

And so it came to pass that Josef Vana suddenly came through with the suggestion the whole fan world had been waiting for: the perfect word to replace "fan." And from that day onward all the members of our little group forgot, for all practical purposes, the term under which its beloved hobby had taken its first feeble steps, put its mind to the task and learned to walk, and finally, brimful of love of itself and of living, set off at a swift though erratic gallop. Frankly, chums, I doubt it. Look at the situation so far. Those few who have put forth really concrete suggestions are quite obviously completely satisfied that their pet is the only one worthy of consideration, and come what may they aren't going to change their minds again. Juffus is a stiffist; Art is an im. A few of the lesser lights have found on or the other quite satisfactory and loudly announced that that one is the name under which they will henceforth labor. The ultimate result is not too difficult to see. The future will find a huge number of separated camps, each under its own banner, and none willing to admit that any of the others has even the remotest connection with them. Evans, I sadly fear, is doomed to disappointment if he expects all the little babelites to make up their minds to use one term and one term only. It can't happen here.

So I guess I'm still a fan.

You're all wrong. Not one of you has yet seen the "problem" of the total fan in its true light. Of all people, Laney came very close in his review of BEYOND in the last FAN-FANGO. His remarks deserve repeating: "Fans do not so much lose interest in sci and fandom as they amplify their interests. When a fan first comes into the field, it usually is the first intellectual hobby he has ridden, and naturally he goes all out for it. Later, he finds other things to interest him, some of them the natural sequel to fandom, and others suggested to him or brought to his attention by other fans. Thus, he gradually reduces the time spent on purely fan projects--he may even say he's lost interest, but a closer examination of the case will usually show the interest still there but overshadowed by his natural growth. Evolution of interests is natural; the so-called "total fan", who year in and year out lives and thinks nothing but scientific fiction, is a pitiable case of arrested development." That, as far as it goes, is the complete truth. But it should be added that any wailings about fans withdrawing from the world into a shell of fan activity are just so much bunk. The fan of that type hardly ever was a part of the real world to begin with! Fandom almost always tends to broaden his interests; furthermore, it helps him to learn how to meet and get along with other people--and a very great variety of people. So, no matter how you look at it, his association with fandom is a very good thing--probably the best thing that could possibly have happened to him. Even while he is totally immersed in his stereoscopy, it is good; there are innumerable worse things he could be immersed in. As for those who remain total fans: well, I envy you to none just five. It is a shame that when the broadening of interests occurs, most fans totally renounce their former love. But that is the way the pendulum swings--and those who are of the most value to the field usually remain in it to at least a slight extent.

Am I arrogant? Well, Brother, I should know; I'm one of the most extreme examples myself.

Widner: Doggone it all, I think "mans" would be much easier to have, and preferable in other ways as well, to "fen." You may call it progress to add to the already overly large number of irregularities in the United Statesian language (English? Is it? American? That's covering a lot of territory....), but I certainly don't. Someday I'm going to put out a magazine in "Barrier-ish," Cleve Cartmill's extremely logical, consistant, interesting, and downright beautiful language of the future.

Progress: I'm now working a seven and one-half hour day. The future is upon us! It is so gorgeous that I'd like to stop there, and leave you drooling in envy while I hasten onward to other topics. But-- there is a catch; there's always a catch. . . . It seems that though I am paid a regular hourly wage, practically everyone else in the particular section of the factory that works these hours is on piece work, and seven and one-half hours is more than sufficient for a worker to "make out," or to earn his maximum amount of money. And (this'll kill ya!) that maximum amount is not set by the company, but by the union. Well, it is set indirectly by the company, I guess; if a worker accomplishes too much, and thus earns too much money, the price per piece on that job will be cut so that the guy can't carry home too much of the poor company's dough--the only way the union can fight back is by keeping drastic (and I do mean drastic) check on those who might work a little too hard. Of course, if a worker finds he can't possibly make out on a certain job, that's his tough luck, and there's nothing the union can do about it. It's a helluva situation. I don't like the policies of either the company or the union in that and several other things; Lynn Fridges may have something there, but I haven't really made up my mind yet about unions.

Laney, in the last mailing, is loud in his derision of fans who collect books merely for the sake of collecting, not reading them at all. The same Laney, in the same mailing, admits being a slave (although mostly in the past) to the stupid fetish-worship of collecting coins, stamps, and sundry other bits of useless trash. I dunno; maybe I'm crazy....

And another thing, Degler, I don't like the left-handed cracks at service fans you took in a couple of places in the last mailing. I see no reason why fans in uniform should be considered any less intelligent than those in mufti. Granted that you didn't mean to insult them, the implications that they could possibly go for the utterly crude kind of "humor" displayed in some of your (and please don't try to place the blame elsewhere) putrid puns is a little too much. There are certain limits, chum, to which only you could sink.

CALIBAN, of which this is the September 1944 issue, is edited by LARRY S-A-A, who likes to see his name all in caps too. A FANDOM HOUSE, Gurfew Publications presentation.

ME AND THE *June* MAILING.

"If it be not droll to we,
What care us how droll it be?"

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Rapidly becoming a general interest zine. The reprinting of the ballot will be appreciated by completists.

EFHEMERON:

Congratulations, LRC!

YPOS: Yiiii!, another change of format! But-- it was present, the heading was lovely, and the ramblings were very interesting.

POLL KITTEN: Art is out a cent by my new anti-poll attitude.

ELITFERINGS: The abbreviations reduced my enjoyment by quite a bit, but there was an awful lot to enjoy, so the result is on the credit side. Most interesting were the 37 pages on stef.

FAN-TODS: You don't need guest articles, Norm. By-Ways superb. "Reviews" likewise.

FUTURIA: Contained nothing that was not an absolute necessity. Don't miss the references to the love story mags, wolves.

THE F.A.P.A. FAN:

No comment

THE NEW HIEROGLYPH: A good idea, and I enjoyed the poems. More, pliz.

THE PHANTAGRAPH: Everything in it was good.

AGENBITE OF

IMMUT: This is now easily one of the five or so mags I look forward to most in each mailing. This one was regrettably brief, tho, especially Doc's own portion. "Vollheim's Horror" was a classic. The rebuttal seemed complete, concise, and correct; and the poetry, I think, was truly beautiful.

THE WORKS: Not bad at all, Michel, but it could have been much better. You, if anyone, should be able to do a good job on this sort of thing, but this seemed careless. Your failure to sign it anywhere was unpardonable. Some of your ramblings were darned funny: some of your comments were puzzling--but I suppose you meant them to be. "W" and "D" both have points on their sides--which comment being a too easy out, I won't stop there. Maybe the stf you refer to is dead, too, but there is a possibility of its being revived, tho such a revival would have to have strong support from the fans (even--or especially--those no longer calling themselves that). I think even a lot of the youngest of the new fans are looking for something in the science fiction of today that simply isn't there--but they're still the type of blood we need. I think maybe Don is right about BONFIRE, and in a general way about the WFFP itself.

LA VIE ARISIENNE: A darned good club; Shaw is a member!

THE READER AND COLLECTOR: Glad to see it back, and this is really a monumental issue, too. The blurbs for the contributors make me suspect that this particular issue is intended for a large circulation in the WFA (not all of them are); at least, I hope so.

CALIFAN: Don't ask foolish questions, Shaw.

pointed with it.

BANSHEE: I was disap-

INVESTIGATION IN NEWCASTLE: Wham!

HORIZONS: Make sure the forward corners of the paper aren't curled up even slightly when you mimeo, Harry, and you shouldn't get so many crumpled sheets. This issue seemed rather more interesting and lively than the past couple. Aren't the comments on Daugherty somewhat unprecedented for the Hermit of Egerstown? (Note: I just read an old HORIZONS in which you claim sole right to the Hermit title. Belatedly, then, it's yours--but I still don't think that Hermit of Schenectady sounds silly.) Cheers for your stand on movies. Were they double features? Last four pages especially hyper.

TAKE-OFF!: Marvelous. Originally it was to be devoted to strictly stfnal parodies, but I think having a central theme for each ish like this is better. All the parodies were grand, and so was Mary Helen. ...Incidentally, this should have been in the March mailing, but Shaw's carelessness ruined the original first issue. The current one is slightly different.

INSPIRATION: Neat, interesting, and well-balanced--as usual. Certainly not many service fans could put out a mag like this. Material ranged from good to excellent, tho of course I disagreed with some of the stuff.

F'ANNY: Lead article terrific, comments interesting, poetry unsensational, format a little too crowded-looking, cover okay.

BROWSING: Still excellent, and I'm becoming more interested in the book stuff than I was.

LIGHT: Your cover lettering got slightly twisted, didn't it? Most of the material wasn't so hot, but the types represented can and I hope will make a very swell zine. I, for one, would appreciate more Croutchatter.

EN GARDE: Cover fine, but the mailing review was about the only thing on the interior that was worth printing.

THE STUIP: And you complain about a lack of time to do EN GARDE! Besides--dyktaps?

BLACK & WHITE: These articles could have been included in EG nicely, but thanks for them anyway. Here we have Ackerman at his best and Speer at his worst. What the devil are we going to do about Jack?

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: If you refuse to number your mags, you could at least date them. The cover made a hit, of course. Contents okay.

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS: The paper is quite opaque, even though limp. Wherejagetit? The cover was clever and nicely reproduced, and the librarian story was interesting enough. Dr. Hudson, I fear, hits too close to the truth. Article on co-ops appreciated.

SO SAARI: Fine. I hope this doesn't become another FAN-NOTES or HAVE AT THEE, KNAVES. Autobiog okay.

ORBIT: Lovely format for a small zine. Good material. Clinton has something there. ECCENTRIC'S

SHANGRI-LUNA'FFAIRS: Ugh. Don't you know, Clod, that the surest way to ruin a joke is to explain it?

IQ: ...especially when you obviously don't understand it yourself.

COSMIC CIRCLE MONTHLY: Wanna bet?

MEMBERSHIP REPORT: !!!!!

TROY: THE NATIONAL FUTURIAN WKLY; MODERN MICHELIST-FANTASY FORUM; FUTURIAN ADVANCE; COSMIAN WORLD: And to think that if Swisher had merely acted according to the constitution, all of these could have been left out of the envelope. I sob.

ELMURMURINGS: Very decent printing, but how many of those doggone patent drawings have you got? Material all fine.

THE FAPA BLOTTER: At last, a mag with a really descriptive title.

Good.

HISTORY OF THE FUTURE:

MILTY'S MAG: A very good issue. Sick Call intriguing. I am quite sure I deciphered "brown-nosing," and with almost no thought on the matter at all. Must write and see if I'm correct. (Later: Asked my brother. I was right!) On the last page, the conclusions drawn, at least, are interesting.

EMERGENCY FLARE: I still like single shooters. (This one was by Tom Daniel, in case you're unfamiliar with his initials.) But the title, chum--uh-uh, mustn't touch!

STAR-STUNG: I liked the format, enjoyed the poetry, and would call Ebey one of my favorite fan poets. What has "Flicker" got that gets me?

ARCADIA: Without Watson, it would have been pretty sad. With Watson, it was supercollosal. Why don't you learn a little about the guys you shoot at beforehand, Honig? Karden not bad.

FAN-DANGO: The harder Fran tries to convince us he's an all-around regular guy, the weirder becomes the picture I have of him. Some really good stuff mixed with some really bad stuff here. I enjoyed it rather otherwise, though.

FAN SLANTS: Almost as neat as the Cosmic Circle literature, anyway. Really, though, both Wollheim's and Kepner's articles (especially the former) were extremely valuable, and deserved better presentation. I presume Fern wrote "Thru Fapa's Key-hole"? Some good stuff here, as well as in Orbit sub-one.

TOWARD TOMORROW: The cover (and the cartoon in FAN SLANTS) is an excellent argument against the too-freeuse of lithoing by too many fans. Yerke not as interesting as usual. "Ethics" a good basis for discussion. Kepner shouldn't talk about people "who call themselves poets." "Superfluous" was.

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN: Tops. I look forward to the rest of it.

VENUS-CON: What the hell is it?

FAPA VARIETY: Great galloping Gernsback, Tuck, can't you stick to one title--and how about numbers? Thanks for the photo. The Rogers-Tucker conversation: "...but it might have happened."

THE FAPA BULLETIN: Anybody want to argue about the title-change?

DIRECTORY OF FANDOM: Very nice format. I would suggest that in each case the fan's full name be given, with nicknames appended, and perhaps a special mark in cases where the fan was better known by the nickname than the full name. If 310 W 18th St was my mistake, I'll scream.

And why should I number the pages?

QUOTABLES

(The first two I found in ENCORE, the magazine that is sweeping fandom like wildfire--almost.)

"The Germans do not seem to be afraid to repeat a word when it is the right one. They repeat it several times, if they choose. That is wise. But in English, when we have used a word a couple of times in a paragraph, we imagine we are growing tautological, and so we are weak enough to exchange it for some other word which only approximates exactness, to escape what we wrongly fancy is a greater blemish. Repetition may be bad, but surely inexactness is worse."

-- Mark Twain.

"The circumlocutions that writers sometimes use to avoid the use of the word "I"--prompted, of course, by their desire to shine as beings endowed with an exemplary modesty, are almost as diverting as they are lamentable. Any want of candor and directness in a writer is hardly a virtue; and any effort to avoid the "hateful I" makes modesty suspect and too conspicuous by half. Nevertheless we all do it on occasion, if only because we can't resist that impish urge to be facetious. The done-to-death "this writer," the hard-worked "your reporter," the extra-regal and editorial "we," were all very charming, I daresay, in their remote infancy; but now in their old age all such substitutes for the nominative first person singular are lame clichés, sorry dodges, pathetic attempts to appear unassuming."

-- Dent Smith.

"To my thinking, one of the most deceptive statements ever uttered is that life is more interesting than literature. Life is only rarely and by moments more interesting than literature; then, I grant, it is engrossing beyond all imagined experience. Vigorous writing is just an attempt to recapture the flavor and pulsation of such moments. But hour-by-hour living is dull beside good books, badly composed, badly selected, unrevealing. It is a question whether the shop girl going to work in the morning does not get more sensations of actual life from the book she is reading than through all the rest of her usual day. Men and women who do not find good books interesting are either too dull or too vivid. Either their imaginations cannot be kindled or their real life is too intense to permit them even for a moment to step out of it."

-- Henry Seidel Canby.

LE FROMAGE VERT

(Or is it?)

Hidden in the clutter of objects on his desk could be found two different bottles of correction fluid. Asked why, he would explain that the thirty-cent bottle was for small mistakes, the fifty-cent bottle for large ones. "But," came the question, "don't you make many more small mistakes than large ones, and thus defeat your purpose?" "Naturally," he would smirk. "But without fail I pick up the wrong bottle anyway, and thus everything comes out all right in the end."
