

CANADIAN LONDON

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF S.F. NEWS

IN THIS ISSUE

PHILCON ISSUE - SEPT 1953

Exclusive Pin Up Of
Bob "Wilson" Tucker

featured
in

THE MIDWEST CON 1953
REPORT

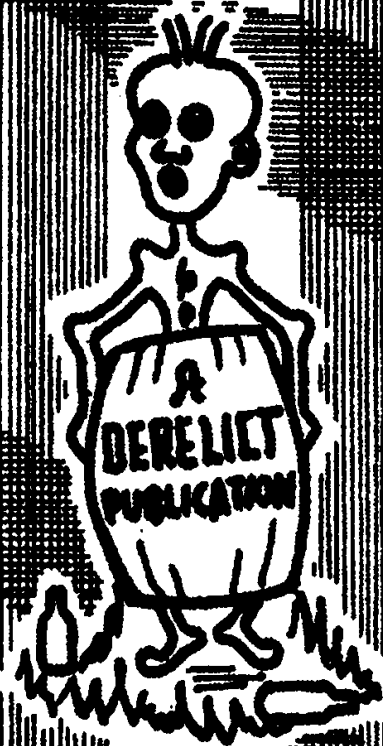
Special Article From
England by David Lane
ROCKET TO THE MOON

SPACE WEAPONS
by Joe Martino

GREAT MOMENTS
IN THE MOVIES

PLUS

BEST LETTER CONTEST
BOOK & FILM REVIEWS
And Many Other Features



FEATURES STORIES CARTOONS

CANADIAN FANDOM

Number Eighteen
September 1953
PHILCON ISSUE

CANADIAN FANDOM

CSFA - NFFF

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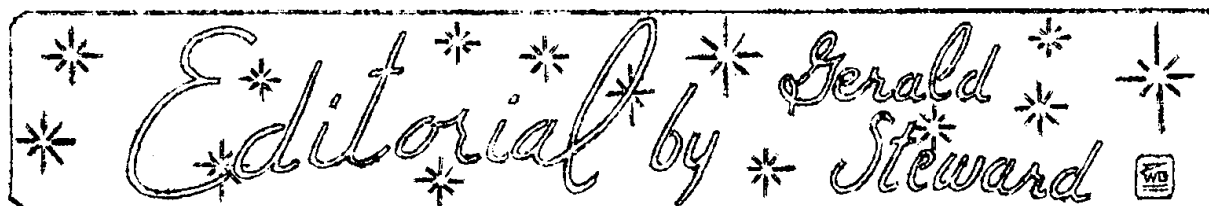
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NOTE - This issue is strictly a
non-profit publication..

Opening Remarks



Most of you have fond memories of earlier Can Fan issues so with the revival we have tried to capture some of the past flavour along with a blending of the new.

Some time back I was lucky enough to have the money on hand to purchase a Gestetner, then the NFFF appeared on the horizon and the fanzine urge was really born. Back of all this was the ever increasing thought that maybe Can Fan could be brought out of the moth balls, but first what about re-forming the Toronto fans. After a false start about a year ago I didn't have any high hopes on this second venture.

Wallace (Wally) Parsons turned out to be the chap who started the ball rolling, he agitated some old skeletons until they just had to turn out at a meeting to stop the series of rapid-fire phone calls asking why and why not.

The movement started last May and meetings have been cropping up every two weeks. Amongst us is Tom Owens, late of Liverpool, who brings us his experience of turning out a very fine Old Country magazine. Others in the group will be found on the following pages in a variety of subject matter.

At some of our meetings we have been treated to full-length features in the science-fantasy field. Also films of past conventions and the personalities who attend them. These films are always on hand for reshewing to any new members who wish to join our local group.

The DERELICTS consist of a wide age group so that now nobody new can feel out of place, and as long as you want to chin and shoot the breeze about STF you will find that this is the only membership requirement. For additional information please note the telephone numbers on the contents page.

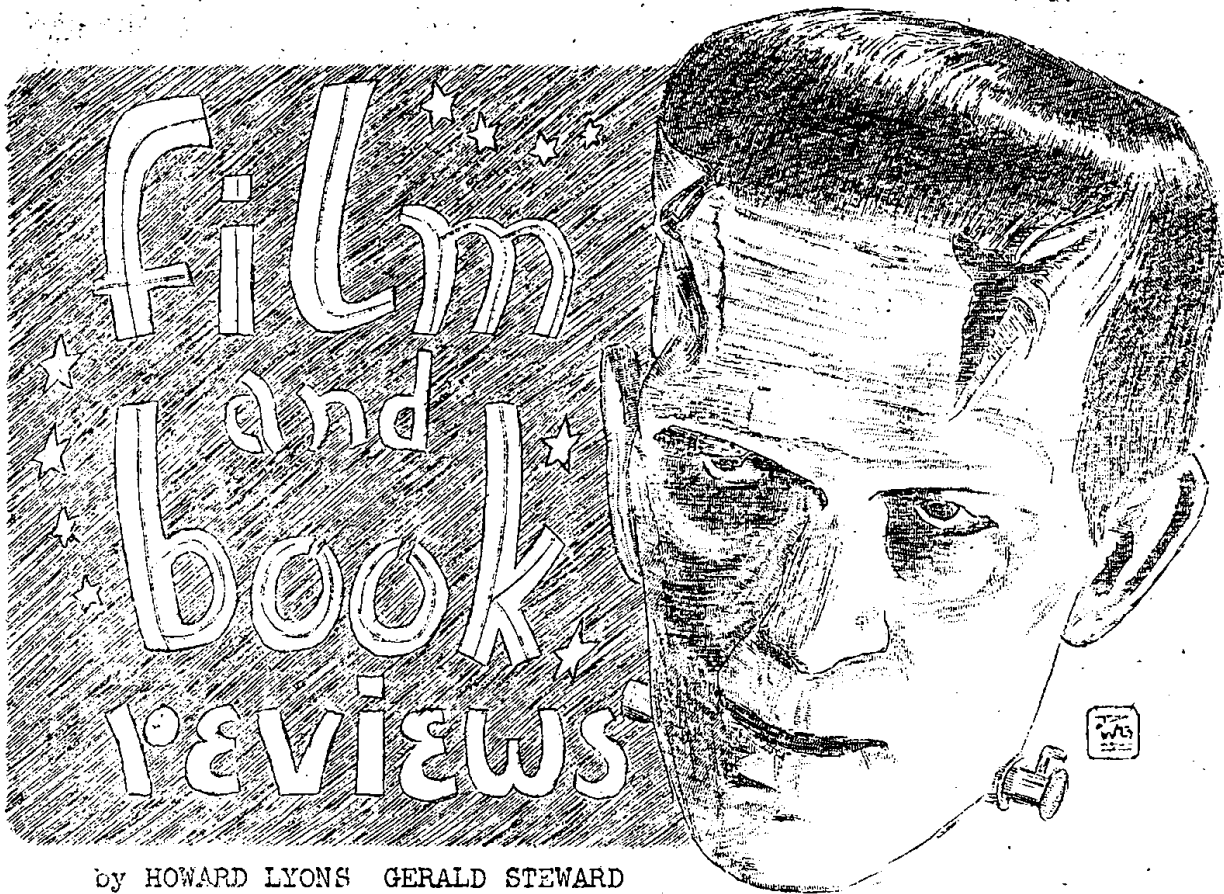
At present we have not elected any officials, this keeps the meetings quite informal. Past experiences have shown us that some of the meetings had nothing but titles in attendance and procedure became very tiresome, especially when it repeated itself at each gathering.

We also note that amongst us are three or four jazz fans who without knowing it switch the subject matter to records and the rest of us sit there and wonder what they see in this mad mixture of super-heated musical beat.

The fairer sex at this writing have not ventured into our den, I personally know of three ladies who would like to attend but don't feel like breaking the ice alone. I hope that soon the situation will right itself, because there is no doubt about it the female of the species can make better sandwiches than the male of the species.

From this very abridged account of the local doings you can see that we have a sufficient number of slaves to turn out this magazine and that additions are more than welcome said the spider to the fly.

Our next issue will be in the mail early in December if the response and printable material comes our way. Please be patient with our first initial fan effort. So now - read on McDuff. GS



by HOWARD LYONS GERALD STEWARD
RAY PALMER WILLIAM D. GRANT

film review "IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE" Universal-International
starring Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush

If you are the type of person who decides whether or not to see a picture by the advertisements in the news papers, as we are, then don't be misled. This is not a zip-bang movie with Martians invading the Earth as some of the ads would have you believe. There are no monsters bent on the destruction of human civilization in this picture.

This film does not surpass "The Day The Earth Stood Still" as far as plot and story quality go, it is none the less the best 3D motion picture that Hollywood has turned out up to this date.

At our local theatre it was projected on an extra wide curved screen complete with stereophonic sound. The wide screen idea was somewhat of a failure since the picture was not filmed for it. But the stereophonic (binaural system) sound was quite convincing in many scenes.

One in particular, in which you enter the space ship, are enveloped in complete darkness. You hear the sound of heavy breathing to your left. You turn your head and the breathing seemingly comes from in front of you.

We have gathered that the script was by Ray Bradbury and as we think back to previous work by the same author the resemblance becomes striking.

Book and Film Reviews

The plot is relatively simple. By some miscalculation on the part of the Aliens they crash land on the planet Earth. Their meteor-shaped ship creates a fair sized crater and is buried by an avalanche so that no one save the hero sees the action. Naturally nobody believes his story, they all pass it off as a meteor.

The ship is disabled and to repair it the Aliens need electrical equipment, wiring and so on. Due to their grotesque form (they look like some BEM that Cartier might have created) they are unable to pass among we Terrans.

Knowing full well that we would become terrified at their not-so-gorgeous forms and would doubtlessly destroy them, the Aliens kidnaped several Earthmen. Being metamorphic by nature they disguise themselves accordingly.

However the local citizenry finally wake up and accept the fact that there are entities from some other part of the Universe in the neighbourhood, and in typical Bradbury style, set out in a blind panic to liquidate the well cultured Aliens.

In any event the hero manages to rescue the kidnappees and stall for enough time to allow the Aliens to make the necessary repairs on their ship for a quick parting.

We think the film is well worth your time, so we strongly recommend that y u dash down, purchase a ticket and enjoy yourself. GAS

film review "THE MAGNETIC MONSTER" United Artists Release starring Richard Carlson and King Donovan

Quite briefly we are mentioning this one because it is actually the first outright example of science-fiction on film that we have witnessed in quite some time. This job is a quickie about a magnetic wonder that feeds off anything that produces power and the attempts of various characters trying to curtail the pattern of obvious events.

Carlson is partially responsible for this film, personally I think he is one of the most able actors on the screen today and has been kicking around in various pieces of film crud for too many years. To the paying movie customer this will be a piece of average crud, with the same old transplanted plot, but the boys deserve E for effort in trying to put this out on a low budget. Average film fare.

film review "INVADERS FROM MARS" Alpherson-Fox Release starring Helena Carter and Arthur Franz

Watch out for this one, the story is by Larry Blake, this gentleman should be done away with. Then they acquired the services of William Cameron Menzies, a great director who in the past has given us some great films such as "Things To Come". I'm afraid even Mr. Menzies couldn't plug up the sand holes in this one. I will say that the setting for the climax inside the space ship had a few rare moments of very fine imagination. I particularly liked the mutant that directed the proceedings from inside a glass ball, a very fine piece of trick photography. I might mention that this job was in color and the major portion of the film takes place in the shadows of night, an excellent way to use up surplus color film. The customers seemed to realize what a piece of crud that they had been hornswaggled into, the theatre audience left the theatre with the same impression. Why does a big outfit like Fox stoop to releasing and distributing a film that you might expect to see with a Monogram trademark on it? The answer is that the public will still plunk down good money to see a piece of crap. WDG

Book and Film Reviews

Being a friend of Bea Mahaffey means that I'am interested in anything she does. Bea is co-editor of "Other Worlds" along with a one man dynamo by the name of Ray Palmer. Recently Bea travelled to Europe took in the sights and made the Old Country fandom wish they all lived in Chicago. Since then there has been rumors by the score about OW being bankrupt. Bea didn't turn up at the Midwest Con and we couldn't stop the flow until now.

At any rate Palmer has a very high reputation with his readers, the reason is that he has given them what they want in the past and is always striving to do better.

Recently all subscribers received a letter, we herein quote the complete text for your pleasure as well as ours. WDG

Dear Subscriber:

Recently it was pointed out to us that our title "Other Worlds Science Stories" is slightly misleading, since we do not exclusively publish stories of other worlds, but also of this one. We've been mulling it over, and we've come up with a solution. Thus, the next issue you receive on your subscription will appear to be a brand new magazine, dated October, called "Science Stories". In short, we are making our title more literal by dropping the first two words. Simple, isn't it?

But, along with this change, we are taking this opportunity to improve the quality of the magazine. We are inaugurating a new type of paper which you will find highly pleasing, overhauling the entire makeup of the magazine, raising our rates to authors to insure the top fiction being written today, and beginning all over by dropping the old fashioned "Vol. 5, Number 8" enumeration and simply calling it "Issue # 1". So it really will be a brand new magazine.

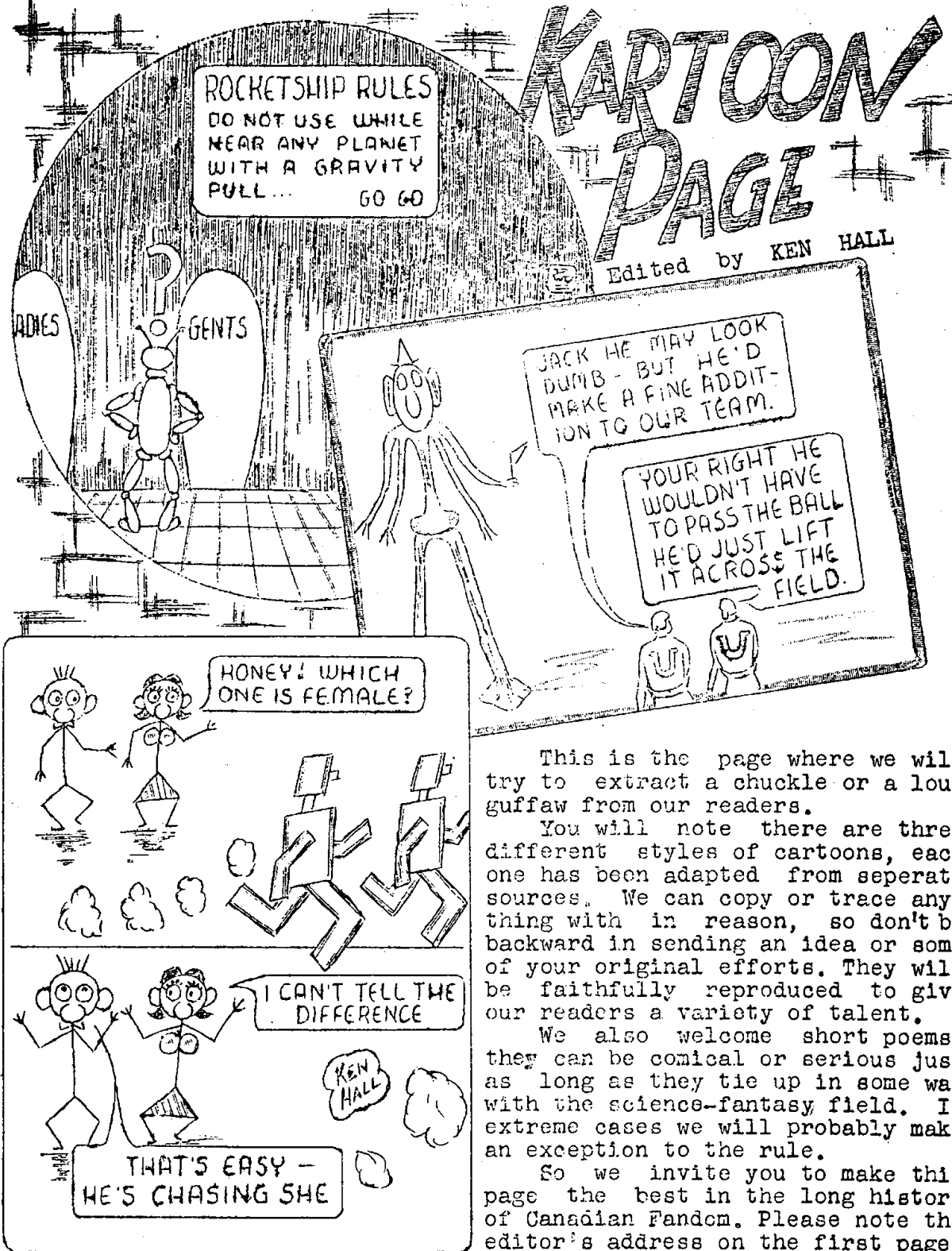
Now, here's the big surprise, and the one that should please you most! We have decided to bring "Science Stories" to you every other month, and to fill in the empty intervening months, we've purchased the new science fiction magazine, "Universe", and will bring it to you without complication, simply as part of your original subscription. Thus, you will receive, not one, but two magazines! And frankly, we think you'll find them to be equal in quality to any other science fiction published today. In addition, each magazine will have a distinctly different policy, thus giving you a maximum of variety.

We've been working many months on this plan to give you the very best. Now we've done it. And in that statement, we reveal our reason for the new setup: Your letters have always praised this or that story, and given your ideas what you like best. Naturally these do differ, and for a time we were stumped as to how to incorporate all these requests in one magazine. The answer was two magazines. Both of them will be edited by Bea Mahaffey and myself. We feel quite sure you'll be delighted with what we've done.

Within a few weeks you will receive your first copies of both magazines. When you get them, compare them with the original "Other Worlds". We know what you'll say, but just the same, we want your reaction. So drop us a line - your suggestions are always our bible.

Ray Palmer

Clark Publishing Company
806 Dempster Street
Evanston, Illinois
USA



This is the page where we will try to extract a chuckle or a loud guffaw from our readers.

You will note there are three different styles of cartoons, each one has been adapted from separate sources. We can copy or trace anything with in reason, so don't be backward in sending an idea or some of your original efforts. They will be faithfully reproduced to give our readers a variety of talent.

We also welcome short poems, they can be comical or serious just as long as they tie up in some way with the science-fantasy field. In extreme cases we will probably make an exception to the rule.

So we invite you to make this page the best in the long history of Canadian Fandom. Please note the editor's address on the first page.

SPACE WEAPONS

by JOE MARTINO
revised by GAS

After giving considerable thought to what type of weapons would be useful in space, I have decided that for personal weapons, modified versions of present day sidearms and rifles would be best. The modifications would be to construct the arms of alloys with very low coefficients of expansion. The use of powdered graphite or fluoro-silicones for dry lubrications. Oil would freeze in the absolute zero of space. Also the weapon would include heating coils designed to run off the bearer's spacesuit. Since there will be no air resistance to contend with, high sectional density in the projectiles will be unnecessary, light weight alloys could be used for bullets. This will allow much higher velocities. Four and five thousand feet per second will be quite practical, even for sidearms. Use of something like compressed CO₂ instead of gunpowder will cut down barrel erosion. As for ray guns, they can be built, but they require too large a power plant to be used in anything except surface installations and warships. For example, a proton accelerator large enough to wreck an attacking spaceship would require generating equipment of several millions of kilowatts. Also it would require airless space. It would not function in an atmosphere. Atomic bombs would be practically useless in space. They depend on shock waves to do their damage and that means atmosphere.

A proton accelerator would consist simply of a long tube with a series of screens spaced down its length, which would be charged negatively. These would cause the protons to spread up to about three quarters the speed of light. It won't work in an atmosphere, because the air molecules would get in the way of the protons and scatter them.

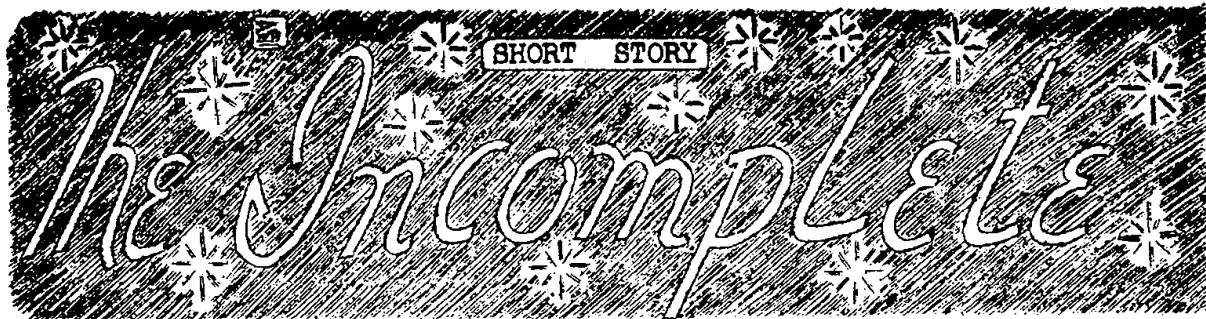
If any object were caught in the beam of a proton accelerator used as a weapon, it would become radioactive and would be heated to several thousand degrees within a fraction of a second. Again there would be a high power consumption, but not as much as for a spaceship drive.

It would almost be impossible to use the proton accelerator as a method of driving a spaceship, even with atomic power to produce electrical power. To drive a 10,000 ton spaceship would require a power with ten million times the capacity of Boulder Dam.

Of course if a spaceship were hit with an atomic projectile it would be destroyed. But the problem is hitting it. Suppose we have a target ship travelling at 5 miles per second, with the attacking ship on a different course, also at 5 miles per second. About the fastest possible speed you could get from a cannon would be less than 4,000 feet per second. A shell travelling at this speed would never hit the target ship. If you tried to lead the target by any distance it would simply outrun the shell. Guns are out. Rockets are a little better. If we could get a speed of anywhere near 5 miles per second with chemical rockets we wouldn't need atomic power to get to the moon and atomic power plants don't come in guided missile sizes.

If the necessary velocity could be attained, rocket projectiles would make good space weapons. The best way to use them would be to fire them at a target ship at high speeds and when they are close have them burst open and throw a bucketful of one inch ball bearings. These, hitting the target ship at a relative velocity of fifty miles per hour would riddle the hull and would be extremely difficult to dodge. Ordinary meteor-guard radar and warning devices would suffice to defend a ship against hits by projectiles but would be useless against a shot-gun effect.

JM



SHORT STORY

The Incomplete

It happened one night, about a month ago. There is no explanation for my actions and yet as I think back my imagination plus some significant facts cause me to pause as I read the letter before my eyes.

Dusk had just settled over the city and I was heading home from my office after putting in a few hours of extra work on my books. My wife was expecting me home around nine-thirty and from all outward appearances this was just another evening in my moderately secure way of life.

Then quite suddenly I felt a depression in my head. I found myself slamming on the breaks of the car and pulling into the curb, almost as if an inner sense had compelled my nervous system into a different level. For a minute I sat slumped, holding onto the steering wheel as the dull ache seemed to increase, perspiration formed almost immediately. My sight became blurred and for a fleeting second I felt that my heart had stopped.

Finally the seige disappeared as quickly as it had begun, it left me wringing wet all over. I just sat there, then I realized that I couldn't move a muscle. I felt suspended in time and yet quite conscious of my physical self.

Slowly a warmth crept into my body and I began to move. The realization came that I was stepping out of my car, something was controlling me, I couldn't reject any of the movements. I now felt that I was in a first class trance, I gave in to this experience and became an eye witness to my own actions.

I had walked about two blocks and was now approaching a large stone building. The sign read 'public library' and I came nearer, again the urge came to buck this impending pattern, but my step never faltered. The entrance consisted of eight glass doors, I walked to the one on the left, it opened under my touch and I entered the darkened building. It was now quite evident that I had something to do and curiosity was fast taking over my thoughts.

Now up a flight of stairs into a small room, now completely in the dark. My hands fumbled and came in contact with a book, I pulled it down and placed it under my arm. I couldn't even see the title.

My tour led me into several sections of the library, in most cases I navigated in complete darkness with no accidents. Then the tour was over, I found myself outside with about eight books in tow.

Dusk had now developed into darkness of night, surprisingly I noticed that the street was completely deserted, no cars, no people. I was now approaching the lawns surrounding the library; somehow I knew that this was the climax. I was nearing a park bench, I stopped and sat down. There was just enough light to catch some of the book

by ROBERTA CARR

Messenger

titles. Now I really felt funny, it was as if I had gone back to school, all the books had elementary subjects such as history, modern science, chemistry and so on. I began to think that what had gone before was a bad dream and I had eaten something of nightmare qualities.

Suddenly I was back in control of my body, the scene didn't change and the books remained at my side, this was no nightmare. Then the air became heavy, sluggish and damp. I could feel the presence of something and I was now too scared to move.

The last visible thing I saw was something green appearing, it rolled towards me glistening under the street light. Everything shrank in perspective, I turned to ice and the scene went dark.

The next day I awoke in bed with my wife hovering over me. It seems I had a nervous collapse, I had been found in the park at one in the morning by a patrolman. I needed rest and when I told of my experience my wife thought I was a little gone in the head.

A month later I was back at work and the fateful night had almost slipped out of my mind, when I received a call from the patrolman who had discovered me that night. He first asked me how I was and then inquired if I had walked by the library. Before he was finished I was told the story of a small theft and an unlocked door. I told him I knew nothing and hung up. This then was the fact I had been too afraid to find out about, it had happened, I was the thief.

Just after that I received a letter, again timing and pattern came into focus. The time was seven-thirty in the evening, my wife had gone out and I was alone in the house. Several letters addressed to me had been left on the mantle over the fireplace. The second one stopped me cold-

Dear Mr. Ross:

I am the stranger that made indirect use of you and the library some weeks ago. I can now write and speak your language after a fashion. I have many things at my command, but I cannot be seen by your daylight that is the reason I had to use you to find out the basic teachings of your way of life. I think I will like your world and I now have need of you again for additional knowledge of your way of life. I am sorry for the inconvenience I caused you, but I'm glad you did not try to prove my existence.

I have taken the liberty of creating a circumstance that would make your wife go out for the evening. My appearance would be too much of a shock. I will be seeing you to-night.

The letter was unsigned. Just then I heard a knock at the front door-----

Russell's Point - May 1953

In the middle of the month of May each spring the Midwest Con takes place. Russell's Point is situated in the middle of the State of Ohio, thus it is within reach of a good many fans and professionals.

Being a gathering on a much smaller scale than the larger conventions the event itself presumes a more intimate touch. Everybody gets to meet everybody and friendships become stronger.

Here now is a report on this years meeting with some humorous sidelights as I experienced them.

John Millard and I left Toronto on a Thursday night, slept in a motel at London and completed the journey Friday in our gas-saving Morris-Oxford. We arrived at the Hotel around 3 PM and storm clouds started to gather on the horizon. In fact two hours later it started to rain and it didn't let up until Sunday afternoon as everybody was about to leave.

Just before this came about we had the pleasure of meeting Arthur C. Clarke, an Englishman who has cashed in for his literary efforts here in America, both fiction and non-fiction. Book-of-the Month last year made one of his books hit the national best-seller lists. You will remember him best for "Prelude to Space" a Galaxy novel of two years ago. Arthur is quite a camera fan so later I got a glimpse of his equipment and believe me he has everything.

Also in this group I shook hands with Philip Farmer ("The Lovers") and his wife, renewed my acquaintance with Evelyn Gold (the other half of Galaxy) and the same with Randall Garrett plus a few more.

Then the one and only Martin Greenberg (Gnome Press) showed his leering face and the fun began. Marty is a person who enjoys his work and his play, the feeling is





catching whenever you are near the guy. More people, Dave Kyle, Jean Carrol, Ed Counts and wife, Ned and Shirley McKeown, Bob (Wilson) Tucker, Mari Beth Wheeler, plus others who I'll mention as I get involved with them later in this report on the gathering of the monsters.

About this time my stomach was calling for fuel and a small group of us headed for the local eatery.

Much later the smoke-filled rooms began to blossom and the gab-fests got underway. A goodly supply of liquid refreshments gave birth to many an argument about who was the best, which was the best and the why of it.

I was wandering down the hall and very much to my surprise a gal came up to me, her arms went around my neck and she told me that I looked lonely. I had dark glasses on at the time and wondered how she could tell, but I returned the very warm salutation and wondered for a minute if somebody was playing games. Marty Greenberg came along and pried her away explaining that the little girl was Randy Garrett's wife and she had been giving the liquid refreshments a steady run. I then knew that it must have been the dark glasses I was wearing that had attracted her.

Later I had quite a talk on sex with Jean Carrol, who in real-life is a professional song plugger in New York. I will say that our conclusions on the subject did agree and are quite unprintable. It was about twelve mid-nite and I then wandered around to a few other groups who had by then turned STF inside out along with some of the authors. In the fog laden rooms I actually heard the name of Shaver mentioned, silence followed in this one case, somebody went to the go-go and was sick, while the remainder silently filed out of the room. The speaker was left alone with many bottles of liquid refreshments. I stayed to help him

Russell's Point - May 1953

clean up the loose ends and with that the curtain came down on the first evening or should I say morning.

Saturday afternoon I awoke to the sound of rain by the bucket. Eventually three big poker games got under way as outside activities became nil. At this point my movie camera and photofloods came out of hiding. From then on I recorded some historical events on film, but some of the events I couldn't capture on film.

For example an unknown lady and gentleman decided that they would make use of an unoccupied room at about three in the morning, this was all very fine and undercover until a young lad of the establishment discovered the situation. Words of wisdom sounded in the air, a door was broken in and casanova left the room with a significant trademark of the occasion.

Another young chap, Ray Beam by name, did some very fine knife work on himself. Doctor Barrett, in both cases, had to do a little needle work and I can guess he was wondering what would happen next.

Later on slides retold the story of past conventions, followed by Arthur C. Clarke's film and some very senic slides taken on a recent trip in the States.

Right after that I invited about forty people upstairs to see some of my films and then Shirley and Ned McKeown took over and presented us with a wonderful array of slides showing a recent trip in Europe.

Mixed with this I had an unusual experience, lurking in the shadows was a slant who wanted to push my face in for taking a film that included him, funny thing about this is all he had to do is step out of the range of the camera. Then rumors spread that I had manhandled the gentleman, thus between reels I slipped out and gave the gentleman countless opportunities to reciprocate, truth of the matter is that nobody raised a hand on either side.

After the show we again split up into groups and proceeded to our rooms with gabbing as the feature.

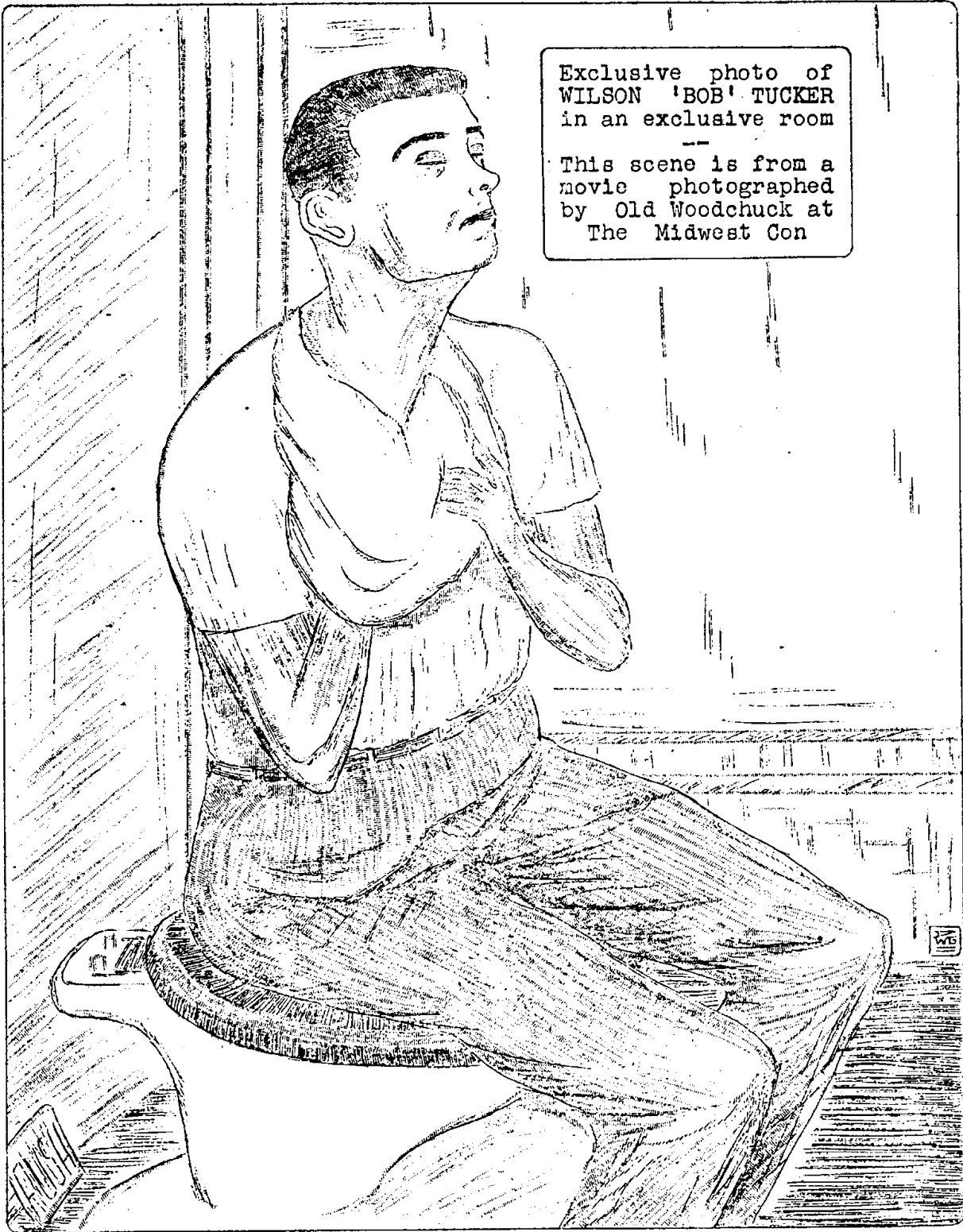
Don Ford tipped me off to a place in New York where I could obtain LP records at thirty percent off the retail, which is quite interesting if the addition of customs duty into Canada still keeps the price under our retail level. I managed to get in a few words on Jazz, but I'm afraid these fellows are a way ahead of me. Anything I thought was scarce, they seemed to have, in fact Don had duplicates of some.

This particular night I got to bed around two in the morning, the curtain didn't fall down quite as hard.

Sunday morning at ten I looked out the window and perceived that the rain was still with us. After breakfast I talked with many people in the lobby waiting for the one o'clock banquet to get under way.

Judy May and Ted Dikty (now Mr. and Mrs.) since I had last seen them in Chicago, had reserved a table for camera bugs like me. This was a stroke of genius on their part, they also had a camera too.

Around one o'clock Doctor Barrett and Bob Bloch got things underway. After the audience had filled their faces Bob became the master of ceremonies by popular demand. Philip Farmer, Nancy Moore, Bob Tucker, Ed Counts, Dave Kyle, Ned McKeown all got up and said some words of wisdom. Harlan Ellison presented Arthur C. Clarke with an engraved plaque from his magazine for the "best achievement of the year" and for a minute I'm sure Arthur was nonplussed, but he recovered with a simple appreciation for the presentation by Harlan.



Russell's Point - May 1953

After that Evelyn Gold said a few words about Galaxy and Beyond. Then a representative from Ballantine Books got up and dropped a literary bombshell, his firm would pay nine cents a word for new material. Galaxy now pays six cents a word for certain authors while the general pulps pay anywhere from one cent to four cents for their contents.

From this you can gather that Ballantine has done exceptionally well with its first two titles. (Star Science-Fiction Stories and The Space Merchants) In passing, their cover approach is the most adult I have seen to date, they haven't stooped to a curvaceous babe as a come on, which is truly amazing in this rat race of pocketbooks.

Then it was over and Gnome Press brought out a goodly supply of Arthur C. Clarke books, which the author inscribed a few words. Lloyd Eshbach picked up some orders for his Fantasy Press Books and told us about some books left in an estate, including the two scarce Lovecraft books published by Arkham House some time back.

Then as the majority packed up and departed the sun came out. Out came still cameras, movie cameras, one stereo job and the cheese-cake scenes with male models will go down in history.

Then off to a joint called the B & C where I stuffed myself with steak along with twenty other locusts. After this we decended on Doctor Barrett's cottage by the lake.

The top floor consisted of a well planned library room for his very large collection of books. Most of the work had been done by Mrs. Barrett in her spare time, really a professional job as far as I could see. Then old editions really came to the foreground as most of the remaining personalities had collected or still did. I again recorded all this on movie film as it was a completely satisfying scene of pure enjoyment all around with a senior fan who has done more than his share to make fandom and conventions a better effort than they might have been.

After this we transposed our gathering back to the hotel to play the final poker games, quench that thirst and talk about the forthcoming Philcon in September.

John and I had to keep in mind that we would be rising about 5 AM in the morning and with this on tap we both listened to the goings on without really entering into the spirit of the moment. At about midnight we shoock hands all around and departed to our room.

Next morning the alarm went off and we actually got into the car as the sun came up. Twelve hours later we had arrived back in Toronto pretty well worn around the edges, but with the knowledge of a good time had by all.

I understand that later that week Bob Tucker, Mari Beth Wheeler and Bob Bloch dropped in on the McKeowns at Windsor and left behind them a rollicking five person convention. Then we heard that Bob Bloch had tried to go over the Falls, but upon seeing the light (red lights) disbanded the idea because Marilyn Munroe had left the population senseless to any exhibition that might follow.

About the end of May, Shirley, Ned, John and myself met and put on a show of slides and movies. The above events came to life, including a shot of Tucker sitting on a can in the hotel shaving his profile. Plus another shot of Dave Kyle being smuggled out of Canada in a Morris-Oxford.

If any of you have caught the feeling of the above and would like to attend next year you will find that the outlay for the trip is quite moderate and well worth the time. We already know-how about you?



"DREAMS" THAT MONEY CAN BUY" SURREALIST MOVIE FILM.

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE MOVIES - I.
by William D. Grant

Project: Rocket To The Moon



Grosvenor Film Productions is an amateur group with its headquarters at Bath in the west of England. Composed of some thirty members, they have made four feature films each running approximately forty minutes. "Space Ship", a science-fiction film is the most ambitious to date.

The story is quite simple: A learned professor has designed and built a spaceship capable of a trip and secured a volunteer crew of four scientific specialists. The youngest member, a metallurgist, is in love with the feature writer of a magazine who has been ordered to cover the story. Not wishing to go, she invites him to her apartment the night before the take-off and attempts to make him intoxicated. The Doctor, another member of the crew, arrives and takes the boy away. At take-off time, he is still befuddled and grades the fuel wrongly. While the party are exploring the moon his space suit is ripped and he dies. When the ship leaves the moon the party finds that one component of the fuel is used and the ship drifts helplessly in space. Eventually it is destroyed in a hail of meteorites.

Our first problem was to build a model of a space ship which could be used under various circumstances. We had decided that the take-off would be from a sloping ramp. We made several experimental space ships from cardboard, tins, and even a carved solid one from a wooden block but none satisfied us. Then passing a toy store I saw the very thing, a mechanical fish about nine inches long. I purchased it and removed the tail, then searching my work-shop found some incendiary bomb fins, a souvenir of army days.

These were soldered to the end and the whole sprayed with silver paint, the ports being stencilled on. Through a hole drilled in the side, a rubber feed lead to the rear, the other end being attached to a gas jet. When this was lit we had our jets.

The take-off was done by stop-motion, the jets kept steady by a fan trained on the nose of the rocket to prevent the flame from curling. These scenes were shot outdoors in reflected light to give a soft evening glow effect.

We were fortunate in our rocket interior. One of our members, a lighting expert, had a large console control panel in black glass and chromium; so we just moved in for a couple of evenings and secured all the shots we wanted.

Our next problem was the journey through space. We made a large black panel some six feet by four feet in which holes of various sizes were drilled. These were positioned to copy a star map. The rocket was mounted on a thin strut two inches high, the feed tube being taped behind it, the whole painted matt black. A flood behind the back board illuminated the "Stars" and a reflected spot behind the camera

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illuminated the rocket. In shooting, the star constellations were moved slowly from right to left as the gas jet was turned on and off to simulate boosts from the jets.

The models of the moon's surface were made by one of our girls. As the ship approached the moon, we had balls of different sizes each covered in plaster and modelled on photographic plates. For the landing, a model of the crater Copernicus and surrounding area was made; this measured three feet by five feet so a smaller space ship model was made from a pencil - case.

We tried the landing, a run-in one, by suspending the ship from silken thread, but this was visible on the screen. We tried also: fuse wire, nylon thread, and cotton, but they could all be seen on the screen. Eventually, one of the girls with three foot long hair suggested human hair and sacrificed a couple of hers - the ship now makes a perfect landing, the coasting being done by stop-motion.

Next came space suits. These were fairly simple. We decided on padded flying suits, but the helmets were a problem and caused much thought. Large glass carboys were suggested but rejected as being too heavy and dangerous to use. Then we had a suggestion from a member who is a clerk in a men's store - cardboard hat boxes. We cut panels from four such boxes and let in celluloid panels; silver metal tubing running to the oxygen packs and a radio mast finished the helmets. They slip over the head and the heavy collars of the suits hold them in position. Rubber mittens and boots complete the outfit.

We secured the use of a quarry to shoot the scenes on the moon, as we required privacy and a certain type of rock. This rock is very light ochre in color and by shooting in the early morning and using every reflecting device we could borrow we got a very hard light and deep contrasting shadows, peculiar to the moon. All these scenes were shot in slow motion to simulate the loss of gravity. For one spectacular leap over a forty-foot chasm we made a blown up still picture, and a small cut-out of the actor who did the jump in a leaping pose. He then did the start of the jump from one side, cut to still, and cut-out moved by stop motion, cut to close-up of the actor's face by swinging the camera to help the illusion of motion, then back again to the photograph and finally cut to the actor landing on the far side. The cuts were short and quick and proved very effective.

The space ship on the moon is suggested by the crew going down the steel ladder and being shot from above, the camera being the door of the ship as it were. Re-entering the ship is photographed from the ground level, the crew ascending the ladder and disappearing top screen.

The take-off from the moon requires only a small ramp which, carried in the rocket, is assembled by the crew. Mixing shots of the crew with small girders, and the ramp growing, dissolve into a long shot of the model on the completed ramp.

The destruction of the ship by a hail of meteorites was indeed a problem and I must confess we "stole" half our final effect.

As seen on the screen, the view of the ship shows the bright glowing meteorites approaching at colossal speed, then we cut to a long shot as they strike and the rocket disappears in a terrific flash, leaving only a star-studded sky.

The approaching swarm is a reversed shot of a truck launched rockets cut from a documentary film, and the destruction was accomplished by using the black background with the ship on its stand.

A small tin lid was soldered to a blind side, and this being filled

- Continued on page Twenty-One -



WEE WILLIE MEETS DARRELL C. RICHARDSON

About two years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Darrell C. Richardson at his home in Covington, Kentucky. This gentleman by trade is a Baptist minister, by hobby he has the most complete collection of Frederick (Max Brand) Faust works in existence. This includes all editions, from the first edition right down to the pocketbook. Also many of the original oil paintings that appeared in the first editions.

Ned McKeown who brought about this meeting was in his glory when he saw the size of the collection. It started on the first floor and ended on the third. All the pulps had been hand bound by Darrell himself and hand lettered in addition, truly a labour of love.

When he couldn't obtain the original newspapers (1909 vintage) that a serial had appeared in that didn't stop him. He actually had the unobtainable in photostat form, just imagine the cost fellow readers.

Darrell has also produced the Fabulous Faust Fanzine, which at this writing has become a collector's item itself. Last year the Fantasy Publishing Company printed his book on Faust and rumor has it that the author assumed part of the cost to make sure it saw the light of day.

In the summer Darrell closes up his church and goes on the road selling science-fiction, this way he has managed to meet many fans and professionals in this field. The sales of the books pay for his trips and he manages to find items that are not in his collection. This is hard to believe when you see the size of the collection in his home.

With all this he finds time for his wife and his two children. Darrell is still young in spirit and will remain that way for quite some time as he is just under forty years of age. He is stocky in appearance with very lively red hair and a speaking voice that is modern and up with the times. I mention this later fact because one would never guess he was remotely connected with the church.

Both Ned and I wondered afterwards what he would be like handling a sermon and we felt quite put out that time didn't permit us to stay over longer, but since then there has been correspondence which re-lights the memory of a very fine visit.

That's all for this trip, I hope you have enjoyed this short note about a man who has done a fine job in furthering the cause of science fiction and fantasy.

WDG



I first saw the light of day March 5th, 1931. I'm the one and only offspring, I guess my folks figured one shock was enough. Went to Humberside in Toronto and did the usual things in this period of life.

Early in 1948 a friend gave me a coverless copy of Amazing, the bug was born and I became a STF reader. I do not collect the stuff, but do manage to pick up guns, match books, maps and pin ups, my subterranean den is decorated with the last item.

I like Beyond the best and at this date Science-Fiction Plus is on the bottom of my hit parade. Favorite drink - gin and lime. Ambition and hopes for the future are to do something big, as yet I don't know in what field, but it is good food for speculation and imagination. KH

Letter Section and Contest

THE MAELSTROM

As you can see by the title this is the letter page, but the lapse from issue number seventeen has been exactly two years and the letters on hand are quite dated.

So now we approach you with a "come on" that should spark some interest in some kindred souls. We are offering prizes for the best letters, critical or otherwise about the contents of this issue. At this point let us state that some letters may appear in abridged form due to the space limitations or some of the contents may be considered a little raw. This is for our protection as well as yours with the Postal Authorities.

Here are the following titles that you may possess by very little effort on your part -

1. THE NIGHT SIDE Edited by August Derleth
2. PURPLE CLOUD M. P. Shiel (Tower)
3. WEREWOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore (Paper)
4. A. MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE 5 issues

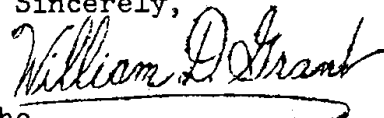
List your choice at the bottom of the letter you write us. In other words keep this business separate from the actual text of your letter.

There will be four winners selected and their missles will appear in our next issue.

PLEASE NOTE
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS MAGAZINE ARE NOT ELEGIBLE FOR THE ABOVE CONTEST

We are looking forward to your comments and anything else you may have to say. The above invitation is our way of asking you to join in the good fun of our small effort.

Sincerely,



Address all missles to the
letter editor for this
contest....

WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 BURTON ROAD
FOREST HILL VILLAGE
ONTARIO, CANADA

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Since the arrival of Ray Palmer's letter we have received issue # I of "Science Stories" and it lives up to all claims, but it still looks like the old "Other Worlds" dressed up. At any rate there is a fine Bok cover for the lovers of fine art at its best.

This CAN FAN issue will be circulated at the end of the first week in August, free copies will be available at the Philcon and through this medium we hope to solicit a few subscriptions for the future. If by any chance you feel like including this issue in your subscription we certainly won't say no, but will be pleased that you liked this issue that much. Frankly this issue has quite a few boners in it, but we have never cut stencils before, so if you can stand it that's all we ask.

Any material, articles, drawings and advertisements will be welcome for the next issue up until the middle of November. The next printing will run around 275 copies or more if necessary.

The best to all of you from all of us until the next meeting.

The DERELICTS

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with flash-powder and a spark gap, could be fired from out of camera range. We are very pleased with the result.

The film has taken five months to make and cost us approximately seventy dollars and I can safely say that all thirty members of the club have enjoyed themselves. While being no epic, it is quite convincing and fairly accurate according to science-fiction magazine standards. For instance, we attempted no trick shots aboard the ship, but brought in an anti-gravity resistance motor which we labelled the "Gravitation"-this enabled everyone in the story to move normally after leaving earth's atmosphere.

We remembered to lose radio contact a while and had our progress observed by astronomical telescopes and reported in the press. Here, a local printer obliged with banner headlines, and luckily for us a weekly magazine had been running a feature on space travel and with the addition of a few words we were able to give our female star (the feature writer of the magazine), the "by-line".

Yes - putting together a film like "Space Ship" is hard work, but the thrill of producing your own "unusual" picture is well worth the effort!

DL

Late Book Review

book review "CHILDHOOD'S END" Ballantine Books - 214 pages
by Arthur C. Clarke

.35

It is never too late to mention the fact that Mr. Clarke's latest effort is out. Subject matter is adult, yet highly readable to all age groups. The plot has happened before, but it is dressed up in a new cloak and quite unrecognizable. Space does not permit a long shot on this, we are only bringing to your attention that this is the cream of the summer literature in pocketbook form.

WDG