

# FUTURIAN

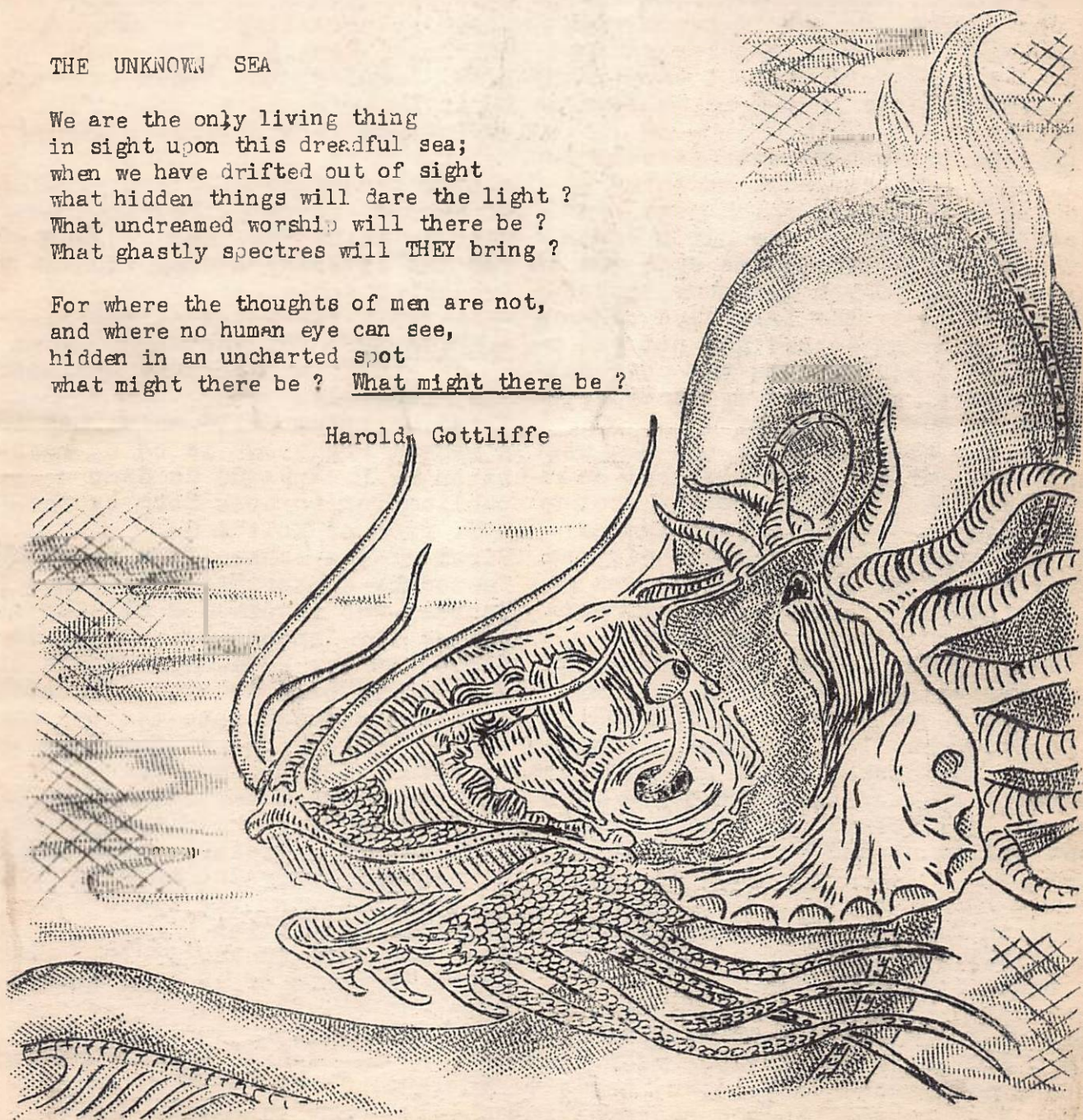
WAR DIGEST • VOL. 1 NO. 6 • MARCH 1941

## THE UNKNOWN SEA

We are the only living thing  
in sight upon this dreadful sea;  
when we have drifted out of sight  
what hidden things will dare the light?  
What undreamed worship will there be?  
What ghastly spectres will THEY bring?

For where the thoughts of men are not,  
and where no human eye can see,  
hidden in an uncharted spot  
what might there be? What might there be?

Harold Gottliffe





- London - letter

from Sidney L. Birchby

## A NEW LONDON FAN-GROUP?

The news that, despite the Blitz London still has many fans left, leads to the possibility of a new London branch of the SFA coming into being.

Cambridge-student George Medhurst has given your reporter a list of half a score unknown science-fiction fans, living in the London area, and I hope in due course, to get in touch with them, with a view to regular contact. Should any readers of FIDO know of any addressees please inform me as soon as possible.

If this project materialises, London will once again be able to carry on its fan activities, which have been virtually nil since the Blitz began.

The last SFA meeting as such was in August 1939. Do you remember those blazing hot days, the last days of peace, when everything secure had not yet perished? Do you? I hope you do, because I don't, since all my records perished in Our Explosion.

With the start of war, the SFA was suspended for the duration, but as everybody knows, regular weekly meetings continued to be held at the famous No. 88 Grays Inn Rd, until Christmas 1939, and after that, contact was still maintained through regular meetings at the adjacent "Red Bull". Indeed, as Ted Carnell once wisecracked "We've never had such good attendances as we have since disbanding".

In September '40 came the Blitz, & with it the cessation of all pleasure travelling. Meetings at the Red Bull ceased. Bill Temple and Ted Carnell were called up and etc. in London died.

Now in February '41 it has revived as we all know, and once again fandom rears its ugly head.

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This is an amateur magazine devoted to fantasy fiction, published monthly @ 3d. per copy, 2/6 per year postfree, by J. Michael Rosenblum, at 4 Grange Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds 7, England. Cover by Harry Turner. Other kind people produce accompanying sheets, many thanks to them!

LOWNDES REPLACES HORNIG.

Charles D. Hornig, editor of the twin magazines "SCIENCE FICTION" and "FUTURE FICTION" has resigned his position; due apparently to the lowness of the salary attached. Yet a third of the New York 'Futurians' has assumed the editorial mantle in his stead, in R. W. Lowndes; the other two being D. A. Wolheim and F. Pohl. "Doc" - as Lowndes is nicknamed - is very wellknown in fandom having been an active fan since 1935 and publisher of several fanmags. For the last year or so he has been looking after the literary agency founded by Frederick Pohl.

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AMERICAN NEWS Well-known American author Fred MacIsaac died recently.

"Lest Darkness Fall" which was in a recent "UNKNOWN" is being rewritten by L. Sprague de Camp for publication in book form by the N.Y. firm of Holt & Co. First of the Yankee fans to be affected by conscription is James V Taurasi who received a call-up notice for January 8th, later deferred to the 29th. He intends to such spare time as available attempting to break into the pro mags and so to come out of the U.S. army a full-fledged author.

The tentative plans for a Newark conference to be held this summer besides the official convention at Denver, Colorado, have now been dropped, leaving the field clear for the "Denvention". Next issue of Tucker's "Le Zombia" includes photo of 12 fans at Chicago





# WANDERINGS



By WAYFARER II

Just recently, whilst wandering around our local market I came across a paper-backed edition of a rather rare fantasy tale, namely "A Spoiler of Men" by Richard Marsh, written many years ago. It was published by the Shoe Lane Publishing Co at 1/-. The story deals with a villainous adventurer who is also a chemical genius, and who develops various serums which he injects to cause idiocy and affection.

Contrasting that with a modern work, may I recommend "Saurus" - Eden Phillpotts (John Murray 1938, 7/6) which tells us about a mysterious egg arriving from space and hatched out on this planet of ours. Its inmate hatches out as a super-intelligent, fast-growing lizard-like creature, who is the peg on which hangs what he considers to be an entirely unbiased account of humanity, and very good it is too.

I have also been lucky enough to discover hidden away in a bookshop I haunt, a new copy of the now out-of-print "Skyraft" by Charles Clark. (Newnes 3/6). This is a boys book really all about a wicked pirate and a clever professor, two adventuresome lads and the wonderful skyraft.

Some 'remainder' copies of "What Not" by Rose Macaulay (John Long 2/6) have appeared recently. The book is placed in what was to have been the near future (it was written in 1933) and deals with a new department of State - the ministry of Brains - and a somewhat involved love interest.

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## The Story of a Bomb !! *moaned by Sidney L Birchby*

It was only a little one. Just about the smallest H.E. that is made, no doubt. But of its efficacy one could not doubt.

It arrived at a most inopportune time, at 12a.m. on a Monday morning before I had completed my ARP for stf..

The plan was grand. Everything in one room, and in that room, everything into drawers and trunks with the most valued possessions in the safest containers.

Unfortunately, I had only got as far as having everything in one room, and the bomb had to choose that room to fall in. Result: some valuables survived but much more basically useful stuff perished-- in stead of lots of relative rubbish that remained intact.

How I can write a philosophic discussion on the destruction of my collection is beyond me. I feel mee like howling. To think of all my SFA meeting notes and my fan mags and half the choicest collectors items - not to mention irreplaceable books and magazines is to start weeping, and gnashing my teeth.

But why linger over what has gone? Much of it is junk that I always wanted to be rid of anyhow. I'm more interested in the building up of a new collection and a start has already been made.

Its scope is much wider than that of the old one, which was mainly fantasy & speculation (No!, Problem of Lemuria, Day After Tomorrow etc)

If present trends continue, the new one will be literary, left, and technical; with an emphasis on science-fantasy, and what, for want of a better word, we may term "world-knowledge".



NEWS - Just heard from three people  
LETTER after quite an interval.

Ron Fishwick of Ellesmere - Port, Cheshire; still a sapper D.R. now stationed at Clyst-Hydon, Devon. We've been worried about the lad, he was in France with the BEF but he got back all right. Then Roland Forster of the RAF writes from the arctic wilds of the Shetlands. Whilst Harold Gottliffe, former director of the Leeds SEL, sends a chatty letter from that very nebulous neighbourhood 'at sea'. Almost stiff-bereft, wi-mail only at long intervals, Harold isn't downhearted! Having found a printing press of sorts on the old Hospital Ship he plans to issue soon "FUTURIAN IN EXILE" - an octavo four pager, print and stencil like the first "TOMORROW".

Congratulations go to artist Harry Turner of Manchester and Marion Eadie of Glasgow, president of the Junior Astronomical Association, on their engagement. More wedding bells in fandom! Best wishes to them.

Contributor Leslie Croutch is too modest to mention it himself, but he has just managed to break into print professionally with two acceptances and possibly more to come.

Cleaner Ron Holmes is now spending nights looking after air-raid-shelterers with the Liverpool unit of the Pacifist Service Units.

Undoubtedly the most popular item ever in FIDO's "litter" was CSYoud's "Blitz" in last month's mailing. Which is distinctly funny because it has little apparent connection with fantasy - we only wish it were !!!

### "FANTASY ON THE CHEAP"

#### ADDENDA

Edgar Rice Burroughs: "Tarzan at the Earth's Core" (Methuens 6d.)  
Also if you consider them fantasy: -  
Sax Rohmer; "The Devil Doctor" (Methuens sixpennies)  
do "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu." (Penguin)

CLIPPINGS FROM CANADA  
by Leslie A. Croutch

'Tis said Ziff-Davies dropped some \$10,000. on its PETS magazine. To help make up this loss, SOUTH SEA STORIES and FANTASTIC were dropped. Now I see FANTASTIC ADVENTURES is back, in all its blood and gore and rapacious thunder.

America's new magazine is UNCANNY STORIES, not to be confused with UNCANNY TALES, which is a different magazine.

Hank Kuttner and his wife, Kat, are still in NYC at last time of writing to me. 'Tis said that Kat supplies Hank with his ideas and he writes them up. Hank told me in his last letter that he is producing 65,000 words a month!

In Hollywood, we find even the movie people busting their intestines going science-fiction in a big way. Universal has "The Invisible Woman" with John Barrymore coming up; also a Lionel Atwill "Mysterious Dr. R"...Hal Roach studios is hard at work on another Thorne Smith Topper picture "Topper Returns", featuring Roland Young, Joan Blondell, and Rochester...Two on the boards at Paramount Pictures have Basil Rathbone as the star "The Mad Doctor" and "The Monster and the Girl".

Arthur Widner Jr., editor of the Strangers Club's FANFARE, is plugging the word "fanzines" to take the place of the Philadelphian's "fanaq" and the usual "fanmag". Incidentally, FANFARE is the neatest, most legible, and cleanest of any hectographed fanzine I have yet seen. In two colors too, into the bargain.

If the readers of FIDO, wherever they may be, like this column, or have suggestions, or perhaps brickbats to throw, write me: Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont. Canada. I'm always glad to get letters and promise to answer all, especially from fair young things.

















A fan-sheet devoted to ASTOUNDING Science-Fiction: concocted by Don J. Doughty at 31, Bexwell Road, Downham Market, Norfolk: duplicated and distributed by JMRosenblum

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INTRODUCTION: Howdy fellows; sit down and make yourselves at home, and have a look at this latest addition to the FIDO litter, and then - Go To It! Get out your tools - pencil, pen and ink, or typer - and write to me (or should it be us?) at the address given above. Write anything and everything you like about any ASF, past, present, or future, American or BRE, complimentary or otherwise, about authors, artwork, editors, correspondents, or anything else that you can think of, but please (just a moment while I place a cushion to kneel on) WRITE!

RAMBLINGS: 'Fraid you'll have to put up with a great deal of my blurb this month, although I'm including snippets from the few letters so far received.

Most important item (at least to me it is), is the disappearance of the December '40 issue of ASTOUNDING. As yet I have heard of no one who has received a copy. A word or two from Ted Carnell on this subject: "I had a vivid recollection of it going down to a watery grave": and later: "I still haven't received my Dec. AST, so we can count on it having gone under". When you write you might just mention whether or no you have received yours - if you are one of those very fortunate people who obtain the original copies direct from the States. What an issue for the Hun to sink! It's left me in a half-nutty condition wondering about the fate of Jomny Cross. Now someone tell me that they didn't like "Slan"! A few more words of wisdom from Gur. Ted, "Farewell to the Master" is one of my favorites, and as for 'The Stars Look Down! --- well, I still get boiled up whenever I think of it. Just a simple little story, yet what a punch it packed; and so very near to the real thing when it comes off. Don't you think that the cover for that yarn is the finest that has ever been on the front of ASTOUNDING?" You're right there, it'll take some beating.

Among other things Edward Rennison has a comment to make on these covers: "In my opinion ASF has become a really excellent mag. and the definite leader of the field. It has improved, and is still improving, which is a lot to say for any mag. now that there are so many on the market. In appearance it has greatly improved, although now the interior illustrations are again deteriorating from the high standard that they had reached. Rogers' work on the covers has been superb, and there is hardly anything to choose between him and.... Paul. (Is anyone willing to help me back up Rogers against this Frank R. Paul?) The stories are on the upgrade, and L. Ron Hubbard and Robert Heinlein are both extremely good writers.....Campbell has worked wonders with ASTOUNDING, and if he continues maybe the good old classic days will return." This interior illustration business seems to be the only grouse against ASF that is general. - I'd like to hear some of your opinions on this subject, i.e. who do you think is the best artist on the inside of ASF to-day, the worst, why? Who would you like to see turfed out, and who brought in? Give us your views, lads! Personally, I would like to see Rogers on the inside more often, also Schneeman revert entirely to his own style, and the return of Dold. I think that all the present artists are far too erratic, they've all turned out good work - and bad - but they can't maintain any standard they set --- high or low.



Douglas Webster: " I see it thus - that you might have reviews of latest issues, comparisons between US & BRE issues, moralisings (as Rennison's) on whether the level of stories has gone up or down, and plain reminiscences etc. on the past. Well to my mind the last two have been done to death years ago, mostly in American fanmags, which is another way, I suppose, of saying that I personally am not interested in them, having seen that sort of stuff a thousand times, others will differ, of course. As to the others, I got the current US editions and even though I don't normally read half the stories I could attempt something in the line of critiques and forecasts." Thanks Doug, anything in that line will be very welcome. A later 150-word postcard from the same source contains: "TIN TACKS -- I seem to gather from various JMR-letters there'll be an ish next month. (Well, it's here - such as it is - you mustn't be too hard on a first issue!) I had meant to give you a disquisition, at as great a length as you wish, on the Campbell-McCann question, since that's the only thing I know about AST, 'twould seem. OK?" OK, pal, the length as you wish.

THE J. F. Burke says: "I'd like to do something on ASTOUNDING for you, but I'm darned if I can think of anything. (Unusual?) The only thing I can remember about that mag. of late is the grim coincidence of the British reprint edition with the cover story "Coventry" appearing on the newsstands just after the blitz on the actual town of that name. Why not have an ASTOUNDING QUIZ in every issue of your mag? Questions such as - Which issue of AST featured three stories by the same author, and which author was it? (Anyone know that one? - I'll admit I don't - tell me, please, Johnny) How many cover artists were featured in 1939? One eminent US fanmag slipped up on this one, and as yet I have not seen anyone who has corrected them. (Any offers?) It's not a new idea, but it might be interesting, and I think there's plenty of material available. If I think of anything a trifle more lengthly and more interesting, I'll post it off to you." Thanks John. What do you fellows think of that idea? If you like it let me know, and if you can think up any questions, well, send them along - and don't forget to send the answers too!

#### REVIEW

-----January 1941  
Fraid this department is not going to interest youse guys who get the mag. direct from the States. Have to do Jan. ish, as Feb. hasn't 'rived yet, s'pose it will day after I cut this stencil. Suggested by JMR Cover - another Rogers superlative, for Anson MacDonald's "Sixth Column". This serial shows promise, one of the active type - of which "If This Goes On -" was another example. America, again crushed by the "Pan-Asians", to be saved by six men and a gadget. British author Maurice Hugi has a novelette "The Mechanical Mice" - a new plot on me, all about a robot mother, and not badly written. (This is "Ticking Terror" forecast by Ron Holmes in FIDO3) Harry Walton's annual (a nov- clet this time) is "Doom Ship", the plot - a purposely lost spacer - is very much like Wollman's short "Lost Rocket". Best short of the ish is a literary gem, EAGrosser's "Opportunists" - about an ideal that didn't work. Von Rachen's swell series continues with "The Traitor"; but the peacemaking short, "The Day We Celebrate", by Bond, is not so hot. Kramer and Schneeman (specially his bj for "6th Column", and "Doom Ship") up to standard; Orban - so-so; Eron - take it away! Articles OK. JWC's editorial "Invention" - excellent, as per. Heinlein in the Feb. lineup.

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FOOTNOTE: Must first thank JMR for doing all the hard work in the pro- duction of this sheet. Please accept usual apology about first stencil- cutting. Remember - No. 2 depends on YOUR support.

NEWS - FFF forecast ASTOUNDING Annual on Dec. 7th, no details.



Selected by D. Webster at the usual address: omission of which gives me room to mention it is very kindly duplicated and distributed with Fido by J. Michael Rosenblum.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three-Fold Discussion. I started this sheet because it would probably be of interest to fans - at least, to those I know. I daresay I have made mistakes, but in a recent letter DRSmith accuses me of nearly every sin under the sun, including dogmatism, intolerance & maliciousness; accordingly, the first page of this issues will be squandered by myself.

1st., THE SNAG (take a bow, George, take a bow). Myself I enjoyed The Snag; mine was always the mind that revelled in Fantacynic. Sam Youd's reply is here given, verbatim if poss., & further discussion will be welcomed provided participants remember to be very short & snappy (see point 3 below). As is inevitable when a fan starts slinging mud, RGM made some unjustified cracks, & I am with CSY in, e.g., his point 3/

I was meaning to make some nasty remarks about the decease of Warbull & fans who won't discuss politics. But why stir up more trouble? - they do exist, and since it's their support that makes Fido possible, their word is law. The Bard doesn't seem upset about Warbull-domise, being more concerned with --

2nd., FANTAST, which you may have received ere now. A plug is indicated. No matter how much various people (including me) disagree with some of its ed's opinions & actions, all agree that Fay is the best farmag England has produced. Why not support it? - 244 Desborough Road, Eastleigh, Hants. CSY hopes to produce an issue/month until called up, & there's hope of continuation after that. But..."I should add that this new monthly appearance will depend wholly on readers. Several are some months behind with subscriptions; others may shy at the new price - 6d. The point is that I have always lost from 5/- to 10/- per issue on Fay, & even with the greatest benevolence towards fans I do not propose to drop that amount regularly and continue to publish monthly." Then why squall at 6d an issue, fans? - it'll do you more good than a cup of coffee & a biscuit bought at a cafe for the same price.

3rd., THE GENTLEST ART - hereafter Les Tart, altho Smith's Gent is good too. Firstly, I can imagine that the average reader of Michael's Mailing finds much to dislike in Les, but in this case, not being an exponent of telepathy (should I say ESP? -- ah, crool!) I can't do anything about it. However, my friends write me. Of these I am surprised that Johnny Burke has said no harsh word to me, for I have included bits of his letters which he would hardly wish flaunted, with remarks that probably added to the misunderstanding; however, since I gather from one of Smith's Fables of Misch-Masch that JFB now treats me as one not in full possession of his intellect, he has, I expect, wailed. Others--notably Smith & Medhurst--howled because I cut out long sections of arguments. My reasons were two:- (a) I had 4 pages to play with, had to keep extracts within reasonable limits, & wanted to let as many as possible have a say; (b) I wanted to do a thing I now realise was impossible, namely, conduct arguments without including the fiery & sarcastic whiplashes which may not be intended seriously but become slanderous in print. (b) I'll have to ignore in future. However, the only sensible critic of (a) seems to be CSYoud, who, I beg the others to notice, has edited a magazine & had experience in cramming 2 pages of material into a single page, only to find everyone surprised he could not pack in 6. Never again will I be annoyed at editorial cutting! To complete the arguments raised in an issue of Tart I should need at least 3 times the space I have for the next one. I intend now to stencil out another 4 pages containing a few of the deleted arguments & opinions; I hope JMR can include it with this, but if not I don't blame him & the supplement will be had - more postage expense! - on application. Thereafter Les Tart will presumably revert to insipidity, & if any fiery persons like DRS feel they must give it the go-by (as he has done this ish) perhaps calmer correspondents like Erikopkins, who have discussed things this long time without calling eachother names, may still cling to the out-moded man of peace. Di-da-di-da-di-da.



2/ The gentleman referred to a couple lines ago is really ERIC C. HOPKINS, who has suffered more than most of my friends through having his letters missed out entirely; can any of you who know him imagine Eric being featured as much in Les as DRS has been & howling grievances to the moon? (Ah, if I were truly a man of peace I should forgive Smith all...) On the British people--- "The popular view of 'Civilization' is a nation based upon equality, social-economic-political justice, least work compatible with the needs of a luxurious people enjoying every benefit of the sciences and peace. This ideal I am inclined to plump for on grounds of reason. But by instinct I should want a civilization of artistic standards with a sense of values & the power of self-criticism. In which I would do little but read, write, study, & go to the opera, the theatre, or the concert hall. Johnny badly needs the latter type of civilization (so do I come to that) /me too! DW/ & he therefore bases his criticisms on his desires, but mine are based upon reason (says he, ha!ha!) & I realize that I am vastly outnumbered by people who don't care a damn for artistic & intellectual activities, & who do not really think it worth the trouble even to make an effort to better their physical lot (which is all they care for), but who wish only to be left alone in their miserable little boxes of lath & plaster, forced to irksome work, left little leisure /durno, tho - one of the major problems, which will be much worse after the war when working-hours will be a lot shorter, is that people have quite a bit of leisure but spend it very badly indeed/, which they spend looking at films, looking at football, looking at boxing, looking at all-in wrestling, looking at cricket, horse & greyhound & speedway-and-motor car /I'm led to believe ECH is addicted to darts & billiards!/, looking at bloody accidents or street-fights - or a drunkard - or a bomb-crater, looking at their money & having a flutter to raise some excitement. The people want this: if any of us sincerely wish to aid them we must sink our own desires whatever they may be, & help to give them all that they would like but not enough to get it:- the 'ideal' civilization I summed up at the top of this page, social-economic-political justice, but no Art. Our hope would be that, given the education & leisure to think, we could seduce sufficient individuals from the ordinary ranks to gain recognition & advancement of the arts. But in the meantime it is useless to make a commotion about the British people's lack of cultural instinct (tho' I do!) or the Americans', the Germans', even the French. Give the people education, opportunity, leisure, & a little spoon-feeding, & they'll develop the necessary sentiments. Or perhaps they won't: the phenomenon of an almost perfectly civilised race like the Greeks of Pericles' Age & thereabouts may never occur again, & if their attitude of mind cannot be inculcated in an indifferent race then we may well be screaming for a moon of quite unattainable remoteness. We can but try, however, so if you know your fellow man, brother, On to Altruism!"

ARTHUR C. CLARKE was enticed down from his mountain wilds and, on being allowed to show round the unique collection of photos he has collected with Eric Russell, persuaded to say this:- "Concerning JFB's remarks /Les 2/, I am more or less in agreement with him, but do not consider that the British race are much worse than the rest of 'em. I've heard a lot about the standard of culture in Finland (I can't imagine us treating Sibolius as they did) and I am prepared to admit that they may have a higher civilisation than ours. But quite frankly, we "Star-begotten" consider ourselves the equals of anyone else in the potty little world, so I don't see why JFB should have such a down on the race which has produced most of us. True, we are heavily dilapidated with a lot of poor material, but we'll get rid of that in time. With good education, it could be done in a generation. I believe that the aim of civilisation is the abolition of the proletariat, by which I mean the half educated herd one sees pouring into the cinemas any Saturday night.\*\*\*/In the interests of space I must cut out a highly amusing bit, not quite to the point./\*\*\*\* I cannot tolerate the presence of people who are incapable of any appreciation of things beyond their immediate surroundings - people who know nothing of art, who care nothing for the destiny of their race or the world, who have never thought that things will one day be different from what they are today. And the world is full of such people: in fact as I look around me (an occupation too painful to be indulged in very frequent-



3/ ly) my usual reaction is "Thank God I am not as other men!" Yet the tragic thing is that all these 'Englishmen' (as JFB would put it) are capable of great things under certain circumstances, & show in fleeting glimpses the promise that was lost in them because they left school at 14 or never had any sort of guidance in distinguishing the cheap & petty from the great & valuable. \* \* \* Sometimes I feel I would like to exterminate them without pity had I the power; more often I feel an overwhelming sorrow that they have not had the good fortune I have had, & remember "There, but for the grace of God, goes A.C.C."

And today's lesson is finished by my psychologist friend, tho (a) I don't remember ever mentioning a new social order - as you know, it's an idea I have an alarming paucity of ideas on; & (b) I don't know where the mathematics teacher comes from - psychoanalysis, I guess! "I should like to write a few writing-pads on your plausible but technically unsound theory of a new social order, which I myself have held (in essence) for some time. I must say something on the subject - the question is, how to stop. However... I both like & pity the poor and wretched (incidentally, a very small percentage indeed are wretched). But you say they don't know what to think about it, or how to think at all, because of insufficient education & incitement to think, & that this is why they are poor, wretched &c. &c. [It does sound an ingenious theory, tho - quite like me.] On the contrary, they don't think because their I.Q. is not sufficiently high, & they are poor, wretched &c. &c, partly for the same reason, & partly because those who are capable of thinking won't think about them, think the wrong things, or won't act on their thoughts. I know plenty of the poor are of average intelligence or more, & these either think, or at least once thought, but have realised its futility in their position. Thus - in my opinion - the fault lies in the administration & not in the people, and insofar as the administration is chosen by people who can't think, it is faulty. I'm not suggesting the Nazi idea that the people are merely animal & must be driven. I am suggesting that those of the people who are of intelligence considerably (or even slightly, I sometimes think) subnormal should not choose their own administrators, & that those to be chosen should also be proved to be of intelligence definitely above average." . . . On second thoughts, I'll miss out the rest, including the maths teacher, since it's hardly relevant.

This US farmag business - again for American eyes. Since I stencilled the last issue, two parcels have been received at Idlewild with tumultuous cheers, from that latter-day Good Samaritan (as the Bard so gracefully puts it). I can only hope that others will follow his example - they will be as generously repaid. Any issues I receive I shall be very glad to pass round also to JFBurke & Harry Turner (& CSYoud if he wishes them), so that one copy, if any American is generous enough to slip it into JMR's envelope, will go the round of the Fido + contributors; if Rennison is going to ask for copies as well, he can fend for himself. Million thanks, Shangri-LA!

C.S.YOUD - not that I agree with him throughout, but RQM had a whole 4 pages, so-- "Medhurst's outburst is so violently & grotesquely crazy, that I will content myself with nailing down a few lies. 1/ War Bull was withdrawn, & remains so. True, I hadn't planned to produce that last issue, but I thought Johnny was getting above himself and, anyway, I hoped it would appear in the same issue as Michael's announcement. 2/ I can hardly think Mike is stirring up trouble, & am left on wondorment about the source from where [Did wonder why my correspondent should say 'from where' - 'tis 'which'; 'he' throughout 2/ is RQM] he learned I didn't like his remarks. There is a whopping big lie here, for I never had any intention of completely ignoring his letter (although he has still not replied to an earlier one of mine). As I told Michael, he will hear from me, when I have time. Since there are others, more deserving, he will have to wait with what little patience he can muster. 3/ His comment re "Idilliput" & BPC intellectuals was either invidious or in downright bad taste. 4/ I have never refused to give a hearing to the opposition, & should have thought that would be the last insult to be offered. Doubters may enquire of Harry Kay. It is perfectly true that Michael asked me to change War Bull (in order to talk more science-fiction') & that I preferred to withdraw. Otherwise I would have published, verbatim if required, any hostile comment. I still will - in FANTAST. [Just



4/ one more reason for buying FANTAST, boys! 5/ The description of me as "searching frantically for a philosophy" was Michael's, & I have replied to it. Need I point out that the procedure Medhurst recommends is one I always try to follow. Correspondents from the beginning (& neither \_\_\_\_\_ or Johnny nor Medhurst need apply here) [ECH will verify?] will remember that I have in turn attacked everything from radicalism, through Britain, pacifism, communism, militarism & pacifism again to intellectual snobbery. 6/ RGM now calls me a liar point-blank for saying I withdrew War Bull because of outcry from people who found any discussion but SF boring. Apply Michael. 7/ Oh, the sweet intellectual snob! [I'll right, you're in good company, George.] TLS is beneath contempt, of course. You sweet sap, Medhurst! 8/ If Medhurst objects to articles in CARGOYIE, why not write to Mac? Sarcasm is poor stuff. 9/ Recommendation of Socialist Standard beautifully ambiguous. 3/ cheers for the People's Convention, Palmo Dutt & Adolf! 10/ The whole Snag, except where, as frequently, it touched me, I found boring. Medhurst, whatever else he may be, is not a writer, & he will find that his would-be humorous treatment of opposition gets nowhere. [I disagree - I found it most entertaining.] He has now, in fact, (& bring this, please, Doug) at exactly the mental stage I reached two years ago, in the Grand Old Days of violent pacifism, intellectual anti-Britishness, conscription wars and - never to be forgotten - FANTASYNIC! In fact, most of THE SNAG reads as though Fantasy-cynic has written it (which will not, I hope, lead folks to identify me with Medhurst!). I don't know RGM's physical age (20 I think) but it is a sad reflection to think that he at 20 & I at 16 are emotionally, artistically & politically as nearly identical!" . . . Reprisals will be entertained . . .

I had meant here to quote an excellent passage by Harry Turner on atheism, but on looking it up I find rather more than 2 pages. I think his "Creed of an Atheist" - which I also have here - should be in the current Fay, but if, after that, you still want more, I shall try to squeeze in his letter; or put it at Sam You'd - force of habit! - You'd's disposal. RON HOLMES follows up his "Snag" passage, thus -- "Has it ever occurred to you that a Christian is so called because he is supposed to be Christ-like? If a person says that the average Christian is Christ-like, there are but two conclusions, nay three, I can draw. First, that I have the wrong idea of Christ, i.e. I have taken his description by the world in general too literally. Two, that the perpetrator of the remark is a fool; or three, that Christ was definitely not the guy you are led to believe. Personally, I consider there was only one Christ, just as I insist there was only one Christian. Likewise, "There is only one Holmes", thus everything I do is Holmsian. \* \* \* Yet why should I bother debunking a silly religion when I don't even know it exists? We have six senses, sight, sound, touch, smell, taste & knowledge. One does not smell or taste Religion. But one is supposed to hear teaching, see records (Bibles & suchlike) & touch either or both. Yet one can't prove to one's satisfaction that one is really seeing a Bible, one sees so many things which do not exist. Hallucinations are common things, & at times far more reasonable than things which really(?) exist. What proof have you that that dream you had last night was not reality, & you are dreaming how? Touch? How do you know you've touched a thing? I'll let you answer that one, if you can, satisfactorily. \* \* \* So we come to the sixth sense, knowledge. Call it what you like, conscience if you wish. There are things which you know do exist, will happen & have happened before. Unreasonable things, perhaps, but enough to leave a mark. This is the one & only true sense, the will to know, the will to do. A sense which, by use of concentration can neutralise the other five. Before you condemn this, I'd like you to try a few experiments. Sit & close your eyes - what is your favourite food? Now concentrate: can you see it? Now try to imagine its taste & smell. If you can't, you're feeble-minded. Touch something against your face - you are very aware of it - now touch it (not grip) - you can't feel it quite so much - now concentrate, convince yourself your arm is just stretched out, holding nothing. You will lose the sense of touch momentarily. Ponder a while upon dreams, hallucinations, eye retinas, & nerves. This will all bring doubt, but try to question your own existence, the fact that which you call Dougie Webster [it's a lie!] is; there will be no doubt you know that." . . . Boy, are you asking for it! It's with difficulty I restrain myself. Yes, friends, DW is.



Some light in darkness from John F. Burke, 57 Beauclair Drive,  
Liverpool 15. Distributed by JM Rosenblum.

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### THE ELDER GODS

Often I have felt the influence of the Elder Gods. It may have been while sitting on a cliff over the sea, in bright sunlight. Or as I pondered vaguely, walking alone in the rain; or perhaps, nodded deeply in a soft chair beside the enveloping warmth of a fire, when utter peace comes with the radio's low opiate music. Then the Elder Gods speak from the ultimate deeps of spaces vaguely imagined, from behind and beyond the palely-flaming nebular splashes, from out where the light quanta grow weary, lagging arrow-like through the black abysses of nothing. Through my mind come the echoing thoughts from these other times and spaces - slow-throbbing waves of pure thought carrying tremendous messages. I often wonder whether our less fortunate brethren, those classed by their ignorant fellows as "lunatics", unstable of mind, schizophrenes, divided personalities - whether they too are very often in a sublime ecstasy, exchanging hesitant messages with immense intelligences across the deepest gulfs of eternity. Sometimes a hint of meaning flashes before me for a second and I grasp at the unimaginable import of an instant's rapport. "Iä! Iä! Wza-y'ei!" say the voices. "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh wgah' Cthulhu R'lyeh nagl fhtagn...Iä!...Yog-Sothoth cf'ayak vulgtmm... Shaggai...yghh...ly...Rhan-Tegoth!...Ai!...Cthulhu naflfthagn..."

D.W.

### NON-FANTASY BOOKS

From Maurice K. Hanson: The first six that come to my mind are: "But For the Grace of God" (J.W.N. Sullivan); "The Old Wives' Tale" (Arnold Bennett); "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" (Barbellion); "Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences" (J.B.S. Haldane); "Love on the Dole" (Walter Greenwood); "Beethoven" (Sullivan again). So sorry that Eric Hopkins and Thomas Mann feel so badly, but no doubt the laws of probability (or Fate if you like) have treated them less kindly than they have me. And you, I fancy should know that masochistic song - "Ah! Sweet Misery of Life".

From Eric C. Hopkins: John Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" (a trilogy actually, but you can take it); Jaroslav Hasek's "The Good Soldier Schweik"; Osbert Sitwell's "Triple Fugue"; G. K. Chesterton's "Flying Inn"; Phyllis Bottome's "Freedom Farewell!" and Graham Greene's "It's a Battlefield". How about one's six choices in music?

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THE FANTAST Fans will doubtless be surprised, not to say amazed, by an announcement recently issued by CSYoud to the effect that THE FANTAST will appear again in a short time. Says Sam: "I have stencilled four pages of FANTAST and hope to get the rest done some day." Dave McIlwain also says proudly, but a trifle warily, obviously expecting the response he was certainly accorded after he had spoken: - "The next issue of the @ARGOYLE is nearly finished". What stirring times we live in, to be sure!



## HAIL AND FAREWELL

The dreamer sat on the porch one night  
And looked at the heavens in their glorious might;  
His thoughts, though those of an Earthbound man,  
Comprehended the Celestial plan.

He understood why Man was born,  
To be the Cosmos' weed and thorn;  
His mind belonged to a greater race,  
But where they dwelt he could not place.

One night from out the Heavens above  
Came a glowing thought of Eternal love;  
His race he found in the star-lit skies,  
But still could not see them with his eyes.

He left one day for parts unknown:  
The Wanderer had found his throne.  
Hail, my Wanderer, Hail, your Throne,  
Farewell as you start to travel home.

And when you get there, think of me,  
Forever lost in Eternity  
Of Hell on Earth, of Hell below,  
Think of me Wanderer with eyes aglow.

For I am in what you have left,  
I remain here, stricken, bereft,  
Think of me Wanderer, whene'er you can,  
Till I say, "Hail, Wanderer, Farewell, Man."

"RENNY"

SAYINGS  
OF THE  
GREAT

Robert W. Lowndes: The instigator of wars, big wars, has always been a particular class which either owned everything or was the boss. So far as our own times go, war is nothing more than a commercial venture. At a certain point in business development throughout the world, it comes to a point when there is a huge surplus of goods which cannot be sold, money which cannot be invested, and millions of people who cannot be given jobs. Then is the time that a country goes to war. It is the best possible way of getting rid of surpluses profitably....When you have too much food, you burn it or destroy it; when you have too many unemployed, you burn them up in war and burn up the passions of those who would otherwise revolt with war hysteria. Shift the blame on to the terrible Nazis or the terrible reds or the terrible Jews or anyone.

George Bernard Shaw: It is a funny place, this world of Capitalism, with its astonishing spread of ignorance and helplessness, boasting all the time of its spread of education and enlightenment.... There stand the thousands of property owners and the millions of the wage workers, none of them able to make anything, none of them knowing what to do until somebody tells them, none of them having the least notion of how it is that they find people paying them money, and things in the shops to buy with it.....