



INCORPORATING THE SATELLITE

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Cover by H.E. Turner

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FOR NO APPARENT REASON

Fantast Presents Excerpts It Likes

for no apparent reason.

THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX by C.D. Freeman & Douglas Cooper (Cresset Press 1940):

"Will not let war obtrude on my work, yet obsessive return to it in thought. War is now the reality, civilian life unreality, luxury; it is essential to make contact with it and see one's standards (the artistic creations which one believes in and defends, one's aesthetic) in the new light. One cannot ignore a war which one wishes to see successfully concluded, on which the continued creative activities of one's artist friends and contemporaries will depend. Freedom and security of artists threatened. Man of average sensibility will settle down and be happy under any system - Germany is full of them, Russia too. Fascism has no room for the artist - nor Communism: both should inspire, but both anti-artistic. French soldiers, my friends, fighting and dying for what I believe in. Can one ignore them while they die? Can I wait (in retreat) till it is all over? Picasso showed the way in "Guernica". Soldier is called to defend values he cannot understand. Can I possibly accept his sacrifice while acknowledging no responsibility? France, a last corner of culture and civilisation, threatened with extinction. Even if in the end I can still only reject and condemn the war I will at least have seen and shared."

From COOPER'S DIARY, May 25th, 1940.

LE ZOMBIE, Dec. 1940:

"There is no truth to the rumor that Editor Campbell is an altogether lovely little chap, but slightly wacky."

Joe Fann.

FUTURIA FANTASIA, Fall 1939:

"Let's put a stop to this shilly-shallying. Let's put these destructive Atheists in their place. The Christians know that God does exist. That God is all-powerful. So it would be only a simple matter to arrange an appointment with God (we don't exactly know what his office hours are), and prevail upon him to write a message in fire saying "YOU BET, GOD IS THE REAL MCCOY" or something similar, and spread it all over the sky. That'll convince even the most reluctant Atheists, and it should be rather a simple trick for a God who once stopped the sun (sic!), created a universe in 6 days, and engineered an immaculate conception."

Treyor

COMMENT

On Receiving Fantast

** ***** **

by JULIAN F. PARR.

A very pleasant surprise awaited me that night. Fantast had arrived and, by the look of it, a very good Fantast. I took off my overcoat and jacket, loosened my collar and tie, and descended into the armchair (after lobbing some lumps of coal onto the fire).

But on glancing at the Contents, and reading the Editorial, and looking at the articles it contained, I received rather an unpleasant shock.

Fantast has a new editor. Not the Burke fellow. No, I don't mean that at all. But the real Editor, this Youd man.

Fantast did once upon a time have an Editor who was not exactly an Editor, but who was exactly a flippant, half-serious, half-humorous, poetic, dreaming, fantacynical Sam Youd, who lived at a little village by the lovely name of Eastleigh; and its nickname was Fay.

But that was way back.

The Editor of Fantast is now a serious, calculating, logical personage who boasts a name -- Christopher Samuel Youd, and even a philosophy (for which I have no name). He does not even edit Fay, he edits Fantast, -- Fantast being Fantast only because Fantast was Fantast, -- a tradition! Evolution, they say, is either progressive or regressive. Since Fantast never was the Fantast it is today, then logically it has progressed, but the morality and intelligence of a certain Julian Parr is not up to the standards required to gaze upon the heights it has now reached (together with its Editor -- in fact following its Editor) and read and hear and see the sufficiently high literary quality (extract) without at the last moment giving way and tottering back to the old conservative escapism which is today so much to be despised and pitied. He does not disapprove -- but he does not wholeheartedly support. The chase goes on, but he stops and wonders why? Why?

But the world goes on and on.

CONCLUSION by Louis Russell Chauvenet

~~~~~

If, in imaginary visions, you  
Have come in secret through the shadow's grey  
To where the tower's battlemented view  
Etches a fragment of the nascent day,  
And if at moments I have heard you say,  
As though you were no phantom, you could see  
In that bright etching one transcendent way  
Bridging the chasms of eternity,  
Forgive the vain delusion. I have known  
At heart how much it angered you that  
Built one strong tower in your sweep of sky  
And I will build no more. When viewed alone  
The tower seems less strong. Let stone on stone  
Dissolve, and let the bright illusion die.

(This poem has already appeared in the American publications, THE SYLVIUS and NEPENTHE, and the usual acknowledgments are tendered.)



## THE STRANGE SAD STORY OF JOE

\*\*\*\*\*

(As compiled by Doc Lowndes from the notes and lectures of that eminent scholar, Herr Professor-Doktor Samuel S. Gottesman.)

Author's note: The Joe mentioned in this fictionized case-history is not Joe but another person bearing the same name.

Our story opens in New York City, sometime in late 1938, on the 7th Avenue Express, bound for 242nd Street West, now one hour and twelve minutes out of Flatbush Avenue Station. It is the fifth car from the rear, and our attention is focussed upon an individual sprawling longitudinally upon the seat approximately two thirds of the way from the entrance of the car to its exit, going forward of course. There is no need to describe this person, as he is of no importance -- except that, at two more stops, he will burp three times, arise, and wend his way out upon the platform; then, realising that he has gotten off at the wrong station, he'll make a frantic dash for the train and miss by several feet.

But another strand in the web of fate has been woven. For this nondescript individual was lying on a newspaper. A sandy haired man across the aisle reaches forward to pick up the paper. As he does so, some dust in the air gets up his nostrils and he sneezes violently. At this, a fluffy headed chap drawls: gesund-heit. This is Joe!

The sandy-headed individual who sneezed, looks up at the guy who just spoke, smiles, and says: "Have some?" Indicating the paper. Joe says: "Sure; thanks!" and reaches for his share.

And the fates grin knowingly!

The scene shifts to an office somewhere between 22nd and 25th street. A wizened little figure with a badly twitching eye is giving Joe the once over. His face contorts into what he considers to be a smile, while Joe thinks how handsome Lon Chaney's makeups were by comparison. The gnome says:

"I'll have to warn you, young man, that there have been complaints about this place. What is wrong, I don't know. We don't like to send people to places where they won't stay because it's bad advertising for us. But our agents have investigated the house very thoroughly and can find nothing wrong."

Joe's brow creases in meditation. This job sounds pretty good. All he has to do is stay at this place for a few months until some legal complications in the ownership are smoothed out. His duties are as light or as heavy as he wants to make them. He has to see that the neighbouring brats do not smash the windows, draw pictures all over the sides, or otherwise mar or deface the premises. He may keep the place clean or let it go to pot as he likes, as the new owner will probably redecorate and renovate the thing anyway. If he likes he may do a bit of landscaping around the house, although there's no guarantee that he'll be remunerated for it. His pay starts immediately, will be mailed to him every Monday, and is quite generous and satisfactory. And, if his caretaking is satisfactory, there may be a chance for steady employment with the same owner.

But, here's the rub. Seven people have applied for that job within two weeks, and each has left after staying there less than 48 hours. They have refused to state what is wrong. Their reluctance seems to be at appearing to be fools, because nothing tangible can be found. It's been a great deal of trouble: we are ready to pay you something extra if you will take it and stay.

Joe's brow uncreases. He smiles and says: ok. And the fates chuckle!

We are now at the place where Joe has agreed to work and remain until discharged. It's not half bad looking. Furniture a bit seedy, rooms somewhat large, lawn something of a mess. But this is summer and there's a very nice semi-deserted beach nearby. Joe droons to himself and goes to it with a will.

By the time the sun is about to close shop for the day, Joe has straightened the first floor out very nicely and given the library the once-over. He steps over to the kitchen sink to wash his hands, and turns on the faucet. Silence. Then -- a snake wriggles out of the faucet. Joe kills the snake and goes upstairs.

Here, he tries the faucet in the main bathroom. A snake wriggles out. Joe kills that one, too.

He turns on the shower. Snakes wriggle out of the tiny holes and squirm puzzledly over the tile floor as best they can. Joe massacres them.

He spends the evening examining the plumbing system. Nothing is wrong with it. He checks up with the water company. All is well. They send a man up to investigate. He listens to Joe's story very suspiciously, then walks over to the faucet and turns it on full. Water gushes out. The man departs after making observations which are just a little unkind considering that he has never seen Joe before.

After he has gone, Joe again turns on the faucet. No water. Another snake. Joe captures it, puts it in a sack, secures the opening, and goes to bed somewhat unhappily.

The fates giggle.

We see now a doctor's office. Joe has just finished telling his story and is showing the snake to the doctor. The medico ponders a moment, then asks Joe to wait a few moments.

He returns with a tall, bearded man. The bearded man asks Joe questions, asks him about his dreams, about his father, mother, sisters, cousins, and aunts. Joe answers perplexedly. The bearded man draws the doctor over to a corner and they converse. Then the doctor again asks Joe to wait while he and the bearded man exit silently.

Anon they return with a clean shaven, very practical-looking little man. He asks no questions but proceeds to examine the snake Joe has brought in. His eyes widen. He whistles, then turns to the three.

"Gentlemen" he says. "This is not a snake."

"What?" chorus the three.

The little man smiles and shakes his head. "I am a biologist" he explains. "And I say as a biologist that this is not a snake. It looks like a snake, I will admit. It feels very much like a snake. But I have studied the reptilian world very carefully; I have cut open and studied thousands of snakes, my friends. So I think I know just a little about what I am saying when I speak of these creatures."

"What this is, I must confess I do not know. If I were to make a guess, I would say that this is what a snake would look like if snakes coincided with the uninformed layman's idea of them."

The little biologist bows and departs. The doctor looks at the bearded man; the bearded man looks at Joe; Joe looks at the doctor. Then all three look at the thing that looks like a snake but isn't a snake. They could swear that that reptilian-like visage is grinning.

The doctor coughs while the bearded man blows his nose. Then both turn to Joe. "Please wait a moment" says the doctor. The two confer together again, then return with a happy smile on their faces.

"We have decided" say they "that the best thing you can do is ignore this

The fates laugh uproarously.

I am most grateful to my dreams.  
In them I am released, set free  
to travel wide in time and space  
and self. Up from the buried me  
rise images, old voices speak,  
and future walks abroad. And I  
and now and then and will are one.

Z E N I T H  
ZENITH  
ZENITH  
zenith

Fantasy Show-Down....Dialectic....Cosmic Case No.5....Swine....& many others



A FABLE OF MISCH-MASCH

by D. R. Smith

Once upon a very long time ago there were some primeval monkeys in a very primeval forest. Also in the forest were some primeval carnivores of various specifications but all very fond of a diet of monkeys, and the primeval monkeys were all the time being chased around and quite frequently caught and eaten.

The solution to this oppressive state of affairs was arrived at simultaneously by two different monkeys, who each gathered together a large number of their fellows and explained to them the theory and practice of concerted action. When the idea had sunk in a couple of thousand of the primeval primates went and tried it on a primeval carnivore, and the survivors were very pleased with themselves, and came back and elected the proposers of the scheme leaders of their respective sets of monkeys. And for a long time the two bands of primeval monkeys waxed mighty in the forest.

It chanced one day, however, that a dispute arose between the two leaders as to the possession of a very succulent primeval grub, and had they not been so equally matched might have come to blows about it. Valour being well-tempered with discretion caused the quarrel to go no further than harsh words and insulting gestures, but each returned to his respective tribe meditating revenge.

Said one to his assembled tribe, "I, your leader, the incorporation of the racial spirit, have been most grievously insulted by that most immoral being, the leader of those other primeval monkeys whose conduct has always been such as to raise serious doubts as to their fitness to be classed in the same category as ourselves. This culminating outrage to his and their long sequence of offences against inter-tribal relationships can no longer be born. Are we always to allow their incessant insults, their open robbery of our rightful food, their insolent trespass on the forest space that is rightfully ours, are we always to allow these and many more such affronts to our tribal integrity to go unpunished? Let us rise in our might and united strength and obtain by force the satisfaction of our rights which cannot be obtained in any other way." And the tribe, being composed of stupid and belligerent monkeys, agreed enthusiastically.

The other primeval monkey made much the same kind of speech, but his tribe was composed of intellectual monkeys, and they said, "You talk silly. Why should we go and get ourselves killed, and kill our fellow monkeys, merely to satisfy your lust for power and revenge. We perceive now the snag in this coöperation idea, and we think that we can do without it."

So the intellectual monkeys killed their leader and went back to their old way of life, leaving that part of the forest in order to avoid the other monkeys. And they went on in the old happy individual way, doing what they liked when they liked, if they could, and laughing at the stupid monkeys who stuck together in the tribe.

Indeed, they were a foolish lot those tribal monkeys, always fighting and killing and being killed, fighting amongst themselves when they were tired of fighting other animals, or when it got too easy to fight other animals. For they grew clever at fighting, making things to fight with, pieces of wood and rock to hold and throw, and later on sharp things made out of stuff they called metal. And they expanded and fought each other more and more with bigger and better weapons and at times shot a few of the intellectual monkeys just for the fun of it. Eventually there were no intellectual monkeys left, but the descendants of the stupid monkeys had even left their own planet to find more room to fight in and something else to fight. And it annoyed the spirits of the deceased intellectual monkeys very much to perceive that the descendants of the stupid monkeys

were still so stupid that they were happy, most of them most of the time, as had been the case even when intellectual and stupid had all been free primeval monkeys together in that very primeval forest.

Moral:~ What the hell anyway?

THE CREED OF A SCEPTIC  
Osmond Robb

I believe, like Sinclair Lewis, although I cannot call to mind his exact words, that scepticism is the most valuable of all intellectual qualities and that its preservation is more important than the preservation of any political system or set of ideas whatsoever.

Consider: what gave modern science its initial impetus? Why--the scepticism of Galileo, who, not content to accept the time-hallowed pronouncements of the ancients, boldly experimented with falling objects himself and found that their rate of fall was not, in fact, proportional to their weight. On this elementary discovery the whole lofty edifice of empirical, or 'try-and-see' research has been reared. And in the realm of politics the same story is told: sceptics see fit to doubt the voice of authority and to examine the foundations of the 'status quo', seemingly so solid and impregnable. In this way, reforms are accomplished and the lot of Man bettered: if it were not for the enquiring mind of the sceptic, society would stagnate - and, like a stagnant pool, it would reek to high heaven. I need hardly go on to religion, to enumerate the gross superstitions and vile sacrificial practices from which scepticism has freed us: I think I have made it sufficiently clear that this sorry world of ours would be, if possible, even less tolerable than it is today were it not for the efforts of the sceptics.

Now I am a sceptic, or at least I try to be; and my creed, put quite simply, is to have no creed. For if you believe in something so devoutly that no amount of reasoned argument can shake your belief, then you are no sceptic; it follows, of course, from what I have just said, that I can be convinced that my faith in scepticism is ill-founded - but I am not afraid of that conclusion; I freely endorse it.

How, you may ask, how does my scepticism work in practice? Well, in religion, for instance, I am an agnostic, shunning the convictions of theist and atheist alike. For it is stupid in equal measure to disbelieve in the existence of God, in the absence of any definite proof, and to believe; I am referring, of course, to articles of faith and not to working hypotheses - for the purposes of argument I might assume either of the above alternatives, but I should not heatedly maintain it at all times and in the teeth of reasoned opposition, as do the diehards of both camps. I remain open to conviction on this point - but not by emotional means; I prefer to rely on my reasoning, such as it is, rather than on the purely physical ecstasy of so-called conversion.

In politics I am guided by the same principles. I subscribe to the doctrines of no party, Left, Right, or Centre; I have my passing enthusiasms for this and that, but even in their full flush I endeavour to keep one corner of my brain quarantined, as it were, so that I can retain at least a measure of detachment. It would be idle to pretend that I am devoid of prejudice,



either; I am prejudiced in favour of world order on Wellsian lines, with the complete abolition of national sovereignty and planned economics to eliminate the mischievous irresponsibility of the capitalist and usher in the age of plenty for all that science has made possible; as a first step towards that goal I am prejudiced in favour of Federal Union, as proposed by Streit in "Union Now", and modified by Curry, amongst others. I am prejudiced against war, and those who cause it - politicians, armaments-manufacturers, and the capitalists generally. I am prejudiced . . . but I could go on for pages; the point I wish to make is that I am well aware of my prejudices and the reasons for them. If I have arrived at a decision, I take them into account, to see how far they have influenced me, and if I find that they have impaired my sense of logic, blinding me to things they would not have me see - I think again. For reasoning, to have any value, must be uncoloured by personal prejudice - unaffected by your dearest, most cherished beliefs - an operation, carried on, as far as possible, in a vacuum. (That leaves scope for pungent witticism, I realise; but I hope my meaning is clear, even if my language is a trifle ambiguous.)

It is precisely the incapacity of many enthusiasts, including intellectuals who should know better, for this sort of detachment that explains the worst excesses of Communism and Fascism alike. Truly the price of scepticism, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance. Being human, I'm not eternally vigilant, but, as far as in me lies, I do try to remain a sceptic.

[illegible]

## B R O A D S I D E

Source: [www.fishbase.org](http://www.fishbase.org). Species names are in bold. Species with a question mark are those that have been reported but not confirmed. Species with an asterisk are those that have been reported but not confirmed. Species with a dagger are those that have been reported but not confirmed.

b v

C S Y O U D

This is the ship. She moves in the water like a Chinese dancer curtseying. Her shape commands, and the sun reflects along her lines in heavy etching. Now the sails give their huge bellies to the breeze, and the ropes strain like ganglions to a nerve centre.

The water is eternity; the generated soul of mankind. The creak of a spar, or a sea-gull screaming, remote from land, breaks through a silence that has known no challenge from the beginning of time. Here is tragedy and the over-bearing scorn of detachment.

Through and over the bulwarks project the slender muzzles of cannon. They are calm and yet urgent, unhurried, yet restive with the joy of impending slaughter. This is their purpose: the crushing of ideals and the murder of peasant emotions. It is not their blame but the work of the artisan, and no one can find the artisan and no one change the purpose of the guns.

Suddenly the sea-gull rises, screeching cautiously. Smoothly the ship presents her flank, and the wind cracks in her rigging. The broadside thunder of cannon crashes against immensity, scaring the sea-gull to a dizzy soaring. And the ship leans over, gavottes and curtseys to the horizon, before she again lies silent under the sun.

This is the Revenge, and the stately, vicious Spaniards who greeted her; this is the Exeter and the Graf Spee, the Hood and the Bismarck. This is every ship that preened its beauty and made death a game for pleasure. It is the clash of wills, slash and parry, assault gentle and retort courteous. It is the beauty

and evil of life, and both are one.

It is broadside.

\* \* \* \* \*

The homes of the future are part of the problem which must be thrashed out in the planning of our brave new England. I am interested personally in this because Southampton -- the nearest large town to my present home -- has been set aside as one of the four test towns for re-building. Southampton is being given a free hand, within the limits of any organism controlled by money powers, to arrange its own future, and has the added incentive of knowing that the country is watching its experiment, and will adopt it if it proves successful.

In this case the whole of the centre of the city has been cleared of anything over three feet high, although, by seemingly incredible luck, the ancient Bargate has escaped altogether. Planning, it is presumed, will centre round the Bargate, and correspondence in the local papers seems to indicate that no extensive departure from the old planless theme is projected. The chief demand is for wider and more beautiful roads. Southampton has always been fairly well provided with the green belt that amateur architects love, and the municipal buildings, inevitably the test of a town council's character, are modern, attractive and comparatively undamaged.

The other wide-spread desideratum is an extension of the flat system in place of the town's still numerous slums. In the last years of the armistice these five- and six-story blocks of brick cubicles arose steadily in the remoteness of the dock districts, and it seems probable that after the war they will continue to rise, in an increasing volume. It is here that, like the hero of "Darkness at Noon", I wish to be sure of the ultimate objective. The interim period is undoubtedly ghastly, as the raw plebeian palaces mushroom up from the stinking filth of the town. Should the aim be no more than this, the housing of thousands in more durable but equally hideous surroundings, then we are lost indeed. But if the intention is to build the new and then demolish and vegetate the old we may face the future with some confidence.

This is for the towns. It has not yet been suggested how the suburban hordes are to be hauled back from the countryside, and placed in buildings equally centralised if more suited to the dignity of the black-coated fraternity. And here let me say that I consider the anti-bungalow hymns of hate one of the worst snobberies the Joad-Mais fresh-air boys have been guilty of. Personally I am not bungalow-minded. I like having something solid underneath or on top of me when I sleep, and the more, in that respect, the merrier. But neither can I for the life of me understand a point of view which claims that the obtrusion of one brick bungalow ruins the best of landscapes. To the humanist it enhances, reminding him that this artificiality is the work of man, his stamp on even the remote demesne of cows and birds. And from a purely aesthetic attitude there are occasions when the neat red pile breaks the monotonous line of nature with surprising felicity. It is a neurotic exaggeration to claim that bungalowoid growth has ruined the countryside.

There we have the middle-brow architectural snobbery, but there is an even more supercilious high-brow anti-skyscraper complex, originating, it is believed, in Lewis Mumford's over-publicised "Culture of Cities" (recommended for the flattest writing and the worst illustrations in the high-brow bibliography). The exponents of this architectural Jesus-formula will under no circumstance regard their case as in need of proof. Prod one and he will squeak Mumford, adding that he can't tell you the exact pages where this astonishing thesis is worked out, but suggesting



half a dozen chapters scattered through the 500 pages. Since none but this unambitious coterie has ever cut the pages of Mumford's monstrosity that is safe advice. Despite the thin, intellectual yowl I am all for bigger and better sky-scrapers.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the train coming back we sat without moving. On the outward journey we had been energetic, watching the outside world for the stir of a skirt or the interesting immobility of bomb wreckage. Volunteer Bungay had a mouth-organ, and to his uncertain accompaniment we had sung a motley succession of songs, ranging from the mawkishly throbbing irrelevancies of Deanna Durbin hits to the genuinely tragic (but hilariously received) "Bang away Lulu", with its pathetic question to the hearer: "What will you do for a sex-life when Lulu's dead and gone?". Or words to that effect.

But now we had behind us the long hours of watching obsolete tanks, the first thrills of dropping through the hatches, and the gradual boredom of an unchanging vista of sun and dust and mechanical monsters, and interpreters who carefully explained that they knew nothing about their subject at all. We had risen to a minor peak of jeering excitement at seeing the forms of Sergeant Newman and two co-criminals forlorn on the railway siding as the train gathered speed, but even speculations on their ultimate fate were subdued now. There was nothing left but to sit, watching the long, sun-scorched Hampshire scenery.

That and the quiet, reflective thought it induced. Chafing in khaki battle dress and heavy boots in that light-faded railway carriage, comparison with other summers was inevitable.

My mind reverted to 1939, and the last summer of peace. Looking back it seems obvious that those last halcyon days were permeated by an emotion of defeat -- no, foreboding. We were Stapledon's Chinese gentleman, caressing the flowers in his garden, enjoying the glory of autumn all the more because of the first trace of frost, scornful of the approaching barbarian. We knew -- even if we denied it to each other, even if we refused to admit it to ourselves -- that the barbarian was coming nearer, and we had more than a suspicion that there was nothing behind him but desolation, and nothing before us but destruction. We did not formulate it so exactly as that, of course, but the thought was there. The summer was Indian summer; we watched it, and enjoyed it, but we maintained our reservations.

There was Jim. Jim and I went swimming together, cycled occasionally, played semi-satirical, semi-childish cricket, pretending we were each a Test Match side. We had few interests in common, but a strange sympathy; the mechanic and the fumbling clerk understood and appreciated each other in a curious purblind way. We got up at 4 o'clock on summer Sunday mornings to find mushrooms, and laughed together and philosophised over the Saturday night detritus of sex along a country lane. The armed forces to us were no more than a figure in blue shooing us off the mushroom-scattered air-field.

The next summer there was no swimming together or early morning jaunts. Jim, after a brief period of uncertainty, was known to be a prisoner of war. And the clerk, too, was busy. Forswearing my avowal never to look at a uniform again I was marching up and down in front of the Post Office, and watching the dawn break over a bayonet.

That was the summer of confusion. The complacencies had tottered and crashed, and the mood of determination was still slightly hysterical. But it was firm enough. Blood and toil, tears and sweat, was out motto, even if a rather dramatic one. Puzzled, resigned obstinacy was our mood.

Now summer is here again; a lull - for us - in the storm centre. And once more the note has changed. It is still impossible to take pleasure genuinely and forgetfully in any activity. There is still the backward look, the hesitation, the foreboding. Uncertainty, more than ever before, sets the pace. But it is further on than blind uncertainty. It is surer, despite the blood blotting out the planet; more convinced that in the end all will be well. It is anticipation. And next summer - what? Recapitulate. 1939 saw decadence, slow unmindful drifting. 1940 was vague determination. 1941 brings hope. And it is that hope that sets the note for 1942, despite setbacks and the impending winter. It is - confidence.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Winter Illusions

by J.P.Rathbone

Now we are done with desire,  
And passion's frozen.  
While you finger the lace on your gown meditatively  
And bow your head.  
I turn towards the window.  
And the frost has carved a lily there,  
Fretted  
Diamond-fashion -  
Over a tree. While, listlessly, the snow  
Falls, and a white oblivion,  
Obscures the pathways of the garden.  
Gently you finger your gown. The lace is Brussels'.  
Pace and stamp the harnessed horses in the cold.

I turn, and the destiny of my very strange world  
Hangs on the edge of a tear  
While you finger your gown and unsmilingly  
Raise up your head -  
"My lady, your carriage waits."

.....

Another filler And so here we sit at the office, supposedly fire-watching. It's  
\*\*\*\*\* very funny really. We happen to like Roneo stencils: they suit  
our touch to perfection. We would get a Roneo duplicator & roll this stuff off in  
no time. We know nothing of duplicators, so that, while we could tell it didn't  
work, we couldn't tell why. It's Saturday night - no, Sunday morning. And we're  
in town week-ends only. So it was either leave the affair till next week - when  
we hope to be afar off, enjoying our holidays - or use a flat. We used a flat.  
That's why we think it's so funny. We remember Sam Youd mentioning how horrified  
even Harry Warner was, when CSX turned out 100 20-page copies on a one-at-a-time-  
please flat-bed, time of the last London conference. HWJ had better oil up.  
There may not be 100 copies of this issue, but it's 22 pages long. We trust  
you see the joke.



## THE ROAD TO FAME

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EDITORIAL NOTE: It was originally intended that a series of writers should complete this story, each making things as difficult as possible for the next; and Webster was named to write Part 2. This gentleman, with the intention of nominating Arthur Clarke for Part 3, made his Instalment so complicated that, in desperation, it was decided that DRSmith should have to write the whole story himself.

RECAPITULATION:

The characters of the science-fiction stories are quite content to remain in the City of Waiting until Captain Kettle is sent to appeal to them to make the Pilgrimage to the Hall of Immortal Fame. The map he provides is seized by Professor Challenger, who forms a party of the more virile citizens, including the other three members of his own expedition to the Lost World, Dick Seaton and his enemy Duquesne, Kinnison - the Gray Lensman, Arcot, Morey & Wade, Aarn Munro, Tarzan and John Carter, Dr. Bird, Commander John Hanson, Jimmy Atkill, Hawk Carse & Friday, Gregg Haljan, Sergeant Walpole, Cossar, and Clarence - the American Idea of the Young English Aristocrat. The first obstacle, the Impassable Precipice of Public Ridicule, can only be turned by mounting a human pyramid to the base of an 80-foot chimney, and it falls on Clarence by reason of his light lanky physique to tackle this. By a remarkable feat of agility he surmounts the obstacle of the big chock-stone at the top and disappears to investigate the next stage. After a time his head comes into sight again to be greeted by a call from Challenger:

"Will it go?"

NOW CONTINUE--

Part II by D.R.Smith.

"Will what go where, old thing?" called Clarence enquiringly, a reasonable sort of question for one unacquainted with climbing jargon, but one which made Challenger swell and bristle with inarticulate fury.

"He means can you get up any farther that way?" elucidated Lord John.

"Oh, rather. Jolly old walk-over, old boy" called Clarence. "Absolutely like going upstairs to bed," he elaborated with a backward wave of his hand which over-balanced him. He made a sort of rolling dive down over the face of the chock-stone, saved himself with a frantic grab, and wriggled back to safety. His face reappeared without a pause:-

"How are the rest of you chaps coming up?"

The rest of the party were wondering that themselves, and although Challenger snorted "The same way as you did of course, you nincompoop", the non-climbers were looking rather grave. Even Seaton seemed a little dubious at the prospects of repeating Clarence's feat, and it was left to the direct mind of Cossar to give the solution.

"We can't all do that climb," said Cossar. "You can, Tarzan. Not up the rock - up the rope. More your type of country. Take another rope with you, then each of us can tie on and you can help us. One of the others can relieve you later. Obviously. Clarence!" he bawled.

"Yes, old thing?"

"Tie the end of your rope to a firm chunk of rock. And don't use a granny knot either."

"Why, what other sort of knot is there?" called Clarence in surprise.

"Good God!" said Cossar feelingly, and Lord John laughed and called:-

"Use that knot I've just showed you to tie round your waist, a bowline.

But make sure it can't slip off, and the rope isn't resting against a sharp edge."

"Righto" and Clarence disappeared from view for some time, during which Tarzan knotted the end of another rope about his waist. In due course there came a hail from above, and Clarence called doubtfully "I think it's alright."

"Go on, Tarzan" said the impatient Challenger, and rather doubtfully Tarzan began to climb hand over hand. It would have been easier, and would have taken less skin off his knuckles, if he had put his feet against the rock and walked up leaning on the rope, but John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was too proud to resort to such effeminate methods. As a consequence he arrived at the top just about sparked-out, and he could only look his feelings when Clarence said with a cheerful smile:-

"Gosh, I'm glad you made it old thing. I couldn't for the life of me think how to tie that bowline knot, so I just wound the rope round and round that knob. But all's well that ends well, what?"

When Tarzan had recovered physically and mentally he tied the rope on properly and used the other one as an extra support to Aarn Munro, whose Jovian muscles made the task an easy one. With these two at the top there was little difficulty about bringing the rest up; the several who tried to be proud and dispense with the aid of those above, as did Challenger who tried to imitate Clarence, and Seaton, who tried to imitate Tarzan, were hauled up unceremoniously when they got stuck and held up proceedings. Indignant though they were, they were too strangled by the ropes around their diaphragms by the time they reached the top to vent their wrath by other than glares and snorts.

By the time that all were up on the ample platform above the chock-stone Challenger's indignation had cooled sufficiently under the persuasive tongues of Lord John and Malone to allow him to make an inspection of the route that lay before them. It lay up a cliff which continued the line of the chimney, and though at a very steep angle it was provided with a regular staircase of broad footholds. Challenger was greatly pleased, apparently attributing their good fortune to his own skilful planning.

"Having forced our way thus far, it would seem that the way is made easy for us," he said. "Follow me, gentlemen, in full confidence that no matter what happens G.K.C. will pull you through."

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The pilgrimage camped that night by a stream of clear cold mountain water well back from the edge of the mighty precipice. Before and above them, with the rays of the setting sun warm on the grey rock of the lower crags and glistening on the snow-capped peaks, rose a formidable mountain barrier of awe-inspiring ruggedness. Gazing on that fantasy of rock Professor Summerlee said sourly:-

"It looks as though we might as well have saved our energy and stopped at the foot of the Precipice."

"To one who is not only a confirmed pessimist but also lacking both the ambition of a virile man and the explorative courage of the scientific spirit, such an obstacle may indeed appear insuperable" rumbled Challenger with heavy sarcasm. "Nevertheless my learned colleague may perhaps recollect that we were told of a pass in these Mountains of Contempt, a pass which, I may say, is not only clearly shown on this map but may also be seen by a person with normal eyesight directly in front of us."

"Indeed?" said Summerlee bitterly. "You have already given us, sir, a brilliant example of your powers of leadership in the noble way in which you lead the attack on the last obstacle and the ease with which you climbed the first pitch, an example which hardly encourages us to repose complete confidence in you."



"Oh, very good, sir!" snorted Challenger furiously. "Am I to be insulted by every scrawny he-goat who takes refuge in his age and decrepitude to cast aspersions on his mental, moral, and physical superiors? I demand an apology, sir! At once, or I leave the party!"

"The sooner the better for me sir!" retorted Sumnerlee, and it took all the tact of Lord John and the blarney of Malone, and above all the satisfaction of supper to pacify the two professors.

In the clear mountain air of the morning the peaks appeared to be very near, but the distance over the intervening foot-hills was greater than it seemed, and the limbs of the pilgrims were stiff from the exertions of the previous day. They camped that night on stony ground just below the pass, where it was necessary to raise the voice to penetrate the constant howl of the Wind of Carping Criticism which blows incessantly through that gap. To the discomforts of sleeping on the cold hard ground was added the noise of that wind, which kept many of the party awake.

As a consequence they rose early in an unamiable mood, and there was a deal of angry argument as they broke camp and donned their packs. Dr. Bird, who was more or less on his own and watching only for a chance to slip away in the lead, got away first, and the others ceased their arguments to pursue him angrily. The muscular determined Bird kept well in front up the sharp rise to the flat-bottomed cleft that was the pass, and found that the easiest way into it was to proceed up one side onto a ledge which ran across level with the floor of the pass.

He reached this well in front of the others, and strode along it eager to pit his brain and thews against the wind of criticism. At the corner he stepped boldly full into the pass, and the blast lifted him as if a feather and hurled him outwards and upwards with terrific speed. The appalled watchers saw his spinning body dwindle to a dot that passed high over the edge of the Precipice.

"Poor old Bird", said someone soberly. "Our first casualty. I knew him well, one of the biggest boors that ever lived."

He might have kept his sympathy, knowing Bird. Though he never again tried the pilgrimage Bird was not killed then. The wind hurled him to the very outskirts of the City of Waiting, and as he plummeted down at terrific speed the arch-fiend Seranoff, who had seen him coming and wished to make doubly sure of his destruction, touched off a cunningly laid mine at Bird's landing point. As usual his maliciousness defeated its object, for the blast met the descending Dr. Bird at the right time to cushion his fall so that he alighted unharmed apart from bruises and the entire destruction of his clothes.

The party below the pass were not to know this, and a few manly sighs were breathed before a cautious attempt was made on the pass. So wary were they, indeed, that nothing happened until Sergeant Walpole worked his way to the front and tried to wriggle out into the pass on his belly. He made progress for a time, but found that the rocky floor was too smooth to furnish enough grip for pulling himself along, while an attempt to raise his body up high enough to crawl was nearly disastrous.

"If we could force our way along ten or twelve yards there's a dip which would provide a resting stage," he added, after reporting to Cossar. (Challenger was at the back of the party, vainly trying to get along the over-crowded ledge.)

"Hur" said Cossar, and had a look himself.

"Only thing to do is build another pyramid," said he. "There's a furrow running across which will give the base men foot-hold. Come on four of you - as you were. Single file will do, wind resistance of a column will be the same as that of one man. Obviously. Who's a Mammo?"

The squat Jovian worked his way along the ledge to the fore and crawled out into the wind. When he was braced firmly in position ("Can you hold 'em from there?" asked Cossar; "I could hold back a comet from here," said Aarn cheerfully) Cossar sent Tarzan, then Wade, Kinnison, and after him Seaton.

"Are you there now?" called Cossar, in a voice which fought its way up against the wind to where Seaton vainly sought for holds to drag himself forward the extra few feet, and finally called sulkily "Not quite."

Cossar withdrew his head to summon the next man, but even as he did so a powerful figure crawled quickly past him and began to work its way up the line. Seaton, furious with disappointment, was incensed beyond words to find Duquesne crawling over him, Duquesne's saturnine features a few inches from his as Duquesne's hand pulled down on his head and Duquesne's feet found toehold in his belt. "You rat!" began Seaton wrathfully, then Duquesne maliciously found his next foothold on the face of his enemy and thrust himself forward into the shelter of the hollow.

"Alright Blackie, drop us a rope," called Seaton after a moment, but Dr. Duquesne had other ideas on the subject, and was trying to see whether it was possible for him to continue alone. Seaton's suspicious mind tumbled to this in a very short time, and the prostrate and helpless scientist flamed with fury at such treachery. He was explaining the exact nature of the double-cross to his companions when the familiar sneer came back into view and the end of a coil of rope hit him in the face. Duquesne had found that it was not, after all, possible to continue alone.

"I might have known that a hound like you would try to play such a dirty rotten trick as leaving his companions in the soup while he went off on his own," accused Seaton, standing up in the shelter of the dip. "A rat like you isn't fit to associate with decent men."

"Be yourself, Seaton," said Duquesne coldly, as the rest of the party began to pull themselves up the fastened rope. "Or rather be someone sensible, for this childish behaviour is characteristic of you. In the first place I was only hunting round for a place to tie the rope to, and in the second place even if I were trying to get on by myself, what of it?"

"What of it, you sneering swine you?" "What of it?" choked the furious Seaton. "I don't know how to keep my hands off you, you double-crossing, cheating, lying..."

"Shut your face you prissy-mouthed punk, or I'll remove some of that beauty of yours!" snarled Duquesne, thrusting out his granite chin until it nearly touched his adversary's.

"You and who else?"

"Just little me, with one arm tied behind my back if you like."

"I'm warning you, if I hit you now it'll probably kill you!"

"Why you great booby you, you'd burst into tears if I slapped you!"

"Go on then, slap me! And then send for the undertaker!"

"Yes, you'd need an undertaker alright!"

"Stop this infernal arguing!" bellowed Professor Challenger, thrusting his short burly figure between them. "You're like a couple of over-grown children, both of you. If you can't stop this infantile behaviour you'll have to be treated like other children and chastised."

"Oh yeah?" said Seaton. "By whom?"

"By me, sir!" roared the burly Professor, turning on him with such bristling fury of that great black beard that Seaton fell back apace involuntarily. "By Jove, George Edward Challenger is not the man to stand for impertinence from you young whippersnappers. I've chastised young puppies like you before now sir, Mr.



Malone will tell you that I'm a dangerous man to cross."

"That I will," grinned Malone. "But I fight by your side now, not against you," looking meaningfully at the other two as he spoke. The squabblers looked at the short but Herculean figure of Challenger, and at the big athletic Irishman smiling cheerfully behind him, and turned away, shrugging indifferent shoulders.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had arrived, and Cossar was already directing operations for tackling the next wind-swept stretch....Now they had the technique it was merely a matter of time and perseverance. An observer perched high up on the often overhanging walls of the great gorge would have noticed a fascinating resemblance to the progress of an amoeba. The party would assemble in a black mass at one side of a dip, a thin black tentacle would be slowly reached out towards the next dip, there it would seem to take hold and the main body would flow along it into the next hollow.

At one time it seemed as if they would have to camp out in one of the inhospitable dips, but even as evening was coming on they found that they had reached the end of the wind-swept portion, and the gently descending slopes before them were comparatively calm. Camp was pitched at sunset where a broad and surprisingly placid river issued out of a side wall to occupy most of the floor of the enormously deep gorge.

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It was a silent party which rose with many groans the next morning from its bed of scree, which had only added new aches and pains to muscles tired by the unnatural effort of proceeding like a snake. A few hardy spirits had a brief bathe in a pool of the river, and when they had recovered from the shock of immersion in water that must have originated in the eternal snows above they were the best off. But the party had proceeded a considerable distance down the gently descending gorge before anyone spoke.

It was Clarence (who, to the vast indignation of most members of the party, had slept like a top and woke almost cheerful) who made the first remark.

"Rather awe-inspiring place, what?" he remarked cheerfully.

"What?" snapped a crag overhead.

"Expiring face - sot!" retorted a bulge on the other side of the gorge and suddenly from crag and bulge and cliff and crack on either side of the gorge came cracking and drawling and mumbling and bellowing copies and distortions and harmonic blendings of the remark, building up in noise as it lost in clarity until the whole blended into a monstrous enduring cacaphony of hysterical mirth, uncontrolled Rabollaisian roarings of mountainous contempt. Disturbed from their precarious balance by the incredibly amplified vibrations chunks of rock came hurtling down about the stunned pilgrims. "WhirrrrrRRRR-- CRACK" went the stones, shattering splinters of rock in all directions, and the Mountains of Contempt shook with laughter, jeering laughter that racked, smashed and tortured the pitiful little egos of the cowering mites below.

END OF PART THE SECOND. WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT? HOW SHOULD WE KNOW?

\*\*\*\*\*

little filler

+++++

I wish I was a woolly worm and had a woolly tummy -  
I'd jump into a pot of glue and make my tummy, gummy.

Back Again  
\*\*\*\*\*

Being an Editorial  
\*\*\*\*\*

By the Editor  
\*\*\*\*\*

This, then, is yet a further FANTAST. It has changed its editor, its stenciller, duplicator, period of appearance, & possibly its policy. It is still called FANTAST - or even Fay - it still has a reputation among old & horny veterans, and it still has a stock of fan-material better than a lot we've seen. The price remains the same.

Our position is this: We make as few promises as possible. We'll appear with the utmost regularity when we happen to have material & spare time on hand, this looseness creating among our followers a psychological tenseness likely to double our value in their minds. We are under no delusions as to the length of time we shall continue to publish. Down the few brief years of fandom over here, we have seen Pesars, Hanson, Burke & Youd in succession give up the game in disgust, and doubtless we shall do the same. Indeed, we rather hope to be moving from Aberdeen this autumn, so perhaps we'd better cram in one or two issues before then!

We are in the market for material. Despite Julian Parr's little scolding on p.3, which we accept with our usual meekness, we're all in favour of having it well, not poorly, written; there being no restriction on subject beyond entertainment & interest; fiction, articles, verse, or anything else. We should like some humour -- and we take the opportunity here of tendering sincere thanks to Dave McIlwain for passing on several MSS received by him for use in GARGOYLE. American readers are especially asked to send us all the material they can. FANTAST has always been noted for printing worthwhile stuff by US fans, & we hope to continue doing so. If they can't manage to oblige, we'd still like their approval or condemnation, discussion & news. And their exchange magazines!

For the future we have a little really good fare & some more well up to standard. Next issue we can promise the Youd-Harris "Dialectic", the poem of which Eric Hopkins said that the first 32 lines were the best, & Johnny Burke that the last 8 were outstanding. "Dialectic" is 40 lines in length. "Fantasy Show-Down", which Harry Warner was said to be "scared to death to print". Two Smithologies. "Broadside". A surrealist cover, an editorial, a respectable Folly, & doubtless other satisfying things.

If you would mark this issue - all of it - in the usual way, ratings will be printed next time.

A word on the present. The material for most of this issue was sent us by the Youd in either typescript or stencil form. Since work was begun on it in April, the probable content has changed continuously. We fear we didn't manage to arrange everything very well - the result being numerous fillers & discontinuities, and the unnecessary addition of 2 pages - but we are confident you will deal fairly.

The statement re your subscription will as usual be found on p.2, and we trust you will act if action is required. Several receive this issue without yet having paid for it.

POSTSCRIPT to FOLLY: Arthur Cyprian Clarke writes, July 19-- "So bad is the situation ~~work~~, in fact, that last night I ceremoniously smashed my beautiful table-tennis bat, which I have had for many years and which has shared all my defeats and triumphs. This drastic step will ensure that I spend no more time on such unproductive activity." . . . So have no fears, comrades: the war's as good as won.

. . . And the war caught up with Milt Rothman July 1st., when he registered for the draft while on his way to the Denvention aboard the far-famed Skylark of Woo-Woo - "probably in the midst of Kansas or some such unearthly place at the time."



T A N T A S T S / F O L L Y

Letters received by both Youd and Webster are here printed. Once again ratings have had to be omitted, but if you'll mark this issue in the usual way . . .

Hilton A. Rothman

"It was quite an amazing sensation to receive a fanmag from England and find a piece of mine reprinted in it. But that sensation was nothing compared to the one I got a couple of weeks later when I found the time to read the rest of the magazine. I cannot think of having seen material of such high quality, thoughtfulness, and intelligence in any other fan magazine. (Even Milt's Mag.) \*\*\* So I sit here, when I should be studying chemistry, and write a letter to you \*\*\* The humor in Burke's section of The Survivors is lovely. The poem "Monty" is real. The Creed of an Atheist coincides with the thoughts of many I know of, but is unsatisfactory as a system of action. More about this later. The Road to Fame starts out colossally, with my favorite characters well represented. Johnny Michel's poem is something I shall not show to one or two of my friends, for it is too true and would merely hurt them. So Lowndes' piece of Aesthetics appears silly beside it. I do not see what it means. \*\*\* So the object of life is to be happy. Unfortunately, it does not work in practice. To do so requires the unbinding of oneself from one's environment. It requires living independently from all else, working when one desires, studying when one desires, merely making enough concessions to give oneself sufficient to eat. That is, if we are considering the individual now, instead of society as a whole some time in the future. I do know one person who has done the trick, and he is trying to drag me to his level (I do not say up or down). I don't think he can, though, for although it seems like a very pleasant way of existence, I am not convinced that pleasantness is all there is. In fact, I dislike things that are merely pleasant; it is a lukewarm tone in my scale. \*\*\* Someday I'll figure out what is what. In the meantime I'll go along just as if nothing is happening. I shall work and go to school, have a very unhappy time most of the time, enjoy myself a little part of the time, and wait for the war to catch up with me."

Osmond Robb writes, 25:6:41---

"I've no objection to your printing 'Creed' as it stands, for, though I have since moved on from that particular stage, I still recognise that it was an important stage and am glad that I didn't skip or hurry through it. If you like, you can print this disclaimer /no sooner said than done/, or add a rider of your own, to the effect that while still a sceptic as regards all things emotional and intellectual (that includes, of course, most observable human phenomena, including the bulk of current politics), I no longer venture to doubt the validity of spiritual experience, because of my own partial 'conversion' last summer, and because of the way in which it has affected and is affecting my daily life. My remarks on religion were founded on a fundamental misconception; and this goes, too, for what I said about the 'physical ecstasy of conversion'. I know now that such ecstasy is anything but physical in origin, although, of course, it affects the body, just as it does the mind. \*\*\* As regards politics, I am now further to the Left than ever before, but that is only the sort of change that my earlier scepticism warned me to look out for. \*\*\* Nevertheless, while I admit the error inherent in much of my article, I do not repent of it, since, at the time of writing, it was the best attempt I could make at formulating a Creed. Best wishes for FAY under the new aegis . . ."

Eric Hopkins chided, during April of this year:

"Oh, Webster, whatever happened to your intelligence when you failed to understand Harris's poem? Simple, really it is, and very good. [Reread recently, and agree on both counts.] On the other hand, you give Sam's "Monty" 10 marks while I criticised it for being poor and merely melodramatic! [Melodramatic, yes; poor - I can't say.] This divergence doesn't necessarily infer your ignorance of poetry, as you modestly suggest [O Hopkins - that is what you think] - but on the other hand I have a fairly sure touch where imitation modern poetry is concerned. That's what I think! Unless I'm sadly mistaken - very possible - Sam's poem was a weak abstract of various poetical techniques. His heart is in the right place, mind, but it isn't hooked up with the pen that writes poetry." [We were sure we had an elaboration of this somewhere, but can't find it. However, in the meantime Sam Youd was saying things by no means dissimilar on the notorious ECH poem "Heroic", which we print not with the intention of starting any fights (much of it has been thrashed out in FAN MAIL anyway), but because the section contains some discerning remarks on this and that.]

CSYoud, in the merrie month of May:

"... "Heroic" may bear very little resemblance to the Satellite poems, but when you get down to motives it is still the same Johnny being taken in, as he was by my pig-swill adolescentsia, by an artily sincere fake. I suppose you will question the last, and I would not be at all surprised if Eric's poem has started a Hopkins vogue, much as there was once a Youd vogue. But I cannot accept it: if for no other reason because it is not the writer's normal form of expression, but instead a slavish imitation of esoteric writers who are, alas! more profuse with their confusion than their secrets. . . ." [Much of which is sooth; we do not agree with some, but would mention that given the chance, we should have printed "Heroic" like a shot!]

Harold Stanley Walter Xerxes Xavier Xanthippe Chibbett, mid-July ---

"Saw Sid & Ego in Moorgate last Tue day, & I let the latter beat me at table tennis just to encourage him! He said he'd heard from you recently [and forgotten to reply]. He's as bucked as anything to get back." [This will be of special interest to mourners of the late very-much-lamented GG, who now have all detaild of the brand-new champ of SFA-BIS-PROBE ping-pongery.]

Julian Parr, as you have seen, received FANTAST:

"... Atheism. Atheism is a belief in the absolute non-existence of any god, and thus needs to be proved - not like agnosticism, which does not go so far as to deny that a God may exist. The best phrase in this article is the valuable "----what should the purpose of life be?" I compliment Harry Turner on that, and wholeheartedly approve. If a man enjoys life, he justifies his living, if he purposely makes life harder in order to help others, or to make others enjoy life, then he still justifies his living, and if he should happen to be in a state or position wherein he cannot enjoy life, he will justify his living by doing so without promulgating his distress or propagating it, but by bearing it with moral strength. If to enjoy life is to obey every instinct, or urge, then to enjoy life is not the ultimate aim, the ultimate aim is to control and restrain one's urges in order that he does not infringe upon the rights of others, and thus be a help, and not a hindrance, to society. I believe that the above three lines are taken from a letter by Dave McIlwain to myself --- so will apologise for my using them, they came straight out. [Heil Dave! (Did the cags arrive?)] \*\*\* "He doeth well that rather serveth the community than his own will..." \*\*\* "The purpose, whether God-made or man-made, is that man should attain complete spiritual or



personal freedom. Obstacles to this are found in our own human nature, which is partly that of the natural animal, and in the organisation and operation of the social environment." (God in the Life of Society, by Rev. E. A. Smith) \*\*\* The foregoing extract is an example of Harry Turner's 'pitiful and contemptible' religious man's philosophy -- not altogether bad, I think. [Perhaps. But just what does "complete spiritual or personal freedom" mean? Both you & Rothman are agreed that responsibility, not personal freedom, is wanted .... while "complete spiritual freedom" baffles us.] \*\*\* I strongly object to Harry's statement that "...the religious man who does good to secure his salvation and who, by implication, would not do good unless lured by the promise of eternal life or menaced...&c..." This is entirely unreasonable, and opposed to all the doctrines of all types of Christianity, and, I might hazard, all religions of the world." [No: it was an entirely reasonable criticism of such highly-religious persons as are ruled by these ultimate fates - and there are many, still. But if you can assure us most have more sincere religious beliefs, the dictum cannot apply to them.]  
Damon Knight, artist & co-editor of the thud-and-blunder fannag:-

"We sent a SNIDE to Adolf Hitler, but don't suppose he'll get it. (There weren't any maps or plans in it, censor.)"

Smith:

"I'm glad you like the Fable, but you seem to have got hold of the wrong idea about it, in that it is not the only fable of Misch-Masch. I picked out three, with which to torment the Amiable Aberdonian, which were quite different from the ones you have. [So!] Let me briefly tell you how they came into my hands. \*\*\* It was by pure chance that an idle whim led me to investigate the depths of an almost inaccessible cave on Sgurr a' Ghreadaith, and no-one was more surprised than myself to find resting on a shelf at the back of the cave a sizeable pile of thin metal plates. On bringing them out into the daylight I observed that they were inscribed with peculiar characters very minutely engraved. I only knew one man who might be able to help with a translation, so I went in search of him. \*\*\* I found him living the life of a hermit on Rannoch Moor, dressed only in a bowler & a black over-coat, both of which were so green with age that it was only with great difficulty that I distinguished him amongst the coarse grass of the Moor. He was mildly interested in the sheets, which he declared were written in a tongue entirely strange to him, but which he thought must be the Mother-Tongue from which were originally derived the languages of Western Europe such as Celtic, Erse & the language of the Basques. There was, however, a key sheet in Old Gaelic which he transposed for me into English, and thus enabled me to translate the Fables myself. \*\*\* Written when the Art of Narrative was hardly conceived, the style of these Fables is difficult to follow, as it consists of a series of broad and at first sight disconnected generalities. Yet fundamentally they are so shrewd that it is well-worth the effort of transcribing them into more modern form, and I hope to release more at intervals. \*\*\* Incidentally Misch-Masch had his own Universal Word. It is "Ni", the pronunciation being as French but thrown even more into the nose, and is used chiefly in the place of yes & no when one does not know how to answer a question which should be answered by either of those two. Thus:-

"Do you think we're winning the war?"

"Ni!"

"Got your gas-mask with you?"

"Ni!"

"Vanna vuy a vatch?"

"Ni!"

"Ony on y' ony on y'?"

"Ni!"

[This Misch-Masch guy isn't so dumb . . .]  
 Hurry up with that Fantast, s'il vous plait, toute suite." [La voici, O Smithness.]

News-item from Russell:

"Did you see McIlwain got fined five quid for arsing with his camera and talking Nazi? Yup, 't was in the local papers." /No, we did not see. Shame, McIlwain! Dave is now in the RAF, neighbourhood of Manchester, & doesn't like it at all./

Russell Chauvenet comments fairly fully:

... "Monty" rates an 8. The first stanza, and the lines at the bottom of page 7, are particularly effective--the whole is strong, forceful, and bitter because the facts themselves are bitter. \*\*\* H.E. Turner's views are in remarkable parallelism with mine, altho it goes without saying that if I were to present my philosophy of life in "Fay", I would go about it differently, and diverge from Turner in certain respects. In spite of my enthusiasm over Turner's views, I will give his article only 8, since it does not appear to be organised at all. /This last struck us, too, on reading it: doubtless written in a hurry. Frankly, we would like here & now to have some real argifying on religion. We have another really excellent section by Harry, solely on atheism, which was written for but never used in the Cent. Would you like to see it?/ \*\*\* "The Road to Fame" is a commendable thought, and DRSmith's rendition merits a 7 rating. I particularly enjoyed that episode concerning "fifteen stone", because the intervals at which I look it up space out the time when I never, never contrive to remember what a stone is. Only an Englishman can master this arcane art! Clarence is also a good thought, & right away becomes my favorite character. \*\*\* Michel's poem may have a valid idea, but is something lacking in poetic expression. \*\*\* Harris' article is right down my alley, and I rise to cheer. He sounds like a guy I'd be pleased to meet, and I'll give him a 9. \*\*\* "Mataiya", on the other hand, while a tolerable imitation of WPL, is essentially vapid and vaporous. 4, Doc should find better things to do with his time than the perpetration of items like this. /Alas, we seem to be the only one who liked "Mataiya" ... we wonder what CSY thought of it. And we wonder what all think of "Joe" .../ \*\*\*\* Incidentally, sixpence seems quite reasonable a price--at current exchange, that would be only about 11c, I think, and virtually all the US fanzines of importance sell for a dime--and have the benefit of lesser postage (1½c) " /Wish Britishers could see it that way too. . ./

La Rissolo again:

"That was a nifty job. I liked it. Doubly so when it popped up so unexpectedly in this str-starved world. I'd thought, Sam, tha'd picked ogyut the noosket and dunna ha' time for sicklaike goings-on. /Neither he has, now: but do we not hear vague murblings & heavings in the middle distances, as of a Warbull stalking again?/ But no - there'll always be an eggland, with occasional eggs continuing to function despite rains of offal from the skies. 'Tis a heartening thought! \*\*\* ... Turner is to be congratulated. But although the artistry lends lustre to his halo, I'm hazy about the meaning of the sketch. I, too, read the strange assortment of goddam liars collectively known as the British Press, so presume the drawing symbolises the fruits of war in the shape of the promised "dream cities". /This is sheer sarcasm. Our friend knows perfectly well it meant nothing of the sort./ \*\*\* I wasn't killed by the excerpts on P½, damn, P.2. Turner's creed bit interested me - I'd like to argue with him in a boozier sometime. Forteanishly, I am a hyper-atheist, and thus think that atheists are merely Roman Catholics walking on their hands. /How does it feel, Harry?/ A choice subject, this, and one well calculated to start some bottle-busting over sundry nuts, with a general riot to end the evening. Someday, please Allah, I shall have to tell you all about the creed of a Fortean. /But do./ Usually, I find the effort much like trying to explain marmalade to Martians. But it can be done, given gentle patience on the one side & a modicum of intelligence on the other." /That's us!/"