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# PANNY

THE PHANZINE D' PHLIMSY



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F A P A



PHANNY

"THE PHANZINE D' PHLIMSY"

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by

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With this issue, PHANNY starts a New Year. During the previous (and first) year of existence, PHANNY suffered many ups and downs. A "high" was achieved with the initial issue, largely as a result of Rudy Sagn's excellent portrait of PHANNY in her working clothes (?). Another was the Honorable Mention award for good writing, although PHANNY still doesn't know which particular effusion was responsible for that. As for the "lows"--well, PHANNY did herself proud there, when the seven stencils which were constituted a part of No. 3 were sabotaged by the Post Office. But even that had its good points, for out of that sad event was born Lynn Bridges' INSPIRATION, which ever since has been tied to PHANNY in Siamese Twin fashion.

Apparently, I was only one of many who succumbed to the Doldrums of the hot months. To those hardy souls--of whom there was in fact a goodly number--who presented their regular mags or satisfactory substitutes in September, salutations and adulation; to the rest of you--well, I felt the same way.

PHANNY is trying to start this year right, too, by presenting another guest cover artist; namely, Rosco E. Wright of Salem, Oregon. Pictured this time is PHANNY'S Pal of The Planet of Purple Shadows, pursuing his light-hearted way mid his native haunts. PHANNY calls him Pal because his native name, as near as it can be rendered from rare inscriptions, goes something like this: #gZP\*-'!+Q. PHANNY, it may be added, thinks Wright did right well by her Boy Friend.

Rosco isn't to blame for the lettering. DecBeeTee did that with the aid of a very complete set of drafting instruments.

PHANNY had hoped to be the first to use the White-Print Dry Process of reproduction in a phanzine, but got left at the post when Martin presented BOBLIQUEP in last Mailing. But PHANNY has the first art-work, anyway.

Rosco's pic was first duplicated in sepia on sensitized parchment, reversed like mirror image. Then the lettering was added on the other side of this negative. A number of Sepia negatives were then made from this original one. Finally, these negatives were run through the White-Print machine, four at a time, in continuous operation until sufficient copies were printed, this time in Blue-Line. In case you are interested, the sensitized paper costs about thirty cents per square yard, and the parchment twice as much. The paper is also available in black and brown. Cost of the machine? Ulp!

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I wonder how many of you have had the experience of discussing, day after day with the same people, problems growing out of the war? Those of you who have had this experience must surely have been impressed by the lack of comprehension of matters concerning the Post-War World.

Every day, for the past four months, the Chief Engineer and the Chief Draftsman, together with this writer, have engaged in a fifteen-minute gabfest, following the daily newscast by Baulchage, from Washington. The Engineer is a retired New England Construction Engineer, about 45 years old. The Draftsman is an experienced engineer and architect, born and raised in New Mexico, who graduated from my own Alma Mater, Nebraska U. He is just my age. The rest of the office force consists of younger men, all Southerners. Their concern with the war is more personal and immediate. They aren't much interested in our discussions of the Post-War World.

The two men mentioned above are intelligent, and rather well read outside their own fields. One of them is a hobbyist, with some outstanding accomplishments in more than one line. They are full of ideas about the conduct of the war, and still more about the World after the war. Unlike many men of their age and experience, they have no illusions about returning to any version of "the good old days." Yet, so far, not once has either of them made a suggestion with which I was not thoroughly familiar, from reading S-F, and from fan discussions. Most of our sessions end with a brief dissertation by Yrs. Truly, based on data gained from pro and fan sources. Unlike most non-fans, they do not poo-poo my source-books; they are merely somewhat astonished to discover that there is a group of people to whom such matters are fairly familiar.

All of which, by devious routes, leads up to Heinlein's "Discovery of the Future" speech at the Denvention. His main thesis was that Fankind, as a result of an extravagant interest in a much maligned form of fiction of dubious literary value, is more able than most non-fans to meet the conditions of this rapidly-changing, war-torn world. At the time I thought the idea plausible-sounding, and mildly flattering, but hardly to be taken seriously. Many fans felt the same, and not a few were openly derisive.

Now, however, I'm beginning to think that Heinlein really had something. Every discussion I get into with intelligent people confirms this thought. Much that I read in the paper does likewise; accounts of industrial leaders and political big-shots planning now for a return to the World which followed the last war, with its flimsy financial inflation and subsequent depression. Of course, they expect to prevent the depression this time, but there is nothing said about a practicable way of doing it. The howl loudest about the Administration plan of preventing depressions by preventing booms. They still do not believe that that which goes up must come down, unless something is provided for the purpose of holding it up. They are not only opposed to change--they thoroughly believe that real change is not coming.

I think most of Fankind can see, now, most of the possibilities of the Post-War-World. The fans think that certain changes are overdue, and they know that the rate of change is being accelerated by the war, just as it was by the last war. The fans are not yet prepared to say just what direction the changes will take; but, as Heinlein suggested over a year ago, they are not going to be caught short by a series of bewildering changes of which a great proportion of the populace has no inkling.

The above, of course, is practically an invitation for somebody in Fandom to start swinging at my balding pate. O. K. fellers, it might be fun!



There is another cliché about the war which has been bothering me. I have heard it or read it several times, as have most of you. It runs something like this: "In the long view, nothing we do now matters; therefore, the outcome of this war is of no lasting importance."

I don't question the sincerity of those who have argued in that fashion. I do seriously question their reasoning. Everywhere about us, we see evidence pointing to the conclusion that the Present is the true descendant of the Past. Every time we preface a remark about the Past with the little word "if," we unconsciously subscribe to that principle. "If the Greeks had lost to the Persians...." "If the Carthaginians had defeated Rome...." "If Charlemagne's Empire had held together after his death...." "If Hitler had been executed for treason after the Rathskeller Putsch...."

If those things had happened, the world would be different today, and the world of the Year 3000 would be different from the world that it is to be. Even these protagonists of "the long view" admit that this war will affect the Future profoundly for the next hundred years. Can they say, then, when this affect will cease? Will it not rather continue to have its affect, in a constantly decreasing ratio, for many centuries to come?

History indicates that it will. Our Civilization, however good or bad it may seem, is the product of the millions of events which make up our Past. This war is one of the pivotal events upon which the Future turns. Whatever else you may say or think about the current conflict, don't say that it means nothing. On the contrary, it means a great deal.

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In the last Mailing, three able "argyfiers" took exception to certain of my statements. Milty sneered politely at Middle-Of-The-Road Policy with respect to Capital and Labor. Speer Chided me for using that ubiquitous back-log of the political spell-binder, "the greatest good of the greatest number." Chauvent doubted that Ferdie and Isobela did the world a good turn when they kicked out the Moors; and I have since been informed that no less an authority than van Loon agrees with him.

I'll tackle Milty first, on the theory that the Army comes first these days (unless you happen to be in the Navy or the Marine Corps). There can be both fun and excitement in trying to stay in the middle, Milty. For one thing, the middle refuses to stay put; the Conservative of this year was the Radical of last. Your consistent Middle-Of-The-Roader has to step lively to keep pace. Perhaps he seems to be straddling the fence; but did you ever notice how prone people in general are to take pot-shots at anything perched on a fence? There is no target more inviting. Those are some of the draw-backs of the position, but there is some compensation. I say with all modesty--ahem!--that the Middle-Of-The-Roader is the only one who is qualified to judge the merits of the respective opposing positions. The others are blind to all save their own ends.

As for you Jack Bristol--well, I'll grant you that the expression has all the drawbacks you assign to it. Now, if you will please come forward with a brief, semantically-correct substitute, which, in addition to all its good qualities, has the peculiar merits which the other seems to have (when not subjected to a scrutiny too searching) I'll be glad to make the change. Can do?

Incidentally, the example you cited was quite pertinent. I recently heard an intelligent man argue seriously that we actually should exterminate the Germans, on the grounds that all their contributions in Music, Art,



and Science are more than nullified by their periodic efforts to dominate the world. But then, the same guy also wants to exterminate all Jews. "Everyone is queer save thee and me, and sometimes I think even thou art a little queer," you know.

Answering Chauvenet is a somewhat different matter, especially since he is supported by so eminent an authority. I haven't read van Loon's book, so I don't know what line he takes; but one thing I do know; he can not say "This is so, because...." He can only say, "If the Moors had remained in Spain, it is logical to assume that the world would now be thus and so." I can do the same thing; not so well nor so convincingly, probably, but no one can prove me wrong until someone gets the mechanism permitting travel to and from "The Worlds of If" under control. And I think I'm fairly safe on that score for a while.

Chauvenet seems to have been thinking in terms of the respective degrees of enlightenment of the two cultures at that time, with respect to scientific research. I was thinking primarily in terms of the possibility of a world in which the Mohammedan culture is dominant. I prefer the Christian, as less authoritarian in practice than the Mohammedan. For example, even today, Islam contains millions of adherents who, in answer to the question, "What have you read?" reply in all seriousness, "I have read Everything." By "Everything," they mean the Koran, which supposedly contains all that a normal man needs to know.

As for the Spanish Inquisition, that was certainly bad enough. But it is equally certain that it was not Christian. There is nothing in the teachings of that faith which authorizes such measures. So, I wish to propose the theory that the Inquisition might well be traced to Moorish influences, working on the remarkably intense nature of the Spanish people themselves. Islam teaches that infidels are to be converted by the sword, and that the greatest reward a man may earn will be his, if he takes a Christian with him in death. That is the sort of thing from which the Inquisition might logically grow. A decadent Church, with powers slipping away at an alarming rate, and headed in part by men who knew nothing of the meaning of simple Christianity, willingly accepted the tool given to it. Anyway, that's my theory.

Some evidence for this idea is found in many of the Spanish customs. A familiar example is the cloistering of women. It seems fairly reasonable that this custom should develop as it did among a people long familiar with the customs of the Moors. Among Mohammedans, it is up to a man to protect his own, for, in their religion, women have no souls to lose, so can't reasonably be expected to behave. It doesn't matter, in this respect, that you believe that no one has a soul; the point lies in the allotting of the dubious honor of having one to men alone.

That's all for you hecklers this time.

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I had almost come to the conclusion that Bridges was somewhere on the Fighting Front, and that INSPIRATION was dead for the Duration, when I received a very welcome letter from him. He suggested a plan for putting out the combined INSPIRATION and PHANNY during a brief furlough about the first of November. I was unable to get my share of the undertaking completed in time for that. However, Dick Kuhn has again offered to mimeo PHANNY, and to bind the two phanzines together in the usual unorthodox fashion. This, in spite of the fact that he is going to college and holding down a regular job. Swell fellow! LRC also offered his services, but, because Dick had done the work before, and especially, because it was more convenient for Lynn, we decided to accept Dick's offer.