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Editor
WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 Burton Road
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone HU 9-o766

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

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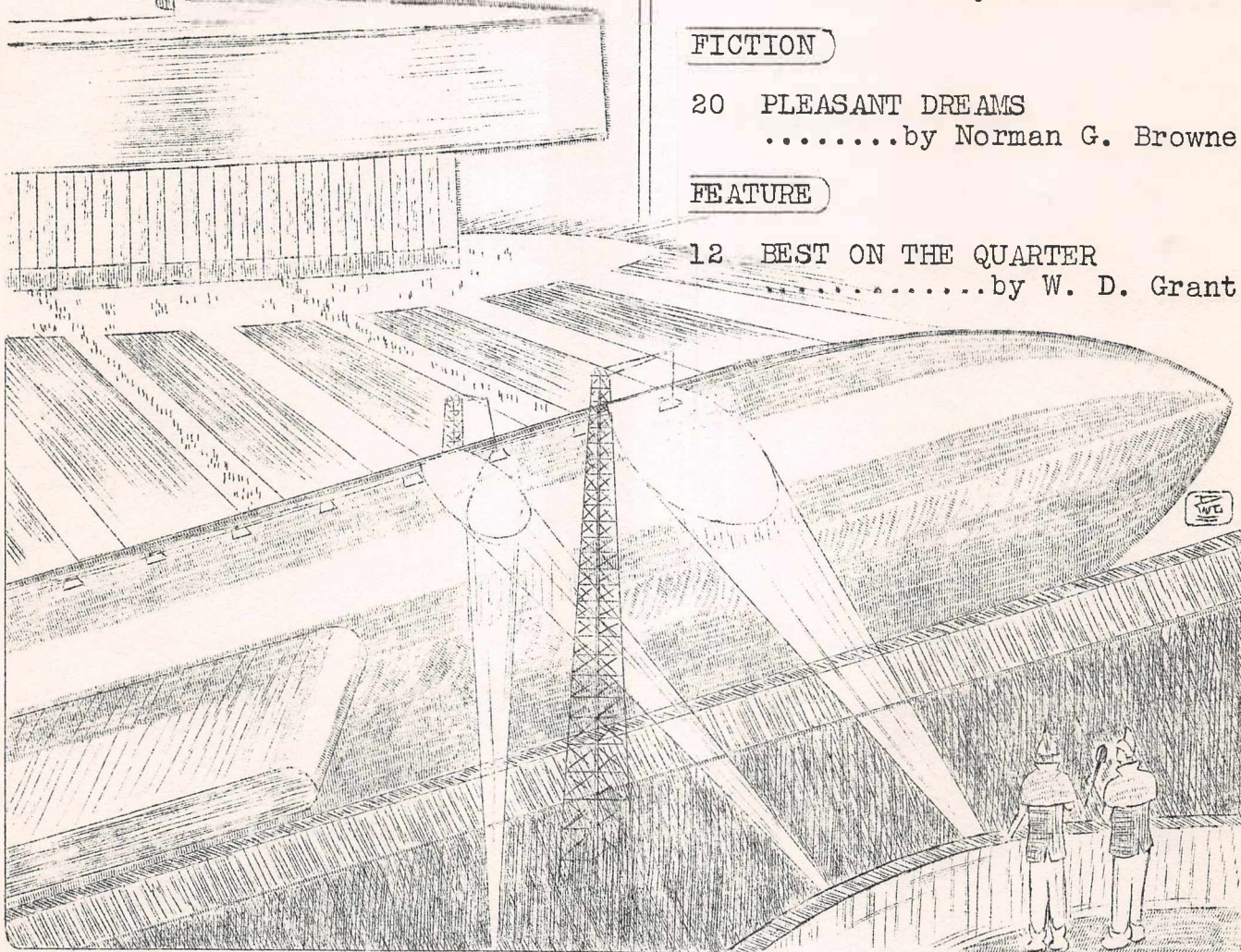
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The Origin of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs

by FRED HURTER Jr

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The origin and development of religious beliefs has in recent years attracted much attention, and that particular branch of Anthropology has furnished a wealth of material. When this line of research, which is quite recent, was begun, there was considerable confusion, as it was found that there were at least three different sources of religious origin, and each, as it was discovered, was claimed by the discoverer to be the source. Now, however, that the field has been fairly thoroughly covered, we can take a comprehensive view of the whole matter.

It will be seen immediately that the three "sources" are steps in a large evolutionary process that has kept pace with mental development of Man all over the earth. Thus it is that we find the same religious thoughts and beliefs cropping up again and again all over the world, and thus it is that among the more primitive races of today will be found the beliefs of our own primitive ancestors. The Christian Church has kept itself aloof from these researches and has still managed to convince the public that it is unique, in spite of the fact that it has the same origin as paganism and that by far the larger part of its doctrines and rites are identical with those of pagan religions.

As has been mentioned, there are three distinct "origins", or rather steps in religious evolution: first, the connection of religion with the movements of the sun, moon, and the planets in the sky, which finally led to the belief of a god ruling the world from a great distance; second, the nature myths, or the connection of religion with the growth of food-bringing plants; and third, the phallic cults, or the connection of religion with the power of sex and reproduction. These are listed in the order in which they appear in most texts on the subject, the order in which religious evolution has been investigated. However, in the actual evolution of religious thought, the order is the exact opposite, as it is at once apparent that the third mentioned

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step was probably noticed by primitive man long before he realized the existence of seasons, and that the astronomical connection of religion could not have been developed until recently, relatively speaking.

Fear formed the basis of all these steps, the basis of the whole development. Through fear, divinities and demons were created, and through fear, rites for the appeasement and placation of these divinities and demons were established. And again we see the connection of religious development with mental development, for fear, the kind that would result in the creation of divinities would not become apparent until the evolution of self-consciousness, until man began to realize that he was an individual, that at some time he would die. Before that, when the human mind was the same as the animal mind, fear was only a protective instinct. Man was untroubled by any thoughts of things that might destroy himself, was untroubled by, and did not think of the future. Thus it was only with the development of self-consciousness, when man began to stimulate his imagination with thoughts of death that he created divinities.

To quote Edward Carpenter: "The immense force and domination of Fear in the first self-conscious stages of the human mind is a thing which can hardly be exaggerated, and which is even difficult for some of us moderns to realize. But naturally as soon as man began to think about himself - a frail phantom in the midst of tremendous forces of whose nature and mode of operation he was entirely ignorant - he was beset with terrors; dangers loomed upon him on all sides. Even today it is noticed by doctors that one of the chief obstacles to the cure of illness among some black or native races is sheer superstitious terror; and Thanatomania is the recognized word for a state of mind (obsession of death) which will often cause a savage to perish from a mere scratch".

To allay this fear, taboos developed, which are basically warnings against the doing of dangerous acts, or such as might be considered dangerous. In time some became rather far-fetched, the fear of incest, for instance, as Freud mentions in TOTEM AND TABOO, developed into such taboos that forbade a man to eat with his sister-in-law or walk behind his mother-in-law along the beach until the rising tide washed away her footprints. These taboos were the beginning of religion.

Life under such a strict set of regulations was not easy for primitive people, but fear was more or less overcome, and they certainly provided for the growth of self-control. In time, as more became known about the world through observation, the basic fear became transposed into a sort of awe and finally into reverence. Thus, by taking a broad view of the subject we see the connection of religions and mental development: first the animal mind, with no religious thoughts, then the beginnings of self-consciousness in primitive man, bringing with it fear, taboos, and superstition, then the gradual increase in knowledge, leading to the belief in Magic, then the personification of nature (the nature-myths) and finally the beginnings of that state of mind we term as civilized, and the appearance of the solar myths.

This evolution of religious thought has been the same all over the world. Indeed, it was this strange similarity of religions that first attracted the attention of anthropologists, and led to their investigation. Thus it is seen that all religions are basically one, that Christianity is but a branch of one episode, and that since religion is an evolutionary process, there is promise in the future of a better conception, a better understanding of our place in the universe. FH

Here is another short article on the concept of why we exist, and our relation to the atom.....William D. Conner is an active fan, who seems to get all over the country and never to a convention, but he did find time to send the following for publication.

IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION!

by WILLIAM D. CONNER

If some one told you that you were composed of about 95% vacuum, you probably wouldn't believe him. And yet it is true! According to the atomic theory, which one can deny has been proven, an atom is composed of about 5% mass, and 95% vacuum. It follows that if atoms are 95% vacuum, then all matter, which is composed of atoms, is merely a superficial mass of highly nebulous atoms. The reason why we can feel, see, touch, taste, and smell all of this nothing is that we are so huge in comparison to atoms, that all is solid to us.

I realize that this is just a wee bit brain-taxing, so for clarification, I will give an illustration. Let's compare an atom with an immense football stadium. The nucleus of the atom could be represented as a football on the 50-yard line; while the electrons would be like a swarm of flies buzzing around the last row of seats. Since there is nothing smaller known to science than the particles of an atom, there is only one "thing" that could fill the rest of the space-vacuum!

With this evidence, it is more than logical to assume that all the cosmos itself are about 100% vacuum! That doesn't leave us with much to call real, does it?

Just what is this universal "substance" vacuum? There is no way to determine it's presence other than to say that everywhere there is mass, there is no vacuum, or everywhere there is vacuum, there is no matter. We can't study it's actions and reactions, because vacuum is inert. However, vacuum can occupy a definite area, and anything that can occupy a definite area, has volume. It would seem that nothing is in reality, something!

"Nature abhors a vacuum". Isn't that a ridiculous statement. Contrary to this old fable, the opposite must be true. "Nature Loves A Vacuum!"

The whole concept of all of this nothingness is alien to our logic. Our two-valued logic is the logic of positive and negative, true and false, north and south, and black and white. The absolute neutral factor is beyond our logic. Vacuum is the absolute neutral factor. And the universe is an almost complete vacuum. I think that the universe is composed of three basic elements - mass, energy, and vacuum. This theory shatters the old concept that states that there is no such thing as a complete vacuum. A vacuum is complete in itself, as is mass and energy. Of course, the first statement is not entirely wrong. We have never been able to isolate a vacuum in a pure state. There is so much matter and so much vacuum in all of our attempts to

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create a vacuum. But vacuum is complete and so is the mass. But now it appears that I am confusing myself. The vacuum is complete, but the matter couldn't be! If you will remember, I said that mass is 95% vacuum, and only 5% something. So in an incomplete vacuum of ours, there is only about 5% something, no matter how dense the mass!

I have been using "nothing" and "vacuum" in the same breath all the way in this short article. But how can vacuum be nothing, if it is the prime ingredient of the universe? Maybe the universe is really just the product of God's imagination. When you consider that 95%-5% ratio, it makes the cosmos look pretty empty.

But we don't even really know why matter exists. We define it, but we can't explain why it is! What is this little bit of reality we have left? That's the ultimate question.

I hope I have given you a little glimpse of infinity through this discussion of nothing. But what's the answer to all of this? Well, you try to figure it out. In the meantime, I am going to get a good cold bottle of beer and mull over it for a while. How can something as potent as beer be only 5% real and 95% the product of my imagination? Or was it 6%?

WAC



This article originally appeared in 2000 A. D. - Dec. 1947

First and foremostly, apart from his writing and his fan activity, I can honestly and sincerely say that Edward Elmer Smith is the finest man that I have ever known. And his wonderful helpmate, Jennie, is just as grand a woman. Man, what a pair those two are!

As for his writing --- I guess all fandom has heard me rave about him. But I think he deserves it. The breadth of vision which he shows in his many tales, both from a scientific and philosophic angle, are truly inspiring. He always gets breadth and scope into his yarns, and a lot of thought-provoking ideas.

I suppose you have heard about how he got started writing. It was one terribly hot summer night in Washington D. C., when he and his wife, and a fellow and his wife who lived in the same apartment house, had been to a lecture on Astronomy. Coming home, he remarked on how nice it would be to have a space-ship so they could go out to space and get cooled off. One thing led to another and he was challenged to write such a story. Doc said he could handle the science part of it, but didn't think he could write the love interest. Mrs. Lee Hawkins

Garby, who was the other lady in the party, said she would do it. So they did.

The story was "Skylark of Space" and for a number of years they tried to peddle it, without success. Doc got a wonderful letter from Ray Long, the great editor of Cosmopolitan, almost "crying on paper", as Smith expresses it, because he couldn't publish such a grand yarn. But it just wasn't the sort of thing he could use in his magazine. Me, I think if he had published it he would have made Cosmopolitan even better than it was.

Anyway, come 1926, and Doc spies a copy of the first Amazing on the stands. He glances through it -- and starts off running to his home. There he grabs the ms. off the top shelf in the closet, rushes it to Gernsback, and the rest is history.

My own personal preference, until the Lensmen stories started, was always "Spacehounds of IPC". I still think it is a wonderful yarn. But the Lensmen stories are what really get me. They have so tremendously much in them. There is always 'on top' action, bang-bang story of inter-systemic warfare. Just underneath that is the politico-philosophical story of the conflict between two utterly opposing types of government. Still further down is the character development of the various protagonists, especially Kimball Kinnison. We see him grow steadily in mental and psychological stature before our very eyes.

There has at times been some criticism that Doc's heroes are not real men. I think those of you who have only read the Skylark stories in magazine form have a real beef coming in that respect. For all the characterization was taken out. You'll find it in the book form recently published, and I am sure it will give you a lot better idea of Seaton and Crane. I'll cheerfully admit that I have a lot of genuine fondness for Blackie DuQuesne, and for Hellmuth, two of his best villains.

But I still maintain that if you read carefully all that Smith has put into his stories, you'll find that Kinnison, especially, is very much of a real man all around -- even if he has a lot of highly unusual powers that apparently enable him to work miracles -- they aren't, by a long shot; they are solidly-planned and worked-out tests which are consistent with Kinnison's developing powers. Where he doesn't use his head, he gets slapped down, but good.

One of the interesting sidelights is Doc's ever-present desire to write a really un-human character. He admits that since he has the human viewpoint, it is an almost impossible job. I think he really came closest to it with the Vorkuls, in "Spacehounds", but even there their very human reactions to that prize-fight spoiled his aim to some extent. Doc thought he had it when he created Worsel, but merely succeeded in making a very lovable human in snake-form. Then he tried it with Nadreck, the cowardly Palanian, and created one of the swellest characters of all time. What a honey that Nadreck is. In my opinion, his 'reducing of Onlo' -- and his Failure (! ?) and consequent refusal to tell anything about it, is one of the greatest pieces of cosmic humor I've ever read.

When you come right down to it, Helen of Lyrane is probably the most utterly un-human character Doc ever wrote.

Taking it all in all, I think Doc Smith well deserves his high place in the realm of scientific literature. Of course, I cheerfully admit that I'm prejudiced. I think the guy is terrific! Isn't it funny how many fans agree with me?

EEE

THE MAELSTROM

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE
New London, Conn.

I am still in doubt that you could claim to be in your 13th year of publication since there was a definite break of about two years, if I recall correctly from sometime in the early 50's -- probably 51 and 52. And then, too, there have been several editors of the 'zine if I recall correctly. However, this is all getting very technical and I imagine that it doesn't bother you any. The only reason I bring it up is that fans continually call my attention to your masthead when I brag of publishing PEON for eight straight years! Oh well.....As is usual with CANTAN (and I like the abbreviation very much) the mimeographing is tops. I only wish I could get as good a layout and duplication with PEON as you do. I enjoyed the entire issue, with the best reception going to your own article, "THAT OLD MOVIE BUG." True, it has nothing to do with a s.f. fanzine, but enjoyable just the same.....Incidentally, in your remarks on the people to contact for the convention, you called Honey Wood (Miss). I'm afraid that Mr. Wood is going to be mighty mad at you for divorcing him from his wife!.....All in all, a wonderful issue and one to be proud of.....

The two year break actually did have some activity, but it leaned heavily in the huckstering of books and magazines, thus we have deemed it wise not to give anybody any credit in this particular time lapse.....Sole credit for mimeographing goes to Gerald Steward, who gets a great kick out of turning out fine work. And believe me when I say that he spends many hours helping others, besides myself, turning out other fanzines.....Your so right, Honey Wood's husband will be after me with a rifle for the dunderhead error I pulled in the last issue. WDG

WILLIAM D. CONNER
Francis E. Warren
Wyoming

I was very pleased with this ish of CANTAN. Especially Harlan Ellison's "IS SCIENCE FICTION LITERATURE?". I think this is the type of article stf fanzines should have in every issue. Also enjoyed "A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND".....I am looking forward to your report on the Midwest Con. As fate would have it, I am in Wyoming instead of Ohio at con time. It's ironic that I will be out here in the West when the World Con is being held in the East. Last year it was the opposite. Maybe I'll be lucky one of these years and be fortunate enough to attend a Con.....Ellison made one big mistake in his article. He takes the position of a foolish pessimist. He says, in effect, that stf has run out of new gadgets and gizmos to use as a basis for stories. "Everything inventable has been invented", Bah! This is extremely ridiculous! A wise man will confess how little he really knows and is awed by the unknown quantity. Man's knowledge to date is like a marble lost in the light years of space. The unknown is infinite, and ever shall remain so, regardless of the accumulate knowledge of man. For shame, Harlan! Is this what they teach you at Ohio State? I sincerely hope not. Too bad you had to ruin such a fine article with such a statement. Especially so, since it should be obvious to every one that the very theme of stf is the Unknown.....Can it be that Harlan is so crammed full of superflous knowledge that he has lost his perspect-

ive? Maybe he never had one! To me, atomic energy is merely like a firefly lost in the void, for all the light it casts on the unknown. I can not imagine or conceive where Ellison got such a profound idea. Maybe the poor lad is finally cracking under the strain.....While "HE" licks his wounds, I will take a blast at that character that took an insidious method of attack, when he insulted me in the last ish. He maintained that the reason for my distain of fanzines was because of my lack of seniority in the field of fandom. I still am firm in my conviction that fanzines should be devoted to stf. Of course, if you want to publish a mere amateur magazine, that's your business! And you will be doing just that if you neglect stf!.....Enclosed you will find a year's sub to CANFAN. I still have confidence in your zine, despite what I have said in my letter, I think CANFAN is the best zine in fandom.....

G. M. CARR
Seattle, Wash.

CANFAN # 25 was a very enjoyable issue. Ellison proves what I've long suspected - he's so busy shooting off his mouth about stf he hasn't time to read it or else he'd know that there have been stories about "a runny-nosed urchin, prowling the slums" -- SLAN, for instance started out with just such a character. As to the problems of miscegenation, there have been too many to list.....Les Creutch's fiction was surprisingly tender and straightforward....."THAT OLD MOVIE BUG" proved that somebody else's hobby can be interesting to others who do not happen to share it -- which the majority of articles on personal hobbies certainly tend to disprove. Nine-tenths of the rubbish written about automobiles, fire arms, tape recordings, hi-fi, jazz and classics, etc; are so boring that it would set up immunity against ever enjoying that particular hobby merely because of the poor quality of the writing and lack of adequate thought in preparing it. Congratulations.....WAW is always delightful.....

The above, believe it or not, was all on one side of a postcard. Harlan's article stirred up quite a few readers, but the thing that amazes me is that he delivered this article as a speech last summer in Detroit and nary a word of contradiction ever circulated at that time. It almost looks as if the printed word is more permanent and one has more time to ponder over the statements. WDG

CHARLES ATHEY
Hamilton, Ohio

Read your sample copy of CANFAN. For some strange reason I have been deluged with sample copies of fan publications, some of them good, some medium, and some -- the less said the better. I hope that you will believe me sincere when I say that yours is the best of the lot and I hope to get many more. I suppose I can not be classified as a true SF fan altho I purchase all copies of SF I can get, I am interested less in fandom than I am in the relaxation that I get from reading of the pro-mags. I enjoy the letter sections more than the stories and have entered into some of the discussions in them and have carried on quite a bit of correspondence with the writers thereof.....More to the point I am enclosing a dollar for the maximum sub.....

In a sepearte letter I mentioned to Charles that he isn't the only one who gets a bang out of the letter sections. I can well remember turning to the letter section of FEM first and then reading

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the contents. And at that time FFM was my favourite magazine. The reason Charles was deluged with fanzines was that his address appeared in one of the pro-mags.....I have written one letter to a pro-mag (FFM in 1947) and I think my name went down on a booksellers listing, that was eight years ago and I'm still receiving advertisements for 'party comic books', playing cards, rare editions and other sundry things that travel through the mails just within the law. WDG

ARTHUR HAYES
Matachewan, Ont.

I enjoyed most of CANFAN # 25. The exceptions are "THAT OLD MOVIE BUG" and Percikow's poetic attempts. I do find that Carrol's appeal is appearing in a publication of small circulation and that as a result it cannot have much of an effect, still the subject was of interest. In my case, I'm more likely to need, than to give.....The more I think of it, the more likely I am to be at that convention. It would be my first, but I would take in a little of the "EX", a practice I normally have, but which I have skipped for the last three years. Having two weeks due since last October, for vacation purposes. I may end up in Toronto again working. I had to go away from Toronto to find out that such things as the Derelicts existed.....

BARRY GARDNER
Deport, Texas

I enjoyed CANFAN thoroughly. It would take quite a bit of space to comment on everything in the zine, so I won't try. But --- I enjoyed the Willis piece especially. I have never read anything by him which was not enjoyable. The fiction was fair as were the rest of the articles.....

REV. C. M. MOORHEAD
Bettsville, Ohio

I received the June 1955 edition of CANFAN and I liked it so well I am enclosing a dollar for more. This is the best fan edition of many that I have received, most of them have been either illegible or incomprehensible. This one I liked and hope to receive more.....

ALBERT COPPEL
Salt Lake City, Utah

I made print, something I have tried to avoid. Have you any scruples Grant, old boy? I thought not, the Ellison article proved that point..... By the way, from the article, I gather that Harlan is crusading against publishers or pro-mags or something professional. In fact it almost seems like he's being trying to sell some stories, somebody told him the truth and our boy has an axe to grind. Other than that the article has its merits, in fact much to my own surprise I even agreed to some of the points presented.....I see the readers were again blessed with another instalment of "THAT OLD MOVIE BUG", all I can say is that I hope the Keystone Kops catch up with you....."A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND" was a nice bit of writing. Walt Willis must be a very easy going guy, you can actually feel the personality as you read his words.....Your boy Croutch seems very versatile, "THE MOTH" is the kind of thing you would expect to find in a professional magazine as a 'short-short' on one page. A very neat ending. How about some more Croutch?.....I hate to admit it, but you and Gerald Steward are turning out an excellent fan magazine.....

Again let me repeat a request made in the previous issue. If anyone feels like contributing an article. We won't say 'no'. WDG

RON ELLIK
Long Beach, Calif.

Tsk, tsk, no "BY JOVE!" this isk. Very enjoyable reading, that. Let's have it back soon, by damn, or I'll request my money back....."THE MOTH" was nice, light reading, but not very good. Les' writing ability is oke by me, but the gimmick read like something out of Fate or Mystic---two mags, by the way, which I don't read. Croutch sounds like a fanatic. I shall refer him to Campbell as subject matter for an editorial..... You wrote the Hoaxcon report, no doubt. Recognized your style--poor sentence structure. Very humorous. Reminds me of THE BULLCON REPORT that Paul Nowell wrote some time ago. Same idea, I guess.....Please, let's not have any more STRANGER THAN FICTION type articles. They have small attraction to me. Reminds me of the Galaxy editorials or something.....Ellison again---pfag.....Now, I don't want to sound like I hate the whole mag. I don't. "A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND" and "THAT OLD MOVIE BUG" are worth the price of the magazine many times over, and more power to both of you. I'd like to see more WAW articles in fanzines other than HYPHEN--as a matter of fact, I'd like to see more WAW articles in HYPHEN!.....The movie column interests me immensely, although I am not an old-time movie fan. I enjoy watching the MOVIE MUSEUM on teevee down here, and enjoy watching the occasional silent movies shown on teevee as kiddie cartoons. The field fascinates me, altho not enough to start me collecting the damned things. Hope you continue the column---altho I also hope your sentence structure improves. Mayhap you don't speak English normally? Lot of French up in that area, aren't there? If you're "of foreign extraction" (now where've I heard that before?) I hope you don't mind my comments?.....You numbered your pages wrong. Nothing horribly criminal about the system you used, but--how you say?--it is a bit different. Why not start off like everybody else?.....I don't like these damned mimeod photographs. They look sloppy for some reason. Why not get some good, clean artwork? Plenty of it around, no need to use photo covers of some woman.....Lee Jacobs told me yesterday at the Westercon that he is interested in tape corresponding with just about anybody in the STFAN field. Wants people to know, too, that he no longer owns a rig and is not able to talk to fen via the airwaves. Write him at 984 South Normandie, Los Angeles 6, California, USA.....

This last bit is quite interesting as one of our Derelicts corresponds by tape with former friends in Australia and other points that I can't name. So I'll mention this to Boyd Raeburn and maybe..... I'm well aware of my imperfections of sentence structure. In my case I write directly right onto the stencil and when it is all over I usually find that I have pulled some 'humdingers', and believe me I sure don't feel like doing the whole thing all over again. Remember something, "THE MOTH" was written fifteen years ago, long before FATE or MYSTIC or other magazines of this type ever appeared. The story at that time was quite original. MOVIE MUSEUM has finally appeared up this way (Sunday - 2.15 PM - WBEN) and has certainly dug up some classics. I regret that it only runs fifteen minutes. Some of the two reelers they have attempted to edit down have suffered considerably. Yes, "THAT OLD MOVIE BUG" will continue, with corrections by Bob Bloch, another old time movie fan. At the same time I have another prompter by the name of Lyons, so as you can see I have some expert help in this line. WDG

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LLOYD ESHBACH
Reading, Pa.

I was certainly sorry to have to miss the Bellefontaine shindig. I had trouble with my station wagon the day before I planned to leave, then something else, purely personal turned up that made leaving highly awkward -- so I never did get there. First one I missed. I hear you fellows had a nice time, and I'm glad.....Thanks for the ad on "OPERATION: OUTER SPACE".....I suppose you're planning to go to Cleveland in September. I hope I'll be seeing the folks I had to miss in June. And the time is coming apace. Guess that's all for now. I have a stack of letters to answer.....

DES EMERY
St. Thomas, Ont.

Both issues number 24 and 25 are excellent. It strikes me sort of odd though, that the Torfen would have such a semi-sercon zine when they are so avant-garde, themselves.....I'd like to dispute Harlan Ellison's thesis in 25, but since it'd take even longer to prove stf is a form of literature than he took to prove it isn't, I won't. However, I think he has overstepped himself in saying, amongst other things, "--there has never been a story about a mixed marriage in the future". At the moment I can recall a story by Leigh Brackett called the "STAR WIFE" and another by Clarke (I think) about a Martian and Terran mating. If these marriages aren't mixed, what is? And further, I have no desire to extract vicarionism by "flashing between suns with a person who picks his nose".....

The following is a letter written by Gertrude Carr, which is dated January 4th, 1955. Why it was passed up and not reproduced even in part, maybe because of its length. I have been going backwards through Gerry's files and this particular item seemed as though it'd been wasted away, so here it is and in a sense quite delayed. WDG

G. M. CARR
Seattle, Wash.

With reference to John Loomes article "NO ONE CAN PROVE IT TO YOU?" -- which I consider to be an excellent -- I'd like to comment on his statement, "As mentioned above, reincarnation and Karma must invariably be included with this theory (ie, the 'living Universe' theory) for it to remain logical...." ----- I think that attitude is merely jumping from the frying pan into the fire. If we must assume some religious philosophy as the "explanation" of the mysteries of the universe, John might just as well have stayed with Catholicism as to switch to another metaphysical theory. Actually, up to that point he did very well in breaking up his early training patterns.....It is a very sad fact that the intellectual pitfalls which lie in wait for anyone who attempts serious thought with regard to God are numerous. The human mind, like a frightened hermit crab, must hide inside the empty shell of some other religious philosophy for a while as it regains courage after the audaciousness of discarding the one that grew too small for it. Unfortunately, one is apt to outgrow this new shelter even more quickly, and that's when the fun begins. Because then the individual must either begin the weary hide-and-seek of jumping from one ready-made religious theory to another, or else try and build one of his own that will more closely fit the observable facts.....The theory of Karma is one such empty shell -- and a very convenient one, too. But it does not fit all the observable facts any better than Roman Catholicism does, except that it fits a little more comfortably in certain places. They both

provide the human soul with an excellent aggregation of "answers" to the problems which trouble us, "right and wrong", "good and bad", etc. They both provide an acceptable pattern of ethics for getting along with other people and with a good working formula for exploring the supernatural phenomena of mysticism. But both of them have become so encrusted with metaphysical wishful thinking that the truth they contain is often obscured.....What I'm trying to say is this: In the theory of a 'living universe' ie, "...that as all matter is in continuous movement - the atom - we would seem to have a totally alive universe". Reincarnation is NOT "invariably included". The fact of the continuous movement of the atom is one of those truths which he himself defines as being "something outside of time". Since it is part of the physical world, it can be proved as a law of physics. But the theory of Karma -- like the theory of "Justification" or "Sanctification" or "Redemption" or any of the other polysyllabic titles with which humans attempt to explain the unexplainable -- are outside the realm of physics and as he justly points out, no one can prove it to you.The entire fabric of every religious philosophy is woven of these basic truths which are "outside of time". The trouble is, those facts are hard to come by and rough on the human ego to wear; so, being self-indulgent creatures, humanity tends to embroider these harsh facts with the cotton wool of metaphysical theory. But if we are genuinely searching for truth, we have to tear away the embroidery and follow the harsh threads of fact to wherever they lead.....The physical universe is relatively easy to explore. But the so-called "supernatural" is very difficult to evaluate. For one thing, the laws which govern supernatural phenomena are not as well known as the laws which govern the physical universe and these latter are by no means completely understood! We realize that if a human being wishes to develop a "body beautiful" and pose in a leopard skin for Tarzan pictures, he has to submit to a regime of diet and exercise. We dimly perceive that if a person wishes to develop a latent clairvoyance, he must also submit to a rigid schedule of exercise -- although we do not know exactly what those exercises might be. We are still in the guessing stage..... But the hardest thing of all, and the one we are most reluctant to accept, is that in order to develop a beautiful soul, the regime of spiritual diet and exercise is even much harder -- and the method of going about it is infinitely vaguer. In fact, we are vague even as to the goal. What IS "beautiful soul?" But all religions have that much in common that they insist that this vague and undefined condition is the ultimate end. Christianity says you can do it in one life; Karma is more cynical and figures it would take several. Confucianism thinks it consists of correct social behavior, Bhuddism has still another idea. Even the most primitive religions recognize some difference in personality between "God" and "man".....All in all, I sincerely hope John Loomes continues to search for Truth. This is the intellectual frontier -- perhaps I should say the ONLY intellectual frontier -- which confronts humanity. The physical universe still presents vast uncharted areas, but these areas are at least identified for exploration. The realm of the super-natural, the psychic, and the para-physical are still an uncharted wilderness which is rendered all the more confusing by the great number of well trodden paths which wind in and out of it and lead nowhere.....

And so up until August 22nd thats the letter column.

WDG

BEST ON THE QUARTER - 2 IN FIRST PLACE

SATELLITE - # 6
Edited by Don Allen
Gateshead 8, Co.
Durham, England

The first thing that struck us was the interior illustrating. They are carefully done and yet they show freedom. And so does the contents. The Editor has an excellent report on "KETTERING 1955" and his meeting with Walt Willis and others of British Fandom....."MY VERY GOOD FRIEND THE BNF" by Mal Ashworth was another little gem.....The fiction in this issue is average, no better or worse than some.....And believe it or not there is a good report on the "FAN VET CON" by Warren F. Link.....The Fanzine Review and Letter Section we found most interesting.....Size and format are excellent.....

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW
21 - August 1955
Edited by Richard E. Geis
1525 NE Ainsworth
Portland 11, Oregon USA

Mr. Geis makes apologies for the cover. He shouldn't. The only beef we can see is that the magazine can't seem to make up its mind to double columns or even edges. The mimeo is done in green, which is quite pleasing to the eye....."LETTER FROM NEW YORK" by Harlan Ellison certainly contained the gossip. It was short, but it covered a lot of ground....."LETTER FROM BRITAIN" by Fred L. Smith followed and tells of the publishing situation in England.....Richard Geis goes on for seven pages about Startling Stories and sundry connections, just a little overlong. (CANFAN has done this several times too, and wished later that we had done some drastic cutting down).....The Book Reviews were excellent and the Damon Knight effort was good, if you like that kind of thing.....

PSYCHOTIC - # 20
May-June-July 1955
Edited by Richard E. Geis
1525 NE Ainsworth
Portland 11, Oregon USA

Being that this fell within our quarterly time period Richard Geis gets a second mention. The fact of the matter is that this is the last issue under the Psychotic banner.....Peter Graham's Con Report catches all the flavor of San Francisco.....The fanzine reviews, are reviews, no mercy given.....Larry Stark's bit on "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA" is good.....The illustrations are not so good, but the overall contents are more than readable.....

OBLIQUE - # 3 - June 1955
Edited by Clifford I. Gould
1559 Cable Street
San Diego 7, Calif. USA

Here we go, heavy paper, and all shades of the rainbow. The reproduction is much better than the average done on this kind of stock. The contents lean to the younger fan group, there are all sorts of mad illustrations, strictly for laughs, in fact there are several that are quite well executed. A few more issues will tell whether this one goes up or down. The editor has worked hard on this one, so how about some material fellow fans?.....

MERLIN - Vol 4 - No 10
June 1955 - Edited by
Lee Anne Tremper
1022 N. Tuxedo Street
Indianapolis 1, Indiana USA

This one doesn't pretend to be anything other than a fanzine and thus it becomes enjoyable, even though the items in it are quite brief. We again run up against this heavy paper stock, but again the reproduction is good.....Robert Coulson

and J. T. Crackel talk about the different fields of publishing and both of them do it rather well.....And believe it or not somebody has another article on "HOW TO PUBLISH A SUCCESSFUL FANZINE", how many times has this been done?.....Dave Jenrette doodles for three pages and Harlan Ellison turns up in fiction form.....I'll suggest that the Editor (Miss Lee Anne Tremper) gets away from that heavy paper, then the postage will cost two cents instead of four. Other than that the magazine is very neat and I'm afraid all too short.....

ECLIPSE
Edited by Ray Thompson
410 South 4th Street
Norfolk, Nebraska USA

The fiction by Linda Perry left me kind of cold, but there maybe some of you that may think its great stuff. Eclipse is bi-monthly, so far as we can see there is no date or number on the magazine anywhere. So collectors

beware. Other than this Eclipse looks as if it had been turned out in a great hurry, but don't let that bother you, the contents other than the fiction is well above average.....Warren F. Link's "FAN VETS CON" appears again, word for word as it did in the British magazine "Satellite", it's still good, read it again.....Fanzines are reviewed under a scientific eye.....The Letter Section carries quite a bit of gossip.

WENDIGO
1428 - 15th Street, E
Calgary, Alberta CAN

This doesn't quite come into the fanzine category. So it will be picked at for what it is - a letterzine. This one is not serious, it contains letters and more letters. Everybody speaks

out and from my point of view everyone has one heck of a good time. There has been no real attempt to turn out a technical masterpiece - the focal point is strictly entertainment. The letters are written by authors, BNF's, little known fans and some plain nice people.....

On each quarter Canadian Fandom will pick the top fanzine received in this time period and follow it up with five others. In some cases there will be a split decision for the first place. That is what happened with this issue.....As you may have realized there are quite a few other fanzines on hand that didn't get mentioned. Most of them are pretty grim efforts all the way around. We are not using CANFAN as a yardstick, because we are aware that we certainly don't rate anywhere near the top (this is being honest, darn it) of the heap, CANFAN leans towards the serious side of things, not because we want to. It just seems that it always turns out that way.....This particular issue has several bits on religion, more so than usual, but this is evidently what the readers want. I've noticed the trend, CANFAN is classed by other fanzines as boringly stiff in its contents, actually it is when you compare it with the fanzines reviewed above. This is the truth in a sense, so it looks like we are growing away, whether we like it or not, from our fellow fan publications. The main thing to us is that we are reaching some of you and in our own small way entertaining you. If we have succeeded, fine; if we haven't, let us know about it. WDG

JAZZ ON PARLOPHONE

All the records below are mint and unplayed. These are the original English editions pressed by PARLOPHONE. Most of them appeared on the market about one year after the original American issue. As most record collectors know the surface, tonal reproduction and quality was far superior to any American 78's of this era. The second side of most of these pairings have been re-issued on LP's, but two of the Coleman Hawkins numbers have never been issued on this side of the Atlantic. Each record is selling for \$1.00. *LIMITED QUANTITY

COLEMAN HAWKINS

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET *

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY - 10 inch - 78 RPM - R1825 - Recorded March, 1934
Coleman Hawkins (saxophone solo); with Buck Washington (piano).

LULLABY / LADY BE GOOD * - 10 inch - 78 RPM - DP 210 - Rec. June, 1934
(Recorded in England) Coleman Hawkins (s); Stanley Black (p);
Albert Harris (g); Tiny Winters (b); Supervised by E. Jackson.

POOR RICHARD - 10 inch - 78 RPM - R992 - Recorded April 4, 1930
Jack Purvis and His Orchestra. Jack Purvis (tp); Coleman Hawkins
(ts); J. C. Higginbotham (tb); Adrian Rollini (bs); Frank Froeba
(p); Will Johnson (g); Charlie Kegley (dm).
Reverse side "You Rascal, You" with Louis Armstrong

EDDIE LANG

FREEZE AN' MELT - 10 inch - 78 RPM - P448 - Recorded May 18, 1929
Eddie Lang's Orchestra, Tommy Dorsey (tp & tb); Jimmy Dorsey (cl
& as); Leo McConville (tp); Arthur Schutt (p); Eddie Lang (g);
Joe Tarto (b); Stan King (dm).
Reverse side "West End Blues" with Louis Armstrong

FEELIN' NO PAIN * - 10 inch - 78 RPM - R2269 - Recorded August 30, 1927
Miff Mole and His Little Molers, Red Nichols, Leo McConville (tp);
Miff Mole (tb); Fud Livingstone (cl & ts); Adrian Rollini (bs);
Arthur Schutt (p); Dick McDonough (banjo); Eddie Lang (g); Vic
Berton (dm).
Reverse side "Rhythm King" with Bix Beiderbecke

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

CANDY LIPS (Very Rare)

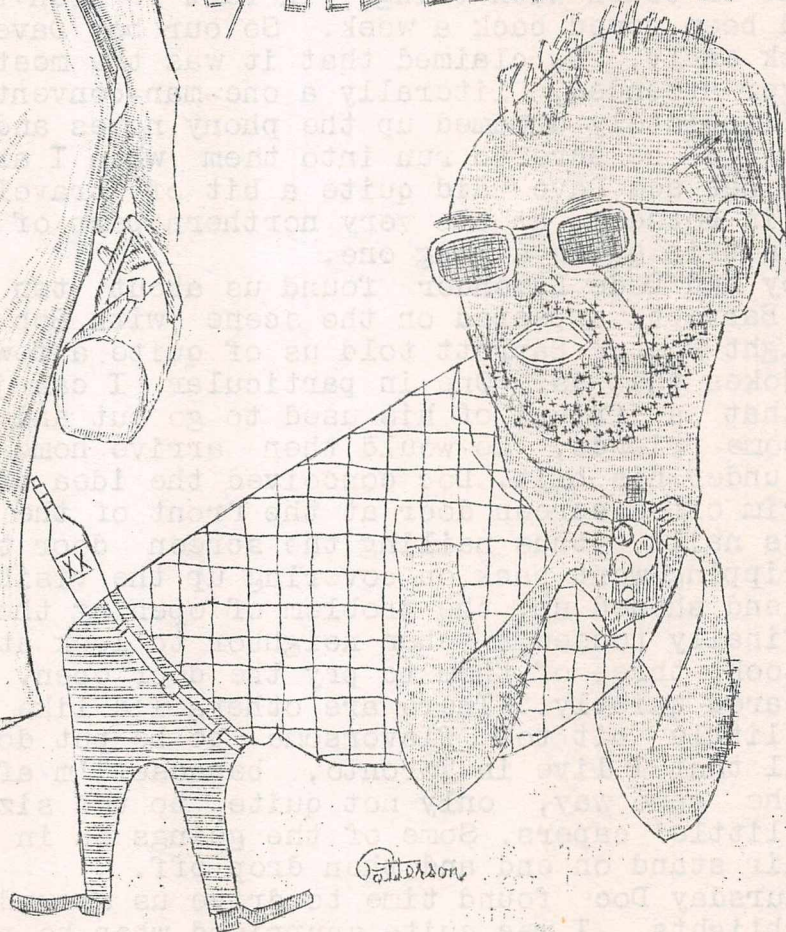
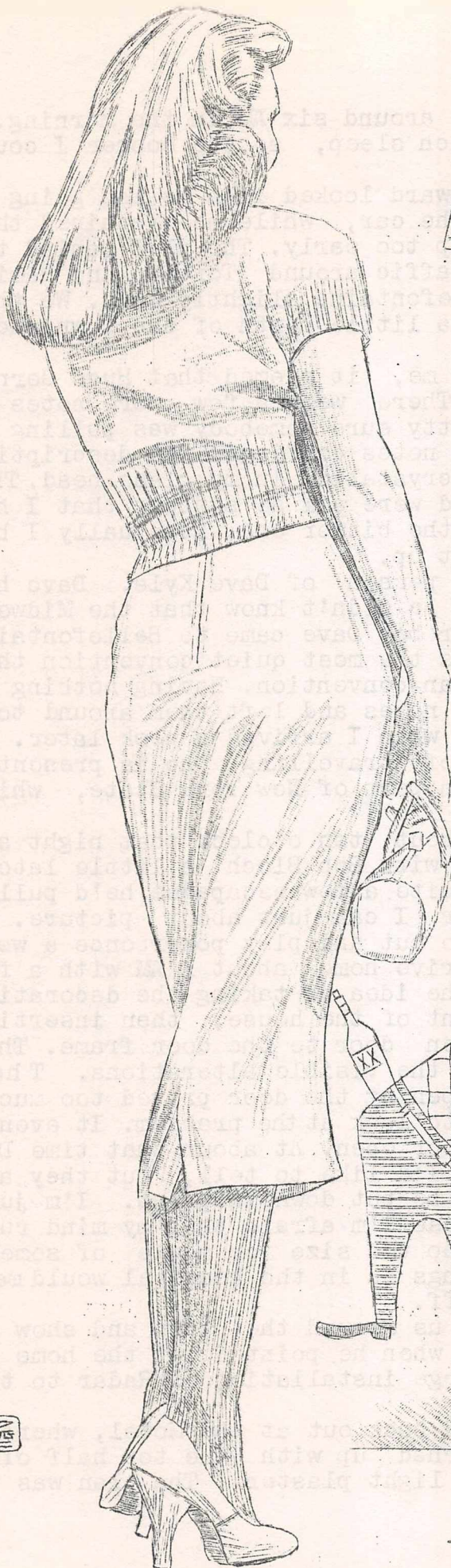
NOBODY BUT MY BABY - 10 inch - 78 RPM - R2531 - Recorded Nov., 1924
Louis Armstrong's Original Washboard Beaters, Louis Armstrong
(c); Charlie Irvis (tb); Sidney Bechet (cl & ss); Buddy Christian
(bjo); Clarence Williams (piano & scat vocal on "Candy Lips").
NOTE: In New York I saw the original recording on the Harmony
label, with the same pairing. On this one Clarence Williams' name
was featured.

ONCE IN A WHILE - 10 inch - 78 RPM - R2242 - Recorded Dec. 10, 1927
Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, Louis Armstrong (c); Kid Ory
(tb); Johnny Dodds (cl); Lil Armstrong (p); Johnny St. Cyr (bjo);
Lonnie Johnson (g).
Reverse side "Squeeze Me" with Louis Armstrong

I WILL HAVE THESE ITEMS AT THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION THIS SEPTEMBER
WILLIAM D. GRANT

MIDWEST CON 1955

by OLD WOODCHUCK



The day was Wednesday, June 8th, around six AM in the morning. I can honestly say that I didn't get much sleep, so the sooner I could get underway, the better I would feel.

Gerry didn't look too bad, but Howard looked like he was going to drop. Pat led him carefully out to the car, while he retained that half dead look one has when getting up too early. The plot behind the early getaway was to avoid the city traffic around Toronto and Hamilton. Ten hours later we arrived at Bellefontaine slightly worn. We then settled ourselves at the Karus Motel, a little north of the town and a much quieter place to relax.

There were several notes awaiting me, it seemed that Hugo Gernsback had been trying to look me up. There were a few more notes in town at the Fountain Lodge. I was pretty sure somebody was pulling my leg, but the people who handed me the notes confirmed the description of Hugo and so a great doubt began to crystalize in my glass head. This was only momentary. The people involved were all so sincere that I had to go right along with the gag, until the bitter end. Eventually I began to see the light, my glass head lit up.

The answer came much later in the person of Dave Kyle. Dave had been out of touch with things, in fact he didn't know that the Midwest Con had been moved back a week. So our boy Dave came to Bellefontaine one week early, he claimed that it was the most quiet convention that he'd ever attended, literally a one-man-convention. Having nothing to do he immediately dreamed up the phony notes and left them around town so that I'd be sure to run into them when I arrived a week later. So as you can see Dave did quite a bit of travelling. He is presently living in Potsdam at the very northern part of New York State, which made his trip quite a long one.

Roy and Dede Lavender found us about ten o'clock that night and Doctor Barrett appeared on the scene with Bob Bloch a little later. That night Doctor Barrett told us of quite a few escapades he'd pulled off, jokes that is. One in particular I can just about picture. It seems that a friend of his used to go out and play poker once a week with some friends, he would then arrive home about 1 AM with a few drinks under his belt. Doc conceived the idea of taking the decorative wood trim off a screen door at the front of the house, then inserting headless nails, thus nailing the screen door to the door frame. Then the stripping went back on covering up the visible alterations. Then his friend showed up, the problem of opening the door proved too much, so he finally roused a sober neighbor to look at the problem. It eventually took three of them to pry the door open. At about that time Doc disappeared quietly. There are others I'd like to tell, but they are just a little bit too flavorsome to be put down in print. I'm just thankful that I live in Toronto, because I'm afraid that my mind runs about the same way, only not quite to the size or scale of some of Doc's 'little' capers. Some of the goings on in the hospital would make your hair stand on end and then drop off.

Thursday Doc found time to drive us around the town and show us the highlights. I was quite surprised when he pointed out the home of the Mills Brothers and also a very large installation of Radar to the east of Bellefontaine.

Thursday evening found us settled back out at the Motel, where a bull-session got under way. Doc turned up with the top half of a female form made out of some sort of light plaster. The plan was to

set it up in Tucker's room the next day. I might say that the owner of the Motel and Dave Kyle did a very realistic job of just putting it in a sleeping position in bed. The only thing wrong with this was that we couldn't be there to see the expression on the faces of Fern and Boob when they arrived about three hours later. There was a plot to fix the bed so that they would be awakened in the early hours, this was dis-banded because they would be probably be still up in the early hours. And it would be a sure thing if we pulled a trick like that Bob would sure get even with us one way or another.

By Friday afternoon the familiar faces began to appear on the streets of Bellefontaine, the Cleveland group filtered in, the Skirvins and Fords arrived together and went on out to Indian Lake where they had rented a cottage for the week-end. Evelyn Gold, Marty Greenberg, Jean Carrol, Sam Moskowitz and others from the New York area arrived on the scene. Bea Mahaffey turned up with some fans from southern Ohio, all of which were new faces to me. Sadly missing was Lloyd Eshbach and the Diktys. In a letter from Lloyd, recently, he explained that his car was acting up at the last minute. As for Ted I was told that Shasta was in the midst of a legal tangle in regards to the pocketbook edition of "Who Goes There?". So now I can only say that I do hope Ted and Judy turn up in September at Cleveland.

Later that evening Doc collected the group and started things going at his headquarters on Madriver Street. Pat Patterson (Mrs. Howard Lyons) had her sketch pad out, the results she got down on paper are truly funny. I thought I was being quite evasive by wearing dark glasses, I was fooled, that didn't stop her, she reproduced "Woodchuck" in all his shining horror. Dark glasses, stubble, sarcastic grimace and a bottle sticking out of my back pocket, the results by the way can be found in the Cleveland Convention Report # 4 in the middle pages. That gal can see an awful lot, I'm glad she can't read minds. I understand that some more of these character pictures will be on display at Cleveland, I think they should be in the auction, I just know that some of the subjects would pay plenty of loot to get their hands on them. Or perhaps Pat would sell them to me and I could work up a small blackmail trade.

Fran Lipton and Reta Grossman decided to try and get to the Midwest Con by air. You could just about write a book on the trouble they ran into. They left Toronto and arrived in Buffalo, at that point they literally got edged out of their seats on the connecting plane to Cleveland. After about three hours of waiting and arguing they got onto a plane that ended up in Cleveland. By this time they had missed the train from Cleveland to Bellefontaine, so American Airlines talked them into taking one of their flights to Columbus, Ohio. By this time quite a rain storm was covering this area. So the girls ended up in Columbus around eleven in the evening, slightly wet, hungary and completely disgusted with Air Travel. For twenty-five dollars they talked a taxi driver into driving them to Bellefontaine. They arrived on the scene about 1.30 AM. In the meantime Dave Kyle and myself, not knowing that they hadn't made train connections, went down to meet the train in the middle of the storm and naturally they didn't show up. Both of us got slightly drenched. I figured they wouldn't be showing up, so when they did it was quite a surprise. What it cost those two for transportation would make you kind of sick, especially when you figure that they only had two days of the week-end. Needless to say, the two

of them joined our foursome on the way back by car. It was crowded but one and all had quite a merry time on the drive back to Toronto.

The gathering at Doc's house broke up around 3 AM and by that time other familiar faces had shown up. Ed Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Doc Smith and his wife, Lynn Hickman and his other half, Harlan Ellison, Frank Robinson and others that I will mention as I go along with this narrative

By the way before I forget Boyd Raeburn and Ron Kidder arrived on the premises at around midnight, about one hour before Fran and Reta. They left Toronto about noon on Friday and travelled in an "MG", which to us the unenlightened (myself included) is a very small car, but it sure can travel. So Toronto was well represented, eight of us in all. And we all spoke "Canadian".

Saturday morning practically the whole Cleveland Convention Committee turned up at the Motel. Howard Lyons was invited to be a moderator on part of the Cleveland program, I know right now that they have made an excellent choice and I understand that Bob Tucker and Harlan Ellison will be part of the group of panelists. Something tells me this is going to be a highlight of the convention.

Larry Shaw turned up and told us he would be editing a new magazine this fall. At present I think he is editing a Hot-Rod magazine, or he was editing it, I'm not quite sure. Dirce Archer and Mary Mallinger came in from Pittsburgh. Mary, by the way, informed us that she is engaged to Don Susan. Everybody seems to be getting into the act these days in fandom. George Raybin made it. Also Phyllis Scott who I remember sat at the same banquet table as I did in Philly. I met Rog Phillips, who is a very lively person and kept many a conversation from lagging. Jean Bogart was another who has been missing from some of the past gatherings. Or maybe I didn't have my eyes open at some of the past affairs. Ben Keifer and his wife showed up along with a friend. By this time I was taking movies, but even this doesn't help keep some of the events in right sequence.

That evening most of us gathered out at the Karus Motel where the bull-sessions really got going. Last year I was amazed to find out that Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton were interested in old time movies like myself. This year they both amazed me again, they collect early jazz records. Their taste varies very slightly from my own, we agreed on such personalities as Armstrong, Dodds, Cotton Pickers, Lang, Beiderbecke being tops in the field of early jazz. Looks like I'm going to be huckstering some records this fall. Larry Shaw also turned out to be another addicted jazz follower.

Later that evening I ran off some movies, you'd be surprised at how many people got crowded into that Motel room. Sardines would come in second, I'm sure of it. That was also the night I displayed the incomplete proofs of "Escape", so now fandom officially knows that we are not completely full of wind up in Toronto. While on the subject, Fred Woroch finally contacted me after six months silence, he has settled down in Windsor, Ontario and is planning on putting out a printed magazine again. This one will be printed and will be about the dimensions of Galaxy.

Evelyn Gold wrenched her foot earlier in the day and by this time it had swollen her ankle a bit. From this Doc was inspired to pull one of his famous jokes. At around 1 PM an ambulance drove up, Doc Barrett and four very willing men in white grabbed hold of Evelyn and bound

up the ankle with reams of stuff, such things as a saw, hypodermic and stethoscope managed to appear in the battle. I was very lucky, I managed to get the whole thing on film and Bob Tucker took stills of the event. I think the owners of the Motel got quite a shock for the moment until they realized that it was strictly for laughs and that the good Doctor was behind the whole operation.

By the way I think I should mention that Dr. Barrett was being called away at various periods of the entire week-end to perform some emergency operations, which as you can imagine made it pretty rough on him. Overall he still managed to be the perfect host, which struck me as quite something considering how the unexpected seemed to crop up every other hour or so.

With this in mind Lou Tabakow and Don Ford said the only way Doc would be free would be to hold the Midwest Con away from Bellefontaine next year. Evidently there is a large motel just outside of Cincinnati that would do the trick, it also has a swimming pool nearby and an excellent place to eat on the premises. And Cincinnati is certainly a much easier place to get to by train and air than Bellefontaine. In my own case I'd probably fly down and I know some others that would make the same choice gladly.

I'm not so sure of the remainder of the evening. I do know that Gerry took some movies and I turn up in them, ten years from now they'll probably be sold on the blackmail market. Believe me, I really look spiffed. Good old Gerry, my turn will come someday.

As far as I know things broke up around 3.30 AM, I think everybody was just about all talked out. The thought of getting up in the morning to go to a banquet on Sunday at 11.00 AM sure wasn't inspiring.

Let me say now we all made it, but it wasn't until about 3.00 PM when I started to function like my old self. After the banquet there was a gathering over at the Ingalls Hotel. The subject matter was the state of Science-Fiction Today. Quite a few magazines have folded and with them some publishers. The ones that remain are naturally in a much healthier position to survive. With Sam Moskowitz on hand the reason why "Science-Fiction Plus" went under was raked over the coals. After everyone had agreed that the field was in the doldrums Larry Shaw officially announced the birth of his new magazine this September.

Sunday evening we spent a short interlude at Doc's summer home out at Indian Lake, then we decended on the B & C for dinner and by 10.00 PM we were headed back to the Karus Motel. Where once again the bull-sessions started up. At about this time I'd convinced Fran and Reta that they might as well drive back with us. Different ones started to say goodbye, this is the part of the Con that I don't like. The last evening never has the fullness of the other evenings, always in the back of your mind is the fact that you have a long drive ahead for the next day. In some cases I've noticed fans leaving for home as early as Sunday noon, that's why I kind of like the idea of flying down next year and eliminating the long drive.

I said my goodbyes around 1.00 AM only to arise at 6.00 AM so that we could get an early start. We arrived back in Toronto about 8.00 PM Monday evening and all of us were quite worn out.

In summing up, as far as I'm concerned, the Midwest Con this year was far ahead of last year's effort. The reason being that our group occupied an entire motel, thus nobody could complain about noise and other things that crop up when the guests are mixed groups. I hope enough people register at the Hotel Manger in Cleveland to make the same set-up possible. And with that I'll sign off and will probably see you all quite soon in the City of Cleveland.

WDG

PLEASANT DREAMS

by
NORMAN G.
BROWNE

He tossed and turned fitfully on the bed. He was asleep and dreaming. The windows were open in the hope of capturing some elusive summer wind. The room was warm and sticky in the mid-summer's heat. The sleeping man dreamt -- on -- and -- on.

+++

His chair was tilted back against the wall and his hat was tipped over his eyes. His limp head rested at an angle against his chest. As a night watchman he was asleep.

At his feet a cat was sending up waves of rhythmical purrs, with this an aura of companionship and peace. But the night watchman slept on, unknowing, uncomprehending and unaware.

The train sped on through the open countryside. Its long mournful wail poured out to herald its oncoming path. Those ahead were either oblivious or unconcerned with its approach.

The train was nearly deserted, except for the fourth car. Five people sucked in the night air, a newly married couple snuggled close, two travelling salesmen played cards at the front end, while at the other end a man was resting his head against the window sill, his feet propped up on the seat ahead of him, his bags piled in the aisle. This man was asleep and dreaming.

Over and above it all the train's wheels droned out a continuous clickity-clack, clickity-clack.

The soldier roused slightly, stretched his cramped limbs and found a new but equally uncomfortable position in which to rest. His face was covered with a three day growth of beard. Where he was, so close to the front, there were no razors and no time. His grimy uniform radiated a special aroma, one that became part of him. A dirty cloth was wrapped around his forehead to cover a minor wound.

His dark rimmed unseeing eyes faced towards the front lines and the action going on there. The pyrotechnics of war filled the sky with multicoloured radiance; bathing the war torn battle field in red, yellow and white lights. The air was split by the multitude of sounds that emanated from the mighty engines of war. Far off came the thump thump of the artillery as it lobbed shells into the enemy positions. Nearer still was heard the sharp crack of carbines as nervous troops shot at the shadows in the night.

The soldier slept on, his dream concerned something more ordinary and peaceful.

The blinking neon sign in front of the store said one word; EATS. Inside, all was warm and comfortable, a coffee urn hissed and spluttered on the stove. Someplace at the rear a leaky faucet played a monotonous melody with its steady drip. Sandwiched in between a pair of bowls behind the counter was a small radio and from it emanated the music of an all night disc-jockey program.

But it was heard by no one; the restaurant was deserted. Its only occupant, a short order cook, was seated on a upended coke case, his

head cradled in his arms, fast asleep and dreaming.

He was an old gray-haired hobo; dressed in warm but seedy clothes, shabby scuffed up shoes and a dirty beret. Newspapers were wrapped around his legs and chest to keep out the cold. He was lying under a clump of bushes in one of the city's parks with a larger was of newspaper stuffed under his head. He was warm and comfortable.

Not more than ten feet away wound a small foot path. Along this strolled a young couple returning from a date at the movies, a group of workers changing shifts, a gang of teen agers heading for the nearest pool hall, a policeman patrolling his beat.

Beyond the park the busy streets of the city ebbed and flowed with the conglomeration of cars, trucks, and people that made up the late evening traffic. Unconscious of the passing parade of the outside world, the hobo slept on; completely unaware that he was fifth in a series of dreams and his dream was the sixth.

The small shield shaped sign at the edge of the road said US Highway number ten. In each direction a two-lane ribbon of concrete stretched away into the distance. Along this important transcontinental highway hurtled all manner of vehicles. Most of them were cars; their twin headlights diffusing and permeating the cool night air far in the distance. At a mile a minute they would come and go; with nothing but a roaring swish and a minature whirlwind to mark their passing.

The groan of motors and the grinding whine of shifting gears indicated the slow approach of a heavy truck. It came to almost a full stop, then pulled off the road into a secluded spot near a truck stop. The cab door opened and with a light liquid motion the driver jumped to the ground. After brushing off his pants and buttoning up his leather windbreaker, he ambled over to the restaurant. His long strides gave no hint of his long confinement behind the wheel.

Three-quarters of an hour later he returned to the truck; he leaned back against a fender and watched the traffic zoom up and down the highway. Five minutes later he flicked the butt away and climbed into the cab. Once inside he pulled a blanket down from the back and settled down to sleep.

He slept, and because he was part of the pattern, he dreamt.

Rain came; the temperature dropped, the humidity went down, a wind sprang up. The room that had formerly been hot and sticky was now cool and dry. The windows that had been left open to catch some illusive night breeze now admitted a cold wind. No longer did the sleeping man toss and turn fitfully, instead he lay on the bed unmoving, all the bed clothes wrapped tightly around him.

Some deeply buried subconscious instinct must have awakened him. His first reaction was to shut the windows and cut off the flow of air that was making his room cold. Then, after partially remaking the bed, he settled down to sleep again. But he couldn't, his mind was such a turmoil of thoughts over the strange dream he had recently experienced. It was so fantastic; the idea of him dreaming of someone else who was dreaming of someone else who was.... He laughed, rolled over on his side, and went to sleep.

But the chain reaction had started.....

The night watchman awoke and looked around apprehensively. Nothing. He yawned, stretched, and settled back on his chair. But he

Pleasant Dreams

couldn't sleep; somewhere, something, bothered him. Far back in his mind something gnawed and irritated. He climbed from his chair and started patrolling the store.

When he saw the shadows outlined on the rear door of the store, he knew his premonition had been correct. Someone was trying to break in. Smiling grimly he picked up his flashlight and gun.

And the chain reaction continued.....

The sleeping man on the train was awake but still drowsy. He continued to rest in the same position, listening to the clickity clack of the wheels. But slowly he became aware of a new rhythm impressing itself in his mind. Alarmed by the concept he climbed to his feet and began making his way forward in the train.

He had decided that he was about as far forward as he could go, when the swaying of the train as it went around a curve knocked him off balance. He stumbled against a seat, tripped and fell. For a brief instant his face was pressed against the window and what he saw on the track far ahead tore his body with fear and terror. Clawing crazily to his feet, he reached up and pulled the emergency cord that ran the length of the train.

And the chain reaction continued.....

Three of the enemy crept stealthily across the battlefield toward the sleeping soldier. A flare shell dropped suddenly, illuminating the scene with the brilliance of day. Three men clung to the ground motionless, but what they saw during the brief flash made them gloat with animal anticipation. The soldier was asleep in a shallow foxhole, well separated from his companions. They crawled forward.

The soldier awoke, stretched his cramped limbs, and groped dimly around in the dark for his rifle. He found it, and, after making sure it was loaded, resumed his position watching the battlefield. For many minutes he watched unseeing, waiting for his eyes to accustom themselves to the blackness. Slowly his pupils dilated and with the return of sight, he saw them.

He then reached down to the hand grenades clipped to his belt.

And the chain reaction of awakenings continued.....

The short order cook in the restaurant awoke with a start, blinked his eyes to wipe the sleep from them. He gazed around the room, nothing, it was still deserted. Then he noticed the time on the wall clock, and with a groan, began the job of closing up the shop.

The store was in blackness and the shades were drawn. He was just in the midst of counting the day's receipts when a knock came at the door. He ignored it and went on counting. Outside, the two young white faced men gave up their idea of robbing the store and disappeared into the night.

And the chain of awakenings continued.....

One minute the hobo was sound asleep; the next he was wide awake. He listened attentively, wondering what noise or movement had awakened him. He heard and saw nothing. He noticed rather abstractly that it had rained slightly during the night. But he was certain the rain hadn't awakened him as he was well covered by newspapers and the surrounding shrubbery.

It was late, he heard few people about and little traffic. From his pocket he produced a small thin dime. He decided to have a cup of coffee.

He reached a street bordering the park and was trying to decide in which direction to go, when he noticed the smoke. It was curling

out of a window on the fourth floor of an eight story apartment house. He watched it idly for a minute, wondering whether or not it was important. He was about to turn away when he noticed more smoke flickering out of the next window. Then he saw the faint gleam of flame and that decided him.

Down the street was a fire box, he raced to it and sent in an alarm.

Five awake, two to go.....

The bar and restaurant on the main highway was well frequented by the men driving the great transcontinental trucks. At this time of night it was quite crowded, and outside in the yard a variety of trucks were parked; one even had a man sleeping in it. At right angles from the truck containing the sleeping man was a trailer; its cab was parked on the other side of the lot. The trailer was anchored, but it was on a slight rise and the force of gravity was stronger than the holding power of the wheel block. Slowly, ponderously, it broke free and began moving toward the truck containing the sleeping man.

But the truck driver awoke, and he awoke with a sense of impending doom. He raised his head, and out of sleep-filled eyes saw the runaway trailer plunging down the incline towards him. Time stood still as he sat watching, motionless. Then something snapped inside of him; he roared out of the cab, yelling and screaming.

And the cycle was almost complete.....

For the second time during the night, he awoke. But this time there was no reason for his awaking. He was not cold nor hot; there was no cold wind blowing in the window; there was nothing. It frightened him, for still fresh in his mind were the details of a strange dream he had experienced. A dream in which six people slept and dreamt while he slept and dreamt; but when he awoke they also awoke, and each of them awoke at a moment of crisis.

He tried to rationalize the dream. He tried to forget it. He tried in vain to suppress the one damning thought that tortured his mind. The concept that each person had awakened one after the other like a chain reaction; the memory of the truck driver in his dreams awaking, and the next instant he had found himself awake.

Then he realized that he was breathing with some difficulty, then he heard sirens. He hesitated for a minute, then he jumped out of bed, and ran for the window, and threw it open. His eyes took in the scene below uncomprehending. He saw the milling crowd of curiosity seekers; the fire engine just pulling up at the curb; the tenants of the building streaming out of doors in various stages of undress.

He felt an impulse to look up; he fought it vainly but at last his curiosity over came him. He looked and saw the smoke billowing from the fourth floor windows.

This was his crisis, he ran out into the apartment hallway, smoke was already seeping down from above. In a panic he worked his way down to the ground floor and finally he was breathing fresh air.

In that instance he noticed a figure, shabby and beaten looking on the edge of the faces before him. Sure enough it was the hobo, he started towards the man. Uniformed men grabbed him saying that he was badly shaken, the hobo disappeared. He started to laugh and continued to do so. Finally they escorted him to the nearest ambulance.

The hobo left the turmoil of the gathering crowd and the fire. He had done his duty by sending in the alarm. But he was still thirsty; he wanted that cup of coffee.

NGB

