

CALIBAN

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edited by Larry Shaw - just for fapa

from 1301 state st, schenectady 4, n y

- a curfew publication

" H T K "

wherein Shaw relates the complete story of his life since the "Schenectacon": how he left the status of a hermit by moving to New York City, how he perceived his error, and how he decided to become a re-resident (pro tem) of Mudhole-on-the-Mohawk:

.....Errr -- sorry, but I guess he doesn't relate the above described story, after all. Why not? Frankly, he just doesn't want to. There's no lack of time to write any more, and he'll have the money to finance a mag of any size soon. However, he prefers not to make the memories of those days in the big city too clear; he's only been back in Schenectady a week at the moment, but already it's much too long. The article planned for this space would have been a long one, and even so it would have touched but briefly on all that occurred from the middle of July to the end of August; so much happened during those days that it couldn't have been otherwise. It would have been difficult to recall all the wonderful happenings of those days, but plenty of time was to be consumed in the writing, and eventually the history (none of which could ever be completely forgotten) would be complete. But now it is Shaw's greatest ambition to return to New York, and in the meantime he doesn't care to make his present discontent too great. So an article which should have been fairly entertaining goes down the drain.

For historians, here is the vital info on Shaw's life as a New Yorker. After the Schenectacon (see FFF for July) he returned home, where the first important thing he did was to get himself classified 4F. Next came the paving of the way for moving to NYC, tho he honestly can't claim much credit for that; in fact, he remarked at the time that it looked as if his life had been planned ahead for him. So he moved. He worked for Julie Unger for a week. Then came the realization of another great ambition of his: a job on the New York Times. But the job was a flop, the pay being barely enuf to survive on, and Shaw's boss openly admitting there was no chance for advancement. So, Shaw thot, the best thing was to return home where he could earn more money and live cheaper. He obligated himself to do that, and now he's doing it. He's afraid now he was wrong in returning. For, to tell the whole truth, Shaw doesn't know what he wants ... except for one thing: to live in New York (with an occasional trip away; for Shaw seems to have a bad case of wanderlust to cope with, on top of everything else).

So perhaps if the memories of those glorious weeks...

of the temporary "Slan Shack" with Julie, Suddsy, and Claude...

of seeing such swell guys as Lang Searles and Bill Ryder again...

of acquiring "Little Jarnevon" at 310 W 18...

of long long walks with Suddsy...

of seeing Gerry de

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la Ree off to the wars, and then welcoming him home again...

"Ackerman" long-distance call...

of the

of Bok (nufsed)...

friends with a grand guy, Russ Wilsey...

of becoming fast

to have Speer rise from the best chair in LJ and extend his hand in greeting...
of opening the door at 3 AM

visit...
of, as a matter of fact, the whole hectic nite of Juffus'

of trying to show Art Saha the town, and all the while completely broke...

meeting his wife...
of visits to Planet Peacock and, among other things,

of meals bummed from the Ungers, and the "work" we did on FFF and Julie's mail in payment...

Julie's with Suddsy, Drools, Saha, Charlie Bell, and, of course, the JU himself...
of that last meeting at

and, probly, of several dozen things unremembered just now...

if those memories are not quite so well-defined, then perhaps Larry Shaw will be a happier Stan.

Perhaps.

Ahem. Before Shaw becomes too morbid, he'd better let you in on the details of his present situation. Not that it matters, but: He has spent the past couple of days going through the rigamarole connected with getting a job at the General Electric plant here. He has ended up with one of the lowest-paying jobs in the netire place, but one which he thinks he'll like more'n otherwise. He's a mere messenger, but he gets a chance to ride a bike around the place, which suits him fine since he sold his own wheel BS (Before Schenectacon). The job has other pleasant aspects, too. And tho Shaw plans to save most of his dough, a good hunk of it will be invested in what's going to be his greatest spare-time pursuit from now on: fan-publishing. The Hermit has some rather novel ideas percolating.... tho he probably won't accomplish as much as he would in New York if he had all his equipment down there. There, just having that wonderful city all around him was entertainment onuf. Here, he becomes bored, and has to go out of his way to find his fun. Which takes time....

Incidentally, guess who gave Larry Shaw his job? Why, it was a gent named -- no, not Adam Link -- not EESmith -- not FJackerman -- but none other than -- Larry Shaw!

And with that, Shaw ends this whatever-it-is.

...in fact, he's taking a big chance of becoming an out-and-out outcast when this little bit of libel comes to the attention of Cosmic Circle Coordinator Claudeglorogers, aka Superfan

* Take a deep breath and dive into this postal from the aforementioned Superfan, postmarked 9-14-43 and published positively sic except for the fantastic handwriting:

"Larry, I just rec'd your letter in which you do not further want your name connected in any way. This is to inform you that this shall be exactly as you request. Your name will not be connected with it any longer, (after the FAPA mail which of course, contains CCC NO. 1 with the mention of you as N. Y representative, and in NO. 2 which is sent out. You may have the copy now -- if not, drop me a card. You'll get one, return mail. Hereafter (from NO. 3) on you WILL OF COURSE NOT BE MENTIONED (with possible exception of accounts of my private travels, in which (if any, which I doubt) the truth of your present status will be explained. I SHALL ANNOUNCE that you are no longer connected, in a future issue -- and also next FAPA. / By the same token, any mention of my name in any mag in connection with 'stealing' or any other slander or libel, will be considered libelous and will be acted on. I DID NOT & NEVER HAVE STOLEN ANY THING. (I AM NOT EVEN MAD AT YOU AS FAR AS IM CONCERNED) -- Claude"

* You can exhale now, while I engage in the good old southern (and Winchellian) custom of Telling Off Un Jerque:

Claude, I rec'd your postal in which you are not even mad at me. As usual after receiving a communication from you, I was violently ill for several hours (Aside to fandom: I bet you think I'm kidding!). But closer examination showed me that perhaps there is still some hope for you. First, your grammar is very definitely improving. Second, you seem to be ashamed to come right out and mention the Cosmic Circle -- the thing I no longer wish to be connected with. But most of all, and Claude, you can have no idea how much this means to me, you aren't even mad at me!

Claude, you are a gentleman. You are just plain, downright noble, that's all there is to it. 199 persons out of 200 would long ago have risen in righteous anger and struck me down. But such conduct would be unbecoming to a Cosmic Circle Coordinator. Instead, you turn the other cheek in an act of supreme generosity (or am I getting mixed up?). I am touched, Claude, deeply touched.

Of course I won't mention your stealing those fifty or so fanzines from Suddsy and Julie. I have no proof -- except that they vanished when you did and that Raym has mentioned in several places your sending magazines to him, magazines you couldn't possibly have obtained anywhere else. Then too, in a recent letter to me Raym told me of your side of the story as you told it to him; strange how even that seemed to bear out the theory that you are a thief.

Luckily, however, there was nothing of mine lying around in New York that you could conveniently have taken. So I'll let Suddsy and Julie make their own charges against you, if they so choose. But I am of the old-fashioned and un-Cosmic minded opinion that a thief is a thief -- and my dislike for you grows constantly.

My main personal grudge against you has an entirely different cause, Claude. A very

trivial cause, it may seem to you. But you double-crossed me after you left New York, Claude. You went somewhere -- a certain ocean resort -- name of Atlantic City, I believe? Does it begin to come back now? I seem to recall asking you not to go there, telling you not to go there, threatening you -- yes, even begging you not to go there. But it probably just slipped your mind, eh, Claude? Of course, it was out of your way, and there was hardly any reason at all for you to do it. . . . Luckily, you missed seeing the person you tried to see. But even so, I'm afraid you managed to mess things up pretty badly for me with that person. Claude, that meant a very great deal to me -- and I'm not going to forget it.

That is why I'm mad at you personally, Claude. But even if you were not a thief and a double-crosser, my opinion of the Cosmic Circle would be the same. And I think the Cosmic Circle is far worse than the most nonsensical farce. T. Bruce Yerke has made the public statement: "It is my contention that the Cosmic Circle movement may be the biggest danger to the organized and established fan equilibrium that has so far materialized." I agree fully with Bruce, and I'm giving him all the help I can on his "proposed" "Report" analyzing the Cosmic Circle. So I won't go into detail here. But my carefully thought out opinion can be boiled down to the following:

The Cosmic Circle is Claude Degler; Claude Degler is the Cosmic Circle. They can't be separated. Coordinator in this case is just a convenient term for dictator. Which wouldn't be bad if the CC were a small affair. But Claude Degler ("Don Rogers," if you insist) won't be satisfied until the Cosmic Circle is fandom, a fandom regimented exactly the way Degler wants it to be, with no dissenting elements at all.

And that is the only purpose of the Cosmic Circle. You had a pretty tough time trying to think of just one definite thing the CC was hoping to accomplish for the good of society in general when Suddsy and I pinned you down, didn't you, Claude? In spite of all your high-sounding propagan-da, you have absolutely no idea of doing any real good. All you're thinking of is Degler, and if you'll pardon my saying so, after living with Degler for several weeks, I came to the conclusion that he was a crackpot!

I don't expect the Cosmic Circle to get very far. Fandom is too intelligent to have anything like that put over on it. But while you are still around and campaigning, Claude, there are two dangers: many fans may waste time fooling around with the CC, and even become disillusioned about fandom as a result; and fandom may be given a black eye in view of the general public. The first of these seems the most important. Certainly, your ideas sound good at first. I joined up! But I learned my mistake -- and I learned it the hard way! I had decided that the CC wasn't worth bothering with long before you perpetrated that "dirtiest trick of all." That is the truth. Your later acts made me more determined than ever not to rest until the Cosmic Circle had vanished, but I had taken an anti-CC stand long before. My greatest mistake was in not telling you outright that my attitude wasn't even lukewarm before you left NYC. (But Claude, be honest, did I ever, ever give you permission to list me as CC Representative. I DIDN'T -- any more than there is any such thing as the Empire State Slans.)

My advice to you, Claude, is to see a good psychiatrist. My further advice is to get out of fandom before it gets too hot for even a Super-fan to stand. In fact, YOU CAN GO TO HELL AS FAR AS IM CONCERNED.

PURELY PERSONAL

----- b y -----
Leonard Eugene Marlow

Discovered: an amazing new source of fantasy, one we had never even remotely considered before. To wit, Esquire! Of course everybody else but us probably knew about it long ago. Still, we've never seen it mentioned before, so we'll pass it on for what it's worth.

Incidentally, we'd like to stick our oar into the Wollheim "Pocket Book of Science Fiction" controversy (if it could be called a controversy). On the whole, we found the volume excellent. While there are plenty of other stories we would have liked to have seen used, the selection was not at all bad. "A Martian Odessey" and "Twilight" were, of course, musts. Heinlein's "And He Built a Crooked House" was an admirable choice, as was "Microcosmic God." As for the stories by Bierce and Wells, which may have been rather out of date -- well, they're well ((Have you ever heard the story about the holes in the ground?)) known and recognized writers, and the inclusion of their stories would naturally raise the book's value a couple of notches in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Reading Public, thus boosting sales. ((In the case of "Moxon's Master" it wasn't worth it; that was the stinkiest thing I'd read in a goon's age.)) Stephen Vincent Benet and John Collier are likewise known and liked authors. Collier's work is really superlative, once you get the hang of his style, but as for Benet -- gulp! -- we've only read two of his stories that we liked: "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "Thus I Refute Beelzy," the latter of which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly some three years or so ago. To be frank, we thought "By the Waters of Babylon" stank. ((But better than the bottled in Bond "Priestess," nussy pas?))

To sum the rest of it up quickly, Stribling's "Green Splotches" is one of the best. West's yarn shouldn't have been there (Evan if he is an Indianapolis boy -- and a Tech graduate at that!). Have we missed anything?

After sitting here sans thoughts for long minutes, we have begun to envy those columnists who have an apparently endless source of newsy bits with which to fill up endless pages. Let's see now -- we might tell you about that wonderful weird movie now showing at the Lyric -- "Captive Wild Woman" -- only we haven't seen it yet. Or we could tell you about Palmer. You're all very anxious to hear about our wisit with Palmer, aren't you? Okay, Palmer it is!

It all started when Sweetie-Pie ((Len's sister)) invited us to journey up to Chi and spend a few days. We did. Nothing that might conceivably be of interest to fans occured till Sunday ((If Sweetie-Pie wouldn't be of interest to fans, I've never met any!)), which we spent in the Field Museum and the Planetarium. The stars moving around helter-skelter in the Planetarium made Sweetie-Pie sick, and then put her to sleep.

Monday we got up bright and early (7:30) and dashed off to find Palmer. Getting off the IC, we pounded along for five blocks before deciding that we wouldn't find Michigan Avenue in that direction. With remarkable sagacity, we turned and walked the other way. Two blocks past our original starting point brought us to Michigan Avenue. Turning North we walked blithely along, undeterred even by a colossal bookstore the size of an Indianapolis department store ((Gad, he has the will-power of a Slan!)). Somewhere along the way we encountered a bridge, in the middle of which we paused to watch the boats tottling --

pardon, tootling away in the water below. We gathered, from signs and stuff, that Palmer's office was actually situated on an island. If not, Chicago signs are certainly misleading. They are anyway.

Just across the bridge, we were stopped again by a Republic P-47 on display. We looked it over, under the watchful eye of soldiers, sailors and marines, and then were on our way again. To see the P-47 we had crossed to the other side of the street, and when we reached 540 we had to cross back again, which was quite an ordeal, as the lights at that corner apparently change about every half hour or so.

540 North Michigan Avenue is a big, beautiful, modernistic limestone building, with a huge, high entrance and vast open spaces lying about unconcernedly inside (Indianapolis buildings are comfortably cramped). Close at hand a sign said "Elevators" and pointed ahead. Ahead proved to be a blind alley. We eventually discovered that two turns to the left got us to the elevators. "Seventh" we said, and actually got off at the seventh floor. ((Gad, he is a Slan!)) Down the hall big glass doors didn't show, and we blundered into the Ziff-Davis waiting room. Importantly, we gave our name to the girl at the switchboard, who proceeded to inform us that Palmer wasn't in, but would we like to wait? We would. We did.

Ziff-Davis has a beautiful waiting room. Red and orange walls, with chrome trim and pictures of FA, AMZ, Popular Photography, Flying, etc, etc. Also pictures of the art staff at work & various other scenes. Finally, just as we were debating whether or not to pick up a copy of the Sept. Amz which lay on a table across the room, we were instructed to go up to 805.

After finding the elevators again and pushing buttons for a long time, we finally got to the eighth floor. Again we went the wrong way, but our blunderings finally got us to 805, where another gorgeous gal, presumably Palmer's secretary, waved a hand deprecatingly in the direction of Palmer's office.

It was a very small office. Palmer was standing over in the corner. ((Naughty boy, eh?)) I was surprised to see that he had sandy red hair, tho why that should have surprised me I don't know. Somewhat incoherently, I introduced myself. Palmer showed me a couple of forthcoming covers and went back to cutting up yellow strips of paper with a pair of scissors and pasting the resulting sections in a loose leaf notebook. ('Er sumpin.) He explained that this was how the magazine was made ready for the printers.

The story he was working on was "Juggernaut Jones, Pirate." Suddenly, he asked me if I had read all the Juggernaut Jones stories. I replied truthfully that I had not. Followed a period when Palmer tore through all his files, dashed off to unknown destinations twice, and finally explained that he had read the story somewhere before ((I certainly should hope so; somebody must've accepted it!)), but didn't know whether he had printed it before or read it and rejected it earlier. He finally decided that the latter was the case, and appeared much chagrined. A large, beefy gentleman at an adjoining desk, to whom I was never introduced, and whose identity I shall probably never know (tho I suspect that it might have been assistant editor Browne), pointed out that the story was okay, as Juggernaut Jones stories went, so why worry?

RAP finished pasting in the last of the story, and then hauled out some of the forthcoming pics for my approval 'n stuff. There was a book with a lot of really fine Finlays, super-super Finlays, **SPLENDID-FEROUS FINLAYS!** Also a Magarian pic, a Clyne, and some others that weren't so hot. ((Len left the latter, I presume.)) Magarian actually

does draw his pics 3/4 size, thus they have to be enlarged for reproduction. The originals are, of course, much better than the end product. Also present were some Paul covers, St. John, Jones, Smith, and Fuqua covers, other interiors by the usual run of guys, etc. I really think that Amazing and FA have, at present, better art work than the rest of the field. FFM's stuff would be better if it wasn't for the lousy Finlays used lately. Reason for his doing so much better work for Ziff-Davis, Palmer said, was because they gave him all the time he wanted and let him draw just what he wanted, then had the story written around it. S'logical. He admitted, by the way, that some of his stories and illustrations stink, but blamed the art dept. for the latter.

He declared with great heat that any editor who took over a pulp mag with the idea of printing outstanding literature was doomed to failure (I thought of Campbell, but said nothing). Declared that his mags covered a separate and distinct field, as did Campbell's. I admitted that his mags filled a definite part and that he was wise in sticking to it, dittoed it for JWC.

I looked over his collection (Complete) of bound Amazings. -- ((How many of the "catalog" size to a volume, pray?)) Palmer told me to inform the fans about a 90,000 word complete novel that will appear in the next Amazing, said it would be super. (By David V. Reed, incidentally.) After the usual inane nothings I left and went to see "Dubarry was a Lady."

((Ye Hermit is abject in making the very necessary apologies for all the editorial comments scattered thru Len's colyum; he was in a helluva fiendish mood and just couldn't help himself.))

God am de jedge

While we're drafting labor for the salt mines, let's consider carefully the Three Stooges. Then too, it'd be a crime to inflict them on the other poor miners; maybe we could exile them to Cosmic Camp, or something. Suddsy and Drools --- l- i- k- e- them!!!!

Not only the British Empire -- how about Mercury's hotside?

ME TOO DEPARTMENT

It must be lovely to be the center of a lively discussion -- or at least see your mag in such a position. So in order to grab a little glory (or perhaps to get a little gory), I present my first discussion question. Students! -- can a machine look alien? I say no. If a machine has absolutely no purpose that human beings can fathom, it could range in appearance from a useless junkheap to something utterly ridiculous, but not alien in any sense. However, Claude claims that machines can easily look alien -- in fact, that many the machines in oldtime Paul covers do look so. The term alien can't be taken in too many different ways, and what is alien to one human (who was accustomed to all ordinary kinds of machinery, nacherally) would ordinarily be alien to another, no? So, what thinkest thou?

Discussion question number two: Could Superman break his own leg?

"Not for a couple of years -- two, anyway." -- Suddsy

Well, at least he's sure it's in the future -- unless maybe it hasn't happened yet.

. . . ALPHA-MAN'S PERFECT DAY . . .

Alpha-Man awoke.

The sun was sunning, the birds were birding, the flowers were flowering, the bees were beeing, and the sky was doing whatever it does. It was a bee-yew-tiful day.

Alpha-Man put on the clothes he wore as the meek, mild, moronic office boy, Titwillow K. Fiddledingle, and went to the kitchen. Flatboat, Alpha-Man's cook, valet, butler, and handyman, was preparing breakfast.

Isn't it a bee-yew-tiful day, Flatboat? said Alpha-Man.

Yassuh Mistuh Alpha-Man, said Flatboat.

Yassuh Mistuh Alpha-Man, it shore an a bee-yew-tiful day.

Flatboat, said Alpha-Man.

Flatboat, how many times must I tell you not to call me Alpha-Man, as you are the only person in the world who knows that I am Alpha-Man, and to call me Titwillow K. Fiddledingle instead.

Yassuh Mistuh Alpha-Man, said Flatboat.

Breakfast was delicious.

When he had finished eating and wiped the egg off his chin, Alpha-Man got out his big book containing the names of all the criminals, swindlers, thugs, Japs, Nazis, dictators, ogres, mad scientists, and bad guys in the whole world.

As he thumbed through the book, a strange look spread over Alpha-Man's handsome face.

It spread behind the inch-thick glasses of meek, mild, moronic Titwillow K. Fiddledingle, of course.

Finally Alpha-Man closed the book with a snap.

Flatboat, said Alpha-Man, you are the witness to a momentous occasion. Today, Flatboat, there are no more criminals, swindlers, thugs, Japs, Nazis, dictators, ogres, mad scientists, or bad guys in the entire world.

I have reformed, jailed, slaughtered (accidentally, of course), or exiled to the moon every last one of them.

The earth is freed of wrong-doers.

Flatboat said Gosh.

Alpha-Man stood before a mirror and looked very pleased with himself.

Finally he said, Flatboat, I have been freed of my duty to humanity. today I am going out and have fun.

Flatboat said Gosh.

Alpha-Man walked down the street, looking for fun.

I wonder what I can do to have fun, he wondered.

He decided to ride the subway.

He hadn't ridden the subway in years.

He had always flown.

I think I will ride the subway, he thought.

A lot of other people thought the same thing.

On the subway an unusually fat and unusually greasy ungentleman pushed four women and an old man with a cane out of the way to get a seat.

Alpha-Man moved over and stood near the ungentleman's seat.

Carefully he covered the ungentleman's toes with his own.

Gently he applied pressure.

The ungentleman squirmed with agony and let out a piercing shriek.

When he had mopped the sweat from his brow, he looked incredulously at Alpha-Man.

Alpha-Man made a slight motion with his hand.

The ungentleman got up and gave a lady his seat.

Alpha-Man smiled to himself.

Several stations later Alpha-Man left the subway.

He reached the top of the steps just in time to see an ugly and tough policeman lift a big red apple from a fruit stand as he swaggered by. Now Alpha-Man thought that ordinarily policemen were all right in their own place.

The trouble was, they never stayed there.

Alpha-Man grasped this one by the back of his neck, took his nightstick away from him, and rapped him across the knuckles with it.

The policeman reached for his whistle.

Alpha-Man took the whistle and ate it.

The policeman returned to the fruit stand and paid for the apple.

Alpha-Man grinned.

He did not grin long, however.

He frowned, for a little way from the corner a small and dirty young brat was attaching a can to the tail of a puppy with a piece of string.

Alpha-Man wasted no time.

He picked up the small and dirty young brat, sat down on the curb, and placed him over his knee, posterior upward.

Then he beat the pants off him.

Yes he did, actually and literally.

The small and dirty young brat vanished down the street, the sound of his crying vanishing a few seconds after him.

Alpha-Man's grin returned and spread.

Alpha-Man walked through the park, and had the pleasure of picking hair by the handful from the head of a dumb dame who was picking flowers by the handful from the lawn.

He watched some kids playing ball, and when a couple of bigger kids took the ball away he caused their heads to come together with startling suddenness.

The hollow sound was lovely.

In the restaurant where he stopped for lunch he applied slight pressure with his thumb upon the nose of a waiter who carried soup with his thumb beneath the level of the contents in the bowl.

The nose looked just as good in its new shape as it had originally.

At a ball game he pulled the ears of a young wise guy who persisted in yelling his head off directly into the ears of innocent bystanders.

Long ears looked very appropriate on the young wise guy.

Alpha-Man was having more fun than he had ever had in his life.

The most fun of all was shaking up a clerk in a department store who had been high-pressuring in trying to sell a complete wardrobe to a bashful customer who had just gone in to buy a handkerchief.

He shook the clerk so hard that he continued to shake for several hours after Alpha-Man set him down.

When Alpha-Man went home for dinner he was feeling marvelous.

Flatboat had prepared his favorite dessert.

When Alpha-Man had finished eating he leaned back in his chair and called Flatboat to the dining room.

When Flatboat appeared Alpha-Man requested him to ask Alpha-Man how he was feeling.

Flatboat asked him.

Alpha-Man said he had never felt Beta in his life.

Flatboat knew where his next meal was coming from.

He laughed.

He laughed very loud, and he kept on laughing.

The sound of his laughter turned into the sound of the alarm clock.

Alpha-Man awoke.

Pondering his dream, he turned to the window.

The clouds were clouding, the rain was raining, the thunder was thun-

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dering, the lightening was lighteninging, and the sky was doing whatever it does.

It was a helluva day.

Flatboat, Alpha-Man's cook, valet, butler, and handyman, entered the bedroom.

Land sakes, Mistuh Alpha-Man, said Flatboat.

Land sakes, Mistuh Alpha-Man, you shouldn't be standing there.

You should be out tracking down the Carmine Carbuncle, world's most dangerous criminal, who is going to use his powers of black magic and invisibility and his zombie slaves to gain control of the entire universe.

Alpha-Man thought of his wonderful dream.

He thought of the days of dull dreary work ahead of him.

He just couldn't help himself.

Aw peachfuzz! said Alpha-Man.

Twinkle twinkle little bat

How I wonder what you're at

"While I'm on the subject of writing did you ever hear of Robert L. Held? He's my current buddy, and he claims to be the uathor of a gem of science fiction entitled 'The Flame Point.' He probably could write one for he seems to know all there is to know about chemistry, the one subject we don't have. Plus his knowledge he has a vivid imagination plus (again) quite a sense of humour." -- excerpted from a letter from my brother, now at the University of Kentucky under the gentle care of the army. In answer I mentioned Bob Jones, who is also stationed there, I believe, but who the Held is this other Robert?

Up above the world so high

Like a tea-tray in the sky

And does anybody remember a story in which "Collins summoned testing robots...."?

Twinkletwinkletwinkletwinkletwinkletwinkletwinkletwinkletwinklet

SHIPS THAT DON'T QUITE PASS

I never would have seen this if my kid brother hadn't pointed it out to me. It's merely a series of bedtime stories running in a local religious weekly newspaper. It has the name of a syndicate attached to it, but no apparent author. I don't blame the anonymous guy; as bedtime stories they stink. All about a little elf and the various flora and fauna he pals around with. Illustrated too, but it was the title that intrigued me. Believe It or Rot, it's -- "LARRY THE LEPRECHAUN"!

Hallelujah, I'm a bum! Hallelujah, bum again! Hallelujah, give us a

There are no more "characters" in proportion to total population in New York City than there are anywhere else. But the population of Nu Yok is something to be reckoned with, and the variety of types of characters is incredible. The queers that abound around here are something to write about -- maybe not home, but something to write about, certainly.

handout..... -- -- -- but let's not talk about CLAUDE any more!!!

"I don't give a modium-sized damn how many systems you're king of, nobody can call my pet trevlac a termite-eaten offspring of a Plutonian totem pole and live to 'vize home about it!"

o a n s u c h t h i n g s BE ? ? ?

Definition of unessential activity: An explanation of the following feature, which I shall try to limit to a size in proportion to the description, "remarks." It is by no means necessary that you know I am writing these comments from Julie's mailing. My own is in Schenectady and I want to finish writing most of this ish before getting up there. I would use Suddsy's mags, obviously, except that all but a couple of them vanished into thin air -- just about the time de dirty dog Degler left us, 'strangely enuf. A few mags are missing from JU's bunch, too, but I'll comment on what I remember of them. Without further ado:

FA:

Hope nothing happens to delay the introduction to FAPA. And, tho I expect everyone else'll be asking the same thing -- kin I help, Al?... Lean-To: En Garde is "among the missing" and about all I recall of it is the justifiably long article on Slan Shack. Yea, verily do I glee with thee. The idea is one of the best yet and should be carried out as far as possible wherever there are a couple or more fans together. Makes no dif whether fans are slans or not -- think of the fun. I only hope that Degler doesn't invade you too soon....

Wonder why I can never get any blottos as good as those in Walt's Wramblings. And I wish you had abbreviated Dept., Walt; I've been wanting to use it occasionally for a long time and would if I had some precedent for the "steal." Also I wish I "had" to get acquainted with the various repro methods and could do so as easily. I told the moth joke on the bus to the beach one day before leaving Schdy, terminating it just as I got off. One girl later called it the best she'd heard in years, but the deadly silence betrayed the feelings of the other passengers.... Whop-doodle: After I got through being confoozed, I was amoozed. Now I'm not sure whether it was worthless or whether all fan meetings should be written up the same way. Midgiconsensustuff deliteful.... Wowzy Wamblings: what a marvelous target for puns. I'll just say it was wowzy and let you figure out what I mean....

Silver Dusk (any relation to Gold Dust?) is just about the perfect size for a poetry mag. I admit I'm glad to be able to say truthfully that Raym's "Fantasy" is by far the best; it's now one of my favorite fan poems, in fact. LRC takes second and third without much trouble.... I love you too, Elmer.... Not so Fogorus. SF in the New World is blah. Weep Ye is blah. In Defense of CO's is blah. "At last -- " is blah. The rest is just stupid -- and why the hell couldn't you have borrowed a paper-cutter?... Guteto: okay, tho there wasn't any reason for its being longer than four pages, at most.... Rahuun Te-Ka is getting stingy with the puns, thus destroying all reason for its presentation....

S-F Variety tops,

except for the first page. Bored Spectator one of the year's best articles, and other pertinent and impertinent stuff grand.... Horizons might be said to plod along as usual, but its "plods" are leaps in comparison to other zines. (Imm -- Fan-Plods!) Maybe your autograf book would make good covers too, Harry? I rather think I'd have as much trouble with Basic as with Esperanto, and I like the latter better for also reasons. Dilemma much more than terrific.... Phantographs: 43 was either over my head or under my feet, I dunno which. 44 (I suppose): I can't see any reason for reprinting in a much sloppier format than the original. The story is a favorite of mine, tho.... Ray: "fast nearing its conclusion"? Maybe I'm wrong. And I, for one, am beginning to think there's no need at all for such a federation....

Fortunately I didn't spend any time trying to read Adulux Beskan. I would have, but my copy got losted; and before I got around to it when there were copies available, Doc revealed that it isn't simple substitution....

Fan-Tods' Revista one of the bestthings in the mailing, but it awes me into silence (well, that's one way out!). Strange to note that both Norm and Russ -- of all people -- were at sea on the Runic, tho we can give LRC benefit of the doubt. What was Dream Dust? Ri-poste beautiful too. A marvelous product, this, tho the screwy worddivisions still annoy. Oyez, the page heads were supersupersuper.... Sardonyx: gee, as I write I can hardly believe that on the morrow I shall probly meet the guy who writes this inspiring stuff.... Inspiration: I luv almost all Lynn's ideas. Luvd best this time, the words on poetry....

I promised Suddsy I'd say something nice about Aagh! But I'm bigger than he, so why should I? Except -- the stuff was all good, with Tail-Chasing best. However, I'd prefer (and will get, he sez) more Suddsy.... Anyway, it's natural for me to like people's stuff better after I've met them personally, usually. So now I like SusPro even better (even tho I met Jack after reading it). I like it better yet becuz it's bigger. Which adds up to my liking it a helluva lot. Yer right about the World Calendar, Jack. I'll make a fool of myself by asking for your definition of "nice." (I mite also ask if you still think I'm "obviously" so, but you mite answer!) Just to prevent any possible confusion, tho, those interlines (can't we chop off the "ation" officially?) were Paul's, not mine. Reference Books business will probly come in handy someday. Bacover inspired and well done.... Excuse me. This tissue-like paper I'm writing on is curling up around the edges and I'm acquiring an exceeding large hunger so I'll write some more after I go out to eat.... Now I'm back and First Dissertation on Discipline is most interesting to me in Matters of Opinion. But I've got a screw loose somewhere again: besides practicing s-d because of necessity, I actually like it! (Especially in matters like wearing neckties when it'd be much easier noto.) I have not always been too successful, but I'm improving -- and needfully, because no matter what course I take I'm going to have a pretty busy life for the next few years. I was brot up in the Catholic tradition too, you know -- but maybe they didn't do such a good job on me....

Moonshine's cover is the cat's spacesuit. Interior entertaining except for the cartoon.... Laney gets off to a good start, and his plans for the future sound even better. Some sort of anthology is a necessity, of course, but I think it would be better (as well as much easier) to run it as a regular magazine of smaller size. I happen to know Len Marlow already's working on plans for such a mag, and Degler claims he's going to do something of the sort. But first let's have everyone's ideas.... Jinx is certainly handsomest in the mailing, if not best. I'm still nuts about handwriting analyses. The Abattoir is wunnerful and da Wollheim is good enuf -- but why publish the Schmarje thing NOW?... Bill did a good job on Fungi from Yoggoth, but the verses didn't impress me especially.... Yearbook: gawd, I thot I had seen the last of the damn thing!....

Most important of the items I don't have here just now is Yhos. Langley Searles has the copy. He is very much interested in Interplanetary and will undoubtedly make a board. I am only slightly less interested and am looking forward to my first playing of it. The other important thing I remember in the ish was a comment or question on the reactions of Shaw and Cunningham to a discussion of changes

in religion. Well, Shaw agrees wholeheartedly with whomever was doing the talking there. Shaw even goes a step further: while he's not sure if Catholics will ever attend Mass by television, he anticipates changes more basic and more important; for instance, a cessation of teaching about Hell as a place of punishment, a doctrine that will never stand up under the present trend toward education as a cure for "criminals" rather than imprisonment and torture as a punishment for them. Shaw has plenty of other ideas on the subject, but that's eruf for now. Such ideas are ofcourse rank heresy to a good Catholic; but Shaw, Shaw is glad to say, is no longer the good Catholic he was when he entered this thing called fandom! I believe it was also Art who once said it would be interesting to watch Cunningham's (or maybe Mof-fatt's) progress in fandom. Well, my progress in the direction Art was thinking of has been rapid. In fact, it was my letter Forry used anonymously to lead off the "Plans for Slans" supplement in the #26 VoM! I'm going to say more about this in The Voice, so no more here, except that I'm grateful to Forry for his presentation of my letter, tho there was little need for anonymity: if my parents read (or even got a good look at) VoM at all it'd go hard for me -- and I certainly have no secrets from fandom. No, I'm no longer religious. I'm healthy now!... The official ballot and petition card sheet are also missing, nacher-ally. Not that it matters. It does matter that Agenbite and Browsing are gone; I enjoyed both and would like to comment more fully....

An-
 nex: Yes, papa.... Reader and Collector: Goody, it's back! But not so goody as it used to was. Am I tiring of it, or is it just barely possible that HCK is?.... Pegasus is booful. Gilbert's ramblings were most enjoyed, and the review of Ultimo really drew the drools. I am annoyed at the page-numbers' being on the "wrong" pages, especially when so much care in preparation is evident, but that's a small matter. Pegasus is booful....

So was the mailing.

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A couple of years ago Nott Terrace, of Schenectady's two high schools the rival to the good one (my almanmy) used a time machine for the theme of their annual variety show, "Terrace on Parade." Comical and musical scenes purporting to represent the Gay 90's and other eras were strung together by the mad scientist's explaining and demonstrating the many-dialed, light-flashing, bell-ringing gadget to a friend. Ofcourse the thing "broke down" and had to be repaired, providing more supposed comedy. The show itself was lousy (and besides, the ms was the current man in the life of a certain somebody in whom I had more than a passing interest), and all thru it I sat and wondered how anyone attending such a low-class institution could possibly have the intolligence to dream up the idea.

. . . IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO!

"Momma, elephants got lice, ain't they?"

"Yes, sonny, elephants have lice."

"But lice don't have elephants, do they, hub momma?"

"Of course not, sonny, lice don't have elephants."

"But momma, Dogler, he's got lice, ain't he?"

"Yes, sonny, I'm afraid Claude does have lice."

"But poppa said lice have Doglers. . . . Hey, momma?"

"Shush, sonny. You're not old enough to know about those things."

CUSHLAMOCREE!

Here's the best news in a long, long time !!!

Larry Shaw takes pride in announcing the formation of:

THE INTERNATIONAL J. J. O'MALLEY FAIRY GODFATHER ASSOCIATION

Do you want a fairy godfather to do all your work for you?
Would you like to have your slightest wish granted instantly?
Do you want a handy memory and conscience combined?
Can't you picture yourself living in luxury with all the
comforts a fairy godfather can supply you?
Haven't you always wanted a proxy who could bash your
worst enemy's head in for you?
How would you like to have your own real space ship,
time machine, spy ray, or any of the marvelous inven-
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BUT WHY GO ON ? . . .

YOU can easily think of MILLIONS of uses for a real first-class fairy godfather. A godfather that will be yours, and YOURS alone, for the rest of your natural life. Your constant companion, always ready to do your bidding, no matter what you ask of him.

OUR SLOGAN: A FAIRY GODFATHER FOR EVERY FAN!

But here's the best news of all: Fairy godfathers are supplied to members at absolutely no cost. All you have to do is write to Larry Shaw, signifying your desire to join the association and have a real live fairy godfather of your own. But DON'T DELAY! Act today! The stock of godfathers is strictly limited, and must be rationed. There can only be a certain number to each section of the earth's surface. Don't take a chance on missing out.

YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATION WILL ENTITLE YOU TO:

First, your very own real live fairy godfather; Second, a beautiful mimeed certificate of membership; Third, a personal letter from the Founder and President of the Association, Larry Shaw, explaining full details of the identity of your fairy godfather and how to make the best use of him. Can any other association offer you so much?

!!! RIGHT NOW -- WRITE -- RIGHT NOW !!!

How long will the train be?

THE LAST WORD: Shaw, Shaw is glad to report, is feeling much happier than he was when he wrote the first two pages of this issue. He felt pretty lousy then and that he had made a mistake in returning to Schenectady. Maybe he did, but he is quite satisfied just now. "I am glad to see so much anti-Deglerism in fandom now, but will back down not at all on my own stand." "Of my stuff, pages 9, 10, 11 (except the first filler), 12, 13, and 14 were written in NYC; the rest later on, in Sch'dy." "Paul Spencer will be back next ish with an enlarged column, I hope." "Join the IJJQFGA!" "CULSR!"