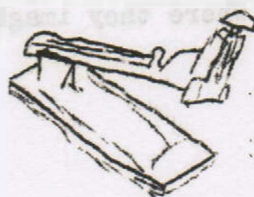


Speeder's

SUSTAINING PROGRAM

SUMMER/F41



WASHINGTON IN 1942!

CFCI ET CELA

Three pages of this have been mimeoed; the remainder, plus Ramblings if I get something done for it, will be run off by Rothman while the Spirit and I are heading southwestward. I won't see you at the Denvention, I guess, but you'll all be in Washington next year for the Districon, won't you? Of course you will. Provided we can buy enough votes at Denver to put Washington across. This is Jack F Speer, addressable at 3416 Northampton NW, WashingtonDC, though if something of telegram urgency should come up before June 17, you might reach me at Comanche/Okla; not otherwise tho, pliz.

#####

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE FIFTEENTH MAILING
Especially commentary

Pp 1. 2

WIEDERKAFIERBLITZKRIEGZUFUEHREN

Fr 3. 4

With a photographic illustration, provided Lester prints them in time and Milt will paste them in

WHEREIN SPEER PROVES THAT HE, TOO, APPRECIATES GOOD MUSIC
Ultimate horror

P 5

SCIENTIFICOMICS

P 6

By the way, I wonder what Lowndes and other writers of those dreamy fantasies would say if asked just where they imagine those strange lands as being

REJECTED!!!--FANTAST
More about FooFooism

Fp 7. 8

THUMBING THROUGH M' SCRAP BOOKS

P 2

Turning for a moment to the older one, tho there's still lots of stuff in my current one

THEY DID NOT BE
And it's just as well

P 9

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH
Unadulterated lies

P 9

MY PRIVATE GRAMMAR RULES

Conclusion

F 10

DEAR TEX

tp 11,12

An open letter to Singleton on the second Nepenthe and poetry in general

COMMENTARY, ALPHA AND BETA IN THE FIFTEENTH MAILING

The lead article in last Milt's Mag was very yawnful. Should have said lead-off article; maybe it wasn't intended to be the feature one. Best liked in the issue were probably Things (the Mailing review) and the Wells quote. We generally liked the randomly titled pages where Milt talked about anything and everything.... The picture of Fohl is exhibit A for the adjective I apply to Futurians and the like.... Elmer's interlineations in the EA again enjoyable. Like Tucker's suggestion re sending extra copies to the mailing manager--we've always sent a baker's half-hundred (51) to be sure we sent 50, but probably several extras are needed. However, must we write it into the Constitution? Lowndes' sour comments on the preceding Mailing are tiresome. As for the question of considering or not considering post-mailed items as part of the mailing they belong to, we see no sufficient reason for, and lots of reason against, changing the established practice of so considering them. Hmmm. Here's Milt, confessing to having admitted a couple of new members without sufficient credential. What's a big idea, Rothman? Haven't you yet got it thru your curly head that a constitution doesn't exist for the purpose of being violated? No objection to Eastman and Hurver implied; I know Eastman for a swell guy (if he isn't an alter ego of Joe Gilbert), and Hurter probably is, too, for all I know, and probably, too, no direct harm will come from this infraction, but good Foo, man, think of the many times that minor infractions have led to unforeseen harm! Surely there was no emergency existing, calling for admission of the guys before they could furnish full credential.

Studley's Philco account is best in his Time Scanner; second best to Tucker's Chicago items (not Fong's), especially the guy that got off a street car and got on again. At this point we want to rear up on our hind legs and howl about the mutilation of Elizabeth's English in the second of Allen Moss' poems. "Ye" and "thy" cannot have the same antecedent, as the one is plural, the other singular. Moreover, my recollections from my reading of Elizabethan English is that "ye" cannot be the object of a verb, as it is used in the third line. And also, I believe that "thine" must be used rather than "thy" when the word it modifies is the object of a verb or a preposition--the only case in English, if I mistake not, that an adjective changes form for case. Thanks for the excuse to talk about language, Bob....

Fan-Tale: Gaaaaaa!... Nothing wrong with the idea behind Thompson's story in Fantaseer, but somehow it didn't make an especially exciting tale. (I know that using the word "tale" there is rather absurd, but I'd made the mistake of already using "story", and of course couldn't repeat it so soon.) The letter reprinted from the Sun sounds like several hundred thousand that have passed thru my hands at the War Department. Honest.... Alpha to Koenig's "If then for Gawd's sakes don't start a subscription magazine", beta Notes and Queries. In answer to your question, HK, the numbers for the mailings as given in the title of this department are correct, unless I've badly slipped up somewhere along the line. An easy way to remember it is that the number of each June mailing will be divisible by 4. In answer to another question of yours, Sam says the outstanding subscriptions, or dues if you wish, for New Fandom will be refunded, but there's no saying definitely whether that'll be done next month or next year. That grammatical principle about using the form of one part of speech for another part of speech, one of the most distinctive things about the English, and especially the American, language, was originally brot to my attention by Campbell, who in defending Stuart's use of "humans" as a noun, against the attack of a Brass Tacker, pointed out that that sort of thing is being done all the time. So "scientific fiction", as a term for frequent use, has not a chance.... Parsaci's Strange Fantasy generally good. The Enchanted Isle alpha, Contrast and Was It Conscience both good for second place.

The cover of the latest Phantagraph is nice. The piece on page 6 represents, in our opinion, a carrying too far of the curious tendency among the extroverted introverts that are fans to put down their inmost thoughts and feelings on paper; but having been written, and published, it is a rather interesting specimen, with its mixture of the tragic and the pathetic. In the editorial to this issue appears a Wollheimish distortion so outrageous that it gives me a nostalgia for the dear old days of the Second Fandom. I refer to his extension into the present day of my statement concerning 1938 that any fan organization that did not have Wollheim's help couldn't get started. Obviously the situation is utterly changed now; so utterly changed that I have said somewhere, not in a publication, I don't believe, that one of the best augurs for the success of the NFF was the reported refusal of both the Triumvirate and the Futurians to cooperate with it.... Harry's poem in the July/40 Le Vombiteur is good, but is topped by the items re the war on Satellite X. Doc really has something there, in his future world where all manner of science-fiction heroes co-exist; I seem to recall some signs of imitations recently in other publications. More power to them.

4e and his litho. Marvelous how natural-looking the crayon work is; I keep thinking the J has violated postal regulations by crayoning the signature on here, and other places, individually to each copy.... Mikros' cover is particularly interesting for being in the style of John Held, Jr, cartoonist of the flapper age, an age in which the Mikrosians seem to still be living. (Goody! split infinitive!) Surprised not to see listed on the Moonrakers staff their understudy T Bruce Yerke. Shroyer's observations on the now doubtful Singleton suicide are interesting. Suicide is a fascinating subject; there is probably quite a literature on it, when someone takes the trouble of looking it up for his doctoral thesis. One big difficulty, while not impossible of answer, that any defender of a suicide has to meet, tho, is to show cause why he shouldn't do likewise.

Hum. This brings us to our own puny efforts. Well, anyway we thot the Spring Sr some improvement over the previous one. It'll be a cold day in July before we try to print 300 photos in three nites again, tho. Our comments on Ramolings must largely be saved for the current issue of that sheet. And the rest can aller sans dire, which just goes to show you that an expression's idiomatic use may be quite different from its literal meaning.

Much we liked the

Oasis of Horror and the Mock-Turtle Soup. (By the way, Russell, what's the significance of 'von der Abend' in this case?) To be sure, the fun was mostly in the translation; the book reviews were just ordinarily good otherwise.... And so to Harry's masterwork. Glancing Behind Us, Alpha; Why Ackerman Will No Longer Like Us, Beta. And now for remarks: Harry, my dear, the term "fan fiction" has all along meant the thing you're proposing that it should mean; only trouble is that you and 75% of the other people have been using the term wrong. Stf or fantasy written by fans is fan science fiction or fan fantasy; stories about fans, whether fantastic or otherwise (they usually are), are fan fiction. By the way, does your inclusion of "The Fan Who Wouldn't Be Editor" in this category mean that it wasn't supposed to be a true account? Re material being thrown in the Fall SP just to fill space: not exactly, but the result is the same. I threw stuff in there just because I'd written it once upon a time and didn't want to throw it away into Limbo, and without regard to whether it was worth publishing. The mode of addressing a letter that Harry examples of has occurred to us, too, and seems obviously more rational. "28 January, 1941" is the European fashion, and is coming into use over here; it's used about 25% of the time in the War Department now, and we've noticed several fans employing it. It at least is orderly, proceeding from the smallest to the largest unit. As for the position of modifiers of nouns, I think a little excursion into the philosophy of language will lead to the conclusion that descriptive adjectives should follow a noun, and limiting adjectives precede it. Tho there is a certain attractiveness in the German "The through-the-dissolution-of-the-old-Roman-Empire torn asunder territories".

NIEDERPAPIEREBLITZKRIEGZUFÜHREN

I made a beginning at it when I was eleven, and took it up in earnest when I was about fourteen. I think I was under sixteen the last time I had all my collections up to date and put away in good order. During the ensuing two years I made efforts to clear away the accumulated stuff, but the load taken on was too great, and when I left for Washington in 1938, there were huge quantities of unassorted material out there.

Out there, I should explain, is in an old stable, across the rafters of which, just below the roof, I laid loose boards, and on this rough and frequently changing flooring set boxes to contain the hundred and one kinds of things I collected. At first I used pasteboard boxes rather freely, but the rains came, as they do even in Oklahoma, and great was the collapse thereof. After that any wooden box larger than twelve by twelve was fair game, as were old discarded clothes boilers and anything else that wouldn't go to pieces under water (For the roof was very leaky, tho I went after it a time or two with a sheaf of shingles).

Every time I came home on vacation I would spend two or three half-days among the accessories of my former gloryings, hoping each time to get them all straightened out. By and large I adhered to my highschool-age policies regarding what to save out of the stacks of magazines and newspapers and toys and miscellany that I had shoved up onto the rafters. But rather early I gave up my saving of items concerning the Italo-Ethiopian and Spanish Civil wars, which I had saved from 1935 to the time I left for college, and dumped out the box or two full of them that I had. I had in general not tried to save Sino-Japanese war items, but I did tear out newspaper pages with stuff about the Anschluss, and some things on the earlier Czech crisis. I shudder to think what my collection would look like if I'd continued along that line.

But to come down nearer to the present: Last September I was home again on vacation, and this time when I went at it, there was a little better chance of achieving my aim. I had reached the point where I could harden my heart and discard many things I would formerly have saved, and even throw away items already collected, when the effects of sandstorms, snow, sleet, rain, wind, mice (how they did love to chew on my papers!), rust, decay, and whatnot had left them with doubtful value, even as mementoes. I believe I even dropped down from the rafters (see illustration for floor below after I got thru; I also have a picture of the rearranged collections, too dim to show much; fool that I am, I didn't think of taking a "before" picture to go with the "after") newspapers containing Alley Oop and other daily strips I was saving, tho I think that by and large I went thru the newspapers carefully, tearing out such strips and putting them aside, to be someday trimmed and put in order in the tie boxes, cheese boxes, and other small boxes that I use for my comic strips.

Many slick paper magazines were now mildewed into a solid mass. Walk the plank, walk the plank, into the drink you go.... A huge stack of Liberty, once a favorite of mine, but which now symbolizes for me everything that I detest in the New York civilization. Some World of Tomorrow and other stfnal bits in them I'd like to have, but no time to sort them out.

In general, I favored stfnal items much more in my pruning than formerly; of other things, much had ceased to interest me, or the use for them was gone (such as copies of Washington and other papers). It occurred to me that these collections represented what I might have done with my middle teens had I had thrice as much time; but as it is, I almost wish I'd spent less time on them than I did.

I didn't intend to go onto another page with this article, but the foregoing is too hodgepodge and incomplete to leave as it is.

Well, I went thru them like a Panzerkampfwagen thru a barbed-wire entanglement. Here is a large stack of Radio Guides; relic of my dark-age overboardgoing on radio listening, one of the things I particularly regret. I'd like to get from them the picture or two of the Buck Rogers characters, and perhaps one of the tabulations in which they showed up in the Star of Stars contests, but that's too much trouble to hunt for. Raus mit em.

Several jig-saw puzzles, lots of the pieces missing of course, some of which I put together a time or two, some of which I'll never, as much as the word never can have true meaning, put together. Little things I began saving even before I was saving papers--pieces of movie film, a zipper, a desk model airplane, all in a cardboard box with the contents lettered on the top, but many now deteriorated to near nothingness. I did find my old rocket pistol, which is a smaller one than the usual model, and which is now in my dresser drawer, to be taken out tomorrow and cleaned up some at the same time I'm going over the Spirit's motor with kerosene.

Oh, yes, lots of things I ^{still} saved when there seemed no reason for it: A construction set or two, files of Boys' Life, pages from the American Weekly and other Sunday supplements, mainly on scientific subjects, the composition book in which I'd once indexed all of my collection, before it got out of hand. And there are numerous notebooks, which I hope to go thru someday. And my diary for several years, weighing many pounds, which I brot back here with me.

Likewise I brot back here all the fanmags I ran across. And also the correspondence files, including carbon copies. But still some of these, a definitely large part of them, were missing. And then, after dropping down from the rafters to pick up something I'd dropped by mistake, I went out thru the doors to come back up the easy way, and saw some postcards lying near my feet, and more a few yards off. IPO cards--the very first poll! Given up for missing, here they were. And I continued to discover more, as I hunted thru the dust and grass, and traced them to their source, an old pastboard box that someone had carelessly thrown against the fence as a fill-in to keep the whole yard from washing into the creek. In the box was the missing part of my letter files. These, too, I brot back, and have worked into my files set-up here for the most part.

And there was an old scrapbook, containing many things of stfnal interest, some now rather the worse for mildew. Also pasted in were some pictures of my primer and other early classes, but the water had done its work on them, and they flaked away to a blank surface when I tried to open the pages. Something of the same condition, tho not as far advanced in most cases, had attacked my first photo album, but fortunately I have had the negatives for that up here all the time.

I had quite a few numbers of the Big Three around, too; and comic magazines also, tho raids by small boys had taken away most of those. There was a very large collection of the Blue Book, and I don't remember whether I saved those or heaved them overboard.

Well, there were several hundred cubic feet of storage space there, and I think more of it was taken up with boxes than with aisles for me to crawl along (crawl literally; its greatest height was about four feet, and sloped off to one), and after the fury of my attack had spent itself, I pushed the surviving boxes into an orderly line, carried into the loft some things I thot would be safer there, burned or threw into the fill-in the discarded papers, carried into the house the things I was to bring to Washington, washed off the dust and grime and cobwebs, and said good-bye to my teen-age self. We parted the best of friends.

WHEREIN SPEER PROVES THAT HE, TOO, APPRECIATES GOOD MUSIC

One of the pieces of folk music that has most engaged my attention is one with a somewhat weird theme, called, so far as I know, by no other name than "The Worms Crawl In, the Worms Crawl Out". You know the tune of course; if you don't, send me two bits and I'll make a recording for you (Gad!) The thing has multitudinous verses, of which the only ones I now recall that I'm sure I didn't make up myself (and I'm somewhat uncertain about the last two lines of the second verse) are given below:

| | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| They'll take you down | They'll stand around | And all goes well |
| And shake you loose | And cry awhile | For about a week |
| And squirt you full of | And bury you down | And then the coffin |
| Embalming juice. | About a mile. | Begins to leak. |

About this point, then, the worms start crawling in all directions, north, south, south, north, up, down, under, over, etc, with a rhyme for each. It is all very engagingly disgusting.

Tick-tick-tick, clunk, tick-tick, clunk, tick-tick-tick-tick-tick, clunk, tick

I've been within less than a mile of Mars, if we can believe the anti-convoy writer-in to the War Department, who addressed his postcard protest to

Henry L Stinson
Old Mars Himself
Washington
D C

clunk, tick-tick-tick tick, clunk clunk: Bump tick bump-tick-tick, clunk, tick

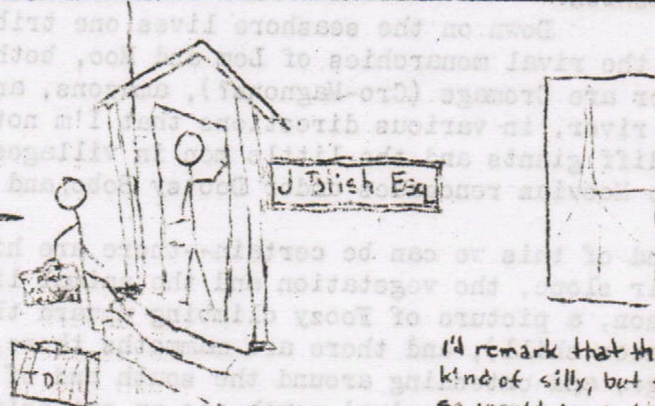
Ackermanese also is making its insidious way into our armed forces. Only the other day we saw Camp Polk abbreviated CA/PLX on a telegram.

Tick-tick-tick-tick tick, tick-tick-tick, clunk, tick-tick-tick, clunk,

In connection with our approaching twenty-first birthday, we've been trying to think up a bilingual play on words, employing something like "Today me llama man", but don't seem to be able to polish it up presentably.

tick-tick-tick, clunk, tick-tick, clink brrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, tick-tick-tick, clunk

Denver? Omigosh!
I've been under the
impression all the time
that the Convention was
to be held in Trenton,
New Jersey!



I'd remark that this is kind of silly, but to do so would imply that things not so confessed aren't. -f

SCIENTIFICOMICS

One of the Washington papers carries in its Sunday edition what they call a comic book section, which I suppose is sold widely thruout the country. It's the size of a comic magazine page, has perhaps 18 or 24 pages, and contains an episode each in the lives of three comic-magazine type heroes. Of these, the first, The Spirit, frequently employs ahead-of-science gadgets, and has had some quite fantastic sequences, such as a visit of people from another planet. The second, Lady Luck, I can't bring myself to read, even when I do read the others. The third is always fantastic, Mr Mystic it concerns, he being gifted by those eternal Tibetans with supernatural powers, and finds the author frequently struggling with that difficulty of Superman, finding obstacles sufficiently great for his super-hero to have any trouble overcoming. (That sentence was constructed for your special amusement, petard hunter!)

A MAP OF MOO

Whither Alley Oop? Well, Hamlin perhaps knows whether he intends ever to return him to Moo--I doubt now that he can go back to his prehistoric lifeway there--but I personally think the Moovian adventures top the present ones for interest and entertainment. I wish I had here those Alley Oop strips among my papers back home; I'd like to look thru them again.

One strip that particularly interested me found the hero and his brainy beauty hiding away from the Lemian conquerors of Moo, and wondering where they could get help to drive out the invaders. And it was at this point that Ooola drew the only map I have ever seen of that territory. From that, and hints dropped elsewhere, I think we can surmise this much about the background the author had in mind for that story:

The locale is probably the present United States; it could be, and therefore probably is. More specifically, it is down on the Gulf coast somewhere; the big river that figures in the story may be the Rio Grande or some other Texas river, but is more probably the Mississippi, which as you know had its mouth much farther north in those days.

It is a low-lying, swampy region, down toward the Tropic of Cancer, and one of the last places on earth that dinosaurs can live in comfort; elsewhere the cold is setting in. The men that live here are called neanderthals by Dr Monmag, but if they are, they are an undiscovered offshoot of that species, for mentally they are quite up to modern man. In the time of Alley Oop, they live in small tribes presided over by a king, with no religion to speak of, but a witch doctor here and there, carry on primitive commerce, and use writing after a fashion.

Down on the seashore lives one tribe; up the river, a day's distance, are the rival monarchies of Lem and Moo, both west of the river. East of the river are Cromags (Cro-Magnons?), amazons, and swamps. On the Lem-Moo side of the river, in various directions that I'm not sure of from memory, live the Cardiff giants and the little men in villages, and there roam around in the woods some Moovian renegades under Dootsy Bobo, and miscellaneous people.

But far westward --and of this we can be certain--there are high mountains, and as one ascends their slope, the vegetation and the animal life take on a modern look (for some reason, a picture of Foozy climbing upward thru a forest of modern pines gave me a queer chill), and there are mammoths there, and more men. Beyond this mountain range, and extending around the south end of it till it borders on the swampy land at the Mississippi mouth, is an extensive desert, which can only be that of New Mexico and west Texas.

REJECTED!!!--FANTAST

(We assume this thing was rejected, since we don't recall seeing it published, and it now appears that Youd is one of those unfortunate souls that got dyed deep purple before they had a chance, and have not now the fortitude to divorce themselves of the sign of their slavery, the aforesaid souls (I see I've failed to provide a logical antecedent for themselves. OK, here it is: people). The article was written for British consumption, and is a little out of date now, but may serve for enlightenment of some of the heathen among us.)

WHAT IS FOOFOOIS.??

I was rather surprised to see one of Fay's readers asking what or who FooFoo is. However, he was probably a Briton, and I realize that it takes some time for news to reach the more outlying parts of the world. [The original of this was typed in standard indentation, with each line filled out with dots to the standard length of a line in Fantast, per C Sammel's request.]

To put it briefly, FooFoo is Foo; there is no Foo but FooFoo, and Bill Holman is His Prophet. We are at present only grasping at the hem of the skirt of knowledge, but most of what we know about FooFoo comes directly or indirectly from the writings of the aforesaid Bill Holman and those who have followed in His Footsteps; such pearls of wisdom as, "Many man smoke, but foo man chew" (no relation to Sax Rohmer).

Further, FooFoo is the diametrical Opposite of the foul thing called ghughuism. This is one of the first commandments: "A Foo and his goo are soon pooo." (The poo is a weapon of terrible potentialities which we use in our battles for the Glorious Cause.)

As to just who or what ghughu is, our Chief Scientist of FooFoo, Louis Kuslan, has definitely established the following facts: ghughu, the real ghughu, is a loathsome monster with the body of a beetle, who lives on the dark side of the planet Vulcan, whence he telepathically manipulates a New York zombie, whose name I will not mention, which zombie is itself sometimes referred to as ghughu, ghod, or by some similar term. ghughuism was at one time rather widespread, having such officials as a ghuardian of the gholy ghrair, archdeacon infernal, and archbishops in Philadelphia, Cleveland, and a number of other cities. However, since FooFooism burst upon the scene, Cleveland's archbishop has renounced ghughu, Philadelphia has fallen, and the remnants of the forces thruout the East of the US have gathered for a last stand at a certain address in Brooklyn. I believe that there was also one person in Britain carrying the virus, an archbishop of London, but if I mistake not he has now, or soon will, leave his archbishophric, which I believe loses him the position. Can a good Anglican in the crowd, if any, say definitely on this?

But to return to more tasteful subjects. "Foo" and "FooFoo", I might explain, are practically synonymous, there also being a common noun, uncapitalized, "foo". I might put it briefly by saying that there are ancestral voices, invoices, outvoices, and foovoices, if you get what I mean.

One of the lines of research that we are pursuing at present is the suggestion that the syllable "thon" in "The Visitation" (winner of cover contest in an early

Amazing) was a mistake for "foo". Thus "thonmelek", "thontara", "the glory of the Thon", etc., would become "foomelek", and so on. It will be recalled that the thonmelek (or foomelek) was a membraneous frill on the head, resembling an Amerindian's headdress. The theory is that the American aborigines adopted the warbonnet in imitation of a now extinct race of which they knew, that was in closer communion with the True Foo than anyone now living. This would explain the origin of many Amerind words, such as the Seminole "Appalachifoola", "Coafoochee", "Nithlafoochee", "Cafoosahatchie", etc.

B that as it may-- The movement is sweeping this continent like wildfire. Of those who have already seen the Way and the Light, and entered our glorious legions, you might recognize the names of the foolowing: Captain Razzamatazz J Harvey Haggard, Proselytus Prime Madle, the aforementioned Louis Kuslan and his sister--who is our Poetess Laureate--, the Moskowitz, Grand Vizier Dale Hart, Morajo (Handi-Maiden to the HFFF), Foojak (who occasionally goes by the name of Ackerman), etcetcetc, and, of course, our adored Hi Priestess of All Foo, Pogo.

But this is a particularly timely concern for you Britishers, who live within bombing distance from Germany. You may never see the light of another day! Wouldn't it be awful to go down to eternal damnation without ever having known the Glories of Foo? Betcher boots it would. Turn now! Before it is too late! Acknowledge FooFoo as your Personal Foo!!

Nor is it enough that you so resolve in your own mind. You might die, and no one would ever know the Difference. You must have your name enscrolled on the eternal Scroll. Pending the setting up of a more permanent system, our commander in the East, yours truly, the Royal General of FooFoo, will receive your confessions of footh at my Washington/DC headquarters, 1812 R NW. Your name will be enScrolled --you might even have a month of our calendar named after you!--and you will be sent a card which will tell anyone who finds your body, This man was a Foo-man.

Forward, FooFoo!

(Unfortunately, owing to the intensification of siege conditions in Great Britain, we have not been able to proceed with our plans there, but since there is no report yet of any British fan being a fatality, perhaps all will yet have a chance to know the glories of the Foo.)

"Oh, that's just theoretical junk." -MAR

THUMBING THROUGH M' SCRAP BOOKS

I trust no one will weep because this department is shorter than usual this time.

A few more words about my old scrapbook. This was not of the looseleaf sort, and bulges rather badly now, not to mention the mud and mildew on it and the cracked yellow pages. I had set out to index the contents on the inside covers, but fortunately that is now out of the question.

A whole page is devoted to an amateurish television screen (I never could draw machinery) "Presenting Philip Francis Nowlan Stf.D. & Lieutenant Richard Calkins Stf. A.B. Consult pictures to the right-- Accepted Stf. Board" all caps. There follow three pages of marvelous inventions of Dr. Huer, some ingenious, some very sappy; a number of comic stamps, published at the time the stamp craze was sweeping comics, and incidentally at a time when Brandco was drawn decently; and a cartoon of Jimmy Durante and two Pointers for Parents that wandered in before the pages were filled.

THEY DID NOT BE

In an idle moment at work I started out to systematically chart all the different variations of ways of writing the script capital F, of which there are more than ways to spell Shakspeare, which number 16, I believe. In fact, the cause of my giving it up was discovering so many new possibilities that they didn't fit into an orderly tabulation. But I had over a hundred roughed out when I stopped.

Intended to be included in a publication for the Mailing that came out about the time of the Tonepole occurrence was a notice drafted as follows: "Incidentally, will any person who received the Fourth Mailing and did not get a copy of The Morals and Dogma of Foo let me know? I sent copies to all those on the membership list in the Third Mailing, and wrote our revered ex-President and ex-ox-Editor asking who else besides those on the list in the Third Mailing got the Fourth, but he was too busy to reply, I guess." But anyhow, I still have those extra copies, and would be willing to send one to a person who has it coming.

"Comes the Revolution, all the workers will eat strawberries and cream."

Wonder how many fan votes Mr. Millkie lost when he jeered that the next thing we know Roosevelt will be wanting to harness the moon.

"But I don't like strawberries and cream."

Oh, darn! We went over the Spirit today with kerosene, and forgot all about cleaning our rocket pistol when the time came to wonder if there was anything else to use the kerosene for. However, it's down in the basement now, what's left of it, and we'll get around to it as soon as possible. (To cleaning the gun, not to the kerosene. We don't drink.)

"Comes the Revolution you'll eat strawberries and cream whether you like it or not!!"

CALL IT WHAT YOU WISH

The Baltimore Science Fiction League has made the Governor of Maryland an honorary member of its board of directors, and he, the poor dope, has accepted with pleasure. He thinks he's been given an honor.

Your reporter heard this from Lester del Rey, who heard it from John Rawlins, and Rothman had a sneaky look on his face when he refused to confirm or deny it. It is a rumor to the effect that on June 30 Milton is giving up his \$1620 job at the CSC, to begin work for the British Purchasing Commission at \$1800. If true, it is the blackest example in the annals of fandom, of a fan selling his ideals for a few gold coins.

The next issue of Unger's weekly will carry a report from usually reliable sources that Walter Daugherty was killed in attempting to stop a bank holdup. The first guy that dedicates an issue of a fanzine to his memory will be crowned prize dope of fandom at the Denvention.

Another feature of the Denvention will be a debate between, on the one side, those two stalwarts of decency, Heck Koenig and Jack Speer, and on the other an as yet unchosen representative each from the Futurian Society of New York and the Moonrakers Press, on the subject, "Resolved: That it is improper to include obscene or erotic material in fanzines."

MY PRIVATE GRAMMAR RULES

GATHERING UP LOOSE ENDS:

In our Summer/F40 number, the 2d paragraph of this dept contains the phrase "...should be used with the apostrophe or period whenever possible." "without" is of course what was intended.

I use both kinds of typewriter dashes, the--and the one that goes like - this. However, tho I'm frequently careless there, discretion should be exercised in the choice of dashes; --is usually better for a parenthetical, and - to express a break in the line of thot.

I didn't think to mention "who all" as a phrase similar to "you all", and quite correct where necessary to indicate the plural.

Our general observation about the greater individuality of words and symbols in fan writing justifies peculiar uses of punctuation marks, which may be imagined to have a definite meaning by themselves at times, and not to be simply accessories to the sentence: "Kuslan reports Singleton's suicide a fake. ?"; "Jollheim is in favor of it. :It is bad."

That's about all the remarks that occur to me now, playmates, tho I've probably overlooked lots of things I wanted to say. At any rate, you may consider this department at an end.

R D Swisher is a swoose

SPIRIT GETS A SKELETON: The girl friend and I were out at an amusement park last night, and in the box of candy that my steady trigger finger knocked off the favor was a little skeleton, with hands and feet joined to the body with tiny coiled springs, and a hula-like feather around its waist. This has now been dangled from one of the windshield wiper buttons in the Spirit of FooFoo to scare off gaughuists, vitons, and auto thieves.

Line we'd like to have an excuse to use somewhere: "He hiccoughed hoarsely."

This is the last thing to be typed on this issue. You will ~~remember~~ that Ramblings does not necessarily appear for every mailing, and we've decided this is a good time to skip another issue, as time is too short.

There were only a couple of things we wanted to talk about in it this time, and one was preliminary remarks and disclaimers on Milt's response to my remarks in his direction last time, which I haven't yet read. May say more about them in the next mailing; right now we just wanta say--but I haven't got space here to go into that.

The other thing is to urge you to vote for Rothman and Warner in the only two seats so far reported contested in this coming election. If platforms meant a fraction as much as persons, we might oppose Milt, but they don't. Wollheim is still a capable sort of person, and can continue to serve the FAPA as a critic, as he has done in the past, but I would oppose him for any post. For one thing, his and Lowndes' very Leftist sympathies are still obscure. It's not likely they're engaged in any subversive activity, and I hate it that political matters must be dragged in here; but this is 1941, and it might prove embarrassing to have a Communist found at our head. Purely aside from that, we don't think their past FAPA record justifies them in holding office again: After winning an election by methods which over half of the FAPA membership considered unfair and illegal--as evidenced by their signatures on the Petition of Reprimand--Wollheim, Lowndes, Michel, and Pohl quit it cold having served three months, had new officers appointed, and resigned..... Harry Warner you all know; there is nothing to be said against him and much to be said for him.

DEAR TEX

--Addressing this to you is rank apostrophe, since you've removed yourself from fandom, if not from life, and won't be reading it, but there are quite a few things I wanted to say after reading the second *Nepenthe*, and didn't get around to writing you, so will now employ this device of the open letter to express.

To proceed first to the main issue, your article anent Housman. Picking up points as I go, the first one that hits my eye is your assertion that the poet should ignore his possible audience. Unraveling the reason for my objection to that, I find a very basic difference of ideals. If you think that the most important thing in the world is the development of the individual personality (in what direction we will leave unanswered), then, yes, I suppose it's all right for people to write poetry and burn it. But if you think that the *summum bonum* must include an impact upon the world, then I think an audience is a very necessary thing, to be referred to frequently, to keep you on the track and preserve a relationship of your activities to reality, not to a dream world.

I hope that the quotation from Tennyson's poem about mother Ida was intended as a horrid example.

This thing of the indirectness of most great literature is a curious thing; I suspect that the reason for it is that the authors aren't able to handle their subject-matter head-on; that they just aren't capable of it. It would be better if they could, but they can't, so they have to hint around the edges, pretending that they know all the time what they're driving at, and the reader must batedbreathly strive to follow. Then, too, if they became too definite, they would start trampling on a lot of preconceived notions, unless they were supermentalities and could see and reconcile the ultimate truth, and probably their concretenesses would be no better than anyone else's. This is all very unclear, I know; I have a habit of going at something head-on and trying to express it directly, and running into a lot of trouble. But anyway, you can see that as long as Wordsworth limits himself to humming about "A sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, ... A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought", the materialists might stir restlessly and the church frown worriedly, but that would be all; while if he carried through his idea, to a conclusion that even he couldn't figure out, he would probably have offended materialist or theist or both, and been wrong in the bargain.

is simple verse--"da-Da da-Da da-Da-da"--bad? If simplicity is a vice, the ban should apply with double force to the exceedingly simple structure of blank verse; and yet the most exalted poetry in the language is in blank verse. My own feeling is that too complicated a rhyme scheme, too flowery a style, may very well obscure what the poet has to say, if anything. To Helen, for example, you quote in full; but I will confess that as many times as I've read it, I've never liked it, and haven't even seen that it was driving at anything in particular, as aimless as the countless Elizabethan love lyrics. You are probably right that Poe is writing about worshiping from a distance, and with that subject he might have struck some responsive memories in almost anyone, had he handled it right. But I was always too bothered about how I should pronounce Nicean and Maiad and Psyche, and trying to figure out what was supposed to rhyme, if anything, and plowing through the classical allusions, to see what Poe had in mind. Frankly, I sicken very quickly of

excessive use of figures & mythology to illustrate everything. Nor do I think that details like "His long hair was nine cubits span and coloured like that yellow gem which, hidden in their garments' hem, the merchants bring from Kurdistan", in *The Sphinx* (what ever possessed you to publish that?) help me to get an idea of what the guy was like; in fact, by that time I'd forgotten who he was talking about. That, of course, is an extreme example of indirectness, but it shows perhaps why some people believe the saw that directness is a virtue.

It is time, perhaps, that I said what I think good poetry should be based on. Some good poetry, I should say; I can enjoy also the kind of poetry that is just sounds strung together, when it is done well, and also that very artful type of poetry which tells nothing connected, but strings together random ideas in an attractive way. Those aside, I think a great deal of the reason for Housman's popularity is in his ability to take experiences common to nearly all men and recall them to us. He may point out something new that we hadn't thought of before ("That's just the word to describe it! The moon does look blank on a night like this."), but the important thing is to recall our own feelings to us--the distance will see to it that the more unpleasant things are forgotten, and lend its usual enchantment. "In all the great wide road ahead There's nothing but the night", or "Into my heart an air that kills From yon fair country blows; what are those blue, remembered hills, what spires, what valleys those?" is all that's needed to touch off a very pleasant chain of associations for me. The important thing about the poet is that he feels more intently what everybody feels, and expresses it. When he does that, there's no need to drag in a lot of corybants and Memphian lords and Colchian caves. Just say what's to be said, and say it in a language in which people are accustomed to hearing understandable things discussed. There's something about the poetic language that blanks out a large part of your ability to perceive, and calls forth more or less automatic and standardized responses.

A few words now about the rest of Neppie. It's just as well I didn't send you my guesses on which of the pseudonyms in the first issue were you; I was wrong on most of those that reappear in this. The paragraphs on contributors are rather full of the opinions of Earl Singleton rather than generally accepted statistics and details, but if it gets no worse than this, I can stand it.... I think that Miske's things on page 44 have crossed the very hazy poetry-prose borderline. It seems to me that poetry must have some conflict between form and meaning, at least that of it near the borderline must, and Miske's has crossed quite.... I liked nearly all of Dale Hart's stuff very well. His poetry shows an awareness of advanced forms, without any of the decadence that characterizes most of your free-verse contributors. Soul Mates was a wow; so were instructions found in a bottle and that tired feeling.... Ugh! Comes it Lowndes and Gradient? I'd suggest, Earl, before you publish any more erotic day-dreams or night-dreams, that you see what the US postal laws about that sort of thing are. They may permit it, but they may not... Lowndes examples that decadence I was talking about; and why does he always lay his scenes in the city? Oh, I know occasionally he writes of something far off in a wilderness, but when he isn't particularly thinking about the locale, he dances on the gleaming concrete of deserted terminals and parades on polished pavements. Liked his Admission in Full.... Chauvenet very good, particularly the triple phantasy. Fong and Youd very good in their respective ways. Death of a Materialist, Thunder in the Clouds, Entropy, all good. So long.juffus

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF THE DISTRIKON CITY

According to the original plan of Major L'Enfant, the city is divided into 4 quadrants, NE, NW, SW, SE, of which NW is the largest. The axes cross on the Capitol. North-south streets are numbered east and west from the Capitol; east-west streets are lettered, A to W, except J, north and south from the Capitol.

When the city grew beyond W, they invented the ingenious device of starting a new alphabet, composed of two-syllabled names — Bancroft, Calvert, Dana, etc., to Webster and one or two other W streets at various places across the city. Beyond that is an alphabet of three-syllabled names.

There are still a lot of farms out NE way

Some say there's a god for material here

According to a history prof, first thing Europeans want to see in Washington is Rock Creek — where Fulton worked on steamboats

Up here around the head of Connecticut Ave is Chevy Chase, Washington's best middle-class residential district, that is, Washington's best residential district

3016 + Northampton + del Rey used to live here

Perhaps greatest sin is more the Washingtonian moral, it's Rock Creek Park, miles of winding roads and woodlands

Perhaps was looked up, the same here for 3 days

Along Massachusetts Ave live the swells

Mass Ave

5134 Conduit Rd — John A. Briggs' home

Georgetown is older than old Washington and Georgetownians somewhat look down on the rest of the city

Met Acad of Sciences — Action exhibits

Studied

War Dept — Spear

MAR's F St place

The District was originally a 10-mile square. Virginia's part, across the Potomac, was ceded back, and now constitutes Arlington County, Va.

St Elizabeth's Hospital — polite name for the local edition of the usual place filled with people that think they're plans, Joaquin's milks, & the like.

Limits of the old city and L'Enfant's plans

1st — main main street

Capitol Lib of Cong

The upper Anacostia is swampy & full of islands

— Allison, Brandywine, Chesapeake, etc. The fourth alphabet, what there is of it, consists of plant names — Aspen, Beech, etc.

Thus Northampton is midway in the third alphabet, between McKinley and Oliver. Practically all streets fit into this pattern. Exceptions are

the avenues, usually diagonal and bearing a state name. Other exceptions are Reno Road, Military Road, Jackson Place, Executive Drive, and the like.