

27
SEASON'S GREETINGS



THE JABBERWOCKY
by John Tenniel
adapted by WDG

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FEB.....14th Anniversary Issue
MUSIC AND BOB BLOCH by Bob Bloch
THE MAGIC BOX by Ray Allister
BLUES FOR TOMMY by Rita Grossman
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with an introduction by Bob Tucker
Due to the length of the above there
will be no regular features in this
issue. (This issue Now In Print.)

JUNE.....CANADIAN FANDOM IN THE 40'S featuring
An Anthology Of The Famous Highlights

SEPT.....H. P. LOVECRAFT by Don Wilson
THAT OLD MOVIE BUG - Part Three
MIDWEST CON REPORT by Old Woodchuck

DEC.....NEW YORK CONVENTION REPORT by Old Woodchuck
NEW SELECTIONS FROM "FILLER"

These articles and stories are only part
of the Line-Up for the New Year, others
will be added to individual issues.
We of Canfan sincerely hope that you are
enjoying our humble effort and will con-
inue to do so in future issues. WDG



On Friday, September 2nd, the Derelicts started out in the direction of Cleveland, Ohio. Pat and Howard Lyons left on one flight, while Boyd Raeburn and Ron Kidder left on another.

Upon arrival at the Manger Hotel, Pat and Howard said hello to a few fans and retired early to their hotel room, completely beaten from previous work in Toronto. Boyd and Ron made a late night of it and as all Conventions go, there were many greetings with old friends.

Bob Bloch arrived on the premises, this time with a good supply of shirts. A note informed him that he had two choices, go up to the room and wait for Marty Greenberg, or find his way out to Andre Norton's home. The party had started early, Evelyn Gold (looking very smart as usual), Issac Asimov, L. Sprague de Camp and P. Schuyler Miller (both of them turned out "Genus Homo" back in 1941), Judy Merrill, Anthony Boucher, Forrest J. Ackerman, James E. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Willy Ley, Sam Moskowitz, Fritz Leiber are only a few of the names that were on the scene at Norton's home.

Meanwhile Dr. C. L. Barrett, his wife and some friends had what he called an amusing experience, this involved a boat on Lake Erie and will probably be a fond memory for the good Doctor.

The mid-night movie was the "Man In The White Suit", starring Alex Guinness. I might add that this was superior film fare.

By this time the Norton party 'goers' had filtered back into the hotel, where they met some more late arrivals.

Saturday morning the Registration continued and by 1.00 PM the regular convention program got underway. Evidently Judith Merrill's portion of the program was the highlight.

The Fan Editors Panel was slightly luke warm, according to Howard Lyons, who was the moderator. The writer of this report was supposed to be the first speaker, in other words I was 'joed' to start the fireworks. Knowing that I wouldn't be there in time I took the liberty of taping my short speech and it came out thusly:

This is Woodchuck, or Bill Grant or what ever comes into your head. This is an advance spirit, at present I'm trying to stay alive while driving down to the convention from Toronto. I've been told that a battle is about to take place, before any blood is shed I'd like to have an exclusive for

Canadian Fandom. In fact anything that remotely looks like material, even Tucker, will probably be used in the next issue.....From this you can gather that things are tough, but we have found a temporary solution.....Reprint ---- is the byword. By that I mean going back six to ten years and picking up some article that has no date or references to the current happenings, and thus this article is new to the current fans. Comments, so far, have all been favourable about this reprinting kick. In this way we can present efforts of today's professionals, who way back then were just savouring their first years in fandom.....There is always another bonanza, such as the fanzine that never went to press. For example; Walt Willis discontinued most of his major efforts in fanzines about two years ago. Fred Woroch in Toronto planned a practically professional fan magazine. Walt liked the idea so much that he sent over reams of material for use in "Escape". Escape never appeared, Fred Woroch disappeared and Canfan latched onto some new material. The sad part is that a lot of the material disappeared with Fred, two items in particular. A story by John McIntosh and a very whimsical article about certain fans by Bob Tucker.The fan that disappears with gold nuggets like these is just not playing the game. Actually all items in this case should be sent back to the contributor, or turned over to some other fanzine. Then at least the author knows that his efforts haven't been a complete waste. When asked again for a contribution he'll probably come through again.....Then we have the situation of trying to make a fanzine look professional, this is something that has irritated me for quite some time. In Canfan about once a year we mention that our effort is strictly amateur and non-profit. I honestly think some of our readers expect quite a bit more than we are capable of. Actually you would have to go professional to do some of the things requested and then you wouldn't be a fanzine. You would be spending money though ---- and that's something most of us are not weighted down with.....One thing is for sure Canfan will continue to print off-beat items, because we believe SF isn't everything. For example mention the name Larry Shaw, I immediately think of jazz records. The Ed Hamiltons, Don Ford and others all collect jazz in some form or other; Dave Kyle, he goes for English films; Tucker, he's in the movie racket; and I could go on for hours about the characters that are interested in photography.So with Conventions and Canfan I have had the pleasure of meeting, talking and making new friendships. I have learned that writing in the SF field is not as glorious as I once imagined, it is like many other jobs, it has its moments. I have learned slowly through the past years that Science-Fiction Fandom isn't everything, if I had made it everything, I would probably be a mental case. And this is no joke, there are quite a few mental cases walking around just because they have been fanatics about one thing.....So don't look too closely at your neighbor, this may just be the thing that sets him off.

This little bit was followed up by some words from Harlan Ellison, Nick Falasca, Earl Kemp, Bob Tucker and Ron Smith.

Up to this point the account has been second hand, so please excuse any errors made and I trust I have not ignored some sterling moment or event.

I arrived at the hotel around 5.00 PM, along with my Mother, Gerry Steward and Albert Lastovica also came along with us and naturally arrived at the same time. I met Don Ford and his wife first thing, then we deposited our baggage. The highway between Buffalo and Cleveland could well have been my swan song as far as driving goes, the holiday traffic had been heavy and at the moment I was slightly beaten. On the way up to our rooms I bumped into Evelyn Gold and Bob Bloch, that's when that old game of marking down room numbers officially started.

By 6.30 PM I had managed to obtain a banquet ticket for Fritz Leiber and myself, then after giving Fritz his ticket in person, my responsibilities dissolved. I managed to get a few words into a conversation between Marty Greenberg and Bob Bloch, while they cleaned up for the impending banquet.

A little later I met the Falasca's, Ben Jason and Frank Andrasovsky and proceeded to make arrangements for taking movies of the banquet. When they finally opened the doors I aimed at the oncoming horde, the food part of the evening was quite good, which was a surprise.

Anthony Boucher was the Toastmaster, and believe me Mr. Boucher filled in a lot of empty spaces before the evening was spent. Issac Asimov was excellent as was the Achievement Award portion of the program. Lou Tabakow got a special award for a story that never appeared, but had all sorts of critical acclaim from fellow writers.

At about twelve midnight I ran off some films of past conventions to an audience of about seventy-five non-drinkers who didn't want some of that 'smoke-filled-rooms' atmosphere.

This was also the night that I tapped on my Mother's door and asked her if she would like to baby sit. She ended up looking after Bob and Fern Tucker's little one.

I was in operation around twelve noon on Sunday and had lunch with David Kyle, who was figuring out all the angles for the 1956 convention site. At this point let me say that most of the fans figured it was a forgone conclusion that New York would win out, but worrywart Dave wasn't taking any chances. The printed material he had on hand would stagger anybody who might have ran in serious opposition.

By the way, while I was having lunch, Willy Ley was speaking back in the main ballroom, I caught the first of his speech at about 1.30 PM, he was still going when Dave and I arrived back at 2.45 PM. I remarked at the time, thirty minutes was long enough for any one person to take over, when they run over an hour, that's just too much for the general conventioners. While this was going on, Dave and I struck up a conversation with Mrs. Willy Ley and for the first time I found out that she is a name in 'ballet' circles. Following this I bought my yearly supply of Fantasy Press titles from Lloyd Eshbach, six titles in all.

Then, a bit later, the Collector's Panel got underway. Forrest Ackerman showed some outstanding art work that appeared on early pulp STF magazines. I never realized that some of the more sexy, curvaceous females had to be redrawn for the Canadian issues of FFM. Then Dr. Barrett took over and showed us some early editions. Lloyd Eshbach talked about some rarities. Sam Moskowitz showed us a rare volume, in

Cleveland '55

which a dozen authors contributed portions of one novel. I may say at this time that Lloyd Eshbach should latch onto this and publish it as part of the Fantasy Press series. With names like Merritt, Hamilton, Palmer and others how could you go wrong. Although things are pretty grim in the publishing field right now, maybe you could go wrong.

Around 6.00 PM the Auction got under way, a little too late in the afternoon. Already some of the crowd had started to drift away for dinner. Let me repeat if one speech had not taken so much time, this later situation would not have happened. As it was bidding was not too spirited. Howard DeVore, another party and myself put in bids to get things up a bit higher, none of us got caught with a painting or cover. But I think all of us experienced a few close scrapes, until somebody outbid our bids.

While all this was going on a very anxious group of authors and editors were dreaming up a skit and learning lines for an evening performance. Judith Merrill had written a skit for the occasion, halfway through the meeting, the whole thing was revamped and a new play was written, strictly ad-lib. From one who was there, it can now be said that some of the faces looked pretty harassed, but the end result was quite good. At least the audience said so.

That evening before we got into the Main Ballroom, the milling fans milled around. I met Janie Lamb, who is quite different from what her letters implied. Don Susan was much in evidence. Lee Hoffman and Larry Shaw were also making the rounds together.

Tucker, Jr. ('Little Tucker' or 'Tucklet') was also around trying to get into my movies, the photofloods brought about a great big smile every time. Before it slips my mind Tucklet put on a pretty good show that afternoon while Willy Ley was speaking. Right in the aisle in front of Willy, Tucklet proceeded to unroll some paper, I can honestly say that momentarily the audience was swayed. A memorable moment.

The local Terrans started the evening program with some original, songs depicting TV of the future. I'll just let it go at that.

This was followed by a Professional Editor's Panel, which turned out to be more than interesting. Bill Hamling wants a stable of writers and at present he can pay one cent a word. Anthony Boucher (Magazine of Fantasy & SF) has no control over the overall appearance of the magazine he is editor of. All he concentrates on is the actual wordage that appears on the printed page. To me this is quite a situation to be in, the owners retain full control over the appearance of the magazine. I think Boucher is quite a guy making that statement, others in the similar set-ups would probably keep quite silent about the whole - 'smozzle'.

Howard Browne stated that if the story is good, he doesn't care who the author is, he'll buy it. The rate of pay will remain the same to all authors, big or small, which I thought was another outstanding statement.

Evelyn Gold topped them all as far as word rate goes, but then Galaxy is right up there as far as sales go. Also emphasized was the fact that they are always looking for new writers. While Beyond didn't come up to everybody's standards, it was a sad thing to see this fantasy magazine disappear off the market.

Quite a few of the subjects that came up during this portion of the program were strictly for author's ears only, but nevertheless the remarks came up. To me it was damned interesting, although I'll probably never have anything to do with writing, just knowing about it

makes you more aware of the internal workings of the business end of science-fiction. I enjoyed the whole effort, especially when Doc Smith blasted the editors who altered author's manuscripts without first informing the author of their intentions.

After a short intermission a skit about Scroogowitz (Sam Moskowitz) and his fabulous collection of STF pulps started. His clerk (Fritz Leiber) was aspiring to sell a story, Scroogowitz was against it. Fritz Leiber meets the tough editor Tony Boucher and sells a story for ten cents, one cent of this goes to Forry Ackerman. Participants in the dream sequences were, Randy Garrett, Mildred Klingerman, Bob Bloch and others. At this point only a spot light was used and as luck would have it I had Super X film in my movie camera and managed to photograph the highlights.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Wally Weber, a west coast fan who also takes movies. His films of the San Francisco shots came close to being some of the best amateur indoor films I've seen, they're also some of the first movie films he has ever taken. West coast fans should keep Wally in mind whenever an event comes up worth photographing.

By the time the evening broke up, it was actually 1.30 AM Monday morning. And believe it or not the movie "Lost Horizon", starring Ronald Colman went on the screen at this hour.

Jean Carrol, Dave Kyle and myself retired upstairs where my Mother joined the group, the drinks appeared and we talked until 3.30 AM. By that time I was feeling pretty good, I was advised that I would be smart if I went to bed. They evidently didn't get through to me and I went with Dave down to the third floor, where in the Terran suite things were going full swing. Dr. Barrett spotted me and as he said later, "We performed our yearly international good-will by putting Willie to bed."

I slept right through until 1.00 PM Monday afternoon, I arrived in the Mather Room for voting on the Convention site for next year. Ken Bulmer put in a bid, which ended up as a possibility for London in 1957. Information was supplied that if a plane was chartered from New York for 65 people, the round trip would cost \$110.00, which to me is very cheap indeed. For example from Toronto, First Class, the trip is around \$440.00 and the cheapest you can get it down to is around \$360.00. So my friends you can see that getting to London would be as cheap or cheaper than going by bus to San Francisco, plus the fact that you would be there in a very short time. So its London in '57.

Of course, as you all know by now New York is the convention site for 1956, with Dave Kyle at the helm, which to me is an excellent choice. Dave knows fandom forwards and backwards and will come up with some unusual attractions, with the help of the New York group.

After this there was a continuing of the Auction, I left for dinner, but got side-tracked into showing some movies. The dinner came later.

That evening the Costume Ball got under way. On the printed page it is really impossible to capture the colour, costumes and the music. Somehow all the trappings were there, but the spirit was not as far as the dancing was concerned. Harlan Ellison and Mrs. [REDACTED] put on an excellent display of rug-cutting, then Pat Patterson took over. One can say that Harlan really had a workout. The orchestra did a good job with all types of numbers, but somehow the ice was never broken. Maybe they should have had a cocktail party before the Ball, that might have loosened a few inhibitions. It usually does in most cases.

Cleveland '55

After the Costume Ball I progressed up to the Convention Suite in which the Falascas managed to get a few hours sleep. This time I set up the movie projector and ran a show of past conventions again. This time the audience consisted of editors, authors and BNF's. The best part of the deal was actually meeting Pamela and Ken Bulmer. I finally convinced Ken that he should take back one of my films of past conventions to show the hunch 'over home'. Evelyn Gold asked many questions, Francis Hamling joined in. Larry Shaw informed me that I was number 3 on the Infinity subscription list.

Then the time for the official good-bye and again that old let down feeling crept in. It happens every time.

At this point I thanked Ben Jason and Frank Andrasovsky for their very kind help in letting me set up my movie equipment, they made it possible for me to get many, many good shots. Frank by the way, watched over the drinks and was dead on his feet when I left the room. Noreen and Nick Falasca were very gracious to yours truly, in fact they repeated this feat all through the convention, impossible - they did it.

I'll say one thing, in closing, as far as seeing the City of Cleveland ---- I just didn't. I drove through it and stopped off at a hotel, so maybe sometime in the future I'll find time to go back and really see this town. Frankly I didn't know whether I was facing north, south, east or west the whole time I was in the hotel. And don't you, the non-drinkers, believe it, I wasn't feeling that good. WDG

THE GRINDING MONSTER

Clean, ready for the grind
I rush
Through early golden rays,
Into dim stinking tunnels
And thundering noise.

Sucked into steel Jaws
I stand upheld
By walls of human flesh
That weld
At every yawning of the monster.

Here I meet the toilers of our city
And hear
The tongues of all my nations
I snatch a broken tale
Of woe and laughter.

Steel against steel -
My head is pierced
With flying daggers.

The roaring monster rushes on
Til screeching brakes
Gnashing jaws
Spew me to city streets.

Henri Percikow

Dr. Keller delivered the following speech in Toronto a few years back. This man of letters spoke on a very timely subject, then as now his words are just as fresh and stimulating. His text may give you pause to wonder as we usher out the year 1955 and look into 1956 with an air of expectancy.

The following is slanted towards the Science-Fiction field and is directed to you, the reader, as well as editors and authors. WDG

SCIENCE - MASTER OR SERVANT ?

by

DR. DAVID H.

KELLER

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1948

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Science has made rapid strides since man came down from the trees and started to live in caves.

With the use of the thumb in apposition to the fingers came an increase in the number and depth of convolutions in the human brain. This resulted in greater intelligence and development of imagination, which later became the inspiration of inventions.

Prometheus tamed fire which was at once used as a protection against terrible lower forms of life; it gave warmth and cooked food, sharpened hunting sticks and burned out logs for canoes.

Men could only live by killing other men. They learned to throw stones; then fastened the stones to sticks to make lances and axes. An unknown dreamer discovered tension and an inventor fashioned to bow to hurl stone-tipped arrows. Very early in history it was realized that it was advantageous to kill at a distance.

Natural caves were gradually discarded for artificial ones made of stone or wood. Those who lived in the strongest cave-houses lived longer. Fire in these houses made life possible during the long winter. Dogs gave warning of danger and helped in conflict, asking in return nothing but food, shelter and companionship.

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Tubal Cain hammered iron, learned how to harden it, devised metal weapons and men graduated from the stone age. Tribes without metal were destroyed by tribes armed with the new weapons.

Horses were domesticated and man travelled faster. Swarms of mounted warriors came from Asia and conquered the pedestrians. Then the wheel was invented, terrestrial symbol of the sun god. Horses were fastened to carts and the chariot dominated the struggle for existence. Philip of Macedonia introduced armed cavalry into warfare. His son, Alexander, led an army east into Asia defeating the nations who fought as best they could, with foot soldiers and platoons of elephants. Rome and Carthage fought for supremacy in the lands bordering the Mediterranean Sea.

Lances became longer and sharper. The principle of the bow and arrow was used in evolving the catapult which threw Greek Fire and jars of poisonous snakes as well as stones. Man constantly learned to kill at greater distances.

With the improvement in weapons, better bodily defense was necessary. The material for armour changed from leather and wood to iron. The little army of Cortez conquered a nation living in the stone age because the Spaniards had armour, steel weapons and horses. In Europe, ten armed knights could kill a hundred peasants. At Crecy the long bow of the English won against the flower of French knighthood, but the day of the arrow was passing.

The principle of expanding gases was discovered. Gunpowder, confined in a steel barrel, destroyed chivalry. Galileo discovered the parabola and artillery benefited by its use and became a weapon of terrible devastation. Napoleon said that God was on the side that had the heaviest cannon. Now, man in large numbers engaged in warfare, killing and being killed in hordes at great distances.

For centuries books were few and owned by the priesthood or the very rich. Consequently, education was extremely limited and expensive. Gradually the book, written in exquisite penmanship, became a novelty, a real collector's item. It was replaced by the printed book, often of poor format but powerful in its propaganda appeal. The Chinese used movable type for printing as early as 150 AD., but it was not until about 1440 AD that Lourens Janszoon Castor of Harrem introduced modern printing into Europe. His methods were improved on by Johan Gutenberg of Mainz. Works varying from elephantine folios to small chap-books were printed in the language of the common people. They read the Gospels, one of the important causes of the Reformation. Payne wrote "Rights of the Common Man" and when this was published by the thousands in cheap editions and read by the colonists it became a vital factor in the winning of the American Revolution.

Watts watched a boiling tea-kettle, and from his dreaming, man learned to harness steam. The canal boat, stage coach, and Yankee Clipper were rapidly replaced by the steam engine and steam propelled ship. Stationary engines made thousands of industrial labourers, paupers. Cottage industry was replaced by the factory. When gasoline and fuel-oil entered into competition with steam, man's brains gave their muscles a vacation. A few men with multiple ploughs and combines did the work of thirty horses and a hundred men in the western wheat fields. Huge scoop-dredges cleared harbours, built canals, and dams and did things that man's muscle power could not accomplish in the same time or with as great ease.

The automobile lessened time and distance. The airplane made the

automobile look like the covered wagon. Distance was conquered; time was almost annihilated; men are now travelling in the air at a speed faster than sound.

Franklin brought electricity to earth with a key and a kite. Morse confined it to wire and invented the telegraph. Soon spoken words replaced code and man talked over wire. Edison dreamed of, and then invented the phonograph. Pictures were imprisoned on celluloid and the human race had a new amusement in the cinema. When the sound track was added the illiterate, adenoid moron could understand the picture even if he could not read. All he had to do was to see and hear.

Then came the universal use of the radio. The day of the town crier and the Pony Express changed into the hectic never ending flow of commentators, singing commercials, and Murder Incorporated. The Masked Rider and the Fat Man took over the work of the dime novel.

Electricity invaded the home with new stoves, refrigerators, and deep freezing units and air conditioners. Life, for the housewife, became a series of pushbuttons. The tin can and the can opener made old fashioned cooking obsolete. The electric washing machine, sewing machine and vacuum cleaner gave the average woman more time to listen to the melodrama of the soap opera.

Para first applied the ligature; Harvey divined the correct circulation of the blood; Morton developed anaesthesia; Lister, anticepsis. Oliver Wendal Holmes discovered the cause of the large maternal death in childbirth. Modern surgery became a reality instead of a dream. Typhoid, teanus, diptheria, all were conquered. A Canadian, Dr. Frederick Banting, discovered insulin and gave it freely to a world where diabetes meant early death. Blood transfusions saved many lives. Bottled blood became of the greatest value on the battle field. Mothers and babies were kept from death by modern obstetrics and the Caesarian operation. The span of life expectancy rose from forty years to sixty seven years.

Because of science, life has become longer, easier and more comfortable since man left his tree nest and cave. Science is paradoxical in its action on the human race. First Man was the master, then an equal and now it is evident that he has become a slave to the machine. For up to the present time man has invented no machine to enable him to live more happily and at peace with his fellow men.

Every scientific discovery proved to be a two-edged sword. It could be used to either benefit or destroy mankind. The airplane is used to dust vast forests, cotton fields, and other grain fields, but its greatest use has been to dust death. Mussolini's son, laughing, dropped a bomb on hundreds of Ethiopians. He said that when it burst the blood looked like a beautiful rose. Humanity saw more of that in World War II; not just one but large fields of such roses.

Explosives can harvest wheat, haul trains of food, save millions of men fatiguing labour; but it can also hurl projectiles across a sea and destroy six hundred thousand homes in London. Gasoline can take a family on a picnic, but it can also rush armies across Europe or the Pacific in huge transport planes. Atomic energy can provide unlimited industrial power but just one bomb killed one hundred and sixty thousand Japanese. In the next war it will wipe out cities like London, Paris, and New York before anyone living there could see or hear the descending death bomb.

A furnace makes steel for farm machinery, but in Germany the

Science - Master or Servant?

scientists built furnaces capable of burning sixteen thousand people every hour after their clothing, gold teeth and tattooed skins were removed.

Medicine and surgery have saved the lives of millions, but in World War II we saw these sciences prostituted in Germany by experiments of the utmost depravity. Not so long ago we sent thousands of our young men to study science in Germany. We revered Germans such as Goethe, Mendelssohn, Frederick Jacobi philosopher and sociologist, Karl Jacobi mathematician and scientist, Wasserman and Erlich and Freud, all great physicians. But the great German scientists, following Nietzsche, used their science to turn Europe into a Hell far more terrible than Dante or Lovecraft ever conceived.

Unless man conquers science and makes it a servant for good instead of a master for evil, mankind will be destroyed. Add to atomic war, death from scattered germs, poison gas and guided missiles, and a future war can be prophesied that will leave only a few survivors again living in caves.

What has this to do with a Science-Fiction Society?

The answer is simply this:

The writers dream; the inventors make these dreams come true through the application of old scientific facts or the discovery of new scientific principles. Examples of this are Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea" in which the modern submarine was dreamed of, and Phil Nowlan and his Buck Roger's interplanetary torpedo-shaped plane, the basis of several war-born planes. The dreams of the science-fiction writers are published by the editors who cater to the science-fiction readers.

What is being written for the fans to read?

New methods of war; novel instruments of destruction; inventions by which inferior races can be destroyed by superior ones. Even the comic strip which has a large following in fandom gives fine lessons in gangster warfare and murder incorporated. Such is the pabulum on which the adolescent mind is fed. The writers may not realize it, but even in their most fantastic stories they may tell of a machine which the mechanical inventor will perfect for the future destruction of the human race.

The science-fiction story should continue to be written, but the writer should tell of inventions beneficial to man, dreams of the future in which society is happier, life more comfortable, old age more satisfactory. Their scientific prophecies should benefit instead of harming our race. Such stories are possible, but as long as the editors refuse to print them the commercial writer will not write them and the non-commercial reader can not have them printed.

Science-fiction literature is molding a new generation.

Will the future bring new wars and further crucifixion of humanity on the cross of science, or will it bring peace, tolerance, happy living and world-wide sympathetic understanding between nations? The time has passed when the science-fiction story can be considered simply a form of anaesthetic pastime. If used properly it can become a powerful means of bringing peace on earth, good will toward man.

This may be the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but if enough voices cry, then something will be accomplished. It may be a beginning to change science from a Frankenstein into a beneficent giant labouring for the welfare of the human race.

That would be worthwhile.

DAK

THE AFTER CON

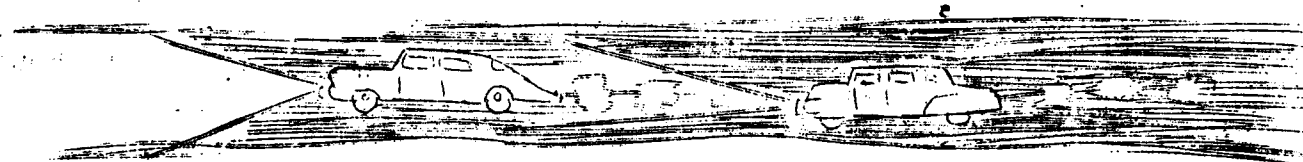


by
WILLIAM D. GRANT



Following the Cleveland Convention I was fortunate in having three weeks of holidays. My original plan was to circle the Great Lakes and the time I had allowed was more than ample.

During the course of the convention Bob Bloch mentioned that the Tuckers were driving him back home to Weyauwega, Wisconsin. So I asked Bob if he'd mind too much if I trailed along as I was going in that general direction.



So Tuesday afternoon, September 6th, seven of us started out on what was to develop into a very long session of driving. The seven being Bob and Fern Tucker, Tucklet (their son), Bob Bloch all in car number one, while my Mother, Pepe Le Moko (our dog) and myself followed in the second car at a safe distance. Needless to say that on our departure from Cleveland Marty Greenberg and Stuart Hoffman passed us making their getaway after huckstering all the poor innocent neo-fans.

I shall clearly state now that we started driving at 1.30 PM and finally stopped driving at 4.00 AM the next morning. It happened that somebody suggested that we take the boat across Lake Michigan and it worked out that there was a boat leaving the east shore at 7.00 AM the next morning. Frankly I had figured on two full days of driving via the City of Chicago, but with visions of beautiful landscapes and a boat trip we headed on the new highway route, suggested by Doc Tucker, and his partner Blochowitz. I will say that the night air was excellent for those who like good, clean, fresh night air. Then to top it off we had the luck to be sleeping in cabins on the boat as the sun rose up over Lake Michigan. I did manage to get up about one hour before the ferry arrived on the west side of the lake, yes, I've got pictures to prove it.

By early afternoon we had arrived at our destination. The Tuckers have a wonderful baby, not one cry out of him on the whole journey. Bob Bloch recounted the convention for his wife, Marion. The usual Bloch embellishments were sprinkled throughout. In fact I'm still chuckling over some of the incidents he brought up.

The After Con

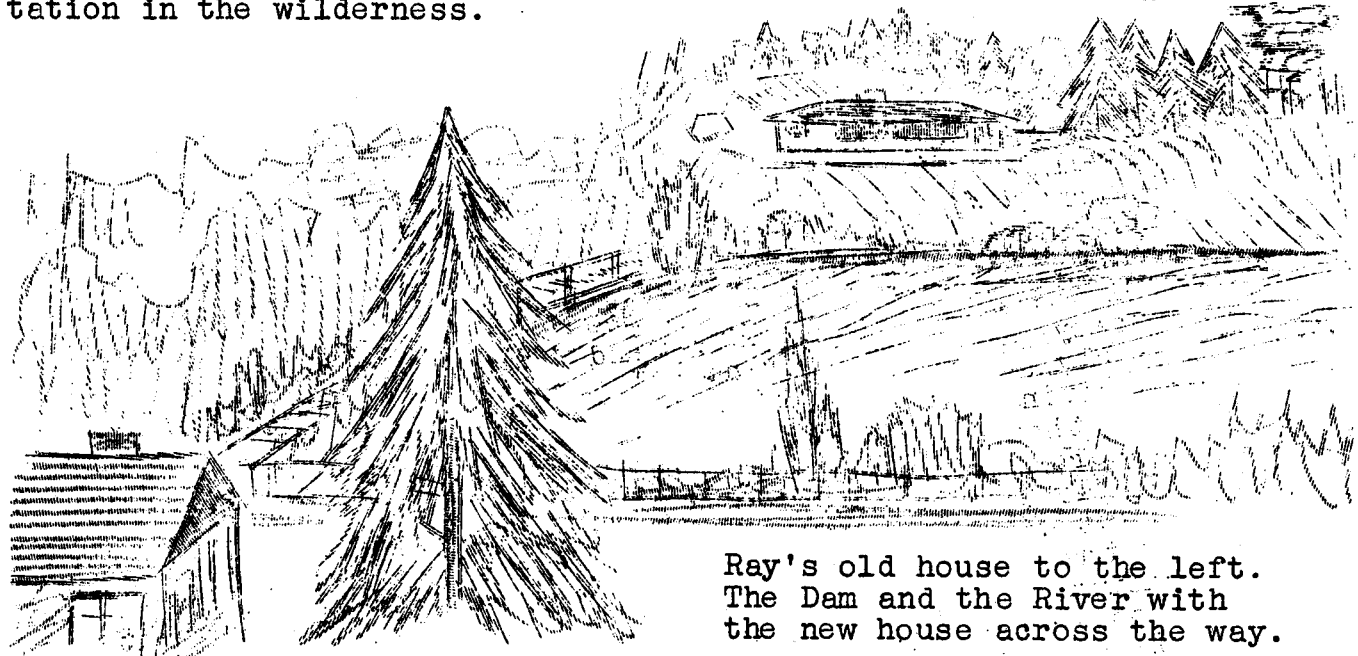
Thursday night the Grennells showed up and I had the good luck to meet Dean for the very first time. And yet I actually took a movie of him at one of the past Midwest Cons, without realizing who this particular character was at the time. To me Dean turned out to be a humorous, soft-spoken Wisconsinite, who in reality 'works' and manages to realize some time now and then to put out Grue, which is definitely a labour of love.

I might add that when he got together with the two Bobs all sorts of deadly schemes came into being. Horror stories were never like this.

Friday, Marty Greenberg arrived in from Chicago and proceeded to try and convince Bob Bloch that he should take a crack at science-fiction writing. But the argument was that Bob never really had any feeling for straight SF, although he did enjoy some of it as far as reading goes. Whether Marty made an impression remains to be seen as long as Bob can still sell a fantasy story. I think Bob is a master in the weird field, and he can also turn out the whimsical stuff when the mood is upon him.

The Tuckers had left for home Friday morning and I figured that we had more than overstayed our visit, so we said farewell to Marion and Bob. I shall also remember the fine dinners that Bob's better half turned out for us, we just don't eat like that back in Ontario. Marty said he would see us next spring in Ohio and that is a sure thing from my point of view also.

Saturday morning, September 10th, we headed west and before I knew it we passed through a place called Amherst. My mind clicked, that was the name of the place where Ray Palmer lived. So I about faced and after talking to a few of the natives I reached RAP's plantation in the wilderness.



Ray's old house to the left.
The Dam and the River with
the new house across the way.

Without getting personal about Ray, I can say one thing about him which I think is a mild understatement - this is a man - close to nature - a person who knows where he is going and enjoying it. His new home will be a beauty when it is completed, the building of it has taken over two years and as any money comes in it goes into the house. The old house, which was on the property when he bought it, will now be

turned into an office. A small river divides the two houses, there's a dam at this point, so the river turns into a small lake at this point and the new home overlooks this scene. Ray claims that he has the best trout fishing in the state. All I can say is he'd better keep it a secret or he'll be getting a few visitors in the near future.

Then I headed south towards Sauk City and the Wisconsin River. After reading August Derleth's "Wisconsin" (Rivers Of America Series) I had made up my mind that I was going to see this part of Wisconsin. In 1948 and 1949 The House of York (McKeown-Millard-Grant) had imported quite a few Arkham House books, so in the back of my mind was the thought of meeting the originator of these fine editions. Derleth's literary output (not including the numerous books he has edited) is slightly fantastic, also as a critic he is well-known. The variety of his work (fiction/travel/non-fiction/poetry/articles) is something else that just puts him head and shoulders above the average.

Upon our surprise arrival we met his wife 'Sandy' and their thirteen months old baby girl. Their house is situated right across from a cemetery, the house itself is right in amongst a miniature forest. This is a house of the old school, in other words it is really built for a long life, in fact Derleth's father was the builder.

Up until this time I had been under the impression that Arkham House had gone out of business, I found out my impression had been wrong. Arkham House has worked itself out of the red by not putting out any new books for a fifteen-month-period. So now for the first time it is in a very healthy position. The next book will be by H. P. Lovecraft and Derleth, himself and will be out very shortly.

Another hobby that I appreciated about Derleth, he is an avid record collector. I particularly noticed some familiar jazz classics. His collection is more of a cross-section of musical taste and it was playing in the background for the most part of the evening.

After a while I ran off the Convention Films and after it was all over, Derleth remarked that this was the best way to go to a convention and there are times when probably all of us would agree with him.

Another project, over and above all the others, is the collection of 'comic' supplements from the major weekly newspapers. They are then bound into deluxe bindings and numbered, eventually they will rest in archives of the Library of Congress. There is a lot of work here and in times to come. Even the Toronto Star Weekly gets into these files and every other big newspaper on the North American continent.

He also said that writing books for young people was where the money was these days and that it was too bad that so many inferior stories had glutted the market in the last few years. In fact it was quite a job making up an anthology these days and keeping the original standard in sight, and every other month or so if you look closely, it can be noticed that a few magazines have folded on account of poor material, which has resulted in decreased sales.

After the evening was over, both my Mother and myself felt that we had met a very strong personality, a proud man and one that certainly made us welcome on very short notice.

Sunday we travelled down alongside the Wisconsin River and much later we came to the Mississippi River. I captured all this on colour film and the results certainly carry the beauty that I remember. By that evening we had passed through St. Paul, heading towards Lake Superior. Monday found us in Duluth and then we headed east along the southern shores of Lake Superior. The northern portion of the State of

The After Con

Michigan turned out to be another high spot. Tuesday and Wednesday put us back into Ontario, Canada. I dropped off for a very short visit with Les Croutch in Parry Sound. Wednesday evening found us back home in Toronto, and me with eleven more days to go of my holidays.

After a few days around the house I decided I'd like to go on another trip. So I phoned Dave Kyle, long distance, in Potsdam, New York. The end result was that I met Dave in Syracuse a few days later.

Dave had just flown in from New York after conferring with the New York group about the convention for 1956 in that fair city. From there we made a rapid trip back to Potsdam and I spent three openly relaxing days, with a side trip over to Saranac Lake. The fall colours had just started to touch the trees in the mountain area, so again I had the good fortune to capture all this on film.

In the evenings we hashed over the Cleveland Convention and some ideas came up for the '56 clambake. One conclusion we agreed upon was that Willy Ley spoke too long, a little over ninety minutes. The result was that the whole program for that day was shoved back one hour and as the afternoon progressed the time schedule went farthur off. The end result was that a two-hour feature commenced at around 1.30 AM.

Dave and I mulled over the possibility of an alternate program, an alternate program in lighter vein that wouldn't overshadow the main attractions.

The convention site is another big question mark. It involves price, prestige and the ever present 'I-told-you-so' fan critics. It is amazing what some unthinking 'novice' fan can do to upset the apple cart and months of work, but it has happened in the past.

Also, why schedule a Costume Ball on the last night of the convention. This should be on the Saturday night and before the Ball a Cocktail Party (free drinks) should be put on. This would loosen up the shy ones, the professionals would be there (for the drinks), and thus the group would get to know one another. And then the Ball would follow and there might be possibly more participation in the dancing. Both of these events following one another would serve to introduce fans and professionals right at the beginning, which again was sadly lacking at past conventions.

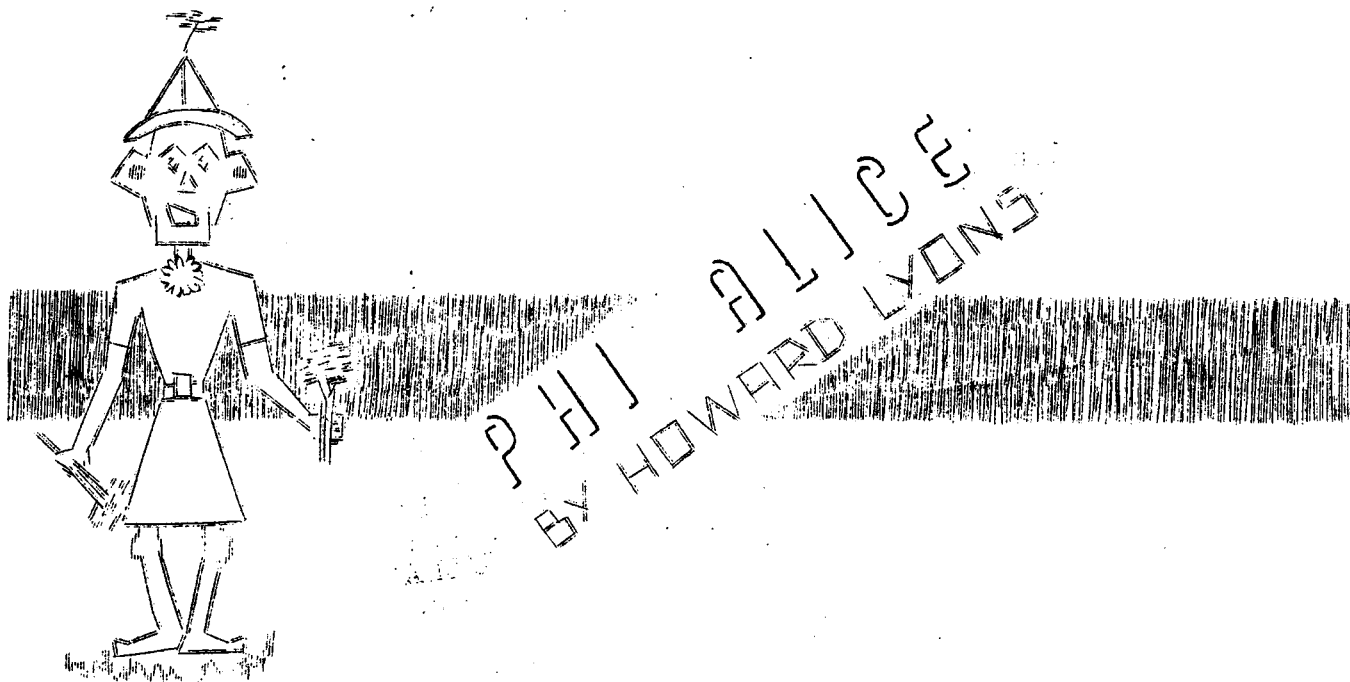
If there is going to be a movie program, schedule it for the Monday evening (like they did in Chicago), so that the fans that have to leave early are not missing something really important. So that leaves the Banquet for Sunday evening and of course, the Guest of Honour. The conclusion is drawn as far as programming is concerned, that Saturday and Sunday evenings are the important part of the convention. Friday and Monday evenings are secondary or tag ends and should be treated as such in programming plans.

It remains to be seen if any of the above discussed ideas crystallize, but at least it is a beginning. After all it is a selection of the cream of ideas that are going to make a convention successful.

While I was in Potsdam, Dave managed to run into a horse, this would be a terrific stunt for a convention. The frame of his car was beyond repair, the horse walked away from the scene of the accident. They just don't make 'em they way anymore.

And now its all over, but I'll never regret any part of this holiday. I have met some very wonderful people, these moments will linger a long time in my memory book. I hope you, the reader have caught part of the enjoyment that I have experienced, because after all what is this but an open letter to all of you.

WDG



Once upon a time Lewis Carroll was staying with cousins, the Misses Wilcox at Whitburn near Sunderland. To while away the evening, the company sat down to a game of verse-making. Carroll's contribution was something called "Jabberwocky". This was published in "Alice Through The Looking Glass" and was at once recognized as the best and most original thing in the book. At the time, a writer to "The Queen" declared this verse was translated from the German.

Dr. Scott, Dean of Rochester wrote to Carroll: "Are we to suppose, after all, that the Saga of Jabberwocky is one of the universal heirlooms which the Aryan race at its dispersion carried with it from the great cradle of the family? You must really consult Max Müller about this. It begins to be probable that the origo originalissima may be discovered in Sanscrit, and that we shall by and by have Iabrivokaveda. The hero will turn out to be the Sun-god in one of his Avatars; and the Tumtum tree the great Ash Ygdrasil of the Scandinavian mythology".

In March, 1872, AA. Vansittart of Trinity College at Cambridge translated the poem into Latin elegiacs. His rendering was printed for private circulation several years later. To wit:

MORS IABROCHII

Goesper¹ erat: tunc luriciles² ultravia circum
 Urgebant gyros gimbiculosque tophi;
 Moestenui visae borogovides ire meatu;
 Et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathee.

O fuge Iabrochium, sanguis meus!³ Ille recurvis
 Unguibus, estque avidis dentibus ille minax.
 Ububae fuge cautus avis vim, gnate! Negque unquam
 Faedarpax contra te frumiosus eat!

Vorpali gladio juvenis succingitur: hosiis
Manxumus ad medium quaeriter usque diem:
Jamque via fesso, sed p urima mente prementi,
Tumtumiae frondis suaserat umbra moram.

Consilia interdum stetit egnia⁴ mente revolvens:
At gravis in densa fronde susuffrus⁵ erat,
Spiculaque⁶ ex oculis jacentis flammea, tulscam
Per silvam venit burbur⁷ Iabrochii!

Vorpali, semel atque iterum collectus in ictum,
Persnicuit gladio pernacuitque puer:
Deinde galumphatus, spernens informe cadaver,
Horrendum monstri rettulit ipse caput.

Victor Iabrochii, spoliis insignis opimis,
Rursus in amplexus, or radiose, meos!
O fraboise dies! CALLO clamateque CALLA!
Vix potuit laetus chorticulare pater.

Coesper erat: tunc lubriciles ultravia circum
Urgebant gyros gimbiculosque topi;
Moestenuivisae borogrovides ire meatu;
Et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathae.

- 1) Caesper from caena and vesper.
- 2) Lubriciles, from lubricus and graciles. See the commentary in Humpty Dumpty's square, which will also explain ltravia, and if it requires explanation, maestenui.
- 3) Sanguis meus: Verg. Aen. vi. 836 -- "Projice tele manu, sanguis meus!"
- 4) Egnia: "Muffish" equals segnis; therefore "uffish" equals egnis.
- 5) Susuffrus: "whiffling," susurrus: "whistling".
- 6) Spicular: see the picture.
- 7) Burbur: apparently a labial variation of murmur, stronger, but more dissonant.

I hope some Latin student who is also a faaan will contribute further information on the construction of this translation. It is otherwise far beyond my four years of high school Latin, I'm afraid.

And finally, some light on the meaning of the word "Jabberwocky". Around 1883 a girl's Latin class in Boston wrote Carroll and asked if they might call their school magazine "The Jabberwock". He replied, "Mr. Lewis Carroll has much pleasure in giving to the editors of the proposed magazine permission to use the title they wish for. He finds that the Anglo-Saxon word 'wocer' or 'wocor' signifies 'offspring' or 'fruit'. Taking 'jabber' in its ordinary acceptation of 'the result of much excited discussion'. Whether this phrase will have any application to the projected periodical, it will be for the future historian of American literature to determine". Figure it out for yourself. HL

"some writer says that the full face of a spider as seen under a magnifying glass is very striking"

THE GASPIPE

SATELLITE #5 - Don Allen - 3 Arkle Street - Gateshead 8 - Co. Durham - England (Quarterly)

Vastly improved over #4 in that it has become suddenly fancish and less serious. It still doesn't compare with Hyphen or Bem, but none the less it is slanted forward, and I for one, am looking forward to the next issue.

EPITOME #4 - Mike May - 9428 Hobart Street - Dallas - Texas (Irregular) 1/5¢ - 5/25¢

This zine has been reviewed so often by American reviewers that I had begun to suspect that they had formed a secret society dedicated to making Epitome look like Something Terrific. It isn't. However, it is better than I had expected; containing material by Ellik, McLeod, and Wegars, it had the appearance of going places. Where it went I don't know. I've been waiting several months for number five, but it hasn't made its appearance.

ECLIPSE #10 - Ray Thompson - 410 S. 4th Street - Norfolk - Nebraska (Bi-monthly) 1/10¢ - 6/50¢

Thompson finally woke up, dropped Bibbly and has revived Eek. All for the better, I say. This issue has nothing outstanding in it and the reproduction can still stand improvement, but it is a definite improvement over Bib. Thompson's editorial is the best of the issue and is quite interesting. Other material indicates that the magazine will likely improve with age.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #21 - Dick Geis - 1525 Ainsworth - Portland 12 - Oregon - 1/15¢ - 7/\$1.00

One of the zines I have been waiting for most eagerly in the past few months was SFR. Geis had been talking about it for a number of weeks, (deriding it) but regardless of this I had begun to expect something slightly terrific. Dick wasn't very decisive in his derision. Finally it arrived, I read it, and was thoroughly disgusted. After thinking it over for a few days, talking about it with the other Insurgents, I decided that it wasn't as bad as I had first thought and my initial reaction was due to a let-down after expecting too much. Notwithstanding, SFR is far below the standard set by Psychotic #17, (this being the standard by which all Geis publications are judged) Geis publications have been on the downward curve since that issue. One might say that Psy 17 was the peak of the curve, with SFR #21 the curve has suffered a sharp drop, reaching Dick's lowest point in over a year and a half of fan publishing....But, to get back to the facts, Damon Knight leads off the issue with an article, (originally a speech he gave at the Fanvetoon) in which he talks about how bad today's science-fiction is. Damon has been harping on this subject so long that he has become stale and redundant, and he has nothing new to say here.....Curt Janke follows with the only good item in the issue, two pages of hilarious nonsense that save the entire issue from being a complete flop. Noah McLeod, who seems to save his best offerings for Geis, is present with a review of Earthlight by Arthur C. Clarke. Even McLeod is getting dull these days. All his reviews say the same thing, with only the titles changed. This one is no exception.....Dialogue by Geis is the longest item in the issue and the backbone of same. Unfortunately it is not the best Dick can do. I have read some fanzine re-

The Gaspipe

views he wrote in this style and they were far better.....Ellison writes a Letter From New York which would be better unwritten. Harlan employs the Hollywood-gossip-spreading-news-bound-psuedo-pro style of writing that does nothing to credit him for writing, nor Geis for publishing it.....Letter From Britain is interesting if you are interested in what the promags are publishing in England. I'm not.....Jim Harmon writes a three paragraph review of Of All Possible Worlds and says almost nothing about Tenn's book. Instead he pats himself on the back in his best self-praising fashion. This is rather, sad, because from personal contact I've found Jim to be a likeable friendly person. As Raeburn says, "He exudes friendship". He is not at all like the egotistical Harmon who makes such a complete fugghead of himself in print with his self advertising.....A dull letter column follows.....But all is not lost. Within a week of the receipt of SFR a letter arrived from Portland and Dick advised us that SFR was dead and that he was going to revive Psy. Plans indicate that the new Psy will fall somewhere between the old fannish Psy and the supposedly sercon SFR.....I personally think Dick has made a wise choice.

GRUE #24 - Dean A. Grennell - 402 Maple Avenue - Fond du Lac - Wisconsin (Irregular) 25¢ gets you fifty pages (One Large or Two Small)

This issue sports a humorous Kellogg cover which has me wondering how many of the funny bits are Kellogg and how many are Grennell. There are a couple of things which are definitely Dean's work.....Leading off we have a hoaxography, Who's Who On Grue's Crew, featuring Doug Graves. Some of the occupations Graves has had are fabulous.....John Magnus tells how he got into fandom and Dean reprints an item out of Opus #6 of which John spoke. Said item contains one of the most hilarious cartoons I've seen in a fanzine. I glanced at it, did a double take, and actually broke up. Fortunately this happened in the relative privacy of my own bedroom. Consider the consequences had it happened on the subway.....4J Ackerman does a page of very abbreviated book reviews and Dean puts the cap on the Degler chronicles with a short reprint from a couple of old fanzines.....John Berry, ah, good ol' John Berry, continues his series of biographies of the Wheels of If. This installment features James White, and like the previous one, this is extremely funny.....Dean writes a very good serious type article on old pulp magazines. This article is prompted by Wm. Gault's complaint that people aren't reading as much as they used to. Dean's article, The Fallen Mighty ends up by reminiscing over a detective series about a cat known as Operator #5. This article is extremely interesting and is the beginning of a series of bits on old pulp magazines. It shows a lot of promise and I faunch for the next in the series.....While Dean is busy researching with old pulpzines, Doug Graves tackles Miscellanee and does a commendable job. Misc concerns a subject as phony as Graves himself, namely, "How To Make, and the possible uses of, a Hand of Glory". It's all very humorous and I never cease to wonder where Dean gets all his ideas.....The letter column thish is very short with Dean sufficing to print excerpts of a couple of letters commenting on Bloch's treatment of the Gettysburg Address in the last issue. I found that item to be somewhat laffable, but apparently some of the readers considered it blasphemy and treasonable. Fanatical patriots - bah!.....Follows an interesting article which was slapped on the hind end of the mag at the last moment and concerns itself with the reasons why SF is a flop in Germany. And that winds up another sparkling issue of Grue.....Howevah, tagged on to the taggest tag end of the zine is a one-shot which Dean and the two Bobs (Tucker and Bloch) dashed off for

the Fapa mailing. This was stuck on as a bonus and I don't know how many got copies. All I can say is that it is terrific, as all Fapans will verify, and if you didn't get a copy, I'd feel for you, if my arm were long enough.

INSIDE #11 - Ron Smith - 611 West 114th Street - Apt 3D310 - New York 25 - N. Y. (Irregular) 5/\$1.00

Lets start off this analysis on a conservative note by saying, "Wow, this is the best issue the Smiths have turned out." I now proceed to flip.....Bob Bloch leads off the issue with an article on SF and fantasy films. Despite the fact that this is a serious article, Bob still manages to be hilariously sarcastic. I read this article somewhere over Lake Erie while flying home from the Clevention and there are a couple of passages which made me laff so hard I got worried glances from the Air Hostess, not to mention the fellow passengers.....Moskowitz writes an article on The Strange Business Attitude of The Science-Fiction Industry and regardless of the fact that he sounds convincing, I still think he is all wet. Bob Lownedes, Larry Shaw, and H. L. Gold reply to Sam's charges and Sam adds a bitter PS in this excellent four part discussion.....Lin Carter, (remember him, with the big red letters on the forehead?) is present with a very cultural essay on the early childhood writing of the Brontes, (Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Bramwell)Ron and the readers toss ideas at one another in Think, the letter column.....Dave Foley, a fanarchist has a subtly funny satire titled "Brave New Writings". The title I feel is self explanatory. An interesting thing about this is that when the other 2/3rds of the Insurgents were in N' York this summer, Foley showed Raeburn the manuscript to this item, among others, and told Boyd that he could have some of them but that Smith would get first choice. Smith took Brave New Writings, the thing Raeburn wanted most.....Book reviews fill out this, the best-ever-issue of Inside. I am told that in the future Inside will slept fanward and if #11 is indicative of anything, Inside's rating will soar like a sky-rocket.

TACITUM #4 - Benny Sodek - 1432 Cahoun Street - New Orleans 18 - La. - 3/25¢

In his editorial Benny talks about the possibilities of a world con in Texas - in seven or eight years - and remarks that his editorial sounds like Claude Hall's article. This is not so, Hall's article, also on the possibilities of a Texas World Con is strictly for laffs. I am sure that even a fugghead like Hall couldn't be serious about the ideas he presents. Regardless of this, Claude still manages to make one outstandingly fuggheaded remark, which is about par for the course for Hall.Clod says, in reference to holding the con just over the border in Mexico, "For one reason, as foreigners we would not be subject to the laws of Mexico." Well, you have to admit it. At making fuggheaded statements, Hall is a past master.....Nonsense! If Hall believes that because he is a citizen of the US he is not bound by laws of a foreign country, let him come up here to Toronto and, for example, exceed the limit. He will find that like we Canadians, he is subject to the same five dollar, plus one dollar per mile for every MPH over the limit, plus court costs.....Does Hall think that because he is an American that he can go into a foreign country and break any law, such as robbing a bank, or murder, etc., and get away with it? If so, his fuggheadedness is exceeded by his downright stupidity.....Other than the Hall article, Tac is pretty good and I hope Benny's college work won't interfere too much with his publishing schedule.

That wraps it up this time, be back again in Canfan #29.

GAS

Best On The Quarter

TOP FANZINE ON THE QUARTER

GRUE - Edited by Dean A. Grennell - Issue # 25 - 25¢ for a single copy
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin., USA.....
There is not much to be said, it would only be a
repeat of former reviews. So why waste space, we
shall hash over the competition instead.....

THE NEXT FIVE BEST

OBLIQUE - Edited by Clifford I. Gould - Issue # 4 - 15¢ per single copy
1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, California., USA
First a good fanzine review column.....Then a very
short report on Cleveland by Peter J. Remizrov.....
A Westercon Report that was fair and an excellent
letter section.....This one is climbing fast..

FAFHRD - Edited by Ed Cox & Ron Ellik - Issue Vol 1 No 2 - Free to date
115½ - 19th Street, Hermosa Beach, California., USA
In the Roaring Trumpet the co-editors are sad at
the lack of response the first issue received.
But I notice that the zine is receiving pretty
fair reviews in other fanzines, the second issue,
this one, should really set them up.....Canfan was
so impressed with the H. P. Lovecraft article by
Don Wilson that we immediately asked permission to
reprint this fine job. Believe me fellows, if you
can come up with material like that every once in
a while, you need have no fear about not getting
any response.....Reproduction is clear and well
set up.....

ECLIPSE - Edited by Ray Thompson - Issue # 12 - 1/10¢ or six for 50¢
410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska., USA.....
Printed on heavy stock, dummied, illos could be
better.....Review and letter sections are good....
More articles would add balance to the whole effort.

OOPSLA - Edited by Gregg Calkins - Issue (????) - 1/15¢ or four at 50¢
2817 Eleventh Street, Santa Monica, California., USA
Excellent reproduced, good contents and fine
illustrations are the background for Mr. Calkins.
.....Liked the meanderings on pages one and two,
John Berry stands up well.....A top drawer fanzine
review column by Bob Silverberg. A good issue.

" J D " - Edited by Lynn A. Hickman - Issue # 22 - 20¢ for a single copy
200 North Huron Street, Albion, Michigan., USA....
Not much to say here, typical Lynn Hickman, very
good illustrations of a type. Seemingly there is
no set format. But if you like some fun, this is
the place.....

SPECIAL AWARD

THE SF WORLD - Edited by Bob Tucker & Robert Bloch - Issue Vol 1 No 1
A professional fanzine, you know where to reach
the editors. This kind of effort is one of those
rare thankless jobs. I sincerely hope that Gnome
Press and Marty Greenberg can keep this up.....

THE MAELSTROM

DES EMERY 93 Hemlock St.
St. Thomas, Ontario., Can

Canfan #26 received and muchly enjoyed.
.....Is that thing in the lead illo for the
MIDWEST CON REPORT really you? After read-

ing the conreport, I have once more made a vow to attend the next one. Of course, I said the same thing last year, and year before as well, and I shall no doubt say it next year.....

BILL COURVAL 4215 Cherokee Avenue
San Diego 4, California., USA

I found that only one item didn't belong. TOADS by EEE was undoubtedly fresh and meaty for '47 but

Bob Silverberg has said this and much more in his SPACESHIP (FAPA # 68). I should like to hear your reasons for reprinting it if you were already familiar with the above issue.....However, the most stimulating seems to be the backwash of comment on the Ellison article in issue # 25.....Anticlimatic observation department. Plagiarism! Did you know that the fem in the illo on page 15 was copied from a GOLD MEDAL POCKET BOOK? Hmmm...you do, well, see here, I want original artwork on the pages of my fmz.....

A/3C WILLIAM D. CONNER AF 15 534 626
3467th Sturon P/P, Francis E. Warren AFB
Wyoming, USA

PLEASANT DREAMS was a good fantasy. Norm's dream-chain idea was original - at least I haven't seen anything sim-

iliar to it.....I must now confess that I made an error in my article, IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION". I was too conservative, by far. Instead of an atom being composed of 95% vacuum, and 5% mass; it should have been more like .01% mass, and 99.09% vacuum. When you are trying to imagine how much empty space there is in an atom, it's just a wee bit brain-taxing! The whole concept is hard to conceive. One way to conceive of it is to think of mass as a gas that is in a frozen state. In other words, mass is merely minute cosmos stuff that is in a frozen state. Being one of the last surviving Mad Scientists in the world, I still cling to the old theory that mass is composed of a universal substance. The atom is the smallest particle of matter, and that I don't doubt. There are different types of atomic particles, but this is because of their varying densities and electrical charges; but what is the basic substance of these particles? Maybe I will write an article on this subject.....I enjoyed the MIDWEST CON REPORT.....

CHESTER D. CUTHBERT 1104 Mulvey Ave
Winnipeg 9, Menitoba., Canada

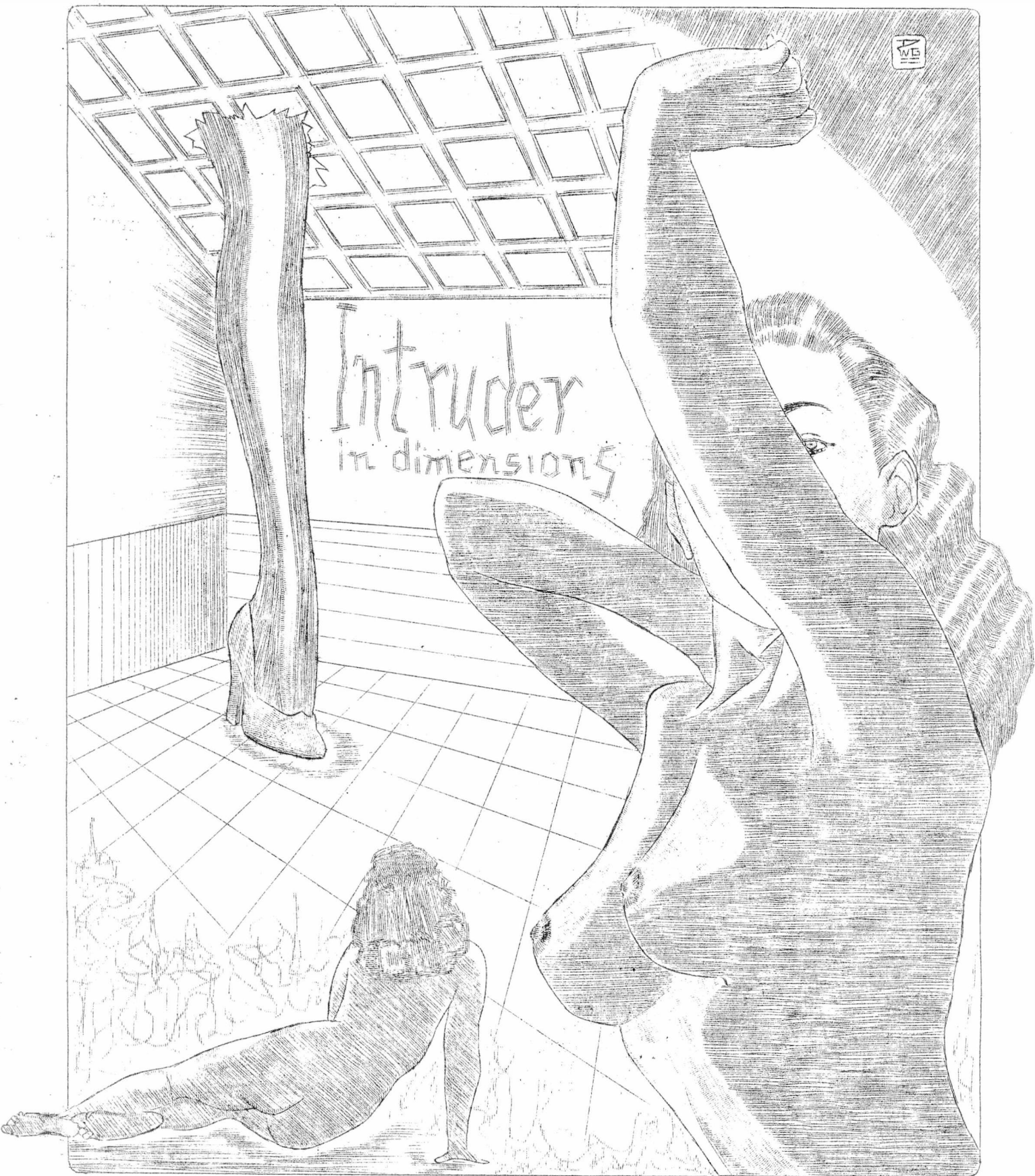
Enjoyed reading the September issue of Canadian Fandom, and want to draw to your attention

my change of address.....Howard Lyons was over to see the local group on Friday evening, and he, Dr. Jack McKenty and Don Comstock were over here last night.....I always enjoy reading your Convention Reports, and regret that I never did manage to publish the one you sent me for the Canadian Science Fiction Association Newsletter some years ago.

That is a small portion of the letters received, but time, money and a budget for each issue has cut this off short. There will be no MAELSTROM in the next issue, this will carry over to the June issue, so look out for a big letter column.



Intruder in dimensions



CANFAN

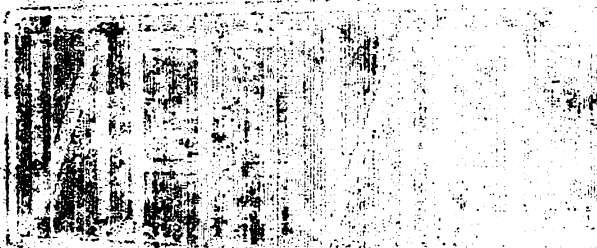
Fourteenth Year of Publication
FEBRUARY 1956

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG	SEPT	OCT	NOV	DEC
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1956						29			30			31

THE FIRST THREE
ISSUES CAME OUT
UNDER THE TITLE
"EIGHT-BALL"

SOMEBODY DIED LATE '49
THEY REVIVED IN JUNE '51

A - B - C ARE HUCKSTER ISSUES
WHICH DIDN'T GO OUT TO REGULAR
CANFAN SUBSCRIBERS.....



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The Next MIDWEST CON - May 26 & 27th

CANADIAN FANDOM 28

14th Year Of
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Feb. 1956

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BEAK TAYLOR

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NED McKEOWN

Published 1951--1953
THE (Old) DERELICTS

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GERALD A. STEWARD
William D. Grant

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Anniversary Issue

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INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

WDG

ROBERT BLOCH.....Music And Robert Bloch

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

RAY ALLISTER.....The Magic Box

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

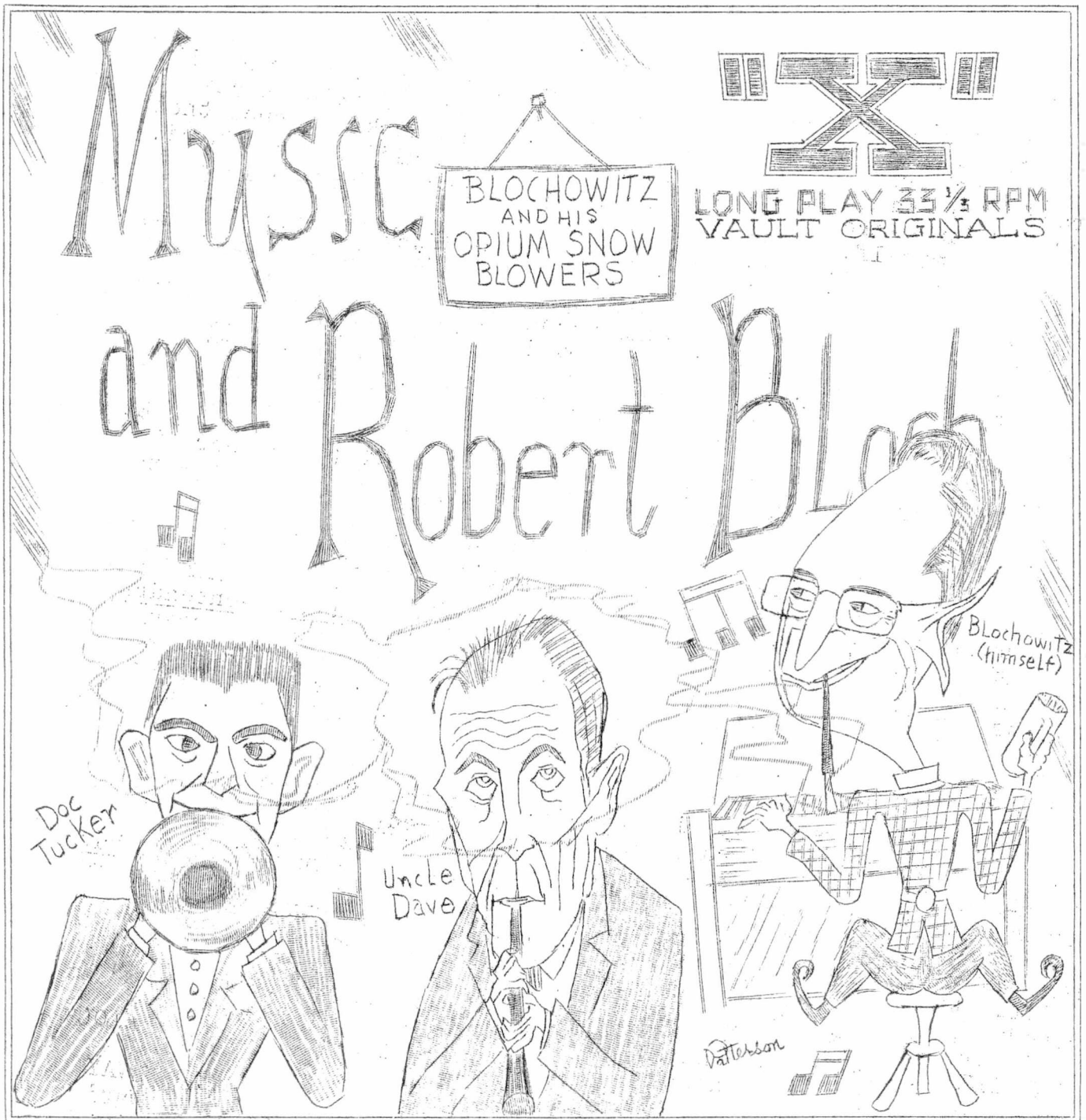
RITA GROSSMAN.....Blues For Tommy

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

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

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

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



by ROBERT BLOCH

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

Additional Notes on Records
by William D. Grant

A SPECIAL FEATURE ARTICLE

Music and Robert Bloch

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

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

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

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

I saw John Philip Sousa perform in Chicago the year before his death, but by this time I was past "band music" and interested in the current popular vocal records. Eddie Cantor, singing CAN YOU TAME WILD WOMEN? and other very "blue" records, full of surprising double-entendre. Cantor was far from the "family man" characterization he has assumed in the past twenty years or so. Mr. Jolson² was around, too -- with a much higher voice, incidentally. Part of the effect was undoubtedly due to "orthophonic recording" but Joly sounded very different; he had a precise diction for his non-negroid numbers which would startle the Jolsonites of today.

And of course, jazz was in the air. Not the "esoteric" jazz of the erudite ESQUIRE readers, -- nobody, but bobody, gave a damn about the high-school Teschemacher-Beiderbecke-Wolverine sort of thing, and nobody was turning handsprings over not-so-old-Satchmo,⁵ either. That came later. What the companies were recording, and what people were buying, were the Paul Whiteman⁶ records: AVALON, WHISPERING, DARDANELLA. Jean Goldkette⁷ and Joseph E. Smith and His Jazz Band were hot stuff. Everybody played I HEAR YOU CALLING YOO-HOO and THE SHEIK OF ARABY... and, later...IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE, and BARNEY GOOGLE and CON-STANTINOPLE. Music was definitely for dancing and most records had the parenthesized (fox trot) under the title. They waltzed to THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

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

Meanwhile, I was absorbing the old warhorses⁹ via Victor and Columbia and Brunswick -- RACHMANINOFF'S PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR, and cut-down versions of SCHEHERAZADE, OVERTURE 1812, HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY. In those days there were no "albums" -- just single records, with

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

Radio became a factor in the mid-twenties. I began to listen to such diversified performers as Fats Waller¹⁰ (WHEN MORGAN PLAYS THE ORGAN) and Red Nichols¹¹ and His Five Pennies and Mildred Bailey and Joe Reichman and H. Leopold Spitalny and Mischa Elman and Phil Cook and Ruth Etting¹² and Harry Reiser and Harry Salter and The Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

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

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

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

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

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

Now I began to listen consciously for more music I liked. I heard Holst's PLANETS¹³ suite, and Pierne's ENTRANCE OF THE LITTLE FAUNS and THE FIREBIRD and GRAND CANYON SUITE.

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

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

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

Music and Robert Bloch

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

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

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

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

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

And impatience to cope with, during the early '40s, waiting for the furshlugginer companies to get around to recording ROMAN FESTIVALS and THE COMEDIANS¹⁵ and GAYEN and ALEXANDER NEVSKY and CIRCUS DAYS and THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER (they haven't gotten around to the last two yet, damn them!). Met a gal touring for Columbia, who later became Lily Pons' private secretary. She pressured the home office to record a few things.

Walton's FACADE¹⁶ was out of print, so I wrote Sir William and his secretary graciously packed the HMV recording in a wooden box and shipped it to me. Eric Coates promised to try and re-record his FOUR WAYS SUITE but hasn't had a session so far; he's in poor health, I understand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6 PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA - "X" Vault Originals - LVA 3040
Some of the numbers mentioned in Bob's article turn up on this LP, but they all lean heavily towards jazz. (hot version of "Mississippi Mud")

7 JEAN GOLDKETTE AND HIS ORCHESTRA - "X" Vault Originals - LVA 3017
Again Bix Beiderbecke (1926-7), but featured in a commercial orchestra that was quite popular in the mid-twenties.

7 THE ROARING TWENTIES - Riverside - RLP 1008 - LP
NEW YORK STYLE - Paramount - RS 201 - LP

Both of these feature the Dance Music of the Charleston Era and the early sounds of the Dorsey Brothers, Red Nichols, Adrian Rollini, Miff Mole and others. Very good reproduction on the Riverside LP.

8 SHOW BIZ - Victor - LOC 1011 - LP

This comes from the best selling book and is narrated by George Jessel who uses musical excerpts from original recordings to capture the era.

9 The new Victor CAMDEN Series, has many of the classical numbers mentioned from this point on. They are actually dubbings of some of the early Victor Red Seal issues of the '30s that Bob refers to.

10 THE AMAZING MR. WALLER - Volumes One & Two - Riverside - RLP 1021-2
These are actual radio performances of the late '30s, which are true examples of Waller's organ and piano music.

11 RED NICHOLS CLASSICS Volumes One, Two & Three - Brunswick -
BL 58008-09-27 - LP

Three rip-roaring LPs featuring the original Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. This group did hundreds of performances in theatre-pits and turned out records for as many as fifteen different labels.

12 THE ORIGINAL RECORDINGS OF RUTH ETTING - Columbia - ML 5050 - LP
She still rates tops (that's my own opinion) as far as singing "blue" lyrics. With her on this LP are Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and the great pianist of the day (popular), Rube Bloom.

13 THE PLANETS by Gustave Holst - His Master's Voice - LHMV 1003 - LP
This is dubbed from the 78 rpm album, Sir Adrian Boult conducting the BBC Symphony, and is by far the superior performance. But there are later recordings which are better technically as far as reproduction goes.

14 RHAPSODY IN BLUE and AN AMERICAN IN PARIS - Victor - LPT 29 - LP
This is a re-dubbing of a 12 inch 78 rpm nine minute version featuring George Gershwin at the piano, himself, playing "Rhapsody". In my own collection there are at least 8 complete versions of "Rhapsody" and 7 versions of "An American In Paris". I kind of like Gershwin, too.

15 THE COMEDIANS by Dmitri Kabalevsky - Victor - IM 1106 - LP
THREE SUITES-Comedians by Kabalevsky-Suite Francasie by Milhaud-
Peacock Pie by Gibbs - Discovery - DL 4003 - LP

16 FACADE by William Walton - London - LL 771 - LP

This job is not conducted by Walton, but it comes through well and is superior to the other existing versions on LP.

17 RUSS COLUMBO - Victor - P 95 - 78 rpm

Eight sides that are proof positive where Bing Crosby got his style. I think if Columbo had lived, Crosby would not be around today as a top personality.

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

WDG

THE BIG EYE OF NEW MEXICO

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





by RAY
ALLISTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Magic Box

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

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

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

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

"You read?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Magic Box

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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preaching to himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What a business woman you are!"

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

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

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

"What did you say?"

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

"Were they surprised?"

"They didn't believe me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

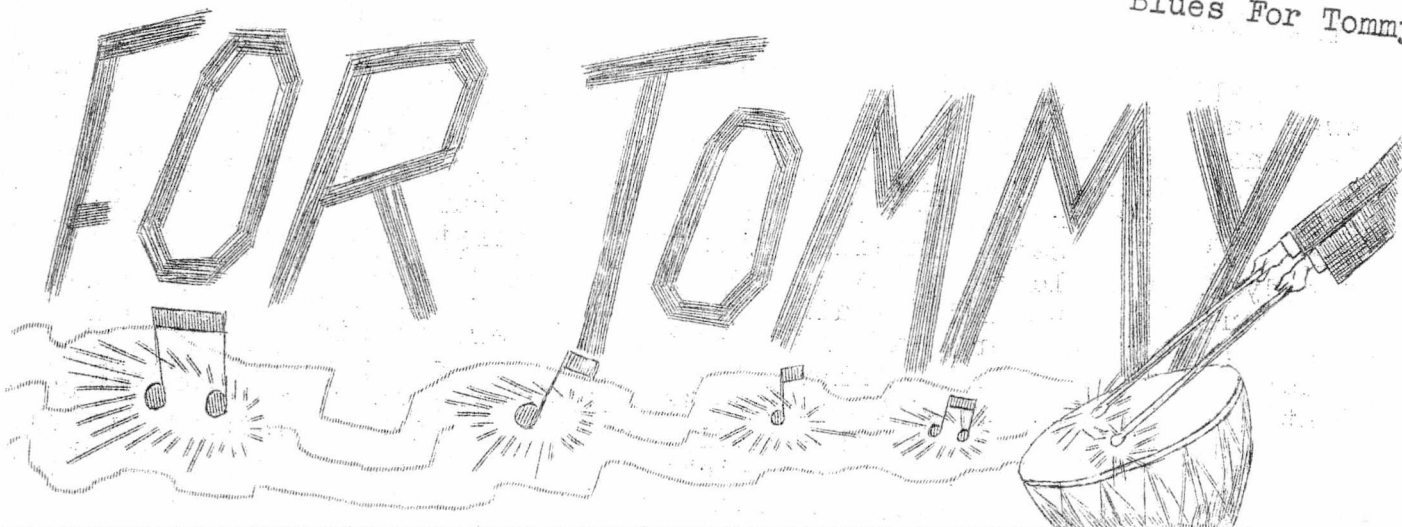
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For another twenty-five years Friese-Greene was to experiment on better and better ways of making coloured moving pictures. On the day he died, he was attending a trade meeting of the movie industry. The discussion at hand was something Willie didn't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

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

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





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

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

James C. Barlow, attending physician.

Admitted Feb. 28, 1932 Symptoms - hallucinations and alternating chills and fever. Delerium.

March 12, 1932 Increasing attacks of hysteria. Patient claims to hear a drum which he has destroyed, and fears someone, or something is searching for it.

March 12, 1932 (3.30 PM) Patient has had a violent shock, the nature of which cannot be ascertained. Respirations slow, eyes glazed - mumbles continuously. Asks to have lights turned on, in broad daylight.

March 27, 1932 (11.50 PM) Had sudden attack of severe fright and cried out for the lights.

March 27, 1932 (11.55 PM) Discovered by Nurse Burns. The body was stretched out on the floor with his hand reaching in the direction of the light switch.

Cause of Death Extreme claustrophobia, overtaxed heart. Fragment of unpolished wood with strange red and black marks found clenched in patient's other hand. Further investigation on this point still remains open for a solution. His belongings were thoroughly checked upon admittance and nothing of this nature was uncovered.

Signed by the
Attending Physician,

James C. Barlow.
March 28, 1932.



Blues For Tommy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Romano went into the back room, calling over his shoulder, "I have a drom some sailor bring 'een. He say he got it in Soud Afreeka. He say he wish he nerver lay eyes on it, but he wouldn't tell what he mean by dat."

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

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

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

Blues For Tommy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tommy waved his arms around. The lights stayed off.

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

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

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

turn on the lightsh? I want some light!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blues For Tommy

and louder, until Tommy thought his head would explode.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

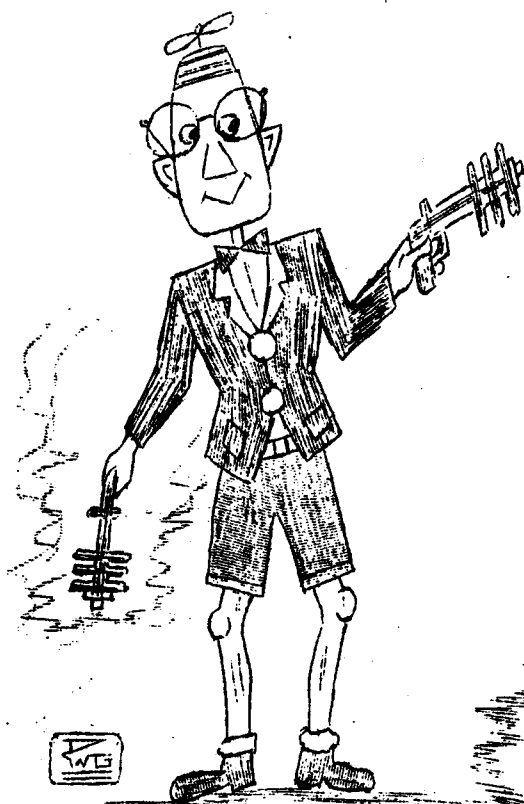
Some time later, through his family, I was informed Tommy had passed on.

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

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

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

RG



THE 2ND TUCKER FAN SURVEY

Also Published In
The Latest Issue of GASP

This Survey Has Been
Conducted and Arranged by

GERALD A. STEWARD

Introduction by Bob Tucker

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

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

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

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

The Second Tucker Fan Survey

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGE OF FANDOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the question of dating I found that 78.1% of the unmarried fans date. 11.6% of these date regularly, 40.9% date irregularly, 36.2% play the field, 10.2% go steady, and .76% cheat, they are engaged but still date others.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(3) Again, padding by one club

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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supper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY HANDS

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

Henri Percikow

William D. Grant

11 BURTON ROAD
FOREST HILL VILLAGE
ONTARIO, CANADA