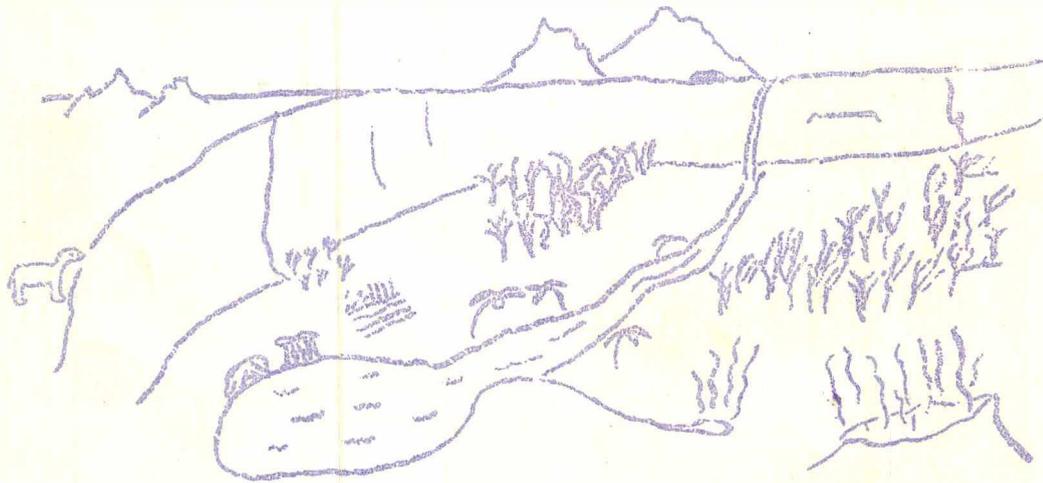


Speer's

▲ SUSTAINING PROGRAM ▲
WINTER/F45



There's so much material in this issue by other people that i almost can't call this an individzine. But the very first Sustaining Program had at least one piece of outside authorship in it. Good contributions are always welcome. Probably so many came to me these last few months because of my recent excursions into non-FAPA publishing.

The lettering herein gets worse every time i trace it. I think i'll go back to typewritten title headings.

Jack Speer
5229 University Way
Seattle 5 Wn

REMARKS ON THE THIRTY-THIRD MAILING

This was about the right size for a mailing.

Pp 1, 2, 3,
4, 5, 6

QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

The Puritan preoccupation with questions of right and wrong.

P 7

IMPLICATIONS OF AN ATOMIC WAR

Maybe this information of Gardner's has been published elsewhere by other authors, but i don't happen to have seen it (or haven't happened to see it).

Pp 8, 9

DUNKELBERGER DICTIONARY

After copying many pages of material by him.

P 9

MAN SAGT

Stef triumphant.

Pp 10, 11

REJECTED - SOUTHERN STAR

We take advantage of the relativity of values to declare that whatever is is right.

Pp 12, 13, 14

THE BEST IN SCIENCE FICTION

Dr Swisher reviews the dream book.

Pp 15, 16

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

I commit the unforgiveable sin of helping a new fan to publish his first fanzine.

P 17

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

If all men have a right to live, have not all ideas, regardless of quality?

P 17

More QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

I didn't know just how the material for this issue would come out, and found i had a page left over.

P 18

We are happy to note, by the absence from our notes folder of the slip on which we kept track of them, that all the combinations of title and date lettering shapes for the cover seem to have been used up. So now we can return to the straight-across lettering practiced during the African exile. Our cover illustration, by the way, is entitled 31.5.

REMARKS ON THE THIRTY-THIRD MAILING

Gents, I am frustrated. Perhaps due to the small number of review sections in the last mailing, but certainly more due to something else, I am still without a single comment on the Neglected--Khanves & Galactic Roomers drama. Tell me frankly, somebody: Are you keeping silent because it's so embarrassingly bad, or is it that the play was too dully mediocre for anything to be said about it?

In the Fantasy Amateur I should have given the dates of amendments since the last edition of the constitution was published by Ashley, but there was one that I couldn't dig up a copy of anywhere, though I wrote it into the document, from hearsay. ' Now as to these new amendments. I'm not yet clear on what security bonding gives, and whether to collect on it we'd have to submit an erring treasurer to practically criminal prosecution. Nor am I at all sure that we need to bond the treasurer. Though some officers have been lax in the past, I know of no case where they failed to ever turn over the treasury. I think we ought to reject this amendment and wait and find out how bonding works with the NFFF, where it has yet to be performed. Art, tell us what it costs, how much trouble it is, ktp. As to the dues raise, there seems no need for it at all. True, our treasury winked out of existence last year, but the monster mailings of the war years seem unlikely to be duplicated for some time now. The expenses on the fall mailing that I put out were about \$15, which would be just about right for an organization with an assured income of \$65 per year. That mailing, you'll remember, accumulated over a period of many months; moreover, it was sent out from the northwestern corner of the country, from which postal rates are highest. Then, too, two dollars a year seems pretty steep to some people; I know some prospective members who are uncertain of the advantages offered by FAPA, and hesitate at the dues of one dollar. Let's see if we can't get by on the present budget. The time may well be at hand for a general revision of the constitution, but I intend to vote against both of these amendments.

Yipe! Widner sends me some news items unsuitable for Stefnews, and I put them in Sustaining Program, thinking they're unlikely to be noted by anyone else; and later find them repeated, from original sources, in half a dozen different fanzines.

Kenneth Connell read Allegory the best way, with me at hand to ask what this or that represents. But a skeleton key suggestion raises the question whether the profit is worth it, and a presumption that it's not.

Fan-Dango: The way people are being cleared off the roster, it seems unnecessary at present to consider raising the membership limit to 75. Our waiting line is moving along very briskly. I think the real reason for sentiment in favor of 75 is that 65 seems such an odd number. Consider it this way: It means that you have 64 readers, the cube of four. Next, what? Please, don't repeat that "merely ten more turns of the crank" argument without meeting the arguments I've already given which point out that much more than ten extra crankings is involved. X

Liebscher tries out lots of his gags on us in person before putting them in Walt's Wramblings.

Fantasy Jackpot: I wish that whoever wrote it had been more explicit at the beginning of Mighty Men in Kawai Legend, as to what he intended to write about. The summaries of legends are only mildly engaging, as is so often true of the type. ' My individual impression is that The Marching Song of the New Intellectuals is terrific. The slightly ragged stanza forms well suggest the unpolishing temper of the times, and the language has an epigrammatic quality. I don't remember seeing any other criticism of just the thing Lieber is driving at. Since this is written by a pro author, I wonder if this is its first publication. ' Greatly needed before any development of a histomap be undertaken, is a clear idea of the standards by which the relative width of bands

will be determined. Sparks constructed the bands in his Histomap of Religion on the basis of importance from the liberal Christian (probably Unitarian) viewpoint, which would probably be closest to that of most of his customers, instead of on a counting-noses basis. Moreover, as Laney's remarks point out, it should be decided whether the vertical bands shall represent mediums (pulp magazines, stage plays, .) or types (sociological, space opera, .). If bands represent the former, the latter will be noted in print at various places on different bands; and vice-versa.

In A Tale of the 'Evans, the verse section is appalling. It's no sufficient defence for this Guestuff to say that it has a market and therefore fills a need. To operate on that premise is almost to hand yourself over to the Palmer theory, "How could we have the biggest circulation if we weren't the best?"

I'd have a great deal more to say on The Timebinder if I hadn't peeked at the next issue, in the same mailing as this SP, and seen many of my objections competently handled. "I must record amazement that Evans thinks the churches should not concern themselves with political and economic problems, legislation, or business practices. The only churches that are worth the powder to blow them up are those who have turned from narrow absorption with sin, salvation, and Inner Peace, and declared that there are issues of right and wrong in the everyday work of the world, and wherever there is a question of right and wrong, religion offers a guide. As for the cathedrals, they are at least things of beauty. Since man shall not live by bread alone (Doesn't it say that in the Constitution?), there is some value in them; there's little reason to believe that funds contributed to build them would otherwise go to feed the poor." One of the main peeves I have against our duplicate system of capital and lower-case letters is the ease with which the meaning of a word can be obscured by making its first letter a capital. "Him and His Son and All the rest"--sic. Let's look at the phrase "Infinite Will", to which Tripoli ascribes all things good and helpful. It's an avoidance for "God", of course. But what would it mean in its own right? We know, more or less correctly, what "infinite" means in mathematics. We understand, somewhat foggily, what we intend by "will" in simple statements like "He didn't have the will to go thru with it." But can the meanings of the two be made to come together in anything significant? I think not. Nor can more be said for "Supreme Being, Mind, Will, Power or whatever He or It may be, that is Infinite in knowledge and ability". It can be demonstrated that a mind with knowledge of what it will thereafter decide, and Power to change that decision, is a self-contradiction. "Credo's are not arguments, and I looked for some arguments to support all these beliefs. Most of these advanced, however, are inoperative because they assume the thing they're trying to prove. Crutch tries to explain Fen's rejection of the deity as due to limited imagination. Yet those imaginations have been able to work with the concepts of infinite space, space-time, and theories of value - they are not "so finite as to be paralyzed at the thought of something beyond them" - because evidence and reason demand that these incomprehensible concepts be worked with. Let reason demand the recognition of God (Les is franker in his terminology than Everett is), and then you may demand that Einstein and Edison forsake their infidelity. (I am aware that Eddington is a Quaker, and has used the supersession of the old physics to try to open the door for religion again; but these soft-minded fantasites' return to religion has gone far past the point where Sir Arthur would support them.) "Continuing to assume what he is or should be trying to prove, Les instances children trusting their parents. But this is only in point if God exists as a parallel to the parents. There is the obvious difference that children know it's the parent speaking when a promise is made, and experience shows they'll deliver the goods or show the reason why. Again his assumption is obvious when he says "Yet when we do know it will all be so simple as to make us feel rather ashamed of our own stupidity." The classic cartoons of the atheist arriving in heaven are amusing, but there is nothing in the nature of pen and ink which makes that which they depict a stubborn reality. The "faith" that Les invokes is one of those two-valued words that will-to-believers dote on. "Faith" in one sense is reasonable reliance based on past experience. The Bible faith is "the evidence of things hoped for; the substance of things not seen". It is invoked to urge people to believe what reason rejects but childhood training and, to an ex-

tent, soft-minded man's needs, lead people to look for. " It is shocking to find someone in this day and age who believes that the Ten Commandments "cover everything one hundred percent." The worst thing about them is that they are flat rules, whereas modern ethics believes that certain values—freedom, kindness, human personality, beauty—are more important than any rules, and rules are bound to run counter to them sometimes. "Thou shalt not kill." Are you a conscientious objector, Les? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Surely there are more important things than this to prohibit. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." I'll not embarrass some religious fen by asking how they feel about this. "Six days shalt thou labor", "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath", "Thou shalt not covet", and others are prohibitions given to a primitive society, with little important application in the free America of the twentieth century. Conversely, I could name hundreds of situations which the Decalogue could not cover without a great deal of help from other rules and principles. No amount of torturing of its language will provide a guide to simple questions like this: Is going home this Christmas an unjustifiable expense? Shall I conceal my defence under a general denial? Is it all right to joke about priests? (If you could get an answer out of the Decalogue, it would probably be wrong.) Should I vote to float his loan? How much should I give the Community Chest or the Red Cross? Should I invite my wife to the convention? Is it all right to spill the dirt on him if I don't mention any names? " Everett's God is a good deal more immanent than the one that Leslie exchanges refreshing wisecracks with. When EEE talks about the Infinite Will's plans for man, pardon, Plans for Man, and hopes that presently we shall be ready to accept its next commands, the proposition practically boils down to his previous statement that there is a discernible direction in History. I have already sketched a demonstration that this belief amounts to little more than saying that what happens, happens. And since "A is A" is a meaningless statement, a dreadful suspicion is cast upon Evans' God. To put it concretely: What difference may be expected in the way things happen, whether (1) There is an Infinite Will with a Plan for us which we perversely refuse to follow for ages at a time, and which Plan the human race may never carry out, or (2) The universe is a purely material thing, but the psychology of certain excrescences on it is such that with particular types of adjustment of their relations, called representative government, civil rights, kindness, public education., the majority of the excrescences can experience more "happiness" than "unhappiness"? " It really has been shortened. I'd intended to issue a Mopey covering this and the proposed amendments. " Only a word or two in Rothman's excellent report. Does the incontrovertible existence of atrocities in this war prove that the atrocity stories of the last war were true? " Dear old Edward Elmer. I mind me at the Chicon, he was marveling to an attentive group of balmasquers that this purely mental thing, an idea, a thought, could cause a physical object like a muscle to change shape and contract. When I briefly suggested that the mind-body problem was no problem, that both were physical events, his face held the blank surprise of one who has for the first time heard the Bible's authority questioned. In short, Skydark's canonization of the martyr Evans does not impress me. He's still a good author. " Spence: Does "we are a much nicer race than we give ourselves a chance to be" mean that society as it is gives free play to man's worst impulses while suppressing much of the good? " Harry has put his finger on an interesting phenomenon, in the refusal of people to sympathize with tense emotional moments in movies. But an aversion to worrying seems hardly the best explanation. Isn't it rather an aversion to sentimentality, which is one of the most remarkable emergences of the past 50 or 100 years? And for reasons that I'm still trying to fathom, humor seems to have taken over sentimentality's duties as the great cushioner. I'd like to hear some discussion on this. " My sympathies are entirely on Tripoli's side in the exchange with Tom Gardner. TSG's attempt to ring in a biological law to explain the unwarranted assertion that something about conscientious objection keeps COs out of the ranks of greatness, has a pseudoscientific odor.

The alternatives that Gardner assumes, fight or be exterminated, do not correspond to the way the COs see it, so they haven't made the choice that he imputes to them. Evans should know that there are many conscientious objectors who are not religious; the USA has been criticized for not giving them the same privilege (altho it's often granted anyway) that they have in England. It is amusing to notice how EEE bristles toward Tom until the latter repeats the holy bromide "if everybody agreed, then there would be very little progress", whereupon everything is OX. "I'll bet Widner groaned when Tripoli, commenting on his letter, approved the idea of businessmen getting together and planning things for a community, but disapproved of planning by a bureaucracy. (I'll bet, "bureaucracy" has been worth millions of votes to the Republican party.) Of course, planning by a far-away agency goes wrong sometimes. But isn't it obvious that planning on more than a community scale is needed in the modern world? And doesn't a suspicion enter your mind, that the plans businessmen make may not promote the general welfare?

Attention, everyone. In Blowing occurs the passage, "... is certainly one of Merritt's best stories, if not the best." Please study that construction, and let's have no more of these ungrammatical remarks that such-and-such "is one of the, if not the, best stories." "Webster's report was most welcome. Altho he guessed wrong on the election, i get the feeling that most of his remarks are dependable. Do you have that joke in Great Britain too, Doug? We have precisely the same one here, except that it's in terms of dollars instead of shillings, and the last businessman has a cost-plus contract and will make five dollars on the bill. No, the lack of legitimate theaters in small towns of the US is not simply due to distances. Of course, we have high school plays in any community; i don't know whether you have those. But the absence of little theater groups is due to the American's being satisfied with the movies; or if he is not, having no reason to believe that stage plays would be more satisfying. Practically all the school plays put on are comedies of a very crude sort.

The Mag Without a Name: Warner's article is okay. Most of these introductions for outsiders sound much alike; perhaps a study should be made, and a composite introduction, superior to any one of them, written.

Milt's Mag: Shucks, Milt, i don't think "tout de suite" and "s'il vous plait" give any mixing-languages difficulty. They were common around home, in the amazing pronunciation that Dad brot back from France, and are fairly widespread in English usage.

Milt's Mag again. The daily notes, unrevised, read mighty well. "Blood like Borscht in the Streets", "the war is screeching to a halt", ktp. Nay, Milt, i'm afraid Sam Youd beat both you and me in producing a two-continent fanmag.

1944 Fanzine Yearbook: When you have 'em printed, you might as well get plenty of copies.

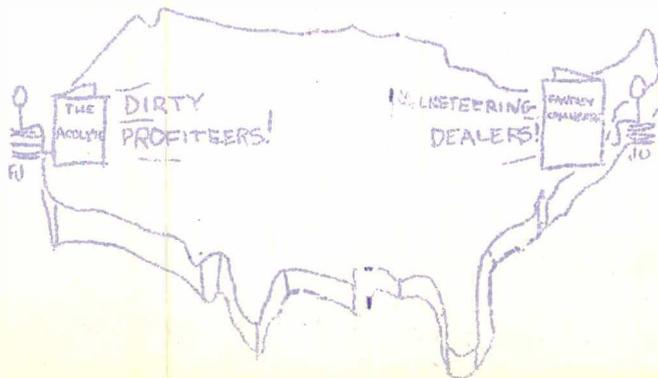
Inspiration. All you need is a lever long enuf, a fulcrum, and a place to stand.

As to Light, i get the impression that Croust doesn't know when he starts a story how it's gonna end. "Scripto's advice to Ackerman sounds like something out of a bubble-gum wrapper: And here's another opportunity for self-improvement, fellows. Place your i-dots to the right and you'll have attention to detail and a good memory." A little commonsense semantics should suffice to end these debates about who won the war. What possible situation do they have in mind which would dramatize the contention that the British, or the Russians, or the Americans won the war? "I'd like for someone to find the point at which fornic became a synonym for rosebud. In the beginning, as i recall, it was just a nank-word." Gibson's descriptive passage is quite good. "Nuts, Les. Freedom to publish pornography has never been one of the Anglo-Saxon freedoms 'for which thousands of our soldiers are dying on the battle-ground for to defend". The trouble with your objection that Langley should have approached the problem in a gentlemanly way, is that gentlemanly appeals in the past

have had little effect. Too many people feel either that there's no difference between right and wrong, or that, as concerns any matter pertaining to sex, the individual must be the sole judge of his own actions. It's obvious from the Post Office Department's reply to me, that they would much prefer that people exercise self-censorship. If you were willing not to do something, would you turn around and do it just because you found out it was against the law? If Wollheim told you that republication of XI in FAPA or elsewhere might lead to supplementary libel proceedings, would you publish it just to show him he can't "blackmail" or "brow-beat" you?

The Voice is very welcome, though containing ⁱⁿ some remarks that I'd protest if I thought there were any chance of their winning over the FAPA. Canadian cents pass at par down here, and I think I palmed off a George V dime on the transit system. Perhaps not much of it gets into this country because most touring is in the other direction. I do hope the two systems will match up again apres la guerre; it was so nice of the Canucks to adopt our denominations, 'twould be a shame to lose the advantages for international commerce. Where did all you guys get the idea that some words are obscene per se? I know of no legal basis for this, and certainly some writers, such as Steinbeck, have gotten away with them. It's the total effect on impressionable minds that is looked to. Sure, as regards indirect obscenity, "you could always take the stand that there was nothing actually dirty about it", but you'd have a tough time persuading a jury. Natch, there are some words that can hardly be used except obscenely, save in a philological publication. Philological publications use them. Phooey on your amateurish excursion into philology, though. If you insist on using "Venerian" for "Venusian", logic compels you to abandon the other anglicized forms Mercurian, Martian, etc. And since you insist on speaking Latin when the word is derived from Latin, you'll have to make the proper modifications for number, case, gender, etc, every time you use "Venerian".

Horizons takes the prize for the sagest observation of this mailing. "Although the situation is just now a bit muddled, it seems quite likely that the surrender of Japan will materially shorten the duration of the war." Woolcott's introduction to the ML edition of Carroll gives one awful example of a pun in translation. In place of tortoise-taught us, we get cheionee-quel long nez. The Methodist church isn't one of the small sects flatly opposed to war, but their policy during the late unpleasantness was to support any member who had conscientious objections. Draft boards are eager to avoid the impasse of an inductee who refuses to soldier and can only be thrown in jail. Before a general survey of fantasy in poetry is undertaken, it should be gotten clearly in mind that not everything that has a "fantastic" effect is fantasy in our sense of the word. Too much verse has been published in the stiff pros which actually was not fantasy. The only reliable guide, it seems to me, is subject-matter, not treatment. I haven't read any of the Quinn stories that were written in blank verse. If that the blank-verse passages of Moby Dick very good, but one critic claimed that no good prose should be scannable.



Would it be necessary to get constitutional authorization for the secretary to purchase back mailings from retiring members? The whole surplusstock setup has been carried out without constitutional guides. "When We Were Very Young" is a good department to institute.

Lowndes' basic idea in his Indirection article in Afterthought seems sound. "Isn't it possible that some sounds in music have particular emotional effects because similar sounds in nature are associated with types of emotion-producers? Low tones, for instance, go with bigness. And at least some sounds have a purely direct effect on the system--the screech of chalk on a blackboard.

Glad to see

Reader and Collector back. In Butman's essay, it's obvious that he isn't thinking in our categories--the designation he gives fantasy, "mythological fiction", shows that--but we can learn a lot from his investigations and conclusions. His arguments that our present background is scientific, not religious, are something that I must show a very intelligent semantic cripple at school who thinks Christianity is the dominant intellectual element in our culture. The remark that modern science seemingly rendering anything possible has revived supernatural beliefs, suggests a couple of thick stf pulps. "Just once more, Heck. Do you want to receive these fanzines that you commend, but which you say are non-fantasy? Many of them would not be published if they couldn't go out thru FAPA. Why hobble your own wishes with ideas about what is and isn't "proper" for the Fantasy APA?"

Phantographs: The excerpt from Friar Bacon has the startling modernity of a translation of Thucydides. Lowndes' sonnets are excellent, even if lacking in originality.

Phantasphere: I liked, better than this cover, a cartoon reproduced in the Christian Science Monitor. Two circles nose to nose. One carried the rather scared face of the world. The other was the threatening visage of the atomic bomb. The legend: "Well?"

Fan-Tods: "arrange six matches to form four equilateral triangles" is easy for the tetrahedron publisher. "The tombstone for Amazing Stories was cute. "Unfortunately, Mr McCann, often the interest return of capital does not represent lightened labor, but rather artificially created and valueless new demand, or legal robbery, or some of the other quaint ways of making moolah. "Tut, Loomis; twins of different sexes are always fraternal, never identical. "What're all the exhibits for, Norm? "And there's a restoration of Stonehenge on the banks of the Columbia River. I mean reproduction. "B Pvehrm Hvlpxnkt was fanish. Say, I've just shot of something. Aren't coded messages a lot like Forty Million Monkeys? "Taking "sense" in sense of humor/fantasy to mean something about sensation rather than sensing, I'd agree with you. "I'm surprised anyone could read that "epiphenomenalism" superimposition. No, it was intended to suggest that my behavioristic self immediately decided where I wanted to live, and then my consciousness tagged along, inventing the reasons given in my article. "I love the Degler-Shaver rumor, and coffee arz tooilu "I don't think you need to go on with your fantasy-nonfantasy investigation. Life is too short, and Norm Stanleys too rare. The point was worth proving.

In Memoriam Sardonyx was okay; perhaps some of the quotations are melodramatic under the circumstances though excellent in themselves.

Noneguch: Ron seems lost in the meaningless wilderness of mysticism and exotic creeds. I wonder if we could call him back long enuf to ask an accounting, in Hellenistic terms, of why he has followed this phantasm.

Fantast's Folly provides an example of the kind of humor that may be completely lost on the newcomer. Ron's reference to the Green Carpet of HG Wells struck me as terrifically funny (perhaps it's really only mildly amusing), but could anyone dig it who knew not of the article and letters concerning this item, long ago in Tomorrow or Novae Terrae?

QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES

"There are countless supporters of the movements to enlarge the sphere of Positive Law. In many countries--especially in the younger nations--there is a tendency to make laws to regulate everything. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency to treat matters that are not regulated by Positive Law as being matters of absolute Choice."

--Lord Moulton, July 1924 Atlantic Monthly

"But if I take a real entity, an object existing in nature, it will be impossible for language to introduce into the world all the ideas which this entity or object awakens in the mind. Language is therefore compelled to choose. Out of all the ideas it can choose one only; it thus creates a name which is not long in becoming a mere sign.... Once accepted, it rids itself rapidly of its etymological significance; otherwise this significance might become an embarrassment. Many objects are inaccurately named, whether through the ignorance of the original authors, or by some intervening change which disturbs the harmony between the sign and the thing signified. Nevertheless, words serve the same purpose as though they were of faultless accuracy."

"the fundamental human need for formality and ceremony, to make sharp distinctions where otherwise lines of demarcation would not be so clearly apprehended. Ceremonies... have what Jellinek has called the normative power of the act-ual, that is, they control what we do by creating a standard of respectability or a pattern to which we feel bound to conform."

--Cohen, The Basis of Contract

"And then the empirical grounds for that idealism which I had previously understood began also to make an impression." --World Hypotheses

"As it is the concrete and living that draws the world, much of the power of a religion to provide personal ideals depends on the wealth of types incarnate in its founders, heroes, and saints.... Besides these chief types carefully constructed and strongly fortified, we find many subordinate types serving to effect the minor adjustments of the individual to the group.... The special ethical standards that associations, professions, and trades impart to their members may be said to constitute in a way social types and to belong among the agents of social control. They are usually worked out under the oversight and criticism of the public. If in any respect they are observed to run counter to the general social interest, a hue and cry arises. If the profession fails to stand, its type will be stripped of its prestige by the full authority of society past and present, i.e., the ruling moral standards. Just as the emitting of money by the inferior divisions of the state is a sign of political disintegration, so a sure sign of social disintegration is the emission by sects, classes, or professions, of types and standards which are able to pass current and supersede the old moral mintage. Society is far gone when sect imperatives no longer need to be legitimated by the indorsement of general morality."

--E. A. Ross, Social Control

IMPLICATIONS OF AN ATOMIC WAR
Thomas S Gardner

A great deal of discussion has taken place by physicists, other scientists, politicians, and the helpless herd in regard to the effects of an atomic war. It is possible to predict a great deal of this on the basis of what is known in regard to atomic reactions. There are three possibilities.

a. The use of the fission reaction to release 0.1% of the total energy of matter as kinetic energy of the fission fragments, neutrons, and gamma radiations via U-235, plutonium, and any other discoverable fission reaction. This is based on a chain reaction to deliver 2-3 neutrons per fission. With V-2 rockets loaded with fissionable material all the cities on the earth can be destroyed and the major portion of their populations. For example, Life 19 Nov 45 featured Hap Arnold's prediction of such a war with the death of ten million Americans in a few hours. Other men, atomic physicists, state forty million in twenty-four hours. The latter estimate is closer for an all-out attack. The truth is that western civilization, i e, U.S., Canada, all of western Europe including Russia, will have at least half, and probably ninety percent of their total populations killed in the next war. That will probably permanently knock out the white man from being a factor in civilization. During the past 21 civilizations on the earth, only 5 have been white, so it will not be anything unusual in the history of the earth. Western civilization discovered the mental disciplines for modern civilization and the remaining portions of the world can easily use them to build up high type civilizations. Believe it or not, this may be the last chance for the white man to remain a factor in the history of the earth. When readers of science-fiction read about the age of the gods, etc, during a period of barbarism, do they realize that they may be the gods they are reading about? To a barbaric period our age would be considered the Golden Age of the gods. All this is possible with atomic fission. Let us see what the other known atomic reactions would result in. Atomic fission cannot make mankind extinct by itself, but can eliminate all cities, and all civilizations.

b. Recently some scientists have been fearful of the nitrogen cycle. That is the cycle that the sun uses to generate its atomic energies to about 98% with minor nuclear reactions accounting for the rest. Of course gravitational fall or shrinkage accounts for part of it too. In the Bethé cycle, hydrogen is converted to helium through a series of nuclear reactions involving oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon isotopes. This reaction yields 0.8% of available energy of matter, i e, eight times as much on a weight basis as the atomic bomb, and yet it yields the sun's energies! Frankly, I have my doubts about setting up that cycle by atomic bombs. An examination of the equations of Bethé shows that hydrogen, carbon, as well as nitrogen are essential in certain proportions. An atomic bomb in the ocean would yield hydrogen, and nitrogen from the atmosphere, but what about the carbon?; and on land, carbon from organic matter, and nitrogen from the air, but I doubt if enough hydrogen can be furnished by water vapor to fit the other ingredients. Therefore I believe that the chance of setting up this cycle is remote. If it is set up, it could give local damage such as destroying a continent; but also if it flashed around the earth, the crust would become molten and partly vaporized. If it sets up all over, we won't need to worry about it, as the earth would become a red dwarf star, or between the red dwarf and the yellow dwarf like our sun.

c. Some of the atomic scientists have suggested the setting up of a complete conversion of matter to energy in order of the Einstein relation, $E \text{ ergs} = mc^2$, wherein m is mass in grams and c is the velocity of light in centimeters. Actually we have observed this to take place only one time in all nature. A positron and an electron react to yield mutual destruction and two gamma rays. This is the only known example. If such a reaction were to be set up with any quantity of matter, say a hundred pounds, the reaction would start the nitrogen cycle, as well as all other

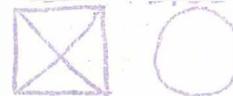
nuclear reactions. The earth would become a gas in about three seconds, and the whole solar system would become a super-nova because the light pressure would disrupt the sun, and all the other planets in the solar system. It is highly probable that the total conversion of a few hundred pounds of matter in the earth would cause the whole earth to convert by different atomic reactions, hence the super-nova.

Frankly I hope that mankind doesn't find the methods of the last two reactions, b and c, until we learn some sense and learn to live together; for if they do, then it won't be long. Hope I haven't scared you to death, but that is the way it predicts up by physics.

Surprising how common the attitude is: In that case, we won't have to worry.

The infection spreads! It now presents the Sustaining Program puzzle corner, with contributions from two of the chief carriers of the contagion.

Norm Stanley: Points out a number of other possible solutions to the Blatant Beast's problem in TNFP (nearly all involving curved lines, little different from the principal solution), and believes that the following is unique:
Problem: To deduce, following the rules of mechanical drawing, the shape of the object depicted, and draw a front or perspective view of it.



Art Widner: If a fish weighs 10 lbs plus half its weight, how much does it weigh? That's easy, but try this: If you were offered two jobs identical in every respect except that one paid \$1000/yr with a raise of \$200 the 2d year and every year after that, and the other paid \$500/6mo with a \$50 raise the 2d 6 months and every 6mo after that, which would you choose?

I'll bet you're one of those rascals who try to read what's been x'd out.

DUNKELBERGER DICTIONARY

Controversial: Anything I'm not sure I favor.

Destructive criticism: Opinions I don't agree with.

Syn.: "Opinions" are statements of happenings that I deny.

"Facts" are judgments of situations as I see them.

Dishonesty: Relying on quotations instead of interpretations.

Inuendos: Implications which I read into remarks.

Phr.: "As he calls it" = "As I call what he inuendos".

Offical capacity: Obligation on someone who holds an office, not to do anything I would disapprove of.

Tolerance: Hypocritical praise.

Unity: Everybody toe the line that my chums and I lay down.

judiciary:rdswishereesmlthoeevans

voxpopuli

pop

Dir Charles Burbee:

In Writer's Digest for October 43, in the "Personals" dept. there appear these two items, which I reproduce exactly as they are printed:

ANTIQUA LANGUAGE---newly discovered---needs
scholars care---advice. Write Shaver, Harbo, Pa.

and in the adjacent column:

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE MALE, 35. wishes friendly
feminine correspondence. Shaver, Harbo, Pa.

Chan Davis should have something in this mailing. He reports:

Padar to the Moon
had quite an effect in opening men's minds to the possibility of space travel. The magnitude of this effect startled me. Previously, few actually realized that anything could go on outside the ionosphere. This in spite of the visibility of the Sun & stars! One competent engineer on this station at first refused to believe radar had reached the Moon. He thought it was all a mistake. He objected, "What do you use for ether out there?" !!! No kidding: he didn't know electromagnetic waves could propagate thru empty space. I pointed out to him that the Sun's radiations reached Earth without much difficulty.

He's a special case. But to the nonstefnal public as a whole, this news has brought emotional realization that a rocket to Luna is at least conceivable. The night of its announcement, UP Radio News carried an interview with Farnsworth, which you may have heard. It was quite matter-of-fact, & there was no treating of Farnsworth as a crank. ...

Recently
I got my first good look at a jet plane in action. 'Twas a P80, & brother it was something. I've seen B63s do barrel rolls in a climb of more than 20°, & that is really amazing to watch. The P80 does it without turning a hair & without using more than a fraction of its power. & talk about climbing! That plane climbed for about 15 seconds & gained about-- at least-- a mile altitude. When you see it go up, straight up, 90°, & keep on going up, you become pretty well convinced that jet propulsion is practical.

Of course I'd read about the way you can't hear the P80 until it's just about on you, but seeing it was plenty amazing just the same. I'd also read that the fuel could be kerosene, just as well as not. Sure enough-- the plane I saw was burning common garden variety kerosene. Some of it was dripping out of the motor after the plane landed, & that's what it was all right.

They tell
me one Iowa prof, who had spent all his life on propellor design, concluded, after learning performance figures of the jet & rocket planes, that his life's work had been wasted.

The future is upon us, chum.

Joe Fortier has an announcement:

This I regret to say--and before I do say it, I wish to make clear that it is in no way to be confused with a resignation from fandom or with a declaration of all future policy. The matter is simple: I can no longer participate in FAPA.

Perhaps the fact of the matter is that I no longer have any fire or zest but it is quite clear to me that my present schedule makes it impossible to participate in my favorite form of fantasy controversy. Between a full writing schedule and trying to provide in odd moments for my family and betwixt approaching re-entry into college life and becoming a pappy to a full-fledged hoomin' (--I'll bash the beggar's head before I let him get entangled in the mesh of fandom, though fantasy itself is ohk--), well--I can't even manage to drag myself

upright so I can promenade the ill woman much less participate in the mailings.

I

pledged myself to stick to my ~~HPFF~~ guns, so that's what I'm doing in hours that should be used for shut-eye. No, I'm not trying to wax melodramatic on youse peoples: I've never believed in FAPA deadwood, so I'm asking my name be removed from the list so that some awaitee can have his or her opportunity to get into the exciting mail-fests.

It's possible, like drawing to an inside straight, that I may return to the fold someday; that possibility is remote by several years, so I join Warner in his attitude on the folding of Spaceways: for the present, to hell with it all. Needless to say anyone should relish the chance to enter FAPA, a welcome relief from the subscription examples of childlike minds.

By the way, I drop all fan-rights to the titles The Futurist and The Fantasy Liberal; the former has an odor, but I really like the latter. In closing I say hats off to Chauvenet-Stanley-&-Speer, worthiest of all FAPA contributors. And as ever, fout on WJD.

30 Jan from Slanry:

Last Friday, radio commentator Baudinage said, commenting on the radar-to-the-moon news, "The next step will be flight to the moon. If atomic power is developed, I'm sure this will happen. How do I know? The science-fictionists have been writing about it, and whatever they write about always comes true, even if it takes a hundred years." I use quasi-quotes because I got the news of this second-hand, and I've forgotten the exact wording since Friday, as I didn't write it down.

David Selengut:

A few weeks ago I heard a panel on which were Dr. Karl T. Compton (who was on the advisory board to the President and had been to Japan a short time after the war's end) and two other speakers. During the question period, which ran an hour overtime, someone asked about the radioactive after-effects. Compton answered that the findings of the Japanese scientists agreed with our own. Radioactivity had been set up in a number of elements but the intensity immediately after the bombing was below a harmful level. The area around the New Mexico test was deadly for several days, though, because the bomb had been detonated so near the ground.

The chance of a chain reaction in the nitrogen of the atmosphere - which was considered as a possible consequence of an atomic explosion - was found to be very slight; calculations which have been verified give a very large safety factor - on the order of several thousand. Someone brought up the question of Russia. The Dean of Science (whose name I forget) suggested that Russian scientists are a good deal closer to American scientists than to the Russian politicians; and that a nation like Russia, with so large a stake in the present order of things, would hardly use a weapon that implied immediate retaliation.

A L Ashley A L Ashley A L Schwartz A L Searles A L Widner A L Aboard

Mr Editor, Mr Reader, i am persecuted. The persecution takes a devilishly subtle form. "They" are trying to make me give up my name--They want to rob me of my individuality. 1035 people have addressed themselves to me in substantially this manner: "Dear Speer (Gee, I'm a poet!)" And the puns they make on both my names are too terrible to tell. Now, obviously, a plot as widespread as this is not being carried out for small potatoes. I must be a very important individual, the key in a great plan, for them to persecute me thus. I've thought and thought, trying to discover the plan, but haven't succeeded. I've heard voices, though--

REJECTED - SOUTHERN STAR

With some doubts, Gilbert accepted this for the Susie Ann; but when she finally debuted, as you have seen, this wasn't among the contents. Quite a number of the ideas in this article which were novel when I wrote it have lately appeared in Astounding, so the article should be of current interest. Needless, to say, I wouldn't write this article the same way now, on the other side of Pearl Harbor and the doomsday bomb. Specifically I disown the implied endorsement of the Reader's Digest, which I've outgrown.

IN DEFENSE OF HOMO SAPIENS

Being a Development of my Material intended for the Superman Article

I think it will be helpful to distinguish several different sorts of supermen from among those suggested, and arrange them into some sort of orderly system.

The four large classes that appeal to me are: The fully realized, or highly developed, Homo sapiens; Homo sapiens with certain superior feature beyond those in present-day hereditary potential; a new species of the genus Homo; and an entirely different form of intelligent creature.

In the first classification come all the fictional heroes who have achieved their physical or mental superiority by rigorous training, perhaps from the cradle up like Doc Savage. Also included are people superior to us simply because they have been brot up in a more civilized century and had the benefit of much psychological and medical and other knowledge that we are at present only beginning to contact. At the pinnacle of this group stands Kimball Kinnison, the fully realized man.

My second classification embraces such characters as The Tramp who by special application of science are given unusual power, fully within their persons and dependent on no outside apparatus. If medical work is carried out far beyond the mere end of curing and preventing disorders, the resulting person may fall into this class. The variations that would take place in humans born in colonies on other planets would put them in this class. The class also includes the human beneficiaries of selective breeding which has been carried far enuf to produce results distinctly different from the run of modern hereditary endowments. The simplest type included in this class, possibly the most attractive, and one of the most probable, are those who thru heredity or accident or design are exceedingly long-lived.

Neither of these groups, however, seems really to be what we ordinarily mean when we speak of the superman. That term means and should mean a distinct departure from the human species. Slan is an example of what we mean by a superman, Williamson's wemen may be entitled to placement in this same category, and all Campbell's pet mutants likewise belong to new species, humanoid yet differing more widely from human beings than the races of men do among themselves.

In the non-human department are include all insects, fish, birds, ktp, who prove themselves able to take man's world away from him, and non-human races from other worlds who colonize ours, and robots which outstrip men, and intelligences of pure force. This group has been less popular in recent years for simple reasons.

Now for some remarks on the relative desirability of these various classes and types of super-men and our own particular variety of the pinnacle of creation.

No one seems to have inquired what may be the pragmatic value of all this speculation. Until that has been discussed, I will have to rely on my own reflections, which indicate that the only use of them, aside from the amusement of speculation and comfort in

our moments of despair, is to the end that we shall be ready to receive the superman when he comes, hasten his coming, or be ready to repel him when he shows up, if we should decide on that course.

With my first two sorts of supermen I have no quarrel. For the most part they are advances that any one of us might make if we live among them, and the remainder are natural extensions and continuations of the present course of the best in modern mankind. As for the fourth classification, I think our Heineleinian "prejudice in favor of human beings" will in all but a few cases lead us to resist attempts of such races to replace us. But it is to the third classification, to the mutant men, that some fifth columnists of the race would deliver us, or urge us to give way.

The reason given is not simply that these new species would be better. That argument was employed, but not very convincingly, in "Room for the Super-Race". The real reason, they claim, is that present-day man is unable to progress much further, that his civilization is already crashing about him and he cannot save it or himself.

Men would not have spoken so in the early days of Amazing, nor yet in the middle 'thirties. We are much sadder and somewhat wiser today. We are in possession of more data, but in my opinion we are still too close to the new data to evaluate it properly, and overestimate the significance of recent developments.

Our science is growing all the time, bringing promise of raising us all to super-men of the first or second classifications. Our social machinery is constantly being tinkered with and new improvements made; and if parts of it also are breaking down all the time, we have lost nothing permanently valuable thereby.

For examples of what I mean, look down the table of contents for an issue of the Reader's Digest: What Makes the Worker Like to Work?; Earthworm Farmer; the Case of the Missing Mosquitoes, et al; the Lie Detector Goes into Business; Do your Eyes See Alike; Eating Their Way to Health and Learning; a Long Life, and a Healthy One.

Jefferson and Hamilton would have thought it impossible for the Federal Government to control as it does so many of the affairs of 130 million people spread over three million square miles; yet somehow it does, and the end is not in sight. Just as you think the snowball will break of its own weight, comes some invention like the telephone, typewriter, dictaphone, or microfilming, or some procedure like the flying wedge an office unit, Heinlein's synthetics, or the decimal classification system, and simplifies things enormously.

Not merely in the methods and inventions we use can progress be made; we can improve, and are constantly improving, the capability of the human unit to deal with situations that arise. The possibilities of improvement in the race are incalculable.

Some of you may have read a story in the old large-sized Blue Book magazine entitled, I believe, The Day of the Dragon. In the story, you will recall, a doctor took some alligators and repaired their hearts. All alligators, it seems, like most other modern reptiles, are invalids, capable of only brief high-rate activity and mainly suited for sunning on the sand, because the partitions between the heart chambers are incomplete. The repaired alligators took on new vigor and began to grow again, developed dormant glands, showed knobs at the shoulders and a ridge along the spine which became serrated. When they reached tremendous size, the shoulder knobs had become wings, and the fully-developed alligators were the dragons of legend. The improvement was inherited, and inside a generation human civilization had been broken up and the remnants driven underground. Moral: Be glad Speer has a bad heart!

I don't think that improvements in our species will be so spectacular, but there is enough

evidence to provide interesting speculation on the hypothesis that the human species was once more exalted than we now see it.

The slans, weremen, and whatnot are supposed to be superior to us. "It certainly is more efficient" Heinlein says of the baby the Little People had worked on. But "efficiency" is meaningful only in a given frame of reference. The frame is arbitrary, man-made, tho based by him on the terrestrial environment's demands. Likewise the definition of "superiority"; there is nowhere written into the nature of the universe a criterion of what is superior and what inferior, any more than there is a "natural" bill of rights. Some definitions, of course, may be more useful, but that again is only in a given situation.

We cannot simply say that the more complex a being, the more senses and powers it has, the more superior it is. Indeed, there are men who will maintain that the amoeba is most perfectly adapted to its environment. Or would a seven-fingered man be superior to a six-fingered one? Not necessarily; six might be the handiest number for some environments.

But what tho, in our environment, Jommy Cross has better chances of survival than you or I? Survival value is not the whole criterion of worth, as Jommy himself admitted. Suppose our supermen should happen to completely lack a sense of humor, or appreciation of music. Would you say they were more entitled to the Earth than we, just because they are hardier, and that the world would be better off with them and without us and music and humor?

Possibly these doubtful factors would not be apparent at first acquaintance. Chances must be taken, but these possibilities should give pause to those who think we should make way for the first superman that shows up, lest irretrievable loss be suffered. For my part, I think there is sufficient hope yet ahead for humankind, that the time is so far away in the future as to be beyond our considerations when we should give heed to the words of John Campbell's Ultimate Evolution, "Go then, last of men; go, and do not return."

Where Belgia, the Netherlands?

Speaking of Methuselah's Children, Alojz, I seem to remember a certain wager made with you about who said "Not while the evil days come not." I quote from the first installment:

When the car was a quarter of a mile offshore and fifty feet down she called a station. "Answer," said a voice.

"Life is short--"

"--but the years are long."

"Not," she denied, "'while the evil days come not.'"

"I wonder," the voice answered conversationally. "I've scanned you, Mary. Come on in."

Marry, sir, in Los Angeles. I found it out by the fan.

It occurs to me that Kennedy's Fantasy Review presents some serious reflections on the NFFF. Some of you may remember that a fanual was the chief project of the old NFFF, and due to indisposition of the Columbia Camp who were to run it off, it never materialized after an untold amount of energy being put into it. One man, Joe Kennedy, conducts a poll and publishes a fanual at least as good as that projected one.

And when I got the NFFF poll card this January, it occurred to me that Kennedy's poll covered much the same ground, and better. The questions were better chosen and phrased, for one thing. Moreover, it's fair to guess that he sent his poll cards to a picked, though large, list. The NFFF cards are going to a lot of people who, being unbusy, will return them, but who have little acquaintance with many of the categories. A large, indiscriminate coverage is okay on questions about prozine stories, authors, &c; but a question such as best fan poet of the year, I submit, should not be submitted to them.

The Best of Science Fiction

Edited by Groff Conklin, Preface by John W. Campbell, Jr.
 Crown Publishers, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
 15x22 cm., xxviii + 765 pp., \$3.00

Here at last is a book which lives up to its title -- if not precisely the best of science fiction, it is certainly the best by far of science fiction anthologies. The editor, steffrally an unknown as far as this reviewer recalls, has rounded up forty stories which include some of the best of the contemporary product and has presented them in six groups titled (somewhat at variance with recent ideas on sf classifications) The Atom, The Wonders of Earth, The Super-science of Man, Dangerous Inventions, Adventures in Dimension and From Outer Space.

Of the forty, twenty five appeared originally in Astounding, of these, fifteen in the Campbell Astounding. Therein lies the superiority of this anthology: a collection packed at random from the last eight years of Astounding would, merely by the laws of probability, merit the designation "best of science fiction." It is in his meanderings through the more extensive morass of lesser and earlier journals that Conklin meets more difficult going, to emerge rather bo:ragged trailing a for the most part mediocre set of trophies: five from Amazing, vintage 1926-30, four from Thrilling Wonder, 1936-43, two from Wonder, 1931-33, one from Argosy, 1935, one from Colliers, 1889, and two of undisclosed origin. The poor fellow means in the introduction about the 6000 stories he "read or cursorily glanced through", and presents a checklist of eighteen science fiction magazines (well known to the initiate except for Mystic Magazine -- who can tell me anything about that one?) which "are to be found in that extraordinary collection of the trivia of modern publishing which is known as the Cellar Reserve of the Library of Congress." Little does he realize that he has missed an even dozen others, many with quite respectable runs exceeding those of some on his list, not to mention the three English ones and the one or two Canadians that were not entirely reprint. In neglecting these he hasn't missed much.

Science fiction is peculiar in that high literary quality is not essential for greatness (even though it is of course much to be desired) and that even the highest of literary quality will not make a ridiculous theme anything but a ridiculous theme. The spectacle of De Voto dismissing the best of van Vogt with the worst of Schachner in the same breath, and the phenomenon of the gash-wow-boyoboy letter writer with his "give us more of E. E. Smith and John Russell Fearn -- they're great" are but two manifestations of a single failure on the part of the reader -- a tendency to put the emphasis on literary form and content, however naive his tastes may be, rather than on the scientific and intellectual content. Such a reader may enjoy certain science fiction, but not for the qualities that essentially make it science fiction. Thus the anthologist who is not a thorough science fictionist will find it difficult to pick out the occasional nuggets unwittingly published by editors who were not themselves thorough science fictionists, and it is to his everlasting credit that Conklin included only five stories which I in my egotism classified (at the time of first publication) as "bam".

As JWC points out in his preface, much of the best of science fiction is in the longest forms, and the editor's words "no one anthology can actually represent any fairly comprehensive branch of writing without taking on the dimensions of an unabridged dictionary" are quite true. Nevertheless, we would quarrel slightly with some of the selections. Lester del Rey's best story, Nerves, should of course have been included in The Atom, with the sacrifice of Stockton's The Great War Syndicate and Cartmill's Deadline if necessary. Heinlein is adequately represented with Blowups Happen and Universe and Mac Donald with Solution Unsatisfactory, but Stuart has done even better than Atomic Power and The Machine. Certainly Weinbaum deserves a place more than Colladay's Giant in the Earth, and any of the few E. E. Smith shorts would have been

much better than Farley's Liquid Life. Schachner's good material has been greatly outweighed by his poor, and it is unfortunate (but still understandable by the laws of chance) that The Ultimate Metal is one of the latter; it again is unfortunate that Taine's The Ultimate Catalyst, however good, is at once his poorest story and his only short one. Jack Williamson could have used the space occupied by Wandrei's A Scientist Divides to much better advantage, especially since Wandrei is also represented by The Monster from Nowhere, while the inclusion of Stone's The Conquest of Gola at the expense of a good de Camp story (excuse the tautology, please) seems altogether unexplainable. George O. Smith or Wes Long have written much that is far more typical of the best of science fiction than Diffin's Spawn of the Stars or Perego's The Terrible Sense.

But lest we become downhearted just think of some of the unmentionable things that might have been included but mercifully were not! Instead we are given such excellent items as Fadgett's The Piper's Son, Simak's Lobby, Sturgeon's Killdozer!, Knight's Short Circuited Probability, van Vogt's The Search, Leinster's First Contact, Asimov's Blind Alley, White's The Retreat to Mars, Hall's The Man Who Saved the Earth, and Rocklyme's Jackdaw. Not to mention such less distinguished works as Gallun's Davy Jones' Ambassador, Keller's The Ivy War, Poe's A Tale of the Ragged Mountains, Doyle's The Great Keinplatz Experiment, Wells' The Remarkable Case of Davidson's Eyes, Huxley's The Tissue-Culture King, Jameson's Tricky Tonnage, Zagat's The Lanson Screen, van Lorne's The Upper Level Road, Ernst's The 32nd of May, West's En Route to Pluto, Long's The Flame Midget and Boucher's Expedition. Then too there is Campbell's preface, Concerning Science Fiction, which discusses the field for the benefit of the neophyte but is of great interest to the adept as well. (Parenthetically it may be deduced that JWC has never seen the sixth and seventh issues of Marvel -- otherwise he wouldn't have said "to the honor of science fiction it can be added that the spicy science-fiction magazine completely altered its policy after precisely one issue.") And Conklin's Introduction (not the least of its distinctions is the presence of two different sections IV, guaranteed to give the reader that well known "I have been here before" feeling) includes a brief historical survey as well as certain reflections upon the present status of the field: "After all, The Best of Science Fiction is a primer for those still untutored in the gentle art of scientific dreaming. You may do your post-graduate work by reading any of the current issues of Mr. Campbell's magazine..."

And in that is the greatest value of this book for the fan. You probably have most of the stories in your own collection, and you can buy a year of Astounding on the newsstands for the price of it, but for the purpose of indoctrinating friends (and eradicating your own guilt-complex if necessary) there can be no comparison between the cheap shoddiness of even the best of pulp format and the quiet authority of this anthology between hard covers. It is a well-bound, well-made book; we may hope that it will go through many printings, to be followed in due course by a companion volume not, we trust, titled The Second Best in Science Fiction.

R. D. Swisher

"Fiction is presumably a form in which all things are legitimate if they succeed."

Dick Wilson discovered something about a collector's item in the Rocky Mountain News. An AP dispatch from Oklahoma City 10 Nov 45 is accompanied by a photo showing Dr J J Hayes, an English prof at OCU and author of a popular chess booklet, setting by hand a novel rejected by publishers. Doing it a page at a time, he is pulling 250 copies. "The book is a variation on the Rip Van Winkle theme, with a young couple waking up 2000 years from now."

ITEMS FROM MY SCRAPBOOKS

Last time i was at Slan Shack, Al gave me several sheets of brown gummed paper, on which had been mimeoed address-tags for FAPA members, about 35 to the sheet. It would only be necessary to cut them apart and stick them on. Unfortunately, by the time i got around to needing such a convenience, so many addresses had changed, or members dropped out, that it wouldn't pay to sort out those that are still good. It seems like an idea worth passing on, though. If I could get some gummed sheets like that, i'd probably have used the method long ago, particularly when i was putting out TNFF.

Before leaving for Africa, i'd drafted a cartoon based on my visit to Degler's alma mater. Accidentally left the skotch behind, so had to re-do it, and not so well, in making up those stencils which, i swear it, you'll see someday.

I actually caught up on pasting things in my scrapbooks during Bonnell's visits, talking to him while working making it seem like a justifiable expenditure of time. But already other things are accumulating to be pasted in (or rather, stuck with scotch tape). One of these is the resumé of Superman that i mentioned in Stefnews.

And here's a bit of newspaper verse that Bonnell stuck on my doorlatch one weekend when he arrived and i was out. "Deer Speer Wait heer. I'll be back have no feer. Kenneer".

Among the Nycon fotos that Julius gave me is one with a rather curious history. I took it with my camera, and pasted in an issue of SusPro home-made copies of it. One of these somehow reached Julie with no indication of its origin, and he had it duplicated for inclusion in the Nycon booklet.

Another convention photo, taken by a good photographer, is of the Chicon banquet. Nearly all seats at the table are filled, but for some strange reason (he didn't have BO), there's an empty chair on each side of Robert G Thompson.

In Fitch's Lines in a local paper was an item that i felt obliged to clip and save despite its punkness because there was something stefnal in it. It was entitled Robot Minds, and forecast the day when we wouldn't even have to think.

i wonder if a lot of bibliographers have overlooked haldemann julius edition of stef stories

LAST STOP TO LIMBO

Some vagrant notes. One says "Joshua the Zombie", and "Joshua" is intended to be translated into Gzeek.

Another reads "Arrival on Earth - Comment". I haven't the slightest idea what it means.

Had a draft of a cartoon, but never used it because i figured it was too corny. Shows some six-limbed toothpick men sitting around in the olde Mars Bar. Says one, "Some exotic drink from Earth. The Tellurians drink it alla time." Another, "Some kick!" Another, a chemist with equipment, "Should be! It's 2/3 oxygen." "Them Tellurians must have cast-iron stomachs." And a fifth, "I hear it even rusts cast iron!"

Down monopoly! Up cooperation!

Scene: Iacon. A middleaged figure mounts the platform, and bends over the rostrum. Two hundred fen rise and chant with him, "In the beginning was Jordan, thinking his thoughts alone ..."

More QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

"The most casual trip through any six of the fortyeight states will show you that the country has been barely settled yet." --State of the Nation

"Many people adopt an instinctively derogatory attitude to reason. It is not, they say, a free activity of the mind, reaching conclusions under no compulsion save that of the evidence; it is the tool of instinct and the handmaid of leisure." --Joad, Return to Philosophy

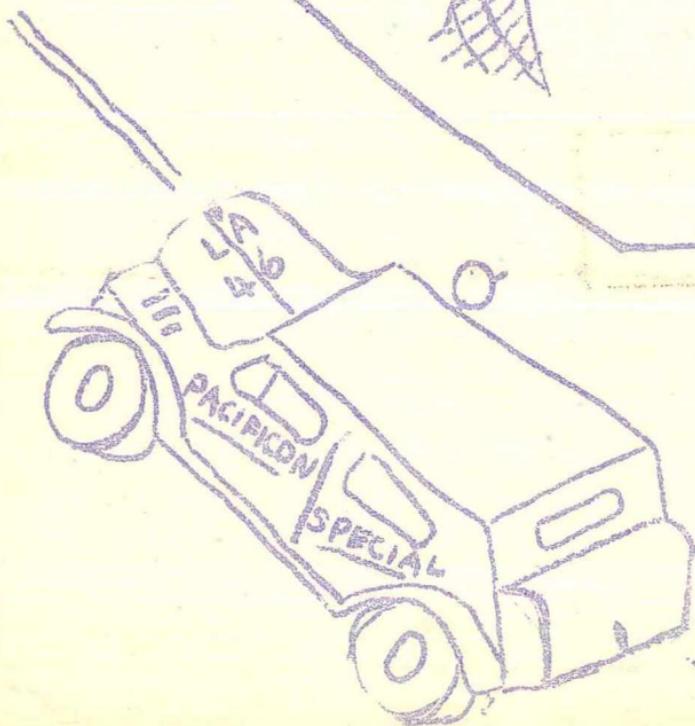
"So it has been made a condition of living in the community as a citizen that everyone must abstain from violence and stealing. If a person cannot meet this condition, he forfeits his freedom. Why he cannot meet this condition is not the immediate question. # The welfare of the community requires that this condition shall be enforced and that he shall be placed under control. And whether this is good or bad for him is not at the moment important. The fact that he cannot meet the condition is the controlling consideration... # We seek a just society, a society which will provide conditions favorable for us to live together happily and develop our best qualities, favorable for our children to realize their latent abilities and to apply them to fine purposes. We want a society favorable for the individual, but not every individual can have conditions especially suited to his needs... # In short, we all know that it is not any particular individual that counts. We are working for a system, for conditions as favorable for the development of the individual as we can make them. We want liberty, equality under the law, equality of opportunity. We want a government of laws and not of men. We want to be treated fairly under a merit system in which we shall be rewarded according to our accomplishment." --John F Perkins, Atlantic Monthly

"He seemed intent upon convincing the boy of the advisability of adopting a line of conduct that he was himself unable to define." --Winesburg Ohio

"The treatment of special subjects by particular philosophers is often in the highest degree illuminating, nor is its value for us diminished by the fact of our disagreement with the philosophy as a whole." --Joad op cit

"It is a quite indefensible method of presenting world-history to begin by giving rein to one's own religious, political, or social convictions and endowing the sacrosanct three-phase system with tendencies that will bring it exactly to one's own standpoint. This is, in effect, making of some formula--say, the 'Age of Reason', Humanity, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, enlightenment, economic progress, national freedom, the conquest of nature, or world-peace--a criterion whereby to judge whole millennia of history. And so we judge that they were ignorant of the 'true path', or that they failed to follow it, when the fact is simply that their will and purposes were not the same as ours. Goethe's saying, 'What is important in life is life and not a result of life', is the answer to any and every senseless attempt to solve the riddle of historical form by means of a programme." --Decline of the West

"It is the nature of Americans in their external life, in their casual relations with people, to be good rather than just... They are not a bickering people; they are not captious; they do not count their change. They laugh at themselves; they forgive fools; they are inclined to reckon sin by the damage it inflicts on others. ... # American democracy was meant to grow in such a direction. It was so planned. Jefferson believed in the rule of the majority for that purpose... They will be forced to be practical; their laws will express what they have found, after experiment, is workable and approximate to their needs, their aspirations, and their degree of goodness at the moment... # It is this practicality in the evolution and exercise of goodness, this placing of the matter entirely in the people's hands, which is hopeful in America..." --Sugrue in SRL SP.



WELL, THIS IS JULY FOURTH,
ISN'T THERE GOING TO BE
A CONVENTION?

