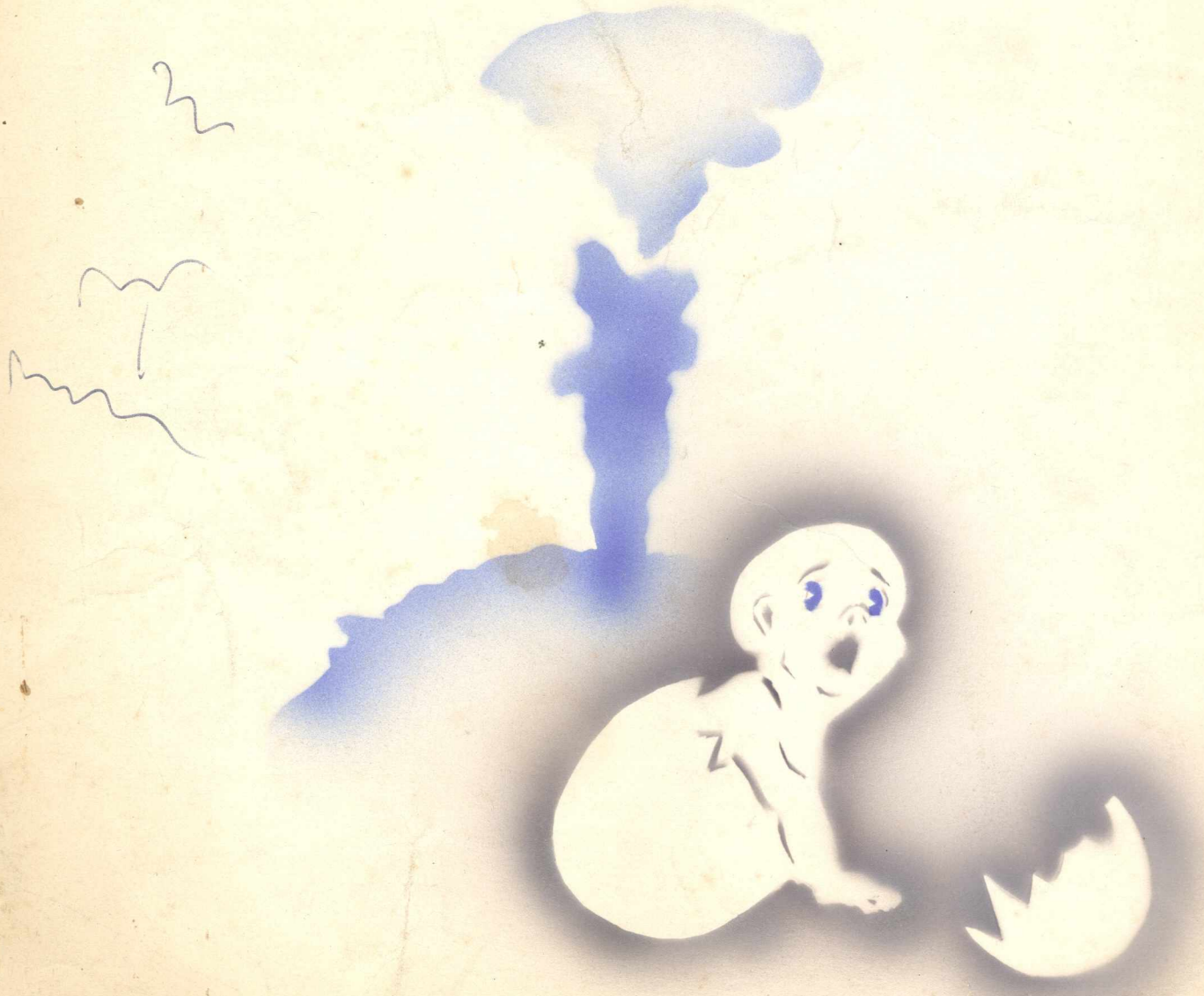
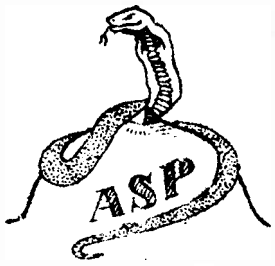
EN GARDE



EN GARDE! A FAPA PUBLICATION WHOLE NUMBER XVII.



Evoked With Endless Elan
By AL (ardent) ASHLEY of
643 South Bixel Street,
Los Angeles 14, California.

APRIL 1946 MAILING.

SPECIAL FOURTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

YE TRUTHFULLE TALLYE

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THE MAD SCIENTIST FAILS AGAIN

(A Short Resume)

By Dale Hart

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CHAPTER ONE

Mad scientist irritates protoplasm with toe of his shoe. Protoplasm belongs to reporter; he is irritated. Reporter belongs to beautiful girl; she is irritated. Beautiful girl belongs to scientist; he is irrit---say, I've already said that he is mad.

CHAPTER TWO

Scientist's daughter gets good and sore. Threatens to tell everything if reporter isn't apologized to and installed on the sofa with her. Scientist gets damn good and sore. Refuses to apologize. Reporter comes back in at this juncture. Out he flies, again.

CHAPTER THREE

Girl tells everything. G-men lock scientist up. He protests that he had no such plans. G-men scoff. They're wise. Aren't his kind always planning to conquer the world or something? Open-and-shut case.

CHAPTER FOUR

Whee! The world is saved. He gets her. She gets him. Scientist gets it.

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".....with jaundiced eye"

****

FALLING PETALS: I liked this much better than most of your recent offerings, Larry. But what I would like best is to see a return to something like some of the old Golden Atoms.

B. T.: Having perused their words, I suppose I really MUST remember them, but the hardest to forget is the "Unfunny Last Laff". Ha!

a: The Time Travel Tale was really a masterful analysis. It particularly interested me because time travel has always struck me as one of the most interesting stf concepts. For goshsakes give us more on some of the other phases of time travel.

PHANTAGRAPH (June 45): Interesting.

PHANTAGRAPH (Jul-Aug 45): "Invitation" seems to make the prospect of consuming the Portugee sound appetizing---in a nauseating sorta way. "He who would be all things to all men will be nothing to anybody" might be considered with profit by many I've known.

PHANTAGRAPH (Sep 45): That's one viewpoint.

PHANTAGRAPH (Oct 45): The comment at the end no doubt expresses a comforting philosophy. On the other hand, maybe it is the nature of things that the doomsayers must sometime have their day---and who can say when that day will be? Are Wells' recent views simply what might be expected in the way of reaction from a moribund Utopian? Or has his more extensive thought on the future of man led him inevitably to such a gloomy conclusion?

BROWSING: "Leeds Scenario" muchly enjoyed. Book stuff interesting, informative, and appreciated as usual. Willmorth has told me many nice things about you and your collection. Wish I could meet you some day.

TIMEBINDER: I'm inclined to be in sympathy with Widner's ideas as expressed in The Philosophy Of The Dilettante. Chauvenet's lengthy exposition was much enjoyed. He really seems to have given more than usual thought to such matters, and presents some views quite new to me. His article is definitely thought-provoking and worthy of a great deal of consideration. The cover, aside from the drawing, could draw forth considerable comment, but, for once, I shall manfully refrain.

TALE OF THE 'EVANS: So you do a little "sounding off". And right back at you comes an echo. To you, and any others who may share your feelings on the matter, it would be well to point out that a little of that "deep thinking" is indicated before considering the

making of such statements. You admit that circumstances justified the lateness of the Secretary's report. Then you charge that that was no excuse for not sending the mailing out on time anyhow, and printing the report in a later FA. Could some touch of personal animosity have blinded you to the obvious fact that without the Secretary's report the Official Editor had no valid mailing list? When there is a fixed number of bundles to distribute, and when the membership may change by six to a dozen members from one mailing to another, the Official Editor could scarcely be justified in distributing the mailings according to an old list. Dissipating part of the mailings to members no longer entitled to them, and thus robbing new members who were, hardly falls within the proper duties of an OE, impatience with delayed distribution notwithstanding.

INSPIRATION: Hello, Civilian! Can't entirely agree with your tendency to deplore fandom as separated somewhat from stf and fantasy. I shall always enjoy good stf, but that enjoyment is quite distinct from my appreciation of what fandom has to offer. Especially for one whose interests cover a wide variety of things, any effort to plunge into such things in the world at large necessitates considerable specialization. Writing, art, publishing, politics, are all fields where a fan might make a successful effort to excel in the macrocosm, but usually it means selecting one of them and forgetting one's interest in the others. In fandom, on the other hand, one may explore the possibilities and depths of one's interest in any or all of things, and more, without devoting more than a fair portion of one's spare time and a comparitively small sum of one's cash. Going to the extreme of devoting nearly all one's time and effort to fan activity naturally smacks of sheer escapism. I too, would deplore that. But as a major spare time activity, I believe the microcosm can teach one a great deal, and is far more worthwhile than the majority of generally accepted spare time occupations.

HORIZONS: I share your hopes, Harry, that Art may come to change his mind about completely dropping Yhos. It is easy to understand how onerous the chore of publishing can become. It is also easy to grasp how one might be driven to work out a chain of reasoning to justify quitting the chore. But is the latter necessary? If the chore becomes too great for some individual, the only thing for him may be to simply quit. But isn't it rather a poor question for generalization? Personally, I still find enough angles of interest in publishing to warrant the effort. I genuinely hope Art reconsiders. "Lebensraum" is probably common to the experience of most fans. At present, I have 2 small cabinets; a 2-drawer file cabinet; a desk with five drawers; and about 60 lineal feet of foot-deep shelf space. Yet I have about 80 cubic feet of books; 50 cubic feet of magazines; and 40 cubic feet of assorted stuff all still packed away in boxes it was shipped out here in, and no place to put it if I unpacked it. That's why my desk and the area around it usually manifests a fine example of the "growing pile" system of filing---which, of course, permits me to find any given item without too much trouble, providing nobody disturbs the pile. If I could once start out with a room about 12 X 20 feet and all the materials I needed to build shelves and cupboards, etc., it would

probably be three years before I was forced to consider poking a hole in the wall and building on an addition, or again resorting to the "pile" system. Lebensraum indeed. Give me the whole world, and it would only be a matter of time until I was driven to consider annexing one of the other planets!

SCIENCE-FICTION SAVANT: It is very seldom that I read fan fiction but (here's where I fool you, Laney) this issue provides a particularly unfortunate combination for me. I also care rarely for poems. Still you have a nice appearing issue this time, and there are many who enjoy both the poetry and the fiction. Dorothy Thompson surely paints a gloomy picture. Here in LA the reaction to the potentialities of the atomic bomb is divided into the gloomy and the cheerful. One group seems ever poised on the verge of hitting for the wilderness. The other sees little but the wonderful possibilities stf has always promised with the advent of atomic power. Personally, I've been unable to decide as yet which is the most valid stand.

LIGHT: "Rockets For Atlantis" was intriguing. It is always entertaining to speculate about the possible scientific state of Atlantis---provided the place ever really existed, which it probably didn't. Mail Box has some interesting letters, led off by those from Bob Bloch with their characteristic humor, and definitely including van Vogt's with the "light" it throws on his wife's and his activities in the pro field of writing. Not a bad issue.

FAN-DANGO: An amazingly well-done satire of Sus-Pro. Quoteworthy Quotes was particularly amusing, and the stick-men on the back cover really offer Speer some worthy competition. One wonders who shall be next.

ELMURMURINGS: Elmer "jamming with himself" was the high spot of a very good issue. The tone of the whole mag gives it an utterly unique flavor, but this was exceptional. Also enjoyed were the mailing comments. I wish you'd publish more regularly, Elmer. FAPA would be much richer if you did.

GLOM: Something new has been added! A scrapbook fanzine! And an interesting effort, too. "Facing 1946" struck me most. A very clever summary of the threat of the atomic bomb. You've been doing fine in FAPA lately, Acky. Keep it up.

PHANTEUR: A beautiful cover, DBT. Brazier's "Animate World" leaves me feeling slightly confused and with a notion that there are some glaring flaws in what he suggests. But I can't seem to pin them down sufficiently to properly examine them, and therefore can not make any pertinent comment. Reviews provide their usual enjoyment, yours ranking with the best. The two poems by Chan Davis prove an exception to my usual dislike for poetry. There is something about his that hits a responsive chord in me. All in all, this is a very fine issue, and I'm certainly glad to see you back, not to mention my hope that you'll stay back for awhile.

FANTASY CRITIC: At last! After all these years. There will be a lot of fans rubbing their eyes when they glimpse the long awaited Fantasy Critic, Sam. The Book reviews are excellent, but entertaining and informative as they are, there is little comment I can make. The Henderson essay was a choice bit. Apparently he's read current stf quite widely, but he still manages to miss the boat a little. Still it is a good idea to see ourselves as others see us now and then. I'll be looking for Volume I, Number II now. So will others, Sam, so don't disappoint us.

BROWSING (Summer 45): "Words Of Wisdom On The Weird" departs from the more usual custom of presenting two sides of an argument and becomes especially interesting as a result of the variety of viewpoints offered. After due consideration and comparison, I believe Aiken's comments most nearly express my views. Anyway, I found this a particularly refreshing issue of Browsing.

FULL LENGTH ARTICLES: This certainly provides an exhaustive coverage of the subject and throws considerable light on what has been generally confusing to fandom at large. While it naturally cannot be considered definitive, a lack of any further evidence capable of successfully refuting it might permit it to stand as such. At least it brings things out in the open instead of leaving them to fester in the dark.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: Fan Profiteers cartoon at bottom of page 5 was perfect. Fornch was never intended as a synonym for rosebud. If it has actually acquired that meaning, it must be due to fen jumping to conclusions. And while we're on the subject, what's the origin for the term, "nank-word"? Gardner brings out a very interesting and important point re the atom bomb that barring the less probable eventuality of destroying the whole planet, the white race now stands at the crossroads. Its future course will determine whether or not it will maintain its supremecy. Somehow I get a feeling that should strike we representatives of said race as important. "In Defense Of Homo Sapiens" mentions survival value as not being the sole criterion of worth, and suggests that we, with our artistic senses, are more entitled to the earth than a superman who lacked them. Isn't that a bit specious, and not a little irrelevant? What right have we to judge the abstract worth of superman by our own human standards? Furthermore, who shall inherit the earth is more likely to be determined by the degree of adaptibility than by abstract comparisons of worth. On the other hand, I've recently heard some very convincing arguments that homo sapiens is better fitted to survive in the present environment, and has the capacity for a great deal more adaptation. Considerable doubt was thrown on the likelihood of any probable superman-mutation acquiring characteristics of superior survival value to what homo sapiens now has, or will have when he has learned to use his potentialities to advantage. In fewer words, Superman is here now---and we're it!

FANTASY AMATEUR: A good job on this issue, and quite an improvement over the last one. Am getting a big kick out of President Stanley's sly delusions of grandeur. But let's let him enjoy his illusions---don't point out that he's just a figurehead. Heh, heh!

GUTETO (Dec): It appears the Esperanto movement continues to gain recognition.

GUTETO (Mar): Are there any comparitive figures showing just what growth has taken place in the movement as regards general acceptance?

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: Usual interesting bunch of book reviews. They certainly provide a handy guide for the book collector---especially one who gets around to reading but a small portion of the books he collects.

FAN-TODS: Gardner's appraisal of World Of Ā was really enjoyed. It ably expresses what I'd felt about the story, and is the first published approval of the tale I've seen. Fandom's generally adverse reaction to the story has puzzled and disappointed me considerably. General Theory Of Relativity was priceless. Yesterday's 10000 Years struck me as better than usual this time. You have some choice interlineations this time. You and Speer seem to run sorta neck and neck on this. But your reviews continue to be one of the best parts of an issue. They don't always inspire further comment by me, but they sure make enjoyable reading, and are one of the things I look forward to in a mailing. I'm afraid I don't quite "get" the cover.

BEYOND: The Devil's Wife wasn't a bad story, but somehow the proper climax didn't appear at the end. It struck me as a swell idea that wasn't handled in quite the right way. The writing was very smooth and easy reading, but the ending not sufficiently dramatic. Sea Call, I liked very much. One of those comparitively few poems that strike a responsive chord within me. Also rather liked the back cover.

EN GARDE (Fall): I'm afraid the account of the trip became more of an account of the flats than I'd intended.

EN GARDE (Winter): At least I'm caught up again. Having maintained the mag regularly for so long, 'twould be a shame to break the record now.

THE ___ THING: Judging by this first issue, TUT promises to become a, if not the, leading fapazine. While this might naturally be expected from two such experienced ajay members, it is something over which to glee, nevertheless. The general atmosphere of TUT is simply delightful. Remarks on the NFFF constitution were needed and welcome, and they point the way for action in a situation which has reached the point of being utterly ridiculous. Djovial Djinn was swell. If this represents the standard for the fiction the mag will feature, I can see where I shall commence reading some fan fiction. Helen, you promise to be a welcome addition to realm of fan artists. Yes, everything considered, I can see better days ahead for FAPA since Crane and Wesson have been admitted to membership. And a great many of the leading FAPA publishers will be compelled to look carefully to their laurals.

SCIENCE-FICTION: Ah, Shaw again shows signs of life. Bloch story

interesting, and a novel idea, but I'm not sure I like the way it was handled. Blish article on "life" was most interesting item in the issue. More of this sort would be welcome. It was informative, thought-provoking, yet entertainingly written. Zissman on atomic energy may be right if one takes a sufficiently long view. But it is the "rough and shocking, undemocratic, violent, and totalitarian" prospect for the immediate future that tends to bother me. I'm not going to chew my nails to the quick worrying about it, but it is an all too real possibility that shouldn't be lost sight of in an orgy of dreaming about reaching the "heights". Electronics should be helpful to those who find George O. Smith unreadable, but I wonder how many of them will avail themselves of the opportunity? Article on silk screen was good. Let's hope it encourages some efforts with this medium of reproduction. I'd have used it long ago if I hadn't got wrapped up in the airbrush method.

That seems to wind up the reviews of a very fine mailing. It represented, counting the postmailings, a better than usual degree of both quantity and quality. Here's hoping the next proves as good.

Hecoolypluckedabranchoflearningandflourisheditasawhiptosubduehiscon

DOG TALES

He was just a little puppy that had either been lost or abandoned. He'd probably been a Christmas present to someone, for he wore a collar with little bells on it, and a tag that said "wolf license". Although we live (six of us) in a five room flat of a four-flat building and obviously couldn't keep a dog, we took him in, and it was two months before we found another home for him.

But what I wanted to tell was about how smart he proved to be. He looked like a cross between a chow and a police dog, but lord knows what his heredity really was. Abby Lu got an old blanket for him to sleep on in our bedroom. It suited him fine. So well, in fact, that when he felt like sleeping in the daytime, he'd drag the blanket out to where there were people and sleep on it there. One time it caught on the leg of a table. He tugged and tugged, then stopped, cocked his head and studied it. He tried again without better success. Finally he grabbed the blanket again, walked back and around the table leg and got it loose. Was that an accident, or was it?

Then another time he wanted up on the davenport. He was too small to jump it, so he rolled that blanket of his into a ball right up next to the davenport, jumped up on it, and then onto the davenport. Somehow that looked like there was some reasoning involved.

The other day an LA paper told of a woman with a hen and a dog. The dog carried an egg out of the hen's nest and dropped it on the sidewalk. As he viewed the mess in surprise, the hen bawled hell out of him. Next day it rained and he adopted the hen's quarters for shelter, and again got bawled out. I guess it "took" that time because he was seen after that depositing an egg-sized rock in the nest. Amends?

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A. MERRITT, MASTER OF MYTHS

By A. E. van Vogt

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Time has played many dirty tricks on us human beings in the way of hiding from our eyes the truth of some long past event. It is doubtful, however, if the passage of the centuries has ever permanently concealed from us anything that is genuinely worthwhile and worth knowing. Most of the science and knowledge from the most ancient days has come down to us virtually intact. We have adequate historical records of almost every state and empire that ever existed. Certain unimportant phases of history are blurred and unreal, and there is a little too much emphasis on kings and rulers, and their concubines. But in these days of democracy we have a habit of forgetting that, at one time, people did not make history. The whim of one man or his wives, their sense of honor, or desire for power---these were the mainsprings of history. And, frankly, few of us have the time or the interest to follow the devious lifetimes of these neurotics of two thousand or more years ago.

In my own meanderings through history I have been absorbed again and again by the superstitions prevalent in various climes and ages. It was rather interesting for me, therefore, to discover that another writer in the general field of fantasy, an obscure fellow named A. Merritt, had incorporated one or more of these old superstitions into almost every story he ever wrote. I still haven't the vaguest idea where some of his mythos came from---for instance, what is the source of the creature in the METAL MONSTER? The Kraken, in LAND OF THE MIST, derives, I presume, from the steppes of Asia. Certainly, Merritt himself rooted his back history in the remoter plains either in or near Tibet (a favorite spot of his, apparently). And yet, without being sure, as I have no reference to hand, I have a persistent memory that there was a god-creature with a name very similar to the Kraken in the myths of the Toltecs, a race which some archeologists say pre-dated the Mayans in our own central America. (Some archeologists also maintain that the Toltecs never existed, which makes me feel very sorry for the Toltecs.)

Whichever is correct, the main point seems to be that there was such an individual god as the Kraken, worshipped no doubt much as Merritt described. What I am gradually getting at is this: Regardless of the amount of actual material available from history, regardless of the drabness of the available material, Merritt the genius of imagination fabricated a picture more wonderful than any of the superstitions. As a writer, I am only too keenly aware of the difficulty of applying imagination to a fact and making it come out light and airy and dazzling as well as suspensefully dramatic.

But I have pretty definite proof that Merritt not only did it again and again, but, as we all know, he did it so well that he is still the acknowledged master of fantasy.

The proof that I refer to has to do with the story CREEP, SHADOW, and its predecessor, BURN, WITCH, BURN. Most readers will recall that these stories have their roots in legends of the old Bretons. Great stone cairns. Sacrificial rocks and ceremonies. Most readers will also be aware that this is Druidism, a religion which flourished in great strength as late as the reign of the Roman Emperor Claudius. Claudius, discovering that his Gallic subjects were being seduced from the island of Britain by an evangelical, "pagan" religion, undertook the conquest of Britain, and the extermination of the creed of human sacrifice, that also in some way exacted the patriotic obedience of the worshipper. For a time the cult was so widespread that very strong measures had to be taken. One of the symbols of the religion was a ball-like "egg", possession of which was said to protect the owner from death and other misadventures. The judges of Claudius adopted the principle of sentencing to death every individual found to be secreting a facsimile of the egg upon his person. The cult of the all-protecting egg suffered a well-known malady known as unpopularity.

I am not going to go into the details of Druidism. The fact is that when you try to go into the details you quickly discover that a great mist has descended on the scene. For once history is not as clear as it might be. What for instance are the thirty (I think that's the number) steps by which neophytes become inner circle priests? One of the later steps is that the aspirant is "buried" in a sort of a hollow egg, and there between dark and dawn he must compose a brand new song, which he must sing in the morning. A few determined writers are still trying to read mysterious meanings into poems which, I strongly suspect, were composed under this very special type of duress. My own conviction is that no lengthy song created under such circumstances could possibly contain more than a grain of sense, and certainly should not be regarded as a source of information about Druidism.

From this insubstantial thread, Abraham Merritt nevertheless has spun a golden story of fantastic adventure. Out of the drab and not untypical superstitions of ignorant minds, he built a structure as exciting as life itself.

It is difficult to imagine how he conceived so many wonderful ideas from the dull religions of duller peoples. But the record of his achievements is available on many a fan's bookshelf. Not for the first time a blurred portion of primitive human history has been exhilaratingly "clarified" in a way that would have been almost impossible if the stolid, simple, illogical, thoroughly nonsensical truth had been available as a deterrent on the fine imagination of the author.

Unfortunately, all too few periods of history are so satisfactorily concealed by the mists of time.

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FAPA FROLICS

By Bob Tucker

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CONSISTENT IS THE WORD FOR AL . . .

How to successfully execute a backward flip in print and get away with it is ably demonstrated by I.Q. Ashley on page 14 of the October issue of En Garde!, as follows. Your respectful attention is called to the first and last sentences of the quotation:

"One must avoid the error of basing one's judgement of the capacity and abilities of an immortal brain upon the experiences of mere moribund mortals. After all, empirical knowledge has so often proved false. I would like to be an immortal! Nor can I find any reason why I should later regret it."

(He'll squirm out of it, of course. Moribund mortals usually do.)

YOU CAN QUOTE THAT AGAIN, BROTHER . . .

We chanced across a quoteworthy quote in the pages of literachoore which we doubt if friend Speer will see fit to use. Anyone who subscribes to the theory that ladies and gentlemen think one thing but politely (if hypocritically) say another, are invited to pass over this department. The passage is from Monsarrat's "Leave Cancelled":

"It's part of us, isn't it? To be articulate about our lovemaking, to mention the fact that a certain movement, a certain kind of caress, gave us pleasure or exhilaration. Remember how you suddenly remarked, out of nowhere: 'Very glad to have you aboard, sir!' And I said: 'Dear me, what do they teach you in the Wrens?'

"That's how we should talk, to match what our bodies did; our lovemaking was never furtive or embarassed, a pair of groping hands in the darkness and an awkward silence in the morning. If we liked something we told each other, with laughter and tenderness or further desire."

(Does anyone want to squirm out of that one?)

OF HIDES AND MEN . . .

Under the fascinating headline: "I Gloat! I Glee! Others Slobber!" in the January issue of A Tale of the 'Evans, old Tale 'Evans describes how he came by the original typescript of EE Smith's "Second-Stage Lensman" and subsequently had it "beautifully bound in

grey leather." Wonder if he really means that?

Or is it actually bound in leather? We're thinking maybe he has confused fabricoid (a trade name, we believe) or some imitation with the real leather. The latter would be rather expensive; there are any number of other book coverings in use today under a variety of fancy trade-names, but it usually boils down to buckram. Going out on a limb and admitting I know very little about the matter, I've gained the impression that all book covers, regardless of the fancy name they're sold under, are nothing more than coarse cloth treated and stiffened with preparations or dressings of one kind or another; the secret of any particular trade-name cover being the dressing they use on the cloth. Presumably this includes everything from soaking them in shellac to pouring stale beer over the cloth.

No matter what it is, it usually smells when you let a lighted cigarette burn a hole in it.

My book-binder friend, an aged gentleman who likes to boast as much as the rest of us, told me of a book he once bound in human skin for a medical practicioner. The skin came from Africa, he claimed. I never visit the bindery but what I examine his employees carefully.

(Let's skin out of this subject.)

THE GNASHING OF MOLARS . . .

Ackerman's Glom and the inserting of pictures from the Fort MacArthur Alert therein reminded me that Ackerman once ran a picture in that newspaper which was stolen from a Le Zombie cover. Stolen, because the picture was pertinent to the matter being discussed and he failed to give credit to the source of the picture. 'Twas a spaceship.

(I'm thin-skinned.)

JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER . . .

Frankly admitting that we're standing back watching the entire proceedings with something akin to diabolic glee, still, it must be said that there is something ironical about it all. The matter in reference is the Bok lithograph of that scurrilous critter, Bob Tucker, of whom it might be said is a lewd person indeed.

The whole incident reminds me of a retort Mark Reinsberg is alleged to have made to his shipmates who were riding him. Mark, you may remember, signed up with a freighter crew several years ago and made a round-trip to South America. He was cabin boy or something similar. A Jew takes a verbal thrashing wherever he goes; Mark was no exception and I understand he was the only Jew in the crew. Apparently they rode him the entire trip, Mark taking it as cheer-

fully as he could.

Finally someone called him a "Christ-killer," to which Mark is said to have retorted: "Honest, fellas, I didn't do it! I was too young!"

So Dunk cheerfully spreads to the four winds of fandom a Bok lithograph depicting a sensuous individual who published Le Zombie. And the snowball begins to roll downhill.

In all fairness to Dunk a concerted effort should be made to determine who is really responsible for this outrage. Certainly Dunk isn't: he merely distributed a lithograph prepared by a person over whom he had not the slightest control. The trail then leads us to Julius Unger who supposedly financed the lithograph: at one time the Brooklyn gentleman was preparing a series of such lithographed covers of famous fanzines in commemoration of the said famous fanzines. It was his announced intention to do a series of them, paying homage or something of the sort. Supposedly then, this particular litho was one of the series which somehow or other found itself in Dunk's hands.

Is Unger the culprit? Should he be condemned? No. Presupposing the above is correct, he merely sponsored the lithograph and had no more control over the actual subject matter than did Dunk. This in turn leads us to Bok. But Bok, in his open letter, absolves himself admirably from all blame. He was merely the artist who presented his interpretation of a character from facts and fancies supplied to him concerning the nature of the character. Had the character under discussion been a confirmed blockhead (we are given to understand), the Bok creation would have faithfully portrayed a blockhead.

But where does this strange trail lead us? Right down to the rascal himself, the man who presumably plucks rosebuds along the primrose path to hell. One may argue, and convincingly, that had not the creature under discussion been a low, immoral person unfit to fraternize with decent men, then Bok would not have made such an interpretation, and Unger would not have sponsored so degenerate a portrayal, and Dunk would not have distributed so obscene a lithograph.

Apparently that is the end of the trail: the various innocent bystanders involved have been successfully absolved, their reputations have been restored to them at the expense of another slur upon an already-proven cur (quite a minor detail), and FAPA may again hold high its collective head now that the real culprit is unmasked and exposed for the foul fiend that he is. The obvious moral of the story is that Tucker should abandon his hobby.

BUT!-----

Please note the first sentence in the above paragraph: "Apparently that is the end of the trail . . ." Aha, that slippery word:

apparently! Now it can be told: Tucker is not the slimy culprit! He is no more to blame for the shoddy parade of circumstances than are the three gentlemen absolved above. What may not have been obvious to you is that he, too, was caught in the same fateful web of circumstantial evidence as were Dunk, Unger and Bok. Seducer of upright womanhood? Not he! Gambler with feminine souls? Not he! Trafficker in white-slavery? Not he! Rosebud and sausage connoisseur? Emphatically, not he!

In the immortal words of Mark Reinsberg: "I was too young!"

Cleared of all blame in one mighty, sweeping declaration; able to breathe the sweet, clean air of upstanding manhood again, Tucker points with shame and pity to the real criminal! The inhuman monster who first began the vicious whispering campaign! The cad who scurrilously attributed to Tucker a vile, utterly false label! The fiend who takes actual pride in having introduced the term, "rosebud" into fandom!

The perpetrator of the Rooster That Wore Red Pants!

There, gentlemen, is the man responsible for the lithograph!

(It's plain to see who's been skinned!)

Epidermicallyspeakingskinisthehideoroutertegumentalsoknownascuticle

CELESTIAL COGITATIONS OF A RANDOM SORT

In the LASFS clubroom the other night, Russell Hodgkins casually and unthinkingly expressed a fear that in all likelihood he would be promptly knocking at the well-known Pearly Gates if he followed a certain course of action. Objections were quickly raised. "What," he was asked, "leads you to assume you'd arrive anywhere near the vicinity of said Gates?" In view of the well known fact that Hodgkins is an avowed atheist, a militant one to be exact, such an eventuality seemed highly improbable; at least futile. St. Pete would give one look, and cut him cold.

But is it that simple? Would an atheist even need to knock at the Pearly Gates? Disbelieving in them, they should prove no obstacle at all. Just walk right in! Still, where would he be then? Couldn't be in heaven, 'cause he doesn't believe in that either. Nor could he be in hell, for to him that too is nonexistent. Could he be off on an alternate time-track, so to speak? No, if we remember such matters correctly, heavenly inhabitants have all eternity to play around in. Time is strictly not of the essence. Apparently that rules out that. Yet having departed the earthly sphere, he must have arrived somewhere.

About all we're safe in feeling certain about, is that he'd be a gone-gosling!

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DYNAMIC FATALISM

By

Charles R. Tanner

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In the December 1944 issue of "EN GARDE", I spoke at some length on "Time and the Expanding Universe". I spoke there on the now rather common idea of time as an actual dimension in a four dimensional continuum which is our cosmos. I conceived, and found that many others had, too, of our common three dimensional universe of space as the "surface" of an expanding hyper-sphere swelling out like a bubble from a central point of creation.

Now, to abandon physics and enter the realm of speculative philosophy, I might say that I can imagine that same bubble expanding and growing into the future until, finally, the state of ultimate entropy is reached at some incredibly distant future, and all motion ceases in this cosmos. When all motion ceases, time necessarily comes to a stop---and that's the end of the universe and the utmost outside of our four dimensional continuum. Beyond that is "outside"---which doesn't much concern me. In that outside exists, probably, the Cause of this universe; and if that cause has sentience it is probably what we call God.

Let us, for the sake of illustration, concede sentience to that Cause for the moment and call it God. Obviously that God has a viewpoint superior to ours, for he sees all time from an outside vantage point; while we are limited at any particular moment to a sort of cross sectional view of the world.

Now, if this is true, then the Cause was free of the limits set by time when He, or It, created this continuum, and, therefore, the entire temporal and spatial cosmos was created "at once". "The last day of reckoning" sprang into existence as did "the first dawn of being". To God, the future is as easily perceived as the past, and <u>as immutable</u>. The idea, then, of an infinite series of "probability paths" extending into the future from every act becomes rather absurd unless we postulate a fifth or sixth dimension; and even then, it is necessary to conceive an infinite series of parallel <u>but distinct</u> continua.

But this philosophy gives us two totally different viewpoints and it is from this fact that the idea of Dynamic Fatalism is derived. We have the viewpoint which we have already discussed---the viewpoint of the external sentience---and we have the viewpoint of a sentience such as you or I, immersed in the cosmos and perceiving spatially only three of the dimensions. To a being of three

dimensions, within the cosmos, the future is uncertain, the past is known only through an imperfect mechanism known as memory, and even the present impresses itself upon him meagerly through his five limited senses.

Yet this limited creature fears to face the idea of fatalism, for, as soon as he conceives an immutable future, he essays to switch his viewpoint to that of the external Sentience and say that things cannot be changed, and so there's no use to try. Fatalism in the Orient has almost invariably had this effect; the Arab says "Kismet," and wraps himself in his robes and waits for whatever will come. Even though it is quite obvious that what comes will be different than what would come if he went out and got it.

Now that last sentence sounds as if I had changed my viewpoint, doesn't it? Well, I did. I changed from the viewpoint of the external sentience to that of the internal one. And, once inside the cosmos, time takes a hand and we really don't know what the future will bring. Some people do succeed in their ventures, as a result of their own efforts. This seems to indicate that the future can be changed. Actually, it means that effort---energy---has been applied to achieve a certain end. The time-lines of certain energy quanta, and of certain atoms flow toward that event. Putting it simpler, if it was foredoomed that you accomplish your aims, you'll go out and accomplish them, in spite of all fatalistic philosophies. If you are foredoomed to fail, you'll fail in spite of all the philosophies to the contrary. And a man can believe in fatalism and still be a dynamic being. Look at Napoleon and his Star of Destiny.

It so happens that many of the trends of modern physics seem to be leading toward a theory of the universe that demands fatalism as a part of its philosophy. The time will come when the average man will be forced to choose between the fatalism of oriental acquiescence and the dynamic fatalism of which I have been speaking. There can be little doubt that nations like those of the middle east will choose the first form. But Dynamic Fatalism must, and will, become the philosophy of, at least, such intellectually awake nations as the United States.

HaIcursethedynamicfatalismthateverdrivesmetopublishfanzinesandearna

HOW MUCH HYPOTHESIS ?

Aldous Huxley, TIME MUST HAVE A STOP, has this to say about the subject: "No working hypothesis means no motive for starting the research, no reason for making one experiment rather than another, no rational theory for bringing sense or order to the observed facts. Contrariwise, too much working hypothesis means finding only what you know, dogmatically, to be there and ignoring all the rest."

----- Donn Brazier.

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HEMMEL'S SCIENTIFIC SORTIES

#9 Rocky Road To Erudition

By Oxnard Hemmel F.K., H.D.

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Though all sources of wisdom or knowledge should be open and easy of access to the seeker after same, this is often not the case. When one is research-bent he knows, perhaps, where the lore may be found and who holds it, but it is here that complications can set in, for some are jealous of their wisdom and do not wish to part with it, especially if they came by it at some cost or with some difficulty. A man out of pocket is likely to be also out of sorts, I suppose.

A case in point was my recent excursion to a now well-known spot (before it was internationally known for what it was) to obtain the latest information on what was being done with atomic power. I had detected the activity there by means of one or two of my own inventions. It was my desire to learn the latest in research along that line, in order that my own experiments might not duplicate theirs or cover the same ground needlessly. It was also my intention to set them right if I found they were going off on a tangent.

Did I meet a friendly welcome, a pat on the shoulder and, "Why certainly, colleague and compatriot, here is what we have done," with a wave of the hand indicating a depreciation they did not feel? No. Nothing of the sort! I got cold, hostile glances from the very guards. I attempted to bribe them as in song and story but failed. My smooth flow of speech brought others of greater authority but comparable stupidity who also met me with lifted brows, hostile stares, and a sort of meaningless well-bred murmur of banalities. I could not even get into the place.

Skilful questioning on my part proved that these fellows did not even know the first thing about the experiments going on but were serving only as buffers between me and those who did.

Considerably annoyed and irritated at this reluctance to share the knowledge I went away and they lost incalculable time and money because of it. I confess that in spite of my rigorous self-control I sulked for a time so that my usually vigilant eyes did not at first discern that two gentlemen of nondescript appearance were following me. I parked my car near my home and walked a bit through town to regain my poise. The men still followed. I supposed they wished to apologize to me (having thought better of their selfish acts) but when I stopped to permit them to catch up, they stopped

also and feigned to window-shop. Shy, I thought, bashful about making the first advances toward amending the wrong they had done me. I continued on my way, determined to wait them out; let them speak first.

For days these men, relieved by others in three daily shifts, dogged my staps. You might say they shadowed me. I got to know them well. By sight only, of course. They worked a 48-hour week, and were always on the job, regardless of the inclemencies of the weather. I showed them a bit of life.

In the weeks that followed I always waited for them to catch up in case I lost them in a crowd. Once I bade one good morning and to my disappointment and sense of loss he was immediately replaced by a man of more somber mien for whom I never did have the affection I had for the first. He was such a nice fellow.

One evening I returned from an unsuccessful drive in the park and found my room subtly disturbed. (If the printer had italics I would ask him to use them here). I knew at once that my room had been searched---but for what? Jewels or items like that? I had a few around and fourteen or fifteen pounds of platinum that I used for this and that, and none of the things were missing. This was vexing. Who could have done it? And why? I could not imagine. Then I thought.....why, those men who are following me.....they will know.....they would have seen the intruder or intruders for they always watched the house. They could probably describe the culprits.

So I went out to where the night shift man was posted, and put the question to him. He and four others rose from the spot and took me into custody, as they said, and when we reached their headquarters I learned the identity of the organization which had been shadowing me. It is a national organization of some scope, allied in some way with the government. It is well worth an article in itself.

After considerable grilling during which I discomfited all, including the men from the research laboratories who were present, they released me. They seemed satisfied that I knew nothing whatever, for I immediately assumed the pose of a harmless eccentric.

You see what I have been illustrating. Some people will go to any lengths to withhold information instead of spreading it with a liberal hand, as I do. Some types of knowledge are even guarded. Is it any wonder, then, that I in turn, withheld the fruits of my own success in the atomic field when I completed my experiments some three weeks after the above-mentioned incident? I, what is more, perfected my devices, while they had to be satisfied with only half-results.

Next month I will give in this space instructions and blueprints for a toy you can build in your spare time in your own little workshop out of scrap. It is a toy gun that actually works.

Of course it has it's limits since I designed it as a toy. It is an atomic gun weighing approximately 12 ounces with an extreme range of 1,000 yards at which distance it will kill a rabbit, although humans who are foolish enough to get in the line of fire will also die. I expect children who use this toy to use care and judgment in handling it for it could be dangerous and therefore I request that my little friends not make this toy unless they will promise me to take good care to see that no one ever gets hurt. With its limited range it is suitable and safe for city tots, though it must not be fired at anything constructed of steel.

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THAT SMILE OF ALOOFNESS

By Donn Brazier.

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Charles Jackson wrote a book called "The Lost Weekend". It was described by some reviewers as "terrifying"; I found it too long, too repetitiously boring. The first chapter or so told all there was to say about the alcoholic hero, and the rest of the book was anti-climax; it did not make the "terror" (what in heaven's name will reviewers call terror next?) cumulative; it did not build up to any noticeable climax. But all this is in way of introduction and beside the point.

"He was delighted with this observation---it told him that his mind was working keenly, with that hyper-consciousness that lay just this side of intoxication. .....he was having a good time, enjoying his own aloofness to the scene around him. Odd how he could sit there unobserved by others; he was the only one alive in the place, the only one who saw. He smiled with tolerance at the room, and felt so remote and apart that he might have been unseen."

Does one need the stimulation of drink to feel that way? Try it cold sober in a train, at a baseball game, or a night club. Watching others, you pull your shoulders back, your head up.

Don't you?

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ARABESQUE WITH HORROR

A Tribute

By Al Ashley

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He may be found every Tuesday evening at the Gateway Playhouse, 4212 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. It is a small place seating about a hundred persons, a cozy, friendly little place of entertainment.

Forry Ackerman was the first of the local fans to discover him. Forry mentioned it at the club one night, but few of the members appeared greatly impressed. Later Forry met him, told him of the fantasy club, and finally showed up with tickets which would admit two for the price of one. A theater party was soon arranged for the following Tuesday.

I passed up the opportunity. Having heard the entertainment consisted solely of one chap sitting on the stage and telling stories of fantastic nature, I refused to become interested. "This business of someone telling me stories," I announced, "is something I outgrew when I ceased to be a child." I would have none of it.

But many of the fans attended---and were captivated. They met him and his wife after the show, and went out for coffee with them. Both had promised, furthermore, to be present at the next club meeting.

Theodore Gottlieb and his charming wife, Lisa, showed up as they had promised, and after the club meeting came over to Clanshack for the rest of the evening. They proved to be interesting and interested, and an all around wonderful couple. All of which led me to attend the next show.

"My name---right now, is THEODORE" he commences. He is dressed completely in black, and black drapes serve as backdrop. A single spotlight placed some dozen feet in front of him provides the only illumination, and the bulk of its light is swallowed up in the black background. Only his striking, mobile face, and expressive hands stand out and provide the center of attention.

Theodore tells first of his childhood; of his father's "oleus canis" manufactury, and his mother's studio for disposal of unwanted babes---and how they finally combined them; and of the strangely hostile attitude of the local gendarmerie. His program concludes with a story from Strange Tales magazine in a rendition utterly chilling. Taking full advantage of a combination of over-statement and understatement and his own bizarre personality, THEODORE weaves a unique spell of weird fantasy and diabolical humor that is never to be forgotten.

EXPOSÉ!

TRUTH REARS FROM PAST TO CONFOUND TUCKER!

CONFRONTED, NUMBER ONE FAN FACE FALLS FLAT ON IT!

"OLIVER KING SMITH CO., Fight-A-Feud Service. Are you bored with fandom? Has the fan world become too safe and secure for your enemies? Are you bogged down in a war of words? .....Disruptions of friendships a specialty!"

"OLIVER KING SMITH GHOST WRITING AGENCY, Suicides Our Specialty. Are you tired of fandom? Want to"break clean"? Assorted "last letters" mailed, and collections disposed of at a profit. Bridges burned free of charge.....We carry in stock a complete line of dummy fans to be hurled over cliffs and tossed into swirling waters. .....We can engineer almost any coup de grace in fandom for you."

"OLIVER KING SMITH CO., Home Study By Mail. We talked with the Holy Klono. (Yes we did, Actually and Literally!) And as a result of that talk a great power came into our life.....Lend us 15 minutes a day and we'll make a new fan of you.....The world is your oyster, you have but to pry it open. Let us furnish the ice pick.. ...What are the weird mysteries of Mu, Atlantis and Missouri? You too can soar after reading our new sealed book, 'How to be Happy with Dandruff'."

"OLIVER KING SMITH CO., 'We Also Walk Fans'. Do you want the next fan convention in your home town?? Do you crave Money, Glory, Everlasting Popularity, Fun, Prestige?.....For a $10 down payment, we: Get popular endorsement; swing public opinion.....Crush opposition .....Insure a record attendance.....Tie up all loose ends, such as auditing a net loss into your books, concealing a net profit into your pockets.....Make a martyr of you until your final monthly payment."

Do you remember the above advertisements which appeared on back covers of Bob Tucker's LE ZOMBIE magazine?

Do you remember the "Singleton Hoax" and the letters announcing his suicide, signed by Oliver King Smith, which name was loudly termed "an obvious pseudonym"?

Well, whom do you suppose walked into the LASFS clubroom the

other evening---OLIVER KING SMITH! In person! Even after he had insisted on passing around his driver's license to allay any doubts as to his identity, there was considerable speculation over whether Smith or Tucker was a figment of the other's imagination. Such was the intolerable situation that Smith encountered, all unsuspecting. But let's let Oliver King Smith speak of the matter in his own words:

"A TESTIMONIAL (!?)

"Let the Oliver King Smith Company provide you with an interesting past! Would you like to walk in on a fan meeting and be a Famous Character? Do you crave publicity? The Oliver King Smith Co., (Assorted Services) will get you full page spreads in fanrags. Look what it did for me!

"I January 1941 I was handy and cooperative when Earl Singleton decided to retire from fandom with a bang. Earl was spending every evening on fan activity. Finally he began to get fed-up. The combination of studies and fan publishing became too much. He had already obtained his Master's Degree, and was taking post graduate study under a scholarship. Then came news of the Boskone. That was the last straw! He determined to quit both his studies and his fan activity. But---Earl Singleton was a man to do things flamboyantly. He quit his scholarship cold, even though it meant paying several hundred dollars for the one term of it he had taken. He wrote a suicide note, ghosted letters for me, and we worked out a plan for the hoax.

"It seemed like a good idea at the time, and neither of us realized how deeply news of his 'death' would affect some fans. The hoax went well until Earl was well away from Boston. Then someone---Chauvenet, I think---had the bright idea of inquiring of MIT about the 'suicide' in its dormitory.

"Let us pass lightly over my interview with the housemaster. Three minutes after that session, the founder of the Oliver King Smith Co., retired. The company's first ghost writer was sticking to his suicide, so the company couldn't take any more contracts, anyway.

"Then Bob Tucker took over. For five years I relaxed in the Army. Fans were working day and night to keep their names in the mags. I became famous without setting hand to typewriter. Other fans read about each other's pasts; finding out about my own entertains (?) me.

"Still it's a little disconcerting to have one's own personal name so blithely bruited about, and brazenly classed as 'an obvious pseudonym'. Also, I might humbly mention that in the future, I would appreciate receiving copies of whatever fanrags find it necessary to take my name in vain!"

Oliver K. Smith.

FORGOTTEN FANTASIES

GUEST EDITED

By Norman F. Stanley

A POOR PROSPECT FOR THE YEAR 1900

The Boston Journal Of Chemistry lately gave us a glowing account of the wonders which were to be brought to light ere the year 1900 shall appear as the date of our letters and periodicals. All our old systems of lighting, heating, and producing power are to be modified, or superseded by different and far superior methods. And yet, in a recent number, the editor gravely tells us that "there is not, nor can there be, any oil or liquid substance devised, suited to household illumination, which is cheaper, safer, or better than well manufactured kerosene of legal standard." The italics are his own.

This is from The Manufacturer And Builder, circa 1870. I dunno the exact date, as there's a scrapbooklipping. TM&B had any number of such interesting items. There was a good one on "The New Metal Hydrogenium", which predicted that hydrogen when liquefied would be metallic in appearance, like mercury. This was a popular notion during the last century, before the liquefaction of hydrogen had been accomplished, by association, of course, with the fact that hydrogen behaved something like a metal in its chemical properties. We know now that liquid and solid hydrogen are quite nonmetallic in physical appearance.

Ah, here's one that sounds interesting. Manufacturer and Builder for May 1869, describes the original Reis telephone, the pre-Bell gadget which could transmit musical tones, but not articulate speech:

"One of the most remarkable recent inventions connected with telegraphy is the telephone, an instrument which transmits directly

the pitch of a sound by means of a telegraph-wire---either an air-wire or submarine cable; so that, for instance, when the operator at one end of the wire sings or plays on an instrument any tune, as Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia, it will be heard and distinguished plainly at the other end. This invention may, in its present state, have no direct practical application, but be a mere scientific, although highly interesting curiosity; but who can say that it does not contain the germ of a new method of working the telegraph, or some other useful practical purpose?"

Egad, what balderdash!

Immediately following this item was:

PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN FOR THE HAIR

"This substance forms a colorless liquid, and is at present sold in this city as a preparation for the hair, which, upon application ((that's <u>most</u> essential! ---nfs)), it turns a considerably lighter color."

Which proves maybe that the preferences of gentlemen haven't changed much over the years.

On the other hand, the following innovation just never seemed to catch on:

"---good material for gas-making are the excrements of men and animals; and they have recently been used in India for that purpose under the patronage of the English government. The idea is not new, however, as in 1686 Dalvesius, in Paris, made illuminating gas from night-soil and dung. A better material still for gas-making are dead animals, dogs, cats, rats, etc., which are now lost to a great extent, and besides contaminate the air with foul odors if not disposed of in a proper manner. It has even been proposed lately to do away with potters-fields, and bury the bodies of the unknown poor, dying in our large hospitals, in the gas retorts of our city gas-works, where by applying the usual heat, each corpse would produce from 1,000 to 2,000 cubic feet of gas, worth from $3 to $6, while the distillation produces ammoniacal liquors and the remnant is a coke part of which is an excellent deodorizer, and all of which is an excellent fuel. There is nothing repulsive in the burning of the dead in place of planting them in the ground. It is well known that the ancients always burned their dead and preserved the ashes in urns; while the custom still prevails in Hindoostan and several other countries, only the method here proposed is more refined, and worthy of the utilitarian civilization of this country in the nineteenth century. No doubt that many individuals who die in our prisons and hospitals would be made more useful after their death by illuminating our streets than they had been before during their whole lives."

En Garde Comic Section

MALE CALL by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" COLD DRESSING

MALE CALL by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" PHYSI-OH-THERA-BEAUT-ICS

THE WOLF by Sansone

"Er—are you sure it's Miss D'Arcy?"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"A simple 'hello' will do!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"I guess he can't stand shots. This is the third time he passed out!"

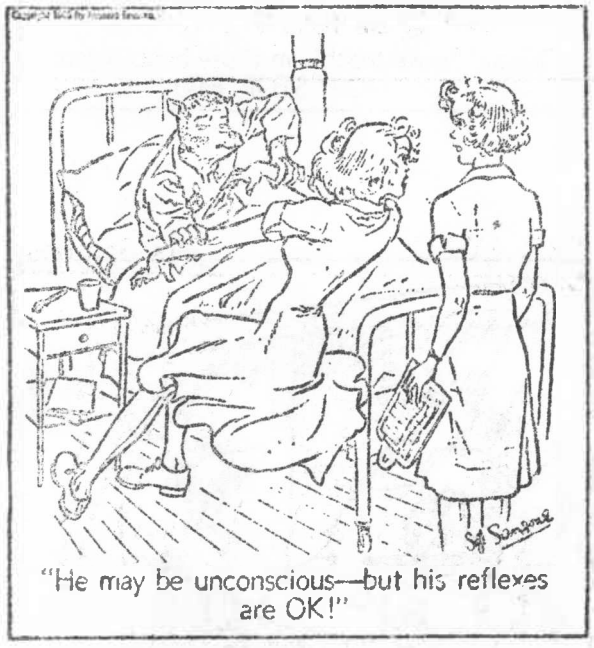
THE WOLF by Sansone

"Unless the rules have changed, he plays a pretty rough game of checkers!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"You would ask for a match!"

THE WOLF by Sansone



"He may be unconscious—but his reflexes are OK!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"Oh! I forgot to tell you—my sister was a guerrilla!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

'He's tryin' to forget a woman—me!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"Why, yes! As a matter of fact
I AM rather busy!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"Okay! So we teach 'em t' use bubble gum.
. . . NOW STOP 'EM!"

THE WOLF by Sansone

"PARIS-SHMARIS! Who d'ya think you are
—Charles Boyer?"

"Any seconds on cheese?"

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ANOTHER AMERICAN INSTITUTION

Some Remarks On Educational Systems

By Fran Laney

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Editor's Foreword: This is the first of a series of articles to appear in En Garde dealing with a very sad sack situation---our modern educational system. The first part considers existing methods. Future articles will take up an analysis of needs, and an attempt to suggest changes which offer greater possibility of filling those needs. Needless to say, copious comment will be welcomed.

Part I.

UNIVERSITY LIFE FROM THE INSIDE

Whenever I see intelligent people bemoaning their lack of a college education, and when I see so many of my friends making great sacrifices to attend a self-termed institution of higher learning, I often wonder if these people realise what a pious fraud our universities and colleges constitute. In certain lines of work, a university degree is of course a prerequisite, and persons who are attending college solely to get that degree and without thought of becoming truly educated have my sympathy. It is indeed tough to have picked on a line of work which requires four years or more of time wasting in order to procure that hypocritical piece of vellum which will at last enable its owner to start learning his life work. The lawyer, the doctor, the scientist, or the engineer is a compulsary victim of enthroned fuddy-duddyness and glorified inefficiency. But the person who is sincerely interested in acquiring a so-called liberal education, the person with a thirst for knowledge apart from the demands of his future profession, is more likely than not to find that post-high-school formal education will carry him in any direction besides that which he seeks.

My father was a university professor. From 1920 until his death in 1938, he was head of the department of geology at the University of _____. I lived at home until about three months after my own graduation from Blank in 1935. So for a full fifteen years, I had a very full opportunity to observe what went on behind the scenes at this medium sized college. Practically all our family friends were also members of the faculty, and if any major or minor

piece of faculty chicanry went on during those fifteen years that I didn't hear, or overhear all about from most of the parties concerned, I'll be bitterly disappointed to learn about it now. The earful I got as it was sufficed not only to give me an attitude towards the whole mess which went far towards nullifying any slight good I might otherwise have gotten from my college course, but has left me permanently soured on the whole subject.

Of course, Blank is definitely a second rate school. Subnormal salaries and budgets through the years have resulted in the accumulation of a larger percentage of faculty incompetants than would be the case at an institution such as Stanford. On the other hand, I have discussed the matter with enough former students of other institutions to convince me that Blank differs from other colleges and universities only in degree---not in kind.

Fandom is often criticised as being a microcosmos, too narrow and engrossing, and too much out of touch with mundane life and activity. The poseurs, the seekers of ego gratification, the nonentities who seek a small puddle for their royal frogships, the feudists, even the handful of sexual perverts---all these may be found on a university faculty, and in about the same proportions that they are to be found in fandom. And if the barriers that make fandom a microcosmos can be likened to an amnion, then the similar barriers surrounding a faculty can be compared to nothing thinner or softer than the armor on a battleship.

It is not at all unusual for university department heads to indulge in such violent feuds with each other that they become---literally---not on speaking terms. The handful of competent men seldom trouble to hide their scorn for the poseurs and the nonentities, and vice versa. The ill feelings are fanned by the constant scramble for funds and equipment, and by the utterly unbelievable proselyting activities conducted by faculty members during registration time. (Since departmental budgets are largely governed by enrollment, each additional student means money in the department. I have known of a number of cases where naive students have had their college careers ruined through ill-advised enrollments into which they were high-pressured by supposedly honorable PhD's.)

I seriously question if the percentage of genuinely maladjusted fans is any higher (if, indeed, as high) than that among the Blank faculty at the time I was familiar with it. And I definitely have met no fan who was as near the ragged edge as were two or three of these individuals. I recall an elderly woman (who taught language or history or something else in Letters & Sciences) whose insanity was a common subject of conversation among her fellow faculty members, but who was well ensconced under so-called academic tenure (a cunning device which requires an act of the state legislature to discharge a full professor). And there was the supposedly male head of another department who "went steady" with the really beautiful girl who was an instructor under "him". Lesbian love is not confined to Hollywood. Another interesting specimen was the bellowing,

blustering, Prussian chemistry professor--one of the most noxious specimens of over-compensated inferiority complex that I have ever seen. The head of another science department, though married and responsible for a moron (I speak literally) adopted son, was so swishy that I question if he'd be allowed to pace the corner of Hollywood and Vine...he'd make the average fairy appear to be a paragon of masculinity. More amusing was the fat old man in the English department who entertained a semi-conscious delusion that he was a reincarnation of Dr. Samuel Johnson; his aping of the Johnsonian traits preserved for us by Boswell was accurate, hilarious, and not a little pathetic. (In justice to this last named character, I should add that he was not at all incompetent in many respects, and that I always did like him despite his foibles.) I could cite other examples, but I believe I've given enough to show which way the wind blows.

Mere psychological maladjustment, of course, does not necessarily make it impossible for a person to do a satisfactory job in his profession, for an instructor to conduct a worthwhile class. When there is any appreciable number of seriously maladjusted persons in a group, however, it is extremely difficult for those associating with them to avoid losing much of the benefits that might otherwise be obtained. This is particularly true in the case of impressionable young people, especially so when they are depending on these same maladjusted individuals for much of their own guidance. The presence of such characters on a faculty also has the unhappy effect of making the tougher minded students develop an attitude of contempt towards the individuals in question, towards the subjects which they teach, and in many cases towards the entire idea of a liberal education.

When the psychological maladjustment on the part of so many faculty members is coupled with such an astounding proportion of downright incompetancy of one form or another it makes one question the value of higher education altogether. A Ph.D. degree does not make its bearer educated or intelligent, even though it be from Harvard, or Yale, or Heidelberg. Around Blank at least, the cultured, educated man is an extreme rarity; and the competant specialist who knows his own subject thoroughly though he is a complete dolt otherwise, is scarcely more common.

The typical Blank professor at the time I was familiar with the place was a man in his late forty's or early fifty's. He held a Ph.D. degree from a reputable University, and had taught most of his post-college life. He had not, as a rule, made especially brilliant marks for himself, either in school or in academic or scholastic life. He had done one bit of relatively minor research or scholastic work for his Ph. D. thesis, and had to all intents and purposes left his chosen field at that point. Undoubtedly he had the University library subscribe to the current literature in his field, and often he had his office (and less frequently his home) filled with such material. It is possible that some of them actually read the stuff, though with most it was no more than a

facade. He was a man unsure of himself, who compensated in a veriety of ways--the most common being the development of a personality quirk like the man who thought he was Samuel Johnson, or else through identification with the students (fraternity activities, fooling around the football field as a "fan", and such things). His chief interests in life were usually his lodge membership (most often in either a Masonic order or in the Knights of Columbus), his activity in local business men's groups such as the Kiwanis, and his garden or golfing or both. The professor who led as intellectual a life as is led by the average FAPA member was a definite rarity.

The associate professors and instructors were cut from the same bolt of cloth, the only difference being that they weren't as old, and didn't have as many degrees. The deans, as a rule, were men picked for their executive ability, and probably had as much talent along that line as is possessed by most lead men in most machine shops. They had as a rule even less scholastic and cultural attainments than the professors, since they were less frequently compelled to go through the motions of teaching a class.

Even had the faculty been competant, the curriculum at Blank was largely a waste of time, and the inability of most instructors did not improve matters at all. Though the University requires certain high school subjects as prerequisites (so many units of physics, so many of chemistry, so many of language, and so on) I did not take a single beginning course which did not spend from nine weeks to a year duplicating material that I had had in high school, provided it was a subject I had taken in high school at all. The high school graduate might as well have spent his time reading WEIRD TALES, since he was forced to duplicate his high school course at college before getting into college subjects. I'd estimate that 20% of my class time at Blank was spent in unnecessary duplications of one kind or another.

After the would-be student get into actual college work, he usually finds himself actively hampered by the faculty, and very seldon helped by any of them. In four long godawful years, I did not have a single semester in which I did not have at least one (and more often two or three) lecture courses in which the instructor confined himself either to reading directly out of our text or to delivering an inept paraphrase of it. Since I learned how to read when I was five years old, I might just as well have stayed home. Scarcely any of the elementary science laboratories seemed designed to give the students a workable layman's knowledge of the field in question. As a rule the emphasis seemed to be on making laboratory technicians---which of course is correct procedure if the subject is one which the student intends to take up deeply, but certainly is not applicable to one who will never in his life do laboratory work. The language classes seemed aimed largely at teaching stupid conversational phrases and dubious grammer, instead of giving the student a passable ability at reading, which would be a real tool for most of them.

Many instructors had their own individual ways of avoidance. I recall the head of the psychology department, whose elementary course I entered with such anticipation and interest. He spent most of his time talking about Blank's football and basketball teams, past and present; while I learned a whole lot about them, what little psych I learned I dug for myself. He was much too busy telling us of days when Blank's brawny stalwarts were not in the cellar of the Conference to be bothered with psychology. A physics instructor, under whom I sat passively and disgustedly for an entire year, was willing enough to talk about physics, but had a passion for making the students figure things out for themselves. This of course is fine, except that he not only would refuse the explanations that were needed, but would befog the issue with extraneous pieces of campus gossip. A subject like physics is tough titty at the best, but when you get a bunch of crap instead of the hints and help you need to reason it out, the value of the course quickly approaches zero.

The professional education courses (covering such things as the technique of teaching) were sheerly tripe. Based on a profound fallacy (that it is more important to know <u>how</u> to teach than it is to know the <u>subject you are teaching</u>) these courses served only to give employment to certain faculty members. The only one of them which was of the remotest value was the actual practice teaching, which did give the student considerable experience standing on his own two feet and trying to conduct a class. The others were of so little moment that I actually cannot remember enough about them to construct a criticism on them! About all I can remember is the unpleasant voice of one of the instructors, who sounded like a sonambulist with a mouthful of mouldy bran, and the utterly shameless way in which most education students cheated in examinations, even under the eye of their professors. When one became familiar with the complete absence of standards of any sort in the school of education, he no longer had difficulty in understanding why his high school teachers were such sorry specimens.

One of the chief drawbacks of the Blank and, I presume, other curricula is their rigidity and unyieldingness. The student has to have so many units of this, so many units of that. The result is that he spends the bulk of his time taking required subjects, and has very little opportunity to use the facilities of the University to give himself a broad cultural foundation. This is particularly true of the science and engineering divisions of the school. There seem to be few if any available orientation courses, or discussion seminars for non-specialized students. The result is that quite often when the student has managed to twist his schedule around so as to fit in an elective subject for his own enjoyment, he finds that the course has certain prerequisites which limit it to specialized students in that particular field. If he is able to pull wires to get into the course anyway, he often finds that it is not slanted for the layman in that subject, and that his lack of prerequisites prevents his getting anything out of the course whatever A case in point is a course in photographic technique which was

taught by the head of the zoology department pretty much as a hobby. Since this gentleman was one of my best personal friends at the time, I got into the course, and promptly found that it was far over my head, since the lecture portion of it required much more chemistry than I had had. (It dealt quite largely with the underlying theories of photography.) It was an excellent course, but it simply wasn't the right kind of course for me to take. What I needed, and what no doubt would have been highly popular as an elective, was a simple course in photography which would have been designed solely to give a layman the ability to set up and operate a home dark room, to judge photographic equipment and materials, and to get the most out of what cameras and lenses he was able to get for himself. A hobby course, in other words.

The arrant time-wasting which went on in the University would not be believed by the man who has not gone to college. Few students have any appreciable amount of idle time, but at least two-thirds of their hours are completely wasted. Many entire college courses as taught, are a complete waste of time--through the incompetance of the instructor, the lack of suitable equipment, the uselessness of the subject in question (cf. most of the professional education classes), the requirement of vast quantities of non-essential laboratory or written work of questionable value, or a combination of various of these factors. The chief object of so many of the instructors seemed to be to take the maximum of time to cover the minimum of material. Most of the campus activities are of such nature as to militate actively against acquiring an education, or at best are not designed to further this aim. Fraternities, sororities, student activities generally, are all so childish and adolescent; they scarcely seem the sort of recreation that would be demanded by young adults.

Along the line of juvenility, the university's disciplinary system was conducted much the same as one would expect in a high school. The students were treated as infants, and consequently acted as such. Stupid rules about curfew hours, no smoking in certain places, no dates on certain evenings, what students could and could not have personal automobiles, what places were "off limits"....such regulations can never be thoroughly enforced, and most certainly prohibitary rulings are a poor substitute for the strength of character required for adult abnegation. As much as anything else, college irritated me constantly because I was not treated as an adult, or at least a semi-adult. (Of course, few of these rules really affected me anyway, since I lived off the campus, but I most certainly felt the attitude which underlay them.)

Blank failed, largely, to inspire any sort of respect for learning in its students. The prevailing attitude seemed to be remarkably similar to my own attitude towards work at this time--get there in the morning, do as little as possible to get by, get out at night, and forget the whole thing completely until the next day. Even students whom I knew to be deeply interested in their studies would adopt a pose, to conform to this attitude. If the University of

blank had no other flaw, the existence of this attitude would constitute sufficient grounds to say that it was a failure.

The unscrupulousness, unethicality, and downright dishonesty on the part of many faculty members was appalling. Much of it, no doubt, was not discernable to the students at large, but I certainly saw and heard of enough to rob the faculty as a whole of my respect. A noteworthy example is the professor of American history, who had written an extremely tedious, if scholarly, book entitled: JASON LEE: THE PROPHET OF THE NEW OREGON. (Jason Lee, for the benefit of the 64 members of FAPA who never heard of him, was a very minor colleague of Marcus Whitman and ??? Spaulding, two missionaries who were among the first white men to settle in the general area now included in eastern Washington and northern Idaho.) This professor had an advanced history class called, "The History of the Pacific Coast". The text for his course was, as you have probably guessed, JASON LEE: THE PROPHET OF THE NEW OREGON. What a cheap way to garner royalties! And what possible value could such a course have to someone who really wanted to get a general view of the history of the western United States? Who the hell was Jason Lee? I could also mention a faculty member who used university shops, workmen, and laboratories to develop certain machinery which he patented under his own name and which, when I last heard, was bringing him something like $12,000 per year in royalties. Nice, if you can get away with it. If I remembered all the instances of petty graft, chicanry, double-crosses and misleading deals with helpless students, misuse of state cars and other equipment of which I have heard; I could no doubt fill a hundred pages like this telling of them. Fortunately, I have forgotten much of this stuff.

I graduated with the class of 1935, receiving the degree of BS (Ed)---emphasis being placed on the first two letters. My four year scholastic average was 5.03 something, on a scale in which 6.000 was a straight A. A B average, in other words. As a thought-out procedure, I deliberately threw this education away. By sending five dollars to some state office or other I could have had a certificate showing that I was a qualified teacher of high school science. I didn't, and still don't, think that was worth 5¢, let alone $5.00. I no longer possess my University diploma---if I wished to prove I graduated I'd have to write to the registrar. I have never used the mention of this training on any job application.

Far from regretting this action, I regard it as one of the few truly intelligent planned actions of my life, a major turning point at which I said, in effect, "To hell with shams and hypocricy and stupidity. I shall lead a straight-forward life from now on, in which I shall never again yield to anything I consider to be wrong, but shall either conquer it, sidestep it, or go down fighting." I weighed my life up to that time, decided that it had been largely dross, and insofar as I could cast it from me.

The next installment will be more constructive. I have a number of ideas as to what our educational system should be, ideas which I believe you folks may enjoy picking apart and discussing. But before I could write them I had to get this other off my chest.

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MULTIPLE FUTURES: 1916 STYLE

By Donn Brazier

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It surprised me that the theory of multiple futures, not too long ago given quite a play in the prozines, was used in 1916 in Mark Twain's THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. The theory was not only well expounded and developed; it formed the foundation of a plot situation.

Satan explained to the narrator that life was simply a chain of events, each one determined by the one before it. From the first event to the last, all are in order. None can be skipped or altered except by an outside force, which does not exist. For awhile, however, Satan exists and by his machinations changes the lifes of several characters.

Satan knew what to alter in the chain of events, which domino in the tumbling chain to remove. He saw all possible futures of every individual. As he said, "To skip any one of the billion acts in Columbus' chain would have wholly changed his life. I have examined his billion possible careers, and in only one of them occurs the discovery of America."

One of the three boy characters was headed for a siege of Scarlet Fever from which he would emerge a life-long cripple in ill-health. Satan was begged to change the boy's life line. He did. That morning the boy was supposed to turn over in bed and go back to sleep when the rain blew in his open window. Satan caused him to get up and close the window; then go back to bed. Three minutes were thrown into the boy's future because of this, and some days later he met his death trying to save a girl from drowning. Death was his only better possible future, and Satan gave it to him.

In this example cited above there was also brought forward the idea that two characters knowing the other boy's future to be death by drowning (Satan had told them what would happen) would try to circumvent it. For a minute---as in all good stories---it looked like it could be done, for the boy was ordered to stay in the house by his parents as punishment for something he had done. He was with the boys, and only a few minutes remained until his appointed time. He went down to the kitchen to get his kite. Well, you know the rest. Shouts were heard from the water, and his mother sent him out to see what was the matter.

Youcan'twinit'sallbeendonebeforeeventheatomicbombrememberlemuria???

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POINTS OF VIEW

By Thomas S. Gardner

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Ordinarily when one reviews books they either like or dislike them as a whole. Sometimes they like or dislike parts of them. Now comes the unusual case when one both likes a book or books well, and also heartily dislikes them at the same time! That is truly the exception to the ordinary run of reviews. Of course, when that happens, fireworks are in order.

Recently I had the pleasure and interest in reading the two following books which should be read in the order given.

My First Two Thousand Years, The Autobiography of the Wandering Jew:
Salome, The Wandering Jewess, My First Two Thousand Years of Love. Both by George Sylvester Viereck, and Paul Eldridge, of the Gold Label Books, Inc., 1942, 1945, reprinted from the Macaulay Company, 1928, and Liveright, 1930.

From the fiction standpoint these two books are some of the most entertaining reading that I have ever read. The story of the Wandering Jew and Jewess flows through history like a river through a forest, with glimpses of the trees stranded along the banks, the same as mortal mortals must appear to an immortal! The familiar and unfamiliar characters of history live and appear in their very human lights of men and women, with all the weaknesses and strength that make up the human race. Palestine, Rome, the Barbarians, clear through until the modern age the Wandering Jew and Jewess meets them, loves, hates, kills sometimes, and in all cases experiences the thrill of contact, struggle, and even sometimes ennui in ceaseless time. The religious motifs are cleverly examined, and criticized with an eye of a person being on the spot! A slightly scoffing tone is carried through the stories in regard to religion, and they even live at various times as god and goddess to suit their fancy, or by necessity. The ever present companion of the half-man, half-ape, Kotikokura, is a straight parody on mankind himself.

The character of Cartaphilus, to use one of his names, is drawndrawn violently on a canvas of time. One receives the impression that he would have enjoyed timeless age better if he had been more of an intellectual, but his periods of intellectuality are attempts to escape boredom. In comparison Salome, the Wandering Jewess, has much more intelligence than Cartaphilus. She is in the

strange condition of having brains, and at the same time being handicapped by the cultural levels of the world in which she was forced to live. In fact she almost depicts the futility of the intellectual in any age. The introduction of Lakshmi, the immortal turtle, is sheer sarcasm of a delicious sort. The contrast of Lakshmi and man is so apparent, that man loses stature to the turtle! For good adventure of a sensuous, physical, and partly mystical nature these two books should satisfy any one. Arnold played on such a canvas, in Phra the Phoenician. (The story was cut one fourth in the Famous Fantastic reprint.) Arnold built a fighting man, simple, but one to be admired. Viereck and Eldridge wallow in pleasure, where Phra, except with the Roman lady, lived an austere life for his times. Arnold was a missionary and naturally would describe his character in such a mold. On the other hand, Van Vogt in his immortal man of the Weapon Shops makes a stronger character, a powerful integrating force in history. Van Vogt's immortal man has an intellectual outlook comparable to the best known, and utilized his immortality to direct history for the good of the human race at every point possible. Neither Van Vogt, Arnold, nor Viereck were able to capture the charm, the thrill, and the sensitive personality of Winters of Laurence Manning's immortal series, Man Who Awoke. Winters thought of himself as a spectator, but his appearance subtly altered history because of his inherent optimism, belief in mankind, and goodness of intellect. For an intellectual feast, read one after the other, Phra the Phoenician, Manning's Winters, then go back and read Viereck's books, followed by the Weapon Shop and the following three or four stories of the Empire of Van Vogt. The contrasts are startling! The canvases in each case are painted with a broad sweep, and in each case, with the same matrix of man, different viewpoints are obtained.

Now after such a build-up, one can casually ask, who is this fellow Gardner that could find anything to say against Viereck's books after such enthusiasms. Whoa, not so fast. How does one read a book? Simply for the story, then on to greener pastures, or by thinking and putting together the philosophy, ethics, and pattern of the author in a coherent picture to see what it is all about? If we read Viereck for the story alone, then it is superb for its type, but if we think about it, then we discover some things. For example, throughout there is shown a battle between the author in admiration of the characters of Cartaphilus and Salome, and his beliefs, preconceived, and which he develops in the stories. Thus a curious monomania typical of the Teutonic mind, which will be apparent from a study of the past ten years in history, is seen. A worship of primitive sex, chaotic nature, and antagonism to Christianity. Now don't get me wrong, I am not overly religious myself, nor consider Christianity any better as a religion than a dozen others, but at least I don't run away from it to submerge myself in the practically defunct nature religions of Greece, Rome, and the Norsemen. Throughout the book the worship of the nature religions is favorably compared with Christianity, etc. The nature religions satisfied mankind when he had developed an imagination and had so little to satisfy it, just as Christianity satisfies those willing to sublimate

their intellects behind a wall of non-thinking. The nature religions are often offered as a retreat from the prevailing religions by Cartaphilus. Throughout the books there is developed the underlying motif that the persecution of the Jews is justified, that all peoples feel their being different, etc. In fact all the familiar phrases of Nazism of persecution of the Jews are subtly injected, yet the author partially fights off his own ideas, in admiration of his characters! Thus he praises them indirectly as guiding forces, for good, then has Cartaphilus garner and control all the wealth of the world, and start the First World War! In fact it is subtly implied that the Wandering Jew is responsible for most of the latter day difficulties in the world.

How easy it would be for one to fall into Pro-Nazism by reading Viereck's books and allowing himself to be influenced without thinking! Thus the hypnotic spell of Hitler's Mein Kampf overcame many people, and subtle propaganda still actually rules far more than reason!

The worship of sex is quite evident. Of course anyone who was immortal in a world of mortals would develop different viewpoints on sex, and not take it too seriously. However the outstanding viewpoint of Van Vogt's immortal man, and Cartaphilus are examples of contrasting philosophies of life. Authors, even pot-boiler authors, cannot prevent casting into their work some indication of themselves. Whenever a man writes only a few books, they often are expressions of their own viewpoints in fiction.

Thus I heartily dislike the philosophy back of the books, but still enjoy them as fiction. I have discussed this with others, and they noticed the same tone tending toward the principles of Nazism, i. e., the old line that the Jew, not only the Wandering Jew, were to blame for the ills of the modern world. It is unfortunate that such propaganda should be used to interlay an otherwise good story. However if one keeps in mind the insidiousness of propaganda, then many enjoyable hours can be passed with Viereck's books.

Nowwhilehewasatitwhydidn'thereadthethirdofthetrilogyinvincibleadam?

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT

Alexander Kuprin, a Russian author, writes in a short story, "The River of Life":

"And I think that when a man passes away his consciousness is put out, but his thought still remains, trembling in its former place..... Ah, I think that nothing in the world vanishes utterly ---nothing---not only what is said, but what is thought. All our deeds and words and thoughts are little streams, trickling springs underground."

----- Donn Brazier.