

CANADIAN FANDOM

Nº16

A  PUBLICATION



Edited
by —
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The following is primarily of interest to Canadians but since we feel that the eventual outcome might be harmful not only to the cause of S-F in Canada but also seriously retard the spread of S-F throughout the entire world, we trust that you will bear with us while we bring you up to date.

In May of 1948 a group of Canadians formed a book importing firm called The House of York. The purpose of this firm was to enable Canadians to obtain American fantasy books at only slightly above their retail prices. Before the formation of this firm, Canadians had to purchase all fantasy books in the U.S.A. and paid heavy customs on top of the initial cost.

For over a year The House of York functioned mainly as a service organization; doing missionary work; obtaining unusual titles from all parts of the world at little or no profit. They were content for they were building up a steadily growing group of Canadian S-F readers, and saving scarce U.S. dollars.

Then in May of this year, The House of York started a nation-wide advertising campaign in an attempt to interest the general reading public in the offerings of the "small publishers". Results were very gratifying and contracts were signed for long term advertising. The changeover from mimeographed pricelists to attractively illustrated catalogues reproduced by offset was undertaken. Arrangements were completed with the FECB to allow them an increased quota of American dollars so that they could enlarge their orders.

Coincident with these happenings, an event took place at the Publisher's Convention in Washington that was to wipe out in an instant their year's work. Mr. Honsberger, owner of the Rendezvous Book Shop in Toronto, persuaded the Association of Fantasy Publishers that they should allow him to handle their books in Canada on an exclusive basis. On a purely bus-

iness level this transaction might seem perfectly alright but going below the surface even a fraction of an inch exposes an example of poor business dealings the like of which seldom comes to light.

The House of York had an agreement which made them exclusive Canadian dealers for Shasta Publishers. The loophole in this agreement was the clause that stated: "This arrangement is to remain in force until such time as either party wishes to terminate this arrangement, at which time it is to be done, in writing, to the other party." In other words, the normal procedure would be to give the other party thirty days notice, in writing, of intent to terminate. To date, more than a month after the Washington meet, not one of the publishers in the U.S., least of all Shasta, has seen fit to notify The House of York that they will no longer be permitted to import fantasy books into Canada.

The only notification they received was brought about by a precipitous visit on the part of Mr. Honsberger to the home of one of the three partners of The House of York. Taking place on a Sunday afternoon when the other two members of the firm were unavailable, the meeting did nothing but confuse the issue for Honsberger gave Grant a great many half-truths and personal opinions rather than facts. As soon as Grant acquainted McKeown with the situation the latter immediately phoned Korshak in Chicago to endeavour to straighten out the matter. "It was evident as soon as Korshak started talking that he knew what the call was all about and was prepared to gloss over and complaints!" The only satisfactory result was Korshak's promise to write The House of York and give them an official statement for their records. To date — not even a postcard!

Even that could have been forgiven because Honsberger said that he was a jobber and would wholesale to the firm at approximately the same price as they were

previously paying for direct import. The House of York was willing to absorb this 5% increase and the situation could have remained unchanged. Then, Mr. Honsberger pulled out the plug — firms purchasing from him must, and note that word must, sell at his prices. And, those prices are \$3.75 for a \$3.00 book. A 25% increase at retail to offset a 10% increase at wholesale!

Let us quote from remarks Mr. Honsberger made to McKeown during a telephone conversation. "...the increase in price will have absolutely no affect on your (The House of York's) sales! Even when you were advertising at \$3.25 we were selling books to your customers at \$3.67!" These two statements brought loud raspberries from The House of York for a poll of the 137 Canadians who had dealt with them showed that not one had ever patronized Honsberger's! And, as far as losing customers goes — only six out of the 137 would continue to deal with them at the new prices. The other 131 sent in such comments as, "outrageous", "profiteering", "blow to Canadian readers", which comments indicated rather clearly that the average Canadian fan thought he had been very roughly handled.

You will note that there is one ad in this issue for "The Ship of Ishtar". This title was arranged for previous to this mix-up with Honsberger. However, this will not be the only book available in Canada at the old (\$3.25) price. Already one organization has announced its ability to fight this price increase. Watch CANFAN for their announcement!

There you have it fans. Make what you like out of it. We figure it is an example of unjust profiteering but perhaps you feel differently. Please drop us a line and let us know your opinions.

* * * * *

September 3-4-5 will see fans from many lands gathering in Cincinnati for the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention, better known as The CINVENTION. If advance reports are fulfilled at that time, this Con promises to be the biggest and best of all the annual gatherings. The great majority of you who are reading this have been to previous conventions so there is not much point in telling you what a truly grand time is had by all. However,

there are a few points which might be of interest here for they will no doubt be brought up for discussion at this year's Con. The first, whether cities may bid for the Con "in absentia", has been tossed back and forth so often that the arguments for and against are rather well known. Portland has very definitely announced its intention of asking for the 1950 Con. We feel that they are well organized and would no doubt be able to put on a very good show but we object most strenuously to their "crying in their beer" about the Con not having been in the West since '46. We also see absolutely no reason why this matter of rotation by time zones should be adopted. As the gang in any of the seven Convention cities will say, there is a very great amount of work attached to putting on a Con. To tie the site down to one particular area leaves us open for the time when a half-prepared group takes on the job just because they're the only ones in their time zone that's even nearly ready. The site should very definitely go to the group that is prepared and that has a delegate at the Con. Some person who will be responsible for the staging of the Con. More of this in another issue.

The one thing that does cause a bit of trouble is the constant switching back and forth from Labor Day to the Fourth of July. What it means is that, for example, the TORCON had only ten months to prepare, whereas the CINVENTION has fourteen months to work on their set-up. Actually this may seem like a relatively minor point, but you'd be amazed just how much can be accomplished in those extra four months, especially in the way of memberships. At the present time we can't think of any way to standardize the date but it's something to think about!

Also glad to note that the Auction is slated for Sunday afternoon. Let's hope that it never again appears on an evening!

* * * * *

Send that dollar membership fee to:

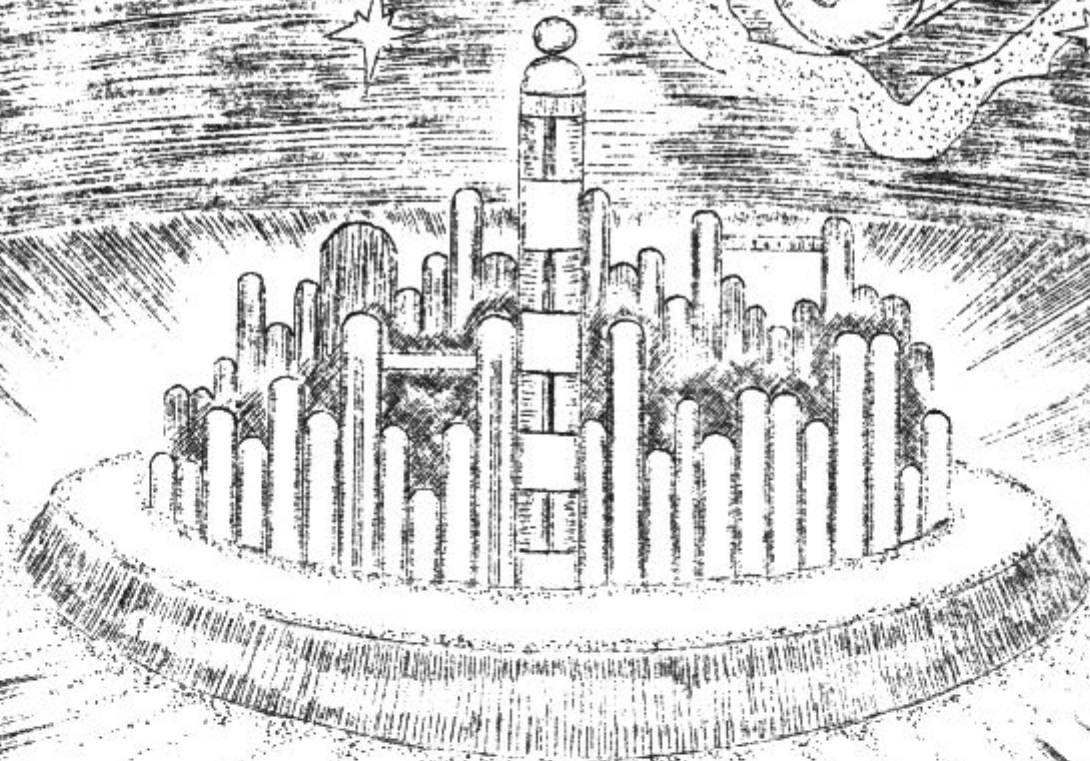
CINVENTION COMMITTEE
BOX 116,
SHARONVILLE, OHIO
USA

* * * * *

At the time of writing we have high hopes of seeing a sizeable Canadian delegation at Cincinnati this fall!.....ENM

PART
ONE

UTOPIAN HANDBOOK



EDWARD N. McKEOWN



5

Utopia: "From lit. 'nowhere' — Gr. 'ou', not and 'topos', place. An imaginary island represented by Sir Thomas More as enjoying perfection in laws, politics."

All of us have found ourselves at sometime or another, laying down the law about some social, religious or political problem, and in my opinion the thoughts of other men on these subjects are of interest to the reader. In this article I have not attempted to present an exhaustive study of the field of utopian literature for to do so would require a book of many thousands of pages. I have quite simply ignored many Utopias either through lack of sufficient space to treat them adequately or else because they are available only in foreign editions. Neither has any attempt been made to cover modern "pseudo-utopias" such as are presented in many magazines and books of the present era.

If a man does not feel at home in his surroundings he becomes either a rebel or a madman. This spirit of rebellion may foster anything from passive dislike to a very deep hatred for his native country. Some people approach this incongruity between themselves and society intellectually rather than emotionally and they tend to create in their own minds visions of a future state possessing all the pleasures and none of the evils of the present society. These fantasies may be a means of escape for the weak or a clarion call to action for the strong minded egoist. At times the two are inseparable for the picture of the future may be an escape to the author but an inspiration to other, more dissatisfied people.

Utopias come from the deepest recesses in mens minds and it is very rare for them to rise to the surface. When they do, they are either entirely unintellectual, entirely emotional providing many brilliant pictures of the future or they are so intellectual as to be scarce a picture at all. Invariably there is a mixture in the writings of many men.

A satirist or a dreamer? That is the question most often asked authors of fantasies. In the past, the majority of authors have been mainly satirists using their dreams as a subordinate theme. Today, there are no authors to be questioned as to their motives, for the Utopia as a separate and distinct form of literature is dying out. Modern writers construct a

sketchy Utopia and, by leaving one glaring flaw in its makeup, allow themselves sufficient room to tear the story to pieces. Human interest seems to be the most sought after effect in writing today and as a result no author dares to produce a purely accurate, descriptive effort.

The field of utopian literature can be easily divided into three temporal divisions, each segment fostered by one of the greatest authors of its time. Beginning with Plato and his "Republics" and "Laws", we enter upon the first and least productive of these periods. During this time we find only scholarly treatises on ideal states and a rather complete lack of satire and fantasy. To the average reader of today, weaned on modern, light literature the impressive but rather weighty works of this time are useless because they are neither easily understood nor enjoyed.

This period has, however, made one major contribution, for the simple unmechanized Utopia of Plato has been copied time and time again. Samuel Butler in a chapter in "Erewhon" pictures the destruction of all but the simplest machines because of the fear of the Erewhonians that the human race would be eventually dominated by the machines. This is but one of the many devices used by writers to explain the lack of mechanical contrivances in their pet Utopias.

The period of the Renaissance was ushered in in an auspicious manner by the publication in 1516 of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia", to my knowledge the only book to be published under this unique title. More was a scholar, philosopher and hypocrite. In sharp contrast to his preaching of tolerance in his book he lead in the persecution of heretics in his native land. This inconsistency in the man's character does not affect the literary merit of his excellent work "Utopia", in which he glorifies a model island governed in a pseudo democratic manner. The Macarians, a tolerant, happy people, live, not in a land overflowing with luxury, but rather in a country governed by an iron-bound economy which provides enough for all. They are ruled by members of their own family; they have free medical care; a six hour working

day; and yet, to a person brought up under a system of free enterprise and advancement, the country seems far from perfect because of the suppression of ambition and initiative. Everybody is equally regimented and apparently the inhabitants are happy with this situation for they make no attempt to differentiate themselves from other members of their race. They wear no ornaments, dress in shapeless white garments, there being neither variety nor color in the clothes of either sex, and have only such physical possessions as are needed for their comfort and well-being.

"Utopia", written as it is in the third person, devoid of dialogue, human interest, color, adventure and direct satire, resolves itself into an extremely dull treatise on the fundamental philosophy of socialism as practiced in a never-never land.

Sir Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis" (1627) is the first completely scientific approach to Utopia. By this I do not mean that it is a well conceived story, far from it, for in parts it is sloppy and vague and betrays the decay and senility of an old man, but rather that Bacon believes that the most important thing is the inculcation of a really scientific attitude towards life into the minds of the general populace. Of the economic difficulties of the island of Bensalem nothing is said and the whole state has been planned by the inevitable benevolent dictator Salomona, who established perfect fundamental laws. The story is extremely childish and poorly written, giving as it does only a shallow glossary of ideas with no suggestions about their performance.

A Dominican monk, Tomasso Campanella, gave to an apathetic world "The City of the Sun" (1637) which is not only contemporary in conception with Bacon's work but contains also the same ordered harmony. The story is in the form of a dialogue between a Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers and a Genoese Sea Captain. The Captain describes a visit to a pantheistic City State reminiscent of Athens but not a direct copy. The horoscope of every Solarian is cast and according to this he is educated and set to work. Everything belongs to the state, even babies. In order to assure that the children are born with all the best, only those people deemed fit by the state are granted a breeding li-

cense. In this as in most Utopias, the driving force is aided by an absolute regimentation of the people, an unwavering dictatorship, in this case benevolent, a complete control of a persons every movement, subjugation of the individuals desires to the wishes of the state. Despite this, Campanella realised that human nature must be guided rather than coerced, and although the guidance may seem a little stiff by present day standards it was as nothing when compared with the obligatory obedience described in "Christianopolis" (1619) a theological Utopia written by Johan Valentin Andreae. Here is to be found the first use of the shipwreck motif as a method of reaching Utopia. The work of a scholar and a moral reformer, it opens with a diatribe against the Anti-Christ that sets the theme for the whole book. The good ship Phantasy is wrecked on the island of Caphar Sama somewhere in the Antarctic, and from there the author conducts us on a tour of a Utopia based on a love of learning and a dogmatic belief in the principles of a Christian Life. The uniform monotony of the citizens existence and the coercion in moral and social matters and their narrowness would displease us. There is no room here for individuality or personal freedom.

One of the most interesting features of these four Utopias, is their complete neglect of any treatment of the political problem of government. At the time Europe was the home of despotisms and such an omission is by no means extraordinary. In Harrington's "Oceana" the problem is faced for the first time in any Utopia. Scant mention will be made here of this rather dull book which first saw the light of day in 1656. The book is long, encumbered with innumerable historical examples and unending political arguments.

William Hurrell Mallock departed from reality and wrote an enjoyable little Victorian fantasy "New Republic" (1877) which, in the form of a platonic dialogue, satirises his contemporaries. It starts at a very exclusive dinner party with a seemingly endless discussion of the end of society and the definition of culture. From thence the guests go on to contribute comments although none of them are capable of constructive thought. They all accept the existing society with its class divisions and make no serious attempt to envision a

real Utopia.

Mallock really only flirts with the Utopia idea, but one of his contemporaries W.H. Hudson in his "Crystal Age" (1906), is thoroughly in earnest. Hudson himself calls it a "Romance of the Future" but even though his future is now dated, it does not derogate from its value. While on a botanical expedition our young hero is stunned by a fall among the rocks, and when he regains his senses the reader is gradually and deftly made aware that he is in a strange land. A simple funeral cortege shows him that the people of the future are the original Anglo-Saxons. The inevitable young girl, so lovely, so lovable, wears a dress that neither hampers her liquid movements nor wantonly displays her charms. Our hero is discovered, tells his story and of course is not believed for nobody has heard of England. In company with Yoletta, the girl, he is taken to The House, which is the core of this simple sincere existence. Upon offering to buy some clothes to replace his outlandish attire, he is greeted with shocked silence, for money is unknown in this world. As is customary, our young hero falls in love with Yoletta but fails to realize that everyone loves each and every other person with a strange un-animal-like passion. One day in anger, Yoletta tears a page of The Book of The House and is punished, for any injury to The House must be avenged. He pines during her absence, and on the day of her release falls into a fever and is forewith punished for being ill. Our hero, unable to live without Yoletta, drinks of "The cold magic, yellow liquid that brings relief from pain — magical oblivion."

This obscure story deserves all the space it has been given, for the balanced and sincere language and the particular care with which it is written mark, "A Crystal Age" as a little gem of literature. The characterization is excellent and an air of reality is given to this utopia that almost startles us today. The modern critic would follow the story right up to the subjugation of the passions, but there I imagine he would rebel. But outside of this rather trifling objection the story is very applicable to present day life.

Two underground utopias, "The Coming Race" (1871) by E.B. Lytton and, "Under-

ground man" (Trans. 1905) by J.G. Tarde, illustrate the two possible modes of a type of treatment designed to leave the reader feeling a little more ready to accept the present and to agree that perhaps the world isn't such a bad place after all. Lytton slowly allows the reader to gain the impression that his Coming race has built a super-civilization, has at its command mechanical contrivances beside which the devices of the Western World seem like toys, and has, by careful breeding, produced a race of super-beings. The reader feels inferior to these beings at first, but gradually his sense of inferiority fades and we see in company with the hero, that the Coming Race is inhuman and that their world is no place for us.

The Vrilja have a rod employing Vril, which is the essence of matter so many alchemists have envisioned, which enables them to perform huge tasks without expending great quantities of energy. Our hero falls in love with the usual beautiful heroine, but the marriage is forbidden by the Elders, and the girl, Zee, helps the hero to escape back to his own world. The book is well handled and goes into more economic details than the average literary utopia.

"Underground Man" is the story of a world devastated by a sudden drop in temperature. All the elders perish in the first wintry blast and the young flee to Babylon and the warmth of the surrounding desert. The cold continues to advance and they are finally forced to seek shelter underground. A socialistic state is gradually developed, and a rather vicious in-born sense of self-preservation manifests itself when they encounter a group of cannibalistic Chinese. Without any thought on the matter, the Chinese are sealed up in an abandoned gallery and allowed to starve to death.

The underground Philosophers picture the return of the sun as a great boon to mankind. They believe that it will drive the less intelligent and more barbaric men back to the surface. Tarde in this final piece of very delightful satire completes the circle started by the original belief of the underground race that Eden was their habitat.

(To be continued)

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM

By --- Alastair Cameron

One might expect that, with our knowledge of physical processes expanding on all fronts, it would not be possible to point at any one problem and call it THE problem of modern physics. Nevertheless, there is one problem that is so basic and fundamental in the understanding of nature that we can without doubt claim for it this honor. This is the problem of nuclear forces, or the nature of forces between nuclear particles.

At the beginning of the present century, the science of spectroscopy was in a terrible mess. It was observed that each chemical element emitted and absorbed light waves of very definite and characteristic wavelengths. These wavelengths constituted the spectrum of the element. But it was not known why the elements should emit or absorb these wavelengths; there was no theory that an element of some particular atomic number should emit wavelength so-and-so. This constituted the fundamental problem of those days.

However, with the gradual development of the wave mechanical quantum theory, these difficulties began to be cleared up. The quantum theory was an immediate and howling success, because, as it grew, it became more refined until its predictions were in complete quantitative agreement with experiment.

With the developing knowledge of nuclear physics it was perhaps natural that quantum mechanical ideas and methods would be used to attempt to explain the nuclear phenomena as well. This was done, and it met with a fair amount of success in accounting for such phenomena as alpha decay (the spontaneous emission of alpha particles, the nuclei of helium atoms). Then along came beta decay (ejection of electrons from the nucleus). The quantum theory struck this and bounced. It seemed that energy and momentum were not being conserved. This had the physicists in a considerable dither, as if true this would be more calamitous than the end of the world or the triumph of Boskonian. So the neutrino was invented: this is a particle having no charge and no mass when at rest

which no one has ever detected or expects to detect using present techniques. However, it had the very admirable quality of allowing the conservation of momentum and energy and so the physicists could start breathing again (obviously while the laws of conservation of energy and momentum were suspended, the interregnum as you might say, life was impossible and so breathing was unnecessary). This rearmed, quantum mechanics returned to the attack and managed to carry the citadel, although it did not wipe out all of the opposition in the process. Although it accounted fairly well for the observed facts, the theory still contains difficulties which have yet to be overcome.

The theory of gamma radiation might appear fairly easy to develop. Like ordinary light, gamma rays are electromagnetic waves, though having a much shorter wavelength. Thus, a gamma ray is emitted when the atomic nucleus changes from a state of "excitation" or high energy to a state of lower energy, the gamma ray containing the difference in energy. But as yet there is no theory to predict the excited states which any but the simplest nuclei can possess.

Now we approach the heart of the problem. In order to calculate what are the excited states of a nucleus, one must know something about the binding energies and forces between the neutrons and protons (the "nucleons"), inside the nucleus.

Here the quantum theory becomes about as accurate as the maps of the world which were drawn by Columbus. It serves as a valuable guide, but the details are all wrong. There is at least one major missing factor, the "Pacific Ocean" of nuclear physics. The quantum theory treats of the electromagnetic interaction between particles. Among other things, it predicts that all the particles in the nucleus should interact with each other through their electromagnetic fields. This means that the interaction energy of a nucleon should be proportional to the number of nucleons in the nucleus. This is true for those nuclei having one, two, three and

four nucleons (up to helium 4). It is NOT true for those nuclei having between 5 and 242 (the highest so far known). When there are more than four nucleons the binding energy of any one of them reaches a saturation value and stops increasing. It is also difficult to account for the fact that so many positive charges (the protons) can exist in the nucleus without that nucleus flying apart due to the mutual repulsion of the protons.

Thus, it appears that in addition to the electromagnetic field of the nuclear particles it is necessary to postulate the existence of another type of nuclear force field (Called the "meson field") whose properties will be such that it will set only over short ranges, thus limiting the number of particles with which it effectively interacts to about three, and which will explain the stability of the large number of highly concentrated positive charges.

I shall spare the reader any of the details of the various types of meson fields which have been postulated. As yet they have not produced predictions in very good quantitative agreement with experimental results, although the predictions have been very helpful in a qualitative way. There have been two essential contributions to our ideas about nuclear physics: the exchange forces and the production of mesons.

The exchange forces in the nucleus are those forces which arise from the interaction of the meson fields of the nucleons. They couple together proton to proton, neutron to neutron, and in two ways neutron to proton, depending on the relative spin orientation of the two particles in the last case. The coupling forces between the protons are less than the repulsive forces due to their charges. However, in the case of the forces between neutrons & protons a very strange result is produced. The charge is exchanged between the two nucleons (hence the name for the forces), and thus the proton is turned into a neutron and vice versa. In other words, the positive charges jump back and forth and around from nucleon to nucleon inside the nucleus, so that at various times a given nucleon is a proton and other times it is a neutron. This goes to show that a nucleon must be considered a fundamental particle. Protons and neutrons are merely

different states of this fundamental nucleon.

The result of all these nuclear athletics is that the combined attractive forces between all the nucleons is greater than the repulsive forces of the protons, and the nucleus is stable. The neutrons act as a kind of "adhesive" between the positive charges, holding them all together. It is interesting to recall at this point that the excess of neutrons over protons increases for the heavier nuclei, thus showing that as the number of positive charges increases the amount of "adhesive" required to hold them together increases even faster.

At this point, I should like to pick a bone with some modern science-fiction writers. Some of their characters are blandly playing around with elements of atomic number 150 or thereabouts. Now, a very short extrapolation based on excellent theoretical and empirical data shows that a nucleus containing more than about 250 nucleons is impossible (the heaviest nucleus produced artificially to date, curium 242, has only eight nucleons less than this number). This is not a question of having a highly unstable nucleus: it means that the repulsive forces become greater than the exchange forces and so the nucleus cannot be formed in the first place. This means that elements of atomic number greater than about 100 are impossible (curium is 96). Authors please note.

The portion of the theory dealing with the changing of protons into neutrons and vice versa, has received experimental verification last year in the 184 inch synchro-cyclotron at Berkeley, California. In these experiments a beam of high energy neutrons was passed through a block of matter, and a good percentage of protons were observed with the neutrons in the emergent beam. This means that some of the neutrons passed close enough to the atomic nuclei in the material so that the exchange forces came into effect and positive charges jumped to the neutrons. This result could not be accounted for by collisions with hydrogen nuclei, as in this case the protons would be scattered through much larger angles than was observed to be the case.

((NEXT: The Creation of Mesons))

A. MERRITT

AND VIRGIL FINLAY

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Dover, N.J.

Flipping open the crisp new copy of CANFAN I discovered the query "Comments?" inscribed in purple ink on the first page. Remember, you asked for it!

Technically the issue is up to the mag's usual standard of neatness. The double columns of varityping are pleasing to the eye, but, shucks, if the process entails as much toil as your editorial claims, a plain old-fashioned typewriter is good enough for stencil cutting. Artwork this trip was very good, with special posies to Bill Grant and the chap who did the cover.

The Torcon was slightly on the hyper side. I'm definitely glad that I was there, even though Christensen didn't get around to pushing that bathtub off a roof.

Your decision to publish a TORCON REPORT was, I think, a wise one. There was talk of the NFFF publishing another "Memory Book" to cover the affair, but it seems as though such projects bog down. Perhaps because the labour is distributed among fans who live in different climes — as witness the fact that the Philcon Memory Book will be out around New Year's! "Memory Book" seems an appropriate name for it.

Cameron's article on atomic warfare survival makes some good points. especially his suggestions for a survey meter to measure radiation, and for carrying an extra supply of gasoline. About the last idea — it's difficult to predict the effects of an atom bombing when the nature of the attack is pure speculation. Chances are the highways would be blocked by fallen rubble and the bridges jarred loose by the force of the blast — as was the case in Hiroshima. But the discussion of personal survival makes interesting discussion-fodder.

The Maelstrom seems a lot more readable than most fanzine letter sections, and the communique from Russ Wilsey brought back fond memories of the dear dead days

when Russ was a luminary of New York fandom. After noting Wilsey's remark, "...no matter what kind of letter the US citizen writes to his president, he will get some kind of answer", I'm tempted to write a letter to Mr. Truman just to see what sort of reply comes back.

"The Evolution of the Mountain" I think is the most rib-tickling stuff to hit the fan press since Burbee's scientific sorties. Quote: "To make things more difficult, much of this mountain erecting was done during the Ice Ages when everyone was indoors and had no chance to see the thing coming. Naturally most of humanity was rather irritated about it all..." Wonderful!

"Wee Willie's Wanderings" does a competent job of compressing the outstanding features of the fantasy tomes into a brief space. Hope this feature becomes a regular.

"Solar Myths" contains a lot of things I wasn't familiar with before. Hurter's a man who always seems able to turn out an absorbing article. Belated congrats to his account of his trip to Europe.

Is James Russell Gray still writing verse for you, or are you taking poems like "Accursed" from the NFFF manuscript bureau? ((Neither, but we have a large enough file of original poetry by Gray to last for quite some time.))

It's too bad Moe Diner's column got caught in the editorial squeeze; it makes good reading, anyway, what there is of it. The idea of publishing a zine composed of Brass Tacks missives has possibilities, but the list of fan projects in which Editor Campbell has "...just not been interested..." is as long as a dero's chin-whiskers. Somebody once had the brainstorm of publishing a fanzine full of letters which didn't make Planet Stories' Vizigraph column, but while Fiction House was willing, fan enthusiasm for the project apparently fell through, for naught

since has been heard of it.

Summing up, CANFAN deserves kudos for presenting a lot of serious, thought-provoking stuff in a manner which never veers toward the pedantic. And, b'gorsh, publishing "heavy" material which is still-in-all fun to read is no mean feat. Keep 'em coming.

Thank Ghu for granting you a strong back, the better to bear the burdens of running a convention. I didn't want to discourage you before the Con, but you'll recall that in times gone by, three convention chairmen have collapsed on the opening day of the Con...!

((Many thanks for the fine letter, JoKe. We trust that there will not be a very long lapse between this missive and your next letter to CANFAN.))

BEN INDICK

443 Jersey Avenue
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Extreme laziness has kept me from commenting on the last few issues of CANFAN. So I apologize but will now talk about them at some length.

#14: Doc Keller's piece was good, as is all the good Doctor's stuff. I recall with pleasure his "Bridle" and "Golden Bough", such lovely fantasies with real power.

Concerning Babs Bovard, she seems to think that we can toss over all our shackles and start life anew at once. First of all, our culture, with the dependence of the family on a supporter makes it hard for the latter to escape his rut. Secondly, because of the environment in which he was raised, and the education he received, he may not realize the possibility of any other life. The opiate of some after-life may seem quite satisfactory to him, whether or not it exists. Finally, I take objection to her stating, "...science-fiction and its satellite, fantasy..." In case she is not aware of it, Stf is merely a branch of imaginative fiction, whereas fantasy is imaginative fiction. Leave us watch our subjects, Miss.

Wee Willie speaks interestingly in both 14 and 15. However, for my two bits, he speaks all too highly of Gus Derleth's glorified fanzine and of "Zotz!", which is shot full of inconsistencies, thus ruining much of its effect, and its un-

disputed humour content. It's a very poor man's Thorne Smith. Personally, I'd recommend the latter, and especially his marvellous top four: "Turnabout", "Rain In the Doorway", "The Stray Lamb" and "Skin and Bones". ((Personally, I lean towards his great "Night Life of the Gods". If it is possible that the reader has not read any of his books, don't hesitate. Almost all of them are available in twenty-five cent size or in large three-in-one volumes from Sun Dial Press.)) However, Grant cannot praise E.M. Forster too highly, as far as I am concerned. His, "The Point of It", is a real masterpiece, beautifully written and thought-provoking. Equal to it are the famed "Celestial Masterpiece" and "The Machine Stops". Grant's Merritt and HPL drawings indicate a sensitive mind and are very nice indeed. His discussion of Wells' "Country of the Blind" is comment-provoking. I think some words should be added, most important, that the story is unquestionably allegory, and very fine allegory at that. The hero represents man's intellectual and personal freedom, a quality hard to maintain in a world that holds as its goal, conformity. He finds the strange land of the blind people and falls in love with a blind girl — just as all of us find that we have desires which the world about us can supply. But, to marry her, he must give up his eyesight, (become a conformist). The philosophical question he must face is whether or not to maintain his individuality, knowing he will lose something loved and irreplaceable. He chooses to relinquish the worldly pleasure for the pleasure of being free. Leaving, he sees the "subtle beauty" of nature, the sky, the mountains, the luminous darkness. He knows he has chosen wisely. I should add that I don't agree with Grant that the hero dies. He lives, tired, yes, but contented. How can he die? He is the curious mind personified, and must live. A truly brilliant tale, for which Grant's illustration is nice, being intended as no more than a tribute to a great story. Another equally fine story by the same author, in the short length, is, "The Door In the Wall". How about an illustration for Stephens' utterly beautiful, "Crock of Gold", huh Bill?

Heaven's My Destination is maybe worth a ho-hum, if that. This fellow

Hurter has an unquestionable sense of humor and is interesting and cocky. But, he's like all engineers, a conceited son-of-a-gun. This yarn is along well-worn grooves, the best in its line being "Doc Mellhorn and the Fearly Gates" by Benet.

The Evolution of the Mountain and The Lever Principle are good for a number of guffaws, with a style reminiscent of some of the zanier efforts of the masters, Benchley and Leacock.

Heaps of congratulations on the extremely attractive cover on #15. Well-drawn and well-lithographed.

And now I must dash down to the local pub where the television is showing Chapter Three of the fantastic serial (circa 1936) "The Phantom Empire". This thing stars Gene Autry, and mixes comedy, songs and the West with a real Amazing-type underground super-empire, with omnipotent She-type queen, robots, super-weapons, guided aerial torpedoes, electric bolt chambers, etc. Corny but cute.

SAM MCCOY

951 Harrison Avenue
London, Ontario

CANFAN No. 15 reached my door safely, and having now perused it from cover to cover, set myself the task of commenting thereon.

Cor! (Pardon the language.) This time you have left the McCoy entirely sans adjectives — I used them all up over Nos. 13 and 14. The cover is far far better than is often seen on promags. Clamp Cliff MacFayden into irons and preserve him in a space warp outa reach of competitors. A truly stupendous cover. ((How do you like the one for this issue, Sam?))

Editorial We deserves an honorable mention as an adequate coverage of reviewers' reactions to S-F. Rather a review of the reviewers. Hurter's tale was a humorous little gem — I take it he himself is an engineer?

Alastair Cameron's article on personal survival was engrossing, and seemed to cover most of the eventualities. But, how're you going to escape the fate outlined in "Thunder and Roses" in a recent aSF?

It's a hopeless task to remark on The Evolution of the Mountain — only don't let Beak stop, old son. What have Tucker and Kennedy got that Beak Taylor hasn't —

intelligence, money, women, a car? The "article" was very amusing anyway.

Grant's doing well with his Classics of Science-Fantasy Fiction. Keep on with it. You intended to anyway, but look at the encouragement you're getting.

Wee Willie's Wanderings is an indispensable column in CANFAN; he covered a lot of ground this time — six books plus the H.G. Wells story.

Solar Myths was muy interesante, especially to a crusading atheist like myself — those similarities in the various pagan and the Christian religions make a peachy argument with which to slap ardent evangelists in their religious snoots.

Mr. Croutch, (Bless his fat hide) wrote with acumen, but got off base badly on his thought that men will never leave earth. For, lo, one may regard the Rockies, Old Faithful, or the Taj Mahal via postcard, photograph and movie, but people still want to see the real thing — hence tourists. And if you think joes are gonna be happy just watching their spaceship landing on the moon or Mars via television screen, you, Mr. Croutch, are even crazier than is generally believed.

Moe left me cold, as did Barbara (her column at least). The Canadian Fan Directory continues apace.

Adios until next time.

JOSEPH B. BAKER

1438 Addison St.
Chicago 13, Ill.

Have received my copies of the TR and am hastening to remark about same. To wit: There was certainly enough contents! The coverage of the Tucker Report was extremely interesting. Some day I may send out a report poll of my own. If it's as much fun as Tucker's seems to have been it would be well worth the effort expended.

The cover was in exceptional good taste. Considering some of the work that has appeared on various covers of various publications, well, you know what I mean.

Frankly, judging from the lack of the Philcon Memory Book and attendant actions I was prepared for the worst. What do I see but an excellently done layout with intelligent reporting (albeit with appropriate humor!) and some well-written ads. From my meager experience with

mimeography I extend my thanks to you Ned, and to all and sundry who saw fit to lend a hand on a most worthy project, The Torcon Report!

MOE DINER

4814 Wilson Avenue
Montreal 29, Quebec

.....your own TORCON REPORT is magnificent, super-colossal, terrific, egregious. In fact, it's pretty good. Nice mimeographing and make-up (By the way, Hurter wants to know if he can get extra copies of the nude opposite page 26?). The material was excellent. I'm happy to see the speeches there intact — I believe that's the first time this has been done properly in a convention memorial. The rest of the material is of an even level of quality. At this distance in time, I cannot remember any single item as standing out too clearly, but the overall tone was fine. Bloch and Tucker, I remember, read as well as they sounded (I say I remember, because it is something like a month since I had a chance to go through the thing thoroughly. That was during the Xmas holidays.)

Anyway, Ned, one thing is certain: you've done a job which will probably remain a goal for any future convention memorial job to aim at equalling. I don't think it will be equalled for many years to come!

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

Box 121
Parry Sound, Ontario

I really don't know why I'm doing this again, but I suppose it's because I like to see my name in print, and because I write such an interesting letter, and maybe because you were sucker enough to print all of the last one. Anyway, here's another...

COVER

Can't say I like this one, Ned old Neanderthaler. The treatment is alright, technically there is little wanting. But a black stock doesn't add anything, in my opinion, to the light-hearted nature of the contents.

TOC

Why mention this? Neat as usual. Note Diner's name is present again. Considering the not too small bulk of Mr. Diner, his name suits him to a T...Moe

Diner. But I'm by no means Les Croutch Hah, puns...

EDITORIAL WE

Norm Stanley is off the beam — why waste a perfectly good burly queen by pushing her streetwards in a bathtub? But then maybe the kind of queen you'd have wouldn't be good. Do I approve of sex? Shame on you defiling these pure pages with such a naughty word. You know I don't! I had a chance onct to purchase a used Varityper in the Yewnuted States for something like thirty-five dollars, but I didn't. The duty scared me to death. Or at least the prospect of paying it did. I didn't ask what the rate would be but judging by everything else it was high. If it was less then Abbot must have been asleep when he was thinking up ways to milk us poor people of our hard-earned cents. Regarding photographs of the Convention. You'll have access to mine but they'll have to be enlarged from an 8mm frame as I don't think I'll lug the Kodak along as well as the Cine-Kodak. Personally, I think the extra labor involved with the Varityper was worth it. This is one of the best issues of any fanzine I have ever seen. I only hope you can repeat it. The changes in type face, to me anyway, add a certain air. I did notice though, that the machine seems to have a habit of substituting "c" for "t". It happened quite a lot. I think I'd buy one if I could get a used one reasonably enough. I'd like it for Light.

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION

It certainly is easy to see the author is some sort of engineer. What a mass of second cousin ego-boo. Maybe now I should do something extolling the virtue of radio service engineers, or radio service technicians, as the Radio Manufacturers Association would have us call ourselves.

PERSONAL SURVIVAL IN ATOMIC WARFARE

Personally I'm getting a little weary of these atomic articles. If somebody would come up with something new for a change — but I think most I read now is just a rehash of what I've already seen. However, this was well done and interesting. That Varityper cuts a neat stencil I see.

THE MAELSTROM...with subdivisions

a) I see Russ Wilsey agrees with me that Fandom's voice to an editor isn't

worth much as to quantity. Tell me, Russ, do you also send encouraging notes back to morons with their rejected mss? Or do just the embryo authors that you think might someday do something buyable, get those little chits? Fandom is far from united. If it was, would there always be these assinine feuds? The only united thing about fandom is the congregational liking for the stuff it reads and the fact that it is composed of people who all think they think differently from people who are not fans. You'd be amazed, or would you, to know the really far-flung ideas men have who wouldn't read fantasy on a bet. Some of these men have imaginations that put some fan to shame. Like the bird who came into the shop one day and raised cane with the manufacturers in particular because the bird that made his set didn't complete it.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked. Not that the radio owner knows usually what's wrong but it puffs him up to think an expert thinks he knows.

"The shmoe that made this set didn't put any battery plugs on it. I'm going on a fishing trip this Sunday and I want to use it."

Now I admit this isn't his exact language but it contains the essentials. I looked at the set and what was it but a straight midget, AC-DC radio. I explained to him that it was for running off electric mains, and would never work off batteries unless he had a convertor to work off a storage battery and so on.

"I was told that it would work off alternating current or direct current. Aren't batteries direct current?"

Now there, Russ, is a man with either an abysmal ignorance or else a terrific imagination. Of course if he had 110 volts of battery that would give the DC at the required current, it would work, but.. and there's a big BUT there.

b) Through pure modesty I shall refrain from commenting upon the letter of that illustrious gentlemen who was given so much space in the letter department.

c) Comparison, Cox, isn't always to the merit of the compared one. Lovecraft is very good and always will be, in my opinion, just as Shaver's work is very poor. I used the comparison here because of the extremist viewpoint offered.

e) Poor Sam. Beak might know some beautiful blonde bodies but he certainly isn't one himself. In fact, Beak is the most uncouth looking character it has ever been my misfortune to meet. One thing, Sam, so many people NOT in business, seem to forget, and that is — you are in business as a job — the better you do the job the more you eat and the more chance you have of keeping your position. The customer is always right — and in business the majority of customers' opinions dictate the policy of your business. In my business I have a hearty contempt for the vast number of midget receivers turned out and called radios. I wouldn't own one as a steady set for constant listening. But I'd be a fool to let that feeling run me and turn down and money to be made from the handling or repairing of such sets. The majority of radios in use today are priced below \$100. I don't think a good set can be made that cheaply. But if I refused to touch anything below \$100 list a good 75% of my income would disappear. Therefor the majority of customers dictate my business policy — I'll work on anything that is electronics no matter how cheaply put up or how terrible technically for that is business. Business and romance do not mix — it might be romantic to print a magazine aimed at the fans but would it be financially sound? As a business man I commend Palmer for his Success. As a fan I don't. But you have to know where to draw the line. Fandom is nice — but you have to live. If fandom is going to run your working life and thus make you a failure then fandom has got to go. It's nice to be hobby-minded, but you also have to be practical. Fans, as a whole, do not appear to be very practical.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MOUNTAIN

Humorous as is most of Beak's stuff. I seem to detect a gross error or two here and there, but as they do not detract from the overall enjoyment I got from the thing I'll not mention them here.

WEE WILLIE'S WANDERINGS

As usual, excellent, and a worthwhile feature.

SOLAR MYTHS

It's pretty well accepted, I think, that Creation wasn't the six-day bike race the ecclesiastics would have us believe. But I wonder how many of them really be-

lieve it themselves, nowadays. Science has proven that Earth is several thousands of millions of years old from their study of minerals and rocks, and the uranium clock times things pretty well. So many people seem to think that we have to believe the Adam and Eve yarn in order to believe in the Bible. In my opinion I think one of religion's points is to make us think for ourselves. Nothing in the past was meant to be hidden forever. Clues were scattered about and as man progresses in intelligence and learning he can put this cosmic jig-saw puzzle together himself. I think man needs some sort of belief, but not what was the thing of the day back in Noah's time. What Noah and Abraham had was fine for them, but religion has to progress with man. It has to modernize. It has to keep up with science not so much as a follower but as a companion. For the more we learn and the more we understand the truer belief we develop, until someday we'll have the True Religion and not the haphazard affair we had in the past and that we have, to a great extent, today. The fact that so many religions apparently have the same roots does not necessarily mark any one of them as false. They all may be merely clues to something greater which so far we aren't smart enough to figure out ourselves. It's as though a group of children are let loose in a large room in which they find a million jig-saw pieces. Each child in time manages to put together a small section which contains a bit of recognizable scene. He wonders of what it is a part. He doesn't know and he finds an extra piece so rarely to add to his little portion of the entire picture. So he tries to answer his questions. Perhaps what he has looks to him like the stone foundation of a great wall or pillar. That is all. It had to be built on something. It had to be part of something. But what? He develops religionistic theories that fit what he has so far. As time goes on and he finds additional pieces he may find a little section of the earth appearing and perhaps where he thought it would be grassy right up to the wall he finds it is stony. This changes part of the picture. So he looks about at the other children and at their little pieces of the overall scene, and he is sure to find some other children who

also have developed portions of the same wall. Perhaps there is also a bit of the rocky ground showing. But that doesn't mean it is the same wall. It might be another building. They may all be working on a puzzle that when completed may show a whole country, or a whole city, or just one mammoth building. Not until the last portion is pressed into place will we ever know. For with even one piece missing we may miss a tiny window, or a face, or a word that will change the whole outlook. Thus it is with religion — we are striving to put together a mammoth jig-saw. So far we may be working on many different religions or just small segments of the same one. Maybe what we have isn't a religion. Maybe it is something far different for which we haven't even developed a name — and we call it religion for want of a better term.

CANADIAN FAN DIRECTORY

Again I wonder — is Laurie Woodruff male or female? ((Definitely male.)) With that name he should be of the gentler sex. Gentler — that's a laugh — look at the little lassies taking up Judo and throwing big bruisers twice their weight.

CONSENSUS OF OPINION

This issue of CANADIAN FANDOM shows a nice format which I hope you will find possible to continue. The change in type faces make for relief in appearance. Everything else remains at its usual high level of quality!

Watch for.....

"C I N V E N T I O N A L L Y
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...a personalized account of the

C I N V E N T I O N

read CANADIAN FANDOM

and read

T H E B E S T

THOU ART MY BROTHER

ERIC DORN

Whitechapel was shrouded in a ghostly mantle of fog that evening in the Fall of 1888 when George Barrow decided to close his butcher shop. It was impenetrable as only London pea-souper can be and Barrow saw no reason to stay open any longer. There wouldn't be any honest folks abroad this night. He was pulling down the blinds when the doorbell tinkled to announce a customer.

"Good night ta yuh, Mr. Barrow," said the girl as she entered. "An' what 'avo yuh got that's good for an 'ungry, 'ard workin' girl?"

Barrow snorted scornfully. "'ard workin' girl, be yuh? With all yer goin's on, I'd like ta know when yuh finds time for 'onest work, that I would."

High pitched, raucous laughter issued from her. She said coyly: "Na-a-aw, Mr. Barrow, don't be nasty.....let's 'ave some of that lamb."

Barrow wrapped the meat, muttering: "There's yer lamb. That'll be one an' tuppence.....But if I were yer father, I'd give yuh —." He was cut off by a derisive peal of laughter and the tinkling of the doorbell.

But even an hour later when he prepared for bed, the little minx's laughter still haunted Barrow. The insolence of her, carrying on the way she was!

Barrow sat on the edge of his bed, rubbed his hand across his eyes. If only he wouldn't get another one of those nightmares. Like that one last week. He shivered at the very thought of it. The nightmares were gradually making a nervous wreck of him. For years he'd transacted business with people like that hirl without acting the way he had tonight. Underneath, the resentment had always been there, of course. But not until recently — till the nightmares began to get on his nerves — had he said anything openly. He must find a way out. If he went on like this, he'd ruin both his health and his business. As he blew out his night-light, Barrow prayed for dreamless slumber.

But his wish was not to be granted that night. For he started dreaming almost as soon as he fell asleep. Again he seemed to be out in the fog, wandering aimlessly. And then — the dark man! A cloaked figure emerged from the mist just in front of Barrow. The same man, the same method of meeting as in the other dreams! Barrow experienced a foretaste of the horror that was to come.

The coiling wisps of fog, the occasional vistas of darkened, poverty-stricken streets, the weird moaning of the fog horns from the harbor. Of all these things was the skein of nightmare.

Barrow wanted to shriek at the top of his lungs: "'ere 'e is! This is the beast! In God's name — somebody — anybody, 'elp me. It's Jack the Ripper. Stop 'im. Don't let me 'ave to watch 'im carve up another!" But he was held in the hypnotic thrill of the dream and he couldn't so much as whisper.

Suddenly, ahead of them appeared a girl. A voice in Barrow's mind screamed: "NO. NO." But he couldn't break away, strive though he might. He had to dog the steps of the cloaked figure. Closer. Closer to the unsuspecting girl till Barrow recognized the face of the one who had been in his store such a little while before. Merciful heavens! The Ripper couldn't —.

But he did. Stealthily, the black figure walked up behind her.

"Aw-w-wwww ——" It made Barrow's stomach curdle. It was the scream of a mortally wounded animal.

Over the Ripper's shoulder, Barrow saw her turn in that last agonized moment of life. And her pain-filled eyes went wide with insane fear.

A small broken voice was crying over and over in Barrow's mind: "God in heaven, he can't do it again —." But the Ripper did. And though his mind gibbered at the brink of madness, Barrow was compelled by the hideous power of dream to watch the cloaked being's atrocities through a

seeming eternity.

Finally, it was over, and the Ripper's figure straightened. Barrow's figure went taut. This was his chance! If he could only see the other's face, he could dare to tell the police of his dreams.

But as before the face of the Ripper was curiously averted. And, as before, he disappeared into the fog like a wraith.

Barrow woke in a cold sweat. Dawn was still far away but he couldn't sleep any more that night. He alternately moaned and shivered as though with the ague.

Next day the papers carried flamboyant accounts of the murder. But the facts were the same. A woman named Stevens had been found horribly mutilated in Banbury Street, Spitalfields, not half a mile from the house where the last victim had been killed. The headlines screamed: RIPPER'S FOURTH VICTIM DISCOVERED and JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN.

Barrow shivered once more. The newspaper accounts tallied in every respect with what he'd witnessed in his dream. But try and tell the police that! It was hopeless unless he could describe the fiendish killer. His only chance was to see the man's face if it happened again. And he felt the Ripper's murders were to continue.

In the next three months there were three more Ripper murders and Barrow, loath though he was to do so, attended each of them in his dreams. At the end of September, the Ripper staged a double murder on the same night, one within an hour of the other, but strain though he did to see the Ripper's face after each killing, Barrow was once more unsuccessful.

However, when the cloaked figure slaughtered a seventh unfortunate woman early in November not a hundred yards from the place of a previous crime, Barrow

almost saw his face. The man turned towards Barrow as he made his escape, but so dark was the night that he couldn't distinguish the features.

A month and a half passed and Barrow began to wonder if perhaps the Ripper would be satisfied with seven victims. Anybody found out after dark in Limehouse was suspect now and the police were going in pairs.

Then, a few days before Christmas, Barrow dreamed again. Once more the wandering through dark, unpeopled streets. Once more — Jack the Ripper! As the moon peeped through the banked clouds he spotted the cloaked figure ahead. Feeling a strange flush of exultation, Barrow followed close behind. He was nearer to the Ripper than he had ever been before, almost treading on the man's heels.

They were in Popular now. Just ahead, a slim figure was momentarily limned against the wall. A girl's figure. The Ripper tensed, advanced like a panther stalking his prey. Barrow tried to scream, to warn the girl, but in vain.

She didn't seem to be aware of the other's presence till the cloaked figure slipped the cord around her neck. Then she uttered a little cry and her body jerked convulsively as the cord tightened.

Her still form slipped to the ground and the black-garbed figure bent forward to his gruesome work. But even as he did so, Barrow felt a heightened sense of freedom. Before, he'd never been able to approach closer than a dozen feet. Now, the bonds of dream no longer shackled him, he approached to stand over the Ripper.

The man's head raised as though he sensed another's presence, and in the rays of the moon's sudden light, Barrow saw the Ripper's face. He screamed.

For the face that George Barrow saw was — his own!

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MONTREAL

DINNER

MOE

MUTTERINGS

It had a lot of inertia, but the Moe-tive force was great. Slowly the great ship began to get under way again. And the Montreal Science-Fiction Society began to get going on its summer program, after a two months' nap.

CENSORED was postponed again. This time however, the date appeared to be definite: July, immediately after the TORCON. ((Incidentally, this was written some eight months ago.)) The first issue of the revived magazine will contain a Torcon report, which will be our own inimitable work, and not a carbon copy of any other effort so entitled.

Alastair Cameron's fine article in CANFAN #15, on "Personal Survival In Atomic Warfare", brings to mind a symposium held several months ago at an MSFS meeting on "The Next War".

We made several assumptions on which this discussion was based. Our initial premises were: 1) There will be a next war; 2) It will be between two states (viz USA and satellites vs Russia and stooges) whose technological resources and research achievements will be extensive enough to make the conflict as interesting as we describe; 3) It will occur after a lapse of a sufficient number of years for technological development in these lines to have attained a high measure of progress (we therefore ruled out such alarmist early dates as 1952 or '53 for the beginning and end of the struggle); 4) Technological progress will follow substantially the lines at present indicated; 5) No factors (e.g. fear of retaliation, humane sentiments) such as in this war (WW II, the medium one) prevented the use of poison gas or bacteriological weapons, will keep either side from slamming the other with everything it has.

Since any and all of the assumptions — even the first one — is open to a high degree of doubt, this is not necessarily

a half-accurate forecast of what is to come. But it is indicative of what you can dream up if you try.

Obviously, the prime weapon of the next war will be the atomic bomb. This will undoubtedly be improved. The tests so secretly conducted recently at Eniwetok claimed use of bombs of a radically improved type (Mark III — the first test bomb and the Hiroshima number were Mark I; the Nagasaki and Bikini ones Mark II). It may be that they involve, not an improvement in the fission process, but the first attempt to use lithium hydride "real charge", with the Pu or U-235 bomb acting as a fuse. Lithium hydride is the most promising of the developments to date in the bomb line: it can be purchased in car-load lots, does not require so involved a process of mining and purifying as U-235 or Pu, and can be stepped up in amount to a very high degree with little expense or trouble, comparatively, and requiring only the initial amount of U-235 or Pu to set it off. It should be possible, using it, to construct a bomb right now that could wipe out New York and vicinity single-handed.

It seems likely that the mode of delivery will be via guided missile. The work in this line is too well known to need going into. Will F. Jenkins did a beautiful job of describing, in "Murder of the USA", just what an atomic war might be like, using properly guided missiles. But there's the hitch: proper guiding. Rockets tend to be inaccurate, and it is possible that they will be useful only in terror raids. It may be that, to get the bomb where you want it, it will be necessary to bring it there yourself, by plane or submarine.

But, trying to get it there brings to hand the problems of defense. And the trouble is, from the attacker's viewpoint, the defense is likely to be too damn good. Jenkins, again, did an excellent job of

forecasting this. But he made some notable blunders. For example, he has his hero standing tensely by a push-button, waiting to see the indicator flash the approach of the bomb intended for his base, in order to set up the counter-rockets. He deserved to meet the fate he certainly would have received in real life. The next war cannot be such a push-button war: it must be more of a robot war. Human reactions are far too slow and imprecise to trust with the delicate and urgent job of coping with such a rocket attack; the job must be done by electronic relays.

One defense means which Jenkins overlooked is a globe-girdling radar network — and we mean girdling. Every inch of air and nearby space will be covered, and no craft, from a kid's airplane of paper, up, will be permitted to pass without individual authorization from an international control board. The appearance of an unauthorized craft on the screens would be a signal for an annihilative attack upon it. Such a measure would be an intolerable straightjacket for aerial transport and travel in normal times, but it might come about as a crisis measure (e.g. in an atmosphere similar to that of Europe in 1938-39). While it would not prevent a sneak attack on a minor scale, it would give notice of any major effort. Minor attacks (comparatively) could come about by use of camouflaged warcraft proceeding on fraudulent authorization as peaceful transports, by going under radar "floors", by masquerading as innocent appearing cargo-ships, or by long-range submarines. But such attacks could not be large-scale: viz., a blanket offensive, designed to wipe out the enemy in a matter of minutes.

There is no 100% defense against bombs. Campbell asserted, in ASF, that such a defense could be developed for two billion dollars, the cost of the bomb, but there is little justification for such a statement. If he was thinking of force-screens, there is no justification whatsoever — they are strictly in the realm of stf. Science proper does not have even a theoretical lead toward such — and remember, the two billion dollars spent on the development of the atomic bomb in World War II were spent in following up theoretical knowledge already confirmed (it was just a question of developing

techniques). But defenses against the bomb can (and almost certainly will) be brought against the bomb for that price — which won't be 100%. They would be in the nature of those indicated above — radar, counter-rockets (which, equipped with proximity fuses and sent in barrages, aimed by something like the M-9 Fire Director would be rather effective), and so forth.

But bombs aren't the only weapons. Radioactive poisons offer an effectiveness in a drawn-out war, which modern chemical warfare does not. Poison gas was not used in the past war because of fear of retaliation partly, but mostly because they were too ineffective to be sufficiently decisive. Such is not the case with radioactive poisons. However, they will probably be despatched via the bomb, because mass-transport of any radioactive substances is difficult and dangerous. It's simpler to send a bomb, specially designed to give maximum after-effects and by-products.

In addition to radioactive poisons, there is biological warfare. This, again, is a weapon for a slow war. It is not a very strong weapon independently — what with the advance of medicine, the prevalence of effective sanitation, etc., modern society is not very vulnerable to, say, a cholera epidemic, except in the more backward regions of the world — but if used in conjunction with radioactive poisons, it could be pretty nasty. It would have to be used in many ways at once, attacking on a dozen fronts. Botulism, anthrax, cholera, etc., for the humans directly — up to 25% casualties might be so achieved — but also spread diseases of plants and domestic animals: hoof-and-mouth disease for livestock, fungus disease for crops, etc. This could do a great deal of damage, but probably far less than radioactive weapons, and offers too low a degree of efficiency for use as other than as an auxiliary and terror weapon.

One side-light on radioactive warfare which has not been widely-mooted previously is murder by genetics. Of course, the standard stf story visualizes multiple mutations as a consequence of radioactive war. But what is not realized is that the overwhelming majority of such mutations

(probably better than 99%) will be lethal, killing the infant before it is born. Even if it is born there will be an overwhelming chance that it will die young, and if it survives, then it will be crippled; and ultimately, even if it isn't sterile in the medical sense, it will be genetically because of too great a variation in the genes between individuals for fertile mating. With any widespread dissemination of radioactive radiation, the incidence of mutations will begin to approach 100%. However, the human race will not have to worry too much about genetic suicide: domestic animals and crops have much shorter generations than we have and they will become extinct first, so starving us to death.

Incidentally, the widespread existence of radiations would probably be assured in the next war, if it follows the course assumed above, not only from radioactive poisons, but from beams of lethal radiation (alright, alright, death rays then) — the two "atomic" scientists who were killed a couple of years ago seem to

have been working on this — and possibly from other sources as well (it has been suggested that Russian work on cosmic rays etc., will lead to, a) their harnessing; and, b) means of breaking down the Heavyside Layer, etc., to admit them in greater quantities over a given bit of country. Where the bear walks, the eagle will not be far behind, if at all; and probably vice versa).

Don't let this bundle of cheer depress you, though. First of all, it is an attempt at visualizing the worst that can happen, in accordance with certain assumptions. At least one of the assumptions is almost certain to be false, and it is doubtful that more than a fraction of this would come to pass even if they weren't. Moreover, if worst comes to worst, there is an excellent chance that we will destroy ourselves quickly, so cutting the misery short (we may not even know it when it comes. Merde alors! (French expression which, when politely translated, means: "So nuts to it.")

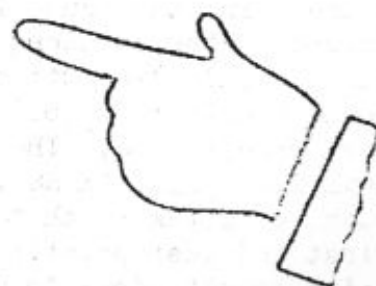
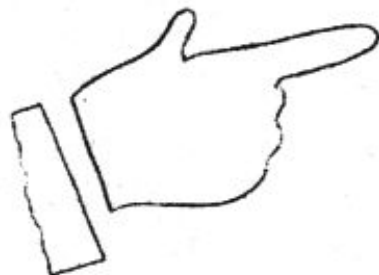
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CONVENTION

SEPT. 3-5

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OVER THE RHINE IN '49

BY JOVE!

...did you think that Planet never used reprints? Well, you're wrong! In the Spring 1949 issue of Planet there appeared a story entitled "Dwellers In Silence". This also appeared in the September 15th issue of Macleans Magazine, a Canadian slick similar to Colliers. The Canadian appearance was called "The Long Years" and featured a very nice two page illustration by a staff artist. Enquiries addressed to the editorial offices of both Planet and Macleans have produced the information that both firms hold a North American copyright on said story. Hmmm! Incidentally, the slick version is presented in a much more mature manner with what we feel is a far more appropriate title....note that H.G. Wells is now out in standard pocket book form — #269 from Dell is entitled "The Invisible Man"....see by Fanews of October 10th 1945 that FFM is to go monthly. Since Walt says he was quoting Mary Gnaedinger we wonder what happened?....after glancing through the great fanmags of the past and checking costs locally we feel that no good mag handled properly should lose money. Although we've never pubbed our own mag we know for a fact that many Toronto mags have made and are continuing to make money....under a dateline of October 1, 1948, Fantasy Times says, "...Super Science Stories...will contain new stories only.", and then goes on to list a great wad of stories that have appeared in several other pulps. Wonder what the score is? Just to cover the first issue: "The Black Sun Rises" appeared in the June 1944 Canadian Super Science Stories along with "A Handfull of Stars" and "The Other". Do those titles sound familiar to you? All the other stories except one, "The Moonworm's Dance" have seen print in SSS. That exception is such a stinker that we hope this is its first and last printing. Someday we are going to get down to doing a complete research into the printing history of the stories that appeared in the Canadian edi-

tions of Super Science Stories. It ran for 21 issues and featured stories from all of Popular's American pubs and a certain amount of original stuff. The covers were mostly redrawn Finlays and, believe it or not, in the majority of cases both the covers and the interiors were superior to the original Finlays. We have not been able to contact the staff artist responsible for these drawings but they were generally terrific. The one we think of right away is the Canadian art job for the Kuttner story, "The Black Sun Rises". It is an entirely original creation and it catches the spirit of the story so much better than the new Finlay that it makes our mouth water for more work by this famous unknown....do you think that Edgar Rice Burroughs originated the idea that the Earth was hollow? Well, you're wrong. John C. Syme expounded that idea in 1818. He maintained that the interior of the Earth could be reached through a hole at the North Pole....hear tell that Ted Sturgeon is now in the Merchant Marine....there's a possibility that W.T. Hamlin, the creator of Alley Oop, will be at the Convention....new novel coming up in Starling this summer from the pen of George O. Smith. Originally entitled "The Fatal Fraction", the plot is based on the sun becoming a nova because of the internal stresses caused by a small fraction of error in the Law of Conservation of Energy....John W. Campbell Jr. sat on one of George O. Smith's stories for three years before he used it. "Catspaw" in the September 1948 aSF was of such an unusual length that he could not find a place for it. Had it been five thousand words longer we might have seen it as a two part serial...."No Place To Hide" by Dr. Bradley, a log of the men engaged in the experiments at Bikini, is now out in pocket book form...if aSF is still using the Nova designation, the two stories by Wilmar H. Shiras, "In Hiding" and "Closing Doors" certainly deserve this award.....SHM



NO.9 JOHN MILLARD

Nov. 1917 brought with it an advance Christmas present for the Millards of Toronto in the form of one John L. Millard, now a six foot, blue-eyed "old time" fan. The family moved to Michigan in 1919 so that when young John turned to science-fiction in the late thirtys he naturally gravitated to the circle of acolytes about Doc Smith. Becoming active at the Chicon in 1940, he helped organize the Galactic Roamers in January of the following year. The GR's. later became famous as the group that helped Doc Smith with his famous "Lensmen" series. After attending the Denvention in '42 John joined the RCAF serving with distinction in both Canada and England. While on the other side John had many meetings with Anglofans and attended a full-scale Con in London in the Spring of 1945. He returned to civilian life in '46 and is now more or less permanently located in Toron-

to. He attended the Philcon in '47 and helped bring the Con back to Toronto in '48. He was a major factor in the success of the Torcon and any of you who did not have the pleasure of meeting him there will have the opportunity to do so at the Cinvention this fall. Leans toward aSF as the "most interesting" mag although the sight of a copy of Unknown stirs nostalgic memories. A steady and hard working member of The Derelicts, his presence at The Wreck on Sunday afternoons has been mainly responsible for much of the work done there.

Although philately is his first love, he has more than a passing acquaintance with radio and electronics, polar (particularly antarctic) research, photography and related subjects.

John's experiences of the past ten years have proved of great help in yours truly's ventures into the fan field. ENM



"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" by Curt Siodmak ~ CLASSICS of SCIENCE - FANTASY FICTION



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