff" last issue.

YHOS -- "Homo Futurus... Epilogue." One reason for the lack of comment on the original article was its own completeness and solid foundation. The current article is interesting and informative; also, quite by accident, fits in nicely in spots with the "query" on "Genius" discussion. I like the listing of the five most useful systems of thought. The general subject of mutations is stated with admirable clarity and brevity, I think--but I'd be exposing my own ignorance in very large lumps if I butted in on this. -- In re the "gen public" and scandals--well, the public wouldn't take any more interest in stefnists than formerly; it would be the scandal which would get the interest. A series of juicy episodes would get stefnistry more attention in a week than it has managed in the last ten years. -- Same old on the tendency of present Union leadership. The labor movement is timely. The argument seems fairly obvious to me, but apparently doesn't seem so to millions of others.

to attain by other means in ten years. -- The comment on the tendency of present labor leadership to undermine the Labor movement is timely. The argument seems rather obvious to me, but apparently a good many millions of people don't consider it so. See the newspapers for confirmation on the point. -- "Imaginist" is good, but I still think a word with no other possible associations or connotations is better for a general term. In other words, coined word.

EN GARDE. -- Cover one of Jack's best, especially with the colors chosen. -- At last! Explanation of the so-called "exclusion act" at Degler's expense. Can't see why this was delayed so long, though. -- "Matters of Ethics." As a guide to newcomers; this might be valuable. But the tendency of all such formulations is to become too narrow and inelastic. Only a very general statement would seem to have a chance of general approval and acceptance, and such a general statement would require interpretation every time a new problem arose. There are several practices current among a few fans of which I strongly disapprove, but there isn't one that I would put on the verboten list that isn't already covered by civil and criminal law. And for all their imperfections, I scarcely think that all of Fandom together could frame a code capable of substituting effectively for these established laws. I realize that such is not the intent of the article, but I suspect that any attempt at codification would necessarily result in some such attempt.

And so we come to the end of the last mailing, for which hola! Viva la F A P A !

cont'd from page 4)

"More on Genius"

in English Lit. worked on a similar plan. I did almost as much writing and a good deal more thinking than I do in writing up these continuous bull-sessions which make up such a large part of FAPA activity. On the other hand, I had an instructor in Psychology (of all subjects!) who was as dogmatic as a medieval desciple of Aristotle.

This article ought to have a conclusion, but there doesn't seem to be any, so I reckon it will just have to get along with nothing more than

THE END

This is just to inform you that there was no interlineation like this on the other page. surprised?

SCIENCE FICTION PLOT (Plot II, Variation 3-B)

On that bleak, far-distant sphere,
Beyond Sol's attraction gravitic,
Strange peoples dwell.
Their tale would I tell
Who have breathed the vapors mephitic
That swathe that world of Fear.

But my tongue is stopped! Sealed
Are my thoughts by mentalities abysmic.

Only this may I say:

Set is the day

For Terra's destruction cataclysmic
By the measureless forces they wield.

--D. B. Thompson

---o:0:0---

Since writing up the review of the last mailing, I have seen one more good movie of a fantasy nature; "A Guy Named Joe," starring Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. Those of you who failed to see it simply because there is nothing in the name to indicate its supernatural aspects, had better give it a try. It's O. K. This epidemic of words and more words is gradually reaching its foreordained end. Ain't a glad!

MORE ABOUT WHITE PRINTS

Several fans have written me about the possibilities of white-printing (the process used in reproducing PHANNY'S covers) on a small scale at home, and about recent developments in the field. So I've looked up some additional data.

The Ozalid Company apparently does not put out a small home-size or office-size duplicator, but the Dietzgen Company puts out a similar outfit called "Directo," and provides small outfits comparable in size to a mimeo (large enough to print two letter-size sheets simultaneously) which utilizes ordinary electric light bulbs as a source of light. The process uses a liquid developer, but is "semi-dry;" that is, mere surface contact with the liquid is sufficient for development. In regular machines, the print runs over two rollers and under one which sets above and between them. One of the lower rollers dips into the liquid and the print is developed by contact with the wet roller. An interesting advantage for the home printer is that these prints may be developed by simply going over the sheet with a sponge dipped in the liquid. Two colors are available; a very intense black, and a deep maroon. The same paper is used for both colors, the difference being in the developer.

A third process is known as "Black and White." This is just what its name implies. A liquid developer is used, the prints being dipped in the fluid.

The Ozalid company has achieved something really worthwhile, though; a two-color print on glossy, photographic-type paper which gives amazingly beautiful results. I have a print of a mountain and water-fall, made from a "dia-negative" (a positive print on transparent film) which surpasses anything in the way of lithography that I've seen. All opaque portions print a deep, midnight blue. Transparent portions print white, of course. Light portions print in various shades of sepia, which gradually shades into the deep blue. Thus, mountainous scenes appear in normal color with deep shadows that look real; and the water in the scene actually appears to be flowing. I have half planned to get a photo of the moon and reproduce it as a cover, using the two-tone paper. It is a little expensive, costing about 8 cents a square foot, but it is vastly superior to lithograph or rotogravure.

BANQUET ON BLACK BAYOU

I

I

All men shun Black Bayou at Midnight
When the moon rides full and high;
The strongest take fright at the awful sight
That greets the passers-by.

II

The Darky rolls his gleaming eyes;
His face is pale with fear;
The awful cries
As the victim dies
Are horrible to hear.

III

The Cajun makes an ancient sign;
Chants charms in French archaic;
There are things that dine
In the bright moon shine
That make the bravest quake.

IV

The full moon rises in the East;
Black Bayou is my goal;
I am marked by the Beast. Tonight I shall feast
On a tasty snack--YOUR SOUL!

D. B. Thompson -- some fun, huh, folks?

---:oOo:---

All of which brings us to the very last page of phanny for June 1944 as any fule kin plainly see!!!