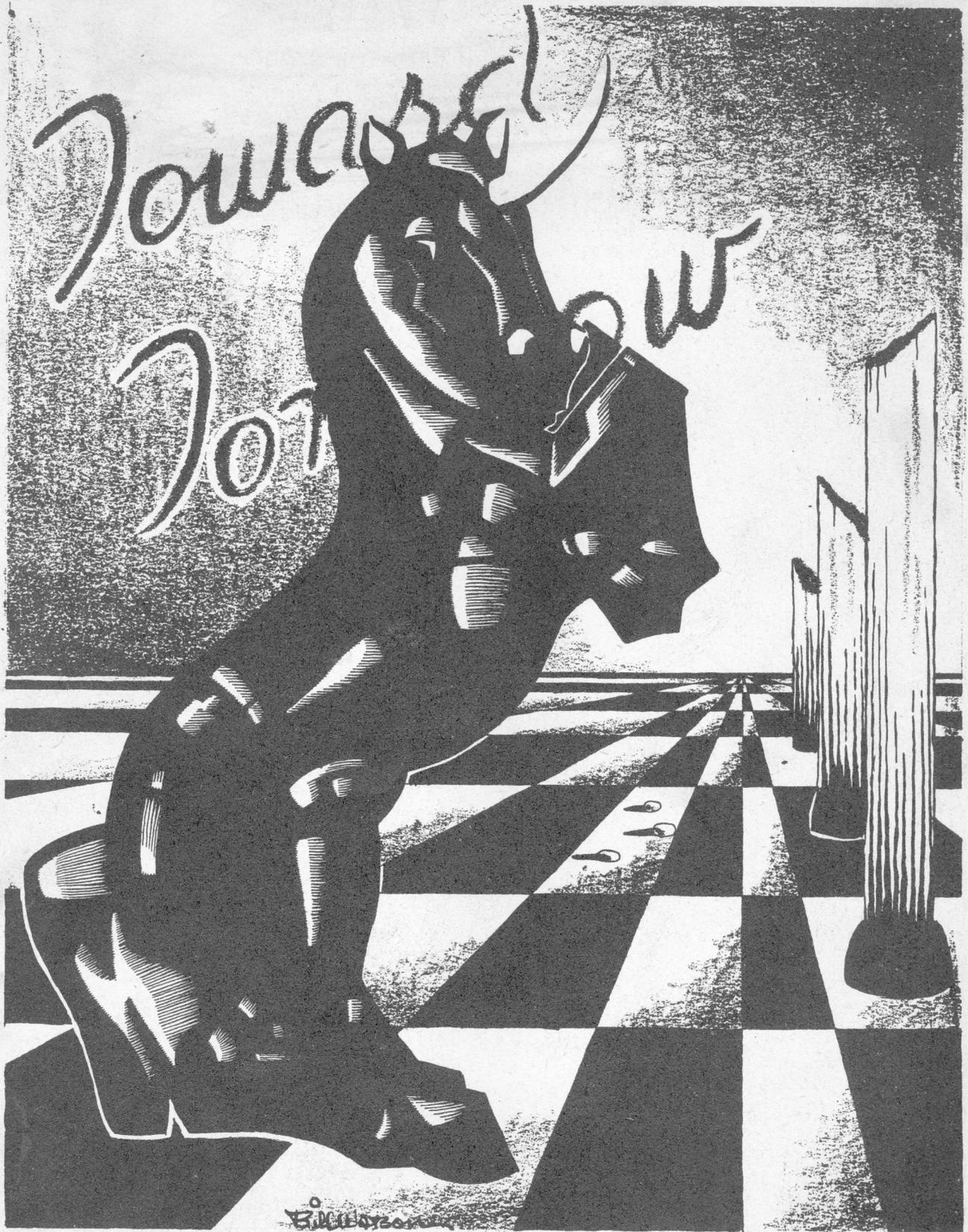


Q17C



Bill Warson

IN MEMORIAM :
BIGGERTHOMAS

Martyr

• ...We here highly resolve
That these dead
Shall not have died in vain.

IN THE ROUGH *with the editor.*

TOWARD TOMORROW, meaning of course, the editor, as well as the magazine, is in a state of flux, and has been for so long a time as to have come to consider that state more natural than stability.

This means, above all, that we are no longer subject to simple classification. We're neither Democrat, Republican, Moralist, Nudist, Libertine, Communist, Socialist, Fundamentalist, Modernist, Atheist, Pacifist, Militarist, Esperantist, nor Prohibitionist, although we have been each of these at some time or other in the past.

But then, we were looking for a fixed position. We felt that one must be absolutist, with a plan, and a utopia. Now we feel that absolute plans are hindrances, and utopias are fumbles. Much taken up with our smallness, we feel that each individual looks out on the world from his own tiny corner. Thus at best his view is warped, and in a slightly different way than any other of his neighbors. It is for this reason that we have lost faith in the Utopians, of whatever breed. Each has an inflexible panacea for the world's ills. These ills of the world are rather complicated, and they present themselves in a different light to different people, and each person can come up with one or more different solutions. Each is likely to make the sad mistake of interpreting his own experience, and therefore, his own problems and solutions, as universal. Each plan must be followed with dogmatic absolutism. That is where we part company.

Paul Tarsus, the apostle of Jesus, himself a dealer in a well propagandized panacea, said at least one thing that should exonerate him for his authoritarianism; "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things." If it is permitted to take those words out of context, and give them a broader interpretation than the apostle himself would have allowed, we have here a rule to guide the freethinker. Truth, honesty, justice, purity, loveliness, virtue, and praise must all be subject to the wider interpretation of individual experience. Each man must search for his own truth, and can only relatively apply it to his fellows.

We have had a thousand and one quacks all with their individual cure-alls to be presented to the world on a silver platter. Offering as a solution to that the thesis that everyman must think for himself would seem to result only in further confusion. Not necessarily, for then we must come to realize that we must handle the world's problems as we come to them, for a man today cannot even foresee, much less solve the problems of tomorrow. So while we can make attempts, mainly for our own vicarious amusement, to solve tomorrow's problems, our real duty is a direct dealing with the problems of today, and those of the most immediate future.

After this rather primary discourse on metaphysics, you may ask where TOWARD TOMORROW does stand. As I said in the beginning, we aren't standing anywhere, but we're moving through some very enlightening territory.

The better portion of this issue is taken up with telling where we stand on one very important problem. That is the way we see the racial problem at the moment. Perhaps later, our view will change. At present, we see little to indicate the likelihood of such a change.

A MATTER OF SHADES

James K. Kasper

The only commendable feature of the publication BLACK AND WHITE in the last Fapa mailing was the as-usual neatness of pubs coming from the Slan Shack gang. The contents were, to put it mildly, an utter let-down. I had looked forward to a fairly good debate on the racial subject, but it seems that I expected too much of dogmatist Speer, and the Utopian sentimentalist, Ackerman.

I share most of Forry's sentiments; however, with Forry, they seem to be nothing more than that. A mere act of flailing one's bared arms against the North Wind will do little or nothing toward the settlement of any important issue.

Of course, I'm glad that Forry has eaten popcorn from the same bag as a Negro. If everyone would do the same, most of our "problem" would fall away like a pricked balloon. Unfortunately, this problem is a lot more than just so much popcorn.

After having been duly naughty-naughtied, Speer comes into the fray rather like a Southern Fundamentalist. He puts the argument on a "taken for granted" basis, derived in part from factual evidence, and in larger part from long established prejudice. He makes a faltering attempt to rationalize.

Those who came in late may want to know what this is all about. It amounts to just this: a question of whether there is any basis for the widespread belief that different races are per se at different mental and moral levels. Upon the answer to that question rests the further question of whether there is any justification for the equally widespread practice of treating members of other races as inferiors, from which practice arise race riots, persecutions, discriminations, hatreds, repressions, and other social ills. In other words, it is a question of whether all men shall be treated as men, rather than some as beasts and some as gods - a question of whether each man shall be given an opportunity to be judged on a basis of individual qualifications.

It is an important issue. This war claims basic human freedom as its chief issue. And some wonder why so many persons scoff at this ideally clothed endeavor. Why? Perhaps because a large number of those scoffers see that these very nations, from whose tongues such words as freedom and equality glibly flow, are sadly lacking. These words often tend to have a hollow ring to millions throughout the United Nations - to the American Negroes, the Southern sharecroppers, Okies, Jews, Mexicans, social outcasts, miners, and natives in colonial lands throughout the world. They have heard these silvery words, but have had little opportunity to know their meaning. So these, as well as many of the leaders who have fought for their rights, are often inclined to be a bit skeptical.

However, the war must continue, must be wholeheartedly supported, and must be won, so that we may continue with the greater battle, which will go on long after this conflict known as the Second World War is forgotten. We are in a battle to gain and secure the privilege of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in more than name only for all men, regardless of color, creed, or

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caste. This struggle has been going on for ages. The "enemy" here includes every man, anywhere, who favors the continued unjust oppression of any race, class or ideological group. Their most powerful weapon is a "cloak of invisibility" which allows them to move among us at will, and sow their seeds of destruction. We seldom detect them until it is too late.

As a challenge to this "fifth-column", I submit the charge that anyone who wilfully spreads anti-racial propagnada is guilty of criminal action against each and every one of the millions of persons who are affected by such doctrines. This statement is not so extreme as it may sound to some. Racial theories are a bit more serious than mere topical tid-bits to be played with in Fapa and like organizations. They are dead-earnest doctrines, meant for practice, to the constant harm of many innocent people. These doctrines see action in both large and small ways only too often - race riots and lynchings, and the more subtle but far more deadly wave of mental and social oppression of millions of individuals held under a faulty classification, as well as lower standards of living which affect the whole world.

The ideas of superiority and inferiority have an enormous resultant in twisted psychology on both sides of the fence. It is difficult to say the least, for a child to mature properly in a society which looks down upon him as an inferior, or in one which leads him to look down on his fellows. Our society has been cooking up a nice pottage of schizophrenia, and the pot boils over occasionally.

Theories are well enough, but its Joe who pays. You may speak of the races, but the burden falls on the shoulders of individuals. After all, Herr Goebells could rant and rave til the day after doomsday anent the "Jewish race", and little harm would be done. If the "Jewish race" were some loathsome dragon, literally hovering over the world, Herr Geebells could order Herr Himmler to take his vorpal sword in hand and snicker-snack at it a couple times til it was satisfyingly dead, and everyone would be happy. No one wants a repulsive dragon hovering over their roof anyway. But alas, there is no convenient Jabberwock to go around snicker-snacking at, so Herr Himmler is deprived of the glory of this romantic battle. Instead, when Paul Goebells brays into his mike about the evils of the "Jewish race", Hans reacts by chūcking a brick through Isaac's window. The brick damages the forehead of Isaac in such a way as to cause that unfortunate one's demise. And Fritz splatters the term, "Juden" with white paint on the remains of the window. Frederick reports that Abe's grandmothe was known as a Jewess, so that Max hustles Abe away to a concentratio camp, where the "damned fool" is shot by Karl, "while trying to escape."

That is our problem. Our subjects are Isaac, Abe, and Joe. The races are little more than myths.

Most of our concepts on "race" come from certain of the theories which have been handed out to many school children as "God's green Truth". The majority of our school texts in use are written by men who have an awful lot of theories, about almost anything you might want to have a theory about. That is all well and good. The trouble comes when they write their theories into the text as irrefutable fact for the schoolchildren to mechanically devour. Thus each writer presents his own hypotheses as if they were fixed laws of nature. They bamboozle the students into acceptance by an adroit use of big words with little meaning. Not that they agree with one another too often, even on most minor matters, but few of the pupils are sharp enough to discover that, and only a few move from school to school so as to change texts often.

Writers of this sort, for example, instill in American youth the firm conception of the American Revolution as a chivalrous uprising of a sturdy and united people in the cause of freedom. How little they tell. They dishonor our history by covering it with lace panties. They have not much to say about the Tories, well fed, while the ragged armies starved. They omit accounts of how often this group nearly succeeded in turning the tide of war. Nor do they often mention the wholesale desertions, and the spineless perfidy of the well-fattened Continental Congress. And all too often, they completely forget to mention Tom Paine, whose pen became the soul of the Revolution, when others had all but given up the struggle.

These same men who perverted our history texts give us most of our theories of racial inequalities, on which the present attitude of a large majority of whites is based. The same sort of "scientists" that tell of Washington's cherry tree episode tell us that Negroes are inferior because of a highly dolichocephalic index (roundhead, to you) and that Nordics are superior because they are also dolichocephalic. Theories of this sort have been accepted with open arms by staid landowners, proud members of the uppah classes, as well as not too few Churchmen of the type that Christ, in his day, denounced bitterly as the foulest sort of hypocrites.

Words are symbols. To have any real meaning, a word must have some referent, some tangible thing, or demonstrable occurrence to which it refers. Abstractions are usually meaningless terms which refer to untransmutable ideas, terms which, however, have been so pedantically and authoritatively used by philosophers, theologians, and even some scientists, that they have gradually become personified.

The term, "The Negro race", is such an abstraction. As a term, it has little real meaning. To what does it refer? At best to a hypothetical congregation of several millions of people found in all parts of the earth, together with fractional proportions of the bloodstreams of several millions of other individuals. Suppose that you could put all these millions in one pile, together with the dissected parts of the half-breeds and such. Would you even then have a collection of objects that could properly be referred to as "The Negro race"? No. In one corner of this imaginary pile of humanity, you would have a large group with the common physical features which are supposedly the basis of classification of the Negro race, but they would be considered members of another race. And down in the middle of the pile would be several other large groups that do not possess these features, but are still classed as Negroes. There would be a large percent of individuals in the pile, whose ancestry was more white than black. Throughout the entire group, you have not one single feature common to all those to be included, unless perhaps it be that all are constructed of protoplasm, in a general design of bones and vital organs that marks them as members of the genus, homo sapiens. They do average a general group of features which imperfectly distinguish them from other men. The differences within the group are far more astounding, and more common than the differences between them and members of other groups.

Thus we have that hazy concept which is called the Negro race - a large group of individuals, with not one damned thing in common.

It is impractical for individuals to be judged on a racial basis until the science of ethnology has gone far beyond its present nebulous state. Races must be more rigidly defined before individuals can be specifically classified according to the general racial standards.

Many men have investigated racial differences, and so far, their findings totla up to little more than a vast confusion. Not one of the theoretical determining factors for a theory of racial superiority

has been established.

The race in ascendancy has usually had its own theorists who have presented their reasons for believing their own race superior. This goes on until one of those other races tosses off the oppressor and assumes the leading role.

To go back to a few leading theorists: Aristotle "proved" that northern Europeans were inferior in mental and organizational capacity. According to Vitruvius, the Northern atmosphere produced sluggishness, while the more temperate Mediterranean climate was conducive to a vigorous race. Ibn Khaldun claimed that by reason of geographical location, the Arabians were superior. Bodin demonstrated that astrological influence favored the superiority of the French. Sepulveda and Quevedo advanced the theory that the American Indian was sub-human.

Most of the modern theories stem from Gobineau and his followers. He designated a certain character and temperament to each race, and each major subdivision, naturally holding the white race (of which he was a member) to be superior to the others. Subdividing, he claimed the Aryans to be superior, and from that group, the Teutons were supreme, being the most "pure" race. He defined these terms rather hazily, and completely ignored the fact that the term, Aryan, referred to a linguistic group, rather than to a race. And he offered little factual evidence for his assumption of the existence of a "pure" Teutonic race.

Chamberlain, advancing on this base, claimed that all of the great men in history had really been Aryans, no matter what land they happened to have been born in. (Viz., Speer's reference to the idea that he couldn't see how Omar Khayam could have come of such a degenerate race, but must rather have been of Aryan blood.)

Ludwig Woltmann went even farther, and claimed that all the great of all ages had really been of pure German blood, and he offered as proof the amazing theory that even their names were corruptions of the German. (So da Vinci was really Wincke, Bruno was Braun, etc.)

Then a leading Harvard ethnologist claimed that the Nordics were now in the process of expiring as the dominant race.

Sergi claimed that the Mediterraneans were really the dominant race, and offered a great body of proof to support his claim, while another came forth with the idea that certain geographical locations exerted a stimulating influence over whichever race happened to be inhabiting them at any given time, thus making that race, for the time, dominant.

The Jews are almost always taken down the line by these "scientists", and although almost all of them must admit that many Jews are not readily distinguishable, they attempt to carry their point with such theories as the sage assumption that a German child will often begin to cry when a Jew enters the room. (sic!) Such rationalisms are well known to us in the usual sort of apologetics for Anti-Negro prejudice.

As I have already mentioned, the cephalic index has been used as one of the determining factors in classification of races. First one claimed that superior races were long headed - dolichocephalic. He claimed that the Nordics were long heads. Then another investigator "proved" that whites were superior to Negroes because, according to his figures, the whites were round heads, and the Negroes were long. And the music went round and round. Another claimed that most of the estimates for the Nordics, head size as well as height, were based on extreme types, rather than the mean average. The usual procedure by which most of the authorities found their

figures of the cephalic index was to measure anywhere from a dozen to a hundred heads in Paris, for instance, and decide that if the balance was one or two percent in favor of long-headedness, then the entire Alpine or Mediterranean stock (depending on which one that particular investigator classed Paris in) was dolichocephalic.

It has been demonstrated that the head shape does not accurately follow the Mendelian law, so that it may often be supposed to be to intra uterine conditions, such as the size of the Mother's pelvis, or to methods of carrying the child during infancy, which often affect the shape of the head.

The confusion continued, as others used completely different standards for their classification, and consequently classified the human race in astoundingly novel manners. One of them "proved" that only a "pure" stock can be vigorous, but another investigator pointed to the majority of the great civilizations that confound this ridiculous assumption.

Eckenrode went to great lengths to show that the American Civil War was the last effort of the pure Nordics to redeem America from the non-nordic (damnyankee) elements. The decline of America would be swift and sure if the Nordic South were defeated. (My, how we have declined!)

And so on, ad nauseum.

Recently, anthropologists have buckled down to much more scientific methods, coupled with a more scientific attitude. So far their investigations have revealed nothing more than that there is little basis for an assumption of absolute racial differences - cultural differences, yes - but racial differences are still in the undefined or unproven state.

Physical differences of a general nature are readily distinguishable, although not so readily classifiable. For instance, the human race may be divided rather easily into black white, and others (brown, red, and yellow.) Certain exceptions are to be expected. But it must be realized that these divisions are far from clear-cut. Nor do they run at all parallel to the divisions made on the basis of other characteristics. It should be remembered that although it is one of the most obvious features, skin pigmentation is really one of the most minor human variations.

For the most part, psychological differences have been traced to culture rather than to race. Rigid differences in mental level on a racial basis have not been established.

A few years ago, an extensive investigation was taken of several thousand Negro schoolchildren who had emigrated from the South to large Northern metropolitan centers. It was found that their average I.Q. had raised from a sub-normal level to approximately just under the white average. (This shows the I.Q. to be far more dependent upon conditioning factors than some of its supporters will admit.) That, and other studies showed that the more the environment is equalized, the less mental variation there is. (It must also be remembered that first and second generation immigrants from Southern Europe are below the norm on the average, but their standard approach the norm as the number of generations which separate them from Europe increase.)

Need I mention that the average amount spent per annum per child on education in the United States is \$99, whereas the figure for southern Negroes is a scant \$12.57? Perhaps this means that we should only expect the Negroes to show about twelve per-cent of the white average intelligence? Or does it mean that we feel the Negroes can learn as much as the whites for one-eighth the expence? Negro illiteracy has decreased from 95% in 1865 to only 15% today. Most

of them have been avidly thirsty for education, and they have had to struggle for what little they could get, while their brothers have had it forced upon them.

Jack Speer referred to Negro office workers lacking a knowledge of their ABC's. This is not so uncommon among white office workers as he might suppose. Besides Speer - I presume these workers you spoke of were civil service workers - hadn't they at least managed to pass the civil service exams? Those aren't too lax.

He also claimed that two or three exceptions did not disprove the general rule. Perhaps two or three would not make a difference, but out of the thirteen million Negroes in America, only a few years out of slavery, and still held back by a prejudice which forces most of them to remain in abject poverty, there have risen large numbers of great men and women. Not two or three, but hundreds, have excelled in every field of endeavor, showing themselves the equal of whites. Men and women, who, because of color were not allowed in any "decent" hotel, have carved out a place in the best society. Men who were by custom assigned to positions no higher than that of janitor have forced their way into the upper strata of American business and politics. In the field of sports, they have taken a surprising number of top honors. Considered sub-level mentally and culturally, they have achieved top ranking in art, literature, drama, music, etc.

Road **THIRTEEN AGAINST THE ODDS, MEET THE NEGRO, TWELVE AMERICAN NEGROES, NO DAY OF TRIUMPH**, or the **NEGRO IN OUR HISTORY** if you feel that these statements are unsubstantiated.

In bringing up the question of intermarriage, Speer raises a silly bugaboo. It is a well-known fact that an enormous percentage of "white blood" has been inbred into the Negroes in America. I wonder where it could have come from? Perhaps, as Jack almost seems to think, various idealistic persons made up their minds to hold their noses and close their eyes long enough to cohabit with some Negress so as to improve racial relations. I don't suppose there could possibly have been any such influence as real sexual stimulation involved.

It is estimated that only about five percent of the Negro Americans are "pure black." It seems that all of the physical repulsion that some people seem to experience in the presence of a Negro couldn't prevent many thousands of white men from doing that which was necessary to make an unaccountable number of Negro women have illegitimate children, half white. Of course, in Slave days, it was profitable for an owner to sow his seed widely. Yes, it seems that a lot of white men have overcome their loathing of black flesh long enough to do what had to be done the "cement racial understanding."

Few men readily cohabit with one who repels them as greatly as many whites say that Negroes do. And then again, perhaps they may sometimes let it slip their minds, if they don't set themselves to it.

The fallacy of the distinctively repulsive odors is silly. No odor is naturally repulsive. That is entirely a matter of psychological conditioning.

Blood tests show no differences in the blood streams. Negro donors are as good as any to give blood to save white soldiers, and visa versa.

Another point along the same line. If Negroes are considered unclean, or something, why is it that they are most frequently found in the most intimate services as cooks, maids, nurses, etc.? They can be our personal attendants, prepare our food, raise our children (breastwork included), etc., but they are considered too clean for social contact! Indeed a paradox!

Further, anthropologists have shown that miscegenation, or race mixture, does not have any of the harmful effects that some people ascribe to it. In the book, RACE DIFFERENCES, Dr. Klineberg devotes a special chapter to this particular problem. It becomes evident from his study that the cross breeding of races has no proven advantages or disadvantages. There are numerous instances of petty races becoming great after inbreeding, as well as instances of great races degenerating. In the words of Dr. Klineberg, "The results of race crossing would appear to depend entirely upon the nature of the particular individuals who are concerned, and the social adaptability of the hybrids."

One thing that bothers me. Jack says the North-West is supreme in Washington, although the city is predominantly a Southern city. Then why, might I ask has this oppressive Congress not yet been able (under the supposed dictates of the Northwesterners) to pass anti-lynch and anti-poll tax laws? The South itself, forms a minority in this nation, but their influence is unduly larger than their numbers.

One of the most common remarks heard in relation to the Negro's problems is that "Niggers are all right, in their place." I still want to know, just what is their place, who assigned it to them, and on what authority? And further, who is going to keep them there?

Speer jumps in fright at the old altruism of all men being created equal. Of course, genetics has tossed that concept aside. But the point to remember is this: unless the judgement is to be made on a strict basis of individual capacity, etc., we must uphold the ideal of equal rights and privileges. Jack infers that we must build a culture of intelligent beings, and that this would leave the Negro out. I think it would leave a rather large percentage of whites out also, if I may be pardoned for saying so. And it would quite definitely include, without prejudice, a very large group of Negroes. Jack does what most prejudiced persons do along this line. He holds up as exemplary, the lowest type of uncultured Negro next to the highest type of white, and says, "See how much better the whites are?"

Another thing - there is a widespread idea that Negroes are inherently musically inclined. This stems from the fact that Negroes have filled such a predominant place in American music. However, musical aptitude tests have shown no appreciable difference between the average Negro and the average white. The reason for the vast show of Negro music is that music has been the Negro's chief emotional and artistic outlet. During the days of slavery, and to a lesser degree, even now, education of Negroes was rigidly forbidden. Painting of course, would never have been allowed, as it would have kept the Negro from his work. Music alone was condoned. "A singing Negro is a happy Negro." And the singing paid financial dividends to the owner, in the form of more and smoother work accomplished.

One night in a cafe, I discovered a precious ally for Mr. Speer. The lady sitting next to me opened a conversation, and strangely, it soon turned to the racial question. With an air of authority, she explained to me that she had studied deeply enough to know the why's and wherefores, and proceeded to inform me that the Negroes were the soulless remnants of a decadent race that had ruled the earth in former days. Logically, she predicted their rapid extinction. I began to protest, but soon saw that her arguments were so thoroughly dogmatic that neither science, history, statistics, nor examples could sway her. She brushed all argument aside, basing everything on inner revelations of astrological nature. That knowledge superceded all material learning. Then, she pointed to that general section of her anatomy which scientists tell us is occupied by the

and other purely material organs, and with knowing glance, informed me that the true seat of all wisdom was there. The intellect of the head was only superficial. Someday, she warned me, shaking her lank finger at my unbelieving proboscis, I, in my old age would remember her words. Be that as it may, she at least revealed one thing to me - that is, the place from whence Speer's argument in this matter stems. Reason, logic, proof are not likely to have much effect. Perhaps we should seriously investigate new methods of converting people whose ideas are based only on prejudice. Perhaps the semanticists may eventually offer us something along this line.

As for me, I can only use my head, such as it is, and until some as yet unknown spiritual organ below my midriff informs me that Negroes are inferior, I must look to the type of evidence my head can judge.

America has a great problem ahead of itself, and not the least part of it is the high wall of prejudice. It is to be hoped that the government will undertake a vast educational program to awaken Americans to the facts in this case, in order to help ease the tension of prejudice. Various agencies have been carrying the burden of this work for some time, but their power is insufficient.

A gradual, but firm, policy leading toward equality of privilege must be instituted, so that unfair laws may be reversed, discriminatory hiring and promoting practices in private business may be eliminated, and equal educational opportunity may be afforded. And then we will see a race rise rapidly to a place of equality. And the white race shall rise with them.

Americans, one and all, must revise their opinions, so that when we look at another man, we shall see in him just that - a man.

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EPilogue

I was born in Texas, that place where the South meets the West. Galveston, my home town, was a part of the South, with many of the features of New Orleans and Miami, combined on a smaller scale.

My mother's family was Southern - po white trash. My father's family was middle class, mainly farmers, with a few professionals. During my early childhood, I made many trips to their home town, in Pennsylvania.

The one Negro family in town were considered as equals. I remember that for awhile, I sat opposite to one of the girls in this family in school. I suppose I was too young to realize the horror of my condition, for I don't remember that I was attacked by any fits of nausea or vomiting. I don't even remember having had my moral sense shocked - and I did have a whopper of a moral sense in my younger days. The girl was one of the better students in class.

After I returned to Galveston, at the age of eight, we moved into a house next to which was a shack where an impoverished Negro family lived. I after the natural manner of children, having not yet been informed that "I was any better than a Nigger", accepted the two Negro children as welcome playmates. This eventually brought the censure of my father, who was a Northerner by birth, but not by sympathy. He informed me that there were all sorts of reasons why I should not play with "those Nigger kids." But I, having already come to take religion quite seriously, answered him from the stand-

point of one who believed that Christ really meant for his teachings to be practiced. My father didn't grasp my logic, but the argument came to a deadlock, and I continued playing with the Negro children until we moved to Houston. During the three years we spent there, Negroes were merely the inhabitants of the other side of the tracks, about six blocks away. My only contact with them at this time was on the public bus, which passed through Niggertown on its way between our neighborhood and the downtown district.

When we returned to Galveston, I was thirteen years of age. We stayed there until the family separated, my sister and I following my father to San Francisco.

During this time, I often had contact with Negroes. I remember several instances of having defied Jim Crowism on the public street cars and busses. According to the letter of the law, the last seat in the bus or car, and occasionally the last two seats, if the Negro passengers on that line outnumbered the white, was reserved for whites. They were not allowed to occupy any seats outside the reserved section, even if many white seats were empty and there were several Negroes standing. However, many whites took an especial delight in occupying the last seat so that the Negroes would have to stand. Technically, this was against the law, but so was whisky a few years back - remember? I incited the wrath of several Southern "gentlemen" when some of us had sat on the back seat, and I would get up to let a Negro lady sit down. (Incidentally, one can come close to being mobbed merely for using the terms, "Negro Lady, or Gontleman.") It would have been unthinkable for any of them to have remained seated if the lady sat down beside them. I transgressed on this latter point quite often also. It is almost amusing to look back on the memory of pompous business men scrambling like school-children to keep an old woman from sitting down beside them - at least it would be funny if it were not so tragic. The victim's discomfiture in such a case is rather considerable.

After graduating from highschool, I had planned to enter College to study for the ministry, so passing up several opportunities for good jobs, and took a job with the Western Union as a messenger for the summer vacation. I kept putting College off, and remained a messenger for a full year. Finally I abandoned hope of going to college, and from a Fundamentalist Presbyterian, I became Pacifist, and a Modernist, and eventually, an atheist.

It was with the Western Union that I had much close contact with all sorts of Negroes in Galveston. There was a Negro elevator operator with whom I became well acquainted, who was the best artist I have known personally. Among other things, he had done a portrait of George Washington Carver which hangs in the rotunda at Tuskegee. Naturally the hand of discrimination lay heavily on him. Another elevator operator in the same building had seen considerable service in France with the AEF during the last war. He was more of an intellectual than many people one meets in the South. I became acquainted with the fact that there were many Negro business men and professionals attempting to carve out a place for themselves in society. I know that the cards were stacked against them. Up until the time of the war, Galveston had a world famous Red Light Reservation. Negro houses were not lacking. As a messenger, I had ample opportunity for observation, despite my Fundamentalist prejudices. I could see much of all classes of Negroes with their protective barriers down. Among the poor, it is taken for granted that a telegram can mean only one thing - death. Many of them would become frightened if a passing telegraph messenger even looked in the direction of their house.

When we moved to San Francisco, I was gladdened by the general practice of fairness there - at least more so than in Texas. Even there, there was some segregation, but not so extensive. In theatre, many restaurants, and on the street cars, as well as in the schools and some churches, there was no discrimination. Apartment houses, as well as residential sections, and some churches and restaurants, observed the color line.

Los Angeles bore little resemblance to the metropolis of Northern California. The city itself was less congested, although larger, was less cosmopolitan. Los Angeles had felt the effect of the zoot-suit scares, flamed to extreme proportions by the organs of Hearst and by the even more reactionary L.A. Times. These papers also warned of the dangers of further infiltration of Negroes. Although I have no figures at hand, I believe L.A. has a much larger proportion of Negroes, Mexicans, Oakies, Arkies, and Texans, while San Francisco has more Chinese and first and second generation immigrants from other countries, especially southern Europe.

Aside from individual contacts recently, I almost found myself in the midst of what might have developed into a crisis here. After the Philadelphia transportation incident, one of the Street car companies here found it necessary to employ Negroes. I work for the rival company, and feeling ran high among the conductors, a large number of whom had recently come to California from the South, lest Negroes be employed by our company on equal terms with whites. Many of the men threatened to make trouble, and I believe some of them were hotheaded enough to do it. At anyrate, our company was not badly in need of manpower, so so far it has resulted in nothing more than several spirited bull sessions.

Thus, when Speer appeared with his half of BLACK AND WHITE, I was stirred considerably. My objection was, I must admit, based almost as much on bias as was his, backed naturally by experience and ethical considerations. I had read UNCLE TOM'S CABIN several years since, and had come across various newspaper items, and magazine articles. Other than that, I realized that Jack and I approached the problem in about the same way, but from opposite sides.

So before starting the preceding article, I determined to do a little investigation. I didn't dream that it would lead me to read over a dozen books, and several dozen magazine articles. I started with the book, RACE DIFFERENCES, and before long I began to wonder if my interest in the subject would suffice to make me finish this one book, which was rather tedious, except for certain sections. But as I began to borrow and buy other books, I soon found myself in for some really thrilling reading.

I won't even attempt to review the many magazine articles that I have read in recent months in relation to this problem, but I can recommend certain publications whose policies are quite liberal along this line - New York's P.M., THE NEW REPUBLIC, CORONET, THE MAGAZINE DIGEST, TOMORROW, READER'S SCOPE, THE NEGRO DIGEST, and even the usually conservative COLLIER'S. (Incidentally, for general purposes, I would like to recommend the two magazines underlines. I have previously recommended TOMORROW. P.M. and CORONET need no introduction, although, on second thought, if you can get hold of it P.M. might be a welcome relief from the average newspaper.)

I heartily suggest that you sample a few of the books reviewed in these pages. You don't have to be immersed in a chivalrous desire to save the Niggers to enjoy them. They are books that parallel other stories of struggles for freedom.

SUPERFLUOUS # 2

Here's for my comments on the June FAPA mailing. I shall not follow the practice of commenting on everything in the mailing. I shall even neglect to mention some of the things which interested me at the time I first read them. Instead, I shall just comment on those things which inspire me at this moment of writing, leaving other comments to abler hands than mine. - - - -

ELMURMURINGS

Elmer, might I suggest Basic Chinese might sound just as unpoetic as Basic English? Do you think it would be a great loss if the English language changed certain terms which aren't like to be used by the average person more than a time or two in several thousand spoken words? You say "eye water" sounds awkward. Perhaps something like "hang foo hung" would sound more rhythmic to your ears? We have acclimatized ourselves to the idea of the fundamental correctness of such a word symbol as blood, for instance, so that we feel it would be a major tragedy if we had to change to another term. Fortunately, blood remains with us under the Basic English system, and we lose the use of "sweat and tears". These less common terms are cut from the vocabulary, and must be described in a somewhat more cumbersome, however, more picturesque, manner. I see no great objection here.

Sleep well, little Pat. Perhaps in some unknown eastern grave lies the one who said, "Allow the little children to come unto me." He would not have rejected you. Perhaps those great churchmen who deified his death and rejected his life may rest less easily in their splendid vaults. Perhaps their silver-lipped magnanimous blessings shall have a hollow ring. Far better that an honest tear should fall in the clean snow over your grave than that you should receive a leprous benediction from one of their whitewashed mouths. One of their great poets once commended your unregenerate soul to the "least warm seat in Hell." Generous of him, to be sure. Perhaps it was well that you died, child. You may have lived, physically dwarfed, mentally warped, socially condemned. Perhaps your death may have rescued you from the living grave they have prepared. But then again, you might have lived to throw their curses back in their teeth, just as did he whose name they now bear. You may have lived to strip off their white masks, and like him to be crucified by them, only to have your name printed on the masks of their grandsons.

On another tack - - If the man we know as Jesus ever did live, be sure that he had little in common with most of those who claim to be his followers. He cordially denounced the high churchmen and theologians of his day, as well as the petty hair-splitting fundamentalists. He did have something in common with the pastors of many small country flocks, or with a few who preach a message of hope from city pulpits.

Jesus was a little man - one of little men who stand out square in the middle of the stream of history and change the tide. He was by no means rationalistic. His reaction to life was largely emotional. He was the fanatic reformer type, seeing the sufferings of those close to him, he looked out on the world for a cause. He lived with the poor, and in his eyes, the rich

were thieves and gluttons. He lived with the ruled, and defied the rulers. He knew the simple, and scorned the educated.

As a historical character, he can be understood only if we realize that, if he lived at all, he was as human as any of us, but in a culture very much unlike our own. His actions, and his teachings were moulded by that culture, while the account we have of them has been distorted by those who have carried the account. It is rather obvious that Jesus, and therefore his teachings, was extremely affected by neurotic tendencies.

Back to little Pat. The story was one of those tear-jerkers that always make for effective propaganda. It really made little difference to the corpse whether it was buried or not, much less whether the grave were blessed by some professional blesser. The church damned itself more in the rejection of the simple relatives and friends, who had faith in the church's doctrines and requirements, even if they didn't walk the chalk line as to morals. The Church should recall Jesus' acceptance of the woman taken in adultery.

A TALE OF THE EVANS

I enjoyed the article on Co-ops. They seek to deal practically with an immediate need, rather than laying perfectionist plans for some dim-and-distant Utopia, and presenting society with a take-it-or-leave-it ultimatum. And they're proven workable.

INVESTIGATION IN NEWCASTLE

Excellent! Perhaps this should rate together with Yerke's report as one of the only two commendable publications that dealt with Claude's activities.

ARCADIA

FOOT!
Honig is another one of those unfortunate things that shouldn't have happened to fandom, at least not for another few years. But then, I don't think Harry will tarry around for long, and that's probably all the better for his own development. I think the kid has something in him all right, that will take just a few years to bring out.

TAKE OFF

Pass me a bushel of anacin, please. Move over, Claude. For unadulterated frothings at the mouth, the "thing" by Mary Helea Washington called PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS ABOUT HELL takes the cake. In fact, I'm willing to award it the whole gawdown bakery! Oh, well, it takes all kinds to make a world - - and I'll be damned if we don't have them all in and about fandom!

BROWSING

Your comments on religion were interesting, what there was of them. You apparently go deeper on this subject than most. Why not a bit of more extensive comment? I don't care much for the cloocctor's hash, as I no longer have a great interest in stf, fan, or fantasy collecting. In other words, my pack-rat days are more or less over.

PHANTAGRAPH & THE NEW HIEROGLYPH

Both enjoyable, altho I still don't see the purpose in half a dozen miniatures instead of one meaty mag. SONGS AT MIDNIGHT superb.

STAR STUNG

Beautifully done. I think this should lift Eby to a rating as one of the top five fan poets - - how high in that five he would rate, I don't know. I like THE AWAKENED? CHAOS;

WIND SPRITES, TEARDROPS FOR SYLVIA (I had not liked this at first),¹⁵
RIME, INVICTUS, WONDER QUESTION, THE DARK ROOM, NOVEMBER MORN, VALENTINE,
NIGHT DREAMS, RUINS IN AVALON, and FALSETTO - - - but then,
that's almost all of them.

THE WORKS Double, bouble, royal chuckle. Enjoyable as any Papazine I've read. And I agree wholeheartedly with the disparaging remarks anent the NFFF. Nuff said.

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN I weep and I woe. There is no chance that this will be continued. Again I weep. Had this been finished, it would have easily been one of the few fan items of permanent value.

ECCENTRIC'S ORBIT The separate one, I mean. . . Didn't Mike say something about Western music, or rather the extreme dislike for it prevalent in fandom? Personally, I like the stuff - but then I'm of a rather uncritical turn of mind, and usually like almost anything

INSPIRATION A minor matter, but the term "proletariat" is a collect term, and therefore rather out of place as you used it.

The reason for objecting to anti-Jap propaganda is that it is likely to backfire too much during the Post War reconstruction period. However, a certain amount of it is necessary now, since it seems that, for the present at least, most people need artificial dopes or stimulants to motivate them. After the war, it is likely to bring out too much race hate, cause too many of the punitive measures that interfered with the last peace, and such further difficulties as further race riots on the West Coast. What with the gentle proddings of Hearst et al, these have not been so infrequent in the past as some might think.

Wery good issue, on the whole.

BLITHERINGS Begging your pardon, but Forry's system of simplified spelling is consistent - even codified, I believe. Yours is merely confusing. And thank you for the good intentions, but I already read too slowly.

The DIALOGUE by Sax was excellent in parts. The beginning, however, seemed rather awkward to me, and the whole seemed incomplete. THE CAVES was good except for the inconsistent rhythm.

BANSHEE Agree with Tom Daniel in re cynicism of fen.

FAN DANGO Beg pardon, Fran, but the only Bible burning in the LASFS was perpetrated by the same two persons, who along with Daugherty, objected so heartily to my mentioning of it in FAN FOUT. Ackerman didn't do the burning (he just tore them up.) And it was the two Knanves who were the first to resign from the club because of Ackerman's childishness.

Your recanting on the use of the word "fen" is every bit as silly as Bruce's pedantic protest against this "corruption of the sacred (sic) English tongue." Since when has it been a crime to coin a word? The protest was completely illogical. Nor do I feel that the semanticists to whom Bruce refers would have backed his argument.

AGENBITE OF INWIT Comments on Democracy, etc, good, altho a bit hazy in spots. HORROR OUT OF LOVECRAFT was absolute toppe! A telling parody and masterful satire. (Puff out your chest, Daw.)

HORIZONS Fooley on your movie opinions! Me - I like 'em... The comments on Education were good. I hope this sees more discussion, as it is indisputably one of our greatest problems. I agree with you on most of the ideas you forwarded.

FAN TODS At its present so-called level, our society boasts of a high civilization, and an intricate culture. We seldom realize how little the average man has risen from a state of barbarism. His dress and possessions are more refined, and more intricate, his social customs more taxing on his mind, his store of half-known facts much wider - - - and so we assume him to be civilized. How so? He possesses an auto, a radio, electric lighting, water and sanitary connections, a stove, refrigerator, and a telephone. On the basis of these possessions, he assumes his personal culture. And the damned fools usually know next to nothing about the operation of these highly prized articles. The savage is often better acquainted with the use and care of his simpler tools. Modern man's social customs are seldom anything to his credit. Handed down to him, they are little more complex than the customs of many more primitive societies, and oft less rational. As for his store of facts, there is little to brag of here. After having spent seven to twelve years being stuffed with a non-descript mass of data, theory, and prejudice, he comes through it all having absorbed so little as to be classed on a par with the most non-efficient of machines. . . The attempt to keep up with the advances merely results in various psychoneurotic disorders for a majority of those who are sensitive enough to find out what is going on.

You theorize that man tends to decline to a low state of savagery when he is not spurred on by antagonizing or uplifting forces. Then might it not be possible for the leaders to mould an efficient society which would allow the average man freedom to revert to this more natural state? I mean a civilization where government, social affairs, commerce, etc., were reduced to a fine point and would require only a minimum of operation. The idea is, of course, utopian, and is based on the premise that society, working as a directed unit, could let itself down by its bootstraps.

It is quite conceivable that, under the capitalist economy, better conditions might be achieved. However, it is almost invariably true that most of the steps taken for the benefit of the workers are in effect partial socialization.

On the whole, I almost feel that I'm intruding on this discussion. I've probably gone over the ground you've already covered.

PHANNY III #2

Your contention that "children normally try to do their best at any and all tasks" coupled with Norm's thesis that the normal state of man is low savagery prompts me to ask what the norm (no pun intended) is. Normal, like human nature, is a term oftentimes used, to damn or praise - but exactly what does it mean?

There are those who think it's human nature to want to "get ahead", while others seem to think that the only normal condition of man is a state of complete relaxation. (some extremists say only death is normal) This has been bandied about by all manner of philosophers - now we look to the psychologists.

As for the conspiracy to prevent thinking in the schools, it could hardly be termed a conspiracy - altho the term would not be too far off. For one thing, only a few of the teachers are brave enough to encourage their pupils to think - that would mean a barrage of baffling questions, which the teacher all too often doesn't even want to consider. The average teacher feels she

SUPERFLUOUS #3

being my comments
on the Fall mailing

Another delectable mailing, and this time, the top honors go to Sappho, Sardonyx, The Mad Muse, and Walt's Wramblings, in about that order. Sappho indisputably takes it for being just about the most beautiful thing in this or any Fapa mailing. Sardonyx takes honors for straight thinking, and plenty of darned good reading material. The Mad Muse for contents and format, with a ditto for Walt's Wramblings.

Now having said all that was necessary for me to say, I shall proceed to put into practice, the principles of that marvelous book, HOW TO MAKE ENEMIES AND ALIENATE PEOPLE. Goodbye, pals.

To begin with FANTASY FICTION FIELD PRESENTS: no comments.

JANUS sounds good enough, even though I didn't manage to read most of it. Come again with more ink.

BROWSING #7 brings up the subject of slans again. The point is well put. However, I see no reason for such an assumption, at least not as regards Amerifandom. I'll concede that in certain ways, the average fan is superior to the average person; however, it could be shown that the average member of any group based on some sort of mental activity is above the norm, mentally. The slan, or future-minded theory of fandom is torn down, in America, at least, by the fact that only a small minority could be properly termed as progressive and only a negligible few of these ever survive the dreamer stage.

ditto #8: I agree with your comments anent pacifism. Feel that the pacifist movement comprises another one of the forces aiming at a better world. Critics should remember that most sincere pacifists are engaged in a considerable amount of definitely constructive work that may or may not relate to pacifism. However, like most absolutist groups, their view is narrowed, and their forces rather askew. This is excusable under most conditions. Their effect at the present time tends to be detrimental because of their unwillingness to admit that different conditions require varying sorts of action to meet them. War is evil. True. But their reasoning is too objective. They confuse cause and effect. War is the result of more basic evil, and has at the moment been forced upon us inescapably by other forces inherent in our society, which means, in you and I and the old man next door. . . Sirius sounds good, but then what else could one expect of Stapledon?

BY AN ANON CIVVY who seems to be so wrought up by what he calls my change of mind that he apparently has forgotten all the talking he once did about RWL being a hack poet. He even had me believing it, until I read some of Doc's verse myself.

While I wouldn't want to intimate that you prevaricate, I frankly don't remember having fallen over backwards in praise of Chapper's verse. I may admit that while you were dancing on pink clouds over it, I didn't have the heart to say anything at first, so that you must have gotten the impression that I agreed with you. . . As for your defence of such poets as E.E.Cummings et al, I remember receiving a note from you on which you claimed that the modern verse was on its way out, and that there was a definite swing back to Elizabethian forms. At that time you seemed to think that the change would be good riddance. . . I don't ordinarily set myself up as a critic of poetry. There is just some that I like and plenty that gets by me. A goodly portion of the modern stuff, I like; although I occasionally don't quite know why. . . As for my own verse - most of it was written purely for practice - somehow, I've never been able to simulate the sort of trance that certain poets must get into to compose such

etherial twaddle.

THE MAD MUSE as I have already said, is in the top row this time. Maybe I like these even better than STAR STUNG, and then again, maybe I should read them both over some more. Best liked were WEREWOLF, SUMMONS, ETCHING, THE POET AND THE FOOL, THE DREAMER, DREAM SNARLS, THE MAD MUSE, MOON, NIGHT MAGIC, DODO, L'ENVOI.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR #2 left such a taste in my mouth as I suppose would be left by that substance (aptly described by a four-letter Anglo Saxon word) which I doubt Searles would name, had he a mouth full of said substance. . . Many people seem to think the English language something sweet and holy, and by no means to be corrupted. What would Shakspar say anent your rigid rules of spelling and grammar? The tongue has changed constantly ever since "Whan Adam dalved and Eve span" and earlier, and there is no reason why we should not promote said change into more utilitarian channels. Those symplified spelling systems that are really symplified and systematic are a definite improvement. Many beneficial changes can be made. However, to be effective, the symplification must be systematic, and above all, readily understandable. This excludes Blitherings, and the latest Wydner brainstorm. (More on that elsewhere.)

As for the threat to "squeel" on Fapa, I would be inclined to say to h--- with you. Personally, however, I enjoy Fapa, and may be willing to accept a light yoke, in order to protect it, because I think that some people are occasionally just big enough a--h---s to carry out such threats. But I wouldn't advise letting the yoke get too burdensome. . . And I hereby state that I definitely would not oppose any action which might be taken to have you kicked out of Fapa on your a---. Understand that this show of wrath is due entired to your display of a meddling dictatorial attitude. Whatever opinions you may have are well enough, it is only when you attempt to censor the rest of us that I seriously object. And I remember that our first big reason for wanting to kick Degler out of the LASFS came when he made various threats to the continued safety of the club.

I am quite aware of the fact that there are certain limits placed on material which is legally mailable. From a purely ideological standpoint, I feel that these limits are partially unjust. However, I realize that campaigning against unjust laws is a far better method than wantonly breaking them. However, the laws are a bit more flexib than some fans may imagine. I think that on closer examination, at least a majority of the particular items in fanzines which have raised objections would be found to be passable. After all, some of the smut magazines do get away with quite a bit. Quite a few Anglo-Saxon words, many smutty jokes, and most nudes are not illegal.

As to the subject of limiting Fapa discussions - I think that question was settled long ago.

Another point - just off the record - if certain blushful words in our vocabulary were good enough for Chaucer, Shakespeare, and the Bible, as well as the more modern writers, such as Joyce (remember that the Supreme Court justified Ulysses), Cabell, Farrell, etc., they should be fairly good enough for the rest of us to use without apology (especially when you consider that even many of the most prudish do use the words on occasion.)

ditto #3: Perhaps I said enough on the other.

SARDONYX was one of the most interesting of all. . . The answer to Yerke's criticism of the term "fen" was right on the beam. . . Comments on Spear's travelog set me off into a bit of a mental reverie, and I couldn't think of anything to say. Anything that smelled of condolences would be out of order. It seems equally hard for one who has a full sense of hearing to imagine a soundless world.

In Los Angeles, a major part of fan doings have to do with sound (and fury.) Talk, galore, with a great deal of music thrown in between. I've sometimes wondered just what function I would least like to do without - not that we are ever given so preposterous a choice - and I think the eyes have it. For it is from the beauty of things seen and read that I derive the most acute pleasure. Music and conversation would be a heavy loss - true. However, in music my pleasure comes more often from rhythm than from the subtleties of tone. This may be because my sense of hearing, while fair enough, is rather dull. And then, there are ways of compensating for the loss of conversation. . . Your comments on the racial question are also quite noteworthy. . . All the way through, you seem to be just about the clearest thinker in Fapa. The only trouble, is that when commenting on your mag, I can only say that I agree with this, that, and the other thing. That makes enjoyable reading on my part, but poor opportunity for comment.

BANSHEE #5 in tres partes divisa est:

One of which is excellent,
Another of which is very good,
And the last is passable.

Spence: Spike Jones on "As Time Goes By" is beyond my wildest conception. I enjoy what I've heard of his slapstick, but I'm too much of a sentimentalist to be able to endure hearing him wreck one of my fondest memories in the line of popular lyrics, and the sentimental recollections that go with. But then, maybe I would enjoy hearing it. . . Raym was interesting throughout. Sorry I can't think of anything much to comment on, except that I don't think you need to worry about getting excluded. And I wish you and Fran would kiss and make up - you're both OK, so why not just forget that you disagree on Degler and a few other things?

A ROUZINE doesn't get any comment.

THE NUCLEUS, as always, does. I'm afraid you're over ambitious Trudy, in your assumption that fan are predominantly left-wing, or even liberal. I doubt if a poll would bear this out. And aside from that, far too many even of the leftists in fandom have a defeatist outlook.

I think you could better appreciate the Spring FANDANGO as a reaction to a particularly trying local fan situation, in which just about everyone concerned was at fault. Admission of fault comes slowly. People often have the idea that admitting one's faults is always a sign of weakness. True, it can be just that, if the admissions are unbalanced - overlavish - to the extent of self-castigation. A strong person can take mistakes, apologies, etc., in his stride. But I guess I'm not talking about myself either.

It seems to me that many fapen are running the criticism of Fran into the ground. He was half lit one night and published one mag that was a bit ribald. But it was a molehill compared to the mountain of protest that followed. And that was almost a year ago. FANDANGO has been honey and creme since then. Fans got an exaggerated opinion of him from that one issue, and they have viewed everything he has written since with jaundiced eye.

Hurray!! Touche!, etc., anent your further comments on the racial question.

FAPA VARIETY is the spice of - - only the ration board seems to have gotten hold of it somewhere along the line.

WE WANT MORE!
etc.

etc.

FANTODS, owka EFTY 8 continues to be in the groove. Dunno why, but it is always one of the last mags I get around to reading. Yesterday

ktp, still par excellence. . . By the way, just in case any Fapa mailing should happen to break up the organization, it would not prevent immediate reorganization under another name. Of course, I realize that much ground would be lost.

In pre-revolutionary France lay the natural seeds of the Revolution. Thus, when they were brought to fruition, the culture out of which they grew may hardly be said to have ceased to exist. It entered a different phase. What did the pre-revolutionary culture include? Royalists? They are still around today. Radical revolutionaries? They existed both before and after, and their writings and followers still survive. Literary and artistic achievement? That may hardly be said to have ended with the Revolution. A culture may be defined as a continuum involving a longitudinal-time-group of people or the inhabitants of a given locality through a long period of time. Except in perfectly isolated groups, the continuum constantly exchanges with other continua. Thus the Revolution was an outstanding incident and turning point in the French culture, but may not be understood as the dividing point between two cultures. . . But then, I'm coming in late in this particular discussion, and may be a bit off tack.

I check you to whatever decimal you're supposed to be checked to on your comments on the masses, etc. (commenting on AAGH) There are always those telling examples of a brainy mathematician becoming just another lost sheep in a crowd in a railway station, or a public street conveyance. An educated woman can be as much a fool as any when it comes to arguing about ration points with the grocery clerk. Even diplomats may often make surly customers in a restaurant. A top-notch electrician can be just another damned fool when he gets out on the open highway behind the steering wheel. It seems that just about all of us fit into that category of the !%?)&\$#/(c*&) masses at times. Perhaps Suddsy should define the term masses, before he condemns them to perdition. Let's see what kind of definition he could give that would damn all these included, and praise the rest of us (being darned sure that the "us" don't get hooked, by definition.)

HORIZONS is another one that I always get around to last. . . I agree. The word fan is good enough, so lets remain fen. Here's the point. We say we have to explain away the stigma of the word fan, futurian. But only think of the trouble we'd have telling people what we meant when we called ourselves "ims", "tems", "imags", or some such! Stefnists, I do like, and I'd be willing to stick my neck out and predict that this term, at least, will hold on longer than the others. . . A deeply entrenched habit of carelessness keeps me from ordering my belongings as well as should be, but then conditions could be worse. Metal filing case for correspondence, incoming and carbons of the outgoing arranged separately and alphabetically. Desk drawers more or less in order. Books and magazines need to be filed and arranged systematically - that will come within a few days. I go through them occasionally, getting rid of all that has ceased to be of value. My father threw away my prozines (three or four hundred) when I left Frisco, so I've not bothered to gather more than a few dozen since. I've weeded my fanzine collection down to the really good items, and have those in file boxes.

SAPPHO #5, as I have already said, takes top honors in the mailing. However, I'm confused; some of the poems in this issue were just beyond my reach. . . Watson is to be complimented. I regret that I, for one, must deliver the compliment with my left hand. I imagine most fapen will agree that SAPPHO is beautiful, but then, I wonder how many of you read the poems? I happen to be one that likes to wade in and read poetry - - but with each issue of SAPPHO, I stand more in fear of drowning.

The first poem, SUCCUMBUS, ranks high. It is followed by a non-geometric arrangement of disconnected words on an otherwise pretty page of creme-colored paper. In the editorial, the editors tell us to "believe" that there is meaning in the most contorted lyric in the mag. I guess that refers to this one. Well the churches also tell us to believe that when we die, we'll go to heaven if we've been good. Well, if by any twerk of chance, I ever get to heaven, I'll have to ask St. Peter or some other celebrated figure if he knows what this poem means. Until then, I guess I'll just have to accept this thing on faith, along with the var & sun crap crap put out by the theologians. . . The illustration had some nice shading work in it. . . The next poem, having been considered by the poet as unworthy of a name, is equally unworthy of further comment. . . THE PEOPLE PERISH contained an excellent idea, rather poorly expressed. Not quite worthy of all the trouble of obtaining reprint rights, if you took the trouble. . . The sonnet, TO SYLVIA, although repeating a well-worn theme (and title) retains a touch of freshness. Banks Mebane is able to handle the sonnet form without stiffness, and that is a quality even rare among the masters. . . FIGMENTS continues on a high level. . . I decline to pass judgement on PRELUDES IV. Its a bit like a lot of cubistic, impressionistic, and surrealist pictures: several of them, I like, although I'm never quite sure, and don't really know why. Maybe they were over my head. But then again, there's always the suspicion that they're just trash with a few attractive redeeming qualities. I'm always reminded of the fable of the tailors who claimed to make clothes that would be invisible to all but the honest and upstanding. When the king "wore" the clothes in a procession, no-one, not even the king, could see anything other than the rather-obvious birthday suit, but all pretended to admire them, fearful of admitting their dishonesty, until a child said, "But the king has nothing on." Need I say more? (I believe, according to the old tale, the tailors were caught and executed - they should have been made the kings personal advisers.) . . . PRAYER is an excellent piece of prose poetry. If the author had been able to competently render it into verse, without losing its power, it would have been a masterpiece - and I don't mean just by fan standards. . . DOGMATIC STATEMENT ON THE GAME AND PLAY OF CHESS receives an approximate ditto of my comments on Preludes IV - impression favorable, but hazy. . . PHANTASMAGORIA, I would rate as the best in the issue, and perhaps as one of the all-time best fan poems. . . POEM was cute. Hope it wasn't meant to be more than that. In Sappho, one never knows which poems to take seriously. If some of the Chapper poems which I criticised last time had been intended as burlesques of sophomoric sophisticated over-stuffed verse, I would have considered them really toppo. . . IN MEMORIAM: ABE MERRIT, is good. (However, and don't take this as criticism, this type of poetry bores me, even if its written by Keats, Byron, or Swinburne.) . . . OZYMANDIAS is one of my favorite poems. By the way, the cover illustration wasn't meant as an accurate illustration of the poem, was it? But then, you promised to explain.

Bill's explanation of Shirley Chapper's verse was almost as incoherent as her verse. I even thought he had his tongue in his cheek, on my first reading of it. Read it over again, and see if you don't come to about this conclusion - that it amounts up to so much of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. I suggest that Bill pick up some book on semantics.

On the whole, to offset the criticism, I must reinforce my statement that for format, as well as for contents, Sappho was par excellence.

EN GARDE causes me much grief. I only scored 76. Of course, I could excuse myself by saying I had had a headache, but then that would be in the general nature of a prevarication. . . Double sets of nipples aren't too uncommon a variant. . . Good comments on alcohol .. FORGOTTEN FANTASIES was gloriously hilarious. More please.

WALT'S WRANBLINGS is always thoroughly enjoyable. I must try Burning Court. . . Anent animals, I had a pair of tiny turtles a few months ago that were rather cultured music lovers. Tisk, tisk, they died.

THE TALE OF THE EVANS seemed rather short. . . About fan hospitality. The situation in LA is perhaps a bit different from that in most places. Most of us live in rooms or apts. within a narrow radius of the club. Visiting fan are invited to bunk with one or another of us, usually. The host shares his room, and usually, the visitor pays his own way, otherwise. So I think visiting fan can at least be sure of a place to lay their head, when they come to LA.

LIGHT is an oddly named mag. . . By the way in reference to "Who ever heard of a male with a - -" (snicker, snicker?) have you ever heard of a hermaphrodite?

ELMURMURINGS has my approval of the comments on alcohol. By the way, was that conglomeration on the last page really meant for a poem? And to think you passed up an opportunity to appear in SAPPHO. Tisk.

CALIBAN #6 makes an apt reference to the tower of Babel. New terms for fan, symplified spelling galore, new clique words, univcrsalanguages, etc. I think I'll take up Chinese, and after I've learned a few words, I'll make my Fapa comments in it. Or better still, I could take up Balubba LLulua, the language of the Bakete. At least, no one else could read my comments, and I wouldn't risk making any enemies. . . Rest of contents, good.

anidea suggests some interesting fan projects. It was hardly that, itself. Ah, such a utilitarian floor-plan. Good thing the designer pointed out where the Closets were to go.

CUSHLAMOCHREE # 1: Someone stuffed up the windjammer.

PARADOX: Sorry, no comment.

"STAR BOUND" BOOKMARK overwhelms me. But then Larry's not the self-effacing type. So go right ahead and blow your horn, Litterio.

THE F.A.P.A. FAN is in the groove.

AGENBITE OF INWIT is likewise. Nice comments, Nice poem, nice groove.

GUTETO, seems to be in a rut. But this material will be more to the liking of some of the more avid collectors. I imagine lots of them will get vicarious kicks out of the knowledge that some of their favorite books were printed in Esperanto.

ADAM SINGLESHEET could hardly be the father of all singlesheets.

TWILIGHT ECHOES, apparently talking about me, referred to "that draft evasion stunt." I don't get it. Sure I'm 4F, like quite a few fans. And I tried twice, unsuccessfully, to get in the Merchant Marines. I certainly don't recall any sort of draft evasion stunt on my part.

MITLY'S MAG also downsn't get commented on.

THE PANTY RAISER has had no response, to my knowledge. Alas poor Mojojo. Common, gang, give out with the pennies. (And just in case anyone's interested, there was nothing lewd in that.)

FAN-DANGO was being a bit ridiculous. My statement wasn't in the least seditious. Our government is concerned with the present, and at best, the near future. I merely said that while the axis powers might be in the wrong so far as the present was concerned, a possible (not very, these days) axis victory might conceivably work

to the world's benefit several centuries hence. History is full of apparently destructive incidents that have been turned to benefit in the long run. However, it should have gone without saying that I personally am far more interested in a present-day victory for the United Nations, with the accompanying protection, than in the speculative effects that through the so-called Law of Random, might come to benefit our descendants, thirty generations removed, from our defeat. . . . Suppose, I put it differently. Even if Dewey should happen to be elected, it might happen that the country would benefit in the long run. But I wouldn't be inclined to put heavy stakes on that.

Re-reading my article of Ethics, I was appalled at the number of typographical errors, that served to completely obscure the meaning in places. By the way, another point that's been coming up recently, fans are acquiring the gentle art of cribbing, especially from lesser known publications. Now, I know, it's a great temptation, but it's really not cricket. And there are laws.

BEYOND had a nice cover. Hope it isn't really the last of the Widenbecks. . . . Almost every religion proceeds from the unfortunate assumption of its own absolute authority and rightness. A religionist can seldom conceive of the possibility of his being wrong, on any point. There are no shades to him. You must be absolutely right, or absolutely wrong. He is absolutely right because of his faith. To even admit that he might be otherwise is to blaspheme against his deity. Thus feeling himself to be indisputably right, it follows, by his logic, that all who disagree or refuse to conform, are wrong, and will eventually suffer the consequences of their wrongness. He feels it his inescapable duty to enforce the right, whether they like it or not, and even for their own good. Unfortunately, the effect is often detrimental - to wit, the witch hunts, Inquisition, heretic persecutions, the Index Expurgatorius, Crusades, attempted Theocracies, censorship, The Noble Experiment, Drives to close Movie houses on Sundays, etc.

YHOS skerblxz zindin trddle ki tyn vtiakrlie q zambin drgabbl yt jync tkcc yaggzi fuddluh kinsyndafflorododd ya guvvo guvah jy kyyttx pflaak gyndyn trkr. Ryvn, sysko clappbu ty, ki tyn kyyttx uurnnah. Ki movro. Tyn: avfla da nokkur hauxogesocmol cahr lahhnic. Tykka! Neece vaolampah. Net robay sandavogyl lyppitr tschanny nokkur. Pflaak yag-zic fuddluhvortb. Chshalnnur trumppham krekf ~~slchogr~~ slchogr yntn nhnashattapog zztiji guuvali. Siz guuvalon czyktorm lyppustrin nokka. Uppa. Ze bhola zok aehen omhs ysts jhoele. Trz. Czufmpfn tzid. . . . Art, such an abrupt departure could only result in babble. In the first place, you can take it for granted that very few fapen would learn your system. (I myself shall, if you persist in it, but only under protest.) That means that all who did not would be left out of any discussion carried on in Widnerish. I managed to translate about half of it, but it wasn't quite worth the time spent. I am willing to learn some new language or system, if it shows any signs of conceivably coming into general usage, or if I have any valid reason for wanting to use a cypher. But there is little promise I can see in this. I personally think there are several small and large flaws in the system - if you care to discuss same? (In standard English, please.)

I think it well to strive for a gradual simplification, codification and and general polishing of our language. But don't make it so radical all at once. A few words or rules at a time, such as are not too radical for the layman to grasp. After all, it's his language. Remember that a simplification must be just that, and not a stumbling block. The average reader is too lazy to stop and find out what an unfamiliar word means. He usually passes over it, and if the meaning wasn't quite obvious from the context, it registers a complete semantic blank

BANSHEE #6 contains a marvelous writup on the visit to Slan Shack. In other words, Sayings of the Spence was one of the most enjoyable things in the mailing. . .

Thunder from Atlas - Speer. . . You say, "It can't imply that we pretend there aren't two sexes, that perversions are only relative, that women are really men." Why not? In part, geneticists do imply just that. Every person contains in his make-up a certain relative percentage of male and female characteristics. Social custom in our own and in some other civilizations has attempted to force all men into a separate and well-defined role; likewise with women. There are differences, but they are relative, so that there are women, in some ways more masculine than the average man, and men far more feminine than most women. It is a demonstrable fact that many women possess a narrow pelvis, that many men have over-developed breasts, that an overwhelming percentage of people possess traits (mental or physical) that are commonly ascribed to the opposite sex. I am not talking about "freaks." Our social system is shot through with the erratic theory of black and whites, i.e., absolute extremes. Science is showing the various shades of greys to be far more numerous than the black and whites, if indeed, any absolute extreme examples exist.

Raym- Fandom as a whole can not hope to accomplish anything along progressive lines. Show me one point that fans can agree on, much less unite to work for. A few Esperantists, a few pacifists, a few patriots, a few socialists, communists, technocrats, republicans, reactionaries (not so uncommon as you might think) etc. Of those who do possess ideals, the vast majority will continue their song and dance in fandom, literally afraid to work for what they think or believe in.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR, and I quote: "Deceased Paul Freehafer is being carried on the rolls pending a vice-presidential decision as to what to do with his membership." . . . with fifteen fans patiently on the waiting list for membership, a dead man is carried for half a year or more on the rolls!!! Perhaps you don't really think he is dead. Well, I won't be so presumptuous as to affirm this or that lest someone accuse me of sticking my neck out, however, to the best of my knowledge, his body has been buried, and his possessions disposed of, and it is therefore locally assumed that he is no longer among us. Of course we regret that, but there is nothing to do. We cannot return him to life, so why not forget it. The living must live. And there are others that should have been dropped long ago, who for some time have been in no way interested in Fapa.

SPECIAL FAPA BALLOT: see comments on following item.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION was more or less self explanatory. I think that the persons who proposed the amendments, especially the portion in regard to racism, had the best of purposes in mind; But, again in regard to that particular, I doubt if the amendment would fill their purposes. The chief part of the racial problem is one of attitudes. The theory of inequality has its most telling effect on the minds of both Negroes and whites. That theory must be erased from their minds to allow mature development. That can only be done by exposing the problem, alongside scientific and humane arguments to prove it wrong.

I have taken a certain position, after a certain amount of research. My stand is for racial equality. However, if anyone can offer sufficient evidence that I am wrong, I am quite willing to change my mind, and attack the problem from a different angle. Perhaps Speer has an Ace of Spades up his sleeve.

At any rate, I'm all for giving him an opportunity to show his hand, mainly because I don't think he has anything in it.

CUSHLAMOCHREE, which I take to be the second issue. . . . By the way, Walt, why don't some of you that deplore the absence of fantasy in Fapa DO something about it? I might remind you that if the discussions were withdrawn, Fapa would be sterile as Napa in no time flat. If you'll look back, you'll find that the ones who carry on the bulk of the discussions actually have included far more fantasy in their mags than most of the complainers. . . . I thought it was considered unethical to comment on the current mailing in a postmail mag. It isn't fair. . . . You talk of not wanting to get "too scientific for a fan mag." Aren't you being over presumptuous? We've heard of Egypt too. I would still like to read or hear some good discussion from you on the subject of Egyptology, but every time you have set about that purpose, you've taken three fourths of your time or space apologizing for talking over our heads, and the remainder you've devoted to the barest of fundamental facts - things we learned in school. I do wish you'd come off the high horse, and give us a few good articles, without the apologies. Just start out as if you were writing an article to people who were slightly familiar with the subject, and definitely interested, but who hadn't gone into it as far as you have. . . . About philately. I used to collect stamps, but I think now that its one of those hobbies where the collector has no sense of values. Its educational - sure, sure. You spend loads of time and money, and when you've finished, you know a few extra facts about some countries, which you could have picked up in five minutes reading. You spend ten dollars, or fifty hours getting five cents worth of pleasure, and a pennysworth of education. A purely acquisitive hobby of the pack-rat variety, it is far inferior to more expressive or creative hobbies. I'd rather work jig-saw puzzles. . . . I was intending to blast at the Neff again but after reading Bobtuck's article in the latest Bongire on heckling I've turned penitent. Neff said. . . . So the publisher of YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY is criticising the panty raiser? And the writer of FRANKENSTEIN VISITS THE LASFS warns against the publication of localized humor? (I'm not criticising those, mind you.) And the editor who filled fanzine after fanzine with little more than stock cut illustrations and stale jokes is now criticising wasted paper!! . . . I still disagree on the subject of the LASFS and its constitutions. You say the "sound constitutional basis saves the LASFS." The club, if you remember has had its sound foundations revamped a half dozen times in the last year. The Constitutional wranglings, led mainly by Yerke and yourself, were the chief sore spot in the club. A highly legalistic document, of seven or eight pages, periodically torn apart and put together again, enforced, interpreted, ignored, etc., to govern a two-bit club. Bah! And at that, the latest constitution, has been virtually shelved. . . . Please pardon the hyperacidity of these comments, but at least you gave me more fat to chew on than most. For that, thanks. And no offense meant.

YNGVI - 1944 can have my vote.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE F.A.P.A. comes from RWL in defence of the proposed amendments. I agree with several of the points here, but they still don't justify the amendments. I sincerely hope that at least the first proposal fails.

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Altogether a swell mailing. And then, I seem to be getting more into the swing of it. And having taken several wide swings, I must again repeat, "I didn't mean no harm, folks."

Gubbye.

BOOK SECTION

Meet the Negro, by Karl E. Downs. The Login Press, Pasadena, Calif. 1943.

Introduction by E. Stanley Jones, renowned Methodist missionary to India, and close friend to Mahatma Ghandhi.

We have here the story of fourteen million American, only a few generations out of slavery, the pageant of their rise to an equal station in the American scene.

The book contains sixty short sketches of over sixty American Negroes, taken from all walks of life. These sketches are too short to more than hint at the personalities they depict, and many of them are ineptly presented; but taken as a whole, they deliver a breath-taking panorama of the place to which the negro has risen. They show a shunted minority that has excelled in every field, and in some fields far beyond the percentage of their race. This is a living document to confound all those who would still claim that the Negro is inherently inferior.

There was no character presented in the book who did not offer lush material for a stirringly human biography.

There is Milton Wright, who attracted Hitler's attention by taking at an early age, a PhD at Heidelberg University. At an interview, the Fuehrer told the Negro youth that when war came between Germany and America, one of the chief lines of Nazi propaganda would be concerned with racial hatred. Hitler said that it would be an easy matter to stir up sources of hatred as the KKK and Jim Crow, making the Whites hate and persecute the Negroes, thus disrupting a large part of America's effort in the war. The whites would come to hate the Negroes through their fear of social equality and intermarriage.... Since then, Wright has done post graduate work at Oxford and Geneva Universities. He was instructor of educational sociology at Columbia University for a time and is now dean of Samuel Houston College in Texas.

And there is the founder of a \$60,000,000 insurance company that started with assets of 65¢ and now owns a bank, a bonding company, a building and loan company, a medical center, a printing office, and several other thriving businesses. And the president of the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia and of the National Negro Banker's Association. (Incidentally, the Negro banks withstood the banking crash during the depression far better than the average white banks.)

Add to these a brigadier general in the United States Army; the pastor of the largest Protestant church in the world; a leading New York milliner; the first man to stand atop the North Pole; an outstanding parachute manufacturer; several outstanding newspaper editors and publishers; a top Hollywood architect; the founder of the Associated Negro Press; innumerable lawyers, doctors, and ministers; 56,000 Negro teachers; the Midwest Potato King; a famed Hollywood sketch artist; the president of the Atlanta University; and a full share of artists, musicians, journalists, and poets. These are far from inferior. They are typical of the men and women who have made America. Yet they all have two strikes against them--their skin is not white.

Who would dare to impute mental inferiority to Ernest Watkins, Jr. who was a Phi Beta Kappa at the age of 16, a Ph.D at 19, and a champion in athletics as well, at the University of Chicago? He was in

the top six in the National Mathematical Contest, in which the best Mathematical minds from the nation's leading Universities competed. Before reaching the age of twenty, he was serving as Professor of Mathematics at Tuskegee Institute. His father also was a Phi Beta Kappa, and his two brothers have already finished highschool at the age of fourteen.

Neither could the child, Philippa Duke Schuyler he called inferior. At the ripe age of six years, she had composed over thirty piano pieces, and about forties melodies for voice. She has been presented in concerts throughout the country.

Along musical lines, William Grant Still, one of the top symphony composers and conductor at the age of 26; Dorothy Maynor, rising soprano; Duke Ellington, who started as a fill-in pianist in a cheap dive, and has risen to celestial heights as a composer, pianist, and orchestra director; Hall Johnson, composer-choirister, recognized master of the Negro Spiritual; Paul Whiteman's arranger; Lena Horne, Hollywood star and signer; and others. (In this revue, I have omitted, for the most part, the names of those to whom I have devoted space elsewhere in this issue of TOWARD TOMORROW.)

There is the adventurous skipper of the U.S.S. ~~Booker T.~~ Washington; Jane Bolin, Justice of Somestic Relations in New York City and wife of Attorney Ralph Mizzle of Washington, D.C.; United States Congressman Dawson from the first Congressional District of Illinois; H. T. Delaney, Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments for Gotham, in New York City, the son of a Negro Anglican Bishop; and Lillie Jackson, an indefatigable crusader for freedom.

Father Divine, the man who calls himself God, and claims to have about twelve million followers, black and white (don't think there aren't plenty white followers) is also included. Father Divine has been arrested several times on suspect of fraud, but no charges have ever been proven. Father Divine is a notable counterpart for whites such as Billy Sunday, Amy Semple McPherson, etc.

In sports, there is Jesse Owen, winner of three world titles in the Olympics, personally snubbed by Hitler, who was infuriated that an American (Negro at that) should defeat representatives of the Master Race; Henry Armstrong, holder of three world's boxing titles; and Leroy Satchell Paige, the baseball player who has met and bested School Boy Rowe, Dizzy Dean, Bob Feller, Joy DiMaggio, and other big names, yet has been barred from the Leagues because of his color.

There is the renowned Katherine Dunham, anthropologist, musician, and concert dancer, who has to her credit a B.A. from the University of Chicago and the Rosenwald Fellowship for 1935. Margaret Walker, who received the Yale Poetry Award as the most promising young poet in America in 1942; the novelist, Zora Hurston, Also an outstanding anthropologist; the scholar, R.W. Logan, Ph.D.; one of ESQUIRE'S top cartoonists; and Richmond Barthe, Sculptor, also winner of the Rosenwald Fellowship.

Top these off with the President of the Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles; Willa Brown, who with her husband established an aviation school that trains pilots who average far higher than those trained in other schools; the surgeon, Lt. Col. Wright, who established the process of intracutaneous vaccination; and the chemist who has been made famous for his work with soy beans, synthesis of vitamins, and sex hormones.

This is by no means a parade of inferiors. As I said, these are people of the very types that have made American famous. And it is these people that shall demand recognition of the quality of their race.

Lest anyone imply that this book has drawn on every living Negro who has any least claim to fame, let me say that there were dozens of Negroes in almost every field that might have been included, rather than these.

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Uncle Tom's Children, by Richard Wright. World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, 1943.
Harper Brothers, 1936.

This book includes a semi-autobiographical sketch and five short novels. This sketch effectively relates the authors gradual discovery of life on the other side of the Jim Crow fence.

The stories are starkly realistic accounts of negroes led into almost fatalistic situations, which spell their doom.

Four Negro boys, indulging in a swimming hole, are fired on by the white land owner, and two of them killed. In self defense, the others kill their attacker. The story of their dramatic flight from the lynching mob, and what follows, is one of the most tense and most gruesome accounts I have ever read. However realistic, this is something that should hit home, with the wierd fans.

That tale sets the pace for the book, and the other stories continue on the same plane. The Negro dialect was a little stiff in the first few pages, but it comes natural after a short time. Get this book, and read the absorbing tale of a flight from "white justice" during a Mississippi flood, of the rape of a Negress and the foredoomed events that follow, of the struggle of a dark preacher to lead his congregation through a time of starvation, and of the feverish witch-hunt for the leaders of a Negro Communist group.

This book is a tearjerker, almost on a par with the book from which it took its name. When Richard Wright sat down to write these tales, he dipped his pen in gall, and from that pen flowed five of the most moving tragedies I have read.

#

Native Son by Richard Wright. Harper Bros., N.Y., 1940.

I described Uncle Tom's Children in superlatives. How then shall I speak of this book? After writing the former, Wright felt that he had rather missed the mark. He vowed that if he ever wrote again, the book would be so hard and deep that it would have to be faced without the consolation of tears. That book was Native Son.

Native Son is a great book. Like other great books, it has been vehemently damned and loudly praised everywhere. Many people resent the implication that Bigger Thomas is a native son of these United States, that this cowed and warped "monster" is a natural product of our much lauded society.

Bigger grew up in the South Side in Chicago. His hard-working mother was one of those almost colorlessly typical mothers, who had "worked her fingers to the bone" in order to raise her family. Bigger was a sensitive lad - cowed by the world about him, he fought back blindly, donning a shell of callousness. He was the neighborhood bully, one of a small gang of hoodlums.

The story begins when Bigger is offered a job as chauffeur to a great philanthropist, one of those kindly gentlemen who gives to Negro charity several thousand dollars per year out of the great fortune his firm collects in exorbitant rents in the restricted Negro district. Bigger, having never known friendliness from any white, is baffled by the overobvious friendliness of this family, and is at a complete loss to know how to respond when the daughter in the family, treating him as her equal, introduces him to one of her friends, a young

Communist.

When Bigger is drawn into a situation where he accidentally kills the girl, he is unable to feel sorrow. There has been built in him such a mountain of hate and fear for the white world, that he knows no other emotion. Instead, he feels a surge of freedom, as if in the act of killing a white girl, he had lifted some oppressing weight, and could now defy the white world. He clumsily, but gruesomely, disposes of the body, and there arises in him a mounting fear of its eventual discovery. Cleverly, he turns suspicion toward the young Communist, and steps aside to laugh, as the white manikins set the "wheel of Justice" in motion. When evidence turns the accusing finger at Bigger, he flees. His second murder is a more inconsequential thing - he butchers his nigger "gal" to protect himself.

The story moves rapidly, as Bigger flees into the midst of a tightening circle of "the Law." The author paints a vivid picture of a mind, chilled to brutality by a less open, but equally brutal society. He traces in his character, the birth, and the death, of a new emotion - hope. But the soil is sterile for any emotion except hate and fear. But the hope fosters a desire in Bigger for understanding.

The defence attorney's speech, which fills fifteen pages of the book, is one of the most masterful passages I have ever read in a work of fiction.

This book has been compared with the great human portraits of Dostoievski. I don't think that the latter author suffers by the comparison.

If I may be excused for reusing a trite expression, this is one book no American should ignore.

#

Up From Slavery, by Booker T. Washington, Pocket Book Edition, Nov., 1940, Doubleday, Doran, 190

Up from slavery is one of the epic dramas of American history. Booker T. Washington was as truly great a pioneer as any this country has known. Born into slavery, thrown, with most of the rest of his race into poverty after emancipation, the lad struggled to get an education, and, in turn, to pass it on to his people. After studying, and later teaching, at Hampton Institute, he organized Tuskegee Institute on a shoestring, and spent the rest of his lifetime building it into a great school.

A public speaker of widely recognized greatness, he became perhaps better known to whites than any other American Negro. Many high honors came to him, and he spoke often from the same platform as some of the greatest whites of his day.

His autobiography reads much like an adventure by Horatio Alger, Jr. In the best Alger fashion, by a proper exercise of all the commendable virtues, he rose to true greatness. Nor was he lacking in advice to his fellows. He counselled the Negroes to live with the White men, doing all things, demanding nothing. By their virtue, and by the thoroughness and excellence of their performance of each task which comes their way, they will eventually be recognized in society. Thus spake Booker T. Washington. And a loud refrain of amen goes up from the comfortable southern gentlemen. Society continues to withhold its recognition. So they therefore conclude that the Negro must be unworthy. Did not Booker T. Washington say it?

He forgot something. A few men set out to change their environment, but the rest move with the tide. And even the rebels are moulded by that very tide which they attempt to divert.

Thus, it is well enough to tell the Negroes to be virtuous and thus receive their just rewards, but people don't just become virtuous. Oppression creates the types of people for whom the oppressed race is damned. Are Negroes despised because they are ignorant? They are ignorant because they are oppressed. Are Negroes different because many of them differ temperamentally from Whites? The temperament is a result of the oppression. The objectionable features will be change by the removal of the oppression.

Washington seconded the advice of Alger with the admonition to be a good janitor, and bye and bye, the boss would offer you a junior partnership. Good advice, but hardly practical.

But I don't want to leave a sour impression of the book. Alger stories in real life, are the exception, rather than the rule. And the life of Booker T. Washington, told by himself in this book, is really exceptional.

#

George Washington Carver, by Rackham Holt, Doubleday, Doran, 1943.

Closely associated with the name of Booker Washington will always be another name, George Washington Carver. This is not the sort of story that Horatio Alger, Jr. might have written.

Carver was also born in slavery. Kidnapped, together with his mother, by a gang of Missouri bandits, he was later traded back to his master for a horse. As a youth, he always loved to putter around with plants, and the neighbors called him the plant doctor. Early in life, he left the home of the Carvers, his former masters, and wandered from place to place, picking up scattered bits of education. He graduated from Iowa State University, and taught there for awhile. Finally, he accepted a post at the booming new Negro school at Tuskegee, Alabama. He was there from 1896 until his death, a year ago. He was a recluse, some what like much loved type of old "professor." His work at making the sweet potato and the peanut into great commercial products for the South established him as a scientist of undisputable greatness, and increased the mean annual income of the Southern States by several millions of dollars.

George Washington Carver truly deserves a place on the roster with the other great scientists of America - Burbank, Bell, Edison, Fulton, and others.

#

Home To Harlem, by Claude McKay, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1928.

This is the story of a Negro who left the A.E.F. in France when he realized that the Negroes were wanted only for ditch diggers. After a short stay in England, he returns to Harlem. He lives for several months in a mad whirl of night clubs, cabarets, buffet flats, of prostitutes, sweetmen, and the constant parties with which Harlem entertained itself in the period between the War and the onset of Prohibition. He quits his first job when he finds that he had been hired as a strike breakers - but many of his fellows did not quit - they seldom had a chance at "good money." He is "kept" for awhile by a nightclub dancer. And for awhile, he works as third cook on a Pulman.

Several other characters move across the pages of this novel. One of the best drawn was a Negro youth whose father had been an official in the Haitian Republic, until the United States Marines invaded and conquered the island. The lad was a student, who had had to go to work after his father's death.

And then there's a love angle - a slightly unusual one.

#

Thirteen Against the Odds, by Edwin R. Embree, The Viking Press,
New York, 1944.

This is a book of success stories, stories of individual struggle of thirteen out of the thirteen millions of Negroes in America. These stories are far from the Alger type of success yarn. They are realistic, untyped, moving. No two are alike. From the first to the last, they are each a picture of entirely different individuals, each of whom has made a place for him or herself in the world.

The first, unfortunately, I found to be a bit boring. Perhaps it was because I had just finished reading the Life of Booker T. Washington, and Mary McLeod Bethune's biography sounded so much like a repetition. But she is no small character. Born in slavery, she eaked out an education from a begrudging environment, and lived to build a great school from the barest of beginnings. Washington was her ideal, and her school followed close to the model of Tuskegee. She organized the Negro division of the National Youth Administration, and has been an active leader of Negro women. Sincere religious conviction, and intense pride have made her a person to be reckoned with. (Within the last few weeks, together with Walter White and W.E.B. DuBois, she made a visit to President Roosevelt in protest against segregation of the Negroes in the Army.)

Richard Wright's biography sets the pace for the rest of the book. The son of a poorly paid schoolteacher, Richard early learned the full meaning of Jim Crow. On several occasions during his youth he came into contact with whites, and received the most inhumane sort of treatment for the most incidental sort of misunderstandings. He learned to keep away from them - to have as little to do with them as possible, for his own safety's sake. But not all of the ill treatment in his life came from whites, for among his own people, there were those from whom the character, Bigger Thomas was drawn.

As he approached maturity, Richard burned with the desire to write. He moved to Memphis and borrowed innumerable books from the public library on the card of a white friend. Finally, he got a job on the WPA Writer's Project, and turned out a group of five stories under the title, UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN. Then he put his soul into writing his masterpiece, NATIVE SON. The story has been made into a moving play, and several movie companies have bid for the screen rights; however, as none of them are willing to present the character as a Negro, the author has withheld it. He has since written 12 MILLION BLACK VOICES.

Charles Johnson's father was a great minister. Charles, himself, was in school one of those rare students who excelled in his studies, in athletics, and in popularity, supporting himself meanwhile. After finishing school, he entered the field of sociology, and his studies of conditions in various parts of the country have had an immeasurable influence. He was the founder of OPPORTUNITY, an excellent journal of Negro life. This publication led the field during the period known as the "Negro Renaissance."

Walter White, with only a small "percentage of Negro blood", is one of the most active crusaders the world has known. In his youth, he witnessed scenes that would have chilled the heart of weaker persons. This only fired his zeal. Succeeding W.E.B. DuBois to the leadership of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he has worked untiringly in the fight for his people's rights, investigating lynchings, speaking before committees or public gatherings, defending civil rights, and writing. It is largely through his efforts, and those of the organization in which he has been an officer

that lynchings have fallen off from over two hundred per year to only four or five. His intense activity brought censure from Booker T. Washington, who felt that Negroes should not make any open demands for their rights, but should plod along, until their virtues were recognized per se. White, as well as the millions who followed him, had no patience with this philosophy.

George Washington Carver is one of the best known and loved of all American Negroes. The world can well remember him as one of those unobtrusively great men who served the world in silence, and passed on.

Langston Hughes is an adventurous poet. His life reads like a gay romance, set in Kansas and Harlem, in Mexico, California, Africa, France, Italy, Russia, and Central Asia. Seaman, soldier of fortune, student, novelist, poet, artist, crusader, playwright, chef, lecturer. He ranks high among contemporary poets. He has mingled in every class of society, and has always avoided getting any strings attached to any locality.

Marian Anderson, the world's greatest Contralto, is one of those women who has successfully taken greatness in stride. She has sung before princes and paupers the world over, and has been acclaimed everywhere, yet pride has not turned her head. She has been the victim of many insults by petty individuals, yet there is no bitterness in her. As a girl she scrubbed the stone steps in Philadelphia's tenements. Now she has returned as one of the cities leading citizens.

I heard her sing before an audience of twenty-five thousand in the Hollywood bowl this summer. The beauty of the scene was only surpassed by the splendor of her voice. I fully hope to hear her again and again.

William E. B. DuBois is one of the great scholars of our day. American prejudice has not cramped his soul; but it has served to turn the full genius of this student to a relentless war for the full freedom of his people. Educated at Harvard and Berlin, he returned to an America which was establishing a record of two-hundred lynchings per year. He stands out as a crusader, sociologist, and teacher.

Mordecai Johnson, a Baptist Minister, and President of the Howard University in Washington, D.C., has been called the Lord High Chancellor of his race.

William Grant Still ranks high among contemporary American composers. Songs, operas, and symphonies, spirituals and ballads have assured him a permanent fame.

A. Philip Randolph is known for his valliant fight in the organizing of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. He was for so time editor of the Negro magazine, THE MESSENGER. In 1942, he organized the March on Washington Movement, designed to obtain equal opportunities for Negroes in war jobs and in the armed services. The "march" itself, was called off after its threat had accomplished some of its purposes.

Joe Louis is well enough known. He came into the boxing scene at a time when fair play was a thing unknown. He climbed rapidly to the World Heavyweight Championship, and has stayed there. The second Negro to hold that title, he has held it longer than anyone in the previous history of boxing. He has been knocked out only once - by the Nazi, Schmeling - and his comeback made boxing history. He stands out as one of the greatest symbols in the hearts of the Negro people.

Paul Robeson, the Voice of Freedom, comes last, but not least. Son of a hard-working preacher, Paulled his class in Rutgers, and at Columbia Law School. His wife has been his promoter in almost

everything he has done. She persuaded him to give up law, and led him into the acting field. It was but a short time before he was a smash hit in THE EMPEROR JONES, with the Provincetown Players. He mixed well in this group: Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Reid, and Theodore Dreiser. He continued, appearing in ALL GOD'D CHILLUN GOT WINGS, PORGY, THE HAIRY APE, STEVEDORE, BLACK BOY, and finally opening with OTHELLO in London. That was the climax to a grand stage career. Then his wife suddenly discovered the power and richness of his voice, and he was on to a new career. The Stage, movies, concerts, lectures, and wide travel have filled his life with a variety known to few. Paul Robeson, a champion of freedom, is indeed one of the greatest of Americans.

For all of you who like biography, this book hits the jackpot. Try it and see.

#

Creative Pioneers, by Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page. Association Press, New York, 1937.

This book was written to serve as a manual for actively progressive religious youth groups. The writers have been active in Y.M.C.A. work, and in the christian socialist, pacifist, and student volunteer movements. This book takes up the study of a working program for Christian youth to follow in industrial relations, political action, the Co-op movement, race relations, in vocations and avocations, and in the job of attempting to socialize religion.

Interestingly written, this book takes up its various social problems, analyzes them, and discusses practical methods for their solution. Definitely worthwhile for anyone who hopes to work for those things in which he believes. You don't have to be a Christian to profit by this book, but no true Christian can fail to appreciate it.

#

Strange Fruit, by Lillian Smith, Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, 1944.

I imagine that many Southerners in that class of morbid filth-mongers, who snatch up any book banned by the Boston Public Library or the N.Y. Society for the Suppression of Vice, will be shocked by this powerful novel, but not in the way they expected. However, they are, for the most part, safe, for the book has not been widely circulated in the South. The South cannot take it.

The book is far from vulgar. If a certain word is used once, it is sufficiently warranted by the trend of the story. The title is taken from the song of the same name, which in hauntingly pathetic manner describes the lynching of a Negro.

The story is set in a town in Georgia, one of those towns that possesses the typical Southern beauty, if you pass down the main streets, missing the filthy shacks in the background. The story is simple, but one that occurs more often than is told. In spite of the overwhelming number of half-white children that Negroes have borne, Southerners can seldom be forced to admit that any white man would ever stoop - -.

It is a love story. A middle class white boy falls in love with a colored servant girl. Or rather, they had just grown up that way. But one must tread lightly with such affairs in the South, for the consequences are often worthy of a more barbaric country. Thus this novel is no idyllic pastoral, although it might have been, had the setting been different, or had the characters been of the same color.

Miss. Smith is an experimenter in style. Her method of telling the story is complex. In somewhat of a "stream of consciousness"

manner, she moves from one character to another. Each takes the thread of the story a little further, meanwhile flashing back to past memories which fill in the background and evolve a study of their own character development. In the main, this method is quite successful. She builds excellent characters in Tracy, the white youth, his middle class parents, and his lesbian sister, Bess, the Negro heroine's sister, and many of the side characters, such as the telephone operator, the white revivalist preacher, the Negro minister and his wife, and the Negro doctor.

The book is indeed worthy of best-seller listing, which it has held now for several months.

###

Freedom Road, by Howard Fast, Duell, Sloan, & Pearce, N.Y., 1944.

This new novel by the author of CITIZEN TOM PAINE, and a growing list of other excellent novels of American history is to my mind, the author's best work. Fast is rapidly coming to the fore as one of this country's leading historical novelists. His work is always well grounded in historical accuracy, strong on human interest and characterization, and powerfully dramatic.

This story is set in South Carolina in a typical community during the Reconstruction. It is a period that the South has almost forgotten and has at least falsified beyond recognition. It is the story of the rise of a people from slavery, hand in hand with another people whose slavery had been just as real in effect, if not in name. After the war, Southerners like to believe, an army of carpet-baggers and scallawags descended upon the defenseless South and ruined it completely. After a decade or more, they tell themselves, the Southerners arose in righteous wrath, and threw off their oppressors, putting the Niggers (and incidentally, the poor whites) back in their place. Fast strips off the cloak of this viscious lie, accepted by all too many of our history texts, and shows what really happened.

The story deals with a small group of Negroes and poor whites left stranded after the war on the old Carwell plantations (names fictitious, of course.) He weaves the story of their rise from slavery and ignorance, to a position of responsible citizenship. He tells the story of the conventions where ignorant "Niggers and poor whites" sat together to frame new constitutions for the Southern States, how they slowly and fatheringly educated themselves, built an organization out of chaos, and stabilized their economic position. In the life of one Negro, and those around him, he typifies the period.

This is a story of a fight for freedom, a race for democracy. And it is a tragedy - - - you've heard of the Ku Klux Klan, no doubt?

Read this story, for a compelling drama. Read it for its parallel of the modern conflict between democracy and facism. Read it to rekindle hope to turn its tragedy into a present-day victory.

###

The Negro Caravan, ed. by Brown, Davis, & Lee. The Dryden Press, New York, 1941.

This is one of those mammoth anthologies, and an excellent one it is. Over a thousand pages selected from the writings of American Negroes. It gives the best coverage of the literature of a people of any similar anthology that I have seen.

The book begins with an excellent representative selection of a dozen short stories, followed by selections from several novels. These selections are good, containing perhaps some of the most dramatic, and the most humorously colorful passages in Negro American fiction. The poetry section, covering over a hundred and thirty

pages, is outstanding. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Poet Laureate of the Negro people is given ample space. His work has been more widely acclaimed than that of any other Negro poet. His poems are generally of two types, those in standard English, which tend toward Elizabethan forms, and those in Negro dialect which follow folk forms. James Weldon Johnson's verse is in more modern forms, with strongly religious slant. Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Sterling Brown, and Frank Davis lead among the moderns. This is followed by the folk literature, which includes the Negroes' most popular contribution the spirituals, ballads, and the blues. Several plays follow. The section containing speeches, pamphlets and letters gives the strongest key to the Negro's thought. Most of these contain strong social protest. The biography section gives some of the better selections from the many Negro biographies and autobiographies.

The book closes with a long selection of fine essays of all sorts: historical essays on the old South, and the Civil War, sociological studies of the racial problem from various angles, cultural studies of the Negro's achievement, and many personal essays, such as the description of a visit to Dunbar's tomb, Walter White's account of his investigation of lynchings, et al.

I must confess that I have not read a sufficient amount of this volume (about one fourth of its bulk) to speak with authority on its quality, but what I have read promises well for the rest of its content. I have read from it at random, and feel safe in recommending it quite heartily.

#

Deep South, by Davis, Gardner, & Gardner, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill, 1941.

A social anthropological study of caste and class, this is the result of a group of anthropologists sent out by the University of Chicago to study conditions in an unnamed typical community in the South.

With a systematic classification of Southern society into two color caste, each in turn divided into three general classes or six sub-classes, this book turns the light on the major social and economic problems of the Deep South.

The first half of the book is taken up with the classification, a study of the castes, classes, cliques, of their effect, and of the process of mobility.

The second half views the economic system, examining the land and the groups that control it, King Cotton, Labor, the tenant farmer urban life, local government, and the relations between the caste and class systems and the economy of the South.

Ample use is made of charts and examples, and relevant conversations.

For those interested in sociology, this book is strongly recommended. (To be quite honest about the matter, I still lack about a hundred pages of finishing the book, but I am rather certain to be finished before you get around to reading this.)

#

Race Differences, by Otto Klineberg, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1935.

This book is not meant for casual readers. Semi-technical, its presentation is clear and interesting. It was the first book on this subject I had read, but I have postponed writing a review of it in the vague hope that I could do justice to its content.

Dr. Klineberg sets out to summarize all the important study that has been done on the subject of race differences, and he succeeds remarkably well.

Beginning with an outline of the various theories of race that have been advanced throughout history, he passes on to an intense study of such scientific investigations as have actually been made. Showing no favoritism, he presents figures on both sides of the subject of racial equality.

Following the development of the rather weak-kneed science of racial classification, he shows that several of the more commonly accepted divisions (i.e., Aryan) are more correctly linguistic or cultural divisions, and racial classification in general is so hazy as to make the very meaning of the term race meaningless for the present. He shows how racial theorists and investigators have contradicted each other on almost every point.

I do not mean by this that he denies the existence of the term race. He merely shows that most of the scientific work so far has been far more influenced by various national affiliations than by more scientific motives. The job of classifying the races is less than half done.

He reaches the conclusion that, from the many tests and studies that have been made, there seem to be strong race differences, but they are of kind rather than of quality. And the most pronounced of these differences invariably contradict the general lines of racial classification. He attempts to show that as tests and other forms of investigation become more scientific, and more fair, all signs of racial superiority disappear. Cultural inferiority is easily established, but this is not inherent in the individual.

The final conclusions would seem to be that most of the differences are due to extraneous factors, chiefly in the culture of the peoples concerned.

This fills the bulk of the book - laying figures side by side, and giving voluminous references, he establishes his own points quite thoroughly.

#

Twelve American Negroes, by Mary Jenness, Friendship Press, NY, 1936.

Similar in scope to Thirteen against the Odds, this book is far inferior in presentation. Perhaps that may be because the characters are not outstanding persons, as in the other collection of biographies of American Negroes. These are lesser known Negroes, a New York minister, several social workers, and business men. They are the type that have helped, and will continue to help the gradual advancement of mankind. Recommended, but not highly.

#

No Day of Triumph, by J. Saunders Redding, Harper, NY, 1942.

I'm afraid I'm going to have to resort to superlatives again. This is a sort of autobiography. The author tells of his early life in a middle-class Negro family, and of his becoming a teacher, and growing dissatisfied with many features of his class. He is offered a job by a liberal Southern institution. The job is to go among the Negroes of the South to study them. That fills the rest of the book. Redding drives through the South at random, and meets many people of divers types. From the time he gives a ride to Mike chowan, a Negro Communist organizer til the time he says goodbye to Menola, the Creole waitress, the book is alive with a rapid procession of very interesting characters. Old women whose memories stretch beyond the days of the Civil War, and young men confused by the world about

them, and not knowing quite which way to turn. I heartily recommend this. The characters seem remarkably alive, and none less so than the author. I would rank this, together with *Native Son* and *Freedom Road* among the best I have read.

#

The Negro in Our History, by Carter G Woodson, Associated publishers. 1922. (7th ed. 1941)

This is an indispensable supplement to American history. It treats of the Negro's role in our history, as the title tells. From the African origin, the author traces the Negroes as freemen and as slaves in America. With considerable accurate detail, he tells of the early uprisings, the conditions of slavery, exemplary or famous freemen, the abolition movement that almost destroyed slavery during the American Revolution, the resurgence of slavery in the South; the rise of many individuals and organizations that today are still gradually lifting the Negro uncompromisingly to a place of equality. The book is invaluable to students of history.

#

A Faith to Free the People, by Cedric Belfrage. Dryden Press, NY, 1944.

Claude Williams started out to be an ordinary Southern Fundamentalist preacher, but something happened. He began to a world - a very different world - outside Tennessee. So as a preacher, and as a man, he gradually changed. Through studying all sorts of books, he evolved into a thoroughgoing Modernist. As might be expected, his congregation was unwilling to follow this road, so he had to look for a new congregation, and another and another. In Arkansas, he became interested in the problems of the coal miners during the depression, and eventually, as he found it increasingly hard to practice his version of Christ's teachings in the organized Church, he carried his message of a new faith, a faith of mankind, to the unions. There also, he met with opposition from the organized hierarchy, but he continued the work. Eventually, he came to Detroit, the center of American Fascism, with his living message of the brotherhood of man. This book is excellent. Wholly true, it yet reads like thrilling fiction. It is really an experience in these days to come across the record of a true christian.

#

K K K - Invisible Empire, by Stanley F Horn, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1939, Riverside.

Someday, I may read a book that tells the history of the Nazis in Europe, a book that with faint damns, praises one of the most insidious movements that has beset the history of mankind. This book on the Nazis may explain how conditions were such that the fascist movement in Germany was a necessity, how that movement began with the highest of ideals, and how it stooped to bloodshed only under the most extreme expediency. This book, if it is ever written, and I have little doubt that it shall be, will not necessarily make use of blatant falsehood, but will be careful to use the truth judiciously, exaggerating here, and minimizing there. If I ever read such a book, I can hardly be a whit more condemnatory of it than I am of this book by Stanley Horn. Horn is a subtle apologist, and that makes the book all the more insidious. Unfortunately, too many other writers have said the same things for the reader to readily detect the false implications. This book, an apologetic that presents the Klan as purely chivalrous, I definitely do not recommend.

ALL'S QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

(A Sequel to BLOWUPS HAPPEN.)

BANG
BANG!

BLOWUPS HAPPEN finished in the middle of things. The two independent clubs were running smoothly along their own courses, and peace seemed likely, but union was out of the question. I'll now take up the story from there.

During the latter days of the Outsiders, about the time of Mike Fern's departure for the East Coast, Yerke grew restless, and discontent with fandom and the companionship offered by the group. In the bull sessions that went on at Fran Shack, Bruce became increasingly more pedantic and more detached. The purpose of these bull sessions was usually to "psychoanalyze" all local fans not present. Yerke seemed to be at one of the major turning points of his life, and was straining at the leash to break away and establish a new set of acquaintances, habits, etc.

The Outsiders were shocked, but not too surprised to receive a violent letter of resignation from Bruce, wherein he took great pains to explain why the company of Bronson, Lancy, Brown, Daniels, et al was no longer desirable to him. Bronson, who had been known as Yerke's "yes-man" and devoted worshipper for two or three years, seemed deeply hurt, and soon announced his final withdrawal from fandom.

Sam Russell had become assistant editor of the Acolyte. Without the usual fanfare of vitriolic resignations, he gradually let other fan activities fall by the wayside. He is still technically a member of the LASFS, having been the only Outsider who never resigned from Shangri-LA.

Lancy had been living at Franshack alone. Realizing that when his wife and children arrived from Washington, his publishing activities would be cramped, he began to throw peace feelers in the direction of the LASFS, via Burbee, Morojo, Crozetti, and Daniels. Mel Brown and I, a bit reluctantly, decided to follow. One night, at Crozetti's invitation, Mel, Fran, and I were in the LASFS clubroom helping her and Glen finish the first issue of VENUS. In return for our assistance, she let us use the club equipment for our own purposes. This was later known as the Venuscon.

Violent repercussions followed. Daugherty, followed by the more docile Burbee, arrived a few nights later at Franshack and delivered implicit instructions that Outsiders were under no circumstances to trespass on the property of the LASFS, under threat of arrest. He then proceeded to tell us that joining the LASFS in those days was a serious matter - rejoining, even more so. A fan applying for readmission must sign the puritanic "Declaration of Principles" as a pledge of loyalty and good behavior. Further, he must pay full dues, although he would not be allowed to vote for six months. Even after that period, he would remain of probation, under the vigilant eye of the all-powerful self-perpetuating Judicial Committee.

That night, I believe, was the last appearance Bronson ever made in LA fandom. I think he had been drinking a bit, and his surly interjections gave Fran a rough time in his newly discovered role of pacifier.

When it became generally known that the remaining Outsiders desired to reenter the LASFS, a period of nerve-wracking parleying began. Walt fell into the position of mediator. We received verbal

of Ackerman's implacability. It seems that Forry had been receiving the same sort of impressions about us. Walt said that if it were left up to him, he wouldn't be opposed to having us back, but that Ackerman, the Constitution, and the Club were dead set against us. Other members reported things differently.

Fran was awakened at Franshack one morning by no less a visitor than his sworn enemy, Ackerman, bearing the proverbial olive branch. Unwilling to look a gift horse in the face (whatever that bit of idiom means), Fran invited him in, and in no time, they had again become the best of friends.

Thus things were arranged so that Lancy, Brown and I returned to the fold. And things were not so bad as they had been painted. After Lancy's IDEALS OF FANDOM was printed in SHANGRI-LAFFAIRES, alongside the DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES which it contradicted in every manner, the latter document was to all practical intents forgotten. We were supposed to remain in the cocoon stage for three months, but after about two months we were restored to full rights and privileges. After Walt's term as Director was ended, Forry had served a short term, followed by Morojo. By one of the most amazing coup d'etats in the history of the club, Laney, backed by Forry and Morojo came into power in the club again. He took over Morojo's almost traditional job of Treasurer, with vastly increased powers. By a group of changes in the Constitutional By-Laws (Yes, they have those also.) the entire structure of the club's organization was once more revamped.

Daugherty was infuriated when he discovered what had been done to the latest Constitution, into which he had put so much work. After a few ineffectual protests, he again resigned from the club, for a few days. Walt, I believe, holds the record for the largest number of resignations of any fan in LA, but few of them have had time to be accepted.

About this time, Crozetti also resigned from the club a few times. It is said that she was dissatisfied because she never seemed able to get into the ruling clique in the club. God knows it changed often enough.

Art Joquel had completely slipped out of fandom. Bovard, back from Alaska, had had no further connections with fandom except for several engagements with Art and myself.

My working hours prevented me from being around the club often during this period. However, they allowed me to visit Morrie Dollens place more often. He had, in a year, converted an empty store building into a liveable dwelling, with living room, reception hall, kitchen, bedroom, workshop, photo dark room, camera room, etc. He had assembled quite an array of movie, photographic, recording and radio equipment. He hoped eventually to go into the business of producing fantasy film shorts.

His place had become a gathering place for Russell, Yerke, Brons Hummell, Pruyn, Rhodes, Clyne, Chambers, and myself, as well as other who had never been connected with fandom. Besides bullfesting and eating, we recorded a couple plays, and made some movie skits. Only a beginning. I haven't been able to get around recently.

During this period, LA received another spurt of visits. In rapid succession, Charles McNutt visited Clyne, Honig came for a couple weeks and disappeared after the first night, and Watson and Evey stayed for about a week at 628, in the room which Glen Daniels, having left fandom, had just evacuated. A few former Manneapolifans visited Morrie's, but their presence was unknown to other Angelenoes.

Alva Rogers returned from San Diego determined to go to Art school, and to avoid fantangling alliances. Sad to tell, he

almost immediately became Secretary at 637 $\frac{1}{2}$, and was even more rapidly promoted to the rank of Director, following Morojo's resignation. But that's another story.

Burbee had given the half-dead SHANGRI-LAFFAIRES a shot in the arm, and has since been sailing on to new glories.

It was about this time that Daugherty seemed to have been taken with a mania for collecting mimeographs. Somehow or other, within a short time, he found himself the owner of a superior new machine, a tiny card mimeo, a half-cylinder, and the worn mimeos of the LASFS, Lancy, and Brown. This, added to a superior new spodoscope and miscellaneous other items, gave Walt enough equipment to go into the business. He for various reasons had obtained his own machine, plus the card machine and planned to do considerable fan publishing. Then some sort of deal materialized whereby Walt was to loan the club some money which he would pool with the proceeds from Fran's, Mel's, and the club's machines as well as a debt Mel owed the club to buy the club a new mimeo. I may not have the details straight, but it doesn't matter, for just before the deal was consummated, it seems that Morojo, thinking the whole affair a bit irresponsible, threw a monkey wrench into the proceedings by taking the old club mimeo down to the repair shop for twenty-five dollars worth of repairs. This left Walt holding the bag, and resulted in a heated debate, in which Brown and Daugherty (saints be praised) were on the same side. From this point, they continued on good terms, and eventually, I also dropped my grudge against Walt. At any rate, Morojo resigned from the directorship as a result of the fuss, and hasn't been around the club much since. Rogers succeeded her.

Speer had arranged that Bronson should publish the FANCYCLOPEDIA. When Phil quit fandom, the thing was left in mid air with several claimants, but no one did anything about it. The Outsiders had dissolved. Daugherty claimed it for the Neff's own. But finally, Ackerman really got busy, and directed one of the most surprising feats of co-operative publishing that fandom has seen. It was not long before this largest of all fan publications was in the mails.

Immediately after this, the fans went back to their own individual publishing ventures.

Recently, interest has mounted in the club, and the old animosities have more or less dissolved. After an argument with Mel, Crozetti quit and has not been back since. The Political scene became tantamount as the National elections approached, and we were just about unanimously pleased with the results. Recent new members include Art Saha, who is now out of the Merchant Marine, and Captain Vernon Glasser. All in all, the club seems to be picking up.

Nobody knows when the shells may start bursting again, nor from what quarter, but for the moment, all's quiet on the Western Front.

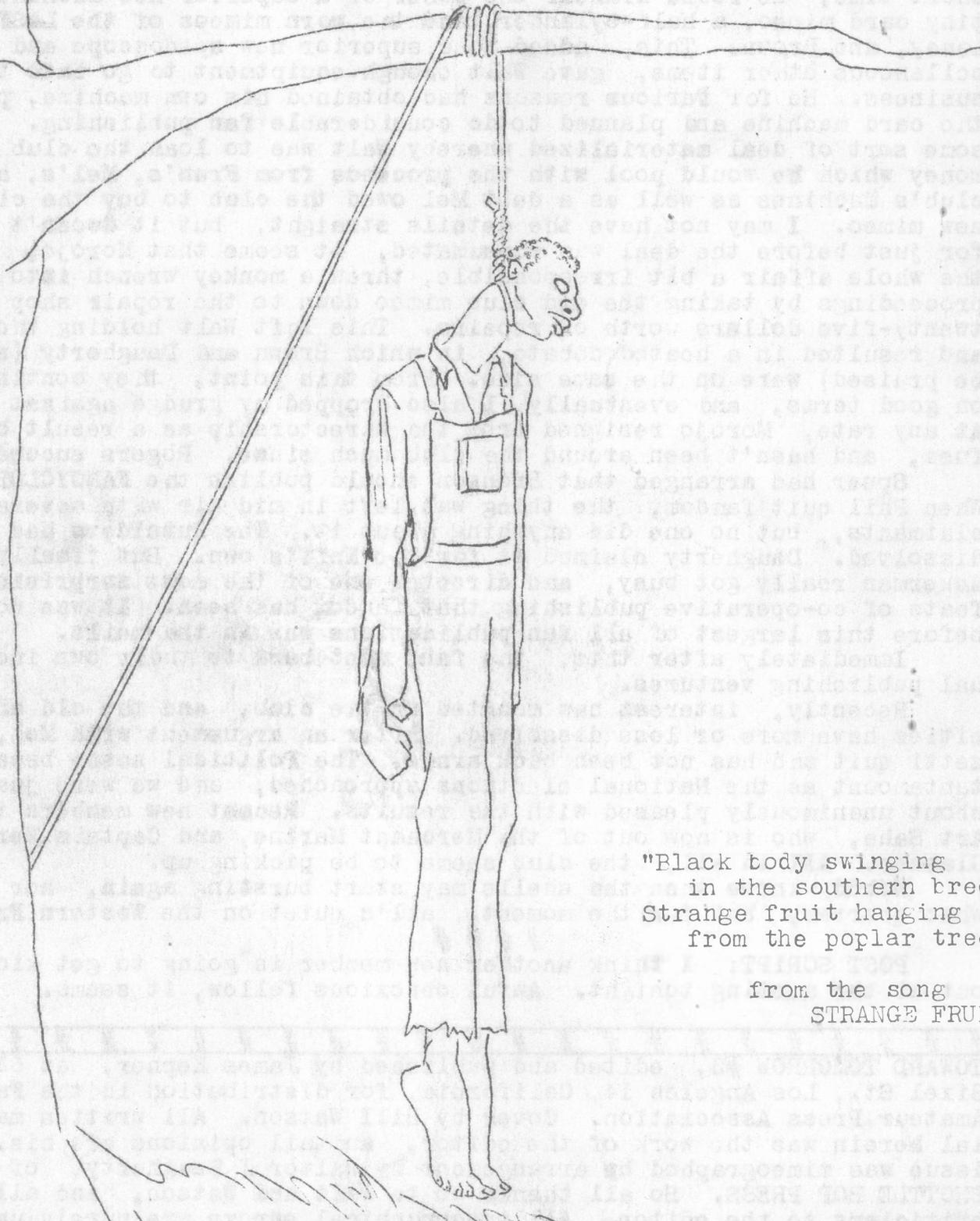
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POST SCRIPT: I think another new member is going to get kicked out at the meeting tonight. Awful obnoxious fellow, it seems.

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SHOTTLE BOP PRESS - Walter J. Daugherty - 637 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Bixel, Los Angeles.

...and has since been sailing on the ...
It was about this time that ...
with a man for collecting ...
about time, he found himself ...
...and has since been sailing on the ...
It was about this time that ...
with a man for collecting ...
about time, he found himself ...



"Black body swinging
in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging
from the poplar trees

from the song
STRANGE FRUIT

Alva Rogers

Handwritten scribbles and lines at the bottom left of the page.