

588 am
75
2670

Speer's

SUSTAINING PROGRAM

SUMMER/F44

[Handwritten signature]

CECE ME CECE

Can I lay claim to the first fanzine published on two continents? Some pages for this issue I stenciled and ran off while in Washington; the remainder are being typed in Outremer and will be sent to Sudday for mimeoing.

The change of location necessitates some slight changes in policy and material. I had hoped to ship with the trunk my fanzine-correspondence file post 1943, but the office handling such things, after first frowning and saying OK, changed its mind after I left, and the things were sent to Comanche. Among these were all my notes, drafts, and such Rejected-- material as I'd extracted from the files. To fill some of the yawning gap thus left, I've used some material planned to go in Mopsy. Nonetheless, it will be noted that this issue is back to our sometime small size of 12 pages. I could have filled it out to the usual 18, but too much of the material would have borne evidence that it was written after the supposed deadline for the Mailing. Due to loss of the slip on which I was keeping track of the different forms used, the pattern of title lettering on the cover will be standardized.

Will omit my address this time, since it'll probably be changed by the time you read this. Suffice to say that I'm working for the Foreign Economic Administration.

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH MAILING

Pp 1, 2

Supplemented by paragraphs elsewhere in the issue

A LOOK AT PERSONALITY

P 3

Check list for passing judgment

QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

P 4

Save the World Hypotheses quotes for another time, Sudday

REJECTED - NEBULA

P 5

Written for publication, but not so indicated

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION

P 6

Three guesses

SUSPENSE

P 7

Fictitious but not definitely

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

P 8

Packrattism

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

P 9

More pixures

FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

P 9

If they'll devalue the centime a bit more, perhaps I can pay Sudday

CATCHING UP WITH CAMPBELL

Pp 10, 11,
12

Ignore the numbering on these last few pages, pliz

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH MAILING

1

This should be mercifully short, since the 27th Mailing was comparatively small, and I haven't it to hand so can only comment on what I remember in each pub.

Sappho I

don't remember anything about.

Fantasticonglomeration is the biggest publication 4e has yet given us, I believe. He ought to do it more often. "Guteto makes a bid for fan interest with its version of Madman. But gleeps, Morajo, can't you see than fen in general aren't interested in Esperanto?" Fan-Dango. So Al should join a union because it raised the wage level and he, supposedly, got the benefit. If you're pushing your car to get it started and a guy comes along and helps you, fine--you feel grateful to him. But then suppose he demands that you take him way out of your way in return for the favor you didn't ask? I can see Ashley's viewpoint; if he's hot enuf stuff not to need the help of unions to get along, and dislikes giving a union head power over him, he's justified in pulling in his sympathy and saying to Hell with unions and the little people that have to have them. "Organization of Fandom: Now produce.

Milty's Mag sounds a little absent-minded.

Xenon: I echo Thompson's

sentiments.

Phanny: That things I remember on this issue are covered elsewhere.

Don

Rogers and Company: The only thing I need to comment on here is the question of someone "speaking for fandom". Pohl's dictum isn't true of everything to which the words might be applied. What he had specifically in mind was Moskowitz's declaration against alien isms on behalf of New Fandom, which was not true of a large part of the membership. Where what one says is true, I see no objection to its being said, even tho this might be called "speaking for fandom".

Celophais should have been mentioned a paragraph or two back. Since it's by Evans, I suppose it was another worthy piece of indexing, tho I have no definite memory of it.

Walt's Wranglings: The

found with Stanley is hilarious. "A Tale of the Evans: Poor soul, so sunk in bad semantics he does not see that particularism and freedom are not synonymous. A people may determine its own destiny, and yet a large part of that people be tyrannized by the rest. Georgia didn't lose its freedom when it joined the United States. You must keep your eyes always on the individual, the ultimate unit, the party whose aims are ultimately to be gratified. The particularistic state has no interests apart from the people who make it up. A state is not a person. That will bear repeating. A state is not a person. Hegel to the contrary notwithstanding, a state is not a person. "En Garde was probably good, but I remember naught from it now.

Light: Chacun a son gout.

Fleeting Moments: If I'm not mistaken, that cover photograph was taken below Fort Marion in St Augustine. Anyway, the thing in back looks like one of the long points of the fort that runs out to sea, with a tower on the tip from which the walls can be covered.

Horizons has been covered in personal correspondence, which means there were no comments that I thot to be of general interest.

Sustaining Program: There was some remark I wanted to make here, but it's slipped the mind. "Mopsy bowls along. "S-F Democrat. When it occurred to me, it was too good to resist. Anyway, my neck can stand a little sticking out.

Sardonyx

was good, particularly, of course, FAPAfile. I liked the description of me; haven't

tried to figure out whether it's true. Check on Michel; he is a very poor judge of people, isn't he?

Statement from the Favian Society of New York: Ah, DEBT, how are thou fallen. Revived to act as a sounding board. "Phantographs. What was that the Knaves said about neatness in mimeoing?" FAPA Fan: I don't remember what he was talking about this time. "Agonbite of Inwit holds up well, in spite of Doc's oft-repeated disgust with fandom. The bonus voting idea, I find, is quite old. It was considered by John Stuart Mill, I believe, a hundred years ago. Democracy and the Individual, my source, remarks that politics is the art of the possible, so we might as well forget this idea for the present.

Nucleus is still

with us, but for how much longer?

Ynos. Of all the comments I no doubt had marked, this is all I remember: I generally get a shampoo with haircuts (figure it's ~~playing safe with the~~ hold-that-line policy to let the barber do it), and the leech in LA used some kinda special tonic and doubled or tripled the price because of that. While we're on this barbaric subject--I believe Don Thompson said something, too--what do you think the ideal haircut of the future will be? For men, I think it'll lie between a Joaquin Smith helmet-like mass, or else they'll cut it off quite short, GI fashion. I have a lovely foto of Chauvenet and Perdue modeling the two.

Oh, yes, now I recollect the other tonsorial remark (it wasn't DEBT, but I had associated it with that point in my west-east line on which these comments are strung). Clod's efforts to make me out a fascist were much less ingenious than the Michelists' old one; I could do a better job, without ever actually transgressing truth. For instance, there was my schoolmates' practice of calling me "Hitler". (At this point it was my design to run on for some time about other matters.) But to explain that "Hitler" nickname: I at one time experimented with what was called a "short pomp", essentially the same thing as a crew cut. This reminded some of the more ignorant Comancheites of a German military haircut and they tried to call me "Hindenburg", but that name was too much for them to handle, so they took the simpler "Hitler" (altho der Fuehrer wears his hair long)..... Hello, Mom. It was a hard fight, but I got it in.

To return to Boston: Fantasy

Amateur. I've noticed in several of the vice-president's decisions lately that no line of reasoning is given to justify the decisions. Where specific action is sued for, this may not be necessary, tho advisable; but when a purely advisory question is brot up, the judicial officer should be careful to give reasons for his interpretation; otherwise when an actual case comes up, there's no reason why a subsequent v-p shouldn't reverse, or rather ignore, him. If there's no constitutional basis for deciding a practical question, it might be trespassing on the president's bailiwick for the v-p to try to settle it. "Blitherings: No doubt we shall have many a hearty encounter.

Fan-Toda. Say, Norm, where did you get that "Yesterday's 10,000 Years" for a title? Omar Khayyam speaks of yesterday's 7,000 years, but that was only a millenium ago. About the value of pi being changed near a heavy star: I don't consider this a question of natural laws being different. It merely means that our statements of the natural laws haven't touched the lowest layer yet.

Browsing: No comment. And so space for a word more on Ynos. I wrote the Zalamazoo Parchment Company, Gardner, and they sent me back the Histomap --of Religion. Perhaps just as well, since I already had the H of Evolution; I sent them a quarter for another to see if it was the same as we bot for a dollar in the ~~bookstore~~. The Histomap of Religion was. Art: It would have been too simple to write the ~~book~~ for the PocketBook Rubaiyat and besides I never thought of it. After months of search, finally found a copy in a lonely drug store.

A LOOK AT PERSONALITY

When Jules said "I still like Ackerman", and then went on to list the tremendous number of things wrong with him, one could have been forgiven for raising an eyebrow. Still, the thing is possible. There are many more facets to personality than one is likely to think of when making a particular appraisal; and though he is downgraded on many, he may have redeeming features on a great many more.

Here are merely some samples, jotted down, of the characteristics that may come in all combinations in different people: Esthetic appreciation; manual skill; memory for names and faces; comprehensiveness and correctness of scientific knowledge; independence in ideals; dominance of long-range objectives; ability for interesting conversation; catholicity of listening or reading interest; diligence in routine work; care with details; regard to social conventions; basic politeness; personal appearance; physical condition; concern for welfare of others; fidelity to pledged word; friendship with the opposite sex; optimism; humility of learning; truthfulness; temperance or abstinence; range of tolerance; zeal in activity; mathematical ability; clarity of expression; taste for humor; pleasure in intricate ideas; and readiness for change.

If I'm not mistaken, no one of these is tied tightly to any other of them so that they must vary together. However, some no doubt do tend to vary together, and may be gathered into such heads as General Intelligence, Moral Fiber, Intro/Extroversion, ktp. Others defy classification.

The Mediterranean makes peace with his environment.

WHO OWNS MARS AT THE MOMENT? From a 1902 case quoted in Prosser on Torts: "The title of the owner of the soil extends not only downward to the centre of the earth, but upward usque ad coelum [unto heaven], although it is, perhaps, doubtful whether owners as quarrelsome as the parties in this case will ever enjoy the usufruct of their property in the latter direction." This rule, we should add, has been modified since the advent of aviation.

The Northman will accept no terms except unconditional surrender.

Well, here's space to take up another matter in the last Mailing that I overlooked when doing the department. I was rather amazed at Lancy's conclusion that I can have no fellow-feeling with the working man because I come from a well-to-do family. The truth of the matter is, my father's income in normal times (the 1920s and middle '30s) was less than I'm earning now, which certainly wouldn't constitute well-to-do with a family of six. It's true he owns some agricultural land ("An agriculturist", says he, "is somebody who makes money in town and loses it in the country" - which has proved very true) and has seen that we other five each own 10 acres, because of beliefs inherited from his farming ancestors. He is a Lieutenant Colonel because after the last war he entered the Reserve, and with study of books and maps sent from Denver, and occasional tours of active duty, earned his way up from Captain. In getting started (one year of college, correspondence course in law), he had the advantage of no aristocracy except the aristocracy of ability - The photos of two Oklahoma front yards, in the last SusPro, bear witness to that difference (this is not to be considered an excuse for an economic system in which a small difference of ability makes such large differences of condition). When I had finished high school--a few weeks before, in fact--I went to business college in Oklahoma City for three months, typing menus or washing dishes for two meals a day. From there, a hundred dollars or so of savings was my cushion in Washington until I found a

I've gone thru the University entirely on my own power. Similarly with my siblings. Which doesn't make us exactly proletarians, but takes us out of the class of indulged darlings.

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

The cover for *Thrilling Mystery* depicts a genuine Jabberwock. Cover-copper is a short story by Fredric Brown, *The Jabberwocky Murders*. It has a mundane explanation, but there's enuf discussion of other possibilities to gladden the heart of a Carroll fan.

Here's one of the "I have a Cosmic Mind" postcards that I didn't mail. It places Walther von Rauchen in Oedipus Scar. On the face of it in pencil are addresses of Honig, Watson, and Rouze, taken from Forry's records.

My foto albums are reserved for pixures which I took or at least have the negatives for, except some that got put in before that policy jelled. Prints given me by fellow-fen ordinarily go in my scrapbooks. Here are quite a number of small prince of pix that Edgar A Hirdler took of me when I visited him in Oklahoma City in 1938. I look rather youthful in them, and surprisingly human. Little bit further on are some Milty took at Tallwood: Me and the Spirit; me climbing a ladder; and one that he intended to be a "study" of me, but turned out pretty ghastly because of poor lighting. Also me heiling from the top of the plantation bell tower. More pix from Milton, taken when Joe Gilbert visited and we went out to Groat Falls: We pour gasoline down the Spirit's gullet from a can; I observe the Falls with muddy feet (our wading the stream inspired that bacover which ironized "science-fiction fans"); and Rothman and I walk along the towpath of the Canal. Ah, happy days.

This is truly a rare document. Carbon copy of the Triumvirs' constitution and by-laws for New Fandom, the one that was read to the Philco. It would be a marvelous exercise in semantic calculus.

Two partly filled Sinclair Dinosaur Stamp Albums, and the larger Dinosaur Book. They put quite a weight on the pages of the scrapbook.

Librettos for *Pirates of Penzance* and *Bunthorpe's Bride*, both of which I was privileged to see.

And here is a record in its envelope. It may be the one that Julie and I cut on the Slumming Expedition, in which I relate, in words so fast you can scarcely make them out on the playback, the scheme followed in making the first draft of the Fancyclopedia as complete as possible.

Brain Trust: JFSAMJrMARHJrNESLRCLBDBTAA. Hlbrows: SDRLS. Graybeards: RDSHCKEE. Droops: CD

Not that it matters, but I have a note here to the effect that a recent article on Rockets in the Reader's Digest several times refers to Buck Rogers, but always unfavorably. And eke an ad in Time.

JJFJMCBDEAM. Infants: LTSALSHHBJRMrJrFMr. Leches: BWLAQWLETL. Vets: DAJJBMR. LGKRJHFJABTCSY

"The boys train here with electric beams for target practice. After six weeks here you're a cross between Buck Rogers and Mandrake the Magician." --Bob Hope

Add: BrTr:CD Dr:LBF Inf:LJM

No apologies to the unclassified

"Well, you know Buck Rogers has his ray gun and the Army has Radar; but they have nothing on the Four Vagabonds, for they have a ray of sunshine." JIMX 23 Dec 43

A Wolf is a coyote that hasn't been inducted -BH

"By the time the political censorship was lifted, the journalistic statute of limitations had run out on their earlier insinuations and they didn't have to back them up."

--Report on North Africa

REJECTED -- MERULA

Never be it said that I left behind an indispensable accessory of the dying fanfare, a special contribution on hand. The only real justification for digging out these two items (which are given from faulty memory), however, is that I felt like I ought to have a Rejected-- for this issue of SP. So here's an excuse for one:

I'd like to apologize to all the nice people who have written me last letters before my departure over the briny, only to find me still around weeks or months later. It's embarrassing. /Follows some word on the latest manifestation of imminence of departure, which this time came true./

I would also like to spike any rumor that I'm due for an early grave. Paul's heart must have been damaged much more by the rheumatic fever than mine, for I've been assured that, taking reasonable care of myself, there's no reason I shouldn't have a normal span.

"... reality (loud cheers)."

I keep remembering things that should have been dealt with in the load-off department. Fie, Norman. Sorites is a series of truncated syllogisms in which the conclusion of one is the major premise of the next, and therefore not stated. Here's an example from Lewis Carroll:

Illogical persons are despised.
Nobody is despised who can manage a crocodile.
Babies are illogical.
∴ Babies cannot manage crocodiles.

"One is a murderer; the rest are Americans!"

Speaking of the mathematical lecturer of Christ Church, I've found in his Complete Works what looks like the prototype of Wollheim's well-known "Ye Spayss Flyghts". The first line of Carroll's ballad is "Ytto was a mirke an dreiry cave,".

Ingvi is still a louse.

WILL YOU WAIT FOR
ME? I'LL ONLY BE TEN
MINUTES OR SO.



ONE SECOND-HAND
HANGNAIL FOR THE
BEST ANSWER BY
THE CABBIE.

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION

several times that certain persons make a practice of denouncing me in private conversation or correspondence with others, while presenting to me in person, and to a lesser extent in the press, an amicable countenance. I don't claim immunity from denunciation, but hope that anyone who finds his opinion of me being altered by their words will give me an opportunity to answer any definite allegations.

When, in Ars Gratia Artis some time ago, I tried to give the opening paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence from memory, I didn't do so well. Let's see if I can do better now:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the Causes which impel them to the separation. -- We hold these Truths to be self-evident -- That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these Rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and whenever any government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to secure their future happiness and welfare. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly, all experience hath shewn, that men are rather disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and provide new safeguards for their security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former System of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated usurpations and outrages, all having in direct Object the establishment of a Tyranny over these colonies. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world -- "

I admit that this time, unlike the previous attempt, I have made deliberate efforts to memorize the document. However, at this writing it's been months since I looked at a copy of it.

This is really a subtle way of making you read the original to check up on me

... And occasionally there would crash thru him the horrible realization that somewhere in the world, in a certain office of the War Department, they were still filing index sheets on messages from the same headquarters under any one of: London, Great Britain, England, US Armed Forces in the British Isles, USFOR, ETOUSA, etc, and half a dozen code names and numbers.

He broke her neck and sucked her blood and let her body stand

Another vision of the world's stupidity: The lady stood beside him in the Smithsonian's dinosaur skeleton room, and said, "Do you suppose there actually ever were terrible things like that?"

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

Fotografs again this month, these being copies of my contributions to the Tucker foto chain (I attached enlargements there, but am hanged if I'll pay for 65 enlargements to go here). Tucker says the chain flopped.

This was shot at the World's Fair Futurama, the day Nycon ended.



The Cowardly Lion, Dorothy, the Tin Woodsman, and the Scarecrow follow the Yellow Brick Road to the Emerald City of Oz.



Tallwood Plantation's main house, pre-Pearl Harbor home of LRC.



Rocketeer Milt looking for ideas at Tallwood. This wasn't on the chain, but copies were printed by error when I ordered the preceding one, so I thot I'd include it here.



Ooh!

FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

Let Sudday report first, and then see what space is left.

"Speer is going to North Africa because the laws concerning marriage and divorce in the Moslem religion appeal to him. (Speer wouldn't be a bigamist unless he could do it legally).

"Degler

is really Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.:

"Harry Honig operated a still during the 1920's; Watson and Ebey furnishing the necessary finances, and Fortier and Tom Wright were the strong-arm men. /But, Sudday, how could that be, when Honig wasn't born till 1930, and Watson isn't much older?/

"Chauvenet has given up working on his sailboat and is concentrating on building a rocketship. He plans on leaving for the moon, along with Widner, early in September. Art has made plans to go AWOL for the occasion."

Sudday also says that a certain fan, in a fit of pique against FAPA, sent an anonymous letter to Martin Dies; Dies has gotten a \$100,000 dollar appropriation to investigate FAPA; all ex-officers will be subpoenaed soon. Better go into hiding, guys.

Just room to add that the niterbefore Speer left Washington, fires broke out in several sections of the city, leaving an estimated 100,000 negroes homeless.

CATCHING UP WITH CAMPBELL

Beginning with the Nov42 PeeTee, left over from last issue, I'm going to classify now by the definitive version of the decimal classification. However, if certain of the numbers assigned should be unaccountable, ascribe it to a lastminute revision of the classification (which hasn't been stenciled as I write this), made advisable by something noticed in doing this present article.

Eureka! 51. The Sleep that Slaughtered 53. The Green Sphere 12.3-K. A Matter of Eclipses 12/53.5. Avenue of Escape 40-K.

Dec42 Unknown Worlds. Watch Dog 02. Transients Only 44.2. No comment. The Golden Age 53.5. Presents a problem that I'm not prepared to answer. But darned if I think a seventy-year-old man is the pinnacle of creation. The Wall 41.15 (45.3). It Will Come to You 41.7. There's plenty of space under 41.7 for a special number for ghoulie if it should be found that stories about them are sufficiently numerous.

Dec42 ASF. The Weapon Shop 15. Very interesting ideas here. Note the typical van Vogt expansion of scope: First we have only a single shop, then we learn that there are others all over the Empire, and finally we find the Weapon Shops in possession of a whole region or planet, where their cover-copping building was located. The Flight that Failed 33. A bit of a stinker. Some Day We'll Find You 15/51. These Hunt Club stories are unworthy of Cartmill. They make passably good reading, but they're 99% the type of running around that you find in mundane detective stories. To Follow Knowledge 30/56. A very hard story to unravel, but it seems to depend on the idea that I've condemned in a current chain letter, that anything can happen in eternity. The same story written with a three-dimensional time metaphysics would have been more plausible. Probabilities Zero: True Fidelity 42. The Human Bomb 51-K. Valadusia 12.8/53.26. O'Bryan The Invincible 12.3-K. My Word! 41.15/56 (12). Take-Off 11.1. Piggy Bank 10/51.9. A most uninteresting story.

Jan43 ASF. Opposites React 12.9/51 (53.6). The 53.6 is there for Captain Rob McGee, who would be of interest to anybody looking up supermen. Stewart was smart, in his SeeTee stories, to make the young male lead different in each one. Fact, he's done an unusually good job of varying three stories about the same substance. Backfire 15 (32). No comment. The Search 34. This story got me deep, like some of Warner van Lorne's used to do, particularly the great hall-building of the possible future. It's as intricate as all get out; I certainly couldn't outline the plot from memory. Nothing but Gingerbread Left 53-K. Definitely off-trail, and hily commendable. I'll bet it could get slick publication. Kuttner's version of the Gingerbread Left song differs somewhat from that Marian taught me, interlineated in SusPro a few years back. It's so with all folk literature, I guess. Barrius, Imp 33. The title mildly ingeniously conceals its meaning, tho I saw thru it before reading the story. The ending is a little disgusting in the obviousness with which it leaves Barrius an out while pretending to put him in a fix. Time Locker 32. The first Galloway story, and I wonder if Kuttner wouldn't have been wise to keep making someone else than Galloway the central character. Familiarity bred contempt. Elsewhen 32. Gad, really lots of time-travel in this issue. This one has several defects. It was a tactical error to get us in sympathy with Mr Partridge, who was later to be the villain. And Boucher errs in saying that Partridge was elsewhen at the time of the crime. Sloppy reasoning. Elsewhere, very definitely.

Unk Feb 43. Wet Magic 45.8. Decadence of the de Camp sort, and the taking good-vs-bad seriously at the end wasn't as effective as in The Case of the Friendly Corpse. I feel very sorry for Merlin's undeserved fate--locked up forever with the drippy Vivienne. Would still rate the tale very good. The Angelic

Amelworm 43 (41). The title should have been a tipoff, but that we're so used to trickatuff in titles. I didn't catch on till Wills said "There's a defective e-mat:ix"; amusing story. Call me Puritan, call me Victorian, but I don't like the way Brown ended it. The Ultimate Wish 41.13. I suppose we must expect pure fantasy to play fast and loose with semantics, but Hall's twisting of the word "ultimate" here is too obvious. It certainly doesn't "include" all the others in any sense. No Graven Image 41.15. And Cartmill plays fast and loose with a quotation that was intended to apply just to God, not men. Good tale, anyway. Guardian 41.33 (28). Most unsatisfactory. Nothing resembling justice was done, the little alleviation at the end futile. The Hat Trick 41.8 (41.15). Effective. The Witch 41.9 (41.5). Van Vogt is pretty versatile.

Feb43 Astounding. The way the composers had for a while of just putting the name of the magazine at the bottom of each page and the name of the story nowhere, was most troublesome. Looking for the next story, you couldn't be sure you hadn't skipped it. The Weapon Makers 15/53.5 (32). An excellent story, as they go nowadays. Incidentally, did you notice that the account of Neelan's interstellar flight (should add on (11.1) to the classifications for that) was completely independent of the Hedrock plot? In a way, it was good to switch from the unhealthy atmosphere of intrigue between Hedrock and the Waprens, to the simpler story of a man hunting his brother, but we ought to have seen the two necessary to one another to justify publishing them together. As has frequently been remarked, the unimaginative illustrations sting. Minsky Were the Foregoers 53.4 (31). Boy, this Battar has turned out to be hot stuff. And with a varied talent, too. Perhaps the best thing in Minsky was the picture of the professor's home life and his cordial handling of his children. The Man in the Moon 53.1/12.3 (13). Another a bit off-trail. Bravo. God's Testament 03/55-F. I think Malcolm distorts the common brain teaser in saying it's wrong: indeed, as he states it, it would work out—it doesn't say that he walked in a straight line, starting east, but that he walked due east, which would be a definite arc near the pole. Spacelog: Blue Ice 11.01 (and will somebody please tell me whether the speed of light from a moving object is 186,000 mps plus the object's speed, or regardless of it). Efficiency 11.2 (a very sour dressed-up mundane). Noise is Beautiful 11.4/53-F. The Anecdote of the Movable Bars 31-U The slur cast at the isolationists is as contemptibly absurd as the distortions in The Contraband Cow.

March 1943 ASF. Shadow of Life 12.4/57/56. Simak's method of reducing size by increasing the fourth-dimensional extension is the most ingenious yet, and lacks the obvious flaws that appear in other types of size-reduction. Space Fix 03/11.2. Serves its purpose, I suppose, tho the considerations pointed out would be so obvious to anyone about to astrogate that it seems unnecessary to spend much trouble working them out now. Q.U.R. 10/51.9. Tickled me to see the capital of the country placed in Oklahoma. The usual idea for robots is so obvious, tho, that it's fantastic to suppose no one in the future world would have shot of it before Quinny.

Unknown for April 43. I've just noticed that I failed to make a remark about Campbell's editorial Silver Lining 03/51-U in the Feb43 ASF. It was just to say that Johnny is doing an unusual thing in entering the political forum, and while he appears to be right in this case, I'd dislike to see him make a habit of it, knowing how reactionary his ideas are for the most part. Confessions 41.15. Powerful good; aroused a lot of strong feeling in reading the tale, tho the original idea is. The Gifted Gen 44. A story not worth writing. Hec 41.15 done a 41. on the same idea, no might've had something. No Greater Love 41.15. Didn't care for it.

ASF March. back to the medium small size. Rather, Harbinger 15.3/41.7 (10/51.2). I make special mention in classifying

of the psychology in the story, because I think the unusual penetration and sensibility of this, from the discourses of Brother Thomas to Goniface's let-down feeling when he reached the pinnacle of his ambition, is one of the chief things that makes Leiber's story the masterpiece of the future religion 15.3. I must say, however, that Goniface's yielding to his sister and the solidograf ghosts to destroy his power, was not made plausible. Also, the bringing in of a ship from Venus toward the end was unnecessary to the plot, and rather anticlimactic. Ghost 10/53.1 (10, 53).

A disadvantage of getting your science sugar-coated, thru stof, is that you can't be sure how much of it's true. While Kuttner's discourse on abnormal psychology is interesting, and rings true, his view of the matter doesn't seem to have gained general acceptance among psychologists yet. The Old Ones 03/20/53/55! Fifth Frueden 10-KU. John Alvarez is undoubtedly Ramon Felipe San Juan Mario Silvio Enrico Alvarez-delRoy. It's stated early in the story that Tommy isn't orthodoxly religious, so why bring in quotations from the Bible to be explained away by him when he sees the light? Anyway, you've misinterpreted the quotations. "Not peace, but a sword" certainly doesn't refer to the weapon; it's a figure of speech for trouble and pain that any reformer suffers. And "the meek shall inherit the Earth" doesn't refer to any future millenium. Jesus was simply remarking that in the here and now, it's not the mighty that determine the course of history. Who made the Nineteenth Century what it was, Napoleon or James Watt? J.C. was noting that while the mighty are ranting around, intriguing, contracting royal alliances, and waging wars that cancel each other out, it's the efforts of obscure, retiring men that change the future. And on top of all that, this is a dressed-up mundane, could have been better told as a story of this war. Stay in after school, Lester. Let's Disappear 10/51. I dislike any tale in which an invention is destroyed because it's too, too dreadful.

Jun43 Ast. Long Arm of Solar Law 03/13. Interesting suggestion. Anybody know anything wrong with it? The World Is Mine 34 (12.3). The Lybbias look suspiciously like a cartoon of Joe Fann, but are a welcome addition to the story, even if they have no vital place in the plot. Pelagic Spark 15.3. I like stories in which other authors or their work are referred to. This one obviously has no justification except the realization of de Camp's prophecy, but in that limited objective is almost successful. However, you'll notice that Metzger said that the prophecy brot about its own realization, yet the CATs throwing dice at the feast was not effected in any way by the poem. One must laugh at that paragraph on the contents page which says no actual persons are designated in the stories. Surely a thing as often invalidated as that paragraph is cannot be any legal protection. Competition 12.8. The solution to the plot is so utterly flat that the only interest in the story is the unfulfilled libidinousness. Sea of Mystery 03/55. Dirty old debunker. As to Boucher's letter in Brass Tacks: It should be noted that the irritation of race-consciousness in this country during the war has been due to the efforts of equalitarians to use the war to put across their program, rather than aggression of their opponents.

Upon turning to the June 43 Unknown, I noticed that I omitted the April ASF above. Can't find the magazine right now, but I know I got it. In a later issue will be reviewed, perhaps.

Blind Alley 41.1/33.

Campbell errs slitley in blurbing that the locale is in the 19th Century, but the culture is typical of that century; indeed, in my nearby home town, some of it carried up into the 1920s. Not disputing the validity of Jameson's thesis, but I point out that the story hangs on the quite accidental failure of Feather-Smith's to specify youthfulness. If he'd been given this, he could have adjusted to the early-century conditions, for they were intolerable only by contrast with what we're accustomed to, even as our mid-Century mode of living would be repellent to someone from 1992.

Jun43 review to be continued.

SUSPENSE

He rattled the key in the keyhole, then discovered that the door was already unlocked. Heart pounding, he stumbled in. A glance told him that it was not there. The black cloud closed down on him again and he slumped into the bedroom. After a while, he pulled out of the depression enough to read such mail as had come in, but as soon as he had finished, tossed it on the nearest table and lay back on the bed listlessly.

For more than a week now - it seemed many times that long - he had been momentarily expecting it. A thousand questions seethed thru his mind. He could do nothing till they were answered. Oh, other matters needed his attention, but he could not apply himself to them while these dreadful uncertainties continued.

Horrible

that-- perhaps something had gone wrong again. Perhaps it would not come in time --or not at all. Laws had been unwittingly violated; maybe now they had caught up with the offenders. This possibility had been voiced, or hinted at, by others. Was there reason to doubt that it must happen sooner or later?

He dressed for sleep, but into the small hours of the morning lay awake, staring into darkness, wondering....

Morning light woke him late. He plodded downstairs to telephone that he was ill. However, a man must eat, tho he have no appetite; perhaps he could lose himself in food. Not bothering to shave--the sight of his hollow eyes and sunken cheeks in the mirror would have been unnerving--he dressed to go out. The postman was at the door with a bulky envelope.

The attendants summoned by the mail man found him lying on the porch, head propped up against the railing, cuddling the mailing in his arms and cooing softly.

Oh, noble eight! Oh, thoughtless twelve!

I'd Rather Be Right than Be Interesting Dept: Several minor errors in Full Length Articles #3 have come to my attention. Three of these that I've noted down are: Cunningham was being transferred to Chico Field, which is in northern California and much farther from LA than was stated in Spec in September. The Whig ancestor whose letter we read in Comanche was not a Bristol, but John Kincaid. And the bound set of Chicon pubs from which we sang at the Michiconference did not belong to Slan Shack, rather being Tucker's.

Staplers will get you--or be you Slan?

Having just finished cutting the stencils for Fancyclopedia, in which I endeavored to get even right-hand edges, I'm interested in this question: What's the longest one-syllable word you know of? After five or six years of that, I've discovered a couple that are nine letters long. Anybody know a 10-letter justifier's despair? The two niners I know of are "stretched" and "strengths".

"You're so wonderful," he murmured, "you must be a mutation."

A couple of items picked up in the French Division: There's an Im'Fout dam in Morocco. And believe it or not, North Africa has a BEM. It stands for Banque de l'Etat du Maroc, which translated into a civilized language means Moroccan State Bank.

And W H Fouts is a Republican chairman in Lewistown Ill

LIGHT COMES TO THE DARK CONTINENT

