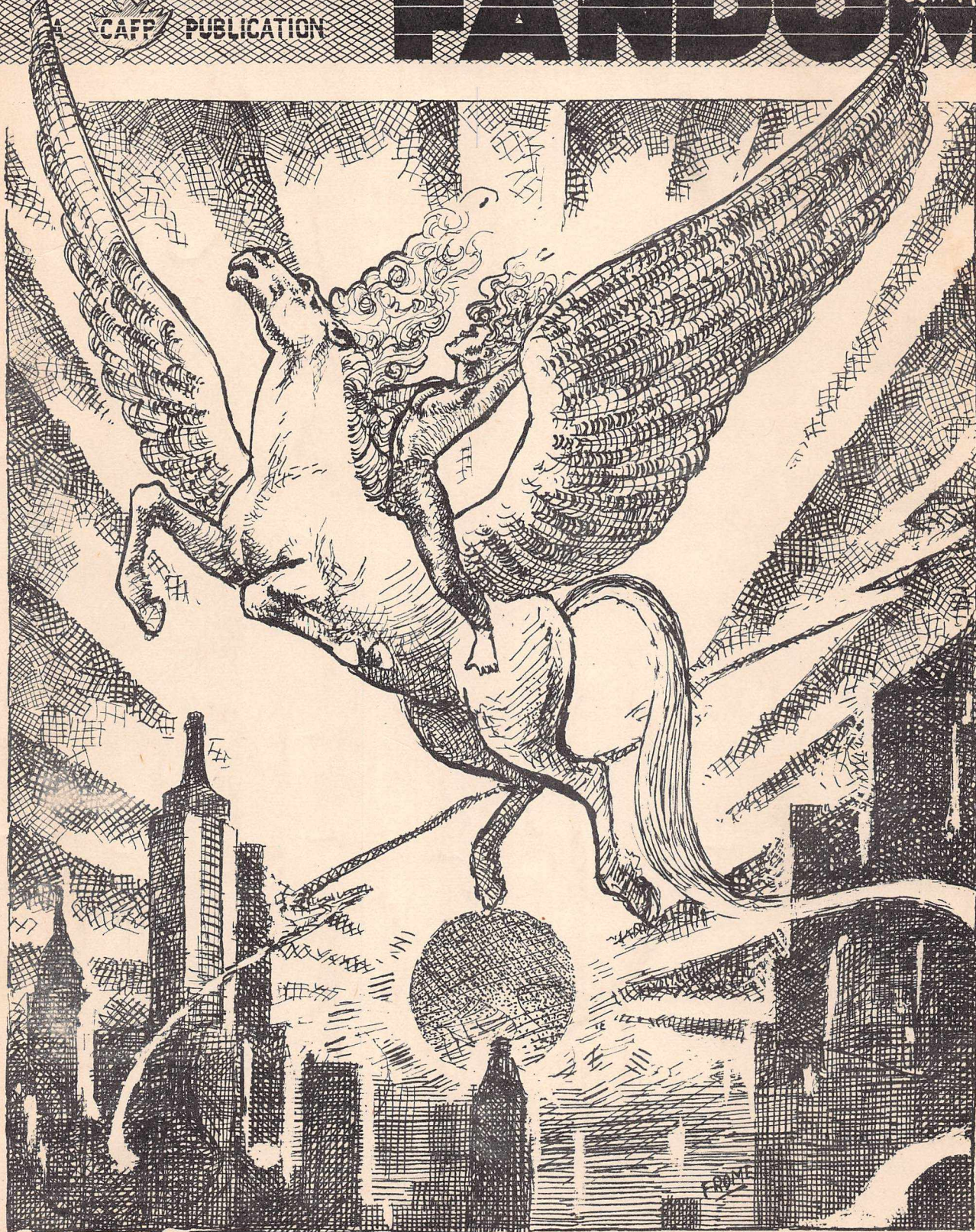


CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 18
OCT. 1945
A CAFF PUBLICATION



CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 10

A  PUBLICATION

A CROSS-SECTION OF CANADIAN FAN ACTIVITY

Edited & Published by

Beak Taylor
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Canada

Contents

NEFF

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FAPA

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Cover by Nils Frome. Interior illustrations by Max Best, Nils Frome and T. Van
Stories, articles, cartoons, poetry, covers, comments welcome. Stamps accepted
from foreign subscribers in lieu of cash.

That popular feature, 'Apologies' appears this month on pages 2, 14 and 16
Apologies also to those to whom we forgot to apologize, especially Mike Fern, whose
personal belongings, left here for forwarding last summer, have been ossifying in
closet for so long.

BEAK BROADCASTS

2

by 'Beak Taylor'

We dood it again!

The publication dates are coming farther and farther apart, and the number of pages fewr and fewer, but at least it's out. CANADIAN FANDOM has been rather like a rubber ball rolling down a hill; we started off with a great rush and fuss; then we came to the level ground and coasted for a while. Now moss is starting to grow, and unless we come to another hill, or some artificial means of propulsion, there's danger of Rigor Mortis setting in. Perhaps if someone administered a good swift kick in the pantaloons, or a shot in the arm, results would follow.

In any case, don't start abandoning ship yet. There's still a good many issues left in these feeble old bones. Our disease isn't lack of interest, it's lack of time. The problem of obtaining higher eddication has been somewhat trying, and since there is nothing lower than a freshman, we've been on the go constantly all fall and winter, sfer.

Our inactivity doesn't seem to have transmitted itself to the rest of this Northern section of America, however. A sudden plague of new Fen has fallen upon us. Mayhap, with careful coaxing, they could be encouraged into a show of activity. Come on, all you Immigration Authorities, get busy on the following:

Charles R. Johnston
5 Needham Street
Halifax, N. S.

Robert Loosemore
Ganges, B. C.

C.J. Bowie
2327 Belgrove Ave
Montreal 28, P. Q.

Cecil de Bretigny
5211 Kingston Ave
Montreal 28, P.Q.

Norman L. Barrett
467 Bonaventure St
3 Rivers, P. Q.



THE EDITORIAL
"WE"

Dave Stitt
581 William Street
London, Ontario

A letter, or a smaple copy of your mag might start things rolling.

In addition to this, we have a new civilian fan in the person of ex-gunner Bob Gibson, now back home in Alberta, and living at:

2421 25a St W.
Calgary, Alberta

Welcome home, Bob.

We often run into Tom Hanley, a semi-dormant Toronto Fan at the University. The only activities Tom has been engaged in recently are strictly social, and fan work has been relegated to the regions of the back cupboard, and forgotten. He drinks a very pleasnt cup of coffee, however.

Albert Betts, better known as The Wanderer, has wandered out to Vancouver, back to Toronto, and from thence to the Merchant Marine. Just where he is now we have no idea. A letter was received, and lost, and with it his address. Best we can do is 18 Wascana Avenue, Toronto, which is his home, and letter. mailed there will prob bly be forwarded.

John Mason pops up occasionally, and spends a few hours with yrs trly. Last escapade was a trip to the David Dunlap Observatory here at Toronto, where my Astronomy Class was taking a lecture.

Since belated welcomes are in order, I will put out the mat for Ted White. Led Croutch has done all the honours for Ted and Bob Gibson, but rather than give 'em a cold shoulder, I'll put my oar in too and say welcome back. Ted's address, incidentally:

73 Taunton Rd,
Toronto, 12, Ontario

As for Hurter, ahhn, who knows what nefarious activity he may be engaged in? No one ever hears from him, except what can be gleaned from frequent rumours of weird and wonderful occurences about the McGill campus.

Leslie Croutch was visted by this unworthy last summer. Time has erased much of the visit from our memory, but we do recall a very pleasant after-

noon spent in talking, looking over his new workshop, back files of LIGHT, flora and fauna of Parry Sound, listening to recordings made in the local studio, on some of which occurred the voice of Al Betts.

In connection with Betts, one bit of repartee seemed to sneak into every record, smelling as follows:

Croutch: What does three & one make, Al?

Betts: Why, four.

Croutch: That's strange. I always thot two and two made four.

God, how they loved that gag!

Our first glimpse of an American fan took place last August, when ambassador Mike Fern, of the Hawaii Ferns, popped in unexpectedly one Saturday afternoon. Since no other Fen were home at the time he arrived at our MacLonnans Avenue mansion, we took him with us to watch a cricket game in which we happened to be playing. We gather that he spent a rather dull afternoon. Things brightened up later when Mason was tracked to his lair, and Al Betts was lured in also. Mason and Fern then proceeded to converse, while Betts and Taylor listened and looked wise. Fern then proceeded to miss the bus to Detroit, & had to stay overnight. Next day he again almost missed connection, departing in haste, and leaving behind most of his personal belongings, including back files of letters, fanmags and pamphlets, a hat and overcoat, and sundry other articles. These have remained in my possession for months now, and to Mike I must apologize, though how an apology is going to help I can't say. I expect that international bonds of goodwill have been strained way past the breaking point, and I don't blame them. I'd get mad too. It's a hell of a way to treat a visitor. All I can do or say Mike, is that I'm sorry.

Among the things that Mike accomplished while he was here are three pages of dummy. The story is 'The Devil, in a Pin Stripe Suit', and it will appear in the next issue. Many thanks Mike.

Among our apologies this month, we find one for Fred Hurter, Montreal's original BEM, and former Editor, Publisher co-editor, owner, illustrator, author, of CENSORED, Canada's foremost fanny rag. His 'Stuff & Such' is concerned for the first page or so with the Atomic Bomb, & the dawn of the Atomic Age. This was written at the time of the original news

of the bomb, since an edition of CanFan was scheduled to appear then, and has not worn well with time. On top of all that has been written by others, it may appear somewhat trite, but we trust you will spare Fred from criticism, and address all brickbats to me. Again, my apologies to Freddy.

Speaking of the Atomic Bomb, I notice that STEFNEWS # 31, under the head 'Definitely Not Fictitious' states that in effect, the Hiroshima Bomb cured sterility. Of this, TIME states that such reports.....'are baseless'. Who's rite?

Van Splawn's FANTASCIENCE FAN brot word to us, which we'd heard before, but which was nevertheless interesting because it was the first fan report of the occurrence, of the recent Radar contact with the moon. Interesting speculation, the idea of exploring the moon by Radar. How about Venus? The Earth's 'Twin Sister', with the atmosphere so far resistant to telescopes may yield many of her secrets to Radar. A greatly improved instrument over what we possess now, of course. It seems quite probable that Radar will penetrate the veil of secrecy about the Planet.

Back to the Atomic Bomb again. We see that a Frenchman, Jean Noyer, on the other side of the pond, terrified Parisians with an Orson Wells-like interpretation of Earth's destruction by atomic energy. His radio broadcast was presumably given by 'roving reporters' who gave eye-witness accounts of the disintegration as it progressed Eastward to France from the USA. It caused quite a commotion too. Foreigners are just as gullible as us Civilized people, 'tseems.

Cover this issue is by Nils Frome, Vancouver artist. The lithoing isn't so hot, doing the original an injustice. This cover, however, marks the end of our backlog, with the exception of one which has been kept out of print by the fact that it is barefoot all over. We don't object to nudes, but the pater does. So, we're open for a cover, Anybody got a contribution?

While we're on the subject of contributions, articles and fiction are also urgently needed. We're rather short on material for the next issue, and could use some good reading. We have no particular policy — just so long as it is of interest to Fen.

(Continued on Page 21)

Mason In Montreal

by

Fred Hurter jr

page 4

PROLOGUE

Horn-rimmed glasses, bilious green beard, purple wig, "heh-heh-heh" and "burp". Too much is too much; and then on top of that a description of John Hollis Mason: student of philosophy, handsome happy bachelor. Bah!! I can stand no more. I am sure that Mason inspired the derogatory description of my handsome urbane self. Long ago he threatened to write a grossly falsified account of my doings in Toronto, and has been kept from doing so only by my threat of a TRUE account of his doings in Montreal. Now it would appear that he has ghost written such a story for the Beak, for I am sure that never in his life would the kind, gentle, good-natured, pleasant, charming Beak have taken my name in vain. That, together with the completely erroneous character study of Mason, forces me to write the story of "Mason in Montreal". It is time that the fans were disillusioned, that they learned the truth about this so-called handsome student of philosophy.

CHAPTER I

MASON ARRIVED one bright and sunny Saturday morning at Central Station, Montreal. Pulling the straws away from behind his ears, and brushing the hayseed (he had just come from Toronto) off his suitcoat, he made his way to the Concourse where the Wack and Mr Hurter were waiting for him.

"Hello Mason, have a good trip?"

"Not bad."

"This is my father. If you'll let me have your baggage I'll put it in the car and he'll take it up to the house."

Mason handed the Wack what appeared to be a portable typewriter (which actually contained shirts) and a large volume inscribed "The Philosophy of Descartes."

"Looks like a good edition," murmured the erudite Wack.

"Yes. Descartes you know, 'I am therefore I think'".

"Isn't that putting Descartes before the horse?" asked the Wack.

He then attempted to open the book, and found that only the cover could be lifted. The book was neatly hollowed out, and contained a toothbrush, baby powder, Lifebuoy soap, and a pair of tweezers for shaving.

"Very ingenious," murmured the ever urbane Wack.

The baggage was deposited in the car, and the Wack said to his father, "I'm going to show John around the University; we'll be home for supper."

"Fine", replied Mr Hurter and drove away in the car.

The Wack and Mason slowly ambled up McGill College Avenue discussing the latest news of the stiff world and Mason's collection of rejection slips. Several times the Wack had to interrupt Mason's fluent conversation to save him from the Montreal traffic. Coming from Toronto, of course, poor Mason was not accustomed to city life. However, they arrived at the University grounds without mishap, and wandered through the gates. A beautiful brunette passed them on the campus and smiled suggestively at the dapper handsome Wack. Mason straightened his tie.

"See how she smiled at me," he smirked.

The Wack smiled sadly to himself & uttered not a word. It was not in his heart to disillusion Mason. Those more fortunate in the matter of physical appearance after all should be kind to those less fortunate.

The Wack pointed to the right.

"That's the Physics Building; it's closed now so I can't take you through it. Next is the Chem Building, and that large one is the Engineering Building, also known as Plumber's Hall. That ugly edifice ahead of us is known as the Art's Building, and is the place from which the noble Engineers obtain the guinea pigs for their hydraulics experiments.

"Come," said the Wack, "I will escort you through the great halls of the

Engineering Building."

The Wack and Mason entered.

"We'll start at the lower levels & gradually work our way up," said the Wack as he led Mason down into the labyrinthian lower levels so dreaded by the Artsmen.

"What's all this?" asked Mason, gazing up at the towering machinery.

"This is the strength Lab. Here we pull steel bars apart, twist steel rods till they snap, bend steel, wood, and reinforced concrete beams; crush pillars of concrete, steel and iron."

"What for?" asked Mason.

"Awk!" said the Wack and led Mason into the Hydraulics Lab.

"This is where the Engineers test the buoyancy of Artsmen."

"What for?" asked Mason.

The Wack led Mason further through twisting passages and opened a door.

"This," he said, "is the experimental boiler room where the Engineers learn how to shovel coal."

"What for?" asked Mason.

They walked through a large room filled with air compressors and steam engines.

"That", said the Wack, pointing to a huge triple expansion marine steam engine, "is a cyclotron in which atoms are smashed."

"Oh," said Mason.

"And that," said the Wack, pointing to a two stage air compressor, "is an experimental Bergholm."

"My, my! Right up to date, aren't you," said Mason in amazement.

They moved on through rooms filled with machinery, until they came to a small boxlike apparatus.

"This is an induction stove," said the Wack, "on which we Engineers cook our results. Observe."

The Wack flicked a switch, and placed some boards over the stove. He rested one hand on the boards and with the other he held a thin wire beside his hand on the boards. In a few moments the wire was red hot.

"See," said the Wack. "Doesn't hurt a person at all, but the wire is heated. Come here and sit on the stove Mason, and see for yourself."

Mason sat on the stove.



"Don't feel a thing," Mason said, "Yeeeeeeeeeeowooooo!!!"

Mason jumped from the stove, dashed about madly, and finally yanked a sizzling hot jackknife from his pocket.

The Wack led Mason to a door marked with a skull and crossbones, in which was inscribed 'Danger; High Tension Lab. 400,000 volts.'

"This lab," said the Wack, "is why they never flunk any Electrical Engineers. About ten are killed annually, which cuts down classes enough to eliminate the necessity of flunking them."

"How awful," said Mason. "What a shocking death."

They moved on, upstairs, downstairs, through drafting rooms, thermo labs, until they came to a room filled with electric motors coupled with generators.

"Note this," said the Wack. "The motor turns the generator which supplies the current for the motor, and you have in effect perpetual motion. It's one of the most remarkable discoveries we have

made here at McGill."

"Remarkable," said Mason. "Perpetual motion at last. Are you sure you're not pulling my leg?"

The Wack glanced down at the scrawny underpinning that projected from the cuffs of Mason's trousers.

"No; please no. Don't even suggest it," said the Wack. "And now, what say we wander over to my club, have a few drinks and lunch."

"Let's," said Mason. "Gee, will we really drink some alcoholic beverages?"

"Huh!" exclaimed the Wack in astonishment. "Why yes, what else would you drink? If I could go up to the fourth floor of the Chem Building right now, I'd whip you up a drink of Purple Jesus. The Chemical Engineers have a huge Still up there. Well, let's get going."

They wandered out of the mighty Engineering Building, and along Sherbrooke. The Wack pointed out the various other buildings of McGill University, but Mason paid no attention; he was smirking and winking at all the beautiful girls as they passed, half-frightening them to death as he bared his fangs in what he hoped was a wolfish smile. They reached Peel, entered the foyer of the MAAA, and made their way up to the men's lounge. In the lounge the Wack and Mason deposited themselves in two of the deep leather armchairs near a window, and the Wack beckoned to a waiter.

"Yes sir."

"Two pints of Black Horse and a double rye straight. What'll you have, Mason?"

Mason thought hard.

"Rum and coke," he said.

The waiter moved off.

"You know, Fred," said Mason, "All my life I've wanted a rum and coke. I was tempted for a moment to order only a coke, but I've read about rum and cokes so often, and this being Montreal and all that, I just had to order one."

"Well, this is the best place to order one in town. Hope you enjoy it."

The waiter returned with the drinks.

"Well, here's mud in your BEM's," said the Wack, and drained a pint.

Mason sipped his rum and coke as the Wack polished off the second pint. Halfway through the rum and coke, Mason's

eyes began to glitter, and he seemed to experience difficulty in separating vowels and consonants.

"Skol," said the Wack and drained the double rye.

"Skol," said Mason and drained half a rum and coke. "Burp!"

"Heh-heh-heh," chortled the Wack as he watched Mason's ears begin to flutter. "Let's go up for dinner."

The Wack aided Mason to the elevator and they ascended to the dining room.

"What'll you have Mason?" said the Wack as they seated themselves.

Mason glanced over the menu.

"I'll have some fish I think. Make it fillet mignon."

"Heh-heh-heh," said the Wack, "And how about a liqueur, say peach brandy?"

"Gee, more drinks," said Mason, "Let's have some peach brandy."

The Wack gave the necessary orders, and in due course they dined. The luncheon passed without mishap, although there was an embarrassing moment when Mason attempted to balance the peas on his knife, but he solved the problem neatly by using a small amount of mashed potatoes as adhesive.

"Well now," said the Wack, "What shall we do this afternoon. There's an exhibit of Canadian Art at the Art Galleries which I haven't seen, and there's Peaches at the Gaiety."

"What's the Gaiety?"

"A rather vulgar burlesque theatre. I just suggested it as a joke."

Mason beamed and stifled a burp.

"Let's go to the Gaiety."

"Well, you know, such a vulgar place. I never go there myself."

They left the club, walked down to St Catherines and caught an eastbound streetcar. They alighted before the Gaiety and made their way to the box office.

"Hello Fred," said the cashier. "We missed you yesterday. Two in the front row?"

"Errrrr, yes," muttered the Wack.

The Wack and Mason entered the theatre and walked down to their seats. The show had not yet started, and a boy was moving along the aisles, shouting, "peanuts, popcorn, and dirty postcards."

The boy stopped in front of the Wack. "Want some more, sir. Got some new



one's."

"Errrrr, kaff, kaff," said the Wack.

"I'll take two dozen," said the Mason.

The lights dimmed and the show was on. The Wack watched the usual routines in a semi-bored state. But the Mason! He shouted and guffawed, roared and smirked.

"Toronto was never like this," shouted Mason in glee.

And when Peaches went through her usual disrobement, Mason had buggier eyes than any BEM by Bergey. The Wack watched Mason's reactions with amusement. After the show was finished, the Wack said, "There's a tavern just across the street. Let's go and have a beer and

then take the subway back to the town of Mount Royal."

They went into the tavern and the Wack drank beer while Mason raved about the show between sips. A few beers later they left, caught the subway at Central Station, and in a few minutes were at the abode of the Wack.

CHAPTER 13 $\frac{3}{4}$

AFTER SUPPER the Wack led the Mason down into his den. Down, for the Wack lived in the basement. No, no, the Wack is not a vampire, he merely found it convenient to turn the downstairs playroom into his living quarters since there was a side entrance and the Wack could get in at all

all hours of the night without waking up the whole household.

The room the Wack led Mason into was large, extending the full length of the building. A large desk stood against one wall, and above it hung crossed swords and rapiers behind a shield. On the desk was a model of a ship, many books, and a brace of duelling pistols. Against the other wall was a studio couch flanked by armchairs. Near the middle of the room a long low bookcase curved out from one wall half bisecting the room, and behind it could be seen a chest of drawers and another studio couch. More ship models, marlin spikes, carvings, a rack of rifles of assorted calibres, belts of ammunition, and an aircraft bomb completed the furnishings. Along the walls were oils, etchings, a few stf originals, woodcuts, a charcoal sketch of a nude, and an Arabian prayer rug.

"Sit down," said the Wack, motioning Mason to an armchair. "We'll have to wait awhile. No use going to a night club until a bit later.

"Here," said the Wack, handing Mason a copy of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "is something to read. Philosophy of the Superman. Should interest you."

"Ah," said Mason, "But I'm already reading about Superman," as he pulled a copy of Superman Comics from his pocket.

"Or maybe you would like to read fanzines," said the Wack, motioning to bound volumes of Fapazines and LIGHT.

"No thanks," said Mason. "I'll read my comics. So good for the mind, you know."

The Wack groaned and began to read "The Devil on Two Sticks," by LeSage, which lay open on the desk.

Three hours later the Wack had finished the book, and Mason had finished chortling over the first two pages of Superman Comics.

"Well," said the Wack, "Let's go."

By devious routes the Wack led Mason deep down into the shadier district of Montreal. Mountain and Ste Antoine, to be exact, where flared a neon sign in the words "Cafe Ste Michel". But brother, no saint would go to that place. The Wack led Mason up a flight of stairs and into a smoke-

Mason In Montreal

filled room. In the haze an orchestra was playing, and people of various shades were grouped around tables encircling a dancefloor.

The head waiter led the pair to a table.

"What'll you have?" asked the Wack.

"Rum and coke."

"Rum and coke and three quarts of beer, waiter."

A few minutes later Mason was sipping his rum and coke and the Wack was guzzling his beer. To while away the time until the floor show got under way, the Wack rattled off his repertoire of dirty jokes. Two hours later the floor show interrupted the Wack's recital.

Well, it is not necessary to describe the floor show. Suffice to say that it was the usual sort of floor show for the Ste Michel, and that Mason repeated the antics he went through at the Gaiety.

"Gadzooks," said Mason. "As soon as I can, I'm moving to Montreal. Boy oh boy oh boy, just watch that....."

The Wack dragged him out of the Ste Michel after waving goodbye to Donnie the passion dancer.

"Cummon, we can't stay in one place all night."

The Wack led Mason east to St Lawrence, and after adjusting his blachjack in his pocket, led him into the Val d'Or.

(To be continued. The worst is yet to come. Heh-heh-heh.)

Metreless Meandering

by Kym Temby

Only in nightmares of feverish delirium
When mind and body writhe in sweating pain,
Only in them do I obtain a criterion
By which I judge the Farmag game.
Shades of E. A. Poe and Spanish Inquisitors,
Senseless things with the F.A.P.A. label,
One and all are my evening visitors
In fancy and in Farmag on the table.
Swirling streams of gaseous indigestion,
Shrieking cries from labyrinthian depths,
Surging blood and post-hypnotical suggestion -
These are things which lull me to nightly rest.

The MAILSTROOM

Our Readers Talk Back

9

BARBARA BOVARD

Canfan received. The cover and accompanying verse are the nicest things I've seen on the front end of a magazine in a long time. You really outdo yourself.

Without lack of loyalty to Crutch, I think I can say that the elimination of LIGHT FLASHES has not hurt Canfan in any way. The magazine has enough prestige and stuff by itself to stand on its own merits. Even an all-Taylor ((ugh)) issue wouldn't be bad ---- maybe. Of course, I realize the lack of Light Flashes was only temporarily temporary anyway, so what's the difference.

I was a little puzzled by the final installment of Pete's adventures. Perhaps I forgot the former sequence, or maybe I'm just not very bright but there seems to be a lack of continuity somewhere. However, that is a matter for me to argue with the author and not with the editor. Remind me sometime to do something about it.

'Ray for the guy what wrote about the Boogie man getting RAP! I wish it would. RAP should go down in the annals of the stories about Barnum's favorite bit of philosophy; he could be rated with the fellow that perpetrated the "Cardiff Giant". Confidentially, I really feel that all the scientifiction mags should have "Caveat Empor" blasted across their front covers. Even Astounding, which takes itself so seriously. One can always quote Horatio's friend's remark at this point, but even if I'm not from Missouri a certain amount of incredulity is due me.

Anyway, who am I? (Don't anybody answer that.)

That story about the poor tramp what wanted to blow up the big bad city nearly made me weep great orec tears. Poor fellow. I can imagine how disappointing it would be to expect to go to --- well,

wherever he was supposed to go. The tale was well told, however. The lad has a nice way of handling description that nearly convinces you in spite of yourself. If you've got anything more by him, let me know.

Cheers for bigger and better fan sketches. Nice work, old boy.

I guess I'd better stop. I blabber too much anyway, but I thought a few comments wouldn't hurt.

JACK SPEER

Besting in the 1944 number ((# 7)) was Hurter's Stuff & Such. Items about Sumerian Britain are very interesting if true. Call to mind Robert E. Howard's history of the Hyborian Age, published by the LASFL. I question Hurter on the dead-and-buriment of strict causation. I know that Eddington, for one, says so, but Eddington is a Quaker and has to save something for his religion. R. D. Swisher thinks that the uncertainty is just a case of our ignorance of the innermost mechanism. I was inclined to prefer the uncertainty view, if only because it left the door open for my two-and three-dimensional time, but this idea occurred to me: Our laws of averages, statistics of chance, were worked out for and are known to apply to the outcome of situations where the factor of submicroscopic indeterminacy, if it exists, is unimportant. They enable us to predict the outcome of an interweaving of minute causes and effects too intricate for us to follow. Wouldn't it be strange if the statistical laws which apply to this tangled net of causation should also exactly fit the entirely different situation of non-causation, indeterminacy? Doesn't such a fitting rather suggest that the so-called indeterminacy is actually a web of causation below our observation, like the causation involved in an honest roll

of the dice?

The "Screwball Literature Carries On" interview indicates that in Canada, as in these United States, the commoners' language has no tag for fantasy more adequate than "screwball". Alas.

I liked Valley of the Styx. Perhaps Weinstein couldn't understand it if he's never been west of Jersey because he hasn't seen any such scenes as it suggests.

Cripes, I wish I'd had that Canadian Fan Directory last April. I was thru a corner of Quebec and Ontario but the only lists of names and addresses I had were some last year's official organs of FAPA and NFFF. I passed right thru Toronto. At least, I see there are some Fen in British Columbia, whom I must look up someday. Up to now I've never been North of Northern Point, tho' I did visit Victoria.

To the latest ((8th)) issue.

Bester Smith's Accident stank. The scientific angle was about as convincing as something from A---Z--- S----- (for one thing, Smith should have shot current into a lot more things and more often than he did), and the bank robbery plot was an utterly artificial thing brot in to make some practical use of the power.

Wollheim would probably be amazed to find Baker calling him a technician. Or has the old blaster of the Gernsback Delusion been hiding from us a secret scientific bent?

The Villains' Lament was lovely.

Enow for now.

((This ~~and~~ section of Jack's letter arrived some time after the other, when he received and read the 9th issue.))

CanFan seems to call for a little more comment than other FAPA mags. Lemme see:

I guess the purpose of Votary of Destruction was in the character rather than in the plot. The character is realistic enough, but isn't probed very deeply. Question: couldn't the same kind of character be sketched without the stefnal background?

Very glad to get the outline of Famags in Australia. I wonder if any American Fen have been in Australia during the war and contacted the fellows there? We've been so completely cut off

from them.

Elsner's article unfortunately largely duplicates Tom Gardner's in the last Fantasy Commentator. Is Palmer really serious in believing in this stuff? I don't know. Dunkelberger swears he believes it because he heard Howard Brown trying to argue him out of it. Palmer works over the stories a great deal before they're published, so he can't believe them literally. I'd say his attitude is probably that there are a lot of things that Science doesn't know, and this Lemurian junk easily could be true. He's religious, you know, in a Jehovah's Witnesses sort of way, so obviously can't accept all the implications and assumptions of modern science.

Maybe as Hurter says, the Mohammedans consider the Koran to be the most perfect piece of Arabic literature; but the only Mohammedans I saw would sing-song the Koran without understanding a word of it unless somebody told them what it meant. Perhaps we have here a fable for critics.

JRGray's Goal is pretty good. Maybe even has a moral to it.

ELOISE BECKER

I'm always very glad to receive that sterling fanzine, CanFan, as it is undoubtedly one of the best, and my taste as to the "best" runs to FANTASY COMMENTATOR and the ACOLYTE, so don't be downhearted. I rate yours and Burbee's S.L.A's about equal and both excellent.

Your star attraction for me is Hurter's outstanding column. Written in a delightful, effortless style, excellently balanced serious material, and gay fun and humour, (never the sophomoric type, thank the Gods, which is so dear to the hearts of so many American Fen). I enjoy every word of his superlative writing -- his high rating is never lowered, he never gets into a batting slump. But, to drop a tiny bomb, much against my will, I don't like the column's title, although I don't see any point in changing it at this late date, either, so we're back at status quo on the matter.

I also have great respect for the abilities of JH Mason, and I wish he would do a column also.

Your covers are always very good, unusually good, in fact. The photo cover

was just what such a cover should be --- if our friend Ackerman's photo covers had only been as good as yours - Shangri La! Mason's photo looked the part of the Young, Rising Author, and Hurter's that of a Greek God, with a dash - a soupcon --- of a Greek Devil too.

Your new heading for the contents page is extremely good -- an original conception and artistic and neat. The editorials give an amusing portrayal of a harassed editor, Croutch is interesting, your material is well-balanced and the whole mag is possessed of that blessed virtue, neatness.

It was surprising to learn that there had existed so many Australian fanzines. You are to be congratulated on keeping CF going, whereas it would have been a temptation to just let it expire rather than keep it going only occasionally, due to press of other work. Other editors would have quit (May I whisper the name, Nova, at this point) but you didn't, Beak, so orchids or accolades, or kisses to you. ((Why Eloise, this is so sudden.))

I feel guilty that I haven't expressed my appreciation for your efforts before now. Your double columns and dummied edges are very admirable, but I would be willing to forgo the former if the time saved would enable you to publish more often.

Personally I don't care for any interior illustrations --- However, your cartoons are not bad. Fan Personalities is all right, altho I will never miss it if it ceases. Hope the next will be Hurter, tho' with more information about him than the previous ones.

I feel like a low down criminal to pay only five cents an issue --- oh, editor, won't you please raise the price? On which dazzling note I close and hope the poor editor survives the shock.

JACK SLOAN Looking back now, it must be months since I last heard from you personally, but the issues of Canfan and the Fanewscards that you've been sending have never allowed me to forget about that chap up at St Andrew's. Really, they were much appreciated, especially the copies of your fanzine. Often I've felt inspired to drop you a line about it, but it seems that either my time was

too taken up with school and such, or else my fan spirit was never quite strong enough. Probably the latter.

However, come the summer holidays, and now a lull between my sporadic attempts at a summer job, and lo, the spirit moves me. Maybe the last issue of CanFan had something to do with it. Be that as it may, I will now proceed to turn my vitriolic pen (or in this case, typewriter) upon your helpless magazine. ((Not so helpless. In some cases it is liable to raise a hell of a stink)) Listing fiction, features, etc, in order of preference, we begin.

Votary of Destruction was, in my opinion the best bit of fiction you've published since J.H.M.'s The Mother. Although, looking back, you haven't published such a tremendous lot of fiction since then, it still rates pretty high with me. Who is this boy Ray Karden? The name isn't familiar.

Next, Stuff & Such. In the absense of the "Kindly Old Gent from up North", Fred Hurter's column quite made up for the loss.

Look Out Palmer: As a timely article on a subject that we've all been watching this was quite acceptable. Queer, but the three sections of your mag have all seemed to line themselves up with their respective firsts. This is not intentional, just the way it worked out.

Fourth on the list, I liked Fan Personalities, a good feature. Fifth, Fannags in Australia, and sixth, The Return of Pete. Even after seeing the thing to the end, it still seems pretty wacky. Heck, if Les ever sees this rating of his protege, he'll likely get the idea that I have it in for him, since I've been giving him quite a bit of constructive criticism on LIGHT lately. Ah well, it may be your turn yet.

Your Coming of !!! ranked seventh. tch, tch --- see what I mean. And Cookin' Wit' Gas a feeble eighth. Pulouse change that title!!

Bulldozer, Vampire and Goal, in that order, and the editorial rounded out the issue.

Oh Yes, the cover: Really good. As good as any fanmag can hope to offer,

HENRY ELSNER JR Your cover was excellent, one of the best

I've seen on recent magazines.

Best in the issue was Hurter's column. I like discussions of this sort that are serious and deal with more interesting matters than some fan doings when under the influence. Russell's article on Australian fanmags was also very good, tho' I'd heard about several of the mags previous to this. All poetry was up to your standard, ((Is that good?)) as was your editorial. I haven't read any of the fiction yet, so I can't comment on it. Only suggestion that I might have for your mag would be to cut down on fiction, charge 10¢ per copy, emphasize articles, and continue the present features and art. All in all, I've no kick coming.

LEON STONE, Librarian
Australian Library of Amateur Journalism
Elgin Street
Gordon
New South Wales
Australia

Once again I have to thank you for being so kind as to remember me with another issue of C.F.

I do appreciate your thoughtfulness and can assure you I am always interested to receive C.F. not only for preservation in my ALAJ, but also I get quite a lot of reading interest out of it even tho' not a Fantasy Fan! Being a Canadian publication also adds to its value as Canadian Amateur Publications, (particularly in these days) are rare "birds".

Another reason why I appreciate your thoughtfulness in remembering to send C.F. regularly is because it is the lone Fantasy Magazine recd. by me Down Under. Other Fantasy Editors I sent my KOOLINDA to were entirely unresponsive and couldn't even be bothered sending me one copy in exchange. Naturally, I don't altogether blame them for their disinterest in KOOLINDA, which, being purely and simply an A.J. hobby publication would carry little or no interest for Fantasy Fans. Allied to this is the fact that the deluxe type of printed Ajay KOOLINDA makes it virtually impossible for me (amongst all my other duties and sometimes indifferent health — a 'hang-over' from an Army medical discharge) to turn out more than one issue a year.

Yeah — so far it's only been an annual! In all honesty I wouldn't expect an editor and publisher like yourself, who puts out from 6 to more issues a year, to consider exchange with an annual fair exchange. ((I certainly would, and in all probability, most of you other editors would too, if you'd only get around to it. Why not send Leon a copy of your mag now, while the idea's still fresh in your mind. Don't procrastinate all the time. The address is right at the top of this letter.))

However, in my case, there is more to it. I am at all times anxious to secure all possible issues of amateur and fantasy magazines for permanent preservation in my Australian Library of A. J. For this special reason, I would certainly appreciate it if any Fantasy magazine editors, who can find it in their hearts to stretch a point or two and promote a little 'entente cordial' with Down Under regions, would be so 'matey' as to forward me issues of their fanzines.

Mysterious and eerie Fantasy writing has always carried special appeal to me in my preferred reading, such as the works of Howard P. Lovecraft. Through Lovecraft's association with A. J. my ALAJ has a tie-in with Fantasy work there. I have a considerable section of Lovecraftiana in ALAJ; files of his own papers and those containing many of his contributions. I am endeavoring to add all possible Lovecraft books to ALAJ's book section for permanent preservation.

'Fanmags In Australia', by Eric F. Russell, in C. F. no. 9, of course, carried special appeal to me. I had heard of a number of these Aussie Fanmags before, but strangely enough, have never happened to run across any copies at all for my ALAJ. That they have been published "right under my nose" over a span of many prewar years without ever seeing one issue is "Strange, But True"!

Are you in touch with Eric F. Russell? If so, what is his address, please? ((Sorry, I am not. If anyone knows of his whereabouts, would they communicate with either Leon or myself? And while you're at it, why not send him a copy of your fanmag, eh?))

(Continued on page 13)

THE MAELSTROM (Cont from page 12)

ROBERT LOOSEMORE Issue #9 of CanFan arrived with great promptitude, and has been read and truly studied. General impression is that it is a good little mag. (And not so little as I expected, either.) I'll dissect it right through and then you'll have a real idea of my tastes.

Cover design: Quite respectable. I have seen much worse artwork in some pro mags. As for the verse --- well, I read it, and found the content good, and well expressed, but didn't think the metre suitable to the subject. Maybe I'm off the beam, maybe not. I'd better leave it there.

Beak Broadcasts: It might look like I'm trying to borrow something, but I'll say that you made an entertaining job of that page.

Votary of Destruction: A good plot, well handled.

Look Out Palmer: I guess that shoots RAP down in flames; if not that, at least he should be severely winged. I've only read two of the Shaver stories (And enjoyed them) but presenting them as fact is going too far, as the pilot said to the bomb-aimer who delivered leaflets individually.

Stuff & Such: A couple or three things in there that I didn't know be-

fore, about metals. It didn't tell me anything new about the Koran, because I read the same translation while in Britain — and left it there. For some years I studied all I could on various religions, sects, and some philosophies, (Including the Monist), and finished by rejecting about 95% of them. Now, to all intents and purposes, I'm an atheist and not ashamed of it.

Cookin' Wit' Gas: Best letter, Barbara Bovard. Others, fair.

Return of Pete: (3rd and final spam) Definitely cheering, at the end of a long hard day. Congrats to Crutch, His name is familiar to me from of old — was it in Brass Tacks. ((More likely in Printers Ink))

Fanpers(JHM): Good, I guess, not knowing the lad.

The Coming of !!!: I understand how Toronto people feel about Montrealers. I vos dere. June '41 to November, taking the Air Force Radio course at McGill, with a large number of the more developed natives, and hordes, in fact, a perfect plague of Torontonians. It was heartbreaking for a civilized man to hear such things call themselves Canadians. We Western Gentlemen had never believed that such things existed above ground level. But enough of this kidding, before I am sent a copy of Can Fan printed with poisoned ink.

SONG OF THE MARTIAN EXILE

by
Petros

The dim red deserts of evening
Are calling me from afar.
Calling. Whispering. Singing to me,
"Son! Come home again!"

I am coming back to the deserts,
To the lands that will never die;
Where no human lives in a thousand miles,
And the cold sun broods in the sky.

I am coming back to the deserts,
From the warm green lands of Earth;
From the tow'ring cities of humankind,
To the barrens that gave me birth.

Some love the swamps of Venus,
"Home" to some means the Jovian stars.
But nothing 'neath Sol is so fair to us
As the dim red deserts of Mars.

STUFF & SUCH

Well, here it is; atomic energy. The power so long predicted in stuff; the power that can free Man from his bondage to this planet; the power that can drive him to the stars; the power that can make over the whole world. The dawn of the Atomic Age. The dawn of the Atomic Age, ushered in by the dropping of the first Atomic bomb on August the 5th, with inconceivable destruction. Let us bear that in mind.

Well, it has brought to an end more rapidly the greatest war ever fought on this world, and for that we must be very thankful. But what of the future? Will atomic energy mean the end of wars? I doubt it. Just at present it seems inconceivable that any nation would dare to use such a weapon, which, when made only slightly more efficient, would have almost planet-shattering effects. But then, could the Romans have believed wars could be fought with weapons that we have used in this war; machine guns; battleships, whose guns can hurl a ton of high explosive for twenty miles; bombers that can range for thousands of miles carrying tons of explosives and incendiary bombs; and tanks, submarines, flamethrowers. No, I don't think they could, they would have conceived a war with such weapons impossible. Yet we used them. And I do not think that nations in the future will hesitate to use atomic energy in spite of its power.

No weapon, no matter how destructive, will bring an end to wars. There is only one solution. We must, all of us, cease to consider other peoples as abstractions, as Poles, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, Negroes, Jews, Chinese, but consider them as people with the same wants, the same desires. We must drop prejudices and nationalism and work

READ THIS FIRST!! It's an apology, and an explanation: An apology to Fred Hurter, & an explanation to you. This issue was supposed to appear late in August or early in September, and it was during that time that Fred wrote this installment. Consequently, on top of all that's been written about the atomic age, the first page or so may seem somewhat trite. We hope that both Fred and our readers will excuse us for the disastrous delay, but our time has been limited by

together for world unity. There is no reason why we cannot do this. Switzerland, for example, is composed of four, well, not races perhaps, but people with different cultural backgrounds, and different languages; French, German, Italian and Romansch are all official languages. Yet there is no friction; the people work together as a whole. What can be done on a small scale can surely be done on a large scale also.

Already the seeds for another war are being sown.

We distrust the Russians, and I don't imagine they trust us. It's rather peculiar the way we hang on to the secret of atomic power and don't share it with one of our greatest allies. A friend of mine rather cynically remarked that he was studying Russian, that we would need intelligence officers in the next war. There is bickering and squabbling all over the world already. Everybody seems to be formulating a "me first" policy. Well, nuff said.

As for the atomic bomb itself. I originally imagined that it contained U 235 which had been separated from U 238 by some new type of mass spectrograph. From what little has appeared in the newspapers so far, however, the bomb would appear to contain Plutonium, atomic number 94, which apparently has properties similar to Uranium. Plutonium is made by stacking or pouring U 235 containing U 238 in 'piles', with layers of graphite. The graphite slows down the neutrons emitted by the breakdown of U 235, and these neutrons force themselves into the atoms of U 238, or other atoms of U 235 to form Plutonium. The 'piles' are water cooled, and the reaction is controlled by the insertion of sheets of Cadmium. After a period of time, the U 238 and along with it the

U 235 and the Plutonium are pumped out of the 'piles' and the Plutonium is extracted by chemical means. The rest is recycled to the 'piles'. I bracket the word 'piles' because Uranium is apparently not in the form of a dry solid, for several newspapers use the term "pumped". It probably exists in the 'piles' as a fine sludge in water or some similar medium.

On exploding, the plutonium atom breaks in two, releasing the packing energy, some neutrons and hard radiations. The explosion would thus appear to be largely a thermal explosion, its violence due to the sudden inconceivable heating and expansion of the atmosphere. In this way it differs from a chemical explosion, whose violence depends largely on the rapid conversion of solids into a large volume of gases. True, there is also a thermal effect tending to expand the generated gases, but the generation of gas is the most important factor. I wonder if an atomic bomb would be very effective in a vacuum.

The radiations, of course, are deadly, probably cause mutations or sterility also, when received in small doses. Well, there it is, as far as I've been able to dope it out. It probably is all wrong. Time will tell.

Interesting item: In Kingston there is a dairy known as the Hemlock Dairy. Heh, heh. I'm expecting to see a competitor with a name something like the Arsenic Dairy. No, I don't buy any milk from the Hemlock Dairy. I should live so long.

Well, these days we're doing some rather interesting experiments up at the laboratories. We're testing the corrosive effect of beer on aluminium. Yah Man! Beer. Interesting experiment, interesting. Experiments are being temporarily discontinued. I drank all the controls. Heh-heh-heh.

Speaking of atomic energy and new elements, it is difficult to realize that until comparatively recently there were only four 'elements' recognized by "scientists", none of which are defined as elements today.

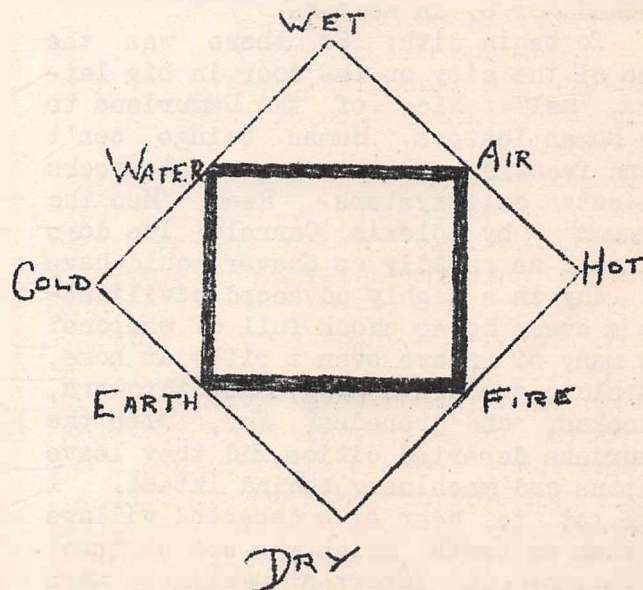
Fire, earth, air and water were considered elements, or more correctly, components of all matter for over two thousand years. Good old Pythagorus of

theorum fame was the first European to propose the theory of the four elements, although it is now known that the Chinese and Egyptians had advanced to that stage as early as 1500.

Which reminds me of a joke. Stop me if you've heard it. You have? Too bad; I'll tell it anyway. An Italian was talking to a Chinaman about the remarkable scientific achievements of the ancient Romans. He said: "Last year some archeologists dug down 100 feet and found a telegraph wire. Now since a foot of material is deposited every twenty years at this place, the Romans had telegraphy 2000 years ago."

"Bah!" said the Chinaman. "Some archeologists were digging in China. They dug down 100 feet. Nothing. They dug down 200 feet. Nothing. Which just goes to show how advanced the Chinese were. They had wireless over 4000 years ago."

Well, to continue. Before Pythagorus it was believed in various times and by different schools of philosophy that there was only one element. This one element was believed by some authorities to be water; by others fire or air. Pythagorus advanced the supposition that the components of matter were associated closely with the four properties or qualities of matter: hot and wet, cold and dry. The four material elements were visualized as originating in pairs — wise conjunctions of the four elementary qualities in this manner:



The four element theory was derived from a natural misinterpretation of the action of fire. When burned, it was thought a substance must be resolved into its component elements. For instance, when green wood is burned, the fire is seen by its own light, the smoke vanishes into air from the ends of the wood, water boils, and the ashes are clearly seen to be of the nature of earth.

All bodies were thus held to be composed of the four elements in different proportions. Likewise, one body could be changed into another by altering the proportions of the elements present. It was thus natural for the alchemists to believe that the combination of the element earth with one of the other elements would result in the formation of another kind of earth. This reason was the background for the exhaustive searches for the Philosophers Stone, the Elixir Vitae, the Grand Magistram, and the Red Tincture. Very Sound and logical reasoning if one accepts the premise.

But then Jung says this is all nonsense, that the alchemists were psychologists. Aw nuts!

I liked the article by Elsner on the Lemuria business of Shaver's. There are quite a few things wrong with those stories. I forget the first one. But there are a few questions I'd like to ask about the story "Cave City of Hel", apart from that of how Amazing Stories reached Norway in wartime.

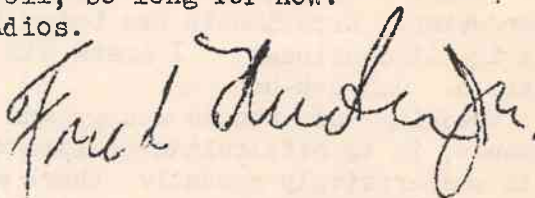
To begin with: So there was the name of the city on the door in big letters, "Hel". Nice of the Lemurians to use Roman letters. Human beings can't stand freezing. Water expands & wrecks delicate cell systems. Read "Man the Unknown" by Alexis Carrel. Ice does not melt as rapidly as Shaver would have it. Why in a highly advanced civilization is every house chock full of weapons? How many of us have even a rifle at home, let alone submachineguns, flame throwers, bazookas, and grenades? Why, when the Lemurians deserted cities, did they leave weapons and machinery behind intact. I have yet to hear of a deserted village or town on earth which was not stripped of weapons and important machinery when it was deserted. Weapons particularly.

Palmer states that "exd fills up all space and makes up what our modern science has chosen to call the 'ether'". The ether theory met its well-deserved fate years ago; it was totally and completely scrapped. The ether theory was never more than an attempt to provide a mechanical mechanism for the propagation of electromagnetic waves, an attempt which failed because the mechanical mechanism became just too cumbersome. If exd does exist it would have been detected years ago in some of the experiments which were made to attempt to detect the 'ether'. Needless to say, the experiments failed. There just ain't no such animal. Nor are Shaver's theories so original. They resemble awfully closely some of the theories that Newton advanced unofficially, so to speak, to "explain" the phenomena of light and gravitation. Anybody can make up theories like those of Shaver to explain phenomena by coining new words. A duck, for example, may be said to float because when it digests its food, gulga radiations are given off which, through the action of zebuba cells in the feathers are focused on the foofoo bonds between the werkza of which water is composed. Now these foofoo bonds are strong and reflect the gulga radiations back to the zebuba cells, which modern science terms "horse feathers", but the zebuba cells can pass gulga radiations in one direction only, so the duck is supported by the reflected gulga radiations.

Just finished Crime and Punishment by Dostoyevsky. Recommend it for Fen. Also reading at present "Les Trois Yeux" by Maurice Leblanc. It's in French and is a pretty good fantastic yarn.

Well, so long for now.

Adios.



((Editor's Note. We regret to announce that Les Croutch has written in to say that he has again been unable to find time to turn out Light Flashes for this issue. Work on his new workshop, and radio work demands most of his time. I hope to have it for the next issue.))

THE MIRROR

As the car gasped its last and finally expired, John Sloan cursed the fate which had stranded him there on that lonely road, with night coming on, and an uncertain storm muttering to itself in the distance.

But for once he was forced to capitulate to superior odds in the form of space, time, and a defective engine. Vowing that someone should pay, he stumbled up the road in search of a telephone.

He had gone only a few yards when he noticed the house. Viewed in the mystic half-light, it was large, palatial and old-fashioned, surrounded by a wall through which he had glimpses of lawns and shrubberies. Up to the entrance wound a driveway from a gate of cast iron.

Something seemed to pass before his mind's eye, as if to warn him against that house, but before he could comprehend the exact meaning it was gone.

Brushing aside the megrim, and conscious of the passage of time, he tried the gates and found them unlocked. Pushing them open, he advanced through the fading light up the drive towards the entrance.

As he lifted the heavy brass knocker and let it fall on the door, a last spasmodic gleam of sun filtered through the clouds on the horizon, an unaccountable uneasiness fell upon him, and he felt more and more reluctant to delay.

Receiving no answer to his summons, he tried the door, and finding it opened under his hand, let himself in. The moment he passed the threshold, and stood under the roof of the house his sense of oppression evaporated. It was as if he left an invisible counselling companion on the doorstep, who, seeing the futility of further exhortations, had let him go on alone.

He found himself in a hall that was eloquent of the highest order of gracious living. A wide marble staircase led from it to the second floor in a majestic sweep. Through room after room he

went, and everywhere he saw signs of recent occupancy, but nowhere a living person. It might have been a house of the dead. The further he went and the more he saw, the more he desired the house. Already, in his imagination, he possessed it.

At last he came to a room that pleased him more than any of the others he had seen. A fire was burning brightly in a beautifully carved marble fireplace, sending its light over the dark wainscotting, picking out lustrous gleams. Before the fireplace was a large armchair. Beside it, on a small table, lay a cigar, still alive and sending up a curling wisp of smoke. It was as if someone had planned a period of relaxation here. And the moment he saw it he knew he must have it.

Reminded suddenly of his original purpose, he turned to go, when his eyes fell upon the mirror over the fireplace.

It was an oval of flawless crystal, its frame carved in curious fashion, and in its verge was an image of the room in which he stood. But he was not interested in its beauty but at what he saw therein. A strangely familiar old man was reflected, of rather harsh, predatory features, sitting there before the fire, oblivious to him. The back of the chair had apparently hidden the old man from his sight when he first entered the room.

He was about to utter a startled apology when his attention was attracted to a point behind the old man in the mirror. From where he stood, the door of the room was visible. He had left it closed. It was ajar now, but as he watched he could see it move slowly open. There was something infinitely horrible, yet fascinating, about the slow, silent movement of the door. Inch by inch the gap widened, until there appeared in the space a levelled revolver and behind it a face, whose burning, maniacal eyes were fixed upon the old man, unaware of his danger as he sat before the fire.

It was over in an instant, while he stood, frozen. One moment the figure was there, and in the next, it was gone, and the old man was dead.

But in that last moment, the old one's eyes chanced to focus on the mirror, and there met his own. He could not have realized what had happened, but as their eyes met, and he became conscious of Sloan's presence for the first time, an expression of ultimate horror and hideous enlightenment seemed to cross his face, as if he read in the other's presence some terrible portent of his own doom.

All this time Sloan's eyes had never left the mirror, but now, his paralysis broken, he turned from it — and stiffened in incredulous surprise. Not only had the murderer disappeared, but the corpse had likewise vanished into thin air.

For an age he stood there, transfixed, nameless things leering and gibbering at him from the shadows of his mind. Then, as though some cord had been severed, he fled from the room and its mysteries. Nor did his headlong flight slacken until he found himself far away from the neighbourhood of the dread house.

Partly because of the instigation of the psychoanalyst, and partly because his fear of the house had evaporated with the coming of daylight, he returned the next day.

This time the circumstances that greeted his arrival were different than those of the night before. His knock was answered took his card, and, absenting himself for a moment cognized. A man, with a rather puzzled look on his face, rose to greet him. His mind flashed instantly back to the demoniacal face he had seen the night before in this very room. They were one and the same. But where the other was obviously the face of a maniac, the one before him was equally obviously that of a man of eminent sanity.

He had not prepared any excuse for his visit, but fortunately there was a ready



promptly by a butler who showed him to a room he recognized. His mind flashed instantly back to the demoniacal face he had seen the night before in this very room. They were one and the same. But where the other was obviously the face of a maniac, the one before him was equally obviously that of a man of eminent sanity.

one at hand. He would buy the house. That the owner might refuse to part with it did not occur to him. It was his experience that there was a price for everything. Consequently it was a surprise that his offer, which was very good one, was refused. Point blank. Not at any price. The man was courteous, but firm.

The unforeseen rebuff only sharpened his desire to possess the house. If it took him the rest of his life and all his money he knew that it must be his.

Years passed, and many things had changed. He was no longer young. His hair had thinned. He had grown a paunch. But one thing had not altered; his desire to own that house.

Every avenue he had tried had availed him nothing. Then one day his chance came. It had taken him most of his life and money, and he had had to ruin the owner, but the thrill that accompanies possession of something long and ardently sought compensated him.

Sitting before the fire in the fireplace of the house he had stolen, and thinking over the achievements of his past life and the acquisition of the house, which was the crowning achievement of all, he was not aware of the door behind him stealthily being opened, of demoniacal eyes staring at him, until he felt himself jolt in the chair as a bullet plowed through it into his back.

As his glazing eyes, drawn by some strange impulse, flew to the curious mirror over the mantelpiece, he saw for the first time the figure that stood there — the figure that was himself.

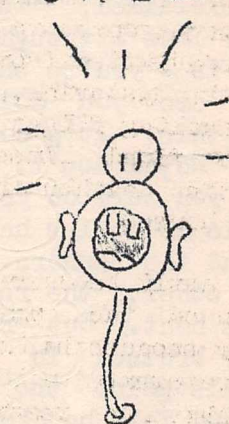
For an instant swift, horrible realization dawned and he knew the dread secret of the mirror that had haunted him all these years. . . .

The curious mirror cast back the reflection of the figure of an old man, his ruthless countenance painted by the fire, now slack in death. He was sitting crumpled there in the midst of the house he had stolen. Alone.

— (F i n i s) —

SALE	SALE	SALE	SALE	SALE	SALE
AMAZING	---	Few odd copies before '36, complete '36, '37, '38, '40			
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		9 miscellaneous copies '41, '42, '43			
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THE NEW ADAM	---	Stanley Weinbaum			

SALE



A few of these magazines are slightly torn and one or two lack covers, but any buyer would find these adequately compensated for by various odd booklets and unclassified magazines which are not listed. Most of the mags are in perfect condition. The seller would prefer to sell them as a lot, not separately. Anyone interested, write to:

D. F. Stitt
581 William Street
London, Ontario, Canada

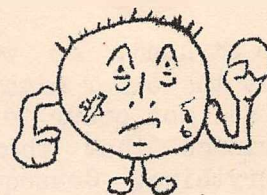
quoting prices and conditions.

UP

AND

ATOM

by - Beak Taylor -



"In days of old, when knights were bold, and Cummings weren't invented," chanted a wheezy voice, "An atom's life was free from strife; we went around contented."

Les Croutch laid down his soup sandwich in alarm. "Omigawd!" he ejaculated at the two-legged ping pong ball bounding around a red-hot burner on his stove.. "— The Critter!"

The fugitive from a pawn shop slowed down long enough to dispel his fears. "Uh-uh. I'm a molecule. But you can call me Molly." She whirled again out of sheer embarrassment.

Croutch's eyes took on an evil gleam, "Oh, so you're a----" he checked himself "—well, why don't you stop long enough to let me get a good look at you. I've never seen a live molecule in the flesh, you know."

"Nope. Can't stop. I'm an active element. But I'll go the other way for you. You know, you're the first human I've seen — I presume you are human." Here she decelerated for a closer look, but almost immediately resumed the circular orbit, this time on a back burner.

The portly pornographer ignored the obvious sarcasm in the creature's voice, and exclaimed, "You must be from smallness. But I thought Cummings — what I mean is — you're supposed to be a planet. What are you doing running around like this. It's confusing, you know."

"No, I don't. I got tired. Every time you turn on your stove all us poor little molecules have to start sprinting around the burners. When we bump against each other, the resulting friction produces heat. But really, one gets awfully bruised in that mob down there." At this point the mighty molecule tripped and fell headlong. "So I came out. Cummings is nuts."

"A pseudonym," thought Croutch, to himself; then aloud:

"But how???"

Molly blushed in shame. "I over-ate. My valency got so great I had to come out. I was blocking traffic. But it's not so bad now that I'm here, away from all those inert gasses that are al-

ways getting in the way. And anyhow, it proves my theory."

Croutch peered interestedly over his bags. "Really? I just love theories. What's yours?"

"Awwwwww-wwww-w. You wouldn't want to hear it. It's too silly for words."

"Cummon."

"But you wouldn't beleive it. It's impossible. Everybody says I'm crazy."

"That's nothing. You should hear some of the things they say about me. I always beleive that nothing's been done yet that's impossible. Tell it to me. As a favour."

"Awww, no!"

"Oh, quit stalling. You're just trying to inject suspense into this. God knows, it needs it, but I think you have gone far enough. Let's have it."

Well-l-l, okay. You see, I believed that our world was just part of a larger world. But nobody would beleive me. They thought I had run around with the C_2H_5OH crowd for too long, and that it had gone to my head. Now, nobody will go around with me, and I feel lonesome." Here a drop of concentrated H_2O fizzled on the stove. Croutch was touched. Probably the first time on record that anyone had succeeded in touching him for anything. A tear dangled daintily on the peak of his proboscis, and he snuffled into his handkerchief once or twice.

"And now I feel lonelier. An I wanna go back. And nobody will beleive me if I doooo."

Clouds of steam arose from the water-soaked burner. Les bent red-eyed over the sink, flooding it copiously with his effluent eye-excretion.

"B-b-bub-but maybe if you took something back with you, they'd know you were right."

Molly brightened, visibly. "Now you're cookin' with direct current," she exclaimed. "What could I take?"

Croutch lifted a copy of LIGHT. "Maybe this will help."

The spheroid glimmered it. "Nuts," she exclaimed dramatically, "Nuts, nuts, nuts."

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The Kindly Old Gent gingerly extracted a copy of *Amazing* from his wastebasket and looked at the bounding billiard ball questioningly. The result was Startling.

"Non, no, nononono," shrieked the massacred molecule. "Anything but that. I couldn't stand it. Take it away, take it away. Agggghh! Her voice trailed off in an ear-extirpating scream.

Croutch sheepishly hid the *Amazing* from sight and washed his tainted hands. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I should have known better. I just happened to have one or two. I swap you know."

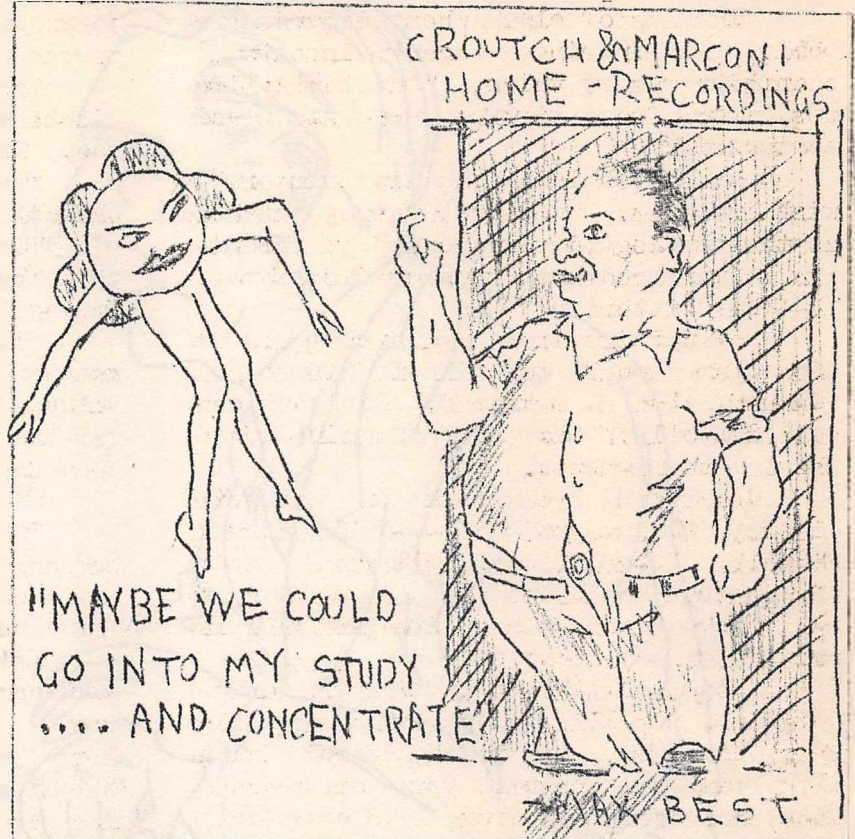
"Ignorance is no excuse. Suggest something else."

"Astounding," he suggested, "Famous Fantastic, Planet, Weird, Super Science."

"Don't be sacreligious," snarled the energetic atom, "besides, we can't read. Nobody stays in one place long enough. You'll have to do better than that."

Croutch reached down and turned off the stove, "Maybe," he said, "If you'd come into my study we could concentrate on the matter a bit. There must be something. Maybe even a photo of me. Yeah. That's it! My photograph. How would that do?"

Silence greeted him. Poor Molly was stiff and cold, arms upraised and face twisted in an expression of un-



bearable horror.

"Oh well," muttered the obese door-man, slightly insulted, "It'll make a cute bookend."

BEAK BROADCASTS (Continued from page 3)

In our letter section, re-titled, by the way, 'The Maelstrom' — brain child of John Hollis Mason, we have printed a letter by Leon S. Stone, Librarian of the Australian Library of Amateur Journalism. We suggest that you read this letter, and then do something about it. Leon's mag, *KOOLINDA*, though only an annual, is certainly worth sending away for. It's printed, 20 pages of the 5 X 7" size, and

beautifully turned out. Material isn't concerned with fantasy, but's interesting nevertheless. In addition to receiving this mag, you'll be doing Leon a great favour, since he desires to preserve all the amateur mags possible. And the list of fanmags he sent me that he possesses is all too small. So give him a hand, Fen, & help Fandom 'Down Under' back to its feet.

Beak

FAN PERSONALITIES ~ #3



((Editorial Note: Any resemblance to persons living or dead or both is purely coincidental. We are referring to the picture of course.))

Presenting in profile that genial and pun whacky individual, Joseph W. Taylor Jr., known more intimately by his friends as 'Beak'. He is the owner, editor and publisher of that sterling fanzine CANADIAN FANDOM, "Still the biggest nickel's worth in Fandom". (Quote used without the permission of Poll Kat Art Widner.)

In the pic, ye ed is smiling because, in spite of many delays and setbacks, he has managed to publish no less than 10 issues of CanFan since his initiation into the Fan Publishing field in February '43.

Beak has varied other interests outside of Fandom, and not the least of these is Athletics. He is a great sports enthusiast and holds many cups, trophies and ribbons won on the athletic fields these past years at St Andrew's College. He is now a Freshman in the Arts course at the University of Toronto. Beak is also an avid record collector and owns stacks of jive, boogie and blues disks.

Statistics:

Height — 5' 11½"

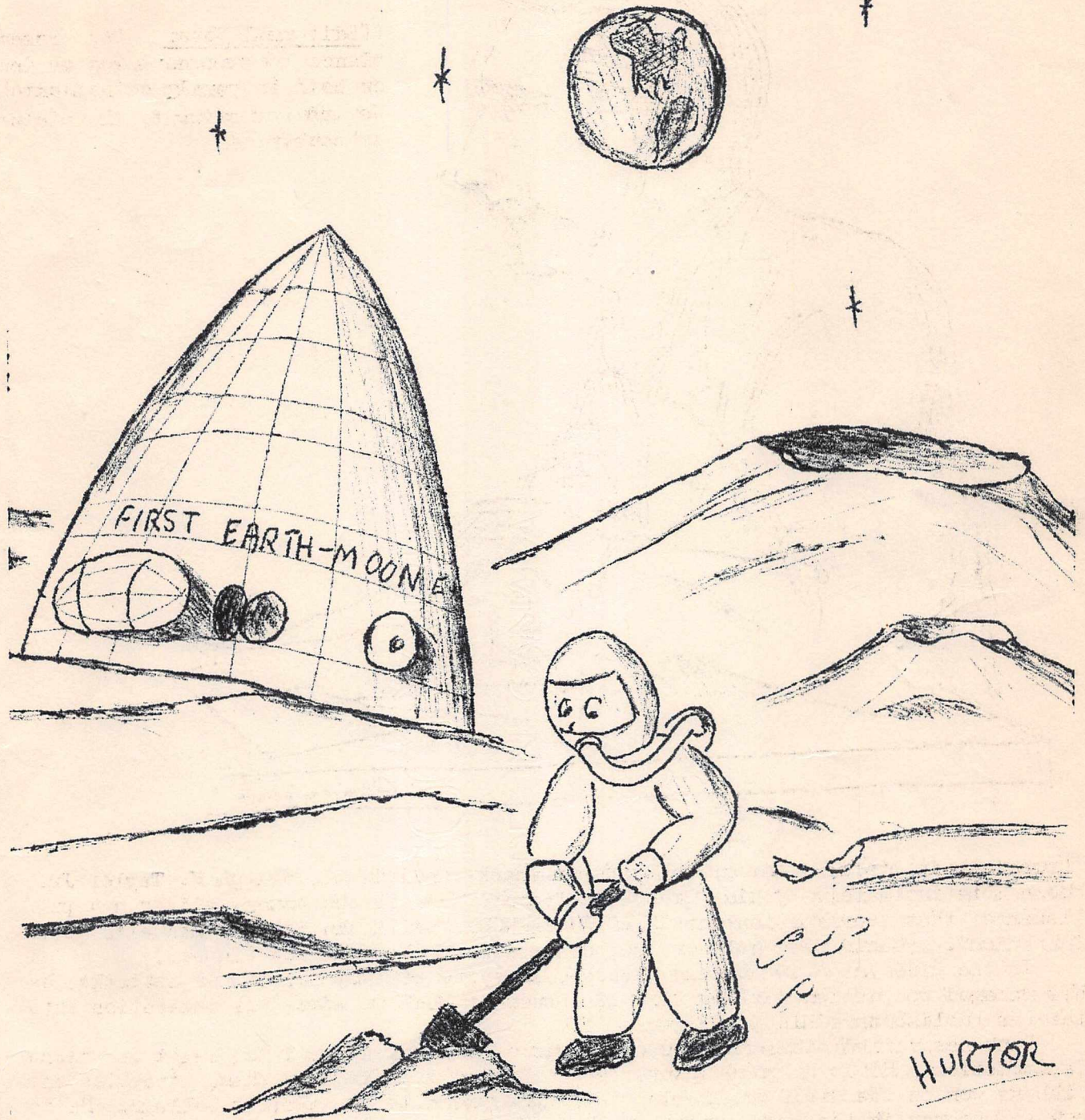
Weight — 155 lbs

Age — 20

Nationality — Scotch, Irish

Occupation — Student

Address — 9 MacLennan Ave
Toronto (5) Ontario
Canada.



WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW! CHEESE!



What went to your school? Curious!