

Pharmaceutical

Japan

PHANTEUR

Perpetrated Occasionally
for the

FAPA

by

D. B. Thompson

Imperial, Nebr.

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This issue of PHANTEUR sports two covers. If you -- the reader, that is -- happen to be a member of the FAPA, the two covers are different. If you are getting the 'zine for some other reason, both covers -- front and rear -- may be the same, because there weren't enough of the last of the White-Print covers (produced in Louisiana in the spring of '46) to go around.

The White-Print covers were made by laying one mottled, transparent reproduction of the original drawing over top of another, but slightly offset diagonally, thus producing the doubled effect.

The mimeoed back cover presents the only remaining picture of Belinda, the Beautiful Bald Bombshell of A.A.A. 208 (the 208th year of Atomic Annihilation). Particular attention is directed to the grand sweep of nose and chin, and the bewitching taper of the top of her head. Just why Belinda was beheaded has long puzzled archeologists, psycho-historians, and connoisseurs of ancient art, but it is now generally believed that the decapitation was the deed of jealous contenders of the period for the high title of Miss Survivor. (Incidentally, the picture shows something else, too; to wit, That I have a lot to learn yet about the use of the screen in mimeo reproduction.)

Since the FAPA Reviews were stenciled and mimeoed, two post-mailings have arrived; one of them Speer's SYNAPSE, which carries the petition for prohibiting the sending of the FAPA Bundle to AMAZING for a period of two years, and the other being the one-shot yclept WILD HAIR, which carries V. P.

kindly substitue a comma for the word "being" in the line immediately above this one, thank ya.

The Phanteur Opines

I

Dissertation on Politics

This effusion is inspired primarily by Mike Fern's comments in the last mailing. I quote "...the Luce mags that spawned the idea that Europe under Socialism will not be able to achieve the goal set for the Socialist State by Karl Marx, and...return to Capitalism...is...inevitable.the idea that Capitalism-as-we-know-it and national ownership-as-we-know-it are the only choices available...." end of quote.

The ultra-conservatives are not the only interested parties who believe that the European Socialist States will not reach the goal set for them by Marx; a lot of genuine liberals are of the same opinion--and a lot of those same libers sincerely hope that the Marxian goal will not be attained.

I'm not qualified to comment on the exact form which Marx advised, because I've never read his famous work. But, to a very large number of the followers of Marx, his philosophy is summed up in the idea of "a dictatorship of the Proletariat," to follow a victorious "class war." And on that basis, I'm very definitely in the camp of those who believe and hope those aims will not be achieved soon; certainly not during my life-time, in this country, at any rate.

For one thing, I'm a very strong proponent of the "loyal opposition" theory, which is a rather integral part of the American and British forms of democratic procedure. I think genuine progress requires opposition--at least, for so long as Man remains the combative animal he is today. It seems to me that much of our liberal progress in this country has come about as a result of two opposed groups rubbing off the rough spots and showing up the weaknesses in the plans and methods of each other. And I think this same meeting of opposites is now, and will continue to be, a very important source of political and economic advance; advance toward a more-nearly free and liberally-governed world, in which there is no dictatorship of any kind.

I am unable to discern any basis for assuming that a "dictatorship of the Proletariat" would be or could be essentially superior to other dictatorships, whether Capitalistic, fascistic, communistic, or what you will. A basic tenet of any and all dictatorships automatically prevents the "loyal opposition" from standing up on its hind legs and yelling, because to permit such action necessarily implies that the government may be wrong.

In this respect, the present British Labor Government falls far short of State Socialism. Objectors to the Labor program are not considered enemies of the State; if they cannot be persuaded by argument and demonstration, they are permitted to go their unreconstructed ways unhindered, without any danger from the firing squad or the concentration camp. The British, being rather strongly indoctrinated with the idea of unhampered parliamentary debate and elections on important matters, expect, demand, and get such action whenever basic decisions are to be made. England, of course, falls short--ludicrously short, in fact--of Socialist ideals in its retention of the Royal Family on the throne, and of varying levels titled aristocracy. There is scarcely room for such social excrescences in a Socialist State, however important and valuable they may be in promoting trade and maintaining stability.

I seem to have digressed a bit. Why not? I wasn't saying anything of Cosmic Significance. But to get back to the main line....see next page.
It is very disconcerting to find beardmutterings in the middle of an article like this isn't it?

"The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" can no more be expected to permit "The loyal opposition" to stand up and yell than can any other dictatorship, as I said before. Being a dictatorship, it can not admit the possibility of being wrong in its plans; everything the government does must be accepted as being for the best interests of the State.

Now, of course, almost every government, regardless of form, makes the claim that everything it does is for the best; it can hardly do otherwise. But, in one like ours, for example, in its ideal form, the burden of proof is strictly up to the "ins" to demonstrate their points; and, if they fail, it is a relatively simple matter "to throw the rascals out."

Somebody is yelling at this point that we do not now, and very likely never will approach very closely to the ideal form of democratic government as we understand the term. Well, I agree that this individual, exercising his constitutional right by standing up and yelling, is probably right. But does anyone know just what would constitute "perfection" in democratic government? And for that matter, does anyone want perfection? It is the struggle, not the attainment, that offers the greatest rewards--it says here, very unoriginally. But seriously, we do experience rather rapid change, and, as a careful scanning of the history of the last 100 years in this country will reveal, much of that change has been in the direction of greater opportunity and of more liberal government. Parallelling this development has been the steady growth of monopolies, of course; but it is important to note here that a goodly amount of liberal advance has resulted directly from the aroused opposition to these monopolies.

And now, I should like to enquire, on just what grounds do the proponents of sudden and violent change base their quaint notion that a Marxist State will surely and quickly (say, within a generation or two) approximate its ideal form? The leaders will still be of human stock, will they not--capable of error, and being human, capable of passing the buck for their mistakes, just like their conservative counterparts.

One error, and an almost certainly fatal one, may be expected from such leaders, regardless of whether they use the concentration-camp-and-firing-squad technique, as in Russia and Germany, or whether they permit the opposition its voice, as in England. It will lie in the failure of those leaders to interpret correctly the feelings and expectations of those responsible for their strongest mass support; namely, the organized labor groups. I am speaking now of such groups in a country where individual liberty is and has been a fetish, whether it exists or not; countries like ours, and Canada and England, and Australia, Norway, Sweden, etc. These organized groups in such countries are going to insist on quick results, or else they are going to do their damndest to change their leaders; and the results they are likely to demand are going to include shorter hours, higher pay or the equivalent, and the right to cuss their State bosses just as often and just as fluently as they have been accustomed to cussing the ones they are used to. They are not at all likely to fall for the idea, however sound it may be, of working longer and harder for the dubious benefits which may accrue to them at some distant date; they are going to want those benefits quickly. They are very likely to say, "You promised us a lot of stuff; now let's see you produce it" --and probably, they are going to sit back and wait for the plums to fall, as a rather large number of the British miners seem to have been doing. In other words, they are not going to assume the burden of proving that the theories of their leaders are true, (see next page for the rest of this!)

Beardmutterings should never follow directly after solid typing without a white space ever.

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even those theories can come true only if they do just that.

It is quite possible that a Socialist State could have a very good sort of government. But an absolute Monarchy could also have a very good government, given the right monarch. It is probably true that a Socialist government would have a better chance to be fairly good and reasonably liberal than an absolute Monarchy would have, because at least some of the top men in the Socialist State would be nearer the people than any Monarch would be likely to be. Personally, I think there is little chance that either a Socialist State or an absolute Monarchy is as likely to be as good or as liberal as is to be expected from a government based on the Two-Party system. Under such a system, the "ins" must produce up to certain minimum level; the "outs" have no such limitation, but are free to kibitz as much as they wish, and generally make life miserable for the "ins" if those worthies fail. And if they kibitz with sufficient acumen, they become the "ins", reversing the roles of the two Parties. Advancing by leaps and bounds is unlikely under such a system, to be sure; but it is equally true that very great retreats are unlikely. In any case, believers in complete State control are a tiny minority in this country. Communists of the Russia-inspired school are even fewer. They have incredible gall to claim that they represent the desires and hopes of any substantial portion of the people of this country.

In the meantime, we go right ahead building public works such as irrigation dams and canals, air fields, and highways; developing a system of old age insurance; building up national forests; passing laws to control the size and form of commercial enterprises; promoting and building huge public power installations; regulating railroad fares, freight rates, and communication systems like telephone, telegraph, and radio; rewarding farmers in cash for practicing soil conservation; and doing scores of other things which may be correctly labeled "socialistic." We advance by trial and error; a little at a time so that our errors are not catastrophic; we stand the chance of being outstripped by other nations using other methods, but the burden of proof is still on the embryo Socialist States to prove that they can do as well as we are doing.

I'm still a New Dealer at heart.

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LAUREATE AWARD SUGGESTIONS --- SUMMER, 1947

ARTICLES -- 1. Warner, for "The Unkindest Cut" (TheThing) and "This Has Nothing to do with Fantasy" (Horizons). 2. Evans, for "Can Peace Really Come?" (Atote; EEE is unrealistic in this, but presents his ideas well). 3. Willmorth, for "Some Aspects of Psychology...." (Slithy Toves).

HUMOR -- 1. Burbee and Purdue, for (Burlings Combined with Elmmurings). 2. Laney, for "Tapping The Infinite Will" (The Thing). 3. Cheney, for "The Shucksters," (Harold W. Cheney Jr.).

ART -- 1. Cover, (The Thing). 2. and 3. Covers, (Ichor, #2 and #3).

EDITING and PUBLISHING -- 1. Crane and Wesson (The Thing) 2. None 3. Hart (Ichor, # 2 and #3).

EDITORIAL SCRIBBLING and COMMENTS -- 1. Speer (SusPro) 2. Wesson, for "The Long Way Home" (The Thing). 3. Warner, for sundry items in (Horizons).

BOOK REVIEW -- 1. Warner, review of "Asleep in the Afternoon" (Horizons). 2 and 3, None.

Poetry -- 1. Crane, for "Rathnaka" (The Thing). 2 and 3, None.

Special Mention -- Stanley, for Laureate Committee Report (F A)

BEST IN MAILING. 1. Crane and Wesson (The Thing) 2. Burbee, "Al Ashley, Elfin Edison," and "Al Ashley, Distinguished Novelist" 3. Speer, "Remarks on the 39th Mailing."

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The Phanteur Opines

BOOKS

The Forbidden Garden by John Taine (Fantasy Press, Reading, Penna., \$3.00) Several more-or-less formal reviews of the book have already appeared. It is certainly one of the most enjoyable fantasies that I've read recently. It is interesting to note that the story was written in the late twenties (I believe that is the proper period.) There is nothing in the story to indicate this; the few modernizing touches have been inserted so skillfully that the entire book seems quite completely modern. It is a tale of high adventure, involving a search for "The Forbidden Garden," where a radio-active meteorite struck long ago, resulting in curious and deadly mutations of plants and animals, and causing madness in human beings who come in contact with the plants and their seeds. The plot is somewhat involved, including several contending forces. However, at no point does the plot suffer from the vagueness and incoherency which characterizes much of The Time Stream, nor the continual build-ups to a disappointing letdown so typical of The Ultimate Adventure and, only slightly less so, of The Iron Star. The characters tend to be types, rather than individuals, in which particular the story suffers slightly in comparison with The Time Stream, but even in this, it is superior to the other above-named stories.

I bought this book only after Eschbach assured me that it did not have the deficiencies of the other Taine stories mentioned above. I'm glad he overcame my misgivings; the book is an excellent buy, even without the superlative physical characteristics typical of all the Fantasy Press publications. And it is not lacking in those superior qualities, either.

The Fox Woman, by A. Merritt, and The Blue Pagoda, by Hannes Bok (The New Collectors Group, New York--but the company is moving to Denver; better contact Stan Mullen, 4936 Grove St., Denver 11, Colo. for information). This book, as you already know, if you've been observing offerings in the fan press, is already a collector's item, with typical prices ranging from \$10.00 to \$17.50.

The format of the book is unusual; there are 109, double-column pages, letter size, and the print is rather small, although quite legible. The illustrations by Bok are excellent, and the large pages are well suited to the presentation of the drawings. My copy, incidentally, No. 796, is the "variant" issue. And no, thanks; it isn't for sale; you can wait for the condensed pocket-book-sized issue.

In general, I've never been too favorably impressed by the Bok stories appearing in the pulps. The defects of these have been due in part, it is true, to editorial scissors and to pulp tabus. The jerkiness of "The Blue Flamingo," in Startling, for example, was in part due to injudicious cutting.

Since I do like most of Merritt, in spite of some of his rather obvious little literary tricks, I was anxious to see what Bok would do with the Merritt notes. There was no need for anxiety. Without half trying, one can easily imagine that the story is Merritt from beginning to end, which statement I consider rather high praise. Actually, however, it isn't quite Merritt, toward the end; there is a degree of sadism which is somewhat foreign to most of the Merrittales, and also a slightly greater emphasis on certain phases of sex, both of which must be ascribed to Bok. Neither of these slight differences detract from the story; rather, they give it a touch of individuality for which Bok is to be complimented. I do not think the story would have been in any way superior, either as to content (which, presumably, is derived from Merritt's notes) or in beauty of writing, had the Great Abe finished the tale himself. And there is no denying that the Bok illustrations add greatly to the story.

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The Phantaur Opines

BOOKS

The Glorious Pool by Thorne Smith (Pocket Book 409)

Thorne Smith is far too well known to fans to require any detailed comment here. But for sophisticated and hilarious nonsense, this one really tops most of the other books by the same author that I have read to date. From the moment that the nude Grecian maiden poised on the pedestal in the center of the pool comes to life, things happen swiftly and incredibly. The fact that, upon coming to life, she imparts to the pool the power to make the old young again, is the springboard from which all sorts of incredible and rib-tickling events stem, during the night which the Japanese houseboy describes as "nakedest I ever saw." But you've probably read it, so why go on?

The Chinese Doll, by Wilson (Bob) Tucker (Rinehart & Co., New York)

Not Fantasy, as you all know, but an excellent detective tale by our own inimitable Pong, and therefore of interest to fans, apart from its excellence as a story. And of course, the use of fan monickers for the characters heightens fan interest. In passing, I should point out to the author that the reason given by the District Attorney for attending the autopsy shows a lack of imagination out of keeping with the fact that the original character of the same name was quite observant during his boyhood days in a rural community.

Reviews of this story have been very numerous. Suffice to say that my own evaluation of the book comes much closer to that of the professional reviewers who called it "superlative" than to that of those detective-story-sated individuals who found it "poorly planned, poorly written," etc. True, a story is usually handicapped when written in the form of letters, but this one isn't.

To Keep or Kill, also by the great Tucker, and also from Rinehart.

Another good story, and with a plot almost fantastic enough to place the story in the fantasy classification. On the other hand, it coincides much more closely with the conventional detective story form than does its predecessor, and, other factors being equal, should therefore rank higher in the estimation of the slavish devotees of the orthodox. At any rate, the situation in which the detective, Horne, finds himself, is utterly mad, although to a man with a character such as that highly diverting one attributed to Tucker by the one and only Liebscher, it may, perhaps, be only slightly out of the ordinary. I wouldn't know. Anyway, I recommend it to fans.

Call Her Savage, by Tiffany Thayer (Avon book)

This, of course, is not fantasy, although to one of my hermit-like existence, it is fantastic enough.

My reason for purchasing and reading this book is a curious one. Almost everything Thayer does or says or writes these days seems to confirm my opinion, formed near the beginning of the last war, that he is one of the great crackpots of modern times. I wanted to discover whether some of his earlier work would in anyway alter that opinion.

Well, this book did the trick; I am now willing to admit that he wasn't always and in all ways a crackpot, whatever he may be now. It is the life story of Nasa; daughter of Clara (who crossed the desert to western Texas through dust storms and blizzards and Indian fights as a small child, and was orphaned after one of these small, savage battles) and Ronasa, Clara's childhood Indian playmate (who had loved Clara always, but said nothing through the long years before and after her marriage to Pete, until she came to him that day, on the eve of his marriage to an Indian girl, and who committed suicide immediately after that fateful meeting on Weatherford Rock). Pete, the husband, never knew, nor apparently, suspected, that this dark, stubborn child

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The Phanteur Opines

BOOKS

was not his own daughter, although Nasa herself came eventually to suspect the truth, never verified for her, however. Nasa grew up a wild, willful, passionate girl, the scandal of the select Chicago School for Girls to which she was sent for "finishing. At sixteen, she secretly married a wealthy, syphilitic playboy, and bore him a healthy child. Divorced at the insistence of her in-laws, she soon finished the money settled upon her, and thereafter, had such experiences with men as might be imagined, although not in the numbers she pretended. And at the end, she is back on the home ranch, caring for her young son, and promised "next" ("just 'next,' I'm afraid; that is the way it is with me," to quote her own words) to marry the half white son of the Indian girl who was to have married her own Indian father. The book is powerfully written, sharp and biting, merciless in its treatment of Nasa and her contemporaries, but fair withal. With careful handling, it might be made into an excellent movie, even after all the censoring that would be required, although it could hardly be pared to the point where it could pass the local censors in some Eastern cities, and still have anything left. I recommend the book to fans, especially to those who know Thayer only through his Fortean Society rantings.

Apartment in Athens, by Glenway Westcott (Bantam Book No. 87)

I picked up this book because of the misleading sub-title, "A Novel of Revenge After Death." So far as the sub-title goes, the book definitely belongs in the group which Laney calls "Those Gay Deceivers." For the suggestion of supernatural happenings is not fulfilled.

The story, however, is much better than any story living up to that deceptive suggestion could reasonably hope to be. It is a psychological novel; essentially the character-study of a middle-aged Greek housewife, living and developing under the stultifying pressure occasioned by the presence of a German officer in her home during the German occupation of Greece. She is an unimaginative, rather ignorant hypochondriac of good family, married to an intellectual whom she scarcely half-understands; her first-born--a fine, upstanding son--killed early in the war, she is left with two unnatural children; one, a mentally precocious but physically weak son of 12; the other, a small, mentally retarded daughter.

The mental and emotional changes of this woman as she meets her growing burdens, starting with the cruelty of the incomprehensible German, and culminating in the suicide of the same German and the execution of her husband, makes an unusually absorbing story. It sounds dull, I know, as outlined above; but I think the adult reader will find it far from dull. And incidentally, the reality of the story, with its involvement with the Greek underground (led by her husband's relatives) is so far from such reality as we know as to make it almost a fantasy.

Venus Equilateral, by George O. Smith (Prime Press, Philadelphia).

If you read Astounding, you are familiar with all save the last in this collection of stories from this popular series. Physically, the book very nearly measures up to the standards set by Fantasy Press, and that is very high indeed. Only one story, "Mad Holiday," which closes the book and the series, is new. This story couldn't--and shouldn't--have made ASF; but it is, for all that, a very satisfactory terminal story; the events in it are at least implied in the rest of the stories. I liked it.

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PLEA

Some there are, in friendly banter, Will insist on saying PHAnteur;
While others dubiously venture To pronounce it thusly: PHAnteur
But I with none of these concur; I must insist the name's PhAntEUR.

The Phanteur Opines

SOJOURN IN DENVER

My 8-day December vacation in Denver was a real success. Besides the week with my brother and his wife, whom I hadn't seen for 18 months, and visits with other relatives, I spent two evenings with the Denver fans.

Tuesday, December 9, Stan Mullen managed to collect Chuck Hansen, the stubby, talkative, enthusiastic Editor of The Alchemist, and Bob Peterson, a very tall, rather silent young man with a phenomenal memory for such facts as who wrote what for which prozine when.

This informal get-to-gether took place at Mullen's home; a wonderful place, no less. Hundreds of books, many of them collector's items, line the walls of one room to shoulder height, and others fill one wall of the large enclosed back porch from floor to ceiling. Another room has one wall almost entirely taken up with record albums. Standing atop the book-cases, or hanging from the walls above are numerous art objects, some of them Mullen's own work, ranging from "Dongo," a curious little tan mannikin who must be seen to be appreciated, but whose place in the world is obvious to all beholders, to polychromatic abstractions which must surely be incomprehensible to all save he who produced them. Plenty of easy chairs and numerous reading lamps make the place ideal for working or browsing, or just gabbing.

The evening was given over to gabbing; gabbing about everything that fans always gab about. Mullen and Hansen expressed considerable interest in the FAPA (Ackerman had already contacted Mullen as a prospect) and Hansen sent off his application for membership the next day. The Mullen's experiences at the Philcon came up for a lot of discussion. It developed that one of Hansen's great disappointments in life is concerned with the fact that he was 1500 miles from Denver at the time of the Denvention. Had he been there, the load on Hunt, Martin, and Jiggins--particularly the latter--would certainly have been much lighter.

Saturday night, after a super-spaghetti dinner at Mullen's, I went with Stan to the regular weekly meeting of the Colorado Fantasy Society, held at the home of Roy Hunt, whom I had last seen at the Denvention. Three soldiers from Lowry Field were there. Two of these, Chuck Freudenthal, who spent much of the evening taking pictures, and Jim Fee, a smiling young man from Montana, are members; the third, an amazingly tall, slender young man named George Wetmore, is a frequent visitor.

A minor event of the evening was Chuck Hansen's ~~successful~~ demonstration of his recently-acquired power of hypnosis, with Jim Fee acting as the subject. This was followed by a discussion of the ethics of subjecting one's friends to post-hypnotic suggestion, even with their consent. Wetmore upheld the negative very adequately.

Before leaving for the meeting, I had managed to rescue several old copies of PHANNY-PHANTEUR from the waste-paper stacks in my brother's garage, and took them along. Most of the Denverites are entirely unfamiliar with FAPA and VAPA publications, and were glad to get a glimpse of these inadequate samples. As it happened, one member had brought FANTASY ASPECTS No. 2, which also contained several items, new to the Denver Gang, from FAPA and VAPA. Tucker's article on the vagaries of professional book-reviewers seemed to be the item of immediate interest.

Some time during the evening, the members voted on the proposition of sending The Alchemist to the Amazing review column. The vote was split, 3 and 3, with the veteran fans voting no, the newcomers, yes. Since there was no favoring majority, Chuck Hansen said the publication would not be sent.

Roy Hunt's justly famous coffee, plus a huge stack of sandwiches, held the attention of the mob for some time. Stan's and Roy's capacity for coffee at midnight is simply phenomenal.

One final event, which has nothing to do with fantasy or fans, occurred on (concluded on last page)

2feetofsnowinnewyorkcity.greengrassgrowingallaroundinimperial,temperature65heh

"By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them"

--The Phanteur Reviews the Fall Mailing.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR -- "A new broom...." The issue seems quite adequate, and is superior to many in the recent past. Purdue's difficulties will be mentioned elsewhere. -- Laney certainly is, as he says, somewhat "high-handed," but there are times when high-handedness seems indicated, and I think this is one of those times. May we expect to have a complete, up-to-date copy of the Constitution in the Mailing soon? I'm a mite confused.

ATOTE -- Yes, it is somewhat dull. Perhaps some of the items of interest solely to members of the family should have been put in the form of personal letters. -- I'm always amused at EEE's ever-recurring hope that he will some day see a mounted cowboy from a train window. He may, at that, -- if he is going through a town in which a Rodeo is being held. He has probably seen plenty of cow-pokes of one sort or another, for that matter, from his train-window, but they were in autos, and he didn't recognize 'em. I see a good many of them every Saturday night here in Imperial -- wearing worn, high-heeled boots, faded blue denim Levi pants, Western style hats, and sometimes, pink or orange or green shirts with fancy trim in contrasting colors. But they don't come on horse-back; they come in cars. And most of them, apparently, come primarily to see Roy Rogers, or Eddie Dean, or Gene Autry in the weekly shoot-'em-ups which always make up half of the double feature at the local theatre Saturday night. I've seen a few of them on horseback, too; but only during the local Rodeo. They confine the rest of their riding to working hours. The chance of seeing one of them working, from a train window, approaches PZ.

ELMURMURINGS -- Hmmm; well, I dunno are they good or not, but most of the stories about the redoubtable Waldo are new to me, at least.

FANOMENA -- "The Eugenic Fan" is a nize satire; much better than most comparable fan-written material. Yet there is little in it that almost any reasonably literate fan couldn't produce if he tried. But most fan-writing in a similar vein tends to be corny, full of feeble puns and witticisms that were better omitted. I've often wondered why. -- The rest of FANOMENA is OK; but please, Andy, don't say Chan's music is quote - equally as good as - unquote. It may be either "equal to," or "as good as."

FAPA FLYPAPER -- My my; no slipsheets, and all that wet ink. -- Your threat to the Hon. Burble is unjustified, suh! He will keep his promises,--I hope.

FAN DANGO -- Jazz doesn't "send" me, whatever that may be. I probably would not be able to detect the specific factors which contribute to "Ole Satchmo's" generally-acknowledged superiority in his field, but I'm equally sure that I'd enjoy the performance described by Fran. -- The preaching is justified, I think.-- The homo business was getting rather bad, out there, I think; when a casual visitor noticed it, and commented on it to me, (he noticed on his first visit to the club) it must have been getting rather too obvious. -- Blitzkrieg! Rather feeble; now if you had just called in that veteran of Blitzkrieg 1, Mr. Purdue, for consultation--of course, he may not have been willing to cooperate under the circumstances! Anyway, I'm glad something was done; I'd about given up on the FAPA when Warner's "Correspondent" arrived.

FRAPPE -- Thoroughly interesting from beginning to end. The review of Lord of the World appears to be a sincere and careful appraisal. I'd rather like to read the book, if only to compare my own reactions with those of the reviewer. Suspect that I'd have too much of a tendency to say "Bosh and Rubbish" when confronted with such an expression of belief as the book, though. -- The poetry; well, I fear it tends to miss me; not completely, but far enough. "Lament for now" is clear enough in intent and its last line is excellent; I haven't the patience to try to decipher the others. And why, please, a "melted watch"? Does the adjective really signify anything, or is

this is as good a place as any to say that as usual i'm running right 2 dedlin

its purpose merely that of shocking the reader into a state of closer attention and scrutiny? I'd really like to know.

The Reviews are decidedly good. And the mention of Milty's math reminds me that my resolution to comment on it by letter before school opened this fall, was just another of those good resolutions which came to nought.

It is curious, though, that you got lost on the comma on page 9 of Milty's discussion. It is just a comma. You might describe a man as "short, fat," or "tall, thin;" or "red-haired, blue-eyed." The comma in the number pair (a,b) has the same significance as the comma in the examples just cited; that is, (a,b) may be considered as the description of a point.

GLOM -- Much more interesting than most issues of this invariably neat publication. But why don't you write just a little more stuff, and quote less?

GRULZAK -- "The Ultimate Fan" is quite readable. Glad it turned out that the delightful "hero" was a hater of fantasy; I'd hate to think any lover of fantasy would go to all that trouble.

Comments on overdoing fanning are OK, although not particularly novel. I've arrived at my own level of participation with little difficulty. Said level is quite low, so it doesn't constitute drudgery. But when even this limited activity palls, I just backslide a little further. When I feel a bit ambitious, I climb a few rungs. But up or down, it matters little. Fandom is a pleasant hobby, and the written bull-sessions in FAPA are at least as worth while as most hobby activities.

HORIZONS -- The review of recent prozines is well done, and reasonably objective. I am in agreement with much of it, particularly that part dealing with the Standard Twins. I can't comment at all on the Palmer pubs -- I'll just take Harry's verdict as it goes. There was a time when I waded thru Amazing and Fantastic Adv. in order to find the occasional good stories therein; but when my available time for reading decreased, I gave up the practice--especially since the fairly readable stories became fewer and fewer.

"When we were very young" continues to be very much worth while. The Technocracy "warning" to America, seemed somewhat fatuous at the time, and appears quite ridiculous now. Ultra-serious-minded zealots, quite incapable of moderation or compromise, almost always manage, somehow, to destroy whatever of value is to be found in such movements as Technocracy.

I like the review of "The Golden Rooms." I have long intended to buy the book, but I think it is the second of a series, and I'd like to read the first, first.

"Exposition" contains one overpowering bit of information; I'm simply overwhelmed to learn that Harry's musical erudition is almost wholly the result of unsupervised home study. What powers of concentration and singleness of purpose these hermits have!

MOONSHINE -- Well, it is all legible this time, but the reproduction still is poor. Comparison of the red and green pages indicates that insufficient ink is one main difficulty; someone said long ago that too much ink is much better than not enough, and I agree. But Moonshine would be more legible if the ink were black, I think.

"The Music" is rather well done; has a pseudo-dream quality that is quite realistic. But why double spaced?

PHANTEUR -- Well, this was all legible, too, which is rather surprising, considering how much I had to learn in a hurry about the operation of Gordon Rouze's ultra-simple and somewhat stubborn letter-size duplicator. At that, I failed to do nearly as well as Gordon used to do with the same machine. I liked the simple cover, which Gordon printed for me on his big foot-power press.

I cut this page while listening to "it pays to be ignorant" so don't be surprised at anything here

pathic for some time (4) Purdue failed to keep his promises to Burbee and Laney (5) Elmer and Betty were somewhat euphoric, and consequently, acted like dandies (6) Burbee was quite justifiably burned about the whole mess (7) except for Burbee and Laney, we might still be waiting for the mailing.

Those are the facts, as near as I can determine them. There was no real need to go very far beyond those essential facts. Humor? Well, the passage with Betty concerning the unknown Sidney Johnson was, I thought, rather funny, I suppose, and it certainly wasn't particularly derogatory to anyone; had Burbee contented himself with that, he'd have done much better.

Betty's reply in Requiem is a little too melodramatic; should have been toned down a bit for maximum effect, if she insisted on replying; and at that, she could hardly be blamed for boiling over or striking back as violently as possible. What gripes me about the whole thing, though, is this business of airing soiled linen in public; digging up details which are completely irrelevant; how about saving personalities of this sort for private letters and conversations?

In the past, several individuals have suggested that I try to get a job in Los Angeles where I'd be near a lot of fans. Thanks, Pals; I think I'll just stay here in Imperial, for the nonce.

THE FAPA CORRESPONDENT -- Technically, I seem to recall, this should be classified as a part of the summer mailing; but when I received it, I hadn't yet received the summer envelope, and I received the Fall Mailing, to which the publication refers in part, so it seems better to include it in the set with which it seems most closely connected. -- I really should vote it the "Best in Mailing" since it was the only item I received between the Spring and Fall Mailings. Also, had I not received it when I did, I wouldn't have known where to send the Fall PHANTEUR, which would have meant that I was out for failure to maintain activity requirements.

I don't approve of the mandatory voting requirement, even with the proviso that a good excuse nullifies the requirement for any given individual. There is a fairly large minority within our group whose members are almost wholly indifferent to constitutional matters and officer personnel matters, so long as the organization continues to function reasonably well, and I see no good reason why they should be forced to take part in activities which don't interest them. Some few worthwhile members may consider this silly provision the last straw, and let their memberships lapse; members who have contributed regularly and effectively. It is all very well to say that voting is a privilege of which all should take advantage; the FAPA is not a training school in citizenship, and even if it were, requiring members to vote would probably have a contrary effect, people being people.

AND that, except for the Laureate Recommendations which follow, seems to take care of a Mailing which wasn't up to standard, but which was far better than anyone could have hoped under the circumstances.

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Laureate Suggestions FALL

Fiction 1, none; 2, Williams, "Little Flower", Sparx; 3, "Take-Off", Orrok, Sparx.
Book Review 1, V. Blish; "Lord of The World" in Frappe'; 2, Warner, "The Golden Rooms," in Horizons. Poetry 1, 2; none; 3, Rita Dragonette in Frappe'.
Editing & Publishing 1, none; 2, V. Blish, Frappe', 3, Kennedy, Grulzak.
Humor 1, none; 2, Kennedy ("Ultimate Fan"), 3, Burbee, Elmmurings.
Art 1, 2, none; 3, Bacover of Atote. Editorial & Reviews 1, V. Blish, for Frappe'; 2, Willmorth, Slithy Toves; 3, Laney, Fandango. Articles 1, Rothman, "As I Saw It," Plenum; 2, Warner, "Recentest Trends in Stf." Horizons; 3, "The Pros Are The Convention," Carter, Sparx. Best In Mailing 1, Frappe', 2, Horizons, 3, Plenum. Special Pro mention; Keller, "The Eugenic Fan."

waddyahknowicameoutevenonthispageshuxidon'tneedtodummywhenicandothatdoiuhpal?

PLENUM -- Most interesting report on the PHILCON that I've read so far. Mighty sorry I missed the convention. Had I remained on the Hays, Kansas job, I probably would have been there, since that project was in the investigating and planning stage, and I could have taken my accrued leave as readily at one time as at another. But this Enders project is well along in the construction phase, and everybody is needed every day, except during a two-month period in winter when construction slows down because of bad weather.

MAJOR DISASTER TEST -- Working this up and following it through would be interesting, I am sure; but reading it? No, thanks. I wish, though, that more of our FAPA publications were as neat in appearance as this.

SLITHY TOVES -- Certainly the best-looking and best-executed cover in the mailing, although the back cover is technically very good, this excellent copy of Cartier is more in line with fantasy. [on ATOTE]

Some nifty flights of rhetoric on why fans. Reasonably fair statement of the case, though. I've discussed the same point with Gordon Rouze since being here in Imperial, although not at great length. Incidentally, his interest in fantasy is largely confined to the weird field. He is a Lovecraft fan.

TANGENTS -- Most of this is taken care of in "Dissertation on Politics." The two book discussions are quite interesting. Heard's goal of "happiness for everyone....whatever the means" is, on the face of it, self-contradictory, it seems to me. You can't, I should say, have a constant fear of the secret cops and real happiness at the same time. "Happiness," however, is a rather broad term; perhaps we should use the plural form of this word.

SPARK -- A generalized, non-personal 'zine such as this is somewhat of a rarity in FAPA, although we have always had them. Considered as a five-cent subzine, SPARK is rather well above the average, and several like it might add a desirable bit of variety to the mailings, even in the case of those who really prefer the more personalized magazine.

"The Pros are the Convention" is OK. As one who is better at the art of listening than at talking, I imagine I can agree with the basic tenet; but it is worth noting that the pros in question might all be classified as fans, as well. They are personally interested in the same things that non-professional fans are interested in.

"Takeoff" is not exceptional, except in that the two characters seem rather like real human beings at times. A little too young, perhaps. "The Little Flower" is rather better than most fan-written fiction of the same general type. A robot like that one would certainly come in handy, after the possessor learned to understand it. -- The litho job on the photos isn't too good; most of the faces are unrecognizable; a good try, anyway.

SNIX -- The Duplimat process does not appear to be greatly superior to mimeograph, as far as typed material goes, but it may have definite advantages for drawings; the rather inadequate examples in Snix are not conclusive on this point. -- Most interesting items to me were the piece by Boyle about the humanitarian writer-turned-editor, and the talk to the M. C.'s by SnixEd. The British Prozone lists are of interest only to collectors, among whom I ain't.

HALF-LENGTH ARTICLES and REQUIEM. -- These obviously belong together in the review. Quite frankly, I didn't--and still don't--like Burbee's report. It's mighty rough surgery; too rough, I think, even if it does, in the long run, help the Purdues a bit. The essential facts of the case can be stated very briefly: (1) Purdue simply wouldn't get the mailing out. (2) he and his new wife, living in a single room, were having personal difficulties; hardly strange, I should say (c) Purdue has been more or less psycho-

(cont. from p. 1.)

Laney's ruling on constitutional provisions in regard to sending Mailings to Amazing and Startling. So far as I can see, Laney's ruling is in accord with the Constitution, although I think an opposite interpretation (which would, of course, have to apply to St. as well as to Am.) might be supportable, on the grounds that Mailings are intended to go to members in good standing only, or, if surplus, sold at prices set by the Editor, or sent to the Fantasy Foundation. The Editor, of course, might set a price of \$0.00 on a mailing, and give it away.

I signed Speer's petition. I don't expect it to be adopted, however, and consequently, made no objection to the inclusion of the current PHANTEUR in the envelope to be sent to Phillips. I don't consider the matter of much importance; so if the majority don't want to stay out of Rog's column, I'll stick with the majority. But I must say that I regard the magazine in question to be almost worthless as a publicity medium for the FAPA.

I've just discovered that I omitted "Sojourn in Denver" from the contents page. But you probably know that already.

I was interested to note that Southern Methodist played Penn State, a team with Negro members, in the Cotton Bowl. SMU, Dallas, and the Cotton Bowl Committee deserve a lot of credit for such a break with tradition.

Meantime, the Faculty Committee of the Big Seven (formerly Big Six) Conference, tabled a resolution presented by the student governing bodies of a majority of the Conference Schools, requesting the elimination of the rule which says that members of visiting Conference teams must meet the eligibility rules of the home team. The purpose of this rule, when drawn up, was to prohibit Negroes from competing in Conference games in Oklahoma and Missouri, homes of the two "Southern" members of the Conference. It's actual effect has been to bar Negroes entirely, on the grounds that it is impractical to build up a team containing members who cannot play in some games. (It should be noted that this argument has no meaning at all when applied to Track and Field, an individual competition, especially since the Conference Championships have always been held in Nebraska.)

The most significant thing about the Resolution, though, is that it was patterned directly after a similar Resolution passed by the Student Council of Missouri University, although the move was initiated at Nebraska and Iowa State.

The Faculty Committee (governing body of the Organization) tables practically everything which comes before it, year after year, but eventually, of course, that august body must come to a decision. I might mention, in passing, that Nebraska U's Football team could use Tom Carodine, Negro Mayor of Boy's Town, who was the star T-formation quarterback of the BT fine football team. (His record includes a 103-Yd. touchdown run with an intercepted pass in a game in St. Louis, Mo.)

And that is all the room I have, fellahs.

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(Concluded from page 8)

It was a fitting climax to a hectic week. Just as I was preparing to leave to catch my bus, my sister-in-law asked me to call a cab to take her to the hospital. Picture now, one worried, plumpish, fortyish bachelor, anxiously escorting a young woman on a long cross-town dash to the hospital, listening all the while to the wings of the pursuing stork flapping ominously in his ears.

But all's well that ends well; a scant half hour after we arrived at the hospital, John Guy, the very youngest of the Thompsons, let out his first yell.

In case you are wondering, Imperial does seem a little dead, right now, But then, it always does.

nowisthetimeforallgooddemocrats/republicans;chooseonetocometothesupportoffeoo!

PHANÉUR

