

presenting the second issue of Larry Shaw's publication...

C A L I F O R N I A

...being a curfew pub, dated June 1943, and distributed to
members of fapa

SAYINGS OF THE SPENCE
Quarterly Quibblings

by

Pfc. Paul Spence

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Since the first installment of this column, an awful lot has happened to me. It dizzies me to think of it. A few days after I mailed the first "Sayings" to Larry, I was stumbling over the icy roads of Fort Devens, Mass., a bewildered rookie hemmed in by hordes of veterans of at least a day, who cheerily shouted, "You'll be sorry!" At Devens I received the usual quota of G. I. clothes, shots, short-arm examinations, and sore feet. Then off in a train which certainly antedated the first World War, for a destination unknown.

The destination turned out to be Miami Beach, where I received basic training as a member of the Army Air Forces. Miami Beach is easily the most amazing place I've ever seen; not only does it boast the ever (well, almost over) blue skies, nodding palm trees, luscious girls, and other matters discussed in travel folders, but -- well, just imagine a Paul future city come to life, and you'll have some idea of Miami Beach! It's a dumbfounding conglomeration of tall white modernistic buildings, a seaside, palm-studded version of 2036 Everytown!

Against that background I drilled and drilled and drilled until I was to all intents no more than a blob of sweat with two swollen feet. Then, abruptly, I found myself in chilly Pawling, New York, attending cryptography school. A nice place, an interesting subject -- and at Pawling I met Joe Fortier.

Some of you folks, I understand, have a good deal of dislike for Joe; I wonder whether you know Fortier personally. On the basis of two weeks of association with him -- spending at least an hour or so every day with him -- I am of the impression that Joe is as nice a chap as you could desire. He claims much misunderstanding has arisen because of his frequent habit of speaking with his tongue in his cheek. Certainly some such explanation is needed to reconcile Joe's unfortunate reputation in some quarters with his friendly, humorous, generous self.

All right, Joe, you can stop looking modest now; we're going on to other subjects. Back, in fact, to the most interesting subject of all -- me.

I left Pawling recently, clinging proudly to my cryptography diploma, and casting affectionate glances at my PFC chevrons (wishing, however, that the darn things would reproduce). This time my destination was Bolling Field, D. C. I've been trying to contact Speer, but so far without success (you do live in Washington, don't you, Jack?). Bolling Field is not my permanent station -- FooFoo only knows where I'll go next, and when.

One fan's reaction to the army: It is possible, surprisingly enough, to enjoy one's self from time to time, and on the whole one manages. Which, I suppose, is not the height of enthusiasm, but if you knew how exceedingly unmilitary a person The Spence is, your opinion of army life would be raised by my mild statement. (I assume, of course, that you're a civilian; if you're a soldier your opinion of army life is inflexible.)

I do miss the comforts of civilian life, particularly the intellectual ones, such as good music and bull sessions on something other

than sex. Correspondence and fanzines help somewhat, but they do not bring me Wagner and Gilbert & Sullivan. . . . However, this (as someone has acutely remarked) is war. Comforts necessarily go by the board.

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One of the things I'm especially looking forward to in the Summer mailing is the reaction to the Spring issue of The Nucleus. Not the response, if any, to my article -- I am well aware of the amount of worth in that slaughtered work -- but that to Trudy's sensational ramblings. Not so sensational from another person, perhaps, but coming from the typer of the girl who has up to now been content with her Gilbert & Sullivan and her crazy fans, this glorious Leftist document is something to write home about. Or so it seems to me. Trudy, to my mind, has never written with more vigor or sincerity.

I had the pleasure of seeing Trudy again while on pass from Pawling, and was surprised to find that she had not been torn to shreds by enraged reactionaries -- and to be assured most earnestly that her mysterious fiance is not a Futurian.

How about more such stimulating articles, Trudy? But keep within hailing distance of stf, please.

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More would be said about the Spring mailing, save that all I can remember about it is my general reaction of delight. I recall no dud in the entire mailing.

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Prodom is gone! Or it will be, to all intents, when (as I expect) ASF and UNK go. My article was -- if not good -- at least timely, n'est-ce pas? Now is the time to discover whether fandom is inextricably tied to prodom's apron strings. I'm sure it isn't. And maybe, after the war, there will come a new batch of prozines -- rather fewer of them, preferably -- molded nearer to our heart's desire.

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While in Miami Beach, I was so starved for stf in any shape, form, or quality that I actually -- mea culpa! -- bought a copy of Amazing Stories. It stank, of course, but I was newly surprised at Palmer's depravity to find two weird stories in it. Can you defend Palmer now, Mr Marlow?

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The various recent discussions of fantasy music have shamefully -- though understandably -- neglected what in my humble opinion is one of the very finest fantastic operas ever composed: Richard Strauss's "Die Frau ohne Schatten" ("The Woman without a Shadow"). This brilliant, exquisitely imaginative work, delightful in text as well as music, is very little known in this country, but I had, while at Yale, the good luck to have access to the vocal score, which I studied with zeal and as much thoroughness as my small amount of leisure permitted. I even commenced a translation of the text, a project cut short by my induction.

Since no-one else seems to know about this opera, perhaps I'll write an analysis of it myself. Thus, I suppose, adding another to the already too numerous horrors of these days. Well, if enough of you plead with me I may relent.

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This, Larry tells me, is to be the last issue of Caliban for the duration. The fact sincerely grieves me, which you will readily believe, I know, for you have all shown remarkable enthusiasm in greeting Larry's neat little publication. Congratulations, Larry, on a highly enjoyable fapazine, and be sure to continue it as soon as possible,

PURELY PERSONAL

b y

Leonard Eugene Marlow

Ever ponder much about the future, in respect to the possible changes in humans rather than advances of a mechanical nature?

We have, and it is one of our pet theories that as our civilization becomes more complex, millions of individuals will be forced into 'appointed' tasks from which they can no more extricate themselves than a fly can loose itself from fly paper.

We don't mean that jobs will become hereditary; the old "Like father, like son" stuff. People will be given aptitude tests to determine their natural abilities, and then placed where they are able to do the "most good"; regardless of whether they like the particular job or not.

And then if they prove too cantankerous, their minds could always be forced into the "proper" channels by various means, both physical and mental. Not a pleasant prospect by any means, is it? Naturally we like to think about somewhat brighter futures. But war has caused this trend to rear its ugly head somewhat in advance of the time we thought it would appear. An article in the paper a few weeks ago (which we unfortunately neglected to clip) reported a speech by some prominent authority on the human mind. In this article he was quoted as strongly advocating that all persons in the United States be forced, by means mental and otherwise, to accept the views of their leaders as regarded the succesful winning of the war, and also to make them accept their "appointed tasks", thus speeding up production.

 "Forrest J. Fanne, you have taken the aptitude test at the standard age of thirteen years, and it has been decided that you are best fitted for making bunion plasters. You will report to factory-home 5879a, where you will work until you are no longer capable of doing so!"

Ah, gloom. The large size ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN WORLDS ain't no more. The fact that it messed our collection up when the return to small size came is merely secondary. We liked the large size, doggon-it! Especially the cover. And of course, nothing could better fit that magazine of all magazines, the great aristocrat, UNK.

Where did this guy Luros come from? His stuff on the last two ASTONISHINGS has had its good points, but the junk he turned out for SF STORIES and the QUARTERLY: yipe! (Gosh, Doc, you must have paid all of two bits for those last two! We'll have to buy a couple of gallons of barn paint and move to New York if they're that hard pressed!)

Speaking of SF STORIES, let's not speak about it. The less said the better. And we were beginning to like FUTURE, too.

May we point with disgust to recent issues of TWS, SS, and, of course, dear old CAP FUTURE? The covers, the illustrations, the make-up, the material. AGHHHHHHHHH! They used to be darned good mags, too, except for CF. Remember back around '39? The Black Flame, Dawn of Flame, Twice in Time, Planet of Eternal Night? And BEM's or not, most of Brown's covers were well done.

Hey, bub, we'll take AMAZING. It and FA aren't half as bad as we once thought they were.

Ho hum, the life of a columnist! It's a beautiful spring day and

I've gotta sit here trying to fill this thing up. 23 powered P40 U-Control just sitting here waiting to be flown, too. Any fan-modelers floating around out there in the assumed audience?

Speaking of models, we recall with mixed emotions the few experiments we performed with what we called rockets. First one was a small Hurricane rubber powered job, which we fixed up with sheet aluminum tubes stuck on either side at the base of the fin. In these tubes we stuck the powder charges from a couple of penny sky rockets, and ignited them with high hopes. Alas, one of the charges backfired er sum-pin, and the blamed thing burned to nothing.

The second attempt was a little more successful. This was made from solid wood, and looked like something from Buck Rogers, what with all the little "stabilizing" fins we stuck all over it. There was a total of six tubes on this, again filled with penny rocket charges. This one actually flew around in circles at the end of a string (tho we strongly suspect that our swinging the thing around had more to do with it than the rockets).

Just recently we got the idea of making an actual liquid fuel rocket, but there's a war on, and we don't think you can get all the necessary stuff 'n such. Maybe it's all just as well. We'd probably only blow ourselves up anyway, and wouldn't that be a shame?

Was some guy here in town who actually had a fairly large rocket motor practically complete, except for a little machining. Lost touch of him, tho.

May we recommend a couple of items? First one is a story in the May AST, "Fifth Freedom", by John Alvarez. We liked it, anyway. We liked it a lot, and wish Campbell would print more along somewhat the same lines.

Then there's a book we happened to pick up at the library the other day called "The Unrealists", by one Harvey Wickham. It makes nice reading for a fan, we think, and whether you agree with the guy or not it's worth a look-see. Just to give you a rough idea, Wickham is trying to prick the respective balloons of Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Russell, and Dewey. 'S nice (Reads a lot like an UNKNOWN WORLDSish type of logic -- even if we do believe a lot of it).

Ge, we finally got here, didn't we? And now with your kind permission, gentlemen, we shall sally forth to run off EREBUS.

which is well worth the 50¢ it costs you from lemat 5809 beechwood ave indianapolis ind

THE READER---READS! Well, it's post-mailing again. Only I hope that by -- The Third Vice this won't be a horrible mess like Banshee. If President in Charge it is, however, I have an excuse; I'm not doing of Alibi Writing... the publishing myself. Bill Evans is. Yeah, he doesn't know it yet, but "Teacher" Bill is now our official publisher. He made me an offer, and I'm going to take him up on it.

You see, it's like this. I finally discovered why my mimeo wasn't working the way it should have. That was fine; once I discovered the trouble my worries were over -- oh yeah! The rubber roller was full of warps, bulges, soft spots, etc, until it was just no good. All this is no doubt a result of the wide range of temperatures and humidity in my room during the winter, and chances are I left it with some ink smeared on the roller after the last FFF I handled. Anyway, rubber is rubber, and if there are no wimps present, I'm afraid I won't be able to replace this rather vital part for some time. So it's ap-

parent that any publishing I do right now will have to be by the sweat of somebody else's brow.

Let me emphasize again that it's the manly brow of your friend and mine, William H. Evans, that's doing the sweating this time. If he can't obtain the use of a mimeo, this will be hector'd, but I'm sure it will be a good job whatever the means used. I'm making up a careful dummy, and will instruct him to follow it exactly, so you can blame all mistakes on me. Then too, you'll probably have the mailing before I send this to Bill, so there'll be no reason for him to hurry in order to get it done in time. He'll ship the finished product to me, and I'll send it out. We all thank dear Bill, do we not?

All this, however, has a much deeper meaning. Here 'tis: induction or no induction, I'll probably be able to carry on Caliban. Is everybody happy? Oh well, Paul Spencer will be, anyway. And the rest of you can expect to continue to be annoyed by a Caliban about like this one in most of the future mailings.

I had intended, at this time, to offer the services of Cal's couple of competent columnists to whoever wanted and had room for them. They both informed me that they'd like to keep on doing their stuff each quarter. With the possibility of continued publication, however, I'm going to hang onto the boys myself. Still, I may have to quit the long-distance publishing some day, and if that day comes I want to be sure that Paul and Len aren't left out in the cold. So anybody who will publish their columns, when and if, speak now. The first postal will have the column specified reserved for the sender. No one publisher can have both, tho, so state your choice. You might speak for me, too, in case my activity is reduced to columnizing, but I think I'll force myself on Lem when he starts his looked-for fapazine -- which ought to be soon.

You'll notice I've made no mention of the possibility of being rejected. And I won't mention it until it happens, IF it happens. I won't deny that it might, but it's certainly nothing to plan on. The first of July will tell. . . .

"Beast!" hissed Ann O'Banion. (from "Opposites--React!")

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

...wherein Shaw reviews everything fapanal that has appeared in his mailbox since and including the March 1945 mailing:

THE complete lack of candidates for the position of official editor is no surprise. Ashley has no doubt scared everyone off with his beautiful issues of the FA. There may be a few others who could match them in quality, but who else could supply those scrumptious airbrush covers? Probably several members have considered running; but looking at Al's FA and considering what their own would look like, they all gave up in despair. Or perhaps just the thought of all the work Alash put into his job was too much for them. The only solution I can see is to make Julie president and draft Al for the p.e. job for the duration, after which he should, of course, be made an honorary member for life. Then he can sit back and enjoy the mailings without having to pay dues or, if he doesn't feel like it, publish anything, as a reward for his magnificent service. All we love you!

Lean-To and its Annex are also lovely. Next comes an outhouse, I suppose? Which for some reason reminds me to ask if you heard about the moron who laid his head on the

curb to get his mind out of the gutter. (Sounds like a perfect description of Shaw!) Seriously, there's nothing I'd like better than to run for office -- but you can see why I didn't.

En Garde features the best of the airbrush covers so far, no? But I disagree with most of the ideas in "The Elastic Limit." For one, it seems silly to say that science fiction's slump was a good thing in any way. So what if the imagination needs a rest? You can easily quit reading the stuff for a while. There may be lots of others who are still eating it up, you know. Objections to the remainder run in the same vein. The whole could have been written only by one who followed the development of stf from the first, and I don't think it's rash to say that such fans are in the minority today. Yes, I do think Astounding is slipping!!!! Reviews well-balanced and ~~satisfying~~. Ol' Man Evans didn't say a heck of a lot that was new, but he said things nicely. I don't think the importance of education can be overemphasized, but it would be a difficult job to split up these elements as neatly in reality as 3E has done in his article. I dislike things like "Inscription." "Chemical Analysis" and "Paging MR. Wellman" were fine, but where do you dig up chestnuts like the fable? Poynta-Vu? I think the physician should consider the patient as slightly more important. Again, they'd be hard to separate, but I think a physician's being human is the main thing that distinguishes him from a doctor book. The doctor book would be the "diseases only" viewpoint carried to its logical conclusion. Bottom of page Barnum: I can. It was really quite simple; even my guessing the title as "Riddle" didn't hold me up long. Bet it didn't take cryptographer Spencer two seconds. Solving this also enabled me to go back and read what Damon put in my autograph book. Some of his characters are different, tho, which may be because he wrote it out of his head. ...I enjoyed "the Stefan."

Sloppier than usual, SusPro is still swell. I thot Forry's use of y to indicate long i was dictated by the meaning where two words sound alike, or sumpin. Incidentally, Jack, why quotes around long i and nōt around y? The FAPA taking over some of the NFFF projects is one of the most completely logical (something wrong there, Jack?) suggestions I've heard in a long time. This time I started making notes in the margins. It's going to make the mags more interesting to thumb thru in the future, too. I read all strange-looking words backwards, so I know I've seen "flug" before. Bok used it in my autograph book, too. An FAPA? Lots of guys say "fah-pah," and then where are you? Everything else was fine, but nothing inspires comment. Matters of Opinion: why the frantic scramble to change the names of everything? "Mop" is a better nickname anyway -- nyah! Fanationalism interesting and fun -- and look what I inspired! You are probably right, Jack. So instead of talking up the World Calendar all the time, suppose we simply add WC dates to the regular dates on our letters. People get curious, ask questions: we've got them where we want them. And so forth with similar matters.

Supplement is grand; Bill did it! The idea of getting a picture from a portion of a poem, then constructing a poem of one's own around it, is besting about Phanny this time. Continue this feature, Don. I wanted to tell you all about my dreams, but I won't, now. The last page of Inspiration being "upside-down" annoys me unreasonably. Don't do it again, Russ. I look forward to this mag now, and would certainly like to meet you, Lynn. (Maybe I will very soon; who knows?) All of the stuff is good here, with "Dis-course on Superman" getting the quarterly prize for hitting the nail on the head.

I wonder if this is the conventional way of beginning a non-stop paragraph following one that ends at the bottom of a page? Not that it matters.... Fan-Tods is delicious and filling. The cover is clever. Norm and Russ are a perfect team. Check to the usual number of decimal points on the fapa handbook. Specialization makes "Yesterday's 10,000 Years" less interesting. Wudgy Tales wasn't bad, tho I can't get very excited about it. The editorial stuff was better than the "humor." On page four, "leading dive, Delaney's" is very funny, but no-one except me could get the joke. Glad to see that I'm now famous enuf to be included in the yarn on the same page. "'Isaw her first,' cried some little fan, pushing Widner aside." . . . yep, that's Shaw!

Yes, Paul, Trudy is certainly marvelous in this Nucleus. "Of Things and Such" should be "Of Things -- and Such." (Don't mind me, just an impression.) The idea of "primary emotions" sounds sort of silly to me, for some strange reason. Times when clear and logical thinking is undesirable? Name one. It would have to be brought on by a force of nature, because if brought on by purely human causes, in all types of cases I can think of it would have emotion at the bottom of it, not clear and logical thinking. So hate is still undesirable. I haven't stated my objection very clearly, I'm afraid, but I'm convinced I'm right, so come on and argue! One thing is certain: I can't hate! I've tried, and I can't. It's just too darned silly. But . . . I don't agree with the usual picture of homo futurus -- evolution's end -- as completely cold and emotionless. Don't you think we're more emotional than our ancestors? At least, our emotions are much more finely subdivided than those of the cavemen, f'rinstance. Our "civilization" has forced us to hide our emotions in most cases, but they're there, all right. Yes or no? I wanted to get in on Widner's other discussion questions, so I will. I'm far from built for football, but I think I'd rather play it than any other game. Phooey to baseball! As for the farmers, that's the most obvious answer, but I'll bet that there's too much specialization even there for many of them to have as easy a time after the collapse as their fathers would have had. It's a tuff question. How about -- professional scavengers, "knights of the road," and so fo'th? The Spence is more interesting than you'd think, to hear him talk. But there's that "boosting" hoodoo again.

Milty says things nicely. He is a potential dictator, tho; he denies the poor yardbird he is ordering around on the last page the right to think the kind of things he was thinking in the first panel!

Glad you were reclassified, Harry, and I'm looking forward to the extra large Horizons. But this one has plenty on the ball. No use to remind you now that I'm of draft age, of course. A lot of people tho I was 14. Fact, I was 18 last Nov. The board here is hard up, and working fast. I couldn't get the station you mention on our wreck of a wradio, either. But that wasn't exactly what I meant about culture. It just seems that anything of a cultural nature is destined to flop in Schenectady. There have been attempts to give us culture, and they've all ge-flopped, more or less loudly. There's a college here, too, believe it or not -- name o' Union, and claiming to be the first non-sectarian college in the country, or somethin' like that. But it just don't do no good. Schdy is a hick town essentially, and the fact that it is overgrown just makes it worse. It is the right (or wrong) distance from NYC; all the citizens try to act like N'Yawkers, succeeding only in looking like hicks trying to act like N'Yawkers. You may think I'm exagerating, but you should hear one of our radio stations! "Inexpli-

cable" certainly is the word for Harry's liking my "big red letters" quip. I thot it was insipid even when I wrote it. Incidentally, besides being the original Hermit, I was also the first to use a nickname of that type in the Visigraph. Now look at it; the letter writers don't even use their right names any more! I was inspired by D. B. Thompson's "Sage of Salt Creek." However, I kept changing it slightly almost every time, which most of the Visifans don' do. Then, a few weeks after I called myself the original Hermit in print, somebody (I think it was McNutt) came out in another mag as the Chicago Hermit! Ah, the pleasures of childhood! In the Astounding review, I have underlined "The entire world of the future, despite what some have said, breathed and moved more convincingly than did the entire series that fitted into Heinlein's history of the future." I agree, Harry! And I am quite willing to argue with anyone on whether or not a "future history" is such a good idea, with me on the negative. But perhaps the only difference is that in the series, Heinlein wrote too much of the history; in "Beyond This Horizon--" it was background, as it should be. Not that it matters; I still want Heinlein back. I'm one to whom Miske is only slightly more than a name. He went out just as I came in. Some balance, eh?

Walt's Wramblings looks much like a Warner job -- nothing against it, of course. Books are also fun to read about. Joe Christoff? He's been around a long time. Was art editor of the first annish of FFF -- which never appeared. Ask Julie. Moonshine gives nothing very worthwhile. I actually managed to read most of it, thus taking another step on the road to blindness. If this Cavitt she is feature editor of a newsmag, I'd hate to read the newsmag! She knows less about newspapers than she does about writing. Madman of Mars: continued, isn't it?

Here's Yhos, which is what I've been saving my "who rules the planet" for. Art seems to have a different idea of the meaning of "ruling the planet" than most of youse. In answer, I first ought to tell you frankly that I started this thing mainly to try to have a different argument than anyone else. I was obviously influenced by Vitons, but you can't argue about them. Anyway, when Art says "pha-net" he apparently means just that. And obviously, we don't control the natural forces that make up the planet. Nor do we control cats, mosquitoes, et al. Sure, we get along on the earth without too much trouble (except from our own kind), but that doesn't prove anything. We think we rule the planet. Maybe cats think they do the ruling. It seems to me that whoever gets the most out of the planet with the least effort is the ruler. Who does that? You could argue forever, and not prove anything. Just now, I have no taste for the argument. The whole thing seems rather silly. If all these interlineations are connected, it must be me that's off the beam. 'Stoo subtle. I had an explanation of the linotype in my pub-what-got-scrapped, but Art's is better. I'm surprised that more of you guys didn't know about it. None of you showed your ignorance by asking about my "furntiure on the bed" interlineation, as I hoped you would. It was I who made that complaint, Art. And I still think so. I don't mean what you think; I mean you. Anything -- well, practically anything -- that you do is news to me. I like people, especially fans. Only I want to know as much about them as possible. And what they talk about most is what they think. I know -- I do it too. Halp! I forgot another argument I had! About the cleaning out of unfit cultures by the world government: wouldn't the very existence of that government necessarily mean that most of the "unfit cultures" had already been cleaned out? As for reading in dreams, I've actually read fanzines twice. One published by Goldstone

contained some of the craziest humor I've ever seen -- but good! Wish I could remember some of it. The Fighting Fan deserves enlargement. Lovely cover. Flight Unknown: the one-space paragraph indentations had me going bats. I'd be mildly interested in the solution, John, if you're still with us.

Sardonyx is really on the beam this time. Fiction good. Who's Buck? Impressions marvelous. I, for one, would not turn down a bona-fide offer to join the crew of an experimental rocket, on almost any condition. Shore, I'd probly get kilt. But seriously, I can't think of a better way to die than on a space flight. None of the common ways of dying please me at all. I mean it! It's Torry for mine too. But Barnaby is even better; why has no-one mentioned it? I can't for the life of me see how youse guys make your selections, tho, so I'll stop there. I also agree that people shouldn't have the same names. Tell ya what, Russ, you change yours to Sprlfsk Chauvenot and I'll officially adopt Foo Shaw. And why does everybody just love to say "Editor Shaw"? That plagues me! See, you have a university -- so there are book stores. We have a college. Are there book stores? NO! Glad to see Dr. Doolittle mentioned. Fond memories! As I recall, those flowers possessed -- of all things! -- intelligence of sorts. There were a lot of other good points, but I remember especially the landing on the moon. In "The Listening Post," I liked the quote from Lincoln extremely well on first reading. Zizzle-Pop came as a very pleasant surprise. It's fun to know things like this; I'm saving it to work into a really super-duper argument someday. I admire Russ for publishing Collected Verse, and only slightly less for writing it. Of course, the writing was probably the bigger accomplishment, but it doesn't hold as much fascination for yours truly. I liked a good deal of it; the average was much higher than the average of all fan-verse that finds favor with me, I'd say. But please don't ask me to rate it. Thanks.

Even if no-one else reviews the "December" Jinx, I will. I liked it. What magnificent and profound truth in "Whatever we say, we love you fandom! Our deepest regret is that we didn't find you much sooner." You old-timers could never know. Harry's mention of me on page two is, of course, extremely pleasing. All I need now, barring getting into the top ten, is to be insulted in Loz (kin U take a hint, bt?). "Cut -- or Else" fine. "Dream Dust" not bad at all. Au 'Voir slightly silly, as Harry didn't go nowhere. But I'm glad of it, Harry, no kidding. I suppose I should mention Banshee too, just in case nobody else says anything about it. But there's really nothing to say, is there?

That ain't all. Pardon me for bragging, but -- I got Metalo-Mag. Thanx, 4c. It was clever, too. But I'll think of a new manner of publishing for myself yet. . . .

AndPatwentnutsoverthomoronhowwalkedthruthescroendoorandstrainedhimself!

from the letter section of The Monogram, monthly publication of Schenectady's General Electric Company:

"For four years I have been in a state of continuous telopathy during consciousness. ' On the assumption that thoughts consist of extremely high-frequency electric currents, I should like an opinion on the probable effectiveness of a helmet-shaped shield with a thickness of perhaps an inch or more of powdered iron core (radio type) in stopping the radiations or transference of my thoughts, and also a quotation on the cost of sufficient materials to make such a shield...."

The opinion was not given . . . at least not in print.

BLAB

It is the evening of June 22. I awoke around noon today to find that the mailing had arrived in the morning mail. Not until now have I been able to tear myself away. Sometime during the perusing of all those marvelous zines I decided that the "poem" I had been holding this page for wasn't going to get written and that I'd better polish the mag off and get it on its way to Bill. Accordingly, I turn to the incredibly difficult task of filling up the page with ramblings.

I was able to sleep until noon today because Sunday night I graduated from high school and just at present I ain't doing nuthin' -- except worrying. Why I should be worrying merely because Local Board 354 seems to have taken a notion to ignore me is beyond me, but the fact remains that I'm worried. Everyone in my classification (educational deferment) has received notice to report to the Induction Center at Albany July 9th -- everyone except me. I am puzzled. My feelings are hurt. Perhaps I will eventually find that they are just playing "hard to get." But in the meantime, I can't get a job, I can't get out of Schenectady for awhile, I can't do much of anything. The most appropriate comment that occurs to me is Damn it.

I just had a brainstorm. Since this rag is more or less of a combination of an emergency pub and the Caliban that will eventually evolve into my dream fapazine, I really should have called it -- Calibanshoe. Luckily, it is now too late.

Don't you all admire my will power in refraining from commenting on the June mailing here? I hope you do, for otherwise I shall be repaid not at all for this feat.

Thank you all for your kind comments on the first issue of this. I'm really sorry that I'm unable to make all the continuations and enlargements suggested; to do so would have given me more pleasure than it would you. Some things that might have been included were a satire on G & S entitled "When I Was a Fan" (in the "poetry corner" you wanted), a blurb for the Pocket Book of Science Fiction in "Of Course You've All Seen --" (It certainly deserves a blurb, and I'm boosting -- hmm! -- it as much as possible; who knows, they might be induced to have a second volume. I was glad to note the change from "Scientific Romances," too.), the astounding tale of Larry the Leprechaun in "Ships That Don't Quite Pass" (a tale you'll hear soon anyway), and Foo knows what in "The Hermit Sits Alone." I have what I think is a honey of an idea for a cover series, too. If I ever start using covers again, they'll be reproductions of pages from my autograph book, some of which are quite amazing.

At the end of this week I expect hordes of fans to descend on Schenectady. Lon Marlow, Gerry de la Ree, Claudeglor, Jack Gavin, and Suddsy should all be here at the same time, tho some may stay longer than others. I can't make up my mind whether it'll be the Scheneccon or Schenvention. . . .

I'm sorry again about the post-mailing.

And about the outdatedness of the bottom of page five.

G'bye now.

Your obedient hermit,
Larry Shaw

As of June 22, 1943, my address was still
1301 State Street, Schenectady 4, New York.

--- Where do we go from here?