

CANADIAN FANDOM

No 13

CAFP

SEPT. 1947



PHILCON ISSUE

TORONTO
IN
'48

CANADIAN FANDOM NO. 13

A CAFE Publication

No Longer the Biggest Nickel's Worth in Fandom

Edited & Published By

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118 St George Street
Toronto 5, Ontario.
Canada

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NFFF

September

1947

10¢

10¢ a copy, 3 for 25¢
Will exchange with
any other Fannag
Advertising Rates —
\$1.00 per page
25¢ per quarter page

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Cover by Bob Gibson. Illustrations for An Outline of Hysteria by Beak Taylor

THANK THIS ISSUE TO: Ned McKeown, who lent his house, his Gestetner, and his help, without which this issue would never have been produced; to Ned's Mother and Sister, who helped with the slip-sheeting; to Moe Diner, of Montreal, who spent much of his vacation time with us as we sweated over a hot gestetner, and slip-sheeted, sorted, and generally gave moral support; to Al Betts and John Millard, who spent an evening of labour, sorting and slip-sheeting; to Don Hutchison and Jack Doherty, who did the same; and lastly to Beak Taylor, but for whose able work, this issue might have appeared on time. We Love you all!

Editorial We



By Beak Taylor

This issue is a large one. It is larger than we intended by almost ten pages, as a result of the report on the Fifth World Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia. In this we have attempted to cover Convention Sidelights, as well as write the event up as seen through the eyes of the attendees. One particular section, however, we choose to report as seen by us — the choosing of Toronto for the 1948 Convention.

Naturally, this was for the Canadian triumvirate — John Millard, Ned McKeown and myself, the grand climax of the whole weekend, the piece de resistance, as it were. For Canada to hold such an affair is unprecedented — there has never been a gathering of more than eight in Fan History here, and seldom that. Thus, when John Millard's proposal of Toronto in '48 was overwhelmingly approved, it was not without some trepidation that we began formulating our plans for the great gathering.

Ned and myself had never attended a Convention before; John Millard, former Galactic Roamer, had been to nearly all. Yet, though he has lived in Toronto for some time, and was in the RCAF here for many years, Ned and I met him for the first time in Philadelphia. We had entertained hopeful and dubious thoughts of making a bid for some time, plans which were augmented by urgings from various US Fans. Yet, we felt, until we met friend Millard, that our Toronto group was hardly well-enough organized, nor capable of putting over such a project.

John, however, was the deciding factor; he had been to previous Cons; he knew multitudes of Fans; besides, he was well on in his twenties and looked pretty capable. To top it all off, we'd seen how things were done, and we were pretty confident that it wouldn't be too difficult a job to keep the Convention wheels rolling. Consequently, after discussion between the three of us, it was decided to send John up to the platform with our campaign speech. The rest is history.

What is not yet history, however, is next year's Convention. Some of you may want to know just how matters stand.

First, let me insert a plea here for funds. To become a member of the TORCON SOCIETY requires one thin dollar bill, which should be slipped into an envelope and sent to Ned McKeown, 1398 Mt Pleasant Road, Toronto, Ontario. Membership cards should be ready in a short time, and we need cash to defray such initial expense.

Plans for the TORCON are already well underway. The RAI PURDY STUDIOS have been reserved for July 4th weekend next year, and will provide all facilities necessary for technical operation of the Con. The studios are within a block or two of the hotels where rooms have been tentatively arranged for the thundering herd. Prices here will be scaled to fit the pocket, and those who find themselves short will be able to find cheap accommodation.

We hope to be able to distribute a mimeod sheet at the Convention, giving location of each Fan, as well as a few pertinent facts about the city of Toronto, such as what is to be seen, and where, and what to do if you get lost. Suggestions as to small details such as this which would make for easier enjoyment would be appreciated.

The program is not definitely set, as yet, remaining in the form of nebulous ideas in the heads of the Convention Committee. We hope to have good press and radio coverage, however, and chances for this are excellent. Convention booklet will be somewhat similar to former years, and ads will be solicited as soon as we decide on a printer, get a definite quote on prices, etc. A mimeod sheet should appear sometime in October, giving fuller details.

Space prohibits further TORCON news. Again, we ask that you send in your dollar, along with suggestions and criticisms. Whether or not we can put the big show over depends on your support.

((Continued on Page 20))

By Beak Taylor —

Philcon Report

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The Convention as Seen by Beak Taylor, Ned McKeown and John Millard

Yes, we saw (and heard) the Convention. We absorbed Stf and Fantasy until it issued from our ears. We did everything that was to be done, and touched with awe and reverence the hem on the garments of each and every Ghod in attendance (including Beer, the only true Ghod). In fact, so much went on that we couldn't even begin to relate with accuracy and interest the Tale of the Philcon.

This, then, will not be a play by play account of the Great Contest; that may be obtained from the Official Report to be issued in numerous magazines (including the Philcon Memory Book), and authored by innumerable authors. Instead, we want you to hear about it from those who were there. This account has been written by some of the actual attendees on the trusty Taylor mill, which ran continuously in the foyer of the great Convention Hall during the entire weekend.

First, what were the Fans like in Philadelphia, and how did they receive us? Who could be a better man to tell you about this than Los Angeles' genial dispenser of goodwill, the old Foolosopher, E. E. Evans:

The thing about Fandom that most appeals to me is the glorious hospitality that one meets wherever he goes. We are, without doubt, the most friendly group that I have ever met. In my few short years in Fandom I have done quite a lot of travelling, and wherever I have gone I have found friends — good, likeable people who think as I do, or who think so oppositely that we have wonderful discussions about our differences. So, for the next fifty years, Th' Ol' Foo hopes that there will be a Fandom of which he can be a member. I will admit that there are a few low characters in Fandom, such as the unspeakable Tucker; but otherwise, — I LIKE FANS.

Th' Ol' Foo,

E. E. Evans

Then, from the fingers of a Philly

Feller, one Albert Pepper:

In past years I had been of the opinion that most of the Stf and Fantasy Fans were 90% under 20 years of age.

At the PHILCON I discovered that it was the other way 'round. It is astonishing that the majority of Fans are mature, with an average age (from my observation) of about 30 years.

Albert A. Pepper

Vice-President
P.S.F.S

The first day passed quickly. Fans spent their time listening to addresses by John Campbell Jr, (a summary of which may be found on page 9) the magazine editors, discussing Convention business, and generally getting themselves acclimated. The Convention, as a whole, hadn't quite gotten used to itself yet, tended to be slightly unrelaxed, owing, perhaps, to a feeling of strangeness and uncertainty among many Fen who had come great distances. This passed into limbo, however, at the evening session.

After the publishers had enlightened the eager throng as to future excretions, (details to be found in other mags, we hope) the myriad original illustrations, first issues, rare books and autographed manuscripts were led to auction. Fans were alternately threatened, cajoled, flattered, insulted and ignored by perspiring auctioneers Al Smith, Sam Moskowitz and Erle Korshak.

Prices ran high on some items, good Cartiers, Finlays or Lawrences bringing tall figures. Tom Hadley lurched about bidding at the drop of a hat on Frank R. Paul originals and other choice matter that touched his sodden fancy. Occasionally, in the heat of frenzied battle, he raised his own bids, but the gleam in his eyes when he obtained an original Paul cover illustration for a mere \$31 was beautiful to see.

Generally speaking, the average Fan

was forced to be content with the leftovers from the ravages of the more monied of the crowd. As Sam Moskowitz recalled, in the days of the NYCON total proceeds were considered excellent if they reached \$65. The PHILCON garnered \$450.

This inflation was perhaps the only drawback to an otherwise very enjoyable evening. We managed to snaffle two Finlays and a Cartier for the minimum price of \$9.50 (total). Auctioneer Al Brown, however, was not satisfied. Said he:

Having been inoculated with convention fever, and muscled my way into being the auctioneer, I can truthfully say that there are two types of Fans: the ones with no money; and dealers, the big money men, who have thirty or forty bucks and get all the good stuff. Whatever is left goes to the genial sucker, the common garden variety of Stf Fan.

Certain individuals, dealers and their kind, don't believe in giving the little Fan a break. By bidding high and wanting much of the auction material set up in sets they effectively freeze out the Fans from buying an original or rare item they had wished to bid on.

For many of the Fans, the auction is the big event of the Convention, and walking away empty-handed is, I assure you, a very disappointing feeling, as many Fans well know. For the sake of fairness to the "average Fan", why don't the big boys lay off and give everybody a chance, especially on the choicer items.

Al Brown
139-29 34 Rd
Flushing, NY

FANTASY TIMES, Al Brown, Associate Editor, should carry fuller details in their next issue, and interested parties should purchase a copy. We found few Fan complaining, and outside of Hadley, who probably regretted some of his extravagances the next day, saw few dealers in the swim. The high prices themselves would seem to be more or less the result of conditions — the inflationary environment of today, plus the fact that a few of the fans had come prepared to bid high for things they wanted, and did. From Al Lopez comes a word or two of wisdom on the subject:

This is directed to those who, like myself, are attending a Convention for the first time. You read a lot about

Conventions in the Fan Mags, and hear the real dope from those who have already attended previous conventions. But the one thing no one ever tells you about is the Financial Angle, that is, about coming well-heeled. I arrived at the PHILCON with about 10 dollars to spare, and felt I was ready for anything. I was a normal, sane person — (that is, as sane as any Fan can be) — but at the end of the first day I was penniless, and could have used a hundred spare dollars! Then the torture began. Fans came out with copies of the FANCOLOPEDIA for sale, rare books, hundreds of old, practically mint copies of AMAZING, ASTOUNDING, WONDER, WEIRD, and just about all the old out-of-print and non-existent mags you can think of! And all you can do is just drool. Your credit is no good, naturally; that's to teach you a lesson, so that when you are a sophomore at the Convention you will do your part to keep secret the truth about the financial tortures that first-timers have to undergo.

Except for the above, conventions are swell fun. You have a chance to pal with the publishers, eat with the editors, argue with the authors, and act foolish with the rest of the Fans. I leave this Convention raving mad, full of frustrations, (from mags, Fanzines, illustrations and women that I couldn't get!) but I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

See you at the next Con!

Al Lopez

Some Fans, of course, came prepared. They had money tucked inside their socks, tied around their waist, pasted under their unmentionables. But did the artistry of such as Finlay and Rogers tempt these foresighted souls. Nay! For them was the lure of Bacchus and the great Ghod Poker. From seven O'clock onwards, the Penn-Sheraton was filled with grim groups shelling out for the "pot", digging deep into their jeans for an extra shekel or two. Just why it was that 90% of the poker players seemed to have lost their life's savings we were never able to figure out. We suspect a ringer in the crowd.

Be that as it may, innumerable Fans found respite and solace in the great American indoor sport. We were, natural-

ly, unable to cover the entire field. We bring you, however, a leftover ace from room 1048 where "Natural" Saari and "Bones" DeJack held forth for the entire weekend, upon which the signatures of several of the culprits have been placed:



From 1048 come Saari, DeJack, Evans, Agnew, Korshak and Widner, while 701 is represented by Tucker, Boff Perry, Houck, Pohl, Alsdorf and Fortyle. Proprietors Saari and DeJack were induced to make a few well-chosen remarks:

What would a Convention be without a poker game.....? The one last nite was going fine, till Hadley dropped in, and today in Puritanical Philadelphia you can't get anything stronger than lemonade, but s'help me we're going to have that game just the same. (I can't get back home if I don't win.) Madle and Korshak were feeling their cups, and never could find the proper container.

Saari & De Jack

Among the interesting sidelights of the whole affair was the fact that Brothers of the Sigma Alpha Rho Fraternity were holding their Convention in the Penn-Sheraton over the same weekend. Our meetings were continually being disturbed by the comings and goings of mystified Fraternity boys who happened to lurch into the wrong room. Sad to say, no conversions were recorded, though the flocks of original illustrations posted about the hall, especially Finlay nudes, interested them strangely. Evening addresses were always attended by one or two sad figures in formal attire looking for a dance. From

the memoirs of Gerry de la Ree (Fubach's collection) the following anecdote should prove interesting:

News Item: Sigma Alpha Rho, noisy male Fraternity held its Convention in the Penn-Sheraton at the same time the Scientifictionists were convening.

Scene: Third floor.

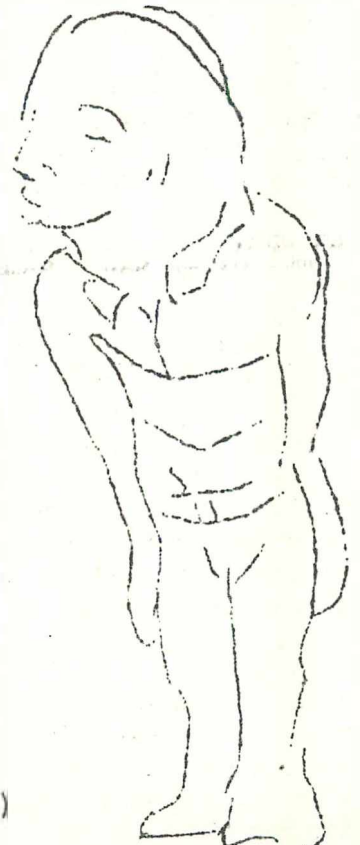
Time: Saturday, 10:30 P.M.

Joe Kennedy, Algis Budrys, and yours truly had just arrived on the third floor via the fire escape (which is an improvement over the elevator) when I chanced to notice one of the Sigma boys arguing with Joe Sellinger, erstwhile Philadelphia Stf Fan. Sitting demurely in the background was a female Sigma.

"But the man at the desk said that the head bell captain is supposed to open my door for me!" shouted the male Sigma. "And I demand that you open it immediately."

"I am not the bell captain," blurted out slightly inebriated Sellinger.

At this point I interposed and said to Sellinger, "Now you know you look like



((Sketch of Sigma (Male) done by Bob Stein especially for CANADIAN FANDOM))

a bell captain." Whereupon he vaulted the three remaining steps and pursued me down the hall at a rapid clip. After I had soothed him, I thought the affair was

at an end.

The Sigma boy, however, was a persistent cuss. You would be too with a female Sigma patiently waiting in the background. For a second time the Fraternity Brother approached Sellinger.

"Look! I insist you open my door. I just got back in town and the man at the desk said you had to open the door."

"Okay, okay," retorted Sellinger in a conciliatory voice. "Come on, if you want me to break the door down, I'll do it."

With that the beaten Sellinger and two happy Sigmas, one male and one female, trotted merrily down the hall in search of a certain door.

Larry del Rey

P.S. They went through the transom.

Naturally, one of the big attractions of the Philcon was the chance to meet and converse with many of the luminaries of the Stf World. We cherish particularly memories of long conversations with Hubert Rogers, Col. David H. Keller and his wife, Lester Del Rey, Fred Pohl and Dave Kyle, plus many others. Many of these finally acquiesced to our pestering to "please write something for our Fan-magazine." If a poll were held to determine the most unpopular Fan or Fanz at the PHILCON, we dare say that the progenitors of CANFAN would take home the brass monkey.

Anyway, let us hear from E. E. Smith Ph. D, whose Children of the Lens, fourth of the Lensman series is soon to be published in ASTOUNDING:

Science Fiction Fandom, previously an almost exclusively American institution, insofar as attendance at the "world" S-F Convention is concerned, is beginning to branch out and to justify its name. Three Canadian Fans, John Millard, Ned McKeown, and Beak Taylor, attended the PHILCON.

While I have not been able to attend very many of these Conventions, I enjoy them immensely, and am very highly pleased that these nationals of our neighbouring nation were able to join us.

I hope sincerely that these three and many more will be with us at future meetings.

Doc Smith's address to the Convention will be found on page 8 in its entirety.

Next, a few words of greeting from Lester del Rey, a pleasant chap and author of Though Dreamers Die, Kindness, Whom The Gods Love, Lunar Landing, and many other great ASTOUNDING stories:

I've been already told that Campbell and the others have covered all the important subjects; and since I'm too much out of practice to have any hope of out-writing them, I'll have to babble on without either the hope of sense or any particular sensibility.

However, I really am glad to have a chance of jotting down something for the Canadian Fans. I think that sectionalism and ignorance are almost synonymous; and it would be a most unfortunate thing if we were to develop what we in the U.S. have the arrogance to call "American" (what a name for anything less than both continents!) Stf and Canadian Stf and all the other local forms. So I'm darned glad to see our Northern Fans get down here to pay a little visit to us Southern Fans. And I hope we can repay the compliment.

You've already given us one van Vogt, to mention one thing; now, doggone it, why can't you give us a prozine to hold him, and to let us overflow into — though that may be only my commercial and mercenary side coming out. You've given us a good look at a few of yourselves, and we like the samples — please send down more. Personally, I think it might be even better if we could come up North next year so that we could all get a really good look at you.

For my part, I've had the pleasure and I'd like an invitation back.

Actually, though, I have little right to comment. I guess — I'm not too active a Fan. This is my first convention. I'm having a darned good time, and I hope this is only the first of a few score. I'm getting the idea, finally, of why the Fans will go to the trouble of coming here from a thousand to three thousand miles away.

I only hope that you'll all be with us at the next Convention, and that you will all have as good a time then as I'm having now.

Lester del Rey

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D

Hope we see you at the TORCON next year, Lester. We were happy indeed to receive the approval of the PHILCON for Toronto in '48. This should give us the chance at last to cement the bonds between U. S. and Canuck Fandom; never in history has a large-scale meeting taken place between these two factions. We believe that it will not only give you Southerners a chance to look at Canada and Canadians, but prove to be instrumental in bringing closer contact and cooperation. Theodore Sturgeon, author of Killdozer, Maturity, Mewhu's Jet, among others, gives voice to similar sentiments:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I learned this afternoon that Toronto in '48 won out. This is a strong move toward internationalism at a time when "One World or None" is a matter of urgent importance.

My greetings to Canadian Fans. I hereby promise to use a Canadian locale for a forthcoming Sci-Fantasy job — Canada, and particularly Ontario, being one of my favorite stamping grounds.

Theodore Sturgeon

Two old-timers at the Convention were Frederick Pohl and Dave Kyle. Fred was induced to sit still long enough for Dave to whip up a pen sketch, reproduced across the aisle. Fans will remember him as the Editor of ASTONISHING & SUPER SCIENCE for a couple of years. He's written more than 30 Stf stories under the pseudonyms James MacCreigh and Scott Mariner.

Dave Kyle is a well-known illustrator and erstwhile Brooklyn Fan. Back in 34-38 he was Brooklyn Science Fiction League Vice Chairman. He was Official Editor of the International Scientific Association, which sponsored the 1st Convention. Several Fanmags came from the hand of Kyle, his favorite being MIND OF MAN which ran four issues back in '37. Several mags have seen his illustrations, among them the Canadian SCIENCE FICTION.

The November issue of ASTOUNDING will contain Doc Smith's Children of the Lens, as we mentioned before. What we didn't say, however, was the fact that the cover illustration for this great story is by none other than Hubert Rogers. Canadians will be interested to know that this artist is by birth a Canadian,



This purports
to be
Frederick Pohl

having first seen the light of day on Prince Edward Island, "many years ago". He studied art at Central Technical School in Toronto, was a Gunner in the Canadian Garrison Artillery, serving in Canada, England and France 1916 - 19. From Hubert comes a word or two of greeting:

Greetings to Science Fiction Fans and all fellow escapists content only with speeds above the trans-sonic area.

More velocity to you.

HUBERT ROGERS

After leaving Central Tech, he moved to Boston, where he studied at the Boston Museum of Fine Art under Jonas Lie, former President of the National Academy. He returned to Canada again during the Second World War, where he was employed by the Wartime Information Board in Ottawa, working on war posters and booklets. Canadians should remember his Men of Valor series. As well as doing illustrations for ASTOUNDING, he had pics in ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, books by Edward Ellsberg (now Captain Ellsberg), John Buchan, and others.

Among the more important and interesting moments of the Convention were the addresses given by the various guest

speakers. Attendees heard John Campbell discuss the future of Atomic Energy, Bob Tucker dissertate eruditely on Etc., E. E. Smith Ph. D., on Whither?, L. Sprague deCamp Adventures in the Occult, Chan Davis conducting a discussion on I s Science Catching up With Science Fiction?, Erle M. Korshak on The Collecting and Enjoyment of Fantasy Literature, George O. Smith on A Precise Science, and Symposium of Interplanetary Travel conducted by Willy Ley and Thomas Gardner Ph. D.

While we could not hope to bring you contexts of all these speeches, we have, however, done the next best thing. John Campbell was prevailed upon to summarize his Address, Doc Smith handed over the manuscript of Whither?, which we reprint in its entirety, and L. Sprague deCamp took the meat from Adventures in the Occult and dictated a few paragraphs to Ned McKeown. The following, then, will be devoted to these three works:

ATOMIC ENERGY

John W Campbell Jr

Commercial application of large scale atomic power is going to be delayed by the peculiar and very special types of experimentation that will have to precede any power-producing atomic piles. The overwhelming basic facts in the situation that make the problem super-tough are two-fold; no small-scale piles can be built. There's a critical-size factor in atomic piles as well as in atomic bombs. Second, a pile, once it has been operated at high-power level, cannot be opened or altered in any way for about 5,000 years; it has been saturated with radioactivity to an immensely lethal degree. These factors combine to mean that about \$20,000,000 must be invested in the experimental pile, and that, if the design proves falacious, the whole \$20,000,000 is irrevocably gone. Experimental work is therefore extremely difficult, and since our available data is so sketchy, represents to any engineer's career a high degree of danger.

But we shouldn't confine our attention to atomic power - the idea of atomic energy harnessed to turn generators and produce electrical power. There's one, but only one, aspect of atomic energy. Heretofore, Man has had three great

classes of energy; mechanical, chemical and electrical. Each class has its own special properties, and its own unique abilities. Directly applied, chemical energy can corrode, but not turn a shaft, mechanical energy can pump water, but not dissociate it to hydrogen and oxygen, and neither form can generate a radio wave - which is a simple and direct job for electrical energy. Electrical energy is the highest, most flexible form of energy we've had; it can dissociate water, or produce mechanical turning of a shaft directly (as in an electrostatic motor). Atomic energy, the highest of any known now, can be degraded to mechanical, electrical, or chemical - but it can also perform things no other form of energy can. Transmutation can be brought about by elaborate trick gadgets using electrical energy - but atomic energy does it easily, directly, and naturally. The power aspect of atomic energy is, therefore, actually a minor aspect - but we have no idea as yet, what the big applications will be.



WHITHER

E. E. Smith Ph. D.

Most of you will remember DeCamp's very fine article on The Science Of Whithering. That thought has been with me more and more of late, because I, personally, could use to very good advantage a sixteen-cylinder, front drive whitherer of my own - preferably one carrying as standard equipment a high-powered crystal ball. With such an outfit I might be able to determine the line of whithering of my favorite reading matter, scientific fiction.

Whither is scientific fiction whithering? And why? And who is doing it?

According to my friend, JWC Jr., who isn't in the habit of talking merely to make a noise, we fans as a group are a very minor factor in the circulation of any leading Promag. The difference would not be statistically perceptible if we all

stopped buying it on the same day. He likes us because we are articulate, whereas the rest of his readers are not. If they like his magazine they keep on buying it; if they do not, they don't. As he changes the nature of his published material — and with changes in economic conditions and other more or less reasonable factors — his sales go up; or down.

Since each editor's job — and salary — depend upon circulation, he must select and publish stories which in his opinion are most conducive to increased circulation. That is his business. Therefore neither Fan nor author has any right to question any decision of any editor; nor to expect that his opinion, however vigorously expressed, will be counted for more than it actually is — one reader's opinion. If we, as readers, do not like any particular magazine, we can stop buying it. If we, as authors, find that our stuff no longer fits into any given editor's scheme, we can do one of three things — change with what the editor regards as "the times" and slant our stories accordingly; seek another outlet; or stop writing.

Whithering has affected me both as a Fan and as an author. Thus, I stopped buying AMAZING some time ago, although I am no less friendly with Palmer because my tastes do not agree with those of the audience to which he is catering. Most of you will agree with me, I think, that ASTOUNDING is still tops, from the Fan's viewpoint, even though there have been indications that some Fans think that our favorite mag has gone highbrow or high hat. Campbell says, or at least implies very strongly, that Science Fiction is changing; a conclusion with which I am unable to agree. If this were the case, the leading magazines would all be changing, and in the same direction, which does not seem to be happening.

From my place in the far bleachers — admittedly a place a poor seeing — it would appear more logical to conclude that Campbell is reaching out for, and is succeeding in catching, a larger and perhaps more sophisticated audience. Thus, instead of bracketing with every salvo the reading group of which I am representative, as he did a few years ago, he has swung his sights so that this group, while still in the target area, is no longer at

the center of impact.

Please do not take this as a denial that trends in literature, as in other things, do exist. Kids read comic books now, instead of dime novels, and so on. That fact, however, has no bearing upon my belief that the reader who liked Anthony Gilmore ten years ago will still like him ten years from now; and the same holds true for Starzl, for Williamson, and for many others.

It is this aspect of whithering — of trends, if trends there are — which concerns me as an author. Campbell says, and his saying makes it a fact as far as ASTOUNDING is concerned, that the days of the super-duper are over. "Skylark" Smith is definitely passé. Thus, I more than half expected him to reject Children of the Lens, and say in all seriousness that it must have been a very difficult decision for him to make. I also say, equally seriously, that his editorial announcement of that yarn was a sheer masterpiece of editorial art.

Should "Skylark" Smith change? Could he change that much, even if he wanted to? Probably not. And, while I can imagine myself doing a lot of things, imitating another writer is not one of them. There is only one van Vogt, one George O. Smith, one Sturgeon, one DeCamp, one Heinlein, one Hubbard. Therefore it is highly problematical whether any more of my stuff will appear in ASTOUNDING — nor would our cordial personal relationship be affected in any way by such an eventuality.

Now as to the whithering of the other leader, TWS. Its editor declared, a while back, that he could not understand book publishers. No more can I understand him — he has me completely baffled.

I have a complete file of all the Wonders. While I have not had time to read all of the later issues of THRILLING WONDER, I fully intend to. It was always readable. It seldom hit any highs, in my opinion; but on the other hand, it almost never hit a bad low. Formula stuff, I thought, written by men who could really write. The consensus of Fan Opinion would probably rate it second of all the Pros; almost certainly no lower than third. Yet its editor, in his capacity of book reviewer, does not seem to like Science Fiction books.

Ho was enthusiastic about Wellman's Find My Killer, stating frankly that its only connection with Science Fiction was its author. Shakespeare had a phrase completely descriptive of his treatment of Taine, one of S-F's top-drawer immortals. Van Vogt might have written a really good Weapon Makers — IF. Williamson might be OK for those who like that kind of formula stuff, but bored him practically to extinction. My Spacehounds was juvenile and slam-bang-whammy; the Skylark was so bad that he did not see how any publisher could touch it.

Yet WONDER'S editor — I am not sure, of course, that it was the same person — bragged, in the October issue, that that issue was hitting such a tremendous new high point that he had little hope of being able to continue on that level of excellence. To my mind, the most remarkable — and it was really outstanding — thing about the October issue was the tale The Darker Drink, by Leslie Charteris. Now, I like Charteris, and I like the Saint; but I do not see how anyone, by any stretch of the imagination, can call that story scientific fiction.

I am intensely interested in Avon's two new projects. In the one, is Wellman trying to out-Campbell Campbell? And in the low-brow one, is he inviting too much hack? I sincerely hope that in one or both of these new magazines we Fans will find a good measure of the kind of scientific fiction which we really like.

ter and Milt and I paid our respects to the birthplace of the Declaration of the Constitution.....Chlorinated water.....Gus Willmorth and bride.....Trudy Kuslan, more a knockout than ever.....We wondered what the Convention meant to Benson Dooling, who spent it in sodden slumber or leaning vaguely on his cane, but the PSFSers say he's really a jolly fellow.... The remarkable resemblance in appearance between Al Lopez of Pooh Corners and Art Widner.....The little chap who at the peak of inebriation began to verbalize his inferiority complex.....Campbell's amazing ability to engage in a smutty limerick session or a discussion of ASF's racial policy without additions or dilutions of alcohol in between ((or his two-fingered typing, which somehow was quite accurate!))....Who began the pronunciation, "Bluebeard" for the Blue Bird Restaurant?

The weather was muggy or rainy for the most part. The first day opened with torrents. One theory was that this was the cold air mass which the QUINTESSENCE OF FOOF00 pulled with it from the far Northwest, but others said that it was the God of Storms endeavoring to expunge a certain blasphemous slogan, after the prophet Woolmouth, tempered on the back side of the car by Stein, together with slight modifications of a pair of Weapon Shop mottoes on the side.

Notable fact about the gab sessions was how much of Science discussion there was. Not only did many attenders join in the formal forums led by Campbell and others, but also in the hotel rooms, cafes, were attacked nuclear physics, statistical theory, radar problems, ktp. Once Stanley voiced the heretical thought that we will find little to interest us on other planets.....Campbell earned a lot of good will by speaking out against Roger Sherman Hoar's proposal to threaten the civil liberties of left wingers.....But the hottest bullfest of the Convention featured Davis and Campbell as principals. Chan and some others left of center had already agreed that we could do little but get ready for the war and breakdown, and that the United States was heading into fascism, when mention of the preventive-war possibility drew Campbell in. Davis tried to defend Soviet foreign policy and stood at a disadvantage. Tho' he and JWC are friends of several years' standing, he had theretofore avoided

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

Adventures in the Occult may be located on page 20. We know this is an extremely sloppy method of doing things, but necessary, inasmuch as Ned McKeown has run off to London for a few days with the rough notes, and we want to get these stencils cut as soon as possible.

A few days after we had returned home, a letter arrived. It read:

Beak:

Here are some Convention lowlights that may be overlooked in more formal accounts: ' ' One-way streets, and the Quaker City shut up as tight on Saturday and Labour Day as for the Sabbath. Apparently there was very little sightseeing in the historic town, though Les-

political discussions with him.

Altho' initial reaction seemed favorable, it appears that by the final session on resolutions too many attendees had made up their minds against the anti-Shaver declaration for it to stand any chance of passage. It is regrettable, however, that the final consideration was carried on in the hurried, tired atmosphere of the last hours before a Congressional adjournment. The question of possibly libelous effect, for instance, deserved going into thoroughly, and there should have been an opportunity to consider amendments if desired. Instead, discussion of the point was limited to an exchange between Doc Smith and me, and someone's assertion on the basis of conversation with an unidentified lawyer in the crowd, that there was a possibility of considering the closing paragraph libelous.

On the whole, I think the Philcon was the best Convention yet. It was well conceived and competently managed, and full of lovely people and interesting doings. Several criticisms have come up which may deserve attention for the future. The first has Rothman's offhand approval, that the Convention should at certain periods have been split up into two or more interest groups going on simultaneously. As it was, many of the parts of the agenda inevitably interested only a portion of the Conventioneers, and those not interested would presently get up and go out into the foyer where typing was going on, or the bar, or to the back of the room to look at exhibits; others gathered around in little knots and such a hum of talk arose as to interfere seriously with the main business.....I heard some kicks that book publishers took too much time to tout their wares.... A Post-Philcon gathering in New York judged the publicity inadequate, believing that there should have been direct-mail advertising to a thousand or so people, and saying that the time and place were so poorly publicized that some Fen after deciding to attend found it difficult to dig up the dope.....A major disappointment was the smallness of the attendance from New York Proper. While the North Jersey group was out in good strength, the QSFL was badly represented, and there were many conspicuous absences, such as Sykora (who was putting the fin-

ishing touches on a book), Taurasi, Gnaedinger, Wollheim, as well as others who stopped in but briefly; Searles, Pohl.

We did considerable singing. A few crooners used the p.a. system in the Hall, and at the banquet a soloist rendered the saga of Cocaine Lil, but most songs were in the hotel rooms: bawdy ditties, space-men's and Stfnistic ballads to familiar tunes (the ESFA seems to go in for this all the time), and some Starvation Army hymns when wickedness was at its height.

People next door rapping for quiet as a session in an ESFA apartment reached its height....What possesses Fen to waste precious Convention time sitting around all night saying, "Raise you," or, "I pass"?.....Rooftop expedition with the ESFA the last night, and special avoiding action after a remainder sack of Toronto Campaign Peaches was dropped from a balcony.....Bread and water on which the banquet opened.....An ESFan at my elbow forecasting what would come next in a Keller speech, and another counting the frequency of "I" per minute....."Mr Merwin, do you have any idea when you'll publish UNKNOWN again?"

Use this any way that's convenient. Success to the CONVENTION.

JACK SPEER

During one of the many addresses, we chanced to leave our trusty typewriter unguarded for a moment or two. When we returned, low and behold, words of wisdom had been written thereupon by some disillusioned soul, a vile slanderer who refused to leave his name:

Now that the Fifth is about over, I would imagine that the hotel management is more than pleased. I would say that the Fanites conducted themselves as befitted a well-sexed herd of hogs. Or maybe they weren't so well-sexed after all. Most of the female Fans and all of the male ones suffered from a lack of it, I would say. The majority were single, the rest had frigid wives.

The alcohie ((Ahah?)) was of a medium grade, that is all. Aside to Hadley: yours wasn't bad.

All in all, and in summing up, to hell with the PHILCON.

Anon
An unjustified attack, indeed, and

in no way representative of the opinion of us Canfans.

From St. Louis, birthplace of jazz, comes one Harry B. Moore, a big, hefty fellow with a 'B' in his bonnet:

It irritated me that Rothman considered it out of the question for absent Fans to make a bid for their city for a Convention. See also GORGON. The Coloradans are "ready any time" to sponsor a Convention. Why should a large vociferous be not only practically necessary, but legally so? There should be a continuing law for — or against, if the majority rules so — laid down by vote, not by a snap decision such as Milty's.

And secondly, I suggest that everybody receive guides (in the program booklets) plus mimeo'd extra sheets giving each visitor's room number in the hotel. Then you could just walk right to the bull session you desired.

Stiffically Yours,

Harry B. Moore

Your first problem is one that can only be decided by Fan vote, Harry. Perhaps it can be introduced as a motion in the Fan Business section of the TORCON. As far as your second suggestion goes, our committee here will make every effort to comply. Should other Fans have ideas in their heads, let us hear about them.

Among the Sagas of Science Fiction, to be repeated whenever Fen speak of courage and resourcefulness, the name of SPEER will live forever. Not merely because Speer is the only true Ghod, (or is that Beer?) but because of the escapades of that doughty Hero in the Hotel Penn-Sheraton during the weekend of the Convention. Speer was just about the biggest thing since Olympus closed. From the pen of scribe Christensen comes a first-hand report of this latest Oddessey:

I write this at a time of grave uncertainty. Neither Chan Davis nor Jack Speer has returned from a jaunt to the roof of the Penn-Sheraton Hotel which resulted in a spectacular display of fireworks last night. It is my sad duty to report the circumstances which caused them to be missing in action.

At three O'clock on the night of August 31st, Juffus became bored with the company of three blondes, five bottles,

and a virgin glass. In the words of Bristol himself, "I don't touch the stuff." So, pushing the floor away from him, he managed to stand up and race a scuttling cockroach down the ninth floor corridor. The cockroach cheated by running under Speer's foot and thus becoming squashed, so our disillusioned hero deemed it necessary to uncover other sources of amusement. At this point, Chan Davis, Al Lopez and Ron Christensen came down the hall, and the fiery blasts that emitted from Davis's mouth reminded Jack: what about the fireworks bought back in Oklahoma? Well, what about them?

"Let's go!" chorused the other three, attempting to crawl into a nearby firehose. "Let's go!" echoed the holy ghost of the cockroach.

Residents of the Penn-Sheraton will know of the rest of my tale. The hotel management will gnash its teeth in vain fury. Since the fireworks were in the baggage compartment of the QUINTESSENCE OF FOOFOO, and since Beer is the only True Ghod, our little band adjourned to that vehicle and took out said fireworks. After several cherry bombs refused to work, the four realized that experiments with those explosives were neither intellectual nor befitting of their true scientific curiosity. So, the rockets were broken out, with a solemn invocation to Willy Ley, and one was fired. The noise was terrific, but gravity, specific, pulled the poor shell to the ground. Or, rather, into a tree. Just as the next firework, a so-called Roman Candle, was about to be fired by Speer, and just as Chan Davis had lighted a firecracker, a shiny red police car zipped by. If you have never seen a car do a double take (as popularized by Hollywood), you should have seen that car shoot back to the four anarchists.

"Say, do you know what time it is?" asked the policeman, or flatfoot, if you prefer.

"Five O'clock, I guess," Al answered in an informative manner.

"Five O'clock?" reiterated the cop, or policeman, if you prefer. "Do you think that just because you don't want to sleep, that nobody else does?" He did not use such clean-cut grammar, however.

"Then get the hell along before we decide to take you down to the station!" said the flatfoot (or cop, if you prefer)

obviously possessing no desire to ascertain the exact time.

Thereupon Davis and Lopez gathered the sad remnants of the fireworks and retreated to the hotel with your reporter and Speer following. The tenth floor of said hotel seemed like a good launching site for a few rockets, so that was the next objective.

Ignoring the police patrol car, which was now circling warily about the hotel, our heroes heralded their spectacular display with a well-directed Roman Candle. After that, several firecrackers were dropped downwards, and the first stirrings of the hotel management could be faintly heard. The roof seemed a better vantage point, and a more secure bastion to thwart the hotel officials.

Al and I left the others then, since the clamor of scurrying bellhops seemed to be becoming increasingly loud.

Nay, and it has been many moons since I last saw Chan and Jack, and I shake with a fear of the unknown.

no history!

The legend of Speer does not cease here, however. From Chan Davis, a contemporary historian, comes another version of the epic:

THE DRUMS OF RUMOR

Fabrications of various degrees of innocence have been circulated concerning the activities of Jack Speer and Chan Davis during the early morning of Labor Day. Ron Christensen's version results simply from that ignorance which can hamper an earnest Fan Journalist almost as much as lack of imagination; while the account given by Tucker and Moskowitz, ((an unpublished rumor, entirely unfounded, of course, which was circulated by these gentlemen during the convention proper claiming that sums of money had had to be produced to liberate Speer and Davis from the local bastille, as well as lurid tales of Flynn-like sallies upon Philly Fillies)) dealing with advances made by Speer, Davis and Degler ((!!!)) upon a lone virginal Philadelphian, suffers far less from lack of imagination than from failure of ethics. The only way to still these and other current drums seems to be to give a complete and unexpurgated (well, not very) history of the actual happenings.

We start from a wee-hour boozing session in whoever-it-was's room (Hadley's I think). Small knots of twenty-odd Stefnists each are gathered in various parts of the room, and discussions are raging on such topics as, Is Science Catching Up With Science Fiction?, Is "God" a Twenty-sixth Order or a Twenty-seventh Order Abstraction?, and, What is the Proper Last Line For, "There Was a Young Man From Pawtucket"? ((Whatever it is, I'll bet it isn't proper.)) The principals in our drama are wearying of this highly organized semantic activity; Davis has had a good deal to drink, while staying up past midnight always has gone to Speer's head.

"Ah!" says Speer, interrupting the second verse of Foggy Foggy Dew.

"Ah?" echo Ron Christensen and Al Lopez. Davis begins the second verse over again.

"Ah," continues Speer, "I have just remembered the fireworks I bought in Oklahoma last year, which are now sitting in the QUINTESENCE OF FOOF00's hippocket. Don't you think —"

"Ah!" reply Christensen and Lopez with enthusiasm. Davis comments only, "Oh, now I am a bachelor, I live with my son," but several shaddups later he abandons his song, yea even his glass, to follow the others.

And several Roman Candles later than that — arrives the law, behold it! The law, or at least two of its Philly incarnations, draws up in a squad car of Roman Candle Red and makes several trite but sincere comments on the undesirability of fireworks within the city limits. The arguments put forward, though for the most part implicit, are convincing. Our little band collects its remaining grenades and retires to the Penn-Sheraton Hotel once more, and Davis begins to yodel, "I live with my son and we work at the weaver's trade."

However, the morning's adventures are not yet at an end. Next on the program is an expedition to the Hotel's upper fire escapes, there to continue antisocial activities. At such a flagrant misdemeanor as this, Christensen and Lopez soon rebel. But Speer and Davis, woe to them, can't break away from the reverberation of the Firecracker, from the Sky Rocket's mellow swoosh. They stand eagerly at the fire escape's rails, staring

fascinated at the explosions they're producing, and intersperse the noise of black powder with such comments as "Hot Diggety" and "Whee". Whenever conscience or fear of apprehension overtakes them, they postpone the moral issue by going to a different fire escape in some other part of the building.

Woe, as I said, to them. As they are leaving their nth fire escape for their (n / 1)st, they see coming up the stairs a regular old plethora of cops.

There is a point at which courage becomes foolhardiness, and the two consider that point to have been reached now. Abandoning all face-saving attempts (but not their fireworks) they streak for the back stairs. These take them one story farther down before they hear below them footsteps bearing the ring of the patrolman. No soap here; they switch to an outside staircase discovered in their fire escape explorations. Thus down to the second floor. Shall they re-enter the hotel and scatter to their rooms? No, for the corridors are swarming with blue uniforms which presumably do not belong to seamen first class.

Speer starts to lower the fire escape ladder to the ground; but Davis, displaying his well-known resourcefulness in emergency, restrains him. "That's too slow. Watch!" he admonishes, a trifle smugly.

Dexterously, he tears the fuses from all the remaining ammunition and braids them into a firm rope. "There!" he says, and also, "Heh-heh!" The rope is tied to a rail and thrown over, and Speer and Davis shinny down. Speer then touches a match to the rope's end, sending a most inspiring burst of flame into the faces of the cops who are just now coming into sight above.

The time thus gained gives the fugitives a valuable headstart. Taking off at a pace somewhere between dogtrot and hotfoot, they beat it to 39th street. There Speer, turning to the left, sees a squad car by the curb. Davis, turning to the right, sees a squad car by the curb. Speer, turning to the right, meets Davis turning to the left, and the resulting collision and triple-take uses up most of the criminals' initial head-start.

But, ah me! I'm not writing for ASTOUNDING now, I must be brief. To be brief, then, the city of Philadelphia

turns out to have fewer convenient hiding places and more inconvenient back fences than should happen to any chase scene. The fugitives find themselves all too soon in a hopeless position. Buildings sit cheek to cheek on both sides of them; ahead is a dead end, while behind them they hear a squad car which will soon be rounding the corner and bearing down on them. They are fumbling in their hollow heels for their cyanide capsules when —

"Come this way! Hurry!" They whirl. Across the street a weird, unearthly light streams from an open doorway, and there, beckoning to them, stands a golden haired goddess with beaten gold breastplates. (I said I wasn't writing for ASTOUNDING, didn't I?)

Speer turns to Davis. "Is that one?"

"Naw," scoffs Davis, a gleam in his eye as he drags Speer toward the door. They dart inside; the goddess slips the bolt behind them; they stand awhile in the hallway panting. (I haven't started to expurgate yet.)

(Now I have.)

Well then, the goddess's name is Nekeeta or Niquita or something, and she would like very much to hear The Foggy Foggy Dew, which she thinks would deepen her understanding of this planet. Davis figures that if the cops still haven't got to the goddess's house, after all the time that expurgation took, the heat should be off. He begins the song.

He has reached the last verse: "And the every every time that I look into her eyes he reminds me — " when there comes a frightful clangor at the front door. "Open up! Where's the guys with the firecrackers?" says an ungrammatical and rather uncivil voice, and since it fails to harmonize with Davis (what could?) the three head for the cellar.

"Quick, Chan!" urges Speer with shysterical cunning. "There's just one way to escape: by means of your nucleo-atomic cytogeochemical extralegal hyperprotean phlugheaver."

"Gad!" responds Davis in great agitation. "You say, by means of my nucleo-atomic cytogeochemical extra — " But alas! Speer's stratagem has been the downfall of the party instead of its salvation. The time taken for Davis to pronounce the thing's name is more than he

has to spare. Before he is through, the Long Arm appears; and in spite of the loss of several fingers to the goddess's Gismo-rays, Long Arm wins out over..woops!

Some time later, the desk sergeant is intoning in a voice made quite alarmingly formidable by the echoing police station walls and the stripes on his sleeve, "What have you got to say for yourselves?"

Goddess: "Is this a proper reception for your civilization to give to the emissary of a distant —"

Davis: "Perhaps you don't know who I am. Yesterday I gave a talk to the Fifth World Science —"

Speer: "According to all precedent in equity and common law— and I need only cite the case of —"

Sergeant:

Goddess, Speer, and Davis:

Patrolman: "What are the charges, sarge?"

Sergeant: "Well, this Iniquito, or whatever your name is, we've got you for accessory after the fact, harboring criminals at large, resisting arrest, failure to comply with the fire laws, and practising without a licence. We'll hold you on \$25,000 bail."

Speer goggles and smiles apologetically at the goddess. "Um, hrumf, uh — I used the last check in my checkbook just this afternoon." Davis duplicates Speer's grimaces and ahems, and says weakly, "I don't seem to be able to recall my broker's phone number."

The goddess, having more faith in my honesty than many of my readers are likely to have after all this, says she quite understands.

Patrolman: "How about these other two jerks?"

Sergeant: "Disturbing the peace."

Davis: "Yeah, she is rather disturbing."

Sergeant: "Quiet, you. Can you put up five dollars bail?"

S and D: "Five dollars each?"

Sergeant: "No, five dollars apiece."

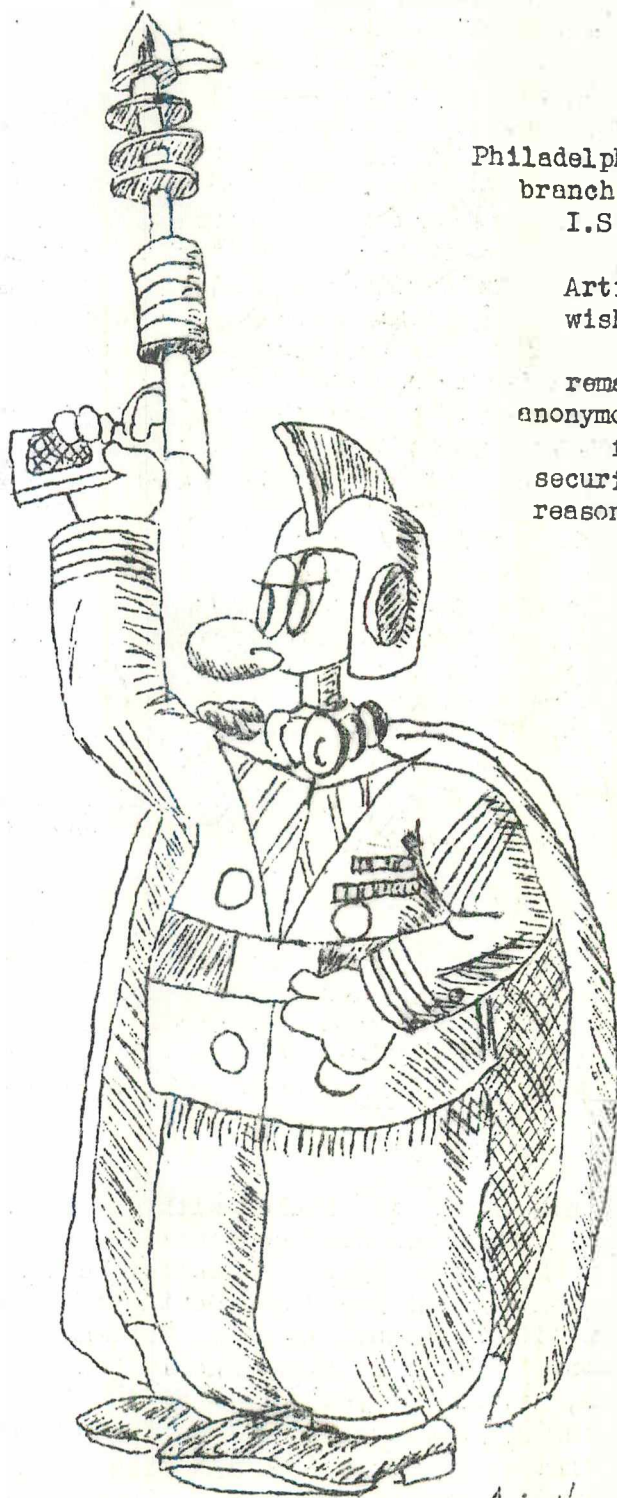
Well, let's just skip the puns that were made on that. Suffice it to say that S and D made their peace (!) with the 21st District Station for the paltry sum of ten rocks, leaving Niquita to languish in a cell-block until they could get hold of their respective check-book and broker and enable her to languish under more

amusing circumstances.

"What would our penalty have been in a socialist state?" ponders Speer as the two adventurers straggle up Chestnut St

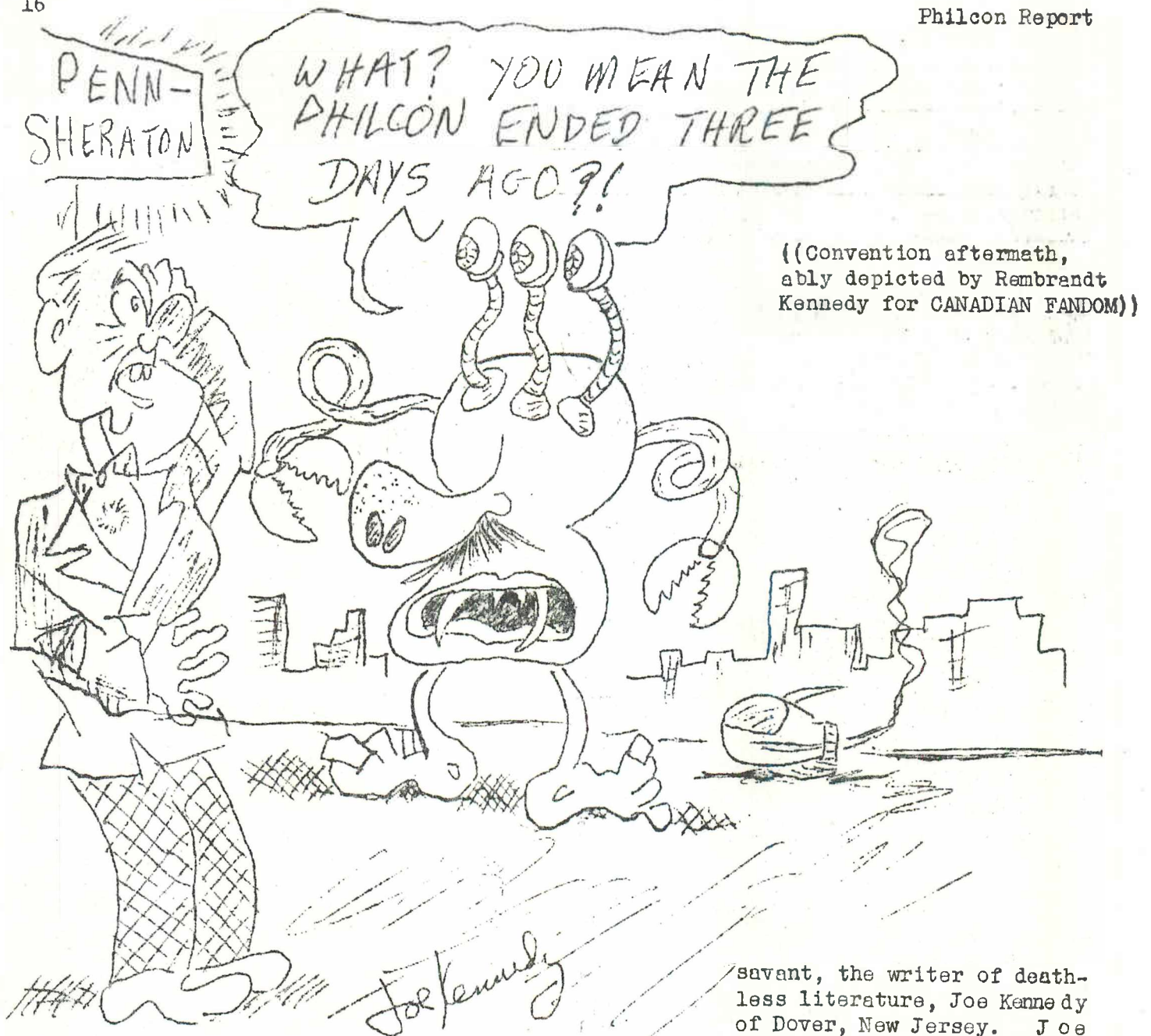
Philadelphia
branch of
I.S.P.

Artist
wishes
to
remain
anonymous
for
security
reasons.



toward home.

Davis replies only, "And the many many times that I held her in my arms just to shield her from the foggy. Foggy. Dew."



And his being is filled with a vast and pleasureable sense of completion.

So on to bigger and better Science-Fiction Fandom! Speer and Davis look forward with high anticipation to sampling Toronto's jails in '48. And in the meantime, if any of you guys want to kick in to our Big Goddess Fund (goal: \$25,000), so that we can make '48 the First Worlds Convention, just send your diamonds and negotiable securities to —

Seedy

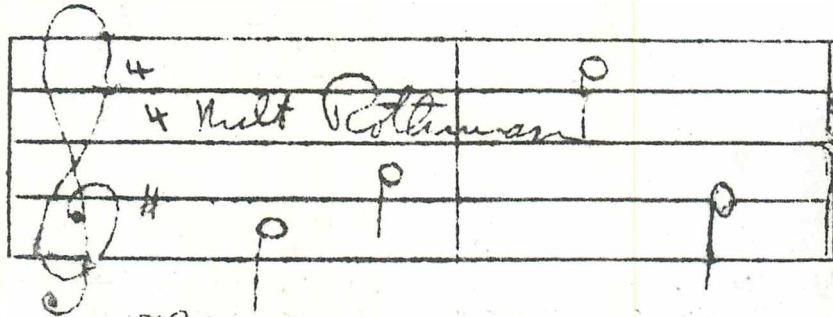
So much for Speer, Davis and Niquita. Leave us now progress to more serious things; Fandom's great philosopher and

in —

TALES THAT'LL NEVER BE TOLD

Have you got a plot for a super Science Fiction epic — a plot which you know, deep down inside, is a far better yarn than anything ever spawned by Clark Ashton Smith, Miles J. Bruer, or Murray Leinster? Well, most Fans have. But the sad thing about it is that Fans who have the hyper plots know darn well that these superlative stories will never be written.

Miss Eve Anderton, a port New Yorker who entered actifandom by attending the PHILCON, calls such yarns "unborn babies". Consequently, I can't help thinking of



Theodore Sturgeon
Mary C. Mair
Chan Davis

all the stillborn brain-children which have been dreamed up by Fans I know.

For instance, Lloyd Alpaugh has an idea for a story which he intends to title The Perverted Echo — concerning an echo which answers questions, and translates replies into Provencal French. Another Alpaugh brainstorm which will never be turned into a story is a theory that the duck-billed Platypus is really the descendant of a race of Martians which landed in Australia and got stranded there. What's your tale that'll never be told?

Should you have one of these stories lying around, don't send it to us. We kiss and tell.

Sunday evening saw the section of the program which appealed to me perhaps more than anything, as far as actual enjoyment was concerned. This was the Fan Entertainment — music, recitations, stunts, and so forth. Tops in this, to my way of thinking, were the Chan Davis piano solos, George O. Smith's demonstration of hair-splitting, and Mary Mair's rendition of Theodore Sturgeon's Thunder and Roses, accompanied by Chan Davis who also did the arrangement. Milt Rothman did a fine job of piano playing also, and L. Jerome Stanton and Theodore Sturgeon were excellent in their banjo — guitar version of St Louis Blues. Four of the principals have affixed their John Hancocks to a musical staff which we drew up hurriedly after the affair, and may be found above.

No account of the PHILCON would be

complete without a word or two from the Chairman. Here's Milt Rothman, efficient, hard-working boss-man who kept the Convention running so smoothly over the weekend:

This has certainly been a far cry from the first Convention held in my house back in 1936, when the New York boys came down for the day and decided to call it a Convention. As is no doubt customary in putting on a Convention, I was plagued by all sorts of worries as to whether this thing or that thing would go well, and continually was pleased to find that anticipated difficulties disappeared as if by magic when the moment for performance came. Much of this was due to the excellent co-operation which came along whenever needed, and everybody who helped deserves all the thanks I can give them.

If I say so myself, I think this is the best Convention that's ever been held, and I've seen them all.

We heartily agree, Milt, but inasmuch as the PHILCON was our first, this opinion may not carry much weight. We saw very few dissatisfied attendees indeed, and with so many contrasting tastes and interests represented, we would say that this was high tribute to your abilities.

The hilarious voyage in QUINTESSANCE OF FOOF00, involving the uncanny performance of Highway number 96 just outside Rochester, the strange space-warp 75 miles from Philadelphia, and the prophetic declarations displayed to spectators along the route, will have to be covered at a later date. A partial report may be seen in TYMPANI #14, from Bob Stein, who along with Ned McKeown and myself, accompanied Speer on the mad expedition. At this point, however, we would like to thank Juffus for going out of his way to pick up Ned and myself in Toronto in order to give us transportation south. We appreciated your kindness greatly, Jack.

That just about concludes our report on the PHILCON. To us, the high point of all was the selection of Toronto as the next Convention site. This part of the affair has been covered in the editorial. Will we see YOU next year?

Keeper of the Beast

By — Donn Brazier

This is a true story insofar as the circumstances of its telling go; as for its basic reality, that is for you to decide. I've changed the name of the officer who told the amazing narrative you are about to read; let's call him Bill Boyd. He is an officer in the Air Corps. His unit is now stationed in the Marianas islands, but that — except that he was sent overseas at an inopportune time — does not enter into the plot of this story.

One noon after chow, he came over from his side of the tent and sat down on the edge of my bunk.

"Do you want a good fantasy plot?" he asked.

Naturally, having lived in the same tent with him for over a year, I had often evidenced my interest in things of a fantastic nature, and he knew therefore of my passion for Science-Fiction and Fantasy.

"Sure," I said. "What is it?" I was not too interested because I knew how simple and trite the uninitiated could be in these matters, but Boyd was intelligent, well educated in practically all fields of knowledge, and possessed considerably more mental ingenuity than most officers of my acquaintance. So, mildly interested, I laid aside James Stephan's Etched in Moonlight, and prepared to listen.

"You can write this story up if you wish," he said. Confidently, he added: "And it will sell."

"Let me be the judge of that," I said.

"There's a band of nefarious individuals," he began, "who have contracted to supply the government with a product that is vital to the war effort. These crooks have agreed to do this with one provision; that the government ask no questions, but accept the product in whatever amount and whenever it is supplied."

I wondered if the government would submit to such a proposal, but I said nothing, willing to concede the point as immaterial to the basic fantasy plot to come.

"This product is called.....let's see....." he looked over his left shoulder, then turned back to face me, "Oh yeah, now I remember; it was called Cynamium."

"How do you spell it?"

He spelled it for me in a sure manner, then: "This Cynamium is the valuable excretory product of a beast from outside."

"Whoa!" I said. "Before you go any further, tell me: is this another skeleton plot of a story you've read somewhere?" I had just too recently submitted myself to the criticism of one of his love plots, only to discover after tearing it apart, that it was the plot of a COSMOPOLITAN novel. Besides he said he had once read some stories in WEIRD TALES about 1928, & I didn't like the way he seemed to have struggled to remember the name Cynamium. "You are making this story up, aren't you?"

He laughed. "Certainly. To go on, the Cynamium was gathered from this creature, beast, or whatever it is which had come from outside - - -"

"- - - outside?" I interrupted.

"Somewhere off earth."

"Any particular planet?"

"I never found out, I mean, how should I know?"

"Ok, go on," I said.

"- - - and sold to the government by this nefarious ring of crooks. The creature had to live on the blood from living human beings."

"No!" I laughed. "Male or female?" I asked, thinking of possible employment of sadism.

"No difference, I guess, just so the person was living. To get the victims to feed the thing, it was discovered that clever peddling of Cynamium in minute quantities was all that was required. The stuff was a powerful, dream-trance narcotic, and only one minute dose was enough to cause addiction. To get more of the dope, the victims were led to the establishment where the ring operated and there they were given an injection of Cynamium. The dreams were enjoyed while the victims offered unknowingly their bodies for hideous purpose. When they woke up they were still in the comfortable quarters where they had lost consciousness, and they were free to go. They always returned, for after initiation into the habit, they had to partake again of the

wonderful dreams."

"Where's the hero in all this?" I asked. "You've got to have a hero in the first paragraph."

"Most of this stuff I've told you is given in a flashback as the hero wakes up.....but now I'm getting ahead of myself, so will you please shut up and let me continue."

"OK, OK, but you haven't told me what the animal is like yet."

"It was round, about the size of a dinner plate, and thickened in the center. Five jointless legs, with a small suction cup terminating each one grew out of the rim. It walked on these. It had no features or head, but on the underside, center, was a suction cup mouth the size of a quarter. It was this which sucked the blood from the forehead of the victim and left a red circle which persisted for several hours after the victim had left and gone about his business."

"This sounds like an Edmond Hamilton story," I said slowly.

He went on without comment. "The animal liked hard lines, straight and unyielding. It detested softness and curves."

This sentence smacked of true out-sideness like nothing else he had already said. I told him so and he pointed out that all earthly creatures favoured curves and softness. Mentally, I had decided now that he was repeating some story he had read, because a non-initiate could not by chance hit upon such an alien thought. Aloud, however, I complimented him upon his cleverness at the alien touch.

He smiled and proceeded. "The hero meets several red-spotted individuals, and because of the strangeness of their manner follows them to the establishment."

"Oh, ho!" I exclaimed. "The Government smells a fish and has put our young, good-looking hero on the trail as chief investigator?"

"Possibly," he laughed. "The hero fakes addiction, simulates taking a dose of the drug, and goes through the experience fully conscious. It's a horrible experience." Bill Boyd's face contorted and grew white, his eyes had lurking depths of fear. I was puzzled, and didn't know what to say. He suddenly calmed down and continued: "He is carried from a couch in grand quarters into a square,

severe, unfurnished room — unfurnished except for rigid unyielding slabs of concrete upon one of which he is placed. Unconscious persons lie about the room on the slabs while the beast or thing in all its hideousness feeds on their blood. The hero's heart grows numb with the thought that he will have to submit to the feasting of that alien thing, and have its suction-disced legs on his face.

"As the hero lies flat on his back waiting for the thing to come, the facts I have given you, except for the description of the animal, flash through his mind. Then comes the beast. The beast is in a cubical cage. From under his half-open eyes, the hero can see only the cage and a small hand and wrist holding it as it approaches. He nearly gives himself away twice then. Once when he sees who brought the cage — a girl dressed in a strange, straight-lined toga; a girl of rare and alien beauty. Next, when the beast clambers moistly across his face and settles down, nearly suffocating him. A sharp, crimson pain centers on his forehead and he loses consciousness.

"He comes to. The pressure of the thing on his face is gone. He looks carefully between his eye-lashes for there is something touching his lips. The girl is wiping them gently with a cool liquid. Compassion and remorse fills her pale, exotic face. Softly, she speaks: "It's too bad.....so messy, always tearing their lips."

"She turns and walks away, past other slabs and out a massive door." Bill paused, then: "That's it. How do you like it?"

"Wait a minute; what next?"

"I don't know. I never saw the girl again, and the next thing I knew I was sitting in the lobby of the Ste Francis. Before I could learn more I was sent overseas."

Some things were unsettled in my mind. Especially his identification with the hero. I asked him about it. He replied:

"This all happened to me."

I got up and walked out of the tent, convinced that he was pulling my leg. Then I began to think back over his story. I'd never heard it before, or read it; and I've read a great deal in the imagin-

ative field. Also, his inclusion of the fact that the beast could not endure softness or curves was not the chance imagining of a worldly person such as Bill Boyd. No, he had stated a fact there that was hard to credit to chance. And I had never read the story.....

Yet he struggled to remember the name Cynamium as though he had read it or heard it and wanted to get it right. Where had he heard about it?

Then there's his slip into substituting the pronoun I for the noun here.

As the matter stands I can't believe it really happened to Bill Boyd, or anybody; and yet....well, what do you think?

* * * *

((It seems that Palmer/Shaver haven't cornered the entire market. Following

* * * * *

THE EDITORIAL WE (Continued from Page 2)

To start this page off, let me apologize for the absence of ADVENTURES IN THE OCCULT, which was advertised as appearing here. As we said in PHILCON REPORT, Ned McKeown had gone to London with the rough notes, necessitating a carryover. Unfortunately, however, he misplaced them. Our apologies, especially to Mr DeCamp, who was kind enough to dictate a synopsis of his talk to us.

Please note that the price of CANFAN has risen to ten cents per issue. We've been sinking farther and farther into a financial morass, and there seems to be no way to keep from going under as far as CANFAN is concerned other than raising the price. Henceforth, subscribers will receive three issues for their two bits; those with money still in our books will receive as many issues as are due them under the new price — i.e. People with 20¢ left in their subscription will get two copies, those with a dime, one, and those with 15 and 5; well, we'll be kind-hearted and give 'em two and one respectively. Deadheads will be cut, so if you're in doubt, better send along a little cash.

Numerous Fan Visitors have passed through Toronto in the past months. Henry

letter is a reprint of Brazier's reply to my comments on Keeper of the Beast. (Fen may judge for themselves.)

Your comments about Keeper of the Beast disturb me. If it is a question of grammar change, etc., why OK: but as for basic structural changes — well, then it would no longer be a true story. It was not meant as a fiction piece..... It was a piece of reporting without elaboration — written from my Army cot in long hand on Guam. The event of this telling to me and my writing it down by the light of a gasoline lantern are still very fresh in my mind. If you wish you may change it, but it therefore loses any little merit of strangeness it possessed; and I refuse to monkey with it at all.

Donn Brazier

Elsner was in town during the weekend of the PHILCON, so we were unable to meet him. Jack Sloan and Al Betts made contact, however, Alastair Cameron was in town at about the same time, and stayed long enough for a short visit when we returned. Les Croutch wended his ponderous way down from Parry Sound on Sept. 16 to stay for a few days, and Moe Diner lurched over from Montreal. Unfortunately, we all never seemed to make contact at the same time, and no large scale fan-gabs were held. We saw quite a bit of Moe, and he was kind enough to be of great assistance in the publication of CANFAN. Basil Rattray, a cohort of Moe's was our first Montreal visitor, having spent a month in town; attending the Mathematical Congress at the University of Toronto during August, and was met by six of our Toronto group. I wish I had more space to comment on all this activity, but I am afraid I can only state that we all enjoyed meeting you, and come again when you can stay a while.

There's so much I'd like to say, and so little room to say it in; I'd like to comment on the comments on CANFAN, tell you a few things about the future, but this would seem to be the end.

The Viking Ship Hoax

By — Red Boggs

Page . 21

Many early Science Fiction stories were developed in the form of hoaxes, real or alleged. You will remember Poe's Balloon Hoax and The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfaall, and the so-called Moon Hoax of Richard Adams Locke. Consider, then, the Science Fictional possibilities in the announced "discovery" of an ancient Viking Ship bogged down in a North Dakota slough, a news-story that became a nine days wonder in the twin cities recently.

The report originated with Vernon Jempse, 46, of Minneapolis, and aroused the somewhat skeptical and amused interest of both the Minnesota and North Dakota Historical Societies. It caused Mrs Alice F. Tyler, associate professor of history at the University of Minnesota, and authority on Viking Lore, to comment: "If this story should be authenticated, it would be the most revolutionary discovery in modern times, and would involve a complete recasting of all existing theory."

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

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

Jempse's story was investigated nine days later (I told you this yarn was a nine days wonder) by an aerial expedition consisting of Jempse, two aviators, and newsmen. Curators of both State Histor-

ical Societies combed the countryside at the same time.

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

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

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

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

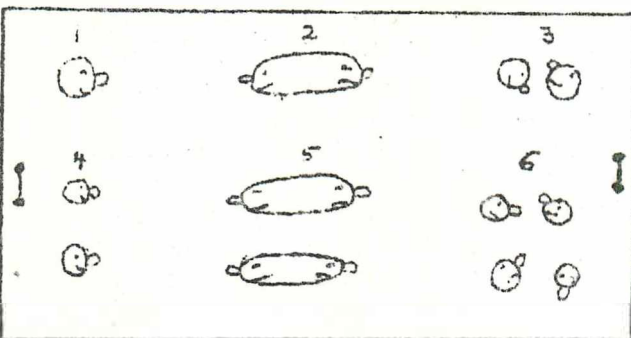
Any author struck by this possibility need not be deterred by the recent fiasco at Erie, N.D. There are more Viking Ships, according to Jempse, near Halstad, Hillsboro, and Glandin, N.D., and another in the woods near Ballclub, Minn.

An Outline of Hysteria

By — Beak Taylor

For the benefit of those who have been gazing longingly in the direction of H. G. Wells' novelette, Outline of History with a thought that some day they would read it, I have decided to condense the matter into bite size. I have taken the liberty of correcting a few of Mr Well's spelling mistakes and errors in grammar, and have left some of the sillier parts out, but you will see that the gist of the thing is here.

Now, it seems that the earliest people living on earth, to go back before the beginning of time, (another story altogether; see an unwritten treatise entitled Adam, Historical alarm clock) were not really people at all; in fact they weren't even living. Society was composed of an indefinite number of one-called organisms who multiplied themselves by a process known as division, in which one little cell made two little cells out of itself, and these two made four, (Arithmetic was popular even then, you see?) and so on. Then they presumably played bridge until the party got overcrowded and they all went home in a huff with someone else's overcoat.



Showing how one cell becomes four in six easy movements. (Write for free booklet.) Notre Dame holds the goalposts at the right. Don't pay any attention to all this, since it has become obsolete during the last year or two owing to the invention of sex.

Children under 12 must be accompanied by their parents.

But soon these little cells, or amoebae as we experts know them, got

tired of calling themselves father, and realized that this fission process wasn't much fun after all. So, after a few million years of thinking about it and comparing notes, they finally raised enough energy by means of a special lottery to whip themselves into a kind of mammal. A later historian celebrated this event by incorporating it into a song called Red Hot Mammal!

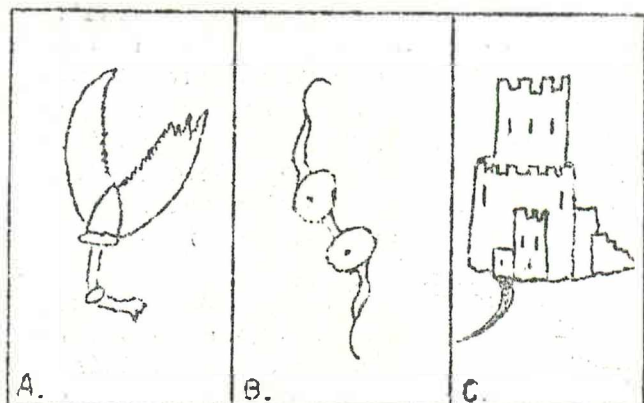
The first stage in the evolution of the species, naturally, was a sort of crawling animal which tried to disguise itself as a lobster so the other amoebae wouldn't recognize him; but of course they did. Then, by and by, they noticed he was having an awful lot of fun crawling around up there on the beach, building sand castles, and after a few thousand years of concerted effort they had enough lobsters and crabs and trilobites to start a small war. This has been known in History as the Battle of the Sexes, and the race for supremacy has since settled down to neck and neck.

After a century or two of conflict the trilobites discovered they weren't doing so well; in fact they were being swamped by thousands and thousands of crabs. As one of them expressed it, "You couldn't go out-doors without having several of the things pawing at you!" So pretty soon these trilobites decided to try that running business everyone had been talking about, and before the others knew it they were carrying off all the Steeplechases and Cross-country races in sight.

Some of them, of course, overdid things a bit, as people always do when they have a good thing, and left the ground altogether thus becoming the first birds. These all banded together in clubs and spent whole afternoons galivanting over the countryside and wasting their time. They became so insufferable with their talk of thermals, ceilings, and aspect ratios that the other animals wouldn't even look at them.

In addition, although Mr Wells doesn't mention them, there was one set

which was really carried away with the affair. They became very dissatisfied with their wings, and one millenium when the others weren't watching, they grew rockets between their legs and were never seen again. I don't know how Mr Wells could have left this out.



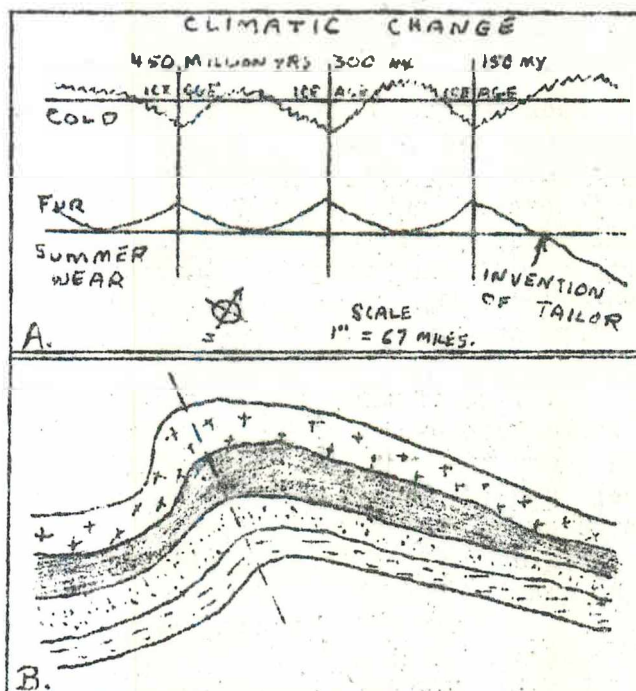
Three very interesting relics left over from the late Crab Era.

A: Early weapon, apparently used for sparring with hors d'ouvres between sessions of Indian hand wrestling, by lobsters and crabs. Note fractured pincer at right, typical of the way things were done in those days, and still are.

B: This seems to be something produced during the Battle of the Sexes, though experts have declined to state definite knowledge of the whole thing. Not recommended for beginners.

C: Sand castle unearthed at Brighton Beach, Eng., and said to have been built by crabs in Antiquity. Things were further complicated by the discovery that Oliver Cromwell was living in the cellar. (Phone CR 364 after 4.)

So you can see how nature has taken care of her children. But other hardships followed. For after running and flying had been the vogue for what seemed an eon (as a matter of fact, it was an eon), it suddenly got very cold, and all the females of the era got after their husbands for mink coats. But of course mink coats hadn't been invented, and as it got colder the only ones to survive were those who could work themselves into a sort of fur. Then it gradually got warmer again as the ice receded, and a few more died off before they could



These should clear things up a bit.

A: This shows the relationship between fur and climatic change. The actual approach of the ice has not been depicted here, but may be obtained by a quick glance at the icebox. Results of approach of ice, i.e., climatic change, may be understood more clearly by getting in the icebox.

B: Development of a Recumbent Fold or Nappe (Fr) by Orogenic forces. Has nothing to do with this essay, but is nevertheless interesting in that it shows what nature can do when she really puts her shoulder to the axe. Not recommended for people between the age of 70.

break out into palm beach suits and straw hats. After this the successive ice-ages and warm periods kept everybody in pretty much of a frenzy changing from fur to clothes and back again. The only thing that saved humanity was the invention of the tailor in 2689 B.C.

And so it went. One thing led to another, until by and by these little amoebae were horrified to discover they had become people. And they've been so worried about the whole affair they haven't done anything since.

Neither have I. You'll just have to finish the rest of the book yourself.

As I See It

By —
Pappy Groutch

Much though I dislike to waste this lovely day of August 10th, there is a big-beaked article standing behind me, not in person but in spirit, brandishing a busted-up duplicator in one hand and an empty ink-can in the other, mouthing obscene words, the content of which is:

"I want another As I See It, so write it chum . . . "

. . . so if this bit of flum-juggery (I would have used a different letter instead of the "j" but that wouldn't be nice) should get rather haphazard and rum in spots, blame it on Taylor, not me.

Which reminds me of a bit of a pun, weak, but the best I can do on such short notice . . . never did Fandom suffer from the output of such a poor taylor.

I said it and I am not sad.

But shall we proceed?

A letter from one of the stout-hearted American Fen, one Harry Warner, Jr., who at one time put out one of Fandom's sterling publications, SPACEWAYS, made mention of the fact that so many of the big guns of Fandom are either disappearing, slowing down, or losing interest, and he was wondering what the cause of it might be. He mentioned such lofty brows as Forrest J. Ackerman, one-time U.S. Number 1 Fan; Bob Tucker, one-time publisher of U.S. #1 Fanzine, LE ZOMBIE, and several other names.

Tucker is currently writing mystery fiction under his own name of Wilson Tucker. Ackerman has started an author service. The other big noises have started other things, among them families of what might turn out to be little Fen, if not fun.

But the fact is there . . . men who for some time ruled the roost, ran clubs, published, appeared in many other publications with stories, articles, and so on, have slowed down and to a greater extent vanished from the scene.

Why?

I've often wondered about this, and as I see it, this may be the possible explanation . . .

There are various stages and classes of Fanning.

First we have the tyro, the little

gaffer who finds there is a new something in the world of written make-believe and he gets all a helter skelter about it. He becomes a reader.

Suddenly he succumbs and writes a letter to an editor who succumbs in turn, silly guy, and prints it, and lo! we have a budding Fan in the grim circle. Not all go any further.....this seeing your name in print is enough for some guys. They either get tired of it and turn to something else, or just never amount to anything better.

But out of every hundred who break the readers' columns a goodly number, want to climb even higher. Perhaps receiving come Fan publications does the trick. Or maybe some guy writes them a letter asking them to join his or her clubs or associations.

He does. He likes what he finds. He has progressed to stage two and is starting to take some activity.

Still our little Fan is not satisfied. He soon gets the writing itch and then the publishing itch. I don't know which comes first. Maybe you just itch. But sooner or later he is doing first one and then the other.

He is, I consider, now at the peak of his career. He strives for purity. He becomes a perfectionist. He either wants to turn out undying litter-ature, or a Fanzine that will never be forgotten. He sometimes does, though in a negative way. Some stink so ungodly terrible you just can't forget them.

But all this time our little Fan is no longer staying little. He is steadily growing up. Being thrown in with Fen older than himself he is steadily being prodded to maturity, to think originally, to think for himself.

What happens?

Just as one day you played house with the neighbour's daughter and helped her make mud pies, you suddenly reached the age when you realized there were other things than mud-pies and you maybe up and married the girl.

When a kid you played duck-on-the-rock; then you progressed to baseball and football and then footsies under the card table.

So Joe Phann starts to find the old hobby isn't paying off quite as well as she once used to. Naturally, he wonders why. I don't think some ever realize the reason. They fight and struggle on and on, and what was once a good Joe, a decent Fan Writer, a good publisher, dies down to something pitiful . . . the drive is absent, the output puerile. Better to quit when the peak is reached than to go on and on suffering dry rot and leaving a nasty taste in everyone's mouth.

But if Joe Phann matured as the older Fen tried to teach him to do, he sees what is happening.

HE REALIZES THAT MENTALLY HE HAS GROWN BEYOND THE LIMITATIONS OF HIS HOBBY!

Now, I don't want you to think that I mean Fanning is for morons only. I want you to think I am hinting that when you get smart you quit. Not on your life! What I mean is that, if you are a steady climber, you pass it! You want more from it than it can give. You find out that there are more important things in life than writing a little piece of Fan Fiction or turning out a magazine that reaches perhaps 200 copies in circulation.

After all, Fandom is fun, a hobby, but it is NOT living. There are other pursuits that can be as mentally refreshing. Fandom cannot be ALL, the ONE and ONLY. If you find it riding YOU, then drop it. YOU must always ride YOUR hobby. If it starts getting such a hold on you that more important things suffer, then it is time to stop and take cognizance of what is going on.

Some Fen find a girl they marry, and a home life thereby that makes Fandom seem a little giddy. They still stay in it to some extent, but they have neither the time nor the interest to publish or even write to any great extent.

The same with a job . . . or maybe a new hobby . . . or they become observers and not participants. They hand the field over to the newer boys, the young and hot and eager bloods. They wish to sit and watch the fray and see things objectively.

So, I believe, is the reason Fen fade out. They haven't actually drifted away to any extent, it is just that they have passed to a higher stage. ((R.I.P.))

You'll find some turning from the field of Fan authorship to the greener ones of professional writing, where you get plaudits and also that lovely stuff that buys things.

So, young feller, if an old-timer

makes a suggestion, don't hoot and jeer and say he's a has-been. If he was a real Fan, and he must have been to be an old-timer, he was through the mill. Benefit from his mistakes. He isn't criticising because he enjoys it. He really wants to see you make good and criticising is one way of needling you along. Remember, he had something, he must have had, to make good, to enjoy his brief spasm of popularity. But be grateful for one thing.... He didn't keep sitting on the roost; he got down and let you up there to strut your stuff and crow. He has merely progressed up the ladder a rung to a sort of Fan Nirvana, a Mount Olympus. Someday, you'll be there too, and when you arrive you'll be welcomed brother and sister, for you stayed with the game long enough to mature and grow in your thoughts and learn to have ideas of your own.

Beak also told me that there is a movement on foot in Ontario to consolidate Canadian Fandom. That is a wonderful thing and I am all for it. He mentioned organizing the CAFP again. ((Whaddaya mean, again? Never was an existant CAFP in practise, though you and Hurter did draw up a constitution which was never made public.)) That is also a nice thing, but, frankly, I am dubious.

I don't think Canadians like being tied down by red tape and rules and regulations and organizations. We have the flair for systemizing, like our American friends, but, like our British cousins, we also are blamed independant.

Beak also told me CANFAN would become a club organ of the Toronto boys. That is fine also. A magazine is a big job for one man. Especially if he works or goes to school, or takes the chance of suffering loss of interest, whereas if it is a club owned or operated periodical, there need be no loss of interest, no insufficiency of materials, helpers or cash.

Beak said I could ramble on and on on whatever I wished. None of the foregoing is to be taken literally. It's only the way I see it, or, As I See It. They are ideas. Now I'll pass the ball along to you readers. What do you think? Especially those Canadians intimately interested in this club? And the Toronto Fen who will be physically interested and connected with the idea? It's now up to you to offer your suggestions and ideas.

Les Croutch

STARS

By --
Weaver Wright

&

ATOMS

The Dictator's long delicate fore-finger paused briefly above the button he was about to punch. The Final button. The button that would transmit the knock-out blow to Los Angeles!

The other Atom Bombs had already been dispatched a few seconds before. Destinations: Washington, New York, Unopolis, Chicago.

Atoms Over America! Just as Jenkins had predicted in The Murder of the U.S.A.

Four live television screens before the Dictator's darkling eyes showed simultaneous scenes of the stratosphere: four jet-propelled projectiles of doom, streaking through the upper reaches of earth's atmosphere, arrowing for the vitals of unsuspecting America.

Not all the metropolises of the United States must die, but five had been selected for terror targets, savage warnings of the fate of the entire nation if capitulation were not complete and immediate.

And an object lesson for Canada!

But San Francisco could substitute for Los Angeles, should the Dictator choose. The ultimate choice was his alone. He paused to contemplate a factor which had previously been completely overlooked.

It was not a military factor; it was one of morale: part of Los Angeles was Hollywood, was it not? The A-Bomb would obliterate all the cinema studios scattered in the suburbs!

More importantly, certain superb figures rose in the mind's eye of the monstrous assassin: luscious Lana Warner, whom he had recently seen smouldering (in flaming technicolor) in Where There's Smoke.....

Sultry Ann Sherman, voluptuous as Jean Harlow in Platinum Blonde.....

And curvaceous Laurel Lee Donne, who made her "wow-wow", to quote the picturesque New York columnist (who would momentarily cease to exist) in Moon Maid.

The Dictator's sensuous lips quivered. It would be manifestly foolish to destroy such lovely women, to reduce such beautiful bodies to atomic ashes. When the conquest of America was complete, they would compete for his favour with their flawless figures.

And so, because of the magic spell of the Celluloid City, Los Angeles was spared the destruction.

But the Dictator's desires were ironically frustrated, for at the moment Manhattan was transformed into an aerial mushroom, Donne, the dimpled darling was being feted at a dinner there.....

Ann Sherman was sight-seeing at the Capital.....

And Lana Warner was making a personal appearance in San Francisco.

* * *

In 1975, when Pan-Time Productions of Hollywood, California, United States of America (not of Germany, or Russia, or Japan, or ?) filmed the historical spectacle, Death and Rebirth of the U.S.A., Margaret Oberon portrayed her own mother, the former child star who, at the age of eighteen, had won an immortal place among American patriots by assassinating the Dictator during his "triumphal tour" of Hollywood.

Canada had cause for celebration, too. For Oberon was Canadian-born. And the Dominion was still free.

the Maelstrom

MOE DINER

445 Mt Pleasant Avenue
Westmount, Quebec

I received CANADIAN FANDOM #12 this morning, and make haste to reply and comment. You got it out at last!

I'm going to try to comment in orderly fashion — viz., in order of appearance. But first, in general, I'd like to compare it with #11. That was quite good, but this is better. A n d (frustrating though it must be to you, since it involved more work) the #11 was handicapped from the start by the blotched colour reproduction. Still, it was a noble attempt and if you can pull off a colour job with half-decent reproduction next time, by all means go to it. The #12 is an all-round good mechanical job — McKeown's Gestetner seems to be a good one. In addition, the material you had for this issue was a cut above that for #11. (Not that #11 was bad by any manner of means.)

And now, the sections in order:

WE was good as before — the personal note is always welcome. Thanks very much for your kind plug of the MSFS — I really appreciate it. I'm happy to learn of the impending revival of organized Fandom in Toronto.

Timothy's Angel wasn't bad either. But Beak, go easy in printing stories with a religious theme. This particular one happened to be palatable, but the genre is only too often nauseating.

The Origin of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs — good. However, we can't really say much until Hurter develops his theme in later installments.

The Maelstrom: Ah! The best feature in the issue. Glad to see that you got a better response than last time. I want to discuss Hurter's letter later. As for Crouch, pay no attention to him: he must be inert with his own sheer mass — I for one would greatly mourn seeing CANFAN decline from its present regular — ahem — publication. I agree with Van Splawn as regards the enjoyability of the personal-type editorial, though I think he's def-

initely off the beam in his failure to appreciate the Campbellish variety too. This we see in.....

Stuff & Such: I was wrong about the Maelstrom being the most interesting feature (along with the Editorial) — because Hurter's discussion of paper-making was utterly absorbing. Whether or not he has modelled his expository style on that of JWC, he has captured the Master's own trick of easy, informal and interest-pulling discussion.

Mason in Montreal, though not bad, was not nearly as good. Too often the straining for humour is merely boring. But his local colour is good — I ought to know; I live here. (P.S. Do you ever get complaints from the overwhelming majority of readers who don't live in Montreal?) I've half a mind to promote a car this week-end and check on those girls' addresses. There's a bare chance they may still be good this year too..... Oh well, I suppose I shouldn't try to cut Fred out.

Elsner Looks Back is definitely worth running. Speaking of L. Ron Hubbard, has there been any mention in the literature (namely, Fanzines) of his relation with Kurt von Rachen, of the Steve Galbraith series? A few months ago, re-reading my old ASF's, I was struck by the similarity between the stories in that series and some of Hubbard's — there is the same semi-neurotic political and philosophical outlook, and even instances of the same phrasing. Has anyone else noticed it?

The coke ad. on page 29 is a good takeoff. Speaking of ads, permit me to inform you of my execration of you for publishing those ones too late to do anyone any good. By the way, what is your rate for ads? I want to do a bit of swapping and buying. ((See statement on Contents page in top right bloc.))

As I See It is suggestive. I think that The Crouch's specifications for Fantasy Books are a first-class rule to follow, except that I would be inclined

to put the publisher's full address on the title page. However, once again, don't take his advice of letting a good mag rot. While a good Fantasy Book is preferable to a one-shot or a periodical that is not carried on with the proper energy, it is definitely inferior in both value and acceptability to a half-decent Fanzine. And my reaction to his urging you to let CANFAN lapse in favour of an occasional book would require asbestos paper, tungsten keys, and a graphite ribbon!

The Curse of DjeDju, I regret to say, is not up to your effort in the last issue. And in each case, the editorial was superior. Personally, Beak, I would not bother about dutifully getting out a story for each issue, but concentrate instead on the editorial. Not that the story is bad, but I really go for the editorials.

And finally, we come to the profile of Hurter. I really enjoyed this. I missed getting to know him when he was at McGill, and this is a useful prelude to meeting him. I've written to him about the MSFS (= McGill, or Montreal S-F Soc., as you choose) and received a very prompt reply from him. (Which is more than I can say for Les Crouitch.)

COL. DAVID H. KELLER	55 Broad Street Stroudsburg, Pa.
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WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

To the Science-Fiction Fans of Canada;
My dear Friends:

Not many of you know me personally but I met some of you at the PHILCON in September '47.

Mrs Keller and I expect to attend the Science-Fiction Convention in Toronto, and by that time I want all of you to know me as an author and a man.

Perhaps not many of you had an opportunity to read The Devil and the Doctor by Keller; but all of you have the chance to read my anthology which will be published this Fall by the AVALON COMPANY, P.O. BOX 8052, CLINTON HILL STATION, NEWARK (8), NEW JERSEY? U.S.A. This will be a hard-covered book of about 375 pages and contains a long novel and ten short stories, some of which have never been printed, and at least one, The Piece of Linoleum, printed and impossible to obtain. The book is priced at \$3.00. Each

of the 1000 copies will have my photograph full page, in it, but the first 300 will be personally autographed to the buyer and these will be numbered.

I have just finished reading the proofsheets of this book, and, even though I wrote the stories I am still thrilled by them. All of them have literary value, and some of them are distinctly beautiful. This quality of beauty, I find, is distinctly lacking in other authors in the Science Fiction World, and yet they seem to be able to please their unseen audience.

Now WHAT PRICE BEAUTY? How many readers appreciate it, and how many enjoy a story for its loveliness? How many readers thrill to sheer beauty? When I read some of these stories I find that in places they almost have a musical and poetical quality that sounds like elfin music in the moonlight.

What price BEAUTY? I have determined to make an experiment. I want as many of your Canadian Fans as can do so to order this book and read it carefully. If you agree with me that it is a most unusual and fine collection of stories, keep it and write me WHY you like it. BUT IF YOU DO NOT LIKE IT, and think that it is not worth the money, mail the book to me and write a letter telling me why you think as you do and I WILL SEND YOU THREE U.S. \$1.00 BILLS. I think that is a fair offer.

Finally, if there is a WAR VETERAN in your society who has been a Keller Fan for years, and wants this Anthology very badly but feels that he simply cannot pay the money for it; if this Veteran will write to me and show me that he is a true Keller Fan I will be glad to send him an autographed copy as a present. I have had nearly 30 years of commissioned service, was through both Wars, and have a very feeling of fellowship with a Veteran.

This is a long letter but Beak Taylor has promised me to run it in the Sept. number of CANADIAN FANDOM.

Sincerely,

Lt. Col. MC.U.S.A.
(retired)

LIN CARTER	865 - 20th Avenue South St Petersburg, Florida
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Cover: Ah me, why isn't this guy in the

pros?

Fiction: Very good, above the average, and all that. Always get a laff out of yer stuff, Beak. ((Heh-heh! The gentle art of diplomacy, eh?))

Maelstrom: Good, as usual. Croutch's letter was amoozin'. Wish I could write like that! Desire to see this humble missive in the next ish, so take notice, Beak. ((Here again, we see the influence of political parties on American youth. All we need is a little soft soap and we purr like a lap-load of tabbies.))

Glad Mason In Montreal is over. It was interesting, but dragged on and on.

I agree with Elsner on The Inheritors. It was great stuff. Les had a good idea in his column, there. Hope somebody uses it. Shadow Dance — nice but rather pointless. ((Political influence to the fore once more, here. This paragraph demonstrates to what heights the individual may be spurred in the field of rhetoric and intelligent criticism.))

If any of you Fen up there have Fanzines, I'd like to sub to them. One at a time boys, line forms to th' right.

TOM JEWETT

670 George Street
Clyde, Ohio, U. S. A.

Ah, 'tis a warm night tonite; warm onuff to warp this individual right into the fourth dimension, where never is heard a discouraging word and the deros don't come out all day. But what I am writing you for is a few words of wisdom about CANFAN. ((As few as possible, I see)) To wit, viz, and e.g.:—

I'm sorry Mason in Montreal had to reach the end of Mason. Fred biographies good, (((!!!))) and I like his humor. Gad, Mason must've had a helluva time!

Timothy's Angel was a swell story! {Pardon the Americanese — I am an unnaturalized American citiSen-Sen, just a breath of the old Sloth.) Excellent writing, and all. Really good.

Glad Les Croutch went farther into his Fan Book idea in As I See It. Fandom should see many carefully-done book-like magazines. It's a real undertaking, to be sure, but no more than one or two issues of a Fanzine in labour. And worth much more in hand than a Fanzine or three. Kennedy did it with his FANTASY REVIEW -- surely there are other equally ambitious publishers. (Don't look at me!) Les

hits the spot (Pepsi-Cola Company, forgive me!) ((Didn't fizz on 'em)) with his letter-getting-for-his-zine idea. It's the personal touch (Sorry, I'm broke too) that brings in the ego-boo and stuff. He's right about artists, too. But I can't understand this — tirade — on how Fandom is a bunch of egocentric cynics too self-centered to recognize the non-Fan man-on-the-street as being human also. (Webster et al forgive me if I'm being redundant.) I figure that when a guy keeps in touch with people all over the country and is widely acquainted, he is more likely to respect how the other guy feels. It's the introverts that cause trouble, not the extrovertive person with a wide circle of acquaintances. Which one am I. Never you mind, boy; I only write to a couple dozen people.

The Origin of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs (Whew! Talk about long titles...) was good, and would've been better had it talked more on the subject. Really a sort of synopsis, I suppose. The rest should be good; a fit subject for part of a Fan Book. Too heavy to make up a whole "book."

Elsner Looks Back, by who else? was good, and I like his idea to talk over relatively forgotten stories.

Stuff & Such by Hurter told me a lot about paper-making that I had never known. I had that that you just pushed several hundred board-feet of tree into a chopper and it came out your magazine, printed and stapled. ((What, no trimmed edges?)) Maybe that's a bit steep, but it's basically true. I will hereafter have more respect towards my CENSORED paper. Rest of it good, too.

The Maelstrom good: one of the better lettercolumns.

Editorial WE, I suppose, shouldn't really be rated, but it is a regular feature, so what t'heck. Sorry CANFAN will be under a new management. It'll never be the same, I'm afraid. New proprietors just can't love ((Hah!)) something like the originators. Tsk, tsk....

The caption-less cartoon was clever, but the poem should've been dumped into tiny dwelling on the smaller asteroid. That blankety-blank verse....

Cover was excellent. Penwork neat. The Curse of DjeDju I didn't like. Fan Personalities was good. I like to know vaguely something about a good Fan-writer.

Even just Fans. Or writers. I write. You want my biography? Or would you rather be a pig

The mimeographing was heavenly, Beak old man, but what, pray, is a Gestetner? ((A celestial mimeograph, upon which we produce our "heavenly" mimeographing.))

WILLIAM D. GRANT

11 Burton Road
Toronto, Ontario

Your July issue (first one I've ever seen) struck me as a very well put-together Fanmag. Stencil work is tops, double columns easy on the eyes. I would not be guessing to say that a lot of hours must have gone into CANFAN.

The Evolution of Religious Thoughts lifts you up to higher heights. Fred Hurter can always be depended upon if he keeps up that standard. In fact, its not many Fanmags would print it. A "Gardenia" to the Editor for publishing the article.

The Maelstrom should feature more names; if necessary shorten some of the letters. Especially the ones that don't say a thing about the article and end up on another plane of thought. For example—"Pour it all back in the bottle; it stinks!" What I want to know is why it stinks. That black line around the headings with name and address in it, smartens up the whole page.

Mason in Montreal -- I don't like serials. Let COSMO and REDBOOK worry about it, your readers don't appreciate that kind of thing. (Or any reader of anything, as far as that goes.)

Fan Personalities is another high spot; don't ever let go of it.

All the art work is good; the cover is tops.

To sum it up, all that can be said is that you must feel pretty good when you put out an issue like that.

NILS H. FROME

Camp 5
Bloedel, British Columbia

Thanks for the long-deferred latest issue.

I see you have made use of that particular cover design. When you sent me that proof in which you had combined certain sketches of mine, sent to you over various periods, together with a "semi-

poem", which I never took very seriously and sent you for "what it was worth", in a unit, I told you what I thought of the idea. However, I allowed you to carry on -- believing I would be editorially absolved of all complicity in this objectionable cover arrangement. But such has not been the case.

Also, I should like to point out, again, the reiteration of the word "God" in the second and third line is erroneous. In the third line, as I wrote it, and as I pointed out to you personally, the place of the word "God" which in your version occurs at the end of the line, is taken by the word "sod", one of the only two instances of an attempt at rhyme in the thing.

If you had previously notified me of the kind of design you had in mind I might have done something in that line which might have shown to better advantage than the present patchwork concoction.

And thanx for the credits! I scanned the contents page for any mention of authorship, in vain.

((Some brief editorial apologies and explanations are in order here. First, let me hasten to state that the whole cover set-up on the last number was my idea, and was used entirely without the approval of Nils. At the time the affair took place, I expected to have an issue out in a week or so, and this was a last-minute idea. Nil's suggestions as to change of word "God" to "sod" came too late to be rectified, since the thing had already gone down to the lithographers. In the editorial, however, I inserted a paragraph or two of explanation. As you know, however, CANFAN didn't appear until July, '47, a delay of 10 months from its scheduled October '46 debut. Editorial was hastily rewritten, and in the ensuing scuffle, reference to Nil's work was somehow overlooked, as well as a credit line on Contents page. My belated apologies to Nils. May this not plunge us all into war.))

RICHARD FRANK

342 Susquehanna Street
Williamsport 15, Pa.

Thanks so much for a sample of CANADIAN
-- (Continued on Page 32) --

Sky Wandering

31

By — Barbara E. Bovard

This column might be subheaded "Objectivity versus Subjectivity", for that roughly could cover everything that will be under discussion now or any other time. In a case such as this, and I would wager a month's salary that there will be violent repercussions, it is important to disentangle oneself from the ordinary strata of ethics, philosophies, socialities, and conventions that make up the personality of the ordinary individual.

And from this last phrase, we can begin the discussion; for if you were any "average" person you wouldn't be reading Beak's mag in the first place. In toto, the mere fact you are a Science Fiction Fan places you outside the "average" class. Whether that outside is above or below is something peculiar to yourself. That seriously interests us, because this is a day and age when one can hardly afford to be below the average and expect ever to exist. Altho' there is peace in the mud, and there is certainly no strife or uncertainty in the smug conventions with which the "belows" surround themselves, per se - "Things are bound to come out all right. Mankind has been on earth so short a while and has come up so far from the beast that we need never fear extinction, universal cataclysms, etc. etc.," and so on in that vein until he has hypnotized himself and those in his class into a sleep of security that ends in Death without ever waking. Nice and peaceful, yes, but what a hell of a way to live!

On the other end of the table, or to make it more lively, right next door, in the fashion of the tea-party in Alice In Wonderland, with the Mad Hatter representing the "Belows" and the March Hare the "Above's", with poor little "Average" Doormouse, sleeping soundly through the whole mess squeezed in between, (This analogy has become mixed in the telling but you understand.) sit the "Above's", wild-eyed and fanatic, screaming the death of mankind in the piggish sloughs of complacency. These folk are so scared that they are gibbering utter nonsense with fright. "This ism and that religion at each others throats, this race persecuting that race in bitter rivalry, this science outracing that science, juvenile delin-

quency, mounting crime waves, hordes of psychopathic veterans — what's the world coming to? The human race is doomed — doomed!" And they sit in a corner and cry, only to pop up again with some new idea.

The average man, of course, cannot be put into either one of these classes because the average man is a follower. He follows first one and then the other of these schools of thought, bending an ear in the direction which seems to please him most. He will listen with equal intensity to the raving fanatic or to the soothing murmurs of the stick-in-the-muds. Both groups are at each other's throats constantly, but they woo the average man with the passion of lovers in order to persuade him to believe their way. Mob rule becomes the order of the day, for when the average man leans to either side, mobs are formed and someone has a powerful weapon in his hand.

Because the average man has not learned to think, he will believe without hesitancy a thing someone tells him, if he hears it often enough and loud enough. And if you need proof of that, look at the American advertising campaigns, the Nazi regime, the misbegotten Italian herds, lynchings, revolutions! Just stop and look about you! Take a good look and remember it well, for if you have fallen into the grip of one or other of these groups you might as well make out your insurance, tidy up your affairs, go home and blow your brains out. Maybe the next time you hit life, you will remember and act accordingly.

Don't get excited; we're not saying men are fools — just most of them. For on the sidelines, amused, sometimes bored, sometimes excited, but always searching and searching for the truth, is a fourth class. What to name this class is difficult unless we carry Alice in Wonderland a little further and say they are "Alice's" — which is not too bad an idea, since they are every bit as strange to this world as Alice was to the one she visited so precipitously. It would be thrilling to designate these folk as visitors from other worlds, to speculate on their origin (in many cases we've met, they just seemed to be "borned".), and to

hope they may pull us by our own bootstraps. What is more likely, they could hoist us by our own petards! Unfortunately, until proof has been offered to the contrary, these folk remain just people with unusual intelligence and ideas.

Don't go looking for them in Universities, governments, libraries, monasteries, or in strange lands. Next time you climb on a street-car, the chances are you sit yourself right next to one. They range in all walks of life from the sweating railroad laborer to the President of the U.S. or Mexico, or the Prime Minister of Canada. We choose the North American Continent advisedly because it is closest, but they are restricted by no geographical barriers. You're just as likely to find one driving a taxi-cab as you are sitting under a boabab in the

Orient.

Why are they unusual? Because they think. Because they refuse to form an opinion on just anybody's sayso.

No, they're not supermen, visitors from another Planet, or men out of time. They are nothing dreamed of by novelists, because no one has yet been able to find a limit to their ability to live. Because of their intense and burning interest in all the millions of facets of life, they have adapted themselves to all sorts of situations, being able to get the most of their single moment.

They're the type of person who is never too busy to do something, unless they are too busy just living. Which is entirely possible. Life takes up such a tremendous amount of existing that it's amazing folks find time for other things!

* * * * *

THE MAELSTROM

(Continued from page 30)

FANDOM.

The cover is fine, superior to many on U.S. Fanzines. Your mimeo work is well-linked throughout. Contents readable, as far as I've read, which includes the articles. Especially liked features by Hurter, Elsner, Crutch. Don't read Fan Fiction much (Don't even have time to read all the pro stuff I want to.) but your stuff looks good from the brief skimming I've done. Best of luck with CANFAN and '48 Con. plans.

"Onto-Tor-Onto."

* * * * *

CANAL

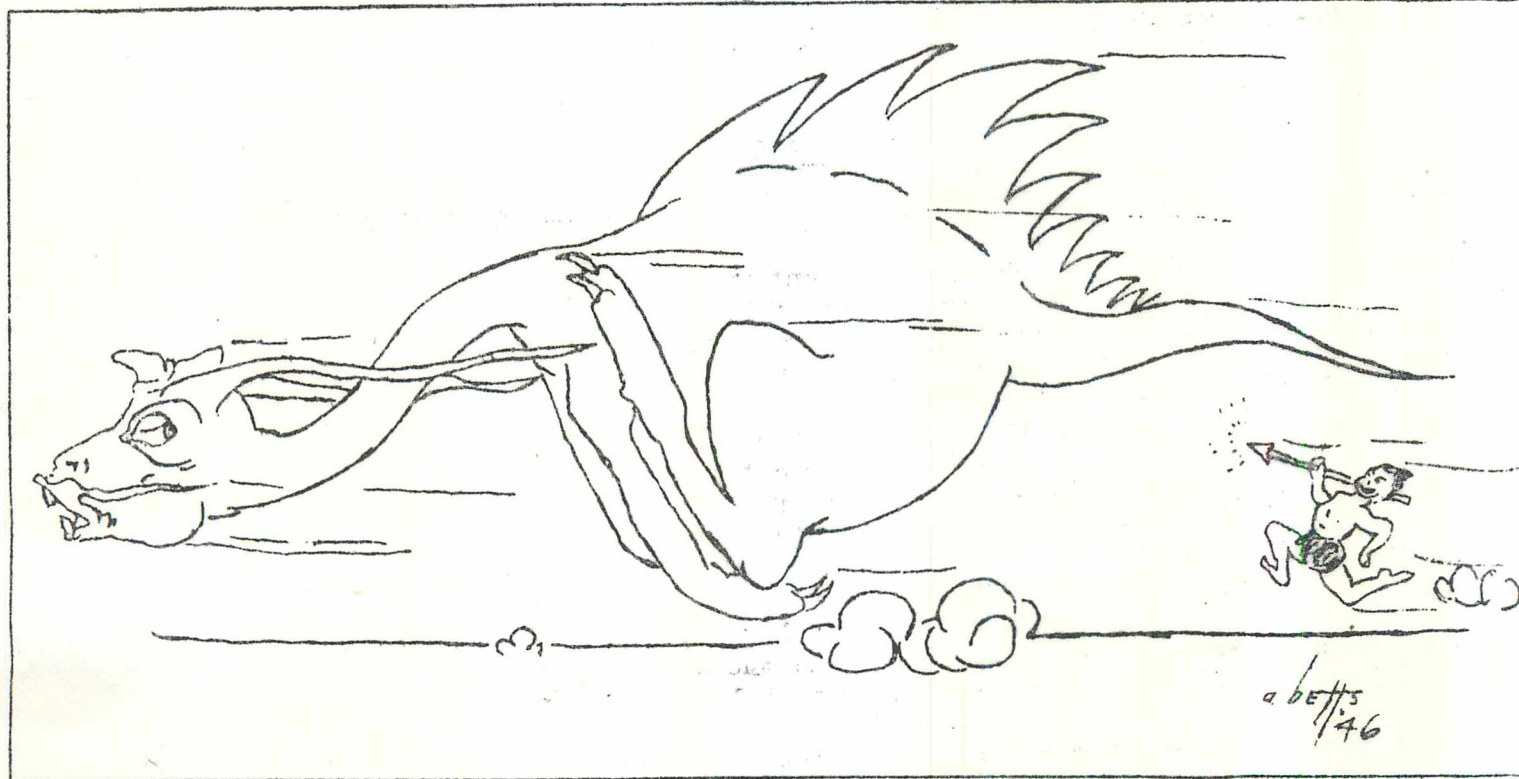
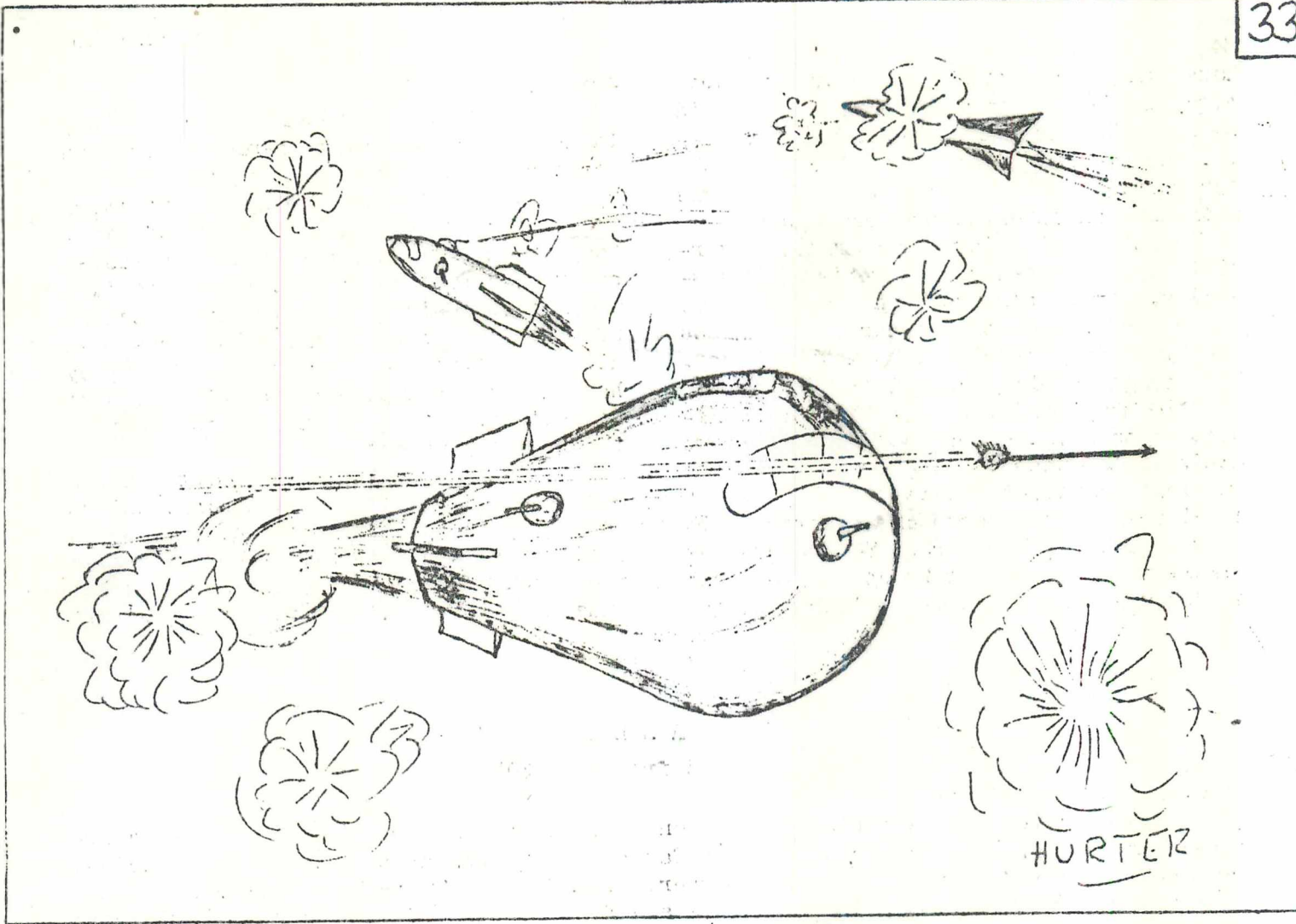
By — Lin Carter

I stood by the silent waters
Of the Great Canal of Mars,
And thought of the race, whose martyrs
Had first journeyed out to the stars.

And all that is left of their glory,
Once great as their cities had been,
Is now a lost part of time's story,
And their dying world is now dim.

The towers painting to the sky,
Mirrored in the Canal's still face
Are tombstones. And the winds that sigh
Are the ghosts of that long-dead race.

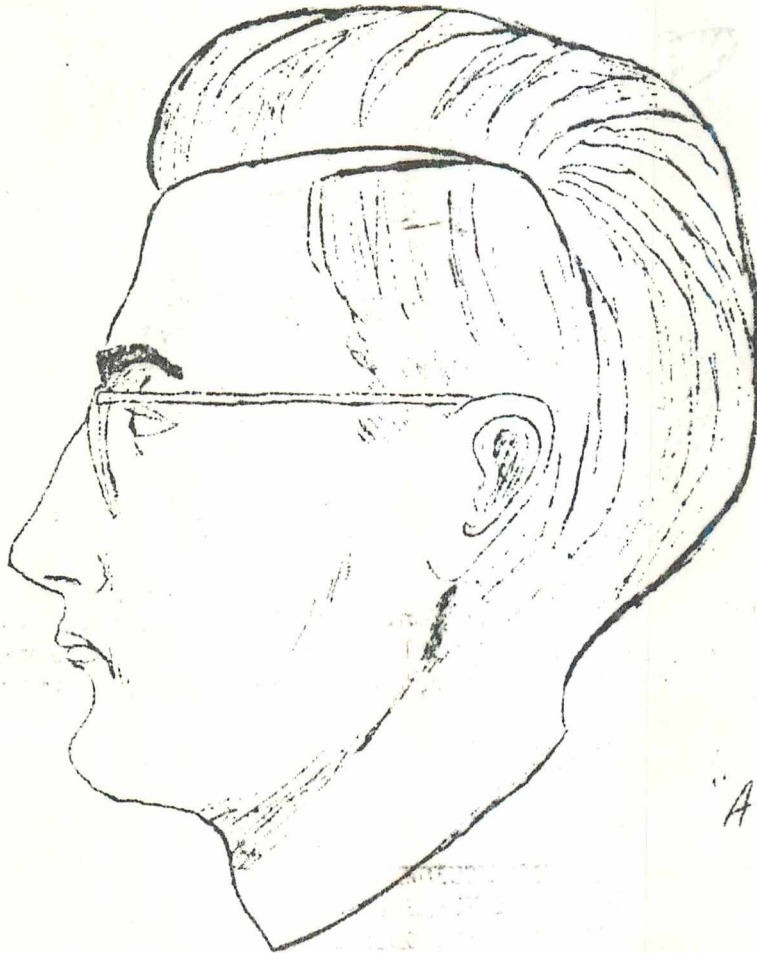
But to the races that were to come
From the younger Planets near the Sun,
They left a monument for the stars,
In the Great Canal of Ancient Mars.



Fan Personalities

Ned McKeown

NO. 6



"ANONYMOUS"
'47

This is one of Canada's newer Fans, Toronto's Ned McKeown. Ned, a reader and collector for some six and a half years, first became active in 1945 when he wrote his first letter, — a missive which found its final resting place in the pages of STARTLING STORIES. Fandom didn't hear from him to any great extent until this year, when he finally subscribed to a few Fan magazines and whipped off some letters. He has lived in Toronto for many years, yet had not met your unworthy editor until this summer. Explaining the delay, Ned said, "I just couldn't raise the courage to phone and ask for 'Beak'".

Ned is perhaps the most active and energetic of the local group of Fans. Together with Beak Taylor, he attended the PHILCON, and became the head of the TORCON SOCIETY, no small achievement for a relative newcomer. Although no magazines have yet been the recipients of McKeown-wrought articles, he intends to do some writing, and should be represented in these pages ere long.

A student in First Year Commerce and Finance at the University of Toronto, Ned has a fairly wide range of interests, from Stif and Fantasy, to Women and Basketball. He's a familiar sight on Toronto courts as a referee in the latter.

Statistics: Age — old enough; weight — 155 lbs; Height — 5' 8"; Sex — yes; Nationality — Irish-American-Canadian; Eyes — Blue; Hair — Brown.

BET YOU HAVEN'T SENT IN YOUR DOLLAR YET FOR —

The Torcon

The first International Science-Fiction Convention is definitely set for the July 4th weekend in Toronto. Arrangements are well underway to make this the best Convention of them all, but we need your support. Boost the TORCON SOCIETY with your contribution.

NED MCKEOWN
1398 MOUNT PLEASANT ROAD
TORONTO 12, ONTARIO

Will accept your cash. One dollar brings you your membership card and TORQUE, the Con Newsheet, which will give up-to-the-minute reports on organizational details.

Onto-Tor-Onto

Boost the SIXTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. Tell your friends its.

TORONTO IN '48