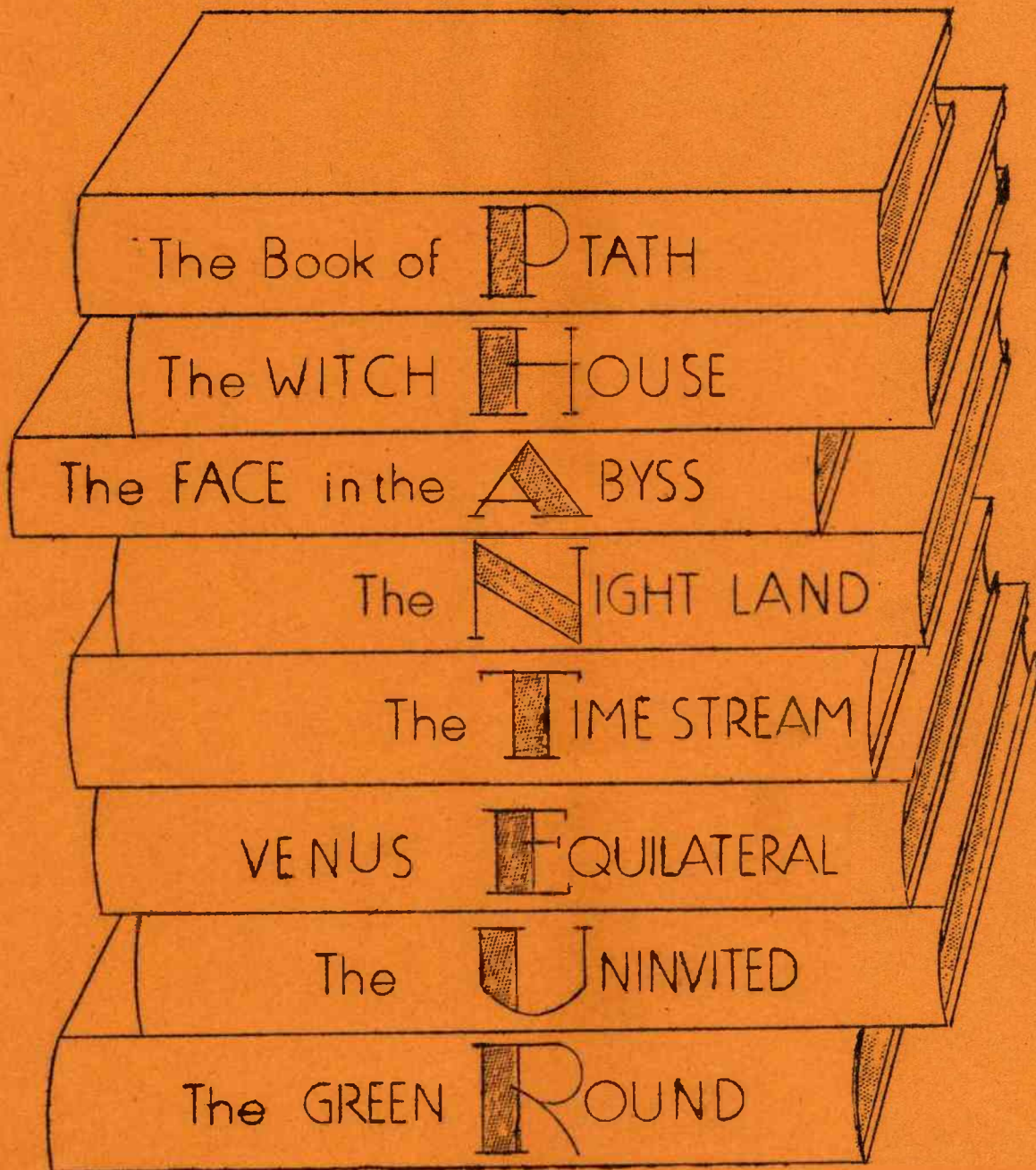


FAPA



VAPA



May 1948

Number 5

P H A N T E U R

Perpetrated Occasionally

for

F A P A V A P A

B Y

D. B. Thompson

Imperial, Nebr.

May 1948

FAPA EDITION

Number 5

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c o n t e n t s

Editorial	pages first and last
"As Time Goes By" (Wherein I demonstrate that I can get something done	pages two and three "on Time.")
Negroes In Science Fiction -- No. 2 (by me, this time)	page number four
"By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them" -- Mailing Reviews--	pages five - eleven

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The intent of the cover should be clear enough this time. Again, it provides conclusive evidence that what skill I possess as a draftsman is still of little avail when I start working on a stencil. Some of the requirements for using a stencil are completely contrary to the rules for using a ruling pen, it seems.

A few words about Russ Willison. Russ is a South Carolina Negro who, following his return from overseas after being wounded, found the restrictions of rural S. C. Negro life a little too irksome, and consequently, moved to Chicago. There, he soon became acquainted with a number of young Negroes who were interested in science fiction. They formed a club, called the Brownies, and held regular meetings, where science fiction stories and their significant ideas were discussed to about the same extent as occurs in any other fan organization; that is to say, part of the time. Not surprisingly, one of the original members was a Communist organizer, and politics came to be a rather prominent item on the agenda of every meeting. The boys got real serious; had a few knock-down and drag-out fights, interspersed with various maneuvers by two factions to gain complete control of the clubhouse--such as expulsions by the President, who was given that power by the Constitution, and impeachment of the same President during his absence, so that others might take over; handy constitution, you must agree.

Russ was a moderate, and for a long time, strove to serve as peacemaker and go-between for the two factions, while managing to maintain the support of a working majority of the membership so he couldn't be kicked out. Then he took a trip, and was removed from office in absentia. Meantime, he had fallen very hard for a girl who had been a nurse in the Loyalist army in Spain. A socialist, but no communist, she influenced his views a lot. Then a series of small misfortunes discouragaged him in one way and another. He decided, about the time his article was published here, to join the Communist Party, and did so at once. When I received his letter, running over with muddy-sounding communist propaganda, I informed him that it wouldn't prevent me from feeling very

"As Time Goes By"

Why does time seem to be accelerating so violently of late? Is it just because I'm growing old, as I finish the first half of the fourth year of my fourth decade on Sol III? I scarcely have time to read Astounding SCIENCE FICTION these days; I used to read all the pros in the days when they were much more numerous, and wish for more. Is it because the type of work I do now keeps me extremely busy, with new and unexpected problems arising almost daily? Time flits fastest when one is busiest; but before I took up this kind of work (in those dimly-remembered days before the War) I was working ten hours a day during the summer months, and still finding time to read the pros, write numerous letters, put together an occasional article or story for a fanzine, and even work a little on attempts at pre fiction. Now, my correspondence is chronically three months behind, and the only writing I can find time for goes into PHANTEUR for the APA's.

During the War years, I used to lay part of the blame on the Louisiana climate, with the enervating, humid heat of summer, and the dreary, rainy winters. But the weather wasn't always bad in Louisiana; I remember two years in particular when the summers were dry, like my native Nebraska, and when the Spring and Fall were clear and cool, just right for tennis and golf, picnics, and hunting and fishing, no three-day rains followed by two weeks of cloudy weather, as was so often the case. Did I find the time and energy to do a lot of writing then? Of course not; why, I hardly had time for golf! And since returning to the high plains region of western Kansas and Nebraska, I seem to have even less time for hobbies. (Can't blame it on golf here, either; there is no playable golf course in Imperial).

Well, maybe my age, and the climate, and my job, and golf, and other factors of like nature constitute the real reasons for the swift passage of Time in this third year of The Atomic Age, but I don't believe it. That explanation is too glib; too simple; too full of ifs. I think that Time, in some obscure relativistic sense, is actually speeding up,--partaking in some way of the incredible acceleration which is taking place in human affairs. I do not claim that this accelerative process is new, but I think the rate of acceleration has itself speeded up.

Consider; in that prehistoric age when Trilobites ruled the Seas, what would you suggest as a practical unit for measuring time? A day? A year? A century? Ridiculous! A century was meaningless; the tireless forces of Nature, without the disturbing influence of intelligence to push and prod, were not concerned with centuries; the dizzying whirl of the Earth and the other planets marked off infinitesimals; even the motions of the stars themselves were hasty in comparison to Time's lethargic crawl over the turgid seascape of that dim and distant age.

Then, one millenium, a fish crawled from the Sea, and the Great Clock ticked, marking off the first step in the conquest of the land. And a few hundred millenia later, Tyrannosaurus Rex stalked on clumsy legs, wallowing accross the swampy terrain, stoking his great body with the decaying flesh of the even larger herbivores; and the Great Clock ticked once more. How long had it taken? Why, it couldn't have been very long; just one tick of the Great Clock; yet the stars had burned new patterns in the skies many times over.

A tiny furry beast slipped furtively through the steaming jungle, hugging a huge, thin-skinned egg against his breast; carrying it to his lair to feed his young; young which had not been born from eggs deposited in the sand. And the Great Clock ticked again; the day of the great saurians had ended.

A tiny primate, gripping the branches of a tree with prehensile feet, climbed high above the danger-ridden ground, and fed peacefully on exotic, juicy fruits. And again the Great Clock ticked; sooner, this time, as measured by the circling stars, but still, just another tick of the Clock.

Another primate, huge and muscular, and possessed of a cranial cavity out of all proportion to his size, as judged by contemporary standards, and bolder than his fellows, climbed down from the trees to which his tiny ancestor had fled--how long ago? Well, just one tick of the Great Clock; it couldn't have been very long. The stars said it was a long time, but they could not be said to know; their configurations did not alter so much between ticks now as they once had, but still they altered greatly.

A short, ugly being squatted in a cave, surrounded by his females and his young. A fire blazed at the mouth of the cave, and bones littered the floor; bones of beasts great and small, but lacking in the cunning that lived in the brain of the slouching Neanderthal who grasped his club in his ill-formed hands and growled at the shadows beyond the fire. The Clock had ticked many times since his ancestor climbed down from the tree; yet the stars had changed no more than they had in a single tick in the age before that ancestor descended to the surface of the ground. Was the Great Clock wrong--or were the stars?

Homo Sapiens strode through the forests, armed with spear and throwing stick and whipped flint axe. The Clock ticked, and herds appeared. It ticked again, and cultivated crops sprang from the soil--and the stars changed but slightly, unable to maintain the pace.

Cities spread like mushrooms along the rivers, and around the inland seas. Ships, powered by the breath of The Demons of the Upper Air, sailed the surface of Neptune's realm, spreading goods and knowledge of many lands, and carrying the marvel of writing thousands of miles from the point of origin--and the stars gave up the unequal contest; their movement could no longer be detected between the ticks of the Great Clock, so frequent were they.

Yet, even then, time scarcely moved at all, in terms of our present-day concepts. A tick was a millenium; then a century; a decade; a year. How long was it between ticks when the nineteenth century opened? How long when this century began? The pendulum of the Great Clock was shortening rapidly, but still the ticks were distinctive clicks; the Sun and the Moon, which had long ago replaced the stars as the celestial bases of comparison, said that months, or weeks, or days, remained between ticks.

Einstein wrote a simple-seeming equation -- $E = mc^2$ -- and, though Man did not know it yet, the hours, and minutes, and seconds into which he had sub-divided the day, in that instant became crude units, still useful for measuring duration in certain aspects of the macrocosm, but pitifully inadequate for the precise work implied by that equation. The ticks of the Great Clock ceased to be individually audible; time was soon to be measured in micro-seconds. The ticks blended. The first throbbing bass notes rose to a piercing whine as the Great Clock strove to keep pace with the electrons whirling faster and ever faster in Lawrence's new cyclotron.

A bomb exploded at Los Alamos; another at Hiroshima.

The Great Clock is no longer audible, as it strives to keep pace with the ever-accelerating pace of the human mind; its "ticking" is now perceived as a secondary violet glow, offspring of the cataclysms generated only in the hearts of stars -- and in the atom bomb.

Time does not march; instead, it clings madly to a second-order sub-atomic particle driving faster and ever faster into the secret places of the Universe.

Whew!! No wonder I couldn't keep up!

The End

The response to the article by Russ Willison, Chicago Negro fan, in the Fall issue of PHANTEUR was quite good. Several members expressed whole-hearted, enthusiastic approval of the whole article. Such approval is, of course, very gratifying to the writer of any article, although it might be more gratifying if such idealistic statements were backed up by some concrete suggestions of ways and means. Still, no program ever succeeded without its idealistic supporters, so far as I can remember offhand.

Personally, I was more interested in the brief discussions of the problem by Speer, Stevenson and several others who took the trouble to study the matter with some care. Several, for example, pointed out that it is contrary to editorial policy to engage in propaganda in popular fiction magazines, and one individual added that any departure from such a policy would imply that the science fiction publications constituted a group outside and above the limitations of the general run of pulps.

The obvious answer to those statements is that the sf pulps are a group apart, and do, already, engage in propaganda. Astounding SCIENCE FICTION already devotes half its pages to socially significant stories; stories that definitely partake of the quality of propaganda. The other magazines in the field do the same thing to varying degrees. Basically, such stories present a plea for sane thinking with respect to matters of social and scientific advance. Not infrequently, the success attained by such stories is directly proportional to the the success with which the writer has presented his point. And, of course, there is a lot of anti-religious propaganda in the sf pulps.

Magazines in other fields don't present such stories; their fiction is concerned almost exclusively with the glorification of the status quo -- which is both logical and practical, since most of their readers -- and all their advertisers -- prefer stories of this type. They are usually good stories, too.

But, since aSF and the other sf pulps do not conform to the mold in this respect, it seems to me that they are being peculiarly inconsistent in conforming so closely in this one respect.

Dragging Negro characters in willy-nilly, merely for the sake of getting them in, would certainly be bad business, and could probably be classified as deliberate, if ineffective, propaganda. But presenting them in "natural" situations could hardly be so classified. I doubt that even the most rabid "White-Supremacy" fanatic would object to the presence of a Negro foreman and several Negro technicians in an industrial development story place in a steaming, extra-terrestrial jungle. After all, that would be an "Earth-normal" situation.

Russ's way of looking at the matter is, of course, somewhat influenced by the fact that he is a Negro himself. He knew whereof he spoke, for example, when he said that the presence of Negro characters in the stories would enhance the sales to Negro readers. His statement that Negro heroes would not be expected resulted from his recognition of the fact that, in so far as the English speaking peoples are concerned, this is a White man's world.

Stevenson took exception to the statement that Negroes can stand heat better than Whites. So far as I know, that exception is fully justified; the notion that Negroes are less susceptible to heat than other races seems to stem from the fact that they are natives of a "hot" continent, plus the fact that they are to some extent immune to sunburn. This latter point, incidentally, overlooks the fact that sunburn results from ultra-violet, rather than from infra-red radiation.

Speer challenged the statement that Negroes would be good peacemakers "because they constitute a persecuted minority." Well, I think it is fairly evident that most of our civilized Negroes are peaceable, but there is certainly no objective evidence to substantiate the theory that it is a result of their "persecuted minority" status. They might, however, be a little more cognizant of the bad effects of subjugation. Which ends this page and the article.

"By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them"

--The PHANTEUR Reviews the Winter Mailing.

The review section this time is likely to be long, and it may be boring in spots, I fear; I haven't time for anything but direct composition on the stencil, and my natural tendency toward prolixity is bound to have a bad effect. But here goes, however it may come out.

MOONSHINE -- Well, at worst, brown ink is more legible than the various other colors you've been using, Len, and the appearance of this issue is better than most. I don't think, though, that "art" is quite the right word for what goes under that name in M. -- Woolston's article. Fear I'm not qualified to answer this one; it does seem, though, that novas are a little too common in the Universe to be accounted for by the remote chance that the atoms etc. get going and keep going in a straight line. -- "Electa" --well, I've read worse in the pros, and it is rather amusing.

LETHE -- Duplication doesn't look bad as a whole, but is still difficult to read. Lovecraftiana--I can't comment on the adequacy of this, either; I know so little and care so little about Lovecraft that I'm not even greatly interested; I should say, even a little interested. Obviously some careful work has gone into the article, and it must surely be of interest to many FAPans. DREAMS ; oops, I mean "Dreams" -- Yeh, I reckon eternal bliss would get mighty boring. -- "How it Began" --well, no worse than its predecessors.

HORIZONS--It had been my intention to reproduce here approximately the same comments that went into the VAPA version of PH last month, but alas, I had no extra copies, and the envelope has not arrived as I write. -- Harry is going to have to hit the keys a little harder on his new machine than he did on his old; haven't I read something about silent machines not being so good for stencil cutting? -- For one reason why I don't cash in on my present job-experience by writing fiction dealing with flood-control and irrigation on other planets, see "As Time Goes By" in this issue. Add to that my native laziness, plus the typical Editor's reluctance to part with cash for mediocre fiction, and I think you will just about have it all. -- The main reason why I'm a Draftsman, SP-6, in Civil Service, instead of an Engineer, P-2 or P-3, is to be found in the fact that I finished college in Teachers' College instead of in Engineering. There are, of course, some successful engineers who never went to college, or who dropped out or switched(as I did) after two years; but most of them are strictly specialists who, by careful attention to detail and hard work for many years in one small field, aided perhaps by a couple of years of study with the ICS, have finally acquired the basic information they could have obtained much more easily through two more years in Engineering college. Completing Engineering College doesn't make a man an Engineer, but it certainly helps. -- Reckon I like "Children of the Lens" better'n Harry. I didn't have any trouble keeping the four gals separated, and don't think the Bobbsey Twin analogy quite as close as Harry claims. It is detectable, though. The "children's" speech in public might be laid to protective covering; but among themselves, it was rather moronic. My pet peeve with the whole Lensman series has to do with EEEvan's favorite quotation; why use "visualization of the Cosmic All" when "Concept of God" is much better? -- The Palmer business is highly entertaining; tongue-in-cheek I think, but perhaps not too far-fetched; dunno if a man could suffer from such a psychosis (?) and maintain his position as a business man. -- "When We Were Very Young" continues to please; there were some swell mags in them there days; maybe we'll have more like them; we still have some good ones, too. -- Review --Rather ~~amazing~~ astounding that you battled your way all the way through a story you didn't care for, merely as practice in reading French. I once started Ibanez's "The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse" in the original Spanish, and found the going not particularly tough, but when the book was due back at the library, I returned it and didn't check it out again; fairly good story, too; but I haven't Harry's incredible singleness of purpose and determination.

BY-LAW (Speer) noted last time.

QUOTE FROM SPENGLER, etc. Noted. Did Spengler write "Acetic" or "ascetic"? "Acetic" sounds a bit sour .ouch!

MATH Aa -- Did the contributor have anything to do with the writing or publishing of this?

HWC Jr. -- Another victim of the common notion that the 18th century terminal "S" was an "F". It wasn't; it was a skinny, long-drawn-out "s" without any cross-bar in the middle. -- Hmmm; seems to me our present civilization is a rather direct descendant of the Roman; the barbarians certainly took over much that was Roman. And the takers-over were all human!

H-1661 -- "Among The Bomb Dodgers" is well handled, in the fashion chosen. I've discovered that I can make the principles "Sight Without Glasses" work up to a point; how much farther I can go I don't know just now; but I've quit using bi-focals and gone to using the glasses originally designated for "distance" for reading and fine drawing. And I've quit wearing them outside. Currently, I'm not working on the matter any further; expect to start again, though. Think I could move much faster with the help of an experienced professional in the field.

As for the general problem of post-bomb survival; well, have you considered the probability that if sufficient bombs drop to destroy all major cities, radio-activity may get the rest of the population in a relatively short time, regardless of where those people may be? Cheney's suggestion that the areas populated by primitive peoples--and consequently, those people themselves--will be safest seems reasonable; a half a continent or a full-sized ocean separating them from bombed areas might mean that radioactivity of lethal concentration wouldn't reach them.

If, on the other hand, a distance of some two hundred miles from a metropolitan area will be sufficient, then I'm certainly well enough off here; maybe you should all move out here and raise wheat. -- "Under the Knife" is a nice addition to the list of interesting Review columns. Keep coming.

SPARX -- Quite an imposing contribution. In general, I don't care to receive via FAPA a mag I subscribe to; looks like you've lost a potential subscriber! --I used to type stencils (cellulose) using a sheet of thin cellophane over them. Worked OK, and was almost necessary, because with this typer, I had to clean the type four or five times per stencil. But now, I'm using the post-war A B Dick 960 stencil, and getting better results without cellophane--and I can type one or two stencils without any cleaning. These stencils just don't clog the type at all, as long as I don't use correction fluid. -- "The Cold War." Very good indeed; certainly far above the level of typical "fan fiction" -- and far above a lot of pro stuff, seems to me. "People Are No Dam Good." -- I enjoy these Speerisms, even though, as somebody (Crane?) said not so long ago, he uses two pages for what could be said in two paragraphs. He states both sides so neatly. --"Recall" -- begins to appear that Tim is writing and publishing fragments of a long story here; or perhaps, just fragments of "practice" writing. For obviously, such is this cannot be called a complete "story." At any rate, it is good writing, and I like it. -- "Tricks of the Traders" -- Another well-written fragment, with a little more suspense and, possibly, not quite such good writing. --"Death" -- Henry, if nothing else, you've proved that it is possible to get some good fiction in a fanzine. This is an incident, rather'n a story, but a well-told, interesting incident. And a novel twist to the race-consciousness theme. -- "The Frumper" -- This is great; I shudder to think what happened to "the little man" afterwards, but I reckon it was worth it. -- Book Reviews adequate; all in all a good sub-type mag.

"Scipdalgeif" -- Most hurried one-shots, concocted on the spur of the moment, and run off before the perpetrators get cold feet, are relatively punk. This is not an outstanding exception. Cover is the best part, Wilson next.

MI SKRIBAS -- Well, Rick, You sure are welcome among "The Old Gaurd" as far as I am concerned. (I had a hard time spelling "Guard" that wsy; how can you do it several times in a row?) And your Young Fandom plea is OK, as long as you don't agree to teach the newcomers spelling. -- I seem to be one of the relatively few who liked Astonishing; don't you know Heinlein is Lyle Monroe? --

THE FANTASY ANTHOLOGY INDEX -- Welcome, Sam; anyone who can get so many excuses on half a page is bound to rate high in the FAPA; most of us use a page or two, and get fewer and less interesting alibis. -- The INDEX is certain to be of interest and value to many of the members. But I own those of the analogies listed that I'm interested in; I know all I want to know about the rest; and my copies are on the shelf within arm's reach, while I "file" my FAPA bundles in the original envelopes in carton boxes in the closet. So you'll have to excuse me, if I don't cheer too loudly over your contribution. -- Gardner's article is good, written with more care than he usually displays, and I agree with much of it, although none of Cummings' stories are among my top favorites. YELLUM -- The corn grows green in Addis Ababa--and in New Jersey. -- Caley's verse is not bad, and has the advantage of being comprehensible. -- The cover fits the contents nicely.

A VISIT FROM GRAHAM -- A little different from a report of the same name in the Newsine, Tympani. I've expressed my opinion on the matter before; this supports, but goes well beyond my own ideas on the business.

GLOM -- Probably the most interesting issue of GLOM so far. I dunno all the concealed (if any) details back of the "Chain Letter," but it can stand on its own as a bit of hilarious nonsense. -- Book Reviews -- Nice to get professional reviews paid for by the Chronicle. Even without Acky's comment, I think I would not be impressed by "Man Into Beast." "Venus Equilateral" suits me better. "The Key To The Great Gate" sounds fascinating. -- The most fantastic thing about the odd will is that its maker lived in San Francisco, instead of Los Angeles; the wacky atmosphere extends farther than I thought! EEE writes reviews must more interestingly than he writes about transcontinental trips, I should say--but I wish he wouldn't use that nonsensical "Visualization of the Cosmic All." I like Smith too, but.... -- "tomorrow and Tomorrow" sounds interesting, although the theme of futility doesn't attract.

MASQUE -- Mighty fine start, Wm.; I only hope you don't wear out your interest and enthusiasm too soon. The cover is exceptional. And the female figure inside the front cover is remarkable for action and economy of lines. I won't attempt to pick and choose among the drawings and airbrush jobs, though; they are all well above the usual fan level.-- The article on Art is interesting in the main; I certainly can't argue with you on any of it. -- Burbee can do more with less than people can with plenty. I understand he is a newcomer, recently introduced to the field by Al Ashley; don't let him get away, even if he pays you only a buck a page for publishing his stuff on his own mimeo.

SKY-HOOK -- I like your quotes, and "Twippledop" certainly holds its own with other such catch-all commentaries and editorials. -- "The Road From Edward to George" baffles me in spots, but it makes a kind of sense, and I think I like it. -- And here is is one more superior Mailing Review; the more such, the better I like it. Note--the comment about the "one and only" report on the Damcon was stenciled before it appeared in Tympani; in fact, I think the cutting of the stencil was a factor contributing to the fact that I sent you the item at that time. -- Don't you know yet who "Hippocraties" (sic) is, or don't you read aSF anymore? -- "The War Rockets" is very forceful; maybe this is my nomination for first place in the Laureate suggestions in poetry. I dunno for sure yet. -- "Amazing Prophecy" is not only amazing; it is almost astounding.--"There is also Today." -- Too true to be pleasant.

THREE-EYE --Not an outstanding review column, but after SPARX, reckon you can be excused, and what comments you did make were pertinent.

LONE INDIAN -- I still don't know what we have to with this lonesome aborigine. ICHOR -- Continues to be the best-appearing mag in the bundle. The gal on the cover looks deadly enough, without her shadow. --"The Integration of Harmony" sho uld be for a Warner or a Davis; wonder what they'll say about it; it is practically a blank to me. "The Dead, A Partial List" is another candidate for No. 1 spot in poetry. Exum's stuff is mostly good; the rest of the verse so-so. Gostak; I mean GOSTAK. -- Are there any members who don't know about Gostaks?

Say a little more in your Review Column, Don. -- Schroedinger's book sounds interesting; tying quantum mechanics and genetics together is getting way down toward the beginning of things, seems to me. -- I agree with you on the appraisal of PLENUM; it is invariably interesting, and often stimulating. -- And now comes another book tying up two "independent" fields; games and economic behavior. -- The "Epitaph for the Old Orientation" is right on the nose; the trouble is, so few know the funeral has taken place.

ELMURMURINGS--Willie is still bragging, but he does make a few points here and there. I see no reason whatever, though, why one should be called upon to justify FAPA as a hobby, or, having dropped it, make excuses. -- "The Ethics of Electronics" fully justifies all the time you have spent not learning what is being taught in your Radio course. Maybe the Ashley system, which considers a gadget complete when it is conceived, is the best for you, too. (Try hard, and you may be able to figure out of whom I was thinking when I added that "too.")

SYNAPSE -- The best thing about the Speer type of Review is also its most serious drawback; it would take almost as much space to dig into the Reviews as Speer requires in writing them; so, we have the frequent comment about interest and enjoyment, but no answering discussion. But don't stop on that account, Jack! -- That line in the discussion of "Brave New World" about "The people who really matter" is not only ambiguous; it is almost meaningless; but what I had in mind was the group of people who, in your words, "most influence the future." Are there "people for whose sake society should be designed." If so, who are they? -- Discussion of legal set-up is good; theoretically, it might be possible to provide good legal aid at government expense for the accused in every case, but practically, I doubt if such aid would often be very valuable; the good money would be on the other side. Nearest thing to an exception to this occurs in Military Courts, where successful defensive work may help an officer to advance in the Army. -- "Quoteworthy Quotes" are all definitely "quoteworthy" this time, I should say. The College Outline Series quote on Philosophy is no doubt a true statement of how philosophic inquiry should proceed, but an awful lot of stuff that passes for philosophic inquiry doesn't follow the rules here laid down. -- Reasons for keeping FAPA out of Amazing are well presented; but now that Rog is a member of FAPA, could anyone who doesn't have his stuff copyrighted do anything about it? Or, for that matter, could one who does have his stuff copyrighted do anything about it? -- "... Wallace...". While my reasoning wasn't along the same lines throughout, and I don't always agree with your reasoning, I came to the same conclusion long ago. Another point, which you may not hold against him, is to be found in his ready acceptance of communist support, possibly with the idea that he can ditch it when and if. He may not know of any Commies who actually advocate violent overthrow of our government; I do, though. At any rate, I think the Commies hurt his cause, and his vote-getting chances, more than they help it. Have you considered the possibility of a liberal R. being nominated, though? He would have a better chance to get his proposals through a hostile Congress, seems to me. And there are a couple of rather strong R. candidates at the present writing, who are anathema to the Old Guard; one of them might make the grade. -- Catching Up With Crud is almost illegible in my copy; you'd better burn those used carbons. -- Catching Up With Campbell continues to be interesting, and sometimes we agree on certain stories. I often wonder if anybody else uses your indexing system for stef stories. -- After looking at the Future Man on the back cover, I know what is meant by a "prehensile tale." I'd say that SYNAPSE is living up to the SusPro tradition OK.

PLENUM -- "The Crackpot and the Scientist" definitely tops this mailing. Probably the hardest of all concepts for the man with little or no training in the scientific method to accept, is the idea that scientific theory is a living, growing thing, not a series of independent, contradictory ideas. Consequently, he is scornful and amused when a "new theory" displaces an "old theory," since he sees no connecting link. And of course, the non-scientist is still a victim of two-valued logic, as you point out. Since I can scarcely qualify as a scientist, it isn't surprising that it took me a long time start thinking fairly straight. I think I've fairly started at last, though.

EGO-BEAST -- Re FAPA publicity, there is considerable divergence of opinion within the ranks as to what we want in the way of publicity. Except for an occasional slump, FAPA has had more applicants than could be accepted. At times, the Waiting List has been so long that applicants became discouraged, and gave up the idea of joining. When numerous vacancies developed, personal letters, or, on occasion, something like Laney's letter to Fandom Speaks have proved sufficient. In general, membership has been composed of experienced fan publishers and/or writers, most of whom learned of the organization thru correspondence. Statements in existing subscription 'zines from time to time probably would be the best form of advertising, if any additional is needed, and will reach the individuals most likely to be valuable and interested members. -- The specific values Caldwell looks for in science fiction are more readily found in Westerns, love-pulps, general adventure magazines than in any science fiction magazine worthy of the name. As much as anything, I read science fiction and Unk-type fantasy because it contains elements not found elsewhere; if I wanted cops-and-robbers primarily, I wouldn't look for it in ASF -- nor in Amazing, either, largely because most, though not all the stories to be found therein are so poor in all respects. Tell George, will you? -- Since I'm not in the market for old 'zines, and don't care a hoot about a complete collection, dealers' prices don't worry me much. -- I couldn't tell you why, try as I might, but if I were a pro editor, I'd not buy Ackerman's "Venus" filler. -- I like "Pro-Phile," but I really think it belongs in DQ. It will be OK in the FAPA, of course, but you should use something like EGO-BEAST, rather than solicited articles, for the rest of the publication. -- Discussion of gadgets and stories is OK. But what are you trying to do; convince me that I ought to read Amazing?

JABBERWOCKY -- So the deadline caught up with you; it caught up with me last Fall. -- When anyone talks about "government interference" in business, the ads from the Calcutta paper make good ammunition for the other side. -- Book Review-- Don't reckon I'll ever get around to reading "Finnegan's Wake;" if it were translated into English, I might try it, but I suspect a great deal would be lost by such treatment. -- Nice of CASmith to explain why I don't like weird fiction. -- Wish I could achieve some sort of compromise between your good but very short mailing comments, and my own indifferent but very long ditto. But I probably won't. -- Any idea when my copy of the Kelleryarn will be showing up?

FAN-DANGO -- Well, I hope General Eager is right. But there are some weak spots in the way intelligence is --or at least, has been--handled here. It almost seems at times as though the higher-ups had no confidence in their own agents. --It occurs to me that EEE may actually mean the same thing in re ethics as you mean, Fran. In other words, I think he may mean that fans should apply the same ethical considerations with respect to other fans, that people in general practice with respect to their friends and acquaintances. Fans seem to have a habit of disregarding normal relationships of an ethical nature, as far as other fans are concerned. -- I think I would like having a try at "Really The Blues;" but whether or not I would ever finish the book, I don't know. I just don't think I'm emotional enough by nature to comprehend a guy like Mezzrow. -- I like a good whodunnit, and there are lots of them; a lot more good ones than there are good science fiction stories; but I like science fiction a little better, and I haven't time to read even a fraction of the fiction of all kinds that I would like to read -- so, I don't read many whodunnits. -- I don't suppose that it has occurred to many members that curing other members' faults is one of the purposes behind being a FAPA. I know it never occurred to me. My usual reaction is the negative one of dropping anyone or anything who/which displeases me; not an admirable custom, but widely used. -- Well, I probably won't hie myself off to any remote island, but I think it would be a good idea if a few thousand young couples and their children would do just that, As the quote says, "life loses significance" without the supporting medium of the world as we know it, but it must be admitted that even a vegetative existence has more significance than no existence at all. -- It would seem that the inanities concerning the Burbee-Laney Ashley must become very boring in time, but as far as I'm concerned, they are still funny.

FAPASNIX -- Well, when multilith works well, it beats mimeo, but judging from the "slipped" pages in my copy of SNIX, it is like the little girl with the curl that hung right down the middle of the forehead. -- The Lady Coslet apparently favors making the best of a bad situation, but there is a lot of stuff in that last line. -- Your speeches to the Toastmasters' Club -- particularly this one -- look like the kind of publicity the Atomic Age needs. All familiar stuff, of course -- but not to your listeners, I'll wager. -- Review comments generally interesting. The "Fantasy Only" argument comes up regularly; you're in the minority, Pal. -- And you wouldn't talk so glibly of "unlimited membership" if you had to turn out your stuff on my ultra-simple duplicator; two or three pages constitute a big evening's job as it is. -- Your arrangement of the Laureate Report suggestions is the best yet; if I decide to drop the name of the mag and the item from my own selections, I'll probably adopt it. -- "Dick Armstrong and the Martians" must have been a feature of the FAPA before I became a member; I think my first bundle contained the No. 1 "Blitzkrieg" production of Speer, Rothman, and Purdue. The "Armstrong" thing is a good take-off on some of the pro stuff in the early days, as well as the fan fiction of the period. Well worth reprinting, I'd say.

THE RATING OF ROCKET FUELS -- This is intensely interesting. I once suggested (via Dundelberger's Fanews, I think) the idea of using lead wire in an atomically heated chamber, as a rocket fuel. Apparently, judging from the data on Mercury given here, lead would be very poor. Anyway, I'm very glad to see some figures on the same general type of propulsion unit.

OLD AND RARE -- noted.

LIGHT -- Very nice job on the cover; too bad the subject, Cthulhu, isn't of some interest. The mimed pic opposite the TOC is remarkably good; excellent shading. "The Laughing Dog" is rather good. "Corpsebound" -- comes closer to achieving a mood of real horror than most of Lovecraft, it says here; but then, I don't think HPL ever succeeded in achieving such a mood. This almost does. "That Time in My Life" -- well enough, but I like this time better; I knew those old 'zines too, except WT, which I bought from time to time, and, after reading maybe one story, threw away. The others were better. -- There is only one error than I can find in Tigrina's review of "An Andalusian Dog. The sentence "Unfortunately, the film is seldom, if ever, shown," should read "Fortunately...." If it were shown frequently, I might run into it accidentally some time, and waste half a buck. -- Lamb reviews the three books so convincingly that I'm sure I don't care to read any of them. -- There is much truth, and some poetry, in "The Old Gods." A better than usual issue of LIGHT.

ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK. Cover Cartoon is amusing. It is mighty nice of Len to mimeo stuff for so many of you fellows; you ought to repay him by buying him some black ink. -- Comments on the DAMcon Utopia problem coincide with my own ideas; I was more concerned with knocking down Nick's straw man than in building one of my own, anyway.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR -- I doubt if anyone actually protests in writing the Laney VP decisions; most of us agree with them, anyway. Speer is performing a needed service in bringing up the essential points. Without attempting to go into the matter deeply, I should say that a single written protest against the arbitrary adoption of the new constitution, since the old one specifically states that a majority of the entire membership must vote favorably to bring about a constitutional change. The VP was empowered therein to "interpret" the constitution; he wasn't empowered to get rid of it. However, the new constitution seems to me to be so superior to the old that it seems hardly likely that anyone will protest officially. I think, however, that something should be done about that mandatory voting requirement, but quick; the right to abstain from voting is certainly as much a right as the right to vote. And, judging from the mess at the last election, it would be a simple matter for specific individuals to be kicked out, simply by arranging for their ballots to be delayed. Yes, I know; they would have certain rights of appeal, but a lot of members wouldn't appeal, and I think some will drop out just because they don't like the required voting.

The Postmailings.

A PREMONITION OF DISASTER -- Well, there are some points worth considering here, if this isn't just tongue-in-cheek stuff; frankly, I'm not much worried.

CANADIAN FANDOM -- With such huge publication, and with the additional burden of running the TORCON, I guess there can be no criticism of Taylor and McKeown for putting their outstanding subzine into FAPA to meet activity requirements. It is a remarkably good 'zine; one of the best; glad I got a chance to see it. I'll probably subscribe, since it probably won't appear in FAPA again.

Top item is Cameron's "The Production of Radioactive Tracers." -- Les, please show me how to do that trick; I mean, "point the finger of uplifted eyebrow." I'm slightly baffled. I don't think you make your point, either; there is more to the Shaver business to condemn than mere bad fiction; I needn't point out what, as that has been done many times before. But for an editor to state that his published fiction is unequivocally true, and for a writer to start a story in the trite but time-honored manner, "nobody will believe this, but...." are two different things. As for the Shaver style, that I wouldn't know about; I haven't read his stuff, -- which doesn't prevent me from legitimately criticising the presentation of the stories as "true." Can't prove Palmer wrong? Well, at least, many of the details are contrary to established scientific fact.

-- William, I will not agree that Shadow over Innsmouth is even good, let alone a masterpiece. I waded through it once; I won't again. -- "The Machine Stops" is a book I want to read. -- If Steiguer is "terrific" what makes you think he would fit in Am. S.? -- All in all, this issue of the fine Canadian 'zine has been a real pleasure to read.

FAPA ORACLE -- Welcome; you make interesting noises. I miss the missing Brain-Trusters, too; occasionally they discussed something that I could dig into. But critical literary review, of the type indulged in by Blish, Ladd, etc., in which they go into origins, models, derivations of style, and comparisons with 43 other practitioners of the same art, do not interest me much, so I can't argue with them. And the business of muddling around with various schools of philosophy seems even more futile and unrewarding, so that is out, too. General Semantics and Symbolic Logic are fine, but I haven't yet finished even half of Korzybski, and don't know a thing about symbolic logic, so I can't discuss those subjects very well. We used to tear into such things as Homo Futuro, certain phases of linguistics, and a lot of other stuff, but we seem to have exhausted them for the nonce. Maybe you can start something. Incidentally, your entire editorial is neatly summed up in the quote from White at the bottom of page 4.

-- The heading "The PHANTEUR Opines" was intended to be heavily humorous; maybe it wasn't; but in any case, it may appear again, if I have something to say that seems to fit under the heading. -- "Orpheus" would seem to be a book I'd like to have -- and to read, if I ever found the time. A historian of religions could interest quite as much, I think, as a Biblical critic could bore me. -- Your comment on the bed-pan item is the most pertinent and effective I've seen -- and that thing deserved all the condemnation it got. -- Your wonderment as to whether there is such a thing as the FAPA anymore is certainly justified. -- Your "top ten" brought to mind the extreme variation in the appraisal of Lex Phillips's "An Enemy of Knowledge." I placed it about as you did. -- On the basis of this first issue, I think I'm likely to find Oracle one of my consistent favorites; at the same time, if all the material is to be presented in the general form of the Speer MailingReviews (which I usually like very much) I'm going to find it hard to find much to say concerning it. ("it," is supposed to have Oracle related to it, somehow.)

BEDFAST

ABED AND BORED

DISTURBING ELEMENT

BROWNOUT

PNEUMO

ANTIPOSTMAILER

ASP; HALF-ASP, PARASITE

FANTASY AMATEUR JR.

(Cont. bottom p. 12)

This mess of persiflage no doubt served its purpose, whatever that was. -- I don't imagine Speer expected you to get "hundreds of letters" from Amsg. readers; I'm sure I didn't; I'd say ten would be a lot to expect, judging from the experience of fanzine eds in Startling reviews of the past. -- What inspired the lone indian maiden in ASP, as if I don't know. -- I don't think the Ashley Influence has weakened; you

much toward him as I had in the past, but that I thought he had made a mistake; also, that, along with members of the KuKlux Klan, the Columbians, and such organizations as Father Coughlin's America Firsters, -- any and all organizations, in other words, which advocated subversion of the law of the land by violence-- Communists were not welcome in the pages of PHANTEUR. About the same time this happened, his non-Communist friends in Chicago, including his girl, gave him the go-by. Rather rough treatment, especially for one as emotional as Russ. I have not heard from him for some four months, and presume I won't again, especially since I don't know how to adress a letter to him.

My action was neither polite nor in very good taste, but I really couldn't very well do anything else; PH is not a part of the free American press, dedicated to the idea of full freedom in all respects, but a personal sheet given over largely to the expression of my own personal opinion.

There is one important point that can be mentioned in this respect, though. That is, that the usual treatment of Negroes makes them unusually easy prey for, and very susceptible to Communist propaganda. At worst, they figure they have nothing to lose, and they hope they may gain a higher degree of equality under Communism.

I once told Russ that he needed, more than anything else, something to fight for, and suggested The Association for the Advancement of Colored People as an organization where his dawning ability to express himself in writing -- which has been his chief ambition for a long time--would find a worthwhile outlet. Their methods, I suppose, are too slow and too indirect for him; hence the Communists. At any rate, he now has something to fight for, and it should last as long as he lives, too, if he likes a lost cause.

I'm sorry about the cut out "o's" in the first paragraph above; I had the cushion sheet in upside down (or do I mean backwards?) and in that position it doesn't work at all well.

Stevenson's request that addresses not be published in Startling and Amzg. reminds me that it doesn't matter to me; I'm already on so many sucker lists that a few more wouldn't matter. I even got an invitation from the Governor elect of Louisiana and his wife to visit them at the Governor's Mansion in Baton Rouge -- ten days before the Run-off Primary in which he was elected. Some of Earl's books must be bungled, because I helped defeat him the last time he ran, and would certainly have done nothing to gain his gratitude this time, either, had I been in La. The invitation, by the way, was a splendid reproduction; looked just as though Long and his wife had sat down and penned me a personal letter; I'll wager that a lot of his swamp-county constituents thought he had done just that.

--:oo000oo:--

(continued from page 11)

guys are just running out of inspiration (breath, that is.) -- I think I shall try the Burbee method in chess, sometime (as described by Ashley) I'm sure it is the only thing that would ever help my "game." (My last try was in 1935; I doubt if I've improved much in the nonce.) -- Burbee's pseudemise will be a sad blow to wide-awake you pneumococci; no more soft living. -- A few pages back, I said the Ashley anecdotes were still funny; they probably are, but they're beginning to be boresome in the postmailing. -- Did the phone-caller ever arrive at a meeting of the LASFS? -- Mr. Jackerman; yah mean to say Finlay isn't listed among your clients? How careless of him! Well, at least Rotsler decorated his ad-sheet.

And that brings me to the end of a long, laborious, and, I fear, boring, Mailing Review. It'll probably average about five typo-errors per page; I'm short on time, and tried to correct only the worst ones.

No time to work up Laureate Suggestions; I hope to include those for the February Mailing, as well as for this (May) mailing, in the next issue.

Gi'bye