

F A P A

f a l l

1 9 4 3

Number 4

FAN-TOODS



F A N - T O D S

unillustrated

Number Four

c o n t e n t s

FAPA

	page
A Mainecon, No Less! wherein Stanley rhapsodizes	3
Mainecon Junior the Mecon had a sequel	4
Revista out of the fapa into the frying pan	5
Riposte - Chauvenet's column	14
Widner on the Art of Thuggee FanTods' educational feature	16
Yesterday's 10,000 Years some day we'll find you...	17

-oOo-

Fan-Tods number four, published in haste, repented at leisure, by one Norman Stanley, FAPA member, occasionally to be found at 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine. We still have hopes of getting it in the Fall mailing. On, Stanley, On!

----- No! No! 1,000 x no! -----

BEARD MUTTERINGS: Soi'mtoldthatifthiscolumnistoliveuptoitsnameithastc-beruntogetherinastickygoceymesslikethissoi'mtoldwellifyouaskmeidon'tlikeitruntogetherinastickygoceymesslikethisatallnonotonebitidon'tandbygollyiwon'tdoitthatwaynonever! So I suppose we'll have to shop around for something new in the way of a title. I hain't hit on anything suitable yet, though. Suggestions? (No, I won't do away with the column! Go sit down--'way back!) As usual we're making a last-minute dash to get this issue in the Mailing. A heavy program of work this summer got us off to a late start on it. And then there's the FAPA Sec.-Treas. work, unusual in amount this time due to the many new members coming in. Ah loves it, though! And, by the way, thanx to all you muggs who voted me in. Thanx to all who voted period. And particularly thanx to candidates Evans and Michel who also ran for the office. To those who didn't vote--scallions!

-o-

TRACES OF FANISH INFLUENCE may be found in the Chinese literature. Here is an example we recently ran across: "Wenchün was tempted to elope with Hsiangju not because of his ch'in music, but rather because of his fu poetry."--From Shen Fu, "Six Chapters of a Floating Life"

-o-

A MAINECON, NO LESS!

"Elarcy & I should arrive on our metal monsters on the 28th or 29th & will infest the place from 1-3 days. Can U stand the strain of two such specimens at one time?" wrote the Poll Cat. We could and did. So it was that fen walked in Rockland early this summer when the doppelbicycletour brought Stranger Widner and veteran sojourner Chauvenet to the portcullis of Obsequious Manor. Truly it was a gladsome sight for it had been lo, these many months ere fan had passed this way. But even gladsomer were the three days and four evenings of fan fun which came thereof. An it's keen pleasure to hobnob with one fan, two, I found, more than doubles the delight. Three being virtually a mob in Maine fan circles, the festive occasion was forthwith labelled the Maine Stf Conference, ordinality dubious, but possibly the third or fourth such affair since Mecon I (which also had but three attendees) was held in 1939.

Fangamming was, to be sure, the staple, indeed the piece de resistance, of the event, and NFS became quite adept at carrying on several different conversations with AWjr and LRC simultaneously. The newly-arrived FAPA mailing was subjected to a most thorough-going dissection, perusal, and discussion, with the fan/slan question and "Interplanetary" principally considered. It was unanimously resolved that "fen" should be adopted as the proper plural form of "fan" (Oxford Dictionary please note!) The stamp of approval was placed upon Stf Pocketbook and duly confirmed by a card dispatched to the living Ghuddha, though all agreed that "Forgetfulness" was a much better Stuartale than "Twilight" and iconoclast Stanley expressed a personal doubt if the Benetarn would ever have been published anywhere had it been the product of one less renowned. The arrival of LeZ ye LIIId also was a bright spot on the program. FaNewsCard 31, unfortunately, came in a day too late to come before the conference. Among other topics to be considered were "The Mystery Book", a huge, and gruesomely illustrated, British anthology of crime, weird, fantasy and stf tales, and "Geomath", a pamphlet purporting to be an introduction to a new and amazing science or something. It was amazing, anyway.

A high spot among the divers divertissements was the trip to the nearby wick of Thomaston wherein was located a projector on which were exhibited amateur colormovies taken by and of LRC, and one of which Russell had never viewed before, and these were wonderfully good and such as to arouse in Norm a great desire to delve into this interesting hobby. Also viewed were other films and a vast number of kodachromes by photographer John Perry, stf-reading pal of NFS who arranged for the show, so that a long and very pleasant evening's entertainment was found in the occasion. Thanks go, mostest of all, to Miss Jane Miller of Thomaston who graciously provided the projection facilities as well as several very interesting films.

Two afternoons of sailboating (the third being rained out, alas!) brought joy to the Chauvenet heart, e'en though too limited in range to afford Russell the opportunity to exhibit his skill at navigation. It was the Poll Cat's first experience at such rash venturing, but he showed the insouciance of a true sailor by learnedly discussing the theologies of GhuGhu and FooFoo, to make no mention of the now little-known cult of Thoo, the while we sloshed about among the whitecaps, and even once falling asleep amid the dialogue of wind and wave. As on a former occasion a landing was made at the scene of Stanley's daily toil, and true to tradition

that ill-starred wretch was seized upon and put to work again. He snuck out again, too.

Of the fan poker classic, the less said the better. Norm, who furnished a suspiciously dog-eared pack of cards, won enough to subscribe to Tucker's Newscard.

Art regaled with many an anecdote of his experiences at bygone conventions; gladdened this youthful heart by revealing that Fanfare is to reappear and describing the line-up for same; contributed to Stanley's education by buying him a pocketbook of Runyon favorites (greatly enjoyed, tnx Art!); seized upon opportunity to read "Waldo" (thereby reopening the LRC-NFS controversy of a former get-together) for firsttime; also read recent Amazings with an eye toward possible storymarketing; read Stanley correspondence with an eye toward possible blackmail.

Lurus (who dislikes being called Lurus, wherefore I shall call him that no more) enlivened a rainy afternoon with endless amusements from his inexhaustible fund of game lore (great advantage of visiting fen---they supply their own entertainment!); revealed how he used to read Amazing Stories under the bed at an early age; lamented waterfront ban on camera and field glasses.

Norm proudly exhibited his baby pictures (godammit, I was a cute little rascal!); tried to find a particularly horrible one taken at age 11 and showing him holding a copy of the Aug. '27 Amazing; fortunately didn't succeed.

A new and rather bizarre aspect of relativity came to light when Art and Russ discovered, after abstruse and lengthy calculations, that it would actually cost less to ship themselves and bicycles back to Boston by train than it had cost to make the trip the hard way. Furthermore an extra day of fanfest was thereby made possible. They stood up well under it all (fen are amazingly durable); a somewhat underexposed kodachrome shows them still apparently their debonair selves after three days in the eldritch Stanley menage.

We know now why fen like Art have fans. And seeing Russell again makes us look forward more than ever to seeing more of him. It was a happy-making occasion. Come again--it's a standing invitation!

MAINECON JUNIOR: I wasn't really so very surprised on learning the identity of the affable guy with the suitcase full of fanzines who made his way to our door one particularly dark night about a week after the Mainecon had passed into history. Tidings of the coming of stfan-errant Don Rogers may not have preceded him, but to one cognizant of his fantastic reputation for popping up everywhere, seemingly unrestricted by limitations of space-time, it was an occasion for amazement, but hardly surprise. By just what arcane art he managed to smell out our domicile, second cave from the bottom, southern exposure, of a particularly rabbit warren, is indeed the most fantastic aspect of it all, but even so I was not surprised. Oh no. Don, who proved to be most congenial company, was prevailed upon to spend the following day with us, and thereby was held what was in effect a special session of the Mainecon. Fanzine articles in extempore were Don's accounts of his adventures Schenectaconning with Larry Shaw and others of the little people, his fantastic experiences at seeking out fen in various regions of the land, his personal impressions of fandom's elite, his fairly incredible tales of the doings of Indiana fandom--incredible in that such an appar-

(more of this tripe on page 16)

R E V I S T A

comments on the summer mailing

SUSPRO: Top of the list and tops in the mailing this time, I'd say. Perhaps not so meaty as usual, but nonetheless just packed with amusing little items and no few thinktankbubbles. Seems like I picked up something new on every rereading (Eemechun! Fapazines he rereads yet!) Ah, this will be fun! .

Milton's remark about the lateral drift of bullets caused me no little puzzlement, once you'd pointed it out, but I believe I've finally come to see how such a thing can be. You're right, I think, in taking the principle involved to be that which curves the path of a golf ball, runs rotor ships, and makes Bunsen burners burn with a blue flame. From which it follows that Milty was mistaken, or at least vague, when he attributed the drift to "reaction of [the bullet's] rotation against the air". It's the Bernoulli principle which states that in a fluid stream the pressure is lowest in the region where the velocity is greatest. It's obvious that where there's a velocity gradient in a fluid there must also be a pressure gradient to supply the force to accelerate the fluid moving from one region to the other. One may get befuddled, though, in applying this to a bullet by forgetting that the bullet, once it has left the muzzle, is in a state of free fall. It's the vertical component of the bullet's velocity rather than its forward motion that produces the drift. It helps in visualizing the effect to think of the bullet as hanging suspended with the air rushing up by it. Then with the bullet rotating clockwise on its axis it is moving with the air stream on the left side and countercurrent on the right. Relative velocity of air past bullet is therefore lower on left side with result that pressure is higher and bullet is thereby shoved to the right.

Don't believe Hornig awarded any Stf D's back in the old esefel days. As I recall the degrees were set up and almost immediately discarded and replaced by such designations as "Ace Member" some time before WS was sold. Result was that a lot of Ace Members (this had previously been a more or less vague distinction conferred upon those hardy souls who had drummed up local publicity for stf (i.e., Wonder Stories)) were relegated to the status of mere "Active Members". The doctorate was abolished altogether. The change presumably was to avoid any suggestion of diploma mill activities such as could be very embarrassing to a publisher enjoying second class mailing privileges. At any rate, requirements for the Stf D originally were quite stiff for those days--a 5000-word thesis on stf and five propublished stf stories being among them.

I'd say it was "unhypersymmetricoantiparallelepipedicalizationalographically", what with "symmetric", "geometric", a. s. o. as preferred forms. We don't speak of the "asymmetrical carbon atom", you know, and modern spelling has substituted e for o in "parallelepiped", for some unknown reason. What does unhyperandallthat mean, by the way? The world changes, Jack. FFM no longer reprints Munseyarns. What is this /F in such things as "Fall /F40"? I wish I could visualize pages out of the fascinatingly unfamiliar stf mags I encounter in a frequently recurring frustration dream. But the mag shoppe is always so dusky and the dream fades when I attempt to gather up the prizes. I once visited Venus in an interplanetary dream, too. The space ship was asbestos-lined and very stuffy. Among

the sketches of sfictional scenes I used to draw when younger I recall one of a file of tetrahedral space ships swooping in for the kill. Your attempt at a pun on my name reminds of how ERB wrote the original Barsoomasterpiece under the pseud of "Normal Bean". But the editor---Bob Davis, I think it was---missed the pun, and so it got into print as "Norman Bean".

Ah, a fellow internationalist! Them's my sentiments, too, Comrade! Of course at heart I'm probably as crass a nationalist as most, since I consider Americanism the best philosophy for a world state. But as for union now--ja! Maybe it won't work; but isn't it worth the risk, especially since nations are not likely to remain the sharply distinct cultural entities they were in the past? I'm not overly for Streit's plan, though. The idea of confining the union to those nations practicing the Anglo-American type of democracy, others to be admitted if and when they get religion and qualify, may be a necessary measure, but there's an air of snootiness about it that can hardly set well with striving candidates for admission. But it's as good a lost cause as any, since it most likely will never be. Imagine the howl a Federal-Unionist proposal for tariff abolition would elicit from a victorious America under the pseudoprosperty of a wartime economy geared to peacetime consumption! Agreement also on our dependence on nonlogical instincts for our motivation. Sure, logic may tell us what to do to be happy. But what makes us desire happiness? My impression is that biochemists have generally come around to the view that there is no real mystery remaining about the phenomenon of life---that it is simply a general term for properties associated with and characteristic of very complex protein compounds under appropriate conditions. Viruses, being at the borderline in complexity, behave as living organisms in some types of environment and as inert chemical compounds in others. There is no sharp dividing line between the quick and the dead. How far wrong am I on that, Russell? I wouldn't cite Bernard de Voto in attempting to sell people on the literary worth of fantasy. They might be led to read his article on the subject. Oh, but Jack--how many cubic lightyears are there in a cubic parsec? The quote about galaxies per was verbatim. A sic, of course, as I explained to LRC on his visit here. The X's were my attempts at writing alephs. Guess they didn't succeed pretty good. Re statistics reHornig re Esperanto: I attempted a count but gave up the project very quickly. The figures would be impressive, though. "Peres" in the contents listing becomes "Upharsin" on p7. What gives? Believe Joyce spelled it "Agenbite", too. "YobberYobberYobberetc." reminds me of something from Rabelais. That why it wowed 'em? I know no Greek, but it looks like "fantasy" or "Fantasia". Your cover cartoon this time took me right back to the good old days. A mi me gusta! O Ghed, Jack! Not "Fantods's"! And Speer most certainly did start a riot. I 'most bust reading all about it. What tickled me in my reading of the FFM "Radio Man" reprint was Myles Cabot's mention of the Antmen's carrying umbrellas which when folded were "about the size of a rolled-up copy of 'Famous Fantastic Mysteries'". Wonder if he made this statement in the original Munsey version?

Possibly you are right about the title of "Tomorrow's Paul", but I'd like to hear the author's interpretation before betting too much money on it. (Horrible thought--maybe Speer wrote it!) The Paul connotes German connotes totalitarianism tie-up seems rather too tenuous to be employed in a radio playscript. Though I do recall that my very brief excursion into German did involve a diverting account of the doings of "Paul und Emma". If the play had a Christmas

theme I had forgotten it. But the association with the biblical Paul still seems valid inasmuch as Tomorrow's Paul wanted to be the apostle of the forgotten religion. But let's have your review of it, Jack. I only mentioned it briefly in hope of stirring up some note-comparing on this and other forgotten bits of aired fantasy.

MATTERS OF OPINION: Seems like your unidentified inquisitor beguiles you into accepting a very general rule of conduct by a series of arguments leading up to rather extreme situations. I'd surely demand that he cite plausible examples of instances calling for such drastic assertion of the individual's sovereignty. For it's not only the principle itself you accept but also its applicability to reality. His thesis is a good one, though, if taken with the proviso that the individual be not committed to active opposition of all that may not win his approval. I liked very much your analysis of the present day and its Arthurian analog. It's my belief that the twentieth century will go down in history as a transitional period marking a reorientation of human culture far more profound than that wrought by the industrial revolution. Whether the forties are the critical period and what the immediate results will be, I wouldn't venture. There'll be a tomorrow, though, no doubt.

FANTASY AMATEUR: The latest airbrushcover is the bestest of all. Weep.

POGORUS: I got two copies of this one. Ah weel, the spare will serve for jumping up and down on purposes. Cover is cute. Don't care for the format, though. Cartmill's piece was amusing in its several parts, though sense-free in the whole. "Defense of Conscientious Objectors" succeeds in its avowed purpose fairly well. After all the C. O.'s are the ones who hate/fight war in the most direct way possible.

GUTETO: The personalized style of your editorial is delightful. More in this vein, pliz. While this notion of encouraging the youngsters to be independent of the old ways is good as an inculcant of positive, vigorous thought-habits, it ought not to be carried to the point of extreme skepticism. Life is so short and we must take our part in it at such an early age that we are compelled to accept a great deal of essential data which we have neither the time nor the mental equipment to evaluate adequately. True, we are individuals and individuality is the characteristic most promising in the future development of our species. But as we are presently constituted we stand part way between those creatures who live by instinct and have no need of educational conditioning and some sort of super-being who would be immortal and physically self-sufficient and hence able to create his own, completely individualistic, conception of the world. Racial continuity, therefore, is as much an aspect of our being as is individuality and our dependence on it is one of necessity. Certainly we should indoctrinate our young with our folkways and to a less extent with our personal philosophies, bearing in mind that what we should hand on are those things we have found to work in this business of living. They may not apply precisely to the next generation, but in view of our own very limited experience it's the best we can do for them.

RAY: Ja.

PHANTAGRAPHs: "Booklings" a tale well told. And for some unaccountable reason I enjoyed the verses, too.

ADULUX BESKAN: Nov shmoz ka pop???

YHOS: The big lug looks like Goering. Dope on Interplanetary much welcomed, though it makes for a regrettably abbreviated issue otherwise. Ha, now that you've printed Fanfare comments in Yhos, another issue of F looms ahead. Going to reprint 'em for afapa subscribers? Apparently I'm alone in my stubborn insistence on pronouncing it "shróōdlōō". I'm muchly inclined to let the hyphens fall where they may, but if anyone really cares I'll try to improve.

SILVER DUSK: Washington poem particularly pleasing, though there seems to be a bit of contradiction in the imagery.

SARDONYX: The Slan is dead; long live the Slan! I must admit that I cannot keep a mental image of a chess board and 32 men. The feat seems doubly impressive to me since it involves unidentical elements in irregular order. But I wonder if we haven't here hit upon that talent which makes the chess expert expert? You've spoken of wordless arguments and discussions by chess players, which are carried on simply by moving the men about the board. These seem to imply an amazing ability to visualize the possible configurations to which these moves might lead. Let's see, what would be a good test for that sort of eidetic power? How about this, Russell: Suppose I show you an array of squares, each labelled with a letter of the alphabet. If you can hold a mental image of this, then you should be able to call off diagonals or any other sequence from the array without hesitation. I can't do that because my approach would be by counting, and I'm no Libbey at that!

It is odd, but I find many things which, though they interest me greatly, still put me to sleep of an evening. I usually blame it on eyestrain, though probably it's partly a sign of a mediocre mind with slannish asperations but little real ability to concentrate. With CA, though, I find the combination of fine print, exceedingly concentrated style, and the use of abbreviations----for example, the matter of bearing in mind throughout a long abstract that (I) stands for 2-methylcyclohexanone, (II) for ethyl 6-methylcyclohexanone-2-carboxylate, and so on----synthesizes a brew of potent soporific properties.

The positive and negative angles wouldn't balance on a world cruise even if there were no currents or other disturbing influence on the course. On a plane surface a moving body in order to return to its original position must turn through a total angle which is some integral multiple of 360° . On a spherical surface this is true if the motion involves rotation only. Where the body is also translated the sum of the angles generally will not be $n360^\circ$, although for courses which are short compared to the radius of the sphere it may closely approach this value. Thus consider a ship which sails around a triangular course comprising three quadrants of the earth's circumference. It is returned to its original position after turning through three right angles or 270° . (Idle thought: Is such a course possible for a surface vessel?) The Elarcean Decades are plausible, granted the continuance of certain trends which have been evident in the past. But I don't think the labor picture has yet gelled to the point where any definite extrapolation can safely be made. There was a time in our industrial development when the rise of capitalistic empires would have been a logical prediction. But they lost the advantage of public tolerance and the result was anti-trust legislation. Probably few of us remember Rockefeller as other than a mildly eccentric philanthropist and hence find it difficult to imagine him as the ogre

he once was to the public mind. Of course the unions are more potent politically than the trusts ever were but they are concomitantly more sensitive to the opinion of the public from whom their ranks must be drawn. There's little doubt that unionism has suffered a serious disability from recent and popularly approved legislation. Whether this wartime impatience with labor's obstructionism will carry over into the postwar period, however, remains to be seen.

Editing before committing to paper? God, you shoulda seen the first draft of this thing! I really went for Milton's description of Newsweek... "It tells me all about the war."

LOVE, ELMER: That is the title of this sheet, I suppose. Stfuture history sounds interesting....I gave mine up long ago---events were catching up with it too fast.

FAN-TODS: Well it was quantitious, anyway. I hope not too many astro-gators failed to make earthfall because of the excessively stupid error in physics on which I based a supposedly learned discussion in the June issue.

F A LEAN-TO: Suppose the denizens of Slan Shack will be known as the Galactic Roomers? The Mailing was impressive in the listing, though rather padded this time with 1-sheets and other material of high triviality coefficient.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: Your set-up seems logical enow, be it given that Mohammedism had become the dominant western religion. I'd expect, though, to find the faith, at least as practiced by Occidentals, to be an offshoot rather than a continuation of the mother church. A counterpart of the Reformation might occur as jihads, in reality race wars, wherein the Northern Europeans balk at domination by the Mediterranean Caliphates. The Reformation might succeed with the Northerners winning free of the more cultured but less coöperative Moors, and the way would be open for the rise of numerous sects, all claiming Mohammed as their prophet but modified profoundly from the original practices by the influence of Northern customs and environment.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: Where's the advantage of expelling fifteen of the members after the duration? Only tangible results I'd say would be a loss of incentive for activity among the newer members and a decrease in the size of the early postwar mailings instead of a gradual increase as the dogfen resume their activities. Tsk, tsk, Walt!! Horses sometimes have mules; never have asses.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH: A very welcome addition to my collection. I had previously read only an abridged collection of them.

YEARBOOK: Why not adopt Speer's decimal classification to replace the present wacky system in future issues?

JINX: The I. P. out after the slot machines again? They'll never beat that one--it's full of tautochrones. Cpl. Milty's forthcoming paper on rocket mechanics is awaited with great impatience in these quarters. Where'll it appear? Hope he includes a rigorous development of the exponential law of rocket motion. That's one of many things I've never quite succeeded in getting through my thick skull. It seems to hold true all right, but no matter how I look at it the mathematical

derivation has holes like a Swiss Cheese yet. Makes me jump up and down and yell things about " $d(mv)/dt$ ". . . . Perhaps the unwanted efficiency could be overcome by diluting the fuel. But I think a science capable of achieving complete mass-energy conversion and utilizing it successfully would be quite able to control the degree and rate of such conversion. . . . Wish I could believe that the publication of The Irrelevant will actually guide scientists around that pitfall forevermore.

BROWSING: "Infinite riches in a little room." Takes first place in the singles.

FAN-DANGO: And yet another fmz title with the fanmotif? I thought Fan-Tods would be the ultimate. It's a clever choice, though, especially since the "Dango" part also has (intentionally, Fran?) a sfictional interpretation. . . . Fanzine Anthology: I'm in favor. When do we start?

HORIZONS: Raym's japoetry def'nitely epic! Bis! Bis! Is "Maru" a Nipponese personal name, though? . . . Your booknote reminds me of the advice re crossing the Atlantic in a 14-foot sailboat. . . . How now, Harry? Don't know J-20, and you palsome with his pappy? I dunno about Boskonian, but pigeons nest here in the winter, or at least do something with straw and such, and precious nuisances they are, too. DeCamp never spoke truer words than when he delineated their multifarious shortcomings. . . . That second HE in Efty-Two's "By-Ways" was not intended particularly as such, although it does exhibit the very sloppy style in which the entire text was written. . . . Wonder if Harry says "Bah" as unemphatically as he writes it? . . . Well spoken on Basic English. After all, English is the dominant language on this planet, and is becoming increasingly widespread in its use. Ergo, why not ride the bandwagon? If the auslanders take to it, why argue over protocol?

I'm somewhat in disagreement, though, with your evaluation of Stewart's (Stuart's???) "seetee" tales in Ast. He is the first that I know of to consider the possibilities of a c-t technology. And there are lots of other interesting notions throughout his stories. Of course his future political set-up is thoroughly improbable, but its close similarity to the present-day situation constitutes a clever trick of technique calculated to enhance the verisimilitude for the average noncritical reader. Note the use he makes of such popular symbols of skulduggery as Fascism, Bolshevism, the soulless corporation, a. s. o. to establish the reader in a mood highly sympathetic toward his protagonists, who are definitely not overly brilliant. Also his character of Rob McGee brings up the interesting possibility of wide-spread space travel's resulting in the development of a new species of man, one adapted to deep-space conditions. This is an idea that I've never seen developed in quite this way before.

Oh, and Harry, at least one of those time-travel PZs in the July 42 Ast was definitely impossible and the zero probability was not the t.-t. business. It fooled Milty, too.

MOONSHINE: Ah, the hectowork is really first class this time. Too bad there's to be no more 'fore 40-x.

MADMAN OF MARS sequel; Particularly liked "As he could account for the disappearance in no way he turned his gaze back to Venus." Ho-hum. Let the Fortean Society take care of it.

AAGH!: Guaranteed to give you that quappy feeling. The nose of the chap on the cover is positively Paulesque. Some of the names used in the Foostonarrative appear to have a significance deeply burned into the racial memory. Try this experiment on the next passer-by you meet by dusk. Grasp his coat lapels, draw him near, leer at him strabismically, and enunciate a sibilant "Phkn!". It's astonishing what a large proportion will tear themselves away to run screaming madly into the night. Don't try "Feeg!", though. You'll invariably get knocked over. That syllogism re the loveliness of stench is illogical, by the way.

S-F VARIETY: I'd like to see some frames from the Night on Bald Mountain part of Fantasia in order to verify if what I thought I saw was really there or whether it was the product of a perverted imagination. I get a great deal of fun out of the English quota films myself. The weird dialogue and acting is vastly amusing, and not uneducational I'd say. The conscious humor is interesting, too. I'll never forget one scene in which a Scotland Yard man borrowed a "tuppence" from a Bobby to make a phone call. He walked into the--er--kiosk which promptly blew up with a terrific bang. The inspector tumbled out, clothes in tatters and face as black as a Dahomey native's, brushed himself off, squared his shoulders and marched back into the ruins to retrieve the coin!

INSPIRATION: This argument about jet propulsion seems to be getting rapidly beyond my depth, as I know little about heat engines in general and jetmotors in particular. Your point about the dilution of the oxygen in earth's atmosphere as compared with the higher concentration of reactive gases in the Saturnian atmosphere seems logical enough and can be enlarged upon by recalling that the more concentrated the fuel the higher the flame temperature and hence the greater the velocity of the expelled gases. In a rocket it's true that the best efficiency is obtained with fuels of high exhaust velocity, but I haven't analyzed the matter to determine how far rocket mechanics apply to the jet motor. Nor is it easy to determine off-hand whether the added weight of fuel to be carried in the reducing atmosphere would offset any gain in efficiency due to the higher fuel concentrations made available. It's a most complex problem involving, among other things, atmospheric temperature, density and composition, and design of the burner. Is there a physicist in the house??? The difference in atmosphere temperatures is another matter, though. The added energy extricable from the flame jet, due to the greater temperature gradient in the cold atmosphere would be partly consumed in raising the temperature of the cold gases taken from the atmosphere, while energy also would be required to evaporate the loxygen fuel and warm it to the flame temperature. And with increased radiation loss to the colder atmosphere it would seem logical to expect a decreased efficiency rather than the opposite. As for a rigorous demonstration of these arguments, pardon me while I run, not walk, to my bomb shelter behind the nearest treatise on thermodynamics!

Having been expelled from the College of Engineering, let's look in on Sociology III $\frac{1}{2}$ to find plenty of argument with your correspondent's position that flag and country rate above all else. This attitude of "My country, right or wrong" may be patriotism in the dictionary sense, but it is not intelligent patriotism. Praise of a political unit per se is utterly senseless. It's the philosophy and the type of culture fostered by the unit, and not the mere fact of its existence, that determines its praiseworthiness. Hence we must admit these to be

values transcending the nation that practices them. Otherwise we are reduced either to some race superiority or 'chosen people' theory, or to purely opportunist considerations of a selfish nature.

WOWZY WAMBLINGS!:

WHOPDOODLE:

} Amusing.

EN GARDE!: While there seems to be justification for the belief that fankind as a whole is somewhat more intellectual than the average, I'm inclined to the belief that general intelligence is not the fundamental point whereon fen differ from men. I'd say rather that it is the result of a selective influence of the fantasy hobby. That people are attracted to fantasy by non-intellectual motivations and that the incidence of abnormal intellectual activity among confirmed fen is due to the fact that the hobby is one calling for such activity and hence principally it is those capable of it who become advanced fen. Support of this belief may be found in the preoccupation of numerous undoubted fen with the fields of pure and/or weird fantasy which, though they may reach into side-fields of an intellectual--and non-fantastic--nature (e.g., folklore and mythological research; literary creation), are not primarily intellectual in appeal. Then, too, what may be termed the "Gernsback Theory" that sfictionists are embryo scientists seems to have been pretty well exploded. The early association of sf and amateur science hobbyists soon came to a schism, with the rise in popularity of the non-scientific fantasy forms among the fen and the gradual disappearance of the science-hobbyists from the field. The later amateur science groups to arise were definitely not fantasy-minded, and it has been the writer's experience, from observation, and personal contact with members, of the considerable and very active bodies of recent science-hobbyists, that if any considerable number of them have any interest in sf/fantasy they keep their lights fairly well hidden under the w. k. bushel.

The way in which fen seem to be strikingly different from the normal species is to be found, I believe, in their possession of an exaggerated sense of, or sympathy for, the fantastic. It's my slightly-considered opinion that this sense is as distinct a mental trait (and therefore as incomprehensible to those who do not possess it markedly) as the sense of humor. The sense of the fantastic is akin to the humor sense in that in both cases pleasurable sensations are evoked by the contemplation of real or imaginary situations or conceptions in which may be isolated certain elements which are in the one case termed fantastic and in the other humorous. The nature of humor has been elucidated to some extent, but little consideration seems yet to have been given to the question of the essential characteristics of fantasy. Here would seem to be a study for which fen are particularly well qualified and one open for discussion and research. That the fantasy sense is so much less developed than the humor sense in the human race seems to follow from the relations which fantasy and humor respectively bear to reality. Since humor is said to arise from the contemplation of the unpleasant considered without seriousness it naturally appears, to those with the humor sense, a much more prominent aspect of existence than is the fantastic. The possessor of the sense of fantasy equally derives pleasure from contemplation of those aspects which diverge from the norm of reality, but here we have a much more subtle sense inasmuch as the height of fantasy is obviously found in those concepts which are farthest removed from the realities of our existence. It's not surprising, therefore, that this sense, normally present in the infant, tends

to atrophy as the mind's picture of existence, at first a fantastic thing, becomes increasingly a pattern of the commonplace realities of accumulating experience. In the majority of men the sense of fantasy is vestigial; among a comparatively small number it survives the infantile phase and takes on a more mature aspect; and among those who possess it in the most accentuated degree we find the active and the potential fan.

It does not follow therefrom that possession of the fantasy sense implies a superior degree of intelligence. It's true that it does involve some of the attributes of general intelligence, particularly that of a well-developed and active imagination. Among the mentally subnormal we will find neither a sense of humor nor a sense of the fantastic. But in general, say among the readers of stf and fantasy fiction, one could find many examples who, although possessing some degree of the fantasy sense, are of no more than average intelligence. And it is quite true that among those whom the world considers as its most brilliant minds few, if any, show more than a moderate degree of appreciation for the fantastic. Indeed, it is quite possibly true that one of the aspects of genius is a closer than normal attunement to the non-fantastic realities of this world. Fankind is still too young to permit yet of an evaluation of its exaggerated fantasy sense as a pro-survival characteristic or a contribution to a happy and successful life. It's worth noting, though, that among the intellectual elite of stf readers, Campbell's audience of scientific workers and technicians, not so very many show more than a slight interest in the more active phases of fandom. They're probably too busy being howling successes to spare time to such a demanding hobby.

Neither does it follow that, as some would have it, the active fan is an escapist who prefers to live in a fairyland of his own making. I rather think that the fullest development of the sense of fantasy requires an enhanced rather than a diminished appreciation of the non-fantastic world, and that the mature sense should be carefully distinguished from its infantile forerunner. Too, the nature of the sense throws some light on those minor eccentricities of the more rabid fan which has not infrequently brought the puzzled non-fan to the conclusion that "fans are nuts". Are these weird typeribbon shades, bizarre orthographies, jargonish phraseology, and all such actually affected merely as a form of ego-bolstering, or are they motivated by the fantasy sense whereby delight is taken in the fanciful nature of the act? If the latter be true we have here what is probably the most profound distinction between man and fan.

So much for fanthropology. The Slancenter project sounds quite feasible. There's one possible objection, though, to consider: Supposing a fair-sized plant is put up as projected and fan found to fill it. Fan occupants will come and go, no doubt, but in general you'll be catering to a very small class of the general population. It's quite likely that there may be stretches of time over which the Center's fan population may be too low to make the outfit self-supporting. Whathen? You have the goods to sell but are severely restricted for a market. The choice then is either to try to weather operations at a loss or to let the bars down and admit ordinary mortals, a policy which in the long run would probably be destructive to the original idea of the project.

Why deplore the tendency to interfere with natural selection? Whoinell is this dame "Nature" who's so all-fired benign in her

R I P O S T E

-Louis Russell Chauvenet-

I was intensely interested in a report I read recently of an article by the Esthonian astronomer Dr. Riives, upon the question of what effect a cosmic "cloud" of dust particles would actually have if it were to envelop the solar system for a considerable number of years. As you will easily recall from your sf. reading, sf. authors have invariably assumed that such a cloud would "cut off" the heat from the sun, and inaugurate a super-glacial period upon the earth. Actually, as Dr. Riives shows, aside from the fact that most known clouds are so thin that they could have but little effect, even if the solar system were enveloped in a dense cloud for thousands of years, the earth would not cool off-instead, it would get hotter! The sun will produce (we assume!) the same amount of heat as before, and this heat will pass into the cloud. Some will come through, and some will be absorbed by the cloud. But this means that the temperature of the cloud will be raised, and consequently, it will re-radiate heat. If the cloud were just of a size to fill the earth's orbit, the earth would receive, by re-radiation and directly, almost the same amount of heat as before. Heat does not simply disappear, you know! And if the cloud were greater in extent, then the earth would be warmed by re-radiation from the particles of the cloud beyond its orbit, (to say nothing of friction from actual contact with the cloud!) and would consequently be warmer!!! You can see how silly this consideration makes a lot of old-time sf. tales look!

As to detailed descriptions of future inventions (the subject has been changed!) with Verne's subs as an example, I admit of course that Verne didn't correctly anticipate the exact workings of the practical solution. But what I liked about the Nautilus was the glass ports and searchlight equipment enabling the sub to see what was going on down below. Since Beebe was able to provide his Bathysphere with quartz windows and still go down to depths no sub approaches, it seems to me that the glass-port-for-subs problem ought not to be insoluble. Of course, this is probably the last war in which submarines will be an effective weapon, due to the radical improvement in radio detection devices, which have more or less outmoded the old sonic apparatus (tho the latest sonic devices are pretty good, too, and useful as supplements.) Of course, you've probably heard that story about a destroyer depth bombing whales which its radio detection devices had located; there's plainly some margin of error. But there seems no logical answer the submarine can make to such radio locators; deflector screens are ultra-futuristic and would be giveaways anyhow. Once the invisibility is, in effect, lost, the whole reason for submersibles goes galley west.

The efficacy of airplane attack will also be appreciably lowered by increased perfection of such locator devices, one might suppose. Frankly, I don't think much of the principal thesis of "Victory thru Air Power"; I find it difficult to believe that air-power alone can exert a decisive effect, except possibly against weak resistance. As to post-war air-transport, I disbelieve in its future unless and until planes are powered with engines which give more in the way of miles per amount of fuel consumed. There's only so much petroleum in the earth, and the proposition that we burn it all up as fast as possible in mammoth

fleets of cargo planes rather appalls me. Oh, I don't say it may not be done, for no one is so short sighted as the man who sees a chance to make money for himself and to hell with posterity. But I'm agin it. And despite Campbell's tub-thumping about atomic power being here already, I am not inclined to place too many chips on the a.p. number. When I get to meditating on the follies and stupidities of the human race and its incurably simian way of making a mess of practically everything it can lay hands on, I must say Wellsian Utopias, or even a calm and happy future world, seem to me but floating wisps of unbelievable phantasy.

The "Doom is on us!" idea is currently the dominating concept in my philosophy. I do not see how the economic system under which we live can stagger on even another twenty years, and the "readjustment" is likely to be catastrophic to at least all who believe in freedom. Besides, if it is desired to be mystical, which it is not, one may consider that the "prophetic passage" of the Pyramid comes to an end upon October 19, 1953. I will be interested to see just what the end of that prophetic passage is supposed to signify. Not judgment day, I don't think, but probably fair and warmer, with thundershowers in the evening. And the next day life goes on just as if it had not been doomed. One thinks of Mother Shipton, whose Day of Doom was back in the 1880s, I believe. It doesn't matter---but the fabric of our "civilization" is sure to be torn and altered in the next two decades, and unpleasanties dominate the probabilities of the future.

As a matter of fact, I must think that any nation whose economic system is founded upon private "individualism" with ensuing cut-throat competition, etc., is inherently instable. The trouble is, of course, to try to devise an alternative which would not do away with the liberty and freedom which we prize under the individualistic system. The arguments seem to be that if (a) men are given freedom, they will abuse it, while if (b) men are denied freedom, and forced to live under regimentation, the controlling authorities never, in actual fact, remain impartial administrators, but, rather, tend to seek more and more power, until an authoritarian government results which is fully as iniquitous as any of the individuals under (a), and does more harm because more powerful. How to prevent men from abusing freedom while at the same time checking the tendency toward continual accretion of governmental power, is a problem which remains baffling. It is easy enough to solve it, as Wells did in several of his Utopian novels, such as "Men Like Gods", by assuming a general increase in the popular intelligence, a thing which MIGHT be attained through some thousands of years of careful selective breeding, but which is difficult to envisage as the result of any merely educational campaign. The trouble with nature is that she has no particular interest in perfection, as such, and is satisfied with anything which is just good enough to get by. This is plain when we are studying the various organs of the body, the alimentary canal, liver, sex organs, lungs, heart, eyes, ears, and other sense organs. It is also plain if we simply content ourselves with examining the mental capacities of human beings in the mass. If any given human being can control his conduct to such an extent that he is able to keep himself alive and produce children, he is, from nature's viewpoint, a biological success; nature is not concerned over whether he is kind to dumb animals and treats his fellow men well, or whether he has a mind reeking with prejudices and beats his wife. Because in our society a man is able to live and to breed children almost without regard to his mental ability, if any, it seems quite hopeless to try to raise the general mental lev-

el of the race without first abolishing the factors which permit such mass breeding of low-grade individuals. But the problem of applying eugenics to the race as a whole, and as a long-range program, is gigantic in scope, and in view of the fact that the program would have to be administered by human beings, it seems questionable whether the results which would actually be attained would justify the misery and unhappiness in which millions of "average" persons would be involved. That is what makes life interesting (and sometimes appalling)---there is never any clear answer to the important problems!

----- the gentleman in the control room -----

mainecon jr. (readers with decreasing entropy please turn back to p. 4)

ently active group has been so little heard of up to now. Also that fen exist who are also science experimenters. I had thought the hybrid race extinct. Don proved himself an incurable optimist by trying to sell introvert Stanley on Cosmic Circle activities and spending time copying names out of readers' column in Ziff-Davis Amazings: was no end surprised to learn wire staples--yes, actually and literally, wire staples!--were obtainable in Rockland dime stores without resort to bribes or black marketing.

It was a wonderful, if all-too-brief, visit. Stanley slept on the floor (well almost, anyway!) When last seen Don was headed in the general direction of Battle Creek, Michigan. He had that gleam in his eye. Come around this way again, Don, and make it a longer stay nexttime!

stillwalkingstillwalkingstillwalkingstillwalkingstillwalkingstillwalking

revista (we were discussing "En Garde", I believe...) from p. 13:

omniscient wisdom? What does natural selection exhibit that is above and beyond the workings of blind probability? Man's just beginning now to get up on his hind legs and say his say about who selects what. More power to him, say I.

PEGASUS: I'd like to see a regular publication of this sort in FAPA. Keep it coming, Bob.

READER AND COLLECTOR: Score: Koenig 1; Campbell-Williams -1.

F A LEAN-TO ANNEX: That homely, but withal essential, feature of the fanscape.

teleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteleteletelete

WIDNER ON THE ART OF THUGGEE

Personally I see no reason to dispose of the corpse at all. I think simplicity is the keynote. A lusty bash on the noggin with a hunk of lead pipe inside of cloth & leave the whole works right there & scam. Of course careful attention should be paid to time and place.

Complicated ways of disposing of bodies are rather vulnerable to modern crime detection. All clothing worn at the time of the murder should be completely destroyed however.

AWjr

YESTERDAY'S 10,000 YEARS

"One ebullient youth signs himself 'Yours for more blinding flashes, louder reports, and redder spiders.'"

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. --Amazing Stories, July 1932

-o-

"By way of a question, when do you think the first trip to the moon will be made? I say the moon, because it is much closer than Venus or Mars. I would like to get this question answered to show my folks that I'm not the only one that thinks space ships will travel in the void. They think I am some kind of freak because I believe in such stuff."

Olon F. Wiggins --Amazing Stories, Nov. 1933
Ghod, Olon, what did they think after the Denvention?!

-o-

"As for the cover--but the Editor has doubtless long since swooned. Hurrah!"

R. McNairn
Sydney, Australia --Amazing Stories, June 1933

-o-

"To conclude, 'hoo-ray' in Aussie slang means 'so long' or 'I'll be seeing you.' You translated my 'hoo-ray' into 'hurrah!' and made 'The editor has, doubtless, long since swooned--Hurrah!' which is rather upside down."

R. McNairn --Amazing Stories, Feb. 1934
My, but stf is educational!

-o-

"I am a Hindu. My ancestors were of the priest class in India and I know all the tricks of the trade as you call them. Almost all Europeans who come to India and see such things as the tricks of the yogis, throwing a rope up into the air and having it stand straight up. Then a man climbs up the rope and vanishes. This is always done in an open field so that the upper end of the rope seems to be connected only to the air. And the man disappears into nothing and then he appears climbing down the rope. Europeans think this is done by some weird unknown art. But it is done only by a thorough knowledge of physics."

Luman Zaran
EC "...we do wish you would explain to us how Yogi tricks of the trade are performed." --Amazing Stories, Feb. 1934

-o-

"By the way, I miss an occultist amongst your staff of expert consultants. It would prevent a lot of nonsense about further dimensions, time and space relations, state of other planets, future civilizations and occult things from getting into press."

Frederick G. Hehr
EC "Inasmuch as, by our definition, 'occultism' is a study of things that are beyond our perception, we do not see that a special consultant is necessary for it." --Wonder Stories, Aug. 1930

-o-

"'AMAZING' in its new jacket is certainly more convenient to handle, but, oh dear! the rough edges! Why not bring along one of Doctor Smith's zones of force and slice all the edges monthly en masse? I'm sure he'd oblige, if Doc Seaton isn't too busy thinking up something about triple cosmic calculus."

John Russell Fearn --Amazing Stories, May 1934

-o-

"I have just been reading Mr. Verrill's 'Non-gravitational Vortex' in the June issue. May I write you a letter about it, like any other reader? Swell story; but what I want to take a poke at is the artless illustration by Morey both on the cover and on the first page of the story. The 'Loch Lovern' is represented as a steam yacht (not a very well found one, either, to judge by her bows); while on page 202, near the top you will find the following in Mr. Verrill's story-----'To him life began with the hours of his recovery aboard the Loch Lovern, Sir Esme's ocean-going yacht, a splendid five-masted bark, for Sir Esme was a true sailor and had no use for steam.' Where, oh where, is the five-master? And on page 2-7 Sir Esme himself is shown--with his waistcoat buttoning right over left, a thing no man's waistcoat ever does, even in England."

Fletcher Pratt

--Amazing Stories, Aug. 1930

Where, oh where, is page 2-7??

-o-

"Another author that I agree with your readers is no good is Dr. * * * *"

Gabriel Kirschner

EC "We absolutely disagree with you about Dr. Keller's work."

--Amazing Stories, Aug. 1930

.....who shall be nameless.

-o-

"According to the theory of evolution, which claims that man and ape had a common ancestry, a man who travelled back a hundred thousand years might find himself an ape..."

M. G. Benjamin

--Science Wonder Stories, Mar. 1930

Why not try the Zoo?

-o-

"In regard to my first choice in the September issue, 'The Colour out of Space,' I did not see the colour, but there is a spot somewhere in New England like that described as the blasted heath, for I saw such a place when I was a boy about ten years old, when travelling with my parents. I do not remember just what state we were in or what town we stopped at, but I was in the habit of straying off in the woods every place we went, and I remember coming to a place such as that which is described in the story. At the time the stone walls and chimney of the house and wall of barn and well were standing, but no woodwork was to be seen. I could not get to the house or barn, because I was afraid of the gray dust, at the time I thought it was quicksand, as I could not reach anything solid when I poked into it with a branch of a tree. The space covered as near as I can guess was about 3 or 4 acres. I do not remember if we were in Connecticut or Massachusetts at the time, nor can I remember the town. All that I know is that the place was about 5 miles from a little town with high hills to the north of it. I took a road leading west."

D. E. Chichester

--Amazing Stories, July 1928

What about this, Trudy, Strangers???

-o-

"Science has had to make its way from the first by a desperate fight against religious bigotry, and it is yet much too early to advocate any laying down of arms."

Victor A. Endersby--Science Wonder Stories, Apr. 1930

-o-

"I heard that stars do not have much gravity; that is why they are so irregular in shape. Is this true?"

Queen City Laboratories II

--Science Wonder Stories, Feb. 1930

-o-