

19  
10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

# CANADIAN LONDON

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF S.F. NEWS

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INSECT MAN BOOK REVIEWS  
london sketch  
ANCIENT & MYSTICAL  
ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS



SEASONS  
GREETINGS

DECEMBER 1953

FEATURES STORIES CARTOONS



# CANADIAN FANDOM

Number Nineteen  
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10TH ANNIVERSARY

CANADIAN FANDOM

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# Editorial We

by  
BEAK TAYLOR  
WILLIAM D. GRANT  
and  
GERALD A. STEWARD

A few evenings ago the seed and the spirit of Canadian Fandom appeared from the past and we proceeded to play jazz records into the wee hours of the morning.

Joe "Beak" Taylor severed his relationship with fandom in 1948. Since then he has worked for British United Press and more recently he is editing two commercial magazines for MacLean-Hunter Publications, plus additional work for BUP.

At about 1 AM in the morning I (Bill Grant) showed him our editorial on "10 Years of Canadian Fandom" and our conversation went as follows-

"My god! Let's get the record straight, if this is going to make print. Where'd you get your information?"

"We dug it up from some issues of "Light" and from whoever seemed to know something of the past."

"Somebody has been kidding you. There was only three issues of "Eight-Ball", when we got to No. 4, on a suggestion from John Mason, the title for Canadian Fandom was born. I did some of the first covers myself much to everybodys regret. All three "Eight-Ball" issues came into being at St. Andrews College at Aurora. Fred Hurter had graduated taking his memorable sheet "Censored" with him. The first issue, for the record was a hecktograph job."

"Who was your first regular contributor?"

"Les Crouch, he came through for every issue and everything he turned out was eagerly read by all of us in those days."

"What particular things come to your mind as you remember back these ten years?"

"I remember a cover by Virginia Anderson for Can Fan No. 4 and our first litho cover by Al Betts on No. 5. The cover with pictures of all the local types, I think that was No. 8. Then Ned McKeown's appearance around issue No. 12 and our experiment with colour."

"When did you run into John Millard?"

"In 47 at the Philcon, that was when we put in the bid for the Torcon and brought it back to our town for 48."

This was about the time I met Joe, Ned and John and got in on the preparation for the big show.

JT-WDG



## 10 Years Of Canadian Fandom

Can Fan No. 14, Feb. 1948, this big issue, 40 pages saw Ned McKeown installed as assistant Editor and take on the office of Chairman of the Torcon Society. This issue contained a Canadian Fan Directory as well as an Index to past Can Fan issues, plus the regular features.

Can Fan No. 15, May 1948, this issue contained some striking art work by Bill Grant. Fred Hurter graced its pages. Crouch pro'd and con'd. This particular issue was for the most part done on a varityper and was the last issue Beak Taylor edited.

Can Fan No. 16, July 1949, about fourteen months elapsed along with the Torcon in between. The local group folded and Ned McKeown relighted the spark with this issue and the Derelicts came out of temporary retirement.

Can Fan No. 17, Sept. 1951, twenty-six months went under the bridge. In this issue Ned announced his retirement from active fandom and Can Fan officially went into the mothballs.

Can Fan No. 18, Sept. 1953, a new group of Derelicts came into circulation. This issue saw several major changes, a new editor, the installment of a very apt editorial staff, new style cover. The general format was completely changed, double columns being dropped in favour of the present style.

Can Fan No. 19, Dec. 1953, write your own history on it and lets hear from you. GAS

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG	SEPT	OCT	NOV	DEC
1943		I			2		3		4		5	
1944		6						7				
1945		8					9					
1946					10		11					
1947							12			13		
1948		14			15							
1949						16						
1950												
1951									17			
1952												
1953									18			19
1954			20			21			22			23

## Book Reviews



book review "MORE THAN HUMAN" .35  
by Theodore Sturgeon  
Ballantine 234 pages

This is Ballantine's seventh and best Science-Fiction pocketbook to date. It is also Sturgeon's best effort to date. Readers will undoubtedly recognize a similarity in theme to "Childhood's End". Continuing the similarity, the ending is also a little weak. But this is not plagiarism by any means; it is a well thought out novel approaching perfection in modern literature.

I understand that this fine piece of work was expanded from "Baby Is Three" (Galaxy '52) and indeed, one fourth of this book is under a chapter heading of that name.

It is basically the story of six individuals; two of which are negro girls who can disappear and reappear anywhere, anytime; one is a little girl who can move anything, anywhere with her mind; another is a mongo-

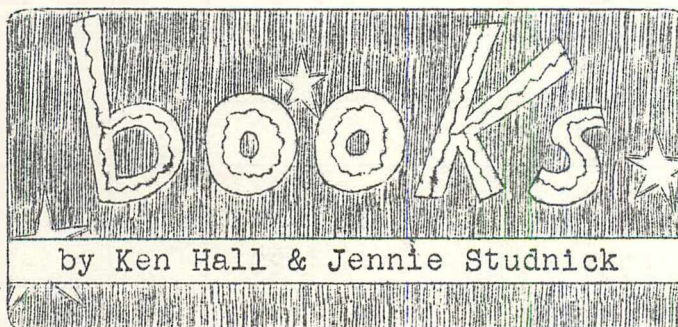
loid idiot child with a perfect memory and a mind like an electronic computer; still another is a handsome young man who can read or control human minds with a blink of his eyes; and the sixth is a----But that would be giving the story away! Anyway these six people together form a "Homo Gestalt", supposedly the logical next step in evolution. The story is of how they come together and how they achieve their evolution.

I'd give this novel an "A" rating for it's style of writing and intricacy of plot.

book review "MAN DROWNING" by Henry Kuttner - Bantam - 200 pages .25

Mr. Kuttner is known for his vast quantities of STF, this one might be picked up under false pretenses. It isn't science-fiction, but it is a fast moving drama about a sick mind bent on destruction to achieve a purpose. There is a mild touch of sex, plenty of melodrama and some very wierd, assorted characters. Some of you may call this a bit out of line as far as the author goes but believe me it's a mile a minute story. Many of you will find a new Kuttner when you read this and that is why this book has been mentioned on this page. JS

In our next issue we will review about fourteen books & a few films.





## Convention Jackpot



Harlan Ellison (left) who has just had his first story accepted by a pro mag.

Norman G. Brown (right) late of Winnipeg, now residing in Toronto.

Photograph by Albert Lastovica

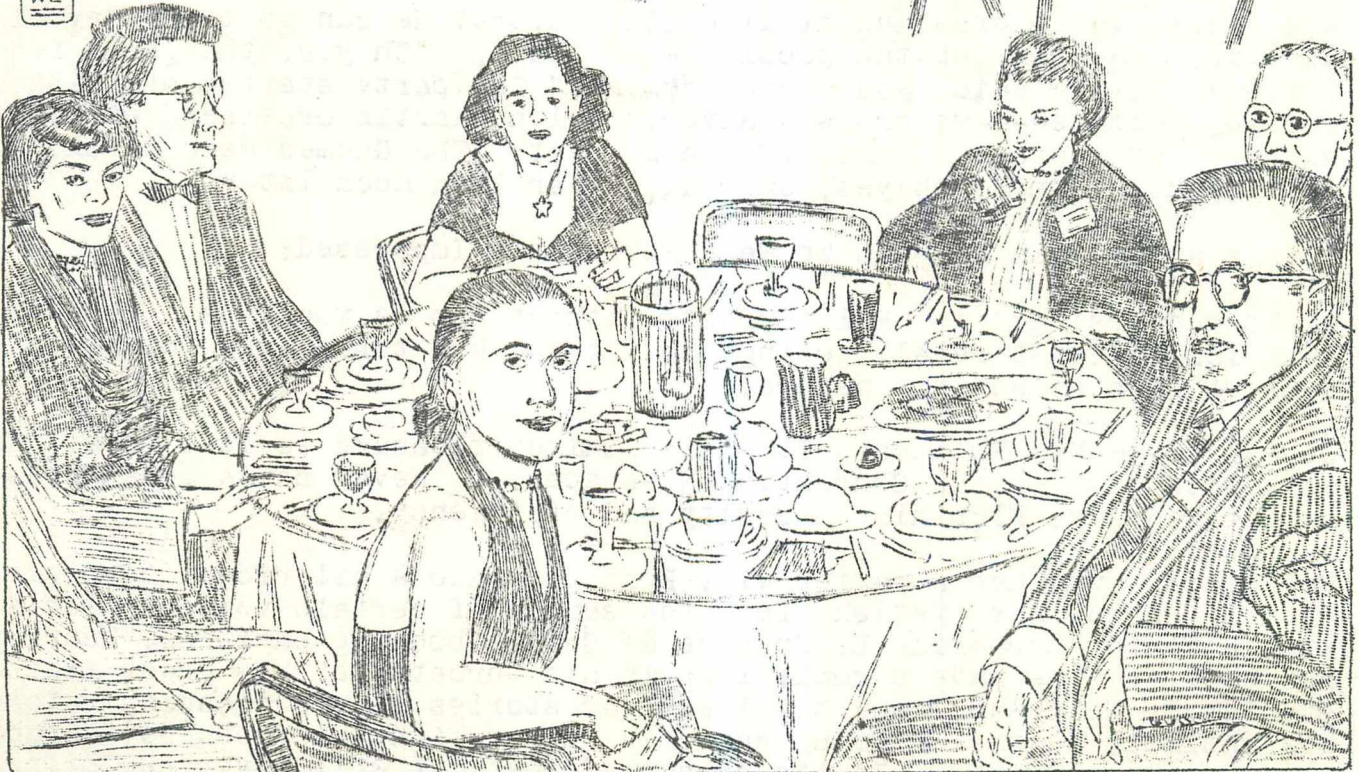
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Dikty in the foreground of the picture on the lower half of this page.

Part One by Reta Grossman  
NEOPHYTES AT THE PHILCON

Part Two by Old Woodchuck  
QUAKER CITY DIARY

# Convention Jackpot

September 5-6-7 1953  
PHILCON II





## Convention Jackpot

### Part One- NEOPHYTES AT THE PHILCON by Reta Grossman

No doubt there will be many detailed reports on the con. So far we have seen one as long as forty-seven pages. This is a narrative of general impressions only.

The trip started with a good omen (for them as believes in 'em). The U. S. Immigration Officer at Malton, Toronto, asked us where and why of our journey. We answered, "Philadelphia Convention". "What kind of a convention?" We show our rocket-embellished registration cards, expecting loud guffaws. Instead we got--"Ham. Well now, that's very interesting. Are you writers?" "No, just fans." "I write in my spare time. Yes, for the last year I've been writing for True Confession Magazines". This, of course, led to a complete breakdown of our composure and decorum flew out the window, while much hilarity flew in. We (Fran Lipton and I) chuckled about it all the way to our landing at Idlewild. Connections being nil from this point to Philly we took the local. And please----why do people (U. S. types) persist in thinking of Canada as a wilderness where one must kill three deers, two bears and one mountain lion before breakfast? By now they should realize the Indian menace is over. But honestly I've never seen a Mountie in a redcoat except for their annual appearance at the Canadian National Exhibition.

There we were, two girls absolutely green in the ways of cons, checking into the hotel with no luggage. Seems as though that particular train had no baggage car. Ignoring the raised eyebrows, we registered and were pleasantly greeted by a message from Bill Grant, a fellow Torontonian we hadn't as yet met. Come on a my room, he sez. I'm having a party for early arrivals.

Was there ever a press-agent like Bill before? He can go on my payroll anytime. So many of the people we met said, "Oh yes, the girls from Toronto. Bill said you were coming." The party started off with a rousing welcome----we crossed adverbs with Martin Greenberg at first sight. Of course we came off second best. The Gnomes were marching that night, Mother. Oh yes, our luggage arrived much later.

#### Things and People By Whom We Were Favourably Impressed:

First honours go to Bill Grant. Without him we would have been two lost lambs. Can't recall seeing him without his three-eyed monster (his bank of lights) and his camera.

Dave Kyle----Mr. Philcon. It was a distinct pleasure to meet Dave and work with him on the Convention Newspaper. We never saw a more harassed, tired guy. Plus his sincerity and efficiency.

Bob Bloch, who has a rapier wit. Fran got into a hilarious discussion with him about her fetish for the sounds of certain voices which do things to/for her--like L. Sprague de Camp's booming baritone. Hearing Bob tell (did he have a small lump in his throat?) of his great friend Stanley G. Weinbaum, and his ideas for stories he was planning before his untimely death. Reading snatches of a delightful (obscene) unpublished m.s., by Bob. In its present format, it will never see print.

## Convention Jackpot

We met only three objectionable types in several hundred. Which only goes to prove----people are people anywhere at all and most are nice.

All different types of beards----from scraggy ginger to full flowing black corsair style. And speaking of facial fungus, Bert Campbell seemed very pleased to meet a Canuck--made him feel more at home, I guess. The Colonies and all that rot, what?

Congrats to the Publicity Department on good planning--newspaper, radio and TV coverage. And the Life-Look photographer who snapped continuously all and sundry for three days. Question of the week: will his pics ever see the light of day?

The kid who set up the tape recording machine, repaired to the bar, and will probably hear the speeches at home.

Jerry Bixby who wouldn't play the piano Monday night because **there** wasn't a glass of beer on top of it. We expected to find a two-headed monster and met a very nice guy instead.

Evelyn Gold, who drank milk constantly, reclining on a bed during one party, but was vivacious in spite of her illness.

4J Ackerman----stinker or not? I had been led to believe thusly by one who seemed to know, but I'm now in doubt. This is the guy who backed Tetsu Yanu's trip, and who gave his award of Fan of the Year to England's Ken Slater. Our source of information could be wrong at that.

Hans Rusch, whose baggage was lost by TWA in Chi--he bought new clothing, etc. We hear he finally got his luggage back, but in the meantime, what happened to those irreplaceable records stashed amongst his clean shirts? Which reminds me, we met a great many jazz fans. Some people can't see the connection between jazz and SF, but--look aren't they different manifestations of the same thing? Free wheeling imagination. Plus the guitar music in the halls at all hours.

The running (from year to year) poker game, where someone was up forty three bucks. Never did hear how he wound up. Is that the guy we saw hitching home.

Harlan Ellison--"Childhood's End". Jerry Lewis (and knows it) in miniature. First auctioneer we've seen who put bids in himself.

Can anyone tell us: who was that nice old gentleman who bent over at our nameplates innumerable times, smiled at us and walked away?

Karl Olson and Lyle Kessler--REAL fans.

Rog Phillips, who does not look like that horrible pic published in a pro mag last year. But where was Mari Wolf?

The frustrated characters down the hall on Sunday night with three pitchers of ice cubes and nothing to drink. They were warned!

Dori Rothman, who is a real sweetheart, selling raffle tickets, souv-



## Convention Jackpot

enir stamps, etc, etc., on Monday to make a few extra pennies for the kitty.

Don Ford, who is so tall he walks in sections. We're glad San Fran won the vote--after Dave Kyle explained the whys to us. Of course we won't be able to get there, but we voted for them anyway. That Kyle is a persuasive guy! Bert Campbell got a kibitz vote of 61 on the first ballot, in appreciation of his delightful speech plugging London for a truly "world" con.

### Things and People We Were Unfavourably Impressed By:

The giving out of tickets for parties. It serves a purpose, but is it democratic. True, the con gets unweildly because of size, but something should be planned for youngsters after the sessions are over. We saw so many of them wandering the halls looking quite lost after midnight. And not only youngsters, other first timers as well. Was the party in the Rose Garden Saturday night supposed to be the get-aquainted affair? If it was, it didn't serve the purpose too well. May we suggest that someone on future committees make some plans to include we lost ones in some affair after the regular sessions are over? And again we repeat--thank heaven for Bill Grant!

Joe Gibson, avid letter writer. We expected to find a two-headed monster, and did!

Hotels which obey the blue laws, but which permit incoming telephone calls all night long. Gad, they've got phones that jingle, jangle, jingle.

### General Comments:

Here is the spot to say where we got the name "Those crazy Toronto girls". A slightly drunken soldier from the neighbouring convention, the 101st Airborne Troops, latched onto us in the bar before Villy's speech. We couldn't get rid of him, so brought him to hear it with us and how did we know he'd end up sleeping on Fran's shoulder.

We missed the first auction. We didn't have enough loot with us, and thought we'd be broken hearted to see the illos and other stuff go by. The Masquerade--although no one wore three where she's only entitled to two, there certainly was enough variety. And that blonde sure had long legs. There were Roman Togas to Charles Adams' vampires to Captain Video characters. -- And that's it for both of us--we had fun! RG





Part Two- QUAKER CITY DIARY by Old Woodchuck

Friday, Sept. 4, 10.00 AM Upon arriving I settled myself in the Ritz Carlton Hotel, just across the street from the convention hotel. The idea behind this was that I might get some sleep, I did, but was it worth it? Then, knowing that the liquor laws were quite similar to Toronto I went out and purchased my ration of spirits for the holiday week-end.

12.00 Noon In the hotel lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford I bumped into Ben Chorst, who was loaded down with magazines for disposal at the convention. More faces, Don Ford, Milton Rothman, Dave Kyle, Ben Jason, Forry Ackerman, Bob Tucker, Jean Carrol, Andy Harris and so many others that my memory grows dim. Then the notebook listing of who and whereabouts in the hotel of past friends.

2.00 PM Meeting Pat Mahaffey in the reception room on the 13th floor and watching some publicity shots being taken. Followed by meetings with more friends and wondering when Bea Mahaffey would arrive from Chicago.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1.00 AM The beginning of a "do" up in my humble room. I forgot to mention that the temperature was up around 90 degrees and the hotel didn't serve ice cubes after 1.00 AM, thus I ordered three dollars worth of said commodity before the fatal hour. The hotel checked by phone on anybody coming up to my room after the ice cube curfew, they eventually asked me what was going on in the room. From that you can perceive that the blue laws of Philly prove you guilty first and innocent secondly depending upon your explanation. Guests included, Hans Rusch, Bob Bloch, Martin Greenberg, Peggy Gordon, Ben Chorst, Bob Tucker, Evelyn Gold, Judy and Ted Dikty, Fran Lipton and Reta Grossman.

2.00 PM Usual opening in the afternoon, rules regulations and an auction in the evening. The Informal Gathering on the 18th floor was a dandy, late comers could not get a seat, we ended up on a speaker's platform. Stayed until twelve midnight and moved to one of the many hotel room parties.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1.00 PM In the convention ballroom Bob Bloch introduced George O. Smith who gave a fine talk on SF writing. Then the local types put on a "future" quiz game, mildly amusing. Another highlight was a panel discussion entitled "Women in Science-Fiction", with Bea Mahaffey and three other ladies new to my eyes, but very quick with the words.

6.00 PM Six blocks away from the festivities, I had the pleasure of going into an air-conditioned hotel and talking to Bert Campbell for the first time. An old time fan invited a small group to his room where spirits and talk flowed freely. A very short but enjoyable moment under excellent conditions. Martin Greenberg told me of his plans in connection with installing a deluxe recording set up in his home base back in New York. Having been a sucker by paying \$5.75 for a banquet ticket, I decided I'd better get back to the ballroom.





## Convention Jackpot

7.00 PM The banquet proved to be average, the toastmaster Isaac Asimov kept the dialogue up to high pitch during the presentation portion of the program. There were many remarks about Isaac being a "dirty pro", but he's the best "dirty pro" I've listened to for quite some time. Bob Bloch is the only other person I have enjoyed equally as well. Kind of glad to see that there is another magazine considered in the running with Astounding. Evelyn Gold is the best emissary a magazine could have and personality plus. Also glad to see Philip Farmer get in there for recognition, a real craftsman who can turn out a wide variety of stories.

10.30 PM The costume party had all the trimmings, but no dance as was expected by most of us. The lady who won the prize this time for the best costume had previously done the same thing at the first convention way back in 1939. She and her husband, who I met previously in their room, seem to be a very fine pair and entered into the occasion in fine spirit.

12.00 Midnight I managed to get into a few smoke-filled rooms with my movie camera and record a few historical poker games. The "Bat" had her wings on that night so any room that we vacated there was a forwarding address to John Campbell's room. Later we felt sorry? I understand I was riding the rails, bannister rails that is. Next day when I realized what I had been doing and took a look at the twelve story drop below; I turned green and considered myself lucky to be alive.

Monday Sept. 7, 11.00 AM Dave Kyle was turning out his third and last gossip sheet, he'd been doing this daily with help from all directions. Also take note, this guy had the convention booklet plunked down on his shoulders because the previous party left things in a loose state. A month before the "do" Dave found out that many of the large publishing houses had not been contacted for space in the booklet. Jean Carrol also helped out in this particular crisis. This is the kind of thing that most of you are never aware of. So, sometime in the future, if you don't like a certain result think twice before getting out the knife for a little back-stabbing.

4.30 PM In the ballroom San Francisco was nominated for 1954. Cleveland came in second and London, England took a stab at the bidding. I for one have been voting for Frisco for two years and now that it has happened I feel very glad for them. I got quite a surprise when Bert Campbell's London bid garnered 61 votes, I think a few people figured the trip would be shorter to London than to Frisco. Others voted for London because they knew and liked their contact with Bert, which is a good omen for future voting. I think London could possibly swing the deal by 1956 or 57. This would be something to really look forward to. There are many very stalwart hands "over there" to run a convention, so remember Can Fan predicted it first.

6.30 PM Ben C. paid the shot for a dinner. Norm Brown, Albert Lastovica and a mystery man, and myself said goodbye to those who had to leave on the evening train. The holiday was over for some of us, but in my case it was just beginning. I left the station and headed back to the hotel to catch the last portion of the program and to see what groups would be getting together later on in the evening.



8.00 PM In the room adjoining the ballroom I talked to Lloyd Eshbach about his Polaris Press series. The outlook for volume three is that it will be a 1000 copy edition and the price will be \$3.50. It is not definite but A. Merritt's "Metal Monster" could be the next title in this wonderful project. It amazes me how slow these beautiful editions are moving, the only way Lloyd can carry on is with the above changes. I hope there are enough of us left to appreciate the effort, time and money put up by a chap who has been a fan all his life. This year I had the pleasure of meeting Lloyd's son, who was attending his first convention.

In the same room Gnome Press had their latest books on display and the surprising newcomer in the pocketbook field, Ballantine Books. Plus piles of old pulp magazines and reasonable prices, at least to my way of thinking. Russell Swanson, local artist, had a darn fine display of his own work, plus the production of A New Finlay Portfolio which sold for \$2.00.

10.00 PM In a room with Peggy Gordon and Dave Kyle and wishing the night could go on forever. Then to a big splash in the BSS room, Don Ford presiding. Don and his friends really kept the ball rolling in these rooms, in fact every night of the convention, when did they sleep or did they? I liked the idea of throwing some money in the pot to pay for the drinks, this way nobody is "joe" for a heavy drinking bill and you have a good time in addition.

Tuesday Sept. 8, 11.00 AM Wandered out into the light of day, met quite a few hangovers and proceeded to drink gallons of water. Later on I managed to get out and have a look at Philadelphia, a very clean and orderly metropolis.

8.00 PM Said my goodbyes and got on the train for Toronto and then away to the cottage to recuperate from having a wonderful time. WDG

#### ADDENDA

Capsules On Some Of The Speeches by Reta Grossman

Milt Rothman--brief and pithy, the way we like opening addresses to be.

L. Sprague de Camp--oh, that voice.

Willy Ley--a most interesting and factual proposition on the future of the world's fuel supply.

Philip Farmer--quietly sincere person, but unfortunately no public speaker. The subject matter of his speech was changed three times on him before he got to the con. Scoop!! There will not be another sequel to The Lovers. He thinks that the subject has been run into the ground by now.

Issac Asimov--toastmaster at the banquet. As he himself said, "People are always surprised at how young I am". A real comedian in the true sense of the word. He sang a priceless version of "They Never Would Be Missed"--hackneyed plots and situations. RG



# UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

by V. H. EARLE



Most men spend a lifetime trying to understand women, Few, if any succeed. Some have got married, hoping that the problem would be easier to solve by getting close to it, but finding instead (and what did they expect, anyway) that the effect was rather like hanging yourself to see it the noose would slip. Some have good-naturedly admitted defeat and taken to imitating bird calls or knitting rugs. Others--serious minded, preserving men--have developed complexes and are apt to complain to psychiatrists of an overwhelming desire to get in people's hair and sleep upside down in church belfries. Not a few men have adopted an escapist attitude and joined the Foreign Legion.

Anthropologists tell us that the problem began when Eve told Adam that when she had said she couldn't understand what there was about an apple to make so much fuss about, she didn't expect anybody would be silly enough to eat one. The glazed look that came into Adam's eye at that point has remained in the eyes of succeeding generations of men down the ages.

But the history of the enigma that has puzzled men from the beginning of time is not as important now as the need for action. This thing has gone on long enough. Must we, who have seen the emergence of the atom bomb, supersonic aircraft, and bubble gun, confess ourselves baffled by the female mind? The answer, I'm glad to say, is: No!



Undismayed at the enormity of the task, I have completed what might be called a study in feminine semantics which I hope shortly to publish. Semantics, by the way, (you should know this, you know) is the science of meaning---the meaning of meaning, in fact: e.g., "A Rose Is A Rose Is A Rose".

A few excerpts may serve to show the value of the work:

"I haven't a thing to wear"--A phrase used at frequent intervals (and especially if there are sales on at the local stores) to announce the speaker's intention of buying new clothes, it being understood that she is not counting the 250 items of her apparel in the closet which conceal the few things of yours somewhere at the back.

"Do you want broiled steak, mushrooms and french-fries for supper, or shall I just open a tin of something?"--A question directed at hungry husbands signifying the speaker's intention or just opening a tin of something. A reply is not expected but, if given, it should be non-committal e.g., "Whatever's easiest, dear". (Note: Many marriages have fallen apart through husbands answering "steak".)

"I'll only be a minute"--A phrase referring to a passage of time varying in length from 10 minutes (minimum) to an hour or more. Under no circumstances is it to be taken literally.

"Do you love me?"--Probably one of the most difficult the student of feminine semantics is likely to contend with, this question is asked to achieve tactical surprise--usually when the man answering it is studying a problem of differential calculus or working out his income tax. The purpose is to catch the male at maximum disadvantage so that (1) if he answers "yes", he may be called a callous brute; (2) if he answers "passionately", he can be asked to foot a ruinous bill. Only defeatists would answer "no", despite the fact that experts agree that whatever you say you just can't win.

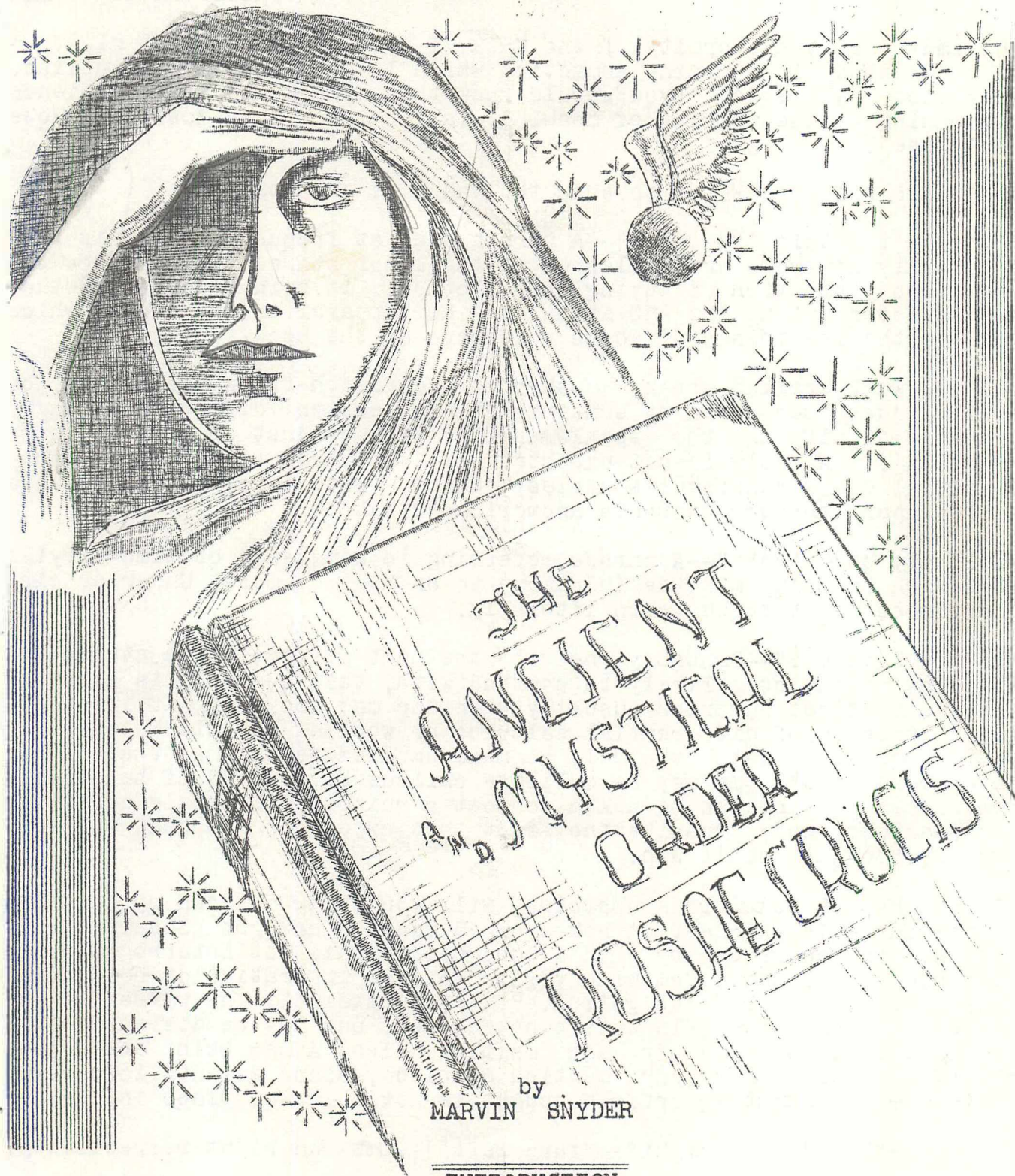
"If you happen to be going upstairs, will you bring me down my scissors on the bureau?"--A question asked of a man who has got himself firmly ensconced in an armchair with a good book. It is not interrogatory in the true sense, but a feminine version of the imperative or commanding tense of the verb 'to go': i.g., "go upstairs". The words "if you happen to" are normal in this construction, but may be disregarded in the interests of grammar and martial bliss. A man being asked this question should ignore any mention of place, since scientific experiments have shown that the article sought is never in the place indicated.

"Right"--"Left" ("go right"--"turn left")--Left and right respectively.

My book will contain 4,994 other common feminine utterances calculated to develop neuroses in men of all ages, and, although requiring extensive study if the reader is to comprehend the female mind fully, it is a work which man can only ignore at his peril. I might add that I would be glad to answer personally any inquiries resulting from reading the book, and may be contacted through the French Department of Defense--Foreign Legion Branch.

VHE





INTRODUCTION

The Rosicrucians are a fraternal order. They are a body of up-to-date men and women, interested in using to their best advantage the possibilities of life by a sane and sensible use of their background of esoteric knowledge and their human capabilities. This knowledge which they cherish, and to which they are always adding further cont-



## The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

ributions, covers every facet of human endeavour and every phenomenon in the universe known to man.

The Rosicrucian Order had its traditional birth in early Egypt in the activities of the Great White Lodge. At the time of the conception of the Order, the Egyptians had reached a high state of civilization and advanced learning. Many means were adopted to preserve their knowledge. The hieroglyphic markings on pyramids, obelisks, and temple walls are evident of the Egyptians' desires to make their knowledge and learning permanent.

The Egyptian hierarchy did not entrust the more profound secrets of science, art, and nature to the masses. But these secrets could not be preserved through writing on papyrus; therefore classes were formed by the most learned and attended by the select minds. Doctrines and principles of science were taught.

These classes or schools were held in either isolated grottos or in the seclusion of some of the temples erected to the many Egyptian gods. They became known as "mystery schools". The term "mysteries", although it at first meant anything unknown, came to signify an uncommon or esoteric (inner) knowledge of life and being.

These mystery schools evolved into the first Rosicrucian organization to which the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis can trace back its ancestry. Although the first organization had no definite name, Thutmose III, who organized its physical form, saw to it that the Order had very definite principles, rules, and modes of procedure, all of which have come down to the present Order of today without any great change.

### PART ONE

At the close of the first epoch of the Brotherhood's history, ending with the death of Amenhotep IV in 1350 B.C., there was only one secret assembly, and the Brothers and Sisters numbered four hundred odd. For years plans had been made for the establishment of other assemblies or lodges in various countries, but in those countries where lodges could have been established by one of the Egyptians who would have travelled there, war was raging and conditions were against any such institution.

Learned Greeks came to Egypt to study Egyptian philosophies and to become acquainted with Egyptian learning. Many of them tried to enter the Order, but they were not admitted because of "unpreparedness".

By "unpreparedness" it was meant that they were not content to follow the teaching of the Brothers, but that, "after learning a little they become...proud, depending (too much) on their own understanding".

This seems to be what was most feared by the Council, just as it is today feared that new members, after a few lessons, will feel they have learned enough, and will withdraw from the Order.

For many years after the death of Amenhotep the Order progressed lit-



## The Ancient & Mystical Order Rosae Crucis

tle. As the years passed by a few were admitted and initiated, while the "great teachings" were being transcribed into symbolism and a special secret alphabet.

In 1203 B. C., several of the Brother of the Order were commissioned to go into other lands and spread the secret doctrines by the establishment of other Lodges. This was not successful, and later it was later decided not to send out Brothers, but to have interested persons travel to Egypt. Those who qualified were to be empowered to return to their people and establish a Lodge in the name of the Brotherhood. This principle, known as the "Amra", proved to be wise. It became a successful plan of propagation and was made a hard and fast rule.

### THE 108 YEAR CYCLE

One of the very mysterious and puzzling laws of the organization is that of the One Hundred and Eight Year Cycle. Its origin is lost in the traditional history of the Order, but its general acceptance accounts for the many peculiar breaks in the organization's activities.

According to this regulation, every branch jurisdiction selects a certain year as the anniversary of its original foundation, and from that year onward, operated in accordance with the periodicity of cycles.

A complete cycle of existence from birth to rebirth is two hundred and sixteen years. Of this cycle the first 108 years is a period of outer general activity, while the second period of 108 years is a time of concealed, silent, and secretive activity, seemingly dormant to the outside world. After this period of apparent inactivity comes another 108 years of outer activity, just as if the organization was born without any connection with its previous cycle. This regulation is a close analogy to the organization's plan of cycles of birth and rebirth for humans, except for the fact that the number of years is different in each case.

Just as the Rosicrucians consider man's rebirth on Earth as a reincarnation of his previous existence, so each new birth of the organization in each jurisdiction is considered to be the birth of a new organization as a reincarnated soul in a new body.

During the 108 years of inactivity members carry on their individual activities, and according to the rules and regulations concerning these periods of silence, they privately initiate their own descendants in their immediate families. They accept no new members from what they call, the "profane world".

In this way several generations of Rosicrucians, initiated in the privacy of their own homes or in secret temples, continue to carry on the work of the Order, while outwardly, and in all of its general activities it seems to have gone out of existence.

These periods of silence give rise to many misconceptions, one of which is;



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"The falsity of thinking or believing that Rosy Cross dead, when in fact it was working wholly in silence. The original organization was never for a moment dead or inert. It always functioned in one form or another. Initiates were never lacking," (Clymer, R.S., The Book of Rosicruciae., Quakertown, Pa. Philosophical Pub. Co., 1947, Vol II, P.XV)

For several years preceeding the time for rebirth, the branch prepares itself by getting in touch with an active branch in another land. And at the right moment it announces in its own land the birth of a new cycle of the Order. As the time approaches for the branch to have its new birth, arrangements are made for issuance of a pamphlet or "manifesto" setting forth the beginning of a new cycle. It is difficult to find out when this custom was adopted, but of course in the early days before Christ, pamphlets and printed matter were impossible and so a decree was circulated by word of mouth and by the display of a certain symbol among the people.

### THE MYSTERY OF C.R.-C.

This decree, manifesto, or symbol, announces the opening of a "tomb" in which the "body" of a great master, C.R.-C., is found, together with rare jewels and secret writings or engraving on stone or wood, which gives the discoverers of the "tomb" power to establish the secret organization once again.

When the time came for the new birth in Germany in the seventeenth century, the incident of the opening of the "tomb" was given wider publicity than ever before. This was due to the invention of printing which made possible the distribution of pamphlets in five languages, and in many nations at the same time.

These pamphlets attracted such universal attention among people who had never heard of the organization before that a common impression was created and recorded to the effect that a new organization, never known in the world before, had come into existence.

The discovery of the "body" in a "tomb" or the finding of the "body" of a person known as C.R.-C. is allegorical, and is not meant to be taken literally by the Rosicrucians. They claim they have records referring to at least twelve discoveries of "tombs" containing the "body" of C.R.-C. in different lands before the greatly publicized and popularized incident in Cassel, Germany in the seventeenth century.

The initials C.R.-C. are an abbreviation of Latin words, which when translated mean the "Christian Rose Cross". The initials are not meant to signify a person by the name of Christian Rosenkreuz or Ros-enkrantz.

There are certain Rosicrucian organizations today that believe Christian Rosenkreuz was the founder of Rosicrucianism, for instance the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, with its headquarters in Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

### END OF PART ONE



London Sketch

FRANK ARNOLD  
who took these  
pics

BERT CAMPBELL  
Editor



BEA MAHAFFEY  
Guest of Honour



"LONDON  
SKETCH"

by  
William D. Grant  
from photographs  
of the London  
Convention  
May 1953

Courtesy of  
Orville W. Mosher

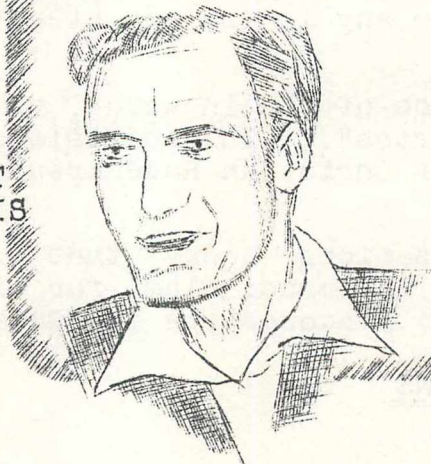


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