

Ah---no end of stuff! This is the life.

F.A.: Nice cover! I see the critic kept it brief. Oh well...

EMM-TO: Good.

UDGY TALKS: 75% mortality in a T.S! Slovely slogan.

ORIGINAL STORIES: If I had a file, I wouldn't need it. I haven't got a file, so I can't use it. Who wins? But the Atlantic & Harner data is interesting, since libraries have files of those; someday I'll look up one or two of the items---maybe! The Inf. J. is an even better bet for the mythical couple hours with 0 to do.

INSPIRATION: Pleasant reading.

PEMNY: But think, Don: 'Meeting at Night' & 'Parting at Morning' are practically the only truly moving poems Browning wrote, unless you want to include 'The Lost Leader.' His narrative poems in monolog, such as 'Fra Lippo Lippi', can be fairly interesting, but I like Byron's "Don Juan" no end better. As to Lord Dunsany, I'm quoting one of his poems this issue, but surely he is not at his best in verse. Finally, I think the 'Ancient Mariner' one of the most overstuffed and over-rated poems in English---so it seems our tastes differ slightly!

The failure of the reader to respond (as my failure to appreciate your favorites) may be his own fault, or the poet's fault, or it may be that they simply live in different worlds and so have nothing to say of each other. The more I see of life and people the more I have come to realize how many very different worlds there are about us, based perhaps on the same hard physical facts, but built into different shapes and in different dimensions by the myriads who create them. I have met people with whom it was impossible to discuss profitably any aspect of philosophy, simply because there was so little common ground between our respective world views.

That challenge regarding meat can be easily met, but there is a convention against the use of Anglo-saxon four-letters on the printed page. Even so, how about spit? Or maggot? Besides, 'meat' can be poetic, as in "Truth is strong meat to feed the hungry mind;" or even (tho you won't like this) "Journeys end in lovers' meetings.".....

As to potential energy, however small the difference, it exists, and what we are interested in is the theoretical point that energy is NOT conserved, and the actual extent of the violation isn't important.

Living frescos & bas-reliefs, oh? Reminds me of one of the images I saw while I was delirious under the influence of meningitis at the age of 10. I thot I was looking at a wall whose wallpaper was marked off in squares each showing a different scene. Each square contained a plot, and when I put a nickel in the slot, the figures would come to life & a drama would take place. I remember one scene, a ramshackle wharf and part of a bayou, that I particularly liked, for it involved an overturned boat and an escape from an alligator. The colors were quite natural: sullen looking greenish gray water still suggests alligators to me!

I am surprised to hear about the '5 or 6 hours of sleepless rolling & tumbling'. Insomnia is entirely outside of my experience and still remains something faintly incredible with a Martian flavor!

HORIZONS: I'm sorry, Harry, but I can't offer you much in the way of help if you suffer from migraines, because migraine is hereditary and there is nothing which can change your inheritance. (If neither of your parents and none of your grandparents suffered from migraine, then something else must be the trouble). The only optimistic note is that the attacks usually stop when the patient is middle aged, but I didn't think this sufficiently encouraging for you to justify an immediate letter. Stay---I have run across something in Logan Clendinning's "The Human Body": he says "The disappearance of the attack is quite as mysterious as its approach. Something clicks in the brain and it is all over. Or a light doze before dinner marks the dividing line between agony and peace. A good stint of work in some cases drives it away.....There is only one way to treat it--with contempt, an old Roman remedy." Probably Clendinning doesn't suffer from migraine himself: that last piece of advice sounds easier to give than take.

I love to read plays, too.....My English teacher in high school, Mr. Willey, who had quite an influence on me, told me once that he thought only those capable of creating poetry themselves were fully able to appreciate it as created by others, and I am inclined to agree.....All the other 1942 covers on Astounding were uninspired, uninteresting, etc.? I still like the April one quite nice. I still think, I mean. Or do I?....Unfortunately I've not read Crystal Age; I liked Hudson's The Purple Land, tho its nothing to do with SF; I read "The Man Who Was Thursday" long ago; but I liked "Hotting Hill" somewhat better, and "Father Brown" yet more. Heaven help anyone lost in the 'Porsythe Saga'; I had to wade thru it once. Galsworthy is not my idea of an interesting writer.

FLIGHT UNCLE M. Sorry,

LILTY'S MAG: He's learning, learning now, all right---and regretting the lack of time to relax in a beer hall and discuss higher mathematics? (See Message, this issue).

Yeah, I know the war has had a marked influence on my ideas & caused me to jettison some wistful little pacifist notions. I couldn't react in any other way unless I were an entirely different person; so....! You're right about the conclusions which follow from our present evidence; I only hope we do have most of the pertinent facts.

I never did see how anyone can find time enough to be bored. Higgawd, with only 50 years to go, should I waste any of it wondering what to do and doing nuttin'? Perish the horrible phantasm....Stuff about rifles, interesting. Not my line, tho. Fully agree---in fact, loud cheers---for comment "What actually has meaning for me is the actuality of the people of the world and their future civilization." I see it that way, too.

THE STEFAN: Better a page of this than a dozen of epic poetry! I liked that phrase, "A shutter-rattling roar"; I loved the illustrations; I chuckled at the verses.

THE NUCLEUS: 'Of Things and Such' is Trudy at her lightest and most amusing. (The dialog in the distance!!) The thousand curses are well placed.

Trudy on war is just as sensible as Trudy on fanzine publishing is funny.

I feel complete sympathy with Trudy's attitude, "we shall have at them briefly because we should like to very much." .....I must point out that the trouble with trying to apply logic

to stop war is simply that while your enemy may see the folly of a long fight with you, if he knows you are going to drop your weapons, logic immediately tells him that he can now get everything he wants by keeping his. So it is idle to expect armies to cease fighting on any such grounds.

Softball is one of my favorite games, but of course I've played mostly in games which saw plenty of action. A girl's gymnasium  $\pi$  class might very well play a tedious & humdrum game, just as sandlot football might compare poorly with a Harvard-Yale game. But if the players are interested and play to win, softball can be quite as thrilling as football: there are situations fully as tense (score tied, men on base, 3 and 2 on the batter) and action quite as exciting: a spectacular stop & throw, a close play at home, etc.). Softball is also a faster game than football: it takes two hours to play a football game, & considerably less for a softball game. I am afraid Trudy was sent out to right field all the time, and that the batters always pulled the ball to center or left, leaving her with nothing to do; I admit that can be a little tedious at times! But as for "no swift action", Trudy--did you ever try to steal second base against a catcher with a good arm?

FAN-TODS: "The number of galaxies per cubic light year" is not an interesting thought---its a howler. Like "the number of mountains per cubic inch", if you see what I mean.

Brain work in baseball is involved in outguessing the pitcher, stealing signs from the opposition, and especially in deciding the right moment for such stratagems as the squeeze play & the hit and run. Dumb baseball players seldom make the big leagues, y'know.

27 billiard balls in space?

It is easily possible for me to play a game of chess mentally, without sight of board or pieces. [In doing so I keep before me a mental image of a chessboard & its men---64 squares and 32 men.] I don't have much trouble in holding a clear image taking in the whole board & position. As far as I'm concerned, the idea of 4 as a limit is a myth and a superstition! Furthermore, Koltanowski once played 34 chess games simultaneously without seeing any board or men. Of course at any one time he doubtless visualized but one board; still, the feat is decidedly impressive, especially as he won most of them.

That's odd. I find 'Biological Abstracts' interesting and if anything too stimulating; strange that the CA should induce slumber! It would in me, of course, but I, thank God, am not a practicing chemist!

Obviously the changes of course cannot balance if the positive & neg. angles are added at the end of a world cruise, for the vessel has proceeded not only on the compass courses steered, but also upon modifications of those due to varying tidal and ocean currents. The course steered is seldom the course actually made good: this is indeed the reason why it is necessary to take astronomical observations to determine a ship's position accurately!

MIDWAY OF MARS: Sorry.

WAITE'S WRAIBLINGS: So Speer changed the name of his #2 pub! I can guess why. I wish to remark that Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" isn't at all a good anthology (meaning that I don't care particularly for P's selections!)....I read  $\pi$  "My First Two Thousand Years" and thought it on the whole rather dull and tedious!....Ah, fried humming bird tongues on fig leaves! My favorite dish.....

COLLECTED VERSE: "Why then, with labor infinite, produce a book of verse To languish on the 'all-for-twopence' shelf?"

SUSERO: These covers are marvelous. I think Juffus has well earned the 'Artist' laureate this year---yowsah!

That curse on page 1, line 7, sure must have bounced back quick!

Why isn't efficiency a good test of boy-girl customs? Any custom promoting 'romance' is ... efficient, nicht wahr?

What, then, is the goal of 'all philosophies' if not to bring man to terms with the world about him? The achievement of this aim must involve recognition of the fact that powers outside of himself ultimately determine man's destiny. This is indeed a self-obvious proposition; I see nothing 'inexcusably narrow' about it! I rather suspect Juffus of an allergy to what he thinks "fatalism" means; actually the attitude I mentioned is more deterministic than anything else, and is present at least in part in every philosophy I've ever heard of.

I certainly don't see phonetic spelling eliminating regional speech habits right & left, but it mite have a long run standardizing effect, at that.

Pencil notes in the margins? Hell, I use red ink! Speaking of short hand, I saw in the NY Times not long ago a reference to the suggestion of an Englishman, Sir Richard Paget, that the ideal international language would be an improved & condensed sign language, like the Amerinds used to have. It would be easy to teach by films & television & there'd be no pronunciation trouble. The difficulty lies in developing script to go with it, but since Margaret Morris has devised a script for recording all the bodily movements involved in dancing, the problem of a script for hand movements should not prove insuperable.

EN GARDE: 'The argument was wilful; the alternatives untrue.' I still think 'Astounding' is slipping: the June issue is proof enuf for anyone.

EBBE: if there were any possibility of my ideas on how to run the world being put into effect, I might take more trouble with 'em; I mite also be more interested in articles like these.

The Chemical Analysis of Woman is marvelous: a natural for SEP 'Postscripts' department.

The Assyrian or whatever it is scores a clean beat on me, especially since I haven't tried to give it a formal workout yet!

SARDONYX: At least there was lots of it.

DREAM-DUST: The treacle is poured on too vigorously, I fear. A pity---something nice might have been made of 'Whisperings'.

YHOS: It is severely logical to hold a culture must be able to survive to have permanent value, but I have reached a point where I seriously question the idea about the toughest being synonymous with the best, if by 'best' we are to understand 'best for living'. If we must understand 'best for survival' the proposition is neither arguable nor meaningful, for it tells us nothing to hold that the toughest (ie, hardiest, best fitted to survive) culture is the culture best fitted to survive. Only if we compare cultures in other ways than by asking whether they are vulnerable to physical destruction by enemy countries can we hope to get anywhere with this discussion.

.....Dreams, eh? I can't help agreeing more or less with Speer's remark that not to dream may indicate a healthier mental state than to dream constantly.

Questions on page 16: No. Yes. No. No. Yes. It follows from these answers that Chauvenet's Prophecy is that the world after the war will find the present drift to centralization of gov't and restriction of individual liberty continued at a slow but steady pace. The major instrument in the United States' drift to totalitarianism will be the organized labor unions, which will become virtually autonomous slave states; at the appropriate time, 15 or 20 years after the war ends, their then leaders will come to an agreement and take over the government in fact if not in name (ie, the President & Congress will be taking orders from the Labor Chief while retaining their nominal powers. It will then be impossible to earn a living without being a union member and it will be impossible to be a union member without heaving to the union line and obeying orders from above. This state of affairs will lead to corruption on the part of those in power, and gross abuse of that power. Finally there will be a bloody revolution, the success of which will probably depend on the ability of an armed militia to defy regulars armed with all mechanized weapons. This means development of small arms capable of stopping tanks and strafing planes absolutely cold; I think it quite probable that in time such weapons will arrive on the scene: in the recently developed 'bazooka gun' we have a promising start. The revolution, therefore, will probably succeed; but I cannot foresee the outcome; the prophecy stops here.

Save your FAPA files, and read this again in 1965. I sincerely hope you'll be able to laugh heartily---but I'd hesitate to bet much!

ZIZZLE-POP: I hope somebody could read it.

THE FIGHTING FAN:.. Was much interested to read about Lew Martin & his adventures---he's been lost to us so long. Someday I plan to collect a series of case histories showing how fans fare when they (for various reasons) drop the intensive activity which at one time meant so much to them.

The other boys do well, too, but there are plenty others it would be nice to hear from---what's become of them all?

MOONSHINE (I think it is): Apparently I received the very last copy pulled off the reluctant goo at the end of the run. Ouch.

JINK: the Red Ghost. I'll miss it!

Tucker & editing: according to me, in composing stuff yourself the editing ought to take place before you put anything at all down on paper, and there should hardly ever be occasion for more than one revision. Of course, humorous pieces may call for special efforts---I know humor which IS funny is the toughest sort of stuff to turn out.

Eastman's poetry, if better than much other fan verse, still fails to strike home to me. I don't quite know why, and its too hot tonight to discuss poetry at any length!

MATTERS OF OPINION: Indeed a moving number. In regard to fanationalism, ja!

I feel no end disrespectful towards Henry Adams & the brandishing of Encalibur on high, but waiving the overdone 2nd paragraph, the general propositions are at least possibly true. I can't say more; time limits this to 5 pp. this issue. Salah.

## MILTY'S MESS

--Corporal M. A. Rothman, AUS.

When I said, in the last mailing, that I would keep publishing even if I had to pencil each copy in a foxhole, I didn't realize that the army could keep me so busy that I would barely have time to pen one copy. That has happened---even though it took more than the army to do it.

Here's the story: You may have heard of the Army Specialized Training program, which is sending a number of men to college to pursue various technical studies. Well, you can imagine that where there's a school to go to, little me is going to go there. So I did, and here I am.

I thought this was going to be a pleasure when I first came. Go to school, live in a dormitory, go around with coeds, lead the intellectual, rather than the military, life.

But what this turned out to be is the most ruthless, mercilessly rapid schedule of study that has ever been devised by man. For nine months we will be subjected to a concentrated course that will probably equal the 3rd and 4th year of Electrical Engineering.

So, 90% of my waking hours are spent trying to pump a badly digested mass of electricity, calculus, and mechanics into my cerebrum, while the other 10% are spent in the gym going through a course in physical education that would put army physical training to shame.

Out of the rest of my days I'm supposed to have a gay time in the metropolis of Corvallis, which consists of half a dozen stores, a dozen beer joints, and three movies.

It's really no way to get an education. No chance to relax in a beer hall and discuss higher mathematics in a leisurely, scholarly atmosphere, as we did in Heidelberg before the war.

Ah, genütllichkeit!

You, know, at this point I feel that the war has progressed far enough. I'm beginning to feel like becoming a civilian again. How long does all this go on?

In this neck of the woods I wouldn't even know there was a war except for the fact that I subscribe to Newsweek. It tells me all about the war.

Corvallis has newsstands that carry science fiction magazines, but I haven't seen any new issues since I've been here. When will I be able to read a magazine? It certainly ain't like Santa Anita, where I had the leisure to write a 16,000 word story.

Imagine writing in the bedlam of that stable, with a radio going in the stalls on every side and people talking and shouting and every ten minutes I go around to John Brink's stall to join in the argument going on there.

But the story got finished, and when it was all typed up, I decided it would have been better if I'd taken Chapter Five, expanded

it to 100,000 words, and made the original story part of the new one.  
No time for that now. Norton's looking at it.

Well---time's up for this. Sorry I've no more to say, but I've such a one-track mind that if I continued I would probably end up talking about the critical damping resistance of a galvanometer.

See you next mailing.

THE PATIFINDER

from a poem by

Lord Dunsany

Through steely gaps that I have known  
In mirage mountains, upon wings  
Has my imagination flown  
To bring you news of magic things.

By walls of cities not of Earth  
All wild my winged dreams have run,  
And known the demons that had birth  
In planets of another sun.

Beyond the boundaries I have been  
That dull geography has drawn,  
To bring you light from visions seen  
In kingdoms eastward of the dawn.

This is — or has been — Sarxonyx Vol 3 No 1  
(Blame Chauvenet!), an Aimless Press mainstay.

An unexpected brief illness removed the  
weekends in which these stencils were to be joined  
by an equal number of compeers, & it's too late now.  
See you, in the imitable words of Corp. Rothman, next  
mailing. ~ After June 17 please address me at  
D-41 Adams House, Cambridge, Mass. Thank you, one & all!

∞

JRC

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