

When I remarked to Webster that I remembered fans by placing them geographically, he supplied a sketch map of Great Britain, which is here reproduced in substance for anyone else it may help.

MLG 25 25

the preceding...  
 I had one...  
 and other...  
 of 25...

Speer's

# SUSTAINING PROGRAM

FALL/F4<sup>3</sup>



10  
11  
12  
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 ...

The preceding Susro was the last from Western Avenue but not, as I thot it mite be, the last from Washington. This may not be, either, altho --well, I'd rather not guess about something that will be clarified later.

Sorry, no Mopsy this time.

I had one planned, with Opinion on Stan Center, How Many Dimensions Has Time?, remarks on Harry Stubbs's last article, maybe some an-alysis of the Co'mic Circle, and other stuff, but work on the Fancyclopedia, and now the jam involved in evacu-ating Washington, kept me from getting an issue done up.

My address until the middle of September will be General Delivery, Duncan Oklahoma. After that, c/o Phil Bronson until further notice. Your editor is Jack Speer.

.....

REMARKS ON THE THIRD-FOURTH MAILING  
Ah! made it a bit shorter this time

pp 1, 2, 3, 4,  
& 7

QUOTE-WORTHY JOKES  
Needs a bit of poetry sprinkled in to pep it up

p 5

REJECTED! --SPEER  
The speech that stf built

p 6

SLUMMING AND DINING  
New York looks especially cheesy in the ~~aim~~ <sup>aim</sup>out

p 7

SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES  
It makes school courses more interesting to tie them up with your hobby

pp 8, 9

ITEMS FROM MY SCARBOOKS  
This stencil looks dim; I hope it mimeos all right

p 10

LAST STOP NO LILBO  
Wastebasket junction

p 11

FICTITIOUS BULL DEFINITELY  
Note, Suddsy, that it's spelled with two Hs

p 11

ARS GRATIA ARTIS  
Another old department brot back temporarily

p 12

## REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH MAILING

Ugh. The first thing on the list is Fogorus again. It still stinks, but I will trouble to comment on a thing or two. Cleve Cartmill's forecast that someday s-f authors will run out of ideas certainly looks plausible; but if that's so, writers in the much more restricted fields of love, horror, etc, should have run dry long ago. Somehow they don't. "In Defense of Conscientious Objectors" reminds me of many attacks on atheism that I've seen. The religionist assumes that his belief is true in constructing his figure of speech ("All I see is the train; I don't believe there is an engineer"), and then cooks up some imaginary argument for atheism in that frame of reference. Obviously Rus has no conception of the CO's real attitude.... In the introductory line to this installment of Madman of Mars, I notice the word "Hite!" Is that what quarterbacks say when they mean "snappit to me"? I've always wondered.... Guteto gradually gets more informal. Hooray! Oh, Mororojo; I notice in Zamonhof's poem on the back page, he slides some sounds and substitutes apostrophes, as in "de l'homare". Must we have that in Esperanto too?

Come in and make yourself at home, Laney. By the way, thanks for sending me a copy of that letter. You seem to have handled Old Meanie very well. You mite have added that fans are interested in lots of things besides stf, but Crane's read fanzines that Heck and I sent him, and should know that.

I deny the right of any elected officer to take a vacation from his official duties. Elmer seems still (27 Aug) to be on that vacation he talks about, and the laureate business is way overdue.

Lovecraft did some marvelous work with the sonnet form, varying it yet keeping to the rules --except for one little thing. I learned that the sextet may rhyme any way that does not give it a concluding couplet, because the rhiming of the last two lines is characteristic of the Shakespearean sonnet, which divides 12-2 rather than 8-6. I have a criticism on the editing, aside from occasional typing errors: Certain groups of sonnets are connected narratively, they start out that way, and when the first group is finished and there is no particular division, one keeps looking for a continuation of the story in subsequent stanzas.

Sci-Fic Variety: "King Charlemagne" --wow! Amen to the case of Campbell's howevers.

Liabscher's Excursion to a Madhouse in Wowsy Wamblings is enjoyable. But Whopdoodle is marred by smutty humor and incoherency. That incoherency is something you want to watch in whimsical writing, folks; up to a certain point stream-of-consciousness is good. But when the consciousness is not observing any--call it discipline--the result is a lot of words which the writer may enjoy putting down, but which arouses the impatience of the reader. Walt's Wramblings is to some extent the same kind of guff, but has better stuff on most of its pages. Yup, when I was a lul laddie I used to make biottos, but I didn't try to attach any significance to them. Yourn are pretty good. Sez you "concerns worship of Pagan Gods, that's fantasy, ain't it?" Sez I not unless the gods actually do something; mere worship of Pagan Gods is a mundane fact. For Fop'sake, watch your punctuation, Walt: you don't want us to call you a fourteen year old mentality, do you? Mother Liabscher's Problem Corner was swell. Two bits of old stuff here: the monthly expense account on the stenografer, and the I understand you undertake business. Your comments on surrealistic jokes and shaggy dogs are noted, and have been considered in doing the bits on those for Fancyclopedia, but I don't fully agree with your distinction between them.

Lynn sez sociology is a science the same as physics or chemistry. I submit that that is a gross overstatement. When and if you can say "Nazi raiders vented their fury in new bombing attacks" to a man and predict his reaction accurately, then you may

have psychology that can rank as a science as much as the physical ones, but that can't be done yet. Hm. I see that I'm speaking of psychology instead of sociology, but it's the same principle. I also take exception to your agreeing that flag and country rate above everything else, and doubt that you really meant it.

The new cover series on En Garde seem to be moving up historically; is the idea environment vs man? Ashley's writeup of the Midgicon, now, is what I like to read, Walt. Lots of fun in it, but it tells you enuf that you can join in the fun. I disagree that letting one's mind flit from one thing to another tends to delay sleep; that's the surest sign I have that I am about to go to sleep, when my mind starts wandering. Ach. My experience in proselyting wasn't as successful as Robinson's. I too saw a lady in Union Station wondering what magazine to buy; she even kinda asked my advice. But she didn't take it... EA: Sure I said that, Suddsy, near as I can remember. Unlike certain people we could name, I never introduce fictitious bits into factual accounts to add to their attractiveness. Hey, Walt, are scormfs, frubbles, and framfouses and super-fornchy MFS Silly Story talk, or did you make 'em up?... Late Communiqué from Secretary was just in time; we were all set to by-pass "ex-member" Elmer in laureate arrangements; looks like we may have to yet if he doesn't jar loose.

Jinx has a swell cover. The quotation from my letter looks rather silly, cut off as it is. I went on to explain that when I was sixteen, we had the Lady Windemere quotation drilled into us in Public Speaking, so that it was like meeting an old friend when I came across it again. Daw suggests complete cessation of subscription fanzines and an over-all FAPA. This was strongly disapproved in an IPO poll. Situation now is considerably different, but: if we had that, how could new fans get acquainted? how could we keep the fan who doesn't want to be super-active and publish several hundred copies of something at his own expense, but does find certain parts of the fanzine field worth his two bits?... Poems like Chauvenet's in Silver Dusk, that have rime, ought to have some regularity in their line-lengths. And cc's "I envy the patter of the rain Because it beats faster Than my poor heart When I see you" simply is not poetry. Raym's "In the valley of volcanoes" is good!... Belatedly I have discovered among a mass of unread stuff, the Dixie Press post-Mailing for lastime. Paul Beach Wynburn says "You'll say my song is 'only fair'". I do. So why publish the stuff? The bowen conray piece in Jinx is obviously several years old. I hate people like Eastman who say that "verse" may be either poetic or non-poetic". When you ask them to define poetry, they mumble something about stimulating the imagination and being beautiful. Cripes, guys; lots of girls are beautiful and stir my imagination, but they aren't poetry in any sensible meaning of the word. You're so afraid of defining something because, like some Humanist said, every definition is an exclusion in some measure, and you don't wanta exclude anything. You've got the all-all-all mania of Whitman et al. Everything is connected with and part of everything else, and you dassn't draw any definitions. Nuts.

Sardonyx: I like the Ancient Mariner very much. Wanta fite? Re delirious images: When I had an illness or two when I was kid, I got the idea that everything was becoming chunky and breaking up into hunks which became squared and fitted neatly into one another. What did that signify, I wonder. That migraine is strictly hereditary is news to me. What's your authority? It isn't facts, known or unknown, that determine whether we're right or wrong in supporting the war; it's future events, which, Heinlein would agree, are not facts. And I doubt that they are strictly determined by present facts. Nope, I didn't change Ramblings to Mopsy because of Walt's Jr. I'd been discontented with the old name for some time, and changed it New Year's at the same time I made a number of other reforms, such as in the title of this department. I don't think your ability to keep a large number of different objects clearly in mind

is exactly what the psychologists mean in saying that one can't grasp a quantity greater than 5. Oh, and referring back to the changes I just mentioned, they weren't irresponsible, but long premeditated, and an unusual thing that I won't likely do again for a good while. "Efficiency" as I used it, and as Acky argued it, refers primarily to a minimum of effort, which isn't something to be especially sought in romance. Ah, you restated your fatalistic aim for philosophy, partly to forestall me in rebuttal. But I still differ with you. Notice the quoteworthy quote last time saying that the environment as well as the individual may be changed in bringing man and the world to terms. And outside events do not "determine" man's destiny as long as the machinery of him can make choices as important as the one I made today, in filing an application for foreign service. Your gloomy prophecy of future events sounds uncomfortably possible, but I don't think it has .50 probability. Milty's line about Heidelberg is lovely. Say, Russell; I think you've owed me a letter for some time. Has any been lost in the mail, do you reckon? Or have you taken a vacation too?

Warner's Horace: I'm afraid I've never enjoyed The Raven as much as I should because I first read it several times when I was too little to appreciate it. But I disagree with your rejection of Poe's account of the way he wrote the poem. Obviously, some of the principles he mentioned were decided long before, and some were more subconscious than conscious, but I understand that the authorities believe it is substantially correct. "Foo on Speer for" etc is a benediction, Harry; thank you. "Cis-Atlantic" means "on this side of the Atlantic", haven't you ever heard of Cisalpine Gaul? J-20 is Jay Score; Jane 6EM32 is Taurasi's Magician of Space. You underestimate the hardihood of Boston pigeons; Gertie and many more were there in February. Re Basic English: I wonder if the foreigners are expected to use the English forms for all the different parts of "to be". And I notice "got stiff" for "stiffened"; but "get" in this idiomatic expression means something entirely different from "get" in other connections; must foreigners learn our idioms too?

Len Moffatt, we hear, is one of those misguided souls who plans to move to New York. I disagree with his separation of will power from heredity and environment in any ultimate sense; it may however be a convenient rule-of-thumb distinction. Christianfan may be right in saying Sammy Glick wouldn't have been a failure if he'd had something like Christianity to counterbalance other influences; I don't think it's the religion itself however, but the general culture that has grown up partly under its influence--mere conversion to Christian belief wouldn't have saved him.

No comment occurs to me on the preceding publications bearing the Tetrahedron sign.

Doc's statement that the central figures of the FSNY have made out better than they dreamed is interesting. I wasn't aware that the CPASers would have said that the summit of their ambition was to edit half a dozen pulps, maybe or maybe not including a stf pro. Regardless of the Red Army's contribution to the war against Germany, we don't have to like them, salute them, do we? Nuts to your upbraiding of Milty; you admit that your bunch was too extreme; Milty was trying to contribute exactly what you needed: moderation. I think his point, so far as he had one, in asking whether you hadn't talked enuf about fitting Fascism, is that the work you're engaged in cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to contribute to the war effort, which you would seem to place superior to all other endeavors for the present. I rather think that a Mohammedan Occident would be less humanitarian etc than ours with a Christian background, and humanitarianism is one of the outstanding features of our modern civilization. Use of title "Dear Futurains" for comment on Hornig's Future was explained at that time, I believe. I'm inclined to disagree with your statement that heredity determines your abilities and the limit to them, and environment how you will use them; I don't think there's

any definite limit beyond which training won't bring some improvement. The best idea-model I've seen shows heredity as base and environment as altitude of a rectangle; the area is the product of the two. Doc frazes his comments on Mopsy as the he thot he was disagreeing with me, but really everything he says is quite in line with Mopsy's remarks. Lt Eskridge, my brother-in-law, was much taken with Buck Wollheim Rides Tonight. He read it with avid interest and laid it down snortling, "Gawd!".... I have no particular comments marked on Reader and Collector, but liked it as usual.... While Unger's Yearbook is a worthy work, I want to take issue on the classifications that he inherited from Tucker and perpetuates, with additions. Maybo, as Julie told me, the decimal system suggested in Spaceways wasn't suitable. But I hardly see how it could have been as bad as the one he uses. Look at some of those classes. "Adventure": that tells a hell of a lot, doesn't it? "Fantasy": Good Honk, if it wasn't fantasy it shouldn't be included in the Yearbook. What use does Julie expect these classifications to serve, aside from giving the editor a vague satisfied feeling that he's done his duty? Suppose someone goes down the list counting the interplanetaries, to see what proportion they are of the entire number of stories. His figures are meaningless, because he hasn't counted the separately-classified Jameson stories, which are all interplanetaries, and the "Invasions", some of which are interplanetary, etc.... Adulux Boskan was a challenge to my cryptographic ability. I managed to figure out some of the shorter words, like particles, from their use, but couldn't dope out the longer, important ones, even after getting an edition of Escp and looking thru it, and had to ask Doc for the answers.... K2 Phantagraph is nice, but misspells both Splfrsk and Brfsk. Why can't people get those straight? "Founded in 1934 as the TFG Bulletin"; but were ever two fanzines less alike than the present Phantagraph and the old Bulletin? The Booklings is cute. Are they any kin to the baby mimeo that Pohl found under his mimeograph after reading Children of the Betsy B?.. Nuts to Ray and the stupid criticism of the name "Bonfire". Is Daw just griping to be griping, or doesn't he know the derivation of the name?

Belatedly remembered is the post-Mailing containing the Annex. I agree with Bob Jones against those who seem to want to have nothing but individ fanzines in the FAPA. This issue of Pegasus is neatly done, but has no outstanding material. The Woll of Duorm tries a little to hard to get that archaic effect; performs inversions and starts sentences with conjunctions too often.

Thos has a striking but enigmatic cover. Reminds me of a painting of an angel telling the shophers, down in the National Gallery, but this seems to come from Nordic nythology. Art makes an acute point in asking Alan P what kind of continuity--straight or curved. I remember with amusement a note in the preface to the 1914 War Department decimal classification book, saying that the subjects covered had served the Department for say 50 years, and it was reasonable to suppose they'd suffice for another 50.... Aagh! has nice material for the most part. "The Loveliness of Stenchos" is obviously something that Shroyer submitted for Widner's projected Stinky, which he wanted to concentrate all the stinks of fandom.

Swisher, if you say the word I'll back a move to automatically expel any member who introduces more than twelve new names for fanzines in a single issue, the way Norm does with "Thrilling Wonder Toda", etc, which presumably must all be entered in the Check-List. Was that misprint line bottom p 10 intentional, or did you try using the wrong shade of nail polish for correction fluid? (I've found mp rather unsatisfactory, but that's what I'm having to use on this issue.) Re spelling pronunciations, it's noteworthy that Spanish and German, which have pretty phonetic spelling, retain the old values for each letter much better than French and English. Yea, Swisher; you'll have to list the FA Boghouse, too. On cellophane-covered stencils, the cellophane is merely litely stuck at the top and can be pulled (concluded--I swear it--on p 7)

QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES

"Mr Hughes appears to be a typical conservative and believes that nothing should ever be tried for the first time." Mr Brown, America's Town Meeting

"... the bitterest and most furious combats are generally fought between those who agree on fundamentals, for there is no greater annoyance that a man can suffer than attack from persons who agree with him in the main, but who apply his principles to conclusions utterly foreign to his liking." --The Puritans

"Now what kind of logic is this that argues: Because art is not pure pleasure, therefore pure art is absolved from the need of giving pleasure; because art is not pure morals, therefore pure art is absolved from any concern with morals? One might as well say, e.g., that cookery which is relished for the pleasure it gives is pleasure, and not cookery at all; therefore cookery has nothing to do with pleasure." --More, the Situation of Pure Art

"So much for the past of the Fable. Has it a future as a mode of literary expression? Scarcely; its method is at once too simple and too roundabout. Too roundabout; for the truths we have to tell we prefer to speak out directly and not by way of allegory. And the truths the Fable has to teach are too simple to correspond to the facts of our complex civilisation; its rude graffiti of human nature cannot reproduce the subtle gradations of modern life." --Jacobs

"To inflate a fragmentary fact into an all-dominating, timeless truth is the cartoon type of abstraction." --Golo Mann, the Nation

"Now, in goods for personal expression such as vases and dresses and books, too great a degree of uniformity is an evil, an evil for which Europeans have often reproached the United States. But nobody is sentimental about sewer pipe and coal shovels; nobody finds poetry in the subtle variations between one carpet tack and another. The task was to substitute order not for liberty but for a purely unintentional chaos." --Preston W Slosson

"For criticism is inseparable from intelligence. It is the food upon which intelligence is nourished" --Shafer, PEM&AC

"To put the question in its extremest form, it is a fact, as Hobbes asserted, that even under absolute tyranny which he advocated freedom was not taken from men, simply because, although you may place penalties on certain actions, and may thus even take life, you cannot take away freedom. The freedom to rebel is absolutely inalienable. It is only a question whether, in any given case, men think the cause worth the risk involved." --ibid

"Each insists upon denouncing as irresponsible and futile all the writers in whom it is impossible for him to find his own particular moral stated in his own particular terms." --Wilson, Notes on Babbitt and More /not of them/

"... fine workmanship itself must always convey an implicit moral ... One must allow a good deal of apparently gratuitous, and even empty or ridiculous work, if one wants eventually to get masterpieces." --ibid

"Intellectual life is a form of experience which can be realized only in common with others through membership in a social community." --Creighton

"Mere willfulness is another name for ignorance." --Townsend



Not expressly rejected, but ignored. Chief interest of the speech to fans, it was that, would be the evidences of stfnal and fan influence on it, but by now probably few of my readers will have read *The Crooked Road*. Recall that this was written when I was at the peak of the Michslis controversy, and see if you can't also forgive the grandiloquent style. Incidentally, the speech was delivered from brief notes without memorizing; next morning I wrote it down as nearly as I could recall it.

#### THE SPEECH THAT ST. BUIET

I understand that as valedictorian it is now my duty to thank you, as parents and friends, for your presence here tonight. This I do with all my heart. [Not long before, I had been reading Edward's post-abdication speech.]

But if I were to go ahead and follow tradition, I would probably make a brave speech setting forth all the things that we, the Senior Class, hope to do where others have failed. However, I have never been ~~noted~~ noted for following tradition, and I don't propose to let it hamper me.

For we, the graduating class, realize that we are not so greatly different from the class of '37 or the class of '36 or the class of '35, in that we are simply a fairly good cross-section of the kind of people that are graduating from high school all over the country this year. In the half a hundred people gathered on this stage there are some wild-eyed radicals, there are a great many whose sole aim will presently come to be to earn a decent living for themselves and their families, and there are some who will bow for the "good old days".

The fact that we are typical, however, should not blind us to the probability that we are just a little better equipped than any previous graduating class to make the world a better place to live in-- this we believe is true because we are graduating this year instead of last year or the year before.

The way things are now, with the taboos and superstitions and outworn customs might be compared to a crooked road winding off over hills and valleys, making the way long and tiresome for the traveler. Nevertheless, the traveler must travel this road because there is no other. Still, the crooked road gradually is straightened. This year, perhaps, a bridge will be built that will take a few miles off the journey; in three or four years from now, it may be that a short cut may be constructed to take another kink out of the crooked road. To build an entirely new road, straight to the destination, would be the method of the revolutionist. However, this is not a practicable method, and the best that we can hope for is that we may be able to take a few more kinks out of the crooked road than any previous group; that we may do a little more than any graduating class in the past to make the world a more bearable place to live in. This we feel we can do because we believe that we are a little more tolerant; that we are not quite so ready to condemn a person for his politics or religion or the section of the country that he comes from; that if a person refuses to conform in dress or manners, life is not quite so unbearable for him as it would have been in the past.

Of you we ask only your indulgence; that you remember that when you were our age you also had grand dreams of what you would do. We appreciate everything that you have done for us, and hope that in a few more months or years that we will be able to do things for ourselves. And we feel that when we are watching our children graduate, that the world will be a much better place, and a great many kinks will have been removed from the old crooked road.

I feel that this is inevitable. In the words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." That is my personal belief.

SLUMMING EXPEDITION

I had some three pages drafted for this, but due to space limitations can hit only the high spots.

Upon arriving in New York, I braved the subways to Brooklyn and Julius Unger's store. Suddsy was there, I faltered in recognizing him. Julie returned soon. Suddsy and I went to supper and I spent the time telling him what's wrong with New York, cussing out the unamalgamated foreigners generally, and expressing horror at his ambition to work on PM. On our return, he and Julie took five or ten minute turns talking to me while the other handled customers; mainly we talked about the portion of the Fencyclopedia ms that I had along. Julie is still unnecessarily ~~blatant~~ about what the war's done to fandom, but he has more staying power as a fan than I gave him credit for; I'd rate him number one in what remains of New York fandom. The store is his father's, who is ill. The once a day-laborer, Julie had been making good money for some time as a trucker, in addition to his profitable fantasy exchange, but had to give up the trucking to take care of the store.

Evening was advancing, and I wanted to see Doc. So we made complicated phoning arrangements with Mrs Unger as the intergoer, which didn't work out well. I got messed up on the subways and walked for miles (New York doesn't know that 100 numbers aren't supposed to stretch over several blocks), and made use of the Fencyclopedia to get Doc's address when the one Julie had given me proved false. Doc wasn't in, and while waiting for him or the other two to put in an appearance, I walked around a while and then dozed in the doorway quite Bohemianly.

When Suddsy and Strictly From showed up, the latter was eager to read the ms of Cy. Sorry, it's in my bag, which is inside by Doc's door, and the front door is now locked. Julie put some mild curses on me. We left a note for Doc and wandered around 2d hand magazine stores and penny arcades, cut a record, and waited for Shaw at the Times Bldg. Missed him, so went down to Little Jarnevon, where Shaw and Degler finally entered, in the wee small hours. I'd been afraid, from Shaw's foto and other evidence, that he'd be one of these inadequate introverts, but he turned out to be a very reasonable guy with a sense of humor that safeguards him from a multitude of faults. And he doesn't intend to stay in New York.

Against Unger's protest, we decided to make another sortie against the Futurian Foundation, and Deglore and I even made a walking race for some blocks. We rang the bell for Doc, yelled "Doc Lowndes, stick out your head!", and I managed to stumble noisily on the stair. Inside, everybody read the sheets for Cy and Doc, Julie, and I discussed corrections. Day had broken when we finished, so we went for breakfast, now numbering six. I took time out to fone Donald Balter-Welheim to seek a conference with him on Cy, but he was going to be busy that morning, no doubt having church to attend. In our fangabbing, we rehashed the old question, how many real fans are there; I heard of the bustup of two fans' marriages; and in general we learned many things that come out only in such conversations. Ch, yes; Cornsy was mixed up in that New Yorker writeup; he foned Doc for some data for it.

Shedding Doc and Julie, we young uns went out to Coney Island, but nothing started there till noon, so we returned to Penn Station, Suddsy and Shaw quickly lapsing into Morpheus's arms while I applied semantics above the subway's roar to Degler's Cosmic Circle (or Comic Circle, as Suddsy irreverently calls it).

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH MAILING continued:

loose for making corrections, then restuck. Diplomatic Commandos? Free lances in Diplomacy? Yesterday's Ysars was swell again. What's dornicks? "Uff!" I said when I saw the Speer letter from the Correspondent; "this guy is as omniscient as your conscience."

## SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES

Discussion of this synonym for science-fiction, by which it is best known as literature, usually turns upon the likely confusion in the common reader's mind with North-West Romances, Romantic Fango, etc. It seems to have been assumed without question that fiction based on such romantic material as post s-f is, will come under the type of literature properly called romantic.

But I doubt it. No one is more thoroly neo-classical than Jonathan Swift (neo-classicism and romanticism are directly opposed by definition), yet the material of Gulliver's Travels is 100% romantic. Apparently, there is something else that determines whether a story is classical or romantic.

Stories may be classified according to three different and independent characteristics. First is that of material. Classical material, in this employment of the expression, is setting and characters which are part of the experience of the reader. Romantic material is setting and/or characters which are alien to the reader's experience. Considering such things as atomic power plants as being part of the setting, it is obvious that practically all science-fiction, weird fiction, and pure fantasy is romantic in material.

The second thing to look at is the treatment, whether it is realistic or idealistic. Realism is very much in the ascendancy today, but idealistic treatment (that is, having events occur and characters act as you mite imagine them to rather than as they actually do) is certainly preserved in such comedies as The More the Merrier and the Blondie comic strip, and I suspect there's a considerable element of it in such war stories as The Moon Is Down. Juvenile fiction, with the 100% pure hero and the deep-dyed villain, is idealistic. In the past, idealistic treatment has usually been linked with romantic material, and realistic treatment with classical material: Deerslayer is a good example of the one, and What Makes Sammy Run? of the other. There is a theory that you get best-sellers by crossing the two sets, particularly realistic treatment of romantic material. This gives us such outstanding stories as Gone With the Wind.

But neither material nor treatment nor both are sufficient to determine whether a story is a romance or a classicism. A burlesque like Legion of Lions is romantic in material, and idealistic in treatment, yet I think it would be considered a classical tale, because its primary object is satire, which is almost always a classical type. And for an example of romantic fiction that is classical in material and realistic in treatment, I suggest what is commonly so called: love stories, true romances, ktp. My acquaintance with them is very limited, but I see no need for going beyond realistic description of the characters' actions and states of mind in such stories, and certainly not beyond material so classical that any Washingtonian can see it as he drives down Rock Creek Parkway of an evening.

The difference that emerges so far is that of appeal. If the appeal is primarily to the intellect, the tale is classical, however presented; if the purpose of the story is primarily to arouse the emotions, it is romantic.

Now I know, and you should if you've followed some earlier dissertations, that there can be no appeal to the intellect aside from the emotions, since there is no such thing as purely intellectual motivation. (Emotions I treat as being the expression of instinctive drives in the universal pleasure-seeking motivation of mankind.) Nevertheless, certain drives (curiosity, attainable power and property, long-range self-preservation, and humor) are usually considered intellectual, as contrasted with the more obviously sentimental ones (sympathy, lust, fear-horror, and escapism).

In the lite of this, let us examine some fantascience stories to see whether they are scientific romances.

Look first at Wells, our chief enemy to the men of letters. The Time Machine is obviously romantic in material. It's been some time since I read it, and I'm not sure whether you'd call its treatment realistic or idealistic. The appeal, I fear, is equally indefinite. In the discussion of the practicality of time-traveling, why are we so interested? Is the thrill of "Could an instantaneous cube exist?" based on escapism, power-desire, curiosity, or just what? I don't know. The scenes toward the close of the story, particularly in the Time Traveler's journeyings on into the post-human future, are primarily emotional, but as to the whole story, I think the classification remains an open question.

A Christmas Carol. Classical (for Dickens's audience) except the ghosts, idealistic, and emotional. Romantic.

Lest Darkness Fall. Our interest here is all in the solution of problems, an intellectual drive. The treatment, too, is realistic, as is the usual thing nowadays. Classical, undoubtedly.

Darker Than You Think. Romantic material, probably realistic in common with most science fiction, and more strongly emotional than intellectual. I believe you'd call it a romance.

The Wizard of Oz. Children's stories present a problem, because most of the emotional emotions are little-developed in children. The appeal of the Oz books is probably to the intellectual feelings, but material and treatment are both in the opposite direction, and certainly historically such stories are part of the romantic movement.

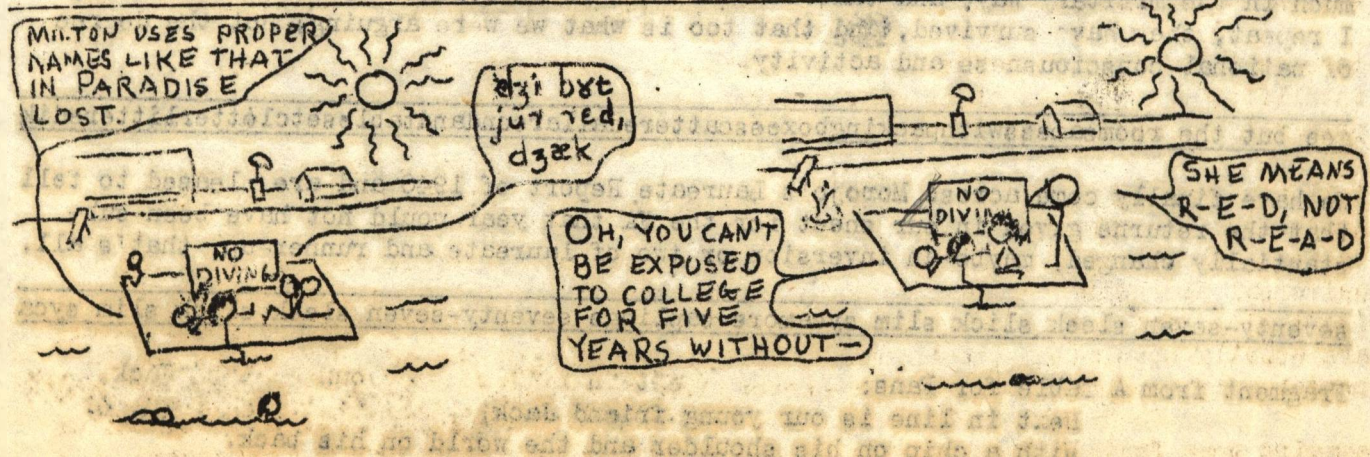
It may begin to appear from this that the appeal is no magical touchstone either, for determining whether a story is classical or romantic. Well, that isn't surprising. Even in the early Greek tragedians, fountainheads of classicism next to Homer, there is plenty of horror. The actual murders etc take place offstage however, partly because of the limitations of the Greek theater, but partly too because showing them would divert too much of the audience's attention to the emotionalistic possibilities rather than to the unrolling of the carefully integrated plot. The Iliad, Odyssey, and Aeneid are full of romanticism, tho they were the great idols of the 17th-18th Century Age of Reason.

Maybe there's no particular value in trying to say whether a story is romantic or classical, but it is an interesting exercise of the intellect. And if the attempt is made, I think it must be acknowledged that not all fantasy is romance.

Just couldn't spare space for an interlinguistic on p 7

Hilarious Sights Dept: Speer sitting on the basement floor during a blackout reading the Mailing while the household's Easter Lybbla chews at his magazines, shoes, clothes, and anatomy.

Current cover: Vombis



Tucker has sent me a couple of cartoons. One shows a gentleman in dinner jacket sitting at a small table drinking, smoking, and cutting meat with four arms like that Hindu god. The young lady across the table from him says, with nothing but exasperation, "Oh, Gerald, you're impossible". The other cartoon shows a smoking cannon with a spectacled gent standing beside it, and the moon with about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of it blown away. Says one of the Army officers, "Now frankly, Professor Cranston, don't you think your new gun is a little too powerful?"

Don't believe I've mentioned this before. I have preserved some pages from a poetry booklet that we made in school, about the Eighth Grade, I guess. There are some stanzas from Passing of the Planets - Venus, and the whole of Passing of the Planets - Luna, together with a sketch at the end of meteors crashing thru the Lunar city, and a colored full-page drawing, not half bad, of a spaceship slanting down onto the barren Luna of the present day. The teacher did not pencil in any comments.

### Laying up funds for the Fandom Foundation will help the President stop inflation

Goody! Lynn Bridges has sent me his stencils to mimeo, so now I can comment on his material in this mailing like the Wohlheimists used to.

Thanks for the clarification of dressed-up westerns. I find myself substantially in agreement with you. However, I suggest that the term "dressed-up westerns" is very inadequate. There was that story of Hubbard's about guys who wouldn't talk under torture, which could much better have been placed in the present war. And there are also cartoons like Gus Wood's on the back of the last Pogorus, where the only fantastic thing is that it takes place on Mars or somewhere. On the other hand, cartoons like the often-seen hitch-hiker on the asteroid are not dressed-up westerns, because the thing is more amusing when placed in such a setting. Another thing: while the plot may be run-of-the-mill, if the main interest is not in the plot but in the setting or something else (as in The Stolen Dormouse), I don't think it should fall into this classification. And finally, as you've mentioned, some hack stories, like gotta-fix-the-spaceship's, are not dressed-up mundanes, even if they do stink.

Last I heard of Liechtenstein, it was pretty cowed by Germany, but Hitler had decided against annexing it. And the San Marinese, I suppose, are still happily issuing postage stamps. I doubt that they joined their army to Italy's like they did in the last war. I too have wondered about Monaco.

Oh, yes, they're quite serious about Slan Center. It's the supreme endeavor so far in that fanaticalism I was talking about.

Note you that the fighting qualities of the Jews, which you extol, are not so much in the military way, and that is what we were debating. As for the Chinese, I repeat, they have survived, and that too is what we were arguing, not the degree of national consciousness and activity.

gee but the rooms are swith packing boxes scattered all around and table set cluttered with

We have finally come across Moxojo's Laureate Report of 1940 and are pleased to tell that the returns given in our sheet for the FA that year would not have been substantially changed; maybe an inversion or two of laureate and runner-up, that's all.

seventy-seven sleek slick slim sycamore saplings seventy-seven sleek slick slim syca

Fragment from A Table for Fans:

Next in line is our young friend Jack,  
With a chip on his shoulder and the world on his back.

## LAST STOP TO LIMBO

"Unsolved mysteries of stf" is apparently the working title of an article I once intended to write. Several such pieces will never be written because the worthwhile particles in them have appeared elsewhere; probably, in this case, the Fan-cyclopedia.

Here's a note whose significance I remember even less about: "Nah stuhsg uhgah oh nihw aggih". I think it's saying that someone is a good guy, only a little wacky.

Here is a clipping datelined Hagerstown Md, which says a huge elephant was seen strolling down the Boonsboro pike in the early evening 2 June, lost from a carnival which was laid up for repairs. I ought to be able to make some smart crack about that, but the goddess Inspiration must be staying down at Cp Sibert. So I toss it into the sympathetic wastebasket.

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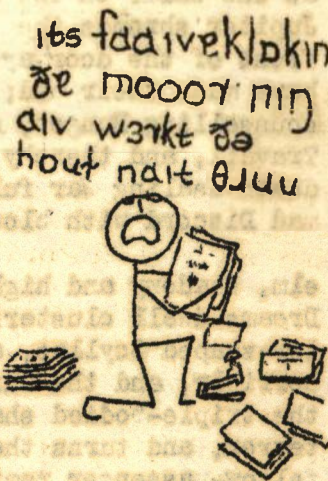
 Buy bonds to build Slan Center
 

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While Boucher seems to be gradually receding from his belief in profecy, I find it very interesting to remember how he went out on a limb to predict that deGaulle would invade France via Italy, at a time when the idea seemed utterly absurd, deGaulle's forces being a thousand miles from Italy, and the liberation invasion to be across the English Channel, of course.

Seen in War Dept files: "A&N Stf Colg" (Army&Navy Staff Col)

In the official organ of the Methodist youth organization for west Washington, on the front page of the July issue, appears the following interlineation: Vive FooFoo! a bas ghughu! In the same issue is a reprint from the Moonrakers' fanzine Sweetness and Light.




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 But he's just as happy as if he had good sense
 

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## FICTITIOUS BUT DEFINITELY

Suddsy contributes a couple more:

It is rumored that H C Koenig is studying the diabolical arts in a supreme effort to be avenged on Julie Unger for the latter's Odd Tales hoax. People passing by K's home late at night hear strange noises. Something like this "IA, IA Cthulu nfufthagn. Ilyeth Malch'mouvis, pthegnof Unger shelpdokrl sklmpf dia oo aodaun agus bas Unger. Cthulhu Nfufthagn."

(Suddsy) was in New York last week I distinctly saw hair on Doc Lowndes' palms!! I'll swear to that on a stack of LeZ's.

Speer again. we would like to hear confirmation or denial of the report that the MFS was advertising in some fanzines for a recording of Scriabin's Ninth Sonata, shortly before Minneapolis became fan-forsaken. It will be remembered that this composition was given supernatural qualities in Conjure Wife.

According to a report in a Washington paper, the Interstate Commerce Commission has instituted proceedings against a certain company which is accused of making mimeo stencils which, after a period of three or four months, burst into flame by spontaneous combustion.

Here's where Dante and Milton got a lot of their ideas:

"And lo! about the first rays of sunrise the ground moaned underfoot, and the woodland ridges began to stir, and dogs seemed to howl through the dusk as the goddess came. 'Apart, ah keep apart, O ye unsanctified!' cries the soothsayer; 'retire from all the grove; and thou, stride on and unsheath thy steel; now is need of courage, O Aeneas, now of strong resolve.' So much she spoke, and plunged in ecstasy into the cavern's opening; he with unflinching steps keeps pace with his advancing guide.

"Gods who are sovereign over souls! silent ghosts, and Chaos and Phlegethon, the wide dumb realm of night! as I have heard, so let me tell, and according to your will unfold things sunken deep under earth in gloom.

"They went darkling through the dusk beneath the solitary night, through the empty dwellings and bodiless realm of Dis; even as one walks in the forest beneath the jealous light of a doubtful moon, when Jupiter shrouds the sky in shadow and black night blots out the world. Right in front of the doorway, in the entry of the jaws of hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed; there dwell wan Sickness and gloomy Eld, and Fear, and ill-counselling Hunger, and loathly Fenury, shapes terrible to see; and Death and Travail, and thereby Sleep, Death's kinsman, and the Soul's guilty Joys, and death-dealing War full in the gateway, and the Furies in their iron cells, and mad Discord with bloodstained fillets enwreathing her serpent locks.

"Midway an elm, shadowy and high, spreads her boughs and secular arms, where, one saith, idle Dreams dwell clustering, and cling under every leaf. And monstrous creatures and twy-shaped Scyllas, and the hundred-fold Briareus, and the beast of Lerna hissing horribly, and the Chimaera armed with flame, Gorgons and Harpies, and the form of the triple-bodied shade. Here Aeneas snatches at his sword in a sudden spasm of terror, and turns the naked edge on them as they come; and did not his wise fellow-passenger remind him that these lives flit thin and unessential in the hollow mask of body, he would rush on and vainly lash through the phantoms with his steel.

"Hence a road leads to Tartarus and Acheron's wave. Here the dreary pool swirls thick in muddy eddies and discharges into Cocytus all its load of sand. Charon, the dread ferryman, guards these flowing streams, ragged and awful, his chin covered with untrimmed masses of hoary hair, and his eyes a steady flame; his soiled raiment hangs knotted from his shoulders. Himself he plies the pole and trims the sails of his vessel, the steel-blue galley with freight of dead; stricken now in years, but a god's old age is lusty and green."

This is the epitaph of Aeschylus, the great pioneer playwright, who fought at Marathon. I trust you know now where Gela is.

"Beneath this stone lies Aeschylus, son of Euphorion, the Athenian, who perished in the wheat-bearing land of Gela; of his prowess the grove of Marathon can speak, and the long-haired Persian, who knows it well."