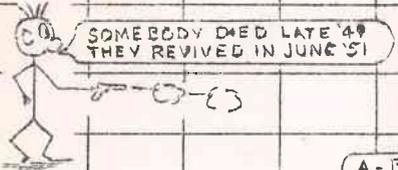
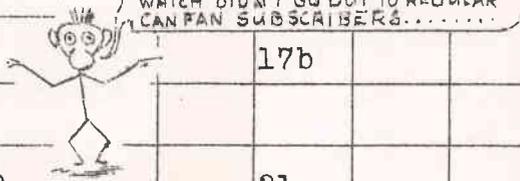


# CANFAN

Fourteenth Year Of Publication  
FEBRUARY 1956

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1956						29		30			31	



# CANADIAN FANDOM 28

14th Year Of  
Publication  
Feb. 1956

CANADIAN FANDOM House of York

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

Published 1943--1947  
BEAK TAYLOR

Published 1947--1951  
NED McKEOWN

Published 1951--1953  
THE (Old) DERELICTS

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

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## INTRODUCTION

With this issue of Canadian Fandom we enter into the fourteenth year of publication and at the same time feel a little bit older, wise in some ways and yet still experimenting in other directions.

One thing is definite, Canadian Fandom has recorded part of the rise of Science-Fiction Fandom in many forms. Successful names of the professional field today have graced our early pages, some of them still find time to contribute to our present issues.

So we wish to thank the "old guard" as well as the "new guard" for making the pages of our magazine readable and sharing their moments with us.

WDG

ROBERT BLOCH.....Music And Robert Bloch

This is a Bob Bloch that many of you are not aware of. In this article Bob travels down memory lane and the world of music in the late Twenties. Plus some experiences of the era that followed. There are some added notes at the end if you want to start digging yourself, so look to the right and start travelling.....

RAY ALLISTER.....The Magic Box

Here is an absorbing account about a little known pioneer of the motion picture film. For years I have been under the impression that Edison was the first man to make a practical movie camera and projector, but herein is the proof, even the patent number of another man who beat Edison by quite a few years.....

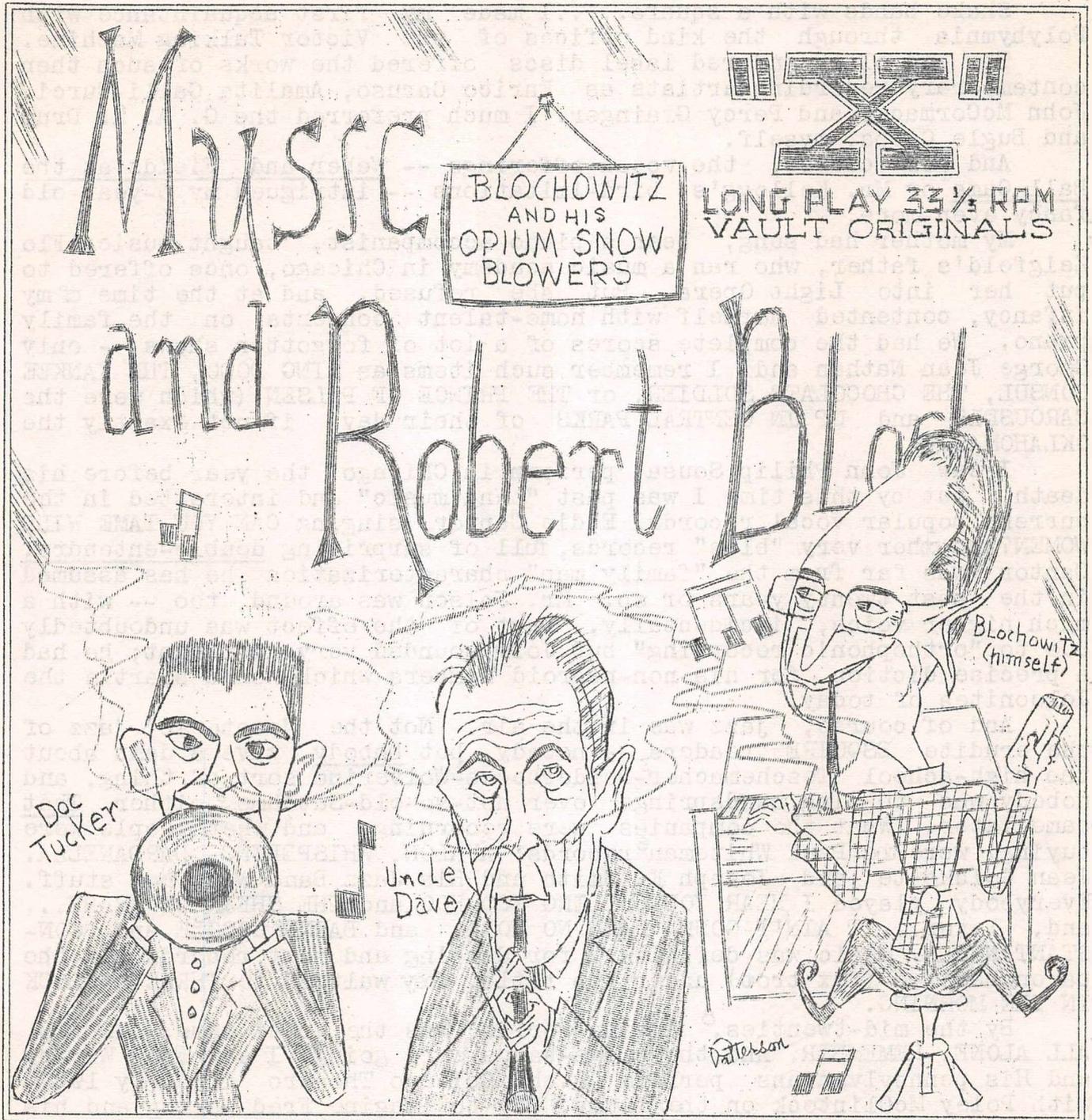
RITA GROSSMAN.....Blues For Tommy

This fantasy was written about ten years ago and basically was intended to be a ballet, then a radio script. Then it was put away for about eight years. Finally it got to us, we liked it and then came the job of streamlining. The result impressed us and the manuscript went out to an editor. The reply we received was an honest one, thus we had a story on our hands that was too long for fanzine publication. Again we did some editing and finally this story has made print. We hope you enjoy it -- a jazz-fantasy.....

GERALD A. STEWARD.....The Second Tucker Fan Survey with an Introduction by the one and only Bob Tucker

This is the job that took Gerald away from the editorship of Canadian Fandom last February. But I think the results are well worth it. One thing is evident, the second survey has pointed out some errors, which are explained by the author in detail. This article will help future survey hunters in eliminating confusing questions, and there are a few suggestions on how to improve the project. This is the lowdown on fandom at large.

The above four items are all extra long, two of them have been in our files for two years. So finally I decided to put them all in one issue and drop all the regular features that might have appeared. The result is more actual reading and I think the most diverse contents ever to appear in a fanzine publication.....WDG



by ROBERT BLOCH

Blochowitz and Uncle Dave  
 satires by PAT PATTERSON  
 Doc Tucker by WDG

Additional Notes on Records  
 by William D. Grant

A SPECIAL FEATURE ARTICLE

## Music and Robert Bloch

Shake hands with a square.....I made my first acquaintance with Polyhymnia through the kind offices of the Victor Talking Machine.

The old black and red label discs offered the works of such then contemporary recording artists as Enrico Caruso, Amalita Galli-Curci, John McCormack, and Percy Grainger. I much preferred the G. A. R. Drum and Bugle Corps, myself.

And, of course, the vocal offerings -- Weber and Fields at the Ball Game<sup>1</sup> or Mr. Kellogg's bird-imitations -- intrigued my 3-year-old fancy even more.

My mother had sung, been a piano accompanist, taught music; Flo Zeigfeld's father, who ran a music academy in Chicago, once offered to put her into Light Opera. But she refused, and at the time of my infancy, contented herself with home-talent concerts on the family piano. We had the complete scores of a lot of forgotten shows -- only George Jean Nathan and I remember such items as KING DODO, THE YANKEE CONSUL, THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, or THE PRINCE OF PILSEN (which were the CAROUSELS and UP IN CENTRAL PARKS of their day, if not exactly the OKLAHOMAS).

I saw John Philip Sousa perform in Chicago the year before his death, but by this time I was past "band music" and interested in the current popular vocal records. Eddie Cantor, singing CAN YOU TAME WILD WOMEN? and other very "blue" records, full of surprising double-entendre. Cantor was far from the "family man" characterization he has assumed in the past twenty years or so. Mr. Jolson<sup>2</sup> was around, too -- with a much higher voice, incidentally. Part of the effect was undoubtedly due to "orthophonic recording" but Joly sounded very different; he had a precise diction for his non-negroid numbers which would startle the Jolsonites of today.

And of course, jazz was in the air. Not the "esoteric" jazz of the erudite ESQUIRE readers -- nobody, but bobody<sup>3</sup>, gave a damn about the high-school Teschemacher-Beiderbecke-Wolverine sort of thing, and nobody was turning handsprings over not-so-old-Satchmo<sup>4</sup>, either. That came later. What the companies were recording, and what people were buying, were the Paul Whiteman<sup>5</sup> records: AVALON, WHISPERING, DARDANELLA. Jean Goldkette<sup>6</sup> and Joseph E. Smith and His Jazz Band were hot stuff. Everybody played I HEAR YOU CALLING YOO-HOO and THE SHEIK OF ARABY... and, later...IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE, and BARNEY GOOGLE and CONSTANTINOPLE. Music was definitely for dancing and most records had the parenthesized (fox trot) under the title. They waltzed to THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

By the mid-twenties,<sup>8</sup> Irving Berlin was the great name. ALWAYS, ALL ALONE, REMEMBER. And the stage-bands were going. I saw Fred Waring and His pennsylvanians perform at the Chicago Theatre in early 1927, with Poley McClintock on the drums. Try to imagine Fred Waring and his boys as actual ex-collegians! Complete with the funny-hat routines which typified the stage "novelty band number" of those days. Chicago was filled with din. Paul Ash at the Oriental, Benny Meroff and Al Kvale and their ilk at the outlying picture-palaces. Every band had its "flash acts" and its singing or talking master-of-ceremonies conductor. Whiteman was wowing 'em in personal appearances. Ben Bernie was rising, and Lombardo and Weems were going strong.

Meanwhile, I was absorbing the old warhorses<sup>9</sup> via Victor and Columbia and Brunswick -- RACHMANINOFF'S PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR, and cut-down versions of SCHEHERAZADE, OVERTURE 1812, HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY. In those days there were no "albums" -- just single records, with

excerpts. We also owned a mess of Wagner and Rossini, including the familiar overtures.....I hated 'em all.

Radio became a factor in the mid-twenties. I began to listen to such diversified performers as Fats Waller<sup>10</sup> (WHEN MORGAN PLAYS THE ORGAN) and Red Nichols<sup>11</sup> and His Five Pennies and Mildred Bailey and Joe Reichman and H. Leopold Spitalny and Mischa Elman and Phil Cook and Ruth Etting<sup>12</sup> and Harry Reiser and Harry Salter and The Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

But I'd played the triangle in the kindergarten orchestra and didn't want to go any further. Although I did sing in church, in operettas, in pageants, and in the bathroom. I used to ride on a truck to Sunday School picnics, yodelling ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS at the top of my lungs. You can see what a wonderful influence this exerted upon me in later life.

Then came the talkies. I'd seen some stage presentations, of course -- years of vaudeville (Sophie Tucker, Charlotte Greenwood, The Six Brown Brothers, Honeyboy Evans, and their ilk); plus BLOSSOM TIME and Fred Stone in STEPPING STONES, and even HANSEL UND GRETEL and ALA and SAMSON ET DALILAH at Ravinia.

But the talkies really opened my eyes -- and ears -- to music per se. The first DESERT SONG, with John Boles yammering out his musical injunctions to a bunch of Arabs from Pasadena...Charlie King in THE BROADWAY MELODY...The Gus Edwards items in HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929 ...the early Fox Movietone and RKO extravaganzas...the use of the organ in THE TERROR. Then the "theme songs" came on with a vengeance, and I was gradually becoming accustomed to noting background music in films. I began to recognize stuff when I heard it on the radio. I began to correlate it with what I heard in band-concerts (every park had its band during the summer months in those days). This all tied in with the "music lessons" of grammar-school and early high-school, and I formed some basis for discrimination. I latched onto Gershwin about 1930, and Stravinsky the year following.

In 1931 or early 1932 I heard the intro theme to DRACULA and the first version of FRANKENSTEIN (it came out in two versions at the time, with different introductory music, titling, etc.). I couldn't identify the number until two years later when I chanced to hear it on the radio. It was the Number One Scene from Tchaikowsky's SWAN LAKE. It haunted me...not because of the pictures (PHANTOM OF THE OPERA was my baby for horror films, and as I recall the movie-house organist played REMEMBER throughout, which didn't interest me at all)...but because of the melodic content.

I began to miss our phonograph, which had vanished during a moving spree. I sat down at the piano and pieced out the theme. Plus others.

Now I began to listen consciously for more music I liked. I heard Holst's PLANETS<sup>13</sup> suite, and Pierne's ENTRANCE OF THE LITTLE FAUNS and THE FIREBIRD and GRAND CANYON SUITE.

With the proceeds of my first story sales in 1935, I bought a second-hand radio phonograph for thirty-five dollars and the lid was off.

The first record given to me was the old Whiteman black-seal Victor of RHAPSODY IN BLUE.<sup>14</sup> The first record I purchased was guess-what by guess-who, in the Barborolli recording.

In 1935, the classical record business was way down. You could (and I did) order single records from albums. In that fashion, due to my limited budget I (after much listening and hesitation) chose sides from THE FIREBIRD, RITE OF SPRING, PETROUCHKA, CONCERTO IN F, GRAND

## Music and Robert Bloch

CANYON SUITE, etc. There weren't many albums around, actually: many standard items (ROUMANIAN RHAPSODY NUMBER ONE, CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, BOLERO, THE PINES OF ROME) were offered as single records, or two single records, at \$2.00 each, Victor, or \$1.50, Columbia. Victor had a black-label series at \$1.25.

But the Gramophone Shop, in New York, was the happy hunting ground for buyers-by-mail. Low prices, and even lower recordings, but the titles were there. European stuff. I dug Prokofieff and Shostakovitch and Gliere and Honegger and such. But I missed (and could still kick myself for missing) such then standard Victor offerings as Grofe's THREE SHADES OF BLUE and Coates' FOUR WAYS SUITE -- which I am probably fated never to own.

By 1937 I was such an avid record-nut that when I went to California from Milwaukee by car and returned by bus, I carried on my lap, all the way, a heavy album of 12-inch 78 rpms for Kuttner to hear.

Record prices were cut in half a year or so later, and business picked up. By the time I married and got into advertising, the companies were issuing more selections and recordings were better. Stokowski was king. One of the accounts I wrote copy for was a record shop; another two were Victor and Columbia distributors. For a time I had a deal going where I took my pay in recordings. Every month I'd stagger home with a dozen or more heavy albums. My wife began to get the bug, too.

Meanwhile, there were live artists to see and hear. Koussevitsky, and Stokowski, and Frederick Stock and Arthur Fiedler and Morton Gould. PORGY AND BESS and the roadshow companies of all the musical comedies. Ballet, natch.

And impatience to cope with, during the early '40s, waiting for the furshlugginer companies to get around to recording ROMAN FESTIVALS and THE COMEDIANS<sup>15</sup> and GAYEN and ALEXANDER NEVSKY and CIRCUS DAYS and THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER (they haven't gotten around to the last two yet, damn them!). Met a gal touring for Columbia, who later became Lily Fons' private secretary. She pressured the home office to record a few things.

Walton's FACADE<sup>16</sup> was out of print, so I wrote Sir William and his secretary graciously packed the HMV recording in a wooden box and shipped it to me. Eric Coates promised to try and re-record his FOUR WAYS SUITE but hasn't had a session so far; he's in poor health, I understand.

LPs came in, and the renaissance was on. More modernists, more Russians, more Gershwin -- all my favorites. And the movie music got better, too. Through the years I kept watching and listening to the scores.

I bought a portable electric organ just to fiddle around with, being still a one-finger virtuoso who can't read notes, can't abide vocalists, and can't dig most of the standard classics.

During the late '30s I acquired all the Raymond Scott Quintet recordings (Brunswick, first issues) and a few other jazz items. But my preference is still four-square for "symphonic jazz" and "arrangements". I'll take Gould's arrangement of LIMEHOUSE BLUES over anybody's 1926 riffs, no matter how many reefers the band smoked before they cut the platter or how lousy (and therefore authentic) the reproduction was. I've heard New Orleans jazz in New Orleans, before 1940 and the draft changed the Quarter into a 100% clipjoint, and I still admire Bert Ambrose and some of the English jazzmen more than the blow-out-your-guts-with-that-trumpet-man boys. I like some Kid Cry and some piano; much of Ellington's popular stuff and none of his so-called

"serious" compositions. I dislike atonality and cacaphony per se, and most "women's music". By which I mean music like Schoenberg's VERKLARTE NACHT, etc., or the love-music from TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

I know of no composer whose work I admire without exception across the board. But I do like most of Gershwin, Gould, Grofe, Deems Taylor, Prokofieff, Kabalevsky, Khatchaturian, Holst, Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakow, Richard Strauss, Respighi, Coates, Stravinsky (prior to 1922), Gliere, Moussorgsky, Debussy (orchestral), Sibelius, Vaughan Williams, Rachmaninoff, Ibert, and a fair amount of Greig, Tchaikowsky, Dvorack and Saint-Saens. I can't abide any composer earlier than von Weber (and then only the march portion of his CONCERTSTUCK) and mainly my favorites begin with the Tchaikowsky of the 1870s and continue from there -- with significant defections such as Hindemith, Bruckner, much of Mahler, Schoenberg, Copland, most of Milhaud, Bloch (yeah, you heard me!), Satie, most of Shostakovitch for some odd reason, and every damned bit of Frankie Laine. I favor the "romantic" composers, prefer tone-poems and suites and music with definitely-limned thematic content. Some symphonies and most piano concertos -- but no solo instrumentation (except HONKY-TONK TRAIN and similar efforts) and no violin concertos. I prefer Benno Moisevitch as a pianist; choice of conductors varies with individual effort.

I think both the jazz and the longhair cults are affectations; arbitrary efforts to create esoteric "in-groups" in which the satisfaction taken in knowing the themes of every Haydn symphony by number are just as silly as the joy of reciting every "side" cut by Bunny Berrigan in 1933 -- viz, egocentric exhibitionism. Bach was not venerated in his day, and I've got a hunch the composers who will survive for a few hundred years aren't necessarily recognized as such now. I deplore the sneers directed at "standards" such as Ravel's BOLERO and the scorn heaped upon Kostelanetz by the musical snobs -- who fail to realize that the "standards" are just that because of a pretty basic general appeal, and Kostelanetz and his cohorts serve to introduce millions to music they would otherwise ignore.

When I began listening to music, the "square" was (in the eyes of the initiate) the guy who didn't dig Gilbert and Sullivan and Victor Herbert and Johann Strauss or the grand concert overtures. In 30 years this situation has been completely reversed; so I can't pretend to join the cocksure Kentonites (who sound so suspiciously like the avid Whitemanites of the '20s and the pious Goodmanites of the '30s) any more than I can adhere to the standards of those who turn their backs on everything composed after Beethoven's Ninth. Frescobaldi and Palestrina and Byrd and Purcell may have their charms, and so may Wingy Manone and Muggsy Spanier and Dizzy Gillespie. Others may prefer John Cage and Antheil and PRELUDIO A CRISTOBAL COLON and Revueletas at his most revolting, but this too is not for me. And I suspect, categorically, anyone who claims that one particular phase or period of musical composition is "the most".

My own dislikes are, frankly, prejudices. Popular songs usually have what to me seem foul and insipid lyrics; popular singers bray them in a manner I find offensive, particularly when eating or drinking in a public place. But there are numbers (Weill's SEPTEMBER SONG, for example) which I admire greatly. Solo instrumentalists seem to appeal to the mathematical-minded who go for Mozart; I'm not mathematically minded. But as I say, these are personal opinions and I've not tried to rationalize them into any basis for a cult.

I like to listen to music while sitting in absolute silence, save

## Music and Robert Bloch

for the tinkle of ice against the edge of my glass. Or I enjoy it as an accompaniment to the visual stimulation of cinema, ballet, or musical show. But when I go into a restaurant and hesitantly order a four dollar filet mignon, I'm damned if I want some jackass with a nickel to inflict Johnny Ray's lugubrious castrato voice on me. At such times, I wish that Mr. Jukes had never invented his box...and I remember that Edison was deaf.

But this too shall pass. I take comfort in knowing that I've lived through the rise -- and fall -- of Russ Columbo,<sup>17</sup> Rudy Vallee, and The Andrews Sisters. While the truly enduring classic lives on and will continue to live long after we have passed away. I refer, of course, to that ever-popular request number, Chopin's FUNERAL MARCH. It may not rate Number One with ASCAP, but sooner or later, it takes precedence with almost all of us.....Anyone for earplugs? RB

---

1 THEY STOPPED THE SHOW - Audio Rarities - 2290 - LP  
This one features original performances of Weber and Fields, Lillian Russell, George M. Cohan, Marie Dressler, Eva Tanguay, Bert Williams and many other legendary greats of the past.

---

2 A TRIBUTE TO AL JOLSON 1911 to 1928 - Audio Rarities - 2285 - LP  
This one has a memorial speech by Eddie Cantor. It also has Jolson's first record and then it goes on through the first World War up to a movie sound track version of "Sonny Boy".

---

3 TESCH - CHICAGO STYLE CLARINETIST - Brunswick - BL 58017 - LP  
CHICAGO STYLE JAZZ 1927 to 1935 - Columbia - CL 632 - LP  
CLASSIC JAZZ BY TED LEWIS AND HIS BAND - Columbia - CL 6127 - LP  
Teschmacher made many sides in his very short career, but the Ted Lewis sides were the most widely circulated of the group. In the late twenties Lewis featured many jazz men (who later became famous). In this particular group we have Fats Waller, Muggsy Spanier, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey and Tesch as featured soloists.

---

4 BIX AND THE WOLVERINE ORCHESTRA - Vol. One & Two - Jazz Time - 1001-2 - LP  
The popularity of Bix started about 1945 in earnest, as far as general jazz collectors go. Back in the twenties his following was comparatively small, in the thirties Parlophone of England did quite a business with Beiderbecke (all Columbia records), but it wasn't until the advent of the LP that the land rush started. Columbia up until this time had one 78 rpm album available, then they took the bull by the horns and issued 36 numbers on LP (THE BIX BEIDERBECKE STORY - 3-12 inch jobs). The earlier Wolverine sides (1924-25) have come out under four different Long Playing labels, namely; Jazz Time (bootleg), Triton (bootleg), Riverside and London, not to mention the 78 rpm bootleg labels. This illustrates the demand. Victor has put out three LPs to date, which all feature Beiderbecke and England's HMV is contemplating one 12 inch effort, which will be a rehash of the already released American Victors.

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5 LOUIS ARMSTRONG SINGS THE BLUES - Victor - LJM 1005 - LP  
LAUGHING LOUIS - His Master's Voice - DLP 1036 - LP  
There are so many Armstrong LPs that it is quite hard to choose, but Bob states that Satchmo's success comes later. The above two illustrate from 1933 on, when Satchmo became popular to the white record buyers.

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6 THE BIX BEIDERBECKE STORY Volume 3 Whiteman Days - Columbia - GL 509 - LP  
Whiteman has a very over orchestrated version of "Sweet Sue" plus five others on this LP. There are some early Bing Crosby vocals, too.

- 6 PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA - "X" Vault Originals - LVA 3040  
Some of the numbers mentioned in Bob's article turn up on this LP, but they all lean heavily towards jazz. (hot version of "Mississippi Mud")
- 7 JEAN GOLDKETTE AND HIS ORCHESTRA - "X" Vault Originals - LVA 3017  
Again Bix Beiderbecke (1926-7), but featured in a commercial orchestra that was quite popular in the mid-twenties.
- 7 THE ROARING TWENTIES - Riverside - RLP 1008 - LP  
NEW YORK STYLE - Paramount - RS 201 - LP  
Both of these feature the Dance Music of the Charleston Era and the early sounds of the Dorsey Brothers, Red Nichols, Adrian Rollini, Miff Mole and others. Very good reproduction on the Riverside LP.
- 8 SHOW BIZ - Victor - LOC 1011 - LP  
This comes from the best selling book and is narrated by George Jessel who uses musical excerpts from original recordings to capture the era.
- 9 The new Victor CAMDEN Series, has many of the classical numbers mentioned from this point on. They are actually dubbings of some of the early Victor Red Seal issues of the '30s that Bob refers to.
- 10 THE AMAZING MR. WALLER - Volumes One & Two - Riverside - RLP 1021-2  
These are actual radio performances of the late '30s, which are true examples of Waller's organ and piano music.
- 11 RED NICHOLS CLASSICS Volumes One, Two & Three - Brunswick -  
BL 58008-09-27 - LP  
Three rip-roaring LPs featuring the original Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. This group did hundreds of performances in theatre-pits and turned out records for as many as fifteen different labels.
- 12 THE ORIGINAL RECORDINGS OF RUTH ETTING - Columbia - ML 5050 - LP  
She still rates tops (that's my own opinion) as far as singing "blue" lyrics. With her on this LP are Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and the great pianist of the day (popular), Rube Bloom.
- 13 THE PLANETS by Gustave Holst - His Master's Voice - LHMV 1003 - LP  
This is dubbed from the 78 rpm album, Sir Adrian Boult conducting the BBC Symphony, and is by far the superior performance. But there are later recordings which are better technically as far as reproduction goes.
- 14 RHAPSODY IN BLUE and AN AMERICAN IN PARIS - Victor - LPT 29 - LP  
This is a re-dubbing of a 12 inch 78 rpm nine minute version featuring George Gershwin at the piano, himself, playing "Rhapsody". In my own collection there are at least 8 complete versions of "Rhapsody" and 7 versions of "An American In Paris". I kind of like Gershwin, too.
- 15 THE COMEDIANS by Dmitri Kabalevsky - Victor - LM 1106 - LP  
THREE SUITES-Comedians by Kabalevsky-Suite Francasie by Milhaud-Peacock Pie by Gibbs - Discovery - DL 4003 - LP
- 16 FACADE by William Walton - London - LL 771 - LP  
This job is not conducted by Walton, but it comes through well and is superior to the other existing versions on LP.
- 17 RUSS COLUMBO - Victor - P 95 - 78 rpm  
Eight sides that are proof positive where Bing Crosby got his style. I think if Columbo had lived, Crosby would not be around today as a top personality.

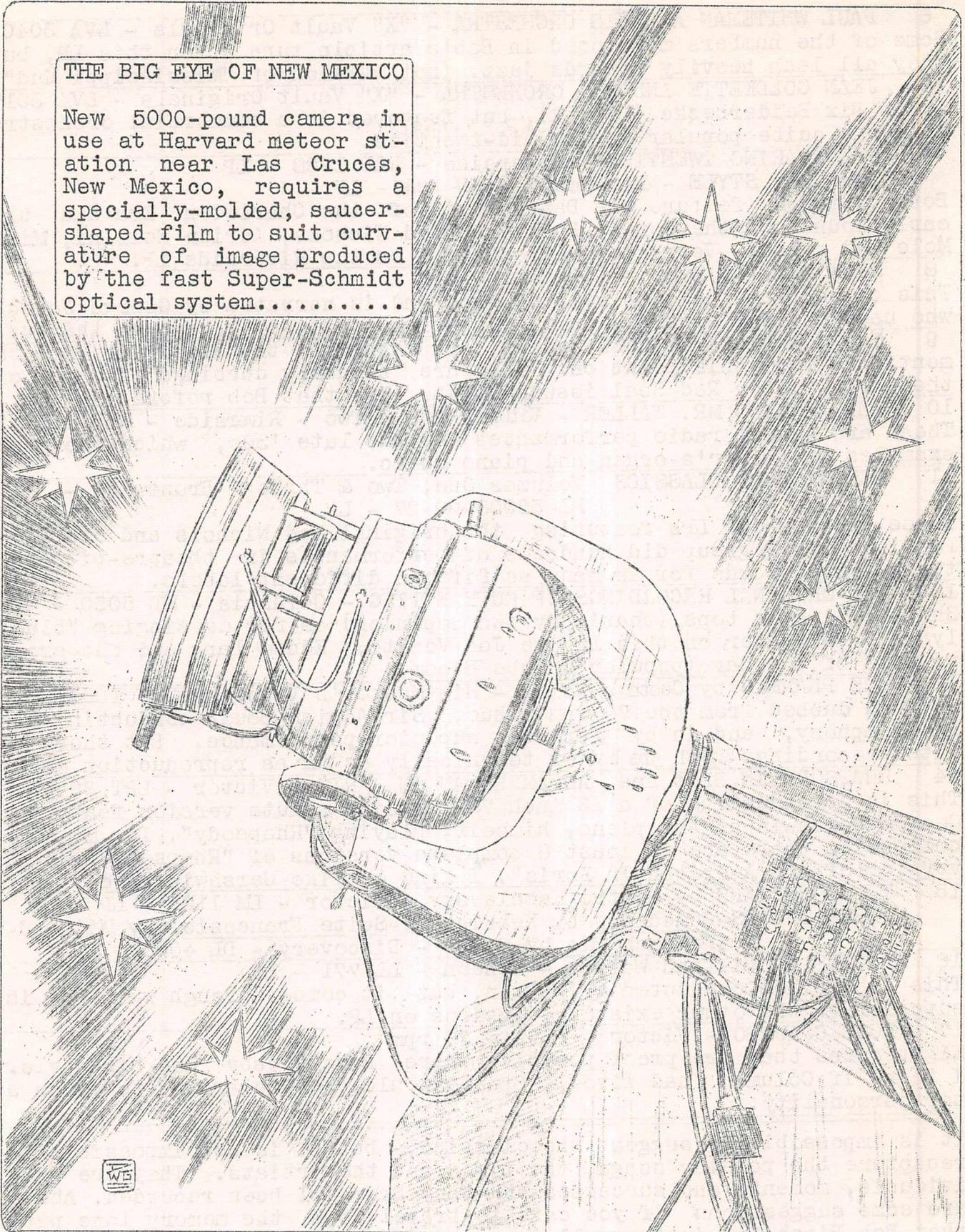
It is impossible to suggest the classics, but it is not impossible to recapture the popular songs, the times and the artists. They are individuals, moments and successes and they have all been recorded. Above are some suggestions if you care to travel down the memory lane path that Bob Bloch has just recalled.

WDG

The Big Eye

THE BIG EYE OF NEW MEXICO

New 5000-pound camera in use at Harvard meteor station near Las Cruces, New Mexico, requires a specially-molded, saucer-shaped film to suit curvature of image produced by the fast Super-Schmidt optical system.....



WE

# The Magic Box



by RAY  
ALLISTER

The above is a reproduction of the very first scene ever produced on motion picture film. This happened in Hyde Park on a Sunday morning, January 1889. As you can also notice the first film was also stereoscopic.....

Holborn, that sedate London business thoroughfare, is almost deserted on Sundays. On a Sunday night in January 1889, it was empty except for a triumphant young man who had arrested a very frightened policeman.

The policeman's nervousness turned to terror when the young man pushed him up some wooden stairs, closed the door and turned out the light.

"I've got it here," he said.

Then a light went up on a square box with two protruding eyes which pointed at the white-washed wall, and, to a quaking audience of one, the young man showed the first news-reel ever. It had been taken in Hyde Park that morning by the first practical movie-picture camera: a stereoscopic camera.

But that comes in the middle of the story of Willie Green and Helena and the camera. Let us begin at the beginning.

In the year 1873, Willie Green was an apprentice in a photographic studio in Bristol, Somerset, and a most unsatisfactory apprentice he was. When he should have been dusting or unpacking photographic plates,

## The Magic Box

he was reading books on the scarcely-forty-year-old art of photography. He asked questions which his master could not answer. Women clients adored the smiling, charming apprentice. His master did not like that either. Willie had a friend, Daniel Josty, also a photographer, and one evening as they walked home together Josty said, "Come and meet my step-sister."

His mother, Josty explained, had married a German baron called Friese who had settled in Switzerland, lost his money and lands, and now the three daughters of the marriage had to work. Helena, who had come to England as companion to Lady Sandford, was ill and was staying with the Jostys until she was sufficiently recovered to return to Switzerland. Helena was lying on a black sofa. She wore a white dress. She had fair hair and enormous dark eyes. She was not beautiful, but there was a quality about her which made her different from any girl Willie Green had ever met.

"Talk to my sister," said Josty. "She understands English, but doesn't speak it very well."

What does one say when ordered to talk? Willie smiled at Helena and asked her how she was. She replied haltingly that her asthma was better. There was an embarrassing pause, then Helena pointed helpfully to the book under Willie's arm.

"You read?"

It was Fox-Talbot's "Pencil of Nature," the first book to be illustrated by photographs. Fox-Talbot of Wiltshire had been experimenting with photography at the same time as Daguerre, whose announcement of his discovery beat Fox-Talbot's by a few months. Willie could talk for hours about Fox-Talbot and photography. Presently he said, "You are so lucky to speak German!"

Helena laughed. "You speak English. I speak German and French. It is the same. Why am I lucky?"

"The two best books on photography are in German. I have borrowed them, but I can't read them."

"Perhaps I translate," Helena suggested, "when my English gets good."

"I'll soon teach you English," Willie promised.

And so for many months they met every evening. They fell in love. In 1874 Willie Green, nineteen, son of a blacksmith, married the delicate Helena Friese, twenty-two, daughter of a baron. The church was decorated. There was music. The bride wore white satin and a veil of lace that had belonged to her father's family. The apprentice's clients crowded the beautiful old church. The trimmings were meant to impress them as much as to honour Helena. But, having spent every shilling on the ceremony, young Mr. and Mrs. Green went off to the one room which was to be their home for a time, and had a gay wedding breakfast -- of lemonade and buns!

Willie Green liked to be impressive. Green, he felt, was not a suitable name for an ambitious man. He added his wife's name to his own, and then put an "e" at the end of Green "for visual balance," he said, and was known thereafter as William Friese-Greene.

Soon he broke his apprenticeship and opened his own studio in Bath. Helena, with the Continental woman's flair for good housekeeping on little money, managed very well. They were happy. But when Helena began to buy baby clothes, there just wasn't enough money. Willie pawned everything that could be spared. On the day their baby daughter was born, he had pawned even the studio supply of photographic plates. But what matter? There were no appointments.

He had bought food, but the day was bitterly cold. He wanted to light a fire in Helena's room and was considering whether he should not pawn his camera when suddenly a woman appeared in the studio. Could Mr. Friese-Greene photograph her at once? She wanted a photograph to give her husband who was going abroad.

No plates! But a detail like that could not deter Willie. With his usual care he posed her in front of the useless camera, took a "photograph," turned her head a little to the side, took another, then a profile. "There! That was splendid!"

Then came the tricky part. He had to get money from her at once. He stood nervously by the desk. When the woman came from the dressing room he said, smiling his disarming smile, "It is usual to pay a deposit, but, of course, if it is not convenient..."

Thank goodness it was convenient. The woman said it was the first time she had ever enjoyed being photographed. She was sure these photographs would be different from any others she had had taken. She insisted on paying for half a dozen. Willie dashed home, carrying wood and coal. He redeemed his plates. Next day when the woman called to see proofs he apologized for a stupid accident. The plates had been dropped. Would madam forgive him and let him take her again. Madam did.

After that, things went better. In the next ten years William Friese-Greene opened studios in Bristol and Plymouth. Young Mr. and Mrs. Friese-Greene might have settled down to become rich, popular citizens of the lovely city of Bath, if Willie had not met an old man who changed the direction of his life. He was John Arthur Roebuck Rudge, known in Bath as the "Jar of Knowledge" and the "Wizard of the Magic Lantern." Rudge had invented a lantern that looked like a small lighthouse with a seven-sided gallery round the light. In the gallery he would put seven glass plates, each showing a stage of a movement, say of a face turning from sulks to smiles. When the gallery was revolved past the light the seven images appeared on the screen as a moving picture. That lantern fired Willie's imagination. He realized that when he tried to charm a sitter's face into animation before he took a photograph he had been seeking a suggestion of movement. Here was movement itself! Rudge explained to him the principle of "persistence of vision," that curious facility of the human brain for "seeing" an image for a fraction of a second after the image had been removed from the eye. Thereafter William Friese-Greene was obsessed by the idea of making moving pictures.

Gradually he came to see the problem in two parts: there must be a camera so constructed that a simple movement such as turning a handle could move a sensitized surface to the lens, hold it there for a fraction of a second, remove it, cutting off the light, replace the substance, and repeat this cycle indefinitely. The second part of the problem was to find a substance which could be moved in that way. The glass plates used by photographers in those days were useless for such a purpose.

He decided he must move to London. He would go along, leaving Helena to supervise the Bath studio and putting managers into the Bristol and Plymouth studios. Helena was dismayed.

"But in London there are scientists who will help me," he explained. "I'll come back often to see you and little Ethel."

Helena gave up the argument. She knew, even if Willie did not, that it was his love of beauty, his vitality and personality that brought clients to his studios. She had no faith in the magic of managers! Besides, she was often ill. Asthma haunted her. She had bad heart attacks, sometimes brought on by a shock or by overwork. People spoke of young Mrs. Friese-Greene as rather an invalid.

## The Magic Box

But Willie went off to London. The compulsion on him to solve his problems was greater than the duty to care for his adored Helena and their child. He opened a studio in Bond Street, then one at No. 92 Piccadilly. He took a partner. Soon fashionable women in veils and feathers came from Queen Victoria's courts to be photographed by the handsome, smiling young man. "While his prices are bearable, my dear," they said to each other. Within four years Friese-Greene had seven studios in London. He brought Helena and Ethel to town. He attended the meetings of scientific societies. He became friendly with learned men, with engineers and model makers. He entertained lavishly.

But still his problem was unsolved. Even the photographers were not interested. The minutes of the Royal Photographic Society record a member's impatient question: "What use would moving pictures be anyhow?"

Willie worked on. By 1887 he had a camera designed to take rolls of paper film, the intermittent movement obtained by the use of sprocket holes. But paper tore. It tore even more easily when soaked in castor oil to make it transparent for projection. Still, for that invention the Photographic Society of Vienna awarded him the Daguerre Medal. The search for material continued.

But in his studios there was chaos. Often in the afternoons Friese-Greene would be at home in the laboratory at the back of his house. Helena would ask him gently if he had no appointments and he would reply impatiently that his partner could take portraits. But clients did not agree. People were offended. "Where is Mr. Friese-Greene?" became almost a refrain in Bond Street, in Brooke Street, in Piccadilly, in Oxford Street, Ladbrooke Grove and Sloane Street. Friese-Greene might be at a meeting of a learned society, seeing a model maker, in Green Park photographing children at play, down in some engineer's store looking for a durable material, or persuading someone to lend him more money for his experiments.

Then one day he found what he wanted. It was a thick sheet of yellow opaque stuff, the newly invented celluloid. He brought a sheet home and tried to melt it. Helena could not bear the smell, so he took a room off Holborn, engaged two assistants to melt celluloid with chemicals, spread it thinly on sheets of glass, coat it with sensitized emulsion and when dry, cut it into strips. Because the glass released static electricity when the strips were torn off and the resultant streaks were worse when the atmosphere was dry, Friese-Greene put in several gas rings on which kettles boiled all day. The strips of film were put through a mangle to make them of even thickness. The assistants called the place "the laundry" and thought Friese-Greene crazy.

At home and at 92 Piccadilly, he was designing a second camera to take the celluloid film. He was tired of sprocket holes which tore, and an engineer had suggested an alternative method of moving the film which would run around a drum and be held steady at intervals by a lever movement.

This second camera was designed to carry out another idea, Friese-Greene wanted "real life" on the screen--and real life is not flat. He believed he could get the stereoscopic effect by taking photographs simultaneously through two lenses and superimposing the images during projection. The new camera was built with two lenses which could be used separately or together.

The camera was ready on a Saturday in January, 1889. So was a roll of about fifty feet of clear, thin celluloid film. On Sunday morning Willie took his camera into Hyde Park. He had asked a cousin to meet him at the Apsley Gate. Willie stood beside his camera, too

nervous to try it. Presently he saw his cousin coming along, dragging by the hand a small, reluctant son. Friese-Greene began to turn the handle. He took about twenty feet of Cousin Alf and little Bert. Cousin Alf is long dead, but Bert, Mr. A. B. Carter of London, remains proudly the first stereo film star. The camera was taken outside the Park and Friese-Greene used the rest of his film to photograph the traffic at Hyde Park Corner, horse-drawn buses, hansom cabs, people walking or driving from church. It was at the Apsley Gate many years later that the first television outside broadcast was made, the Coronation Procession of King George VI and his Queen in 1937.

Willie went home to lunch and was unusually quiet and pale. Helena asked if he had caught a chill. He told her he had cold feet! Late in the afternoon he went down to the Holborn Laboratory. He had chosen Sunday because he could be alone and if his experiment failed no one would see the greatness of his disappointment. When the film was developed and printed, he threaded it into his camera, fixed a light for projection, and, sick with nerves, began to turn the handle, his eyes tightly shut. When he opened them, Alf and little Bert were gone, and the Hyde Park traffic was passing jerkily across his wall. Trembling, he lit the gas and rethreaded his film. But suddenly he could bear no longer or being alone at this moment. He must show somebody, now, at once, the wonderful new thing he had discovered. And that was why he ran out into Holborn, arms waving, shouting, "I've got it! I've done it!" There was only a policeman in sight. Friese-Greene ran at him, seized his arm, and dragged him along. No wonder the policeman stood near the door of that dark little room, whistle in his mouth, baton in his hand waiting for the madman's next move. And then the magic appeared on the wall. "I've been trying to get this for ten years," Willie told him and now he was almost crying. "You can see why I was excited."

Willie walked home through the night and scarcely felt three miles of pavement under his feet. He wakened Helena to tell her that at last, oh, at last, he had succeeded. He held a bottle of champagne in one hand and two glasses in the other. They drank to moving pictures. Willie was humble now, very grateful to God who had enabled him., William Friese-Greene, to put together bits of knowledge which had been lying about the world for hundreds of years, and combine them into something new. He told Helena of the scientific uses he foresaw for moving pictures, in agriculture, in medicine, in astronomy. Above all, he called them the Universal Language through which nations would learn to know and understand each other.

Helena listened, smiling quietly, her great, luminous eyes fixed on his mobile face. She was sure now he was a genius. She had half suspected it the night he talked about photography at her step-brother's home. Willie was a good businessman, too. Think of all those studios and the lovely home they had! Suddenly she remembered the wedding breakfast of lemonade and buns and she reminded him of it.

"Yes, but think of the wedding we had first. One must always put up a good show to the world. But we may have to economize for a bit now. This camera has cost me over two thousand pounds."

"But you'll make more than that out of it?"

"Yes - yes, of course, eventually. But we may have to be careful for a bit just at first."

Helena laughed gently. How funny he was, preaching economy to her! He was the extravagant one. Why, the very best of food and drink was only just good enough for his family and his guests! She hoped he was

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preaching to himself.

Friese-Greene improved his moving-picture camera and patented it in June 1889. And, in case anybody asks, as The New Yorker did recently, "Where does Edison come in?" The answer is that Edison recorded in his diary that he did not begin to experiment with moving pictures until 1887, and only in 1890 did he feel that his experiments warranted a separate laboratory. For the record, Edison's patent for a kine-toscope camera was No. 589,168 of 1891. Friese-Greene's camera with which he took moving pictures on celluloid was No. 10,131 of 1889.

The Friese-Greenes had a wonderful year. Friese-Greene went about the country, showing his camera to scientists, to photographic societies. "Your clever husband," people who called to see the new wonder said to Helena. She kept open house for visitors.

So, while the chorus of praise was still sounding, it was a great shock when Friese-Greene went to prison. He had never talked of money troubles. The housekeeping money was paid regularly. But he had been borrowing for his experiments. He owed money to engineers and model makers and suppliers of chemicals. There were lawsuits which he lost. He could not even pay a fine of £13. Suddenly the brokers' men were in all his studios. A petition in bankruptcy was lodged against him.

And then Helena, invalid Helena, came into her glory. She sold jewellery her husband had given her. She borrowed money from friends who trusted her. Willie remained in prison only one week, for she paid his fine.

"We'll have to find rooms somewhere," he told her, sitting in the drawing room of the home which would be sold in three weeks. "All the studios are gone too. My apparatus..."

She went over and sat on the arm of his chair. "You'll have another studio soon, I've taken a house in Chelsea."

"But, oh, my dear, who will lend me another penny for rent?"

"I've paid a quarter's rent in advance. The studio's in my name. I'm going to manage it and leave you free to experiment."

"But - but you're not strong enough."

"I have the strength I need," she told him. "I shall employ you at two pounds a week - a bankrupt should not have too much money - and you shall go on improving your moving pictures in the back room."

"What a business woman you are!"

She laid her cheek against his. "What a clever man you are! I'm proud of you - and I love you."

So they moved to Chelsea. They lived above the studio and laboratory and Helena let the top floor. For Friese-Greene, there were weary humiliating days of examination in the Bankruptcy Court.

"They wanted to know what my income was for last year," he told Helena. She knew now that he had never kept books, that he helped himself from the tills of his own businesses to avoid wasting time going to a bank.

"What did you say?"

"I told them I hadn't the faintest idea."

"Were they surprised?"

"They didn't believe me."

She wanted to comfort him. One afternoon when he came back from the court there was a parcel on his tea tray. Out of a bed of cotton wool he lifted a glass prism. Helena came into the room and found him playing with it. He was breaking up the pale light from the window and the bright light from the lamp. All the tired lines had gone from his face. He laid down the prism and took his wife in his arms. "I've al-

ways wanted a prism," he told her. "What a genius you have for loving! Such a practical kind of genius!"

A moment later he told her, "I'm practical too, you know. I'll break up the light entering a camera and take motion pictures in the colours of nature. There must be a way of doing it."

"And you'll find it - when this nasty bankruptcy business is over."

"Oh that!" he said carelessly, picking up the prism. Helena looked at him and was satisfied. He would be inventing again.

By the end of the year 1891, Friese-Greene was working at two ideas in the bliss and torment which is the lot of inventors. He still wanted three-dimensional images on the screen; and he wanted pictures in natural colour. In 1893 he patented a stereoscopic projector for use with colour film. Instead of painted backcloths in theatres, he wanted to project stereoscopic films of street scenes or race meetings or dances to the back of the stage. The stereoscopic effect was obtained by a double lantern with double converging lenses. There was a revolving cylinder between the lenses of each lantern, each cylinder so formed as to cause the intensity of the corresponding view on the screen to alternately increase to full brightness and diminish to nothing. When one view was at its brightest, the other was cut off. Colour was obtained by a revolving disc, sectioned red, green and blue. The result was disappointing. But then, that was sixty years ago and nobody has succeeded yet in doing what Friese-Greene was trying to do.

Helena had made her supreme effort. Her strength was finished. She was again often ill. In December 1895, she died agonizingly of thrombosis. She had hated the thought of leaving Willie. He was lost without her.

Since the night he had first met the Swiss girl in the white frock lying on a black sofa, Helena had stood to him for encouragement and understanding. She had believed in him, adored him, made allowances for neglect lesser women would have resented. She had given her life to rescue him from loss of reputation, disgrace, prison and poverty. She had given him at the blackest moment a lovely, light thing - the prism.

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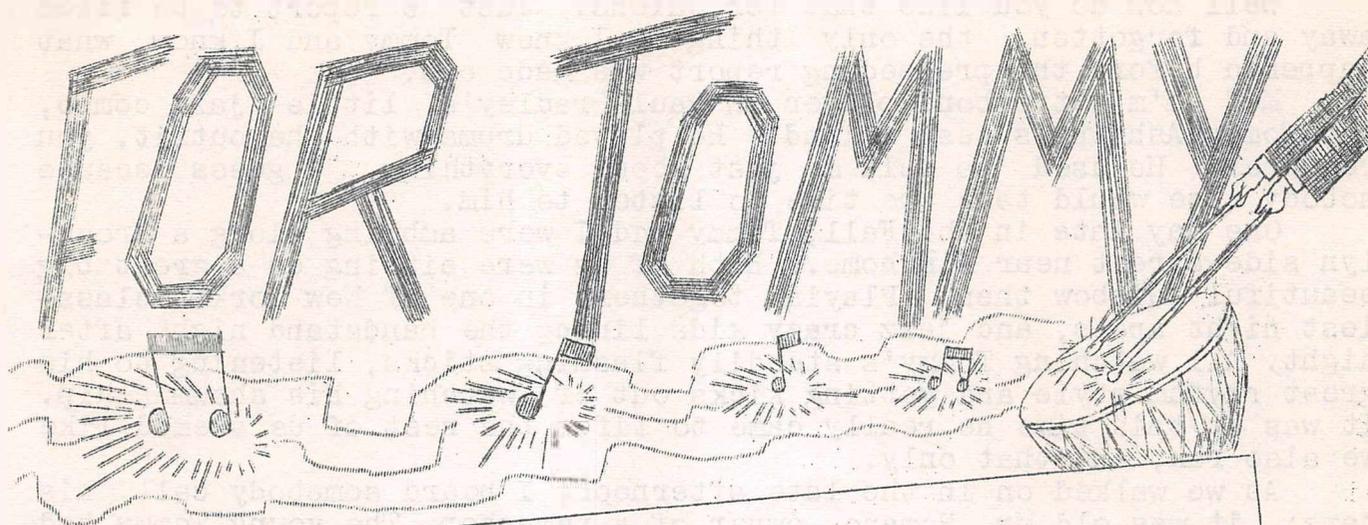
For another twenty-five years Friese-Greene was to experiment on better and better ways of making coloured moving pictures. On the day he died, he was attending a trade meeting of the movie industry. The discussion at hand was something Willie didn't agree with, he jumped up from his seat in the audience, his eyes blazing for a moment and then he sank to the floor dead from a heart attack. Later in his pockets they found that he had just pawned his watch to pay for a new colour filter.

And thus a great pioneer-inventor died dramatically, still searching. Today, Friese-Greene is still an obscure name in cinema history, always overshadowed by Edison, who had solid backing in the following years.

For those of you who would like to carry the search further there is an excellent motion picture that has been in circulation for about three years now. The film was produced in Technicolour by J. Arthur Rank and is called the "THE MAGIC BOX" starring Mr. Robert Donat. The supporting cast comprises all the great names in the British Film Industry. For example Sir Lawrence Olivier plays a policeman, who appears for one minute and there are others in similar small parts. The reason behind all this is the fact that the proceeds of the film went to charity. Or to the down-in-the-luck persons in the British Film Industry.

Blues For Tommy





Excerpts from a Medical Report  
Recorded at a New York State Mental Institute

Case History of T. W. ASHFORD, male, age 23, deceased.

James C. Barlow, attending physician.

Admitted Feb. 28, 1932 Symptoms - hallucinations and alternating chills and fever. Delerium.  
March 12, 1932 Increasing attacks of hysteria. Patient claims to hear a drum which he has destroyed, and fears someone, or something is searching for it.  
March 12, 1932 (3.30 PM) Patient has had a violent shock, the nature of which cannot be ascertained. Respirations slow, eyes glazed - mumbles continuously. Asks to have lights turned on, in broad daylight.  
March 27, 1932 (11.50 PM) Had sudden attack of severe fright and cried out for the lights.  
March 27, 1932 (11.55 PM) Discovered by Nurse Burns. The body was stretched out on the floor with his hand reaching in the direction of the light switch.  
Cause of Death Extreme claustrophobia, overtaxed heart. Fragment of unpolished wood with strange red and black marks found clenched in patient's other hand. Further investigation on this point still remains open for a solution. His belongings were thoroughly checked upon admittance and nothing of this nature was uncovered.

Signed by the  
Attending Physician,

James C. Barlow.  
March 28, 1932.



## Blues For Tommy

Well how do you like that for onions? Just a report to be filed away and forgotten, the only thing is I knew Tommy and I know what happened before the preceeding report was made out.

Me? I'm a trombone player in Paul Bradley's little jazz combo, and Tommy Ashford's best friend. He played drums with the outfit, you remember. He used to tell me just about everything, I guess because nobody else would take the time to listen to him.

One day late in the Fall, Tommy and I were ambling along a Brooklyn side street near his home. Both of us were sitting on a great big beautiful rainbow then. Playing together in one of New York's classiest night spots, and jazz crazy kids lining the bandstand night after night. All watching Tommy's steadily flashing sticks, listening to his great rhythm style and getting kicks out of watching his showmanship. It was at this time he really came to life, the rest of us seemed like we also ran, and that only.

As we walked on in the late afternoon, I heard somebody call his name; it was old Mr. Romano, owner of a pawnshop. The young Tommy had found a friend in him, he had given him books to read and let him sit peacefully for awhile out of the earshot of his nagging parents. It was in Romano's shop that Tommy had learned to play the drums, beating it out on a set some guy had had to pawn. Tommy had been grateful to get away for awhile from his noisy, dirty home for a few hours. He lived in a land of dreams for a few short hours everyday in the back of a pawnshop.

Then his family moved to Chicago and in time the very young Tommy managed to sneak out at night and head for the negro sections of the city. Through open windows came the buzz of laughter, talking, stale beer, smoke and the thing that made his insides jump - j a z z. Like many other kids he was hearing the music of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and other great musicians in the early days of jazz in Chicago. At school he managed to get into the band, he practised breaks and after school hours the seed was born, which later became his trademark.

It was just too good to last. His father lost his job and couldn't find another. After a long, tough time, Tommy's father was very sick and in a few short weeks passed away. The Ashfords packed up, got into an old rattletrap and headed back to Brooklyn, to their old neighborhood.

Tommy was sorry to leave Chicago and the music pouring out of the Royal Gardens, his high school band friends. But he carried the music with him and in his heart. The melodies and rhythms ran through his head night and day. He still had no set of his own, so he went back to Romano's and practised on a pawned set of traps. To survive he had a job working in a factory, a means to an end.

By this time radio had taken a firm hold and Tommy sat practically glued to the floor in front of it. Also about this time names like Ellington, Beiderbecke and Tesch seemed to spread out all over New York's jazz world. Tommy wasn't playing himself, he didn't have the money for a good set of drums, and no one could lay it on the line for him, plus the fact that he didn't know any of the boys in New York.

Meanwhile his school friends in Chicago had made a mild splash professionally led by Paul Bradley. But white jazz started to go down, so Paul and the kids scrambled together and scraped up enough money for a one-way trip to New York. They blew in on a very surprised Tommy, he had been remembered and they wanted him to join the mob.

Immediately they bought Tommy a set of drums, which was a real job of scraping up the green stuff. They were broke, and even musicians must eat and have a roof over their dreaming. The whole gang spent their evenings looking for a night club stint for themselves. I heard them trying out in a joint one night. Being a Chicago stylist and out of a job myslef, I pitched in with them.

We had a long run of bad breaks, playing one nighters ingin mills. Our competition was that symphonic jazz slush that good old Whiteman made famous in that era. We began to loose faith in ourselves, and decided to split up and go into the big bands to keep some tin in our empty pockets. This was a hard decision to make, especially with what we had all been through together.

We decided to try just once more before giving it up and by heaven, we clicked. That was last year and we've been doing fairly well since. Seemingly out of nowhere our style had caught on.

Our present contract is almost over, though, and there's no sign that they want us to stay on after its through, now that Tommy is gone. The customers miss him, the boss misses him, and damn it all, so do we. We'll either have to start playing one nighters again or put on funny hats and play hokum in the big bands. But that's neither here nor there. This is Tommy's story and I'll finish telling it to you.

All of Tommy's childhood story came to me when I saw the name Romano on the plate glass. Tommy had told me so many times how he had learned to play the drums. But now Romano was speaking to him, "I don't see you anymore, you are a stranger now, no? Anyway I have some-ting to show you. Maybe it will interest you, no?"

The old boy had an accent you could cut with a butter knife. Tommy gave his old friend a big greeting and they gabbed for a few minutes. The three of us then went into the store.

Romano went into the back room, calling over his shoulder, "I have a drom some sailor bring 'een. He say he got it in Soud Afreeka. He say he wish he nerver lay eyes on it, but he wouldn' tell what he mean by dat."

He brought it out, and Tommy took the round tom-tom in his hands. It was an odd looking affair, small, very old, made of a piece of thin hollowed log. The head was made of a greyish-black material that looked like parchment stuff, and had a rusty looking stain near the middle, as though something was once spilled on it. The stain looked flaky, like you could rub it off if you tried real hard. He rubbed it, but nothing happened. The stain just stayed put. The head was fastened on by rawhide thongs, and the bottom opening was covered by a closely woven web of rawhide, a very unusual way of covering a drum.

The sides were painted with red and black marks. The symbols formed a picture of something Tommy couldn't quite understand or make out, but he didn't pay much attention to them at the time. He was much more interested in the sounds it would make. He tapped the head lightly with his finger. It gave off a high, clear sound which astonished us. He tapped it again, using his palm, the heel of his hand, different combinations of his fingers. We were surprised and pleased by the many different tones and sounds it produced. Flabbergasted, he bought it on the spot. Here was something that would impress the guys in the band who were always kidding him, and the folks at home who made his life miserable by their continuous talk about "no good" musicians.

He took the tom-tom to the night club that evening, but in the excitement of the crowd and of playing his drums, he forgot about them. Tommy enjoyed playing that night, more than he usually did. The band

## Blues For Tommy

was really "on", the men inspired. We knew by instinct what the other guy was going to play. The rhythm section, now softly, in the background or pounding at the melody, the brasses and reeds now swinging out high and mighty. Tommy sat there, supplying the main rhythm, in his short hour of glory as we swept into solo after solo.

The crowds about the bandstand were right with us, shouting as other crowds had before the turn of the century, to other inspired nights.

Our Tommy played his best that night, but once during intermission he had a pretty bad time. He looked at the tom-tom, and again the symbols seemed to run together, forming a clearer picture, but still there wasn't much sense in it. Then with the intermission over the thoughts disappeared and Tommy settled down to an exhibition of quiet drumming at its best, which turned out to be the last time he ever played with us.

At three AM most of the crowd had gone, the band followed and headed in the general direction of the bar. In a very short time we had Tommy way past the boiling point and ready to go again. Eventually we headed down the street to sit in with another band, and Tommy came stumbling along behind us with his sticks and believe it or not dragging along the tom-tom.

We stopped in at several dives, had a few more drinks and finally came to a dirty cellar club, where a few men were still playing. The crowd was thin, the air blue with smoke, we were all in a rosy gin-glow. Our small audience applauded, those who still had the energy, as we set up our instruments. We were going to have a real bash!

Tommy became kind of sharp as he set up the tom-tom beside the regular drummer. The thought of playing always hopped him up.

"Make way, make way for a drummer what can really drum," he yelled hoarsely at everybody. Then he started in to thump his tom-tom with his hands as though his life depended on it. We all laughed, and Tommy gave us his big sheep-dog act, hair falling over his eyes and grinning from ear to ear. Here was a real kick - a jazz drummer beats drums with his hands - a la Cugat. Out of the haze somebody called, "Smarten up boy! Use your sticks."

He had forgotten all about the sticks, so he then proceeded to take them out of his pocket. He played like he thought he was a little tin god for awhile, but we just passed it off. We knew he was tight as a drum, but not playing one at the moment.

Gradually Tommy noticed a lessening of the room noises and what little light there was, until all that was left was the sound of his sticks on the tom-tom in an almost solid darkness. This wasn't anything new, I guess he kind of expected it when he was well loaded, at any rate, it was still a bit disturbing.

"Hey, who'sh turning out all the dam' lightsh? I wan' some light! Put on the lightsh for the bes' dam' drummer thish shide of the Savoy."

Tommy waved his arms around. The lights stayed off.

"Oh, I get it. Blackouts of 1932! Haw!"

And the drumbeat had a queer sound, too. Tight and high pitched it was, not at all the proper sound. Tommy stopped and stared down at the tom-tom and then his eyes started to blink. He looked up, intending to hash it over with the coffee-coloured drummer sitting beside him. But the drummer wasn't there! He dropped his sticks in astonishment and rose to his feet.

"Thish is goin' too far. Where'sh everbody gone to? Why don' they

turn on the lightsh? I want some light!"

There was nothing but a great blackness, with huge, blacker shapes in the background, pressing close all around him, choking him. Tommy was frightened, terribly frightened - feeling that if he didn't get away from those circling, pressing shapes he would go nuts. This didn't usually happen on a bat. He started running, crashing into what seemed to be bushes and trees.

When his muddled brain finally accepted this darkness and the black shapes as real, not creations of his gin-fuddled imagination, his hearing sharpened. He heard the quiet murmur of a running stream. Stumbling blindly, slipping on the roots of trees, sliding on the moulding, rotting mess of dead vegetation, he made his way towards the sound of the running water. Once he felt something slide quickly past him, and he choked back a scream. It could only have been a very large snake. Many times small shapes scuttled quickly past, and he thought he saw red, unwinking eyes staring at him. Distant and not-so-distant crashes meant other unknown prowlers. He began to make out the shapes of trees, they all seemed to hide a horrible shape ready to jump out at him. The quiet pad, padding of some great animal passed nearby, and he crouched back against a tree trunk never knowing what it was.

The stink of the vegetation nauseated him; the stifling heat seemed to press him back and the sweat poured down his face and body. Then the insects started their party. They bit his unprotected arms and face until he could scarcely see from under swollen eyelids, and he flopped his arms about, trying to get rid of the pests of the dark.

He almost fell into the water when he reached it; the jungle grew right up to and partly into the water.

He was bushed, needed rest. He climbed into a tree and perched himself, back resting against the trunk, on a branch. He went spinning off into a dead sleep.

How long he slept will be anybody's guess, but the sun was blazing in his face when he opened his eyes. His head was balloon-size and his mouth had a dark taste. Monkeys played around him, and bright coloured birds chattered away. He seemed to be in one of his worst nightmares. He then slid down a slimy vine and picked up a hefty stick. He might need it for future use.

And now he was hungry, the only familiar thing in this horrible state of affairs. Tommy Ashford, drummer, late of New York City, now a character in a second-rate jungle thriller. He almost expected to see Tarzan come bolting through the trees.

There was nothing to eat, that is, nothing that he would care to try and eat. So he filled himself with scummy and nauseating water from the nearby stream. Then a light burned, why not follow this stream, which might eventually lead to a larger body of water. He started following the sluggish path of the water downstream, or so it seemed.

Great waxy water lillies grew on the surface of the water, in odd contrast with the green, slimy scum near the banks. Through a break in the treetops over the river, the hot sunlight poured down on large patches of lovely orchids and other unknown flowers on the river bank: He remembered reading something in Romano's books about cannibal plants and decided to move on quickly.

Butterflies and moths, some large as his hand, fluttered past him, dancing on the golden notes of sunlight. The birds kept up a continuous performance in the background as he wound his way down the ever widening stream.

At the end of the day he had become ravenously hungry. He took a chance and ate some of the strange fruit. What it may be he didn't know, but it didn't seem to sicken him. He nibbled at it as he advanced upon the gloom of the evening.

His clothes were ribbons, his shoes waterlogged, his body scratched and tired. He rested and finally went into a dead sleep again.

The jungle became very still as the darkness settled down upon the river, then silvery ribbons of moonlight came down and with this the night twitterings and cracklings began.

Tommy awoke with a start, looked around as if expecting something and then got up and started on again. Again he became frightened and tired, but avoided climbing into a tree for as long as he could. The fears of the previous night returned and added fire to his imagination. Many times he would have sworn he was being followed. The noise of his progress made several large animals pause by the riverside. The disappeared in the underbrush, showing that they also feared the noises of the night.

After what seemed like a million years of stumbling blindly, he heard a faint murmur in the distance. As he made progress towards these sounds it developed into a buzz, then a jumble of sounds. Finally the sounds dissolved themselves into a chant of many voices.

Should he run for his life or venture closer to these voices? Somehow the choice had been made, he still kept moving forward. Why, it was sheer good luck that some wild thing hadn't torn him to shreds this far. So after a quarter hour of stumbling, he sighted several winking fires. He left the river bank and edged towards the nearest fire, what he came upon made him cower back into the protection of the darkness.

Three black figures, blacker than a yard up the chimney, their naked bodies gleaming and stinking of oil in the firelight, passed within a hairs' breadth of him. They didn't see him!

What sort of men were these who had no eyes to see him? Several more figures slipped silently past, no more seeing him than the others had. And he was pretty thankful about this point, for what he saw was not encouraging; red rimmed eyes, savage grins, the huge feathered head pieces. Funny thing was that the feathers covered half their bodies, and yet they went about naked.

He crept forward, pressed close to the ground. He passed the first fire, and the second. Then he came upon a small clearing.

There were no signs of buildings of any sort; this must have been a meeting place only, for in the cleared space was a statue, squatting on crossed legs, grinning, ugly. It was made of metal, and how it got there or who made it was a mystery Tommy wouldn't even try to fathom. Women, hung with flowers, tended a fire burning before the idol, and several naked men, with painted masks on their heads and shoulders, pranced up and down and darted about in front of the fire. On either side of the idol stood a roughly shaped wooden cross.

Tommy climbed into a tree and settled down to watch the wierd ways of these creatures of the night. Then there was a fresh burst of shouting and the throb, throb, throb of a drum became the feature attraction. A torch-lit procession came through the trees, the leaders carrying on their shoulders, two struggling white men.

Tommy started forward, forgetting his position in the tree, then hunched back against the tree trunk. Why start anything? It was probably only a bad nightmare anyway, and God alone knew how happy he would

be to awaken. But, if you dreamt, would you know that it was a dream until you woke up? This was to hard a nut to crack.

The white men wore the tattered remains of pants and boots. Their shirts were gone, and evidently they had put up a good fight, for they both had bruises and the blood still dripped from fresh looking cuts.

Many in the procession carried spears and shields of a sort. One old boy was beating a drum - - - the darned tom-tom or its twin - - - that Tommy had thumped in a New York night club! It seemed years ago, maybe something he dreamt once. Was this real and the other life a dream, or did it only seem so because he was so tired and hungry and just plain scared? Would he ever see that night club again, and his pals?

Ah, he was still tight, those crazy characters would take off their Hallowe'en masks and go back to Mars where they belonged. But it didn't work. They still kept coming through the trees.

The procession halted before the fire. A fat old bozo took over the limelight and made a wild speech. The tom-tom throbbed softly and they entered into a low chant in time to it. Soon the chant swelled louder and the clearing echoed and re-echoed with unreal discorded sounds. There was a crashing note from the drum, and a sudden pause. The fat old guy made with some mumbo jumbo and the white men were lifted onto the wooden crosses, struggling and straining against the black men.

Then they began their gruesome ritual. Ashford gagged. This was a thousand times worse than anything he could ever dream up. The men sat in a circle, and the drums beat out a jagged dance. The women leaped into the circle and danced - - - and Tommy hoped that he'd never see anything like it again this side of hell. The firelight flashed over the oiled bodies of the dancers, now catching a thigh, now a shoulder, picking out a copper ear-bob, now playing with the kinky hair that flew about the twitching bodies.

The fat one muttered and stirred a vile mess steaming over the fire, in all the best traditions of a jungle horror movie. The women danced until one by one they collapsed panting on the ground, breasts and bellies heaving.

The young bucks from time to time leaped to their feet and darted their spears at the quaking white men. And still they danced and screamed, and still higher shot the flames.

A priest ground his face in the dirt before the idol and then rose to his feet. Tommy could see the fat quivering on his ugly body as he poured a thick powder on the fire. Clouds of oily smoke rolled off, and this found its way up to Tommy, he could scarcely see the scene before him through watering eyes.

They dragged forward a wild boar, slit its' throat and caught the gushing blood in a dish. The priest cupped his hands into the blood and drank. It dribbled down his chin, onto his chest. Then he made several marks on the chests of the prisoners with blood. Tommy looked away for a second, he sensed what was to come.

Then they did things, things which he only half saw through the dense smoke. The screams of the two men filled his ears and he saw the rites through a red mist. They almost had finished them off, but not quite, dragging out the last bit of agony.

All the while the drum beat was in the background, seeming to tell the end of the prisoner's misery. The bubbling screams sobbed lower and lower, but the pounding volume of the drum grew louder

## Blues For Tommy

and louder, until Tommy thought his head would explode.

From the mouth of the idol poured a blackness. It was thick and sluggish, like a jelly, and little sparks seemed to dance in it. The blackness flowed as though it was alive, and swirled about the heads and chests of the white men, like it wanted to pull the last thread of life from the tortured limbs.

The pounding stopped abruptly. The fat one picked up a spear and shoved it again and again into the bodies. Blood splattered the drum and the drummer and then where the blood gushed, the black stuff was, and a curious lapping sound entered Tommy's outraged ears. The blood disappeared; blackness seemed to drink it as it flowed.

The drum hammered on again, hammered into Tommy's brain, hammered with blows of crushing sound. Ashford had seen too much. He half fell, half slid down the tree trunk. He must stop that pulsating horrible drum, he must stop the sounds that were starting to split his head in two.

He ran into the circle of swaying bodies. They still didn't sense him there. He scooped the tom-tom out of the hands of its player, taking no notice of his own astonished shouts of anger. Blindly he ran, and then he tripped, hitting his head on a tree root. The tom-tom rolled out of his hands, and he became mercifully unconscious.

And then Tommy awakened with a jolt. The night club drummer was poking him, saying something.

"Say, man, you is some drummer. You'se been hollerin' crazy like an' missin' beats fo' the last two, three minutes. G'home an' get yo'-self some shut-eye."

Tommy looked at the tom-tom between his knees. The symbols! They were making sense. He could make them out now - - - a grinning, squat idol, and two crosses. He threw the tom-tom on the floor, smashed it with his feet, and then lit a match to the pieces. In a few seconds all that was left was a handful of ashes. He knew what the stain on the head was now ---- dried human blood!

I thought Tommy had gone crazy. I saw him buy the tom-tom and knew he was fascinated by it. We finally got him calmed down, and I took him back to the flat for some sleep.

While I was undressing him, he poured out this story. What did I think? I passed it off as a case of the DT's - - - until I saw the big scratches. But how could he have fresh scratches all over his body, and insect bites in the middle of the winter?

Tommy Ashford never touched his sticks to a drum again, and he went on a pretty bad binge from this point on. Well, he wound up at home one night about a week later and started raving about this jungle episode. His family, who never really liked or understood him, managed to get him put away in a mental hospital. But that's all the information I was able to get out of them.

Some time later, through his family, I was informed Tommy had passed on.

So now when our group plays "Blues For Tommy" it has a special meaning to all of us who remember him. Oh, yes, the scratches were there, all right, and they were fresh. I remember that night, making a very close inspection, in fact I started one of them bleeding. But how could he be all scratched and bitten? I was with him when he said it all happened, and he was never out of my sight the whole evening!

That's the story, it happened a couple of months ago and telling it has made me kind of dry.

"Hey Mac! Another Scotch and Water over here!"

RG



# THE 2ND TUCKER FAN SURVEY

Also Published In  
The Latest Issue of GASP

This Survey Has Been  
Conducted and Arranged by

GERALD A. STEWARD

## Introduction by Bob Tucker

Some seven years ago I launched an exhaustive inquiry into fan-nish minds and fannish homes; the mailman staggered under the burden of delivering better than five hundred copies of a long questionnaire to every known fan in the world - - - or at least, to every known fan who could be located and contacted without the necessity of first submitting the questionnaire to a censor or warden. This survey asked several hundred questions about the fan, his life, loves and habits, and resulted in a wealth of information on what makes Joe Fann tick.

Today the survey has again been taken; a slightly modernized survey with a general circulation far in excess of that primitive five hundred a few years ago. Your co-operation has given us a comprehensive picture of this latter-day Joe Fann.

Is he essentially the same as yesterday? Does he still hope to marry a fanne or has he married her? What does he think of interplanetary flight now? Has his sex-ratio changed? Are there more drunkards? Are fanzines still as putrid as they once were? Have clubs improved or are they still muddling along? What can be the purpose of fandom today, as contrasted to yesterday?

And now let us switch over to Gerald Steward, who takes over from this point on:

## The Second Tucker Fan Survey

A little more than a year ago, I printed up 1800 copies of a questionnaire and had them distributed throughout Fandom via a variety of methods. During the six to eight months following, the questionnaires trickled in, quite rapidly at first, then slowing down to only a couple per week. Finally, none at all. Then came the hard part. Compiling all the answers and figuring out the percentages and averages. No easy job, let me assure you. And now, finally, we have it, the results of the Second Tucker Fan Survey.

The average age of Fandom is, surprisingly enough, somewhat higher than most people suspect. It is, in fact, 25.8 years. The reason for this high average is due to the existence of such ancient and active fans as Bob Tucker and Bob Bloch, and several not so active fans about the country. If you will look at the graph, you will see that there is a large number of fans between the ages of 16 and 19 years old. However, this is offset by the fact that the majority of the fans are over the 20 year mark. From other questions on the questionnaire, I have arrived at the conclusion that most of the really active fans are under 25.

Just out of curiosity, I broke some of the questions down into two groups, male and female, which is as nice a brace of groups as anyone could wish to have. - On the question of ages I have found that the female fans are older, on the average, than male fans. The figures are; Female 31.1 years; Male 24.3 years; the average of Fandom itself is 25.8 years.

When Bob took his original survey, seven years ago, he found four sexes. Male - Female - Mail and Yes. During the interim, two of these sexes have become extinct, for, disgusting as it may seem, I found only the obvious two.

Male Fandom has shrunk a little, in 1948 it represented 89% of all Fandom. In 1955 it represents only 80.9%. On the other hand, as might be expected, female Fandom has grown, 19.1% to date, as opposed to 11% seven years ago.

The question of Occupations is somewhat useless, and I suggest that any future survey conductor leave it out. All I found out was that rarely do two fans have the same occupation, while a lot of them are now posing as students.

The question of Other Hobby might also be omitted from future questionnaires as it doesn't prove a thing except that fans do not generally spend all their time on the one hobby of fanning.

This brings us to the second section of the survey, Habits and Possessions. Here again I broke the results down into Male and Female, and the first question proves that despite what you read in fanzines, all fans are not alcoholics. As a matter of fact, only 60.3% of the male fans drink intoxicating beverages, while the female percentage is slightly higher, 62.7%. For Fandom on the whole, the figure is 60.8%.

49.3% of the Male fans smoke, which surprised me, I would have thought that the figure would have been much higher. Of these, 28.3% smoke cigars, 83.9% smoke cigarettes, and 48.1% smoke pipes. Naturally there are a few who smoke two or three of these, at different times.

There are fewer Female smokers, only 45% of the fannes smoke, and everyone of them smoke cigarettes. Not one woman admitted to smoking a pipe or cigar. The figure for all of Fandom has 49.5% of Fandom addicted to the weed.

# AGE OF FANDOM

11		1.3%	
12			
13		1.9%	
14			4.6%
15		3.2%	
16			8.5%
17			7.8%
18			7.8%
19			7.2%
20			5.8%
21			5.2%
22		2.6%	
23			3.9%
24		2.6%	
25			4.6%
26			3.2%
27		2.6%	
28		2.6%	
29		1.3%	
30		1.3%	
31		1.9%	
32		1.3%	
33		1.3%	
34			2.6%
35		1.3%	
36			2.6%
37		1.9%	
38	.6%		
39		1.3%	
40		1.3%	
41	.6%		
42		1.9%	
43		1.3%	
44		1.9%	
45	.6%		
46			
47			
48			
49	.6%		
50		1.9%	
51			
52			
53	.6%		
54			
55			
56	.6%		
57			
58			
59			
60			

## The Second Tucker Fan Survey

On the question of Chewing, 40.1% of the masculine fans chew, 92.2% of these chew gum, 3.07% chew tobacco, and one fan chews rubber bands dipped in bourbon for flavoring. Percentagewise more female fans chew, 45.4% of them to be exact, and again, all chew gum, none chew tobacco. All told, 42% of Fandom chew.

Now we come to the question of Sex. Here I got all kinds of answers such as, "Onastically, to date," "No, neither would you if you worked in a VD lab," and the ever present, "Mind your own business". Anyway, the figures look like this, Male Fandom 67.8% do, Female Fandom 57.1% and on the whole 78.7% of Fandom indulge in some kind of sexual activity.

In question five, we find out what Fandom uses as a method of transportation, other than its feet. Here I found that 47.7% of Fandom own cars, 18.4% own bicycles, .995% own motorcycles, .497% own tractors, the same number own sailboats, rowboats and horses.

Almost every fan has a radio, 95.5% in fact.

73.7% own Record Players and 72.2% have record collections. Despite what some fans may think, all these collections are not jazz. It is just that the jazz fans make more noise. These collections give us the following figures. Jazz makes up 26.7% of them, classical or semi-classical music 47%, popular music constitutes 35.6% and there is 4.45% made up of western, folk, etc., music. Naturally some collections overlap.

Television has become much more predominant in Fandom since Bob took his survey. In 1948 only 1% of Fandom owned or had TV. Today, victims of advertising, 57.4% of Fandom have TV. At this rate, in 1962, every fan will have TV. Contagious isn't it? As Bob Bloch so wisely observed, it is the coming religion.

That ends the second section of the survey, the next concerns Marital Status, and we find that 24.7% of Fandom are married, 5.9% have divorced, 4.4% have divorced and remarried, and .995% have married more than twice. Single fans are in the majority, there being 65.8% of them. Of these single fans, 75% intend to marry.

45.5% of Fandom would like to, or have already married other fans. The major reason given for this was because of mutual interest. The big reason given for not wanting to marry a fan, or not really caring, was that being a fan was not what they were looking for in a mate.

On the question of dating I found that 78.1% of the unmarried fans date. 11.6% of these date regularly, 40.9% date irregularly, 33.2% play the field, 10.2% go steady, and .76% cheat, they are engaged but still date others.

Fandom is reasonably well educated, or rather, is in the process of becoming reasonably well educated. 18.3% of Fandom is still attending Public School, 55.6% of Fandom has completed High School, 15.9% have completed College and 13.8% of Fandom either attended or have completed a Post Collegiate School. 13.6% of Fandom is attending or has completed a Specialist School, and I might point out that this question is practically useless, being redundant. I imagine most fans answering confused Post Collegiate with Specialist School, and actually there isn't really much difference. 23.7% of Fandom has attended some other kind of school, these other kinds range from Reform to Military.

The question on Religion also surprised me. 42.3% of Fandom are Protestant, while only 8.8% are Catholic. I expected the Catholic percentage to be higher than the Protestant. 2.4% are Jewish, .49% are Mormon, 1.4% are Greek Orthodox, .49% are Non Sectarian, 3.9% are

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Indifferent, which is as good a religion as any, I guess, .49% are Buddhist, (I thought Hoy Ping Pong had left our ranks) the same percentage are Episcopalian and Universalist, while twice that many, .98% are Theosophical, and 1.4% are Humanist. All this came under the heading of "Others".

The irreligious, or non-religious, if you prefer, break up into two categories, 10.8% Atheist, and 24.6% Agnostic.

42.3% of Fandom attends Church, 57.1% do not, and .6% listen to church services on radio or TV.

We have now reached a part of the questionnaire which was impossible to break down into percentages; Favorite Pro-Mags. There was a very wide selection of "Favorites" here, of which only eleven are listed. The only way I can show preference is to list the number of votes each magazine received.

ASF - 78	IMAGINATION - 18	FATE - 3	OW - 3
F&SF - 42	BEYOND - 4	STARTLING - 3	AMAZING - 2
GSE - 40	IF - 4	FANTASTIC - 3	(others - 1 - each)

The Pro-Mag disliked the most: again a selection too wide to print in its entirety.

AMAZING - 22	SPACEWAYS - 8	ASF - 7	MYSTIC - 5
IMAGINATION - 16	ORBIT - 7	FANTASTIC - 6	F&SF - 4
PLANET - 13	OW - 7	COSMOS - 5	SCIENCE STORIES - 4

Why do you dislike it? Reasons given in answer to this question were generally because of cruddy material, or editorial policy. Some disliked a certain mag because they featured fantasy, and the seven votes garnered by Astounding were because it was too technical.

It is likewise impossible to find an average for the type of cover preferred by fans. Almost everyone who answered this question liked a different type of cover. Some liked sexy covers with nude women, some liked covers depicting men and machines, some want space scenes, some want other world scenes, some want the cover to illustrate a story in the zine, others don't. I would suggest that if anyone in the future decides to do a questionnaire like this, that they leave this little question out.

As near as I can figure, fans buy an average of 7.25% pro-mags and / or pocketbooks per month. Individual numbers range from one to forty.

Most fans buy either ASF, GSF, or F&SF, or any two or three of those. Still more buy those three and a few of the others. A few buy no pro-mags, but only pocketbooks.

Favorite Author, like favorite magazines, was impossible to put to percentages. Heinlein and Sturgeon lead the field, with Sturgeon having twice as many votes as the third place Bradbury. One thing that surprised me was that Bok, whom I have always thought of as an artist, received 5 votes as an author.

HEINLEIN - 49	VAN VOGT - 13	L S de CAMP - 8	BOK - 5
STURGEON - 38	AZIMOV - 10	E F RUSSELL - 7	
BRADBURY - 19	A C CLARKE - 9	KUTTNER - 5	

Favorite Artist proved to be a similar situation as the above. It

## The Second Tucker Fan Survey

is interesting to note that Finley is again on top. It seems that no matter what the poll, Finley comes out on top. He should collect his press clippings and demand higher rates.

FINLEY - 42	CARTIER - 25	HUNTER - 17	ORBAN - 2
BONESTELL - 31	EMSH - 22	VAN DONGEN - 4	SCHOMBERG - 2
FREAS - 29	BOK - 21	LAWRENCE - 4	

In the Favorite Fanzine category, you will note that the zines which received the most votes are also the zines which place high on the other "Top Ten Polls" which have been taken during the past year.

PSYCHOTIC - 40	PEON - 10	DEVIANT - 6	FANTASY TIMES - 3
HYPHEN - 16	CANFAN - 7	DESTINY - 5	CRY OF THE NAMELESS - 5 <sup>1</sup>
GRUE - 16	SKYHOOK - 6	SF ADVERT - 4	SINASTERRA - 4 <sup>1</sup>

(1) Cry Of The Nameless and Sinasterra received their votes from members of the club that publishes them. I have therefore disqualified these two fanzines for "padding the ballot box". Canfan for example, received seven votes from out of town. It would have been moved to second place by "padding the box" with ten votes from local fen. This listing proves very little, since the questionnaires were distributed in both the first place Psychotic and the fifth place Canfan. Four of Canfan's seven votes came from fen who admitted having never seen another zine.

Answers to the most disliked fanzine were very diverse, so much so that you can't point your finger at any one and say, "your it".

STAR ROCKETS - 9	CARRZINES - 4	TNFF - 3	FEMZINE - 2 <sup>2</sup>
BREVIZINE - 8	DIMENSIONS - 4	ABSTRACT - 3	INCINERATIONS - 7 <sup>3</sup>
A LA SPACE - 5	CANFAN - 3	THURBAN I - 2	

(2) Not to be confused with Joan Carr's FEMIZINE

(3) Again, padding by one club

The reasons given for disliking these magazines were cruddy material, most fan fiction, badly written material, lousy layout, illegible reproduction, idiotic editors and editorial attitudes, fuggheadedness, etc., etc.

We now arrive at one of the largest divisions of the questionnaire, Fan Activities, and we find that 78% of Fandom corresponds, while Joe Fann writes to from 1 to 200 fans, with the average being about 20. 55% of Fandom writes material for fanzines, and knowing this, I wonder what happens to it all. Everyone seems to be short of material. 27.5% of Fandom considers themselves artists and do artwork for fanzines, while 62% have had material published in fanzines. Only 39.5% of Fandom write letters to the pro-mags, and an even smaller percentage publish fanzines, 34.5% to be precise.

The answers to the next question shocked me. 8.5% of Fandomonia have hektographs, but the surprise is, only 6% have dittographmachines. The only answer I can think of for this small figure is that most of the Ditto owning and / or operating fans didn't answer the questionnaires. 35% of Fandom have mimeographs, and 2.5% are very fortunate, they have multiliths. 4% have printing presses of some kind, size and description. Meanwhile, 13% of Fandom published a fanzine in the past but are not doing so at present. This figure would almost lead one to

believe that when fans give up publishing, they give up Fandom in toto.

According to the answers given to the next question, there have been 292 different names used on fanzines. I would imagine this to be a conservative number.

27.5% of Fandom plan to publish a fanzine so all is not lost, we may get a few good fanzines if all these people carry out their plans. 2% of Fandom are under delusions of grandeur, they expect to make a profit out of fan publishing, and 71% of the fan editors send their zines to the pros to be reviewed. The answers given for not sending their mags to the pros for reviewing was that they were not interested in getting more subscriptions. Some didn't like the way the zines were reviewed. On the other hand most of the fans who do send their zines to be reviewed, send them to Mari Wolf's column in Imagination. Rog Phillips' Universe/OW column follows a close second with Madle and De Soto running far behind.

What does Fandom think of fanzines on the average? I got a wide diversion of answers here, ranging from "sheer crud" and "90% crud" to "Excellent" and the enevitable "good training for potential pros".

A lot of fans belong to fan clubs, 70% of them in fact, 46% belong to local clubs, which would seem to indicate that there are a lot of local clubs around the country. Regional clubs are either very few or have small memberships as only 6.5% of Fandom belong to them. 23.5% have joined national clubs and 21% are members of one of the many apas. 30% of the fans belonging to non-local clubs have held office, and 24.4% hold an office at present. 32.1% think the club could be improved and 60% think the club is worthwhile. On the local club score, 35% have held office and 23.5% hold an office at present. The same percentage, 32.1% think the local club could be improved and 65% of them think it is worthwhile. Only slightly more than half, 50.7% attend local club meetings regularly.

And now the last division, Miscellaneous, and how many active fans do you think there are? The estimated numbers haven't improved any since Tucker took his survey. Estimates were very wide, ranging from 100 to 1½ million. I suspect that a lot of fen were thinking of readers, rather than active fans. According to my definition, a reader must indulge in the simplest form of fan activity to be considered an active fan, namely letter-hacking, either writing letters to the pros or corresponding with another fan. The average estimate was from 350 to 500. I personally think there are from 200 to 250 "Active Fans".

74% of Fandom think that Fandom has a purpose. Some fans didn't know what that purpose might be, but most felt that it was a place where people with mutual interests could get together via letters, fanzines, conventions, etc., and that it offered them a medium of self-expression. 98% of Fandom have libraries and the number of hardbound books in these libraries ranged from 1 to 3000, the number occurring most often was 250. The percentage of these libraries that are science-fantasy varies from 2% to 100% with the average being about 75%, so fans don't collect SF only. A great majority of the fans have read 90 to 100% of their books.

The science in which most fans are interested is still Astronomy, as it was when Bob took his survey. Also as on the '48 survey, psychology followed a close second, with Archeology hard on its heels.

Fans who travel about the country shouldn't have much trouble free-loading since 88% of Fandom will allow you to visit their homes, and once you're inside you just wait around until they invite you to

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supper.

98% of Fandom think man will eventually conquer space. A few fans think this will happen within the next five years, and a few don't think it will happen until after the turn of the century, however most fans feel that it will happen sometime between 1970 and 1975. I think that the recent announcement that the U. S. will attempt to put up a space station would bring this estimate down somewhat, and the fans who guessed 1960 to 1965 may be a little more correct in their guesses.

Fans evidently like to think of themselves as being smarter than the average citizen. At least 70% of Fandom feels this way. Furthermore, 48.5% of Fandom thinks that fans have an inferiority complex. A lot of fans remarked that "some do, some don't" which is a pretty general answer. In reply to this question I received one very interesting communique from an L. W. Carpenter, DDS., and I quote the following excerpts from this letter:

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I have a good friend who is a psychiatrist in charge of personality testing at one of the biggest and best Medical-University Centers in the world and the best in the Southern USA. She (a psychiatrist) has thirty full time psychologists under her supervision.....You will be interested to know that habitual readers of STF possess IQ's of 120 or better. There is, however, a catch. STF readers, as a whole, are grouped on the schizoid side of the ledger, and need the vicarious release offered by STF and allied literatures. In other words, my friend, you and I and the fellows of our stripe are just a bit more neurotic than the bulk of mankind. I've never had a "nervous breakdown"; nor, I am sure, have you, but the possibility exists, whether we like it or not. ....Let me make one thing clear. I am not saying that anyone who reads STF is emotionally unstable. What I am saying is that STF attracts people of a certain emotional makeup, people who are so constructed psychologically that they choose the medium of STF and fantasy for release, instead of the method chosen by others. This groups them.....

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The last two questions showed that 61% of Fandom has attended at least one convention and almost unanimously, fans feel that conventions are a hell of a lot of fun.

In closing I'd like to give a little advice to future survey conductors. As I said earlier in this article, the questions about Occupations and other Hobbies are almost useless and could be left out of future questionnaires without any loss being felt. If you have the guts, and can get around the post office regulations, you might delve a little deeper into the sexual activities of Fandom. Someone might devote a whole survey to this, doing a Kinsey report on Fandom. Probably the most important piece of advice that I can give is that you do not print 1800 questionnaires as I did. This is far too many, there aren't that many fans, one third, about 600, would cover Fandom amply.

So now we'll let things die for another five or six years. 1970  
would be a good time for the Third Tucker Fan Survey. GAS

MY HANDS

My hands, once strong and straight  
My hands, mutilated and rejected  
Laid brick upon brick, girder upon girder  
High into the sky.  
With these now awkward and trembling hands  
I laid cables, over river and mountain  
I laid rails and wires that circle the land.  
My hands welded, molded and kneaded  
My hands seeded and plowed  
My hands picked cotton and corn  
With my hands, I tore from the earth  
Coal, copper, silver and gold.  
With my hands, I plied the needle day and night.  
Faster, faster, faster and faster  
My hands were driven.  
They were good hands, skilled and agile hands,  
They were wanted at the market of hands.  
Small hands, big hands,  
Fine hands, calloused hands,  
White hands and black hands,  
All powerful hands.  
All hands for sale,  
There I sold my two hands.  
Now my hands are refused,  
No more market for my hands.

Henri Percikow

*William D. Grant*

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