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15th ANNIVERSARY





- short issue -

# CANADIAN FANDOM FEB 1957

Combined With "THE MAELSTROM" (32)

15th Year Of  
Publication  
Feb. 1957  
Number 33

Edited by  
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11 Burton Road  
Toronto 10, Ontario  
Canada

Printed by  
Fred Demone  
29 Spruce Street  
Toronto 5, Ontario  
Canada

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Eight Copies for \$1.00

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the first four years (1943 to 1946)  
of this magazine's early years....

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- 15th ANNIVERSARY -----  
----- by Pat Patterson





On The Edge of Unknown Power

# ON THE EDGE OF UNKNOWN POWER

BY  
BILL  
CONNER

or "FIELDS OF FORCE"

Heading by  
W D G



## On The Edge of Unknown Power

Bill Conner, presently situated in the Armed Forces, has been a regular correspondent-contributor to Canadian Fandom. The following article is the product of many hours of thought-provoking conversations with some of his close friends. Frankly I wasn't expecting this material for quite some time, but when you know what you are going to say, it doesn't take long to put it down in reasonable order. So take back your apology, Bill, we are very glad to be able to present it in our big issue. WDG

### A Short Introduction

For the better part of my high school days and the four years since, I have had the good fortune to have as my best friends two fellows who's interests were nearly the same as mine. Some of the more profound facets of science were discussed by us over many cans of beer - and never without paper for note-taking! This became more and more valuable to me as the two friends progressed in college - JR as an industrial designer, and DS as a physics major. And so, I have acquired sort of a second hand college education. At this point, you may be thinking, "and why would this be of any interest to me?"

After due consideration, I decided to write these thoughts down. Even though I may reveal some philosophy/ideas on the subject of atomic physics that may later turn out true and practical (perhaps a 100 years from now) - I am resting assured that the ideas I present in my article would take a bit of research to prove. Maybe twice the amount of time, money, and effort poured into the atomic research to date!

Do I consider myself to be a Great Genius? Certainly not! When one suddenly decides it's fun to use one's brain, then the rest of the world may suddenly decide that they have discovered a new genius. Any person who possesses the creative type mentality is capable of being a "genius" in one field or another.

To many a jaded science-fiction fan it may seem that Stf has just about explored all of the possible future of the physical sciences. Space travel, time travel, matter transmission, immortality, and etc., are old stuff. These readers of Stf have had their imaginations stretched to the ends of the universe; and the accomplishments of FEAL science seems feeble in comparison. As a result, the psi sciences have become an increasingly more popular raw material for stories.

I think that this indicates a trend that will someday occur in REAL science. When man masters his environment to a certain degree, then he will begin to undertake a much more difficult task - the mastering of himself. But, because of the fact that the unknown IS infinity, there will always be a new horizon in the physical sciences for man's curiosity.

I doubt if very many science-fiction fans can really appreciate just how close to the frontier of Super Science we are today. Most of the concepts of atomic physics are highly abstract mathematical ones; which are not easily translated into unmathematical terms. An idea of the extreme smallness of the atom is, for example, a concept that is very hard for most people to visualize. These same people have difficulty in imagining such large measurements as one one thousandth of an inch. But mathematics is the very science of measurement; so the professional mathematician has the ability to conceive of very small units of measurement. However, even he has a limit as to the extent of smallness or largeness that he can practically imagine, without thinking abstractly.

The abstract mathematical cosmos of the physicist-mathematician is somewhat prosaic to Stf fans. Most educated people tend to limit their use of mathematics to their own particular field. As a result of this, the real appreciation of the frontier of atomics is obscured by the lack of understanding of hypermathematical concepts. Beyond the atom lies a frontier so vast that it staggers the imagination and almost defies explanation. With the atom, and it's particles, we are down to bare fundamentals, to say the least. To explain atomic phenomena in any more basic terms is the frontier of atomic physics. Many physicists deny the existance of such a frontier, but this denial is not without just cause. This frontier is both mathematical, physical, and philosophical in description.

At this point, I will leave the domain of both science-fiction and science-fact, and turn to the scientific probability. Acting as sole seer and high prophecier will be yours truly. I will explain a few philosophical theories on the subject of atomics which are based entirely on deductive reasoning. This is the method the philosopher-scientists of old used before the scientific method of inductive reasoning became the vogue. One of the most famous results of the deductive method is Aristotle's theory of gravitation - that heavier bodies fall faster than lighter bodies! But deductive reasoning has one great virtue - it is the deductive hypothesis that is the basis for many inductive conclusions. I will attempt to explain my theories in a language that most fans are familiar with - English - instead of the higher math that is greek to most of us.

Before I begin to get into it's finer points, I think I should make an attempt to orientate my readers in the concept of atomic size. This must be at least vaguely understood before one can even begin to attempt to discuss atomic particles. A familiar analogy in relation to the size of an atom is that of comparing the atom with, say a watermelon of medium size. If the watermelon is compared with the earth, a rough conception of atomic size can be visualized. Picture the Earth was the size of a basketball, an atom of this basketball would be about the size of a watermelon on the world/basketball. A watermelon, in comparison with the colossal size of the Earth, as visualized side by side in space, can be compared with a basketball and an atom side by side!

Now that I have established the size of an atom, very roughly, I will add to the confusion by establishing the size of atomic particles. If the atom was as big as a huge football stadium, the nucleus would be on the center of the four yard line, and the electrons would be as insects flying around the last row of seats. In both of these analogies, the comparative terms roughly represent the ratios of "pure" mathematical equations. Even in explaining it this way, it still amounts to using words in the place of numbers; consequently, the mathematical concept is not entirely lost.

It is the atomic particles, particularly in the nucleus, that the scientists are probing today in atomic research. As always in science, the concept began as a simple one, and later evolved into a more complex one. At first, an atom was thought to be composed of electrons, protons, and neutrons. To date there are many more "trons" and "sons" to complicate the picture.

Now I will warn the reader that from here on he should take care to realize that I am now beginning to theorize. All of the foregoing was based on scientific fact, but all of the following will be based



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on deductive reasoning.

The atom, as pictured in mathematical abstraction, is divided into components that have meaning in their energy potentials and characteristics only. This mathematical picture supplies no picture as to what may be the actual physical arrangement of the atom. Matter on the atomic scale is known to man only as mathematical formula. Some writers of SciF have pictured the actual physical atom as looking somewhat like a astronomical nebula. Or that the atom is a universe itself, and that its atoms are universes - ad infinum. I think these ideas are about as good as any the ivory tower boys can come up with.

Energy, as visualized by mathematical abstraction, is an entity that does "not" exist in a material sense of the word. Light is radiant energy that can travel through the medium of space, according to this concept. And, as a contradiction, space is said to be almost entirely sheer, empty, nothing/vacuum! How can nothing travel through nothing? It can't! But most physicists will concede to you at this point that the nature of both "nothings" are still pretty much unknown, and as a result, they must go by workable theories despite the contradictions.

It is becoming more and more evident every day that the atomic scientists, in their rush to exploit this field, are concentrating more on measuring than defining. And justly so, for it is the measuring that yields the practical results; and the definition that creates the need for more measuring! Also, the defining of atomics must be accomplished with philosophical terms in addition to mathematical terms.

To define an atom in terms of it's particles without mathematical symbology is nearly impossible with present theories. The entire concept of an atom having particles is a mathematical one. By deductive reasoning, I have conceived of an entirely different idea of atomic structure. And, in conjunction with the particle idea, I have conceived of energy in a different light than that of current accepted theory.

The first hypothesis I will offer and try to explain is this: that energy is but a characteristic of Mass. Energy is not a separate entity. To illustrate, consider radiant energy, and light in particular. Newton's theory of radiant energy held that energy waves travelled through "ether", which was supposed to exist in a vacuum as the medium for energy wave transmission. Later theory states that light waves are waves of pure energy that are in quanta form. Quanta can be defined as "bullets" of energy. But the theories of Planck and Einstein don't quite hold water as sound logical natural "laws". I deduced that Mass must be the medium that transmits energy! We will go into this in detail later, after the interrelated concepts are set down.

In nuclear physics, the basic particles such as a proton, are capable of emitting smaller particles and energy waves. Some of the more newly discovered particles do not exist normally in an atom, but are the emissions of the larger particles which are immediately expelled from the atom. This inconsistency has little effect on the mathematical facet of atomics, but it is an outstanding logical error sematically.

It is agreed upon by atomic physicists that their science is one of mathematical logic, and not necessarily logical in other frameworks or thought.

A more logical concept of atomic structure would have atomic particles as being composed of one "BASIC" substance! Consider an atomic particle as a gaseous sphere. Under the right stimulus, this globe would break down into smaller units. By stimulus, I mean changes in



electrical, magnetic, and gravitational conditions of the atom, and/or around the atom. This is the type of data that constitutes the hyper-mathematics of nuclear physics. Just what this "gas" of primal existence is, is another frontier that goes beyond the scope of my deductions; and is not necessary to confirm the hypothesis. I think it will suffice to say that this may well be the fabric of the cosmos, and the primal essence of existence.

I see radiant energy as "quanta" or units of mass travelling at the speed of light, at varying frequencies and length of wave. A wave of radiant energy is an infinitely small bit of particle, gas or basic substance; that is shot from an atom particle after the right atomic stimulation. This incredibly tiny bit of matter is expelled, at the speed of light, from the particle. This infinitesimal piece of matter immediately expands to a comparative infinity, but only comparatively; as the expansion is limited by a factor that is too complex to disclose here. Matter in this state is so nebulous that it is on a different "plane" of existence than that of the atomic particle.

Energy and Mass, in my hypothesis, are one and the same on the atomic level. Energy is merely a characteristic of Mass. By that I mean that the phenomenon of energy is caused by different states of mass acting upon each other. On all but the atomic scale of physics, this statement is one of very good logic in view of currently accepted "law" and theory. To enable you to understand how mass "acts" upon mass on the atomic scale, I will now bring the most important parts of the atomic puzzle into the picture.

Consider the phenomenon of electrical charge in electrons and protons. The negatively charged electron is roughly 1840 times lighter than the proton, but its electrical equal. The neutron has no effect upon the electrical system of the atom, because of a neutral charge. A neutron is thought to be composed of an electron and a proton. The atomic electric phenomena is one of field energy. There are two other forms of field energy on the atomic scale - magnetic and gravitational. Each form of field energy is a manifestation of energy-MASS.

My conception of the action of mass upon mass in the atom is one that considers each atomic particle and field of force as a different state of material "existence". The first atomic material state I will explain will be the electric state. This is the concept of atomic structure that is explained by the mathematical theories of today. The electrical concept of atomic structure does not translate into common English very well, however! For this picture of atomic structure is one that would have the atom consist of almost 100% vacuum! It is wildly illogical to consider this idea when one considers how solid the world seems to be on the human size level!

A more logical deduction is that the atom's electrical structure is just but one of the frameworks of energy-Mass that the atom is composed of. The magnetic and gravitational energy fields are the other energetic circuits of the dynamic atom.

The electron may have a negative charge of electricity, and the proton a positive charge; but just what IS electricity? And what causes it to attract the electron to the proton? What causes the proton to "stick" to the neutron? All of these questions are ones that are unanswerable with the electric definition of the atom alone.

Each form of field energy may be a stage of the energetic circuit of the atom. It may be that "electrical" energy attracts the proton to the electron. That is, it causes the proton to emit "positive" field



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electrical energy. This energy would then be absorbed by the electron. But the electrical energy would have to be disposed of by the electron or it would neutralize itself. Possibly the electron emits another form of field energy to rid itself of excess energy and continues the circuit of atomic field energy. The electron may emit "magnetic" energy which is received by the protons and neutrons. Then gravitational field energy may complete the circuit as the other particles become overcharged with magnetic energy. This hypothesis is offered only as an illustration of how the atom's field energy circuit could work.

I am sure the system would be more complicated than this!

Mass may exist in several forms - Electric, Magnetic, Gravitational, and Radiant; and it may be wise to include the ideal or "control" form - Static. On the atomic level, the difference in energy characteristics is one best conceived of as a difference in the density of the gas of primal substance, and the area of same. The gravitational state of atomic existence may be the framework that all of the others are built upon. That is, it may be the static form of mass.

As more is learned about atomic field energy, it may become possible to more fully control atomic energy. Indeed, atomic energy may be released under complete control that is NOT radioactive! This "Cold" atomic energy would make possible an unlimited source of energy! The atomic pile may become as obsolete as the horse for power is today. And at the same time, radioactivity may be tamed down by a better understanding of atomic field energy.

Anti-Gravity force fields may open the way to the stars as this form of energy is understood at long last! If the hypothesis of atomic field energy has any worth at all, it would seem that this would be possible. Gravity and Magnetism may be controlled tomorrow as an electrical current is controlled today!

With atomic fields of force utilized, it is probable that "matter" transmission may be effected in a limited manner. That is, Static-Mass could be transformed into field or radiant energy-MASS, and transmitted from one point to another. It may well be that field atomic energy will usher in the era of Super science long dreamed of by science-fiction fans!

In conclusion, I believe that there are TWO prime factors in the cosmos - existence and non-existence, or Matter and Vacuum. That there is only one actual dimension - existence/being. Vacuum is the opposite of Matter, and "occupies" all area that is unoccupied by matter. A true primal vacuum is an area of Non-existence! And it would now seem that there is a comparative little bit of non-existence in the Universe when one considers that all starlight is actually infinitesimal bits of matter at almost infinite expansion from the state of static matter. Maybe empty space only seems empty to us -- if we could shrink to the sub-subatomic level it might seem otherwise!

At the beginning of this article, I stated that I had my doubts as to whether Stf fans really appreciated what there is left for Science-Fact and Science-Fiction to discover. I hope I have in some way shed some light on this, and the vast, boundless, infinity of the Unknown. Man is not unlike an infant whose interest is completely consumed by the contemplation of it's navel, rendering it unaware of the world around it. But the man who is aware of his colossal ignorance of the universe is the closest to the one unchanging, perpetual law of the cosmos - that Infinity extends away from every concept of man; and that, in the final analysis, man can only Define - he cannot Know. BC



# THAT OLD MOVIE BUG

PART THREE

by WM. GRANT

Believe it or not the inspiration of the early Keystone comedies came from the early efforts of the French. When Mack Sennett left Biograph and formed his own Keystone outfit, it was the traits of the early French comedies that were swimming around in that fabulous young head. And by 1914 Chaplin joined forces with Sennett.

With all the advancements in the cinema today it is strange to note that Chaplin's sound films are not universally remembered by the average film goer. They always refer back to the early efforts, the one and two reelers, that by comparison, cost practically nothing as compared to a two-reeler today.

In those times exhibitor's could buy prints outright and after the initial cost the rest belonged to them. What a change has come to pass, now the distributor (or maker) can dictate the terms. So much so today that some theatres besides fighting TV have the additional battle of trying to get fair rental rates. The combination of the two is enough to put them out of business in some cases.

I do think that Chaplin's recent leaning towards the Russian ways and his pride are partially responsible for his decline in popularity. For example Eastman-Kodak had a gala celebration for the greats of the motion picture pioneers about a year ago. All the great names, still living, received awards, but during the evening the name "Chaplin" was not once referred to. A Toronto newspaper man attended this affair and particularly noticed this omission and you can bet quite a goodly portion of the crowd also noticed. Frankly I've always looked at the artist, what he does in his spare time in none of my business, but thanks to sensation hunters, sob-sisters and others we are informed of every little indiscretion that some of the greats of the movie industry pull off. Notwithstanding that your next door neighbor might be able to put them all to shame.

Chaplin's early films still stand up well today with the English-speaking people. These silents were also gems in all the non-English countries. In fact Chaplin is still in the top ten in Russia today, purely on the strength of his silent films. The answer, of course, is that Chaplin depicted the little man and there is a bit of "the little man" in everyone of us, no matter what our place is in society.



## That Old Movie Bug

For the collector there is a wealth of these early films available today on 8 and 16mm film, the following is only a partial listing for those of you who have the bug: (only 8mm prices are quoted)

Getting Acquainted (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
His New Profession (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
Making A Living (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
The New Janitor (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
The Rounders (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
Tango Tangles (1914-Keystone) -----	Blackhawk-\$	3.49
His Trysting Place (1914-Keystone) <sup>x</sup> -----	Hollywood-\$	5.50
Dough and Dynamite (1914-Keystone) <sup>x</sup> -----	Hollywood-\$	5.50
His Prehistoric Past (1915-Keystone) <sup>x</sup> -----	Hollywood-\$	5.50
" " " a 2 reel version -----	Hollywood-\$	8.50
Caught In A Caberet (1914-Keystone) <sup>x</sup> -----	Hollywood-\$	5.50
" " " a 2 reel version -----	Astra-\$	7.00
The Knockout (1914-Keystone) 2 reels ---	Film Classic-	\$18.00
" " " 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914) 5 reels	Film Classic-	\$35.00
A Hot Finish (1914-Keystone) 2 reels ---	Film Classic-	\$11.75
A Night At The Show (1915-Essanay) 2 reels	Film Classic-	\$14.00
In The Park (1914-Keystone) -----	Official-\$	5.95
" " " -----	Astra-\$	3.50
The Champion (1915-Essanay) <sup>x</sup> -----	Official-\$	5.95
Face On The Barroom Floor (1914-Keystone) --	Official-\$	5.95
Laughing Gas (1914-Keystone) -----	Official-\$	5.95
Hits Of The Past (1914-Keystone) -----	Official-\$	5.95
The Circus (1928-United Artists) 5 reels --	Donnachie-\$	\$40.00
Burlesque On Carman (1917-Essanay) 4 reels	Donnachie-\$	\$30.00
Shoulder Arms (1921-First Nat.) 3 reels ---	Donnachie-\$	\$30.00
The Property Man (1915-Keystone) 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Shanghaied - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Triple Trouble - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
His New Job - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
A Woman - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
In The Bank - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
By The Sea - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Police - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
His Night Out - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Jitney Elope - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Tramp - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Work - 2 reels -----	Astra-\$	7.00
Mabel's Married Life -----	Astra-\$	3.50
Film Johnny (Keystone) -----	Astra-\$	3.50
Mabel's Busy Day -----	Astra-\$	3.50
Those Love Pangs -----	Astra-\$	3.50
Between Showers -----	Astra-\$	3.50

In the Blackhawk series the reproduction is from poor to excellent. "Getting Acquainted" being the poorest, because the original master was destroyed and this particular print was reprinted from a reprint or so the story goes. Also on the original master there was quite a bit of poor processing, which of course has carried over onto these prints. The remainder are all fairly easy on the eyes. "The



Rounders" being the exceptional one of this series and I think the funniest one on the whole listing, except for "The Champion" and "Shoulder Arms".

The group released by the Hollywood Enterprises has the poorest reproduction of the whole listing. Plus the fact that they have all had about one-third of their running time cut out, so that they would fit on a 200 foot reel. The "x" denotes that these are not complete versions. Strangely enough the same company put out a complete two reel version of "His Prehistoric Past" about ten or twelve years ago and if I remember this version cost around \$8.50. "His Prehistoric Past" is definitely not one of the better Chaplin films.

The third group all have excellent reproduction, except for the feature "Tillie's Punctured Romance". The Film Classic Exchange has much higher prices per reel as you have probably noticed. "A Hot Finish" was originally titled "Mabel At The Wheel". The rest of the group all retain their original titles.

The Official group will cause a bit of confusion amongst the collectors. Particularly "In The Park" which was originally known as "Caught In The Rain" and this mix up is not to be confused with a later Essanay-1915 film which was actually called "In The Park". Also in the Official group there is another one flying under false colours, namely; "Hits Of The Past" which in turn was originally called "The Property Man". (You will note that I goofed, this is listed under the two different titles) Reproduction in this group is quite sharp, new sub-titles have been added which are almost meaningless.

The fight sequences in "The Champion" later inspired another great fight in Chaplin's feature "City Lights". So "The Champion" is a must as a collector's item as well as being an exceptionally fine sampling of Chaplin.

And as time went on Chaplin's films became longer, the continual comedy could not be sustained, but as this change was taking place in 1916 and 1917 there are at least six titles, with comedy, plus excellent scripting as far as the story goes. By this time Chaplin had realize the value of a picture with a message and thus ever so slightly a story began to be perceptible amongst the Keystone Cops, slapstick and wild emotions. The six gems are "The Ring", "The Pawnshop", "Easy Street", "The Cure", "The Immigrant" and "One A. M." These have been promised from Blackhawk, but as yet they have not appeared.

William Donnachie's (PO Box 2030-Philadelphia 3-Pa, USA) selections are all first rate prints. "Shoulder Arms" is considered as Chaplin's top film by many, the only other film that runs close to it is "The Gold Rush". Originally "Shoulder Arms" ran about 87 minutes, but Chaplin did some very sharp editing, which brought the picture into the form of never-a-wasted-second. The editing down to an hour is a masterful job. The result is great entertainment, then and now.

"Burlesque On Carman" was Chaplin's last film for Essanay. It was a two-reeler, but secondary scenes were added, even a complete story with Ben Turpin has been interwoven. This particular edition is now four reels and runs about an hour. Chaplin sued Essanay when he found out about this misrepresentation of his original film. Thus you see some great Chaplin as well as some very poor Chaplin. There are actual sequences where somebody is kicked out the door in 1915 and they land on their hind-quarters in 1918. That might give you an idea of the padding that went on to lengthen this film into a feature. In England the practice was to put several two-reelers together, rename the film, and



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catch some more movie hungry Chaplin fans.

"The Circus" is not as good as some of the other longer Chaplin features, but nevertheless it is a stamp well above most. Donnachie's reproduction on all three is excellent, well worth the extra money if you are a serious collector. He has all these in 16mm too, just double the 8mm price and you'll have it.

Astra is an outfit that has all kinds of films, besides Chaplin. In fact I picked up my 5 reel version of "The Lost World" from this outfit about eight years ago. Reproduction is sometimes good, sometimes bad. The price of \$3.50 per 8mm reel (200 feet in most cases) is reasonable if you get a good print. You have been warned.

Just as I was stencilling this I received their listing, and at the moment have not been able to list the dates of production. But by memory, most of them were made before 1920, there may be a few exceptions.

I have watched Chaplin's sound films, there have been some fine moments captured as only he could capture them, but if I had my choice it would be his silent films that I would go to see. The listing I have given you is from my own personal collection and I can tell you frankly that they are re-run on the slightest provocation.

Back to Mr. Donnachie, who has many other non-Chaplin films, all of extreme interest.

Right now I'm waiting for a 7 reel print of "The Kiss", starring Greta Garbo, Lew Ayres, Conrad Nagel, George Davis and Holmes Herbert. You may recall on the TV show "MGM Parade" that two half hour programs featured scenes from past Garbo films. The glossed over some of the silent films, but I did hear them mention "The Kiss", never realizing that, too far in the future I would have a print in my own library.

Also pending is the release to two Chaplin items, namely "Pay Day" and "The Pilgrim", which are certainly two of the better Chaplins.

He is now processing from a European negative, 16mm-sound, 16mm-silent, 8mm silent prints of "Extase" with Hedy Lamarr. Along with this he has lined up classics directed by Eisenstein, Kosintzeff and Frauberg. Which is certainly going to be a service as far as preserving and circulation of these classics to the English-speaking collectors.

His current list includes items like "Ladies of Leisure", A Frank Capra production starring Barbara Stanwyck, Marie Prevost and Ralph Graves (8 reels); "White Shadows In The South Seas" with Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, etc. (9 reels and winner of the first Academy Award for Photography); "Shadows" a real classic with Lon Chaney (7 reels); "Wizard Of Oz" with Larry Semon, Dorothy Dawn, Charlie Murray, Oliver Hardy and Virginia Pearson (7 reels and recommended as better than the sound version); "Ben Hur" with Francis X. Bushman and Ramon Navarro (6 reels-edited down from the 10 reel version); plus a complete version of "Birth Of A Nation", which includes a lot of scenes that were left out of the original road-show version in certain parts of the USA. Plus a not-so-good print of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with John Barrymore, Louis Wolheim and Nita Naldi (7 reels).

Donnachie is a collector like myself, only he has done something about it. His hobby has developed into something worthwhile and I think it is well worth supporting. This contact in Europe may one day turn up a Fritz Lang film and that would really be something. WDG

Astra Photo Products-243 W. 55th Street-New York 19, N. Y.  
Blackhawk Films, Inc.-Eastin Building-Davenport, Iowa.



CANADIAN FANDOM IN  
THE FORTIES - Four  
Early Fiction Masterpieces

SEPT. 1943

"Voyage of the Astrals"  
by Francis T. Laney

FEB. 1944

"Correspondence Piece"  
by Bob Tucker

FEB. 1944

"The After-Life"  
by Oliver E. Saari

MAY 1946

"The Mirror"  
by Nils Frome

VOYAGE OF THE ASTRALS ----- by Francis T. Laney

"Plunko, I want you to go to Mars." The career woman leaned back in her swivel chair, puffing noisomely on a massive stogy. "Since Widner so shamefully ballyhooed his noxious pills in LIGHT, the sales of Pluto Water have dropped to an all-time lwo. If we have a representative right on the spot, we can snare the drylander's laxative contract, and keep things moving."

"But Mrs. Walker.....", began the little brown pixie.

"But me no butts, Plunko. Have you a heart of stone? Does it not rend your very being to think of those poor constipated Martians anguishing their intestines with those unspeakable 'Dr. Bejazer's Super-rapid Laxative Tablets?'"

With great tears coursing down his cheeks, Plunko crept dejectedly out the door. He didn't want to ride on that old rocket ship and have his innards jolted out through his ears. He didn't want to be saved by a pill. He just wanted to loaf around the Country Wives' Bar, drinking sklch, and making eyes at Beb the Bar-maid.

Besides, he didn't believe it was possible to fly through the starry void in rocket ships. Dirty old stinking things, always spilling jet-soot on his zoot-soot. He thought space flight was just propaganda anyway.

As he left the general offices of Pluto Water Associates (Mrs. J. Walker, manager) he was accosted by Less Groutch, the obese door-man.

"Where to, me little brown-skin?"

"Mars," the little critter wept unrestrainedly. "And by ROCKET SHIP!"

"Why don't you go talk to Pluto? He claims that rocket travel is impossible, even though there are six ships a week taking off for Alpha Centauri alone."

"I don't think it's possible either, but what am I to do?"

"Didn't you read Pluto's article in LIGHT?" demanded the former terror of Parry Sound, flexing his sphincter muscle angrily. "What the hell good does it do me to compete with ACOLYTE if you won't even read the sheet?"

"I keep the sheets of it in the sheet-house," murmured Plunko, cringing before the bellowing giant.

"Well anyway, Pluto says you can do your interplanetary travel in the astral body -- you'd better go see him, and next time, READ LIGHT!"

####



## Canadian Fandom in the 40's

A few evenings later, the doughty pixies were perched atop the Pluto Water Works - the one to test his astral theories, and the other to sell Pluto Water to the poor constipated Martians.

Flap-flap, went Pluto, and a gauzy bit of ectoplasm floated up from the roof. Flop-flop, went Plunko and another g.b.o.e. rose into space. Plunk-plunk. Two little pixie bodies slumped on the roof.

With the speed of LIGHT (the slow-pokes) they clove the starry firmament. Ah, such grace. Such freedom. Swish. Swoop. Glide. Dip. (Hey! It's fun to write corny; you ought to try it sometime, Les) Like celestial waltzers moved by divine music they moved and moved and moved. Swish. Swoop. Glide. Dip.

"What ho," shouted Pluto (except astral-bodies don't have vocal cords and thus it was more of a thought-transference -- this note is included to make this little tale perfectly clear to everyone. Y'all happy now? Why not? Palmer used foot notes in Amazing doesn't he? What happened? Where am I? Oh yes.....)

"What ho," shouted Pluto, "Mars!"

"Oh goody," said Plunko. "I can hardly wait to sell some Pluto Water."

Fluttering merrily through the atmosphere of Edgar Rice Burrough's contribution to astronomy, the two astral-bodies lit by a smooth-flowing canal.

"Say, I'll bet were pretty hot-looking little astrals," said Plunko. "Lets look at our reflection in the canal."

####  
They looked into the placid waters and screamed and screamed and screamed.

The reflections were those of a couple of horses astrals! FTL

NOTE - This short story was to have originally appeared in Les Croutch's "Light", but at this time Les was considering giving up the zine. In this particular pause Les turned quite a bit of material over to Beak Taylor. The above eventually was printed in "Canfan".....The story was prepared for "Light" in answer to a certain columnist who stated that physical interplanetary travel is an impossibility.....

CORRESPONDENCE PIECE ----- by Bob Tucker

Mr. Henry Pinham, Esq.  
Editor, Thrilling Tales  
New York City

Weatherbee, Ohio  
February 2, 1943

Dear Sir:

Attached to this letter you will please find my major triumph in the world of literary endeavours, namely, an 8,000 word thriller entitled, "Footprints Across The Sun".

It pleases me to report to you that the scientific facts as stated in the story check to the nth degree with the best of authorities, among them Mr. Joseph Gulbert our local garbageman, who, you may be interested to know, is a person of no small importance in the field of amateur astronomy. Mr. Gulbert has read the story and pronounces it OK.

It has also been read by Mr. Robert Lundus, the editor of the Weatherbee Weekly Bee, and before the Tuesday Ladies' Literary Club, both of whom have graciously informed me that they will be pleased to pass on to you recommendations as to the story's merit.



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I can safely promise you the extra sale of about forty copies of Thrilling Tales in Weatherbee, of the issue which carries my literary epic.

Waiting to hear from you, I am your faithful servant,

H. P. Ponghoff

Mr. Henry Pinham, Esq.  
Editor, Thrilling Tales  
New York City

Weatherbee, Ohio  
March 6, 1943

Dear Sir:

More than a month ago I forwarded to you with proper postage my greatest manuscript, entitled "Footprints Across The Sun", which I then described as a powerful scientific novelette of dynamic scope and magnitude, totalling some 8,000 words in length.

Since that date I have heard nothing from you on the matter nor has the manuscript been returned for proofreading or other matter pertaining to impending publication. Permit me to ask you to look into the matter immediately and to favour me with an immediate report on the same.

Awaiting an answer, yours truly,

H. p. Ponghoff

Mr. Henry Pinham  
Editor, Thrilling Tales  
New York City

Weatherbee, Ohio  
April 3, 1943

Dear Sir:

Look: I know you are a busy man, but can't you just imagine how worried I am over the fate of one noteworthy manuscript sent to your office on February 2nd of this year. I fairly bite my nails in agony over its probable fate.

The first week in March I sent a letter of inquiry on the manuscript, and enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Again I was terribly disappointed. It was entitled "Footprints Across The Sun" and was an 8,000

I would appreciate just a hint as to its final resting place, even if such a place is in the pages of your magazine.

Sincerely,

H. P. Ponghoff

Henry Pinham  
Thrilling Tales  
NYCity

Weatherbee, Ohio  
May 19, 1943

Where the hell is my story?

H. P. Ponghoff

Thrilling Tales  
New York City  
Attn. Mr. Pinham

Weatherbee, Ohio  
May 29, 1943

Dear Sirs:

I am in receipt of a notice from your firm asking the meaning of my letter of May 19th. This certainly puzzles me, as I have been writ-



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ing to you about the matter since early March.

In February of this year I mailed to your office an 8,000 word scientific novelette which I entitled "Footprints Across The Sun." I heard nothing from you. Early in March I wrote you asking as to the whereabouts of the manuscript and what decision had been made upon it. Receiving no answer, I again, in April, dashed off a short note asking Mr. Pinham the reason for the delay in reporting on the story. Again no answer.

Frankly, gentlemen, my patience was exhausted. At that time I then addressed to you a terse note (admittedly in somewhat vulgar language) demanding to know what had been done to my manuscript, which I regarded as a major piece of writing destined to take its rightful place in the literary annals of the world.

So there I place the full situation in your lap. Obviously the fault is yours, as it had now been almost four months since the story was dispatched to you, without result.

Trusting you to speedily clear up the situation, I remain,  
H. P. Ponghoff

####

Thrilling Tales  
New York City

Weatherbee, Ohio  
June 12, 1943

Gentlemen:

I have at hand your letter of the 9th, informing me that a thorough search has been made of your office without the finding of my manuscript, "Footprints Across The Sun."

Gentlemen, permit me to say I am astounded. I cannot conceive of a vast business organization such as yours being run in so slovenly a manner.

I shall give you ten days in which to produce my manuscript, with the alternative of sending your check for eighty dollars (\$80.00) to cover the 8,000 words at one cent per word, or I shall place the entire affair in the hands of my attorney.

Yours,  
H. P. Ponghoff

####

Thrilling Tales  
New York City

Weatherbee, Ohio  
June 15, 1943

Gentlemen:

May I offer my apologies for my hasty words in my letter to you of the 12th. Allow me to inform you that the manuscript in question, "Footprints Across The Sun", is herewith enclosed for your consideration.

Because of carelessness on my part, the story became lost on my premises when it dropped between my desk and the wall, where it has reposed ever since. My housekeeper found it this morning.

I shall expect a quick report from your office.

Yours truly,  
H. P. Ponghoff

THE AFTER-LIFE ----- by Oliver E. Saari

Danton Morrell sat before me, the flames from the fireplace playing on his face, and one slim hand holding a cigaret. It was a long



cigaret. Already it was half ash, but that hand held it as steadily as a surgeon holds a scalpel.

It was the hand of a surgeon. The brain, the poise, the vigor of a surgeon -- and the mind of a philosopher. A professional psychologist, vivisectioning minds with a razor-sharp mental scalpel. That was how I had always thought of Denton Morrell.

"The After-life," he said again, "exists. Take this weed, for example."

He held the cigaret aloft and the ash did not fall.

"The ash you see, is lifeless. But what becomes of the smoke? It eats the enamel from my teeth, yes. It fills my blood. But it does exist somewhere after the flame has died."

"You're confusing chemical things with something else," I said testily.

"Not so. Life is chemical."

"All right. But life after life. What can we know about that?"

"Very little, perhaps -- or a great deal. What do we know?"

"Well -- there's Heaven. But some of us don't know that. Still, there is some sort of heaven or after-life in every religion."

"Some of us believe in complete oblivion," he said, "but there is a problem there. We should be able to prove it either way."

"What do you think?"

"Well, there's the belief in reincarnation -- one of the oldest. Death. An 'astral life' of several stages, and a rebirth. The soul finally reaches perfection and is liberated from that cycle into higher planes still --"

"I'm a realist," I said.

"All right. You'll get to the multiple Heavens or Hells of Mohammed, or maybe you'd like Valhalla better. Where there is always rejoicing. Or the Buddhist's Nirvana, the desireless state --"

"Are you going to commune with spirits?" I asked flatly.

He smiled and very carefully transferred the cigaret with the ash still intact as far as the tray.

"Don't be crude. I'm not a spiritualist. In fact, I don't know what I believe, but I think there's a problem there, and I think it can be solved. I want to know."

He stared thoughtfully past me at the fireplace, at the leaping flames sending their pungent alter-egos up the chimney into the freedom of the night.

"Who doesn't?" I said. "Hasn't it been tried? I seem to remember Houdini --"

"Houdini, yes, and A. Conan Doyle, too. Both tried to break the barrier from the other side. Both promised to communicate with friends from the spiritual state, and neither has been heard from."

"Why did they fail?"

"They waited too long. They should not have waited until death."

"And you?"

"I'm on the track. I've searched the past for clues. The ancient religions are encouraging but unscientific. All had their source in fundamental hope or instinct in an after-life. The spiritualists aren't much better. They have ideas, yes, and imagination. But no science."

"Why should there be an after-life?" I asked. "Sometimes I find it just as easy to think of a blackness, a nothingness after death. It would simplify matters. After all, a simple organism like man shouldn't inflate his ego to the tune of immortality. Why shouldn't the ind-



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individual just cease to exist after death, and only the race survive?"

"Yes, why not? I see your point, and I can't answer it. But you can't prove it. We'll see."

I was no match for him at that game. I went away, mentally exhausted and disturbed. But eventually I came back to ask for more.

Danton Morrell was in his study again, gazing in fascination at the fire.

"You know, John, the analogy grows on me," he said. "Fire, so akin to life. It eats, it grows, it reproduces."

The problem was still on his mind, and his cool methodical brain was making progress. I could see it mirrored in his face, in the leaping flames that played with his features.

"How does the problem go?" I asked.

"I've made progress. I've studied Dante, and much of the older philosophy. It was more pure, more fundamental. Believe me, spiritualism was a science until it was debunked."

"Rightly," I added.

"The Frenchman, Fournier, is one of the few modern thinkers who has treated the subject seriously. You haven't read the book?"

He held a volume aloft. I shook my head.

"Wants to do everything with mathematics," Morrell said. "Thinks mathematics will solve every problem, including the spiritual. He's right. It would, if we had the symbols. We're limited, fenced in by symbols. Without symbols we might --"

"Mathematics without symbols. Ha Ha!"

"Well, not exactly mathematics -- not integrals and signs and differential equations. But mathematical method applied in a different sense, with a new set of tools. Mathematics of the mind."

"But -- after-life," I said, "where does this get you? How close are you to the truth?"

"So close," he said absently, thinking, "that I think I shall know tonight. It is not a problem of physical quantities, but a problem of the mind alone. Fournier's method has helped, though there was something missing. It is a problem in pure logic, and like any other problem the solution is to be reached step by step. But the solution is inevitable."

I knew Danton Morrell well enough to be thrilled at that. He never failed. His was the keenest, most clear-thinking brain I knew -- a brain supplemented by the sheer physical health of a body that was yet young. A brain that stopped at nothing.

And if he said he was about to unveil the age-old mystery of what comes after death --

He still stared into the fire. His hand, outstretched, held another cigaret, another ash. I couldn't detect a tremor in the long, slim fingers, though my own hand was shaking as I dabbed my brow. The flame in the fireplace was dying.

Then my friend spoke, and there was a note of excitement in his voice. Not exultation, but triumph of a sort.

"You may be right, John, in part about that blackness," he said. "But not completely. No, not completely."

"What do you mean?"

He didn't answer. I looked at him and saw the intense concentration on his features. A cool, god-like concentration. Step by step, so sure, so logical.

"Darkness," he said again to himself. "Yes, Fournier had it

there -- "

He seemed to be seeing something in the flames. As if that futile analogy of his had some meaning.

I waited. Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stand his calmness in the face of a thing like that. He was making the most important revelation in the history of the world, and he just sat there.

I got up and fetched myself a drink of water.

When I came back, the fire was out. Only the glow remained, and a faint trickle of smoke going up the chimney. Danton was still sitting before the fireplace.

"Well --?" I began.

He didn't answer me. Then I saw the outstretched hand. The cigarette had fallen to the floor, the ash broken.

I picked it up, my throat dry. Carefully I put it in the tray.

Then I took Danton's hand and moved it aside, and peered at his silent, thoughtful face.

He had succeeded. He was dead.

OES

THE MIRROR ----- by Nils Frome

As the car gasped its last and finally expired, John Sloan cursed the fate which had stranded him there on that lonely road, with night coming on, and an uncertain storm muttering to itself in the distance.

But for once he was forced to capitulate to superior odds in the form of space, time, and a defective engine. Vowing that someone should pay, he stumbled up the road in search of a telephone.

He had gone only a few yards when he noticed the house. Viewed in the mystic half-light, it was large, palatial and old-fashioned, surrounded by a wall through which he had glimpses of lawns and shrubberies. Up to the entrance wound a driveway from a gate of cast iron.

Something seemed to pass before his mind's eye, as if to warn him against that house, but before he could comprehend the exact meaning it was gone.

Brushing aside the megrim, and conscious of the passage of time, he tried the gates and found them unlocked. Pushing them open, he advanced through the fading light up the drive towards the entrance.

As he lifted the heavy brass knocker and let it fall on the door, a last spasmodic gleam of sun filtered through the clouds on the horizon, an unaccountable uneasiness fell upon him, and he felt more and more reluctant to delay.

Receiving no answer to his summons, he tried the door, and finding it opened under his hand, let himself in. The moment he passed the threshold, and stood under the roof of the house his sense of oppression evaporated. It was as if he left an invisible counselling companion on the doorstep, who, seeing the futility of further exhortations, had let him go on alone.

He found himself in a hall that was eloquence of the highest order of gracious living. A wide marble staircase led from it to the second floor in a majestic sweep. Through room after room he went, and everywhere he saw signs of recent occupancy, but nowhere a living person. It might have been a house of the dead. The further he went and the more he saw, the more he desired the house. Already, in his imagination, he possessed it.

At last he came to a room that pleased him more than any of the others he had seen. A fire was burning brightly in a beautifully carved



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marble fireplace, sending its light over the dark wainscoting, picking out lustrous gleams. Before the fireplace was a large armchair. Beside it, on a small table, lay a cigar, still alive and sending up a curling wisp of smoke. It was as if someone had planned a period of relaxation here. And the moment he saw it he knew he must have it.

Reminded suddenly of his original purpose, he turned to go, when his eyes fell upon the mirror over the fireplace.

It was an oval of flawless crystal, its frame carved in curious fashion, and in its verge was an image of the room in which he stood. But he was not interested in its beauty but at what he saw therein. A strangely familiar old man was reflected, of rather harsh, predatory features, sitting there before the fire, oblivious to him. The back of the chair had apparently hidden the old man from his sight when he first entered the room.

He was about to utter a startled apology when his attention was attracted to a point behind the old man in the mirror. From where he stood, the door of the room was visible. He had left it closed. It was ajar now, but as he watched he could see it move slowly open. There was something infinitely horrible, yet fascinating, about the slow, silent movement of the door. Inch by inch the gap widened, until there appeared in the space a levelled revolver and behind it a face, whose burning, maniacal eyes were fixed upon the old man, unaware of his danger as he sat before the fire.

It was over in an instant, while he stood, frozen. One moment the figure was there, and in the next, it was gone, and the old man was dead.

But in that last moment, the old one's eyes chanced to focus on the mirror, and there met his own. He could not have realized what had happened, but as their eyes met, and he became conscious of Sloan's presence for the first time, an expression of ultimate horror and hideous enlightenment seemed to cross his face, as if he read in the other's presence some terrible portent of his own doom.

All this time Sloan's eyes had never left the mirror, but now, his paralysis broken, he turned from it -- and stiffened in incredulous surprise. Not only had the murderer disappeared, but the corpse had likewise vanished into thin air.

For an age he stood there, transfixed, nameless things leering and gibbering at him from the shadows of his mind. Then as though some cord had been severed, he fled from the room and its mysteries. Nor did his headlong flight slaken until he found himself far away from the neighbourhood of the dread house.

Partly because of the instigation of the psychoanalyst, and partly because his fear of the house had evaporated with the coming of daylight, he returned the next day.

This time the circumstances that greeted his arrival were different than those of the night before. His knock was answered promptly by a butler who took his card, and, absenting himself for a moment showed him to a room he recognized. A man, with a rather puzzled look on his face, rose to greet him. His mind flashed instantly back to the demoniacal face he had seen the night before in this very room. They were one and the same. But where the other was obviously the face of a maniac, the one before him was equally and obviously that of a man of eminent sanity.

He had not prepared any excuse for his visit, but fortunately there was a ready one at hand. He would buy the house. That the owner might

refuse to part with it did not occur to him. It was his experience that there was a price for everything. Consequently it was a surprise that his offer, which was very generous, was refused. Point blank. Not at any price. The man was courteous, but firm.

The unforeseen rebuff only sharpened his desire to possess the house. If it took him the rest of his life and all his money he knew that it must be his.

Years passed, and many things had changed. He was no longer young. His hair had thinned. He had grown a paunch. But one thing had not altered; his desire to own that house.

Every avenue he had tried had availed him nothing. Then one day his chance came. It had taken him most of his life and money, and he had had to ruin the owner, but the thrill that accompanies possession of something long and ardently sought compensated him.

Sitting before the fire in the fireplace of the house he had stolen, and thinking over the achievements of his past life and the acquisition of the house, which was the crowning achievement of all. He was not aware of the door behind him stealthily being opened, of demoniacal eyes staring at him, until he felt himself jolt in the chair as a bullet plowed through it into his back.

As his glazing eyes, drawn by some strange impulse, flew to the curious mirror over the mantelpiece, he saw for the first time the figure that stood there -- the figure that was himself.

For an instant swift, horrible realization dawned and he knew the dread secret of the mirror that had haunted him all these years.

The curious mirror cast back the reflection of the figure of an old man, his ruthless countenance painted by the fire, now slack in death. He was sitting crumpled there in the midst of the house he had stolen.....Alone.





Many things have happened since the last issues of Canfan hit the mails. The New York Convention is rapidly becoming a memory. The 15th Anniversary Issue of Canadian Fandom is finished and awaiting a late February release. This issue now runs over 100 pages, about 40 additional pages than otherwise originally planned. Other than illustrations there are about 75,000 words of text. More will be said on this later.

This current issue of Canfan falls into a very happy niche, yes, we have enough material on hand to squeeze in an extra issue. The Maelstrom is loaded with letters, thus this might well be called something in the category of 'a letterzine issue' with rambling comments.

Something else that has been in the back of my mind since June will now be unfolded. This invention is one of tremendous importance to the movie industry.

Early in June 1956, a report came from London, England. It reads as follows:

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, President of C. V. Whitney Pictures and a major shareholder in Technicolor Corp., has revealed the development of a sensational new process that can change old films to new aspect ratios, and add both color and sound.....Whitney stated that the new process has been under development for the past year, and that his company has an arrangement with Technicolor, whereby he gets exclusive use of the new process for six pictures, after which it will be made available to the entire industry. Whitney further disclosed that the new versions of "Chang" and "Grass", being made under the supervision of Merian C. Cooper who is presently Vice-President in charge of production for C. V. Whitney Pictures, will be the first pictures to employ the new process.....If proven successful, the new process may well be rated one of the greatest technological advances in the entire history of the Motion Picture Industry, saving producing companies many millions of dollars in production and generally strengthening the industry as a whole.....

To me that is the most fabulous news item I've ever read. Imagine black and white classics in color. Standard gauge films re-adapted for Cinemascope projection. If Whitney can come through with even one of the two, his name will be a landmark in the history of motion pictures.

There is one afterthought to the above two films mentioned, both films being documentary are void of the use of make-up. Which means that films using make-up and odd colors that are partial or complimented the thousands of films in the twenties could not be used. Only films minus make-up could give true reproduction in this new color process.

Another strange thing about the above is that I have a copy of the aforementioned "Grass" in my own silent movie collection. The anticipation of seeing this fine film in full-color is something that I am certainly looking forward to.....And now for some slenderous as well as some complimentary remarks about our past issues.

K E N T M O O M A W  
6705 Bramble Avenue  
Cincinnati 27, Ohio; USA

First of all, concerning the Croutch reprint, let me say that I have nothing against fan-ish articles of length. Long con reports and occassional rarities such as Ron Eliek's

"THE ENCHANTED THUMB" in For Bems Only have always found favor with



## The Maelstrom

me. But they had something that "MIMEO INK IN MY VEINS" does not, something that is needed to maintain interest value in something this long. Mainly, that something is a few good yoks. Humor. This could have been really great stuff if Croutch had woven some added humor to his history in fandom, but he didn't. I read it through, but I won't remember it in a few weeks.....Redd Boggs did a nice job of writing an off-beat bit. Sort of in the Willy Ley style.....I was mildly surprised to see that you printed my letter. If nothing else, it should get me a few letters from trufen. I must have been a little bitter and rebuked by BNF's when I wrote that; sounds like some of Greg Benford's earlier mutterings. Hummm----maybe they'll get me in a future Derogation a la young Greg. I find myself still in general agreement with what I said, but I also can see how the Old Guard must feel now. One can't expect a veteran to go along just as full of enthusiasm and vigor as the day he read his first fmz. The youngsters coming up equal the oldsters going to seed, so I suppose things even themselves out. Unfortunately, as you may be aware, the new crop of youngsters seem incapable of replacing the active old timers. They may with experience, rise to the task, but in the meantime, fandom falters.....I note that a television play entitled "THE MAGIC BOX" will be presented shortly on one of the NBC sixty-minute drama shows. Since it is supposedly concerned with photography, I assume that it is adapted from the article reprinted in Canfan # 28. Have you heard anything more about it?.....

The presentation on television of "THE MAGIC BOX" was as by now you must know adapted from the J. Arthur Rank feature mentioned in our previous pages. This in turn was based on a book. Our article was a very condensed portion from the book in the words of the author.....Les Croutch will never be gafia. He turns out LIGHT for friends and FAPA, but at this point he draws the line. He corresponds solely with some of the oldsters of fandom. Fandom today doesn't particularly interest him, except from a distance and this is an outlook that I can understand. The guy has nary a spare moment because of the business of making a living. Les is in the radio repair business and with the advent of television in his area (quite recently) the demands on his time have really piled up.....WDG

P E T E R B. H O P E  
15 Claremont Avenue  
New York 27, N. Y., USA

Canfan # 30, too many short articles. The Derleth "RESPONSIBILITY" piece was interesting. He seems to think highly of his own 'open mindedness' though. To Croutch, why must an effect have a cause when applied to the universe as a whole and not to our everyday life?.....I didn't go for "SPECTACULAR". But the Bloch humor more than made up for this. The hypnosis article, I'm sure Actors' Equity would not allow the regular use of hypnosis in the theatre: too few weeks work would be required.....Canfan # 31, liked the Croutch article particularly. Haven't read the rest of Canfan yet. I like this format, with one long article rather than many short ones.

Croutch can sure stir up a controversy. I'm afraid I'm one of those characters that like proof. If one lets a thing like that become an obsession the results certainly wouldn't be good. In not having proof of the beginning (positive, that

is) I tend to ignore the whole thing and concentrate on the 'whole' things of today. My ordinary mind works much better with things that are tangible.....WDG

R E D D B O G G S  
2209 Highland Place, N. E.  
Minneapolis 21, Minnesota  
USA

"Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead". -- William Blake, "Proverbs of Hell"

Sending out your September and November issues in June was a sly trick; it gives

you more than four months on the stands. That is, if Canfan is selling on news stands. But I'm sure it is, else you wouldn't have adopted this prozine practice, would you?.....I looked at the Bloch item, and found it a reprint. Sighing, I turned to the Derleth article. I found it was a reprint, too. I was about ready to give up at this point, suspecting -- rightly -- that nearly everything was a reprint in the issue(s), but I rifled through the magazine as a last resort. My name caught my eye, and I discovered you had reprinted a minor article by me called "THE VIKING-SHIP HOAX". Now, really!.....An occasional reprint is welcome, of course, but something is wrong when a fanzine starts reprinting for the mere sake of reprinting. My article had little merit in the first place (I turned it over to the NFFF MssBu to get rid of it, whence Beak Taylor obtained it) and even less now, nine years later. The other items you reprinted had a little more reason for seeing print again, but if you'd devoted the same number of pages to fresh new material, Canfan would be more worthy of notice than it is as a reprint publication.....It's strange and sad to realize that the only two fanzines I've seen in months that had any promise at all -- Canfan and Fantasy Sampler -- bot failed in that promise by devoting many pages to stale stuff from the past. A good new article beats a dozen old ones any day, and there's something wrong when an editor starts relying on reprints almost exclusively. A good editor, an editor worthy of the name, should hate reprints. There's no fun in lifting material from old files -- material that some other editor went out and discovered in the first place. Aside from harvesting egoboo (and where's the egoboo of reprinting some other editor's stuff?), the big fun of editing is looking for and finding some good material. The reprint editor is a mouse, living on stale cheese. The real editor is a lion who prowls the bushes for meat on the hoof.....Anybody can thumb through old fanzines and find some old articles by Sam Moskowitz or Philip Jose Farmer to reprint. But the fun comes from cornering Sam or Jose and asking them -- in fact ordering them -- to write a controversial article that will make everybody forget William Atheling, Jr. "Come, Watson! The game is afoot!" is always more exciting than "Hand me the scissors, Watson".....I'll admit that the hunting in the present fan field is bad, but it isn't so bad that fan editors should abandon the hunt. It might take more energy, but I'll bet you could find 60 pages of new material that would beat the cold crud you've scheduled for your "SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION" six ways from February 1957.....Hell, to save myself from the embarrassment of seeing that walking corpse from 1947 come around again, I'd have written you an article myself...

The above is as far as I can remember the best critical letter ever to appear in The Maelstrom. There is no doubt about it I'm lazy, I just haven't the nerve to walk up to a professional or semi-professional and ask them to knock off an



## The Maelstrom

article. I take the stand that their time is valuable, or at least it should be when they have made the grade. If and when an article from one of these gentlemen does appear in Canfan you will know that it was a spontaneous contribution. Every professional is well aware of the eagerness of the fan editor to latch onto new material, and if he likes the format of a certain magazine he will more than likely get into a conversation with this particular fan editor at some convention. A thing like this works its way around slowly and naturally.... With fans, like myself, it is quite another story. I would say that everything holds true with what Redd says above, only applied to the amateur. For myself, anytime somebody wants an article on fantasy in the movies, I will be quite willing to oblige. Or for that matter, any phase of the movie industry and my reason is that I have worked on many different jobs in this business. Currently I'm connected with the production end of a Eastman Color Advertising Film, which comes out about nine times a year. Along with this operation I have learned the ins and outs of booking the same film in over 500 theatres. Previously I have been a theatre manager, newspaper advertising, and even the distribution of individual advertising for each feature.....Then there is my own collection of old-time features as well as my amateur attempts at movie making. I feel that I can speak with a fair amount of authority on the subject as a whole, so there you are fellow fans.....Also remember one thing Redd, the Limited Edition is not being forced on anybody, only upon individual request will anybody receive an issue. So far advance reviews have been quite kind.....WDG

H A R R Y   W A R N E R  
303 Bryan Place  
Hagerstown, Maryland., USA

Comes now a month delayed letter to you, thanking you for two more copies of Canfan. Most of the delay this time was inspired by a couple of sales to the prozines. The acceptances inspired me to dig out the novel on which I bogged down on last summer, and I've been using most of my spare time to finish it up. Only a few thousand more words to go on the first draft, at last, after which a few hours for corrections, and then the typing of the manuscript, which I can do, fortunately, on company time during slow hours at the office. I can revise for the final draft while carrying on a conversation; it's the first draft that takes the concentration of home's quiet. I've sworn a mighty oath to write no more science fiction for a while, after I get this novel out of my system. I'm going to give myself a bit of a rest, then aim for some sort of better-paying markets.....I was pickled tink to see that reprint from Croutch. He's one of my longest term correspondents, one of the three or four people with whom I've continued uninterrupted correspondence ever since the days of SPACEWAYS. Too bad that you couldn't have updated it a little with a concluding page or two about the more recent history of LIGHT, but such action might be anti-climatic, come to think of it; LIGHT has been a bit more sedate in its older age, arousing only mild gasps from the more delicate members of the FAPA in the past few years. Croutch must be the only person in fandom who has been publishing fanzines without complete stops longer than I have. My FAPA publication has been appearing more regularly than his fanzines over the years, with none of those long gaps between issues. But he apparently was circu-

lating carbon copied publications before I began HORIZONS.....I don't agree with Jenrette. The best story about the Civil War is "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE", written by a guy who never got any closer to the war than I did, Stephen Crane. It would be easy to cite quite opposite case histories to the authors whose varied backgrounds he cites. For instance, absolutely nothing has happened to Bradbury, to my knowledge, except several changes of residence. Lovecraft's life was equally pedestrian. Asimov's life has hardly been vivid, even though Jenrette uses him as an example of his theory. Most men in their 40's or 50's today have had several types of work, have travelled for one reason or another, and I suspect that the proportion of footloose, jack-of-all-trade backgrounds in the science fiction writer field wouldn't be any larger than that in any other field containing men of similar age and economic status.....Derleth is badly mixed up. He's confusing book reviews with literary criticism. Fanzines try to publish literary criticism, as a rule no matter how badly the writers may mess up their output. Book reviews are book reviews, brief statements of what a book is about and how it compares with the author's previous work and where it can be bought. I greatly prefer to read the statements of a very immature fan about a book, honestly expressing what the fan thinks about the work in question, to the series of cliches that you'll find in the book review section of the New York Times or Milwaukee Journal. The reviewers in such commercial publications are so hampered by considerations of advertisers' feelings and shortage of space that they can't do better work than a high school student's efforts for his English course. If Derleth is trying to say that there are unprejudiced critics, he is being preposterously naive. Prejudice is so engrained in every human that it's reflected in every paragraph a man writes. The writers who conceal best their prejudices are the dumbest ones.....About hypnotism: I wonder if it's correct to say that a person cannot be hypnotised against his will. It might be more correct to say that it is impossible to hypnotise a person who will not sit quietly and listen to the hypnotist. It might be an important distinction, and I'd like to see what would happen, if a good hypnotist tackled an intelligent person who agreed to pay attention and still fought the efforts to put him under hypnosis. A really good salesman certainly performs a sort of hypnosis on many persons who didn't really intend to buy something, if he prevents them from wandering away before he's finished his spiel, and that's a sort of hypnosis against the subject's will. And a lot of psychologists say that Hitler's power over the German people had elements of hypnotic influence, compelling the Germans to do things that they didn't really intend to do.....

D O N A L D E. F O R D  
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The 15th Anniversary Issue of Canfan is a good job well done. Got a kick out of Les Croutch's stuff. It was material I hadn't read before. I've read his LIGHT and think I'd like the guy.....SIDELIGHTS ON THE

MERRITTALLES was quite interesting to me. The whole mag was for that matter, but these items stood out. There wasn't anything I didn't actually read and get something in the way of enjoyment out of it.....The Midwest Con is planned for the last weekend in June if Lou gets lined up with his banquet dates. Same place---North Plaza Motel and we should have better weather for swimming, etc. People with kids in school, or on vacations should find this June date better for them. The same goes for College attendees.....



## The Maelstrom

While in the middle of setting up these stencils a very interesting thing has been going on in the local papers, and be-almost right next to this controversy in my business sort of makes for a play by play description. So what follows is sort of a maelstrom within "The Maelstrom".....WDG

What follows discusses the powers of the Church which every so often intervenes into the censorship of motion pictures. Where certain groups are cited I have followed this up by talking pro and con with followers of the particular religion and I have found in the majority that they do not necessarily conform with the statements made by the heads of their Church.

Some of you may think that I now go merrily on my way debunking these statements from religious leaders, this is not so. Somewhere between the religious leaders and the average movie-goer there is an answer, and to recognize this is yet another problem.

No matter where you are sitting there is a Censor Board. In the United States most individual states have a censorship group, in Canada the set up is the same, only by province.

It is in this area that I think the Church should get right down to it. In the past it is always after the film has been passed by these groups (and shown in a few first run theatres) for exhibition that the Church steps in with a hue and cry. Thus when Cardinal Spellman made his statements about "Baby Doll", the decision fell on the exhibitor, who like most of us can see a fast buck. The distributor gets a million dollars worth of free advertising and in anticipating this bonanza has ordered extra prints of the film over and above the usual quota. There will be theatre chains that won't show this film because of the Catholic influence, which only means the film will get a longer run in the theatres that are willing to run "Baby Doll".

"Baby Doll" is a very interesting example of an almost plotless story being held together by the interjection of sex. The sex angle is actually subsidiary, but nevertheless it is in evidence, just like it is in our own every day life. I can think of quite a few other recent films where sex, nudity and unvarnished suggestion have been prominent. Such titles come to mind as "THUNDERSTORM", "UNTAMED MISTRESS" and "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS".

Let's go back to the beginning, which was sometime in the middle of December, and watch the snowball grow:

In Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral this week, Francis Cardinal Spellman issued a rare condemnation from his pulpit, denouncing "Baby Doll" as revolting, deplorable, morally repellent and grievously offensive to Christian standards of decency. Declared His Eminence: "In solicitude for the welfare of souls entrusted to my care and the welfare of my country, I exhort Catholic people to refrain from patronizing this film under pain of sin".

TIME, December 24th, 1956 - BABY DOLL (Newtown; Warner) is just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited, in condemning it, the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency declared: "It dwells almost without variation or relief upon carnal suggestiveness." The statement is true enough, but there is room for doubt that the carnality of the picture makes it unfit to be seen. The film was clearly intended--both by Playwright Tennessee Williams, who wrote the script, and by Elia Kazan, who directed it--to arouse disgust with the film itself, but with the kind of people and the way

of life it describes. To the extent that it succeeds, "Baby Doll" is an almost puritanically moral work of art. And yet, as the script continues, long after it has made its moral point, to fondle a variety of sexual symbols and to finger the anatomical aspects of its subject, the movie-goer can hardly help wondering if the sociological study has not degenerated into the prurient peep.

In the early scenes, the camera roots like an indifferent hog through a heap of white trash in the Deep South. In a rotting mansion, on the Mississippi flats, in an upstairs room filled with dolls and hobbyhorses and empty Coke bottles, a ripe-bodied young woman lies curled in a wrought-iron crib and sucks her thumb as she sleeps. This is Baby Doll Carson McCorkle (Carroll Baker), who "had a great deal of trouble with long division....and never got past the fourth grade". In the next room a balding, slack-jowled, middle-aged man, still dressed in frowsty pajamas even though the day is half gone, stares lewdly through a peephole at the sleeping girl, this is Archie Lee Meighan (Karl Malden), the owner of a beat-up old cotton gin, who has just been put out of business by the competition of an interstate syndicate.

Archie Lee and Baby Doll are married. But the marriage, at Baby Doll's mincing insistence and with Archie's slobbering acquiescence, has not been consummated because Baby Doll, who is 19, does not yet consider herself, as she daintily phrases it, "ready for marriage." Frustrated in both business and pleasure, Archie goes berserk one night, and burns down the syndicate gin. The rest of the picture describes, with a degree of Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio, how the syndicate's manager (Eli Wallach) gets his revenge; he not only seduces Baby Doll, but persuades her to give him evidence that it was Archie who burned down the gin.

The seduction scene takes up the better (and decidedly the worse) part of the picture. The seducer starts working on his victim in the middle of a junk heap back of the house. ("We could play hide and seek," he slyly suggests, and she replies, "Ah'm not athaletic.") He really gets going in the swing, where the camera closes in on her face while his hands are plainly busy elsewhere ("Oooo," she gasps, "Ah feel so weak") pushes her toward the brink by the pigpen, and apparently ends up with her in the crib after she coyly suggests that he take a nap ("Yew c'd curl up and let the slats daown"). Later, when the heroine murmurs "I feel cool and rested, rested and cool for the first time in my life," it may strike some movie-goers that the language of Tennessee Williams, no less than his subject matter, often seems to have been borrowed from one of the more carelessly written pornographic pulps.

Nevertheless, the picture does have some not inconsiderable merits. Several scenes are models of what might be called picarisque comedy. And Director Kazan, even though he cannot seem to decide whether he is reciting a dark poem or just telling a dirty joke, has won skillful performances from his veterans, Malden and Wallach, and from Newcomer Carroll Baker, of whom the public is certain to hear a great deal more in the next year or two. As Baby Doll, she is the Coke sister of Southern folklore, all the way down to the bottom of the bottle.

BOXOFFICE, December 29th, 1956 - LONDON: After attending a preview of "Baby Doll", the Rev. John A. Burke, ecclesiastical director of the Roman Catholic Film Institute of Great Britain, said there was no



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reason in his opinion why adult Catholics should not see the picture that "thoughtless" people ought to see. He would not comment on the action of Cardinal Spellman in New York in warning Catholics they would commit a sin if they saw the picture.

SHOWMAN'S TRADE REVIEW, December 29th, 1956 -- 'BABY' SPANKING CHALLENGED; CATHOLICS NOT IN AGREEMENT: The scope of controversy over Elia Kazan's "Baby Doll" became international when the head of the Roman Catholic Film Institute in London approved the screen version of two of Tennessee Williams' short stories about Southern "white trash" for adult Catholics in Britain, and the issue sharpened in New York, where the picture is playing its first engagement, as the Very Rev. James A. Pike, dean of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in a sermon last Sunday took issue with Cardinal Spellman's denunciation of the film from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral the previous Sunday.

Dean Pike seemed to sum up his retort to Cardinal Spellman's pronouncement forbidding Roman Catholics to see "Baby Doll" under "pain of sin" with his declaration that "I don't think that I sinned in seeing it."

Dean Pike was one of several prominent clergymen who attended the world premiere of the picture at the Victoria Theatre last week.

"One could attend this picture," said Dean in his sermon, "with a sinful motive and could, in the course of it and as a result of it, indulge in sinful thoughts.....There have been those who have searched through the Bible with similar intent and with similar results. The same would go for many great works of art, some of them portrayed in famous churches and museums.....Sensuality is not portrayed (in "Baby Doll") for its own sake. It is portrayed in much less abundance than in 'Ten Commandments.'" (This reference drew from Cecil B. DeMille in Hollywood the statement that "Dean Pike's comment....does not correspond with that of others of the clergy who have given it their high praise.")

On the matter of patriotism raised by some of Cardinal Spellman's remarks, Dean Pike said "the true patriot defends freedom against governmental authority and against majority or minority pressure groups, against volunteers in the cause of thought control."

On one point, the advertising for "Baby Doll," Dean Pike stood in agreement with Cardinal Spellman's denunciation of "brazen advertising promoting the picture" by referring to the advertising as "a crude distortion of the author's work and an insult to the public."

MOTION PICTURE HERALD, January 5th, 1957 - PRINTS ADDED: Amid reports that "Baby Doll", the Warner-Elia Kazan production condemned by the Legion of Decency, has been refused for bookings in a circuit of 20 New England theatres owned by Joseph P. Kennedy, former U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Warner announced that 75 additional working prints have been ordered to bring the total of "Baby Doll" prints in circulation to 425.

The picture has been booked in 1,118 cities to date, the company said. It is being booked "heavier than any of our other major productions," a spokesman said, "with the only problem areas being Albany and the Maine and New Hampshire circuit."

The Victoria theatre in New York has announced that the film has been set for an indefinite run at that Broadway house. In Albany, while a decision was awaited from Warner's New York office on the withdrawal of the film from exhibition at the Albany Strand, it was

learned that a delegation of Stanley Warner zone officials quietly visited Mayor Erastus Corning last week to discuss the situation.

Earlier last week, there had been reported intimations that the Albany administration did not look with favor on the plan to premiere the film, in the wake of strong Catholic protests made to the theatre by Reverend Thomas H. Kay, diocesan director of the Legion of Decency and in a front page Evangelist editorial. Although the film has a state seal, which makes a theatre immune from prosecution, this apparently would not stop the city from taking action.

As you can see things are beginning to warm up in the United States and before it is finished, this film which would ordinarily go by as just a picture, will probably be up in the top ten boxoffice films.....The head man of Famous Players in Canada (subsidiary to Paramount Pictures) is a devout Catholic has stated that Baby Doll will not be playing in these particular theatres. The chain consists of nearly 400 theatres, this includes partnerships. Some of the partnerships do not fully come under this restriction, thus Baby Doll may or may not show in some of these Famous Players situations..... Now for the picture in Toronto, which follows along the lines of the U. S. storm in a teacup.....WDG

THE TELEGRAM, January 9th, 1957 - GIFT WRAPPED PACKAGE OF TRASH - IT'S UNFIT FOR YOUTH-CENSOR: "Baby Doll" comes to the screens of Toronto theatres in about three weeks uncut but forbidden to the eyes of all under 18 years.

This is the ruling of Omri J. Silverthorne, director of Ontario Motion Picture Censorship, who has placed a "restricted" stamp on the Tennessee Williams' screenplay.

An inter-continental controversy began when Francis Cardinal Spellman denounced the film and exhorted Roman Catholics to boycott it "under the pain of sin."

"It is astonishing and deplorable that such an immoral motion picture has received a certificate of approval under the so-called self-regulatory Motion Picture Association of America."

The OMPC restricted label means no one under 18 will be allowed to see "Baby Doll" in Ontario whether accompanied by an adult or not.

"It takes a good deal of subtlety to grasp the significance of the plot and thus the picture is definitely unsuitable for any but adult minds," a censor said.

Irving Herman, of Warner Bros., said the first public showing in Toronto will be either January 25th or February 1st in Odeon's Carlton, Colony and Fairlawn movie houses.

The Cardinal's views on Baby Doll were endorsed by the Roman Catholic Church here. A Chancery spokesman added that no further explanation was required.

Rev. John R. Mutchmore, secretary of the United Church's Board of Evangelism and Social Service, said the film will be reviewed by a minister and a layman.

"If their report on the film is unfavorable we will lodge a formal protest with Mr. Silverthorne," Dr. Mutchmore told the Telegram.

"We have been co-operating with the Roman Catholic Church's Legion of Decency for the past several years on similar matters," he continued.



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"We have always found it a vigilant organization, forceful, and providing a genuine and worthwhile public service."

In London, England, the Catholic Film Institute, an unofficial British organization, has ruled the film may be seen by Roman Catholics there.

Commented Mike Hunter, of Warners' New York staff; "It seems to me they must have a double standard to be condemned here and approved in London. It is a wonderful picture."

Mayor Nathan Phillips (of Toronto) said of Baby Doll; "I've never heard of it!"

Elia Kazan, Academy Award winning director of the movie, denied his work was immoral; "In the court of public opinion I'll take my chances."

New York critics hailed Baby Doll's superb acting but generally withheld an opinion on whether it's too strong for the screen.

A couple of days after the above article appeared Odeon arranged a screening for the clergy and newspaper people of Toronto. I work directly next to the Screening Room, so that when this mixture got together for a Thursday afternoon I was on tap for the results. The results piled up quite a few columns for the three big Toronto newspapers the following day. What follows is the best of the lot.....WDG

TORONTO DAILY STAR, January 11th, 1957 - OSCAR FOR THE DEVIL, NOT 'BABY DOLL' BAN, CLERGY VIEWERS SAY: "Baby Doll" came to town yesterday for a sneak preview and of eight Toronto clergymen and a United Church of Canada layman who saw the controversial film about southern states white trash, only one said it should be banned. Most were bored stiff and some said it was good to get out in the clean fresh air again.

"If they give any Oscars for the movie, the devil should get one," said Murray Anderson, recording secretary of Yonge Street United Church, but he didn't think it was any worse than many other films released in the past.

The only minister who demanded a ban was Rev. Gordon Crofoot, secretary of the department of evangelism and social service, Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.

"It's altogether disgusting," he said. "It's vulgar and full of nasty innuendoes, and children under 18 are going to get in to see it anyway, despite what the censor has ruled." He added that the acting was wonderful.

Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, Holy Blossom Temple, who had thought from all the reports "Baby Doll" might have a "very dirty and salacious aura" about it, saw no reason to ban the film.

"This is not a glorification of sex," he said. "It might even produce a certain revulsion and disgust at the relationships between men and women."

He saw the movie as a conflict between industrial revolution in the South's cotton industry and the violent inefficient types who wanted to hold on to the old ways. "Sex," he said, "is subsidiary."

In some ways the film showed the emergence of character under stress, because "Baby Doll" herself certainly grew up before the end of the picture. Some of the sexual reaction scenes he thought were overlong.

He said it would undoubtedly play to packed houses because of the efforts of "well meaning" persons to have it banned. When "Oliver Twist" came to town, Jewish people felt very badly about it, "but we knew better than to try to have it banned."

Rev. Fred Poulton, secretary of the department of social relations, Canadian Council of Churches, a Baptist, said it wasn't very good entertainment, although the acting was fine.

"But I doubt if it will do the moral digestion of adults any good," he said.

He saw little connection between the Canadian scene and the conditions portrayed in the southern setting, and said he didn't think the film added to the cultural background of a country.

"There are sewers in every city," he said, "but you don't have to make movies about them."

Rev. William Jenkins, First Unitarian Church, said the people who criticized the sex content of the film, missed the characters portraying the passing from the scene of the "old south."

The minister, who spent some years in Mississippi and Florida, said: "I felt a little sad in the spots where the other people watching the film laughed."

"Baby Doll", said Rev. Arne Kristo, of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, "gives the viewer a chance to roll vicariously in the gutter....the question in my mind is not whether you should or should not do so....but rather whether you enjoy doing so."

Obviously the young should be protected from the gutter and he agreed with the censor's decision.

"The Christian viewer," he said, "should gain a new respect for the power of sin and a newer appreciation of the need for Jesus Christ in the lives of all."

Rev. Frank Brisbin, Metropolitan United Church, thought the movie was vastly over-rated and certainly not worth all the controversy. Technically it was only an average show and he wouldn't call for a ban on it.

"I know of real-life situations in downtown Toronto--and uptown, too," he said, "much more sordid than Baby Doll portrayed."

He called it a very average show, given an "overtly sexual twist" to place it in the centre of a controversy.

"A person brought up with respect for good moral standards certainly wouldn't be endangered by it," he said.

Mr. Brisbin, who came late and left early, said he was bored by the first portion of the show.

Rev. Gordon Smyth, Yonge Street United Church, who represented Rev. James R. Mutchmore, secretary of the United Church's board of evangelism and social service, said while he wouldn't ban the show, he felt like taking a good bath when he came out.

"Banning it wouldn't serve any purpose," he said. "Basically it's not out of line with a number of others. I have enough faith in the youth of today to feel they will come away knowing they have seen the decay of a certain type of life."

"Whatever is indecent or suggestive is so related that it's an indication the wages of sin are death or destruction. While there is no direct moral, negatively the film preaches a powerful lesson of Christian conduct--which might have been the opposite intention of the producers."

Rev. Martin Kavalis, of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Canada,



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found the acting good, but couldn't find much sense in the story.

"The sex in it is overplayed," he said, "and while I wouldn't ban it, I wouldn't recommend it to my Lithuanian congregation or to others from Europe."

The preceeding was the longest of five different articles that appeared on the same day. Rev. Brisbin comes about even with my way of thinking or to put it crudely "much ado about nothing".....Rabbi Feinberg, has a short memory, "Oliver Twist" never played in any Famous Players theatres. At this particular time (1950) I was working for Bloom and Fine Theatres, which is affiliated with FP. A note came around to each theatre in the Motion Picture Association of Ontario membership advising us not to play this film. Unknown to me the decision had all ready been made for me and the whole chain. I questioned this with the son (who I went to school with in earlier years) of the head man, who by the way is Jewish. And he frankly said it was stupid and adding so what if Fagin personified a miserly Jew. Take a look among your own Scotch relations, it sure is a known fact they are tight and money grabbing and share equal remarks of sarcastic nature from others. ....In other words the Scotchman, Irishman and Englishman of today get their fair share of slanderous remarks, but in the end it is all water over the bridge and forgotten.....Other than the run that Rank's film had in his own Odeon houses it can be said that the subsequent runs were few and far between in Toronto. One fact is interesting, following the first run houses, most of the small independents that played the film were of Jewish faith. So you can see how much the denouncement by Rabbi Feinberg affected his own people. So the statement about no restrictions on "Oliver Twist" seem a bit out of line.....There are other samples of this situation such as the local banning of "Rope", after a two-week first run showing. The film thereafter showed all over the country, but never again in the good city of Toronto. The joke was that several semi-professional groups (including some high schools) immediately put on the stage version of "Rope". Thus while the clergy put the clamps on the movie they could not lift a hand to stop the performance of the play.....About seven years ago a film called "Dillinger" played in a first run house, after three weeks local pressure the film went out of circulation. Two years later the film was re-run in a downtown house and then onto subsequent second and third runs. A case of a period of time healing the objections.....In 1945 Fox released one of the lesser films of that year. "Roger Touhy, Gangster had a little trouble in sections of the United States. Strictly a "C" class effort and intended for a second feature billing. The picture never saw the light of a projection arc in Canada, but wait, all is not lost. The film will turn up on TV in the near future, to a much larger audience.....Another very interesting thing was a James Cagney film made in the early thirties called "G-Men". This film was reissued by Warner Bros. around 1950 and believe it or not this was the first showing of this film in Toronto. One cannot help recalling to mind "Scarface", which as far as I'm concerned

had a full share of guns, brutality, sex and cold-blooded murder. If there have been pictures that have outshone this one since its original release, it would come as quite a surprise. I have seen well over 3000 features in my short life and "Scarface" stands out quite prominently. By today's standards it has its shortcomings, but I think it would still be pretty fair boxoffice material. The cast alone would be quite a come-on, Paul Muni, George Raft, Ann Dvorak, Boris Karloff and Karen Morely. I always remember Karloff playing the part of an American gangster, and his prominent English accent (at that time) coming to the fore. The first scene in the film would make today's censors sit up and take notice and it set the pattern for many other outspoken items in the film. Do you remember how the camera panned in on a ballroom, the place being a shambles from a celebration the night before. Then the camera closes in on an elderly figure who has a broom in his hand and mess on the floor. Then his hand comes up holding a pair of brassieres, he shakes his old and mutters, "Quite some party." This was but an introduction to some very frank scenes later on dealing with gangsters and their mistresses. I feel quite sure that this one will turn on television like it's counterpart "Little Caesar".....Some of the cases that turn up in the USA in individual states, are about as bad as our situation in Toronto. I remember particularly "Strange Cargo" with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. This one was run out of about 13 states, now there's a number for you. In most cases MGM was not given the choice of editing out the objectionable dialogue. The film was out, with no second look.....Then of course we have the topper of them all, "The Outlaw". Ten years later the producer freely admits that he hired over fifty people to say nasty words about his picture all over the country, he actually baited the Church and as everyone knows Jane Russell became the most photographed star in Hollywood, without actually being seen in her first motion picture until some five years later. ....On January 18, 1957 it was announced that "Baby Doll" has been banned from the provinces of Alberta and New Brunswick. And on the same day it opened for its initial showing at the Odeon Carlton Theatre in Toronto. It is odd to note that the Province of Quebec, which has a large French-speaking population, is about 75 to 80 percent Roman Catholic has at this date said nothing about the picture. As far as we know like the remaining provinces it has been passed for showing with a 'restricted' label.....So it seems "Baby Doll" is fated to be a success all because Cardinal Spellman made his original statement, it comes to me that the greatest sin has been committed by the issuer of the denunciation. I have talked to quite a few Roman Catholics and the consensus seems to be that Cardinal Spellman could have picked a subject more worthy of denouncement for one of his rare talks from the pulpit.....What has gone before should never have happened, but as the old saying goes "everybody wants to get into the act." This is but the prelude, what will follow in the next months will be a delight to Warner Bros, the newspapers and the amateur observers.....WDG



The Maelstrom

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Dave Jenrette has an excellent eye for the female form, and his work, if tastefully done, should be an asset to any fmz. I'm referring to # 30, and his heading for "SMALL-VOICED SINGERS".....I do disagree with his conclusions on the stature of writers-to-be. People are going to keep on doing the things and arguing the backgrounds that Heinlein, Sturgeon and so forth have done.....I agree with "CROUTCH ON RELIGION". I'm an agnostic and determinist myself, and as such nicely sidestep having to put forth any answers.....I note you use a large number of reprints in Canfan, and this brings up a point that occurred to me some time ago. Isn't there an urgent need in fandom for a well-edited reprint zine, culling the best of humor, articles (and who knows, maybe even fan-fiction?) Not a digest-zine, but one which would keep a finger on the fannish pulse and present fandom at its best. Properly edited, it could become a goal for aspiring fen, and it would also serve to rescue from oblivion the occasional orchids which bloom in the morass of crud emitted, by neo-eds. And why couldn't that be Canfan?.....What do you think?.....

Actually this reprint business has really crept into Canfan since I took over from GAS. But as yet I haven't gone into a set policy, because every once in a while somebody has been moved to send in a contribution. Another thing the title of 'Canadian Fandom' would have to be dropped and a title more practical for reprints would have to be adapted. Mind you what Bill has said has been running through my mind for quite some time. But then I think of what Redd Boggs said earlier in this issue and I start backing down. I guess the best answer would be some more opinions from the rest of you..WDG

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