

# PHANNY

## ΓΑΡΑ



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P H A N N Y

"The Phlimsy Phanzine"

Perpetrated Occasionally

for the

F A P A

by

D. B. Thompson

1903 Polk St.

Alexandria, 7, La.

Cover by Roscoe E. Wright, A Phan

---:oOo:---

Our cover this time presents a picture of considerable historic importance. The sullen, red rays of the setting primary, 61 Cygni B, augmented but slightly by the dull beams of the five satellites, provide an ironic background for the last scene in the short but brilliant career of Joe Phan Lxxvii, discoverer of 61 Cygni E, Earth-like inner planet of this neighboring system.

As was customary in those days, Joe had traveled alone, maintaining constant and instantaneous contact with Earth through the Trans-cron Televideo in his robot ship. He had just discovered the ruins of a great city, high on a mountainous plateau, apparently destroyed by flood, in spite of its lofty position.

His last conscious act was to touch the control which sent his ship back to Earth, carrying magnetically recorded data of the greatest value. A moment later, he was swept away by an incredible tidal wave, product of the juxtaposition of the five great satellites. Such an event occurs but once in a hundred revolutions of 61 Cygni A and 61 Cygni B about their common center. Joe's numerical designation had failed him again; all because of that blonde on Venus, too. Now, if she had only--but that has no place in the solemn-if not lugubrious-chronicles of pure science.

---:oOo:---

The lettering on the cover was again done by Ye Olde Sage. This time, we used a pencil. A close examination of large letters will reveal the parallel lines used in shading the letters. This lettering is easier to do than that on the first Wright cover, and we think it looks better. The dark color of the background was deliberate; achieved by running the prints at a rate of speed considerably above that for which the sensitized paper is designed.

---oOo---

We present this time a Query. This rarely-seen literary form is normally used as a means of suggesting a certain line of thought, as a means of settling a problem. The questions should follow logically from one to the next, or there may be a series of alternative questions, suggesting various means of attacking the problem, or various mutually exclusive solutions. The Query presented here is not particularly logical, but we think there may be some food for thought in it, and hope for some solutions, one way or another.

---oOo---

On page 8, you'll find a bit of verse written by Dale Wisser, part-time Phan of Lincoln, Nebraska, but now in the army. Any comments will be welcomed; even the kind we make about other peoples' poetry. Dale's tuff.

There appears also, a brief excerpt from a letter by our cover artist, on the subject of dreams. Looks like he might make a disciple, Al.

---oOo---

FRANKY  
GENIUS and SUPER-MAN  
A Query

2

Does the typical Genius normally turn to music as his principal contact with the world of ordinary human beings? Does the devotion to music so noticeable in such people as young Wolf, a college student in Ohio at the age of 12, indicate the need of some contact which does not depend primarily upon intellectual powers, as a connecting link with the common herd? If such is the case, does it indicate that the Genius has greater need of emotional contacts than his less gifted contemporaries? Does it indicate a feeling of loneliness on the intellectual level, for which he seeks solace on an emotional plane? Or merely a desire for greater understanding, not possible on the intellectual plane, except in the company of the too rare individuals like himself, all of whom are in search of the same sort of understanding?

If these things be so, then does it follow that the Genius is further removed from the understanding of normal homo sapiens than is indicated by our rather arbitrary scales for measuring intelligence? Does it indicate, for instance, that the ability of a child of eight to accomplish intellectual tasks normal to the child of thirteen or fourteen, has unplumbed capabilities which, instead of being a mere sixty or seventy per-cent above the average, are actually six or seven times as great as that average?

Do we have any yardstick by which we can determine whether or not this is true? Do we not, for example, find it harder to comprehend the Genius than it was for us, as children, to comprehend our elders? If we do find such comprehension more difficult, does that not at least suggest that the difference is much greater, as between the average adult and the Genius, than our intelligence tests would be able to measure? Or does it simply mean that we, as adults, have to large degree, lost the child's ability to comprehend activities outside his own immediate interests and desires? Or is this difference just a defense mechanism, by means of which we cover up our apparent deficiency, by regarding the Genius as not worth the effort to gain comprehension?

If we do not have such a yardstick, is such a yardstick possible? Or are the limits of achievement on the part of average persons and of Geniuses incommensurable quantities? Why do some brilliant "child prodigies," upon reaching adulthood, voluntarily choose as their life work, an activity well within the capabilities of an individual with an I. Q. of 100? Is it because, as common expression has it, they are "burnt out," presumably by over-exertion as children? Or is it because they have never been given a task sufficiently difficult to tax their powers, and they have failed to develop a sense of curiosity sufficiently strong to lead them to seek out such tasks?

If our yardstick is faulty, is it not probable that it would give the same or similar readings for the individual who is actually seventy per-cent above the average, and the individual who is actually six hundred per-cent above that average? Does our scale simply classify all those above a certain level as "very intelligent," without indicating how intelligent, much as litmus paper, by turning pink, indicates that a solution is "acid", without in any sense measuring its pH value?

Can we find the answers to these questions by asking the Genius? Perhaps, but could we evaluate the answers if we got them? Could we, for example, distinguish between the ordinary, or plus-seventy-per-cent Genius, and the genuine High Tension Thinker? If our scales can't make this distinction, how could it be made? And, this distinction being unmade, would we not be prone to accept the verdict of lesser Genius in preference to that of the super intellect, simply because we could comprehend the lesser more readily? Or, to put it another way, could the super-duper intellectual answer us in terms we could understand?

Even if he should wish to do so, could Superman tell us when he arrives?

I dunno, do you?

## SOME ASPECTS OF INTERNATIONALITY

You gotta admit one thing; we at least have a TITLE. "Aspects of Internationality." Pretty good, we think. Now, if we can only find something to say.....

We are interested by the apparent fact that most of the arguments in favor of international cooperation are intellectual in nature, backed up by lofty ideals readily comprehensible only to the man who thinks; while most of the decisions concerning future international relations will be made--or at least strongly influenced--by men who do not think at all, in the true sense, and have no ideals beyond the petty advantage of this or that pressure group.

After the last war, men of high ideals set about the task of creating an international structure which would forever eliminate war as an instrument of national policy. Whether or not they might have succeeded, given the chance, we cannot know; we do know that they were never given that chance. The League, after the wolves of European diplomacy had finished with it, was a poor, emasculated thing, bearing only superficial resemblance to the original plan.

Yet, even so, it was a beginning, a beginning which indicated that there was, at least, hope for the future. A beginning which was almost completely nullified when bitter Isolationist sentiment in this country, as represented by the Senate, repudiated the pledges of the official representatives of this country, and haughtily turned America away from the line of progress, on the theory that "The quarrels of Europe are none of our business."

The "reasons" offered for this stand were many and ingenious. You are all familiar with these unreasoned "reasons;" you read them every day in your newspaper, and will continue to read them, in all probability, long after the present war has been won.

These reasons, so-called, stem from four human qualities, linked together in pairs, or groups of three by an inability and an unwillingness to think. The four contributing factors are patriotism, greed, fear, and pugnacity.

For the sincere patriot--the man who actually believes that the welfare of his own country and his own people is of greater importance than the welfare of the human race as a whole--we feel no anger, no contempt. We feel only pity. We pity him because he is afraid; afraid to venture into a world different from that into which he was born. We pity him because he is blind; blind to the one great lesson of history which began when the first two prehistoric patriarchs banded their tiny tribes together for the common good; the lesson which has reached its apex to date in the formation of this country which he loves so well. We pity him because he cannot see that what benefits humanity benefits his own country. We pity him because he cannot think; for if he could truly think, he could do these things. And his patriotism would be the greater for that.

For the greedy man--the man who shouts "Clarity begins at home;" the man who sneers at suggestions of "A milk bottle on every doorstep;" or who cries out that such fantastic imaginings will "ruin business," or "destroy individual initiative;" who, in short, decries everything that will not react immediately to his own benefit at the expense of his neighbor--for him, we have contempt and a little anger; but for him, too, we have pity.

We have contempt for him because, with all the physical attributes of Man, he is yet not a man. He is a mean, grasping organism, a being who is as out of place in a civilized world as the headhunting natives of certain Pacific islands. That the greedy man exists in such numbers is a sad sort of

measure of our stage of civilization; yet it is no true measure, for even now, such a being does not fit.

We have pity for the greedy man because he, also, is afraid; because he, also, is blind. He fears that the bottle of milk is to be taken from him, and that he will make no profit on the deal. He can not see that he, like all the rest of humanity, must gain from such a program; he cannot see beyond the point of immediate, personal financial gain. We pity him, because he cannot think.

For the pugnacious man, we have no contempt, no anger; we even admire him a little. The world needs pugnacity; it is by pugnacity that many of our gains have been achieved. But for him, too, we have pity; pity, because, typically, he knows not where to direct his energies. Hunger and disease and poverty; slavery and abuse; these and other things make this world a place of aching misery for millions; yet, with all these, with all space and time to conquer, he wastes his talents on trivial things. Blindly and viciously he fights for the greedy, the tyrannical, the misguided patriot; Often his fight is good; even necessary; but he fights on the side of right only by the accident of birth, not because he chooses the side of right. He feels strongly; he believes with all his might; he is a man of strong convictions. All these things enable him to achieve, but because he cannot think, his achievements are as often negative as positive. We pity him because he cannot think.

We pity, most of all, the followers; those millions of ordinary human beings like ourselves who make it possible for the isolationists, the mis-guided patriots, the political spellbinders, the seekers after privilege, the Economic Royalists, to hold back the progress of the world. Without those millions of gullible, unthinking people, the enemies of progress would do nothing.

Those millions of followers are afraid; they are afraid of change, even more than the greedy man, for they can visualize no possible advantage to themselves; they can't visualize at all. They not only do not think; they are afraid to think. Thinking is a disturbing process; it tends to upset accustomed ways of life. It breeds discontent, and an unwillingness to accept the present state of the world as the natural, logical, and only state. The follower does not want to think. So, he goes on his way, this unthinking man, lulled into a stupor of passive acceptance by such clichés as "What you don't know can't hurt you," or "What was good enough for Father is good enough for me."

International cooperation will come when men begin to think. It will come when the Golden Rule--"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"--becomes an integral part of the philosophy of all humanity.

We think a laugh or two will greet that mention of the Golden Rule. It depends upon what the Golden Rule means to you. Does that Rule mean that there is to be no rivalry, no differences of opinion? Does it mean that you must give up all your personal likes and dislikes; your foibles and idiosyncrasies? If it does, perhaps you had better try a little thinking.

For example, if you are playing tennis, or chess, or Interplanetary, do you want your opponents deliberately to give you the game, as commoners must do in some countries when competing against royalty? Or do you want them to scrap their damndest until the game is over, then shake hands and suggest a return match? The answer is obvious, isn't it? The Golden Rule is merely "Cricket," carried over into every field of human endeavor. When that situation obtains, we won't have to worry about Aspects of Internationality--and until it does, we probably will. Comforting thought, isn't it?

"Norlinger longer what is left behind." James Whitcomb Riley. Can you identify the poem plans?

## THE LAST MAILING

The last mailing as a whole was excellent, both in quality and in quantity. It would be the height of futility to review every magazine. So we aren't reviewing any magazines; we are just mentioning points that especially interested us, and the names of a few 'zines that, for one reason or another, were out of the common rut.

The chief item in HORIZONS is the discussion of Basic English. I'm far from convinced that Basic E. is the best, or even a very good choice, for an international language. But I'm saving my comments on the matter for a half-planned article for a future issue. In passing, I may say that I hope Harry has by now found out the meaning of short-arm inspection. (Pay no attention to shifts from "we" to "I" and vice versa in this department!)

SAFE VARIETY is rather close to LeZ quality this time. The election plea for "God" is quite Pangish. The article on the filliums is very good. We've seen some of the boners mentioned--notably, the submarine sighting the falling plane, while said sub was sitting on the bottom of the ocean--but missed the interesting ones. We remember seeing some films as a kid--not the special "for adults only" kind, but standard releases, in which naked women appeared, sometimes quite fully exposed, especially in back views; but we've seen no "accidental" ones.

THOS. Excellent cover. Glad to know about Interplanetary, but we are quite, quite sure we would be a complete flop at the game. In Strange Interludes, we agree with Art's contention that a man can be both very intelligent and very religious. We think it rather surprising, but know it is true, from meeting such men. We are not sure just what prompted the discussion of the future of Christianity, but think it will continue, in a constantly changing form, for a very long time. We hope Doug Webster doesn't take offense at our attitude toward the "Second Fandom" in England, but suspect that he will. Don't feel bad, Doug; if we took time to put in all the qualifying statements etc. which would be necessary if we were to state our exact position, you would have much more to complain of, in your comments on the sins of this "Fortyish" (what a ridiculous word!) person. As to those commas, Art; we got them in a grab-bag of assorted author's supplies. We also have always said e-TAY-o-in shirdlu, Art. Dunno why.

AAGH is notable for "The Loveliness of Stinks." That is a perfect example of the sort of thing which passes for logic among politicians; and the subject, of course, is of the stuff which politics is made.

The MADMAN OF MARS. Is this autobiographical?

FANTASY AMATEUR. Doc Swisher is a brave man; I'm afraid Al has put an impossible load on his successor, in the matter of the official publication. Good Luck, Doc.

SARDONYX Yes, Rus, our tastes in poetry do, no doubt, vary a little more than slightly. Personally, I like "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "The Last Duchess," and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxid's," among others. In case you are wondering, I don't think they are in the same class with poetry devoted to the emotion of love and its ethereal fancies. I am much more readily moved by prose in that particular line than by poetry. I like beautiful descriptive poetry, such as some of Tennyson's work; not whole poems, but single lines or stanzas.--I still maintain that "meat," used in the sense used by "Doc," and as used by you in the line you quote ("Journeys end in lovers meetings," is strictly unpoetic and un-beautiful. As used in your other quotations, --well, that's different. The use of "meating" in the quoted line indicates a cynical, highly material attitude toward physical love; generally, the poetic concept is just the opposite.

AGENBITE OF INWIT should follow SARDONYX, in order to preserve some sense of continuity in the above discussion, so hear it is. To begin with, however, we are delighted with "AGGIE" this time. We could stand a lot

more like this one. The brief bit on COs expresses my ideas on the matter better than I could have expressed them. Very good also, are the discussions of Hate and of the international police force idea--although I think the police force is definitely on the way, and am in favor of giving it a trial.-- I apologize, "Doc,"--not for "guffawing" at your poem, but for appending the "s,"--it really does make a difference, and I'm sorry. Moreover, I think you were justified in writing down your impression; but I refuse to forgive Eastman for publishing it. Comments on Fascism and freedom--I quoted that the other day, to some one who suggested that Fascism had some good points, and it went over very well.

EN GARDE. That three color cover is marvelous. How many weeks des it take to turn out enough of these covers for an is sue? -- The idea of the SHAN Shack impresses us rather favorably, although we could wish it might be in a larger city. No, not for economic reasons, but for cultural ones. Having lived in a city just slightly larger than Battle Creek (we think) most of our life, we could wish for a bigger library, more facilities for listening to good music; more contacts with persons interested in our interests (although this last would be largely met in any gathering of fans). And, besides, we insist on a college football team to root for. Still, don't be too surprised if you find another batchelor in your midgst, after the war is won. -- If Claude Degler does not soon publish the tale of his pilgrimage to the Southland (en route from Boston to Indiana) we shall be forced to publish the portion of it he related to us, if for no other reason than to preserve it for our own edification. His experience with the 'gator was only a beginning.

MAITERS OF OPINION and SUSPRO.--The comparison between the days of Arthur and the present day is very good--and reminds me that some of Tennyson's lines in Mort D'Arthur are very fine. --No doubt several others will tell Juffus why balls curve when spinning in certain manners, but I might as well do it too. Incidentally, there is nothing "theoretical" about the curving of a baseball; any twelve year old kid can throw a "thumbs-up" roundhouse out-curve, and the ball doesn't have to travel any faster than a slow lob. The only requirement is that the axis of rotation be approximately at right angles to the line of flight, and the rate of rotation be relatively high. Under those conditions, air is compressed slightly on the portion of the ball's surface which is moving faster than than the center, and is rarefied slightly on the backward-spinning surface. Ergo, the ball is shoved from the line of flight by the difference in pressure. The denser the ball, the less effect the spinning has, of course. Consequently, a table-tennis ball, which has a very low density, considered as a whole, can be made to curve sharply in a distance of two feet, while a golf ball may travel 150 yards before beginning to curve. It happens that a baseball can be made to curve nicely at a distance of about 60 feet; hence, curve-ball pitching. The explanation of bullet drift isn't so simple, since the bullet is rotating about an axis essentially parallel to the line of flight. I'm not sure, but I think the explanation lies in the fact that the force of gravity pulls the line of flight very slightly out of line with the axis of rotation, thus giving the effect of tilting the axis slightly to that line of flight; whereupon, pressure builds up slightly on one side, as in the case of the ball. -- The rest of SUSPRO is too full of a number of things to be handled here; I just used up another twenty minutes re-reading part of it, instead of commenting.

I've changed my mind--at the rate I'm going, I'm missing scarcely any mags, so I might as well mention 'em all as I come to them.

SILVER DUSK.--Very satisfactory. I like the variety of styles and themes presented, and the beautiful mimeoing.

POGORUS. -- Most of the bad smell of the last mimeoed issue is missing from this; and the contributions of EEE, Nanek, etc. are excellent. Th attitude taken toward CO's is comprehensible, but not justifiable; much prefer Lowndes'. ...."testical fortitude...."--? I dunno.

**BROWSING.** I like combination of rambling subjectivity and brevity; rather a hard combination to achieve, I should think. Too bad about those previous efforts going to feed the fishes.

**MOONSHINE.** Better than previous issues that I remember. Maybe I'm just lucky, but the entire issue is definitely a superior example of mimeoing. The cartoon is as good as some series I know of, for which good money is being paid. Like them, it is not overly funny or original, but quite passable.

**FAN-DANGO.** Another mimeoed job, and very excellently reproduced, too. It is to be noticed that Laney, like many another newcomer to FAPA, is proposing a new and worthwhile task for the FAPA. This one, we think, is very much worthwhile; there are some real gems of various sorts lying unremembered, save by a very few, in the more complete files of fanzines. The job would be a terrific one, but the results would be something. Will be glad to see the drawings by REW.

**INSPIRATION.** -- Lynn seems to be no better with a stylus than yours truly. Maybe we'll learn someday, but I'll stick to the white print machine as long as it is available. Comments on chess are interesting. If the suggested explanation of the superior chess player is correct, it will make the game just a thought-reading contest for the sharks; but in any case, the idea makes a swell alibi for the guy who always loses at poker, bridge, and other similar contests.

**WOWZY WAMBLINGS.** Undoubtedly! Such nice pipples, too!

**JINX.** -- When better mimeography appears, it will probably come from the vicinity of Columbia. Only the Ashley's and H. C. Koenig's efforts are in the same class, most of the time. Yet Jenkins does his stuff on most any kind of paper that comes handy, apparently. The cover is adequate. The girl apparently is six feet tall, the lower four feet all being legs; but then even Varga et al draw women with legs like that. I know a girl tennis player who is five-foot-six, who nonchalantly steps over tennis nets without jumping, and without touching them. She looks like she is all legs. Contents interesting, especially the comments on the mailing, Wollheim's article, and the bit about rockets. -- Have been under the impression that Paul, not Luke, was the main force in the New Testament; have read numerous statements to the effect that Christians should really be called Paulists. Please don't ask me who made the statements; I never remember who; just what.

**YEARBOOK.** -- Not much can be said about it, except that it is valuable, and a rather monumental piece of work.

**WALT'S WAMBLINGS.** -- Always did like ink-blot illustrations. The only requirement is lots of patience, and a little imagination. Looks like Walt has both. -- The handwriting came out much better on the Ditto than did the typing, but both are OK. Only trouble with Walt's movie reviews is that he seems to like un-horrible horror pics; but maybe I'm wrong. I know I missed two of the best; one I can't remember, and "The Cat People," but the few I have seen have all been punk. "I walked with a Zombie"--no, it was "The Dead Walk"--watta stinker! "Frankenstein meets the Wolf-Man,"--some good work by Chaney, but I liked his non-wd fish character much the best. Best fantasy I've seen since I saw "Topper Takes a Trip" was "Devil With Hitler," which is an out-and-out farce. No; since then, I've seen "Cabin in the Sky;" that is excellent; glad it wasn't a horror story; there aren't any good horror movies. -- Experimental issue as a whole very much OK. The Problem Corner seems just slightly reminiscent of events which are also suggested by the last page of JINX, ain't it?

**WHOPDOODLE.** The Wowzy Wambler wambles some more, with help of the lowest quality. Dunno whether I better move to Slan Center or not; might not be found same by the sanity test, but doubt if I could reach the norm, as described by Walt. Nifty Nonsense.

**FAN-TODS.** Most interesting items appear on pages 2 through 19. How the devil can I comment on a book like that? Chauvenet's article excellent; one of his best, and it is in good company. Your review of the mailing is exactly the kind I like to read; and, in the rare event that I happen to have the necessary information, etc., the kind I like to try to write.



The WHY and WHEREFORE

Life!  
a babe still wet  
hangs in the doctor's hands  
their skill  
command  
the air-of-life to dry  
his sallow ugly skin.

Death!  
the faded hand  
falls lifeless to  
the hospital bed  
As his soul transpires  
Beyond  
His old and decayed  
body to Bridge  
the Gap  
of Death.

Life and Death  
One room apart  
For  
Now as Always  
the  
old do die to make  
full room for now  
And overflowing life  
The two  
Great Journeys  
That all Men take are now  
begun.

The babe  
upon  
the path of life  
the dead man's  
soul  
On to be raffled  
twixt the devil and our  
God.

---Dale Wisser

---:oMo:---

Thisisaphillerphellowphapans

---:oWo:---

(Continued from p. 7)

' FA LEANTO completes Yr. 1 in a blaze of  
' glory, with a nice long list of titles in  
' it. ADULUX BESKAN. The grammar of this  
' bothered me no end. RAY --We hate to ad-  
' mit it, but we fear DAN is right. Still,  
' we the attempt was worth the effort, and  
' believe there was some gain. PHANTAGRAPH--  
' 10-2.--We never could fake surrealism  
' from the real thing, especially in poetry.  
' But the cover looks nice. 10-3. "The  
' Booklings" was new to us, and entirely  
' enjoyable. More? GUTTO. Article by  
' BEB interesting, but not especially con-  
' vincing, as an argument for ESPERANTO.  
' We'll tell you, one of these days, Moro-  
' jo, just what, in our opinion, are the two  
' chief faults (neither of them, incidently,  
' sufficient to cause us to say it is no good)  
' of Esperanto. Wheeu--a Browningtonian  
' sentence, if I ever wrote one! ELMER--  
' Nize type.

' FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH. A monumental sort  
' of thing, and certainly well well keeping,  
' even hoarding. Personally, we prefer the  
' unhorrible portions; XXIII, XXIV, XXVIII,  
' XXIX, XXX, XXXII, XXXIII.

' Which takes care of the mailing, we  
' sincerely hope.

---oTo---

' An excerpt from a personal letter by  
' Rosco E. Wright--"I have, since I was ra-  
' ther young, experienced dreams wherein I  
' realized that I was dreaming, and under-  
' took to explain to "those" in my dreams  
' that I was doing so ((i.e, dreaming));  
' was not "really there," that they were un-  
' real, and only beings of my dream world.  
' Usually these ....figments...revealed  
' their skepticism...but sometimes I con-  
' vinced them. But...about the time I came  
' to an understanding with them, and was  
' about to learn of their life in unreality,  
' I would wake up, and the dream would shift."

---:oVo:---

Everyone knows it is hot in Louisiana (pronounced LOOS-ee-AN-uh, in case you didn't know.) When we first saw the Red River, and noticed that it is indeed red, we thought, "That is as it should be; red is always used to show heat." But now the river has turned a bright, luminous green; and that is very reasonable, too; are not the green stars among the very hot ones? And we have just finished cutting (well, almost finished) a total of eight stencils. No, that isn't right; we have completely finished!