

missing browsings

Speer's

SUSTAINING PROGRAM
SUMMER/F43



Manuscript
drafting out
18" x 32"

CECI ET CELA

Because I had so much material. I temporarily restored SusPro to 18-page length this time; and as events turned out (with Class Night and a Sub-District cabinet meeting this week) I'm not going to get it in in time for the deadline. Ashley is hereby authorized to send it out and bill me for the cost (too bad we can't pay him for the labor he's put out) if the Mailing's gone when my stuff gets there.

Sole

responsibility for this thing rests upon Jack F Speer, Hadji, and it is published for perhaps the last time, from Port of Call, Chevy Chase, DC, 6323 Western Ave.

FF

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-THIRD MAILING

Pp 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 10, 11

Whottalottawordswhottalottawordswhottalottawordswhottalottawords

QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

A justification of fandom, a remark applicable to the Konan, and, down toward the bottom of the page, a caution to self-sovereigns and a remark to which Thukydidies Speer breathes an amen

P 6

MENE MENE TEKEL PERES

Oh happy school days

P 7

REJECTED -SCIENCE FANTASY MOVIE REVIEW

Pp 8, 9, 10

Some day reviewers will learn not to put their accounts in the present tense; why is that the way it's usually done?

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

P 11

That's Shroyer down in the 11h corner of the page

WITH REFERENCE TO REFERENCE BOOKS

Pp 12, 13

A perennial problem

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

P 14

Stuff not worth the paper it was written on until the paper shortage eased

FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

P 14

With an additional item on p 18

AN EFFORT AT LITERARY APPRECIATION

P 15, p 16

of miscellaneous items followed by a fraction and a page

GNAEDIGE GNAEDINGER

Pp 17, 18

And so we are ready to return to reviewing Campbell

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-THIRD MAILING

I notice that Milt, along with several other people, is making ink corrections on his publication after it has been mimeoed--in his case, he was changing his rank and address. Such people should be warned that their action may cause a minor catastrophe. Some five years ago, I made penciled corrections on a sheet about the Zenith Foundation's telepathy experiments. When Jollheim and Michel took the Mailing to the post-office, the jerks there insisted on going thru an entire envelope to see if anything was in there that shouldn't be third-class. And they said if my sheet wasn't pulled out, they'd charge first-class rates on the whole Mailing. [Milton's mention of correction necessary for bullet drift caused by rotation leads me to request an explanation of the physics of such things. I know that golf balls curve, and baseballs can theoretically, but I don't understand why; seems like the rotation on one side of the ball would cancel it out on the other side.] Much I like the indictment of Cunningham for a "formality complex"; that phrase is very close to the essence of something that's wrong with a lot of inexperienced writers. I question whether it is enuf for democracy to be a loosely organized debating contest. If the people don't have a pretty direct control of their representatives, or if bribery or other factors are so strong as to thwart their wishes, freedom of speech is not enuf.... Ackerman has made a vulgar spelling mistake. He sez "Don't be mislead" in the latest Madman installment. "Lead" by itself may be pronounced ~~led~~ if it means the metal lead, but the pastense of "lead" (pronounced ~~id~~) is spelled "led".... I have also received a thing called Metalomag which is labeled "FAPA" so apparently is supposed to be part of the 23d Mailing. Ejjay is to be commended for discovering a new means of duplication. I suppose this was done on the Army's dogtag machine; but how did he get permission for it in these days of metal shortage?

A long jump across the mountains brings us to Minneapolis. Maybe. Wudgy Tales' editorship seems split between the LA MFSers and those in the Ould Country. Anyway-- Swisher, did you note SDR's proposed publication "My Life and Loves" for the Check-List? [I find Bronson claiming the title of Stf D. I am not sure whether this was one of the degrees in the old SFL, but if it is, has Bronson really qualified for it? As I recall, WS folded almost as soon as the B Stf test results were published.] Is Fassbeinder's paragraf at the bottom of p 2 double talk or Slavic? Item about MFS silly stories back in 37-39 makes me wonder why fandom didn't hear about the MFS in those years. How many other such groups of geniuses remain still undiscovered by us? The End of Fandom is lovely; but I wanta know who are behind these pseudonyms--I think that would increase my reading pleasure more than the ephemeral delite at names like X X Yonk. Top of p 6: Hasn't the pronunciation of Binder been settled yet? Back in the United States, we never called it anything but binday, but I've found several illiterates since then who say binday Flight Unknown is no super-epic, but Brackney must have been fritefully precocious to write such a thing at ten years. It's nice to know that Happy O'Connor was a mechanist, but I should think his abilities as a mechanic would be more important than his metaphysical opinions in this case.

DBT

corrects his own mistake in the previous Phanny to anticipate the wolves who will be mentioning it--and thxn nobody mentioned it. How many thousand times has that same thing happened in the FAPA? The one way to be sure nobody will have noticed a slip is to mention it in your own next issue. "The stuff may still be poetry to the bird that wrote it." [I insist that poetry which the writer allows someone else to read must be capable of communicating something, or it has failed; and I refer to Mather's Quoteworthy Quote in this issue.] Maybe I picked the wrong pages to sample, but the Harvard Classics translation of the Aeneid put me to sleep, too. However, I have recently read a selection from William Cullen Bryant's translation

Why?

of the Odyssey which I highly recommend as seeming to have caught the vigor and spirit which the original is reputed to have. I see Deeby is using the British spelling of unhyversymmetricoantiparallelopipedicalisationalographically. We Americans usually spell it unhyversymmetricoantiparallelopipedicalizationalographically. Also, seems like it's unhyversymmetricaloetc rather than unhyversymmetricoetc, or am I wrong?... Lots of the fellows seem to have gone for the quotation "And he is dead who will not fight". I'd like to register a reserved opinion on the matter; there are certainly plenty of examples of people and ideas who have refused to fight and survived wonderfully; or if they fought in some cases, they survived in spite of that. I'm thinking, of course, of the Chinese up to 1930, the Jews, the Christians, and a great many more. I guess that's all the comment I have on Inspiration this time.

Wrambling Walt mentions Gnaedinger saying she'd reprint certain books in FFM if she liked them. I've been under the impression that FFM reprints only stories on which Munsey holds the copyright. Right? So the Welcommitteeman is actually doing some recruiting in spite of the NFFF's sad state. Bravo!

Al seems to have diligently counted the roads, avenues, etc, in our addresses, but has taken no account of those addresses which omit to specify what kind of a street they live on. My "Western NW", for example, is an avenue. No important corrections on the list of surplus magazines this time. I presume the Chicco -- 1940 is the drawing (?) by Jack Rubinson; and the S-F Song Sheet is by yt... The lean-to makes it sound like I demanded that Al get out the Mailing absolutely on the deadline, when I just said it oughtn't to be held up to accommodate late people. Does the nasty BattleCreek postoffice make you lick stamps and put ^{them} on the envelopes, Al? Here, they have a machine that prints the stamps with the correct amounts of postage, and licks them as it ejects them.... Doesn't matter if the Annex does make the FA structure complicated. The first distinctive American style of architecture--the saltbox house--was produced by growth in this manner, and the telescoping wings of Southern manor houses are not at all displeasing when properly proportioned.... Unusual staples in the Ashley publications this time: what's the theoretical advantage of them? Re EG p trice, there have been stf ballads from time to time far back into the misty past. Re surrealism, Dali claims that he is depicting the way the subconscious mind joins ideas together: I think he's often very successful. The stapling of Konan at the bottom was the result of theoretical speculations which seemed to indicate that was the ideal way for it to be done: theory turned out to be wrong. I'm surprised that you say the rhythm of Konan fall down in spots; my greatest fear was that the monotonously even ianctics, coupled with the long line-length, would put the reader to sleep. I may have used a little license in places, accenting minor parts of speech like "of", and considering words like "scientist" as sometimes two-, sometimes three-syllabled, but the only indubitable break in the rhythm that I know of was when I mispronounced the verb "progress". Re Evans' article, I'm not so confident of ~~the effectiveness~~^{the effectiveness} for peace. Children have long been taught that alcohol is harmful. Well? I mean, simply giving them the statistics about the wastefulness of war isn't enuf. But I do believe more in equipping children to make their own decisions as full-grown citizens rather than indoctrinating them for peace, democracy, free enterprise, or anything else. "each country, while retaining to the full its own sovereignty, should participate in some type of World Congress". That's the damnable contradiction in all public thinking about the post-war world. You can't have permanent peace as long as there is more than one political sovereignty in the world. If Clarence Streit has done any good, it is in hammering on that point, and the analogy of the Articles of Confederation which failed and the Constitution which succeeded. The H2O interlineation on p de luxe

is obviously a simple substitution cipher. And the runes are child's play, tho the only one I knew to begin with was M, which I'd seen in a chart in my dictionary a few days before. Six-letter words with a double consonant in the middle are a dead give-away. You slipt up and speld "new" "maw", nesy pah?... The Stefan is marvelous among fan parodies in that the story is strong emuf to carry the poyetry, and it becomes more than a verse-for-verse alteration of the original....

It would appear from Moonshine that hektography is becoming a lost art. Or maybe the hektogremains he refers to have become more powerful. Why can't fans think up a lot of fancy names for species of the genus Gremlin which torment fans? The editors of our University paper had some dillies in the journalist-torturing line.

If Al marks Collected Verse up at 10¢ in the surplustock listing, purchasers are gonna howl when they see "Price 5¢" on the cover. I don't think the infliction of such a large piece of reading on the Mailing would be justified if only one person found something not altogether pleasing in just one of the poems; but fortunately, no such desperate appeal is necessary.... So Russell has lost to large extent his earlier power of controlled dreaming. "The prison walls close round the grcwing boy". Anent evolution and social adaptability: Beginning after the Civil War in this country, emphasis turned away from strengthening the individual's power to cope with nature, and with the rise of the city came the New Morality, which seeks to improve the social machinery for helping the individual. I should say that there certainly has been a growth of social morality in recorded history; whether it's been coupled with increased intelligence and initiative is not so certain. But, hog dern it, I wish these guys would stop talking about letting facts speak for themselves, following the truth wherever it may lead. Truth alone leads nowhere, facts alone do not advise any course of action. The real drive must come from non-logical instincts, as discussed in my piece "Would the Superman Kill?" And that means that children should be given some training, yea, moral training, along with the ability to think for themselves. Correction, Elarcy. Winnie (my dictionary) sez bacilli are rod-shaped bacteria. I learned a little about viruses while waiting to be sent home from Pentagon with the mumps. They may simply be large protein molecules with a power to convert nearby substances to their own formula; for whether they're alive or not, see Stanley Weinbaum's debate about the crystals. In the Fall/F40 SP I named about a dozen fanzines of which I've been sole editor, and some partials. When someone tops that, I'll make a more detailed count. You don't need to pay tribute to Warner to get Singleton's address, in case you missed it elsewhere in the 23d Mailing; he's in the Washington fone book. I don't regard the Catholic Church as the spokesman for Christianity, so wouldn't condemn the latter at the same time I condemned the former. The real teachings of Christ may have been followed in the early centuries, but they were lost under Roman Catholicism and not rediscovered until the 18th Century Enlightenment, by men like Franklin, Faine, and Jefferson (I mention Americans because I haven't studied European culture). I don't necessarily have two regular separate pubs; Mopsy theoretically appears only when I have something to say in it. Nope, ES hasn't seen the dissection of himself; after all, Warner and I don't send our apostrophes to the pro editors, nor did I send ES the original "Dear Tex--". Wein, Weib, und Gesang is what you're reduced to if you adopt Khayyam's Hedonism; you probably don't. Nevertheless, I'd be very much interested to hear what you do consider worth living for, since your comments in the past have seemed largely negative. We had a Dr Doolittle story in a grade reader--not superfantastic; I didn't like it because we didn't get in on the ground floor, it was just an excerpt. I think you err; the World Calendar is the revised 12-month thing; the 13-month reform is in use by a few business houses, but I don't know of any movement back of it. Nuts to you. "two temporal

dimensions" comprehends subfunctionality; obviously if you're going to move sidewise you have to have a plane to move in. Dunne sounds like nonsense, but tell us about it when you've read him. T H White's quote is silly. In the first place, a moral man isn't 100% moral; in the second place, contradictions and tangles simply indicate that morals need revision and perfecting. Negativism again rears its ugly head in "...he had nothing with which to reproach himself. And that condition is not at all far from true happiness." Why don't you become a Buddhist and be done with it? I have a professor that insists on knowing the thoughts, yea the motivations, behind a question before he'll ever answer one; it slows down education terribly.... The red ink is especially atrocious in Zizzle-top.

Warner's mention of a review of SusPro in a Norton magazine is the first I knew of it. A member must supply the material for such reviews, so I repeat my request to all of you here: Keep my name (at least in connection with fan activity) out of the prozines, pliz; "John A Bristol" is OK for an avoidance. Yah, "Rrepublicans" was intentional, but not terribly important; just imitating the pronunciation of one who would also say "the British Em-pah". Thanks for noticing it, tho; frequently no greater details represent hours or days of thought. "females of the opposite sex" means opposite sex from mine, ofcourse. The expression comes from Li'l Abner, who was apparently confusing "a female" and "a person of the opposite sex"; only in that case it wasn't a person. [I can visualize pages of books or magazines in dreams, even seem to read some lines of them, but they're different every time I look back at them.] Most annoying. Like watching one of the well-known monkeys typewriting Paradise Lost and shifting into A Psalm of Life in the middle of it. Amen to the criticism of hyphenated titles in Astounding. It wouldn't be "just as easy" for ships to go around the asteroids; they'd have to go some distance above the plane of the ecliptic. The A in RAH is probably for Anson, MacDonald being a pseudonym for Heinlein. Ten to one the five-pointed star over Milty's head in the foto was Russian. I have no documentary evidence that the sculpture of Wollheim exists, but there are plenty of fans who could swear to it. Who is Bergey of the "Bergey BEMs"? Is Wellington really the middle name of the Lowndes? Doc Wimpy, we salute you! What was it that the foto of Miske's home told you--that he's rich and has no sympathy with the proletariat, or that he's poor and has an inferiority complex? Sorry I can't help you on the headache problem; head colds are my Jonah, but I never had a real headache before I took sulfathiazole for the mumps. I'd suggest, however, that you substitute swimming for Shakespeare for a few months and see if it doesn't help.

Ugh. Those stencils on the last SP were pretty horrible, weren't they?... I'll be much disappointed in the FAPA if no one attacks the doctrine of expediency preached To Increase Fan Prestige.

I think it's a dubious disjunctive that divides fans into those who are crazy and those who are nice. Shaw himself is obviously nice, but can he prove he's not also the other? I suggest that what is needed, in connection with the scienceless stories in Astounding, is not a loosening of the idea of "science" so much as a broadening of the meaning given to the term "science-fiction", so that fantasy is all divided in three parts--pure f, weird, and "science-fiction", which includes political and sociological fantasy--all things in the future. I've heard it said too many times that the plots of most stf stories are dressed-up westerns. I wanta know what you mean by plot. If you define it one way, the cynics may be right, that there are less than a dozen different ones in all. But if you use a more sensible, everyday meaning of the word, then the stage is set for some argument.

The Imag-Index list of fantasy in the Atlantic and Harper's contains a lot of famous names to add to our list when

trying to sell people the idea that fantasy is an art form with some standing: Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (I presume that's who T.B. Aldrich is), Mary E Wilkins, Lafcadio Hearn, and Bernard de Voto, not to mention the already-known André Maurois.

I like the Nucleus's change into an individ-beta type FAPazine (Note: "individ fanzine" is my new term for what has been rather poorly called the "personalized fanzine"; and type alpha is the kind, like SF and Horizons, which try to divide up on the general pattern of a subscription fanzine, with distinct departments, tho practically all are authored by the editor, while type beta are those like Milty's Mag and Yhos which consist for the most part of a continuous discussion of one topic after another, with perhaps review of the previous mailing determining the order in which they're threaded together.) Her picture of herself valiantly turning out another issue in spite of hearty discouragement by the rest of the family strikes a responsive chord; but let Trudy consider what it would be like if it weren't her family looking on, and the room were not hers but merely rented, and she had to mineo about the time the elders are wanting to go to sleep. "wrought" is the past tense of "work", not "wreak". I question (gad, I'm always questioning what a person says! owell--) whether we mortals did create the conditions that brought on the new war. I regard it as primarily an unfortunate accident which we hadn't wit to avert, but for which we're not morally responsible. I'm not at all clear what Trudy means by saying hate, fear, and lust are the three primary emotions. I suppose that she is treating emotions as synonymous with instinctive drives, as I do also. But how have the three primary emotions or drives been analyzed and separated from each other? Physiologically, hate and fear are supposed to be identical. Lowndes once published an excerpt which maintained that men are driven only by hunger and lust, and a perverse restraining influence. I don't hold with any of these theories that present emotions as neatly wrapped up in separate little packages. Rather I think that there's a continuous circle of pressure on the personality, varying in degree and direction at different points around a circle, with the various areas only roughly distinguished, comme ceci:



we have an analagous situation in the neighborhood names in a metropolis. I live in the section called Chevy Chase, which centers around Chevy Chase Circle; but actually I'm nearer to Pinehurst Circle, and the map shows an area around that circle called Pinehurst; but because Pinehurst has no shopping center of its own, it's generally considered a part of Chevy Chase in air raid zoning, citizens' associations, etc; but no one could say exactly where the boundary between Chevy Chase and Friendship Heights (or Tenleytown, which overlaps Friendship) on the west is; and probably the so-called Chevy Chase Ice Palace is located south of anything that can be called Chevy Chase. Get the idea? There's a definite personality to Chevy Chase, but it shades off on all sides, and varies somewhat even within itself. Even so everything else in the world. Trudy wonders if anybody besides me reads the List of Lies etc; well, apparently she does. Art Widner does, too. But I wouldn't mind if nobody did; I'm just fulfilling a promise to myself. The way I heard it, the speech of the deep young man was a burlesque on Oscar Wilde, probably before he got in trouble with the police. I don't agree with your criticism of Anackron. Whether we like it or not, our post-war planners are planning to carry modified "bourgeois capitalism" into the future, and Anackron is an interesting attack on the problem. I think he overestimates the immediate market for cultural goods, however.

Well, people, I'm sorry as all get out to have run this department so long this time; my increased pageage may condone it to some extent. The remainder of the Mailing I'll review on a later page in this issue, wherever the space turns up.

QUOTE-WORTHY QUOTES

"American play was still too strenuous for those who took part and too idle for those who looked on; too expensive for those who bought and too commercially profitable for those who sold; too dominated by fashion, imitation and advertisement. The highest function of play, the personally creative, was mainly absent."

--The Great Crusade and After, 1914-1928

"Modern science and democracy seemed to be throwing out their challenge to poetry to put them in its statements in contradistinction to the songs and myths of the past. As I see it now (perhaps too late), I have unwittingly taken up that challenge and made an attempt at such statements--which I certainly would not assume to do now, knowing more clearly what it means." --Walt Whitman, November Boughs

"The humanist artist will feel that it is a vain thing to have expressed himself, however gorgeously; if nobody knows that he has expressed himself, and he will also admit that the merely feelingful and urgent self gains richness and value only when it is measured by other selves in society."

--Frank J Mather, Jr, The Flight of Our Arts

"But Mrs. Sawtelle was so voice-conscious that she was always emphasizing things the wrong way."

--Conjure Wife

"Not at all on the ground that 'to see ourselves as others see us' would be to see ourselves truly; on the contrary, I agree with Spinoza when he says that other people's idea of a man is apt to be a better expression of their nature than of his."

--Santayana, Character and Opinion in the United States

"Now, humanism does wish to emphasize discipline, whenever, as to-day, it needs to be emphasized.... it does desire to show that the quality of all life is higher or lower according as our power of vital restraint is exercised. Humanism conceives that the power of restraint is peculiarly human, and that those who throw down the reins are simply abandoning their humanity to the course of animal life or the complacency of vegetables. It conceives, further, that the attainment of the ideal of completeness of life, of a human nature rounded and perfect on all its sides, is fatally frustrated at the start unless the ideal of centrality or self-control is introduced as the regulating principle."

--Foerster, Humanism and America

"We cannot afford to shirk the task of achieving a reasonably clear and consistent terminology, even though every definition is by nature an affirmation that tends to shut out some portion of absolute truth." -ibid

"Rathenau did not mean the soul in any conventional sense. He meant the organization of the interior life in such a fashion that man can bring his personal life to perfection. He saw, however, that it is only after we have ordered the environment that we can have orderly interior lives" --Grattan, Critique of Humanism

"There is a certain mild sense of impropriety in attempting a quasi-historical treatment of those whose records are not closed." --Townsend, FlitUS

"If the dogmas of science already achieved are to be set aside, it must be for some better reason than that we do not like them, or that they thwart our hopes or chill our enthusiasm."

--ibid

MENE MENE TRIZIL UPHARSIN

There's a 10-minute space between classes, and even then the professor often arrives late, so the blackboard occupies the restless among us when we aren't leaning out the window dropping heavy things on students hurrying along the walk far below. In the room the previous hour was originally a class in cryptography--one of the defense courses--and they often left fascinatingly puzzling marks on the board. So the literary-minded students were at least moved to mark up insults at each other in shorthand and morse code when we weren't comparing Spencerian and modern script or playing ticktacktoo.

The class just before us now has something to do with the War East in the 20th Century. Sketches from the Russo-Japanese war have inspired maps of the Battle of Gettysburg, etc, by your humble obedient servant. Other artwork includes highly simplified faces of Orientals, flower-pots being dropped from our window on people below, etc. Of course, there are also such declarations as "Emerson is Spinach", "Speer is nuts", and "We luv our tee-chur". And lots of foo-proverbs, naturally.

The most fun, tho, is double talk or quasi double talk. Like Ins Vorgentlung mochtestem dei semmeldopffende Gelegenzeintz. What really floored me was when one of the girls calmly wrote down "Agonbite of Inwit" (I have always read Lowndes' mag as Aganbite, but no matter.) Immediately I was on my knees begging her to tell me where it came from and what it meant. She replied quite readily. I have half a notion not to tell you, but join in the conspiracy of silence that has been maintained by those already in the know. However, I remember that I was once ignorant myself. So here it is: It's from James Joyce' "Ulysses" (tho she thot he mite have gotten it from an earlier source), and it means "The biting agony of wit turned inward".

I think the most popular piece of the year with the class as a whole was "YobberYobberYobberYobberYobber".

Oh, and of course I gave them "The Gostak distims the doshes"

"A certain passage from Whitehead's Science and the Modern World is quoted by Mr. More as follows: 'When Darwin or Einstein proclaim/s/ theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science.' Mr. More is going on to criticize this passage, but in the meantime he has observed that Whitehead has been so indiscreet as to write 'proclaim' as a plural verb after two subjects connected by 'or,' and where any ordinary critic would either have left Whitehead's sentence as he wrote it or have made him a present of the singular ending without calling the reader's attention to it, Mr. More has put it in brackets, as who should comment scornfully '[sic/]' Mr. More may not be able, or may not dare, to imagine, as Whitehead has done, a metaphysical explanation of the relations between the organic and the inorganic worlds, but he can, and, by Heaven, he will, correct Whitehead's grammar!"

--Wilson, Notes on Babbitt and More

We have no use for the winmen;

A true one will never be found;

My copy of Methuselah's Children isn't here to check on it, but I seem to remember Heinlein putting the beginning of the Howard families, the original selected marriages, somewhere around the 1870's. But in the stuttering years before the Civil War, from 1849 to 1879, one of the Utopian experiments, the Oneida Community, went in for state-controlled marriage; with the result that, according to my history prof, many of the children of these marriages are still living. Perhaps four of them were Lazarus Long's grandparents!

They'll marry a man for his money

And when he's broke they'll let him down

REJECTED -SCIENCE FANTASY MOVIE REVIEW

Names and similar data are furnished by Dick Wilson. Because this movie was already an oldie at the time I reviewed it, Marconette made no haste to publish it, tho he did accept it, and he ceased publishing without its ever having seen the lite.

The original story of the "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" isn't at all important. No explanation is given for the source of the power, but the little man finds he has it, and he and Maydig wander around London all one night converting every drunk they see (he has even that power, in the story), until, to prolong the night, Maydig has Fotheringay do a Joshua with the moon, and the conclusion is the same as the picture. When they told him to write the script for a photoplay "based" on the story, however, HGW [Wells] really went to town.

Scenario and dialog by Wells, directed by Lothar Mendes, produced by Alexander Korda for London Films, released thru United Artists. Cast: George McWhirther Fotheringay, Roland Young; Colonel Winstanley, Ralph Richardson; Mr Maydig, Ernest Thesinger; etc.

Opening scene has a giant, the Giver of Power, regarding the little sphere of the earth a la "The Thinker." His brothers, transparently ghostlike, come riding thru the Milky Way, and the Scoffer kids him for wasting his time watching the feeble little men. "But if I give them power--" muses the Giver. His brothers protest, and he agrees to give power only to one, to see how it works out. To him will he give all the power he himself has, power to do everything save touch that inner core of man--that belongs to the Mahster. And he rolls his eyes upward.

He makes a random stab at the globe with a crescendo of music. We see a little man standing outside an English tavern, and the silver finger enters the top of the picture, a haze envelops him, and the finger vanishes. He goes inside, and in a discussion over what a miracle is, he defines it as "Something contrariwise to the course of nature done by power of Will," and to illustrate, says suppose someone like him "was to stand along here, and say to that lamp, as I might do, 'Turn upsy-down and keep on burning--now!'" And the lamp obediently turns....

Forcibly ejected from the tavern by the indignant proprietor, he wanders home in a daze, and tests his powers again. Before he goes to bed, he's done all the little magic tricks everyone wishes he could do, and eaten of fruits from far countries, then waves the remainder into nothingness and goes to sleep. Next morning more tests convince him it's not a dream, and he tells all at the boarding-house table. He is advised to get advice. At the end of work that day he hasn't straightened everything up, and his boss huffs and puffs. Fotheringay orders the things to straighten themselves, and before the economic royalist's pop-eyes, they do so. That night he learns his inability to get the one thing he wants--Ada Price's love. "That's just where yer miracles don't worrk," she says, when his command fails to influence her. "Good day, Mr Fotheringay!"

Next day his employer calls him into his office, paints a glowing picture of a partnership, and takes him to a banker who will finance "Miraculous Stores, Inc." Fotheringay suggests that for finances, he just --make money. The others are aghast. Think of all the people out of work. Think of the chaos. Fotheringay does win one concession--that he have a place to sit in the store and cure people of all diseases. Bill, who has Ada's love, asks, when Fotheringay tells him about it, what the doctors will do for a living. Fotheringay admits things may get complicated. One begins to see the inevitable tie-up between fantasy and economics and politics.

That night he goes to Mr Maydig, an ecclesiastic of some sort, and convinces him of his powers, and asks advice. A new era! breathes Maydig, and as an indication of what they will do on

the morrow, proposes a token miracle tonight. Colonel Winstanely next door is a nice fellow, but drinks too much. And has a large collection of weapons. Let his wine be turned into some harmless substance (soap and water), and his swords into plowshares and his spears into pruning hooks! It is done. Imagine the Colonel's consternation.

Next day the Colonel sees him in his garden, and in proof of his powers, Fotheringay transports them to India and back. At the Colonel's request, he returns the wine and armaments to the original state. He speaks of Maydig's dream of an ideal world, "No more war, no more murder, no more robbery, no more crime, no more want, no--" "Harrumph! If you ask me, sir, your perfect world's not going to have any more--anything! What are the people going to do?" "Well, Mr Maydig says maybe we oughta just go around--loving each other." The Colonel: "H'p! Are you mad, sir? Are you mad?"

That afternoon, while Maydig and Fotheringay walk by the lake, the Colonel meets with representatives of the old order. "It's our world and all we care for against theirs, gentlemen. Those two men are the most dangerous lunatics alive....There's such a thing as justification!" He pulls a rifle out of a case and throws a bullet into the breach. The others gasp.

"There are some points I'm not altogether clear on," Fotheringay tells Maydig. "You can't expect everyone to turn to the arts, and all, immediately." "But we must teach them," Maydig says prettily....Confesses Fotheringay, "I have a right dangerous imagination at times, dangerous desires." "I know, my son, but you must overcome them." "But why? I'm the one that's doing all this. Why should I do all this for everyone else, and get nothing out of it myself?" Maydig is saved from a reply by two sharp cracks of a rifle, and Fotheringay's hat flies off. He is transformed. Making himself invulnerable, he strides toward the wheatfield, and calls Winstanely out of it. "I thot it was you. You're a man of action. Those others--"

They go to the house. Fotheringay stands on the stairs and addresses them. He is going ahead on his own plans, not Mr Maydig's, or his employer's, or anyone else's. "Let us be standing in a great palace, and this be its hallway--now!" For several full minutes the translation goes on. Furniture flies up into the ceiling. There is an out-of-focus shot of a windswept plain and a low-riding sun. Then the white stone of the palace begins to fall down about them, and presently it is complete. With a word, Fotheringay garbs them according to their stations, with himself the Prince. Then he calls into the hall "All the emperors and kings and presidents and dictators of the world, the generals, the captains of industry, the people who tell the newspapers what to say, the society leaders, let them all be here--now!" As he speaks, section after section of the floor fills with them, from all races and walks of life. And then Fotheringay addresses them.

The speech is typically Wellsian, and a brilliant indictment. Fotheringay concludes, "I'm for change, more and better change, me and the millions of others like me. I want my ideal world, and I want it now! It's going to be my world! I'm the one that's got all this power, and it's driven m' mad!"

"I can't run this world. I don't know how. But you're going to run it, and you're going to run it right. Talk it over among yourselves. I'll give you half an hour. At the end of that time, you better be decided to run this world better, or I'll wipe you out!"

"You haven't time!" screams Maydig. "The sun is already setting!"

"I'm going to have my new world today--"

"Inertia!"

"I'll stop the sun from setting. I'll make the earth stop turning. Earth: Stop turning--Now!"

A wild

moan of winds and the palace collapses sidewise, borne on by its momentum, while the earth stands still beneath it. Caught up in the whirl, the invulnerable Fotheringay is still alive, and, gasping, orders everything back as it was the night before he entered the tavern. There he implores, "Let it all be forgotten. Take away this dreadful power. Miracles--you can't control 'em."

"And what did you get?" asks the Scoffer. "Animal lust, elementary egotism..." "Give them time," says the Giver. "They were apes only yesterday." "Once an ape, always an ape." "No! This experiment failed, but if I give them power little by little, thru the ages--" "And in the end, the result will be the same." "No! It will not be the same. Man is more than an ape. Come back in a thousand years or so. Then you will see what has been done."

Fotheringay repeats his order to the lamp, but it goes on burning upright. He laughs nervously and sits down. "Yeah, but that couldn't happen," says Beamish. "Just the same, says the barmaid in a high, squeaky voice, "I'd like to be able to work miracles for a little while." "So would I," says Fotheringay. "There's some things I'd like to try out." "Well," laughs Beamish, "you needn't worry. You won't ever have the chance."

"No," says Fotheringay, leaning on the bar with his chin in his hand, "I won't ever have the chance--now."

You got down couldn't get up so no fabit your finger off got to Helena Montana my goods got damaged by fire!!!

Concluding REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-THIRD MAILING: The Fighting Fan has a lovely cover. Contents suffer from being out-of-date, but Ackerman's column is very interesting despite this.... Have at you, yhos. It wasn't the warring itself that strengthened the US (au contraire, it set back the different sections economically from five yrs to a generation), but the results; if the same results could have been achieved peaceably (as by compensated emancipation), we'd be much better off today. And of late years, many scholars have challenged the accepted belief that it was an "irrepressible conflict". I don't dig your rebuttal of contra-survival combativeness. There seems to be a lot of confusion in this article about what the issue is between you and your opponents. I suggest we leave the question of the usefulness of war --we generally agree that it does some good but we think that good could be gained some other way--and consider what causes wars to take place, which is no small question. Or have I missed the point? Wouldn't it be nice and simple if we could simply take Joe Palooka's dictum that all wars are caused by somebody thinking his race or his religion is better than anybody else's? The Futurians probably hold the title for the most pieces in a single mailing, with their June 38 barrage. My three is tied in this mailing by Chauvenet, and beaten far and away by Ashley if you count the Annex and Lean-fo. Explanation of my tetrahedrons was in the original Rejected--! article, shortly after the '39 Convention. I'd been interested in what was the smallest number of planes that could enclose a solid, and it turned out to be four (that's why I designed the Tylon as a triangular pyramid); I have also that of the tetrahedrons as space-ships in two different ramming positions. News of Singleton's marriage is very interesting; if anything'll save him, that will. Sorry, I can't give my opinion on Communism; it would involve things I've seen down at the War Dept. I don't know why I didn't dig your interlineations when you spoke one for me; I must have had my mind full of Giles Habibula. Was the remark about the natives speaking good English in the movie? You omit lots of closing quote-marks in this issue, Art. Your typewriter keyboard looks OK, except that I'd suggest the keys for the two hands be moved apart and the shift key stuck in between, unless you think the forefingers have enuf to do. Once upon a time there was a typewriter that had the shift kep set in the middle of the space bar. (Space bar: Where asteroid miners get drunk.) 'Fraid I couldn't even try at an interpla-

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

A cartoon of a robot vigorously truckin' on down, while one scientist says to tother, "Honest, Professor ... all I did was give it a bowl of Wheaties."

From the Ejjay, a lot of names and addresses on badly worn airmail-weight paper, which he prepared for his reference when he went into the Army, whither he wist not.

A program for A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court which I recently saw performed by a local amateur group. It is "Adapted by John G. Fuller", a version that requires less in the way of properties than you'd expect. Story follows the original about as closely as Disney followed Grimm. In the opening scene, the Yankee theorized to his sister and mother about "moving faster than time", and was thrown back to 528 by a short ^{in an electrical gadget} Arthurian character's are of the Oaky Doaks type. The play doesn't end as pessimistically as the story, for the Boss, summoned by radio, returned in an airplane with a revolver to overthrow the anti-Table revolution led, not by Modred, but by Norman Le Fay. He anticipated the collapse of his civilization, however, by subscribing to the "It's already happened" theory shortly before another short circuit blew him back to 1943.

Mother dear Mother come home with me now Papa and I are hungry and how

metary dream; I can only control my own actions in a dream to a very limited extent, other things not at all.

Fan-Tods shouldn't call its editorial "Beard Mutterings", for beardmutterings is a literary form. I have heard it said that chess should be regarded not as mock war but as a game in dynamics, and that really good players play it for the sake of an occasional situation of extremely high potential, whereat they sit back and say, as they admire it, "Isn't that beautiful?", not playing for the sake of winning really. This was mentioned as an analogy to Henry James' novels in which he builds up a situation with a tremendous number of possibilities, and that's all the point there is to the stories. "Basac English" --oooh! I can't recite in stenotype, Norm /sudden thot: Stanley is the only Normal guy in fandom --cancel it/; for I've never studied it, but I did take a few cubic centimeters of it, report of an ASF meeting (Army Service Forces, not Astounding Science-Fiction) and worked at it till I could read it pretty well, which is no child's play; and all I had to go on was that a fellow once showed me the theory of the thing and I remembered that ae-i. You must mean the number of galaxies per cubic parsec; in a cubic liteyear it would be a very small fraction. Didn't Smith once say something about the primeval substance of the universe naturally contracting toward centers a certain distance apart? What means the business of X subscript 0 to the X subscript 0 power equals X subscript 1? Yesterday's 10,000 Years was disappointing this time. It was no fun plowing thru all that monotonous repetition; why didn't you just give us the statistics on it and maybe some samples? Since you've mentioned Tomorrow's Paul, I won't review it as I planned, but I do register objection to the statement that the title indicates its religious theme. The name Paul (being German) is simply one of the devices they used to get across the idea that this "Brotherhood of Man" system of the far future was actually totalitarian socialism. The Christmas theme would have little to do with the apostle Paul.

Brows-

ing: Gad, these Anglofans use all the paper, don't they? Welcome back, J Michael.

You've been away since a quarter to two Jumping around with that jitterbug crew



WITH REFERENCE TO REFERENCE BOOKS

Limited time and space make this a serious problem with me. I can't spend a lot of time reading an Encyclopedia Britannica article hoping to find what I want to know, and I wouldn't have any place to put the 24 volumes if I had them. But one simply can't remember everything he's read about everything and everybody, and even if he did, he'd often come across something of which he had little or no previous knowledge. Reference books are necessary as long as we have only a few billion brain cells.

I began my life on my own with Roget's Thesaurus and Grosset & Dunlap's Practical Encyclopedia of 1937, graduation gifts. The Thesaurus was for a long time the nearest thing I had to a dictionary; I began Konan with it. I thought about buying a dictionary, but after I'd seen the many-volumed exhaustive Oxford Dictionary, I felt I wouldn't be satisfied with anything less. Note in passing that I already had a pretty good Rand-McNally 60-page Atlas (tho they as ever show railroads and not highways, which are really more important to the majority of people), which I had bought during the Spanish Civil War. Since then, Touraides, other road maps, and miscellany have stacked up beside it, not counting the five or six maps of Washington, one atop another, tacked to my wall.

The Practical Encyclopedia has been marvelously satisfactory. The items for the most part are short, but they tell you what you want to know nine times out of ten, and everything that you could reasonably expect a thing as big as the Columbia (one-volume) Encyclopedia to mention, has an entry in the PE. I have found very few mistakes in the information, and the attitude is enlightened but objective. On controversial matters such as religion, they go to no great trouble to dodge responsibility; they do prefix "According to Christian belief," to the resurrection, but they risk the wrath of Fundamentalists by remarking that the doctrine of hell has been abandoned by most Christians. They pass mild judgments on many men, such as military leaders, but the judgments are seldom disputable in my opinion. I especially appreciate the absence of an individual viewpoint such as you so often get in the Britannica, where they proudly present articles written by the outstanding figure in the field, who is frequently leader of one side in a violent war of ideas. Another good thing about the book is that I can quickly find what I want; the first word that comes to mind is usually the one the subject is discussed under (tho there is a very little duplication). Possibly this merely means that I have found an encyclopedia which fits into my particular way of thinking, and you'd have to find some other to suit you.

Finally I brot home from the office an old dictionary I found in a desk. It was falling to pieces; and what's worse, it was published in the early twenties and was full of obsolete slang words and meanings, it gave no etymology, and the definitions were pretty bad; but I said, FooFoo put this into my hands, and He intends me to use it for the present. The worst thing about the dictionary was that, like all, I suppose, from Samuel Johnson's time until very recently, it extracted every kind of word it could and put it in some special dictionary at the back, so that you had to look thru half a dozen alphabetical listings to be sure you had all the dope on a term, or that the dictionary didn't know the word existed. There were dictionaries of radio, automobile, golf, yachting, etcetcetc ad urpium, and a lot of gratuitous and very miscellaneous information about birthdays and superstitions and I don't know what all. Yet it was much better than no dictionary; for we constantly encounter words we don't know, and either we have lost our earlier ability to infer the accurate meaning from the context, or we are dealing in words that don't admit of that. This dictionary had at least an approximate definition of some of them.

As indicated in the last Mopsy, I became enamored of the Winston Dictionary, College Edition, from a copy at the office; recently I bought one (\$3.50).

It was probably the International Phonetic Alphabet in the appendix that sold me on it, but it really is the best dictionary you can get below the bulky Unabridged size, and probably better than an Unabridged for your use, because not so cluttered up with stuff you don't want. The Winston has all the regular dictionary information, including etymology (which among other things helps you to remember the meaning), and excellent full definitions. It has 99.9% of the words you'll look up. And there are other devices of real value that I won't go into. I regret to say that it uses Websterian diacritics rather than the Internatl Phonetic Alphabet, but you can scarcely blame them. I find that the greatest danger with this dictionary (as to some extent with all reference works where I'm concerned) is that one thing will remind me of another and I'll start thumbing three ways at once, often simply to see "what they'll say" about some term I'm perfectly familiar with. The Winston people have at last to a large extent gotten away from the "special dictionaries" disease, and the appendix for the most part explains symbols such as mapping symbols that couldn't very well go into the vocabulary. But for absolutely no reason they have retained two separate dictionaries in the appendix --foreign words and phrases, and persons and places. This is particularly pernicious, because certain of the "more common" foreign words and phrases have been included in the main vocabulary; and who can guess where the line will be drawn? It's not quite so bad with the proper names; at length you catch on that real persons are in the appendix and fictitious ones in the vocabulary (Arthur has to be in both places) --but why couldn't they have put them all together? This dictionary also escapes to a large extent the "interesting facts" infection, but they have insisted on putting a brief atlas in the back. FooFoo, grant us a dictionary and an encyclopedia which will keep strictly to their own fields; or failing that, grant us a combined reference work which will give everything in straight alphabetical order!

For the dictionary does overlap my encyclopedia, and if I want to get all the dope I can on a jerk, or often on a thing, I look him up in both places, which is wasteful of that which is of the essence. As a result of the newcomer's invasion of his domain, I foresee the time when I'll retire the Practical Encyclopedia and get a larger one, perhaps the Columbia. For I can't have two encyclopedias on hand; I'd be looking up everything in both of them, more time-wasting. Then, too, 1937 was some time ago, and the PE's bringing everything up to 1936 is a little irritating at times. Moreover, as I've gotten into more specialized study in my last years in college, the PE has become increasingly inadequate.

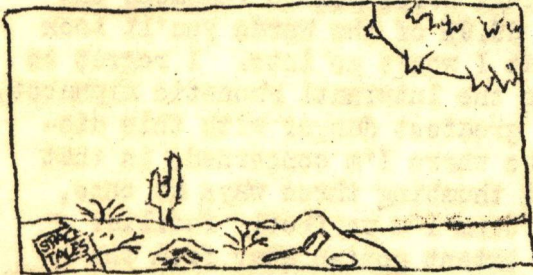
The latest edition of the Winston Dictionary is 1942. Some of the cuts obviously go back to its first appearance in 1926, but they've done a good job of keeping the text up to date. This edition has such obviously late words as "Trylon", "Communazi", and "Okie", (all vintage 1940, note, rather than 1942), and the last map in the atlas is the Phillippines; but for the most part, they exercise commendable restraint in including neologisms--they will not be out of date in a hurry. 1940 is a good year to have your reference books written in. What happens to more recent ones is sadly shown in the 1943 Modern Encyclopedia, one about the size of the Practical, little larger, whose use of gothic type thruout I like very much. But they have tried to make themselves a handbook of the War as well as a repository of eternal knowledge, and their straining efforts to be up to date to 31 Dec 42 only accentuate their out-of-dateness on 31 May 43.

The only satisfactory solution to the reference book problem will be a 'stics machine (au Slan!)--but even then, how can you keep it from telling you things you aren't interested in knowing about your subject?

I give up. I think I go back to my Thesaurus.

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

Here's another effort in the Anglo-Saxon meter that I jotted down shortly before writing Byrhtnuth and the Blackness:



The Sun is spent, and the shadowy moon
Looms near; its plains and timeless peaks
Look blankly down. Unblinking stars
Gleam calmly thru the thin cold air.
A last sigh of the wind, and all is still.
The waves yet murmur at the worn sea-beach
Of the last low continent that lifts its head
Above the sea, when the moon and sun

That's

all.

I once thot of writing a sentence in which each word would be in type fitting its origin: a word of German extraction would be in Black Letter, for example, one from Middle English in the distinctive lettering of that period, etc. The idea is absurd for two reasons: A word comes to us thru many languages, nearly all come thru Middle English, and there's no telling where they first arose; and also, the type may not really have any connection with the language--I'm extremely dubious of gothic, to name one. But anyway, here's a word I picked up recently that I must pass on to you in the original: φαντασία *FANTASIA*

We've decided to call our Spring cover "Moving Day"

Most people, when they change policy, do so covertly. But not Speer. Nossir. I hereby announce to all and sundry that I am altering two of my grammatical habits. Beginning with this issue, I'm going to form the possessive of words ending in a sibilant (Jones, fish, edge, etc) by adding apostrophe s rather than just apostrophe. The latter is permissible, but nobody does it, and the 's is more sensible and consistent. Also, I am going to capitalize articles when they begin the title of something; I'll say A Dream of Armageddon rather than a Dream of Armageddon. I really don't believe in the distinction between capitals and lower case at all, but as long as we have 'em, I'll use them to best advantage.

This one is "Fourth Dimension"

FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

A new book that may interest you is "Solipsism", by Professor Howard R Browning. It's not exactly fantasy, but some of the world-views put forward in it are fantastic emuf. It's the fictitious story of a person marooned on an uninhabited island in the Gulf of Mexico when he was only a year or two old, and could remember nothing of any other human being. He managed to survive, and as he grew older, invented a system of writing to record his activities and his thoughts ^{he supposed he was the only} sort of like Country of the Blind and Johnny Got his Gun, but stranger than either. The book purports to be a translation of his notes, made with his help after a tramp steamer picked him up when he was twenty-nine.

[This was contributed by Sudday Schwartz:] "I was over Widner's house last Sunday to mimeo AAGH! and I pointed out in Richardson's article in the April ASF on p 66 the following sentences. 'Your neat little solar system is all wrong! Uranus is closer to Earth than Mercury and Pluto is not the farthest planet'

"I casually remarked that he'd have to do the Interplanetary board all over again. Art collapsed on the floor and Ruth, Drools and I couldn't revive him. The pill peddlar gave apoplexy as the cause of death."

AN EFFORT AT LITERARY APPRECIATION

This is all about a couple of lines quoted by SDRussell recently: "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground And tell sad tales about the death of kings".

One of the best ways to distinguish between good and cheap literature is to see whether you can do anything with the story beyond running over again just what it has said. Does it imply anything else, are there traces of a lot of deep thinking briefly revealed in a word or phrase here and there? The review of *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* in this issue is an easy example of how a lot of extraneous thinking can be built into a story without hurting it. I remember that afterwards I heard two men of obviously unhigh intellect talking outside the theater about the little man's wanting his new world.

Appreciation of the lines quoted above requires somewhat more application. I have no idea who wrote them or what they're quoted from, but I've tried, just by studying them, to reconstruct the entire scene.

The person speaking is apparently an aristocrat of sorts. This is revealed not only by his interest in kings, but in his interest in the literary or intellectual regardless of environmental surroundings. "sit upon the ground" may just be a forceful figure of speech, but if it's taken at face value, it indicates a declined stage of culture, in which the devotee of what is fine must look to the past. That they should spend their time talking about the death of kings indicates that the culture was restricted even when it was at its height; Athens, Egypt, or perhaps even more limited. But like *Paradise Lost*, it was probably characterized by a considerable degree of primal energy, pressing against the narrow horizons.

I suspect that the introductory oath is simply a shocker to gain attention, like the "For God's sake hold your tongue and let me love" which begins one of John Donne's "metaphysical" poems.

I'll stop before I make myself sound any sillier. But I don't think I exaggerate the amount of that that the poet may have put into those two short lines.

cometcomingcometcomingyesyesyesmanofmarscomingmanofearthyesyesyesmanofmarscometcomin

Just then I glanced toward the swinging doors, off on the other side of the room, and saw Battal coming in at the head of a squad of ISF men. Roberts saw it at the same time. "Uh oh," he said, "I was afraid of this. Have they seen us yet?"

"Yes, they're heading strate toward us. If we try to get the prince away now, they'll call on bystanders to stop us. Speer, start a riot."

Speer leaped atop the table and turned loose his hundred-decibel bellow: "What part of speech is 'more' in 'That's more like it'?"

A young fellow at a nearby table immediately spoke up: "An adjective, ofcourse."

A man in aristocratic colors sneered at him. "That's the kind of a blurt we should expect of a young cub. 'More' is an adverb, obviously."

"Oh, yash?" called a miner leaning against the bar. "What verb, adjective, or other adverb does it modify?"

"'is', obviously," said a man standing up directly in Battal's path and loosening his pistol in its holster.

There began a concerted rush for the Webster's Interplanetary which was lying on one end of the bar. A slitley drunk fellow stood

DAG!

up and said, "'more' ish a sub-stant-ive, taking the place of a noun tacit." An adverbist threw a glass of maraca in his face, and found himself confronted by a less alcoholled friend of the substantivist.

Someone had grabbed the public address system microfone and was droning into it, "Adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs; adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and". The Interplanetary sailed thru the air toward him but struck an ISP man instead. The cops had been fidgeting as they came across the smoke-filled room, as the anxious to take a hand and quell the disturbance. At this injury to one of their number, Battal lost control of them completely.

"OK, Roberts, take the prince and slip out the back way. Speer and I will be along in a minute," I said. "Whew! It was touch and go there for a minute; I was afraid they wouldn't get to fitting in time." As we turned to leave, several new factions, including particlists, conjunctionists, and even some who believed "more" was a preposition, were joining the melee, and Battal was nowhere to be seen. Gad, it was a madhouse. And according to the papers next morning, that was only the beginning.

"Once for all there is a world and we are in it." --Creighton

Some of the music-lovers among you may find a kindred soul in Anton F Heinrich, who a century ago declared to a friend as they left the White House: "Mein Gott in himmel! de peebles vot made Yohu Tyler Bresident ought to be hung! He knows no more apout music than an oyshter!"

Anton didn't know that the guy who made Tyler President did so by dying

Quickly, now, children, what fantafilm does this come from?: "I believe you forget that I am still President of the United States --and that, as President, I have full power to call forth the militia and declare the country under martial law!"

YEMER: GYPIREY GAZ. SPE MPRE HORRE

And while we're digging around in the past, how many of you have seen a play entitled "Crashing Thru" of which the director and copyright owner toured around, enlisting local talent to put the play on? The first scene takes place in 1898; the second in 1929 in which, for convenience, the stock market crash takes place; and the last in 1958, in which one of the last lines is about a honeymoon on a "skyrocket trip to Mars". Aside from that, however, the last act is unscientific.

UPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghuUPFOOdownghu

That reminds me-- In Remarks I intended to protest the bad taste which led Al Ashley to strew references to the foul and hideous ghughu all thru the Official Organ. If his soul is dyed a deep purple, he oughtn't to go around flaunting it. There was also an unnecessary reference to this thing in the Stefan: "By that ghu we both adore". When I published some fragments of a parody in Cosmic Tales, the stanza ran thus: (it was "Wallheim there, and nothing more" a few starzas earlier, who was doing the talking) "Prophet!" cried he, "Thing of evil! Prophet still if man or devil; By those heavens that warp above us, by that God we both abhor, Tell this soul with purple soiled If one-seventh of Foo's green world" This last was supposed to be a reference to Soviet Russia, but the Brooklyn pronunciation so upset me that I couldn't go on.

GERRIDGE GNAEDINGER

I'm not sure but what I've already written you about the first issue of JFM, but we'll go over it again briefly. The Moon Pool was OK, but I was not greatly impressed.... Karpen the Jew was a little naive in its picture of the leaders of the Earth sitting down and calmly dividing things up; it would have been better if this had been presented as simply symbolic. I do not like the picture of an embittered immortal, but must grant that the original personality of the man has a lot to do with it.... Giesy's story was amusing, and there's nothing in it to dislike.

Conquest of the Moon Pool had a lot of striking illustrations to it, but I didn't read on much beyond the first installment, since it seemed like the story was to become pure adventure, for which I've no time and little inclination. I mean by that, "cop-and-robbers" type of stuff, with a lot of detailed action, but no new ideas.... The World in the Balance. Gad, is that the kind of stuff we were raised on?... The Moon Metal: More of the same. How very fortunate we are not to have been born too soon.... The Man with the Glass Heart is not an impressive story; for my part, I'll wait a good while longer before I seek a substitute for my natural pump.... Fruit of the Forbidden Tree must have been popular with the Fundamentalist-minded. For my part, I detest all these Schachnerish defeatisms.

After reading The Radie Man, I know where Ackerman got his inspiration for The Madman of Mars. There's a lot of stuff in this that you can enjoy if you adjust yourself to a twelve-year-old mentality level and forget your critical sense.... I liked The Diminishing Draft, but wonder if I would have without Finlay's illustration.... The Gravity Experiment was another amusing bit, if somewhat defective in science and obvious in plot.

Jan 40. The title is the best thing about On the Brink of 2000. The anti-collectivist bias of the author is rather apparent. I skipped the apparently cop-and-robbers stuff in the middle; the invention is rather enjoyable, if no longer amazing.... These Weird Travel Tales stink.... An Astral Gentleman was not bad, tho the didacticism at the end is deplorable.

The Kiss of Death not bad in the February number. Plunge of the Knupfen can be enjoyed to some degree on the twelve-year-old level.

The issues that I but include only two parts to The Blind Spot. I read all of it that I had, but on the whole disliked it. Seemed to me that it was much prolonged with repetition and detail which could have been summarized without loss to either action or effect. If the story had been true, all the circumspection would have been justified; since we never for a minute believed it was other than fiction, it was not impressive.... Bomb from Beranga was tolerable....

Paul for once has done a good cover on the April 40 number. Finlay's covers that I have seen have without exception been good, too.... Devil of the Western Sea, for all its complete lack of surprise, was enjoyable reading. I think it was artistic of the author to allow minor discrepancies between the ancient report and the actual events, such discrepancies being a natural thing.... Beast Plants wouldn't have been worth reading if I hadn't done most of it on the Government's time, long ago in the palmy days just as the Blitzkriege were brewing...

The next, and last, issue I got was the August number, with Darkness and Dawn. This was the only story in which I found the archaic style really interfering with my enjoyment of the tale. Also, I suspect that England, like most of the writers on this theme, did not make any study to see how long various materials could be expected to last, nor the order in which they'd crumble. Certainly the time of 800 years given is insufficient for many of the changes which are

alleged to have taken place. Spite of all this, twas enjoyable.... The Rebel Soul was so-so; it certainly failed to prove anything, and the adventure is not exciting. ... Half-Past Twelve in Eternity would be a stinker if written nowadays, when we've had so many of these "Sprise! you're dead" stories; I would rate it low at any rate.

There is little to actively dislike in FTM. Many of the stories that I've known it has carried since I stopped buying it are stories I would like to have under my belt. But if I'd kept on getting FTM, I'd have fallen hopelessly behind on the Campbell mags, and the relative amount of comment I've made on yours and Campbell's indicates that my time is better devoted to the latter.

"Jackson's a good boy, only he smokes and drinks liquor and runs around with women..."

A couple of new stfnal Big Little Books came my way a while back. One is Invisible Scarlett O'Neill or something like that; she can become visible or invisible at will by pressing a "strong" nerve in her wrist. The other was probably written and illustrated directly for the RLB's rather than taken from a comic strip. It's by our old pal Winterbotham, concerns a superman whose name escapes me at the moment. He has telekinetic power, and Winterbotham goes to a lot of useless trouble trying to give it a pseudo-scientific explanation.

... And he's learnin' how to chew. I swear, he sure is goin' to the bowwows now."

Milty has rudely ignored the dark hints I've throw his way about the Army sending troops to ---uh! better not mention it. But there's not only a Camp Luna either being established or already established, there's a ship called the Deimos. And these are just hints that accidentally cross my path; I shiver so think what I mite find out if I went munting in the files.

Incidentally, I have it from a wounded officer returned from North Africa that the soldiers there call their new anti-tank rocket launchers "Buck Rogers guns".

"Doc was just speaking very slyly--I mean highly--of you."

/Here's an item that I intended to put in Fictitious But Definitely this time: From the Pvt Ack-Ack column in Ft MacArthur's "Alert": Jonah Bristol, one of our colored soldiers, was seen on Hollywood Blvd recently with an Auxiliary of his own race, loudly singing the new song hit, "Did You Ever Take a NAAC Out in a Blackout?"

Jeon and NAACcen!

OK, OK, anything to keep peace in the asylum.

On the Lifebuoy program recently--25 March I believe--they had a professor with invisible paint worked into one of the humorous build-ups for a Lifebuoy plug.

Let I down, Pa; I see she a-comin'

"New comes the June bride, with a smile a mile wide As down the main aisle she doth trot him; And all the while she is singing inside, 'I got him, I got him, I got him!'"

Darn, I wish I could remember whom I heard that from.

If I had knowed I coulda rode a treckon I woulda went

