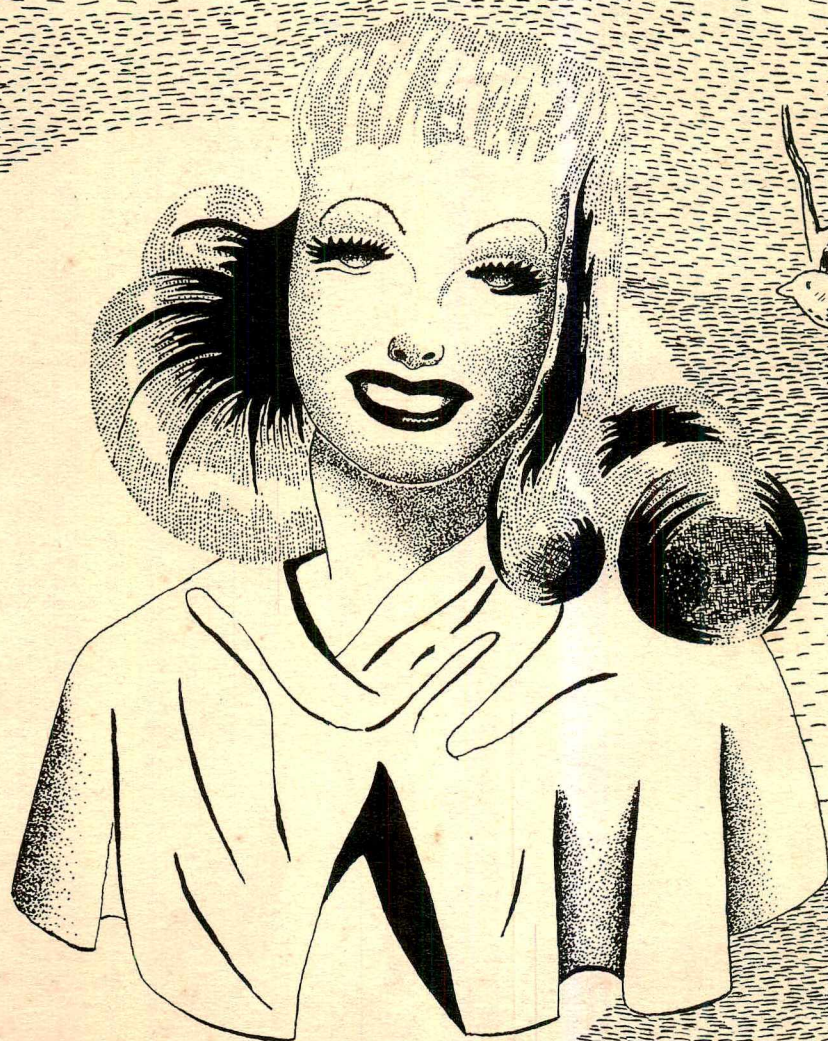


VOM #40

PRESENTS WHAT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN A COVER ON

Fantasilite



Michel ~43~

VOICE
OF
THE
SLIM-MAG-I-NATION

Yes, this ish is thinner than U think. Have rusht production thru in an attempt to catch up on schedule. Have cut down the 6 wks overdueeness to about 4 (U shoud normally be receiving the Apr Foo ish in place of this). So far, all I have lined up for the Easter Egg-dition is a comicover (it being a caricature of that character Ack-Ack) & "Love's Labour Lust" (a sequel to James Fanmore Cooper's "Last of the Michicons").

Plans for Slans, incidently, will be replaced by a sensational new thot-variant dept, True Turtle Tales. We hope to cerealize that barley believable, er, fanuscript by Hoy Ping Pong's half-sister Yun-Fu, "I Remember Bemuria", a story that will have U bug-eyed!

VOICE of the IMAGI-NATION, aka Voice of the Turtle. #40.
A Llamarian Press Pub, affiliated with Rosebudicrucians (AMOK)
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Don Gilbert

debuts in the Vox with various views

expressed from 13 Highland St. Winchendon, Mass:

When I first began to get Vom (#37 is my third)

I was rather disappointed to learn that the nudes and religious discussions had been withdrawn, for

either one I could have chosen to be my favorite subject. But with later copies my viewpoints became somewhat changed, particularly that regarding religion; I now feel that both topics are more or less private affairs, appealing to a person's own feelings aesthetically, and not to be tossed around promiscuously as they are apt to be in open discussions. Each person's tastes differ slightly from that of even his closest counterpart, therefore his opinions regarding these are highly personal, and as any good psychologist (or any poor one, for that matter) will tell you, it is useless to try to change a person's viewpoint through direct argument.

The bacover litho on #37 (Rogers) is a well done job indeed, much closer to true art than the miserable insert (MacPherson, repro/Lorberger) could ever hope to come, it is the sort of job which fan editors could well look to as a model for future attempts in nude drawings.

Laney's views on the amount of time an individual has to spend on fandom rather amused me. I happen to be one fellow who barely manages to squeeze in a few hours each month for so called fan activities and it constantly amazes me how many fans can find the time to put into fandom that they do, and still lead active lives in the "social" world. Not that I don't have plenty of spare time, for I suspect that I have as much as the average person; it's just that there seems to be enough to do in that spare time so that I hardly find any time at all for fandom. Laney's mention of the enigmatic barroom angered me as much as his earlier remarks on the passing of time. It seems trite these days, when a person is classed as either an out and out immoral individual or as one of the stolid guys with white reputations miles long, to claim that a person is inclined to intellectuality or degradation only, with no room for any degree of intermediacy. It seems hardly likely that such a viewpoint is applicable to fandom, though Laney apparently seems to adopt it as his.

To (indeci-
ferable word) successfully I must illustrate.

"We spend so many hours a week working for a living or preparing to do so." (52 per week, in my case) "So much more time is spent in eating, sleep, and personal care. The rest of time is for enjoyment, isn't it?"

What would Laney have us include in this enjoyment category? The so-called social obligations which many of us must meet? (examples are: church, family, friends, or, if the person happens to be still foot loose and fancy free, like myself, the terrible yet still pleasant task of wife-getting and education.) If so that puts a heavy restriction on the amount of time one is to put into his hobby. Being very optimistic, these "social obligations" must occupy at least two or three evenings a week. The other four or five can be set aside as time for fan activity. But fan activity alone? God Ghod, if one endeavored to answer all letters or meet all the obligations which fan activities impose, he would soon lose sight of all other contacts, perhaps even neglect his cultural background sorely.

Believe me, finding the time to put into fandom is no cinch. Laney makes it sound simple, but I certainly don't find it so.

In closing I'd like to add one thing. Being a comparatively new fan, my collections of both fanzines and prezines is decidedly small, and I'd like any help I can get in completing these, possibly in the form of low priced offers or lists of back number magazine stores. Like my time, however, the amount of dough I can afford to spend on these is quite limited. (Unger of Bklyn is your man for science fiction fanzine bargains. Check dictionary for spelling of fandom.) #

Jeffrey
(JOHN BRISTOL SPEER) - Author of the FANCYCLOPEDIA - ejaculates at his long overdue overseas' receipt of his own copy: 2 Feb 45 - Praise be to FooFoo! The Fancyclopedia finally arrived last week, same time as Nov and Dec Reader's Digests and some September FFFs. The job you all did is very satisfactory, but I'm chagrined to find how often my oblique failed to function. One thing that Walter (Daugherty) failed to get in his Santa Monica Blitzkrieg was a letter to Phil (Bronson) giving the text of an Erratadendum on the Foundation, for which there's an asterisk in the book but nothing on the back page. Can fix that up in the supplement, I suppose.

About the upcoming Vom article by the Laniac ("Some Sociological Aspects of Fandom", #38), I notice the word "stefnate" is to be used some more in the special sense he gives it. This word was coined (not by me) by analogy with "Technate", and means the same thing as "Fantastocracy", the burlesque idea of the world being run by stefmen. If Laney wants a word for the fans of fandom as opposed to the fantasy fools, I suggest he get something else.

As to Laney's letter: Not everybody divides his life into working for a living, eating and sleeping, and fun. Some people have the peculiar idea that they ought to try to improve themselves so maybe they can improve their environment, and it's not surprising that such fan may wonder if some of the time spent on fandom mightn't be better applied.

Kepner, the Enigma of Pershing Square --Christ, you're getting a bit raw, aren't you? (Did we do Jim rawng?)

As to the dissertation on what it takes to be a führer, I suggest that attention might better be given to how to become an expert. In the long run, the expert who is not a leader is more influential than the leader who is not an expert.

Dunk must have misunderstood the Post

Office's decision. The law passed by Congress makes no distinction between First and Fourth Class mail in regard to obscenity. Also, I remember in the War Department we had the case of a soldier who wrote a letter to a friend, using obscene slang to describe the town where he was stationed. That was First Class mail, but he was in trouble as a result for violating postal regulations regarding obscenity. Dunkelberger is being millennial in asking for a definition of obscenity that will be clear in all cases. One can't get a definition of "justifiable homicide" which will be clear in every case, but that doesn't mean we should not try to make a distinction. He is also being impractical if he endorses Stalin's remarks. Dictators may say, "You don't have perfect freedom of speech, so freedom of speech is a lot of boloney", but I still think we're better off than states that make no pretense of allowing freedom to criticize. #

orett, Wash, sends a letter to Slan- *Joe N. N. N.* - Editor UTOPIA, 2721 - 16 St, Ev-
tents duely devoured. High spot of gri-LA: VOM #37 received and con-
 "Birth of a Notion" ---- zounds, why wasn't I born a female?!! Then I could join the
 (doubtless)multitudes of anxious women swarming to ~~offer them-~~ offer them-
 selves to Ackerman, founder of a future generation! I am consoled, however, by the
 fact that one of the progeny must be a girl; a girl that will become a woman. And
 then, perhaps, will I lengthen Ackermanity. (I trust U do but chest, chest Nutt.)

Of all the times to come out with a swell back cover, this was the worst! Rogers did such a nice job that, I fear, very few people will be looking at Beaumont's offering. Honestly, the grease-pencil technique in sections of the gal's right arm and torso is downright good. (On her left torso it's more so.) Congratulations. (Alva, U may get up & take a bow. C'mon, Alva, it's noon--get up!) Your puns this ish absolutely glimmer, but have you ever asked yourself this question: "Is this quip really necessary?" #

Fred B. B. - the boy from Boykins, Va, asks: Just what in the devil is Fran talking about? Thru a maze of ego, satiric analysis, and just plain mumbling in the beard, I seem to see a thread of sincerity in his amusing and confusing attempts to analyze this thing called stefnate. He has some good pints but honestly, doc, I can hardly see them for all his incomprehensible ramblings and half formulated views. I really would like to see him revise and condense it to understandability. Main fault I see is his blundering attempts to define a already hazy word "stefnate" and to disassociate the fan from the stefnist, an impossibility which makes us all seem to suffer from schizophrenia. Come come, Mr. Laney, commit yourself in a definite and understandable manner, then perhaps we can get together, (we meaning fans in general of course) and discuss the subject intelligently and understandably I would say.

Personally I enjoyed the Nutopian idea (Sam Mason's) more. Perhaps someday a fen will inherit a million smackers from some rich and obscure relative and make the dream come true, if he is sucker enough tho. You will simply have to wait till my good old Uncle Henry kicks the bucket for this, and keep yor fingers crossed. He and I aren't on such good terms as he seems to have a puritanical aversion to my adolescent passions for wine and women, or such diversions as crap and poker. I really believe he is under the delusion that I am not responsible Tsk, tsk. Till that bright day I remain the young hopeful.... #

CPL MILTON ROTHMAN: The present is one of those periods of flux that arrives every so often. In other words I'm waiting to change my address, and the special thing about this case is that my next address will be a Port of Embarkation, and the address after that one will be, of course, at the end of a boat ride. Well, there's nothing unusual about that. While I was one of the earliest fans to get in the army, I'm one of the last to get overseas. For which I am not complaining, either way.

I'm not anticipating any cessation in my activity or correspondence. On the contrary, I'm hoping that everybody keeps writing to me as in the past, and I'll do my best to keep the letters circulating.

I'm wondering whether the pernicious influence of Elmer Perdue is behind the recent emanations from LA concerning wild drinking parties and such stuff. It used to be our custom in Washington to get lit and then write mad letters to various people. Elmer and Laney must have a good time together. I wish I could be there.

Speaking of Elmer, one of those isn't-it-a-small-world things just happened. The guy who sleeps two bunks down from me used to be an old friend of Elmer in Casper. Name of Mc Gowen. He sends his regards.

I'm wondering why more note hasn't been taken of William Seabrook's book: "Witchcraft, It's Influence in the World Today." It's been out since 1940, and nobody has mentioned it, or maybe I just never noticed it. (If U were a Fapan at the time, Milt, I remember running an extensive review by "Dr Acula"---Franklyn Brady---in about the 6th ish of my bk review maglet, Novacious. This was shortly after the Chicon, I'd say! Late '40 or early '41.) But I just bought it and read it, and it is terrific stuff. I would like to know whether Seabrook actually did all the things he tells about, and whether all of the stories he tells are the real dope. Some of these stories are pretty tall.

Our British correspondent--I forget his name right now (RRJohnson)--asks why we don't talk about music. The answer is simply that we never get around to it, and further, there is just no way of relating it even distantly to science fiction. This talk of "fantasy music" is not particularly interesting to the real music lovers, because music considered fantastic is not really the best music, and we're not so far gone on fantasy that it affects our judgement as to what is good music.

There are lots of us who collect records, and several of us who

play instruments. Our tastes run in all directions, but mostly towards the extremes of heavy classics and most righteous hot jazz.

One thing I want to do, perhaps at the first convention after the war, is give a concert of music written by people connected with SF. Harry Warner and Jim Blish have written many things. There's a piece about Lovecraft mentioned in "Marginalia." You could make quite a program of such pieces. Do we have anybody who can sing? (Burton Crane, if he'll join us. He's a pro; has made sonodiscs. At one time was known as, if U can conceive the combination, "The Maurice Chevalier of Japan".) #

Canada's LESLIE A. CROUTCH comments from Bx 121, Parry Sound, Ontario: I've let Laney's article on fans and stefans swirl around in the old cranium now for several weeks, and damned if I can figure out whether I am a fan or a stefist using his definitions. One time I read it I figure I'm a fan. Then several days later I read the danged thing again and decide I'm more properly a stefist. I have just read it for the third time and I have come to the conclusion I am neither!

What's a fan, friend Laney asks. He gives his definition and it's pretty good. I consider a person a fan of something or other if he is interested enough in that one thing to read all he can about it, join clubs where he meets others also interested in it, write to other fans, and in general, show a marked interest in the dojigger. They consider a baseball fan a johnny who'd sooner see a game than eat, who never misses a game, and maybe even go so far as to follow his favorite team to the earth's ends and back again. A Sinatra fan is some gal full of vitamin pills who thinks he's all important and who'd sooner hear him sing than anybody else this side of heaven. Maybe even heaven, too.

What's a stefist, Laney then asks. And here I'm buffaloed. I can't even say much as I did in the foregoing paragraph on fans. Apparently Laney considers a stefist some bird who is slightly interested in fandom and science fiction, but who has other interests as well, some of them liked even more than science fiction. I may be wrong. But that is what I gathered after reading his article.

Well, friends, here's what I consider a fan is: a fan is a guy or gal who likes science fiction enough to read it, not so much in preference to any other type of literature, as a favorite literature. It may not be the most favorite type, but it is one of his most favorite. He writes letters to other fans. He discusses it, joins a club, or prints a magazine, or writes for one, or reads what he can get his hands on, honsetly or otherwise.

A stefist is akin to a technician in a profession- he specializes in science fiction, or in fanning. He developes his interest to a fine art. He goes in for collecting everything that is fantasy or science fiction. He organizes, sees everything as it relates to fandom. He might in time become almost a fanatic on the subject. He becomes, in other words, a fan technician. He prints a magazine, writes for them, reads them, likes to get his foot into everything that is going.

Now, according to this, what am I? This'll probably slay you. Ackerman dubbed me once as Number One Canadian face. I don't consider I am, truly. These are my activities, so you can judge for yourself. I belong to the FAPA. I am a NFFF Director. I print a magazine that circulates in the FAPA and also privately outside of it. I collect ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN. I swap science fiction and so forth. I write for the fan mags. I correspond. But here is the laugh: in my estimation, fanning is only an interesting passtime, a hobby. Some people collect stamps, some make model railroads, some chase the women. I went in for fanning. But, and here is where I slay you: I still consider my original hobby, that of radio and electronics, as the most important one of my life. I make my living at it, but in my spare time I'd sooner read a radio magazine, or study the newest radio text book, or tinker with some bit of radio equipment than I would run a mimeograph, write a fan story, or read a science fiction magazine! I do NOT like science fiction to the extent of eating and sleeping the blamed stuff. I like other passtimes also, included among which are collecting records, going to the movies, writing letters to people, some of which are non-fans, and just plain shooting the bull with someone on almost any subject.

I like some types of detective fiction just as much as I like science fiction. None of you have read anything by me that wasn't fantasy or science fiction or weird in the fan mags, yet I have written straight stuff. I enjoy writing straight stuff as much as I do the other.

I think if it comes right down to the fine point, I don't print a fanzine because I am a fan, or because I like fantasy above any other fiction. I think I publish LIGHT because I want to create, because I enjoy publishing, because I enjoy a hobby others can join in. When I was in public school I typed a weekly magazine which had no fantasy in at all. I always had an itch to run a paper or a magazine. But then I always had an itch to make things of all sorts. In my day I have tinkered with a reflecting telescope, build a 16mm movie projector, built dozens of radio sets, several small transmitters, slide projectors, and several other things. I think I would have printed a small magazine sometime just the same, even if it went only to correspondents that were not fans. I always had a great imagination. A darned wild one, if you will. Science fiction seemed to satisfy my craving as it was wilder than anything else I had ever read. But I can sit down and read a book by Jeans, or Eddington, or any other contemporary scientist and get just as big a kick and havr my imagination tittilated just as violently.

So there you are. I am a fan. Yet I do not say fandom, or science fiction, or fanning is the most important thing in my life. It isn't. It is a hobby. An outlet for creative energy. A restive activity after a hard day's work. Yet it can be boring as the devil if partaken in to the exclusion of everything else. I have several hobbies to relieve the monotony and give me a rest. I play with motion pictures, photography, radio. Being a fan is fine. It will always be fine. But in its proper place only can it be fine. If it ever becomes

my master, if the day ever comes when I see it interfering with my work, I'll cut it down to a half pint and keep it there.

A true fan is one interested in it as I am, I feel. Yet he remains normally balanced. It is pleasant, but not all-important. It remains in its place.

But what have I said? Nothing at all, likely. Laney left me puzzled and I've likely done the same to you. But if it comes right down to it, what difference does it make whether I am a fan, a stefist, or just a devotee of the subject, a hobbyist? Some people act as though being a fan was the most important thing in their life. Is it? (It is the most important thing in my life, Les--& I aint acting! --Acky) #

JAL-BERT, the Winchen don, returns: Perhaps Laney is right; perhaps the primary purpose of fandom is to entertain and amuse, perhaps he is correct in his belief that it should remain only a sparetime hobby; but I say no -- I side with the group who believe that fandom is the foundation of a new sort of culture. True, it has it's faults; it's radical wrongs, it's failings, but, like any other group of recent organization, too much in it's infancy for definite conclusions as to it's ultimate end to be drawn, fandom is still fumbling in the dark of experimentation, searching for the right road to greatness. There is bound to be a great many individuals in fandom who have never discovered the true meaning of fan activity. I believe that eventually it will evolve into a far more concrete organization, with a far larger following, having a definite set of principles. True, these principals may change many times in the process of evolution (a current example is those fan who have already lost interest in the original inspiration of their activities; i.e. science-fiction) yet fandom's basic elements will always remain the same; fandom will always be a group of far-seeing, imaginative thinkers.

Why?

All of us --the professional author, the most active acti-fan, Laney's stefnists, the conservative fan (like myself), the "arm-chair intellectuals", the science-fiction reader who has not yet "discovered" fandom--have one common bond, our interest in imaginative fiction, whether we still pursue this interest or not, and basically our opinions are the same, though they may appear radically different on the surface. The fan outlook on the world is pretty nearly a common one which we share with each other; for this reason we have a unity, of sorts, which is almost as strong as the most fervent religious impulse. Whether or not we still take interest in the motivation of this unity, we still feel the debt we owe to science fiction for introducing us into this world-into-itself ("a society asynchronized with space & time"). I, for one, freely admit that without the training I unconsciously recieved in reading science fiction, I would have grown up with a wealth of foolish ideas. Can such a debt be easily forgotten?

And, from the start that fandom has, almost anything can evolve. At any rate, whatever the outcome of fandom's evolution, the course it takes is bound to be an interesting one. #

WILLIE MALIANO WATSON, Sandra Michel's stf-father, tells us from 1299 California St, San Francisco Cal: I never did see a time when Thompson wasn't preaching; preaching the attitude of good fellowship (Evans too); preaching against sarcastic little bastids like myself; preaching in general. It gets boring--then it gets irritating. But maybe I just have an itchy hide.

Kepner's analization of me, of course (everybody will tell you the same thing), is all wet. My interest in #2 (Stf reading) has vanished entirely; #3 (Actifan interest) is waning so rapidly I can hardly believe it myself--witness the demise of bleery, pulling SAPPHO out of the "fantasy field", and the general sloppiness of my recent fan-magazines, such as CHAOS. I guess I just don't have that ol' fire no more. As for #4 (Cultural interest) --well, Speer would call it egotism if I said Jimmy was correct, but to hell with Speer! Jike's right. #9 (Professional interest) is so funny it verges on the asinine. The number of stories I've submitted to the pros could be counted on the fingers of both hands, & only two of them were submitted to stfzines. My drawing--um-m-m, is another matter. I've sold stuff, but I never went looking for a market--it came to me. (What with the war & all, y'know, there's a shortage of commercial artists too.) #

BOB BLOCH BROADCASTS: Very pleased with Laney's article, principally because it resulted in the appearance of three words..."BLOCH IS RIGHT". This combination will probably never be seen again in print, and I therefore clipped out the immortal phrase and pasted it on a button, which I wear on my lapel. As soon as the brown-out is over, I shall have the thing neon lighted for night. If I get up the nerve, I'll even show it to my wife.

However, into each life some bombs must fall... and Laney dropped one when he made some remark about me sticking my tongue into the typewriter and rapping out something facetious.

I politely beg to differ. F'rinstance, in VOM 37, didn't I insert a plea for a bride...and offspring...for Ackerman? And doesn't that exactly anticipate Laney's statement in his article that the fans or stetnate propagate their kind? If Laney is serious about this thing, so am I. I even gave methods!

And didn't I submit a list of names for the learned fans to identify? Hours of research I put in, and what do I get for it? Laney calls me facetious!

Outside of this quibble, was much interested in the article...and will be equally interested in pro and con reactions. This self-awareness is healthy and differs, I think, materially from run-of-the-mill conceit on the part of fandom, fendom, stetnatedom, or whatever the hell its name is.

But please, if in future I make additional constructive suggestions, don't be misled by Laney's erroneous notion that I am attempting to be humorous. My interest is too sincere for that...and if I try to

help fandom in general by proposing that Ackerman runs for President...or gets a transfer to Section VIII...remember, it's quite serious, and a step in what I consider to be the right direction. Or an open manhole.

Incidentally, #38 was quite on the serious side. I approve of this, naturally. Yours for less levity. (This should surely establish Bloch as the #1 Face-tious.) #

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CLARKE of the RAF: In VOM 36 I read Bill Temple's letter with very great interest: it is one of the finest you've ever published, stating as it does so perfectly what every intelligent fan must feel when he leaves the twenties behind and the fiery enthusiasms of adolescence begin to fade away. Though there is so much in fandom that is juvenile - the bickering schoolboy feuds, the insipid vaporings of egocentric illiterates - underneath all the froth is something of real importance. The persistence and even growth of fan organisations under the adverse conditions of war should be sufficient proof of this.

Like Bill, I shall never break completely with fandom. I do not believe I was ever as enthusiastic as Bill imagines: for me, the SFA was of secondary importance to the BIS. But enthusiastic I certainly was. I do not suppose I shall ever again experience such intense pleasure as I knew in the early days of my collecting. A whole new universe was opening before me: "Skylark III", "Islands of Space", "The Time Stream" - even now those names can send little shivers running up and down my spine. Feverishly I collected them all. When I moved to London and the centre of SFA (Science-Fiction Assn) life the collection was almost complete and by that very fact had begun to lose its interest. But the light that never was on land or sea still lingers around those early tales and will never wholly die.

How long it would have taken for my active enthusiasm to fade away I cannot say: possibly many years. But then came the war - and "reality". But the reality I experienced was very different from Bill's. I have stood before shining control panels and thought: "Five years ago I should have said that this machine lay a century in the future: now it is no more wonderful to me than an electric kettle." And a little later, I have stood before that same machine and known that it was already obsolete, completely superseded. To me, this war has not been an affair of battle-lines moving slowly across a map. Mine has been the secret war, of which the outer world still knows nothing - the breathless race up the electromagnetic spectrum, past the frequencies that were once called ultra-high, ever closer and closer to the mysterious territory of the far infra-red. It is a race that has produced more marvels than any the world has known before. Some of them won the Battle of Britain and perhaps averted a second Dark Age. Their successors, in giant battleships driving across the Pacific and with the great bomber fleets hammering at Festung Europa, are not only winning this war but shaping the future of technology for generations to come.

And now, on top of this, the first man-made machines have reached space. Those of us who were working in astronautics before the war will have little time for active fandom in the years to come. The time when we talked of our dreams has gone: from now on, we shall be making them reality.

I shall continue to go to meetings for the grand company and I'll read the better fanmags with undiminished interest. Sometimes I may even burst into print, but it won't be often. Having sold my first stories (including a long one which you'll be seeing when there is paper in England again) I shall try and limit my spare-time writing to the professional and technical fields. When the BIS (British Interplanetary Socy) is under way again and I am trying to make a living in electronics any writing will be a much needed relaxation and so carefully rationed.

Bill seems to have been unlucky in the Army: here in the RAF I've met literally scores of potential fans. The Service is riddle with s.f. and I never show an "ASTOUNDING" because the tearful entreaties, the abandoned solicitations are too pitiful to contemplate. It no longer surprises me to run up against a colleague who knows the "Lensman" sagas from end to end - it's happened so often. But no doubt it would be very different in a less technical branch.

Looking through the rest of the issue I am pleased to see a considerable improvement in letters and general appearance. The removal of the nudes has contributed no small amount to this. I relent. If I may, I'd like to be put back on the pauper's list. In return, you will continue to receive approximately one letter every other issue, unless something provokes me more frequently. Thanks!

Looking at Speer's odd list of names, I find I know 18 of them. So what? They cover a rather restricted field and so prove nothing concerning general culture. When I was a kid my old nurse used to read me cheerful little stories from Kraft-Ebbing, and I won a set of Huysman at Sunday School. Andre Gide's old-fashioned morality I find a little tedious; for good, clean fun give me de Sade's snappy reminiscences any time. Rimbaud has always intrigued me: he is the only known case of a poet who has reformed. When I talk of Eisenstein I always have a horrid fear that I mean Pudovkin, and vice versa. (The same thing happens with Shostakovitch and Prokofiev.) Hindemith Bartok (in spite of Menuhin) Schoenberg and Berg are just noises to me: and I decline to have anything to do with Spengler.

Maurice Hanson has just reminded me that in my "History of Fantocracy", written early in the war, I pictured you, Forrie, as a Colonel and myself as a Squadron Leader (= Major), sometime in the late 1940s. I was an A.C.2 (RAF G.I.) at the time and you were still a civilian, if you can remember that far back. The whole thing was supposed to be an outrageously improbable prophecy - but now I've only one more step to go and if the war lasts as long as I'm afraid it will I ought to make it. What about it, Forrie?

(I have been a Colonel for some time, now--a Colonel of Corp! Sample: Don't drink corn likker & U won't be troubled with pink "Elephants". In Esperanto, BIS, the initials of your Space Soc'y, mean "encore!" Feel encouraged?)