

N 44

FANTAST

JULY 1942



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Cover by H.F.Turner

FANTAST is published now & then by Douglas Webster, at Idlewild, Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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FOR NO APPARENT REASON

Fantast Presents Excerpts It Likes

for no apparent reason

NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 16:5:42:

"The waste paper effort at Stockton is to be developed by a "Mile of Books". This is to be inaugurated in the High Street on May 28th. when the Mayor and Mayoress (Ald. and Mrs. J. W. Gargett) and the deputy-Mayoress (Mrs. J. E. Wilyman) will be present at the laying of the first book, a Family Bible."

Quoted from THE NORTHERN ECHO.

BBC DECLARATION:

"James Urquhart, new announcer, has a Scots accent, but it is a cultured Scots."

"FOR EVE" in PARADE, July 1941:

"Does your hair squeak after it has been shampooed? After shampooing well and removing every trace of cleansing agent, rub a lock of hair between your fingers. If it squeaks under light pressure, it's a sure sign it is thoroughly cleansed and rinsed. If it doesn't squeak, take my tip and give it a more thorough rinsing."

King Features.

RITA PITMAN:

"Michael Rosenblum's room was full of science-fiction: I couldn't find a thing to read."

Letter to J.F.Burke.

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION, April 1942:

"A couple of weeks ago came the 4th. anniversary issue of VoM and a revolting collection of nudes. Until American fans learn to draw like Harry Turner they had better steer clear of nudes - and, judging from many fammag covers, from a lot of other things besides. ... This Tigrina creature annoys me. Frankly, I don't believe she is 13 yet. Maybe her mental development has been held up. This sort of childishness--her fatuous nonsense about witchcraft and so on--seems out of place in this world; and I'm no Wollheim or Youd. Then, again, the wench cannot have got far in the study of music if she perpetrates such rubbish as that so-called song ((Hymn to Satan)) with its absurd words. Sarcastic articles like that famous one in 'Time' are justifiable when fandom includes such adolescent idiots. It looks like I don't like the lady."

John F. Burke.

POLTERGEISTS & SUCHLIKE BEASTIES

BY HAROLD CHIBBETT



I am not accustomed to writing articles. I don't like writing articles - least of all on the subject of poltergeists, about which very little is known, anyway. But Doug. Web. insists on an article about the critters, so who am I, not to obey?

I don't even know how to start. True, Doug. outlines a plan for me to follow. This is it: "At the time you were scared. You said you might dwell on the T.H. poltergeist, but that you wouldn't care to give away any of the theories you'd formed - every one might have thought you mad."

Hang it all, who said I was scared? You wouldn't have got me within miles of a polt. if I'd been really 'scairt'. Mind you, I expect that many people would prefer to elsewhere than alone in a room with a rampant polt, or for that matter in a seance room where things really happen. But such things happen to be my 'poison' as Sandy McDougall said when he downed three bottles of whiskey running.

Then again, far be it from me to dwell upon such uncomfortable things as a poltergeist. The damn things won't stop still, anyway, and they throw stuff at you, sometimes. And as for theories, I defy anyone to formulate theories when a polt. is trying to hit him on the head with a hefty brick. Afterwards, of course, it is a different matter. One has to determine, if sufficiently interested, whether your host or hostess threw the brick, whether the polt. threw it, or whether you merely dropped it yourself.

Poltergeistic phenomena form only a small part of psychic phenomena in general - but they are a most interesting, and at times amusing, part. The word 'POLTERGEIST' itself is of German origin, and means 'mischievous ghost', and I think it is legitimate to assume that Hitler has a young army of them assisting him at the present moment. There are theories, you know, that Hitler is possessed by an 'evil spirit', and if this be so, then we can suppose that his colleagues are equally inhabited by an array of Axis polts and poltesses. They've caused enough mischief, anyway. Old man Coering must have a pretty fair-sized polt. inside of him, come to think of it.

But enough of this byplay. You want to know about the life and habits of the common polt., and unless I come clean you will accuse me of evading the point, as the little boy said when his Dad sat on the wrong cushion.

All right: I will give you a few instances, taken from actual cases, of the sort of things polts indulge in when they feel like it. In 1940, for instance, there was a cottage near Carrignamima, somewhere in Eire. The inhabitants were a man, his wife, and a child. Manifestations began suddenly, as they always do in these cases. ".... When we were eating our meals, a cup or a saucer would stagger across the table and fall on the floor and smash. Then suddenly the pots and pans would rattle and make a terrific din. One day I had a lot of

washing-up. When I had nearly done I turned to the fire for a moment. When I got back the clean things were back in the dirty water. I gave up after three attempts. As I moved about the house I could hear people laugh at me, though I could see nobody."

Then there was the case of the Davis family, at Bethnal Green in March 1938. The inhabitants of the house were Mr. Davis (a sixty-one year old composer), a daughter aged twenty, and her brother aged sixteen. On another floor were a Mr. Harrison, his wife and their 18-month-old daughter. All sorts of queer things happened here. One or two instances will suffice for our purpose. "Mrs. Harrison said that she looked in the Davis's sitting room and found that the sofa had been moved away from the wall, &c. The room in which all this was discovered had been locked before the Davis family went to bed. . . . During the night there were further displacements of furniture in the bedroom where Grace Davis, the daughter, used to sleep." Dr. Nathan Foster, who investigated this case, says: "It is always tempting to explain such phenomena by fraud or hoax. In the Bethnal Green case this was impossible."

And what about the well-known case of Borley Rectory? This was known as 'Britain's most haunted house', and there were many kinds of psychic manifestations besides those of the poltergeist variety. E.g. crockery and books were flung about; bells, although disconnected, rang suddenly in disused bedrooms; articles were thrown by unseen hands; fires broke out mysteriously, &c. The University of London Council for Psychical Investigation took over the premises for 12 months to see if they could explain the causes of the manifestations. They went away convinced that these things occurred, but could give no explanation for them. (Huh! and Doug. expects ME to give one!)

There is (or was) a playful sort of polt. in the West End of London, which attended under the soubriquet of 'Gordon'. He used to manifest in the show-room of a dress designer. The latter says -- ".... but when we hold dress shows here, he [Gordon] becomes very angry. Two days ago he smashed a vase of flowers. It upset carefully piled patterns of materials, scattering them all over the floor. He tweaked the mannequins' hair as they were dressing. [Evidently a 'Peeping Tom' ghost!] He shuffled noisily behind clients' chairs while they watched the display."

Blackpool distinguished itself in 1938, by permitting a poltergeistic display in an outfitter's shop. "Stock jumped from the shelves: an inkwell leaped from the counter and splashed ink over the manager's clothes: rubber stamps jumped about the floor; &c."

In 1937 the Paris Soir reported a case of poltergeist-haunting at Sainte-Victor-las-Coste. There was stone-throwing, one of the pleasant forms of poltergeist activity. A party stopped up all one night to witness the manifestations. They "saw stones, marbles and lumps of sugar [eh?] thrown about the bakehouse, and emerged quite convinced that the place was haunted. No solution of the mystery has yet been found." (Yet Doug. expects ME . . . !)

In Spaddagh, Ireland, things happened in a brand-new house. "As soon as Michael Lyons and his family took up residence doors banged late at night.



Wild gusts of wind rushed through the rooms [that's the worst of these jerrybuilt houses!] Knockings were heard on the ceilings and furniture, as though stones were being flung at the wood." Some of 'em stayed up to watch. "Shortly after midnight, turf from a corner of the room slid across the floor, as though propelled by invisible hands. A sideboard danced into the middle of the floor & took a chair for a waltz. A cake left on the window-sill to cool, dropped down and spun madly round the room for some minutes."

Holbeach, Lincs. had a dose of polts. in 1937. On one occasion nearly all the crockery in the house was smashed; weird noises were heard in the chimney, and feet have been heard ascending the stairs.

Well, all that should indicate the nature of polt. disturbances. It is easy enough for the sceptic to put it all down to fraud, hysteria, and small boys; but it would be as well for him to put in a spot of personal experience before he opens his mouth. It should be remembered that what I have cited are only a small fraction of the cases which have occurred in the U.K. & Eire during the past few years. And the same sort of thing takes place in every country of the world.

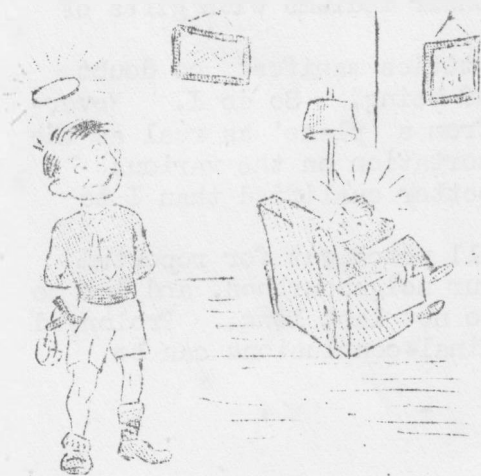
Some of the best known cases are mentioned by Sacha Verrall Sitwell in a recent book -- **POLTERGEISTS** -- and I refer anyone interested to read that book, which gives a reasoned and balanced account.

Are the things which polts. DO indicative of what they ARE? Well, what would you think of anybody who played childish tricks upon you when you weren't looking, or tried to frighten you? You might say to yourself -- "These tricks are the action of a child, or maybe, an adult who hasn't quite grown up yet." Indeed, superficial observers have noted that in almost every instance of poltergeist activity, there are children or adolescents present; and from this they have concluded that there is no mystery at all, and that the young people are solely responsible.

So they are, I believe, but not quite in the way that these observers think.

It is well-known in psychical research that before one can expect phenomena in a seance room - at least, of a physical nature - a medium is necessary. Why? Because a medium is a specialised vehicle or channel for the utilisation and manifestation of psychic force. Normally, before this force can be used to produce phenomena of outstanding quality, darkness or near-darkness appears to be essential; hence the opportunities for fraud which arise. But in poltergeist phenomena darkness does not seem to make much difference; perhaps because the available power is accessible in large quantities. But the general rule still seems to apply: a 'medium' must be present before any phenomena can occur.

So the first thing an investigator does, when he encounters one of these puzzling cases, is to look for the person who may be unconsciously acting as a medium. The culprit - or, more accurately, victim - is usually discovered to be one of the younger inhabitants; although this does not apply in all cases. The Thornton Heath medium was a lady of mature years, but she was distinguished by a superabundance of energy; and I think it possible that the overflow of this energy supplied the power used for the psychic disturbances in that direction. But that case was the exception that 'proves the rule'. In the majority of instances the source of the power is an individual in the stage of puberty.



"No mystery at all..."

We have accounted, perhaps, for the source of the power used to move crockery, bricks, stones and other physical objects; but what of the unseen users? Who or what are the saucer throwers, the practical jokers, the noise producers? Does the medium consciously or unconsciously produce the effects? Or is it the long-dead 'spirit' of some disgruntled human, using his new-found powers to annoy those enemies he did not dare to disturb when he was alive; or are the manifestations caused by some sort of quasi-intelligent mental shell remaining in existence for a while after some vital person's death? Or are the responsible creatures simply non-human entities, possessing a mentality not much, if any, above the monkey stage?

Take your choice; I'm not Sulieman - I have only one wife. Personally, I am inclined to the last theory. I cannot conceive any discarnate human being acting in the wholesale and completely insane way these polts do; with perhaps the exception of Schickleguber. Disgruntled humans would doubtless be vindictive in their actions. Polts may be playful, but seldom injure their victims; indeed, sometimes they are almost too generous, and present their mediums with gifts of all sorts, some of which are likely to embarrass.

As regards the 'whereabouts from which' these entities manifest, no doubt you will find it difficult to conceive such a state of being. So do I. Nevertheless, I feel fairly certain that they do operate from a 'place' as real as the physical universe you undoubtedly grace. For a dissertation on the various possibilities I must refer you to those who are far better qualified than I to speak on such matters.

In conclusion, I shall be grateful if you will all watch out for reported cases of poltergeist activity in the newspapers or your neighbourhood, and let me know immediately; for sometimes the manifestations do not last long. Prolonged study of the phenomena will be necessary before any final conclusions can be reached.

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H.S.W. Chibbett,
4, Palace Road,
London, W.11.

Editor's Note: In moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Chibbett for his kindness in turning out an article for us in the midst of a very busy life, we should like to second the request made in his last paragraph. Harold, as many of you will know, is a keen investigator of all supernormal phenomena, and is steeped in psychic lore; his ancestral home houses a Family Ghost, and he owns a Telepathic Coat. It is often only by such cooperation as he mentions that he or some other member of the PROBE can be notified of or brought into contact with the material they desire to study, and your help will be very much appreciated. Do not hesitate to send him the news of any such happening as he mentions; or, should you misplace his address, we shall be very glad to pass anything on. Unusual phenomena of any size or description are solicited, and should they be without the scope of the PROBE, we can hand them over to Mr. Eric Russell, the English Representative of the Fortean Society. Blue snow - frogs dropping from the sky - pink giraffes appearing on the countryside - that's our meat. However, if the giraffes are wearing spectacles, we can do nothing to help you. DW.

Strictly

It may be unfair to laff

not

At Olaf

But his theory of the universe

editorially

Is almost on the plane of my loony verse

written

Wild gusts of wind rushed through the rooms [that's the worst of these jerrybuilt houses!] Knockings were heard on the ceilings and furniture, as though stones were being flung at the wood." Some of 'em stayed up to watch. "Shortly after midnight, turf from a corner of the room slid across the floor, as though propelled by invisible hands. A sideboard danced into the middle of the floor & took a chair for a waltz. A cake left on the window-sill to cool, dropped down and spun madly round the room for some minutes."

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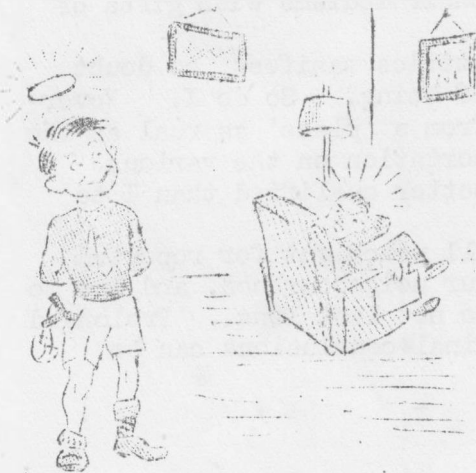
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"No mystery at all..."

'worship', or 'religion' is simply that, in claiming our affinity with him, we share his consciousness and so see his place in relation to the rest of the Cosmos. Since we are all taking part in this consciousness, even though unaware of it, the tendency is towards some being, at any rate, who seems to control human destiny with an iron hand. What his place is in the Cosmos only a few, if any, may ever tell.

I, personally, do not believe in a benign God, who will respond to sugary words and mental caresses. Nor do I believe in a god who, terrible and un-reasoning, will wipe out whole nations as 'vengeance'. I believe God is both natures and either may gain ascendancy, depending on what stage God himself is at, and to what use he can put either towards evolving himself. He loves us, but it is not in the love of the sentimentalists that his love takes form. It is, if there can be such a thing, an impersonal love, a kind of delight. When mystics of the past have experienced this, on becoming 'One' with God, they have been unable to describe it. Perhaps Olaf Stapledon, in his book "Star Maker", has come nearest to explaining it, and even then he stutters, and is at a loss. This has filled nearly all those who have read of their experiences with a profound suspicion. "What was the condition of the mystics' minds," they ask, "Were they mad?" I am afraid I cannot answer that. I do not know. But I believe they had reached a sphere where such words as 'madness' and 'sanity' are words of no meaning - where, indeed, there are no words to explain or express, and no song or music to clarify.

I could have used many technical terms - mystics use them in the same way as mathematicians use 'x' - and often with as little surface meaning - but I refrained in the hope that, by simply stating my 'creed', I might stimulate others to more minute study of the subject.

And now, the chapel is even dimmer: the songs have ceased. The shadows examine their work and find it good - a few faces are less strained and white. The organ notes swell out and fade away as I come out into the dusk. Someone calls for a taxi.

I, too, fade into the dusk . . .

A Short History of Fantocracy

By Arthur Ego Clarke

.....

— 1948-1960

RECAPITULATION— Parts I and II tell how in the summer of 1948, a year after the unofficial close of the war and in the midst of decadent civilization in England, Col. Ackerman and Sqd./Ldr. Clarke, flying over from USA, set up a fan colony at "Ballifants", the Ego's country house. They are joined by an army under Field-Marshal Youd. The famous Declaration of the Rights of Fans is issued and gradually a subtly organised Fantocracy gains control of the country. By 1955 all England is subjugated, and it just then that research workers at Fanopolis perfect the irresistible Itching Ray. With this and other deadly weapons the revolutionary armies prepare for world conquest. WE NOW COME TO OUR ---

Conclusion

The events of the forthcoming years are written in history for all to read.

The fervour with which the legions of federated fandom set out to conquer the world had not been equalled since the days of the French Revolution. Moreover their victories were practically bloodless, the leaders being (for the most part) men of peace. In the few cases where force was necessary, a couple of minutes' application of the Itching Ray was all that was required.

In each of the conquered countries Fantocracy set up a responsible government elected by plebiscite and responsible to H.Q. in England. Then, leaving a few expert advisers to keep things running smoothly, the armies pressed on to fresh conquests. Always the way had been prepared for them by intensive propaganda, so that the countries lying in their path knew that they need fear no violence.

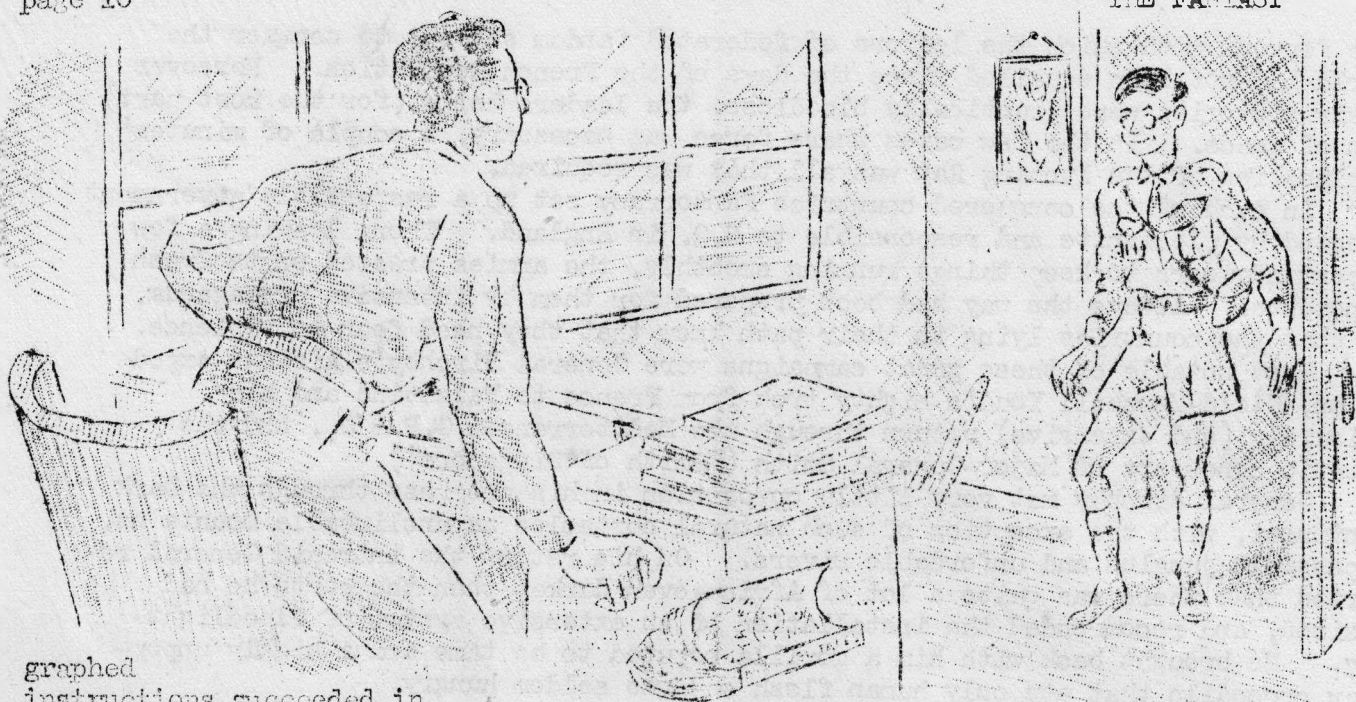
Most notable of these great campaigns were General Birchby's African expedition, Field-Marshal Youd's mighty trek from France to Palestine and his leisurely (and expensive) return through the Mediterranean G.P.& O., and the Asiatic conquests of Major-General Smith ("Smith of Singapore").

General Birchby met very little opposition in his progress through the Dark Continent, with the exception of such natural obstacles as unclimbable mountains, impassible jungles and unfordable rivers. On his return the intrepid General reported that there was quite a lot of Africa even darker than the parts he had visited, and recommended the installation of an extensive system of floodlighting. He brought back with him a gorilla reputed to be tame and a highly unpopular crocodile that ate only human flesh and was seldom hungry.

Field-Marshal Youd took two years to complete his Grand Tour and though he certainly consolidated Southern Europe, it was considered unfortunate that he could not prevent his army from settling down on the continent. He had begun operations with a thousand men - the largest organised body in the world - and when he returned to Southampton on board the S.S. "Garlic" he was accompanied only by a few of his officers and an equal number of Arabian fan-dancers they had picked up at knockdown prices in the Aleppo markets. However, so great was the Field-Marshal's reputation, and so trenchant his deadly fountain-pens, that no criticism was made, at any rate in his hearing.

Major-General Smith undoubtedly had the most difficult task of all. It was with the greatest reluctance that he left England: his name had come first out of the hat and having lost the toss with Sir Birchby for Asia or Africa he was forced in honour to go. With five hundred men and a Chinese dictionary the despondent Smith set off towards the East and no news of his progress was received for many months. His colleagues were beginning to fear the best when an urgent message came:- "Please send copies of all Prester John stories at once -- Smith, c/o Head Ihama, Monastery of the Ineffable Apotheosis, Upper Tibet."

The request was dealt with, and again silence fell. But not for long: it seemed that at last Smith had really got moving. Strange stories began to filter back from Asia of a vast army sweeping through the continent like a raging whirlwind. It was difficult to obtain precise details as to the progress of this body: as far as could be judged the Smithish hordes swept through Burma into Malaya, fought a mighty battle at Singapore, hurried back through China and ground to a halt in Upper Mongolia. Here apparently the Major-General changed his mind, for they back-pedalled through Korea and dealt briefly with Japan. It then, in its steps, passed rapidly through Manchuria and Siberia, and then marched gingerly across the frozen Behring Straits into Alaska. Smith then turned south and made a number of social calls while his army hitch-hiked across the States much to the consternation of the authorities. Finally commander and army embarked for Europe from the Atlantic coast. Frantically tele-



graphed instructions succeeded in diverting the hordes from England to the Continent where with great difficulty they were induced to return to their peaceful occupations. The conquering Smith was thus able to say, when he arrived back at Fanopolis, "Alone I did it." The words of Sir Hanson when he greeted his old colleague are worth recording. Said the savant wildly as this latter-day Ghengis Khan strode through the portals, "Well, Donald, who'd have thought it of you?"

* * * * *

So one of the great periods of history drew to its close in the early 1960's. The Fantocracy suddenly awoke to the horrible realisation that its work was done: the scientific world state had been achieved at last. Those who had planned these tremendous schemes and brought them to a successful conclusion were still no more than middle-aged, and, if they had had no military conquests to their credit, felt distinctly frustrated. Their sense of mortification was further increased by the knowledge that the World State could carry on very well without them, and in fact did.

The dissolution of the Fantocracy, though inevitable, was slow and piecemeal. The fire-breathing Field Marshall was the first to go, as soon as it was obvious that there were no more territories to conquer. Major-General Smith, having no one left to argue with, followed very quickly and the two retired soldiers settled down in Hampshire to begin their monumental "History of Military Operations 1950-1960".

Sir Gillingham, always a man of peace, threw himself wholeheartedly into the publishing business and the world was soon floundering through a torrent of science fiction.

Many of the rest started on lecture tours through the countries they had helped to civilise. They drew enormous crowds for a time - until the population grew tired of hearing first one speaker and then another describe "How I began the World State."

Colonel Ackerman, as everyone knows, returned to the States to take his seat

in the Senate, and to shake the world from time to time with his cryptic utterances.

But not all of the Pantocracy dispersed. As soon as they had wound up their affairs in Europe, a small but select body comprising, among others, Sirs Temple, Hanson, Birchby, Medhurst, Turner and Clarke, left England in a ship loaded with scientific apparatus. Nothing was heard of them for a considerable time, but at length came reports from Peru to the effect that there was much inexplicable activity in the region of Lake Titicaca. The local authorities sent an expedition to investigate, and the missing Pantocrats were located. They refused to make any statements and the investigators were forced to return unsatisfied. Since that day, no news has come out of Peru. From time to time the region of Lake Titicaca is shaken by tremendous explosions, and high pitched whistling sounds are heard as of projectiles in flight.

No-one knows what is happening, but the Peruvians have got used to it by now.

THE END

[illegible]

C H I N E S E D R I N K I N G -
S O N G

By C. S. Yound

By C. S. Youd

Down from the sky sweep the Yellow River waters,
down to the sea, and not returning;
Your hair is silver in the silver mirror,
from ebony morning-changed to snow-flung night.

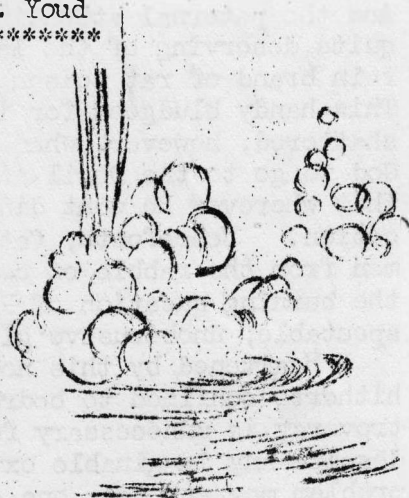
If you would live and have your joy in living
let not the golden bowl shine out of favour.
All things are heaven-sent, and made for using;
scatter a thousand yen to the winds, and laugh.

The sheep and ox are ready for our feasting;
 three hundred cups of wine await our lips;
 Come, poet, join me; come, my Taoist ---
 dip your cups and charge them, and be glad.

This is my song: treasures and arts are vain --
I grudge sobriety the brief hours after waking.
Sages and saints are sleeping unremembered,
only the drinkers rest upon their fame.

Recall that Chih who revelled in the temple
gave twenty thousand cash for the lovely measure.
His was the freedom of the selfless toper.
Why bother if you substance fades and wanes.

Wine there must be to drink in peace and wisdom,
 so sell my charger and my wealth of sables;
 Give them for noble, long-enduring wine
 and let us drink and drown ten thousand sorrows.



O S T E N S I B L Y O N

BY

S W E A R I N G

ERIC C. HOPKINS

Since men began seriously cooperating and competing with each other there have been three great problems and topics for common discussion in this world -- Religion, Politics, and Sex. These are ever present with us but at intervals develop an intensity that touches the ways of the meanest hermit, while in the numerous interims, seeming to have been disposed of, or ignored by, all but the professionally idle and the professedly thinking. In England, the Nineteenth Century disposed of its Religion which included, amongst similarly merry quaintnesses, the belief that God strikes blasphemers dead. Those uncaring ones had been seen, carried home to relieved wives and orphaned children in the safely secular hours of early Monday mornings upon the table-tops of gambling saloons and the mattresses of mistresses. And the paternal attentions quite deserving of the label tain brand of rat poison. This handy bludgeon for in-shattered, however, when God to go to the Devil and that wherever He went did action. Henceforth, fathers men from the rabble of com- the burning question of Re- spectable, unobtrusive glow surviving, largely piaculatively, today.



...ON THE

MATTRESSES

OF MISTRESSES

Victims of importunity! of that Being who seems which advertises a cer- "Fascinating and Fatal!" tractible offsprings was Shaw experimentally told his awed witnesses noted not lie in Shaw's dir- recruited their bogey- unists and tramps, and ligion died to the re-

Heartened by this notable success, the enlightened wheeled upon a subject hitherto confined to bedrooms and smoking jackets - Sex. An account of this controversy is unnecessary for we are living through it (some of us hope), but despite any imaginable extent to which officialdom's eventual recognition of the problem may stretch, one can hardly imagine the problem "disposed of". It will be controlled. Yet, I hope, as it is now - by the harassing of prostitutes and the imprisonment of homosexuals - for you do not prune undesirable weeds, but by the education of all, the father, the mother, the child, in the facts necessitated by the continued existence and improvement of the race. It is a curious point that, according to the laws of England, a fully dressed prostitute is perfectly legal while she keeps moving, but a nude and virtuous girl is perfectly legal while she remains immobile! Curious, but not controvertible for obvious reasons except that one might enquire - "Why is prostitution officially so damned?"

One of the few professions indispensable to any conceivable type of civilisation, it has been debased to its present gutter existence by 'official attitudes' from the position of great prestige which it enjoyed with the classic Greeks, generally accepted as the most brilliantly intelligent and reasonable beings yet produced in the line of Homo Sapiens. I admit that the average utility is unlikely to prove the peer of Sappho by any possible comparison, but after all, the

average customer bears little resemblance to Socrates, who paid a visit to the most famous courtesan of his day, complimented her beauty, and even offered her advice of a professional character. Unfortunately, this wise man eventually suffered a premature death with stomach trouble. Still more unfortunately, many of our wise men who suffer with stomach trouble do not suffer a premature death, but need they -- whilst accepting a pension -- spoil the pleasure of the needy or make it difficult of pursuit? (Especially with this blackout.) I put it to you. Just like that.

Turning from that subject with a censurable sigh, I merely mention of the third eternal problem that the agitation motivated by the political explosions punctuating the last few years has steadily increased in turbulence until I, as one of the common people, have every right to expect a premature death although not necessarily -- I might add -- at the expense of my stomach. We are, in fact, in transition from Sex to Politics as the major centre of everyman's discussion.

But, as I have said, Religion, Sex, and Politics are always with us and their unique immortality provides the basis for the effective usage of that which I am about to discuss -- very dear to my heart -- Swearing. Some notes upon the subject have recently appeared in *fandom**; one questions the possibility of working class literature being written in class language. Another advises an example and advises an example him entirely. Others compromises. But nobody the very existence of phenomenon or to have its mystery. This am I

Firstly, why do we swear? Being asperated -- most probably we give utterance to for-charging the overload of of insults upon the ears is essentially a matter of, or wrath and cross-of society with which we ing something which is erable to that society. expressions is drawn Politics, the rest having than the public fancy; four groups, the Blas-the Contemptuous, and the roughly correspond with respectively. The first initial birth and virility to the existence of very powerful widespread beliefs -- beliefs of religious intensity but not always of a religious nature -- which were scandalised by the expressions. The fourth group owes its existence to a general belief in its efficacy as an insult.

Religion has been a fruitful source of expressions which lack, nowadays, a truly legitimate basis of useful existence. These -- the Blasphemous type -- of which "Christ

* See THE GENIEST ART and FAN DANCE in Fido, circa April-Sept. 1941. The present essay was written during the summer of last year; most of you will remember the references. --DW.



excluding the usual working replies to the affirmative which happens to confound deny the possibility. One seems to have questioned this undoubtedly curious attempted the capture of essaying. swear? What is the nature wrathful, fearful, or ex-a composite of all three -- bidden words, thus dis-emotions with infliction of society. Swearing of registering our fear peration with, that part are in contact by express-normally alien and intolerable. The great majority of these from Religion, Sex, and no apparent source other and the whole fall into phamous, the Disgusting, unclassifiable, which the aforementioned sources, three groups owed their

....to the Devil



Almighty!", "Gawd Blimey!", and "Go to the Devil!" are typical examples, were no doubt extremely reprehensible in the Centuries preceding the 19th., when the fervently religious murdered and tortured their own kind for disagreeing with a manner of worshipping the Universal and All-Powerful God: but today - with the Church reduced to Sales of Work for its expenses - almost wholly lack the

foundation of a powerful and widespread belief which they can found. They owe their existence to the conservatism of habit for they cannot truly shock the majority of people. Indeed, these irreligious blasphemies are gradually being absorbed into the language of everyday 'pure' speech. In the best intelligent society, "Go to the Devil!" will pass without the wiggle of an artificial eyebrow, while "bloody" (which, the Brains Trust tells us, is a corruption of "By Our Lady") is an adjective quite common to the bourgeoisie and the younger intelligentsia. (Christopher Samuel Youd, for example.) I cannot agree with George Orwell, however, who asserts that "born Londoners" have abandoned the use of "bloody". As a born Londoner, I strenuously deny that allegation.

The expressions of Sexual origin fall into the second group - the Disgusting - and because most people are still shy of sex and its associations, are very far from being absorbed into everyday 'pure' speech. And yet there are no genuine grounds for their powers of shock and disgust. Some of them have an origin partly sexual, partly religious: "bastard" is an example which, without the very great significance attached to the marriage ceremony by our Christian religion, would cease life as an effectual insult. But a little thought upon the conditions of that society in which, and for which, the dictum of Christian marriage was laid down 2,000 years ago, will reveal the foolishness of transplanting laws suitable for an Eastern pastoral land to a Western industrial nation with an alien cultural, social, and political background, existing in another age. The rulings of St. Paul and the more debatable teachings of Christ may well have been acceptable in those lands where custom and instincts rendered the bachelorship and the spinster-ship of inhabitants free from sexual vigours, but by forbidding the people of the highly industrialised Western nation to have sexual relations before marriage without regard to the custom of relatively late marriages and the impossibility of marriage for many people under our unequal economic system, the younger of both sexes are confined to an enforced virtuous celibacy. A proportion of them refuse to be so confined and increase the unhealthy bulk of rapings, prostitution, and homosexuality. The essence of Christianity may prove an excellent basis for the New World Order, but as a gesture to progress we might commence by loosening the stiffened fingers of those ancient Hebrew writers, creasing and distorting the fabric of our existence, the day of the year one thousand, nine hundred, and forty one, Anno Domini.

At least two expressions in this same category are used in the normal speech of the London East Enders with apparently complete ignorance of their sexual associations - namely, "nancy" and "tart", the former being applied to the 'soft' type of boy who avoids playing with his rougher contemporaries, and the latter just to any girl. But the really popular expression of the moment - never used before womenfolk - is that "good old Anglo-Saxon word of four letters" so ably defended by my fellow-citizen,



John Craig. This gentleman has it that the good old word in question can be found in "any seventeenth century dictionary" defined as "to plant" - which is very logical but no doubt mortifying to Dr. Johnson who thought himself something of a lexicographer. The extreme disgust this word arouses if slipped into normal conversation raises an interesting point. Orwell contends that working-class swearing tends to lose its fearsome aspect and be absorbed into the normal speech of the "upper classes", instancing 'bloody'.* It seems impossible that our good old Anglo-Saxon word should follow in its path, and yet, I wonder? We have the example of the word "quiz" which was scribbled on walls in the public eye by a gentleman who had wagered to create a new word. The curious populace stared and theorised until "quiz" entered the British dictionaries defined as "a hoax: puzzle: to peer at: to make fun of". So our good old word, which lays claim to tradition and antiquity, may yet find its way off the walls and into the dictionaries!

On the whole, your respectable natures prevent me from doing justice to these expressions of sexual origin and I pass on to the next group - the Contemptuous, often prompted by fear. All expressions can be used to register contempt but those which are not religiously Blasphemous or Disgusting (except to the philosophical mind) are of Political origin. These are interesting: in their simplest forms they are seldom successfully insulting in Britain, our comparative political freedom inuring us to all the colourful shades of shirts; but are still effective across frontiers and in subtler guise at home. It is the growth of opposing ideologies and their absorption by whole nations - thus providing a substitute 'religion' for weakened Christianity - that has revived the vitality of the national insult. In times of war, this achieves unexampled heights of wit and depth of purpose but even normally I cannot imagine a worse insult of the cruder type to an enthusiastic member of the U.S.S.R. than "capitalist!" or "Nazi!", although I am hopeful that the person addressed would merely laugh, thus proving an advance in human tolerance; but the accusation of "Communist!" against a Nazi official in Germany would presumably result in one or two persons entering a concentration camp. The national insult, perhaps more than any other type, requires a special set of conditions before it can be really effective. For instance, if this war should continue for several years everything German will be insufferable to the majority of people outside that country and would probably assume insult value. This was true of the Napoleonic Wars when the French became disliked, and is particularly true of conflicts between volatile peoples. The "other side" becomes insulting material.

Returning home, we find these political aversions used as insults by some of our most eminent personages. Not with the fire of civil strife, for that flamed most furiously in the days and conditions when "Jacobite!" was either Hanoverian joking or an invitation to the sword, but with a sly fertility of invention rendered possible by the peculiar constitution of the British Political System which is hostile to all political systems. These expressions may not be recognised as within the scope of this discussion - they are certainly not recognisable as "swear-words" - but I think they have a similar function, to shock and hurt the object of one's exasperation, wrath, or fear, and thus to dissipate one's over-worked emotions.

An example-- "I do not know that we have not suffered from a super-abundance of intelligence in recent years." Statement by Mr. Ernest Brown. Now this tautological mess is evidently not referring to the defunct National Government - the connotation of intelligence disqualifies that view - but is obviously

* Orwell devotes a chapter to swearing in DOWN AND OUT IN LONDON AND PARIS.

directed to the attention of that body usually accepted as the "intelligentsia", the members of which are effectively prevented from taking a hand in our government and therefore blamed for its shortcomings. But ignoring all questions of accuracy, I think that, by my definition, Brown's statement is a form of swearing; an elegant and sly form of swearing, nevertheless. I think, too, that the statement in question reveals a more petty, complacent, or bewildered mind than is necessarily common to swearing.

The above example and that which follows are the children of two erroneous beliefs held by the 'upper' classes - that the intellectuals are detested by the people; that the people detest Communists and Russians.

These fallacies are easily disposed of; the people do not know what an intellectual is; the people do not detest any foreign peoples or have grounds for detestation of Communists. The people do not hate the Germans - despite the "Daily Mirror" - although I believe a general feeling of dislike extends towards the Japanese, partly due to physical dissimilarity and sympathy with the Chinese. (I must add that by "the people do not hate the Germans", I mean the German people are not hated: it is naturally difficult to love the Luftwaffe, for instance.) However, here is an example of "swearing", culled from the pages of "Thinking to Some Purpose", which derives from the second belief.

"'The Sea Gull' can scarcely be called a trivial play, though it may be over-rated by young Eaton-Square Bolshies, who fall into a coma every time a Russian name is mentioned " Statement by Mr. St. John Ervine. ('The Sea Gull' is by Tchekhov.)

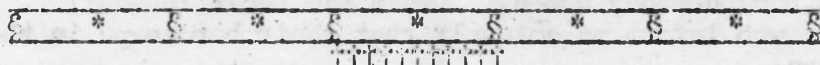
Now whereas expressions derived from Religion and Sex possess the virtue of brevity, the Politically Contemptuous type, as above, most often consist of several phrases whose only salvation is wit. In view of this latter qualification we may regard Ervine's foolish sally as thoroughly damned, although it was feasibly enjoyed by those for whose delectation it was written - the readers of "The Observer" - and was therefore a legitimate swearing expression. You may still doubt my right to place such expressions in company with the generally accepted forms of swearing but I maintain that the difference is merely one of form and that the same motives are the spur of each. I believe that, granted identical views, the working man will remark "Bastard intellectuals!", and Mr. Ernest Brown his "I do not know that we have not suffered from a super-abundance of intelligence in recent years", both statements being in accord and, incidentally, equally irrelevant and meaningless, literally.

Hereabouts, I had intended leading into a discussion of the distinction between coarseness and vulgarity and the relation of swearing to each, but at this juncture I think myself well advised to conclude with but this scantily illustrated survey accomplished.

Swearing is possible on several planes; being, on the lowest plane, merely the exclamation of words with unpleasant inferences, and on the highest, a number of objectionable words offensively arranged. The lower forms of swearing have an unpleasantness which is implicit in the single word, but the highest form of swearing is a terminological insult. Strangely, I think we may reasonably conclude that, granted the unpleasantness of anyone who swears uncaring of his fellows, he who Readers may look forward to such a discussion when peace, perfect peace has released Mr. Hopkins from his present activities.



swears loftily possibly displays a meaner spirit than he whose swearing is a part of his natural equipage, i.e. the working man. The latter's swearing is so often habitual that perhaps most of it is not founded in the individual's fear, wrath, or exasperation, but 'lofty' swearing is an exercise of the mind and, being therefore conscripted by the presumably intelligent, is the more deplorable - for swearing is never a sane and sensible criticism to lay upon anyone and proceeds from uncontrolled emotions and prejudices. Therefore - I implore you - Swearing as Usual, by all means, and be conscious that your efforts will likely add or re-introduce yet another good old word to our dictionaries; but desist from vain emotional abuse or 'can the approbrium of every reasonable being.



SIMPLE HATES

BY

John F. Banke

G. C. Trevelyan recently wrote a delightful article on "Simple Pleasures"*, and I was struck by the fact that most of his delights were drawn from Nature. One can enjoy beautiful scenery, familiar sounds, the smell of woodsmoke, and countless other things that are so often bound up with personal recollections. Hatred is a different matter: pleasure can be won from impersonal things; hatred is nearly always connected with human beings. You may loathe the sight of factory chimneys laying a pall of smoke across what was once a beautiful landscape, but your hatred will be directed against the men responsible rather than against the scene itself. There is none of the simplicity of emotion associated with your response to, say, the sound of waves beating on a distant shore, or the sight of an east-house in a cluster of trees.

I have been out in the rain when I was prepared, and enjoyed it. I have walked up a hill in the face of rain for which I was not prepared; and been annoyed, but not with impersonal Nature. Able to appreciate natural beauty without question, men have found themselves unable to face the more unpleasant natural phenomena without inventing a God whom they can hold responsible, and with whom they can plead. God was not conceived by men because they needed an ideal of love, but because they needed a focus for all the irritation and bewilderment they suffered from the miseries and inexplicable, illogical disappointments of life.

In preparing a list of the major trials of my life I have tried to think of some hates unconnected with people. Perhaps there are one or two: scraping one's fingernails on the bottom of a tin washbowl grates on the nerves; I become extremely fidgety when a bubbling background persists in smothering radio reception. These are minor points, however, and the list of major grievances I have evolved concerns human beings. This list will probably reveal me to be the discerning as a neurotic, but I am quite sure that every reader will find himself in agreement with at least one of my hates.

First and foremost, I hate men who think they can whistle. There is no more aggravating noise in the world than that produced by the female of the

* In an issue of HORIZON early this year.

species hissing through her teeth - a fidgety, unmusical, inexcusable sound, indicative of bad nerves. Singing is not nearly so bad, though it can be rather awful at times.

The sight of other people biting their nails disgusts me, though I do it myself to a deplorable extent.

I dislike people who smirk and say "Well, I'm not clever, of course, but...." They are so obviously sure that they are very clever, but adopt a deprecatory tone in order to convey the impression of being the honest working-man, unwilling to dazzle other members of the congregation with a display of too much brilliance. This is a trait very common among women. (What bad habit is not?)

I dislike people who inform me solemnly that their horoscope in the daily paper always comes true.

I dislike people who, with one afternoon in London at their disposal, can think of nothing better to do than go and see the Crown Jewels.

I hate mock "old-fashioned" buildings and signs of "Ye Olde Booze Shoppe" style.



One very strong hatred I have is for people who "like a book to have something in it." An ex-colleague of mine would sometimes pick up my library book, and if it happened to have less than four hundred words to the page, or was no larger than a volume like "The Transposed Heads" or "The Empty Room", would fling it down. "I'd never get a book like that from the library," he would say. Another factor that weighed with him was the inclusion of verse in a work of fiction. "If I flick through it and find any poetry, I put it back," he said proudly.

But can I include this as one of my simple hates? I have tried to avoid anything that might come under the heading of technical or aesthetic opinions, and this seems to be one of them. Yet I think anyone would have been repelled by that smug, happy assurance.

The sort of thing that must be left out of a catalogue of simple hates can be illustrated by a recent occurrence. I am billeted in a bourgeois household which sported two daughters. The elder, a wench of sweet seventeen, observed to me in the middle of an extract from Haydn's Clock Symphony, that it had no tune. A little while later she described "the man who wrote 'In the Mood'" as a genius. This is not only a matter of personal taste, or even of development. (A few years ago I might have made such remarks myself, and no doubt make similar ones nowadays.) There are so many new factors introduced into this sort of opinion that it cannot be classified as simple. It is not, shall we say, instinctive. I detest women who go "Tch, tch" at every wireless announcement: that is instinctive and I will not deny that it indicates lack of tolerance. Arthur Clarke shows signs of being displeased when asked what space-ships/rockets are going to push against: this is a technical matter, and cannot be called a simple hate.

What things make you unreasonably angry? Do you shudder at the sight of an uplifted little finger when your visitor is drinking tea; do you hate people who say "My contention is that...."; what do you think of people who tap their feet to music in the cinema or theatre?

To conclude this selection, let me record one of my own special groans: I do not like going home on pass and finding my tankard on the sideboard full of flowers. Liverpool papers please copy.

THE

ROAD

TO

FAME

By----- S M I T H

RECAPITULATION:- The band of science-fiction characters making the pilgrimage to the Hall of Immortal Fame now comprises Professors Challenger and Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, Malone, Seaton, DuQuesne, Kinnison - the Ian-smann, Arcot, Morey, Wade, Aarn Munro, Tarzan, John Carter, Commander John Hanson, Jimmy Atkill, Hawk Carse and his servant Friday, Gregg Haljan, Sergeant Walpole, Cossar, Clarence - The American Idea of the Young English Aristocrat, and Johnny Black. Having apparently overcome the physical obstacles they are now standing in the twilight looking towards a brightly lit city in the valley before them, a city whose name is painted in letters of light on the sky above, "Yoshiwara".

Part VI

Sunk in the very heart of the huge central building of Yoshiwara was a small dimly lit room, the walls of which were hung with thick black velvet, the floor of which was covered with a deep-piled black carpet, the concave ceiling of which was finished in dull matt black, in the centre of which was a small black divan. On this, cross-legged in the manner of some Asiatic member of his madly-mixed ancestry, sat September, the owner of Yoshiwara, planning how best to beguile his approaching guests (of whom he knew more than they did themselves) so that their every desire should be satisfied. No walls, no barred gates had Yoshiwara, but men who would have laughed at such obstacles were bound there by the unbreakable chains they forged for themselves out of desire.

When he has emerged from his meditation to be greeted with the news from one of his observers that the Pilgrims were within sight of the city and approaching it, he had merely to issue the order "Carry on with the arrangement for a Class A civic reception" as he passed on to the board-room where the executive committee were awaiting his instructions. He took the chair with the aplomb of an Anglo-Saxon company director, but in the attention of his assistants was the humility of the councillors of a Mongolian war-lord.

"The primary weapon is flattery," he said directly. "The subjects comprise the most conceited body of persons ever gathered together. Honours should therefore be showered upon them, underlings in their presence should portray intense hero-worship, sycophants of a strong silent type should surround them. Seaton, Kinnison, John Carter, and Commander John Hanson will need nothing more, basically. In the cases of Professors Challenger and Summerlee the atmosphere should be rather more scientific with opportunities for brow-beating opponents. Lord John Roxton and Malone should be allowed to exhibit their prowness at various sports. DuQuesne has a power-complex; he should be engaged in machinations to usurp me as head of the city. Arcot, Morey, Wade and Munro must be allowed the run of a physical laboratory. The back-to-nature colony for Tarzan is already in full swing, and the bear will be content in the Municipal Library. Hawk Carse is easy -- he must merely be notified that you are in town, Ku Sui, plotting something diabolical, as I suppose you are?" (The slender Eurasian, who held the vice-

chairman's seat at the other end of the table, rose and bowed politely, contenting himself with an enigmatic smile.) "Haljan will be delighted to help him. Cossar will be interested in how we built this city! he must meet other technical men. Finally Atkill, Walpole, and Clarence will be the easiest of all, as they only require the standard entertainments - wine, women, and song.

"A word about general entertainments. Musical concerts must be of the popular orchestral standard, with large impressive orchestras. Plays, varieties, and such light entertainment must be scrupulously clean and entirely escapist. Boxing, wrestling in the classical styles, and athletics should provide opportunities for our guests to show superiority to out professionals. Bathing will be popular but be very careful in choosing the feminine element to accompany the parties and be rescued from drowning occasionally. But I rely on individual departmental heads to work out the details."

* * * *

September had allowed himself just sufficient time to don his civic robes of magnificent Tyrolean purple and meet the Pilgrims at the head of the steps leading up to the huge Central Hall. He looked most imposing, and the Pilgrims, rather dazed by their slow drive through streets lined with madly cheering crowds, impressed despite themselves by the steps of green soap-stone inlaid with myriads of glistening jewels on the tread to provide a non-slip surface, showed a tendency to gawk blankly when he bowed to the ground before them and said, with magnificent humbleness:-

"Welcome to Yoshiwara. Welcome to the city of pleasure, of happiness, of delight, of freedom from all care and frustration. All we have is yours to command, all we ask is that you may be graciously pleased to accept our hospitality. Tonight we offer you rest and refreshment - tomorrow we hope to have the honour of your company at the celebrations we hold because of your visit. I am September. I am the master of Yoshiwara. I am your very humble servant."

Challenger took it on himself to reply, beating Seaton by a short head.

"In the name of my companions I thank you," he said pompously. "I would like to express our very deep appreciation of the way in which we have been greeted, but words fail me. It reflects great credit on you, sir, that you and your citizens should have that nobility of mind which so readily acknowledges superior worth in others. Nothing I can say . . ."

He spoke fluently and well for several minutes, September replied obsequiously, Seaton inserted a speech of his own, and the meeting settled down to a mutual admiration society. None of the Pilgrims would have tired of hearing such appreciation of their true worth indefinitely, but September managed to ease them in the direction of the refreshment and rest which they needed so badly, and it was then that the absence of Clarence, Atkill and Sergeant Walpole was first noticed. When they were eventually located they were found asleep in bed in the three best of the superb suites of rooms provided for the Pilgrims.

Kinnison insisted on holding an indignation meeting over this piece of strategy before the Pilgrims retired.

"That can our host, September, think of such conduct, so lacking in any sense of decency?" he said hotly. "What will everybody think of us when they associate us with these buffoons, these meronic clowns, these zwilniks?"

The meeting agreed that it was most unfortunate, but what could they do about it, and anyway let's get some rest. Kinnison retired disgruntled and had such a nightmare as only he could have had.

* * * *

The culmination of the celebrations on the following day was a banquet with

the Pilgrims as guests of honour. The hall in which it was held was so huge as to appear to stretch away into a mist of lesser guests on all sides, so high that the ceiling had to be floodlit to show the elegant designs inlaid voluptuously in gold and platinum and precious stones of superlative fire. When September rose at the head of the main table, after a meal of inconceivable elaboration, to toast the Pilgrims in a speech which was a magnificent half-hour's undiluted, non-repetitious flattery, his words were echoed by loud-speakers to the remotest recesses of the hall and came back underlaid with a swelling murmur of "Hear Hear".

He was not much more than half-way through when Seaton, who was fairly wriggling with delight, was nudged by Kinnison. Turning his head impatiently he saw that his friend was red with rage, and following the direction of his bulging eyes saw Clarence, Atkill, and Sergeant Walpole crawling rapidly in single file across the smooth stone floor on their hands and knees in the direction of the nearest exit. As they passed by the end of one of the lesser tables each of them reached up and furtively removed a bottle of liquor from under the noses of the unnoticed owners. They gained the doorway safely with their booty. There they stood up, noticed the scandalised observers and made a vulgar gesture in their direction before departing gaily.

That was the last any of the Pilgrims saw of the three reprobates for some time, except for casual meetings at bathing parties in the mornings, when all three seemed strangely sad and silent. Nobody, not even Kinnison, ever gave them a thought, for all were too much engrossed in enjoying themselves in the various ways arranged for them - enjoying themselves



more than they had thought it possible. Gone was all thought of the Hall of Immortal Fame, gone all thought of those they had left behind awaiting the success of their Pilgrimage. They were living in Paradise and had thought for neither the past nor the future.

This perfect success of September's scheming might have lasted indefinitely, but for a chance encounter of Kinnison with his enemies. He met them one night reeling arm-in-arm along the middle of an important street, informing everyone in earshot that they were "Poor little lambs who have gone astray" in three different keys. He was hastening by with curling lip and averted face when they spotted and intercepted him.

"Here'sh ol' Min," said Clarence merrily. "How are y', me ole pal, ol' pal o mine?"

"No pal of yours, you drunken swine," said Minnison wrathfully. "Disgustingly drunk as usual, I see."

"Thash right ol' boy," agreed Clarence amicably. "Absholu'ly shquiffy. Shunk to the level of she beash of she field."

"Mine" said Atkill owlshly, "Wine ish a mocker, but shtrong drink ish foo!"

Sergeant Walpole merely grinned lazily.

"Have you no sense of decency whatever?" said Minnison sharply. "Can't you realise how you are insulting our hosts and forfeiting the respect which they were willing to show you? You mde me sick."

"Oh, 's terrible ol' boy," said Clarence sadly. "Absholu'lu dishgustin'. But I can't help it, it'sh not drink, it's medicine. When I had to listen to ol' Flubbergutsh giving ush all that tripe about how how wunnerful we are I nearly spewed. In' that Civic Hall of theiresh ish really shockin' bad taste. Talk about vulgar ostentation! Even the concertch round here are lousy - we went to one your pal whiatshishone said was wunnerful but it was only the same ol' stuff played twice ash lous."

"Drunk or 'sober I'll knock you down in a second if you don't stop these ridiculous vile insults to the finest city you're ever disgraced by your presence," cried Minnison passionately, and left before he lost control of himself. The three reprobates watches him go, laughing helplessly at his wrath, and went to the nearest bar to celebrate. But having already drunk themselves silly they went further and drank themselves into a stage of wild lunatically lucid logic. And Atkill produced some startlingly accurate theories.

"You know, this is the worst trap we've fallen into so far," he said seriously. "We haven't the chance of a snowball in hell of getting those great boobies to continue the Pilgrimage."

"See what you mean," said Sergeant Walpole glomilly. "You couldn't prise 'em away from this dump with a ten-foot crowbar. They're far drunker on flattery than we've ever been on hooch."

"Abolutely," said Clarence, draining his glass, and in the bottom of it looked for and found inspiration. "But I tell you what we can jolly well do - get us all thrown out, what? Just follow your uncle Clarence to the Hole in the Warp and do as he bally well does."

His companions followed him loyally, though unsteadily, to the huge main bar of the supreme palace of carnal entertainment, and willingly followed his lead in adding further variety to the wonderful mixture of liquids they already contained. Thus when he asid "Look who's coming" and began to laugh as at some tremendous secret joke they had no difficulty in following suit again - in fact all three were rapidly in paroxysms of mirth.

It was September who was coming. September had felt rather benignant towards these, the easiest to entertain of all his guests, but no man was less ready to tolerate being the subject of amusement.

"You seem amused at something, gentlemen," he said coldly. "Would it be indiscreet to ask what it is you find so humorous?"

"Oh yesh, very very very indishcreet," said Clarence, supporting himself precariously on the bar. "Oh, you wouldn't half be waxy with ush if we told you - if we told



you . . . " and he went off into another fit of senseless laughter.

"If you told me what?" asked September sharply.

"If we told you what a fathead you are," werc Clarence. "Oh how we've spoofed you! All that guff about Ash being Pilgrinsh and big noisesh! Shilliest thing I ever shaw!" And he laughed and laughed.

September almost permitted himself the luxury of hissing "So!" as he bowed blandly and strolled away, so blind with passion that he bumped heedlessly into people unnoticed, hastening to his inner chamber, and even there too infuriated with the thought of his humiliation, of his wasted efforts and futile scheming to release his rage in any way. He was almost beyond all powers of reasoning which ordinarily would have enabled his alert brain to see through the clumsy stratagem, and after hours of revengeful planning produced the worst punishment he could think of for the Pilgrims. They were woken at dawn on the next day by very disrespectful servitors, bundled into the same dirty ragged garments in which they had arrived, and taken far out of the city and dropped by the road-side not far from the Hall of Immortal Fame. A meg was left with Challenger to indicate this, a superb refinement of mental cruelty in September's opinion.

+ + + +

He would have been amply satisfied by the display of emotion when the Pilgrims realised completely what had befallen them. The spectacle of over-grown men dancing with futile rage and frothing with feeble oaths struck Clarence as rather comic in spite of the appalling hang-over under which he was suffering, and he could not repress a feeble grin.

Kinnison saw that grin and transferred to its owner all the fury which possessed him over the loss of his own private paradise, heated still further by the pent-up grudges he had for Clarence.

"You're the cause of all this, you drunken fool" he shouted, and made for Clarence with all he'd got. It looked at that moment as though things would go hard with the victim, for the Grey Lensman was, in his own witty phrase, a real forty-minute egg.

THE PILGRIMS ARE NEARLY THERE BUT THERE IS YET THE SELECTION ON COMING TOGETHER PAST
WILL THEY DO IT? DO NOT MISS THE FINAL SUPER TERRIFIC INSTALLMENT OF THE SCREATORIC

-+--

In Search of a SAGE

by ERIK S. NEEDHAM

One wintry day, having a 36-hour pass, I went to Birmingham to spend the evening skating. After a night at the YMCA I hitch-hiked in ankle-deep snow which had fallen during the night to Coventry, to view the blitz damage. The ruins were bad enough, but did not compare with Liverpool and London's East End. However, sloshing around in the snow I beheld a bus bearing the legend "MUNEATON" and in a moment of -- well, call it inspiration, decided to call on D. R. Smith.

Arriving with sodden boots at Church Road I felt that for Do Ray to describe his dwelling as Muneaton was exaggerating slightly. He lives, with his mother, brother and sister, in a small row of houses miles from anywhere, on what is to my city-bred mind a bleak depressing stretch of uninviting uninhabited country. Here, truly, is a haven for hermits.

Not knowing the number, I made enquiries and was rather astonished to dis-

cover that in a row of five houses, four of the families were of the clan Smith. Of course, I found the wrong three first. When I pounded morosely on the door of No. 13, I was confronted upon its opening by a tall, well built, good looking bloke of about 27. This was not D.R. Smith, but his big brother Leslie. Leslie invited me in and indicated his brother submerged in an armchair. Here, at last, I found the SAGE OF NUKLEATON.

So all those rumours about DRS being the pseudonym of a famous fan are shattered, dissolved. I located DRS. I spoke to him, even borrowed books from him. Indisputably, he is real.

As Dhug Webster wants this article to be short, I can only dwell on DRS, and so must only mention in passing the rest of the family. Leslie I have already mentioned, but his sister, Freda, I haven't. She is about 18 years old, seems to be a non-fan, and is treated shamefully by both Les and Don. Mrs. Smith is a really likeable old lady, and is one of the only two women fans I have ever met, the other one being John Russell Fearn's mother. I must thank her in these lines for those delicious tea-dams and the way in which she coped with my intrusion. Many thanks, Mrs. Smith, and I certainly hope to meet you again some happier time.

D.R. is perhaps the most typical fan I have ever encountered. Formerly the prize was divided between A.C. Clarke and Maurice Hanson, but D.R. is even more fannish than those two, which is saying something..... He wears spectacles and a preoccupied look. Affects unconventional clothes. His hair, a rich mouse in colour, dangles limply over his forehead, and the general contour of his face is longish-oval. Runs to about 5ft. 10ins. in height, and moderately well built, possibly 150 lbs.

Sorry, D.R., if this annoys you: DW asked for it! Don speaks in quick jerks, almost like road drill, and also has an odd laugh which is a curious cross between a gurgle and a guffaw. Like most people in the Midlands, he has no appreciable accent.* So there you are. Maybe D.R. will retaliate some day by letting you know what he thought of me.

The little house is full of books. Books are everywhere and the few bookshelves are crammed. D.R. certainly varies his reading. His collection covered practically everything readable - fictional, classical, technical and pornographic. There were even some science-fictional books there. He told me he had a collection and a typewriter, but I never got round to seeing them. Anyway, every fan has a collection and a typer, except me. I just have the typer.

I stopped for dinner. And tea. With the family I discussed big cities and small towns, and at intervals tortured the family cat, a lordly monster, who remained lethargic and indifferent throughout it all. Never have I seen such a morose or apathetic mouser as the one at Smith's. With D.R. himself the discussion veered to fans, societies and conventions, about all of which D.R. is slightly sceptical. Also told me how he was roped into stf, by once being in hospital, and whilst there reading a Wonder Stories announcing the formation of the Nucleaton Branch of the SFU.

When I came away from No. 13 I carried with me two of the latest ASTOUNDINGS, the first two parts of "Second Stage Lensman", and Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World". And as I rolled back towards Wolverhampton on the bus, I felt almost at

* As Sid Birchby pointed out when he read this account, it is significant that Erik the Needy is also a native of the Midlands. ---DW.

peace with the world.

Incidentally, if this article ain't so hot, remember, I'm not Woof Temple !

.....

Editor's Note:---

Mr. Smith writes: "I repudiate at once Erik Needham's imputation that I read pornographic literature. I did point out a set of Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights" to him and mention that the Encyclopedia Britannica refers to it as a "masterpiece of pornography", but I believe I added that I rather disagree with this view, and that in any case I haven't waded through the whole thing. In any case, as Burton says in about fifteen different languages at the front of each volume "to the pure all things are pure"."

Shame on you, Erik ! What have you got to say for yourself, you bad boy ?

PS: Hey, Don, when can you persuade your brother to lend us Burton ? ---DW.

(+) (+) (+) (+) (+) (+)

W H A C K Y

Vol. 1 No. 2

§ I

The telephone honked melodiously. He picked it up and after a moment's hesitation asked "Hello - is that me?" The answer he had been fearing came back. "Yes, it is. Who are you?" He sighed: argument was useless - besides he knew he was in the wrong. "All right," he said wearily: "You win." A sudden purple twinge of toothache nearly choked him for a moment and he added hopelessly: "Don't forget to have that stopping seen to this afternoon." "Ouch! as if I would," growled the voice testily. There was a pause. "Well, what do you want me to do now?" he asked at last. The reply, though half expected, was chilling. "Do? It doesn't matter. You just aren't!"

Nor was he.

§ II

"The amazing affair of the Elastic Sided Eggwhisk," said the Great Detective "would no doubt have remained unsolved to this very day, if by great misfortune it had ever occurred. The fact that it didn't I count as one of my luckiest escapes."

Those of us who possessed heads nodded in agreement.

He paused to drain the sump of his hookah, then continued.

"But even that fades into insignificance before the horrible tragedy that occurred in the House Where the Aspidistra Ran Amok. Fortunately I was not born at the time: otherwise I should certainly have been one of the victims."

We shuddered in assent. Some of us had been there. Some of us were still there.

"Weren't you connected with the curious case of the Camphorated Kipper?"

He coughed deprecatingly.

"Intimately. I was the Camphorated Kipper."

At this point two men arrived to carry me back to the taxidermist's, so I cannot tell you any more.

§ III

"Phew!" said the man in the pink silk pyjamas. "I had a horrid dream last night!"

"Oh!" said the other disinterestedly.

"Yes - I thought that my wife had poisoned me for the insurance. It was so vivid I was mighty glad when I woke up."

"Indeed?" said his companion politely. "And just where do you think you are right now?"

E.G.O. 29.5.42.

PUB. NOTICE

TO ALL THOSE KIND PERSONS WHO POINTED OUT THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN 'PUBIC' AND 'PUBLIC'.....

Our thanks. Having been to primary school (among other places) we are aware of the meaning of "pubic"; and we assumed that Mr. Ackerman, like all our other clever correspondents, did as well. Therefore, when he wrote "public hair" in italics and called it an official term, a 'misnomer' & a euphemism, we reasoned that it was just what he called it - a euphemistic official term for "pubic hair" current in USA which hadn't hitherto come to our notice. If we were wrong, we apologise for startling our readers; but until word comes from America, we cannot be quite sure we were wrong. We have spake. -DW.

RATIONALISM on Women's Hats

BY

CHARLES ROWLANDS

When the editor gives his considered opinion that Mrs. Burke scores a decisive victory over D.R. Smith on the tortuous problem of women's hats and their *raison d'etre*, one's first reaction is to agree; partly in deference to the editor himself, who, one feels, must be right; partly in the chivalrous opinion that the lady is worthy of one's support; and in the case of those of us who pride ourselves upon our independent thinking, because we realise that Mrs. Burke should know more about the intricacies of a woman's mental processes than Smith or, for that matter, any mere man. Nevertheless, Smith is undoubtedly correct in his basic premise, that the object of these eye-arresting pieces of adornment is to trap the unwary male.

You don't believe that? Neither does Mrs. Burke nor the majority of those women who take the trouble to find a conscious reason for their choice of weird headgear. The reason, they say, is not to attract the male but to afford a feeling of superiority over, and cause actual annoyance to, other members of their own sex. Recalling certain experiences with women that have illustrated only too well their general cattishness, some of you may feel more convinced than ever of the impregnability of Mrs. Burke's case. But there is no basic difference between the male and female minds. Both men and women are endowed with the same instincts and consequently experience similar emotions; some, perhaps, are stronger in men than in women or vice versa, but basically they are the same. In these days of alleged feminine equality with men, women themselves should be the last to deny that.

When a man goes to a dance or to a mixed party, he will shave, plaster down his hair (if it's that kind of hair), dress in his best and make himself generally

eloquent. To follow Mrs. Burke's line of argument, he must do this because he wishes to annoy the other men who will be present. Surely not! In this instance men are more honest than women. Your immaculately groomed, well-dressed man doesn't say to himself, "This'll put that so-and-so Bill in his place!" or "Won't Jimmy envy me when he sees me got up like this!" If he gives the matter any thought, he admits quite honestly that the people he wants to impress are not those of his own sex but those of the opposite. I submit, therefore, that the difference between the male and female minds in the matter of personal adornment is not so much one of object, but rather of degree of emotional repression. Man, always a lusty animal, finds no mental barrier to his thoughts and desires concerning women. Women, no doubt as a result of a tendency towards self-repression, inherited from countless generations in which women have been regarded as, and have considered themselves, inferior beings, will not consciously admit the true object of her self-decoration. Instead, she rationalises her natural desires and persuades her conscious mind, as does Mrs. Burke in the case of women's hats, that the object of wearing any article of attire that is likely to attract the attention of the male is to "give a smack in the eye to Sarah." Poor deluded women! Perhaps we men have some justification for regarding them as the weaker sex.

SWILLINGS from the Stf Trough

SERVED UP BY

SWINE

SWINE is humble. He will learn, he will adapt himself, he will go to any lengths to ingratiate himself into the kind favour of s.f. "fans". Sidney L. Birchby suggests that SWINE is "bitter & venomous". To my shame and bewilderment I find disparaged my good taste and discretion. SWILLINGS, it seems, is a "poor show". Not cricket, in fact. Like Lord Vansittart and that cad Adolf Hitler. So, straining every nerve to win back into the Playing Fields that spread verdantly through the brain of our bluff friend, SWINE intends to SWILL helpfully and constructively.

SWINE wished to throw all his weight, and his very considerable influence, behind the "fan" society in process of being organised by John Michael Rosenblum, editor of FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST. One of my reasons I shall set out here.

I am told that a number of s.f. "fans" met, recently, in London. Among them were G. Kenneth Chapman, Edward J. Carnell, and Frank Edward Arnold. These three people decided, on no shadow of authority, to formulate the attitude of a defunct organisation known as "The Science Fiction Association" towards J. Michael Rosenblum's Society. This sort of procedure is not an innovation in the running of the "S.F.A." There was a fear, it seems, that when they attempt to pump life into the "S.F.A." corpse after the war, J. M. Rosenblum's society may decline to pass peacefully out of existence. The situation appears to SWINE hypothetical. That flaccid body, the "S.F.A." has, I suggest, an expectation of life comparable with that of Mr. Hitler's New Order, or of Mr. Churchill's Old Order. I gather that these surviving representatives of a forgotten association decided that they could not give J. M. Rosenblum permission to use the name "Science Fiction Association" . . . even, I suppose, if

they were asked . . .

§ § § § § §

John Michael Rosenblum, with a small group of followers, split off from the "S.F.A." in its Leeds days. Thereafter, he seemed to be regarded by the executive (even after it became the London "Ted-Ken-Frank" triplet) as "a very poor show". This projected new society probably seems to these gentlemen an inexcusable piece of pushful vulgarism. Their decision, I am told, is simply to ignore it, in the hope, presumably, that it forthwith goes purple round the ears and dies of shame. This must mean, of course, that Edward J. Carnell immediately cancelled his nominations for Presidency and/or Directorship. Because, otherwise, SWINE can imagine that the ordinary "fan" might conceive uncharitably suspicious of the motives of this "S.F.A." devotee. In fact, SWINE can imagine that the ordinary "fan" might feel impelled to cancel our hearty friend "Ted's" nomination for him.

SWINE has conceived a brilliantly porcine solution for the problems of "fandom". At a stroke, it smoothes away our cares and frettings, and we all settle down into one, big, peaceful, happy family. I propose to follow the lead of one of our most solid and firmly established political parties. I have the honour to suggest that Michael Rosenblum should form two societies, one to be called "THE FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN" and the other "THE YOUNG FUTURIAN'S LEAGUE".

The F.S.G.B. is to contain the "older fans", the "fans" who have grown up, the "fans" who have developed perversions of a different kind from the single-minded pursuit of s.f. Into the F.S.G.B. would throng the Pacifist "fans", the Communist "fans", the Fascist "fans". Eric Frank Russell, with his ardent pursuit of the shade of Charles Fort, and his homicidal mania against the Astronomers: Frank Edward Arnold, with his whole-hearted lust for the blood and suffering of male Germans (dare one discern two perversions here?).

Members of "The Young Futurian's League" would graduate into the F.S.G.B. when they mature. Here would be the tadpole "fans", who dream away their hours with Lensmen, and parsecs., and bus-bars, and red two-fisted battles against Grig-Grogs and Mangle-Wurzles. The "fans" who haven't developed, and those who never will.

In conclusion, SWINE begs to propose, as permanent President of "The Young Futurian's League" --

MR. EDWARD J. CARNELL

§ § § § § §

In the first helping of SWILLINGS, SWINE had a word to say concerning FRANK EDWARD ARNOLD. No answer, from this individual, has been published. This is not, however, as one might imagine, because he felt his position too deplorable to defend. He wrote some sort of defence, and the editor of FANTAST found that he could not bring himself to print it.* I shall not talk about the Democratic Press, or freedom of expression of opinion. I shall not even talk about the common decency of giving the person one has attacked some sort of hearing. I merely wish to make it clear that the responsibility is not - SWINE's

AFTERTHOUGHT ON THE YOUNG FUTURIAN'S LEAGUE:

SWINE takes some pleasure in presenting their Anthem to the Y.F.L. Composed and written down by SWINE. To be sung, on invitation, by President Edward J. Carnell.

Ed. note: FEA writes -- "Don't worry about the letter, I'll write it again in millions of words before I'm dead. (For Swine's info, my full initials are: Francis Edward Joseph Eric Arnold, Donald for short. Check this with Johnny Burke's historical records.)" So?

Y. F. L. APOHEIM

My goodness, I'm a "fan"! .
 A wee, sweet fatty man.
 I excrete, and sublimate,
 As only fannies can!

I do love StreetandSmith,
 I think Ray Palmer smells,
 I know Bob Heinlein's more advanced
 Than dry old H. G. Wells!

§ § § § § §

Since the "who did what, Auntie?" technique seems to be all the rage in fan gossip columns, and London Letters, nowadays, SWINE hastens to fall into line. Do you know, kiddies:--

Who sent a letter to what Manchester "fan-magazine" editor, over what Preston "fan's" signature, from what London "fan's" address, written on what Aberdeen "fan's" typewriter, addressed in what London "fan's" handwriting? And how did it come to include an extract from SWINE's rejoinder to FRANK EDWARD ARNOLD's (hitherto unpublished) reply to my original attack? And over what London "fan's" name does Harry Turner intend to print this effusion?

† †

From where I sit, I can see a large box labelled "Slug Bait". You sprinkle it on the ground in little heaps, and the slugs rise to it: fat, white, slimy ones. This gives SWINE a hint for this month's concluding Inspirational Thought. "Fandom" may be Hogwash, but SWILLINGS are SLUG BAIT.

§ † § † § † § † §

SWINE: Canst slobber and still live?

FREE ADVERT !

F A N S ---

! FREE ADVERT

BOYCOTT ZENITH !

The current issue of ZENITH has just arrived, & we are disgusted to see in this fine magazine, which has held so high a place in our esteem, a section aimed at consigning To Hell all these activities - forming mutual admiration societies, making a religion of stf, the now-formed British Fantasy Society - which have always been the life-blood of fans & are now accepted unthinkingly by all true members of fandom. We are surprised at Mr. Harry Turner and hurt by his low anarchist boardedies. Come, Comrades ! -- Strike quickly, for we must strangle this insidious Fanarchy before it spreads abroad and disturbs the tranquillity of the minds of fan-kind. It must not survive. Aux armes, citoyens !

BOYCOTT FANTAST ! !

We were with the editor of THE FANTAST when he first read the news. "Good ol' Hairy!" he yelped, leaping out of his deep arm-chair. It was nauseating. Still mouthing "My ol' pal Hairy . . ." & "Wee that he's got in his ear before me" he dived for the typewriter, obviously with CTHULHU in mind. So FANTAST is with them as well: gather round & fight hard, Comrades, for the powers of Darkness are upon us

BOYCOTT CTHULHU ! !

And alas, alas, but CTHULHU teems with Fanarchy. But be of good heart, men, for the flame still flickers, & if we form clubs quickly, perhaps, even yet

Bring Up Loose Ends Dept.

by

Douglas Webster

We have little to say, & less space in which to say it. First, though, we must break the news that this will be the last FANTAST until sometime this autumn or winter. That some of our material on hand is good, but most very second-rate, doesn't worry us (though when we look at ZENITH we shudder & swear that Harry must bear the burden much more nobly than we); but a specialised attack of the doldrums has hit us and - this is the real reason - we've decided that if we must be segregated from our fellow-men, we shall spend the time, of an evening, not cutting stencils or sweating at the mimeo but sitting in the sun & reading; not wasting effort on the thousand petty tasks incumbent on the fanmag editor but writing more often to our neglected friends & reading these many books we've collected through the winter; in improving our mind - verily! - and at last, after two years of stagnation, putting in some work for the future. In the meantime, we may turn our hand to a second CTHULHU if the mood takes us; & we have other plans which you may see anon . . .

To explain the "Free Advert" on p.29 - we left the stencil in the machine while we went to the flicks, & Miguel got to work. Recently malicious rumours in Fido have besmirched our good reputation, but we must state we are most definitely Fanarchist.

F A N T A S T ' S
F O L L Y

After a six months' interval, FANTAST brings you back Mr. *H.R. Smith*. This gent wrote us a huge missive after the last Fay, & we'll now proceed to waste a few pages on it. The MS began --

"How now, Brown Cow? This is certainly one fine FANTAST which you have produced as a result of your long-protacted strivings, not only the best to come from the Webster Press but the best ever. Let me approach the task of criticising such a formidable opus with great delicacy. **

What, no nude? [Sorry.] How very nice to have a cover which does not introduce this vexed question as to what naked women have to do with fantasy or fantasy with naked women. I like the cover. I am much in favour of having such a cover as a permanent one, it is neat and workmanlike and conveys to my mind something in tune with the crazy patchwork quilt that is the mind of the fan. Shall I give it full marks? Yes, I think so. Atta Harry! [Smith approves.] ** Who are these "Intelligentsia" for whom Lowndes and his ilk seem to entertain a violent dislike?

Donald, Off-hand I should say that they are the sort of people who read the sort of verse that Lowndes, Michel et Cie turn out, in which case Lowndes Michel Incorp are members of the same group. [I.e. they dislike themselves.] Not if we know Doc

Lowndes!] They are very nice people anyway, and I'm bothered if I can see why Lowndes has such a grudge against them, unless it's jealousy. He doesn't accuse them of doing anybody any harm, as he would the capitalists, apparently the mere fact that there are people more intelligent and more fortunate than he is himself is enough to infuriate him. [I.e. RWL is more intelligent & fortunate than he is himself. How we envy him!]

A very very characteristic of humanity in educated enough to be miserable and Shall we say 7? [We shall. This

DRR natural reaction, of course, its present state of being not enough to be happy. now unties itself from its knot & proceeds.] ** Clarke's enthusiasm for astronomical enterprise is almost overwhelming, but I am with him all along the line. I particularly appreciate his comparison of computing rocket performances with the writing of poetry, it is a very accurate one. 8. ** Ackerman's "Nude Gels" is very funny (and by the way,

why didn't you change his "public hair" into the "public hair" that I presume he actually meant by "the official term"?). [I'd above preserve us - we'll never hear the end of this!] I think this "purely aesthetic" idea of any man's interest in feminine nudity is rubbish, and in Acky's case it is very obvious that nudes to him mean sex spelt with a large C. [We suspect our friend is indulging in a particularly doubtful joke here, but either we're too innocent, or it's too subtle.] From the functional point of view of art - which is the one I strive to adhere to as the simplest basis - a man's body is far more pleasing than a woman's. The female body is designed for child-bearing, is therefore broad at the hips and tapers both ways from the hips, and thus lacks strength and balance. A well-developed male body, designed for running, fighting, striving, working, has the beauty of poise, of efficiency, of strength. The arm of a muscular man with its interplay of muscle and sinew, biceps and triceps, pronators and supinators, is a thing of beauty on its own, superior to the much-belauded soft slenderness of a woman's leg. The basis of man's admiration for female nudes is sexual, but a very refined, spiritual emotion to actively aphrodisiacal, and the aim of the censor is, of course, to determine when, for normal people, the second stage sets in, and to put his foot down at that point. For abnormal people the second stage may commence at something even like Turner's illustration "artists model" (8 for this by the way) in which the nude is becoming merged into pure design, but fortunately the rest of us are not to be penalised for that. ** As a sideline at this point it might be noted that our present convention for feminine beauty tends to adopt the least feminine, the most masculine, type as the ideal. Narrower hips, broader shoulders, longer legs than the classical ideal grow more and more prevalent, Turner's "Study" in the latest Zenith has shoulders that many a man might be jealous of, and some of the VoMaidens looked more like weight-lifters than women. [We had taken "Study" to be more of a satire than anything else - but maybe we're wrong as usual, Harry?] I would like to deduce from this a tendency in young artists who are aiming at avoiding sexual inferences in feminine nudes to drift therefore to the more aesthetically satisfactory male proportions, but I think this is both going too far and not far enough. In the first case male artists naturally tend to draw masculinely proportioned female nudes unless they have been properly trained, and in the second case the tendency towards admiration of masculine women seems to be a general one of the age. ** Returning to Acky's article, why doesn't he release some of his yearning to behold nude women by joining a nudist's colony? I suppose there must be such things in a go-ahead place like California, and I fancy his enthusiasm would cool off pretty rapidly when he saw what a shapeless lump of meat the average female body is. [Mr. Smith, Fandom's #1 Cosmopolitan, can speak with authority on many subjects.] And in the meantime it would show more purely artistic spirit and encourage his feminist readers if he published a few large muscular VoMen - I suppose it is uselessly suggesting that a few tastefully draped figures would make a very pleasant change! 6 for Acky; as England's Number One Prude I ought to give him less, but I always did lean over backwards in my efforts to be fair! ** I feel very humble, very humble indeed when I read Burke's article on your qualities and then note his remark in his last letter that he hasn't done you justice. I even forgive you your habit of using your correspondents as subjects of psychological research (though it's dashed bad form old boy) - not very sensational news to me! [It's also gross exaggeration.] It is a pleasant article this, very pleasant 8 ** Now "Whacky" is just what we've been waiting for. Why didn't somebody start this up some time before? The first piece was truly delicious, the second only slightly less so. More please.

Much more. [There is also much more of the letter - on Ego, SWINE, poems, editorials, hats, pseudonyms, water, & lastly, Folly.] "Folly" seems to me to be the best ever. Lowides is interesting, Temple delightful (aided by your editorial comments), Hopkins exciting, Rothman on del Rey most fascinating, and the whole thing something to be read and re-read. Certainly 10 for this. [You may ask why we've wasted so much space with this one letter. Reason is we've been experimenting lately with the scheme of presenting one letter (last issue 'twas the Ego's) which discusses most items & gives opinions representative of the majority. So there you are.]

FROM Harold CHIBBETT quoth:

"An excellent job, if I may say so [referring to either the present Fay, or his own article]; but what a wet article. Wonder who wrote it? The illustrations are very good - H.E.T.'s efforts are excellent as usual. You seem to have got my girth approximately right. Who described me to you? I suspect saboteur Sid." [Any doubts that H. is a Zulu witch-doctor must hereby be dispelled.]

Harold HANSON, travelling rapidly again, pauses and says --
 "And now for Fantast. "Some Dope On the Underworld" is O.K. by me. I was specially interested in that "were-worm" Sid found 75 feet below ground. What's it turn into on Walpurgis Nacht? A wolf? "For the Intelligentsia" I leave for them. Naturally I approved of "Bicarbonate for Eric." I like Arthur's point that there will be large numbers of trained men, after the war, unwilling to settle down to un-congenial jobs again. There's one here, too, who has no great hankering to become just a writer of neatly-turned minutes in the Civil Service. ** Forry's article has its points; the best part, of course, is the story about Carmen Miranda. (And I fascinate just about describes her too.) Did you ever see one of the Tarzan films (the second or third in the series) in which Weismuller & Maureen O'Sullivan gave a five minutes or so display of underwater swimming? Incredible as it seemed, the lady wore nothing at all above the waist & the water was permitted to remain perfectly clear. [Silly question: of course we saw it. But it is not generally known that the Miffy has seen it more often, even, than he's seen THINGS TO COME.] ** I admire your broad-mindedness in devoting three pages to the subject of women's hats. Can you imagine an American fan-mag doing that? What a hulloballoo there'd be! ** MURDER THAT Swine provides stuff nearly as stimulating as Cassandra used to in the Mirror but he doesn't seem to hit the nail on the head too often, unfortunately. But - assuming the whole thing isn't a parody, & I wouldn't say it isn't - Swine is so evidently trying so damned hard to be venomous that surely few of his victims could feel offended."

Some rather interesting dope from Jack GIBSON:

"I must say I like Chauvenet's letter in Folly; his analogy is a very neat one and the I'm one of the 'cripples' his attitude toward religion seems eminently fair. But not necessarily the correct one to adopt. As nearly as I can gather he thinks that faith in God can be shown to be misplaced, or to put it more concisely reason can out faith. Actually of course if a person has any real faith no amount of reasoning can affect it. ** While on this subject, can anyone of Fay's readers advance me a reasonable explanation of just who or what Christ was? The main proposals of the materialists seem to be a) a prophet b) he just didn't exist at all. To those who hold to the former view I would say "a prophet of what?"; and to the other faction "do you believe there was ever such a man as William the Conqueror?" There is more

evidence of Christ's reality than of Willie's. (Being somewhat inclined to the materialist creed ourselves (though certainly not an expert in religion), we must needs take up the cudgel. (a): We doubt that such a thing as a prophet can exist. Assuming - as we do - that time travel is nothing more than a pleasant fairy-story, we find that 'prophecy' is foretelling the future by normal or supernatural means. In-certain in a very restricted sense (i.e., you can tell with fair certainty that tomorrow you will get up, shave, have breakfast, &c.; and so on) foretelling the future by normal means is impossible, because future events are determined by such an infinity of factors, most of which we know nothing about & cannot control. Supernatural means lead to (b) - Did Christ exist? Quite possibly, we should say, he did. Accounts of him & his actions will be very much warped & inaccurate; very often, meant allegorically, they will be translated literally. Most likely he was either the mythical extension of a number of leaders or kings who did exist at the time; or (which we prefer) a normal man like the rest of us, though doubtless gifted with superior abilities which helped to make his philosophy popular. Certainly the 'Son of God' myth seems very unlikely to be true. Along with the numerous other god-human hybrid myths in various religions, it seems to us worth little more than the "doubtful parentage" crack made by Ron Holmes (who boasts of a dirty mind). So - supernatural means are....out.] ** Re the letter penned by Maurice Hanson and Ego Clarke's article; they both seem to have misunderstood Eric Hopkins' intention, or at least have interpreted his (EH's) indigestible morsel in a different fashion to the way in which I interpreted it (Ghu! what an involved and clumsy sentence!). They both accuse, either directly or by implication, Eric of suggesting a ban on technical research, which of course he did not. Neither Ego nor Maurice gave a satisfactory reply to Hopkins' statement that space travel will surely sow seeds of discord among the various nations unless we postpone its use until mankind is one vast united whole. Maybe without Columbus there would have been no Penguin Specials but how many people buy these? How large a proportion of the human race can afford to buy them? Incidentally the idea that space travel will confer great benefits upon humanity doesn't mean much. Because most exploration is followed by exploitation and a few unscrupulous people usually manage to get a

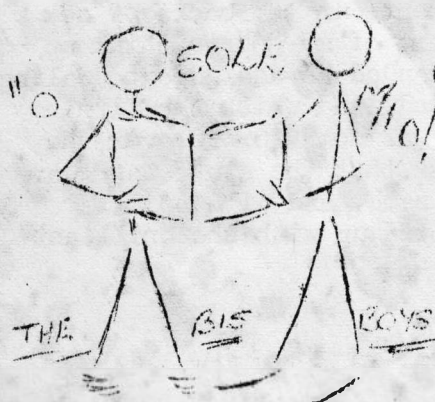
stranglehold upon anything which promises rich dividends as some of the results of space travel undoubtedly will.

*** At anyrate I prefer Eric's views to those of the two duettists. His article contained so many remarks which touched responsive chords in me, in particular, "The nationality doesn't matter; thousands of men" etc. The whole-sale slaughter of men no matter what the race is sufficient argument for a more vigorous pursuit of the social sciences and compared to the excitement of rocket research these hold little attraction for prospective students. Perhaps the resources of Earth are almost infinite as regards wealth but there are few, so very few individuals with the necessary qualifications for scientific research that to waste any part of this talent upon space travel is sheerest folly. It boils down to this: Should so&so attempt being an astronaut or psychologist? To me the answer is obvious." [It must be admitted that when he wrote this Wacko was reading his first book on general psychology & may not have come to the section on talents & temperaments; but apart from this we find his views very convincing . . .]

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Unsigned postcard reads:

"Had'ya mean by putting "Snow-White" opposite my name? You're a Dirty Dog, dog." [We weep. Someday we're going to bundle up all these anonymous-letter-senders & pseudonym-users, send 'em to Smith COD, & see who gets who first.]



Urgent & speedy letter dashes in from

"It's absolutely necessary to read the fanzines these days, I maintain, in order to acquire a complete education. Time was when I was content to browse thru an encyclopedia or perhaps one of Jeans' tomes on a lazy summer afternoon to pick up a few spots of quaint knowledge for addition to my storehouse of same. Now I just read the fanzines, especially Fantast. Especially the April, 1942 issue. ** Forry's article on some of the quainter aspects of human anatomy is ... well, invigorating. Before going further into the interesting matter, right here is the place to make a comment. British fanzines are to be admired for the freedom of speech they use to fill their pages with. By that I mean: picture that article .. or any article on a similar subject, appearing in an American fanzine! If a given publication (printing such) had one hundred subscribers, one hundred and one of them would promptly demand full refund and never speak to the (author) (editor) and (postman) again. Such are the vagaries of the American fan. [Kinda tough on Forry! We are safe from such treatment over here, but he's rather let himself in for it . . .] Of course, I am not to be taken literally on the above statements; a good many fans would holler for more. But I'll wager the majority of the magazine's paying public wouldn't. [Maybe that's it: so very few of our public pay us that on the whole they have no control over us at all.]

Go! Never darken
my doorstep
again!



popped into me mind upon first reading of the item. To wit: ** When I was working in the advertising and/or publicity dept of a firm in Indianapolis I chanced across a similar interest in Forry's "public" hair. We called it pubic hair then. [Gad - so we were wrong after all. We grovel in abasement.] This firm was engaged in the questionable business of manufacturing various goos and jams and jellies that aren't advertised on billboards, but rather in obscure advertisements in the backs of sex magazines and upon walls of public conveniences. It was part of my job to think up catchy trade names for such products. ** One day I was handed an assignment dealing with a pinkish goo the firm's technicians had just concocted, and which the firm, quite naturally, wished to inflict upon the public. There was some furor over the pink goo because one of the laboratory men assured the boss that the stuff was guaranteed to remove the hair off a dog's back, if applied to same, and with no ill effects to the dog. Well, that much was alright, but I popped up with the brilliant idea of selling it to men to remove beards from their faces ... and to haddes with the ladies.

I was damned near fired. ** Some of the gentlemen on the board of control also were on the board of control of some razor blade companies ... and see what it would do to the razor blade business? So my suggestion was tossed into the waste basket. ** So my immediate superior in the advertising department and I huddled our heads upon a campaign. The goo must work wonders for the ladies, but mustn't be used under any consideration upon the faces of the gentlemen. That was a tough nut to crack. ** My superior finally arrived at a wonderful idea: we would use actual testimonials in our advertising; accompanied by statements of reputable authorities who had been there when the stuff worked, and of course whose word was not to be questioned. The firm rounded up about ten girls from a model agency who had been told what was expected of them. They even had to sign papers pro-



missing not to sue. (Previously, I had suggested using some of the office girls in the test because I was curious about one or two, but the legal dept. turned thumbs down on this on various grounds; chief among which was that they would be in a better position to sue.) So we used the girls from the agency. ** I know what you're expecting now. A climax. Well there isn't any. Not being a reputable authority I wasn't allowed to witness the test. The firm brought in a couple of has-been doctors who willingly (for a sum) allowed their name to be used in connection with the stuff. The doctors made all the tests. My part in the business was finished when I named the goo "Flip". Don't ask me what the term has to do with anything-whatsoever, I don't know. That's just the way business and advertising works. ** "Flip" never did come onto the market because the razor blade boys became alarmed in the end and suppressed the stuff. The public never knew what a favor had been done it, for personally, I wouldn't want to smear anything on me that was guaranteed to take the hair off a dog's back. I prefer something slightly less drastic. So much for public, public and private hair. And Forry's case in particular. (Altho I might echo, feebly, his remark: "Down with women!" I would be something of a cad did I not echo it.) ** The issue (April) as a whole I think deserves a ten-spot. There wasn't anything in it that wasn't readable; most of the material was extremely readable, and taken as a whole -- mechanical make-up included -- it surpasses most of the fanzines being published over here on the "peaceful" side of the Atlantic. Comparing fanzines of the two worlds in a relative manner, most of ours look ... and are ... mangy."

Says Orville, our Office Genius----

"Swillings. I'm naughty, but I likes it. [To the anti-SWINE-ists it might be mentioned that for each one of them there are two or more who agree with Ego.] His- Eric, calls you a dirty devil - my God!! 8. [We feel suitably complimented.] ** His- tory. This really is good. I look forward to the ending with impatience. Hurry up with it! 10. ** Whacky. Liked it. Must try & contribute sometime. 8. [Soon afterwards arrived Whacky \$2. q.v. p.25; & a later letter explained.] So, you're baffled! 'Sfunny how people's ideas differ on even straightforward writing so one can hardly expect agreement on such material as my effort at "Whacky". However, what happened was this -- I thought the original two efforts, though good in their way, were not quite my ideas of whackiness. So I set down to write my version & of the three I consider the Great Detective much the best. But I don't believe one can possibly draw comparisons between different breeds of d.t.'s. [We had said Ego's efforts didn't appeal to us as much as the original, and that of the three, the G.D. seemed least worth-while. To analyse the two, Conway's we thought very well done: it depended on atmosphere & choice of words; Ego's we like: they preach the theme "Things are not what they seem."] What about asking for the muttiest contributions from all your readers? They would of course all have utterly different ideas but it would be interesting to see who could reach the greatest heights of insanity. [With some trepidation we second the motion.] I look forward with uncontained excitement to the last part of my serial - if you can't get the next Pay out soon you'll have to send the MS back so I can see what happens. ** [And in a yet later letter . . .] Overheard in the blackout the other night, about 1 in the morning after coming off the evening shift [he doesn't seem to be quite sure when it was, does he?]- "Of course the fuel problem is difficult but perhaps we can use atomic hydrogen . . . " Yes, you guessed it! I halted on the spot & grabbed two victims." [What Ay Man.]

One or two snippets from Roland FORSTER:

"Was vastly amused by "Nude Gels". The idea of a film fan pining slowly away through the thought that he'll never see his favourite without her whatnots! I grin widely. Personally, I'm not affected, as I cannot imagine that my liking for Bette Davis would be appreciably increased by my seeing her in the

altogether. On the other hand I can think of some actresses....! Say, 4E, what about a few copies of that photograph of Carmen Miranda? (9) [Commendable idea: send 'em over, 4E. We'll see to it that they're distributed.] ** D.W.L.W.: Hellowa nice fellow, ain'tcha, Doug? Whether Johnny has taken journalistic liberties with you I'm not qualified to say, but he is at least a good essayist. (8) [Journalistic libs is right: we're a whale of a lot nicer than he said.] ** "Fantomacy": Good, very good. (9). ** Swine: Also good. Highly amusing. I don't think he's got any dope on me; so I can sit back and laugh at the slandering of others. (6). [R.F.'s views on the last three items are precisely indicative of the opinion of the majority, since they started. There is no SotA this issue because JEP "didn't feel in the mood" for it. What can a poor editor do?]

Hear ye! True confessions from Rita PITMAN

"Two nice things happened on Weds. I met John Burke and Fay arrived with some delicious sketches in Folly (by you I hope!) [We do not commit ourselves.] ** Why doesn't someone tell Ackerman that the term is "pubic hair" (so called of course because it grows in the pubic area). [Next time we're told this we'll scream! Ghu preserve us in future from innocents.] I think his language is foul & if his reasoning is sound (re mudes) well haven't we all thought much the same thing anyway. [And if it isn't, we think blue cats should always have chaperones.] As to whether mudes look better with hair or without I should say it depends entirely on the hair [We're choosy about our mudes, too, although . . .] - usually it is coarser & darker than that on the hear & often inclined to be wiry. ** Apart from the endless strings of patients I have bed-bathed [to the uninitiate: Rita is a nurse] we used to go swimming in Denmark just as we were, as it were, & I have had full opportunity to study my subject. ** I should say that the percentage of women who for artistic purposes would look better with it is extremely low. ** You could at this juncture be told the story of the red-headed Nurse - but I must get to Burke . . . " [Shame - spoilsport! Hear ye again, though: this must close the discussion on mudes. Let there be no further disquisitioning, outside the realm of wisecrackery.]

And in full peroration comes Mr. William F. Temple.

"My Dear Little Webster-man FANTAST continues to be the best (Signaller - let's human.) [Scum] Every issue of FANTAST continues to be the best (Signaller - let's human.) yet. The crystalline gent on the cover [title - which we forgot to cram in - was "Fan in the pale blue stockings".] was a really clever piece of work. Harry's imagination is developing in step with his talent (or does that sound patronising?). Anyway, he's definitely an artist now. [Examination of following is needed to determine content of above.] ** All right then, Sid Birchby, there's no "Land Under England." [What keeps it up, then, pray, good sir?] Someone in ASTOUNDING has proved there's no life on Venus, & Mars & the Moon, as Science staggers on, seem to become more & more uninhabitable. The stars are too remote to reach in our lifetime, they sell ice-cream at the North Pole nowadays, Ihasa has an Odeon, the Maracoot Deep is a U-boat base, & there is a lock-out strike at King Solomon's Mines. That's it, takes all the romance out of life, you Birchbys! The pore ole s-f. author wouldn't know where to turn next if it wasn't for Time & the now rather dog-eared run of Dimensions. Still, there's always the wild & mad land of Scotland, with its sporran-sprained, haggis-haggard, bagpipe-bound inhabitants, where anything may happen. (& don't put in brackets: "And generally does.--DW.") [But it does, ne cocko! Selfsame Birchbys sworn up to the wilds betimes, and invade the sanctuary. We even shot down a haggis, and fed him on it. Latest reports declare he is still alive.] ** Hi-ya, Spirit of the New Age! No need to meet up with you now - I've already done so, so vivid is Johnny's description." [Why, Bill, you meanie . . . Oh shucks, & that's the last stencil. And how witty was our Will later on - and how interesting the other letters - and . . . well: Fanarchy über alles, & goodbye--DW]