

P H A N T E U R

(Formerly Phanny)

Whole Number 1

January, 1946

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Well, here we are again. We could say that the long delay etc. etc. etc. has been due to the difficulties involved in putting out a a brand new phanzine. We could, but we won't, because you wouldn't believe us, anyway, and there is no point in telling a lie that no one believes.

The actual reasons for the hiatus in the publication schedule (since when did we have a schedule?) are numerous and various, but nearly all are tied in in some way with the sudden end of the war in Europe, and the subsequent atomic bombing and surrender of Japan.

The change in name is not a sudden thing; we've been considering some such change for well over a year, but couldn't think of a satisfactory name. The first name that seemed to be suitable, and which, so far as we knew, had not been used previously, was one which almost got used; Phantaseur. From that, it was easy to evolve Phanteur. The first, we thought of as a sort of Ackermanic telescoping of phantasy connoisseur. The name finally adopted, we think of as a telescoped form of phantasy amateur. It is a more fitting title; our claim to an amateur standing is certainly beyond question; the same could hardly be said for our standing as a connoisseur. Incidentally, if anyone wants to use phantaseur on his own masthead, he's welcome to it.

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The cover of this issue of PHANTEUR is a reproduction of an old print, only recently recovered from the subterranean archives of a now-forgotten museum on the Aldebaranian planet Gubmuh. Half-obliterated notations on the margin of this ancient find would seem to indicate that the monument to the ancient glories of PHANTEUR once reared its mighty bulk high into the stratosphere. (For more of this guff, you'll have to turn to page 15. Really ain't worth it.)

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PHANTEUR is an amateur publication perpetrated occasionally for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by one D. B. Thompson, at 1527 Levin St., Alexandria, Louisiana. The Editor is not responsible, as any fule kin plainly see.

PONTIFEX

by

Donn Brazier

Before the war, Paul Klingbiel and I founded a society; THE FRONTIER SOCIETY. Except for a few members close to Paul and myself, I doubt whether many understood just what we had hoped to accomplish. Fandom, I know, certainly could never have known, because there were so few fans who actually joined and helped; surprisingly, it was mostly from fields outside of the inner circle, yes, even the outer circle, that we recruited our members. Sometimes I wonder whether I knew exactly what we wanted, for certain members criticised me for letting our subscription organ, FRONTIER, degenerate into a general fan magazine. Lack of proper material explained some of this, but still there rankles in my mind the thought that I failed to make the magazine what it should have been because I was unaware of the exact nature of our aims.

Paul started the whole idea with a collection of notes he had been gathering, and still is, under the title, THINK IT OVER. He has collected an enormous number of quotations which inspire thought, for he has specialized on those things which science admits are still mysteries. It was a short jump from that to realizing that we could combine our efforts, for I was making a somewhat similar collection called COSMIC DUST; and if we two could combine, why couldn't many others with identical interests and note-taking habits? Thus, was born the idea for the society.

The idea was sound. Why it never succeeded as well as we had hoped is not the purpose of this short article; rather, I want to describe a more basic idea, an urge I think Paul and I were trying to satisfy and didn't know it. After all, of what interest is a bare collection of notes when looked at from the standpoint of pattern? Of no more basic and enduring interest than a book of Ripley oddities, I believe. Therefore, I present a glue, as it were, to hold these frontier facts into a pattern.

Pontifex is the key-word. It means bridge-builder. It is a word, and it is a concept, taken directly from a book by Aldous Huxley; TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. The idea is not really new in non-fiction works, I imagine, but nowhere have I seen it so clearly and concisely presented as in this work of fiction by Huxley.

Huxley has a character who, for two years, toured all the leading universities of Europe and Asia, getting in touch with the really significant people working in each. Huxley went into no detail of this evidently interesting trip -- the scientists, the experiments, the great theories. The character was trying to enlist these great men into his project, which was the setting up of an international clearing house of ideas, the creation of a general staff of scientific, religious, philosophic synthesis of all thought. This character described himself as only the liaison officer between these various fields of knowledge, the interpreter, the bridge building engineer, a pontifex minimus.

"Bridging the gap between the phenomena of spiritualism and the phenomena psychology and physics was one of his jobs as pontifex minimus. An uncommonly difficult job, incidentally, since nobody had yet formulated a hypothesis in terms of which you could think coherently of the two sets of facts. For the present, best one could do was to skip from one to the other -- hoping, meanwhile, that some day one might get a hunch, an illuminating intuition of the greater synthesis. For synthesis there undoubtedly must be, a thought-bridge that would permit the mind to march discursively and logically from telepathy to the

four-dimensional continuum, from poltergeists and departed spirits to the physiology of the nervous system. And beyond the happenings of the seance room, there were the events of the oratory and the meditation hall. There was the ultimate all-embracing field -- the Brahma of Sankara, the One of Plotinus, the Ground of Eckhart and Boehme, the Gaseous Vertebrate of Haeckel."

Anything that I could add to the above would be anticlimactic, for I think Huxley has put the idea very well. I seem to remember that Charles Fort, too, suggested a certain oneness of the universe. The idea has probably been put forward countless times by philosophers. In fact, if I can manage it, I would like to write, for my next article, a piece entitled: THIS ANIMATE WORLD. Perhaps Deebee will print it for me. ((Indubitably, folks; in fact it is on the next page.))

Now, with the idea that there is work for a pontifex between the fields of worldly knowledge, I suggest that after the war is over and Paul and I get back home, that we start up the FRONTIER SOCIETY once again, and that we concentrate on showing that there is an underlying oneness in the universe. What do you say? I'd like to know?

The End

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As one of the earliest members of the FRONTIER SOCIETY, and a frequent contributor to FRONTIER, I think I am qualified to talk about the original organization, at least. For I was one of those members who did not contribute anything to advance the avowed purpose of the organization; about all I did was help pad out the pages of FRONTIER with stilted fiction; pages which should have been, but weren't, as Donn explained above, filled with stuff on the frontier of knowledge. I really shouldn't have been a member. The "facts" of spiritualism (see Huxley, above) never interested me. My position on such matters is simple; either these manifestations exist only in the gullible imaginations of their observers, or they exist as a normal part of the "real" world; no other world is necessary to explain them. If they are a normal part of the "real" world, then we may confidently expect to ferret them out and to understand them in due time. Philosophers who write long intellectual treatises, unsupported by duplicable evidence, serve their purpose when they have stated the problem involved; their curious excursions into metaphysics merely serve to confuse the issue. As for the "oneness" of the universe, the interchangeability of matter and energy would seem to be fairly conclusive as far as the "real" world goes; the only major question there seems to be the meaning of reality, especially with the square root of -1 showing up so frequently in physical investigations. In any event, this latter problem would not seem to invalidate conclusions based on observed and duplicable phenomena.

Donn, as probably all of you know, has been back in the States for some time; this should have been published sooner, but I'll probably never put out another Summer issue of any publication, if I continue my sojourn in the South, so this past Summer may be taken as setting a precedent.

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Friend, I was born too soon.

In dreams, I live my life on other worlds. Now, born of awesome strife
And death of human-kind, the boon
Of bursting atoms sets men free.

Freedom for the young, not for me.

I'll see the first ship round the moon,

Perhaps -- a decade hence, we're told -- but I'll be fifty then; too old --
Friend, I was born too soon!

---D. B. T.

It is fun to write fillers in verse form just to fit the space on the end of the page. it's easy, too!

THIS ANIMATE WORLD

by
Donn Brazier

In PONTIFEX, I mentioned briefly the concept that a oneness pervades the universe; in this article I shall advance some ideas to show that perhaps this basic reality, this oneness, is LIFE.

One of the puzzles of science today remains unsolved: What is life? And where is the division point between the non-living and the living? It can be solved very easily, if either one or the other of the two is taken as the only reality. This article attempts to show that there is only one type of material and immaterial thing in the universe. If the stone is non-living, so then is man; if the man is living, so then is the stone. For reasons outside the scope of this article, I shall say that the stone is living.

Animism as a primitive religion and quite possibly as a current philosophy is well recognized as being just that -- primitive. "To the savage there was nothing absurd in the idea that everything around him bore him malice, for he had not yet discovered that some things were inanimate. In the world he saw about him, all objects were animate: sticks, stones, storms, and all else. He shied at each suspiciously, much as a horse shies suspiciously at bits of white paper by the roadside. And not merely were all things animate to the savage, but they were seething with emotions, too. Things could destroy him if they so willed, or they could let him alone."

Lewis Browne, in THIS BELIEVING WORLD, further states that: "Perhaps as Professor George Foot Moore slyly reminds us, even civilized folk instinctively cling to the primitive notion. Children angrily kick the tables against which they bump their heads, as though those tables were human. Grown men mutter oaths at the rugs over which they stumble, for all the world as though those rugs had intentionally tried to trip them. And it may be that young and old still do such irrational things only because even today there still lingers in the mind of man the savage notion that all objects are animate. When caught off his guard, man still is betrayed into trying to punish, either with a blow or with consignment to hell-fire, the inanimate objects that happen to cause him pain."

Some ancient and contemporary religions of the world express varying degrees of animism in their belief or ritual. Consider the Egyptians with their terrifying animal gods, the early Greeks and Romans, Vishnu and Shiva of the Hindus, the animism of early Iran, and the rock, tree, and star gods of the bedouin tribes of Arabia.

It is not this primitive type of animism which I wish to suggest as basic truth. It is essentially ridiculous for man to set up and worship symbols (which gods are) of the natural creative forces around him. Man seems able to comprehend the symbol without understanding the thing it represents. Probably the closest religious belief to discard the symbol and worship the force is a pantheistic one; shorn of all worshipping and begging connotations perhaps pantheism would approximate the ideas this article will present.

Why cannot man discard his god-symbols and worship (if worship he must) the force around him? One reason, at least, is that man exalts and worships his own mind. Theodore Dreiser in an article published in THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE called "You, the Phantom" puts the idea well:

"....after centuries and centuries of peeping and prying and arguing with this earthly authority and that; reading what has been or is being written by

this or that or the other so-called mind and examining and copying as many of the natural processes as he can, and testing their accuracy for himself, or a process, or a theory that no more than duplicates some already functioning process of nature, proceeds to celebrate forthwith not the wonder of the natural and creative forces about him, but the wonder and originality and power of his own mind.

"For instance, an Anaxagoras (B. C. 400) decides that the atom alone must be the basic unit of the universe. And Leonardo, after puzzling over the flying of birds, succeeds in suspecting that some day man may fly. How astounding the mind of Leonardo! Again, a Newton seeing an apple fall to the ground discovers the law of gravitation. How supremely great Newton! But before Anaxagoras, were atoms. And before Leonardo, birds flew. And before Newton, there was the law of gravitation."

Dreiser then asks what has arranged all this natural order -- a non-thinking non-reasoning mechanism? He suggests that there exists a free-moving, mental energy with which every material thing is pervaded. Men, animals, and trees are but implementations of this universal energy, just as the molecules in a pail of paint being brushed on a house by man are implements of man who has energy connections with the free-moving energy permitting him partial movement.

The human body, for example, Dreiser says, illustrates this concept. Each cell of the body is a minute energy container functioning quite well and benefitting the body as a whole; and each cell may or may not be aware of the larger structure of which it is a part. Cannot the whole functioning body, with all the other bodies in the universe, be simply an energy container in the pattern of a larger structure, of whose existence and purpose we are not aware? (Note that we are lead by an entirely different approach to the same conclusion reached by Charles Fort, that we are "property.")

Dreiser then discusses the purpose, as he sees it, of this superbeing and its connection with man, which, while interesting, is not a part of this article. Perhaps at a later date we can discuss it through the pages of this magazine.

The universal mind has been advanced before. Gustaf Stromberg in his book THE SOUL OF THE UNIVERSE says: "The mental development of the human race is to a large extent due to the fact that a few individuals for some reason or other have been able to establish a more intimate contact with the World Soul than the majority have succeeded in doing." If such be true, it may explain why discoveries, theories, and inventions are made almost simultaneously by men at wide-spread, separated portions of the world -- a sort of transmitting by the universal mind to certain of its "cells" which are receptive and functioning for that purpose.

But what is mind? All through this article I have been using terms loosely and interchangeably. I shall continue to do so, for they are identical in meaning. Mind, creative energy, world soul, all of the same family -- lets call it life.

Aldous Huxley says in TIME MUST HAVE A STOP: "The difference between a piece of stone and an atom is that an atom is ighly organized, whereas the stone is not. The atom is a pattern; but the stone, although it is made up of these patterns, is just a mere confusion. It's only when life appears that you begin to get organization on a larger scale. Life takes the atoms and molecules and crystals; but, instead of making a mess of them like the stone, it combines them into new and more elaborate patterns of its own. The primal pattern. And then the chaos made of patterns. And the living patterns built up out of chaos. And then what next? Living patterns of living patterns?"

I'll answer his last question affirmatively. There is a living pattern of living patterns. Further, I maintain that all parts of the that greater living pattern are not chaos but bits of universal life itself. A cell of man and an atom of paint -- it's all the same. Each is disposed and governed in its position and activity by the dictates of the underlying oneness of the basic life. As Dreiser says: "All (things) either are an integral part of the universal mind, or they are differentiated portions of it -- either itself -- or superiorly differentiated by the whole of which they are still an integral part." It is a chain of command on a grand scale. (Incidentally, when any links are skipped a miracle results.)

Alexander Kuprin in "The River of Life" says: "I think that a human thought is like a current from some electric center, an intense, radiating vibration of the imponderable ether, poured out in the spaces of the world, and passing with equal ease through the atoms of stone, iron, and air. A thought springs from the brain and all the sphere of the universe begins to tremble, to ripple round me like water into which a stone is flung, like a sound about a vibrating string."

He is substantially correct, perhaps, but inverted; for a thought springs not from his brain but into his brain, and ripple in the universe caused by his brain is but a minor disturbance in the all-embracing wave pattern of life itself.

Stromberg suggests this same concept. "There is another world than that of space and time. The two worlds are not completely separated; they interact at certain points or sources around which we observe wave systems of different types. Some of these points we identify with 'material' particles, and through some of them an entity we call 'electricity' of whose ultimate nature we know nothing, enters the domain of space and time. Other contact points are 'immaterial'; they are the sources of 'living' wave systems of different degrees of complexity. Some contact points are associated with certain nerve centers in our brain -- and they are the roots of our consciousness and the sources of all our knowledge."

I confess freely that Stromberg's immaterial living wave systems are not understandable to me unless I interpret them as identical to life. Stromberg is a pontifex in his book, building bridges between chemistry, physics, biology -- especially embryology -- and philosophy. His ideas are complex, at times very technical, and sometimes highly abstract, and generally far over my head; but, if nothing else, his book "alerted" me for the acceptance of his ideas, and the recognition of similar ideas in other men's works. Now Dreiser's article, written in a way that ties up the idea with clarity and fullness of expression, makes me suggest the idea to you.

This world is animate -- rocks, trees, window screens, and men. In fact, the world is animate, and through or to all things runs a oneness that is universal -- creative energy, the world mind, the world soul, the living wave system, God, or whatever you want to call it. What do you think?

The End

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Undoubtedly, Donn's two articles would be more effective if presented in separate issues; but, because I delayed so long before publishing the first, I thought it best to publish the second at the same time, to avoid further delay.

Elsewhere in this issue, I hope to comment at some length on the article above. The comments are not yet written, however, and may never be. Suffice for now to say that I consider the function of philosophy achieved when it has presented a problem; the solution is much better left in the hands of scientists.

"By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them"

RATINGS

- A Fan-Tods, Reader and Collector.
 B+ Horizons, Sustaining Program, Fantasy, Browzing, Fan-Dango, Mag Without A Name, 1944 Fanzine Yearbook.
 B- The Timebinder, A Tale of the 'Evans, Inspiration, Nonesuch, Afterthoughts, Canadian Fandom, In Memoriam--Sardonyx, The Voice, Milt's Mag, Phantasphere.
 C Light, Walt's Wramblings, Fantast's Folly, Phantagraph, Allegory.

LAUREATE AWARD SUGGESTIONS

- Publishing: 1, Koenig (Reader and Collector) 2, Anderson (Fantasy Jackpot) 3, EE Evans (The Timebinder)
Article: 1, none; 2, Rothman ("Crossroads" in The Timebinder) 3, Warner ("A Prophet, A Very Small Prophet" in Horizons, and "Fandom" in The Mag Without A Name)
Art: No outstanding artwork by members in this Mailing.
Humor: 1, Stanley ("Yesterday's 10,000 Years" in Fan-Tods) 2, none; 3, Speer (Back cover of Sustaining Program)
Fiction: 1, none; 2, Karden ("Votary of Destruction" in Canadian Fandom) 3, None.
Poetry: 1, none; 2, Lowndes ("Annals of Arkya" in Phantagraph) 3, none.
Best in Mailing: 1, Fan-Tods (Stanley) 2, Reader and Collector (Koenig) 3, Karden, ("Votary of Destruction" in Canadian Fandom)

Several contributions by non-members deserve mention, notably Robert Butman's "Modern Mythological Fiction," Lieber's "March of the New Intellectuals," and Doug Webster's "Great Britain Outside of Fandom."

The Mailing as a whole is not outstanding, but neither is it a poor one, being much better than many of the past two years, but decidedly below the level two or three notable ones. There is little outstanding work in the whole Mailing, but this is offset to a large extent by the absence of numerous sloppy, worthless single-shoot credential-fillers.

Or perhaps I'm wrong; maybe my breakfast didn't sit well with me. Then too, it is the day before Christmas, I'm a thousand miles from home, (though immeasurably better off in this respect than some 3½ million GI's) and, instead of a gloaming, snow-covered landscape, all I can see from my window is a gray, dripping sky, and a variety of disconsolate-looking evergreen trees and shrubs. To livon things up, there is the occasional dull explosion of a huge but unenthusiastic fire-cracker--fire-crackers at Christmas, rather than on Independence Day, is the Louisiana custom, however screwy that may seem to you and you and me.

And now for the individual publications themselves:

THE FANTASY AMATEUR (Not rated) Dropping the CC and Co-ordinator jobs is OK. The method of handling the surplus stock is good too, as far as it goes; but shouldn't we do something to limit its continuous growth? For example, I've been sending 10 extra copies of my 'zine; but if none of these, or only two or three are going to be sold over a period of, say, three years, there doesn't seem to be much point in sending so many. Perhaps we should offer some special bargain rates to new members, or even to the Wait-Listers; a complete, or nearly complete mailing for \$1.00, postage prepaid. Such a plan would get the extra copies into the hands of those for whom they are intended, and provide the FAPA with a little extra cash, as well.

The two amendments look all right as they are. And Al seems to have done an excellent job on the snarled membership

list.

The mailability or non-mailability of the Bok Le Zombie cover in Dunk's publication is a curious one. At first glance, I saw nothing at all out of the way, and to nearly all non-fans and many fans as well, even a careful examination would disclose nothing objectionable. But to anyone familiar with the background of the drawing, there can scarcely be any question of its obscene nature, defined in the ordinary terms. Most of the symbols would be completely incomprehensible to non-fans, I should think; but at least two of them have not even that cloak; they are universally, if not publicly, recognized. I think Jack's trepidation was justified.

Jack certainly carried economy too far with this issue of FA, but he already knows that.

FANTODS: Shares with R & C the top rating in the mailing, of which it is not a part. Why did it have to be a pre-mailing, Stan? Such a statement "makes nuts," for sure.

Being one of those readers who finds Geo. Smith's electronics, both real and imaginary, somewhat over my head; and, in addition, one who is amused by the gibberish related there-to, as well as by the antics of the Smith "characters," it follows that I enjoy both George's stories, and "Channing's" communication to F. T. (Whooooee; wotta sentence!)

In the Math Department, I'm constrained, for various reasons, to start with Ron Lane's contribution. Given line-segment AB, with midpoint C, and X any point not on AB, I can draw the required line through X, parallel to AB. The solution of this problem is about all that remains to me from a summer-session course in projective geometry. See the drawing above. (Don't pay any attention to the fact that point D is actually the letter u in the word issue.)

Method: Through C, draw any line. Through AX, draw a line intersecting the line through C, at some point D. Draw BX, intersecting CD at E. Draw BD. Draw AE, extended to intersect BD at F. Draw AF, the required parallel to AB. And of course, given the parallel line segments AB and XF, the construction may be reversed to determine the midpoint C.

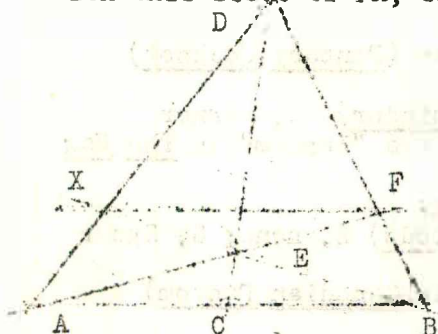
"Yesterday's 10,000 Years" is, I think, the best so far in this excellent series. C. B. Loomis, with his "...identical twins....of opposite sexes...."

"Revista is very interesting reading, but calls for no comments from this corner this time. The answer to Croutch's demand for more fantasy in the FAPA meets with full approval from Yours Truly. -- The research on non-fantasy content and trends in the FAPA is interesting along the same line. The change of 6%, based on only two mailings, is probably not significant. -- Efty's Reprint Section -- F' goo'nish shakosh; Degler ish Shaver, perhaps?

THE READER AND COLLECTOR: In spite of my general lack of interest in stories of the weird and the horrible, and in the origin of such stories, I find this essay exceptionally well written and interesting. Butman, however, does not, at least in this first part, go into the the phase of the matter which interests me most. That is, why do people seek mystical answers to questions, and accept such answers, when they can have no assurance of the correctness of those answers, except those born of their own psychological and emotional reactions?

It

is a fine thing to suggest answers of all kinds to all sorts of problems; it is a fine idea to theorize on the possible results of explanations so arrived at; but when these explanations fail to meet any tests except emotional ones, it is incomprehensible to me that they should be accepted as true explanations of otherwise currently inexplicable phenomena. And even more inexplicable is why anyone feels the need for such so-called explanations. That is the ultimate



in fantasy!

Rocklynne, no doubt, had HCK in mind when he "almost" hissed "So;" but shucks, Ross; there's no pleasing the man! And Heck, I agree with your verdict on the "breathingest couple" in Planet.

HORIZONS: First, the suggested revisions of the constitution. The first matter to be taken care of is the business of getting rid of the Lowndes amendment requiring a majority vote of the active membership in order for an amendment to carry. Next, an amendment requiring that a proposed amendment cannot be voted upon until the second Mailing after it is proposed in the Official Organ, and then only if there has been no major change in the proposal. That "major change" would, of course, need clarification.

After which we get to the Warner suggestions. I favor re-election of the OE (if one who is capable and is also willing to handle the job for more than one year can be found!) I favor determining the amount of annual dues on the basis of the cost of operation during the preceding year, since such a provision would eliminate two nuisances; the recurring necessity of amending the "dues" provision in the constitution, and the placing of assessments on the membership. I also would like to see the requirements for admission made more specific. What we need is evidence that the prospective member will participate in the regular activities. Also, if, as Harry suggests, requirements for maintaining a place on the Wait-List are to be set up, then some sort of reward should be proffered these patient petitioners. For example, a sample mailing of selected items, to be circulated among them after the fashion of a chain letter. This procedure might have the further salutary effect of leading some of the Wait-Listers to purchase some of the back issues of various FAPA publications. Mercenary, ain't we?

I think retiring or resigning officers should be replaced by officers selected by the remaining officers (too many officers!) with special provisions to take care of the case when all incumbents (fooled yah, didn't I; didn't write "officers" again!) resign at once.

Stanley has already dropped the OC, a move which I think will be generally acceptable. But I would like to see the Laureate Awards continued in some fashion. I suggest that about ten members might volunteer to make Laureate Award Selections each Mailing (as proposed by Chauvenet) and that this same group make a final selection from the tabulated quarterly lists. If any of this group should find it necessary to drop out for any reason, there would still be enough to work out the final award. Anyone agree?

"Down With The Money Changers!" Yeah.

But there must be other members like myself who detest browsing--the process, not the fanzine--and who, in addition, are so little interested in collecting per se that they are but little bothered by the Money Changers, anyway. Like me. We'll just go on buying an occasional new book or magazine--preferably, in the case of books, one of the two-bit or four-bit editions, and let it go at that. For that matter, I'm fairly sure there is no second-hand book store here. There were several in Lincoln; notably, one now gone, which used to occupy all of a 50' x 143' storeroom, and had six-foot stacks of books piled all over that big floor. I used to wonder whether I might be able to pick up a bargain in a fantasy book there; but I never went in. It was too much like looking for a needle in a hay-stack, without being sure that it was the right stack, or even that the needle was worth looking for. (Durn; just tore the stencil along the left margin; don't know whether it will be usable or not, but am going to try it.)

I usually skip hurriedly over the fantastic poems I encounter in the works of poets of another day; those I have not skipped have usually (not always) left me wishing that I had followed my regular custom. That is a queer attitude for one who claims to be a fancier of fantasy; but not so queer, when said fan is averse to (1) weird and horror fiction in general and (2) most narrative poetry of all kinds. There isn't much poetry of

a fantastic nature left in the writings pre-Twentieth Century poets. Of course, there is some weird poetry that I like, and there are some bits of pure fantasy to be found in the work of the classic English poets.

In a careless moment, I might say that I would like to have an index of all fan material, because it would be useful to me. But I won't say it here; not the underlined portion, anyway, because it wouldn't be true. I'm quite sure I'd never use it more than half-a-dozen times in a decade, even if I had it in a convenient form and place --which I wouldn't.

"A Prophet, A very Small Prophet," and "When We Were Young" are both excellent. The latter might well develop into a regular feature, like Stan's "Yesterdays...."

I'm going to have to try to get a copy of "The Sword in the Stone," for all my dislike of book hunting.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: I'll admit to using "democracy" loosely; I still can't define exactly what I mean, in less than a "full length article"--which I am not going to write. But I'm definitely not a communist, although I think the Laws of Supply and Demand could stand a little intelligent help. I still think the two-party system of government definitely superior to any other type so far developed. I think a great deal more can be accomplished by working within the framework of one of the established parties (as the CIO-PAC has done, for example) than by forming a new party which can't even get its name on the ballot, for the very good reason that it represents such a tiny minority that its presence there would serve no purpose whatever. (The Multi-Party System, as practiced in France just before the last war, strangles itself; nothing can be accomplished by groups bound by such feeble ties as those joining the parties in such "coalitions".)

American parties, of course, are badly in need of re-allignment; both have considerable numbers of extreme radicals and equally extreme conservatives. The Southern Democrats, for example, have almost nothing in common with the New Deal, being much more closely allied, as far as domestic policies, with the Conservative Republicans of New England and the Great Plains States. And because the Senators from these Southern States, through operation of the Seniority Rule, head most of the committees, they manage to sabotage much of the progressive legislation. Still, for reasons of Party harmony, they string along with the Administration enough of the time to balk the Tory elements in the Republican Party at least part of the time. And similarly, not infrequently, the progressives among the Republicans completely wreck the program proposed by the Conservative leaders of that party.

Yes, Speer, I think you do compare the top fifty per cent of Whites with the lower fifty per cent of Negroes. Those army tests are really significant only when administered to persons who can read fairly well, I should say. Now, I haven't any figures on the matter, but I would be willing to make a small wager that Louisiana Negroes, because of the free school-books and partly-enforced school attendance laws, did much better on these tests than did those from the neighboring State of Bilbo, where such frills have been frowned upon.

But even if I were to accept your figures, the fact remains that some Negroes are more intelligent, more alert, and in general, better qualified to hold an important post, or to make decisions affecting the general welfare, than is the average White. On what grounds, then, do you claim that all Whites are superior to all Negroes? I think it is just prejudice. If so, I'll assume that you will admit it; if not, I'll expect a straight answer. Isn't that reasonable, or is it contrary to all your training in legal methods?

Recent decisions in the courts in paternity cases would seem to indicate that the world is less inclined than in the past to accept the opinion that illegitimate children "don't count, as far as the father is concerned." The principle never has been generally accepted in this

Country, anyway, outside of certain areas where States Rights have often been considered more important than Human Rights.

Now for linguistics. If "ch" doesn't represent a single sound, Jack, what are its components? Tsy, perhaps? (for example, tsyoke :: choke?) If so, then "j" must surely represent dsy, (dsyoke :: joke) but I don't recall you saying anything about "j" not being a simple sound.

"....in this one (age) it (thrift) precipitates financial panics and prolongs depressions." But the Conservative Republicans haven't found that out yet, Jack. Your comments on the rest of EEE's remarks on government are good. EEE, like me, is apt to generalize too much. So are you, at times, of course, but not at just this point. -- The two-color hektoing is purty, but whyn't you use fancier patterns? Too extravagantly wasteful of carbons?

Shux; I can't spend any more time on this, nor space either; there are a lot more 'zines to cover.

FANTASY JACKPOT: More than adequate; Andy needn't have apologized. -- "The Stone" is a rather good example of one of the better types of non-sf fantasy; I liked it. "October Sunset" is a somewhat different matter; someone is always writing about a guy jumping into the river as a result of encountering something completely contrary to the precepts of the world he has built for himself, but I don't think such a reaction is a common one; I find it rather hard to accept.

Fritz Lieber's "Marching Song of the New Intellectuals" is very super stuff indeed; fans, of course, are not suspect!

Laney's article, advancing Speer's proposal for a histomap, is well worked out. I must confess, though, that I'm still a little hazy as to the exact significance of the term "histomap." Anyway, as previously mentioned, I'm not too much interested in who influenced whom, or in what direction. -- Laney's insistence on the pre-eminence of books as compared to pulps leaves me unimpressed. He is almost certainly right, as far as his own favorite branches of fantasy are concerned, but hardly right with respect to science fiction. Wells and Haggard were only rather expert pulpateers (I'm speaking of the Wells of the sf novels) regardless of the form in which their stories first appeared. Stapledon doesn't write in pulp style, judging from the one example I know--Odd John--but in other respects, I don't consider him superior to our better pulpateers of today (Naturally, it is impossible to judge Stapledon's work adequately on the basis of this one book.) As for Odd John himself, I consider him a rather inadequate superman at best. I could continue along this line for some time, but no point would be established by continuing. Some day, we may find the best science fiction appearing in book form, as it should; but up to now, the pulps appear to have the best of it.

BROWSING: The new Browsing is very good indeed. The combination of material from Mike and publication by EEE (with all the vast facilities of the LASFS and Slan Shack at his disposal) is a happy one. Doug Webster's contribution is especially interesting to me, being a picture of British politics and internal change from the British viewpoint; something we don't get in our newspapers. I'd like to see a lot more of this. -- Brown's book selections are interesting, being notable for the wide range of subject-matter and style represented. And Mike's editorial comments and review are always interesting.

FAN-DANGO: This is wunnaful; F-D is back, as sharp as ever, but without the chip on the shoulder. -- I'm in favor of boosting the membership limit a bit myself, mainly for the reasons Laney gives; but as Fran says, that Amazing Amendment may stymie any change.

Laney, by the way, is a great guy to correspond with. He coyly leaves gapping holes in his most impressive arguments; holes through which the unwary recipient of the letter plunges with squeals of triumph, only to discover that he has been mouse-trapped. Stimulating, to say the least.

The Jazz Department interests me this time. I'll never be a record collector, but some the day when I get around to purchasing a record player, I intend to get a very small, representative selection from several types of

music. This "History of Jazz" album would fit in very well. I'd also want a score or so of syphonic works, selected more on the basis of personal liking than anything else, and a couple dozen platters of Heifitz, Elman, Menuhin, etc. And, perhaps, some Gilbert and Sullivan.

THE MAG WITHOUT A NAME: In general, I object to receiving through the FAPA, a magazine I've already received by subscription; but this is a rather exceptional publication, so I won't object to this at all. I like the lithos, Warner's article, the brief fanzine review, the poetry, Daugherty's corny humor, the printing ad, and the cartoons--in that order.

1944 FANZINE YEARBOOK: I'm the lucky possessor of two copies of this, also; It is really a useful publication. I'll "file" this copy with my FAPA mags; the other is already filed where I can't find it, either. Seriously, though, this is an exceptionally fine job on a worthwhile project.

INSPIRATION: Well, Lynn, I like to discuss science fiction in the FAPA, too. Sometimes I do, but mostly, I don't. I have several reasons. For one thing, such discussions require a reasonably good filing and indexing system, to make information about plot, author, etc. available; or lacking that, a very good memory for such details. Since I have neither, the only alternative would be a lot of digging and skimming. I'm a reasonably good digger, but a lousy skimmer; instead of skimming, I tend to reread, which takes entirely too much time. Another reason is that I'm really more interested in the ideas suggested by the stories than in the stories themselves; so, like a lot of other members of the FAPA, I read the stories, but discuss the ideas suggested, along with a lot of other things, rather distantly related to fantasy. Your own discussions of the Machine Age, Time, and The Atom, in this issue of Inspiration are the same sort of thing.

You seem to have missed a few points along the way, incidentally, as far as your discussion of time goes. The length of the week, for which you seem unable to account, is based, of course, on the phases of the moon, the waxing and waning of which is a phenomena of great significance to all primitive peoples, past and present. And the use of 12, rather than 10, for the number of hours in a day, the number of signs in the Zodiac, and the use of multiples of 12 for the number of degrees in a circle, the number of minutes in an hour, etc., all go back at least to Babylonian times, the astrologer priests of that period having used a form of the duo-decimal system of numbers.

The army system of writing time is going to be rough on some future archeologist; he is going to have trouble understanding that "1000 hours" sometimes means "ten hours past midnight" and sometimes means a period of time equal to 1000 hours of 60 minutes each.

THE TIMEBINDER: I'm going to try to write a letter for EEE soon, expressing my attitude toward the concepts commonly expressed in The Timebinder. So far, no one has even approached my ideas. There is hint at my notions of these matters in my comments on Donn Brazier's two articles in this issue of PHANTEUR, and another in the comments on Butman's article in R & C, however.

To me, the most interesting and significant letter in the issue is Milty's "Crossroads;" really an article, rather than a letter. The point he discusses is, in some ways, but a minor facet of a much greater problem, but it is starkly real, as no second-hand reports can be, and it demands a solution, soon.

EEE's declaration of faith is well put. It reminds me very much of similar statements by a very intelligent, liberal Methodist minister I used to know, who, in addition to his duties in the Church, taught science classes in the local high school during the week. A very awkward situation it was, as you can see.

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS: If you've met EEE, and talked with him even for a few hours, then you know that what he writes here is the real Evans, but not, by any manner or means, all of him. That sometimes seems, in writing, mere sugary philosophizing, takes on bone and sinew when you put the rest of EEE into it.

At least, it does for me; I don't think I'm alone in that.

For every man who goes for Tennyson, Browning, and the other greats of other days, I suppose a thousand go for Guest; and for every one who goes for Eby, or Chapper, or Singleton, or Lowndes, or Willie, probably a million would go for EEE's "newspaper verse." Nope, EEE, Willie won't believe you, any more than he would believe me a year ago, when I predicted that he would mellow with the years.

NONESUCH: Here we seem to have a fresh viewpoint in the FAPA. I think we can use a few such. -- I don't know much, if anything about the reincarnation concept. How, for example, does the idea handle the constant increase in population; all population, that is, not just human. For surely there are more separate "egos" now than, say, in the days when the trilobites ruled the seas, and the land areas were untenanted.

AFTERTHOUGHTS: Doc's discussion of the effect of pulps on certain phases of national thought certainly makes sense. The OWI directive aimed at the elimination of the custom of "perpetuating stereotypes" should be sufficient evidence of the general effectiveness of the custom. I suspect that this same directive was one of the main causes of the bitter criticism of OWI policies from some quarters. If carried out, it would destroy one of the main props of the Rabble-Rousers. -- I enjoyed Blish's discussion of musical conventions and symbols.

CANADIAN FANDOM (No. 9; pre-mailing): A good drawing on the cover. The Chauvinism has been criticized outside of the FAPA, probably justifiably -- except for one thing. That is, some national flag probably will wave over the Moon; Space Travel appears just now to be temporally nearer than a true World State, altho the standing of the latter concept is higher than any previous time. Manning's verse seems to be more notable for its general unscanability than for anything else.

The top item in the issue is certainly Karden's "Votary of Destruction," a very fair piece of fan fiction. Hurter's "Stuff and Such" isn't far behind. Gray's "goal" is also good.

IN MEMORIAM, SARDONYX: Russ's incredible store of memorized poetry probably made this easy for him. 'Tis a very satisfactory leave-taking (if a leave-taking can possibly be satisfactory) it's sardonic enough, and a mite pathetic, too.

THE VOICE: First, the proposition to require "subscription-type" fanzines in the FAPA. I think I can tell you where I stand on that score very quickly; I prefer The Voice to Light; and The Voice certainly has more in common with the typical FAPA publication than it does with Light. I agree that in some fanzines--notably my own--the discussions take up a disproportionate part of the space. But at that, I usually manage to have at least one article and some poetry in PHANTEUR (formerly PHANNY!). I would prefer one more article and a shorter review, but I certainly wouldn't want to eliminate the latter entirely, since it is usually the part of the FAPA that I like best.

Sometimes, I've organized the material which would normally go into the reviews into an article, such as "Fandom as a Way of Life" and "More on Genius." My failure to do this more often is partly due to laziness and procrastination, partly to an actual lack of time for careful preparation, and partly to liking for the personalized discussion.

I see no merit whatever in the proposal to require publication of some material not written by the editor; it would be a very simple matter to exchange material with some other member and thus meet the requirement for both, without changing the overall picture at all. This issue of PHANTEUR meets your suggested requirements fairly well at that; you don't have to read the reviews if you prefer not to.

I think the unpopularity of Canadian money in this country is almost wholly a matter of population. It is economically practical for Canadian merchants to bother with the matter of exchange rates, because of the large amount of American money reaching Canada.

But, because of the great disparity of population, relatively little Canadian money reaches the USA; so little in fact, that it isn't worth the trouble of handling exchange, except at a few border points. Most American merchants don't know the exchange rate. I've never even seen any Canadian currency, altho I've often received and spent Canadian coins having a value of 25 cents or less. Such coins circulate quite freely in Nebraska, for example, and no one pays any attention to the discount. But such carelessness would be very costly if the same system were applied to currency. Another contributing cause, no doubt, is the fact that "city slickers" have often made a business of buying Canadian currency at the regular exchange rate, and then passing it off on unsuspecting suckers at face value in American money.

I like the comments on "The Picture of Dorian Gray." I had a rather misty idea along the same line, and you brought it into focus.

MILTY'S MAG (July and October issues): Miltv's accounts of his World Tour, courtesy U. S. Army, are always lively and interesting. I don't know just what it is, but these personalized accounts of four-months-old news are remarkably entertaining. Paris, Naples, Pompeii -- we've read about them all our lives, in books and magazines and newspapers. The atom-bomb and its significance for the future have been featured in periodicals for months. But Miltv's hastily-recorded thoughts are almost as fresh as if the subjects were brand new.

PHANTASPIERE: This time I like it. The cover pic is very clever indeed, and Mouton's satirical verses on the stupid suggestions for handling the atom bomb problem could hardly be improved upon.

LIGHT: Certainly makes the best impression of any issue I've seen to date. The new typer undoubtedly has a lot to do with this apparent improvement; the awful mess the old one made caused even the best material to look bad. Cutting part of the 'zine on each typer serves to emphasize the handicap you were working under previously. Best item is "Poker Game," with "Light Flashes" also showing up very well.

MILT'S WRAMBLINGS: I saw the Review of "Novels of Science" reprinted here, some time ago. I haven't read "Before the Dawn", but on the basis of the remaining three, I must say that I'll have to agree with the Reviewer in one thing at least; that is, DAW certainly failed to make out a good case for science fiction with this selection. Well's "First Men in the Moon," while good, is far from HGW's best, and is badly dated. A modern interplanetary, even one of less literary value, would probably have been better, especially if it were one in which the general reader could see evidences of its relation to stuff he has been reading in the paper lately. "Odd John" I don't like, although I agree with the opinion that from a literary standpoint it is well ahead of regular fan fare. But the book makes too sharp a break with the taboos of the current social set-up to be at all palatable to the newcomer to the field, even though the indifferent superman traits of Odd John himself might be accepted without too much question. As for "The Shadow Out of Time," whatever its other qualities may be, it is a very poor choice for a story to show the truth or reality to be found in science fiction. As Warner said in a recent letter to me, "It just isn't science fiction." Instead, it is a rather better-than-average horror story, embellished with modern, pseudo-scientific trappings.

However, the reviewer goes much farther into the matter than this. He condemns the whole spirit of science fiction; moreover, he has an extremely narrow concept of the meaning of the term science fiction. He makes it painfully clear that, had he read a story involving atomic energy at some time previous to the destruction of Hiroshima, he would have considered the story to be simply the wild imaginings of a screwball with no conception of the true meaning and dignity of science. In conclusion, I should say that DAW's selection, while acceptable to the fan, probably tends to strengthen, rather than weaken the popular notion that our favorite type of reading matter is "an insult to the intellect."

FANTASTS' FOLLY: This hilarious account indicates that British fans in the mass are likely to behave much like the American variety -- except for one thing;

namely, the numerous visits to various and sundry mediums. I suppose one may become a connoisseur of seances in time, but why?

PHANTAGRAPH: Lowndes' "Annals of Arkya" again, and so I like this issue.

"Doc" surely can't think much of these verses, 'cause I think they are rather good; we couldn't agree so closely as that on poetry.

ALLEGORY: A few more pages like the first page of my copy of this (some of the other pages aren't so good either!) will force me, rather reluctantly, to join in the campaign against ditto reproduction. I did manage to read all of the item, but it was rather rough on eyes and patience. The general result of the perusal was one of puzzlement; too many of the references were either too obscure, or else referred to facets of s-f and fandom with which I was insufficiently familiar. Wonder what the 1945 crop of fans would be able to get out of it?

And that is all there is to say about the last Mailing.

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MUNDANE STUFF, BUT FANS' MEAT: Or so I think, anyway. I'm referring to an article currently appearing in the magazine Industry and Power, which isn't, so far as I know, on any newsstand, but I could be wrong. Title of the three-part article is "Stimulating Inventiveness." It is written by Carroll L. Wilson, a consulting engineer, who formerly was attached to the National Patent Planning Commission, and the material presented in the article will make up part of the contents of a book to be published some time in 1946. I've read only the two first parts, although the third will probably appear before this reaches you.

The article is written for and from the standpoint of the business executive or industrialist; the writer, with this in mind, warns against letting the Government have any part in the program proposed. But, whatever your opinion on this matter (most of you know, or at least have an inkling, of mine, if you've read previous installments of "By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them") the program outlined is worth careful study, and certainly constitutes a good argument for the benefits to be gained from "stimulating inventiveness." Says Carroll, "A rich flow of innovations is our chief reliance for the increasing productivity and sustained employment essential to progress."

The first part of the article deals with the subject on the college level, under the following heads: National Productivity, Goal For Innovators, Student Knowledge, Creative Talent, Teaching to Invent, Biography of Invention. The writer points out, however, that it is a little late to start at the college level, and advises it only for quick results, on the grounds that in the group represented by college students, a superior selection is available.

The second part goes into the long-range plans, and advises starting with children of pre-school age. Headings include: Guide for Parents, Cultivation of Determination, Heroes and Hobbies, Fostering Hobby Clubs, Aptitude Tests (Carroll points out that existing tests are far too crude to be more than indicative, and entirely inadequate as final determinants) Innovators recognize Innovators (a sort of psychic bond, as it were, which really exists) and The Gifted Teacher. The second part also covers: Frontiers panorama (new and old fields of research, etc.) New Science of Man, Fundamental Analysis (determining what problems need solving, etc.) Organized Research (he proposes a preliminary 50-year program, to start in a single small college, and be expanded as methods and probable results come into view) The American Family (as the ultimate consumer and market for new products).

The third part will deal with: Teamwork, Organized Business Research, Institutes for Fundamental Research, Mobilizing Employee and Customer Ingenuity, and Aid for Independent Inventors.

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(Continued from Page 1.)

sphere of Gubmuh's fantastic satellite, Oot-Yggub. Yggy, as the little world was fondly called in those good old days before its disintegration early in the first hour of Third (also known as the 90-minute) intergalactic Cimota war, possessed an atmosphere with astounding optic properties, the most notable of which was the curious distortion of perspective, which property is well

CHRISTMAS SONG - 1944

Snow-laden are the windy trees,
 And stars float o'er the frozen lake;
 Gone are the dead red Autumn leaves--
 Not now do bird and beast awake
 To warmth, and light, and summer breeze;
 Instead, the thin bare branches shake
 Their loads of snow in icy sheaves,
 Or, burdened, bend and break.

I do not hear the Christmas-bells;
 I hear naught but the blinding noise
 That echoes from a hundred hells
 Around the world--and dim death-knells
 For gallant men and boys.

--Raymond W. Washington, Jr.

---:ooOoo:---

FIRE IN THE NIGHT

A new fire in the land, and a brilliant fire,
 A radiance sweeping 'cross the skies of night,
 A new world coming, a new world here, and different
 And mightier than the world that we have known,
 A strange new world we dreamt but did not see.
 The fire
 Lights the thousand windows of my soul,
 And parts of me that never yet were touched
 By things of earth, are kindled into flame
 By the fire, the far bright heaven-searching fire
 Of rocket-jets.

--Chan Davis

---:ooOoo:---

M E M O R Y

Either that sound
 Is the rustle of wind-driven leaves and cold rain hitting the window--
 Or it is the murmur of swarms of monkey-feet
 That run and leap through branches overhead,
 That throng through swaying treetops
 Ten million years ago.
 Some part of me which is the ghost of them
 Awakes,
 Sees through their eyes and hears the sounds they heard,
 Lives only for the swift sure swing of hand on branch, and leap, and hand and
 foot on branch, and leap, and
 Some day the ghost of me will walk
 In something else's mind--
 Some cold autumn day
 When the wind drives the leaves and the rain.

--Chan Davis

---:ooOoo:---

Christmas Song, 1945

Accross the globe, men kill,
 Permanently. Permanently,
 For Freedom, die: but still-- The battle flags are furled
 Officially. Officially,
 Sweet Peace broods or the World.

-- D. B. Thompson

(Concluded from Page 15.)

illustrated by this same cover picture.

If for example, you lay a piece of paper on the table with one corner nearest you, and below eye-level, the right angle in the corner nearest you will appear greater than a right angle; and, the nearer you bring the paper to eye-level, the greater it becomes, becoming a straight angle when exactly at eye-level. Now, the second of these conditions holds on Oot-Yggub, but doesn't; that is, the nearest right angle may appear less than a right angle. This fact you can readily determine for yourself by observing the ledge immediately below the mystic symbols F A P A on the face of the monument. The discerning observer may notice other curious effects of this distortion.

Numerous theories were advanced to explain this strange optical property. The most notable were those of Phannus Septus, who held that the prevailing dirty indigo color of the light, rather than the atmosphere itself, was responsible for the phenomenon; and his cousin, Phannus Undecus, who maintained that the color of the light was merely another result of the distortion, on the reasonable grounds that dirty indigo was an abnormal color for light, and was, in fact, unknown elsewhere. An unauthenticated but probably reliable report has come down to the effect that their argument ended inconclusively, albeit a bit abruptly, when the first atomic bomb struck Yggy.

---:ooOoo:---

Tucker (His B-T Mag) "Senator Pong wonders why magazine illustrators always put large round breasts on female robots."

Dale Hart (The Fan World) "Could it be that the illustrator wants you to recognize their sex at a glance? Possibly, he wants to make them attractive to robots of the opposite sex."

Phanny (The Phanteur's maiden Aunt) queries "When is a female robot."

---:ooOoo:---

I have just finished reading Bellamy's "Looking Backward," for no reason other than the fact that the fifty cent Tower Edition quite unexpectedly showed up on the shelves of a local news stand. Most of you who are interested in the subjects of social, political, and economic progress, are probably already familiar with this rather famous book. Those of you who are not familiar with it might as well get the book now; they are sure to do so eventually.

I haven't read many of the classic Utopias, and most of those I have read have seemed to be simply the aimless effusions of cranks and crackpots. I said I hadn't read many! Anyway, I was very pleasantly surprised by the definite fashion in which Bellamy tackled problems of production, consumption, distribution, and other phases of economic disruption which plagued the world in 1887 as well as now. Most of the ideas discussed along these lines in the FAPA review columns, and in such cooperative effusions as the current Widner chain-letter, are covered logically and clearly by Bellamy.

My boss and I had been discussing some of these matters at noon, about the time I finished reading the book. Some of his ideas were so similar to some of those Bellamy presents that I asked him if he had ever read the book. He had never even heard of it. He's reading it now though, and is continually surprised at the way this rather young man of half a century ago anticipated many of his own ideas.

---:ooOoo:---

The proposed article, discussing various points brought out in Brazier's "This Animate World," is still in that hazy Never-Never Land of Things To Be Done When I have Time. So is the letter to EEE for The Timebinder. There is a lot of stuff stored somewhere in that particular Never-Never Land. Most of it probably isn't worth digging out, but I like to think that some of it would be of interest to a few people, at least. Incidentally, the stories I planned to write when I first took this job at Camp Livingston. They seem to be getting farther and farther away, spacially as well as temporally. And meantime, time seems to move faster and faster, and, like Leacocks famous horseman, seems to be starting off in all directions at once. Well, at least, no one living today can say that the world is moving too slowly, even if he does say that he doesn't like the direction. -- Aha! The last, the very last word!

The first of these is the fact that the...
...the second is the fact that the...
...the third is the fact that the...
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...the eighty-fifth is the fact that the...
...the eighty-sixth is the fact that the...
...the eighty-seventh is the fact that the...
...the eighty-eighth is the fact that the...
...the eighty-ninth is the fact that the...
...the ninetieth is the fact that the...
...the ninety-first is the fact that the...
...the ninety-second is the fact that the...
...the ninety-third is the fact that the...
...the ninety-fourth is the fact that the...
...the ninety-fifth is the fact that the...
...the ninety-sixth is the fact that the...
...the ninety-seventh is the fact that the...
...the ninety-eighth is the fact that the...
...the ninety-ninth is the fact that the...
...the hundredth is the fact that the...