

STEWARDS

SEPTEMBER
1954

CANADIAN FANDOM



BEST FILM ON THE QUARTER

THEM!
JAMES WHITMORE • EDMUND GWEEN • JOAN WELDON

FRISCO STAR
FLASH-FANDOM
TAKES OVER
CITY-CAMPBELL
MAYOR-ASTOUND-
ING RESULTS...

WVE

CANADIAN FANDOM #22

Twelfth Year Of
Publication
SEPT 1954 ISSUE

CANADIAN FANDOM

CAFP - NFFF

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Inserted in this issue of Canadian Fandom is a four page questionnaire for The Second Tucker Fan Survey, being conducted by Gerald A. Steward. Already over 1500 of these questionnaires have been distributed in an attempt to cover fandom as completely as possible. I have made this questionnaire as simple as possible, and instructions are to be found in it. All I ask you to do is to fill it out and return it to me as soon as possible. As a matter of fact - do it right now. GAS

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EDITORIAL WE

by
William D. Grant

How do you like our cover? Gerry and I are forever trying to improve our contents and the layout, we think it is a worthwhile effort. Actually it amounts to how much green stuff we can part with at the time CANFAN is due for publication, as you can see we found a few extra dollars and put them to work.

Since the last issue a new fan has appeared on the scene, complete with a modern printing and litho plant under his direction. So keep an eye out for "ESCAPE", many of our own readers will be receiving a gratus copy. The magazine will be monthly and well worth supporting.

Three months have gone by and we are happy to report that the "material" situation has increased in quality and quantity. This is one of the main reasons that we have stayed quarterly. The error of many a fan mag has been quantity and nothing else. We have pulled some boners ourselves, bad ones, in some cases we have stencilled-printed-bound our effort in less than a week. Our last issue was solely left on Gerry's neck to print and staple-to-gether, this is the kind of thing that shows pure devotion to a hobby. Not all of us have that kind of patience, but overall we like this quarterly contact with all of our friends.

With this issue we start into our twelfth year of publication, the only other fan mag that has us beaten is Les Crouch's "LIGHT", which is a real example of a one man operation over the years. In addition Les has had a fair amount of his output see professional print. The last bits I can remember turned up in "Imagination" and "Famous Fantastic Mysteries". It would be a great day if he would drop his Electrical Repair business and went into writing full time. At any rate "LIGHT" is loaded with "Crouchieisms", which to me is the spice of life.

While on the subject of "LIGHT" our last issue featured some excerpts from this magazine. Seemingly they have created a bit of a storm, but from the letters received, some made pro and con comments, while others didn't even mention Hodge Podge. In all due humbleness we are apologizing to those we offended, but on the other hand some of you enjoyed it.

We do feel, however, that lurking in a good 90 percent of our readers there is an adult appreciation for a little "spice-of-life". Being a missile that comes to you in the mail we felt that our audience would have an adult reaction and not a thing would be said. We got fooled. As an example we will mention today's Comic Book, which is an extreme opposite to us. Without too much looking you can find stories of sex, crime, passion and in full pictorial colour. These items find there way into the hands of the very young, and does anybody do anything, no sir! Another thing, have you noticed how many adults read these little gems? Take a look sometime, in your local newstand that displays Comic Books of this type, particularly the type who starts off looking at the better type magazines and finally walks out with a Comic Book.

In summing up, it can be gathered that this is the kind of thing that makes the world go round and also makes life worth living. WDG

IN DEFENCE OF

by
BILL
(NOT BLODER
BUT)
STAVDAL

WANTED
A
PAIR OF
DRAWERS



[Early this year, the local fan club, known locally as The Derelicts, began the publication of a fanzine called A BAS. In the first issue of A Bas, these Derelicts passed a lot of criticism and generally made a lot of ridiculing noises about the pictorial satire magazine, MAD. Bill Stavdal is a Mad fan of the first water, being a Maddict, and has had the distinction of having visited the EC editorial office in New York. Bill was so incited by A Bas, that he has come up with this, I hope, entertaining article....gas.]

Toronto has recently been the source of some very lofty and superior-type sneering directed at heaven-sent Mad. Whether this has been produced in an attempt to put some much needed life into Canada's foetal fandom, or done quite seriously by little would-be intellectuals is unknown to me, but the attack certainly deserved an answer.

But first let it be known that I am a strong admirer of that droll little marsupial commonly known as POGO. To some it seems almost a law of nature that if a person reads MAD he must automatically loathe POGO, and vice versa. I see no need for this violent partisanship; Mad and Pogo have two entirely different styles of humor and it is possible to enjoy them both on their various merits. But Pogo (bless his turned-up eyeballs) is far from invulnerable. I quote Steward and or Hall in Can Fan #20, "It is easy to imitate crud, but who could mimic Pogo?" All I can say at present is, "It has been done, boys..."

I think it is safe to say that Mad is the only publication of its kind. Its horde of putrescent imitators do not deserve mention, and I have yet to hear of Mad's particular style of satire done in any other medium. Indeed, I doubt if it could be. Mad, then, stands alone. But what is the essence of Mad?

Possibly I have bitten off more than I can properly chew in attempting to analyze Mad. My own personal belief is that Mad can only be fully

In Defence of Mad.

appreciated and understood by a person who likes it, and you are either strongly in favour of Mad, (an understatement if there ever was one), or you loathe it. Therefore the whole thing is determined long before you ever come in contact with Mad.

In my opinion, the essence of Mad is the spirit of EC. This spirit, or attitude, call it what you like, permeates all their SF and fantasy books, and their adventure and late lamented war mags. (Let us quietly omit their horror books.) All through these one sees a striving for reality and authenticity, and a belief that the reader is not necessarily a moron. Some people call this integrity.

Certainly not even the wildest-eyed protagonist of Mad would claim for it the position of Literature. EC and Mad occasionally slip back and come forth with some atrocious blot on their good names, such as the degenerate scrawlings of Basil Wolverton in #11. But in a magazine as unafraid of experiment and innovation as Mad, one can expect to come across the occasional error.

But this integrity then, this raised level of intelligence, enables Mad to look at other "comic" strips and books with an impartial eye, an eye that sees their innate stupidity and unreality, and Mad demolishes them magnificently. Whenever I read, or reread, a Mad, I have the feeling that this is the artists own particular field day; his own personal attack on absurdity. Here is one of the greatest reasons for EC's success; its encouragement of its artists to infuse their own personalities into their stories.

Mad never becomes spiteful. Even at its best, in Wood's 'Black and Blue Hawks', or 'Little Orphan Melvin', the weapon is ridicule. Should Pogo ever come under fire, (and I gleefully await the day,) no person with a true sense of humor will be able to take offence. Probably Pogo himself will make some wry comment and limp off into the depths of Pogofenokee, a sadder but wiser possum.

Now a little history. Mad #1 first struck the literary world in October, 1952. Davis, Wood, Elder, and Severin, the collective backbone of Mad, and possibly of EC, were represented. Wood was at his best in 'Blobs!' (Incidentally, I was overjoyed to hear my philosophy professor discussing this exact topic, the decadence and degeneration of the human physique, last winter.) This initial issue set the tone for all succeeding Mads; its Kurtzman cover was as distinct from other comic book covers as a Ben in a model agency. (By no means an apt simile, but a terrific image!) Only a few recognized Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein on 'wanted' posters stuck on the walls of the saloon in Severin's 'Varmint', and I suspect there are two other EC staffers in the initial panel of the story.

Number two was also a superb issue, possibly even better than number one. Bill Gaines put in another appearance as a cannibal chieftain in 'Melvin of the Apes', and Wood and Elder outdid themselves in 'Gookum' and 'Mole'. Many addicts have wondered how or why EC chose Melvin as a name for every second character. When I was at the EC offices in

New York last summer, (slipped that in casually, didn't I?) I asked Bill Gaines about the Origin of Melvin. He replied that there is no mystery involved; they just liked the sound of the name. Bill Elder had a mild convulsion merely intoning 'Melvin' a couple of times through his nose.

In number three the first letters were printed, and as you can see, there were only two classes of people from the start; Maddicts, and other people. The cover of #3 is my favourite; Kurtzman humor at its peak. Strength of plotting declined a little in #3; (it never has regained the height of numbers 1 and 2,) Bill Gaines again appeared, (you find him this time,) and Bill Elder was a wee bit tiring.

Mad #4 was the edition with which I was first introduced (or depraved, if you like). In this issue Wally Wood inaugurated his immortal series of takeoffs on well known 'comic' strips. That the rest of the comic book industry took it serious is indicated by the fact that the publishers of DC comics, [Dell?....gas] phoned up Bill Gaines and threatened him with lawsuit. Bill, (we're real chums,) took great delight in telling me how he told the enraged DCer where to get off. And since EC is still thriving, I suppose the editors of various crudzines have consulted their lawyers and come away to await their doom. Bill Elder improved in this edition, and Davis and Severin were uniformly good.

Bill Elder's occasional lack of subtlety was more than compensated for in #5 by 'Outer Sanctum', and Wood was again at his best in 'Black and Blue Hawks', a much needed satire on a truly nauseating comic book.

Number six bore another sublime Kurtzman cover, and I will never forget my first glance at 'Teddy and the Pirates'. EC did its first experimentation with 'Casey at the Bat' in 26

Number 7. Wally Wood produced his first disappointment with 'Smilin' Melvin', this being due to an almost complete lack of plot plus indifferent artwork. A new series by Harvey Kurtzman and a better than average story by Severin saved the issue from disaster at the hands of Elder and Wood.

Kurtzman did it again in number eight with another immortal Mad cover, and Elder and Wood redeemed themselves. Wally Wood in particular distinguished himself with another frontal attack on DC. Although this issue did not come out until December, I had seen the original drawings at EC, so I could fully appreciate the significance of the little notices throughout 'Bat Boy and Rubin' aimed at ye publishers of DC. Wood was again at his best.

Number nine is chiefly remembered for 'Little Orphan Melvin' and a truly gone feature, 'Bop Jokes'. However, the issue was distracted from somewhat by an unsubtle Elder effort and Jack Davis' 'Hah! Noon!' in which Jack lapses from his usual standard for the first time.

'G I Shmoe' exhibited the spirit of Mad at its best in #10, and unpre-

In Defence of Mad

dictable Elder was again in top form, but the usually reliable Jack Severin lapsed slightly in 'SANE'.

Mad at its best and worst were displayed in #11. Consistently terrific Wally Wood produced 'Flesh Garden', and we had a dose, a sickening dose, of Basil Wolverton. This feature was almost enough to put me off Mad for good. Enough said. My stomach revolts at the memory. A potentially great feature by Jack Davis was woefully aborted by pointless dialogue in this issue which first departed from standard Mad cover format.

Number 12 completely restored my faith in Mad, with Bill Elder demolishing Archie, Wood producing a fabulous feature in 3D, and a new artist with distinctive style, Krigstein, was introduced. Maddicts also got a hint of what may happen to Pogo in the feature.

As for the latest issue (at this writing, May 4), I think it is safe to say that there are no copies left on the stands in the States now. True Mad ingenuity, with a glaring scarlet cover, and the picture stuck up in the left hand corner in a space approximately 3" X 2". Aside from this, Wally Wood turns out his usual stupendous effort in 'Prince Violent', we have another feature, 'Baby Quips' in which its possibilities are not fully realized, and Bill Elder turns out a fine effort despite its entire lack of plot.

Looking back over these thirteen issues, (if you are still with me,) I think the main trends are fairly clear. On the negative side, Mad has suffered from weakened plotting, occasional lapses into tiresomeness, and infrequent lack of subtlety. On the positive list we see increased ingenuity and experimentation, freshness and originality, and terrific artwork. Compare any other comic book against an EC and see what I mean.

Looking into the future, I think there will be continued experimentation and exploration of new fields, and an unfortunate lessening of the esoteric subtleties with which the early edition abounded. There is no danger of Mad ever remotely sinking to the level of its competitors unless EC changes ownership and artists completely.

No doubt there will still be a few sneers from the pseudo-Pogophiles. I refer to a too numerous group of aspiring intellectuals who have heard that Pogo is read by all persons of culture, therefore they must exclaim passionately whenever Pogo is mentioned, "I think Pogo's a scream, don't you? Such social satire! Doesn't he just convulse you?" Probably they've never even looked at the strip, but it is so nice to be an intellectual, and know that one has had a modicum of perspicacity.

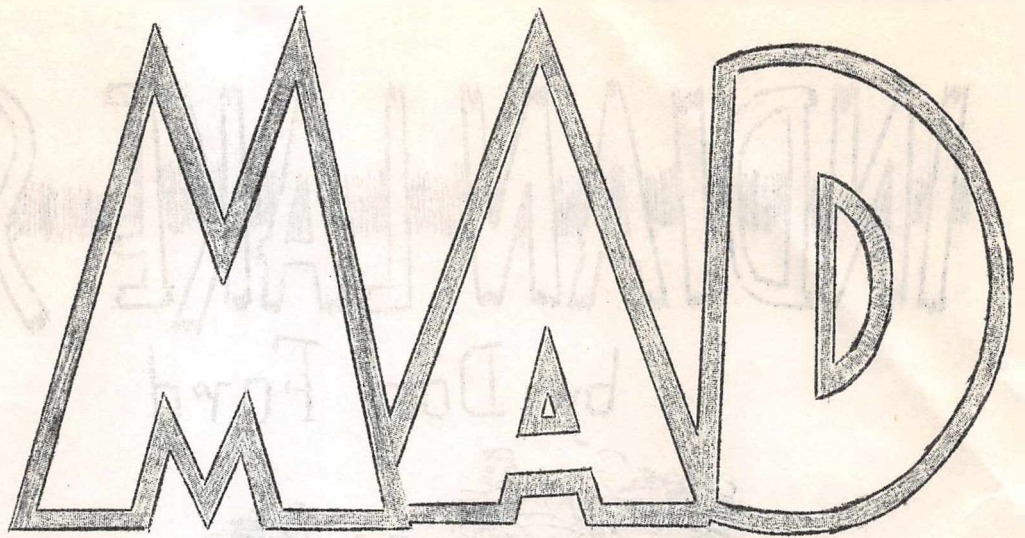
So Mad marches on for better or worse, praise Melvin!

BS

[I feel that in all fairness to Bill Stavdal and to the readers that I should first thank Bill for being as unbiased as he was in this article and to warn both him and the readers that there will almost certainly be some repartee to this article in either the next issue of Can Fan, and if not there, then in a future issue of A BAS....gas.]

I Hate Mad, Because

I
HATE



BECAUSE

Contest

You too can be the winner of a big prize,
Send your entry in now to:

P. Howard Lyons
PO Box 561, Adelaide PO,
Toronto, Ontario, CANADA.

In 500 words or less, let us know why YOU hate MAD COMIX

This is a legitimate contest. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

- 1st Prize - one copy of MAD # 1.
- 2nd Prize - one copy of MAD # 3.
- 3rd Prize - one copy of MAD # 5.

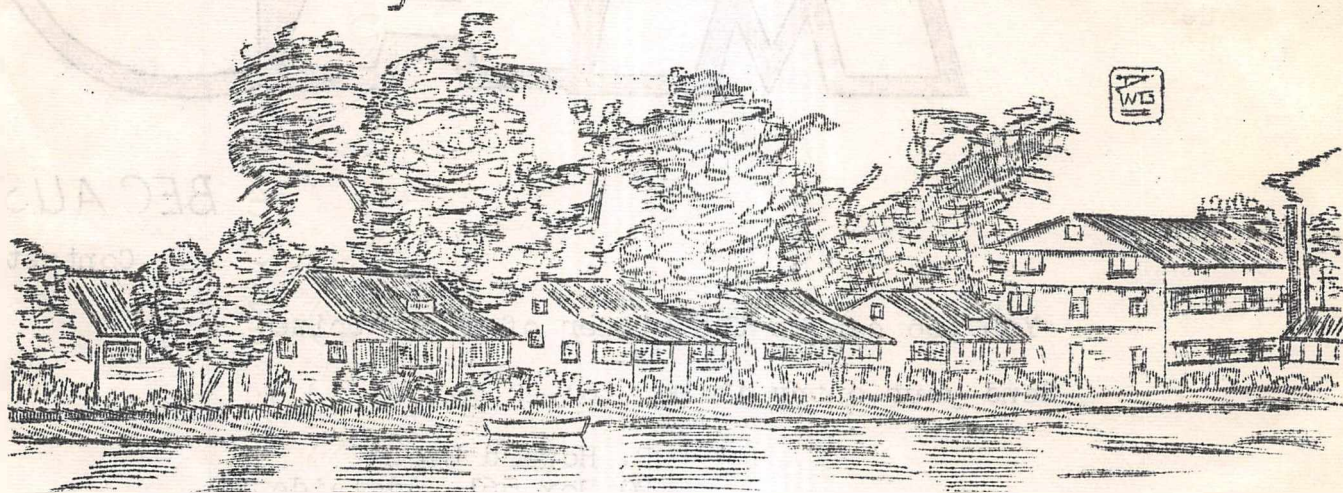
Send all entries for this contest to Lyons as above. All entries should be sent before October 31, 1954.

Everyone is eligible except members of THE DERELICTS (including Dave Kyle) and employees of Superior Publishers who once published a Canadian edition of Mad and whose reasons for hating it are fartoo monetary.

Editor's note; This contest is for real. It is not another Lyons' caper. Write an article, of 500 words, and send it to him. Lyons is the sole editor of this contest and shall determine which article is the best. The winning article will be published in the next issue....gas/

INDIAN LAKE STORY

by Don Ford



A year ago coming home from the Philcon I wrote an article about our annual Midwestcons. After contacting several fan editors it was shipped off to Bill Venable. Six months later it came back. Pendulum had folded. Bill Grant prodded me enough at this year's con, that this is the rehash of that original article.

To get the proper perspective, let's go back to the Fall of 1947. It was then that several of us in the Cincinnati Fantasy Group contacted a certain C. L. Barrett, MD of Bellefontaine, Ohio. We came across his name in the NFFF Roster and had heard many rumors for years about his fabulous collection. Receiving an illegible invitation, scrawled on a perscription pad, we made the first of our many trips to Bellefontaine.

Doc was very much on hand in the famous "smoke filled rooms" of Toronto in 1948, from which Cincinnati emerged as the convention city for 1949. For his efforts he was rewarded by being sucked in on the work. Thus, he missed as much of the formal Cinvention program as we did.

Leaving Cincinnati, he invited us up to Indian Lake the following week-end for a little get together among ourselves to talk over the con, again. Dave MacInnes was there with his wire recorder and through these recordings we brought ourselves up to date on the official programs we'd missed. Ted Carnell was back from his visiting in Chicago and we ended up with a week-end that was as enjoyable as the convention.....more so, because we had nothing to do but relax.

A few months later, we got to talking about organizing Ohio Fandom into some sort of loose grouping. In order to spark this off, we figured some sort of gathering would help. Our fondest memories of the Torcon and Cinvention were the after hour bull sessions; not the formal program at all.

We picked a date in May which was roughly six months away from the National Con and sent out letters to a number of old time fans who lived in a hundred mile radius of Bellefontaine. Sixty-two people showed up that week-end and if enthusiasm was any guide, we were a smashing success.

They each left Bellefontaine all saying we should have another such event next year and that they were going to bring a friend along next year. This was going to require more preparation with more space needed for housing and meeting, etc. Beatley's Hotel at Indian Lake was chosen, and successive cons were held there in 1951, 1952 and 1953. This was an ideal place. No parking problems; a large porch and lobby to mill about in; and the entire place for fans only. However, the actions of three or four people eventually became too much for the hotel management and the welcome mat was yanked out from under our feet.

This presented a problem as we now had to scramble madly about in search of a hotel who would have us at the last minute. The increasing attendance each year added to our problems. So, with not too much choice, we went back to Bellefontaine, again, for the 1954 con. We were spread out in two hotels and two motels. One hundred and forty-eight people showed up for the Banquet.

Where it will be in 1955 is not certain at this date. One thing is for sure: Beatley's is out, despite the wishful, wistful thinking of many fans. They just do not want us back. The Hotel Ingalls has said we will be welcome again, much to my surprise. However, we're checking several locations throughout Ohio's resort areas for next year's con. It isn't too much fun to have to go out each year and try to locate a new site. Fandom should adopt some sort of self-regulating group; if these annual affairs are going to be kept on an open basis. The question always arises each year: "I heard you fellows are going to make it an 'invitational', next year, is that true?"

The answer is no. Not yet. We are going to have it a wide open affair as long as we can. But, are we going to let just a very few people constantly ruin these affairs each year by acting like children? I think the fans attending should squelch these few each year, so that we can find a perfect location and be able to come back year after year. If just a few spoil it for the others, it will be forced upon us to make the Midwestcons an invitational, against our will.

It's true we're not really democratic in this set up. There are five of us who run these affairs each year (Dr. Barrett, Don Ford, Lou Tabakow, Roy Lavender and Stan Skirvin) and we determine when and where we hold the con, etc. We are determined to hold an annual get together each year, no matter where we may be living, as long as we live. There might only be ten people there; or we might have two hundred. Just how many there will be, the fans themselves will determine. DF

Indian Lake Story

You have, I hope, seen a much clearer picture of the situation down at Indian Lake. Don Ford has presented his viewpoint and I can say now that the good majority of the Toronto Derelicts agree with the aforementioned statements.

In the last issue of CANFAN I invited solutions to this problem, the column (Wee Willie's Wanderings) was read by visitors to Bellefontaine this year. Nobody so much as muttered a word, so I began to wonder if anybody cared. With Don's article the same thoughts renewed themselves and this time I hope something will come out of this effort.

While on the subject of the Midwest Con I'am taking the liberty of reproducing the write-up that appeared in the Bellefontaine Examiner.

SCIENCE-FICTION GROUP HONORS PHILIP FARMER

Author Receives Award As 175 Gather For Mid-West Meeting

The fifth Mid-West Science-Fiction conference was held at Hotel Ingalls here last Saturday and Sunday. One hundred and seventy-five were in attendance and 149 attended the banquet at noon Sunday at Hotel Logan.

Robert Bloch, well-known author from Milwaukee, Wis., was the Master of Ceremonies, and Dr. E. E. Smith, recognized as one of the elder statesmen of science-fiction received the usual ovation.

Philip Farmer was presented the annual award for the best author of the year by Harlan Ellison. A year ago Arthur C. Clarke of England, astronomer, Book-of-the-Month Society author and ex-secretary of the British Inter-Planetary Society received this award.

Evelyn Gold, managing editor of Galaxy and Beyond, was present, as well as Lloyd Eshbach of Fantasy Press, Ted Dikty of Shasta Publications and Marty Greenberg of Gnome Press, Robert Wilson Tucker, detective and science-fiction author from Bloomington, Ill., E. E. Evans, author from Los Angeles, California., Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton, husband and wife author team from Kinsman, Dr. Isaac Asimov, professor of bio-chemistry at Columbia Medical School, N. Y., and Authors Charles DeWitt and Lou Tabakow of Cincinnati.

E. E. Evans travelled the greatest distance since Arthur C. Clarke of England, who has attended the last two conventions, was unable to be present. However, Phyllis Economou, associate editor of Florida Opportunities, was in attendance.

Saturday evening Willie Grant, leader of the 15 man delegation from Toronto, presented pictures and slides from previous Mid-West conferences and world conventions.

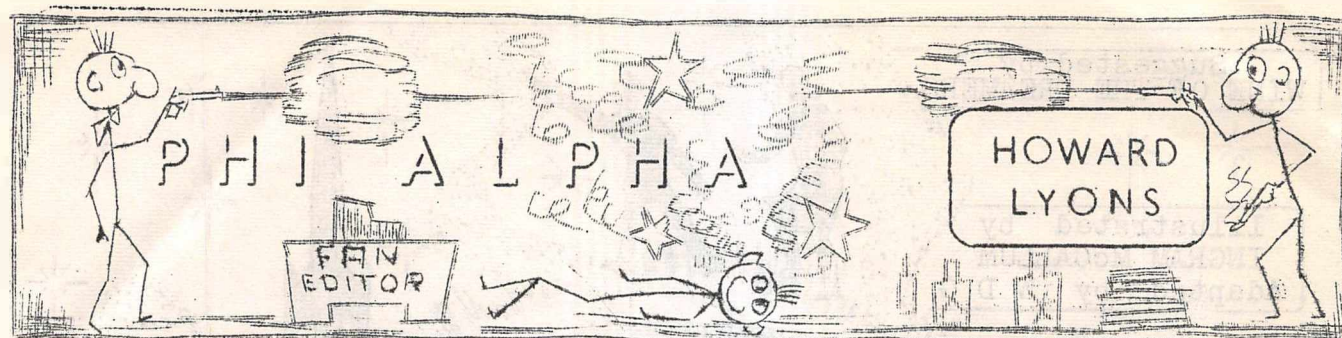
There were delegations of fans from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and throughout the entire Mid-West.

WDG

Suggested by
WINE OF THE DREAMERS

Illustrated by
INGRAM McCALLUM
Adapted by W D G





Saw an MGM cartoon recently entitled I GOPHER YOU. It is the tale of two gophers whose entire crop is "stolen" by a vegetable canning firm. The gophers follow the trucks and go into the huge processing plant. Various amusing incidents follow involving bottle cappers, canners, de-hydrators, and so on, into which the gophers fall. The main point I wish to bring out here is that the background music showed considerably more taste than most "movie music". It was based on a RAYMOND SCOTT original entitled POWERHOUSE and aside from being a most powerful bit of music, it fitted in perfectly with the action.

Why doesn't

Ellison rename it FANFARON?

Albert Lastovica is having a little trouble with his collection of Galaxy. He keeps them in a basement room which is not quite dry and the file is being attacked by mold and book-worms ---just a case of Silver-fish among the Gold.

Abstract - 100% better

than fanzines.

Francis Towner Laney says: ".....I don't care to do any more writing....up to 1952 I had an incredible sinecure, but I finally came to my senses and decided I was silly to save this oomph for writing and other hobbies when I could make 35 or 40% more money by getting a real job.....I missed reading two FAPA mailings following the job change, didn't see Burbee at all for around six months. When I finally settled down to read a mailing, the bulk of it was esoteric gibberish, and I found myself totally unwilling to go to the bother of figuring out what it was all about. You can tell I am really sincere about quitting fandom this time, since I didn't even write a 128 page mimeographed book to tell everyone that I was quitting. Hah!" And so the LASFS can rest easy at last.

Fandom is a sort of amateur culture.

THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICLE: Boyd Raeburn, prominent local sports car enthusiast, has unsuccessfully attempted to eliminate part of the competition in Canadian fanzines. Mr. Raeburn, who is editor of A BAS (official organ of THE DERELICTS) invited H. Lyons, (editor of IBIDEM) for a jaunt in the MG Mark II -- the purpose of the trip was alleged to be a visit to Gerald A. Steward, (editor of CANADIAN FANDOM) and Norman G. Browne, (editor of TORATIONS). The subtle plot became evident when Raeburn pounded into the side of a car piloted by a non-fan. Lyons was lobbed out the right-hand side of the car, removing the door and hinges in the process and fell, (230 pounds worth), on his right side. He thus escaped with only a head injury, sub-muscular bruises and sub-laxation of the sterno-clavicular and acromio-clavicular joints. This means an ill-tempered clavicle which a chiropractor played upon for half an hour bringing forth visions of THE BLACK MAS-

.SEUR by Tennessee Williams.

Was there a city called Catam?

"This policy does not cover loss or damage occasioned by or in consequence of any weapon of war employing atomic fission or fusion or radio-active force whether in time of peace or war." Honest, that's what the insurance policy said.

McKeown - Doing!

We have at least one heart-felt supporter in the U.S. -- Raleigh Multog writes us "Up Canadian Fandom" We reply - "Up Raleigh Multog with his Star Rockets."

Fantigue - state of anxiety or unpleasant excitement.

Dissertation on naming a fanzine - quoted from the MEMOIRS OF A SHY PORNOGRAPHER by Kenneth Patchen -

"Make that Cludgy.

All right. Cludgy.

No. What was that other one?

Piddy?

No, that's not it.

Deggy?

No. Didn't you have another?

Mimi?

Mimi! Good heavens! Where'd you get that?"

I guess that should put an end to the criticism that this column is too closely spaced with not enough white spots.

Isn't Mittlebuscher getting hell, though.

A few weeks ago I was wandering down Yonge St. when I noticed a slum book store. I entered the confines and looked over the stock. I passed by a copy of The First Lady Chatterley at \$20.00, didn't even consider Havelock Ellis at \$35.00, neglected to pickup Sex and Marriage by Dr. Keller (cheap edition) at one buck and moved into the back room where the proprietor named Dick Sair was ensconced. Some of you who attended the Torcon in 1948 may remember Dick. Well, in the back of the store, the quality of the merchandise took a gigantic leap upwards. This mostly consisted of Dick's personal library in part and a great number of library duplicates which he seemed willing to sell. A friend of mine purchased a few hundred dollars worth of books and magazines on conjuring and magic from him. I myself being a little impecunious at the time was satisfied with the following: Green Tea and Others - \$2.50; The Eye and the Finger - \$2.50; Oriental Tales - 3 issues for \$1.00; Strange Tales - 7 issues complete and bound, covers intact - \$4.00. I consider that was a pretty good deal.

This is just a build-up. You see, I started reading those old Clayton Strange Tales. I think in a future article I may prattle a bit about what I found in them besides stories from Cummings, C. A. Smith, Henry S. Whitehead, Philip Hazelton, Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Derleth, Francis Flagg, Robert E. Howard, F. B. Long and others; letters from \$e Ackerman, Smith, Derleth and others. But the first thing I read was the story illustrated on the cover of the first issue. That story was THE PLACE OF THE PYTHONS by Arthur J. Burks. I read that story and leafed through future issues to read more by the same author; GUATE-

MOZIN THE VISITANT appeared in the next issue and that was all. I wondered what had happened to the author, did he die?

It was the next week that I received the answer. This was in the form of a book from Shroud Publishers, 819 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo 3, New York. It had been dropped off at THE DERELICTS in my absence and it is LOOK BEHIND YOU by Arthur J. Burks. This is the same author 23 years later, the book is a collection of his short stories which have previously been unpublished. Shroud are actually a collection of fans who have devoted their energies and moneys to turning out books which fill in the void of publishing in the fields of fantasy and macabre. Their first publication has done this admirably. The book contains six stories, 73 pages, many illustrations by DEA, is produced by an off-set process spiral bound with a dust wrapper by Charles Momberger, and the edition is limited to 650 copies. The price is \$1.00 and I think one tale is worth just that. The tale, my favourite, is OUR DAILY TUESDAY; it's about a man who didn't grow old - "On Mark's sixtieth twenty first birthday....." Figure it out from there.

The same company has present plans to continue the series with a sequel collection entitled AMAZON QUEST. I haven't seen it, but THE MAKER OF MOONS by Robert W. Chambers (author of THE YELLOW SIGN, precursor of much of Lovecrafts mythos-atmosphere) should be in print by now. I suggest you write Shroud and order Look Behind You and ask for their catalog of Fantasy.

The Fanucks have folded.

The LITTLE PETER VORZIMER Sez Department.

In ABstract 2 - "NO SUBS WILL BE TAKEN! Only subs available are three issue subs at 30¢ a piece."

"My sub (to Galaxy) ran out three years ago and I haven't seen a copy since. (And Ghod! How that magazine is going down!)" Slan Vorzimer.

"Although a goodly percentage of fen (approx. 75% of those very active) are teen-agers, that is from around 14 to 24, there are still some older folk who are very active. DEA, Lee Riddle, Ackerman, just to name a few, a very few."

"Ghod! I just thought of something....maybe it's Canadian money." I got news for you Pete, the agio is on the other foot now.

This time from ABstract 3 - "I'd like any articles on movies, books, etc., but nothing on the pro-zines."

"I have no idea as to your age, but you'd be pretty old if you were pubbing in 1944 or so."

"The mimeography (of Spaceship #20) is excellent, and on good paper, but only 26 pages! BNF's or no BNF's they definitely don't make up for the lack of material. What is in the zine however is excellent. Silverberg, Dard, Boggs, Carr and Hirschhorn." ABstract #3 - 42 pages, material by Vorzimer, Donnell, Vorzimer, Carr, Geis, letter column, Vorzimer and Vorzimer.

"I am in dead seriousness when I say that you made a direct copy of FAN-FARE." Jeezus, Pete! Why don't you look at the FAN PERSONALITIES department of Can Fan which started lo these many years ago. /Approximately 1945

...gas/ Or did you mean that Deviant stole the idea of having these FAN write-ups in AMERICAN FANZINES?

On second thot there was FAN-FILE in Quandry.

Paraphrased from ABstract #4. "Don't consider yourself my friend if you say that Spaceship is a vastly superior zine to ABstract. " Oh, Brother!!!!

Quoted word for word from ABstract #4 - "...at least I wasn't sex-crazed, or a weak sort of character, or a weakling, or a schizoid, or an outcast, like the majority of the fen." Oh, bro-THER!!!!!!

"Someday somebody will invent a correction fluid for dittoes!" - Well, look Peter, instead of getting all tired walking around town looking for bargains in paper and masters, why not ask someone. Seems you can repair typos by scraping with a razor blade and slipping in a bit of master carbon and re-type. Difficult, isn't it?

"The price of this October issue will be 35¢ to non-fans and the fan will receive it for 25¢ plus their own magazine in trade." I will be becoming a fan in November sometime, I'll be putting out a fanzine then. Right now I'm not even a neo-fan I guess. I don't feel right somehow.

"I clamped down on Ralph Stapenhorst last issue." I guess now that you are Rex-O-Graphing for him you won't clamp down at all.

I quote from the BOYS HERALD, January 1953, (a genuine NAPAZINE.) "The birthday of the National Amateur Press Association is July 4, 1876." Do you hear that down in southern California????????????

I wonder what it is about going gafia in California that causes a lot of commotion. For instance, Boob Stewart and friend Piper didn't get as much space when they were active as now, when they are not. NO WAIT!!!! I see by Deviant 3 that Stewart has returned to fandom. NO WAIT!!!! I see by an autoblab in ABstract 4 that he is still gafia. Oh, I can see that this gafia gambit can be built up into quite a thing, yessir.

Well, off to the sponging house.

PHL



CANADIAN AMATEUR FAN PUBLISHERS



- A BAS - Boyd Raeburn, 14 Lynd Ave., Toronto 3, Ontario. - (General)
- CANADIAN FANDOM - Gerald A. Stewart, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario. - (General)
- DAMN! - Norm G. Browne, 33 Lyonsgate Dr., W. H., Toronto, Ont., -(Hash)
- DEJU VU - Howard Lyons, P.O.Box 561, Adelaide PO, Toronto 1, Ontario, - (General)
- ESCAPE - Fred Woroch, 285 Withrow Ave., Toronto 6, Ont., - (General)
- FIE - Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia. - (General)
- FILLER #2 - Norman G. Browne. - (Annual)
- GASP! - Gerald A. Stewart. - (SAPS)
- IBIDEM - Howard Lyons. - (Bi-Apa)
- MIMI - Georgina Ellis, 1428 - 15th St., East, Calgary, Alta. -(General)

Don Juan In Hell



"DON JUAN IN HELL"



No light, no sound, no time nor space, utter void. Then somewhere the beginning of a pallor, and with it a faint throbbing buzz as of a ghostly violinchello, palpitating on the same note endlessly; a couple of ghostly violins presently take advantage of this bass and therewith the pallor reveals a man in the void; an incorporeal but visible man, seated, absurdly enough, on nothing. For a moment he raises his head as the music passes him by. Then, with a heavy sigh, he droops in utter dejection; and the violins, discouraged, retrace the melody in despair and at last give it up.

It is all very odd. One recognizes the Mozartian strain and on this hint and by the aid of certain sparkles of violet light in the pallor, the man's costume reveals itself as that of a Spanish nobleman of the 15th to the 16th century. Don Juan, of course.

Don Juan in Hell is, in actuality, an écriture, which is used by Shaw, along with the preface, in a tirade against marriage, morality, science, war, and whatever other "ills" of society on which Shaw deemed it necessary to comment. The sequence "Don Juan In Hell" is really the middle portion of the third act of Man and Superman. It is presented in the play, as a duo-dream, experienced by Mendoza, a Spanish robber in the Pyrenees and Tanner, a professed anarchist, who has been captured by Mendoza's band of thieves while travelling. The characters are Dona Ana; Agnes Moorehead: The Commander; Cedric Hardwicke: The Devil; Charles Laughton: and Don Juan; Charles Boyer.

In "The Quintessence of Shaw" James Huneker wrote, "A lengthy parabasis, written in genuine Shavian, shows us Hell, the Devil, Don Juan, and Ana of Mozarean fame." The set-up is that Dona Ana, who has just died at seventy-seven, meets, in Hell, Don Juan, her lover on the former world and the murderer of her father. Juan had approached Ana with apparently ungentlemanly intentions and she had screamed. The Commander came to her rescue. He and Don Juan had duelled, The Commander had slipped and had been killed. Though Juan is in Hell and The Commander in Heaven they meet sometimes and are quite good friends. The Commander holds no grudge against Juan for he feels, and Juan agrees--"I cannot fence"--that The Commander was much the better fencer and that if he had not slipped he would have killed Juan. The Devil is called by The Commander and the four entities proceed to discourse on whatever Shaw feels is in need of correction.

Don Juan on "Man's Cowardice":

He loves to think of himself as bold and bad. He is neither one nor the other: he is only a coward. Call him tyrant, murderer, pirate, bully; and he will adore you, and swagger about with the consciousness of having the blood of the old sea kings in his veins. Call him liar and thief; and he will only take an action against for libel. But call him coward; and he will go mad with rage; he will face death to out face the stinging truth. (continued at the bottem of page eighteen)

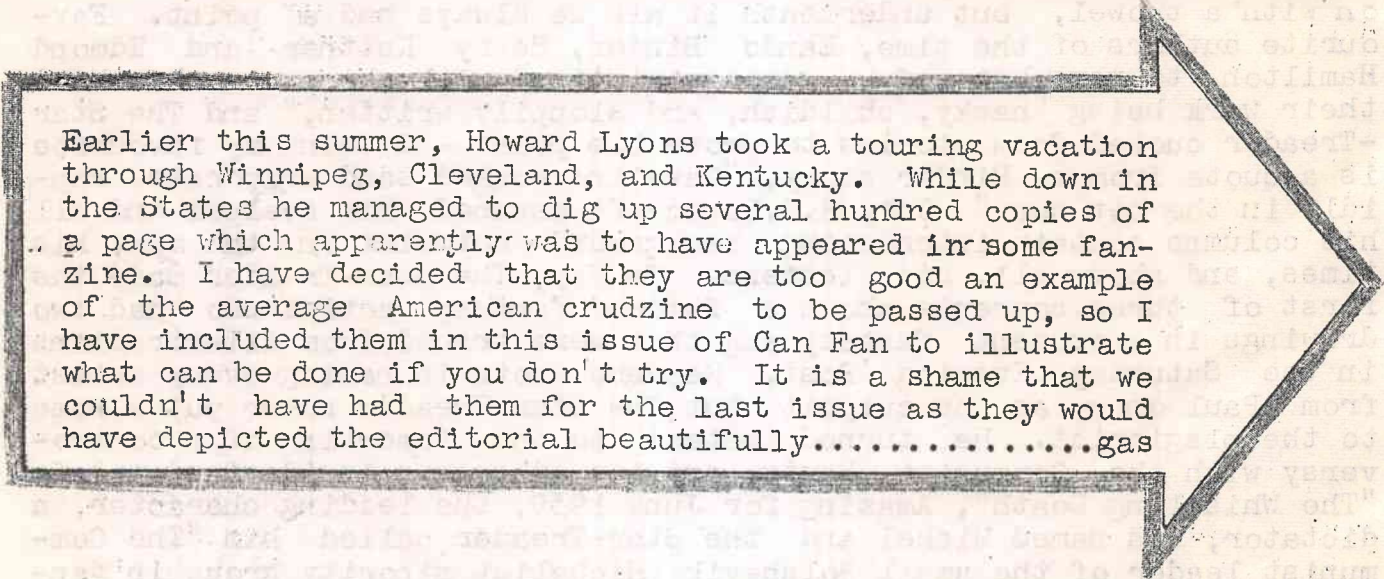
“BY JOVE” BY S H M

A
FEATURE

1939 headlines.....Startling Stories commences publication with Wienbaum Story...Long awaited Unknown hits the stands...FFM & FN bring the number of sf mags on the market to the highest number in history..... Harry Warner's Spaceways introduces a new gossip columnist who is destined to become Fandom's most controversial commentator. Stardust by The Star-Treader first appeared in the March 1939 issue of Spaceways and right from the word go The Star-Treader started to flail about him at any person, fan or pro, high or low. At times his sarcasm was laid on with a trowel, but underneath it all he always had a point. Favourite authors of the time, Eando Binder, Henry Kuttner and Edmond Hamilton to name but a few, were guillotined with sharp remarks about their work being "hacky, childish, and sloppily written," and The Star-Treader quoted from stories to prove his point - I think my favourite is a quote from a Binder story, "Gasoline soaked sand evaporated rapidly in the hot sun." Only H.P. Lovecraft escaped his scalpel and all his columns contain interesting background material on the man, his times, and above all, his letters. In May, The Star-Treader made the first of three comments about a famous fantasy artist who had two drawings in a current fantasy mag that were traced from illustrations in the Saturday Evening Post. Readers wrote in naming every artist from Paul on up as the culprit but The Star-Treader never put a name to the plagiarist. He turned instead to the fomenting of a controversy with the Communist Party and its adherents inside fandom. In "The Whistling Death", Amazing for June 1939, the leading character, a dictator, was named Michel and the Star-Treader called him "The Communist leader of the small Bolshevik Michelist minority group in fantasy fandom." In the Frantic Fourties, fandom indulged itself with a series of stupid but amusing lawsuits between fans, and after every participant in the hassle had called every other party to the dispute anything and everything, the case wound up in court where it was dismissed at costs. Fandom has never been dull; when one Ellison grows up there is always another equally obnoxious neofan to take his place.Did you know that after termites damaged E. E. Smith's house late in 1938, Jown W. Campbell Jr., facetiously suggested to Doc Smith that he write a story about termites to get his money back. No sooner said than done, but Campbell did not buy the story....Perhaps the pet peeve of The Star-Treader was Ray Palmer and all he ever did, said or wrote. Nary a column passed without some "dig" at Palmer. The stories The Star-Treader had about him and Amazing made one think that he had a pipeline right into the Z-D editorial offices that brought The Star-Treader all his information and dirt.....R. W. Lowndes threatened The Star-Treader with exposure of his real name after the Michelist episode but it was hardly a well kept secret and finally Bob Madle informed the fan world that The Star-Treader was in reality John Chapman Miske, publisher of Scienti-Snaps.....Maybe H. L. Gold's dislike of

By Jove

Campbell dates back to the time that JWC rejected "None But Lucifer", and accepted the story only after revision by de Camp....In January of 1940 The Star-Treader started beating the drums for the Lovecraft Memorial Volume, now more familiarly known as "The Outsider and Others." He quoted Derleth's figures on the cost of printing etc., and column after column would report that the project was \$700.00 in the hole and then \$625.00 and so on. In 1939 you could have had the book for a pre-publication price of \$3.50; anyone know of a copy being sold for less than ten times that price recently? Or better still, who would buy a copy of "Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth" in the original edition for one dollar?....In his column in the March 1940 Spaceways The Star-Treader devoted a page and a half to a critique of John W. Campbell Jr., as an editor and said, for perhaps the first time, something that has been said down to this very day, namely; "Campbell is in a rut!" Between Sam Moskowitz, The Star-Treader, and Campbell, the last four issues of Spaceways featured more lively discussion about Astounding and its editor than we have ever seen since. Next issue, the Campbell-Moskowitz-The Star-Treader round table feud. SHM



Earlier this summer, Howard Lyons took a touring vacation through Winnipeg, Cleveland, and Kentucky. While down in the States he managed to dig up several hundred copies of a page which apparently was to have appeared in some fanzine. I have decided that they are too good an example of the average American crudzine to be passed up, so I have included them in this issue of Can Fan to illustrate what can be done if you don't try. It is a shame that we couldn't have had them for the last issue as they would have depicted the editorial beautifully.....gas

Don Juan in Hell

(continued from page sixteen.)

The Commander on "Hope" when Ana begins to pray;

No, No, no, my child: do not pray. If you do, you will throw away the main advantage of this place. Written over the gate here are the words "Leave every hope behind, ye who enter." Only think what a relief that is! For what is hope? A form of moral responsibility. Here there is no hope, and consequently no duty, no work, nothing to be lost by doing what you like.

The best one can do is give some examples of the "Shavian" wit in Don Juan in Hell and comment only that with supreme acting by superb actors the sequence is one of the best performances of a fantasy; a Shavian fantasy, to boot; on record. RGK

THE FAN SPEAKS

In case any of you don't remember me (I was in fapa but made a mailing) you can check in your files---there's a profile (should be a gag there---what about it "alt?") on me in TARNATIONS number one which was put out by Duggie the Mitch a couple of years back in Winnipeg. We may re-print this if enough of the readers want same---I might even ask Mitchel if its ok. Probably a lot of you were subbers to Allex which I sued to put out. Forrie wrote about it, "....your zine.....not....the worst...." which ain't bad for a neo which I was. Anyway it folded (sorry about the subs) and this mag COOL is new and you can send you buck for four issues to me---see the colophon for data. My new policy - we intend to run good material and have a good zine, even have a good feed or two. How about it ~~XX~~ G.M. (Hah).

I was going to school up til last summer (spring) and decided there wasn't anything in it for me so I got a job. I then felt that I should do something creative like photographing or writing. I thought I'd bring back fanzine work so my folks bought me this good mimm (you may remember my ditozine wasn't so hot).

The stories thisish aren't so hot but I wrote a bunch of BNFs and haven't heard yet but next ish.!!!!!! I wrote Bob (Tucker) for some material and he never answered except a card I recieved saying he was full up with pro-writing and his otherfanac. I'll bet. But we got a good columnist called Don ~~xxxx~~ Comstock and he wrote up something for this ish and its real good, for an article. It's about howto have a real bowl.....you have a party and everyone bring a bottle (of anything see) and you have a big punch bowl. Will, everyone when he comes in puts their bottle of whatever it is all into the same bowl. Then you drink all the punch. Boy what, an idea, but I';; let on tell you so turn to page six and read about Orgy and Bess (good title? mine, ed.)

There was supposed to be some book reviews but they didn't come thru so I put in something about the prozines (a nonfan friend of mine did this, I don't read them since going into the line myself.) Next ish I'll review some other fanzines which I should get any day now as I wrote to every fan editor I could find for a copy of his mag. These reviews will be unbiased and unprejudiced and I have a new rating system--wait and see!!! The illus by English should be here by press time so watch for them (I'm doing this page halfway thru make-up, anything might turn up) Book is out of fandom per a card I got in answer to a request. I was trying to get Hannes to do me a caricature (like he did of Tucker) only this time of Bob (Block) It would have been good; but maybe Jack Pper would have objected (get this?)

I'm planning up for an anniversary so this is an open letter to all you BNFs and others of equal talents to let me have you stories, articles, drawings (serious or funny), and so on--even if you just write a letter that's ok. Anyhoo, it'll be plenty alright so get your stuff in and also subbs---the anniversary is free to subbers but all others pay one dollar.

I'll come out monthly and every month too, that's a promise. We want controversy here, so how about a discussion on Pogo against Mad comic.

So anyhow, that our policy and I will stick to it. If you should want to write we'd you can send to me as per contents page (that me on top) or to

WORLD FEDERATION OF CANADIAN FANS (WECF) We want you!!!

Are you a fan - then join us in fandom and get out official organ ^{PHALUS} This club is being organized on sound business principals. Send your three dollar now for you; membership card; constitutions; letter and envelopes; stickers for ordinary envelopes; the club fanzine - THE WORLD FEDERATION OF CANADIAN FANSINES (TWECFS)

So send that three dollars now to DONALD COMSTOCK, 247 Hampton St, St. James Manitoba, CANADA or write for information.

5 # A For G H O X

You have all heard more than enuff about the various deities. Are you not tired of seeing these impossible ghods upon the throne of sf? Have you ever thot of doing anything about it? No. Why? While you lowly peasants have been sweating away follong the obsolete command of such ghods as FOO FOO, Ghu, etc. there has been lingering in the darkest corners, waiting for the light to appear..the great Ghod GHA. ~~7/11~~ Perhaps you are unaquainted with this greatest of great Ghods? "et me ellucidate for you lowly dregs of humanity.

Gha was born on the cover of Galaxy one day. He awo e, waved a hand and there was ALL. Not satisfied with this he made people. to finish off his great work he waved a little finger and made stf. andom greater. But he dissed that there were lower and unmoral ghods upon this planet that he had created that were harmfull to his people. He found that they were grad lally rowning stronger and eventually they reached such a powerful standing with the people that they were able to stamp out most of his beneficie nt good works and obliterated all mention of the word Galaxy "aazine from the stands so that I..I am the oly one that knows of such a magazine ever having appeared in the olden daze. All other memories were obliterated. But you can see that his following mu t bncrease as his magazine has ubwittingly appeared once again., the might Galaxy wh9th was not uppressed by his deadliest foes Foo Foo and Chu hu

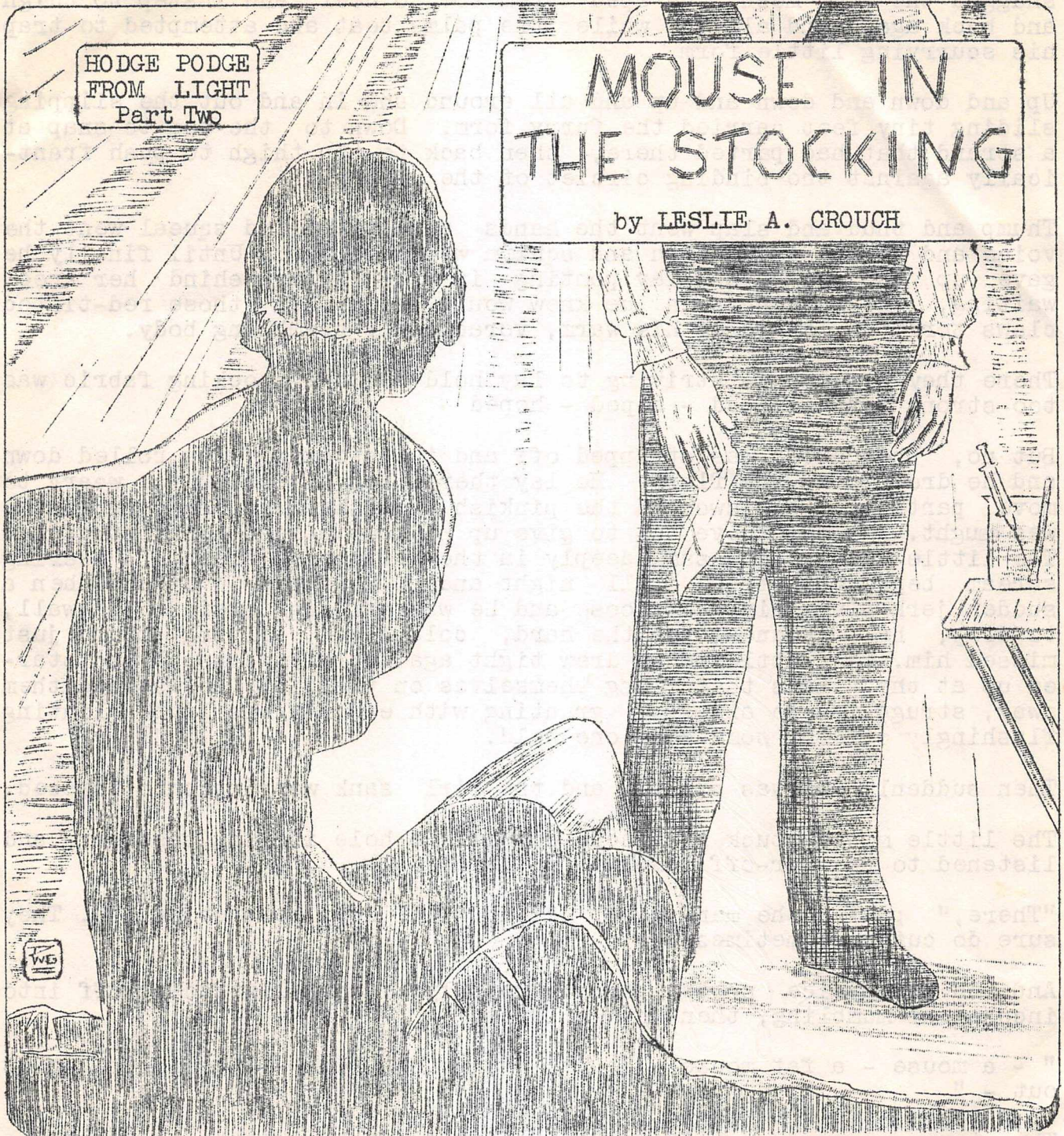
He now arises to calim his o n. Gaha seeks his rightful place in this world that he created.

Even now we can see his influence upon the world. For instance, there is GHAlvan sed iron. When people say GHADs they are refering to him. When peop;e refer tp the abortions known as Foo and Chu they ysually say GHastly. That BENEFICIENT unit of energy known as GHAsoline was first used as a lighting purpose (to shed light on the ignorant masses. When when you refer to GHOD GHA knew what he was doing for looking at the name men usually apply to women's legs...GHams, GHAd-zooks. And don't forget his name for women..GAls.

I have pleaded his cause to sufficient purposes. I leave it up to your hands. Te t the GHAlhons of bæssings be poured onto you from the vessels at GHA8s feet.

GHA'S PUBLIC RELATIIONS MAN,
---Douglas Mitchell.

THE ABOVE IS AS NEAR AS WE CAN COME TO AN A CURATE DRAWING OF THE GREAT GHOD GHA.



All night now she had tried vainly to catch the mouse in her stocking. Squeaking, crawling, terrified little creature - fuller of fear than she. Its mousy little brain fluttered in the abyss of its terror as it struggled to escape through the mesh, on the other side of which could be seen the light of freedom; and, far off, the dark spot that was the entrance to safety through the wainscot.

And all the time it raced and ran and tore and leaped to escape the clawing of the hideously long, crimsoned nails that scratched and

Hodge Podge From Light

snagged the open mesh. He sped from toe to heel and instep to thigh and back again and all the while the palms beat and attempted to trap his scurrying little form.

Up and down and down and up and all around and in and out the slipping sliding tiny feet carried the furry form. Down to the toe to snap at a strand that had parted there, then back to the thigh to push frantically against the binding circlet of the garter.

Thump and thud and slap went the hands and scream and squeal went the voice and wiggle and twitch and squirm went the form. Until finally he gave up the fight and lay panting in the hollow behind her knee, waiting, the tearing pain he knew would come when those red-tinted claws tore the length of his warm, voraciously trembling body.

There they were now - striving to lay hold but the stocking fabric was too strong and he hoped - hoped - hoped --

But no, the garter was stripped off and the stocking was rolled down and he dropped to the floor. He lay there, on his back, too weary to move, panting. Down swooped the pinkish mass that was the palm and he was caught. But he strove not to give up without a last final struggle. The little keen teeth sank deeply in the soft moist flesh. A tearing scream beat against the still night and he swept up, up and then a sudden jerk flung his grip loose and he was sailing against the wall, to drop, half stunned, on the hard, cold floor. Flying feet just missed him. The little mouse drew tight against the wainscot and stared up at the titans that flung themselves on the girl. He watched them sway, struggling to and fro, grunting with effort, the light glinting flashingly off the something one held.

Then suddenly all was still, and the girl sank weeping onto the bed.

The little mouse stuck his head out of the hole in the baseboard and listened to the far-off rumbling of human talk.

"There," panted the man-voice. "That will keep her for awhile. They sure do cut up sometimes."

And the girl-voice sobbed heart-brokenly, gradually fading off into incoherent mumbling, then into silence.

" - a mouse - a fat mouse - it was in my stocking - I couldn't get it out - "

The other man-voice said as they slipped out through the door. "Delirium - imagine all sorts of things - a pretty kid, too."

"A fat mouse - in my stocking - "

" - she'll sleep soon's the needle works - "

The little mouse scuttled off down the dark, friendly lane, through the wood work. Never again, he vowed, would he crawl into piled-up clothing, just to satisfy his curiosity - - - LAC

THE MAELSTROM

LETTERS FROM THE READERS

Raleigh E. Multog
Editor; Star Rockets
Pikesville 8, Md.

[Ed's note: this paragraph appears exactly as it was written in the letter.]

Having looked through the copy of Can Fran that you recently sent to me I note that it is covered with misspellings. Evidently your typist doesn't bother to look in the dictionary to correct mistakes. I counted 33 mistakes in issue 21. Better look at page eleven for example. The correct spelling is OCCURRENCE. And that was spelt four different ways. Tsk Tsk! #The best article in the zine was on page 20. And that was a reprint.

Dorothy Lunger
Morinville, Alta

Your magazine is rather uneven; reading it is something like walking along gazing at the stars and then falling suddenly into a garbage can. I would appreciate it if you would omit such things as the products of Leslie Crouch's grubby little mind from my copy of Can Fan whenever it is possible, without spoiling someone else's writing. I tore one page out but I'm stuck with Hodge Podge because I want to keep the piece on the other side. I promise you that I won't feel cheated if I find some pages missing. You should put all that kind of stuff in one place and label it "Ashcan Amblings". Then we would know what to expect. # I have read Elizabeth Pope's story so often by now that I will soon know it by heart and I won't be able to enjoy it anymore. The illustrations set it off perfectly. Who is Elizabeth Pope? # Nobody will ever top Eric Frank Russell's explanation for Flying Saucers even though he never used the expression in "Sinister Barrier". That story seems to be forgotten and yet it is one of the truly "greats." # My daughter is enclosing a note. Well, I advised her not to read those pages but she did anyway, and then she headed for the typewriter just seething. Comes of not taking mama's advice. In case you are wondering, she is fifteen years old.

Fay Lunger
Morinville, Alta

I have just read over my Mother's copy of Canadian Fandom. The Editorial by Gerald A. Steward, states that he wants clear print. I would prefer the print to be dimmed and blotted if such things as 'Hodge Podge from Light' are to be printed. If this is an example of the humorous high spots of 'Light', I hate to think what the humorous low spots of Light must be like. # Les Crouch's wonderful Light, is not considered wonderful by me. I think it is just as well it comes out in a limited edition. # To conclude this nasty little letter, I'll say congratulations to Elizabeth Pope for 'Outside'. I liked it very much.

Dutch Ellis
Calgary, Alta

Editorial - Right you are. I have found myself babbling about the beautiful reproduction and merely mentioning the material in passing. Possibly this is because such reproduction is so rare. Passing that; Isn't it funny how the Canzines seem to be unable to resist cracks at the Americans?

The Maelstrom

FANDOM'S CURRENT CONTROVERSY was good. My own comments are that I do not go Spillane and never have. Lost in stf, I had ignored the rage about Spillane, until THE VEILED WOMAN came along. I didn't like it. It was much too gorey for my taste, and it was so phony from the stf point of view. I found it quite ridiculous. So I continue to ignore Spillane. I cannot see any excuse for THE VEILED WOMAN.

All right, the pro-eds are commercial, but I still prefer veiled (association) commercialism to Howard Browne's blatant version. Some of the other editors, Campbell for instance, are genuinely interested in the promotion of stf, and in printing good material. Browne would print anything, good or bad, that would raise his circulation. There is a difference. Campbell sincerely cares about stf, and so, I beleive does Gold and Mines, in their own way, and cert nly Boucher and McComas. But Browne doesn't care about stf at all. His is pure, unadulterated commercialism.

True, the pro-eds get money out of editing their stf zines. They'd get a great deal more in some other venture. Browne decided, (or had the decision made by his publishers,) he was going to make a pile. Apparently it didn't work. If it had, AMAZING and FANTASTIC wouldn't be in the condition they are now. They wouldn't have cut out the beautiful paper, the superb inside illos (some in two colors, yet), the portfolios, the numerous cartoons, the name writers, etc., not to mention the covers that went all the way around the zine. It was really something to look at, and though a lot of the stuff was crud, they occasionally published some terrific stuff. Such as Norman mentions, like THE YOKEL.

Apparently the sales fell off, or never reached the point where they could support such a zine. I don't think the trouble is in the publishers cutting off money from Browne, but in the fact that the zine isn't bringing in enough. If it had, the publishers never would have cut the budget.

I've long since dropped Planet, and only rarely buy a copy of the Standard zines, so I won't comment there. Galaxy may be in a rut and formula-written, but still the reading is very pleasant, and occasionally stimulating. ASF is the most, and though you can get a good idea of the plot without reading the story, as Norman says, in ASF the idea is the thing, not the plot. The way in which the story is written, the ideas it presents, the way in which they are presented, the stimulus to the mind are ASF's strong points.

An open policy is all very well; it should be moderated by a particular attitude also. This in a way is what makes F&SF superior to A or F. Their restrictions are not rigid, but the editorial taste is excellent. They turn out a magazine, not a would-be money-maker.

Norman Clarke
Ottawa, Ontario

Received your sample copy of Can Fan. To hell with you, you damn nationalistic, pro-Toronto slob. # I am going to start a fanzine, in my sunset years, slanted toward Swedish fans such as Lars Gullin, Arne Domnerus and

Rolf Ericson, and there will be special kudos to the town of Peugh-keepsie. May your subway develop infinite connectivity, and may many of the more obnoxious Torontonians vanish into some topological wot-is-it. I wish you continued prosperity, you damn nationalistic, pro-Toronto slob. /Been thinking of slanting Can Fan towards Woody, myself.....gas/

Dick Geis
Portland, Ore.

Canadian Fandom #21 contained some very interesting items indeed. I agree with your editorial stand against sloppy repro; it goes along with my own editorial feelings. If, by pointing with pride and viewing with alarm, we can raise, (even a little bit), the reproduction standard of fanzines.we will be doing something very worthwhile. # The cover was very good, just like a photo. # Hodge Podge from Light was an extremely interesting and enjoyable bit. I should like to read much more of this Crouch, and I would like to see more of these samplers of Famous Fen. # FANUCKS or FANUCKERS? Hoooooooooooo, the things you'd be letting your selves in for if you adopted one of THOSE NAMES. The abbreviations and shortenings of the name would slay you but quick.

Daryl Sharp
Ottawa, Ontario

I guess that the time has come for some comments on the inimitable CAN FAN. I noticed this time that the overall appearance is not as neat and attractive as former issues. However, it still compares most favourably with anything out southern neighbours are turning out. The cover this issue is not as striking nor is it particularly appropriate. I find the articles of unbroken type, all one paragraph, most unappealing to the eye. In the previous issues, there is nothing comparable, thank Ghu! # Your material, however, was as entertaining as usual. Hodge Podge was not wholly appreciated. Crouch's style of writing is a trifle nauseating, but the comic ads were hilarious, if a little crude. I was honestly amazed that you would print such obviously off-colour material, but I guess you know what you're doing. Is it worth it? However, I'm not a puritan, so I wouldn't condemn them outright. It was funny, but do you think it is aimed at the "adult fan", as you say Can Fan is? By trying not to appear, as you put it, "stuckup, snobbish or highbrow", please don't go to the other extreme. # The fiction was very well written, and I'm glad to see you are keeping fiction to a minimum. The articles all made good reading, adding to a fan's stock of little information. Norm Browne sure put his foot in it when he wrote on the fan controversy. I read and enjoy Spillane's writing, but I hardly agree that it anywhere resembles van Vogt's style. The only thing that they have in common, as far as I can see, is that they both write a form of science fiction, but I fail to see any similarity in their styles. Again disagreeing with Norm, I don't think that Mendoza's artwork is so super-colossal-terrific. I believe that Finlay, Schomberg, and Emsh are as good if not better artists, so Ghu to Browne. And who the hell regards the past few months of Amazing and Fantastic as a golden age???

John Todsen
Windsor, Ont.

If you are going to take suggestions as much to heart as you did those in my last letter I will start asking for six color covers and Finlay interiors. Num-

The Maelstrom

ber 21 shows an all-round improvement both in contents and presentation. The Editorial: Why was the "WE" dropped....contents are a little more interesting this issue. Like best the notes on Toronto's subway---let's beat the drums a little for things Canadian. For example, 1954 is Windsor's Centennial Year and visitors, fannish or otherwise, are welcome. Outside was deadly dull, worse than just amateurish and a waste of paper. While speaking about paper and the waste thereof, the paper in this issue is a much better weight than that complained about in #20. THE MAELSTROM...new layout and dropping of editorial comments have considerably sharpened up this handy old feature, but all but one of the letters are filled with honeyed words and not even the sniff of controversy appears in the exception. What's the matter with fans today? Are they all either namby-pambies or back-biters of the "What rots me is..." school, to quote a notorious BB. It is not necessary to indulge in personalities to start an interesting discussion, the only requirement being a little intelligence and forethought. Perhaps this is asking too much of those to whom the soul and height of wit is to rhyme Tucker and Sucker, Jim Beam and Fanzine! PHI ALPHA is dull and verbose with infrequent exceptions. Enjoyed HOW TO IDENTIFY very much as did a number of my non-fan friends. BY JOVE's reappearance is welcome, but the column in #21 is not as interesting as those in the past. Let's hope that future columns will be more readable. In passing, what happened to the typing on this feature? FANDOM'S CURRENT CONTROVERSY could have names changed, be backdated a few years and be a report on the Shaver tempest. I go along with Browne on backing his namesake but disagree strongly with his two golden ages for Amazing. Neither of these can begin to approach the Golden Age of ASF under Campbell's guidance in the late 30's and early 40's. All time travel enthusiasts will be interested in his statement on page 25 that, "Their first golden era started around 1954 and continued on into the early months of 1948". THE KOMIKORNER is always enjoyable, but let me ask again, what happened to FAN PERSONALITIES??

Dean Grennell
Fond du Lac, Wisc

EDITORIAL: I sympathize with you, Gerry. It does often seem that the curse of passable reproduction is that it's all anyone comments on. It is something a person should take for granted but the unhappy truth is that you encounter it so seldom that it does impress a body. One fellow you left out of your roster of good mimeographers—John Magnus. Joel Nydhal, in his day, was no slouch either. And thanks for including me. [I also forgot to mention Dick Geis in the good dittoers category...gas/ # OUTSIDE: is a good yarn, very ably written, laid out and illo'd. No special comment on the letters seems to appear # I don't know how we could negotiate a peace with Miz Beatley. I agree it's a shame, but I don't think either side as a monopoly on the blame. # Conner's bit reminds me of a time-travel plot gimmick I've long had floating about in my headbone, but I'll save it on the off-chance that someday.....Nice job. # PHI ALPHA: I think, is the best thing in the issue and the issue is no slouch. Funniest thing; the cannibals/arms/pits one on page 16. # I'm enchunt with the idea of a n-dimensional movie for flies. # Yakked and snorted over the Stan Couch Saucer bit! Terrific! # BY JOVE! is fine - very fine. Do you

mean that to this day nobody knows the identity of the perpetrator of HAWK CARSE? Now that we've shed a bit of misty light on Dave Grinnell, there's a good line to follow up. # Case of Browne vs Browne: I'm so furshlugginer sickentired of hearing about the time HB ran a story by Mickey Spillane. Ghood Ghod - are fans of 15th Fandom still going to keep this going? # Huh! - I just glanced up to the top of page 26 and saw that Norm had been writing for Howard instead of agin him. A dazzling stroke of originality for which I doff my heckicopter beanie, (I am, in essence, a non-profane type,) to him avec ze deep bow.

FAN PERSONALITIES NO 12

Boyd Raeburn was born on 1927 in a city called Dunedin in a country called New Zealand. For the benefit of the uninformed, New Zealand is way down under in the South Pacific, is larger than a lot of European countries, including Great Britain, stretches from north to south more than 1,200 miles, has a climate ranging from subtropical to damn cold, and is one hell of a long way from Australia.

Boyd started reading science fiction in 1935, and in 1943 produced his first fanzine. Being of the true blue, it was naturally printed on a Gestetner. Boyd's fanzine was a great success with the readers, and even more suprising, made what to him at that time was a large profit.



At the beginning of 1947, unable to stomach any longer the people, climate, and general atmosphere of Dunedin, he headed north to gay, sunny, cosmopolitan Auckland. Once settled in Auckland, Boyd began widening his circle of fan contacts, and started a system of fen around the country loaning prozines to each other. There was nothing organized, and probably because of this the system worked very well. As it was rather difficult at that time to obtain prozines, it meant the fen could read material they would not see otherwise.

Contact with North American fandom was slight, distance and currency regulations making the obtaining of American fanzines difficult. The N3F made a sortie into New Zealand at one stage, but that useless organization did as little for New Zealand fans as apparently it does for fen anywhere. Early in 1952, having a gutsful of The New Zealand Way of Life, and lured by the call of cool sounds, Boyd set out for North America. After a general tour through the United States, he settled down in Toronto, a few months before the first revival of the Derelicts, through whom he started to get in touch with North American fandom.

His main interests are music, science fiction, literature, and sports cars, and he possesses a minor interest in art. Dislikes: flag wavers serious constructive fans, idiots, and "good music". Favourite composer: J. S. Bach. Favourite artist: Dali. Favourite prozine: F&SF. Favourite fanzines: Grue, Skyhook, and Psychotic. BR

