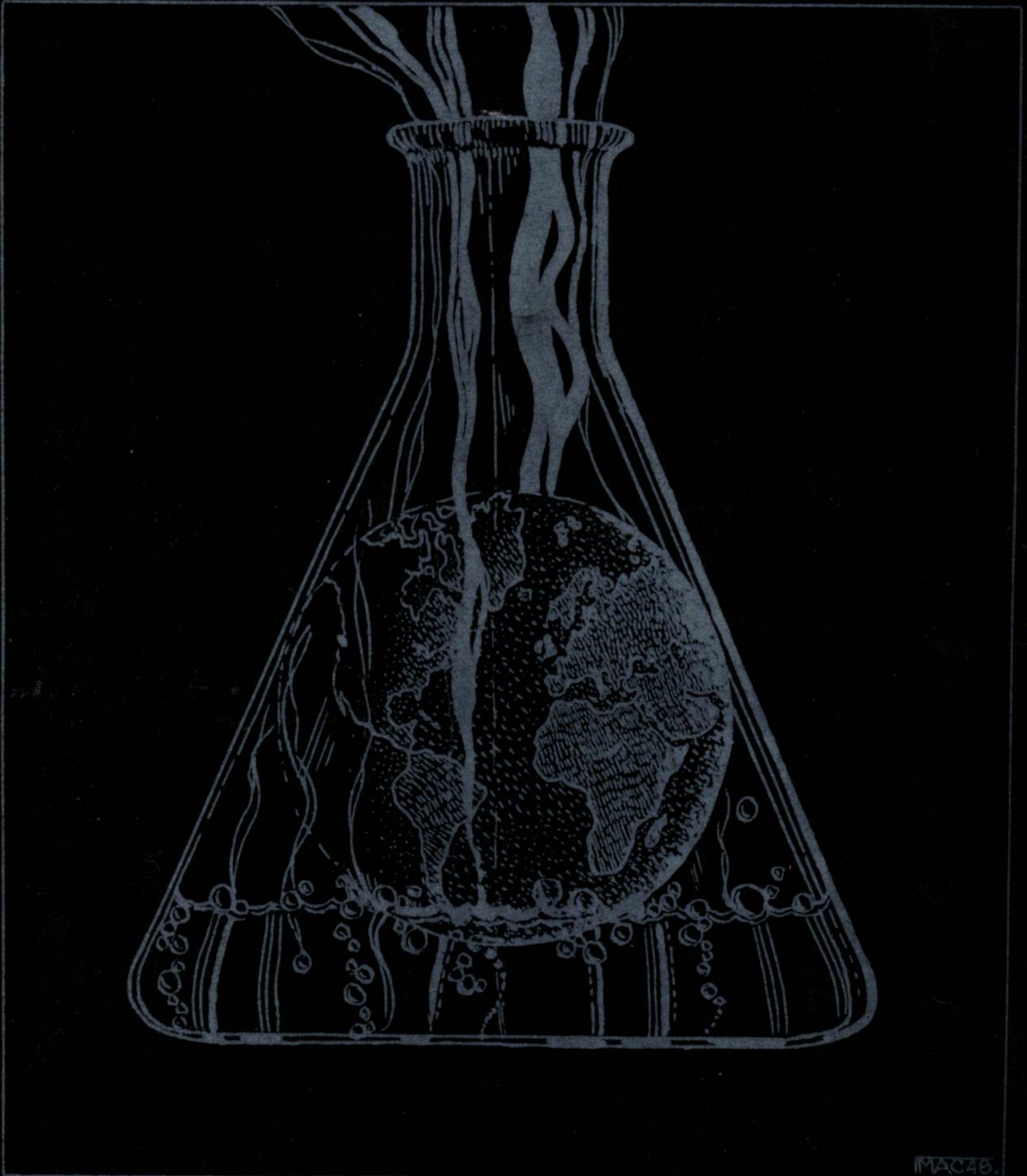


CANADIAN FANDOM

A CAEP PUBLICATION

N° 15



MACAB.

CANADIAN FANDOM NO. 15

A CAFF PUBLICATION

CANADIAN FANDOM #15, Successor to CANADIAN FANDOM #14

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— CONTENTS —

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FICTION

Heaven's My Destination Fred Hurter jr 6

FEATURES

Editorial WE.	Beak Taylor.	4
The Maelstrom	Readers' Reactions	13
Wee Willie's Wanderings	William D. Grant	22
The Evolution of Religious Thoughts	Fred Hurter jr	25
As I See It	Leslie A. Croutch.	28
La Nuit Blanche	Moe Diner.	32
Sky Wanderings.	Barbara E. Bovard.	33
Canadian Fan Directory.	Canadian Fans.	35
Fan Personalities (Bill Grant).	William D. Grant & Ned McKeown	36

ARTICLES

Personal Survival in Atomic Warfare	Alastair Cameron	9
The Evolution of the Mountain	Beak Taylor.	18
Erotica and Modern Life	David H. Keller MD	30

POETRY

Accursed. James Russell Gray 29

ILLUSTRATIONS

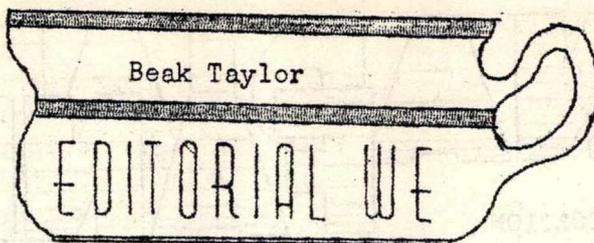
Cover	Cliff MacFayden	
Heaven's My Destination	Bill Grant.	6
Evolution of the Mountain	Beak Taylor	18
Classics of Science-Fantasy Fiction	Bill Grant.	21 & 24

Credits for Varityping this issue (if credits they may be called), go to Beak Taylor, and Ned McKeown. Among our slipsheeters and crank turners this issue, we number such well-known Fans as John Hollis Mason, John Millard, Lyell Crane, Lewis Swanson, William D. Grant, Beak Taylor, and — Ned McKeown. (It's his Gestetner, so we have to let him use it once in a while.) This thing is created and perpetrated at an interval arbitrarily known as quarterly — this being our 15th issue since February 1943, you figure it out. Next issue to appear (hopefully) on June fifteenth

Space to the right is left for the purpose of marking number of copies left in your subscription. A zero indicates that you should send your moolah, or be forced to languish in the valley of the unenlightened. Exchanges unmarked.

5

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Very soon, Toronto (Canada's number 1 Convention city, according to a recent survey, and fourth greatest on the Continent) will be the scene of a gathering for which a great number of Fans have worked hard. Some have spent many leisure hours arranging technical details -- others have expended creative effort to provide a program calculated to satisfy the Fan interest.

We refer, of course, to the Sixth World Science Fiction Convention. And we know, too, that this "work" we mention was probably enjoyed as much as its results will be in July.

Yet, we'd like to feel that what we have done is actually accomplishing something -- we'd like to know that you're behind us in this thing.

First, naturally, we'd like you to attend. But that's impossible in many cases, even though you'll be here in spirit if not body. But you can send on your representative -- and here we drop from the highly idyllic plane on which we have been writing -- pass along your cash.

It's your privilege as a citizen in a free country, you know.

If you haven't a buck to spare, why not take a booster ad in the Program Booklet. Two lines running somewhat like this
VENUS SESQUILATERAL TO TORONTO
BEST WISHES -- GEORGE X. SMORTH

will set you back but two bits. Use your imagination, although we admit that two lines doesn't offer much scope. Perhaps you'd better take a page at six bucks; or a half page at three; or a quarter page at one and one half.

If your interest in the TORCON doesn't follow financial lines, why not give us some publicity. If you run a Fanzine, use A page, or a part of a page, to boost the Convention. If you write letters, remind your correspondents that July 3rd's almost here, and that the gathering will be broken up by July 6th. If you neither publish, nor write, then we can't solve your problem.

But get here, somehow!

Ron Christensen of Brooklyn says he's

going to push a bathtub off his hotel roof. And Norm Stanley of Rockland, Maine, says he'd like to see one pushed off the local Burlesque House, with a chorus girl to ride it down. Bob Tucker's going to take some of your valuable time to give you the answer to that question which has been bothering you -- who and what makes up Fandom? He's received over 200 answers to a questionnaire he perpetrated a month or so ago -- you know, that sheet you answered all the silly questions on. (Do you approve of sex, eh? John Cunningham once said he didn't approve of mass nudism, but in small quantities it must be a nice experience.)

We don't know what George O. Smith's going to do (that's part of the Smith charm -- always something different going on), but he says he'll be here. So will David H. Keller, MD -- and surely you remember the great stories he's had published over the years.

And how about Lester (and some were Human) del Rey?

Evans, Ackerman, Willmorth, Hurter, Croutch, Hadley, Davis, Saari -- migawd, you can't afford not to come.

We have some other surprises too -- a film which we don't think any of you have seen, the auction, the banquet -- the Fan entertainment.

I'm almost glad I live in Toronto.

This is the first Varityped issue of CANADIAN FANDOM we've attempted; in fact, it's our first varityping. So we don't know quite what to expect. But whether or not the practise will be continued depends on our pocketbook, in the main, and on our ambition, for it means typing the entire issue in about three days -- the length of time for which we have been able to finance the rental of Mr Coxhead's contribution to the world.

One more issue of CANFAN will appear before the Convention -- published somewhere in June, preferably well before the Convention. It'll be distributed to our regular subscribers, as well as to attendees.. The postconvention issue will probably not

come out of Toronto until sometime in the Fall, for the publication of the TORCON Report and the Convention Register will take much of our time.

The TORCON Report, as those of you who receive TORQUE will gather, is to be our version of the Mem'ry Book (Carlson, where is the PHILCON Mem'ry Book, eh?). It will take the form of our PHILCON Report published in these pages last year.

Attendees will be asked to scribble a few lines for inclusion, artists will be required to be artistic, photographers to photograph. The cumulative results will be slung together, lithoed, sent out for a slight fee. It's not like the former post-convention efforts. It's intentionally dissimilar. We hope that whatever happens will be worth the time and effort taken by its editors and those who write for it — not to mention those who pay.

As for the Convention Register, this is something that has been missing since 1939 when the first of them — the NYCON — was in full swing.

This publication will be more than a register; it will be a permanent record of the Convention, to be passed on down the years from Convention to Convention. It will contain as accurate a picture of the Convention as it is within our power to give. Again, photographs, copies of convention speeches, signatures, write-ups, whatever is needed to set down for posterity the Sixth World Science-Fiction Convention. And we'll not forget the past gatherings. It'll be a tough job to dig up the remainders of past meetings, but we intend to cover as fully as possible a history of them all. N y c o n, Chicon, Denvention, Pacificon, Philcon — and Torcon. We'll need some help, and we'll need plenty of suggestions. What've you got to offer?

We note with glee that the outside world is beginning to take notice of Science-Fiction, not only as fact — for that has been impressing them ever since that historic day in 1945 when the atom entered the spotlight — but as literature.

And the flag for Stf literary qualities is non other than A. E. van Vogt, who's great mutant story — Slan — has long been a Fan favorite.

Van Vogt's shortened and rewritten World of A has hit the stands with a thud,

and the reverberations have made even some critics sit up. Among the more tolerant of the cultured criticisers are R. B. Gehman of the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, the LITERARY GUILD (see Wee Willie's Wanderings), and William Arthur Deacon, literary editor of the TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL. And van Vogt was recently guest speaker at a Book and Author luncheon sponsored by the LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS.

Of all this, perhaps you'd be interested in hearing a few of the things non-fan Deacon has to say:

"Science-Fiction," says Mr Deacon, "is a new genre in imaginative literature. The principle advance from the technique of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells is that the prophetic writers of today are no longer content with merely mechanical improvements in living, and are inquiring into the kinds of people who will be dealing with the problems of 500 to 600 years hence. Freedom versus discipline in a world of plenty is a specimen theme."

Deacon has obviously read into his subject somewhat, and isn't merely lurching precariously on as thin ice as most literary reviewers approaching our "new" literature. (New in the last two thousand years.) And A isn't the first of its ilk to be reviewed — he did The Doppelgangers earlier in the year.

Deacon has to say about van Vogt's son child — "The World of A is certainly an exciting tale, brilliantly contrived and indicating at many points the philosopher who is not content to fool with mere gadgets. There is a good deal of the push-button about the world Mr van Vogt shows us; but his interest lies in how that world is governed and the efficiency of controls."

From thence, Mr Deacon launches into an explanation of the plot, and lays down rather matter-of-factly the general outline — more sensibly than one might expect from an average Stf-ignorant critic.

— When he finally works his way round to A itself, Deacon says, "the supporting philosophy, named null A, is 'man's fight to train his brain to distinguish between similar yet different object-events in space-time.'" And all in one sentence, too.

"They believed that no two situations

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION by FRED HURTER, JR

THIS WAY TO HELL
 THE LOCAL HOT SPOT OF THE LANDS
 BEYOND TIME. — IF YOU HAVE NOT
 LED A GOOD LIFE DO NOT DESPAIR.
 WE HAVE A PLACE
 FOR YOU.....

**THIS WAY TO HEAVEN AND
 THE CITY FOUR SQUARE**
 IF YOU HAVE LED A
 GOOD LIFE YOU MAY NOW
 JOIN THE UNION AND
 RECEIVE YOUR HALO...



"Special Amendment 117: All Engineers shall be admitted to Heaven, regardless of character or former behavior, and shall have placed at their disposal all the facilities providable by Heaven — by Order-in-Council of Archangels. c.f. 1735-89."

The three men walked slowly through the grey mists that mask the Lands Beyond Time, following a road worn smooth by the passing of many feet. They were an odd group. One was tall with pinched features, and wore a stiff white collar and severely cut black clothes; one was short, fat and pompous, and carried a small black bag. The third was much younger than the other two; he was dressed in old breeches, a dirty windbreaker, and in one hand he carried a ciphered white stick with which he tapped his leg idly as he walked along. The group was silent.

Soon the mists thinned somewhat before them, and they saw that the road branched. One road, wide and paved with smooth black blocks led downwards toward a reddish glow in the mists. The other, narrow, overgrown with grass and beset with thorn bushes rose steeply into the mists. A post stood at the fork of the road. There were two signs:

The group paused for a moment and read the signs, and then turned as one and began to climb up the narrow, steep, grass-grown path indicated by the signboard as leading to Heaven. The young man strode easily up the slope, the thorns tugging harmlessly against the staunch whipcord of his breeches and the tough leather of his windbreaker. The other two struggled slowly upwards, the short fat one panting hoarsely. The young man turned to wait for the other two. He watched their struggles and then said:

"After all you go through in life they might at least make things easier here. An escalator would do no harm."

The two stopped and glared at him.

"The road to Heaven is not an easy one," said the fat man pompously.

"Heresy," muttered the tall one clothed in black.

The group, again silent, plodded on up the path. At last the mists before them thinned and they saw the walls of a great city, all gold, silver and white marble, before them. From the city came the music of harps, tinkling fountains and chanting choirs.

"Heaven!" sighed the short, fat one.

"The Eternal City!" murmured the tall black one with eyes half closed.

"Shades of Fort Knox!" gasped the young one, staring at the golden wall.

They moved forward to a small gate of mother-of-pearl, bound with pearl-encrusted gold, that was set in the golden wall. A golden knocker hung from the gate. The tall black one grasped it and knocked.

"Wonder why they call this the Pearly Gates? There's only one," said the young man. "And not very big at that."

The other two glared at him. From within came the sound of a voice:

"Coming. Coming."

The gate opened slowly on creaking hinges, and before them stood a stately bearded figure robed in white, above whose head shimmered a golden halo.

"St. Peter!" gasped the fat one and the black as they fell to their knees.

St. Peter turned and grasped a large volume that hung by a golden chain just within the gate.

"Come, come now; get on your feet. I'm a busy Saint," said Saint Peter.

Saint Peter opened the book.

"You first," he said to the black-clad one. "Who are you?"

"I'm Reverend Wedge," replied the black one.

"Ah yes!" You're the missionary who performed such excellent work in the South Sea Islands; forcing the natives to clothe

their beautiful bodies in ugly rags, and encumbering their blissful lives with rules and regulations. By all means come right in. We have a place reserved for you.

"And who may you be?" said Saint Peter turning to the short, fat one.

"I'm Doctor Alexander P. Fuddle."

"Ah yes, Dr. A.P. Fuddle. Yes, in the execution of your profession you have sent many our way. By all means, enter at once," said Saint Peter.

"And now you — your name, profession and trade," said Saint Peter to the young man.

"I'm James Smith, an engineer," said the young man.

"An engineer? What in Heaven's name is that? — Oh yes; I remember now. You're one of those fellows that shovels coal for engines. I'm afraid you are hardly suitable for this place. I suggest you go to Hell: your aptitude for shovelling coal should come in handy," said Saint Peter.

The young man heard the Reverend Wedge say to Saint Peter:

"Hardly thought he was suitable."

Then the Pearly Gates were closed.

The young man paused for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and headed down the path.

* * * * *

A year later, an angel approached Saint Peter in great haste. Panting, he dropped before him.

"Saint Peter, Saint Peter," the angel gasped. "You got to get that Smith, James Smith, that Engineer, out of Hell at once. That Engineer"

"Wait a moment; wait a moment," said Saint Peter. "Compose yourself and let me hear your story."

The Angel paused for a moment and then spoke more slowly

"I was making my regular tour of the Lands Beyond Time which I make every year. I noticed a rather strange occurrence — the mists above the road to Hell were no longer there. Flying lower, I noticed that long tubes radiating great heat were laid parallel to the road and some distance from it. These tubes in some strange manner dispelled the mists. I landed on the road, and walked toward the gates of Hell. The gates were no longer slightly ajar. In fact, the very gates were different. The blackened gratings of brass and iron had been replaced by a panel of some mirror-bright metal, and above the panel was a sign in glowing red tubes, almost six feet high.

It read:

WELCOME TO HADES

*The most advanced and thriving
Community in the Lands Beyond Time*

As I approached the bright panel, it slid aside smoothly on rollers. I entered. All Hell was changed! Gone was the heat that baked the devils to their crimson hue! Before me was a beautiful tile-lined foyer, from which led well-lit tile-lined corridors! A large desk of some transparent material trimmed with the same bright metal stood in the center of the foyer, and behind it sat a smiling devil, his skin almost as white as mine.

"What's happened?" I gasped.

"You mean this?" he said, swinging his arm about. "Like it?"

"Who did all this?" I asked.

"The Engineer. The Great Engineer Smith, Hell be praised, came to us and showed us the way."

"The Engineer? May I see him?" I asked.

"Certainly," said the Devil. "It'll be a pleasure to guide you to him. It will give me a chance to show you wickeder than thou fellows what a progressive community looks like."

He led me down one of the corridors.

"Soundproof," said the devil, pointing to the walls.

"Fluorescent tubes," said the devil, pointing to long tubes in the ceiling that gave off a bright light. "Sodium vapor, you know."

"Air conditioning," said the devil, pointing to a metal grillwork in one of the walls from which fresh air blew.

The corridor widened into a great hall lined with portals. Crowds of devils were moving towards a large portal.

"Recreation center," said the devil: "Swimming pool, bowling alleys, skating rink, pool room, games of all sorts. Our night club hasn't opened yet."

We walked on and on past beautiful rooms and corridors.

"We could have taken the new subway," said the devil, "but I want to show you the place. Ah, here is the industrial section."

We entered a vast room filled with machinery.

"Boilers," said the devil, pointing. "We've harnessed the eternal flames of the fiery furnace. We use the heat to generate steam power. Boy, have we got oodles of power. Over there, steam turbines, and electric generators.

We walked on to another great machine-filled cavern.

"Our metal refineries, foundaries and machine shops. We've got unlimited supplies of metals, unlimited heat for metallurgical processes, unlimited brimstone to make sulphuric acid for metal refining and pickling, unlimited power to turn our machinery.

We walked on and on. Occasionally, self-propelled vehicles carrying devils and loads of material passed us. We entered an area where the old cavern walls still showed.

"Construction going on here," said the devil. "That big machine over there is a steamshovel; that powerful gadget is a bulldozer; those vehicles are trucks.

Devils were everywhere — smoothing off the cavern walls — filling up cracks with a gray paste which the devil called concrete. We came to a metal wall at the end of the corridor in which was a peculiar door.

"Air lock," said the devil. "Here, take this gas mask and asbestos suit."

Watching the motions of the devil, I clad myself in the peculiar white suit. I had a bit of trouble with my wings. We stepped into the airlock and through. Before me was a section of the old Hell; but with a difference — everywhere were machines, and devils in white suits and masks. They were capping the brimstone and fire vents. The devil left me and ran on ahead. In a moment he returned with another and went back through the airlock.

We drew off our masks.

"THE ENGINEER!" said my guide, reverently.

"Hello," said the Engineer. "How do you like the place? We're putting in a brewery and refinery right now. Growing the grain by hydroponics. You'll never recognize the place in a few more years."

"I don't even right now," I said. "Why all the changes?"

"You've probably seen the place before on some tour. Don't you think conditions were pretty bad?"

"Yes — but they're supposed to be that way. Satan . . ."

" . . . Sees things my way now," said The Engineer.

"But . . . well, I guess I had better be leaving," I said.

The Engineer went back through the air-lock and the devil guided me to a vehicle. In a moment we were rolling rapidly down a long corridor.

"Great devil, that Engineer," said the devil as we rode along. Finally we drew to a halt and stepped out of the

(Continued on Page 12)

PERSONAL SURVIVAL

9

11

ATOMIC WARFARE

By --- Alastair Cameron

We have heard a lot lately about the problems of national survival in atomic warfare; about the dispersal of city populations and of industries, about maintenance of essential transportation and services after the Big Blow-Up, and especially about the problem of feeding the survivors of a nation whose crops are blighted by disease and endangered by radioactive contamination or "dusting." But very little has been said about you and I and how our immediate families can outlive the reign of terror and destruction sure to come in a world decided between two antagonistic ideologies. Such is the somewhat ambitious aim of this article.

This subject may be logically divided into two main sections: what you can do to prepare for the atomic war and what you can do once hostilities commence. My remarks will be mainly directed to those living in a large city or carrying on business there, as it is you who are in the greatest danger. Those of you who live in small towns or on farms have in some respects the same and in others quite different problems to deal with, but serious ones nevertheless. Of course, I am presupposing that the outbreak of war does not kill you off in its first few minutes owing to the unfortunate circumstance that you are caught in the vicinity of an atomic explosion. This is something you will have to take your chances on, unless you have a private pipeline to the Secretary of State or the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as the case may be, who may have a little advance warning of the date set (but probably not the minute) for the explosion of the first flight of massed rockets. Nevertheless, many of you will have your preparations rendered in vain due to being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I am also assuming that you will be able to follow an independent course after the first blasts. This will not apply to many of you due to the necessity for some of you helping to aid the injured and re-

store services in the wake of the blasts. Also, many of you will be in the army or under some other form of government control at the time, especially if the government has foreseen the conflict and instituted some form of conscription. In this case, your survival will depend on the whim of fate and the orders of the powers-that-be.

PREPARATION FOR WAR

One of the first things you must consider is when your preparations should be complete. This depends on many mutually related factors, probably the most important being the state of development of Russian nuclear science and engineering. All information on this subject is and will be heavily censored on both sides. The Russians will not allow leaks for obvious reasons. And our governments will not disclose their intelligence reports of Russian progress in order not to reveal the success (or lack thereof) of their military intelligence. This latter statement may, however, be outweighed by the desire of our governments to warn the people (and our legislative assemblies) of the necessity for undertaking preparatory measures. At all times there are likely to be rumors and conflicting rumors about this topic which you will have to evaluate as well as you can.

I consider there to be a good likelihood that the Russians have already put into operation a low-power graphite-moderated pile for experimental purposes. If they have not already done so then they should almost certainly achieve this success within a year. This is of course a sheer guess, but it is based on the fact that low power piles (which do not have to be cooled) are comparatively easy to construct and do not involve too much engineering research. However, there will still remain vast research and production problems to be solved before plutonium

manufacture on a large scale can be attempted. At the same time guided missile research and long range bomber research must be carried out for utilization of the plutonium stock-pile which is to be accumulated.

My personal estimate for the lower limit to the danger point is five years from now, or in 1953. However, you should form your own opinion on this matter and act accordingly. But be sure not to leave your preparation until it is too late. You should also subject your opinion to a periodic scrutiny to see if later information necessitates a revision of it.

The most important thing you can do to prepare for atomic war is to choose your place of residence properly. You should carry out a sort of personal dispersal. If you work in a city you should commute into it. Probably the best thing to do when you work in a large city is to live in a fairly small suburb about twenty miles or a little more from the center of the city. But make sure there are no important military or industrial targets close to your suburb, or you may find an atom bomb directed your way. This location of your home should protect your family from direct killing by atomic bombing, and also yourself unless you are caught and killed in the city.

You should get an instrument for detecting nuclear radiation. Probably the most suitable such instrument is a type of radiation counter known as a *Survey Meter* which measures all types of nuclear radiation and records the intensity by means of a microammeter. The *Survey Meter* is used on atomic projects for protecting health. It is a small, light, portable instrument, quite rugged and dependable. At present it costs about \$200:00, but this price should go down, especially since I don't suppose the parts cost more than about \$35:99. You will need this instrument to tell you whether or not it is safe to enter a given area, particularly if much radioactive dusting is attempted. A moderate amount of dusting will make no immediate difference to the appearance of a given area, but if you get an overdose of radiation through entering that area you will become very weak and probably die slowly from radiation sickness, unable to receive treatment because at the time the medical services of the community will be vastly overtaxed. The only way you can be sure an area is safe to enter is by means of an instrument such as a *Survey Meter*.

It would be desirable for you to own a car. This will of course become useless

to you as soon as the distribution of gasoline breaks down, but in the meantime you can use it to transport yourself and family to a place of greater safety (if you know of one). It will probably be important for you to go further away from the city, as the city survivors will be homeless and hungry and not averse to looting (or "commandeering"). You should plan in advance several remote places to which you can go and how to get there by several alternate routes (none of which should go near a city or large town). And when you go be sure to keep your *Survey Meter* in constant operation. You should keep in storage a plentiful supply of gasoline, as it will probably be impossible to buy any at roadside filling stations. Say at least fifty gallons. You should stock up in advance with plenty of canned foods, and if you have a definite place of refuge you should stock that too. Also stock up on medicines and clothing. If you want to preserve the best parts of your Fantasy collection I suggest you put them on microfilm. Your library will certainly not be sufficiently portable to carry with you.

If you live in a small town nowhere near a large city or any important military or industrial establishment you may be safe from atomic bombing. But not necessarily from radioactive dusting. So you also should be prepared to move to a place (or places) of refuge. You may have to protect yourself from looting refugees, particularly if their cars run out of gas near your town and they start looking for replacements. You should also lay in a large stock of foods and gasoline, as little or no more is likely to be delivered to your town for a considerable time.

If you are a farmer much the same considerations will apply to you. I would also suggest in your case that you lay in an extra supply of seed and gas and oil so that you may replace crops destroyed by diseases spread by the enemy and also continue running your tractor and other farm machinery when no more fuel deliveries can be made.

Whoever you are, you should take a course in first aid. After the catastrophe you will be thrown largely on your own resources, and a knowledge of first aid may save yours or another life in the case of an accident while all medical services are preoccupied with disaster. You should keep as up-to-date as you can on medical knowledge concerning the effects and treatment of radiation burns. Unfortunately, I do not know enough about this subject to write an article about it.

And you should make all these preparations by 1953 or by whenever you think the period of danger will arrive.

SURVIVAL IN WAR

If you are caught in a city when the first bombs go off overhead, you may be killed immediately. Or you may continue to live for a few days before dying of radiation sickness. You may even live through a period of this sickness. Under very exceptional circumstances your health may not be affected at all. It all depends on where you are when the bombs go off.

We will assume (very arbitrarily) that the bombs will have about twenty times the power and effectiveness of those used on *Hiroshima* and *Nagasaki*. If you survive the blast effects of the nearest bomb you may evaluate your chances of surviving radiation sickness (although under the circumstances you may hardly be able to do this in a calm and detached manner) by the amount of building concrete that was between you and the bomb at the moment of explosion. Radiation Sickness is caused by the neutrons and gamma rays passing through your body (but not completely through!) within microseconds of the explosion. If you are in a concrete office building, but not in the direct line of sight of the bomb through a window, the radiation will probably not kill you if you are more than two miles from the explosion center, and you have a fair chance if you are within the area. You will have little chance if you were out in the open in the latter case.

There is one encouraging fact that should be pointed out in connection with the radiation from an atomic bomb. The strength of the bomb can be improved by causing more material to undergo fission, but this does not change the energy of the neutrons and gamma rays originating in the fission. It merely causes more of them. Now in the absence of stopping materials the radiation density diminishes inversely as the square of the distance from the explosion center. However the air through which the radiations pass acts as a powerful stopping agent, especially when there are several miles of it. Therefore, whereas the radiation density in the vicinity of a more powerful bomb is much more lethal within two miles of the explosion, increasing the strength of the bomb twenty times only extends the range of lethal radiation by a fraction of a mile (about $\frac{2}{5}$ of a mile for gamma rays from this bomb). Of course the destruc-

tive energy of the bomb is propagated as a shock-wave and such considerations do not apply to it. Thus a more powerful bomb will cause destruction over a much larger area but only enlarge the area of radiation deaths by a small amount.

You will have a very few seconds between the flash of the bomb and the arrival of the shock wave in which to find cover. Use them if you have enough presence of mind to do so. Lie down with some cover between yourself and any window, which will shatter and cause flying glass. The shock wave will probably throw you several feet and will cause the building to collapse unless it is very strongly built and far enough away from the explosion center. These problems you must of course solve for yourself at the time, if you can. You will almost certainly sustain at least minor injuries. Your knowledge of first aid will help you here.

If you are killed in the explosion I am finished with you. If you are exposed to lethal amounts of radiation I have no further interest in you. Your hours are then numbered. Your death from radiation sickness will be relatively painless. If you are exposed to non-lethal amounts of radiation you will probably have radiation sickness to some degree. In this case it is important that you do not exert yourself more than you have to, as strenuous activity before the onset of the sickness seriously increases its severity. Eat foods containing lots of vitamins (especially B_1). Take doses of penicillin or similar all-purpose drugs. These should be contained in the stock of food and medicine that you have collected in advance. You may possibly be able to get blood transfusions at this time, but don't count on it as it is rather unlikely.

After the explosions the first thing you will want to do is to get out of the city to your home. This is essentially your own individual problem, and you will have to take what opportunities present themselves. Your problem will be complicated by the fact that most of the city will be in flames. I warn you again not to overexert yourself more than you have to. I would also suggest that you keep in the shelter of concrete as much as possible. One of the tricks the enemy is likely to try is, first, to send over the massed flight of rockets that caused the original damage (some of them are bound to get through the defenses if there are any), and then after the explosions when the survivors have all come out into the open to send over a few more atomic rockets to destroy these survivors.

Once you have reached your home your problem of survival is one of avoiding the action of the enemy. Drive to one of your places of refuge if you consider that to be the wisest course. Avoid areas of radioactivity through use of your *Survey Meter*. Don't forget extra batteries for that meter. Conserve your stores of food and eat off the land as much as you can (your refuge should be chosen with this in mind). Rest as much as possible until your period of radiation sickness has passed. If your refuge becomes radioactive due to dusting, move on at once to an alternate place of safety. Above all, use your common sense. But keep your common sense as fully in-

formed as possible.

The above has been a collection of random thoughts concerned with your activities before and after the outbreak of the next war. If any of my readers have stayed with me thus far, I hope that the foregoing will stimulate your thoughts and help you to prepare for your individual problem of survival. The main point to be emphasized is that you should not leave your preparations until it is too late to do anything except duck and run with the millions of other people who have been equally neglectful.

--- the end ---

* * * * *

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION

(Continued from Page 8)

strange vehicle.

We walked through a short corridor, entered a contrivance called an elevator, and arrived at the foyer before the gates of Hell.

"Goodbye," said the devil. "I feel sorry that you must go back to such a heavenly place as Heaven. Drop down when the brewery and night clubs open."

So I left and hastened to you, Saint Peter. You've got to do something. You've got to get that Engineer out of Hell. He's making a Heaven out of it. In some ways, it's even better, blasphemous though that

sounds. You've got to get him out!"

And thus, when you too reach the Lands Beyond Time, do not be surprised if you find all the Engineers in Heaven; even railway engineers and stationary engineers have been literally pulled into Heaven, because they said they were engineers. And too, don't be too surprised if you find the straight and narrow path replaced by an escalator.

-- finis --

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

THE WEAPON MAKERS

LEST DARKNESS FALL

By -- A. E. van Vogt

By -- L. Sprague de Camp

Laurie Woodruff
% Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited
25 Adelaide Street East
Toronto 1, Ontario
Canada

THE MAELSTROM

RUSSELL WILSEY

87-22 252 Street
Bellerose, New York

Ah, those good old days when I knew all the names and who liked what and what the whole tempest in a teapot was about. Going through *Canadian Fandom*, a sorrowful mood of nostalgia touched me. As has happened before when I've gone through it, I felt a desire to junk Beethoven and Faulkner, drag down the Junior Speed-O-Print, and go back into business.

The make-up is no worse nor better than a lot of Fanzines I remember. Your column was too much of Fandom for me to enjoy, since I just don't know anything about the scene today. However, re Palmer, I would like to say that this *Amazing-Palmer-versus-United Fandom* is just what made me tired of Fans. The whole thing is an inconsequential teapot-tempest. The various editors cater to different groups of readers. They're in business to make money. The combined action of a few-hundred wild-eyed fanatics has had, has now, and will have all the effect of a rain-drop in the Sahara.

Campbell of AST knows there are a few intelligent folk in Fandom's circles, and that they can be used as barometers for the rest of his audience. He, and the other editors outside of Palmer, tolerate Fans because it is *policy*. It's for the same reason that the national slick monthly for which I work takes pains to see that all the half-assed little morons who contribute to our *slush-pile* get their imbecilic manuscripts back, even the ones who forget to enclose a return envelope. It's for the same reason that no matter what kind of letter the U-S citizen writes to his president, he will get some kind of answer.

Fans ought to take their quasi-intellectualism and give it a cold bath of hard reality.

First in line ought to be Miss Barbara Bovard. Miss Bovard may be an extremely nice individual, for all I know, but some one ought to send her a few good books. And, if she's really worried about the common man and his fate, might, or rather, let me suggest she read Carl Sandberg's *The People*, Yes, particularly the

very last bit which has been so thoroughly read, commented upon, anthologized, and then ignored by the intelligent.

And perhaps Mr. John Cunningham might benefit from an article entitled *The Logic of Peace* which appeared in the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

(Incidentally, if you can get the *Atlantic* up there, I urge you and everyone you know who has any brains at all to read this article and read it thoroughly.)

Mr Hurter's little discussion on what makes for war loused up the pleasure I had in his accounts of travel in England and Europe today. Really, Mr. Hurter, you can't quite solve the dilemma by making a simple observation which has been made by every thinking individual before you.

CAPT. K.F. SLATER
Riverside, South Brink
Wisbech, Cambs.,
ENGLAND

Many thanks for copies of *CanFan*. I sent to you last week *Operation Fantast*, number three.

Should be pleased if you'd let me have the names and addresses of any Fans who want to correspond with British ditto, for publication in O. F.

((Fans and interested parties, please note the above -- drop Ken a line.))

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

Box 121
Parry Sound, Ontario

Cover of *CanFan*, 14th issue: This is a really glamorous cover, and I think it is mighty swell. It even managed to be Science-Fictional. Look at the globe she's handling. Done by the Wack's girl friend what? Self-portrait or no? Now we know why Hurter treated Mason the way he did in Montreal--he was making sure Mason wouldn't gum up the works when some of the Wack's women friends were about.

The Editorial We: I still shake with laughter at the implications of that useful adjunct of the primitive bedroom which always adorns the top of your department. Any subtle suggestions there, my friend? You being in it -- you are, too -- it says so -- read your name -- does that mean you are a -- I won't repeat it. *Light* #35 will

be out in April. More surprises from Parry Sound, what? I'll mention the Fan Directory when I come to it. *Plagiarist!* Where are my royalties? You lifted it from *Light!* Hah! ((And where did *Light!* lift it, eh?)) Being the generous soul that I am, I will waive said royalties on condition that you never forget to include me when typing it. *Astounding* bi-weekly? A misprint or the truth? Gad! Bill Grant is good but don't forget *Light's* Bob Gibson, old soak.

Regards your comments on Shaver and Crouch - you apparently missed the entire and the sarcasm -- or was it too subtle or too shadowy? But you hit the nail on the head in one of your final paragraph's -- I was doing a bit of needling. I'll enjoy the curses that no doubt will rain down on my defenseless head. Shaver is experimenting with new styles, but that doesn't say that all experiments are successful. Some are rank failures, but still experiments are interesting, and sometimes amusing, to watch. Oh, but Son, I didn't try to prove that Shaver was right. I just suggested that those that declare he is false might possibly be wrong -- but that doesn't mean I tried to prove him right. I don't think he is, to tell you the truth. And that is the foundation of British Law -- that every criminal, no matter how guilty, is still innocent until proven otherwise beyond a reasonable shadow of a doubt. The judge might know he is guilty, and the lawyers, but if they can't prove him so they must give him the benefit of the doubt. Better a hundred criminals go free than one innocent be hung. Who said that originally, anyway? But read my statements about Palmer's success more carefully and between the lines, Beak. I didn't say that I thought him a success. I suggested that people think him so because and so on and so on - a bunch of demi-mondes would say a new demi monde is a success because she entertained a hundred men in 10 minutes - but a minister would shudder and suggest she was a handmaiden of the divvil. You and I would say "impossible" but that wouldn't gainsay the fact that she is a success in the eyes of a certain class of people. Commercially I think Palmer is progressing--if you count his progress in bucks and cents--but from the artistic standpoint he is retrogressing. I justify Shaver's maunderings on the grounds that every man is free to do anything he wishes providing he is hurting no one -- and who is Shaver actually hurting? By *actually* I mean *financially, ethically, physically*. I suppose ethically there is the wrong word--to fandom he is a dastard. But frankly the man never did me any harm

and so I don't mind what he practises or what he preaches. Any man, before he can experiment, should know the fundamentals of that which he is experimenting in. *Natch* old soak. But consider how many men of science have discovered new things just because they refused to accept the rules laid down by their contemporaries. Shaver is experimenting, I think. And I don't think any man can write that badly without knowing something of what he is tinkering with--and I wouldn't be surprised if perhaps he is doing it with tongue in cheek. Man's trend toward something new is not always his dissatisfaction with the old ways of doing things and a desire to do better. Some guys experiment just for the sake of experimenting. Some do it for pure devilishness. Some do it not to improve but to make themselves some power medicine--witness dictators. Shaver is experimenting with new techniques, in my opinion, Beak--but he is either too ignorant of writing rules, or too selfish, to do it well. He is experimenting but his experimenting is poor because it is not well done. Possibly he has ideas but not the knowledge to develop them properly. What Shaver writes is *not* Science-Fiction - *Amazing* is *not* a *Stf* mag--he is writing poor fantasy-- and *Amazing* is printing poor fantasy. Fantasy need not be based on a scientific truth. Your argument about the truth of the deros is based on science and *Stf*--I maintain this doesn't hold as Shaver is not writing *Stf*-- he is writing a low form of fantasy, lower than the lowest fairy tales. Thus he doesn't try to be logical because logic is not desired. He is writing for a class of readers who read what is written and never below the surface or between the lines. *Cat* means an animal that purrs & catches mice. The fact that behind *cat* is a long line of felines going back to the sabretooth lost, not comprehended, or ignored. Shaver is writing for people to whom *cat* is a three lettered word for something that drinks milk and catches mice. They never bother to think of what is hidden by the word. The fact that Shaver claims that the Shaveresques are true doesn't make them so. Palmer doesn't believe that--that is publicity for people to whom publicity and advertising are gods. The fact that *Amazing* is financially solvent is not due to Palmer's wisdom so much as to the fact that the average American reader believes every conceivable lie that is shoved down his throat and never stops to think for himself--how else then can such advertising as to how doctors sponsor Camels and Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco and so on be so successful. The average American believes what

is told him and like cattle follow the lead cow into the pasture, there to be fed or slaughtered without realizing that they have minds with which to think. Naturally fandom wishes to see concrete proof of the existence or non-existence of the dero tribe -- but does this desire necessarily mean that they must get so rabid about it and do the silly things they are doing -- all in the name of truth and science? But Palmer is a success -- in the eyes of his employer. Spiritually speaking, Ray may be a blind loss, but materialistically speaking he is a success. In a nation of people who worship the dollar--think of big wages --strike for bigger wages--Palmer is carving his own little niche. Palmer is no worse than certain union leaders who, in my estimation are feathering their own nests, in complete disregard of others. As far as we Fen are concerned, Palmer's actions are not justified, but his methods are justified in the eyes of *Ziff-Davis* who judge him by the figures in an account. If *Ziff-Davis* wasn't satisfied with his methods they would likely have bounced him long before this. The fact that I said that if Fandom fell by the wayside it was progress doesn't imply that I think that. I was speaking in an objective sense. I don't think it would be progress if Fandom fell through Palmer's efforts to increase the circulation of his magazine. But what would these sentiments mean to the men who audit his books? Would they care if they balanced the fall of several Fan Clubs as against several thousand dollars? I think not. Big business very seldom pays any attention to what happens to those who get in the way. Fandom isn't in the way -- but what I am trying to drive at is that the money Fen spend isn't nearly as important as the thousands non-Fen spend. And six figures in a book from non-Fen would mean more to company auditors than five figures from Fen. I was trying to more or less speak from the viewpoint of the man who invested the money and wanted to see a return regardless of what readers were hurt or maybe I've put that rather harshly--but you are sure to see what I am trying to get at. Serious splits need not occur in Fandom over Shaver, Palmer and the Deros, providing Fandom as a whole keeps its head uses its sense of humor and pays no attention to the rabid Fans who get all worked up over anything and start jousting with windmills and try to make out that Palmer is a New World Conqueror or something. I think a good rousing laugh will do a danger more harm than all the unkind words in the world. There are certain Fans who feel

everyone must agree with them, and if you don't then you are a danger to Fandom and you must be expurgated. Those Fen are more real danger to Fandom than Palmer and his friends. I know no actual Fan has come up to me and said that I must do this and mustn't do that -- but in effect it has been said. Certain Fen have tried to threaten other Fen with certain things if they do this or if they didn't do that. Those are the Fans to whom I was referring when I said that 8 refused to be dictated to. Some men want to run everything and some of these men are Fans. I'm not worried either. I believe in every man having an opinion and am willing to listen to every man's, even if I don't agree. But I don't like that fellow to threaten or suggest certain dire results if I don't do as he wants done, and don't act as he wants me to act -- namely, like him.

You didn't hurt my feelings. I spoke my piece and you spoke yours. If you read the column again and accept it as a light bit of reading you'll maybe start to chuckle and wonder if I was as serious as I sounded at first. When I wrote some of those paragraphs I had my tongue in my cheek. I was also being somewhat facetious myself. If I have needled the boys into writing comebacks and people start to wonder if this tempest in a tea-pot isn't getting too big and start to laugh just a wee bit, then I will be happy. For I think that every now and then Fandom should look at itself and start chuckling and realize that things are getting blown up more than they should.

The Landslide: I won't say that Doc Keller is my most favorite author, but I will say he is one of them. I've always liked his stuff, and this item is as good as most we see these days in the pro mags.

The Maelstrom: Frome is the boy who don't seem to like sex. I wonder if he was hatched, reaped or just grew? Right today there are numerous jokers who still indulge in phallic worship, and they don't use no temple either...Australia no less. How you do get around. I think I received a copy of *The Sydney Futurian* and intend putting them on the mailing list starting with *Light #35*...Don't know any Lew Stone down under...Americans have other elements than Communists and Fascists to contend with in their country. What does Cunningham think of those worthy people who (see *Life* long past) ran a Fox to earth and then gave a club to a young man and had him beat it to death...and (see more recent *Life*) what of a certain southern community who thought up the sport of tying coons to logs and then sicking dogs on them. Are they Com-

munists,, Fascists, or just plain ignorant sadistic imbeciles? No wonder we sometimes get the grade of men in public office we do when such people have votes!...Oh my Ghod! The readers took me to task once for the language I used in *Light* and then yo. print Moe Diner's letter. I loved it. I don't like to see such words in print, but I loved it. To think there is another courageous Canadian publisher who dares at times to print words that strong men shudder over and weak women giggle about. I bet this brings down on your bloody noggin many thuds of verbosity...At last an honest man who admits he was puffed up when he saw his brain child in print. Chan Davis, thou egotist..So Charlie Hornig is still around what? I recall some nice, encouraging letters from him in those days when I was trying to write and no editor had sent me a check yet...Lin, be it bhoy or ghirl? If so not interested. If so, interested... A constituent. I'll send you a seegar on the next freight, McCoy. Why work when you do not have to? But I lost this time so now maybe my successor will labor harder than I was supposed to. Huh--study a dictionary? Is that a better technique than "...come up and see my itch--etchings..?...A blishfull letter from Blish...Nothing commentarily in Harding's letter...Johnston mentioned my name! A big fat seegar to him by carrier pigeon. But was that accidental or did he write it this way: "...that Speer-Davis tale reads like a Thorne Smith epic-it rates a good belly..." I'll send him a belly tomorrow if I can find one that is any good. I've been neglecting the CAFP byline on *Light*. I'll have to remedy that. Thanks for mentioning it....Some guys will travel by cax--but considering the maniacs on the roads these days I prefer the train and let some other bird have the grief. I like to ride in comfort without any worries at all. If Saari hauls half the middle west to the *Torcon* what will the States say when they wake up one morning and find that greac big hole in the ground?..Cameron, Old Soak, you don't know what a job it is sometimes to think up something to round out *As I See It*. It may read easily but it isn't so easy to compose. I always wonder ages in advance last what the hell I'll mutter about next time. Maybe I sounded thoughtful because I was in a serious mood due to trying so hard to think of something to put down. Ghod save yo. if I ever hit the column in a wacky mood and throw the slush pump into the works...

La Nuit Blanche: I minored in French in high school, and finally failed the blasted subject. I've picked up more French

since leaving the seat of higher learning than I did while there. I presume that this might mean something like *The White Nude*? This is informative and I am flattered that Moe is modelling it after my column. (Hurter's doesn't count.)

Production of Radioactive Tracers: CANFAN is getting really scientific these days. I wonder what I know that would be worth muttering about. How about an article on the screwy things in radio repairing that would turn a man's hair grey - things without rhyme or reason--they happen but how or why nobody knows.

Wee Willie's Wanderings: This is a column I really hope you keep. Book news is always swell and handy to have.

Bill Grant is worth crowing about. I think, as a stencillist he is right up there with Bob Gibson. His technique is different but wonderful. I hope you keep him working on more than two pictures for next issue. The stencilling is well done and the reproduction leaves nothing to be desired. How would he look on a lithoed cover.

Asusual CANFAN is packed with good things, well-illustrated, neatly got up, informative, but not as much humor as usual. One of the best covers ever used. See if she won't do another for you. And I like the byline: "*Published for Canadians by Canadians.*" Why not? For too long Canadians have acted as though they were ashamed to be Canadians. Why shouldn't we brag about our nationality. We've got just as much, if not more, on the ball than a lot of others.

ED COX

4 Spring Street
Lubec, Maine

Ahh, Beak, you certainly have made a big hit with me by having such a long editorial; I love long editorials! It is interesting to read your report on Fan-activity in Canada. But I'm afraid that a bi-weekly ASF is not true. I would have liked to get it bi-weekly all right! And I'm glad we have Les Crutch's article and your "reply" to it in the same issue. S' nice to have both sides to something in the same issue instead of waiting till next time when Fans will have things popping,

Fred Hurter jr's *Stuff & Such* was very interesting, funny and thought-provoking. The first part was a rather humorous account of his journey to Switzerland, and the last half was the thought provoking part.

La Nuit Blanche by Moe Diner (newest FAPA member) was alright this time and

promises to be good. I always like to read of the Fan doings in a far-away cities, (There are no Fan doings in Lubec as I'm the only one here.)

Sky Wanderings was a nice bit of Philosophy (?). This a regular feature? (As regular as *Philosophem Bovard* cares to make it.)

Now we come to the sure-to-be controversial part of *CanFan*, *As I See It*. I certainly don't agree with Les's opinions. A few things I'll comment on are: those many stories in which the author starts out with "I know nobody will believe this but..." do not mean that the author claims it is true. I think it was the vogue with authors years ago and there are a few that begin that way now. Fearn does once in a while. But I doubt strongly that they were trying to convince their readers everything was true. Then, even though Lovecraft did go to some lengths to concoct a whole history of *Cthulhu*, I doubt if he really sold himself on it like Shaver has himself on Deroism. In fact, I think Lovecraft himself has many times referred to his series as certainly fictional. I can't see how Les can compare Lovecraft's works with Shaver's stuff anyway. I could go on and on, but I won't.

NORMAN F. STANLEY

43A Broad Street
Rockland, Maine

I hope your plans for the *Torcon* are coming along well; I'm looking forward to it, and to seeing you again there. I suppose you noticed in the last issue of *Grotesque* that Christensen plans to go Speer and Davis one better by shoving a bathtub off the hotel roof. Can we not make this a feature of the Convention, by improving on the bare idea a little? What do you say we arrange to fling the tub off the roof of the *Burlesque House* instead and have a *Burlesque queen* on hand -- appropriately attired -- to ride it down and escape by parachute just before the crash? Think of the possibilities! The free fall would be thrilling, the crash spectacular, and the parachute ~~descent~~ descent -- I am sure -- edifying.

HAROLD R. WAKEFIELD

84 Lindsey Avenue
Toronto 4, Ontario

Latest issue is easily your best yet.

As Canada's Number one Lovecraft Fan, I got a great kick out of *Classics of Science-Fantasy Fiction*. This could easily develop into your most important feature. You most certainly have a find in Grant. His Merritt effort challenges comparison

with Virgil Finlay's memorable cover for *The Snake Mother* and suffers accordingly.

However, this feature promises great things and I shall look forward to his effort with the Wells' yarn with keen interest. Grant demonstrates that he is versatile also with the very able *Wee Willie's Wanderings*. This is a Feature that has long been needed in *CanFan*.

Fred Hurter's piece was trebly valuable to me as an unbiased report from one we know, on the true conditions in Europe -- as opposed to the welter of conflicting propoganda we are deluged with in the press.

COLONEL D. H. KELLER MD 55 Broad Street
Stroudsburg, Pa

I have never had the chance to meet any Canadian women, but if Bill Grant's illustration on page 39 is a sample, God help the S-F Fans who come to the *Torcon* with or without their wives. I think I will have to write to Grant about this female. Has she hair around her neck, or is her head cut off and floating above her body? Perhaps that is what makes her look so *pensive*. Perhaps she is simply looking forward to the *Torcon*. ((She has practically lost her head over it, as you can see by Grant's pictorial interpretation.))

SAM MCCOY

951 Harrison Avenue
London, Ontario

CanFan No. 14 to hand. Very good, as usual. Even better than No. 13, due to the inclusion of that brilliant commentary by *Canada's Handsomest Fan*, Sam McCoy.

Your *Editorial Weand* article on the lever also very good; only objection, the article was too short, as was the lever, probably.

Mr. Keller came up with a reasonably good story; a surprise to yours truly. (I still remember with shuddering an alleged story entitled *Stenographer, Hands*.) Mr Hurter was engrossing, even if his travelogues had nothing to do with Fandom; decidedly worth reading. Can't you get a title somewhat less juvenile than *Stuff & Such*?

The Maelstrom was, of course, the bright spot of the issue. Unless the name *Beak* contains a beautiful blonde female, you needn't come around to study my dictionary. I'll see what I can do with local talent.

Mr Crutch came thru this time with some thought-and-discussion provoking

-- (Continued on page 22) --

THE

EVOLUTION OF

THE MOUNTAIN

Just how many of you erudite Science Fiction Fans know anything about Geography? The word I mean is the one with the roots *Geo* from the Latin *Gee* or *Joe* and *Graphy* from Illinois.* You've all been so busy wondering about the future of this thing we stand on that you haven't bothered to investigate the past. Perhaps it's better that way.

Anyway, if those of you who are just as much in the dark as I am will fall forward a little, we can go over in a corner and start from Scratch.

*See page 20.

First of all, we'll need a few fundamentals, or essentials. (See Webster, knock twice and ask for Josie.) Well, one essential is to have a bit of earth on which to live, plant flowers, trap worms, etc. In other words, how did the world get to be the way it is? And a very good question, too.

To understand it all, we must go way back before the beginning of time, back even before the invention of the wheel, (*George Gloph*, 1367 B.C.) back to a state of affairs in which nobody wor-

EARTH (After passing of the Law of Gravity)	
800 Million Years ago	AZOIC or ARCHAEOZOIC Nobody Home.
600 Million Years Ago	
360 Million years ago	PROTEROZOIC Period when it wasn't really worthwhile to know anyone. Most people were jelly-fish, amoebae, scum -- you know: Socially inconnu. Very little history made here, outside of the founding of civilization -- an act which has since been placed on the incompetent list.
260 million years ago	EARLY PALEOZOIC A rather snappy age. People went around pinching each others' posteriors with large pincer-like arrangements they found on each hand. Humans didn't know they were crabs, and couldn't get rid of them until --
140 Million years ago	LATER PALEOZOIC The age of fishing, amphibia, mud, goo, forests, cross country breathing races.
40 Million years ago	MESOZOIC Age of reptiles, and the joke -- "Who was that woman I saw you out with last night?" "That was no woman, that was a Diplodocus Carnegii."
	CENOZOIC, and onwards Well, here we are, aren't we?

ried, nobody worked; in fact, there was nobody. There wasn't even any Earth -- just a big slice of molten lava left over from the Sun's birthday.

This chunk of lava lived rather loosely for a time, wasting several million years throwing itself wildly about in space, dissipating its energies making moons, and generally being an ash. But Mother Nature finally got it cooled down, and then things were pretty quiet until people began worming their way in, messing up the primeval ooze.

This made lava, called Terra Firma after the passing of the law of Gravity (George Gloph, 1367 B.C.) pretty sore, and he decided to give these people things, later known as *Homo Sapiens* or simply *that man*, something to think about. He hit upon a plan of building mountains where Homo Sap least expected them. Over a period of many months, millions and millions to be exact, by means of lots of the old intestinal fortitude along with one or two forces such as *Orogenic* and *Epeirogenic* -- (George Gloph, 1367 B.C.), Terra kept Man pretty busy dodging chunks of rock, rising mountains, and George Gloph.

For really big upheavals, Terra's usual method was to take two big chunks of granite, hundreds of miles long, called *shields*, and slowly draw them together by means of an undulation of the innards such as occurs in the intestinal tract

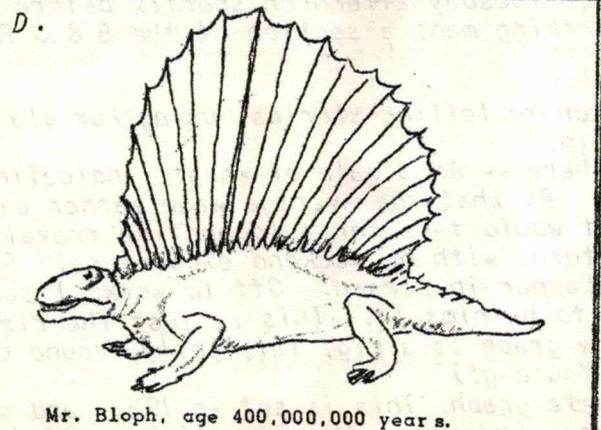
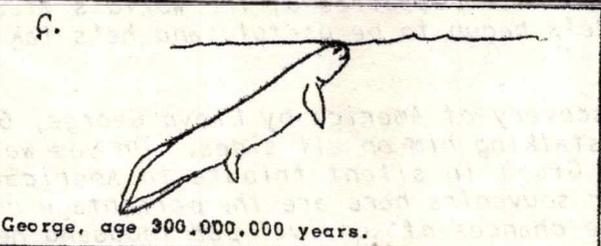
during a meal. Of course, the earth between these shields would be crumpled and squashed into a sort of hill. So while the unsuspecting people scurried about unconcernedly making Communistic speeches on soap boxes, the shields would be clapped together, and *CRASH* -- there they'd be, floundering about in the middle of the Rockies. This made them late getting home for supper, and their wives all packed up and left after a month or two.

His favorite trick was to build a mountain right under a house during the night. Then when Man woke up in the morning he was 45,000 feet in the air. This made *him* pretty mad, you may be sure.

To make things more difficult, much of this mountain erecting was done during the Ice Ages when everyone was indoors and had no chance to see the thing coming.

Naturally, most of humanity was rather irritated about it all, but there wasn't much they could do except drill a few holes and kick at the dirt, which hurt their feet since shoes hadn't been thought of. So the Earth had a simply hilarious time for ages, making hills out of lakes and lakes out of hills. It got so that when a man woke up in the morning he didn't know whether he would find himself in the Atlantic Ocean or the Grand Canyon. Sometimes he found himself in a dinosaur, but that was a

GEORGE GLOPH --- Snapshots from Mother Nature's Album.



different sort of cataclysm altogether and won't be dealt with here.

Coming down to recent times, we find that Earth's newest scheme is a row of mountains formed by what is known as *The Alpine Storm*. This has led to the invention of umbrellas.

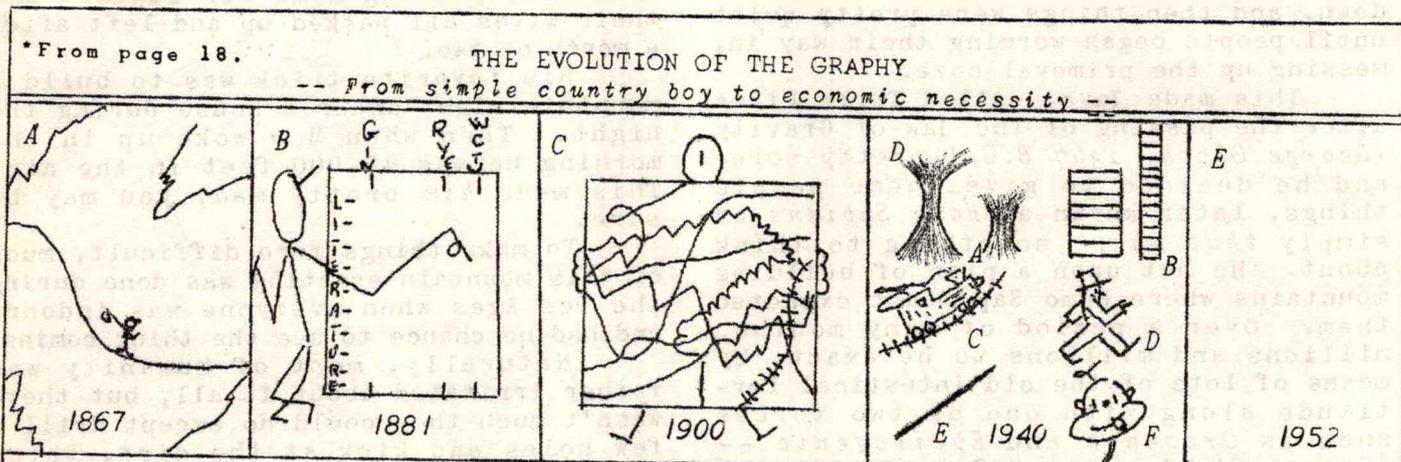
Anyway, you can see that Earth and Mother Nature have been winning the Battle of Survival for simpl^{er} years and

years, and that up till now, Homo Sap hasn't even made a good game of it.

I understand, however, that he has a plan — a new little secret weapon with which he's going to blow old Terra Firma right back to a chunk of lava. That'll show him who's boss.

This concludes our Geography lecture for the Century.

-- (The End) --



In A. we see Graphy as a simple country clod, trudging along life's highway as it wends peacefully through Illinois.. Here, the original spirit and aroma of the true graphy is present, chiefly, in his carefree and unrelated attitude, and in a herd of old cows over behind Dugan's barn. (Peek-a-boo!)

B. Now, enter the villain, civilization. Graphy has passed rapidly through birth, childhood, adolescence, paused briefly at manhood for a drink, and is ready for discovery.

Here, he shows by a simple flexure of his right or left arm (history isn't quite sure which) the influence of the invention of Gin on middle 16th century literature. Note that Graphy isn't working very hard, and that this really doesn't mean anything -- yet. But you can see how the insidious wiles of the world's fleshpots are seducing his simple friendliness. He's begun to be useful, and he's taking advantage of it.

C. Alas, all is lost.

In 1900, with the sudden discovery of America by Lloyd George, Graphy has fallen heir to the evils we have seen stalking him on all sides. Oh yes we have!

Graphy, now known simply as Graph in silent tribute to American efficiency, is shown busily at work. Among our souvenirs here are the percentage of cigarette butts per capita in Eastern Texas; the chances of survival per thousand head of cattle per annum; Mrs Bloph's clothesline on tuesday afternoon shortly before she was insulted by that simply ghastly little working man; a section of the B & O Railway before it went into monopoly.

And so on.

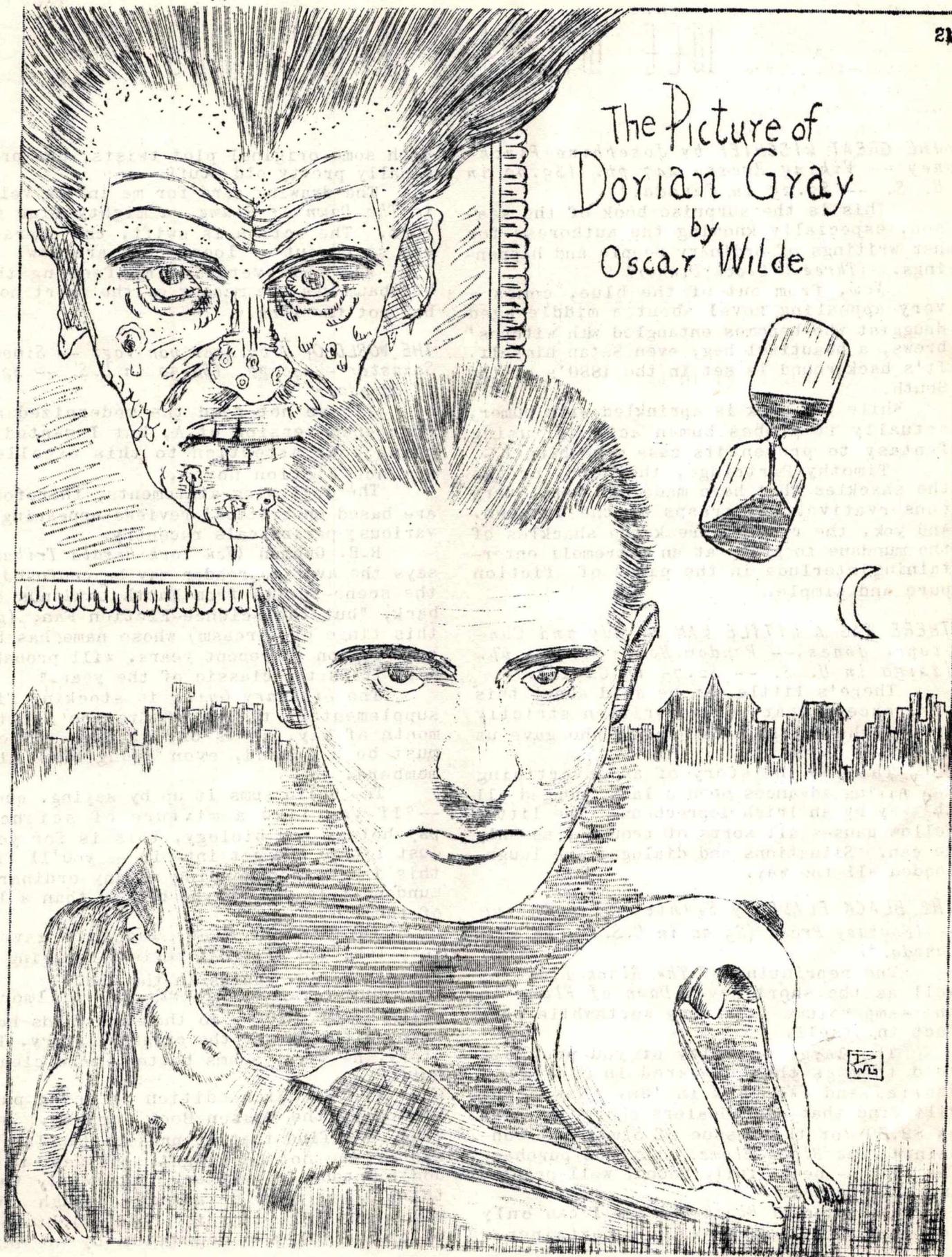
D. By 1940, Hollywood has taken to telling stories, using our old friend, although really, you'd hardly recognize him.

He assumes several positions here -- A: a bale of wheat, indicating the difference in crop production between 1939. B: what the average wage earner earned in 1938 and 1940. C: the number of years it would take for a locomotive travelling at 68 miles an hour to reach the sun and return, with no weekend excursions. Simply thousands. D: Well, well; Mr. Average Wage Earner in person. Off to work, I see. C: Graph is merely taking a few minutes off to be himself. This is just the rise in temperature since 9 a-m. Hot, isn't it? Now graph is a big, fat, jolly, round capitalist. We know all about him, don't we? (You dog!)

And finally -- E -- the ultimate graph. This is set in 1952, and obviously doesn't show anything, because, even more obviously, there won't be anything left to show.

(What does your proletariat think of that, eh Joe?)

The Picture of
Dorian Gray
by
Oscar Wilde



CLASSICS OF SCIENCE ~ FANTASY FICTION

WEE WILLIE'S WANDERINGS

THE GREAT MISCHIEF by Josephine Pinckney -- Viking Press, 247 pp. (\$3.00 in U. S. -- \$3.25 in Canada.)

This is the surprise book of the season, especially knowing the authoress for her writings of ordinary people and happenings. (*Three O'Clock Dinner*)

Now, from out of the blue, comes a very appealing novel about a middle-aged druggist who becomes entangled with witches' brews, a beautiful hag, even Satan himself. It's background is set in the 1880's of the South.

While the book is sprinkled with humor, actually it probes human actions, using fantasy to present its case more bluntly.

Timothy Partridge, the hero, breaks the shackles that have made him very, very conservative, and grasps at the unknown. And you, the reader, break the shackles of the mundane to grasp at an extremely entertaining interlude in the paths of fiction pure and simple.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN by Guy and Constance Jones -- Random House -- 231 pp. (\$2.50 in U. S. -- \$2.75 in Canada.)

There's little can be said about this one, except that it was written strictly for laughs by the same couple who gave us *Peabody's Mermaid*.

This is the story of an advertising man making advances upon a lady, dogged all the way by an Irish leprechaun. The little fellow causes all sorts of trouble, as only he can. Situations and dialogue are laugh-loaded all the way.

THE BLACK FLAME by Stanley G. Weinbaum -- (Fantasy Press (\$3.00 in U.S. -- \$3.25 in Canada. *))

The reprinting of *The Black Flame* as well as the short novel *Dawn of Flame* in the same volume is a very worthwhile project in itself.

The large majority of you probably read them as they appeared in *Startling Stories* and *TWS* back in '39. Newcomers will find that some dealers charge as high as \$2.50 for that issue of *Startling* containing *The Black Flame*. Why not purchase the book -- beautifully bound, well-printed and illustrated.

My opinion of *Black Flame*? I can only say that it is an average entertainer,

with some original plot twists, but principally pretty old stuff.

The drawing card for me in the volume is *The Dawn of Flame*, a mighty fine effort. The action is swift, the characters stand out -- loose ends are few.

All this verifies my feeling that Weinbaum was the master of the short novel but not the long.

THE WORLD OF A by A.E. van Vogt -- Simon & Schuster - 246 pp. (\$2.50 in U.S. -- \$2.75 in Canada.)

I have not read the modernized and shortened version of *A*, but I wanted to bring your attention to this excellent Science-Fiction novel.

The following statements, therefore, are based on critics' reviews appearing in various periodicals recently.

R.B. Gehman (*New York Herald Tribune*) says the average reader may be confused by the scene-shifts from Earth to Venus and back, "but the Science-Fiction Fan, (get this tinge of sarcasm) whose name has become legion in recent years, will probably hail it as the classic of the year."

The *Literary Guild* is stocking five supplementary titles of fiction for the month of May. *A* is one of them. There must be a demand, even among book club members.

The Guild sums it up by saying, quote -- "If you like a mixture of science, psychology and biology, this is for you. Just let go and get into it -- you'll find this is as good reading as any ordinary, mundane tale, and maybe better than a lot of them."

The *Toronto Globe and Mail* gave a very long and critical review, managing to toss it a few orchids in the end.

Gus (*Fantasy Advertiser*) Willmorth tells us that 10 to 15 thousand words have been edited out of the original story. The story, he says, seems better, more clean-cut.

The Canadian edition is being published by the Musson Book Company. But alas -- I find that at present the larger stores are not booking *A*, and say they don't intend to, either. Apparently they think there won't be a large enough demand, and to me this is a sad plight, especially after recognition by so many

*These books available through House of York in Canada.

literary reviewers.

At any rate, Mr. van Vogt can be proud of his story, and a little prouder that some people outside the Science-Fiction-Ring are also beginning to sit up and take notice.....

THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER by Algernon Blackwood -- Arkham House -- 138 pp. (\$1:50 in U.S. -- \$1:75 in Canada. *)

Blackwood is one of my favorites, but \$1:50 seemed rather steep for two novell-ettes and it was some time before I finally got around to sending away for this title.

The Doll is well-written, exciting in part, and not a little fiendish. The trouble, again, is that it's all been done before.

The second story is titled *The Trod* and it's a pint-sized masterpiece.

Sequences located by the place called Trod show wonderful imagination. I will long remember the beauty of that scene.

Here's to a reprinting of *The Trod* in an edition that has a circulation of more than 3,000 copies.

THE LOST CAVERN AND OTHER TALES OF THE FANTASTIC by H.F. Heard -- Vanguard. (\$3:00 in U.S. -- \$3:25 in Canada.)

The Lost Cavern tells the story of an explorer who is captured by a race of super-bats; of his attempts to regain freedom; of what he encounters. It's a smart-paced little thriller.

The remaining stories contain a high degree of science, plus a couple of shots of the occult.

This book is the first selection of

the new fantasy book club.

COUNTRY OF THE BLIND by H.G. Wells -- A forgotten gem.

In 1895 *The Time Machine* shocked and thrilled the literary world. Since that date anything by Mr Wells has been eagerly awaited. There is no doubt that when you and I are at the end of our earthly existence, Well's works will still be going strong.

Yet with all the receptiveness of the literary world, many of Well's stories went out of print quickly, especially his short stories.

I read *The Country of the Blind* 12 years ago, at the time when it was reprinted in *A Century of Creepy Stories*, published by Hutchinson (London, Eng.).

Since then I have read many plots which follow the same line, but none reflect the beauty and simplicity of Well's masterpiece.

Briefly, the story is about a man who, falls into a lost valley, inhabited only by a race of blind people. The stranger hopes to become king, but he is believed crazy by the sightless race when he tells them he can see.

Eventually, the stranger settles down and falls in love with a blind girl. The elders decide he must have his eyes removed before he can marry her.

At first, he agrees to the operation, but as the time for removal of his eyes approaches, he begins to appreciate them. He flees from the blind settlement, and eventually freezes to death in the mountains.

* * * * *

THE MAELSTROM (Continued from page 17)

stuff. I found myself agreeing with both Les and yourself; aside from Shaver's style or lack of it, I agree with you; but on the other hand, Les gets the nod for maintaining that it is Palmer's mag, and as such he may run it as he desires, provided Ziff-Davis have no objections. This dero business has been a circulation-builder, and the loss of a couple of hundred or thousand active fans means nothing in the face of the increased circulation, which far exceeds this.

Canadian Fandom's Volume Index to Canadian Fandom was a very useful dodge for filling a page -- what'd ya start the list in 1942 for, when the first issue came out in 1943? ((I'm hoping tha someone will discover a rare and priceless dd issue of Canfan which pre-dates the first

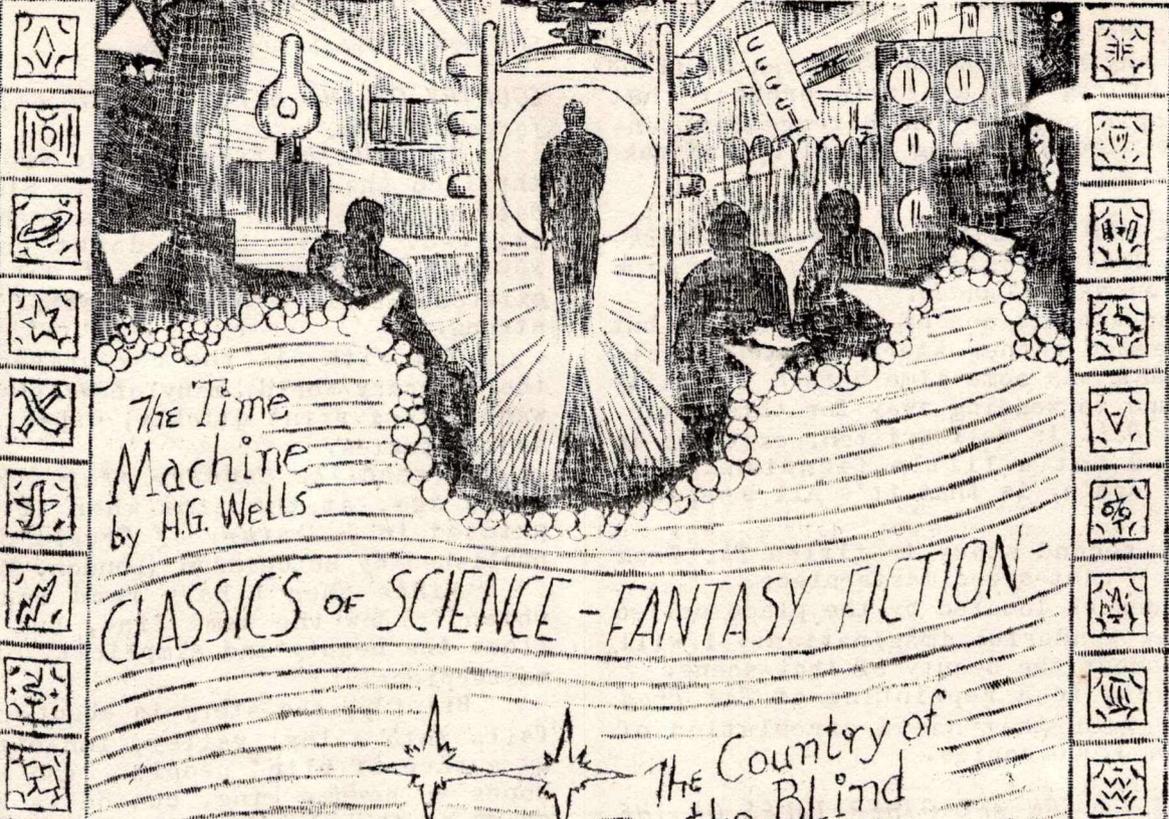
issue -- I wanted to be prepared in case such an epochal issue did turn up.))

STEWART WETCHETTE

3551 King Street
Windsor, Ontario

...liked Crutch's stuff best, and second, (of all things) the *Fan Directory*..

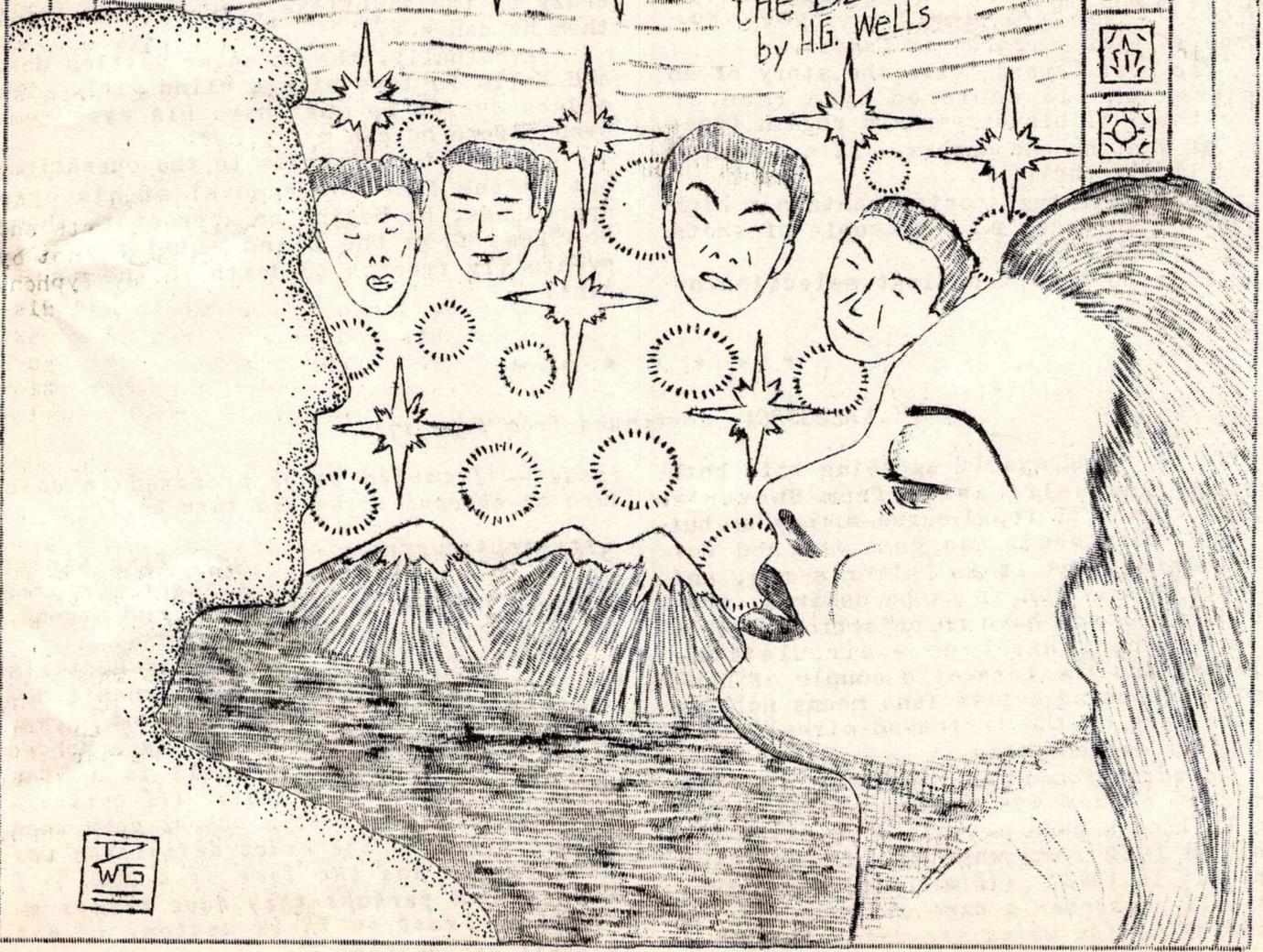
Just arrived in the mail is Hurter's Mohdzee. Vast ist? I laughed when I deciphered some, to a readable extent anyway. In line 5, quote, "Beak Taylor is a Mohdzee Fass Dundun." But what inell is a "fass dundun?" I quit after that. ((I quit after I learned. As close as anyone down there cared to come to the exact definition was "Beak Taylor has the face of a cow." I suspect that perhaps they have things reversed at least in their anatomy if not in their explanatian.))



The Time Machine
by H.G. Wells

CLASSICS OF SCIENCE-FANTASY FICTION-

The Country of the Blind
by H.G. Wells



WG

SOLAR MYTHS

- By -- Fred Hurter jr. -

Solar myths are religions evolved and transfigured from the awe and wonderment inspired by the movement of the sun, planets, and the stars. Since of necessity some knowledge of astronomy, and a great number of observations

were required before a culture of civilization could develop a solar myth type of religion, these religions appeared first only in the late neolithic times, superceding and absorbing the earlier vegetable myths and phallic cults

All our modern religions are solar myths, tintured to a greater or lesser degree with the rites and doctrines of the earlier forms of religious worship. True phallic and vegetable cults still have adherents today, but such religions are found only among savage tribes practising a primitive neolithic or even a purely palaeolithic economy.

Since the solar myths have such a direct bearing on our present religious doctrines, festivals, legends and ceremonials, the bases for the development of these myths are perhaps of most interest to modern man.

At the time of the life or the recorded appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and for many centuries before, the Mediterranean, Mesopotamia, India, and the neighbouring world was the scene of a vast number of pagan creeds and rituals. There were temples, then, to Apollo, Dionysus, Hercules, Mithra, Adonis, Attis, Phrygia, Osiris, Baal, Krishna, as well as many other gods. The extraordinary point is not that there was a vast number of creeds and gods, (for the lack of rapid communications always tends to create differences of culture), but that all these various cults, in spite of the geographical distances and racial differences, were remarkably similar if not identical, in the general outline of their creeds and ceremonials.

The term "remarkably similar" is perhaps an understatement, for in the case of each of the deities mentioned above, it was said and believed that:

This is the second installment of a series begun in CANADIAN FANDOM issue Number 12. If Fred can keep them rolling along in time to meet CANFAN's rigorous schedule (once every year or two), they'll be appearing regularly. If not, well, you'll have to go to church occasionally..

(1) They were born on or very near our Christmas day.

(2) They were born of a Virgin mother.

(3) And in a cave or an underground chamber.

(4) They lead a life of toil for Mankind.

(5) And were called by the names of Light-Bringer, Healer, Mediator, Saviour, Deliverer.

(6) They were vanquished by the powers of Darkness.

(7) And descended into Hell or the Underworld.

(8) They rose again from the dead and became the leaders of Mankind to the Kingdom of Heaven.

(9) They founded Communions of Saints and churches into which disciples were received by Baptism.

(10) And they were commemorated by Eucharistic meals.

To give a few examples.

Osiris was born on the 361st day of the year. He was a great traveller. As king of Egypt he taught men civil arts and tamed them by music and gentleness, not by force of arms. He was betrayed by Typhon, the power of darkness and slain and remembered. His body was placed in a box, but later arose from the dead. His sufferings, his death, and his resurrection were enacted yearly in a great passion play at Abydos.

Mithra was born in a cave on the 25th day of December of a Virgin Mother. He travelled far and wide as a teacher and illuminator of men. His festivals were the Winter Solstices and the Vernal Equinox (Christmas and Easter). He had twelve disciples (the twelve months). He was buried in a tomb, from which, however, he rose again; and his resurrection was celebrated yearly with great rejoicings. He was called Saviour and Mediator, and was sometimes figured as a Lamb. Eucharistic feasts in remembrance of him were held by his followers.

Krishna, the ninth avatar of Vishnu, was born of a Virgin (DeKavi) and in a Cave. His birth was announced by a Star. It was sought to destroy him, and for that

purpose a slaughter of infants was ordered. Everywhere he performed miracles, raising the dead, healing lepers, and the deaf and the blind, and championing the poor and oppressed. He had a beloved disciple, Arjuna, (similar to our St. John) before whom he was transfigured. He was crucified on a tree. He descended into Hell, but arose again from the dead ascending into Heaven in the sight of many people. It is said he will return at the last day to be the judge of the quick and the dead.

As can be seen from the above brief examples, these pre-Christian, so-called "pagan" religions possess a striking resemblance to the story of Jesus Christ. Indeed, the similarity of these ancient pagan legends and beliefs to Christian traditions is so great that they excited the attention and the undisguised wrath of the earlier Christian fathers, who attempted to explain the similarity by the theory that the Devil had, centuries before the development of Christianity -- in order to confound Christians -- caused the pagans to adopt similar beliefs and rituals. Very crafty of the Devil indeed, but the theory is rather illogical even on a purely theoretical basis, as it means that the Devil is at least as, if not more omniscient than God, for otherwise he could not foretell the moves and measures that were to be taken by God.

Such, however, was the belief of the Christians. Justin Martyr, for instance, after describing the institution of the Lord's Supper as narrated in the Bible, goes on to say "Which the wicked devils have imitated in the mysteries of Mithra, commanding the same thing to be done." Unfortunately, however, the worship of Mithra came long before Christianity. Tertullian sees the work of the Devil in the baptism and eucharistic rituals practised by pre-Christian religions. Even Cortez complained that the Devil had positively taught the Mexicans the same things which God taught to Christendom. Justin Martyr again in the "Dialogue With Trypho" says that the Birth in the Stable was the prototype (!!! ???) of the birth of Mithra, in the Cave of Zoroastrianism.

That the pre-Christian so-called pagan solar myths are in effect, when allowance is made for slight cultural differences and the passage of time, identical with the bulk of the Christian legends, rituals, ceremonies, festivals, and doctrines, cannot be denied. Only a few brief examples have been given above, but an overwhelming mass of data has been compiled by anthropologists which can be found in any number of texts on the subject. In fact,

far from being anything new or revolutionary as the Church would have us believe, Christianity would appear to be but a later model of a very large number of practically identical religions.

If we examine the data carefully, we are almost forced to the conclusion, that either:

(1) Jesus Christ was not the only son of God, and that Mithra, Osiris, Krishna, etc., were also Sons of God.

(2) That Jesus Christ was a very wise and good man whose teachings became absorbed by existing pagan rituals and creeds.

(3) That the Devil was foresighted enough to see that God would send His Son to Earth to begin Christianity, and stole His thunder by promoting similar religions long before God got to the point of doing something.

Of these, (2) is by far the most logical, for the teachings of Jesus Christ differ in one respect from those of all other creeds. Briefly, the one great teaching of Christ which differentiates Christianity from other creeds, and which has led to the formation of our democracies is: All men are created with equal rights.

To sum up, we may state that Christianity as practised today is but one of a large number of practically identical religions, and that almost all peoples who have achieved some degree of culture, in spite of cultural, racial and geographical differences have evolved practically the same forms of religious worship at some time or another.

The reason for this great similarity of the later religions, and the steps which lead to the development or evolution of these solar myths will be discussed in the next chapter.

* * * * *

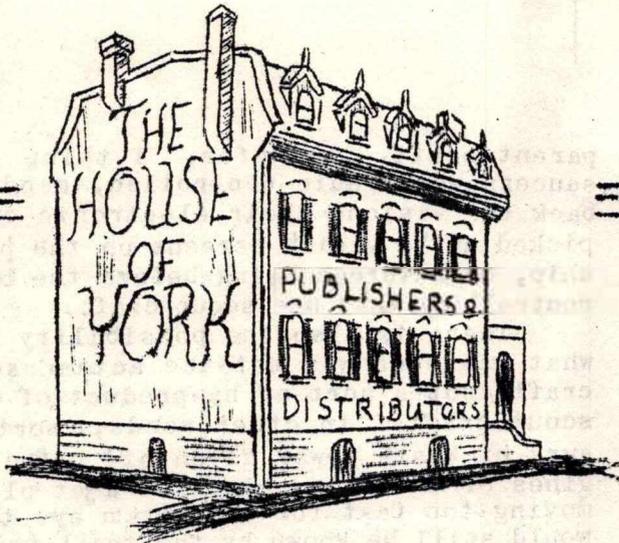
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Have you sent your copy?

See the advertisement on page 37 for financial details.

If you can't take a page, try a Booster Hotel reservations should be in as soon as possible. Other Conventions in Toronto over the weekend will keep sleeping accommodations at a premium. Consult your Hotel List sent out with the last issue of TORQUE.

Incidentally — have we got your Buck?



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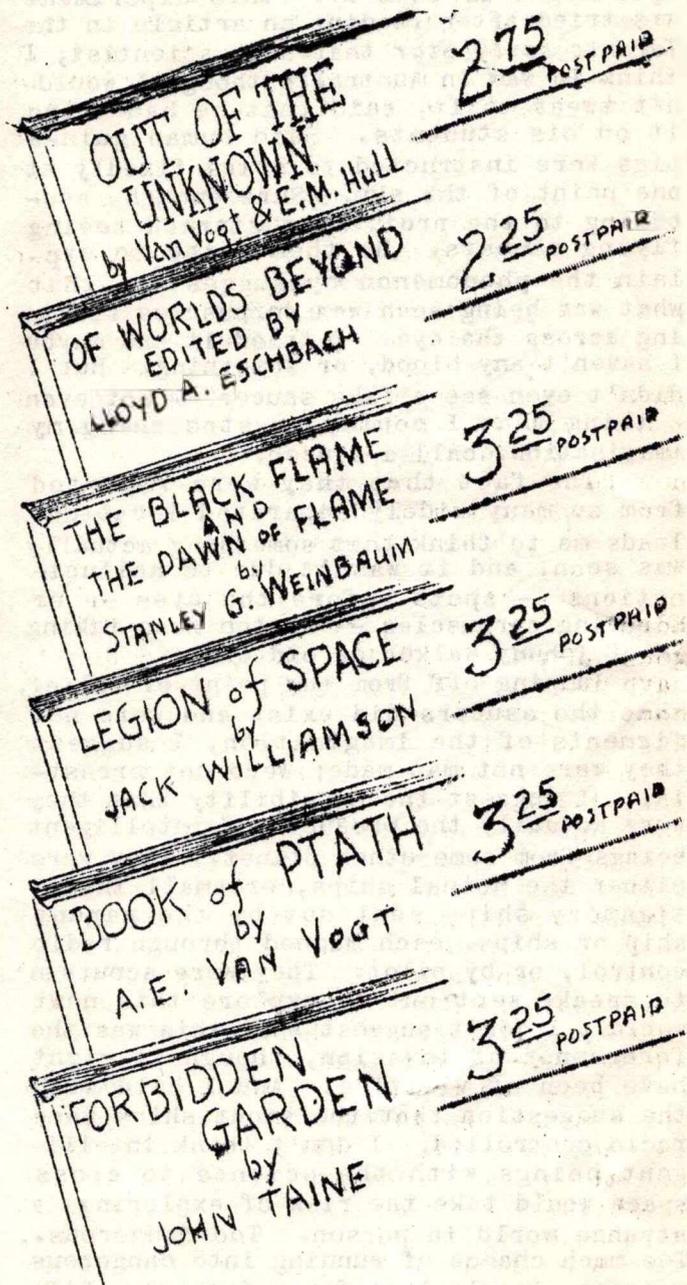
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AS I SEE IT

Here's "Pappy Croutch" back again with another *As I See It*. This time he's going to shoot off his big flabby mouth about "Flying Chinaware." Saucers to you.

All I know about these strange beasts is what I read in the papers -- the magazines -- letters. I never saw one. Not even a chipped one. I looked. I even tried staring fixedly at one portion of the firmament to see if spots before the eyes might explain it. This experiment was tried after reading an article in the *Toronto Daily Star* that some scientist, I think it was in Australia though I wouldn't swear to it, said that he had tried it on his students. Said human guinea pigs were instructed to stare fixedly at one point of the sky. Sure enough, according to the prof, they started seeing flying saucers. He then tried to explain the phenomenon by suggesting that what was being seen were corpuscles floating across the eye. I tried it and maybe I haven't any blood, or something. But I didn't even see a fake saucer -- not even a thing that I could, by stretching my imagination, call a saucer.

The fact that they were reported from so many widely separated locations leads me to think that something actually was seen, and it wasn't due to hallucinations -- spots before the eyes -- or floating corpuscles -- or too much taking in of Johnny Walker or old crow.

Jumping off from the point of belief that the saucers did exist and were not figments of the imagination, I suggest they were not man-made; were not terrestrial. I suggest the possibility that they were actually the products of intelligent beings from some other planet. They were either the actual ships, or small investigatory ships sent out by the parent ship or ships, each manned through radio control, or by pilot. They were scouts so to speak, sent out to explore this new world. I don't suggest that this was the forerunner of invasion, though it might have been of visiting. And I hold with the suggestion that the scout ships were radio controlled. I don't think intelligent beings with the science to cross space would take the risk of exploring a strange world in person. Too dangerous. Too much chance of running into dangerous weapons, inimical craft, and so on. Life would be of too high a premium to endanger it thusly. It would be needful to run the

parent craft. Therefore, I think the saucers were radio-controlled, sending back the visions their electronic eyes picked up to vision screens on the parent ship, each screen being before the being controlling that one scout craft.

There is also the possibility that what was seen was not the actual scout craft, but a sort of by-product of the scout craft. In other words, a sort of aura of waste power given off by the engines of the ship. Just as a jet plane moving too fast for the human eye to see would still be known by the trail it left behind.

Another possibility is that the materials of which the craft were fashioned were of such a vibratory period that human eyes would not respond. Yet the presence would distort space in their vicinity, making their presence known indirectly.

There's another possibility too -- that the saucers were not individual craft, but merely the highlights struck off a much larger ship, which was invisible or else camouflaged so they were not discernable against the backdrop of the sky.

I wonder if the saucers were investigated by radar? I wonder if there was any radio emanation noticeable at the time they passed overhead?

If the visions were hallucinatory, what were the circumstances that brought them on so suddenly all over the world, and then which vanished equally suddenly. It seems to me that the only logical explanation is that they were actual manifestations of a visit to Earth from some other planet. Whether this is the first visit, or will be the last, perhaps we'll never know. But I think that from time to time Earth has been visited by others. That would explain the various myths, and stories related in the Bible.

How about the story of Ezekiel, and the wheel which he saw in the air.

Bob Tucker has been sending a questionnaire through Fandom, the answers to which will be used as a base for a talk to be given at the *Torcon* this summer.

One set of questions was about how soon you thought a ship would make a trip to the moon. If you had a chance would you go on it? Would you expect to return alive? And so on.

I think when the time comes that

science builds a rocket or ship which will make the lunar trip fit to carry human beings, the chances of survival will be pretty good. For I think the first ships will not carry humans. Animals maybe. But not humans. I think these first craft will be radio-controlled from earth, and will either record data or else transmit it back to earth via television. Why risk a human, or humans, when science can substitute an impartial, accurate observer, unaffected by temperature, gravities, and so on.

Control the ship by radio, install some sort of video pickup, transmit the picture back to earth, and project it on a screen and you have the equal to an observer's eyes. In addition, how much cheaper to build such a unit. No need for the elaborate insulation from heat and cold. No need to supply air. No need to build in means to counteract the gravitational pull. What if the ship does crash? No life is lost -- with its attendant political and social upheaval and interference. You just send out another ship -- and another ship -- until they do return. In the meantime you are collecting valuable data and experience. When the day comes to send a human or humans along you will know so much more that will be important to ensure their safe arrival on the moon and their return.

In fact, I see a distinct possibility that man may never leave the earth -- that he will send out his envoys to do all his exploring. And I don't mean robots. I mean remote control -- radio-controlled ships with television or a superior product.

Think what the future control room of

a ship might be.

The ship roams the intergalactic spaces while the control room is actually on earth.

Instead of the control room actually being on the ship connected to the engines and so on by leads, you have the control room on earth, connected to the ship by electronic circuits. The control room will be complete in every way, with windows that do not look out on space directly but instead are television screens. Each window will be placed before and at the sides of the pilot so that in effect he is actually on the ship, seeing out of the observation windows.

But what a difference! Always a relief man -- the full resources of earth to draw on to operate the ship. Immediate utilization of what he sees. In effect, earth is the control room, and that small ship, light years away, is a far-flung tentacle, probing, exploring, looking into the secrets of the universe. An electronic eye seeing all as well as the actual eye, wielded by an operator sitting in the comforts of his earth-bound control room, sure of his change in shift, never worrying that all his mates may die off leaving him in loneliness, never fearing boredom. . .

Well, before I write another edition of this column the *Torcon* will have been over. By the way -- have YOU sent in your buck to Ned McKeown for your membership in the *Torcon Society*? The time is fleeting -- why be wasting it? From little hints and stories escaping the sacred precincts of the high and mighties in charge of affairs, it promises to be even bigger'n' better than anything that has gone before. Be seeing ya there - - -

ACCURSED

James Russell Gray

Tonight I strangled her; the moon arose
 As red as fresh-spilled blood above the hill
 There in the east; I burned her silken clothes,
 And sat and cried -- I had not meant to kill.
 I threw her cooling body down a well
 And ran into the swampy woods to hide;
 I swore by all the demons out of hell
 That no one else should ever have my bride;
 But suddenly the wind began to scream,
 And clouds came up and blanketed the sky;
 I wandered through the night as in a dream,
 While creatures of the darkness passed me by,
 All chanting softly, "Murderer, beware!" --
 And everywhere I looked, her face was there!

AND MODERN LIFE

The Romans had a curious code of morals in one phase of their sex life. While their literature was rich in books revolving around the relationship of the sexes of every possible variation, normal and abnormal, while this literature was possible and enriched by a large vocabulary, it was strictly against the law to speak about such matters in conversation. Consequently, the Romans, to express themselves and their desires, used a pantomine language which was so practical that a complete understanding could be arrived at by two persons in a few seconds.

It must have been a city of peculiar inequalities. The learned, able to read, had libraries filled with books on the art of love, both sacred and profane. Their houses were frescoed with pictures showing the love-making of the Gods and their ladies fair. Morality as we usually consider it today, was unknown and unthought of. The poor illiterate were unable to read, and their art consisted of charcoal sketches on city walls and cheap taverns. They paid a few cents for pleasures which cost their betters a fortune. Everyone, rich and poor, tried their utmost to enter the pastimes in the Gardens of Venus but no one put their thoughts and desires into audible speech.

Pantomine flourished, and some of that pantomine comes down to the present time in rather respectable form. For example, it is not the custom to wear the ring on a second finger. Ask ten thousand intelligent people why and perhaps few of them will know. The reason is that the second finger was used as the symbol for the phallus, and thus was looked on as too disgraceful to be ornamented by jewelry. Thus the custom remains long after the reason is lost in antiquity.

Pantomine is lost to America today except in the *Punch and Judy* shows and the occasional clever burlesque actor. If a citizen from old Rome should appear on the streets of New York with his hundreds of gestures no one would understand him and the general opinion would be that he was suffering from the nervous disease known as chorea or St. Vitus' dance. Vulgarities have disappeared from polite speech and nothing remains of the sexual customs of ancient times except the erotic literature and the actual physical performances. Even in Italy the old frescoes are museum

pieces and shown only to the intelligentsia.

Erotic literature remains. Books written four thousand years ago, two thousand, one thousand years ago still sell in constantly revived editions. The *Anaga Ranga*, *Arabian Nights*, *Rose Garden*, the works of *Boccaccio*, *Rabelais*, *Stern* and a dozen others are still read and prized, even though the owners do not boast of their possession or place them in conspicuous places in their libraries.

When a book is still read after thousands of years it can mean but one thing: that it is, in some way, vital to the life and needs of the human race. Even though it may deal with subject matter not recognized in polite society, it has to be universal in time and interest to survive. The best-selling novel of this year will be forgotten five years from now, but any time a new edition of *Tristram Shandy* is offered there will be three or five thousand subscribers to buy it. *Rabelais* will be read three hundred years from now as avidly as it was read three hundred years ago. It, and similar works, deal with human nature and actions in a human way, and these actions are a part of the biological growth of the race and will therefore always be of interest to them.

With the development of certain religious denominations there came a strong denunciation of everything pertaining to self satisfaction, most especially from anything of a sexual nature. The monasteries of the early Christian Church, the stern laws of the Presbyterians of Scotland and the rigid moral code of the New England Puritans are all examples of this change in public opinion. In Scotland, it was considered sinful to smile or laugh, and any form of happiness was considered the work of the Devil. These forms of thinking still exist today in the separate sections of our public libraries, and in the censorship of the moving pictures and in the various societies formed for the suppression and extinction of the so-called immoral in literature and art.

As a result, books like *Ulysses*, and Cabell's celebrated *Jargon* have, from time to time, been forbidden sale in America. While it is true that in the case of these two books the legal opinion has been reversed they are mentioned to show the constant effort of certain social groups to

LA NUIT BLANCHE

— Murmurings from the Montreal Science-Fiction Society —

This instalment is going to be even more of a mess than lasttime: Beak asked for a hurry-up job, as he hopes to meet an early deadline on *Canfan* #15. So a hurry up job it is.

The *MSFS* has been prostrate of late. It is doubtless a result of our colossal labours. First we got out an atrocity styled *Mohdzee* to advertise the oncoming, *Censored* (15¢ per copy, or 3 for 40¢; address all letters to Fred Hurter Jr., 79 Hudson Ave., Montreal 16, Quebec, Canada.)

Then there was the business of getting the *CSFA* going. A cross-correspondence was initiated amongst the three organized fan clubs (Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal), and finally a constitution was agreed on. The set-up is, that one club acts as the executive arm each year, and that the office shall be rotated from year to year amongst the clubs. For 1948, the job will be held by the Hamilton group (Secretary-treasurer Paul Revey, 100 Arnold St., Hamilton, Ont.). Write in and cheer, brethren. We are making history. But what's more important, we have something that may become both interesting and useful.

Of course, it is not only these colossal labours that dulls our keenness: the approaching exams in the academic world may have something to do with it.

But we are trying to get *Censored* out by May at the latest, exams or no exams.

We have been honoured here in Montreal by a visit from Beak Taylor, no less. If time were less pressing, the usual take off, along the lines of Croutch's visit to Toronto, or Mason's to Montreal, would be in order. But this has to be produced in a rush, so all we can say is: We enjoyed, having you Beak, come again soon. Of course, not much was done, but what the hell, it was fun just talking.

THIS WEEK'S BRAIN-WAVE: A fact often bemoaned by the higher-minded fan is the

inadequacy and frequent lack of space which Monsieur Campbell can give in *ASF* to *Brass Tacks*. Suggestion: establish a zine devoted strictly to the overflow from *Brass Tacks*. It would not be a fanzine, in the ordinary sense, since it would cater to the special interests of *ASF* readers, both regarding story discussion and science-slinging, rather than to the usual crud restricted to the narrow fanworld environment. Such a zine, published in New York, and co-operating with Editor Campbell, could be the best thing to hit the fan world since *Fantasy Advertiser* got going, as well as giving opportunity to the "non-fan" reader to get a discussion-supplement to *ASF*. It might be called simply *Brass Tacks*.

Of course, there might be a few difficulties. For one thing, *Street & Smith*, would be unlikely to subsidize it, so it would have to be supported and published by some altruistic party, and the subscriptions of its readers. It might be fairly difficult to find someone willing to put out a job like this, rather than his own ego-boo. Also, there might be legal objection to diverting letters from *Brass Tacks* to *Brass Tacks*. An finally, Mr. Campbell himself might just not be interested.

But we've suggested the idea to him, and we think it might be a good one. It might easily attain a circulation of 1000 and over, (when you consider how many readers *ASF* has, and how many are interested in the letter-discussions). We repeat it would not be a strictly-fan enterprise, such as *VOM* was, but would cater to the general, but interested, reader. But it would give a chance to everyone to get in the arena. (The field is heavy now, what with little space and much competition.

Any reactions? Or has this idea been born and killed before, as most brain-waves?

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SKY WANDERINGS

It is truly a sad fact that civilization sits on mankind like an outsize hat on a baby's head. Man's development is phenomenal -- his physical development, the physical sciences, The biological sciences aren't very far behind and it would probably be safe to say the reason why they lag is that the biologists cannot put their collective fingers on the elusive stuff called *life*. If mankind could do that of course, then they would truly be lost in the outsize hat. If he doesn't know what to do with the secrets of the atom, what would be his reaction to the secrets of life, itself? He would go crazy, both literally and figuratively. *Buy your immortality here! Only \$1,000,000 a bottle!* Silly? Perhaps, but just gaze around you at the ordinary advertisement and think twice.

The automobile is a collection of relatively simple principles and bits of materials that perform an extremely complicated function. Behind the wheel sits another collection of relatively simple principles and bits of materials which build up into such complicated patterns that not even one individual's own digestive tract is the same as another's! Add to this conglomeration of biological fantasy an immaterial, outside-the-five-senses mysterious, illogical and incomplete,

group of impressions and ideas.

Man is the answer. Man and the automobile. Put the two together and what happens? Death and violence, usually, but of the two separate collections of facts, the one that reacts most logically and to the utmost of its endeavor without deviating from the norm (assuming it is a well-running car), is the automobile.

Turn a switch, set a number of gears and levers, allow the energy to be released and you know that this automobile will react in a certain way and will continue to react in that way until inertia or breakdown is reached.

Turn a person's initiative on, set up a circumstance -- and there is not a person alive who can determine what the reaction will be. Certainly, under a stimulus a person will react most according to the average. Then, again, he may act entirely opposite.

Mankind has not risen much from the beast that swung down from the tree -- all philosophies to the contrary. His environment and his manner of living have changed, but himself -- no.

He still acts first and thinks afterward. His emotions rule his life almost to the exclusion of mental effort and his three primary drives run him ragged from the time of his ejection into the world.

the end

EDITORIAL WE

(Continued from page 5)

were ever identical, a refinement of perception we have not reached. Further, Mr van Vogt is dealing with a type of brain that is not mere reasoning capacity but direct force."

Well-known Stfnists have expressed it all in a much more slipshod way in several articles I've seen.

Finally, Mr Deacon sums the matter up in a final paragraph:

"At least, this is not the same old stuff of boy meets girl, and the two trips to Venus are highly entertaining -- especially the trees, 3,000 feet high and so big that whole houses are carved out of their trunks.

We suspect that Mr Deacon was more interested in those trees "with whole houses carved out of their trunks," than in "man's fight to train his brain to

distinguish between similar yet different object-events in space-time." And after all, this whole book is really only escapism made readable (or repeatable) by a superficial background of philosophy, isn't it, Mr Deacon?

Yet, how many others have been able to accept even null A in Buck Rogers garb?

As an afternoon recess recently, ye local clubmembers dropped over to a small Toronto suburb known as Hamilton, where the Ambitious City Stfnists headed by Jim Templar lurk. They call themselves Digamma Sigma Phi, in honor of Ghu knows what, and revel in the mysteries of that ancient, and venerable Greek letter, "Digamma."

Whether or not they intend to drag old dead things into science-fiction, they are the moving force behind a new and very

much alive organization — The Canadian Science-Fiction Association. Canadian Fans should already have received the first blast of publicity from Templar, Cranston, Revey, Beasley, and company.

For the uninitiated, the C-S-F-A was originally precipitated on an unwary world by the Montreal Science-Fiction Association, of, strangely enough, Montreal. They drew up a constitution in conjunction with some well-meant but rather useless advice from Toronto, had it ratified by whoever cared to read it, and appointed Hamilton as it's guiding hand for the first year.

The main feature of the C-S-F-A constitution that differs greatly from the bulk of Stf-group constitutions lies in its executive. We, and some may emit a shudder or two here, have not got a democratic organization.

Rather, the policy, activities and projects of the organization will be administered in the old Platonian manner — by those fit to rule. The fit rulers this year are Hamilton, and they'll hold the office for a term of 12 months, at the end of which time they'll pass the reins along to duly-appointed successors.

The purpose behind keeping the balance of power so centralized seemed obvious to us. The greatest obstacle to efficiency in any organization would be an executive which conducted all its business by mail. We determined to get around such a haphazard and inefficient method of doing things by keeping the executive together. The best way to accomplish this was to give the leadership to a single organization — a well-founded, active and enthusiastic club.

While this precludes the possibility of Joe Fann being able to have a say in his association government unless he belongs to such a club, it gets things done; and to us, that's important. For dear little Joe has his own life to lead, and if he decides to drop Fandom, then the organization of which he might have been a leading light does not suffer accordingly. Unless, of course, Joe Fan's whole club decides to forsake our ranks — then there's a delay of a week or so while another outfit takes over.

In any case, Canadians will be receiving copies of their constitution shortly. If they care to join, and it will be to our mutual benefit if they do, then we'll be happy. And if they don't, no one's feelings are hurt.

In the meantime, you Canucks, start thinking up some projects for your C-S-F-A to put into effect. But don't be too ambitious; and offer to give a hand yourself. Just because you can't officiate, doesn't mean you can't participate.

These last few words are being written shortly before putting CANFAN to bed; then we plan to put ourselves to bed.

This process known as Varsitytyping isn't the lead-pipe cinch we thought — turns out a nice, neat job; but brother, what labors are involved!

We collected our machine on Friday, at about six in the p-m. Typing started at 7.30. From then until 2.30 in the dawn's early light was spent doing the first three stencils.

"Gawd!" we thought. "How long can this go on?"

Uncle Neddy arrived at ten in the morning to take over — we have to be at work by 5.30 a-m, so we weren't here. At two, we came home to discover Ned's work had to be discarded — he'd used the wrong spacing between lines, had condensed a whole page into one column.

From then till 2.30 in the morning, I typed steadily. Up again at 9 O'clock, off to Ned's with the machine, to work at ten. I typed steadily from ten until five of the early hours, when I had to be off to work again. Ned took over, continuing until nine thirty next day, when the machine went home. He had a couple of hours' sleep.

We weren't able to complete the entire issue, and what is done probably contains more typographical errors per square inch than any issue heretofore. Our typer was stiff — any attempt at a hurry job simply printed wrong letters. If you know anything at all about varityping, you'll know what we mean; if not, take our word for it that it was Hell!

We hope, however, that the experiment meets with your approval. Any illegible lines, please chalk up to experience and make the best of what you've got.

Fred Hurter's Stuff & Such hasn't arrived, and will appear again next issue, along with a fairly lengthy treatise on Utopias by Ned McKeown, also originally slated for this number.

We'd like to apologize to Moe Diner, who's M-S-F-S Mutterings were not only cut drastically, but inadvertently had two sections left out. We realize how you have suffered Moe: five extra pages next ish.

CANADIAN FAN DIRECTORY

Here are some additions to the Canadian Fan Directory which appeared in the last issue of Canadian Fandom. Also contained are corrections and changes of address. If you see any errors or omissions — please notify us.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 13. Gibson, Robert | 2421 25a Street West | Calgary, Alberta |
| 56. Ashley, Leonard R. | 2640 Park Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 57. Beasley, David | 124 Markland | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 58. Braden, Pete | 34 Whitton Road | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 59. Bradley, V.L. | 3454 Decarie Avenue | Montreal 6, P.Q. |
| 60. Buck, Thomas E. | McGill Union, 690 Sherbrooke St W. | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 61. Chen, George | 151 Sandwich Street East | Windsor, Ontario |
| 62. Crane, Lyell | 187 College Street | Toronto 2B, Ontario |
| 63. Goldwater, Jack | 2251 Girourd Avenue | Montreal 28, P.Q. |
| 64. Griggs, N.R. | General Delivery | South Edmonton, Alta |
| 65. Holland, David | Arts & Science Bldg, McGill Univ. | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 66. Hospodaruk, Vladimir | 3459 Shuter Street | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 67. Jenkins, David | 676 Lagachetiere Street West | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 68. Jenkins, F.W. | 121 Wright Street | Saint John, N. B. |
| 69. LeBel, J. | 3440 Park Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 70. Loshak, Lionel | 5215 Decarie Blvd | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 71. Ludlam, Art | 46 St George Street | Toronto 5, Ontario |
| 72. McHale, Charles | 3565 Adams Street | Rochester, N.Y. |
| 73. McDermot, Lloyd | 29 Ballantyne Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 74. O'Donnel, C.F. | Peterson Residence | |
| | Bldg 37, Suite 23 | Lachine, P.Q. |
| 75. Pednault, Dawson | Arts & Science Bldg, McGill Univ. | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 76. Peak, Hugh | 3380 Ridgewood Avenue | Montreal, PQ. |
| 77. Revey, Paul | 100 Arnold Street | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 78. Richards, J.C. | 81 Gibson Avenue | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 79. Rix, Gordon | 131 Leila Avenue | W. Kildonan, Manitoba |
| 80. Schoner, Sidney | 2999 Fourth Avenue | Verdun, P.Q. |
| 81. Sheppard, A. | 181 Parkhurst Blvd, Leaside, | Toronto, Ontario |
| 82. Smith, David D. | 136 Balfour Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 83. Templar, James | 17 Devonport Road | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 84. Turner, Geoffery G. | 3506 University Street | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 85. White, George F. | 7067 Molson Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 86. Wiles, Evan | 23 Kipling Road | Hamilton, Ontario |
| 87. Williams, Charles (Chuck) | R.R. Number 1 | Mount Hamilton, Ont. |
| 88. Woodruff, Laurie | C/o Shell Oil Co. of Canada Ltd | |
| | 25 Adelaide Street East | Toronto, Ontario |

MACABRE

#2

Jack Doherty

Don Hutchison

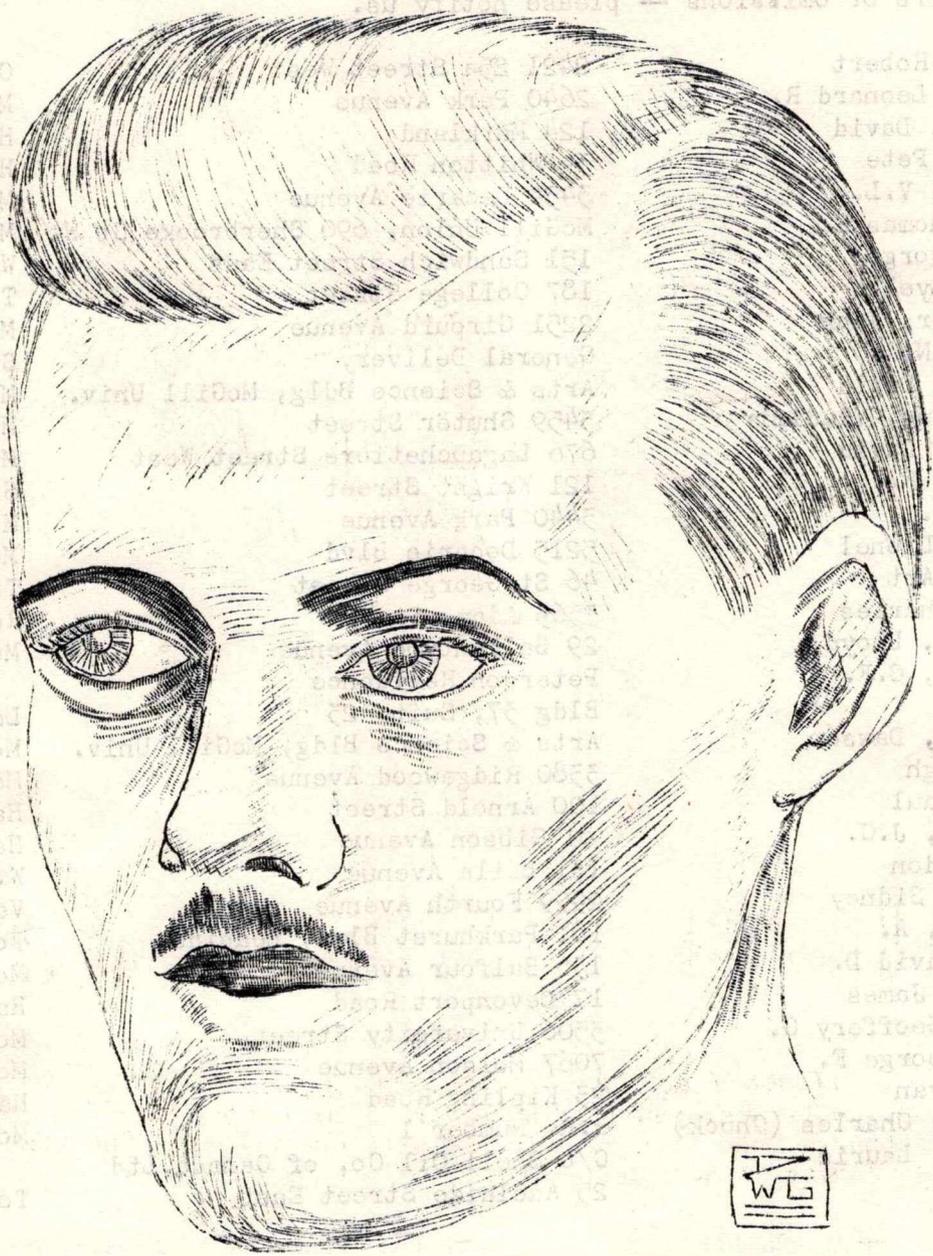
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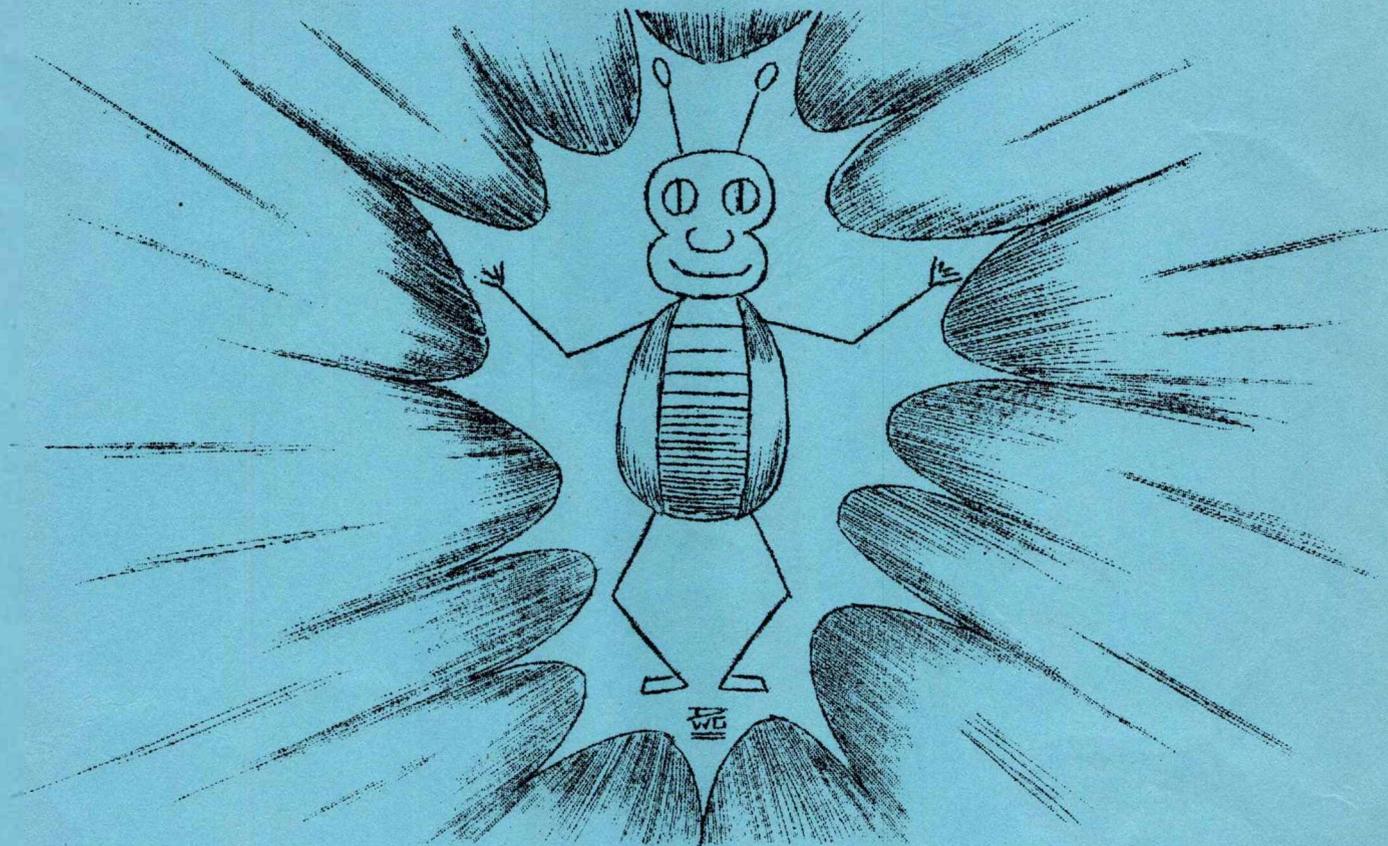
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Bill works so close to the movies all day that he just had to make himself look like a movie star, but why he had to choose Lassie for a model I'll never know. Born August 2, 1923, Bill was a rather intelligent type. Possibly owing to several kicking duels between Wee Willie and the kindergarten teacher, he spent two and a half years in nursery school. But one wouldn't say that he was a backward child; as a matter of fact many people thought he was a little too forward. After passing through the usual childhood stages — pyromania, house-breaking, window-breaking, — Bill finally reached his natural bent, Art. His mother, a very good artist whether it be black and white or oils, carefully nurtured her brat's talents and turned him from matriculation in high school to three years drafting, two years commercial, and a year in a card display shop. With the outbreak of war Bill joined the R.A.F. and spent three years, one month, two weeks, four days, seven hours, thirty-six minutes and eleven seconds with His Majesty's Forces.

He was glad to get home. Introduced to SF when he became intrigued with Roger's cover for Williamson's *Crucible of Power* in the Feb 39 ASF. Although he started with ASF he soon turned to FFM because of his dislike for serials. His activity in the Fm field was nil until after the war. About a year ago he contacted the Toronto group and ever since has been doing the lion's share of the artwork in all the local publications. Bill is a master of the stencil technique and has done some really beautiful work on his new series in CANFAN Classics of Science-Fantasy Fiction. His pictorial ads for the TORCON have appeared in CANFAN, FANTASY ADVERTISER, and several other mags. As I write this Bill is slip-sheeting the present issue following the every turn of John Millard at the Gestetner, and the work of Beak Taylor at the Varsity. You will be seeing much more of Bill's work in the future both on stencil and litho.

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