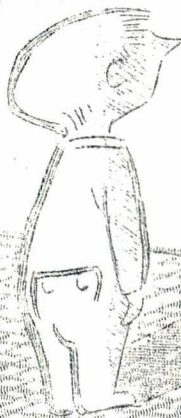
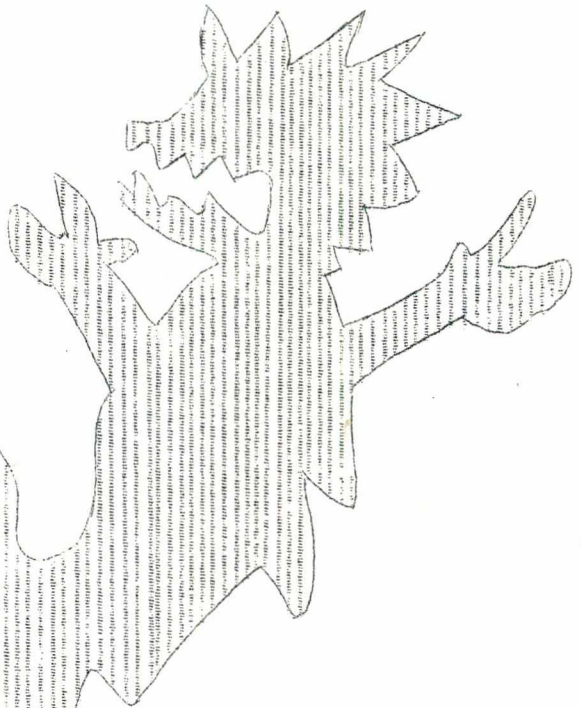


CANFAN

Fourteenth Year of Publication

NOVEMBER
1956



DAVE JENNETTE • 1956

SACRIFICE.....by P. H. Eonomou

Cautious advance, by the undergrowth hidden,
Stealthy her step as the fall of a leaf,
For this was the Werewood, dread forest forbidden;
The lair of Mokhara -- the Kingdom of Grief.

The chant of the priestess of Vroom tolled a dirge in
Her terrified mind, as she hopelessly fled --
"Exalted Mokhara, accept Thou this virgin;
Embrace in the Werewood Thy fair Bride of Dread!"

Unknown was Mokhara. Known only the law
That demanded as tribute the fairest of fair.
None knew if Mokhara bore hair, fur or claw,
For never had doomed one returned from his lair.

Now cowering, creeping, she sought only hiding.
Alas! It was futile. The forest was wide
But rustling creatures, unseen, passed the tiding
That summoned Mokhara to claim his young bride.

She peered through the gathering darkness, appealing
For refuge; a sheltering nook she must find.
The leaves 'neath her feet rustled loudly, concealing
The ominous footsteps that followed behind.

By the rim of a woods' pool knelt destiny's daughter
Lips moist from her drink; and the footsteps grew bolder.
She shrieked; her shocked gaze held the pool's placid water
Reflecting the face that stared over her shoulder.

Faint grew her heart and it near stopped its beating.
Trembling she rose, then how rigid she stood!
Her eyes raised and locked, glazing pupils repeating
The face of Mokhara, dread scourge of the wood.

Fluid the face of Mokhara -- yet solid.
Spectrum of pure iridescence its hue.
Blazing magnificence -- loathsomely squalid.
Horror and glory; a blend of the two.

Sickened, her soul bade her flee from damnation.
Treacherous passion flames stirred in her heart --
Flared as she yielded, in wild conflagration!
Unholy alliance of woman and -- what?

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READERS PLEASE NOTE: There will be a regular edition of Canadian Fandom this coming February 1957. This issue will be made up with feature articles and most of the regular features. It will also mark fifteen years of almost continuous publication.....

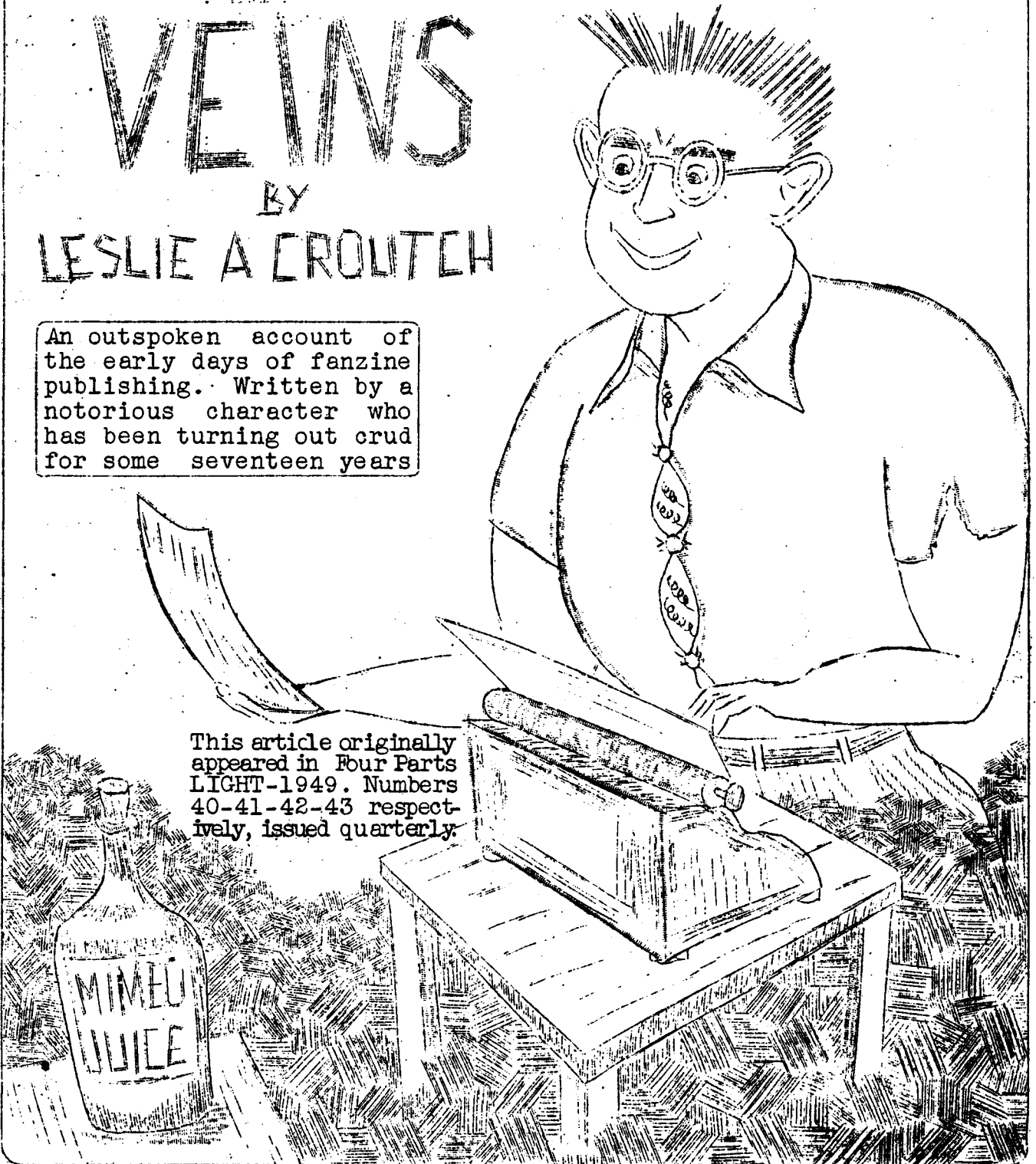
In addition to our regular hobby (Canfan) The Derelicts will be publishing a SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION, which at present contains about sixty pages. This particular edition will not be sent out to regular subscribers, unless they request it. Subscribers to Canfan will pay 37½¢ a copy, or in other words three regular issues of CF. Non-subscribers will pay 50¢ per copy. There will be a run of 150 copies (numbered) of which twenty-five will be withheld from general sale. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY NOW, you will be notified when this edition is ready. A listing of the contents can be found on page 25 of our September issue of Canfan..WDG

MIMEO INK IN MY VEINS

BY
LESLIE A CROUTCH

An outspoken account of the early days of fanzine publishing. Written by a notorious character who has been turning out crud for some seventeen years

This article originally appeared in Four Parts LIGHT-1949. Numbers 40-41-42-43 respectively, issued quarterly.



Mimeo Ink In My Veins

I have always been interested in publishing. When I was in my early teens and still in public school, though far enough "gone" to be looking forward to High, I tinkered, there is no better term, with a small magazine. It was, comparing it to LIGHT, a rather sorry little thing. Having the terrifically huge circulation of 2-- the original which I kept, and the copy which was given to a friend, it was a very unoriginal effort. But it was a beginning. It marked the days of buying toy typewriters and printing sets consisting of rubber type and overly juicy ink pads.

In those days my main connection with the "press" was as editor on the form paper. It came out once, consisted of about 24 pages, and represented the outpourings of juvenilia. Of course, I am really no judge now. From the pinnacle of adulthood one has a tendency to sneer loftily at the attempts of youth. But I do recall we were all mighty proud of that paper. I think, perhaps, I was the proudest of all. After all, wasn't I the editor? Didn't I have the responsibility of nagging at my classmates to do something--anything--for it?

Even then, the joys of the stencil duplicator was unknown-- to me. And when I say "unknown", I mean it to the fullest extent of the word. From rather extensive reading, I know of the regular printing presses, and the typewriter. But of the other means of duplicating the written word I was a complete ignoramus. I do recall seeing exam sheets turned out in a terrible purple, but I don't remember thinking much about the process. It was likely the hektograph.

In high school I did learn about the rotary stencil duplicator. It reposed, in all its filthy inkiness, in the science room. It hulked darkly on a shaky table and seemed to me, judging from hasty glances in its direction as I passed in and out for classes in physics, physical geography, and spares taken during biology for the fifth formers, to be a lousy-looking contraption. The rest of my knowledge was derived from the sloppily turned out exam papers. All the students muttered obscenely when we were handed the messy, smeared, creased typographically-errored horrors the teacher brought in in a huge armful. That and the scenes consisting of muttering teachers struggling with that behemoth as they tried to coerce it into responding halfway decently near each term's end.

But my own days of publishing were still in the dim future. There they remained all through my school days and for some years thereafter. Frankly, I don't recall just when it did begin. I have saved copies of my outpourings only as far back as September 24, 1940. No doubt, among my readers, there are some who still have hidden somewhere, copies of the typed CROUTCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS.

I don't call that publishing. I may have then, but not now. For, my product consisted entirely of typed-- with a few carbons-- of swap lists, which were then mailed to a very few correspondents. As this story is concerned only with LIGHT and what led up to it, and what had come of it, I am passing only briefly over those early days.

Before me, as I write this, is a file copy of that issue of CROUTCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS. It is numbered 86A, and is dated September 24th, 1940. It consists of two pages and it is taken up with items I had for swap, and a few newsy notes gleaned from various sources.

CROUTCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS # 87, October 1st, 1940., boasted the huge circulation of seven.

By now I was reading a few fan magazines, foremost among them was Harry Warner's SPACEWAYS. It also, I believe, marked the beginning of

my fall into fandom, and into publishing. For this issue of the NEWS featured a story of mine, written during class hours some years before, which I called "The Black Castle". I thought it was pretty hot stuff then, but now I wonder. It's a souvenir and this is about all. The idea wasn't even original as it was patterned after a movie I had seen and like very much, "Dracula", featuring one Bela Lugosi.

The magazine, in # 90, November 15th, 1940, branched out a trifle more with short articles-- by me, of course!-- on Henry Kuttner, John Russell Fearn, with whom I was then corresponding. There was a short item called "Editor's Notes". John Hollis Mason, Toronto fan and aspiring young author, had sold his first story to Canada's UNCANNY TALES. Ted White was in England with his medical unit. This issue ran six pages, but the circulation was still seven-- the limit of carbons I could get from the typewriter.

But the signs were there for those who could read. I was playing with the idea of a magazine though I wasn't at all ambitious and didn't aspire to any heights to speak of.

Number 92 featured a cover, my first. Partially typed, partially hand drawn, it depended on carbons as did the rest of the magazine. Inside, there was a full page editorial, an original story by guess who, called "The Summons", some poetry, most of which was rather grim, a movie review by one George Aylesworth, all of which ran to a sumptuous total of twelve pages. Martin E. Alger appeared, and he is still with me as a reader and correspondent.

Why all this palaver?, you may ask. At first, when I considered this article, I intended writing a Chronological History of LIGHT. I thought of starting it with the first LIGHT, but then I started to think. Wasn't it important to show what led into the present magazine? Shouldn't I show where an apparant inconsistency comes in-- the numbering which ran LIGHT up into the 100, and then was suddenly dropped? Why the change? Where did the two numbering systems, so at variance, come in?

These were the formative issues. The bug was nibbling away at the core of my existence. I was not yet a fan, though I had appeared in certain fanzines as a writer. I hadn't started to really publish, but the signs were there. Something was happening. The fuse had been lit. The spark was nearing the explosive charge. And I was sitting right on top of it!

The first little splutter, though I didn't recognize it as such, occurred with number 93, for the name was shortened to, CROUTCH NEWS. It was being copied out the First and Fifteenth of each month. And this was the first issue that wasn't more or less just a catalog of items I wished to dispose of. It consisted in the main of two little articles entitled "Wollheim's Magazines" by Harry Warner, and "Lowndes Mentions Two Magazines With No Pay Policy" by myself.

Number 94 of CROUTCH NEWS was still more of a magazine than a commercial list. "Wollheim Magazines Evidently Paying-- Unknown on Bi-Monthly Basis-- New Magazine Hits Stands" was the headliner. I started serializing a schooldays class-written thing, "Aboard a Comet", which was more an elaborate plot than a finished story. I still consider it a damned good plot.

Number 95 had six pages, with a circulation of eight. I don't recall how I got that extra copy-- maybe I was using a thinner paper or just thumping the keys harder. I had three stories this issue, as well as a full page of swaps. "Harry Warner's Visitor", a sort of sequel or rebuttal to SPACEWAY'S "Strange Avatar". Another part of

Mimeo Ink In My Veins

"Aboard a Comet", the start of "The Radio Mystery", all by yours truly. I had no modesty in those days. I saw nothing wrong with writing the whole issue by myself. I wonder if I could get away with it now?

Number 97 featured "The Haunted Classroom", by that master of the keyboard, Crutch. There were also articles of varied types.

I can plainly see where the days of the straight swap list were over. I was definitely trying to print a little magazine, though my means of duplication were definitely a hindrance. But something was coming up.

This was forecast with Number 99 when I used a hektograph for the first time. The name of the magazine was duplicated in that medium.

But number 100, dated April 15th, 1940, was a washout. The hekto process didn't pan out at all well. Even my file copy, the first of the jelly, is almost impossible to read in the main. But I count this an important issue. I used a means of duplication that night, I hoped, allow more copies and better all around results, once I had mastered it initially.

And the name-- for the first time I had one that was fannish, ELECTRON! There were fourteen pages, with stories, articles, decorations, and little pictures.

Following issues showed better hekto results and I was starting to feel rather proud of my attempt.

Number 103, however, blasted one fond hope, and that was that the name was an original. There was a letter published, from Arthur L. Widner, telling me that Jack Speer had had a postage-stamp sized magazine in FAPA, by the same name. As a result, Number 104 saw the name CROUTCH NEWS back again. But I'd had a taste of "fame" and was out for real game.

Number 108 saw the turn of the tide. The ship had come in to port.

LIGHT appeared on the cover, accompanied by a picture that has always caused controversy, as it showed little worm-like wrigglers moving up a broad highway to a city in the distance.

The first issue of LIGHT, under that name, had the following, young, contributors, some of which have dropped from sight, others of which you will immediately recognize.

L I G H T

September 1941

Number 108

Cover.....	Crutch
From The Pages of the Writer's Digest.....	Crutch
The Mail Bag...Rosenblum-John Mason-Ermy Ackerman-Gordon Peck	
Jottings.....	John Hollis Mason
On The Moral Upbringing of Ghouls.....	John Hollis Mason
Lachesian Valedictory.....	Donald J. Doughty
Lexicon Blues.....	Gordon L. Peck
British Fandom.....(letters)	Rosenblum-John R. Fearn-Doughty
Fan Notes.....	Crutch
Dedication to LAC.....(verse).....	E. A. Godfrey
Editor Squeaks.....	Crutch
Picture.....	Gordon L. Peck

In LIGHT # 123, dated Christmas 1942, there appeared an article by Ted White, "The Birth of Ontario Fandom". Ted gives a very good account of the birth of the name, LIGHT. I will repeat here in its entirety that section dealing with the magazine.

But first, a prologue, so to speak. Ted was trying to foster a

science fiction organization in Toronto, and was meeting with very small success. I was in the city for a few days, and Clare Howes--with whom I was staying-- and I went over to Ted's one evening. There we met John Hollis Mason, and another chap by the name of Campbell, who soon disappeared and was apparently never heard from again.

We discussed an association and plans for printing a magazine. Ted was employed in a print shop at the time and his employer had given permission for Ted to use the equipment. Ted's plans were to turn out an all-printed job. Ted goes on in his article:

"Croutch, the ambitious, tentatively suggested the mag be called THE CROUTCH NEWS and said he would discontinue his own efforts in Parry Sound. Probably noting the disapproving looks on the rest of us, he hastily withdrew his suggestion with the explanation that it was only a joke. I still don't believe it. I didn't call him ambitious just to write a nine letter word for the room it takes up.....Several titles were discarded in rapid succession when someone, I believe it was LAC, mentioned LIGHT. It, and two other titles, now forgotten, were torn apart, and the two that failed to mend in one piece were also thrown to the dogs. Needless to say, LIGHT was victorious. We parted that evening having gotten no further than that, but satisfied that we were at least started."

This all took place in 1940, before Ted went overseas to help put Hitler and his minions in their places. Ted goes on,

"One month later, I joined the army. That little act caused untold damage in many ways to myself and it also disrupted all plans we had made for the mag. I was the only one who had access to the print shop where the key to the whole matter lay. So what happened. The idea remained an idea and everyone sulked for a month.....CROUTCH NEWS came out regularly (sometimes) for the next year during which time I had been shipped overseas. Just what caused LAC to adopt LIGHT for CROUTCH NEWS I can't say for I was practically out of touch with things then, but what little strength I had left in me (being very ill at the time-- oh, very, very ill)-- was knocked out on receipt of the old CROUTCH NEWS renamed LIGHT. Our plans for numerous illustrations, wide variety in the contents, and the sponsoring of Canadian activities in sfdom had all been adopted with the title. I was surprised. I was flabbergasted. I was tickled pink."

For the record, it was I who thought of the name LIGHT. It was short, snappy, lent itself easily to punning, of which fact many have taken advantage, was easy to remember, and was distinctive. It didn't smack-- though I must admit I didn't think of this then-- of such rather childish attempts as seem to plague the American field of fan publications.

The numbering, I might say here, was continued right on from the old CROUTCH NEWS, and so on, that had preceeded it. I didn't think then of any confusion that might arise. Later on this showed itself and...but this is getting ahead of my story.

I could give the indexes of subsequent issues but it would make this article overly long, and, perhaps, would not be of sufficient

Mimeo Ink In My Veins

interest to a sufficient number of readers. I will hit the high lights only as I go along.

Now that the name LIGHT was a fact, the magazine started to amount to something. It sported actual covers, and many interior illustrations and decorations. The hekto had one advantage-- its usage made possible without too much work, multicolored reproduction. The standard purple was predominant, of course, but there were also red and green. For the first several issues I used a hekto ribbon in the typewriter. This proved messy, having to put in and then remove the ribbon every time I wanted to type out a master. Later on I purchased a number of hekto carbons and these gave much better results. I still have a ribbon, several carbons, ink and pencils in the three colors. I have thought from time to time of running pictures in hekto for the mimeographed magazine but always hesitated as I have never been sure enough of results, especially now that I run 120 copies to an issue.

The spring of 1942 was when I started to think of the stencil method of duplication. I could purchase a small, simple machine from the T. Eaton Co. in Toronto-- a Canadian counterpart of Sears Roebuck in the States-- for a very nominal price. I forget the exact price now, but believe it was \$29.95. I do know it was less than thirty dollars. I put off buying the machine, called the Hamilton-- made by Remington Rand-- because I had received my draft notice for the army and I wasn't certain what was going to happen. I thought of putting the purchase off until the final call came through, as I didn't figure it was worth buying and using maybe a couple of times and then having to leave.

The first medical exam passed me, not as an 'A', but certainly not as 'F'. I hated the hekto method as the jelly was starting to pit and the copies were coming off an overall purple. Even at its best the results were far from perfect. So I took the plunge. I decided to purchase the duplicator and use it for as long as I was a free agent.

February 1942 the machine came, well wired up in a stout wooden crate. What a thrill! My own duplicator-- now I could really turn out a magazine and have decent copies.

The first mimeographed (I use the word advisedly) issue was ages ahead of the hektographed ones, but it still wasn't up to snuff. I had a lot to learn. For one thing, I didn't have good paper. The cover was run off on ordinary smooth surfaced typewriter paper, light weight stuff, at that.

The cover also sported the first charge for LIGHT-- a nickel.

The interior paper was a darkish stuff. I started off by buying large scribblers, unlined, sold for use in school. I would strip these of their staples and covers and then cut them to size with a pair of scissors. It took the ink well. I think the blots and thin printing were not due to the paper but to my own errors. Results were highly satisfying, everything considered. Legibility was so far ahead of the hekto goo as to be beyond comparison.

The first mimeographed edition of LIGHT had nine pages to the copy, including a full page of swaps. I have no date as to how many copies were run off, but I have an idea it was pretty small.

LIGHT

March 1942

Number 114

Cover.....Nils H. Frome
Return Of Ambrose.....John Hollis Mason
Mud Pack.....Leslie A. Croutch
John G. Hilkter....(article).....Ron Conium
Editorial.....
The Mail Box.....Letters

Number 115 showed a tendency to professionalism. LIGHT sported a comet-tail title on the cover-- a la the old comet-tail AMAZING STORIES. Old timers will remember that with nostalgia. Much of the printing, especially that for the MAIL BOX, was rather poor, from the standpoint of mimeo standards. I was using Mimeograph Co. stencils. (Mimeograph in Canada is the name under which A. B. Dick /USA/ products are known and sold) In an attempt for cheapness I had purchased a quire of their inexpensive wax stencils. Never again. I had nothing but grief from them. But they are cheap-- about \$2.00 less than the cellulose ones.

Ron Conium, a sort of semi-fan and a demon collector in Toronto, now showed a finger in the pie. He worked for the Tilford Box and Paper Co. in Toronto and started to lug paper home for me to use. He sent up enough double sheets to give LIGHT wrap-around covers for the next eleven issues. LIGHT started to sport white, gray, brown and orange cover stock. And inside Ron's white paper also showed up for he supplied sufficient for several issues.

In those days I had no Bob Gibson to work on stencils. I had to do all the art work myself, traced from drawings. Some were easy but some were a proper-- if you'll pardon the term-- "bastard". I think that among the hardest were those sent in by Nils H. Frome. Right up there at the top of the list is Conium's for # 116. He told me later he did it as a sort of challenge, and never expected me to get any decent results from it. I surprised him, though.

Those were the days when all the stencil working equipment I had was the writing plate and stylus that came with the initial box of supplies. For shading screens and plates I used a variety of files. They worked out all right, as other publishers have also found. Later on I built a scope-- an illuminated drawing board-- but it has been used very little. I suppose half a dozen stencils have been processed on it to date.

LIGHT by now was a full-fledged magazine. The editorial column name had been picked, LIGHT FLASHES, and, with a few exceptions, has been used ever since. The same goes for the readers department, THE MAIL BOX.

Readers and friends such as Ted White, Norm Lamb, Bob Gibson, and others have been with me almost from the first. White and Lamb, especially, have been in the swim from the early beginning. I am speaking here of contributions, as well as readers. Others that appeared now and then as contributors, but who have been with me from before the beginning as readers, are Clare Howes, Harry Warner, and a few others.

LIGHT # 117 showed a circulation of fifty. It was appearing monthly without fail and was running from twelve to eighteen pages in size. LIGHT FLASHES was running newsy notes that, if I so desired, could be the basis, almost, for a fan history of Canada. Sometime I may write a sort of "Croutchian Memoirs", using LIGHT as a source of information.

In LIGHT # 117, for instance, I read-- while typing this article-- with fond memories, that I went to Toronto for a few days over March 8 and 10, 1942. That I left Parry Sound on the 1:40 AM train, Friday morning, and arrived in the city at 6:15 AM. Quotes from LIGHT FLASHES on the fan field in Canada, are as follows-- and what pictures they conjure up--: "John Mason is said to be suffering from the throes of considering whether or not he should give birth to a fanzine..... Canadian fan overseas, Bob Gibson, just wrote to ask me about swapping and getting LIGHT.....John Mason has revised his plans for a fan publication somewhat. Now he is thinking of a one-shot affair, of about seventy to one hundred pages, containing work by as many Canadian fans

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as it is possible to get to contribute.....((incidentally, John's ambition never did come to anything-- it just sort of fizzled out))
.....Norman V. Lamb is no longer a corporal, he is now Sgt. N. V. Lamb
.....((remember that, Norm?))

Number 121, LIGHT ran what I believe is the first Canadian Fan Directory. No doubt many were missed, but it was compiled from my own mailing list and so was as complete as I could possibly make it. Canadian fandom was pretty slim then. Some of the Old Guard is still with us. Judge for yourself from the Directory, which follows, with suitable comments in parenthesis;

Alan Child.....(Alan disappeared suddenly. Whether living or not, I don't know. I once suspected he was actually Gordon Peck in disguise)

Ron Conium.....(Ron has faded from sight also. For a longtime he was very active. He helped LIGHT considerably with paper and contributions)

Croutch.....(I think no comment is necessary here)

Nils H. Frome.....(Who knows? I see his work from time to time in West Coast American fanzines. I have tried him out with sample issues of LIGHT, but no soap)

Bob Gibson.....(Bob is more of a collector than a fan, of which breed he has always declaimed any relationship)

John Guislan.....(Joined up in the early days of the war and that was the last I ever heard from him)

Tom Hanley.....(Seems to be another who has done a fade out)

John G. Hilkert.....(He was a Toronto man. Left to join up with the US Armed Forces, but I hear he is back in Toronto again. Haven't heard from him since the early days of the war)

C. Howes.....(Never a fan-- but a fantasy lover and something of a collector. Is still in it, I believe, in a quiet sort of way, though he has disposed of the greater amount of his magazines)

Fred Hurter.....(Comment here is somewhat superfluous)

Viola L. Konally.....(Vim, I think, may possibly be married now. In any event she dropped out of sight)

Sgt. Norman V. Lamb....(Was living in Toronto when the war started but now resides in Simcoe. You know him for his work in LIGHT. Is definitely an Honorable member of the "Old Guard")

John Hollis Mason.....(Has faded from sight to these many moons, though now and then some of the gang sees him wandering about. Did attend the Convention in Toronto. No one

knows for certain his status or what he is doing, there are plenty of rumors)
Gordon L. Peck.....(No longer with us-- me anyway, to be
Vancouver, B.C. definite)
Shirley Peck.....(Gord's sister-- same comment)
Harold Wakefield.....(Still in there pitching in his reserved
Toronto, Ontario manner. Is a demon collector of
Weird and Erotic fiction. Will be around
for years yet, I think. Is definitely
NOT a fan-- in fact, rather despises
the breed)
Cpl. T. R. White.....(Ted White, later a Sgt., now a civilian,
Toronto, Ontario married and a proud pappy twice
over. Still interested, though quietly)

A new light showed in the sky. Nanek, authoress, artist, poetess had started to hit LIGHT consistently. Her first cover appeared in the November 1942, 122nd, issue. This started a long and very pleasant-- association. An association which still goes on, and which, I hope, will continue to do so for many long years to come. Time has wrought many changes: she is now married and a mother. But still she is her old charming self, and her work still carries the beauty it had in the beginning.

One of the mammoth issues of LIGHT comes out every now and then with emphasis towards the end of 1942. The Christmas Number had thirty-two pages, and featured stories, poetry, and articles. I think the highlight was the article I wrote on van Vogt. It was I think, the first article on him to hit fandom. I know I covered everything about him so thoroughly that even today it is new and informative. It was correct in every phase. It was bound to be, seeing van Vogt read and corrected the copy before I printed it.

LIGHT's circulation was still pretty modest. But then, I never did bother trying for record smashing. However, what it may have lacked in circulation, it made up in the universality of its readers. THE MAIL BOX in # 123 had letters from Francis T. Laney (US), Irene Shillog(CAN), Harold Wakefield (CAN), Ted White (CAN), John Mason (CAN), Edwin Mac Donald (SCOTLAND), van Vogt (CAN), John Hilkert (CAN), Bob Gibson(CAN) in England, E. A. Godfrey (CAN) somewhere overseas.

LIGHT, however, was nearing a temporary eclipse. By now my second army call had come up and I had been put in F-- which meant I was, as far as the military was concerned, nothing but a big failure. I had flat feet, believe it or not! And here I had been expecting my eyes to hold me out-- I had worn glasses since I was seven. But they told me my eyes would never lower my category enough. It was the flat feet. I'll make no bones about it and try for false heroism and say I fell to the floor and beat my head and wailed because I couldn't bleed for God, Country, King and Flag. I WAS RELIEVED.

The radio repair business was good and I was getting increasingly busy. I was looking for a car to use to get around with and when I got one I lost interest in LIGHT for a time. As a result, without warning I stopped publication with the May 1942 issue. However, I'll say this, it recessed in a very healthy shape. I had a file bulging with material awaiting publication. Some of it I handed out to help others, but I'll admit that I kept the juiciest for myself, for I had a feeling I'd be back turning the old crank again.

Mimeo Ink In My Veins

The vacation wasn't a long one. Winter 1943 saw issue number 129, FAPA # 1, out. If it hadn't been for membership in this august body, I might not have started again for several months. But I would have, never fear. At night I would look through my back issues and re-read them and remember. I'd look through my files and read the material, and then I'd dream of what could be done.

In the meantime events were rushing along. Harry Warner had been doing some spade work publicizing the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, later on somewhat lovingly referred to as a Graveyard where mighty behemoths retired to die! For while I had resisted all of Harry's efforts to get me to join. I wasn't too interested just then, but finally I did give in and my name went on the waiting list. Suddenly I was notified that I was IN!

Let it be said here that THIS Elephant didn't look upon it as death, but as a very exciting adventure.

I was all out of practice. I shudder even now when I look at the new few issues I ran off for the FAPA. Sometimes I think the members shudder with me! Frankly, they were atrocious, the most god forsaken crud I ever produced. I had lost the "golden touch" and couldn't get it back right away.

Not all was due to the rest I had taken, however; part of the trouble was misinterpretation of what the FAPA stood for. I started off by trying to make the lion look like a tiger. And it wouldn't work-- I just couldn't get going with a personalized sort of thing the other members seemed to turn out with no effort. Some of them looked like it, too! Things to say couldn't be thought up in rebuttal to arguments and in commentary on other offerings.

The only thing about that issue that I am the least bit proud of is that the circulation was 101.

Spring 1944, number 130, FAPA # 2, was another stinker. At the time there was a stream of sexiness running through certain FAPA publications and some of the boys were getting away with murder. I thought I'd show them something and turned out an issue that brought matters to a boil. I literally outsexed and outpornographed the others. # 130 had sex that was pure and undistilled.

Down poured the villification. Even now I do not believe it was all deserved. But what happened was simple. My effort was the straw that broke the camel's back. It was the final bit that teetered the seesaw. So I got the sticks and stones. But no bones were broken. And it did serve its purpose. The air started to clear, both in FAPA and within my own publication offices.

"Within my own publication offices"! Gawd, doesn't that throw you? A two-bit outfit consisting of a mimeograph and some home made equipment. No aspirations to commercialism. Error ridden un-corrected mimeographed publication and I have the gall, the effrontery to term it a "publication" and my room "publication offices"!!!

Number 131 started to get back on the beam, and about time too. I saw I couldn't do my best trying to imitate the other FAPAZines. So why try? I had proved I was best at the variety type of zine so why not go back to it. Why try to keep to the rutted and over-trafficked path being trod by all the others?

I did.

LIGHT for Christmas 1944 was another whopper. It outdid all former giant issues. And it was back in the groove. Thirty-eight pages of a little of everything hit the readers and FAPA. I was back in stride--

and boy, it sure felt good. The doldrums had been weathered-- no longer would the dark clouds dim my vision-- what there was of it!

Too, another improvement was evident. For the first time in my publishing career, or hobby, call it what you will, I was using regular mimeograph paper, and the quality of reproduction jumped accordingly.

Spring 1945 saw another era drawing to a close. Though it had nothing to do with it, type size changed in # 134. The portable, which sported pica type, was bogging down. Finally I got fed up and purchased the present machine, which still doesn't spell any better than the old, with its elite. This issue saw the change-- part of it was in pica, the rest in elite.

About now a sort of feud developed between me and the FAPA. It grew out of that sexy issue I mentioned awhile back, and a picture in # 144, on page 17, in which a small elfin female figure appeared, complete with public adornment-- in other words, HAIR! The current editor of the FAPA held the issue back, saying it was not fit to appear in the Mailing. Apparently, like the Watch and Ward Society, various Ladies Aid Societies, and the Johnson Office of Hollywood, he felt the innocent immatures in the Association should not be allowed to grow up by letting them in on the tremendous secret that WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT FROM MEN. Later on this issue did appear and the members saw nothing wrong with it. But I became highly incensed. I got suddenly very fed up with the apparent prudishness of certain FAPA members and became determined that no more would I spend time on big issues of LIGHT only to have some too-big-for-his-hat editors to ban it from a mailing. So for a time LIGHT did not appear in the FAPA. I boycotted it. I wonder how many members would like to have those missing copies to fill up their files?

136 NEVER APPEARED!

Comment had been made from time to time about the huge number appearing on LIGHT's cover. I started to see it was misleading and decided to change it. LIGHT was actually not a magazine when it was just a swap list. I started to see that the magazine actually was born the day I picked the present name. So instead of numbering the November 1945 issue as # 136, I numbered it # 29. This was its 29th appearance since September 1941 when the first one under LIGHT as a name appeared. Thus LIGHT's new numbering is correct and not at all misleading as some contended.

With # 29, and LIGHT's temporary withdrawal from the FAPA, I tried for a more frequent appearance. Bi-monthly appearance was being sought after instead of quarterly, as it had been. In this issue, also, I started the book reviews. Some doubt was shown by certain readers that I could keep it up. It is only recently that they have not appeared regularly, and more will be published from time to time.

January 1946, # 30, came out with one of the best covers of all time. And so it should have been-- for Bob Gibson did this one directly on the stencil. Thus began a collaboration between Bob and myself that has been highly beneficial to the magazine, and, I hope, mutually enjoyable, ever since.

Bob was immediately added to the art staff. His work appeared regularly on covers and he soon was recognized as one of fandom's brighter lights, and is, I feel certainly, Canada's brightest and steadiest flame among fan artists. I know I have met none as good or as consistent as he.

Mimeo Ink In My Veins

March 1946 saw the advent of back covers for LIGHT-- full page montages drawn directly on stencil by Gibson. Few other magazines have had such a feature over such a length of time consistently.

But all was still not smooth sailing. Troubles were coming up over the horizon. Troubles that again threatened the magazine and which required fast work to avoid another recess.

My faithful old duplicator was starting to get tired. Well, maybe it wasn't so old, but it was a cheap one and things were occurring that were giving me a case of the whim whams.

Business was good then and I was really pulling in the green stuff. I decided suddenly that I wanted a better mimeograph. Color work was starting to interest me and I thought that a second machine would make two-color work easier. Being a lazy guy, I didn't fancy cleaning the drum every time I wanted to print a second color. Nope, I'd sooner have two mimeos.

As my first move I purchased an inexpensive English flat bed affair which works fine but is rather slow. The all-green cover for LIGHT, May 1946, was turned out on it. I have used it very little due to the extra work entailed. As I've said, I'm a lazy guy, so I just never used this flat bed job as much as I thought I would.

Then the Hamilton duplicator broke down and the manufacturer no longer was making that machine and couldn't supply the part. So stuck I was.

I wrote Mimeograph in Toronto and asked them about a Model 90, selling for around \$130.00. I thought they'd just send me the dope on it but instead the salesman drove up to the door with it. It was a lovely thing but for the price I just couldn't see it. It didn't do a damn sight better than my little \$30.00 job that I could see. So I rebelled and didn't buy it. I don't think the salesman was very happy.

Fen in the States were using Speed-O-Print machines and those were available in Canada for \$60.00 from the same mail order house I bought the Hamilton from. I took a chance and ordered it. Come to think of it, it wasn't really much of a chance either for this store sells on a money back guarantee if you are not satisfied. When the machine came and I set it up and tried it out I was more than pleased. It did work equally as good in quality as the more expensive Mimeograph. And the automatic feed worked even better. Naturally I kept it and I was back in business again.

LIGHT for May 1946-- Number 32, was the first issue turned out on the Speed-O-Print. It has done yeoman service ever since. I recommend it to whoever is interested.

I started getting ambitious again. It was about time for another mammoth issue! Number 33, Fall 1946, was the result. Thirty-four pages of it, this time. A blue cover and yellow and white pages. LIGHT dropped from bi-monthly to quarterly for the feud in the FAPA was over and I started sending LIGHT through the mailing again. I just decided that I wasn't going to be buffaloed by any bunch of officers that didn't see the same way I did!

And damned if they didn't get huffy again! Either this set was so hard to please or I have a decided talent for getting peoples' nanny goats. Maybe I have but what the hell-- it takes a needle now and then to stir things up. Anyway, the lead story, one of mine, contained a few luscious phrases in it that scared the editor and he withheld the magazine. As with a former issue, when it did come out, later on, no one seemed to see anything so terribly bad about it.

From this point onwards the issues are not dim efforts of the past. There have been some highlights-- of which newer readers may be uninformed: the lithographed cover of Cthulhu, angelled by Cockroft, that appeared on the January 1948 issue.

Outside of that there is nothing much to mention, except the fact that there were no issues of LIGHT during 1947. I didn't have the time, and I was sitting back, waiting to see what the FAPA would finally decide over that Number 33 issue.

WHAT HAS PUBLISHING A FANZINE MEANT TO ME? It has meant pleasure-- a hobby that has kept me occupied-- a hobby that I have shared with friends, and I have found that that kind of hobby gives the greatest joy. It has meant contacts with people I have liked, and like. In its small way, it has carved out for me a niche among people that like the same things I do. LIGHT will likely be remembered long after I have removed myself, voluntarily or involuntarily, from the scene. In fact, I understand the magazine is already somewhat of a collector's piece. But the greatest pleasure has been the knowledge that its voice has been the loudest and most consistent Canadian one in American and World Fandom. CANADIAN FANDOM and CENSORED have shouted loudly too, but LIGHT does it the most often. And LIGHT will be remembered for being so damned irritating at times, for always sticking its foot in it and printing stuff that made people sore at one time or another.

And the future.....what of it? I don't know. I never plan ahead anymore. I just want to keep it that way, printing entertainment, sticking up for what I believe in, and being always willing to print anything that will pass the postal laws. The fuddy duddies, the narrow minded lovers of 'isms' will always find LIGHT ready to tramp on their toes. I believe in freedom of speech, in the freedom of a democratic person to say what he likes and what he dislikes.

There is only one definite thing that I know-- I intend to stay in the FAPA, so the members might as well become reconciled. And I also intend to keep on printing the experimental in writing and art work. Because LIGHT does NOT believe that fantasy is the end of all things-- and therefore will never be a die-hard exponent of that belief. The End.....LAC

THE VIKING SHIP HOAX

Reprinted from
CANFAN #13

by REDD BOGGS

September
1947

Many early Science Fiction stories were developed in the form of hoaxes, real or alleged. You will remember Poe's BALLON HOAX and THE UNPARALLELLED ADVENTURE OF ONE HANS PFAALL, and the so-called MOON HOAX of Richard Adams Locke. Consider, then, the Science Fictional possibilities in the announced "discovery" of an ancient Viking Ship bogged down in a North Dakota slough, a news-story that became a nine days wonder in the twin cities.

The report originated with Vernon Jempe, 46, of Minneapolis, and aroused the somewhat skeptical and amused interest of both Minnesota and North Dakota Historical Societies. It caused Mrs. Alice F. Tyler, associate professor of history at the University of Minnesota, and authority on Viking Lore, to comment: "If this story should be auth-

The Viking Ship Hoax

enticated, it would be the most revolutionary discovery in modern times, and would involve a complete recasting of all existing theory."

Jempsa, who said he was of Norse descent, started the furor by writing a letter to Minnesota State Historical society, in which he described his finding of a "nearly intact Viking Ship" in a Red River Valley slough near Erie, N. D. He wrote that, in 1914, while working in the harvest fields, he discovered the ancient hulk, 156 feet long, 30 feet across the beam, and some fifteen feet high, mired in a quicksand swamp. Climbing on the ship, he found the name FREIJA burned on the prow, and a figurehead, the bust of a woman carved in wood, with the name VANA seared upon it. There were also the Roman numerals MCCCLVII, which in Arabic stand for 1357. There were bleached bones below the deck, Jempsa said, while in the mud nearby were metal-tipped spears and copper-lined wooden shields. Hundreds of Indian arrows pierced the starboard side of the bleached vessel.

But the most interesting part of the whole discovery to Jempsa, was his finding of two wooden chests buried near the ship. He estimated they contained about \$80,000.

Jempsa's story was investigated nine days later (I told you this yarn was a nine days wonder) by an aerial expedition consisting of Jempsa, two aviators, and newsmen. Curators of both State Historical Societies combed the countryside at the same time.

The spot, at the edge of wheatfields only 35 miles northwest of Dunkelberger's city abode, was pointed out by Jempsa from the air, but he admitted being confused by the fact that the land had been drained since 1914, and the aspect of the landscape had changed. The party aided by two Erie oldtimers, trudged thru brush and waist-high marsh grass, but found no Viking Ships, figureheads, Indian arrowheads, or skeletons of the hardy seafarers supposedly slain there 600 years ago. Neither was there evidence of the chests which Jempsa claimed contained Viking gold.

It was suggested that Jempsa's "Viking Ship" was a common flatboat, a barge once towed by river steamers and used for hauling grain from Fargo to Winnipeg back when the Red River was navigable.

Had Jempsa's story turned out to be true, it would have substantiated a legend common in the Dakotas that Viking adventurers penetrated mid-America a century before Columbus. How the Norsemen could have sailed as far inland as North Dakota is a moot point. Two theories present possibilities. The Vikings could have come via Greenland through Hudson's Bay and down Canadian waterways to the Red River Valley. Or, they could have set their course through the Great Lakes and along Minnesota Rivers and Lakes. A runestone inscribed in early Norse writing, is supposed to have been found, decades ago, at Kensington, N. D. There is other alleged evidence of Viking exploration in the midwest, but it is perhaps no coincidence that this section is now populated by people of Nordic descent.

Perhaps a Science Fiction or Fantasy story could be spun portraying the Vikings voyaging deep into America's interior. The Vikings, being descendants of Gods, might be expected to possess fabulous powers or magical ships to which the prospect of sailing across thousands of miles of dry land would present no problem.

Any author struck by this possibility need not be deterred by the recent fiasco at Erie, N. D. There are more Viking Ships, according to Jempsa, near Halstad, Hillsboro, and Glandin, N. D., and another in the woods near Ballclub. Minn.....RB

THE MAELSTROM

.....Missles From The Readers
 Edited by William D. Grant.....

D U T C H E L L I S
 1428 - 15th Street, E.
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Canfan # 29 was a fine issue.....Wilson's article on Lovecraft was fascinating and well written, nicely interspersed with quotations - livens a piece up to have actual bits from other

people instead of merely the author's say-so that whozit expressed such and such an opinion.....But though I muchly enjoyed Wilson's article, I still am unable to see why the big fuss over Lovecraft, Chester Cuthbert in Winnipeg lent me a copy of a Derleth collection of HPL's short stories, and in each of those I have read so far I have discovered no horror. It all sounds, on the contrary, pretty silly. But my chief objection is his use of obvious punch lines -- you not only anticipate but know the punch line before it arrives. In "The Outsider", for instance, the reader should know the minute the narrator comes up through the tomb into the world that he's a monster. If not then (if indeed not from the first paragraph) at least when he barges into the party sending everyone scattering away. But no, HPL goes slowly through his heavy prose until the narrator is before the mirror--and it is perfectly obvious that it is a mirror. Then, after seeing this indescribable horror, the narrator goes away, crushed at the sight, and roams with "night-things" or something. Then, finally, comes the punch line -- that the horror he saw was himself. It might have been an effective (if not particularly valuable) bit of fiction if it had been tightened up and if it had given real suspense, not a caricature of suspense....

CANADIAN FANDOM IN THE 40's was interesting. This Croutch fellow is quite an independent sort, apparently. In the last FAPA mailing he had some rather harsh words on insurance...now UNIONS. Tucker was amusing ...your nude on the opposite page sports fine, normal, Tucker-approved "C" form, no?.....Ger's reviews good--and I glee at the egoboo.....Now about your article--which is the item in your zine this round that will probably cause the most discussion. You say of the FAPA mailings that well over half of it is "pure 'once read, throw it away' material". And so it is -- and that is exactly what I do with most of it, except GRUES and HORIZONS and other good stuff--and also except BIRDSMITH which is perhaps of not as high quality as say HORIZONS, but which appeals to me for some reason (beyond the obviously very fine column by Bill Morse). Nevertheless, since you say 60-65% is not worth keeping, you by implication say that 35-40% is, and that's not an insignificant percentage. Especially considering the fact that as some one (forget who now and am too lazy to look it up) said in the last mailing that most FAPA stuff is transitory discussion--conversation on paper--and not intended for immortality. This is the way I like it, personally. It's fun this way--striving for extreme quality is work, and I think fanac should be fun. (It's fun to work only to a point--after that it's drudgery. --Some people's fun-becomes-drudgery point

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is much higher than others, tho, what? You enjoy putting out a high-quality zine with effective, carefully-done art, justified margins, etc., whereas my level is much lower because--ignoring the question of talent in the matter of your art and lettering--I'm burdened with a large lump of resisting laziness) However, since not all fan-pubbing, even in a conversational-type group like FAPA, is worthless except for immediate entertainment, there doesn't seem to be much to worry about. True, articles of the calibre of the Wilson article you reprinted this time are not too frequent, but they are around.....

AUGUST DERLETH
Sauk City
Wisconsin, USA

Many thanks for Canfan, which I leafed through as quickly as I got it this morning. I did take time to read Don Wilson's article, which I had not read before. I felt Wilson's article quite competently done -- largely by quotation, of course, and primarily superficial. Yet it ought to serve as an interesting introduction to new readers or potential readers.....

SAM MOSKOWITZ
127 Shephard Ave.
Newark 8
New Jersey, USA

I enjoyed H. P. LOVECRAFT by Don Wilson. He did an interesting thing. Didn't try to bring out any new perspectives in Lovecraft himself, but united outstanding appraisals of the man into a coherent whole and left the reader to make up his own mind.....In trying to ascertain Lovecraft's motives, Keller's magnificent article, SHADOW'S OVER LOVECRAFT is probably the most outstanding analysis of the man from a psychological standpoint to appear. It warrants printing again sometime.....

Yes, comments are still coming in about the Wilson article on H. P. LOVECRAFT. Ron Ellik had some doubts about reprinting this item so soon after the initial publication in his own magazine, but the three preceeding letters sure prove otherwise. Notice the three very different viewpoints, but in the summing up they are all in accord that Don Wilson did a fine bit 'putting to-gether'. Also make note of Sam's reference to Dr. Keller's article on Lovecraft, this is a must for the gleaner of additional knowledge on Lovecraft.....In a more recent letter Ron Ellik makes note of another book that is new to me and it sounds like a very fine effort, namely, THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION by Peter Penzoldt (Oxford-1952), and it is evidently a large volume dealing with the supernatural short story in English Literature. Such familiar names as Le Fanu, Blackwood, De La Mare, M. R. James, Stevenson, Dickens and Lovecraft are among some of the authors dealt with.....While on the subject I can heartily recommend the March 1956 issue of INSIDE AND THE SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER, which contains a reprint of a 1919 article by H. P. Lovecraft, himself. Also a wonderful bit by Lin Carter, which is the beginning of a three-part article on Lovecraft.....WDG

K E N T M O O M A W
4722 Peabody Avenue
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I enjoyed Canfan # 28 muchly, particularly BLUES FOR TOMMY and the results of the SECOND TUCKER FAN SURVEY by GASTeward. Having little or no interest in photography I didn't care for THE MAGIC BOX, and Bob Bloch's likes/dislikes in music don't

make a particularly interesting article. The repro is generally excellent, your illos are quite good and the layout on those pages with the illows are good.....Canfan # 29 is a definite improvement over #28 from the standpoint of content variety, but I am sorry to say that the quality seems to have suffered a setback. If it weren't for the photo adaptations (which must demand a lot of careful labor) and the near-impeccable repro, I'd be tempted to guess that the zine was hurriedly assembled in order to meet a deadline. This seems rather illogical, since I know of no faneds who stick to their schedule consistantly, but the impression remains.....If I liked H. P. LOVECRAFT's writing, this ish would have been like manna from above, but I bear a loathing for everything I've ever read by Lovecraft (and most of the stuff by Derleth, to boot!) and Don Wilson's picture of Lovecraft as a poor misguided individual did nothing to change this. Frankly, I'd be inclined to moan and beat my breast a little more if Milton Lesser died; I'd consider it a bigger literary loss. I know thousands of Lovecraftians will be out to get me for a lynching if this ever gets out, but that's the way I feel. The "Best Long Article of '55" was the biggest bust, as far as I'm concerned.....I like the idea behind CANADIAN FANDOM IN THE 40's, but the selected material could have been better. I don't care in the least what Harry Elsner thinks of "Final Blackout", and Forry Ackerman's STARS AND ATOMS is certainly far below his professional stories in most respects. Les Croutch's bit on UNIONS was better, tho rather dated now since a story on the same idea was written by Robert Abernathy not too long ago. But then, Abernathy may have seen the Croutch piece at the time of its original pubbing - do I smell plagiarism?.....On the other hand, I nearly fell out of my chair laughing at Bob Tucker's advice for fan artists. Now there was something that really deserved re-printing! Did Bob do the illows himself?.....Your opinions in THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SOME closely parallel my own, tho you undoubtedly can speak from longer and wider experience. I've been reading fanzines for two years, and even during this short time I've seen evidence of a tremendous turnover. Today, more than ever (as LeeH mentioned in her OBLIQUE article), fans are boasting about how little stf they read, and may refuse to read any fanzines but the established giants ("-", OOPSLA, GRUE and PEON) plus the few that their friends edit now and then. This kind of setup may have been true since "The Time Traveller", but I wouldn't know; all I know is what I read in "The Immortal Storm", as Will Rogers was wont to say. It does seem, however, that North American fandom is heading for a fall, and that when the Grand Gafia strikes, many BNF's will have succumbed. Personally, I think 7th fandom and the holdovers from the 6th are growing stale; it's about time for an active, energetic 8th fandom to step in and get things moving.....As you know, it is the attitude of the Old Fen which has caused this situation. Having had their fling at pubbing and fanac, many are content to sit back with a Scotch & Soda in each hand and tell dirty jokes, while calling themselves science-fiction fans. Most of them do little more from a standpoint of boosting stf than pick up an occasional copy of ASF, and the latest Heinlein novel. This is fandom? Phooey, if that's what a BNF is prone to do, Ghod preserve me a grass-green neo!.....And before I begin calling names, I'd best sign out. Thanks for writing an article which started me to thinking; I had almost swallowed that "I don't read stf any more" guff myself!.....

I don't think any of the readers will lynch Kent for his opinions about H. P. LOVECRAFT, in fact a solid reverse comment is sometimes a rare thing in a letter column. For myself I have enjoyed about sixty percent of Lovecraft's writings, maybe Kent hit a few of the poorer efforts. One thing I know is that a solid science-fiction reader gets little or no pleasure out of reading pure fantasy.....The remainder of the letter has the earmarks of almost being an article. But if you want another viewpoint on the subject read Bob Bloch's WORST FOOT FORWARD in the Tenth Anniversary Issue of INSIDE AND THE SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER. The viewpoints expressed are quite different and I frankly never even thought of this particular angle, which is the core of the article.....WDG

A/3C BILL CONNER
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The "Best Long Article of 1955" is a title that I agree with for Don Wilson's article on Lovecraft. To me, this article seems to back up my notion concerning the authors of the weird/horror type of story. Maybe

only a few of the greats follow this pattern, and I may be stretching it a bit; but it does seem that a bit of insanity is a prerequisite for this brand of fiction if you are to excel in it. Compare the lives of Poe and Lovecraft for instance. Their lives were not ones of peace of mind and mental contentment. I don't wish to imply that they were crazy, but in this type of writing, with all of it's nightmare scenes and grotesque plots; being a bit mad would help. An author must experience them? Poe's masterpiece of morbidity, "The House of Usher", could only have been inspired by personal experience in the emotions that were presented with such force in this tale. (as well as many other efforts)If that illustration of Lovecraft on the cover is a true likeness, Lovecraft could have easily passed for the stock type of character used in the movies of his kind of story. In fact, I think that Dracula would have been the perfect part for the facial characteristics of Lovecraft had he been an actor. He was certainly in character as an author of wierd fiction.....Any story that involves experience outside of that of our ordinary life, or with emotional experiences that we cannot easily imagine, demands descriptive detail of this emotional situation of a high order. This is one reason why the stories of Poe and Lovecraft have such a great appeal. This is also something that is sadly lacking in stf. Is it because the author cannot imagine the emotional experiences of his characters in some of the unusual situations he gets them into? Far too many of the modern, adult type of stf stories are dry and emotionless. Like the wordage taken from a comic book without any extra descriptive detail to make up for the loss of the illustrations, the stories are all plot and action. Of course, authors like Poe and Lovecraft are not too common. Still, I think that most of the current stf stories are sadly lacking in descriptive detail. And since a great majority of stf stories are short stories, this descrepency is intensified. A short story particularly demands a great deal of emotional impact.....Tucker's dissertation on the diversities of the female breast gave me some laughs, but surely his illustrated table of examples were not meant as a guide for other illustrators! The general types are diagramed with too much modesty. But I suppose fanzines didn't go for a bit of harmless pornography when this was done, like they do now.

CHARLES ATHEY
1995 Dixie Highway
Hamilton, Ohio., USA

What happened to Croutch on the UNION deal, somebody put salt in his coffee? Or is his Pa a member of the manufacturers association? Nothing more to comment on til I got to the letter section where I find my old friend Rev. Moorhead still beating the drum. He and I are in agreement on a great many things but the religious angle finds us looking at the world from a very different angle. We first tangled in the letter column of oje of the old pulps, I do not recall which one at present. And then to the Lovecraft article -- I'm sorry, but fantasy of this type has always left me cold, I read it, enjoyed it, and forgot it, but no after taste or analysis except it seems to me to be the meanderings of a sick mind.....

H A R R Y W A R N E R, Jr.
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Hagerstown, Maryland., USA

It's pretty late to comment on those long ago issues of Canfan. But I've got to do something that will permit me to sleep nights. So, a few selected remarks: Extreme delight, the first sensation, particularly regarding the Friese-Greene article and the lengthy convention reports in the season's greetings issue. It's rather odd that stereoscopic photography didn't become standard right from the beginning. It must have been extremely popular, before the turn of the century. We've been publishing in the local newspaper a series of old-time photographs, and it's surprising how many of those that are contributed to this series are the three-dimensional type. Probably Eastman Kodak's mighty drive to turn photography into snapshooting was the reason for the decline of this type of camera; it was cheaper to make the simple Brownies that took the two-dimensional picture. In the same issue, Bloch's account of his early record collecting days naturally provided me with infinite amounts of delight. Odd, how closely most of us have similar experiences in the first days of record-buying. But I wonder if the people who are just starting today have as much fun with "lp's"? There is one tremendous fault with the "lp" that is inherent in the nature of the records, and militates against the all-out thrills. That's the vast amount of music, 20 to 35 minutes, on each side of a record, and the consequent improbability that everything contained on that record side will be thoroughly satisfactory. It was easy to find '78's with three or four minutes of music on a side in which there was absolutely nothing opposed to your tastes; it's much harder to find an "lp" with that much consecutive superlative performance. In the fan survey report, the only flaw that I can find is the manner in which the results were calculated. There are three basic methods for deriving conclusions from sets of figures: the average of the whole bunch, or the most frequently cited figure, or the middle point between the two extremes. It would have saved much space, for instance, to state that the ages from 16 to 21 account for most fans; averaging up everyone gives a misleadingly high figure, because of a small group of individuals in their 40's and 50's who can't be counterbalanced by a group of similar size at the other end of the scale, on account of because nobody can become a fan until he's learned to read, a process that occurs only a few years before he becomes 16.....In the more recent issue, I was happy to see again Don Wilson's article. However, to repeat what I said about it when it first appeared, in different words; I think that entirely too much emphasis has been placed on HPL's eccentricities. Not much has been written about the dull but admirable things about him -- the cheer-

The Maelstrom

ful and courageous way in which he faced life despite so many neuroses, the encouragement and help that he gave ambitious young writers while he was trying desperately to make a living by his own pen, the pathetic manner in which he tried to make his own fatal illness useful to the world, by describing it clinically at every step. And when you come down to it, I don't think that he was much more eccentric than the average person. His eccentricities may have taken different forms. But what essential difference exists between a man who can't stand the sight or smell of the sea and a man who can't bear anything connected with good music or serious books or today's schools? The latter man appears much more frequently; that's the only difference. Lovecraft never resorted to violence or retreated into insanity in the face of his eccentricities. So I think it's about time to forget the anecdotes and concentrate on finding what is good in his fiction and non-fiction. All of which, of course, isn't criticism of Don Wilson's article; it's the fault of all the people who have written about HPL over the years. There just isn't any substantial amount of differently slanted materials from which Wilson could have chosen.....

There is no doubt about it, the spell has been cast by many articles telling of Lovecraft's odd whims and his sickness. The good things are spread around and lost with many individuals who are long since gone from this world. I can well imagine that if somebody started the task of collecting the good things, that the total would far outshine anything that has seen print to date. But I'm afraid that the majority like to magnify the weaknesses of fine craftsmen. The man is as good as his writing, his private life if at all unusual I would think, should be more in the hands of the student, scholar, critic and intimate friends. And with the knowledge that there are always seekers of sensationalism this group should do something to turn the tide. When one pauses to think, Harry's remarks are certainly sound. Maybe someone will come along with an article solely on the works of HPL. Many of the articles do start off with this thought in mind, but after a few pages there is always a reference to HPL's private life, which is usually the touchstone for wandering away into other paths.....WDG

RON ELLIK
277 Pomona Avenue
Long Beach, Cal., USA

Hey.....is this SIDELIGHTS ON THE MERRITTALES the same series that appeared in GORGON???

Mighod...what an issue this is going to be... I've always wanted to see the whole thing...the author always impressed me as being someone who knew Merritt better than Mrs. Merritt did, you know--always having information about the stories that nobody else could possibly have. Rasch is a Merritt-o-phile, I suppose...probably has everything of Merritt's that's ever seen print...eh?.....Are you kidding about this being a sixty-page issue? Why, the Merritt thing alone should run half of that. If you used elite type on that it would still run you at least 37 pages, and with illustrations you'd be lucky to cut under 40 in the long run.....

An average full page in Canfan has about 750 words, so it really isn't as bad as Ron thinks it is. At present I have forty pages dummied, so the end is in sight as far as this giant issue is concerned.....WDG

A' BAS # 8 - Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Drive
Toronto 9, Ontario., CAN

Approached in a certain way Boyd's A BAS is one of the most entertaining fanzines on the North American continent. If you don't dig his jive, you are a lost one and a bromo won't help you.....The cover is by Patterson, need I say more.....The DEROGATION is at the same level and Bob Tucker follows with his DIALOGUE.....Then there is a very excellent reprinting of HOW TO BE A JAZZ SNOB by one of our local critics.....Rich Kirs gets in a few pages and a super 'wing ding' letter column winds up a very able 36 pages.....

IBIDEM (two issues) - HARD LINES # 1 -
KAPAI ONI # 24 - Pat & Howard Lyons
Box 561, Adelaide PO, Toronto, Ont., CAN

So help me four smaller fanzines from one source. My cup runeth over. Dialogue by Howard and the best weird-

modern illustrating, amateur or professional. Again this production is slanted a certain way, either you go for it 100 percent, or you start looking for a lost island.....HARD LINES is a review mag, plus some fine illustrations which pertain to the game of cards, plus more illos.KAPAI ONI contains an article on the SONGS OF TOM LEHRER with one of the cutest illustrations I've ever seen. (one day Canfan will reprint it for repeat pleasure) The rest of the contents are letters addressed to P. Howie.....The two issues of IBIDEM are in the same vein as the above, except that the FAPA members receive this one, more fun and lampooning in all directions. In summing up about all I can say is that I hope "they" never get tired.....

FRONTIER # 6 - Dale R. Smith
3001 Kyle Avenue
Minneapolis 22, Minn., USA

Now we run up against the exact opposite, Dale must do a bit of trickery to put this to-gether. The cover alone will knock you out. It doesn't matter how they got

it, just let me say that it equals and in some ways surpasses anything that has ever appeared on the cover of a professional magazine.....The contents read as follows; SPACE TRAVEL AND THE INDIVIDUAL by Thomas E. Purdon; THE CHICAGO ROCKET SOCIETY by Wayne Proell; WORLD ROSTER OF ROCKET, INTERPLANETARY & ASTRONAUTICAL SOCIETIES; INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION AND CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY by Dr. Carl H. Olson; SPACE TRAVEL FOR THE MASSES by Kenn Curtis; SPACE AND THE PERFECTION OF MAN by Walter R. Rose and many regular features. In a serious light, this is a number one job, I have seen no other that comes near the quality....

INSIDE & S-F ADVERTISER - Ron Smith
611 West 114th Street, Apt. 3d-310
New York 25, New York., USA

This magazine could well become the voice of fandom. It has the circulation, the illustrations, format and contents that should

most certainly push it in an upwards direction. One issue is worth 25 cents, or five for one dollar.....Currently Lin Carter is doing a three-part article on H. P. LOVECRAFT.....Then we have a long article called THE WORST FOOT FORWARD by Robert Bloch. (Between writing, advertising and TV work I often wonder if Bob has found extra hours over and above the 24 a day. The man turns out more than most and most of it is first rate).....Bob Silverberg reviews THE FIRST TEN YEARS in this Tenth Anniversary Issue.....Plus Pat Patterson illos.....

TRANSURANIC Vol 2-No 3 - Al Alexander
2216 Croydon Road, Apartment 8
Charlotte 7, North Carolina., USA

The COLEFOLIO and the text with each illustration certainly produce an original panorama of Cole's family. I sure hope the

family doesn't take it serious, or you will be short one Cole.....THE ABOMINABLE PRO-FAN by Nick Falasca was a pip and has some hidden meanings and I kind of think the author is aware of them, a good effort....

OUTRE # 2 - George Spencer
8302 Donnybrook Lane
Chevy Chase 15, Maryland., USA

As mentioned in a previous issue all that was needed was material. The second issue has come up with quite a variety and I would say the future

looks very bright.....FULL OF SOUND AND FURY by William Deeck struck us as one of the high spots.....Again we note the fine grade of stock that this is printed on. It looks like George Spencer will be with us for many a moon if he keeps this up and more contributions come in....

