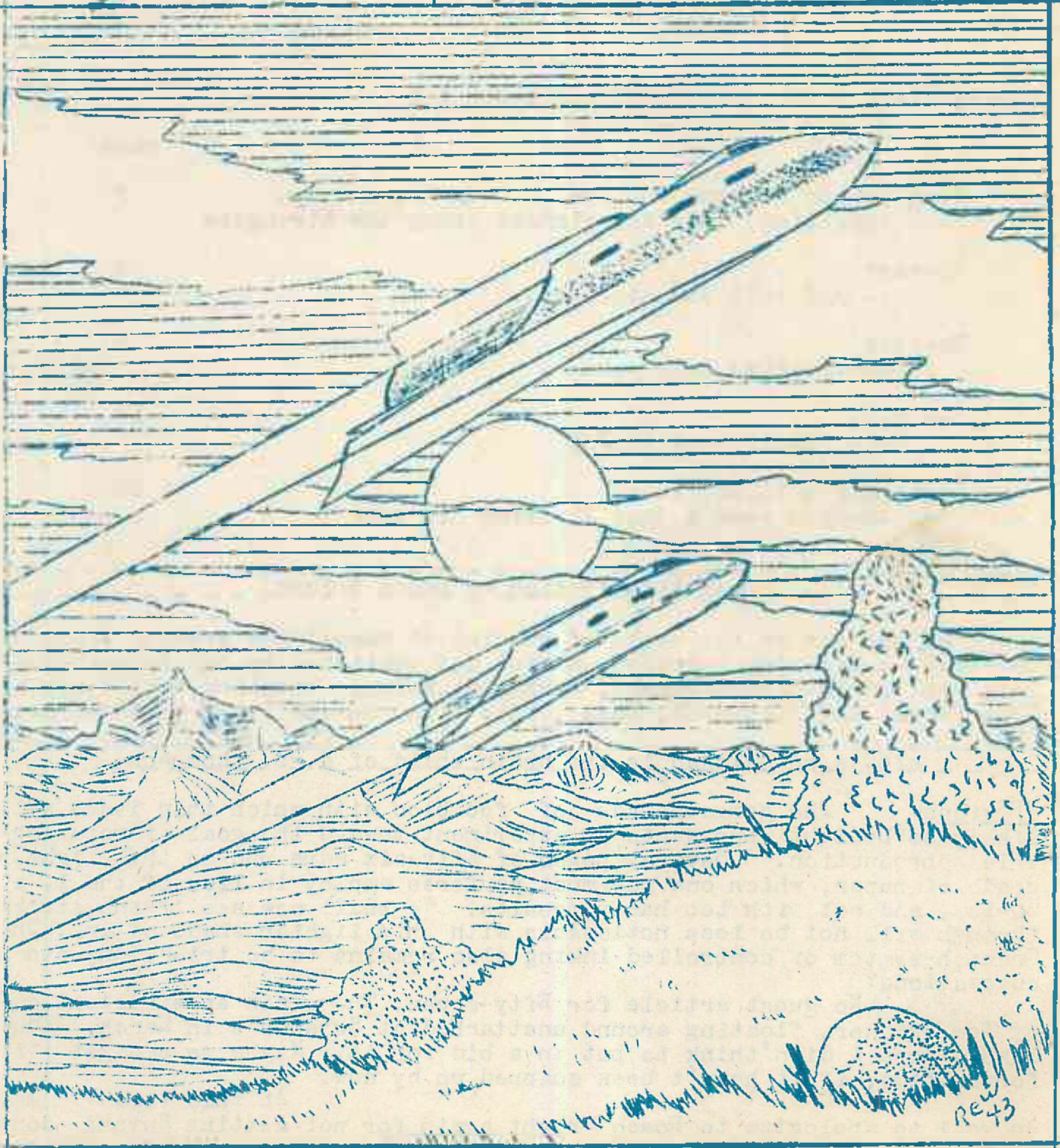


FANTODS



RE 43

FAN-TODS

"the magazine for the tod fan"

Numero State

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FAPA

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===== cover illustration by Roscoe Wright =====

You are now on the verge of reading (I hope!) the seventh issue of FAN-TODS, a fapazine compiled, edited and published by one Norman Stanley, fap, of 431 Broad Street, Rockland, Maine. Stapling Office may be transferred to Winchester, Mass., this time, unless I get a wiggle on.

===== Efty's new slogan is the brain child of d.b. Thompson =====

MFSaions: The gorgeoushade of foo bloo with which this issue will likely be bedight represents an experiment toward the goal of more legible reproduction. Several pages of Efty-six were run on that lighter grade of paper, which one now must perforce employ in lieu of the 1. 1. 26-15, and nat with toc happy results. We shall now see if the strike-through will not be less noticeable with this lighter shade of ink. The Grouch system of controlled inking also remains to be tried. Any other suggestions?

No guest article for Efty-seven. There was an excellent one by Tom Gardner, floating around unattached at Swisher's in March. But like a dope I didn't think to put in a bid for it. Maybe we can get it for nexttime, if it hasn't been snapped up by now.

At this time I may do well to apologize to Roscoe Wright again for not getting Beyond done in time for this mailing. Who knows but that this act may have the same gratifying results that it did last time?

Bush League Boskone 1

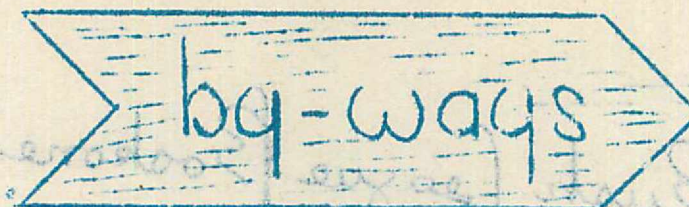
Now of how I found my way to the far realm of Boskonis, that is a tale which I shall graciously leave unchronicled. There's not much to appeal in a description of New England countryside in early March, particularly as it appears from a railway coach window. Suffice it that in the fulness (one might say 'flatulence') of time I arrived in Winchester. Whereupon I sent up distress signals and was promptly rescued by Bob Swisher who conveyed me to 15 Ledyard, scene of the famed Bush League Boskone, Archetype. I was just a week late for the party.

My missing the main event had been a source of real regret to me. Perhaps it was reprehensible of me, then, to have enjoyed myself so thoroughly when I finally did get to Winchester. But how could it have been otherwise? Many are the fan who already know Bob and Frances and their unaffected friendliness. And the several Swisher p.s.d.'s--I can hardly slight the illuminating discussion on semantics I had with Frances Nevada II. Bob, of course, is marvelously congenial company for any fan, but for me it was a multipleasure since he knows lots about lots of things non-fanish which interest me. Discussing rocket mechanics -- or rather listening to Bob discuss rm -- ah, that's the sort of thing that can go on forever, in fact I say it should! I came away stuffed to the eyebrows with lotsa fascinating dope about "efficacy", n sub c and curves of synergy. Regrettably it was that I'd so little time to dig into his rocket "article", a sheaf that rivals the fabulous time-travel opus and appears to be a damsite rougher going, too.

It was grand, too, to get to meet Chan Davis. Particularly interesting for me in that he seems likely to be my permanent nemesis in FAPA, driving me into endless wildernesses of debate on man and war. My firstthought on meeting him was of how long I'd owed him a letter. He agreed with me on that point. I think. Chan stayed over through the next day so that we had an enjoyably prolonged gettogether which, paradoxically, seemed to me all too short. He outargued me on the survival value of French culture. Next day he outdittedo ditto and, in a sense, Laurence Manning as well on a fine point of physics in Manning's "Wreck of the Asteroid". We agreed, though, in rather startling manner, on one thing. "You know," said Chan at the dinner table, "I think it's van Vogt who writes those stories by...", and we both finished the sentence in unison. I was gratified to find support for my previously-conceived notion. My conclusion had been based on an impression of similarity in styles; Chan, I found, had reached the same conclusion more scientifically from a careful study of van Vogt's use of the semicolon. Bob went on to supply some further data on pen-names and also described a most interestion mathematical relationship which occurred in the tabulations of readers' votes one time featured in the ZD Amazings.

Withal, 'twas an experience to sit in on one session of what apparently is a perpetual debate between the Swishers and Davis on politics.

(this nauseous sycophancy is concluded on page 17)



"On the basis of your fifteen years' experience with fantastic literature, Mr. Fann, what stories would you select for my anthology of the worst examples of the science-fiction tale?" Now here, of a certitude, would seem to be a question which any man could answer with assurance, for surely, if one may judge from frequency with which such expressions as ".....stinks" are applied, we have here a rich and fertile field for investigation. One may argue that for the connoisseur of fantasy only the veriest crème de la crème should suffice. Yet for a well-rounded education in the history and evolution of stuff ought one not to consider the stinkeroos as well as the classics, with which they compete in quantity, if not in quality? Indeed it has been this writer's experience to derive much of interest, and even of value, from an extended, though desultory, study of those things that bring forth (or used to, anyway) the anguished howls in the readers' columns. At the least they may provide a source "of innocent merriment."

I once had the malicious pleasure of observing LRChauvenet's reactions to a yarn that I consider the classic and shining example of the sad tale. It was truly delicious to see the elan with which he tore - literally tore - into this epic to rend each dereliction in style or logic from its place, flaunt the tattered and bloody fragments to the thereby-created breeze and then to jump up and down on the still palpitating remnants, while he emitted bright green sparks from his ears (an alarming habit of his which I have since tried, unsuccessfully, to imitate). The tale to which I refer may be found by the adventurous, in the Fall 1932 (V4N3) issue of Amazing Stories Quarterly. Whether by conscious intent or not, Mr. Clinton Constantinescu has here given us in "The War of the Universe" a most incredible travesty of the Campbelllesque heavy-science type of story. Interestingly enough, the author exhibits a rather good command of the narrative technique, but the really amazing feature is the studious insistence upon illogicality of plot and absurdity in science. Here the pseudoscientific treatment is carried to the ultimate. The tale, copiously footnoted, abounds in detailed explanations of the author's conceptions, all couched in the most involved, technical-sounding jargon imaginable. As for the legitimate science--mostly astronomy--there is hardly a statement that is not absolute nonsense by virtue of its violating practically every known principle involved.

To list in detail the howlers involved would necessitate the reproduction of the entire story. An outraged reader, in a subsequently published letter, obligingly cited the more excruciating examples, among which we find Exhibit A: ".....a very small spiral nebula was slowly uncoiling, and a little to one side was a small sun approaching. The action seemed unnatural..... The nebula appeared to be in an attitude of defense, but within half an hour it had again coiled up, and was vanishing behind a dense star cloud. The small sun likewise vanished suddenly..... 'Well, what do you think of it?' muttered Luke, who had been watching through a second eyepiece. 'Hmp!' I laughed. 'Looks like trouble...' With that I went out... But the thought kept brewing in me. A Universal War!" This remarkable deduction finds confirmation in the following equally lucid bit of reasoning: "This time the

rays were originating from a peculiarly blazing comet, which chanced to dart into the region of our solar system. . . . "This is beginning to look serious," said Luke to me... "Looks as if it means war."

Details? Like this: "And I have duplicated some of these rays by reducing the atoms of ultrathorium* metal with the electric arc and cosmic** ray combined. These new rays I have called ultrathoric. They are invisible, and disintegrate almost everything except selenium and tellurium, lead, the alkalis, and a few other rare metals. They can pass through 57 meters of lead, 2.5 meters of osmium, and 4 centimeters of selenium. Tellurium seems to hold them back the best, for 3 centimeters of it will stop the rays. These rays along with the other kinds can be reduced to the orange spectrum rays by passing them through an electric krypton glow tube coated with a thin layer of radium potassium perchlorate and neodymium oxide.***"

"* Ultrathorium, atomic weight 464.3, Valence 6..."

"** Known also as the Millikan Ray;..." (By gad, he's right!)

"*** The Radium Potassium Perchlorate here is the complex salt of the formula $RaK(ClO_4)_5$, crystallizing from aqueous solution in hexagonal prisms of pale violet blue. The highest oxide of neodymium, Nd_4O_7 is the one employed to probably excite the radioactive compound used." (The Nd oxide, to give credit, seems legitimate; dubious, though is the radium compound.)

"The War of the Universe" is well worth a reading. It's one of the curiosities of science-fiction, and, together with footnotes, an intensive education in something.

The late Joseph Wm. Skidmore may be recalled as a steifwriter whose effusive style was ofttimes diverting withal. For a professedly amateur author he wrote prolifically and turned out an immense amount of copy, mostly for the old Teck Amazing. He will probably be remembered longest for his tales of Pesi and Nega. These diminutive characters were deservedly popular, though it's to be regretted that this popularity caused the series to be extended beyond the point of monotony. But since our purpose here is to criticize as destructively as possible, I think we'll find more promising material if we consider Skidmore's "Donald Millstein" stories. This Millstein was a virtuous character, a sort of "scientific" detective who had a pretty fiancée, a surpassingly stupid assistant and, of course, a sworn enemy. This latter, despite being an utter fiend, rates some sympathy. He was, you see, quite mad, a brilliant scientist whose reason had become unhinged due to a difficulty he had over his income tax. He wanted to overthrow all governments and rule supreme over the world, which he also wanted to destroy utterly. Though what appears as his most egregious villainy was his calling himself "The Falcon". Still, when we consider that it was the income tax maybe even these things should be forgiven.

Skidmore was greatly given to having his characters dispense, at every opportunity, sugar-coated pellets of elementary science for the painless instruction of the reader. But these are so intermingled with equally liberal doses of misinformation that the combination is amusing but hardly edifying. "Murder by Atom", which was the last of the Millstein series, offers a particularly interesting case. Here we find the "Falcon" doing away with a number of scientists in an attempt to gain possession of a death ray and thereby get on with the world-conquest business. His victims are done to death by a modified X-ray which transmutes the selenium content of their bodies into arsenic. One might

well believe that direful effects would follow any such procedure. It is a surprise, though, to learn that the victims succumb to poisoning because their bodies are "saturated" with deadly arsenic formed by transmutation from the "beneficial" selenium. The absurdity isn't so obvious here, but it lies in the fact, not well known but still a fact, that selenium is an exceedingly minor component of the healthy human body. Its occurrence is of the order of a few parts per billion; if it were all transmuted to arsenic the amount would be far below a fatal dose. Further, selenium is not at all beneficial to animal life; it is, in fact, actively poisonous. There's little information on the Se tolerance of the human organism, but the effect on livestock in seleniferous areas is well known, and a chronic poisoning caused by a few parts per million of Se, as well as a fatal acute poisoning by large doses, have been described.

But how were the ill-fated scientists subjected to this transmutation treatment? From the following, it appears that they thought nothing of working at a table directly in the path of the beam, which supposedly was a "harmless" X-ray. Millstein uses this fact as a test for the "innocence" of his suspects: Thus:

"Benson's attention was attracted by the whirring¹ and hissing² of the X-ray apparatus. He glanced upward and looked quite calmly at the X-ray discharge muzzle directly over his head. He turned to Millstein without the slightest perturbation and spoke slowly.

"Millstein, you've left your X-ray machine running."

"Yes, I know," replied Don, eyeing the other closely. "It has a tight rotor bearing and I'm running it in....."

"I see," stated Benson, as if dismissing a trivial matter,...

"Strange!" Don reflected, "Benson must be innocent or he would be fearful of the X-rays."

In defense of the "Falcon", it may be said that any "scientist" who consents to stand in a stream of powerful X-rays richly deserves any fate such rashness may invite.

Really, the first prize for fiendishness goes to an ingenious trap the "Falcon" sets for Millstein and his side-kick. Donald has a close call:

"Don and Jack bent over to study the two deadly devices, two small, flat, rubber sacks, each one shaped like a small saucer. But out of the top and center of each disc protruded an inch-long, sharp needle. With the stout desk ruler, Don pressed hard on one rubber sack. Instantly green, vicious-looking liquid appeared at the needle point!"

"What a clever death trap, Jack! You see, if I had sat..."

1. There was some business of "whirling rotors" and "writhing clouds of seething energy" in connection with the X-ray's functioning, but this we may dismiss as obvious Hollywoodiana.

2. Oh heck!

-----"The Young Confederate" or "Bound to Secede"-----

"A man may talk to his fellow-man for a week, and yet may not reach the understanding which may be born in an hour between a horse and a trusted rider." --S. Fowler Wright

REVISTA

comes now comments on the spring mailing...

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: Thank for the dedication, Watl, but if you must quote me please try to do so with accuracy hereafter. The insinuation that I conspire to subvert our beloved dictator is a lie, misstatement and half-truth. Why I'd rather have Ashley for Fubar than anyone--you, especially, Walt! At the worst Al's only dentally deficient, whereas you, sir.....

PHANNY: Vigorous nods of assent to your views in general on "Fandom as a Way of Life". I suspect that our pipedreams of a citadel or retreat (preferably a retreat. I fear!) for fankind are naught but escapisms arising from dissatisfaction and discouragement over the admitted shortcomings of our present culture. That we tend to set these plans in the near future and against a gloomy background arises, I believe, from the fact that few, if any, of us really want to renounce this silly old world just yet. Next week, perhaps, but not today--or tomorrow--thanks!

You have it that the mediaevals carried the art of logical reasoning to its "ultimate limit". D'ye mean that, or is it simply a dash of rhetoric? It seems to me as though art of logic stands today as an open and promising field rather than a told tale. We're just beginning to develop semantics in the various meanings of the term and these are important adjunctions to logical theory, bearing as they do on whether a proposition possesses sense or is a meaningless collection of words. General semantics is, one might say, comprehensive of logic. Then, too, we have the recent work of Russell, Whitehead and others in symbolic logic - the mathematical treatment of logic, or the generalization of math. to encompass the entire field of logical thought. This and the development of non-Aristotelian logical systems represent the trend away from anthropomorphic logic which we find increasingly inadequate as a language for describing the known universe.

Questionable also is the practicality of Hero's Engine, the nondevelopment of which you cite as exemplary of a shortcoming of Greek culture. It was a toy then. It still is. The reaction of a simple jet recovers too little of the energy of the steam to be of any practical use except possibly in such a highly specialized application as the orientation of a rocket in space. The British Interplanetary Society suggested this in connection with their lunar spaceship design but later abandoned the steam jet in favor of liquid-fuel rockets for steering purposes. While as a stationary power source its efficiency is yet further reduced by mechanical complications. Probably it would do well to fan enough air to blow its exhaust vapors away. Though Hero's Engine should have, and possibly did, suggest the turbine to the Greeks they were hardly in a position technologically to do much about it. An efficient turbine is a highly precise piece of machine work, impossibly far beyond the abilities of the Greek metal workers. The best they could have achieved in that line would be some sort of paddle-wheel affair, also impractically inefficient. I rather suspect that the development of the steam engine could hardly have followed any line other than that it did, through the

reciprocating engine. A practicable piston and cylinder engine can be constructed given much more primitive machining methods than the turbine requires. You may recall the story "Bare Hands" wherein the castaways on an uninhabited island succeed in building a steamboat starting from scratch. Naturally they chose the flexible reciprocating engine rather than the high-speed turbine with the complication of reduction gearing. Even so, it's a big step from Hero to the piston and cylinder. Furthermore the metal working technique known by Watt's time proved very inadequate for the demands of his engine construction. The thickness of a shilling was considered a very good tolerance in the boring of a cannon barrel. For a steam engine cylinder it wasn't. No amount of packing would make a piston steam-tight under the conditions of heat, moisture, pressure and motion obtaining therein. As a consequence the steam engine proved to be the prime cause (as well as the prime mover) of better machine tools.

Bravo for your thought about the rate of progress being far too fast for the godazers. I do think, tho, that our history is still far too brief to permit of any generalization about the inevitability of progress. Certainly it shows a long-term trend of continuing advancement; just how long is, of course, difficult to determine. Consider, though, that during recorded history there are at least two important factors which have remained substantially constant. One of these is the natural environment imposed by the present geological period, which is late ice-age. In this environment the development of civilization is essential if a species of our type is to gain dominance over the whole planet. Ergo, we now have civilization and progress on account they're immediately pro-survival. But will this always be the case? Recall Willy Ley's article, "Ice Age Ahead?", in the February 1939 Astounding? A long-range weather forecast indicates that, since we are emerging from the last glaciation, we may expect a slow, but continuing, rise in the mean annual temperature of the earth and that, some tens of millennia hence, this planet will have a very mild, tropical even, climate over most of its surface. The equatorial regions will not be so very much warmer, but the recession of the polar ice-caps will cause the present temperate and arctic regions to approach them in temperature. The earth will be climatically more uniform as well as warmer. That state of affairs has prevailed before in the earth's history: it is, in fact, our "normal" climate, extant during the greater part of the last half-billion years. We may now expect it again, as the next major change in our natural environment. Now we may foresee from this that our environment will one day be such that a complex society and a highly organized culture may no longer be the immediate necessities that they are now. We may conjecture, then, on whether man will continue at a high level of civilization once the pressure upon him to maintain that level is in large measure absent. There's considerable evidence to support the thesis that the natural state of man is one of low savagery, and that he tends to decline to this level when not subjected to forces tending the other way.

To be sure, it's asserting a half-truth to say that civilization is man's reaction to his natural environment alone. Rather it's a reaction to his entire environment, which includes himself. That this encompasses many variable factors is attested to by the cyclic, or, better put, spasmodic, progress of the institution. Certain of these are products of civilization in that they arise from the fact that the acquired characteristics of the heap mentality undergo the comparatively rapid changes of social evolution. Yet man is also the other constant in the determination of progress. There's no reason to believe that we've changed much biologic-

ally since neolithic times. We have recognizable physical and mental limitations. It would seem that there must exist, as a function of this biological heritage, some limit to the innate ability of the human species to assimilate and to adapt itself to the artificial environment created by its own progress. This may sound like circularity of argument, but it's not. There's enough diversity among individuals so that those of superior intellect will be found working with concepts that are quite incomprehensible to the average man. Yet the race is able to assimilate these concepts into its culture. Few of us understand, for example, Maxwell's equations. Many are congenitally incapable of understanding them. But we all use radio. The point is that all our progress thus far hasn't overtaken our ability to cope with it. I wonder how much longer this is going to hold true. Will we be able to control, say, the bursting atom or the space warp? More cogent, will we be able to control our own behavior to the point where we can trust ourselves to use such forces as these, where misuse could be utterly disastrous? Or will we have to come eventually to Heinlein's degrading "unsatisfactory solution" in order to insure our continued existence?

Speer occasionally mentions some project or other of hisn that he's never completed. I spose "full length articles" refers to those that he has finished. . . . Prize for funniest crack in the mailing goes to yours anent the multiply-dated Phantagraph. . . . John Collier is at his best with tales of murder. His fantasies are rather trivial, though I do remember with considerable pleasure "The Devil, George and Rosie" with its whimsical conception of the universe as a macrocosmic pint of beer on the verge of being drunk, in "twenty million billion light years" (sic), by a medical student named Prior. That, and the fantastic account, in "Evening Primrose", of the life that goes on in department stores after hours. . . .

CELEPHAIS: Another xint first ish. "Abominations of Yendo" rang the wk bell with me, which is unusual since horror fiction doesn't interest let alone horrify, me as a rule. . . . Ah, the game of fours--laid aside and forgotten by me for, lo! these two years. I'd begged down at 31 until Reed Dawson came to the rescue, via Chauvenet. I've since managed to get 31 from three fours, but still wonder how Singleton did it with two. And I'd still like to know the theory of the thing, too. Obviously there's no lim to the size of the numbers constructable from four, three, two or one four(s). But for the unbroken series intuition strongly suggests that a limit must exist. And yet you've carried it much farther than I had thought possible. I suspect that the problem reduces to that of the series for less than four fours and the permissible operations involving the complementary number of fours. It all looks very much like a chestnut for higher algebraists, though it may be practically solvable by brute force of arithmetic, too.

FAN-DANGC: Hearken to Speer, my Fran. You're a mite emetic in spots. Otherwise, the trenchant commentary is amusing, and in its laying about even succeeds in paddling the ill fen in the right spots now and then. A matter of probability, I spose. . . . So fen are neurotics? Maybe you've more than you think, there. I vividly recall the introverted Widner. A veteran of three weeks of army life, he stood there and said --seriously!-- "I don't think KP's anything to gribe about!" Brother, nuts is the word! Anyway, what d ye mean by "completely normal psychologically"? To be sure, I haven't met enoughen to put significance into my observations of the species, but it still contrasts oddly with your findings that those few I do know personally have impressed me as

eminently reasonable and well-balanced individuals. Chauvenet, Widner, the Swishers and Chan Davis ain't my idea of warpmindeds. And it's markworthy that Art, who's the most active in fandom, is seemingly the best-adjusted and most adaptable person, man or fan, I've ever met. What impresses me, though, about these people is the way they seem to enjoy life (and I don't mean just fandom) without being Pollyannishly morose about it. Slan Shack is working, isn't it? As for the "free love" suggestion, it's appealing (or, being a fan, should I say 'appalling'?). Will it work, though? People, even fan, don't customarily react with philosophic serenity to being crossed in love. You know that Bertrand Russell, who's likely the most intelligent man living, couldn't make a go of it.

Ouch! Ya pinked me that time! I guess I really haven't read enough of HPL to go around spouting about how Gothic his stories are. Or maybe I'm hazy on what the Gothic style is. Tennyrate I had "At the Mountains of Madness" set down as Gothic, an impression garnered from Lovecraft's overemphasis of the horrid barrelmen and their tame jellyfishes. Or was it Lovecraft's? I recall having read somewhere that Tremaine edited the Astounding version into something far different from HPL's original. Artificial insemination again: You apparently hold to the thesis that if a woman who is married to a sterile man does not wish to dissolve that marriage, or to practice adultery or bigamy, then she is psychologically unfit for motherhood. Why?

I'm inclined to give the Amazing Quarterlies, from the end of Gernsback to the decline to the reprint issues, a slight edge over the Wonders as representative of the cream of the good old days. That is, as far as the novels are concerned. The shortales weren't so super, but "Paradise and Iron", "White Lily", "A Voice Across the Years" Ah! Is the name 'Laney' or 'Braney'? That IQ makes me wonder if the Efty Laniac may not be the coming superman. Mayhap the emotionally sublimed Laney represents a sort of larval stage.

PHANTAGRAPH: Our ear-to-the-ground department has turned in a report stating that a newspaper published in Bloomington, Illinois is known as "The Daily Phantagraph". BT, what have you to say to this? Who sez our "total" oil reserves are sufficient for only 25 more years? That figure may apply to our proved reserves (i.e., those already discovered). But no one knows what remains to be discovered, as witness the wide range of disagreement even among expert oil men. You can choose any figure you please from two years to two thousand. There's even one well-known petroleum chemist who believes that oil is presently being formed faster than we withdraw it. Probably that's overly optimistic, but the nub of the matter is that we've no clear understanding of the mechanism whereby oil was/is formed. About all that can be said is that certain geological formations are favorable for the presence of oil pools and that there remains a considerable amount of unexplored territory which is known to contain these formations. Let's have more, please, from the Ph Scrapbook.

THE F. A. P. A. FAN: Obviously. The explanations are a good idea, tho.

FSNY STATEMENT: This seems, by and large, to be the sensible attitude to take. Really, the only legitimate objections to be taken to Degler and the CG (I won't attempt to dissociate the two) are to the organization's publication or sponsorship of publications unbecoming to fandom and to Claude's alleged taking ways. In the first case, most of the objectionable material has been retracted, though this does not nullify

the damage (if any!) to fandom's reputation (if any!). The other charge might justify expulsion from FAFA, were the evidence not so circumstantial. It's hard to see, though, what advantage would arise from trying to keep the CC alive, but in a state of suspended animation, for the next two years. Now that reaction has set in against the wave of extreme antideglerism the CC may well be left to work out its own salvation, if it can.

MATTERS OF OPINION: "What", thought I, "could three-dimensional time possibly have to do with decimal classification of stuff?" But you've answered the question. I think, though, that you'll eventually run into difficulties if you keep your various groups strictly confined to their respective regions of the time-solid. Consider Verne's "Purchase of the North Pole". It's absurd to class that as of the future and hardly reasonable to call it contemporaneous at this time. It's not properly a might-have-been, yet does not lie within your region of uncertainty. The trouble, Jack, is that your classification is constructed on the principle that its contents must exist somewhere in three-dimensional time. But that's not the philosophy of fiction at all. We are not required to recognize or to justify the existence of a fictional event; it is purely make-believe. It seems hardly necessary to postulate highly artificial definitions of the scope of the classes simply for the avoidance of incompatibility between events in fiction and those in the "real world". The "difficulty" of a fictional Hitler's downfall is not zybhing with the actual event simply doesn't exist.

I'll withdraw my suggestion, given in Efty-six, that the grand scheme of classification be based on the temporal setting. Yes; and we're probably better off without the "what is now the past" subdiv. On the other hand, your group, "The Future", might well be divided into two groups: 1) "Familiar" futures, or those historically continuous with our day, and 2) "Alien" futures, those remote from, or not continuous with, our culture. Thus Kimball Kinnison dwells in a familiar future and the Patagonians' "Divine Boy" in an alien future. There's a fundamental point of distinction and one of interest to the user of the system. I know that if I were going through the Foundation's card catalog, I'd be most interested in turning directly to the second of these two groups.

Also, the grouping of the historic past under "our time" seems misfit. Would Cyrano and Lucian or Samothrace fit in here? And don't forget Gulliver! Poe and Verne, even, are rather dated. Let's have a separate group for historical times up to twentieth century and keep our time within fifty-year bounds at least. Of course a reclassification of out-of-date items should be made now and then, but then the files oughta be cleaned and dusted at least once every 25 years, anyway.

Further, exception may be taken to your grouping of all tales pertaining to space flight and extra-terrestrial doings under "The Future". Would you so classify Burroughs' "A Princess of Mars"? There are plenty of other such examples. Anyway, I believe the breakdown of your group 10 could well be tightened so as to eliminate the use of the second decimal place here for sub-topics which are elsewhere classified with one-place decimals. How's this?

11. Space travel
12. Extra-terrestrial life and adventures on other planets
13. Extrapolations on the physical sciences
14. Extrapolations on the biological sciences
15. Extrapolations on geography and geology

16. Political, social and economic life
17. Catastrophes to civilization
18. Extradimensional
19. Adventures in size

Now there seems no reason why this breakdown can not be taken as the model to be used, with appropriate changes, for group 50 and such other time-based groups as may be added. For these other groups some of the above subdivisions would, of course, be dropped or replaced by others more appropriate to the particular group.

Finally (at last), the system needn't preclude the possibility of indefinitely detailed breakdown for them ez likes such stuffery. For this, additional decimal places would be defined. For general use the decimals could be broken off after the first place, while for special purposes they could be extended as much farther as necessary.

What's this? I find that my annotating for this issue consisted only of drawing a long line leading from the second paragraph of Little Orphan Annie to the last paragraph of Recession.

THE S-F DEMOCRAT: I know not whether the shortage of this item was due to carelessness on the part of JFS or your S/T, breveted Semi-ass't. Editor. Most likely the latter, but the difficulty was remedied, so what matter?

AYENBITE OF INWIT: A substantial and altogether enjoyable paper. How little does it resemble those semi-legible loose sheets that useta turn up every few mailings! . . . I'd like some further elucidation of this allegation that "wage slavery" is essential to a capitalistic economy. It seems to imply one or both of the following: a) That the worker will not remain a tractable employee if his lot is improved, and/or b) That any enterprise which pursues an enlightened policy toward its employees must fail to produce an adequate return to its investors. The first is equivalent to saying that men will not work except under the threat of starvation, in which event they'd obviously be slaves under any conceivable system. The second implies either that our natural resources are insufficient to support our population - an obvious untruth - or that we can do no more than we have toward eliminating unfair competition from private enterprise. And that I don't believe, either. . . . "A Bas Musique!": Up Inquisition! What next from the Star Chamber?

SAPPHO: The Watsonish editorial deserves existence for its amusement value, at the very least. "Solar Perplexum"--good, but verily.

FLEETING MOMENTS: And I liked these. The cover photo interested me. Tell us something about it, Larry.

FANTASY AMATEUR: I gave Degler a number of duplicates from my file of fapazines. It's possible that this may account for some of the swag he sent Raym. The June En Garde! wasn't among 'em, though. . . . Official Critic Jack Spear apparently doesn't accept Fapazine Publisher Juffus' explanation of the anachronistic Stefnews. And why ain't Pong's Papyrus a publication? Just 'cause it wasn't printed unsidedownwise aux Inspiration/Happy? That wouldn't be a legitimate objection, anyway, for I can cite at least one example of a book (in English) with title page at the back and contents and page numbering going from left to right. . . . Truly tskable is the spectacle of one-third of a mailing straggling in after the official deadline. Yes, you too, Norm.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: I suppose your cover this time depicts Dr. Hackensaw's typewriter. Heck sez his lapse from fapactivity is due to the press of other matters. Next question, please. Oh, yes. What is the conflict between the concept of time as a fourth dimension and the possibility of still other time dimensions? It's never occurred to me. Harry, may I borrow your cognomen for a moment? Now, Jack, is it "au Honig" or "a i' Honig"? I had about decided to stick to "a la", after much tussling with the other forms, since the fem singular seems to be the only one of the family to have taken out papers. On the order of Warner's commendable suggestion, maybe it should be revamped into one word, "aia", which would be a simple prepos- ition rather than a compound with a definite article. Nothing is certainly impossible? Show me a four-sided triangle! "Kingomi"? That's Murasheman for "Wassum". Gee, luthat first line of "Fragment - To Neptune" is a dillie!

BROWSING: Kenneth Bulmer is now a member in good standing of that remarkably popular organization, the FAPA Wait Listers. Presumably he would be entitled to the exemption from activity extended to FAPA mem- bers in military service beyond the seas, once he were admitted. But he'll have to have the activity credentials required for admission.

MILTY'S MAG: It's like this, Milty: The book that's the book that's the book to tell you the meaning of "The Meaning of Meaning" would be, you see, "The Mearning of Meaning of Meaning". UbbleUbbleUbble! These mathematicians! Sez Rose, in his "Matrix and Tensor Algebra": "If the reader will pause for a moment, it is probable that he has never considered multiplying one checker board as a whole by another checker board as a whole, or our egg-crate as a whole by another egg-crate as a whole, or a rectangular office building as a whole by another, etc." I guess he don't know us stefans, I guess!

KENON: Here's a neat package. The combination of mimeo and press seems a tolerably happy one. Don't let this sheet be a stranger to the Mail- ings!

BLITHERINGS: I can recall some stefyarns that brought out the points Tom Gardner mentions, but not many. The matter of protection of the rocket passengers from the vibration may well be a most serious problem. I wonder if the BIS considered this in their lunarocket design? I can't recall any mention of it. As for rocket ports, they'd probably be more or less isolated, anyhow. For with such fuels as seem likely, in the light of present knowledge, to be practicable there'd be a considerable advantage to launchings from mountain tops and regions of high altitude. Mt. Kenya, in Africa, has been cited as ideal for a rocket port.

But the Guy with Goggles doesn't change his own past. He simply recognizes the existence of an opportunity to get on to another time track and takes advantage of it. If that gains him entry to a better world than his own then it's to his personal advantage, at least, to do so. You may say that since the possibility of a choice exists there is also a Guy with Goggles who didn't take this step, therefore it doesn't matter what he does. For an answer to this I give you Doc Swisher's remark in Efty-six. But of course this is not an adequate description because given in anthropomorphic, dynamic terms. Now from the static viewpoint

..... Just how are the unions to control industry democratically if industrial management is denied representation within the unions? The

control must be applied from both directions. True it is that too much authority at the top tends to despotism. But it's no less true that excess authority at the bottom leads to mob rule, which is much more dangerous because while tyrants can be removed from power, the people can't, or shouldn't, be. They have to be reoriented. There's nothing wrong with unionism; it's desirable and necessary. But the unions must assume their proper responsibilities if they are to be permitted the power that should be theirs. I think it's a matter of evolution, but in the meantime if the unions can not or will not set their houses in order, what are we to do?

My dictionary says that atheism is disbelief in the existence of a deity. Any deity, presumably. Now if you insist on redefining belief in existence so's to include worship and belief in the efficacy of prayer, then I'm afraid you are being dogmatic. I don't agree to the meaninglessness of belief in a god without prejudice in my favor or that of my species or my world. The Murashemans believed in a god called "Beyarya" who had created the universe and, having once created it, was content to observe it throughout eternity with infinite indifference. They were otherwise utterly materialistic, but chose to postulate the existence of a creator because they had no better explanation for the existence of the universe. Atheists? They weren't even agnostics!

I don't pretend to know what Carl Sandburg's Great Proud Wagon Wheels are all about, but the verse rolls off the tongue right smoothly. Let's have more Outgrabings.

EVAN'S TALE: I don't think Jack's argument has been successfully challenged. What are the international coordinators going to coordinate that won't in some way involve individual, national self-determination? The point still remains that any sort of international unity must be based on the agreement among the participating states as to which and how many of their "states rights" they are to subordinate to the international good. And if they are unwilling to delegate sufficient authority and scope of action to it, then your Parliament of Man will be defeated by its own impotency the first time some member nation decides its own interests should supersede international welfare. We haven't forgotten the League of Nations and its farcically timid "sanctions", have we? Your fist-swinging comparison is clever, but doesn't the act imply that the fist-swinger really wants to follow through, and therefore will likely do so the minute he's certain he can get away with it?

Your polysyllabic versification sounds like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan.

IQ and other Rogers publications and portions thereof: I can't concede that the high standard of FAPA publications is being greatly degraded by this stuff. It's not bad at all. Only thing I actively disliked was "Jody's" unfunny attempt at humor. Degler's burlesques of the various anti-CC sheets should properly call for a laugh all around. Let's have lots more tolerance in fandom.

THE ORGANIZATION OF FANDOM: This seems like sound sense, even to one as fanarchic as I. Let's go!

EN GARDE!: Here's the best so far of the many excellent airbrush covers to come from Beetle Crack. The explanation of the "Ashley Atrocity" is reasonable and quite adequate. The inference is that we need a better understanding of what constitutes a convention, conference, or what you will.

LIGHT: Is broadcast power really just around the wk corner? I dunno much about radio, but my impression has long been that wireless power transmission with any degree of efficiency was a practical impossibility. Sure, I can see how every broadcast station is a transmitter of rf energy. And when a 500,000-watter goes on the air all the electric lights for a mile around burn regardless of whether they're turned on or not. That's the trouble with rf--the energy certainly goes out, but it's not at all fussy about where it ends up and turns out to be better suited to warming up the earth in its immediate neighborhood than it is to turning a motor a hundred miles away. That's for broadcast power, anyway. 'Tis true something might be done with beamed energy, but there you're limited to line-of-sight distances wherein line transmission would be more efficient and probably cheaper in the end than a beam. The remarks on membership which you accredit to Stanley sound more like Swisher. You've not confused, have you? Me, I believe I'm on record as favoring a moderate increase to clear the Waiting List of those who've been on it a long time.

YHOS: Gardner's epilog to "Homo Phut" has the same greivous fault as Chan's kick-off. It's too complete for comment! But I was tickled by Tom's "a fan or would-be mutant".

Pardon me, Art, if I jump on your Slan Island notion. Consider the South Seas where, as you say, life is "rather easy". That's just it; "rather too easy" would be more like it. I wonder just how long we energetic fen would remain energetic in such an environment. Consider, too, that we're best adapted, as well as conditioned, to a temperate climate. The white races don't do so well in the tropics, you know, and in general the tropical races tend to be backward by our standards. On the other hand any isolated or little-known island that is not in a warm climate is bound to offer some formidable obstacles to colonization. You're likely to be up against lack of arable soil or adequate water supply, the forestation may be scanty and mineral resources lacking, livestock may not thrive, gloom, etc. Think of life as it is lived on Tristan da Cunha! And comes war, I'm still not inclined to bet much on maintenance of our isolation. Lookit the unheard-of places we're fighting over in the South Pacific! I'm afraid that any thoughts of finding an unknown island of reasonable size are just so much wishful thinking. In this connection, you might look up what S. Fowler Wright has to say in his foreword to "The Island of Captain Sparrow".

Am I a taf an I publish an imag? Perish the thot! Your facile shifting from the soft g of a word like "imagination" to hard g in the derived word, "imag", grates summat upon these ears. And "vegarden"--ouch, there you go again! I spose it's because I'm audile, that is, tend to think mostly in sound-images, but things like that bother me.

There are a number of reasons why a fan, or anybody else, might like fantasy. E.g., escapism, ego-gratification, scientificuriosity, and doubtless others. Now all these things may be had from fantasy, but they are not peculiar to it. What I've done is to postulate the existence of a mental trait which does relate peculiarly to fantasy, and to set this up as the main thing that distinguishes fen. I didn't attempt to delve deeply into the psychology of the fantasy sense, for I don't believe it's a simple task to be dealt with conclusively in a few hundred words. I did suggest that it bore an analogy to the humor sense. You can analyze humor into a number of elements which aren't of themselves humorous yet the sensations they produce in the human mind integrate to produce the distinctive humor sensation. Further, this integ-

ration varies with the individual, so that the same stimuli may in one person synthesize the humor sensation while in another only the isolated elements are sensed. I think, then, that we may gain some understanding of the fantasy sense if we isolate the elements that make up fantasy and identify with them the sensations these isolated stimuli excite. If we can do that we'll know as much about the sense of fantasy as we do of the humor sense.

So you see, Art, I don't consider the sense of fantasy as a mere liking for fantasy. I think it's more on the order of a comprehension of fantasy. Those without the well-developed sense tend to get only the isolated sensations of the experience, and therefore find it without meaning.

Yop, I think I see how to longreachstaple without a longreachstapler. Should think it a tight squeeze, though, for a small, dimestore stapleknocker.

Sure, mass production can be made much more automatic. But will you have mass production without a population to consume that production? And I can't see tank farming displacing land ditto except possibly in regions of low fertility and high population density. I doubt if it's the growing of things in the ground that's the cause of inefficiency in present-day agriculture. Indeed, crop surpluses rather than scarcities are more often than not the cause of trouble. The farmer's difficulties seem to lie more in his methods of processing, marketing and upkeep of equipment.

HORIZONS: Haphazardly seems to be the way the language will go on growing, at least as long as the process is one of popular usage. Remember "scofflaw"? No, probably you don't. It's demise even preceded that of the 18th amendment which gave it birth. But your idea's a nice one, anyway, Harry.

That flimsy credential you kick about was a carry-over from the preceding FA. Its proud possessor was in and I made the best I could of it. Must I swing for't?

FANTASTICONGLOMERATION: I always did like hash! What's this Australian magazine, "Pertinent"? Your filchings therefrom seem to indicate a considerable fantasy content.

GUTETO: Gee, but you make out esperantists as something like visiting fen. Which is a nice, friendly sort of idea, filled with international good-will and all that, but what has it to do with the traveler who simply wants to make himself understood in a foreign land? The fact remains that Esperanto doesn't serve that purpose. The obvious solution, of course, is for the traveler to acquire the basic language of the land. Basic English may, indeed, suffer from a bad case of semantics, but it is a step toward, not away from, the acquisition of the dominant language on this planet. I can't concede that anyone with enough wits to acquire a foreign language would be satisfied to remain within the compass of the Basic Dictionary.

But tell us how the "deligito" managed to get Chris through his third bicycle trip.

SARDONYX: "Fapafile" takes the blue ribbon among the articles this mailing. Nacherally, I luvved it. "Impressions"--phenomenal! Not a thing I violently disagree with. I'll only say I believe I could play chess throughout eternity and still have no more (I could hardly have less.) grasp of its "meaningful relations" than I possess right now.

POLARIS: From Paul Freehafer, in a letter dated March 10, 1944: "Like most of the other fans (for some reason I can't bring myself to write 'fen' or 'Slen') even when I lose most of my interest in fandom as a whole, I still want to stay in FAPA. Somehow it has more of the spark of life than all the rest put together. . . . Wish I could ramble on in the good old fan manner, but conscience tells me I have fifty other letters to write. Common sense tells me I won't answer any of them anyway, but what the hell - if I stop here I'll have a good chance to do what I won't do, anyway."

BEYOND: I thought Rosco had an unusually good line-up this time.

FAN-TODS: The pages on the 18-lb. paper, or whatever it is I bought for 20-lb., didn't turn out as legible as I would like.

NUCLEUS: Trudy deserves a laureate for that expression, "military cliché". It's perfect! One might with justification refer to it synonymously as the "military cast". Can't seem to think of anything funny to say about Nippon's pious emperor.

There is no truth to the rumor that Trudy is to wed Jack Chapman Miska

Bush League Boskono Sub One: sub bore

I'd been particularly put out on learning that Art Widner had managed to make the session that I missed. But -- miracle! -- he was still at Devens a week later and made it in that Sunday night. And so we put up the Mailing and talked fan stuff. The latter, especially, as those of you who found duplicates and/or omissions in your bundles will appreciate. Outstanding remark was Art's comment on the March "Guteto". "Say," he said, "hasn't Morojo used this poem on the cover before?"

I'm beholden no small amount to Art for his guiding me through the fearsome intricacies of the Boskonian transportation system. The adventure proved educational to us both, I think. The last session of all, too. Me 'n' Art in North Station at 2 AM, discussing Ogden Nash until the MP herded him off to his train, leaving only me.

"Ils regardent ce que je regarde, mais ils ne voient pas ce que je vois"

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

yes, a

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Dear Faps: Those of you who read the ballot before casting your vote will undoubtedly observe that I've filed for the office of Vice President of all FAPA for the coming year. (If my name isn't on the ballot in big, red letters it's because the Official Editor is unbuyable.) Mayhap 'tis not meet that so eminent a niche in the hierarchy be sought by one still serving his novitiate as a lowly money changer at the cut-er watches. But then, consider my record, if you must. Who built up FAPA by admitting fifteen new members (mostly without credentials)? Stanley! Who let Don Rogers in? Yep, you guessed it! Who was Anthony Gilmore? Uh, uh! Not this time. Gentlefan, ponder well these facts and then think of what this character might do were he elected Prexy or Off'al Editor. And thank Foo he's running for Vipre instead! Stef-nisti, I exhort you! Vote for me if you possibly can. Vote for DAW if you must. Or even (as a last resort) vote for Fascist Al. But vote!

preferably for

--- nfs

F A N M A I L

Naftali Chidsey describes the tribulations of a Wait-Lister.....

"Made studiously casual announcements to acquaintances and correspondents that I was joining FAPA. Time passed; time rolled by, time paced up and down waiting for something to happen. Time grew a long beard to hide the sorrow upon its seamed and lined puss, still no word from Maine. Time gave up, cut off its beard and prepared to jump in the lake (being May, a cooling swim WOULD be fine) and then comes a Stanley note: I join FAPA. Ha."

* * * * *

An ebullient paragraph from a Crouch communiqué.....

"I work in a strange manner. I want to do a story so I sit and think, usually 15 minutes is sufficient to hatch a plot and general treatment. I get the main thread, something to tie to, some significant theme to be woven all through, and then I get a start. Then from there on the story just writes itself. I never edit for fanmaterial. I submit and it is printed exactly as I first typed it. In LIGHT there appears RECORDEMON which is a 100% straight from the brain story - no corrections or changes or even false starts. I must be a natural writer. I don't know. Lately I have been doing no humor, but heavy weird, and fantasy. I am crazy about fantasy, especially a type I term 'religious fantasy'. That is, a story with a sort of religious premise. But not a Sunday School story, definitely not. For instance, suppose I did a story about the hereafter being a great mansion or castle - the rotunda and entrance hall is where souls who have departed first enter. From there some go upstairs and some downstairs. That is a religious fantasy to my mind. I pride myself on saying I am rather good at that. If I do say so myself. The type of weird I like is that based on very very modern things. Only these are more weird-fantasies than anything else. One needn't go back to middle century Europe, or old castles to have weird stuff. If you write a weird fantasy about some every day article it is better, it brings up the thought of horror attached to something we use every day. If the story is strong enough, it lingers enough that when the reader picks up or sees a similar object he remembers what he has read about it. For instance, how about a story about a modern sorceress or witch with familiars or something, who, after she married a man and had consummated their marriage with sexual intercourse, like a certain spider, the husband was eaten? Or how about one about a man who some way incurred the hatred of the feline race, and everywhere he went he was plagued, scratched, tormented by innocent gentle household cats until he was finally ganged up on some night and clawed to death. Or how about the baby who brought death to every woman that nursed him, because he sucked through the breath the soul of the nurse? See, innocent things used for horror. Look about you as you read this letter. Every object, every simple little thing you see carries untold possibilities for fantasy and weird stories if looked on by a man with an imagination, especially an unconventional imagination that has been trained to that end. That belt about your waist, if you wear a belt and most men do - what if it was made from the hide of a certain animal and under

favorable conditions it came to life- and killed the wearer? Or the pen you sign your letters with- maybe everytime you sign your name that devil's instrument pours a little of your soul out that you never get back. Your shoe laces- grave-worms in the middle of the night. Ever experience a strange feeling of something crawling over your skin? So strong perhaps you even scratch or look to see? Maybe those are the invisible feelers of some extra-dimensional or extra-terrestrial night-mare seeking to enter your very being to ride you the rest of your days! See what I mean? Do you like spaghetti? What if you sat down and from under it crawled long white worms, blind, slimy----- or suppose that chicken meat wasn't chicken meat, but meat consigned to a family of ghouls and that **THEY** got the chicken meat instead of you ((EC: I'd rather they did!)).....why does a cat suddenly look and act as though something invisible was in the room....a dog also....why do you suddenly think you see something indefinite move and turn to see- nothing.... I could go on and on but I think this suffices to show imagination un-cramelled and unchained can produce stuff not even the pros would ever touch. That is why I like writing fan material- I don't have to tone my stuff down- I don't have to slant- I don't have to write down- instead I write for intelligent readers who can take it strong and raw- I write to equals, not down to children.

Milty expresses a fine faith in Providence.....

"I guess wherever I go there will always be an orderly room type-writer available on Sundays."

Ashley still wonders what to do about a cockibund Liebscher.....

"I finally decided to take your admirable advice and throw Walt to the lions. It got to the place where the bother of keeping them seemed insignificant in comparison. But I immediately ran into a snag. My motives in wanting the lions were misunderstood, and I couldn't dig up enough red points ((EC: Pronounced 'points'.)), to swing the deal. I next tried my black market contacts, but they had no facilities for providing them on the hoof, although willing to oblige otherwise. Of course, now that all but steaks and roasts have been made point-free, my difficulties would seem to be solved. Unfortunately, such is not so. Red points have to go farther, and besides a lion without his roasts and steaks would fall somewhat short of serving my purpose. So what do I do now??????? By the way, do you know the location of any time-faults? Maybe he could be maneuvered into a position so I could push him into one."

EC: Walter is getting to be a problem, isn't he? I question the advisability of shoving him into a time fault. If he lands in the past, then he'll have a head start at promulgating the loathsome cult of r-----r-ism. If he winds up in the future, then all stef's tales of golden utopias will be but hollow mockeries!

----- ten loonies make one half-wit -----

RAPIDLY BECOMING COLLECTOR'S ITEMS are a batch of rejection slips recently sent out by a well-known stef publishing house. These, through a curious misprint, bear the following line: "Rejection does not necessarily imply merit."

Yesterday's
10,000
Years

"The Society (Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in STF Magazines) is bound to grow, and some day wield power among publishers and editors. Our motto is: "Pull the Wire Staples Out of STF Magazines!" So please lend your help. Simply drop a postcard to the address below."

Bob Tucker

EC: "We regret that we forgot to leave your address on the letter so that you could secure members for your SPWSSTFM--but it is too late now --the magazine has already gone to press."

--Wonder Stories. Feb. 1935

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"We believe that the colossal intellects and discerning brilliance of the clientele of your excellent publication will be able to sympathize with our glorious and lofty objectives in the support and continuance of the work of our heroic association, The International and Allied Organizations for the Purpose of Upholding and Maintaining the Use of Metallic Fasteners in Science Fiction Publications of the United States of America, Unlimited,...

"Strike for the BOOLEYWAG and die! and if thou diest
The BOOLEYWAG is BOOLEYWAG and the COCOLORUM rains the highest
Hiss ray gun! and rocket roar! Let the BOOLEYWAG rain!

"Hoot! for our COCOLORUM is mighty in his May!
Hoot! for our BOOLEYWAG is mightier day by day!
Burst atom! and comet swirl! Is the BOOLEYWAG sane?

and subscribe generously to our publication, THE POLYMORPHONUCLEATED LEUKOCYTE which is published the sixth Thursday of each month (subscription price is three (5) cents Confederate States of America) and in closing let us wish you a happy arbor day."

The Grand Exalted Booleywag

The High Cocolorum

EC: "As Honorary Member Number Thirty of the SPWSSTFM, or spwsstfm, as you have it, it is our duty to uphold said society and we must protest against the isaoftpouamtumfisfpotusoa, unlimited - in fact, we refuse to give your society any publicity."

--Wonder Stories, July 1935

Hey, Koenig! Is "ray gun" hissable?

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"I just joined the SPWSSTFM and got myself appointed to the exalted position of Royal Chief Twerp."

Milton A. Rothman

--Wonder Stories, July 1935

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"Tucker, whyn't chew gum up s'metima? And don't write--wire!"

Forrest J. Ackerman

530 Staples Avenue

San Francisco, Calif.

--Astounding Stories, July 1935

-0-

"These societies for prevention: They are absolutely imbecile, as must be their members and organizers. Dictator Tucker should be executed seven times and then imprisoned for life."

Arthur R. Mink, S. F. P. S. - Society for the Prevention of Societies

--Astounding Stories, Aug. 1935

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"Bob 'Dictator' Tucker received my contribution of half-smoked cigarettes but returned them because they were not his brand. However, that contribution made me a member of the SPWSSTFM. Now that I have taken the oath of the seven dead suns, my life is dedicated to the removal of wire staples."

Ima Nother Kemist, Robert Anglin

--Astounding Stories, Aug. 1935

"Announcing an ultranew organization--the Anti Wire Staples Agitators Association. The purpose of this organization is to do away with such inane and purposeless organizations as the SPWSSTFM and the IACOPUM-UMFSTFPUSA. . . . All interested and willing to join, write to"

D-456

--Astounding Stories, Sept. 1935

"The mighty Dictator speaks. Quiet please! . . . Now to Fred Anger: I give him the itch. Now, there's a good chance to sell my anti-itch balm. He is averse to my drooling pen. I don't use a pen. It is generally a scoop shovel and a piece of chalk. P. S. The headquarters of the Anti-Tuckerites was burned down last week. While holding a meeting, Fred became angry, his ears got red, and set the rafters on fire. . . . As to Mr. Wilson of Missouri: I gave myself the dictatorship. Whattya gonna do about it? Wire staples are detours on the path to Utopia."

Bob (Dictator) Tucker --Astounding Stories, Sept. 1935

"Know ye that the SPWSSTFM is combined with the Independent Order for the Prevention of the Use of Hair Tonic in Painting the Covers of the Stf. Publications in the Great Nation of Pumperdink, Patent Applied For. . . . We want the covers painted with soda pop. Thus printing the stories in type made of weiners on thin slices of bread stuck together with chewing gum, we could make a light lunch of good old Astounding."

R. M. Holland, Jr. --Astounding Stories, Sept. 1935

"Since you gentlemen (?) published his serene highness's letter with the accompanying censure of his humble and obedient servant, I have been swamped with letters, telegrams (mostly collect), cards, etc., condoling or condemning me further, until the possibilities of answering each one personally are well-nigh hopeless. Is this a conspiracy to topple the already staggering finances of poor old Sir Doc? My ill-favored estates and sadly depleted treasury are at hand and ready any time Tucker feels in the confiscating mood, but to be so plagued by underlings and lackeys; this is unbearable. . . . As to his majesty, let Tucker remember that pills can sometimes be worry worry nasty, and that I, his royal pill roller and sole physician of the royal court, am the only person who knows his needs and can care for them. Wollheim had his Hornig, Kalotsky his rejection slip, and Tucker may profit by their example."

Sir Doc Lowndes

--Wonder Stories, Oct. 1935

"If, within those manly arteries of yours there flows one drop of real red American blood (or yellow Martian), you cannot refuse to affix your august signature to the ever-growing membership rolls of that unselfish, idealistic organization, the S.F.P.O. . . . 'What does S.F.P.O. mean?' you quiz breathlessly. . . . The answer, my friend! The momentous answer! The meaning of S.F.P.O. is: 'Society for Prevention Of,' and a noble organization it is! . . . If you, my fine and courageous friend, are interested in the worthy fight for prevention of,

just address a dollar postcard to the Mohammedan church in the city of, and full details will be sent to you at once. Remember! The S.F.P.O. is the emancipator of humanity and the opponent of!"

Aneid Kuspidor
Royal Council of Rhea

EC: "We are certainly pleased to publish this announcement concerning the Society for the Prevention Of! It is by far the most praiseworthy we have yet heard of in all the recent ransacking of the alphabet soup. We have been having a lot of trouble from, and hope that the SFPO can help us to get rid of. All readers who may be interested in, please send your names to. We know that Mr. will soon have a large enrolment."

--Wonder Stories, Dec. 1935

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"In closing let me say that Tucker should be incarcerated in a Punitive. You'd better Tuck-'er in and run!"

Fred Anger

EC: "This scathing reply to Tucker ought to cause the Dictator to stop dictating awhile. We'll bet he hasn't even got a stenographer to dictate to, anyway."

--Wonder Stories, Dec. 1935

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"Ivan, my valet, tells me that Donald A. Wollheim was expelled from a certain science-fiction club for foul practices. This is only what one would expect. What fair thing could a jelly bean of his type do? His great crime against the SPWSSTFM caused his expulsion from three organizations outside of this, namely: H-H-Hiker's Union, Ape Society, and Society for the Mutual Aid of Aged and Infirm Field Mice. That is his record. For this, the International Council of One, consisting of Mephisto, has sentenced Wollheim to be boiled in oil for five days out of every four. Because of his sorry condition, Wollheim will be granted the great privilege of crying in my beer. Tucker may cry in Ivan's beer."

Mephisto

--Astounding Stories, Nov. 1935

Antideglerites! Ynot get Rogers tossed out of the H-H Union?

-o-

"Mr. Tucker, you are merely a small ladybug! You do not bite! You do not irritate. You merely tickle. I have no desire to crush or harm you. I shall scratch you gently, for after all, you are a gentleman ladybug. Please pick up your marbles and fly home!"

Hubert Allcock

--Astounding Stories, Aug. 1935

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"Success at last crowns the brows of the mighty cohorts of the IAO* PUMUMFSTFPUSA! Tucker has capitulated. He has used wire staples in binding his D'Journal. Mr. Editor, you have no idea of the hard and fierce combat that has been raging. You can only faintly glimpse the subtle intrigues that lay beneath the stapling of D'Journal. Spy and counterspy. Tucker thought that Clark and Selikowitz were loyal to him. Little did he realize that they were the cleverest of my agents, working themselves into the depths of his confidence, then to undermine him, and staple D'Journal. Oh, tempora! Oh, mores! Was there ever a war like this! We shall scuttle him with laughter, drown him in ridicule, and annihilate him in a flood of jeers!"

Donald A. Wollheim

--Astounding Stories, Aug. 1935

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"Do you readers know that there is a great stf. war war going on between the SPESSTFM and the IAOPUMUMFSTFPUSA?"

LeRoy Christian Bashore

--Wonder Stories, Sept. 1935

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