

CANFAN

Thirteenth Year Of Publication
JUNE 1955



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Gertrude Fehr

MID-WEST CON ISSUE

Thirteenth Year of Publication
1932



Photograph by
Gustave Lein

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CANADIAN FANDOM #25

13th Year Of
Publication
June 1955

CANADIAN FANDOM House of York

Editor

WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 Burton Road
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone HU 9-0766

Printed by

GERALD A. STEWARD
166 McRoberts Ave
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone OL 5487

Special Contributor
TOD JOHNSON

Published 1943--1947
BEAK TAYLOR

Published 1947--1951
NED McKEOWN

Published 1953--1954
GERALD A. STEWARD
William D. Grant

A DERELICT PUBLICATION
QUARTERLY

Single Copy 15¢ - Four for 50¢
Eight Copies for \$1.00
We Will Not Accept Larger Subs.

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"The Moth" originally appeared in a 1941 issue of Censored
"Is Science-Fiction Literature?" was to have appeared in Escape
"A Little Bit Of Ireland" was to have appeared in Escape

13TH WORLD S-F CONVENTION Cleveland, Ohio USA
Sept. 2-3-4-5th 1955

THE MOTH

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

"Hello John," greeted the fireman, bending over to open the firebox door to inspect his fire critically before spreading a shovelfull of coal over it, "bad night for the run, eh?"

Engineer John Ruggles nodded acquiescence as he lit his torch and picked up the hand oiler preparatory to oiling up the mysterious regions of the giant locomotive that stood panting and straining at the leash, impatient to be off on the night run down the valley, pulling the heavy string of pullmans.

The conductor came slowly down the platform, riffling through the yellow batch of train orders. He halted beside one of the big drivers.

"Bad night, John. Mist thick as pea soup. You'll have to keep your weather eye peeled tonight. We're leaving ten minutes late, so you'll have a chance to really roll her this time without being hauled up on the carpet for it."

The big engineer straightened and grinned.

"That's good, Tom. What's the reason for being late?"

"Special shipment of express coming in at the last minute. Something valuable, I guess, else they wouldn't hold the Limited up this way."

The other nodded, and wiped his oiler off with a bit of cotton waste. The conductor hesitated, then in a sympathetic tone: "How's the wife John? Any better?"

"Got a long distance today, Tom. Doc says if she doesn't suffer a relapse she'll be right as rain from now on."

"I'm glad. She's a fine little woman."

"She is that."

It was eleven and a half minutes past the scheduled leaving time. Engineer John Ruggles pulled open the throttle, and rolled her out into the night. It was bad, he admitted to himself. The mist rolled across the tracks in great clouds of thick fleeciness. It would be hard to see very far ahead. And he'd have to make a fast run this time to make up that eleven and a half minutes, or else the dispatcher would be raising merry old blue hell with him next day.

Clicking over the frogs and cross-overs, the long, heavy all steel train rolled under the signal bridge, out of the yards, and gradually picked up speed as they left the great city. Slowly Ruggles gave her

The Moth

head, and the gentle rocking roll of the great iron horse settled down to a surging movement of great power.

He shistled at the yard limit, and glanced across the cab at his fireman and grinned.

"Ever notice how much better they pull when the air is wet and heavy?"

The other nodded with a grin and stuck his head out of the window. The spray felt good on his face after the heat of the cab.

With a muffled roar they shot past a small station, its lighted windows looking like a white streak at the speed they were travelling.

Twenty minutes out of the city was their first stop, which was of about four minutes duration, but which would be probably cut a trifle tonight in order to shorten the running time.

They had no sooner drawn to a halt, than the telegrapher came running out in his shirt sleeves, waving a thin sheet of paper in his hand. Climbing half way up the cab steps, he thrust it into the engineer's hands.

"Message for you, Mr. Ruggles," he said, "just came in a few minutes ago."

With a sudden catching of his breath, the big engineer hurriedly unfolded the paper. The words seemed to blur before his eyes, but somehow he managed to make them out.

"Bad news John?" asked the fireman, noticing the other's sudden pallor.

The other nodded and blindly handed it to him. The fireman read; MRS RUGGLES SUFFERED SUDDEN RELAPSE - CONDITION RAPIDLY GROWING WORSE - ASKING FOR YOU - DR FREDD

"I- I'm sorry." Was all he could offer in the way of sympathy.

The other nodded his thanks, but said nothing.

This time as the long train pulled out of the town and across the dark hidden countryside, it was picking up speed at an alarming rate. The man at the throttle, his mind blinded by the sudden agony that his loved one was lying terribly ill, perhaps dying, could think of nothing else but the urgency of getting home as quickly as possible, and that meant making this run as fast as possible, for his home and the end of the run were in the same city.

South of Westmore, the second stop on the run, the double tracks merged into one through the deep rock cuts. The trainmen called it "The Devil's Trapping Ground" because of the numerous wrecks that had occurred there in the early days of the system. At both the north and the south end was a small cabing which housed a man acting as both a signalman and a telegrapher. His duty was to throw the switch from one track or the other to the single one and to make sure no train ran into the perilous section while another was already there. The cabing at the

south end was set tight against the rock wall, and this night, the mist being heavy, and the seepage from the rocks great, there had been a great deal of water from above running down onto the edge of the roof. It began to leak. The man within seeing a damp spot appearing on the wall and believing it safe to leave the place, went outside to see what could be done about the situation. He was outside longer than he suspected, and was on his way down from above, when the high whistle of an approaching train froze him to the spot. Before he had more than a chance to even begin to move, a short fast freight roared by in a cloud of smoke and cinders, the whistle giving two derisive toots as it faded from sight in the swirling fog. At about that time John Ruggles pulled the throttle a trifle wider.

Then Ruggles leaned out to see the board at the north switch cabin as it came into sight. Seeing it set at green, he gave his whistle a couple of peeps and roared on through the closed switch. His fireman inspected his watch, then turned and yelled across the cab to him. "Attaboy John! We're gaining. Only nine minutes late now. It's twelve fifty-seven!"

John Ruggles raised his hand in acknowledgement and for a moment a faint smile twisted his lips, then was lost in anxiety.

In the rock cut the fog was almost black, and seemed to reach out with long, tattered, clutching fingers as though to stay the train from its madly hurtling speed. The headlight bored a hole of brilliant white before it became a solid, oddlike beam in the mist.

The engineer drew in his head to glance at the water glass and steam gauge. He opened the throttle another notch, then stuck his head through the window again.

What was that? For a moment he thought he was seeing things, and then he could see it distinctly; the white figure of a woman, with arms outstretched, and dress flying, as though to stop the train. John subconsciously closed the throttle a notch, then his reason took hold. What would a woman be doing in the cut at this time of the night? In fact at any time? He was just seeing a phantasma created by his anxiety laden brain. He opened the throttle again and settled back, rubbing his eyes.

"John! John!" shrieked the fireman, grasping his shoulder, and shaking him roughly. "Stop the engine! There's someone ahead!"

What? Could he see it too? John looked again, and now he could see the arms waving, fluttering, the whole figure moving. With a sob he slammed the throttle to the closed position. The train came to a shuddering halt that jerked sleepers from their berths, and brought the conductor on the run, lantern in hand, to see what was the matter up front.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" roared that person in a very irate voice, spitting forth expletives that would have made a seaman's parrot blush with shame.

John descended from his cab like one in a dream. He could still see the figure dancing in the mist but less actively now. Dumbly he point-

The Moth

ed to it. The conductor turned, and stared.

"What are you pointing at," he demanded, "there's nothing there. Just a shadow on the fog."

The fireman shook his head and said, "I see it too!"

John walked toward the figure. And as he advanced, it slowly faded until it vanished from sight. Slowly he turned and came back. In the meantime, the fireman, with a flash of inspiration, had climbed to inspect the headlight.

"Here's our ghost, John," he called, laughing. "A huge moth, caught in the headlight trying to beat its way out through the lens cast its own shadow against the fog and looked like a woman trying to stop us!"

The conductor snorted. "If I didn't know you two like I know my own sons," he declared, "I'd say you'd been drinking. Well, let's roll, we're later than ever now!"

He turned to walk back to the coaches. The engineer and fireman started to climb back into the cab when they heard it.

Faintly, far ahead, coming toward them through the night and the mist, was another train! They could hear its exhaust; the rumble of the cars. For a moment they stood stunned, then leaped into action. The fireman threw himself into the cab, grabbed a lantern and fuses, threw them to the engineer who started up the tracks as fast as he could run.

He barely made it. The faint glow of the other train's headlight, was showing when he lit the fuses and started waving them in the air. Luckily the other engineer must have seen them, for almost immediately grinding steel screeched into impossible sounds and then the great silence, nobody spoke. Then came the arguments. Conductors compared their watches, and finally the blame was placed on one of the signalmen stationed at the ends of the cut. One of them had slipped. A fresh faced conductor took his portable phone, climbed a pole, and got in touch with the dispatcher.

When he came down they noticed his face was a little pale and carried a much sadder look than usual. He walked over to John Ruggles.

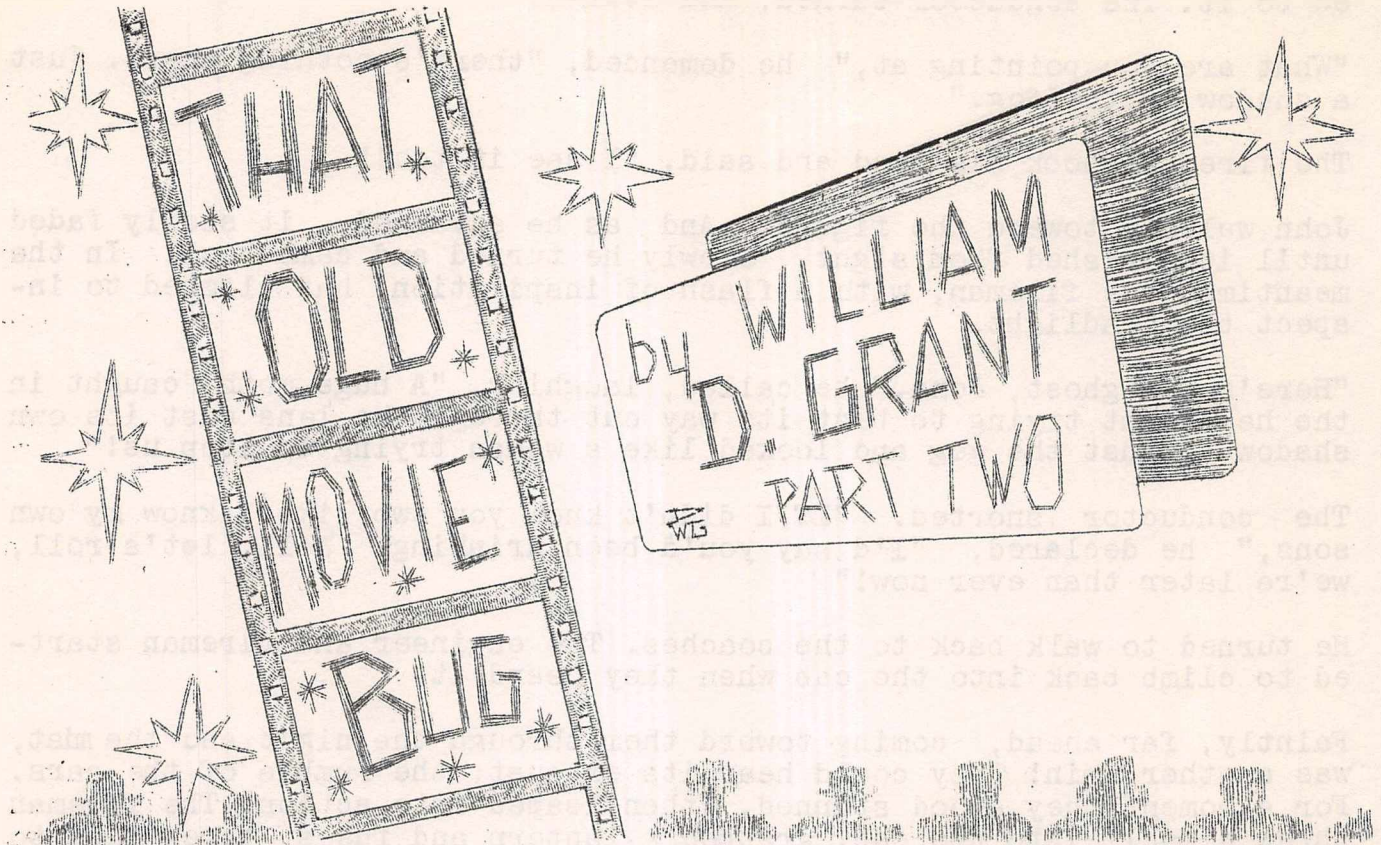
"I'm sorry John," he said, "the dispatcher had a message for you and he gave it to me. Your wife - your wife....."

"Yes?" said Ruggles and he knew what was coming, he braced himself.

"Your wife died at one o'clock tonight."

John stood as though graven in stone. The whole world went tumbling around him. Then, ever so slowly, he raised his eyes. He could hardly see, but he turned and looked towards the great headlight, where a white moth fluttered its last in the powerful beam.

"Thank you Rose," he whispered and then walked back to the cab. LAC



Today when anyone mentions "slapstick" we immediately think of the early Chaplin films and the Keystone Kops, but some of the lesser known comedians begin to appear in the misty past and take form, such names as Harry Langdon, Fatty Arbuckle, Stan Laurel, Wallace Beery, Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and a host of others. These people entertained and created individual styles of their own and gave pleasure to early film audiences. Today they are doing the same thing, if you don't believe me just hang on.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have appeared in many fantasy films in their very long career. One of their early sound jobs has now cropped up on the home movie lists. (16mm sound - \$24.98 and on 8mm silent-3 reels - \$10.47) "The Live Ghost" is running around on TV and still manages to get the odd run in some of our local movie houses. "The Live Ghost" falls into that odd length category, it runs around forty minutes, which would make it a short feature to my way of thinking. At any rate Stan and Ollie are employees of a fish market and from this point on the boys eventually end up on a haunted ship, with a genuine ghost. Considering the age and the budget the ghost sequences have been well-handled. The print is excellent and from another source I hear the sound version is average, which usually means surface scratch is evident on the sound track, this is evident in all early sound films.

Harry Langdon appeared as late as the forties in sound films, actually those of you who probably saw him never realized the greatness of this comedian. He can be best described as looking somewhat like Stan Laurel in appearance, in fact, many critics are of the opinion that

That Old Movie Bug

Stan Laurel copied the mannerisms of Langdon. At any rate in the twenties Langdon made features and two-reelers by the score. While at First National (1925-26), he was directed by Frank Capra, who was then just starting out. The Capra genius can be detected even in those early films and with Langdon's touch for portraying an unobtrusive 'little' man, the combination threatened Chaplin's position, many, many times. Today we have two gems from 1924, just before he met Capra. In these cases Langdon was almost director, but Mack Sennett managed to get his trade mark on them.

"Boobs In The Woods" features the timid Harry in the great outdoors. The visual beating and the final triumph over the rough characters of the wild north make for one of the funniest films I've seen in quite some time. There is a scene where a girl tries to get Harry to kiss her, this is comedy at its very best.

"All Night Long" on the strength of the success of the above mentioned has just come out. This one has the adventures of two buddies in France, during World War I. Another lesser known name Vernon Dent is Harry's pal. The quality of both prints are better than average and have been reissued on 8mm only. They are both priced at \$6.98, post-paid, each. They both run around 25 minutes and make wonderful additions to an evening of home movies.

Victor Moore, a very familiar name to all of us, goes back to the early days. "Flivvering" was made in 1917 and gives you a good look at the automobiles of that day. The film is actually very unfunny, poor direction, if there was any, seems to be the fault. Actually this is a Victor Moore many years before success came to him and there are only a few slight signs of any pattern or style evident in his actions. But for the curious, and the collector this is an item of interest. This one is on 8mm and retails for \$3.49. Moore is 41 years of age in this one, so you can figure that he's had a very long run in show business. He started in films in 1916 with Lasky and "Flivvering" is about his sixth film. Before this he had many years on the stage in minor parts. So you can see that Victor Moore had many long hard years before national acclaim.

Fatty Arbuckle is another comedian associated with Chaplin, but in his own right was an individualist. What the Motion Picture Industry calls an unfortunate scandal in 1921, forced Arbuckle into retirement. But the gravity of the scandal barred him from ever appearing in a motion picture again, he passed on in 1933. At any rate under the Mack Sennett masthead Arbuckle made some average and some great films. One of the great films was "The Knockout", a two-reeler made in June of 1914 and featuring all the Sennett stars in small parts (Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, Minta Durfee, Mack Swain, Slim Summerville, Edgar Kennedy, Al St. John, Charlie Chase and others). Today, even though Arbuckle was the star, because of Chaplin's brief appearance the film is not associated with the star. True Chaplin's bit is great, but in balance it is Arbuckle all the way. The film runs about 28 minutes and is obtainable on two gauges, namely, 16mm silent \$36.00 (with added sound \$45.00) and on 8mm silent \$18.00. And may I add a pretty stiff price for a two-reeler, but if you have the money it's all yours, just send the green stuff to Film Classic Exchange in Hollywood.

In contrast, pricewise, "Leading Lizzie Astray", which also stars Arbuckle can be obtained for \$3.49 (a one-reeler released by Blackhawk Films). The print is first rate, the story has Fatty's sweetheart being lured to the big city. Fatty goes to the rescue and the climax would be considered a block-buster by today's standards. Also another one of interest is "Her Dramatic Debut" in which Arbuckle supports Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett. This one shows some good interiors of a 1914 movie studio, plus some long sequences in a nickelodeon. These shots alone make this an item for the historian.

Wallace Beery entered into films in 1913 for Essanay, he played various parts, mostly serious. By 1915 the Triangle Company created a series of weekly films, running about 8 minutes each (half-reels). Beery became a comedian known as 'Swedie' in the weekly series. In 1917 Triangle became the property of Mack Sennett and thus Beery turned up in a Ben Turpin comedy called "A Clever Dummy". To make sure of this opus, Sennett added Chester Conklin to the cast and the "Dummy" became a well-known two-reel comedy of that year. A mechanical dummy is fashioned after Turpin, but Ben takes over the dummy's role to better his cause, our boy gets mixed up with some chorus girls, which leaves his wandering eye twitching. Beery turns up on the second reel of the film, a very slight man as compared to his size in later films. This film was the pivot that sent Beery on his way to light comedy in many later productions. The three stars of this film all bridged the gap from silent to sound pictures. Beery was the most successful, while Turpin and Conklin have had smaller roles in hundreds of films.

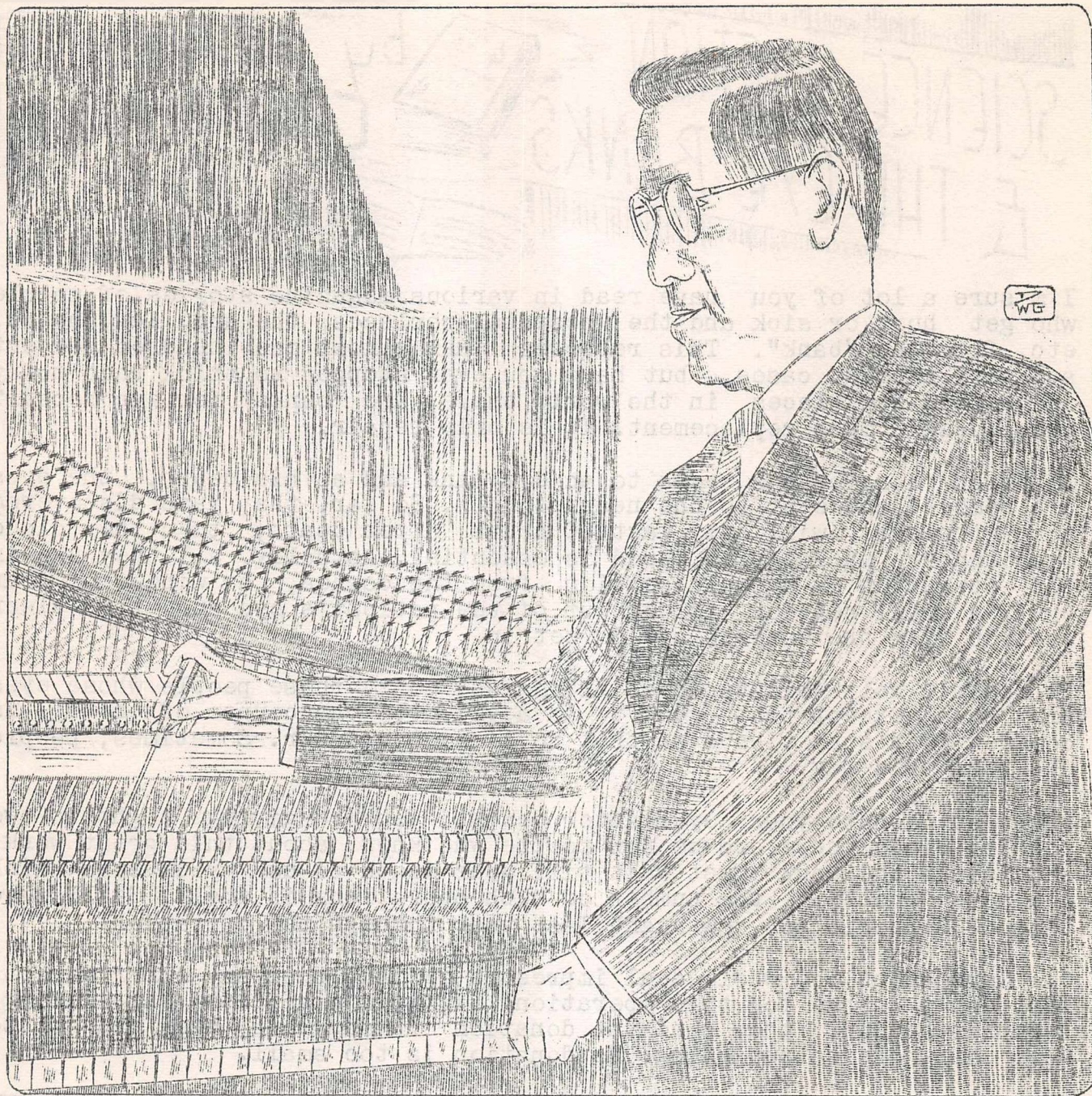
Stan Laurel before joining forces with Oliver Hardy was already established as a comedian. As previously mentioned Stan Laurel followed Harry Langdon's type of comedy. And it seems to me that they both appeared in a comedy together called "Cracked Nuts", I remember seeing it listed as a two-reeler. While reading Theodore Huff's book on Charlie Chaplin I was quite surprised to read that Laurel was an understudy to Chaplin, when he was appearing on the London stage in 1912-13. Laurel really hit his stride in a three-reeler called "Mud And Sand". (16mm silent - 3 reels-\$39.45 from the Film Classic Exchange) In this one Laurel takes over Valentino's role and does a satire on "Blood And Sand" that will remain as fresh today as it was in the twenties.

In closing anyone that can supply some additional information on "Cracked Nuts" will be my life long friend. Eighteen-Sixteen Films of New York (nowdefunct) issued this film on 8mm about twelve years ago., since then a lot of water has passed under the bridge, but I'm still in hopes of adding this item to my collection of old time comedies. WG

The Live Ghost-Boobs In The Woods-All Night Long-Flivvering-Leading Lizzie Astray-Her Dramatic Debut-A Clever Dummy.....all distributed by Blackhawk Films, Davenport, Iowa.

The Knockout - Mud And Sand.....Distributed by Film Classic Exchange, 1611 North La Brea Avenue, Hollywood 28, California.

Source material from....."Charlie Chaplin" by Theodore Huff (Schuman)
.....Motion Picture Almanac - Edited by Terry Ramsaye (Quigley).....
Grierson On Documentary - Edited by Forsyth Hardy (Collins).....



A Case from the Records of
The Eye-Bank For Sight Restoration, Inc.
210 East 64th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Mr. R. says: "I have only had one occupation - tuning pianos - and for almost 22 years my sight was such that I finally had to give up my work. Two successful corneal graft operations have given me clear corneas and normal vision so that I am back tuning pianos, happy, and with more work than I can do. My gratitude knows no bounds."



I'm sure a lot of you have read in various magazine stories of people who get hurt or sick and the hospital replaces the arm, leg, heart, etc. from the "bank". This restores them almost one hundred percent activity in most cases, but have you ever stopped to think that today in quite a few places in the world there are "banks" for eye repair? This doesn't mean replacement. It is only repair.

A person donates his eyes to an eye bank and at his death, the eyes are removed and sent to the nearest bank. So far, they have discovered that the eyes will only last 60 hours after death, then they cloud over and are useless, so speed is essential. Actually, all they use in the operation is a small section from the cornea, or window of your eye. A small section is cut out of the patient's eye and this clear section from the donor's eye is set in.

It doesn't help all types of blindness. Only those people whose eyes are sound except that due to an accident, the cornea of the eye is covered with scar tissue so that no light can enter. Sometimes, people are born this way.

When you donate your eyes after death, you are giving sight to two people. Since there are so few people who know about this great work, and since the bank must wait till your death to use your eyes which you have donated, the number of such operations is small. Still, more than 4000 people got new sight last year through the operation.

One thing about the whole deal impresses me more than any other aspect. They don't charge for this operation. Sight is a gift they are giving. For this reason, they need the donation of any money they can get to keep the whole set up going. No donation is too small.

I wish that every one who reads this would send a card to the EYE BANK FOR SIGHT RESTORATION, INC., 210 E. 64th Street, New York 21, New York and you will receive a booklet which they send out on request. This can give you more of an understanding of this fine idea than anything I could say.

One thought to close with, especially to Science Fiction Fans, I feel I need not say to any of you a thing about the value of sight. Just imagine your own life without being able to read! And, remember, as long as your eyes are healthy, even if you wear glasses and no matter what your age, the eye-bank can use them after you no longer need them.

JC

IS SCIENCE FICTION LITERATURE?

by HARLAN ELLISON

We appear to have come of age. And in this maturity we are now faced with a problem that never confronted us before: how do we force the public to accept science fiction? And even more pertinent in many of our minds, "Do we want to?"

That last question would appear to have a number of facets. The foremost, it seems, is whether or not we have anything to offer the general reading public, and if we do, what is it, and if it's good enough for the run-of-the-buying-mill reader, why don't we retain it and savor it all the more in seclusion.

Somewhere along the way we've been told that power is in our hands; that science fiction is the greatest thing since the invention of thought. And you know, the funny part about it is that quite a few of you believe it. You've had it drummed into your dear little heads over and over by people like Horace Gold and Tony Boucher till you lift your nose when someone casually mentions he doesn't read science fiction.

Oh, for the bad old days when they tried to stuff you into a jacket with thongs when you muttered praise of stuff like rocket ships! Now, all of a sudden, we've got amateurs walking up to us on the streets (though Lord knows we aren't such Final Authority as all that) spouting Riemann mathematics at us while we moan, "They took my bright, shiny toy away!"

Yes, there appears to be a mass advertising campaign afoot, under someone's direction, which purpose is solely to shove science fiction into the public eye. Much like a cinder.

Now, back to the point in question; do we have anything to offer the general public? Have we, for years and years, been clutching to our bosoms a truly important field of writing? In short, to sum up: Is

Is Science Fiction Literature?

Science Fiction literature?

That estimable publication, Webster's New World Dictionary, offering us many contradictory definitions of the word, says: LITERATURE, noun, all of such writings considered as having permanent value, excellence of form, great emotional effect, etc.

Is this our little baby? Is this our fledgeling but newly cast out into the cold, hard world of book reviewers and Arthur Koestler? Can this be the same stuff we used to read, that guys like "Doc" Smith assured us was all in fun?

When the Kinnison boys playfully went their ways, distorting space, vaporizing planets, did we contemplate that some day they would evolve into deep, philosophical vignettes, replete with psychosomatic motivations and Freudian action?

Hell, no! I state bluntly: Science Fiction is not yet literature! That it may some day be, I don't question. If Orwell and Huxley and Stapledon could come close, I'm certain that if not the present crop of pros, then advanced boys of a later era will drag STF up to that highly regarded position. But what have we now? What have we seen in the last ten years that approaches literature? Has there been any?

There will no doubt be some controversy on the forthcoming points, but I think I'm relatively safe in asserting that for all-around justification in applying the term 'literature' to a science fiction book, the only ones to come forth have been penned within the past five years, which may or may not be an encouraging sign. In my opinion they are either an encouraging sign or an unprecedented fluke of chance.

To my way of thinking, the only three pieces of full-length fiction--which is, naturally, the only kind we can adequately judge--which unquestionably fall into the category of 'literature' are Ted Sturgeon's recent "More Than Human", Alfred Bester's "The Demolished Man" and far and away above them all, "Earth Abides" by George R. Stewart, which has been acclaimed sufficiently so that further bravos on my part will not mean anything. I am discounting works such as "1984" and "Brave New World" for they and their phylum, were not specifically written as science fiction but as parables and lampoons of other cultures and politics. Three pieces of fiction out of the countless millions of words written per annum since good Poppa Gernsback burped his imagination and upchucked the start of this whole mish-mosh!

Why is science fiction not literature, and how do I come to regard the three mentioned items in that class? Well, let's first define our terms. Literature is "Huckleberry Finn", "Mayor of Casterbridge", "From Here To Eternity" and "The Old Man And The Sea". It is such, because it deals, in the main, not with a river, a house, an army post in war, or a huge fish, but because it deals with people. That's the secret! It's what separates science fiction from that inlet leading to the great sea in which the farthest island is 'literature'.

Essentially, literature must deal with emotions and the characters of its cast under stresses and unusual circumstances. Science fiction

Is Science Fiction Literature?

uses the gimmick. See the difference? In a science fiction story, your primary factor is not the effect on Jupiter Lil of the introduction of mechanical concubines, but a detailed explanation of the social, political, economic and scientific aspects of said invention.

There are no Michael Henchard's or Pruetts in the world of science fiction. Heinlein has come the closest to giving us people, but his stories are all too short and in the final analysis they too must be seen to be mere gambits for exploitation of some scientific gizmo.

I'm neither egotistical enough, nor foolish enough to think that any answer I offer might be the final or the correct one. In fact, I'm not sure there is an answer. If there isn't, sometime in the year 2000 some little fan will be saying the same things: science fiction is not yet literature.

SF must learn the hard way. It has come up that winding strait in the sea which leads to the island of literature rather rapidly, giving hope to the fact that it may some day become worthwhile fiction. It has spanned the years from "Master Of The Asteroid" with its stick-figure heros and heroines, its shoddy plot, its top-heaviness of science, and brought us warmth and insight such as Ted Sturgeon portrays in "More Than Human".

"More Than Human", not to categorically praise it, falls into my class of great literature mainly because it prys into the guts of emotion, it deals, certainly, with science. A gestalt entity is certainly science enough for anyone--though of a different calibre than, say, Hal Clement's contraterrene matter.

Just of late, with Campbell marching in the forefront, the ranks of editors who want stories concentrating more on the mental sciences, not the physical, have swelled, bearing on the tide of its new-found preference of fumbling, backward, self-conscious form of writing much as early science fiction was. Thus, it may be fairly well stated, the place where the boat of science fiction will stop skirting the atolls of mere contemporary endeavour, and set sail for that farthest island is the time when self-identification and deep warmth of insight are not only necessary prerequisites for a good yarn, but are actually an integral factor, as necessary as a scientific gimmick.

The few modern attempts to place a story in a science fictional setting while hewing to the rather rigid line of mainstream fiction have shown us something. None of them--"Limbo", "The Devil's Advocate", "One", etc.--have been overwhelming smash successes but each and every one of them has elicited some fascinating comments from the reviewers and recognizers of good books. Each has brought forth comments both brash and bizarre, outre and outrageous. They have shown that there is something hiding there that can be dug out, if the person with the proper grip on the shovel comes along. They have shown that no matter how many scientific can-openers or nylon-run-stoppers you interject into a story you will not get emotional impact and hence, literature.

People are the only hope of science fiction. Like the gentleman who, in the early 1900's, insisted firmly that everything inventable had

Is Science Fiction Literature?

been invented, I say, with reservations of course, that science fiction has just about worn out its stock in trade along the lines thus far explored. The new hope of the field lies not along lines of the physical, social or mental sciences, though lord knows there is enough still left there to work with, but in the area of self-exploration, "Man, see thyself!" Is there anything more fascinating under this--or any--sun? You've got to admit that no matter how clever your story may be, you've got to have people to work the parts of its machinery. There are few stories, if any, that come off with no human protagonist. This is simply because there is no great feeling of self-identification, a thing which must be exploited to extract the full measure of content from an incident.

There has never been a science fiction story depicting a runny-nosed urchin of the future, prowling the slums of a latterday New York. There has never been a science fiction story pointing up the ramifications of a mixed marriage in the future. There has never...Ah, but I could go on all day. "But", shouts some old-timer in the crowd, "this isn't the science fiction we knew. This writing takes itself too seriously, there just isn't any entertainment!" On the contrary, old-timer. There is more entertainment. What vicarionism you once extracted from flashing between suns you can now intensify by flashing between those suns with a person who picks his nose, who carries a picture of his wife and kids in a crumpled wallet in his hip pocket, who suffers from arthritis in the joints of his fingers, and who, like yourself, must even urinate once in a while.

Perhaps characters like Kim Kinnison will fade away, but then, fun though they were, they were a breed of never-never characters that one finds less and less mature and attractive as time progresses. Sure the new breed of hero will be fallible, but aren't we all?

People of the type exemplified by Heinlein's Harrisman will come to the forefront, and instead of phony motivations for conquering the Universe we'll see some truly formidable opponents for our hero, opponents who will be all the more terrifying because they'll be so commonplace in their drives. It is a good deal more logical to see a villain who wishes to vaporize Earth because he has an overdeveloped pyromaniac's emotions, than to see him crouching by his planetary detonation device twirling his moustache and cackling fiendishly about getting even with all stupid earthmen for laughing at his inventions.

We've matured. There is no place for such japery. Science fiction has become, somewhat over our dead bodies, a drawing-room conversation piece mentionable in polite societies. Now when George O. Smith goes to a cocktail party and mumbles low, "I write science fiction," the sweet young thing is liable to coo, "Oh, you do? Did you read Asimov's explanation of the thermonuclear principles involved in the transformation of two planetary economies in his latest book, what was the name of it again?"

Through the advent of the atomic era, flying saucers, Hollywood's recognition of SF, and a multitude of other factors that happened to have clicked into place all at once, we're now a literary focal point. Certain things are expected of us and certain things are not within

Is Science Fiction Literature?

our power to grant. Science fiction is not a medium that lends itself too readily to the type of writing of, oh say, Moby Dick. It is a medium that contains inherent scope, but the point I'm trying to make is that scope is not what literature contains. Sure, *Gone With The Wind* and *Skylark Of Space* are both epics laden down with extravaganza and scope, but there is a world of difference. Our scientist hero and his capitalist buddy, not to mention his two saccharine girl friends, are not even remotely in the same category with *Scarlet O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler*. *Gone With The Wind* deals, with the effects on people, of incidents. The civil war marches triumphantly through the book but never manages to take the stage away from the characters, thus enhancing and putting added emphasis on itself. Diametrically opposed, is *Doc Smith's* world-spanning opus wherein the characters are merely the means to the end. The end being a guided tour to the heart of the galaxy.

All well and good to explore those alien worlds--this is what we read SF for, but it just isn't literature. Literature is something else again. No matter how thin you cut it, you must deal with what and how people think. If we have something to offer the main-stream reader, it is our own little invention, science fiction. It isn't by any means great writing, nor is it everlasting writing. It is a guided tour into a world of fantasy that no other form of penmanship can produce. And let's not call it "great writing". Science fiction is many things to many men, but it is not a replacement for true literary values. If you call it such you are guilty of not only a grievous misrepresentation, but of doing much damage to the genre. For science fiction can not adequately stack up with the mundane writings critics have chosen to call classic. If you call it such and it is then seen to fall short, the field suffers. Besides, you'd be a damned hypocrite.

Look at it this way: somewhere along the line, someone, let's say Tony Boucher, decided he wanted to sell more copies of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. How to go about it? "Ah", says he to himself, "here is a gambit". We'll say science fiction has true literary quality and prove it by miming the *New Yorker* et al, with psychological little pastiches that will make *Martha Foley's* eyeballs surge. So he did, and he managed to drag in a dunderhead of *Clifton Fadiman's* class, and away we went, one merry race which has lasted for five years now and changed the face of the field completely.

Now I'm not one for deep science in a STF year, but even I can see the ridiculousness of many writers. For they are writers, not science fiction men. They have nothing to say, but they say it marvelously well. This, as I see it, is the state of science fiction at the present time.

But let me sum up rather concisely: science fiction is basically a form of entertainment. To credit one with the other's attributes is fallacious and foolish. Science fiction, I think, stands at a very dangerous point in the ocean of the literary world. It can spring a leak at this stage--from people crediting it with things it just hasn't got--and sink with a gurgle, not with a bang, or it can sail merrily on its way down the waters, to that farthest island of literature.

HE

THE MAELSTROM

D U T C H E L L I S
Calgary, Alberta., Canada

Like the abbreviated CANFAN on the cover better than the original. Hope this becomes standard practice.....Sorry to hear about ESCAPE. Had been looking forward to that zine, as had everyone who'd heard about it. Hope Woroch makes contact with Toronto again and gets his zine out. Would be a shame if it were dropped--esp. since you (or at least CANFAN--who's this RC anyway? After mentioned Roberta Carr? And who's she? A penname?) say it was all printed.....Dean Grennell's article on UNKNOWN and BEYOND was most enjoyable. I've never laid eyes on a copy of UNKNOWN, and reading about it here and there in fmz is rather frustrating. Incidentally, as I understand it BEYOND is no longer appearing. I sent a sub in a while ago for a friend (as an Xmas present, I believe) along with one for GALAXY, and my money for "B" was refunded with something about their pubbing plans for the next year not being settled, or some similar natter. And I've not seen a copy on the newstand since last year.....STRANGE, BUT TRUE was, I guess, adequate filler.....The ELLISON - LYONS thing was interesting. I only hope that someday Ellison will calm down. Lyons' cool reply makes the better impression (tho I hadn't read the Ellison story in question).....The George O. Smith reprint was fascinating. Too bad there isn't more of this sort of thing available for fmz.....Possibly Bill Conner (in THE MAELSTROM) will be happy over this article. Not about STF exactly, but probably more in the line of what he wants. I used to feel more or less like him when I first encountered fmz, but I soon became so interested in fmz and fans and such that I was content to read STF and about STF in the pros, and read about fan-doings in the fan press. Most fans are at their best while discussing fandom anyway; many are out of their depth if they try to discuss the pros. Grennells are rare animals, and such things as the Smith article are just uncommon.....Enjoyed BY JOVE! possibly more than anything else in the ish. Whoever your SHM is, he has a most readable style, and gets a lot into his single page. I get a bang out of reading about the goings-on in fandom in those days. Why not expand this by at least one more page?.....Jean Carrol's review of THE IMMORTAL STORM was good.....Ford's CONVENTION ROTATION was also.....Gratified by Ger's review of M.....Zine as a whole seems rather more lively than previously. Enjoyed it. Looking forward to your next ish.

Roberta Carr actually exists, she worked for me as a cashier in 1949-51, while I was managing a neighborhood theatre in Toronto. BEYOND is still on the newstands down this way, issue # 10 is the latest. BY JOVE! is written by a chap who used to be quite active in fandom, whether I get one or two pages, or even half a page I'm quite happy that he can find any time to do anything and send it along.

WDG

The Maelstrom

B O B B L O C H
Weyauwega, Wis., USA

Thanks for the copy of CANFAN--and now I know what happened to Woroch. I'd been wondering for a while. I also know what happened to Browne, who wrote me about the same time for some material which has never appeared. Like to keep track of things.....Glad to see Grennell's article in this issue: I had just done an introduction to Stuart Hoffman's index and bibliography of UNKNOWN, and wish I'd seen this article first--it is ever so much better than what I turned out.

Dean's article narrowly missed being published. It just happened that I hung on to the dummied copy, usually I throw them away once I've transferred them to their final form. For some reason I hung onto all the "dummy" work I did for ESCAPE, that is the main reason why both Harlan Ellison and Walt Willis are appearing in this issue. Just for the "hell-of-it" I would like to know what happened to Fred Woroch. Something tells me that he is going to be a very talked about person for a long time to come. When I go to Bellefontaine in June, I'm taking along an incomplete sample copy of ESCAPE to show some of my friends that the magazine is no myth or super hoax cooked up over a bottle of wine. WDG

A L B E R T C O P P E L
Salt Lake City, Utah., USA

It has been ages since you passed through our fair city, back in the winter of 1951. Glad to see you are sticking your dirty old finger into the pages of CANFAN. Until I received the latest issue I'd almost forgotten that this was one of your weaknesses along with a few others, such as photography.....The George O. Smith article was great stuff, even though it was written in 1948, in fact if it hadn't been marked on the title page it could easily have gotten by as a freshly written article.....BY JOVE! really digs up the past, one page is kind of tantalizing, I wish it was longer..... This ELLISON - LYONS set-up certainly doesn't ooze with brotherly love. Since the late thirties I have seen many similar situations, when are the boys going to put down their knives? It sure uses up paper.....CONVENTION ROTATION by Don Ford was interesting, it seems to me that I've read other items about Ford pushing this idea. I'm all for it, as long as Ford does all the work. The pattern of the previous conventions sure have been mixed up, so if they do come to anything conclusive it will certainly be a break for some of the lesser lights.....By the way what happened to that series THAT OLD MOVIE BUG? Did popular demand point in the other direction, or has fandom figured that you are a photo bug hiding out in science-fiction fandom. I'll give you one vote, I thought it was alright. In fact I've purchased a few items from Blackhawk myself. Your article only confirms what I also think about them. They are with out a doubt one of the most honest mail order firms I've ever done business with and believe me when I say that I've been "done" out of a few dollars in my time by other firms.....How about some more Patterson illustrations? Also, don't print this, I would like to remain aloof and unknown in fandom.

Brother that last line guaranteed you of having your letter included in The MAELSTROM. I expect that your next letter will not be printable, now you know how feuds start. WDG

Original Title
FANDOM'S
ENCHANTED CIRCLE

A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND by WALTER A. WILLIS

W. A. W. - These initials need no identification to anyone concerned with Science Fiction or Fandom, however remote the connection may be. Fandom's greats seem to fade away when Walt Willis is mentioned, and yet, it seems not to have affected him as it would the average individual. Fred Woroch

The above introduction was written by Fred some six months ago for the first pages of Escape. Walt sent scads of material for use in Escape and quite a bit of it disappeared as did Fred Woroch a few short months ago. Rather than see some of this fine material mould away in some corner I have taken the liberty of releasing some of the articles in the pages of Canadian Fandom for your reading pleasure. WDG

If some enterprising hobbyist manufacturer ever starts to market "Fandom Kits", he can come to me for a testimonial. I can recommend the hobby to anyone with a surplus of mental energy, a sense of humour and an interest in people. A liking for science fiction is no handicap either. It seems to be one of the few hobbies that give an actual and continual return commensurate with the energy expended. Admittedly, if I had diverted the same amount of energy into dull mundane channels I should no doubt be earning a few pounds more a month and people would be able to find their way through my front garden without a compass; but then look at what I would have missed. As a result of having become involved in fandom I have learned to type; I have acquired an intimate knowledge of the reproductive processes (printing and duplicating, I mean, not sex---though I could have learned about that too, at some conventions); I have acquired a rudimentary facility for stringing words together; I have been to Oshkosh, Cheyenne and Tallahassee; I have introduced Lee Hoffman to Forry Ackerman, watched the latter sneer at

A Little Bit of Ireland

the Grand Canyon as mere terrestrial scenery and taken the former to Okefenokee Swamp; I have learned to drive a car; I have been offered the Associate Editorship of a leading promag; I have fixed the lock on the bathroom door (it never would have been done if Bea Mahaffey hadn't been coming to stay with us), and I have met some of the most likeable and interesting people in the world.

Thinking of all this, I sometimes wish it had occurred to me to write to the letter column of those Astoundings I used to read in the early thirties, then I might have entered Fandom along with Bob Tucker. But for some reason I didn't, and at that time I stopped collecting promags turning my attention toward women. Fortunately I wasn't a completist. After a while I started going steady with one Madeleine Bryan. We'd been going together quite a while when one day she darted into a newsagent's shop. I followed her because I'd noticed a copy of Astounding in the window, and found she had bought it. She had, it turned out, been reading science fiction for years. It did not seem so surprising or important at the time, but as the newer Campbell authors, mainly Van Vogt, made their appearance our interest began to increase. By the time we were married (1945) we knew to the day when the next British Edition of Astounding was due out, and sometimes we used to read it together. It must have been a touching sight.

Then one day early in 1947 in a secondhand bookshop, I came across a copy of the American Edition of ASF for January of that year and I was shocked to the core. The last time I had seen the American Edition of a science fiction magazine was in 1939, and I had innocently assumed that the miserable little British quarterly reprint was all there was of it. It hadn't occurred to me that there could exist any fiend so black-hearted as to suppress any of it, no matter how great the wartime paper shortage. But here was evidence of the crime. This magazine was monthly, had twice the wordage of the BRE, and had contained serials. Moreover this had been going on for years. Filled with a burning sense of injustice we embarked on a determined investigation of all the secondhand bookshops in Belfast. We didn't find any more ASF's, but we did find a copy of FANTASY, a short-lived British promag, containing a letter from a James White of Belfast. I wrote inviting him to come and see us, mentioning casually my large collection of British Editions. We soon found that James was the reason we had never found any other American editions in the secondhand bookshops. James had been camping on their doorsteps for years and had acquired almost a dozen. We regarded with awe and envy this wealth beyond dreams of avarice.

James and I at once joined forces, and for months our only interest was in furthering our collections. We wrote to all the dealers we could find, and joined Ken Slater's Operation Fantast. At that time Ken was enclosing with his mailings various one-page fanzines by various fans. By now James and I had read each others collections, had Want Ads written in blood with all the dealers, and had nothing left to do but gnaw our fingers. We got the idea of producing one of these fan magazines as part of our collecting drive. But we hadn't access to a typewriter or publishing equipment and after making enquiries from professional duplicators, we rather lost interest in the idea. Then one day I happened to be in the loft of a shop where one of my friends worked. There, lying in a heap of junk, was a curious looking machine. I asked what it was and was told it was a printing press the boss had got to print letterheads on and later thrown away. I smuggled it out

A Little Bit of Ireland

under my coat and we started right away. We had only enough type to print about a third of a page, so we spread it out with 'em spaces between the words and James made woodcuts with plywood and a razor blade to fill the rest of the space. We called the magazine SLANT. The first three issues went out free.

By the fourth issue however, we had progressed to forty-two pages, a subscription rate, and the linocuts. James' work in this medium has never been surpassed in the history of fan mag art. Manly Bannister, editor of Nekromantikon, was so impressed that he crated up his old press, a massive brute of a thing, and shipped it off to us. When this arrived we really went to town, with photo-engravings and multi-colored linocuts. But by now each issue was getting so ambitious that the intervals between them were getting to be something like six months. SLANT #6, was probably the most ambitious handset magazine ever printed and after it we felt we needed a rest. Besides, James' eyesight was going and I'd found a new type of fan-activity. So far I'd only written what I had to write to fill up blank pages in SLANT, but recently I found I was tending to have several hundred words left over. It seemed to me it might be a good idea to foist them off on some other editor, so when a new mag called QUANDRY arrived I offered to do a column for it. Freed from the inhibitory feeling that every word I wrote would have to be set up on type I let myself go and spread myself over page after page of QUANDRY. Nevertheless the column turned out to be popular. So much so, that within a year Shelby Vick of Florida had started a campaign to bring me over to the Chicon. By the middle of 1952 it had succeeded. I travelled about the States--New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Panama City, Savannah--for a hectic four weeks. When I got home I was in a state of complete mental exhaustion, partly from the strain of the journey, and partly from the strain of meeting so many people, and partly from the effort of all the fan writing I'd done in the previous months. But even during a long bout with pneumonia in the following Spring, I never really lost touch with fandom. For one thing it would have seemed ungrateful after all fandom had done for me. I soon became active again, but in a different way. It no longer seemed sensible to devote most of my spare time to pure drudgery like setting type. In the old days James and I had been quite happy to sit working all evening listening to symphony concerts on the radio, but now we had a third fan, Bob Shaw, and we kept putting down our composing sticks to talk. We did produce one more issue of SLANT, # 7, but it was mostly mimeographed and we didn't feel happy about it. And yet once having known the comparative luxury of duplicating, we could never go back to typesetting. So SLANT fell into suspended animation. I egged James into starting his pro-writing career and in collaboration with my old friend Chuck Harris of England started a new mimeoed mag called HYPHEN, strictly for amusement only.

Which brings you more or less up to date. We have so much fun with HYPHEN that I doubt if SLANT will ever appear again, and yet I hate to proclaim it officially dead. I shall have to make up my mind about it one of these days. One thing I'm sure of, and that is I'll stay in fandom. I have met more fans than probably anyone else in the world except Forry Ackerman, and I'm still not disenchanted with them. THEY CAN BE INFURIATING AT TIMES? BUT AT LEAST THEY ARE NEVER DULL! WAW

MID-WEST CON - 1970

Bellefontaine, Ohio., June 12--SPECIAL--In a quiet mid-west town the completion of "Tucker's Hotel" has finally come, the people of this town have very little to say. We gather that they have never been in favour of this project, but at least one faction is quite happy, they are the Science Fiction Fans themselves.

Today the fans are arriving from all over the middle states, there are even some Indians down from Canada. The conference will last for several days and we have been notified that the National Guard is standing by, alerted for this 'emergency' week-end.

I found that interviews disclosed some fans and professionals that fit the 'character' category. There just seems to be no other classification. The best thing to do is to give you some excerpts of some of the conversations recorded on tape.

A chap who claimed to be a writer, "Hound-Head" Garrett, by name, came up with the following;

Yes, there is no doubt about it I have left my mark in Fandom, but the best thing I ever did was to make a patter song out of "Mac-Arthur's Farewell Speech", this is truly my finest achievement.

With that we left "Hound-Head" and turned our attention to an immense fellow who seemed to be sitting on three chairs at once. In fact, there was so much of him it was hard to get within speaking range, he finally understood my speech and started to babble away;

My name? "Tomahawk" Croutch, 400 pounds of liquid refreshment. Would you like some bear oil, fresh from the Indian reservation? No? How about a scalping party later tonight - or a sex party, moonshine frolic, eh? What's the matter son, no overdrive? How about one of my special "Electric Chairs", for getting rid of your Mother-In-Law? Believe me I've done my bit up in Canada, you never saw so many fans come from one little reservation, soon our reservation will be known as the "Light" of the northern woods. A fellow by the name of Grunt or Grant, I'm not sure, told me Bellefontaine was the place for me, so far I haven't stripped any gears, but I'll be doing my gawd-damned best tonight.

As you can see this Canadian Fan is on a good-will tour, I hope that he doesn't leave too much good-will behind.

Another notorious character has just come into sight. Some people call him Rosebud, others call him a dirty old pro, in fact this new hotel has been named after him. I asked Mr. Tucker if he had written any books lately and out came the following;

No, but I'm planning one on the sex life of a bee. I know this has been done before, but I'm going to make a mystery out of it by throwing in a science fiction fan. I think with a plot like this I can really lead my readers astray. I think I'll name my lead character 'Degler', that's the bee, I'm hoping to hit a symbolic note somewhere along the line.

Yes, I do mention fan's names in many of my books. In fact some of them pay up to \$200.00 just to see their names in print. I made more money from this angle on my last book, than I did from the firm who published it. Right now I'm working on a "fan-directory" and I expect to retire from writing on this venture.

Another chap who has progressed in the weird field is Mr. Robert Bloch of Weyauwega, Wisconsin. Bloch has established a record in prolific writing, he has had a total of 107 stories appear in Imaginative Tales and about 40 paperback novels have been published by Ace Publications. The amazing thing is that Bloch now owns both of these firms, they both went bankrupt trying to pay him off about ten years ago. We asked Bloch how he accomplished this business deal. I'm still in a quandry about his answer or question, or what have you;

Have you ever read "Yours Truly, Jack The Ripper"?

THE MAGIC CARPET
by Henri Percikow

Often at nightfall,
Ellen-Mary
Do I stand
At your bedside,
Watching you,
Sleeping child,
Floating
To the land of castles.

Finished is your day
Of learning and play
You whirl through
The fanciful night
Sitting on Ursa's back
Pulling at Leo's tail
Or are you flying
With Columba
To meet proud Cygnus

Travel my child
Pursueing the wind
Over silver capped
Mountain crests
Through forest and field
Where laurel and daisy
Are vyeing
To adorn your head

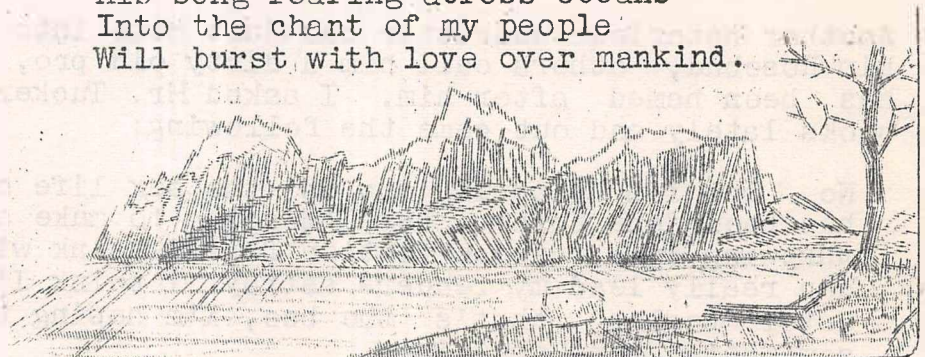
Travel my child
For the larks on its way
To greet you
At dawn.

CRESCENDO
by Henri Percikow

If only I could unravel
The music tangled in my heart
And free my song
I feel I could cleave our shackles
With crescendos of melody

I have listened through the lean years
To my toiling and weary people
And have heard their yearning song of life
Flowing from lips that have tasted woe
My heart caught flame
In this cantata of man's faith

The seeds of the peoples faith
Have taken root in lands
Where man blooms, never again to be crushed
His song roaring across oceans
Into the chant of my people
Will burst with love over mankind.



After a few of the forgoing interviews your reporter felt that a better perspective might be observed in "Tucker's Hotel" itself. So after hearing quite a few fans say something like "down at the bar", we felt this might be a good point of observation.

The most amazing thing happened upon entering the bar, I noticed a chap lean against the wall, it actually gave way. It was later explained that slightly tipsy fans would not hit a hard wall when they staggered to any extreme, this staggered me just a bit.

Upon entering the bar a wave of dense smoke hit me, in fact I could barely make out the bartender across the room. In the middle of this place I noticed an outlet belching smoke and later found out that this lent 'the-old-smoke-filled-room' atmosphere to the room. I noticed that most of the discussions seemed to cover everything but science fiction. Imagine coming, in some cases, as far as a thousand miles and talking about a character that has just taken on his sixth wife.

Then I noticed a chap with his head stuck in a spittoon. A fellow by the name of Gibson explained that this fellow had gone him one better and that was the result. It seems that "Old Woodchuck" had been aiming all day, with no success. Suddenly he went berserk and dived at the spittoon.

I was then introduced to Lloyd Eshbach, a non-drinker, which I later recalled as a very rare occasion. Mr. Eshbach is a publisher of limited editions and had this to say about one of his current books;

The latest one is by Dr. C. L. Barrett, namely, "Physiognomy and The Science-Fiction Fan". Quite frankly this book has caused a sensation among the fans. Many of them swear that they'll sue, but I have promised them signed, autographed copies of the book. This seemingly has nurtured their tender minds.

Then I had the pleasure of meeting a man from the south, southern Ohio it later turned out. Mr. Harris told me of a cure that he had been taking, with great success;

Fifteen years ago I was feeling pretty bad. At that time I started taking 'gin and tonic', today I feel like I'm walking on four legs. The fact of the matter is I'm opening up a distillery to introduce the fans, to my home brew mixture.

At this point I was informed that one of the better known fans had been picked up by the local police. A Mr. Ellison evidently decided to do away with a Howard P. Lyons, something to do with a subscription to Dimensions. Yes, these science fiction fans have long memories.

I'm hoping my editor has a short memory, the above is almost too much to believe, I've taken pictures so that even I will believe it later, much later, maybe never.

Somebody has been following me ever since I arrived in Bellefontaine, every so often I hear muttering, at first I thought that it might have been the sun. Then I heard somebody mention "The Bat". Goodbye now.

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" " " Vol. 2 - No. 5 Dec. 1940 (pulp)---	.75
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I will reply to all letters
and will probably see some
of you at The Mid-West Con
this coming June 11th & 12th

WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 Burton Road
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada

PHI-ALPHA

by P. HOWARD
LYONS

I really wanted to fill this space with an hilarious story about an Egyptian pharoah named Oscar Wilde, but I couldn't think of one.

The "Saturday Review" is still on the down-with the comic books kick and maybe they're right. As a true fan, I guess I don't read the REAL stuff, not that I read any of the junk any more; the novelty wore off. But the thing I like is this bit of info that Fredric Wertham M.D. passes on, per his perusal of the comics: "thousands of children,.... know that a necronomicon is a creature that, of course, drinks people's blood and eats their flesh".

This bit of misinfo is not too bad of course, but I like the child's comic book explanation of why a woman leaves her husband, "She is sexually attracted to a big black gorilla -- I MUST GO TO HIM! I MUST!" Cesar Romero is passe; big, black gorillas are all the thing.

Dean Inge has this to say to Sam Moskowitz and to Seventh Fandom respectively; "There are two kinds of fools: those who say, 'This is old and therefore good', and others who say, 'This is new and therefore better'."

I have some information here for S. H. M., that anonymous who columns elsewhere in some issues of Canfan. I quote from HELIOS number 6, April 1938 - MYSTERIES? ASTRONOMICAL AND OTHERWISE by Litterio B. Farsaci: "The GILMORE enigma, as you know, is no longer a mystery. To those who don't know I will write a case of equality for their enlightenment. GILMORE -- equals ---s--- Bates (with a touch of D. W. Hall). Yes. The author of that sweet fantasy, "ALAS ALL THINKING", is also the author of those stirring CARSE tales. Enough?"

I wonder if that tells us who wrote HAWK CARSE?

United States has disowned the principles used at Nuremberg for the prosecution of war criminals. This puts the judges in a very bad position, methinks. Maybe they should consult THE TRIUMPHS OF JUSTICE OVER UNJUST THINGS published in London in 1681 and dealing with:

1. The Names and Crimes of Four and Forty Judges Hang'd in One Year in England, as Murderers for their corrupt Judgements.
2. The Case of the Lord Chief Justice Tresilian, Hang'd at Tyburn, and all the rest of the Judges of England (save one) banisht in King Richard the seconds Time.
3. The Crimes of Epsom and Dudley, Executed in Hing Henry the 8th's Days.
4. The Proceedings of the Ship-money-Judges in the Reign of King Charles the First.
5. Diverse other Presidents both Antient and Modern.
6. The Judges Oath, and some Observations thereupon.

That was before the days of the Divine Right of Judges I guess. Besides

which as I remember, at one time that wasn't a political office.

Willy Ley says, in a personal letter: "I always point out that the Theory of Relativity is self-consistent but philosophically unsatisfactory for a theory of relativity based on two absolutes does not work smoothly. The two absolutes, which are the two assumptions, are that the speed of light is maximal (nothing can go faster than) and constant (if two ships approach each other, each with $9/10$ ths of the speed of light relative to an unmoving third object, their combined speed adds up to less than that of light). All I say is: not proved!"

Every Moby Tom, Moby Dick and Moby Harry hasn't met Redd Boggs.

Pat Patterson, Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder and myself were attending a Silent Film Showing of the Toronto Film Society a while ago. The film was SALVATION HUNTERS by Josef von Sternberg. The dedication was "to the Derelicts of the World". The film was made in 1925 and I guess this should give you some idea of how old our club is. Pre-acker-man, that's us.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation presented a TV broadcast titled "Brennschluss and Beyond" on Feb. 20th, last. This was a program on space travel including a documentary presentation of the subject and a play called "Breaking Strain" by Arthur C. Clarke, adapted by Ronald Hambleton. Translated literally from the German, "Brennschluss" means end of burning -- point beyond Earth's field of gravity at which a rocket's fuel has been consumed and it continues through outer space by "grain momentum". Breaking Strain is about a space freightship called the Star Queen which runs into trouble as it moves between the orbits of Venus and Earth.

I ran into a nice full page ad in Canadian Business for March, 1955. It's the Wells Organizations, professional fund-raisers for churches. Their ad goes along these lines: "Too few church people have renounced the idol raised up in our land. (view of praying hands lifted toward dollar sign on a cross) People don't consciously worship dollars. Yet our clergy, our ministers, and the laymen who work closest with them, know this disturbing fact: While the First Commandment is: 'Thou shalt have no other god before me,' the average churchgoer gives only 64 cents a week! Why is that? Because the dollar is 'another god' in too many instances (engraved image? phl). But that isn't the whole trouble. We know it isn't....out of our experience as the world's leading specialists in church fund-raising. People just don't know how to give, or why they need to give. Your need to give is not that your church has set up an operating budget or a building project. It is, rather, that you, as an individual soul, need to give for your own spiritual growth and peace of mind." They go on to say they will be directing 1500 canvasses for churches this year. "The strength of each of these canvasses under the direction of a trained and devoted Wells man, will be this Christian concept of giving. Thus, in a Wells canvass, there is no 'high pressuring'; there is no need for it. The money goal is insured; the spiritual goal assured."

Oh that Evelyn Waugh would deal with this! And it looks like I've dealt with Phi-Alpha.

PHL

GRANT'S TOMB

On Sunday, May 23rd, The Sage of Parry Sound appeared and for about twelve hours we shot the breeze, watched TV and discussed the trials of fringe picture reception. From what I gathered Les and Harry Warner, Jr. are about the longest one-man-operations in fandom. In Canada, Les Croutch as far as I can see has broken all the records and it will be a long, long time before somebody even begins to run in close competition.

13th World Science-Fiction Convention
P. O. Box 508, Edgewater Branch
Cleveland, Ohio., U. S. A.

This address fellow fans is an important one to you. Two dollars will do a lot to help the existing plans of this group

and you will receive, so far, two first rate progress reports on the forthcoming plans of the convention committee, your membership card, plus sundries like hotel reservations, things to do and so forth, etc. Time is drawing near, get your hotel reservations as soon as possible, take the load off your mind, get in touch with Honey Wood (Miss) or Noreen Kane Falasca (Mrs) and your troubles will be over. Another suggestion, see them both at the forthcoming Mid-West Con and get first hand information about the whole "do".

In this current issue you have probably noticed the wide variety of subjects that have made print in our pages. I think that even the most jaded reader will find something interesting in this issue. But in case some of you still don't agree, write us a letter, or better still write an article, this fan magazine is striving for your self-expression, not the individual tastes of the group that produces this zine. I have found that many fans still believe that they will run up against an iron wall as far as submitting material, this is not true in our case.

In the past you have noticed that many names repeat on our pages, this is because these individuals are within phoning distance, you can hound them into producing something, whereas, if you are a thousand miles away the phone bill would make it impossible. We never know about you and your talents unless you write us, besides we need some new blood. All letters to us will be answered promptly. What more do you want, a gilt-edged invitation?

At the present writing there are about eight or nine Derelicts planning on making the Ohio trip this June. Fran Lipton, Pat Patterson, Gerald Steward, Ron Kidder, Albert Lastovica, Howard Lyons, Reta Grossman, Boyd Raeburn and Bill Grant are all formulating and scrounging time off from work, the results have been mixed and in some cases almost impossible. The one that interests me the most is a trip by plane from Toronto to Cleveland, Cleveland to Columbus, Columbus to Bellefontaine, the last entry being by taxi or bus. If Fran and Reta can work this one out, they will deserve a special award. Bellefontaine is a hard place to get to from Toronto if you haven't got a car.

This is it, the page is full, I'm full of it and you've had more than enough.
WDG

JAZZ CLASSICS FOR SALE

Two Very Hard To Get BIX BEIDERBECKE Items:

"SHOW BOAT" VOCAL GEMS - 12 inch - 78 rpm - HMV C. 1505

Recorded March 1st, 1928 - Paul Whiteman's Concert Orchestra featuring, Bix Beiderbecke, Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Trumbauer, Eddie Lang, Joe Venuti, Andy Secrest, Jimmy Dorsey and others (reverse "Ol' Man River" vocal-Paul Robeson-Same Personnel)
The above is the original British Release-----\$2.50

"BARNACLE BILL, THE SAILOR" - 7 inch EP - 45 rpm - HMV 7EG 8037

Recorded May 21st, 1930 - Hoagy Carmichael and His Orchestra featuring Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Bud Freeman, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Bubber Miley, (vocal) Hoagy Carmichael, Carson Robison and others.
(reverse sides contain early piano solos by Hoagy Carmichael, namely, "Stardust", "Snowball", and "Lazybones")
This one is brand-new and unplayed-----\$2.00

"GOOBER DANCE" / "TOO TIGHT" - 10 inch - 78 rpm - HMV B. 10419

Recorded January 30th, 1929 - Johnny Dodds and His Orchestra Natty Dominique (tp); Honore Dutray (tb); Johnny Dodds (cl); Lil Armstrong (p); Bill Johnson (b); Baby Dodds (dm).
This is a new unplayed reissue, I have three copies on hand.
Two very fine recordings of their type-----\$1.50

"CALL OF THE FREAKS" / "THE TRUMPET'S PRAYER" Recorded Feb. 1st/29
"BOOGIE WOOGIE" / "MULE FACE BLUES" Recorded April 10th, 1930

The four numbers are all on one 7inch EP - 45 rpm - 7EG 8039 King Oliver and His Orchestra, featuring King Oliver, Dave Nelson, Henry Allen, Hilton Jefferson, J. C. Higginbotham, Luis Russell, Omer Simeon, Paul Barbarin and many others.
This is new and unplayed, one copy only-----\$2.00

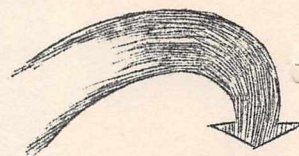
"MAKE BELIEVE" / "OL' MAN RIVER" - 10 inch - 78 rpm - Sentry 4008

Recorded January 11th, 1928 - Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra featuring Bix Beiderbecke and others. Vocal by Bing Crosby
This is a bootleg dubbing from the original Victor Disc \$1.50

I will have these records at the Mid-West Con this coming June 11 & 12, 1955 So if you are interested you can be sure of receiving them in A-1 shape.

Or write to my home address:
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