

APRIL  
1942

TURNER



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Cover by H.E.Turner

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FOR NO APPARENT REASON

Fantast Presents Excerpts It Likes

for no apparent reason

THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN, #55:

"We are overjoyed to note that Street & Smith are taking good care of their favorite editor, John W. Campbell, Jr., by furnishing him with an "Ass Editor" in the form of Catherine Tarrant to assist him in the preparation of Unknown Worlds. We believe that contented editors definately do better work, but we trust Campbell will use discretion with this new office attatchment and not run himself down either physically or mentally as we like both Astounding and Unknown. We'd like to announce here that we give Street & Smith the honor of the most understanding employers, what other houses give their favorite employees Ass Editors?

"See Contents Page of October 1941 Unknown Worlds."

Sidelights.

AIRMAILLETER, New Year's Eve 1941:

"The Executive Committee of the Pacificon has voted to suspend activitiys on the 42con til further notice. Wollheim thinks the date shoud be shoved back "to the Summer of 1943, by which time the Emperor of Japan will be just a quote from Gilbert & Sullivan---and the Third Reich an unpleasant incident in a history book." The Futurian Socy of NY has issued a Declaration of "unswerving sympathy and loyalty to the great struggle being carried on by four-fifths of the population of Earth, headed by the alliance of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Uni Union, and China, against the barbarian thrust of the Nazi-Fascist-Japanese Axis." (These quotes courtesy Fantasy Fiction Field.)"

Forrest J Ackerman.

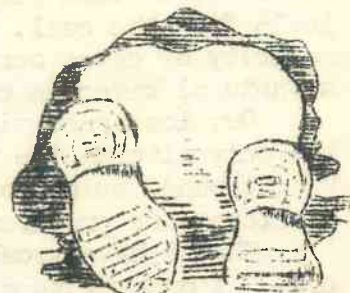
Rejected, FANTAST, April 1942:

"A plea for anarchy. I'm getting sick to death of all this spiel in US fan-mags to Get Together & Do Things, form Societies & be Cooperative. Cunningham's letter, VOM #21, p.13, almost made me retch. And there's this BFFF here. Dare I have faint hopes that one or two of my old friends will join me in this, the hour of my apostasy? If not, I rebel alone."

Douglas Webster.

# SOME DOPE ON THE UNDERWORLD

By SID BIRCHBY



Wrenching his sword from the monster's body, Mortimer Dinglepuss strode down the tunnel, glancing apprehensively from side to side as fearsome howls came out of the darkness around him. Perspiration poured off him from the increasing heat and made it difficult to breathe in the already stifling atmosphere. As he descended, a faint luminosity appeared from the walls of the cave and increased until the place was almost as light as day, and he could see the weird cave scenery of stalactite pillars, glittering with veins of mineral ores, that sprang out of a forest of vegetation.

He started, as far in the distance a gong boomed. "At last!" he cried. "The legendary kingdom of 'Uhaha!"

\* \* \* \* \*

From this point, action develops along familiar lines and it's not so long before the beautiful princess and the plot to seize the throne, together with the usual armoury of force-tubes (and shredded-wheat guns!), break out into the open.

Quite apart from the improbability that any worthwhile social structure would either evolve or survive in the cramped environment of a cave-world, what resemblance has the cave of 'Uhaha to a real one?

\* \* \* \* \*

In the first place, Morty must have been having cheese suppers, because there just aren't any monsters in caves. Our hero, reviving the old joke, would probably agree and say that he had killed them all.

Monsters live, in the absence of dumb explorers, on animals, which live on smaller animals, which live on smaller animals and so on down the line to a poor little squirt that eats either insects or plants. There is, generally speaking, no soil and no light in caves, and consequently, no insects or plants. So monsters don't live in caves.

The biggest living creature yet found in a cave is a python (big enough, you say?), although ten thousand years ago, ursus spelaeus lumbered through the Pyrenees caves. But all that is left of him is a few bones and claw-marks, and the name 'cave-bear'. Casteret, the French spelacologist, has photographed bats in a cave, and small albino tiddlers have been found in the waters of the Harroth Cave, Kentucky. About all that I have found is a were-worm approximately 75 feet down in Sweldon's Hole, Somerset, and I probably took that in with me.

It seems fairly certain that cave life, such as it is, is confined to the upper reaches and particularly the entrances. The same goes for the beautiful princess of 'Uhaha and for all other lost races supposed to be living underground.

The last eighteen months have served to show us the peculiar drawbacks of subsurface life. Imagine the tribulations of a troglodyte - the constant damp and the need for artificial light; the ultra-violet deficiency; the food problem. What could they burn for illumination? How could they generate UV? What could they grow food in?

Even our present-day technicians would - or will! - have a hard job to maintain a self-sufficient underground life.



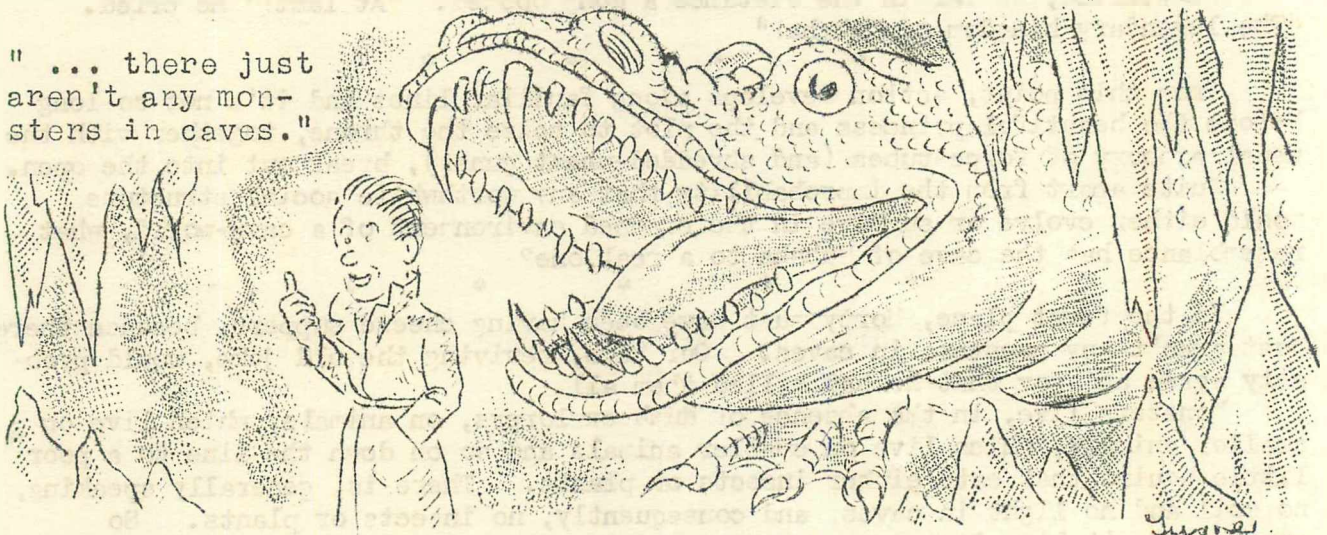
They might, by moving into a coal mine, overcome the damp, and they might generate light and UV if they had a generator, while they might dope out a hydroponics system that would keep them about half nourished - if they could get enough chemicals from the coal. But coal mines don't - hrrrr! - grow on every tree. The majority of caves occur in limestone strata through water erosion and I know of no natural caves in coal measures.

Our lost race might have a pretty thin time before it found a coal seam and the only alternative source of power is the waterfall one occasionally meets underground, which wouldn't be much use for a hydroponics plant unless the cave-dwellers were prepared to live on fish and watercress.

They'd have trouble, too, getting raw materials to maintain or build machinery. I once wrote a story, which, thank God, was never published, featuring a subterranean race that was only prevented from invading the surface through lack of a good insulating material for its electrical equipment.

Of course, if our race was not in a hurry, it might tunnel around for mineral deposits and in time it might strike mica, but it would have to range very far

"... there just aren't any monsters in caves."



afield to gather enough elements for hydroponic media.

Nossir! Any race that went underground with less scientific knowledge than ours would be dead inside a year, and to lick the environment it would have to be several steps ahead of us.

Not impossible? True, but not likely, either. Although one of the Wessex Cave Club's surveying parties may yet shoot a theodolite into a horde of charging Atlanteans, evidence seems to show that Atlantis, despite its precocious ingenuity, had a similar culture-matrix to the ancient Greeks or Chinese. Its knowledge was empirical and empirical knowledge would fail hopelessly to cope with a cavern environment.

There is no evidence of an indigenous cave race. Cave-mouth dwellers, yes: any number of them, from Herodotus' troglodytes to the contemporary Pueblo cliff-dwellers; but no permanent deep-level tribes. Sorry, Morty; no danes.

Getting back to our hero, we find him grousing about the increasing heat and stuffy atmosphere. Why, the panty waist! He reminds one of the asthma sufferer, staying at a hotel, who woke up in the night with a choking fit. As he could not find the window catch in the dark, he smashed the glass and drew in great gulps of fresh air. He felt better at once - until the next morning when he was



presented with a bill for the broken clock-glass.

Morty's been reading too much science-fiction. Caves don't, necessarily, get hotter the deeper one goes, and as for the air - it's usually much purer than on the surface because of the river running through the cave. Those of the British Isles - all of them - have a constant temperature of 52°, winter and summer, and there are perpetual ice caves in the Pyrenees. The reason isn't known, although there are as many as four theories. It's like the great argument as to how long a stalactite takes to grow an inch. Some say a thousand, some ten thousand years. And both are right. The rate of deposit depends upon several factors such as the mineral content of the solution, the speed and distance the droplets fall, and the rate of evaporation.

As for luminous walls, they just don't exist and if they did it would only be in pitchblende deposits of such richness as to be instantly fatal to any goofy explorer. Similarly the stalactite pillars, glittering with mineral ores --- rubbish, Mortimer, you're delirious.

Stalactites and all cave formations are formed by the slow evaporation of mineral solutions, principally calcium carbonate. If there happen to be impurities, the pillars come out coloured; red for iron, blue-green for copper, yellow for sodium, but all pastel shades. And there's certainly no possibility of glittering veins of ore evaporating out of such solutions.

Let's walk out on Morty, the big sissy, and leave him with his pipe-dreams. We'll go down a real cave.

\* \* \* \* \*

As it happens, there's one right near us, although you may not have noticed it before. Yes, this little hole here, with the stream running into it. You thought it was a drain? Well, in a way it is. That's how the cave was worn away.

Doesn't look very impressive? No, not from the surface, but inside it's one of the best in the country, with features that are fairly representative of all caves.

You may get wet going in, as you have to go through the stream, unless it has bypassed its original course. This happens a lot; some caves have half a dozen or more abandoned stream beds which make for drier feet but much more confusion.

Watch your footing on these loose rocks and don't peer about for stalactites. You won't find any so close to the surface. Water has to percolate through a fair thickness of rock before it can form a stalactite solution. For some distance there are only tumbled and water-worn boulders, witnesses to the turbulence of the entering stream.

You don't find any formations until you are well down and then your torch lights up a mass of stalactite on the wall. It's big and mottled and shaped like a partly-melted candle, and behind it is another and another, some joined together to make a hanging, semi-translucent curtain, glistening with drops of water. You could stay here all day raving about the beauty of it all, but you're not going to. You've got to get to the bottom and it's tough going following an underground watercourse. One moment the passage opens out into an echoing, vast boulder chamber, and the next it squeezes into a semi-vertical corkscrew turn, a foot high and a foot wide. Caversmen proceed with a gait like that of demented spiders.

What's that whisper of sound that swells into a throbbing roar? Indigestion? No, you cluck, that's the waterfall where the stream returns from its bypass. From this point you'll have to scuttle along the active stream bed unless the water wanders off again.

If you feel along one wall, you will find a ledge about a foot from water-level. Stand on that and put your back against the other wall, and then just shuffle along, brother. It's great fun if your back itches; it'll take the itch right away. And most of your back.

Now here we are at a pothole, which, as you see, is just a bunghole down which the river plunges with a noise like bathnight. Most caves have at least one vertical drop like this, which may be up to a hundred feet deep.

Can one go down it? Why, certainly. If you will just look over the edge, you will see the waterworn grooves in the sides of the funnel. Many ages ago, a boulder became caught in an eddy and whirled around until this hole was worn. Which seems to show something or other.

One usually uses a rope ladder to descend. I said one usually -- HEY, COME BACK !

---SLB, 10.7.41---

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## For the Intelligentsia

----- R. W. Lowndes.

You can close your windows but you can't shut out eight million people;  
There's something about the city's pulse that penetrates,  
Seeps through weathered stone and wood and glass  
And the cold abstraction of fine steel;  
You can close your eyes and fill your ears with your own thought-tones,  
But the beat and pulse of it lingers, stays the same  
Through the days that are nights and the nights that are days and the hours  
That are years ...

You are the millions and the millions' lives are yours;  
Yours the writhing darknesses pregnant with stillborn dreams,  
Yours the grey bewildered glooms where the maybes and the nighthavebeens  
wraith their way  
Across the backdrop of eternal now;  
Yours the ecstasy of breakthrough to the sun,  
And the incoherent agony of submission ...

Cultivate your garden if you can,  
Build your shining towers,  
Paint your pretty dreams on tiny canvasses;  
Tint your glasses with roseate hues  
And walk not streets without your perfume-vials;  
Let canines exquisitely bred inspire you,  
Confirm your soul with gleaming gadgetries,  
And if the pulse-beat of the millions gets beneath your skin,  
Call in the tropic weavers of rhythms,  
And meditate on mattresses.

You can build a fortress but you can't lay siege to tomorrow;  
The millions have claimed tomorrow; you can't jump the claim;  
The pulse-beat of the city will overwhelm you,  
Crystallize you, atomise, and sink you,  
When the millions trade in tomorrow for today.

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# BICARBONATE for Eric

By Arthur C. Clarke  
\*\*\*\*\*

BNS

My first reaction on reading Eric the Hop's attack on Maurice Hanson's inspired hymn to space conquest was "Et tu, Brute!" To think that all these years I should have nourished a viper wherever it is one nourishes vipers. Hence, these unmanly tears!

So Eric considers that the energy and money which might be devoted to the building of a space ship would be better expended on reconstruction and the righting of the world's wrongs. Let us follow this argument to its logical conclusion.

Elsewhere in the last issue of FANTAST is a poem entitled "Aspects of Violence" by Eric himself. Now it seems to me that if we are to adopt the intensely practical outlook advocated by its author, Eric should have been better employed improving his Ground Gunnery than writing a poem which after all will do nothing to better the world's condition. Surely the modern writers and poets whom Eric so admires are, by the production of non-essential literature, not using their talents as they should in a world that needs cleansing and rebuilding?

I use this argument, aware of its shortcomings as I am, because the interplanetary urge is a spiritual rather than an economic or a social one. There is no immediate necessity for space-travel (though there will be one day unless we anticipate the event) any more than there is a necessity for more new music, more new poetry or fine writing. But what of that? You cannot stop an artist dreaming in the trenches - consider the poems of the last war and the work of the Republican artists in the siege of Madrid.

I know that if my presence on this world has any purpose at all it is bound up with the development of astronautics. Eric can argue until kingdom come but I'll go on computing rocket performances just as he'll go on writing poetry. We can't help it even if it's against reason. Maurice will confirm.

So much for the defence. Now the attack.

Since the world is in a bad way, Eric would seem to regard all exploration and discovery as evil. He states that the opening up of new territory has sown the seeds of war. I deny this. The wars were produced by economic necessity, human nature, and the usual helping of original sin. If the new lands had not been discovered the resulting pressure would have caused bigger and better wars.

Be frank, Eric! Would your active, inquiring mind have been satisfied to live in a world where all the maps had "Terra Incognita" written round the edges? Think of the immense richness our discovery of nature has added to life, and then consider whether the results have been wholly or largely evil. There could be no "Penguin Specials" without the wood-pulp of the New World, so perhaps Eric will concede that some good has come from Columbus . . . I thought that would strike home.

It seems to me that there is far less possibility of war when mankind is evenly distributed over an immensely greater area than today. Interplanetary conflict is technically much more difficult than war on a single planet. Think of the supply lines - a planet can be protected fairly easily by a screen of short range high load-ratioships. When we release atomic power (circa 1950) space

travel becomes not merely economical but absolutely essential. For heaven's sake, Eric, don't try to sabotage our lifeboats!

No one can stop progress: if all the interplanetary enthusiasts were to confine their activities to raising marrows, the ordinary advance of aeronautics would get us into space long before the end of the century. The great value of astronautical propaganda lies in its preparation of the world for the changes to come. Without some such "foreground" the impact may be devastating when the inevitable arrives.

There is one more point I'd like to emphasise. When the war ends there will be large numbers of trained men who will be unable to settle down to civil life again. (There's one of 'em right here.) Can you imagine a better way of channelising their energies and keeping them out of mischief? This is a long shot and may not come off, but the chances of its doing so are far greater than most people realise. Maybe you'll understand why in a year or two.

Eric's article is based on a careful selection of the most unfavourable examples. In the long run - this is my credo - we shall find that the time and money spent on astronautical research will benefit the world in ways we cannot even begin to imagine. To take the case Eric mentions, the acquisition of new knowledge will react on medical research to confer far more ultimate benefit than £250,000 to the hospitals now. Any attempt to limit the sources of knowledge is opposed to progress and the well-being of humanity.

When you start rebuilding the world, Eric, I'll do my best to help but as soon as I see you've got everything under control I'll be off. I know which way I can best benefit humanity and anyone who tries to stop me will get a hundred million horse-power of vaporised magnesia in the eye. Coming, Maurice?

ACC, 31.12.41.

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# The Road To F A M E

By D. R.

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 Lensman, 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. For almost a day they have been struggling to cross the Bog of Apathy under foul conditions, and misery is beginning to give birth to panic. NOW READ---

## Part V

They were brave men, the bravest of the brave, yet none dared look at his neighbour's face as the common thought seized them all. All around the flat repulsive surface of the great swamp stretched out into the misty rain, passively supreme. They were hungry, desperately tired by the long struggle, wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, and none could say that a continuance of the struggle would be rewarded by victory. The dangerous thought strengthened that perhaps a quick oblivion was preferable to any prolongation of the intense discomfort.

"Jimmy!" said Clarence brokenly, "Jimmy old pal, old pal o' mine . . ."



"Yes Clarence?" said Atkill gently.

"Save - save a bullet for me." pleaded his friend pathetically.

"I haven't got a gun, old chap," replied Atkill. "Do you want to borrow my knife?" - solemnly poffering a little pearl-handled penknife.

"Not much of a help to a chap, are you?" said Clarence indignantly. "If that's the best you can do I jolly well won't commit suicide at all."

"Tarzan's got a regular pig-sticker." suggested Atkill penitently. "Maybe we could borrow that?"

"I say, that's a jolly good idea old boy. Tell you what I'll do for you - I'll put you out of your misery first before I operate on myself, just to get hold of the right technique."

Before his friend could express his appreciation of this generous offer the horrified Finnison intervened.

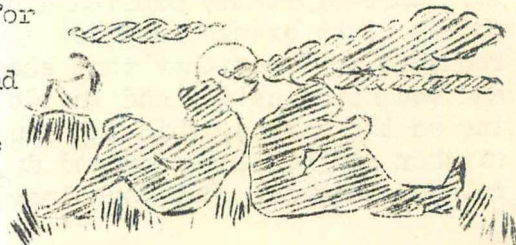
"Come, you two, don't take the coward's way out. There's still a chance left for us, just a bare chance to find our way out if we keep our chins up and advance doggedly keeping our backs to the wall. Think of the honour of the science-fiction heroes! We who have battled and defeated the massed forces of interplanetary, interstellar, intergalactical and inter-cosmic space-naughtinesses, we who have blazoned the proud name of Earth large on the scroll of cosmic history, we key-stones of the mightiest, proudest, worthiest civilisation of all time and all space, are we to yield so readily to physical discomforts and adverse conditions? No!"

"No!" echoed Clarence, gripping Kinnison's hand enthusiastically.

"A thousand times no!" added Atkill, seizing the other hand. "You've snapped us out of that, ace, and thanks a lot. We will go on with you to the end, on and on . . ."

"And on" murmured Clarence with a catch in his voice, and suddenly the two friends collapsed in each other's arms, each hiding his face on the other's shoulder, heaving mutely with the release of some intense emotion. Kinnison turned away in some embarrassment from this display and so did the sterner members of the party. Lord John Roxton started to lead on again with down-cast head and crimson ears as he bit his lip violently to restrain his own feelings. Only Professor Summerlee addressed the two weaklings as the party moved on, and all he said was "Idiots!" in a voice that shook slightly.

When the waning light made any further progress impossible they were faced with the necessity of spending the night on the skimpy tussocks of coarse grass which were the only sound ground to be found. Kinnison found an exceptionally large clump and called Clarence and Atkill over to it and fussed around them solicitously while they made themselves as comfortable as might be - actually managing to recline awkwardly back to back. By that time all the best tussocks in the neighbourhood had been appropriated and Kinnison himself had to squat miserably on a very inferior clump. The glow of self-approval at his own nobleness soon wore off, and occasional snores from his proteges chafed his haughty spirit more than somewhat as the night dragged miserably on. Towards morning Clarence was heard to murmur sleepily: "Good job it's raining. The midges must be perfect swine in decent weather, and there's nothing worse for keeping a chap awake." Kinnison swore a little at this, and Atkill said "Poor old Kim", at which he and Clarence chuckled for a long time as if at some private joke. The Grey Lensman made a grim resolve that the next time the ungrateful fools wanted to commit suicide he'd render all aid in his power.

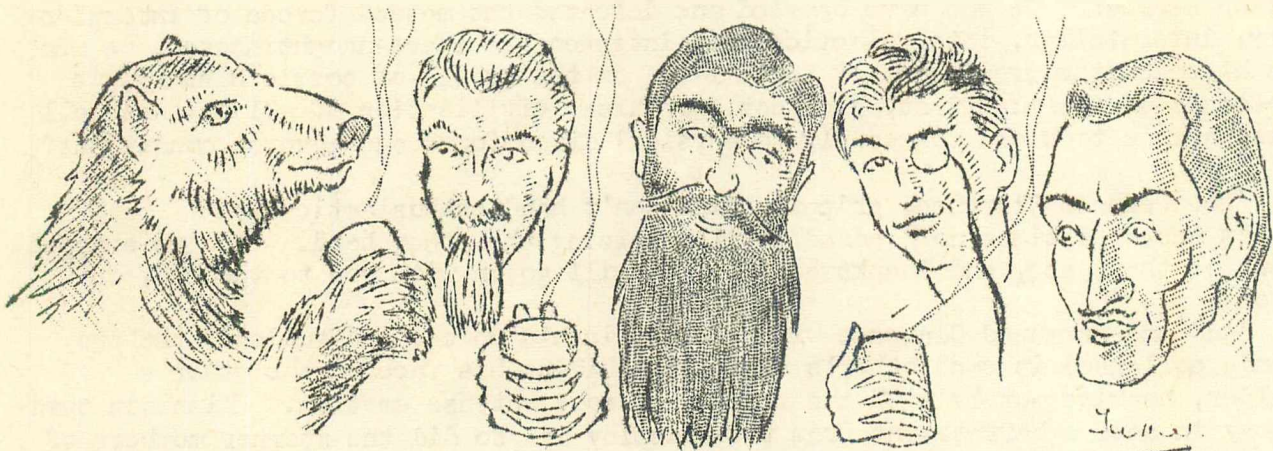




The next day was a repetition of the first, except that they were tired, and hungrier, and, if it were possible, thirstier. They walked themselves into a semi-stupor, and the first any of them knew about the successful conclusion of the crossing was that he was standing on a dry grassy hill-side in the warmth of the evening sun looking down into the swift clear waters of a small river. The realization came simultaneously to all, and with it the thought that here was drinkable water at long last. The whole party at once prostrated themselves on the banks of the stream and sucked up greedily the pure sweet hill-water with its faint flavour of miles of stony bed and peaty banks.

"Ah!" sighed Cossar satisfiedly, sitting back on his heels and shaking the water off the end of his nose. "We want a fire, several fires, BIG fires. There seems to be plenty of dry driftwood around, and with a fire we can dry the contents of our rucksacks, and prepare some hot soup. Clarence and Atkill, you can be the cooks - serve you right for your behaviour back in the bog. Get on with your baths while the rest of us get the fires going."

For once there was no-one strong enough to dispute this assumption of author-



ity and things went smoothly. The two cooks plunged into the waist-deep stream fully dressed, stripping off their muddy clothes under water and washing them and their bodies at the same time. Meanwhile the others combined in the congenial task of getting two big fires going, Johnny Black in particular performing prodigious feats of wood-hauling. He backed up clumsily with sizeable tree-trunks which went on the fire whole, and which proved to be of a resinous wood which blazed up merrily. The wet clothes out of the rucksacks were spread out to dry in the fierce heat, the collapsible billy-cans were charitably filled in readiness for the cooks, and everyboby went to bathe.

The stream was clear, but chilly, which made it all the more pleasant to return to the fires, and to squat as close as possible to the glorious heat while gulping down the thick greasy savoury synthetic soup, scalding hot, drying yourself in the same way as your clothes and tent were drying at your side, feeling the gracious warmth penetrating glowingly to every starved extremity, to lie back and stretch comfortably bloated and almost to fall asleep before the first breath of a chilly night breeze reminded you of your tent and warm sleeping bag. The effort required to erect that tent seemed hardly worth the trouble - until it was done and you were inside, and inside that sleeping bag watching the fire-light flickering on the canvas, thinking you would like to lie forever watching that warm flicker and feeling warm and dry and feeling the poisons of fatigue seeping from relaxed muscles; but you closed your eyes and there was nothing.

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"The Plain of Mediocrity does not seem to be an obstacle of the same gravity as the last," said Challenger, consulting the map on the morning after a day devoted to rest and recuperation. "It is about a hundred miles across, as far as one can see a monotonous rolling expanse covered with rough grass and occasional clumps of scrubby trees, with isolated out-crops of rock for which Professor Summerlee will no doubt have an ingenious, or perhaps one might say an ingenuous, explanation. The wolves are, of course, an unknown factor; one hopes they will remain so." And he laughed inordinately at his own joke.

His amusement was not entirely shared by his companions, but all agreed that it was desirable not to encounter the Wild Wolves of Pierce Competition which, according to the map, hunted over this plain. But towards the evening, after a hard day's walking had covered a good third of the distance, Tarzan, glancing back on a whim, saw the striking silhouette of a huge wolf outlined on a ridge against the red disk of the setting sun. For the space of two heartbeats it remained immobile, looking towards the Pilgrims with sinister concentration. Abruptly it raised its head and howled beckoningly, and seconds later a huge pack of the brutes swept over the ridge and down on to the Pilgrims - who turned and ran desperately for the possible sanctuary of the nearest outcrop of rock.

They would not make it. The wolves were coming in from the side and rear with the smooth swift rush of water coursing down a steep conduit, far faster than the best of the Pilgrims could run with the possible exception of Johnny Black. Even as the more balanced minds realised this all hope was banished by the appearance of another pack which jetted up from a hollow in front of them. With the same unified impulse that had started them running they halted and backed up together in a double line, preparing to combat the white-fanged death with no weapons but the four ice-axes of Challenger and his companions, Tarzan's long knife, and the formidable natural weapons of Johnny Black. Nevertheless most of the Pilgrims felt better prepared to cope with this danger than they had done with any of the previous difficulties, for this red-blooded battle-to-the-death stuff was what they were accustomed to.

The bold uncompromising front thus presented caused the canny leader of each pack to swing round with the idea of a flank attack, and by chance one turned right and one left. In the instant of launching the attack on the Pilgrims each leader saw the other pack. Hijackers! Without the slightest hesitation the two packs swung towards each other and joined in bloody battle, so evenly disputed that the objects of the quarrel soon realized that they were forgotten in the heat and fury, and quietly withdrew out of range.

The first idea was to take refuge in the rock-pile which had been the original objective, but closed inspection showed it to be infeasible. They walked rapidly and nervously on through the night, listening apprehensively to the howls of other packs of wolves hunting in the distance. Eventually they found, by the light of a brilliant moon, an outcrop which looked as though it could be climbed by men but hardly by wolves, and thankfully took refuge there - barely in time to avoid attack by a third wolf-pack. The discomforts of a night spent on naked rock were not diminished by poignant howls of the disappointed wolves prowling around below.

Fortunately the wolves were creatures of the night, and dispersed to their lairs with the first flush of dawn. Their presence thus added to the length of the journey more than to its difficulty, for all cooking and eating had to be done in daylight, and it was advisable to be looking for a refuge well before night-fall, which cut down the time available for actual travelling quite considerably. But the weather was fine, and the travellers were getting hardened to the outdoor life, and they found themselves enjoying the journey, and grew more and more



tolerant towards each other. There was still a large proportion, though, of the more majestic heroes, headed by Kinnison, who made no secret of their dislike of Clarence and Atkill, and who were greatly annoyed by the fact that the despised pair did not show any signs of wilting under such terrible displeasure.

Towards the end of the fourth day the country began to change, becoming more and more thickly wooded and beginning to descend in slow waves of small hills. That night they camped in a circle of fires, but no wolves appeared, and it seemed that they had left the Plain on which the brutes hunted. Early in the next day they were surprised and delighted to stumble across a broad smooth road which lead in the direction which they wanted to go.

"This is the Pilgrim's Way," announced Challenger, consulting the map for the last time. "It appears on the very top of the map, and apparently if we follow it to its end we shall arrive at our destination. There is a vague warning here about the temptations of the easy way out, but it does not appear to mean that we should ignore the road and continue struggling through the forest. After all, we are all adult, moral, thinking persons, and, I trust, will be able to stand up to whatever temptations may assail us to abandon our quest."

"I check you there to nine places of decimals," agreed Kinnison. "There are one or two, two in fact, weaklings here who may succumb to whatever temptations are put in our way, but they will be no loss to the Hall of Immortal Fame anyway."

The tone of this remark was so laden with meaning that the thickest skin must have been penetrated. Unfortunately, while everybody else there was crowded round looking at the map, Clarence and Atkill were some distance away eating wild strawberries, and did not hear.

The march continued along the road at a swinging pace through the pleasant country. It was quite late in the afternoon when they came in sight of the first great sign-board, which said simply, in letters ten feet high: "Yoshiwara".

Nobody could make anything of this, so after discussion and deliberation they continued on their way. Notice-boards with the same single cryptic word began to appear with increasing frequency, but nothing else, until when they were preparing to camp in a glade by the side of the road, someone looking up saw a glow in front of them in the darkening sky.

"A peculiar meteorological phenomenon," said Challenger pompously. "It may possibly be the aurora borealis, in fact it cannot be anything else."

This was disputed by his friend Summerlee, who propounded the theory of the "after-glow". The various interplanetary travellers chimed in with accounts of peculiar glows they had seen in their travels on other planets, and the reasons for them, and the discussion was prolonged into a heated debate. Meanwhile the sky got darker, and the glow increased in apparent brightness, until Clarence seized an opening in the debate to say:-

"Personally I think it's caused by a jolly old city lit-up on the other side of the hill, and I'm going to see. Me for a hotel bed tonight!"

The last point brought a large body of opinion round in his favour, and in spite of the derision of a few higher thinkers the Pilgrims set off up the road to see for themselves. At the crest of the rise the doubters were silenced. Before them in the valley, about four or five miles away, sprawled a city, a city of fairy-like towers, of blazing lights and multi-coloured signs. Even as they looked four great rockets climbed high into the air from the four corners of the city, red, green, yellow, and blue, curving to a focus where a single white rocket shot up from the central tower to meet them in one soundless gigantic flash that plastered the flaming message across the firmament ---

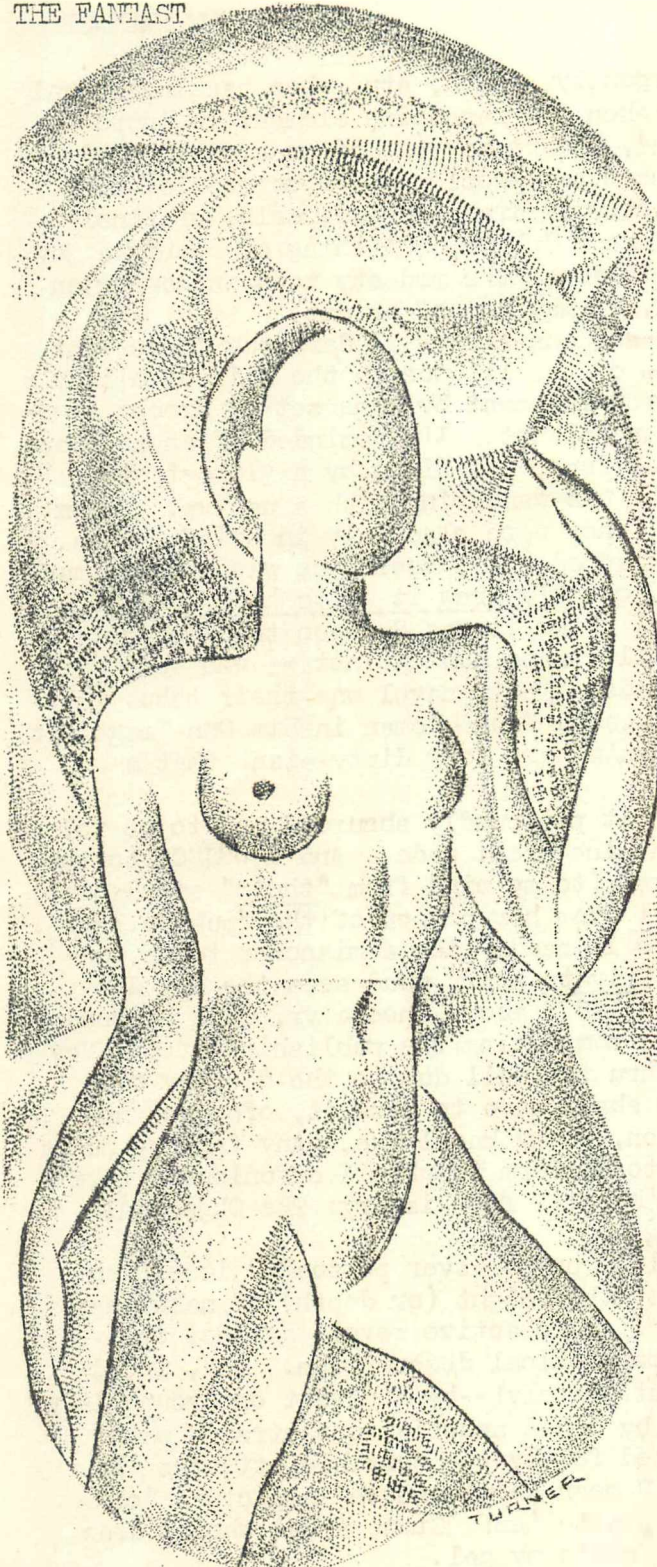
"Y O S H I W A R A"



## NUDE GELS

BY

A.C.



A letter from Reggie Medhurst preceded my receipt of the Nov Fay by a day & he prepared me for Feling's broadside by quoting the carry CAB rec'd via the good (?) ship Censor (Censorship) relating to "the extraordinarily dirty cover" on the ish bfor. (Be informd I thot it beautiful.) "Just what" askt RGM "is the Official U.S. attitude towards Un-cladamsels? The nude in question seems quite an ordinary nude. Is it really the 'rule' of your authorities that nudes are 'dirty'? If so, how in the world do you explain Vomaidens?" The latter is quite a simple matter: Vomaidens are considered out of this world!

Frankly, tho, fellows, I dunno what Jno Law allaws over here alawng the line of exposure of feminineoidermis; &, franklier, I'm afraid to find out! There is an undercurrent of uncertainty connected with my espousing the over-exposure of fantasy nudes in the radical fashion I am, a subdued element of suspicion I may wind up behind bars. That sure woud be iron-ic, only I woudnt be laffing. Because I will defend to the death (beyond the grave I cannot go, being an atheist) that nice nudes are NOT dirty pix. I abominate that appellation in connexion with type art Turner turns out, Finlay features, & has not been surpast (to my taste) by the repro of Paule's 'tutant Maiden gatefold in the "Black Flame" Vom (grand as it is, the repro paling in comparison with the 20" x26" original in full watercolors &

artists  
model

Howja

like

this one,

Acky ?



airbrush). Time to talk of vulgarity, obscenity, filth, etc, when passing around the pix of women in unseemly postures, or when the masculine element is introduced. We all have seen "French postcards", I dare say (no offense, Gallet) & their effect on me is a fascinauseating one, that people can be so repulsive. Clean pix are quite another matter. Attractively drawn uncladamsels, or finely fotograff, pleasingly proportioned models are a delite. "A thing of beauty a joy forever" y'know. But it riles me, really it does, the modesty tabu in connexion with nudes. It is this I defy at the risk, it may be, of arrest.

It makes me so damn mad people can be so damn silly. I dare say there isnt a spot on the human body from the underside of the lil toe to the hair on milady's head, the exhibition of which isnt considered indecent by some set of droops somewhere amongst the 2 billion pop. of this-here planet. I'm reminded of an anecdote re customs related at a meeting of our local Esperanto-Klubo by a globe-trotter: Thru some foot-fields of (I forget where) he was wandering with a native. Women were cultivating the land. A warm climate, they were clad only in brief aprons. As the g.-t. approacht a native girl, she glanced up &, seeing he was a white man, became embarast &, grabbing her sole cover, quickly drew it up to hide her FACE. And it was Heinlein, I bliev, who told me (I think it was Sprague told Bob orig-inly) of some tribe of-- Indians, as I recall, praps now extinct --- who went around stark naked except they wore belly-pads. Their navel was their tabu.

Now if U want to look at it that God created Man & Women in His Own Image, it looks pretty blasfemous to me to call a woman's bare body dirty--isnt that a direct insult to the Creator?

Any way U choose to look at it, I find it profoundly absurd & not to be tolerated, this---this--- nitwit censorship of a nice clean nude. And I OBJECT to the required retouching of fotos or the far worse (to my mind from "their" standpoint) & scandalous practice of the model's removal from her person of the "public hair". That is the official term, I am informd, tho it reads like a misnomer to me, unless there be something I misunderstand. "Private hair" woud seem the apt description to me. Anyway, a fan we see at the LASTS about once a yr, just happend to drop by the other nite as Morojo & I were completing the publishing of the New Yr Vom, & commented the ish never could go thru the mail due to the display of "p.h." on the 2 nudes on the cover. I just shall have to risk it, ofcourse; no Vom ever has been opend for postal inspection, to my knowledge. Any fantasy nudes submitted to me for publication, I request to conform to what I eufoniously term my "Patch" policy. The Eternal Triangle, y'know; V for Vistory; The Object All Sublime? I think U can penetrate my meaning.

But how authority---speld with a Capital A, praps---ever persuaded itself to shave away a woman's natural covering was not the height (or depth) of nakedness, of indecent exposure, I cannot fathom. And I am in active revolt against emasculated femininity, to employ a peculiarly paradoxical description. And, incidently, have had relations severd with me---but irately!---by at least one young lady, for my attitude; & severely been criticized by & had associations straind with several other sweet young things. Compensated for by the sensible stfettes who don't think U're obscene when they get what U mean about wanting a picture "complete", & draw according to specifications, praise 'em! Gimme a gal who'll draw "Apache" style (caution, hidden pun there) & she's my pal.

Another thing I wonder is just how long it'll be bfor the screen will be permitted to show a Iana Turner sans her sweater? It is a great frustration in my life that the films have not advanced yet to where they can display Alice Faye undrest (in technicolor) or let us see the breasts of Betty Grable! They still are reviving that Czech "Extase" here for one brief glimpse of Hedy's hemisferes,



unfortunately bfor she got glamorous. And a de Mille bath-tub scene always has been box-office. But these silverscreen stripteases irritate me more than anything else, they are so ridiculous to my mind, so overemfasized (the advertising of them) when undressing or nudity shoud come natural, just be part of the plot. A Kuttner Marvel Tale is one thing, Wylie's "Gladiator" or Turks' "Great Amen" (Yerke's review of it razzing me for recommending pornography to the contrary) is another. "That a waste, what a crime, to see only the faces of lovely cinemaidons such as the latter-day Lamarr, Lamour, Landis, &c, with only an occasional glimpse of their gams & forms in bathing suits & suchstuffery. To think I very probly shall die & never see Marlene Dietrich in the nude---o agony! (Reader: Substitute your fave for MD & see how U feel!) Nearest I ever came to my ideal of uncladietrich was dancing (?) with Daugherty's partner at Pogo's Sr Prom, & the gal (a beauty shoperator) learning of my yearning for Marlenekkidness sez, "You've never seen her in the nude, have you?" "No," I gulpingly gulpt; "have U?" "Oh, many times," she replied. Some people have all the luck!

I get the impression nine-tenths of the film femmes woudnt mind parading their pulchritude around in the nude for the admiration of the male. What's standing in our way, then---the women in the audience? DOWN WITH WOMEN! (But not U Irene, Joan, Joan, Joan, Denise, Rita & Marion!)

Just to be on the safe side, I don't blicv U'll sign my name to this, as I'm not anxious to be incarcerated by outraged American Authoritys any sooner'n's absolutely necessary, in the event any opening of this letter shoud take place this side of the Big Pond; altho U will recognize the identity of its author & are perfectly at liberty to append my name to it, or a well-known seudonym, whatever U'd deem advisable, when publishing. Can an actress sue U for suggesting U'd like to see her in her birthday suit? I heard something about Carmen Miranda's suing a fotografer for subroaa circulation of a pic of her which he snapt unconscious of what he was getting & probly fell flat on his face in the soup when the positive showd up in the developer & it developept Miranda had forgot to fasten her pantys on for a whirly dance routine & was her face Carmen! (Yes, I have a copy. Am thinking of using it as a basis for a tabuiana collection.)

goodoldforyyourrolepalforyrytheresaguywelikeforyryletshavelotsofnicecleannudesattaboy

# The Spirit of the

By JOHN F. BURKE

## NEW AGE

### 2. DOUGLAS WILLIAM LAWRENCE WEBSTER

I think one is more likely to lose a friend by praising him than by criticising him. It is embarrassing to be flattered and presented to the world as a model of virtue - far more embarrassing than to read scathing criticisms of one's personal character and views. The world, too, accepts praise more dubiously than condemnation; it asks what axe you have to grind if you commend someone. I have no dishonourable motive. True, I received six blocks of chocolate quite recently from the subject of this article, but they did nothing to change the already high esteem in which I held Douglas Webster.

It is impossible to be harsh about any aspect of the disarming Douglas, more



particularly when one has met him. My wife considered that his letters presented him as a person too willing to agree and let things slide; she looked upon him much more favourably after his visit to Liverpool. Personal charm counts a lot, but I have always found his letters admirable. At times there is a misleading flippancy and apparent facetiousness. It is not exactly a mask, since Doug is a cheerful person, but it does not give the right impression of him. He is too willing to let it be thought that he treats the whole world as a joke and nothing more.

Doug is too tolerant. You may doubt that such a thing is possible, so I had better make it quite clear that that is just a personal opinion. I am myself unwilling to make many allowances; Doug makes so many allowances that he lands himself in a state of appalling indecision. His tendency to see the ridiculous side of life makes too many things worthless in his eyes. Faced with any situation, with misery, with an undecided and probably unpleasant future, he inevitably discovers its absurdity. "Then he thinks 'that it's so utterly ridiculous all this should be happening to us, that we can't take our self-pity and depression seriously and we're bound to laugh at ourselves'. This seems on the face of it a philosophical attitude with much in its favour, but occasional flashes in his letters show that Doug himself is dissatisfied with it.

The subject of the first article in this series - C.S. Youd - has one thing in common with Mr. Webster: neither of them knows where he is going. The difference is that Doug is detached and, one would almost think, unworried. He is not, however, unworried. When he allows himself to display his deep love and wide knowledge of psychology and education, he becomes enthusiastic and reveals what it must have cost him to hold to his views and not carry on at the University. The career that he must have had mapped out for himself obviously cannot be thought of now; perhaps this is why he prefers to look on an artificially bright side and pretend there is no future.

On the subjects that are his own, he is something of an expert. His correspondents and readers of "The Fantast" might be surprised if they knew how he led them into traps and studied them. I know at least one person who would disapprove of this handling of human beings as specimens, but I do it myself in a slightly different way. Doug does it as a keen psychologist, interested in the improvement of the human race and the cleaning-up of people's minds. He has a good time while he investigates. "I've never found anything more fascinating than people, and they continually amuse me. Then growing up and widening one's outlook, abilities, aesthetic perceptions, and awareness of things. Surely that's fun as well?" You would think that life was one long joke to Doug.

Doug is the most sincere pacifist I know. He insisted that I should call him a C.O. and not a pacifist. I call him a pacifist. His pacifism - and I keep on saying it despite his threats - is a true expression of his character and convictions, though he claims to have no convictions. One or two friends cannot understand how he can look at the world situation, agree that Britain must win if anything decent and sane is to survive, and yet refuse to take part. Having experienced some of the struggle within myself, I can quite understand, and consider that his course is the best, though it cannot be justified in words. If you met him, you would know that war could not make him other than he is.

We had a good time when he came to Liverpool. I found that although I could remember his appearance, it was hard to describe, but Doug has helped me out. Let us dissect his own opinions of his appearance. "Shortish". Not really - medium height, sturdy. "Fair hair". True - rather wild and uncontrolled. It grows in great abundance on his face, and he admits that he rarely



shaves: there is a golden fringe about his cheeks and jaw that would have gleamed in the sunlight had there been any sunlight in Liverpool. "I've got a snub nose." He has indeed. And two smiles - one broad one, usually accompanied by a rich laugh; one a twist of the mouth at one corner, slow and thoughtful. "Used to be well-muscled." Still, is, I think.

He talks to anyone and everyone, shoots comments at railway porters, shop assistants, and people in the street. He obtained a supply of brown paper and string from Woolworth's in Liverpool without cost, by sheer force of personality. I can understand this. Doug has a slow, warm, Aberdeen voice, indescribably soothing and attractive. He is alternately shy and voluble, but there is never any strain in his company.

On tramcars and busses he falls into a stupor. The only time that he showed any signs of life on a tram was in Manchester, when a woman and the conductress, both with the accent peculiar to the homeland of Turner, started a bitter argument. "Guidy, guidy," said Doug. (He denies it, but that's what he said.) He waved his feet happily in the air and clapped his hands. When the conductress got off to assist someone to the pavement and the tram started without her, Mr. Webster's face was a picture of heavenly rapture.

He is a vegetarian and his main drink is milk; he looks well on it. Writing is not an obsession with him, though every so often he makes vague remarks about preparing a treatise on something or other. Books appeal to his collector's instinct; he reads anything up to six at a time. Someday I hope to force him to read right through a book.

Being editor of this magazine, Mr. Webster may mutilate my article. In any case, it can give no idea of this most agreeable of fans. It is impossible to quarrel with Doug once you have known him. But I shall keep on trying, just for the fun of it.

thanksawfullyjohnoldboymuchappreciatedweassureyoubutsurelywerenotasniceasallthat?

## NIGHT - RAIN

by

Louis Russell Chauvenet  
\*\*\*\*\*

The night rain in the nodding garden  
Makes rose leaves dance where no wind blows;  
Behind green coats the young buds harden,  
Behind black clouds a young moon glows.

The rain's light touch on still, dark waters  
Stirs rings of ripples. Each lily sways  
Alone---no night moths come to court her;  
On lily pads the slight rain plays.

The dial marks no moonlit hours,  
The clouds' thick masses dim the skies;  
Within the garden's cold, wet bowers  
No single bird or insect flies.

Still, with a beat that does not cease,  
The rain gives dancing leaves no peace.



## WHEN THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST

The world was being stretched as if it were a piece of taffy. All the time it was getting longer and thinner; and I found that the thinnest part was under me. Finally it broke, and I fell through onto an infinite expanse of concrete floor, which I judged stood for Space. At the same time I happened to look up and saw the two ends of the world dangling over my head--but only for a moment, for the two large hands which held them immediately clumped them together again and began to mold the mass into a sphere as naturally as if they were making a snow ball.

"Then the hands had made the world once more perfectly round, they set it down on the concrete floor and disappeared. I then climbed back on the world and sat down. I was bored, but I would have been content had it not been for my face itching. At any rate, I did not want to be disturbed again--but I was. An attendant came along and motioned me to get off. I did, and he then proceeded to roll the world away. "What's the big idea?" I said. He pretended not to hear, so I said, "Where are you taking it?"

"Has to be put away for the night," he finally replied gruffly.

I watched him roll the world into a sort of barn, close the big doors, lock them and then shuffle off into the night. Everything around me was bleak and cold. There was nothing but the gray cement floor stretching in every direction as far as the eye could see. There was nothing to sit down on. Finally I lay down on the cement and tried to go to sleep. It began to rain.

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IN THE BLACK FOREST

The Black Forest is full of brass gears. At night in the forest these gears begin to turn. Their well oiled and perfectly adjusted teeth interlock with a soft click. This clicking sound of the interlocking of the brass gears in the Black Forest goes on all night, but during the day these gears just lie idly on the ground.

One day a golden haired girl came running through the Black Forest. She was pursued by two dark visaged men. The intentions of these men were not honorable. Fearing disgrace, the golden haired girl looked about as she ran for some means of protecting herself, for it was evident that they would soon overtake her, and what was worse than death would result. She was almost about to collapse from exhaustion and distress when she espied one of the brass gears lying on a mound of moss. No sooner had she seen it than she stooped, picked it up, and turning, flung it with all her might at the foremost of the two dark men. It struck him between the eyes, and he fell heavily to the ground. But the other dark man came on the faster.

As there were no more gears in the place, the golden haired girl had nothing else to do but run on.



## ON WOMEN'S HATS

BY

D. R. S M I T H



An adjective is supposed to have done its duty when it has qualified the meaning of a noun; it is not required of it that it should alter the meaning of the word. This, however, is a mere man-made law, and it is a notorious habit of the female sex to play merry hell with the laws formulated by their betters. Thus we have the words "women's hats" meaning something entirely different from "hats" alone, for a hat is a covering for the head, but women's hats are very definitely not coverings for the head. The last remaining link with the original meaning of the word "hat" is that women's hats are still worn on the head. Were it possible to hang them anywhere else I doubt whether this last connection would remain.

What, then, are women's hats? Well, chiefly they are an important part of women's clothing, and while a man clothes himself for defensive purposes in dark, well-camouflaged, sturdy cloth a woman dresses entirely for purposes of offense. Every article of her apparel is a gun aimed and loaded to batter down the defences of the helpless males in her vicinity, and in this battery the hat is a formidable, long-range weapon calculated to attack the victim's guiding caution and render him unable to flee from the deadly close-range weapons.

Working, as these weapons do, on that band of frequencies which covers the emotions, it is necessary for women's hats to work on the strongest and most deadly of emotions, that of curiosity. Thus a woman's hat is calculated to make the passing male say to himself in alarm - "Good God, what's that thing?" or "How the devil does she manage to keep it on?" Though possibly aware of his danger he is unable to prevent himself approaching nearer out of curiosity, he eyes the quaint erection perplexedly, then suddenly an unsuspected little flap opens to reveal a bright, deadly eye which congeals his instincts of self-preservation with a single basilisk-like glance. After that his only hope is that he has had the foresight to enhance his natural ugliness by carefully cultivated halitosis, body odour, and bad manners.

It would be extremely useful if some great student, too old to be suitable prey himself, were to prepare a treatise on the various devices which are used in the design of women's hats, so that his younger and less fortunate fellows could prepare themselves in advance for the attack. The studious observer will, of course, have the simpler devices tabulated by his own study. The more piercing colours, for instance, which are so effective upon the unexperienced, have outworn their usefulness and become outmoded. The setting of a hat at an impossible angle by attaching it to a skull-cap as a foundation was a deadly innovation that brought down many a male - or at least damaged him so badly that it was very unlikely that he ever regained his base - but this too is being rumbled at last by the lucky few who got away to spread the warning. The design of hat with side-flaps and things to disguise the more startlingly unconventional portions of the countenance is and will be permanently in fashion in one form or another; the disastrous effect on the morale of a victim who has never seen his bride without such a hat until after the wedding is the breaking



of many a good man.

But no-one has tackled the subject in the seriousness which it deserves; in fact most writers shy nervously away from this deadly topic. Dennis Bradley, even, in "The Eternal Masquerade" - a fascinating philosophical discussion of clothes and women's clothes in particular - almost completely ignores the important question of hats. I chanced across a passage by James Agate the other day pleading against hats "built ... on the lines of a wedding cake surmounted by a charlotte russe on top of which is a sugar loaf ..... worn at the angle at which a unicorn wears his horn", but this was a passing comment wrung out of the anguish of an aesthetic soul.

Apart from the formidable and highly dangerous nature of the task of compiling the required treatise there is, of course, the consideration that it would never be possible to catch up with the great lead which the designers of women's hats possess over any possible investigator. The only way would be to issue weekly communiques on the subject to endeavour to keep men up to date on the latest developments of the enemy in this line, and I suggest that we use our influence to put W.I.5 on the job as soon as the end of the war provides them with the leisure for important things.

Until some such organized defence can be developed we must continue to rely on our individual strength and wisdom, on the strength of our legs and the capacity of our lungs, and if you are still brought down in spite of all efforts at flight and evasive action try to communicate with your friends as soon as possible to give them a description of the fiendish nature of the weapon which encompassed your destruction. And if the worst turns out to be as bad as you feared - well, all cats are grey in the dark.

§ + § + § + § + § + § + §

## IN REPLY TO MR. SMITH

by

JOAN BURKE

\*\*\*\*\*

I wonder how many of the stronger sex are labouring, together with Mr. D. R. Smith, under the delusion that women adorn their heads with weird and wonderful erections for the express purpose of attracting the mere male's attention and bringing about his downfall?

They don't, you know. The whole thing is a great deal more complicated than that.

Mr. Smith seems to imagine that a female rushes into a shop, gazes reverently at a hat, and breathes, "This'll hook Herbert!" No, my friends. On the contrary, far oftener the lady secures her hat, dusts it fondly, and, after carefully removing the price-ticket, murmurs dreamily "This'll be a smack in the eye for Sarah!" You see, when buying a hat, one very rarely thinks of the boyfriend's reactions, but rather of the girl-friends'.

Too often has this sort of thing been heard.

"Oh, I say! Another new hat?"

"Yes, Tommy darling. D'you like it?"

"Oh - ye-es . . . ." (Here the Recording Angel dips pen in ink, hesitates, and then shrugs his shoulders and forgets the whole incident. After all . . .)

"Do you, darling? . . . ." (very absently) ".... My sweet, tell me - is that



woman behind us looking at my hat' . . . I thought so!"

You see, it doesn't really matter at all whether your boy-friend likes your new hat or not. He probably doesn't, and if he is very unwise he will tell you that he doesn't but the woman at the next table simply couldn't keep her eyes off it, my dear!

I shall not attempt to defend Women's Hats - to me, and to any normal woman, they need no defence. They're such fun. There's a lovely feeling about going into a shop, preferably with quite a lot of money in your pocket, and giving the assistants hell until you've unearthed the most startlingly unconventional hat the shop has to offer.

And, of course, there are hats and hats. Every woman possesses at least one hat that really looks like a hat, and which really does cover her head - for use on rainy days, or perhaps in the country. But oh, Mr. Smith, I think you'd get terribly bored if we wore hats like that all the time. Imagine - a whole streetful of women wearing nice, plain, sensible felt hats! Be honest now - you'd hate it!

You adorable, ridiculous men seem to think it a point of honour to laugh at a woman's hat, even though sometimes you have a sneaky thought at the back of your mind that it's a bit of all right. Luckily, we don't give a damn for your insults. And yet - I did once have a young man who always said he loved my hats . . . ah, well. I remember I was awfully nice to that young man . . .

Not so long ago, with an unusual and unexpected stroke of genius that showed a decided knowledge of feminine psychology, the powers that be decreed that "hats and caps of all descriptions are unrationed". Circumstances may force us to wear lisle stockings, flat-heeled shoes, and even woollen underwear: we women face all with equanimity - "hats and caps of all descriptions are unrationed".

You notice - "of all descriptions". Now isn't that simply asking for it?



(\*) (\*) (\*) (\*) (\*) (\*)

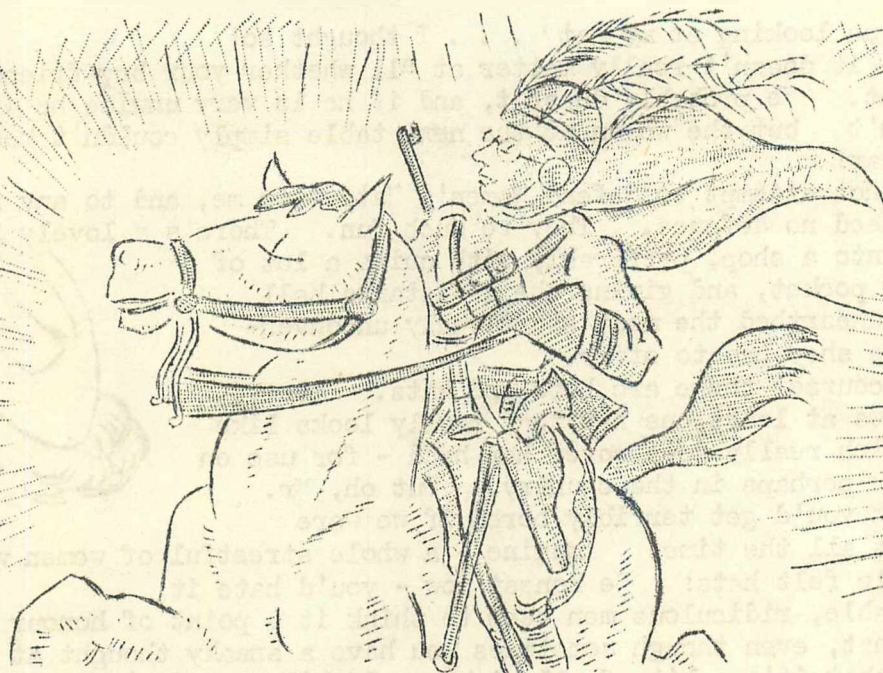
## A Short History of Fantocracy, 1948-1960

By Arthur Ego Clarke  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

RECAPITULATION:- Apres la guerre. By the summer of 1948 civilization in England has stagnated. Then, without warning, over various parts of the country a 50,000 HP "California" bomber appears, dropping leaflets with cryptic messages. These summon the brethren to gather at "Ballifants", Ego Clarke's country residence, and shortly a fair-sized community has collected. Grave apprehension is caused one day by the approach of a considerable army, and a despatch, signed "Sam", from its bespectacled generalissimo. NOV READ---

### Part II

The more timid of those who had antagonised Sam in the old days were for instant flight and begged Ego to take them to the relative safety of the U.S. However, it seemed that Sam was not in a vindictive mood, and arrangements were made for accomodating his army in the disused stables and hen houses. If this



resulted in a mutiny (for the hens had left much evidence of their sojourn) Sam would have to handle it. He must be used to that sort of thing by now.

Soon afterwards he arrived, riding a magnificent cart horse of gargantuan proportions. His helmet, that of an Army dispatch rider, sprouted a circlet of ostrich feathers somewhat wilted at the ends. A thread-bare carpet bearing the faded device "ODEON" was thrown over his shoulder. Round his person were draped many straps and bandoliers, from which hung, inter alia, half a pair of binoculars, a revolver, several fountain-pens, an electric torch, a couple of Molotov cocktails, and considerable offensive armament. With great clanking of accoutrements the generalissimo descended from his steed and formally greeted the awestruck reception committee.

That night Sam, Forrie and Ego held a conference behind locked doors. What took place there is unknown, since no one else was allowed to attend. This arose from the fact that the people with whom Sam was on speaking terms were not on speaking terms with Sam.

Far into the small hours the talks continued. The only sound reaching the world was the incessant clicking of Forrest's typewriter. Then, just before dawn, the door was thrown open and the weary watchers received the message: "One beer, one strawberry milk shake and a bromo-seltzer - and make it snappy!" Shortly afterwards, silence fell, though a silence broken at irregular intervals by a sound as if of buzz-saws engaging case-hardened steel. The alarmed watchers broke into the room and found the occupants sleeping peacefully in odd corners, while on a table in the centre lay the famous document later known as the Declaration of the Rights of Fans.

The full proclamation is too long to be stated here, but everyone will know how in it the signatories set out the reforms needed to make a world safe for fandom. They pledged themselves to give each other all possible assistance in an effort to stamp out un-fan-like activities, with particular reference to the Society for Preventing the Opening of Joanna Southcott Boxes, the Association of Pyramid Measurers, the Notting Hill Gate Revivalist and Sunday Observance League, the Federation of British Astrologers, and similar bodies. In addition, the Triumvirate were to do all they could to encourage the spread of the ideals of fandom, with the ultimate object of attaining Utopia. Which particular



Utopia had not been decided upon, there being three different opinions on the subject. It was agreed that this matter could be left open until a later date. The Declaration concluded in a fine frenzy of sesquipedalian rhetoric:-

"It is now necessary for us to organise ourselves as an example to the rest of the world and to set up a central legislature based on the soundest philosophical conceptions and free from superstition and all irrational elements, our objective being the maximum independence of each individual within the framework of a unified society. This having been done, it will be possible to bring the remainder of the planet, section by section, into our sphere of influence until we reach the goal of the scientifically organised "World State. It is hoped that Mr. Wells will still be sufficiently active to assist as political advisor.

"It is confidently expected that this world-wide revolution can be effected by peaceful means, but, should it prove necessary for us to use force, no fear need be felt of the outcome, thanks to the super-scientific weapons with which we are equipped and which we shall soon evolve.

"The necessary Political, Scientific, Economic, Propaganda and Military Committees will be set up forthwith to produce detailed plans of operation.

"Signed under our hands this fifteenth day of December, 1948.

"Youd, Ackerman, Clarke."

"When the trio awoke, some thirty-six hours later, they had no recollection of the conference, but a perusal of the Declaration soon cleared their minds, after producing a slight relapse. From then, all Fanopolis was filled with furious activity as plans were pushed ahead for the reorganisation of England, and eventually the world. Three times in the next month Ego had to fly to the States, where a high standard of civilisation still prevailed, in order to obtain fresh supplies of paper and typewriter ribbons. On one journey he flew back across Asia and Europe and reported that nowhere had he met planes or A.A. fire.

"If there's going to be any fighting," he said "we're sitting pretty. I don't think there's any ammo. left in the whole of Europe. As long as our credit at the Bank of Manhattan hold out nothing can stop us."

After several months' intensive work, a fine start had been made. The country for twenty miles round Ballifants had come under the sway of Fanopolis and already great steps had been taken towards a higher civilisation. It was surprising to see how quickly the natives adopted the ideals of Federated Fandom: possibly the fact that nowhere else in England was one able to obtain cigarettes and chocolate (ferried across the Atlantic) had something to do with it. H.O. was now a throbbing hive of activity. The small nucleus of fans had been multiplied many times over by the arrival of converts. Schools, laboratories, workshops, lecture rooms, living quarters had sprung up in vast numbers. The community was largely bi-lingual: notices in English and Ackermanese often puzzled newcomers arriving at the well-fortified gates.

Every day scores of travellers, often from such distant parts as Cornwall, Wales, Lancaster and even Scotland, arrived at Fanopolis, fired with the news that had trickled to their remote fastnesses. These enthusiasts, after first being relieved of their valuables at the Guard Room, were taken before an interviewing board under the charge of Sir Hanson. (It may be said here that all the elite of fandom, defined as the original subscribers to "Novae Terrae" and "Fantast", had been given this honorary title. It caused a lot of trouble.) Sir Maurice was the expert in Intelligence Quotient measurement, and for years

had been engaged in trying to jockey his own I.C. up from 152½ to 160. Those whose I.C.'s were under 80, unless they had some special ability, were put on general duties which meant anything from peeling potatoes to emptying the Triumvirate's secret wastepaper baskets. The 80's to 100's were employed on general clerical and light executive duties or routine research and workshop practice. Those between 100 and 120 filled the executive proper and the more advanced technical grades. The few whose I.C.'s were between 120 and 140 became controllers of the various departments of state. Anyone over 140 automatically entered the supreme legislature.

By special order of the Triumvirate, all persons with I.C.'s above 175 were taken to a South Sea Island and dropped by parachute with a copy of "Odd John".

So Panopolis grew until eventually it had become sufficiently powerful to send out expeditions to the remotest parts of the land. The first of these set out in the spring of 1950, under the leadership of Sir Gillings, who had been persuaded to leave "Tales of Wonder" in the hands of an understudy. His fellows were some thirty fervent fans specially trained in the art of propaganda. They travelled on bicycles, owing to the petrol shortage, but the leader and equipment moved in a small tank which was the best means of conveyance over the English roads of that date. Further provisions and propaganda material were dropped by air from the miscellaneous second-hand planes the community had acquired. From time to time the California itself made a prestige flight along the expedition's path, just in case. Thanks to firmness and admirable organisation, Sir Gillings annexed most of the South coast right across to Kent. He then crossed the Thames estuary and worked his way back through Essex, Bucks, Oxford and Gloucester, returning like a conquering hero after an absence of over a year. It is typical of the man that after submitting his report he immediately set to work to judge the winner of the 5/- prize "Tales of Wonder" essay "What I think the Martians think we think about them".

The coming yearssaw the methodical conquest of the rest of England. There were, of course, setbacks and even disasters. None will forget the black day when Sir Webster staggered wearily through the gates of the fortress, the sole survivor of the Scottish Expedition. History has recorded how Field Marshall Youd wreaked a fearful revenge by flying the length of Scotland releasing thousands of parachutes carrying "Johnnie Walker" bottled filled with tincture of guinine.

But by 1955 the work was complete. England was a scientifically organised country ruled and administered by a benevolent Fantocracy. The people were satisfied, the public services had been restored and the schools reopened. Parody had been stamped out. The seat of government had been transferred to Oxford, though Somerset was still the centre of research and air-transport, and the home of the Triumvirate and their associated.

In these busy years, little thought had been given to the outside world. Now, however, the time had obviously come to confer the benefits of fandom on the rest of humanity. It was at this psychological moment that one of the research workers discovered the irresistible weapon which would make victory assured - the Itching Ray.

So on the plains of Wiltshire the revolutionary armies of Marshall Youd drilled with this new and deadly weapon, while overhead droned the planes of the Fantocracy, waiting for the day of liberation.

DID THE DAY OF LIBERATION EVER COME ? DID FANTOCRACY SURVIVE ? SEE  
NEXT ISSUE THE TITANIC CONCLUSION OF THIS MONUMENTAL RECORD !



## SWILLINGS from the Stf Trough

## SECOND HELPING

by  
SWINE

On the last occasion that you sat entranced by the homely wit of SWINE, I talked about the pretensions of Douglas Webster to ethical uprightness: his claim to be an (intellectual) "man, my son". Subsequently, the process of disintegration has accelerated. A paragraph from a letter of this swashbuckler of the brain reads:

"General reactions to SWINE indicate that slanging of types or general references is all in the fun, but very personal stuff, especially when bitter or unpleasant (the FEA dope) just don't amuse the boys. That's the way it is. Bearing in mind Michael's reasonable criticism, and the fact that . . . I do not want to start any more fights in Fay, I think we'd better pay heed to this."

So whether you will have the pleasure of gulping your SWILLINGS depends very much on the precise degree of holding-power of Douglas' nerve. I, SWINE, have no intention of slanging types. What is wrong with "fandom" has nothing to do with types. "Fandom" is a bog, from which people ooze stickily after some two or three years of wallowing, just because of its individuals. We are not types. We are abnormals. And where we make fools of ourselves is that we come into "fandom", with its "clubby", "friendly" atmosphere, with the ignoble thought that thereby we shall suppress our abnormality and cultivate the most commonplace, the most "human", facet of our natures. Having been solitary warps, we try all to unbend together. God help us.

§ § § § §

This craving to be ordinary, to "rejoin the herd", becomes, sometimes, almost pathetic. Not invariably so, however. SWINE is merely nauseated by the VOM antics of G.K.Chapman. In the January issue we find him smearing great slabs of yellow, slightly "off", butter-substitute over that "charming fellow", that sweet personality, Frank Edward Arnold. (SWINE notes as indication of the closeness of the intimacy between G.K.Chapman and this magnetic individual, that he finds it too great an effort of memory to reproduce correctly our friend's second initial.) In the previous VOM we wept tenderly over another "dear comrade", Edward J. Carnell. Maiden aunts do much the same thing over poodles. It would seem that our sentimental friend is to cast his pearls over the major part of British "fandom". How odd if they were to be cast before -- SWINE !

§ § §

In the last FANTAST I talked, not, I hope, too pleasantly, about a "fan" who has registered as a Conscienceless Objector. Now, I wish to talk very similarly of one who has not. Would it not be pleasing, some time, if someone could be persuaded to behave according to their declared principles? John Frederick Burke is now in Civilisation's front-line: to be precise, in the R.A.F. sector of it. John Frederick Burke has for years been a lofty pacifist, and a superior disdainer of the British people. How have I come to overlook his change of heart? The jargon these people use to cover such lapses is "economic pressure". Which means that they support a family, a family that would suffer if they interpreted their consciences too nicely. Applying this very proposition to John Frederick Burke, SWINE thinks of dates . . . drearily.

† † † † †

Further instructions from Douglas Webster: "As I was saying re SWINE, a poem or two scattered throughout is good policy." I am no poet. However, since my ambition is, solely, to be loved, I have laboured to please. Hence --

The Song of Burke-Youd

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Mr. Burke and Mr. Youd, with guile and duplicity,  
Agreed to stuff the "fan-mags" up with Burkish-Youd publicity.

Said Mr. Burke to Mr. Youd:

"That scum must shout out talents - LOUD!"

Said Mr. Youd to Mr. Burke:

"I have a plan I'm sure will work.

"I'll tell them you're a menace to society,  
A warp with Auden-Aldous on the brain,  
Who thinks of Judge Ben Lindsay as a sink of impropriety:  
But a natural, born writer, who will write - and write again!"

"I'll tell them Sam's large-hearted, but unstable:  
Both typical, and champion, of the masses;  
A white-hot propagandist under label after label,  
But mentally equipped to be - King Ass, among the Asses!"

Now, why do Messrs. Youd and Burke display such dark duplicity?  
'Cause even they don't have the nerve to run their own publicity!

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I see that J. Michael Rosenblum, in his publication, FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST, has kindly expressed approval of my few observations on the "charming fellow", Frank Edward Arnold. He must be careful. Such occurrences touch my most hoggish depths. Only J. Michael Rosenblum's drastic public reversal of policy, recently, prevented me from dipping my pen to him.

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Quote.

'At a meet, a while back, Eric Russell came bursting in, brandishing paper and proclaiming: "I've just had a letter from that dirty devil Webster!" And he asked me, afterwards: "Doesn't he ever mention any other subject?"'

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Gentlemen and "fans", consider, pray, the strange case of SWINE. What is it that this fellow thinks he is trying to do? Let the late H. Dennis Bradley supply an answer.

"Strangely enough, many of these antagonistic types are so peculiarly constituted that they hang on to the subject, just as a jealous lover will hang on to a mistress for the perverse pleasure of tormenting her. They hang on viciously, in the hope of gaining an opportunity to injure or destroy. Any such opportunity for harm provides them with a sadistic mental emotion."

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God! "Fandom" is hog-wash.

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## TWO POEMS

by

G. S. YOUD

FARMER

## LULLABY

I see you sleeping now, but sleep  
Touches you with diffidence,  
Through your golden hairs must creep,  
And polishes your lips, and steeply  
Curves your breasts to eloquence.

Here is quietude and rest,  
A phallic universe for two  
Subdued and sleepy in its quest  
For refuge from this old, empested  
Caravan for caribou.

Then sleep, beloved, while the dawn  
Shakes across the sky outside.  
Soon enough is living born,  
Soon enough the bloody morning  
Gives us reins and makes us guide.

Till the wheels release and turn  
Let us hold our peace awhile.  
Ecstasy is mine to burn  
As long as, with protective yearning,  
I can watch you sleep and smile.

The colours in the sky don't trouble you much  
But the cows in the field are doing you Dutch;  
You are betrayed by the cabbage stalks.  
The Nat. Agric. Board talks and talks,  
And far transcends in your young life  
The truth of the economic roots of strife.

I should be mad at you, deny  
The folly of art that you imply,  
But books are billowing today.  
The art of art is to hide away,  
And butter's rationed by the quarter pound  
To C. Day Lewis and Ezra Pound.

And yet you share art's hopes and fears.  
We too cried out for twenty years,  
We too could see that raiding night  
Was falling. Time proved both of us right.  
The wind-thrwn fields go marching along  
With Eliot's whining and Auden's song.

We are the children who love and scold,  
Loved and neglected by England, told  
To hold our peace when we try to change her;  
And called to the van at a sign of danger.  
But he's not of us who eschews the guns;  
England is England. We are her sons.

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

fresh fields & pastures new

Editorial by Webster

.....

It is April & in April come our birthdays. Those of Webster, Youd, & Fay herself - her third. Which is all very touching, is it not? We feel justified, then, in presenting another overgrown issue; but for our tactful desire for moderation, it would be far more overgrown. Many regular features have been omitted - some only at the last moment - & a choice Arnold-SWINE fight rejected.

Which brings us to DRSmith: and he informs us that an editorial can't be rated unless it contains policy, like a leader article. Herewith some policy . .

Firstly, the incidence of SWINE, plus the usual occasional harsh word to be

found in FANTAST, demand a policy on fighting. Personally we like a good argument: you will always find argumentation in a magazine edited by Webster. Now & then we can enjoy vilification - if presented with skill. But, unless it concerns persons for whom we don't give a damn one way or the other, we are all against material calculated to hurt anyone's feelings or act merely libellously. Insofar as is possible, we keep this out of Fay. This directly concerns SWINE. Since it's distasteful to suppress or curb a contributor, so far we've allowed him to say what he likes & cut nothing. Most of the people he considers, bar Frank Arnold, are good friends of ours; we can only hope they take it in the right spirit! Arnold we don't know well, though we'd like to meet him. To judge by what SWINE says of us both, we must be kindred souls & would hit it off well. Nor do we object to SWINE's taking a crack at us - that's anyone's prerogative. Beyond grinning to ourselves we neglect to reply, for to start quarelling with anyone in our own magazine wouldn't be argument: it would be murder.

Secondly, pseudonyms. Objections, mild & otherwise, have been raised to our use of them. In most cases people don't use pseudonyms unless they have good reason, & surely those reasons should be respected? Unless someone can present a reasonable case against it, we have no objections to the use of pseudonyms. That's that. Incidentally, there is no truth whatsoever in the rumour that J.F. Burke is a non-de-plume of Douglas Webster.

Cases of doubtful authorship are different. "Nude Gels", e.g., came to us sans title or indication of origin. We reached this by elimination, first cutting out DRSmith & Edwin Macdonald. Having obtained a short leet of Ackerman & Koenig, we were saved in the nick of time by the current VOM, which indicated the former. We don't know if English readers have "faves" a la 4SJ, but if so they are urged to strain every muscle in placing themselves in his position. "Whacky" arrived in a parcel of magazines from Doc Lowndes. It is the first of a series of items which we think will amply warrant reprinting in Fay: the second will be Johnny Michel's Chi. It seems to have been stencilled with the Lowndes typewriter, & mimeod with the Michel touch on green ESMY paper. We thus have no idea who could have written it, & arrived at "Roger" & "Conway" by stabbing the telephone book with a pin.

Next issue Arthur Clarke's History draws to a thunderous close - the first Fay serial to be completed. Smith, like Carbo, is eternal: see next time another super-doooper instalment of his super-doooper "The Road to Fame". Further, Eric Hopkins' "Ostensibly on Swearing", Harold Chibbett's "Poltergeists & Suchlike Beasties", Erik Needham's "In Search of a Sage" (read it & then decide whether DRS really exists!), Sam Voud's "Chinese Drinking Song", & other delicacies.

One last point. Mrs. Burke, we think, scores a decisive victory for Women's Hats. Good - we are all for 'em; but should anyone still cavil, let him give voice. The next questionnaire, stimulated largely by Verke's noble account of the Drinkvention in THE DAMN THING #6, leaves us unbiassed. It appears that all fans drink beer, except the few who don't drink at all; we ponder if there might be a generic reason. Please, we'd like to know what you drink, how much, how often, with whom, where, why, when, & all other relevant details. And don't be shy - think how lovely a bibulous FANTAST would be! Don't fail us, then.

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

Ego. CLARKE, invariably first to comment on Fay:  
 "Blast you! I had intended to spend a busy day working on radio - & along comes 'Fay'. So here we are having spent all the morning dealing with Eric.



Herewith the result. \*\* Whole issue good, very good. \*\* My History - reads a bit disjointedly. Like your last P.S. [You mean you liked it, or it read disjointedly?] \*\* Spirit of New Age. This is good, really good. Even if one is a bit fed up with the JFP-CSY mutual admiration society, it is well worth reading. The material was well chosen & arranged, and the writing was outstandingly good. 9. [Precisely the opinion of the majority.] \*\* Recipe. Biassed, of course. Good propaganda. 7. \*\* And My Indigestion. Well, I can't honestly judge this. But I certainly find it stimulating! Tho' I disagree utterly I'll give it 7 cause it's verra well done. \*\* Swine. Ha! Very good. This'll shake 'em. [It did.] Rates 8 from me. Loose Ends & Letters. Enjoyed Bill's letter most. \*\* Back Cover. Well! Reluctant though I am to plunge into the fray, I must say that these drawings are misleading. [Arthur always calls nudes misleading: wonder what he means?] Also they are likely to cause trouble & it's silly in fact bloody silly to risk getting the US issues confiscated. The drawing itself seems excellent, tho' at the moment I am not in a position to check it's accuracy. 8."

Doc LOWIDES wrote, towards the end of last year--

"American fankind, I grieve to relate, is in the nicey-nicey stage. It has lost its gusto for the nonce and is swathed out in satin and queues and behaving much like a newly reformed drunkard: unbearable. Eventually US fankind will grow up and get sick of this mawkish pose; they'll realise that good healthy controversy doesn't make a fan a guttersnipe, and that, on the other hand, it isn't necessary to be gamin in order to hold one's own against opposing thesis. (This is for publication in Folly if you can find room.) [Always find room for anything likely to start a fight.] And they won't get goose-pimples when they find themselves enjoying a bit of well-done erotica. As Wilde once observed, there's no such thing as an immoral book: books are either well-written or badly-written, that is all. [Somebody hasn't been around.] \*\* I may be in error about Smith liking M. [Mat-aiya], but I seem to recall his mentioning it favorably in Les. That 's where I first heard that the thing had seen publication. In regard to M, by the way, Chauvenet's all wacked up. It wasn't an imitation of Lovecraft nor was it meant to be so. One would think such masterfans would be able to distinguish between what was Lovecraftian and what wasn't, but apparently they can't. It was the antithesis of the Lovecraftian fantasy; HPL was a prude, pure and simple. This piece is in the manner of Clark Ashton Smith, and was supposed to be subtly amusing, rather than anything else. I'm happy to hear that you Britishers apparently got the point. And let not it be thought that I'm an Anglophile because I aint." [That's all right, brother: neither are we!]


Doc RUSSELL, now away from the Metrop. again:

"Can't say I was overjoyed with last FANTAST. It reminded me of those days when - if advertisements are anything to go by - every fan had dreadful kinks which came out in the form of dreadful hickies. Too many personal references of the kind I dislike. Generalizations are okay, or slaps at types, but I don't care much for personal criticisms which often prove to be ill-founded and unfair." [Which is a criticism eminently well-founded and fair.]

Doc TEMPLE wrote, 5th. Jan.42 --

"Latest issue of FANTAST replete with pseudonyms. If anyone can't tell who "Januarius" is from the style, then they don't deserve to know. SWINE is undoubtedly Doug. Webster, & always was anyway. [Fiend.] "Berlioz", in FOR NO APPARENT REASON, is obviously Ego Clarke. It sounds just like him giving a report of how

his last B.I.S. lecture went down. [We'll bet Ego hasn't given his last BIS lecture by a long chalk!] \*\* Incidentally, I much enjoyed Part One of the same gentleman's "Short History". I do hope he's sent you Part Two, & I do hope you've lost it. [God, what a fiend.] Re Hopkins v. Hanson - I side with 'the deluded followers of the Space Creed'. Man does not live by bread alone. "The nation that has lost its poetry has lost its soul" said James Elroy Flecker. [Yes, but Yorick's the poet, not youse guys.] We'll leave the jangling sects of the "Left" to quarrel over the bodies of the people. We'll provide them with poetry to the tune of £250,000 (& cheap at the price) & show them that there is something above this dogfight to live for. Soul savers - that's us. [Bloody romantics.] \*\* Don't say we're going to have a fuss over Sex again. [Are we? --- oh, goody!] To the unmarried Sex may be a Problem, a Torture, a Wicked Thing, a Sublime Thing, a Dirty Joke or a Biological Function. To the unhappily married it may still be any, or all, of these. But to the happily married it's just a Pleasant Game. Just depends on the point of view, you see. Scienti-sociological wrangles won't get nobody nowhere nohow. They won't stop me Playing, anyway. [FIEND!] \*\* On leave at Wembley at the moment. Eric Frank Russell came t'other night. Talked for 4 solid hours. We couldn't get a word in edgeways, & didn't want to. The man's a walking entertainment machine, & you don't have to put a penny in the slot either. \*\* Last night Medhurst, James Rathbone, Arthur Williams, & Joyce Fairbairn came to tea. We thought it our duty to gather opinions, as per your request, on Women's Hats. Here you are:-



JAMES RATHBONE: "Womens hats are an expression of women's personality, & that's why so few women wear hats these days."

ARTHUR WILLIAMS: "I like bandanas - if they're what I think they are."

JOAN TEMPLE: "I see no evil, I hear no evil, I speak no evil."

JOYCE FAIRBAIRN: "I don't like ones with veils on - they get in the way." (?) !!]

GEORGE MEDHURST: "I don't believe in them."

BILL TEMPLE: "Woman's clowning glory. And I allus did like a bit o' fun meself." "

Further comments written on leave, from Eric HOPKINS this time:

"By the way, Dog, here's an amazing matter. In the November issue you stun me with - "Your subscription has 0 issues to run. Please renew." Now December arrives and I am informed that - "Your subscription has 1 issues to run. Please renew." I must be going backwards with Johnny, or are you scared that your Novembral ruthlessness will lose you a customer? With unabashed optimism I subscribe for another six months. No doubt you have already discovered the oodle. [Another fiend. He reveals our most cherished trade-secrets, for it must be admitted that our sub-list functions purely by luck. But revenge is ours: Eric sends 3 bob for six months, forgetting that Fay appears every 3 or 4 months. We thus make a clear profit of 2/-.] \*\* I like Miguel's perverseness. ... As the Duke of Bedford gives me a pain in the neck, I can only help swell the mirth of Miguel. Contrary to an unconscious urge to gaze in wonder upon the last sentence, I think a great deal can be due to lucky birth and an easy life. And I don't mean a great deal of snobbishness and lack of understanding. I mean a more powerful, extensive, and subtle intellect, although I wouldn't example the Duke. \*\* I ponder the identity of Januarius. The article has a very American tang, and so we could



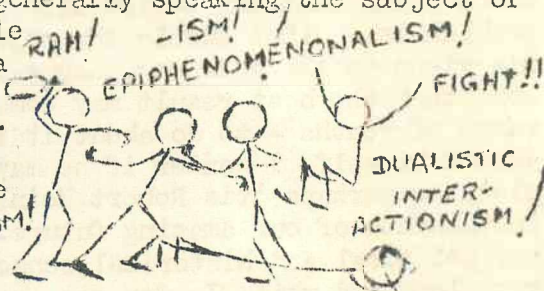
always suspect that man Russell. On the other hand, I wouldn't put it past Frank Arnold who is a lively youngster. Then Bob Gibson was (and maybe is) over here, and mayhap he thinks and writes thus. I'm at a loss to choose any British culprit other than the afore-mentioned couple, and if it is the product of well-known carpers such as Eric Williams or Sid Besmirchme or even George Medhurst I can only opine that the affected style is very deceitful of him. (Whoever he may be.) In any case, while the 'unless' of the last paragraph is perfectly legitimate, I don't think that the fellow need kick just us in the teeth, anxious though the problem is. [But surely the object of a harangue must be that the haranguer air his views to the audience, necessarily limited to a greater or lesser extent, & hope that the best result may come of them?] What he expects us - mebbe four score of youths - to do about it isn't very clear and, as he would seem to like the answer himself, I wonder if he may be just another would-be author in search of a plot, or perhaps 'tis Robert Heinlein plumbing our superior intelligences for further instalments of our amazing future. [Januarius is not R.H.] Briefly, nobody with any political and historical sense at all can live in the mood of Januarius for very long and while I, for one, am prepared to do what I can "about it", I have a sufficiently strong sense of my obscurity and unimportance to realise that, for me at least, proselytism is rapidly becoming an untenable position. I think that is what the literary intelligentsia mean when they believe that this war will drive the writers inwards from a fighting proletarian stand, to interest in their inner activity. And that reminds me that your last letter admitted your growing disinterest in politics (regarding my Searchlight books, remember?), and you thought it might be the influence of the war - although you did not hint at the nature of this influence. I think we are undergoing a sort of 'browning off' at the behaviour of human beings in this war and that, although the formulation of political creeds and ideals is still provoking, I, at least, have an increasing tendency to remain unmoved by them. Like yourself, I think this personal symptom is alarming.

\*\* Pantocracy is extremely funny. With Sam's message, Ego has captured his style perfectly. [Ego & us laff quietly up our sleeves.] Please continue at sharp intervals. \*\* Skipping the next few pages - remarking, on the way, the queer success of Sam's culling from an experiment, yea - we arrive at Seidlitz and his trolling in mourning of the Wellsians. It's very sooth. \*\* I suppose that "Raymond France" is a pseudonym for an otherwise honest personality. Personally, I know of only one fan who has been described by one-who-knows as "an orthodox Communist" and the name is Sid Birchby, but certain phrases in this effort destroy - in my mind - attachment to Snidney. For instance, "the first duty of every citizen of any capitalist nation at war is to work for the defeat of his own government & the immediate conclusion of the war." That doesn't sound very Siddeley, and as for this - "I believe in the innate wisdom of the simplest of men". God! the fellow should study Coleridge's disruption of similar views once held by Wordsworth ("Biographia Literaria"). And I cannot possibly imagine that emanating from our Sid. [Sounds more like our Don Ray, doesn't it?] Like almost every fan, France knows what he, and we, want but is rather unhappy on the methods of getting it. And surely if - quoting France - the people are to be "at the helm of our own state", the "temporary suspension of my rights to say as I please" will be anomalous to say the least? The truth is, or ought to be realised, that the Lincolniae dogma - "the government of the people, by the people, for the people" - is a literal falsehood."



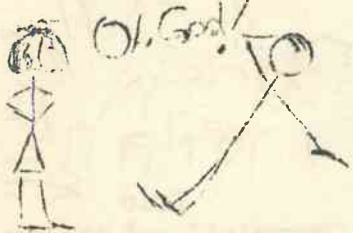
And here's our old friend John CRAIG, on --

"Hats. Sir, what do I know about hats (before I go on what price Mr. Doughty's priggish remarks about your bath questionnaire?) \*\* All I know about hats is that I pay for 'em. The less the better but unfortunately the more the oftener. You know what the A.T.S. say about 'ats don't you? ... but you'd better not print that one. Definitely forbidden. [To hear is to obey.] \*\* There are big hats and little hats I know, and hats that are 'dreams' but turn into nightmares when the bill comes rolling home but generally speaking the subject of women's hats, like philosophy, is quite impossible and will lead to an equal loss of temper. For a good bawdy, insulting, rowdy, everybody-lose-their-temper time - give me a crowd of people indulging in a philosophical discussion. To be a designer of women's hats presupposes that you are either a Salvador Dali or crazy. When asked whether I like a hat or not I always evade the question, walking mincingly (mincingly - that's good isn't it?) [another Arnold Bennet in our midst!] away making faint clucking noises like a baby on its pot. However to my wife I always refer to other women as never wearing hats that suit them. This always satisfies and is a good deal more subtle than some of you blokes realise. That's all about hats."



On the other hand, John BURKE pleads --

"Oh, doug, doug, x x x don't start a debate on women's hats. Not if you value your reason. Nobody ever got anywhere discussing women's hats, except perhaps the loony-bin. I refuse to say anything on the subject, except that I consider it an almost sacred duty to buy the weirdest hat in the shop, utterly regardless of price, fit or husband's prejudices. For instance, I bought one last week. It cost almost a week's salary - oh doug, doug, think how many books you could buy! - is composed of a bit of ribbon, lace, and veiling, with little gold birds embroidered on it, and John will scream when he sees it. None of these facts, incidentally, must be communicated to John. When I see him next he will say hysterically "Not another new hat?" and I shall reassure him - "Good heavens, don't you remember this old thing? I've had it years - but years!" And I shall get away with it - that is if you treat my confidences like a gentleman, as I hope and trust you will? It's such a lovely hat, though, the sort of hat that makes you feel right on top of the world - the sort of hat other women look at out of the corner of their eyes. [It should be mentioned that John has since seen, & approved, this peer among hats, though this will be his first intimation of the price.] Rather strange, that. It's far more flattering to feel another woman looking at your clothes intently than it is to have a man do the same thing. Interesting psychologically, surely?" [Honey chile: the men don't waste their time looking at your clothes.]



From the environs of Swansea Technical College writes Maurice HANSON:

"Eric Hopkins's Indigestion--7. Though I was rather shocked by the floweriness & declamatory style of my article (we surely become wiser with the passage of time - thank goodness you announced that it was written in 1939) my sentiments remain unchanged. Like Professor Joad, Eric, I take it, at the time he wrote his



reply, fancied the idea of holding up at least "censoring" all technical research until our morals catch up with our knowledge. Possibly this is desirable; but certainly it isn't feasible. One of the great dualities of this world is that either things progress or they retrogress. They simply cannot stand still. Furthermore the only hope for the elevation of our morals to any appreciable extent is through scientific research---psychology, education, endocrinology, sociology. The alternatives before us are (1) An attempted universal halting of scientific research which fortunately isn't feasible owing to the very vastness of the project, & which if carried out would mean stagnation & retrogression. (2) Carry on with research as fast as possible, with special reference to our moral make-up, if you like. As Heinlein pointed out in "Solution Unsatisfactory" this may well bring disaster, but the other way brings certain disaster so why not take the way that gives you a chance of greater things? As may Wells succinctly put it - the stars or nothing. \*\* Incidentally, for Eric to argue that the productive wealth of the world is not sufficient to alleviate the suffering millions simultaneously with building a space-ship is just ridiculous. Space-travel might or might not increase individual happiness; so might or might not a study of the solubility of copper sulphate, or the proof of the existence of E.S.P. But you simply can't stop people trying to find out."

January letter from *Wells* ROTHMAN dwelt for a little on Lester del Rey--

"I talk a lot about del Rey because he is the most unusual person I have ever known. In the first place he claims that his IQ is 200. How true that is, and precisely what it means, I don't know. He tells many stories that I can't decide whether or not to believe. Nevertheless, he has the most wonderful gift of gab you have ever heard, and he'll talk your ears off on almost any subject you would care to mention. He has a tremendous memory and a knack for utilizing his knowledge to the greatest advantage, so that he can sound as if he knows a lot about a subject even if he doesn't. However, the chances are that on most subjects he knows more than the average person does, and on certain subjects, such as photography, history, and politics, he is actually an expert. \*\* He is a scrawny sort of thing to look at; his eyes are huge and look like from a Cartier drawing, and his mouth is big and expressive. In fact, his entire being is very expressive: his face, his voice, and his body. He claims various physical conditions which are somewhat unusual, and says that they come from his Basque ancestry. For instance, a high percentage of copper in the blood; a normally high blood pressure -- or I should say, rather, a high blood pressure that for him is normal; a very variable heart speed which can go up to 160 without trouble; wide-angle vision; pupils that vary at will (which very much annoyed the doctors when he was under observation). Oh, and his skeleton is so fragile that he can break his own bones by pulling too hard with his muscles. Oh yes, and he claims that he can control every individual muscle in his body. \*\* What is wrong with him right now is the fact that for several years he lived too fast a life, so he wrecked his health and is now recuperating. He just sold a couple hundred dollars worth of stories, which is a good sign. \*\* He is a very black and white sort of person, capable of tremendous enthusiasms and violent dislikes. No wishywashyness about him. \*\* I've often thought that the two of us would make one marvelous person. He has the ideas, the mechanical gift, the co-ordinating powers, while I have the ability to learn the technical details and carry the ideas through to their conclusions."



January letter from Swine CHUJVENET contained this, amongst much of merit--  
 ".... Folly [Nov.] I will rate 10. (Rare number!) Most interesting letter column in fandom. I have just noted that Parr's stuff got passed over without comment.. Subtle workings of the subconscious, becoz I don't like the philosophical attitude on which the article is based. Parr argues that religion should not be debunked becoz it would make the Aggie Goldshaws unhappy. Actually, most of the philosophers who have debunked religion--at the moment I am thinking of Bertrand Russell--have written largely for those preferring to base their actions on reasoning, rather than emotions. The Aggie Goldshaws believe as they do becoz they happen to have minds incapable of standing alone; they need support, and that support is their religious beliefs. They would literally be lost without religion, and we need not worry about their abandoning religion. They will not do so any more than a cripple will throw away his crutch before he has been cured and taught to walk. We need not, therefore, object to the practice of religion by those who feel the need of it. But if we do not need or benefit by religion, having arrived at philosophies which will stand without support from religious sanctions, there is no reason why we should treat religion with any especial reverence, or refrain from trying to show others how it is possible for a mind to face the world on its own, without requiring any 'god' for support. After we have cured a cripple, he will throw away his crutches; there is scant need to do it for him, and no reason to bother." [Which we deem an admirable exposition along its own lines.]

Further reasoned criticism from Sid BESMIRCHIE--

"To get on to slighter matters: I am really surprised that you published that article by "Swine" in "Fantast". I thought better of your good taste & discretion, for while you are always ready to poke fun at people and institutions (& very wittily, too) I thought that, for the very reason that you do always do so in fun, you would not have published such bitter & venomous material as that. \*\* Even if, as Swine would doubtless protest, the facts are true, and truth will out, it need not be worded so as to give offense. I am very surprised & grieved at your lack of discretion, Douglas. \*\* If, of course, I am wrong and you did it in a spirit of mischief, just to make a flutter - well, we all make mistakes and as far as I am concerned, we'll forget it. But it does seem a very poor show." [Alas, Sid, we are noted for our total lack of discretion: if the action proves rash we shall be sorry; but our mind just now is a chaos of uncertainty, & we know not what to think.]

More brainfever in copying out ACKERMAN's individual English:

"... Zeus Craig's attitude / tord Vom in Fay [Nov., again]. Well, now, I really didnt mind so much as all that! & it's a cert U fellows rnt obligated to rite & rave about Vom, or at least say the very best U can for it, simply bcuz [We prefer LRC's "becoz"] it's free. "Jno", I'll grant anybody, is no great shakes as a breve--as well abbreviate July "Jul." or "June "Jun."--& I don't understand myself what the "n" is doing bfor the "o". All I know is, it's the accepted abbreviation. But here are the 2 reasons I rite ODD JNO: Firstly, my eye delites in ...in...damme, the word eludes me. Here are some examples, tho: San Francisco Cal; 19 Dec 41 [9 Dec 41 would fool you, though.]; I even woud elongate "Jr" to "Jnr" for the purpose of adresing Art Widner Jnr in that manner. U get the idea? What is it I like--regularity, design, balance? Something of the sort. So I plain like the looks of ODD JNO ritten that way. Secondly, tho I do not say it aloud, when I read it that way I think of it as jno, pronounced juh-no, an appropriately odd pronunciation, n'est-ce pas?" [We had meant to quote Yorick here, but instead will inflict the Webster-Hopkins investigations on you at a later date. Verily.]