

SYNAPSE



Fall 47  
F A P A



## REMARKS ON THE FORTIETH MAILING

First item to be disposed of is a remnant of the 39th mailing, the post-mailed, puzzle-titled H-1661. It was interesting autobiographically--Rusty has always been a bit of an enigma to me--but rather unsatisfactory in its promise of future activity. Perhaps a few words on the general problem of hobby or duty are in order here. No one denies the right of any fantasist to cease from activity when he no longer enjoys it or doesn't have time for it. But when he has undertaken to discharge certain functions for a time, as by being elected a director, and others are relying on him to do so, he is bound legally and I think morally to give reasonable notice if he finds himself going under. I know, the usual thing is to delay making such a fatal announcement, as you keep hoping that you'll find time and energy to do your duties. But we should take fuller control of our lives, and distinctly do or not do whatever suggests itself to be done. It's owed to others as well as ourselves. If we fail on this in some regard, we have no right to kick when somebody else serves us the same. "The credit for Eight Pages is to Russell. Publishing, as well as writing, entitles the editor to activity credit.

Then turning to the 40th mailing, we find the westernmost magazines still emanating from Seattle, to wit

Matters of Opinion the ultimate, to die so young at 21, and Sustaining Program, whose back cover, omega edition, reproduces better but was drawn worse than on the alpha issue.

Though I don't always take up the pubs within a given city in geographical order, my stack of LA pubs from this mailing leads off with the one from Bell Gardens, which I fondly imagine is westerly of the others. Len's Den ends with some Japanese cusswords which we'll have to ask him to translate. "He seems to base "selfishness is the cause of ignorance" on the theory that what positive unselfishness would cure, selfishness must cause. I don't believe the idea of selfishness or unselfishness is very important (i.e., useful) on the problem of ignorance. "Passing over the difference in degree of accuracy of modernly written histories and the historical books of the Bible, I would like to emphasize that Christianfan, in accepting Higher Criticism of the sacred book, makes look foolish those people (himself included), who go digging into the fine details of the narrative and even the language, to pull out huge systems of theology, prophecy, many of which could be overturned completely by discovery that a jot had been erroneously substituted for a tittle by some ancient copyist. No, the only basis on which such activity makes sense is the dogma that the Bible was dictated by God, at a single given time, in the English of the King James version. "The advice of Christ, by contrast to Paul et al, is applicable anywhere, any time? How can you be sure which statements attributed to Jesus in the gospels are authentic? Certainly John did a great deal of putting words in his master's mouth, and I think Matthew is hilly suspect. One of the funniest things about some editions of the Bible is the way tabulations of the discrepancies in the four accounts are called "Harmony of the Gospels".

Welcome back, stormy petrel. Fan-Dango's notes on bomb-dodging bring out a topic we should have covered before. "Plenty of worthwhile townsites are unsettled, Fran, and some that have been settled are deserted. Railroad politics and similar factors have often been more important than geography. And why should we need or want a railway spur or hiway built to Fanburg? Nor do I think we'd have any trouble with the king by setting up a sort of nation-within-a-nation before things happen, as long as we didn't set out to violate the sovereign law. An anarchist colony over across the Sound thrived for decades around the turn of

the century, and something of it still remains. However, I think the colony idea is impractical, if only because it involves a too drastic change in our lives on the basis of a mere probability. Individualistically, however, I think there's a lot we can do, and have vague plans in that direction for post-graduation. One thing you've gotta make up your minds to, boys, is that comes the dissolution, you have no hope of regaining the old metropolitan life. Lancy's picayune objections to the lack of freedom that one might have as a small-town teacher suggest that the post-Blowup world won't remotely satisfy him, and what's the sense in planning a survival kit to get you out alive if you'd rather die than live in a small town? Surely that's better than going it on a solitary farmstead. There seem to me to be two major types of eventualities for which we can prepare if we are determined to survive. One is that the major cities will be blown up, with consequent breakdown of our interdependent economic life. Against that possibility I'm planning to live in a reasonably small place, in an area which can be made self-sufficient. The other possibility is much worse: Wiping out of all towns of any size by strafing with radioactive jet jets, G-decimation of the population by bug warfare, virtual destruction of all tools, libraries, ktp. That's where your survival kit comes in. If you make up a survival kit, you're preparing to live in spite of that; and only in this context does the cave up in the mountains make sense. Some preparation might be in order to get you to a small town in the first eventuality, but do you really think you'd have time to grab up your pistol and get out of it before the rockets hit, if you stay there till the time comes? "the backwater of neurosis and perversion that constitutes fandom"? Come now, Efty, don't think that we're all like the Angelinos. For instance, by contrast to the Pacificon, the Philcon featured only two known inverts, only one of whom was from the East.

Get Them Out on Time. Now we've got their promise down in black and white. Maybe if we had a solemn swearing-in ceremony for all officers, it'd make them more conscious of their obligations.

Burlings/Elmurturina was rather disappointing, so largely lacking in that sophisticated cynicism that we expect in the humor of these two knaves. I tried to appreciate the How It Began as double-inverted stories, but they were rather sad even then. "I doubt that Dy Jimmy traces back to Gemini. It has been remarked that the mild swear-words in any language resemble, usually in initial sound and perhaps number of syllables, the names of the deities in that language. Thus the Spaniard says "Garramba", while Americans, who more often call Christo Jesus, say "Gee whiz". A painful example of that lack of sophistication just adverted to, I have specially marked on p three: "is retale-ed to you". The bastardy section comes nearest to the expected standard. Isn't it tough to have a reputation and have to live up to it?

Fantasy Amateur: I seem to have missed out on Taurasi's post-mailing. I demand my rights. "You might be interested to know why the secytreas report was so tardily rendered, and why I wasn't on the ballot. In Philadelphia Widner told us that he had delayed sending in his report, waiting for a full slate of candidates to file. If I can justifiably interpret Art's mental state by reference to one that I've sometimes been guilty of, this was no more than an excuse he gave himself for delaying the performance of a drudging task for which he'd have had to make time by main strength. So in the end the people who had filed with Widner didn't get on the ballot, and the all-IA slate was drafted. "What goes on in the mind of a man who, upon receiving a correction of address ref the previous roster, will write in the current one, "4516 16th NE, Seattle 5, Wn (wrong address)"

I noticed a misprint in Proposed Constitution of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, in addition to the one in the title. Under section 2, read "waiting list" for "mailing list".

The first Ichor was reviewed in my Philconzino.

Lockman remarked that the cover on the second Ichor looks like some of Don Day's work. "Pierrot's Patter is an example of repetition well used."

Is jitterbugging bourgeois? " I seem to see more in RIL's Renunciation on re-readings. And even the enigmatic last sentence of He begins to make sense. " It surprises me to see an insufferable artiste like George Ehey turning out a winsome ballad like From an Old Faery Tale. " Sitting by the Radio i also liked. " The poem on Fort would probably have been better if more imagination were worked into it.

Nextdoor to Slithy Toves. Sir, we don't take "pseudo-science" even from our friends. " All thru Brillling Cobets (fraid i must ask for a translation) you spell "psychosomatics" with an extra n, making it very confoundable with semantics, especially on your stencils. The points brot out are of some interest, though it seems to me that most of the symptoms and ailments listed toward the bottom of p 6 are just ways of saying the same thing. I doubt that nausea more often means that the person can't stomach something in his life situation, than it means various other unhappy states, some of which are listed. I question that overeating due to unrequited love (the more usual interpretation is no love-object at all) symbolizes eating affection or anything else. It's just a way of finding pleasure when other avenues are barred but a lack is felt. What d'y' mean, in modern society security and sustenance are closely related? I should think that they have been more closely related in every other society. Dermatitis is repressed hostility breaking out? Now who could i have gotten mad at at the Boskone to bring on that case of hives? I think Gus is sucked in by verbal similarities like "breaks out". There may be a distant connection, but it's nothing like the one-to-one correlation that he implies. What basis for assuming that because the heart responds to emotions, it's acting in a symbolic way? The explanation that it's getting ready to fight, or making the blood more venous, or serving some other practical end seems sufficient. Tis nows that heart murmurs in most cases cannot be traced to any organic trouble, but tell me more.

And now we come to what we might liefer skip. Yet it has a nice bright face to it, the golden Wiedenbock background. ATOTE. But read the first words: "Well, 'tis me again, hoping I haven't been a'missed while I was too darned lazy to get out one of these here now 'zines. (Naturally, I am hoping that I WAS missed, but I know I am much more likely to get my wish if I say I hope I wasn't.)" My ghod, who does he think he's talking to, a pack of school kids or maybe meronic housewives? But underneath that turgid style may beat a heart of gold, so let's push on into the interior. " I think it is wrong to say that fighting forces prefer to wound enemy soldiers than kill them. The wounded may be a burden for a while, but the great majority can be restored to usefulness, either in the line or behind it. " In discussing the objective of a future war, Tripoli says "They will have to entirely denude the opposition's country of ALL HUMAN LIFE, yet leave the rresources of that country intact". Yet a little earlier, he was saying that such are not the objects of war modernly. We wouldn't make war for such a purpose, and i doubt that use of our resources would be the main reason for an attack by the USSR. " Always darkest before the dawn, eh? But how can you tell that we've reached the darkest point when all you have to go by is the time up to now? Father like the people in every age who expect the second coming momentarily because the world is further from holiness than ever before. " Maybe the realistic Russians know that another war would extinguish us both. But if they can keep this clearly enuf in mind to guide their actions, they're better than our leaders. " The argument from know-how is a comforting one, but i wouldn't bank on it too much. Intensive training in state-supported schools of the selected most apt students might easily give them a better supply of machinists than our tinkering with cars for the past twenty years. And how many Americans, young or old, are better than helpless in the presence of a strange machine that won't run? One advantage the Soviets may have over us is in their materialistic philosophy. Most Americans still believe vaguely that in the beginning was the Word, and this animism and confusion of orders of abstraction may handicap them. Russians know that in the beginning was Matter, and they are ready to accept descriptions of what we know

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about the makeup of matter without trying to fill in the picture with mythology.  
" Okay, so at least the men in the Kremlin are educated and realistic and know that another war is suicide. Then why are they preparing for it? " I dislike to argue against world government, but the thesis that federalism among present-day nations would be as feasible as Federation among the original American states only gives convenient blinders to optimism. And if I were a propagandist for federalism, I would try not to mention the American Civil War if I could help it. That war could so easily have gone the other way. " Ah, the long-range view. Trouble with it is that it can hardly proceed save by analogy, and therefore is unsuited when novelty intrudes.  $E=mc^2$  is a very important novelty. " Everett must have some particular commentator in mind when he speaks of the optimistic year-end summaries contrasted with the day-to-day scares, but I don't know any commentator who is likely to call 1947 a good year. At the end of 1946 there came a temporary hope, as the Soviets yielded several points, which may have colored the annual summaries. " It occurs to me that the general arguments from the over-all outlook, the long-range viewpoint, the universal desire for peace, man's steady progress, being reasonable about difficulties., could have been advanced even more convincingly to prove that the League of Nations would succeed. " Turning to the mailing comments, EHE may have a point in the universality of publishing among modern men making for a larger amount of dubious stuff. " So I am a hair-splitter. A Hair perhaps divides the False and True; Yes; and a single Hair were the clue-- The question is whether I try to use precision instruments on something that doesn't matter. If we accept the rationalistic faith that reasoning by valid processes from correct premises can never lead to wrong conclusions, then when we find contradictory conclusions reached by two parties, both claiming to follow the rational process, is it not the sensible thing to look for the apparent point of divergence, and use whatever power of magnification is necessary to determine which side has erred at that point?

Glom's French English seems rather good for the most part. I doubt that the French could translate "two-mooned Mars" very closely. What's this about a Burroughs story in the craters of the moon? I musta mist that.

What shall we say about Micron, which should have appeared on the other side of the previous group of paragraphs? There don't appear to be any marginal annotations, so let it pass as noted.

The anonymous member who put A Patient's Memoirs in this mailing would do the FAPA a favor by resigning from it immediately. However, the resignations you hear about in the next few months are more likely to be from good members disgusted with the Association because of unspeakable stuff like this.



I just now picked up the empty envelope and a Molacula fell out. First time for this type of duplication, I believe. Did you notice that you could piece together a complete unemployment compensation form letter from the backs of the pages? Suggestion of sending FAPA mailings to Startling is worth considering. But I think we ought to consider therewith that effective membership in FAPA requires some prior acquaintance with the fantasists' world, and people who heard about us only thru Startling might turn out to be largely unproductive members, just in for what they can get for a dollar dues. Our activity requirements would be some safeguard, of course.

In the mass of stuff that is Light there is some worthwhile reading, but first let's look at the editorials. The kick about Yugoslavia's indemnities seems to proceed from a predisposition to quarrel. Had the planes been paid for first and the settlement on the men held up, Grouch would probably have found it as easy to get mad at the Titonians because of that. " If the civil liberties of Jehovah's Witnesses were violated as grossly as is here indicated during the war, Canada was much less faithful to the English tradition in that respect than the USA. I'm not at all sympathetic to the priest who insulted the Union Jack--I would cheerfully heave a brick thru his window--but I don't go along with the deportation suggestion. Why do people nowadays invariably want to take governmental action against something they don't like? " The declamation on Poland shows how badly one can err thru personification of states. Why should presentday Poland be held responsible for the acts of the prewar Polish government? There is no more continuity between them than between West Virginia and the Confederate States of America. The present Polish government is probably worse, but let's not saddle it with the sins of Josef Beck. " I don't see the advantages of the multilith process which justify its much higher cost. " The spacesuit ad reads like something that Rothman might do in a particularly filthy mood. If it's only a clever imitation of his style, he has grounds to sue. " The poem with the -ough's, which the Toronto Star is supposed to have swiped from the London Telegraph, I saw at least ten years ago in the Epworth Highroad, and that probably wasn't its first appearance. " Mrs Walker's article on mythopaleogeography is so disgustingly absurd I'll say no more about it. " Hurter's defence of his nosedrive rocket isn't up to his usual intellectual level. Nearly everything he says, as he begins to realize toward the end, justifies not nosedrive but simply a broader, stubbier rocket. But if atmospheric resistance is what he wants to take into account, he'd better calculate the losses from having to split a larger column of air because of greater cross-section, and weigh that against stability. " More on multilith: You can photograph directly onto a sensitized plate--but don't you have to screen it to get any gradations of tone? " I don't know who the reader was, but my understanding is that not only are 100 proof liquors possible, but theoretically they could run up to 200 proof. " The lead lines used as fillers fall under suspicion of being compensation. The hoary heresies about marriage etcetera are rather yawnsome. This sort of thing has been going on ever since Oscar Wilde's time on a large scale, and has been reaching the general public on a large scale for some years. If intellectuals are as definitely ahead of the crowd as Hartley Grattan gives them credit for being, we ought to begin seeing in the little magazines recognition that these sayings are less than half-truths, and are based on false if plausible premises. " Lamb's notes on Italy were enjoyable. But had he never heard of the cicada before?

Horizons: If your Hagerstonian is to fly to the Pacificon, he'll have needed a very special ship. " Spengler wasn't speaking about free will exactly. He knew as well as we do that there's no such thing. Probably the gnat doesn't exhibit as well as man what he was talking about, but he had a point there. The

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distinction between plant and animal characteristics supplies a principle which helps systematize such diverse phenomena as the modern history of China, a difference between Ionic and Doric columns, the transfer of American Youth Hostel headquarters to New York, and the first recorded date in history. " Anybody who makes a Structural Differential is probably violating the Count's copyright. " Book reviews in the general press serve good purposes. At the least, it's fun to compare judgments; and in the better ones you may see some things pointed up that escaped you in reading the book. " Without really surveying the situation, I file a disagreement with the conclusion that reprintable material in the stof press has been pretty well picked over. To give a few examples of unbooked resources: The great body of material longer than novelet length has hardly been touched. Of short stories, I think nearly everything Heinlein and De Camp have written would stand reprinting, and only a few have been. Heck, the material in late-year ASFe is nearly all good enuf--Simak's series, and so on. And I'll bet if you went down a list of high-rating stories in the polls, you'd find most of them have never seen hard covers. " Ackerman's autoanalytical fragment is extremely interesting. One must say at the outset that it smacks of the absurd for a person of 31 who has never grown up to be feeling the first frosts of old age--rather like Theodore Roosevelt or me, in our early teens, feeling that the best years of our lives were slipping away. I am several years Ackerman's junior, but am considerably older than he was at the Nycon--and than Russell Chauvenet when he spoke of feeling the first intimations of age--and am still just feeling my oats (tame) as an adult. Without benefit of benzedrine I hit a pretty rugged schedule at Philadelphia, and in those forty-odd days of nearly constant driving around the country indulged myself in comforts rather less than any comparable time in the past. Taking inventory, if you will excuse me, the only faculty impairment by age that I can find is in a slight drop of visual acuity, and one may hope to do a Van Vogt on that. I have more resistance to colds than formerly, all the evidence indicates that my heart is curing itself, hairline hasn't retreated perceptibly since I turned twenty, weight as desired and under control, and I can push my car up a grade when necessary. And unlike 4e, I went to the Philcon more loaded down with baggage than ever before. " Shucks, Harry, anybody could turn out an imitation of Finnegans Wake to explain which would involve special knowledge that no other one person possesses. Each individual's combination is unique. " Do I understand you to say that Vortex, that large Bay Area fanzine, was made partly in Germany? Then can we not expect a second issue? " But did the UK have conscription between wars, as you intimate? " I would rather have radio commercials shorter, than anything else. Some singing ones are bearable. The intolerable thing is the commercial that goes on and on and just when you think it surely must end, the announcer has only begun to drive his point home. Nor would I insist on complete abolition of ads frequenter than 15 minutes; the disk jockey shows, which I turn on while typing, say, are all right even though nearly every record is interspersed (probably the wrong verb) with a plug. " I never noticed that Burton Crane was one of the villains DAV tried to connect Groveman with. Is there still a latent feud? " The character sketches are fascinating; are they really true? I have never had the ability to find out the story material in ordinary people's lives, and consequently they bore me, and consequently I don't listen long enuf to find out the story material. " Why do editorials become so unbearably stupid when they start talking about science in general, or science-fiction, or literary subjects that we're interested in? Is there something in the newspaper mind which won't mix with intellect for intellect's sake? " "Hell, Harry, fandom is not a way of life, nor a vital philosophy. It's just a goddam hobby and that's all it is." Is that intended to be descriptive or prescriptive? The FAPA Correspondent does a good job of untangling a badly-made ballot.





I only protest that voting against the clause forbidding treasury payment of post-postings did not necessarily indicate a desire that such mailings should be paid for by FAPA--but how about postpostings on official business, such as this FAPA Correspondent?

I don't see that Plenum's solution of the hoop problem is any more satisfactory than SuePro's. Trouble, I suspect, is that the problem, as we have interpreted it, sets up conditions impossible in our world--a rim of absolutely no mass, but with strength enough to support the cluster of heavy particles, and probably absolutely rigid to boot. All tussling with "ultimate reality" as an object of knowledge is futile. If "reality (loud cheers)" were mindstuff, the problem might make sense. But those who are asking what a particle "really is" are trying to establish an identity between an external object and the gestalts that we illusively (Webster raises my doubts on that word) consider to be the things inside our heads that we feel we know because they are identical with our knowledge. Let that be a lesson to you; don't let grammatical asides interrupt your train of thought.

I wonder sometimes what setup of typeface the masthead of Harold W Cheney Jr. is rubbaged from. "The Shucksters wasn't bad." Ref collapse of Rome and atomic war, I think nothing but taking figures of speech literally could lead to the conclusion that the fall of the Empire was as much a destruction of the world as now impends. A breaking-down of the high-order abstractions that men live by is bad, and presently its consequences show in the physical world, but if the physical foundation is destroyed, abstractions like "Western Civilization" can't even get started. I would rather agree with Ellis that most prediction is not worth listening to, except for amusement. Particularly long-term forecasting, such as from Rome to the Renaissance. Yet, on a shorter scale, prediction is not entirely worthless. A wise man in 1789 could have known that something very upsetting was impending. The Founding Fathers could tell that if something weren't done about the Articles of Confederation, the USA would fall into a much lower economic and political condition. And with the more scientific techniques of modern historical science, a remarkably accurate prediction shows up here and there. Some men foresaw the consequences of the World War, and one the economic consequences of the peace; and another named the date of the Fall of '29. Unfortunately, other predictions of some of these same men are so far off that it would be hard to demonstrate pragmatically that these guesses were more than luck. But finally, turning to my god Spengler, there is a man whose predictions have so far been realized (the theory is also supported by inner consistency) that I am willing to do some planning on the supposition that they will continue to be borne out. But even he does not profess to see beyond the end of this particular civilization, a few centuries hence. I hope "it is a veil that human eyes were not meant to pierce" is merely a thotless bit of rhetoric to tie the article up neatly. Humans were not "meant" to do anything; nobody planned them; and we can only find out what we can and can't do by trying or extrapolating from experience. I can't find the particular dynamic quotation from the constitution which you cite. Sure you weren't talking about WFFF? The modal "shall", which is in your quotation, is not used in the FAPA constitution. The sheep-thief quote is probably from some scholarly article in one of the legal periodicals; I forgot; I think it nicely compresses the modern, but probably obsolete, theory of punishment.

Color work in The Unspeakable (there, I spoke it!) Thing is a pleasant surprise, worth the work. In the typing, justifying etcetera seem to be breaking down from carelessness. Vignettes are very nice, and cartoon is good. Now get a new cover. I fear that the Japanese have not our Nordic feeling for horror, and Suzuki's painting is weak. The long line-length of Rathaska was well chosen, and the poem is that rare thing, a good (quasi) strophic ballad. The device

of repeating the beginning of a poem at the end seems rather mechanical to me, though Stan Kraus thinks there's some point in it here. "The cleverness of taping the Infinite Will could have been sufficiently presented in less than a page." "I would reject the idea, carried over from MAFAs, that the official organ should be a pace-setter. Skipping the theoretical reasons, it would impose an additional burden on the already backbreaking editorial post. Am i mixing my metaphors? Nonsense--all language is metaphorical if you trace it back." "As much truth as art in that line, "an ignorant person is somebody who doesn't know what you've just learned." "Getting Dales Tarr and Hart mixed, aren't you?" "If i argue like a lawyer already, it's probably coincidence. Years and years ago JBMichel said that my legal training had made me a good quibbler--but i'd never had any law school then." "Helen's account of her Seattle visit gives some inaccurate impressions, omitting many significant or interesting matters such as that when she first phoned me she thought we were on bad terms because of a letter which it now appears was lost in the mail." "I should transpose the and and and per se and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde & Others". "Isn't the line beginning "Harry Residorph" rather widowed too?" "Now why do you persistently capitalize Fantasy? It's not God." "A little more explanation of how Jolly Good Fellows was written would have been in order. I felt kinda lost at the changes of person." "Ref Open Letter to me: Would we really get your story of Japan in the Times? Small audiences hear from Americans returned from the Orient accounts so completely at variance with what the commercial press feeds us, that i would consider a few words in the privacy of FUF more reliable than columns in the NYTizes. And too, wouldn't a totally different manner of presentation appropriate to FAPA keep it from seeming like a repetition of what you're paid for?" "HWJr looks like another guy who has fallen for the subconscious feeling that putting an adverb in the middle of a verb phrase (the best place for it, in my opinion) is something like splitting an infinitive. I hate to see constructions like "when she first is glimpsed". "Steve's FFM index puts the kibosh on a similar project that i had in mind, which would have anticipated Evans's prozine index with decimal classifications by Evans and Lockman. It doesn't seem worth the trouble now that everything except the classifications is available. I note that the compiler failed to follow out in the case of The Blind Spot his otherwise practice of showing the serials in the index for every month in which they appeared. Yipe, what's this story "The Man Who Was Thurston"?

On which minor note our review of a minor mailing ends.

CATCHING UP WITH CRUD from page 18

against the Scotch dialect in writing. Bridsby's Hoax, by William Carter Fellows, features atrocious writing, a failure to discriminate between invisibility and non-existence, a tearfully obvious ending, and miscellaneous faults. Tucker has an inconsequential article about femme fannes, before he had met many, and also before Dick Wilson had finished the job of purifying his grammar. SaM depicts the conveniences of fanning in 2040, from which i will only mention the common phrase "may undoubtedly". Then there's a more or less spoonerized piece by Walt Liebscher which is almost as tedious as a Tripolitanian funny story. (Example: "At this thrilling, horrible, absolutely abysmal moment, in walked Seal de Crack.") Meet the Fan is devoted to Bob Tucker. Harry Warner hurrahs for fan fiction, and after noting that the phrase's proper meaning is stafiastic fiction, proceeds to say there's no real difference between fan and pro fiction. An allegedly complete index to current fan journals lists some 48, including some defunct, but virtually none from FAPA. Stardust was accumulating several advertisers by this time. Z-D took the back page to plug South Sea Stories and The New Adam; Micks advertised Bizarre on the abc; the lfc offered absolutely any issue of Amazing, Astound<sup>g</sup> or Wonder for--10c!--and some smaller ads was one for the Sociocrustans.

LEWIS BRYAN  
1111 1/2  
WINDMILL  
WES  
ATLANTA

QUOTE-WORTHY QUOTES

"It is true that failure exerts a kind of magnetic pull, and that there are men who, whenever they get near enough to a failure, have an irresistible impulse to jump into it, and have done; but it is even truer that it would be worth a few sacks of grain to keep open, if only on the philosophical level, the question of ultimately making this one world." --Marquis Childs (?), some time ago

"With man's doom so calculable, his purposeless existence had become purposeful and reasonable." --Pete Can Fix It

"It is an amazing, almost unbelievable, spectacle that unfolds itself before our eyes. The American people who have long been distinguished amongst the nations of the earth by an unshakable optimism, by a religiously-motivated confidence in the future, are today being made to look upon the future as if it were a menace. This country which stood out as the firmest believer in progress, that is to say in the necessity and the inevitability of constant change, today clings almost desperately to the status quo." --Pierre van Paassen

"We live in the last days of an Indian summer and we know it. Already there have been bitter nights and wild rains; the declining sun has lost its power; it can no more sustain, much less revive; the late afternoons have a chill in them; the leaves shake and fall; over the harvest hangs coming winter, a grim question mark. We are reluctant to let summer go; we prefer the backward look. Yet Indian summer cannot lull our forebodings. There may be 60,000,000 jobs, now not in the imagination of a Henry Wallace man called mad, but in plain fact. Yet, like the sap sinking in the outwardly gorgeous autumn trees, so sink the life-stream of our economy, the purchasing power of the people. Peace is not here; only examination. Grey November comes, and then winter. Men ask themselves, 'Will there ever be a spring?'" --J R Bartlett

"However, I ask is clever enough to put older men on reexamining and re-stating their own beliefs, and to be sure that is much." --Pollock, 20/5/19

"Like most literary historians when he gets into causes of movements he names a lot of impalpables that I can't remember and that for all I see might be replaced by another lot with equal plausibility." --Holmes, 22/7/19

"The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot do well, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities." --Lincoln

"Leibniz's general theory of law was worked out by the controversial method that distinguishes most of his writings. Like the organism, he did not act; he reacted. Thus we owe many of his most significant ideas in jurisprudence to his critical reformulation of propositions put forward by Hobbes, Grotius, Fufendorf, Descartes, Locke, and many others now forgotten. Some idea of what jurisprudence has lost by his failure specifically to formulate his legal philosophy systematically can be gained from a reading of the Monadology. That paper was an attempt to bring into a coherent order the philosophical principles, with their important implications, that he had scattered through many brochures and letters. That the most careful student of Leibniz could have constructed it is more than doubtful. The composition of the paper generated a burst of creative activity in him, which led to such a bold and imaginative statement of his principles that it amounted to an innovation in his thought." --H Cairns, 60 Harvard L R 213

## MAN SAGT

Don't be bothered by comments:

There is a fraction which gives pi, but it is an infinitely continued fraction, and so does not satisfy the criterion of an algebraic equation. *Does*

my college math course, whatever that is, *is*  $1/4 + 1/5 + 1/5 + 1/5 + \dots$ , which is

$$e^{\pi\sqrt{163}} + 1 = 0$$

definition that you refer to. What I meant was that if you take an equation of the form:  $ax^2+bx+c=0$  where a, b, and c are any integers, it is not possible to find any combination of values for a, b and c such that the number pi is a solution of this equation. There are more *(surely you only mean frequently)* such transcendental numbers than there are algebraic numbers (i.e. numbers which are the solutions of such equations) even though there are an infinite number of algebraic numbers. *(We will ask Bratton to seek sorry for you from Saint Korzybski.)* Put that in your pipe and chew on it.

The letter z means two things in math. It means the third dimension in the Cartesian coordinates x, y, and z, and it also means a complex number ( $z = x + iy$ ), so we are both right, and there is rarely any confusion between the two meanings, because you would never use them in the same context. *(We*

*are* *we* *gotta* *depend* *on* *context.*)

Concerning  $E = mc^2$ , it seems that there was a guy named Hasenbri who derived this expression in 1904 (a year before relativity) by considering the pressure of radiation. However, as with the Fitzgerald contraction equations, which were also derived by Lorentz years before Einstein did it, it is now considered that these equations are an outcome of the postulates of relativity.

Algebraic expression on idea which I accept:

I wouldn't rely too heavily on that old adage about silence giving consent, because you are not dealing with the average individual (ah, now it comes: the modest superman complex). I foresaw long ago that something would have to be done to forestall positive conclusions being derived from negative evasions, so please be advised that at times I would demur at admitting that 2 & 2 were 4, just so you could jump to the wrong conclusion that they are 5, because I will not be bound by that silence gives consent business, which may work well enuf with other people, but I will not be taken advantage of in that manner, and so every once in awhile will deliberately remain silent, letting people know this is my policy, so that they can never be sure of getting any unauthorized information out of me.

A passage from Perry, commenting on Quintessential Nothing:

I note that you called non-fans, sub-humans. I was with somebody else at Philly in an elevator when some Sigma Alpha Rho conventioners drifted in. One girl took no pains to lower her voice in saying that we (not attired in tuxes, etc.) were "peasants". My god!

Special:

So sorry to find nothing Speer in the last Fapmailing. Are you going to post-mail anything; or will you wait for the mailing?

BT: Thanks, Walter, I make it a point to have something in every mailing, even if it means stretching the post-mailing concept to the breaking point.

I was glad to see credit given to the excellent ending of Dawn of Flame (minus the unfortunate footnote). On this, at least, the butchers who fixed it up for publishing in TWS had the sense to leave it as Stanley wrote it. The condensation they performed on the rest of it was simply a crime. Dawn of Flame is in my opinion a better story than the more famous Black Flame; for my money it's Weinbaum's best (I haven't read New Adam). Whereas Black Flame followed rather standardized formulas (though I give it special credit for anticipating language for Time Travelers), with a man of the 20th century Buck Rogers-ish thrust into the future to give the reader someone with whom to identify himself, Dawn of Flame achieved an undated aloofness, presenting without commentary a simple factual report of certain happenings. A matter I especially liked was its avoidance of the usual practice of placing Our Barbarous Descendants in New York or London. The locale of the novel is a part of the American country which would survive the breakdown of civilization with a minimum of upheaval. The metropolis of Dawn is New Orleans, quite properly, since an early stage of development requires a southern climate. St Louis (Selui) is often mentioned, Chicago only once or twice. The culture of Ozark is shown as a timeless thing, with its own traditions and idiom, a way of life which would endure unchanged indefinitely but for the intrusion of forces from outside. Like The Black Flame, Dawn of Flame's surface plot revolves around a rather thin love story, but the love story is one in harmony with the larger theme of Joaquin Smith's easy conquest of the Ozark country and the world. The novel is based on the seldom-worked but appealing theme of inferiority fighting a hopeless contest against superiority, treating the reader to a novel confusion of sympathies as he sees events from the viewpoint of big Hull Farvish, who cannot even protect his devotion to the old way (reinforced by loyalty to the old mayor's daughter) against the obvious betterness of the new if he lets himself think about it, the reader meanwhile realizing in spite of his sympathy with Hull that Joaquin represents the ideals that must be followed.



The foregoing was hastily substituted for "Rejected - Saturday Review of Literature"

On my eastern trip this fall I was struck with the arrival of scientific things and their calm acceptance by the populace. This is old stuff to you, but the matter-of-factness was so different from the romantic aura that surrounds them in science-fiction that, I don't know, it got me. Probably many people outside the largest cities don't realize that television has arrived and, of all places, is chiefly to be seen in bars. Then there's artificial rainmaking. We have no need for that up here normally, God knows, but in the Mississippi valley it has revolutionary potentialities, and people who are intellectually awake are discussing the practical, legal, and religious (the only argument in the vein "We'll let it rain here when God wants it to" that I saw was in the Texas panhandle, where it'll probably take more than dry ice to get any precipitation anyway) aspects though they may never have heard of it, and the thing is much further along than I had realized. Matter-of-fact too was the inconspicuous sign placed at an intersection with a broad, wellpaved road in east Tennessee, that said "Oak Ridge".

"They have things like the atom bomb, so I think I stay where I am."

## THRU A GLASS DARKLY

"Hi, Gummy. Ackerman told me i'd find you in Star of the Unicorn. What-cha doing?" Jorman peered over Gummison's shoulder at the papers and card file on the desk.

"Little research. Fordue's History of the Future was put here, you know--" he gestured at the boxes about the room-- "along with rightly forgotten Creators of Ghosts and other manuscripts not worth publishing, so that if anyone was interested in such things he could have the benefit of work already done. I've been checking the History of the Future against real events. Correlation for the whole is about one-half of one percent." Jorman gingerly took a seat on a pasteboard box.

Gummison went on. "What i was looking for was to see if certain authors got a disproportionate share of those correct guesses. Unfortunately, because of its emphasis on dates, the History of the Future doesn't give due credit to men like Heinlein and Wells who predicted pretty closely the temper of a time, but not its exact events. Within the limitations of this card file, though, i have found some writers making an unusual number of hits. Some, of course, were Ziff-Davis writers who wrote only a year or so before the event, and the truth in their predictions, like 'War still on', isn't surprising. I did find one story, though, probably published under a pseudonym, which was published in one of those obscure gulps of ten years ago when the field was suddenly flooded with new titles, which seems to have called the turn on several details of the war and postwar years. My methodology doesn't show how many wrong guesses he may have made, so i'm going to look up the story itself and see. Where's the prozine room?"

Thursday evening the visitors from Minnesota were introduced, and after business was out of the way, the chairman announced that Walter Gummison would give an uncheduled speech.

Gummison wasted no time in reaching the heart of his subject. "I have recently read a story titled 'The Metal Box', which was published under a house name late in 1938. I have definitely ascertained that it was published in 1938, but its background of history is such that the author must have been able to foresee events up to this year at least. I'll give any of you the citation who want to check up on me. This is not a hoax.

"The story on the surface is simply about an invention for which the scientist tries to get backing, and which is later stolen by agents of a European state. But in the course of the story, the author and characters casually toss out remarks like: 'It was built like a landing ship, tank, with jeepish overtones.' 'That's the #64 question.' and 'I've been afraid of mushrooms since that day in New Mexico.' Remarks which were so meaningless in 1938 that if any of you read the story, they probably passed from your mind immediately; but remarks which couldn't have been cast up by chance. Every esoteric reference in the story is now meaningful--and this leads me to believe that the author's prescience ended in 1948. There are a few inaccuracies. In one place he speaks of 'Dieppe, where the invasion of Europe began,' but that can probably be ascribed to faulty memory or plain mistake."

By now his audience was impatient to break in with questions. Gummison concluded: "Next time i'm in New York i'm going to try to look up the editor of that magazine and find out who actually wrote the story. I would say from the very triviality of the glimpses into the future that if he had any purpose at all, it was to step forward after the war, call people's attention to the accuracy of his predictions, and warn them of further things to come. He has not done so, and my guess would be that his foreknowledge changed his personal future, he was killed in the war or something else unforeseen has prevented his carrying out his plans. I'm ready for questions."

That was a dirty trick, stopping the story right there. It's so much like my treatment of The First Fan that I was tempted, just for a difference, to go ahead and tack on the weak ending in my first draft. But all the time I was typing the preceding page I was trying to think of someone better than Joquel to hang it on, and failed to.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

Plot:

My little island girl  
My little island girl  
I'm going to stay with you  
And we won't worry what to do  
We won't have to catch any trains  
And we won't go home when it rains  
We'll gather hibiscus flowers  
For it won't be minutes but hours  
For it won't be hours but years

dinuendo

( And the morning  
( And the evening  
( And noontime  
( And night  
( Morning  
( Evening  
( Noontime  
( Night

Doris: That's not life, that's no life  
Why I'd just as soon be dead.

Sweeney: That's what life is. Just is

Doris: What is?

What's that life is?

Sweeney: Life is death.

Henry Adams:

the Gothic cathedral ... the slender nervure, the springing motion of the broken arch, the leap downwards of the flying buttress--the visible effort to throw off a visible strain--never let us forget that Faith alone supports it, and that, if Faith fails, Heaven is lost. The equilibrium is visibly delicate beyond the line of safety; danger lurks in every stone. The peril of the heavy tower, of the restless vault, of the vagrant buttress; the uncertainty of logic, the inequalities of the syllogism, the irregularities of the mental mirror--all these haunting nightmares of the Church are expressed as strongly by the Gothic cathedral as though it had been the cry of human suffering, and as no emotion had ever been expressed before or is likely to find expression again. The delight of its aspirations is flung up to the sky. The pathos of its self-distrust and anguish of doubt is buried in the earth as its last secret.

## ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

"And now, little Martians," says Billy Rose in a recent column, "if you will stop playing with those toy disintegrators, Uncle Willie will tell you a bedtime story. # Once upon a time, on the faraway planet Earth, there was a strange and wonderful country. Marco Polo, Gulliver--even John Gunther--had never seen its equal. Its dazzling towers yearned toward the heavens; silver birds of flight carried its Earthlings through the sky; and even its lowliest creature could see Betty Grable take a bubble bath for a mere 55 cents. # Hush, Xpids, that remark was uncalled for." He then goes on to tell about a great business executive who had a very successful business day despite the fact that he forgot and left his head at home.

From the early part of this year comes a threecolumn spread headlined "Superman Rates Tops In 'Scarability' Because He Came From Krypton". It's a biography, illustrated with three cuts. Probably you saw the same information repeated in pictorial form in your Sunday papers, but locally we were strikebound at the time.

This paragraph is dedicated to one who will know. An advertising agency ran a page ad in an old Fortune, entitled, Little words have guts. Among other things it says: "When only a few could read and write, they got stuck up. That's what started the trouble. They tried to make out that writing was an art. If they had used talking words they would have just been writing the way common people talked. So they put together a lot of trick words lifted from Latin and Greek. These words mostly have pretty sounds but don't mean anything. They squash out like a ripe tomato when they hit the brain. One such word fogs a sentence. Two deflate it of sense. Three turn it into blah. # About the only art in writing is to get rid of phoney words and write the way people talk. It's a help to have something to say."

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"Where do the fairies hide their heads when snow lies on the hills?"

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## LAST STOP TO LIMEO

Once upon a time I had the idea of writing a Simplified History of Fantasites, designed for those who want to know what it's all about. I envisioned it as printed on a small card, a supply of which you might slip into your billfold, and which could be handed to anyone who says, "Tell me in thirty seconds what this Fandom is." Here is my draft: "There was a magazine that published fantasy (stories about the future, new inventions, occult arts). One day a young fellow wrote in to the magazine's letter section claiming that an author had made an error in science. He also said, 'Why don't we form a club to discuss science?' A lot of people responded, so they did. # The club had an official organ, and members writing for it discussed not only science but also what fantasy stories and books they liked best, and even brot up ideas about how they thot the world should be organized in the future. Some members thot this was getting away from the purpose of the club, so there were hotly fought elections. # Also, members began publishing their own amateur magazines and selling or exchanging them with other members and with people who had never joined. The old club disappeared; other organizations were formed. In their magazines the fantasites took to discussing how to publish a good amateur magazine, argued about grammar, wrote poetry, and so on. # All this time they were corresponding individually, so they began to visit one another and finally held conventions. Many found that they were more interesting to each other than any other people they had ever known. Afterwards, in their magazines, they talked about personal affairs and beliefs on any subject under the sun, as well as fantasy."



Sep 47 cover of ASF is a beaut, though I don't get all the symbolism... Though Campbell may be right in calling it merely fantasy, I would classify The Thing on Cater Shoal 34.47-53.4. In a magazine with less rigorous standards of plausibility it would certainly be treated as science-fiction. But I think it unlikely that critters evolving in the sea would ever assume humanoid shape, even if they reached a roughly humanoid shape on land and then returned to the water... I don't recall that I had much to say about I'll Build Your Dream Castle 44.8. I was probably annoyed at the solidly capitalistic economics behind the story, and was disappointed that the hero won by finding a wonderful stuff rather than by ingenuity alone... The second installment of The End Is Not Yet was its best, particularly the last paragraph. "They knew not the history of the ground where they walked, the composition of the government which sent them, the training or capabilities of their officers, the cause they embraced." "Nobody thought to ask where they were going or why. But, after all this discomfort, when they did get there somebody was sure going to catch hell."

I am not terribly taken with these astronomical covers such as that for October. Their excellence would seem to be intellectual, in a field where I don't know enuf of the details to appreciate them... What does the cut for Flying Somethings 44.5A represent?... The law in Problem in Solid 37.2 is pretty sound. There is glaring misuse of the phrase "to compound a felony", which means not "to commit" it, but to accept a bribe to forbear prosecution. And it was error, or would have been had it been objected to, to permit Dr Lewis to philosophize about responsibility while on the witness stand. But a duplication of persons would present about the difficulties that are described here, and they would probably be resolved as indicated. "Certain details on the scientific side are more questionable. If Smith were not beyond reach as indicated in the story, we might ask him why it was possible for odors and steam from a locomotive, sounds and gunshot, to reach the audience from the engine, but not slivers of the locomotive as it rushed across the scene, or slices of the buildings as the view shifted thru Cincinnati... Target 45.7 was a very inconsequential story... Collector's Item 65. was disappointing, though a bit puzzling. I wonder if we mayn't take issue with the statement that "slavery was worse than annihilation?" "It is better to die on your feet than live on your knees" is a very noble sentiment in any past frame of reference, because dying on your feet meant saving a better future for someone else of your tribe, or at worst setting an inspiring example to make other men stand up for their rights. But when fighting means annihilation of everybody you know about, stiffneckness seems foolish, and perhaps it is better that some survive as slaves. So long as man remains there is hope of better days... I approached What's Wrong in the Patent System? <sup>10A</sup> in a suspicious frame of mind, it being written by an attorney--a breed noted for tory sympathies--and published by Campbell. I think Curry may have distorted somewhat the Supreme Court's criterion which he criticizes. It is certain that he has given too little weight to the policy considerations which moved the Democratic court. The patent system makes flawless sense according to old free-enterprise, free-contract principles; but our present Court has recognized the frequent necessity of adulterating those principles with hazy considerations of the public welfare, and they cannot have been unconscious that the present patent system should not be extended to every imaginably patentable improvement--even as it is, the patent system in operation contributes to strengthening large concentrations of capital, makes it impossible to get <sup>one</sup> car which embodies all current improvements, and encourages negative use of patents... Something further next month on The End Is Not Yet.

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It never snows south of the Tehachas.

To begin this department, I have dugged into my bulging folders of un-commented-upon and largely unread fanzines, and pulled out V1 #s 2 & 3, and V2 #1 (apparently I wrote him on V1 #1) of W Lawrence Hanling's Stardust. This was a leading fanzine for a short time in 1940, when all these issues were published. 1940--a year when, it seems in retrospect, our standards of judgment were at an all-time low, when we praised Pluto to the skies because it had many pages and multicolor mimeoing, though as I recall the material was mediocre (but I liked the Decker Dillies' pup, and will review it another time).

It is easy to see why Stardust caught the praises of that superficial age. It was professionally printed, and had a format that any fanzine may envy. Volume 1 was approximately 3x11, 20 pages per issue. The printer was competent, used a number of different type faces, and with due regard to their differences, formed the parts of a page into such shape, and assembled them in such form, as to produce a pleasing page. It must be added that proofreading was often defective, letting many errors such as possessive it's, Williams and William's for Williams' or Williams's, Vis. for Vis., secretarys' for secretaries, ktp--the kind of thing that would pass unnoticed in a mimeoed pub, but is glaring in print. Each issue had heavy yellow covers printed in several colors.

Money may be interchangeable with time, but it can't take the place of talent. Stardust, the magazine unique (where have I heard that before?), called itself a semi-pro. Something over half of its contents was fiction, of average quality somewhat below that of the pros; fan material was indifferent poor for the most part, though perhaps up to the 1940 standard. Most artwork was by Morris Jenkinson Jr, (who in the last issue became Herschel Jenkins), who showed little ability--his human figures were stiff, and shading of solids was unsuccessful. There were also a few canned cuts.

Looking at it in more detail, we take up #2. This had a cover illustrating an imaginary story--the usual thing for fanzine covers--by Jack Binder, which was done with even less care than Binder usually shows, but the effect is not bad. Inside front cover, we find Bargains in Fantasy!, offering 1926 Amazing at 50c, and so on down to current prozines for 15c. Fantasy Dealer, 1746 Balmoral ave, Chicago, is the advertiser, in case you want to write him. In the editorial is announced a contest (am I shifting my tenses?) to pick the best story of all time; the prize was to go to him who wrote about the story which the greatest number of contestants picked--which seems to me to load the scales in favor of the traditional "greats". The editorial also informs us that the next issue will feature a gripping story of the future, The Cycle of Age, which for sheer beauty, drama, power, and emotion will be hard to equal. The first story in this, the May '40, issue is Liederman's Generator, a sequel to The Man Who Looked Like Steinmetz, "which I believe will be acclaimed as much, or more so, than it's predecessor. ... And so we take up the threads of the story, a story that for sheer power, drama, and emotion, will be difficult to equal...." The plot is that the narrator secretes in a time capsule, about to be buried, the rediscovered generator which would upset our economy and, mounted in enemy bombers, end our magnificent isolation, if released into our present insane world order. I prefer an E for Effort. The plot is thin; how thin, witness "What if I threw it out the window? Schultz would put the parts together again." The writing is bad, particularly for Williams, but I will omit examples. Next in the issue is a science article, Poisoned Soil, by Willy Ley. For the life of me, I can't see why we were supposed to be interested in it. It is just a page from the limitless chronicles of science, with no human interest, suspense, or much of anything to make it stand out. Then comes "We Ain't Got Rhythm", an article by Dale Tarr calling for science-fiction poetry, which is rather confused by the injection of some of Dale's ideas about poetry in general which have nothing in particular to do with s-f verse. My answer to why there's so little, in case I haven't given it elsewhere, is that poetry is primarily emotional. And science-fiction is primarily logical. There may be emotion in it--the excitement

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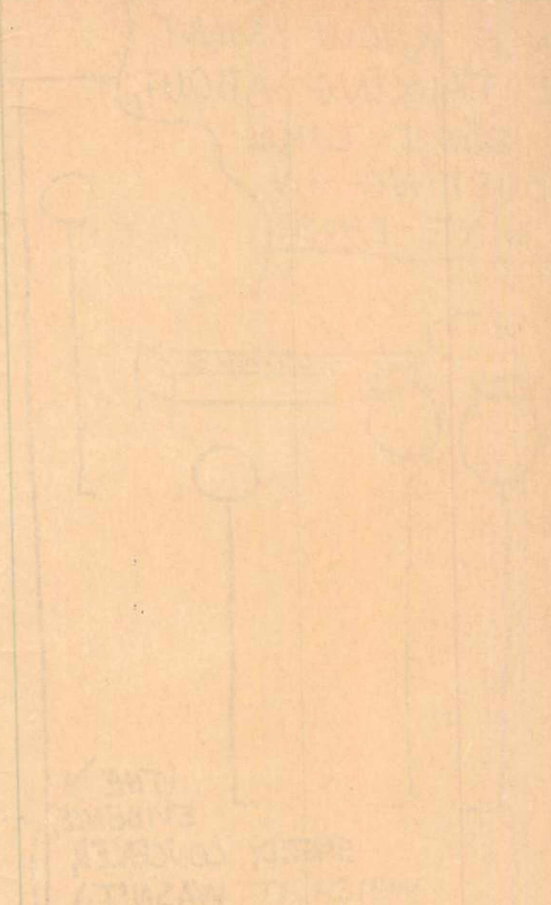
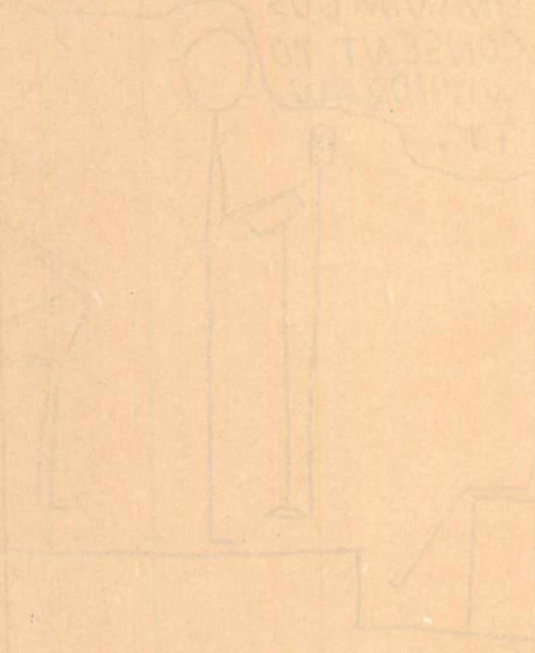
of adventure, loneliness, aspiration, etc. but the same emotions can be presented, and probably with fewer false notes, in mundane fiction, because all the emotions that we know grow out of experiences such as form the field of non-fantasy. The issue's center spread is given to Justice in Time, a very corny pot-boiler by Amelia Reynolds Long (is she the authoress we visited in Hagerstown, Harry?), the kind whose end you can spot a mile off, chiefly distinguished by the failure of its temporal theory to make any kind of sense in application, which might be expected from looking at the theory itself: "Since all time is coexistent, there is no such thing as past, present, or future. They are merely terms which we use for the sake of convenience, and are entirely relative to our individual positions in the time dimension." As Stuart Chase would say, "Since blab, there is no blab. They are blab, and are entirely relative to our blab positions in the time blab." The editor's blurb, by the way, has that classic line, "--but little did he foresee what fate time had in store for him." Next we reach a bright spot, Ackerman's account of Heinlein, who was just coming into prominence then. It contains a good deal of information about RAH which I haven't seen elsewhere, as for example, "He started out to be an astronomer, but got appointed to the Naval Academy instead. Served 10 yrs navy, was disabled & retired. Put in 5 yrs in politics, as a liberal, 'generally on the losing side.'" Last story in the issue is The Cosmic Snare, which would not be outstandingly bad in Forto Ken. Chester Geier did it, follows this a short article by Hornig, saying that editors (he was doing Science Fiction at the time) like to get letters from the fan. Then there's a page ad for the Science Fiction Service, apparently of Chicago (wasn't there one in the United Kingdom too?), whose special of the month, and prize in the contest, is Tarrano the Conqueror. From the synopsis, it sounds like a whingdinger of a story: "TAR-RANO murdered all the Earth rulers, and stole the famous 'eternal life machine' and its creator's daughter, whose love he sought. His campaigns were featured by ruthless scientific atrocities, but Earth held out. Soon the tide of battle turned in favor of Earth, and Tarrano sought refuge on Venus in his most powerful stronghold. ....Positively the most unique story ever written of the future!..." And then in the letter section RWilliams said, "I was especially pleased to note that you had avoided superlatives." This section shows many familiar names, not saying much that's of interest now, and unnecessary editorial comments such as this from #5: "Watch the artwork in future issues. How about this one? Glad you like the mag as much as you do, and I'll certainly do my best to accomplish the wonders you want...Ed." The back cover ad says unimaginatively, "Have You Read These? AD ASTRA Presents its Gala Fifth Issue /names/ And a myriad of others ... SPACEWAYS Presents its Gala Tenth Issue /names/ And a myriad of others ..."

Jenkinson's cover on August 1940 is not unpleasant at a glance, but a closer look stumbles over the ineptitudes already mentioned. First story in this issue is The Cycle of Age by Williams. Beginning with the blurb, I was prejudiced against it, but changed my mind when I came to: "there were few nuts to be found, not enough to fill the stomach of a seventeen-year-old man. Jahn did not know that he was seventeen, or that he was a man, but he did know that he was hungry." Not really superb writing, but the mark of competence, I think. This is the story with the line about Nature stooping to rebuild with worn-out tools, which is rather good, but perhaps thrice was too often to repeat it. Willy Ley's article this time was about--guess!--rocketry, but good. It doesn't quite come up to the editorial claim, "Mr. Ley outlines each item and presents all the known facts and theories concerning them", but it does give a lucid presentation of the steps in figuring out the necessary size of a pioneer rocket. Crystal of Death, by Jack Williamson, has an illustration by Jenkinson which conforms to the story somewhat less than is now customary in the Giff-Davis magazines. The blurb contains a pot-plant of mine--"Do the rays of the moon actually produce madness? ... The author of this story tells you the answer, and in doing so provides a unique piece of

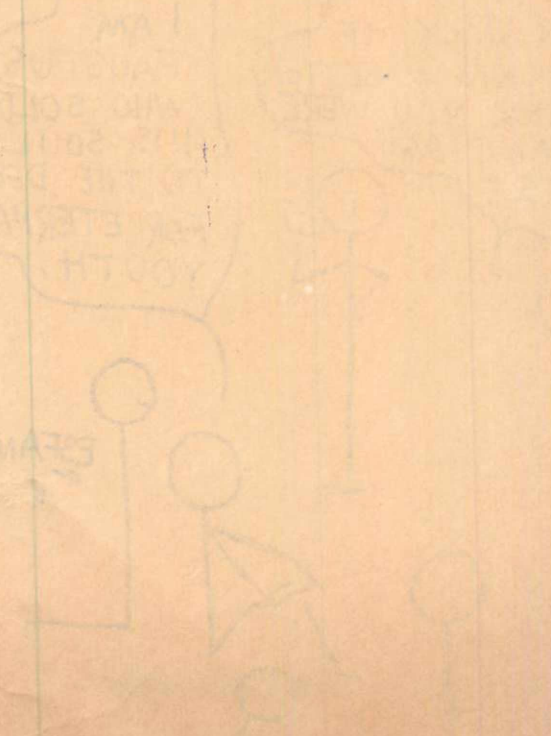
weird fantasy". If he hadn't said "the" answer, I wouldn't mind. The story is not too bad, though overdone: "Then I knew that the dread something was coming from the blue death's head; that its builders had given it a terrible power for a purpose incredibly vile. It was calling, drawing, urging me to it. Incredible horror gripped me, but I was powerless to resist." What kills it is the pseudo-scientific explanation added onto the end, which refers to the principle of embryonic recapitulation, then says, "And it is possible that the rays from the Head, by photochemical means, reversed the process of development and produced a degeneration of horrible rapidity. The human characteristics of the result are due <sup>(sic)</sup> no doubt because ossiferous structure offers greater resistance to a rapid change than does flesh." The resemblance to Ziff-Davis footnotes is so strong, one wonders if this was written by Williamson or by Hamling. A Meet the Fan department features badly framed cuts of Hamling and Warner, the former hardly showing any recognizable features. From the biographical sketch, we learn that the Amaziff editor whose thinking jumbles up libel, obscenity, and using the mails to defraud, at one time intended to work for a degree in law. And "Bill has appeared on both the stage and radio in his young life--due to a peculiar gift of oratory, made evident in High School when he won contests and captained the school debating team. His great ambition is to be a professional science-fiction editor." There are two poems in this issue, one by Tanner titled It's the Strain, which I can't quite figure out but like, and a nice little nothing by Manning about the laboratory skeleton. Immediately above it, in the letter section, Hamling seems much put out because Trudy accused him of catering to the press. "STARDUST does not cater to anybody," sezze. All thru these issues, incidentally, are scattered plugs for the Chicon, which give no intimation that he was at odds with the boys who were running the show.

The Sep 40 Stardust, apparently the special convention issue, is in a format about half the former size. Hamling explains it thus: "Not that I do not believe in the smoothness and quality of a large-size magazine--I do! But there are various other factors that present themselves for consideration. For one thing, in a large size magazine, such as STARDUST has been in the past, efficiency is lost to a certain degree if the amount of material enclosed per issue is not proportionally as great as the size itself." The quality of printing in this issue is down just a bit from its best--uneven inking etcetera. The cover effectively uses several colors, and I would guess that it is by "Art Editor, Paul Quaver", who deserves another chance. Leading off this issue are interesting excerpts from Julius Schwartz's (yuck, yuck) correspondence, one of which reveals another grievance we have against Roger Sherman Hoar. The letter is from Palmer: "Farley paid Ziff-Davis a visit after they bought AMAZING STORIES, and seeing how little Davis knew about his new protege, conceived the brilliant idea of boosting me for the job that was evidently open." City in the Far Off Sky is a touching fantasy by Robert Moore Williams, about children who visit the wonderful city that they will have a small part in building, but Williams got a little too romantic for me at times. Following a realistic, if idealized (can you do that?) picture of children at a spring, he has the girl getting a cup of crystal water from the spring, and carrying it, splashing silver drops at every step. Then toward the end we're told there was wind in the sky and wind in the willow trees by the spring, and across the brook wind in the clover field. I was reminded of my old professor's cynical comment about the ending of Bret Harte's Miss. "The stars were shining above them--of course! The stars are often shining." a fairish poem by Haggard is mutilated with the spellings T'is and 'Ere. Another poem is Ghost World by Paul Startzman is a little too lifting for its story, but not bad. De Camp's Inverse Variations is one of the few stories that I remembered having read when the magazine first appeared. Much poorer than anything he's had in the prozines, its idea (that giant insects couldn't move) was too little to justify it, and I somehow have a prejudice

BY FIVE O'CLOCK  
CHAIRMAN IN VIEW  
FACT THAT WE  
TIME TO DISCUSS  
MATTER PROPERLY  
UNWARRANTED  
CONSENT TO  
WITHDRAW



ALSO FIVE  
FOR  
MISSING MY APPOINTMENT  
WITH CAMPBELL  
MISMANAGING GARDNER  
NOT BOTTOMLINE  
OMITTING SOME OF THE  
MOST INTERESTING  
FROM THE RECORD  
NOT BRINGING MURDER  
NEGLECTING TO PUT  
TETRAHEDRONS OF  
RESOLUTION  
MERELY HISsing

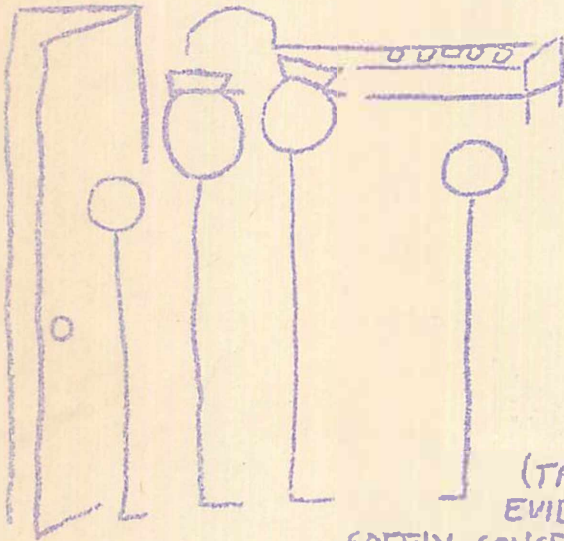


# MONDAY-MORNING QUARTERBACKING

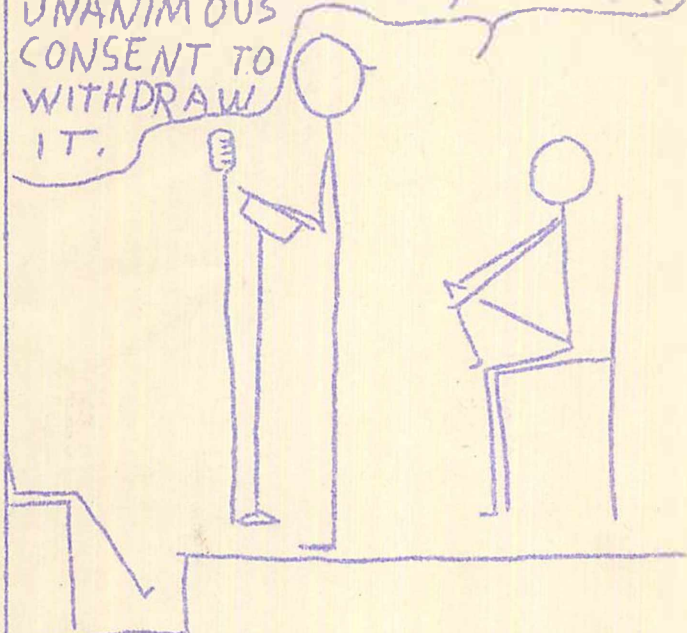
"THE WORD WE HAD NOT  
SENSE TO SAY -  
WHO KNOWS HOW GRANDLY  
IT HAD RUNG!"

I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT,  
AND I DON'T LIKE  
YOU BUSTING IN  
HERE LIKE THIS.

BY FIVE OCLOCK? MR  
CHAIRMAN, IN VIEW OF THE  
FACT THAT WE WILL NOT HAVE  
TIME TO DISCUSS THE RESO-  
LUTION PROPERLY, I ASK  
UNANIMOUS  
CONSENT TO  
WITHDRAW  
IT.

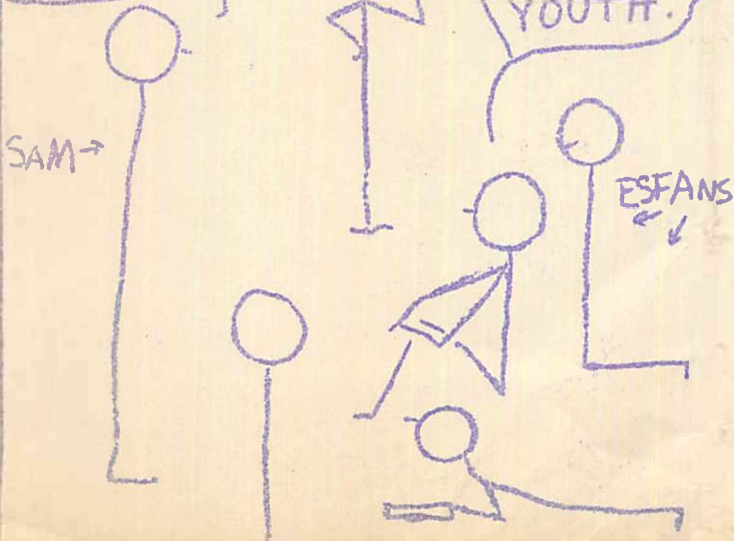


(THE  
EVIDENCE,  
SAFELY CONCEALED,  
WHICH IT WASN'T.)



I SWEAR, JACK, IF  
I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER  
I'D THINK YOU WERE  
THE SAME AGE  
AS THESE  
KIDS.

I AM  
FAUSTUS,  
WHO SOLD  
HIS SOUL  
TO THE DEVIL  
FOR ETERNAL  
YOUTH.



I ALSO BITE MY LIP  
FOR:

- MISSING MY APPOINTMENT  
WITH CAMPBELL.
- MISLAYING GARDNER'S ADDRESS.
- NOT BUTTONHOLING DECAMP.
- OMITTING SOME OF THE  
MOST INTERESTING SHOTS  
FROM THE KODACHROME SHOW.
- NOT BRINGING MORE MONEY.
- NEGLECTING TO PUT  
TETRAHEDRONS ON THE  
RESOLUTION SHEET.
- MERELY HISSING HOAR.

ETC ETC ETC