

CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 11
JULY 1946

A  PUBLICATION



Al B. Sells - 46.

CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 11



A Publication

A CROSS-SECTION OF CANADIAN FAN ACTIVITY

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Contents
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FICTION

| | | |
|---|-----------------------|----|
| The Devil, in a Pin-Stripe Suit | Anon. | .5 |
| Martians in the Soup. | Beak Taylor | 18 |

SCANDAL

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| Mason in Montreal | Fred Hurter jr. | 20 |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|----|

FEATURES

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| Beak Broadcasts | Beak Taylor | .2 |
| As I See It | Leslie A. Croutch | 11 |
| The Maelstrom | Readers | 14 |
| Stuff & Such. | Fred Hurter jr. | 24 |
| Fan Personalities (Al Betts). | Anomynous | 26 |

ARTICLE

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|----|
| Discord | Donn Brazier. | 17 |
|-------------------|-----------------------|----|

POEM

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----|
| Finis | Petros. | 10 |
|-----------------|-----------------|----|

CARTOONS

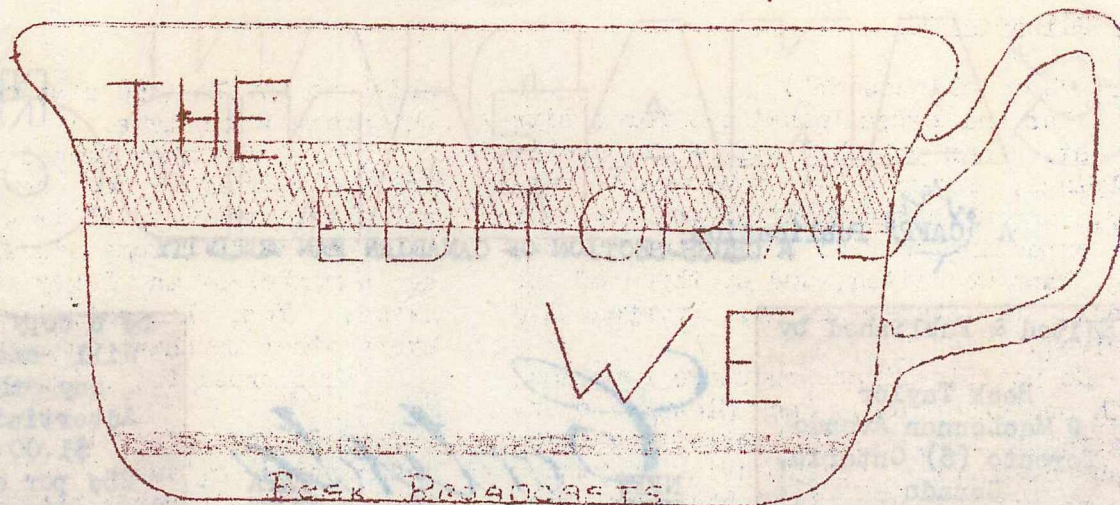
| | | |
|---|---------------------|----|
| Lania, my Dear. | Bob Gibson. | 23 |
| Are you sure this is the specialist | Jack Sloan. | 23 |
| Sorry sir | T. Van. | 23 |
| Sold fire insurance did you , | Bob Gibson. | 29 |

ADVERTISEMENT

| | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------|----|
| | John Hollis Mason | 27 |
|-----------|-----------------------------|----|

Cover by Albert Betts. Interior illustrations by Max Best, Jack Sloan, and T. Van.
Fiction, articles, cartoons, poetry, art, comments welcome. Stamps accepted from
foreign subscribers in lieu of cash.

Thanks this issue to Jack Sloan and Al Betts
for their help with the stencilling



The peaceful confines of Shinbone Reaches here at MacLennan Avenue were abruptly shattered early (10 am) one Friday morning by a discordant jangle from the Ameche.

"Hello."

(Yawn)

"Guess who this is."

(Yawn)

"This is Les Croutch."

(Yawn)

"I'll be over in about an hour."

(Yawn)

Click!

(Yawn-- migawd, that was Les Croutch.)
And so it was.

Of course, one cannot sum up the matter merely by saying, "And so it was." Les Croutch is not an occurrence, he is a phenomenon. The dictionary defines phenomenon as "Something strange and uncommon." This is Croutch, all of him.

For a minute after this momentous announcement confusion reigned. Then things, that's me, calmed down somewhat. Breakfast, shaving, dressing, etc, were soon done with and then the thunderous footprints were rocking the house upon its foundations. The obese doorman had arrived.

This was at 11 O'clock. I led Les into my bedroom which also serves as a sort of workshop, study, and isolation ward, and became deeply involved in gab. Les sat on the bed, which rested on the floor, which rested on the cellar, and earthquakes occurred in British Columbia. He sat in a chair first, but it didn't have the necessary endurance.

Suddenly I realized I was being extremely selfish. Here I had the only Les Croutch in existence trapped in my domicile, and I was keeping him all to

myself. Egad, sir, how rude. Get the hell to a phone.

Jack Sloan was the first.

"Hello."

"Hello, Jack, guess who's in town."

"Ackerman?"

"No, you darn fool, it's Croutch."

"Aaaagghh!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian for, "I'll be over in an hour.")

Next, one Thomas Hanley received the good word.

Rinnngggg!

"Fnnfnnnff?? -- ! "

"Hello, Tom, guess who's in town."

"Snorkappplllfnnfnfnffgnfnfff?? ?"

"Guess who's in town."

"Whaaa--yawfnff (trailing off into a low whistle.

"I said, GUESS WHO'S IN TOWN!!!!!!"

"Migawd, NOT Les Croutch?"

"You are eminently correct."

"Aaaagghh!!!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian for, "I'll be over in an hour.")

Al Betts, unfortunately, had heard a week or so before that Croutch was coming. He somehow seemed to have landed up in Kapuskasing, somewhere near the Arctic Circle. There is still six feet of snow there, and the temperature is 20 below. Croutch does not like snow or cold. Evan Barrington too, seems to have been forewarned. He was in Chicago. Croutch does not like gangsters. This is not a dirty crack at Chicago Fandom.

Mason, however, was blissful in his ignorance, as always. He answered the phone.

"Hello. Tell Croutch I'll be right over. Don't let him get away."

"Aaaagh!!!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian

for, "Who told Mason?")

Les and I then dashed out for a bite to eat. Les polished off a few double helpings, remarking that he wasn't hungry, and we returned after an hour or so expecting to find the vultures waiting. Then we waited, and at three of the clock, the stage was set. Everyone had arrived.

No notable first words were recorded, with one exception. Jack Sloan's opening remark was, as he blotted up a few blobs of sweat, "I'll drink anything you've got, Beak. How about some gingerale?"

Mason and Croutch then carried the conversation, while Hanley and myself made bright remarks, it sez here, and Sloan tried to look as if such sordid details were beneath his notice. After we had thoroughly covered the field of books, pornography, comic books, (Mason being the managing editor of one) pornography, CanFan, pornography, Mason and Croutch, Croutch and Mason, pornography, we settled down to a few rounds of puns and a bit of pornography. Parry Sound's Portly Pornographer itself starred in this endeavour. Mason then briefly outlined his newest character — a hermaphroditic misogynist.

While ye ed dashed out for a couple of bottles of gingerale, Hanley answered the phone. There was then a brief pause for double take, and soon the assembled fans were astounded to learn that, "Rosie just asked for Beak in a masculine voice." Honest fellas, Rosie is so a "he". He blushes, that's all.

Then Mason attempted to inveigle Croutch into a spot of supper down in Chinatown, Croutch footing the bill, of course. Amazing how quickly Les lost his appetite.

At six pm we tumbled into Hanley's car and gasped and shuddered our way (I am sorry Tom. As a matter of fact the car did a good job. But you know Les.) our way up to Ted White's civilian haunts. Descending on Ted in a body, we soon were entrenched deep in his living room, and the gab got under way again. Ted began to recall some of his experiences overseas, including the time in Italy when he was possessed of \$68,000, Italian funds, and had no way of getting it out of the country.

The party then broke up, and we went our several ways, leaving Croutch and

White to battle the rest of the evening out among themselves.

Ye ed was then forced to leave town for the weekend. Now he has returned, but alas, the Croutch is gone; back to Parry Sound to assume his arduous duties as a member of the Parry Sound Board of Trade. Yes, he actually is. He and every other merchant in Parry Sound.

Thus ended the seige of Montserrat.

The foregoing is a blow by blow description of the actual Croutch visit to Toronto. It represents the reactions of Toronto Fandom to Parry Sound's biggest citizen — well, perhaps not the entire reactions, but the basic, the fundamental responses to a stimulus of physical, mental and spiritual quality. Just what the stimulus has to say for itself remains to be seen. Les Croutch, we realize, may never recover. He probably will, however, endeavour to state his case, and the same may be read either in future issues of LIGHT, the Croutchzine, or CANADIAN FANDOM, the Beakzine. Keep those orbs peeled for the sensational expose of Toronto Fan life. A story that actually takes you behind the scenes and tells you what brand of toilet paper we use.

This issue of CanFan, while not the best on record, should certainly be the brightest. If all goes well, and the expected results occur, our unsuspecting pages will be seared by the brilliance of three colors; red, black and blue. This sudden display of fireworks is made possible by the kind cooperation of Al Betts and Jack Sloan, who have been good enough to spend several evenings at the MacLennan Castle stencilling headings and illustrations. Whether or not these works of art can be produced in all their splendour rests in the laps of the gods and the drum of our duplicator. This ancient rotospeed is known for its erratic habits, and should it refuse to accept the bludgeonings of your unworthy editor's clumsy mitts, then great claims will have been staked in vain. Still, the ambition has moved us; we have been battered by the fleeting touch of the true artiste, it sez here.

Light Flashes, you will note, is no more. And taking its place is Les's new column, As I See It. Your comments and suggestions are respectfully solicited.

On page 17 appears Discord, a short

article by Donn Brazier, and, unfortunately, the only article in the issue. Were it not for the kind and prompt response of Walt Coslet and the manuscript Bureau, CanFan No. 11 might have been articleless, if there is such a word. But a hasty letter dispatched to Box 6, Helena, Montana, produced rapid results. Thanks and comments were immediately sent to Walt, and a letter which is reproduced in part was quickly received in return. Give it your attention fans; perhaps it may interest you.

"..... my main trouble is quantity, which I'm having quite a time fighting for. We've been terribly short of everything except artwork for some months now, until the last few weeks when my requests for material have apparently stirred a few authors and editors. I have such a demand for material — steadily — that I could place quite easily fully 5 — 10 times as much as I get, with the exception of artwork. I do my best to place material where it is most likely to be welcomed. my trouble is not so much the supplying of high quality work as finding any quality work to supply. I have a few fairly regular contributors and some who now and then send in an item, but I'd be completely out of material most of the time if I had to rely on them. Almost every editor who has received stuff from the Ms Bureau has been well pleased with at least part of it, and with the service in general. I pay the postage out of my own pocket with the exception of a time or two when Van Splawn sent me some stamps to pay the postage on material I sent him. I have no objections to receiving donations to help out on this postage expense. I am sure I have placed something over 200 items to Fnz, and I could place lots more if I could only get them.

That last sentence seems to me to be particularly noteworthy — "And I could place lots more if only I could get it." Fan writers, editors, anyone, that's your cue. The Ms Bureau supplies material to fanzines, and so far it has been doing a great job. But you can't get something for nothing. It has to have a steady flow of material from your pens. If you do get a hankering to turn out material, don't look around for a fanzine, put it in an envelope and mail

it to Box 6, Helena, Montana. This bureau is operated for the benefit of fans and fan publishers; it has to have your help to be a success.

Fred Hurter is a little tardy this month with his installments of Mason in Montreal and Stuff & Such. This is to be expected, of course, not merely because Freddy is somewhat neglectful of deadlines, but because CanFan actually has no deadline at all. So when we told Fred to have his stuff in by June 20 or so, he immediately must have assumed that this was to be like other CanFans — slightly, about three months' worth, late. However, we've crossed you up this time. I hope the hell that material gets here soon; I wanta put the issue to bed soon.

For future publication we have on tap two good sized stories by Donn Brazier and Barbara Bovard — Keeper of the Beast and Timothy's Angel. In addition, we have with us a short sequel to Martians in the Soup by that popular author, Joseph W. Taylor eskwire, entitled The Curse of Djedju. Don't miss this thrilling episode in the life of Rosie, Aunt Edgar and the rest. Then, on the more serious side, a critique by Nils H. Frome of H. P. Lovecraft. This will be run provided ye ed can translate the original manuscript from the ancient Greek in which it has been scribbled. Frome, while an excellent artist, produces what are undoubtedly the most illegible manuscripts in Fandom. They are even written around the outsides of sheets of newspaper. In addition, he also includes his sheets of rough draft or notes from which he has written the article, neglecting to separate these from the finished product. The finished product itself is a sight to behold! Frome, to save paper, occasionally turns the sheets around, and writes between the lines back up through the original writing. Thus we get two pages in the space of one. Add to this his absolutely unintelligible longhand, and the various faint spots where rubber has been used & the words intended to be left not reinforced and it comes out ugly!

I sure envy you blokes at the Fourth World Science Fiction Convention. Wish I could get down, but finances — maybe next year.... Tom Hanley is making the trip to Los Angeles; whether or not he

— (Continued on Page 13) —



The DEVIL -- In a Pin-Stripe Suit

'Anon'

PERHAPS it was only luck, good or bad as you choose, that brought me this story at all - but then the boys in the city room didn't nickname me 'Lucky' for nothing. Anyway, I was pulling into my little apartment about four one morning and that's when it all started. I'd been working

late at the city desk, had a couple of quick ones at Charlies' and then hit the trail for home.

I was walking along the hall when the door of the room next to mine closed suddenly. A moment later there was a single shot. Knocking off a slight discount for reaction time, I was there in about nothing flat, but there was only this old chap lying on the floor with the gun still smoking in his hand.

I'd known him for some time - ever since he'd moved in next to me about 2 years ago. He was between fifty and sixty, a retired bachelor and that was all I knew of him. He had often dropped in during the evenings that I was at home, and we'd pour away the odd rye and water and discuss anything from religion to politics - but apart from that he was just the "guy next door."

He was dead all right. The gun was in one hand and the inevitable letter in the other. I picked it up and found to my surprise that it was addressed to me. Well, by this time the whole place was in an uproar, so I slipped it into my pocket just as the first hysterical woman reached the door.

The room was soon full of crying woman and tight-lipped men who promptly threw all the women out and called the cops. After a little explaining they let me go and I whipped into my room to get a look at this note.

I might as well just reproduce the letter the way he wrote it - it will be more effective that way. So here it is.

"Lucky":-

You are probably infinitely curious as to why I did it. You'll understand all when you have read this - but then perhaps you won't. For the time being let it be sufficient to say that I've done it. I left a second note for the authorities full of the usual reasons, none of which are true, incidentally. However, it will satisfy them, save them a great deal of bewilderment, and in all likelihood save myself from being put down as "nuts".

You may think the latter yourself but it doesn't matter. This story must be told, and you are the only person I know who might conceivably believe it. It all started the day before yesterday, yes, as recently as that. I've tried to shut myself off from everyone since then - you'll soon understand why - but it is impossible to go on this way. I'll tell you just how it happened.

We were the only two on top of the

bus. He was sitting across from me and one seat forward. Even if I had been reading my discarded paper, or doing anything else for that matter, I couldn't have helped but notice the man. There was something compelling about him, something magnetic.

He was the kind of person you would pick out in a crowd and then try to guess what he was. There are always the stock answers. If a man is fat, well-dressed and pompous, he is a tycoon of industry or a banker. If he is tall, gaunt and preoccupied, he is undoubtedly a poet or an author. Oh, I could name them all, but you've seen them often.

But this man was none of these, at least not conspicuously. So I sat and looked at him and tried to figure him out — more than that — tried to decide what it was about him that attracted my attention.

He was well-dressed, neither expensively nor showily, but the cuffs of his trousers were just a little too long and just a little dusty and frayed. The suit was a dark grey with an extremely fine, white pin-stripe; the shirt was a conservatively solid blue; and the tie also a modest blue — just dark enough to stand out. A small silver clip held the gypsy fingers of his soft collar exactly in place.

He was a youngish man, not more than thirty five, but his face was lined and worried. It was long and rather aesthetic, but the eyes were deep-set and burning and didn't seem to match the rest of him at all.

He was reading the Sports Page of the News.

Suddenly I had the feeling that I wanted to speak to him, wanted to find out who and what he was. So, I leaned over and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He started visibly, and I asked him if he had a match, that I was afraid I had forgotten mine.

He dug in his pocket and offered me one, almost brusquely, but said nothing. "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?" I ventured.

"Yes, lovely," he answered coldly.

"New Yorker?"

"Yes, all my life."

"Interested in baseball, eh?? Noticed you were reading the scores. Dodgers?"

"No, I was just reading them for want of something better to do. It keeps my mind off a lot of things."

He stopped then but I could see there was something else he wanted to say. I couldn't guess what so I urged him on.

"Why, what else might you be doing?"

At this his calm left him. He seemed to break up before my eyes. He folded his paper nervously and tossed it over the edge of the bus. I noticed his hands were shaking like those of a chronic alcoholic. He turned to me.

"Do you mind if I tell you a story?" he asked, quite irrelevantly it seemed. "Personally I don't care whether you do or not. Here it is."

Then instead of going on he stopped, not hesitatingly, but as if he were trying to collect all his thoughts so that his story would be coherent. I sat and waited for what seemed several minutes, then suddenly he went on.

"I don't care what religion you are, whether you have any or not, whether you believe in Heaven and Hell and God and the Devil or not. You probably won't believe my story anyway."

I can't remember what I answered to that, but I know that thinking I had come across another of those cranks I mumbled some kind of assurance and he seemed satisfied.

"I think I'll start right in the middle and then go back to the beginning."

He paused a moment. "What would you say if I told you I was the Devil, a real flesh and blood Satan — probably one of a million Satans that are walking the streets all over the world this very minute?"

He noticed my startled expression and, looking rather smug, continued.

"I know. You think that I'm crazy and I don't blame you. I thought so myself, at first, but I know now that I was wrong. I know quite definitely now that I am Satan, or as I suggested before,, one of a million Satans."

I could think of nothing better to say than, "But Good God man!"

"Well, that's the middle; now I'll start at the beginning."

"I was walking down Broadway one evening, just coming into Times Square. As usual, it was crowded and I did a lot of bumping along through the mob. I was

in rather an ugly frame of mind at the time and the crash didn't help it any. I'd had a row with the wife at supper over an expensive necklace she had bought without asking me, and as I walked along I muttered to myself, "I wish the damn thing would choke her." If only I'd known what that idle thought spoken in a moment of anger would result in, — well, she wouldn't be dead today."

"I got home about an hour later feeling much better and ready to apologize to her. I found her lying across the automatic dishwasher — dead. Her necklace had caught in somehow and had strangled her. Naturally the damn thing should have broken first, but it hadn't. By a single fleeting thought I'd killed her."

He said it in a cold matter-of-fact way that chilled me. There was no note of sorrow in his voice. He said it as if he had been reading the baseball scores to me.

"It must have been awful," I said, sounding and feeling a lot more sympathetic than he. "But it was just a horrible coincidence. There is no reason to take on this way about it."

And he went on in that same cold voice. "Yes, I called it coincidence too, at the time. I called it coincidence again two days later at the office when speaking of a certain business rival I unthinkingly wished he were dead. I learned later that he died very suddenly at the exact moment I had had the thought. That gave me quite a shock.. Once it could be called coincidence. Twice it was too hard to believe. But to believe anything else was even more difficult.

"Then I had the idea that possibly I was possessed of some strange power by which I could will things to occur. So I tried experimenting. I tried to make my pencil leap into my hand, to make a chair adjust itself for me so that I could sit down in it easily. Nothing like this worked, of course. I didn't find out until later that only my evil wishes were carried out.

"What happened this morning really decided me. The taxi in which I was driving narrowly missed running over a small child who had suddenly darted out from the sidewalk. I muttered to the

driver that kids who take no more notice of traffic than that deserve to be run down. Suddenly, for no obvious reason at all, the car behind us swerved across the road, jumped the curb onto the sidewalk and plowed into a group of children playing there. The driver said later that he couldn't understand it at all. His car had just suddenly swerved, tearing the wheel from his hands. Unwittingly I had killed or injured at least half a dozen innocent children.

"You can't imagine what I went through the rest of that day. I wanted to drink myself into a stupor but I was afraid to for fear of what I might think or say. That was when I began questioning my sanity, but it wasn't for long. Less than three hours after the taxi incident I had killed another three persons. It was then that this Devil idea came to me, and now I am quite positive about it."

He sat back then and waited for me to do or say something. But there wasn't anything I could say. So we sat there, not speaking a word, and I turned his story over and over in my mind. God alone knows what he was thinking. It was all too fantastic. Every bit of common sense in me said that he was lying, that he was mad, that he had imagined all these things, but I believed him. He had told his story so simply, so matter-of-factly that I couldn't help but believe him. You can imagine how I felt. My whole concept of life and living had been suddenly shattered. If what he told me was true then the very lives of everyone were hanging by silken threads. There was nothing between life and death but the chance thought of the man beside me — or a million more like him — and there was nothing I could do about it. Every logical reason for our existence had been suddenly snatched away. There was nothing but chance to decide whether we should live or die.

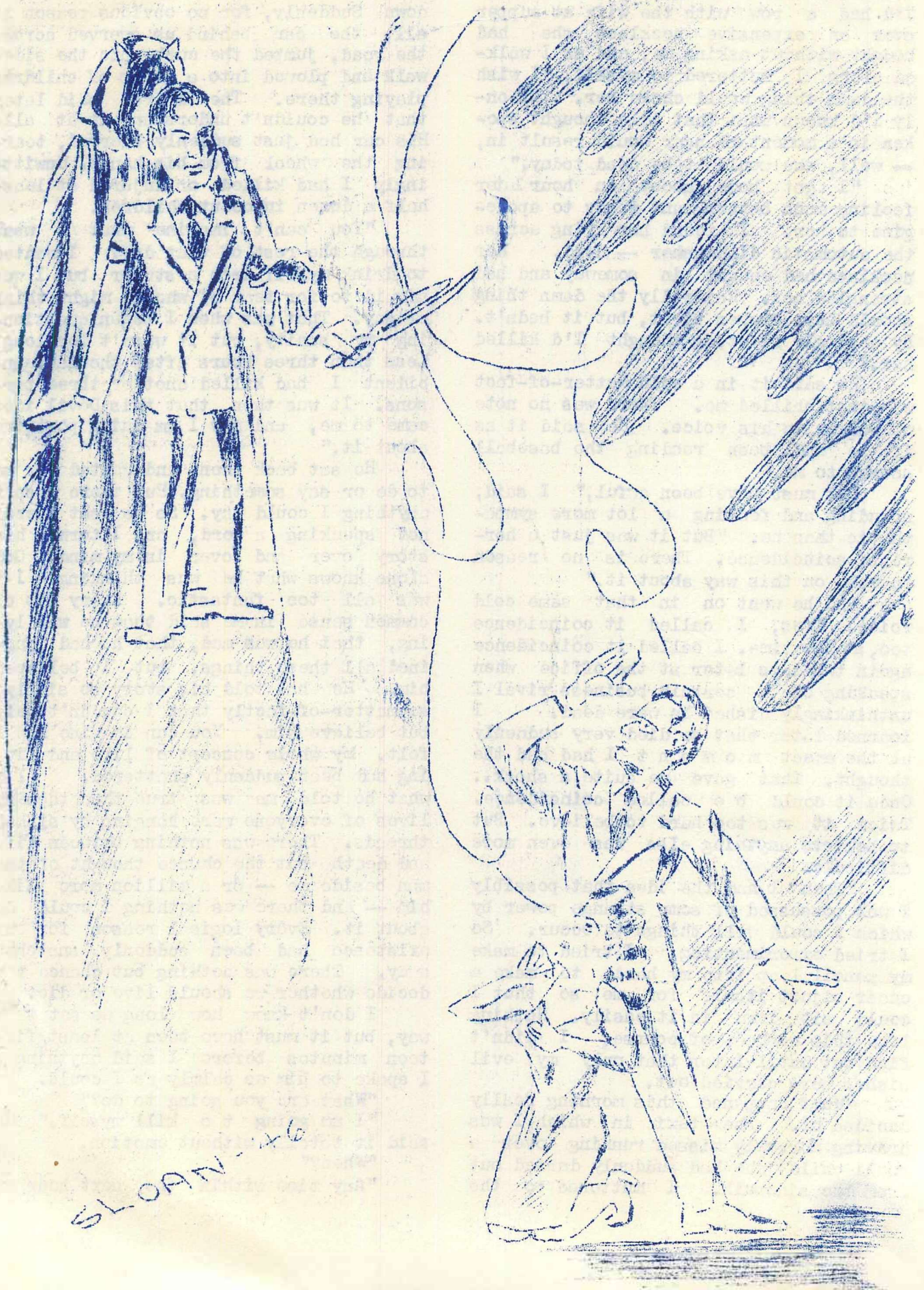
I don't know how long we sat that way, but it must have been at least fifteen minutes before I said anything. I spoke to him as calmly as I could.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to kill myself." He said it totally without emotion.

"When?"

"Any time within the next hour or



SLOAN-46

two. I should have done it this morning when I first found out, but you see it takes a great deal of courage to end one's life. I tried for a while to will my own death but it didn't work. I'm afraid that would hardly be evil in my case, would it?"

I nodded my understanding. "But just what will you accomplish by it?"

"Primarily, there will be one less devil in the world."

"You honestly believe there are more like you?"

"I can't see why not. It may be like a contagious disease. But going back to your question, you can understand how impossible it would be for me to go on living, can't you? I couldn't go through another day like this."

"It must be dreadful."

"By the way, this whole business has given me a rather interesting thought. I think it may explain a great many of the suicides that occur every year. Of course, they all give other reasons, but don't you find that most of them are rather inadequate. They can hardly explain such a serious affair as self-destruction."

"That is a possibility," I admitted. "Those suicide notes that are left behind are usually very unsatisfactory as far as logical explanations go, and as a result suicide is generally put down as being due to temporary insanity."

"And isn't it possible that my condition at the present moment might be diagnosed as a temporary insanity? My words and actions must certainly seem mad. I think it is a very plausible excuse for suicide, but unfortunately it could hardly be made public. Perhaps someone has told this story before but it was taken for the babblings of a lunatic."

"But mightn't it be better if it were?"

"Made public, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Never. Once this story was known there would be a wave of panic and hysteria that would sweep the world. It would kill all ambition and initiative; it would take away the will to go on living. You know that because you know how it has affected you, an intelligent business man. So can't you see

what it would do to the mass of unthinking and unimaginative people everywhere? could you expect them to go on as usual knowing all the time that death was hanging over them?"

"But doesn't it all the time? Aren't our lives unstable as it is? We never know when we might be taken."

"No, of course not. But relative to what you and I know now, don't you think that life and death as the rest of the world sees it is something infinitely concrete?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right," I agreed, "But it still seems a terrible pity that this thing should go on, day after day, year after year, with no one but the few unfortunates like yourself knowing of it. Even then it is highly improbable that many of the others ever reached the conclusion that you have arrived at, which means that altogether there can't possibly be more than a few people out of the two billion existing now who are really aware of the evil that is guiding their lives."

"Has it occurred to you what light this might throw on the mystery of the African Witch Doctors?"

"Why no, but that is an interesting thought."

The Sun had gone behind a cloudbank and judging from the look of the western sky it wasn't likely that it would appear again that day. It was cool and I pulled my coat around me a little closer. The man beside me, without his topcoat didn't seem to notice the chill. He stood up suddenly and I moved into the aisle to let him out.

"I think I'll get off here," he said in that cold voice of his.

There wasn't very much for me to say and I don't think he expected anything. I put my hand on his shoulder and the squeeze I gave it expressed far more eloquently something that I could not have put into words.

When the bus stopped he walked down the steps quite calmly, stepped off with a slight jump and walked down the street almost breezily. I never saw him again.

I got off at the next stop and caught a bus going the opposite way.. During our conversation I had not noticed that we had gone miles beyond my intended destination.

Well, Lucky, you can picture my state of mind. You are probably thinking the same things right now. It had all left me with a sort of weak and helpless feeling that has been with me ever since. Psychologists speak of frustration. They toss the word around and use it wherever convenient. I think I have suffered from the only complete and true frustration. And due to my selfish desire that this story shall not die with me, I'm afraid you will have to go through it too.

But the story isn't finished yet. These facts alone are hardly enough to warrant my death tonight. Knowing me as you did you must have realized that already. Possibly you may have guessed the remainder, that in some manner the horrible power of that man on the bus has been transferred to me. For that is

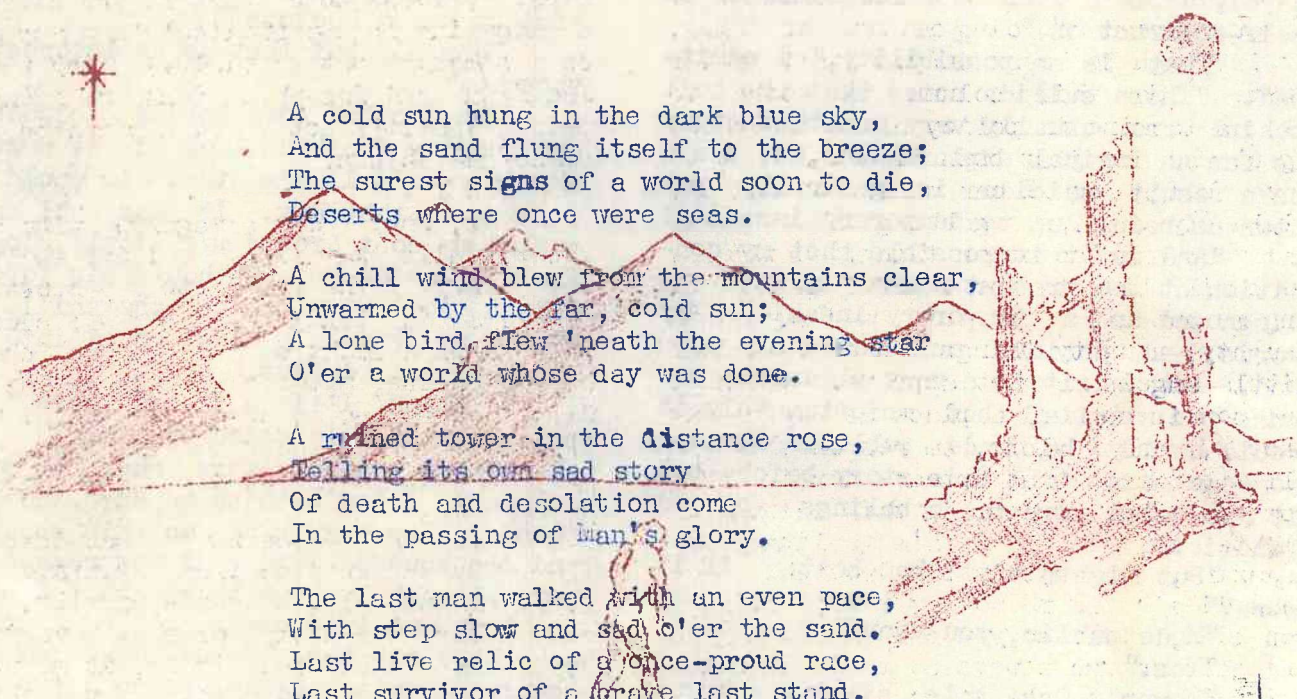
what happened, and just as he did I can find no alternative. I have caused my little share of evil since then just as I suppose it was my duty to do, but what is more important, I don't believe I have 'infected' anyone with this malignant thing.

So now, Lucky, you know why I have done it. Possibly I should never have told you, but knowing you as I do, I think you will understand. Whether others will hear of it too is up to you to decide. I know what the wise decision should be, but were I in your position I rather doubt that I would make it."

That was all. He had signed it "Sincerely yours."

— T H E E N D —

Finis



A cold sun hung in the dark blue sky,
And the sand flung itself to the breeze;
The surest signs of a world soon to die,
Deserts where once were seas.

A chill wind blew from the mountains clear,
Unwarned by the far, cold sun;
A lone bird flew 'neath the evening star
O'er a world whose day was done.

A ruined tower in the distance rose,
Telling its own sad story
Of death and desolation come
In the passing of Man's glory.

The last man walked with an even pace,
With step slow and sad o'er the sand.
Last live relic of a once-proud race,
Last survivor of a brave last stand.

Earth's day was done; Man's race was run.
In the last pale light of a long red day
Death claimed the planet where Man held sway

AS I SEE IT

By ~ LESLIE A. CROUTCH ~

It is all very, very flattering. Beak and Al Betts have both said I should do a column for CANADIAN FANDOM. Both went on to intimate that a CANADIAN FANDOM without some Croutchisms was something that shouldn't, mustn't be condoned. So, having killed Light Flashes as such, and wishing to support the magazine, this is the result.

As I See It has no policy. I dislike policies. Having a policy is like having the gout, or is that an inapt simile? Anyway, having a policy means a self-imposed line that I must be continually nudging with my pedal extremity. It means being tied to a set formula. If I get wearied of doing one type of thing, it is tough to break away. I don't prefer that. So this column is going to be as lacking in policy as an insurance agent who has just been fired. I want to have things so I can wander on and on, aimlessly perhaps, gabbing about this and that and the other thing. Naturally Beak will have to be careful when reading my output, for I may say some naughty, naughty things that certain dear little angels may not approve. And here and now is as good a place as any to say that I, and I alone, am responsible for all utterances that appear herein from now on. What appears in this column reflects in no way Beak's feelings, the magazine, or anybody but Croutch. No, Beak didn't ask me to say this; it's my own idea, just so you cantankerous guys and gals who are always so ready to spike somebody won't take it out on the editor for something I said. If I sin, I rest on my evils; if I err, it's because I'm human; if I tread on anybody's toes it's because it was intended.

So that is what As I See it will be, unless I change my mind later on. Just a line of opinionated maunderings

that some won't like, most won't agree with, and a few will positively dislike. So now you are warned. Read on if you are still curious, or stop here.

For the inauguration of this suspicious occasion I want to do a little spouting about publishing in the Fan field. I feel I can talk with some little authority as I've done my stint in this direction and will continue to glut the market with more of my output.

What I am driving at is the fact that every little fan who gets his mitts on some means of duplication immediately thinks in terms of putting out a magazine. (Please note that in pro circles a magazine is a periodical that appears on a somewhat set schedule.) Any way Joe Fann and Josephine Fann are going to print, so it's got to be a magazine, or so he/she thinks.

W H Y ?

Yes, why? Why a magazine with all its pitfalls that lurk waiting to trap the unwary? The road to a successful magazine is long and twisty and closed in by such delightful dangers as Schedule, Deadline, Material, Paid or Unpaid Circulation, and so on and so forth. And IF you DO get by these demons then you find the Biggest Demon of all, Pleasing the Reader.

Consider — you have a schedule or else you haven't a true magazine. It might be annually, or semi-annually, or bi-monthly, or monthly, or what have you. No matter which one it is, it means a deadline you have to meet. You think that this is easy once you have the material on hand. Is it? The only man who can meet a deadline successfully and continue doing it is the man with money, the man without a job, and the man with the sustained interest to slave away at it day after day with no let-up.

Let's suppose you are that Mythical Fen. You have the filthy stuff to buy the wherewithal. You have the time — no job to interfere. No wife — no friends — no nothing to tie things up now and then. You meet your deadline every month or whenever the deadline is. Things are smooth then, for a time, assuming of course, that you also have the material. Material is easy to get, if you know how. I never had any trouble. In fact, I never have any trouble, and don't expect any in the future. Lucky you! Your magazine is then going to go along nice and smoothly.

But is it? After several months you suddenly wake up some morning and find you have lost touch with the original idea — you have a slightly paler interest.

A magazine without a policy will help you prevent this for then you can print nearly everything that comes your way. BUT suppose you sell it — you've got to satisfy the cash customers. If you are going to charge for your little brain brat you have to give the readers what they desire. Of course, you can give it away; that's fun. Or at least I think it is. You can print what you like then and to hell with what people think — to a certain extent, anyway.

But there are still certain things you can't touch. You mustn't, for instance, touch spicy stuff; you know, sex, the flowers and bugs and bees and such. Naughty, naughty! And you have to be careful what you say about politics, especially if it's the politics of some other country, for some of your readers may be gosh-awful sensitive about their local small-fry. And the same with religion. You mustn't call the Catholics whatever you think they are, for someone is a Catholic. You mustn't laugh over Baptismal Rites, for someone is sure to be a Baptist. Sure as guns you do something someone will want to cut your whatever-it-is-they-cut-out out.

Some of the more mature Fen might like to do some nice barefoot pictures, or write some nice barefoot stories, or do some nice barefoot verse, but you mustn't touch. Junior, who is only 10 and reads Shaverology might get them and then the fat would be in the fire. And there are always some so-called grownups who are just as straight-laced as a Mid-Victorian corset.

Not that I approve, completely, of HOT STUFF, tsk, tsk, in a magazine, or all of the time. But I, like many of the mature boys, like some real snifty handouts now and then.

Another thing. Joe Fann, the publisher, gets it into his head to turn out a very elaborate magazine, maybe his first, maybe his third issue. He works like mad for weeks and turns out something really creditable. But he has shot his bolt doing it. The fire dies down and that's the last we hear of him. Too bad; a genius in the making got got unmade.

I've gone through most of this myself. I like publishing, but hang it all, I hate schedules and deadlines and having to refuse to touch certain items because of this and that and the other thing. Out of my mailing list for LIGHT, perhaps 20 or 25 would like a dandy issue all hot and bothered now and then, but the rest would shoot me for it. Now and then I get rebellious and would like to whip up a shocker, but I don't like foisting my likes and dislikes too much upon those who don't go for such things. Publishing a magazine is almost 100% creative work. You have to have that urge to get going and keep going. This urge doesn't run true. It wanes, it ebbs and rises like the tides. This is no good for a magazine, which should show either a consistent outlook and interest, or else a gradually rising interest and improvement.

How many GOOD magazines have suddenly disappeared? Widner's YHOS. Laney's ACOLYTE (maybe). Warner's SPACEWAYS. LIGHT almost did. Hurter's CENSORED did. It even looked once or twice as though Taylor would follow suit.

So what are we publishers to do? Must we publish a magazine, or just withdraw and let the rest do the work? Must we, like Widner, write for those that do continue? That is a darned dark and dismal outlook for those of us with duplicator ink for blood, and for Joe Fann who wants to publish, yet hasn't the time to run a magazine.

How about a one-shot affair, I hear somebody ask. Shoot the beggar. Turning out a one-shot magazine is as highly undignified as robbing the poor box at church or spitting in the font. Most one-shot affairs are lousy, hurriedly

put together, containing nothing worth while. They are what their name implies, something whipped up on the spur of the moment, with no forethought, no preparation.

So where does that leave us?

IT LEAVES US A FIELD THAT PUBLISHING FEN SEEM TO HAVE NEGLECTED EXCEPT FOR A VERY FEW ITEMS. The Fancyclopedia is a notable example of the output of this little explored field.

In professional publishing we have magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, and books.

In fan publishing we have magazines, news sheets, one-shot affairs, now and then worth-while pamphlets, BUT WHERE ARE THE BOOKS?

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association is the closest to it - members issue what might be termed as books, but they are not true efforts in that direction.

Consider the advantages of book publishing for fen; no deadlines, no schedules; you publish when you have the time and the interest and the urge. You can give your output away or sell it. You are not limited to a set format from issue to issue. You can vary the number of pages per copy. You can publish absolutely anything, for when you advertise your new book, only those that desire to read it will buy it. You can take as long as you wish on each edition & make it as elaborate as you like. You need have NO policy. You can plan anything you like that you get an idea for.

Suppose, for instance, you get the notion you'd like to turn out a collection of fiction of a certain type. You contact various writing Fen and state what you'd like. You can get some illustrators in on the deal, and have the stories actually illustrated. You can take two months, six months, a year, for the project. When it is finished you can have a book 25 pages in size, or 50, or 100. You work on it when you can, when you have a creative desire. You are not pressed by a deadline and therefore you can do your best work.

When it is finished and being sold or distributed, you can rest for as long as you like. If you put so much into it you don't feel like doing any more, that is all well and good. In a few weeks or a few months another idea will come along

and off you go again.

The only type of material that I can't see as being suitable is news. Unless, of course, you were to issue a year book, chronologically listing the most important fan happenings for the preceding year. In other words, thresh the Fan world, weed the seed from the chaff. Bring out the Fanworld occurrences so they assume a reality, a connected whole, to form a sort of history.

So there you are, publishing Fen. As I See It, it's about time some of us started investigating this new field in Fan publishing, started experimenting. Who will lead the way? Who will forsake magazine publishing and enter the riper and more dignified field of FAN BOOK PUBLISHING?

As this is a new column, and a sort of experiment, I'd like to know how it goes over. When you write Beak, be good sports and mention this especially, won't you? Thanks a lot. Be seein' ya next issue.

THE EDITORIAL WE

(Continued from page 4)

will arrive in time for the festivities I dunno. We'll hear of that later.

Cover this issue, as most will have noticed by now, is the work of Al Betts, Torontofan, and newly appointed art editor of the mag. Al has a capable staff on his hands of Jack Sloan, T Van, Nils Frome, and Max Best. It is intended to keep the pages of CanFan liberally besprinkled with illustrations. Al, after returning from New York and the Merchant Marine, is now working near Kapuskasing, Ont. His exact address is not known, and letters should be sent to 18 Wascana Avenue, from where they will be forwarded.

Don't look now, but I'm almost through. Just one more plea for comments and, more important, contributions. We are short of material, particularly articles and reviews. Can anyone help us out?

'Beak'

The

MAELSTROM

Readers' Reactions

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

Ho chum! Here is a letter of destructive criticism for CF Number 10 which I received today without hullabaloo or fuss and bother.

COVER: Frome is a good artist but his work is better suited for the litho as you saw. Congrats. See if you can get him to do another. However — I declare the female on the moss is sub-human, or alien, or something. Look at that tootsie of hers.....

CONTENTS PAGE: Gawdammit (I naturally expect you shall fumigate my remarks when they become too sulphurous) ((Of course)) it all to hell and back! Here I was thinking I could hit fandom with the first Canadian Fanzine with colours. But you beat me to it. But it's my own fault I suppose. The May LIGHT could have been out before this. But it certainly will be a coincidence or something, both coming out for the same month with some colour — like the new car models — collusion between manufacturers and so forth. This blue is excellent. Let's hope you can keep it up, if no other place than here.

BEAK BROADCASTS: Thank you for the new names and addresses of Canadian Fen. I am contemplating an FAPA publication concerning Canadian Fen. Half regular size. Each page is to be about a fan — monicker — aliases — pertinent and impertinent data concerning same. If I do I'll be calling on you for aid as you can be useful when it comes to digging up more data than I have access to. You have a barefoot nude? I may want it later on. I am ALSO contemplating a fan's bedroom companion or "How to Have Fun in Bed" and if I do it will run rampant with barefoot nudes. So hang onto it chum, and something may come of

the idea.

MASON IN MONTREAL: Now was the Great Hollis really in Montreal? Did this really occur. I believe he might have journeyed yon but I believe the Wack took libertines from there on. (THAT is NOT a typographical error so don't correct it!) Only false note in this was Jack's response to the fair sex — I cannot believe Mason can possibly envisage the possibilities of the female anatomy — and I also cannot countenance the suggestion that he realizes God made females and males different and to what purpose!

METRELESS MEANDERING: As the butcher said, "Today I am metreless!" Which is a joke that is better than 5 minus 1 is also 4!

THE MAELSTROM: I, sir, shall expect to see this letter or portions thereof printed in Number 11. To the various people represented therein: **Bovard:** I love you too. **Speer:** Bester Smith was not intended to be scientific. But then maybe you couldn't catch the speerit of the thing! In other words, not a ghost of a chance to catch the whinsy of the thing. **Eloise:** Hmmm? **Sloan:** Oh never mind Sloan. I never pay any attention to him — why should you? Maybe Jack should have a duplicator himself. **Stone:** Will see if I can remember him when I get back into the whirl once again. **Loosenore:** Oh? If he loosenore maybe he won't have any left, huh?

SONG OF THE MARTIAN EXILE: Maybe that's why he was exiled, wot?

STUFF & SUCH: Well-written, but not being timely, it made me yawn. Personally I like Hurter when he is funny, rather than when he is serious.

THE MIRROR: Frome should stick to art.

FOR SALE FOR SALE F--- oh nuts!
Nothing I want here.

UP AND ATOM: The weird thing about this startling and amazing little bit of wonderful nonsense is that I like it. Astounding to say the least, but by no means stirring science.

FAN PERSONALITIES: Pic does not resemble you, Beak. You are handsomer than THAT. ((That's not the way I told you to say it, Les.))

HURTER CARTOON: Seems to me I've seen the same idea used somewhat similarly once before. Could be?

All in all, a hot hunk of junk.

ALBERT BETTS Frome's bit of fiction, "The Mirror" and accompanying illustration take top honours, followed by "Mason in Montreal". Why did you classify this as fiction? We all know it was factual — didn't Hurter say so? And while we're with Hurter, his "Stuff & Such" still rates high. Don't take my word for it tho' — it must be good, 'cause everybody says so.

"Up and Atom" was as amusing as anything dealing with Croutch could be. Reminds me that I must drop him a line again one of these days. You're asking for strong retaliation tho' when you refer to him as the 'portly pornographer.'

In the poetry dept, Kym Temby roused a chuckle. "Song of The Martian Exile" was good except for verse one. Could be something was wrong there.

"Beak Broadcasts" as an editorial gets better and better. Ah, poor Mr Fern. I presume he spent a cool winter indeed without his hat and overcoat unless he made it back to Hawaii poste hasto.

Egad! Six new names on CanFan's list. Your circulation figure is going up by beaps and lounds, oh? I wonder if they'll hear from the Welcom of the NEFF? How about it Dunk, or rather, Carlson???

So you need a cover and contributions. I'm working on it - should get an idea any day now. As for an article or such-like — I've written to Walt Coslet of the manuscript bureau. Could be you might hear from him soon.

"Woll, what do you know? C o r n!" I'm referring to Hurter's cartoon. Shades of Ghu and Foo!

Fan Personalities #3 evokes no com-

ment so I'll make none. So I'm going to be dealt with in #4. Keep it clean — that's all I ask. Wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong idea you know.

"The Maelstrom" contained seven very nice letters. You see, Beak — you are appreciated. You only have to send out over 180 copies of CanFan and before you know it you've got seven very nice letters to print in the readers' section. Never mind. Wilt come a day when you'll got your just rewards.

Very clever the way you merged Frome's cover pic with your new CanFan banner. And the drawing was up to the usual high quality you maintain on your covers. Of course you realize you have a pair of very good amateur artists on your staff in the persons of Frome and Betts. But then, we're prejudiced,, aren't we, Nils?"

One final comment. You used two colours on your contents page. Thot I was seeing things at first. Wot happened?

Trusting you to correct all spelling and grammatical errors I'll say — but I'd better not. We've gotta keep it clean, you know.

CHARLES R. JOHNSTON In reference to the fiction, I liked "The Mirror" best. "Mason in Montreal" and "Up and Atom" were silly but entertaining.

I really enjoyed the features, especially "Stuff & Such". The cartoon was good also. Let's have some more cartoons.

The poetry wasn't too bad. I can't imagine "dim red deserts where no human lives in a thousand miles" as "fair." But home is home, I suppose, and then again, I'm not a Martian.

PHIL SHACKLETON Your remarkable publication reached me some while ago. Thank you too much, O venerable publisher. I am reading its heartening contents with new blood coursing through my gradually congealing arteries.

JOE KENNEDY The issue proved extremely readable on the whole, and the painstaking two-column format is indeed pleasing to the eye. Mags like CanFan and Light make me wish I'd been reading Canadian fan mags long before

this.

Cover certainly needs no apology — it's excellent stuff.

Beak Broadcasts is a good editorial column. I like your slightly rambling style of comment.

Mason in Montreal somehow impressed yours truly as being highly entertaining; Hurter very neatly combines broad and subtle humor. But then I always get a kick out of personal-experience tales. Was disappointed to note that it's serialized — ~~100%~~ to serials. Particularly fanzine serials.

The Maelstrom also made good reading. Barbara Bovard and Speer get the nod for best letters. Ooops — I note somebody commented on Mason's "The Mother", which was in a back issue you sent me. One of the best items of fan fiction I've read.

Stuff & Such was okay. Intellectual, kinda.

The Mirror not bad. Illustration unusual.

Up and Atom did not impress overmuch. Croutch should find it interesting, no doubt. Cartoon on page 21 was amusing, especially the visible belly-button and the trickling saliva — e r — salivai — saliva — spit. (Ah, the joys of being a perfect /?/ speller

Fan Personalities is a good feature, and I was interested in the personal details. Could this be the beginning of a wave of fan profiles. Several other fanzines have started using personal items such as this. Mayhap the fans are becoming interested in one another again. (Loud jeers from the gallery at that last statement.)

Cartoon on the back cover was almost the best thing in the issue.

GERRY WILLIAMS

It was sure swell to receive your letter. Up to now I didn't think there were any organized Canadian Fans, now I find myself in the midst of them. I've received sample copies of quite a few Fanags, but I can honestly say CanFan beats them all. Your cover was definitely the best I've seen. I especially liked Frome's pic for The Mirror. The idea wasn't original, but it was well done.

Mason in Montreal was well-written. I'm one of the legion of fans who like

to find their science spiked with humor, and Hurter certainly knows his Montreal. I'd like to complete that one story at least. On the side, though, I bet two to one they went to the Rockhead; just for a change of scenery, I mean.

I'm afraid my moronic meanderings, to swipe slightly from Tenby's title, will be slightly frowned upon if included in The Maelstrom. Glancing thru it I felt like David meeting Goliath, only without the aid of a verbal sling-shot to defend myself. Are all these Fen quiz kids or just a slice off the brain trust, I asked myself weakly, especially after Speer's dissertation upon the Hyborian Age. Possibly I exaggerate a trifle.

About your remark in Beak Broadcasts. I personally doubt that the Hiroshima Atom Bomb could cure sterility. In the Bikini tests it caused a gradual lowering of the blood count which will probably end in death. I should think it would much sooner cause sterility than cure it.

BEAK TAYLOR

This overwhelming welcome to CanFan's return after eight months of retirement really tugs at our heartstrings. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 (count 'em) letters. Egad! True appreciation of effort. From 180 recipients, 6 take the trouble to write. We gather that the other 174 have forgotten how, if they ever knew. The most obvious conclusion, however, is that CanFan is so blinkin lousy that it isn't worth-while: if this is so, just drop a card or something and let us know. We'll perk her up even if we have to quit school to do it. I do the best I can with what I have; someone should let me know how better material is obtained. I ask fen for material: they're busy just then. I write to the manuscript bureau: The articles I do get are too short. If it wasn't for the efforts of Les Croutch Hurter, Nils Frome and other Canadian Fen the mag sure would be blank.

This issue will not be circulated through the Fapa, members please note. The way things are going, it may be out before the mailing, so some Fapaitees will receive it before Number 10. Don't be alarmed. Your OE is having trouble.

Croutch: You seem to like Frome's cover work. His illustration for next

DISCORD

By
DONN
BRAZIER

Discord as a scientific concept has a definite meaning, but from a psychological standpoint discord is a variable without exact meaning.

When two pure tones are sounded together, the sound waves which they produce may interfere with each other. The interference takes the form of audible "beats" or throbbing. At some point, as the interval between two notes is varied, the beats will become so numerous per second that the ear seems to like it. I say the ear because whatever it is that likes it, does; and it might be the ear.

Why don't we like a slow beat? Why do we call it a discord? As a matter of fact, some people like it. Even though we recognize the combination of notes as a technical discord, we are pleased emotionally. Does that make it a concord? Yes, I'd say. For in music, I would defend any conclusion based on emotion as against one based on the intellect.

Sir James Jeans in SCIENCE AND MUSIC says that the unpleasantness of a discord seems to arise in part from the mental irritation of trying to follow a succession of abrupt and rapidly repeated changes, and in part from the

purely physical irritation produced by a succession of rapidly alternating stimuli. It is compared to the irritation we experience when watching a flickering movie.

I can imagine an individual becoming pleased by the gymnastics required to follow Jeans' abrupt changes, and being stirred to a high pitch by his rapidly alternating stimuli. Why imagine it? — you can see it happen anywhere today when certain calculated jazz is played — or calculated symphonies! I confess to taking savage delight in chords I admit are not concordant; I like the sounds made by Raymond Scott's old quintet, and Duke Ellington's early music is on my favorite list, and Stravinsky, too, makes sounds that thrill.

All this leads to a point I want to make: music, though it comes from within, has been conditioned from without. It has been subjected to learning, to habit, to custom. And two persons will never agree on a definition of "good" music; neither will they agree on what constitutes a discord.

- The End -

THE MAELSTROM (From previous page)

issue should please you; I think it's the best he's done yet, if I can get it set up properly. Illustrating a poem, the drawings are separate, and the layout is my worry. Whether or not I can do justice to some great artwork remains to be seen, but whatever happens, it should prove most impressive. Also on hand I have a weirdie by Bob Gibson in crayon, and this should be on front of Number 13. An unlucky number, but a swell piece of art.

Betts: Guess I slipped up when I

classified Mason in Montreal as fiction. The error has been corrected this issue as you will notice if you happen to look at the contents page.....Your cover is indeed excellent Al, and readers who glance at the front of this issue will corroborate that statement for me. Your letter to Coslet also produced results, in the form of Discord and a short article which will appear next issue... Two colors amazed you, eh? How about this ish? Looks like a sunset from a
(continued on page 27)

MARTIANS IN THE SOUP

BY Beck Taylor

Last Tuesday was a big day in our household. Not only had a settlement finally been reached between our cat and an old Tom from across the lane whom she was suing for breach of promise, but that was the day the Martian got in the soup.

Aunt Edgar had just finished a discussion on left-footed Siberian Sea Lions and we were all settling back prior to a second round, when Rosie suddenly said, "Migawd, there's a Martian in my consomme." Now, of course, this seemed quite absurd at the time; if he'd been consuming alphabet soup, or some other equally mysterious beverage, from which almost anything is liable to snap at you, we might have met him halfway. Our alphabet soup has an awfully annoying habit of producing odd bits of machinery, old teeth, dirty socks, and other oddments, so we might quite readily have looked into his Martian. But to accuse a nice, quiet, unassuming bowl of Consomme of such malpractises seemed a distinct tactical blunder.

We would have ignored Rosie completely, had not this fool Martian expanded in the soup, making a terrible mess on the table. You know the way Martians have of calling attention to themselves. They're good fellows, barring certain eccentricities, such as dropping sand on the floor, (Where they get it all I don't know. We had to move upstairs after this one left.) but they all have an infernal desire to cause a commotion. Our Martian was no exception. He probably thought it was funny to spill soup on the tablecloth.

Anyway, after this turn of events, there was a bit of an awkward pause. We were wondering what the usual procedure was when a Martian spilt soup on the table, and he was probably wondering the same thing. Aunt Edgar was the only one to retain any presence of mind; she helped our visitor float to the floor.

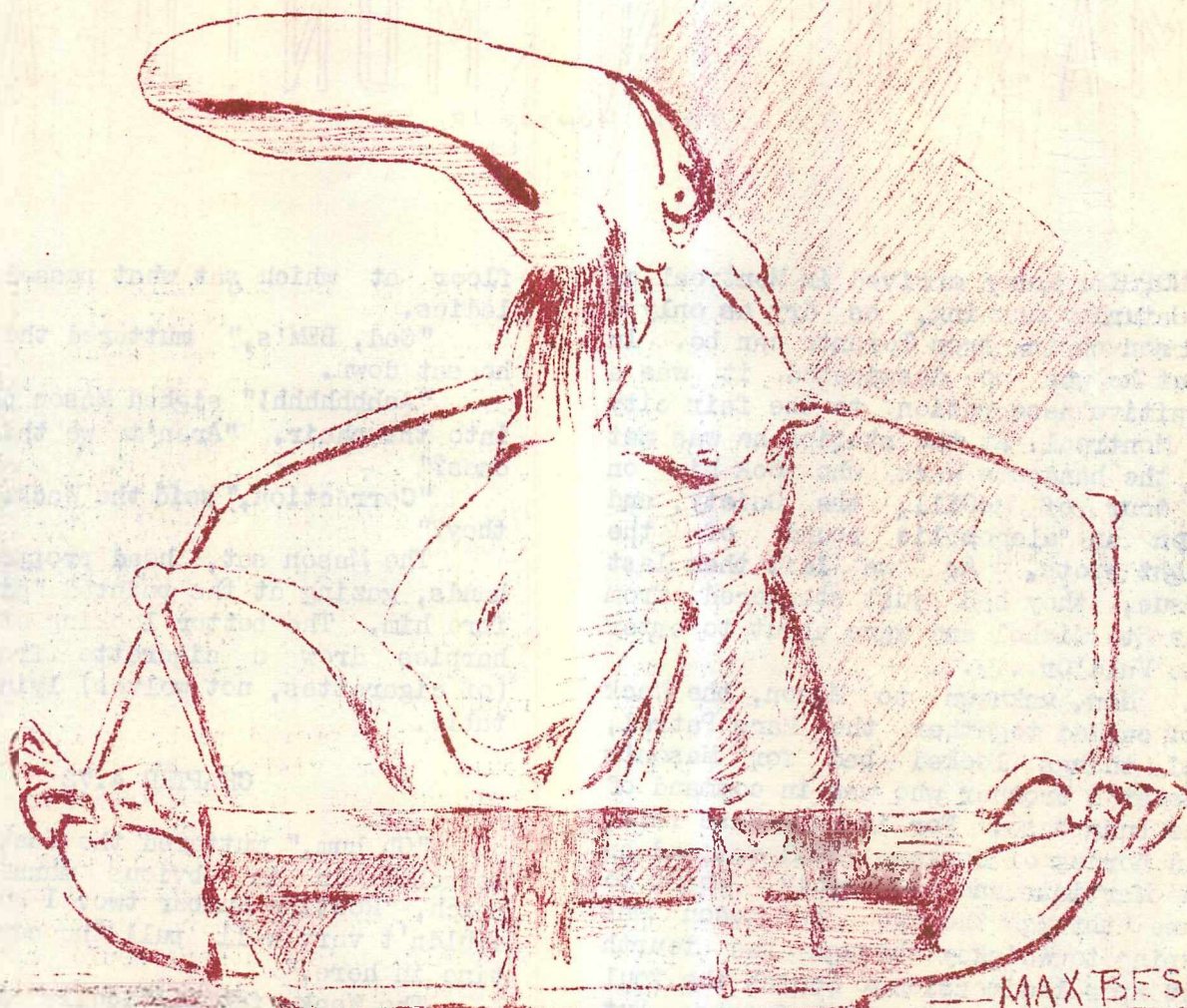
This floating business was quite

intriguing to the family at first. It seemed like a very handy trick to have up your sleeve for odd moments when you fall downstairs, or come down with heavy Acrophobia. Unfortunately, floating is not catching. All of us spent several jolly minutes lurching about the room in attempts to do it, but succeeded only in breaking several chairs and banging our shins severely. So we all sat down again and got our indigestion back into shape. Aunt Edgar set a place for the Martian, and he made himself right at home.

Eating proved to be a little difficult. Our visitor had absolutely no manners, and insisted on eating everything through his nose. I forgot to mention that this Martian had no mouth — only a nose, which served as a sort of trough through which he sucked his victuals. His mother would have been ashamed at the fuss he made about it, throwing chunks of meat and vegetables about the room. Still, I suppose you must give him credit. I'm sure I don't know what I'd do if I had to eat through my nose.

After dinner, we all went into the living room. A faux pas seemed in the offing when Rosie asked the Martian what the hell he was doing in his soup. The Martian only looked pleasant, however, and said nothing. As a matter of fact, we couldn't get a word out of him all afternoon. I've never seen such a close mouthed individual. I should think that when you suddenly find yourself in someone's soup you should at least make an attempt to apologize, not that it'll do much good. Appearing in soup is a distinct social blunder.

As Aunt Edgar said, our Martian friend was blessed with a great abundance of proboscis, and probably had a very nasal-sounding voice. He may not have wanted to sound coarse or plain and spoil a good first impression. After all, it is rather difficult not to sound



like Fred Allen with a double case of adenoids when a nose is your sole means of communication — OK, Smarty; let's hear you say something with your mouth closed. Sounds something like m-m-mftgbl doesn't it? And that is not good English.

The problem remained, however, that we had a strange Martian on our hands. What does one do with a Martian? Do you read to it? Sing to it? Dance at it? Or do you just sit it in a corner with the family album and forget all about it? Perhaps we could have gotten up a few charades.

Charlie got the bright idea of taking it out for a ride. We have some very interesting country around here, especially out in the North end of the city where a new sewage system is going up.

Charlie, having started the idea, was elected to drive, so he got the car out while we bundled about getting ice for the sandwiches. When everything was under control, we called our Martian to come out and get in. A f t e r several shouts we got no response, so I went in

the house to get him.

Much to my discomfort, I discovered that he'd decided to go back to Mars, taking house and everything in it with him. Something in his travel system must have gone wrong, however, since he only got part of it there. He left the physical house there in our yard, but somehow got its subconscious part over to good old Mars — you know that other identity houses have, especially when you've just floundered through the door at 3 A. M. and all the lights are out.

Anyway, as I said, I went into the house to look for our friend. The hitch occurred when I went back to tell the family he wasn't there. Apparently the door into the house was on Earth, while the door out was on Mars, a distinct disadvantage as Aunt Edgar and the others discovered when they arrived.

We have quite a community now, including most of our neighbourhood and a good proportion of the city police force. As for the Martians; they're as amazed at this turn of events as we are.

- - - f i n - - -

MASON IN MONTREAL

By — FRED HURTER JR.

SYNOPSIS: Mason arrived in Montreal on a Saturday morning, as dry as only a person coming from Toronto can be. In fact he was so dessicated it was a positive desecration to the fair city of Montreal. At the station he was met by the handsome Wack who took him on a tour of McGill, the Gaiety, and then an alcoholic round of the night spots. As we left them last issue, they had just staggered from the Ste Michel and were about to enter the Val d'Or.....

Now, unknown to Mason, the Wack had called together the Mars Patrol, and things looked bad for Mason's sister's brother who was in command of the Luna base. For if Luna Base fell, the hordes of Boskone would descend on the Martinis and then would start to come through the Rye. But Mason was hoping to Whiskey through the fourth extemporal dimension to Scotch the foul founder of the fiendish fracas. But who knows what will happen? Who cares? I don't; do you?

CHAPTER 3.1517-3

SILENTLY THE MASON staggered up the long flight of stairs, the Wack pushing manfully on his posterior. At last, after a great deal of heaving, the Wack propelled the Mason into the Val d'Or. The burly head waiter approached the duo. Duo or die, they stood their ground.

"Ah, monsieur Hurter," he said. "I am so sorree, but tonight we have no tables near ze floor."

"But surely," murmured the Wack.

"Ah, one moment. Zere is one table at which only two ladies are seated," replied the head waiter.

"Women," shouted Mason, his eyes unblearing for a moment. "We'll take it."

The Wack nodded in agreement, and, after crossing the palm of that seventh son of a seventh son of a with silver, they followed him to a table beside the

floor at which sat what passed for two ladies.

"Gad, BEM's," muttered the Wack as he sat down.

"Aahhhhhhh!" sighed Mason as he fell into the chair. "Aren't we the lucky ones?"

"Correction," said the Wack. "Aren't they?"

The Mason sat, head propped in his hands, gazing at the painted "girls" before him. The better looking of the two harpies drew a cigarette from a pack (of cigarettes, not wolves) lying on the table.

CHAPTER 4.72

"Oh hum," muttered the Wack, as she searched in an obvious manner for a match, "Routine number two. I guess they couldn't very well pull the camera routine in here."

The Wack fatalistically drew his lighter from his pocket. The harpie smiled, revealing a glaring expanse of porcelaine. She leaned forward. The Wack flicked his lighter. Bahm! A six-inch-high flame burst into searing heat from the top of the lighter. The harpie withdrew hastily, half her cigarette incinerated. The Wack chuckled.

"Ze joke mosieur?" she said.

"Ah, parlez-vous anglaise," said the Wack.

"A leetle bite only," she said.

"But my fran, she only parle francaise."

"Well Mason," said the Wack. "Your chance to try yours out."

"Ah yes," said Mason, gazing in rapture at the harpie before him. "Mon oncle est un crayon."

The harpies gazed at him in amazement.

"Il est fou, je pense," Mason's harpie exclaimed.

"Et vous sont tres jolly aussi," replied Mason, beaming at the compliment.

He motioned to the waiter.

"Scotch and soda for all of us."

"And two quarts of beer as a chaser for me," interrupted the Wack.

In a moment the waiter was back with the drinks. The harpies copiously returned their thanks and the foursome engaged in a pleasant interlude of conversation, Mason struggling along in his broken English and the Wack in his passable French.

The girls (the title is purely complimentary as neither would see 35 again) the Wack soon discovered, lived, as he had surmised already, on Ontario Street, and had just come to the Val d'Or for an evening of fun.

A blare from the orchestra cut into the conversation. The show was on. With a prance and a caper the chorus bounced out on the floor, and began to perform the usual sort of wiggles. As the end of the chorus line approached their table, a pretty little blonde smiled at the Wack and said:

"I'll be out after the show, Fred."

The Wack glanced at the harpie before him:

"Make it fast Betty," he shouted.

The show continued with a soft shoe dance by a young negro, and a series of rather feeble songs by a buxom negress. Then came the climax of the show, a new passion dancer, Lottie by name. A tall, slim, tawny mulatto, she swept gracefully across the floor, drapes flying under the soft blue light, while the orchestra drummed, boom, boom, boom.

The Mason's eyes were again doing an imitation of a BEM by Bergey. Only his glasses kept them in their sockets. The Wack ordered another round of doubtful Scotch. Mason, eyes literally glued to the floor, drained his glass.

"Hic, shu wodderful place Moreoall! Oh why do I haff to go back to Toronto."

Tears gloomed in Mason's eyes.

Then the chorus again, and the show was over. The orchestra came up with dance music, and Mason turned to his harpie:

"Foulez-vous dancer ma cherry?"

The Mason staggered out on the floor with her and began to perform. What a sight! The Wack, since Betty had not yet shown up, asked the other harpie for a dance. She danced beautifully, like a sack of flour. Finally the ordeal was over and they were seated again.

Suddenly a blonde goddess dressed

in something red and clinging appeared at their table: Betty at last. The two harpies glared in anger as the Wack pulled up a chair for her, and prepared to leave. Mason assisted them with their coats, and whispered to the Wack:

"Shall we escort them home?"

"Are you crazy?" said the Wack in amazement. "Do you want to be found next morning with your pockets empty and a bump on your noggin?"

With regret, Mason watched them leave. Then he turned and looked closely, (he had to look closely for he could no longer see very far) at Betty.

"Shades of McCauley, what heaven did you come from?"

Betty smiled. "Your friend has quite a line," she said to the Wack.

"Yes," said the Wack in annoyance. "These Torontonians seem to develop one rapidly in Montreal atmosphere."

"Tu eres hermosa, hermosa con esa hermosura que inspira al vertigo," murmured Mason in Betty's ear.

"Hey!" cried the Wack, "that's my line!"

"Which means in Spanish," continued Mason, "that you are beautiful, beautiful with that beauty which makes one dizzy. For truly you are beautiful, yours is a honey-pale beauty. You are like Helen of Troy, for whose beauty a thousand ships set sail; you are like that overpowering Circe that...."

"Hey! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" gasped the Wack. "This is treason; plagiarism, that's what it is." He turned to Betty.

"I think we had better be leaving."

"Aren't you going to escort me home tonight?" she pouted.

"I've got to take him home," said the Wack, pointing to the swaying Mason.

"Well, you could at least stay a while," she said. "I think you're just a mean jealous thing!" She rose from her chair and stamped off among the tables.

"Ohhhhh!" groaned the Wack as he propelled Mason to the check room. They donned their coats, Mason managing to put his on backwards, and down a flight of stairs they staggered, the Wack singing something about:

"There was a robot named William,
Whose body was made of beryllium."

to console himself over the Betty episode.

And down St Lawrence they staggered, the Wack's stagger being due to induced vibrations. The Wack was now singing something about a Hermit named Dave. At the corner of St Lawrence and St Catharines, he heard a familiar chant:

"We are, we are, we are the engineers.
We can, we can, demolish forty beers.
So come, so come, so come and drink
with us;

For we don't give a damn
For any old man

Who don't give a damn for us!

And sure enough, swinging over to St Lawrence came the other two members of the Unholy Trio and a few other chemical engineers.

"Look!" went up the shout, "It's Hurter!"

"Where have you been?" said Joe.

"We've been to the Esquire, to Rockhead's Paradise, to the Devon Cafe, to Slitkins and Slotkins, to the Nightcap, the Hawaiian Grill, and the Ste Michel & couldn't find you," said Art.

"We're off to the Blind Pig. Coming?" said all.

"No," sighed the Wack. "I must take my friend home."

"Well, so long," went up the shout, and the chant, "We are, we are..." faded away up St Lawrence.

At last, the Wack found a taxi, and away they spun to the Town of Mount Royal, the Mason humming to himself the while a rather horrible parody:

I am, I am, filled up with rum & beer
I can, I can, I can no longer hear.
So come, so come, and give me a guiding hand;
For I am so tight
I have lost my sight,
And hardly know how to stand!"

When they arrived at the abode of the Wack, the Wack guided Mason into the den through the downstairs back entrance and settled him on the studio couch. Wonderful thing, that back entrance. You could get into the lair of the Wack at all hours of the morning without waking up the house.

After putting Mason to bed, the Wack, exhausted from supporting Mason, hit the old sack himself. ((Egad, scandal: a bag in Hurter's boudoir. Visit the Montvention in 47. You will be allowed to hit the sack too.))

CHAPTER XXIV¹/₂

MORNING CAME, the sun rose, sent long shafts of light through the den, high lighting Mason in noisy slumber, and the Wack in deep repose. The sun rose all by itself. It rose higher and higher. Still by itself. Until at 11 O'clock the Wack arose, if it could be said that he arose. But then arose by any other name is still arose. Anyway, the Wack got up and began to wander about in his pyjama top. He looked at the Mason. Gad, whatta sight! A fiendish thought passed through the Wack's magnificent mind. He got his camera, inserted Super XX film, set the exposure for a 50th of a second, opened wide the aperture, and focused it on Mason.

He grinned, then shouted:

"Get up Mason! Rise and shine! Heh, heh, heh!"

Poor Mason groaned, clasped his head, and began to rise.

Click!

And the damning evidence was preserved for posterity.

((Unfortunately, finances prevent us from reproducing this sensational on-the-spot proof of Mason's sluggardly conduct, in this issue. It will, however, appear in the next installment of Mason in Montreal. Don't miss this sensational expose! Night lift in the raw and morning.))

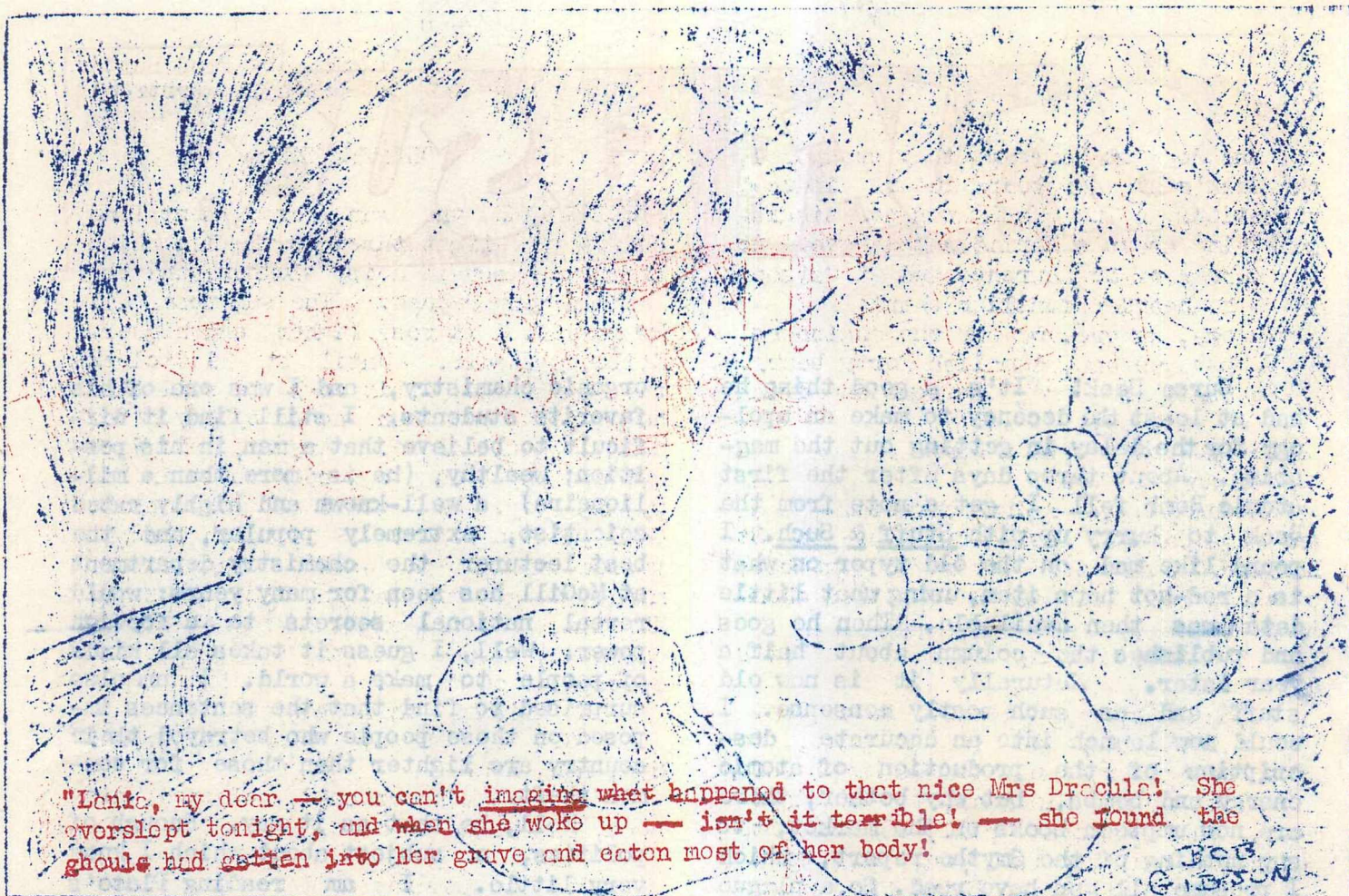
"Arrgh!" said Mason. "What a head I have. I feel like Joe-Jim after a nightmare. And my mouth: filled with sawdust, I think. Give me a drink. Give me a drink."

The Wack was amazed, but if he wanted one he could have one. He opened the side door at the end of the book case, withdrew a bottle of Johnny Walker and poured a shot into a glass. He passed it to Mason. Mason gulped it down without opening his eyes.

"Hhhhhhuuuuu," he gasped. "I meant water. Is there no water in this town?"

Leaving Mason to his agony, the Wack glanced at his desk. LIGHT had arrived. Muttering something about how strange it was that anything put out by a man of Crutch's build could be termed LIGHT, he hunted for his punch so he could file that excellent little fanzine

((Continued on page 27))



STUFF & SUCH

Curse Beak! It's a good thing he had at least the decency to make an apology for the delay in getting out the magazine. About three days after the first Atomic Bomb fell I get a note from the Beak to hurry up with Stuff & Such. I pound like mad on the old typer on what is a red-hot news item, using what little data was then available. Then he goes and publishes the column about half a year later. Naturally it is now old stuff and as such mostly nonsense. I could now launch into an accurate description of the production of atomic energy and bombs, but why bother, there are now umpteen books on the market, to say nothing of the Smythe report, which I presume all Ben have read. So a plague and a pox upon the Beak. He could have at least written me for a rewrite on the atomic energy business.

What makes me still madder is that several of my friends here were on the project. One was a mining engineer up in Eldorado, and the other a chemical at Chalk River. I remember well enough about a year ago drinking beer with them and discussing the possibilities of atomic energy. And not so much as a peep from either of them. In fact they pooh-poohed the idea.

Again looking over the atomic mess, in the last issue, I note I was all out for letting the Russians, since they were our ally, in on the secret. But now, after seeing the rather imperialistic attitude of the Russians, that spy business, and their general unwillingness to cooperate, I am beginning to think that perhaps we followed the best policy after all. Now too, I see all hopes of a world government vanishing for many years, for it becomes apparent that Russia will never join a world government that is not Communistic, which would amount to world dictatorship.

That spy business struck rather close to home. One of the people involved, Dr Raymond Boyer, was my lecturer in

organic chemistry, and I was one of his favorite students. I still find it difficult to believe that a man in his position; wealthy, (he is more than a millionaire) a well-known and highly rated scientist, extremely popular, and the best lecturer the chemistry department at McGill has seen for many years; would reveal national secrets to a foreign power. Well, I guess it takes all kinds of people to make a world. I am also surprised to find that the sentences imposed on those people who betrayed their country are lighter than those for common theft.

Well, be that as it may. Enough of politics, a subject about which I know very little. I am reading Plato's Republic at present. Can any kind reader suggest a good general primer on present day politics?

Well, (why do I have to start every second paragraph with that word?) a little over a month ago came the long-awaited event. Convocation. At last the long awaited note. "With due authority of the Senate.....fulfilled all requirements.....for the degree of Bachelor of Engineering." After all my worrying, and surprise! Surprise! First prize for thesis and the highest mark (100%) ever given for a thesis. Then in the morning of that day, cap and gown, crowds of friends, the conferring of the degree. In the afternoon, drinking beer at the Peel with the other members of the Unholy Trio. And in the evening the Convocation Ball. First the Normandie Roof, the Unholy Trio singing and drinking, the girls listening in amazement. Then the Ball itself, the girls in their colorful gowns, the men in tails, soft lights, soft music, and the Unholy Trio singing and drinking again. ((Egad, the dishomminy of it all!)) Me performing my famous levitation act by walking one foot above the ground, and everybody so tight that they insisted I was only six inches off the ground. And so now I am Fred Hurter

B. Eng, S.E.I.C., P. Eng. And surprise of all; as a graduation gift a six month trip to Europe in 1947.

Shortly after convocation I bade farewell to Montreal with many regrets, hopped the TCA to Kapuskasing for a training course in the paper industry. Kapuskasing is in the far distant north, where men are males, beer is scarce, and it gets cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey.

Which reminds me of a story. Don't ask me for the connection between this story and a brass monkey, but here it is:

A Chinese philosopher was watching some fish in a pool.

"Those fish must be very happy," he mused aloud.

A stranger overheard his words and said:

"How do you know that the fish are happy? You are not a fish."

The philosopher replied.

"How do you know I do not know that the fish are happy? You are not me."

I don't quite follow Speer's argument in favour of the law of causation. The breakdown of that law occurs when submicroscopic, or rather molecular and atomic quantities are examined. The breakdown of radium for instance, whose atoms break down randomly is an example. For the same conditions the same number of atoms do not always break down, nor do they break down in any orderly manner. I cannot see how a cause-effect-cause-effect chain can be brought to bear upon this, unless you want to push the chain within the atom itself. But if you do that, where is the linkage to the other atoms?

Does your watch run slow. Maybe fast? Want to adjust it without even opening it? Here's how. Balance the watch (this is difficult with a wrist-watch) on a rubber pad $1/8$ to $1/16$ th of an inch in diameter cut from a rubber band and leave it overnight. By adjusting the size and thickness of the pad, the watch can be made to lose or gain several minutes in a night. Don't ask me why: it's supposed to have something to do with harmonics, oscillation periods, etc. Haven't tried it as yet, but I have it on the authority of the head of the Dominion Time Observatory that it works. So start balancing your watches

chillun', and if you want to stop them hit them with a hammer. ((And if you want 'em to run down, leave them upstairs.))

For some unknown reason, a few weeks ago I became interested in pipes. Yup, pipes! You know, those long things with a hole down the middle. Well, to my amazement I found that piping was quite old, and I had always thought that the ancients used only aqueducts, towering high over the surrounding country. I know, of course, that the Romans had lead pipes, and that the Indians had tobacco pipes, but.....

Wooden pipes no doubt came first; perhaps a fallen hollow tree, and then later logs deliberately hollowed. The oldest wooden pipes that have been found to date are some larchwood pipes laid down at St Moritz about 1000 BC, but no doubt there were wooden pipes long before that which have rotted away. The oldest record of piping is a twin line of clay pipes found in Nippur in Babylon. These pipes, over 5000 years old, drained rain-water for household requirements. Also about 5000 years ago, a copper pipe was laid by the Egyptians connecting the temple at Abusir with the Nile. And of course you must have heard of the magical way in which Egyptian priests opened temple doors by steam provided by a boiler in the form of an altar. The connecting pipes were laid within a passage within the temple walls, and were of baked clay. Unfortunately, at times so much steam was generated by the fires of over-enthusiastic worshippers that the clay pipes burst, and the poor priests had a bad time explaining how the power of the gods was limited by the tensile strength of clay. I suppose I could make some comment here about Gods with clay feet.

About 2000 BC King Minos erected his magnificent palace at Knossus. In the domestic wing, water was supplied through terra cotta pipes so tapered as to give the water a shooting action, thus preventing the accumulation of sediment.

The Greeks and Romans were of course great plumbers and used pipe of various materials and in more highly developed systems large quantities of wood and lead piping. The Greeks went in for stone piping and cutting stone 'pipes'.

through solid rock. One brilliant piece of engineering was an 8 inch square tunnel 4200 feet long constructed by Eupaline of Megara for Polycrates about 530 BC through solid rock at Samos, passing an Athenia tunnel twice under the Illissus River and at one point carrying the conduit into Syracuse under the Sea. I'd still like to know how that 8 inch square tunnel was dug. Must have had trained rock-chewing gophers. This "piping" system is still in use today.

The Romans of course were the fellows that made really widespread use of piping. They built some pretty complicated systems, and used lead piping made by bending lead plates around a wooden cylinder and soldering the ends, extensively. They made four branch fittings, tee joints, and even brass water taps that could be turned on and off, like those we have today. I wonder how many people were killed off by lead poisoning.

After the Roman Empire collapsed, piping declined, and only the crudest of wooden piping was used until well into the 17th Century when lead pipes were made again, and cast iron pipes were developed.

Speaking of piping: the Greeks were a bit too imaginative, or shall we say unimaginative, in their statuary decorating and dispensing water in their fountains. They had to guard their fountains at all times to prevent pollution by small boys emulating the poses and actions of the decorative statuary.

Ah, what a letter writer is Eloise Becker! Her letter is written in such a delightful, effortless style. Remind me to send you an autographed photograph and a nickel for that plug. Sure inflated the already bursting ego.

About here I was going to say something about gas turbines and the Rolls-Royce Derwent Engine, having recently attended a lecture on the subject at the Engineering Institute, and something about solar myths, but we'll skip it for now. Which reminds me. Loosmore. I wonder of he has read up the teachings of the Upanishads. Some three thousand years ago certain groups of philosophers were in the habit of meditating in the forest of Northern India and schools arose there. In the case of each school some teacher went into the woods and collected groups of disciples around him who lived there in his company and lis-

tened to his words. The doctrines of these teachers were gathered together forming the books called the Upanishads. Some parts are excellent, others rather stupid. But on the whole some of the translations are worth reading. Their basic teaching is that the self of each man is continuous with and in a sense, identical with the self of the universe; trees, earth, stone, and all animate life, the universe as a whole.

Here at Kapuskasing I am working at the paper mill, working slowly through each department, doing the work of each man. It means a lot of menial labour, but I am learning the paper business but rapidly. Right now I am in the ground-wood department and have developed a bad case of groundwood jitters. You see, the favorite stunt of the groundwood boys is to place a handful of pulp under your posterior just before you sit down. Now, not only is the pulp wet, soggy, and slimy, but also, as it comes from the grinders it is hot, (around 70 - 80° C), and the sensation when you sit in it is far from pleasant. People at the hotel here think I'm queer the way I always inspect a chair before sitting down.

But: There was a young engineer
Who thought that no pulp was near.
As he sat he did shout
And jump madly about,
For hot pulp feels decidedly queer.
so now I am careful at all times.

Did you read in the papers about those two old people and a young girl scattering human bones about in Quebec. Sounds like something out of Lovecraft.

Back to the Atom Bomb again. It's rather amusing to find that the people I know here think very little of the atom bomb after the recent test in the Pacific. All worries seem to have disappeared. Nobody seems to realize that ships, especially warships, are pretty tough and can resist pressures that none of our buildings can stand. The underwater explosion should be quite a different matter. Water is so incompressible. There should be quite a few crushed hulls.

Well, tootle — ooo for now.

Fred Hunter P.E.
Feb. 11

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MASON IN MONTREAL (Cont. from page 22)

(plug) in the Moore binders.

"I've lost my punch," said the Wack, hunting high and low.

"Lost his punch," said Mason with a laugh. "That's a good one. Wait till I write a story about the Wack in his pyjama top shouting, 'I've lost my punch!' Hoh, heh!"

After about an hour the Wack and Mason looked presentable, and went upstairs for brunch.

"We're going out to Chateaugay to see the Marks, and then up to the Laurentians to the Helingers; want to come along?" said the Wack's mother.

"Certainly," said the Wack, and turning to Mason. "It's a nice trip. D o you good."

"O.K., let's go," said Mason.

(To be continued. When? Who knows, who cares?)

Be sure not to miss the next thrilling episode. Read how Mason tanks up again tanks to rum and coke. Read how Mason loses his shirt. Read how Boskone is foiled, and the Martians establish a base. Read, well, can you read?????

THE MAELSTROM (Continued from page 16)

distance.

Johnston: Thanks for your letter. Wish more new fen would write, even abbreviated efforts such as yours. Any sort of letter to let me know whether the rag is appreciated or not is a pleasant change.

As for you, Shackleton, non-fan that you are, your subtle sarcasm indeed cut me to the quick. My arteries congealed a week ago this Tuesday, tho', so it didn't hurt a bit.

Kennedy: No comment. Thanks for the letter.

Williams: New fan. Address, 4711 Verdun Ave, Verdun, Quebec. I Suggest Fen send sample fanzines to this boy. He writes an entertaining letter, as you can see, and should prove an excellent addition to the Canadian Fan fold..... Your guess was fair. Rockhead's was mentioned, but was not an actual stop. Hurter has really turned Montreal inside out and any fan visiting that city, and attempting to follow his directions will have a time on his hands.

That's all for the present. Wish a few of you would take the trouble to write this time.

FAN PERSONALITIES #4

I MAY BE
BUG-EYED
BUT I'M NOT
FOUR-EYED!



Number 4 in a series of short sketches of Canadian Fan — Albert A. Betts, Torontofan and one of Canada's foremost fan artists. Readers will know him in this latter capacity from the work he has done in the past, and on the present issue, for CANADIAN FANDOM. Largely self-taught, Al has built himself an enviable reputation as one of fandom's better artists.

Although 18 Wascana Ave is his address, it is seldom that he is to be found there for any length of time. Al is probably the most widely travelled of Canadian Fan. His excursions in the merchant marine have carried him far and wide over the face of the earth. In addition to this, he spent some time in British Columbia, and is at present in Kapuskasing, Northern Ontario. His ambition is to someday reach, and live in Los Angeles.

Statistics about Al are not available. He is dark, quiet but interesting & easy to get along with. He's fond of music, especially boogie, and in Toronto, a fan gathering without Al, if he's available, is definitely not a success. His only known alias, and one which has not been seen much, of late is "Alabe". He confines his collecting activities to ASTOUNDING and FAMOUS FANTASTIC.



Gibson

"Sold Fire Insurance, did you? Well, don't try it here!!!"