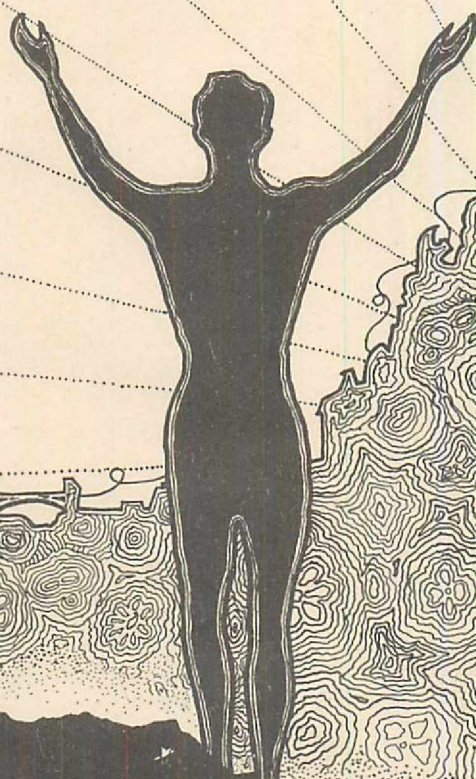


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TOMORROW



No.

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Reynolds

IN MEMORIAM : PAUL FREEHAFTER

Throughout each war
Some quiet soul remains aloof,
A lonely star,
Beyond reproof,
That cannot stoop to mar
Its gentleness
By joining in the mob's mad acts, which are
Unworthy of the best
In him or them.
One side he will not bless
And damn on t'other hand.
Where cruel whim
Leads them to split and band,
He stands in no-man's land
And mildly remonstrates
Their blind capricious hates,
Til in their pointless war
An aimless shell,
Led by unseeing Fates,
Quickly obliterates
Him. Might each band, with faces grim,
Hallow the sand
Where the appeaser fell,
And one among them lift his hand -
Call for an end to warish hell,
And all be woe,
With them.
Might the barage abate,
And all their foolish hate
With him be buried in the sand.
Thus, with one pacifier less,
Must peace regain the land.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

- - - Macbeth

ANOTHER EDITORIAL -

The first issue of this magazine contained three editorials. I promise not to do it again, although it would hardly have been amiss had I taken up more space in the previous issue apologizing for the rest of the same.

I'm a bit surprised to find myself at this job again, as I had thought for sure that I had gotten rid of it. But after the proverbial style of donations made by American aborigines, I talked Mel Brown into letting me have my dreamchild back. So here I am again.

For the time being, TOWARD TOMORROW will be a Fantasy Amateur Press Association publication. There will be some outside distribution. The magazine's future is uncertain - - what isn't, these days? At least, I hope that there shall be no more issues like the first. Smaller, and less pretentious - - yes, but much, much neater. I shall try to include as much artwork, fiction, and poetry as is available, and shall keep most of the non-fiction along general sociological lines.

Although this is a FAPA publication, I should like to have letters of comment and discussion - - as well as a goodly supply of articles on such subjects as psychology, sociology, philosophy, philology, economics, freethought, etc.

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TOWARD TOMORROW

NUMBER TWO

JUNE, 1944

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If you're really interested, everything in this issue is by the editor except the good material.

The story, BORN ON EARTH by Ray Karden.

The poem, 'T'WAS A NIGHT OF HEAVEN by Lynn Star

The article, FANS ARE NOT SLANS, by T. Bruce Yerke

Two drawings

by Dave Elder Lora Crozetti

TOWARD TOMORROW, an OUTSIDER PUBLICATION, published for F.A.P.A. by James Kepner. Address all communications to: James Kepner, 628 S. Bixel, Los Angeles 14, California.

FANS ARE NOT SLANS-T. B. YERKE

Mr. Kepner has asked me to elaborate further on the brief item in the third issue of The Knave, wherein I listed a large number of persons whom I had met in the fan field that were unbalanced in one way or another, under the title of "Fans Are Not Slans." The title, I realize, is a challenging one, liable to upset many tender egos and heartfelt dreams. None-the-less, in a prolonged association with the group I have failed to see any indication that the general I.Q. and behavior pattern of sciencefiction hobbyists is so appreciably above a similar cross-section of college students as to justify the assumption that "fans" as a class are one whit superior to the average normal adult.

Bertrand Russell lists vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence as four requisites for a well-balanced person. In his "Arts of Education" he goes to great length to demonstrate that the four are integrally intermixed, so that an over-development in one direction will not compensate for underdevelopment in three or less of the other traits. The only traits which manifest themselves in the sciencefiction fan field would come under intelligence, which I divide, for convenience' sake into (1) creative output, (2) comprehension, (3) memory, (4) intuitive thinking, and (5) rationalization. Since, except as expressed through writing, courage and vitality do not evidence themselves in the fan world, an assaial of fandom's prowess must be limited to the intellectual field as represented in writing and painting.

The creative output of sciencefiction fan hobbyists is the field in which I have been most interested. It has been exploited from time to time in poetical works, illustrations, magazines, and amateur stories. Through none of this considerable volume have I ever found anything resembling the consistent attainments of genius or literary accomplishment.

In the field of poetry some of the attempts have been quite excellent, and on a whole, the general level is quite good. On the other hand, Moffat, Duhmire, and Degler have shown ignorance of the basic nature of poetical composition. Yet some of the poems of Robert W. Lowndes, C.S.Youd, John B. Michel, and Dale Hart show marked aesthetic personality developed to a high degree; quite as good as Benet, Whitman, Housman, Nash, etc. However, this type of proclivity is superior only in that it evidences a greater degree of sensitiveness to its surroundings. Poetical accomplishment is hardly sufficient grounds to assume superiority in a survival fight proposition. The rest of fan poetry usually sticks pretty close to the purely fantastic or wierd. Fantastic poetry is seldom a poet's best work, though often, as in the case of Poe, its lurid features have been the cause of public acclaim.

As for expression in art per se. Out of 150 active fans for the past few years, we have produced Hannes Bok and Ren Clyne. Bok has shown a decided individual style which can be ranked as professionally excellent, but then, Bok can hardly be called a sciencefiction fan any more than John Campbell or Mary Gneadinger. Clyne is strictly a commercial prodigy with a highly developed technique. Neither of the two are sensational, spectacular, daring, or nouvelle. So far, only Bok has produced anything of merit in the established artistic circles. I doubt that Clyne will ever develope beyond a good commercial reputation. Two successful artists, plus perhaps another

ten who can draw presentably, out of a group of not more than 200 may be construed as a sign that the average person in the group is slightly more sensitive and pseudo creative than the average of humanity...but not more so than a similar number of Liberal Arts college students, who usually produce about five accomplished and fifteen creditable artists from the same numbers. (Estimated from the Arts Dept. enrollment ratio at Los Angeles City College, 1942-43.)

The other expression of creative proclivity, the pen, has been the least lucrative of any scientifiction fan adventure. The very best that we can boast are a few fan writers who became editors of professional pulp magazines, the lowest rung of the established literary structure. There have been several good editors within the field, especially in the 1930's. They possessed a country paper editor's knowledge of the technical aspects of printing, and could turn out a creditable magazine on their own efforts.

Our political writers have been radical, emotional and ignorant and our "sociological writers" (the speculators on the future) usually lack something resembling a sound foundation for their subject. In some of the Widner chain letters which I have seen, these pedagogues have been downright stupid.

The vast majority of scientifiction fan amateur stories have been neither good literature nor even good pulp. The law of averages will include a few good ones, which have missed my attention. In fact, the only field of fan writing which can boast accomplishment is that of wit and humor. We have Bob Tucker and H.C. Koenig, and from time to time other members of the group have waxed amusing. But since originality in humor (unlike prose, poetical, or artistic talent) is possessed in some degree by all persons above the moron level, dexterity in this line of expression is far less meritorious than accomplishment in poetry, debate, or serious writing. Only when humor ceases to be humor for its own sake, but becomes dialectic, and it be ranked with the other mediums of expression. In this latter category, we place Tucker and Koenig. Saying that we have perhaps five known fan writers who can mirror our own folklores so as to make us chuckle, plus fans who from time to time wax whimsical, proves nothing, and is least of all suspect grounds for general intellectual superiority.

All in all, fan publishing, though often resulting from sincere effort, is so inverted that to regard this accomplishment as a sign of group superiority is merely an egoistic justification for the time involved. I will concede that fans, by evidencing a desire to write and expound in writing, are slightly above the vast majority who limit their expression to the oral level. But just where the difference between fan frothings and the frothings of cultists, fadists, and tract writers lies is a subject open to speculation. Other hobbyists who take to literary expression, such as the N.A.P.A., Quill and Scroll, G.D.I., etc. produce material which is far better presented, reproduced, and thought-out than amateur scientifiction efforts. Our publishing efforts range from good amateur efforts down to stuff suspiciously similar to schizophrenic rantings I read while taking Abnormal Psychology.

I do not intend to decry these efforts on our part, but I do decry the vast ego-inflating powers which command of a printing machine gives otherwise very plebeian persons. My favourite association with the field has been the reading, writing, and exchanging of our amateur magazines; but I do demand that the editors realize just what they are doing, and a-

CONCERNING FANDOM AND ETHICS

Recent events make it more or less imperative for fans to drag out their ethical codes (if any such exist in fandom) for a bit of an airing. Things have come up, and have left us uncertain as to how we ought to have acted.

Most of us are liberals (or worse) and the term ethics has to us a stigma which immediately connects it with Puritanical morality, or with some of the more melodramatic aspects of the age of chivalry, so that we tend to shy away from using the word.

First there is the question of whether or not we accept any rules of ethics or morality. Many of us say no. But then, even the most calloused of us would probably feel that certain extreme acts, such as murder on small provocation, were "unjustifiable." Or perhaps we still have certain restraints in even small matters, i.e., such as a modicum of honesty in deals between friends, or a certain control of the temper.

Then we have to consider the basis for our ethical code. Are we to accept an absolute standard of good and evil? If so, what do we use for a gauge? Or perhaps we will deny those terms altogether, saying that there is no good nor evil, or at least that the borderland is wider than either of the extremes. But then, denying the absolutes of right or wrong, do we cast aside the veil of moral limitations? Or do we attempt to build up some sort of rational code, for instance, one which would judge the expedient morality of any act by the theoretical results of its universal application. Thus the amoralist may feel that it's of no great consequence if he kills someone he dislikes. But society, (not allowing for any "superman morality") realizing what the consequences would be if killing were universally permissible, deals directly with the individual, and prohibits killing. (This of course has no bearing on acts which have the sign and seal of recognized social units, such as war, capital punishment, and police action.)

So far this discussion has been rather hypothetical, while fandom is more directly concerned with minor ethical points. I don't intend to try to settle those points, but I would like to present them, so that the rest of you can do the deciding.

Fandom has somehow evolved a nebulous ethics, but it has never been codified. Lately there have been many breaches, so perhaps we should get around to finding out just what we consider ethical or unethical.

Many of the points which I may mention seem to have little to do with ethics, but I am trying to bring into the open as many fan problems as I can think of.

A lot of things come up in a local club that the isolated fan doesn't have to bother with, such as matters of parliamentary procedure, and constitutionality. The strangely divergent characters of fans often make these things the greatest sore spots in a club. A combination of rigid legalists and confirmed anarchists in any group make for fireworks, and if the group is small, it has a hard time holding up against the barrage. One side wants everything to be done strictly according to the constitution and Roberts' rules of order,

while the other group insist that such rigamarole takes up too much unnecessary time, and defeats the purpose of a fan club by cramping individualism, and by turning potentially interesting gatherings into dull routine.

In local clubs fans are far more affected by the suddenly flaring ideas of some of the erratic members - - those who always coming up with gigantic projects. Each of the projects are usually feasible enough, but they come and go in far too rapid a succession, until eventually, each new idea meets with a cold reception, and the fans are likely to come up against problems in common courtesy. However, there are always new fans around who haven't "heard that song before" and are ready to take up the project, and take up the defense against the "cynics". This is continually leading to severe crises.

In the LASFS, we had gotten onto one sore problem - the treatment of visitors or new members. Time and again, some unknown would wander into the clubroom, eager to meet some of these others who shared his interests, only to be completely ignored. Everyone was busy. One group in a corner talking, others busy at the mimeo or at typing. In the eight months I spent in the club, there were only a few rounds of introduction, and those were usually on the advent of some famous fan, although even then, the visitor was likely to be introduced only to those in certain cliques. And there were occasions where visitors were highly embarrassed by blatant impoliteness.

Degler has popularized the term "exclusion act." And we have the problem of what to do with persons who become extremely obnoxious. This whole thing has proved to be one of fandom's greatest sore spots. There are those who wish to act swiftly and mercilessly, but they run up against the red tape of the constitutionalists. But we are apt to forget that today's excluders are tomorrow's excluded. Excluding one person sets up a precedent, and precedents are like gaping caverns, wanting to be filled. Excluding one undesirable stirs up antagonism between the pacifists and the activists, and soon you find these two at odds, so that exclusion acts, or resignations, become a habit. We must remember that anyone is likely to become offensive at ~~some~~ time or another, and if a precedent has been set off the rapid exclusion of undesirables, a club soon finds itself devoid of membership. However, you might say, "something has got to be done." If the objection of a wayward member upsets the club's equilibrium, the retention of said member may have even worse results. On the whole, we must remember the extreme instability of almost every fan, so that whenever a crisis does arise....step softly. Anything can happen--and probably will.

Then of course there are problems concerned with rowdiness and with drinking. Should the rowdies be suppressed? And should drinking be countenanced? The United States tried prohibition, with rather dire results. Freedom is one of the things we value most in fandom, but then the opposition answers that we also value some of our property which is liable to be damaged. And that leads directly to another problem - the obligation for damaged equipment, etc. One fan gets to cutting up and accidentally (or sometimes not so accidentally) knocks something that belongs to another fan over and breaks it. A fan borrows a book or magazine and returns it damaged, if at all. What is the obligation there? And fans often get another fan "in dutch" with the landlady by making too much noise in said fan's apartment. Perhaps a little more consideration?

Countless other little things arise - tidiness and slovenliness: enough of a problem in a fan's own den, this becomes a major point in a clubroom. Cliques, snobbishness, personal appearance, cynicism, intolerance,

and sponging, vulgar language, patriotism or religion in an occasional fan, gossip, hoaxes, secrets, snooping, feuding, egotism, etc., all these are grains on a piece of sandpaper that rubs a fan club the wrong way. They are things a fan code of ethics would have to deal with.

Sex is a large problem, for fandom has an undue proportion of over-sexed, under-sexed and abnormally-sexed individuals. The small percentage of female fans gives any fan gathering the general aspects of a bull session. Then every once in awhile, someone brings up the question of the courtesy which society demands we show to females. Some of the more independent of us feel that women, especially in fandom, have attained a status of social equality with men. Therefore, special deference would degrade them and us. An explanation evil in itself, or only in connection with feminine company, though made without evil intent should be apologized for in the presence of women? is another of the questions brought up. And what about the rules of etiquette, also Emily Post? Some are functional of course, but are the rest superfluous? Should not politeness be ruled along functional lines?

Then there are relations with other fans' patents, or with non-fans.

Fan dealing raise many problems. Collectors are often willing to pay extravagant prices for items they want. What sort of prices are justified? Suppose the fan can't get the article for less without considerable bother. But on the other hand, is the dealer justified in such a fantastic profit as eight or nine hundred percent? When a new prozine, fanzine, or book comes out, the dealer buys several copies, and sells them later at several times the original price. (fanzines for a dollar or two, whereas he paid five or ten cents for them originally.) The dealer claims that their scarcity, and his own trouble in collecting, storing and mailing out the articles warrants the high prices. Supply and demand. If one person is willing to pay a dollar a piece for copies of Joquel's SPACULA, why should he let them go to someone else for two-bits? You might say that such deals should be left up to those concerned. But what about the new and unsuspecting fan who has not yet gained a sense of perspective? (For that matter, have any of us?)

Other such things as returning unused portions of subscription monies, borrowing and lending, and compensation for articles lost in the mails.

Criticism is one thing in fandom that makes for much irritation. And libel. Many of the things that fans say are liable to suits for libel. However, it is to be hoped that fans are above such action. The libel laws have always been one of the chief obstructions to the freedom of the press. Yet we realize that there are arguments in their favor. As for fandom, perhaps we would all do well to be more cautious when we're writing and less sensitive when we're reading. Pornography also comes under this head, and there are two chief considerations; the morality involved, and the attitude of the postal authorities. The same applies to nude artwork. And then, there is plagiarism - including the "lifting" of titles and ideas. Egler brought another thing out strongly, i.e., the unauthorized use of other fans' names.

Fan hospitality has almost always been commendable, but even that can be stretched. How far?

And then occasionally a fan dies. Most of us are rather materialistic, but then suddenly, we may incline to become sentimental. And we start criticising each other's reactions. One group claims the others are too calloused.

bove all maintain a logical appraisal of the importance of their pet projects. Ridding ourselves of this superiority complex is one of our first necessities.

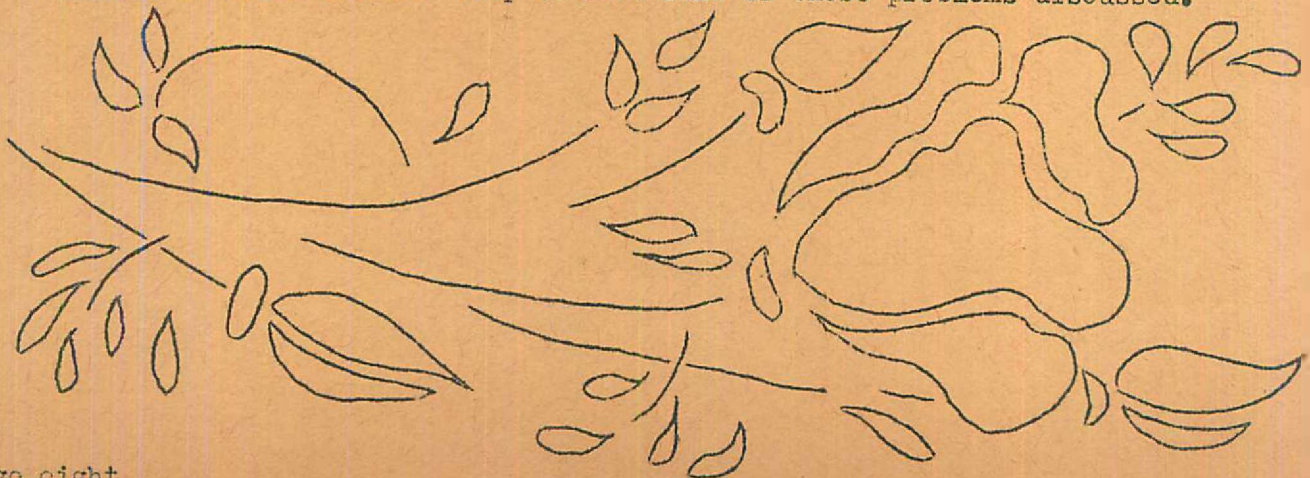
There remains the behaviour of the individual person as a guide to his alleged superman traits. Very few of the fans I have met can score on this point. On the contrary, a lot of the semi-known fans I have come across have been physically dirty and slovenly. Personal hygiene is a matter of common sense, and in persons purporting to be generally more sensitive than their fellow-men, this filthy condition is all the more appalling. I am not referring to any of the well-established names in the field, but there seems to be a tendency in occasional new arrivals to be negligent in their personal hygiene...in so far as the twenty or thirty I have met are concerned.

Another thing that destroyed the illusion I carried even two years ago that fan were brilliant persons, mentally active at all times, is the matter of general education. While a lot of those whom I have met display a marked interest in picking up fragmentary bits of knowledge here and there, very few fans have ever made any real attempt to coordinate their general knowledge into a useful, catagories file from which they can draw at ease such information as may be useful for appropriate occasions. The educational pattern of too many fans is a patchwork quilt with large, unfinished splotches all through the frame-work. Thus we have many who are well educated in one subject, such as music, sex psychology, geography, occult data etc., but who are at the same time woefully ignorant of history, business administration, social decorum, or some other fact of a well-ordered education.

Concerning fandom and ethics (continued from the previous page)

The others deride sentimentality, and are likely to add a charge of hypocrisy. How should we meet death?

Esprit de corps in fandom is high, even if it doesn't run in the ordinary channels. This, at least, serves to soothe over most of the rough spots. Perhaps, by airing the others out, we can even them up a bit also? Even if no-one does come out with any codified moral law for fandom, it will at least help to have some of these problems discussed.



BORN ON EARTH ^{by RAY} KARDEN

Jig felt the plastic smoothness of the coin between his rough hands and wondered if he should go in. He kept his mouth closed against the driving, acrid rain of Aldebaran IV and bent his head further into the coarse collar of his cheap coat. He leaned against the lighted, grimy window, as if to escape from the black darkness of the tiny street, and stared doubtfully at the large sign illuminated in a dozen dialects. It read:

REAL EARTH FOOD ! ! !

Imported at great cost from the Home Planet

Low Prices - - - - Good Quality

Also Liquors and Fine Drinks of all Kinds

He didn't actually believe it. But he had been without food too long, without any kind but cheap synthetics, to care. He knew the "Real Earth Food" was probably hydroponically grown in some dingy warehouse and tasted flat and insipid. But his mind, starved for companionship and thoughts of home - - the fantastically overrated greenness of Earth, the windy redness of Mars, the white embalmed expanses of Venus - - reached out and transformed the brutally tawdry sign into a glamorous romanticness. He rationalized the warm, steamy inside of the small imitation-Earth restaurant into a thing to be desired - - an Utopia of the moment.

He stared into the window, desire in his eyes now. He had only a millicredit - - a coin minted on Earth, well worn, symbolizing the flung out lines of communication from the "mother of planets". He knew that if he went into - - he glanced at the lighted name strip above the door - - "Micke's Earth Cafe", he could perhaps get a sandwich. His mouth seemed to wetly gasp as he thought of a ham sandwich, even with synthetic bread and meat. He subsided into a sullen hoping as he thought of the can of dextrine it would buy - - enough to keep him alive until the next freighter came along, there to shift him to another planet, across another interminable stretch of space, to manufacture glory about the legend that was Earth. The millicredit coin meant, he knew, his life - - his free life. If this freedom was, any more desirable than several years as a working drudge....

He sometimes wondered why he didn't feel resentful toward this whole illogical system. Perhaps he knew it wouldn't do any good. Someday - - so everybody who thought about these things said - - the stars would be consolidated and conquered, then man would conquer himself. . . . He didn't really care - - he listened to the ever present orators dully, but managed not to think about it . . .

He still stood by the window, indecisive. Perhaps he wouldn't have entered if the proctor hadn't whistled slightly in back of him. All space rats have a long acquired hatred for proctors, and he was no exception. Squaring his thin shoulders, he placed a gaunt hand over the button that dilated the opening. It closed noiselessly behind his worn shoes . . .

The clientele of Micke's Earth Cafe - - commonly called Micke's Earth - -

wasn't of an especially high quality. It was neither the lowest or the highest, in the spaceman's use of the words. Thus when Jig entered, the floridly modeled proprietor shot him a sharp glance.

He said, impersonally, "No bums here."

Jig shook his head vehemently, and lied, "I've got money. I'm no bum." The proprietor grunted inaudibly. Eyes looked at him queerly over inhumanly slouched bodies.

He stood there, glancing about him, for a moment. It was only a small place. Cheep moving murals decorated the walls, depicting spaceships, spacemen, and above all, Earth, in highly idealized forms.

On one, a naked bit of sensuous ecstacy in a red bathing cap and dive-mask rippled over an ocean floor of white sand lecherously. Its very incongruity, among this atmosphere of sweating spacemen, gave harmony to the too-tan body, and silver fish impaled on the spear.

There were tabled to one side, with a small counter - - and obviously, a bar - - at the end of the room. Only a few customers were here, together with the inevitable "professional girls". Looking them over carefully, he crossed to a table near the swimming beauty and sat down. He looked up at the girl opposite him instantly.

She was young, not more than nineteen or twenty. A black evening gown that was tarnished, but still poured-on, covered a not exceptional figure, but one still lithe and youthful. He stared at her freely for several seconds. She seemed not to notice him.

He asked curiously, "You're a funny one - - how come?"

She faced him; gave an imperceptible mark of disapproval, and laughed slightly. "I'm not," she replied. "I'm just a customer here."

He retired, flustered. She eyed him scornfully, with a layer of dark



pity in the back of her eyes. "You're not too unfunny yourself. How come?"

He answered emotionlessly. "You're right, I suppose. I was born on Earth, though . . ."

She stared at him in surprise. She turned to the others in the room. "Look," she spoke curiously, unbelieving. "He was born on Earth."

Space-hardened men, cold worn-out women, for a moment dropped their defensive attitude of cynical noninterest in the universe's affairs, and looked at him enviously. A few asked him questions, and he answered. It wasn't long before a group was situated around his table, giving vent to an utter nostalgia for Earth -- even though it was only a legend to them -- that amazed him.

They had, during most of their cheap lives, dreamed of Earth. It was the all, the one thing they desired before they died, the end of ambition. Jig had never before noticed it, traveling by himself, sleeping by himself, a lone unaccompanied figure. He wished he could somehow stem the flood of desperate hope that was pouring into his ears because of an accident of birth, when the proprietor came toward them. He had watched this scene many times before, and his own soul had hardened to a cynical disbelief in the whole Earth legend.

The short period of questioning had seemingly produced a longing for more news of the green planet. Someone called, "Hey, Micko, can't you put on the news for awhile?"

He raised his eyebrows. "The coin slot is right over there --" pointing to a spot to the right of the printed mural.

Somebody grumbled, but a burly, red haired spaceman moved to it. Grinning, he inserted a coin. "Its on me."

The company arranged themselves so as to have as good a view as possible of the telescreen. The swimming mural slowly faded -- someone remarked, "About time." -- and the introductory page of advertising for Stellar News Service took its place. That in time disappeared, and the face of the announcer became distinct.

The burly stevedore who had inserted the coin said, "I set it for Earth exclusively."

Jig found himself waiting rather anxiously for this, his first glimpse of a regulation news broadcast. He had a queerly concave pit in his stomach, as he tried to assure himself that it was real. But he was too emotion-drained to feel the same as these Earth-deifying people he had met. To him, accepted things were not to be more than that -- but he seemed to sense something . . .

The scenes were the usual trivia of personalities. The beautiful daughter of a high government official was shown christening and swimming in a large new pool. As it faded, leaving her smiling at the unseen audience and clinging to an ornate pillar underwater -- someone snorting, "Space: We just left that type of stuff, I thought!" referring to the mural of the naked swimmer the telescreen had displaced -- Jig wondered why this type of "leg art" was so popular. A psychologist would have explained it in terms of

high sensuousness, by the combination of graceful movement and erotic appeal. He, however, simply continued along with the announcer's artificial world.

There was a view of a new cruiser being launched, several smiling potentates coming from an "important" discussion, a view of an attempt at establishing experimental soil-farming communities - - with a few awestruck exclamations at the air view; more erotic appeal by views of an extremely beautiful young girl being injected with a drug that made the human body virtually resistant against feeling cold and then, being brought to an ice encrusted pool, stripping off an extremely mangy fur coat, diving and emerging from the cracked black water, and lying in deep snow with an unconcerned smile - - at this, there were a few guffaws, and one fiercely muttered, "Decadence!" If the majority of the group had known what this meant, there would have been an ejection from the restaurant instantly. The several more that came were equally trivial, until the announcer came back into the view and said:

"Today is to be the date of moving the capitol of the Earth Empire to Consulin III, because of the slow changing of trade routes until Earth is no longer the center it used to be. We had planned to bring you views of this, but due to inexplicable governmental interference - -" The young man had been well schooled by an obviously anti-governmental employer, and gave a subtly sarcastic lilt to the tone. " - - we are unable to accomplish this. The reason was given that there was fear that the enemies would be able to recognize the ships and . . ."

There was no shocked silence, strangely enough. Neither was there an indignant "hubbub of voices." Used to assorted physical shocks, they took this mental blow with the same aplomb. For most of their lives, Earth - - the legend Earth - - had been the center of the universe. Humanity had sprung from there, to conquer and colonize the stars. It was penetrating further into the hub of the giant wheel that was the Galaxy, and had almost reached the rim. Now they found that due to careful analysis of economic conditions by unreal government symbologists, it was being removed from the distinction as the official center of the universe. There was some resentment - - and disbelief.

"They can't do that to Earth," vehemently put in the burly spaceman who had inserted the coin into the newscreen.

There was dumb acquiescence. Someone philosophically said, "We can't do anything about it. Guess it must be true, though. They never do anything without a reason."

The proprietor attempted to propitiate them. "It won't really do anything to Earth. Earth'll have the same power as before. They're just moving the capitol to a more convenient place."

The speaker on the screen came to life again. "However, The Stellar News Service - -" he smiled fondly at the mention of it, " - - has, in line with its public service policy, arranged a special feature on the history of Earth. Earth the magnificent - -" Here he lapsed into a short reverie, entirely hackneyed, on its wonders. Coming up again, he finished, "It will last approximately three hours. Please stay by your screens for this magnificent feature . . ."

Someone said, "We gotta see that. Has anybody got any money?"

There was a rustle of pockets, a short affirmative chorus of answers, and - - as the screen was about to go dark - - the flit of a coin into the automatic maw of the machine.

It was, by any standards, magnificent. The Stellar News Service obviously had obtained government assistance - - and government credit, more importantly - - to put on the historical program. It used every optical illusion known to man, every technical trick devised in the long history of sight entertainment. Starting in that remote time when there were only stars, it showed how Sol had thrown out ribbons of matter that flowed and solidified into ten planets, one of which was Earth. It showed how life had formed - - they assumed, for dramatic reasons, that life had been formed on Earth itself - - and had grown, and evolved: first into grubbing apes, lacking hair, acquiring intelligence; into hunters; herders; and finally into thinkers. The seat of civilization, the Mediterranean, was shown developing; the seas were shown being conquered; the air was shown being conquered. The wars were shown, and the peace was shown. The religions were shown, and by the means of maps, the slow unity of the Earth's peoples. Then the gradual upward development of maturity. The dictatorships, and the rebellions--the Psychologic Revolution most importantly, because of its release of space travel--all had their place. It showed man conquering the empty blackness of space--at first, with rickety shells of air--with hundred thousand passenger interstellar ships--with space drives that finally exceeded the speed of light. It showed the commerce developing, among the planets, among the stars--with the incredibly numerous ideological changes only as a shifting background. It went up to the time of Jig, but somehow seemed to convey the fact that humankind had a bright future--and Jig believed it, not conalescing his miserable existence into the prophecy....

Jig watched, entranced. He was conscious of a suspension of everything, a warm happiness that seemed to creep within him, as he watched the multicolored, vibrant history of the Mother of Planets unfold.

Near the end, he suddenly shifted instinctively as someone nudged him. He felt the hot breath of the whisperer near his ear. "Boy got a coin? It is going out."

Jig started to fumble in his pocket for the millicredit piece, then suddenly stopped, sweating hard. He knew what the millicredit piece meant to him.....his virtual existence.....He suddenly seemed to be suspended in a dark sea of hostile faces, accusing him of the disgrace of Earth. He took it out in his sweaty palm and dropped it into the waiting hand. He seemed to burn with an inner fever, that was attempting to swim out. He held his oaths back. Then he turned to the screen, a peculiar peace of mind went flooding through him. He swallowed warmly: Why in space did he do that!, he thought; and immediately, with superb modesty, dismissed it from his mind....

It shifted back, at the end, to a general view of Earth. Then a deep rich voice--an actor, sincerely trained,--recited Welsdren's narrative poem, "Mother of Planets":

Mother of Planets, swimming in thy orbit,
The blueness attracting--

After the first two lines, Jig fell into a mental panic. He had never

heard any verse except rather bawdy songs. He seemed to shift within himself, to a fanatically beautiful love for Earth. He gripped the edge of his chair tightly, and sighed as it ended, his heart leaping out to an un-understable unity with the bright, beautiful orb.....

Slowly, the screen went blank. There was a low hum of voices from the group, reverently pitched. Almost every one had the mental equivalent of a suspicious glint of the eyes, but none would have admitted it. The mural of the naked girl came on again, and they turned away, disgustedly. They had made the acquaintance of the greatest kinship with Earth they were ever to know, and seemed to withdraw into themselves in a reverie. Jig felt frightened now, and alone. He remembered he had no money, and knew what would happen to him if the proprietor reported him. His suddenly converted Earth patriotism retreated behind this all important economic fact.

He was suddenly conscious of the proprietor's bulk looming near him. He heard his laugh, and noted that the voice was directed at him. There seemed a note of tenderness in it:

"You were born on Earth, Hey? Well--the deal--everything you want--is on me!"

LINES WRITTEN
ON THOSE BENIGHTED
PARODISTS
WHO THINK THEMSELVES
POETS

I think that I shall never see
A poem written 'bout a tree
That's not some ass's melodrama
Or some moronic parody.

A parodist is a pest
Who never gives true poets rest.
God, for a parodist whose
Verses could substitute for booze!

Then there'd be an excuse to start
Mass-produce of the pseudo art
To get the common people drunk
Upon his art-debunking bunk.

His poems are stupid ditties which
Drag greater verses through the ditch.
It would be best for all concerned
If all the parodies were burned.

If they're a mirror of his mind
Why can't society be kind
And put him in a padded cell,
To save us from his awful smell?

L. J. F.

MUSEUM PIECE *Jimmy Kepner*

Once when the earth was young and life was new -
A billion years before mankind was born -
The earth was ruled by reptile monsters, who
Stalked through the swamps, and basked themselves each morn
In shallow tropic seas; 'neath blazing sun.
Lords of creation they, and smaller beasts
Fled in stark terror from the Pre-Dawn Hun.
Though peaceful ones among them made their feasts
From the green foliage of the thick damp marsh,
The fiercer monsters, ruthless, slew their prey.
None dared oppose these Titans, huge and harsh,
They were earth's chosen sons. They ruled their day.
The remnants of their race : a bony pile.
Another species vannts itself awhile.

DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

A tall pine stands out
On the hill,

*Jimmy
Kepner*

Lifting its branches
In green pride -

Solemn monarch
Of all the earth around,

Taller than the hill
And the other trees.

None can dispute
Its god-given title.

It has the full blessing
Of sun and rain.

A small creature
On two legs

Stands at its feet
And wields an ax,

Disputing its title.

'T WAS A NIGHT OF HEAVEN

'Twas a night of heaven
'Neath the Jasmine tree
I met, was wooed, and consented.
The morning dawned fair - -
My bed was bare - -
He took what he wanted,
Departed.

A PERTINENT BOOK REVIEW

by JIKK

PSYCHOANALYSIS OF THE "REFORMER", Joel Rinaldo.

Copyright 1921 - Lee Publishing Company, 206 West 41st. St., N.Y.

This book struck my eye at first more or less because of its pertinence to certain fans, as well as for its relevance to other subjects which I am studying. Living up to my jump-to-conclusion expectations from the time I saw it on the shelf in the second-hand book store, it applied rather well on many points to the late "Savior of all Fankind," and again as well to other fans and humans who bend over backward in their attempts to regulate the lives of their fellows.

The book, following the general lines of the Freudian sex theory, attempts a psychoanalysis of that type of human characterized by reforming zeal. Now I am not an authority on psychoanalysis, and since many of the lines of reasoning tend to be dogmatic, it is just one of those theories that you can take or leave. If you accept the primary theses, the rest follows quite logically.

Rinaldo deals in particular with the prohibitionist. Note that the book was written in the days when this was a burning issue. (and remember that some rather powerful forces are attempting to give the NOBLE EXPERIMENT another try.) The author subjects the typical prohibitionist to a thorough analysis, and the results are none too favorable - - for the prohibitionist.

Among those theses upon which Mr. Rinaldo bases his arguments are the following - - -

That reformation is a reaction to life determined by the psychological condition of the reformer, and is not primarily determined by peculiar social order or condition.

That libertinism and reformism can not be understood as cause and effect or in any proper sense as reactions to each other; that both have the same genesis and a simultaneous development.

That the reformer's hysteria results from an inhibition of normal sexual life and is a form of sexual perversion.

That prohibition is not essentially different from any other reformist activities; that it is the result of sexual perversion, and is a sadistic gratification of the sexual desire.

That the drinking of alcoholic beverages has a peculiar sexual significance and a necessary and important part in the healthy sex life of humanity.

That reformism leads to race suicide through inversion of the sexes, and a development of the female sex element at the expense of the male, and by a weakening and ultimate suppression of the male element in the social dynamic.

That the cure for reform hysteria is the psychoanalysis of reformers and the application of psychoanalytic principles in social hygiene.

About the only difficulty in judging the value of the book lies in deciding how much of it is psychoanalysis and how much is anti-prohibitionist, or anti-reformist propaganda. At any rate, it stands as a valuable and original addition in our search for knowledge of the human mind.



SUPERFLUOUS

(initially
no-)

Since this magazine will be mailed out to several persons and fans who are not so fortunate as to be members of the FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, let me explain that this ensuing section is devoted entirely to comments on the last two quarterly mailings of that organization.

And to the members of FAPA: I weep. I missed the last mailing. I had a fourteen page magazine, SUPERFLUOUS, completely dummied and partially reproduced, when I ran into such difficulties that I lost my temper - a rare thing with me - and threw the entire mess away.

Later I dug up the cover and two pages of my comments on the previous mailing, so, as you see, I am using the cover, and am also rehashing portions of the comments.

And before I get started, let me add hearty support to the campaign to have the activity requirements, as well as the dues raised. Up the dues to at least a large enough sum to take care of the postage costs. And I think ten or twelve pages per year shouldn't be too much to ask anyone to do. Even those in the service can send the material to someone else to run off. Drop those who don't measure up. That way we can whittle down the waiting list without having to raise the membership quota.

And now to just a few comments on the December mailing - - -

Need I say, "What a mailing!" We should do it again sometime. And I even have a feeling that we may - soon.

The discussion on slan center was going strong then, and I had made lengthy comments to go in the last mailing, but on looking them over now, I find that I have turned woefully pessimistic on the entire subject. I am but definitely dubious about the projects possibilities of success. Far too many fans are of the types that would make such a thing a wonderful experience for the first couple weeks . . . but after that it would become rapidly more and more unbearable for all concerned. So many of us are prone to accept any escape from reality and normalcy which offers itself. Many of us in fandom are neurotics, but there is no reason why we should allow ourselves to remain that way. Slan Center would be perfect breeding ground for every imaginable type of neurosis.

About fan terminology. My own suggestion in TOWARD YESTERDAY was quite ill timed. However, some of Speer's struggles to create new awkwardizations strike me as being a bit ridiculous. Steffnists sounds like a fair term, and I, for one am willing to give it a try.

This subject of Unions . . . I agree with you Milty. Of course there is a lot of crap and corruption. Someone argues that Unions are opposed to Labor Saving devices - - - there is a slight misunderstanding. There is a difference between cutting down the amount of labor and cutting down the number of laborers. You might remember that the big concerns often hold up some device which might be more to their competitor's advantage. Labor's ideas are not to block progress, but rather to balance it. Eventually, our economic system must come to balance with our technology.

A little piece in Caliban #2 gives me a chance I have been looking for for quite some time. These Joe-baiters, some of the staunchest living in LA, give me a pain in the neck. Personally, I think Joe Fortier was a swell guy. I remember the afternoon when I, a brand new fan of a few

weeks standing, went over to Fortier's place with Watson. The guy wasn't a heel, a snob, a backstabber, or anything else like that. In fact, he was a darned nice guy. I was quite thrilled when he let me look through all his fanzines, and gave me quite a few duplicates. Up to that time, I had only seen two fanzines. When I first began to work on TOWARD TOMORROW, Fortier immediately came through with three good manuscripts. And then I held them so long that they were outdated. Perhaps he does get a bit caustic behind the typewriter occasionally, but so do a lot of the rest of us. So, I repeat, I think he's a swell guy.

About the negro question: I'm a southerner, but I don't brag about it. Even a Texan, which is to combine all of the worst features of the South and the West, with a few redeeming factors thrown in. It seems to me that the negroes have made a marvelous advance, considering the obstacles that have been thrown in their way. Negroes not only have to face the same trials of their white neighbors, but must overcome many special obstacles, usually placed in their paths by those neighbors - the degradation of a not-quite forgotten slavery, an illiterate ancestry, and the blind prejudice and discrimination of those with whom they are forced to live on unequal terms. In spite of these obstacles, one could readily point to dozens of negroes who have gained national prominence, and were it not for the prejudice, might be recognized even more widely than they are now. In sports, education, politics, science, art, literature, music - in every field, their genius is beginning to be a telling factor in American life.

The negro has his place, they say. And who, pray, gave it to him?

To those who fear inbreeding, might I suggest that that is a personal matter entirely, except in its influence on the racial stock. Most people are prone to wed someone who appeals to them physically. For that reason alone, there will be only a certain amount of crossbreeding. Nor does the idea that a certain amount of crossbreeding harms the race hold up.

Laboratory tests show that the average negro, under equal conditions is every bit as capable as the average white. When a spring is held down, other bits of unrestrained metal may criticize its low altitude and its contraction. But when the spring is released, it suddenly jumps to a position higher than theirs, before it eventually settles down to normalcy and equality. So we might look forward to a period when the negro will shine, out of all proportion to his numbers, and then a gradual sifting, as equality is attained.

By equality, I do not mean that every individual is as good, as wise, as rich, as happy, or as ballanced as every other. The equality will be attained when each individual does rest on those personal merits, rather than on any distinctions made because of the wide classifications into which he is thrown by the blind prejudice of his smug neighbors.

Many of the nigger baiters point accusingly to certain offenses of which some of the negroes have been guilty. And I go back to the spring analogy - - when you release a spring which has been held down, it will bounce somewhat. In any case where there is a violent antagonism, either side can always point to a number of autrocities - - - some of which are real - - - but in this case, I think it fairly well established that most of the "autrocities" concerned have been committed against rather than by the negroes. Nor can they all be held accountable for the act of one of their number in a case where they do not sympathize with the particular offense. On the other hand, any person who fosters racial hatred can be

considered a stockholder in the company which fosters race riots, lynchings, conditions of ignorance, poverty, and disease, and a continued retarding of that progress which would seek the greatest happiness for each man.

It becomes apparent that DBT doesn't care over muchly for one HPL. Tsk, such heresy. At least, its good to see that he doesn't fall into the all too common habit of strongly denouncing something that doesn't appeal to his personal tastes. So many stiffnists are prone to do this. For instance, in music - - - most stiffnists go in quite a bit for some type of music or other, but they are all too often inclined to be quite limited in their tastes, and to be quick and harsh in their judgement of something that doesn't appeal to their particular likes. One enjoys Grand Opera and condemns all other types of music to limbo. One says everything but jazz stinks. Another praises symphony and damns the pops, or visa versa. And so on. This fuds seems to annoy me more because I am one of those rare ones who likes almost anything. The Nutcracker Suite, St Louis Blues, Ave Maria, Tommy Dorsey's Boogie Woogie, Finlandia, Miller's Sunrise Serenade, Mairzy Doots, O Promise Me, The Rite of Spring, Rock of Ages, Aloha Oe, Love Lifted Me, La Cucaracha, (pardon spelling), The Grand Canyon Suite, and Home on the Range - - quite literally, everything from Gene Autry to Stravinsky.

Yes, I even listed some religious tunes in that list. I'm not religious, but I still like the music. Within the last four or five years I have evolved from a Fundamentalist, through Modernism, and then militant Atheism, into an Agnostic.

Taking the entire December mailing, I feel that Speer, Shaw, Ashley, Widner, Laney, and Searles are especially to be complimented, and fie upon those of thee who seem intent on doing as little as possible.

And now to turn to more recent things, in the form of the March mailing. It was a little of a disappointment to see the size fall off after the time before, but on the whole, it was a good mailing. This time I shall attempt to arrange my comments in the usual manner.

BROWSING #4 & #5

Thoroughly enjoyable. Your comments, after your having seen only the first of the Cosmic Circle publications, were interesting.

YHOS

Liked your latest comments on Labor, Art. Even discounting much as propaganda, the Unions have sinned and fallen short of the glory of the worker. But to continue in a pseudo-biblical vein, let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

Gardner's article was especially enjoyable, but I shall discuss this subject later.

LIGHT

This journal put out by the northern minions of darkness is always welcome.

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION

Tres bien.

FLEETING MOMENTS

Always expect Farsaci to come thru with some really beautiful pubs. The poems seemed a little dull, that is at the first reading, but I had had a headache then, and the poems seemed much better with re-reading.

XENON

- - and he ~~start~~ off a mag like that ~~with analogies~~: A really beautiful little job. But why ~~will~~ ~~up~~ that ~~fans~~ should go to college? Don't you think that quite a few of us ~~that~~ ~~didn't~~ would have if we could?

HORIZONS

Sowwy, ~~lawry~~, then wasn't much to comment on this time. (pawdon the miss'ing "aws", but its the influence of this fellow Frankie Robinson. He, Iowa ~~Wozetti~~, Mel Brown, Mike Fehn, Gwen Daniels, and Ewan ~~Jamey~~ are all heah in my woom bothewin' me. So just pawdon any typogwaphical ewwohs.)

PHANNY SPRING.

And, pray, what is a fanny spring?

Congratulations on your nice handling of the anti-semitic question.

BLITHERINGS

By saying in FEN that I felt it unnecessary to justify the war, I meant that I did not see why we had to rationalize about the things leading up to the war. What are we fighting for? For the control of the world after its all over. No, I don't mean any dictatorial control, but the allies are aiming at being able to set up the world in any way they want. What I meant was that we need not concentrate ^{on} attempts to paint the entire history of Germany and Japan black, and similar activities. As for the thing of what we're fighting for, most of those in the services are fighting because the Selective Service Board told them to. The ideals are there, way in the background. And how do you rationalize the gloriously noble ideals to fit the various changes of our policies in relation to Russia, India, Finland, Eiro, Spain, etc. We keep the ideals that are expedient.

The short time-travel skit was good.

MORE of Saville Sax, please.

STATEMENT OF FSNY

no comment

AGENBITE OF INWIT

O.K. I recant on that definition of poetry. - - Would you consider Edward Lear's works to have that transcendent quality? I see we do agree on one subject - that poetry is meant to be spoken. Reflection from troubled waters - - good.

SUSPRO * SF DEMOCRAT * MOPSY

I must admit that my bit about "people having good reasons for being the way they are" was a bit trite. Your criticism brings out some to the problems which the determinist must face. The theory of absolute causality throws a new light on criminal guilt - and therefore on punishment. It also presents the mentally defective in a different manner. This upsets any charges of "wilfull perversion" as well as the church's theories of free will, and the resultant salvation or damnation. However, as Jack said, discovering the cause doesn't; per se, eliminate the effect. No, if we act in fatalistic manner, and say "what shall be will be", it won't. But if we use our new knowledge properly, perhaps we can reform the criminals and the perverts. What I had meant by the statement was that we might perhaps be a little less critical of our fellows and their faults. For instance, when some restaurant waiter gives us a grouchy service, we feel offended, and want to take the fellow down a few pegs - - unless we happen to recall something about the general nervous tension of the days.

And then another matter - about my definition of poetry - guess I'll have to back down. And until I can make a better one, I shant try. How- I will stick to my guns on the statement that poetry is an art which should properly appeal to the ear. You may bring Gutenberg into it; however, you still might remember that when you read a poem, although your eyes are borrowing silent impressions from the paper, the impression which your mind conjures is one of sounds. Not just the ancient ones, but all of the great ones find their best test in oral reading - even some that may seem irregular when read silently.- Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Burns, Poe, Whitman, Sandburg, etc. Read them al oud to hear them best.

I was not, of course, suggesting that organized labor should oppose labor-saving devices. I was merely statng that it was logical for them to do so when those devices were used to cut down the number of laborers, rather than to shorten hours, or something else more to the laborer's own advantage.

I suppose that the S-F DEMOCRAT AT LAST was meant for humor. Jack talks of racial equality. Now the idea that al l men are equal is an obvious fallacy; the traits, and the capacities that we inherit from from our parents are far from equal. And once we are out of the embrionic stage, our environment does everything possibl e to increase those inequalities. But the social prejudices that make class or race the distinction are all wrong. There are certainll l lot of physical, mental, and psychological differences between individual s (most of which are traceable to environment), but it is highly unlikely that there are any outstanding distinctions other than the physical which differentiate the races. It may be that certain races do carry a few racial traits that are not due to social conditions, however the individual transcends these so often as to place them in the category of rules that are outnumbered by their exceptions. Our society must deal either with mankind as a whole, or with individuals. Racial groups, as such, no longer need have any significance. The idea that one race is per se more ignorant than another doesn't stand the tests. Nor does it folow that any particularrace should be subservient to another. Perhaps, someday mankind wil l evolve a just soicety in which individual nequality will justly recognized. However, if the distinction is just, it will be based on individual accomplishments, rather than on any wide class or racial birth distinctions.

REACHING THE FRONT was an excel lnt parody. (Damn this typewriter to blackest perdition - right al ong with this typst.)

THE PHANTAGRAPHS

Oh, well, oil in good time.

THE F.A.P.A. FAN

Good title, at least, but harldy worth the effort merely to preserve it.

GUTETO

Wade in a little deeper, Morojo, the water's warm.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS

Good reading, as always. And by the way, I think I know now why the "W"ramblings. Wobbinson.

A TALE OF THE EVANS

I think that in regard to the question of strong drink, we need education for moderation, rather than abstinence. The late (or not so late) "temperance" workers forgot the significance of the word temperance.

A world confederation would be OK as a beginning. But remember that with the United States, the confederation was onl y an intermediate step. Little was accomplished under the Articl es of Confederacy.

EN GARDE

Ooo la la - - what a cover! (By the way, I guess you notice I've changed typers - - necessity and all that.)

MILTY'S MAG

To comment on your comments - - in regard to things and stuff. This may sound seditious, but I wonder if we aren't a bit too excited about the absolute necessity of an allied victory? I have no desire to see the fascist powers (those in Germany, Italy, & Japan no more than those in USA and Britain) win this conflict, however, what with our paroxysms of patriotic emotion, we are likely to forget that there have been numerous occasions when an "evil" nation has conquered a good one, and all to good result. In the Necessary Monomaniac, Wolheim suggests that it is often desirable to have a group united, even if it takes an obnoxious individual, using undesirable methods, to do it. You might see that there are several benefits counterbalancing the unworthy methods of the victors. It is also probable that after meeting with success, the worldwide government would be gradually tempered into a more desirable organ. You remember that from what was once a totalitarian monarchy, England has gradually evolved a state as democratic as our own.

This all was just a thought in passing, and should not be taken too seriously.

FANDANGO

Although I had been present on the memorable night when the rum sodden Laney turned out this masterpiece, I have just gotten around to reading it. Frankly, I'm disappointed. After all the fuss, I've been expecting an enjoyably vile publication - but knowing Laney, I can but consider it mild, and marvel at his utmost show of restraint. Of course, some fans may be insulted when Fran persists in calling us misfits, but then. . . .

For the most part, I agree with his comments.

FAN TODS

Fen does have a nice sound. There are those who protest its use on grounds of astute philologic judgement, but these individuals are in the habit of picking at straws and leaving the haystack be. The ones who object most violently to an innocent little practice such as this are the ones who are most often associated with various other hairbrained acts in fandom.

Then I also like and endorse "stef".

BEMOND

Tres bien.

SARDONYX

Fapafile was one of the delightfulest things I have read in FAPA.

SAPPHO

Another beautiful cover - - and glad to see this in FAPA. On the whole, a darned good mag.

To begin with Shirley Chappier's two bits of something-or-other: I still don't understand why you have printed any of her "things" except the two or three page one in Sappho #3 (which I enjoyed considerably. Her poems wander around in the obol and somewhat vacuous stratosphere. I have faithfully read each of

hers that you have printed and see no reason for having used any of them. They tend to be meaningless, cool, and incoherent, with an attempt at support by long strings of pretty words (almost the same string repeated in each poem). IMPRESSIONS has a pleasing rhythm up to "call and I will follow" but from there it wanders off to a rather mediocre ending, with no rhythm whatsoever. Several of the individual lines are pretty, but they bear only the dimmest of relation to one another and some of the descriptions stretch the imagination too far.

How do "topaz palings (fences constructed of pointed stakes(?)) of your (the sea's(?)) crushed expanse (?) flow on?" Perhaps the topaz fence rails are the waves? And "granite splatters"?!?!?

In her untitled poem, (can't she ever think of titles - this seems to be a habit with her?) what are "cracked red brick fascades" doing out in "black resplendent (?) space?" And how do you HEAR a "winged wail contorting holocausts and spinning nebulae?" Does she ever consider the meaning of the words and phrases she bandies about so recklessly? And then, after describing a half beautiful, if confusing, situation, she throws in some hazy reference to a ginghamed Harlem maid and fades into the usual mutter with which she ends most of her poems - a trick attempting to leave the reader holding her breath.

Pardon me for being so harshly critical - I don't usually care for the role. However, if you will read the poem over, noting the meaning of most of her expressions, rather than going into an artificial ecstasy over incomprehensible descriptions.

Now I pass on to the really good parts of the magazine. To Fywert Kynge, I can only offer the highest praise. His majestically pessimistic stanzas have all that Shirley's lack - sweeping beauty, coherence, directness, and meaning. Note that Kynge does not rely on "flowery verbiage", or on tricks such as stringing out his words, one per line, for effect. At any rate, the inclusion of these more than makes up for any thing else in the magazine.

However, from here on, I'm only throwing orchids. Waldeyer's rhythmic bits of wierd verse, were a credit to the mag. The two by James R. Gray have the qualities of simple beauty, directness, and effect.

Finally, Eastern Sketch and the two translations combine with the aforementioned to raise the already-high standard of Sappho just a bit more. Keep them coming, Bill. And no personal slams at Miss. Chappor meant.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR

Why not keep the same emblem?

THE NUCLEUS

Quite delightful, that voyage of the Blerkentwangle. And it strikes home.

I argue with you, Trudy, these femfanzinos, so far, have had a poor effect - mainly because they shouted from the housetops that they were femfanzines. That's one good point about your own mag - you got down on the level of the rest of us, and mix well.

Your comments on new and old fans - it seems that a lot of us have quite suddenly slipped into the "older" classification.

Woe, woe, Trudy, that you, like me, should have thought fans, per se, liberals.

You say that "the trick of expelling people we don't like - - - is a very dangerous power." I agree. Claude seems quite undesirable. However, in such a group as FAPA, as recently in the LASFS, the members don't ordinarily

associate disagreements with thought of expulsions and resignations. The thought just doesn't occur to them. But once the prerequisite is set, and a goodly share of antagonism created in the act, everyone's outlook seems to change. Immediately they grow more and more to feel that the society isn't large enough for members with divergent ideas. Then if two disagree, they feel that one or the other must resign or be expelled. That's the history of the last several months in the LASFS, lets hope its not the history of the next several in FAPA. So let's tread softly, and be damned careful what we do with that big stick.

CELEPHAIS

To comment on your comments: more fantasy in FAPA. Good, but not too much. Your own argument against too much discussion on Chemistry is just as good if turned against a steady diet of fantasy discussion. Lets keep a lot of fantasy in FAPA, but not to the exclusion of all else.

By the way, please don't mail out anything else folded like that.

ROGERS* POSTMAILING

Maybe I had better not comment on these.

On the whole, it was a swell mailing, with congrats to Widmar, Farsaci, Spear, Rouze, Ackerman, the Futurians, Wiedenback, and Watson. The LASFS Was busy with its bickering.

I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT MAILING I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT MAILING I CAN'T

It seems that a lot of us have gotten to the point (or are getting there somewhat rapidly) where we don't much care for the rest of fandom. Out of fandom's dreary wastes, FAPA alone continues to hold our interest. Perhaps its because only FAPA has much reason for continuing to exist. The rest of fandom is coming more and more to be seen as utterly useless.

WHAT ELSE AM I GOING TO PUT ON THIS PAGE WHAT ELSE AM I GOING TO PUT ON THI

I was writing an article on religion in the future, but I bogged down in the middle, so maybe it will come later. Twice, when I was in the mood for getting it finished, some of the local fans interrupted and insisted that I go somewhere or other with them - to eat or to play miniature golf.

DREAMS ARE THE SCREWEYEST DAMNED THINGS DREAMS ARE THE SCREWEYEST DAMNED THI

Ever since reading Ashley's article on dreams quite some time ago, I have been trying to remember my dreams, but my luck hasn't been very good. I can just recall having had five or six dreams in the last year. They were lusus. In one of them, I was in Galveston, and I caught a funny looking streetcar and got off later with my mother and sister and climbed a hill (Galveston doesn't have any) that was almost perpendicular. A wildcat started after me and I swung at it with my brief case.

Another one was strictly sexual, and I shan't bother with it here.

Some were connected with fandom in a funny sort of way, while the best one was too long to use as filler for this page.

Anyhow, Ashley's theory was quite intriguing.

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