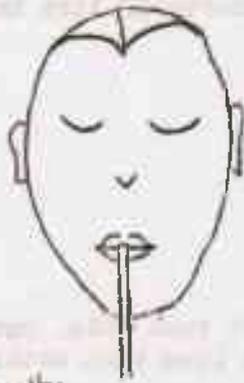


Speer's



SUSTAINING PROGRAM

FALL/F42



CECI ET CELA

The Washington Worry-Warts are waking up again, as Los Angeles reverses Horace Greeley's advice. We shall try to enlist the help of some of them in mimeoing this issue when Helen Finn, Art Joquel, Hesse, Slate, and maybe another Washingtonian get together up here tomorrow nite. Then it's ho to mail the stuff to Al Ashley, at the last minute, as ever. Well, but doesn't it make Sustaining Program practically a news sheet, tho?

WeforvictoryPennsylvaniaDutch it'snotmyideasomebodysuggestedittotheWarDepartment.

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE TWENTIETH MAILING Pp 1, 2, 3, 4
Gee, it's shorter than last time's, not even counting last time's overflow into Ramblings' pages

A DISCUSSION WHICH LEADS INTO FANTASY ART P 5
Speer buys a comic magazine and starts sprouting ideas

QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES Pp 6, 7
Words of wisdom, made in America

"REJECTED!"--SPACEWAYS Pp 8, 9
Apology is hereby made for all misinterpretations of people; and if anyone thinks some of it may be in bad taste, my only excuse is that I was trying to catch the spirit of the original Spoon River Anthology

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS P 9
Or, something that fills up something like half a page in every issue of Sustaining Program

THEY DID NOT BE P 10
But here they do

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH P 10
Whatifs dept

DEAR, DEAR PALMER-- Pp 11, 12
You are under no obligation to read this, but if you do, please read it at ordinary speed; you get less than nothing by scanning it, and do the writer an injustice

My name and address are on the back cover, if anybody can read them

With so many of the guys, even Milty, gone into the military, and no reason to hope for sufficient new actives to fill their places, the Fifth Anniversary may be our largest Mailing for a long time. Therefore, let us revel in it.

I can't tell right off what is wrong with Milty's mathematics, that make minus one equal infinity, but I remember what was wrong with the famous/^{proof}that one equals two, which is part of American folklore: they divided by zero somewhere (one minus x, where x equaled one, I believe), which is mathematically and logically impossible. Milty's den sounds nearly ideal for any fan; but I prefer to lie on the bed for my reading and thinking, rather than an overstuffed chair. No, Milton, the Michel-Mollheim speech you refer to was in 1937. I much enjoyed the two songs you reprinted, tho the first one cannot be sung to the tune you name for it. What are the curious hand-drawn things behind this page of typing? Strachey's paragraf on literature was very good. See, Milton, I don't care who says something that I agree with. Why type directly onto the hekto carbon, Milt? Use an ordinary or thin sheet of white paper on top:so you can watch you typing more easily. In his comments on Naziam, Milton seems not to remember the remark in Phanny that called forth my remark; the writer there had already praised Russia's industrial progress, I believe, so it was not necessary for me to repeat that. The point is that all the countries which took themselves in hand after the World War--Communist Russia, Nazi Germany, and democratic Denmark--made astonishing progress, while certain other countries, such as Great Britain and France, continued to muddle and never got out of the mess of the Depression. I got two copies of Milty's Mag; did somebody get short-changed?

Tucker;

Yes, the interlineations referred to marriage, some of them, and some to the consequent thereof. And we certainly heard that Wilson was married, but aren't so sure now. Futurians: elucidate, please?... The Rochester-American Patriot is apparently the publication that Larry told us about on Warner chain #1. I'm not surprised that it was unsuccessful: it falls between the two stools of a fanzine and a drippy-drip patriotic pub appealing to the lower classes of intelligence. There's some excellent mimecing in it, for a fanzine, but at best, doesn't look like a newsstand buy. And all the things said in the patriotic vein may be true, but people feel a little bit insulted to have such well-known things told to them. I do heartily recommend as a quoteworthy quote the reader's quotes which includes the statement that "The only ethical principle which has made science possible is that truth shall be told all the time". On the back cover, I note Lovecraft's first name given as Herbert; I thot it was Howard. The item about Larry's precociousness is very interesting. Ordinarily, high intelligence at an early age continues very high all the way, but Farsaci has never struck me as being of better than average fan intelligence. No offense intended, Larry; I've had few contacts with you or your writings; but what I've seen haven't impressed me at all with the force that Widner, Rothman, Warner, Chauvenet, and a few others have.... Great Herman nodded twice on the first page of the current Reader and Collētor: "Leslie Crutch" and "tatamount" (we suppose the latter is baby-talk for "catamount" --boy, that gag needs a Crutch!) Of Books and Things is best this time, with second-place honors to Another Man's Opinion. The latter is considerably more sensible than its predecessor, but (as does Koenig himself) still conceives of the sphere of fan interest as being too small, when he limits it to interest in literary excellence. Re Ack's corrections--what's wrong with "Imprisonment"?... All of the Nycon bklet, as Vulcan has noted, shows too much the viewpoint of the writers, but it seems to me that the sections by "Loundes" et al are farther from what should be a standard, timeless, a~~final~~, and definitive account. Correction: the 2d Convention did not take place in 1941 as stated on p 1, first short line. I question the statement of the (presumably announced) purposes of the

Newark Convention. The statement that the Futurian Society of NY was excluded from the World Convention is less than true, since many members of that Society were in the assembly. I would be interested in knowing what finally happened to the committees appointed at the Futurian Conference. The account of the Convention was tiresome to read, almost the same things having appeared in New Fandom. Why was this booklet necessary, when an issue of New Fandom was supposed to have contained a complete account of the Convention?

For once, we shall not fill up half a page with discussions on Horizons. We just want to know what is Harry's middle name (see Webster's On Dit), and say that we're sorry to hear Horace is deserting the hekto, but with Milty's lag back in the purple, we can endure it.... In Jinx, we thot Ethics of Amateur Publishing alpha. The rule about using no one else's fanzine name is honored more in the breach than in the observance--for example, the pirating of the name Fantasia, which belonged to George Hahn by better right than if he had published a hundred issues of the magazine he so publicly planned by that name--but on the other hand there have been heartening examples of willingness to follow this rule. Censored, you recall, was first named The Rocket, but changed when Hurter discovered that McPhail had had a sheet by that name --and McPhail had long before changed his sheet to Phantasy Press because the Manchester Interplanetary Society's official organ was called The Rocket! That part of Wollheim's article which issues warnings against Greyman, however, seems scarcely justified. Making an individual responsible for all actions of groups he belongs to, and his associates, is frequently useful in the warfare between the Government and revolutionary groups, but I question the necessity of introducing it into fandom. Jinx cover beta. If Schumann is still around--I haven't heard from him lately--I suggest he study some philosophy, particularly epistemology, and elementary psychology. He seems interested in these subjects, but lacks a complete survey of the field.

We shall pass over the KAPA Fan in the silence it so richly deserves.... There is something in Doc's complaint against the liberal mind, which always finds arguments in favor of the side it should oppose, but I believe the objections lose much of their force if the liberal is prepared, whenever a decision is called for, to make a provisional one on the basis of things as they seem at the moment. Much harm comes from making up one's mind too soon, and refusing to consider new evidence; the liberal is least guilty of this. Tell me, Doc, how else is one to decide where to stand, save by considering as much evidence as possible as carefully as possible? There is no instinct that tells us what is right and what is wrong, and Golo Mann, in the Nation, has well said, "simplicity is the death of truth". And furthermore, Doc, realize that sometimes the liberal argues, and will admit it, for the sake of the intellectual exercise. No harm comes from that, unless some of the audience is so far behind the speaker as to be seriously influenced by some of the considerations he brings in on the side that he believes in the wrong. The celebrated question of how many angels can dance on a pin, in case you don't know, was debated for fun by the Medievals, not seriously worried about. Lowndes is mistaken in saying that he and his have never been defended by yours truly. In correspondence with the Triumvirs, in the last pages of Up to Now, and in other places, I have opposed extreme reaction to Michelism and Futurianism in general. The idea may be good, but I don't like the particular suggestions Doc makes for working our non-stfnal discussions into fantastic form; I'd sooner take mine strate than with the coatings he suggests. But I think frequently stf can furnish food for thot, and concrete examples of difficult abstract questions. Methuselah's Children gave the best statement I've ever seen to the problem of Why should we live; and there could be intelligent discussion on the question of continence in a world like Beyond This Horizon, where presumably children are

not born as a result of copulation, and venereal disease is extinct. The most enjoyable thing in this installment of Agenbite is the Music Review..

The five married couples' shot (I understand the org is dissolved now) was not bad. The busy fan's form letter we liked best, and Whatness of the Why was good. The Chair held suspense. Cartoon nice. I got a kick out of their reference to EEEvans as a high-ranking Eastern fan.--Well, he does live hundreds of miles east of the middle of the country!... Scientifan. In view of Fortier's remarks under the heading "Cream or Crust?" may I suggest that it is he who is out of step? He admits, for example, that the majority of the members like Chauvenet's stuff. Isn't it possible that 2J4 has never gotten adjusted to the likes and dislikes by which things in the FAPA are judged, and is trying to apply to them a ruler taken from the subscription fanzines, which bear down heavy on appearance, to impress the masses of semi-fans?... Ackerman's epic: I am continually astounded at the names that young Forrest thot up; they don't resemble any English or other words usually. You may remember something in Fantasy Magazine about how e-t names are thot up--they turn words backwards, or lift something out of the middle of a longer word--but no such devices seem to have been used here.... I liked the Stefa Terminaro--best in this Guteto. Tell us, Morojo; is Guteto circulated elsewhere than among fans? If not, I'm glad to see you breaking down more and more and entering the discussions. I notice Fojak spelling "yes" "jes" in Esperantodditys. In answer to the last Bristoletter in Amazing, RAP said "Jes, Juhre did that cover". Was that a misprint, or is Falmer an Esperantist?... The drawing in Daugherty's Fandomania is good, but we require further proof before acknowledging that Valentine is an accomplished fantasy artist. The double-spacing in this issue suggests puffing tactics due to a dearth of material. Why not have fewer pages? I liked the Slans and Poll Cat cartoons best.... Not realizing it was FAPA, I neglected comment on the Directory of Fandom last issue. A very good job. What rule did you use for deciding who to include and who not to include, Walter? I mean--defining a fan is so difficult in some cases.

If you got a Ramblings put together with black thread, you may have wondered. Trouble was, I ran out of the little pinch fasteners at the wrong time, and had a deal of trouble finding another source of supply for them, since the five/and tens don't get any more. I have a good stock of them on hand now, tho.... No comments just here on the last SusPro.

The cover of the last Sardonyx illustrates my argument in Ramblings. The artist indicates that to the essential characteristic^{ic} of Man is angularity, of Woman, curves (possibly there is some symbolism of procreativity here--like the Amerind symbol of a circle enclosing a dot), and of God, a bearded old gink up among the stars. But others may see the essential nature of these differently; Rocklynne's Orth mite think Woman's most distinctive characteristic to be lesser average height; usw. Cheers for LRC's policy against using pseudonyms without saying so. Elmer often hits the nail on the head, and he does in remarking that comments like "maintains its customary high standard" are not what is desired on the personal fanzines like this. Re pronunciation, Russell errs on two counts: The criterion of correctness is the usage of the most best speakers; and Esperanto's uniformity is partly due to its fonetic spelling. I

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 RECONNAISSANCE RE-
 PARTS UNIDENTIFIED FORCE
 APPARENTLY HAS EXPELLED
 JAP GARRISON ON ISLAND OF
 FU IN MARIANAS STOP
 ONLY IDENTIFICATION OF
 NEW TROOPS IS FLAG & BEAR-
 ING CARTOON OF CAT WITH
 BOW ON TAIL STOP PLS
 ADVISE MACARTHUR

THE MAKING OF AN EXACT COPY OF

had a sort of interpretation for the Dawson poem, but upon re-reading, forgot it. Connor's poem piqued me to seek a clear statement of why such poetry sounds amateurish, and I found it not. "Frustration" is mucho bueno. The Cutlander should brush up on his physics. Gravity does not travel at all, being an existent field --nicht wahr, Rotmann? Oh, heck; there are a lot more things I wanted to talk about in Sardonyx, but I am determined not to run this department to four pages this time. ... The anniversary Amateur was very good. I especially liked the historical pages. Hohlheim's "Founding of the FAPA" is of course more detailed and accurate than the somewhat shorter chapter of the same name in Up to Now... Since administrations change on July 15, it seems that the ballot counting committee should make every effort to report the results of elections before that time... No comment here on Fanzine Digest.... Ephemeron OK in the main, but oh, me; feuds again.... En Garde's comments on Guteto are partially intelligible. "sprfsk" should be spelled "splfrak". It's very impolite to spit in public like that. And while "stenke" is pronounced "shtenke", it's not necessary to spell it that way. Much of the article on FooFoo and ghughu states what has been understood all along by the participants in the struggle, but the translation of the ancient manuscript must have been all wrong, for Poo is not one to be invoked, but is the name of the FooFootist's greatest secret weapon: "The Poo is mightier than the yobber!" Next to the Mailing review, Ashley's poem is best thing in the issue.... Glad to see Triple-E in full swing now, with a full-size FAPazine. Re his angel offer, may I suggest that for the new fan, criticism of his work is of secondary value to experience in writing; self-criticism will largely suffice.... Welcome Walt, also. I'm not an active enuf reader of books to go for such an organization as you suggest, but I would like to read Odd John, and also Last & First Men. (Had plenty of chance to while Milton lived here, but was too busy. Still am, for that matter, but I'm beginning to learn to read faster, after having to do two books a week in a course this summer.)... And Ed Connor in with another first! Well, this is swell. No comments on the contents, since they are along so much the same lines as my "Consolidation of Science Fiction" in the last SP.... Inspiration-Phanny. So Lynn has encountered the Florida mosquito, eh? Well do I remember how, on our biennial trips thither in days of yore, I mite be blinded for hours with mosquito-begotten "sore eyes". Last two times I was down, they'd drained the fens, or something, and there was little trouble with the Teeklas. (Teekla is supposed to be the name of the mosquito-ships in Buddy Deering, but I think it's wrong.) Deeby: "greatest good of the greatest number" is a very popular ethical standard, but according to my logic text, it assumes that you can handle mathematically things which aren't susceptible to mathematical handling. How much should the "good" of a minority be sacrificed if it adds so much to the "good" of the majority? There are those who want to exterminate the German nation. Of course; such a thing would be unthinkably bad in immediate and total results, but just suppose it were good for the majority? I'd still be agin it.... The cover of Ynos is swell; but that quotation does not come from Chaucer as indicated--it's from an earlier Middle English lyric of anonymous origin. Concerning swearing when mad: I don't always want to swear in a way that'll make me laugh. Sometimes it's lots more pleasant to really vent your spleen verbally. I do not agree that social progress must wait on evolutionary progress; that's defeatism. Bravo for the backblasts at König's stickling on "Fantasy"; but thou'rt wrong that strict construction would exclude discussions of stf; the term "fantasy" includes the meaning "scientificfiction". The parting paragraf of this issue is a beaut.

Well, by golly, I said I wasn't gonna take up four pages with this dept, & I didn't.

A sentence for semantic analysis: "I swear by all that's sacred that what I tell you is the truth."

A DISCUSSION WHICH LEADS INTO FANTASY ART

We were happy to get Buck Rogers book #4, since it contained the Sunday pages for some time, beginning about the time that I left home and lost regular contact with the comic.

The cover, however, is stinkeroo. It was drawn, apparently, by someone who appropriately signs himself "S.A.D.", and shows Buck or somebody in an attitude fitting the remark down in one corner that "Buck is a one-man army of greased lightning". Which is all like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, since the contents concern Buddy Deering and his gal. (Not the present one, named Nelda, but the Martian princess, Alura.)

Some of the pages are drawn by the sickly rat who does them all now, but others are quite good, and may be by Calkins himself. Some of the figures of Buddy, Alura, the Star King, el Capitan, and others are excellent, and the composition at times shows real imagination.

Before we continue talking about that, we would like to register annoyance at the looseness with which the episodes are strung together. The reader is not even surprised to see a populated moon, guided by a block of unique material, heading straight for the sun and out of the story when Huer gets a never-explained urgent call back to Earth. Many of the incidents deserve treatment as literature.

To return. One of the pictures that particularly impressed me showed the hero and heroine standing ankle-deep in snow while two men in Spanish-American clothes, mounted on horses, pointed guns at them. There was no super-scientific gadget shown in the picture, there were no Saturns in the sky in the background; but the picture alone, without the text or the accompanying story, would necessarily imply a fantastic background.

It seems to me that this is a bet that has been too much overlooked by fan and other stf artists in attracting favorable interests--to present mundance objects, but so organized that a fantastic explanation is necessary.

As an experiment, we attempted on the last SP cover to depict TPO in Egypt. The only fantastic element in the scene was the time cube, which could have been eliminated. But you had a person dressed in everyday American clothes looking at unruined architecture of ancient Egypt; there mite be other explanations, but the obvious one was that the man had somehow traveled back in time.

Our cover cartoon this time, entitled "Space Warp" is another attempt along the same line, tho of course it would not suggest fantasy to the uninitiate. If you don't get the ideas of these, blame it on my handcraft, not on the inspiration.

"...One far-off divine event Toward which the whole creation moves."

Like to know how Edward Elmer got that PhD? "The Effect of Bleaching with Oxides of Nitrogen upon the Baking Quality and Commercial Value of Wheat Flour". The old doughnut-dipper's Master's thesis, also at GWU, was "A Preliminary Study of the Oysters of Long Island Sound". The doctoral was obtained in 1919; MS in 1916.

"The Light that never was on land or sea."

Sh! There are fascists in the War Department! I found a paper which mentioned lower wages for unkilld labor. In other words, the best woiker is a dead woiker!

QUOTE-WORTHY QUOTES

"I would not always reason.... I would make Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit Patiently by the way-side, while I traced The mazes of the pleasant wilderness Around me. She should be my counselor, But not my tyrant."

--Bryant, The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus

"... I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;--long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No man can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain ultima of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source."

--The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

"It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one."

--ditto

"I really believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation.... '...What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them with the valves open, sometimes? # 'Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us.... I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic,--you can pat and coax, and spread and shave.... Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it; --but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it.'"

--and ditto

"As a materialistic naturalist he conceives the sum of existence to be comprised in a flux of substance, and ourselves to be as it were temporary little eddies in this flux wherein matter has become, for the moment, conscious of its aspiration to realize in its existence ideal values. These spiritual or immaterial values have no existence anywhere, and no home save in matter which has become, through natural evolution, self-conscious, so that their very appearance on the horizon depends upon those precarious combinations of substance which form sentient and dreaming creatures, and so that even their appearance must cease with our own extinction. Nevertheless, such is the character of our substance that only in the attempt to realize spiritual values do we find the aim and crown of our existence, and this attempt can be made only through rational activity"

--Shafer, introducing Santayana

Santayana himself: "The world was no more made to serve us by illustrating our philosophy than we were made to serve the world by licking its boots."... "Without speculation, without wonder raising afresh the most baffling ultimate questions, the fervid confabulations of youth would not be complete. Philosophy is a romantic field into which chivalrous young souls must canter out bravely, to challenge the sinister shadows of failure and death. The sublimity of the issue establishes a sort of sporting fellowship even among opposite minds."... "To be complimented was

to be told what other people valued, not what you really were."... "He could find no peace unless he justified his natural sympathies theoretically..."

"... I defy any painter to move and elevate me without my own consent and assistance." --Hawthorne

"The foregoing conversation had been carried out in a mood in which all imaginative people... love to indulge. In this frame of mind, they sometimes say their profoundest truths side by side with the idlest jest, and utter one or the other, apparently without distinguishing which is the most valuable, or assigning any considerable value to either." --ibid

"We must remain detached, alone, fluid, or we are lost." --JJChapman

"For there was more of him than what I saw.
And there was on me more than the old awe
That is the common genius of the dead.
I might as well have heard him: 'Never mind;
If some of us were not so far behind,
The rest of us were not so far ahead.'" --Edw A Robinson

"... --and though genius, ex hypothesi, escapes the operation of evolutionary law,..." --Wm Crary Brownell

"A learned man came to me once.
He said, 'I know the way,--come.'
And I was overjoyed at this.
Together we hastened.
Soon, too soon, were we
Where my eyes were useless,
And I knew not the ways of my feet.
I clung to the hand of my friend;
But at last he cried, 'I am lost.'" --Stephen Crane

"A man said to the universe:
'Sir, I exist!'
'However,' replied the universe,
'The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation.'" --Crane. Compare Santayana.

"... much ink has been shed over the question." --Cohen & Nagel

confidentiality is more inherent than confidentiality



"REJECTED!"--SPACEWAYS

We had intended to present this time a reject from Campbell, but he crossed us up by publishing it a month later--that Probability Zero thing, you know.

SCIENCE FICTION'S SPOON RIVER

Frederick Shroyer

I had one thought to console me
As I slipped into endless oblivion:
At last I was going to prove that the jerks
Who believe in an after-life
Are absolutely all wet.

John B Michel

I was one who loved beauty
And therefore wrote about ugliness.
I hated the filth and grime of the city
And loved it for its being decayed.
An idealist who loathed all ideals he encountered,
Science and learning I followed
And despised, and flesh was my joy.
I hated war but would have joined the army
Had I not died
Of osteomyelitis.

Nat Schachner

The experts like Wells, but say he has never regained
The strength of his early scientific romances.
The experts might like Heinlein, but they feel
That he cannot be any good who appeared
In the same magazine as Nat Schachner.
There is one thing I am proud of, though--
I didn't write Captain Future.

Louis Kuslan

I died without fandom's kirkwa',
But almost within the pale.
The fandom I loved and left was good;
So was the life in college and after
Which cut me from all but casual contact
With fandom, my first mild fixation.
Many ways not taken were doubtless worthwhile.
--One life cannot compass all things that are good.

Vincent Scullin

Gosh-wow-boyoboy!
Lilith's latest gets four plums and a half.
And Legion of the Damned was mosta of the besta.
Where does reader Hickock get off with saying

Israfel's illustrations are swell?

They're lousy.

Huh? Oh, yes, there's science-fiction in Hell, and I'm happy.

Donald A Wollheim

The people cannot be driven,

But men of ability should lead the people.

I was a man of ability.

Therefore were they wicked who hemmed me about

And thwarted my efforts for what was good.

Milty

I sacrificed everything to improve myself

That I might work for man's advancement.

Altho I knew that progress was an illusion,

And the strivings of individuals and the clashings of nations

Are of no more significance in the ultimate analysis

Than a tiny cloud on the distant horizon.

(Aside from the derivation confessed in my title, it is admitted that most of the last half of Milty's epitaph comes from Leonardo da Vinci, and the idea of "I loved beauty, so wrote about ugliness" is borrowed from Robert Quillen. What remains of the poetry is mine.) [This note accompanied original MS.]

Buffalo boy wontchacomeouttoniteanddancebytheliteofthemoon. Ha! Were-buffaloes!!!!

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

D'gone it, I've gotta buckle down sometime soon and get all the loose things pasted in. With my book in its present partially unorganized form, I don't know which things I've already mentioned, and haven't time to re-read all previous numbers of this department.

You probably all saw the special announcements of Alley Oop's impending arrival in the present in your newspapers. I have a couple here, a big one headed "Alley Oop goes modern" which shows him astride a streamliner labeled "Alley Oop 1939", crashing thru one of his pages. The other purports to be a scene from a strip, which I don't remember, with a big "Blam!" in the middle and the professor and Jon ducking back on one side, Alley heaving timbers around on the other. By the way, did you know Buck Rogers was announced before it appeared? How many with collections of the first strips have a clipping of that announcement which showed him in orthodox aviator's helmet, saying he'd be with you starting when--no intimation of the fantastic character of it?

This isn't stfnal, but is of personal interest --page from a GWU activity book (sort of book of season tickets, which I use for note-jotting) with "Butterscotch Sundae & Ginger Ale" written on it. It was an order left on the table while dancing-- I had to pay a minimum anyway, and not being alcoholic, we couldn't drink it up.

A clipping from This Curious World gives the number of stars in this Galaxy, says there's about fifteen for each person on Earth. I want the system with Norlamin in it.

THEY DID NOT BE

Here's a quote from Alexander Pope that I noted down somewhere. Later it occurred to me that it was of no particular value as art for art's sake, and I didn't agree with the idea, so I couldn't put it in Quoteworthy Quotes. I kept keeping it around in hopes I might find a use for it in an article somewhere, but have at last given up hope, so offer it here: "And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe."

This is a joke that we headed For Fortean's Only (others won't get the joke), but never got the nerve to publish. It follows: One high school girl to another, as they examine their first fraternity pins: "I think we're property."

Gerid þér svo vel... (akka yður fyrir... Fyrirgefid mér... Jeg elska þig...

THE ABDUCTION OF DUQUESNE-- We regret to report that there will be no pix of the Boskone from our camera, either for FFF, which has requested some, or in SusPro or elsewhere. We were so unwise as to have a new 36-shot cartridge in the Argus at that time, and it took forever to shoot it up before developing. So finally, sometime in July, we just about finished it up on a trip to shhh to see the sister and her lieutenant. There was maybe an exposure or two left in it--you never know exactly with these minicam rolls.

Well, I took the camera downtown that day, meaning to finish it up and turn it in for developing. And I could have sworn I locked the door of the Spirit of FooFoo, but maybe I didn't, or maybe the encounter with the Pennsylvania flivver which ruffled the Spirit's right eyebrow to the tune of twenty-five dollars sprung the door a little. Anyway, while the Spirit was on the parking lot during the day, some black bastard swiped the camera. I notified the police and ran want ads, but never heard from it again.

So while I was turning into my twenty-second year in Denver early in August, I was permitted to choose a camera to take the place of Duquesne II. (You remember Duquesne I was left behind on a bus when I stopped off in Philly one time.) I decided to get another just like the eminently satisfactory other two. I haven't yet gotten a carrying case for it, tho.

Anyway, meet Duquesne III. You'll be seeing some of his work shortly in Sustaining Program.

drekka drekk drukkum drukkid Jeg er drukkid Þú ert drukkid við mun vera drukkid

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH

We discovered a rare piece in a second-hand mag shop recently. It was a February 1942 Astounding, which differed in only one detail from the one in my file. Apparently it was from an edition which was stopped while in process of publication to have the type reset. The place where it differs is the contents page. Instead of the blurb that you probably saw there for "Starting Point", there is the remark: "Our monthly space opera, for those who like that sort of thing. Personally, I think it smells. -JWC"

Which is an appropriate leader into what comes up when you turn this page.

For some reason, I kept writing you for several months after that post-WSFC letter revealing my identity with John A Bristol. However, I didn't deal with *Fantastic Adventures* in those letters, so my comments on that will start with the July number.

Burroughs' detective story of the future was quite in line with your announced policy for *Fantastic Adventures*, but it stank. The pages of explanation at the end were most painful. Moreover, the solution was pretty obvious all the way thru, and at the same time the story could have applied to it S S Van Dyne's remark that a detective story cannot involve superscience, because it is essential that the reader be in possession of all the knowledge necessary to ferret out the solution if he is keen enuf.. I didn't read *Intrigue in Lemuria*, but it should be remarked that Kummer isn't to be blamed for it. He wrote it with Kirk the same native of the ancient world that he was in the first Kirk story, and had no intimation that it would be re-written with Kirk a *New Yorker* or something.. *She Walked Alone* was pretty good mood, but was deflated toward the end when you found little basis for all the horror of it.

On the September issue, the technique of the cover is marvelous, in marked contrast to the preceding 100% stinky one.... The cartoon, showing the Earth flat, supported by elephants on a turtle, and the caption beneath, *is* outstanding even among your usually excellent cartoons.... *Horror out of Carthage* held no surprises nor anything else of value.... *Golden Girl of Kalendar* was rather good, if you read it as you would read a Burroughs novel.... *The Amazing Adventure of Wilberforce Weems* was the gem of the issue. Quite absurd scientifically, of course, but delightful wish-fulfillment escapism.... *The Man Who Saw Too Late* is an example of the pseudo-scientific sleight-of-hand that is pulled so much in the cheaper stf pulps. The hero matters a scientific explanation somewhere, which of course must include the word "somehow"; but I would have liked the story better if they'd used a leprechaun or a fairy godmother to make him see late. The seeing-late idea is interesting, but why outrage the youngsters' impressionable conceptions of science by giving the idea a plausible scientific support?

The only story I could bring myself to read in the next issue was *Pioneer--1957*; and that smelled particularly bad when someone supposed to be well grounded in science asked innocently (for the benefit of the reader) what escape velocity meant.... I had a laff at Palmer's specious remark "... popular appeal, which, after all, is the only way to rate a writer."... The "Well, what DID you expect to find down here?" cartoon was a scream.

In the *Time Merchant*, Kummer takes an old idea, pulls some props out of stock, and puts it all together in the most usual manner. What can you expect from that way of doing things? The only new idea in the whole story was (to me) making an explosive from playing cards.... *Captives of the Void* was rather effective, tho highly improbable, both in its characterization, and in the amazing convenience with which everything happens just right for the story--*deus ex machina*.... A few more stories like *Hell in Eden*, and the scientists themselves will be believing that cosmic rays cause mutations in individuals, even tho an article in the previous issue made it plain that the mutation is effected thru the germ plasm.

The last *FanAds* I got was the one with Nowlan on the cover. His story was apparently an effort to get back to the days of Burroughs' *Martian* books. It succeeded fairly well, tho I found it hard to really interest myself in the political set-up of Nowlan's Mars, on which the subsequent action was to depend.... *Let War Gods Clash* was a fairly good statement of an idea dear to the hearts of many people, but it didn't rise above common-

ness.

My remarks on Amazing must begin with the December 1939 issue. Let's get it over with. Fugitives from Earth is commendable for its tragic ending; and for the lack of war-hatred. I wonder if Amazing is still immune.... Hok Goes to Atlantis is pretty good, the Wellman is unforgiveably proud of his ideas, and shows it. . :

Adam Link in Business made pretty good reading. One may wonder why Adam Link never saw fit to criticize the bases of the business world he got into, but one knows the answer to that. Concerning his love affair, more anon.... Nothing else in this issue that I thot worth reading entire.

I only glanced thru Adam Link's Vengeance. This is about the time they were beginning to become putrid, but it still ranks as one of the early stories, because Link was still committing suicide again at the end. The cover, incidentally, stinks.... That clipping heading 'Rockets over Europe looks like something else in the line of David Reed's hoax exposed by JAB; the "AUP Dispatch" looks extremely phoney. The story itself is pretty good; there is actually some thinking done in the last page or so, in the discussion of prolonging the war.... Truth Is a Plague. Oh, Gawd, I said, another Truth Gas story, and didn't read it.... The Thirteen Mr Tumps was not at all surprising, but rather amusing.... Willy Ley's article was very good. I read it after I'd already puzzled out the idea in half an hour's cogitation on the train over a remark in Waldo that satellites are actually in free fall....

Here is the November 1940 number, which was given away at the Chicon, but I believe I bot ancopy too. Why, I don't know.... The first pages of West Point 3000 AD were fair, but I didn't go on with it.... Treasure Trove in Time is one of the most outrageous examples of the "somehow" type of scientific explanation, which doesn't explain at all, but only states the phenomenon in pseudo-scientific terms. Even the most gullible reader must have felt faintly troubled at the end, when the Editor suggested the villain should have pointed the camera at a window where stock quotations were posted every day. The reason is that there was no reason to expect the camera to select the window, to show its future, rather than what was inside it. Even granting the absurdity of a photographic plate which would photograph the future, there is the philosophical difficulty that it could not pick out a particular object to show the future of, because objects do not exist in the real world as discrete entities. There is no absolute division between this typewriter and the table it sits on, any more than there is a division between the table top and its legs, or the top centimeter-thick layer of the table and the next. The human mind compartmentalizes the universe for convenience (and in different languages they may compartmentalize it differently), but the real substance remains a continuous mass.... The Scientific Pioneer Returns is a bit of wish-fulfillment, but its idea, that a simple person may be so closely attuned to reality that he understands scientific principles without education, was discredited at the same time we got over the idea of the Noble Savage.... The Achilles Heel clever, nothing more.

In Adam Link Fights a War, Binder has at last gone altogether too far in his efforts to make robots seem human. When a robot's "dull mechanical voice" turns into a croak just before he dies, when a robotess' "expressionless lenses" soften, and when a cracked battery means only a few more minutes of life for a robot --then why not make 'em flesh and blood, supermen if you wish, but forget this farce of calling them robots?... The science behind the Visible Invisible Man was another piece of pseudo-scientific legerdemain, with convenience to the plot nowhere sacrificed for plausibility.

Amazing Stories stinks.

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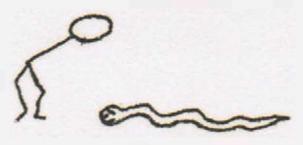
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Skwɪʃ!