

YAN - T O D E

unclassified

F A P A

PAPA

CONFIDENTIAL

Number Two

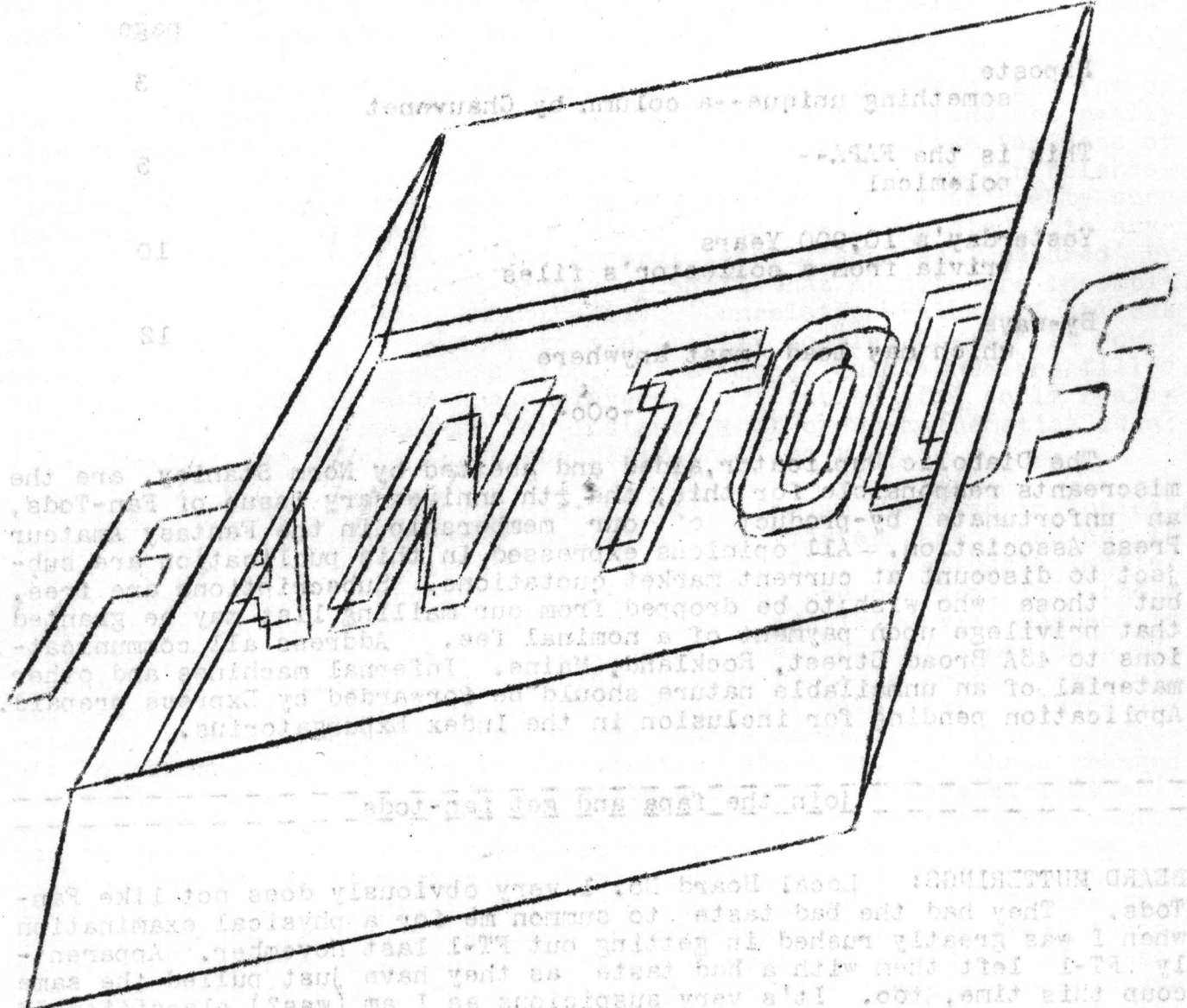
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BEARD HUTTINGER: Local Board for a very obviously does not like PAPA. They had the bad taste to summon me for a physical examination when I was greatly rushed in getting out PT-1 last November. Apparently PT-1 left them with a bad taste as they have just during the same good this time, too. It's very suspicious as I am (was) classified in the draft. However, I was not caught nor prepared this quarter and was able to effect an orderly retreat with my forces intact. So we'll undoubtedly be in the March mailing. I am slightly disappointed with the way the cover design turned out this time. Didn't get quite the effect I had hoped for. A new batch of fascicles that don't quite live up to the unexcelled styling qualities as excelled. It's always the machine, of course. For the transportation I offer no apology. It's the type and hence can't be remedied for the duration. The SOI's cover helps a little, though, in my feature the victory binding again this year. Depend on the state situation, which is really acute around here. The of Dictator will be glad at that.

SPRING

1943

FAN - T O D S

unillustrated

Number Two

c o n t e n t s

FAPA

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-oOo-

The Diabolic Duplicator, aided and abetted by Norm Stanley, are the miscreants responsible for this, the 2nd anniversary issue of Fan-Tods, an unfortunate by-product of our membership in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. All opinions expressed in this publication are subject to discount at current market quotations. Subscriptions are free, but those who wish to be dropped from our mailing list may be granted that privilege upon payment of a nominal fee. Address all communications to 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine. Infernal machines and other material of an unmailable nature should be forwarded by Express prepaid. Application pending for inclusion in the Index Expurgatorius.

----- join the fapa and get fan-tods -----

BEARD MUTTERINGS: Local Board No. 1 very obviously does not like Fan-Tods. They had the bad taste to summon me for a physical examination when I was greatly rushed in getting out FT-1 last November. Apparently FT-1 left them with a bad taste as they have just pulled the same coup this time, too. It's very suspicious as I am (was?) classified 3B in the draft. However, I was not caught unprepared this quarter and was able to effect an orderly retreat with my forces intact. So we'll undoubtedly be in the March mailing. I am slightly disappointed with the way the cover design turned out this time. Didn't get quite the effect I had hoped for. A new batch of stencils that don't quite live up to the unexcelled styling qualities as extolled. It's always the machine, of course. For the innereproduction I offer no apology. It's the typer and hence can't be remedied for the durash. The 20lb. paper helps a little, though. We may feature the victory binding again this ish, too. Depends on the staple situation, which is really acute around here. The ol' Dictator would've gleeed at that.

R I P O S T E

-Louis Russell Chauvenet-

/EC: Turnabout is fair play, and if LRC can present excerpts from his correspondence in the guise of columns, why then so can I. In explanation of the elan with which Russell here launches into his subject, let me state that it is his response to my expressed curiosity that chess-play should be such a common fan diversion.]

-0-

Not all fans--not even ten percent, I'd say, know chess, and few of those who do can put up a stout game. And of those non-fans who really like chess, and make as much a hobby of it as a semi-active fan does of sf., I have never met one who also cared a foghorn's blast for science-fiction. So I think the correlation is nil. In fact I am pretty sure that neither playing chess nor reading sf. can be correlated with anything else, perhaps not even with general intelligence as 'measured' by IQ tests such as the Stanford-Binet. I admit that my data are incomplete. It would make a swell Ph.D. thesis. 'Correlation Values of Various Psychological Traits as Related to the Ability to Play Chess.' It would have to be based on interviews with, or at least questionnaires filled out by, a thousand or more chess players. I wonder if I could really get some significant results? For instance, that chess-mathematics idea; is a chess player likely to be good at math., and v. v.

I think that mostly you mistake chess for an exercise in logical thought, which it almost never (except in some master games, and not in all of these!) is. My idea of chess is a struggle. A struggle implies an opponent. That's the main point. No move, and no idea, in a chess game is worth considering at all unless it is viewed with respect to what the opponent can do about it. I cannot even begin to imagine a mathematics of chess. Calculus,* insofar as I've peeped a fearful eye into it, seems to deal with rates of change and stuff like that. There are rates of change in chess; a piece may change markedly in value according to the post it occupies in the position about it. But these changes are seldom continuous; they proceed more by jumps (translate, moves!) than any other way. You could say this is the way electrons are supposed to jump into different orbits at different energy levels (if the shattered remains of my memory of atomic physics hasn't GWTW) but the analogy, like most analogy, is more confusing than helpful. Pieces on a chess board are forces. They have no value except as they exert force; chess is a dynamic game, there never is or could be a statics of chess. You wield your forces, and by combining them seek to build up pressure on the enemy position. When the pressure reaches a certain level, the enemy position disintegrates--unless, of course, you have failed to strengthen your own position sufficiently, and it goes down first to enemy pressure. This, according to me, is the abstract theory of chess. It is how I think of the game, and I believe it to be a meaningful approach. If each piece were equipped with a searchlight, or searchlights, focused on the squares over which it exercised control (force) you

* This was prompted by my comparison of chessplay with the process of integrating a function, wherein the checkmate corresponds to the actual integration, a simple formality once the function is cast into the proper form, or the chessmen maneuvered into the proper configuration.

would have a visible example of the way in which I think of a chess position, the mental approach I bring to it. Only the visible example would be somewhat confusing, whereas there's no confusion in the mental image.

Of course, the ability to play chess is no criterion whatever of ability in any other field, let alone 'intelligence.' Says Edward Lasker in his most enjoyable book, Chess for Fun and Chess for Blood, "What pleasure it was to see Michelson, the famous physicist, completely abandon himself at chess, which he played as badly as he played it passionately!" I don't know how much basis in fact the legend about Einstein and three dimensional chess is supposed to have, but it sounds like a Paul Bunyan saga to me. The mental strain involved in manipulating the pieces 3-dimensionally cannot be greater than that involved in such a simple (?) operation as imagining yourself gifted with Rigellian perception, and afloat in interstellar space. Instead of seeing thru 180° of a sphere you should be able to see thru the complete 360° at the same time, so that you simultaneously behold stars on the 'horizon', at zenith, and at nadir (defining these points arbitrarily for any given instant). So used is the mind to the half-dome effect of the earthly night sky, and so accustomed have we become to not being able to see thru more than 180° owing to the emplacement of our eyes, that it is remarkably difficult to form any definite mental image of a star-strewn 'celestial sphere' seen in its entirety at a given instant. Yet, many lower forms of life have the ability to see through much more than our 180 degrees. Rabbits, for instance, have their eyes placed out on the sides of their heads so that frontally the zones of vision meet, but do not overlap nearly as much as ours do, while the rabbit's eye also looks backwards, leaving it with only a very narrow blind spot directed tailwards, I believe. This is an obvious advantage for a form of life which gets along only by trusting to its heels in the face of danger. It undoubtedly has the disadvantage that with the eyes so emplaced, stereoscopic vision (a necessity to forms of life like monkeys and apes and ye olde apé-man, who would otherwise be unable to negotiate tree-to-tree leaps safely) is not present in the rabbit or similar forms. It is interesting to note that insects have also sacrificed delicacy of vision to increased ability to detect motion. The characteristic compound eye with its very numerous ommatidia would be a rotten instrument for reading a micrometer, but any movement in an object even dimly perceived registers at once and in an unmistakable way, since the said movement shakes up the existing pattern formed in the fly's 'brain' by the impressions received by its compound eyes. Perhaps I should not have said 'any movement,' though; I have noticed that flies and other insects respond to fast movements faster than you can see them, but often it is possible to effect a slow approach and get close enough to pinch the fly between thumb and forefinger, or otherwise effectively disorganize its physical basis of life.....

Only a hopeless specimen like myself, with bottomless stores of curiosity and a thin spattering of knowledge of everything under the sky and beyond it, could start out talking about the psychology etc. of chess, and wind up discoursing on compound eyes in insects. Ah, these trains of thought!

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THIS IS THE FAPA--

For Winter 42, anyway:

SARDONYX: Stapling at the side, rather than top, adds much to ease in thumbing through the 'zine and requires no more expenditure of energy. Can do? I missed "Dept. of Aesthetics, etc." this time and interestedly await further enlightenment on "eumachic machees". Just for the record--about the "smoke rings" interpretation of the June cover, the version you gave, while in Rockland, was "soapbubbles". . . . There are other uses for a stf. library than those you mention. I use mine for browsing purposes when in an herbivorous mood. The rough edges are quite tasty and it's diverting at times to indulge in a little aimless research on such matters as the ascendancy of the rocket over the gravity nullifier, or who wrote the most insulting letter in 1933, and perhaps to come up with a tidbit for "Yesterday's 10⁴ Years" or material for one of the numerous articles I have never written. And there are the half-forgotten old favorites to be reread and re-evaluated.

THE MADMAN OF MARS: Now we know why the Martian language is so easy to learn. The Marshies speak Basac English!

PHANNY: It's difficult to imagine what Mohammedism would be like today if it had come to be the dominant religion in the western world. Certainly the faith would be a far cry from its present totally oriental form. Perhaps the westernization would lead to an earlier discarding of the religious mythology, since the more mystical Christian theology involves perhaps less obvious absurdity than the Koran's tales of statuesque hours of solid musk and the like. Food for thought: A Mohammedan Luther or Wycliffe or Wesley. As for the Inquisition, my impression was that its motivation was always largely political and that the Papacy even emitted faint clucking sounds of disapproval from time to time.

INSPIRATION: Mephisto, the mephitic mimeo, is at the disposal of any servicefan in a stencil-cutting mood. Likewise the columns of FT. The idea of an enlarged FAPA has its points, but we still have a few hectomembers and their work is frequently barely legible as it is. Jet propulsion, on the basis of weight of fuel required, would be less efficient in a hydrocarbon or reducing atmosphere than in an oxidizing atmosphere. Remember that the combustible and the supporter of combustion are interchangeable and in effect oxygen would be the fuel we'd carry to burn in the reducing atmosphere. Now suppose we were burning methane (CH₄) with oxygen. Assuming complete combustion a simple calculation shows that 4 lbs. of O₂ are required for each pound of CH₄. Obviously less weight of "fuel" will have to be carried if it's the oxygen we pick up en route rather than the methane. Of course in an oxygen atmosphere we'd probably use a more convenient fuel such as gasoline or Diesel oil, which would increase the fuel weight slightly. Gasoline, for instance, calculated as octane (C₈H₁₈), gives the ratio 57:200.

X: Now that the truth has been told, to the complete discredit of the slanderers of dear Cousin Wormwood, let them slink back to the cesspool from whence they oozed. They are beneath our contumely and we wish only to reiterate: The charges of anthropophagy are, and always have been, false!

EN GARDE!: "Beyond the Portal" ties with "Homo Futurus" for first prize in the essay division this mailing. Point about time wasted in sleep is painfully true. I'm shopping around now for a second-hand hypnobioscope to read "Chemical Abstracts" to me while I sleep. This, I surmise, will not interfere with my rest, as that estimable publication now puts me to sleep quicker than anything else I know of. Like your friend I drop off to sleep too quickly to make any willed transition into dreamland. But then I'm ~~never~~ so blissful as when unconscious. Happy am I! I believe some work has been done on dream-conditioning by controlled stimuli, but this is not the same as the very remarkable mental control you exercise. You should write a book on it.

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS: Aiee! But these be calamitous times! Sad.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: President's message? Go ahead please.....Check! ..Check!.....End of sentence? End of paragraph? End of message? Well all right! Now recite something in stenotype, Jack. As a new member I've been feeling my way along intuitively, hoping that I've trod on no corns in the process. A booklet containing the FAPA Constitution and other info. for the neophyte would be most desirable. Surplus fapazines should be put on sale after a reasonable length of time---say one or two more mailings---has passed.

F A LEAN-TO: The list is a good idea--should be included whenever possible.

MUTANT: The surrealistic jokes are reminiscent of Runyon's "Fables from Moronia", which, no doubt, some of you may recall as a bit on the fantastic side. Does anyone have a complete collection of them? I vaguely recall only two--the tales of the boy who had the weathervane growing on top of his head and of the Pullman car that loved to skate. Which gives an idea. Moussorgsky's "Night..." I find good listening, although it is typical program music. And as I listen to music almost entirely as an abstract experience with scant regard to any program the composer may have inflicted thereon, I find such pieces frequently lacking in the, to me, highly desirable quality of "heft". There are exceptions, of course. "Til Eulenspiegel", for example, with its roguish theme which time and again is drowned out by thunderous and respectably ugly dissonances, and yet always recurs, giving the distinct impression that the spirit (theme) is always there, regardless of how it may be shouted down or thrust into the background. A lucid musical description of the irrepressible Til. And Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" which I disliked for its triviality as pure music, but now find more enjoyable with the memory of Disney's "Fantasia", as a program. Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is the other stock example of "fantasy music", and it is one of the very few program pieces that appeal to me purely as music. It has a truly fantastic quality to my calloused ear, not the hack weird theme, but a certain anythinggoesishness. Disney captured quite a bit of this, too, but it is there purely as a musical experience as well and gets across nicely if delivered at 90-decibel volume. But in general I prefer to take my music for what it is--a pleasing, or at least stimulating, series of rhythmic and tonal progressions. This may seem a naive and unerudite approach to the veteran old musicologist, but that's the way I tick, and I do like nearly all "good" music, including the moderns, particularly the Russians. Stravinsky's my meat!

POGORUS: Your slam at the conscientious objector is its own refutation. Whatever motivates one to so declare himself surely cannot be cowardice. To go forth "perhaps to die" is at least to go herdwise. But to buck the mob is a way fearful in its very hopelessness. One of the least palatable features of the c. o. course would seem to be that of being cooped up with the assortment of nut cultists, paranoids, religious cranks, and other wacks that must inevitably be thrown together in the camps. No, one cannot deny the c. o.'s very real courage of his convictions.

THE LETTERS OF HENRY S. WHITEHEAD: Muy interesante.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: The idea of publishing these chain letters is not bad. This one was most interesting. Milty's mistook, though, in thinking that Weinbaum was the originator and sole plugger of the toroidal spaship design. Arthur Train and R'Wood (yeh, the physicist) used precisely the same idea in their stf novel, "The Man Who Rocked the Earth", (a very good story, by the way) 'way back in 1915. One of the early Wonderwriters, Stangland, I think, used a toroid, too, but his car was the gravity-off type. Weinbaum, in his usual manner, plugged his idea assiduously in several of his tales besides "Red Peri." I'm not convinced in re the stability of this particular design, either. The atomotor, if along the line of anything in sight at present, would undoubtedly be the heaviest piece of equipment. This would make the car rather difficult to handle in an atmosphere or in free fall. Train and Wood made considerable bones about this. Their atomic blast was arranged to tilt to allow horizontal flight in an atmosphere. This was supposed to be the ticklish operation and was done automatically with gyroscopes and a manostat which levelled the ringship off at a predetermined altitude. The book club is an excellent idea, and I would like very much to join. But I'm uncertain as to my eligibility, since it's not likely that I'd ever run across any book bargains in these benighted hinterlands; hence I'd be no asset to the club.

S F CHECK LIST: These patient researchers--these unassuming toilers who seek not glory but strive only for the enlightenment of fankind....

SUSPRO: There is a sort of national spirit--a complex of social, economic, geographic and ethnic differences--that sets our various mass-animals apart and seems well described by the term "culture". Is there another word for it? Check on the "civil war" notion, though. It seems very essential that with the coming liquidation of the European Axis its members be given a status in post-war society commensurate with their abilities. But one cannot be optimistic with proposals for the disarmament of the Axis seriously insistent that this must include a ban of commercial and private aircraft as well. We cannot safely deny a vigorous "culture" the right to progress. Interlineations tops in the interlineation division this quarter. The "Atlantis" cover: I don't get it. The asteroid explorers seem to be having gravity trouble --why?

KONAN: Best item in the mailing. I even forgive the screwball stapling. It should have pro publication. I wonder if "Planet" would consider anything beyond the level of "Dirge of the Dying Spaceman" and the like? Norton's a possibility, too.

RAMBLINGS: One might set up arguments against individual sovereignty, but it fits in so well with my personal philosophy that I won't. That's a crib from a remark you made in SusPro, Jack, but it fits, so let it stand.

CALIBAN: Very enjoyable fare. By the way, the metric system is our legal standard.

FAN-TODS: The victory binding lastime was due to the immediate lack of stapling apparatus rather than to any patriotic gesture of metal conservation. It's a rather tedious method that I cannot recommend very enthusiastically, even though results turned out well.

CENSORED: I see no reason why subzines shouldn't be permissible in the FAPA, particularly if they're as good as this. To Ades with newsheets, though. Now here's a nice combination of competent artwork and somewhat better than perfect reproduction. Plus good material. FanFicción mostly above average. "Unscientifacts" most amusing, especially the colyum heading, which is the sort of thing that grows on one. I've been gurgling over it and making noises reminiscent of a repressed boiler explosion at ever more frequent intervals lately. How will it all end? That remark about the limits of visualization interested me. It doesn't seem much of a task to me to visualize five pop bottles in a row. Or six. Or even seven. Tunnel vision gets me on adding the eighth, though. But perhaps this isn't exactly what you mean. I visualize six bottles as two groups of three each. Seven as four and three, rather than as unit groups. Yet the mental picture is very clear. A somewhat easier group to visualize is that of billiard balls suspended in space. With these I can visualize nine, or 16, or even 27, and other combinations. Geez, could it be I'm a slap or sumpin, huh, maybe??? The contents page is a joy forever, too. But back to "Unscientifacts"--heh! Haw! Mmph!!! Splrfsk!!!! POW!!!!

SALUTE: The Russians are our allies, too. Big Joe won't like this at all, John.

READER AND COLLECTOR: The most fantastic thing about all this is the realization of what HCK must go through to ferret out his material.

HORIZONS: Who goes there? I think that "Roby Wentz" is Heinlein, too, which with the names cited in the MFS Bull brings the grand total up to six. I'd not previously associated Cartmill with H, though, but then I only met him recently in Astounding, since I seldom read Unk. Come to think of it, though, the Cartmill style is something like that of "Lyle Monroe". That reminds me of your Controlroom comments on the L. M. piece you published in Spwys. You said, quote: "You'd be surprised who 'tis;..." at a time when it was more or less obvious who 'twas. If Cartmill et al are Heinlein why don't they---er, I mean he---write the Heinlein or MacDonald type of tale and make everyone very happy? I don't recall ever having seen "Jonathan" spelled "Johnathan".

PHANTAGRAPH: "The Objective Approach" was interesting, especially the "dominant male" philosophy. Ha, that makes "Corwin" a fascist, almost.

GUTETO: 'Sgood, though the verse on the cover seems vaguely familiar somehow.....

SCI-FIC VARIETY: I might know what this was about if I'd received "War Lock". As for the fanzine service, why not return to the original plan of distribution from a central point? It shouldn't be too onerous a task for an official "mailiff" to receive shipments of fanzines from the various publishers and to mail them out, say quarterly a la FAPA. Besides think of the fanzines he'd get to read free. An organization could be formed to take care of the postage, or it could be handled as one of the activities of the already existent NFFF.

PVT. MILTY'S MAG: The best feature of which is the prospect of its continued appearance.

YHOS: Arthur McCann has previously pointed out how machine age civilization by providing a rapidly altering artificial environment could speed up human evolution and it is a good point. As for galactic colonization I was surprised to find on rummaging through my scrapbooks recently an half-forgotten article which seems to bear out El Smith's theory of the existence of a large number of planetary systems. The counterpart of his "Lundmark's Nebula" is the Large Magellanic Cloud which shows evidence of having once had the usual spiral form but is now in a deformed and shapeless configuration indicative of a possible collision with some other star-cloud in the remote past. Dr. Shapley has suggested that our galaxy may have been that one. This renders the idea of "millions of planets" much more plausible. Incidentally, the article, a write-up of an AAAS meeting, mentions something also about estimating "the number of galaxies per cubic light-year", which is an interesting thought, too. Ummm--argymints! Number three is easy. The farmers, of course. Vide Stapledon's description of the fall of the Americanized World State in "Last & First Men." I predict short shrift for stfans, though. We'd probably starve to a man while grubbing in the ruins in search of equipment--old television tubes and the like--to start the new scientific society. I don't know enough about sports to speak sense on the football-baseball question, but my impression is that football squads spend a great deal of time poring over cryptic diagrams illustrative of strategic plays to be subsequently executed on the gridiron. Where is there comparable brain work in baseball? You're inconsistent, Art: If "war is valuable in this immature stage of our civilization", then we've still need of our emotional appendix since a "good, healthy" hatred of one's enemies is a stimulant of "active, positivistic combativeness."

-----"M-1 sat in his glass demonstration cage and hated."-----

-FORTUITY-

How very fortunate we are
To be so handy to a star!

$x_0 + 1 = x_0$
 $x_0 + \pi = x_0$
 $x_0 \times \pi = x_0$

$x_0^n = x_0$
 $x_0 + x_0 = x_0$
 $x_0 \times x_0 = x_0$

$x_0^x = x_0$
 $x_0^x = x_0$
 $x_0^x = x_0$

YESTERDAY'S 10,000 YEARS

-Mr. Hornig on Esperanto-

"Over a half-century ago, an Austrian by the name of Lazarus Ludovic Zamenhof realized the growing necessity of a world-wide auxiliary speech. He had a masterful knowledge of all the world's civilized tongues, and by using the best qualities of each, he developed a perfect hybrid--Esperanto!"

--Science Fiction, June '39

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"Mr. Joseph Leahy, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H St. N. W., Washington, D. C., will send you information about Esperanto courses and books upon request."

--Science Fiction, Dec. '39

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"We may use an article in the Esperanto language in the near future."

--Science Fiction, Dec. '39

-o-

"Write to the National Secretary, International Esperanto League, 328 W. 46th St., Los Angeles, Calif.--or to the General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H St. N. W., Washington D. C. Either organization will be glad to provide interested persons with information about courses, books, Esperanto newspapers, how to join Esperanto clubs, and facts about the world-wide movement."

--Science Fiction, Dec. '39

-o-

"I admit that the accent marks used over certain letters in Esperanto are a present drawback to general use, due to the lack of the special characters in the common type-case. However, any printer who wants to use Esperanto can secure the special characters at a very low price --so the curing of this inconvenience is not a matter of much time, but simply interest in using the language."

--Science Fiction, Jan. '41

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"For complete details regarding the Esperanto movement, we suggest that you address the General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

--Science Fiction, June '41

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"I had intended to run a short course in Esperanto in **SCIENCE FICTION**, but I found out that the special characters c, s, h, j, and g with the super-signs, common in Esperanto, are not in our type-cases and until we can do something about this, any possible course in this magazine will have to be delayed."

--Science Fiction, Mar. '40

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"Other information about Esperanto can be secured from Joseph H. Leahy, General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C."

--Science Fiction, Mar. '40

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"I also learned Esperanto without instruction--but now I'm teaching two evening courses in the tongue--and very successful classes, too!"

--Science Fiction, Mar. '40

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"But for those of you who want to learn the tongue in a few short weeks, with hardly any study at all, an excellent correspondence course is offered by Esperanto-by-Mail, St. Albans, New York. Just for fun, why not write to them today and learn about Esperanto? For further information about Esperanto, you can write to Joseph H. Leahy, Esperanto

Association of North America, 1410 H Street, Washington, D. C."
--Science Fiction, Mar. '41

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"The editor of this magazine is now at work on an Esperanto project --The translation of 'Alice in Wonderland.' Even non-Esperantists can understand the translated title: 'La Adventuroj de Alico en Mirlando' --except, perhaps, for the 'mir', which denotes wonder."

--Science Fiction, Jan. '41

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"All persons who want to know more about the international auxiliary language, the peace instrument that urges friendship through mutual comprehension, should write to Joseph H. Leahy, General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Science-fiction fans seem to go for Esperanto in a big way--because it is a scientific language without the difficult irregularities that occur in all other tongues."

--Science Fiction, Oct. '40

-o-

"In translating English into Esperanto, you will find that the volume balances, page for page, and a person who has learned Esperanto can express every meaning and shade of meaning that you can express in English. Those who claim that it is not possible just have not gone to the trouble to learn Esperanto completely."

--Science Fiction, June '40

-o-

"I suggest that you write to Joseph H. Leahy, General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H Street N. W., Washington, D. C., for information, if you want to be further convinced."

--Science Fiction, June '40

-o-

"I stand corrected on Esperanto having more syllables than English ---but it can be spoken just as rapidly and easily as English---because the liquid syllables of Esperanto flow into each other and are 'made to fit the tongue.'"

--Science Fiction, Jan. '41

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"The Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H St. N. W., Washington, D. C., sponsors a National Convention of Esperantists in some American city each year."

--Future Fiction, Mar. '40

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"There are other languages simpler than Esperanto, but none of them compare to it for completeness combined with simplicity. A great man spent his life creating this tongue---and like the Constitution of the United States---it was created to such perfection that no major changes have ever been necessary."

--Science Fiction, Jan. '41

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"Esperanto aims to end war, not through refusal to defend, nor revolution, nor political seizure, nor dictatorship---but by making all war seem futile, as it really is. Esperanto, by providing a common method of communication, wants people to realize that another man, in another country, under another set of customs and government, is just as human, just as much of a man, and has just as much right to live his life in his own way, as the neighbor next door."

--Future Fiction, Mar. '40

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"P. S. In case that article in the last number, 'Esperanto--Peace to the World!' has aroused your interest in the easy, practical world-tongue, Esperanto--you can get full details about how to learn the language and its value to humanity, by writing to Joseph H. Leahy, General Secretary, Esperanto Association of North America, 1410 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

--Future Fiction, July '40

B Y - W A Y S

What do students of lycanthropy do in their spare time? Let's take Sabine Baring-Gould, the 19th-century English curate, novelist, and author of that curious work, "The Book of Werewolves", as a suitable subject. Oddly enough, there is no evidence to show that he customarily frequented such haunts as charnel houses or graveyards in the dark of the moon. Indeed, no. Rather he turned his talents to the setting of words to hymn tunes and sacred music. I wonder how many are aware that he wrote the verses of the universally familiar "Onward Christian Soldiers"? And of "Now the Day is Over"? A number of less-well-known, but excellent, choral works are also sung to verses by Baring-Gould. He was the author of several novels and of two works of non-fiction other than the werewolf opus. One, "Curious Survivals", sounds rather interesting, but unfortunately I'm not acquainted with it. The other, "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" contains much of interest to the fantasy fan, even though Baring-Gould's approach is of the debunking school. He deals out mortal blows to such figures as Cartaphilus, Prester John, William Tell, Bishop Hatto and other notables of "history". He even cites a rather ingenious argument in support of the hypothesis that Napoleon Bonaparte was also a myth. Apparently he considers such characters as Arthur and Robin Hood too phantasmal to merit consideration. It is interesting to note, though, how soberly he cites the 15th-century monk, Basil Valentine, in his essay on the divining rod. There is good reason to believe that Valentine never existed and that his alchemical works were in reality the product of one Aureolus Philippus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim. Altogether a most human and versatile person, the Reverend Baring-Gould.

And while speaking of religious music, there is probably no more expressive statement of the individual's faith in his religion than the ancient Lutheran hymn "Ein' Feste Burg" with its words as set down by Luther himself over 400 years ago. Even more remarkable is the tune to which it is sung, which is believed to be over 2,000 years old. Our descendants will probably be hearing it millenia hence, as its survival value seems well-tested by its coming through the mediaeval period, during which most church music consisted of chants rather than true singing.

Want to know what a tensor is? I quote the following from a textbook on such things: "In order for the reader to visualize a tensor, let him take a broad rubber band, place it upon his desk and draw a straight line upon it and mark the point of beginning of this straight line definitely on his desk. Now let him hold the rubber band firmly, stretch, or twist it, or both. The entire line drawn thereon has stretched. Now while holding the rubber band rigidly, move it parallel to itself so that the original marked point on the desk coincides with the end of the line on the rubber band from which it was derived. . . . The mathematical transformation which defines the stretched and/or twisted line on the rubber band in terms of its first definition is a tensor, or vice versa." All clear now?

I wish LRChauvenet luck in his avowed intent to tread in the steps of the mighty Bowditch. As for me, I think I'll stick to my own system of "lobster-pot navigation", which works well enough in coastal waters, if the following, from the same source as the preceding paragraph, is

any exemplar of the higher phases of the art: "As an explanation to a common experience in navigation where we have for the surface of the sea, an oblate-spherical surface of two dimensions on which, a costly ship electrically driven and directed by means of an electrically driven gyroscopic compass leaves New York on a world cruise when in due time it returns to the same side of the same pier from which it departed. Such a costly ship is provided with a very competent navigating officer. If, at the end of this cruise, he attempts to balance the successive changes of course by adding positive and negative angles he always fails. Similarly the changes of velocity, if recorded, would not balance by equalling zero." I'll bet interstellar astrogation would be a cinch, too.

Fantasy on the air has been considered in the fan press on previous occasions, but there are a few items that I don't recall having ever seen mentioned. I have often wondered if others in present-day fandom may have heard them. One radio program in particular I recall most vividly as fantastically imaginative to the nth degree. It was called "The Phantom of the Future" and was concerned with certain diverting events supposedly to transpire "a million million years from now." With this bold leap into the dim future we were given a story of mankind concerned over the impending extinction of the sun. A scientist demonstrates his invention, the "Solaratomic", whereby he proposes to create an artificial sun a mile in diameter which is then to be launched into space and on reaching the proper distance of 93,000,000 miles from the earth will expand 800,000 diameters to a practical duplicate of the defunct solar orb! Which gives an idea of the script-writers' treatment of their subject. The names of the scientist-hero, "Freuden", and the girl-friend, "Greyn", were unusual. The sun situation being quickly settled the plot went off on a tangent with a mysterious invasion by odd beings from without the solar system. A system conference is held by the "Earth Queen" (a very regal-sounding voice) with councillors who arrive from the various planets by a sort of mattercasting transportation via light rays, to the accompaniment of some truly indescribable sound effects. We are introduced to the invaders who are depicted as so far removed from the primitive that war is unknown to them, and hence they will not fight when the system offers resistance to their activities. Apparently they don't need to be warlike, for their scientific attainments are so great that the system's efforts at resistance are negligible by comparison. Thus they capture the Earth Queen and her colleagues and confine them in a "suspended-time chamber" wherein it appears they can argue and plan to their hearts' content but are unable to accomplish anything because they cannot "consume time"! - How the system ever got out of that scrape I don't know, since the program disappeared after the second episode and I heard no more of it. Apparently it was deemed too exotic for standard radio fare. This was about eight years ago and was presented by WLW which was experimenting with a combination of 500,000 watts and new ideas in programs at that time. I was most disappointed when it appeared no more, as the writers' handling of an otherwise stock plot was anything but orthodox.

The major broadcasting companies appear to have in their files an amazing collection of unusual program scripts. Unfortunately these are but seldom, if ever, aired, apparently being kept in reserve for use when a contract lapse or sumpin leaves an half-hour or hour to be filled by sustaining. Thus I account my having, usually quite by accident,

come upon hour-long dramatizations of a fantastic nature scheduled for some of the most-contracted-for hours of the broadcasting day. There was once thus presented a radio version of Dunsany's play, "If", which conjectures on the alteration in the course of a man's life if he had caught a certain train instead of missing it as he did. The protagonist, musing on this notion years later, suddenly finds himself carried back and again given the opportunity to make the choice. Being curious as to the outcome, he boards the train. As contrasted to his alternate prosaic career, what happens to him this time is a masterpiece of imagination. A little common courtesy to a lady-in-distress whom he encounters on the train succeeds in entangling him quite inextricably in the lady's fantastic affairs. In her interests he travels to the Orient where a skirmish with an eastern bandit-potentate results in the b-p's demise and our hero's taking over the robber-baron business and living in a Dunsanean oriental never-never land for a number of years. His lady friend has a positive talent for getting him into trouble, though, and in time creates a minor whirlwind of a palace revolution and our pal is lucky to get away with his head intact. The path of fortune is down hill from there on and his world-line eventually brings him back to his starting point and to the present from which he had been whisked back to the decision point. Penniless and in rags he finds his way to his home in the other life and enters. As in a nightmare, none of his family recognize him. His wife calls her husband (presumably himself in the other life) but as their two world-lines approach they merge into one and he finds he's his other self again, only now wondering which of the two lives was real, and perhaps vaguely suspecting that they both were.

An allegorical fantasy entitled "The Planets" has been presented by NBC on several occasions and is rather amusing. It improves on being reheard. A short play, "Tomorrow's Paul", which dealt with a highly regimented society of the future, was aired a year or two ago. It was of a religious theme, as the title suggests, and was very good.

The radio playscript which Amazing published some time ago dealt with time travel and was alleged to have been shelved by broadcasting company officials who were still quaking in their swivel chairs (which are very well suited for quaking, by the way) over repercussions from the Martian invasion. However, time travel has been presented via radio. This was in the hour-length play, "He Falls on Scylla", a mythological fantasy wherein a delightfully wacky and likeable group of moderns is transplanted into the heroic age of Greek myth to go a-voyaging with Ulysses and have uproarious encounters with Circe, the Sirens, and other fabulous characters. There are such tidbits as Ulysses' words on approaching the Sirens' business establishment: "Men, do you all have your ears stopped?" which the crew receives in stony silence save for a solitary seaman who cheerily pipes "Aye, aye, sir!" The lines are mostly spoken in verse of a sort, including a rhyming of "Aurelius" with "umbilicus"! And numerous references to "Bacchus, God of wine and Holland Gin." All of which is quite typical of the atmosphere of this blithe bit of light fantasy.

--- Willy Pan says to leave all your money at the box office ---