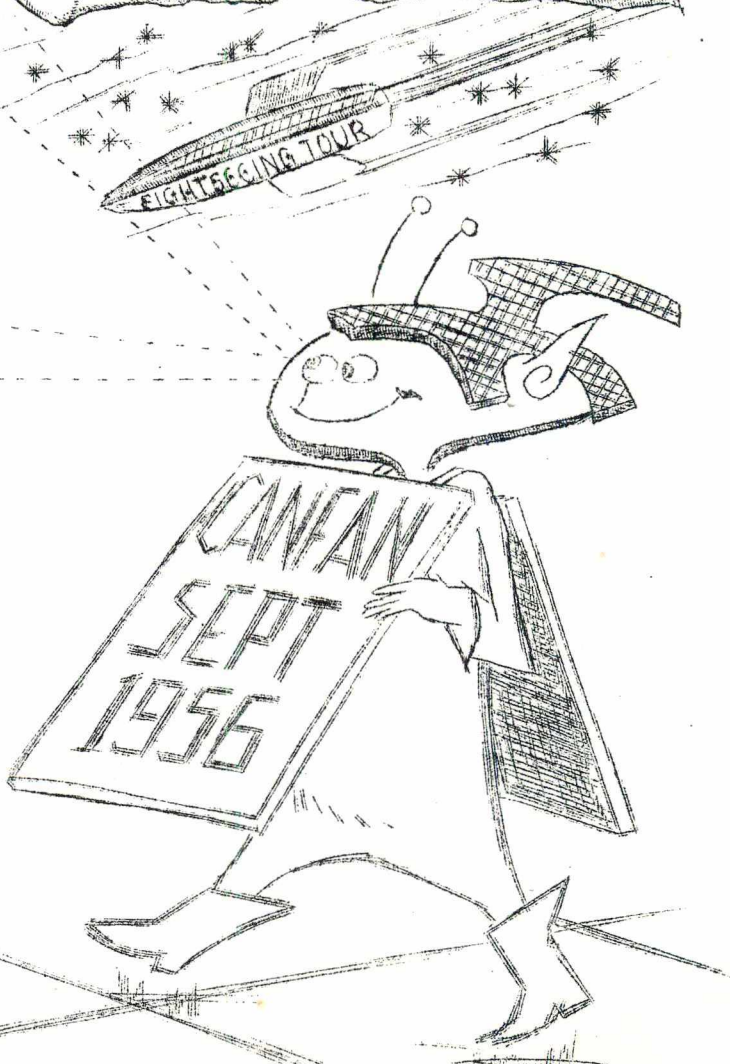
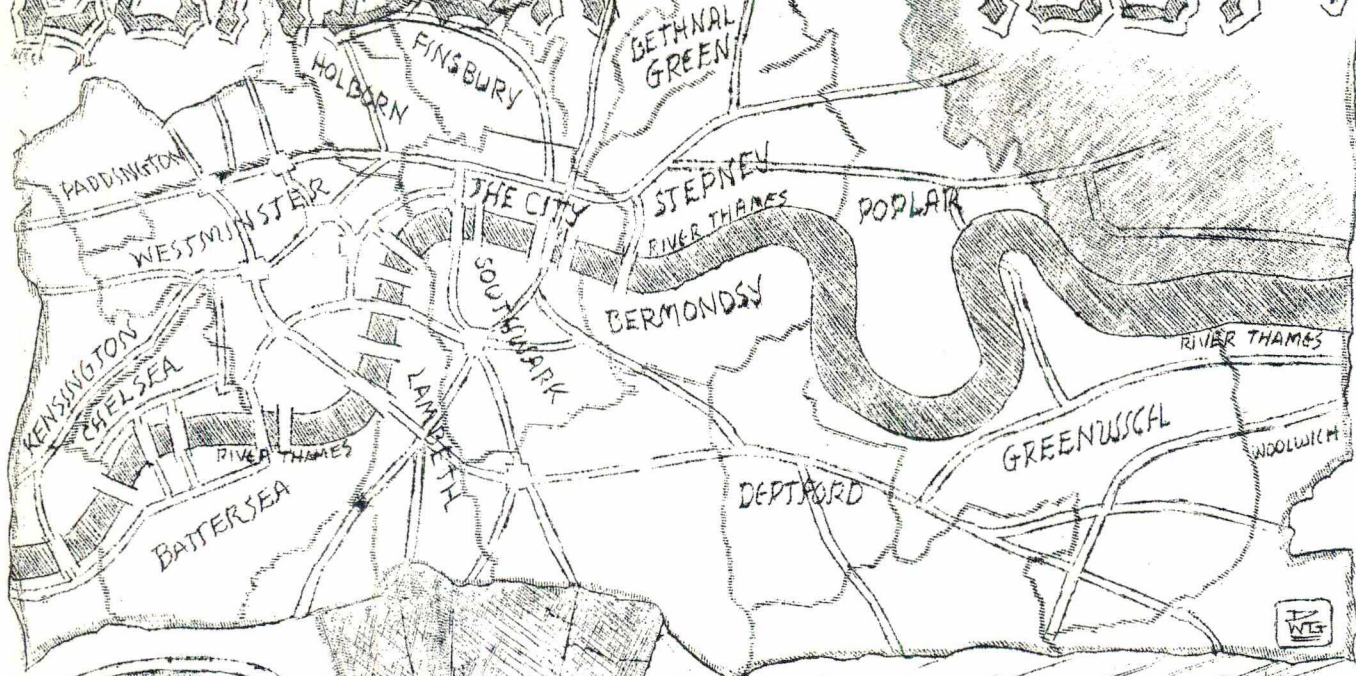


LONDON 1957



Dave Jenrette
APRIL 1956

CANADIAN FANDOM

14th Year Of
Publication
Sept. 1956
Number 30

Editor
WILLIAM D. GRANT
11 Burton Road
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone HU 9-0766

Printed by
GERALD A. STEWARD
166 McRoberts Ave
Toronto 10, Ontario
Canada
Phone LE 4-5487

Stencil Cutting by
William D. Grant

Special Contributor
Tod Johnson

Published 1943--1947
BEAK TAYLOR

Published 1947--1951
NED McKEOWN

Published 1951--1953
THE (Old) DERELICTS

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

A DERELICT PUBLICATION
QUARTERLY

Single Copy 15¢ - Four for 50¢
Eight Copies for \$1.00
We will Not Accept Larger Subs.

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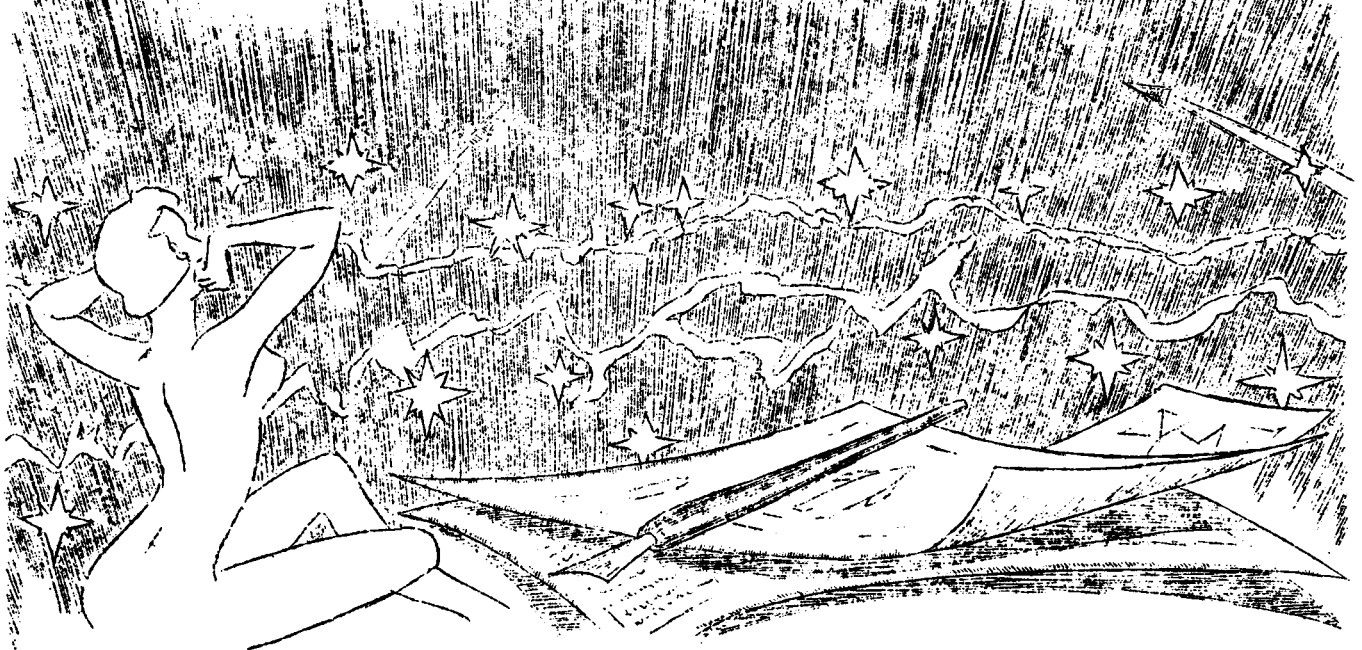
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The Small-Voiced Singers

TEXT & HEADING BY DAVE JENRETTE



Question: Can the newcomers of today hope to be as good as the greats of today and yesterday? Do the newcomers of this year have a chance to grow into Heinleins, van Vogts, or Asimovs?

My own answer is "Probably not".

The first approach to answering the question should be a study of the greatest sci writers and to see what made them that way. For simplicity's sake, let's limit the list to those authors writing today. That gives us Asimov, de Camp, Hamilton, Heinlein and Sturgeon, although we're probably leaving out a lot of good people.

Asimov came to the USA in 1923. He started writing at the age of twelve and went at it hard and fast. His writing paid for most of his education at Columbia. When World War II came along he went to work in the experimental chemical laboratories in Philadelphia. After the war he served in the Army, making the rank of corporal. He then finished his 'PH D' work in chemistry at Columbia and is now at the Boston University School of Medicine teaching and doing cancer research.

Most fans know what kind of a guy he is in real life.

Ed Hamilton, long known as "world wrecker" by the brand of stories he wrote, had had a varied life with varied jobs, including, among his experiences, trips all around the United States and up and down South America with his friend Jack Williamson, quite a writer himself.

Heinlein also lived a strange assortment of careers before he began writing. He was a naval officer, serving with the fleet until 1934. He has been a silver miner, a professional politician, and finally a writer. During the war he was an engineer in Philadelphia along

The Small-Voiced Singers

with Asimov and de Camp.

de Camp, aside from being science-fiction's most all around expert, has been a patent consultant, a draftsman, a surveyor, and a naval officer.

Sturgeon is Philadelphia born and left school at the age of eighteen to join the merchant marine. Along with three years of sailing he has worked as a West Indies hotel manager and as an operator of bulldozers and other heavy machinery.

And there you see from those, five of the leading science-fiction writers now in the business, what we're getting at. Namely, that those writers have done a lot of living.

You can see why Hamilton's stories are so far-roving and variegated. He's been a rover himself. Look at Heinlein's masterful extrapolations of what life is like on a space ship. He's known years of the sea; life on a ship or submarine being our closest proximation to space ships. Asimov's careful plots are the product of a researcher's careful analysis. de Camp's deep knowledge on many subjects, with his naval and engineering backgrounds, makes his work exciting. Sturgeon's experiences show up tremendously in his work, i. e. Killdozer.

People who do things seem to write the best and most convincing science-fiction. Dr. John D. Clark, a chemist working on rocket fuels; Arthur C. Clarke, British radar engineer and astronautical expert; Hal Clement, astronomer and aviator; John R. Pierce, electronics engineer with Bell Telephone; George O. Smith, electrical engineer; Raymond F. Jones, radio engineer and meteorologist; and on and on.

de Camp, in his SCIENCE-FICTION HANDBOOK has this to say: "An advantage of being a fiction-writer is that every bit of personal experience, no matter how painful at the time, can be turned to account sooner or later in your writing. And because every scrap of such experience is so valuable, it is usually better for a very young would-be writer not to plan simply to plunge into full-time writing as soon as he finishes high school or college. Since his creative imagination will have a comparatively meager stock of experiences to draw upon, the combinations it builds as a basis for stories will seem feeble and trite."

Yet, we currently have some number of people writing science-fiction who have only as a guide the writings of other people, or give you their impression of a space ship from the thrill of riding a subway train. There are people selling science-fiction now who have never flown in an airplane even, and they propose to tell the rest of us what it's like "out there!"

A large number of sci-fic readers are scientifically and technically minded. Having a fear of stories dealing with things in which the author knows less than they. This is not going to attract them to the field or the magazines. Instead, science-fiction could slow down to a nice, limpid puddle where no one knows nothing and the latest "thought-variant" or "nova" turns out to be a revision of something by Heinlein, van Vogt, and E. E. Smith. That kind of writer can go and write confession stories for all I care. And some are doing just that, I understand.

I'm not trying to shout "doom" or anything like that, but I do personally feel that no good SF is going to appear from the typewriters of the small-voiced singers. At least not for a while, not until they can see a little more of the world. And if you show me an exception I'll be glad to see it. Exceptions are a rule's best proof. DJ

The original title for this article was
"AUTHOR VS CRITIC: AN ENQUIRY INTO RESPONSIBILITY" from Alien Culture - Number 1

AN ENQUIRY INTO RESPONSIBILITY

by AUGUST DERLETH



In life, as in literary work, I esteem above all other qualities honesty and sincerity. Yet in the world of letters, perhaps in the world of art generally, as in no other facet of existence, sincerity and honesty are constantly in challenge. And this is so on every plane of creative writing, particularly, whether it is on that high plane of enduring literature on one hand, or the comparatively marginal plane of writing escape fiction.

For the writer of fantasy -- by which term I mean science-fiction as well as supernatural fiction, horror stories as well as whimsy, etc. -- is a writer who exists in and writes for a comparatively limited world. Unfortunately, this is seldom apparent to writers and readers in that world; just as the center of the universe for every man is within himself, so it appears to the writer or reader -- but especially to the devotee whose exclusive devotion is limited to fantasy or to any one branch of fantasy -- that the center of creative writing is necessarily fantasy.

That this is not objectively true disturbs the devotees not at all. And it disturbs no one else, either, until the devotee comes to expect all others to think as he does, until he comes to feel that every criticism of his special field is an unwarranted imposition and a reflection on his judgement, until he begins to reply to honest and intelligent criticism with slander and malicious calumny. Does it actually happen? You may ask. Most assuredly it does. It had happened before, and it will happen again. It has happened to critics of Nick Carter, of Mystery whodunits, or Western novels, and the like, and it happens today to critics of that branch of fantasy called science-fiction.

It happens with a monotonous regularity, quite as if the devotees were afflicted with a great and lasting conviction of inferiority and must strike out against critics as if these critics were foes in a strictly personal sense. Being partial themselves, the "fans" evidently cannot conceive of impartial judgement; it never occurs to them that a critic owes a certain responsibility to the general reading public, and at the same time that he owes no specific segment of it anything.

The most demonstrable fact arouses in them a reaction equivalent to hysteria. If I, writing as a critic, set forth the fact that for

An Enquiry Into Responsibility

every good tale of science-fiction there are a dozen good tales of fantasy in the weird or supernatural fields as apart from science-fiction, a fact due primarily to the considerably greater body of fantasy as apart from science-fiction that exists, the "fans" dismiss it as a flagrant example of prejudice. They make no attempt to examine the evidence with an open mind, because open-mindedness is not part of their make-up. They are not honest intellectually, perhaps because they do not wish to know the truth and prefer to hold to their own concepts of what is truth for them.

If the critic of fantasy happens to be Mr. John Doe, a fellow-fan, he is at liberty to write that the worst science-fiction novel is a "masterpiece" -- he has no public; so he cannot owe the public even honesty, and if he is either so ill-informed or so lacking in respect for his own integrity that he can overflow with enthusiasm for something below the level of an eighth-grade reader, he cannot be said to have any comprehension of what responsibility means.

But if he happens to be a man with a solid literary reputation, he must conduct himself as a man aware of his responsibilities to a wide audience which is by no means limited to devotees of fantasy. When he writes of a writer that he "has literary worth" it does not mean that he is a writer of good fantasy alone, but that his worth as a writer is not limited to the world of fantasy.

When he writes of a science-fiction novel that it has no literary merit, that it is an adventure story clad in the trappings of science-fiction, he is setting forth facts for the guidance of the general reader and not for the reader of science-fiction alone. But this question of responsibility is one the implications of which seem to elude the "fan" entirely; he has no awareness of responsibility as such; he conceives of bias or prejudice because these are his own criteria and he must necessarily apply them to everyone else, lacking any others.

In a review of my collection of short stories, Sac Prairie People, a well known author wrote of the stories for the Milwaukee Journal that they were "noteworthy for their human warmth and honesty.....It is their honesty, as much as anything, that makes them endure." Another; equally well known author, wrote of them for the Chicago Tribune: "What makes this work generally sound is not the mere regional note, however authentic. Rather, it is the firm understanding of human beings and their often mysterious motives and impulses, the easy and practiced story telling, the knowledge and craftsmanship." And Maxwell Geismar, one of America's top ten literary critics, wrote of the same work that its author "has rescued an area of the native heritage from the anonymity of life, and has translated it into the language of literature and of history."

I cite these typical quotations solely to suggest to my readers that a writer whose integrity and honesty are specifically emphasized even in such casual reviews as these has a reputation to maintain that does not permit of the possibility of showing uncritical favoritism in his critical judgements, solely to please a group of people who, by their reactions, appear rather more fanatical than intelligent human beings, hysterics rather than balanced, normal men and women. And, by maintaining that kind of integrity in one's critical writing, one wins the respect, however grudgingly it may be bestowed, or even one's own severest critics, if they are intelligent and growing human beings.

And on this principle, I put together the science-fiction anthology, Strange Ports Of Call. As a result, responsible critics were not

able to dismiss the book as a great many critics did dismiss other such anthologies as just simply "escape" reading and nothing more; by the very fact that its editor, who was a man of some literary standing in the country, maintained that most of the stories in the anthology had literary merit, other critics found it mandatory to examine the claim, and most of them, somewhat to their own surprise, agreed. The net result then was that this anthology won critical respect on its own terms and served to prepare the way for a more cordial reception by a wider audience than ever of science-fiction, so many of the devotees of which have been assailing its editor as being guilty of "bias" and "prejudice".

I submit that the reader owes the critic as well as the author a sense of responsibility; just as the author is trying in most cases to do his best in the way of informing and/or entertaining his reader, so the critic is doing his best in the way of judging the degree of the author's success, and just so must the reader respect critical integrity when he encounters it, and so must he learn that, while no critic is infallible, it is the critic who is trying to guide the reading that any man can do, for manifestly no one can read all the books published even in a given field. A prejudiced critic -- and such do exist, certainly -- soon falls by the very weight of the flaw; but even the worst critic commands the honesty on the part of the reader to judge what he has written without reader bias, without prejudice, and with a determination to learn for himself whether the critic is right or wrong. Responsibility is a social asset; it is something that is shared in equal part by the reader as well as the author and the critic.

AD

MOTHER AND CHILD by Henri Percikow

Awake my child-
Awake to the glowing sunlight, dancing
Over butterflies, flowers and children.
Time has come to tread this earth
To join your voice with singing birds.
Slowly, slowly, do not hurry-
The world is large, years are long.
Sing my child, rise above sorrow,
Dart through fields, dash over bridges,
Blow your trumpet, tighten your bow,
Arrows will carry your song
To cradle and nest.

Walk my child-
On earth that is pregnant
With seed waiting to burst-
Saunter over vales and mountains-
Drink of our rivers and streams-
Live among your people, workers, builders
Whose blood and courage rush in your veins.
Learn my child, you are young, I am old
Learn the tale of ages, wisdom of men
Go forward, my child, changing the world!



THIS BIT IS FROM A
1956 ISSUE OF "LIGHT"

CROUTCH ON RELIGION

BY LESLIE CROUTCH

The only people who have resolved all their problems as they relate their thoughts on the universe are the atheists. And their solution is a complete running away from all thinking. No matter how you approach religion and the creation and afterlife and everything that relates to them, you are bound to come up against certain questions that just do not appear to have any sane, logical answer. I can't accept all the theories, though. Some are logical, I must admit, but..... To my way of thinking, anything to exist must, at one time in its past, have had a definite beginning. A starting point, previous to which it just did not exist. That's logic. That's commonsense. If the universe came into being all by itself, or, in other words, "It just happened", and this, I will admit, is quite possible, quite logical, then we would have to have no supreme architect who did the building. Right? But this all suggests that there must have been "building blocks", raw material, from which the universe sprang. Where did this fundamental material come from? For it to exist it must have had a beginning, or starting point. For, no starting point, no existence. A race cannot take place without there being a start at some time or some place. What I am trying to argue, is that everything to exist had to start some place, some time. I am repeating myself I see. Now, if you go far enough back, it is logical to suppose that eventually you will come to the first beginning of all things. The point previous to which there was nothing. But this is impossible....you can't have a sort of spontaneous creation out of pure nothing.

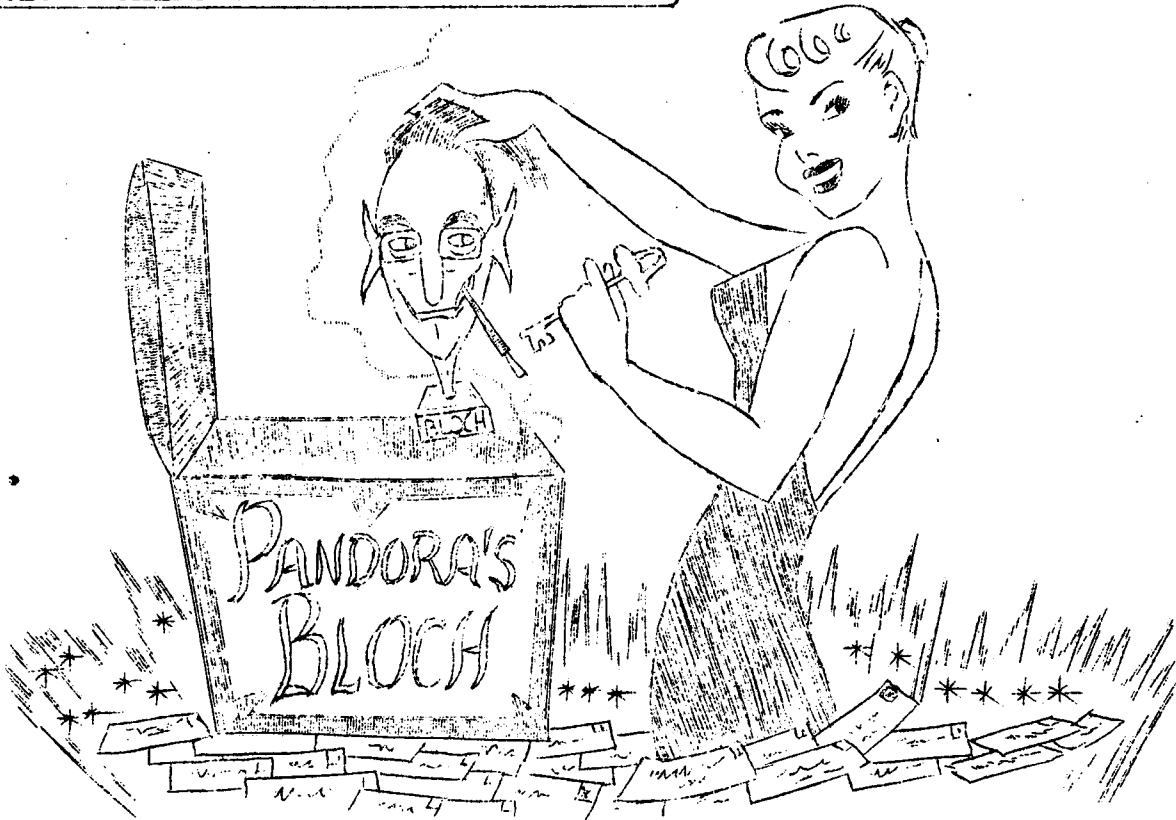
It insults my imagination to even consider such a thing taking place. So this leaves us, then, with something or some being giving things a helping hand.

A Creator. This solves everything so very nicely, doesn't it? But it also asks a BIG QUESTION that is bound to torment anyone who thinks even a little bit. If the Creator exists then He had to have a beginning, so it suggests that He was created by something or someone even bigger. But that Creator had to be created...so we keep going back and back ad infinitum.

Where did it all start? You suggest an out to even all this.. another universe, a sort of macrocosmos that created our universe. Is there then a super-macrocosmos that created the one that created us? And what created THAT one? Where does it all end? For if the idea holds water then every universe, no matter how high up the scale you go, has to have a bigger one to create it. This can't go on forever. It all had to start someplace. The trouble is, this is the sort of discussion that can go on and on and never get anywhere. But at least, THIS did have a definite beginning, before which there was nothing... no idea!

LC

This material came from Dean A. Grennell and originally appeared in a one-shot limited edition under the following title "CHIPSoff the old Bloch"



San Francisco, Calif., GOLDEN GATERS HOLD JOINT MEETING WITH AFL

Several science-fiction enthusiasts from San Francisco and adjacent communities took part in an excursion across the Bay in the visitor's launch to hold a joint meeting with the Alcatraz Fantasy League last night.

Representing the Golden Gate Science-Fiction Society were: Peter Graham of Fairfax; Dave Rike, Rodeo; Terry Carr and Boob Stewart, San Francisco and a party of four from Berkeley consisting of Karen and Poul Anderson, Don Wegars and Arlene Brennan.

Refreshments of bread and water were served to the group through the kind courtesy of Warden H. von Steuben Hotchkiss. Party games, such as Spin and Trusty and Pin the Rap on the Fall-Guy were played.

A representative from the "Atlantists", a science-fiction society made up of inmates from the Atlanta Federal Penetentiary, # 367-549-692 (15-20, armed assault), who writes for British science-fiction magazines under the pen-name of "Wormwood Scrubbs" attended under the exchange plan and delivered a talk on "Prison Planets of the Future" which was warmly applauded.

The only professional to attend with the San Francisco group, Poul Anderson, a frequent contributor to the magazine "Planted Stories", took the affirmative part in a spirited debate: "Resolved that the Science-Fiction Writer Should Declare All of his Earnings in Making

Pandora's Bloch

out his Tax Report." Negative opinion was put forth in a strong and forceful manner by #854-655-938 (8-14, tax evasion) but the victory went to Mr. Anderson by a slight margin.

Both visitors and hosts expressed regrets that a prominent San Quentin fan, #952-222-088-X (first degree murder) was unable to attend as had been previously hoped. This was due to the fact that the Governor had refused to sign another stay and he was executed in the gas-chamber, the night before. An unsuccessful séance was held.

Another lecture in a scientific vein was delivered by #492-612-535 (1-10, Pure Food & Drug Act) whose hobby is amateur zymurgy. His talk was entitled "Private Production of Spiritus Frumenti, Using Tap-water and Potato-peelings." He illustrated the discussion with slides and passed samples around for examination by the audience.

This led, indirectly, to the only unhappy incident to mar the meeting. Mr. Robert W. "Boob" Stewart, evidently under the misapprehension that it was a form of tonic, consumed some of "Fourie's" (as #492-612-535 is known to his intimates) samples and suffered severe and painful attacks of gastric acidity. Through an unfortunate oversight, Stewart was left behind by the rest of the party when they returned to San Francisco in the visitor's launch.

Warden Hotchkiss, commenting later, said that his absence would have been noted by the guards at the dock except that #161-318-150 (5-12, Mail-fraud and Attempted Escape) had become so engrossed in conversation with Peter Graham in regard to hoaxes that he got on the boat with the rest of the party and accompanied them to the mainland. #161-318-150 ("Sweet Sixteen", to use his nickname) seems to have lost his way at the dock and police are currently trying to locate his whereabouts. "He suffers from these here-now Amnesia attacks," said Hotchkiss.

Prison authorities were able to put Stewart up in a cell till next morning when he was missed by his mother and returned home, visibly shaken. "Jeez -- what a way to wake up!" he said, "And me that can't swim a stroke!"

The Golden Gaters expressed hopes that the AFL members might be able to visit them in turn at some date in the near future but Warden Hotchkiss expressed grave doubts as to the feasibility of this. "Our boys have quite a tight schedule to keep up, you know," were his words.

Weyauwega, Wisc., LITERARY NEWS FROM JUST ABOUT ALL OVER DEPARTMENT

Robert Bloch, better known under his pseudonym of "Edgar Allen Poe", has been forced to re-write and revise his short-story, "The Gold Bug", due to the fact that the US is no longer on the Gold standard. He plans to dedicate the revised version to a prominent Brooklyn (NY) fan. New title to be "The Silver Bug".

Washington, D. C., SENATOR McCARTHY TO INVESTIGATE FANDOM!!!!!!!

It was learned today from usually unreliable sources that Senator Joseph McCarthy is planning a full-undress investigation of the Science-Fiction field, with particular reference to fan activity.

Armed with a copy of Stanley Weinbaum's RED PERI and brandishing a photostated signature of Redd Boggs, McCarthy emphasized his determination to drive Communists from their hiding-places in fan circles.

Speaking before a crowd of massed hysterics, McCarthy made frequent

references to "secret organizations and subversive groups masquerading under the initials" and promised a ruthless exposure of the FAPA, 7APA, NFFF, and OGPU, as well as the LASFS and the Hydra Club. The latter, he declared, was aptly named -- since its avowed purpose was overthrow of 100% American Literature and its replacement by Soviet propaganda inspired by such known Leftists as former editor Sam Moscow-itz.

Among those subpoenaed for early appearances before the committee are Wilson Tucker (author of RED HERRING and THE CHINESE DOLL, both of which -- according to McCarthy -- are Communist-inspired titles) and Dr. C. L. Barrett, of Bellefontaine, Ohio (who was overheard, at the last Mid-West Conference, to openly declare that he was glad that human blood contained red corpuscles). Well known actress Eva Gabor may be called upon to explain her public statement that she is a reader of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION. Charles Lee Riddle, editor of the fan magazine PEON, will undoubtedly be asked to explain why his publication bears a title which (according to McCarthy) is "simply a common Spanish euphemism for the Russian Kulack, meaning 'peasant'" and several editors will be questioned about recent statements that their magazines "are running in the red".

Forrest J. Ackerman has telegraphed McCarthy to the effect that he is not inviting a Russian fan to the next World Science-Fiction Convention, formerly scheduled, New York City, but now tentatively shifted to Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary.

"I'd love to go to your SF meeting but I promised Lynn Hickman that I'd help him steal hub-caps tonight."

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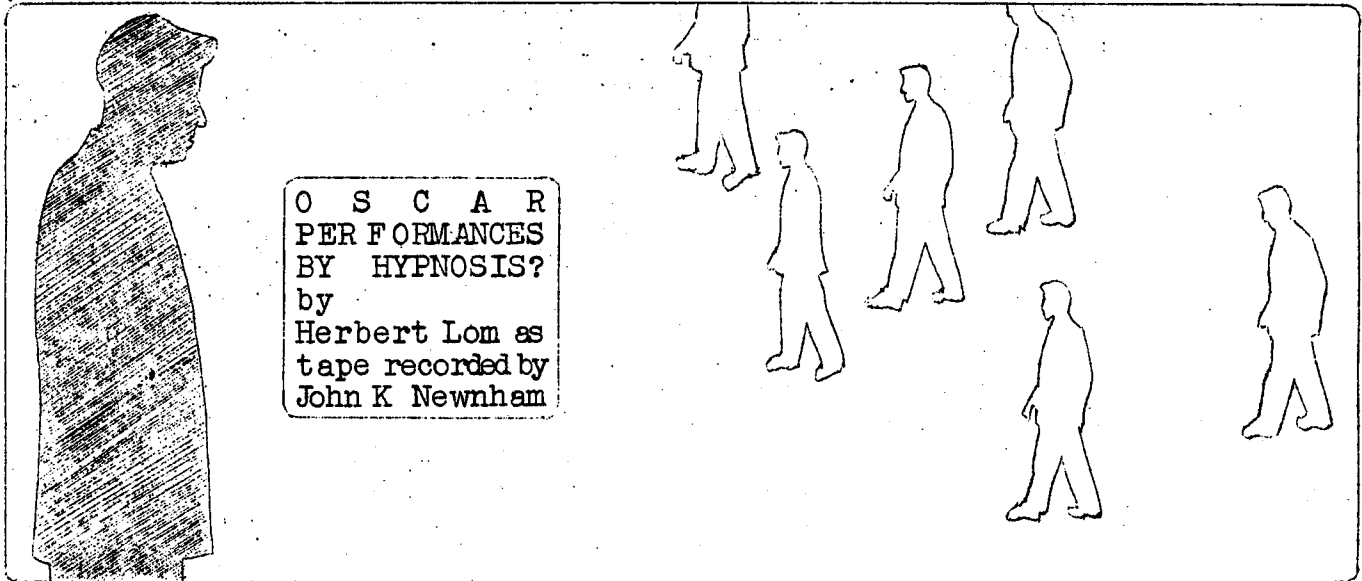
THE STORY OF A DELAYED MOVIE RELEASE.....by William D. Grant

How many of you recall a film entitled "Montana Mike", which starred Robert Cummings and Brian Donlevy? I can imagine quite a few fans would shy away from it figuring it was a Western melodrama, but it was an honest to goodness fantasy. Mind you, it wasn't great but it handled the religious angle with a tenderness seldom seen in an American film. I ran this film late in 1949 and remarked at the time how young Robert Cummings looked in it. Then I got curious.

I found out that Cummings had made this film back in 1941, with a fair chunk of his own money involved, in fact this is the one reason the picture was made. United Artists released it for preview runs in 1942 under the title "Heaven Only Knows". This was not too long after Pearl Harbour and the subject matter being about death didn't react too well. In fact the Motion Picture Approval Seal was denied the film. So on September 12th, 1947 this film finally appeared as "Montana Mike". A very sincere, but uneven film in parts, and a very serious Robert Cummings performance.

The first night I ran this film as an added feature with "A Double Life", which was an excellent film. By the time the third night rolled around I was getting repeat business and was forced to make "Montana Mike" my main feature over an Academy Award winning performance. Strange are the ways of 'B' pictures and this one will stand out in my memory for a long time. (Watch for it on TV) WDG

Oscar Performances By Hypnosis?



So far as I know, Herbert Lom and Sheree North have never met. But they have a common interest.

Sheree, of course, is the girl who replaced Marilyn Monroe in "How To Be Very, Very Popular", and she goes through practically the whole of that picture in a hypnotic state.

Her performance is cued for laughter, but Herbert Lom is one man who can tell you that Hypnotism is a serious business. He can assure you too, that what happens to Sheree North is not by any means so far-fetched as it may appear.

For this Prague-born British actor is an expert on the subject. The matter came up when I saw him between scenes during the production of "The Ladykillers" at Ealing Studios. And I came away with a startling theory running through my mind. Would it be possible for an actor to give an Oscar-winning performance under the power of hypnosis?

Imagine the possibilities. A brilliant director, by hypnotising his players, could extract superlative performances from them every time. Svengali and Trilby relationships could be brought to such a general state that we might never see a bad performance on the stage or screen.

Herbert Lom didn't go as far as that. What he did suggest was that hypnotism could make it possible for an actor to face an audience without any trace of fear and that everything else apart from his role would be removed from his mind.

Let me explain before I go any further that hypnotism takes two forms. There is the full hypnotic state in which the subject is under the complete control of the hypnotist. And there is the post-hypnotic state in which the subject returns to normal in everything he does except for the actions suggested to him under the hypnotic spell.

There is, for instance, the reputed case of a singer well past her prime who was hypnotised before a performance. The hypnotist concentrated on bringing back the great days of her glory. Then, under a post-hypnotic spell, she behaved absolutely normally in everything she did except that she was able to sing as well as she had ever done.

Your senses become high-pitched under hypnosis. Your ability to remember things from the past increases. You can concentrate on one

subject to the exclusion of everything else. A gun could be fired close to you, and you wouldn't hear it.

"You can't remember what isn't there, of course," Lom explained, "but if there is anything you have learned and have forgotten, it comes back to you. For instance, if you could speak French twenty years ago and had forgotten every word of it, you would be able to speak it just as well again under hypnosis."

I asked him if he had ever tried it himself, and he nodded.

"Yes - once. I was asked to play the part of a Russian. It was a language I couldn't speak and, curiously enough, there were no Russians among my acquaintances whom I could study. But I did remember that during the war I heard a Russian speaking English with just the accent I wanted for this part, though for the life of me I couldn't recollect the exact accent.

So I asked a friend to hypnotise me to see if I could remember. He did so, and it all came back to me very clearly. I rehearsed in a post-hypnotic state for about three days, and mastered the part perfectly."

Lom has strong views on the use of hypnosis to help an actor when playing a difficult part.

"Consider the case of the man portraying, let us say, Napoleon," he said. "At various times throughout his life, he has probably read about Napoleon, seen other actors portraying him and has a lot of hidden memories of him. Hypnotism can bring back all these forgotten memories to help him in his characterisation."

He also has a theory that weeks of rehearsal could be saved by the use of hypnotism. In fact, he tried it out himself on one occasion to see if four weeks of rehearsal could be cut down to a few days.

He was put under a hypnotic state which allowed him to concentrate on the part of the exclusion of everything else that was happening. His mind was tuned in exclusively to the acting role.

The idea worked, too. He mastered the part in a tenth of the time it would have taken under normal circumstances.

Imagine that, extended to a whole cast. The three weeks required for the rehearsal of every television play could be reduced to three days. Pre-production stage play costs could be cut by hundreds of pounds.

Extend it to a film, and a director could guarantee to extract the greatest possible performances from all his leading players - provided, of course, that the basic ability was there.

Lom, who intended to become a doctor in his early days, has a large circle of friends in the medical profession and particularly among medical students. Psychiatry and hypnotism have interested him for a long time.

The start of it all was when he had to hypnotise Ann Todd in "The Seventh Veil." A stickler for realism, he set out to learn everything he could about hypnosis from his medical friends, and he mastered the art of it.

"Anyone can learn to hypnotise," he assured me, "you don't need any supernatural powers. A lot of nonsense has been written about impelling, mystical eyes and hidden depths of power over other people, but the truth is that you can learn the technique of hypnosis in half an hour.

"Far from having to look into the subject's eyes, it is better not to look into them at all. The voice is the really important power, and your success depends on the willingness of the person being hypnotised. You can't hypnotise anyone against his will."

Oscar Performances By Hypnosis?

"The best way is to make the subject lie down comfortably. He has got to become drowsy. Concentrating on a nail in the wall, for instance, will induce that drowsiness. You then begin to talk to him in a soothing voice. You have got to possess confidence and gain confidence. It's no good if you're nervous yourself. And when the subject has reached the right stage of complete mental relaxation, you implant the required idea in his mind."

Students learn hypnotism at medical school, and it has been known for them to be hypnotised before entering for exams., in spite of the fact that this is against all regulations.

I asked Herbert Lom if he had really hypnotised Ann Todd in his role as the doctor in "The Seventh Veil." He smiled and shook his head.

"That," he remarked, "would have been taking realism a little too far. It wasn't necessary anyway. I played the scenes in a completely professional manner short of actually hypnotising her."

It is an undeniable fact, however, that during these scenes, the clapper boy went into a trance. How much of that was due to Herbert Lom's mesmeric powers and how much to the inherent sleepiness of clapper-boys is not known!

Why hasn't hypnotism been carried further in the world of entertainment?

The answer, of course, is that we are still groping in the sphere of mind exploration. Hypnotism has its dangers and drawbacks, as in the case of child-birth, in which it was used to remove fear and pain until it was realised that its great disadvantage was that the mother could give no mental and physical help in bringing the child into the world. But there is still considerable controversy over this.

It has been used - and is being used - more successfully by dentists.

Whether persistent hypnosis of a person would eventually have a disastrous effect is not known. It might well be that, after a while, he would lose his creative ability. In the case of an actor, for instance, it is possible that his performance would become stylised and eventually, automatic instead of invigoratingly fresh and creative.

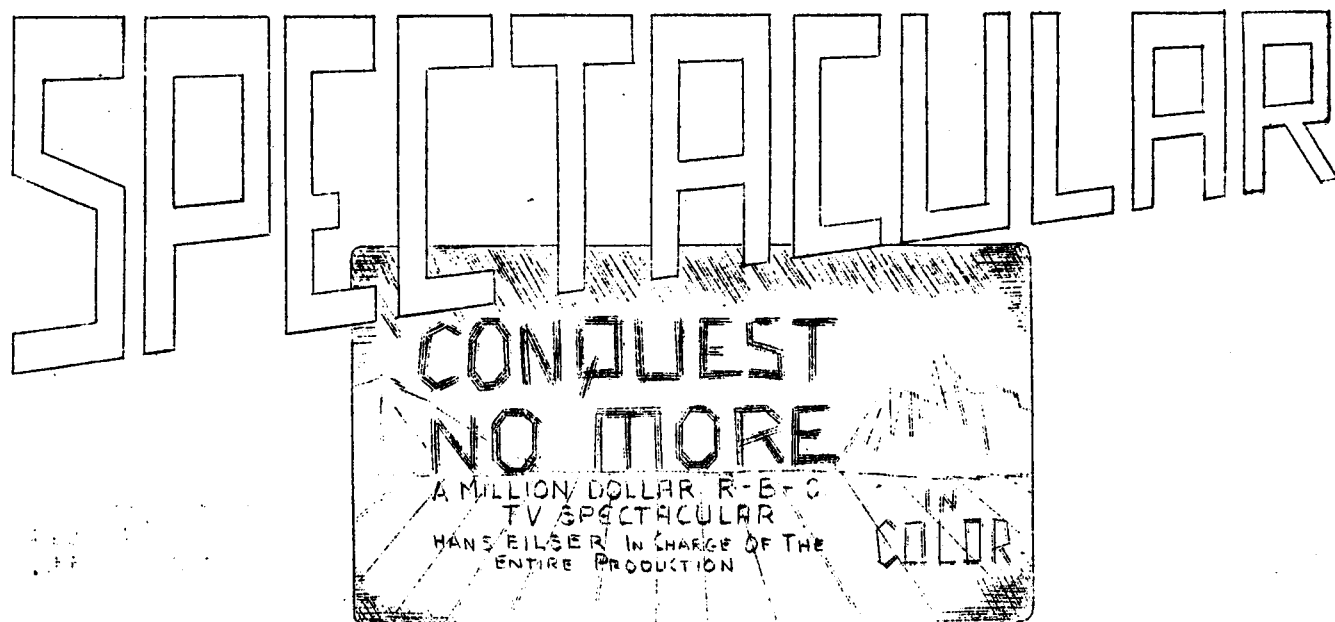
And what if all performances did maintain an Oscar standard? Well, there is one section of the community which would be out of work. There wouldn't be any more scope for critics! JKN

AGAINST THE ROCKS

by Martha Millet

Waves like whales' white filtering streams of teeth,
over the rocks close, recede, vanish, return,
ever hungered, never content,
like some monster rooted to ocean floor,
rising in bristly jaws, gnashing over, to tongue
the jagged corselets of the shore,
till it must fall back, spent,
to wait renewal
at the white moon's command.....
ice for a deathless fuel;
ice for white straining lips.

The wave monster, alone,
rears from the ocean pit,
beats its breast upon stone,
and is never done.....



by JOE KOEGH - Roberta Carr - and William Grant

It was a raw October morning as the Invader scanned the countryside. Cold gusts of wind blew in from the prairie, still further chilling the damp air; storm clouds floated ominously in the eastern sky to the occasional bright flap of lightning swelling their convolutions. And all was quiet.

Here and there could be seen the aftermath of fighting: terrible, bloody and totally one-sided, where none had been since 1864, and very noticeable. Roads pock-marked with craters, burnt-out tanks, shell-ripped autos.....and bodies.

The bodies themselves of two main groups: the larger group were of a tall, erect biped type. Human. The other kind, Invaders.

The Invaders were like no other life-form on Earth. No higher than four feet, they were pentapedal and could run with the speed of gazelles. Bulbous little eyes seemed to ooze out and peer into one's soul, small ears no more than a pair of tiny holes. The same for nose organs. There was no mouth. The fifth foot served for that, grappling the food between two adhesive pads and then ingesting it. At a sudden glance one might confuse them with giant flies, minus wings.

.....Pulling his warmth-jacket closer, the Invader studied the terrain. Long stretches of hazy blue mountains in the distance, a wisp of tenuous morning mist fading before the onslaught of a sun, and a bird chirping. A seemingly natural morning -- outside of the forest fire to the south, the result of naplam and Air Commodore Deeran's futile attempt against the Invaders' spaceship. A seemingly normal morning -- except that the intermittent turnpike traffic was silent on the crater-ridden surface, the mute reminder of President Wheeler's crack armored division and their HD shells... only to be driven back by the Green Fire.

Green Fire, which burnt through metal, plastic and flesh as eas-

Spectacular

ily as through wax. A fire that didn't burn but destroyed, desicrated. This was the Invaders' "secret weapon".

The entire global Earth had been startled extremely to learn of the devastation of Kansas City. Dropping out of the sky that morning in a huge dullish-black ball, the Invaders had withstood attack after attack, even by the ultimate superthermonuclear weapon. And the ravaging Green Fire with the havoc it had played on General Helter's troops, consumed the city.

At the present time, Aurigan Chief expeditionary forces were planning the destruction of Earth. But the Terrans hadn't been sleeping either, and that very afternoon Commodore Deeran had sent his best squadrons of jet B-52's out there. The Invader winced at the thought of the suicidal attack of a plane carrying an atomic weapon on the side of his ship's forcefield a day previous. How barbaric, these about to be exterminated Earthlings.

So far, the Invaders had only occupied the mid-western States and the southern section of Canada. All countries were sending aid, all countries were working overtime, all countries knew the futility of it.

In England the invasion was the latest tea-topic; in the U.S. the remaining population blamed the Russians. Over in Canada the capital Ottawa had been evacuated in favor of North Bay.

The Invader shifted position, standing on another pair of legs. On his home-planet summer was eternal and night unknown. Spring and summer breezes were continual on its precarious orbit between two double stars. But here on Earth, cold Earth, it was different.

Since by now well over half the U. S. had been crushed, Radio Moscow could no longer maintain that the invasion was a dirty capitalistic Wall Street maneuver. Stalin IX noticed the restlessness of the peasants, and made a pronouncement that for once in its history of aggression and revolution and jingoism, the USA was entirely blameless in the catastrophe. And at the same time adding that if Americans had joined Russia long ago, it all would never have happened for some utopian reason.

Soon after, Stalin IX himself fell prey to the terrible Green Fire of the aliens. The peasants called it the Tidal Wave of Emerald Blazes, falling down on their knees before the tomb of Alexander Czar.

The Invader had only the faintest notion of this struggle for survival. All he wished was for it to end soon, and to return to his warm homeland, not desolate and cold Earth. He upped the current in his warmth-jacket. It was a usual sunny but chilly morning. It might have been just another working day for that area, but it wasn't. All the factories were destroyed, for one thing; and there were only corpses to run them, for another.

No little carefree children rushing off to school, no friendly policemen directing them. The policemen had been drafted into battle by General Helter the day before, and were now just so many blue uniformed corpses; the children and women were evacuated.

But the Invader knew little of this. All he thought of was the increasing cold, the increased biting of the winds. His bulbous eyes appreciated to the highest and lowest degree the dreary purple-green of an autumn prairie day. Spying a tall edifice on the corner of a street that hadn't undergone much of the Green Fire, he hopped up the steps rapidly and entered for shelter. The winds seemed much less in here, only occasionally moaning through a foot-wide hole in the south wall.

If he had been told that it was a public library, or even a library in which to read, he would not have understood. Aurigans were very individualistic, each fighting the war with their own Green Fire and auxiliary spaceship, each on direct telepathic communication with headquarters. Besides, Aurigans didn't read.

They received thought translation, but not through printed words. Their system was one of oscillating lines and colors, which wierd-looking transferences could get across the idea of a beautiful sunset to an Aurigan more clearly than the most eloquent Terran author, even though the Aurigan had never before seen one.

Thus it was that when the Invader was confronted with rows upon rows of books, he was completely mystified. After looking in a few, he found disjointed figures unlike his thought-transference system, and all he understood were the pictures. If he assumed that the alphabet was abstract art, he showed no inclination to pursue the subject.

He hopped to another section of the ancient library, the magazine department. He pulled a battered and weary pulp from the shelf: emblazoned on the front cover were the words, 'Eerie Ethereal Essays Magazine'. He surveyed the pictures with alarm, judging them as best as he could from only two-dimensional drawings. For every one of the pictures had alien creatures being disintegrated, or spaceships many times larger and well-armed than his!

He returned to headquarters at an unbelievable speed with the new-found evidence. There the directors were even more perplexed than he. Suppose they had landed on a particularly backward part of a planet even more civilized than their own! They had committed a grievous mistake. Searching through files of earth's history, reports were discovered of Earth's atomic power, of flying saucers! Not knowing of the existence of a thing called fiction the Invaders hastily recalled their armies, their truly invincible armies. The soldiers were briefed on the occurrence, and truly democratically a vote was taken. It was agreed upon to leave Earth to her superior masters.

The next morning, at the first flush of dawn, three hundred Aurigan ships left Earth in a blaze of green exhaust fire. A perfectly normal everyday morning, an almost natural and carefree morning, exactly three weeks after they had first set down outside of Kansas City.

The peasants had revolted and the whole world was sobered. The United States had borne the brunt of an attack which left her in the position of post-war Europe, and almost immediately a counterpart of the Marshall Plan was started from London and Paris.

A lone bird began to sing from the rim of the prairie, while coyotes crept furtively through the city's dust ruins and vultures wheeled overhead in vain for something dying not disintegrated. And things began to cycle towards their normal pattern all over North America while the soil felt fresh and proclaimed its willingness to begin the task once more.

The narrator's voice faded and music swelled up to a crashing climax. 'The End' appeared and also faded. Silence followed and then the lights came on.

Two men sat alone, one of them being bald-headed, with glasses and older, the other being much younger and more aggressive looking.

The younger man turned and spoke,

"Did you ever see such corn in your life, no dialogue, just straight narration and nobody, positively nobody I've ever seen before.

Spectacular

What the heck is Hans trying to pull off?"

"Wait a minute Dick -- before you go off your rocker, did you notice the realism. I've never seen photography like that before, I'd swear some of the battle and space sequences were the real thing."

"Look - B. J. they went too far when they brought in that tripe about 'Eerie Ethereal Essays Magazine'. Tell 'em to dream up something else in that spot and then it might be worth considering."

The older man paused a minute, pondering these statements. He got up and proceeded towards the exit, the younger man following along.

Later in his office B. J. still wondered about the film. It certainly had been 'spectacular' and with a few revisions it would be more than acceptable for a Monday night time slot. The excellence of the production on a whole, more than overshadowed the drawback of no star names. The show must have cost a mint, in fact he didn't ever recall seeing such an elaborate group of settings on any spectacular.

.....Eisler had done the job independently and as yet the front office hadn't sent him the estimated cost. The man must have had the largest sound stage in Hollywood. At first the idea of no dialogue had stunned him a bit, but the narration with music had been done in fine taste.

Finally he picked up the phone, hesitated and then spoke,

"Helen, get me Jack Mandel - - - - Jack it's B. J., what's the delay on that 'Conquest No More' spectacular? - - - your crazy, that's impossible. Why h--- it should be four times that, one of those sets alone would cost one hundred thousand with plenty of faking. Maybe you got the wrong figures - - - Eisler is out of town, sounds funny. Do you think he's sold us some science-fiction feature that one of the major film outfits has shelved? - - - You've checked the master, it's fresh stock, my g--, how did he do it for that price? Find him, I want to know how in blazes he did it on such a low budget."

##

Hans Eisler was now around sixty years of age, he'd formerly been in electronics, then quite by accident he stumbled across a mathematical pattern that opened up new doors in visual dimensions. This discovery when adapted to present standards of motion picture making had been revolutionary. The new field, films, had excited him and in the passing years he slowly became one of them, dropping his original posts with some of the large electrical firms.

Eventually he became interested in production and along with his knowledge became an important figure in the making of films. Then it happened, he found a way of making three-dimensional films, so that the public wouldn't have to wear special glasses.

His system consisted of taking a subject from three different angles, then recording these three separate shots consecutively on one film. The projection screen was actually three screens, one behind the other, the different densities of light stopped on one of the almost transparent screens. The big problem had been speeding the projector up to three times its normal speed. Finally this had been accomplished, then the problem of more light cropped up.

Eisler had worked on various ways, but he finally came to the conclusion that a separate power unit had to be built. All this had taken its toll, Eisler's face began to show the years, but the spark of discovery was still bright in his eyes.

Art Barron was his right hand man, the firm was making money, so the right hand man helped and was even caught up in the excitement to some extent. Barron was a closed-mouth individual, a very good man.

About four months ago he ordered a special test film to be made, recorded on this film were the three different light densities only. This was something he should have thought of sooner, but the excitement of their discovery using actual scenes had wiped this out of his mind.

With this blank film they could record actual light reflections from the triple screen and his separate power output could be adjusted correctly and thus establish a pattern for others when his set-up became commercial. This would mean more hours of trial and error.

One evening, after everybody had left the studio, Eisler was sitting in his office trying to select a story for a spectacular, which his company would be doing for RBC, B. J. had swung this one his way and given him a price, a generous price.

Then the phone rang.

"Hello - - - yes Pete, I'm still here - - - a package from Allied - - - say I've been waiting for that, could you run it over to the screening room, leave it at the door and I'll pick it up right away or as fast as I can get there. Thanks."

This was the film he had been waiting for, he could try it out on the projector himself. There was a new spring in his walk as he headed towards the screening room.

##

He pressed the button, the regular wide screen disappeared upwards. The new triple screen took its place in the darkened room. Then Eisler threw the switch for the increased arc-light, the heat from it brought the sweat out on his face, then the projector started to roll.

There it was, a blank screen, raging with light, too much light, so quickly he averted his eyes to the panel beside him. The needle moved down slowly. Eisler looked back at the screen and stared. There was a very fuzzy picture on the screen, they had sent him the wrong film. He switched the sound on to see if he could get any clues, no sound, even trying to re-focus didn't alter the picture. To his astonishment the picture retained the same fuzzy level.

He cut the projector and almost had the reel off before the machine had stopped, there was nothing on the film, there was only one answer. He'd been fooling around with this dimension problem too long. Now he was really sweating as he rethreaded the film, once more just to confirm what he hadn't really seen. The projector hummed into life again, the fuzzy scene appeared on the screen. It was then that Eisler looked at the panel, a little more light and maybe -- no less light and maybe this illusion would reappear a little clearer.

Before him the scene became sharp, almost too sharp. The view was a broad plain. Eisler had never seen dimensional reproduction like this before, he ran out of the projection room and down towards the stage. It was still before him, then with awe coursing through his brain he stepped forward to touch the screen, he felt nothing. He then realized that he was standing in the middle of a plain, but no sound came to his ears.

##

"Look I've contacted the agency, Eisler hasn't hired more than a hundred extras in the last two months. I've talked to Barron out at Eisler's place, all he knows is that the studio orchestra did the musical background for the film, the narration was by Bill Edwards. Barron assures me that no part of the film was made out there. So that clears up the fact that it wasn't made out there. Where is Eisler?"

With that B. J. slammed down the phone, three days had gone by, RBC had ok'd the film and recommended minor changes. If necessary they could put in a sub-title or get Edwards to do some additional narration.

Spectacular

Then Dick Williams came in, with a very perplexed frown on his face.

"I found Eisler, he's locked himself in the screening room out at his place during the day."

"For g-- sake, what for. Has he gone nuts?"

"Seemingly not, he started going in there a week ago. Also something that will surprise you, he's got several cameras in there and piles of raw film, he comes out at night when everybody is off the lot and uses the editing room. Eisler must have edited 'Conquest No More' himself. Barron wouldn't let me snoop around too much, he's loyal to the old boy no matter what. Another item of interest is that there is more film being edited at night."

"Dick, what do you make of it?"

"Your asking me B. J. -- I'd say the man has got hold of some unreleased features, runs them off and is editing them at night."

"What about the cameras and the raw film?"

"That's just to throw guys like us off on the wrong track?"

"Maybe your right. We'll leave it that way for the time being."

##

'Conquest No More' went over big. RBC was surprised, B. J. partly surprised, he felt the realism had done the trick. He was particularly pleased that there had been no kick back from the company that had originally made the film, Eisler had done an excellent job of editing and the price was so low. More Eisler 'spectaculars' hit the TV circuits and strangely enough they all had the same super backgrounds.

Barron once told B. J. that Eisler looked ten years younger, but that he had become quite a recluse. He talked to Barron by phone at night. Arranging, selecting scores and sending complete tapes on the story line. He never once offered an answer to why he stuck to narration on every film.

Then the day came, smoke came out of the vent system that led to the screening room. Firemen broke in, the projection room was filled with smoke and fumes, a great light was pouring from one of the projectors. Somebody threw the main switch and it was all over.

Somehow the cooling system had failed, the full power of the juiced up arc-light had penetrated and melted portions of the projector. The film was practically in a jelly state, and smelt to high heaven.

##

The authorities could find no trace of Eisler and after several months his firm became a holding company with Barron at the helm. Barron by now had fathomed part of Eisler's secret, he had even carried out the completion of a remodified projector, now fireproof from the new powerful burning arc, but it was Eisler's glory and he wasn't around to enjoy it, or was he?

B. J. was sitting with Barron in the RBC screening room, watching Eisler's last film, somehow during the course of the story an electronics problem came up. Next thing both of them sat forward in their seats, Eisler was before them working on some figures. Next thing was a scene in a board room, Eisler's paper with all the figuring was evidently the solution to the problem at hand.

B. J. was troubled all over again, Barron smiled and kept his thoughts to himself, after all he was head of the studio now.

.....And with the diminishing vibrations of the soaring rocket, the great man walked away from the crowd, his accomplishments being many in the short time of his coming. He had been a great man on his own world, but his new career promised even greater accomplishments...

'The End'

JK-WDG-RC



Last January I got the urge to go South, the weather naturally entered into this idea. You may remember that this was about the time when the cold weather belt went right down to Florida and the snow belt down as low as some areas of Georgia.

I was advised to go south via Detroit, Cincinnati and Chattanooga, but I thought I knew better and went via Buffalo, cutting directly south at this point. By the time I hit southern Pennsylvania I knew what cold weather was, plus the fact that I was going into the mountain area. After spins on the ice-covered roads I abandoned the direct route and went along the valley roads in a westerly path. By this time I had travelled through portions of West Virginia and Virginia. It wasn't until I hit the borders of Tennessee that the high roads of the mountains seemed to subside.

By this time I had decided to drop in on Janie Lamb, who lives just north of Knoxville. Other than the experience of a flock of pigs chasing me through a mud-drenched field I finally located Janie. Got settled in a Motel and returned to her place for the evening.

Oak Ridge is about six miles away and I found out or realised for the first time that Janie Lamb has worked in that very secret area right from the early days of 1943. There is no doubt about it that Janie could probably write some very interesting articles about her experiences and observations, but as common sense tells you she just can't do it.

It was suggested that on my way back that she would take me out to Oak Ridge, which was something that I never even dreamed of being able to get anywhere within viewing distance. Just goes to show you how good their publicity is.

Janie and her husband had a preview of the films I had taken last fall in Cleveland and the Wisconsin affair. I in turn learned quite a bit about the affairs of the NFFF and that it is still going, stronger than ever.

The next day I went from Knoxville, Tennessee to Panama City, Florida, the weather was putrid all the way. The weather in Panama City was also putrid. I remember my last visit there in 1951, at four PM in the afternoon, in the shade, it was 94 degrees. This time I looked and it was only 61 degrees and rain was the featured performer.

The Journey South

Eventually we ended up in the middle of Florida, in the Winter Haven area, north of Cypress Gardens and south of Orlando. Two things impressed me, it was the orange picking season and in the fresh water lakes somebody had caught a 20 pound bass. The latter I thought was just a little bit fantastic until I saw a fisherman who had caught a bunch ranging from 7 pounds up to 15 pounds. This happened right at the Motel we stayed at, and I've got pictures to prove it. As you may know a 5 pound bass up in the Great Lakes area is considered a pretty nice catch, anything over that is out of this world. I'm honestly not a fisherman myself, but after seeing those samples I got interested.

While down in Florida the temperature was never more than 70 degrees and the highest temperature reported was out on Key West, which managed to get up to 80 degrees for one day. The temperature from what I could see, had knocked the bottom out of the tourist business around Clearwater, Tampa and other coastal resorts. It was definitely warmer inland, away from the ocean waters.

Then we started hearing about weather conditions up north, the local AAA office advised us to go back north via Washington. Upon this information I immediately wrote Janie Lamb that I wouldn't be seeing her the following week. Then I figured that I'd be passing through Savannah, the home of Lee Hoffman. Also the group in Charlotte, North Carolina and maybe some New York types.

The weather got warmer and we stayed two days over our original time allowed and I had to be back in Toronto on a certain day at a certain time. I realized that if I went back via New York and Washington that it would take five days, so again I went against advice and headed back home via Cincinnati. This way I got home in three days, but it involved a bit of night driving, actually more than a bit.

On the last night before getting home I spent an evening with the Don Fords in Sharonville, Ohio. The other types on hand were Stan Skirvin (who now resides in Newport, Kentucky), Walter Pratt and Dale Tarr. As the evening unfolded I learned all the local news and the plans for the Midwest Con. Had a short talk with Bea Mahaffey on the phone and was kind of surprised and a bit sorry that she is not working for RAP anymore. She has been kind of busy with personal problems and after all they come first, but she did say that she would be at the Midwest Con.

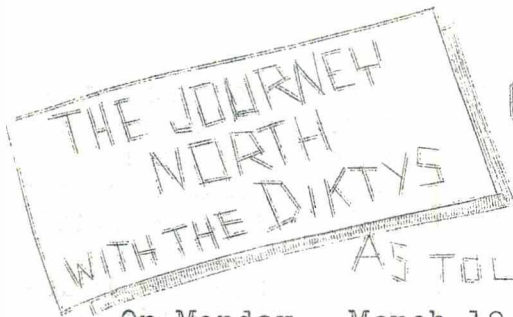
I saw Don's collection and he informed me that this accumulation was actually a second collection and that he had had to get rid of his first collection during the war years, brother what a collection.

I had a good time that night, chewing the fat, and around one AM things started to break up. I had a long drive ahead of me, around 550 miles.

The next morning I hit Bellefontaine around 11 AM and managed to talk to Dr. Barrett for thirty minutes between operations. There is a Doctor that puts in a full week, it still amazes me how he finds any time for fandom. We even talked about RAP and Dr. Barrett made a statement that the sooner Palmer gets back to writing the odd novel the smarter he'll be. There is no earthly doubt, RAP can't write short stories, but for the hell-of-it go back and read some of his longer efforts. I did when I got home, they're dated but the story construction is solid. (I'm not including any of the Shaver stories in this statement)

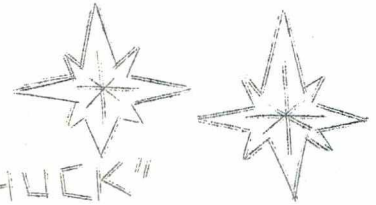
Well that's it, another trip with three stopovers on the road. And all of them, all too brief.

WDG



OR JULIAN C. MAY
AND
TED DIKTY
TO YOU YOUNG NEOFANS

AS TOLD TO "OLD WOODCHUCK"



On Monday, March 19, 1956 a car was delivered to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Dikty in Chicago. The next day the two of them embarked on a trip north. Uncle Sam (or should I say Sam Dikty Jr.) went along for the ride. Another noteworthy item is the fact that Judy had just received her driver's licence, so this trip also turned out to be her 'baptism-of-fire' in many respects.

On Wednesday they arrived in that wild town of Weyauwega only to find that the chief werewolf had not arrived home from Milwaukee. Marion Bloch insisted that they stay awhile and much later through the snows of Wisconsin a certain Bob Bloch blew in on the scene.

Later in the evening the Diktys hit the road, leaving very warm surroundings and finally holed up in a place called Appleton. That night Ted asked Judy if she felt adventuresome and the outcome was a projected trip into Canada. At this spot the temperature was around zero and there was plenty of snow, so for two people and one young one in tow I would say they made quite a brave decision.

Thursday and Friday they travelled through Northern Michigan and part of Ontario. Zero weather and badly damaged roads in Ontario made it quite a trying journey. By Friday they wound up in Sudbury, which is rather a rough spot for tourists. Sudbury is a mining town and in many respects harkens back to the early days and is certainly not the spot to spend an evening in.

At 9.00 PM a phone rang in Toronto and a telephone operator said, "Is there a Mr. William Grant there?" There was and I answered the blower, that call was from three explorers in Sudbury.

Ted said that they were heading south towards civilization and that they would be in Toronto Saturday. So upon hearing this I invited them to spend some time at my place.

Saturday evening John Millard, Shirley and Ned McKeown arrived at the house and many of the old times and events became part of the conversation. John and Ned have known Ted for quite a few years and the talk covered all subjects and quite a few characters in SF.

Both Judy and Ted have spent quite a hectic time getting the new "Westmore Beauty Book" (Melvin Korshak Publishers - \$5.95) into circulation. The five Westmore brothers all contributed material for this large volume, and the work and time that went into this could ordinarily have been spent in turning out four or five science-fiction books. Six days before the release date (Jan. 15/56) the book was just coming from the bindery, so imagine if you can, the anxiety to get the book into the hands of the major retail outlets in less than a week, all over the country. Advertising and tie-ins with beauty products had all been set, as well as appearances of the Westmore brothers in book departments. Evidently our old friend Marty Greenberg came to the rescue and loaned his shipping facilities at the Gnome Press offices in New York. At present the second printing is almost sold out and the third is on the way. It is to be hoped that this initial venture into a new field for Mel and Ted is a great success. I've seen the book and my Mother is reading it with great interest, in fact she already knows some friends

The Journey North

that would give their eye teeth for it, that what you call a recommendation.

The small publishers are having it pretty grim, but there is a chance that the above book might put some new blood into the veins of Shasta and that would mean another van Vogt novel which has been set up in type form for about six months. All we can do is hope at this point.

On Sunday the Diktys visited Shirley and Ned for several hours and then returned to their motel to look at the shape of their finances.

Monday morning the Diktys visited the Canadian distributors for additional consultation on the handling of the Westmore book.

I was able to make contact with them via a secretary in the offices of Thomas Nelson. I invited them up to my place of work (JARO) and had some new technicolor advertising films screened for them. I know that our film "Tips" more than amazed them and the fact that our film is run in first-run theatres across Canada. In England space in "Tips" has been sold out in advance up to the end of 1958. Which just goes to show how successful these subtle advertising films have gone over, even with the arrival of commercial TV in England.

Later we all met or converged on Pat and Howard Lyons and in turn went through a collection of photographs that Howard had acquired from F. T. Laney.

I confirmed what had happened to Judy's "The Dune Roller". Evidently Richard Carlson bought the story and will produce and star in the film version.

Bill Hamling's "Imagination" is increasing in sales, which is certainly a point that may be a deviding line in the down trend. You may remember Hamling stated that he was paying a cent a word, plus the fact that he operates from his home and add up the two and you will see that two major expenses for most publishers are not so major in Bill's situation. It is quite within reason that "Imagination" may eventually zoom to the top if he can keep his costs down to a minimum.

Frank Robinson's "The Power", which is appearing in the March issue (1956) of Blue Book also came into the conversation. Ted says that it will appear in hard cover and that it has been snapped up by Hollywood. When last seen by the Diktys, Frank was walking on air. He has a right to do this, "The Power" is a mighty fine story and is well worth going out of your way to obtain a copy.

The rest of the evening was devoted to old books, the worst SF novel and plans for an outlet with a 20 percent discount on all books. For the Canadian buyer, all prices based on American retail, this would amount to quite a saving, so yours truly will be on the lookout.

Then we said goodbye until our next meeting, which will probably be in New York. By that time we expect to see an additional Dikty added to the family.

Tuesday morning, March 27th, the explorers set out for Niagara Falls. Wednesday found them in Clinton, Ohio. This is Ted's home town and all the old spots came to life as they toured the streets.

Thursday found them back in Chicago, the cycle completed, and the Easter week-end coming up. Another holiday and darned good timing.

And then next week-end the arrival of the Bloomington Wonder and the Werewolf of Weyauwega, a twosome that would make Cinerama look small in any theatre. Both of them are appearing at a University of Chicago Panel affair and it will certainly be a stellar attraction to anybody within walking and flying distance.

JCM-TD-WDG

WAKE UP AND PERCOLATE

by Ray Thompson

According to some, the trouble with science-fiction during the last few years is that the big money boys running the publishing outfits (not necessarily SF houses) saw what seemed to be a paying proposition. Now, nobody is going to stay out of a field that is selling like proverbial hotcakes, and so of course they build up a stable of writers, turn out a science-fiction magazine, and they're in business. Unfortunately, they do not understand the field, or the literature, and so they apply the techniques they have developed in the fields of detective and western and thud-and-blunder fiction, to SF. This does not work. You know as well as I that anything with a rocket-ship and a well-muscled hero isn't necessarily SF.

With this increased demand for a product, by people who understand no more about the field than do the ones who are supplying it, there must come an increased supply. Increase in quantity means decrease in quality. Like a man being bled dry.

Hamling and Palmer say they have known all along what was wrong with SF. They also say they are trying to correct it. No more dry psychological puzzles for them. Action! Crash! Thud! Blunder! Slam! Bang! The cure appears worse than the disease.

When you get right down to it, a good story, whether it's SF or not, needs conflict. Now, I don't mean to intimate that this conflict be of the crash-bang variety. Physical conflict isn't the only kind, you know. There is spiritual conflict, mental conflict, and endless others. A story needs this conflict between the "good guys" and the "bad guys", or between two of the characters, or between the main characters and their consciences, or something like that, to make the story. Characterization is of course, of prime importance. You have to make your people live, before they can tell a story.

However, science-fiction itself isn't my prime interest. Being a fan, I am of course, interested most in fandom. Here trouble is, however, the same as it is in the aforementioned. Too much inferior material. They're seems to be too many kids trying to turn out too many 'crudzines' in too much of a hurry. There is no thought given, it seems, to format, or layout. As long as they get their deathless prose and poetry on paper, and get it mimeoed, and sent out, they are sure to be famous - they think.

The result is usually a group of hastily-done pages which with minute examination, can just about be deciphered. Humor is supposedly the easiest thing to write, and so the pages are filled with tired jokes, and "derogations" and puns, and other purile bits of nothing. No layout, no balance. Just pages with words on them. Articles like Wilson's "H. P. Lovecraft" effort are very scarce. People - fans - just haven't got the gumption to write them. Nobody wants to spend the time to get out a real good fanzine anymore. A prime example of this unfortunate tendency is the Frisco bunch. Literally hundreds of pages of fanac comes from this outfit a month, and yet, very little of it is of any great import. They've got the talent out there, we know that. It's just that they don't get together and try to take the time to get out a real effort. The last good fanzine from out there was Vulcan. I've heard faint murmurs of something called Innuendo, but so far nothing.

And how many fanzines have they put out which lasted about two issues? Gremlin, Rhea, and many others whose nemes have long since escaped me.

The trouble with fandom and fanzines is lack of planning. Get the thing out as fast as possible. Be as funny as hell. What good's layout --nobody appreciates it. Feud with this one, feud with that one, knock down his reputation, ruin the other fellow in the eyes of fandom.

Fandom is suffering from an acute lack of talent. That is the inescapable conclusion one comes to. What is to be done about it? Who can tell. In an "organization" such as this, held together by the tenuous threads of letters and fanzines, there is no chance to sit down and talk out the matter, and come to any conclusions. What say you? RT

The Maelstrom

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The BLOCH-ON-MUSIC was very interesting and I'm fortunate in a way in having heard most of the records he mentions. Not originally, but through a collection of old records my parents had. Jazz is one thing that I and my wife enjoy. We're not up on the great names and tunes, but we know what we like. We like Bloch, too.....Your abilities with the mimeo continue to astound us and we guarantee that we'll be sending you some of our artwork to give your styli some exercising.....Ray Allister's account of THE MAGIC BOX was an interesting return to the type of thing which is becoming rare in fandom. Well liked. BLUES FOR TOMMY I haven't read. I have a psychological aversion to fan fiction, I'm afraid. (though I grind out a good deal of it myself) The TUCKER-STEWARD fan survey was mighty interesting and valuable. I wish he'd covered some thing along political lines.The cover on the June issue was excellent. I'm afraid Tucker's article on bosoms is a bit outdated, written as it was without considering Meg Myles or Tempest Storm. Still good. The other old bits are of interest.....In your DECLINE AND FALL OF SOME you mention Shaw's INFINITY. Is Infinity still in business? After his dirty trick of reprinting a fanzine article that never has appeared in a fanzine I have my doubts about Mr. Shaw.....I don't believe anyone really believes that thing about putting out a fanzine "I don't want to be immortal, I'm just doing it for the hell of it." Nobody, but nobody, puts something on paper with the idea that it's no good. He may realize it later on, (remembered horrors of my own spring to mind) but when he set them down, he thought there was something worthwhile about it all.

Since the last issue I have found out that INFINITY is doing very nicely as far as sales go and is far from going out of circulation. As for the fanzine article reprint I can't really comment as to it possibly being an original, but I can assure one and all that Larry Shaw keeps pretty close to the facts, and for want of an explanation it might be worth dropping him a line. By the way Larry got himself hitched to Lee Hoffman, there is a chance that he could also be in a state of befuddlement which seems to effect people involved in this sort of thing.....WDG

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Canfan # 29 received last night. This issue of Canfan, is the first issue of a fanzine that complies with all of my ideas as being the way a fanzine should be. I doubt that you will be able to match this issue in a long time....This does not mean that I like the contents of # 29 one hundred percent. I skimmed through that Lovecraft article and since I never was much of a Lovecraft fan and what little I read gave me a reason. I didn't like Lovecraft and I wasn't interested in reading about him, but again that doesn't mean that I don't think it was a very good article.....That piece by CROUTCH ON UNIONS hit me oddly. I had been allowing prozines to accumulate because I didn't have the time to read them. A couple of months ago, I found enough time to do a lot of reading and have been slimming down the pile of prozines. Last night, on my way to work, I picked up Canfan # 29 and read it at work. Then I read Galaxy, September issue, in which a story "FREELANCER" appeared and the similarity between the two was surprising.

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I am happy to see that I'm not striking out alone in this feud with Clod Hall. I agree that it should make good copy before it's all over; and it's hard to tell how soon that'll

be. It wouldn't seem so bad if Hall wasn't so fuggheaded; he seems to believe in a policy of irritating as many people in as short a time possible. He cannot be reasoned with, and it is dangerous to try and engage him in an argument, for mortal fear of having one's head snapped off. He is, of course, always right as far as he's concerned, and such discussions cannot help but turn out bad.....Canfan got here yesterday -- most remarkable thing is the cover. I just sit here looking at it. Pray, how do you manage to get the detailed shading? I'm fair green, and its not due to St. Pat's day yesterday.....Tucker's SHORT COURSE IN ART FOR FANZINE ILLUSTRATORS was reprinted once before in HYPHEN, about a year ago.....Les Croutch's gripe is a common one; only, usually one hears it in connection with taxes. (Pretty soon they'll be taxing the air we breath!) The biggest trouble with unions, as I personally and privately, see it, is the fact that, with the red tape and bureaucracy that seems to be necessarily connected with their operation, there is too much chance for men of little principle and a high degree of greed, to insert themselves into positions of power, and thus suck off monies intended for purposes other than the lining of pockets of such as they. There are tales of union officials who take in union dues and kickbacks, and were actually intended for welfare payments on behalf of the workers themselves. Unfortunately, little of the money collected from labor is ever used for the purpose which it was intended.

The bulk of Ray's letter was converted into an article which preceeds The Maelstrom. Tucker's Short Course In Art has actually appeared in print about six times. You'll note that I have listed, along with the article, three other mediums.....Now before space grows very short I would like to draw your attention to the release of Dr. E. E. Smith's HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. A six volume set bound in half-leather with a printing of only 75 sets. The price is \$ 30.00 and if you are a collector you don't have to be told what this set will eventually be worth. At present a little over fifty of the sets are sold, so don't hesitate. If you haven't read the Lensmen Series by Doctor Smith you are in for a memorable reading experience as well as having some very fine volumes on your shelf.....If you are interested, write for further information to MR. LLOYD ESHBACH - PO Box 159 - Reading - Pennsylvania - USA.....WDG

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A SYMPOSIUM ON THE WORKS OF THE GREAT FRITZ LANG.....(12,000 words)

THE ATOM, THE PEOPLE AND THE RESULTS.....(13.000 words)

CANADIAN FANDOM BIBLIOGRAPHY which will contain a complete contents listing of all the back issues of Canfan. The contributors to this listing, as it now stands, will be Joe (Beak) Taylor, Ned McKeown, Gerald A. Steward and Howard Lyons.....(10.000 words)

This issue will be dated FEBRUARY 1957, but will be in circulation late this coming FALL of 1956. This particular issue will be the product of the combined efforts of The Derelicts of Toronto.....

