



# "DELIRIUM TREMENS"

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Friends and others,-- First of all we must apologise for the non-appearance of "D.T.'s" with the April "FIDO", the reason being lack of time. At least, we had enough time, but just didn't realise that the stencils were due in until it was too late to do anything about it. Sorry.... (But nobody seems to have missed us !)

So we present our First Anniversary Issue... We were duly amazed on realising that a year has passed since this sheet first put in its appearance with the Fido mailing, but, as you've no doubt heard elsewhere, Time Flies ! But enough .... D.T.

## EXPOSITION OF AN ANCIENT TRIBE by Julian F. Parr.

"He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is also idle who could be better employed."-- Socrates.

I realise there are two somewhat different criticisms of my opinions about the moral laziness of Fans. Roy Johnson's denial of social obligation because of the worthlessness of Homo Sapiens is, I hope, rare; while Edwin Mac's satisfaction with Fans' fulfillment of these obligations is more widespread (as shown by Nov. 42 VoM) and is more difficult to criticise as its fault lies in the degree of fulfillment. However, I shall do my best to deal with both....

Socially organised mankind shows certain qualities which are, so far as we know, unique to it; educated intelligence, organised and co-operative research, extensive knowledge and control of natural forces. A progressive society also possesses an undeniable value of potential unimaginable in its entirety.

Educated intelligence is, in my opinion, superior to mere intelligence (thus admitting superiority, intellectually, of average fan over average Briton; but claiming superiority of average Briton over, say, average Chinese). Since it is valuable, and unobtainable except in a secure and beneficial social structure, (individual efforts, à la Bacon and da Vinci, are a poor second-best) and since its development depends upon progress within such a society, we should value the present rather scrappy form of society, and work to increase its efficiency and decrease the great probability of its collapse. So long as this collapse remains a probability, and not a certainty (and Roy offers no evidence to justify his dogmatism over this point) there remains no alternative -- there are no signs of Star Begotten; Men Like Gods; or Odd People who claim out attention. Mankind is our only hope at the present.

Man's survival in a social community is desirable. The survival can only be effected by the community itself. (unless you leave it to God) -- Why not by a division of labour, the "mass of people" (whose producing powers are very valuable, if their intellects are not) supplying the power, and the more intelligent members helping by directing it?

So, you fans, it's not sufficient to say smugly, "We do more than the vulgar man" -- you ought to do your utmost, for your utmost is need-

ed.

I know from experience how comfortable and easy it is to avoid responsibilities by being "careless of mankind" -- but I realise now that I was merely rationalizing a moral laziness -- and I suggest that a deep and sincere search of his own mind by each fan would result in the same conclusion.

You fans are part of Mankind; if Mankind fails it will be more fault of you and your kind than of the common man, for he has kept his side of the bargain by toiling away his days.... Mankind has the Power, but the Intelligence refuses to guide it !!

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NOTE TO JEP: I can't write and thank you for the various items you send in, Julian, if you persist in omitting your Service address ! D.T.

VIEWS ON SCIENCE-FICTION by John T. Miller.

[Passed on to us by J.H.Rosenblum. We hope you don't mind, Mr. Miller.]

I am generally of the opinion that science-fiction has become somewhat too fantastic for everyone except a hardened reader, and that it requires simplifying. My main interest in life happens to be the study of music, and the "plight" of stf. today seems similar to that of modern "classical" music, -- viz. only the composer and his disciples can understand the work. Each composer has his own basis and theories, which are usually incomprehensible to most of his audience. I'm not suggesting that stf. should be so simple that the dullest can read and enjoy it, but if there is a law in the writing of stf. it is, in my opinion, that of H.G.Wells, -- "To take one impossible thing and weave a story round it." Many modern stf. authors get their heroes into an impossible situation, where, instead of extricating himself by his wits, the hero suddenly produces some new weapon, or some unknown power of thought, or "Deus ex Machina", and vanquishes his enemies. In other words, their stories are full of impossibilities.

Now I'm sure I could write a good story full of impossibilities, but it is another matter to write one based on one so far impossible premise, such as interplanetary rockets, How about that one, Ego ? Ed. mental telepathy, atomic power, long distance television or time travel. I know which is the better author and that's why my favourite authors are men like Stanley G. Weinbaum (as in "Pygmalion's Spectacles"), and a story like Ray Cummings' "Television Alibi" in the June 1942 FFM.

These reflections are occasioned by a colleague who is, if anything, biased against stf., but who reads the mags. I receive, and invariably likes those stories based on one or two impossibilities supported by logical reasoning.

Then again, an author should be careful when assuming an impossible to be true. For example, if he nullifies gravitation, he uses this to move heavy weights or to lift human beings. -- But surely by nullifying gravitation he would cause the object, whatever it was, to fall apart, as its constituent molecules would no longer attract each other, and would be attracted to the nearest normal objects. What he would have to do would be to retain the attraction of the molecules for each other, at the same time removing the Earth's attraction from the body as a whole.

I am attracted to stf. because it stimulates the imagination, but

surely if the science in the stories, or the logic, is correct, it would make the value of the story higher than one where the reasoning is faulty? A story written with a sound basis and read by a scientist, may give him an idea, but most of the trash turned out today just drugs one's imagination.

There is another type of story I like -- those written by men like E.E. Smith and H.P. Lovecraft. Here the story is fantastic, but if well-written its mighty ideas can be very valuable in giving one an undistorted view of our present troubles. These sink to insignificance beside the tremendous ideas presented by these men.

Thus we have the two types of stories, -- one with a largely probable basis and the other with no basis in fact, but so well written that it appears to become fact. But when a hack writer tries to express E.E. Smith's ideas in his fearful language, and with unreal characters, then I feel like tearing up the magazine.

The moral is:-- "Do not take on more than you can bite"(or is it "chew" ?). Actually, it is, I believe: "Do not bite off more than you can chew". -- Ed.

No doubt the above would arouse much discussion amongst fans, but for stf. to continue to flourish, discussion and criticism by its experts is vital, especially self-criticism....

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HOW ABOUT THAT DISCUSSION MR. MILLER MENTIONS, FANS ?? -- Ed.

MAC'S MEANDERINGS or "Bearding the Monster in His Lair...."

Being an account of Edwin MacDonald's visit to Aberdeen.

The Hermit of the North and the Hermit of the Highlands had long thought it was time they got together, and so they did, to plot a campaign for the Fanarchists. I arrived in Aberdeen and promptly started out in the wrong direction, but eventually found my way to the spot marked "X" on Doug's map, at the bus stop near the Union Street and Bridge Street crossing, where I was to await the arrival of Doug in bus. I had just deposited my case on the pavement and straightened up, to be confronted with a figure which bobbed up from I know not where, with hand outthrust in front of my nose. "Edwin MacDonald?" the figure exclaimed. "Good Ghu!" thought I, "this must be the Webster".... "Doug Webster?" said I, taking hold of the outstretched hand. Doug had apparently arrived early. And thus we met....

We wandered around till lunch-time, when we met Doug's sister and brother-in-law; very nice people. Then we hopped aboard a tram, after Doug had assured me it was quite tame, and reached Fountainhall Road and the far-famed "Idlewild" !! On the doors, inside the beds and inside the tripewriters were large placards:-- "Shut This!"--"May You Be Haunted By The Souls Of All The Tomatoes If You Do Not Water Them NOW!!" -- "Sinners Beware! Water The Tomatoes Now!!" and such like. The majority of Doug's family was, you see, away for a week's holiday. Incidentally, the Web. has had a pillar-box placed just outside his gate especially for his convenience....

We explored some bookshops and in the evening we went to the theatre and saw an amusing play of Somerset Maugham's.

When I entered Douglas's room, I gazed in awe at the beautiful col-

lection of books. Forthwith I began my excavations in the various book-cases and shelves; Doug was astounded at some of the things I found. He has quite a number of books on psychology, his favourite fruit, many of fantasy, weird, science, philosophy, mathematics, sadism, humour, general, and the best collection of pornography it has been the pleasure of my eyes to rest upon; also quite a few "Weird Tales", "Unknowns" and other items, rare and other. I even discovered some science-fiction magazines, and imagine Doug reading things like "Terror Tales" and "Horror Stories" !! He also has a Flash Gordon book which he treasures. I became immersed in all this literature until the early hours of the morning.

Next day, Sunday, we journeyed to Hazlehead, wandered through the park and over the moor, where we were entertained by Home Guards slithering along the ground on their bellies, practising methods of crawling. We walked on and talked.... I even got Doug to talk about science-fiction !! Back in "Idlewild" we frittered away the time; ping-pong, records, tea, talk. I wormed my way through his books and mags., -- and correspondence when he wasn't looking. (Anyone wishing to know who "Swine" is should send me a 1/-d. P.C. and stamped, addressed envelope!) Edwin has since admitted that he was joking, so don't all rush, fans!!!

We finally kissed each other Au Revoir with tears in our eyes, as Doug was going back to the land early the next morning, which I spent wallowing among the books again. All this was interspersed with fights with bellicose little Berlioz, the fascinating Webster kitten. In the afternoon I set out for home again to recuperate from the shock of my first meeting with a fan....

I may conclude by saying that though Doug did not at first seem like his letters, he did later seem to "fit in"....

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AND WHAT ARE DOUGLAS'S REACTIONS TO THESE AMAZING REVELATIONS ?? -- READ NEXT WEEK'S INSTALLMENT FOR THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF THIS SERIAL !!!!

Bob Gibson writes: "Permit me to congratulate you on some two-sounding controversy in the February "DT's". Though I think I'll stand from under where 'average intelligence' and 'political responsibility' are the labels on the brickbats ! -- Liked Parr on 'Time'. Rhine has shown that E.S.P. works across time. Dunne thinks higher-dimensional observers sometimes notice events outside their normal forms. Train your faculties ! Physical time travel ? Mebbe. If each transit starts a new line. ("Other Tracks", "Lest Darkness Fall", "Anachron, Inc.") No wonder the universe is expanding !"

FILLINGS: Feature story in February 1943 "UNKNOWN WORLDS" is Henry Kuttner's "Wet Magic". It tells of a young pilot serving in England who is forced to bale out over Wales; he lands by a lake, and finds himself in the middle of the Merlin, Arthur and Morgan le Fay legend. Very entertaining. While on this topic, I can't resist a plug for T.H. White's delightful fantasy dealing with the same subject, -- "The Sword in the Stone". Every fantasy fan should make a point of getting hold of this book, which is, I think, published by Collins.... Starting with the May 1943 issue, ASTOUNDING reverts to small size owing to paper rationing; still monthly, 160 pages, 25 cents.

DELIRIUM TREMENS: Compiled and stencilled by Dennis Tucker at "Wicklow", 87 Oakridge Road, HIGH WYCOMBE, Bucks. JIR duplicates, praise be !!..