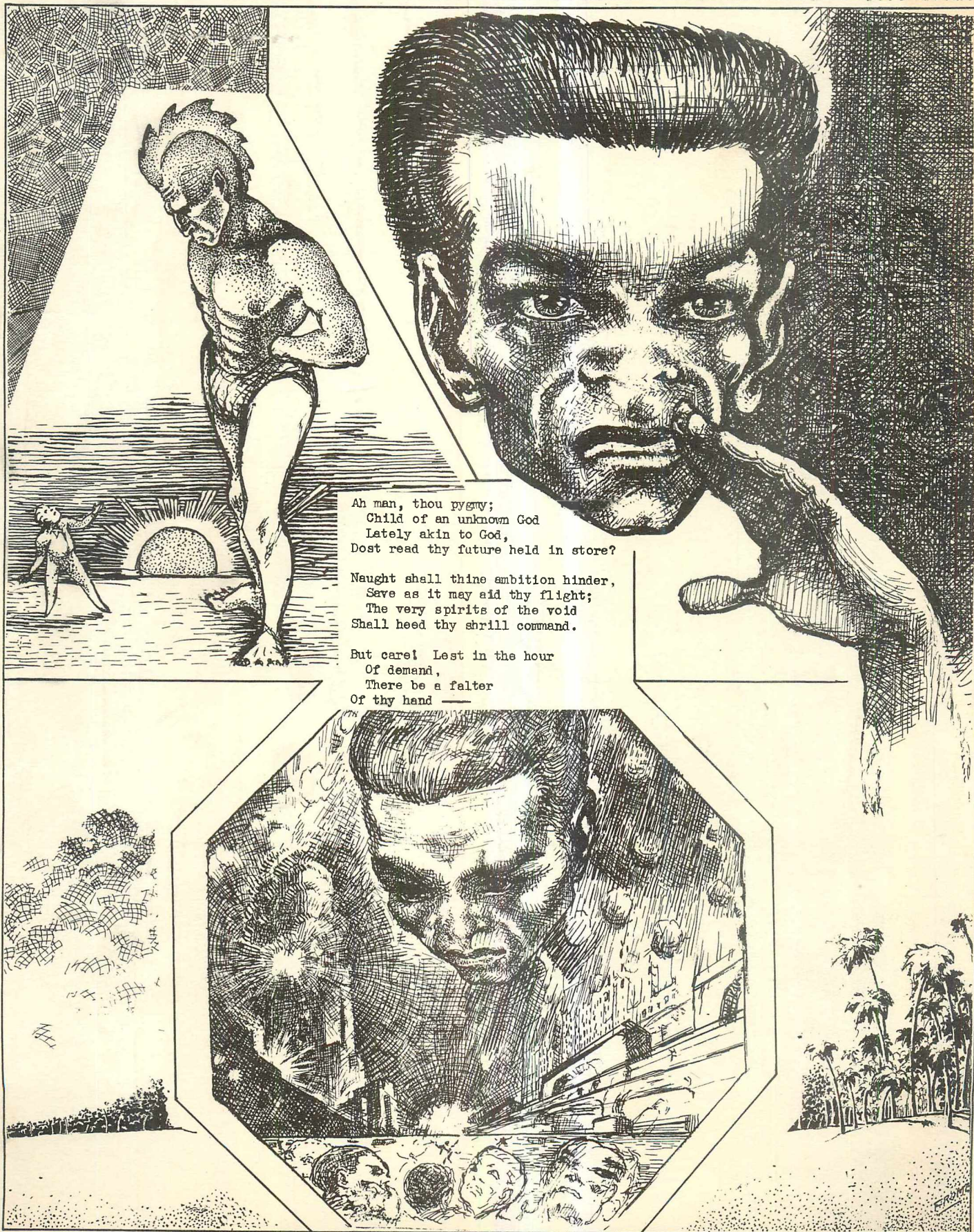


CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 12

OCTOBER 1976

A CAPP PUBLICATION



Ah man, thou pygmy;
Child of an unknown God
Lately akin to God,
Dost read thy future held in store?

Naught shall thine ambition hinder,
Save as it may aid thy flight;
The very spirits of the void
Shall heed thy shrill command.

But care! Lest in the hour
Of demand,
There be a falter
Of thy hand —

CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 12



A CAFP Publication

A CROSS-SECTION OF CANADIAN FAN ACTIVITY

Edited & Published by

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Beak Taylor

Editorial W E

Early on the morning of Sunday, July 20th, a phone call aroused me from my peaceful slumbers. "Hello, Beak," a voice said, "This is Ned McKeown. I've been trying to get you for three weeks."

To shorten things a bit, this was my introduction to Ned McKeown, a Toronto semiactfan of five year vintage, possessor of numerous magazines and books, some of which contained letters from him, and the possessor, also, of a workable Gestetner. Sunday evening we began rolling CANFAN through the mill. So it is you receive CANADIAN FANDOM with a cover dated October '46, and Contents Page made up in July '47 — the entrails of this ish have been hanging around in our cupboard for over 10 months. Consequently much of the material, particularly the ads, may be a little dated. The Coke blurb on page 29 is a last-minute substitution for an ad of mine which had to be pulled. My ad on page 35 is also void.

This will probably be the last issue of CANFAN to appear under present policy and format. Local Fans are at last showing signs of life. Plans are underway, inspired by Ned, to organize the Toronto atfnists into an active organization to foster and further Stf in Canada. This group will take over the publication of CANFAN as their club organ, and will in addition attempt to revive the CAFP, and generally stimulate Stf in our great Dominion.

Henceforth, all material for CANADIAN FANDOM will be solicited. The policy will be to feature as much Canuck writing as possible with American stuff when needed. General slant will be the same as before, with all types of Stfantasy appearing.... Publication dates should be much more regular owing to a larger editorial staff but we plan no regular schedule. We aim at quality, not quantity.

As an opening shot at the former, may we point to Fred Hurter's article in this issue, The Evolution of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs, the first of a series begun in MEPHISTO now defunct, may the Devil rest its soul, which will be carried on indefinitely in CANFAN till it expires. For Fen who are interested in this sort of thing, it will provide excellent reading, and their comments should prove interesting. Fred, I understand, is now on the Continent, so the next installment may not appear until issue # 14, along with Stuff & Such.

From Moe Diner of 445 Mt Pleasant Ave, Westmount, Quebec, comes word that Montreal Stfnists have taken up arms & the pledge, and declared themselves a Science Fiction Society. Membership so far is confined to a nucleus of four or five, but at the last meeting prospects for enlargement seemed promising, and Moe expects over a dozen members by October. The Club will use the facilities of McGill University, and will benefit from club room offered, and the opportunity to use the MCGILL DAILY for notices to members. The organization will remain more or less dormant during the summer while University is on holidays, but expects to get into full swing in the Fall. I expect, however, that they'll carry on informally during the hot months. Perhaps a kind word or two to president Moe and a sample copy of your fanmag would go a long way toward helping this club to its feet. Interested parties near Montreal should get in touch too.

My thanks this issue are extended to Al Betts and John Mason for their help with the slipping and sorting, and especially to Ned McKeown for lending me his Gestetner, as well as his help with the usual labours involved in begetting a Fanzine.

Timothy's

3

by —

Barbara E. Bovard

Angel

Timothy watched the fat little priest go by and snarled soundlessly. His intense blue eyes were usually merry and lively, but now they shone with something very much like hate as they followed the rotund figure down the street.

"'Tis fat you are, and the church is fat, yet the women starve in the slums, the beggars go cold and naked, and the children play in the gutter!" His mutter was savage. "Come to church they must, and pay they must, but also starve they must, while you grow on their lives like the fat parasite you are!"

"Timothy!" reproved his companion, "I wear the same cloth, you know."

"Faith, father; 'tis not yourself I'm speaking of." Timothy smiled into the weary eyes beside him. His companion was tall, with a lean ascetic face, silvery hair, and the dark clothes of a priest. He shook his head.

"Timothy, you should not speak so."

The young man turned on him fiercely. "And why not? Surely you cannot call him a man of God. Would God allow this to happen?"

The priest's face became strained in its expression. Timothy smiled his rare smile and clapped the older man on the shoulder.

"Forgive me, father. I must go on, now."

"God bless you, son," returned the priest. He watched the tall form stride down the street with a proud smile. He had watched the lad grow, had taught him all that was decent and proper, had taught him to love God, but now — shaking his head, he turned into his church.

Timothy's thoughts as he strode on were still savage. He halted beside the old woman selling pencils on the corner and dropped a coin into her basket. Her face broke into a smile.

"Is that you, Timmy lad?" she asked softly. "Good night."

"Good night, mother," he returned gruffly, and turned into the dingy hallway, climbing the stairs to his room. As he unlocked the door, his thoughts were on the old woman. For ten years she had sat there, taking her pennies. And to church she went every Sunday morning, dropping in those few pennies. Yet did that — man do anything for her. He did not! Timmy slammed the door behind him.

"I would to God I could do something about it!" he cried aloud, hurling his coat across the room. Then he smiled bitterly.

"Faith, if 'twere a warlock I was, I could summon devils from Hell to help me."

He rose, pacing restlessly about the room. "I wish," he said between his teeth, "I wish I could summon one of God's angels and show him what's going on." Then he shuddered at his own audacity. Modern as he was in thought, and all else, he was Irish also, with an inherited fear of the supernatural.

He nearly leaped out of his skin at the knock on his door. He strode forward, hand outstretched to the doorknob, but just before he touched it, a chill shot through him. A cold wind blew on his shoulders, and from purely animal instincts he started to whirl.

"Don't!" said a soundless voice. "Don't look behind you! Open the door."

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he obeyed. The door swung open to reveal the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. She smiled.

"May I come in?" Her voice was clear, almost bell-like. It cleared the room like a sweet breath of fresh air. He no longer felt the odd coldness.

"Please do!" he stammered. Falling back, he let her step into the room. He even forgot to look down the hallway to see if his nosey landlady was watching.

Hurrying forward, he cleared some

clothes off a chair and brought it into the center of the room. She sat down, smiling like an — angel! Timothy gulped, feeling the short hairs on the back of his neck beginning to rise.

"I very nearly didn't get to you first," smiled the girl, drawing off her gloves. She was dressed very smartly, in the latest of fashions. "If you had turned around you would have been lost."

Timothy staggered to the bed, sinking down on it. "I'm afraid I don't —" he began bewilderedly. She laughed a lovely tinkling laugh.

"It's really quite simple. In your short emotional disturbance of just now, you created quite a storm. Your — feelings reached out to where — we could feel them. Also, regrettably, they reached into another region." She removed her hat, shaking out a cascade of soft brown hair. "Your desire for a devil was answered too."

Timothy paled to the roots of his carrot hair.

"You're not a — a —"

She laughed again.

"In the parlance of your world, I'm an angel. That will do for a common denominator."

Timothy's heart sank to the bottom of his boots. If she was an angel — he felt as if every sin he'd ever committed lay in tabloid form before her.

"How'd you get here so fast?" he wanted to know. Curiously enough, he felt not the slightest awe.

Then the first indication of what she was became apparent. A mere flicker of light appeared behind her eyes, but in that instant, Timothy was held motionless by the suggestion of power, of wisdom, of something beyond his comprehension.

"Perhaps we'd better just forget the question," she suggested softly. And he forgot it, literally. It was unasked.

His mind, however, was on a single track.

"I didn't call you up," he said, half to himself. "I didn't go through any incantations, rites, or anything." He looked at her appealingly.

"We're not bound to any master, Timothy. We come when we are called."

"Faith, I've never heard of anyone

having angel about the house," he murmured. Her laugh tinkled again.

"Sometimes they don't realize it. Then, too, we have methods of remaining unknown."

"But an angel — !"

A knock on the door interrupted him. The priest stood outside, hat in hand, a smile on his face.

"Hello, Father Kearney," smiled Timothy. "Come in."

The priest stopped short at the sight of the visitor. His fine face drew into severe lines.

"Timothy, I didn't know you had a guest," he said sternly. "I'll come again tomorrow night."

"Oh, no!" Tim was boyishly eager. He drew the priest into the center of the room. "I want you especially to meet her. She's an angel!" He waited triumphantly for the priest's glad surprise.

"Undoubtedly," Father Kearney smiled coldly. "I'm glad to hear you think so much of her."

Timothy looked at him, thunderstruck. Then, light broke over his face as he realized what the priest must be thinking. He drew back, a little hurt.

"I just met her, about fifteen minutes ago," he said, stiffly.

Father Kearney looked up at him. The girl arose, smiling a little sadly. Laying a hand on the priest's arm, she spoke softly.

"Timothy is right. I came to see him about some — business. It can wait, however. I'll come again tomorrow."

She passed through the door, past the frowning Timothy. He followed her out into the hallway.

"You can't leave now!" he pleaded. "There's so much I want to ask you, so much I want to do —"

"Tomorrow, sometime, Tim," she answered. She turned the corner of the hall.

"But —" He sprang after her, rounding the corner. Then he stopped short. The hallway was completely deserted. The stairs, leading down to the next landing were also deserted. She couldn't possibly have reached the other floor — he smiled grimly at himself. Certainly not! She wasn't possible in

the first place!

Father Kearney met him, stern-faced as he entered. Timothy grinned suddenly.

"Father, did you see her too?"

"Yes, certainly. Timothy, you can't have women coming here to your room like that."

"Faith, and 'tis not I who could stop her, Father," Timothy grinned. Then he sobered.

"Whatever you believe, Father," he said soberly, "remember that I have never done anything I was ashamed of in my life and I never shall. You must remember that."

The priest smiled one of his rare smiles. Laying an arm about the boy's shoulders, he shook him affectionately.

"I'm a narrow-minded old baboon, Timmy," he said. "I came here to see you about the poor priest you were maligning this afternoon. Won't you change your opinion?"

"NO!" Timothy slammed a huge hand against the wall. "And what is more, I'm going to do something about him!"

"Timothy!" Father Kearney's expression became one of alarm. "Not physical violence!"

Timothy burst into laughter.

"Faith, Father, I would not strike the cloth. No, 'tis something else I'm doing." His eyes became dreamy. "We will do much together."

Shaking his head, the priest left him, staring raptly at the wall.

Timothy slept a dreamless sleep that night. He awoke in the morning feeling better than he'd ever before felt in his life. It was not until he had finished his scanty breakfast that he remembered the events of the night. Recollection rushed over him in full flood, and he tore down the stairs into the street.

There, he stopped. He was supposed to go to the garage this morning and report for work as usual. Shrugging, he went on. His faith in his angel told him she would find him no matter where he was.

"Hullo!" called a merry voice. "Wait for me."

His angel walked briskly down the street toward him. Gulping, he snatched

off his hat as she approached.

"What — I mean, good morning, Miss —" he stopped. "You have got a name, haven't you?"

"What name do you like?" she smiled.

"Uh — well, gee, I don't — Betty, I guess."

"Betty it is, then." She swung into step beside him. "What shall we do first this morning?"

He colored.

"I have to report for work today. I won't be free until this afternoon again."

"What, work in all this wonderful sunshine? You earth people are very lucky. I know a planet that has no sunshine at all, and its people all live in caves under the earth."

She raised an eyebrow thoughtfully.

"You have to work or lose your job, eh?" She smiled a little at his startled expression. "Well, I think I can fix that. Shut your eyes."

He barely had them closed when the command came to open them again. As his eyes opened his breath escaped in a great whoosh of astonishment. At his side stood his double, his exact image, line for line, hair for hair!

Betty laughed. "He'll take your place until you come back. Now, you can do as you like."

Timothy couldn't tear his eyes from the image.

"Does — does he know what to do?" he whispered, sidling away.

"Certainly! Come on. He's going to work so we might as well go ahead."

Timothy watched his double stride away from them. Shaking his head, he fell into step beside the girl.

"How did you do it?"

"Rearrangement of atoms. I picked them out of the air and soil and made a physical figure like you. He's not really alive."

"Faith, an' I hope not!" gulped Timmy. He glanced sideways at the slim figure beside him. If ever anyone looked less like an angel, she was that person.

"You don't look like an angel," he ventured at last. She wrinkled her nose.

"What do you expect an angel to look like?" she countered. He floundered.

"Well, all the old books —"

She stopped and faced him squarely. "I knew I'd have trouble with you. Now, I don't look like the pictures in the old books because they never saw an angel in modern clothes. If I wore a white robe, a halo, a pair of wings, how much privacy would I get?"

He gave up, reaching out to take her arm. She drew back swiftly.

"Don't touch me," she warned. Then she relaxed, smiling. "I forgot to put my shield up. Now you can try."

He put out a hesitant hand, taking her by the elbow. His fingers stopped, a fraction of an inch from her flesh. He felt nothing, encountered nothing, yet he could not touch her.

"Why?" he asked.

"That's for your protection, not mine," she answered. "Should you touch me you would be blasted into pure energy."

His hand withdrew with remarkable speed.

They walked quite awhile in silence before she spoke again.

"You were in great emotional stress last night. It is for that reason you could reach us. You are disturbed in what you call your soul."

"Faith," he said grimly, "Tis putting it mildly."

"It's this church man, is it not?" She walked beside him, eyes smiling. He nodded, irritated again as he thought of the fat little priest. She seemed to be in deep thought as they walked on in the soft sunlight. Her face was reposed, but Timothy was aware of the shifting forces and turbulent powers. He shivered a little, in spite of the warm sunshine. Then she looked up and smiled and she was just an ordinary, modern girl again.

"What do you mortals do with all your time?" she asked, watching the surging crowd about them. "And where in the galaxy are you all going in such a hurry?"

Timothy ran a finger inside his collar and tore his eyes away from her loveliness.

"Why?" he asked.

"You keep us poor angels on the hop. Why do you always rush so — and where?"

"To work, school, and — so forth," he answered vaguely. He looked at the mob as though seeing it for the first time. Her eyes danced, and she began plying him with questions.

With much difficulty and more than a little floundering, he attempted to explain the social system to her. That led him into the economic world, where he sank over his head.

Then she laughed, a long, lovely trilling laugh that made every head turn.

"Never mind, Timmy. I understand quite perfectly." She flashed her beautiful eyes about them. "Now where shall we go?"

But Timothy scarcely heard her. He was starting forward, his big muscles bunched for a leap into the street, where a looming truck squealed desperately trying to stop before smashing into the man just in front of the radiator cap. Before Timothy's astonished eyes, the man whirled, saw the truck, opened his mouth to scream, and closed it with a gulp as he found himself on the sidewalk. People crowded around him congratulating him on his narrow escape.

Timothy stared at him, then slowly turned back to Betty. She was leaning idly against a post-box, a slight smile on her lovely lips.

"Did you do that?" he demanded. She nodded.

"It's really quite ordinary, Timmy. No one dies until his time comes, and when it seems a mortal fool is bent on killing himself, one of us usually has to pull him out of it. All of the narrow escapes are not really narrow at all; we help them out in plenty of time."

"You — you mean that there are — angels like you pulling people out of holes all the time?" Timmy gulped.

"Yes," she answered coolly. "Unless someone else helps. Then you foolish mortals call him a hero." Then her expression softened. "But occasionally, someone breaks his Life Pattern by rescuing someone at the cost of his own life. Then we help him so that he suffers no pain and — take him with us."

She fell silent and Timmy, too awed to do anything but fall into step beside her, eyes her almost in fear.

He found time for more awe as the morning wore on. She stopped the collision of two heavy automobiles at a corner. She stopped the intended jump of a would-be suicide from the cornice of a business building. She paused a moment to touch the head of a curly-headed youngster who was blind. The little girl

smiled at the touch, just as if she knew who did it.

"The doctors said she'd be blind all of her life," smiled Betty as they continued with their walk. "Now they'll discover, in time of course, that her sight can be restored by a simple operation." She frowned a little. "Science is going ahead much too fast for the comfort of us who know how thin is the line between man and angel. We watch carefully, and if the time comes we will blast the earth entirely from existence to keep it from committing folly."

Timmy shuddered.

Betty bent to separate an incipient battle between a large cat and a flea-bitten mongrel. The animals quivered under her touch and streaked away in opposite directions. She straightened with a brief smile.

"There, that finishes my work here for the day."

Timmy's eyes grew wide in dismay.

"Faith, an' you're not leaving me, now!" he cried. "What about the blind woman outside my house, and that fat little parasite."

Betty shook her head.

"I can't help the woman, Timmy. She must live out her life Pattern. But you needn't worry about the priest. Just keep your eyes open."

"Wait!" Timmy caught her hand.

"What are you going to do?"

She gave a little laugh.

"What would you like me to do?"

Timmy paused. Whether the thought was his own or not he did not know, but he plunged into it anyway.

"I was just thinking," he said slowly. "In the old days you were supposed to appear in long white robes and feathers — I mean wings. Why couldn't you appear to that little — so and so, and scare him out of his wits?"

His hopeful expression faded as she shook her head, but a tiny smile played about the corners of her mouth and he took heart again.

"I'll compromise with you to a certain extent," she answered. "Good-bye until next time."

And she was gone, as completely as

though she had never been there. Timmy blinked, then grinned. He turned back down the street, oblivious to the stares of the passers-by who had seen a lovely girl with him one minute, and none the next.

He was a little worried as he turned into the shop where he worked. He didn't know whether Betty had taken his double with her or not. Apparently not, for he drew back a little as his fore— rushed out at him.

"O'Brien, that's wonderful work you've been doing this morning. Keep it up."

He scurried back, and Timmy went on in, considerably worried. What had he been doing, and if his work was so wonderful, how was he to know how to go on? As he stood before his bench, however, his brow smoothed out, and he found himself working as he never had before at delicate lining, construction work, each piece a masterwork in itself. He relaxed with a little sigh. He knew, absolutely, that he'd never forget what he was doing. Silently, he sent his thanks to Betty, and seemed to hear the echo of a silvery laugh.

That night, after blowing himself to a good supper, he went to church as usual. As he stepped into the great ante-room, he felt a touch on his arm, and turning, he looked into the sad eyes of Father Kearney.

"Father!" exclaimed Timmy, taking his hand. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know, lad." He shook his white head. "I simply felt I must come tonight, for some reason, and I was powerless to resist the urge. Perhaps God wishes it."

Betty again. Silently, Timmy let the old man precede him, and they knelt briefly before taking their seats. In a very short time, the church was filled to capacity, with some standing at the back. Timmy was amazed. Usually, there was only a fifth this amount. He was staggered momentarily to see several Chinese and Jewish in the pews, and others whom he knew were not of his religion. He settled back in his seat, a light laugh in his ears. Far be it from

him to argue with Betty.

Father Flasch climbed onto the dias, knelt, muttered, and climbed to the stand. Timmy had always been suspicious of that name, and he was doubly so, now, as he watched the greasy little form go through the ritual. Father Kearney's elbow jabbed him sharply and he hurriedly caught up the incantation.

The worship went on as usual, and by the time it was three-quarters over, Timmy was tearing his nails down to the quick. Everyone else, however, was calm, particularly the Chinese, who listened to the pompous oratory rolling from the stand intently, black eyes expressionless. Father Kearney, however, seemed restless. He glanced up at the stained glass window several times, then down the aisle, frowning a little, as though not seeing someone he expected.

Timmy grew more and more nervous.

"-----even though it hurts personally, always remember your fellow Christians. The world today is full of hatred, fear, death, and horror for man, because he would not follow the footsteps of God! In the hands of the Christian lies the fate of the civilized world. To believe in God is not enough. You must accept him, make him yours, make yourself part of him, live as he would have you live; remembering your fellow human, no matter what his standing or his beliefs. Verily, I say unto you---"

Timmy felt himself grow weak with the rage that was growing in him. Yesterday, he had seen this man boot a puppy from his path. And in the same block, stop to speak sharply to the blind woman at Timmy's house, complaining she was a blight on society! Choking, Timmy gathered his muscles to spring to his feet and denounce Father Flasch.

And he remained rooted to his seat. He couldn't have moved a muscle if he were Hercules himself. There was an unseen force holding him down; he could not even move his lips. He fumed angrily.

Then he became aware of the tense, quivering figure of Father Kearney. At the same time, he was released from his invisible bonds, but as he prepared to get to his feet again, he noticed the hush over the crowd in the pews.

All were absolutely motionless, eyes turned to a point over the speaker's head. Timmy followed their gaze, slowly, not knowing what to expect. Then, the

short hairs on the back of his neck rose and a sharp chill coursed its way down his spine. He trembled.

Standing in the air over the dias was Betty; but what a different Betty! She was clothed in a long robe of scintillating, shimmering material that shone with the eerie light of the stars. There was a sibilant rustle, and he became aware of a pair of snowy-white pinions moving in gentle rhythm from her shoulders. They gleamed with the silvery light of the moon. About her head blazed a firey halo of many and brilliant colors. Her face was a wonderful picture of love, tenderness and gentle amusement. Her beautiful eyes passed over Timmy, and he felt warm and glowing.

"God be praised! It's an angel of the Lord!" Father Kearney slipped to his knees, crossing himself, while the tears of joy streamed down his cheek. Timmy felt a lump rise in his throat. On the old man's face was such a look of passionate glory that Timmy turned his eyes away.

The angel — he could no longer think of her as Betty — reached out her hands over the head of the speaker, who had finally turned to stare at the shining visitant. He staggered back, face gray.

"You!" he said in a dreadful whisper. Then it rose to a scream. "Go away! You can't harm me!"

The angel's face drew down into stern, uncompromising lines.

"You were warned what would become of you if you disobeyed again!" Her tones were sweet chimes, but terrible in their power. From her hand sprang a sheet of white light that leaped over the dias directly toward the cringing figure of the fat priest. It crept up his shoes, his trousers, his robe, and he stood bathed in shining glory. His figure twisted and writhed, as though in horrible agony, then a blinding flash lit up the great church. Timmy had a brief impression of a terrible form rising from the now prostrate body of the priest, and an aura of unearthly evil. He felt the chill he had felt before. Then the shape was gone.

Slowly, the blinding light faded out, the angel smiled at Timmy, and vanished. The crowd relaxed in a great sigh of escaping breath and Timmy felt the tension snap. He looked at the limp body

on the dias. Was that body dead?

Slowly he arose, intending to examine it. Then he found himself turning down the aisle toward the door. He brushed past exclaiming forms, made his way through the milling, confused crowd, and ran down the steps. She was calling him to his room.

When he opened the door, Betty was sitting on the bed, waiting with a smile for him to come in. Slowly, he shut the door. Then he moved forward haltingly.

"I'm not afraid of you," he murmured, "but I'll never forget what I saw tonight."

She merely smiled a little.

"I wish to thank you for what you did, and especially for the wonderful — feeling you gave Father Kearney. It's the greatest thing of his life."

"I'm glad," she said gently. "We have noticed his work for a long time." She smiled reminiscently. "I haven't used that costume for thousands of years. That was the one we kept for the ancients." She hugged her knees, like any schoolgirl. "We've had to keep up with the times, but once in a while we use the old costumes for visitations."

She glanced at him mischievously.

"I can see you're burning up to know what happened to Father Flasch, as you called him. Father Flasch died a long time ago."

"What?" Timmy's voice rose almost to a squeak.

"That's right. He died, and his body was taken over by one of the lesser — devils. In fact, all of us have to don human flesh when we come to earth."

Her lilting laugh rang out at the sight of his face.

"We're a pure form of energy, Timmy. You can't even see us, unless we become as you are. We're not supernatural, not in your sense of the word. Humans and — entities alike, we all obey the same rules of nature as set down by the ruling Intelligence. We're always here, there, and everywhere, and have been ever since I can remember, which is a long time."

"But — but you said something about Life Patterns."

She remained silent so long he began to think she hadn't heard him. Then she smiled sadly.

"I wish I could talk to you about that, Timmy. Life and the ruling Intelligence are so inexplicably entwined that you can't speak of one without the other. Besides, even we are taking a long time to learn it."

She rose, smiling brightly now. He rose also, a strange sadness filling him, a presentment of immense sorrow.

"I'm sorry for what I must do, Timmy." Her voice seemed to come from far away. "But you're not ready yet. I leave it with Father Kearney because his Life Pattern is about to change. It won't hurt to leave him that for a short while. But not you Timmy. Not yet."

There was a soft touch on his forehead. He shut his eyes, seemed to feel a sweep of wind which carried the sound of distant chimes.

He opened his eyes, wondering why on Earth he was standing in the middle of his room, staring at nothing. Then his eyes grew frosty as he thought of that fat little parasite, Father Flasch. He wished he'd gone to church tonight. He could have exposed the old devil!

A knock sounded on the door, and he swung it open. Father Kearney stood there, his face lit by an inner light, his eyes twin pools of happiness.

"Oh lad," he whispered. "You should have gone to church tonight. A tragedy, and a miracle happened."

Curiously, Timmy led him to a chair.

"Faith, an' you look as though you have had a glimpse into sweet Heaven," he smiled. "What is it that has been happening?"

"I've seen an angel of the Lord!" And he described in detail what had happened. At one point he stopped, frowning, "It's very odd, lad, but once I could have sworn I saw you there beside me."

Timmy smiled indulgently. The man was old and carried away by his faith, but oddly enough, Timmy believed him. There was a faint persistent cord of memory.

"And you say the old priest died of heart-failure, Father? Well, perhaps 'twas not I that should be sayin' bad things about him now. May he rest in peace."

But that faint persistent cord of memory continued to be plucked — — — —

— finis —

The Origin of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs

— By Fred Hurter Jr. —

The origin and development of religious beliefs has in recent years attracted much attention, and that particular branch of Anthropology has furnished a wealth of material. When this line of research, which is quite recent, was begun, there was considerable confusion, as it was found that there were at least three different sources of religious origin, and each, as it was discovered, was claimed by the discoverer to be the source. Now, however, that the field has been fairly thoroughly covered, we can take a comprehensive view of the whole matter.

It will be seen immediately that the three "sources" are steps in a large evolutionary process that has kept pace with mental development of Man all over the earth. Thus it is that we find the same religious thoughts and beliefs cropping up again and again all over the world, and thus it is that among the more primitive races of today will be found the beliefs of our own primitive ancestors. The Christian Church has kept itself aloof from these researches and has still managed to convince the public that it is unique, in spite of the fact that it has the same origin as paganism and that by far the larger part of its doctrines and rites are identical with those of pagan religions.

As has been mentioned, there are three distinct "origins", or rather steps in religious evolution: first, the connection of religion with the movements of the sun, moon, and the planets in the sky, which finally led to the belief of a god ruling the world from a

great distance; second, the nature myths, or the connection of religion with the growth of food-bringing plants; and third, the phallic cults, or the connection of religion with the power of sex and reproduction. These are listed in the order in which they appear in most texts on the subject, the order in which religious evolution has been investigated. However, in the actual evolution of religious thought, the order is the exact opposite, as it is at once apparent that the third mentioned step was probably noticed by primitive man long before he realized the existence of seasons, and that the astronomical connection of religion could not have been developed until recently, relatively speaking.

Fear formed the basis of all these steps, the basis of the whole development. Through fear, divinities and demons were created, and through fear, rites for the appeasement and placation of these divinities and demons were established. And again we see the connection of religious development with mental development, for fear, the kind that would result in the creation of divinities would not become apparent until the evolution of self-consciousness. Until man began to realize that he was an individual, that at some time he would die. Before that, when the human mind was the same as the animal mind, fear was only a protective instinct. Man was untroubled by any thoughts of things that might destroy himself, was untroubled by, and did not think of the future. Thus it was only with the development of self-consciousness, when

man began to stimulate his imagination with thoughts of death that he created divinities.

To quote Edward Carpenter: "The immense force and domination of Fear in the first self-conscious stages of the human mind is a thing which can hardly be exaggerated, and which is even difficult for some of us moderns to realize. But naturally as soon as man began to think about himself — a frail phantom in the midst of tremendous forces of whose nature and mode of operation he was entirely ignorant — he was beset with terrors; dangers loomed upon him on all sides. Even today it is noticed by doctors that one of the chief obstacles to the cure of illness among some black or native races is sheer superstitious terror; and Thanatomania is the recognized word for a state of mind (obsession of death) which will often cause a savage to perish from a mere scratch."

To allay this fear, taboos developed, which are basically warnings against the doing of dangerous acts, or such as might be considered dangerous. In time some became rather far-fetched, the fear of incest, for instance, as Freud mentions in TOTEM AND TABOO, developed into such taboos that forbade a man to eat with his sister-in-law or walk behind his mother-in-law along the beach until the rising tide washed away her footprints. These taboos were the beginning of religion.

Life under such a strict set of regulations was not easy for primitive people, but fear was more or less over come, and they certainly provided for the growth of self-control. In time, as more became known about the world through observation, the basic fear became transposed into a sort of awe and finally into reverence. Thus, by taking a broad view of the subject we see the connection

of religions and mental development: 1st the animal mind, with no religious thoughts, then the beginnings of self-consciousness in primitive man, bringing with it fear, taboos, and superstition, then the gradual increase in knowledge, leading to the belief in Magic, then the personification of nature (the nature-myths) and finally the beginnings of that state of mind we term as civilized, and the appearance of the solar myths.

This evolution of religious thought has been the same all over the world. Indeed, it was this strange similarity of religions that first attracted the attention of anthropologists, and led to their investigation. Thus it is seen that all religions are basically one, that Christianity is but a branch of one episode, and that since religion is an evolutionary process, there is promise in the future of a better conception, a better understanding of our place in the universe.

Now, after this rather long and somewhat boring introduction we will in future installments investigate each phase separately and inclusively, and I ask the reader to bear in mind that they are all but parts of a larger pattern, and that though the treatment will be exclusive, all present religions are built up of and interwoven with all past religions (i. e. — as there is no religion that is pure solar myth or pure nature myth, for the sake of simplicity the solar and nature aspect will be treated separately.) As the solar myths were the first to be investigated, and as they are more definite and provable, we will begin our investigation with them, even though they form the most recent development in religious thought. From them, we will move backwards, branching out on the way to a discussion of various rites.

As the evolution of Religious Thought & Beliefs is a rather large and complex subject, even a brief treatment of it will take several articles. I strongly recommend that anyone interested in this subject should, after reading this brief outline, read PAGAN CHRISTS by J.M. Robertson, THE GOLDEN BOUGH by Dr Frazer, and PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN CREEDS by Edward Carpenter, which form the texts from which the material for this series has been drawn. — FHjr.

The MAELSTROM

FRED HURTER JR

Room 131
Kapuskasing Inn
Kapuskasing, Ontario

Just got CANFAN; my apologies for the poem which you must have received by now. ((See Editorial)) Issue so unusual I am finally forced to make some comments. The unusual part of it is the exceptionally high standard of art work. Betts mentioned to me when he visited me at Kapuskasing that he had done a cover for CANFAN which he thought was good. Good! I accuse the wretch of false modesty. The cover is excellent; professional in workmanship. Put out many more covers like that, and I shall demand that you publish a portfolio of CANFAN covers suitable for framing. This is easily the best fanmag cover that has appeared in many years.

The interior art work and lettering are all of a uniformly high quality. Particularly liked Best's illustration for Martians in the Soup. The cartoon on the back cover was pretty good.

But this color business; please, let us not go overboard with this thing. Some horrible fanzines I have seen print one page in red, next page blue, next in green, then black, brown and orange; I've even heard of a fanzine that tried white, but it didn't show up so well. Maybe I'm old fashioned but I much prefer to have the typed part in black. It's so much easier to read. But by all means let us have colored headings and illustrations. Black type with colored headings and illustrations look distinctive. A mixture of type colors looks like a nightmare and is hard on the eyes.

The literary contents are good. Like Croutch's new column. He has

brought up a few good points. Since he mentioned the sudden disappearance of CENSORED I might as well explain why it disappeared. The reason is quite simple: lack of means of duplication. I couldn't afford to buy a Gestetner and all issues of CENSORED were put out on equipment I managed to borrow. When we moved to Montreal I could no longer use the machine at Bouchard. So CENSORED perished even though I had a fair amount of material and an excellent five-colour silk-screen cover lined up. Most of this material I had lined up for CENSORED has now at one time or another appeared in CANFAN.

Luckily after the death of CENSORED I managed to infect Beak with the Stf Publishing Bug. (By the way, I wonder; is The Beak buying his own prozines these days? At St Andrew's his permanent camping ground was my bed, reading my prozines.) Croutch's comments on fan book publishing are interesting. I have done some thinking along that line myself. You see, a friend of mine in Montreal is the publisher of the highly literary NORTHERN REVIEW and other books and magazines. The First Statement Press as the outfit is known, will do outside printing jobs very cheaply, and I have been toying with the idea of publishing an anthology of Canadian Fan Literature for some time, as well as a "slim volume of verse" to be entitled For Better or Verse. Maybe in the not too-distant future when I get back to Montreal I'll do something about it.

Say, what's happened to Mason? There hasn't been a story of his in CANFAN for some time, and his stuff is good. Beat him over the brain, Beak, and force him to turn out something.

JACK SLOAN

264 Gerrard Street East
Toronto, 2, Ontario

Good to see CANFAN again, and so soon. Seems your schedule's closed down quite a piece between your last two issues. You deserve congratulations on the work you've put into this latest "Rainbow" number; the three - color combination plus the usual fine litho by Al on the front cover plus your usual neat two-column layout make your mag second to none, if only for beauty and appearance. It's something any Fan editor could envy.

A hundred and seventy-four on your mailing list illiterates? Damn, I hope every one of them writes in and proves you a liar. Unless you stand on technicalities we could make the figure 173; think back and you'll recall I phoned my reactions the day I received CANFAN. This, then, should make me your first, if not foremost critic. How about it, Beak?

I was glad to see Les back on the "staff". The old fellow does add a certain something to the mag and I'm sure you'll know what I mean by "something." However, since he is so intellectually be-numbed as to "never pay any attention" to my studied reviews et al, (quote from his last letter to CANFAN) whatever I have to say in praise of his column cannot mean a thing to him. Seriously, though, I found that I agreed with a good deal of what he said re the publication of fanzines, and if "Slim" ever decides to put out an amateur book or Fan chronical, I hope we'll still be on good enough terms for him to send me a copy.

Hurter, even though he is on the road to becoming an engineer, is still a very funny lad. His expose of the darker side of fan life in Montreal continues to be a worthwhile service to the better class of Canadian Fans and I'll be sorry to see it end. "S & S" too is usually one of your best-liked features. His record at McGill doesn't sound so dusty either.

The account of our miniature Torontoon brought back memories of an afternoon pleasantly spent, and a backwoods Fan, genial for all of his oddities. Your description of the effect Les had on your bed might possibly have struck a chord of disbelief among some of your readers so I feel that it is my duty to state at this point, that I personally

saw you moodily trying to patch together with scotch tape a chair that Les had just left. To all those who still doubt, I might say, "Why do you think Les was sitting on the bed in the first place?"

Passing on to happier thoughts, it seems that CANFAN # 11 has taken just about all the reviewing from this particular party that it can stand. Closing the subject I might say, in fact I will say; that both the pieces of fiction were reasonably good, above average and all that, and also add a word of praise for Fan Personalities and especially for that very fine illustration by Max Best on page 19. Great Stuff!

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

Box 121

Parry Sound, Ontario

And now you can cast your jaundiced and amoral eye on the comments on the latest CANFAN, to wit and forsooth: Number 11.

Cover: Betts is really good. But tell me dear — how is the lady managing to totter to the left so without losing her balance? Can it be the gentleman in the rear (not arrears) has a hook to which she is attached, thus supporting her? What a kisser the dame has — egad, if I were to wake some eve and discover THAT on my pillow I would no longer be the Portly Pornographer of Parry Sound, alias The Kindly Old Gentleman! And who are the boy friends giving her the eye?

Contents: Wall wal! Color no less! But Gawd chum, what a delusioned sort of red that is. Did you get it mixed with something else? But just the same it did add an air of something or other to the rag. Now if you can only keep it up. Trouble is, you'll probably find mighty soon that the elbow grease required amounts to too much. SIR — you have a picture by Gibson but you didn't give him credit as an illustrator down at the bottom of the page. Oversight? Well, don't let it happen again. ((Credit for Bob's work was given under the heading Cartoons..))

The Editorial WE: Gad, man — we likely all suspected it, but you should never admit it. To find The Editorial WE sojourning in that delicate cabinet at the top of the page. My, my! Offal, isn't it? Your little yarn about my visit is a beautiful resume of illiteracy. I see I shall have to write my version, which is the TRUE one, of what really DID happen. But perhaps I

should take this opportunity to correct a few errors in your masterful expose. You will find them itemized. A bill will follow later on.

(1) I am NOT an obese doorman. A doorman is one who watches or attends a door and opens when the occasion calls. I arrived, YOU opened the door. I might have been an obese visitor, but YOU fill the bill of doorman of some sort or other.

(2) I sat on the chair after I had sat on the bed. I'd have remained on the bed if you hadn't got such an uncouth glare in your eye that I hurriedly placed myself in a less vulnerable position. The chair-back gave up the ghost I admit but golly man, why don't you get better chairs? Or don't you entertain weighty brains? ((Space is left here so that our readers may insert their own bright remarks.))

(3) The reason I did better than you at the restaurant was due to my handsomer looks and better physique. YOU tried, Ghu knows, but after all Beak, do you really get anywhere by chasing the waitresses around the place, over customers, etc? Why, I only saved my salad from your foot by the Grace of Foo Foo! ((I lost three toes before I could extract my pedal extremity from under the lettuce. Les is now suffering from an extremely severe case of Foot-and-Mouth disease, and occupational hazard among those who write for Fanzines.))

(4) I note with great interest that the word "pornography" is always in close relation to "comic books" or "Mason", & as Mason is in close relation to comic books, then apparently you associate Mason and pornography. ((This is a fine example of the type of logic that has given Les the place he has in Fandom today.)) But I didn't tell the rarest of my jokes. After all, Hanley was there with his ears wide open and I didn't think it proper that he learn all too quickly. Surprise is such a delightful thing, you know.

(5) TWO bottles of gingerale? Ghawd man — you came in bowlegged from a basketful. TWO? Then I must have been seeing double and all I'd had to drink so far that day was water. I'll admit Toronto water is queer, but not that queer.

(6) That was funny, Rosie asking for Beak in a masculine voice. Now if Rosie had asked for Beak in shorts or a bathrobe it would have sounded suspicious. But I still wonder if maybe Rosie IS a man, or just someone with a nice husky contralto.

Devil in a Pinstripe Suit: Rather good. Who did it? The illustrating for it was also nice.

Finis I didn't like. I don't know why, but with me it just didn't seem to strike a responsive chord. Others will probably like it, though.

As I See It: This I will not comment on, knowing any words I say will not enlarge on the gem-like quality of this masterful man's grasp on the English language.

Ahem!

The Maelstrom: Croutch again? Quite a gabby bastard, isn't he? Well, Beak, so you are starting to have the same trouble that I did? Lack of response? CANFAN is GOOD! It isn't that the majority of the readers don't like it, it just is that they are sluggish as hell when it comes to sending in a letter or something. Why keep on, then? Issue for the FAPA and a few extras you think worthwhile and let it go at that. That's what I'm doing from now on except for the odd issue of LIGHT. Phooey on this slaving and neglecting other activities to put out something and give it away, and even with a subzine you DO give most of them away, if you are honest enough to admit it and check your mailing list, to a bunch of readers who never drop even a card saying "poo!" or "Phooey!"

Discord might be all right, but this, like Finis, failed to jell.

Martians in the Soup: Like me, you have a screwy sense of humour. You see a lot of things differently than do the usual Fan. Keep it up and let's see more of this sort of thing. It's good, old chum, damned good!

Mason in Montreal might almost have been subtitled "Baiting Mason." I didn't find this installment as funny as the first for some reason. The humour seemed a little strained. What it really amounts to is not humour at Mason's expense but humour at the writer's, that is — Hurter — expense, and as such it was passable.

3 Cartoons: Get Bob to do some work right on the stencil, eh what? Sloan's effort is not new — I seem to recall seeing something similar once before. The one by T. Van is satire but that is all.

Stuff & Such as usual starts trains of thought that arrive nowhere but which cause a lot of pleasure while following them out.

Fan Personalities: Al IS cute, isn't he? Haw haw! Wait till he sees that!

The Bibsontoon on the last page is typical Gibson and as such is bound to please. Did Bob do this on the stencil or did you have to trace it? It came out nicely anyway.

BARBARA E. BOVARD	1119 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Kenmore Ave Los Angeles 6, Cal.
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Cover: Very good. The idea, while old, is excellent. The artistic points I won't go into. The detail work is matchless and I congratulate Betts.

Editorial WE: Very funny, altho it seems to me that Les is taking somewhat of a beating. With all due respect to your integrity, I do not believe he is that big! Why didn't you run this as a separate article?

The Devil etc: Good, although the ending seemed rather taken for granted. The mark of a good story teller is his ability to spin a yarn out. It seemed rather rushed, but the whole story was a representation of an idea. The philosophy is rather morbid but the idea can be traced back to Omar Khyam and his "I, myself, am Heav'n and Hell." But 'twarn't arf bad, 'twarn't. I should like to attempt a sequel to it sometime, with the author's permission.

Finis: We-e-ell, it left me rather cold. The sketch was good, however. The poem would be an excellent heading for a story, tho'.

As I See It: That man! I'll bet he has several policies — life, accident fire — (oooo!) To be serious, I cannot recommend too highly his idea of a book. Unfortunately, who has the courage, time, and material needed for such an undertaking? It would be just the thing I would like to attempt, but I, alas, have no duplicator of any kind. Tragedy, no less.

The Maelstrom: That title is the best thing that has come out of Canada! All together wonderful. And I like your presentation in format of the letters.

Discord: I disagree with the gentleman when he remarks that scientifically discord has a meaning and psychologically the reverse. Discord is based on the relationship of movement in space, and the reactions of those movements — oh never mind! Skip it! I'm too lazy to go into details. The article was neatly written. 'Nuff said.

Martians in the Soup: What in — er — blazes goes on here? A cute story, nevertheless. Do I detect a faint sarcasm pertaining to the "Oscar the Martian"? You remember, the fellow who could smell so nicely, in AMAZING STORIES. (I'm not surprised he smelled, there.)

Mason In Montreal: Pour it all back in the bottle. It stinks.

Cartoons: Funny, but I would like to ask, was the outline of those figures left out entirely deliberately? Are they invisible, or what? Especially the one on the back cover.

Stuff & Such: It would be interesting to have a chat some evening with Hurter. I must run up there sometime.

Fan Personalities: Always good. Don't lose that item. It's an index to Canadian Fandom, and I don't mean just the magazine.

CHARLES R. JOHNSTON	5 Needham Street Halifax, N. S.
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The first thing that greeted my eye upon opening the mag was the riot of colour on the contents page. It was well done. The titles on the stories and features were also very well done.

I think Les Crutch has a good idea. Would like to see it carried out, but not if it meant the abolition of Fan Mags. I don't think it could replace them. As I See It should be an interesting feature.

Finis and accompanying illustration were very good.

Editorial WE: Aeeeeagh! (Which means simply Aeeeeagh!) But seriously, it was worth reading.

Mason is still going strong in Montreal. But, to last or not to last,

that is the question.

Stuff & Such was by far the best of the issue. That 8 inch square tunnel intrigues me. Has anybody any fact or theories on it? Maybe a pigmy. Who knows?

WALTER A. COSLET Box 6, Helena, Montana
STFSY, Manuscript Bureau

You have nothing but my greatest thanks and welcome for the use of multicolor and especially for such sparing use of black ink. Your contents page didn't quite jibe on all colors, but I suppose that was only on a few copies. Apparently it was only our red outline stuff, including the title, that was off center on my copy.

The Editorial WE: Spots of the Croutch visit were more or less overdone, but at least some of the humor was satisfactory. Hmmm — do you make a practise of reprinting letters in your Editorial column? Anyway, my letter got special mention..... and thanks for the hint to authors to send their material to me.

The Devil — in a Pin-stripe Suit: Really a swell piece of fiction — but devil, my eye — call it demon or demon-possession; but all EXACT investigation and tradition, and ancient mss with any authority on the subject never use devil in the plural. Devil and Demons yes, as you can easily find by investigating the Greek of the NT or later revisions such as the American Standard edition of the Revised Version or this new Revised Standard Version that just came out this year — of the New Testament. Wherever it is plural, it is never Devil, but demons..... the pic of Sloan's for the story didn't seem to be too well cut, but the symbolism of it was very OK.

Finis is really good and the pic for it was nicely handled too. I, for one, favor stf poetry to this interminable procession of fantasy and horror stuff we get usually. (Are you Petros?) ((Sorry, no. Try again.))

In regard to the Maelstrom; I don't see why so many (?) of your readers apparently enjoyed the Mirror — it resembled the ZD formula too much to suit me.

Martians in the Soup produces the

following reaction: Not even amounting to humor, it has only two redeeming factors: the really swell conclusion which was like a sun-burst after a cloudburst, and the one really good, and well-reproduced pic in the ish. I actually tho't this yarn was going to be all rotten — wormy if you will — but the conclusion saved it from being twice as bad as your other story was good. But I guess even that can be forgiven for the pic that accompanies it.

Stuff & Such is rather unusual for a fnz, it seems to me — even worse than Dunk's ramblings! But I enjoyed it, and that's what counts. (With Hurter anyway.)

Fan Personalities this time wasn't up to the previous one, mainly because of incomplete statistics and poor reproduction of the portion reproduced in black.

DOUG HARDING

563 Sherbrooke Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The cover by Al Betts was extremely well done, and the illustration by Max Best on page 19 is very much like some of the artwork that appeared in the old UNKNOWN.

If you have room, would you put a note in your readers' column that I would like to get in touch with any fans who are interested in swapping Fantasy Books and mags. ((There's your 'note' Doug.. Hope a few readers have stuck with us long enough to get this far.))

VAN SPLAWN

5175 Kensington Ave
St Louis, 8, Mo.

Indeed, it is a sad plight when only six people comment on an excellent magazine like your CANADIAN FANDOM. Of those 180 recipients I fear I'm guilty of laxity.

Al Betts on the cover: Hmmm. Pooty good, especially the dark-eyed shemale in the center. But it seems that I've seen the tall, hovering gentleman's face before somewhere. Are you sure it's original? All in all, a pretty fine drawing, and I especially like the way you adhere to the same style masthead every time.

The Editorial WE: (Pardon, but is that a child's "joy-bucket" I see at the top there? If so, title and drawing are most significant! Carries me back to my

childhood.....) Very entertaining. I like the informal, personal type of editorial, and not the type Ashley had in NOVA, nor do I like the Campbellish stuff, even though some Fen say it's as good as any textbook.

As I See It: Very good. Crutch can always be depended upon for something readable, and as a rule he seems to be pretty much conscious of everything fan-nish about him, though I can name several instances where he wasn't. I've mailed that fellow more than one copy of my fanmag, hoping at times to provoke an acknowledgement in the form of a letter or a copy of LIGHT, but nothing happened. I was interested when Les mentioned Fan Book Publishing because about six months ago I dummied completely and stencilled and printed about eight pages (half letter size) of a stfictional pamphlet entitled "Ragnarok of the Metal Men", by Duane W. Rimel. Actually, it was a reprint from VULCAN which carried it originally under the title "Bride of the Robot". It wasn't a particularly good story, but I just wanted to do something like that. I finally abandoned the project though, as it didn't look too good.

Discord was far too short; he could have gone a lot further, but fantasy and music have been played upon quite a bit recently. I'm glad Donn mentioned Stravinsky. While I don't know a lot about symphonic music, old Igor is a favorite of mine. Like the Rite of Spring and other pieces that always seem to carry that stalking, bassoon-like (or some other deep instrument) movements.

Martians in the Soup: For heaven's sake! Cartoon seems real arty.

Mason in Montreal is pretty darn good. Were you kidding about that picture of JHMason next issue? I hope not! Fred Hurter jr is always pleasing.

For fantasy cartoons with real meaning, Bob Gibson is the best. Honest: I've noticed this a lot of times.

Now for the best column in any Fan Magazine today. Yep, I'm "reffin" to the Wack's Stuff & Such. What can one say about it except it's swell. No doubt 'bout it, FH jr is m-ii-ghtteeee intelligent, or so it seems to me. Note to Hurter: There's a Chinese laundryman about a block from here, name of Sing Lee. More than once I've been tempted

to ask him about "turtles' eggs", but he always has an old-fashioned flat iron at his elbow!

DON HUTCHISON

7 Tacoma Avenue
Toronto 5, Ontario

What's this? A fanzine produced in three colors? I thought I was seeing things at first.

Your magazine is surprisingly illustrated, especially the cover. In fact it is the best cover I've ever seen on a Fan publication. Congrats to Betts.

The only complaint I have to make is that thru my own fault I missed the first 10 issues of your Fanzine. I wonder if an interested Fan could obtain back issues? Huh? ((Anybody help?))

BEN INDICK

45 Pershing Avenue
Elizabeth 2, New Jersey

Al Betts' cover was a superior piece of workmanship.....distinctive, striking, attractive...setting a high standard for the rest of the mag to follow.

Crutch has some interesting points, but book publishing is a bit expensive, Les. Besides, if it were to be a book constructed on a Fanmag basis (but top-grade material only) it would still actually be a "one-shot", though a highly superior one. Therefore, let the Fen stick to the less-expensive but more practical one-shot, despised though it may be by Les and others. Some Fans would like to publish, but haven't the time for continuous publication of A-grade matter. Isn't a single issue, all top-grade, better than nothing at all? I had planned a one-shot and was striving for something really good. (The circumstances have forced me to cancel the whole thing for an indefinite period. I hadn't the time for monthly or even quarterly publication, but because a one-shot "robs the poor" or leaves no room for rejoinders, should I halt even that one poor little issue? Nope — I still swear to get it out someday! Maybe by that time I can formulate plans for a steady publication.

(Well, well, what have we here? Our er, compositor seems to have run out of room. Anyway, Continued on page 33.))

Stuff & Such

by - Fred Hurter jr

Well, here I am again, pounding the typewriter like mad, burning the midnight hydro in order to meet the Beak's deadline. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it; whether my genius is appreciated, whether, well, just whether, for you know people always talk about the weather; but then again, CANFAN must go on. Why?

Now, dear readers, look at what is before you. What do you see? No, I don't mean the printed, or rather mimeographed words, I mean the paper. Have you ever stopped to think what an important commodity paper is? Have you ever stopped to think? Well, let's skip that. Yes, I know most people think very little of paper; it's just something to light a fire with, or to (Censored). Yet without a doubt, paper is the path from the savage to the civilized. On paper is all the world's great literature; you could not be reading Stuff & Such, for example, if there were no paper. On paper too, are the plans for a peaceful world. So think twice before you start cutting paper dolls from this issue of CANFAN. All this, of course, is leading to the next paragraph.

Now, how is paper, this all-important commodity, made? "From wood," you answer in a semi-correct way, for paper is also made from cotton, bombax wool, linen, jute and manila, obtained from rags, straw, esparto, bamboo, pineapple leaves, palm leaves and coconut fibers. However, just to say that paper is made from one or more of these raw materials is not enough. One glance at a tree and at a sheet of paper should convince you that there's no great similarity between the two articles, and that the tree is very raw material indeed.

So, dear readers, since I am working in a paper mill at present I shall tell you how paper is made.

Now, as has been said before, paper is made from esparto (a sort of grass that grows in large quantities in Spain) straw, rags, etc, but by far the most is made from wood. Or in other words, wood is the principle raw material; the others are used when through geographic location they are cheaper sources of raw material, and in some cases, for special high-grade papers. Let us stick to wood for the purpose of this discussion, or I shall be using too much of Beak's paper supply.

Now look at a chunk of wood. Any chunk. What is it composed of? Don't worry about the answer — I'm going to tell you. Wood is a cellular structure of fibres of cellulose, a highly inert white substance having a formula some multiple of $C_6H_{10}O_5$, bound together by a substance called lignin having a formula consisting at present of guesswork. On the average wood contains about 55% cellulose (which is the stuff we want) about 30% lignin (which we don't want particularly, since it decomposes on exposure to light and air to a yellowish-brown substance) and some sugars and fats.

The wood is first converted into pulp, a watery suspension of wood fibres. This can be done in two ways; by mechanically ripping the wood apart, or by dissolving the lignin binding the cellulose fibres chemically. The former method produces groundwood pulp, the latter sulphite, soda, or sulphate (also known as kraft) pulp depending on the chemical solution used to dissolve the lignin.

Groundwood pulp is, of course, the cheapest to prepare. The logs are simply pressed against grindstones (the axis of the log parallel to that of the stone) & you have groundwood pulp. This is the stuff that goes into cheap grades of paper such as newsprint and the paper used in 'pulp' magazines. Since all of the wood is used a ton of wood produces

roughly a ton of pulp. Also since all of the wood is used, the lignin, which decomposes in light and air is present, paper made from groundwood deteriorates rapidly. Moreover, since the pulp fibres were produced by mechanical tearing, the fibres are short and thus groundwood paper is mechanically weak. Newsprint usually contains about 25% groundwood pulp, and 15% chemical pulp, which is added to improve the color, strength, and ease of manufacture.

In the chemical processes, the wood is first chipped into chips on the average about 5/8 of an inch long by a large rotating knife bearing disks against which the logs are slid. The chips are then dumped into large (the ones here are 48' high and 15' in diameter) steel vessels called digesters. The chemical solution or liquor is added and contents cooked with steam for seven to 12 hours under pressure of about 80 psi & temperatures about 140° Cent. When the cook is finished the pulp is blown from the digester, washed free of chemicals, and you have a nice, long-fibred pulp containing a very high percentage of cellulose. Unfortunately, since you have dissolved out the lignin and the other wood components, you only get about 1 ton of chemical pulp for every two tons of wood.

Sulphite pulp is made chiefly from spruce, balsam, hemlock and fir. The cooking liquor is a solution of sulphurous acid and calcium and magnesium bisulphites. The sulphite pulp is very white, easily bleached and is used for additions to newsprint & the manufacture of Kleenex and book papers. Since the cooking liquor is acid and corrosive (my lungs are slowly being eaten away by the fumes) the digesters must be lined with acid-resisting brick, and all piping must be of stainless steel, lead, or special bronzes.

Sulphate or Kraft pulp and Soda pulp can be made from almost any kind of wood, though Soda Pulp is usually made from broad leaf woods, and Kraft from coniferous woods. Kraft pulp is brown and very long-fibred and hard to bleach. It produces, however, the strongest paper, and is used in the manufacture of wrapping papers. New bleach-

ing processes are increasing its applications. Soda Pulp is white, short-fibred, and is used for book and absorbent papers. Both processes are very similar in that in both the chemicals in the cooking liquor are recovered after the completion of the cook by first evaporation of the waste liquor and then burning. They differ in that the makeup chemical in the case of the kraft or sulphate process is sodium sulphate producing a cooking liquor consisting of a solution of NaOH and NaS while in the case of the soda process the makeup chemical is caustic soda or soda ash producing a cooking liquor containing only NaOH. Since the cooking liquor in these processes will not corrode steel no special precautions need be taken. The kraft process chemicals in the waste liquor are not recovered, and in the soda process the makeup chemicals are expensive.

Whew! Well, now you know how pulp is prepared. Roughly. Now comes the paper-making. Paper, strange to say, is made from pulp on, of all things, a paper machine. Who'd have guessed it?

At first glance, a paper machine looks like a long row of drums rotating at high speed arranged in Rube Goldberg manner. Let us look more closely. At the wet end, water, containing about 3% of wood fibres pours onto a rapidly moving endless wire screen that passes over a number of suction boxes. And believe me, that wire is moving rapidly. On a high speed machine the Fourdiner wire is racing forward at speeds of 12 to 15 hundred feet per minute. Yet in a distance of about 40 feet that watery mess pouring on the wire is paper. Wet, soggy paper, to be sure, but still paper. No matter how many times I look at the wet end of a paper machine I still can't believe it. Sure, the water drains through the wire, is sucked out by the suction boxes and the couch roll, but a watery mess, forty feet, and the wire moving at 12 -- 15 hundred feet per minute! At the end of the wire section the paper is lifted off the wire, squeezed by press rolls, dried by a long row of steam-heated drums, and finally ironed out smooth by the calendar rolls. A modern newsprint machine will produce a sheet of paper 210 to 320 inches wide

at the rate of from 12-15 hundred feet a minute twenty-four hours a day. Figure out some time how many miles of paper are produced by but one machine in a day. It's fantastic!

Well, now you know how paper is prepared, roughly. But if you knew all the small details, all the problems and worries! By gad sir, you would treasure each sheet as if it were gold.

Enough of paper-making.

News item for Fen: "The Spiritualists National Union has asked the repeal of the Witchcraft Act of 1735 in London, and Chuter Ede, home secretary has promised to do what he can. C.E. Loseby, leader of the deputation said genuine mediums were "caught in the net" along with presumably fake witches, wizards, etc. I presume if the Union gets no action a picket of ghosts will parade about the parliament buildings. And I wonder what their dues are; ectoplasm? Hands of Glory?

Speaking of ghosts. A fellow working in the plant here claims to have seen a ghost ship. Apparently from his home town, Gloucester, in the Maritimes, an old galleon can be seen burning at night about four miles at sea every so often. He claims he saw the ship plainly.

Funny thing, this north country. I was talking to a forester the other day, and he told me some unusual things. Apparently the ground here is very old. The glaciers of the ice age scraped everything away, and you can hit Cambrian formations in a few feet. The soil is slightly acid and only spruce and balsam grow well. Farm crops don't flourish for there are no worms in the ground in the northlands, nor even bacteria. Disintegration of organic material up here takes place by fungus attack only, which is a slow process. A walk in the bush will reveal this instantly. In some places the litter of dead branches is as thick as six feet. If a farmer wants to get anywhere around here he has to import worms, and inoculate the soil with cultures of soil bacteria.

Note: It is impossible for a woman to be a pauper. At best, she can only be a mudder. O.K., so it stinks. My roommate pulled that one on me in self-defense.

But what women will do these days. The latest is luminous lipstick which glows in the dark. Of course, it has

its advantages, aids location in the dark, but still seems rather — well.... pretty soon women will be wandering around in dresses that outline the figure in neon lights. Ah, what we poor bachelors have to cope with.

Speaking of bachelors, something must be done about their lamentable condition. They are being taxed into the poorhouse. Not only does the government practically take the single man's earnings away in income tax, but also all sorts of very unfair taxes are levied against the poor critter. Take my case for example. Here I have been residing in Kapuskasing for four months, and so they slap a poll tax on me. Now, legally I am still domiciled in Quebec; I have no vote here, yet through some legal manipulations I am subject to a poll tax. Taxation without representation. Gad, revolutions have been fought for less. Apparently any single man who has no property in Ontario and stays in Ontario for more than thirty days is subject to a municipal poll tax. Single girls, and married men without property are not subject to this tax. Gad, after all the taxation most of the single girls I know are better off financially than I am. From now on the girl friend foots the bill. Ha, you say, the solution is simple; get married. I've thought of that already, and by gum, I would if I could. Not only is the married man taxed lightly, but also he is looked after, is better fed, and doesn't have to spend an hour sewing on one button with ghastly mutilation of the fingers. With what I spend in taxes, at the tailor's and the laundry, I could support a harem. But and here is the big but. It takes money to get married, and a single man today can't save money. So it's a vicious circle.

Science is catching up a bit too quickly to stf these days to suit me. Remember the story "Eviction by Isotherm" which appeared in ASF some time ago in which the Americans, involved in a war with Europe, decided to freeze the Europeans out by diverting the Gulf Stream, as well as many other stf stories involving weather control; Cold Front, Forecast, etc. Now I read in the papers that a certain Brig-Gen. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America has been saying things such as; "The warlike idea that warm ocean currents could be shifted by Science to

turn fertile lands into deserts might be reversed in peacetime to modify or divert these currents to influence climate so that deserts would become gardens..... there is even possibility of weather control.....One of our noted scientists recently told me that his studies not only suggest this possibility, but that experiments are actually under way on this problem." Stf, bah! It's getting behind the times. B u t I'm all for weather control if they can give us a climate like that of California up here in the frigid northlands. The Ice Age up here has departed but shortly. Even in the hottest part of the year here it is still possible to find snow and ice under dead branches in some places in the bush, and in many places you strike the permanently frozen soil but a very short distance from the surface.

Remember the stories too of warm areas in Arctic and Antarctic regions? Well, apparently the Nazi flyers in 1939 discovered an 'oasis' in Antarctica free of snow from about 150 - 200 miles inland. An expedition is being organized to investigate this phenomena. Stf hacks — get busy on a story before the expedition gets there.

Well, I guess about the longest electric motor in the world has been built. The motor is a wound rotor induction motor 1400 feet long. It is also the most powerful and fastest locomotive in the world, developing some 15000 H.P. and attaining a speed of 225 mph. And yet it is only half a foot high. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? How could an electric motor be so long — how could it also be a locomotive of such power and speed.

Let's take a look at an ordinary three-phase squirrel-cage induction motor. It's a simple device consisting of a stationary circle of three-phase windings called the stator, in which a circle of short-circuited bars (resembling a squirrel cage) called a rotor, rotates. When three phase electric current is fed into the stator windings, a rotating magnetic field is produced which cuts the bars of the rotor inducing the flow of a current in the bars. The flow of this induced current creates a magnetic field which reacts against that of the stator, and so the rotor

moves relative to the stator, or in other words, since both are circular the rotor rotates. Now suppose you cut the circular stator at one place and laid it out flat, and did the same to the rotor. Now when three phase current is applied to the flat stator, the now flat rotor will slide along the stator winding until it reaches the end. Or, in other words, the machine which formerly produced rotational motion now produces linear motion directly — the rotor becomes a sort of locomotive, and the stator the track. This is the principle of the electropult, a new launching device for heavily-loaded aircraft.

For practical reasons, the "rotor" is made the track and is of the wound rotor type rather than the simple squirrel cage, and the "stator" is the moving element. The "stator" or locomotive to which the plane is coupled is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and 12 feet long. It straddles the "rotor" or track and runs on a buried wheel. The action on launching a plane is smooth and the Electropult has none of the limitations in speed or capacity of the mechanical launching devices. It could also be applied to retard aircraft landing, making possible shorter runways for large heavy transports. Build it up the side of a mountain, and you could easily launch rocket ships. Come to think of it, I believe the idea for some such linear accelerator for launching rockets appeared in a short story in ASF.

Say, S & S seems to be getting rather long. Wanted to say a few things about the new discoveries of very ancient civilizations in Central America and Mexico. But I guess I had better close with but a few comments on the recent gain in popularity of stf among the general reading public. Stf anthologies are beginning to come out thick and fast. The slicks are beginning to revise their policies and will be accepting stf stories which were formerly considered taboo. It would seem that people are at last beginning to realize that quite a lot of Stf is very good literature.

So long for now, dear readers.

Fred Hunter Jr.

Mason in Montreal

SYNOPSIS Once Upon A Time Mason left the town of Toronto the Good to visit the Wack in the fair ($3\frac{1}{4}$ cents for Street cars; $8\frac{1}{3}$ cents for busses paralleling Street-car routes) city of Montreal. After spending Saturday morning around McGill University and the evening in various joints (rare cut) and dives, the Wack and Mason awoke on Sunday morning, of all things, Mason with a hangover, and the Wack by opening his eyes.

At brunch it was decided that a jaunt was to be made into the country surrounding Montreal. And so let us get on with the scandalous behaviour of Mason. Let us plunge as it were into the gist of the last installment of the Epic of Mason in Montreal. Let us finish with this stupid synopsis and get on with the story. Which brings us to the problem — why must there be a synopsis at the beginning of a serial? Why? Most of them are so brief they are meaningless. So why have one, eh? Why not instead of a synopsis, print the preceeding installments? But we are wandering; let us get back to Mason in Montreal. Why? Lord knows; I don't even want to think about the horrible episode. Let us, as it were, plunge into the...urp!

CHAPTER CCC

(Just a love song for a penny)

"O.K., let's go," said Mason, as he stirred his coffee with a knife.

The meal continued as peacefully as possible, for Mason was creating an unending rumpus with his knife, which he insisted making double (he was still a bit bleary-eyed) as a fork and a spoon. Finally, the meal was over, and after wiping his hands on the table-cloth Mason tottered to his feet, and walked with the Wack to the living room.

"Oh gee," said Mason, "a piano!"

"Grand," said the Wack.

"I'll say it is," said Mason, "It's swell! Want to hear me play?"

"Ugh!" replied the Wack as Mason straddled the piano bench and began to play "I love coffee, I love tea," with

one finger and singing words to this horrible effect:

I love rum and I love beer;
I love whiskey so full of cheer;
I love good old Montreal

Don't want to go back to Toronto at all

"Heaven forbid!" muttered the Wack.

Mason completed his performance with a flourish by using one more finger and exhausted by his artistic effort turned to the Wack.

"Pretty good, eh? Want me to play some more?"

"Yeah," said the Wack. "Preferably with a live hand grenade."

"We're ready," called Mrs Hurter. "Hurry up and get down in the car if you want to come along."

The Mason and the Wack tripped down the stairs outside the front door, and Mason fell flat on his face. The buttons on his shoes had come undone again. After Mason was all buttoned up, they piled into the back seat of the car. The Wack's parents entered the front of the car, and in a few minutes it was rolling (not end over end) along Laird towards the West End of the city.

Mason was leaning out of a window ogling the girls as the car moved along. The car slowly wound (it worked by clockwork) its way through the traffic to Montreal West then down to Lachine. Mason was leaning out of the window ogling the girls. The car turned and headed over a low bridge. Mason was leaning out of the window ogling the girls and nearly had his head clipped off by a bridge girder.

The car turned left, passed a sign saying "Indian Reservation" and went through a narrow tunnel under a railway embankment.

CHAPTER 409

Emerging from the tunnel they drove along the main street of the Indian Village. Mason was leaning out of the window gaping at the Indians. The Indians were gaping at Mason.

"Ugh, ugh," said Mason politely.

"Ugh, ugh, yourself," said the

Indians in disgust.

The car moved on slowly through the village, and then on through the open country. After a few miles they arrived at Chateauguay. Mason was leaning out of the car window ogling the girls more vigorously than ever, for Chateauguay being a resort town they were wandering about in swimming and play suits.

A few moments later they drove into the driveway of the Mark's summer home, a large, rambling fifteen room structure.

"Hello," called Mrs Marks. "Come right in. Fred (Mr Marks) is out at the back cutting some flowers."

The party moved from the car through the living room to the sun porch. After a brief exchange of greetings, the Wack, finding that his parents were engaged in conversation with Mrs Marks, led Mason out through the side entrance ostensibly to show him the Mark's beautiful flower gardens, though actually the Wack was looking for the beautiful daughter of the Marks, Joan by name.

They found her reclining on the lawn swing.

"Hello Fred," she said. "Who's the queer customer with you?"

"John Hollis Mason — Joan Marks," said the Wack, introducing the two.

"Not related to Karl, I presume," said Mason.

Introductions over, the Wack settled himself on the swing beside Joan, while the Mason proceeded to squat on the lawn.

"Gad!" said the Wack. "You're not on the reservation now. Sit on the lawn chair, or better still, go and take a look at the flower garden."

Mason rose and settled himself in a lawn chair. The Wack turned to Joan.

"What have you been doing?"

"Missing you Fred, and sailing our new boat," she replied.

"Which have you been doing the most — no, don't tell me; I can guess. Boats — bah! Well, what type is it."

"You can see it from here," said Joan. "It's moored out by the float — yawl."

"What a charming southern accent," murmured Mason.

"A yawl, my dear Mason," said the Wack, "is a fore-and-aft rigged two-masted sailing ship, and the second mast

is very short, mounted in the stern with the base of the mast above water-line. If the small rear mast were set a bit forward so that its base was within the waterline, it would be a ketch."

"That's more than Hurter will ever be," said Mason to Joan.

"Would you get me some flowers, John?" said Joan.

"Delighted," said Mason, rising and moving off to the flower gardens.

The Wack and Joan engaged in conversation. Mason returned with flowers.

"Some more," said Joan.

"Really," said the Wack, "this is hardly the place."

Mason walked off again to the flower gardens. In a few moments he returned with more flowers.

"More," said Joan.

"But somebody might come out here," said the Wack.

Mason walked over to the flower gardens again. In a few moments he returned with still more flowers. Gradually a mountainous heap of flowers grew beside the lawn swing, and the flower gardens began to take on a denuded appearance. Finally the side door opened and Mr Marks called:

"Want any drinks?"

"Drink? Oh boy!" said Mason.

"Please," said Joan to the Wack.

"Come in and get what you want," said Mr Marks, closing the screen door.

"You can get the drinks, Mason," said the Wack. "Mr Marks will guide you to the bar. Get a boilermaker for me, a Collins for Joan and whatever you want for yourself."

Mason stepped off toward the house in a lively manner, a manner somewhat like that of a hound that has not drunk for a week. Or in other words he was doing a good imitation of Ray Milland. The Wack and Joan returned to their conversation.

Half an hour later Mason came staggering back, an empty bottle of Rum in one hand, two liquid-filled glasses clasped precariously in the other, his feet more or less on the ground, and his head dangling loosely.

"Hiho and a bottle of Rum," shouted Mason.

"An empty one you mean," said the

Wack as he and Joan grasped their drinks from their precarious position in Mason's hand.

"Why, shhoo it ish," said Mason, holding the bottle on high and squinting through it.

The Wack and Joan sipped their drinks and then set their lipstick-stained glasses on the small table.

"You don't mean to say you drank the whole thing?" said the Wack.

"Why nooo," said Maishon (curse it he's got me doing it) "It wash only tree quarters full — hic, haec, hoc."

The Wack and Joan resumed their conversation while Mason, oblivious to even the obvious ranted on about Ool the Martian. Half an hour later, Mr Hurter called from the side door.

"We're leaving."

Joan and the Wack rose from the swing and the Wack assisted Mason to his feet. Propelling Mason between them to the car, they dumped him in the back seat. In a few minutes the Wack's parents were in the car and after bidding farewell to Joan and promising an early return, the Wack slammed the car door. The car backed out of the driveway and headed for Lachine.

CHAPTER MMMMM (Good stuff)

The car moved over the bridge and through Lachine, Mason hanging out of the car window. The car wound through traffic in Montreal West, and then headed up Decarle Boulevard, Mason hanging out of the window. The car passed through Cartierville, passed hordes of beautiful girls, but Mason was just hanging out of the car window. On the car sped, through Ste Rose, along the plain to St Jerome. Mason was hanging out of the window. On the car sped, the foothills of the Laurentians were now appearing, through Lesage, Shawbridge, Piedmont, Ste Adele. The mountains grew higher, and Mason began to recover somewhat and show some appreciation of the scenery. Past Lac Millette; the Wack wondered if Dorothy was at her summer home yet. At the Val David Junction, or rather just before it, the car made a right turn and headed up a very steep and narrow gravel road.

After a few miles of twisting dirt road the car arrived at the Hellingers. Unfortunately, the Hellingers' daughter,

Betty Ann, was out riding, so the Wack was forced to sit and drink with Mason. For an hour The Wack had to sit and listen to the beardmutterings of Mason, some of which ran as follows:

Iamalittlerocketship
Soaringthroughthesky
Myjetsarepoweredwithalcohol
That'swhyIamsohigh.

AsIlookatthecountryside
Itseemstoshiftandweave
Theflowinghillsareflowing
Theblowingwindisblowing
Theripplingwaterisrippling
Theswayingtreesareswaying
Thewindingroadiswinding
GeeIguessImustbedrunk.

Onceuponamidnightbleary
WhileIstaggeredweakandbeery
Iwasfeelingeversoscheery
Onceuponamidnightweary
burp

Iamalittlebutterfly
Flyingfromflowertoflower
Andallthenectar'sspikedwithrye
Ohhownicetobeabutterfly.

OhIamalittlebumblebee
Justbumblingalong
OhI'vebeendrinkingslotsof rum
Myhoneyisgoodandstrong.

Ohalcoholisfunnystuff
Ineverseemtogetenough
Ohalcoholisfunnystuff
Itmakesmepleasantinsteadofgruff
Ohalcoholisfunnystuff
Heheheheheheheheheheh.

After an hour of that sort of stuff The Wack he really had enough. And with the Mason feeling high, the Wack did feel the time was nigh, they from this place departed. In other words 'twas time they started, on their return to Montreal.

Just as Mason was about to fill his glass again, Mr Hurter announced that they were leaving. With a sigh of relief, the Wack guided Mason to the car and propped him in the back seat. In a few minutes the car was moving on its way to Montreal, Mason hanging out of the window. Two hours later the car arrived back in the Town of Mount Royal, Mason hanging out of the window.

CHAPTER XXX (Bottled in Bond)

After supper Mason and the Wack retired to the Wack's den (No, they didn't go to Madame Tussaud's), Mason to read the next page of his comic book, and the Wack to read Leob's Kinetic Theory of Gases. The phone jangled upstairs; Mrs Hurter called:

"For you, Fred."

The Wack dashed up the stairs, and in a few moments dashed down again — dashing fellow, the Wack.

"The Unholy Trio meet tonight with a few others for a beer and oyster party," said the Wack. "Coming?"

"Beer?" said the Mason. "Naturally."

"Well, let's get going. Art's wife is away up north, so the party's at his place. They're starting in about half an hour. That'll just give us time to get there. Be sure to have your money with you."

"Why?" asked Mason.

"A beer and oyster party, sonny, implies implicitly that poker will be played."

"Gosh — gambling!" said Mason.

They departed via the convenient back door of the Wack's den.

CHAPTER — \$10.00

They knocked at the door of apartment #4. A door opened.

"Hi, Fred! Come on in," said Art.

"The rest of the boys are up here."

The Wack introduced Mason to the two other members of the Unholy Trio — Art and Joe, as well as the sub-members — James, Pete and Roy.

"Grab a bottle of beer," said Joe, "We've got 48 quarts standing in the bath tub."

"The Wack got a bottle for himself and one for Mason. The group then settled down for a few customary rounds of decidedly off-color songs while Art set up two bridge tables in the middle of the living room, and spread a green cloth across them.

"Off coats, and up shirt sleeved," said Art.

The group performed the rite as requested.

"Gentlemen, be seated," said Art.

The group pulled up chairs around the table.

The Wack rose to perform his part. "Cigars, Joe."

Joe passed out a cigar to each one of the group.

"Light up," said the Wack.

Lighters flicked with a hellish glare. Mason choked and gasped. He pulled at the Wack's arm.

"Must I smoke this — gulp — cough — cigar?"

"It is customary," said the Wack.

Joe now arose and said:

"Sub-member James — provide each man with a beer."

And when this had been done, Joe said:

"Cards!"

Pete dropped two decks on the table.

"First Jack deals," said Joe, dealing, "and has the choice of stating whether we play only stud or dealer's choice."

"I don't think I had better play," said Mason. "I don't know how to play poker and besides I can't afford it."

"We'll show you," chanted the group.

"It's only a small game of five, ten and a quarter," said Guy.

"Instruct him in the art," said Art.

The Wack explained the order of values to Mason, and explained that should dealers choice be the rule for the night that the value of a hand would then be inversely as the number of wild cards. That whereas a pair is pretty good for stud, it is of no value at all in a game of Saliva-in-the-Saline-Solution, (Alias Spit-in-the-Ocean) or baseball.

The first Jack fell to Guy.

"Dealer's Choice," he said. "We'll start off with a hand of stud."

He dealt the cards. The Wack found himself with a pair of kings back to back, Guy had an ace up, Mason a deuce, the rest spots. Guy bet a nickle which Mason raised to a dime. A l l followed suit. Guy got another ace, Mason on eight spot, the Wack a nine, and the rest low cards. Guy bet a dime — Mason and the Wack followed suit — the rest dropped out. The next round of cards did nothing to improve any of the hands — Guy bet another dime, and was covered. The next round was the same. The Wack

dropped out. Guy bet two bits — Mason raised him — all looked amazed at Mason's medley of cards. Guy raised back. The Wack told Mason to call.

"Aces on board," said Guy.

"Ha, a pair of twos," said Mason, turning up his hole card.

"What a bluffer!" gasped Art.

"Aces win," said Joe.

"But twos are higher than ones aren't they?" sobbed Mason.

And so the game went on. The room filled with the smoke of the fuming cigars, and the odour of beer and empty beer bottles. The cards flashed across the table as did Mason's money. Oh, he won once or twice, but the drain on his pocket book was steady, for he insisted that a flush was as good as gold in Baseball, that four aces were better than a Royal Flush, on board mind you, and that two pairs were better than three of a kind. By the time the poker playing was over Mason was ten bucks in the hole and the Wack up eleven.

Art cut his way through the haze in the room and returned with a tray loaded with pretzels and oysters. The group settled back for a round of beer, oysters and dirty jokes. Mason sat silent with a dazed look in his eyes.

"We'd better be going," said the Wack. "Mason has to leave on the early train tomorrow."

Bidding the group farewell, the Wack piloted Mason on the way home. Mason still had a dazed look in his eyes. The Wack murmured something about night and daze.

"Ten bucks," said Mason. "Broke! Ah, such are the wages of sin."

"The time has come," the Wack then said, "to speak of many things. How three of a kind do beat a pair, and aces defeat kings."

"You well may rhyme," Mason replied. "You won, I lost." He sadly sighed.

The Wack then said, "Cheer up my lad! Because of your loss be not so sad. Things are really not so bad."

But Mason could but dimly croak. "Alas, alas! Oh, I am so broke."

"Come, come," said the Wack. "Weep not on my collar; buck up my boy, I'll refund every dollar."

And no sooner than it could be told, from his pocket the Wack drew his bulg-

ing billfold.

"Here my good man," he said, "is your ten. Take heed and do not gamble again."

"Ah," said Mason, "you are a gentleman. I'll do the same for you some day if I can."

And so they wander back to the Wack's den, the Mason chuckling over his prodigal ten. There they both slipped quietly to bed and all through the night slept the sleep of the dead. (Gad, how did I ever slip into this?)

— Epilogue —

Early in the morning above the birds sweet chatter, the alarm clock went off with a furious clatter. The Wack leapt lightly from his bed; the Mason rose with pain-racked head. (But enough of this — stick to prose and in a proper manner this epic close.) They dressed rapidly and dashed upstairs for breakfast. Mason was looking rather seedy; he had bags under his eyes the size of steamer trunks. Breakfast over, Mason bade farewell to Mrs Hurter, and with the Wack joined Mr Hurter in the car. In a few minutes they were at Central Station. Mr Hurter left for his office, and the Wack stayed to see Mason off.

"Well," said the Mason. "Montreal is certainly some town. Gosh, my head! Whatta week-end!"

"Come here," said the Wack, pulling Mason into a corner, "I've got something to fix you up."

He pulled a mickey of rye from his pocket. Mason drained half at a gulp.

"Wwwhee," said Mason. "Haaa, that's better."

"Take the rest with you," said Wack.

"Shoo bet," said Mason.

They moved over to the train. Mason entered and was soon leaning out of a window. The train began to move away.

"Shoo long," said Mason, waving his bottle. "Shoo long."

And so ends what can be told of Mason's trip to Montreal. More could not be told, for it must be remembered that this magazine goes through the mails. So let us say that this is the end of the story.

Let us say

ye ende.

Elsner Looks Back

By — Henry Elsner jr

27

Yep, you've guessed it correctly — this is another of those "review" columns. But it will be one which will be run just a little differently than the usual back-number-pro stuff. I intend to concentrate, first of all, on the lesser-known sf stories of merit. Short stories and novelettes, which in many cases have been overshadowed by "classic" serials appearing at the same time, will be emphasized. And those few remarkable stories among the predominant screed of second rate magazines will not be overlooked. Last of all, I think that there are a considerable number of stories that have appeared comparatively recently which have been overlooked chiefly because of the tendency to look back to the "good old days" for the "classics." I might add in passing that I do not necessarily regard all the stories herein reviewed as worthy of classic rating — indeed, because of their very length, short stories cannot come up to longer efforts in certain characteristics — but I do regard them as well-written, entertaining stories; ones which I think you will enjoy reading as much as I have.

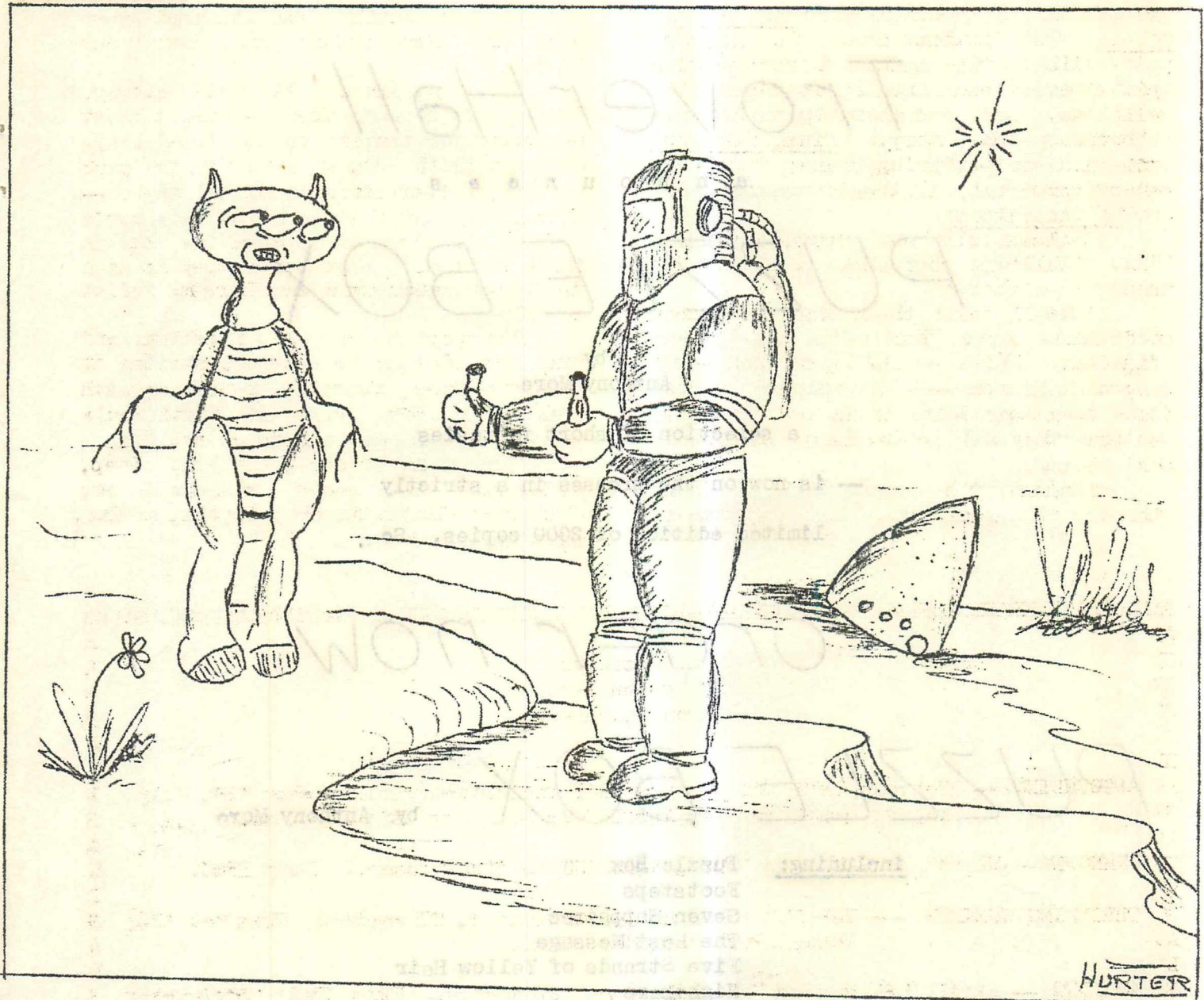
I would appreciate it if CANFAN'S readers would send the names of some of their favorite little-known tales to either myself or Beak, as I am sure that I have missed many excellent stories because of unfavorable first impressions created by a poor pic, an uninteresting blurb, or an inept title.

To start off with, I would like to put in another word of praise for one of my all-time favorite sf tales — a story which I so far seem to have been alone in admiring. It's The Inheritors, published in FUTURE FANTASY & S-F for Oct. 1941, and co-authored by two men known to more as fans than authors: R.W. Lowndes and John B. Michel.

Whenever a fan poll is taken, Hubbard's Final Blackout is sure to come in high up on the list, if not on top. And yet, to my knowledge, a story with a similar theme, and with vastly superior atmosphere has never even been listed on

any poll sheet. The future war-devastated world pictured in The Inheritors is much more fantastically horrible than that of Hubbard. Widespread use of poison gases of many varieties has caused the chemicals in the soil to unite with the gas particles, making the surface of the earth one dense mass of swirling vapors and marsh-like land, upon which neither flora nor fauna can exist. The remaining humans exist in huge underground steel fortresses where all food and air are manufactured. These fortresses are practically impregnable from the outside, and are ceaselessly shelling similar fortresses of the enemy. Generations of humans born growing up in this environment have gradually become sluggish, apathetic and mentally degraded, until no one can remember who is being fought or why; but the work of firing the huge guns about which the fortresses are built must go on. The picture presented is one of a totally futile existence; parts break down and cannot be replaced, water is half-poison, as is the food, and the few humans left with sufficient mental capacity to realize what is happening are unable to do anything but literally wait around to die.

At the time of the story, a small band leaves a fortress in an expedition to the outer world to make peace with a neighbouring fortress in an effort to halt the decline of homo sapiens. The murky world where swirling corrosive vapors eat into the protective "space-suits"; where nothing can be distinguished in the weird half-light is vividly described. As our party of humans gropingly proceeds on its way, several of the men disappear mysteriously. Finally the sought-for fortress is reached and the startling discovery is made that it is in excellent repair, with good food, light and water, yet apparently deserted of all life except one dying man. Then comes the terrifying but somehow fascinating conclusion to which the atmosphere has led the reader to accept as inevitable; though you, perhaps, will be as unprepared for the denouement as I was.



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When you're feeling neighbourly, there's no easier or nicer way to express your feelings than those three familiar words — Flxplba Unk Splrfisk. When the work's all done and relaxing time comes 'round, Martians appreciate a chance to share the hospitality of the pause that rxtlpfs

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As / See / It

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By — Leslie A. Croutch

Beak has suggested that I go into this Fan book publishing a little deeper as he feels some of you haven't got the value of the idea.

Let's plan a fan book as a sample of the idea that I have in mind.

First is the format. I suggest the publisher stick to the so-called "standard" format of Fan publishing: $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$. It isn't necessary of course, but consider the collector and what a switch in formats will do to his bookshelf. And besides, if you are going to do this sort of thing very often, wouldn't it be nice to have your output fairly standardized, in size, so they'll all sort of fit together on the collector's shelf. As for the number of pages, that isn't important. You can, of course, decide ahead of time to make it a certain number of pages, or you can just keep cutting stencils and gathering material until you suddenly figure you have a big enough edition and it is time to quit. But I do think it shouldn't be smaller than 25 or 30 pages, with 50 a better size.

Now, what to publish? You may have a lengthy mss already at hand. Suppose some Fan author has written something no magazine publisher will touch because it is too long? Suppose it consists of 25 pages, double spaced. You decide this will make a good fan-printed book.

First to decide if it will be illustrated or not. Why not? In such a project I feel certain you'll find a good fan artist more than willing to work with you on it. You have to send him the mss so he can pick the scenes. Or you can talk things over with him and work with him on them. You will have an idea of what certain pictures should be like and he will execute them for you. Let's imagine we are going to have 10 pictures. To make it a high quality output, each picture would look better in a frame with a margin of, let's say, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch all around. This can be varied of course. We are supposing this will be done in straight black and white, of course.

Then to stencil the story. At the top of each page it would look nice to print the name of the story and the page

number. We are, you see, trying to copy regular publishing technique with a mimeograph. Each chapter should begin on a fresh page, better the right hand page.

The cover should have on it ONLY the name of the story and author. Nothing else. Inside will be a flyleaf, left blank. Then will follow the title page, containing title, author's name, and at the bottom name only of the publisher. Next page or sheet will contain dedication if any. On the back of this page I consider would be a good place to put the publisher's name and address and information desirable such as number of copies run off, whether first, second or what-have-you edition. Oh yes, I forgot back there; below the author's name on the title page, put the illustrator's name.

Then the next page will contain the index, if the book has chapters.

At the end of the book there should be a fly leaf before the cover. Covers should be of heavy stock, preferably at least twice the weight of inside stock, better about four times the weight. Pages should be stapled before the cover is put on. Cover should be all in one sheet, warp around style, glued on.

Such an ambitious publication should be worth, I think, at least \$1.00 for a 50 page copy.

Then there is the annual sort of thing. Or the collection of various works. This can be made up in book form but would carry stories, articles that cannot be dated, verse & illustrations.

These can come out on an if-and-when basis. No deadline need be met. You set the price of each copy according to the work done, or amount of material presented.

It is possible, I think, to adopt a system that would be a hybrid — a sort of cross between a magazine and a book. Such a publication would have a standard name as does a magazine. But you don't date it, you merely number it. If you have to date it, put this information in a byline inside somewhere, say with the information as to who put it out, where, and so on. This publication could appear

just whenever you felt like it, but should appear once a year at least. Number of pages can vary. Format should not. Material can be anything a book or magazine would present with this difference: nothing can be dated, and length can have no restrictions. Price per copy to be varied according to size, etc.

(I think Beak will allow me the privilege of plugging here: LIGHT will come out on the principal of the foregoing paragraph, this fall. Run will be 150 copies. Size not known yet but will be closer to 30 than to 20 pages! Format standard. Price not set.)

Beak mentions that he has trouble getting letters to pick from for the reader's column. Not bragging, of course, ahem, but I manage to get enough for my publication to be able to do some picking! Beak wants to know what the trouble is. Well, I have found that the average fan is a ding-blasted lazy critter! (You don't mind if I change my style here, do you?) He will read your magazine, and like it, but send in a contribution or write a letter if he doesn't have to, not on your life!

I think the way to get lotsa letters is for the fan editor to be on speakin' terms with all his readers. Write them letters, lots of them. Josh them along. Tell them you want a letter. It doesn't do much good to say this in your magazine, they'll only forget. But if you coyly hint they should write you when you write them, they usually will. Another thing - don't plug your column full of comments on the magazine. Stick in items having nothing to do with Fandom. Correspondents write interesting letters & many times come out with paragraphs on some topic or other that is worth reams of the usual reader comment. Of course it is only right and proper you get their permish, and do so. This goes for the other editors who read this too.

This illustrating game. This is for the artists who may see this. STOP SUBMITTING YOUR MATERIAL ON PAPER! No matter if the editor is the seventh son of a seventh son of a seventh mistress of Michaelangelo, he can't trace your picture, especially if it is very elaborate and get 100% results. Trying to trace a line while your hand is wiggling all over the place spoils the picture, no matter how slight the wiggle.

If you want your work to appear as

you did it, submit it on the stencil, ready for reproducing. A stylus doesn't cost much and stencils are reasonable. In fact, if you approach the editor and coyly suggest it, he most likely will be more than willing to supply the stencils for you to work on. He should. It saves him a lot of work and look at the quality of work he can present.

Talking about Fen, as we were, you know; one of the things the matter with Fandom these days is its proneness to pat itself on the back and say, "Gaw! What a smart feller I be!" Fandom, collectively, with a few exceptions, can not laugh at a joke when the joke's on it. It hurts it all to pieces to have to smile and admit life is fun and what the heck.

Fandom is too preoccupied with itself. It has gotten so it thinks because it publishes magazines, and reads stuff that it has predicted successfully that it is made up of a passel of superior beings, little gods on saggy pedestals. It hates like hell to have a hoax poked in its face. It hates to have somebody point the finger and laugh.

As I See It, fandom as a whole needs more good belly laughs. It needs to come out of its shell and admit there are other things in the world than fantasy and science fiction. It ought to look into life and see the funny side and stop being so all-fired serious, and stop playing at being little governments with arm-long rules and regulations. The particles that make up fandom should stop thinking each one is all right and all the others are all wrong, that because HE thought up the idea HE is right and nobody else is.

Fen will never get along with one another as long as each tries to make the other see things his way. Just because Joe Phann organizes a club and writes a few rules and gets a few others to come in with him is no call to figure his is the only organization and none of the others are any good. It is no call for him to call everyone else a bad name and it does no good for the other to return the disfavor.

What we want in Fandom is more liberalism, more let-live and let-be. Just because I say I don't believe in what somebody says is no reason for that person to suggest I am a communist, a Futurian or anything else.

Wake up, Fandom! Lay down your little sucking bottles and admit life is fun and full of jokes and sometimes the laugh's on you. Laugh even if it is for tomorrow you'll have the laugh on the laugher. Come down from your pedestals and forget that you believed in a few forecasts that came true — you also believed in a whale of a lot that didn't you know. Stop taking yourself so ser-

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iously. There are other things in the too, you know. They are entitled to their beliefs just as much as you.

After all, you know, fanning is fun, it's entertaining, it's maybe even enlightening, but it isn't all there is. It isn't breath and life. Other people live and have as much fun as we do, so why can't we recognize it?

Come on, laugh at yourselves. People are still the cwaziest animals.

THE MAELSTROM (Continued from page 17)

DONN BRAZIER

1329 N. 33rd Street
Milwaukee 8, Wisc.

Cover: This is really an excellent cover. Only one fault: the robe-fold of the devil is badly placed so as to appear part of the girl's arm and shoulder.

Editorial WE: Too much of that opening chatter is done in fanzines. If one likes it, you do well; but I don't like it; it wastes space. Your boost for the Ms Bureau is a valid editorial piece.

Devil In a Pin-Stripe Suit: This story need not have been "anon", as it is excellent fan fiction. It is a "notion" story, and the notion is very exciting. It could have been developed into a pulp formula yarn without too much trouble. Who is "anon"? ((Confidentially, Donn, I have no idea. This story was reprinted from the McGill University Daily, and appeared in it under

that mysterious "Anon". I doubt if any fan can lay claim to this bit of fiction, but perhaps Fred Hurter could give us a clue as to author's identity))

As I See It: The idea is an excellent one: this idea of book publishing for eager fantasts, and Croutch writes very well.

Martians in the Soup: Some excellent bits in this: the queer alphabet soup, "a faux pas seemed in the offing when Rosie — etc.", and the ride that is to include a look at the new sewage system going up. And the sketch is just about Cartier, which means good.

Mason in Montreal: despite such a beautiful remark as "Mon oncle est un crayon" I still do not like this sort of thing.

Stuff & Such: Ah, this is the sort of thing I like: a column that touches those odd little bits of fantasy, science and fandom.

*

FOR SALE: Stf collection. Astounding mags, some dating to 1937. Stories like Slan, World of A, Final Blackout — Unknowns, containing Sinister Barrier and Book of Ptath — TWS mags, Dawn of Flame, and many others — Startlings, with Black Flame, etc — Argosies, with Ship of Ishtar — FFM mags, Weirds, Planets, Amazings, a few Astonishings. First Amazing Annual, Two original drawings from Planet. Pocket Books; 7 Footprints to Satan, Burn Witch, Face In Abyss, Moon Pool, Dwellers in Mirage, Weird Shadow over Innsmouth, Rebirth, Out of this World, Rocket to Morgue, Lost Horizon. Books: Nostradamus, The Man Who Saw Through Time, Oracles of Nostradamus, Creeps by Night. Write for prices. Ask for what you want — might have it.

James R. Gray, Box 204, Hartshorne, Oklahoma.

The Curse of Djedju

Page 34

by Beak Taylor

During the summer, while Rosie, Aunt Edgar and I were wandering about in an old, dried-up canal on Mars, where, you will remember, we had turned up after a Martian fell in our soup, we discovered a rather interesting fact: Mars has two Julys and Augusts, running, oddly enough one after the other.

This was a nice arrangement for Martian school-children you may be sure, but very poor for us since it left us without food or water, our rations not being budgeted for the extra months.

So there we were, staggering about in a delirium, which is Martian for Canal, dodging the herds of Martian Hooffish which were thundering about waiting for the canal to refill. Suddenly a bit of the bank caved in upon us, carrying with it a Martian Octogenarian.

I wonder if any of you have ever seen a Martian Octogenarian. It seems that on Mars it is the custom to grow an extra nose every ten years. This Octogenarian, then, turned out to be a person eight feet tall, which wasn't what you were expecting at all, was it? All right, he was eight feet tall and had eight noses, and he'd graduated from the University of Kazoom when only 65!

This Octogenarian fellow was snuffling around, waving his proboscises at us, sounding eight times worse than Fred Allen, and we were wondering what to do, when the Hooffish crowded past again, pounding him into the pavement. So we didn't have to bother with him at all.

We did get interested in the spot where he had fallen through, however. It seemed to lead into a long passageway. Rosie was leaning in to see where it went when the Hooffish came back to find out if they'd missed anybody, and so we dusted ourselves off and started towards a door at the far end.

Aunt Edgar, the practical type, lurched against a bell. The door, a mass of structure inlaid with raisons, swung open disclosing a long low room lighted only by radio-active toothpaste tubes. At the far end a tremendous Juvian Snaschel was strumming softly on an old Venetian Blind as he sang the Folk Songs of Mars. We had stumbled upon one of the fabulous Blatch houses - so mysterious and obscure in Martian lore that no one had ever heard of them.

Swarms of hooded Martians swayed and moaned in the semi-darkness about the huge figure of the singer, sobbing to the tremulous strains of his refrain, "Ain' Gonna Rain No Mo'". They were perfectly justified in sobbing - these Blatch Houses were so esoteric and mystic that all doors had been concealed for hundreds of years, during which time no one had been able to get out.

As soon as we entered the room, there was a general rush in our direction and the hall emptied in no time, leaving us tottering about by ourselves with a few old newspapers, dead leaves and a janitor who came in to clean up.

Rosie got thirsty, and turned on a hydrant which was standing in a corner all alone, and we were swept back to the canal in a sudden rush of water. Picking up speed along the straightaway, we rounded the first bend and swept through several intersections, drowning ten herds of Hooffish, who had been running about so long waiting for the water they'd forgotten how to swim. At last the wave subsided, leaving us high on our front porch. Since the second August was all over by then anyway, we decided we might just as well stay at home.


Besides, I think this Curse of Djedju was just some propaganda to attract the tourist trade.

Shadow Dance

My thoughts are drifting shadows;
 Blindly they whirl in fevered dances,
 And I am helpless to aid or hinder;
 I merely stand in silence, watching,
 Conscious of the groping fingers
 Of a frigid rain against my window,
 And a black wind howling in sullen fury.....
 I have travelled the highroad
 Through the heat and dust of midday,
 And I have drunk the heady vintage
 Proffered by an earthy people —
 Strong odors have dulled my senses —
 Then why do I yearn this way
 With a fierce consuming hunger
 For a half-remembered perfume,
 And yellow lamplight on cobblestones?
 There were stars that night, I think,
 And a red-lipped woman singing.....
 But now only shadows.....dancing.....

James Russell Gray

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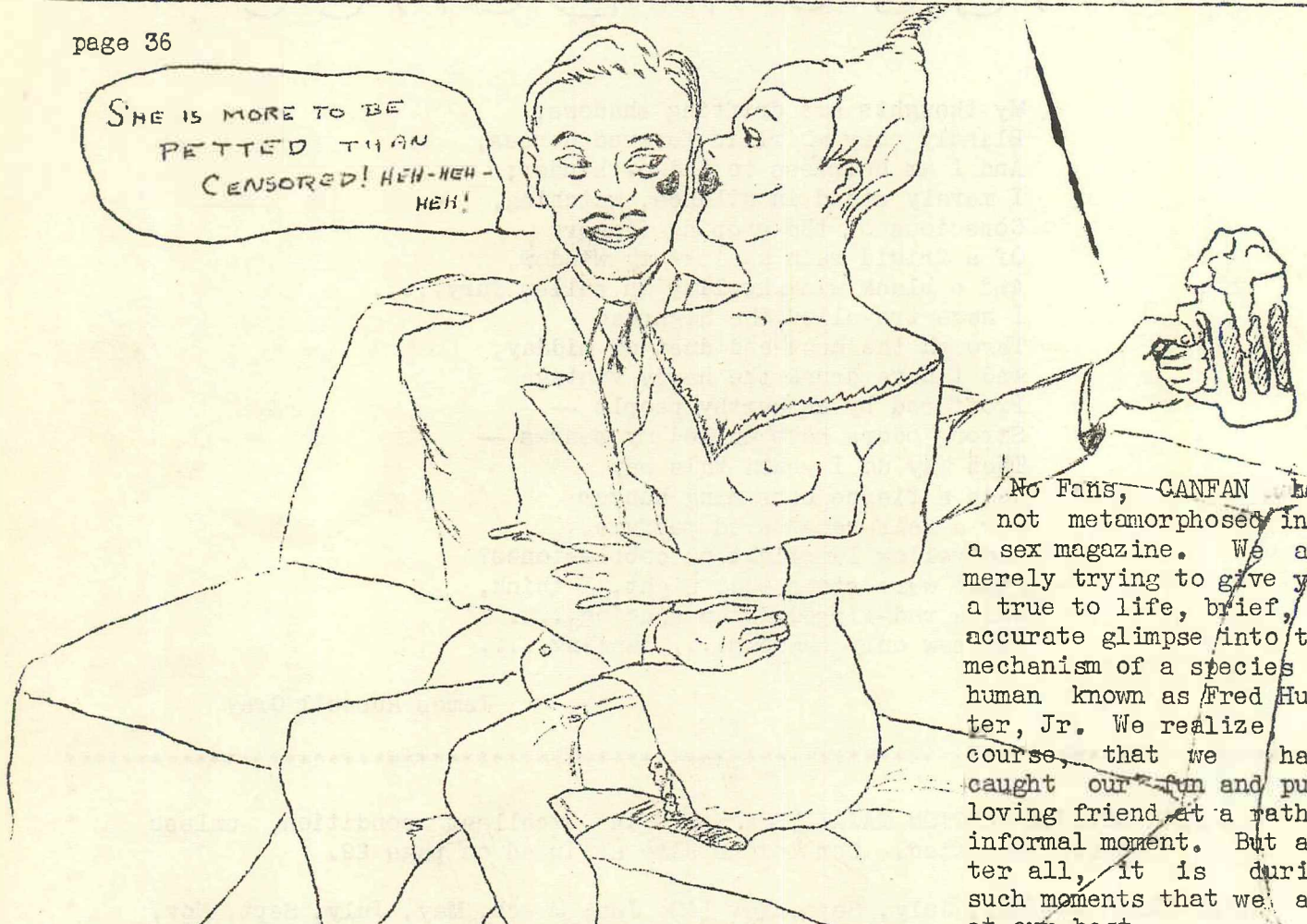
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Fan Personalities

No.
5

page 36

SHE IS MORE TO BE
PETTED THAN
CENSORED! HEH-HEH-
HEH!



No Fans, CANFAN has not metamorphosed into a sex magazine. We are merely trying to give you a true to life, brief, & accurate glimpse into the mechanism of a species of human known as Fred Hurter, Jr. We realize, of course, that we have caught our fun and pub-loving friend at a rather informal moment. But after all, it is during such moments that we are at our best.

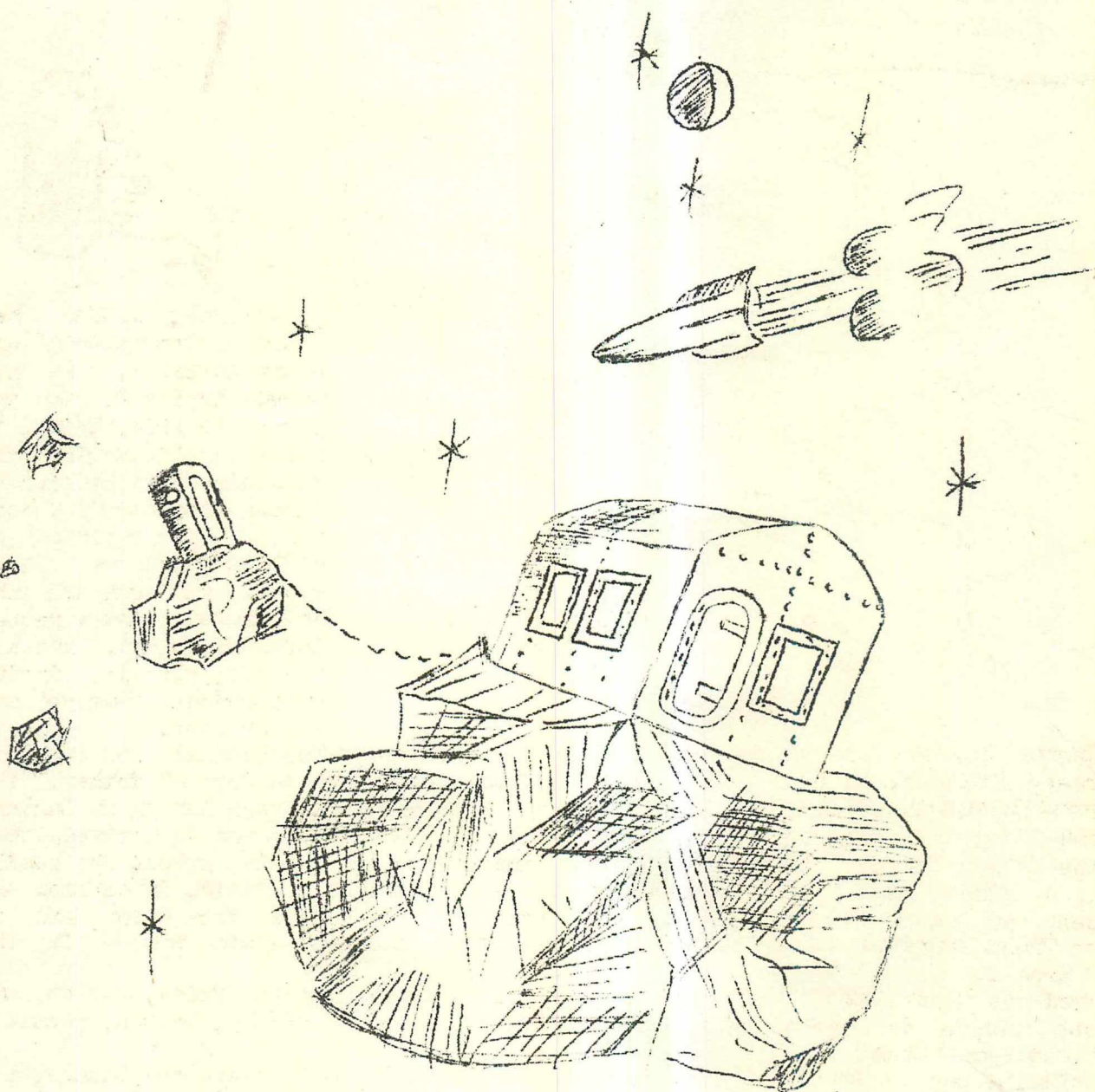
Fred Hurter Jr., the last of the long line of the Hurters of Trachsewald was born in Bucharest, Roumania, on July 18th, 1922 of a Swiss mother and an English father. The Hurters also originally came from Switzerland though they had been living in England for some 200 years. The name is an abbreviation of the original and is derived either from the French "heurter" — to hurt, or the German "hurtig" meaning speed. The family crest, a black half moon pierced by an arrow on a gold shield, dates from the Crusades, and can be found in the ancestral castle a few miles from Berne, and in Schloss Thun, Rapperswil, various churches, and on a stained glass window in the Zurich Museum.

Fred has travelled extensively in Europe, touched on North Africa, Mexico, and the West Indies. He speaks half a dozen Swiss dialects fluently, German, passable French, and some Spanish.

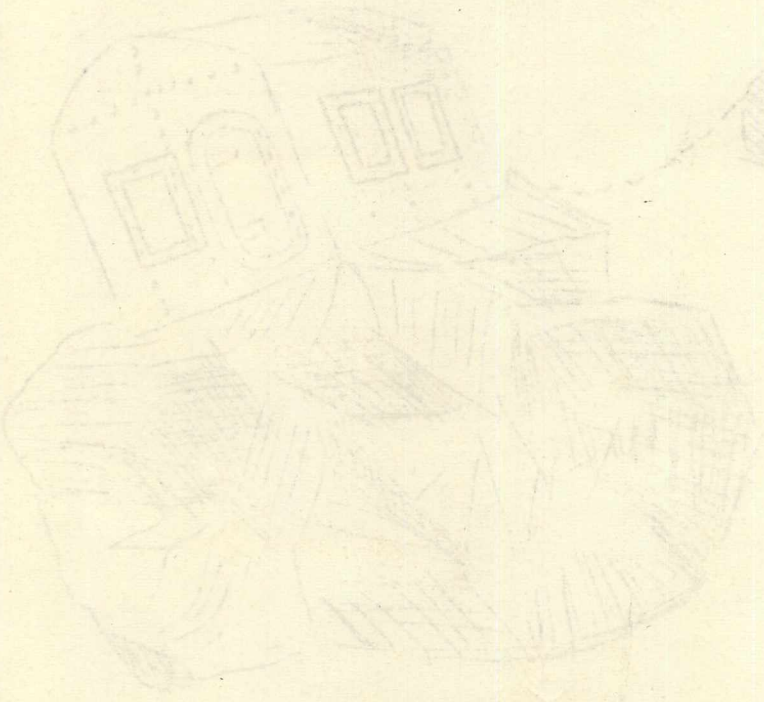
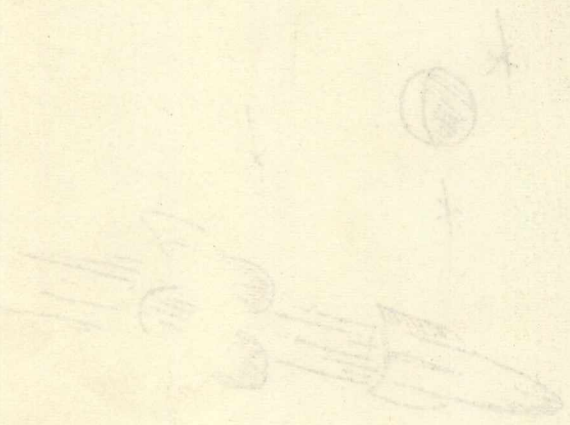
Attended public school in Canada, boarding school in Switzerland and Canada, and graduated from St Andrew's College, and finally from McGill University. Profession — Chemical Engineering.

Physical characteristics: 6 foot, 175 pounds, brown hair and eyes, trick left knee due to a bout with polio contacted at the age of 18. Likes & Hobbies — astronomy, anthropology, beer, women, archeology, stamp collecting, rye, women, amateur telescope making, target shooting, weapon collecting, scotch, women, painting, writing, wine, women, rocketry, swimming, bridge, engineering, rum, women, metallurgy, science fiction, brandy, women, model aircraft, ship and railways, wood work, women, jewelry-making, etc.

Fred was publisher, editor, et al., of CENSORED, "Canada's foremost fanmag", which ran for four issues, and was the only Canadian mag ever to feature a silk screen cover. He's noted for numerous articles and stories which have appeared in many mags, chiefly CANFAN and LIGHT.



HURTER.



MOYER