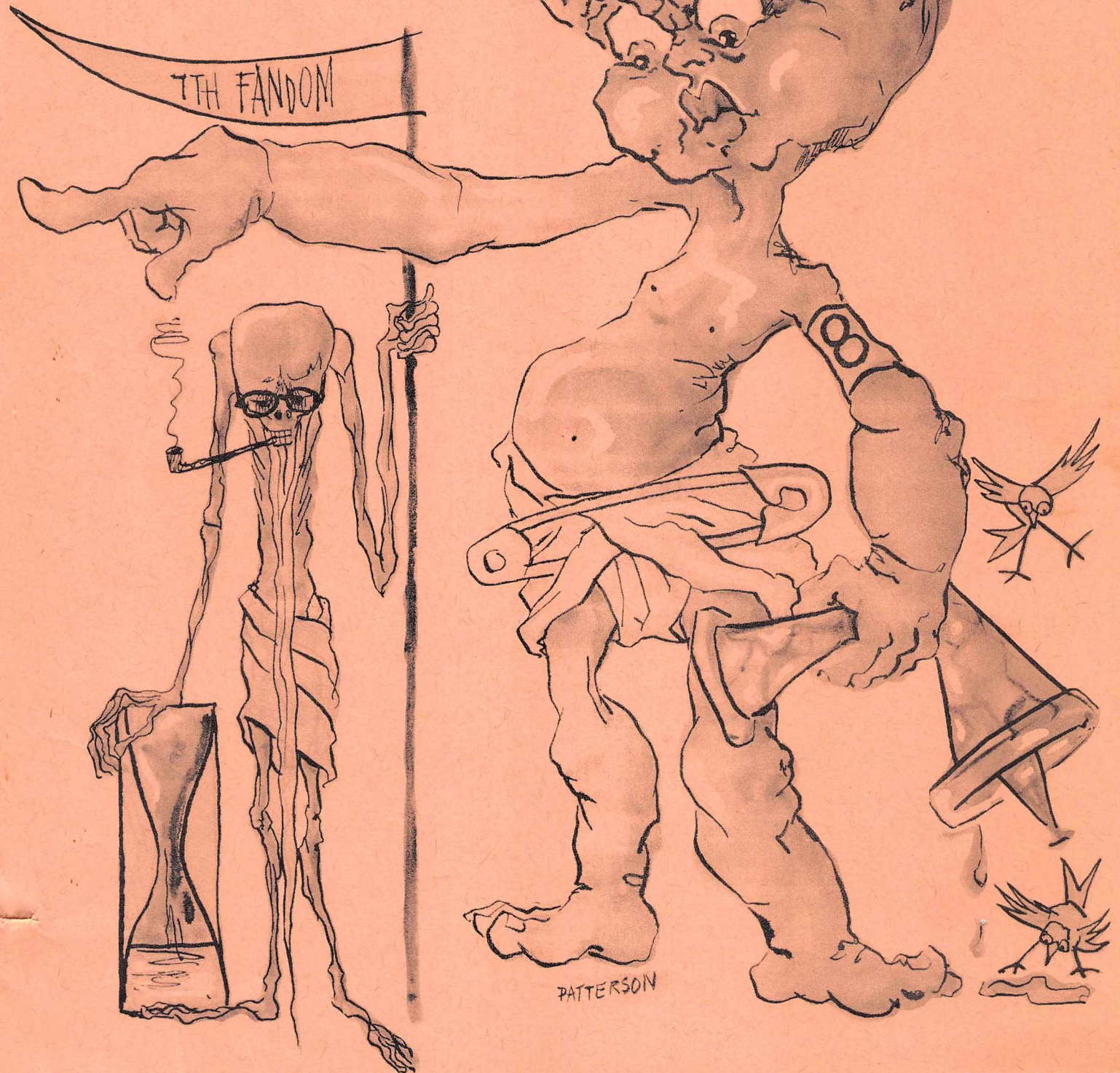


# Cantfan







# CANADIAN FANDOM # 23

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS- We welcome a new personality to our pages, Miss Pat Patterson who has turned out two very fine drawings for this issue of Can Fan. Also our thanks to Howard "Moneybags" Lyons for some of the stuff that makes a fanzine possible.....GAS-WDG



# EDITORIAL WE

by Gerald A. Steward

Despite all attempts, by myself, to the opposite; people are still acclaiming Can Fan as the "Personality-less Fanzine, (are you listening McCain?); still commenting only on the reproduction, (are you listening McCain?); and still misinterpreting my last editorial, (are you listening McCain?).

When I started publishing Can Fan, some 16 months ago, personalized fanzines were vogue. I thought that like the other fan fads, the helio-robot beany, the water pistol, and the I GO POGO buttons, this fad would pass. But, as is very evident, the personalized fanzine with its apa-type editorial is more popular than ever. So okay, the readers scream for personality, I'll try to put personality into Can Fan. It is entirely possible that the personality of Gerald Steward isn't as strong and forceful as that of Harlan Ellison, for that matter it isn't just entirely possible, it is a fact, but it will be there. You, however, will have to dig it out. Let me know if you can find it in this issue.

---

Probably his high and lofty editorial type thots is now come to be ineffable -- Stavdal.....

---

As those of you who have read the latest issue of A Bas know, the HIGH and MIGHTY has fallen. There has been a schizm in the Derelicts. For some time there has been a bit of strife in the club and this has caused the club to split into several fractions.

The trouble all began when Norm Browne decided to move from Edmonton to Toronto. Before coming to this city, Norm had gained a certain amount of notoriety through various exploitations, and had decided that he was, what is commonly known as a BNF. Consequently, Norm allowed his head to enlarge a few sizes.

When I wrote to Norm telling him I was going to revive Can Fan, he sent me a very egotistical letter inferring that with his vast experience and knowledge of fannish lore, he would be glad to assist me in the editing of the zine. Neither the other Derelict nor myself liked the tone of the letter, and not knowing about Norm's moving plans, we wrote a letter telling him in so many words that he could go to ---- and we would feel no loss. While my letter was travelling west, Norm was on his way to Toronto. They passed in transit, so Norm didn't see the letter until some time later.

In any event, when Norm arrived in Toronto, The Derelicts had a very low opinion of him. He said he joined the club for the purpose of new companionships, but Norm received a rather cold shoulder and a measure of ridicule which some of the club members used with skill and authority. Norm took this treatment for a short period, then dropped out of the club and fandom in general. The club went on as before and eventually A Bas was born. A copy, sent to Norm, revived his sensitive fannish instincts, and he returned to the Derelicts from the Glens of Gafia.

For the first few meetings, Norm seemed like a real nice guy. We thought he had changed. This wasn't the same egotistical person with which we had previously associated the name Norm Browne. In short, he wasn't trying to convince us that he was a B.N.F. We welcomed him back with open arms. How wrong we were. After a few meetings the other Browne began to show his color, and the rift was started. At first it was just a few words, a cutting quip, a subtle jest, a quote out of context, but always in a jocular fashion. The needle of ridicule was once again brought into action.

---

Like the lowing of a tortured Guernsey

---

Probably the first major event which attributed to the rift was the appointment of Boyd Raeburn as editor of A Bas, then the club organ. This came about one evening in my room where Howard Lyons and I were filling out a questionnaire concerning the club and publications for Ken Slater's Operation Fantast. We needed an editor for A Bas. Boyd was chosen through a process of elimination, the other Derelicts were unsuited for the job due to other commitments, Norm had his zines, Howard was planning several, Kidder was going to school, Grant, Hall, and I were tied up with Can Fan, so Boyd was the logical person for the position. When later informed of the move the remainder of the club agreed. Boyd took over the magazine and started soliciting material. Norm, who had been in favour of a rotating editorship, took exception to Boyd's actions in his editing of the zine. (By editing, I refer to the process involving getting people to write material, collecting same, dummyping, changing, layout and so on) I am not saying that Norm was jealous of Boyd, but he did object to almost everything Boyd did in regards to the zine.

In any event, Norm volunteered to stencil A Bas V2N2 and in doing so, inserted numerous interlineations, primarily designed to give the illusion that Norm Browne was the Big BNF who knew all about editing a fanzine while Boyd, (and the rest of the Derelicts) were just miserable clueless neos. In addition to this, Norm wrote a hoax letter to Harry Harrison and signed it Boyd Raeburn. Unfortunately it was published in A Bas V2N2 before we realized it for its full worth. It was acknowledged by most of the Derelicts that Norm had thoroughly fouled up that issue.

---

"This is no time to have rheumatism."

---

This brought about the inception of the Derelict Insurgents, namely, Ron Kidder, Boyd Raeburn and myself. The three of us sharing a mutual dislike for Norm's actions and superior attitude, formed a clique to block Norm whenever we felt it necessary, and labeled ourselves, the Derelict Insurgents. Until the last issue of A Bas, the Insurgents movements have been kept secret, although it may have been suspected.

Things came, more or less, to a head shortly after when Boyd started talking about another issue of A Bas. The Derelicts literally split into several camps. The Insurgents on one side, Browne on the other, while Grant, Hall and Lastovica assumed the position of disinterested observers. Lyons swung, pendulously, from side to side, first defending Norm, then opposing him, the defending, then.....you get the idea.

(Continued on Page 26)



# Tape Topics

News  
Events  
Around  
The  
World

Official Organ of WORLD TAPE PALS - Harry Matthews

WHAT'S NEW IN THE FIELD OF TAPE RECORDING

AUSTRALIAN OFFERS TAPE - SWAP IDEAS

LYELL CRANE\* HOPEFUL OF ESTABLISHING TECHNICAL  
CENTRE IN AUSTRALIA

RICARDO JACOBS, 74, IS THE OLDEST TAPE PAL MEMBER

SMIDS OF HOLLAND DESIRES DISCUSSION GROUP TO BE  
STARTED

Hobby Report  
Number One

\* Lyell Crane is a former member of the Derelicts

The story of this world-wide organization, and the man behind it, has already been told. But perhaps you don't read the "East Dallas Round-Up" too regularly - so we quote the following well-turned paragraphs for your edification.

"Take the combination of a printer and a tape recorder, add an idea, mix well - and you have a mushrooming international organization.

The printer is Harry Matthews, 44, of 2909 Grand Ave., and the idea is that of World Tape Pals, an association for the exchange of recorded tapes. Almost overnight the organization is fast becoming world-wide in scope and plans are being made to accommodate thousands of future members in the group.

After having been engaged at the printing trades for some 28 years, Matthews sent letters to editors of newspapers in foreign English speaking countries all over the world, enlisting their aid in reaching owners of tape recorders in their respective localities with a view to swapping recorded tapes and emphasizing the need for all people to learn more of their fellowman's habits both at home and abroad. The response was a little more than had been expected.

Air mail and other letters began rolling in, especially from England, the first country to receive Matthew's letters - from airlines employees, electrical engineers, importer - all eager to swap tapes in order



to learn more about our American way of life.

It was at this time that Matthews had to call for help from his wife Marjorie, in order to catalog the incoming names as fast as they arrived, and rush membership application blanks to World Tape Pals back to the inquirers.

Few of the foreign letter writers took the pains to state the speed of their tape recorders (which is most important if tapes are to be swapped) and whether or not their recorders had a single or dual track recording head.

Appearing across the bottom of the World Tape Pals letterhead in red is the statement: "For the Betterment of International Relationships." Mr. Matthews says his desire is to help people in foreign lands by carrying the story of America as it is today to them. The great response to his invitation to become members of his organization proves they are most interested."

When the foregoing was written, World Tape Pals was still in the formative stage. Today, however, thanks to the efforts of Harry Matthews, it is a large and ever growing world-wide organization - including active members in Australia, Canada, Cyprus, England, Holland, Lebanon, Union of South Africa, Egypt, Kenya and Sweden.

Each member of World Tape Pals, receives a complete list of all other members, both in the USA and abroad - including pertinent data on each person's occupation, hobbies, the kind of recorded material he is most interested in, and the speed and type of track (single or dual) of his tape recorder. Fortified with this information, you can select whatever names you want for your own personal Tape Pals - people whose interests are most similar to your own, in countries about which you would like to learn more.

In addition, Mr. Matthews, prints and distributes free of charge a newsy little publication, "Tape Topics" which keeps all members informed of what's going on in the organization, as well as important developments in the tape recording industry.

For persons living in the United States and possessions, there is a Membership Fee of three dollars a year - to cover part of the printing, cataloging and mailing expense involved in maintaining and revising membership lists and disseminating other pertinent information. There is no charge for members outside of the United States. And no charge for membership will be made to handicapped persons or shut-ins anywhere.

This is strictly a non-profit organization. In fact, Mr. Matthews, in addition to donating his time and talents free of charge - has frequently had to dip into his own pocket to meet printing and mailing expenses in excess of the dues received.

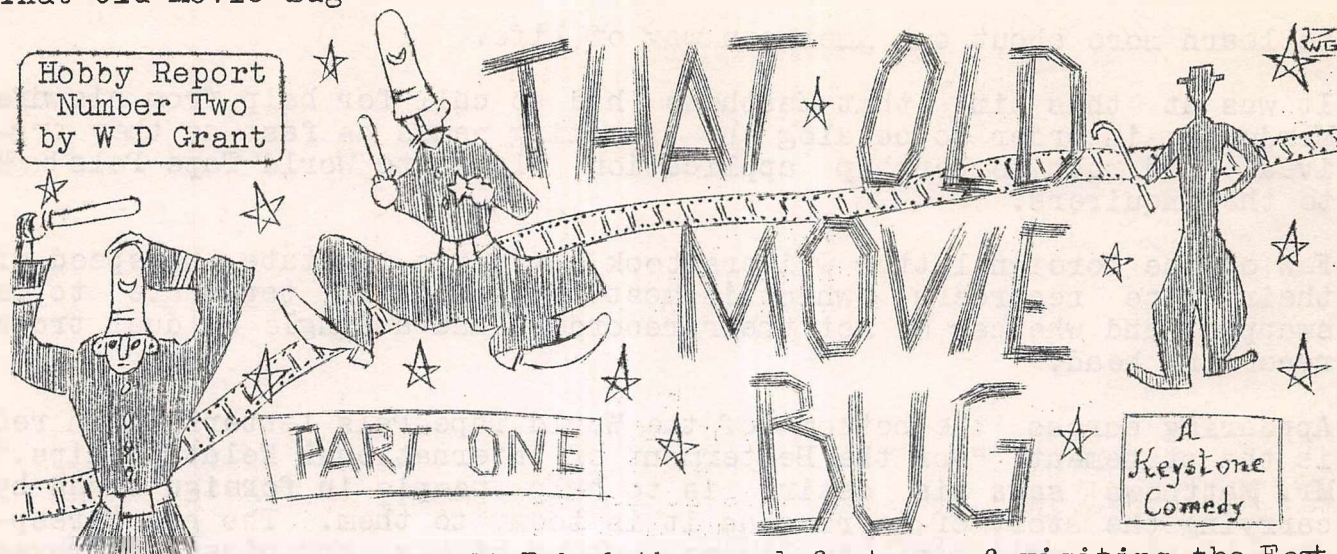
If you'd like to be a Tape Pal - why not drop him a line. Address it to -

Harry Matthews, Secretary  
World Tape Pals  
P. O. Box 9211  
Dallas, Texas., USA

AR



## That Old Movie Bug



On November the 17th, 1954 I had the good fortune of visiting the Eastman-Kodak plant at Mount Dennis, near Toronto. It was one hundred years ago that George Eastman came into the world, so Kodak celebrated this event up our way and south of the border in Rochester.

One thing that I'll remember is a reproduction of Thomas Edison's first order for film from Kodak in 1891. Then in 1894 the first public showing in Canada of Edison's Kinetoscope. Kodak opened it's Canadian Plant in 1899. Then by 1903 the movies attempted to put a story on film. "The Great Train Robbery" started the ball rolling and from that point on movies told a story.

And now we come to the heart of the matter, the old time movies are still pretty good entertainment. In the era of sound there has been well over seven hundred English - dialogue films re-issued and many great foreign language films. The re-issue business also reaches back into the silent days. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has been showing the classics for many years, they have master negatives and original prints of virtually all the early films in existence. You can see their weekly program listed in the New Yorker, seats are sold on a reserved basis. Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett (old time film devotees) told me of a theatre in San Francisco that presents old time shows, complete with piano and atmosphere to a sell out audience daily. Then of course there is the hundreds of school affiliated Film Groups all over America, which just goes to show you the thirst is still there for things of the past.

Generally speaking the slapstick comedy has left it's mark, to-day, no matter how hard we try, nobody has been able to beat the early comedies. But for the amateur or movie fan there is a wealth of material still around to tickle the funny bone.

The amateur home movie field (8 & 16 mm) is becoming a big thing. Kodak's sales figures are astounding when you compare them with figures of only five years ago. This home movie bug has caused the amateur to look around for some professional films (cheap) to supplement his own films. He has ordered by mail some likely titles and low-and-behold he has discovered the old time comedy. This little field has been coming along quite slowly, but the boom on cameras since 1950 has also made the old time film a big business along with it.



For a sample Blackhawk Films, Davenport, Iowa., was in a sense, just another small film distributing outfit in 1949-50-51, then they had to move into larger quarters. In the short time I've been ordering films they have really expanded. Their latest catalog lists a very large variety of films from old time to educational at a price that beats all other firms. (\$3.49 postpaid for 150 feet or more of 8 mm film) And to you the collector, they are the first outfit I've dealt with in fifteen years that is completely honest, in fact if there is any error in merchandising they more than lean your way to correct the transaction. This statement is directed to the mail order field only.

Some of their items are a sight for sore eyes, such as, six early one-reel Charlie Chaplin films, featuring people like Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, Edgar Kennedy, Mack Swain and others of the 1914 film days. Actually these are Chaplin's very first films, "The Rounders" being the most memorable. Chaplin is the world's best drunk.

Upon corresponding with Kent D. Eastin (President) he has informed me that they are lining up some of Chaplin's two-reel productions. "The Adventurer", "The Pawn Shop", "The Cure", "Easy Street" and others. This particular group I have heard mentioned by collectors and friends who remember them, they are all very fine items, particularly for home movie use. These films when released, will be a little over 300 feet in length and will retail at \$6.98 each.

They also have six Laurel & Hardy comedies of 1928 vintage, one of them is a three-reeler, "Two Tars", which was recently cited in an English Penguin Film Review as one of the better comedies of that year. Jean Harlow turns up with the boys in "Double Whoopee", probably one of her first screen roles. This group of films represent Laurel & Hardy at their best, the sub-titles slow things up a bit, but watching their style of comedy makes you realize that sound was quite unnecessary in the films they did later. These particular prints are very sharp and can be projected up to the size of a 16mm screen if your 8mm job has a 1000 watt lamp in it.

Another firm, Film Classics of Hollywood and New York, is also doing a fine job for the amateur collector. But in this case the prices are considerably higher. Prices average anywhere from \$6.00 to \$12.00 per one 150 foot 8mm reel, but then again they are producing features, and the turn over would be quite a bit smaller on each title.

"The Man From Beyond", starring Harry Houdini is a six-reeler (\$32.50) that came out of Hollywood in the early Twenties. This might be classed as borderline fantasy, at any rate it is truly a scarce item and has been reprinted on the 8mm gauge only.

Also they have some early short fantasy films (\$2.75 each) such as, "The Lost Child", made by Lubin in 1900; "The Enchanted Glasses", Pathe-Freres magic film of 1906; "Dream Of A Rarebit Fiend", an Edison-Porter film of 1903; "Johnny At The Fair" and other very rare items of that very early period of film making.

I recently purchased an excellent print of "Grass", a documentary made



## That Old Movie Bug

by Paramount in 1925. The background is Arabia, the story is about the migration of an obscure race of natives from a starved land to a place of plenty. The camera follows them through all sorts of physical hell to the promised land. While the titles date the four-reel version (\$18.95) you can get a two-reel abridged version (\$7.75) minus titles. By to-days standards, this film would fall in to the Disney "True-Life Adventure Series" in category. The camera work is excellent, when you figure out how heavy the equipment must have been in those days. At one point they go through a range of mountains, one of them being 1600 feet in height. This film shows a battle against nature, the only other film I can think of that approaches this is "Man Of Aran".

Also on the list is an item called "Colossus Of Hollywood" (\$17.25-16 mm and \$12.00-8mm) which is a one reel recreation of the early movies with authentic flavor. Bebe Daniels goes to jail; Victor Herbert visits the studios; Jack Pickford gets a new car; serial sequences from "The Adventures of Kathlyn", with Kathlyn Williams in the first movie serial; Helen Holmes and Charles Hutchinson in some more serial action; and Joe Bonomo, Bull Montana, Charles Ray, Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, Monte Blue, Dorothy Phillips, Milton Sills, Warner Oland and others. The contents have been edited from an unlimited supply of early films. An 8mm print of this has to be made up on request, it is not stocked in this size, so you can see why the price is kind of high, but well worth it.

It is surprising amongst the SF fans how many have a leaning towards old time films. Last May at Bellfontaine I ran a showing of "Two Tars" along with my convention films, afterwards the Hamiltons introduced themselves. Les Crutch of Parry Sound is another collector and I know Dave Kyle would be another if he ever bought himself a projector. There are others who collect, but have never committed themselves on paper. I wish they would, because a trading of information would save a lot of hunting.

Bob Bloch is another person who has a wonderful memory about early films and has proceeded to write a book about the mad days of the flickers. The first information about this came to my ears from Marty Greenberg, while I made a short stop-over in New York this last September. Wally Weber is another one and Ted Kikty has now entered into the 8 mm field.

And then there is an English Group who produced a 40 minute science-fiction film about two years ago. Canadian Fandom carried an article on this effort in the September 1953 Issue. It would be something to have a print of this for club circulation in the USA and Canada.

Below you will find addresses of the firms mentioned in this article, in future issues I'll be digging up additional information on fantasy films and giving pertinent references to the source of the material. WDG

Blackhawk Films, Inc.  
Davenport, Iowa., USA

Film Classic Exchange  
11 East Main St., Fredonia, N. Y.  
or - 1611 North LaBrea Avenue,  
Hollywood 28, California., USA

Source Material from-  
A visit to the Kodak Factory in  
Toronto, Ontario., Canada.

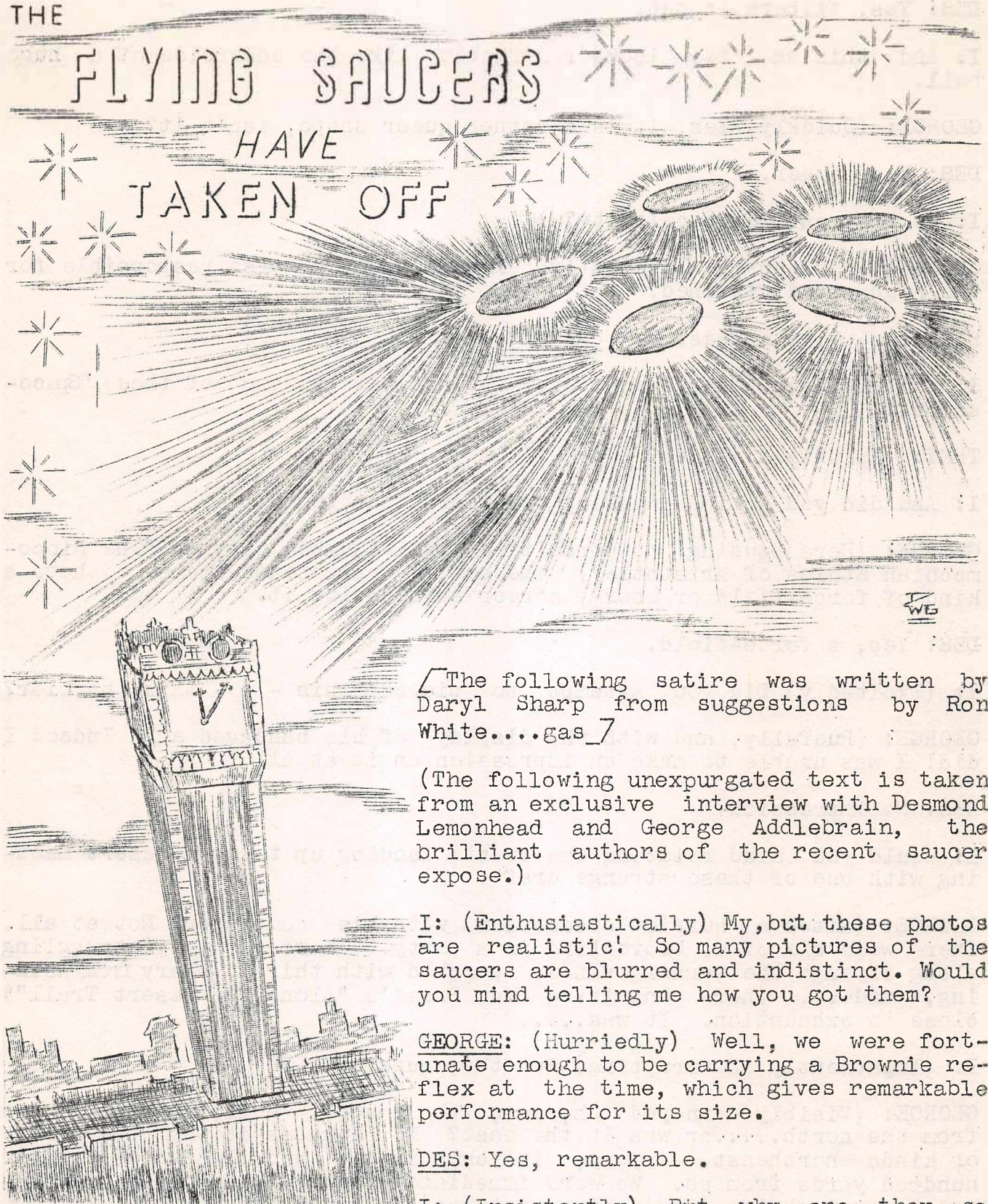
1951 Year Book  
Canadian Motion Picture Industry  
Film Publications of Canada, Ltd.



THE

# FLYING SAUCERS

HAVE  
TAKEN OFF



[The following satire was written by Daryl Sharp from suggestions by Ron White....gas]

(The following unexpurgated text is taken from an exclusive interview with Desmond Lemonhead and George Addlebrain, the brilliant authors of the recent saucer expose.)

I: (Enthusiastically) My, but these photos are realistic! So many pictures of the saucers are blurred and indistinct. Would you mind telling me how you got them?

GEORGE: (Hurriedly) Well, we were fortunate enough to be carrying a Brownie reflex at the time, which gives remarkable performance for its size.

DES: Yes, remarkable.

I: (Insistently) But why are they so clear?

GEORGE: (Vaguely) Oh, we had a special attachment that filters out the atmosphere.

BY

DARYL SHARP



The Flying Saucers Have Taken Off

DES: Yes, filters it out.

I: And this one here looks remarkably like the underside of a huge bell.

GEORGE: (Quickly) Yes, it is a rather queer shape, isn't it?

DES: Yes, queer.

I: Is that an aid to celerity?

GEORGE: (Hesitantly) Evidently. I believe it's also responsible for the high speed attained.

DES: Yes, high speeds.

I: Tell me, sir, have you ever been close to one of those "Space-ships"?

THEY: (In unison) Quite.

I: And did you notice anything peculiar about them?

GEORGE: (Here pausing to consult a well-thumbed copy of "The Niocomechian Ethics of Aristotle") The one we approached seemed to have a kind of force-field or energy screen surrounding it.

DES: Yes, a force-field.

I: (Excitedly) Did you attempt to pierce this - - - this barrier?

GEORGE: (Ruefully, and with the display of his bandaged arm) Indeed I did! I was unable to make an impression on it at all.

DES: No impression.

I: Would you mind relating the events leading up to your desert meeting with one of these strange craft.

GEORGE: (After a hurried discussion with his companion) Not at all. There were six of us travelling in a party. There we were, struggling along through the burning sands, parched with thirst, weary from walking, and..... (here consulting Max Brand's "Along The Desert Trail") close to exhaustion. It was.....

I: (Impatiently interrupting) But the saucer.....?

GEORGE: (Visibly annoyed) Oh, yes, the saucer. Well, it came in low from the north.....or was it the east? No, I guess it was the north, or kinda northeast. Anyway, it came in low and landed about four hundred yards from us. We were immediately alert and I quickly snapped several shots, (indicating pictures) from that distance.

DES: Yes, several.



The Flying Saucers Have Taken Off

I: Pardon me, but what exactly was the purpose of your desert expedition?

GEORGE: (Squirming uncomfortably) Well, we were originally sent out to determine the suitability of the sand for summer alfalfa sowing.

DES: Yes, alfalfa sowing.

I: (Taking notes) Thank you. Please go on with your story.

GEORGE: (Frowning) Now where was I?

DES: Yes, where?

I: (Helpfully) About four hundred yards from the saucer.

GEORGE: Oh yes. We started walking towards the craft, and as we approached it, we became aware of a strange hum.....just like the sound of an electric saw.

I: (Excited) And what was it?

GEORGE: An electric saw.

I: (Disappointedly) Oh!

GEORGE: Funny thing, we never did find out how it got there. Anyway, I was pretty close to the ship, when suddenly I felt a strange tingling in my body, and the sensation of cold on my legs.

I: The force field?

GEORGE: No, the water in my canteen was leaking down my pants. I discarded it and stepped boldly forward. It was at the point that I was thrown violently to the ground, suffering a wrenched arm. The others, behind me, stayed where they were as I scrambled back to safety.

DES: Yes, to safety.

I: (Recalling Hildebrand's "Aid To Interviewers") Did you notice any signs of life around the ship at that time?

GEORGE: (Concentrating) Well, there were two gophers mating off to one side, but otherwise.....

I: (Hurriedly) No, I mean in the ship itself.

GEORGE: (Brightening) Oh, the ship! Yes, a beautiful young man stepped out of the ship as I joined my companions.

DES: Yes, stepped out.

I: (Pencil poised) Would you mind describing this stranger to me?

GEORGE: (Vaguely) Well, he was -- let's see -- about your build, your



The Flying Saucers Have Taken Off

height -- your general features -- (suspiciously) in fact, he looked remarkably like you!

DES: Yes, like you!

I: (Cringing) Oh, I'm for real! Were you able to get a picture of him?

GEORGE: (Apologetically) As a matter of fact, no. He was quite insistent that we should not photograph him, although he refused to say why, however, we have a sketch here, (Holding up a sheet of paper) drawn later by a member of our party.

DES: Yes, a sketch.

I: (Examining the drawing) Hmm, any distinguishing features?

GEORGE: (Without hesitation) Yes, you'll notice there is a tiny mole on his left earlobe. We thought this was rather significant.

DES: Yes, significant.

I: I see. Did he speak to you?

GEORGE: (Scratching his head) Well, not exactly. He used a form of telepathy in which I have gained some proficiency through several years study.

DES: Yes, study.

I: (Intently) And were you able to determine where the visitor was from?

GEORGE: By a combination of telepathy and sign language, he communicated the fact that he was from the planet Venus.

DES: Yes, Venus.

I: (Amazed) Shades of Ghu! This is all so hard to believe!

GEORGE: (Coldly) I assure you, sir, that I speak the truth!

DES: (Also coldly) The truth!

I: (Hastily) Oh, I believe you, of course! It's just so strange at first. What else did he tell you?

GEORGE: (Casually) Oh, nothing important. Just a bit about life on his planet, and the principles behind his ship's drive.

DES: Yes, just a bit.

I: Oh. And then he left?

GEORGE: That's right. He walked up the steps, got into his ship, and took off.



DES: Yes, took off.

I: (Suddenly alert) Just a minute! You didn't mention any steps before! How many were there? Where were they?

GEORGE: Uh --- between the windows, I think.

DES: Yes, the windows.

I: Windows? What windows? You didn't say anything about them before! How many? Where?

GEORGE: (Confused) Uh.....oh, I can't think!

DES: (Also confused) Neither can I!

I: (Angerly brandishing a banana peel) Fraud! Hoax! Baddies! You nearly fooled me! Begone! Take your story to Scully!

(And so saying I made my exit by crawling through the **Keyhole.**)

DS

# THE MAELSTROM

ALVIN B. WEBB, Jr.  
Knoxville, Tenn., USA

To start with the cover was excellent. I've yet to see a better one in fandom. Ditto the index page. Grant's "Editorial We" has some good points and gives the reader a nit of an insight into the working of your zine.....Then comes the dual (in both senses of the word) comic review of "Mad". I'm pleased to find that there are at least two members of homo sap that share a common viewpoint on Pogo and Mad. Bill likes 'em both---I like 'em both.....And to hell with reading Pogo just to be a damned cultured intellectual! I read it because I like it and because it is the only true funny strip of all the so-called funnies.....Then your otherwise superb zine becomes cluttered up with the most nauseating damned piece of fiction that has ever been shoved down the respective throats of fandom! If Lyons doesn't like Mad, then whyinhell has he got three copies of the mag to give away??? Sounds like a poorly staged publicity gag....."The Indian Lake Story" made for fair reading, if one keeps in mind the convention problem.....The next section is---Oh-No!! Not Lyons again!! Now I'm but definitely and thoroughly convinced that this gentleman (Well, I'm trying to be a little polite) can give birth to some of the smelliest printed miscarriages that any poor English-reading individual has ever draped his weary eyes upon. The article was very good except for the waste of potentially usable space between the first and last sentences.....A parting comment, your zine is very, very good, keep it that way.....Tell Lyons my address, if he desires literary revenge.



## The Maelstrom

DUTCH ELLIS  
Calgary, Alta., Can

A suggestion: Use another staple, or stop talking about Calnek. Your back page is off. Not that the back page is of much consequence anyway.

The "Cartoon Page" was a waste of space--atrocious drawing, poor printing.....The front cover was good, cute idea (fairly, anyway), well - arranged and perfect reproduction. I just don't like gaudy turquoise. Gerry, I suggest you write the editorials. Bill Grant had nothing of any consequence to say, and his style of writing is a little stiff.....As for his comments on "Hodge Podge From Light" (Part One) being more for adult consumption, I'm more inclined to side with Daryl's remarks in the Letter section. Enjoyable as it was, I wouldn't classify it as "adult" in the sense of "mature", which seems to be what Grant is trying to say Can Fan intends to be.....Rather ironic that the winners of the "I Hate Mad" contest should receive copies of said magazine. Lyons you have one hell-of-a-sense of humor....."Phi Alpha" was much more enjoyable this time than last....."By Jove", interesting to hear about things going on in fandom so long ago. Find my self looking forward to the next installment....."Mouse In The Stocking", I found this very unpleasant, beg Croutch to stick to his humorous moments....."Fan Personalities", avec Raeburn was good-enjoyed this the most in the issue. Drawing---slightly magnificent. I do find Grant's work so frustrating.

BILL STAVDAL  
Nanaimo, B. C., Can

The cover almost makes me weep. Its basic design and great slabs of startling blue might have formed something really great, that artist's doll robot and humorous (?) front page dragged it back into the morass. Fairness dictates that, after that spurt, I must express my admiration of Bill Grant's work with photos and his enchanted touch with any stylus.....I like Don Ford's style, as displayed in "The Indian Lake Story". Quiet and objective, with no ballyhoo or spite. More?....."By Jove", is the type of thing that gives a fanzine substance and stature, and I thoroughly enjoyed sifting thru it. This column is the most worthwhile item in Can Fan....."Mouse In The Stocking" certainly had a gripping, nightmarish quality about it. I quickly admit that it is a better piece of writing than my own effort, but that first part of "Hodge Podge" in issue # 21 was adolescent, semi-pornographic crap.....You gonna send me a medal for not once mentioning your excellent reproduction? Congratulations.

HARRY CALNEK  
Granville Ferry, N.S., Can

So here I'am, man, and I'm going to start with the cover. This cover, I dunno, just doesn't do much to me. It's nice and all, that, (well, damn nice in fact) but not something I'd rave over.....Bill's editorial about Can Fan was alright, but it did nothing to me. And his defence of Les Croutch's material would have been put to better use in the letter column. A defence of Croutch's material doesn't seem to require a defence, anyway.....Following this is another defence that I don't think is needed. But still, Stavdal's bit on "Mad" is the best item in the zine.....Enjoyed Ford's bit about the Midwest Con. I hope it continues till some date in the far future when I can attend.....These record reviews done by Kidder and Raeburn in both Can Fan and A Bas seem to be taken too lightly by a lot of people. Either too few are interested in disks or they just

don't dig the significance of a record review. This was all brought to my mind when somebody, I believe it was you, mentioned that it was quite a task. So I thought it over and tried my hand at the thing. Lemme tell ya! Anybody who can do a job like Kidder did on "Don Juan In Hell" has both my admiration and awe.

REDD BOGGS  
Minneapolis, Minn., USA

I hate to break a tradition of eleven years standing, but I am going to comment on Can Fan # 22. I don't believe I ever commented, at least at any length on Can Fan before.

Speaking of Can Fan's past, I must take exception to Bill Grant's editorial, in which he claims your fanzine is older than any other fanzine but "Light". Harry Warner's fapazine Horizons is older, I think, and since Can Fan has had three editors over the years, we'll have to allow other fanzines edited in turn by various people into this competition. Fantasy Amateur was founded in 1937 and is still going strong; it starts its eighteenth year in November of this year - 1954..... "Phi Alpha" was a valuable feature. Liked "silver-fish among the Gold" best, I guess. Why the nonstop paragraphing here? "By Jove" is another fine feature - and why the solid block of type here? By Jove, it's hard to read, even in your flawless Gestography. But some of those lawsuits in the Frantic "Fourties" were hardly as amusing as SHM implies. Ask some of the Futurians who were sued by Wollheim in 1945..... I remember "Mouse In The Stocking". It is curious that you pay tribute to Les by reprinting from Light, but still know so little about him that you misspell his name five or six times in the issue, including his byline..... Can Fan's best feature continues to be the fine duplication and format. The cover was okay, but hardly worth the extra dough. The interior illustrations were absolutely top-notch, for the most part.

(If Redd doesn't mind I'd like to make an apology, and interrupt the letter column for a few lines of explanation..... When mentioning Can Fan and Light my statements should have stated "in Canada". As for misspelling CrouTch's name, I am guilty, but when mentioning "old man" CrouTch, I think he has been in the fanzine business as far back as 1937. "Light" actually evolved from "The CrouTch Magazine Mart News" which totaled some 107 issues. The first issue of "Light" was actually numbered # 108, September 1941. Then "pappy" renumbered and started all over again. As for myself, I contributed material to "Censored" in 1940-41 (none of it saw print) and at that time Beak Taylor was also around on the same lot. After the war I contacted the Toronto Group and found that Beak was turning out Can Fan. Since then I have remained an undercover fan and made suggestions to help the cause along. Certain standards have been passed on to me by Beak Taylor and Ned McKeown. I have tried to hang onto some of them as you have no doubt noticed, but after all some of them are "old hat", so Gerry has been shaking out the cobwebs and I think Can Fan will continue to keep up with the times. All our letters say one thing, they have been stimulated, they beef, they praise and that is the true function of a fanzine. Thanks, Redd, for stirring up the cobwebs, we needed it...WDG)

LES CROUTCH  
Parry Sound, Ont., Can

That leaving the "T" out of my name is more common than you think. I figured you'd get wised up in the error sooner or later, so why should I bother?..... Apparently the excerpt

material from Light met with a mixed reception. The Lunger woman seems to



## The Maelstrom

be somewhat incensed with the general tone of my humor. Ah sell, you know the old adage - what is one man's meat (in this case women) is another's poison. If we all liked the same thing we might all go for bald-headed women, in which case think of the weeping and wailing and beating of foreheads upon the ground of all the brunettes, redheads and what have you. The what-have-you takes care of those following the current trend of dying their locks some unnatural color. In the FAPA, Light's brand of humor goes over pretty well, among members of both sexes. Personally, I don't give a damn at all!!.....I am enjoying Can Fan, which, after all, is all that really counts. Just a word of advice, for what it is worth. Never never get so ambitious for size and circulation that what is now a pleasant hobby becomes a boresome chore and developes into a load too heavy to stand up under. For when the day comes, endangered by too much work - too great a worry over forthcoming deadlines and so on - then Can Fan will quickly die unless you can find some other person to take over from you. Which is why, I think Light is lasting as long as it is: I worry not about meeting a deadline - I have no subscription list - I have no policy - I keep it small and plain - a job small enough to handle easily and thus it never becomes boresome. As a result I always get a big bang out of each and every issue. But to operate on such a scale you should belong to an AFA, and thus get a decent circulation without having to worry about a mailing list and mailing the individual copies.

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NO ONE  
CAN PROVE  
IT TO YOU

WLG

by JOHN LOOMES

As we have had requests for the following type of article we are repeating, but we wish to make it clear that the views expressed are those of the author.....

Do you believe in God? That is the question, and a touchy subject, so if you are biased in any way, please turn the page. The subject of God has disturbed me for some time now and I have been studying life to try and satisfy this disturbance. The most sidconcerting part is when discussing the subject, everyone has their own definition of the word God. As far as I can see, they fall into three groups, viz;



1. The personal G o d. (The Old Man sitting up in the clouds) This God has an ego, which is preached in the Old Testament, re: "I'am a jealous God." The Heaven - Hell theory generally accompanies this.
2. The vague idea of God, and all prevading entity of love and justice. The people who tell of this type of God are vague because they border between God #1 and #3. They were generally brought up to believe in God #1, but can't reconcile Him with their knowledge of life as is, and won't give time to consider anything else.
3. The Universal God. This one has no ego, and is actually the sum total of the Universe, using the hypothesis that all matter is alive, and basically everything is one, though on a different vibratory level. This is the view held by most students of Truth, and invariably included a belief in Reincarnation and Karma. One set in the U. S. terms is the 'New Age' religion, though it is definitely the oldest.

Taking the belief of God #1, it would seem immature, on the whole, to have an all-powerful ego. According to my reading on psychology, people should not have a power held over them, and punishment for the committance of crime does one no good (re: Heaven - Hell), and is part of a revenge complex in our present civilization. As one young woman of my acquaintance puts it, "This God would have to be fiendishly cruel to allow people to lie in hell, either that or mad."

With #3, being the main point of this article, the term God is incorrectly used according to the dictionary definition, but as there is no other word, God it is.

Using logic as the basis of my study of the subject, I first eliminated #1. Having been born a Roman Catholic this was not as easy as it may sound. Anyway, with nothing to replace it, I was an athiest, but as the world is, I decided there must be some aim to it, and with considerable meditation on the subject of Truth, (generally while writing letters) it came to me that as all matter is in continuous movement - the atom - we would seem to have a totally alive universe. A little intuition told me that the individual spirit was not necessarily permanent, and that all spirits are really one. This naturally includes the whole universe. (I was later told that matter is only spirit on a lower vibratory scale) This could lead to the possibility of dimensions or planes, through which the individual spirit could pass after leaving Earth.

Now to follow logic this 'living Universe' must contain all knowledge, or Truth. Now a 'Truth' is something outside of time, ei. Hydrogen 2 plus Oxygen 1 combine under certain conditions to make water, and this was so before man knew it. This must not be confused with a knowledge of time, re: the passage of time, of things to come, etc., as this would eliminate any true free thought and action in mankind, which in turn would eliminate any good reason for our being here in the first place. This complete knowledge would be the source of all true intuition, and as a knowledge cycle is included, it would also explain Extra Sensory Preception.

As mentioned above, reincarnation and Karma must invariably be included with this theory for it to remain logical: reincarnation being the



## No One Can Prove It To You

return of the spirit to the material plane in a new body, with or without the memory of past lives; the reason for the discontinuation of memory being Karma. The equalization of all thought and action on the material plane, as everything we do must be returned in one form or another, could never be contained in one lifetime, bringing in reincarnation.

The Philosophy of Karma is contained in all religions, Jesus' Sermon-On-The Mount being an example in Christianity, in the Bhagavad-Gita (Gospel of the Hindu) Krishna is most implicit on the matter; Moslem, Buddhist, Taoist, they all understand that you can't get away with a thing in the long run.

Religion in the West decrees that deeds on Earth must be paid for, or rewarded, in the after life, hence Heaven and Hell. But these being infinite states and therefore quite impossible from the point of human psychology. What would be a happy environment for a Londoner would be out of all reason to an Arab, and even the Londoner would get bored sick after a few thousand years of it. As Jesus said, "Heaven is within you." Or is merely a state of mind and can be attained here on Earth as well as any hereafter. The same being good, and more appropriate at the present stage of humanity, for the fact of Hell as a state of mind, here on Earth.

Differing from the Western Heaven-Hell (as infinite states) the religions of the East are, generally speaking, based on the presumption of reincarnation and Karma, giving logical reason for our being here, (not an overall reason admittedly, but at least a more mature reason for our being on Earth) We must live materially with our emotions as to gain the experience of life, through as many incarnations as necessary. The measure of this being Karma, which is affected by all thought and action of the individual concerned, and must be accounted for, one way or the other to afford freedom of memory, or freedom from loss of memory, and also a freedom of reincarnation.

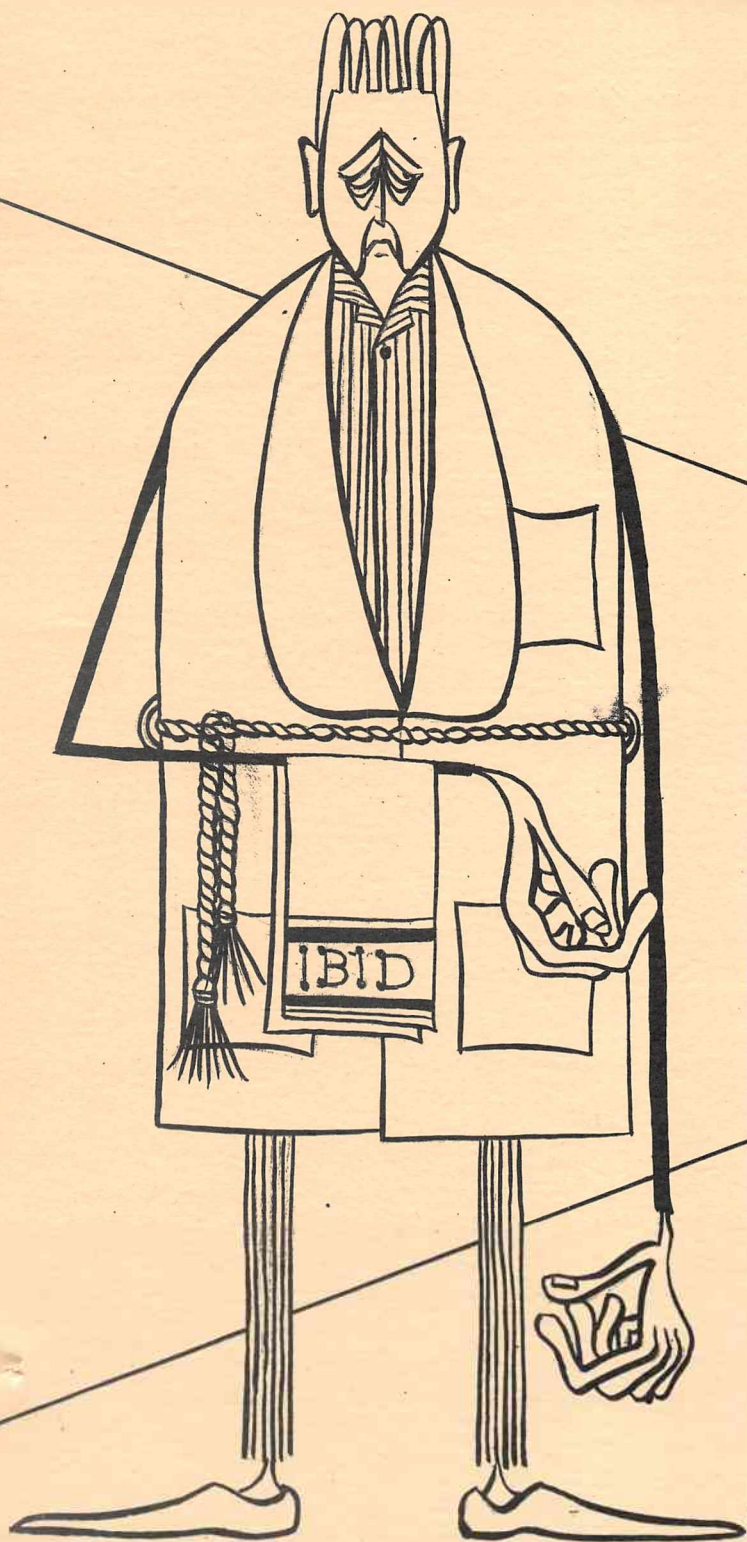
The prime necessity for the attaining of these freedoms being, according to Krishna, Knowledge; which is attained only through meditation and divine intuition. The Gita use the term Yoga. This comes in all sizes, and are generally Eastern practices used to attain the state of mind necessary for contacting and entering other planes of existence and for attaining unity with the source of divine intuition.

Yoga, on the whole, is the fine art of ignoring the material world. Krishna says to be a Karma Yogi one must put aside all ambitions and all material possessions. Every thought, as well as action, must be dedicated to the cause of experience, and we must neither look forward or back while experiencing the present to its full extent. No material profit or prestige should be looked for or accepted, all emotion, pleasure or pain, must be looked upon as apart from the 'self', thereby putting the mind over all matter. This is all that Yogi consists of, and if it isn't enough, just try it and let me know how you get on.

In case it is of any consequence, I'am an agnostic, and anyway, as I said in the first place, no one can prove it to you. JL

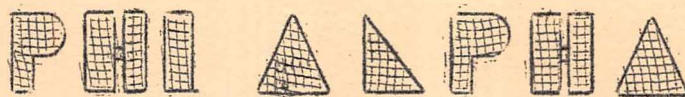


# Pre-Apa



PATTERSON/54





You have just finished looking at the cover of PRE-APA, a one-shot perpetrated by me during October and sent to FAPA, WAPA, and some others. It means I am waiting to get into FAPA (the can) with my mag IBID; just ahead of me is Ed Cox.

In the self-same mag was an article by Norman Browne called "7th Fandom Thiotimoline" in which he promulgated the theory that 7th Fandom was a hoax and never existed. Bob Bloch read this and said, "I am relieved to find out about 7th Fandom, but I'm afraid I have news for Norman G. Browne. Viz. -- 6th Fandom is a hoax too! Actually we're still in 5th Fandom. There never was such a person as Lee Hoffman, nor is there a real Walt Willis, as anyone who has ever met them will attest. Walt Willis is really Chuck Harris and Lee Hoffman is just Charles Wells of Savannah, wearing falsies. I suppose I am a cad to reveal this information, but that's the way we 5th Fandomers operate."

{{You are the caddis person I ever met, and this is the worsted yarn....gas.}}

Also in the self-same mag, as an insert, was a reprint edition of Canfantator being Ned McKeown's first fanzine, published we believe in 1946. Bob Bloch said of this, "Enjoyed the Ned McKeown insert -- by far the best thing he's ever done: he should have quit when he was ahead."

So we thought more fans should see this treasure from the past. You will, therefore, find enclosed in this ish of Can Fan, a copy of this collector's item.

The New York Times of October 31, 1954 had this as from Goldsmith Bros. "Give your firm complete security from prying eyes... NEW SHREDMASTER BANTAM 10 -- quickly, easily destroys confidential papers and records.....\$285.00. Never before an office paper-shredding machine combining the speed and economy of the new Shredmaster. Anyone can operate it. There's no fuss, no trouble. It's features include extra-easy, slanted gravity feed, safety throat, greater cutting width, speed, capacity, and power than ever before. Smart functional design takes its place alongside your typewriters and adding machines. Just plug it in -- it's ready to give your company complete security." There is an illustration with it, "your papers go in here and unreadable shreds come out here." At last, something which will quickly process the material you receive from Harlan.

This is November 17th and THE INCOMPLETE POGO just turned up at the bookstores. I bought a copy and noted with astonishment that it says inside, SECOND PRINTING. Don't they even let it out of the plant before it is op?

Anyway, it's very much like the earlier books: POGO, I GO POGO, and THE POGO PAPERS. The reprints are fairly recent, including the 'weather' sequences in which Cox figures Canadian weather is for the birds and home-manufactured stuff would be better, Mole comes back from the dead, Pup dog is packed in with the lunch, the Louisiana Perches, Mouse rassels chile worm the COBRA, Reggie and Alf turn up looking for a cricket match, the school is opened, the Whimsey survey is made. In case you're wondering about

the allusions on page 187, Mr. Crump was morality officer in Memphis, Tenn., in the early days. W.C. Handy once wrote a song called MR. CRUMP DON'T ALLOW NO EASY RIDIN' HERE. This dealt with Mr. Crump's clean-up campaign. Later the tune was rewritten and retitled THE MEMPHIS BLUES. The original tune has come down to us as MAMA DON'T 'LOW NO RAGTIME PLAYIN' HERE.

And speaking of Kelly, he hit Toronto at the beginning of November for an appearance on CBL-TV. According to the reporter, Kelly doesn't think Pogo has any message, in spite of the fan's discussion of Pogo as he applies to the Emancipation of American Womanhood, or the New Role of the Alligator in the Modern Home, or the Impact of Swamp Characters upon Housing Developments. According to Kelly, the Okefenokee is dry and is in Georgia or Florida or both. He will continue to have Albert pole a flat-bottom boat around it, however. With respect to a question regarding the resemblance of Simple J. Malarkey to a certain loud-mouthed senator, Kelly looks innocent and says there is no resemblance, living or dead, etc. He figures on reviving a Canadian character, a moose that came down to attend an Elk's convention in nineteen-ought-eleven. Currently there is a possibility of Albert and Bugle Boy competing in a thinking contest. This contest might go until July 4th. No one would know who was cheating in this particular contest, but Kelly figures that Albert would lose, Bugle being the tenacious, fearless, noble animal that he is. His last remark was that regardless of VETERAN'S DAY in the U.S. and REMEMBRANCE DAY in Canada, to him and his character it's still ARMISTICE DAY and the hell with you.

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"Scratch a telepath and you'll find a symbiote" - i.v.

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An address: TORCON CORPORATION - 493 East 5th St., Ashtabula, Ohio. Just in case you want a refund from 1948.

I understand that Raleigh Multog has given up, due to lack of time. I wish to review the last issue of Star Rockets, but being the lazy sort, I use a review, (not of SRO from "1" number 2. ".... a brilliant and scintillating publication which will appeal to all readers with a mental age of above two. The subtle jest, the hidden wit, the merry puns and descriptions of young fen at their play will bring a tear to the eye of many an old, hardened fan. This publication is to be highly approved and will have many uses even after it has been read.

From now on all the crud from Multog will be his one-sheeter named Anew or Renew or some such thing.

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"Well then, why doesn't GALAXY publish G O Smith?"

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Re: the comix. The way Canadians think about comic strips. Blondie, L'il Abner, Dick Tracy, Steve Canyon, Bringing Up Father and Pogo, in that order.....ranging from 24.4% for Blondie to 2.7% for Pogo. This is a survey conducted by Elliott-Hanyes Survey Organization. Other news, 53.2% questioned thought comics were harmful to children, 42.4% defended them, and the rest didn't have a pencil handy. Of course, in the 53.2% there are many qualified opinions about "some children" and "some comics", most figured crime comix are bad, but the strips aren't. No special queries about MAD.

And speaking of MAD, I would like to com-



Phi Alpha

ment here on the spectacular results of the I HATE MAD contest lastish. Not one entry was received. Therefore I must assume, a) no one hates MAD, and b) no one who likes MAD is willing to double cross the EC Fan Addict Club in order to receive the valuable prizes of early issues of MAD. So the hell with you, you want copies, you send me money from now on.

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Never call a bitch a spayed

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What happened to number 2 DIMENSIONS? Did Harlan run out of wind and -or money? I am waiting impatiently for the 2nd out of 5 quarterly installments of MZB's item. What are the statistical chances of any one fan remaining in fandom long enough to get his \$2.25 in fanzines from Harlan?

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'smatter Harmon, not enough egoboo in interlineations?

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Dean Grennell has a new one named Roberta Lynn as of October 27th, 1954. Congrats.

The following nitemare is quoted from MEMIORS OF A SHY PORNOGRAPHER by Kenneth Patchen and should be of special interest to Redd Boggs: "Then one day I met a man who hated me. I think he also loved me. Fool! Throwing himself out of a boat into my face---Naturally I snipped his leg off. That was my first taste of long pig."

Pat is knitting a mobile in blue.

I see where Alice B. Toklas in her new cookbook for Harpers gives the following recipe for fudge: "All you need is fruit, nuts, peppercorn, coriander, and some crisp, dried marijuana plant. Two pieces are sufficient." Get some for the CON, get some for the CON!

New Books: Brain Surgery Self - Taught, How To Build Your Own Swamp, and Head Shrinking For Fund And Profit.

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"You must learn to be snubbed and looked down on, because you're not like the rest Moby."

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I note here in a book - store throw-away an ad for TO FAME UNKNOWN by Clifford L. Alderman. Big blurb - "THE FUTURE OF A FORNICATOR". Seems Sabrisal stands up in a meeting (in Connecticut) and confesses to fornication. They go to Nova Scotia and Absolom and Yvonne are reunited after the bloody battle of the Plains of Abraham. How come comic books are bad for kids, but throw-aways like these can mention those "dirty words?"

Same booklet advertises Hilda Neatby's book A TEMPERATE DISPUTE, dealing with education in Canada; "Is teaching a learned profession, and if so are the educationists in Canada living up to the requirements of the term." This author's previous book, SO LITTLE FOR THE MIND, was a best seller; it also blasted away at progressive education in particular and education practices in general. I note that the U.S. is not getting off scot-free; advertised in Saturday Review I see THE DIMINISHED MIND by Mortimer Smith, "at all controversial book-stores." This book is "an examination of the planned mediocrity in our public schools," and sounds very much like Hilda's complaints.

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"Tell me ONE thing that's good about Shakespeare"

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I finally got around to opening a box from the Science-Fiction Book Club. Everybody is aware that this is a Doubleday enterprise, but it became even more evident with this selection. Two books - THE ALTERED EGO by Sohl from Rinehart, and ONE IN THREE HUNDRED by McIntosh, from Doubleday. The custom has been to alter the book jackets to eliminate publisher advertising - substituting a blurb about "Today's Fiction - Tomorrow's Facts". Well, this time they goofed. One of the books has the publishers' advertising all over the back of the jacket, and it isn't the Rinehart book.

Which brings me to comment on the SF Book Club. Who isn't a member? Why not? Just look at Doubleday's list on this jacket, the following books are in the club bucket: ILLUSTRATED MAN, PEBBLE IN THE SKY, THE STARS LIKE DUST, PUPPET MASTERS, TAKEOFF, CURRENTS OF SPACE, WEST OF THE SUN, WORLD OUT OF MIND, SYNDIC, BORN LEADER, CAVES OF STEEL, MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS, BEST FROM F&SF #3, and MISSION OF GRAVITY. Maybe more. Player Piano, Long Loud Silence, Astounding Anthology, and Omnibus of SF are from other publishers. At a buck each, these are give-aways, and don't give me that crap about pocket editions. You know which is easier to read and which gives more pleasure to stack up in that closet. Why not spend all your money by joining. If you really want to do a GOOD THING, why not give my name as a reference. The name is P. HOWARD LYONS, Canadian number S-8054. I get a free book, you see.

"A few of the older fen are necessary to help things along"-j.m.g.

And finally, here's what I think of a few of the fanzines I have purchased in the last little while:

I am looking at ABSTRACT 8 - it came in a little late, but it's here. It started out with a litho cover in the AB tradition, pretty black, and not bad looking, then an exhausted sound or two from Vorz, in which he mentions 12 hours of assembling, thus practically ending the Conish and in which he looks forward with bleared eyes to the Annish which is nearly upon him. I wonder if he will make it.

There's quite a bit of obvious material in the issue, beginning with Kunwiss telling how the bar-tenders prepare for the fans. But Bloch is not obvious: he pleads with Kali, Goddess of Death, Black Mother of Murder, Guardian of Thieves, Strangles and Science-Fiction Convention Fans to spare him the seven perils of convention-going. I laughed as usual.

Carol McKinney tells of the seven stages of sf enjoyment, good. Denis Moreen says, "J!Accuse" and he means the promags which alternately ignore and fawn on the fans. He shows how this "fawn" varies from Palmer mentioning them by name in editorials to Campbell mentioning (or allowing a mention) the convention. This is good.

The review of the STF DIRECTORY is a fine laugh. It's on page 26, but then, you probably don't have a copy, do you?

Letter column starts out with Boyd Raeburn cutting into Vorz a little, in the middle Claude Hall says Vorz is a rotter for reviewing his SAPSZINE, Mittlebuscher talks on and on, and ends up with Bob Bloch telling how he ripped a tendon in his hand.

There's an ad for LYRIC that has some of the best

(With apologies to Walt)  
selection is an anthology from MAD and is called MAD READER. WE'VE MADE IT KIDS... phi.  
N.B. Another book club is sponsored by Ballantine Books, latest



## Phi Alpha

art in the issue, drawn by Kellogg.

Then Vorz tries something that doesn't pan out - an imitation of Derelicti Derogation, the play-pan type of thing. I think this sort of thing is best done a la A BAS, someone with a fine mind sits at a typer and listens to or remembers what the other members are saying or said. The first one was done by Tod Cavanaugh, (mostly my gags by the way) later the editorial committee of Steward, Kidder and Raeburn took over. Vorzimer's isn't the same somehow.

Grennell expands on FILLER #97, that is, he tells you how to make a good fanzine. Accurate and interesting.

There are some CARR Critturs which are fairly funny for something as time-worn as this is becoming. Sorry.

Carol McKinney tells how come she is a fan. Harlan Ellison contributes some anti-anti-negro fiction which is not fantasy, or stf, and is out of place here. It is in bad taste also.

Bob Stewart makes another move in the on-again-off-again campaign. This time he's for fandom if they'll let him back in. As he says of fans, "Yes, Sam Moskowitz, they're grand."

Then Vorz talks about fanzines. He criticizes Canzines for criticizing him, says he will pan Can Fan and gives it a B, says he will give MIMI a good review even if it is a Canzine and gives it a B, then reviews UMBRA, says it is recommended and gives it a B. His reviews are good, but don't look at those letters.

Vorzimer himself does a 20 page report and it's good. There are four pages of photos and these are terrific. There are con reports also of the HANGCON by Hitchcock, OKLACON by Chappell, FANVETCON by Fletcher, and no MIDWESTCON by Norm Browne.

Vorzimer ends by saying, "if this issue proves to be the thud it might be...." You've probably insulted Pete for being late and for talking loud. The insults should be over by now, let's send a few compliments. The above may sound a little cool, but a hundred pages is a little wearying. I really liked the thing.

I've decided to withdraw from the blast Vorzimer campaign. After all, as the Arabs say, "JAWAB UL AHMAG SAKUT."

*Dear Howard*

by  
BOB  
BLOCH

The word from Tucker is "First Fandom is NOT Dead!"

And to prove it, Tucker himself swung into action last week and descended upon the city of Chicago like a one-man horde of locusts.

Accompanied by Fern, (Tucker and Fern, what a bouquet they make together!) he issued a summons to all hands (and several feet) to take over the city in the name of First Fandom, or common indecency.

Lured by a spirit of morbid curiosity, I responded to his invitation and ventured into the purlieus on Wednesday as house-guest of Fritz Leiber.

On Wednesday evening, Tucker spoke to the University of Chicago



Science-Fiction Club. About 30 attendees heard him talk and Fern and I both applauded. Another speaker was Margaret Brundage, who used to illustrate covers for Weird Tales.

On Thursday night Tucker spoke to a class in science-fiction writing organized by Ted Dikty, at the YMCA! There's something for anyone's memory book -- Tucker in a YMCA! Who said that never the twain shall meet? For that matter, the only reason I attended was because I'd been led to believe the meeting would be held in a YWCA.

Friday I moved into the Hotel Harrison where Tucker and Fern had set up headquarters. Fern explained they'd left the baby home under a dishpan. Friday afternoon the three of us sought culture at a W. C. Fields movie in revival, and Friday night we went out to the Dikty mansion. Julian May Dikty has just sold her story, DUNE ROLLER, to the movies. It may be filmed under my suggested title, which is, BRIGA-DUNEROLLER. Then again, it may not.

Be that as it may, (or Julian May) they held quite a party. Among the mourners: Rog Phillips, Roberta Collins, Mel Korshak and Irene, Mark and Diane Reinsberg, Bill Hamling and Frances, plus about 20 others -- including a human-bottle opener named Frank Robinson. A fine time was had by brawl.

The Dikty infant, little Sam, could not hold its liquor and passed out early in the evening. The rest of us kept going and enjoyed ourselves.

On Saturday we three, augmented by Frank Robinson, Harriet Felles, and finally Earl Kemp, attended a Lollabrigida movie, (Tucker is a great student of Italian cookery, and Gina is quite a dish) and a meeting of the Mystery Writers of America. This was followed by an old fashioned revival meeting at the Harrison Bar, during which several people had old fashioned and had to be revived.

On Sunday we three (Tucker, Fern and I were by this time inseparable; at least, Fern and I were inseparable, and Tucker was merely insufferable) walked over to the Field Museum where Tucker insisted on looking at an exhibit of Prehistoric Man from 250,000 B.C. on. We spotted such outstanding types as Homo Moskowitzus, Pithecanthropus Asimov, and the Early Neanderthal, or Acker Man.

Then on to the Egyptology room, where Tucker and I gazed reverently at the mummy of Impotentotep.

Having cased the mummies, we hurried to view Jacques Tati in Mr. Hulot's Holiday -- a film I very much wanted to see, and to which I managed to drag Tucker by claiming that "Hulot" is really the French spelling of "Harlot".

Thence to Ginny and Ollie Saari's home for the evening. They have a baby, a dog, two cats, and lots of fun; it was a pleasant experience.

On Monday the Tuckers went back to Bloomington and I returned to sanity.

It's hard, though, to get a clear picture of what Tucker is up to, besides his neck. He told some of the neo-fans at the University about the books he had written -- SLAN, and THE DEMOLISHED MAN, and THE LOVERS. I hadn't even been aware that he'd done those titles under pseudonyms. Then the next night he told the YMCA class about ghost-writing editorials for somebody -- I forget whether he said Campbell or Palmer; maybe it was both. Privately he confided in me that he was thinking of producing a revolutionary new type of science-fiction movie; one without Richard Carlson in it. Of course I told him it would never go. But he reminded me I'd said the same thing about SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, and look how fast it went.

But you'll find something about First Fandom in his Le ZOMBIE...and learn that even from the grave his voice rings loud and clear.

No, First Fandom is not dead. But after almost a week with Tucker, I damned near am....Hoping you are the same. BB

"It takes two to owl." ...P.P.



## Editorial We

(Continued) By this time the "feud" passed the subtle quip stage and there was a lot of outright bickering and bitching. I found myself in the middle. Browne would bitch to Lyons who in turn would bitch to me; while Raeburn was bending my other ear.

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"Nothing like a fanzine to keep a club together." Steward-1953

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Irregardless, A Bas V3N3 came out, edited by Boyd and entirely written and produced by the Insurgents. In this particular issue, quite a bit of space was devoted to roasting Browne, (in a Voldesfannish way) it was quite evident that A Bas was no longer a club magazine. The terrific ribbing which Norm took in this issue seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Shortly thereafter Norm quit the Derelicts, firmly convinced that the majority "hated him".

At this writing the club goes on much as it did before, without Norm. We still hold our twice monthly meetings, we still kibitz and joke, we still sit around shooting the breeze and digging the sounds. With two exceptions, the club no longer has an official organ, (A Bas being a Raeburnzine now) and it is without Norm Browne. (He being a Derelict Exile)

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Get you furshlugginer potrzebie out of my farshimmelt

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So the Derelicts have survived two major crisis, one in its embryo days and now in its maturity. We don't hate Norm. Far from it. Norm has proven at times that he can be a nice guy, a "regular fellow", when he wants to be. Anything that happened to him in the club was brought upon himself with his HIGH and MIGHTY attitude.

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No doubt his sensitive fannish type mind is filled with rancor.

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Got a letter from Willis the other day. Evidently Walt's impeccable taste did not approve of my Black Listing "Hyphen" some years ago. Walt says:

"Some time ago in Can Fan you had a "Black Listing" of Hyphen. As you could have found out if you had asked me first, this was a result of a misunderstanding. Kenneth Hall's subscription did not arrive with me and the only reason he assumed it had, was that I took his word that he was sending it and sent him a copy on account. My only fault was in being too trusting.....I dislike being accused of dishonesty in public - especially in such an irresponsible way - and I was expecting you to publish an apology. Kenneth knows the facts."

Well, irresponsible or not, the Black List got results. Dear old, gaffiated pal, Ken may have known the facts but I was never clued in. Ken went gafia for the summer and I saw little of him. He never told me that the trouble was cleared up and I naturally enough forgot all about the Black List. I am given to understand that the difficulty over the subscription has been settled to the satisfaction of both parties involved, and so, on genuflecting toes, allow me to extend my humblest apologies to you, Walt. I know that I have been receiving Hyphen with grim regularity, and it is one of my favorites and a mag that I can truly recommend.

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Serious constructive! -- Hell no, we're Voldesfen.

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After much heralding and prepublication publicity, Howard Lyons has finally produced one of the many fanzines he has been talking about, namely, PRE-APA. My personal opinion is that the written material is not P. Howie at his best, but the accompanying artwork is the end. Far Out. The perpetrator of this decorum is one Pat Patterson, a femme artist new to the fan field and one gifted with that rare talent few fanartists really have, the ability to draw. As a matter of fact, Pat earns her coffee and biscuits by being a commercial artist. While printing this issue, P. Howie, Pat and I were constantly making cracks about the text being ignored with the artwork garnering all the raves. I am afraid I have fallen prey to this same fault. The fact of the matter is that the writing is good, but is simply overwhelmed by the art and layout. The magazine is certainly worth the 25¢ asked and is excellently printed on the GASTetner, (copyright '54 by Howard Lyons) so if all goes well, you will see a sampling of PatARTerson on the cover of thish. (Aside to Lyons; that makes us even for your above pun)

Got a few more things to say. Got no room. Got to cut out. How about a few of you letterhacks blowing up a storm in The Maelstrom. We need material for the next issue. Keep it cool. This is the end. GAS

