

CALIBAN
(THE BOOK
OF PSHAW)

NUMBER 4
(YES - FOUR)



WINTER 143
(BARRR!)

FOR FAPA
(POOR JERKS)

From 1501 State Street, Schenectady 4, New York . . .

"That is the House of The Shaws! Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down!"

comes CALIBAN . . .

This is the Book of Pshaw! Fapa built it; fapa stopped the building of it; fapa shall undoubtedly tear it apart!

a Curfew Publication, edited by Larry Shaw; Founder and President, the International J. J. O'Malley Fairy Godfather Association; Assistant Dictator, the Trivial Triangle; Royal Court Jester of FooFoo; the Hermit of Schenectady; and also editor of Leprechaun, Nebula, Banshee, Fan Booklets, and who knows what else in the good old future.

tomorrow's payday

Contents of the fourth, December 1943, issue:

Cover	1
Pages from my autograph book # 1: "Shide" by damon knight	
This Here	2
Phantom of the Fonebooth	3
Since I wrote a rhyming blurb for this, I decided to use them on all of my stuff throughout the issue	
The Hermit Sits Alone	5
Westward Ho!	
Can Such Things Be?	6
Migawd No!	
The Inner Circle	11
Tom Daniel's article serves as a springboard for Shaw's latest and final attitude toward fan organization	
Back cover	14
And many of 'em!	

The Last Word becomes almost the first (continued from page 13): about due to launch a determined "Down with Fandom!" campaign, has quietly murder him since his arrival back in Indiana. I haven't written to Paul for far too long, and Harry Warner reports letters addressed to him coming back marked "Moved, Left No Address." Does anyone know his whereabouts? " I am going to have to make a trip to Boston and personally deliver all my junk to Swisher in order to get it into the mailing, but it'll be worth it to see Suddsy and Drools again and meet Art and Bob. There'll be a Stranger's meeting the Sunday I'm there. With a report on that and accumulated news, I ought to have a six-page Nebula out next week. This newsheet, by the way, will now be on a regular bi-weekly basis, still 3 for 10¢ -- have you subscribed? Next in line, the first of the super-Leps? Gad -- Can This Go On? Hang around and see, anyway.

. . . pardon me, Jack!

FANTOM OF THE PHONEBOOTH

By his hoaxes you shall know him; he's a fiend in slen disguise. Julius Unger's his cognomen. Heed my warning and be wise! . . .

Ordinarily the average snail's pace is super-speed to me, but when Claude said "Forrie Ackerman?" I came to my feet like a rocket in which the fuel supply had exploded all at once instead of bit by bit.

Suddsy, Claude, and I had been sitting in the Unger living room, using various means to while away the time before Julie's return. It was July 25, Sunday, the day preceding the one on which I began my short-lived engagement at the New York Times. The weather was fine; the three self-styled Slans totally unprepared for what they were to hear.

Suddsy and I wasted no time in joining Degler at the phone. He was sputtering rather stupidly, for which he certainly couldn't be blamed. As if the surprise of hearing Ack-Ack on the other end of the line weren't enough, the Aaghuy and the Hermit were plaguing him with excited questions. Superfan paid us absolutely no attention, but from his words a picture of the situation could be obtained. He said "New Orleans?" and "in New York?" and "next Saturday?" Then I nearly fainted as he spoke my name, said "Yes," and handed the phone to me.

I couldn't have repeated the conversation accurately immediately after it ended, and naturally I recall even less of it now. I felt chills run up and down my spine, and my knees were knocking like those of a Nazi spy with Captain Marvel hot on his trail -- I was actually talking to Forrie! That was how I felt, but it would be closer to the truth to say I was trying to talk. I remember saying "Forrie, is it really you?" a couple of times. Forrie said something about Leprechaun and something else about Hermit. Things couldn't have been going so well, for he said "You'll have to speak louder; I'm calling long distance, you know." And then I relinquished the instrument to Suddsy.

While Eichlan talked I concentrated on recovering from my excitement. Brother Schwartz did a better job than I had done. Coolly and collectedly he discussed the fact that it was too bad Julie wasn't there: he should have been there but was late for reasons unknown. So arrangements were made for a return call at nine o'clock. There was a frantic scramble for pencil and paper, and the number was written down. And somehow I found myself in possession of the phone again.

This time I did better, tho I wondered afterwards why I hadn't asked for some more real information on the situation instead of wasting time in idle chatter. He said he had been waiting for the super fourth issue of Leprechaun. I mumbled something about the troubles I had had with it, asked in turn where VoM was. He answered that a card from Morojo, received just before he had been shipped out the preceding Thursday, had told him that it was in the mails. I informed the number one puss that Suddsy and I were living in New York and had just moved into our own room the day before. Julie's name entered in, and Forrie said "Unger? Oh, he owes me \$300." That seemed like a strange thing to say, and I can truthfully state that it made me slightly suspicious; but on the other hand, who else would know about this mutual debt that Julie had mentioned a couple of times?

Then the operator said "Your five minutes are up." We goodbyed quickly. And quickly after that came excited discussion. Each of us

tried to find out if the others knew any more about the how, when, and where of Forrie's arrival in New York than he did. There was very little light cast on the subject, and we all felt rather stupid. We all felt that we might be the victims of a joke, too. I rather expected Degler to know the most about it, but he couldn't even honestly say whether or not he had heard the long-distance operator speak before 4e. However, we finally discarded the hoax possibility. A decision was reached that we would keep Julie in the dark for a while. Claude -- Claude would! -- insisted that we should make JU buy us a swell supper before telling him the news.

And it came to pass that Julie arrived home, and bit by bit we told him about the call. First we made him guess who the caller had been. Naturally he guessed everybody except Ackerman, who after all wouldn't have been the logical one. But at last we told all. Again the possibility of a hoax came up: would Ackie spend such a large hunk of his army pay if he was going to see us so soon anyway? But perhaps we had gotten it wrong. New Orleans was an embarkation point; maybe (horrible thought) Forries was going overseas instead of coming east. But one point was settled; Moneybags Unger called up the long-distance operator and found that the call had come from New Orleans!

So we waited. Time never flew so slowly as it did while we watched the hands of the clock creep towards nine. But eventually they got there. Julie got the operator again and gave the number. He hung up, and we aited some more.

And waited and waited and waited. It became obvious that the call was not going through, another circumstance that was quite logical. It was after midnight when Suddsy and I left for Manhattan.

It occurred to us on the train, and was impressed upon us several times in the following week, how strangely unconcerned Julie had been about the coming reunion with one of his favorite people. . . .

The meeting that, alas, did not occur. Had Forrie been delayed, or what? Could he really be going overseas? We still hoped he might show up. We even put the news on the front page of the Triple-F we stenciled the week after, tho the issue was not mimeed and mailed until some time later. So we wondered. And wondered and wondered and wondered.

Tempus fidgeted. Hontracks were imprinted on the sands of time. Fan visitors came and went. Claude left for Florida. Life went on. We stalled around about sending a telegram to Morojo to find out where 4e was. Suddsy finally sent a postcard.

Tempus still fidgeted. More hontracks were imprinted. Claude wound up his journeying in Los Angeles. He sent a postcard. Forrie was still in LA. Cpl. Doug Blakely was suspected of the hoax. So.

Fidgets. Hontracks. Shaw left for Schenectady, his home-going somewhat delayed past his expectations. And before he left, J. Unger, Esquire, confessed to perpetrating the call. We didn't believe him. It must have been Blakely, we thought. Must have.

And awaiting me on my arrival at home was a message from Shangri-La, a message I now treasure because of its "**Special Hi Larry Section,**" signed by seven members of the LASFS. In Forrie's own script it reported what Claude had postaled. Apparently it had been mailed earlier than the card, but to Sch'dy instead of NYC. It must have been Blakely, it told me.

But I wondered. Wondered until I briefly visited Julie again one Sunday. He insisted that he was "4e". I told him I'd believe him if he'd put his confession in FFF.

Shortly after came the FFF that said that... that... that...

Does anybody want to buy a copy of the first issue of Odd Tales?

T H E H E R M I T S I T S A L O N E

The idea's been presented and been given our okay. We've heard a lot of swell ideas, so . . . let's be on our way!

Is it beyond the bounds of possibility to suppose that SLAN CENTER, as proposed by the Ashley's and developed by others, is that elusive ideal that's been searched for so long: the purpose of fandom?

I don't think so. To me, the discussion has proved that the fans sincerely interested in the project -- and they are generally the ones who have been most sincerely interested in fandom itself -- have shown that they are willing to put fandom as we know it aside, temporarily at least, in order to work on something that might in the end benefit civilization itself a great deal. Certainly there would be a lot less letter-writing, fanzining, and conventioning while this one huge project took up most of the time and money of the individual fans. And if the greater part of the fans were living together in one community, fandom would be a far different thing than it is today. A far better thing, I believe, tho I realize that a lot of things I have a deep love for now would be gone for good. As for the benefit to civilization, read Widner's "Pipe Dream" again with that idea in your mind, and see if you don't agree that in the end Slan Center might turn out to be the last hope of civilization. I am an incurable optimist myself, but even I can see that civilization is going to the dogs; the group described by Art, with lots of people in it who couldn't conceivably be fans, could easily be civilization's last citadel -- could even more easily be the last citadel of the kind of civilization that our idea of the world of the future must of necessity be based on.

So we have a wonderful pipe dream. And we're going to make it a reality, aren't we? Art proposes that we begin the drive toward making it real the day after the war ends. Well, one view shows that we would have a very hard time if we began on that looked-forward-to date. The servicemen among us certainly could not participate for six months yet; not actively, nor in the very important savings plan. Others of us would have piles of personal problems brought on by the war's end that would cause all kinds of delay. That's one view. I choose to take a very different one -- I see absolutely no reason why we can't begin to solve one of the most important problems immediately.

The Ashley's are planning to move Slan Shack to California next year. See the implications? They've bought a house, gone to the trouble of moving, probably bought new furniture -- done several things that have necessitated big changes in their lives. I doubt if anyone ever planned to move so soon after buying their own home. I think Al and Abby Lu are showing their faith in Slan Center and their belief that California would be the best place for it. And if THEY are willing to plan their lives around the project to such an extent, **WHY CAN'T WE ALL MOVE TO CALIFORNIA?**

Yes, I hear you telling me why you can't. But don't be too hasty. Obviously our servicemen can't move, and more of us are tied up in our present jobs. But a lot can move, and I think those that can should do so. California is rapidly becoming the fan center, anyway. I myself may not be able to move for any length of time, but I'm planning to go to the Pacificon after the war (aren't we all?), and I'm not planning on coming back east. Can YOU plan the same way?

Think it over.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

The business at hand is the mailing so grand That Bob Swisher sent out last September; So kindly keep still while I fall with a will To telling off each little member.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: There being no reason at all to compare it with the Ashley F A's, I do not so compare it. It is an extremely neat job, and I doubt if any of us could have done it any better. I would like to see the title all in caps or something, but that's unimportant. A heart bravo to the o.c.'s message. I bonk my konk to ask one very special favor, kind sir. I trust it would require no act of congress to have the names in the membership list placed slightly out of alphabetical order? Then be so sweet as to put Lang Searles either ahead of Suddsy or after me, so that the Aaghuy will be next to the Hermit. We must not be separated. Thankee; I'll see that you're elected president in 1944 for this!

THE NUCLEUS: Gosh wow boyoboy! This is terrific, plus! Every word is perfect. How true the description of "fantastic groping for words" in attempt to explain fandom. (Tho I wouldn't be so casual about claiming membership in an amateur press if I thought my questioner knew anything about NAPA, AAPA, etcet.) How vivid the description of attendance at La Traviata. How amusing the baseball anecdote. How startlingly close to my own the views on religion. How downright marvelous the words on Negroes. How I love the Nuclous, Trudy! (I could have said "Nucleus and Trudy" but maybe that wouldn't be funny any more, eh?)

GOLDEN ATOM: Far surpassed my expectations, and I expected quite a lot. The cover is close to the best Rosco's done, and very nicely mimeod. "Paradox Plus, In Person" naturally went over big with Shaw. "Ruminations of a Martian Astronomer" best (very strikingly so) of the poetry, most of which is enjoyable. Raspberries to Elizabeth Starr Cummings! Lovecraft notes and Barlow letters full of interest. I wish more of the Spaceways letters could have been presented. And I wonder what the big secret about Odd Tales could have been? Strange how all that time waiting to staple the mag seems wasted now; the pages of my copy have already fallen apart! Anyway, very nice going, Larry!

YHOS: I like the format very much, and hope Art continues it. The human on the cover doesn't look quite right, but the rest of it is fine, especially the lettering. I'll bet a lot of fans have seen worse monsters than that come out of bottles, tho! The one-word heads are an attractive idea and well carried out. It seems somewhat doubtful if Art worked out all that pure logic before he knew he should bend every effort toward winning the war. My feelings are largely the same; I have no hate for the enemy -- but I suspect I knew the war had to be won before I ever really thought about it at all. I'm not prepared to say how I knew, but I don't think either hate or pure logic had anything to do with it. Strangely enough, perhaps, I found that the majority of kids I went to school with did not come anywhere near mastering spelling before the eighth grade. And it would take a great deal of convincing before I'd believe it was the fault of the pupils! However, the point is that spelling errors aren't all necessarily a result

of carelessness. I heartily second the proposal re Swisher, but am not sure the treasury would stand it. So a second proposal is in order:

Whereas we barely get by as it is, and

Whereas a lot of members pay a buck anyway, and

Whereas there isn't anybody who couldn't afford it, and

Whereas it's a more convenient sum to send through the mails,

Be it hereby resolved that the annual dues be raised to one dollar.

Agreed? "Letter" enjoyed. Since when is there any question of finding time to be bored? Haven't you ever worked at an uninteresting job? Onyl other thing I find to comment on in your Perusal is the crack about the first printed fapamag. You might have made Elmer mad; maybe he thought Love, Elmer was it. You were very wise to publish "Journey" yourself, chum. Of course it was nice to have all three accounts in one mailing. The last sentence in the second paragraph saddened me, as I have been bikeless far too long. And just that night I saw the wonderful bike I had sold at the beginning of the summer in the hands of some moronic little brat who didn't deserve it nohow; lucky for him it was in good condition or I would have taken him apart (brutal, ain't I?). Anyway, I definitely deny that this fan would have fallen by the wayside on any bike trip -- and I can't claim to be any sort of an athlete at all. My record, suh, is 137 miles in one day, when making no attempt to set any special mark. What's yours? (All right, so mine was in flat country. . . .) Interlines: you hain't only shouting. You have our sympathy. Bacoover fine. What is it?

THE SCIENCE FICTION SAVANT: Very enjoyable. I hope we see it in every mailing, enlarged if possible. Description of the metamorphosis from plumber to mad scientist brings back fond memories to me as I'm willing to bet it does to many of you.

EN GARDE: I didn't exactly react violently to the cover. There was simply a strange desire to get past it and into the contents of the mag as soon as possible. (Say, maybe I've got something there for Caliban!) I can't think of a more nauseating combination without actually seeing it, but I'm sure you could have gotten a shade of purple that would add more to the general effect. "Psychopathia Slanis" not what I've come to expect up in front of this mag nor what the title suggested, but naturally I enjoyed it very much. Did that ladies' room episode really happen? (Wish I didn't have to ask that, but if some people insist on mixing fiction with their fact -- !) The thing that I am sickest of in the movies is having to sit through post card views of the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, and the White House in every other picture, whenever there is the faintest reason for any of the characters to go to Washington. Just like jack-in-the-boxes, they pop up one after the other. Phooey! I have an exceedingly original idea as regards the NFFF; maybe the members could have something to say about what happens to it -- maybe, huh, maybe? Open Letter is out of my class. The Cereal Universe leaves nothing to be said -- not by me, anyway; I can't think of any more puns on the same subject.

SARDONYX: Beautiful. A trifle too beautiful. It makes it hard to remember you really are reading the same old mag, and besides, jealousy is sure to raise its head from some quarter. The "editorial" is good; I wish I were in a position to write one like it. "Journeys" is nicely written. Incidentally, another cycling point: gear shifts ain't worth their weight and trouble nohow. Phooey on 'em! I wouldn't take one as a gift. The second from the last paragraph of the account is sheer,

solid beauty, and deserves inclusion in any volume of the best fan writings. I have spoken! But this "fen" business. . . Progress? And you seem to be serious yet! Have you gone bats or something? Repent before it is too late, I beg of you! It might be progress to agree upon mans as the plural of man, but fen -- nononononononononono NEVER!

WE JUST HAD TO DO IT: I, for one, am glad you did. Do it again soon, and on a larger scale, please.

INSPIRATION: Interestingasusual. Willy Ley also doesn't seem to regard the acceleration of rockets as an especially great problem. However, he doesn't think much of the use of wings for added lift and control while in thick atmosphere, either. Reason: the rocket would be in the thick atmosphere for such a brief space of time that wings would be next to useless. Stencils: I've used the cellophane-coated ones, but made things much simpler for myself by removing the cellophane before inserting the thing in the typer. Without it, they seemed no different from any other stencils.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: I posolutely refore to go to the trouble of trying to read the dots and dashes. This is one of the few mags I'm inspired to re-read almost completely when writing my comments, but still the comments are few. Interesting to compare Jack's and Raym's opinions of "The Raven." And it's Marlow who's moving to New York, not Moffatt, who's in the navy. Don't blame Unger for the Yearbook classifications, either; Bill Evans is responsible for the labeling. I don't think it ocured to him to change them any more than it did to the editor, and I wasn't equipped to do so even if I had thought of it. It might lower your opinion of me to know that I intend to return to New York eventually, Jack, unless I move to California first. However, I won't go back to the city unless I can do it in better circumstances than the first time. "Scientific Romances" interesting tho it doesn't seem too important. I'm not so sure I agree with your classification of the Oz books, but neither am I so sure that you're so sure of it, so let's drop the subject. Great Britain fandomap a nice feature.

SATYRIC: No. 1? Reeks of NAPA, and NAPA reeks. This sort of thing is most particularly not wanted, Edger, at least not in this quarter. Can't you throw away your dictionary and come down here with the rest of us? Even our highbrows aren't in your realm.

RAHUUN TA-KA: Does anybody want to borrow my handkerchief? I'm not using it. . . . It would be interesting to find out what pictures, if any, the superdoodles bring to the minds of the various fans.

COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR: Contains some really terrific fantasy. I don't trust myself to comment any further than that.

GUTETO: One of the best issues yet, I think. Personally, I find it hard to see how anyone could favor Basic over Esperanto except through plain ornery laziness.

YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY: Unfunny and unnecessary.

FANDOMANIA: I like. Slightly saddening are the blank autograph pages, but the cartoons are all good for a chuckle or two, and the general neatness raises the mag's value.

PRESENTING RONALD CLYNE: Fine, what there is of it. I look forward to future issues.

HORIZONS: Yes, let's do something about post-mailings. I can think of nothing better than the wholesale snub, which I'm quite sure would work in my case, at least. There probably aren't many jerks who'd go to the trouble of finishing publications to be sent out a whole mailing late, as I'm doing. I can find no comments at all on "Glancing Behind Us." Tsk! "Music for the Fan" is fine; I'd say especially fine but I wouldn't want to hurt your feelings, Harry. Reviewing everything leaves no chance of my interest lapsing in the middle of the article. I agree with you about putting the enlargement into effect immediately, for I was caught with a pub all finished! Tho it would have been rather hard for me to get it into the mailing anyway; it was in Schenectady and I was in NYC.) However, it was only the "first edition" of The Unknown Madman, and a much messier one than you're getting now; collectors wanting a copy just drop a line requesting it.

WUDGY TALES: Nice cover. Inside, the shorter items are far better than the longer ones. Especially enjoyed: "The Things of Mars" and "Power! Power! Power!"

FAN-TODS: There seemed to be an improvement in the stenciling -- my imagination? So you prevailed upon Rogers to spend the following day with you? My, my! Again, no further comments on a heap of wonderful stuff. This situation is getting disgraceful; it may even inspire me to get educated or something just as terrible.

FAN-NOTES: Another "Fan-" yet! Comments out of the ordinary enuf. "Some Popular Fallacies" is a wee bit confoozin'; must be becuz I don't read the newspapers regularly enuf -- or maybe I don't read the right newspapers -- or something. However, I perceive a wonderful bit of satire here.

FAN-DANGO: A very nice item. Views on Slan Center among the most interesting and thot-provoking. Interpolated arguments in letter sections are less annoying than all the editorial comments shoved off at the end, sez I. In the latter case, the editor must keep refering back and doing a lot of unnecessary explaining and so forth. Glad to see FTL admit that about "dumb" average people; I had him down as sort of a skeptic. But the quote from Dean gives just the opposite impression again. Anyway, I disagree. Isn't it possible that fans are just a little more honest than average people? Certainly in all serious discussions they show a sensive knowledge of their own shortcomings. One point I can easily refute is the one about fans out of fandom being fish out of water. In my case, association with fandom has been a great help to me in getting along better with people and accomplishing my own ends. Of course, in time I might have learned the same things some other way, but I have come across nothing yet that could have brought about the same result. And that's only one of the ways in which fandom has benefitted me.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: The cover didn't seem to carry much meaning. The dream did -- but I'm afraid to explain it to you, Walt; it might make a raving maniac out of you. Book stuff all drool-drawing. "Unforgettable Reading Experiences": I still don't see anything especially funny about See Here, Private Hargrove. Frankly, I thot it stunk. But then, I have a decided dislike for The Reader's Digest, too, and I only know

10 * * * Caliban

of one other person who do sn't think it's splendoriferous. The same goes for a certain "poem" named Invictus. In the second section: I am much more anxious to read I Am Thinking of My Darling than any other book I've heard about recently, but I don't know exactly why I want to. Detroit stuff fun.

HAVE AT THEM, KNIVES: SDR seems to have at least partially lost his phobia against blank space in fanzines -- or maybe he doesn't consider this a fanzine. The reviews are all very intelligent, and again Yerke adds to the total value. Wish there were more of this.

BROWSING: Methinks Mike doesn't have to look very hard to find something to be notable for. There is nothing in the contents that I didn't enjoy, and I also learned some stuff on top of that, too.

DREAMS OF YITH: A nice sort of project. There are some among the verses that give the feeling there is a very deep meaning involved. I like the illustrations somewhat better than the poetry, however. They aren't up to Roscoe's best, but they're darned good, and capture the mood very well. Only one thing is slightly irritating: the repetition of the trylon and perisphere so many times.

THE MAILING: Not up to the last couple, but still very swell. The "summer let-down" is not near as evident as it apparently used to was. There should be big things this time.

Igotdrunklastniteandthenitobefore;I'llgotdrunktonitethenI'lldrinknomore

It occurs to me that I should have broadcasted a warning of this sort a long time ago. 1301 State Street in Schenectady is two stores and a two-family house. Now, our regular mailman is a wise old bird and he knows who gets all the mail around here. In addition, he has gotten the idea by now that the guys I correspond with and I are -- to say the least -- lovers of the unusual. (He also pays the postage due on my junk himself; at least he never asks me for it.) However, there are substitute men on his route sometimes, and he may retire or be switched to a different section of the city or something. One never knows, does one? But to get to the point, it'd be much safer and handier all around if you always took the trouble to put "Shaw" somewhere in the address on anything you send me. Thank you.

What good are pennies to a dead man anyway?

Every once in a while I feel an unexpected glow of pleasure as I discover what a really swell guy some new fan whom I hadn't particularly that about before is. This doesn't happen often; while most new fans are just naturally swell, there have to be relatively few who are outstanding. Recently I've heard several things about a comparatively new fan that make me think he's one of the grandest guys ever and a sure bet for the top ten in a year or two. Frank Robinson may never see this, so it's safe to talk about him here. In the first place, he's been a wonderful competitor in the fan newsheet business; in fact, he's supplied me with more news items and help than almost any other fan. In the second place, he's in the newsheet business. He didn't start a drivel sheet for the gratification of his own ego; he preferred to take over a pub that was doing fandom some good. In the third place, Marlow liked him immensely, and that's good enuf for me. I've yet to hear something bad of him. Here's hoping he'll join FAPA!

----- Caliban presents -----

THE INNER CIRCLE

by Tom Daniel

----- a special article -----

This, dear fans, is directed at all of you. It isn't aimed at any certain person or group, but at what many are beginning to realize as a natural fault and condensation, and its possible remedy. The first thought that strikes you at the mention of the inner circle is of the most prominent group of fans in the world -- the ones who head the list of active fandom. Those who were, are, and always will be among the most noteworthy. God bless 'em! Would that all fans could be as they are. Their one glaring fault? Their recognition of their aloneness, and the condensing of everything they do to their own particular needs. It's a natural act. When they think or speak of fandom, there revolves through their minds a small group known to all of fandom. By all of fandom, I mean even those who just write letters to promags, and read nothing but the stories contained therein. To me that is fandom! Well, why aren't they among those active and at the top of the group? Sometimes they get into it, but these instances are few and far between. Something should be done about it!

All right, you say you've tried. We'll admit that. In fact, I know of several attempts. But, to me, enough thought hasn't been given the problem in hand. It was always one fellow's plan, or it was just too dry a method. Variations are needed, incentives, concessions, any and all ideas that can draw these prospects out in spite of themselves. Now don't say it isn't worth it, because active fandom is fast becoming stale. Admit it. There are all of those fanzines we used to see? There were some mighty interesting ones with great futures, which would have bolstered up the slipping remainder. Sure, many of the fan publishers are in the services, and will become active again, unless they meet with an untimely end, God forbid! Money isn't the bane of the average fan it used to be. Most of us are making more money than we ever thought about before. If this is a stopper, I will try to beget a few ideas to circumvent even that, later in this conglomeration.

The most notable factor that disturbs the newcomers, where the circle's activities are concerned, is the writings and the articles. These are all written and directed around the circle. Lamentably, only they can understand most of them. We all know it's fun to pan each otehr with the little idiosyncrasies known about ourselves, but who else knows these items? It merely tends to further center everything to the inner group. In times and troubles like these, more thought should be given to bringing new names and faces into fandom's popular and active group. Just what steps have actually been taken in this direction? For myself, I don't believe I have heard of any real, concentrated efforts in this behalf, and with your permission, I wish to offer a few ideas that have ocured to me in the course of study of this problem. I believe I can truthfully state that I am in a position to render some of these fairly near if not right on the problem. I, myself, have never been really a part of the most active group, and in watching the antics and activities, I have felt what every newcomer must feel. At that, I am not really a newcomer as far as fandom is concerned, as my interest in Science and Fantasy fiction goes back almost to the beginning of Science Fiction as we know it. It's just that

my activity has been more of the pasive type, and until recently amounted to just corresponding with a few fan friends and writing to the promags. Recently I organized a fan club under very adverse conditions and by sheer enthusiasm held it together until it was able to get along quite by its own impetus. They are still using my library and will continue to do so until they have gathered enough for one of their own. I am still an active member, though I am almost two thousand miles away at present. Now I am planning two fanzines of my own and am already soliciting contributions for them. The Science and Fantasy Album which I started last year is entering a new phase of its career, and it will keep me occupied about as fully as I have time for any such work. Yet I plan to use to the utmost every moment of my spare time in any and all things that I or anyone else can dream up and ask for my lowly aid. And I include all of fandom. It's one of the reasons for this. I would like to see every effort expended in behalf of new fans, in order to swell the ranks of popular fandom. The following may be but duplicates of other ideas, but they should lead to more ideas and thought on the subject and, I hope, some definite action in that direction.

First, let's suggest a revamping of our present main club system. The general organization should have a board or committee for constant work on the problem of interesting new fans. These should have a rotating list of names, preferably taken from the promags, or from suggested names by other fans, and used in accordance with the system involved. The organization itself should have a small dues payable quarterly or some similar time, in order to build a treasury for more noteworthy activities. New fans coming into the club should have the first quarter's dues free, in order for them to see just how the club could benefit them. During this period everything that the organization stands for is outlined to them, how they can take their place in its scheme, and what type of projects they can work on. A general instruction program should be made up in order for them to learn as much as possible about amateur publishing and how to start out in that field, with helpful suggestions on makeup and planning. Following this they should be shown how they might join the FAPA, and its benefits. The FAPA is, in my estimation, a brilliant scheme, and will serve to entice the newcomers to an ultimate goal.

During all this time, contests, material and monetary aid, all and anything that will interest them, should be practiced and adhered to with a relentless tenacity. When they see they are not to be let down, they can't fail to follow with all their faculties. This will keep new members coming in all the time, swell the ranks of really active members, spread the thing throughout the world with ever increasing numbers, and, as a result, prevent stagnation.

A good idea for a starter? I suggest every present fanzine put out a "New Fan Issue," dedicated to the fans not now active in present fan activities. Have articles by new fans, with their ideas on what would really interest them. Build everything around this theme in order to draw new faces into the plan. Compile a list of about two hundred names drawn from the promags and send them copies. Editorials in these issues will invite them to write to any of the active members, a certain number of whom shall be listed in each fanzine. These latter shall pledge themselves to answer any and all such inquiries, exerting their popularity to the utmost in eliciting interest in the new correspondents. The dedication issues should contain an outline of the new organization, its principles and aims, what it can do for new members, and why it needs them. And it does need them!

These ideas are merely one person's. I like to think of them as a starter, though, and I think that something worthwhile can be accomplished if everybody gives this some serious thought. Get everyone's plans together, map out a conclusive plan of attack, and carry it out. There is no reason why it shouldn't work!

Listen my children and you shall hear . . .

AFTER SOME SERIOUS THOUGHT, CHAN'S IDEAS

An organization simply for the purpose of having one, as so many of the club's in fandom's history seem to have been, is silly. An organization simply for the purpose of bringing new fans into fandom is also silly. An organization which sets out to accomplish a number of huge and important projects doesn't make much sense either, for the simple reason that a small group of fans who have the ways and means to co-operate closely can usually accomplish each of the projects much more efficiently.

An organization that every fan can point to and say that he belongs; an organization that can act as an official voice for all fandom if necessary; and an organization that can correlate the various projects being worked on, letting **everyone** know about them so that the usual confusion will not reign and anyone can pitch in and help where desirable to all concerned, makes very good sense.

That, I think, is what Tom proposes; and that is what I firmly advocate.

What have we as a start? There are several organizations now more or less existent in fandom. The first which should be mentioned for the sake of completeness is the Cosmic Circle -- and now that we've mentioned it I think we can forget it. Then there is the organization Art Sehnert is starting, which seems to be doing quite well tho it is moving slowly. Last, and making any other attempt at fan organization seem superfluous, we have the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

Don't laugh. The NFFF still exists. We can revive it if we work hard. The present officers are certainly the people to start things rolling again if such people can be found anywhere. But one of the basic principles behind the NFFF should be changed, I think. And to avoid repetition, I merely refer you back to the second paragraph above. I stressed all fans, and I believe that's what the organization which will finally be successful in uniting fandom must stress.

This, then, may be taken as a declaration of faith in the NFFF and its officers. It is also a declaration of faith in the rest of fandom, who can and will pitch in on really worthwhile projects when necessary. And it is a plea that the setup of the NFFF, if it is revived, be completely revamped, so that it need not be so clumsy and unwieldy simply to exist, and so that any fan can join instead of a chosen few.

Yes or no?

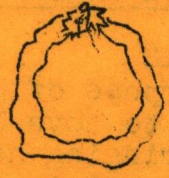
Lookmychildrenandyoushallseetouchmychildrenandyoushallfeelstiffmychildr

THE LAST WORD (ALMOST): Sadly, because of an acute lack of time, I must finish up this issue immediately. For the record, I am stenciling this on Tuesday, November 30, and the mailing should go out this Saturday. Formatically, Caliban should be beginning to look something like the way I really want it, but materially, it is definitely lacking. I am thinking especially of Spencer's and Harlow's columns. Len either didn't receive my appeal for another installment, or else Dogler, who if we may judge from his former actions is (continued a la Speer)



Christmas Carols with a point

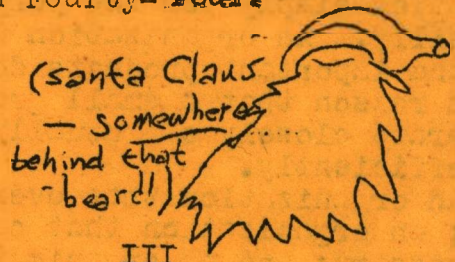
— o —
strictly
for FAPA



(xmas
wreath)

I

Oh come, all ye fapans;
Keep those hectos running!
Onward with mimeo and prin-
ting press!
Let's have a mag from
Each and every member --
And get it in each mailing--
And get it in each mailing--
And get it in each mailing--
In Fourty-~~Four~~



(santa Claus
— somewhere
behind that
-beard!)

III

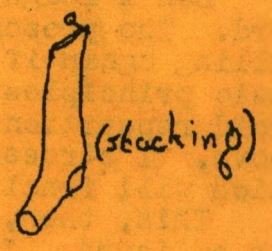
II

It comes upon the midnight
clear
The sounds of cursing and
woe;
Joe Fann is trying to make
a mag
On his stubborn mimeo.
"Gol-ding this blankety-
blank machine!" --
Joe's rage really is a dis-
grace!
And ever thru his babel
sounds,
The drum spits ink in his
face!

Foo rest ye, merry Fapamen!
Let nothing you dismay!
Remember a post-mailing
Will always save the day
And bring you back into the
fold
When you have gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and
joy
(Comfort and joy!);
Oh tidings of comfort and
joy!

TO EVERY MEMBER:

— A Yobber Merry
Christmas
(than which there is no merrier)



(stacking)

and
may each day of 1944 find
you Slannier as well as
happier! - Larry