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**EDITORIAL:** I wonder how many people now recall with any definity that super-colossal production, TOMORROW? Not the early, unambitious, mimeographed TOMORROW, but the later splendour. I am reminded of it now by a recollection of a letter that appeared in its readers' section, from the Liverpool astrologist, Gabrielson. In it he dealt half-humorously, wholly-tolerantly with the failings of fans, a major one being their pessimism. I did not altogether agree with him at the time, but examining the question again I found it far from easy to put my finger on five of the old fan group whom I knew as both intelligent and optimistic. I have no wish to bring in personalities, but the pacifist group -- Michael Rosenblum dubiously apart -- make no secret of their pessimism, and I am not confusing that with their manifest defeatism. Johnny the B. considers anyone with any faith in the human race more than slightly crazed, and while this can be put down to Johnny's youth I have begun to fear lately that he is permanently affected. And there is Russell Chauvenot. Russell (an American) is neither pacifist nor otherwise fanatic and is certainly intelligent. But listen:

"I don't take mankind seriously. That's why I view with equanimity, aplomb, and cheerfulness the prospects of seeing Man vanish into limbo like the trilobites, who swarmed in seething multitudes through all earth's seas some 15 million years ago. I don't guarantee that figure, which might be 150 million years, or anywhere betwixt. Don't call such an attitude pessimism. If I were sorry about such a possible fate for mankind I would be a pessimist -- as it is I am just amused. Certainly I enjoy my own life just as much, regardless of whatever happens to our descendents. Even if I have children I'll feel the same way. Undoubtedly at the moment men are biologically successful animals. -- How long they will remain so is a matter of chance, partly, but to maintain that men are somehow immune to the fate that overtook previously dominant species, or to offer the claim that man represents something brilliant enough to be an end product, seems mistaken to me. I would certainly expect that the dominant race on our planet say 300,000,000 years from now would be different from, though possibly descended from our own, and at the same time would stand in relation to us about as we stand in relation to that common ancestor we undoubtedly share with the apes."

Not so, Russell. At the risk of being classed as egotistic, I do claim that the human race, in essence, is advanced enough to be regarded as an end-product (see "The Messiah Complex" in latest FANTASY). To compare it with any previous dynasty is to draw an analogy whose falseness the biologist in you should recognise. Mankind is the first intelligent race of which we have cognisance, and therefore - a very big therefore - the first race to possess an appreciation of its own problems, and to have the means in its hands of their solving. Further, the usual argument of our pessimists is that Man will destroy himself, a procedure that no race has yet attempted. With regard to the question of getting out of our present morass there is only one logical answer - socialism. Which reminds me to exhort you to read TRIBUNE - and truth.

**CORRESPONDENCE:** One of my pre-Home Guard correspondents did actually accept the last Warbull as a kind of open letter. He is not exactly fulsome though, as the following extracts make clear:-

Says Doug. Webster, "Since that issue of Warbull I've been meaning to write you a few criticisms in a nasty tone of voice. Then yesterday a letter from Johnny arrived, & he mentions that some (unspecified) time ago you asked him to apologise to me for your not writing. Well, that's always something, although it's not like you to have somebody else do your apologising for you..... I may say that I've had visions for some time of you struggling bleary-eyed through life with rather more work than the old system is used to, failing to write to one person after another, until you have a-

massed a tremendous arrear of correspondence--far too much ever to get off your chest. In such a case I feel sorry for you, but the unfortunate fact is that you're lazy. I know the feeling from beginning to end. \* \* \* Pass on - to the criticisms in a nasty voice. These are incited by a variety of your remarks in Warbull. \* \* \* E.g., why shouldn't Dave say that you're not worth writing to? Surely (looking at the thing impersonally) that's the inevitable conclusion, if you just don't answer his letters. After all, no feller, be he of even more sterling character than Dave, is going to find it worth-while to carry on a completely one-sided correspondence. And the remark about common politeness and personal notification apply in the first place to your dastardly conduct, not his. Right? (I'm in a mean mood, I am.) Wrong! I have been looking at everything from art to politics impersonally for months, but even complete philosophical detachment cannot let you get away with such a blatantly false case. I wrote to McIlwain, wrote to him several times. In return I got a 1/2 page note imploring me to write something for GARGOYLE at once. At terrific personal inconvenience I complied, and heard nothing thereafter until the aforementioned notification from JFB. Sic erat! Don't ask me why the articles were wanted tout de suite - GARGOYLE still has not appeared. \* \* \* Goeth on Dougie: "And then, you are a bit vacillatory to those not in the know. Time was, I can distinctly remember, when you were definitely one of the lads - a fine healthy pacifism & all that - but now what monster are you become? This sort of business doesn't bespeak sincerity by any means, my Little Chickadee, any more than does your tale of the despicable PPU gents. What's a chap to do if he never knows when you're kidding him or not? Or perhaps kidding yourself. And this is a more serious affair than you might think: I'm almost as willing as the next man to be kidded any day of the week, but I'll bet most English fans just think you're a fool for your inconsistency." Quote earlier Webster post-card: "Really a militarist, eh? You slay me. If there is some truth in all this, do you know what it proves? - that you, of all the fans I know, are evolving, while the rest of us, in most respects, are remaining static." I won't rub that in, D., but I am getting tired of pointing out that Bertrand Russell, C.E.M. Joad and John Strachey have also changed from Stop-the-war to Win-the-war. And all three since C.S. Youd! Continuing DW:

\* \* \* "Having no stamps today, & meaning to write a few letters, I stopped at one of those 1/2d-stamp machines while out for the usual Sunday morning country ramble. In anticipation I had amassed a pile of dubbloons & as I plugged them in a fascinating curly length of green-&-white clicked out. Good people on their way to church paused, petrified, at the 40-stamps-all-in-a-row, and I told them to "Cluster round, folks. I could go on like this forever." (I'm in a frivolous mood, I am.)

--- still Webster --- Nowadays I have any amount of spare time -- oodles & oodles of it, all wasted. In fact, I think I shall advise everybody to Be A Pacifist; in the case of science-fiction fans the superfluous time both on & off the farm (don't listen to Michael - I don't believe him anyway) must be just THE long-awaited opportunity to finish off the novel which everyone except me is writing. \* \* \* Definitely hoping for a letter one of these days, I can but sign myself - once friend but now, I fear, neglected, DOUGLAS WEBSTER, and shed a very bitter tear indeed. I see that I've forgotten to end up with the customary, but sincere enough Best Wishes Always was a careless devil... (I'm in an insouciant mood, I am.)"

You will get your letter, Dougie-boy, you may have it ere this. Osmond Robb will also get a reply when I find his letter. I do remember that he took me to task on my PPU-accusal, claiming that the leaders of that organisation were showing greater courage by withdrawing to fight another day, than by accepting the martyr's crown. All I can say is that this courage business is very mystifying. First they said a pacifist showed his courage by accepting persecution; now, apparently, he shows it by betraying his own convictions. Ah well.... \* \* \* NOTES: I am distressed that the expression "DRSmith" in last Warbull has been taken as an insult, rather than as the compliment meant it for. To my mind, "fan critic" and "DRSmith" are practically synonymous. The operative word was "juvenile". Another objection to FANTAST overcome, and another issue now a real possibility. If so it will feature 2 serials, to make me keep it up! CSY