

Speer's

SUSTAINING PROGRAM

SUMMER '42



LA in

we weep

CECI ET CELA

The last SP was mailed out separately, after the main Mailing, and uncertainty about some of the names on the membership list kept me from sending a copy to everyone thereon. The extra copies were sent the mailing manager and by him distributed as members renewed, ktp, but I have enuf extra sheets on hand to make up a few more, and any of you who should have gotten a copy--that is, who got the last Mailing but not SP--please let me know.

X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X*Y*X

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE NINETEENTH MAILING Pp 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Really no more discussion of things brot up lastime than in
a zine of the Sardonyx type, but badly unorganized

IT'S IN JIM FARLEY'S BAG P 5
Interesting excerpts from correspondents

REJECTED--FANFARE! Pp 6, 7
Something of a hack article, tho not so intended, and a deal of
it's out of date now, but there are some ideas left worth playing
with

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS P 8
Stuff

THEY DID NOT BE P 8
Fltsam in time's wake

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH P 8
But don't think it's true

ARS GRATIA ARTIS Pp 9, 10
Quotes all from American authors this time, reflecting my American
Thought and Civilization major

MY DEAR FUTURIANS Pp 11, 12
Comments on the issues I bought of Astonishing, Super Science,
Science Fiction, Future, and Stirring

We still hight Jack F Speer, but our address
is now 6323 Western NW, Wn/DC, still in Chevy
Chase, praise Foo

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE NINETEENTH MAILING

One of the best mailings yet, and probably one of the largest. We're going great guns, guys.

Milton: What insignia does a buck sergeant in the American Army wear? And is it true that gatherings of fans invariably end up in demonstrations of physical skills? I hadn't noticed it. But neither do I think you're justified in assuming that fans are a normal cross-section of humanity until the contrary is proven in a scientific way. After all, we assume many things, for example, that experience in writing improves one's writing skill, without any carefully tabulated experiments to back them up. There is something in the deficiency of imagination indicated by reading superscience stories without awe; not so much deficiency thereof, as failure to use much of it: if you really bring your imagination into play, a stf story will have a much greater effect upon you than if you just sponge up the words of it. Chauvenet and Rothman may be admittedly self-centered, but, confound it, I don't seem to be (except to the extent that all "altruism" depends on self-pleasure in others' welfare). I have become so socialized that nine times out of ten I put the other guy's interests (my interpretation of his best interests) ahead of my own. It's disgusting.

Several misprints in FFF, and other errors. Widner was at the Boskone, but not his wifye, and Chauvenet was leagues away. Time and again Unger (or Doc) speaks of "an" stf somethingorother. It's a stf whatchacallit, Julie, pronounced "stef". Taurasi and Moskowitz planning to revive Fantasy Magazine. Oh, God. Poll results interesting, but where is Widner in the listing of famous fans, and where in Fanfare among the fanzines? Art must have stricken out his name and mag thru false modesty. Re the bibliography, we too have been annoyed by stf titles on mundane stories; but has this latest bibliographer considered the question of how he or his contributors can always draw the line between fantasy and non-fantasy? It's not at all easy, especially in books. We hope the listing of the Check List in FFF will not take the place of a regular edition of it; personally, we think it just a space-filler for a news-weekly. Is this supposed to be a combination of all previous rounds of the alphabet? Re the Mycon Review cover, Forry's pants weren't short that year; they were regular cavalry breeches, which he trimmed to shorts for the Chicon.... Satyric gripes me. The cartoon is in a style which, like the cover of Flabbergasting Stories, gets my goat for no discernible reason. But there's quite definite cause for disliking the alleged joke which is much of the contents. The "surprise" ending mite surprise a third grader. The double entendre, too, is very thin, and entirely forgotten in spots, the sure sign of an inexpert writer. If this is what the editor means by "'pro' worth" in the editorial, I'll take the amateurs.... Spencer's piece Alpha in the Nucleus; I guess Beta is the Portrait of a Fan, but the "portrait" reminds us of a composite fotograf of Hollywood's ten leading actresses. It sins in omission as well as commission, neglecting to mention that the utterly superior female of the story agreed to marry the guy at one time. The anti-Ackerman passages we disliked, too. And the designation of those who acclaim Vomaidens as frustrated and those who condemn them as inhibited shows the gotcha-cominangoin character of this kind of Freudianism; it's kind of like the inferiority complex, which one evidences either by acknowledging inferiority or asserting superiority. The only safety lies in keeping your mouth shut about it. The real prize of this issue, tho, is in the editorial. Henceforth, lads, when you're caught in a self-contradiction, just take a leaf from Trudy and say "Each article must be taken for itself alone, with no relation at all to the other. That is how they were written and that is how they are to be read", and no metal can touch you. For all the foregoing, we like Nucleus and Trudy very much.... Questions and Comments in this

R&C is very good, with notes on the previous Mailing second-best. Re Jenkins' wind-up of his OffSounding, Heck, if you think he talked without saying anything then, you should have heard his spiel coming down Sixteenth Street at the end of the Spiritrip; it was marvelous, and quite extemporaneous. The worst thing about that "proven axiom" thing in the Poll Cat was that the rule referred to wasn't valid at all. As for Martin's surprise at Rocklynne's marrying a Jewess, I can quite understand his feeling, assuming that she was an orthodox Hebrew. We can imagine few things less blissful than a Protestant (including atheists as Protestants) being married to an Orthodox Jew. Time out while everybody cites exceptions he knows of. No need for you to be ashamed of comparing "unique", König; as a practical matter, all of these absolute terms can be compared, no matter what the grammar books say. So we come to your reiterated objections to non-fantasy stuff in the FAPA. Well, look, HC, we wanta talk about these other things, see, and if we don't discuss them with each other here, where else can we do so so handily? The Constitution carefully avoids any requirement that material in mailings pertain to fantasy. For my part, I try to introduce wherever possible angles that I gain from my fantasy reading, and choose quotes for QQ and Ars Gratia that have some bearing on fantasy, but darned if I'd oblige anyone else to. To be trivial momentarily, "40 per cent" does not carry either a dot or a comma after the "cent", and you should either say "40%" or "forty per cent". Re Forry's publicizing his generosity, I think the idea he had in mind was to suggest that others of us do likewise. Re composing away from the stencil, and multiple proofreadings, lack of time forbids pre-drafting everything, and I read and correct the stencils one time, which is for me all that's on this side of the point of diminishing returns. Remarks anent SFFan's medal for best fanzine are well taken. And finally, Hisser, in "I'm a Federal Agent", f and zh (in aidzhent) are fricatives, and can be hissed to some extent.... In the two Sci-Fic Varietys, we liked alphally Wilson's book review and betally the editorial on the March number. The underground wonderworld in the "Amulet" review sounds interesting; probably such a thing is a common element in day-dreams. Swisher, when you list Schumann's once-projected Fandom, don't forget that that name was much earlier used by McPhail on a proposed fanzine. People should always consult the Check-List before naming their mags. You aren't the only one, Vulcan, who's wondered what the Columbia Camp will do with all its projected fanzines; I've been trying to persuade them to retrench, but they won't listen to me. I wouldn't have minded if you'd cut Crow and Curry about 75% more, Bob, but I'm still categorically opposed to "editing".

The woman on Horizons' cover looks very much like a Cartier drawing. We like Cartier's style. Comments on things inside: I'm afraid Parsaci's poem does qualify as activity, under the Constitution. I asked Swisher once if he were going to list things like circular letters and expiration-notice inserts and Christmas cards, and he said that was outside the scope of the Check-List, but suggested I take up the idea. Goody! Harry has adopted my term "post-mailing" for things like the last SusPro and En Garde sent out late. Doubt that copyrights are violated in quoting from Mark Twain; they don't run to perpetuity, and anyway a brief quote is fair use and not prosecutable; or if it is, lots of us guys are open to prosecution. But the argument in the quote is unfair; Germans don't ordinarily use such long words in talking about something they've already described once, and, too, they have a slitley different idea of what a word is: a long compound in German corresponds to a substantive phrase, with modifiers and absolutes and all kinds of trimming, in English, and taken all together, is usually briefer. Re a nickname for SusPro, I think Susie is the Southern Star, and drawing "Emmy" out of "Sustaining Program" is kind of far-fetched. Anyway, in these personalized FAPazines, the personality of the editor is so all-pervasive

that a nickname for the mag seems superfluous. Re Spaceways, I hereby proffer the nickname "Espy", which was ungraciously refused by the editor of the I.I. Escape. The reverse of the statement about slang and intelligence is not necessarily true; a strong man may use a long lever. Re the superman discussion: You musta meant Neanderthal, not Cro-Magnon--the Cromags were supposed to be at least equal to sapiens in mental power. But his doings were not necessarily incomprehensible to the inferior Neanderthal; the Day is Done doesn't so present them. So I'll continue guessing about supermen. You can refuse to play interlineations if you want to, Harry, but in doing so, please refuse to use lines made of underlining rather than of dots. No, Campbell specifically said that Heinlein's fantasies weren't supposed to fall into his History of the Future. Yeah, I remember quite well the Gasoline Alley you refer to, tho I at the time had never heard of a barometer; remember how many of the old Gasoline Alleys were fantastic, when Skeezi was at the age of fantasy? I also am tired, have been from the first, of that Unknown cut of the guy looking out between the bars. "Unknown" can be a noun as well as an adjective, but I've never seen it used substantively without an article attached, eg "the unknown". Worst thing about Land of Unreason's wind-up explanations was that earth, air, fire, and water were very poorly balanced, as was inevitable when there were only "three places". I don't think Silaki Ali Hassan is a penname; you may remember that the gent visited a QSFL meeting, and is a genuwine Arab. Tis true Mimeograph's a trade name, but it has been judicially ruled that when a commercial name becomes a common word, it's no longer private property; thus Pepsi-Cola. The poem about 1492 and 1942 is lovely. Who wrote it? I don't think the censors read every word in FAPA mailings going to England (pity the one that had to read this Horace!); Youd said they don't censor incoming stuff, and anyway they certainly wouldn't undertake to read all magazines shipped in... Faster than Light was an OK story, but didn't and doesn't strike me as being immortal; and I am opposed in principle to reprints, particularly reprints in which the original edition far exceeded the reprint in distribution. "Bi-yearly" means once every two years, not twice a year, so I suggest that Unfamous Fantastic Mysteries be discontinued sometime in 1943. I did like Joe's attack on certain modern-day criticism, in his editorial... In S F Hash, we are indifferent to the index of Unknown, and think that the ratings in particular could be dispensed with. In Jinx, Rayn alpha, Postal Pulsations beta. We particularly disliked Declaration of War, and wonder what Jinx means by "war--to the end!" What end does he aim at? Another thing that puzzles us is the reference to König riding Wollheim, and then something about a jackass riding a human being. We understand him to be calling K a jackass, but where does the human being come in? Ah, that stinks. Heinlein's statement that in the absence of absolutes the purpose of life must be some kind of eudemonism sounds logical, so Rayn's statement "to satisfy a desire", if interpreted broadly, will probably hold up, but I don't see that "settle a controversy" is necessary apart from it. Joe has one point, but not a full discussion, in "What's Wrong with Fan [Science] Fiction?" That's Joe Gilbert, we mean; Fortier on the same subject is too obscure.

"What is the FAPA? A dumping ground?" inquires HCK. 'Fraid so, Heck, but I wouldn't want it otherwise... Turning from Agenbite of Inwit to the FAPA Fan, we find nothing to say that doesn't belong in Ramblings. Quite a number of Phantographs this time; Wollheim started his pre-election splurge three months earlier than last year. Two more years and he'll be active the year round. Of the non-controversial contents of the Phantographs this time, I liked best The Bride of the Sea, particularly its stylistic epilogue, reminding me so of Tom Slate's Popeian poem debunking modernistic verse, in G.W.U.'s Helicon. For second place, I'd say a tie between the simultaneous space-ship cover and the

listing of asteroids. "Karl Valons" All Out is about the first story of this type in which I understand what the writer means, but it carries the awful suggestion that maybe all those other seemingly meaningless pieces in Mind of Man, etc, may actually have had meaning.

"A common language is not sufficient to bring peace, however, it is absolutely necessary" says Guteto. I disagree; I don't think it's either the necessary or sufficient condition, tho doubtless it would help. The quote from the Reader's Digest gives me an excuse to repeat here what first I drummed on an only 75% -listening feminine ear concerning it: that if a great majority of the people don't use the "correct" pronunciation, then chances are something's wrong with the standard of "correct". "Find your kind on Terra if you can" is a good motto. The drawing on the back cover is easily interpreted: it's an impressionistic diagram of a modern European language.... The Madman of Mars is good; Acky should have done something like this long ago. I wanta lay claim to first using "And so-- Foreword!", in something for Nucleus, from which Kussie deleted it. Your hairline receding too, Forry? Ah, us.

Twilight's stinky cover has only good spatterbrush-work and cross-hatching to recommend it. The contents are putrid, too. We intended to really go to town on Fortier's self-adulation and weird thinking in this and the Calif Mercury, but En Garde did such a good job on him, we'll say no more now.

There are two errors on the back cover of SusPro lasttime: I gave 17 Ledyard Rd as Sw's address when it should be 15 ditto, and, quite without thinking about it, drew the Spirit and the truck as each driving on the left side of the hiway, as in England. In Alpha and Beta I completely omitted mention of my own pubs in the 18th Mailing. All we intended to say, tho, was to remark that suddenly several people should have noticed my toothpick men. I'm rite proud of 'em; seems like I can get wonderful expressiveness with their simple symbology, but possibly much of the expression put in is never communicated to the reader.

Apologia shows Evans' style to still be a little goeey, but likeable.... En Garde is very welcome, with the piece on Fortier taking top honors, cover next best feature. The interlineated argument that fans must be nuts is illogical. All A are B, all C are B, and all D are C does not imply that all D are A. Equally illogical is the argument for nudies on the grounds that Earth's dominant life-form has equal station with Pluto's or Mars'. A good definition of fantasy must be on the alpha:non-alpha formula, something to the effect that everything which is not admissible material for mundane fiction is material for fantasy. But Earth's dominant life-form obviously is material for mundane fiction; it therefore does not constitute fantasy. All science-fiction must be fantasy, using fantasy in the broad sense, of course.... This Sardonyx is the best yet, even tho it's mimeced. We like his kind of contents page; we also like the lines at the top of each page. We wonder if "Departure" was written on leaving Tallwood. Re the Reflection: fear may derive from unpredictability, but unpredictability does not always involve fear. The coined "Limbones" is cute. "Let thy speech be better than silence or be silent" would be a poor motto for ordinary conversation, when small talk is necessary, but we would that fans would observe it when they're in formal conventions; the trivia tossed around, to parliamentary detriment, is terrific. The quote about substituting ideas for life moves me to remark that while I may enjoy life more, I still like ideas, and ideas for me contribute much to the enjoyment of life.... The latest Nachgemachteschildkrötensuppe is too poorly mimeced to be read by one so unfamiliar with German that he must see every letter distinctly.... Re Russell's plaintive plea in the EA: certainly we read the interlineations, but an interlineation /continued elsewhere

IT'S IN JIM FARLEY'S BAG

"Don't forget you owe me a letter, too, lest we forget, lest we forget. No remarks about the ribbon [typing was a little faint]; I want to help national defense, since metal for ribbon spools is becoming scarce, and taking this one off and turning the red half up would be quite a bit of unpatriotic wear and tear on the spools." --Harry Warner.

This postcard contribution from the Eflay was headed "SUSPRO (Submitted at regularates) Call It What You Wish---", but since it was apparently a true incident, it doesn't belong in that department. Say, you don't suppose Ackerman thinks Widner really was the author of that item accredited to him in the last Call It What You Wish, do you? "An Ack Dote: I sat in the sun at lunchour, reading Van Vogt's 'Co-operate--or Else!' One the draftsmen--Forrest-Pearce, by name, coincidentally, & a Celt--passed by & noticed the title. Quoth he: 'God that sounds good--what's she doing now?' Such was the story suggested to a mind unacquainted with stf." Okay, 4e, we're willing to pay you for acceptable material, but you'll have to submit 4 11/12 more pages of stuff before we can, since we contributed our aluminum tax tokens to National Defense, and the smallest change we have now is a brass 5-mill smidget.

Warner

again, with a wondrous example of stringing phrases together: "... have a Tartar which won't let go by the tail in Spaceways which I could hardly stop without getting out of fandom altogether;..."

Hey, purists, would you say "filterable viri" for plural?

Continued from preceding page. Great Foo! This department seems to have permanently expanded to four pages, and now it's running over that. is in the nature of a bonus, like a back-cover drawing on a fanzine or a goofy way of writing your return address on a letter, and being given gratis, need not be paid for with comments unless the spirit moves you.... Inspiration is enjoyable, and neat. How says Lynn that elite gives 6½ lines to the inch statt 6 for pica? I always thot line-height was the same for both.... Censored was a treat. These Canucks have an advanced sense of humor that I go for in a big way. The illustration for Hero of the Spwys is so casual, for example; the story itself is a beauty, by the way, but doesn't sound like a girl wrote it. The wacky scientific footnote on sub-etheric fission gets us. And bravo for spelling "favorable" without the u in the readers' dept. British, tho, is the exceedingly fine screen they use for mimeo shading; I've never seen the same kind of stencil work on a US fanzine. FE understated; fingernail polish makes a very poor substitute for obliterate, or did for me, the Censored doesn't seem to have suffered. The pun on Castor Oil and Pirates isn't a pun. The quote from Sir James Jeans is provocative, but I register dissent to saying the Universe was clearly not designed for life, both because it seems to imply design, and because it fails to try to imagine what a Universe that was designed for life would be like, without being anthropomorphic. I don't know the astronomical name for mooshine, but the old moon in the new moon's arms is caused by earthshine, and I don't think the astronomers have any bigger word for that. My contribution to the think-chapeaux argument: We think in ideas, which we usually represent by a word with a suggestion of a picture in the mind behind it--the aggregate of all our associations with that idea. But the words we think in are much different from the words we talk in, a shorthand for our own use only; otherwise why should we have such trouble phrasing an idea sometimes when we want to communicate it to other people? I will grant that theory of time for a good story in Fourth Dimensional Mixup, but object to the statement that a fourth line at right angles to three others is time; there's a common confusion with regard to the fourth spatial dimension, and thinking of time by analogy as a fourth dimension. And the BIS rocket has auxiliary steering jets at the sides to keep it balanced so it doesn't need a long stick trailing behind the point of thrust.

REJECTED--FANTARE!

I kinda think Art half accepted this, but delayed publication till it was about obsolete.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF FANDOM

I quote from a letter from Harry Warner, quote: "Incidentally, isn't there some sort of a significant cycle going on now? That is, all this indexing--no one ever tried to do it on such a large scale until a short while ago. Just recently have come up the indexing of all pro fantasy yarns, Swisher's Check-List, and the Bibliography is under way, plus such allied things as your Up to Now and the projected survey of predictions of the future discussed at Philly. Tucker I believe started it with his Yearbooks, although of course Doc had been keeping his files for a long while. But it's lucky it has started now; if no one had done similar things for two or three more years and the fantasy flood continues as it has been, the mass of stuff would be so monumentally huge it would discourage anyone. Now it isn't so bad, since most of the already-done projects are being kept up to date." Unquote.

And from my reply, quote: "I hadn't really thot of it as a cycle or anything like that before, but you're right; all those bibliographies and suchlike are a distinctive phenomenon. Probably partly caused by the influx of new fans, who want to know what it's all about--at any rate, that was much of the reason for Up to Now, and almost the sole cause for my projected encyclopedia. Notice that Fortier has had much the same idea. Shall have to communicate with him on it [the encyc]. Glad to see it all, tho; I've been urging this sort of thing ever since SFNews' Meet the Boys mentioned me as believing that records of anything and everything should be kept. I had such projects in mind in that Constitution I wrote for New Fandom last year, but everything seems to be being pretty well handled by individuals now, tho I think a potent organization would be a big help." Unquote.

The preceding quotes contain most of the meat of this article, and the title occurred to me when I read VoM's complaint that somebody ought to establish a Reuters news agency for fandom. I think it all adds up to a consolidation by fandom of our bases (basises) and of our hold on the new fields of interest that we've claimed for our own in the past few years.

Toward the end of the period that in Up to Now is called the First Transition, the possible subjects of discussion for fandom were expanded enormously. Far from the days when fan magazines were filled with biographies of stf authors, forecasts on the pros, and amateur science fiction, we found ourselves discussing almost anything that attracted our interest as individuals. The politico-economic arguments were the most obvious of these, but there were many other wide new fields of interest: art, amateur journalism, religion, and so on. It was almost too much. Something of a reaction set in, and people complained about things that claimed to be fan magazines publishing stuff that had no relation to science fiction; and fanzine after fanzine applied that policy of "nothing or a religious, political, or similarly controversial nature". Fans continued to discuss, more privately, politics, religion, and the like, but calmer days came and fandom stopped making history while they stopped to record it, to list all the things they'd been doing, the stories they'd read, the fanmags they'd published, the fans they'd met, and incidentally recapture some of the earlier interests they'd neglected.... Of course it isn't true to say they stopped making fan history, but they were primarily concerned with absorbing the many new fans, putting past ideas in more orderly array, and trying to find an organization setup for fandom as a whole that would work satisfactorily. But now, before this work of consolidation is finished, tho its end

is in sight, a new forward movement is beginning, has begun. It is presumptuous to try to predict the directions the new expansion will take, but some promising trends can be noted. The DPUPCPI in the late Pluto, the Frontier Society, and serious discussion of subjects like the superman, indicate attacks from a science-fictional viewpoint on problems of science and philosophy. Fan poetry, it is safe to say, will be getting a lot of attention directed toward improving its technical quality and, eventually, its subject matter. The introduction of fotografas in many fanzines, Pluto's multi-color mimeoing, Chauvenet's and others' cellophane covers and experiments with format, VoM's varied type faces and introduction of lithography, the increasing use of Ditto direct process hektoing, and so on, show fans hard at work to find how to get the best possible results from the equipment at their disposal for publishing.

On the other hand, I suspect that the fonograf recordings have about reached their peak, and until all fans become plutocrats this custom of long-distance fone calls will not reach great proportions. I doubt that the tempo of exchanges of visits between fans will exceed last year's for some time now. And the signs of cracking in the pro mag market gives extra reason to look for fewer first sales to the pros by fans.

All sorts of new interests and further pursuits in the old will be open to up, tho, now that our pasts are neatly indexed for reference.

Nobodylovesme, everybodyhatesme, I'mgoin'out'n'eatwormswormswormswormswormswormsworms

1793: "Just'a minute; Mr whitney; let me show you the future... Now, Mr whitney, are you sure that you want to invent that cotton gin just yet? Let cotton be a minor crop another fifteen or twenty years, and the liberal movement will have abolition on the statute books in every state, and the slaves on the way back to Africa, by the time the New-Englanders' slave-trading can be stopped, in 1808. You'll not be an old man then--you're slated to live years and years beyond that time--and you can get the profits of your gin then, when our patent system will be better organized. ...Others? Don't worry about others; I'll take care of them if I can take care of you. Will you wait, Mr whitney? ... Thank you. Now America will be one."

Greatbigfatones, longslimslimyones, thosethattwisteandsquirmssquirmssquirmssquirmsszzzz

MR GANDHI, YOU MAKE
PRETENSE TO AN ADVANCED
WAY OF THINKING. DO
YOU DETEST WESTBROOK
PEGLER?



ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

Here are a lot of preliminary drafts, working toward the final form in which I recommended to the Columbia Camp a coat of arms for the DFF be adopted. The DFF. Ah, me.

Here also is the message Milty sent the Boskone via me. It starts off in typically Rothmanic style: "Dear Boskone: I wanted very much to attend you, but things prevented it, and all we can do is to shrug our shoulders, as we are going to do many times, and say c'est la guerre." He then continues, in type thruout, to arouse the ire of the "alleged Philly group", and presently ask and expand upon the question of foreign members of the NFFF, and "Precisely what is the meaning of affiliating a club with the NFFF? How does a club get affiliated, and once it has done so, what does it do next?" In other words, find the referent. His peroration runs thus: "The moral of these two questions is that there is more to running a really good club than appears on the surface, and we intend the NFFF to be a really good club. Love - Milty"

"Yet I will try the last.."/"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, Beware the Thane of Fife.."

THEY DID NOT BE

To lead off this issue's list of apochrypha we have a thing entitled, typed with black and red ribbon on a lined blotter from a paper tablet, /MONSTROUS PETITION/ Inside it says "DEAR DAMN THING EDITOR: WE WANT SCIENTIFICTIONURSERYMES DISCONTINUED!!!: Down at the bottom, where it could be trimmed off before submission of the petition, we had typed "(Sign any alter egos you may have, too. Yerke, the dope, won't know the difference.)" Accordingly it was signed in pencil by Jack F Speer, John A. Bristol, Elmer B. Perdue, Elmer E. Perdue, Jimmy Wilson, L. Sprague de Perdue, John A. Bristol, Jack Speer, Art Widner Jr., Arlavi, Albert Woodward, Rusty Link, Laycass U. Sewell, YHOS, Arthur L. Widner Jr., Yehudi, "THE POLL CAT", Hu-Tze, Sw, RDSwisher, bob swisher, robert d swisher phd, Frances Nevada Swisher, F N Swisher, and Frances N. Swisher II. Then the Damn Thing folded before we could get any more signatures or send in the petition.

Here also are notes that didn't come to our attention while we were stylusing the bacover on the Christmas issue. We were going to ask Santa to send Lazarus Long one of those life subscriptions to the Reader's Digest (a Lifetime Parker fountain pen would be a good idea, too); König a tesseract in which to store his collections as his family take over more and more of his space; and Louie Kuslan a machine giving Time for Sale.

"Northwest Smith was a hard guy, with an iron jaw and a roving eye."

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH

We have heard of a piece of evidence that may give an hypothesis to account for Milton Rothman's death recently in a dentist's chair. It is understood that the dentist was just inserting a silver filling when Milty pooped out, and remembering the things that are whispered of Rothman on full-moon midnites, and the tradition about silver bullets, we leave the suggestion with you.

Robert W Lowndes has crashed the slicks at last, with a poem entitled "Contentment" in the Ladies' Home Journal.

FooFoo is Foo; there is no Foo but FooFoo

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

Lately I've gone for Bryant in a big way. I think much of his stuff is as good as any but the very best dozen or so lines of Wordsworth. You know Thanatopsis, of course, but are you familiar with The Prairies?:

... As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed, Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides The hollow beating of his footsteps seems A sacrilegious sound. I think of those Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here-- The dead of other days?--and did the dust Of these fair solitudes once stir with life And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds That overlook the rivers, or that rise In the dim forest crowded with old oaks, Answer. A race, that long has passed away, Built them;--a disciplined and populous race Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms	Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed, When haply by their stalls the bison lowed, And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke. All day this desert murmured with their toils, Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed In a forgotten language, and old tunes, From instruments of unremembered form, Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came-- The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce, And the mound-builders vanished from the earth....
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By diligent culling, I have a few lines that Poe might have liked, from another poet on America's bearded row, James Russell Lowell. It's The Washers of the Shroud:

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked one night in mystery of dream;...
Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistledowns of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed, and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.
Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a shroud,--ill thing to hear!"

Melville really had something on the ball. Passages like this from Moby Dick also illustrate that sometimes it is better for poetry to appear to be less than it is:

"Vengeance on a dumb brute!" cried Starbuck, "that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab, seems blasphemous."

"Hark ye yet again,--the little lower layer. All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event--in the living act, the undoubted deed--there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the moldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike,

strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me. For could the sun do that, then could I do the other; since there is ever a sort of fair play herein, jealousy presiding over all creations...."

However much some of its assumptions and arguments may be open to question, the Declaration of Independence remains a superb piece of writing, full of the pleasant nutty flavor that distinguished the Age of Reason:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the political bands which have connected them to another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of Mankind requires that they should state the causes which impel them to this separation. -- We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, that Governments are instituted among men for the securing of these Rights, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and when any Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it.*-- Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly, all experience hath shewn, that men are rather disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by altering the Forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations evidences an intent to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to overthrow it,*and institute new Governments, laying their foundations and organizing their powers in such way as to them shall seem most likely to safeguard their future happiness and welfare. -- Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which compels them to renounce their former allegiance. . . . The history of the present King of Great Britain is an unremitting story of acts invariably pursuing the same end, the setting up of a Tyranny over these colonies. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.--"

Unmatched too, in its way, is Lincoln's letter upon raising Fighting Joe Hooker to command of the Army of the Potomac (shortly before that worthy let Lee make confetti out of said Army at Chancellorsville). Lincoln discusses Hooker's statement that a dictator is needed:

"... Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. That I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit that you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

MY DEAR FUTURIANS

To begin at the beginning, which I think is Astonishing Stories. Here, as in most cases with non-Campbell magazines in recent years, I bought only the first issue. That I didn't keep following the magazine doesn't mean there wasn't some good stuff in it, but simply that my time was too limited to even try to dig out the good, once I'd gotten some idea of what kind of mag it was.

Chameleon Planet made fairly interesting reading. There were a lot of rough points and illogicalities to it, but the idea was enuf to sustain interest in a story no longer than this, pointless as it is. The story seems to have been inexpertly trimmed in spots toward the end.... The Half-Breeds are OK, but make no great appeal to me in their first story. I got the idea somehow that they were smaller than humans, but this is nowhere substantiated in the story; I think it would be better if they were.... Asteroid isn't above the Gregor standard which, I'm grieved to say, is none too high. Milty is just too alien in his portrayal of e-t's, or don't put enuf stuff into the stories, or something. Idno.... Others have adequately commented on the first Viewpoints. The reviews are all pretty good; but isn't it surprising that the authors of them should have been so unanimously in favor of reviews in Viewpoints?

Turning to Super Science, Guardian Angel was OK, but I am disgusted at the invariability with which such handy little things as the Guardian Angel break down or become lost before the end of stories of this kind.... Juice was good. By the way, this is the second issue that I bought, and am talking about.... Castaway one of the "episodes" that someone recently said were making up most of the contents of the Futurians' promags, and some of Don's remarks about the Japanese "catastrophic defeats in China" usw sound odd now, but the story was enjoyable, and the inclusion of the genesme a happy thought.... Ley's article good.... The cover on this Super Science was much better than that on Astonishing.

So farewell to Pohl's pubs. I'll take up Science Fiction next, tho the issues I have are all Hornig's and I don't need to be told that Chossie isn't a Futurian. I'd already written him about the first of these, so take up here with October 39. The cover, and the story behind the cover, are better than we could have hoped for.... Dweller in the Darkness has enuf idea for a story of that length.... Flame of Life surprisingly good reading.... Lesser's analysis of his dream was interesting, tho the article by no means covers the subject.... The Fantasy Fan fair, and the letter department better, but I wonder how much it all interested the outsider?

Planet of the Knob-Heads cover - Oh, Gawd. I didn't read the story.... Of the Atom Prince, the writing was bad--the exclamatory substantive phrases particularly annoying--, and the science even worse than usual in these pulpy promags--it mite have gotten by in 1910, tho even then they knew something about atoms--, but the story itself is very entertaining in a Them-Was-The-Days way.... I detest things like Upon the Dark Moon.... Women's World--pyew! This stinks like a Space Tales reject. A ten-year-old would be insulted if he thot this was written for him.... Television article mediocre. The Eternal Conflict much below its initial standard. Fantasy Fan OK, Telepath not so much so. Hornig sure must have had an awful time filling up those last twelve or so pages. Most of the ideas he puts into boxes on the advertising pages would be worth a line or two in a fanmag sometime, but the over-supply of them in this one issue, and their haphazardness, gives away their filler purpose.

In the first issue of Future Fiction, I only had courage to read the two short stories, both of which were pretty stinkeroo. The Infinite Eye was by far the worst; worse would be more grammatical, but worst expresses my feelings better. Also is the cover awful. The only bearable thing I read in this issue was Hornig's

World of Tomorrow, and in that he errs in saying that the present really does not exist. I disagree with Wells' position implied in "Can an instantaneous cube exist?", so matchlessly disagree with Hornig.

Stirring Science Stories, of which I have Number 2, April 41, is very good. I am grateful for the general brevity of the stories, and altho many are in consequence mere episodes, they are generally enjoyable. The cover style is swellegant.... Blueprint rather enigmatic, and like a hunk of a daydream, but I liked it.... ~~It~~ seemed written primarily as an exercise in the second person, and in this was weak in its too-frequent use of "didn't you?" and other nospah expressions. Otherwise good, tho, and the illustration was lovely.... Rocket of 1955 was glorious, too, in its small way.... Brontosaurus OK.... I've already commented on the Fishers.... Cosmophobia's writer had a difficult job, which he carried out with middling success.... The Vortex was enjoyable, Asimov's letter starring.... The two weird poems are all right, but the reader has to work too hard to get the proper enjoyment from such pieces.... The Doll Master a well-turned tale, however obvious the ending.... Ferdue's Swing Low was something different, and with my inferiority complex about the more esoteric reaches of music, I had to like it.... The Fantasy World is all right, but not outstanding.

If I ever feel like I have time enuf to start reading another promag steadily, it'll be Stirring Science.

Left Left Left mywifeandfortyninekids inastarvingconditionwithoutanygingerbreadthink

Memo to König: I don't think I need so much to learn the art of brevity if by that you mean the opposite of prolixity. It seems to me that my comments are usually pretty concise and economical of words. What I need is will power not to say everything that I think of saying. This is one matter in which I do not put the other guy's interests ahead of my own pleasure, and it's a place where I ought to.

Ididright Right RightbythearmyandcountryIhadagoodjobandIleft Left Left my wife andfor

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
"It is futile," I said,
"You can never"--

"You lie," he cried,
And ran on.

The wayfarer,
Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha," he said,
"I see that none has passed here
In a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other roads."

Once there was a man,--
Oh, so wise!
In all drink
He detected the bitter,
And in all touch
He found the sting.
At last he cried thus:
"There is nothing,--
No life,
No joy,
No pain,--
There is nothing save opinion,
And opinion be damned."

--Stephen Crane

WHO ARE THOSE
PEOPLE DOWN
THERE?

THEY'VE BEEN HOLDING A
CONVENTION IN TOWN —
SCIENCE FICTION FANS FROM
ALL AROUND, CAN'T YOU TELL
BY LOOKING?

... OH, MY DEAR, THE
CUTEST LITTLE HAT...

BRINGING THAT PORTABLE FONDGRAF
WAS A GREAT IDEA; DO YOU HAVE
CHOPIN'S CELLO CONCERTO IN A FLAT
MINOR THERE?

DON'T SAY "THAT MAY
BE HE" — "BE" IS
AN INFINITIVE AND
TAKES --

GWAN! I'VE GOT
TWICE AS MUCH
HAIR ON MY
CHEST AS YOU
EVER WILL
HAVE!

REALLY, I DON'T
SEE WHY SOME
BODY DOESN'T
SHOOT HITLER...

... SO LITTLE JOHNNY
TAKES HIS WAGON
AND GOES DOWN THE
STREET...

COME SEVEN!

HE STOLE MY
GURRUL!

I HAD CHICKEN-IN-THE-ROUGH
FOR DINNER YESTERDAY,
WITH FRENCH FRIES AND
BEETS, RUSSIAN SALAD, —

THIS SANDWICH
IS SORT OF AN
EXPERIMENT

HOW MANY BEERS DOES IT
TAKE TO PUT YOU UNDER
THE TABLE?

THERE'S A RIDGE OF
ROCK UNDER THE WATER
ALONG HERE THAT YOU
CAN FOLLOW, BUT WATCH
OUT FOR THE CURRENT.

DO YOU KNOW THE
FACTOR FOR A
K-2 FILTER?

