

CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 9
JULY 1995

A CAFF PUBLICATION



One day among many, men will never forget,
It will record itself in the annals of time;
It will mark the advent of the race's arising,
From unlighted chaos, to greatness sublime.

When the word is flashed to the earth's furthest corner,
Its peoples will sing a resounding tune!
When they here it re-echoed 'round the girth of the planet,
These words of liberation: Man has circled the moon!

Bringing the planets to the earth's back door;
From the Infinite eventually all secrets coerce . . .
Then when he has arisen, there will come a day,
When Man writes his name across the Universe!

Marvis E. Manning

CANADIAN FANDOM NO. 9

A  PUBLICATION

— A CROSS-SECTION OF CANADIAN FAN ACTIVITY —

Edited & Published by
Beak Taylor

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Canada

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Cover by Albert A. Betts, illustrating the last three verses of Marvis Manning's poem, "There Will Come a Day", which appeared in the May 1940 issue of Pluto.

Stories, articles, cartoons, comments and letters welcome. Stamps accepted from foreign subscribers in lieu of cash. Unused please.

"Beak" Broadcasts

PAGE 2.

THE EDITOR

Despite the fact that the roller on the decrepid old typewriter I am using is gradually giving up the small amount of rubber it once possessed, I think that I'll have time to get off a page or so of my usual line of guff. Great hunks of the rubber keep peeling off, and it is now so threadbare that I call it a Holy Roller. But enough of these trivialities, and on with the bulls---, I mean, editorial. I still choose to call myself an editor, although there have been some doubts voiced as to whether or not I publish a magazine.

This is, or should be, the first edition of Canadian Fandom to go through FAPA channels. It may have to appear in a postmailing, since I've only had a week and a half to do the whole works, but God and the United States Postal Service willing, she will get to Willie Watson in time for inclusion.

No especial changes will be made in format or contents. We will not attempt to slant our material at FAPA members only, as is usually the case, but will continue in the ordinary manner, as a subscription zine, general contents, irregular appearance. Only issues which come out near an FAPA mailing date will go through the mailings, so if any FAPA members wish to receive every issue of Canadian Fandom, they would be wise to subscribe. Those who are already subscribers needn't bother, of course.

The cover this issue, as we mentioned on the contents page, is by Al Betts, illustrating Marvis E. Manning's "There Will Come a Day". We wish to apologize to Marvis for an unintentional typographical error which occurred in the third line of the second verse. The word "here" should read "hear". This was noticed after the cover had been sent to the lithographers, and unfortunately could not be rectified. Al offered to go over every one and correct the mistake, but we decided against it. After all, you're only young once.. As Bernard Shaw once said, youth's a wonderful thing — a pity they have to waste it on children.

Nils Prome has offered to do some illustrations for the mag, so you can

expect to see some of his work in the near future. We can now do a pretty fair job of illustrating any stories we get, with Al Betts, Nils and T. Van all on the job for us. Incidentally Nils has a great number of old Ghost Stories that he would like to trade or sell, as well as some very old Weirds and stf mags. Anybody interested, write to Box 3, Fraser Mills, B.C.

I offered to run Fran Laney's articles on Jazz, which appeared in his FAPA mag, Fan-Dango, when he mentioned that owing to lack of time, he would be able to publish once a year only. My offer was promptly snapped up. Despite anybody who wants to complain that this isn't fantasy, I enjoy it, & I believe a great number of fans will also. The series will probably start in the 10th issue, out in September, or in the issue after, if I can carry thru my intention of publishing in August.

This issue, I'm afraid, will not be slip-sheeted, and therefore may be slightly messy. The labour shortage in wartime, you know.

Al Betts, sitting beside me now, is cussing the authors who insist on using long titles. Al is doing some of the headings for me. Little did he expect, when he dropped in for a friendly visit that he would be drafted for such a menial task. Thanks a lot, Al.

Toronto's roving fan, John Hollis Mason, has just returned from his summer vacation, which he spent with John Michel, in New York. I understand Don Wollheim headed this way for his vacation. Coincidence??? Mason has now given up psychology, it is rumoured, & taken up Michelism. I'm only kidding.

Croutch's Light Flashes hasn't arrived. If it comes tomorrow, I'll endeavour to include it, however, I'll be leaving for St Andrew's to print the mag quite early in the morning and may miss it. My apologies to all concerned. Somehow, I have a horrible feeling that I forgot to notify Les to send it on.

Have now run out of space and material. Will shut down, amid sighs of, "It's about time", and "Thank God."

Beak

VOTARY OF DESTRUCTION

By Ray Karden

Page 3

The gleaming dome of Jovapolis rises from the black mists of Ganymede artfully, a monument to man's conquest of space. Surrounded by deadly swamps, horrors of methane and ammonia, it seems peculiarly calm; it mirrors the streaming flickers of the stars placidly, without rancor. The mucky darkness of Ganymede night on one side and the clean swift darkness of the vacuum on the other both press upon it, attempting to subjugate it. It has not been conquered yet.

It is immensely complex, both mentally and physically. Its bewildering layers of humanity hide and perplex beyond all hope of vision the multitudinous forces that make it up, that created it, that live in it, and will destroy it. These forces are explosive, compounded of humanity itself; uncomprehending, they make it what it is. And few who see this incredible dome of tenuousness have any conception of the danger these forces may engender.

Alden Glyd ran his bony fingers over the long smooth bundle and swallowed gratefully, his heart beating faster every time the full conception of its presence was transmitted to his mind. He looked around him, but his eyes saw little, even when he passed one of the small bulbs in the corridor of the final level. On all sides stretched murkiness and darkness; a passageway of blankness, illuminated only by the feeble light of a few bulbs. The black shadows they ominously cast, extending from his shabby figure, held no fear for him; he actually welcomed them, for he would soon be engulfed forever in the darke peacefulness of the ultimate shadow.

His skin told him it was cold, but his mind was too aflame with the knowledge of what he was doing to notice. The ragged bits of clothing that shielded his skeletal frame clung stupidly, giving no protection for their parasitism. His shoes were long worn, and he was forced to shuffle along the damp floor to prevent their dropping off en-

tirely. But all these were forgotten in the light of what the long smooth bundle in his coat signified, hidden in the coat that was little more than a parody.

His hate formed a peculiarly harmonious chord with the rest of his curdled mind. He savoured it, and slowed down, making the moment seem further away, the full force of it delicious and soothing. The background of motivation for it he little understood, or cared to understand; the present hate was enough. But he allowed his mind to dwell on it a moment, so he could come back to the hate which festered, and receive satisfaction.

It was etched very dimly in his perverted mind — compounded of exploitation, sordidness, ugliness — typical of the "Scum of Jovapolis" that his kind made. They lived and haunted the lower levels like unhealthy wraiths; drinking in the stroaked, squalid little taverns; blankly eating in greasy, crumbling spots that shrunken proprietors called "restaurants"; sleeping in the stench and crowd of semi-credit flophouses. As far back as he could remember there was only gloominess and stupidity and prostitution and vice — he had been abandoned at eight by a mother whose painted face gave him nightmares and a father he had never seen.

He had had an "education"; a smattering of alphabets, meager reading, and been a "boy of the corridor". The last, in the long run, had been by far the most valuable — it had taught him how to survive in an environment humans were not supposed to survive; it had taught him how to steal and kill and satisfy his desires — the driving desire of humanity had been forced to take this route. But, no matter how admirable this might have been to his living, it had given him no reason for it. No idea of why he suffered this degradation, no idea why he was living in this unhealthy environment any decent animal would have shunned, no idea why . . .

True, the radical craters, the whispering campaigns, and the privately expressed cynicism in dingy barrooms had

given him a dim idea of Upper Level Technicians and Capitalists who were exploiting, robbing and keeping him in serfdom so they could reap the benefits of his labor. There were two important objections to this in his mind; he had never worked, so far as he could conclude, and the other reason was connected with the most pleasant experience in his life.

A charity group from Earth had chosen a few of the confirmed criminals from the lower layers to enjoy the benefits for one day of cleanliness and luxury. He, by some strange quirk of fate, was chosen. They had been dressed in wonderful clothes, the like of which they would never see again, and they had toured greenness, freshness, beauty and wonderfulness enough to last them a lifetime. When they were returned to their drudgery, they found it was only a temporary miracle; and it had to last them the rest of their lives . . .

But now his mind was savage in defiance of the laws and greed of the men who made him thus; and he thought, his body racked with ecstasy as he did so, that this package would revenge him!

He felt no unity in — he didn't even know — the long history of Jovapolis; a history academicians would call great. He felt no kinship with the pioneers who had landed their brittle ships on Ganymede, or with those that had followed, attempting to hack out a city from the satellite's wastes. He would have hated those who followed to exploit the resources of Ganymede and make themselves a fortune. His fury with the latest group would have been uncontrollable; sucking it dry without ever seeing it, enriching themselves without setting foot on Ganymede's awfulness; leeches, stretching from Earth to Jupiter's moons — his mind would have spit out words they never knew existed but whose meanings would have been obscenely clear.

There was only a long, dormant, dim wonder as to why he also wasn't one of those who were rich, and lived in mansions and palaces in the scented upper levels. Why didn't he have a bevy of houris who would surround him as he swam in pools of sweet water, eating tropical fruits? Why didn't he attend dances in dance-halls with transparent floors,

with the bare backs of women gleaming whiter than the walls. Why didn't he...?

But there was hope, where no hope should have remained, clogged in the reaches of his mind — half-mad hope.. Now he didn't care. He had something that would make all those meaningless human successes foolish.

His mind felt refreshed from the excursion into his hateful past and he entered the present again, with its promise of vengeance against that hatefulness! He was shuffling along the black corridors automatically, breathing the fetid, moist air without awareness, the walls creaking with promise of collapse. Rats scuffled along with him, following this strange being who was so immersed in himself, who plodded along towards a — goal. The small lights threw feeble shadows on his lean face, ugly and brutal and calloused with years of living that was not human living, and on his slouched frame, so dirty and unwashed beneath, so repugnant on the surface. He shuffled and they followed, rustling, conjuring others with them.

Suddenly Glyd heard footsteps behind him and he stopped for long seconds paralyzed with fear. What if he was apprehended, and his hopes for revenge banished? In that moment, a moment filled with tenseness and fear, a shadow rushed from the darker wraiths along the sides of the corridor and upon Glyd. He was too utterly frightened to call out, and there was nobody to hear; it happened too quickly for him to struggle, or even think — he was scooped up by two giant, hamlike fists and was breathed upon by a sour breath. He stood on his tiptoes from the floor, looking up into two bloodshot eyes almost covered by greasy stringy hair.

An Outsider! He knew that these were criminals who were banished even from the company of the "Scum of Jovapolis" because of their deeds. They were banished to the cell-like corridors he was traversing now, to die; but there were vague rumours that they did not, and that they grew as wild beasts. He had not believed when they were told in the bleared mustiness that passed for jovialty in the taverns; but now, he was faced with the fact . . .

He did the only thing his sluggish mind could think of, and did it fast. As he was being held up by his coat, he wriggled like an eel, and slipped completely out of it. He dropped to the ground, and clasping his precious package tightly, he stumbled up and ran down the corridor he had been walking before. It was a short time before the astounded Outsider could grasp what had happened, and with a curse throw away the threadbare coat that now held nothing to follow Glyd. But by this time Glyd had taken a lesson from the rats and he lay snuggled up against the wall with their curious noses probing him and their sharp teeth almost biting; he heard the rushing footsteps of the man go by, and breathed thankfully, and clasped his package tighter . . .

It was a long time before he dared get up again. But, impelled by a force that was greater than fear, he rose into the chillness and began walking down the musty tunnel. His hate was less now, and he walked faster; the lights seemed to be receding past him as if in a dream.

He kept walking for long moments; how long he could not compute, and he found that he was lost. He did not panic, strangely enough. He felt quite calmly into his pocket and took out the map he had been given. As he was unfolding it, he wondered what all this was about — not that he cared, as long as he got his revenge.

Socio-politic factors of interplanetary imperialism were well beyond Glyd's mind and education. He couldn't know that a corporation, hoping to capitalize on its ownership of Eros, on Europa, had gained control, by devious means, of the radical elements of Jovapolis, and subsidized the intellectuals in its propaganda campaign, which was designed to lead to this. Glyd only knew that he had been approached in a dirty restaurant, given mental stimuli that would condition him to the task he was to do, and then the task itself. And he was carrying it out without caring much.

He finally opened the map, with much trouble and wetting of fingers, and held

it in his hand directly below one of the bulbs. His fingers on the sides were scaled and knobby, and long blue nails carefully traced the path he had followed. Then he looked toward a small plate directly below the dirty, but fortunately eternal bulb. He found the spot, and almost smirked with satisfaction as he saw that he was headed in the right direction, and was almost there. He set off again.

Mingled with his hate this time was self-praise at the cool way in which he had handled the previous incident. But as he approached closer and closer to the spot, the monotonous reiteration of his coming revenge gained the upper hand. He subconsciously watched the lights slide by as he hurried faster and faster . . .

As he recognized the spot from the careful description he had been given by the dapper man who had subsidized him for this mission, his mind echoed blankly, "This is really it . . ."

Then he set to work. Slowly, allowing the pressure inside him to culminate, to stretch in the concept of imminence his mind revelled in, he took the necessary steps. He first consulted the map, to make absolutely sure; then he looked it over again to settle the best displacement of his equipment. It was the end of the corridor, and it seemed to sweep upward even beyond its limiting wall. The wall curved toward him, and below it was a deep pit of blackness. There were two lights on ledges at the opposite end of the pit; it was abandoned of all machinery now, but long years ago it had been used to verify the strength of the walls. He walked, slowly, with a subtle enervating feeling of doing something positive, to the ledge on his right. There he sat down.

It was with a gourmet's attitude of savoring that he opened the package. He stripped the layers of brown from it, slowly, handling the process gingerly. Finally he exposed along gleaming tube of metal. He examined this for moments, then turned it over, lifted his hand to a small switch, and turned it.

With that act, the emotions — hate,

anger, revenge, comfort — coalesced into one long wonderful thought that rolled and stretched into pious eternity, that was all the ecstasy ever created, that was all the horror ever created, that was dual, that was single, that was infinite. He lay down, and protected the tube with his body, waiting for the moment that would bring release and happiness . . .

Marchand was very fat and slow-moving, but his eyes were quick and cruel. They glinted as he turned away from the panel that contained one thing — a very large switch. It was open, and his hand was just rising from it.

He said, "The fools didn't believe we could stop them!" The silence following expressed his thoughts clearer than any words could have.

A rat-faced inferior smiled crookedly, and seemed very relieved. "You make me glad, boss. Don't you know that thing could . . . ?"

He nodded. "Yes, I know. But it's off now. Not much time . . ." He shrugged insignificantly. "But it's off . . ."

The rat-faced inferior pushed out his words, evidently against his will. "But why did you shave it so close, boss? Why didn't . . . ?"

Marchand cut him short, his florid face grinning, deadily and unashamed. "I like to cut them short, see! More — drama in it, that way. Besides, we got all the gang and all the goods now."

Rat-face shuddered. "We wouldn't have had any goods if . . ."

"I know." He seemed to drop the subject. "But can't you see the dopes at Eros as they push down the switch and nothing happens! Boy, that's rich! Those damn . . ." He let go with a few choice words, " . . . tried to kill us all — the women and children, everybody!" He added, almost apologetically, "They deserve what they got . . ."

Rat-face nodded, dourly. "Yeah. Wonder what happens to the ones who were to plant the things?"

"Oh, those 'scum'. Who cares? Probably rotting in that passageway right now; but who cares?" Police chief Marchand of Jovapolis waved a pudgy hand and echoed, "Who cares?"

As the fact came home to Glyd that nothing was going to happen, that there was to be no explosion that was in essence the conception of all his dreams, he rose from his tiny ledge in panic. He kicked the tube brutally away, as if it were an animal that had failed him in time of need, and he looked, his mind fighting for sanity, into the pit.

It was an idea that came to him in a fraction of a second. His heels gave a little shove against the metallic ledge and he felt himself falling forward. It was a long drop into eternity that beckoned from its depths, and would be replacement for the explosion that had been denied him. He whirled over the brink, his mind happy and lucid, and his scream echoing the sorrow that had been his life . . .

((f i n i s))

* * *

B U L L D O Z E R

by Fred Hurter jr.

Power, compact power;
Earth, stone, trees,
Reel from the driving blade

Power to crush, power to tear;
Twenty tons of driving steel
On linked metal treads.

FANMAGS IN AUSTRALIA

The "blame" for it all might well be said to rest on the shoulders of William D. Veney and Bert F. Castellari, who started a fanmag called Spacehounds at the high school they were attending in 1937. The publication ran for twelve issues and its circulation was one copy, which was handed around the readers and back to the editors. The copies are now in Castellari's possession as far as I know.

Also, they attempted to publish a quarterly Spacehounds, but it was never finished and remains incomplete to this day. Items in the regular magazine included "Conquest of Venus" (a serial), complete stories, picture stories such as the "Snowy Hunter" series by William D. Veney, "Moon Pirates" by Bert Castellari, and articles, editorials, poetry and reviews.

As there is no standard definition of what constitutes a fanmag, I can safely call Spacehounds one — a pioneer in its class, and hand-printed at that!

The next mag. was issued by John Devern of Adelaide, South Australia, and dated February 1939. Entitled Science Fiction Reviews only one issue appeared; 12 pages, octavo, hektographed in blue with a circulation of about 15 copies. Contents consisted of a letter section, an article by William Veney, news articles, a humor (?) column, and "Flashes". After a short correspondence with Sidneyites, including myself, Devern dropped out, and the last we heard he was in the army.

In June of the same year, an amateur magazine appeared called The Junior Science Club bi-monthly Magazine. It leaned much toward the scientific side & had one stiff yarn by Vol Molesworth, while other items were mostly straight science. The editor was "Ruduk Volsoni".

The next fanmag to appear was definitely on the right track. It was Australian Fan News, a foolscap, mimeographed mag. of 12 pages, which was a very big improvement over the past efforts. It was published co-operatively by William Veney, Edward Russell, Bert Castellari and myself. The first and

only issue was dated May 1939. The cover was drawn by William Veney and mimeod in black on pink paper. The interior pages were white. Contents consisted of fiction such as "John Kent — Dimension Explorer" by Bert Castellari,, which was about 2,000 words; articles as "The Universe" by Edward Russell and "The Sydney Scene" by William Veney. There were other features contributed by all of us and the magazine was mimeographed by Frank Flaherty.

Five months later, in October, Ted and I published the first issue of Ultra. That issue was published on semi-foolscap paper, with a pink back and front cover. (The paper was left over from AFN) The interior was white. It was typewritten, carbon-copied, and not more than 15 copies were issued. Bert Castellari, William Veney, Ted Russell & Harry Warner jr were among the contributors to that first 16 page issue.

Unlike the other fanmags before it, Ultra did not disappear after the first issue, but continued until its third when it appeared as a 14 page quarto magazine, mimeod in purple on white. Ralph Smith joined the staff as art editor and took control of that section. Vol Molesworth contributed an article on Charles Fort to that issue, and Ultra continued on for over two years.. It had two large Anniversary Issues, gained many contributors, had a permanent news column — "Rambling in Science-Fiction", but finally, like all Aussie-fanmags before and after it, Ultra ceased publication, with its thirteenth issue — December 1941.

After Ultra they came thick and fast.

In December 1939, we saw the first issue of Luna, a foolscap magazine similar in size to Australian Fan News. It was published by Vol Molesworth and lasted for three issues, during which it printed many interesting articles and stories from the fans of that period. It died in February 1941.

In early 1940, Bert Castellari and William Veney collaborated in publishing a fortnightly newssheet called Futurian

Observer, which appeared right up to 1942, when it ceased publication. "Obs" as the editors affectionately called it, appeared very regularly and its news was reliable. It published a number of cartoons by Ralph Smith and Bruce Sawyer as well as good humour by other fans.

Just after Observer appeared, Vol Molesworth published, from April 1940 until January 1941, an all-letter mag. entitled Cosmos. This appeared irregularly until it folded up. It was stated that a magazine Psychos would replace it, but it did not.

Next, in August 1940, came Zeus, edited jointly by K. Noel Dwyer, Ralph Smith, Ron Levy, William Veney and Bert Castellari. It was mimeographed, 16 pages of interesting articles, stories, humor and a round-robin story which continued for some time. But it, too, ceased publication after one by one the editors dropped out, leaving Levy and Castellari to continue. Then Castellari was called up for military service. For some time after, Levy continued, but eventually, Zeus folded.

In June 1940, Melbourne fandom came into the picture with Austra Fantasy and later Melbourne Bulletin, two bright and breezy fannags published by Warwick Hockley and Keith Taylor. They started out carbon-copied, became hektographed, and then mimeographed in several colours. They were responsible for an improvement in other fannags and for a while competition was brisk.

But they suspended publication late in 1941.

In early '41, Vol Molesworth published a one-issue letter magazine called Telefan, and in August '40, Ted & I published a one-issue supplement called Hermes. Then in April of 1941, Tasmanian fandom came into the picture with Profan, an Ultra-type mag which ran for three issues. It was published by the Hobart Fictioneers — Donald Tuck, Bob Geappen, John Symonds, and Lindsay Johnston, all of Hobart. Material was contributed by fans from Melbourne and Sydney as well as Tasmanians.

Then, in May '41, the Futurian Society of Sydney (which now no longer exists) published a 12 page semi-quarto mimeographed fannag which lasted one is-

sue. It was called Future, But unfortunately it had none.

In January '41, I published the one and only issue of the FAA Bulletin which ceased publication and was replaced by Spaceward, which folded up, after two changes of editors.

In August of 1941, Colin Roden, Graham Stone and myself decided to publish a weekly newsfannagazine. We called it Science and Fantasy Fan Reporter and it was semi-quarto size, mimeographed in blue ink on blue paper. SFF Reporter appeared regularly every week and took no part in any feuds or quarrels. Not even Futurian Observer could say that it had appeared regularly. So, even by its appearance Reporter had established a record. It nearly took the record for the number of issues from Futurian Observer, but owing to lack of interest, Roden decided to cease publication early in '42.

Early in 1942m Futurian Spotlight appeared. It was modelled in appearance on Observer, and edited by Vol Molesworth and Graham Stone, it lasted for three issues.

So, from this article, you can see that every Australian fannag has sooner or later, "ceased publication", "suspended publication for an indefinite period", or "folded up". There have been many causes — lack of money, lack of interest, the war, the fact that no prozines have come into the country, and later, the cause which put a full-stop to fannags. Fans found that to publish a mag, they would have to get a permit from the Division of Import Procurement (a part of the customs dept) to buy paper.

One by one they applied.

One by one they were refused.

So that for the moment ends the tale of Australian fannags. I don't know whether they will appear again after the war, as most fans have drifted away from science-fiction into politics. And most of them have gone Left. Whether they will want to bring out mags again after the war I don't know, but there may have to be a new generation of fans created to do the job.

"Science-fiction must go on, you know."

W h y ?

LOOK OUT PALMER

OR THE BOOGEY MEN'LL GETCHA!

Page 9

by-Henry Elser Jr

To start with, I want to state that I'm not prejudiced against AMAZING as are so many fans. Although the majority of the fiction it publishes is not to my liking, I read it on occasion, but I don't use it just as a convenient scapegoat.

The present series of "Lemurian" stories would be criticised by this writer no matter in what magazine it appeared.

First of all, let's take the case from RAP's side. In the March 1945 A.S., the first of the Lemurian series was published. In this story it was stated that the author, Richard Shaver, "remembered" Lemuria. In this story a number of high-sounding "scientific" theories were published. At this time, RAP did not say that he believed these stories to be true but only very amazing and different. In the issue containing "Thought Records of Lemuria", RAP asserts that the stories are not fiction. The latest issue of AS presents a story that is purported to have come from Norway, which is supposed to substantiate Shaver's other stories. Finally, the editor claims that he knows "things today unknown to science". What is supposed to be overwhelming proof that these stories are more than mere fiction is the amount of letters claiming that the readers have had similar experiences and that they believe the stories are true.

Just what is there about this series that is so funny to me and to many other fans? (Although a few fans have fallen for it, hook, line and sinker, most find this stuff quite hilarious.)

The first thing that makes "Lemuria" look phoney from the start is its manner of presentation. If Shaver has really got some hard facts that are as startling as we are led to believe, why did he have to present the material in fictional form and above all, in a pulp magazine? If Shaver really has all the facts and drawings that RAP says he has, I don't believe he'd be wasting his time on AMAZING. It isn't the purpose of this article to expose the minute phoniness of Shaver's "science", but if the reader is interested, I refer him to an excellent article

by Dr Thomas Gardner entitled "Calling all Crackpots" in Fantasy Commentator.

Now for RAP's "proof" - the reader's letters. First of all, think of the thousands of people in the USA who believed in Lemuria or Atlantis before these stories were ever published. The appearance of the Lemurian series, which rolled all the stories of Atlantis, Mu, etc., into one theory could easily be believed by these people. Remember how right after the first story RAP received letters stating that the racial memory theory was true? Then RAP changed the tune to "thought records" in the next issue. Of course, all those who had written in were mistaken - they did not have racial memory but received thought record. Of course! Has anyone noticed that the names of the people writing those letters are not the names of fans or even of regular AS readers whose letters formerly appeared? This seems to emphasize my statement that the majority of these people believed in Lemuria before they read AS. Furthermore, there are so many theories presented that almost anyone could find something that he could verify, from astrology to witchcraft.

The only thing that puzzles me regarding the Lemurian stories is whether RAP is really serious about the series. At times it looks as if he really means it, at other times he's either trying to take the readers for a ride, or is being taken in himself. The best and most hilarious example is the letter by a fellow in the latest issue. In this letter the writer urges RAP to read the NECRONIMICON for further information, and claims that he is a graduate of Miskatonic University. If RAP has never read HPL I can see that he's really been fooled, but on the other hand, it looks as though he's trying to foist something on the readers. Personally, I think RAP and Shaver are laughing just as hard as the rest of us.

Incidentally, the latest story is a ms that is supposed to have been sent to Shaver after the writer heard about Shaver's proposed stories. What I want to

— ((Continued on page 13)) —

STUFF and SUCH

BY FRED HURTER JR.

Ah, curse that Beak! Trust him to let me know that Canfan is going to press about three days in advance, with the result that I have to pound this infernal machine till all hours of the night. A pox on him I say. Doesn't he know what a busy fellow I am now that I'm director of a research program?

Well, almost. At present I'm working in Kingston at the Aluminium Research Laboratories on the corrosion resistance and surface treatment of magnesium. I'm working with one of the leading men in the magnesium field, and since he is away most of the time, I have to look after the research program and keep the staff busy. Keeps me busy too, as in my spare time I have to keep translating German and French references and with my purely conversational vocabularies I'm certainly taking a beating. To top it off though, the other day a Russian reference came in. Cad, what an alphabet! It took me half an hour to look up one word in the dictionary. If those Japanese references I asked for don't come translated, I'm quitting. Too much is too much.

Unfortunately, I can't breath a word about my experimental work, but maybe it is just as well. I wouldn't want to bore the dear dear readers to death. However, I can tell you a little bit about magnesium, a metal that has been either grossly misrepresented or totally ignored in science-fiction.

For the life of me, I can't understand why stf authors must always or almost always build their space ships of steel. Magnesium is almost the ideal metal for this purpose. Only two-thirds the weight of aluminium, magnesium alloys, when substituted for steel, result in an 85% saving in weight, which should be an important factor in space ship construction, even if you have atomic power to splurge. And don't get any wrong ideas about the inflammability of magnesium. Such erroneous ideas have cropped up many times in stf. Remember the space ship in "Who Goes There"? It supposedly burned up because the hull was made largely of magnesium. The truth

of the matter is that magnesium will burn only when raised above its melting point, 650 degrees Centigrade. Magnesium in the form of swarf, thin ribbons, or powder, will burn for the simple reason that with such a small volume of magnesium, the heat cannot be conducted away rapidly enough and the temperature of the particle rises above the melting point. Many other metals will also burn quite readily if finely divided. Massive magnesium will not burn; in a recent test, a blow torch was applied to the side of a magnesium gas tank half-filled with gasoline, (no, dear readers, the experimenters didn't want to see if the tank was full.) and only that part of the tank within the blast of the blow-torch, which was raised above the melting point, burned. The rest was quite intact. True, as in the case of most non-ferrous metals, there is a deterioration of mechanical properties with increasing temperatures, however, magnesium pistons have been used for motor and aircraft engines and for many other "hot" working conditions. New and better alloys are being constantly developed, and it is very likely that this defect will be overcome in the near future. Again, contrary to popular belief, magnesium and its alloys do not corrode with great rapidity. It has been found that if the content of impurities such as iron, copper and nickle is kept below a certain "tolerance limit" (which is about 0.017% for iron) magnesium alloys will withstand corrosion better than steel. If these tolerances are exceeded, however, corrosion is fairly rapid, and particularly rapid in chloride solution. There's an idea for a story. Villainous firm builds rocket ship for Hero out of impure magnesium, sends Hero to planet having moist chlorine vapour atmosphere. Hero returns to his ship after three months exploration on planet, finds ship a mass of junk. Incidentally, magnesium is one of the few metals that will withstand the action of concentrated hydrofluoric acid, an acid that will even dissolve glass.

While on the subject of space ships,

plastic impregnated plywood is another material that has been neglected for construction. It is light, cheap, and strong. Wooden space ships would certainly be a novelty in stf stories; "Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men" and all that sort of stuff. And think of the ease of repairs. Meteor punches hole in ship. Hero clambers outside, nails a few boards across hole and makes airtight by use of plastic glue. Ah, but there might be difficulties. Hero lands on Mars, spends gay month with Martian princess. Returns to ship to find Martian termites munching remains.

The glues that have been recently developed, which will bond wood to metal or metal to metal could also be used to advantage in space ship construction. I see no reason why a space ship could not be constructed cheaply of magnesium and aluminium alloys, plywood and steel where necessary, the whole thing being largely glued together.

Steel space ships are definitely passé. By the way, I've often wondered at the way the stf hero blithely welds up holes in steel hulls after the ship has been out in space for some time. Gad the metal of the hull would be down almost to absolute zero on the outer surface, on the dark side. (Unless it was a single hull ship.) I shudder to think of the horrible welding stresses the Hero would set up in the poor metal. The same would of course apply to non-ferrous metal to some extent so why doesn't the Hero use glue? It would have to be baked on, yes, but at nowhere near welding temperatures.

Oh yeah, while on the subject of space ships. Please, no more stellite windows. Stellite is being made today. It's a patented steel alloy.

Well, what spare time I have these days, I'm busily reading the Koran. No, no, not in the original Arabic. Erudite though I am, kaff kaff, (snicker and smirk) I must admit that my linguistic powers do have some limitations. I don't know how good a translation I have; it's that by George Sale 1734, inscribed to Lord Carteret. The preface to the translation amuses me greatly. Get a load of this:

"I imagine (so writes George Sale)

it almost needless to make an apology for publishing the following translation, or to go about to prove it a work of use as well as curiosity. They must have a mean opinion of the Christian religion or be but ill-grounded therein who can apprehend any danger from so manifest a forgery (the Koran).....whatever use an impartial version of the Koran may be... it is absolutely necessary to undeceive those who from unfair translations have entertained too favourable an opinion of the original, and also to enable us effectually to expose the imposture..... The writers of the Romish communion..... are so far from having done any service in their refutations of Mohammedanism that by endeavouring to defend their idolatry and other superstitions, they have rather contributed to the increase of that aversion which the Mohammedanshave to the Christian religion, and giving them great advantages in the dispute.....the Protestants alone are able to attack the Koran with success; and for them I trust Providence has reserved the glory of its overthrow....."

Sale then goes on to list rules to be observed "by those who attempt the conversion of the Mohammedans". You shouldn't, for example, call them bad names, but should argue in a gentlemanly manner, and then by and by they'll become good Christians - or cut your bally throat.

This edition of the Koran is also prefaced by a long (130 page) history of the Arabs and a detailed description of the temple at Mecca. As Koran itself is translated as prose, the original is in verse, and thus some of the beauty and poetical spirit is no doubt lost, but even thus translated it is still beautiful. Take the first chapter for example:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the King of the day of judgement. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

Not even translation into prose can kill the inherent poetry of that chapter. The original must be very beautiful indeed. In fact, the Mohammedans consider the Koran to be the most per-

fect piece of Arabic literature; the very perfection of style in which the Koran is written is regarded as a miracle by the Mohammedans, and was almost the chief cause of the spreading of Mohammedanism; such beauty, believe the Mohammedans, could only be divine. Incidentally, that phrase, "Lord of all creatures", in Arabic, Rabbi'lâlamîna, means literally, "Lord of the Worlds".

Aside from reading there is little else to do here in Kingston, which is without a doubt the most run-down and miserable little city I have ever seen. And the people. Gad, I have never met such narrow-minded, self-complacent, stogey people in all my life. My landlady looks on me with suspicion because I'm reading the Koran. If you even breath a mention of the theory of evolution, you are ostracised. Some won't even believe the Earth goes round the sun. And religious sects; never have I seen so many for a place the size of Kingston. They have the Holy Rollers, the Pentacostals, the Christian Scientists, and all the rest of that type; Evangelists can be had by the ton, and the Salvation Army keeps me from getting a decent Sunday afternoon nap. If you walk into a store for the first time, the conversation usually goes like this.

"Stranger aye?"

"Yes."

"What church do you belong to?"

But here's the pay off. One day I committed a great sin and bought some BEER; BEER mind you, a by-product from the infernal sulphur mills. "BEER!" exclaimed my landlady, "You can't bring that into your room." After a long argument I convinced her that my doctor said it was good for what ails me. (Little did she know it was Kingston) Then, one sunny Sunday afternoon, I was irreligiously engaged in reading the Koran and smoking my pipe on the back lawn. It was warm, and I longed for a sip of that golden liquid in the long green bottles. I went to get some but was stopped by my landlady. "Are you mad?" said she. "You can't drink BEER on the back lawn! The neighbours would all protest. You'd have the whole temperance society down upon us. Drink your BEER, if you must, in the bathroom in a proper medical manner!"

Also, here in Kingston I'm a social leper. I live on the North side of Princess street, and that is very bad indeed. Anybody who is anything lives on the South side. Personally, the distinction is too subtle. The whole city is dirty, filthy and run-down as the worst sections of Montreal.

Well, anyway, I've met two very interesting Chinese doctors, one of whom is married. They're taking special courses with the Aluminium company. I'm certainly getting a good stock of Chinese legends and witticisms, and am becoming expert in the use of chop-sticks.

Item in the Toronto Star: an advertisement for a funeral parlour reads: "We have installed a complete air-conditioning unit for the benefit of our clients." Gadzooks! What next? Coffins with radios? That advertisement is almost as bad as the remark of a certain undertaker who said, "That new hearse of mine is so fine everybody's just dying to ride in it."

I liked Ollie Saari's comments in the last issue of Canfan. So he thinks he'd like to be in my shoes. Easy and few classes at University, eh? Well, if he thinks third year chemical engineering is easy, he's welcome to it. Few classes, eh? Thirty-six hours of lectures per week, that's all; fourteen subjects, all of them maths, physics and chemistry, among them three very stiff thermodynamic courses, and one on the kinetic theory of gasses in which sextuple integrations keep cropping up. Yeah, I would have liked to have Ollie in my shoes while I was sweating away, writing fourteen examinations in ten days. Well, it's all over now, Allah be praised, and I'll be entering fourth year this fall. So Ollie has feminine entanglements; well send him up to Montreal, I'd like to see him straighten out my troubles. But send him up with some money; I'd also like to see the way he plays poker. Heh-heh!

Another item in Toronto Star; Ice-house filled with ice burns down. ((And I understand most of the ice remained unmelted.))

About six year ago I outlined a history of the world from 1960 - 3000 to form a background for some stories I hope some day to write. But, darn it

all, with all the new developments this war, I'll have to rewrite almost the whole thing. Radar, for example, I had slated for 1960. It was to be used for blind flying in aeroplanes, and later for meteor detection in rocket ships. Now we have it already; most annoying. It amuses me to think how silly a good percentage of stf stories are going to look in a few years.

Wanted: a method of keeping a pipe lit. No, I'm not smoking borrowed tobacco.

What was I going to say now? No heckling, please. Well, I've formed a Canadian Rocket Society late this spring and we should be getting well organized this fall. We don't intend to do any experimental work, we're just going to get all the literature possible on the subject, have weekly discussions and lectures, and swap theories. Several of the professors are interested, and we should have some interesting sessions this fall. The whole thing started more or less from a lecture I gave to the Mathematic Society of McGill on the Mathematics of Space Flight, a lecture into which I was tricked by a so-called friend of mine. Gad, I can still remember the members of the Math society carefully dissecting my differential equations, just praying for a mistake. (Little did they know that I solved them in typical engineering style by use of a good mathematical book) The only embarrassing moment occurred when I strayed from the mathematical end, and began to discuss fuel, food and air problems. One fool wanted to know how enough water could be carried for the trip. I told him that the water supply would be on the increase, and thought he would catch on. But no, the fool wanted to know why. After rapidly casting around in my mind for a subtle method of expressing the natural elimination process of the human body, I said, "Er — biological oxidation." Finally he caught on and a grin spread across his face to match those of the rest of the society. For two weeks after that the standard question was, "How's your biological oxidation today, Fred?"

Briefly noted in passing. Discovered: Comet Oterma 1943a, which is on the borderline between a comet and an asteroid. Physically, it is a comet, but its orbit lies between that of Mars and Jupiter. "Shell" stars, stars sur-

rounded by a hollow spherical atmosphere far above the surface of the star. That long term variable stars probably have fuzzy atmospheres around them for visual light curves differ from photographic light curves. The difference between the two curves is believed to be caused by the fact that the eye records the variations in the brightness of the outer surface of the stellar atmosphere, while the camera records the variations of the inner hotter and bluer core.

Some of the American stf magazines are slowly beginning to drift up here. It's certainly nice to see Astounding on the stands again, though I must say the stories are nowhere as good as they used to be. What's happened? I really should keep up my fan activities better than I do. Poor Croutch must think I'm dead. Comes the day I'm finished at McGill, I'll really start to answer all those some hundred and ten letters on my desk.

Well, dear readers, you've been very patient, (Please don't say yes. I'm only indulging in a bit of false modesty) and since there is to be a partial eclipse of the sun early tomorrow, and I don't want to be eclipsed when that occurs, I must toddle off to bed.

Adios, you bunch of turtles eggs
Fred Hurter jr.

P. S. Ask some Chinese fellow what turtles egg means in Chinese. Heh-heh!

* * * * *

LOOK OUT, PALMER (Cont from page 9)

know, is how the Norwegian ever got that information. I suppose the Norwegian translation of AS flew across the Atlantic right under the Nazis' noses to the Norwegian.

One thing I have to admit, and that is that this Lemurian hoax is one of the cleverest in all stf history. RAP and Shaver have really got the corner sewed up for the average reader. I'll even venture to say that if RAP and Shaver were carted off to the booby hatch because of their shenanigans, thousands would firmly believe that they were destroyed by the "detrimental energy robots".

- THE END -

COOKIN' WIT' GAS

PAGE 14

READERS

CHARLES BURBIE

The day after Les Croutch in Newscard wondered what had happened to fandom in Canada, Canfan pops into my mailbox. And good, too. I can appreciate to the full what a time you are having getting out your mag with regularity. For myself, the last three issues of Shangri-etc have been increasingly difficult to publish due to this same lack of time of which you complain. And the next issue, due on the end of this month, will have to be my last for several reasons. One is lack of time. There are others. Also, the army has beckoned a finger, and says "May 5th at 8 AM at your draft board — clean up your affairs — you're in the army lad". My company is working for a deferment for me — they have a high priority — but I rather doubt they will be successful.

I haven't read the fiction in the current ish yet, but will remark on the other stuff. Beak Broadcasts — well, the usual stuff, you might say. An ed telling you why he's late and asking for comments and material and forgiveness. Fan Me With a Newspaper was applicable to U.S. papers, too, as I've noticed of late. There's an awful lot of fantasy in the press. ((Sarcasm????)) Dodo not too bad, but not much good, either. Cookin' Wit' Gas was short and rather dull. The Van cartoons were all pretty good. A Cynidealistic Concept of Fandom didn't arouse me to any comment. Fan Personalities was good. Light Flashes seemed carelessly done but was readable. Odd that I haven't read Croutch's stuff yet.....he's got two items coming up in Shangri-etc #25 and I thought they were both pretty good. All in all, a good ish.

I was really glad to see CanFan pop up again, as I consider it a damned good mag. It's carefully done and the contents are always acceptable. I'm glad you haven't let it die — it's one of the best, to my mind.

GNR BOB GIBSON

Now to dissect Canfan. The cover seems well drawn, but hardly deserving to be lithoed, as it isn't beyond the limits of a stencil. Symbolism is a shade obscure. Immolation at the altar of the 'Eternal Masculine' maybe? ((Bob's reviewing issue # 7. His letter didn't arrive in time for inclusion in the last issue.))

Fully agree with you about the quality of Mason's writing. I would rate "The Mother" at (3) in a promag, if the order of the opening scenes was a degree less obscure. It is a good deal better than some he has had professionally printed.

"Light Flashes" light as usual. One point Les has, about RAP. But Captain Future never had a good name to spoil. It can be relied on for volumes of stuff rating about (1). Amazing was once good, has had only one story — in the war issues — that rated (4), and not many (3)s. But so many zeros that some issues rate below (1), by averaging. Authors who write stories at (3) for other magazines get stuff in Amazing that rate (1).

(That (4) story was the only one I've seen in any Z-D magazine.)

"Cookin' Wit' Gas" — Frank Robinson makes me more eager than ever to get this war over with so that E. E. Smith can finish that "Lensman" story. His list of promotions looks as though he is as good a chemist as he is an author. While the Betts letter adds to my wish to visit Les Croutch.

Never saw "The Cabinet of Dr Caligari", but did see both "Metropolis" and "Lost World". Cannot now remember which was earlier. But wasn't "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" earlier still, and a tongue-in-cheek shot-at-the-moon comedy with some startling double-exposure work earlier than that?

"The Return of Pete" is welcome. Hope to see the rest of it soon.

"Stuff & Such is good. Montreal must truly be a strange place.....

"Conversely" — so what! And that goes double for the last article.

From the Fan Directory it looks as though you will have to modify Norm's address as well as mine, and the last time I heard Ted White's, it was: 4 Bn, # 1 C.B.R. Gp., C.M.F. He has probably moved since then, though.

GERRY DE LA REE

The cover was not as good as some past efforts I've seen on CanFan. While you say you believe that interior illustrations improve a fanzine, I must in this case disagree. On the whole the illustrations you used were not too good — especially the one's for Croutch's story. The two cartoons about Campbell and Ast's format and Amazing just being out were quite good.

And another item on which we disagree — the reader's section. I know that the first thing a fan always looks for in a fanzine is his name or a letter written by him. That's fine, but the general run of letters are trivial. It builds up the editor's ego to print letters saying his mag is swell, etc., but how many readers give a hang

Your editorial, Light Flashes, and Mrs Walker's small piece were the best in the issue. Mimeographing was readable throughout, and the issue as a whole wasn't bad at all. Perhaps not up to par for your 'zine, but worthwhile.

HELEN WESSON

Once again you lead off with an eye-full of cover. All I've got to say about that build is "Why isn't he in the army?"

Fan Me With a Newspaper won the decorated wedding cake this issue. At least, the second half is interesting to one still groping.

Your cartoons are what we all need in our amateur journals, Fan and non-Fan. The mimeo is an inexpensive medium for cartoons (Line cuts for printing run into chips) and I'd like to see it encouraged. In fact, some day I plan to whirl it up in Amateur Journalism proper. (All these postwar dreams.....)

Also Personality Sketches. More of same, please.

BARBARA BOVARD

Yours received and contents noted. Very nice. Mind if I examine it and let you know how it shapes up?

The cover, as I just finished explaining to Les, is very good, surpassing the others by an infinite degree. Proportion, shading, design, and text are positively professional. A good drawing can be ruined by improper handling in the set-up room but the touch was very light here.

Your table of contents is very impressive. The resemblance of Canadian Fandom to Censored is so very striking that it continually startles me. You & Hurter both show a neatness and logic in format that is nearly identical.

I never read editorials if I can help it, but I glanced over yours and it ain't arf bad. You can hardly make a criticism on an editor's comments because he is usually just talking about his mag. Anyway, their major content is mostly nosey news. ((Do I detect a subtle crack about my proboscis??))

"Bester Smith's Accident" turned out better than I expected. The usual Croutch ghoulish ending isn't present. I'm a little vague, however, on how the Sam Hill he got electricity from an automobile accident. Maybe I missed something; I dunno. Anyway, I had to finish reading it to find out what happened.

Re "Fan Me With a Newspaper"; perhaps Mrs Walker would be interested in knowing about Coventry, a fanmag put out by A. L. Joquel II in El Monte, California. This mag deals with the odd and unusual news items reported in various publications all over the world which leave their readers wondering and conjecturing — something on the order of the Forte books. It makes exceedingly good reading and the unwritten stories contained therein are unnumbered.

About the poetry; both "The Dodo" and "The Villains" are very good, especially "The Villains". My sympathies, henceforth, will be with all the "bad guys" in all the stories.

I agree with Al Weinstein that Canadian Fannags are very refreshing.

While I was in Canada Last year, I came to know the Canadians very well, and I discovered that, although for the most part, they're pretty much identical to Americans, they have an innate courtesy, a combination of simple tact and diplomacy, and a certain kindness. While they can get as mad as all blazes, they do not deliberately hurt feelings or indulge in the dirt-digging, mud-slinging so dear to entirely too many Americans. And their hospitality is overwhelming.

I don't know what all the furse is about in that "Cynidealistic Concept of Fandom", but I would like to add (drawing my conclusion from Baker's answer that Blackwell objected to fandom on a whole as being infantile) that in the United States National Bureau of Standards, where the finest aggregate of technical and chemical scientists can be found, where the minds of the men & women working there are of the finest degree in skill and scientific knowledge because of the demanding accuracy of their work — in that collection, one-third are readers of Astounding Stories, Unknown (when it existed), and one or two of the minor mags. They can take a story to pieces with the same deadly analytical skill that is tearing down the secrets of technical nature and put it together again, pointing out the flaws therein. Yet they read the magazine because — and I quote an electrical technician in the Life Light Testing Laboratory, "There are many things in Astounding Stories which could be carried out in certain lines. Moreover, the background of the people who write these stories seems (please note the use of the word "seems") to be steeped in some sort of technical science." I suggest you submit the above to Mr Blackwell.

"The Return of Pete" — I'll leave that alone until it is finished.

"Fan Personalities" fascinates me. You must continue that as your star attraction. And don't give it only a piece of a page! Give it a regular place by itself and why not give a short biographical sketch? You've got something here, bud. Work it up into something really big.

"Light Flashes". Ye Gods and little

fish hooks! Croutch is getting lyrical! Robins! Spring! Omigod, the man's in love! 'Nough said.

The cartoons are, and I'll be quite frank, only good because the text is good. The drawings are punk, but heck, what's the difference? At least, you get the idea, and the idea is a whale of a darn sight better than some of the swill in the average slick magazine.

You're doing swell, Beak. Keep up the good work and don't let 'em rush you. Time, nowadays, is a commodity that is scarcer than either ration points or cigarettes. Take it easy, chum, and the mag will turn out bigger & better.

DOUG HARDING

Thanx a great deal for your kindness in sending me August 1944 issue of Canadian Fandom & April 45 issue of the same mag.

I thought the illustrations by Nils Frome very good. The man has talent.

I first noticed his arrival on this planet upon seeing his name in an old F.F.M. He was writing in to "Reader's Viewpoint" to try to get some back issues of F.F.M. from the readers. I wonder if he got them? I was going to write him but thought he might have lost interest in Fantasy by that time.

Getting back to C.F. with words of praise. I thought the setup was very nice. You could stand some good reviews on books, tho', something along the same line as Laney's brainchild. I also believe a good swap column in any fanmag is an attraction to be much desired. The boys write in their "traders" or their "wants", and everybody can help one another.

There are lots of chaps who have stuff they don't want that is good, or may be wanted by some unknown parties. I have on hand plenty of good books and magazines that lots of the fans would want, but I have to get in touch with them before we can do business. ((Doug's address — 563 Sherbrooke St, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.))

I wrote to Les Croutch about two months ago after seeing his "Is Canadian Fandom Dead?" in Fanewscard. I haven't heard from him, so I presume he is communing with the Angels or - - - - !

BEAK TAYLOR Greetings, Ten Fren. This is my chance to kill two birds with one stone, or in this case one typewriter, & fill up some space, and answer a flock of letters. As a matter of fact, I wish there were a few more of the latter. My time in the past year has been pretty well taken up with other things, and fan activities cut down a lot, but now that school's over and done with, for good I hope, I can begin to answer any letters I get promptly and at more length. If anybody wants to read more of my drivel, just drop a line. I wait with baited breath.

Before I get too far off the track, I'd best get down to the business on hand. My motive for taking your time is rather a crazy one - you might even call it a loco motive. Anyway, I thought I'd make a few comments on some of the letters I've received.

I haven't much to say about Burbee's epistle, except that he's the lad who should receive this month's Oscar. Shangri L'Affairs has been the most consistent magazine of the past year, both as to contents and date of appearance. Regularity plus. And say, some of those covers - #s 20 & 23 especially. Our nomination for some of the top mimeographed artwork of the year goes your way, Chuck. Now that you're in the army your fan activities will probably be cut down a great deal, but for the work you did on Shangri-etc, may I present you, on behalf of the Ontario Asparagus Growers, and absolutely free of charge, our thanks.

I'm sorry, Bob, that your letter didn't arrive in time for inclusion in the last issue - it would have spruced Cookin' Wit' Gas up considerably. I'm also sorry that I couldn't reproduce those ugly-looking insects you decorated your page with. They defied my artistic abilities. So, too, did Frone's cover. I couldn't have done it justice.

Incidentally, Gunner, what was that 4 story. The New Adam, by any chance?

Here are the latest addresses in my possession of Canadian Fans Overseas.. Any changes which may be necessary should be reported to me as soon as possible so that files may be brought up to date.

M3020 Cnr Gibson, W.R. 7th Bty
2 Field Rgt
R.C.A., C.M.F.
C.A.O.S.

B52537 Sgt N.V. Lamb
Canadian Section, 1st Echelon, A.F.H.Q.
Canadian Army, CMF.

B B90767 Sgt E.R. White
H.Q. 4 Cdn Rft Bn
#1 G.B.R. Gp, CAOS, CMF.

And the following, that of Harold Wakefield, who has decided to follow in Mason's footsteps and be elusive.

Harold Wakefield
84 Lindsay Ave.,
Toronto 3, Ont.

That completes the roster of addresses for this issue. You might add that of Doug Harding, Manitobafan and collector. It appears elsewhere in this section. He seems quite eager to get letters from those willing to exchange with him. Incidentally, he is also a collector of animal stories, prefers work of William J. Long, Ernest Thompson Seton, Clarence Hawkes, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Gray Owl. Anybody got anything he'd want? Here's your chance to pick up some stiff mags.

Gerry de la Ree has a beef --- concerning the illustrations used. As a matter of fact, some of those weren't too bad, until they came under my mangling stylus. However, whether they be good or otherwise, I still feel that an illus or two scattered through a mag gives a better impression than an otherwise uninteresting expanse of type. They tend to break the monotony of so many words, as it were, and make the whole more interesting. Then, too, they fill up space. This issue, I'm afraid, has not enough art, mainly because there was none available.

Maybe you're right in saying that a letter section boosts an editors ego - although, in some cases, I disagree. I feel, though, that a really worthwhile letter section, such as that in Acolyte, and other of the better mags, is really something worth reading. The problem remains to get these letters. At present, I can just hope that someday I'll present an article or story that will

((Continued on page 23))

THE RETURN OF PETE

3rd &
FINAL
5 PM

Page 18

DURING THE LAST TWO issues, we've led Pete the Vampire a merry chase over Hell and Earth. He was sitting peacefully in his new Liquor & Wine emporium, discussing various matters with his fellow townsmen, Dr Acula and Gordon Cool, when suddenly the door blew open and the draft entered. Colonel Boel Zebub had a special mission for Pete; a special mission in Hell. When Pete arrived, he found Hell in a Heaven of a mess, as he expressed it, since certain unsavoury characters, known on earth as Japs, had been peddling bum booze and generally raising a stink. When there are only a few men to keep the barriers between Nick's territory and that of Job and Pete, in good working condition and they get lit up every night, something's bound to give. Pete's job, according to Nick, was to discover how the Nips snuck the bootleg into Hell. You carry on:

Pete felt pretty uncomfortable. He had to admit Demon Rum had done a good job. He squinted at the reflection in the mirror and scowled. The oriental face reflected therein scowled back. "A fine-looking bamboon you turned out to be. Oh well; all in the cause of peace in Hell. Now to enter the enemy camp."

He sighed, put away the mirror, hitched up his trousers, and started down the gentle slope toward the delapidated town below. There, he knew, would lie the answer to his search. For weeks now he had been working toward this climax. This wasn't, he knew, the regulation way to get into the enemy camp, but he had what he trusted was a pretty good story cooked up to account for his unorthodox entry.

He was soon detected, for out of the town poured a stream of ape-like little men, armed with a variety of home-made instruments. They surrounded him fiercely and bombarded him with questions to which Pete had no answer, for the simple reason he couldn't speak their language. Frantically, he searched his brain for a revision or addition to his story to account for his ignorance of the Nipponese tongue.

Pete was lead before a fat, greasy little runt ensconced on a stone throne

by - Leslie A. Croutch

decorated with dragons. He twirled his stringy moustache and leered evilly at Pete.

"....."

((Your worthy editor refrains from printing violent language, therefore the Jap words are respectfully deleted.))

"Click-click-click", went Pete's teeth.

".....!"

"Rattle-rattle-rattle", went Pete's knees.

Suddenly he had an idea. He grinned.

"You better speak in English, Honorable sir," he said.

"You- spik- Englitch?"

Pete grinned.

"You- imposter- you spik- - -"

"Now, wait a minute," Pete cried.

"Can I help that. I was born in the United States and brought up there. I never was a real American, here inside. But when I died a white preacher prayed for me, so I got sent to the wrong place. I managed to break through the Barrier and come here."

"Hummm- yes- plossible. But if lie-you die!"

Pete admitted that once that hurdle was reached he'd jump it. Now, for the time being, he was safe, and maybe by the time that came he'd have the answer.

Pete was put to work in a long building where the new souls to Hell came through. He didn't know what went on there, as he wasn't too well trusted as yet. His job was at one end keeping the fires going under a pot full of vicious-looking red stuff, like wax. In fact, after looking at it for some time, Pete decided it was wax. And after slopping some on his fingers he decided it was sealing wax. Red sealing wax.

Two days later Pete was moved to another spot washing bottles. This was familiar work to Pete, after his Emporium. These were bottles of all shapes and sizes. Pete decided he must be on the right track at last for what else would the little yellow fiends be wanting bottles for? But the main question, as to where they got the stuff, still remained unanswered. He had seen no evidence of any distilling or compounding going on.

A tap on his shoulder interrupted his thoughts. A yellow face leered into his. He couldn't understand what was said, but the pointed finger indicating outside sent him travelling. This was his chance, he realized. He was being sent on some errand, he knew, so his absence wouldn't be noted for some time. Or so he hoped.

Once outside, Pete made for the other end of the shed. There he hid in a vacant doorway and watched the new souls being ushered in. They came up from the road in droves, and were all marched into the long building. There they satyed for some time before leaving. They would all be laughing as tho' at some huge joke. Pete decided on a risky move. When the next batch of new souls went by, Pete slipped out of hiding and joined them.

It was dark in the room they entered. One by one they left by a second door. Finally it was Pete's turn. With some trepidation, for he didn't pride himself on being a brave man without a shred of fear, he went through the door. He was in it now for better or for worse and his best chance of carrying it off and getting away was to follow through.

Inside, Pete was forced to remove his clothes. Then they made him lie down on a table. "What goes on here?" he asked himself. The Nip present bared his arm and prepared to jab in a needle to which was attached a long tube. Pete's heart turned flip-flops. If they expected to get blood out of him his goose was surely cooked. No self-respecting vampire had any real blood in him. The Nip rammed in the needle, and Pete got ready for a battle. But there Lady Luck smiled on him. In fact, she guffawed right out loud. For the Nip, apparently bored with endless repetition, didn't pay much attention to the fluid he drew. He didn't even notice it at all, instead he busied himself ramming another needle equipped with tube, into Pete's other arm. To Pete's utter amazement, what looked to be his life fluid came gushing through and back into his system. After perhaps half an hour, he was let up and dismissed. He felt no evil after-effects outside of a somewhat sore arm. Still no further ahead, and badly puzzled, he

wandered down a side street away from the scene.

Six weeks later the army of Old Nick, under the Generalship of Demon Rum, descended on the scene. Pete had made his report and this was the result. The liquor originated here, though how, they didn't know. But to clean it up was necessary. Now Pete saw his first fire and brimstone since his entrance to Hell. For each sub-demon carried on his back a big cylinder, and from a long nozzle carried in the hands spurted fire and brimstone. Pete had to admit it was pretty effective, for soon the Nips were tearing down the road covered with the stuff.

"It'll last for centuries," grinned Demon Rum. "It sticks pretty close and burns all the time. When it starts to die out we'll give them another dose. That will keep them out of mischief. They'll spend all their time getting relief from the stuff."

Pete stared

"Oh yes, you can get relief, but there's a catch. You find one thing that works for a few days, then it gives out and you have to start hunting for something else. That's what makes the punishment so effective. You can only have respite by running all over Hell hunting for it, and then a treatment never lasts, and when it starts burning again it's worse because of the temporary relief."

Old Nick came up. "Well, that's done," he said. "Thanks to you, Pete, Hell is now clear of those little devils. We'll know how to treat any future ones that come down here. Now, I guess you want to return to Gehenna, eh?"

Demon Rum shook hands, then thumped his tail a couple of times on the ground. The earth rumbled, and in a cloud of smoke Pete felt himself shooting upwards.

They were all there to greet Pete when he opened the famed Pete's Blood Emporium and Soda Fountain again: Gordon Cool of the Gehenna Canning Company; Dr Acula, looking for free drinks again; I. Skinnem, Tombstone's rising young lawyer, and Digham Durtt of the Ghoul's

Gazette, looking for a story.

"But how did they get the booze?" urged Dr Acula, sipping appreciatively at a tall cool one.

Pete grinned. "Well, you know, it was pretty smooth, when you think of it. You know how they go into battle shouting and kicking up a lot of noise one time, and another, quiet and smooth — never consistent? Look how they die like fanatics, fighting to the end. Shucks, it's as plain as the nose on your face. They just fill themselves up with their excuse for hootch, get stinkin' drunk as it were. In fact, they are so full of it, that when they reach Hell, they just pump their blood out, distill it, return the blood, and there you are. Each Jap was a walking booze-bottle."

"Imposh- impossible. Schientifi-ti- imposhible," hicced Dr Acula.

"Well, why is it?" glared Pete.

"Because," and Dr Acula tried to

puff out his chest, but fell down, chinning himself on the edge of the counter, "The brain would die in the transition."

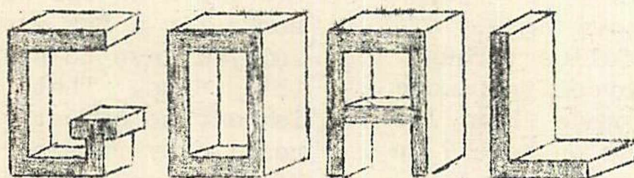
Pete glared. "Yeah? And who sez those Nips have got any brains- and say- I thought you were drunk!"

Acula wagged a finger and staggered to the door. "Drunk!? Not I! I never get drunk." He banged the door behind him. "Oh I wontsh getsh home until morningsh....." which was punctuated by a resounding splash.

"Old Doc fell in the horse trough again," chuckled Durtt as he tucked away his pencil and notebook. "Well, thanks for the story, Pete. Gotta go now. Want to get this in the paper, you know."

Pete leaned on the counter and grinned happily. It was good to be home again, where everything was peaceful and normal.

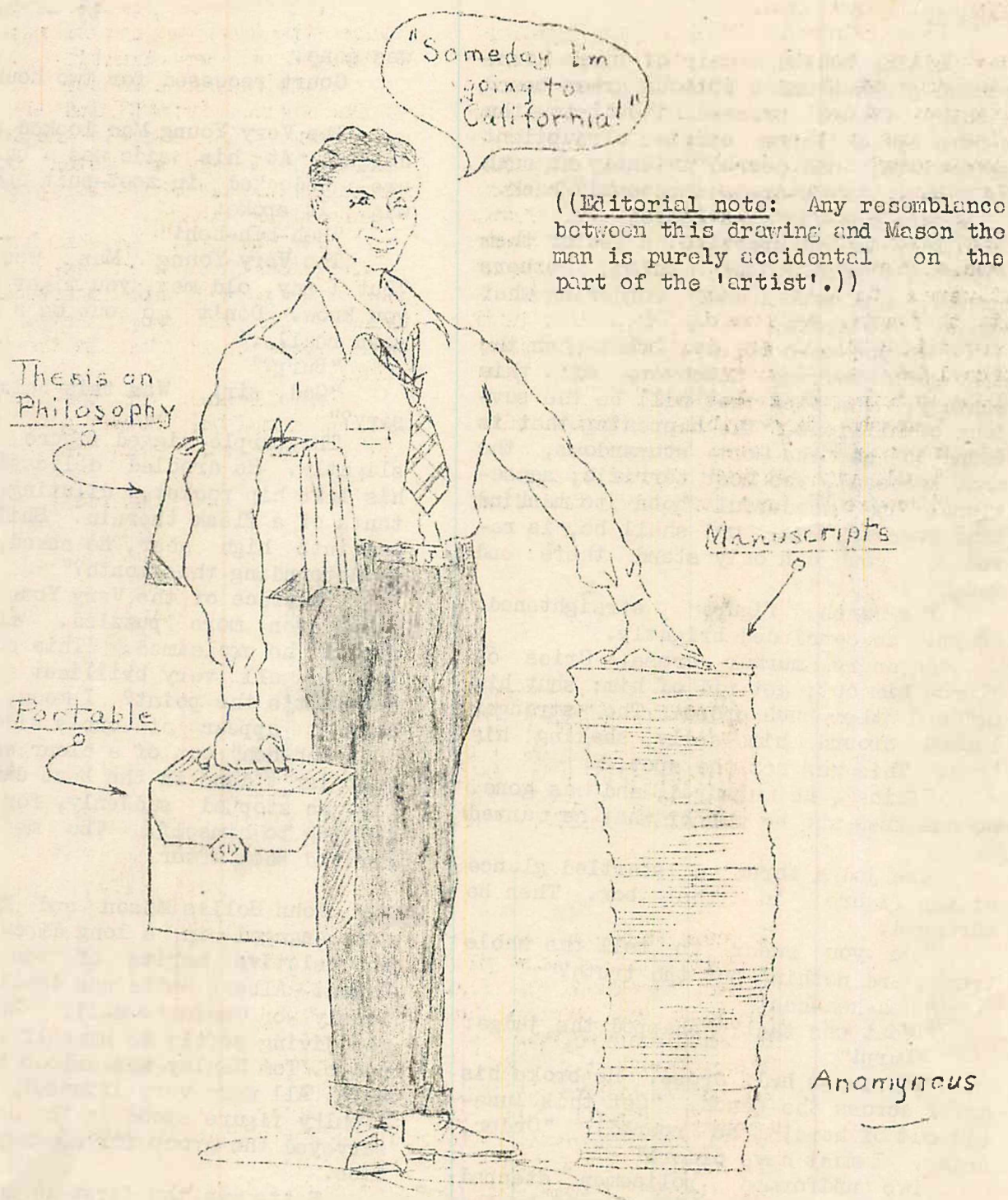
- ((The End)) -



He knew that he was marked from infancy;
 He felt that he must play a special role;
 He had foreknowledge that his destiny
 Was dark and strange, that he must reach some goal.
 He sought astrologers at every chance;
 "Your name," they said, "Will be engraved in stone."
 And so he sneered at laughter and romance;
 He held himself aloof, and walked alone.
 He filled the years with dreams, and learned to wait;
 He built tall, shining castles in the air,
 And thought, "Some dim tomorrow holds my fate;
 I have a rendezvous to meet it there."
 But, old and sick and gasping out his breath,
 He saw the truth at last — his goal was death!

by — James Russell Gray

FAN PERSONALITIES ~ # 20



((Editorial note: Any resemblance between this drawing and Mason the man is purely accidental on the part of the 'artist'.))

- Toronto Fan and Author — John Hollis Mason —
- Student of Philosophy and Non-Aristoteleinism — "Rah,rah Korzibski!"
- Handsome happy batchelor — Continually moving all over town —
- No one is ever sure where to reach him.
- Slightly wacky over foreign food dishes — also keen on wines, Rum & Cokes, music, and van Vogt.

THE COMING OF !!!

Page 22

by — Beak Taylor

Hiding behind a pair of large horn-rimmed glasses and a bilious green beard, a bulky figure pressed itself to the centre of a large circle of jubilant scientists, and peered intently at each of them. They stared expectantly back.

"Heh-heh-heh", he leered.

They looked startled. A few of them tittered behind raised palms, others hummed, and some hawed, wondering what to do. One spoke.

"Do you mean to say, that when the most world-shaking discovery of this century, the find that will be the saviour of millions, the happening that is bound to be the most stupendous, the most colossal, the most terrific, sensational and wonderful boon to mankind that ever is, was, or shall be, is revealed, you can only stand there and laugh?"

The hunched figure straightened. "Burp!" he concluded brightly.

An angry murmur arose. Cries of "Throw him out; get rid of him; shut him up" and other such arose. The stranger looked around him sadly, shaking his head. This was not the spot.

"Adios", he murmured, and was gone. No one knew who he was or what he wanted.

The judge threw a startled glance at the figure in the box. Then he shrugged.

"Do you swear to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Heh-heh-heh!"

"What was that?" snapped the judge.

"Burp!"

The judge half arose. He broke his gavel across the bench. "Get this lunatic out of here!" he roared. "Order, order. I must have order!"

Two uniformed policemen stepped forward to take the bulky figure by the arms. He looked at them with new interest.

"It's Tuesday," he muttered, looking at his wristwatch, and then at the two flatfeet, as if awaiting an answer. They stared, open-mouthed.

He leered at them sadly. "We had wonderful weather tomorrow," he said, &

was gone.

Court recessed for two hours.

The Very Young Man looked up, wondering. At his side was a bulky figure, bedecked in zoot-suit and purple wig. It spoke:

"Heh-heh-heh!"

The Very Young Man was amazed. "But I say, old man, you might be wrong you know. Don't go out on a limb. I mean really."

"Burp?"

"Gad, sir! Was this belch necessary?"

The purple-wigged figure slouched slightly. He drooled delicately into his left hip pocket, diluting the contents of a flask therein. Shifting his gum into high gear, he asked, "What's in Astounding this month?"

The face of the Very Young Man became even more puzzled. "Look, old fruit!" he exclaimed. "This conversation is all very brilliant and witty, but what's the point? I mean, one just doesn't appear at one's side and say "Heh-heh-heh" out of a clear sky. It just isn't done in the best circles..."

He stopped suddenly, for he was talking to himself. The men in white arrived soon after.

John Hollis Mason and Ron Conium were engaged in a long discussion on the relative merits of van Vogt and Mason. Albert Betts was doodling furiously on Conium's wall. Beak Taylor was jiving softly to himself by Conium's radio. Tom Hanley was asleep behind the sofa. All were very intensely occupied. A bulky figure stood in the doorway, & surveyed the group for a moment in silence.

Betts was the first to notice. He staggered to the middle of the room, face twisted in terror. He sank to the floor, sobbing sobbish sobs.

The Beak fell over backwards, feet in the air, and proboscis retracted for protection.

Hanley snored.

((Continued on page 23))

COOKIN' WIT' GAS (Cont. from page 17)

provoke worthwhile reader response, not just "ego-boosting" matter. Incidentally I usually enjoy readers' reactions, whether I'm represented therein or not. I presume a least a few others do the same.

Nuff for Ree, and on to the last letter, that of Barb Bovard, the wandering woman of Wos Angewes. She comments that Fred Hurter's Censored is the model along which I pattern Canfan. To tell you the truth, she is right, to a great extent. Since Freddie and I were schoolmates for two years, and he introduced me to fandom, it is quite natural that I should do things in much the same way,

as he, whether consciously or unconsciously. Hope you don't mind.

I should apologize to T. Van. Or—iginally, the drawing of those cartoons was as good as the text. My stylus work needs some improvement. Hope I'm forgiven, T.

As for Fan Personalities, I'll try to keep that running as long as possible. Main difficulty is lack of subject matter. Oh yes, there are lots of fans, but very few that the artist, so-called, has seen in person, or has sufficient pictures of, or knows enough about to do the feature. Will make the effort to keep it going.

No more room, I see. Anything that has slipped my mind is in the editorial.

* # * # * # *

THE VAMPIRE

Gone are the fires of life from out my soul.
Quiet and still the heart that used to throb.
I prey on life. And oftentimes, a sob
Draws from some victim viewing the long hole -
Death's chasm, where blind creatures like the mole
Move in the dark, bent on their demon job.
Their task it is the spark of life to rob.
Thus they require from passers-by this toll.

So had I paid. 'Twas then my life expired.
Albeit no grave my tired body found.
Though but a cold machine, by blood thirst fired,
The locomotive turns its wheels around.
I must complete the task to which I'm hired
E'er I may rest in peace beneath the ground.

by James Kepner.

THE COMING OF !!! (Cont from page 22)

Conium ran off down the hall and hid in the celler with his BEM's.

Mason was the last to look up. "Omigawd!" he screamed. "Hurter!"

The Wack leered fiendishly. "He is

more to be pitied than Censored," he quipped. The most horrible dreams of the Toronto fans were realized. Fred Hurter, Montreal's original BEM, had come again to Toronto.

Some one come and get him, quick!

DATE RECEIVED