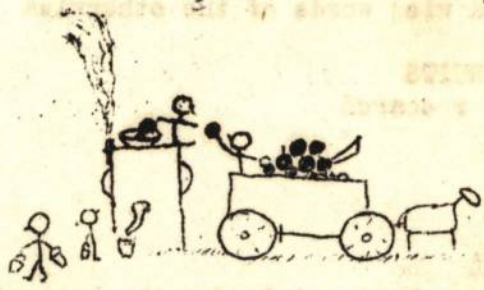
26 MLG

SPEER'S

# SUSTAINING PROGRAM

WINTER/F43



CECI ET CELA

In response to the coaxing of friends and the jeers of enemies, I've gotten more equipment and taken somewhat more pains, in an effort to improve the appearance of my publications. However, notice is served on one and all that I have no intention of imitating the "gift books" of the last century. They were beautifully printed on high-quality paper, often with a fancy border on each page, and bound in expensive leather and stamped in gold in elaborate ornamentation. The contents stank, but that didn't bother anybody, because they weren't intended to be read; they were just to be put on whatnot tables and admired.

Who needs a mimeograf? If I go overseas, I don't think it'll be advisable to try to take my mimeo with me. What I'd like to do is give it to somebody for the duration, in return for mimeoing stencils that I mail back - I'll pay for the paper. The machine is a very simple one, cost only twenty or thirty dollars, and lacks such conveniences as automatic counter and paper feed, but it will produce perfectly good work. Any takers?

My plans are still up in the air--no definite word from the foreign agencies--and I'm getting bloody tired of the uncertainty. But I guess that's war. I'm at present at 3633 Jenifer, Washington 15 DC. --Jack Speer

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# REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAILING

Gee, what happened this time? Only one post-Mailing has shown up so far. I can't comment on Rahuun Ta-Ka. Haven't recovered from the shock of seeing it end.... Yerke is more interesting in Qwerkian than in Bronsonia, in this ish of Fan-Notes. ... Wudgy Tales is hyper again, particularly that hyper story "The Jovial Jovians". Swisher will of course note Gergen's "proposed fanzine", Excruciating Tales.... Presenting Ronald Clyne: I can testify to the authenticity of the pic. But what's in that bottle--acid fixer or spiritus frumenti?... Ye Olde Science Fiction Fanny isn't good clean fun.... In We Just Had to Do It, it seems to have been the intention to indent in reverse and keep the right-hand margin straight. They should have done a more perfect (okay, purists, more nearly perfect) job of it. Some good cracks in this issue, but a lot of it is just talk-talk.... Ach. In the current Guteto, Morojo has made that surprisingly common mistake of confusing Slan Shack and Slan Center. Look, people and slans: Slan Shack exists. I'm gonna be standing within its portals this week-end. But Slan Center is something else, and it does not exist at present. The blow at Basic English is telling. Probably the young Dutchman could have gotten the idea of "bicycle" across in Basic if his hearee was a little briter than the average Cockney of fiction, but it'd only be a half step above the level of sign language.... I have two copies of Have at Bee, Knaaves. Are these occasional duplications the result of errors, or is it a way the mailing manager has of disposing of surplus copies? SDR's intelligent comments are much enjoyed, also the Dawnish speculations of Herrprofessor Yerke. I seem to remember that selections in Dawnish have been published before, but this is the first time that there has been any discussion of it. "its humor comes from a sort of double incongruity", Russell says relative to surrealistic jokes. It sounds like he was reaching toward the double-inverted humor idea, but I don't find double-inversion strong in the surrealistic joke.... Cosmic Circle Commentator..... Fandomania an OK 30 seconds.

Fan-Dango's ed plans a litho cover and asks for negatives where possible. It is my impression that VoM's fan foto covers were made from positives. I disagree with the condemnation of editorial comments inserted in letters, but that's an issue which doesn't seem capable of much useful argument. I don't think the defense of the anti-technological painters is very convincing. Maybe if Laney were in their place, he would protest 19th Century economics rathern 20th Century technology, but it's obvious from the short-sighted action of the unioneers that they consider technology their primary enemy. In Ashley's case, I believe if they introduced robotaxicabs, he'd be quite willing to earn his money some other way. And he'd be able to hire a taxi cheaper with said money, than one now can. The objection to a literature in Esperanto seems invalid, too. The masses in the Middle Ages were ignorant because it was the policy of their rulers temporal and spiritual to keep them that way. But with education general, and Esperanto learnable in a matter of months, laziness is all that'd keep international literature closed to a person. Aside from buying bonds and doing the other things the Government asks us to do, to win the war, there is this justification for discussing the general situation: The overwhelming necessity of winning the peace. I hafta laugh at the statement that few non-vital civilian jobs are left after two years of war. America hasn't even begun to get on a Total War basis, and probably never will. "a fan out of fandom is a fish out of water". Aren't you thinking of that imaginary being, Joe Fann, rather than actual fans like Ackerman, Daugherty, Bridges, Widner, Carnell, --yea, and Speer? A discussable magazine, Laney; come again.... Seems like it would have been much better in Dreams of Yith to let Rew use several colors and more than one pen-point. Even with the limitations, the illustrations add a great deal to enjoyment of the poetry. Which reminds me that I've been looking hi and lo

for the PocketBook edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, or similarly illustrated (i e, a page drawing for each stanza) book of it. Singleton had a couple, both of which were very effective.

The format and general makeup of Vimurmuring is lovely. May I suggest, however, that El should have made up his mind whether to call each sheet a different number or a different page. There's a sort of a likeable quirk in many of Elmer's comments. Could it be that mental condition? Tell us all about that, Elmer. Was it really insanity, or just psychological unfitness for military service?. FAPA Blotter: Ugh. Now it gives a Casperson.... History of the Future: Well, at last it's begun, anyway. Some of the entries seem too brief, and some too detailed.

Inspiration I've already commented upon.

My elder brother, who has a low opinion of s-f fans (having met me, Milty, the Futurian Ambassadors, and Elmer), just laughed and laughed at the "Sometimes I wonder if I'm normal" cover of Walt's Wramblings. Laughed a little longer than I liked. I say, Walt, do you really read all those books that you pick up in Detroit, Chicago, and elsewhere?... En Garde. "Ugh! Fan-Tod!" Haw! Re the runes: if you were being so runic as to use the single th symbol, seems like consistency would've forbidden the spelling "p-h-o-n-e-t-i-c", since there is a runic character for F.

In my early years--very early--I used to torment my family with singing The Death of Floyd Collins, which Raymentions in The Science Fiction Savant. I learned it by sound, from a gramofone record, and the only verse I now remember goes:

I dreamed I was a prisoner,
My life I could not save;
I cried, "Oh, must I perish
In a lonely sansro cave?"

Now don't ask me what a sansro cave is. It may've been sandstone, but this is the way both my brother and I remember it.

Golden Atom is nice. Some remarks: The line from Polonius's speech is not only misattributed to Oscar Wilde, but also misquoted. The correct frazing, as I remember it, is "to thine own self be true; And it shall follow as the day the night, Thou canst not then be false to any man". Re the Spaceways letters: Martian Odyssey would not be classed as either 11.1 or 11.2, because of the note after 11. straight that that classification (including all sub-classes, of course) covers only stories which are about space flite. And there'd be little reason for classing it merely 10, since 12.3 also includes the information that the story takes place in the future. (It would be 12.4 in the revised system.) Searles' comments on said system: The decimal classification is not necessarily close. For example, if you don't have the book at hand and don't know whether the beings in a modern mythology come from classical, oriental, or medieval belief, you can simply leave off the last figure and classify it 40. That tells you that it's a fantasy. The point about non-parallelism of my major groups is intelligently made, but if you'll look at "How Man Dimensions Has Time?" in the current Mopsy, you'll se that they are parallel. Whether or not that metaphysic is true, it provides a convenient model for setting up mutually exclusive classes of fantasy fiction, which can be easily recognized. To Frome's letter: Man alone developed intelligence because man alone is a two-legged animal without feathers. To be more explicit, he developed intelligence because his ankle allowed him to stand upright and use hands, which would otherwise be functionless (after he came down out of the trees) for doing the things that intelligence can direct. Nils has postulated giant super-apes without a shred of direct evidence, to explain phenomena that is otherwise accounted for. Nils should have finished the quotation

with which he winds up his letter: "... lose his own soul". I call all to witness that Frome thinks man can best be saved by returning to a "normal life—on a plane with the normal animals". Larry's forwarding to me of the copy of the petition that stuck in Rochester is acknowledged. Sorry I didn't get around to answering your last letter. You've doubtless progressed in shorthand now, so that any remarks on the errors you made would be of no value.

Horizons. I don't think anything needs to be done about post-mailings. The trouble it is to put one out seems to be sufficient control on them, and they are a valuable convenience at times. I refer to individual members' post-mailings. Those sent out by the editor, unaccompanied by any official material, are paid for by the members, and are a personal favor done by the member who is incidentally Official Editor. My new-type stencils didn't cost appreciably more than the ratty thing I'm batting on now, and when these are used up (the cellophanes are already all gone) or ruined by the climate, I am going into a higher bracket. I doubt the advisability of reversing pleasure-revulsion in the scent sense, even if it could be done. Such things have value in survival: By and large, what smells good is good to eat, and what smells bad isn't healthful. What specific foreign inflections did you object to? My policy is to use English grammar on those that have become naturalized - thus I say "radiuses" rather than "radii" - but on words which retain a definite foreign flavor, like Blitzkriege, I use the native pronunciations and declensions.

Ugh. Everything was wrong with the appearance of that last Sustaining Program, correction fluid, stencils, and ink pad. It is probably necessary to explain that the cover drawing is supposed to be the corner of a room, with a monkey-wrench materializing out of the wall in approved vombic fashion.

And Sardonyx has to come out with a perfect mimeo job. Grrr. Is the Olsen illustration to which you relate my preceding cover, the one in which the guy's got ahold of something in the 4th-d current with the 4th-d pliers, and his friend is trying to keep him from being pulled away? They're considerably different.

Nucleus mentions a someday-to-be sister-in-law. Is that by you or by Louie, tk? So Trudy has been impressed by the argument from design, for the existence of God? Consider this, mates: Suppose it's calculated that the chances are a hundred to one against a system of natural laws arising out of Chaos, which will support intelligent life. Okay, so maybe there are a hundred sterile universes (separated from us by the third dimension of Time, ofcourse), and only one in which there's life. So we're in that one, naturally. Just like there's a thousand-to-one chance against the particular combination of genes that produced you. Well, maybe not just like, but you get the idea, I hope. Incidentally, there was one church that wasn't against scientific advances. Wasn't exactly a church, but it later gave rise to the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians. I disagree with your assertion, Trudy, that the Negroes' intelligence is just as good as ours, and consequently disagree with your entire discussion of this subject. My reasons are set forth in the reply to an article by Ackerman, both of which were to appear in Nova, but Ashley decided it was best not to publish in view of the present racial tenseness.

Satyric. A one-sheet activity credential.

Fantasy Amateur. My memory's a little hazy, but I guess the "Evans" listed in the election returns is Bill rathern E Everett. I wonder if the official editors would mind putting the contents of the ballot in the June FA each year, so we'd have a permanent record of it? For one thing, it would be useful in noting which votes are write-ins and which are for candidates who filed for office.

(the rest of this should be found on page 5

# QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

"Cairns: When you ask if philosophy can have any fruitful development beyond conversation, I assume you mean that in philosophy we cannot bring our ideas to conclusive tests as by the experimental method. When we get beyond the range of the exact sciences, conversation is our most powerful weapon of analysis. Our educational system, however, emphasizes facts and neglects almost entirely one of the most valuable heritages the Greeks passed on to us--conversation.

"Van Doren: I was assuming that philosophy at its best is conversation at its best.

"Tate: I doubt that 'education' can create the art of conversation, which depends upon the kind of social life we have. In the great periods of history the arts and sciences have been available to men in their social intercourse."

Invitation to Learning, Introduction. Remark that in our individual publications we are virtually conversing.

"A Museum Is a Collection of Labels, Illustrated by Specimens."
--Legend on a shed full of exhibits in the Chisos Mountains, NaGeoMag

"For logical purposes, an Individual Object is one that we propose to regard at once as recognizable or identifiable throughout some process of investigation. . . . All this involves an attitude of will which our sense-experience can illustrate and more or less sustain, but can never prove to be necessary". "Apart from some classifying will, our world contains no classes." --Royce, Principles of Logic

"'This set of objects,' he argued, 'may be defined as, 'certain possible modes of action' that are open to any rational being who can act at all, and who can also reflect upon his own modes of possible action.' These objects constitute a <u>dense series</u>, so that between any two such acts there is a definable and unique third act." --Townsend

"All good art--at least all good literary art--has a thesis. Its thesis is that life is larger than life--that life as portrayed by the creative imagination is more intense, more varied, more purposeful or purposeless, more tragic or comic, more crowded with moral decisions, than is the life we have been leading day by day." --Cowley, Humanising Society

... "truth has a meaning, a value, only because it's outside of us. It's something outside that's real and valid, that we can reckon against." --We Print the Truth

"At one time I went through a short season of detective mysteries but I found that they strained my credulity and so I returned to fantasies." --Phil Stong

"Ah, yes, I wrote the 'Purple Cow'--
I'm sorry, now, I wrote it!
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!"
--Gelett Burgess

# OLD GUARD AND NEW RECRUITS

I wanted to get this in our Sixth Anniversary Mailing, but hadn't space for it. By the way, Al, I think you're on unsteady ground in saying that the FAPA is the oldest existing fan organization.

What I wanted to put in this article was the names of those who were members one September that weren't members the preceding September, but couldn't get membership lists for every September because it wasn't customary in the early days of the FAPA to put the membership list in every issue of the FA, and then the Interregnum messed up one year very badly, but I've taken the nearest list I could find for each year.

Those who are still members of the FAPA and were members in December 37--the Second Mailing--are: Ted Carnell, Heck König, Doc Lowndes, John Michel, J Michael Rosenblum, F Speer, and Rad Wollheim.

Members of June 43 who joined between 1937 and Sept 38 are: Ackerman, Larry Starfasci, Russell Hodgkins, Wally Marconette, Morojo, Rothman, and Doc Swisher.

The next year brot the great barbarian invasion of fandom. It also brot the Interregnum to the FAPA, and so I had to look in the March 40 FA for a membership list for that year. Additions that are still with us include: Edgar Allan Martin, Elmer Perdue, Bob Tucker, and Harry Warner.

By the next September the changes included Russell Chauvenet, Paul Freehafer, Trudy Kuslan, Pogo, and Art Widner.

The next year was a prosperous one. We got Lynn Bridges, Phil Bronson, Walt Daugherty, Everett Evans, 2J Fortier, Bill Groveman, Fred Hurter, Harry Jenkins, Bob Jones, Deeby Thompson, and Strictly From Unger, as well as others who've now passed behind the curtain. That was 1941.

Sept 42 showed us continuing to slough off veterans and acquiring a new bunch of fans. Accessions who stayed with us were the Ashleys, McConnor, John Cunningham, Bill Evans, John L Gergen, Walt Liebscher, Len Moffatt, S Davenport Russell, Suddsy Schwartz, Larry Shaw, Paul Spencer, Norm Stanley, and Sam Youd.

There were vacancies for only three new members up to June this year. Due to the error about Perdue, four were admitted: E.E.Bovard, Thomas R Daniel, Bill Deutsch, and Fran Laney.

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Yngvi is a louse is a louse is a louse Yngvi is a louse louse louse louse louse

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While we're in a statistical mood: I've noticed that the ages of fans seem to bunch around certain figures. There are a lot of the guys, past and present, that are 27 or 28 now: Ackerman, Sykora, Brazier, Daugherty, Lowndes, Freehafer, et al.

Probably the biggest batch is within a year of my age, one way or the other: Speer, Wilson, Gilbert, Rothman, Chauvenet, Pohl, Webster, LKuslan, and probably numerous others that I don't know about definitely.

About three years below those comes another mode, around 20: Warner, Jenkins, Fortier, and others of about the same age.

Below that it begins to fuzz up badly. There seems to be a minor mode aged around 16--that would include Suddsy, Watson, and numerous Britons--but you have a lot of fans in between, too, whereas between the top three nodes there are very few.

Quick, somebody! Find out if the cosmic rays were especially strong in 1916, 1920, and 1923!

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Fantasites a fouty rag fouty rag fouty rag Fantasites a fouty rag Fout on Fantasite

# CHALLENGE

In fiting the Great Stationery Duel, first with Dick Wilson and now with Harry Warner, I found and still find myself accumulating new letterheads, envelopes, stickers, etc, faster than I fire them away. Perhaps the same is true of my opponent.

At any rate, I feel able to take on a second opponent. You know the rules: a new letterhead (and other things, where convenient) to be used in each letter which replies to one of mine; no letterheads or stationery to be bet merely for the purpose of dueling; stationery of a different color to count as different, but not a mere difference in texture.

Wanna fite?

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Five nonillion two hundred thirty-five septillion two hundred thirty-six

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REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAILING continued:
Reply to Suddsy: Yaeh, more people would have to learn Esperanto than English for an international language--but I'd rather learn a simple tongue like Esperanto three times than one like English once. Technically Swisher is rite: the last SP is Exhibit A to prove that mimeoing doesn't ensure legibility. But ya gotta admit that the chances are a lot better, and that the Check-List has been hard to read sometimes. Often you mite catch me on something like that "how many were the members who feared?", but this time, several had expressed concern on that head, and it seemed a just assumption that there were others who felt the same way that I hadn't heard say so. Hah! The Check-Lister himself made a mistake, and called the Science Fiction Savant the Scientifiction Savant... Yhos, I agrees that Coventry would be a bad thing if used too much, but if it's restricted to crimes for which we'd ordinarily give a long prison sentence or death, it should be all right. I doubt the advisability of sending Conscientious Objectors there. I refuse to grant your definition of hate. I think the condition of hate can be determined biologically, being a condition of the glands and the set of the whole organism, which may or may not be accompanied by logical beliefs. Haven't you ever gotten mad all over at someone's bland stupidity? You misinterpreted my Pohl-Perri query. They had several times been reported about to marry, and then later Dick said their parents had blocked it. When the Ivory Tower broke up, we heard again that they were really going to marry this time, but I don't remember seeing any definite report of it. And at the time I made that remark, I didn't know that they'd gotten divorced, if that's what you were protesting about. A Speaking of Pictures feature in Life one time was a composite fotograf of a "curve" ball in flite, and by golly it didn't curve. Your emotional amoeba is on a somewhat different scheme from mine, in that you've placed some forces inside the circle, acting against those pressing from outside. This division into two sets of drives is pretty sharp, I see, but seems like there are two--curiosity and lust--that may be mixed together in some motivations. You don't believe perverseness is a separate instinct? Poe makes a very strong case for it in The Imp of the Perverse. War is better than doing nothing? But who said we'd be doing nothing if we weren't warring? I guess I'd say combativeness is "finding pleasure in fiting", whether it's forced on us or we originate it. Ugh. I think I know the encyclopedic dictionary you speak of. It had all the faults against which I inveighed: Information scattered thru half a dozen different sections, and you don't know whether to look in the general dictionary or one of the special sections to find out what "consumption" is, for example, and a lot of miscellaneous if interesting information in hily unavailable form. Fie, Art, for requiring so much comment. I'll have to continue to page 12

# REJECTED -- NFFFANNUAL

To speak truth, this is understood to have been accepted and stenciled, and then the stencils lost in the mail; anyway, it won't appear in the publication to which it was submitted. The original draft was checked by Ackerman, Rothman, and Wollheim, and some of their suggestions and demands have been incorporated in it in its final form.

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF FANDOM, c.1934-1941

### THE FIRST FANDOM

The first fan correspondence grew largely out of letters published in the professional science-fiction magazines. When two or more such fans lived in the same locality, they looked each other up and formed local clubs which spawned further fan activities. Thus advanced fandom arose first in the large population centers--New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, London, and Chicago.

*First fan magazines*

Two early New York fanzines combining resulted in Fantasy Magazine, the leading publication of the First Fandom, whose staff included Julius Schwartz, RAPalmer, Mort Weisinger, and Ackerman. In addition to this were lesser publications, chiefly club organs, of which the most important was the International Observer of the International Scientific Association. These early fanzines featured material pertaining to the professional magazines and authors, with some science discussions and news of club happenings.

*The First Convention*

A long period of strife between the New York Branch of the ISA (whose membership included Sykora, Wollheim, and Pohl), and Wonder Stories, on such issues as its nonpayment of authors and rivalry with its Science Fiction League, ended only with the death of Gernsback-Hornig Wonder Stories in 1936. Later that year, a visit of the NYB-ISA to the Philadelphia Society was the first s-f convention.

### TRANSITION

*Second Convention*

At the Second Eastern States S-F Convention, held in New York early in 1937 under ISA auspices, a handshake between Wollheim and Schwartz ended the warfare of their groups. Fantasy Magazine had already hit the skids. The necessary influx of new fans to fandom was greatly reduced by the fall of Wonder to Thrilling Wonder and the deadness of Astounding and Amazing under the last days of Tremaine and Sloane, and a printed fanzine was financially impracticable.

*Fanzines mutate*

Morris Dollens' S-F Collector (continued by Baltadonis when Dollens retired) was a leader in bringing the hektographed fanzine into popularity; a few were still mimeographed or printed at a loss. The contents showed a drift away from discussion of professional science-fiction. Much very sorry fan science fiction was published, and more articles on collecting and other fan activities.

*Fandom falls upon evil days*

The ISA was blasted by the resignation of President Sykora accompanied by an open letter declaring the society had neglected the scientific side of its dual scientific-scientifictional nature, and condemning fan activities alone as futile. The only remaining active officer, Wollheim, decided it was best to dissolve the club, and with the backing of the NY Branch did so. In the ensuing vacuum various earlier and new fan clubs tried to take the ISA's place in the primacy, Bloomer-VanHouten's S-F Advancement Association, Kyle's Phantasy Legion, Dollens-Kirby's Fantasy Fiction League, entirely without success. The Science-Fiction Association alone, with headquarters in Great Britain, throve in this time. Only local groups held up at all, and the first state club, the Oklahoma Stf Association, went the way of many other organizations before and after, becoming no more than its official organ.

Shortly before the Third Convention, Wollheim and Michel began organizing the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Members were to publish fanzines at their own expense and send them to the Official Editor, who would quarterly mail out a bundle to each member with a copy of each FAPAzine that had been sent in. The FAPA differed from other APAs in a membership limit of fifty, which was slow in being filled because many fans didn't understand the FAPA idea. Once going, the FAPA mailings were an invaluable medium for exchange of personal opinions, tho packed for awhile with political propaganda, including some pieces not published by the fans.

THE SECOND FANDOM

The FAPA

This was a result of the Michelist movement, launched at the Third Eastern S-F Convention in Philadelphia in October, 1937. The ideological decade was reaching its height and individual fans were far from unaffected. Michel, Pohl, Wollheim, and finally Lowndes were converted to the Communist movement, while such fans as Rothman, Speer, and Ackerman had socialistic tendencies. A speech written by Michel was read to the Convention by Wollheim, arguing that Gernsback's idea had been that scientifiction should make scientists of its readers, but instead it had made idealistic dreamers; and that the only justification for s-f's continued existence was for it and its followers to enter the progressive movement, for a better political and economic order for the future. A resolution along these lines was defeated. After the Convention they continued their campaign, but never overcame the opposition to the introduction of politics into s-f, and particularly Communism. Tho they denied it, and accepted Ackerman and Rothman as Michelists, there was nothing in the activities of the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science-Fiction, staffed with New York fans who were members of the Young Communist League, to contradict the belief that Michelism was an unofficial Communist Front movement.

Third Convention; Michelism

While the political was the most obvious, fan interests also expanded in many other directions. Atheism was hotly debated in Los Angeles' fanzine Imagination!, sex in science-fiction reappeared as an issue, and the IPO polls gathered data and opinion on a wide range of subjects. The new broadness of fan interest was exemplified in the mock wars: the First Fandom's Great Staple War had been on the issue of wire staples in s-f magazines; the one originating in the Second Fandom was between the mock religion of ghughuism, whose ghod was wollheim, and the Sacred Order of FooFoo, whose Hi Priestess was Pogo and Royal General Jack Speer.

New interests

This was a time when almost every prominent fan had several private feuds on his hands as well as taking part in the general fanflict. These reached a peak at the First National Fantasy Convention held by Moskowitz and Sykora (returned to fandom) in Newark, June 1938 /NB: the actual date was end of May/. Attendance at previous conventions had been between 20 and 50; here it went over 100, and unpreparedness for the crowd, plus strife between the managers and the Michelists, made it something of a mess.

Feuds; Newark Convention

Philadelphians and Speer formed an opposition to the Wollheimists in the FAPA after the mid-term confirmation of appointed officers, but in the first annual elections, by admittedly shady electioneering, the incumbent party's slate swept clean, with only Taurasi, then an independent, unopposed for Secretary-Treasurer. Surprisingly, then, three months later the Quadrumvirs abdicated the FAPA, appointing Wiggins in their place, and otherwise gave up their primacy in a fandom which was already changing toward other emphases. When the Greater NY SFL broke up over inability to contain the two factions, the Wollheimists formed the Futurian Society of NY, and were afterwards known as Futurians,

Quadrumvirate quits

with Lowndes their most active member. Many roomed in Futurian House, which from that time on retained an identity thru many changes of name, address, and occupants.

Meanwhile, Sykora and Moskowitz had joined with Taurasi to re-form the Queens SFL, and on this foundation announced New Fandom, to be the national organization to sponsor the World S-F Convention, which the NYB-ISA had assigned to a committee to be chosen by Wollheim. New Fandom was recognized by the Philadelphia Conference that fall, whereupon fans generally lent their support.

TRANSITION

New Fandom; Conference

Harry Warner foreran a flood of new fans at the same time that new pro mags were making the pro s-f field more interesting, while the evener distribution of fan population brot a larger proportion of fans with native American backgrounds, a normalizing influence. Mimeoed fanzines reappeared and circulations increased, in proportion as they devoted themselves to strictly scientifictional subjects. Wilson's fansy pioneer S-F News-Letter was replaced by Taurasi's Fantasy News. Arguers of politics fought a rear-guard action. Belatedly appeared Technocracy, pushed by certain Angelenoes as a scientific ideology, but it did not get far.

The pendulum swings back

So the First World S-F Convention took place in July 1939, for three days, with an attendance of some two hundred, and had speeches and good-fellowship but no debates. The most dramatic happening was the Exclusion Act, which stuck in the minds of attendees and non-attendees after the good-fellowship feeling had faded: Six Futurians were refused admittance. The condemnations came from all sides, the Unholy Three maintained a silence on this matter until the Philly Conference, when Moskowitz told his side.

First World Convention; the X Act

The average fan now coming into working age, many sprouted things they called cars, and beginning in the spring when the Futurian Ambassadors had toured the Northeast, and not noticeably diminishing till after the Chicon, there was an unprecedented wave of visiting back and forth between fans some distance apart. It was also called the era of state organizations, the Maine Stf Association formed in the spring being followed by the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers, led by Tucker, who were to sponsor the next year's convention, but this trend did not go far or fast.

The perambulatory era

A national organization was still desired. New Fandom had of necessity been a dictatorship before the Convention, but by the time of the Philadelphia Conference that fall the Triumvirs were obliged to present a constitution, a huge and cumbersome one, to which Speer proposed an alternative. The two were to be put up for vote of the members, but this was never done. A conference of Queensies and Phillies next spring made gestures but accomplished nothing, and New Fandom disappeared. In the course of arguments at the Philconference, a fight was almost precipitated, and thereafter the two factions never attended the same fan gatherings.

Philadelphia Conference

FAPA officers' terms expired July 1 without any others legally elected to take their places. At the Conference a method was agreed on to get endorsement for those elected on a ballot of Wiggins', but when this was done, former Secretary Taurasi failed to deliver the records and money, till Rothman led a personal visit to Flushing Flats and got the stuff. But, Philadelphia falling into a sleep, quarterly mailings dropped behind, and new Editor Agnew didn't put out the June 1940 Mailing. So Washingtonians Speer, Rothman, and Perdue blitzkrieged up and got the material and records and put out the Mailing themselves.

The FAPA Interregnum

Thereafter things ran smoothly and the Association was more successful than ever before.

The queer things that happened in Europe that fall, 1939, brot the suspension of the SFA (after two /correction: three/ successful conventions), the British Interplanetary Society (just as it was gaining recognition), and various British pro and fanzines, but after a time new British fanzines reappeared, hampered by wartime restrictions and conscription of fans, and such devices as the chain letter, which passed news along from fan to fan, drew Anglofans closer together. When exchange control prohibited money leaving Great Britain, Canada, Australia, or France, swaps were worked out or American fans contributed to the cause. The fraternity displayed in these circumstances was typical of the time that followed.

The Waw

The Chicago 1940 World S-F Convention around Labor Day was a 2½-day love feast, an end in itself, tho it accomplished some planning toward the future of fandom. Bitterness became of the past, the hottest arguments thereafter being between some Americans and Britishers over the questions of the war. At the last Philco that fall, the Triumvirate's proposal of a Newark Conference that might compete with the official Denver Convention of 1941 was squelched.

THE THIRD FANDOM

Chicon and Philco

Gilbert led a fan awakening in the South, and in the Dixie Fantasy Federation pointed the way to a rational regional organization, which the middle easterners around Tucker and Evans took up at the Michiconference in November 1941, but the DFF shortly went the way of the OSA. In February 1941 the first Boskone (Boston Conference) took over the Philco's place as easterners' gathering. But a national organization was still desired, and the knight-Widner suggestion of a National Fantasy Fan Federation met general, tho lax, approval, and was accordingly launched. It was given a boost at the Denvention.

Organizations regional and national; Michiconference and Boskone

This convention was a great social success, particularly the costume party (there had been a lesser one at the Chicon), and the Widneride with passengers thither and returning via Chauvenet's famous Tallwood Plantation was an epic in itself. Contrary to Chicon decisions, tho, the Denvention gave the Fourth World Convention to Los Angeles instead of an eastern city.

Denvention

Few fans now read all the prozines, tho Futurians edited many of them, and nearly all fans had stories accepted. Fan interests broadened as never before, discussing such subjects as the superman, poetry, heraldry, suicide, experiments in lithography and multi-color mimeoing, teleology, eroticism, grammar, women's hats, and semantics, often influenced by Campbell's magazines. In the FAPA developed a personalized type of fanzine in which the editor wrote nearly all the material, and talked about whatever interested him. The leading group in this new age had never recognized itself as a group, tho it often acted as one. It included the Columbia Camp, the Washington Worry-Warts, Warner, Chauvenet, Widner, and Evans - those fans who represented the farthest advance of the tendencies of the time. By 1941 they were in all the FAPA offices and the key positions of the NFFF, and the Futurians were the only objectors.

Write what you wish

In December Pearl Harbor was bombed.

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threefandomsisplentybutiffandomcontinuestoevolvewhatamigonnacallthelaterperiodswurra

# MAN SAGT

R D Swisher chirps:

"See what i found in the Big Dixionary:!

"1. In A Brief History of the English Language:

"§ 34. Middle English of the Second Period (1250-1400). Here the Anglo-Saxon inflection is to a great extent discarded, but .... The principal monuments before 1350 are .... 5. The Ayenbite of Inwit (The Again-bite [i.e., Remorse] of Conscience), a translation by Don Michel of Kent, preserved in an autograph manuscript of 1340.

"Ditto. § 74 [I don't know what this quotation bears on, so will omit it.]

"3. a-yen'bite (ȧ-yĕn'bīt), n. [ME., fr. ayen, ayein, again. See AGAIN:BITE, n.] Remorse; as, "Ayenbite of Inwyt," remorse of conscience - title of a religious treatise (c. 1340) by Don [or maybe it's Dan; you know Swisher's handwriting] Michel of Kent. Obs.

"4. in'wit' (ĭn'wĭt'), n. Obs. a Conscience. b Intellect; understanding."

Bobbie also dusts off an old gag as follows:

"Suddsy says he has your address at home, so i'm gonna give this to him to put it on and mail. If you don't get this, you can blame him. bob.

"PS Suddsy says he hasn't your address--art has it. So i'll give ito him and he'll give ito art and if you dont get this you can blame him or art."

Some piteous passages from Doug Webster:

"The trouble with Elarcy's analogy was that I'd seen it so often before. The oldest analogy in agnostic literature must be the crutches one, and yet some people wrote to me saying wasn't it a marvellous metaphor, and gee, shucks. I wept softly but feelingly.

"... Premise II ('when a guy gets raised to authority, something happens to him so that he loses his common sense') may well have something in it. It makes yer think, doesn't it. It begins to make yer bitter, because it seems to be so true, but then yer thinks of the vast complexities of ruling a country, and yer begins to feel sorry for the bastards instead." Don't let that phony accent fool you; Doug is a Scot, and speaks as good English as you'll find east of the Atlantic.

"... Give my love to Joe [Joe is my radio]. How nice it would be to have a radio in the neighbourhood again. How nice it will be to come back to civilization after the war. Go to hell, Webster. You'll be weeping next. Love, Doug"

Our beloved Secretary:

"Appreciation likewise for your comments on Efty. I think SusPro and MOO are purty good, too. The minutes of the M. A. Society having been read we shall now get on:"

Sorry I can't send you a sock in mush for that Moo, Norm, but the prize went to the first guy only, who was Doc Lowndes.

Phil Bronson speaks true words:

"Gotta dig into a pile of about thirty unanswered letters, one of the horrors of fandom".

# ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

The May 43 number of the Zenith Radiorgan carries a letter from ZRC's president, condemning "the impractical type of crystal-gazing publicity and advertising on television and most all post-war radio", and calling for a conservative approach to the public. The front of the sheet shows a cartoon burlesquing such dreams: a room-high radio set at $14.92 with 40% off for cash. The radio-television set has a miniature robot service man with it, and such gadgets as a radionic cooker for cooking eggs laid by radio entertainers, beam-of-light records (500,000 capacity), spot announcer dimmer, short wave language translator, and a "Daily Newspaper Dejector" out of which is oozing a copy of the "Daily Fascimile" (how subversive!) headlining: "Rocket Trips to Mars".

Two things I brot back from the Michiconference: Dummy of the Fanewscard 17a. And a Grin and Bear It that Tucker got for me. Shows a man and his wife discovering small robot in a basket on their doorstep. Read note: "It's simply signed: ... A Scientist's Wife".

Also unused portion of my round-trip ticket, between Toledo and Battle Creek. I have quite a collection of unused ticket portions as well as identification stubs. It is indeed a scrap book.

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quintillion eight hundred seventy-five billion calories

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REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAILING concluded: Gee, no; Elmer's isn't the first printed FAPA magazine. Have you forgotten Phantagraph? I don't know whether there have been any printed magazines intended only for FAPA distribution, tho. There is some duplication in the Widner and the Chauvenet accounts of the Mecon ride, but it's interesting to compare their varying treatments and emphases, and note the discrepancies in minor detail that even slans let slip in. Gawd, Art, you've turned out another heraldic abomination. The error this time is rather minor: Namely that you've quartered your arms, but, since you use three symbols, those in sinister chief and dexter base aren't alike, as those in dexter chief and sinister base correctly are. To work together three charges, the only way I can think of is to use a fess. Or you could just divide it per fess and put the beard and bomb together in one or the other half.

Fan-Tods. Thanks muchly for the explanation of the curving bullet. e is substituted for old o in parallelepiped because it comes from the Greek epi-. And I see my error about parsecs; I thot they were lots larger than that. Observant, aren'tcha? But the Upharsin/Peres interchangeability is in the Bible too, I think. Peres is translated "Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Persians and Medes", which makes me suspect that Upharsin is a combination of parts of the old Hebrew words for Persians and Medes, and the translators have just translated the unknown tongue into English. Mayhap we heard slightely different versions of Tomorrow's Paul. The one I heard was aired around Christmas time, and ended with Paul's return to his farmhouse to discover the nativity scene enacted in his stable; "and I had found the peace which I had sought so long." The unidentified inquisitor in my Mopsy dialog was me, too. Gentlefen, I think Stanley has hit it. His description of the hypothetical fantasy sense rings true, and it seems to explain observed data as no other faculty (intelligence, idealism, etc) has done. If there is a fantasy sense, perhaps we can devise tests for it--maybe even determine in advance whether a jerk is a potential fan. I think tariff protectionism is in disrepute already, Norm; there are stronger forces than that working against federal union. It may look snooty; but after all, federation has been worked out almost entirely by the Anglo-American type of democracy, so said A-A tod may be necessary for it.

I enjoyed Browsings and regret that I must end this review r i g h t n o w .

## LAST STOP TO LIMBO

Here's a short passage that was intended for inclusion in Unattached Chapter to Six Against the Past, but was overlooked when I got around to writing it. There's not much to it: One of the fellows finds a paper on which I've written three stanzas from Locksley Hall, in which the young man recoils from his "noble savage" dream, and speaks of herding with narrow foreheads, ktp. Am I bringing some of the masterpieces of our time back to these people? No, I answer, I was remembering that for my own interest. The lines are quoted. "It sounds like it ought to apply, but I don't see just how." "Neither do I," answers Speer. Nor me neither.
#

This was omitted from the current Full Length Articles. I wrote it around Chicago, but don't know whether I ever mailed it, or if so, from where. Anyway, the original has disappeared.

28 Sep 43
Dear Mr Degler:
I have a Cosmic Mind. I also have red hair and green eyes, and my boy friend said I was very lovely before he quit me and joined the army. But he was color blind and couldn't appreciate my red hair and green eyes.
Most affectionately,
Ernestine Simms
123 Main St

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"Books are vr-r-r-riends -- Ouch!"

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## FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

He doesn't mention it in his account of his travels, but Speer has been using hypnotism on fans he's visited. Not for any sinister purpose, however; he merely employs it to improve their memory of events in fan history, to assist in his historical work. Curiously, tho, visitees remember nothing of the experience afterwards.

We were very much surprised by it, but saw documentary proof that can't be gainsaid. A E van Vogt is the pseudonym of Charles McNutt.

Confidential advices say Ackerman's non-attendance at the Michiconference was due to a spell in the guardhouse. No Good Conduct ribbon this year, to think up fantastic explanations for!

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Cover: Grape Juice

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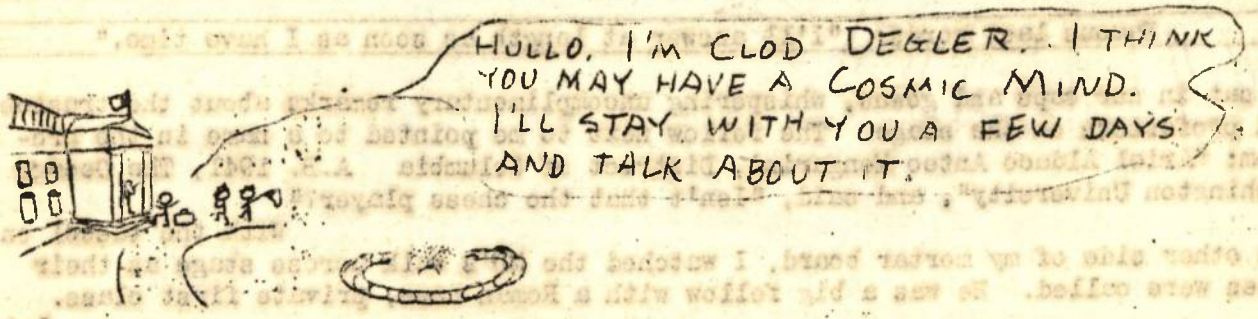

# SPILLWAY

bibiendo viviendo

Doc's post-Mailing pub has come in, and comments are in order. I say, fellows; isn't it unethical for a post-mailing magazine to comment on material in the mailing of which it's supposed to be part, as Elmer's and Doc's seem to have done this time? Come, Doc, let's not be unnecessarily vile. You mean a widow line rather than a bastard line, don't you? Vive L'Emperor is amusing. Doc has here two sets of ideas both of which seem to be bad, so he wants to call them both fascist, but they seem to be mutually exclusive, so he's in a dilemma. "Historically, the only class which can be induced by any means whatever to alter the state of the social system for the better has been the working class." --why, Mister Lowndes! Seriously, here's a question that has occurred to me: Suppose it were possible by hily reliable tests to pick out the intellectual upper class--upper 25% say. Would you think it well to restrict the vote to them, or perhaps the privilege of holding important offices? This installment of Buck Wollheim Rides Tonight carries more references to fan history than the first one did. I understand the allusion of Seven-Year Willie's name, but not Mexican Maria's "Does it always happen?" Bloody people, these Futurians. But wait till the Comet phellows ride over; they'll clean up that Green Guna gang or I miss my guess.

"Do plan to stay as long as you can this time. We wont get talked out but we can try."-AbM

Further, I find that I omitted comment on cryptografy in Yhos. There are plenty of ciphers that I can't break. For instance, this message: Y nbxwoo ye gbmj mo cyy sfmsj izwx djfh qc hs igemx edg zngbww. To read that, you hafta know that it's coded with van Vogt's The Beast which begins "Pendrake passed under the corner archway of the drugstore". Assign a numerical value to each letter according to its position in the alphabet (a is 1, z is 26), and do the same with the cryptogram. Then subtract The Beast from the cryptogram, borrowing 26 where necessary, and retranslate the answers into letters. In effect, each letter is encoded by a different system. Believe it or not, there are cryptanalysts who can break down this cipher under the proper conditions, but I'm sure I couldn't.

How many supers make a hyper?

Thomas E Dewey: "They paint a kind of Buck Rogers Utopia where we shall all live in ultra-modernistic houses, ride in futuristic cars, be surrounded with miraculous new gadgets and each of us have a private helicopter in the backyard garage." (Laughter) The scum.

Famous last words: "I'll answer at length as soon as I have time."

We sat in our caps and gowns, whispering uncomplimentary remarks about the trustees and professors on the stage. The fellow next to me pointed to a name in the program: "Ariel Aldace Anteo Mengarini, District of Columbia A.B. 1941, The George Washington University", and said, "Isn't that the chess player?"

With the tassel on the other side of my mortar board, I watched the MD's walk across stage as their names were called. He was a big fellow with a Roman nose, private first class.

Later I buttonholed him. Yes, he knew Russell Chauvenet. They met in Harvard.

"My dear wife died last night to our great surprise, especially mine." -- SSewall

# MY ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

It began in 1937, when I copied on my cards via hekto a quote I'd run across in debate material: "The Christmas greeting card of a keen critic of our times carries this thought: 'The burdens of progress are carried by a few creative spirits'" etc. Or possibly that was '36; if so, '37 carried a quote similar to those in Quotable Quotes. 1938 saw the "Salud!" message on Michelism which aroused Wollheim's ire in Le Vombiteur. I just can't recall what 1939's message was. In 1940 it was simply "Speer is glad to have been acquainted with you during the past year, and hopes that the association will continue." 1941 I tried putting on each person's card a quotation from him by which I particularly remembered him; some sounded rather forced. And last year it was a brief paragraf on Christmas spirit which intended to be analytical but probably sounded rather maudlin. This year I'm likely to try anything; haven't decided yet.

These messages are hektoed on cards going to fans. Most of my cards come from Betty Phillips in Boston; as the list grows, I have to supplement that assortment with others. All are different (some take the hekto very poorly), and invariably I pick the most patriotic and pious one to send to the Futurians. It broke my heart last year when it bounced back with a bad address. Have lots of trouble keeping track of Futurian House and remembering to send cards to the Bolos who aren't in the house at a given time.

Other changes of address bother me too, usually requiring new entries in the sent-rec'd book I keep. In this book, each year new names are added and some are dropped; and year by year the non-fan minority has grown in proportion to the fans. Cards are sent to all my regular correspondents and others to whom I wish to affirm the sentiment expressed in 1940. Except those inevitable few that I afterwards kick myself for forgetting.

Still don't remember 1939's and my hekto files aren't available, but it was something that made Ted Dikty call me "Old Pessimist!"

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"Here you love everybody on Earth but you don't love anybody on Mars or Venus"-Twnlig

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Somewhere I have read, but where forget, that the community of meaning among so many words beginning in st-, suggests that there was an Indo-European root containing st which meant steadfastness or something hazily like it. Instanced are such words as stand, stop, steady, stint, stay, stick, stuff, stack, stutter, stem, stout, and stock. Noticing a similar community of meaning in such words as squint, squirm, squat, squeeze, squirt, squeamish, and squall, I find no indication in the dictionary that they have a common ancestry, but several are labeled probably imitative. Undoubtedly there is something in the skw- sound that suggests distortion and strain. Probably there is something of common ancestry and also of suggestive sound in many of these word-groups. Some others, in which you may seek the common denominator, are: swirl, swish, sway, swap, swim, swat, swell, swamp, swarm; block, bluff, black, blade, blimp, blaze, blot, blob, blush, blow, blam (I don't guarantee that all the words given will fit into the group); splay, splinter, splutter, splash; flow, fly, flay, fluff, flash, flimsy, flower, flicker, flutter, fleck; twine, twirl, twist, tweezers, tweak, twiddle, twinkle, twitch, twit; spring, sprout, spread, sprocket, spray, sprint, sprain, sprawl; crush, crack, creak, cracle, crick, cram; sleep, slip, slide, slay, sluff, slow, slap, slack, slam, slim, sled, slick, sloppy, slat, slovenly, sly, slash, slant; play, plan, plod, plant, plunge, plashy; quell, quash, quench.

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I haven't attempted to chart letter-combinations within words

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Corrections dept: The editors did not decline to say anything about that "Rejected --Tomorrow" article on shorthand; I find that they said they hoped to use it in the next issue. But the next issue was the first deluxe printed one, for which ofcourse it wasn't suitable.

# CATCHING UP WITH CAMPBELL

To give us something to chew on in discussing classification, I'm going to classify these stories as I comment on them. In every case, the number indicates where the main fantasy interest lies, and a classification in parentheses may indicate another possible class. For example, Yearbook called The Stolen Dormouse a hibernation story. Now, it's true that there was hibernation in the story, and it got its name from that, but, good honk, the chief interest was in the corporate state's civilization; political, social, and economic life in the future.

Jan42, the first large-sized issue, is the first one that I have on hand. Wonder if I put the Dec41 number into my files uncommented upon. Ah, what a loss. In the Jan issue: Mechanistria 12.8. The idea of mechanical life not being developed, this remains a frothy little thing, fairly amusing but not very stimulating. Fugitive from Vangard 10.11 (11.3). This is a little hard to classify because there's so little to the story. Certainly nothing for a human being to be interested in: The puzzle posed - solution to the puzzle. The Long-Tailed Huns 00. This was good in the introduction, with deCamp satirizing the space opera, and talking about the giant syntax and the rare red-nosed allopath, and there were a few nuggets, like "Gothic foofaraw on the Woolworth Building" in the science-article part of it, but I don't share deCamp's enthusiasm about biology.

Feb42. There Shall Be Darkness 12.2. The parallel to Roman Britain was a little too blind. For instance, where did these barbarians come from, in the future epoch when presumably Terrestrial civilization had expanded to the limits of the navigable universe (i e the Solar System)? However, I liked the idealism of the story, and certainly Mrs Kuttner's literary/artistry deserves praise. Medusa 10.2 (11.3). The sugar-coated psychology made the story worth something.

These first large-sized issues of Astounding were so sorry that I apparently skipped buying the Mar42 ish. Apr42 brings Beyond This Horizon, which I can class 13-U (10.2), or numerous other ways, and which calls for a lot of discussion. Chiefly disagreement. The central thread of reasoning seems to be: There must be a reason for everything. If there's a life after death, that supplies the reason. Reincarnation is life after death, and so justifies the existence of things. I disagree with every point of that. Why must there be a reason for everything? Heinlein seems to have realized the unnecessity of this at one time, and then lost the realization when he said, "Our modern thought hasn't answered the question 'Why?', it has simply refused to deal with it." Why should you seek the answer to a question when there's insufficient reason to believe that an answer exists? The second step in his reasoning is the most absurd. When his hero, I think it was the hero, agrees that after-life would justify life, he is being curiously blind. Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven showed forcefully that lots of after-lifes have no more justification than earthly life, and I think I demonstrated to the fellow in the shell-hole on my contents page some time back, the infinite regress into which "Why?" always leads. Certainly the washed-out version of reincarnation that Heinlein seems to be hinting at toward the end of the story gives no satisfactory reason for existence. Maybe I should have put "story" there in quotes. I cry aloud that neither Heinlein nor anyone else can get away with so completely disregarding the normal requirements of a story as Beyond This Horizon has done. Here certainly is one piece that was written like he claimed he wrote all his stuff - without preplotting. One result of his slipshod method is to lead the reader to expect something and then fail to produce. The Survivors' revolt comes in the middle of the novel, and then fizzles out. A man from the 1920s is brot in, and you expect him to play some real part in the plot. So does Heinlein; but after using him once, quite out of character, to refute the Noble

Primitive myth, he eventually admits that he can make no great use of him, and lets him fade out ignominiously. With all that and much more, however, I'm glad I read Beyond This Horizon; it's worth all the Lensman stories put together. Aside from such interesting concepts as the government which wouldn't defend itself against revolution, there are many pages of excellent incident and description. Co-operate --or Else 12.8. Beside BthH, van Vogt's "significance" story is rather pallid. Good natheless. The Eagles Gather 14-W (11.2) is incredibly amateurish. The idea is worn thru, and that last preachy speech of Duane's "And remember what I said. Men will conquer the stars some day--after they have conquered themselves." sounds like something out of Space Tales. I have already registered my protest on that dressed-up mundane Strain 12.5-W. If You're Smart-- 10.1 (12.5). I liked this story, and I'm glad it ended triumphantly for the scientist and unfavorably for the business manipulator. Monopoly 12.2. I didn't realize this was the monthly space opera until I'd read it.

May42. Asylum 10.22 (11.3). Personally, I find it impossible to believe in this mysterious, tangible, "life" force that van Vogt uses time and again in his stories, but I'm willing to grant it for the purpose of the story in his case. As to Asylum, my chief objection is to another characteristic of van Vogt, the unguessable enlargement of scope that usually takes place a little after the middle of the story. And, as another fault, there is the end of this story, with the absorption of the Terrestrial's mind into the larger one, and the final paragraf, "Oneness!" This struggle is not the theme of the rest of the novel; it is introduced in the last few pages. It seems highly unsatisfactory to end that way. Foundation 12.8 (10.2-U). While I cannot accept the historical determinism that Isaac evidently believes in, and do not think it possible for psychologists or anyone else to predict accurately how crises will come and be resolved in the distant future, this and its sequel make an interesting story. In In Times to Come, I notice Campbell using that old emotional tag, Schickelgruber. As I was telling the boys in LA, this is not Adolf Hitler's name. As I remember the exposition given by a GW student, Hitler's father was the illegitimate son of a woman named Schickelgruber and a man named Hitler or Hüttler, or possibly vice versa. Anyway, the elder got court permission to legally change his name to Hitler, and Adolf was legitimately born Adolf Hitler. (There is no truth, then, to the rumor that Hitler's parents were so proud of him after Munich that they decided to get married.) The Push of a Finger 34. I thot the windup of this story was rather clever, even if Bester did have to work awfully hard for his pie-eyed emu, and made FitzJohn step pretty far out of character to give the exact time and place at which the push of a finger could change the course of events. The great fallacy in the tale is the Prog machine. It is not true that merely by getting a lot of data you can accurately predict. You must have all the data. For short-range forecasts, gross data will serve pretty well, but going far into the future, there are too many unchartable pushes of fingers for you to predict accurately, certainly not to tell the very words that people will speak. Moreover, this machine runs into the same regress that applied to the Cosmic Pantograph, only more so: To predict the future, it would have to predict what it itself would predict (and thus would have to contain a duplicate of itself in miniature - which would have to contain a smaller duplicate - etc ad infinitum) -- unless it were to ignore its own effect on the course of events. But it didn't ignore its effect in the story, for if it hadn't been for it, the hero and his future wife wouldn't have been together in the park that nite. Finally, it wasn't necessary for them to be so flustered about stopping the chain of events right there; it could be broken up anywhere along the line, or by changing any of the universe-wide factors that must have entered into the culminating situation ages later. Forever Is Not So Long 32. Passable, for a

three-pager. The Birth of a Superstition 00. Tom Slate praised this as an example of the research method; I found it rather dull. I never thot the Greeks couldn't see blue.

Before turning to the June Unknown Worlds, I'd like to go back a couple of years to the But Without Horns Unknown that I didn't buy at the time. Having secured a copy of the British edition from Forry the J, I read the story on the bus to Frisco. The clumsy avoidance of reference to states or cities by name, and the absurd name of the Wichinois River, made me think it was a British alteration, but at Honig's I found the original the same way. What's the use of this? As long as the whole story's laid in the future, why not name names? As to the story, it strained my credulity at times, as a detective story would, but I thot the picture of a superman believable, and the end quite effective. BwH would be classed 10.22, ofcourse. The Man from Nowhere 41. (54.) was a deal of a stinker.

So to Jun42 Unk. Solomon's Stone 46. (42.) is a decadent fantasy, tho it has some interesting stuff. I am impressed with the thot of how poorly stocked the non-scientifictionist's imagination must be; anyone who can think of nothing better to be than a cavalier is beyond my comprehension. I hope de Camp had his tongue in his cheek in writing those incredibly cheap attacks on the Germans. Tomorrow 32. I was thinking Robert Arthur was Robert A Heinlein when I read this. It certainly sounds like Heinlein, with his curious ideas of an unchangeable future. The Ghost of Me 41.4 (31.), an amusing little piece. The Idol of the Flies 41.2 I would call a dressed-up mundane. Our interest here in all in the character and mischief of the awful little boy, which could have been presented without the fantasy dragged in toward the end. I liked the non-fantastic part of it. Al Haddon's Lamp 41.6. I enjoyed this more than some fans seemed to, just as a lite fantastic. It would have been less hackneyed if the story hadn't ended with the loss of the lamp, but Bond somewhat redeemed that with the "I want you to fall on Adolf Hitler" thing. The Brooklyn accent of the djinn was rather dragged in by the heels, but pepped up the dialog. Grab Bags Are Dangerous 41. I guess I didn't appreciate the weird horror like I should have. I enjoyed reading On Books of Magic and Prophecy 00.

Jun42 Astounding. Bridle and Saddle 12.8 Nicely done, Isaac. The solution to the situation looks obvious, but I wasn't able to guess it clearly ahead of time. On Pain of Death 12.4. Passable. I thot the author did an excellent job of starting in the middle of the action and then filling in the background without its becoming painfully apparent. My Name Is Legion 10.1 (32.) Fairly good idea; effective in giving you a feeling of the horror of it at the end. But wasn't it very convenient that there was "something" about the process which impressed on all his reproductions the order Hitler gave them not to speak unless spoken to? Time Dredge 31. This is going kinda far afield to find a theme for anti-Germanism. Frankly, it smelled. Proof 12.3 underlines an interesting fact. But is there sufficient variety in neutronic matter to produce "matter which has become self-conscious"? Post-War Duty 00. Typical Campbellian faith in the system of rugged individualism, but his thesis this time may well be right--that we are going to be expected to consume a lot more after the war. Heritage 10.2 (34.) The adventures in the future are not especially interesting or novel. Abernathy has some interesting sociological ideas which he tosses into odd corners of the story. I thot the slangy introduction to the narrative was inappropriate and undesirable.

More of these anon.


A VERY
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY
NEW
YEAR!
—jfs