

FAPA
21

FANDANGO



Rosier

FAN - D A N G O

A Stormy Petrel Unto Ye

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Whole No. 21

This issue, in a sense, is an anniversary issue. It marks the start of a second batch of 20 Fan-Dango's, and may be taken in lieu of the "large and ornate edition of Fan-Dango" about which I've been prattling from time to time. Maybe it isn't so ornate, but it is as large as any two other issues, and in my biased opinion is one of the two or three best Fan-Dango's yet.

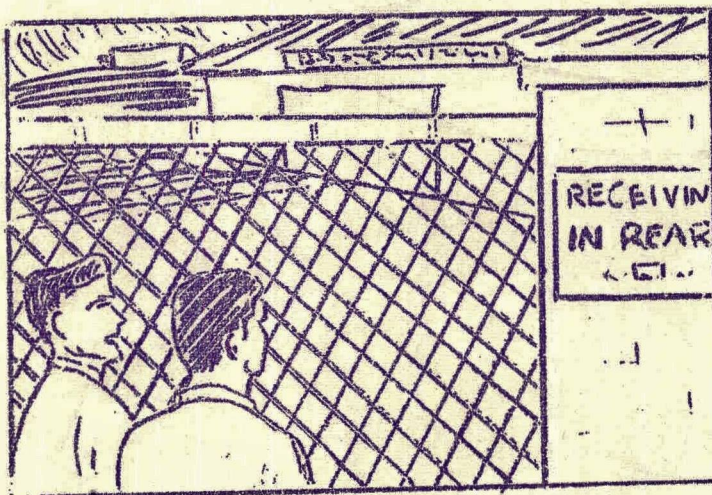
The first Fan-Dango was a dittoed single-sheeter appearing in the June 1943 mailing, my first as a member, and consisted of an article proposing a fanzine anthology. The next eight issues were and are very sad indeed. They consist about equally of vituperative mailing comments and choleric articles on matters steffnistic. Part of the trouble was that I took fandom and myself too seriously, and part stemmed from the fact that I had not as yet developed even a faint approximation of an informal writing style. And not a little of the poor quality of these first issues came from the excessive haste in which they were tossed together as a sideline to my real publishing, Acolyte. Ah they stink!

I think is any good at all is the 10th: "Laney's Fan-Danging Program". It is a Fan-Dango written in the style, more or less, of Speer's Sustaining Program, and is not without its moments. The following issue, #11 (Spring 1946), is I think one of the all-time bests of this magazine. In addition to "Japanese Jam", an article by Burton Crane dealing

with jazz in Japan, it has the best mailing comments I ever did, including a detailed taking apart of KEEVANS' TIME-BINDER. #13 carries my 10 page account of the Pacificon, which is one of the first articles on a fan event written with an attempt at candor.

Fan-Dango skipped almost a year then until the Summer 1947 mailing, and has hit every mailing since. To my prejudiced eyes, it seems still to be improving imperceptibly.

Maybe one or more of the next twenty will be halfway passable. Maybe not. Who cares? I enjoy Fan-Dango anyway. --ftl



GEE! THIS MUST BE THE LASTS!

SOME RANDOM NOTES CONCERNING NATIONAL DEFENSE.

----- F. Towner Laney

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Some of my recent reading and listening has indicated that a sizeable amount of popular opinion is either wrong or misleading, both in connection with the late war and in regards to our preparedness at the present time. So, for better or worse, here it is.

First, though, I'd like to point out that most of my data are compiled from the official reports by Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King to the Secretary of the Navy, and published in 1946 by the Navy Department under the title, U. S. NAVY AT WAR, 1941-45. Material not stemming from this report came either from Fletcher Pratt's THE NAVY: A HISTORY, Mahan's INFLUENCE OF SEAPOWERS UPON HISTORY, or from a lecture I heard this winter delivered by Rear Admiral Zacharias, USN-Ret. And I want to emphasize that the conclusions, such as they are, are my own, except where specifically indicated otherwise.

And it may help you to know that BB is Navy shorthand for battleship; CV, aircraft carrier; CVL, light aircraft carrier; CA, heavy cruiser; CL, light cruiser; CLaa, anti-aircraft light cruiser; DD, destroyer; DE, destroyer escort; SS, submarine; AK, cargo ship; AO, oiler; AP, transport; APD, fast transport. For obvious reasons, I'll use these designations rather than writing out the full name over and over.

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WHAT WON THE WAR? One of the greatest names in the US Navy is that of A. T. Mahan, a man who never held a major command in time of war. Admiral Mahan was a naval historian and philosopher who wrote several scholarly volumes examining history from the naval point of view. Unlike most naval chroniclers he was relatively uninterested in the details of individual battles, but sought to determine the influence, if any, upon the history of a nation by its successes on the sea.

Out of all this arose the Mahan formula: "Victory in war and success in peace go to the nation who controls the seas. No nation can control the seas if its enemies are powerful enough to dispute this naval control by force of arms. Accordingly, the objective of a navy in war must be to destroy the opposing navy." In other words, according to Mahan it is unsound practice to use a navy primarily to cover landings or to elude blockades or to capture territory. The primary objective must be to knock out the opposing navy. In that case landings on a hostile shore can be made with comparative ease, blockades will cease to be effective, and enemy territory will pretty much fall of its own weight.

This doctrine, first promulgated in the 1880's, has represented the official philosophy of the US Navy for fifty years or more. And with certain modifications it is still sound--merely extend it to cover air power as well as sea power and you will have it. Those who have read the book version of COMMAND DECISION will no doubt have noticed that when General Dennis was defending Operation Stitch from the other brass he kept harping on the need of destroying German air power itself, and on how incidental was the other destruction wrought by the USAAF.

The war with Japan proved once again how right Mahan was. Popular belief tends to ascribe the fall of Japan to the atomic bomb. The a-bomb was in

actuality a gratuitous kick in the face of a prostrate foe. (Personally, I am inclined to suspect that the atomic attacks were staged chiefly as an object lesson to hold future wouldbe aggressors in line. Certainly they have so far tended to have that effect.)

Admiral Zacharias, who for many years was US Naval Attache in Tokyo, commanded a CA in the dark days of 1942, and finished out the war in charge of psychological warfare for the navy. Stationed in Washington, he prepared a long series of broadcasts which were beamed to the Japanese government and people, and which he claims had Nippon ready to surrender in July 1945. In fact he went so far as to state that plans for the surrender were far advanced before the first atomic bomb was dropped. I more or less got the idea that he felt the Japs quit less because the air force dropped atomic bombs on them than because the navy dropped Zacharias on them!

Seriously, though, the Japs had every reason to quit, and it is not surprising to learn from Zacharias that they had so planned before they ever heard of atomics. There are two prime essentials for waging war: the will to fight, and the means to fight. Hasn't it struck you as rather amazing that the undefeated army of one of the most militaristic nations of modern times surrendered without firing a shot? (And leave us not quibble about that term undefeated; it must be remembered that the sizeable numbers of Japs wiped out in nearly four years of island hopping were at best detachments, that the main body of Japan's powerful army never came into action except in China.) The Japanese had lost the means of carrying on the war, for their navy had virtually ceased to exist, their merchant marine was almost completely destroyed, and their air force was no longer able to threaten Allied air supremacy even over Japan proper. Isolated on their chain of islands, they were running short in food, in raw materials of every description, in oil and gasoline, in everything coming under the head of materiel. And with their ships littering the floor of the ocean and their airplanes blown to bits by the thousands they could neither replenish their vanishing supplies nor loosen the strangehold that was pounding them even further into oblivion.

The atomic bomb had nothing to do with the end of the war. Unless we ascribe the object lesson motivation to it, the dropping of these bombs was little more than an American exercise of the same brutality we affect to deplore in the acts of such men as Hitler, Stalin, or Hirohito.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO THE JAPANESE FLEET?

Until I read Admiral King's official reports, I thought-- just like nearly everyone else--that the Japanese Navy was wiped out by air attack, mostly from the carriers. One of the appendices to the volume of reports is a complete roster of the Japanese Navy listing each ship and indicating what became of it, where, and when. I compiled a table from this roster, and it is quite contrary to what seems to be accepted public opinion.

The Japanese had at their disposal during the war years a total of 262 ships of major combatant types. At the end of the war only 23 of these were in usable condition, and 9 of these were brand new ships which had not yet been commissioned. There were an additional 33 units which had managed to

reach port after being damaged in action, but which were not operable. Most were beyond repair, some having lain in port from mid-1943.

Let's see what happened to the rest. (The figure in parentheses following the class of ship indicates the total number of this type possessed by the Jap Navy during 1941-45. It is not to be imagined that they possessed all these ships at any one time--dozens of them were built and lost after Pearl Harbor.)

Sunk by:	BB(12)	CV(21)	CVE(5)	CA(16)	CL(22)	Training Cruisers	DD (181)
Surface Units	3			1	2		29
Submarines	1	4	4	4	10		44
Carrier Planes	5	9	1	8	7	1	33
Surface units and planes	1	1		3	1	1	2
Submarines and planes		1					1
Misc. (mines, shore battery, accidental, etc.)	1						10
Land-based Aviation							18
Left afloat:							
Inoperable	1	4		2	1		25
Operational		1			1	1	11
New & unused		1					8

It will thus be seen that submarines sank more Japanese war-ships than any other single agency, accounting for a total of 67 units. Carrier planes got 64, surface units 35, surface units acting with planes got 9, submarines teamed twice with planes, land bombers got 18, and 11 succumbed to miscellaneous nemeses.

In addition to the 67 major combatant ships bagged by submarines, the silent service also sent 189 minor combatant types and auxiliaries to the bottom.

And US subs ruined the Japanese merchant marine. quoting from page 202 of the official reports: "By the end of the war, the Japanese merchant fleet was virtually nonexistent." Of merchant ships of 1000 tons and upwards, our subs sank 63% of the total--37% being sunk by all other

means, army, aviation, what have you. Commencing in June 1945, the pigboats invaded even the land-locked Sea of Japan to such effect that they actually ran out of targets--even there. One SS in fact was able to find so little to do that it sent a party on shore and blew up a railroad bridge with a train speeding across it, a strange target indeed for a submarine.

No wonder the Japs quit:

We think of the submarine as the typical German trick, and in our unrealistic way even went to war in 1917 because of unrestricted use of the submarine. It must be that our real objection was that we disliked to see a major weapon misused; at least, the Germans are rank amateurs when it comes to undersea warfare, particularly when compared with us.

The US Navy lost 53 submarines in World War II, while building 203. (We had well over 100 first line submarines prior to the war and about 75 older submersibles devoted to training purposes.) While losing these 53 subs, we wiped out Japan's seapower. Japan herself lost 139 subs out of a total of 194, and the vast majority of the 55 surviving Jap SS's were either brand new ones not yet put into commission or the small two-man suicide craft. Her submarine cruisers were nearly all gone. And the Germans, the supposed masters of undersea horror, lost from 1939 through 1945 the unbelievable total of 782 submarines sunk in action!

So when you say U-boat, you mean United States Submarine. And America need never again be smugly righteous about the bestial huns sinking ships without warning. I have a pretty strong private hunch that the typical US SS commander gave his victims about the same warning that Commander Walther Schwieger of the U-20 gave the Lusitania.

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TOJO SHOULD HAVE STUDIED MAHAN. (I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T!) A consideration of the naval happenings of 1941 and 1942 make me realise how close we all came to having to learn Japanese. Without the faintest hint of disparagement for the brilliant work of our fighting forces, I still cannot but think that a mistaken overall strategy is all that kept the Japanese from winning the war.

In the first place, the Japanese tide of conquest through the western and south Pacific was a mistake. It was a frittering away of irreplaceable ships and personell for very hollow victories. It must be that Nippon was carried away by her notions about "Greater Spheres of Prosperity" and such, for it doesn't take a Mahan to see that if Japan had attacked the American mainland successfully she would have gotten all these islands and archipelagoes by default in a subsequent mopping up.

The logistics of a strong attack by Japan on the American mainland are rugged, certainly. But if the US fleet had been decisively knocked out, it would have been well within the realm of probability that Japan could have maintained a successful invasion of our west coast. American land-based aviation would have taken a frightful toll, but in time we would have run out of planes from a combination of battle losses and knocked out aircraft factories. If Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed, and Consolidated's west coast factories had been heavily bombed in the winter of 1941-42 it doesn't take much figuring to dope out who would have controlled the air by

that summer. And if Japanese carriers could have roamed the sea as freely in 1941-42 as ours did in 1944-45 (as they could if they'd knocked out our fleet) it seems not improbable that they could have maintained local air superiority over portions of our west coast from the very beginning of the war.

Fortunately, Alfred T. Mahan was not a Japanese!

The entire Japanese conduct of the war in 1941-42 was in direct contravention of all Mahan's teachings. Pearl Harbor did not destroy our fleet by any means--it merely crippled it, made it impossible for us to start doing much of anything for several months. Had the Japs kept plastering Pearl Harbor for a week or ten days, the chances are excellent that they would have knocked our fleet out for keeps. A Japanese Mahan would have staked his all on doing just that.

But the Japanese were more interested in capturing islands, and it must be admitted that they did very well at it for a time. How long did they hold their conquests?

It may be argued that an all-out Japanese attack on our fleet was too risky for them. Was it? It seems incredible that they could not have known that our production possibilities would smother them under an armada beyond all imaginings if we were allowed to get under way at all. Their only chance, it seems to this armchair quarterback, was to knock us out at once, while we were still forced to fight only with what 25 years of isolationism had given us in the way of weapons.

In the fighting around Guadalcanal, the Japanese missed their second (and last) chance of winning the war; and once again it seems to me that it was their own mistaken strategy which beat them. It seems rather evident that all these Nipponese sorties, which led to so many savage sea fights, were merely designed to reinforce their land forces on Guadalcanal--rather than to smash once and for all the allied fleet. Surely our invasion forces would have been in sorry plight indeed if Japan had seized control of the sea. But no. Time after time Japan dribbled a few ships down the slot, convoying transports. Each time the Japanese and Allied forces were about equal in strength, and each time the Japs lost a few more ships. Had they thrown all these ships in at once, with a primary objective of sweeping the Allied fleet clear out of the South Pacific, it is probable they would have won, though not necessarily so. American ships, traditionally, have always been a bit bigger and better than ships of corresponding classes in other navies, and there is a possibility that they still might have won. But after all, there is a limit to the odds even the best fighting unit can cope with successfully.

Let's examine the nautical part of the Guadalcanal campaign for a moment.

Allied land forces (meaning USMC in this case) invaded Guadalcanal on 7 August, 1942. They were supported by three task forces: a main fighting force comprising 3 CV, 1 BB, 5 CA, 1 CLaa, and a number of DD; the invasion force comprising 6 CA, 1 CL, several DD's and 23 AT's; and the third force comprising land-based aviation. The invasion took the Japs by surprise, and we lost 1 AT and 1 DD, with another DD damaged and out of action. (And it must be emphasized that this rather small force was every single ship we could spare, and that creating it left the allies spread dangerously thin elsewhere.)

On the night of 8-9 August, the Japanese slipped a force of CA, CL, and DD down to Guadalcanal and caught the allies flatfooted. At no loss to themselves, the Japs sank 4 CA's, and damaged another CA and two DD's so as to put them out of action. This was the battle of Savo Island. According to Admiral King, it gave the Japs area superiority for several months.

Then came the Battle of the Eastern Solomons on 23-25 August. An American force of 2 CV, 1 BB, 3 CA, 1 CL, and 11 DD tangled with strong Japanese fleet elements and sank a Japanese CV, and damaged 4 CL, 3 DD, and 1 BB. One American CV (the Enterprise) was badly damaged and put out of action for some time. This battle "about stripped the Japs of carrier support"--however it must be remembered that all this fighting took place very close to numbers of enemy airfields so that the loss of carriers was not nearly so serious to Japan as it would have been otherwise.

And in the following six weeks of miscellaneous attrition, the US lost 1 CV and 5 DD, and had a number of other ships temporarily knocked out. At this point it became necessary to reinforce allied land forces on Guadal "in face of enemy naval and air superiority".

This led to the Battle of Cape Esperance on 11-12 October. The US, in the meantime, had begun to get the new ships of the 1939 and 1940 Emergency Program shaken down and had managed to reinforce the South Pacific forces by 1 BB, 2 CA, 2 CL, and 5 DD--all new ships. This stiffening enabled us to inflict a decisive defeat on Japan, sinking 4 major units and crippling 6, causing the Japs to abandon the scene of action. We lost 1 DD, and in addition had damaged and out of action a CA, a CL, and a DD.

In two weeks more of miscellaneous attrition we lost another DD and had a CA torpedoed and put out of action for some time. However another of the new BB's joined the force, and the damaged CV and CL completed their repairs and rejoined.

Then on 26 Oct the Japs attacked with 3 CV, 2 BB, 1 CA, 7 DD, and a few others (unidentified). This was the Battle of Santa Cruz, in which we lost a CV and a DD, and had damaged and put out of action a BB, a CL and a DD. The Japs lost no ships but got cold feet and left the scene, leaving most of their carrier planes behind them. It is noteworthy that the American carrier sunk in this action reduced our total everywhere to only 3 (no more than the Japs had in this one area) only one of which was available for the Guadalcanal operation.

The Japanese made a final fullscale attempt to reinforce their land forces on Guadal on 13-15 November. At this time, the US had in those waters 2 BB, 4 CA, 1 CL, 3 CLaa, 22 DD, and a damaged CV which was still semi-usable. The Japs came down with a superior force comprising 4 BB, 2 CV, 5 CA, and 30 DD--but they were definitely hampered by having a large convoy of troop transports.

As the Japs came down, 2 CA, 1 CL, 2 CLaa, and 8 DD were given to Rear Admiral Callaghan to fight a delaying action and to lead the Japs to the reserve, which meanwhile was busily hustling the AT's out of immediate danger. This is the famous action where the two forces nearly collided in the dark and the American cruisers were saved from being sunk only by being so close to the Jap BB's that their big guns could not be sufficiently depressed.

The US cruisers were riddled by heavy guns and most of the higher officers were killed when the upper works were blasted out of the ships. This advanced force fought until only 2 DD were left in action, all the rest being either sunk or disabled.

At this point the US reserve force reached the scene and fought to a standstill with the Japs. All Japanese ships were either sunk, disabled, or driven off. Most American ships were also put out of action either through disablement or through frenetically helping save the cripples.

The last day of the battle consisted of one lone US DD, the Meade, the one ~~fix~~ undamaged ship left on the scene for either side, as it "exercised complete control in the area and destroyed all beached Japanese ships by leisurely bombardment".

This was the battle that definitely turned the tide against the Japanese Navy. From 15 November 1942 until the end of the war they were fighting a losing and increasingly hopeless battle.

On 30 November, however, they made one last attempt to relieve Guadalcanal, sending down 7 ships, CL's and larger. The US met them with 4 CA, 1 CL, and 4 DD--lost a CA and had 3 CA's put out of action--but still managed to drive the Japs away with heavy loss. (Compare these task force sizes with the ones of 13th Nov to indicate the frightful attrition of the battle of 13-15 Nov.)

By January 1943, the US naval forces at and near Guadalcanal consisted of 3 BB, 4 old BB, 2 CV, 3 CVE, 3 CA, 7 CL, 2 CLaa, and upwards of 35 DD. (The differentiation between BB and old BB is necessary because the new BB's of the Washington class and onwards are capable of 27 knots and more, while the old BB's have a top speed of only 20 to 21 knots and hence were not especially usable in fast task forces.)

By 7-8 February, 1943, Japan had withdrawn from Guadalcanal, and also from her last chance for ultimate victory.

It is fortunate that Japan did not follow the teachings of Mahan. When one notices how close they came to winning on two or three occasions in this fighting around Guadalcanal, it makes one wonder why they didn't combine all these ships they eventually used and frittered away in this very area and make a real, all-out attempt to win. We had every ship down there we could spare. Japan was just using detachments from her main fleet, and in 1942 could have doubled or even tripled her Guadalcanal naval forces without seriously deteriorating her position elsewhere. Maybe it was faulty intelligence, maybe an underestimation of our navy, maybe they just believed their own propaganda of invincibility.

Whatever the cause, the result is one for which to be thankful.

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WARSHIPS AND CROSSBOWS. In case any of you are wondering why all this is in FAPA, I'd like to point out that tho it all happened so recently, this naval war is as archaic and semi-fantastic as the crossbow attacks in the crusades. The US Navy has almost worked itself out of a job, for it no longer has an opponent. At least it is difficult for me to see how submarines and carriers could starve out a great continental land mass like Russia.

In fact, despite its great services in the past, the navy has come close to outliving its

usefulness; indeed, under the present administrative setup, a strong case could be made that the navy is actually undermining our preparedness through funnelling off a disproportionate amount of money for devices which can be nothing but ineffectual in a war with Russia.

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WHAT WE CAN DO TO FURTHER NATIONAL SECURITY. I realise that by proposing strong armaments

I am laying myself open to a barrage of tut-tuts from sundry of you. Some will no doubt point out to me that strong armaments lead to war, a most unsemantic adjustment which neglects, among other things, to give weight to the necessity of having all nations sincerely interested in having peace in order for any to be reasonably able to expect it; or to consider that with a species like homo sapiens weapons are much less a cause of strife than an effect of a mass cantankerousness. Others will point out that since the mass of people internationally do not want war, we must get them together in some mystic way, make them repudiate their militaristic leadership, and usher in a brave new utopia. This is a most unrealistic theory. In the first place, a fair case could be made that mass man, subconsciously at least, does want war. This case has been very ably presented by a number of different psychologists. And I have yet to read of a practical means of getting the common peoples of the world together. Through education? How long would that take, especially when we consider the extreme difficulty of getting the program of re-orientation even planned out on paper?

And

I can just see the reaction of several of my putative readers when they read in a moment that I advocate preventive war against Russia, as soon as we are in a position to initiate it. "Ah, that Laney. He is semantically confused. He thinks all Russians are evil monsters." And they will grimace smugly and make another stab at trying to read Science and Sanity.

Well, I find it impossible to see how we can reasonably hope to have peace with the USSR except under their terms. I'm well aware that the Russian Communist Party leadership and the great mass of Russian people are two totally different things, and that the Russian people themselves are pretty much like us--with the same general drives and aspirations that characterise homo sapiens everywhere. So what? They are under control. They have no voice in their destiny, and their destiny (and ours) is being made by a mob of men warped by an idee fixe.

I simply believe that since an eventual collision is (not ideally but practically) inevitable, we ought to bring that collision on to suit our own convenience. Should we let Russia build up a trans-global airforce bristling with atomic weapons, and let them give an atomic Pearl Harbor to our major industrial and military installations before we strike back?

I realise of course that America will never be anything more than a gauche bumpkin in international affairs, and that anything so realistic as the use of force to compel acceptance of a reasonably decent world will never occur to us--not until it is too late. Up to now, it really hasn't much mattered, because we have been able to keep war from our own doorstep and preserve our productive capacity until it gives us superiority. The atomic bomb has minimised this possibility for the future.

Since there is no hope of our trying to knock out Russia first, the

best we can do is to plump for second-best measures, which at least will give us a ghost of a chance when war comes.

Each of us should write his congressman and senator, not a long, rambling, fannish letter, but a brief statement of certain things that congress should do to further national security.

I list these things in what seems to me to be their relative order of importance:

(1) A 70 group airforce as fast as we can get it.

(2) A genuine unification of the armed services.

(3) A regrouping of the navy for its probable duties in WW3 (i.e. anti-submarine and convoy duties).

(4) Less emphasis on slow and obsolete bombers like the vaunted B-50, and the rapid development of long-range jet bombers.

(5) A complete public release of the details of Bikini and other atomic bomb tests. (The Navy has never really admitted that the atomic bomb is a weapon to end all weapons. They fully and confidently intended to sail the Bikini fleet home in triumph to show that the US Navy could cope with all eventualities, and the real story has been largely suppressed. Part of it came out in the Reader's Digest a few months ago, but the whole grisly tale should be spread far and wide.)

(6) Research on weapons on a wartime basis.

I've written my representatives in Congress.

How about you?

BEING OFFICIAL EDITOR OF FAPA IS FUN.

----- by the present incumbent.

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When Burb and I took over as joint OE's for two terms, neither of us expected really to enjoy it. We thought it would just be a lot of hard work, and took the job on only because we thought it was necessary if FAPA were to survive.

We didn't realise what a lot of fun it would be.

A while back, Cele said, "Here is another of those packages that mean so much to you." By golly they do. Coming home from work to find one of those precious bundles is almost as thrilling as having your pet canary lay an egg. And its cheaper too--you don't have to pass out cigars.

And the getting out of the mailing, instead of being a lot of sheer drudgery, is just an excuse for having a red-letter Saturday. I wrote one of these sessions up in "Tittans on Trask", but every one of our six mailings has been the scene of as much fun. Sure, the work is there too, but so much else happens that you do the work without noticing it.

What I'm leading up to of course is a pitch for some of you other guys to think about taking over. Mailing after this is the election, and neither Burbee nor I intend to run again for OE. If you can get four mailings out on time to the day, why not declare yourself in on a lot of fun?

The

IDEAL

FANZINE



by CHARLES BURBEE

"The ideal fanzine," I said the other day to Laney, "should not run more than two issues."

He immediately began to marshal forces for a tremendous argument, but I forestalled his preparations by launching into a monologue on the subject of fanzines, and he listened carefully to me, as people usually do when I display my fine mind and null-A reasoning to them, and when I was through he said, "By God, you're right!"

I told him that the first issue of a fanzine should follow certain clearly defined and infallible rules. As a prime requisite it should be hektographed, almost totally illegible, and the margins should run right into the stapled edges. Grammar and spelling should follow the characteristic if inconsistent methodology of the editor whose keen young brain is far too wary to be trapped into the unsemantic rules of Webster and Roget. And somewhere among the non-typed portion (I hesitated to call it artwork) there must be a lop-sided slanted cylindrical thing blowing smoke out of one end against a backdrop of asteroids.

The lead article may have many titles in different first issues, but the gist of it is about the same. "Are Fans Human?" is one way of saying it, and the author will invariably conclude that while fans may be nuts they're still smarter than people because they are cognizant of the deeper significance of science fiction and knew about the atomic bomb and rockets and stuff like that long before people did. There should also be a piece of doggeral verse by an even more unknown character than the author of the article, whom no one ever heard of either, and the poem should preferably sigh for a lost Martian princess; though it is also permissible to lament nostalgically for the hell-roaring days of early spaceflight or to chronicle the plaint of a Martian for more water. Somewhere in the poorly scanning lines should appear the phrases "rockets' soaring blast" and "space-dive on Rigel III", and there should be some reference to a blind minnesinger "of the spaceways".

The editorial, which obviously was written before the rest of the ideal fanzine took form, should contain a glowing account of the editor's plans, listing an imposing lineup of fan talent, none of which shows up in the final result. There should be an impassioned plea for material, material, MATERIAL! No matter what it is, the editor begs you to enter something in his big prize contest. He can use everything, though he is

somewhat overstocked on fiction because he's writing most of that himself. And whether or not it wins one of the big free prizes, he'll be glad to send you a free copy of the issue your stuff appears in.

The editor also goes on to state that this is his first attempt at publishing. He didn't even know that there was this wonderful thing stf, which enabled sensitive young boys to view the past present and future as part of one continuous roll or scroll, until just one year ago when he discovered Startling Stories. (He bought the magazine on account of the naked woman on the cover, which he kept stashed in the bathroom until his mother found it the next week and burned it up.) ((I always wondered how Burbee got started reading stf.--ftl)) He's been reading stf for almost a year now and thinks it is the most wonderful thing he's ever been privileged to share. It is one of the few hopes of an ill world. He brags archly that he has a collection of more than 60 mags now, and inquires if there was such a magazine as Unknown--he's heard it mentioned but has never seen a copy.

He says that HYPERSPACETUBE is going to appear on a monthly schedule. Already by the second line of the editorial, he has a nickname for the mag, calling it HY. And forever after, he refers to it simply as, HY.

In an obscure location near the back of the mag is a second editorial. This one is obviously written at the last, either to fill up a page, or to supply the editor with a space to blow off some accumulated phlegm. This one says that he realises the hektography is bad, especially on pages 6 and 7, but they were the first pages he ever ran off and he didn't realise that so much water would make it spot or that the pan had to stand 24 hours before putting on another master.

He apologises for such a scanty offering but says that next month's issue will show a real improvement. He is sick of hektography. It makes his hands purple. So next month's issue of HY will be mimeographed if he can get the use of the mimeograph at school. Or maybe he will buy one, though he is experiencing a great shortage of cash at the moment. Next issue will have a lithographed cover and he wonders if some lovers of fanzines would send in contributions towards paying for it. Once again he pleads frantically for material and bids us adieu till next month when HY will again appear before an eager world.

Well, HY does not come out next month. In fact it does not come out for six months. Since you haven't been waiting breathlessly for it, it seems no time at all before #2 is in your mailbox. The editorial, obviously written last of all this time, is both proud and apologetic. Proud because the magazine is mimeographed, apologetic because the mimeography is just about illegible. He explains that he is sorry about all the strike-overs but explains that he didn't know about correction fluid until he'd almost finished the magazine. And he asks the readers to bear with page 8; he didn't notice he'd forgotten to take off the ribbon until he'd gotten to line 37.

HY proddly presents a long and weakly written story by David H. Keller. There is also a book review by Forrest J Ackerman, but internal evidence shows that it is well over a year old. In a less conspicuous spot is a story by the editor about a war in space. It stops in mid word at the bottom of the page and it takes an assiduous reader indeed to

find the line and a half of continuation buried on a preceding page.

The editor of HY says that from now on he is going to feature his letter section, but he can't figure out what to call it. So he is going to have a big prize contest to select a name. (He makes no mention anywhere in #2 of the big prize contest for material mentioned in #1). Anyway this letter department is going to be a big thing so won't you all sit down right now and write a letter to HY? He will personally answer each and every one. You turn to the letter department and find two long letters from two guys you never heard of, a post card from Charles Burbee, and a note from Coswal giving his wantlist of Weird Tales. None of these communications are readable because the editor has copiously annotated them with his own casual commentary, so you can make head or tails of none of it.

Towards the end of the editorial he remarks that there is no lithographed cover. He says he has got to start charging a subscription price for this mag because the cost of stencils and ink and paper has gone up. Besides, he isn't sure that it is all worthwhile because some of the pro mags do not seem to realise that Science Fiction has a Mission. For further remarks on this topic see page 8 or maybe page 12 for the article, "The Future of Science-Fiction".

He closes by explaining that what with going to school and having final exams he finds it impossible to publish monthly as first planned so he is setting up a bi-monthly schedule. He artlessly but boldly announces that he is helling around a lot too (coily mentioning that there is a big beer stain on the top of this very stencil) and so he finds his time is limited to a great extent. But he wishes to thank those who have cooperated in his publishing efforts, and hopes that the next issue will bring about all the changes and improvements he is aching to see. And send him material, material, MATERIAL!

And that is the last you see of HYPERSPACETUBE, the Fanzine with a Future. The editor has discovered the thanklessness of slaving at typer and mimeo for the dubious reward of a few letters of praise. He has dropped out for good. He learns in only two issues what some of us aren't aware of even after our 30th fanzine. He learns that fan publishing is thankless and messy and worthless, and he spends his time and money henceforth on beer and the pursuit of complaisant girls.

"Do you see why that is the ideal fanzine?" I said to Laney. "This guy is normal. He passes through the fanzine stage, catches on in a flash, and rushes right out again. The mag he published was done by a normal man with normal reactions. Do you see why we need more of these fanzines, instead of the mags we have now that are run by emotional and psychiatric foulups who seek compensation for basic faults in fandom?"

said Laney.

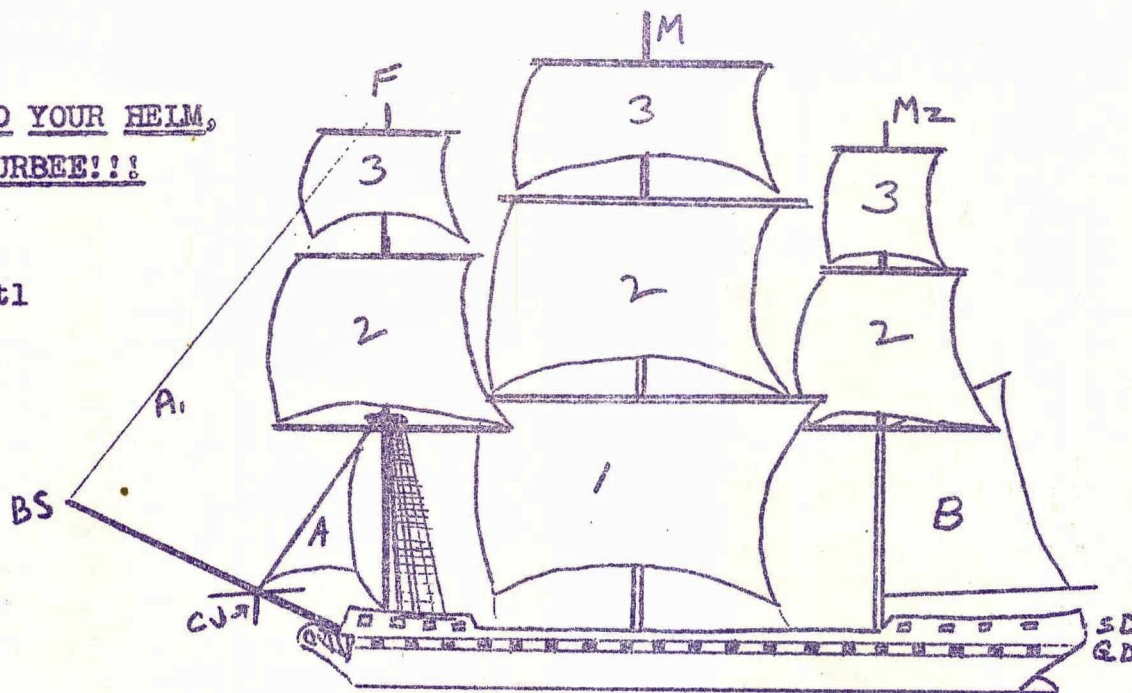
"By God, you're right,"

So I wrote this article for him and he's going to publish it.

FAN-DANGO is published quarterly or less often by F. Towner Laney, 816 Westboro Ave., Alhambra, California for FAPA. All text herein is written by him unless indicated to the contrary.

LARBOARD YOUR HELM,
BURBEE!!!

---by ft1



This might also be titled, Hornblower Made Easy. Burbee remarked the other day how much more he'd enjoy seafaring tales if he understood a bit more of the mechanics of the square-rigged man-of-war. So, strictly from memory, hark to the poopdeck ramblings of that very very poor man's Stephen Decatur, F. Towner Laney:

The sketch is a very diagrammatic and simplified picture of a frigate, circa 1812. Like all respectable men of war of the period, it is ship rigged, i.e. three masts, with square sails on all. Even as today, the front end is the bow, the rear the stern, and the right side the starboard. The left, or port side, however, is the larboard.

From bow to stern the masts are foremast, mainmast, and mizzenmast. Each is heavily guyed with standing rigging: stays and shrouds, stays running fore and aft and shrouds running to the sides of the ship. The shrouds have cross ropes so as to serve a secondary function as ladders by which to go aloft. To carry the forestays of the foremast, we have a strut, called the bowsprit, projecting from the bow, and to brace it we have the crossjack and cro'jack yard (CJ).

Starting from the deck up, the square sails are called courses (1), topsails (2), and topgallant sails (3). If there is a yet higher sail, it is the royal. (The masts, I forgot to say a moment ago, are sectional--the mainmast proper only being high enough to carry the main course; to its top is fastened the maintopmast, to the top of which is fastened the maintopgallant mast.) The forestays carry triangular sails called jibs. And on the mizzenmast is a fore-and-aft sail called the spanker (B).

For simplicity's sake, I omitted the fore and mizzen courses from the sketch, and showed almost no standing rigging: the fore shrouds and the foretop gallant forestay (A1).

In addition to standing rigging we have running rigging: braces, by which the yards may be revolved around the mast; clews, to tie down the corners of the sails, and so on.

I also see I neglected to mention yards, the transverse timbers on which the sails are spread. Each yard takes the name of its sail. And at the tops of the masts proper (i.e. just below the joint between the masts and the topmasts) are the tops, large platforms on which we station the Marines to fire muskets at the enemy's decks.

There are a number of different types of warships in our 1812 navies. The smallest combatant type is the corvette. The smallest ones are brigs (i.e. two-masted ships) but most are ships. A corvette will carry as many as 22 guns, usually with 24 lb or 32lb carronades in the broadside and a long 12 or long 18 as a chase gun. And all these guns will be topside, mounted on the spar deck. That's what makes it a corvette. (Still with me?)

The frigate has one gun-deck. This gives her two rows of guns. (Well, after all, a ship is divided into stories, or tiers, or decks. In counting the decks of a warship, the spar deck doesn't count.) The gundeck is a long, flat room, running the length of the ship without transverse compartmentation, and divided longitudinally only by beams, the masts, and other supports and fixtures. A frigate will carry long 12's, 18's, or 24's on her gundeck, and 32 lb carronades on her spardeck. The carronades don't count in the rating. USS Constitution, 44 guns, carries 44 long 24's, and from 10 to 12 32 # carronades; HMS Shannon, 38 guns, carries 38 long 18's and 8 or 10 short 32's. Thus Old Ironsides has a broadside of 22 long 24's and 5 or 6 short 32's.

(I might veer to say that the backbone of a ship's battery is her long guns. A long 24 is an extremely heavily built 5 to 6" cannon approximately nine feet long, capable of throwing a 24 lb solid shot accurately somewhat more than a mile. Carronades are much lighter cast, and much shorter bore--thus take a much shorter time to load and fire, but on the other hand are too light to take a heavy powder charge and consequently have less than half the range of the long gun. At close range the carronade is equal to the long gun of equivalent size, but for allround use, the long gun is it.)

A ship-of-the-line may be either a two-decker or a three-decker. A two-decker is a second rate battleship and may be rated either a 74 or an 84. A 74 would have a deck of ~~22~~ long 32's, a deck of long 24's, and a batch of carronades going as big as 68 pounders on her spar deck. A first-rate is likely to carry as high as 120 guns, and in effect is a 74 with an added deck of 32's.

Apart from their dependence on the wind, our ships are excessively vulnerable from bow and stern. On the sides, we have all our artillery except for a handful of chase guns, but fore and aft, we not only lack offensive power, but due to the way our gundecks are constructed--one long room the length of the ship--we want to keep the enemy from crossing bow or stern, else we are apt to lose half our crew with one broadside.

It is pretty obvious that a sailing ship can sail with the wind. A well-found ship can also sail against the wind; this is done by sailing in a zig-zag which averages out in the direction we wish to go. We sail on one tack for a while (i.e. wind blowing towards one side of the ship) then we put about and sail on the other tack for a time.

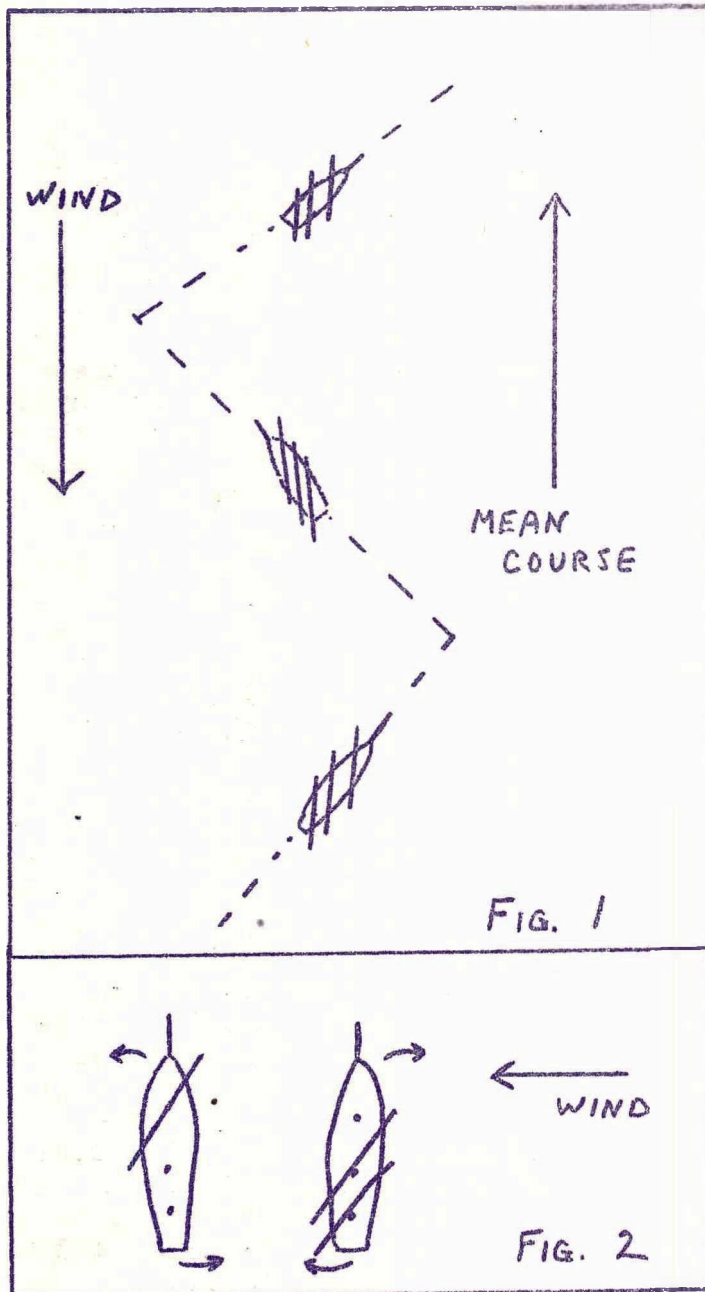


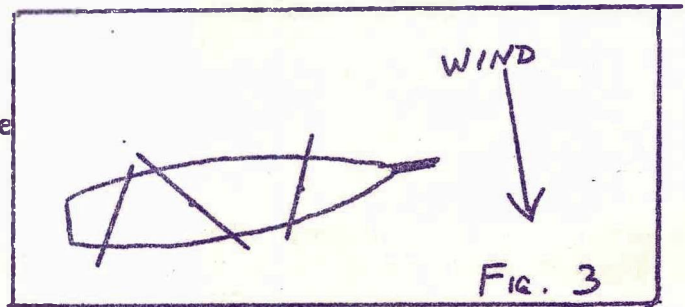
Figure 1 shows our square-rigger beating against the wind. At the bottom of the figure she is on the larboard tack, with the wind blowing against her larboard side. If the diagram were better drawn, it would be clearer that the yards are braced far enough aft ~~into~~ to catch the wind and impart to the ship a forward, against-the-wind motion. The ship will sail for a time on the larboard tack, then go about, or tack. The helm will be turned, the yards braced around sharp in the opposite direction, the ship will hesitate for a moment, losing way; then the sails will fill with a tremendous boom, and the ship will be on the starboard tack. The process will be repeated over and over.

Of course some ships can "lie much closer to the wind" than others. A number of factors may contribute: ratio of sail-spread to freeboard (hull height above water), shape of the hull, and so on. The vector which signifies the velocity of the ship may be determined only after the application of much abstruse mathematics. Since such math was unknown in early sailing ship days, it was impossible to sail the ships. Since it was impossible to sail them, they never existed, hence this entire discussion becomes fanta-

sy and thus suitable for FAPA.

Where were we? Oh. Figure 2 shows the effect of the loss of certain masts. It is oversimplified, since it does not show the effect of the masts dragging in the water, but I think it is self-explanatory. It also indicates how setting or furling different sails would affect the progress of the ship.

Figure 3 shows a ship which has heaved to. Since the sail area of the mainmast is roughly equal to the other two masts put together, the ship is in effect stopped.



Try Hornblower now, Burb. I probably missed the stuff you really wanted to know about.

Thoughts While Bandsawing

THE POLL BOGGS DIDN'T TAKE.

Our boy Redd has an interesting idea for the taking of a different sort of poll, and I for one would like very much to see him go ahead and take this poll. Are fans intellectuals? That's one way of putting it. I'd word it a bit differently. How socialised are fans?

Boggs has an interesting series of questions, though it seems to me somewhat as though he has fallen into some of the same errors he deplores in other pollsters. He objects to previous polls on the grounds that they ask questions concerning intellectual subjects, and yet the very questions that he himself poses are at best semi-intellectual.

"Favorite sports, (a) participant, (b) spectator; favorite non-stf magazines, (a) quality and slicks, (b) comic-books and pulps; Favorite radio programs, (a) dramatic, (b) comedy, (c) giveaway, (d) non-classical music programs; Favorite non-classical records, (a) popular (he exempts jazz), (b) semi-classical, (c) hill-billy and old-time; Favorite non-fantasy movies (specific titles), (a) musicals, (b) comedies, (c) dramas; Favorite comic strips."

With the exception of the category on sports, I maintain that these questions are all semi-intellectual because reading, radio-listening, theater attendance, and record playing are pretty much manifestations of the same type of urge regardless of what one reads or sees or hears. Since by Redd's own definition favorite reading and favorite classical music are intellectual subjects, and by implication he says my jazz is intellectual too, I find it difficult to see how his categories really could cast any new light on our microcosmos, other than to give us an interesting body of miscellaneous insignificant information.

And a point I should particularly like to make is that every one of Redd's categories lists a form of recreation which can be enjoyed to the full by an unsocialised individual, alone. Even sports participation to a limited extent, since such sports as hunting, fishing, golfing, swimming, can certainly be followed by the lonely heart.

So here are my alternate suggestions. I'm attempting, in my proposed poll categories, to measure the socialisation of the FAPA, to try to arrive at some idea as to how well we are integrated with other people. And incidentally, I suggest that my questions will in passing give at least as good an idea of whether or not we are intellectuals as Redd's will.

-----ooOoo-----

THE POLL LANEY IS NOT GOING TO TAKE.

First off, we must have indications in our answers as to both frequency and recency of any given behavior. That big-name fan, Norval Nitwit, may go to a nightclub once a year with some of the people at the annual stf convention, so he could quite legitimately say that he "goes to nightclubs". If he is forced to indicate the frequency of attendance, a

much more accurate indication of his socialisation will result. And it may be that Braxton Bullspoor was once forced by his folks to attend church regularly, but that he has not gone for the past two or three years. So you can just add to each question: "how many times in the past year?"

Non-intellectual Home Amusements

Cards - bridge, pinochle, poker, etc.

Other games - checkers, dart-boards, croquet, etc.

Gardening

Pets

Home workshop and allied crafts

Drunken and other parties

Non-intellectual Away-from-home Amusements

Public dances

Night Clubs

Bars and Taverns

Cinema

Legit. Theater

Vaudeville and Burlesque

Gambling Casino, pool hall, race-track.

Sports Events -- spectator

Sports Events -- participant

Bowling Alley

Tennis Court

Golf Links

Other (name it, please)

Hunting and Fishing

Boating

Beach or plunge

Social and/or Service Organizations

Lodges

Church Groups

Kiwanis, etc.

Political Groups

Ever hold office in any of them?

I believe that the answers (or as Redd points out, non-answers) to such a poll would go far to show what we nosey nellies are trying to find out, and would give the data for several rather interesting articles.

Of course, we would have with us the bugaboo of untruthful answers. My faith in fan polls dealing with anything outside of the conventional stuff questions was dealt a deathblow when I partook with the LASFS in a psychological questionnaire in 1944. Since I was able to recognise most of the holographs, it was very revealing when I had an opportunity to examine the sheaf of answers. Whether the deceptions and misinformation was conscious and deliberate, I couldn't say, but all these papers showed was that most of the people knew what the answer was supposed to be and put it down whether it applied to them or not.

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BACK TO REDD'S POLL.

Redd asks if any "Fapate" ever made a high school or college athletic team. Andy Anderson, in addition to making a couple of letters in high school, was in 1945 2nd string tackle on the USC Junior

Varsity. (This indicates that he quite possibly would have been a first string player if he'd gone to one or another of the smaller colleges.) And Alva Rogers, formerly a big wheel in the LASFS and a little wheel in VAPA, was a star half-back in high school, and in fact owes his late-1942 army discharge to a trick knee picked up on the gridiron.

Our boy also wonders if any of us attended a college football game last autumn. I don't think college football ~~is~~ worth the trouble and expense, so I confined my spectating to television --watching an aggregate of probably six quarters of UCLA and USC as they played various other schools. But Gele and I saw the Los Angeles Dons of the All-America Conference three times--as they played the Chicago Rockets, the Buffalo Bills, and the San Francisco 49ers. In addition, we followed all their other games, both home and on the road, practically word for word on the radio, and listened to most of the games of the Los Angeles Rams in the other pro loop. If I thought any of you were interested at all, I'd have already set down some of my ideas on the future of pro and college football.

(Briefly, I never have been able to see any sensible justification for heavily over-emphasized college football. I don't see what football has to do with education. I cannot see any defensible moral basis for the hypocritical "amateurism" of the college teams, and on the contrary consider that the present setup, even as "purified" in some conferences, is nothing better than an object lesson in dishonesty for the students who theoretically should be learning a certain amount of character. The attitude summed up by "I could die for Dear Old Rutgers" stinks in any language. I don't think it wholesome for supposedly reputable universities to be mixed up in the kind of big business represented by football today, with half-million dollar gates. And so on.

(From the point of view of a follower of football since 1925, I think college football stinks. These are boys playing a man's game, and playing it often to the detriment of their educations and gathering as a reward a lot of bumps and bruises, perhaps even life-long physical handicaps. There is nothing that any college team can do that the weakest pro team cannot do twice as well. Compare for example Doak Walker's yards gained record in 1943 with that of Glenn Dobbs, and remember that Dobbs was not only playing on a weak team against such all-time great outfits as the Cleveland Browns, but was handicapped through half the season with a torn breastbone and a wrenched knee. Against Brooklyn, for instance, Dobbs had less than two feet of motion in his passing arm and was unable to run. He was in the game for a total playing time of less than four minutes, during which time he threw five passes for five completions, one of them setting up a field goal and another going for a touchdown. And when I think of the number of times I have seen college teams lie down and quit because some break suddenly went against them, the mention of "college spirit" makes me gag. The pros, generally speaking, don't know what the word quit means; moreover have the stuff so that desperate measures have some chance of paying off. The New York Yankees pushed the Dons all over the field for 54 minutes and held a 10-0 lead with six minutes to play. At that point the Dons had the ball on their own one yard line. They won the game 20-10. And against Cleveland, the hopelessly licked Dons scored two unbelievable td's in the last 31 seconds. You can have your college football!)

GOTT SEI DANK, I NEVER KNEW HIM!! In Primal, Don Wilson says, "When Miller produces the second or third best mag in a mailing, something's wrong somewhere."

I cannot imagine anyone saying such a thing about his best friend. I cannot imagine anyone publishing in his own fanzine such a remark about himself. In fact, the only coherent thought this remarkable statement brings me is a vague sense of gratitude for the miles between here and Banning.

It is my contention that Primal #2 surpasses any issue of Ego Beast or Merger. It is my further contention that, apart from non-Banning contributions from such writers as Widner and Burbee, Miller's artwork and headings were all that kept Ego Beast worth considering as a major FAPazine.

Certainly Wilson's rambling, poorly thought out, sometimes incoherent, and never revised mailing comments did nothing to help the magazine.

You ask, Mr. Wilson, why people haven't commented enough on the vast amount of work you have put into the mailings. In the first place, much of your work simply doesn't show. If you had put the effort your even edging required into something constructive, like revising your own writings, perhaps EB would have attracted more attention. Another thing, it's hard to put a finger on it, but some people can publish a good magazine and some can't. Walter J. Daugherty can spend \$50 and unheard of time on a single issue of a fanzine and wind up with an unreadable agglomeration of crap. Burbee can spend four or five dollars and part of three evenings and turn out a magazine that is a sheer work of art, something to read, reread, and cherish.

I suspect that you belong in the Daugherty classification.

---oo0oo---
EDUCATIONAL RAMBLINGS. (Well, at least they ramble!) Short of exhuming my partially written series of articles on education, which died aborning when En Garde, for which they were written, folded up; I cannot really contribute anything to the discussion started by DB and HW. But I would like to make a few random comments.

Don gives a great deal of space to his ideas on math teaching. I cannot but wonder just how essential math is anyway. The simple arithmetic used in ordinary commercial transactions is an indispensable tool, no doubt about it. But, in my own experience at least, the bulk of the math teaching time was not spent on the really useful phases of arithmetic, but on all manner of abstruse stuff like geometry, trig, and other stuff which is virtually useless for Mr. Average Man. And my conventional arithmetic was shown to be roundabout and antiquated by a course in so-called mental arithmetic which I took in business college. This "mental arithmetic" was, in essence, a course in short cuts of one sort and another--such stuff as multiplying 28x98 by subtracting 56 from 9800. It was bolstered by the students learning multiplication tables through 20 (rather than 12 as in the public schools). Well, I always was lousy at math, and little of this stayed with me--but I remember and use far more of this sort of stuff (the remembered fragments of a three month course) than I do of all

that I was exposed to in two years of high school math and one year of college figuring. Maybe there's some moral to all this.

Of course, it shows that I am somewhat less than a math shark. But it also points out that Mr. Average Man, as typified by FTL, forgets almost all his math as soon as he gets out of school. After all, he has no especial use for most of it. (And that, Don, is what I think makes the kids forget algebra; you say that it is because they don't get the drilling in it that they did in gradeschool arithmetic, but you must remember that most of them forget most of the arithmetic too.)

Since I simply cannot see the utility in temporarily "learning" stuff merely to get a grade, I think math should be de-emphasized in the schools--or, rather, re-emphasized. If the time spent at present on math were devoted to exhaustive drilling in short-cut arithmetic which continued spasmodically through the fourth year of high school, I think the average person would be much more able to do the figuring he needs to do. And the ones who were going to use more advanced math in connection with their life work could very easily learn what they needed in college or trade school.

In connection with all this, one might also consider intrinsic and extrinsic motivation. It is supposed to be the mission of the teacher to inspire in the pupils intrinsic motivation--make them want to learn the subject at hand--as opposed to extrinsic motivation, "you learn this crud, or stay in after school". It is difficult for me to see how intrinsic motivation could be aroused by most math for most people. The embryo engineer will have intrinsic motivation for learning trig, but will the embryo lawyer? Or housewife?

I am totally in accord with Don in his ideas of teaching reading through most subjects and vice versa--all of it uncompartimentalised. According to Cele, this is also in accord with the most modern educational philosophy. (Us and Dewey!)

In connection with sports, I suggest that one very worthwhile course in PE would be something in the way of spectator orientation. This course, or courses, would endeavor to teach the finer points of all popularly played spectator sports, with the idea that people would enjoy these games far more if they had a better idea what the players were trying to do. It is my theory that most sports spectators miss half of what they see simply because they do not know what to look for and would not be able to fit it in with the team strategy if they did know.

Well, this has been just random picking at a couple of minor points. What we really should do is try to work out what objectives we think education should point at, and not let ourselves get tangled up in curricula for a while. Don more or less gives his objectives, but they are pretty sketchy as compared to the detail with which he goes into math.

So I'd like to ask a couple of questions to close this section of my contribution to what I hope will rage as a FAPAwide discussion for the next year or so.

What kind of a world do we want to train our students for?

What kind of a person would be the best adapted for this kind of world, and would he also be adapted

to the world he is likely to find?

to these aims?

How would the schools contribute

-----ooOoo-----

I'M TERRIFIED OF FANS!!

Sunday, February 13, I was suddenly exposed to associating with fans, and the experience has left me shaken to the core. The occasion was our delivering Ackerman's mailing to him personally in connection with making a determined onslaught against the fabled garage. Instead of finding the Ack alone as we had expected, we found him entertaining Eph Konigsberg, Jean Cox, and Con Pederson--all of them stalwart LASFSians.

Well right now I want to say that I'm not going to write an article about this visit. We (Cele, my mother, and I) all had a very enjoyable time, and even if we hadn't it simply isn't in me to write a derogatory article anyway.

But the whole experience terrified me, terrified me and set me to thinking.

I believe that all of us have a certain inner fuggheadedness, more or less latent, which lies fallow and does not arise very much unless especially brought into the open. We live our little lives and do our little deeds and die our little deaths, and only rarely do we ascend to any great heights of fuggheadedness.

One of the chief things that brings out our own latent Fuggheadedness is protracted association with fugg-heads en masse. Let me hasten to say that none of the four gentlemen who were at 4e's are basically fuggheads. No indeed. And that they said many fuggheaded things must emphatically not be held against them, for they are in a sense unwitting victims of their environment. Surely few will fail to agree that the LASFS, the matrix of these four, is one of the twentieth century's great citadels of fuggheadedness.

If we consider a woman apart from her social matrix, we are apt to look somewhat askance at her habit of plastering her hair with fresh cow dung. We might even be a bit dubious about her manure coated skull, hesitate perhaps before we took her to the Palladium. But if we realised that she was a Uhangi woman, that all women of her tribe made cow dung coiffures, we would understand and accept and think no more about it.

In an analogous way, any fugg-headed remarks made by these four gentlemen can be explained and forgiven as a part of their matrix. Where fuggheadedness is the norm, no one can be blamed for falling into occasional fuggheaded lapses.

But constant association with fuggheads inures us. Our threshold of receptivity for fuggheadedness becomes dangerously high. It takes a titanic and overwhelming piece of assinity to rise above the background and strike us. The typical fugghead and his typical fuggheaded remarks just slides right by; we accept him and them; in fact we even top them with fuggheadeness of our own, fuggheadedness which deserves the chronicallings of a very Laney.

I'd been away from fans too long, I guess. My fuggheadedness threshold was extremely low--too low to protect me--and I am still quivering inside from the impact. These guys really aren't fuggheads. Definitely hot. It is

just that their environment is getting them. They know not what they say or do.

I'll bet that if any one of them were to stay around non-fans exclusively for eight or ten months, then go back and talk with the other three, their reaction would be the same as mine.

Why don't one of you try it and see?

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JAZZ AND SEMANTICS

----- A Quoteworthy Quote culled from TIME, March 14.

-000-

This is taken from the letters section, page 6:

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent articles on the work of Korzybski and Louis Armstrong ((Time, Feb. 21)).

May I point out a curious relationship between the two stories? Korzybski says that what's wrong with people with "Aristotelian orientations" is that they tend to build their attitudes and their lives on verbal definitions...His "non-Aristotelian" theory is directed toward getting people past their definitions and words, i.e., blasting a few holes in the verbal wall that stands between them and reality.

In this light, your quotation of Louis Armstrong's famous reply to the man who asked him to define ((New Orleans)) jazz, "Man, when you got to ask what it is, you'll never get to know," appears as a beautiful and proper non-Aristotelian rebuke to an asker of an Aristotelian nonsense-question. What is jazz, indeed!

S. I. HAYAKAWA

Editor

ETC.: A Review of General Semantics
Chicago, Illinois.

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ALTRUISM DEPARTMENT. I recently received a request from Brown University Library for a copy of the HPL Biblio published by Bill Evans and me in FAPA in 1943. In telling Burbee about it, I remarked that if I sent them one at all I'd bill them for 25¢ because it was just too much bother. (I usually sell these for a dime.)

"Why don't you be like Walter J. Daugherty?" asked Burbee. "You could announce publicly that you are giving it to the library--in fact, that it is your own personal file copy you are giving them. Then privately, you could bill them for 25¢. When they sent you the 25¢, of course you would never get around to send them the bibliography."

Somehow, I don't think Burbee considers Daugherty to be strictly honest. I agree with him 100%.

Who among you have been rooked by Walter J. Daugherty? Send us the information, and we will compile it into a most lovely article.