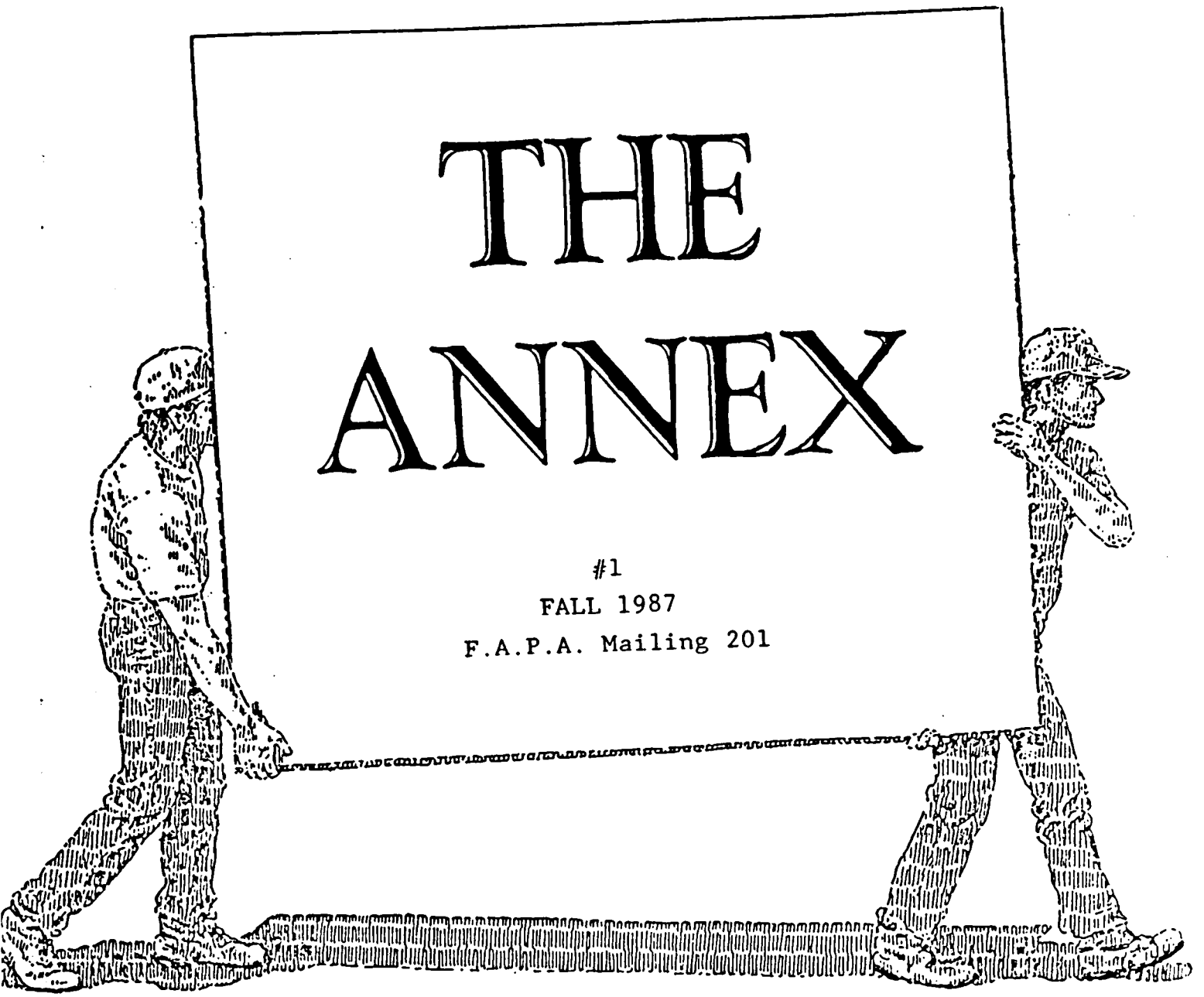
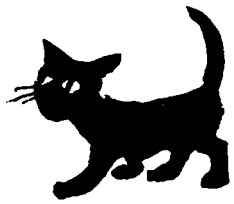


#1
FALL 1987
F.A.P.A. Mailing 201

annex (from the Latin *annexus*, bound together); something appended; an additional statement or stipulation to a writing; a subsidiary addition.

Unless otherwise credited, all prose herein has been written by the editor and publisher: A. Langley Searles, 48 Highland Circle, Bronxville, N. Y. 10708-5909.

Often I encounter material I want to reprint, or feel urged to write on topics unsuited to *Fantasy Commentator*, which is restricted to serious treatment of science-fiction and fantasy. So, I find, do *Commentator's* contributing editors. *The Annex* is being founded to handle these matters, and will also carry occasional mailing comments. When a F.A.P.A. member many years ago, I incorporated the latter in "Devil Take the Hindmost." This began as a column in *Fantasy Commentator* #1 (1943), then metamorphosed into a separate publication that lasted four numbers (1945-47), and now reverts to its initial status. It already has reverted, in fact, thanks to the hospitality of Norman Metcalf, whose *The Devil's Work* of March, 1987 incorporated its resurrection in mailing #199. Readers may expect *The Annex*, then, to be dedicated to eclecticism.

IT TAKES A  TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME

On scanning the last couple of mailings, I was struck by the number of references to cats—almost as many as there were to fantasy. Are we becoming a *feline* amateur press association? Since most members seem to view the species positively, I shall add some ailurophilic history of my own.

For as long as I can remember, I have lived in a household where there were cats. On one occasion, the summer when I became six, my parents bought me a dog; but our interests never coincided, and we separated without regrets a month later when I began the first grade of school. Thereafter my attentions reverted to a succession of family cats which dealt with rodents on the premises. In those days country cats seldom lived long; if they survived the dangers of the machine age and eluded larger predators, they were early prey for unchecked diseases of their own kind, veterinaries being expensive luxuries and antibiotics unknown.

One of them I do recall in particular, however, an orange, tiger-marked male named Brownie. Brownie travelled with us to Florida and back in the winter of 1934-35 and lived to the venerable age of twelve. He must have had good genes because he survived a siege of distemper, which was then usually fatal; but he never had much opportunity to pass them on, for he was spayed quite young. A cat had to be tough to survive spaying, too, for it was performed without anesthetic: the standard country method involved putting the poor beast in a stovepipe head-first, and cutting with one hand while you held his tail in the other. Success depended on speed and dexterity—just as in nineteenth century amputations.

I've no wish to revive the longstanding arguments about the respective merits of cats and dogs as pets; I simply state that I prefer cats. I admire their intelligence, alertness, perpetual composure, independence of mind and their wonderful precision of movement. I like the fact that it takes considerable time and effort to know a given cat well, and that just as you may choose not to allow an acquaintanceship with one to ripen into friendship, so may a cat decide on his part that he prefers a distanced relationship with you. You may live with a cat, but you do not own him; you may offer him your home, but he soon establishes it as his own territory. This individualism is intellectually appealing, and it makes the affection a cat may show to you, if you have taken the trouble to merit it, the more rewarding.

When I moved from New Hampshire to New York City in 1938 to attend college the relatives with whom I lived owned a huge orange Tom called Ginger. Ginger looked a little like Brownie, except that he was bigger and fatter; he weighed nearly thirty pounds in his prime, and could be mistaken for a small tiger, which on more than one occasion neighborhood children actually did. He was joined for a time by a beautiful gray Persian—my introduction to exotic feline breeds.

I left my relatives when I was first married in 1946, and lived catless in a small apartment for nearly two years. But when a house two doors away from them came up for sale and my wife and I bought it, we found that it already had a cat installed on the premises. She was not a pet of the former owner (a widow who unaccountably cherished a smelly, obese and very spoiled Scottie which looked like a bloated, furry knockwurst) but had been born in an outbuilding on the property, a former dovecote, during the great blizzard which hit the city in late December, 1947. The litter had been fed by the widow and her neighbors, but by the next June, when we moved in, it had dwindled to this brown and gray tiger Tabby, whose siblings had dispersed to more promising areas.

This cat was unusually friendly. She jumped in and out of the car I had borrowed to transport our possessions, explored all the rooms in the house, and cried until she was fed. Then she chose the softest piece of furniture to curl up

on, indicating that these new quarters met contemporary standards for accomodation of civilized cats. I gave her the unlikely name of Papagena (I was in a Mozartian period). Papagena wasn't exceptionally intelligent, but she was a good mouser, a pleasant companion, and remained always mistress of the house, especially when sharing it with occasional feline strays. She also had that uncanny ability, which most cats possess, of appearing to be in total control of every situation that arose. Like Brownie, she must have had more than her share of those tough, alley-cat genes that assure survival of the species through the many vicissitudes that plague it, for she was hardly ever ill and died at a comfortable old age of 19.

About this time my first marriage dissolved. When I remarried in 1969 my second wife, Alice, brought with her a beautiful light Siamese cat about a year old. Alice had always been very fond of animals (and at one time considered becoming a vet), but until living away from home had never been able to have a pet of her own, as her mother was allergic to fur and dander; and she shared my admiration for all members of the cat family. Alice had her Siamese, Mama, mated, and one of the resulting litter survived. We kept it and named it Coco. By this time I was learning to appreciate the differences that marked the personalities of different cat breeds. The Siamese, for instance, are more people-oriented, vocal and affectionate than are the common short-hairs.

Into this menage in late 1972 came the most notable cat I have ever encountered. On a bitter evening in mid-November I had just chanced to go outside the house to check the weather, and through a fine drizzle of rain that had begun I saw a flash of motion on the sidewalk near me. I took it for a rapidly-walking cat and chirruped at it, as I habitually do to cats I see. It was a cat, and he stopped and looked back at me. I chirupped again, and he walked towards me. I got down on my haunches and held out my hand. He came, sniffed it, and allowed me to stroke his cheek and then pet him. He was dirty, his whiskers were broken, and must have been starving, for his fur seemed stretched over a skeleton. After a little more attention he let me pick him up and bring him indoors. Alice brought him a dish of warm milk, which he promptly finished; and despite his starvation he circled and rubbed and purred, So we cleaned him, prepared a warm bed for him in the cellar, and left him there overnight with a bowl of food (which was gone by the next morning). And, though we did not realize it at the time, we had permanetly acquired a third cat!

We named him Graystuff, for he was a soft gray color all over except for tiny tufts of white on his chest and belly. His entry into the household was not peaceful. The Siamese understandably considered it their territory, and made life as miserable as they could for this intruder. Despite our overseeing (and segregating Greystuff in the cellar at night) they would from time to time attack him, block him from getting to his litter-box, and play all sorts of aggressive tricks on him, singly and together. I don't know whether his being a male exacerbated this, or diminished it; but eventually a sort of standoff was reached, and all parties began to accept each other, though the Siamese never really liked him. Graystuff seemed willing to be friendly to them, however.

We concluded he had either been abandoned or had escaped from an owner we were never able to identify. He was about nine months old and had been spayed. Within a few days, by consulting books of cat breeds, we discovered he was a Russian Blue. He had the smoky gray color (with a blue tinge) and double fur which marks the breed. (Double fur consists of two types of hair, one short and curly, the other long and straight; it is exceptionally fine and soft.) He had a very loud purr and a very soft voice, the latter anomalous in a creature that grew as large as he did——to fifteen pounds of solid muscle. He was always very friendly with us, but shy of strangers, which made me surprised that he had ever come to me at all on the night he arrived. He was particularly apprehensive of men as opposed to women; for example, he would hide when the gas-meter reader came on his

rounds. And he was frightened of any long, slim objects, like a ruler or a broom-handle; we surmised he had had some bad experience with them.

Our feline menage began to diminish five years later. Around Christmas of 1977 Coco died of heart failure. After this Graystuff and Mama became more friendly, and I think the two would eventually have become good companions, but Mama succumbed to cancer in the summer of 1978. (Her strain was very inbred, and such Siamese usually don't live long.) This left Graystuff Lord of the Manor. Parhaps that would have been the best time to get a second cat to keep him company; but Alice was in medical school, and I had decided to revive *Fantasy Commentator*, so we were too busy to do more than think about the possibility. Graystuff seemed content and affectionate, even though alone, and probably got more attention than he had before. He had long since insisted on having the run of the entire house at all times, and most nights he would come upstairs to sleep with us. (Alice claimed he picked his half out of the middle of the bed, that I had taken my half and was too big to move, and that she was left with no room at all!)

Like Papagena, Greystuff and his Siamese harem were "inside" cats. One side of our property bordered a wide, well-travelled throughfare that separated us from a large wooded park. Cats loved to hunt there, and were often hit by speeding cars when they crossed the street, so we kept ours indoors most of the time. Occasionally they prowled our fenced yard under supervision, however, unsuccessfully stalking birds, sharpening their claws on the tree trunks, and in summer picking up their share of fleas.

By this time, of course, Graystuff was fully grown and in his prime. He had become a truly handsome creature. His fur was always sleek and well-groomed, his whiskers long and expressive, his eyes a bright golden green. He had the typical look of a male cat—a blocky head, prominent jowls, and big, beefy shoulders. He was exceptionally strong; I once saw him slide along a full half-gallon carton of milk with one paw, and he could routinely and effortlessly jump up onto objects four feet above the floor. What was unique about him was his particularly expressive face and eyes. By these alone he could clearly show annoyance, anger, fear, surprise, anticipation and contentment to an extent unequalled in any other cat I have known.

Graystuff gradually became very settled in his ways. That was confirmed when we went to Florida for a week in the sun in the winter of 1979-80. We boarded him—in a very good place—and he came back three pounds lighter and very chastened; he'd eaten virtually nothing, even goodies he loved that we'd frozen and left to have given him. Thereafter when going away we made arrangements for my aunt or a neighbor to come into our house and feed him, so that he could be in his familiar surroundings. On our returns, though, he was unusually affectionate, showing that he had indeed missed us.

He was sick only twice: bladder infections, to which male cats are particularly susceptible (it's preventable by increasing their water intake). Some cats don't drink enough water, even when it's available at all times; Graystuff apparently was one of these, so we simply added water to all his food. The first infection was precipitated by the trauma of a break-in to our house in January, 1983. A burglar smashed a back-porch window, apparently believing the noise would be covered by the sound of machinery working in the street, where a new water-main was being laid; but our next-door neighbor heard it, looked out, and scared the miscreant off before he could get in. But the noise must have frightened Graystuff out of his wits. He hid in the cellar so successfully Alice and I couldn't find him; we thought he had escaped through the broken window, and went all about the neighborhood calling for him. (He showed up suddenly six hours later.) His second bladder infection occurred a year after, and was caused by the move to our present address. (We were surprised that such things could trigger these bladder infections, but two vets assured us it's not at all unusual, especially among exotic breeds.)

Graystuff gradually became accustomed to his new and larger house. At night and when we were away we kept him in the basement. This is actually a finished ground floor, warm and comfortable, where there is a large family room with windows where you can look out-of-doors. He had a favorite chair there from which he could survey our big back yard and its squirrels and birds. When we were home he had the run of the house. He was as affectionate as ever, and on most evenings he would be curled up on my lap or with Alice as we read or watched TV. Again we considered getting him a companion, but now we were afraid he was too old for one.

On the morning of last February 25th when I came downstairs he was mewing and scratching to be let out of the basement as usual. I set his food down, and after eating he bounded up on the kitchen table to wash, and then walked to the window over the sink to nibble the grass we grew for him in a pot during the winter months. When Alice came downstairs and sat at the table with me he joined us, coming over to each in turn to rub his cheek against our hand and invite attention and petting as we ate breakfast, as was his habit.

It was one of Alice's rare days off, and as I got home before noon we were able to enjoy having lunch together. Around one o'clock we heard Graystuff give loud cries of distress from the basement, and went to see why. He was staggering about, unable to walk, with his head curled in a tortucolus, which is a symptom of severe nerve damage. Alice examined him, and diagnosed what we both thought: he had just suffered a severe stroke. We got him onto a soft towel and into the warm sunlight, stroked him and talked to him. He seemed puzzled and spaced-out, and I don't think he recognized us; from time to time he tried to get up but he couldn't, for his paws wouldn't support him.

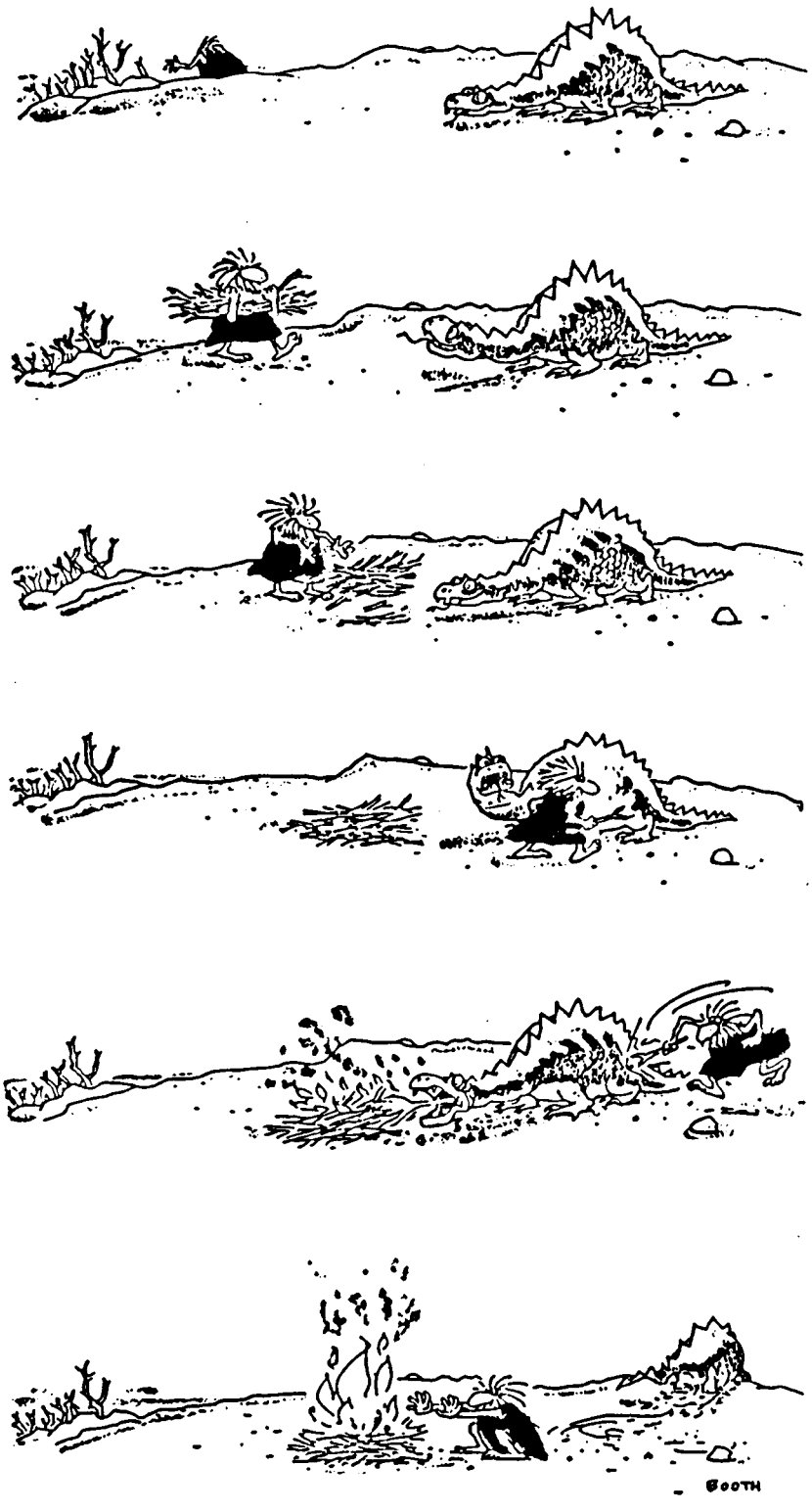
The prognosis was poor, and one side gradually became completely paralyzed. At his age, there was nothing a vet could do to cure him. There seemed no choice, so Alice gave him an injection to relieve any pain he might be having, and then bravely gave him a second injection that would stop his breathing. We stayed beside him until he died, covered him, and then had a good cry. He had lived fifteen years with us——a good and happy life with people who loved him and whom he loved also. We shall miss him more than any cat we ever had.

As we sat down to a bleak supper that evening Alice said, "How quiet the house seems!" But Graystuff walked silently, and you seldom heard him, so we realized that the house was only psychologically quieter. The silence was an emptiness, a loss we felt rather than actually heard.

The grave-site we chose was within a few rods of the house, on the edge of a grove of small trees and rhododendron bushes. It seemed particularly appropriate, for Graystuff had often peered through the window at its chattering squirrels and the birds which nested there. A huge oak a dozen feet away towers over it. It was early morning, and the ground was newly soft from recent rains. At the nearby bird-feeder I could see the titmice and nuthatches bickering, and from the distance came the calling of crows.

There's nothing to remind you of your own mortality like digging a grave for a deceased pet. (Animal cemeteries are probably popular because they relieve people of that unpleasant task.) As I dug, my thoughts turned over recent events. It had all been very sudden, but there had been some signs. Since Christmas Graystuff had lost weight, and had been sleeping, I decided, more than usual. His appetite had become less, and he had not attacked his favorite foods with his customary gusto. We took these as signs of ageing, which they were; there was nothing we could have done.

I finished digging, carefully settled his stiff, wrapped form in the grave, and began to heap the good earth upon it. The treacherous March sun came and went through the scattered clouds, I could hear the voices of a pair of chickadees, and the promise of spring was in the air. But as I walked back to the house the breeze seemed suddenly cold, and I found that my eyes were watering.



1987 marks the 750th anniversary of the founding of Berlin, and celebrations have already begun. Last December, a tad early, there opened at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City a memorable exhibit, "Berlin 1900-1933: Architecture and Design," that is worth mentioning for its fantasy content. Fantasy, in a city associated with beer, pragmatism and functionality? Yes, indeed —and a surprising amount of it.

There's the work of Bruno Taut, who not only dreamed of cathedrals built on the topmost peaks of the Alps, but actually drew plans for them. Another architect produced drawings for a space ship and a city in outer space in the first decade of the century (see illustration on the opposite page).

Remember the fantasy movies produced in Germany between the two world wars? *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), *Die Frau im Mond* (1929) and *Metropolis* (1927), to cite three familiar titles? There were many others, and this exhibit has clips from such imaginative triumphs as F. W. Murnau's *Faust*, Fritz Lang's *Der Ring des Nibelungs* and Karl Hartl's *F. P. 1 Does Not Reply*, none of which seem in the least diminished by a small screen. Most impressive of all is *The Golem*, where a classic myth comes to life in a silent film the better, I suspect, because it *is* silent, with no trivial music or intrusive dialog to blunt its power. It is a triumph of imagination.

There is much more of interest, and I hope this exhinit leads to others, particularly in the realm of art, where so much fantasy exists.

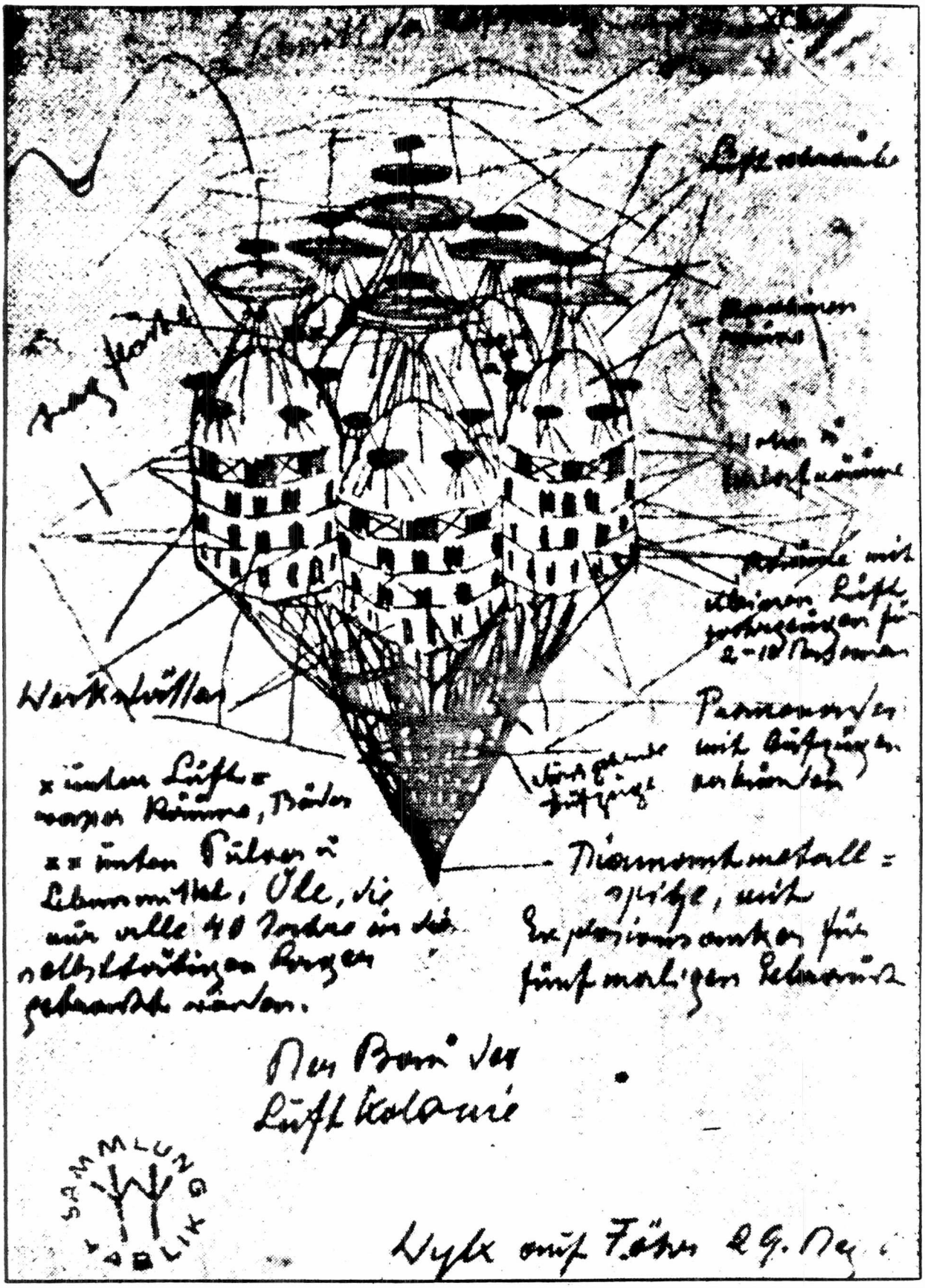
• • • •

Of limericks there're varieties three
(It's due to their contents, you see):
  Those you'll say to your mother,
  The kind for your brother,
And lastly, the ones you'll tell me.

—*Lee Becker*

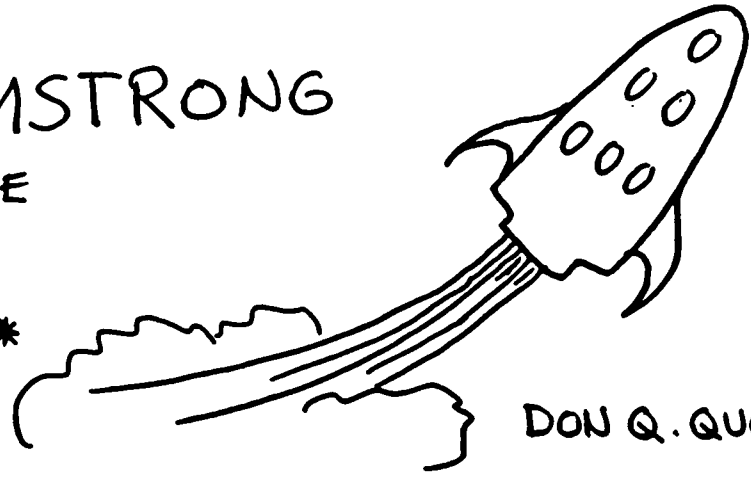
Said an energetic fellow named Phyffe,
Who'd remarried each year of his life,
  "I find annual spousing
  Especially rousing,
For variety's the sure spice of wife!"

—*Lee Becker*



"Fantasy Building for a Space Colony" (1908) by the architect Wenzel August Hablik

DICK ARMSTRONG AND THE MARTIAN INVADERS*



DON Q. QUOTE

Dick Armstrong turned to his friend on his heel and he said we have to get away from here quick because I don't know what people will think if we don't go out and kill those Martians so they heard a roar they go into the control room and the space ship was off in a cloud of dust they got very space sick because it felt very funny and then they had to let the space ship run all by itself but they had a trusty robot who took care of the space ship so it didn't go off its path and when they got better it was very monotonous so they tried to while away the time playing monopoly but it was no use and they had a fight and Dick knocked Jack into the airlock and the airlock opened and Jack fell out into free space Dick took his space suit and ran out quick to get him so Jack was saved they landed on Mars and went out they tested the atmosphere it was the same like a high mountain on Earth so they went out and they met a bunch of Martians they took along their rocket pistol disintergrators along and they were going to shoot the Martian invaders but they learned the language and they said I am hungry by rubbing their stomachs and the Martians looked very funny because they didn't have any clothes on and they took Jack and Dick and gave them food Dick ate a lot and Jack learned the language so they got land sick because they weren't used to being on land and when they got better it was very monotonous and they played monopoly and Jack won so he took the princess and he said we'll go far away and we'll kill the Jovian outlaws Dick had a girl too she looked very funny because she had a small head and they got into the space ship they got very space sick and when they got better it was very monotonous so they played monopoly and then they got out of the space ship and they went to meet the Jovian outlaws and they shot the Jovians down like a dog and they took their two rocket pistol disintergrators along and they lost their girl friends in the Jovian fog on Jupiter and they looked and looked and Jack tied a cord onto the space ship it wasn't there and they couldn't find it it was very dark because they were so far from the sun they were on Jupiter where it is very far from the sun and Dick yelled but nobody answered so Jack went looking for the space ship and he fell down so Dick picked him up and said my pal and tears came into both their eyes then they found the two Martian princesses and all of a sudden they felt a bump on their heads and there was the space ship and they got in and went back to Earth and they married the Martian princesses so they came out ahead anyhow.

the end

*This sterling bit of fiction originally appeared in the first (and only) issue of Frederik Pohl's miniature fan magazine *The Voice of the Gostak* (1937). The actual name of the author is believed to be Harold W. Kirshenblit.

"HE WHO LIVES BY THE CRYSTAL BALL LEARNS TO EAT GROUND GLASS."

—Harrison J. Goldin

"You are welcome to use the school room to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibllities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, he would have foretold it through his holy prophets."

—from the minutes of the Lancaster, Ohio School board (1828) concerning a proposed debate on the practicality of railroads.

"The actual building of roads devoted to motor cars is not for the near future, in spite of many rumors to that effect." —*Harper's Weekly*, August 2, 1902.

"I don't think a flight across the Atlantic will be made in our time, and in our time I include the youngest readers." —Charles Stewart Rolls, aviation pioeer and co-founder of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. (1908)

"I'm going to get out of this film business. It's too much for me. It'll never catch on."

—Charles Chaplin (1914).

"Can't act. Can't sing. Can dance a little."

—MGM executive on Fred Astaire (1928).

"If America gets into this war (and we've got no business there), it will be the end of science-fiction as we know it." —Donald Wollheim, *Voice of the Imagination* #4 (December, 1939), p. 9.

"Learn secretarial work or else get married."

—Emmeline Snively, modelling agency director, counselling Marilyn Monroe (1944).

"1960." —The answer given to the question "In what year do you think the first successful flight to the moon or another planet will be made?" by Arthur Widner, Jr. and fifteen other fans in *Space Flight . . . When?* (1946), p. 6.

"We are approaching the limits of human endeavor. It is entirely impossible for man to reach the moon." —Robert Lusser, former German rocket scientist and then guided missle reliability coordinator at the army's Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama, in an address to the American Rocket Society, as reported in *The New York Journal American*, Sept. 11, 1957.

"The Japanese auto industry isn't likely to carve out a big slice of the U.S. market for itself."

—*Business Week*, Aug. 2, 1968.

"I would consider it dishonorable to leave this post and run for any office, and I hope it would be understood that if I do, the people, the voters to whom I would present myself . . . would consider me as having said in advance that I am a man of no personal honor to have done so." —Daniel P. Moynahan, just before leaving his post as ambassador to the U.N. to run for the U.S. Senate (1976).

". . . I wonder what the page count for the 200th FAPA mailing in 1987 will be? Around 200 pages if some members make a special effort, I'd guess. . . ."

—Harry Warner, Jr., *Horizons*, August, 1981, p.3488.

VERBATIM

QUOTATIONS I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN RECENT READING

"The VCR is to the American film producer and the American public as the Boston Strangler is to the woman alone."
—Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America.

"I think the VCR *has* harmed movies, but the real harm is to their quality because they've become even more dependant on a core audience of kids and adolescents and very young adults. The film makers have sort of forgotten about appealing to any body over that age." —an unnamed TV critic cited in James Lardner's book *Fast Forward: Hollywood, the Japanese, and the Onslaught of the VCR* (1987)

• • •

"It would be nice if we could remember the wonderful and inspiring things that the young Robert Moses conceived and created—such as Jones Beach and the early parkways—without trying to falsify history by pretending that his overall impact on the city and, indeed, all the cities of America, was inspiring or triumphant. Because it wasn't." —Robert Caro, author of *The Power Broker* (1974), a critical biography of Robert Moses, in *The New York Times*, May 11, 1987, p. B2, col. 6.

"Caro says Moses didn't do anything for the poor. This is the biggest bunch of crap I've ever heard in my life. Who are the people lying on Orchard Beach? Who are the people walking through Riverside Park? Who are the people living in subsidized housing?" —Arnold H. Vollmer, engineer and former associate of Robert Moses, *ibid., idem,* col. 3.

"The current fiction is that any overnight, ersatz, bagel-and-lox boardwalk merchant; any down to earth commentator or barfly; any busy housewife who gets her expertise from newspaper, television, radio and telephone is *ipso facto* endowed to plan in detail a huge metropolitan arterial complex good for a century." —Robert Moses (1974) in answer to Robert Caro's biography.

• • •

"What we [women] bring with us as we forge ahead tells a lot about who we are. A large part of independance is learning to carry our own weight. As long as women ask others to take care of their physical or psychic luggage, we will always be searching for emotional porters, not the equals we say we desire.

"Excess baggage is a synonym of something we are missing on the inside —a fear that we won't be accepted for what we are, as if our selves are not enough. We bring too much of our past experience, the clutter of our emotions. These things get in the way and keep us from getting close to others. Then we are left with the task of having to find someone else to carry it, whether it is our luggage or our loneliness." —Mary Morris, "Hers," in *The New York Times*, May 14, 1987, p. C2, cols. 1 and 3.

• • •

"The city is not saving money by forcing a $20,000-a-year professor to type his own material for the lack of a $4,500-a-year secretary."
—Chancellor A. H. Bowker of the City University, *ibid.*, May 21, 1966, p. 14, col. 2.

The earliest mention of the word "computer" is 1646, when it referred to people who calculated the passage of time and composed calendars.

Studies show it takes 20-30% longer for people to read the same material on a computer screen than on paper.

There's a computer program called Universe which can assemble plot outlines for soap operas. [*Remember the novel-writing machines in* 1984*?*]

A typical computer project can be analyzed as follows:

1. wild enthusiasm
2. disillusionment
3. total confusion
4. search for the guilty
5. punishment of the innocent
6. promotion of non-participants

—Egil Juliussen, Portia Isaacson and Luanne Kruse, compilers of *The Computer Industry Almanac* (1987).

• • •

"Little gets done at a commercial bank unless a dozen meetings are called. The first six or so are called to insure that everyone remotely involved (including people who were just passing by on their way to the water fountain) are notified that A Problem Exists. Only then can you get on to Possible Solutions and, later, The Three Best Solutions, The Two Best Solutions, The Best Solution (which is inevitably followed by Are We Sure, Hadn't We Better Start All Over Again From the Beginning?)" —Nancy B. Goldstone, "Hers," *The New York Times*, Feb. 5, 1987. p. C2.

• • •

"If all the world were paper and all the sea ink, and all the trees and plants were pens, and every man in the world were a writer, yet were they not able with all their labor and cunning to set down all the crafty deceits of women. . ."
—Joseph Swetnam, *The Arraignment of Women* (1616).

"'Good Professor, take the creature of which you are the prototype: Is he not a base thing, hardly fit to consort with the worst of my protogées?

"'Look at man: a rough-muscled object, with a gruff voice, oblivious to the delicacies of woman; swearing, spitting, naily, scurfy, growing amourous at all hours regardless of circumstances; equipped with a monstrous appendage which can never be properly concealed but which is always a badge of base animality of his species whereas on the contrary the gentle sex can by merely calling on the *gracilis* look like a statue of Venus, herself.'" —W. Kreupp, "Madam Fatchin's Beauty Salon" in *The Extraordinary Professor* (1944), p. 94.

". . . despite contemporary efforts to make us alike, there are real and enduring differences between women and men, and there always have been. I believe that women actually are more feeling. They do thrive on intimacy, have more and closer relationships with others of their sex, are more likely to reach out and touch with their emotions...

"Men, by and large, relate very differently. When we gather socially, we talk about things, not feelings. We view life as a challenge, other men as threats. We are more private, less communicative, more interested in goals than relationships.

" As if in some cruel joke, it seems that whatever one sex needs most, the other is least equipped to provide (with the single exception of sex itself), so men and women keep coming together and bouncing off each other like the wrong ends of a magnet."—Robert Ragaini, "The Truth Is Not So Simple," *The New York Times*, Jan. 11, 1987, section 6, p. 38.

Finagle's Laws— Present Official Formulation

Paul B. Weisz

"In any problem, if one finds oneself doing an unending amount of work, the answer can be obtained by inspection."
Artemus Fainaiguil

The entire generation of younger technologists seems to be wholly unaware (lunchroom hearsay notwithstanding) of the existential attributes that shape science. The fault lies squarely in a series of unfortunate deficiencies in the published literature that deals with these attributes (which, in formal epistemology, are referred to as the Laws of Finagle, after Artemus Fainaiguil, the early Irish natural philosopher). For example, the last intelligible reference to the Laws appeared as long ago as 1958 (!), in the April issue of the *Journal of Product Engineering* (!). Moreover, this trifling communication must be regarded as little more than an incomplete preliminary draft. A more recent formulation is believed to have been printed in the *Zeitschrift fur Wissenschaftliche Einsobermannschaften*, Jena, Winter 1966. But that tedious monograph is written in Minoan pictographs so no one is certain that it in fact deals with Finagle's laws.

Thus, in furtherance of well-informed technology, it now seems desirable to present the Laws in their complete, authoritative form. The following is the present official version.

First Law (as derived from the Book of Job and the later Second Law of Thermodynamics): Anything that can go wrong will.

Corollary I: No matter what the result, there is always someone eager to misinterpret it.

Corollary II: No matter what occurs, there is always someone who believes it happened according to his pet theory.

Second Law: In any collection of data, the entity that is most obviously correct, is the mistake.

Corollary I: No one of whom help is asked will see the mistake.

Corollary II: Everyone of whom help is not asked will see the mistake immediately.

Third Law: Experiments must be reproducible; they must all fail in the same way.

Corollary I: First write the paper. Then insert the data

Corollary II: Technical brilliance is directly proportional to equipment ruined.

Corollary III: In case of doubt, make it sound convincing.

Fourth Law (or Law of the Imperative): Do not believe in miracles; rely on them.

Fifth Law: Information necessitating changes in experimental design will be found in the literature only after the experiment has been completed.

Corollary I: In simple cases (i.e., all cases), where one obvious right way is opposed to one obvious wrong way, it is smarter to choose the wrong way right off. This puts you one step ahead of choosing the right way, which turns out to be the wrong way in any case.

Corollary II: The more innocuous a change of experimental plans appears to be at first, the more the plans will have to be changed. Therefore it is always better not to change anything.

Corollary III: When all parameters are finally used as they are, instead of as they were meant to be, it is always simpler to start all over.

Corollary IV: In any problem, if one finds oneself doing an unending amount of work, the answer can be obtained by inspection.

Sixth Law (The Sunday Blue Law): In computing any kind of data, no figures can be totaled correctly after 3 pm Friday.

Corollary I: If data are given to one-hundredth or less of any unit, they cannot be totaled at all.

Corollary II: The correct result is always self-evident at 10:15 Monday morning.

Seventh Law: After adding two weeks to a procurement schedule for unexpected delays, add two more weeks for the *unexpected* unexpected delays.

Eighth Law (the original Law of Finagle's Factor): In complex cases (i.e., all cases), any measured variable X can be made to agree with theory X' by simple addition of the Finagle factor K_f:

$$X' = K_f + X$$

Derivative I (Diddle's Factor): Whenever the Finagle factor K_f does not produce agreement between theory and measurement, Diddle's factor K_d will; it is used as a coefficient for the measured variable:

$$X' = K_f + K_d X$$

Derivative II (Fudge's Factor): Whenever both the Finagle and Diddle factors prove inadequate, the situation may be saved by means of Fudge's factor K_{fu}, which multiplies the quadratic term:

$$X' = K_f + K_d X + K_{fu} X^2$$

(Note: the last two terms in the above equation obviously become negligible in enthusiastic summary reports of results, and in any case it is not good form to include them in published accounts. This makes theory elegantly equivalent to the pure Finagle constant and so makes your report independent of measurements, as it should be.)

Ninth Law (the Last Cosmic Axiom): Science is truth; do not be misled by facts.

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Abridged and adapted with permission from *The Journal of College Science Teaching*, December 1972.

and may I add a tenth law: HA divided by H is always greater than one (there are more horses' asses in the world than there are horses).