



RONALD CLYNE



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# FAN SLANTS

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# REFLECTIONS

## ON FALLING OVER BACKWARDS IN A SWIVEL CHAIR

-fassbinder

It has been my privilege to have fallen over backwards in a number of interesting devices. As a matter of fact, my friends have been prompting this vice for years as it is always after such a minor catastrophe that the famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story blossoms forth. Research has shown that a sudden descent backwards from the table is practically the only way to produce one of these stories, except perhaps to wine and dine Fassbinder extensively on exotic vermouths and champagnes. My friends have found it cheaper to upset me in a chair, however, and the wining and dining is usually strictly plebian.

Thus it is that whenever I am invited out, I arrive to discover that while the rest of the guests are going to dine in rare old antique chairs, or Louis XV, or Teakwood collector's items, the chair at Fassbinder's place is an old relic from the attic or the servants' quarters. I know that I may expect an upset some time before the last course is served, but I pretend to ignore the whole thing, usually passing the chair off as the most antique of the lot. "Good old Fassbinder is a gem," they always say. And someone always replies, "Yeah, just like a razor."

Falling over backwards in a chair used to be the acme of shocks. The reaction would vary, depending on the chair, but each time, when struggling to my feet, I invariably burst out in a Famous Fassbinder After Dinner Story. (This title is copyrighted and may not be used without the author's permission.) People used to give me about this phenomenon somewhere during the entree, "Now Carlton," one of the minor wits would smirk, "I want you to engage in a brilliant conversation." Since the evening when I answered with a malicious, "I will, just as soon as I shine my teeth," they have been content just to let me eat in silence untill the upset. As a matter of fact, some guests are downright rude about my feelings untill after the upset.

I could regale you with tales of many novel and ingenuous methods used by various hosts to tilt me backwards and downwards without previous warning, but those are only superfluous technical data and may prove boring. Anyway, all that is over. All that ceased since the day in Charlie Hofer's office when I went over in a swivel chair.

Now, in an ordinary straight-backed chair, when one loses his balance and falls over backwards, the motion is that of a rapidly accelerating curve, ending in a shattering bump and, naturally, leaving the victim in a dazed condition. As I have said, previously, this was always sufficient to set off the Fassbinder yarn.

In a swivel chair, as I have found in that vainglorious moment at Hofer's,



the effect is far more sensation. As I recall, Charlie and I were discussing a new sales campaign for his 17 foot-Oxnard-Classics-shelf-of Books. I was leaning back in his office chair. In fact, an impish voice kept whispering, "Farther, just a wee bit farther!" And I, in a sudden daring mood, ~~inched~~ inched backward imperceptibly, thrilling as the danger of my situation increased.

And then it happened!

You see, in a swivel chair, as one leans back more and more, the three legs of the tripod base remain on the floor while the seat itself bends rearward, building up tension on the springs. The point of overbalance is attained, and I, the experimenter, am breathless with anticipation.

The tripod base snaps up, out from under the chair, and resumes its normal position in relation to the seat. And for a brief moment the chair and its occupant are suspended at a 45 degree angle in the air!

In that moment, sitting up there in mid-air, I felt all, I knew all. The world was at my feet! The most treasured secrets of life were mine! I was one with the universe. And then there was the unparalleled descent to the floor, and the shattering, tingling shock of the crash.

Charlie Hofer rushed over to me. "Carlton, Carlton," he shouted. Say something! Say something! "Oh Carlton, that look, that unearthly look on your face!"

"Whee," I said, making peculiar gesticulating motions with my hands.

"Carlton," Charlie shouted again, shaking me violently, "Tell me, tell me, what was it like? Oh that must have been glorious!"

I arose, tingling with electrical currents. I righted the chair, sat down, and once again tilted back slowly, daring the brink of Paradise . . . My heart thundered; slowly I eased back, letting the seat bend slowly. My tongue hung out of my mouth. Hofer stared popeyed.

Crack!

Once again I sat suspended in mid air. Once again, I was God, Jupiter, Apollo, Zarathustra, and all the rest, all rolled into one. I was just beginning to see the True Concept Of The World when it was blotted out by the face of the desk cutting across the view as I descended abruptly to the floor.

To shorten a long story, I practiced falling in Hofer's chair untill about 4:30 that afternoon, at which time the tripod broke into several pieces from the strain. Charlie quickly went around to several other offices and rounded up a half a dozen chairs, which lasted far into the night. By that time, whenever I arose, instead of bursting forth into an After Dinner Story, I spewed forth deep philosophical contemplation, or dictated, at an incredible pace, mathematical formulae and concepts for the construction of machines to alleviate all man's problems.

A few nights later, when at a dinner held by the Rear Admiral Buckner B. Bowlinggreen Society; I was upset, as was my usual misfortune, by a very ingenious host. However, instead of bursting in to my After Dinner Story, which had



.been scheduled as the highlight of the evening. I growled unprintable obscenities, picked up a chair, and soundly beat my host over the crown with it, pausing on my way out to invert the soup tureen on Rear Admiral Bowlinggreen's head I left the banquet hall in utter chaos

Since then I have been spurned by all my former hosts. I sit in Hofer's office, falling backwards in swivel chairs for hours on end. Hofer procures them for me from all sorts of unimaginable and obscure places. But soon the crisis will come. The WPB recently issued 'an order halting the manufacture of swivel chairs, and when the available supply is exhausted, I will be driven to utter frustration'. As an emergency measure, I have contemplated experiments with ten foot ladders, climbing to the top of them while Charlie holds them erect, then falling backwards in a ten foot arc.

Who knows what cosmic secrets I may discover then?

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YOU HAVE JUST FINISHED READING ONE OF THE OBSERVATIONS MADE BY DR. FASSBINDER IN  
THE FORTHCOMING BOOKLET .....

THE BEDSIDE

FASSBINDER

There are several other stories, essays, observations, and satire scheduled for THE BEDSIDE FSAABINDER. Material which isn't science-fictional, but is sure to be of interest to fans who have read articles by Fassbinder in such magazines as FANTASITE, THE DAMN THING, FAN SLANTS, FAN NOTES, VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION, and other non-fan publications.

OTHER SCHEDULED ITEMS INCLUDE

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS, an example of academic erudition for college folk.

MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE? in which Fassbinder analyzes the capabilities of  
of laundry drivers for hero parts, as requested  
in Writer's Digest by the Editor of YOURS mag.

MY SISTER IS NOT OF AGE YET, wherein the troubles (linguistic) of a Teutonic tourist of the last century in London of the last century are commented upon a la Fassbinder.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAST TRIP OF THE GREAT BEELZEBUB, the hitherto secret truth about the last steam elevator on the American Continent.

Not to mention others equally as fantastic, out of joint, and hilarious. We hope to get this thing out by April 15, 1943. A little cash to help pay some of the preliminary expenses will assure publication. Drop 25¢ to T. Bruce Yerke (Fassbinder's agent), 1223 Gordon St, Hollywood 38, California. The thing will come out, but, we don't want to lose too much money on it, slanie.



# FRANK TOWNER INTRODUCES Some New Fans

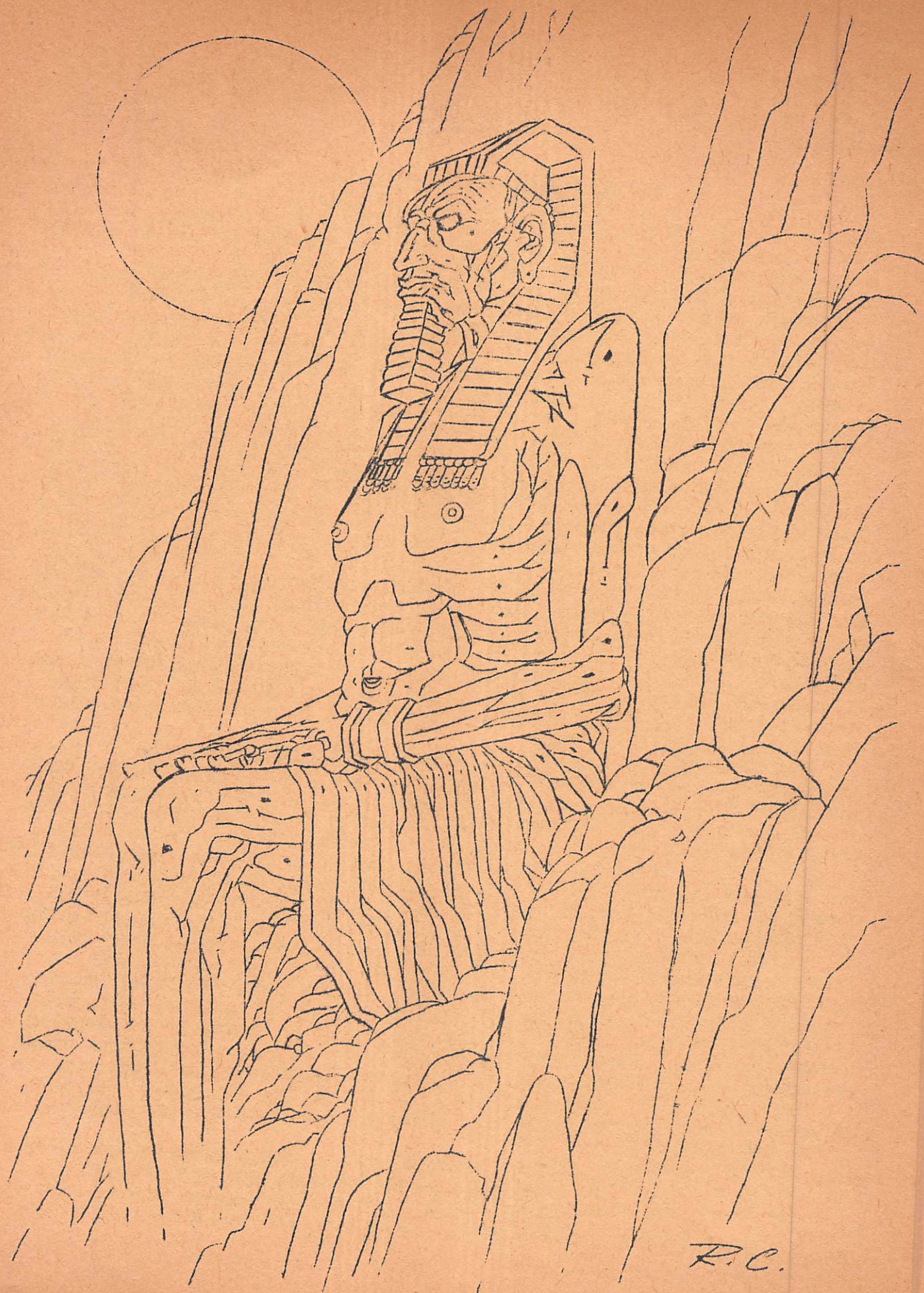
BY THE WAY OF INTRODUCTION, I should outline briefly the purpose of ~~this~~ **column**. There are many quite active fans at the present time who are virtually unknown in fandom, and in line with the FAN SLANTS policy of bringing new and unknown fans into an active role, the editors have asked me to furnish a regular column which will ~~familiarize~~ **familiarize** them with each other and fandom.

FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN, is scarcely what one would consider a new fan. He has been reading and collecting the stuff since way back when, and is mainly interested in literate weird and fantastic fiction. His collection is not as large as many, but is particularly choice, being exceptionally strong on early WT. His activities have been spread out over a period of 12 or 13 years, and has included exhaustive correspondence with the great names of the field, particularly H.P. Lovecraft. In the early days of fanzones. Lee took a very active part. His column of news and views---WITHIN THE CIRCLE---being one of the more popular features of the FANTASY FAN, and later FANTASY MAGAZINE. The death of Lovecraft made fantasy and fandom utterly impossible for Lee for a number of years; but his grief had become somewhat mellowed in 1942 at the time the ACOLYTE's first issue and he has since somewhat revived WITHIN THE CIRCLE as a regular feature of the magazine. His other activities have included contributions to the reader's column of LIGHT, PARADOX, and VOM, also several others: and particularly wide correspondence largely devoted to (1) digging up super material for the ACOLYTE, and (2) and conducting various researches along Fortean lines. In addition, he makes a practice of subscribing to every fanzine published, often taking several copies of each issue in order to help the younger editors get started. Lee's other main interest is music. His collection of hot jazz records is large and comprehensive, and he is an accomplished piano player. Baldwin is married and lives in Grangerville, Idaho. He is always glad to hear from fans and others with similar interests to his.

C.J. FERN Jr, is actually a pseudonym for JOHAN SEBASTIAN FOUT. He also answers to the name of "Mike". Mr. Fout is a rather quiet little fellow, whose main interest in life is short wave communications. He also reads a great deal of stf, and takes an active part in the affairs of the LASFS. Originally from Hawaii, where his father owns a small radio station, Mike came to the mainland as an employee of the OWI at San Francisco, then after covering collections with the OWI, like all true fans he migrated to Shangri-la. He conducts a large correspondence among the hams and published a monthly mimeod bulletin, SHORT WAVE INFORMATION, a mag dealing with the technical trivia of radio, and listing all available stations and broadcasts. His large and complicated radio is one of the features of the clubroom. Of course Mr. Fouts radio gets nothing but static: however he can put on his earphones, and the static thoroughly drowns out the prattle of the club, enabling him to read his stf in peace---or it may be that he sits there waiting for television to come in so that he can actually see what the static looks like. In any case, Mike is a nice guy to have around the club room, good natured, and easily imposed on. Most of the dirty work around the club is unloaded upon Mikes bowed but willing shoulders. This alone is enough to earn him mention in this column boy does this club have a lot of dirty work to unload;

FORREST J ACKERMAN. At one time this name was widely known throughout fandom, but he has faded into obscurity with the meteoric rise of of King BOOB. However, this erstwhile number one face has expressed the desire to become re-established in fandom, and would like to hear from other new fans.





R.C.



# THE GODS OF EGYPT

by Walt Daugherty

Science fiction writers, today, or possibly I should say wierd story authors are passing up many great ideas for stories by not doing a little research into Egyptian mythology. The complicated network of relationships between the minor and major gods is as complicated as the Cthulhu mythology of Lovecraft. "Truth is stranger than fiction"; that phrase has been used for years on all subjects and and few fans could possibly concieve that this is true in the O tsider and others. But to give you a little insight in to the gods of Egypt.

Apart from the "gods", the Egyptians believed in one great god, the creator of all things; but they regarded him as remote from the the affairs of daily life, and ironically enough remote from all contact and association. This god, Osiris, we here the most about. Little is heard of the lesser gods invented by the early Egyptians and to whom the appealed for help in times of trouble; some of these were benevolent toward men, other malevolent, and the Egyptians made offerings to both kinds. An excellent example of this double diety is the two gods Sekmet and Bast. They were both gods in human form with the head of a cat. You can view examples of thier statuary likeness on almost any museum in the United States. The Egyptians tried to gain favor with the good gods and arrest the evil influence and ancts by performing magical cetemonies, and by the use of amulets, also by the recital of spells and incantations.

Practically all of the se spells and incantations were recorded on papyrus rolls and preserved for modern archaeologists. The earlies religious texts known are a mixture of spells, incantations and words of power, which were w it en to protect the dead king in the other world, and were arranged in chapters. Under the XII dynasty. selections of these, to which were added selections of a later date were written in cursive heiroglphs upon the coffins of men of high rank, who hoped by their use to gain access to heaven, which under the VII th dynast was believed to be inhabited by gods and kings only.

The newer chapters represent a higher phase of religious belief, due chiefly to the growing influence of the doctrines of Osiris which promised ressurection to any follower who had led a life of truth and sicority on earth. Everlasting life was no longer a prerogative of kings, and though magical ceremonies and amulets were useful axilluries to the dead, only the righteous could hope for a place in the kingdom of Osiris.

It is quite certain that the teaching of the religious and moral ede of Osiris is the foundation of the religious teachings of Egypt under the XVIIIth dynasty. It found expression in a g reat collection of religious texts now generally known as the "Theban Recension of the Book of The Dead". This work was w ritten in heiroglyphs on rolls of papyrus, some of which are 80 feet long and 1 foot in width, and from these about 100 chapters have been selected,

The oldest codices open with the scene of the Weighing Of The Heart in the judgment hall of Osiris. The heart of the deceased is seen i the great pan of one side of the se ales, and a feather, the symbol of truth in the other, while Anubis god of the tomb watches the scales, and Sundain dog headed ape, (baboon) of

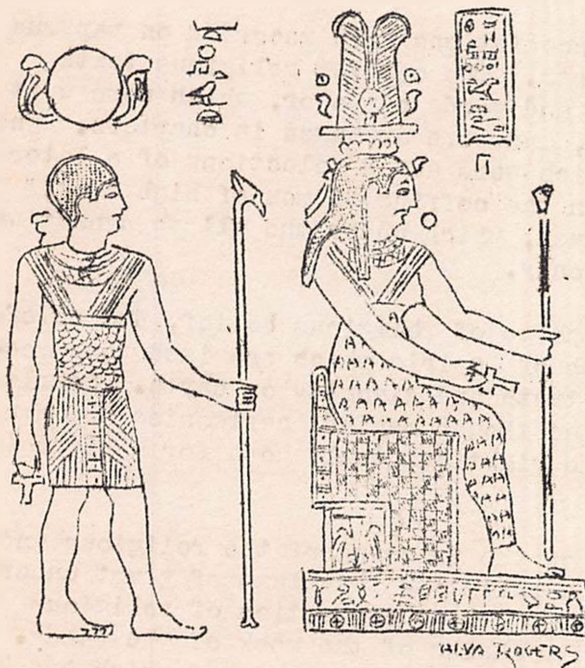


Thoth sits in the beam of the scales, or near them to make sure that the heart is not "light on the scales".

Before this took place, the deceased had to make 42 categorial assertions, one to each of his 42 assessors. That he had not committed the sins and offenses enumerated in the book of Osiris. His soul stood by ready to testify on his behalf, and his fate or destiny, and some internal organs of his body (umbilical chord or perhaps embryo?) were also present, as a sign that he was speaking the truth. Thoth, the scribe of the gods, who acted as advocate for Osiris, having been told by Anubius and the assessors that the heart of the deceased which exactly counter-balances the figure of truth, is just and righteous, reports the same to Osiris, who permits the deceased to enter his presence, and on the recommendation of his son Horus, the hawk-headed god, awards him an estate in his everlasting kingdom.

If the deceased did not pass the test of truth, he would be thrown to a creature which I am quite sure that Virgil Finlay could describe far better than I in his own style of explanation. If there is anything in the science fiction world I would really like to see, it would be a portfolio of original drawings by Finlay on the various gods of Egypt. Most of them are in human form with heads of animals, such as: a hawk-headed god, and ibis-headed god, a jackal-headed god, and such creatures as the bat-bird. He is a queer little bird with a human head. His job is to fly along with the dead body and watch over the soul.

The early Egyptian priests believed that a great spiritual power was evoked by correct and unabridged ceremonies. If one feature was lacking the whole ceremony was ruined. Therefore they were extremely careful with all their rituals. They considered it absolutely essential for the exact chain of logical connections to be exactly according to ritual. Perhaps this is why they were so exact and concise in their preparations on the papyrus in the Book of the Dead.



This great book of the Egyptians covered every phase of the activity of the deceased from his actual death to the final destruction of his soul. It contained even a full account of how the soul should be wrapped in the mummy. A ritual was carried on for each strand of linen that was wrapped around the body.

So again, I say to you who are writers, whether fan or professional, step to our closest library and look onto the mythology of Egypt, and especially The Book of the Dead. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

IN the next issue we hope to feature an article by Walt on Prehistoric man, with illustrations by Joe Gibson. The illustration on page 6 was partly taken from a drawing by Wallace Smith, with changes and additions by Ronald Clyne.

THE EDITOR.



# AMBLING THRU ALBION

## BEING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF GUS

### Part 1 CAVORTING IN COSMOS LAND

I missed the Saturday dance, for I was aboard the LNER, London bound. I spent the night at the Victory Red Cross Club, and in the morning took off for Teddington, arriving there at 11:30 o'clock, and sat down with a copy of science Fiction to polish off those stories that I had not already read.

At twelve, E. Frank Parker dashed up with hand ourstretched. So for a quarter of an hour or thereabouts, we sat and gazed at one another while talking of science fiction. E. Frank is a thin character--not the skinny Atho-like type, but lacking in flesh so that the contours of his facial bones seem to show rather well. Not cadaverous but distinguishing. Shortly J. K. Aiken appeared and we retired to the local pub to discuss our affairs over a glass of bitters.

In his folder JK had the CMS issue of BEYOND in the pro-publication stage. The cover is an excellent fantasy of faces in prisms---somewhat the effect that one gets on looking into a prismic mirror except that each facet of the prism does not reflect a complete picture as does a mirror---the faces are made up of prism angles, this by Turner, with whose excellent work in VGM and TOW and other British fan publications you are no doubt familiar. The interior has some fair illustrations as well as some of a more amateur nature. Not having read the stories---although in the future I shall be on the mailing list and have that opportunity---I cannot say just how they are. Contributors include; Peter Hawkins, and Aiken, such is the depth of my knowledge concerning the contents. It is gigantic for a fan mag, there are some 125 to 140 pages which would make mimeographing it a tremendous task. Since there are only six copies put out per issue needless to say they are collectors items.

For myself I drew forth the latest vecmail letter from Ackerman, newsy as it is and let it spread the news of doings in Shangri-La and elsewhere. The death of Merrit, folding of Unk and the excellent condition of the LASFS were discussed, and then we departed for the apartments of Parker and Aiken.

Parker was left on his corner in Teddington, and JK and I proceeded by bus to his abode in East Molesley. Aiken's nice little abode contained a very good cook, in the person of his wife, and a cat named Scram. Aiken is apparently an inveterate reader--he has several shelves filled with books, sf and otherwise, including 30 volumes of Verne, Wells, Stapleton and others. Fan and pro mags were heaped in one corner. With true English hospitality, I was quickly washed and offered tea. After a delicious dinner, we discussed you know what.

The evening passed swiftly and I soon found myself on a bus headed back to the Parker residence. After arriving at 6 Greytilos, I was introduced to Mrs Parker and junior Parker. While Mrs Parker dashed off for tea, Frank and I discussed more sf. Parker had placed a story with a London publishing house



and it should be out some time soon. Both JK and Parker have incipient plans to visit America after the war. JK is, incidentally, American born, of Cape Cod vintage although he has resided in England since his seventh year. Parker's position with the paint research company is a traveling one, that may entail foreign visits after the war. This may be news but the COSMOS CLUB is a direct outgrowth of the war. When the war started the incoming stf mags became hard to get, and Parker and several other members of his company found that they were all interested in stf, and so formed a group to raise funds for a mailing library. It has slowly increased by additions of outsiders and after a time meetings were held and BEYOND was instituted. Fairly recently, the club was christened the COSMOS CLUB. At the present the club is in about the same stage as the LASFS was prior to the acquiring of the club room. The club is not a very closely knit unit, distances and traveling conditions making this impossible. However the war has caused them to grow together; whereas before they hardly knew each other existed.

There was a meeting scheduled at Teddington's Shirelys where a bit of beer was to be consumed. But other than Jean Murray no one showed up. We endeavored to visit the BFS, library but as the librarian was ill, we were unsuccessful. The main topic of discussion was Jean's illustration for the story, in the next issue of BEYON, "Spirits in the Cellar". JK informed me that the next meeting of the CMS would be October 30, followed by the annual meeting on December 11.

As I had to catch the train for London, we broke it up at ten and went to the station, just missing the train. While waiting the half hour for the next one we sat in the waiting room and talked. Upon its arrival I left for the RC.

The next day I invaded a book store and spent my last cash for the English edition of "Sinister Barrier", "The Devil Rides Out", and "The Pursuit of the Houseboat". The "Devil rides out" is a "Dr. Doolittle" type of yarn.

And so finally home to bed without a cross brace in my back this time.

## Part 2 LEAVE TO LEICESTER

September 18, 1945, your correspondent departed for the City of Leicester and a meeting with Roy Rowland Johnson. From Thetford we boarded the train to Leicester, (pronounced Lester). The train dawdled along to Peterborough where connection was made to Leicester on a train that stopped at every rabbit hole and there are considerably more rabbit holes in England than there are in Australia. On this I consider myself an authority.

Upon arriving at my destination, a little after eight, in the evening, I stepped from the train, hailed a taxi, and reached for the address book wherein the address of R.R. Johnson was to be found. Pocket book, handkerchief and change were found .....but no address book. No number on Kimberly road could be dragged forth.....TRAGEDY.

Dashing madly into a telephone booth, I searched the records only to find that the stork had been particularly kind to the clan Johnson. But in all these there was no R.R. Johnson on Kimberly road. Then came the second great search, the usual hunt for a bed in a crowded English city. The expedition was a success after finding a bed that was not to be occupied. I spent the night at the YMCA. Or rather spent the night in a modified version of a park bench.



After dining at the YMCA, at eight o'clock I put in a long distance call to my top sergnt in an effort to have that worthy see if he could locate the missing adress book. After two calls at the price of 3/2 my efforts were rewarded. I afterwards discovered that this particular Johnson family had previously lived in Coventry, and had only moved here because of transportation difficulties.

Arriving at the Johnson home, I was ushered in and offered a cup of tea. Roy gave me the latest astounding, and went off to finish his breakfast.

For a description of the Leicester fan, he is just prior to University age, having just passed his matriculation exams. At present he attends the sixth form of the English public school. His stf collection is small, being composed of a few years of Astounding and several books. I rather imagine that he has read considerable others, probably obtaining them thru the BFS library.. He has written numerous stories, all unfinished, and publishes a fan mag, "Mite", of which there have been three issues in the past year. Personality; of middle height, rather slim, wears glasses, has blonde hair, light complexioned, and has a great deal of ego as have most fans, has reached the age where girls are being noticed but I doubt if he is old enough to get bitten. Has a brother-in-law in America and regards our country as a sort of paradise. ( Along with several million soldiers).

The day was spent discussing science-fiction, America, music, fans and fencing, his favorite sport, and various other subjects. The Midvention, held at Leicester because of his influence. There was an attendance of 15 and an auction was held. We looked through several fanzines, all of which have a definite Ackermanish taint. (taint good neither).

In the afternoon a freind named Peter came over and by the time I arrived at the station I had as usual missed both trains to ~~Norwich~~ ~~so as usual I was left in~~ Leicester for the night. I finally found a train for London, so saying adieu, I was on my way to Norwich the hard way--via London. Arriving in London at one o'clock, and changed train for Norwich.

It had been a warm and sunny day in Leicester, but when I arrived in Norwich it was as usual drizzling. And so ended another adventure in the late train life of Gus the Undaunted.

#### PART the THIRD..... Wandering in Wales

At 5 pm on the evening of October 9, I set off on my journey to Aberystwyth. Boarding the train for London, anywhere you go in England you go via London, I was on my slap-happy way. Things were progressing very well untill I arrived in London. There I found that the train I was to take didn't run on Saturday. I was instructed to go to Chester, arriving there at 3:45 AM. After a half-hour inquiry, I found that I was stuck with it. There was no train anywhere that would get me to Aberystwyth. The only connection leading into the city was from Oswestry, and that junction was some thirty miles away--and no way to get there.

I spoke to an English sergent and discovered that he too was going to Oswestry, having also missed his train. His case was somewhat worse than mine--he had a 36 hour pass and was supposed to be in by midnight--tsk. tsk. However, he knew of a paper van that was going our way for some 12 of the 28 miles. At six-thirty we arrived at a little hamlet where the paper truck stopped and we proceeded by hoof then via a bus which carried us 3 miles. Next a milk truck stopped at our beckoning thumb, this time we dispersed milk as we rode. Four miles out we turned off, by a pedestraing watch it was now 7:00 AM and the train



was due to leave at 7:05. However there was some consolation in the fact that the train would probably be late--as it connected with a mail train, and mail trains are always late. Proceeding on up the road we encountered a character standing along side of it who was waiting for a bus that carried war workers to a certain war factory in Owestry. Eagerly we inquired about our chances for a ride and learned that since there would not be many workers this Sunday morning chances were very good. And such was so. Arriving in Owestry, I bid the sargent adieu and made the train with time to spare.

After getting aboard the train, a merchant marine captain offered me a spot in his first class cabin so I rode first class from there. He had served several years on the great lakes, and had lost a ship in the southern Pacific. He was on his way home after four months at sea and was quite happy about it.

I finally arrived in Aberystwyth, only an hour late and was greeted at the platform by Sydney Beach and Bob Silburn. Syd is six-one and Bob is even taller--I felt slightly outnumbered. Greetings were exchanged and we slipped away to the Beach residence, where I was shown to some water and given H AM AND EGGS for breakfast. After breakfast we discussed sundry affairs while seeing the town and strolling along the beach. Wales is a scenic country with its many hills. The hills are not as large as what they have in most parts of the US but compared with other parts of Britain they are really quite outstanding. The country hill people are quite backward, most of them can speak no English but the people living along the coast are for the most part English. Both Beach and Silburn are English, understanding very little Welsh.

Standing on the end of the pier gazing over Cardigan Bay, Beach told me a story that ancient tale-tellers have been telling for centuries. Fantasy has often used a modification of this same tale. There used to be a peninsula of land closing the mouth of Cardigan bay upon which there used to be a city, ancient and evil. As the years went by this tract of land started to sink slowly into the sea. The people caused a tremendous wall to be built to keep on the waters of the sea. However, one night a gatekeeper, who had become excessively drunken in his carousal allowed the gates to remain open and the tide rushed in wiping the ancient and evil metropolis out. Natives still claim that on a clear day the walls of the town can still be seen beneath the waves and at times the sound of bells can be heard from the inundated town. It is said that a person for whom the bells toll is doomed to die----- suddenly.

After tea we talked for awhile and then walked to Silburn's residence in Rhyd Y Felin, a small hamlet about two miles from the heart of Aberystwyth. There we talked for some time and looked over the Silburn book shelves of which there are many, his father having been a great reader before him. Most of them are non-stuff. Silburn is a fan artist and we looked over his work. Naturally I got one--heh, heh. At one time Beach and Silburn put out a fan mag (2 issues). Silburn did the pics in it with the exception of a few. Later in the evening, Beach and I returned to his home, where I soon found myself in a feather bed--a glorious luxury--after life on an army cot, and I had had very little sleep in the last 24 hours.

Next morning, after more ham and eggs, Syd had to go to work dispendng petrol at a government station, promised to see me off at the station. Syd, his aunt, who was on her way to the south of England, and I all went to the station to catch the train. I bid Beach goodbye and was on my way. I arrived at Norwich at 4:30 AM, just in time to rise with droopy eyes and heavy head.



## Part The Ultimate----- CARNELL EXPERIENCES

Upon the eve of my departure for London to do some serious book hunting, there arrived at these barracks a letter from Ted Carnell informing me that he was not only back from Italy but also there was to be a slán gathering at the Apartment of Frank Edward Arnold, in London, on the twentieth of November to which I was most cordially invited. In as much as this coincided with my already completed pains, I accepted as expediently as possible. Also to be present were Ken Chapman, Maurice Hugi, Sid Birchby, Harold Chibbett, Walt Gillings, Art Williams, John Craig, and very probably Canadian fan, Bob Gibson.

Apparently there were big things doing on that date. We had to be there.

Accompanied by a GI Joe by the name of Sgt. Samuel Swartz, who evidenced some interest in the world of fandomania, I spent a little more than five hours getting into London. As the hour was late, we did not go to the Carnell residence, but instead prepared to spend the night at the Red Cross Club. (The next day I learned that the Carnells had waited up until midnight for us). I had endeavored to make a phone call to Ted but had met with little success. (That is except with the girl at the switchboard, a charming miss and student of wolfology.)

Saturday morning early we proceeded to go book hunting and I wound up with 17 more to add to the Wilmoth collection. Around eleven o'clock we tried looking up Arnold, but he was not at home. We then proceeded to Plumstead and the abode of Ted Carnell. When we arrived he was getting his locks clipped, seems they were beautiful upon his return from Italy. From thence until 5:00 we talked and tead. Then we returned to London where Sammy left us for the more obvious pleasures of tripping the light fantastic with the local babes. Ted and I finally found our way thru fog and blackout to the Arnold apartment.

From there things turned into a regular gan meeting. Due to the fog and the fact that several had to work, the attendance was not as large as had been hoped for. However showing up were; Irene and Ted Carnell, Frank Arnold, Sgt. Sid Birchby, Mr. and Mrs. Chibbett, Harold Kay, and myself. From six 'till ten there was reville -- topped by a couple of mugs of beer -- and the meeting broke up after a suitable exchange of fannery and stuff, myself bearing away triumphantly Arnold's copy of Thorne Smith's, "Rain In The Doorway."

What are these people like? Carnell is moderately tall, and slender, and was probably the spark plug of science fiction fans in pre-war gatherings. There were quite a few things in which he was the leading light including the ISA and the BFA, and also running a book purchasing and selling business that was quite successful. Arnold is the small, snappy type. Has books and magazine cases about the apartment. Pretty nice set up. Chibbett is of middle age and interested in psychic research. He conducts chain letters on various allied matters. Birchby is tall rawboned, smokes pipes. He is a sergeant in His Majesty's Army. Harold Kay is a slender youth, a medical student at one of the London Hospitals. He has been absent from London gatherings for quite some time, hospitals are busy places these days. At one time Kay was quite an active participant in Stfictional affairs, only crasing activity because of the nature of his work. He will resume activity after the war..... At the



time of his activities he was custodian and librarian of the BFA.

I returned to Carnell's for the night. After looking over his collection, including an astounding original, I left for Chapman's and he for Medhurst's.

George Medhurst is a thin chap, not very healthy looking, possibly because of a recent appendectomy. George has a large book collection--7 or 8 shelves--much of it non stf. I left at 8:00 to get the last train back to the base. EDITORS NO TE....Gus Wilmorth was formerly director of the LAS4ES, now in England with the American forces. The ~~first~~ episodes presented here have been greatly condensed but we have not left out anything but parts of his travels. )

---

## THE ETERNAL CITY

by William Lawrence Hamling

Its walks are long and narrow,  
Its spires ate low and high;  
No traffic clogs its time-worn streets,  
Beneath the silent sky.

Its trees grow lone and dismal,  
N o shops within it lay;  
W ho enter through its ancient gates  
Forever has to stay.

No light gleams through the darkness,  
No voices rise in mirth.  
Its population rises  
Though it never has seen birth.

N o eyes can see the sunshine,  
N o lips expel sweet breath;  
Its Leader rules forever,  
H e wears the cloak of "Death".

H e welcomes all who enter,  
H is face devoid of pity,  
H e knows that all in death shall see  
His stark eternal city.

H is ledgers stand a record,  
Each and every name contains;  
All details clearly written in,  
Each history, dim and plain.

The throngs watch on in silence,  
Behind walls , gray and gritty,  
They know that all who live and breath,  
S hall live within the "City". .....



# TOWARD UTOPIA? NO!

-D B THOMPSON

Laney's article, "Toward Utopia", has set the rusty gears inside the old brain-pan to turning. Mel has agreed that some of the ideas resulting from this phenomenon might be worth presenting in *FAN SLANTS*, so oof I go; and I do mean off.

I am very much interested in a better world in the future. I am also quite sure that a better world is possible only as a result of clear, unselfish thinking; thinking on the part of individuals far more capable than I. I should like to see, as a final result, a world much like that which Laney visualizes; a saner, more beautiful world, unburdened by poverty, greed, lust, wars and all the other ills which have beset the human race since the first apo-like ancestor got up enough nerve to descend from the comparative safety of the trees; and take his chances among the mentally inferior but physically superior land dwelling fauna of the day.

In a way that hypothetical ancestor set a pattern for all who were to follow. He had to battle and battle hard, to maintain himself in his savage, relentlessly competitive environment. And because he had to battle, he developed or acquired, in one fashion or another, a lot of qualities that were worth a lot to him then, but which handicap his descendants now. Many of the qualities which made him the dominate species on the planet, now constitute the greatest handicap to his further advance.

At the same time, this worthy ancestor's brothers, being confirmed escapists, proffered to remain in the tree tops; dreaming dreams of bananas unlimited. Their descendants are still in the tree tops; ~~growing~~ ~~for~~ century by century, still dreaming their dreams of ever productive banana trees on every doorstep. As it happens, the bananas are getting scarcer, for them at least, because the descendants of that venturesome brother of their ancestors have taken over the production of bananas as a commercial enterprise. But the tree-dwellers don't do anything about it; they lost their chance when they elected to remain aloof from the world of strife and change.

Two assumptions form the basis upon which Laney has built his thesis. First, he assumes that intelligence alone is all that is required to bring about his Utopia. Second, he assumes that true, lasting progress can be obtained more . . . certainly, more quickly, and more completely through pressure from above, than through growth from below. In fact, he suggests that growth from below does not occur; rather, that the action is in the other direction. I think he is wrong on both counts.

The first premise leads to the inference that the world as we know it today is ruled by stupid people; otherwise, we would be working rapidly toward a Fan-



tast's Utopia. But right now, I think you will agree after a moment of careful thought, the world is ruled and controlled almost entirely by highly intelligent, often brilliant men; but men who are using their brains for their own personal advantage. Working among them are other, "men of good will", devoting their energies and their brilliant minds toward altruistic ends; working, if you wish, toward the Utopia of which such men, and other lesser men, dream.

But these latter are few in number, and their support is limited. The power remains in the hands of a selfish group because, along with high intelligence, they possess a lust for power, and will to extend and preserve that power by whatsoever means presents itself. They have also, a supreme contempt for those two lower classes of lesser mortals who submit themselves to their control; the unintelligent, though often restless, masses incapable of working effectively against them through lack of necessary brains; and the equally ineffectual intellectuals, who do nothing more constructive than write articles like this or Laney's, or cast worthless "token" votes for the candidates put up by "radical political parties" of microscopic proportions.

It does not alter the facts to charge that many of these leaders are mean, cruel, brutal, and willing to resort to war, if necessary, to gain their ends; that does not mean that they are lacking in intelligence. They simply are not interested in the welfare of the human race as a whole, nor in the welfare of intelligent men as a class; they are interested in the welfare of those who have the same anti-social, undemocratic, ultra-conservative ideas as they themselves have..

As for the power of the ignorant masses to hold back progress -- well, I doubt very much if they possess any such power at all. They are slow to change, to be sure, because it is difficult for them to visualize a better world than that which they have compounded of nostalgic memories of fleeting periods of well being gleaned from the past. But their resistance, so long as it is not aroused, is passive, not active, and could be reversed, probably by adequate leadership.

But their natural resistance is activated by clever propaganda. The entrenched reactionaries flood the papers, the magazines, and the radio waves with rosy picture of the "good old days": pictures built up through skillful use of words and phrases of high emotional content. Even then, it is not just of the "good old days" of which they speak; they promise a super-duper anachronism, comparable to those encountered in ASF's "Anachron Incorporated" series; a future in which these nostalgic perfections are to be improved immeasurably by the use of Gorgonblitz's Gorgeous Gadget.

And what is the operation doing to counteract all this? Well, as I have said before, it is producing articles like this, and Laney's, which usually, if they have any appeal at all, have only intellectual appeal carries any weight; they are likely to be quite dry and meaningless to those millions who use their feelings, rather than their brains, to settle their problems.

I do not intend to convey the impression that I think improvement is possible through the workings of any agency save that of human intelligence. I merely want to point out that it is not intelligence per se, but the way in which intelligence is used, which determines how our energies shall be directed; and at present, the energies of a great many intelligent men are directed toward the maintenance of The World That Is. In this case they can not wholly succeed, if history teaches us anything; but they can slow down progress immeasurably.



What the world needs, to accelerate the slow crawl toward a brighter tomorrow, is not more intelligence, but more clear thinking by those capable of it, uninhibited by fear of change, or by the desire to profit by the losses of one's fellow man.

Laney's second premise -- that real advance may be expected to take place more rapidly and more permanently from pressure from above than through growth from below -- appears to me to be in direct conflict with the lessons of history. There have been, to be sure, vast and far reaching changes which resulted directly from the activities of despotic rulers, with the power of life and death over their subjects; but in a surprisingly large number of cases, these changes have been greatly at variance with desires of their instigators. Time after time, a nation has been conquered and a people enslaved, only to have the conquerors adopt the customs and the culture of the conquered. The Romans gained much from the conquest of Greece, and not a little of this came from their assimilation of the finer culture of the Greeks. They spread this culture, and the world gained by it. On the other hand, the followers of Alexander the Great, although they did succeed to some extent in spreading the "Glory that was Greece" around the Mediterranean world, ended up by adopting the Oriental cultures of the conquered lands; and that could scarcely be considered an advance.

In more recent times, we have had many examples of attempts to enforce upon a people a way of life which, if adopted whole-heartedly, might, in the long run have reacted to their lasting advantage. But invariably, such attempts have ended in despotic dictatorships, forced into such action by the opposition of the very people they sought to aid. Such cultures normally end in aggressive war, as the only possible justification of their existence.

On the other hand, we have had such successful changes as the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution---changes brought about by the pressure and growth of the down-trodden masses. The gains made by the French Revolutionaries were great, and have continued down to the present day. The Russians, although they have not yet lasted long enough to be considered a permanent success in their new guise, are certainly well on the way toward that goal.

It is still my opinion---an opinion that I have expressed before---that Communism and Fascism are outgrowths of the same conditions, and that for a long time, they took similar paths. But they diverged rapidly after a few years, and the prime reason for that divergence, I think, lies in the fact that Communism, to the Russians, represented a great increase in freedom of action, giving them a part in planning affairs and in running the country; a part which they had never had before. Fascism, on the other hand, actually represented a considerable decrease in freedom and voluntary participation, since the Germans and Italians had had a certain amount of freedom in the past; especially the Italians. The Russians could see their gains, and take pride in them; the Italians and Germans could see only their armies and the Gestapo. The Russians are still, in very large measure, under the thumb of their leaders, but their gains have nevertheless been very great.

In passing, I should like to say that in that last statement may be found the reason why Communism is not destined to succeed in this country. To the Russians, it represents a great step forward, because it gives them far more freedom than they have ever known; but in this country, it would be a backward step, because we already have far greater freedom of action than is possible under the Russian system. Good as it is for the Russians, it would be bad for us.



Any program of enforced improvement such as Laney suggests would run into its greatest opposition from those to whom it would give the most, I think, namely, the normal unaggressive but intelligent individuals with a strong social consciousness. From those would come the leaders who could mold a potent force from the "ignorant masses". Being highly intelligent themselves, they would resent being told what was or what was not good for them, and they would see to it that the lesser folk were informed of and stirred up against the reforms proposed by a small group of self appointed, intelligent, but rather impractical life - savers. In this, they would be greatly aided by those ever present zealots who burn with desire to "lead their people out of the wilderness."

Under such stimuli, the masses would react much as the various peoples of Germany under the Nazi yolk; they would dare anything to destroy their oppressors. The bayonets wouldn't stop them; that has been fully demonstrated in this war. It wouldn't matter in the long run, the proposed program would or would not better the race or the world as a whole; it would be fairly clear to them that the program was destined to be hard on them, and they wouldn't be interested in a distant goal.

Personally, I think, they would be doing the world a service to react just that way. I do not think there is any individual, or any group of individuals, who is qualified to decide which qualities should be preserved, and which destroyed, in the human race. Certainly intelligence should be preserved; equally certain, disease and greed should be eliminated; but these are specific characteristics which can be weighed out like a keg of nails; they are composed of many factors; moreover, the good and the bad are thoroughly mixed in varying degrees in all individuals, and this mixing necessarily colors the judgement of all.

I think there are many men who are qualified to start such reforms on the right track, using rather broad limits, and leaving them open to modification. I think that, eventually, working through the democratic process, this end which Laney visualizes can be attained. Just how it is achieved depends entirely upon how rapidly, and to what extent, the intelligent, altruistic men and women of the world enter into the business and political affairs of the world. They have the brains to compete successfully with the intelligent Conservatives on the latter's own ground; and the quicker they begin to use their brains in this practical and realistic fashion, the sooner they will be able to influence the man on the street to see things their way. Once that is started, they can continue promoting that upward growth which has been the chief sources of advance in the past, and the "control naturals" will be a help, not a hinderance, in the advance toward a saner, better world.

//////////////////////////////////////THE END//////////////////////////////////////

#### BOOKS WANTED

"The Favorite Short Stories Of H.G.Wells"; mint copy only, with a dust jacket if possible. Please state your edition, when it was published, and number of stories in your copy.

"Starmaker", by Olaf Stapleton. State condition and if book has a jacket. Will pay cash, trade other books, or Virgil Finlay originals.

Ronald Clyne, 135 N. Gale Drive,  
Beverly Hills, California. (Pd. Adv.)



# SAUNDERS' EFFIGY

DUANE W. RIMEL

There was one room in Norman Saunders' house that was always locked --- and for a good reason. He knew that his pretty wife, Nora, would leave if ever she discovered that his morbid interest in telepathy had passed from the theoretical stage to the experimental. And these experiments were not a suitable subject for casual discussion: they were nearing a horrid perfection, surpassing his wildest dreams.

Saunders gazed fondly at the replica of himself sitting in his own armchair, its glass eyes fastened on a book standing open on his desk. He had worked many months to bring that model to perfection, and now the resemblance to his own image rather startled him. It was like staring into a mirror, almost. His sandy hair had been cleverly copied; his rugged profile had been built of plastic and wood. The effigy wore one of his discarded suits. Yes, the thing pleased him.

In this room were crammed the books he had longed to read, but had been denied him because the demands of a frugal existence made it necessary for him to take a job as a nightwatchman in a canning factory. The dullness of his job had galled him for years. He had hardly any time to study the things that fascinated him most; namely, telepathy, psychology and kindred subjects.

But in the spare time at his disposal he had devised a clever, daring scheme. He would read those books --- yes -- and still be on the job. Saunders smiled as he thought of it again. The preliminary experiments had been looked into. Well, he remembered the night of August, the tenth, when he'd seen the pages of a book swirl before his eyes, after having retired to the alley and concentrated on the effigy in the locked room. At first unsuccessful, but soon the vision of the book, a quarter of a mile away was clear.

He had looked closer; he had read the whole page. And he remembered it --- that knowledge was burned in his brain. Why that passage was clearer to him than it had ever been before. It surpassed ordinary reading. The process was amazing . . . . .

Tonight, the 14th, would come the great experiment. The packing house was three and a half mile from his home, but so far a distance had little effect on the success of his venture. He hoped it would work even five miles, and then on Sundays, when he and Emma strolled in Clinton Park, he could lie in the shade, relax, close his eyes, and read a few pages of his latest book. Emma would rave if she ever suspected. Often he wondered why he didn't



come out in the open and face her on the subject; but women, he mused, were queer about such things. She wouldn't understand his thirst for knowledge. . .

Saunders hummed as he adjusted the automatic page-turner --- his own invention. He made the effigy comfortable in the chair, and propped the head so that reading would come as natural as possible. He pulled the blinds, turned on the reading lamp over the book, and glanced at his watch. Six-thirty. He had to be on the job at eight. He'd have to hurry. Again he surveyed his handiwork, smiled, stepped through the open door and locked it. He had another key, but he always left that inside the room where his wife could never find it. . . . .

At dinner Saunders was strangely excited. His hands trembled as he dropped a lump of sugar in his coffee. Emma looked at him sharply, her calm blue eyes troubled.

"Norm, what's been ailing you lately? You haven't been eating right at all. You stay in that awful room too much. You ought to get out -----."

"Stop!" he snapped, his eyes avoiding hers. "I'm nervous, sure. What of it. This heat is enough to get anyone -----"

"All right," she said, tossing her brown curls. "Keep your troubles to yourself. Some day I'm going to get mad and tear down that door."

"No, By God! You leave that alone, or----"

"Don't you swear at me, Norman Saunders!"

"I wasn't swearing at you! I----"

Tears gathered in her eyes, but he didn't see them. His eyes were bleak and cold and distant.

Saunders cursed under his breath as he slowly made his nightly rounds about the great, dim rooms piled high with machines, which, in the half-light, assumed an air that was sinister and unworldly. Trying to complete the last step in his experiment was bad enough; a quarrel with Emma even worse. His nerves were raw, his mind a chaos of speculation and doubt. He shouldn't have been so abrupt with his wife, who was, after all, a mere child. She was so sensitive and kind hearted---always trying to do the right thing. . . . When he came to the administration building he'd phone her and apologize. Other things had crowded out his affection. Emma was too sweet to be neglected, like that. Perhaps she was mad, too; might snap him off. Well, he had it coming. Poor kid---she'd worked so patiently for him---hadn't ever mentioned (until tonight) his habitual seclusion in the locked room. There had been an agreement before they married. . . .

He stepped through a back door and made for the administration building. Emma would be reading, no doubt. With one of his keys he opened the great front door, walked down a wide hallway and opened the door to the treasurer's office. Halley's 'phone was the nearest. He turned on the lights, sat down behind the oak desk. His watch said 11:20. Usually Emma called him at the superintendent's office at eleven-thirty---he'd beat her, this time. He ~~lifted~~ <sup>dialed</sup> the receiver, dialed his number. The line was busy. Strange. He cranked the instrument and lit a cigarette. He relaxed in the chair and smiled as he thought of his effigy. Why not try to read a few pages now?

He closed his eyes, slumped in the chair and let his thoughts wander. Gradually he began to think about that room and the books and the effigy. He focused every atom of his being on these familiar objects. Then he felt himself floating away --- that customary sensation of disembodiment seized him, and the room leaped before him. Yes, he was in that chair, staring at the book



on his own desk. This was tremendous.

He began reading, and the lucid thoughts swarmed his brain., made him giddy with power. He read two pages.

Suddenly he heard voices; rough, uncouth voices. He struggled to bring his senses into focus. He tore his eyes open; his physical eyes . . . A man stood in front of him, holding a gun a gun. Another man was taking his ring of keys . . . . And still his thoughts were cloudy and far away.

"Dr ag up them arms, buddy, quick!"

Something snapped in his brain. Burglars! If they looted the safe he'd got the gate, sure He had to do something. The burglar alarm under Halley's desk . . . He moved his feet toward it.

"Raise your dammed arms, are you drunk?"

"He's slug-nutty," another voice snarled, "Let's get 'im outa here---".

Dimly, his mind half awake, Saunders snaked his foot toward the button. And still the image of his study floated before him, as a nebulous cloud. His mind was a tortured battle ground of shuddering pain. Their interruption had, somehow, thrown his telepathic nerves out of focus. . . . .

He pressed the alarm. A loud clanging echoed through the still corridors. Saunders heard a roar, a white-hot iron stabbed his chest. He screamed and slumped to the floor.

He felt his life ebbing, but there was no pain, now. Merely a dull faintness. Then, as his racing thoughts dimmed, he saw his study --- the image burned itself in his mind. There were rows of books, his old desk, the opened book in front of him. But the words blurred. The vision faded into nothingness . . . . .

Erna Saunders hung up the receiver and wiped a tear from her eye. She knew that Norman was always in the superintendant's office at 11:30 She called him there every night. She'd been calling for the last twenty minutes. And now he wouldn't answer. He was still angry. Well so was she.

Her thoughts flew to that terrible, locked room, and she trembled. Something had told her long months before that his seclusion there at all hours wasn't exactly normal, and she had been curious since he'd set that room aside for his private use. But men were strange creatures ---you never knew what they were up to . . . . .

Dear old Norman. She'd been rather cross, and she had promised never to mention the locked room. But when you saw your husband begin to get pale and thin and worried-looking, it got you too. And he hadn't eaten much lately, either. She always prepared a nice, big lunch. When he came home in the morning the pail was always empty. She suspected that he dumped most of it in the garbage can.

Well, perhaps he'd call later. She moved from the telephone table and picked up a magazine. Suddenly she heard a strange noise. She stood very still, her heart beating faster. Had someone knocked at the front door? Callers at this hour. She turned on the light in the hall, walked swiftly to the front door,... She opened it. No one in sight: the street was empty as far as she could see. ( continued on page 62 )



The FTLaniac blows his top.

The future of fandom is something that should attract far more attention from all of us than it does. We all certainly enjoy our hobby, and we are all presumably interested in the future of the world generally. That we, as fans, can do to improve the future of the world, is to say the least, unsettled; but it is certain that if fandom is to expand as a movement, its continuance is squarely up to those of us who have been smitten with the virus of this near affliction. One of my favorite axe-grinding activities concerns itself with the detection, development and education of new fans: so editor Brown being willing, I should like to dwell on this topic for a time.

ENCOURAGEMENT AND GUIDANCE are the prime needs of any new fan. Most new recruits hear of fandom either thru the letter sections of the prozines or the fanzine review sections. They write for a fanzine or two, perhaps write to some fan who has written a letter that intruiges them. The type of answer that these chaps recieve will in all probability determine whether they will come on into our slaphallp circle or recoil in disgust. If they recieve prompt answers which display a little freindliness, a little interest in them as prospective fan, they will quite likely dabble in the putskirts for a time, and at length blossom forth as full fledged fan. If on the other hand, they recieve that well known brush-off . . . . . After all, enthusiasm can not be met with cold water and survive very long. Yet I know a number of name fen who never answer letters unless they know the guy pretty well, who in fact boast of this fact as though it were something to be proud of. I fully realize that letter writing takes time, and I fully realize that most fen would prefer to spend their time doing something a little less onerous than writing to some semi-literate young punk who might be a fan some day. However I doubt if there is a single established fan today who cannot point to some freindly fan of the past as a sponser of their present interest. I shall go farther and state that I doubt if 5% of the present fen would have continued in the field had they NOT had encouragement and help when they first heard of fandom.

THE ACOLYTE HAS A DEFINITE POLICY toward new and/or prospective fen. In the first place, I watch fanzines and letter sections of the pros for addresses of newcomers. Each of these, up to the very limit of my time, gets a brief note from me, and more often than not, a sample copy of the ACOLYTE. Secondly, THE ACOLYTE is reviewed in practically every issue of STARTLING. This results in a suprising response from persons hitherto unknown to me, and each of these : recieves a full page letter from me as well as a free copy of the ACOLYTE. Of course, these letters are more or less of the "form" variety but each is individually typed and varies according to the case. Generally speaking, the first paragraph will, thank the guy for his inquiry and express the wish that he will like the ACOLYTE well eno ough to subscribe to it. It also mentions that his comments are desired, even though he is not interested enough to send a subscription. Second paragraph states briefly what I am trying to do with the ACOLYTE, how often it is published, what it is for and similar stuff. The third paragraph deals with fandom generally: I point out what a satisfying and delightful hobby this all is, and tries to arouse the guy's intocost in the feild. I offer to answer any questions, give him addresses of any other fans and fanzines. Now more often than not, this is a sheer waste of time. Probably thre out of five of letters of this type land in someone's waste basket, but others almost invariably create new fans, or at least stir up now interest on the part of someone who is just becomming acquainted with the feild. While I definitely do not wish to claim that the names I am about to(next page please)



mention are my own particular recruits to fandom--- as a matter of fact probably all of them were more or less fans before I contacted them and undoubtedly all of them have had help from other fans besides myself--- yet I am convinced that my letter campaign as outlined earlier in this paragraph has borne fruit in the following cases, among others; Roscoe E. Wright, now publisher of Vision; Andy Anderson, now publisher of Centauri; Walt Dunkleberger, now publisher of FFF; and Van Henry Splawn, a Mississippi Valley fan who is showing an ever increasing interest in the field. And of course there are others who have probably been more or less affected.

LEST I BE ACUSE OF writing this column simply to blow my own horn, I hasten to add that I am merely citing myself as an example. I don't feel that I have done any more than any serious fan should do as a matter of course. The only reason I mention my own part in this at all is simply to show how easy it is to help these newcomers. I doubt if I've spent more than twelve hours in the past year in this sort of work, and of course this time was spread out through the months in such a way that it was not missed.

MANY FEN HAVE NOT THE TIME to do much along such lines, but surely a national campaign for recruits should be one of the prime objectives of any national fan organization. A neat and readable propaganda pamphlet should be prepared and sent, together with a brief personal note, to each writer of a letter to any magazine (including the Ziff-Davis staffers). The preparation of the pamphlet and its mimeographing would not be an arduous task for some club, or even an individual, and the actual note writing and pamphlet sending could well be made into a national office in the organization.

WITH THE STENCH OF THE COSMIC CIRCLE still fresh in the nostrils of fankind, the time is probably not too ripe for the mention of a national fan club, but it is worth mentioning that Art Schnert was working on a national organization long before any one ever heard of Deglor, and will probably be still working on it long after the last remaining copy of the COSMIC CIRCLE CONSTIPATOR has been tossed in the ash can. It is highly probable that the Schnert group will adopt a program similar to that which I have just outlined, as one of Art's main beefs seems to be that fandom has a tendency to brush off eager newcomers. Also, incorporated in Art's latest literature, is a program suggested last summer to aid and foster fan publishing. The Schnert group (as yet unnamed) is working slowly and carefully, and expects to have a definite program to present to fankind in the near future. (Interested fans are urged to write Art for latest bulletons.)

BUT IN ANY CASE, organization or no organization, it is potent that each fan can, if he is willing to expend a trifle more time and energy, do a great deal to perpetuate his hobby. What it all boils down to, in the last analysis, is simply this; does fandom mean enough to you personally so that is worth doing a little something for? Do you feel that fandom and all it stands for has meant enough in the broadening and developing of your life so that you feel it is worthwhile to help others follow more or less in your footsteps.

THE AXE IS GROUND, for the nonce, however, I have other axes and other grindstones, so in perhaps the next issue you will have other fout from to turn past with a grimace of distaste. Or perhaps Mel will exercise his better judgement and smite this down with a mighty blow and you won't have to bother with it at all. And here Mel I FOUT this would be a good column.



Imagi-movies by Forrest J. Ackerman

## DOCTOR JEKYLL & MISTER HYDE

I shall speak here mainly of the 1931 version. Most of you no doubt had the opportunity to see the Spencer Tracy picturization a few seasons back, and I am not familiar with Barrymore's silent film of 1920, nor the yet more obscure, apparently English filming.

Stevenson's 19th century psychological novel was first presented as a play in Boston, May 9th, 1887, with the great actor Richard Mansfield in the title role. Numerous dramatic versions, here and abroad, followed. When it was filmed with Barrymore, "the transformation was rather sudden. Camera technique hadn't reached the uncanny perfection of the present day. You saw before you, one minute, Barrymore's noble profile. A few twists and grimaces--plus a rather fuzzy appearance of the film--and the handsome John had become a gruesome deformity with a hunched back, an elongated head and a vividly repulsive face." But in the dual role of the 1931 edition, that won for Fredric March the Academy award, the transition was incredibly smoother, and smoothed the way for all the following films of metamorphosis from "WereWolf of London" to "The WereWolf of Hollywood & Vine".

Herewith, a condensed version of my review which originally appeared in FANTASY Magazine dated Feb. 1934.

"At his University, Dr. Jekyll addresses an assembly of scientist-students:

"Gentlemen: London is so full of fog that it has penetrated our brains, set boundaries for our vision. As men of science, we should be curious and bold enough to peer beyond it into the many wonders it conceals. I shall not dwell today on the human body--in sickness and in health; today, I want to talk to you of a greater marvel: The soul of man. My analysis of this soul--the human psyche--leads me to believe that man is not truly one...but truly two. One of him strives for the nobilities of life; this we call his good self. The other seeks an expression of impulses that binds him with some dim animal relation with the earth; this we may call the bad. These two carry on an eternal struggle in the nature of man. Yet they are chained together, and that chain spells repression to the evil, remorse to the good. Now, if these two selves could be separated from each other, how much better the good in us might be...what heights it might scale! And the so-called evil, once liberated, would fulfill itself and trouble us no more."



Dr. Jekyll's so-called evil side is causing him some trouble for his fiancée is away on a protracted stay, and he is plagued with an impulse to wolf around in search of a Vornaiden. Figuring --aw, say, I don't need to review this film for you, you should know the story by heart. Suffice it to say I thot this a well done picture. It was raw, brutal, even revoltingly sadistic, I felt, in some sequences; but in all, a sincere picturization. The more recent production I found not bad--Jekyll's transformation was more psychological than physiological--but I preferred the former version. I liked the speeches in it better, for'un thing.

## FOREIGN FANTASIES

Anent "At the Edge of the World", "Nosferatu" and "The Fall of the House of Usher", I regret I know next to nothing. At every opportunity I have inquired of persons formerly living in Europe about fantasy films they remember seeing there, but none has recalled either of the first two. On "Nosferatu" I don't get the angle. Does "Nosferatu" mean something in deutsch? I have heard this was a German version of "Dracula". Does that mean they renamed Count Dracula "Graf Nosferatu"? Ich weiss nicht. Seems to me I asked Willy Ley about this pic at the Paul Banquet, New York 1939, but he could not enlighten me either. "Usher", beside the 1927 French version from which the litho appears, was amateurly done in about five reels by a local university a number of years ago; and, if I recall correctly, was made as a two-reel short subject by MGM just a year or two ago. Unless I'm confusing it with "Tell-Tale Heart". Quite a bit of Poe has hit the screen, "Murders in the Rue Morgue", "The Black Cat", "The Raven" (including "Pit and the Pendulum"), "Marie Rogêt", and, I believe, "The Oval Portrait".

## THE GOLEM

To begin with, this is pronounced Goy'lum. It refers to a giant stone statue in which life is evoked. Eventually the Golem goes amok à la (technically "au"? ) Frankenstein. (Technically: Frankenstein's monster!) At least three versions seem to have been made, the early Gorman, a later silent MGM, and a Československan talkie released locally circa 1939. This film concerned the down-trodden Jews in a European ghetto; when things got too tough, so a legend went, their statue would come to life and deliver them. It eventually did, and went striding around town au King Kong, batting down everything and everybody in its path. Of the 1920 version I saw only one short reel--and that at a recent revival--but it seemed very good. I've a nagging notion I've written up this reel sometime in the recent past. Ah, yes, I believe the dope appears in contemporary fanmag Venus, obtainable from Lora Crozetti via the LASFS for 15c. (Mel loses more money on free ads this way!)



## THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI

This picture had a profound effect on cinema audiences at the time of its original release. It also had a profound effect on Henry Kuttner when, December 1937, he wrote the standard review of the film in IMAGINATION!, from which I quote:

"Filmed in 1919, this was intended to express the viewpoint of a lunatic. It begins with a garden scene showing a zombie-like creature telling his companion, with an air of deep secrecy, that there are spirits all around us guiding our destiny. 'Ah,' says the other ham, 'but have I told you my story?' And launches into the lunacy yarn.

"Most notable feature about the film is the scenery, painted in a markedly cubistic and futuristic fashion by a potential Es-  
perantist. Apparently the cast too was supposed to express the insanity attributed to them in the mad narrator's mind, but only two succeed: Werner Krausse, as Caligari, and Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist.

"Krausse is a delightful charlatan. His rubber face and magnificent tongue express everything from insane malignancy to lecherous delight. And Veidt, with a chalk-white face and heavily painted lips and eyes, clad in a tight black garment, is effectively macabre.

"The plot deals with the murders committed by the somnambulist at the instigation of Caligari, who keeps his pawn in a coffin-like box. In the end the somnambulist dies in a ditch, and we discover all is the fabrication of a frenetic; that the characters are the inmates of the asylum of which Caligari is the head, not a homicidal maniac."

"Das Cabinet des Dr. Caligari"--surrealistic, screwy, definitely the nuts!

## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

At eight years of age, this picture scared the knickerbockers off me. Which was why I took to wearing balloon pants. The Chaney version was really scarier, weirder than the recent production, with which I presume most of you are familiar.

Don't know as I can recall the plot straight, even tho' I have seen the picture at least six times thru the years. In the early thirties the "Phantom" was given a sound score, several talking sequences, and generally revived.

Scene shown in the accompanying litho was in color.

It was the latter half of the original that differed markedly from the new version. In it, the Phantom held the girl cap-



tive while her sweetheart and a friend (not a rival) sought the monster's lair. In this enterprise, they encountered all kinds of labyrinthine perils--hanging nooses, trap-doors, a super-heated room, etc. One outstanding scene was where the Phantom, oxygenating via a breathing tube, walked under the water in the canal, raised up a hand and tipped over a boat with its passenger. Another when Chaney showed the heroine a metal scarab and some other object, said "Turn one, and your lover drowns. Turn the other, and the Opera House blows up!" And the terrifying climactic moment when the girl removes the Phantom's mask---and reveals the really revolting, noseless horror of a face. In the end, the Phantom dies not under a ton of masonry, but a mass of human flesh, as a vengeance-seeking mob pounds him to a pulp...

## THE GIRL IN THE MOON

Also known as "Frau im Mond" and "By Rocket to the Moon".

All I know about this picture is what I (along with the rest of you) have read in Popular Mechanics and TWS and Astounding and Sunday supplements, etc. Unfortunately, it did not have a wide play in the USA, and never got nearer me than Chicago. Produced just at the time talkies were coming in, sound was dubbed in. A cheap edition of the book was available in a slim volume at Ten Cent stores for several years thereafter. Novel was written by the director's one-time wife, Thea von Harbou. I presume you are all familiar with the plot: Rocket goes to moon. But well done!

## METROPOLIS

This classic I am going to cover in just a few words, and incidentally work in a little ad for myself. At the time of the Nycon, I prepared a special souvenir pamphlet thoroly covering the picture. I still have a few copies left at 35 cents apiece. Each contains a lithoed insert, different from that shown in Fan Slants. Still reproduced here shows son of the Master of Metropolis slaving in the subterranean machine-heart of the great electri-city. A tale of 2026, a robotrix and a revolution.

## JUST IMAGINE

JUST IMAGINE! When I come to write of this scientifiilm, I am suddenly thunderstruck with the realization that this film, which it seems as tho I saw only yesterday, in actuality played fourteen years ago! It is even perfectly possible that a few of the younger fans have never even heard of this title, weren't born yet when this futuristic classic flashed onto the silver screen. It was half my life ago that I picked up a movie mag and found the ad heralding this prophetic picture:



New laws for love...the sky swarming with planes...a  
giant rocket shot to Mars...a riotous stowaway...Loo  
Loo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the  
rocketeers. JUST IMAGINE Broadway in 1980....New  
York gone futuristic...a towering tangle of pin-  
nacles, viaducts, bridges...and what fashions in  
dress!

Yes, this was a film to send the fan of 1930 into ecstasy!

THE PLOT: The hero, J-21 (played by John Garrick, a handsome singing star from the Broadway musical stage) is an ocean liner pilot who loves LN-18 (Maureen O'Sullivan). Newspaper publisher MT-3 (Kenneth Thomson) covets LN-18. The State Tribunal, which sanctions marriages on a strictly scientific basis, decides in favor of MT-3 but gives J-21 four months in which to prove himself the better man.

Meanwhile, El Brendel, who was knocked into a state of suspended animation in 1930 by a bolt of lightning, is revived in a spectacular laboratory scene. Since he was not included in the State's calculations when the numerical names were given out, he is known as--here memory fails me and I find no ready record--either "Single-O" or "Double-O". For the remainder of this review I shall elect to refer to him as "O-O".

J-21 has a young friend, RT-42 (Frankie Albertson) who helps him thruout the picture. Marjorie White, a kind of platinum blond predecessor of Betty Hutton, played RT-42's girl-friend. I presume she had a number name, but I have forgotten it. I think she died in an auto accident several years after the picture was made.

At any rate, O-O wanders around as the comic interest in the world of the future. As I remember it, J-21 is about to throw himself off one of the aerial bridges one nite, in a fit of despondency, when a mysterious stranger (one of Mischa Auer's earliest appearances, in a serious rôle) persuades him to come to a friend's house. The friend is the late Hobart Bosworth, who has perfected a rocket and seeks a pilot to take it to Mars. J-21 accepts.

RT-42 accompanies J. O-O is an accidental stowaway. When he puts in an appearance, is informed they're heading toward Mars, he contends he'd rather go to Pa's. Yes, corn is nothing new.

The take-off was shown, the rocket soaring over New York, and I seem to recall some interplanetary scenes. But I don't recall that the characters floated about, tho they did perhaps gain greater strength from the lesser gravity of Mars.

Mars, it turned out, was more or less inhibited--pardon me, inhabited I mean--by Vomaïdens, or maybe I should say Vomarsians. Also, all unbeknownst to the travelers from Terra, Mars was made up of identical twins--and half of them were nice natured and the other half were nasty tempered knaves. This caused no end of confusion.



In the end, J-21 successfully returned to earth and, with a captive Marsian as proof of his Interplanetary conquest, won LN-18, who became LN-21, and everybody lived happy ever after, except presumably frustrated MT-3 and maybe the Marsian.

About all I remember about the Marsian was that he was a big hulking brute of a fellow, possibly portrayed by Noble Johnson, the chieftain in "King Kong".

21st Century-Fox produced picture. Its architecture was over whelming. The miniature metropolis, which was reported to have cost \$168,000, was constructed in a balloon hangar. Its buildings-to-scale were 250 stories high, with traffic lanes on nine levels. It took 205 engineers and craftsmen five months to create it.

Helicopters, television, of course, were common. Food--and even bootleg hooch (prohibition was still an issue)--came in capsules. Even babies-- Well, there is one sequence that is always quoted by those who remember the film and that is where O-O, who is always lamenting "Give me the good old days" as he swallows a tablet described as a beefsteak dinner, or gets drunk on a tasteless pellet, sees a couple make a monetary insertion in a machine, turn the selector to "Boy", and out pops a baby--and O-O declares "GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD DAYS!"

I have been told the foregoing quotation is one of the reasons the Hays Office has not permitted the picture to be revived a decade after its production.

Some attention was given to styles. I remember the men's suits in particular; the coats buttoned on the left side, and the trousers had only one pocket--on the hip.

At the famous Carthay Circle theater of Beverly Hills, Cal., a souvenir of "Just Imagine" was distributed in the form of a sample of 1980 incense, called "The Hour Exquisite", incased in a futuristic box of silver, green and black.

There were three, possibly four, songs in the picture: "You Are the Melody", "An Old Fashioned Girl" and "Never Swat a Fly". Somewhere I believe I have a phonograph record of the latter two. "Melody" and "Girl", at least, were released in sheet music form; and if you should be interested in hearing either of them on the piano, drop around to my place some time when I'm home and I'll be glad to play them for you. Here are the lyrics of the most popular of the 1980 love songs:

"I am only the words, you are the melody;  
And we need the two to make a song of love.  
Tell me, what good are words without a melody?  
They are like an earth without a sun above.  
Altho my words are sweet, dear, the music's in your heart  
The song won't be complete, dear,  
If we keep the two apart.  
But when my words are wedded to your melody--  
Then the world will hear a perfect song of love!"

An improvement, at any rate, on Amaryllis' "Far, Far Out in Space".



ODE TO THE STARBEGOTTEN

Deggie, Deggie, little star  
How I wonder what you are  
Up above the fairs so high  
Like a Godman in the sky.

When the fascist A.I. is gone  
When he nothing fouts upon,  
Then you'll show your little light  
Deggie, Deggie, all the night.

You're the strangest little guy  
In your Indiana stye  
Patting out your Cosmic dung  
Little man you should be hung.

Mailing out our old crud sheets  
Bleating feeble little bleats  
Furthermore they say, by heck  
That you NEVER wash your neck.

It seems to me a little odd  
To hear you are the spawn of god  
With your stupid little blitz  
Little man you are the.....bunk!

And then your darling little Helen  
"I have been raped", I hear her yellin'  
So with your bleary eyes upon her  
You swore you would avenge her honor.

You swaped your ray gun for a slingshot  
(Say what is a rhyme for slingshot)  
And leaving her upon the floor  
You declared your little war.

You went ucut and broke the neighbors' winders  
Into a half a million flinders  
You blacked thier eyes, and broke thier noses  
And then you laid them out in rowses

But really, I'm a little bored  
To read about your COSMIC HOARD  
I wish that it would come to pass  
That you would shove it up your....nose

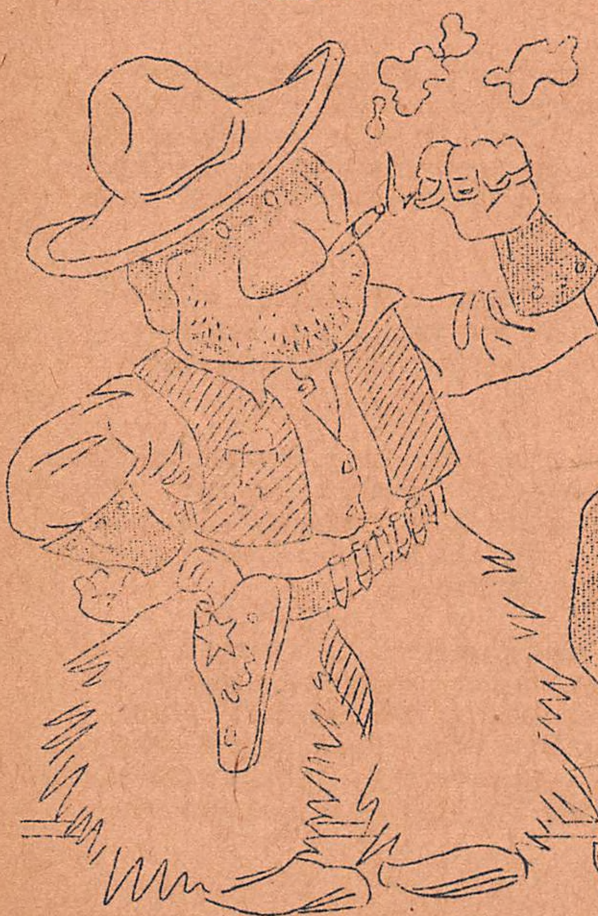
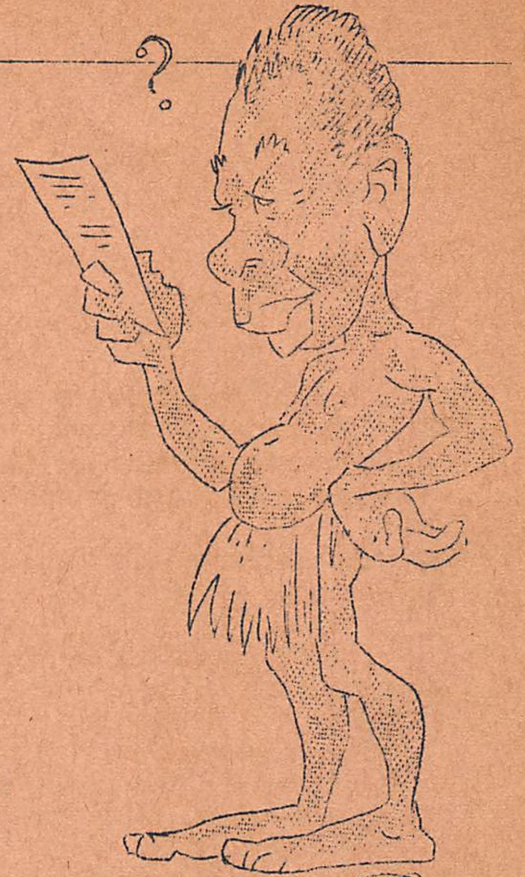
And if the day should ever be  
T hat free from your nonsense, we are free

And no more crap from you to read.....W OWW  
Would I ever go on a big party with; E. Bruce Yerke, Mel Brown, Art  
Joemel, Wm Alt Daugherty, and about every other fan in fandom.  
OH MIGHTY CTHULU UI SPEED THAT HAPPY DAY  
The FETLanic, his poem.



# WE HAVE "COSMIC MINDS !"

figures taken from  
FUN WITH A PENCIL  
andrew loomis



R.C.



# WHY ORGANIZE?

BY ART SEHNERT

The big question I'm asked when I propose my nation-wide organization is WHY? And usually before I can answer I'm regaled with horror stories of previous attempts to organize fandom. I'm going to take advantage of this offer and express my views before any of you can jump on my back.

The answer to that question is simple as digging a hole in the ground if you have the right tools.

First, fandom needs a change. A change from three things: (1) the many segments (2) the many local clubs (3) the singular lack of business sense.

The many segments are fandom's worst detriment. These segments and their machinations are the promoters of most fan feuds. Their absolute adherence to their own ideas, no matter how wrong they may be, is disgusting, to say the least. Don't get me wrong. All segments of fandom don't come under this heading. A goodly number do, however.

In saying that we need a change from the many local clubs, I'm not advocating that they be outlawed or that they should give up their individualities, for they do serve a limited purpose. I think, however, it would be wise if they were integrated into a country-wide, all embracing organization. At any rate their ideas could be presented to fandom a lot more fairly and with less prejudice than at present.

The lack of forthright business sense is appalling. It's unfair to even think that fanzines must always be in the red. At the very least, fanzines should break even. And they could be made to if they were considered in the same light as other hobbies.

Second, fandom is restless. With the near perfection that fanzine publishing has achieved, (with the exception of finances), the necessity for new outlets for fans ambitions will have to be met. Organizational planning and the activities entailed can take the place of this. Yes, we'll go on publishing fanzines, but that will fulfill only a small niche in our ambitions.

The third point is the big one. Professional magazines have become secondary to fan activities. The reason for this is obvious: fans being unable to make any impression on the professional editors, turn to the fan field where they can express their wishes and get something done about them. Those fans who do try to impress pro editors with the need for improvements are met with blank stares and/or loud guffaws. It can be likened to the flea on the elephant's



ankle. Five hundred voices can be heard a lot farther than one voice. And it takes a lot longer for one fan to holler five hundred times, (hasn't heard of Degler has he.. eds), than it does for five hundred fans to holler at once, if they all holler together.

And so you have the three most important reasons for the existence of a national fan organization. There are others, but they will be discussed later.

E.E.Evans presented a paper to the Denvention offering a "long range plan" in connection with the then existing National Fantasy Fan Federation. The paper set forth activities and goals to be achieved some time in the future. With all due respect to Evans, I believe he had the cart before the horse. Fran Laney has approached me with the same, i.e. figure out your activities and then organize. The idea being to present to would-be- members a full schedual of activities before you present them with a club to join. I'm convinced that this is the wrong approach. I'm confident that organizational planning should be given priority over activities plaming, for this reason; you must have a foundation before you can build a house. You don't throw a party in the living room before the contractors arrive to dig the basement, unless you've been drinking too much beer or read Heinlein's, "He Built A Crooked House".

Of course I know the the gathering and sifting of ideas, good and bad, that fandom might have on the subject of organization would mean a lot of work, there is no getting around it. But we should be willing to, work for the things we want. And if we are not willing to get down and dig them, then we'll neither get what we want or deserve them. But now I'm preaching.

Naturally, if this organization is promoted it will mean the constitution wii have to be written so that the group will have the power to discipline unruly members. Now wait a moment before you blow your top. The nations of the world have, at one time or another, drawn up a set of international laws branding certain acts of aggresion as world crimes. These laws are mighty nice, but nowhere in them can be had a method of punishment if the laws are broken. The laws, themselves, lack the value of the paper they are written on. Wouldn't this country be in a hell of a fix if the government lacked the power to enforce the decisions of the legeslative bodies. Into all the by-laws there should be written methods of punishment to handle law breakers.

Fan publishing efforts should be taxed. Not heavily, but to the extent that the revenue gathered would provide sufficient revenue to provide a tresury for organizational purposes. Of course a program of benefits for those taxed would be worked out. But that can be acomplished later.

The preventing of power cliques pushing through legislation is particularly a hard problem to solve. It's a side of the buisness that I haven't given much thought to. A simple method, would be to limit constitutionally, the voting power in areas of known radicalism.

Activities have been mentioned for national fan organizations before. Evans mentioned some of the more important ones in his speech before the penvention. Such activities as agencies to handle and distribute fanzine publishing paraphenalia, collect professional and ameature magazines and resell them to collectors at an nominal profit, should be among the first attempted. Laney's fanzine anthology, Rothman's statistical history of the future, and other worthy projects could be undertaken later. And they could be done with greater ease and dispatch

(continued on page



TAKE to the HEDGES, MEN--

—HONIG'S COMING!

by maliano

The five of us -- Tom Wright, Bill Watson, George Ebey, Andy Anderson, and Harry Honig -- had just vacated the Ackermansin and bid the Staplecon two a fond farewell. Gone were the brigh lights, the smiling faces, the cheery tinkle of ice in glasses -- cider, fellows; don't get exited -- and the low anecdotes generally present at the usual fan gathering. Before us loomed the ebon night of MR. Ashton Smith and Company.

We had split into three groups and were gyrating happily down Staples Ave. Tom was occupied in telling what an excellent cover he -- Tom -- had drawn for CENTAURI, Andy's new fanzine. Andy, the stout fellow, was engaged in agreeing with Wright, if only to keep peace among them.

Watson in turn was busy informing George, what a top flight publication Watson was perpetuating on fandom from behind its back. George said yes to this and no to that, so they got along fairly well.

About Honig -- who makes up for two of us any day -- was gurgling delightfully over a Hadden original he had purchased at the Staplecon. Far be it from us to interrupt Harry's gurgling. We left him alone.

Came a shriek! Honig had wheeled and was facing us!!

"Ai! Ai! Ai! shouted Honig. He held a nude in one grimy hand. The hand was dirty. Honig was dirty too. The nude was a picture. Not too clean.

"He'll be on us in a minute", gasped Andy, "Shall we stare him down or start running?" He started running.

"Arhh! Arghh!" Honig grunted. He made a menacing step. "Arghh".

And then came that classic cry -- a direct steal from Tucker -- TAKE TO THE HEDGES MEN -- HONIG'S COMING! That was all that was needed to stir our inertia and speed us on our way.

We ran.

Hedges to the right of us. Hedges to the left of us. Hedges to the fore of us. And Honig aft -- which was too damm much for any man of normal health. We ran up the hill. Honig ran up the hill. We dashed hell bent for high water down the hill. Honig dashed hell bent for high water down the hill. We dashed along Monterey Blvd. And ditto Harrison.

Ebey found a parked flivver and collapsed underneath it, becoming even dirtier than before. If such a thing is at all possible. There under a flivver he discovered a gutter, and relaxed contentedly. "Pome!" said Ebey. "I shall



entitle it Mutt in The Gutter", he sighed, and reached for his typewriter --- finding, by the way: a large ball of wet newspaper, a dead rat, two cents, and Watson who was searching for a girl whom George had thrown away earlier in the evening, on the way to Forrey's.

"Hello, Watson", said Ebey, " Taking refuge from the Mad Monster of 26 th Avenue, I see".

" Well now-- I wouldn't say that", said Watson.

" You just did," Ebey grinned vilely and immersed the rat in a puddle of water nearby.

" He then began to munch on it.

Meanwhile Wright and Anderson were bounding buisily accross the 'Frisco terrain, attempting to keep away from the clutching paws and drooling lips of one Honig.

" Arghh!" said Honig. "Arghh! Arghh!"

Honig is a man of few worlds.

" My god," shouted Wright, "I can't keep up this pace much longer, " what in hell does the fellow want of us?"

Honig grinned lasciviously.

" Away," said Andy, " Away, Honig . You -- burp -- disgust us".

" Arghh!" said Honig, remaining true to form.

Wright then dissapeared into a bed of wisteria, " Wisteria in Oakland," punned Wright, " But bed is bed. Haw". He vanished, (Slow, estatic gurgles of happiness gurgled forth.)

Which left only dauntless Andy. Poor Andy. The visiting fireman. Honig gained slowly.

" Oh christ", moanes the CENTAURI ed, " Why did I ever leave Pismo Beach. I did so like Pismo Beach. I love thee, Pismo Beach." Andy needloss to say was a true son of the beaches of Pismo.

The end was in sight. "Arghh," craked Honig, and grabbed.

" Alas, trapped in the prime of my manhood," cursed Andy, " Ah misery and damnnation ----- git away, Honig."

"I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE," He moaned. Then, " Oh well, the army was going to get me any day now, anyway . . ."

"Arghh"

So the upshot of it was that we sprang veherently from gutter, bush, and hedge to rescue Andy and subdue Honig.







"When the Sleeper Wakes" did not rely on any new and startling literary devices when it appeared in 1899. In fact, it was in reality a number of years behind the times. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Donnelly's "Caesar's Column" and others had postulated the adventures which might befall a man from their own time (or at least a similar time) should he be cast into the future a number of years.

Rather, H G Wells' sociological novel was an attack on the state of things as they seemed likely to be, judging from the trends evident at the time of writing. As much or more than Donnelly, he pointed out the seemingly inevitable separation of humanity into classes--the upper class, rising higher and higher, building great false-front edifices of civilization upon a constantly further down-trodden lower class.

It might be said that "When the Sleeper Wakes" was an early page from Wells' book of future history, and that "The Time Machine" was the last. The delicate eloi and the grisly morlocks of the latter story were the direct descendants of the classes which existed in the world in which Graham--the Sleeper--found himself.

Wells himself was far from satisfied with the 1899 version of "When the Sleeper Wakes," terming it "one of the most ambitious and least satisfactory of my books." He went on, "Like most of my earlier work, it was written under considerable pressure; there are marks of haste not only in the writing of the latter part, but in the very construction of the story... I wound up the Sleeper sufficiently to make it a marketable work, hoping to be able to revise it before the book printers at any rate got hold of it. But fortune was against me..."

In 1910 or 1911, Mr Wells belatedly received the opportunity he had missed twelve years before. Thomas Nelson and Sons, publishers, planned to issue the "Sleeper" for the fifth time (Harper Bros. and MacMillan and Co. having been previous owners). The Wells of thirty-one who had written the book was now a Wells of forty-three, and it was too late and remote for him to attempt any drastic reconstruction of this earlier work. So he "played now merely the part of an editorial elder brother: cut out relentlessly a number of long tiresome passages...and straightened out certain indecisions..."

Over six thousand words were cut out of the earlier version, and only a fraction of that number written in. While the first editions had twenty-four chapters, the revised one had twenty-five, the chapter "While the Aeroplanes Were Coming" (XXIII) being split, and the first part of it retitled, as Chapter XXIII, "Graham Speaks His Word." "While the Aeroplanes Were Coming" became Chapter XXIV, and "The Coming of the Aeroplanes" Chapter XXV.

In order to facilitate comparison of the two editions we have adopted the following key system. "Q" stands for the first edition, "When the Sleeper Wakes," published by Harper & Brothers in 1899. "N" refers to the revised edition, retitled "The Sleeper Awakes," issued by Thomas Nelson and Sons in 1911. The top, middle, or bottom of any page will be noted as "t", "m", or "b".

Incidentally, there were fifteen illustrations in the first edition, but only one (and a new one at that) in the revised edition.

Wells begins his alteration gradually, with a phrase here, a word there, apparently so as to gradually accustom the reader who may have been familiar with the first editions to the more drastic changes and omissions to come. On the meeting of Isbister and Graham, Is-



bister no longer "looked at him and wondered transitorily if some complex Providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon" (04-b). He merely "looked at him" (N8-m). 014-b, "It was a cataleptic rigour at first, wasn't it?" is altered to "Do you mean--he was stiff and hard?" on N17-b. "Induction Coils" on 015-m are merely "Coils" in N18-t. The reference to "Looking Backward" is dropped when the words "It's Bellamy" (017-b) are omitted (N20-m). A possible change in the state of things in England at the time may be revealed when the paragraph "'It is,' said Isbister. 'As a matter of fact, it's a case for a public trustee, if only we had such a functionary.'" (018-m) is cut to the curt "Rather", said Isbister." (N20-b).

Chapters III, IV, V, and VI were left untouched. In Chapter VII, Wells begins gradually to shape the psychological effect of the story in slightly different ways. When Graham, the Sleeper, is being held incommunicado by the Council, it is no longer "his prison" (071-t), but rather "the rooms" (N69-m). Graham is no longer "wrestling darkly with the unknown powers that imprisoned him, and which he had deliberately challenged" (078-t, N76-t), in Chapter VIII.

It is impossible to list here each of the seventy-odd minor or drastic changes that were made in the story, and after this introduction, showing in what manner alterations were made, we must confine ourselves to major revisions.

Chapter XII presents one of the two major changes in words used. Where in 0141-t, the flying machines are referred to as "aeropiles," (in 1899 flying was not an accomplished fact, and each experimenter chose his own words for his inventions) on N135-b the word is changed to "aeroplanes," and continues so throughout the book.

Some of the most fervent cuts in the entire book were made in Chapter XIV, "From the Crow's Nest." Of the twenty pages of recapitulation and reverie in which Graham indulges, only eight are left intact. One page (N158) contains three paragraphs which are all that are left of the last twelve pages of theorizing, from 0166 to the end of the chapter. These paragraphs are from pages 0166 and 0167.

With the entrance of Helen Wotton into the picture, Mr Wells begins his most drastic editing. In the preface to the new edition, he tells how and why he did this: "The worst thing in the earlier version, and the thing that rankled most in my mind, was the treatment of the relations of Helen Wotton and Graham. Haste in art is almost always vulgarisation, and I slipped into the obvious vulgarity of making what the newspaper syndicates call a 'love interest' out of Helen. ~~There was even a paragraph of intimation~~ that instead of going up in the flying-machine to fight, Graham might have given in to Ostrog, and married Helen. I have now removed the suggestion of the uncanny conubialities. Not the slightest intimation of any sexual interest could in truth have arisen between these two. They loved and kissed one another, but as a girl and her heroic grandfather might love, and in a crisis kiss."

In fact, Graham as a possible romantically inclined individual is completely absent. The paragraph (0189-m) which might depict him so is cut out (N169-m). And where, in 0190-m, Graham's eyes "wandered for another sight of that face that had appealed so strongly to his sense of beauty," in N170-t "his eyes wandered for another sight of the girl of the first revolt."

The beginning of Chapter XVI, "The Aeropile," (retitled "The Monoplane" in the new edition) cuts out the description of the pre-Wright Brothers flying experiments, which was no longer necessary,



and retains only two paragraphs from what was once five pages. Also omitted is detail of the engine of the monoplane and mention of the drinking of a dose of "ergot"--"to counteract the possible effect of diminished air pressure upon the system."

"Labour Department" instead of "Labour Company" is the second change of words used throughout, and occurs for the first time on 0225-b and N195-m, in Chapter XVIII. And at the end of this Chapter, more cutting of the relations between Graham and Helen. In Chapter XXI, Wells cuts out a bit of biting sarcasm on 0274-t, in the visit of Graham and Asano to the factories: "But why should the gentle reader be depressed? Surely to a refined nature our present world is distressing enough without bothering ourselves about these miseries to come. We shall not suffer anyhow. Our children may, but what is that to us?" When the news of the coming of the Black Police spreads, and Graham returns to the Council House, he no longer first demands to see Helen Wotton (0280-m), but asks only for Ostrog (N249-m).

Also in Chapter XXII, Wells makes one of the few additions that he made throughout the story. In the last paragraph (0293-m), which concludes with the sentence, "Over there those square blue shapes, the flying stages, meant Ostrog; against Ostrog he was fighting for the world.", he has instead (N261-b) made a new paragraph, reading "Over there those square blue shapes, the flying stages, meant Ostrog; against Ostrog, who was so clear and definite and decisive, he who was so vague and undecided, was fighting for the whole future of the world."

"Aeroplanes at Arawan!" reads the line (0296-m) in Chapter XXIII, while in N264-t it is "Aeroplanes at Madrid!" In the scene where Graham is about to address the people, and Helen Wotton comes to the studio, over a page of writing is omitted (0297-298). Where in 0299-t it is quite obvious that Helen's arrival has helped him ("The thoughts that had been in his mind before she came returned, but transfigured, no longer touched with the shadow of a possible irrelevance") in N265-m it leaves him unmoved ("He wished passionately for the gift of moving speech."). Also, in the next paragraph as revised, he admits that he may be overthrown.

The paragraph beginning "Charity and Mercy" (N266-m) was inserted. And where, originally, as he finished his speech Helen addresses him as a lover (0300-b & 301-t) in the revision she has only words for him impersonally ("Father of the World-Sire!") on N267-m.

Five and a half pages were cut of the description of Helen & Graham's waiting for news of the fighting (0304-b to 310-m). And, as one of his most descriptive paragraphs (0311-t): "For an instant Graham and Helen stood in silence, their hearts were beating fast, they looked at one another. For one last moment there gleamed in Graham his dream of empire, of kingship, with Helen by his side. It gleamed, and passed." The end of the chapter was completely redone.

The superfluous line, "The combat was declined," (0321-t) was cut on N280-b. Graham's amazement at what he had done (0326-m) was cut (N285-m), as was the mention of Ostrog's plane (0326-b, N285-b) and Graham's realisation that London was saved (0329-t, N287-b).

"My Graham dies, as all his kind must die, with no certainty of either victory or defeat," Mr Wells concludes his preface. "who will win--Ostrog or the People? A thousand years hence that will still be just the open question we leave. today."



# FAN FOOT

by *Jack*

## ABOUT THIS COLUMN

The scarlet flower, with never a sister leaf,  
Stemless, springs from the cactus thorn:  
Thus from ragged wounds of desperate grief  
A beautiful thought, perfect and pure, is born.  
-- Laurence Hope

See, that's just the trouble with this column - you never know when I'm going to be serious and when not. First, a bit in dead earnest, and then either slapstick or satire. Oh well .....

Of course you're all acquainted with that new journalistic style of self-defence originated by the late Savior of All Fandom in MANEWSANALIZER # 2, wherein he defended himself in a classic manner from certain persons (no names mentioned) who were getting ready to perform some (unmentioned sort of) attack upon the personal integrity of El Salvador. So, using his "beating around the bush" method of retaliation, I open this column by taking up my typewriter in self defence.



Those of you who read the last installment of this column, no doubt remember the garbled section labeled HOT FOOT. Yes, the mimeoing was rather bad, wasn't it? Of course you could hardly expect it to be much better when you consider that the stencil had originally had been used to run off a hundred or so copies, after which it was crumpled and thrown in the waste barrel (oh yes we use three waste barrels in the club room for crud containers -- about four feet high, and two and a half in diameter) then later revived somewhat the worse for wear. Correction fluid was used in various censored spots, and the same stencil was rerun.

Now to get on with the promised defense, or rather with my account of where I-was-on-the-night-of-September 20th.

You see HOT FOOT was originally written as a satire (and a half-serious protest) on a certain childish and slightly objectionable acts being carried on at a certain (unmentionable) place. Then certain persons, whose names were not even mentioned in the original column, had whose names, I shall refrain from mentioning here objected violently; mainly because the rather hazy mention of their activities (the only name connected did not care to object) might cause fandom to fall, under the severe ban of the churches -- and honest to Lucifer, that really was the reason they gave for their protest. And so these persons insisted upon using their power as assistant Editors of that issue of FAN SLANTS, demanded that the whole column be dropped.



They were finally appeased when the part that told about them burning bibles had been obliterated, so that in the end, that part of the column appeared to be no more than aimless raving about someone somewhere doing something that I'd rather not talk about. So naturally the thing didn't make sense, and even had a slightly unsavory odor. . . And as for the one fan who thought it concerned the Cosmic Circle, I'm very sorry it did not, however; if it had, those who protested might have been less exited. . . . .

~~~~~

# SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A SLAN !

"I knew that I was different from all other human beings whom I had ever met, but I didn't realize how different. I didn't know what I was going to do with my life, but I knew that I should soon find something pretty big and desperate to do, and that I must make myself ready for it."  
(From ODD JOHN) - - - - -Olaf Stapleton.

The LASFS recently had a discussion on the various types of Supermen stories -- such as -- SLAN, ODD JOHN, THE GLADIATOR, THE NEW ADAM etc. The whole discussion was quite interesting, and touched on many points. However, the point which I hope to discuss here concerns a rather assanine assumption which fringes on the subject.

It seems that many fen have come to use the words fan and slan synonymously. Now I realize, that, like myself, most fen confuse the terms half in jest. However, this letter isn't always true, for many believe (fully as much as any religionist trusts his creed) that fans are slans per se.

Now it should be first understood that Van Vogt (as well as other authors of supermen yarns) concerned himself with not merely superior members of the human species, but rather with a new and superior race. And this is what the term "slan" implies. Certainly we could find no single characteristics, that definitely set us apart from the human gens. Yet we have a little more vivid an imagination than the average specimen of homo saps, but this is not a distinctive feature.



Most of the fictional mutants have been physical, as well as mental supermen. Here fen as a class, would fall far below the average,

As for the assumption of mental superiority, that is in substance, little more than the face saving dream of a group of face - saving egotists. But even if I were to scoff at the idea of fen as supermen, I still cling tenaciously to the claim that our average intelligence is far above that of the man-on-the-street. But just how much does that mean ?



Science fiction, itself, is more stimulating to an intelligent mind than any other branch of pulp fiction. The "hudunits" also stimulate but the rest appeal only to man's brute force, or his emotions. Thus stf's appeal is to a



slightly higher mental group. The readers of *stf* are exposed to all the arguments psychology, and the facts of physical sciences, philosophy and sociology. The general atmosphere is liberal, agnostic and optimistic. And if the readers themselves average high, so *fen* would average a bit higher. As in art -- those who pass thru an art gallery are likely to be, on the average, of higher intelligence and sensitivity than those who pass it on the street; and the dilettants are usually a bit superior to the casual visitor to the galleries.. *Fen* are dilettantes of *stfantasy*. However society, as yet, has found little use for the dilettante, unless personal gratification of one's self is sufficient excuse for one's existence. *Fen*, like other dilettantes, are superficially interested in human culture. Their interests often skim the surface of great subjects, so that they are able to give the impression of wide knowledge. They will go off on some wild tangent, following almost unrelentingly to its almost useless end. Thus with fan publishing, collecting, or such things as a deep study of Atlantology, Black Magic, or other typical fan activities -- large trees that seldom bear fruit, and I might add that seldom reproduce (here I deal with averages).

But before casting our egocentric theory of fan superiority aside entirely, let us go at it from another angle. The *Slans* were the finished product of a radical mutation, even more so, homo -superior ODD JOHN. But it is not alone through radical mutations that the race evolves. The process of natural selection slowly weeds out those unable to meet its demands, and saves those who are superior. But in what way superior? We have not yet discovered nature's standard. Is the human race to tend toward physical, sexual, artistic, or intelligent intellectual superiority. Of course man has advanced far enough where he is able to take a hand in his own destiny. Thus, man might soon be able to select his own descendants according to, his own standards.

But to get back to my point; the race evolves slowly. Nature experiments at producing a higher form of life. Most of the experiments result in specimens which vary only in small details from the norm (sic) the world's standards. Often this is directly due to nature's failure to produce an individual competent of maintaining its own existence. At other times, the experiment, itself, is successful, but the individual, is overwhelmed by the sheer bulk of the common herd (thus with Wylie's GLADIATOR and ODD JOHN.) But nature is not easily diverted for the experiments continue and the results are progressively more satisfactory.

Now, most *fen*, I think, are the results of some of these experiments. However, in the case of *fen*, as well as among many other classes, the product is an individual that has difficulty adjusting itself. Perhaps this is because the individual is primed for a slightly higher type of existence than those about him, but the sheer weight of their numbers bears him down. But more often, it is true that the individual, while perhaps superior in some ways, is unbalanced, and as such, unfit to cope with life as a whole. Now I do not mean that *fen* should feel unique because they are the results of nature's experiments, for so is every other living thing. *Fen* simply come from slightly-more-radical-than-average-tryouts.

Nor is it to be assumed that nature is attempting to produce science-fiction *fen*, nor even that *fen*, as such, may be considered a class. *Fen*, per se, are not a class of variants. But some individuals from many classes find in fan-dom an outlet for energies for which they can otherwise find little satisfactory use, and a refuge from the persecution with which the world chastises all who differ from its retrogressive standards.



# BEFORE THE DAWN

BOOK REVIEW BY

*Paul Grech*



One of the greatest and most fascinating heroes of science-fiction is a reptile, a giant dinosaur.

No one who has ever read John Taine's *Before The Dawn* can ever forget Belshazzar; the magnificent and terrifying creation who stalked through its pages, dominating and defying his primitive world, implacable and fearless to the last. Mercy and "ethics" he knew not, but his magnificent courage makes him admirable. "If he lacked human intelligence, he exhibited a substitute -- fierce cunning and consummate skill in forcing his inhospitable environment to yield him the necessities of life -- which was singularly like reason.... He fought the entire world, for the whole age was against him and his kind. That he had the instinctive brute courage to face insuperable odds even without knowledge of what was against him instead of accepting the inevitable defeat before he was forced to was not evidence of stupidity but of sportsmanship. He would see it through to the end and be damned to it. No apology from any human-being is in order."

John Taine, in reality Eric Temple Bell, Professor of Mathematics at the California Institute of Technology, has the widest knowledge of science himself and close contact with the leading men in every field. In this book of "Fantascience" (a term originated by him), he delves into the past by the theoretical possibility of measuring the changes in the atoms of crystals caused by the light which shone on them in past ages, and from those changes recreating the scenes of the past. Langtry invents the electronic analyser, and with Bronson and Sellar he investigates the Age of Reptiles.

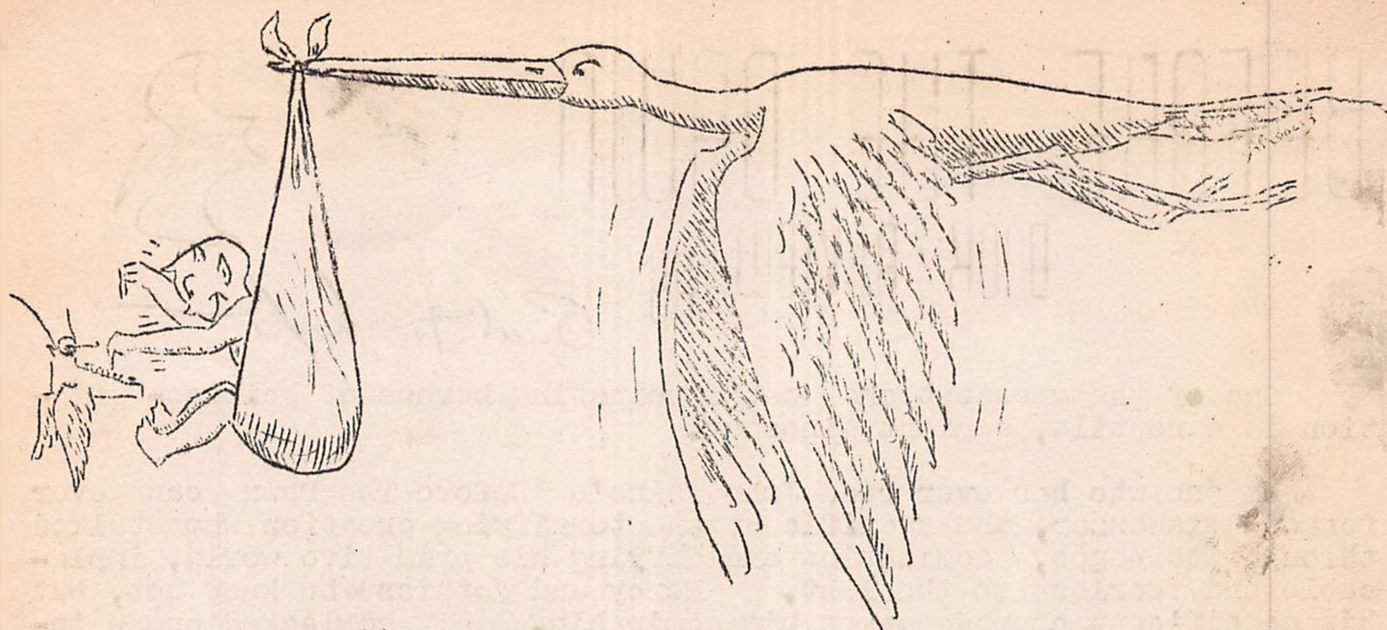


From then on the book is a picture of that fearful age as it must have existed, with its terrible inhabitants struggling against lack of food, volcanic activity, and convulsions of nature destined to destroy them.

BEFORE THE DAWN is magnificent proof that love interest, hero and heroine, and indeed any humans at all, are not necessary for a fascinating story. It is a book no science fiction fan should miss.







## MY FRIEND - BOB TUCKER

*by Walt Liebscher*

When Tucker was born a month too soon his parents were very much surprised. They had expected a baby.

He was born with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, or vice versa, and though his parents had the extra toes cut off at birth they decided to let him keep the extra fingers as he displayed a talent for music at birth by crying in B Flat Major, embellished by sanguine glissandos. This was a remarkable feat; even for Odd Bob. Later, when he developed a penchant for the piccolo, his extra fingers proved cumbersome, so they went the way of the extra toes.

Tucker's parents lived in a two story dwelling. Tucker's room was on the top floor and as he had a peculiar aversion to dwelling on the second floor, he developed heightrophobia very early in life and took to living in a basement as soon as he left his folks. And that is the way he has lived ever since -- in abasement.

Tucker was a very precocious child, and his natural affinity towards bon mottes and wise cracks garnered him considerable derision. His father just loved to take care of him. He would put little Bobbie in his buggy and take him for long walks in the woods -- and leave him there. Now and then one would see Tucker's father trying to trade Bobbie for some other proud parent's offspring ---- because they had a better buggy.

Little Bobbie was never a strong child. In fact, he was so weak he had to suck his thumb through a straw. His mother had to put starch in his milk to keep him from folding up. To this day he has to be reinforced with scotch tape.

Tucker, since birth, has held the admiration of women and he



claims it gets mighty tiresome. Just what females see in a bunch of bones surrounded by a delapidated torso like Tucker's has always been a source of mystery. But nevertheless, the fact that women throw themselves at his feet cannot be denied.

It is a revelation to walk down the street with Tucker. Every young girl he passes stares at him like a ghoulish ghoul with gastritis. But he passes these lovesick lassies with such nonchalance and swagger that he gives you the impression that he is a Sultan walking among his Eunuuchs.

Ah, but when some slick chick catches his eye or pleases his fancy, he sprouts fangs, gets down on all fours, and howls at the moon. Sometimes he drools too.

I met Tucker for the first time at the Chicon. My first impression was that he was an extroverted egotist. It has always been a source of dismay to me as to how I ever got such an impression, for by the end of the second day I was beginning to think Tucker might be human. To this day I'm not sure whether he is or not.

I missed the chance of knowing the real Tucker at the Chicon because I was very busy making a impression with Forrie and Morojo, who, at the time, and as I was a brand new fan seemed to be bigger catches. For this I am not sorry as Forrie and Morojo are almost in a class with Tucker. Of course, no one can measure up to Tucker's high standard. After all, he is six foot three.

The first chance I really had to know Tucker was during the first Michicon and the trip to Canada that Bob, Jane, and I made after the convention terminated. I discovered under that outer shell of wit, a likeable lug with a natural inclination for making friends and keeping them. I also discovered a pal, the best pal I have. You can search the whole of fandom and I'm sure you'll never come across a stauncher bond of friendship than that which exists between Bob and I. And I'm extremely grateful for that friendship.

If you know the jerk as well as I do, you would understand why I like him. He's such a helpless creature, and I've always had a peculiar fondness for dumb animals, especially baboons.

There are many reasons why Tucker and I get along together. For one thing, we're both nuts. I lean toward the hazel variety and Tucker is the kind they usually keep locked up behind bars. Then there is his damned penchant for the unpredictable. If there is something new around fandom you can rest assured that Tucker has had his hand in it. He likes to do such lovely things as sending telegrams about absolutely nothing, just so he can have the satisfaction of thinking you were awakened in the middle of the night. He simply adores sending C. O. D. packages filled with empty tin boxes and trash he cleaned out of his drawers. Considering the fact that he changes drawers twice a year, there is usually a plethora of trash. But, best of all, Tucker's forte is women. His feminine admirers are legion and they usually like Tucker's friends. I have Tucker to thank for one of the cutest little nurses in captivity.

Yes, my friends, in spite of a protuding navel, emaciated puss, and the fact that he drools at the slightest provocation, Bob Tucker is almost human, and I think humans are swell people.



# MISSILES FROM THE MOB

## BEING LETTERS FROM THE READERS

HARRY WERNER Jr.

While reading it I had the most persistent impression that it was really an issue of FANTASITE instead of a different, new fanzine. The pica type and the headings probably accounted for the idea.

The idea on Clyne's covers don't compare with the beautiful execution, I shudder to think of the lithographing costs though, and I wonder why you LA fans don't look into the idea of getting a lithographing machine. It would probably be pretty expensive, but if a dozen or more chipped in, the burden wouldn't be unmanageable, and, part of the purchase price could be gained by doing work for out of town fans.

Phil Bronson's words struck me as being sensible and sound. There isn't any sense in maintaining rigid formality in a small group where the members know each other intimately; but at the same time, I'm inclined to believe that a skeleton of law and order should be maintained if the club is to succeed. Rules and order are not mere ceremony, but a tried and proven way of doing things quickly and efficiently.

Yerke's two bits are as delightful as anything Tubby has done in a long time. The few lines that Russell devotes to the "Conspiracy Of The Carpenters" really intrigues me and I'll have to try to persuade our local library to buy it. Fan Fout was an encouraging start toward that rarest of things, a really good fan column. "Hot Fout was a wee but puzzling, was it merely an exercise in caustic writing, or meant to refer to the Cosmic Circle Activities. Included among which I understand, was Dogler's burning of lots of stuff before he left LA.

RUSSELL WILLSEY

A mechanical cover. . . . especially a rocket ship .. would not be lacking in appeal. Daugherty's filler on Da Vinci was old stuff I already knew. The book report was good, but I'd have enjoyed it more if I'd read the book. Yerke's satire was a good piece, but I thought it was a little too sharp. Aiken's article rates very high ... the last line was a corker. Wacky Acky's bit looked like something from VOM. Rates high because of the facts contained, not the writing. Don't know why I didn't like the review, I agreed with most of the ideas and ratings but . . .? Fan Fout wandered too much, though I like Jake's style. Out of the night fantastic was good -- but why all the sudden plugging of the word Hoary? It brings memories of the Ancient Mariner. (Ed note, the word was used once, in the first verse.

ART SEHNERT

The first paragraph of "In Introduction" is something I've been telling my wife for weeks. Professional mags are secondary, activities primary. A few fans are realizing this this, and I hope they realize it soon enough to tell Palmer he can take AMAZING and shove it up his --- nose. ( I've an article on Palmer and his I.Q. coming up in my own mag. Bronson gives a concise picture of most fan clubs. We had one here once; what to do at meetings was the real problem. We usually solved it by drinking beer and verbally fighting the question of rol-



igion. Agnosticism usually won out.

Despite the genius of Da Vinci, I can't help but disagree with Daugherty's hypothesis. Even if Da Vinci had made the world sit up and take notice, I doubt that we would have had tanks and planes 200 years ago. (Da Vinci was only one man. Most of his inventions could not have been perfected without industrial techniques which took research staffs years to discover and refine to the point where they could have been used commercially.) --The eds)

Never saw a better book review, Don't need to read the book now.

#### FRANCIS T. LANEY

The first issue offers much promise, and may well develop into one of the top four or five fanzines. Although the material was exceptionally good, the reproduction and presentation were to put it mildly, rotten. I particularly dislike the way THE DAMN GUY and my own article were butchered by the omission of lines between pages. In both cases it practically ruined the items. You are going to have to watch spelling, and typing with an eagle eye if you are to continue to get good stuff.

It is hoped that you can have some interior art of the same high quality as the cover in your future issues.

Though I have had adverse comment of Russell's book report -- mostly concerned with the length -- after reading it carefully, I can see nothing that should have been omitted; and in fact consider it to be one of the best pieces of critical work I've seen in a fanzine.

There can be no question about it -- Bronson has replaced the octopus --. For all practical purposes, this monster of the deep is now as extinct as the dodo. One might well say the same thing about Bronson of course, but this is no place to go into that. I can not help wondering what changes, if any, this may make in the biological classification of Bronson's big sister. Through her close family connection with Phil does this not perhaps make her an octopus too?

Providing you keep a large percentage of stf-weird-fantasy as in this issue, I can see no possible reason for not continuing the use of non-stf material, and in fact such items lend a refreshing element to FAN SLANTS. Keep it coming.

#### D.B. THOMPSON

Some are going to complain about your failure to use one type face throughout; but I see nothing wrong with using different typers for different articles and columns. "Fan Fout" is quite satisfactory. Daugherty's stuff is well done but definitely passe. I'm getting a little tired of hearing about his numerous inventions. He was an inventor in the same sense as Padgett, author of the Gallagher yarns in Astounding. For that, he deserves a great deal of credit; but he hadn't actually built a working model of many of his ideas, so far as known.

I certainly agree with you on the matter of helping new fans. You may or may not know that the original idea of the Welcoming Committee for the NFFF was mine, later enlarged in scope and detail by the Strangers, and eventually distorted out of recognition by the committee chairman. Still later, it started functioning on a simplified basis similar to the original plan, under the direction of Walt Leibscher. It was a bit grandiose as originally conceived; perhaps, but the plan never was given enough of a trial to be sure.

#### DONAL A. WOLLEHEIM

Daugherty's stuff is rather trite. Wilmoth very interesting; more details please. Pro mags interesting. Penguin --- poeey. Haven't covered Laney sufficiently to comment, but looks meaty. Jike neat. Cover, front & back terrific. Several of the eds around this non-stf office saw it and enjoyed it.



SIDNEY M. DEAN

I discovered your picture on the cover of issue # 1. Whose chest are you sitting on? (Yours, you dope, didn't you recognize it?...Mol). The art work on the contents page is the one fascinating thing in this issue. [I say remark-~~able~~ because I can't possibly see how so much tripe could be assembled in one place. Also I rather enjoyed the subtle digs you took at other stg clubs.

T/ Sgt. Lynn Bridges

The covers were both excellent. Bronson's views on fan clubs were interesting, although I believe the importance of local clubs is over emphasized. Mobo fans have entered fandom independently than through local clubs. But it can't be denied that a well organized and active fan organization is a great aid in keeping fandom alive.

The Laney article was the best thing in the issue. I'd like to see more such serious articles. Can't agree much with what Laney says, for unlike most fans, I'm not particularly radical, and can't see that there is anything so much wrong with the present state of civilization. It can be improved, and improved a lot, but such changes as are necessary can be made gradually. Better education for more people would do a lot more toward a better government, than a new system of government. Basically, there isn't much difference in any of the various forms of government as is generally believed. Communism, fascism, or any thing else works basically by placing the power in the hands of a few, for the general betterment of the many. Soon leaders abuse the power thus granted them, and then it requires wars or revolutions to take that power away from them. But even Hitler went into power with the consent and approval of the majority of his countrymen.

Willmorth's article fills me with envy. I have hopes of getting over that way myself some of these days. Either England, Australia, or somewhere, but so far I have been in the army two years, and have spent every bit of it in the Southeastern part of the U.S.

JOSEPH L. SALTA

Having attended the film version of "The Undying Monster", I doubly enjoyed Russell's book report. Russell was quite justified in calling the movie a "bastardized Hollywood version". His mature, if somewhat detailed essay left nothing to be desired.

Francis T. Laney, whose name suggests that mild quality of being a benevolent Irish priest, seemingly expresses a very bitter resentment toward the past and present civilizations. Such fustian bombastic statements as he expounds in his article, "Toward Utopia", concerning religion, democracy etc would be likely to bring forth retribution from those who he opposes were Mr. Laney a person of importance but since he prefers to hide and sulk behind his cloak of cynical introversion, I doubt that much will come of it. Oh well, what the hell! I don't think he's so very far from wrong, myself. Thus I will retract my former remarks and say that at least I admire his admittance of his own shortcomings. Too, his is a practical progressive form of social philosophy. And ywt.....

Should anymore fragments of alleged humor such as "Will Bronson Replace The Octopus?" be forthcoming, I shall await them with decided apathy.

J.K. Aiken's, "Abeggins guide to fandom" was excellent and very true. I hope to see all the forthcoming fantasy films which FJA mentioned. There must be some good ones among them.

Ah! What an author Randolph Tillywish must be. What an author! Just take for instance that undernourished biography he wrote of "The Damm Guy". Note the exact, precise phrasing, the subtle innuendos, the ribald humor, and the shaded vertones of satirical sadism. Masterful! Let us have more and more of Tillywishes magnetic manuscripts. (Eds note.. Joe is a former pal of mine, having been at one time Director of the now defunct C.F.S in Portland).



# MERLIN BROWN

*paragon of particularity*

Merlin Brown, known with genial familiarity as "Mel", came to Los Angeles and the Fantasy Society slightly less than a year ago, and since that time, the more established members have held the unanimous opinion that nothing quite like Merlin has ever been observed by anyone, anywhere, at any time.

The original Merlin, if you are familiar with your English literature, was a somewhat menacing character extant during the times of King Arthur. The Merlin is also a member of the falcon family of birds and is known as a sort of backhanded and overgrown blackbird. Our own Merlin seems to have maintained these various traits, components of a more subtle but ever-present facet of his personality.

Brown, now twenty-eight, hails from Portland, Ore., where he seems to have been a minor background figure in Portland transportation circles and in pseudo-political labor maneuvers. It is his boast that during the middle of the depression he was "one of the three men in Portland who had jobs." This fact led up to his marriage in late 1938, an event which might not have occurred had more persons in the city been employed at the time. At the moment Brown is going through involved and complicated legal proceedings which may end in a divorce.

While in Portland, Merlin made some headway in stirring Northwestern fandom into a semblance of activity. He was in touch with Ludowitz at one time, a contact he regrets extremely. The Columbia Science Fantasy Society which Brown's sidekick Sid Dean created in Portland during 1941 and 1942 was an ephemeral affair, boasting sixteen members, but little heard of in other scientific circles. In any case, Portland seems to be quite defunct as a centre at the present time, and for that matter, Francis Laney (soon to move to Los Angeles) appears to be the only native resident of the Pacific Northwest who is making a serious endeavor to keep the light burning. Thomas Daniels, currently in Washington state, may make a splash, but his original habitat is Pomona, California.

Merlin Brown's personality, a personality most difficult to appraise and become used to, seems to be one of a unique wit, slightly blunted by an acute state of myopia. His often rapid comebacks and scathing sarcasms lose some of their effect due to the fact that this particular oracle cruts its opinions from a denture missing the upper plate. These two misfortunes befell Brown when he was working in a burnt-out forest area in the Columbias during 1937. An accident with charred wood injured his eyes.

His visual acuity stands a chance of being improved by the Mayo Clinic after the war, and a local dentist is undertaking to restore Brown's masticative prowess in the near future. Meanwhile, he commands our respect much in the manner of a badly damaged man o'war which, though greatly handicapped, still manages to put up a tough battle when called upon.

Merlin's chief occupation seems to be getting himself into verbal duels with various members of the society through a tendency to open his mouth and plunge bodily in after it. After a few badly managed salvos, Brown will occasionally snap back with a devastating broadside which throws his opponent off his foundations. These rapid comebacks are recognised as often excellent samples of high-caliber wit, equalled and matchable by few. Nevertheless, Merlin often takes a terrific beating, but in good graces. An encounter with the Yerkian war machine



still remains epochal.

"Well," he stated one evening, "I'm getting a divorce."

"That shouldn't be hard," Yerke snapped back from his usual prone position in the corner of the room.

"Oh, I don't know," Brown began, warming up to the subject, "I've got a date for Wednesday night."

"And Buns tells me it's a blind date arrangement," his tormentor snarled again.

The rest of the discussion followed this line and is happily lost to memory.

Morlin's attitude toward the fan world, an environment with which he was only vicariously familiar until his arrival in Los Angeles, seems to be epitomised by the expression "thud and blunder". Brown simply landed without a motor and with his air brakes stuck, smack dab in the midst of the society, much in the manner of Tweed of Mars and his beak-dives into the middle of Jenkins' diagrams. Having thus arrived, and not being able to see far because of his myopia, he simply struck out in all directions at once. As in any case of this nature, he began to encounter unforeseen obstacles.

After observing Bronson at work on FANTASITE, Morlin set about publishing a magazine of his own. Not knowing at the time which end of a stencil went into the typewriter first, it was necessary for him to enlist the assistance of others in the clubroom. "I want material!" he demanded of his associates, looking at them intently out of the corner of his eyes.

"What kind of material?" Bronson would demand.

"Anything!" Brown would shriek in desperation.

Eventually items began flowing in. "This stinks," Brown would declare. Or, "I wouldn't publish that in the Downtown Shopping News." Furthermore, after Brown began to learn which way to turn the handle of the mimeograph, he instantly became an authority on all phases of the mimeograph and its ailments. "Let me fix it, stoop!" he would rage when Mike Fern, another recent arrival, who seems to be everybody's right hand man in the hat, offered his opinions. Bending over the roller--- for his eyes focus at six inches---Brown would proceed to "fix" the machine. Inevitably it would be necessary for one or another of the bystanders to reach down into the inking drum and pull out a fighting mad Morlin, wash it off with wood alcohol and set it down in a chair.

"Oh, it's those damned stencils!" he would explain, while Morajo or Mike endeavored to put the machine back together again. The next night it would be: "oh, it's that cheap ink we use," or, "Why can't we get the right kind of paper?"

It was during the initial stages of FAN SLANTS, originally to have been called FANTASQUE, that another of Morlin's more agonising habits, but one to which any habitue of the clubroom must eventually accustom himself, came to light. That is his continual use of such endearing vocatives as "stoop", "rip", "dope", "goon", etc. There are six or seven of these which are used in rotation during the week.

The idea of this system is doubtlessly stolen from the Keywoodie pipe ads, which advocate the use of six or seven pipes, one each day, thus relieving the monotony occasioned by using the same pipe at all times. The Keywoodie Company gives no clue as to the procedure to be followed when the whole shobang wears out, and as Mr Brown also has had no further inspirations along this line, the members



of the society simply have to swallow their egos and resign themselves to fate of being addressed thusly, "Sit down, stoop". Are you coming to dinner, dope?" "Bring that crud over here, goon". And other remarks of a similar vein.

"Goon" seems to be most in evidence on thursdays, while on informal occasions like Saturday afternoons are favored with "drip". A brief sense of propriety seems to motivate Merlin to limit the more drastic expletives to mere "stoop" on Thursday nights. "Dope" is employed on Sundays, but they all are more or less loosely scattered throughout the week.

FAN SLANTS' activities were the cause of Brown's running afoul of the Cleanup Committee which, incidentally, was in the throes of a sanity crusade at the time. This was especially true some weeks ago, during the time when the clubroom was assuming the appearance of a small town editors' sanctum sanctorum. Much of the afore mentioned cluttering was the result of Mr. Brown's aforementioned encounters with the LASFS mimeograph. Material erupting from this graphic Vesuvius would be deposited by Merlin, erupting a matching stream of crabwise curses, in endless piles all over the room, much after the fashion of the pyramid builders of Mars.

Efforts made by the Cleanup Committee to induce Merlin to eliminate this sanitary hazard would result, if successful, in the moving of one pile from one chair to another. After several modest attempts had failed, the committee took a heroic step one Wednesday evening, and deposited every scrap of paper in evidence in the apartment house incinerator.

Despite all this, the high caliber of FAN SLANTS, Brown's first publishing, surprised many of the members. Brown himself is probably as surprised as anyone. His scientifiction activities, after a very erratic start, seem to point toward a very successful future, especially as his bombastic exterior is being seen thru by his more intimate associates.

To be a popular member of a more frivolous group within the club, it is essential that the newcomer be able to dish out that particular brand of coen at a rapid rate, especially when the group becomes what it itself terms "carbonic acid happy", a degree of ludicrous silliness brought on after a meeting by the consumption of soft drinks. Merlin started out in this field of specialized lunacy in his typical thud and blunder manner. His first trail balloons sent up in the crowd regarded as on the time worn, "who was that woman I saw you with last night". Subsequent attempts worked up through, "why did the chicken cross the road?" .. "Why...because Dogler was coming", to an individual style that at times is tops, and at others ....well...horrendous.

Merlin's specialization is sort of a misplaced pause technique, first started by Prof. Collona, on the Popsodent program. While having done to death an unnecessary number of times such expressions as, "pass the coffee, pot", Brown has a few good stout ones that are worthy of preservation. His "how about a light, fantastic" is a fine contribution to Americana, but this perversion reached an all time prostitution at the drug store lunch counter when Brown popped up with, "how about a men - u."

Merlin's existing interest in Music was aroused further by his association with the classic-loving clique of the society. Along this line he had many a shattering experience. When questioned by an enthusiast about a number with which he was unfamiliar, he will become vehement in his condemnation of it. "Oh, it stinks", he will say with great finality. Everything stinks until Brown has heard it at least twice or more. While he would probably, if confronted with the musical score, think it some sort of a Phonocian bank ledger (you can bank on than, Phoney)!. Brown nevertheless maintains standards of musical criticism that



would leave Deems Taylor far behind as a slovenly bohemian. There are few pieces with which there is not something wrong.

Though Brown does own a fairly large collection, by weight, it is scattered with most incongruous indifference. These are numbers, which he at first hearing most critical of. His criticisms are fascinating to the followers of classical music. They are blunt and to the point. "So and so, couldn't conduct a player piano", and, "Oh, that band couldn't play at a barn dance.

One one occasion, when several of the Society's members attended a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, there was much secret satisfaction that at last Brown would have to admit that everything was pretty much allright. The program was an all Tschaikowsky, conducted by Bruno Walter, voertually a command performance of his favorites. Scarce had the concert begun, however, when Brown began grumbling to those next to him.

"What is the matter now," he was asked.

"Oh," he growled, curdling up in his seat, "Those big black things."

He was referring to the scaffolding erected along side the shell, for the spotlight supports in the forthcoming ballet engagement.

Aside from these endearing characteristics which make up this impecable personality, there is one more noticeable item. That is assumption that the listener should know what he, (Brown), is talking about when he doesn't himself. When questioned in desperation as to the name of the personage that he is discussing, he will snort with dignity, "Well, you know, whatchamacallit", meanwhile looking at you with piecing disapproval, out of the corner of his eyes. A choice muff of this nature occured not long ago when he was discussing the popularity of Jon Paine the movie star with whatchamacallit.

"Who in the hell is whatchamacallit," his audience demanded.

"Oh you know," Merlin exclaimed in exasperation, "That English actor that was over here for awhile."

"What English actor".

"The one that got the divorce," Brown shouted, losing all patience with the imbeciles consisting his audience, "The one that married, you know, whatchamacallit

Bedlam ensued at this point. We never did learn the bounder's name.

Brown, at this writing, is working in a cannery as some sort of a supervisor or something, intends to remain in Los Angeles indefinitely, at least untill after the war. As librarian of the LASFS he has done a good job in bring order out of chaos; his publishing, if it remains on the same high level as the first issue of FAN SLANTS, will certainly be a credit to the society, (it won't, I'm printing too much material by that jerk Fassbeinder..the ed.) ; and to the field as a whole; and Brown is a staunch party man, who sees eye to eye with the more vigorous members of the society and in his own vernacular, "he is a good egg," though like all eggs, he is subject to occasional glutenous spells. On the whole, however, what is glutenous for us is glutenous for him.

AAAAAAAAAagh !

CARLTON L. FASSBEINDER.



# UNCHARTED CONTINENTS

BY THE UNIVERSITY EXPLORER

Man has tried his best to make a dent on the surface of the earth. He has certainly left his mark on it in a good many ways, in his concern for speed of communication, human comfort, and efficiency. He has leveled off mountains or defiantly drilled through them. He has filled in shallow areas, diverted rivers from their natural course, and made barren regions blossom.

Now most of these activities had beneficial objectives. At present, however, he seems to have lost sight of his constructive abilities in tampering with the face of the earth. Instead, he seems to be bent on wholesale destruction. But with all the changes he has been able to accomplish, his efforts are pretty trifling in comparison with the forces of nature that govern earth movements. And while science has made it possible for him to bring about major miracles in revising natural topography, there are still a few problems that will continue to stump him -- for a while, at least.

The legend of lost continents, for example, has captivated his imagination for centuries, but he hasn't yet succeeded in demonstrating their existence on the ocean floor. From time to time these legends are revived and fitted out with new bits of scientific evidence to prove their existence. But so far man is still not able to probe the tremendous depths of mid-ocean and make continents rise and sink. The stories of The Lost Atlantis and the Lost Continent of ~~Lor-~~uria seem to keep right on providing an alluring mystery for his mind to chew on.

To find out what science has learned about these "lost" worlds, I consulted Dr. Norman Hinds, associate professor of geology on the Berkley campus of the University of California. Hinds not only refreshed my memory of the legends; he also furnished me with some evidence for and against their existence. But before I tell you what side he's on, let's see how the traditions grew.

The legend of Lost Atlantis may be traced back directly to the Greek philosopher Plato. In his dialogue, The Timaeus, which was written about 500 B.C., Plato told a story which his great grandfather had heard from Solon, one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks. Solon described the legendary continent of Atlantis rich in gold and silver, adorned with magnificent bridges, temples, highways, and aqueducts, and supporting a highly-civilized race of people. He does not describe precisely where this continent was supposed to have existed, but says that it was possible to reach it by passing 1000 miles beyond the pillars of Hercules. Today the pillars of Hercules are generally considered to be the straits of Gibraltar. Plato relates how the people of Atlantis were dissatisfied with their own territory. Warlike and ambitious, they set out to subdue the peoples who lived around the Mediterranean. First they conquered Egypt and then went on to subdue what is now Italy. These victories spurred them to attack Greece. But there they met stiff resistance. After a series of bitter battles, the Greeks



defeated the Atlanteans and drove them out of the Medeteranian. Shortly afterward the continent of Atlantis began to rumble and shake. "In a day and a night" it sank beneath the eager waters of the Atlantic ocean.

In the 17th century this highly fantastic legend was revived by a Jesuit priest, Father Kirchner, who surmised that the Canary Islands and the Azores were the lofty summits of submerged Atlantean mountains. From this time until now, writer after writer has advanced theories concerning the possible location, geography, religion, customs, fauna and flora of the mythical Atlantis and its civilization. Modern discussion on the subject dates from the year 1912, when Pierre Termier, a French geologist, published a volume in which he risked his scientific reputation by coming out in favor of the hypothesis that the Atlantis legend had a strong basis in fact. Since then, other men of science have added their voices to the controversy.

The legend of the Lost Atlantis has its counterpart in the Pacific, although not quite as well known. In the South Pacific is lonely, barren, Easter Island--- about the size of Catalina Island off the coast of Southern California. To the east of it lies the Chilean coast of South America --- 2000 miles away; to the West is Pitcairn's Island --- 1100 miles. Easter Island is a mystery even to scientists. Some say that it is the last remnant of a larger island-continent that once existed in that area. More baffling than its water isolation, however, are the huge stone statues crowned with red hats that are to be found on Easter Island. The living natives do not know how the statues got there. This has given rise to the theory that the island was once populated by another race of people who have since vanished. These and other factors have generated the belief that the lost continent of Lemuria, more commonly called the continent of Mu, once existed in the South Pacific.

But while the legend of the Lost Atlantis is deeply rooted in the past, the story of Mu is a fairly recent development. Belief in its existence was stimulated when scientists began to study the distribution of plants and animals in the islands of the South Pacific. They found striking similarities between the island flora and fauna and those existing on Asian and Australian mainlands. In an attempt to explain how these plants and animals occurred on the islands, they reasoned that there must have been a land connection at one time. According to the theory proposed, there had been a continental land mass, projected from the Asiatic side and extending far out into the Pacific. And this land mass must have existed very late in geological time.

So we have the "lost" continent of Mu in the Pacific and the "lost" continent of Atlantis in the Atlantic. Hinds says that if the legend of the lost Atlantis were based only on Plato's story, we might dismiss it as merely an attempt to extoll the prowess of the Greeks. Even 2500 years ago, the myth of Atlantis was a "tall" story, and yet today there are people who take the legend seriously. They try to bolster it with biological, geological and archaeological proof.

But what is some of this proof and how well does it hold up? Well for one thing, there's the biological evidence. It is pointed out, for example, that the ancestors of the wild horse existed in both Asia and North America. And therefore, supporters of the theory argue, there must have been a continent by which they crossed the Atlantic. Well, at one time, such a continent did exist, in the far North Atlantic. The fossil bones of these animals, however, date back more than a million years, while Atlantis was supposed to have existed 12,000 years ago.



Archaeology and ethnology have been called on to furnish other kinds of "proof". It is said that the Aztec chieftan Montezuma told the Spaniards that his people had come to Mexico from a land far to the east. When Spanish priests invaded Yucatan, they discovered that the natives believed their ancestors had come from the east after a twelve day journey across the sea. But the best Archaeological evidence indicated that the Indians of North and South America originally came from Mongolia and filtered down into the Western hemisphere by the way of a land bridge at the Bering straights.

The peoples of the Mediteranian and America also possess a number of similar cultural elements. For example, certain words of the Mayan tongue are to be found in the language of the Basques. The pyramid is a familiar early architectural form in Mexico and Yucatan as well as Egypt. And certain symbolic figures such as the serpent, the winged solar disc, and the double serpent, appear in both Egypt and Yucatan. But psychologists and archaeologists have pointed out that such similarities may develop without direct contact. It is also quite possible that the Mongolian ancestors of the American Indians may have brought them across the Bering straights. Or primitive peoples may have crossed the South Atlantic in canoes, bringing with them shreds of European culture.

In any case, none of these arguments offer convincing scientific proof. They're little more than interesting points for speculation. For every argument submitted by one side, the other faction can offer equally plausible evidence.

Hinds believes, however, that geology does provide a completely convincing rebuttal to the theory of "lost" continents. According to Plato's account, the continent of Atlantis was supposed to have suddenly disappeared beneath the waves some 12,000 years ago. To allow the greatest possible leeway, it couldn't have existed earlier than 35,000 years ago. Now ~~there has~~ been continental land in the area proscribed to the Lost Atlantis. At some time in the remote past, there was a projection of land from Europe and Africa, but it existed and began its gradual submergence long before the broadest time limits that we can give to the Atlantis theory.

The down-sinking movements of the earth, by which continental land is submerged, are accomplished very slowly and gradually. Major sinkings --- and "Major" means a depth of 6000 feet or more --- are measured in millions of years. If the lost Atlantis sank to the floor of the Atlantic ocean, it would have had to move continually at the rate of several inches a year, or with interruptions at a more violent rate. And there is no geological evidence that such a rate of down-sinking has ever occurred. Even in the most unstable parts of the world, is rarely more than a fraction of an inch a year. over extensive areas.

Furthermore no continent could have been thus submerged without having produced cataclysmic effects over a tremendous area. The rapid down-sinking of such a continent would have been compensated for by violent repercussions on continental land which is still in existence. And there is no evidence that the repercussion ever occurred. Cultural evidence also backs this up, for the kind of civilization attributed to the Atlanteans could not have been developed earlier than five thousand years ago. If the submergence of Atlantis had been accomplished within that period, it would have been breathtakingly speedy from the standpoint of geological time.



Similar reasoning applies to the lost continent of Mu, at one time, Hinds says, there was a large expanse of continental land, extending from the present limits of Asia and Australia for some distance into the Pacific. There is an extensive area of shallow submergence between these continental coasts and the regions beyond the Solomons and New Guinea. The islands within this area are higher reaches of what was once continental land.

But the continent of Mu is supposed to have taken in much wider territory, including the volcanic archipelagoes of the mid-Pacific and extending as far south east as isolated Easter Island. Some supporters of the theory include even Hawaii within its limits. This means that there must have been a huge continental structure --- a structure for which there is no geological evidence. Hinds points out that the continental rock above sea level does not occur farther east than Fiji, which is some 1500 miles Australia, and nearly twice that distance from Fiji to the archipelago in the south Pacific.

If the continent of Mu had existed late enough in evolutionary time to explain the distribution of plants and animals, it must have been submerged very recently in terms of geological time. And so, like the Lost Atlantis, Mu would have had to sink to the ocean floor so fast that there would have been violent upheavals in all directions. The depth of the mid-Pacific is from fifteen to eighteen thousand feet and greater. Consequently, the sinking of such a continent would have produced convulsive deformations, and there's no evidence to show that any such drastic changes had taken place.

Furthermore, there's another kind of geological evidence to disprove the lost continent theory. This comes from the action of large volcanoes. When they come up through rock, eruptions frequently bring up fragments of rock deep within the volcano. Now, in a region of shallow submergence, such as the Malay Archipelago, volcanoes do bring up a type of rock which is found on continental land. But the volcanoes of the mid-Pacific have never produced fragments of this sort. Instead they produce rock fragments which are believed to be characteristic of the ocean floor, and which have no resemblance to the normal rock structure of continental land. Additional proof is furnished by the behavior of earthquake waves under the Pacific, and by the determinations of gravity. These indicate that the materials composing the floor of the Pacific are heavier and different in structure than the materials found on continental land.

Hinds feels that it's to be regretted that public attention can be riveted on such fantastic notions as "lost" continents, when there is so much more drama in the actual changes of sea and land. It's known -- for example -- that in times long past, the great continental platforms have been very different in size and outline --- possibly in location, also . . . . . The mechanism of earth movements is so complex that there is still much to be learned. How they operate, and why, are mysteries more challenging than Atlantis or Mus which will pease the curiosity of scientists for many years to come.



# BOOB'S BOOK NOOK

Turning from a steady diet of fiction, lest we become as addled as the other fans on fandom ( humor ), we looked about for something pleasant in the non-fiction field, and found two that are marvelous stimulants to the fan imagination. In spots they are as fantastic as a Capt. Future yarn, but not nearly so worthless.

We refer to:

"Atlantis - The Antedeluvian World", by Ignatius Donnelly; Harpers, New York, 1910. a n d

"A Treasury of Science" edited by one Harlow Shapley (and others) from Harpers, New York, 1943.

The Atlantis volume deals with the author's theory that Atlantis is the true mother country of almost all the peoples of the world; and contains several illustrations and maps, based on reported facts, to bolster this supposition.

Donnelly's beliefs may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The colonies of Atlantis were world-wide, but were ~~made~~ mostly along the sea coasts and the inland waterways easily accessible to the Atlantic Ocean-including, incidentally, our own gulf coast area & the Mississippi and Ohio rivers' area.

2. The pyramid form in architecture is strictly Atlantean in origin, and that the colonies copied it for various purposes. He points out that pyramid variations are found in such separated places as Ohio and Canadian Indian Burial Grounds, Mexico, Indo-China, South America, and England.

3. The Deluge of the Bible is simply the twisted story of the sinking of Atlantis, a story handed down by each colony in terms of its own nationalistic culture.

4. That the civilization of Atlantis was practically as high as our own, and that they possessed much machinery.

This book, though old, can be found fairly easily in second hand book stores; and a Chicago mail-order house advertises new copies for a coupla bucks.

"A Treasury of Science" is just that. Selling at four dollars, its 700 pages present such names as Huxley, Einstein, Eddington, Jeans and many, many others.

Together, and with others, these men present, briefly, the sum of modern knowledge in such widely diversified fields as astronomy, life on other worlds, geology, atoms, earthquakes, weather, mathematics; radium, chemistry, biology, space and time, life, zoology, ancestors, missing links, heredity, the unborn, medicine, diseases, brains, and lack of them, and man's future.

To finish the volume, J.B.S.Haldane has contributed an article he calls "The Last Judgement" - a story-like article on the "end" of the world, as told from a Venerian's viewpoint. The odd fact about this end is that it really isn't the end of the world, but only the end of life on it. Afterwards, so says the Venerian, Venus will colonize the new Earth.





Don't look now - But  
I think we're  
being Followed



FANTOPIA  
A Tale of Fandom  
By Phil Bronson

"Grandpa, tell me a story--please?" The little girl perched herself expectantly on the old man's knee, smiling up into his thoughtful face.

"A story? Well, what do you want to hear about?" He stroked his long white beard reflectively.

"Oh, tell me a story of Earth--about the great revolution."

"Well, let's see now . . . did I ever tell you the complete, inside story? Not the way they tell it in your history books; I mean the real facts. It all started, of course, the day the Alien Spaceship landed on Earth . . ."

\*\*\*\*\*

The young man stood eyeing the sivery craft incredulously, his mouth open. The spaceship (it couldn't be anything but a spaceship, he knew) hung motionless a few feet above the lawn. Without warning a tiny door slid open in the gleaming side, and the amazed onlooker turned to flee. Before he had run more than ten feet he was caught in a ray of violet light and lifted bodily into the air. Panic stricken, he watched the ground recede beneath him, and then he was inside the spaceship.

"Greetings, Earthman," uttered a Something which stood facing him. Of course, it didn't speak aloud, for it had no mouth; but the young man knew instantly that he was dealing with telepathy.

"Ulp," he replied. He was thinking the creature resembled a Cartier illustration from Unknown Worlds.

"You may call me Splrfsk," continued the monster happily. "It sounds something like what my name would be, providing I had a name."

"Ulp," the man repeated. "Who--what are you?" he croaked.

"Well, it would be well for you to think of me as a Martian, although I really don't come from Mars.

"Oh," said the young man.

"I am the sole living representative of a race that once dwelt on a planet in a far-off system," the tentacled monster explained. "I shall soon die myself--don't ask me how I know, I just do. And I want to do a good deal before I join my friends in oblivion."

"How does that affect me?" inquired the young man, having regained a bit of his composure.

The Thing flicked a tentacle impatiently. "I happened to be cruising over Earth on a sight-seeing tour when I caught some of your thoughts--about spaceflight, the war, the Martians, and so forth . . ."

"Oh," said the young man. "I see."

"No you don't see. Here's the idea in a nutshell: I am going to give you this spaceship, and all of the wondrous equipment with which it is equipped. There are scientific wonders in this craft that you have heard of only in your fantastic fiction, and they shall be yours!" Splrfsk finished with an impressive flourish of three or four tentacles (even his tentacles had tentacles).

"I see," remarked the young man wisely.

"No, you don't see," snapped Splrfsk. "I can see in your mind that you don't see."

"But what am I supposed to do with all these marvels?"

"I'm coming to that--be patient. Your world is torn by war, a war which is unnecessary in the light of the equipment which I am about to give you. Now, according to my calculations you and your brethren -- 'fans' I believe they are called -- are the best suited to bring a new era to Earth . . ."



"Oh," breathed the young man, "I s--"

"Stop interrupting. I shall instruct you in the use of many remarkable instruments--death rays, synthetic food machine, invisibility beams, and so on--and with the power that lies in these gifts you can halt these senseless battles and form a permanent, unified, state; it will be a mighty, progressive, powerful Earth, welded together by the fans with their powers, functioning smoothly and efficiently . . ."

Splrfsk paused dramatically, waving his tentacles excitedly. "There, doesn't that sound nice?"

"Well," hesitated the young man. "Do you think it will work?"

"Of course it will work," exclaimed the creature indignantly. "However, if you don't want these things . . ."

"Oh yes! Yes, of course."

"Well, then . . . you see, I know all about these brother stiffans of yours, and their dreams of a better, scientifically advanced world. You will recruit your helpers and administrators from among their ranks."

"Oh," said the young man, his brow furrowed, "I see."

"No," said Splrfsk in exasperation. "You still don't see." He indicated a strange machine resting in a corner of the chamber. "That will give you a complete working knowledge of all the machines I shall turn over to you. It will help you to understand our little . . . plot. For lack of a better name we will term it the Jorp machine. Please do me the honor of climbing into it." Splrfsk slithered over to the Jorp machine, nearly tripping over a rebellious tentacle, and made several adjustments. "Come now," he said, "it is ready . . ."

Several months later, a group of U.S. soldiers were astounded to witness Corporal Milton A. Rothman vanish into thin air before their very eyes.

"Oh, my Gawd," moaned one of them piteously, "that settles it; I'll never touch a drop again. Not a drop."

Many miles away from this touching scene, at the YMCA in Minneapolis, an odd assortment of humanity known as the MFS, also disappeared into thin air.

"I can't understand it," wailed a befuddled clerk, "they have all vanished. Yet no one left the building."

"But they still owe us a dollar for the rent of 303," protested another clerk.

In Battle Creek, Michigan, a young couple sat on a park bench.

"Close your eyes, sweetheart, I have a surprise for you."

The girl complied, leaning over ever so slightly. The boy smiled devilishly, leaned forward to take her into his arms . . . and vanished.

The girl opened her eyes.

"Well, for-- Why that cad! That . . . beast! I'll never speak to that Walt Liebscher again--he ditched me!"

In Los Angeles a group of fans were partaking of malts in a small cafe. Suddenly-- they were gone, their straws falling back laxly in the half-emptied malt containers.

"Eeeawk!" screeched a neurotic waitress, falling in a dead faint.

"Hey!" yelled her more practical-minded sister, "they didn't pay!"

All over the world these mysterious disappearances were taking place. And, a few months later a strange voice was heard over the radios of the world, issuing a strange ultimatum to the warring powers. People scoffed at the dire threats and fantastic promises. But public opinion soon changed when various dictators, and others in power evrywhere began to vanish. Mysterious instructions were issued and the armies were ordered to start the process of reconstruction. A world state was in the formation. People objected to the high-handed methods employed, naturally, but not outwardly, for no one relished the thought of vanishing.



Somewhere in a desert in the U.S. there was a powerful fortress. In this fortress a strange group carried on a strange discussion.

"But I tell you, Forry, this plan can't work. This Splrfisk calculations were wrong, obviously. One can't--"

"We've come this far, Don, and we can't quit now," replied a tall, quiet individual from the head of the table.

"I agree with Wollheim," entered a lanky, dark-haired person.

"I don't, Bob," interjected a shorter person. "Somehow I still think we can pull through and achieve this grand goal. I know it sounds hopeless, but--"

At this moment a figure at the far end of the table leaped into the air with a horrifying shriek. "Dammit," he said, "Kornbluth's under the table!"

"Cyril, come on out from under there and behave like a good fan," admonished Morajo. "I thought you had promised to give up those practical jokes."

"To continue," said Milt, "how can we hope to form a unified world when there is so much dissension among us? No two fans can agree on what the world should be like."

"Wait a minute," said Forry. "Where's Sam Russell?"

"In the library, pawing over some recent additions,--said he'd be along."

"Oh. And Hornig, and Yorke, and Brackney?"

"They went over to the bar about an hour ago to notify Brazier, Lancy, and Lowndes of the meeting."

"Oh," said Forry resignedly. "I see."

"No you don't see," barked Speer, banging his fist on the table. "We're in a rut and we're not doing anything--"

"Right," interrupted a curly-haired chap, "the people of the world will revolt soon, and then what? They've discovered our stronghold. They're hopping mad over what they call a 'New Dictatorship'. Don't you see that they're not ready yet for such advancement? And they're not overjoyed at the disappearances!"

"But Dickson," protested Forry, "we're taking good care of those people; even the worst of them."

Into the room at this time burst an excited person. "Migawd," he moaned, "the mobs are coming!"

"What's coming?" chor used the assemblage.

"An army--planes, tanks, everything . . ."

"Damn," ejaculated someone, "now we'll have to fight and cause senseless bloodshed."

"It's come at last," sighed Ackerman. "You know we can't fight them . . ."

"Then . . . then, there's only one alternative," sighed Freehafer.

"Oh but Grandpa, that's not all! What happened when the army attacked the fortress? How did the fans escape?"

"Eh, what's that, child?" said Grandpa Ackerman, removing his gaze from a pretty young thing strolling down the walk. "Oh, the escape. Well, we all crowded into the spaceship and whisked away, leaving an empty fortress and a host of baffled baffled prisoners to greet the advancing army."

"Did the spaceship come straight to Venus then, Grandpa?"

"No, child, we flew to the Moon first, in the vain hope that it would provide livable conditions; but, of course, it didn't, so we embarked for Venus."

"And I know the rest from there: the village of Venusberg was built, and from it grew this great city in which we now live--Futura. And now we have a little civilization all of our own, which Earth doesn't even know about, don't we?"

"Er, yes dearm that's right . . ."

"Grandpa, did you see the new bracelet which Uncle Milt gave me?"

"Yessir . . . I see it . . . Grandpa Ackerman was stroking his long white beard and looking in the other direction."

"No you don't see!" exclaimed the little girl, petulantly, jumping from his knee. "You've got that look in your eye again," she accused. "Oh! Here come those other old men!"



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21--SAUNDER'S EFFIGY...by Rimel)

Troubled, she returned to the living room. Then she heard the dound again. And this time she trembled. The noise was coming from upstairs.

Burglars? Why, they had nothing worth taking. And in this second class residential district robbery was unheard of. She held her breath and started up the stairway. She got half way when the disturbance came again. This time it was closer: it seemed to be a wooden tapping as if something were hammering the floor with a mallet. Going further, she discovered that the odd commotion emanated from Norman's locked room.

Heavens above! Did he have some kind of an animal trapped there. It couldn't be Norman--- She'd been in the living room all evening waiting for the phone to ring. She tried to bolster her courage with a smile, but her lips trembled and wouldn't turn up.

She walked slowly toward the locked door. All was quiet now; strangely quiet. Then a burst of sound struck her ears --- a rasping cough chilled her brain. She cringed against the wall opposite the door. Those sounds seemed to be a hideous imitation of Norman's voice. She wanted to run; to scream, but her muscles would not move. She stood transfixed in terror.

The awful wooden tapping came again. It was nearer the door. There was a sudden metallic scrape and click. A key was being put in the lock ---from the inside . . . . .

There was much fumbling, and the door knob turned. Her eyes watched it, her lips writhed, but she could make no sound. A burst of insane gibber. A few words knifed her consciousness.

" . . . can't . . . get out! Dead ! . . . Erna - ----."

The door flew open and she saw a hideous cloth and wooden travesty of her husband. It fell on the floor in front of her, where it squirmed a moment and lay still, the eyes in the parchment face staring glassily at the ceiling. Erna fainted.

THE END

FANTOPIA.....concluded

" Err, I must go now, child ..... harrumph!"

" You can't fool me", declared the child, hands on hips. " I know where you're going", You're going with those other old men to make one of those silly old "fanzines" again".

"Harrumph"

THE END.

\*\*\*\*\*



## NORCON

by Cpl Gus Wilmorth.

(EDITOR'S NOTE) This article arrived too late to be included in AMBLING THRU ALBION, and to keep it from getting too dated, we present it here).

It all started, strenuously. There I was with a suitcase and a typewriter, both heavy. Then it was that the gods of war decreed that there would be no liberty run into town that night. Quite evidently, I would like to galk the eight mile into town unless I was fortunate enough to hitch a ride. After the first few miles I was picked up and deposited at the red cross club, where I passed the night.

Early on the morning of the 30th we boarded a train for Lancaster, and Roy Rowland Johnson read on the way a delightfull little tale, Lepreechauns, and Irish gods, called, " The Crock of Gold". At Johnson's residence there was Art Gardner up from Warwick way to see Johnson. Unfortunately he was unable to attend the Norcon --- a common disability. Later in the Evening, we met Pete Corbisley, who due to the fact that five pounds were not immediately procurable, was unable to attend the norcon.

After staying the night at Johnson's, we took off for Manchester.

We arrived in the city about ten o'clock, amisst a shower of rain, and about an hour and a half ahead of schedual. Consequently there was no one at the station to meet us. However we had one of those maps that fans hold conventions about ... may Ghu protect us from such things in the next reincarnation. Trusting whole heartedly to the instructions, nevertheless, we boarded a bus and headed for the cafe where the norcon was to be held. After some difficulty we arrived. After getting settled proceeded to Ron Lane's residence. We waited for some time before soemone told us that the train from here did not go by Dickinsin street. After more diifficllty we finnaly arrived at Ron's home.

At Lane's house, we found that he and J. Michael Rosenbloom had come to have some tea nad meet us. When they returned, the evening was, as usual, spent teasing and fanning in the acustomed manner.

The next day, after fanning untill I AM the previous night, Ron Bradbury, George Ellis, Ron Lane, Mike Rosenbloom, Roy Johnson, and myself joined Ron Holmeas and Rita James ~~see~~ and formed the Norcon.. Around eleven, Ellis and myself went to exchange station to meet John Millard. Nor any Pete Nott who might have been coming. The train was two ho rs late, hówever, so the fans toured the cafe(s and the downrown section of MANCHESTER,

It was decided at the meeting to make an official booklet as there had been no provisions made for recording the happing of the Norcon. So the Wilmorth typer was pressed into service, and stencils were produced. The Lane sitting room already littered with varous fan articles now bocamo a vertible printer's heaven, with paper, and talk flying in all directions. A running account of the events was sent in progress.

All this ceased abruptly and we went to the local, zoo, play g round etc. There no warch our little brethern watch us. They were non-commital.



## DANSE MACABRE

Zig, zig, zig, Death in cadence  
Striking with his heel a tomb,  
Death at midnight plays a dance tune,  
Zig, zig, zag, on his violin.

The winter wind blows, and the night  
is dark,  
Moans are heard in the linden-tree;  
Through the gloom white skeletons pass  
Running and leaping in their shrouds.

Zig, zig, zig, each one is frisking,  
The bones of the dancers are heard  
to crack---

\* \* \*

But hist! Of a sudden they quit the round,  
They push forward, they fly; the cock  
has crowed.

---Henri Cazalis



This issue of FAN SLANTS, to some extent commemorates two yers in fandom. A little over a year of this time has been spent in the LASFS. While it has been enjoyable, belonging to an organization of this kind is not all it is cracked up to be. For the most part, the aquainances and freindships I have made here have been to the good. However, some of the leading fans do not come up to my idea of what a well balanced science fiction fan should and could be.

To me, sciece fiction, and fandom are an enjoyable hobby. I find fans, for the most part to be broad minded, tolerant, varied in the modes of living and manners of expression. This is exactly as it should be. However the very nature of science fiction would lead on to believe that persons who avidly pursue this type of "escape literature, should; in some measure be interested in the world of the future, or one or another of the physical and social sciences. And because of the nature off stf, I had expected these people to have a broad and intelligent outlook on these subjects, and also to feel that they were a part of the interests of Science-Fiction fando,.

In the first issue of Fan Slants, I printed an article by Francis T. Laney on the fututre of Civilizatio. The article was recieved very well by most of the fans, but I was soon informed by one of the old gaurd that this sort of thing had no place in fandom and therefore should be omitted from fan pulivatuons. On that subject, however, I still think I am write and will continue to publish such articles as long as they are acceptable to the majority of my readers.

Another acute problem has roared its ugly head within the confines of the LASFS. Outside of SLAN SHACK at Battle Creek, this si the only club at the present time that maintains a regular clubroom outside of any of the members homs. Now we have come to the question as to whether the clubroom shall be used soley for Scientifictional purposes, ( publishing, reading etc) or whether it can also be used as sort of a place where the fans can get together for purely social purposes. Out of the question has come a great deal of wrangling which culminated in the formation of the Knaves, and the recent resignation of Fran Laney as pirector.

The chief objection of the conservitives seems to be to the possibility of drinking within these ha,lowed walls. Many of the would be inbibers have been told that drinking and stf do not and can not mix. For that matter neither do nudos constitute either fantasy, science fiction or weird work. It is almost impossible for any normal individual to become totally immersed in scientific activities. Even the most rabid of us likes to go to a show, out with women and even take a drink. We might even feel like sitting in the clubroom and discuss something other than stf or who is top fan. Many of the monbers of the LASFS live some dist nce away from the clubroom, and that place becomes very convenient place to meet when several are planning an evening at other than the sacred activities. Therefore we meet there and go on about our buisness of the evening only to be told by a certain high ranking fans that we are no longer good fans because we prefer to go out instodd of trying to put out as much useless crap as they do. They need to put it out to keep up the illusion, qe don't. We know that we can pick up again in the morning feeling refreshed because we had ceased out activities long enouh to enjoy ourselves in some other way. Perhaps we are wrong. But I doubt it. ( Cont. page 64)



in its speeches, but in its financial support. This has been as true of the Communist Party in this war as it will prove to be of the Conservative Party.

Similarly, we should be cognizant of the gulf between the idea and the reality of political action; i. e.: of the numerous forces and motives that act upon & modify the idea in process of becoming a reality. It is easy to sit around a table and decide that a certain result in the economic field is desirable; it is not too easy to decide upon the most suitable means to gaining that result; and it's practically impossible to gain that result in its original form. Compromise, ruthlessness, haltings, even retreat, will all affect the purity of the project, here defeating it, and there developing it beyond the predicted scope, but whatever happens you must always know what to do next - not what would be nice fifty years hence. Stalin owes his survival to this: he has accurately deduced the facts of the moment and correctly acted upon them, according to his ulterior aims, even when he has to apparently deny his ulterior aims in doing so.

I think that a number of British fans are at this stage of recognizing all the obstacles between them and their ambitions, and perhaps the near impossibility of attaining them, whereas - if Lloyd Connerly's proposal is typical of many of VOM's readers' political development, it would appear that some of the U. S. fans have yet to surmount the initial and simplest difficulty, that of establishing principles and objects.

In this country I think we have settled that matter; we are socialist. In fact if a general election were possible during the war, I am certain that the country would return a Socialist majority. The ensuing question is- how shall we establish a socialist system in this country, by pacific or violent means? Well, obviously, by pacific means, if possible; the drawback being that at the first real threat those interested in the survival of the present capitalistic system will naturally fight like the devil. We have never had a majority government representing Labor in this country, and I think that unless the mood of the people is very much more alert and militant than it was before the war, Labor will again be forced into second place or - if it gains office - rendered impotent by the forces that really control the country. Any legislative measures bidding to really put the country on an all out socialist basis will be defeated, sabotaged, or hopelessly modified in their passage through Parliament, and rendered innocuous in practice by the opposition still in control of the economic system. The first aim of Connerly - if he wants his non-profit economic system - would seem to be the seizure of the tools of production, the control of which would master the economic life of the country, when the opposition to any progressive programme he may have will be deprived of its chief weapon. But can this be carried out constitutionally? If the British capitalists behave according to precedent, they will not peacefully allow the results of whole lifetimes of development and scheming to pass into the government's hands, leaving them powerless and considerably poorer, if still comfortably rich. Neither would their American counterparts. So it would seem that, having chosen a path to violent opposition, Lloyd would be forced to decide that he would ruthlessly suppress all sabotage of his efforts to establish an economically and socially just state. This decision is implicit in the Bolshevik policy.

But now another philosophical and very fundamental question arises; one which, overshadowing all others, is facing all progressive individuals outside the Soviet Union ( whose government has solved the problem for itself ); a question which I have been discussing lately with Douglas Webster and one or two others. The problem: " Are murder, oppression, and intimidation justified even if your aims are the ultimate good and freedom of the populace? And (probably more important) do you think that your ideals of scientific thinking and humane action would survive a bitter struggle between two forces amounting to what Disraeli ( I think, ) called the two nations, the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor?"

It's essentially a personal question of conscience and the individuals ideas of morality and that vague abstraction which we call good. If your answer to the problem is NO, then you perhaps say goodbye to your Utopia. Your answer can be YES only if you have the guts or the callowness to have your own way at the



expenditure of many people's lives, or happiness, or careers, in other words, at the price of a considerable, if temporary, increase in human misery: and if you are absolutely convinced that your course, and no other, is the only method of achieving reasonable results.

The Bolsheviks determined upon ruthlessness, but they evolved in a country of ruthless politics and could find easier justification. This extremely difficult question has been posed, and the results of the two decisions illustrated in two thoughtful works of fiction - "Odd John" and "But Without Horns". In the former, those with the power of building a Utopia decided that the necessitated struggle would both deny the rebuilder's altruistic motives and weaken their ability to think disinterestedly and scientifically about their opponents and their problems after the struggle. In the Unknown story, John Miller decided to carry through his Utopian measures against all opposition; you no doubt recall the consequences of his actions, wholesale deprivation, disruption of normal life, and ruthless murder. We presume that Miller succeeded, but was it worth the misery? No doubt it was - to the children and the unborn, but after all Miller was a super-being. Could Lloyd Connerly, for instance, be positive that his desires are, and would remain, immaculate? In fact, our judgement of the Russian Communist must depend for its character largely upon whether we think that the motives of Stalin and his co-partners have been and remain unblemished with personal considerations, or do not think so. Whether indeed, the CPSU can unerringly choose the right path for the peoples of the USSR. (This argues against all totalitarian government, of course.)

Let us suppose Lloyd Connerly to have made his decision, which will probably have to be for violence, and that he is ready to commence action. What is next? Why, whatever the chosen course, the next thing, and the next, and the next, and the next, is (back where we started) the correct deduction of the existent facts and faithful action upon them. And that is a job for those with an intimate and widespread knowledge of the country in which they are working.

So changing the world is not quite a matter of proposing four points for discussion and approval to a small circle of friends, or even joining the Association of Progressive Societies and Individuals which - if not now defunct - promulgated such rational views as that the Chinese had exactly the same desires as the British. Nor is it a matter of joining the Conservative Party, or the Labor or Communist Party, and resting content with being a fully paid-up member. They must be prepared - according to their choice - for a long, cunning, relentless struggle everywhere against a hard and powerful opposition in all fields of public service, with a prospect of possible failure, or for a physical and bloody war upon the same interests with all its accompanying dangers, and the prospect of possible failure. These people will face these realities from the start, or consider all their talk and discussions so much wasted breath. In that respect, I fully agree with Douglas that all this formation of clubs, national associations, and especially the Getting-Together-and-Doing-Things is sickening. I never did like it, and I dislike it more as the war and this tendency of men for formal association develops apace. Doug is the psychologist, but even to me it all smacks too much of the Black Hand Gang, and similar joys of my youth. It makes me wonder whether these will ever snap out of the desire to put their heads together, and whisper, and make plans, and have a communal cash box for catapults and other weapons, and sally forth boldly to the rescue of a neighbor's daughter, and sack the empty house at the corner. And all the rest of neighborhood's "trailing clouds of glory." The Ku Klux Klan, the Freemasons, and the Order of the Druids all have the same psychological basis with these efforts of fandom. Don't think I'm decrying all these societies: I'm not. But there is a deplorable tendency to rush into associations at the least excuse, which in the case of political questions, is particularly inane. I'm a fanarchist, so is Douglas; and like him, I steer clear of all my compatriots' clubby attentions.

I hope I haven't been boring you with my meanderings, but I cannot pass over. Perhaps you could communicate this letter to him? I'm willing to sustain the reactions."



LLOYD CONNERLY

"- - - So Renny thinks fandom cannot do anything about world conditions ? Well, we can vote, can't we?

Admittedly, there is little that fandom alone can accomplish, but what if we branch out, get support from those outside of fandom? More of this later.

Milty, how long does it take to get out of the "burning idealism stage?"

No, we are not going to make plans to buck these incredible pressures, these changes that take place almost of their own accord. Wasn't it you, Milty, who once said that science indicates the paths open to us, but does not attempt to choose which we should follow? Science fiction, as you are well aware, has indicated many, many times where each leads.

Unless there is an active, organized resistance against them, the forces of Fascism and dictatorship will force the world right back into another dark age, from which it might not evolve for some thousands of years. There are such organizations and movements, of course. Their name is legion. Neither group is bucking these pressures, but seeks only to direct their course.

And that is what I would suggest that an organization of science fiction fans do.

With one possible exception, mentioned later, there is no one movement, or any ten movements, strong enough to bring even one of these fine points to fruition in the next 100 years. But with scores of movements, each in its own way working towards the same end, and then, when the turning point comes, all putting their pressure to bear at the points it will do the most good, all of these objectives can be realized soon enough for us to spend the last twenty-five years of our lives in peace and comfort.

Milty, and particularly Eric, misunderstand my intentions. I do not plan and have no desire that the movement which may grow out of our little association of science fiction fans, shall be the key movement in bringing about these changes. The most I expect of it is that it shall exert its pressure at the right time and place. If it numbers among its membership a few who otherwise would not know where or how to help in the transformation, it shall not have lived in vain. Given time enough, it might become nationally known, probably as a "hot-bed from which radical propaganda is disseminated." Conceivably, it might emerge as a political party, or even a co-operative, rapidly approaching the stage of self-sufficiency, depending upon what course of action we decide to follow, the quantity and quality of leaders we may develop, and the number of years in which we have to develop them. But even if we had decades of healthy, unhampered growth, we still would be unable to institute even one of these fine points without the assistance of other movements. The most we can ever hope to do is to aid in turning the flow of social, political, and economic changes into the best available channel.

As to whether or not I am willing to spill blood to obtain my objectives: the answer is an emphatic "no." The bonds of Brotherhood cannot be tied by force and physical violence. Brotherhood is a mutual feeling of love, confidence and understanding; a willingness to work for the common good and a desire that the fruits of our labor shall be equally enjoyed by all. Nothing destroys these qualities quite so quickly or thoroughly as class hatred and revolution. If the means of production and distribution must be forcibly seized, that very seizure will require the leadership of strong, ruthless, men, men who neither ask nor give quarter and to whom any means is justified by the end. Such men, once they get a taste of blood & power, easily lose sight of their goal and seek to add to their own prestige and glory. With the country already drenched in fraternal blood, with hatred, suspicion, and the lust to kill rampant throughout the land, it is then but a step to the complete seizure of the reins of Government and the establishment of a Fascist state - a step which would then be much easier to take than to reestablish a feeling of trust and good-will among the populace.



No, my friends, Brotherhood cannot be thrust upon man from without. It must come from within, as a result of an expanding consciousness and growing love--- a love which must embrace not only one's immediate family, but which must go out and beyond, and encompass the larger family of humanity.

Eric, why don't you think that "a practically universally equal wage" . . . "has a dog's chance?" Your definition of my term, "A non-profit economic system" may or may not be right, depending upon your definition of the word, "Socialism." ~~It~~ by it you mean "state Socialism", as defined by Milty, that is not what I had in mind. His term and definition of "democratic Socialism" is acceptable; but I usually steer clear of the word socialism, for fear of being misunderstood, there being nothing in the world today which answers that description. I commonly use the term, economic democracy, and occasionally, industrial democracy, meaning by them, "the democratic, cooperative, and equal ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution."

I cannot agree with Eric that the possibility of an universal auxiliary language is "quite remote without an unprecedented alteration of the State Departments relative to foreign affairs." If every Esperantist in the world today would teach Esperanto to just one additional person in 1943, and each Esperantist in the world at the end of 1943 would teach Esperanto to one additional person in 1944, and so on, year after year, by January 1, 1949, evdery literate man, woman, and child on earth would be able to read, write, and speak Esperanto, and without the aid of (more

than likely in spite of) State Departments or any other federal agency.

By "a highly personalized medium of exchange," I mean a form of money that can be spent only by the person to whom it is issued.

Well, there it is, Is anybody with me?

What we need now, if we are ever to do more than go in circles, is a secretary. The first job would be to conduct a poll to determine if there are enough fans interested to make it worth while to go ahead with the project. The job would not be heavy for some time to come, but I cannot do it myself, because, at the moment I have other irons in the fire. Are there any takers for the job?

Beek you have been saying you were willing to either lead or be led; how about you taking the job, at least temporarily, until we can elect someone to that office? If anyone else is interested, please write me.

I have tentative plans (subject to the approval of, or modification by, the members) for the immediate formation of the association and for its conduct for the first year of its existence, but I will not give them until I know that there are a few who are definitely interested.

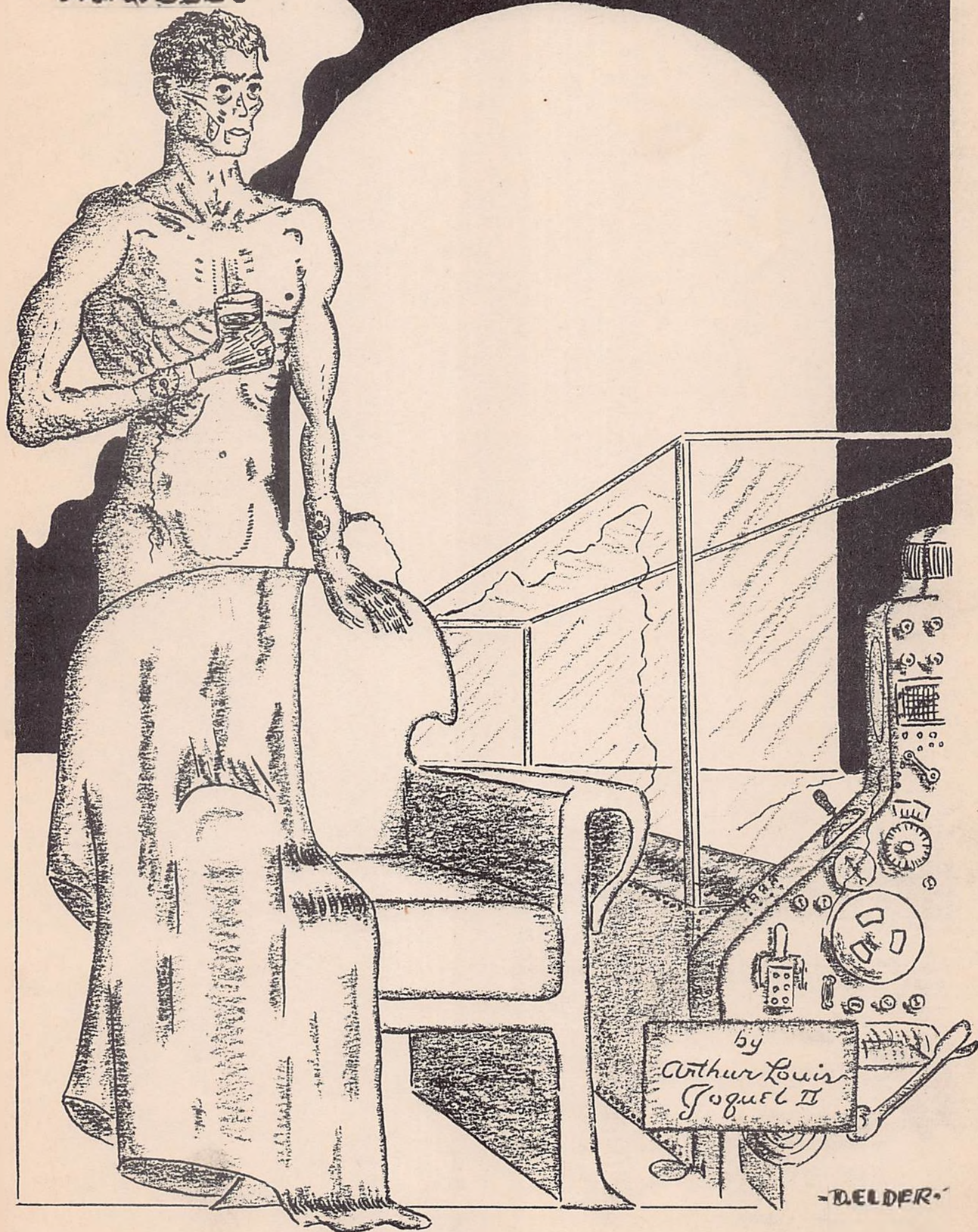
And unless this call nets a secretary, this very likely will be the last letter in which I will take the initiative. So, its up to you, fans do you really want to try to do something about world conditions, or were you merely talking just to hear the wind blow?

Editor's note - - - these three letters were written quite some time ago, and a lot has passed under the bridge since then. World conditions have changed considerably, and so have the political attitudes of many of the world's peoples.

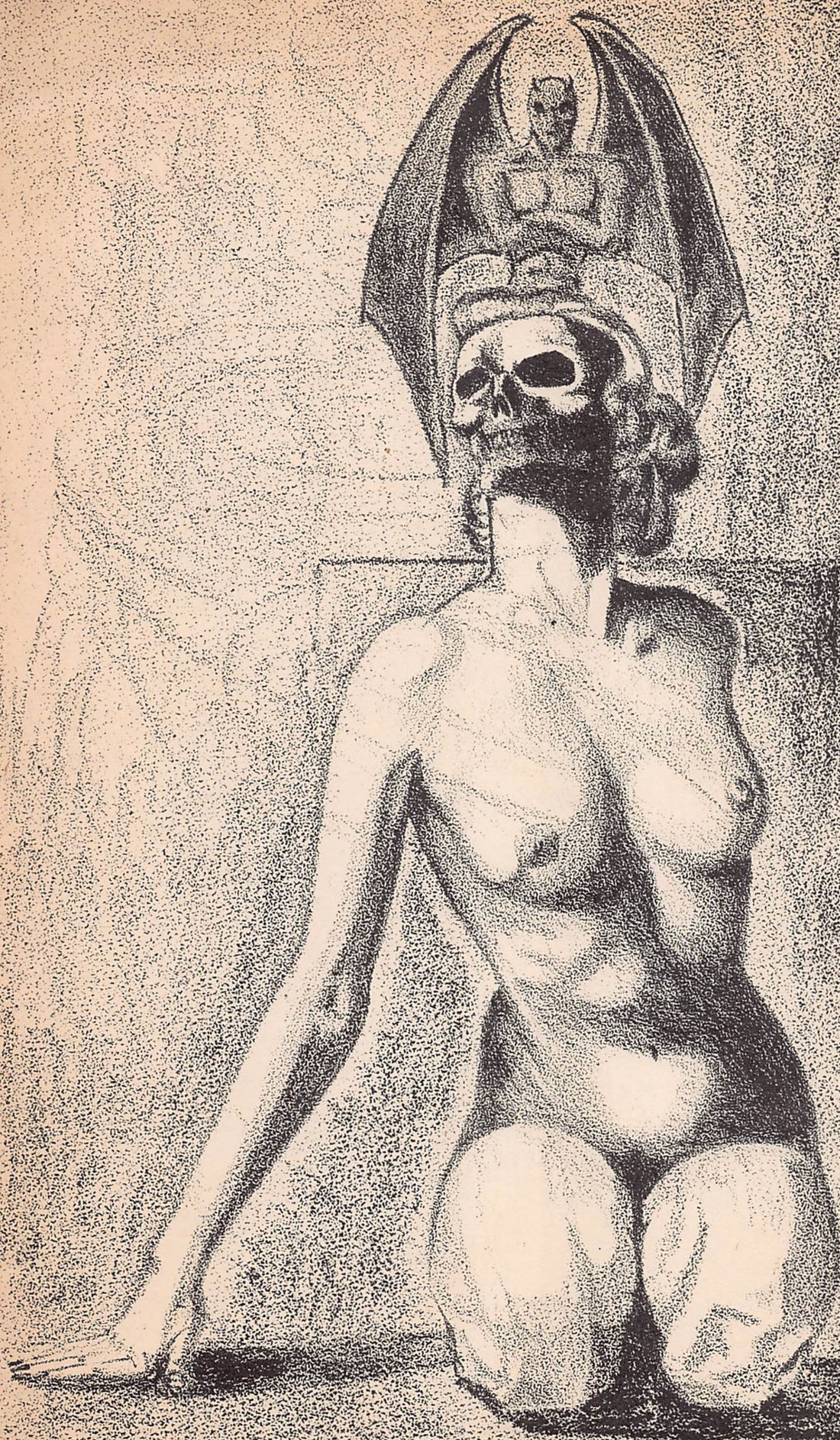
Fandom has gone far since Lloyd Connerly made his proposal back in the twenty-third issue of VOM. The insane COSMIC CIRCLE has arisen like a spectre before fandom, and has almost expired. On the other hand, the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION had almost collapsed, and is now being ambitiously resurrected. Art Sehnert is making another attempt to organize fandom, and there are rumors of a reorganization of the old NEW FANDOM group. Local clubs have come and gone, and Lloyd himself has not since been heard from. I myself have shifted viewpoints, for whereas I at first held the same enthusiasm as Lloyd here expresses, the shock of the COSMIC CIRCLE has matured me a bit, and I am much more inclined to side with Eric (who, by the way is now in the R.A.F., address 1447891 LAC Hopkims E.C., RAF, 33 SFTS, Carberry, Manitoba, Canada) Anyhow, lets hear the ideas of some of the rest of you . . . .



THE  
"SLEEPERS"  
OF  
H.G. WELLS







ALVA ROGERS



# FAN SLANTS

second issue

