

FAN

s p r i n g

1 9 4 8

"I could proceed further, but methinks I can hardly forbear to blush when I consider how the most part of men will look upon this: but yet again, I have this encouragement, not to think all these things utterly impossible, though never so much derided by the generality of men, and never so seemingly mad, foolish, and fantastic, that as the thinking them impossible cannot much improve my knowledge, so the believing them possible may, perhaps, be an occasion of taking notice of such things as another would pass by without regard as useless."

-- Robert Hooke

Number 17

V A P A

TOOS

FAN - T O D S
special reactionary issue

Number 17

c o n t e n t s

YAPA Edition

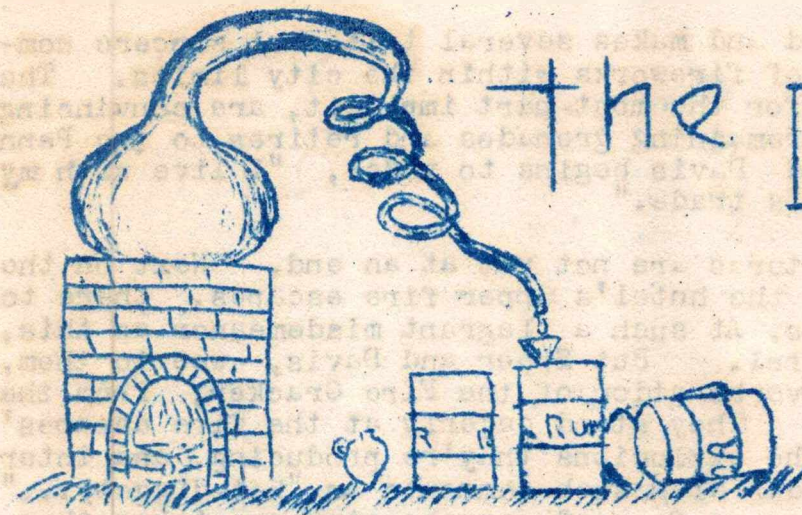
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Our cover this time is reproduced from the first issue of fan-tods.

DON'T BE FOOLED by external appearances. This isn't a mattress, it only looks like one. Actually you have here the long delayed seventeenth issue of Fan-Tods, which is also, remarkably enough, our fifth anniversary issue (every issue an anniversary issue, bgod!). Like all its forerunners, this one, too, emanates from Obsequia, 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine, where it was built by Norman Stanley, Proprietor, for circulation, if not in the mailing of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association, at least to the recipients of that noble institution.

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The DRUMS of Rumor

by chan davis

FABRICATIONS of various degrees of innocence have been circulated concerning the activities of Jack Speer and Chan Davis during the early morning of Labor Day. Ron Christensen's version results simply from that ignorance which can hamper an earnest fan journalist almost as much as lack of imagination; while the account given by Tucker and Moskowitz, dealing with advances made by Speer, Davis, and Degler upon a lone virginal Philadelphian, suffers far less from lack of imagination than from failure of ethics. The only way to still these and other current drums seems to be to give a complete and unexpurgated (well, not very) history of the actual happenings.

We start from a wee-hour boozing session in whoever-it-was's room (Hadley, I think). Small knots of twenty-odd stefnists each are gathered in various parts of the room, and discussions are raging on such topics as, "Is Science Catching Up with Science-Fiction?", "Is 'God' a Twenty-sixth-order or a Twenty-seventh-order Abstraction?", and, "What Is the Proper Last Line for 'There Was a Young Man from Pawtucket'?" The principals in our drama are wearying of this highly-organized semantic activity; Davis has had a good deal to drink, while staying up past midnight always has gone to Speer's head.

"Ah!" says Speer, interrupting the second verse of "Foggy Foggy Dew".

"Ah?" echo Ron Christensen and Al Lopez. Davis begins the verse over again.

"Ah," continues Speer, "I have just remembered the fireworks I bought in Oklahoma last year, which are now sitting in Quintessence of FooFoo's hip pocket. Don't you think--"

"Ah!" reply Christensen and Lopez with enthusiasm. Davis' comments only, "Oh now I am a bachelor, I live with my son," but several shaddups later he abandons his song, yea even his glass, to follow the others.

And several Roman candles later than that-- arrives the law, behold it! The law, or at least two of its Philly incarnations, draws up in a

squad car of Roman-candle red and makes several trite but sincere comments on the undesirability of fireworks within the city limits. The arguments put forward, though for the most part implicit, are convincing. Our little band collects its remaining grenades and retires to the Penn-Sheraton Hotel once more, and Davis begins to yodel, "I live with my son and we work at the weaver's trade."

However, the morning's adventures are not yet at an end. Next on the program is an expedition to the hotel's upper fire escapes, there to continue antisocial activities. At such a flagrant misdemeanor as this, Christensen and Lopez soon rebel. But Speer and Davis, woe to them, can't break away from the reverberation of the Fire Cracker, from the Sky Rocket's mellow swoosh. They stand eagerly at the fire escapes' rails, staring fascinated at the explosions they're producing, and intersperse the noise of black powder with such comments as "Hot diggety..." and "Whee". Whenever conscience or fear of apprehension overtakes them, they postpone the moral issue by going to a different fire escape in some other part of the building.

Woe, as I said, to them. As they are leaving their nth fire escape for their (n+1)st, they see coming up the stairs a regular old plethora of cops.

There is a point at which courage becomes foolhardiness, and the two consider that point to have been reached now. Abandoning all face-saving attempts (but not their fireworks) they streak for the back stairs. These take them one story farther down before they hear below them footsteps bearing the ring of the patrolman. No soap here; they switch to an outside staircase discovered in their fire-escape explorations. Thus down to the second floor. Shall they re-enter the hotel and scatter to their rooms? No, for the corridors are swarming with blue uniforms which presumably do not belong to seamen first class.

Speer starts to lower the fire-escape ladder to the ground; but Davis, displaying his well-known resourcefulness in emergency, restrains him. "That's too slow. Watch!" he admonishes, a trifle smugly.

Dexterously he tears the fuses from all the remaining ammunition and braids them into a firm rope. "There!" he says, and also, "Heh-heh!" The rope is tied to a rail and thrown over, and Speer and Davis shinny down. Speer then touches a match to the rope's end, sending a most inspiring burst of flame into the faces of the cops who are just now coming into sight above.

The time thus gained gives the fugitives a valuable headstart. Taking off at a pace somewhere between dogtrot and hotfoot, they beat it to 39th Street. There Speer, turning to the left, sees a squad car by the curb. Davis, turning to the right, sees a squad car by the curb. Speer, turning to the right, meets Davis turning to the left, and the resulting collision and triple-take uses up most of the criminals' initial headstart.

But, ah me! I'm not writing for Astounding now, I must be brief. To be brief, then, the city of Philadelphia turns out to have fewer convenient hiding places and more inconvenient back fences than should happen to any chase scene. The fugitives find themselves all too soon in a hopeless position. Buildings sit cheek to cheek on both sides of

them; ahead is a dead end, while behind them they hear a squad car which will soon be rounding the corner and bearing down on them. They are fumbling in their hollow heels for their cyanide capsules when--

"Come this way! Hurry!" They whirl. Across the street a weird, unearthly light streams from an open doorway, and there, beckoning to them stands a golden-haired goddess with beaten gold breastplates. (I said I wasn't writing for astounding, didn't I?)

Speer turns to Davis. "Is that one?"

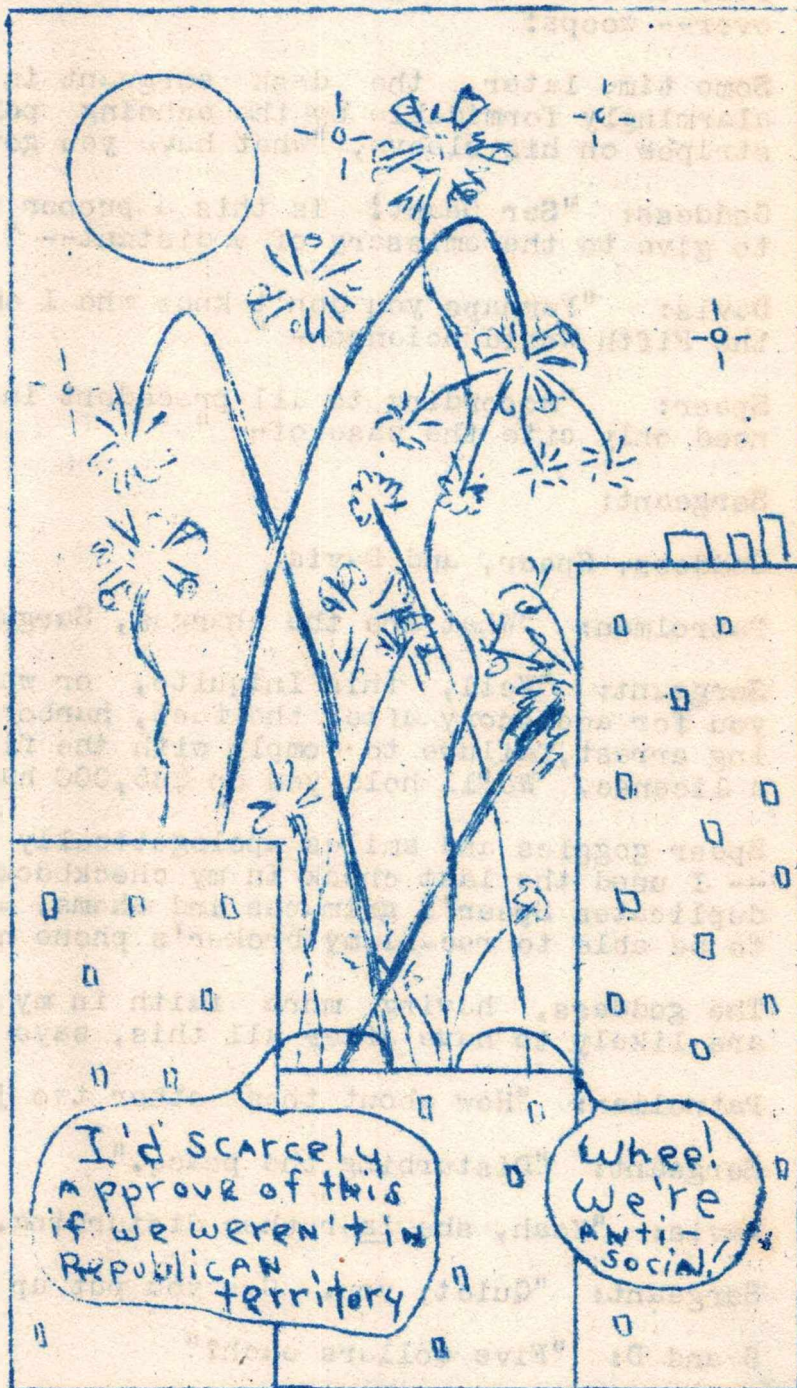
"Naw," scoffs Davis, a gleam in his eye as he drags Speer toward the door. They dart inside; the goddess slips the bolt behind them; they stand awhile in the hallway panting. (I haven't started to expurgate yet.)

(Now I have.)

Well then, the goddess's name is Nekeeta or Niquita or something, and she would like very much to hear "The Foggy Foggy Dew", which she thinks would deepen her understanding of this planet. Davis figures that if the cops still haven't got to the goddess's house, after all the time that expurgation took, the heat should be off. He begins the song.

He has reached the last verse: "And the every every time that I look into his eyes he reminds me--" when there comes a frightful clangor at the front door. "Open up! Where's the guys with the firecrackers?" says an ungrammatical and rather univill voice, and since it fails to harmonize with Davis (what could?) the three head for the cellar.

"Quick, Chan!" urges Speer with shysterical cunning. "There's just one way to escape: by means of your nucleatomic cytogechemical extralegal hyperprotean phlugheaver."



"Gad!" responds Davis in great agitation. "You say by means of my nucleatomic cytogeochemical extra--" But alas! Speer's stratagem has been the downfall of the party instead of its salvation. The time taken for Davis to pronounce the thing's name is more than he has to spare. Before he is through, the Long Arm appears; and in spite of the loss of several fingers to the goddess's gismo-rays, Long Arm wins out over-- woops!

Some time later, the desk sergeant is intoning in a voice made quite alarmingly formidable by the echoing police station walls and the stripes on his sleeve, "What have you got to say for yourselves?"

Goddess: "Ser Geant! Is this a proper reception for your civilization to give to the emissary of a distant--"

Davis: "Perhaps you don't know who I am. Yesterday I gave a talk to the Fifth World Science--"

Speer: "According to all precedent in equity and common law-- and I need only cite the case of--"

Sergeant:

Goddess, Speer, and Davis:

Patrolman: "What are the charges, Sarge?"

Sergeant: "Well, this Iniquito, or whatever your name is, we've got you for accessory after the fact, harboring criminals at large, resisting arrest, failure to comply with the fire laws, and practising without a license. We'll hold you on \$25,000 bail."

Speer goggles and smiles apologetically at the goddess. "Um, hrumpf, uh -- I used the last check in my checkbook just this afternoon." Davis duplicates Speer's grimaces and ahems, and says weakly, "I don't seem to be able to recall my broker's phone number."

The goddess, having more faith in my honesty than many of my readers are likely to have after all this, says she quite understands.

Patrolman: "How about these other two jerks?"

Sergeant: "Disturbing the peace."

Davis: "Yeah, she is rather disturbing."

Sergeant: "Quiet, you. Can you put up five dollars bail?"

S and D: "Five dollars each?"

Sergeant: "No, five dollars apiece."

Well, let's just skip the puns that were made on that. Suffice it to say that S and D made their peace (!) with the 21st District Station for the paltry sum of ten rocks, leaving Niquita to languish in a cell-block until they could get hold of their respective checkbook and broker and enable her to languish under more amusing circumstances.

"What would have been our penalty in a socialist state?" pondered Speer as the two adventurers straggle up Chestnut Street toward home.

Davis replies only, "And the many many times that I held her in my arms just to shield her from the foggy. Foggy. Dew." And his being is filled with a vast and pleasurable sense of completion.

So on to bigger and better science-fiction fandom! Speer and Davis look forward with high anticipation to sampling Toronto's jails in '48. And in the meantime, if any of you guys want to kick in to our Big Goddess Fund (goal: \$25,000), so that we can make '48 the First Worlds Convention, just send your diamonds and negotiable securities to--

Seedy

----- Taft and Reuther in '48! -----

ALICE IN EINSTEINLAND

When Albert Einstein published his famous paper, "On a Uniform Field Theory"; just nineteen years ago, its most immediate and astonishing result was the vast amount of interest it aroused in the public mind. We republish here one of the by-products of the Einstein furor, a skit published in the column entitled "By-Products" which appeared in the New York Times of 1929.

"As for this new discovery of Einstein's," said the Hatter, "suppose we postpone our discussion of it to yesterday?"

"Don't be absurd," said Alice. "You can only postpone things to the future."

"The Hatter's smile was not unkindly.

"Not if you were an electron traveling backward through infinity with the speed of light, you wouldn't," he said. "You'd pretty soon see yesterday, and then the day before yesterday, and then your last birthday, and pretty soon you'd be one day old, and so forth."

"I think she must have had a red face," said the Dormouse, speaking with an exceptional field of gravity.

"Alice came very near losing her temper.

"I wish you wouldn't try to be impudent and vulgar," she said. "I am not an electron, and I trust I have better manners than to go moving backward anywhere like a crab."

"The Hatter had by this time grown really fond of Alice, and would not have her break up the party for anything.

"Very well," he said, "I shall explain the matter to you right now; but you understand, of course, that I shall frequently have to express myself in the fourth dimension."

"And what is that?" said Alice.

"You astonish me," said the Hatter.

"Don't you remember your grammar? First dimension, I am; second dimension, Thou art; third dimension, He, she, it is; fourth dimension, Nobody always anywhere hardly ever shall have was. If I were the Prussian Academy of Science I couldn't make it any plainer."

"I think you are talking nonsense," said Alice. "Those weren't dimensions in grammar you were reciting, those were persons. First person, Second person, Third person, and that's all. Whoever heard of Fourth person?"

"The Dormouse looked up timidly.

"In the subway," he said, "I have frequently seen as many as four persons at one time."

"But Alice merely sniffed and turned her back.

"Very well," said the Hatter, "call them persons. And what would be the past tense of the second person singular, Thou?"

"Persons and things don't have tenses," said Alice, curtly.

"You think so, hey?" said the Hatter, wiping the salad bowl carefully and putting it on his head like a skull-cap. "Well, you'd pretty soon find out how many future and past tenses Thou havest if you were moving through infinity with the speed of lightning. Why, Alice, out in Betelgeuse--how old are you?"

"I shall be eleven next May," she said stiffly.

"Well, out in Betelgeuse, which is only 200,000 light-years away, do you know how old you are, right now? You are minus 199,989 years old, and you couldn't be expected to understand what happens to Thou when it passeth through a gravitational field of force and hits a pile of electro-dynamite."

----- the first Wallace kopacks were minted in 1947 -----

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT we'll give you this verse, by H. I. Phillips, which apparently was written at the time Dr. Einstein's admission to the United States was being protested by some patriotic body (just which I mercifully forget) on the grounds that the promulgator of relativity was a dangerously subversive character.

"Doctor with the
Bushy head,
Tell us that
You're not a Red.

"Say, oh please, it
Isn't true
You devour their
Kiddies, too.

"Tell us that you
Do not eat
Capitalists
On the street.

"Speak, oh speak, and
Say you're notsky
Just a bent space
Type of Trotsky!"

----- the foregoing is piously dedicated to Roger Sherman Hoar. -----

THE SPANISH FANTASY MAGAZINE

Por "Bosque" J Ackerman y Elena Vasquez

At least 49 numbers of Narraciones Terroríficas (Terror Tales) have been published in Buenos Aires, Argentina, translating fiction by Henry Kuttner, Ray Cummings, Seabury Quinn, Edmond Hamilton and many other familiar American names. 96 pages for 50 centavos, and apparently a monthly. Standard size with smooth edges. Each cover bears the warning: No debe leerse de noche. I have a hunch what that means but forgot to ask my collaborator. Pardon me while I go fone Tigrina --it's cheaper than longdistancing the bruja in Frisco...

Si, Ti confirms that the slogan reads "Don't Read at Nite!"

The earliest number I have is the 16th, featuring Oscar Cook's La Resurrección de Gilster on the cover. For this an artist named Boc Quet (or Bocquet?) has done a representative weirdrawing of a skull-faced explorer whose eyes bulge as an owl hoots behind him. On the inside this lead story is the only one to rate an illustration, a small cut of an owl. Rest of the contents include Gans T. Field's El Bosque del Diablo (The Devil's Forest), Incienso Infernal by Seabury Quinn (called "Incense of Abomination", as I recall, in Weird Tales where it originally appeared graced with a Brundage cover), La Venta de Los Gatos by GABéquer (possibly an original), Guardado by Mearle Prout, El Aviso by Gene Lyle III, and, another name I do not recall, Dagney Major, with Los Monstruos.

Next number I have is the 20th, with a helluva good pastel cover for Henry Kuttner's Hydra. Six heads, once human and inhuman, float dead and dying in a blue-lit, moon-lit pool, as a detached head hangs in the haze in the background, staring--detachedly. Manly Wade Wellman, Seabury Quinn, Edgar Allan Poe and Leslie F. Stone are the other contributors to the issue, Poe with "A Trip to the Moon", Quinn with a deGrandinarrative, La Casa del Tiempo Inmóvil (The House Where Time Stood Still).

Only 3 stories in #22, which gives the cover to Thorp McClusky for Dos Fantasmas: A ghouel regarding an uprooted cross which has been inverted and replanted on a grave, while spectres mingle with the wind in the background. A fantasticclassic is reprinted, Teófilo Gauthier's Avatar, and José Mallorquí Figuerola contributes a 41 page original, Delegado de la Muerte, which my knowledge of Esperanto suggests to me means "Death's Deputy". This issue, incidentally, was published in 1941.

#27 features Miedo (Fear) by Figuerola, a 44 page futuristic novelet of the warring world of 1982, into which enters "a new and terrible element". Part 3 of the Kelleyarn from Weird, "I Found Cleopatra" (here called "The Tomb of Cleopatra"), appears; and Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer offers Tres Fechas, James Hilton is translated with El Mazo, and Trece Barcas by Geo. J. Rawlins rounds out the issue. Of the latter the blurb says, Una luz ultraterrana guía a puerto una barca fantasmal. Selecting similar Esperanto words --Unu lumo pretertera gvidas al pordo unu barko fantazia--I believe it reasonable to guess that means A supramundane light guides to port a phantom barque.

In the last number I have (#49, June 1945) the lead story in each of the 48 preceding numbers is listed. Elena Vasquez' translation of these titles follows:

1. "Doves of Hell"
2. "The Song of the Dead"
3. "The Wolf Man"
4. "The Boot of the Vampire"
5. "The Telephone in the Library"
6. "The Face in the Wind"
7. "Carmilla"
8. "The Curse of Yig"
9. "The Earth-Monster"
10. "On the Stroke of Twelve"
11. "The Man and the Monster"
12. "The Library"
13. "The Fifth Watch"
14. "More Than One Life"
15. "Sweetheart of Torment"
16. "The Resurrection of Gilster"
17. "The Black Drama"
18. "The Portrait"
19. "Princess of Fire"
20. "Hydra"
21. "The Judge's House"
22. "Two Phantoms"
23. "Double Murder in Morgue Street" [Poe? --ns/]
24. "The Phantom in the Castle"
25. "Leonora"
26. "The Tomb of Cleopatra"
27. "Fear"
28. "The Glow-worm"*
29. "The Final Shot"
30. "The Mystery of the Last Guest"
31. "Night Attack"
32. "The Canal"
33. "Symphony of the Bad Little Ones" (Damned?)
34. "Carter's Statements" [HPL? --ns/]
35. "Dead Eyes"
36. "Vengeance of Death"
37. "Cancelled Debt"
38. "The Man Who Returned"
39. "Vengeance"
40. "Frankenstein"
41. Dracula
42. "Death of the Kraken"
43. "The Witch's Hand"
44. "The Dog Howls"
45. "The Castle of the Bankheils"
46. "The White She-Wolf of Krostopchin"
47. "The Sign" (Omen)
48. "The Murdering Dolls" (Dolls of Death?)
49. "My Bride of Death" [St. Merritt?]

*Luciernaga. "Note the ancient word for serpent," says Elena, "naga, cropping out in a modern language."

Se aparece que los pobres Argentinos no tienen mucha ficción de ciencia

~~Yesterday's 10,000 Years~~

Special Warmongering Edition.....

"Undoubtedly the worst story you have ever printed is L. Ron Hubbard's 'Final Blackout.' It is bad, not because of its style or because the plot is dull, but because of Hubbard's vicious ignorance of mass psychology and political science, his contempt for a democracy founded upon the will of the people, and his failure to take into account the historical processes of action and reaction.

"His initial premise that a devastating war has been raging for years until all Europe is in ruins is absurd. The first World War lasted but little over four years and ended because the troops of all the Continental powers were so near to mutiny that the few rulers who had not already been overthrown were afraid to order further slaughter. Three great dynasties fell--the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollerns--yet the exhaustion in November 1918 was far from being so complete as Hubbard pictures. The masses of the common people will undergo an immense amount of suffering at the hands of their masters, but a time is at last reached when the people will no longer follow those masters to death. The present European war started with a long stalemate on the Western Front because the rulers of France and England were afraid of mutiny if their drafted troops were ordered into battle, and it was not until Hitler seized the tactical advantage of attack that they accepted the peril of revolution as a lesser evil than military defeat.

"Moreover, Hubbard's depiction of the British Communist Party as stupid and corrupt is a little harsh. Stupidity and corruption do not appear to be rife in the ranks of the Russian Communist Party; on the contrary, the results of allowing the workers to decide for themselves how their industries shall be run appear in the statistics on production and distribution, on the number of students in schools and colleges, and in the advances of Soviet sciences in surgery, botany, chemistry, mathematics, physics, et cetera. This Russian Party is the only set of Communists which we have yet had a chance to observe in action and it is sheer stupidity on the author's part to ignore factual, recorded data in projecting into the future.

"The military achievements of the Communists should lead Mr. Hubbard to respect them. As is well known, the Red army smashed the Mannerheim Line in Finland--a feat pronounced impossible by all the other generals in Europe--with fewer lives lost on both sides than were lost by the British in their disastrous attempt to land at Gallipoli in the first World War. In addition, the Soviet army developed the tactics of landing invading troops from airplanes while other military experts laughed the idea down.

"However, I cannot respect either the intelligence or the characters of militarists. The trade of professional murderer is not such as to attract to its ranks the highest type of person, as is shown by the fact that military dictatorships--so lauded by Mr.

Hubbard--have invariably been characterized by a callous and brutal suppression of human rights wherever they have been put into force. Compare H. G. Wells' dictum that the world would one day be under the noble and beneficent leadership of the aviators with the wanton and unprovoked bombing of Shanghai, Canton, Ethiopia, Madrid, Warsaw by these same noble aviators.

"I hope that you print this letter, but I have my doubts; we are in times now when it takes courage to speak out against the vicious propaganda designed to drag us into a foreign war which Hubbard's story contains. His praise of militarists; his contempt for the 'rabble,' by which he means those common people who do not want war and who are willing to fight for peace, the 'rabble' mentioned by Lincoln in 'This country with its institutions belongs to the people which inhabit it'; his disregard of the power of these common people to enforce their desire for peace under our democratic constitution--all these are simply a subtle way of saying, 'War is very bad, but it is inevitable and we must therefore follow our brave officers wherever they may choose to lead us.'

"It is particularly bad that Astounding should print pro-war propaganda of this kind because most of your readers are young men of draft age who may be called upon to shed their blood in a foreign land for the defense of the British Empire. Do not forget that we shall be told that we are fighting for democracy if this country goes to war--but democracy is nothing else but the rule of Hubbard's despised rabble, while his rule of a military oligarchy is a thinly disguised fascism, in no way differing from Hitler's regime.

"If American democracy means anything, it means the rule of this so-called 'rabble.'"

Ray St. Clair -- Astounding Science-Fiction, Oct. 1940

EC: Any truth to the rumor that St. Clair was a Futurian pseudonym?

-o-

"And about the Communists in Russia, does Mr. St. Clair really and naively believe that the Russian workers have the nerve to say how the industries and other forms of human effort should be carried on? The dictatorial rule in Russia is more complete than in the Fascist countries which at least allow some of their citizens to elevate themselves by honest effort. In Russia the higher types of people are ground down to the level of the peasants who, by brute force only, rule them. The Russian rulers, realizing their incapacities to become the sort of persons in any way that the upper classes were, satisfied their inferiority complexes by degrading their betters.

"If Mr. St. Clair thinks Russia is such a wonderful, enlightened country, I suggest he go there and stay there.

"If all my plans for the next four or five years work out, I shall be a second lieutenant in the army of the United States, and I can think of no greater pleasure than to have Mr. St. Clair in a platoon under my command."

S. Murray Moore III

-- Astounding Science-Fiction, Dec. 1940

-o-

"My! my! such a passionate hatred for the army is displayed by Mr. St. Clair, and such a well of ignorance! Surely this hysteria has been brought on by expectation of being called into the army."

Donald Ward

-- Astounding Science-Fiction, Dec. 1940

EC: Well, under the circumstances who kin blame him?

-o-

"Mr. St. Clair, who wrote the lead-off letter in the ~~correspondence~~ section of the October Astounding, is obviously one of the Comrades. Hence he possesses a remarkable amount of gullibility and a peculiar type of logic. Very peculiar. A person who holds an author responsible for his characters' political beliefs possesses an uncontrolled tendency toward extrapolation. Pay no attention."

J. D. Clark -- Astounding Science-Fiction, Dec. 1940

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"Mr. St. Clair could hardly have picked a worse example to prove the prowess of the Red Army than their heroic defense of Russia against the invading hordes of Finnish capitalists. The fact that, after months of trying, with an absurdly vast preponderance of man-power, artillery, airplanes and tanks, they finally broke through the Finns' modest little strip of barbed wire and blockhouses, does not prove them mighty warriors. It proves no more than that they were not utterly hopeless. The best that can be said for them is that they were shown as better organized than the Ethiopians, better equipped than the Chinese, and braver than the Italians. The Red army did better in its brush with Chang Hsueh-liang's runaway Manchurians in 1929. But that was before it was discovered that a considerable part of its officers' corps was composed of foul traitors who believed in rapprochement with Germany, and had to be liquidated.

"The rest of Mr. St. Clair's letter, with its use of terms of high emotional content, such as 'professional murderer' for army officer, and its subtle identification of 'the common people' with peace-at-any-price isolationists, does not seem to call for reply. His allegation that Hubbard's story was pro-war propaganda was adequately answered in the blurb. It would be interesting, however, to know whether St. Clair would be as firmly non-interventionist in the event of a war between Japan and Russia.

"Finally, my spies inform me that Hubbard is not really a Fascist sympathizer. He's a kind of philosophical anarchist, with a naïve belief to the effect that the military are a superior and altruistic lot who can be trusted to set things to rights when they've been belixed up by the corrupt and craven civilians. On the fallacy of this last belief, at least, Mr. St. Clair and I can get together."

Caleb Northrup -- Astounding Science-Fiction, Dec. 1940

-o-

"This is the first time I have ever written to Brass Tacks, but this time I'm afraid Reader Ray St. Clair's letter set me off. It's about time I wrote anyhow.

"In the first place, regarding the aforementioned reader, after reading his letter I have drawn the conclusion that he is one of two things: (a) a very poor judge of science-fiction literature, or (b) a (five words censored here)."

Jon F. McLeod -- Astounding Science-Fiction, Dec. 1940

-o-

EC: Whew! Well, after all that maybe we should take a look at Hubbard's story, to see for ourselves. A look:

"The Lieutenant's voice was almost monotonous, and Frisman, feeling a decided gain, lost his earlier respect for this fellow."

-- Astounding Science-Fiction, June 1940, p. 142

-o-

"An interesting study for those who have the leisure for that sort of thing is the relation between life and literature; or, in plainer language, the effect of political and economic events upon the writing

of fiction. These effects appear in science-fiction as strongly as in any branch of literature, and, I think, to a much greater extent than in other pulp fiction.

"The events of the last few years, having punctured a large number of illusions that were at one time entertained by vast numbers of people--a disproportionately large number of them belonging to the soi-distant intelligentsia--are interesting in this respect. For certainly history would seem to have gone out of its way to confound the prophets and the philosophers. To give a simple example, consider the military prowess actually displayed by peoples involved in the current war, compared to their reputations.

"The Boskonians--pardon me, I mean Germans--turned out to be rather better than expected, and the French much worse. The Russians first did worse than anybody but the diehard anti-Communists expected in Finland, and then much better than anybody but the Communists expected against the Germans. (By the way, what has become of Mr. Ray St. Clair? We haven't heard a peep out of him.) The Japanese so far have done better than they were thought able to. The only people who have lived up to their reputation are the Italians, of whom Napoleon's Marshal Murat said: 'These Italians are all alike: put them in red coats, put them in blue coats, they run away just the same!'

"A type of science-fiction story that was common ten to five years ago was one wherein a dreadful war, instigated by bloodthirsty generals and greedy munitions makers, was averted by the young hero who either incited the innocent masses on both sides to revolt against their leaders, or by means of some superscientific trick rendered all weapons useless. The authors made plain their assumptions that (a) whenever a war occurred, the blame lay on both sides, and (b) that without the latest lethal gadgetry, men would not fight.

"Unfortunately both assumptions were as wrong as wrong could be. A little attention to history might have shown the writers what has merely been confirmed by the events of the last five years: that innocence, rectitude, and an attitude of peaceful give-and-take are no protection to a nation, and that men were fighting long before they had airplanes or capitalism. I don't recall seeing any of these stories lately; can it be that the writers have learned a lesson, if only temporarily?

"Another fallacy involved in stories of this type is that of personification of War, Armaments, et cetera. H. G. Wells furnishes an example: in the 'Outline of History,' first published in 1920, Mr. Wells carefully exposed the fallacies of nineteenth-century nationalism, with its personifications of John Bull, Germania, et cetera. Then at the end of his book he spoke hopefully of an eventual victorious war on War, thereby committing the same mistake himself. The error in such thinking was put in a neat nutshell by a character in Willey's story 'Fog': 'It doesn't shoot; men do.'

"We still seem to have a couple of similar fallacies with us; let us hope that they will likewise disappear under the impact of events. They may be described as the Galahad fallacy and the David-and-Goliath fallacy.

"The Galahad fallacy is the idea that 'my strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure.' It finds specific expression in the notion that courage and military skill are correlated with honesty, integrity, kindness and other pacific virtues. As the British put it, 'Bullies are always cowards.' Unfortunately this does not ~~seem~~ to be necessarily true. Neither is the converse true, as

many of the Nazis appear to believe. It is just that there is no correlation whatever.

"This mental climate may become a serious handicap if it leads us to continue trying to fight a virtuous and gentlemanly war. Personally I'm tired of seeing my side on the receiving end of all the more egregious treachery and frightfulness. Wouldn't it be more desirable to establish a bureau of moral obliquity in our state department, with a section of treachery and deceit, a section of fiendishness, and so on? But perhaps I had better not bear down on this idea too strongly; a conviction of moral superiority is an undoubted asset to a belligerent, whether the moral superiority itself is or not.

"The David-and-Goliath fallacy is the notion that weakness has an inherent advantage over strength, and smallness over bigness. Striking examples of such thinking are found in such recent stories as 'The Warrior Race' and 'Beyond All Weapons.' It has led one of my most intelligent and well-informed friends to spend most of the last three years explaining how, by means of some cheap and simple gadget or tactic, we can lick Adolf Schickelgruber and his eighty million Boskonians practically overnight at negligible cost in blood and money.

"It also appears in the persistent hostility of amateur military theorists to such large military units as the battleship, which during over a century has been doomed successively by the shell gun, the mine, the torpedo, the submarine, the bombing plane, and at this writing is doomed by the torpedo plane. To quote Marshal Marmont, in a letter written about 1837: '--from the day... that steamers, or even small sailing vessels, were armed with one or two [Paixans] guns--one single shot from which is sufficient to destroy the largest ship--it became absurd to construct line-of-battle ships, which not only cost one million five hundred thousand francs, but which have become useless.'

"Of course, the battleship may disappear--it disappeared once before, under the Roman Empire, but came back --or on the other hand improvements in construction, armament and tactics may make it as useful as it ever was. Some such improvements are clearly in sight now; but it'll be a few years before they are tried out, and meanwhile the airplanes will be improved, also.

"So watch what happens by all means, but don't go off the deep end with sweeping prophecies about the impending obsolescence of this or that weapon, or the imminent collapse of this or that nation, especially prophecies based on the David-and-Goliath analogy. In history, for every case where David has licked Goliath, there are dozens in which Goliath mashed David flat and chopped him into little bits before he even got his sling shot wound up. It is still true in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that you can't lick something with nothing--Mahatma Gandhi and his followers to the contrary notwithstanding. And the fewer stories that are written on the assumption that you can, the better it will be for the country in general and my digestion in particular."

Caleb Northrup -- Astounding Science-Fiction, Mar. 1942

-----"Willy Pan says we must all vote for Dewey."-----

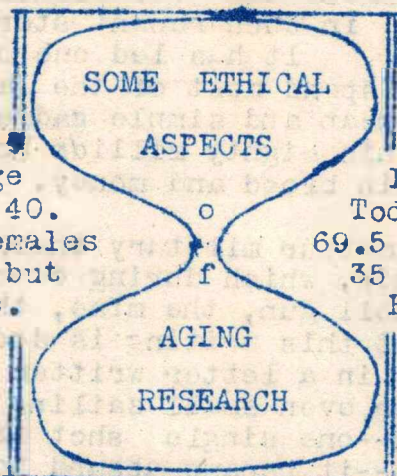
"The committee on treachery is ready to report," said Delilah, rising from her corner, where she and Lucretia Borgia had been having so animated a discussion that they had failed to observe the others crowding about Cleopatra and the papers."

--J. K. Bangs, The Pursuit of the House-boat
-cOo-

Thomas S. Gardner

EVER SINCE I began aging research several years ago I have been the target of criticism from groups and individuals who are opposed to the extension of the human life span. Well, to be quite open-minded, let us have a look at the question, "Is research to the end of prolonging human life ethically justifiable?", however obvious the answer may seem to us. First, to keep the record straight, we's better put down the objectives of aging research.

In the first place, biological evidence indicates clearly that the life span of men has not reached its optimum. The cave man averaged about 18 years, and as little as a century ago the average life span in the United States was still under 40. Today, in the United States, males average 65 years, females 69.5 years; in South America, however, the average is but 35 years, while in India it is still down to 27 years. For Europe under normal conditions the average life span runs from 45 years, in Southern Europe to about 65 in the Northern and Western countries. As a physiological mechanism, any change of aging kinetics should give a life span of about 120-150 years, with a maximum of about 200. With a change of tissue cell kinetics, as shown by tissue culture work and by analysis of immunity curves, the average life span might be about 800 years, with a probability of 25,000 (!) as the maximum /Simms, Logarithmic Increase in Mortality as a Manifestation of Aging, Jour. Gerontology, 1, 1/. At present researchers in gerontology, the biology of aging, have their eye on the first goal, extension of human life to about 120 years on the average. The final goal can be tackled on successful conclusion of the first.



Furthermore, every investigator wishes to add "more life to years, not only more years to life." To extend human life in a Struldbrugish senility of general physical and mental debility would be a horror from which every gerontologist would be repelled. Fortunately every iota of evidence so far indicates an extension of the healthful middle span, and a shortening of the final senescent period. That is the goal.

Finally, gerontologists consider that if the human intellect has any value, the use of it to extend, in a healthful manner, its own existence is surely the greatest goal. Conversely, if mind has no value, with its preservation serving only to add to the total of experienced misery, then the topsy-turvy viewpoint of Poe's Mellonta Tauta should prevail and work on agents to shorten life would seem the desideratum.

Now to get to work on the critics. Let us classify them.

We have first the type that says there are too many people in the world as it is; that people on the whole would be incapable of gaining enough from the added years to balance off the disadvantage of keeping

them on. Nevertheless these same critics generally seem to take it for granted that they're of better stuff, such as could use more time on this earth to excellent advantage; they assure me that if anything is found out they would want to use it for themselves, their families, and --of course!--their friends, but to be sure not to let it become public! I won't argue with this self-appointed elite. To hell with them!

Then there are the religious objectors. Many religious people consider it a "sin" to extend the divinely-established span of human life. Amusingly, they commonly forget that all religions teach that there was a period, legendary from the standpoint of the scientist, in which their early ancestors lived very long periods of time. They cannot, apparently, use logic to apply to themselves what they believe their ancestors at one time attained. One basis of religious objection is in sex. Most western religions consider sex a sin. When one speaks of extending human life, the uninformed critic is likely to associate the notion with the "monkey gland" fiasco of some years back and mentally envision some old satyr tripping over his beard in hot pursuit of a luscious 16-year-old. He thinks that extension of life means rejuvenation of the sexual powers alone! When informed as to what aging research really is such critics are often all for it.

Take a look at the social uplift boys! They argue thus: In most parts of the world the average life span is low, as noted above. Consequently we should not work on lengthening the life span until the average life span of all countries is lifted to our level. By essentially similar logic it would seem that since nearly all of the telephones, cars, washing machines, etc., and 98% of the penicillin, streptomycin, and the like, are produced and used in this country we should abandon further production and improvement of such items until the most backward parts of the world have come around to their use. However the social uplift set cannot see this. They buy a car as usual and go to the hospital when in need of surgical attention; I have yet to see one go to a witch doctor or use a zebu cart! These creatures are excellent examples of educated people without the ability to think. By emulation, and by example, most of the world wants to produce material goods the same as America. So with the lengthening of human life in the United States and the western part of Europe, the rest of the world's peoples will be led to accept the new geriatric and public health techniques resulting from western research and so will raise their average length of life also.

The Malthusian political economists who have never read Malthus also have their say. They speak of over-population and the evils thereof. True, overpopulation is a curse. But these critics tend to think along this one line; they quite forget that it's also quite appropriate to use their brains to correlate this idea with the other factors that have been found to influence the population picture. In every case in which the life span has gone up the birth rate has gone down. In every country wherein the life expectancy is low the birth rate is high. For example, India with its population of about 380 millions. During the last ten years her population has increased by 60 millions, but the life span is down to 27 years. It is surely a reasonable prognosis that if the life span goes to 120 years the birth rate will drop lower than it is today.

The philosophers have this question for us: What is the use of living a long time? One sees so much unhappiness in the world, so much

misery, so much apathetic boredom. Well, what is happiness? I believe more people are happy than one suspects. First of all, a person is happy if he thinks he is, and wishes to continue existence. Irrationally or otherwise most men cherish their personal survival. Also, in those countries that have long life spans the well being of the people makes it possible to live in such a manner as to induce happiness. I am under no illusions as to the primitive life, the lot of the mountaineer in the poor lands of the world. I have seen them and lived among them, and know that the people living there get away as fast as they can--if they can. Happy people do not willingly leave a place and seek another. Also, the biological criteria of happiness need further examination. In experimental animals the treated, healthier, longer lived animals enjoy greater physical activity, have health and spirit longer, and retain their desire for the females longer. I have seen mice at the relative age of 75 years tear holes through wire netting to get to the females, while the control animals of the same age pay no attention to the females even when placed in the same cage with them. A primitive definition of happiness, perhaps, but it's a test case! What does anyone live for? If unhappiness is so great that life should not be extended, would it not be logical to commit suicide forthwith?

Personally, I consider aging research one of the musts for mankind, and get an intellectual thrill from it. I would continue in it even if I knew that ten minutes after a successful solution of the problem a chain reaction would transform the earth into a nova! A scientist often works because he likes what he is doing better than anything else. That is happiness.

Also from the personal viewpoint of the research worker, it is seldom that an investigator enjoys the fruits of his investigation. Thus, three of the outstanding pioneers in the field of aging have died without seeing their very important work develop. Bogomolets died recently, aged slightly over 60. Robertson died at about 35 and Malisoff at about 50. The latter two worked themselves to death.

Do you favor cancer research? The incidence of cancer now doubles every five year period after the age of 35. Thus, anything that keeps people physiologically younger lessens cancer. So aging research is also a form of cancer research. I know that with yeast nucleic acid the treated animals (mice) have only about 1/5 as many tumors as the untreated animals.

I truly believe that of the hundred or so people who have challenged me as to the ethical side of aging research the majority have never stopped to analyze the problems they envision. The conquest of life is on a scientific parity with the conquest of any other natural phenomenon. Just because it touches human beings so closely is scarcely reason for adopting the "sacred cow" attitude. Fortunately the vast majority of educated people, and most of the untaught ones too, favor aging research whenever they understand what it is all about. Most people would take advantage of any advances--provided the treatment was short! If, as all evidence seems to indicate, the best results will require daily attention from the age of 35 or thereabout, inertia will then prevent the majority of people from taking the fullest advantage of aging advances. This would leave the emergency therapeutic aspects for those of 60 or over. Such measures would raise the general life span to about 90 years, while at the same time the far sighted members of the population would take advantage of all the discoveries leading to the

greatly extended life span. In fact, that is what happens today. How many people actually use the knowledge of nutrition, prophylaxis, and preventive medicine now known? Only about 0.1% of the population. How many fans know or use all such knowledge? I have never met one yet! You know, in order not to feel too bad we often say we are living in an atomic age, in a modern world, and so on. Actually we are kidding ourselves. How many people have been in a jet plane? Have seen U-235, or uranium in any form, for that matter? Use the newer antibiotics as a matter of hygiene instead of being forced to by necessity? Have any conception of the advanced world picture that modern science possesses? So we see that while our barbarian age has points of civilized interest the most part of men linger behind. We go with the mass, not with the vanguard. Instead of fretting about aging research and the problems it might create in our present day society, we will do well to consider that it will likely be our great-great-grandchildren, not ourselves, who will make the complete application of any discoveries made today. That will be true, generally speaking. Yet I hope that this discussion may encourage some fans to take a sustained interest in this field, to learn what is possible in it today and what may be looked for in the immediate future, and to think about and discuss the possibilities of an extended life span for utilizing the accumulated experience and knowledge of individuals instead of permitting them to die just when they begin to learn how to live.

Do you remember the toast in John Hawkins' novel, Ark of Fire?

"May you live forever -- and I never die!"

Why not take that as our motto?

----- The Master should live so long! -----

THE PHRONTISTERY

"Despite the great differences in philosophical and metaphysical theories and beliefs, and the admission that we cannot even conceive what are the ultimate units of matter, every person in his daily life shows by his actions that he believes matter to be real."

-o-

"In attempting to envisage the mechanism underlying a phenomenon, it is necessary to focus attention initially upon the structural level where the crucial factors are operative. Thus with radioactivity we consider the nuclear level; with chemical problems, the atomic and molecular levels. Structures of the most diverse chemical nature (iron, wood) may function as chairs, though tests may be devised to bring out the chemical differences. As a rule changes at lower levels exert potent influences at higher levels, and vice versa. Apparently conflicting observations may often be resolved when structural interrelations are properly appreciated and appraised."

-o-

"It is we who are simple, not nature."

-o-

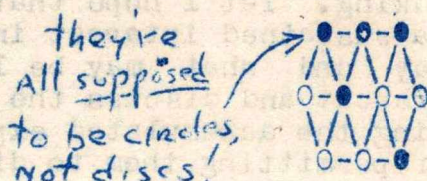
-- Jerome Alexander

----- Caridi should live so long! -----

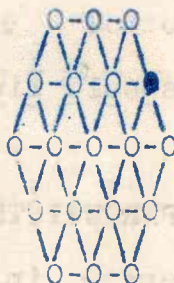
C E R E B U S T E R S

Chief Cerebuster Chandler Davis is on tap, as usual, with several winsome contributions, all of which can be tackled with considerably less than a working knowledge of the tensor calculus. Leave us hear no complaints on that score then. (NB, nothing was said about what may have to be drug in to solve them, evolve simple general theories, etc.!))

1) PM's puzzle page carried the following nifty. Given the layout



you're to use each of the integers 1 thru 10, one in each circle, such that the sum of the absolute values of the differences of adjacent pairs is maximized. I think 93 is the best that can be done. I tried the same puzzle using numbers 1 thru 19 in the layout



& got 378, which I thot pretty good. However when I sent the thing in to PM's puzzle editor he returned an implausibly unsymmetrical array which gave 381. Is there any simple general theory, I wonder?

2) A cable containing n wires is strung across a river, after which it is discovered that the wires are not labelled. You are given one battery, one buzzer, & an unlimited number of short wires & labels; by successive tests you are to label the wires. What is the minimum number of crossings of the river you must make in the process? General solution (for all n) required, with proof. It took me about 15 minutes, but I didn't find the neatest method; if you're lucky you can do it in 5 minutes. You're an electrical engineer, Lopez, how about it?

3) Find the rule of these series:

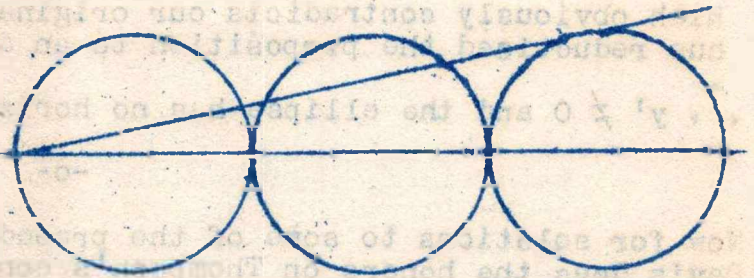
1,3,7,6,4,9,10,12,7,6,13,18,19,21,25,24,13,18, ...

0,1,3,4,5,8,10,11,15,16,18,19,22,23,25,26,31,32,34, ...

Of course, a solution with as few arbitrary constants as possible is wanted. I should hasten to say before you start work on these that I've

been working a couple of days on the first & haven't got it, & that I made up the 2nd but nobody else has solved it so far.

- 4) Given three equal circles, tangent, centers on a line. Draw the line thru the intersection of the first circle with the line of centers, tangent to the third circle. What is the length of the chord cut off on this tangent by the middle circle? (Very easy.)



-0-

To take a break at this point, we'll let you ponder on the why and wherefore of the following misnomers, also dredged up by HCD:

- A) The "fundamental theorem of algebra" is not used either directly or indirectly in Albert's MODERN HIGHER ALGEBRA before p280; there it is assumed without proof.
- B) In the calculus of variations the "complete isoperimetric problem" is solved as a special case of the "restricted isoperimetric problem."
- C) Earlier this term all 3 of my courses (Advanced Quantum Mech, Higher Algebra, & Calc of Variations) were simultaneously discussing field theory. "Field Theory" meant entirely different things in the 3 cases.

-0-

The renowned Herr Doktor Professor Priv. Doz. Dipl. Ing. T. O'Corner Stoneleigh, DDT, in the course of his recon-dite researches on accumulative arithmetic and the biliary calculus has produced the following remarkable demonstration which we hope will not give you higher mathematicians too bad a turn:

Proof that the tangent to the ellipse,

$$4x^2 + 2xy + 2y^2 + x + y - 3 = 0, \quad (1)$$

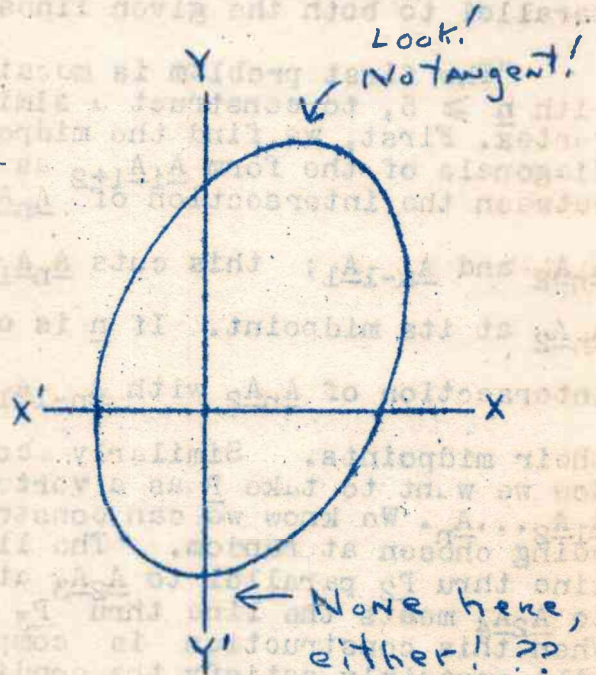
is nowhere horizontal:

Differentiating (1), we get

$$8x + 2y + 2xy' + 4yy' + 1 + y' = 0. \quad (2)$$

If the tangent to the ellipse is horizontal at any point, then at that point $y' = 0$ and (2) reduces to

$$8x + 2y + 1 = 0. \quad (3)$$



ut if this equation is correct then we must have, on differentiating again,

$$8 + 2y' + 1 = 0, \text{ or } y' = -9/2, \quad (4)$$

hich obviously contradicts our original assumption that $y' = 0$. Having thus reduced the proposition to an absurdum, we conclude,

... $y' \neq 0$ and the ellipse has no horizontal tangent. QED.

-o-

Now for solutions to some of the preceding issue's noggin nagers: Davis does the honors on Thompson's constructions:

"I defy anyone ignorant of projective geometry to solve DBT's 2 little teasers. Using projective methods they go thru okay. Both require the following construction: Given a line segment \underline{AB} with its midpoint \underline{M} , & an outside point \underline{P} , to construct a line thru \underline{P} parallel to \underline{AB} , without using a compass. To do this, take an arbitrary point \underline{D} on \underline{AP} . \underline{MD} intersects \underline{BP} at \underline{E} ; \underline{AE} intersects \underline{BD} at \underline{Q} . Now suppose \underline{PQ} not parallel to \underline{AB} , so that they meet at a point \underline{R} . The quadrilateral \underline{PEQD} has pairs of opposite sides meeting at $\underline{A}, \underline{B}$ on \underline{AB} , also its diagonals cut \underline{AB} at $\underline{M}, \underline{R}$. Therefore $\underline{A}, \underline{M}, \underline{B}, \underline{R}$ form a harmonic set, and since $\underline{AM} = \underline{MB}$ this requires that \underline{R} be at infinity: \underline{PQ} is parallel to \underline{AB} . QED.

"Now DBT's second problem is this: Given two nonparallel coplanar line segments with midpoints, and a point outside their plane, to construct a plane thru the given point parallel to the plane of the given lines. We simply use the above construction to get lines thru the point parallel to both the given lines, & there we are.

"The first problem is messier. Given a regular polygon $\underline{A_1A_2...A_n}$, with $n \geq 5$, to construct a similar polygon with a given point \underline{P} as one vertex. First, we find the midpoints of all the sides $\underline{A_1A_{i+1}}$ and of all diagonals of the form $\underline{A_1A_{i+2}}$ as follows: If n is even, draw the line between the intersection of $\underline{A_nA_{n/2}}$ and $\underline{A_1A_{n/2+1}}$ and the intersection of

$\underline{A_nA_2}$ and $\underline{A_{n-1}A_1}$; this cuts $\underline{A_nA_1}$ at its midpoint. Also $\underline{A_1A_{n/2+1}}$ cuts $\underline{A_nA_2}$ at its midpoint. If n is odd, draw the line between $\underline{A_{n+1}}$ and the intersection of $\underline{A_nA_2}$ with $\underline{A_{n-1}A_1}$; this cuts both $\underline{A_nA_1}$ and $\underline{A_{n-1}A_{n+3}}$ at

their midpoints. Similarly construct all the midpoints in question. Now we want to take \underline{P} as a vertex $\underline{P_1}$ of a polygon $\underline{P_1P_2...P_n}$ similar to $\underline{A_1A_2...A_n}$. We know we can construct $\underline{P_1P_2}$ parallel to $\underline{A_1A_2}$, the point $\underline{P_2}$ being chosen at random. The line thru $\underline{P_1}$ parallel to $\underline{A_1A_3}$ meets the line thru $\underline{P_2}$ parallel to $\underline{A_2A_3}$ at a point $\underline{P_3}$; the line thru $\underline{P_2}$ parallel to $\underline{A_2A_4}$ meets the line thru $\underline{P_3}$ parallel to $\underline{A_3A_4}$ at a point $\underline{P_4}$; etc. When this construction is completed the resulting polygon $\underline{P_1P_2...P_n}$ will certainly satisfy the conditions.

"I'm sure this isn't the solution Thompson intended, but I haven't dreamt up any other way to go about the thing." /DBT's solutions are essentially the same as yours, Chan, only Don used a diagram. We leave it to our readers to translate your symbols into Thompson's diagram. 'Tis good for your semantics, chums; worth a hundred hours at the differential.

Davis also solved Rothman's two problems; so too did Al Lopez, by dint of blood, sweat, toil, and Steinmetz symbols; like so:

"1) Eliminating superfluous explanations,

$$i^i = e^{\ln i^i} = e^{i \ln i} \quad (\ln \text{ means natural logarithm})$$

Our problem thus is to determine the value of the logarithm of a complex number. Let $u + iv = \ln z$. Then

$$z = e^{u+iv}$$

$$= e^u e^{iv}$$

But e^{iv} represents the vector angle of the number e^u , and z can be represented by a number r at an angle θ . That is,

$$e^{u/v} = r/\theta$$

Now equating magnitudes and angles we obtain:

$$e^u = r \quad v = \theta \pm 2k\pi \quad (k \text{ has all values from } 0 \text{ to } \infty)$$

$$\text{or } u = \ln r$$

Hence in our original equation $\ln z = \ln r + i(\theta \pm 2k\pi)$

Whence for our problem $z = 0 + i$

$$= 1/90^\circ$$

$$\text{and } \ln z = \ln 1 + i\left(\frac{\pi}{2} \pm 2k\pi\right)$$

$$= i\left(\frac{\pi}{2} \pm 2k\pi\right)$$

$$\text{and } i^i = e^{i \cdot i\left(\frac{\pi}{2} \pm 2k\pi\right)}$$

$$= e^{-\left(\frac{\pi}{2} \pm 2k\pi\right)}$$

whence it is seen that i^i is a real number with an infinite number of values, depending on the value chosen for the arbitrary constant k . For example, for $k = 0$,

$$i^i = e^{-\frac{\pi}{2}} = 0.208.$$

"2) If z is a complex number whose real part is zero, then

$$\sin z = \sin(x + iy) = \sin iy = i \sinh y$$

$$\cos z = \cos(x + iy) = \cos iy = \cosh y$$

The hyperbolic sine varies in value from 1 to infinity.

The hyperbolic cosine varies in value from zero to infinity.

Note that Lopez' solution has the sine going to infinity through imaginary values. While this satisfies Milt's conditions, since there is only one "point at infinity" in the complex plane (unlike the Cartesian xy-plane which has infinitely many such points) which is approached along any axis in the plane, we may add that the sine can be made to

approach infinity along the real axis, too, by taking z as a complex number whose real part is of the form $(1 \pm 2k)\pi/2$. Then

$$\sin \left[\frac{(1 \pm 2k)\pi}{2} + iy \right] = \sin \frac{(1 \pm 2k)\pi}{2} \cosh y + i \cos \frac{(1 \pm 2k)\pi}{2} \sinh y$$

$$= \cosh y$$

which is real and approaches infinity as y is increased without limit.]

"The addition problem with a little deduction and a lot of guess-work resulted in I-1, F-2, S-3, X-4, E-5, Y-6, R-7, T-8, O-9, N-0."

Here's Rothman, himself, with something to say on Chan's asteroid problem, and some other matters which fit in as well here as elsewhere.

"Today, in lieu of studying for my mechanics final, I wasted a lot of paper on the asteroid artillery problem, working out elliptic orbits until I was blue in the face. Finally decided you can't shoot a shell at 45° and yet have it land at the antipodes. This is with the gun at the north pole. Maybe if you had the thing on the equator and the asteroid rotated fast enough you could work it. Well, let us hope your orbit calculations did not cause you to lose as much sleep as did the astronomer who discovered the new asteroid. The grift of the artillery problem is that a shell fired at 45° will fall short of the antipodes if fired with anything less than escape velocity, while of course if the muzzle velocity is escape velocity or higher the shell goes off on a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit and never returns. As Davis remarked: "One friend of mine (no stoop) set the problem up & got the explicit answer without realizing that for 45° you have the escape velocity & the projectile won't come back. Incidentally, if you try you may succeed in worrying yourself about the fact that the escape velocity is the same for all angles of takeoff. What happens to the angular momentum of a projectile like the one in the problem??"

"The question of the rotating body which Spoor brings up is certainly not a trivial one. In my naive, Newtonian days, I used to think of inertia and centrifugal force existing regardless of the surrounding universe, but it seems that in general relativity this is not so. Eddington's "The Mathematical Theory of Relativity" has a section entitled The Electromagnetic Nature of Inertia. So there is more to this than meets the eye.

"I'm all out of problems for the problem page, but we might let the geniuses in the FAPA take a swing at the old clock paradox of relativity: Two space ships set out in opposite directions, so that A has a velocity of 180,000 miles per sec relative to B, and likewise B has a velocity of 180,000 miles per sec relative to A. After each travels an equal distance from earth, they reverse their paths and return, to meet at the place where they left. According to the time dilatation formula of relativity, when they meet again A thinks B's clock ought to be slow, and likewise B thinks A's clock ought to be slow. What actually happens? Hell, Milt, I sprang that one back in Efty-13, to the complete devastation of all available geniuses. If you can explain it, pray do!"

we should have had something on rocket math. for this reactionary issue

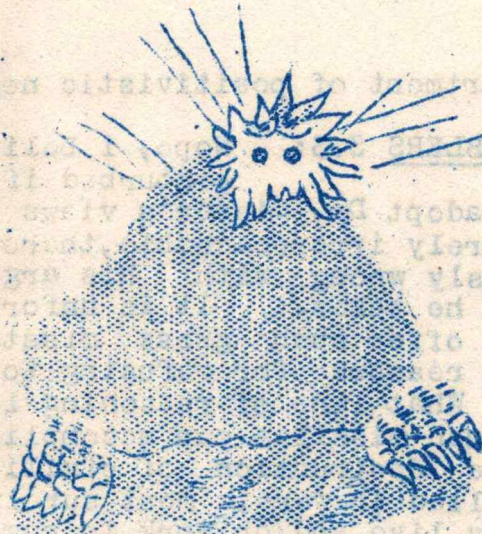
"The dandies, the fops. The fannies, the dops. The doppies, the fands. The dondies, the faps...."

-- Franz Werfel, Star of the Unborn.

WEIRD WORLD

Naturalist-Photographer's
Camera "Blows -Up" Tiny
Insects into Giants

by Ray C. Higgs



Star-nosed mole, who lives
in tunnels he digs under-
ground, slightly enlarged.

TERRY DESMOND, writing in a recent issue of Dodge NEWS, is anxious to learn the answers to the following questions: - How would you like to try swatting a house fly as big as a collie dog - or to scamper around the house, broom in hand, in pursuit of a tiger moth as big as the feline from which he draws his name?

"Such a world of giant insects does exist", so says Terry, "but it's the photographic world of Lynwood M. Chace, a naturalist-photographer." His specialty is that of taking "close-ups" of some of the most horrible and odd looking insects in the gallery of lower-life forms. Such specimens would make Boris Karloff 'green with envy', one would presume.

Chace, has succeeded in bringing into sharp focus the facial expressions of flies, moths, spiders, grasshoppers, beetles - through ingenious modification of basic camera equipment.

In his trips afield to secure close-up studies of insect life, Chace carried small cameras such as the Exakta 35mm, and the Reflex Korolle 2 x 2. These, however didnot prove satisfactory for such close-up work. A bellows adaptation was added.

Thus, in this weirdly magnified world of Chace's, the eyes of the common fly become giant searchlights, their legs like horse's limbs, their faces take on the appearance of poodle dogs.

(Don't shoot, Chace - we want to stay our natural self!)

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a department of positivistic negativisms.....
STEFUMBLERS 3.3: - Nope, I believe I would feel considerably
perturbed if the scientists should by and
large adopt Dr. Wiener's views in toto. Although his motives
are surely irreproachable, there seem to be a number of things
seriously wrong with his arguments in justification of the
action he takes. It is unfortunate, for example, that he
should offer such gross misstatements about guided missiles
as his reasons for refusing to participate in their develop-
ment. What line of reasoning leads to the curious conclusion
that such missiles can accomplish nothing beyond the indiscriminate
destruction of civilian populations? Civilians do
get killed in wars, most surely, and are especially exposed
if they live and/or work in regions containing military, industrial,
or governmental activities vital to the war effort. I can only repeat
a question which I've asked before in this column: Wherein lies the
dichotomy between "civilians" and "soldiers" in determining who
may or may not "morally" be slain in warfare? Until such a distinction
is shown to me--or until a missile is perfected that is destructive
only to Kremlins and Pentagons--I must persist in considering the
destruction of either civilian or military personnel equally brutal
but, unfortunately, avoidable only to whatever extent we can make
war itself avoidable. The assertion that our development of missiles
would furnish no protection to our civilian population (one might as
well add military to civilian in such a statement) involves the
w.k. offense/defense dichotomy whose fallacy should need no further
demonstration. At that we have not mentioned the probable development
of counter-missiles which afford the only known means of destroying
already-launched missiles short of their targets.

Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that a scientist's refusal, by
withholding information, to participate in military research can in
some instances be justified by specific arguments comparable to
Wiener's for missile research. Even so, we ought still to examine with
circumspection the effects of such a policy. As Wiener admits in his
own case, he cannot accomplish anything beyond a mere protest, and the
possible conversion of some other scientists of like mind to a similar
course of action. There are broadly three outcomes to which such an
act of protest might lead. At the least it will encourage scientists
to undertake an extensive reexamination of their responsibility as such
to humanity. This is most certainly salutary, and indeed is quite well
under way already. The current (March 1948) Bulletin of the Atomic
Scientists /monthly, \$2.50/yr., from 1126 East 59th St., Chicago 37/
has a considerable symposium on the question; it displays a comfort-
ingly wide divergence of opinion, incidentally.

To take the revolt of the scientists into its second stage we assume that scientists will
actually take Wiener's position in sufficient numbers to hinder seriously
the development of new and deadlier weapons by this country. What then?

At this stage we can't postulate unanimity of opinion among scientists as to the wisdom of Wiener's course. Sentiment will be divided between fear of the new weapons and fear of the enemy, with equally well-meaning men turning up in one camp or the other as they differ in their evaluations of the political and social climate. Wiener in his letter exhibits political evaluations which many of his colleagues must doubtless consider extreme; I rather doubt, for example, if Dr. Karl Compton sees eye to eye on this issue with the distinguished member of his math faculty. So it won't altogether be a matter of the scientists withholding their talents from the crooked, warmongering, politicians, or from misguided engineers, technicians, and second-raters. It will be scientist against scientist, and "I can't help you on that; you're on rocket research" counterposed to "We've got what you're looking for out at Brookhaven, but the FBI won't clear you." This sort of thing will make a travesty of the meeting of minds in science; perhaps it is the unavoidable down payment on survival, but I don't think the scientific world will ever take it with resignation. Furthermore, if we can't expect unanimity of policy among scientists in this country, we must have even less hope for multilateral action by scientists internationally. Political conditions under the enemy regimes suggest strongly that scientific opposition to whatever armament programs they may be undertaking would receive short shrift indeed, as compared with the relative freedom with which Wiener and those who join with him can say and do as they have. This could lead to weighting the balance of power in armaments in favor of individuals and governments whose behavior has thus far been so unreassuring that few of us trust them at all. What, too, of the reaction of scientists in the smaller countries to the lead curtain about our own work in nucleonics and rocketry? At present they seem rather generally to have been repelled into an insistence on publishing their own work without restriction. We must expect them to be coolly disposed toward any censorship at this time.

Considerations like those leave the third stage, in which scientists have achieved an effective degree of control over the application of their discoveries through the medium of a unified program for withholding general publication of information deemed likely to be misused, a highly unlikely one. However, even granting the emergence of a sort of scientific guild/priesthood in control of all crucial technology through its monopoly on scientific and technical knowledge, there isn't much chance that an organization of such power could long maintain its integrity as purely an organization of scientists. As the arbiter of all important political and economic decisions it would wind up by taking unto itself those political and economic functions, and with them, no doubt, the functionaries. The resulting elite would be utterly dangerous because of its utter unbeatability.

Thus, while I recognize that Dr. Wiener's expression of his views is necessarily limited here by his purpose and medium, I have taken the foregoing exceptions as a counsel against going overboard for so vastly simplified a thesis.

Hey, Bill, is your exclaiming over Gardner's "...the first dozen best novels published in Startling..." intended as a grammatical criticism or a literary one?

The Explication of the Feeble is enlightening, but scarcely exhaustive. You've but scratched the surface, lad. For example, "Unglish littlesure" \supset literature purveyed by Unger, a blood-sucker of Brooklyn 4, New York (USA). (littlesure \supset the chore of the

leech.) Also Unglish \supset hungerish = hungry; littlesure \supset little sure: A multiple reference to the fanish zest for science-fiction, to fans as a class, to a famous essay on fandom by one HCK, to the plight of authors who write nothing but science-fiction, and particularly to authors who sold to Gernsback. Also glish \supset Blish, with the distortion in spelling recalling ghughuism and other matters now better left interred. Whence Unglish \supset unblished \supset unblessed by Blish. Also littlesure \supset a littered shore; a reference to the Gernsback delusion worked through Sir Isaac Newton's famous words: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." The implication here is that the science-fiction reader finds the shore so littered (with the usual litter one finds on bathing beaches, namely paper (\supset high order abstractions, also fan-zines), crusts of bread (the staff (\supset stf) of life), and morsels of lunchmeat (\supset lunchmeat)) that he never even gets to see any pebbles or shells. This should suffice to give an idea of the insufferable richness of the Feeble. For a comprehensive disquisition on this particular phrase I refer you to the chapter on Unglish Littlesure in the 5th volume (now in press) of Stoneleigh's "An Ectomisation and Defenestration of the Feeble of the Who's and the Guilden Yeggs".

I did not spell it

"Willimezyk".

The atomicohygrophoscilloscotimeter ad is streamofconsciousnesslike. It's interesting to find that the theory of thing things does have practical applications after all; it's a fact I've long suspected. . . . Well, now, leave us have at least one vote in favor of the joke page; I'm a sucker for such things. And one more vote for Free Bottle... les pass the bar 'round once again.

EXPLAGAMINATION pp. 9-14: Ah, if only it were "fargobrawlers", what fun we could have!

AGENBITE OF INWIT 4.5: Verdoux, I should imagine, is a pretty accurate analysis of what Chaplin is driving at -- yes, even to the animate-animoid compartmentalization. The elocutionary style of writing, though, is one that suffers in its relation to this very audile reader. I must say much the same for Credo, too, though doubtless my impression that it's precious is largely rooted in my simon-pure ignorance of what it's all about. What's existentialism? I liked the Kurt List article when I read it, but scarcely remember now just what it contained. Jim's piece was excellent; it must have been published after Renascence was withdrawn from Vanguard, for I don't recall anything quite that good in the issues I received. Recordia: Ah, now there is Lowndes in the style I like.

SNARK 6: I don't mind the reprints, Doc. (Anything, yes, anything to get out of sending anyone material of my own!) Probably any comments on your objections to the proposed VAPA/FAPA merger should now be modified in the light of recentest developments. But since I don't yet know just what's behind the latter, I'll go ahead anyway with what I imagine I'd've said if I'd had time last time: I think that the objections based on administrative differences between the two apas are somewhat contrived; we could probably effect a satisfactory compromise or even adapt totally to FAPA procedure if we really wanted to, without letting the change affect the contents of our magazines. The art of

getting along in the FAPA nowadays is much like that exhibited in the mundane apas, namely to string along with your particular clique and more or less ignore what you don't care for. However, there are those who apparently can't adjust in this way with sufficient ease, and as long as we've a substantial number who feel that association with the FAPA would seriously interfere with their enjoyment of our activities it's likely safest to remain independent. Anyway, it's doubtful if the FAPA would take us in as a group now that its membership quota is filled. A more valid objection to amalgamation is that the considerable amount of juvenility now prevalent in the FAPA would repel the type of recruit we're looking for: it must be admitted, though, that Vanguard, despite its loftier standards, has been singularly unsuccessful at the recruiting game. Our efficient BoA does get us members of considerable talent, but once in they seldom have much to say nor do they stay long. It's markworthy that our most active recruits are also fapans. Which serves to commend Stevenson's suggestion that those who want a wider circulation and more exchanges than Vanguard affords go biapan. Then if most of us eventually do that we can consider closing down VAPA; this, however, is unlikely to happen if those two intransigents, Lowndes and Blish, continue to put out more copy than the rest of us do all together.

SNARK 7: "Street-words-or-people's words are not necessarily bad words; they usually spring into being to name something for which no name has existed." Well said! (And with such an amusing study in hyphenation thrown in for free, too.)

TUMBRILS 13: Gad, Blish in VAPA and Speer in FAPA to contend with this time--my aching back! Ah weel, I've plenty of cavils with the fragmentary comments, some of which I'll have to skip. As for the rest:

I've been impressed by the extent to which advertising is devoted to plugging items of the sort one buys anyway in his day-to-day shopping; yet the advertising's not wasted if it creates a preference in the customer for the advertiser's product, even though that may not be significantly different or better than those of his competitors. Most people are swayed by that type of advertising simply because there's no point in resisting it, and I'll bet that you are, too, more than you realize. The advertising analogy seems pretty shaky to me, but I refrain from rocking it any further. Maybe numbers and size don't count so much in human relationships, but, brother, human attitudes do! Whenever large numbers of people get the same ideas at the same time and believe in them intensely, you've a combination to reckon with. I remember very well how everyone I talked to on 8 December 1941 felt. All of which but leads to my previous argument, which still stands. Well, I won't demand a comparison of the historical milieu of Martin Luther's crufanac with that of the WRL, since it probably would be unfair heckling for details; you might think it over, though.

Uh--who did you say promised whom that a demonstration (to Japanese representatives, I presume) of the atomic bomb would precede its military use? Speak up, let's have the complete story on this double-cross - if it actually happened, that is. I'm at a loss to imagine who in the Manhattan Project was authorized to make such a request on behalf of the scientists as a group, or who in the government could unqualifiedly grant it. Certainly the Manhattan District scientists actively expressed their opinions and were in consultation with the government regarding the use of the bomb; for instance see Szilard's "Memorandum on Atomic Bombs and the Postwar Position of the United States" (Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, 3, 12),

submitted to the President in March 1945, and referred to Secretary Byrnes on Roosevelt's death; the report of the scientists' Committee on Social and Political Implications headed by Dr. Franck (B.A.S. 1, 10), which went to the War Department on 11 June 1945. Finally, an even more representative opinion was expressed in an informal poll by secret ballot taken by Daniels among the Chicago scientists on 12 July 1945 (B.A.S. 4, 2) which together with several petitions and letters went directly to the White House, and was immediately acknowledged. This poll had reached more than half of the scientists at the Metallurgical Laboratory, and all who were approached voted. The results showed 15% favored full military use of the bomb, 46% favored the experimental demonstration before military use, 11% wanted public demonstration of the bomb's effectiveness with subsequent military use withheld, while 2% felt we should keep our atomic developments secret and refrain from using them in this war. In view of this range of opinion, who was it who asked for a "promise" on behalf of the "scientists of the Manhattan Project"? It appears that in any event the military use actually undertaken coincided pretty well with the majority preference of the Chicago scientists, falling as it did between the first and second alternatives. Possibly full military use would've been made if the bombs were available in number (which they weren't), but I see no point in conjecturing over that. Remember, too, the unanimous report of the four representatives of the scientists appointed to consult with the government, which stated, "We see no acceptable alternative to direct military use". Are we to string up Fermi, Lawrence, Oppenheimer, and A. H. Compton along with Truman and Stimson as "war criminals"? In short, Jim, your assertion seems to be without foundation in fact. I'd suggest that you carefully investigate the source from which you got it, in order to spare us if not "emotion words" at least outright untruths.

It would indeed be astonishing if the arguments for American policy in using the bomb, influenced as that policy was by the recommendations of the scientists and other able men who were certainly aware of its enormous implications, should be so easy to demolish as you assert. Personally, I still concur pretty well with Stimson's report, at least as far as the use of the bomb at Hiroshima. Our swift follow-up at Nagasaki, though of undoubted military value as a bluff, implying a striking power which we did not in fact possess at that time, could, I feel, have been deferred and probably avoided altogether if we'd chosen to take a calculated risk in so doing. But men are still homo saps, and the Japs then were not the funny little men we now take them to be.

A minor quibble: "Terror bombing of...civilians" scarcely can, or need be, excused under the *lex talionis*. It's a part of the very effective technique of saturation bombing, the purpose of which is not to make resistance by the enemy unprofitable but to make it impossible. The *lex talionis*, on the other hand, is not concerned with subduing the malefactor, but with the application of a crude kind of "justice" designed to make the criminal profession an unprofitable one.

Your points in connection with the effectiveness of resistance against superior force are well taken. A regime that has to be maintained by force probably represents a state of unstable equilibrium, which is an encouraging thought indeed in a world that seems more than ever to demonstrate the political theories of Silas MacKinley.

I don't object to the use of emotional terms per se in this discussion; I do object to their use when they are inaccurately descriptive or when they introduce affective elements which in-

terfere with rational evaluation. I cannot see how such a demand can be construed as a desire to exclude possible action on the ideas. (In fact, I always did say there's nothing like action for getting things done.) What manner of abstractions are you taking as referents for "universal military training" and "conscription" that you see no real difference between them? Me, I refer to universal military training, ^{usa 1948} and conscription ^{usa 1948} and find plenty of difference between them. Of the two, I consider conscription the lesser evil for these reasons: (1) Is unvarnished, direct, military servitude it is an institution that the American people are unlikely to accept on other than a temporary basis in time of emergency. (2) If war should come the conscript troops would undoubtedly be of some use. UMT, on the other hand, seems to me not only well-nigh useless but also a far more insidious danger, in that it is likely to be passively accepted as a permanent system. Those most directly affected by it are without the political power to do anything about it; furthermore, it is susceptible to whatever degree of sugar-coating and watering-down may be needed to sell it to the boys' fond mamas.

Thanks for granting (verbally) that the draft-card burning was "meaningless" statistically, but it looks nevertheless as though I must continue to worry the notion, even at the risk (about to be realized, I fear) of an arid discussion of the meaning of non-meaning. If the WRL demonstration did in any degree "pound home into the noggins of our military-headed State Department that an unknown proportion of its draft army is going to be disaffected" I fail to see how such a result can be at once accepted by you as both accomplished and "meaningless statistically". Nor, on the other hand, ought a demonstration that the area of disaffection was negligible to be regarded as statistically meaningless. I'm sorry, Jim, if I seem to be laboring the point, but I must make it as clear as I'm able that when I used the term "meaningless statistically" I meant just that; I did not mean either statistically indeterminate ¹⁹⁴⁷ or statistically ineffective ¹⁹⁴⁷. As near as I can make out you have equated all three of these terms, or at least are equating terms 1 and 2 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and 1 and 3 on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Now when I condemned the draft-card burning as meaningless, I applied the term in the same sense that I do if I say that the equation, $3x + \quad = 5$ is meaningless. Obviously the equation is sense-free because an essential part of it is not there; not because there's a term which is not written because it's negligible (0) or unknown (y) or irrelevant (10 volts). The missing term in the WRL demonstration consists in the lack of correlation between a small outburst of disaffection among civilians in February 1947 when the draft was obviously on the way out and the probable disaffection in an army to be drafted at whatever unknown date in the future a conscription and or UMT program could be gotten through Congress, and probably during a severe war scare. If you WRL boys can whip up a comparable demonstration a year hence, when it seems likely that conscription, at least, will have been enacted, or even right now, for that matter, I'll probably grant it statistical meaningfulness (even if you ungratefully do not!). At the worst it would confirm what I suspect to be the case, namely that the WRL and its sympathizers (even including dissident old me) are and will likely continue to be an insignificant minority as long as the present difficult international situation persists.

As to whether such activities would be desirable is another matter, of course. I feel that there's cause for concern with the possibility that they'll do more harm than good, and that their harmfulness to the promotion of

pacifism may increase with their "statistical effectiveness". I don't know whether or not the WRL has rated a notice in Tom Clark's Index (which I somehow missed seeing), or how it has been making out at avoiding the fatal endorsement of the Communist Party. The last doesn't really matter much, I guess; if the WRL succeeds in making much of a nuisance of itself it'll be tagged in the public mind as seepy, anyway. (Even the comparatively staid Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists has had some trouble keeping its name clear.) And in any event I don't want to see you go to jail; I'm doubtful about how much pacifying you'll be able to accomplish out of chokey, but it's a sure thing as to how much good you can do within.

Well, I haven't boned up on the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart's contentions, so must inquire as to the sense in which I committed my alleged Vansittartism: Did I actually by mischance hit on the central thesis of his position and thus commit myself, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Vansittart policy? Or, if our common locus is more marginal, is it so peculiarly a doctrine of his Lordship's school that verbal precision demands its being termed a "Vansittartism", presumably replete with all the affective connotations the word possesses? Be that as it may, I'll attempt to answer such of your questions as appear capable of being answered:

(1) I'm largely indebted to Raoul de Sales (The Making of Tomorrow) for my ideas on Teutonism. This book of his has long been one of my minor enthusiasms, and still remains for me the most (indeed, only) lucid and objective evaluation of nationalism in its various manifestations (of which Teutonism is but one) I have yet encountered. He makes out a good case, I think, for why the Germans tend to think and behave as they do, and why Teutonism is off-trail from the other western nationalisms. I'm not going to rehash his disquisition here, as the book is quite commonly available (Dover Publications, 1780 Broadway, NYC 19, currently has it at the remainder price of 98¢, incidentally). If this putting the case off onto De Sales implies that I am taking my data too much predigested, I'll admit that this may very well be so. I'm not a scholar and I haven't access to much of the pertinent literature; yet one of the reasons for De Sales' making such a spectacular hit with me on first encounter was the way in which he confirmed and collated my previous unorganized impressions of the German character. In particular he shed a great deal of illumination on a problem that had bothered me during the thirties, namely just what it was that was wrong about so much of the German science-fiction which Gernsback imported during those years; e.g., Ludwig Anton's "Interplanetary Bridges" and nearly all of Von Hanstein's stories on the "Electropolis" theme afford interesting juxtapositions of intransigent nationalism with a peculiarly infantile exaggeration of the wish-fulfillment motif. Thus neurotic symptoms crop out in a quite sizeable block of prewar German stf. But in any event, I believe that the data justify at least the following generalizations: That Naziism was not a philosophically isolated singularity in the German cultural pattern; that that pattern had been Nietzschean in tone for a historically significant period of time prior to the advent of the Third Reich; and that its manifestations in Naziism were psychotic.

(2) "Do you subscribe to the hypothesis of collective guilt for crimes committed by people?" St. Alfred have mercy on you, Jim, and have you stopped beating your wife yet?! Obviously I cannot give a categorical answer to this typical damned if you do/don't question, since it's quite meaningless (except possibly as a psychiatric datum). On specific considera-

tions, however, I'll give you two answers which may assist in our reaching an understanding: (a) As I said last time, I believe that the Allies were justified in taking the war into Germany, not only as a matter of military expedience but also as a quietus (harsh and cruel--certainly!) for the folk-myth that German military might is actually undefeated and undefeatable; it just got sold out the last time by bad, mad, or craven leadership, but the next time--Sieg! I also confess to an emotional, irrational, feeling, which I don't pretend to justify, that the nation that started the last two great wars ought to take some of the pasting along with the unoffending low countries. (b) I am not in favor of a good many (probably most) of the postwar punitive measures taken against the German people. The denazification program, in particular, I believe is being blindly and stupidly pursued in a way that may one day prove disastrous to the peace of the world.

(3) Modern Germany, from the time of Bismarck on.

(4), (5), (6) May I take these together? They all seem to be based on the premise that a political, or geographical, or ethnic, or any other unit of population is identical with the simple sum of its elements. Pathological, nonsurvival identification, m'boy. You change, say, the political divisions and you perforce change the structural relationships between the elements, which correspondingly change the results to be expected. Gripes, Jim, do you think that psychotic behavior in the individual arises from a purely internal derangement of his neural functions, without any relation to events in the world outside him?

(7) I'd hazard a guess that psychotic Nietzscheanism might be transmitted by the same genes that transmit hookworm.

(8) Must I answer all these in the necessary detail? I've already missed another deadline as it is. If I may be general, I'll say that I regard all historically existent nationalisms with which I've an acquaintance as considerably unsane; I confess I don't follow the line of reasoning whereby you classify nationalisms rooted in such diverse causes as religious fanaticism, greed for wealth and power, expansion of active peoples into geographical or economic vacua, all as manifestations of psychotic Nietzscheanism. This is not to say that I don't recognize Nietzschean elements (not necessarily psychotic) and psychotic elements (not necessarily Nietzschean) in nationalisms other than Teutonism. As for the question of "guilt" for nationalistic excesses, I have already indicated why I reject the question. There may be some doubt in my mind at times as to what I am talking about here, but I am pretty positive that this was one thing I was not talking about.

MEANWHILE 1: And to think this was the "unknown" whom I blackballed for membership back when I was Third Constrictor on the BoA! Hate me, Stevie, I deserve it! I don't know the history of Efty-last's coverse; I filched it from a Haldeman-Julius booklet of silly verse. As Speer pointed out in FAPA, there's another stanza which I omitted.

"...if it's Hamilton you know damn well it isn't science-- nor adult fiction." You came frighteningly near to getting a sermon on this text, Burton. However, I've never yet started a sermon on page 33 of an Obsequious Publication, and don't intend to let no precedents loose at this time--no sir! Instead I'll just remark--briefly, I hope. I can't altogether go along with your sentiment here, even tho I recognize that much of the difference must lie in our doubtless different referrents for "adult fiction". The point's that while, for (by

your yardsticks) good and sufficient reasons, you don't care at all for Hamilton, I do like to read a certain proportion of his output and find much that is admirable in it, and I don't believe this liking is altogether due to a possible predilection of mine for bangbang space opera.

I hope one day to get around to a long-planned essay on the role and limitations of exact science as an element of science fiction, as I have long felt that the literary effectiveness of the so-called "science" of science fiction is primarily a matter of its proper presentation and only secondarily of its soundness or absurdity. If the author has the skill to make the reader accept as fiction a notion which in cold reality may be ridiculous, he is often quite justified in doing so, I believe. There is much excellent science fiction to attest to this. Admittedly most of Hamilton's science is bosh, but he has written stories which I have read with a pleasure that was not greatly diminished by my knowledge that they were scientifically impossible.

My first encounter with Hamilton happened to coincide with his first appearance in Amazing Stories, back in 1928 when the ghastly Paul cover for "The Comet Doom" scared hell out of me. The story did, too, and I was interested to find on rereading it recently that I still found it an enjoyably suspenseful chiller-diller, even in these days when I no longer refrigerate easily. This, despite the fact that the "science", such as it ain't, of the story takes some hair-curling liberties with the accepted facts about comets. The plot, too, is strictly from stock, with metal men who descend in cone-shaped "space flyers" (to dredge up a nostalgic old Gernsbackism) and set up machines on a lonely island in order to sever the earth from the sun's gravitational attraction and cause it to be towed away into interstellar space by the inexorable gravitational field (sic!) of the green comet. All life on earth, of course, is thereby doomed to be snuffed out forthwith by the deadly gases (sic!!) of the comet's envelope. Yet out of these poor props and others equally dubious Hamilton whipped up a tale that I still can rank among the better examples of the atmospheric science fiction story, and as one of the extremely few which have (for me) succeeded in doing anything with the horror motif. Hamilton, whatever his other faults, seldom overwrites an emotional scene; it's his very sparseness of style here that brought to life for me such elements as the malefic comet beings, whose cylindrical metal bodies, equipped with cable-like tentacles and topped by a cubical head, featureless except for four glowing lenses, glide about with silent efficiency on spidery metal legs, and the plight of the two human captives forced to choose between death and eternal life--as comet men in metal bodies, and of the revulsion of the narrator who sees his companion gradually swayed to the latter alternative and at length submitting to the grisly operation wherein the living brain is transferred and a new machine, differing from its companions only in having but two legs, tentacles, and eye-lenses, arises to join in the comet men's activities as the discarded human body is destroyed with a flash of the dread "light ray".

Well, possibly the foregoing is but a demonstration that my pleasure in science fiction is considerably more thalamic than yours. I've no particular regrets at being so constituted; I enjoy it, and I enjoy reading stories which stimulate that affective feeling for the outré and marvelous that I have termed "sense of fantasy". Even in his less edifying productions, Hamilton quite commonly manages to put over some fillip which does that to me and thereby adds savor to an otherwise insipid dish. A case in point, I believe, was his early series in Weird Tales wherein the earth (or was it the

universe?) was saved with monotonous regularity from an endless variety of melancholy fates at the hands of spider men, snake men, even liquid men. About the only thing these stories possessed which causes me to remember them with more pleasure than pain was their depiction of the strange camaraderie of the earthmen, Dur Nal (I think that was the name), and his crew of fantastically assorted extraterrestrial entities as they went about their world-saving with unquenchable élan.

I don't wish to imply, though, that my appreciation of Hamilton is so utterly non-cerebral. On the contrary, I recall offhand quite a number of his tales that left me with considerable food for thought. The changing viewpoint of "The Man Who Evolved", which I described last time, interested me very much; it's an idea with story possibilities that have yet to be fully exploited. De Camp's "The Exalted" is an example of what can be done with it. The problem of allegiance in "The Conquest of Two Worlds" was one that created quite a discussion in the letter column of the old Gernsback Wonder Stories. The mystery of "The Space Rocket Murders" found its solution in the form of visitors from Venus, when the peace-loving inhabitants of that world feared for the consequences if their planet became accessible to the war-like men of earth; here Hamilton made an early, and possibly original, use of this plot.

I think it can be said, therefore, that Hamilton has amply shown himself to be capable of writing considerably better stuff than Captain Future. End of sermon (which seems to have emerged despite resolutions to the contrary).

Hell, if anyone threw "sifars" at me, I'd probably translate it as yet another weird avoidance for "fans". The Fan Mail from VKE I didn't get either until its esoteric meaning was inadvertently revealed to me in a letter from Davis; it turned out to be an allusion to my remissness as a correspondent. I don't know of any fans who are simon pure Korzybskiites, though there may be some who think they are. It's konstan'tsie.

Well, which of the dutifully published FAPA things this time suffer so painfully by comparison? I'll admit as valid any complaint over reprinting the previously-published Davis item in but slightly dressed-up form; it's still good fun, though. The Ackerman-Vasquez article is a pertinent contribution to the scantily-researched field of foreign-language fantasy, and, whokintel Fr. James?, may even shed some light on the psychotic Nietzscheanism of the Perón regime. Finally, Gardner again with a science article this time. I doubt if you'll like it any better than his others, but isn't it interesting to learn what a scientist thinks of his own work?

I'm slightly astounded that any similarity in style should be found between the writings of the ever-up-in-arms Wollheim and the imperturbable Chauvenet who was prone to get excited more over the outcome of a boat race than over that of the human race.

Well spoken on animate ol' Matson; I felt the same but didn't have the patience to put it down. Widner contributed the cartoon that headed up Cerebusters in Efty-16; it was inadvertent, though, and probably oughtn't to be considered activity.

HORIZONS 9.1: I'd feel guilty if I passed this over without the usual acknowledgment of its usual excellence; however, t h c

only comment I can think of at the moment is to mention that Amazing's predilection for bellowing out in caps hit a new high recently with a story in which some deific character rambled on for a page or so without once descending to the lower case.

SHARD: Such an enthusiasm! 'Tis well placed, though.

SNARK 8: Well, I've dipped into both symbolic logic and general semantics to a small extent, and must report that the logic, which I studied first, hasn't yet been of very much use to me. The semantics, however, hit me hard on first encounter as something that I could apply immediately and frequently to everyday situations, and this I have been doing, so that now I find it pretty much habitual, even though, as must be abundantly evident, I can scarcely claim that I've had my s.r completely overhauled and valves ground. . . . Perish the thought, of course, but I still can't help wondering what would happen to Vanguard if both Lowndes and Blish were to disappear from the roster.

DISCRETE 2.3: I can agree somewhat with Sostman's forebodings, though he does set up a number of implausible minor conjectures (e.g., Patton would've played the Hitler role had he lived). Are we, however, becoming so reactionary in the face of the present impasse? I am more than ever amazed at the failure of the isolationism, which was so powerful an influence on our prewar policies, to become articulate again in this postwar era and in this country, which could get by with and (temporarily) gain more from isolation than could any other nation. Quite to the contrary, we seem to have taken, and are proposing to take, some astonishingly long strides toward internationalism. Indeed, to me the present anti-red hysteria seems to be based not so much in a trend to obsolete, prewar, standards as it is in a too-messianic interpretation of the role of Americanism in the new internationalism. Current history seems more than ever to work out the pattern described by De Sales.

As for Henry's conclusion, I'd put it more directly to say that the immediate problem is to reach an understanding, not with international, uppercase, Communism (the ERP seems a reasonably good way of dealing with that), but with the present Russian state. But how can we best accomplish that? Ought we to force the issue of obstructionism in the United Nations at once and attempt to strengthen that body even at the risk of the withdrawal of Russia and the satellite nations? The purpose of this, ideally, would be neither to wage a jihad against the Russian system nor to bring about an era of good feeling in some (necessarily) miraculous fashion. Rather, it (again ideally) should serve to actualize the democratic nations' potential superiorities in physical and moral resources and to use them shrewdly in the game with Russia. Be that as it may, it seems good sense that if we can no longer hope for an effective world federation with Russian participation, then we had better do what we can to achieve the most effective alternative, a Streitian union of like-minded nations. Is it such an unrealistic dream to imagine that we can do this now, in this decade? In many respects the possibility of attaining such a limited objective seems at the present most sanguine (in the figurative sense!). It appears that the exasperating and frightening reality of Russian intransigence has succeeded, in this country at least, in arousing a powerful sentiment, both popular and official, for revision of the UN into a considerably more powerful authority than had seemed realizable to us at San Francisco in 1945. Certainly it is a remarkable phenomenon to find Congress in an election year engaged in formulating measures aimed at establish-

ing a politically and militarily potent supranational authority. Remarkable, too, and heartening, is the spectacle of the town meetings which have taken time out from local preoccupations to vote resolutions calling for an all-out world state. Have we ever lived in such an atmosphere before? It would be a tragedy were this wave of internationalist sentiment to dissipate in futility when we might ride far on it toward the planet-wide federation we so desperately need. Yet in the end the possibility hinges on the sobering questions; Can the UN survive a walk-out of the Russian bloc? Will the nations who would join in a universal relinquishment of large areas of sovereignty risk doing so if other nations abstain? To me it seems only common sense to assume the answer to be affirmative. Nevertheless, I am concerned to find among others such a one as Walter Lippmann, who is probably the most astute political analyst of our day, strongly advocating the opposite view. I am unable to discount this; I do wish, though, that he, Marshall, and the others who have spoken out against UN revision at this time would state their cases more explicitly. I've an awfully queasy feeling I've lost track of the score!

From this distance, the Braublich-Davis controversy looks to me no more meaningful than any other variant of the old heredity-environment fistwiddling. Arguments of that sort generally arise from misuse of the label "instinct", and is that not what you've been up to here? Is not "altruism" better tagged as an abstract sentiment, in the psychological meaning of the term? Sentiments, as I recall the definition, are supposed to be acquired factors in mental life wherein one or more innate tendencies (i.e., instincts) have become linked to particular objects or situations in such a way that the emotions typical of the instinct(s) are evoked by the situation(s). The order of derivation, or acquisition, is, I believe, from instincts to concrete sentiments to abstract sentiments. In the case of altruism the innate factors involved are said to be the sog. "tender instinct" of solicitude for offspring and the "herd instinct". Thus we see that while we have inborn tendencies involved in and inseparable from altruistic behavior, those tendencies are not per se "altruism", or "social instinct", or whatever one may choose to miscall it. It's a very dangerous analogy to compare human society with that of a bee-hive.

INTERMIDGET: By comparison, I'm tempted to rename the present bolus "Interminable".

TUMBRILS 14: SMAPA? No-value orientation served up cold, bgod! Well, that's an unfairly curt dismissal of your essay, to be sure, but I haven't time now to comment more than brfskly. (Cheer up, though; you'll undoubtedly be able to draw me out eventually to stomp about on the battlefield long after the other warriors have gone home.) Brfskly, then, you read as though you had plumped for direct action in the first place and are trying to rationalize it in the second place. Though bad semantically, that, in itself, might be quite tolerable had you done it without doing such grave violence to the formulation of "scientific method". Ex. A: "That method cannot operate on fractional or false premises, and no other premises are available to us now." Do you know of any applications of scientific method which do not operate on fractional premises? Ex. B: "There are two varieties of scientific method, one of which, operation from an established premise, we have considered above. The other, which consists of behaving as if italics yours a given set of premises were true until the evidence indicates

otherwise, is called empiricism, and in politics it is the Mark of the Beast." Why the dichotomy? How are premises "established", if not empirically? Finally, the examples of scientific empiricism in politics which you cite as evidence of horribleness are exemplary not of empiricism but of dogmatism, nicht wahr? In general, the pattern of your argument seems to be that of this somewhat dubious exhaustion of alternatives whereby you arrive at individual action, which remaining alternative then becomes, by an alchemy I scarcely comprehend, the acceptable alternative. . . . I'm solidly with you in a liking for the seedy crosswords; they're tougher than they look and personal enough to be fun.

STEFANTASY 3.4: Thanx, Bill, for them kind woids; I wish I would publish more often, but I won't! As for the "Veterans of Future Wars", wherever did they get the quaint idea that future wars are going to have any veterans?

HAIR 1.rose: Major Slutch sounds altogether too much like the character whose Hagerstown lecture on atomic energy was reported to us by Harry Warner some time ago.

VANGUARD AMATEUR 4.1: Setting up standards for who shall read our output seems a ludicrously sanctimonious pose, to say the least. Any conceivable irruption of substandard material into the mailings obviously must be blamed on the member who publishes it (don't look at me like that!), while as for "peculiar mail", I don't think even Degler in his heyday ever overtaxed anyone's wastebasket.

AGENBITE OF INWIT supplement 1947: In the groove.

SNARK 9: Don't blame Chan for that possibly innocent "thorough familiarity with...Reich" remark. That was me joshing Davis, not D. thee. Who were you joshing? Thanks for the knockdown to the SGS; I jerned, am happy, and've even recruited another member myself so soon! Ah yes, the Bar Harbor Philharmonic: They always were a sprightly lot. There is, however, no truth to the rumor that the destruction of the town by fire last season was due to the unmitigated elan with which they rendered Tschaiowsky's 1812 Overture. Incidentally, the allusion to the BHP was singularly apt for me, as I recall how often I used to confuse Dr. Russell Ames Cook of the Portland, Me., Symphony with Dr. Clarence Cook Little of the Jackson Cancerresearch lab. of Bar Harbor.

UP-BEAT 1: I wish I could get work like this out of my mimeograph, or me, for that matter. . . . Without looking up the context of the phrase, I'd explicate the "k" of "the k press" as "kept". . . . What is the unconditional evaluation that makes me a fan? Doubtless I have some of the former, but I can think of none that seem pertinent to the latter.

UP-BEAT 2: I practically never use what symbolic logic I know, but then I know very little symbolic logic. As I said back a few pages, general semantics seems to me more immediately useful for everyday situations; symbolic logic seems to tie in better with math., at least what few of the more extensive treatises I've encountered all were oriented mathward. Of course mathematical concepts and techniques may turn out to be of increasing importance in dealing with problems we commonly think of as far removed from math. Henry Lanz, for example,

in his book, In Quest [two words!] of Morals, uses the mathematical notion of invariance and a notation borrowed from the tensor calculus. A current project of mine is the investigation of these Lanzian ethical equations to determine, if I can, whether they're really a useful technique for problems in ethics, or simply an illustrative analogy. I've not read any of the Mits series, but should imagine from reviews that they'd furnish barely more than an orienting background, and at that probably should be combined with readings in the various popular and semitechnical works of Keyser, Bell, and Russell. What we badly lack is a comprehensive background treatment of panthetics corresponding to Bell's monumental Development of Mathematics. As for an introduction to the manipulatory techniques of symbolic logic, there are any number of elementary books that presuppose little or no previous acquaintance with logic. You'll find a brief bibliography in Parke's very useful Guide to the Literature of Mathematics and Physics; he recommends Tarski's Introduction to Logic and to the Methodology of Deductive Sciences as readable and stimulating. I would suggest Ushenko's Theory of Logic, perhaps because it's the only one with which I'm closely acquainted; however it is a brief, lucid, and entertaining exposition and can be gotten through easily within a few weeks, even though it claims to provide sufficient technique to enable the student to read the famous and formidable Principia Mathematica of Whitehead and Russell.

JWCjr's out at Air Trails, or rather retired to his deific spot in the background of S&S's far-flung realm? I hadn't noticed, as I abandoned Air Trails when it went back to Pictorial again. I should've asked Campbell at Philly just wothell he was trying to make out of the magazine, anyway. Considering the specialized nature of the magazine and its advertising accounts, any attempt to convert it into a general science periodical would seem impractical; better it would be to revive the old S&S Progress, which piloted the Science Illustrated policy back in the early thirties.

Don't mind my comment on Icky, Burton, 'twas in jest. There was it, and I, and the deadline, and I had to think of something unny, quick (don't ask me why!).

HORIZONS 9.2: Yes, it is astonishing what meaning can now be read into that five-year-old Ashley announcement, and especially the terminal cartoon. I wonder how much is really there and how much originates in our dirty minds.

PHANTEUR 4: Welcome to our little forcing frame, Don!

QUARTERLY 1: is well-nigh uncommentable, on by the likes of me.

learnatradesseetheworldgoodpayfreecollegeeducationsteadyemploymentohick

"THAT'S WHAT WE'LL GET WHEN WE HAVE SOCIALISM, FOLKS!" DEPT.: London, Thursday, April 1. (AP) -- Britain took ownership Wednesday midnight of all the nation's electric utilities, sixth major enterprise to be nationalized under the labor government's socialist program.

One of the first developments under state control will be higher rates for a large proportion of domestic consumers in urban areas.

-----Shnobbor the yobber!-----

YET MORE DEPT.: By all the rules of the stanley style sheet, that preceding page should have wound up the mailing reviews for this issue. For the past six months or so said issue has been falling almost-periodically between the two stools of tahellwitdedeadlinei'llpostmailit and tahellwitpostmailing-i'll putitinnanexmailing without picking up sufficient hy to pull itself out of that potential well and alight upon either. While it's certainly high time something was done to break the vicious cycle, and indeed we could have hit the former alternative this time, it nevertheless appears that the spoonness of the 18th mailing has caused us once again to lemniskate around the postmailing resolve and accelerate wildly nextmailingward. Leaving the foregoing cluster of metaphors for the delectation of our puzzle fans, we therefore hold forth for yet another turn of the glass and review the 17th mailing:

STEFANTASY 4.1: You and me both, Guglielmo: I'm down with a severe case of surplusmania myself! It's a fact that I've recently begun to develop a disturbing interest in electronic widgetry, and that is a trend which can but end disastrously for a science-fictionist-- just look what it did to Campbell! Already I've gone so far as to build an oscilloscope and I now spend hours staring with hypnotic fascination at the squiggles I get on the screen. Jazz, I find, gives more interesting patterns than does symphonic music. Does this mean that I am insensitive to the finer things in waveforms? And then there's that clutch of 1-kilowatt transmitting tubes; I'm still unsure as to what I bought them for, but how could I pass them up at 90 cents apiece? I'll probably use them for the RF heater I've been accumulating parts for, providing I can locate a 3000-volt plate transformer at the price I can pay before the surplus market dries up. Let's all get behind the Surplus Amateur Parts Association and its program to stamp out amateur journalism and other forms of juvenile delinquency!

McHeathrow's ad for the rotary spark gap isn't so fantastic -- I know of one outfit that still peddles carbon mikes of World War I vintage, though of course it doesn't mention that qualification. As for the bomb-sight deal, Lesserstein's latest flyer advises that they also can supply used atomic bombs (not in good condition, not guaranteed) at a lower price;

How now, Sir, what d'ye mean "it doesn't matter much how I feel about metabolism..."? You're flirting with defeatism. Yes, you can be a militant anti-metabolist; just purchase the large, economy-size, packet of Cyano-Tabs. (Or would that mean involvement in escapism?)

SNARK 10: Well, how about giving us the Lowndesian revision of "The Animoid Idea"? Perhaps it would prove more acceptable to some of us than did Matson's version. (It could scarcely prove less so.) And I'm sure your version would be much more worthy for fighting-over purposes.

SNARK 11: The "existentialist" formulation of "freedom" is too much two-valued to suit me. (Though your formulation of that formulation is somewhat better.) The trouble with these two-valued things is their tendency to become one-valued to a certain type of mind, or under the stress of circumstances. E.g., M. Duval, late of the underground, who went over to the Nazis when captured and threatened with reprisal on his family, had to choose between the alternatives of saving his comrades of the resistance or saving his wife and children. Since

the alternatives existed with regard to the situation, he was "free" to make a choice, therefore he was "responsible" for the choice he did make, therefore M. Duval after the war is over is to be harged as a collaboratorist. The famous unanswerable question of the Edison scholarship tests, about whom to save from death in the desert, is of a similar nature. So too are most of the questions about "guilt" which be-devil Fr. James so. They're all more-or-less aristotelian in that they assume the objective existence of an abstract "cerebral man" who can weigh such issues with the fine, objective, precision of an analytical balance. Van Vogt's "games machine" might do that, but we can't.

PHANTEUR 5: This is somewhat more representative of DB than was the last issue, and is just the sort of leaven that VAPA needs. "As Time Goes By" is an excellent job. In re "philosophy" it probably needs pointing out that the intuitive-philosophical approach, as opposed to the empirical-experimental, is one that has lately assumed a strongly-intrenched position in some branches of modern science, and thus cannot be lightly dismissed. This is particularly true of cosmology, of course, since in this field observation affords us at best only highly equivocal data, while experimental cosmology, as of the twentieth century, is in a primitive state, to say the least. Hence we cannot readily discount the admittedly mystical lucubrations of Eddington and his school without pretty much jettisoning cosmology as a "science". Bell has discussed the role of Pythagorean "number magic" in science in his vastly amusing little volume, Numerology, and has lately followed it up with a meatier and more serious treatment, The Magic of Numbers. As Bell has it, the basis of this invasion of numerology into temples formerly held sacred to science, lies in the assumption that the structure of the physical universe is mappable onto the structure of mathematics, while the structure of mathematics is all mappable onto the structure of the arithmetic of the unending sequence of integers, which supposedly is man's one trustworthy "intuition". However, as Bell archly observes, "The tribes of the Amazon Basin"--whose number system consists of 1, 2, many--"were not consulted." on this last point. Presumably, then, by investigating mathematical structure one thereby acquires information about the physical world. You can evaluate the worth of this approach as you will; we have little assurance that we'll ever be able to apply the pragmatic judgment of whether or not it works to those fields in which it is most likely to be vigorously applied. Me, I'm still an empiricist. But still it is very interesting to find Bell, who is quite nonaristotelian and certainly not in the least inclined to mysticism, repeatedly emphasizing throughout the above two books that we are in no position at present to condemn the Pythagorean movement as philosophically unsound, however unappealing it may seem to our predominantly Baconian orientation. In fact, at one point he throws out the exciting conjecture that the advanced "science" of a thousand years hence may be one without laboratories and that our present-day experimentalism will then be thought a highly naive and primitive approach.

UP-BEAT 3: Well, there must be a fingering mark for notes to be hit with the head, for I most certainly recall having seen somewhere, years ago, a photograph of an organist who used a skull cap which was fitted with a projecting metal rod for the purpose of hitting certain keys of the console.

HORIZONS 9.3: Footnotes and literaturerferences aren't supposed to be essential to comprehension of the text, and hence are tucked away in places where they won't get in the way of the reader. If you read the preface of almost any introductory textbook you'll general-

ly find an admonition to ignore the notes of any particular chapter or section until you've assimilated the text. There's quite a bit of difference, I'd say, between the orientation of a medical practitioner and the orientation of, say, a nuclear physicist. The MD's are rather closely and directly concerned with a variety of ethical questions relating to their methods and procedures; also they are pretty well organized by the AMA, which one does not often hear of being accused of liberalism. It may be, though, that through the present rise to influence of organizations, such as the FAS, devoted to the social aspects of physical science, we shall get eventually, as an undesirable by-product, an increased measure of reactionary orthodoxy in the pure science field. The Lone Indian Fraternity seems to be misnamed, since it appears to have untold legions of members. So it may wield a more potent influence than you think. I hae me doots, tho.

"Right now the VAPA is in the very uncomfortable organizational situation of a bunch of people who are sitting around trying to converse and unable to think of something to talk about." HUH?!! Otherwise I generally agree with your analysis. But I'm very poor at direct conversation, as Speer once testified, and furthermore do not know of anyone in Rockland to whom I'd confide, say, my faparemarks of a year or so anent the ethics of infanticide.

I wish I could recall where I got that "Ein' Feste Burg" item; I also wonder about the authenticity of the evidence, if any, for the reputed great antiquity of the tune.

TUMBRILS 15: This is most remarkable: There seems to be absolutely nothing in this issue to cause me to assume my usual purple hue and jump up and down in rage. Perhaps I'd better look thru it again more carefully. The Discourse on Prosody finds me a surprisingly interested auditor; I've long had a mildly Sylvester-like attachment for the pure mechanics of versification, and shall enjoy going through this collation of the subject, even though I'd scarcely contemplate using it--my pleasure in versification mechanics not extending to mechanical versification. These Forteanes never fail to amuse me with their positive affection for the most difficult and complicated theories concoctable in preference to simplicity and directness of hypothesis, and surely the "Halonie Theory is the prize example of this sort of thing. Your footnotes are delicious, and the functional order in which they're stacked really sends me. This in... uh, this fan checks you summat on Planet; I can't recall an issue that I considered really good, but equally I don't remember any for being a totaloss. Why couldn't the axis governments (and specifically the J a p government) have accepted unconditional surrender? And use of the atomic bomb seems a passing strange means of making it last longer and cost more. I agree as to the unsanity of the supposition that geographical location predisposes the political orientation of a (4-dimensional) people. Where and when did I assert such a thing? That is, you understand, not the same thing as the statement that given the ascendancy of a given political philosophy in a particular region, the people being born in or migrating to that region will tend to acquire its political complexion.

DISCRETE 3.1: A very fine thing, all the way through, but right at the moment it's the cover whose pertinence strikes me the most acutely. (Thus, ah thus, do I avenge your putting off comments on Efty-sixteen from VAPA to FAPA and vice versa!)

falsowhiskersarequitedorigeurforbeardmutteringburtontheladiesusetheyto