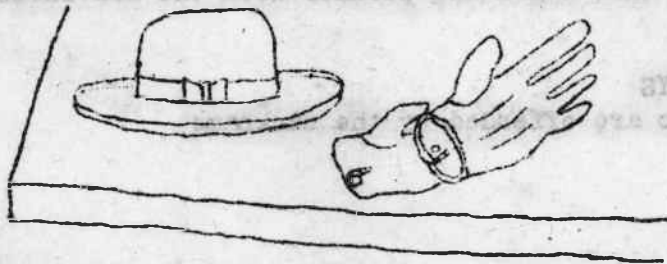


NOV 19 1944

Speers

# SUSTAINING PROGRAM

FALL / F44



CECI ET CELA

No particular remarks on this issue to make.

Our cover is entitled "Therianthropy".  
Last quarter's was "Extraordinary astronomical phenomena". Next time it will be  
"Born of the Sun".

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH MAILING  
Better late than never, or is it?

Pp 1, 2, 3

QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES

How many of these can you find in Bartlett's Quotations, Tucker?

P 4

"THE NEGROES DIDN'T ASK TO BE BROT OVER HERE."  
A bit of economic interpretation of history

P 5

WORLDLY POSSESSIONS  
Inventory

Pp 6, 7

ABS GRATIA ARTIS

This department is supposed to be for anything which I think is written  
beautifully, but somehow I put little but fantasy and quasi-fantasy in it

P 8

PROFOUND REFLEXIONS ON THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS

People must get the idea that I'm a 200-pounder from the heaviness of my  
writings

P 9

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIMEYS

With apologies to any who are offended by the nickname

P 10

'STICS-HAPPY

A fable with a moral

P 11

REJECTED--YHOS

The possibilities of changing the past continue to fascinate me

Pp 12, 13

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS  
Analecta

P 14

LAST STOP TO LIMBO  
Salvage Dept

P 15

CATCHING UP WITH CAMPBELL  
But Dept

Pp 16, 17, 18

## REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH MAILING

This time this department is shortened by the fact that most urgent comments have been aired thru Sketches.

I had to do some studying to figure out who produced Emergency Flare. The reference to Hoguam, however, seems to lay it at Daniels' door. Don't you know Warner has first rights to this title, Tom?

I was considerably impressed by Star-Stung, but a friend who's more on esthetics than I says the author is no poet. Anyway, I liked it, and it's a neatly gotten up booklet. Honig's introduction could have been spared. "Watson's bracketed comments do much /Gripes! I've just discovered that the pilferers got my correction fluid, /much to take the /irksomness out of Honig's comments, in Arcadia. Margie Dreams Too I nominate for the worst article of the year.

Milty's Mag: You and De Quincey, huh?

Fan-Dango:

If you would have given credit for the CC stuff in the LA post-Mailing to someone in LA, I'd hate to have you as vice-president. "Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan" was better than I expected, containing a good deal of interesting data. I am somewhat irked, tho, by the several attempts in this Mailing to copy Bill Abner's dialect which do not succeed. I note that the stenciler of the cover erroneously gives the name of volume one as "The Old L.A.S.F.S." "Venus-Con: Why? "Toward Tomorrow: Perhaps John Campbell cannot be called a scientifiction fan, Yerke, but I'll bet some of the abnormal people you referred to in the Knaves had no stronger claim to the title. About the anti-parodists poem: Would you give up Lewis Carroll's "Father William" to preserve the sanctity of Spudhey's? You would have gone to college if you could have? Somehow, I don't think you were certain enuf in your mind, I don't think you tried hard enuf. Undoubtedly some people couldn't go no matter how hard they tried, but I'm inclined to think that anyone with superior intelligence could find a way to go, barring obligations to support somebody else. "Wollheim's article on past history and Kepner's on current history made this Fan-Slants outstanding. Little credit to the publisher, however, whose typing atrocities detracted from the value of the text.

I don't see anything in these History of the Future cards about when we're going to get that 1943 laureate report. But then, they only go up to 1960. "FAPA Blotter: When I come across a voluminous publication like this, I lay it aside to be read later on when I've more leisure. That time hasn't come yet. "Elmurmurings: Gad, did you clean out the entire outdated patents department in leaving the Patent Office, Elmer? (I mean?)

In Phanny, Thompson somewhat misunderstands my question about the superman whose powers can't be detected. I wasn't getting metaphysical, I just want to know how your High Tension Thinker does differ from the garden variety of genius. I'm afraid I can't give much praise to your poems. The one entitled "Hummingbird" reminded me of Dr Bolwell's description of the rank and file romanticists, who were in the habit of rushing into print with "I saw a flower!" or "I saw a bird!" or words to that effect. I beg your pardon; that's James Russell Gray's poem. "Tryst" is better. The remark to Laney that there's nothing to say where you agree raises a question. Is there nothing more you can do when you agree with something than to say so, or go on and add something that the first party didn't say? Careful with that subversive typewriter, DB; you mean "technology" on page 12 rather than "technocracy", don't you? The country fiddler bats out usually flat notes? I thought notes were only flat with reference to some given scale.

Have at thee, Tucker. In FAPA Variety you criticize "reviews of reviews". If that were all they are, you're having a legitimate gripe. But they aren't. They're

comment upon comment, and that, sir, is conversation, and quite legitimate.

So we come to Newcastle. Shangri-Luna Affairs is another example of Dogler's new style of boring you to tears with talking about something trivial. "The National Futurian Wily" on the other hand is a reversion to his old violent style. "In Futurian Advance" I notice "Helen Bradleigh" refusing to obey the Director's order to cease doing Futurian Letters, but appeals for appeals for her to stay on the job--which Dogler will probably tell Rayn have been received in great numbers. "Dear CC Members; Ah, Donnie, still being secretive, huh? So you have heard from 45 people." This is a special card--See, Donnie, do you really specially want me to join? The stickers look like something done by us up the bottom part of the stencil on letter-sized National Futurian Wily, or one of the others. "Intelligence Quotient: I don't know whether I'm sorry you weren't in Newcastle, or otherwise. Anyway, I couldn't have preinformed you since I only decided on it the Friday before." Troy is interesting for the excerpts from Rayn's letter, pleading that Newcastle cease publishing. Until that happens, his "Directorship" is an empty title. "Cosmian World: Gad, Claude, don't you write any personal letters except to Washington? This seems rather wasteful, making a hundred copies of something meant for only one person. ~~Ball, please, where did the article "The Rise & Fall of Wollheim" appear?~~ "Modern Michelist. Horrible that: Suppose Dogler should learn four lines of Lovecraft! Fantasy Forum: Superfan continues to use others' letters as an excuse for taking up most of the space himself. "The Live Oak half of Cosmic Circle Monthly is rather interesting.

En Garde: Ashley is quite an artist in his own right. Pray FooFoo the comment on Fantasticonglomeration doesn't start a race for that distinction. But offhand, I know of one title - Scientificaleodensian - which is longer than Fantasticonglomeration, and the Z-to-infinity produced for the Check-List could claim to be longer. "Racial progress is the moving forward to something new". Well, well, well. Isn't the Soviet Union something new? Isn't the New Deal new? Careful now--don't say anything about their being changes for the worse; don't mention survival value. Just differentness. So you can't oppose collectivism on the ground of progress. No mention of liberty, please. "The Stump is the most amusing, and perhaps the most effective, politicking I've seen in the FAPA." Walt's Wramblings is one of the best-looking publications in this Mailing. "Tale of the 'Evans: Wonder if we couldn't drag Old Man Evans into an argument about religion, which he seems to believe in.

So Saari. Ollie, don't let de Camp know you live at the YMCA --you know what he thinks of that institution. Speer's system doesn't deal with functions of variables nor loci? I beg your pardon. Rigor is the keynote of all systems of thought? Oh, come, come now. AA-194. Haw!

Inspiration: "I have a suspicion that the whole field of psychology can be translated into a few simple rules." This was a common belief in the century after Newton, but it's surprising to find you holding it today. Considering the haphazard ways in which personalities take form, I'm very skeptical about the possibilities of great simplification.

The parodies in Take-Off might have been good in small doses, but too much is terrible. Also, there is no burlesque apparent in some of them.

Light: Confidentially, sir, it stinks. And not because of smutty stuff this time. One or two things, such as the fan map, are passably good, but on the whole, I repeat, it stinks.

No comments for here on Horizons. Well, yes, I might mention the literary magazine "Horizon", which is on sale around here. British, I believe.

Scientific/youknowwhatImean/c's

Orbits: Here's Eddie Clinton again. Sure, "The Stars Look Down" was a good story, but no amount of argument is going to convince people that it was great, if it didn't impress them that way. That last step is left to mass intuition. By the way, since I forgot to mention it under Fun-Science: "Hobodom" is from the French. Cow Messers was lovely. I would say more, but am struck dumb to see myself characterized as a reactionary of the type who cried "Give us back our eleven days!" It just goes to show you.

Ephemeron: It will be interesting to see how marriage affects Elarcy's activity. Many newlyweds show a tendency to withdraw from society.

The Works: Milt, you said that Sinclair Lewis had set out to sketch every type of character in America. Has he ever described anyone like Michel? "Agonbite of Inwit: The Horror out of Lovecraft was lovely, but I want to know how Buck Wollheim and Drygulch Doc ended up." "Phantograph: The frank barbarianism of "Literature Is the Bunk" is refreshing. Who is Romney Boyd? "The New Hieroglyph: It would be more economical of effort to put a bit more material in somewhat fewer publications. But, of course, the more titles you have, the more active you look." "Futura: Historian Wollheim, how's that again on "The New York fans cast adrift by the breakup of the NIPISA decided to call their new organization the Futurian Science-Literary Society."? GMYSEL. Remember? "If the day comes when the Futurian Society of New York decides to sponsor a national organization,..." Holy Klono, what were the Futurian Federation of the World and the Futurian League? Superfluous to ask, but why was this published in June 1944 when the last meeting was January 1943? "FAPA Fan: The law of averages is on your side, anyway." "La Vie Arigienne: Clever title." "Reader and Collector: Not being a bibliophile, my chief interest in this was idly wondering whether this is the usual method of getting recognition of some unappreciated elder author.

Banshee: "Dust" is one of the reasons that I mentioned Raym for a Laureateship. "Caliban: But did you have to staple it together that way? "Investigation in Newcastle: The first four lines are intended only for those that might be moved to wonder why I took a day's leave and traveled nigh a thousand miles.

Fantasy Amateur: I believed I received the post-mailed Celephais, but I forgot to mention it in the critix report. The straight-faced way in which Swisher presents "Cunningham's Messages" makes him a candidate for humor laureate himself. "Yhos: Blast you, sir, it's Mopay." "FAPA Poll Kitten is likely to put the Laureate Committee on the spot if there's too much divergence between vox populi and vox whatevertheLatiniaforcommittee." "FAPA Ballot: I got mine much too late to vote." "Blitherings. Liked the Dialogue poem. You're marx about genes and stuff prompts me to ask a question: Since each chromosome, and perhaps even each gene, helps determine several characteristics, will certain easily imaginable combinations of characteristics never occur save by mutation?

Fan-Tods: Trying to pick the worst stuff stories is difficult, because the worst are those that merely waste your time; anything that arouses a strong reaction isn't totally bad. Just like when avvoter named Clod as worst fan and also as #10 best. The Bloomington newspaper is the Daily Fantograph, just like the Cosmic Fantograph (story) gave for spelling, which may be vice versa. Yesterday's 10,000 Years recalls many things in the dear old war that I forgot I ever read.

Browsing: I say, Michael, isn't your biblio going to give many books a lot more space than they deserve? Card files seem a better idea, from which condensed lists might be made and published.

# QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES

"much which passes as 'learning', and which, by its mere phraseology would completely baffle the inarticulate Common Man, is not only sterile, but is really the product of a very inferior and unexciting mental process. Many a 'work of learning' is a far less imposing product of human activity than the handiwork of a good craftsman in the utilities of life." --Democracy and the Individual

"those who are at all deeply influenced by the work of modern psychologists are disposed to abandon the notion of personal responsibility, at least in its previous form, and to put their moral judgments upon a utilitarian basis, irrationally and thus consciously give them any basis at all." --Horizon, Apr 44

"Henri Bergson has pointed out in Creative Evolution that the deployment of evolutionary changes of Nature are sheaf-like and open out into more and more divergent patterns. He warns us how we tend to limit significance, if we form our categories too strictly by the mere collection into groups of individuals possessing similar characteristics, and how much more fruitful it is to observe and categorize those individuals who express certain characteristics shared by a larger group." --id May44

"Stubborn facts, it has been rightly remarked, are as nothing compared with a stubborn theory." --Living Philosophies, Irving Babbitt

"If we are to have general rules, and the law is to have no favorites, occasional injustice is inevitable to someone who does not fit into the rule; and the constant struggle is to make the rule sufficiently flexible to allow for the particular circumstances, and yet so rigid that lawyers may predict what the decision may be, and men may guide their conduct by that prediction." --Prosser on Torts

"In spite of overwhelming evidence, it is most difficult for a citizen of western Europe to bring thoroughly home to himself the truth that the civilization which surrounds him is a rare exception in the history of the world.... It is indisputable that much the greater part of mankind has never shown a particle of desire that its civil institutions should be improved since the moment when external completeness was first given to them by their embodiment in some permanent record. Here and there a primitive code, pretending to a supernatural origin, has been ... distorted into the most surprising forms,... but, except in a small section of the world, there has been nothing like the gradual amelioration of a legal system." --Ancient Law

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly  
breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets  
making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright."

THE NEGROES DIDN'T COME TO AN END OVER HERE.

It implies that there is a difference in this between whites and negroes. We note, first, that neither whites nor negroes of the present generation came over here - they were born here (except a small number of immigrant whites). We also note that neither whites nor negroes ask to be born here, or anywhere else.

What that leaves of the argument is the suggestion that the whites who now hate the negro have benefited by his labor, and that the matrix into which they were born favors the white above the negro. The latter is undeniable, but Southerners point out that it is better than the Negro ever made for himself in Africa. The desirability of the situation leads into a different issue of the race question.

To take up the other suggestion, that we anti-negroists were glad enuf to receive the benefits of their labor. The well-to-do of the present day who hire Negroes as servants obviously are benefiting from their labor (one may question the "benefit" in a deeper sense). I hold no brief for such people, whether in the South or the North, neither for the negro who seeks this employment.

But the common picture of the South, and particularly the antebellum South, as a nation of Kentucky colonels with a sprinkling of clay-eaters, is grossly inaccurate. Recent research is making it appear that the dominant pattern of life in the South has always been chiefly the product of the semi-frontier conditions of the small farm. There were always many more families owning no slaves than there were of slaveowners, and the majority of slaveowners held only a few blacks, using them for the same kind of duties that hired hands now fill. From earliest times --as far back as Bacon's Rebellion in the 17th Century--there was conflict between the yeomen and the great planters and landowners. They learned to dislike the slaves, too (who called them "poor white trash"; tho they were little different from their cousins in the Old Northwest), because the cheap labor of the negroes, which under the plantation system did not need to be coupled with intelligence and initiative, drove down their level of living and increased the power of the wealthy.

Nevertheless, these yeomen generally made common cause with the plantation men who had the leisure for politics, against the Northeast. For one reason, it was natural for farmers in that age to attach their loyalty to the government nearby rather than to the one in the District of Columbia. For another thing, they could expect to become well-to-do slaveholders themselves if they worked hard and managed carefully--and many of them did. But above this, their economic interests with regard to national policy were essentially the same as those of the large planters: Low tariff, low taxes, a minimum of government. The river system of the South made little internal improvements necessary; without such pressure of population as the North had from immigration, they had less need for a liberal land policy (it was on these two points that the Republicans finally swung the West away from the South, plus bland arguments about the benefits of protective tariffs). Certainly they would not benefit from a loosing of the bonds which held the negroes. So they stood by the South Carolina leadership, not because they were slaveowners, but because they were farmers. Except for the Unionist mountaineers, they made up the great bulk of the Confederate armies.

And do southerners have cause to rejoice at the existence of the Negro, considering his effect on the South since 1865?

I'll bet they saved a lot of metal when they left the springs out of these jeeps.

Did you know that Time recently not only wrote up Ley and Oberth, but gave the BIS's plans for a moon rocket, straight? Maybe they'll eat their word "pseudoscience" yet!

# WORLDLY POSSESSIONS

What does a fan live by?

To begin with, not all my chattels are here. Stored in Comanche are my pre-embarkation fanzine, correspondence, commented-upon-and-earlier prozine files, plus all the collections of scientific comics, diaries, joujoux, etc. that survived the Wiederpapierblitzkrieg (see SP c July 41).

Secondly, some of the things that were supposed to come over in my trunk were lost thru pilferage. These included clothes, one metal box for Kodachromes, the roll of stripprints of all pix taken with DuQuesne (1939-44), a Vokar kodachrome projector, a toy opacity-projector, two rubber-stamp sets, SP views, a Varga calendar, "magic" writing pad, flycatcher spiral, an unusual small sized and very rusty but still efficacious rocket pistol, signet ring made from a half-eagle, and a watch box containing my social security number, valedictorian medal, Life Scout badge, the "In Memoriam John A Bristol" medal and another, my Doctor of Foo-losophy pin from the Pan-American Congress, the trinkets I swiped from the saint, and other gewgaws. Insured.

The ersatz trunk, strictly a wartime product, with large holes punched in its cardboard sides, has now been disguised with a lace scarf and serves as a table on which are set fotografis of my family. In the line of luggage also have a gladstone, brief case, barracks bag --and the heavy wooden box in which most of my books were packed, now serving as another table on which stand Joe and the Columbia Encyclopedia. (Joe is my ra... in case you hadn't heard.) DuQuesne is here too, of course, with carrying case and tripod. Also a fotoflash with an extra reflector shell, one solitary bulb that came thru in good shape, three small metal boxes of Kodachrome slides, and several cartridges of 35mm film (tho we can now buy it at the PX).

Books as follows (This is the way they're arranged, in case that's any contribution to the discussion): Studs Lonigan - Modern Library. Elmer Gantry - Avon. Holy Bible - a tricky zipper-closed one, with my name in gold on the cover. The Methodist Hymnal. Complete Works of Lewis Carroll - ML. Famous Short Stories of H G Wells - Doubleday. Seven Famous Novels of ditto - Garden City Pub Co. The Outsider and Others. Dawn of Flame &c. PocketBook of Science-Fiction. Star Begotten - Chatto & Windus (bot locally, believe it or not). Maitre du Monde - Imbert (I mito add that I don't intend to make these single-story volumes a permanent part of my library). Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam - Cameo, with the Sullivan illustrations. PocketBook Rubaiyat with the Ross illustrations (any opinions on which of these is botter?). Tennyson's Poetical Works - Cambridge Edition (as you see, I go in for whimsical juxtaposition). Poe's Best Tales - ML (apparently from the pre-Random House days - very poor binding). Poe's Poetical Works - Crowell (with disgustingly complete notes on variations). The Poems of Longfellow - ML. Longfellow in an inherited leatherbound edition by Winston (with some interesting pages from an antediluvian Fifth Reader stuck in it). Bryant - American Writers Series. Virgil - ML. Complete Shakespeare, an inherited British-prepared edition, tho Winston claims to publish it. PocketBook of Verse. British Prose and Poetry Vol 1, Beowulf to Blake. English Writers - Ginn and Company (the school anthology mentioned in Speer in September). Shafer's American Literature Vol 2 (starts with Melville). Life of Johnson - Harrap (abridged, really only extracts; bought here). Peloponnesian War - Oxford U Press (with introduction and notes emphasizing its timeliness). Living Philosophies - Tower Books (recommended). Invitation to Learning - Home Library. Home Book of Music Appreciation. How to Make Good Pictures, 1936. A Manual of Mechanical Movements (not hily recommended). Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation vestpocket encyclopedia (principally taken up with such material as tables of strength of I-beams, but also contains information on government, geography, etc). How to Understand Electricity - Home L. Perkins' College



Physica, Revue, Abstr. (recommended). Eddington's The Nature of the Physical World - Everyman (mildly recommended--with a grain of salt toward the end). 1941 Department of Agriculture Yearbook: Climate and Man (dope on the ice ages and most recent fluctuations, possibilities for future settlement (on Earth only), and such data). 1944 World Almanac. 1942 Statistical Abstract of the United States. May 43 Congressional Directory. PocketBook of America. Hang Together, the Union Now Primer. American Government by West (studded with important things you didn't know, and emphasizing the many things yet undecided). Hornbooks: Prosser on Torts. McKelvey on Evidence. Clark on Contracts. Ancient Law - Oxford U. College German (with jutting index tabs made by me). Oxford Review Series Gorman. Heath's First Spanish Course (like the penultimate, but for a course at GWU and never thrown away). Cuthbertson Verb wheel - French; Pocket Guide to North Africa; Language Guide to North Africa (these last two whipped up by the War Department under the impression that soldiers over here would associate mainly with the rural Arabs). Vestpocket French dictionary - McKay (copyright undated but undoubtedly expired - no word is given for automobile). Cassell's New French Dictionary (it uses the International Phonetic Alphabet!). The Winston Dictionary. Roget's Thesaurus - G&D. (Too large for the most part to go in the shelves.) The aforementioned Columbia Encyclopedia with supplement thru 1941 (the supplement's not so good, but the encyclopedia is the best, almost the only good, large-size cyclopedia in English). Across French North-Africa (as you may guess from the title, it's in typical well-intentioned broken English) by Brouty (mainly sketch maps of the capital with text). Hitt's War Atlas (pocket-size; he chooses his enlargements well). A Rand-McNally Illustrated Atlas, with Hammond's Historical Atlas glued to the left. Congressional Record for 30 June 43; ditto 3 July 43; Senate Calendar for Legislative Day, Monday, May 24, 1943, Calendar Day, Tuesday, June 29, 1943 (you figure it out!); House Calendar 22 Jun. 1943 Dherry Tree (GWU annual). Album containing prints of all fotos taken with my Brownie and vp kodaks since in 1937, plus the torn remnants of a loose-leaf album that the pilferers wouldn't have. Album of selected fotografs from age 1 until recently. Two scrapbooks.

Pocketsize diaries.

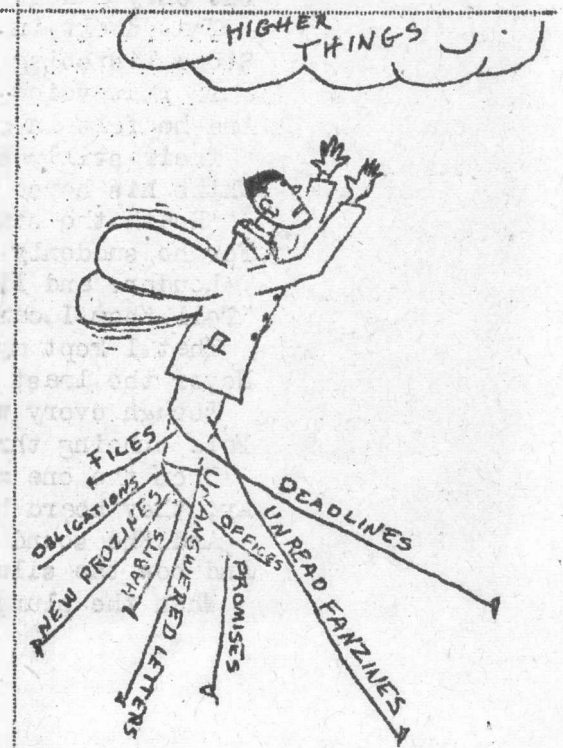
Typewriter, stenciling, and other office accessories. Fanzine-correspondence file. Recent Unknowns and Astoundings. January Esquire and jigsaw.

On my walls: The Histomap of History. Histomap of Evolution (most interesting of the three, tho dubious in many details). Histomap of Religion. Map of the port region of the city. Battered original of "The Canals of Mars" from Riddles of Science. "Arctic Radio Farm" backcover original. Cat-on-the-Cliff from Fear. A Dold from Night. Delbokov space-being. Bat Out of Hell copied from insignia of 39 Bombardment Sqn.

Six-inch terrestrial globe. Fly-swatter. Games kit. And that about does it.

Oh, yes: Toilet articles, a fistful of first aid, clothing, and other nonessentials.

Know I'd forget something. Democracy and the Individual, by C K Allen (who wrote the introduction for Ancient Law), which ordinarily comes after the PocketBook of America on the shelf, but at present is loaned out.



## ARS GRATIA ARTIS

A slightly used all-day sucker to the first reader to send in the name of the author of this:

I am the God Thor,	
I am the War God,	Here amid icebergs
I am the Thunderer!	Rule I the nations;    Those are the gauntlets
Here in my Northland,	This is my hammer,    Wherewith I wield it,
My fastness and fortress,	Milner the mighty;    And hurl it afar off;
Reign I forever!	Giants and sorcerers    This is my girdle;
	Cannot withstand it!    Whenever I brace it,
	Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest	
Stream through the heavens,	Jove is my brother;
In flashes of crimson,	Mine eyes are the lightning;    Force rules the world still,
Is but my red board	The wheels of my chariot    Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Blown by the night-wind,	Roll in the thunder,    Meekness is weakness,
Affrighting the nations!	The blows of my hammer    Strength is triumphant,
	Ring in the earthquake!    Over the whole earth
	Still is it Thor's-Day!

Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners":

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
"Is there anybody there?" he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That woke in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:—  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Well echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone  
And how the silence surged softly backward  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

## PROFOUND REFLEXIONS

### ON THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS

-With a Glance at the Sow in the Wheelbarrow-

This ideology could only have come out of the heart of America. In the effete East and the decadent West, men of letters are too far removed from that oldest of nobles, the farmer, to draw inspiration from his environment.

In this connection, it is interesting to note how much of the verbal tradition learned in childhood, and even more our undying picturesque expressions ("more fanzines than Carter had cats" for example), trace back to the time when America was a nation of farmers --or even further back, to the England of the rural village in Mother Goose.

It is wonderful that city children should continue to be taught these old traditions, that they should still hear about the crooked man who found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile, tho they have never seen a sixpence nor have any notion what a stile is.

Which suggests the question, will urban man ever create nursery rimes for his children that refer to their environment? Probably not. Current society does not seem conducive to the easy establishment of traditions, and long before such a folklore could take real root, the cities will likely dissolve as men spread more evenly over the earth and into pleasanter surroundings.

And since it is unlikely that men will stop wanting a drumstick on Sunday, however the meat-yeast affect the beef industry, we can expect the Cock o' the Ruddy Trews to go marching down to all futurity hand in hand with posterity.

---

"Loose smut is quite common and difficult to control."

---

I had better get rid of this item before it becomes utterly untimely. Last year I saw a Donald Duck short entitled "The Vanishing Private" which no one seems to have mentioned. Donald used an experimental paint of the Camouflage Corps and the resulting scenes outdid "The Invisible Man Returns", tho very reminiscent of it.

---

"Anything reticulated and decussated with interstices between the intersections."

---

"Christianity ... thinks it's a civil war, a rebellion, and that we are living in a part of the universe occupied by the rebel.

"Enemy-occupied territory--that's what this is. Christianity is the story of how the rightful king has landed, you might say landed in disguise, and is calling us all to take part in a great campaign of sabotage. When you go to church you're really listening in to the secret wireless from our friends: that's why the enemy is so anxious to prevent us going."

-- C S Lewis

---

"I thought radio was a plaything"

---

"Gee, Alexander," she said, "how did you get such big muscles?"

"Easy. Turning a mimeo crank a hundred times a day."

---

--But now my eyes are opened and I'm making up to 25 dollars a week."

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## SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIMEYS

Last evening I saw The Battle of Britain at a mainly British AEC center here. The picture is one of the War Department's "Why We Fight" series, the first three of which I saw as a Department employee in Washington.

At times, while watching it, I tried to imagine the same conflict in a science-fictional setting, or any fictional setting. Anything I could think up, tho, seemed pale beside the real thing. In the scale on which it was fought, and the principles at issue, the Battle of Britain is something for the ages.

Of course there was right and wrong, intermixed, on both sides. The unclarity of the picture might be said to give greater nobility to the people who chose their side and then gave it every thing they had. But that the balance of good against evil rested on the side of Great Britain was undeniably clear (except to some deluded people like me at the time). So it was simply a question whether certain high human qualities, courage, determination, faith, and discipline, would be enough to overcome the material superiority of the enemy.

And the Limeys won.

Afterwards, as on previous occasions, I browsed thru the pamphlets and other things strewn around in the reading alcoves. Incomparably more than the American, the British Army is getting its men ready for the changes everyone knows are going to come in postwar Britain. While the War Department (US) prohibits the transmission thru Army channels of political material, the British put up a large chart of the Beveridge plan provisions, hold discussions on vital social problems, encourage thoughtful letters to Union Jack (their newspaper). I'm sorry to find ourselves lagging behind, but glad that the British are making such preparations to go into collectivism. Perhaps when our turn comes it won't be as hard to persuade Americans to follow the British example as to follow the Russian example.

One of the cardinal points of British postwar policy is Anglo-American cooperation. They are making definite efforts to advance friendly relations between their troops and ours. Obstacles are many, mostly traceable to America's higher standard of living. The British bum supplies and so forth off the Americans--not as bad as the French and Italians, of course, but enuf to cause bad feeling. Limeys use American-provided facilities such as theaters and buses and cannot reciprocate amply. The British accents sound phoney. The old question of whether America should have gone to war before we were attacked occasionally comes up to cause trouble. For the most part, tho, the differences are such as time and economic change will remove.

So far as I know, there are only three or four nations whose way of life cultivates that ability to get things done which will be so vital to further progress. I think the British are one such nation.

Critics are advised that I know this lacks organization.

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"We too have twisted through our hair Such tendrils as the wild loves wear."--Swinburne

You remember the article "Time Travel Happens" in Astounding, about the experience of the two Englishwomen. In the June Horizon a writer says, "Those who have read the book will argue that the predictions made by the authors and verified by subsequent research afford conclusive proof of a psychic event. They should read The Mystery of Versailles, by J. R. Sturge-Whiting (1938); it points out a number of discrepancies in the original story and gives a normal explanation of the whole affair."

## 'STICS - HAPPY

It all began when Ed Kronk enthused to Joe about Clark Ashton Smith: "That man's command of language!" Why, compared to him, guys like E E Smith are talking pidgin English!"

Joe, who was an enthusiast of Skylark Smith's without having read many of his novels, answered that using big words wasn't a sign of literary merit; but after the convention he brooded over this, and decided to investigate and find out whether Clark Ashton really did sling more polysyllables than Edward Elmer. If the findings were adverse, he could just forget them. So he bought an electric-driven adding machine and as he read word by word, stroked up the number of syllables in each word. The length of the paper would tell him how many words there were, and he could divide that into the total number of syllables. Once the platen stopped feeding paper and Joe had to trace it back with considerable difficulty to find how many numbers had been printed on top of each other. At last, however, the work was done, and the calculation showed that CAS used less than one more syllable per hundred words than EES. It must be confessed that the story selected from the former was unusually monosyllabic, and the latter's was rather full of coruscating vibrations and Jarnevonians. Kronk was not slow to point this out when Joe jubilantly communicated the results of the investigation to him.

"Very well," cried Joe, "I'll count the syllables in all the published fiction of these two." At the suggestion of Walter Ginsberg, who had gotten wind of this controversy, Joe also took on syllable-counting for the whole of Lovecraft, Merritt, Kummer, and Bond. As can be imagined, this job required some time--three years, in fact, during which Joe's other activities suffered considerably. "But look what a thoro knowledge I'm getting of these six outstanding writers," he said when a conventionward group stopped by to urge him to join them and to sleep in his house for a night. During these three years, we must regretfully record, both Kronk and Ginsberg dropped out of stedom. But Joe grimly kept on with his work.

At last the great counting was finished and the results published thru the FAPA, with an introduction in which Joe explained his methods, the reasons why he had counted syllables instead of letters, and <sup>have</sup> a summary of the findings. "It will be seen from the figures at the bottom of page 6 that the spread between Clark Ashton Smith, who has 1.237 syllables per word, and Kummer, with 1.191, the extremes, is less than 3.9% computed on the latter, approximately 3.7% on the former. This is a strong indication that there is no important difference in the styles of these men, at least in the matter of word-length. If the Library of Congress succeeds in finding for me any similar investigation of the great masters of world literature, I intend to publish a supplement comparing them to our writers." He also furnished a table in which all stories investigated were arranged in order of word-length, which showed that an obscure short by Lovecraft was the most polysyllabic.

Despite his request for comments by letter, only two FAPates, both regular correspondents anyway, mentioned the work. One, a statistics student, criticized his methods. The other said, "For FooFoo's Sake, Joe, why have you gone to all this trouble? What use do you expect fandom to make of the results of your work --didn't you ever ask yourself that? There may be some slight interest in this data, but it astronomically does not justify the work expended."

Joe complained in the next Mailing, "Why have people considered my work to be of so little account? If you only realized how much labor went into it! And doesn't Marx say that the value of a thing depends entirely on the amount of man-work that has gone into it?" A Marxist in the audience hastened to enlighten him; nobody else had anything to say. More shameful yet, there was not a single volunteer to assist in the further project of a syllable-count for all published stef and all books in the Great Bib. And the NFFF, by a vote of 3 to 2, refused to back the proposal.

## REJECTED--YHOS

Not exactly rejected." Art said he didn't know just what should be done with it, and guessed he'd pigeonhole it for a while. My letter to him will give the rest of the background:

You may remember your suggestion of a fan fiction story in which Ims make stef instead of vice versa. Here's what it finally came to by me. You'll note that this is incomplete. You'll also note, if you're up on your library reading, that the titles are takeoffs on Sam's "The Last Fan" and "The Road Back".

## THE FIRST FAN

or, The Road There

It was a typical Frisco fog. Joe strained his eyes trying to make out the docks and buildings, then gave it up. Well, it would be good to get back in the US again, even if you couldn't see it. Three years on New Caledonia and even Philadelphia would look good to

He wasn't traveling with a unit, but his uniform got him thru customs quickly. Once on the shore he turned and, just as he'd planned for so long, flung his barracks bag into the Bay with a right good will. As he turned into the fog, electric lights glowed weakly and a voice said, "Taxi, soldier?" He got in, marveling at the old jalopy that was being used for a cab. As they drove toward a hotel he could occasionally hear horses' hoofs off in the morning mist. "Christ! The home front must have had its troubles after all."

He was enjoying a hot bath when the bellhop came. Donning a towel, he gathered up his Government-issue clothes and gave them to the boy. "Take these away and burn them or sell them or something. And if I never see khaki again, that will be just thirty-seven seconds too soon.\*" He pulled some francs out of his billfold. "Take these and get 'em changed into American money. They'll come to thirty-some-odd dollars. I'd like for you to buy me a second-hand suit or a cheap new one if they're available, and a shirt, belt, bvd's, socks, tie, and shoes--low quarters, not clodhoppers like those. You can get my sizes from that stuff."

"Yessir. I'll have 'em for you this afternoon."

"Tomorrow morning will be soon enuf. I'm going to bed and sleep 18 hours straight."

"Holy Klono, he really got a second-hand suit," Joe remarked as he posed before the mirror. "Good material, tho. So now to start doing the things I've been planning for three long weary years." He knew vaguely that there were stefnists in San Francisco, but they were after his time, and he'd pretty much lost contact with things; time enuf to get back into that later.

After breakfast at the hotel he strolled around awhile admiring the scenery and remarking on the way women's styles had changed. It all seemed strange; three years is a long time in your early twenties. He stopped to buy a paper to see what was on in the amusement line. Having given his last nickel to the waitress at breakfast,\*\* he reached for his pocketbook to pay for the paper.

Gulp.

Pickpockets.

He sat down in a little perk to consider his situation. He didn't dare go back to the hotel because he couldn't pay

\* From this you may correctly deduce that this GI Joe is also a Joe Fann.

\*\* She was smart, sold him a watch for a thousand dollars, and went back to Council Bluffs.

for his room.\* Anyway, he'd left no belongings there. "Well," he remarked presently, "I wanted to get back into civilian life and out loose from the Army. This is plunging into it with a vengeance.... I should have kept my razor out of that bag, tho." He rubbed a blond stubble.

The classified section of a fresh newspaper lay nearby. He scanned its help wanteds and presented himself at a stationer's. A clerk was wanting to take several months' accumulated vacation, and Joe would be hired as a temporary substitute. "Always glad to help out a returning soldier." When Joe asked for an advance to live on for the week, he got ten dollars. Well, the guy probably knew more about cost of living than he did. Used to vari-sized French notes, he didn't worry about the largeness of the bill.

In the restaurant, wondering if it was Friday-fish, he glanced at the top of the menu. "Wednesday, October 7, 1920."\*\* Joe sat back for a minute, then pulled the want ad section out of his coat pocket. "Wednesday, October 7, 1920."

The front page was there too, and Joe looked it over while considering what his plans should be. Financial possibilities were unlimited, but his immediate need was a grubstake, and that required getting back to the stationer's shop to start work that day. In the course of the not-busy afternoon, however, he thot over the situation more fully.

All his friends, of course, were either unborn or very different from his acquaintance of them. But the Southwest Pacific had already done much to cut his ties with indom, and the few close friends in the Army had been transferred to more active sectors and lost contact with him. Back in mufti, however, he felt more strongly the need for the companionship of fandom, and determined that he'd try to locate some fan. Practically all those old enuf to be reading now were of a type who wouldn't go in for the activities that had been his bread and drink, but he could seek unknowns. It had already occurred to him that not a single fantasy pro (or comic magazino) was now being published, and he had a clear field ahead of him there. With that start, backed by his memories of stef classics, perhaps he could gain a commanding position and save stef from ever bearing the stigma of midcentury comic magazines or Palmerism.

\* He didn't realize that the frahos were worth more than he thot, and the bellboy made a sweet profit on the deal.

\*\* Are you surprised /I meant to say dumbfounded/? Joe isn't. Look how calmly he takes it.

Well, there she be. You can do whatever you want to with it -- finish it, print it as-is, rewrite it, or thumb it down (don't believe I have a Rejected--Yhos). I had some ideas going on beyond this, but couldn't get a climax out of them. Joe had electrical and radio training in the Army that gives him a hilly profitable craft in the '20s and an in with the technicians. He makes some money out of "Fit as a Fiddle and Ready for Love", but in general finds that the "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" age doesn't go for music like "Deep Purple" and "One Song". He establishes a little reputation by writing straight stuff before turning to writing stef. Then comes an interview with a bigwig at Munsey's, and he gets an editorship... A letter to authors giving his ideas on the kind of stories and writing that he wants (Gillings' recent announcement anticipated some of the things I had in mind for Joe)... Magazine is successful, but he finds the people of the Roaring Twenties don't have the writing-to-the-editor habit of the Threatening Thirties, and has a hard time drawing out ims. Then one day he gets a thoroely fannish letter from a bright-eyed fourteen-year-old named Ackerman, or Ashley, or Tucker, or somebody like that.

Oh, and sometime in his spare time, he mite do something to avert the Second World War.

## ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

You must forgive it if there's an occasional repetition now of items previously mentioned in this department. I haven't gone thru the scrapbooks at all systematically, and only memory tells what I have and haven't covered.

But to begin with, here are some things accumulated immediately before and since my departure from God's country. Not sternal, but hily amusing, is a booklet illustrated by Dr Seuss (of Hojji et al), which begins, "This is Ann she's dying to meet you." A warning against the Anopheles mosquito. Perhaps the most clever passage is when they're explaining the mechanics of malaria propagation. "No whiskey, gin, beer, or rum coke for Ann" turn page "... she drinks BLOOD".

There's also my certificate showing I should be treated as a second looey if captured, and all the other gobs of stuff they give you to read on the trip over--No, I don't plan to keep it all for my scrapbook. Then here's an excerpt from Puptent Poets in The Stars and Stripes: "I've walked bare-headed beneath the stars  
"Imagined I was a warrior on Mars."

"Planet Jr." sounds like a new prozine making the easy hybridization between Captain Future and Batman and Robin, but it's actually the name of a farm-implements manufacturing company. The trade mark is a monoringed Saturn.

Two indifferent cartoons from the Saturday Review of Literature. In one, a miniature Pan friaks over the "New Spring Fiction" counter in a bookstore, and a clerk looking on helplessly says to a customer, "This happens every spring." In the other, a scientist shows a blueprint to the president of "Since 1889 Contented Milk Everglow Dairies" (with a pixure of a lovable cow for a trade mark), and says, "I've developed a formula for changing grass directly into milk. It eliminates the intermediate vertebrate."

And, of course, there's that Alice au Pays des Merveilles cover mentioned in Lez.

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"Which term United States shall be deemed to exclude the City of New York."

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I read Matthew the other day, first time I've read a Gospel straight thru. Found it illuminating. Here, for example, is a passage I've never seen quoted:

Following the resurrec-  
tion: "Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

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"Mistah Dewey's for us, and so is Mistah Roosevelt. Who is you white folks got?"

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Have nothing of just the right length to go in here, so I guess I'll leave it off and go down and watch them observe Ramazan. (From which, if you're up on your calendars, you may deduce that this is stenciled a little later than the September Mailing deadline.) I have a sneaking suspicion that they've backalid on this Ramadan business. Omar Khayyam talks about it, as tho it was a real deprivation. Hero, I hear, the fasting during the day is an excuse for unbridled indulgence at nite.

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Read "The Bugs of Killingworth" by DDT

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## LAST STOP TO LIMBO

"The Mathematics of Ethics" is an article that I've decided isn't worth publishing, after seeing in the encyclopedia that Jeremy Bentham and others seem to have pretty well covered everything in it. A thing or two may be worth mentioning, tho. First words are, "Children of science are prone to suppose that anything which varies in degree can be placed on a scale, and numerical designations given to the various degrees." Accepting this shaky assumption, I go on to show the mathematics of taking a chance in a lottery or the stock market, and then attempt to apply that to an ethical situation ("ethics" here is used in the broad sense): Joseph Davis of Star-Begotten deciding whether to pursue his strange theory. The principal point, aside from the dubious mathematical formula (desirability x probability for each alternative or the salient points of a pencil of alternatives), is that the chances of a successful issue as well as the desirability of the hope ("desirability", not the "happiness" of the utilitarians) should be considered. I think this is too often overlooked by pragmatists and other idealists. Another thing considered in some detail is the moral significance of passing judgment on a fellow fan. I also of course mention in my favorite theory about nonlogical drives being necessary for action; mention that you cannot say that one instinct is stronger than another without having particular conditions of gratification or need given, and point out that 10 dollars may be more or less than 10 times as desirable as 1 dollar. Oh, it's a very peripatetic article. But as you see, I've compressed into one paragraph what was worth saying in the three-page draft.

Another draft that I will never rewrite is a fictional fragment which depicts a man apparently staggering across a desert of Mars in a thin sandstorm, under a shrunken sun, wan as for Earth's dying day, and husbanding his water, etc. In the end he staggers into Albuquerque. I will remark, tho, that desert landscapes are about as utterly alien as anything you're likely to find on a habitable other planet.

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### Fresh fish for sale here

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Sorry, no Fictitious But Definitely this time. Maybe it's because I've been out of touch with doings; anyway, I haven't had any inspirations worth executing.

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Having read Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World", I believe I can answer now that puzzle about time and the Fourth Dimension. It appears that, under the theory of relativity, there is a more intimate relation between time and space than my discussions of three-dimensional time contemplated, tho it does not look like this divergence is fatal to the latter. However-- when Einstein speaks of the four-dimensional world of space-time, he is using a four-dimensional analytic geometry because it's a convenient tool. But he doesn't mean that time is a fourth dimension in which you could place a fourth line at right angles to the three in the corner of your room. It's an entirely separate thing when space is spoken of as curved in the Fourth Dimension, when it's described by analogy as the outside of a sphere with nothing in it. This is a purely spatial Fourth Dimension, quite different from Time, and in it you could have four lines perpendicular to each other if the sphere had anything in it. However, Eddington suggests that instead of propping up Euclid by adding another dimension, given which his theorems will work, we ought to accept the distances between points as we find them and work out a new three-dimensional geometry which will be true on the astronomical as well as the drawing-board scale; this would be getting closer to reality as it really is.

## CATCHING UP WITH CAMPBELL

Having many a copy of the decimal classification to hand, I'll have to skip it on these stories. In addition to that, I find that the un-commented-upon magazines which I brot with me do not start out consecutively, and don't remember whether this irregularity corresponds to an inadvertent omission in the last number of this department. I'll have to hope it does.

April 43 Astounding. That was a vicious practice the large-size Astounding had, of not putting the name of the story on each page.... Open Secret: I was not much impressed. And if mankind became aware and made a real effort to escape their control, the robots' key points wouldn't be sufficient to hold things down. They'd have to process everybody's mind immediately. A more serious flaw is the imputing of motives to a robot. Unless there was a mistake in the construction, a robot couldn't have any motives, any ideals, that hadn't been deliberately built into him.... In Escape it is too obvious that there are two authors. The one that wrote the funny parts is definitely the better. The long oration at the end is particularly ineffective.... Abdication: The author of these Ridge Stars stories has some unusual story ideas, but I can't say they're excellent.... In Tyrannosaurus Was No Killer, Ley doesn't seem to have much evidence that hasn't already been considered by paleontologists.... I have the feeling that I've been over these FooZees before.

Anyway, on to the June 43 Unknown Worlds. Blind Alley is a good story, but the accidental failure to specify youth in the bargain is necessary --it's embarrassing to repeat yourself, isn't it? And I'm sure I'm doing so here.

Let's try July 43 ASF: Unthinking Cap is an undistinguished story. The Great Engine is all van Vogt and a yard wide, but keeps tossing out new interesting ideas. His hypersensitive woman and the man who loved her in spite of cold-bloodedly dissecting her psychology are diverting.... The World of 61 Cygni C: After considering how few solar systems there must be under the theories of the 1920s, Eddington said this: "We know the prodigality of Nature. How many acorns are scattered for one that grows to an oak!...." The number of possible abodes of life severely restricted in this way at the outset may no doubt be winnowed down further. On our house-hunting expedition we shall find it necessary to reject many apparently eligible mansions on points of detail. Trivial circumstances may decide whether organic forms originate at all; further conditions may decide whether life ascends to a complexity like ours or remains in a lower form. I presume, however, that at the end of the weeding out there will be left a few rival earths dotted here and there about the universe. # A further point arises if we have especially in mind contemporaneous life. The time during which man has been on the earth is extremely small compared with the age of the earth or of the sun. There is no obvious physical reason why, having once arrived, man should not continue to populate the earth for another ten billion (I suppose this means an American trillion) years or so; but--well, can you contemplate it? Assuming that the stage of highly developed life is a very small fraction of the inorganic history of the star, the rival earths are in general places where conscious life has already vanished or is yet to come. ... I feel inclined to claim that at the present time our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters look down on scenes comparable to those which are now passing beneath the rays of the sun." It is hily probable that the "planets" so far found are not life-bearing.... The Renegade is a good story, but I doubt that any man, particularly one who'd tasted a great deal of human life, could endure being the celibate king of this alien species all his life long.

Aug43 ASF: I am going to commit heresy on Judgment Night. I don't think it was at all up to Catherine the Great's standard. A lot of very interesting stuff, no doubt, but the element of extravaganza was too strong. And in the destruction of the pleasure satellite--Campbell can attach symbolic meaning

to it as he wishes, but I think the chief interest for the reader was in the wildness of destruction. It appealed to the same sense that is gratified by pie-throwing comedies. As for the inheritors of the planet, I caught onto that from the first. Be suspicious when an author avoids referring to a supposedly human character as a "person", just as when an author avoids using pronouns that would reveal the gender.... The Mutant's Brother was a pretty good story, but lacked impact.... The End of the Rocket Society is a valuable account, but one may differ with one or two conclusions mentioned in the blurb.... One-way Trip tries nobly, but I'm afraid the author hasn't yet appeared who can make the works of peace sound as dramatic and exciting, in a speech, as war.... Endowment Policy was very good. I take it that the reader is left to decide whether young Dennis Holt actually would use his endowment to get out of the rut, but the author characterizes him as the kind who will waste the opportunity. Incidentally, the illustration shows much more evolved men in the future than could possibly be that close to the present.... M33 in Andromeda is more van Vogt, utterly devoid of human interest, but worth reading if only for the Nexian. I'm sure his sampling of the worlds was too small, and this mysterious "Life" force that runs thru van Vogt strikes me as mysticism. The trouble with vV's problem stories is that they're too sketchy for anyone to possibly guess ahead of the action; in general he doesn't understand a given page until several pages later.... When is When? belongs in Unknown, since that business about the days of the calendar is just the sort of screwy semantics that UW goes in for, and certainly isn't scientific.

August 1943 Unknown: Hell

Hath Fury I liked, but the end seemed both unjust and unreasonable. Billy had not shown himself to be cruel, stuffy, bigoted, etc; and to make him turn out that way seems to be a bit of authorial stunting. What the hell is meant by a person's "integrity" with regard to his own ideas of conduct? Does it mean anything but stubbornness?

In September 43 Astounding, Campbell has written into the blurb for Doodad some ideas which aren't in the story at all. The story I'd say belongs in Unknown.... Robin: OK.... Concealment has human interest of a sort, but so heavily intellectual that an infidel (ie, a non-reader of stef) would never call it that.

Oct43 ASF: Trouble with Storm is it has no point. And the love scenes are painful.... I liked Fifty Million Monkeys, but think it has been overrated, because the author successfully concealed what was actually happening. A gadget like the random machine can only supply suggestions. Since there are 9<sup>9</sup> wrong answers for every right answer, sifting thru the suggestions, which would have to be done by human beings, would be a most wasteful way of getting the answer to a particular problem. It'd be more likely to invent an improved meat grinder than a way to save the Earth. The monkeys machine and the brain teams do not involve anything beyond presentday science. The fantastic element comes in when we find that some unguessable power is manipulating the uncertainty factors toward a desired end; in other words, the random machine is not truly random. I would classify this story as primarily one of other planes of existence--the old parallel worlds business.... Paradox Lost is a lovely little light bit.... The Proud Robot: I am beginning to get a little tired of Gallagher's scarified throat, and the repetitive discourses on his split personality. However, it's a fair formula story.... Willie is the real prune of the issue. My gawd, what possessed Campbell to print it?... Symbiotica: Like the good old days with Uncle Hugo!

Unknown October 1943: The Book

of Death shows a bit more versatility in Campbell's chief fiction-grinder. Some of the cogmatic declarations, as on the less-than-uselessness of a blackout, seem without good authority. The human element is more nearly human this time. The old van Vogt trick of enlarging the scope of a factor beyond what we had any reason to expect is present here, also the difficulty of understanding the first part of the

story without going back and re-reading it after you've finished. I still haven't figured out one thing: The Cor... civilization had been built by Ptath entirely in what is to us the future, no? But Captain Holroyd was said to be his last incarnation after merging with the race for centuries.... The Refugee was a lovely thing.... The Patient: Any scientific truth in this?... Fido: If we're to suppose Fido has symbolic significance, it may be a good story; but I rather suspect that it's just the old formula.... Change didn't impress me, but I will commend it for being a monolog in which the second person's words are not communicated to the reader by stupid repetition, like Jiggs talking over a telephone.... From Clean-up, it appears that Cleve Cartmill has taken Heinlein's place as the advocate of our black brothers. Aside from this, there's little interest in the story.

Nov43

Astounding: I read Death Sentence on the subway after hitchhiking to Newark, and some time later glanced over it again, but it doesn't register much with me now. Maybe it's a good story.... The Beast: I don't quite see the reasoning which makes the condition of Hopkins's face after he'd been thru a Jap prison camp, an argument for cold-blooded cruelty in dealing with the recalcitrant Germans. If there's justification for the latter, it must be on pragmatic grounds. However, the remarks about Nazi cells of resistance, and the probability that they'll lose some of their fanaticism when they're thirty-five and married, seem to be on the target. The idea of habitable country inside the moon is pretty absurd by now, but brings back a real them-was-the-days flavor. I guessed about the rocket ships.... Turn on the Moon was enjoyable.... Gallegher Flus. About time to turn this series over to Palmer.... If You Can Get It: more Unknownish stuff. It ought to be clearly labeled.

Dec 43

Astounding. The cover may be a nice idea, but it makes an ugly picture. It's the one of the "invisible" ship, in case you aren't all Frank Robinsons. The Debt: I am ever-newly amazed to find such a vigorous man as Blord believing in virtue in a mid-20th-Century story.... Lost Art: Why is this called a novelette when the following story, two pages longer, is a short? For that matter, who called this mess of technicalities a story?... Ericassee in Four Dimensions: In its delightful handling of children, and the beautiful world "over there", I think this is comparable to Mimsy Were the Borogoves.... The Iron Standard: Oh, come, now, the sordid competitive instinct isn't a universal law of all life in the galaxy, is it?... Extraterrestrial Bacteria: If Ley were not a True Believer, I'd hate him for all his stef-deflating.... We Print the Truth. Lovely, lovely, and particularly the chilling suggestion at the end when the man with the black Scottie wishes for the end of the war, and you know the wish will backfire. I note that artist Orban has suggested a Christ-like nature for the man with the Lincolnian features who, as I recall, was not a good 'un.

January 1944 (it's Astounding only, by this time):

Before taking this up, I'd like to make a remark on Campbell's editorial in the Nov43 issue, which I overlooked above. The answer to the problem of galactic government, of course, is federation upon federation. Federation is to political science what specialization is to technology. As Never Was is a neat problem story, and the answer to the problem is that it's just a story, it didn't--couldn't--actually happen. I wonder if F Schuyler didn't write himself into this dilemma without realizing it and then decide to capitalize on it. A criticism of the writing is that the author labors too hard to justify his hook, "Have you ever dreamed of murder?"... The Leech: An over-compensated inferiority complex seems to be the nearest modern equivalent of the old utterly evil villain.... Far Centaurus is more enjoyable reading than most of vV's shorts, but the failure of anybody on Earth to wonder if further scientific advance wouldn't outstrip the slow ship to Centaurus, is hily improbable. The means of going backward in time is rather neat.... That doesn't finish up the issue.

To be continued.



Now I've caught up on my diary, all I need to do is get sorted.

tised them in Wonder's swap column. Answered Fantasy Magazine ad in Brass Tables. Wollheim wrote re Brandcos.



TFG. The First Steppe War. Contacted Dan McPhail and Edgar A Hirdler. Dan's Science Fiction News revived, with me as a columnist.

1935

1936 Okla Stf Assoc formed. Ethiopian Eagle v Mussolini Mocking-Bird. SFN printed. Subscribed to SFCollector and others. Extensive collecting on filing which I fell far behind.

HEY JACK! COME ON AND PICK SOME RELAYS!

PREPARING THE FIRST IPOC

SFN and FM dead. McPhail in Comanche. Very frequent contact with Hirdler. Received SFN and wrote for there advertised, including Dick Wilson's.

1937

PLEASE, HEKTO GOD, MELT DOWN JUST ONCE MORE AND MAKE A GOOD SURFACE! DEADLINE

SFA. FAPA. Made a hektograf. IPO. Began Mercury series (individzines).

AAPA. FooFooism. Feuds. Voluminous arguments by mail with Michelists. Moved to Oklahoma City. Time of

ALL I KNOW IS I'VE GOT TO GET SOME COMES OF UP TO NOW ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE CONVENTION STARTS.

1938 greatest absorpction in fan activity. FAPA campaign. To Washington. More hektog equipment, and rubber-stamp set. Pan-National Convention (meeting with Wilson and PSFS). Rendezvous with Gillespie. Philco. John A Bristol launched. Fone pole and Thots from Exile (in Nucleus).

SEND US MORE FUTURIANS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT JACK?

TURNING MY BACK ON HISTORY

1939

Tentative resumption of activity. Two very bad typewriters. Rothman came to Washington. Futurian Ambassadors. Bot mimeo. First history of fandom. World Science-Fiction Convention. I at last gained FAPA vice-presidency.

HWAET! WE GAR-DENA IN GEAR-DAGUM



The Interregnum. Fiting Philco. Ceased to write the pro editors regularly. Trips with Milty to Baltimore and Hagerstown. St Helena (another column, another retirement)

I WENT EARLY TO TAURASI'S

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SYKORA?



Just couldn't cut loose from im activity. Fact-finding expedition among Futurians and Queensies. New typer. Elmer arrived. Philadelphia Blitzkrieg. Chicon. Saw Prime Base (?) and Taurasi, and the World's Fair's end. Tallwood. Final Philco. DFF.

I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING. FANS ARE PEOPLE.

del Rey. Tom Slate. Wiederpapiereblitzkrieg. Gilbert in DC. Confabulation with Swisher and LRC visiting. NFFF Finoom. History 1941 for Fannual. Finding a psuicide.



Spiritrip to Boskone. Washington nigh deserted. Chain letters. FAPA President. Joquel, Finn, Hasse, and Bovard in DC.

1942

Boskone III. Slumming Expedition. Finished college and was at last beginning to build a personal library. September, New York, Michiconference, and Hagerstown travels. Offal Critic.

1943 BUT LOCK CLAUDE



(SUBSY ASLEEP)

Newcastle investigation. Another poll. Africa.

1944