

CENSORED

FALL '48

HURTER

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DINER

15¢



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Bert Jones

Tim Buck 

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P O E T R Y

All sorts of filler.....you find it yourself.....

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THE EDITOR'S BLURB

Well at last volume 2 number 1 of CENSORED is out after a publishing hiatus of some 6 years. Unfortunately those patient subscribers to CENSORED who sent in their subscriptions 6 years ago will not have the satisfaction of at last getting an issue. The list of subscribers was filed in the waste-paper basket and the money spent on beer years ago.

CENSORED in its resurrected form is a joint ownership effort, about half the publication being supplied by the McGill/Montreal Science Fiction Society and half by the editor, for which reason he is the editor and is permitted to annoy the dear reader with an editorial column.

This issue was run off on a Multilith and is the first experience we have had with this process. Bert Joss, however, now has the reproduction down to a fine mechanical art, and we can promise first class professional "printing" in the future. Frankly, we feel that the Multilith process is superior to all other means of duplication available to the average? pocketbook.

Particular credit for the production of this issue should accrue (quibblers permitting) to Bert Joss for dummyming and reproducing most of the issue, and to Thomas Buck and his infidel brother for turning out the covers (we hope). Credit of some sort should also accrue to Moe Diner for his interesting dissertations on anything while the rest of us were sweating out the issue.

On the matter of policy, CENSORED will follow its former bent, which we will explain for the benefit of those younger fen who were still in knee-britches when the previous issue appeared. The editorial policy is this. We will print stories, poetry, tripe, cartoons, and articles, preferably by Canadian fen. In other words we will print almost any damn thing we can lay our hands on which won't cost us money. We will

print no articles maliciously attacking certain fen or editors. We will accept no material submitted in longhand unless accompanied by translation fees. Those wishing to submit cartoons or illustrations should write to the editor for a Multilith stencil sheet and special pencil (and we damn well want the pencil back!)

Having disposed of matters pertaining to CENSORED, let us turn to other subjects (but not Russian).

The Torcon, by now has been written up so completely and so assiduously that it seems rather futile to mention it here. But (no one but Catherine Mansfield should start a sentence with but) it seems to be standard editorial practice to rave and froth about the Torcon, so let us not depart from such precedents.

The Torcon, I found, was lots of fun and the Montreal group, with the possible exception of a quibbler or two, feel that it was a pretty good show. Beak Taylor and Ned McKeown are to be highly complimented for organizing and running the show. By the way, Ned, the Breck original looks mighty swell framed. If you ever come down to Montreal, I'll let you have a look at it-- for a small fee, of course. Unfortunately ye editor had to leave the Torcon a trifle early and missed some of the proceedings. The flight back to Montreal by plane (I say plane so that people won't think the word flight implies that I was pursued by creditors) was most interesting. We ran into a helluva storm which battered us all over the place. I had to hold a lady's hand most of the way. Unfortunately she was 60, and it was her first trip.

Well, I suppose I had better come out with the big news as far as I'm concerned anyway. I have just decided to get married and run off with the typesetter of this issue. So long!

Frank Diner

PEERLESS POGO

Thomas A. Bauer

From: Mrs. George O'Hara,
Montreal, Aug. 18th., 1983.

Dear Mable,

I am writing in a specially good mood today, as George at last has consented to buy a new Robot. I mentioned already in my last letter, that our present one (model 1-79) was getting old. Apart from the fact that many modern conveniences are missing on him, his parts are run down, and we have to get the mechanic nearly every week to repair him. He is also forgetful, and, his calculating ability has decreased so much, that he brings home wrong change from the market oftener and oftener.

The new model which we are going to buy is not on the general market yet. George is getting him cheaply (\$2,000), it is a kind of test case. He is supposed to be terrific. Just think how envious Mrs. Mulligan will be, when she hears we have the newest model in town, no, in the whole country. George got the immigration permit already and we are awaiting his arrival. . . .

Your loving Eileen.

From: Robot Mfg. Co.,
Ottawa, Ontario.
Aug. 19th., 1983.

To: Mr. G. O'Hara,
Montreal
Dear Sir,

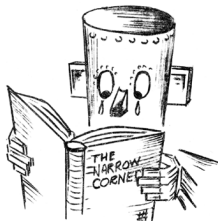
In accordance with our previous correspondence, we have shipped to you today, a model of our new Super-Robot, SRK-83. Description and directions for use are herewith appended.

Model: SRK-83, Serial no. 000001.

Name: Pogo

Maintenance: 3 drops of oil monthly in the indicated hole, a new super"6" battery, whenever the indicator shows "low"

Pogo will retain commands for a full week, as against two days in our previous models. He has an automatic vacuum cleaner built in. He is absolute-



ly shock and waterproof. He speaks, reads and writes English, French and German (the latter \$14.50 extra). He can do arithmetic up to nine figures. Algebra up to matriculation standing. Great care has been taken to insure tactfulness and sensitivity and harsh words should never be used. The model Pogo (SRK-83/000001), is herewith fully guaranteed against any fault in workmanship.

Yours faithfully,
I. D. Iot,
Director.

From: George O'Hara,
Montreal.
Sept. 18th., 1983.

Dear Herbert

Thanks for your letter of Aug. 23rd our new Robot is coming along fine. He is really the latest development of modern science and we are extremely pleased with his performance. He keeps our apartment spotlessly clean, and when he goes shopping he chooses, he doesn't just buy, the first thing of what he sees, like our old one, for whom we only received \$25.68 in exchange. Everyone is envious because of him.

Best regards,
Your George.

From: Mrs. G. O'Hara
Montreal
Oct. 24th, 1983

Dear Mabel,

In spite of our Pogo's marvelous performance, I am beginning to get a bit worried. Last week he saved a girl's life by pushing her from under a falling stone in the street. The stone, which weighed at least a cwt. hit him, but nothing can hurt him, as his interior is absolutely shockproof, and nothing can penetrate his duraluminum skin. He went to see the girl the next day (she was recovering from the shock), and since then he went to see her every day.

We did not know about this, until the girl's parents phoned us about it, and so we had to talk to him and explain to him, and his place was not beside, but beneath, a human being. He was grieved of course, but finally he understood, that a robot was not fit company for regular citizens. Already before that he had been using our library, against which we had no objection, as he read only after his work was done. But since the day of the accident, there has been a marked change in his literature. While before he was reading old classics like Stephen Leacock, Anstole France, Mark Twain and Christian Morgenstern, he has now shifted to Somerset Maugham, Knut Hamsun, Hemingway, Kathleen Norris, and de Maupassant.

When we came home yesterday he was reading "The Narrow Corner" and two oil-drops were running from his photocells. As he is indestructable this should not worry us, but he is so awfully clever.

Your Eileen.

From: R.C.M.P., Montreal,
Oct. 31st., 1983.

Mr. G. O'Hara,
Montreal,
Dear Sir,

Yesterday, at 6.35 p.m., a robot by the name of Pogo (SRK-83/000001) and registered as belonging to you, broke into a Dance Hall, strictly reserved for human beings, and forced a girl to dance with him, after knocking out her escort. This is a crime for which internment is the appropriate penalty. However, we understand that there are extenuating

circumstances, besides this is a first offence. The offender was severely reprimanded, and given to understand that if he again participated in any activities reserved for citizens, without the proper permits, he would be interned, or even deported back to the factory. A fine of \$100.18 is payable before the prisoner will be released from his detention. He shall, in future, report to this Office as well as the Immigration Department once a month.

Respectfully yours,
M. A. Bigle,
Inspector.

From: George O'Hara,
Montreal.
Nov. 12th., 1983.

To: Robot Mfg. Co.,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Sir,

After the incident of Oct. 30th of this year, Pogo (SRK-83/000001) (has taken another turn for the worse. His literature is now composed entirely of stuff like Goethe's "Werther", Salsworthy's "Apple Tree", etc. I am afraid that he contemplates suicide, and I do not wish to be involved in such an affair.

Yours faithfully,
George O'Hara.

From: Robot Mfg. Co.,
Ottawa, Ontario.
Nov. 26th., 1983.

Mr. G. O'Hara,
Montreal.
Dear Sir,

We wish to express our apologies for the regrettable incident which befell Pogo (SRK-83/000001). Your fears about his committing suicide are entirely unnecessary as he is built completely indestructable. His duraluminum shell is impenetrable, his mechanism shock, water, rust and fire-proof. There is absolutely no way in which he could bring about his end.

Yours faithfully,

I. D. lot,
Director.

From: High School of Montreal,
December 9th., 1983.

To: Mr. George O'Hara,
Montreal.
Dear Sir,

With reference to the unfortunate incident which happened yesterday on the premises of this school, we have made the minutest inquiries, and we have come to the conclusion that our boys are to be completely absolved from any blame. It has further been ascertained that none of our boys took possession of any money, which led to the conclusion that the amount in question had already been spent by the party before arrival at the school. Enquiries to this effect showed that screwdrivers, pliers and wrenches for the said amount had been purchased

at the time in question in a nearby hardware store. It has also been ascertained beyond doubt, that it was Pogo (SRK-83/000001) who purchased the tools and approached a group of our boys with the words: "Boys, there is something wrong with me, won't you have a look?" and that a master, who passed the spot not long afterwards, found a number of boys selling a heap of scrapmetal to a second hand dealer. Upon investigation the master discovered, that this was the remains of Pogo (SRK-83/000001). He thereupon took the money obtained (\$4.89) a check for which amount is enclosed in this letter.

Yours faithfully,
T. R. Ibble,
Rector.

-(THE END)-

Censored Reviews The New Yorker's Sciencefiction Book Reviews

Ever prone to tilt at windmills, CENSORED takes great delight in lambasting one of our rivals. (If the New Yorker, with its piddling little circulation can blast such titans as the Reader's Digest, we see no reason why CENSORED with its evanescent distribution cannot upbraid a hick-town sheet like the New Yorker.

From the issue of March 27, 1948:

The World of A. Interplanetary skullduggery in the year 2650. A fellow named Gilbert Gosseyn finds that there is a superplot afoot to overthrow the Galactic League, which keeps peace among the planets. Gosseyn is bumped off, comes to life again, falls in love with a Miss Patricia Hardie, traipses around in space ships, and has a pretty startling time of it before he gets to the root of things. Fine for addicts of science fiction, but hardly likely to convert the rest of the public to it.

Well!!! While we don't claim that World is anything more than a first-rate adventure story, it is hardly the juvenile thriller-diller that the New Yorker's review implies it to be. The chief point of the story, that of the A philosophy, is completely ignored, and the attitude seems to be that it's suitable for low-grade morons, children, and S-F fans. We doubt very much that Van Vogt had any intention of converting people to sciencefiction with the yarn - there are lots of S-F primers on the market in the form of early sciencefiction classics which would serve that purpose much better. A hearty slap on the wrist to you, New Yorker.

From the issue of April 24, 1948:

A Treasury of Science Fiction
Another thumping big anthology, comprising the sort of pulp-magazine fiction that is currently being widely spoken of as likely to supplant the traditional murder story. Among the better items are H. F. Heard's well-known and truly

(An extract from Vol. LXV (Chemistry) of a new Encyclopedia)

By Leonard R. Ashley, M. A. (Oxon), Ph.D. (Chicago), F.O.B. (Detroit)

Chap. XIII (1)

IONS, ATOMS, AND OTHER ITEMS

1. Abnormalities:

Acids, Bases, and salts are abnormal.

When acids are added to water the result is depressing. Oxonium ions are formed (2).

When bases are added to water the result is elevating (3) (due probably to the presence of $Al(COOH)O_1$).

When a salt is added to water the result is uninteresting.

Michael Faraday had a theory (based on Gay Le Sack's law for Fluorine, Chlorine, Borodin, and Ionegen) that it had something to do with teeth (4). Apart from this he made several important contributions to Science (5).

II. Ionization

Ions were invented by R. Heinious, a Swedish chemist, in 1877. He obtained them by dissolving electric lights in water and dissociating himself from the whole thing.

The degree (6) of ionization de-

pends on the amount of dissociation. Concentration also helps.

Ions are two kinds (7). Some are negatively charged and others are absolutely positively charged.

When the electric light dissolves in water (8) the positive terminal (called an ode) attracts the negative ions (called andions) and the negative terminal (called a cat ode) (9) attracts the affirmative ions (called cat ions).

Ions are in dynamic equilibrium, which means that any ion is equal to any other ion and any two ions together are equal to anything.

III. Application of R. Heinious' Ionic Theory:

1. Freezing points (Fahrenheit's law), Boiling points (Boil's law), and other depressing abnormalities.

2. Conductivity and Electric Trolleys.

3. Batteries.

4. Etc. (10).

IV. The Several Kinds of Ions

1. Pig ions (made from ion sowphate (11))

1. The other twelve Chaps are not to be confused with the twelve Apostles (or Epistles).

2. So called because they were invented at Oxford (by Emily Bronsted).

3. Bases are not to be confused with base metals (potassium, calcium, nasturtium, etc.). Fiend-oeppithalium indicates the elevation by a rose tint.

4. Molars.

5. Cf. his biography Long Ago and Faraday, in which it is claimed he was much greater than any other scientist-- in fact, one Faraday (it insists) is equal to 96,400 Coulombs.

6. Centigrade.

7. The third kind is "atoms".

8. The speed of which is determined by the wattage.

9. For an example of a cat ode, see Thomas Grey (1716-1771) --the inventor of the Cosmic Gray, named in his honour-- and his "Ode on a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Goldfish". This same situation also furnished Gray with the idea which led to the invention of the supercaturated solution. Gray was also a biologist and did valuable research on the subject of allergy in the country churchyards.

10. Etc.

11. By the Neils Boar method. It may also be extracted from lead ore by the Porkes method.

2. Ion pirates (so called after Roger F. Bacon (12), usually called "Jolly Roger").

3. Cast ions (made in molds).

4. Rot ions (also from molds).

5. Galvanized ions (by - products from the Galvinometre (13) industry).

V. Chemical and Physical Properties of Ions

The most important property of ions is their increased activity at higher temperatures. This is why the Bessemer-von Gluck (14) method for superphosphated lampblack depends on Daguerre's (15) Hypothesis: "Strike while the ion is hot".

Ions should not be allowed to come in contact with the person because of their deleterious physiological effects. (16)

VI. The Disadvantages of Ions.

The best ions are manufactured by the Frasch process, but the cost makes this method prohibitive. However, as far as quality is concerned, the Frasch process cannot be equalled (17).

Lastly we shall consider the property of ions which prevents them from being used more extensively in commerce. (and especially in the ion and steel industry (18)).

Quite frankly, ions, because of their geometric form, make steel of very inferior quality. Of this, the great American scientist, Sir Richard Lovelace

(1618-1658) observed:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor ion bars a cage." (19)

12. Founder of "scientific Methodism (with Mrs. Eddie).

13. Named after Galileo da Vinci, the inventor.

14. Thesetwo chemists were also musicians of note,-- Bessemer composing the famous Bessemer Mucho, and von Gluck being the composer of several operas, as well as such popular songs as I took von Gluck at You.

15. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas Daguerre!"

16. This is discussed in the Bible when, in Proverbs XXIII, 17, the pathological effects on a victim of this serious malady describe what occurs when "the ion enters into his soul".

17. "There is no ion like a nice Frasch ion" -- Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

18. Although and ions, curling ions, electric ions, golf ions, etc., are widely used; and atoms (ions without the electric charge, and thus cheaper) are coming into their own in the manufacture of atomizers, bombs, etc.

19. Cf. the Nelson cell.

(The End)

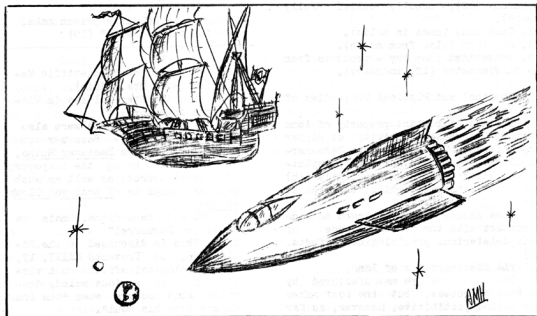
Continued from page.5

hair raising piece "The Great Fog" and William Tenn's "Child's Play", the latter notable chiefly because it's quite funny, a rare quality in this field. Otherwise, the contents are almost indistinguishable from those of "The Best of Science Fiction", the predecessor to this volume, even though the stories are, or course, different ones."

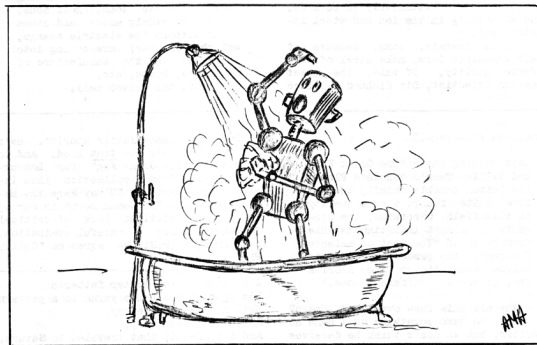
Why all this fuss over H. F. Heard? He seems to have something of a name as a writer, but we don't think he deserves

it for his sciencefiction stories. He's not bad, but he's not that good. And to single out "The Great Fog" for honourable mention from a collection that includes such yarns as "Mimsy Were the Borogroves" and "No Woman Born" in our opinion shows distinct lack of critical judgement. Not a careful evaluation, gentlemen. (P.S. We agree on "Child's Play"!)

A sciencefiction writer fatter'n Les Crouch, wrote his yarns to a pattern He'd mix in some vinery, Scientific machinery, And a spaceship that traveled to Saturn.



"Space Pirates"



"Singing in the Bathtub.....Living the Life of Life Buoy"



Special Agent EXS-50, known as Garrulous Garth to the trembling members of the asteroid underworld, flicked the knife switch on the communicator bash board of his one man rocket.



Some stories are forgotten as soon as they are printed (thank God). Others just bore the reader. Because "Special Agent EXS - 50" has bored readers to death, it has been nominated for the Scientifixtion Hall of Shame, and is reprinted here.

In each issue (ohhh the horrible thought) we will honour one of the worst fantasy pot-boilers of all time as selected by our reader (1) (we would do anything for our reader).

We hope in this way to bring a new permanence to the sciencefiction stinkers of yesteryears which really should be forgotten, and thus to perform a real disservice to the stf-fiction maniacs of today and tomorrow.

Nominate your own favourites! Lana Turner, Betty Grable etc. Send a letter or your favourite to The Editor CENSORED 79 Hudson Ave., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q., Canada. All suggestions as what to do with your favourites absolutely unnecessary and unwelcome.

"Come in Earth," he said into the loudspeaker.

For a few minutes there was some confusion as the spaceship adjusted itself to the entry of the terrestrial sphere, but in a moment Special Agent EXS-50 known as Garrulous Garth to the trembling members of the asteroid underworld was in contact with his superior, EXS-50 $\frac{1}{2}$, a dour Scotsman, characterized by the vacant eyes and head so typical of those who have spent their life in space.

"What do you want?" said EXS-50 $\frac{1}{2}$, a dour Scotsman characterized by the vacant eyes and head so typical of those have spent their life in space.

"A cigarette," said Special Agent EXS - 50 known as Garrulous Garth to the trembling members of the asteroid underworld. "And then I should like to know what is to be done about the Martian guppies who are starting to raise Cain again."

We can't permit that," said EXS-50 $\frac{1}{2}$ shifting his vacant eyes to the other side of his vacant head. "Can't have people raising the dead - the housing shortage is bad enough as it is. You must contact our Special Agent SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$ on Mars immediately."

"Q.X.A.B.C.D.O.K.," said Special Agent EXS-50 known as Garrulous Garth.

In a moment he unshipped the Earth and was burning up the ether on his way to Mars.

Two hours later he sat the ship down in an unknown part of Mars. Then SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$ reared its ugly head, for ugly indeed are female guppies.

Special Agent EXS-50, known as G.G., looked at her for a moment, then glanced away, ricocheted off a bulkhead and fell flat on his parachute.

"I have some information for you," lisped Special Agent SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$ to Special Agent EXS-50 (G.G.). "The guppies are going to raise Cain if they are Able to."

"You're not kidding!" said Special Agent EXS-50 in surprise. (He spoke many languages.)

"Certainly not right here, and besides the last time was only two months ago," said Special Agent SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$.

"Let us put aside the question of your offspring for the moment! What must we do to overcome this menace? I know! We'll use my spaceship for a sanctuary!"

"Oh, sanctuary much," lisped Special Agent SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$, for all female Martian guppies are incurable punsters. "But I'm afraid it's too late. Listen to those xylophones." (Martian guppies always use xylophones instead of drums.)

"What about them?" said Garrulous Garth. "They've been throbbing in my ears ever since I landed."

"I know," said Special Agent SEX-50 $\frac{3}{4}$ "but the xylophoner just performed a forty-seventh paradiddle, and you know what that means. I'm afraid we're in for it!"

"Good! I'd rather be in for it than out for it any day," leered Special Agent EXS-50.

A torrent of yells splashed through the atmosphere. Suddenly, over a nearby hill, a horde of ferocious guppies charged (\$3.00) to the ferocious strains of their ferocious battle hymn, "Buy Beer, Miss Duchesne." It was all pretty ferocious.

"Good, there are only 2,743 of them!" said G.G., rapidly counting their legs and dividing by nineteen. "My barometers hold 1500 atompellets apiece. That means I'll have 357 shots left." (G.G. was weak in arithmetic.) He stepped out of the spaceship, a barometer in each gnarled nerveless glist. "Now we

will see wha hopen," said he.

Soon he was trading shots with the frantic guppies, and having that typical Yankee trader instinct he managed to swap one of his shots for three of theirs.

Thus for some time Garrulous Garth was making a profitable deal, but then his keen eye spotted a super-doooper high velocity slug coming towards him. Too late to duck, he thought, guess I'll have to fall back on my aaa - secret weapon.

"I'll fool you yet!" he shouted, as he felt the superhigh velocity bullet boring inch by inch through his double brain. (Not that he was thick-headed, you understand.)

Suddenly his mind went blank(er):

Too bad. His initials were G.G., but he wasn't Gilbert Gosseyn. No second body.

(The End)

E A C H D A Y

Each day is an endless monotony;
A passage of mundane events,
Down which each man must walk alone
Towards a futile end.

Each day star-checked by meshing gears
Charting the course of time,
Is metered dullness spreading through
The web of all mankind.

Each day mind-damping in duration,
Slaying both spirit and hope;
An infinite greyness binding all
In its enveloping cloak.

Fred Hurter



THOUGHTS?

while shaving #

((CENSORED herewith presents the full and censored Grouch contribution. It is presented, not in the spirit of vulgar titillation, but soberly, as a literary milestone - a milestone marking the degeneration of a once-fine mind.))

"Singing in th' shower-- singin' for joy-- singin' the Lifebuoy way--"

For some weeks now Hurter and Moe have been yowling for a column. Moe has been trying to tickle my massive ego by saying such things as "CENSORED won't be censored if we don't have you in it, Les ol' boy ol' boy ol' et cetera..."

What the devil am I going to put in this column? Taylor has As I See It and sometimes I don't.

Macabre gets Hodge Podge and a Dickens of a podge it is, too.

So now I got to think up something different for Thoughts While Shaving. Joker is I don't think while shaving unless I have cut myself and then I have mental meanderings that are torrid, to say the least.

Trouble is I don't think while shaving. I have been doing it for so many years now that the daily ritual has become something of an automatic reaction engendered by the sight of a lathery face a la Santa Claus and a wicked blade in my mitt. ((Hope you don't get lather on your throat, Les.))

Hoh hum. Got to whip up some crap some way I suppose. I wonder how many stingy fans know that by honing a safety razor blade on the inside of a smooth tumbler you can increase the shaving life of a decent blade by about 100%? ((We wonder how many fans shave.))

Appropos of doo ah ditty, which isn't the term a friend uses, but which cannot be used here, I wonder sometimes what the average age of most of the male fan is. Maybe they are still in the "Wipe me, Mommy, I yam dirty!" stage instead of having a curly hair on their chin.

Moe Diner talks now and then about syntax. Only syntax I know is the wages of death is life--- or is it the other way around?

Anyway, Moe living in Montreal as he does, ought to know about syntax. At the establishment which he visits most frequently, he has to pay a syntax --heh,heh,heh. . .

Talking about puns--- how about a story in which some bird was always being yelled at because he was something of a dope. Teacher asked him where his brains were. So on. You know the kind. Then one day he fell and basted his noggin. They took him to a hospital and drilled a hole in his cranium preparatory to lifting the section of skull. Hah-- what did they find? Everybody was right. No brains!

Fans are always beefing about nothing fantastic happening to them. They bemoan the fact that their lives are humdrum and egg-shaped. I wonder if they just haven't the seeing eye when it comes to observing the screwy things that happen every day.

Like the girl that slaps your face if you tell her a naughty story and kisses the other guy if he tells her a

twice as dirty one?

You know-- this TWS is a lousy column. ((We know!)) Think I'll scrap it. Oh hell-- Moe wants it so Moe'll get it and then if it doesn't meet with his approval he can chuck it down the toilet.

But back to fantastic happenings in everyday life. Here's something to try. Can you throw your optics out of focus? Yes, relax the muscles so completely that everything becomes blurry, distorted. Then stare at some object fixedly. Watch it flow and ebb and distort. Watch it change before your eyes into monstrous forms. Crazy am I? Don't give a damn if I am, and maybe it takes some imagination to do it, but try it yourself.

That's a laugh. Fen wanting to know if they are slans. ((Slans?)) What is a slan, I wonder. Does Van Vogt know himself or did he just think up that swell word for that swell story of the same name? What do you have to be to be a slan? A double-barrelled double-jointed genius all down the line? Fen are hogfish. They want to be all or nothing at all. Every man is a slan in some small way. In some minor manner every man and woman of us is a little genius. Some become geniuses in a large way. Some have photographic memories. Others can master foreign languages like nobody's business. Some can recall names by the bushel load. But how about the average gink down the street? Or the gook he goes with?

Maybe a slan is just a Joe who found out how to use what brains he was given a little better than someone else. Or maybe he finds out how to use a millionth of a percent more. I don't know. But what about the guy who becomes so proficient in his job that he can read equations or formulae at a speed no one can touch?

Look you. Take me, for example-- ((Oh! no!)) I have an average memory. It's lousier than some in many ways but in one way it's damn good. I can walk in to any store or library or newsstand and take down a book on radio circuits or receivers. I can look for a few minutes at any circuit therein, and then go home and within the next few hours I can redraw that entire circuit, complete

with all circuit values, and do it right every time. Trained memory? Trained brain? Sure, that's one word for it. But maybe I just use a little bit of my memory cells that others don't use, huh? Maybe I'm a slan when it comes to electronics?

But some guys want to be A Number 1 all round, do or die slan who is 100% genius in every line. They aren't happy to develop the one talent they have and become better than average at that. They want the whole bloody works. Even if they go nuts trying to be a boatload of geniuses, they will try it.

Oh well. Maybe I have stepped on enough toes now to quit.

But the lather is cold. Got to paste some more on that ugly kisser I see in the mirror there. Wonder what I'd do-- or you'd do-- if one of these mornings the face that appeared as you shaved wasn't your own?

Or suppose you woke up in the chill of the night and put your hand over to touch the missus-- if you're married that is--- if you're not then ANY missus if you go for that sort of stuff-- and instead of touching her smooth satiny hide you found something formless, hairy that rolled over and gobbled you up with monstrously horrid smacking sounds. . . . ? ? ?

Paste the catsup, Sam, this joint a la homo sapiens is sort of salty. . . .

What's that, Sam? I don't give a hoot if it was a sailor---I still like catsup on my joints. . . .

Reminds me of the story of the flapper who told her boyfriend she was going to show him a spicy joint that night. How was he to know she spilled sauce on her thigh?

Good bye for now, little goons. I'll shave you again next issue if Moe and Hurter like this sort of slush. . .

The End

((Frankly we don't. One Shaver is bad enough. If you write such a censored- censored- censored- column again, you shall be nailed to a stump censored- censored- and pushed over backwards.-Moe and Fred ye Ed.))

THE GREAT CHEMICAL MYSTERY

by Samuel
Trenchard



Of all the problems of chemistry which have not yet been solved, the greatest is that of the building of proteins. No protein has ever been analysed to the full. And, of course, none having been analysed, none has been synthesized.

Proteins are the great stuff of life. Of the three main classes of compounds found in the living body---carbohydrates, fats, and proteins---the first two serve chiefly as a source of calories, fuel for the furnace. But the proteins are the stuff of which the furnace is made.

In animals proteins are the chief constituents of the tissues. Out of them are built the muscles, the glands, the lungs, the kidneys, and almost all of the other vital organs. The vast army of enzymes, those delicate catalysts which control and maintain the infinity of subtle processes that constitute the functioning of the living organism---these, too, are proteins.

Plants employ carbohydrates to a greater extent than animals. Instead of using proteins to forge the connective and structural tissues as animals do, the plants use carbohydrates as their chief building material. But even in plants, the proteins are of vital importance. Every living cell depends on proteins. The nucleus of the living cell which contains within its tiny confines the incredibly complex banks of controls that handle the processes of life are composed almost entirely of proteins.

The genes, carriers of heredity, which guide a single cell into becoming

an entire living creature, are believed to be either single protein molecules or small clusters of them. In addition, the cytoplasm, the living functioning portion of the cell outside the nucleus, consists principally of protein.

Indeed, even the viruses---microscopic bearers of disease, so primitive a form of life that they are half chemicals---seemed to be proteins. In this case they are probably single protein molecules, the largest and most complex of all the proteins but still single molecules.

Basically, protein molecules are chains or networks of amino acids. The number of these acids which nature uses to build the protein molecule is only about 22 but the resultant number of proteins is literally infinite. And of all the innumerable proteins known, not one has yet been mapped out and made artificially in the laboratory.

The difficulty facing researchers when they attempt to find out the set-up of a protein lies in the position of the amino acids in the molecule. Any protein molecule will be made up of several amino acids---all of them represented in the molecule at least once and often dozens of times. It is possible to find out which amino acids are in the molecules and how often they are represented in the molecular chain or network. But when it comes to determining the position of those amino acids, the chemist is stuck.

The ordinary methods of breaking down the protein give no indication as to the position of any component amino

acid unit. It is as if you had a brick wall and on the underside of each brick was engraved some letter. If you wanted to determine the sequence of the letter, on the bricks, you couldn't do so if the only method you had available randomly blasted the wall into its component bricks. You would break down the wall all right, and you would be able to read the letters on the undersides of the bricks, but you would be completely unable to say in which order the lettered bricks were laid. It's a tough enough problem when you have a simple chain protein, analogous to a single row of bricks; but when you have a whole network in three dimensions as most proteins are, well then you've had it.

However, the protein research worker is making some progress. Methods have been worked out for chopping the amino acid "bricks" off the protein chain one at a time, so that it is possible to tell what order they are in. Proteins are so large that even the simplest one hasn't been mapped out yet by this method, but the day of accomplishment does not seem too far off.

With the network or "crystal maze" type of proteins it is going to be more tough---you're not working with a single chain. But the problem has been made easier by the discovery that the network is put together in a definite order, as though to definite plans. Nature seems to build her houses pretty well according to blueprints. When we find out what those blueprints are, we've solved our problem.

The analysis or the mapping out of the molecule is, of course only the first stage of the task. What we really want to do is synthesize them. No analysis is considered complete until it is confirmed by synthesis. (The chemist is in a different situation from the architect. The latter simply draws up his plans, and then builds his house accordingly. The chemist on the other hand is a detective who must solve the plans from the clues he derives from nature. Once he thinks that he has solved the plans, he tries to prove that he has, by building his "house". Since we cannot see atoms, the only way to tell whether or not we have built the right

molecule is by comparing it with the original. If the two compounds agree in their physical and chemical properties, then it can be considered that they are the one and the same.

Fortunately, the synthesis is not too difficult a job once the structure of the compound is known. Methods have been worked out for the stringing of amino acids on a chain one at a time. In this way the acids can be placed into their proper positions once these are determined. With the more complicated proteins in which a number of chains of amino acids must be put together and cross-linked properly, the task of synthesis is more difficult. But it should not be impossible, and when it is done the greatest problem of chemistry will have been solved. And on that day the creation of synthetic life will become a distinct possibility. For basically the mystery of life is the mystery of the protein molecules.

S H E

The touch of her hand,
The light brush of her lips
Arouse bright dreams and fantasies
Of things I know that never can be.

For ever alone, ever alone,
Ever the Observer watching life flow past;
Ever alone must I be;
For in this role my life is cast.

Cynically watching the joys of others;
Cynically watching the sorrows of others;
Watching through this shell that is me.
Outside this life, cut off from all.

And yet her perfume lingers on,
Her presence stirs my being.
But what avail; my role is cast:
The Observer can but repel.

For him no real sorrows;
For him no real joys;
For him life tasted through the lips
of others:
And yet her perfume lingers on.

Fred Hurter Jr.

Ignorance and Intellect by Bert Joss

ITEM IN A WELL KNOWN COLUMN SYNDICATED FROM COAST TO COAST:

"Insiders hear that Dr. Jonathan Wright, noted physicist, has been imprisoned and is being held incommunicado 'for the Duration'. No reason given other than the usual 'difference with the Government on a matter of policy'."

Two noteworthy events followed the publication of this item. Firstly, the column did not appear until six months later when it became famous as the answer to the 'How Dull Can You Get' question.

Secondly, certain persons rejoiced in what they considered the fruition of many silently expressed desires. I was in this group.

Wright, I felt, had finally got part of what he had coming to him. I recalled the short period of my life when I had attended university and had had the dubious honor of being Wright's lab partner. By those who came in contact with him, Wright was considered to be a thoroughly unpleasant individual, but, giving the devil his due, his remarkable ability as a physicist took the edge of his repugnance.

In the latter respect he was, to put it mildly, slightly phenomenal. Give him a real stinker of a theoretical problem and it seemed that before you could turn around he had the answer. At first I was astounded by his intelligence, but later his over-bearing attitude and in-

tense conceit caused me, and most others to despise him to such a degree that no amount of rationalization could remove the dislike. In his presence I felt like a small ignorant lump of stone-- little wonder that I hated him!

On leaving university Wright-- now Jonathan Wright, Ph.D. in Physics-- went immediately into basic research. From time to time the newspapers played up his discoveries:

Scientist Successfully Applies Diamond Amplifier to Wrist Radio

Physicist Invents Neutrino Detector

Dr. Jonathan Wright Said Working on Anti-Gravity

In such a fashion did the headlines run. And there were many of them...

It was after the beginning of World War III, when newspapers became propaganda sheets, that Wright dropped into the natural obscurity the war forced on scientists.

After two years of war most of the world's industrial centers had been destroyed, and the planet-wide struggle became a trickle of its old self, settling down into a long-drawn-out stalemate.

My experience with Wright led me to believe that he was most likely working on something vital to the eventual culmination of the war, and when the newspaper item announced that he had been imprisoned, my belief was somewhat upheld by the treatment the columnist received at the hands of the Government for printing the item.



Then, as everyone is aware, the Jensen Force Screen was developed and was found to be the defence against atomic energy, an invention which had been considered impossible - the Screen, that is. Its nature was such that the Screen nullified any material or energy weapon, and since the Jensen shield could be made small enough to be portable, the long-lived stalemate was ended and the Third World War won almost overnight.

After the routine mopping-up operations, what was left of the world rapidly returned to normality - the usual sort of normality after a war. The few totally destroyed cities were shielded permanently to seal in the deadly radiation, and the remaining communities were equipped with screens which could be turned off at will to permit the necessary commerce.

Luckily, I had weathered the war unscathed for although I had proved to be inept at an academic career, I certainly had the knack of being able to talk the right people into doing favors for me. Not that I had an easy time of it. Like everyone else the Government had pushed me through the veritable pillar-to-post routine as old as the hills. The repeated shock of realizing that I didn't have a life I could call my own convinced me that the only way I could do so was to live beyond the law, so to speak. Money, I decided, would grant me the privileges I desired.

I started operations quietly, inoffensively. A few robberies began to dot the landscape of the police departments across the continent. An odd bank here, the occasional jewellery store there-- it all added to the capital I needed. I was smart enough not to let similar techniques become the connecting link between the robberies and give the police something to go on. Besides I was a gentleman of leisure, newly created after the late war, and had developed a reputation for philanthropy and non-esty. I just planned the frequent event and hired a few men to carry out the actual task.

It was as easy as the wonderful pie my mother used to bake. I bought two cars and equipped them with flop-over plates and had them constantly repainted

so that nobody had a clue of who was behind what. Or so I thought. I had three men whom I could trust since they were as loyal as my dollars were long-- and I sure gave them plenty.

The police at first were largely ineffective. By paying fabulous prices I was able to obtain the fastest pre-war Tuckers and souped them up so that they could beat any police jalopy before they were in gear.

My preliminary successes encouraged me to enlarge. Determined to do so, I tried to buy some more cars and found it next to impossible. I was afraid to keep any hot cars around the estate because of my honest facade. So I had to depend on used car dealers, and the prices they wanted were fantastic. One beat-up '72 Ford sold for a mere \$10,000-- no, I guess it was \$9,995. Even a tiny Stranton cost \$5,000. Finally I came to the conclusion that to make money you have to spend money, so I splurged \$35,000 on a souped-up Cadillac. Then I began to collide head on with the law of diminishing returns. The banks, realizing the police were almost helpless, started keeping smaller and smaller quantities of money on hand, until I was getting hauls of \$5,000 for cash outlays of around \$10,000. Definitely poor business. Then the police caught my precious Caddy with one of their new Barclays equipped with rocket-assisted pick-up. It was quite a blow, both financially and professionally.

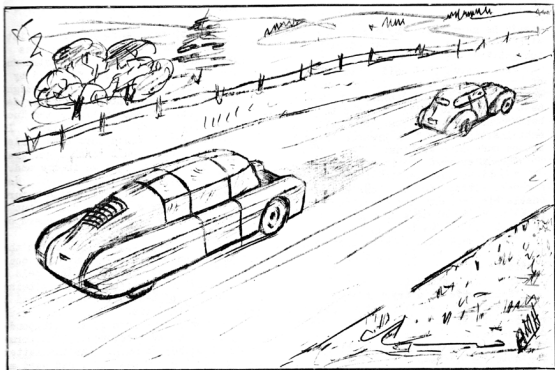
I was in a pretty low frame of mind when who should phone but Jonathan.

"Coleman? This is Jonathan Wright speaking. You remember me, don't you? May I come around to see you? I have a proposition which I think will interest you."

By this time I was so thoroughly discouraged that even the thought of seeing Wright couldn't depress me, so I told him to come out.

He arrived within minutes-- so quickly, in fact, that I suspected him of phoning from a near-by drugstore, except that I live about twenty miles from town, and my nearest neighbour is ten miles away. Definitely no near-by drugstore.

Jenkins, one of the faithful, show-



ed him in. He came right to the point:

"Coleman, I know the spot you're in. Being in prison gave me a few contacts with the underworld, and my analytical mind finds no difficulty in integrating the available facts to the inescapable conclusion that you are the man behind the recent robberies.

(That was another of Wright's faults - modesty.)

"You didn't come round for me to compliment you on your deductive powers," I snarled. "You said you had a proposition. If it involves whatever you were imprisoned for, there's a chance I might be interested."

Wright looked startled. "You mean TMC?" he said. "No, I'm afraid Total Mass Conversion wouldn't be of much use to you. Although it certainly would have finished off the war much quicker." He was suddenly bitter. "When I think of those fools in the government, refusing to use TMC because it was 'too dreadful'. I should have kept my mouth shut and not threatened to use my invention myself. Well, they won't get a chance at any more of my work."

I hadn't realized that Wright had developed such a potent weapon, it had just been a shot in the dark. However, could readily appreciate that a bank that had all its atoms converted to energy wouldn't be of very much use as a source of cash. I tried another angle.

"don't tell me you want to equip my cars with anti-gravity!" (I recalled the old newspaper heading.)

"Yes," he smiled, "in a sense I do. Though the papers didn't get their facts straight. What I was working on wasn't anti-gravity. It was anti-inertia. I have perfected my device so it may be fitted to any car. You realize what this means, of course."

I did. Instantaneous acceleration for my getaway cars. However I played it cagey.

"Provided your gadget works, and you will have to demonstrate that it does, it might be fairly useful." Useful! It would mean I could beat any car the police had. "How much do you want for it?"

"shall we leave considerations of crass monetary matters until after you have seen for yourself its effective-

ness?" he murmured. "My car is equipped with the device, and I can convince you tonight."

"Fair enough," I said, "but instead of going with you myself, I'm sure you won't mind if I send Jenkins. He's my best driver and will be able to judge better than I can just how well your anti-inertia works." I pressed the wall button summoning Jenkins.

When he entered the room I told him:

"Jenkins, this gentleman says he has a gadget fitted to his car which will enable him to beat any other car on the pick-up. Go along with him and see if it works as well as he says."

"It'll sure have to work good, Boss. Did you see what he drove up in? An Austin!"

Typical, I thought.

"Well, give it a try," I said.

As soon as they left the room, I ran downstairs to the garage and brought out the fastest Tucker. The tail-light of the little Austin was just disappearing down the drive-way when the automatic elevator arrived at road level. I eased the big car down the concrete and turned on to the main highway.

It was dark and storm clouds were gathering, but I had no difficulty in following the red glow from the Austin. For a while, that is. Suddenly, with incredible acceleration, the tiny car shot forward. I pressed the accelerator to the floor, but the Tucker, fast though it was, was no match for the other car's pick-up.

It took me five miles before I was able to get anywhere near Wright and Jenkins. Apparently the anti-inertia field improved the top speed as well as the acceleration, for the Austin was whipping along far faster than any Austin had a right to.

We rounded a bend at 110, and then some distance ahead I saw the lights of a level-crossing winking in the gloom. But the Austin showed no sign of slowing. Well, I thought, if he can make it I guess I can.

All at once, about a hundred yards from the grade crossing, the Austin stopped. Period. I got on the brakes as fast as I could, but I had a whale of a lot of kinetic energy to get rid of

I saw what was coming and ducked into the crash compartment. There was a slight bump as I hit the Austin and pushed it on to the rails, followed by a rending crash as the huge robot freight locomotive plowed into it, totally demolishing it. I was luckier - the Tucker was only rolled over five times. In any other car I would have been killed instantly. But don't think I got away with anything - they got me in the end.

I now have a nice steady job. Not much money in it and very little future - the rock-pile's pretty big - but I don't have any worries about board or rent.

Seems there was a witness to the accident and on his testimony they convicted me of Manslaughter. They held I was criminally negligent in not being able to stop behind the Austin, and I was sent up for life.

So now I have lots of time to ponder my sins and my ignorance. The former don't bother me much, but the latter sure does. For you see, if I had used my brains when the Austin stopped in front of me, the accident would never have happened. The Austin still had no inertia. I could have hit them doing 120 and they would have accelerated instantaneously up to my speed. Not quite 120 (due to friction losses), but fast enough to let both of us cross in front of the train. Oh, it would have been close - but better the rear end of my car torn off than the way it turned out. If only I hadn't been so stupid!!!

—THE—END—

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER DEP'T

TIME, May 3, 1948---

In Philadelphia, Raymond Palmer happily confessed to police: 'I did it! I did it! It's something I've wanted to do all my life!'

He had just smashed a plate-glass window.

There once was a young man named Sidney, Who had a recalcitrant kidney, Of hard liquor he drank Till it shriveled and shrank, But he had a good time of it, didn't he?

- fh

BUY CANFAN -
NOW THE SECOND-BEST
FANZINE IN CANADA.

SCRIPTURE STUDY

19

- by -
"The Padre"

Greetings, oh brethren. Under the aegis of the most pious editor of this journal, we herewith inaugurate a section devoted to the study and lore of the Holy Writs (known to the faithful as the prozines), the Apocryphal Writings and Commentary (known to the initiate variously as the fanzines, the crudzines, and the death-trap of fen), and the sacred field of sciencefiction and fantasy in general.

Herein, we hope that those seeking guidance will find counsel, that those seeking further knowledge will make progress, and that those seeking mere trifling amusement will drop dead.

Those who have information to proffer are cordially invited to present it. Those who have questions to pose are welcome equally to send them in. If the combined erudition of the staff of this periodical does not produce an answer, we shall be happy to publish such queries, that our vast horde of readers may bring forth the information.

In view of the dearth of such contributions at present, for this first appearance, we shall initially now present as a feature a list of the blessed ones whose lucubrations^{*} have appeared in the Holy Writs under pseudonyms, together with such pen-names. No doubt, most of the readers will find many of these items familiar, but we venture to predict that almost everyone will find at least a few surprises.

This list, of course, is far from a definitive compilation. It represents only our knowledge at the present time.

Real Name

Forrest J. Ackerman
Arthur K. Barnes
Eric Temple Bell
Bando (Earl and Otto) Binder
James Blish
John W. Campbell Jr.
A. Bertram Chandler
L. Sprague de Camp
Lester del Rey
Frederick Faust
John Russell Fearn

Any readers with corrections or supplementations to offer are cordially invited to send in their data, together with the authoritative source whence such knowledge was derived.

Before giving this feature, however, we wish to state that it was conceived and drawn up before we ever heard of the similar project published in the March issue of SPACEWARP. We did not see that attempt until our own counterpart was already drawn up. When we did read it, we simply borrowed such of the non-doubtful items as were not already in our own listing-- some twenty pen-names in all. For these, we wish to give sincere acknowledgement. But the bulk of this job is our own independent compilation.

We wish to extend grateful acknowledgement also to Jim Williams, Chan Davis, and Milt Rothman, who in a smoke-filled hotel room in Toronto supplied or confirmed a number of items. And finally, to those who, in fanzines, prozines, and personal letters, mentioned the various sets of false whiskers.

N.B. In the following list the author's real name is given first, followed by his nom/s-de-plume. Each pseudonym can be supported by specific authority from the prozines, fanzines, or personal communication of powers-that-be. To the certain exacerbation^{*} of feminists, we have decided to list the married name of each authoress as the real one, and the writing-name (even if it is the maiden-name) as the pseudonym. The list is in alphabetical order of real names.

Pen-name

Alden Lorraine, Weaver Wright
Kelvin Kent (with Henry Kuttner)
John Taine
Gordon A. Giles
James Macdougall
Arthur McCann, Don A. Stuart, Karl van Campen
George Whitley
Lyman R. Lyon
Philip St. John
Max Brand, George Challis
Geoffrey Armstrong, Thornton Ayre, Polton Cross, Festus Pragnell, Ephraim Winiki

N. Wesley Firth
 Chester S. Geier
 Roger P. Graham
 F. H. Grautoff
 Desmond Hall
 Edmond Hamilton

Mrs. Edmond Hamilton
 Robert Heinlein

Roger Sherman Hoar
 L. Ron Hubbard
 Mrs. Malcolm Jameson
 Will F. Jenkins
 Philip Klass
 C(yril) M. Kornbluth

Henry Kuttner

Mrs. Henry Kuttner
 Willy Ley
 Berkeley Livingston
 Sam Merwin Jr.
 E. F. Northrup
 David Wright O'Brien

Raymond A. Palmer
 G. Edward Pendray
 Frederick Pohl
 Fletcher Pratt
 John Pierce
 Milton Rothman
 G. W. E. Russell
 Nat Schachner
 George O. Smith
 F. Orlin Tremaine
 Mrs. A. E. van Vogt
 George C. Wallis
 Stanley G. Weinbaum
 George Henry Weiss
 Mrs. Manley Wade Wellman
 William Anthony Parker White
 Jack Williamson
 Don Wilcox
 Robert Moore Williams
 Donald A. Wollheim
 Leroy Yerxa
 Arthur Leo Zagat

Rice Ackman, Leslie Halward
 Guy Archette
 Craig Browning, Rog Phillips
 Parabellum
 H. G. Winter
 Robert Castle, Hugh Davidson, Brett Stirling, Robert
 Wentworth
 Leigh Brackett
 Anson Macdonald, Lyle Monroe, John Riverside, Caleb
 Saunders, Simon York
 Ralph Milne Farley
 Rene Lafayette, Kurt von Rachen
 Mary Macgregor
 William Fitzgerald, Murray Leinster
 William Tenn
 Cecil Corwin, Walter E. Davies, Kenneth Falconer,
 S. D. Gottesman
 Paul Edmonds, Will Garth, Keith Hamond, Hudson Hast-
 ings, R. O. Kenyon, Lewis Padgett, Charles Stoddard,
 Kelvin Kent (with Arthur K. Barnes), Lawrence O'Don-
 nell (with Mrs. K.)
 C. L. Moore, Lawrence O'Donnell (with Mr. K.)
 Robert Willey
 Lester Barclay
 Sergeant Saturn
 Akkad Pseudoman
 John York Cabot, Duncan Farnsworth, Clee Garson, Rich-
 ard Vardon
 A. R. Steber
 Gawain Edwards
 Paul Dennis Lavond, James MacCreigh, Scott Mariner
 George U. Fletcher
 J. J. Coupling
 Lee Gregor
 A. E.
 Chan Corbett
 Wesley Long
 Warner Van Lorne
 E. Mayne Hull
 John Stanton
 John Jessel
 Francis Flagg
 Frances Garfield
 Anthony Boucher, H. H. Holmes
 Will Stewart
 Buzz-Bolt Atomcracker
 E. K. Jarvis
 Martin Pearson
 Elroy Arno, Richard Casey, Lee Francis
 Anton York

*Glossary:

Exacerbate, To irritate, exasperate, or inflame; to increase the malignant properties of; to increase the violence of (a disease).

Lucubration, Nocturnal study; what is composed, or supposed to be composed, at night; a literary composition of any kind.

(Courtesy of Annandale's "Concise English Dictionary".)

Dear Mr. Editor,

Do you remember the day you smiled at me, asked me if I'd be interested in doing a "feature", and tossed me an innocent looking letter? You must remember that letter.

It was a vague note about Paul, no last name mentioned, chef of a well known hotel, who made a pet of a five inch cockroach, christened it Nana, and fed it scrambled eggs once a day.

I was interested and set out to find Paul. Calling up the hotel, I was connected with the right local and a pleasant feminine voice said, "Hello".

"Hello", I replied, "I'm trying to locate a chef named Paul".

"Well," she answered politely, "we have a number of chefs named Paul, what is his last name?"

"I don't know," I said, "but perhaps it might help if I told you that he had a small pet named Nana and that—"

An icy blast swept out of the receiver. "I'm sorry, I don't know anything about it!" And the connection went dead.

Undaunted, I called at the hotel in person. I was introduced to a short round Frenchman with a thin, pointed moustache.

"Mais oui, but which Paul?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied again. "But he has a pet cockroach, five inches long."

"Sacre bleu!"

"He calls it Nana, and its favourite dish is scrambled eggs."

"Mon dieu! Un imbécile!" he said, his face contorting in fear.

"Non, une cockroach," I corrected.

After the explosion I found myself lying on the sidewalk, looking up at six feet of solid muscle that had helped me to leave.

I got in again by sliding back down the coal chute and at last I managed to corner my rotund French friend.

As I started to go through my story again, he scribbled an address on a slip of paper and handed it to me.

"Mon ami, this man will help you", he said in a fatherly tone.

The address was an upper bracket

stone affair on Sherbrooke street. The maid showed me into a softly lighted room with odd shaped chairs. A small spectacled man sat me in one.

"Yes, you are the young man who wishes to find a female cockroach that lives on scrambled eggs?" he asked quietly.

The phone service must have been good, I thought. "Yes, an extremely large one named Nana," I replied.

He leaned closer. "Why don't you find yourself a nice girl friend?" he suggested.

"But I have a girl friend," I answered in astonishment.

"Have your parents ever suffered from delusions of any sort?"

"I'm not crazy," I exploded, jumping up. "You're just trying to make a fool of me. No one wants to believe me."

"Definite paranoic tendencies," he muttered. I saw him pick up the needle and jumped—too late.

Please, please, get me out of here. The needle-jabbing was the last thing I remembered before I woke up in this cell with no clothes, no bed and no door key. You're the only person who knows how sane I really am. So, please, help me!

Your humble slave,
Gerry Williams.

Dear Gerry:

I'm afraid you are depending on the wrong man for proof of your sanity. For my money you are in the right place. I am amazed that you were not locked up sooner. Anyone so stupid as to even think for a minute that a cockroach would eat scrambled eggs, when any damn fool knows that cockroaches eat only soft boiled eggs, ought to be in a padded cell.

While you are there you might do a feature for me. A feature on insanity as viewed from a cell. The Inside Dope, (namely you) might be a good title.

Turn out a good feature and I'll see about springing you. Until you've the feature done, please don't bother writing. People stare at me when they notice letters on my desk with the nut-house letterhead on them.

The Editor

TORCON TORTURES

PROLOGUE: After sweat, heartbreak, and maddening doubt and anxiety, those five sturdy scions of Montreal, Bert Joss, Fred Hurter, Basil Rattray, Gerry Williams, and Moe Diner, set off in Bert's '47 Chevy*



for Hogtown (vulgarily known as Toronto the Good) to attend the Torcon. A sixth member of the Montreal SFS, Tim Buck (his real name is Thomas E., but of course everybody calls him Tim, after Canada's leading friend of the USSR), was unable to come along that morning, and had to wait till evening and take the train in. The day: Friday, July 2nd (a date that will live in infamy).

No sooner had the party left the city limits than Hurter produced a specimen of Molson's long green (beer, that is). Rattray promptly got sick, but a few minutes fresh air, and a change of seat to the front, where he was to leeward of Hurter & god, soon cured him.

A short while later, Hurter discovered for us the interesting fact that beer-bottles, when thrown from moving cars to the side of the road, tend to bounce back to the middle of the strip and smash themselves to smithereens or octoroons. What are octoroons? (Later drivers along that part of the road were probably annoyed by these experimental results.)

For the next eight hours, with intermissions for lunch, etc., the company regaled itself with limericks, controlling their reactions to Hurter's puns (these are symptoms of a dread disease

known as Hurteritis, which is scarcely known clinically to medicine, but is extremely dangerous owing to the fact that it, with accompanying mental disorder, is communicable), discussion of women, watching Hurter swizzle beer, limericks, discus-

sion of some points of science, discussion of women, back-seat driving, political dissension, and back to limericks and sciencefiction.

At length the torment drew to an end. First Oshawa, then the four-lane highway where we could make some decent speed (with one eye out for the white sedans of the Provincial Police), and finally Toronto.

The Torcon tortures loomed. For the next three days we (I think I'll use the first person from now on) were to be plunged into a murderous frenzy of activity of which it is possible to evoke only fragmentary and scrambled memories.

FRE-CON: As a warm-up, there was what started out to be a small gathering in a hotel room. It began shortly after supper.

After we had checked in at our hotels and eaten, we tried to get in touch with Nadreck McKeown in order to chin a little. A call to his house brought from his patient and long-suffering mother the information that he had gone to Count's room. So there went we.

Ned wasn't there, though about a dozen other fen were. To our great gratification, among them was our long-lost brother, C.J. Bowie-Reed. He, one of the kingpins of the Montreal group, had gone off to Picton, Ontario, to COTC camp, and we had hardly heard from him since. We had tried to get in touch with him in order to pick him up en

*Available for weddings, funerals and tours of Montreal. Reasonable rates, discount to young ladies, 10%. Discount to pretty young ladies, 25%. Discount to pretty young ladies in the evening, 150%.

route to the convention, but had received no response. He had, however, come to the convention on his own. That made the Montreal delegation practically official.

There were numerous other parties there. One in particular was unmissable: Les Crouches of Parry Sound, one of Canada's oldest and most prominent (in more ways than one) fen, and the pioneer of ey-jay canfanac. Also there were numerous other characters, including Ben (A.A.A.A.A.) Singer and George Young, from Detroit.

Meanwhile others were drifting in until the place began to get as cosy as a well-steamed sardine tin. Among them were a couple of Toronto people whom some of us had met before: Johnny Millard and Al Betts. We had a chance to meet other people and gods: the Kellers (who frankly rubbed several of us the wrong way), Pam and Dave MacInnes (Blessings on them both-- they were two of the swellest people we have ever had the privilege of knowing),-- oh, and dozens more.

Beak Taylor drifted in, and soon a soul-curdling rumour was passing around the room that he was quitting fandom. He, the creator of CANADIAN FANDOM, Canada's finest fanzine (next, of course, to CENSORED, past and present)! It developed that he had simply made the remark that he would have to curtail his publishing and correspondence activities somewhat.

Eventually Ned showed up, and began glad-handing. Poor lad, he was supposed to know and love everybody! It's a feat.

The chatter swelled, the roar mounted, the walls began to bulge. Eventually the pressure had to find an outlet. Ben Singer began the exodus by leading a gang of fellow-innocents to the burley-cue-- in Toronto yet, where even brothers have shades! His "Who's going to the burlesque show?" was definitely the nit-witticism of the convention.

But eventually, the crowd began to leave in accordance with the mathematical formula: $\frac{\partial x}{\partial t} = \frac{\partial x}{\partial y^2}$ (Translation: it coozes).

And so to the ladies' beverage-room (yes, that!-- we had to go there because

the aristocratic hotel staff would not associate in the cocktail lounge with persons in shirtsleeves-- so for the benefit of our less-formally-attired brethren, we had to go to the ladies' beer parlor, which was less strict, and considerably sleazier-- the City of Toronto does not believe in encouraging its pure womanhood to drink)... Toronto beer disappointed many of the American lads. They had heard about the alleged superiority of Canadian beer, but the local brands did not appeal to them. Hurter gave one a slug of stuff imported from Montreal, and he at least changed his opinion... Loud discussion on assorted topics, much of it enthralling, till midnight, when all Toronto drops dead, and the beverage-rooms close.

Thereafter we were to be plunged into the three-day whirl of which our impressions may be given only in tangled order-- we just can't sort them out.

MEMORIES, MEM-CORR-IBES: Bloch's speech, in which we learned that the reason we turn to fantasy is largely a schizoid expression of fear of the real world and slothful and cowardly desire to attain success by the unostentatious means of imagination, rather than the arduous methods so necessary in the real world. Science is a father-image, serving the desire for certainty, and acts in many cases as a substitute for religion. But if you think we're bad!--weird-fans turn to theirs partly for defensive reasons, and partly to satisfy a tendency towards voyeurism (Translation: peepingtomitis) (note how much weird fiction is preoccupied with nocturnal themes and settings)-- and mystery fans prefer their pap because it satisfies hidden tendencies towards aggression. Fandom, dear friends, (by which is largely meant the world of the sfanatics of the USA, and not the sane and balanced hobbyists who doubtless will be reading this) is nothing but a cult formed for defensive reasons against the cold outside world-- and it is more a social circle than anything else-- many if not most of these so-called fans do not even read the stuff any more-- just spend their time collecting it, publishing and criticizing fanzines, and waging

a voluminous correspondence.

.... Eshbach's bombshell, in which he announced that Fantasy Press had secured the rights to the two sequels, hitherto unpublished, of Campbell's "The Mightiest Machine". They are to be published in one large volume, probably about the beginning of 1949.... And Jim Williams announced that Prime Press will reprint the hard-to-get de Camp book, "Lest Darkness Fall".... The party in George O. Smith's room, and his lavish dispensation of liquor, conversation, information, and liquor. Had he been paid his customary word-rates for the stories he told, he would have covered his expenses to the Torcon, and made a whacking profit besides. Ackerman, lying on the bed in solitary grandeur, and beaming benignly on his subjects. The typewriter, THE VERY IDENTICAL TYPEWRITER (a portable Underwood) on which first Campbell, then Smith, composed their deathless epics (George O., that is, not Edward Elmer). Dave MacInnes's inspired coining of the term, "Cinvention," to denote the possible '49 convention at Cincinnati-- that name was probably the determining factor in getting the con for Cinc. Milt Rothman, with a benevolently weary smile for fan enthusiasm regarding conventioner signatures, etc., Chan Davis (he has some of the damndest views on biology) and his argumentative skill. The interesting little limerick session in the adjoining room-- some real honeys were brought forth. This inspired us to start what is hoped will become a definitive compilation (the first in Canada, probably) of the more unprintable specimens. The house-detective, who finally turned the crowd out shortly after midnight.

.... There was no representative from England---the Big Pond Fund (running for the last couple of years) had not yet grown big enough. Too bad-- we wanted someone to make it a world convention. There was, however, a special edition of the Aussian SYDNEY FUTURIAN, which helped give an illusion of global fraternity. Farthest traveller of all was Mike Fern, representing Hawaii, and, indirectly, Japan (occupation forces, that is).

.... The bridge session in William's

and Rothman's room ("Philadelphia in Toronto"). Obtaining by the Padre of much sancrosanct lore, some of which appears in this issue in SCRIPTURE STUDY. Milt's attempt to get something to eat-- it was four o'clock on a Toronto Monday morning, when all the sidewalks are rolled up tight. His disgusted comment: "Toronto is the liveliest cemetery I've ever been in" (Toronto papers please copy).

.... The movie on atomic energy (the prescribed educational film for the subject in the USA, even though it is a British job). A bit stuffy and unimaginative in its treatment, but to those who lack a good familiarity with the elements of the subject, an excellent job. The hula-dance scenes of the atomic nucleus are particularly recommended: They offer the first qualitative reason the writer has ever seen for the erstwhile dogma that the elements cannot naturally go beyond atomic number 92.

.... The auction, with its record take. Reports on this will be too numerous, too detailed, and from critics too far superior to our lowly selves, for us to comment. But we did get some juicy items ourselves---Cartiers, Rogerses, "Fox Woman", etc.

.... Dozens of fine people we met at the Con: the MacInnes', Richard Frank, Norman Stanley, Boob Tucker (whose amateur poll may not have been strictly scientific, but certainly was entertaining, both to fill out and to listen to his speech on), Chan Davis, Milt Rothman, Jim Williams, Mike Fren, Bob Bloch, George O., (these last two with just a bit of respectful awe), Martin Alger (originator of BEM), Erle Korahak, Ron Christensen, ---and Paul Coxe, Frederik Pohl, Judith Merrill, Dorothy Les Tina, Donald Wellheim (more awe), Rusty Hevelin, Joe Kennedy-- and millions more, whom we met, and whose names (including Ackerman's) we forgot to mention. Still, to hell with ego-boo.

AFTERMATH: Because most of our party had to be back in town (Montreal, that is) for Tuesday morning, we had to dash off immediately after the voting for the next convention site (Cinc. got it, of course, especially after civil war broke out am-

ong the New York factions over the alleged attempt by the "professionals" to capture the convention). As a consequence, we didn't have a chance to say goodbye to anyone. A pity. We do hope you will forgive us, fellow-fen, et al.

The ride back was a bit of a strain. The storm broke over Kingston around 11 PM, and the tension of the tight careful driving that ensued acted upon us all. The camaraderie of the convention dissolved in a welter of throat-cutting (verbal). Fortunately we had two drivers on this return trip (Bert and Timmy), in addition to the back-seat driver (who shall remain nameless) who was with us both coming and going (not that he was able to draw the distinction), or else we might never have got back. To cap the enjoyment, we were stopped by the police, once the RCMP, and a second time (after Moe had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the mathematical chances of being stopped twice on the same trip were infinitesimal) by the PQPF, doubtless searching for Cartier originals-- but they were too well hidden. (We found out later that the RCMP were looking for heroin. The only heroin(es) we had were on our originals -- but we certainly could become addicted to those.)

Hurter, the poor fool, flew back through the storm. We think he's still sick from it-- at least he has been acting very peculiarly (even more so than usual).

Wednesday night following, we had a meeting, at which we recounted for the benefit of the more unfortunate of our brethren the marvels that had been seen and heard. Our recital was periodicaly interrupted by rotten eggs, rottener tomatoes, and copies of AMAZING STORIES, flung by envious listeners.

We had as guests four US fen enroute home from the 'con: Lloyd Alpaugh, Phil Froeder, Ray Short, and Mike Fern. Unfortunately, so dopey (the heroin?) were we still from the drive Monday night that we forgot to take their cheques-- oops, checks-- at the Shrine whither we repaired after the meeting to worship at the foot of the Ghreat Ghod Bheer. Damn cheap of us. If you will

send us your addresses, fellows, and information as to how to get it through US Customs, we shall send each of you a bottle of ghod as atonement-- that is, if we still have any dough left over after printing C-----D (which is improbable).

THE END (Thank ghod)

PUZZLE CORNER

Herewith we present two little brain-teasers, designed to appeal to Censored's more intellectual readers. They look similar - but don't let that fool you! The first one is a snap, but the second. . .well, try it. You'll see what we mean!

#1. Par: 15 minutes.
There are 9 billiard balls, identical (if the semanticists will forgive me) except for one which is heavier than the others. Given a simple two-pan balance, with no standard weights, locate the odd ball in only two weighings. (Needless to say, the other 8 balls, being identical, all have the same weight.)

Easy, eh? Well, try your hand at this one.

#2. Par: 6 months.
There are 12 billiard balls, identical except for one which is either heavier or lighter than the others. Given the same apparatus as before, plus a bit of chalk (to distinguish between the individual balls), find the odd ball in only three weighings.

After a while you'll swear that this one is impossible, but actually it can be done. However, you have to use every available scrap of information you can get out of each weighing.

And now, to make you work at these, Censored will offer a prize for the first correct solution to both puzzles. The prize, of colossal value, will consist of the original dummied copy of this issue of Censored, autographed by all the members of the editorial staff. There, isn't that worth working for?

Send all answers to Bert Joss, 5239 Park Ave., #1, Montreal 8, P.Q.

Comments favourable

OR OTHERWISE.

In this column we shall print letters sent to the editor commenting favourably on CENSORED. We will send to the fan writing us the sweetest letter a valuable collector's item-- the original stencils from which CENSORED was reproduced. To the fan writing the second sweetest letter we will present the original cover drawing, and to him who sends a sour note, some bird seed. We print below as an example, the type of letters we expect to get.

Woe Is., Me.

sun.) Ha! Ha!

Yours untilll Shavre Drops Dero,

Dear Editor,

I just got the latest issue of CENSORED dated June, 1942, and I find it terrific. Undoubtedly it is the best fanzine ever published. Your erudition dear editor is unsurpassable. You are without a doubt the most brilliant editor of all time. Gad, your wit is positively devastating. The art work is excellent, the stories are excellent, the poetry is excellent, the articles are excellent, the jokes are really funny. The magazine is colossal, super super swell.

With love and kisses,
Your humble fan,
Joe Doppelburger
Joe Doppelburger.

Comi, Cal.

Dere Freddy,

Got your last ishue in the male sex yerres aggo, and wood have wrotten you then, but I figgered I shoold lern to speel let. Now that I can, I jest want to till you that CNESSORED is the best fanzine I have evre red and the onely wun I have evre understould. I'm glad sumbuddy rights for the intellijensna. I cant make hed nor tale of the mureonic ifferts put out by some fen.

Kepe up the Gould wirke. I am including \$350 for a lafftime subs. to CENESSORED. My teching job at the university payes quit well, thats how I can aFord IT. (aFord It...Thats a car,

Hick Beery
Hick Beery.

Aug 13

Sloopy. Que.

Dear Editor-

I am sorry for writing this so long hand but you see I am just a poor fan without a typewriter I just want to say that I think your magazine is excellent and if my father would give me a bigger allowance I'd buy a copy of yours
Hal Pines

