

WCSFAzine

The Fannish E-zine of the West Coast Science Fiction Association
Dedicated to Promoting the West Coast Science Fiction Community

#11

July 2008

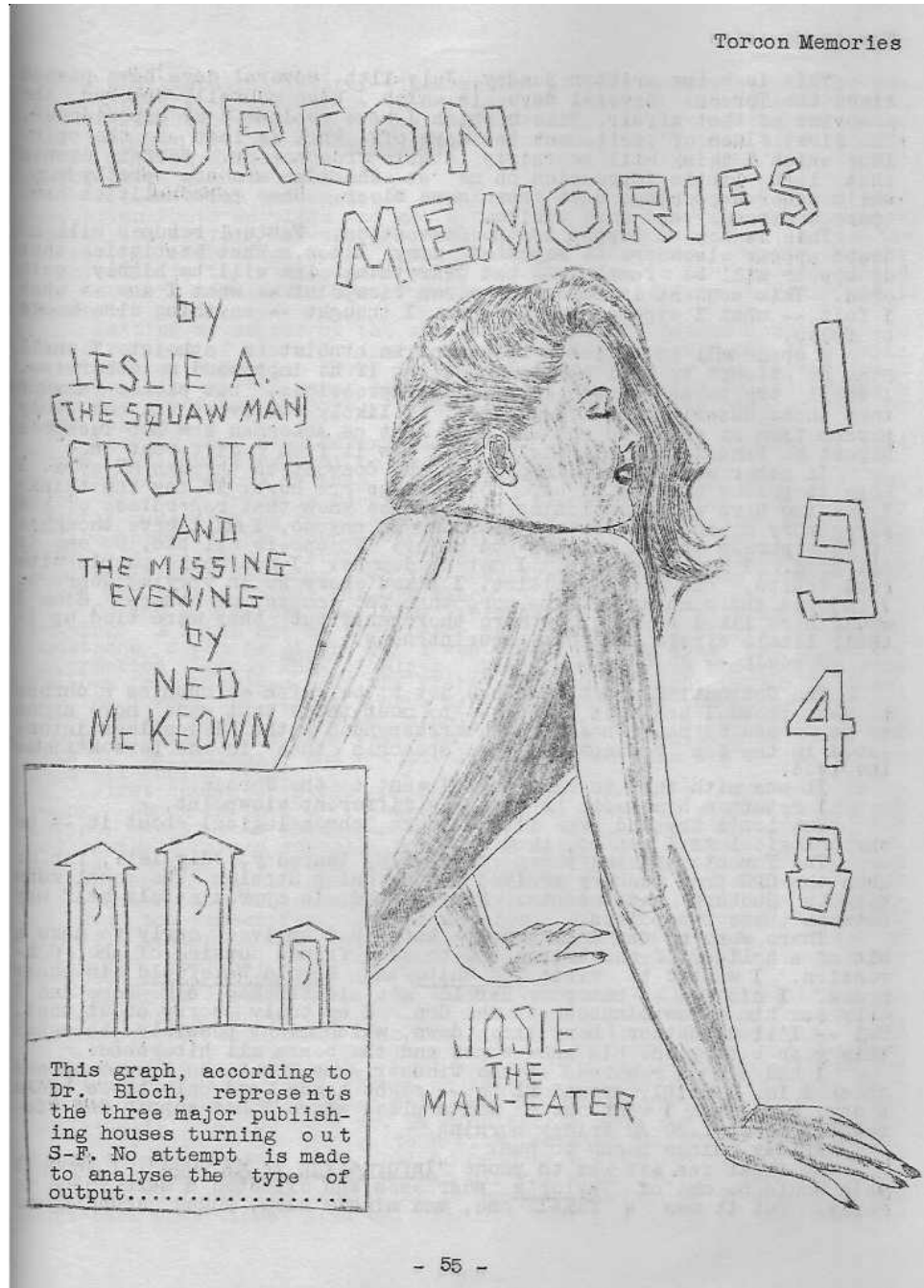


ILLUSTRATION BEGINNING 1948 TORONTO WORLDCON SECTION WITHIN
CANADIAN FANDOM ISSUE #33a, FEBRUARY 1957, ARTIST: LESLIE A. CROUCH

CELEBRATING THE 60th ANNIVERSARY OF THE 1948 WORLDCON IN TORONTO!

IMPORTANT STUFF YOU CAN SAFELY IGNORE

WCSFAzine Issue # 11, July 2008, Volume 2, Number 7, Whole number 11, is the monthly E-zine of the West Coast Science Fiction Association (founded 1993), a registered society with the general mandate of promoting Science Fiction and the specific focus of sponsoring the annual VCON Science Fiction Convention (founded 1971).

Anyone who attends VCON is automatically a member of WCSFA, as is anyone who belongs to the British Columbia Science Fiction Association, a social organization (founded 1970) which is the proud owner of the VCON trademark. Said memberships involve voting privileges at WCSFA meetings.

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WCSFAzine *IS* a fannish E-zine publication sponsored by WCSFA to promote and celebrate every and all aspects of the Science Fiction Community on the West Coast of Canada.

You can download the latest issue (and past issues) from < <http://efanzines.com> > or contact the Editor at: < rgraeme@shaw.ca > and ask me to email you a PDF version of each issue as soon as it is ready.

WCSFAzine is not intended to be an information newswire service, or an industry promotional outlet, but rather an eclectic ongoing anthology of bits and pieces of nifty rumours and misinformation as viewed through a fannish lens. You can expect the focus to be on the West Coast, but with a peripheral vision including the entire world of fandom. Anticipate info on upcoming books, fannish events, local clubs and conventions, film reviews, short essays, weird cover art, spin doctor publicity announcements, peculiar speculations and astounding bits of trivia to put you in touch with your fannish heritage.

You, and I mean YOU (!) are invited to submit short (VERY short – say 2 to 3 paragraph) articles, mini-essays, letters of comment, art fillers (small pieces of art) and/or cover art to the Editor at:

R.G. Cameron, Apt 72G – 13315 104th Ave, Surrey, B.C., V3T 1V5.

Or submissions in both electronic text and B & W line drawing in jpg form to: < rgraeme@shaw.ca >

Particularly interested in personal experience/view/opinion/review articles, preferably light in tone. Also any interesting news. No pay, but plenty of egoboo. Cheers all! The Graeme

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ART CREDITS:

Cover: Leslie A. Croutch
Leslie A. Croutch: 32.

EDITORIAL

Great gnashing Ghu! Who would have thought this project would be so tiring? I'm exhausted. But I was bound and determined to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the 1948 Worldcon in Toronto by printing every scrap of information I could mine from the WCSFA/BSCFA archive.

Halfway through the project it occurred to me that the reader would be unfamiliar with the many names of fans and pros attending – Heck! I certainly was – and thus would miss the context and flavour of these personalities, many of them rather rambunctious, not to say eccentric. So a good part of my effort was directed at uncovering at least the basic fannish info about these people, most of them now passed on these six decades later. I believe these personalities will help Torcon 'come alive' for you as something more than a mere series of events, namely the exciting 'happening' it really was for all involved. (No doubt I skimmed on the details re the more important fans of the day, but I plead time pressure and anyway remain satisfied that I have captured at least the gist of what they were all about.)

And I had intended to include most of the usual articles, but I'm already several days late with this, and have decided to make this issue exclusively devoted to Torcon. (For one thing, this enables me to stop writing as soon as I've finished this editorial. Huzzah!) Apologies for those expecting to see their articles or information about them in this issue. All will resume as normal next issue.

And of course I upped the print size to make things more readable. That should please many.

I should have the next issue finished by August 1st. Many thanks to Bill Burns at < <http://www.efanzines.com> > for hosting. Please send me feedback! < rgraeme@shaw.ca >

Cheers! Ghod-Editor The Graeme

TORCON MEMORIES

RETRO CANADIAN FANZINES: CANADIAN FANDOM #33a, FEBRUARY 1957

Faned: William D. Grant

(#33a - Feb) - "15th Anniversary" issue. This is the 'expanded' issue of #33 (the latter described last issue), containing the following articles about the 1948 World Convention in Toronto July 1-3. As Editor William D. Grant writes in his editorial:

"This is an issue that concentrates on remembrance of things past and consequently has not been automatically sent out to the regular subscribers of CANADIAN FANDOM. The only way this issue will see distribution is by individual request, except for collectors and a few friends."

" FANTASY AND PSYCHOLOGY and TORCON MEMORIES are both from the year 1948, when the Derelicts sponsored the 6th World Science-Fiction Convention in Toronto. They are very fond landmarks of fandom to my mind, the Croutch piece being a very accurate description of first impressions. Ned McKeown fills in the evening that Croutch missed, also we have two sensational news reports of our affair. These are a far cry from how the press writes up the events today, so read them and weep."

Notes on Leslie A. Croutch

By The Graeme

Canada's third faned, and the most famous Canadian fan in the 1940s. Born on April 25, 1915. He lived most of his life in the house at 41 Waubeek street, Parry Sound, Ontario, until dying in a very Canadian manner on January 2nd, 1969, suffering a heart attack while shovelling snow. Self employed all his life, he ran 'Croutch Radio Service' out of his bedroom for many years, then had a workshop built on to his home, and with the advent of television, operated 'Croutch Radio & Television service'.

In his life he produced at least 175 fanzines under the titles LET'S SWAP, CROUTCH NEWS, CROUTCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS, LIGHT, THE VOICE & ELECTRON. In 1944 and again in 1946 he was elected to the board of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, being considered its Canadian representative, and also served as corresponding secretary for the Northern Fantasy Fan Federation for its short-lived four year existence (1948 to 1951). He was a member of FAPA from 1943 to 1963.

He was a prolific writer of articles for other zines as well as his own, as well as being a major letterhack. He also wrote a large amount of fiction, at least 100 stories, most of which appeared in his or other's fanzines, but some of it was professionally published. For a while Forrest J. Ackerman served as his agent. AMAZING STORIES published his 'The Day The Bomb Fell' in its Nov 1950 issue, and his most famous, a post-holocaust story titled 'Eeman Grows up', appeared in the June 1948 issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.

But it is his per/genzine LIGHT for which he is best remembered. He became a legend in his own time, being described in the Fall 1948 issue of CENSORED as "...one of Canada's oldest and most prominent (in more ways than one) fan, and the pioneers of aj-jay Canfanac." Croutch was held in affection by Canfandom through out most of his fanpub career. But alas, he always remained true to his chatty, informal, punning style, and gradually began to seem dated to new generations of fans. This led to a falling off of his fanac, till he gafiated in 1963. But there's no doubt that at his height he beat the drum for Canadian zinedom & Canfanac, inspiring many to contribute and even pub their ish, and was much beloved by Canfandom for his efforts. He deserves to be remembered.

TORCON MEMORIES: The 1948 World Convention

By Leslie A. Croutch

This is being written Sunday, July 11th, 1948. Several days have passed since the Torcon. Several days in which I have mentally savored the memories of that affair. Time in which I have evaluated my experiences. The first flush of excitement has worn off. What is left are the opinions which I think will be fairly stable from now on. Certain events that left little impression on me at the time are now pretty hazy, while other happenings have grown more clear. Some personalities have emerged stronger and more virile.

This is not a report of the Convention. Factual resumes will no doubt appear elsewhere – repeated many times. What statistics that do appear will be factual – but everything else will be highly colored. This account is based on my own viewpoint – what I saw – what I felt – what I experienced – what I thought – anything else would be false.

A spade will be called a spade and an atheist an atheist. I shall make no attempt to call a fan a good egg if he impressed me otherwise. I shall try to be honest in all my impressions, but please remember that these descriptions are colored. I likely saw every fan and every person from an angle no one else did. Just as Ackerman (1) saw Bob Tucker's (2) report on fandom from his angle, so I saw it from a different one.

In other words, this report is the Convention through MY eyes. I hope it proves amusing. I hope no feelings are hurt. If any fan thinks I wax too hard when mentioning him, please know that regardless how derogatory my impressions may have been in anyone, I still have thoughts of that person I cherish and enjoy. No one is all bad. No one is all good. I met no angels. I met no demons. I met real people with real faults, and real qualities. I liked everyone in varying degrees. I enjoyed the company of some more than the company of others. Some I would like to have met more thoroughly but they were tied up in their little circle of close acquaintances.

However – so be it.

The Convention meant a chance not to be a fan so much as a chance to meet those I had not met before – to meet those that were mere names to me – and to meet those I had corresponded with. I was less interested in the fan business or the speeches than in the personalities involved.

It was with that in mind that I went to the Torcon.

I returned home with an entirely different viewpoint.

But let's try and be a little more chronological about it – as chronological as I can be of course.

THURSDAY, July 1st, 1948

The Toronto weekend began at 4:40 PM, Thursday, July 1st, 1948, for me when the CPR from Sudbury arrived at the Union Station. The local runs between Sudbury and Toronto. Parry Sound is approximately halfway between these two points.

There were no fan doings yet, but I had arrived early to make a bit of a holiday of the trip, and to see friends outside of the convention. I wanted to visit Ted White (3) and Harold Wakefield (4) in their homes. I did Ted – but poor Harold got sidetracked somewhere and I only saw him a few minutes at the Con. I am truly sorry about that, Hal – I'll do better next time down, which might possibly be again this year before the big snow comes and bears begin to hibernate.

I had a room reserved at the Windsor Arms Hotel, so I went up and checked in, room 121, ground floor – right handy, and only three bucks a day too! Then I went out to Ted's place where I had supper and visited till about 1:30 Friday morning.

FRIDAY, July 2nd, 1948

Friday things began to hum.

My first fan act was to phone “Information – MA 6083”. I thought this would be one of Taylor’s (5) addresses and expected a male voice to reply. But it was a female one, and mighty nice, young sounding one too. She pumped me full of information of various kinds: Tucker was in and at the King Edward. A car load of Michigan fen are coming in and expected to arrive sometime that morning. I figured that would be Martin Alger (6) and his Packard. He had informed me by post card that he would pull in Friday morning if all went well. It looked like he was going to be right on schedule.

I took a car and wandered down to 583 ½ Yonge, where I went into the Pylon Photo Supplies and got a carrying case for the movie camera and a reel of film for the projector I own. I checked, then, across the street, at 543 Yonge, but found Canadian Electrical Supply Company (wholesale to the radio trade only, said the sign in the window) closed for the long week-end. Most Toronto firms closed from Thursday until Monday.

Setting my course by the skyline due south I headed down Yonge in the direction of where I figured the King Edward would be. There I found what room Tucker was in and tried to reach him on the house phone, but all the ringing elicited was a deep and profound silence. Either the Zombie was in bed, or out, or just resting.

Leaving the King Edward, I walked east on King Street, crossed Yonge, and down King East to the Prince George Hotel.

My impressions of this hotel are not too kind. Lenient, yes, but kind, no. The front is nice. The lobby almost sumptuous. They are apparently redecorating the place, so maybe it will evolve into something. If the lobby is any prophecy it will eventually be a swell place to stop. But right now, stepping from the lobby into the elevator and up stairs was like stepping from the Royal York into a cheap dime a night dive. One thing, though, it was clean.

On the way across the lobby I passed some guys sitting and doing nothing. A hunch hit me that maybe the bird in the sports jacket and moustache might be Alger but I went right to the desk and tried for information. Nobody knew of Alger. Then I said he was coming with some fellows from Michigan and the clerk said those might be the fellows, nodding toward the group I have already mentioned. On going over and introducing myself I found myself face to face with Alger, George Young, (7) I believe the name was, and a militant juvenile atheist by the name of Ben Singer. (8) And a comical cuss whose name was Trapp, (9) unless I am all fouled up.

First character study coming right up. Ben is a character. He is young, about 15 or 17, I judge, brunette, stocky, with a phonograph larynx, except this phone can’t be turned off. Ben is an atheist, but not of the Ackerman school. Ben is the type that talks, gabs, jaws, argues, until you would very willingly flush him down the nearest toilet! One thing though – I think Ben is serious and sincere about his atheism. But he becomes very obnoxious about it. A little of Singer goes too damned far. Pardon me, Ben, if you ever read this – but fen will listen to and respect any man’s religious beliefs, or lack of religious beliefs, but for gawd sake, don’t beller it hour after hour and don’t be so dogmatic about it!

Alger is a quiet chap. He seldom ventures a direct opinion, but if asked can go on at a steady rate without apparent pause for breath, it seems, for some time. His one mighty passion is photography, and at that Mart is no slouch. He was carrying a \$350.00 Leica, and when anyone showed any interest, Mart was ready to explain, demonstrate, and all in all give a short course on Leicas. Now don’t get the idea Mart was a bore. He wasn’t. Mart said what he had to say, and said it interestingly. Then he shut up. He didn’t talk your leg off like Singer.

Mart told me he had quite a time, getting the Michifen together. Plans were that they were all to meet at a definite place, but Mart said when the time came, and he and his car were there, that was about all. So he drove from one place to another trying to locate them and more than once almost gave up. Finally they got a bit of the

crew. It seemed nobody had a real idea of where the meeting place was. Some felt sure it was at A; and another that it was at B; and most turned up at C; while Mart was hanging around D!

On the way Ben Singer, our number X atheist, picked up a Rabbi! Mart said that all the way over there were two on one side, two behind, and so on, and that Ben was carrying on an animated conversation with everyone at one time, jumping about like an overgrown Mexican bean.

“It’s a wonder we didn’t end up in the ditch more than once,” Mort told me. “I told him more than once for ‘chriss’ sake keep quiet!”

All the Rabbi did, from what I could gather, was sit and take it all in. I wonder what his opinion of fen are now?

I got in at the Prince George around 11:00 AM. I was there until about 2, when Mart and I went out by ourselves for something to eat. We looked for a spot to store his car – a 7-passenger Packard that is a honey – then returned to the hotel.

During the afternoon various people showed up. Present almost all the time was Canada’s MACABRE publisher, Don Hutchison. (10) Don is about Ben’s age but there the similarity ends, unless you can take into consideration they both have eyes, legs and so on. Don is quiet, liberal-minded, not at all dogmatic. He also talks and acts more maturely than Singer.

Oh, yes – there was a retired fellow with the Michifen, but for the life of me I can’t be sure of his name, unless it was Trapp. But he will know who I am talking about when he reads this – he wore glasses – and smokes the most gawd-awful pipe you ever saw. He said little and for that he stands out in character. He was a good egg and I liked him.

Anyway, during the afternoon, various fen arrived and settled for gabfests. In fact, I guess the Torcon began, unofficially, many hours before 1:00 PM, Saturday.

Ackerman turned up. Ackerman! I for one didn’t fall down and beat my head against the floor and say Allah! Allah! Forrie will be reading this and no doubt is highly interested to know what my impressions of him are.

After reading Laney’s memoirs, (11) and hearing the myriads of stories out of the LASFS about what went on there, I had quite a conglomerated idea of what I would see. I knew it would be human, but what else, I’m not so sure. What I did meet surprised me very pleasantly, Ackerman didn’t strike me, nor some others who met him for the very first time, as being at all nearly as dynamic as we supposed. He was quiet, softly spoken, ready to smile and listen, and to talk. When he gave a talk at the Torcon, he didn’t rant and rave or wave his arms forcefully as I had half-expected. Ackerman went up in my judgement tremendously. I don’t recall him shouting his atheism once. Of course, I met him only a short time at various intervals. That is too short a time to judge any man correctly. But what I did gather was entirely at variance to what I had heard and to what I had mentally pictured. He wasn’t a complete refutation – he wore the famous Ackerman glasses, and he looks almost exactly like his photographs.

Another chap who popped in was Chan Davis. (12) I didn’t get to do much talking with Chan, but I liked him. He is quite, sincere, erudite, and speaks his mind forcefully, and yet doesn’t appear to hold anything against anyone. This showed up in an argument he got into with Ben Singer. Ben would get rather personal at times, and he tried pumping Chan about various ‘extremist’ views attributed to him (Chan). It rubbed Chan on a raw spot, evidently, for quick as a flash he told Ben to “Shut-Up!” He was sore. Ben backed down. Chan gave a short snap lecture. But he didn’t stay angry, or if he did, he wouldn’t allow it to show. He answered Ben when Ben switched topics, and he did it as though nothing had happened. I think Forrie was amused at this little altercation for he looked at me and twitched his eyebrows.

Friday evening, after partaking of eats, everyone sojourned to the famous room 1685 in the King Edward.

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Or rather, I am – in the lobby of the King Edward, I made my first mass acquaintance with fen. There was a goodly crowd of them there, shaking hands, introducing each other and themselves, and everyone talking six to a dozen.

But upstairs to 1685. Now, I become befuddled. Memories from here on for Friday are not crystal clear. Even today (July 25th) as I put this on stencil, they are no better. Too much happened. The first people introduced to me stick in my mind. But when you meet them at the rate of several each minute, minute after minute with few breaks, in a small room with about 50 milling about (that's just a very rough guess as to the number), coming and going, the phone ringing, everyone talking, and this goes on almost from 7:00 PM till after midnight, your old think-tank boggles down and coasts along in a pleasant sort of daze, allowing only certain craggy peaks to stick above the rapidly flowing stream. The lesser things become drowned, to be dredged up only with difficulty.

It wasn't until Monday that I started to get many people straightened out in my mind. Canadian fen Jack Bowie-Reed, (13) Greg Cranston, (14) Alistair Cameron, (15) John Millard, (16) Ned McKeown, (17) remained sort of mixed up for some time. I eventually got them sorted out to my satisfaction. Paul Revey (18) will be happy to know I never had him confused with anyone for even a split second. Paul Revey IS Paul Revey , and no mistaking that.

I think here I will ditch the chronological order for a time and indulge in some more personalities. These are scattered all over the place, and are presented without order or sequence.

First though, I must mention the MacInnes clan. (19) Dave was the only female-owner there that I offered five mint first ASTOUNDINGS in swap for his wife! That is a signal honor indeed. But he told me he had had better offers. Pam and Dave are a swell couple. I met them for the first time. Our only other contact had been through the exchange of our fan mags. But that magazine project of theirs reflects their personality wonderfully. They are, or certainly seem to be anyway, a perfectly married couple. Happy, laughing, handsome. And to my surprise, Pam told me both are Canadian born. Which means I can safely say who was the prettiest femme fan there! She told me once she would like to come back to Canada to live. The third member of the clan is Goldberg Soda, (20) a low-slung, long wheel-base, narrow tread, pooch, that sings when Pam and Dave sing. I'll mention more of this when I come to the Monday evening for entertainment.

Mari-Beth Wheeler (21) is quite a pudgy gal. Not obese, but not exactly slim. An arm full, let us say. Neatly put together in the large economy size. I liked Mari-Beth from many angles, and she had many angles to look at.

Then there was one Josie Benderavage (22) who is put together in such a manner as to make a mere mortal slaver. I didn't exactly drool down my chin but I didn't wear a coat of frost, either. I didn't more than meet Josie, but I can give you my impressions from giving her the once over and seeing her in the fan entertainment. Josie is small – slim – with a sort of pixie look about her, and either she wears a feminine assist to contour or God had fun putting the pieces in the right places, for Josie has a silhouette that Rita Hayworth or Jane Wyman wouldn't exactly sneer at. And in her part in the play during the fan entertainment, Josie also showed she could put heat in her voice and a mean wiggle in her hips. Yes, I approve of Miss Josie Benderavage.

Dorothy Les Tina (23) was on hand but I didn't get to meet her. Dottie is not too bad lookin' a wench, but Dot, did you have to wear that screwy hat and those long skirts. They made you look hammered down. A flat hat and long skirts and no heels on the foot gear can make a person look mighty flat. Interesting face though – not bad ankles – I couldn't see the legs because of the aforementioned reason. There oughta be a law!

Judy Merrill (24) – the same who wrote “That Only A Mother” in ASTOUNDING – is a brunette wench with a wenchy look. I didn't meet Judy either – so can't say I know her. She isn't tough to look at, though, and appeared to be enjoying things in an animated way. Nice smile – knew how to dress. What relation is there in that statement, I wonder?

Jean Bogart (25) was around and collected my autograph twice. Must have been love at first sight! First time I was forced to sign in pencil, not having a pen. Then Jean got a pen somewhere and was back to get me to sign in ink. Not a bad kid. She just looked terrifically enthused and excited and she was just having one swell time. She had a sort of wide-eyed amazement about it all. I wonder if this might have been her first convention.

Celia Keller (26) – Mrs. David H. was much in evidence. She is nice but had a tendency to be the confidential sort. She can tout Doc's wares terrifically and it is impossible to be annoyed. You can tell that she feels her husband is the only man on Earth. It either must be love or hero worship. Mrs. Keller is the motherly sort and would mother you if you didn't watch out, I am sure.

Dr. Keller is Dr. Keller. (27) Doc's a bit of an egotist, all right. But not as bad as some had led me to believe. Doc is an egotist in which Doc figures Doc is a real red hot potato as an author, and when a man has proven he can write and sell I figure he had a right to beat his chest and do a bit of crowing. After all, if he doesn't tootle his own horn, who will? Doc feels every story should have at least one beautiful thought in it and he quoted passages from "Life Everlasting" to prove his contention. I feel sure Keller likes that story about the best of all his works, for as he left me after quoting passages from it, he said, "Pure gold, man. Pure Gold!" Personally, I like Doc Keller. I don't think a helluva lot of some of his work – but neither does Mrs. Keller. She told me some of his stories leave her cold – that he thought them wonderful but she couldn't read them at all. But then, no man has ever done everything just right. You can even criticize some of the scriptures – and Keller certainly isn't an Old Testament author. Doc has a profound respect for the bible. To him, the King James version is one of the most beautiful books in the world.

Bob Tucker I knew before we were introduced. Bob is one of those rare people who appear in person exactly as they do in their photographs. I can say little of Tucker because we didn't actually get together on any talk or anything. But he has a great sense of humor as everyone knows.

Bob Bloch (28) didn't look as I had pictured him at all. I don't know exactly what I had expected to see, but it wasn't what I did. He impressed me favorably – slim, slightly saturnine, dark complexion, with a marvelously weird sense of humor – but we all know that. His talks and entertainment were terrific and his mimicry good. His Peter Lorre character was a high point for me.

Humor, I think, was the high point of the whole convention. George O. Smith (29) was on hand, and whether he was slightly pixilated the first time when he gave the talk on interplanetary communications, I don't know, but what he didn't do was as funny as what he did. Whether he was putting it on I don't care, I enjoyed him. I could have listened to him a lot longer. He 'master-of-ceremonied' the fan entertainment, and I don't think a better person could have been picked. His pretending to duck down behind the speaker's stand to take a snifter brought down roars of laughter. Only trouble with George, he always seemed to be in too much of a hurry. He almost ran from the gathering at the last. I tried to corner the guy but he was like a cat on the famous hot bricks. I had some questions to put to him on electronics which might have led to a good gabfest. Maybe I'll drop him a letter someday and see what the outcome is.

Now we'll get back to the chronological sequence.

SATURDAY, July 3rd, 1948

The Convention convened by the playing of Beethoven's Fifth – the "tat a taaaaaa" part only, which was very appropriate. Ned McKeown made the welcoming address and got things rolling. You know from your Torcon Program Book that Bob Bloch was the first man up. His address was based on an article by some doctor or other of psychology and attempted to analyze fandom and science-fiction on Freudian principles. I don't agree with any of the symbolism that science-fiction is sexual symbolism, though there isn't much doubt that most fen do go for sex. But so do most of the human race, for some strange reason.

After Bloch was finished there was a short intermission followed taken up by messages from the book publishers. My main reaction to the news of all the books being published is we might as well toss our magazine

collections out the windows for we'll soon have everything from them reprinted in book form. The second reaction was where the heck do we get all the money to buy all this stuff? It was suggested that our hobby would cost us about \$52.00 a year. But it seems to me the suggestion also carried the proposal that we not have any other hobby. Having only one hobby is dangerous, I think, as have none at all. We can't become loggy from not enough varied activities. Another thing, the expense of any hobby in Canada is a good 50% or more than the same thing would be in the States. We just can't begin to buy everything we would want. Not if we also want to purchase books on other subjects: text books on various lines of thought and sciences, for instance.

SUNDAY, July 4th, 1948

I fear my admission here will be taken as heretical. I didn't turn up all day Sunday! I wasn't interested in the auction as I couldn't see myself paying fancy prices for any item, no matter how badly wanted. I did intend to get in on Tuckers Fannish Survey but things prevented me. All I know of this is second hand and what I shall read as it comes out.

I went up to the [Ted] White's Sunday morning. When evening came we got to talking and one thing led to another and I forgot all about the evening session until it was too late to go down to the Convention auditorium. It was an easy half hour to three-quarter's hour ride at the best from Ted's to the Rai Purdy Studios.

However, I did pick up some information second hand when I went in at 1:00 PM Monday afternoon. It wasn't much but here is what I did hear. On Tucker's poll, among "occupations" some guy listed "male streetwalker". A femme listed "wrestling". Tucker also figured that of the literate fen only a small percentage could read or write! From the graphs pinned up, I see that among the professions and occupations, radio rates the highest. My age group, 33, is, I believe, the lowest. Certainly among the lowest.

MONDAY, July 5th, 1948

During the fan entertainment, right after the buffenet, Monday evening, Bob Bloch gave his own survey, complete with slightly ribald charts, commenting on Tucker's survey. If Tucker's was any funnier, maybe it's a good thing I wasn't there – I might have sprung a couple of gaskets!

Pam and Dave McInnes sang a song and Goldberg Soda sang his accompaniment, Pam has a high sweet voice. Maybe I am just impressionable, though. No attempt was made to say whether Goldberg Soda was actually singing or merely voicing his criticism of what was going on at that instant.

Milton Rothman (30) gave a talk on semantics. Maybe he will print it in PLENUM. I can't begin to repeat it here but it was a howler. He also played two pieces very capably on the piano. I was surprised to find Milty was so accomplished. I remember I forgot to comment on Milty back away so I'll do it now. I was glad to meet him. We had corresponded for some time and I had always enjoyed his letters. In person, I found him even nicer. There wasn't a bit of let down. He struck me as being a very democratic fellow, putting on no airs, somewhat easy going, well educated, yet an all round good Joe.

The fan entertainment started off with some fellow's recitation of Poe's "The Raven". His rendition was among the most forcible and effective I have ever heard. I wish to apologize to him here for being unable to recall his name. (31) I will always remember it. But that is a fault of mine; having difficulty at times tying names and faces together.

The final piece of entertainment was a soap opera, a take-off on "Portie Faces Life". Milty acted, supplied the music, and in general made himself useful. George O. Smith was the radio announcer, Josie wriggled and insinuated nameless things throughout and in general made herself taunting.

I have left this little bit till last. But it was by no means least. First item on the agenda was George O. Smith, ably abetted by Tucker supplying sound effects, reading two articles about the convention, which appeared in the Globe and Mail and the Daily Star. Tucker makes a better ray gun than a paper doll. Smith would ask him to

“make like a ray gun” and Tuck would jump up and go “Zap! Zap!” Some wag would ask Tuck to make like a “Man with three heads” – another, “Make like a wax doll, Tucker!”

I have just re-read what I have stenciled, and I see I have totally neglected the film shown – a new British 16mm sound film entitled “Atomic Physics”. It was fresh from the censorship board in Ottawa and hadn’t been shown anywhere else yet, according to what I was told. It was very deep, but very educational, showing the search for atomic energy from the days of Hertz right down through the Curies and Einstein to the present. It divided the audience into two classes – the older and more serious ones who stayed to see it, and the younger crowd who wandered in and out and milled about, apparently disappointed there were no ray guns or pyrotechnics. As Mart Alger said, “It showed who were the science fans and [who were] the Buck Rogers fans who expected ray guns to go Zap! Zap!” I wonder if it was his remark that might have been overheard and used by the reporter of the Globe and Mail when he made up the title for the article.

Finally it was all over. Everyone stood up and sang “Auld Lang Sang” and we all went around shaking hands and saying goodbye and wishing like hell it was just starting and not ending. I know that is what I felt anyway.

Next year it will be in Cincinnati. Doctor Barrett (32) bid it in successfully and Ned McKeown immediately moved we call it the Cinvention. (During the day some wag suggested we hold a convention in Tampa, Florida. I leave the rest to your fertile, though slightly nasty, imaginations!)

There was a rush to Barrett with bucks to enroll in the 7th. I am proud to say I got my buck in ahead of Forrest J. Ackerman!

I see I have forgotten some vignettes: better late than never, so here goes:

Ol’ Man Evans. (33) I was glad to see Everett but sorry Jones couldn’t be along. He gave me her address, she will be hearing from me before long. Evans was different to what I had pictured. I had pictured a smaller man, older looking, slimmer. Otherwise it was Evans and I knew who it was before we were even introduced.

Other remembered remarks are:

Milty: “This place is just like Philly!”

Anonymous: “We have a thief in the crowd. An item I bid on has disappeared.”

Ben Singer, to 4e: “Is it true what they say about homosexuals in the LASFS?”

Greg Cranston, in a restaurant when waitress was taking orders: “Have you milk shakes?”

Well, the Torcon is all done. It was my first convention, and I came away with fond memories and a host of new friends. I have changed my mind on what conventions mean to me. I see now that if I lived in a place where there were many fans, and a fan club, I would be much more active than I am now.

I made many new friends and renewed old ones. I think one of the most remarkable things was seeing Fred Hurter (34) again because of the miracle of science that he is a walking attestation to. Fred had always been lame, walking with canes and braces on his legs. He had had little grip in his hand. But now he is almost well again. His treatments in Europe had made him whole once more. So whole that I had forgotten the hand and it had to be brought to my attention. He walks now with one cane and only when going up or down stairs. Otherwise he is as you or I.

Congratulations, Fred – I think I am safe in saying all your friends are happy with you.

Will I be at the Cinvention? I don't know. It is too far away to know. I know I would like to be and I shall try to be – but so far that is all.

But even if I am not, I shall be, in spirit. And that is one thing I guess the atheist boys can never be – they deny the existence of a spirit. LAC

[Endnotes info cribbed by the Graeme from various sources]

(01) – Ackerman: *Forrest J. Ackerman, US fan, famous to my generation for being the editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND in the 1960s and beyond, but before that he was THE Sci-Fi fan (indeed, he invented the term 'Sci-Fi in 1955) as far back as the 1930s. Atheist, nudist, Esperanto advocate; crusader for "simplifd speling", founding member of the LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society); first person -- along with Morojo -- to wear a costume at a convention (1939 Worldcon); indefatigable fan writer and publisher, and consistently rated #1 Fan Face in polls by his peers for many years. Very active in fannish causes and debates. Hence the 'excitement' when he showed up at Torcon, for he was THE living legend of fandom at the time, though already beginning to fade into historical mist as he began to concentrate on a career as editor and literary agent. For much of his life he continued to give weekly tours of his 'Ackermansion' crammed with film and SF memorabilia to anyone interested. Ray Bradbury & Ray Harryhausen had been High School buddies of his. Sometimes referred to as '4E', '4SJ', 'FJA', the 'Ackermmonster', or 'Dr. Ackula'. Was invited as Fan Guest of Honour for VCON 15 in 1987, accepted, but was unable to attend due to a bout of ill health. A lifetime devoted to Sci-Fi film and literature. Now in poor health, his collection dispersed, but a 'living treasure' in the minds of HIS many fans.*

(02) - Bob Tucker: *Arthur Wilson 'Bob' Tucker, US fan, consistently voted #2 Fan Face in fannish polls of the 1940s (often signed his name "#1 Fan Face?"); creator of the SPWSSTFM (Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Scientifiction Magazines) in 1934; coined the term 'Space Opera' in 1941; inventor of the Tucker Hotel (virtual perfect hotel designed circa 1952 for fandom convention needs); Fan-editor of LE ZOMBIE & THE SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER renowned for his humorous writing; discoverer of the centre of the universe in a bar in Columbus, Georgia; inventor of "Tuckerism", the practice of naming characters in pro-novels after prominent fans, in Tucker's case most notably femme fan Lee Hoffman whom he had eaten by cannibals in the last chapter of his THE LONG LOUD SILENCE novel (a more recent example: Robert Sawyer Tuckerized Lloyd Penney in ILLEGAL ALIEN); victim of two death hoaxes (one by Ben Singer); active in fandom throughout his life (recently deceased); fondly remembered by generations of fans.*

(03) - Ted White: *Canadian fan, living in Toronto. Was President of the first science fiction club in Canada, the Ontario Science Fictioneers circa 1940/41. His joining the army in 1941 and serving overseas seems to have led to that club's demise. Despite army service, remained an active fan. For example, #123 December 1942 issue of Couch's LIGHT contained an article by Ted White titled "The Birth of Ontario Fandom." His photo appeared on the cover of CANADIAN FANDOM #6, February 1944. White left the army in 1946. Still an active fan in the early 1950s, since he was included in the Canadian SF Association Fan Directory published in fall of 1952.*

(04) - Harold P. Wakefield: *Canadian fan, living in Toronto. Nature of fan activity unknown to me. Still an active fan in the early 1950s, since he was included in the Canadian SF Association Fan Directory published in fall of 1952.*

(05) - Taylor: *Joseph W. 'Beak' Taylor. Canadian fan. While a student at St. Andrews in Aurora, Ontario, started up a fanzine called EIGHT-BALL in 1943, switching to the title CANADIAN FANDOM with the 4th issue in September 1943. At some point moved to Toronto. Remained editor of CANADIAN FANDOM up to issue #15 in May of 1948, Ned McKeown taking over the following year. Contributors to CANADIAN FANDOM a cross section of Canadian Fandom: Nils Helmer Frome, Leslie A. Croutch, Shirley & Gordon Peck, Bob Gibson, Alan Child, Fred Hurter Jr., John Hollis Mason, etc., plus American contributors like Ackerman. Taylor's editorials were titled 'Beak Broadcasts'. His photo appeared on the cover of CANADIAN FANDOM #6, February 1944. Was one of the three members of the "Toronto Delegation" who won the bid for Torcon at the 1947 Worldcon.*

Noted as a “genial and pun whacky individual”, an avid sportsman with numerous athletic trophies, and a jive, boogie and blues enthusiast. Included in the Canadian SF Association Fan Directory published in fall of 1952.

(06) - Martin Alger: *American fan, one of the ‘Michifen’ living in Michigan. Creator in 1939 of the term ‘Bug-eyed Monster’ with his proposed ‘Society for the Prevention of Bug-Eyed Monsters on the Covers of Science Fiction Publications’. In 1948 was a member of The Michigan Science-Fantasy Society also known as The Misfits, newly formed that year out of the debris of previous groups such as The Galactic Roamers and The Detroit Hyperborean Society. Alger’s gigantic Packard was a legend in its own right as a fan transport. And Alger himself was renowned for building his own mimeo machine out of \$3.75 worth of assorted parts, on which he published a zine telling others how to make their own. As a consequence fannish legend soon credited him with making all manner of things cheaply, such as homemade atomic bombs and whatnot. At Torcon inadvertently invented the term ‘Zap-gun’. Very well known fan of the day. From 1950 to 1952 published at least 10 issues of REVOLTIN’ DEVELOPMENT.*

(07) - George Young: *American fan, Michifan, one of the founders of The Michigan Science-Fantasy Society in 1948. Major claim to fame: purchased the first known propeller (or helicopter) beanie while visiting fan artist Ray Nelson in Cadillac, Michigan. Ray is credited with discovering it, and certainly popularized it for decades with his fan art, but twas George who bought the thing and wore it at the Torcon. (Fan artist Scott Patri of Cumberland, B.C. is the leading proponent of the propeller beanie in Canada today.) Helped Arthur H. Rapp put out first 3 issues of TIME WARP 1948/49.*

(08) - Ben Singer: *American fan, Michifan, a founder and first President of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society in 1948. Enthusiastic gadfly. Apparently founded THE MUTANT, a perzine, which after an issue or two he handed over to the Misfits to serve as their clubzine, while remaining a frequent contributor. Also published one issue of SINGEROID in October 1949. Tireless promoter of atheism. Eventually resigned or expelled from the Misfits and formed his own club of neofen. In 1949 launched a ‘Tucker death hoax’, claiming Tucker had fallen asleep while smoking in a theatre projection booth and started a fatal fire. Tucker’s boss believed the hoax was a publicity stunt for his latest novel and tried to fire him. Only the intervention of his union enabled Tucker to keep his job. Singer received much flack over this. Also famous for asking Canadian fen visiting the Detroit club to “Say something in Canadian.”*

(09) - Trapp: *Can find no info on anyone by that name, but as Croutch admits he’s not sure if he got it right, more than likely the ‘comical cuss’ was Arthur Rapp, American fan, Michifan, very active member of the Misfits. Most famous for his perzine SPACEWARP which he started up in March 1947 after seeing a copy of Ben Singer’s MUTANT. SPACEWARP lasted till 1952 with at least 46 issues. Also published 6 issues of TIME WARP 1948 – 1951. Highly improbable that he would have missed attending the Torcon. Oh yes, and Rapp wore glasses ‘too’. ‘Trapp’ must have been Rapp.*

(10) - Don Hutchison: *Canadian fan living in Toronto, member of The Derelicts, the Toronto SF Society. Co-editor, along with Jack Doherty, of the shortlived genzine MACABRE, at least one of the two issues being distributed at Torcon. Material included contributors such as Croutch and Dr. Keller. Hutchison listed in the Canadian SF Association Fan Directory published in fall of 1952. Attended Torcon II in 1973. Frequent contributor to publications of OSFIC, the Ontario SF Club in the 1960s & 1970s. Nominated for a 1995 Aurora for his editorship of NORTHERN FRIGHTS, an annual anthology of Canadian fiction. Still lives in Toronto.*

(11) - Laney’s memoirs: *“AH! SWEET IDIOCY!” was written by Los Angeles fan Francis Towner Laney and published in FAPA in early 1948. It blew the lid of LA fandom, especially in regard to the homosexuality of certain prominent fans. Widely regarded as the first fannish publication to describe fans as they actually were (more or less) as opposed to portraying them as the impending natural leaders of mankind. Canadian fan Joseph ‘Beak’ Taylor is said to have quit fandom upon reading it, which I suspect is an exaggerated fannish ‘legend’. Nevertheless, AH! SWEET IDIOCY! stirred major controversy. No wonder Ben Singer was happy to take advantage of it to bug attending LA fans like Ackerman.*

(12) - Chan Davis: *Chandler Davis, American fan, member of The Strangers Club of Massachusetts. Composed ‘Song of Worlds Unseen’ for the piano. Published 7 issues of BLITHERINGS 1944 – 1946. Apparently did advanced scientific research of some sort, and was considered a ‘science pro’ at conventions. At the 1947 Worldcon debated editor John W. Campbell on the subject of whether science had caught up to science fiction. Evidently Chan thought so. Allegedly “this led to a Campbell-Davis word battle over politics which the fascinated audience compared with the major engagements between space fleets in Doc Smith’s Space Operas.”*

(13) - Jack Bowie-Reed: *Canadian fan out of Morningside, Alberta, almost single-handedly brought about the existence of the Canadian Science Fiction Association in 1948, constant promoter of the organization, kept visiting obscure SF clubs in small towns like Picton and Deseronto, adding new member clubs even as older member clubs folded or slid away. In fact, at the CSFA meeting at Torcon he was elected National Organizer of the CSFA. In 1953 he published THE CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION: A HISTORY, a short chapbook detailing the ups and downs of same.*

(14) - Greg Cranston: *Canadian fan out of Hamilton, Ontario, member of the Lakehead Science Fiction Society, present at Torcon to help promote the newly formed Canadian SF Association.*

(15) - Alistair Cameron: *Canadian fan from Winnipeg who eventually became a professor of astronomy at Harvard in the USA. Prominent member of the CSFA, who published his FANTASY CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM in 1952, “the first theoretical work in the field of fantastic literature written by a Canadian.” Essentially a means of categorizing SF/fantasy by context of content, it listed types from 00 to 90 with multiple subsections. The nine main headings included “Extrapolations on Space”, “Supernatural Beings”, “Extrapolations on Living”, and the like. Though comprehensive – to put it mildly – it did not catch on.*

(16) - John Millard: *Canadian fan, born in 1917. His family moved to Michigan in 1919, and eventually he helped found The Galactic Roamers of Michigan in 1941. Served in the RCAF during the war, and became a Toronto fan once a civilian again, member of The Derelicts, active at all three Torcons. Indeed was one of the three members of the “Toronto Delegation” who won the bid for Torcon at the 1947 Worldcon. Co-founder of The Friends of Sol (Spaced Out Library) in 1980. After the first Torcon was described in CANADIAN FANDOM as “a major factor in the success of the Torcon” and “a steady and hardworking member of the Derelicts.” Still living in Toronto, I believe.*

(17) - Ned McKeown: *Canadian fan out of Toronto, member of the Derelicts, one of the three members of the “Toronto Delegation” who won the bid for Torcon at the 1947 Worldcon, after which he became the head of the Torcon Society in February 1948, assistant editor of CANADIAN FANDOM with issue #14 the same month, then editor from #16, June 1949 to #17, September 1951, whereupon he announced his retirement from fandom. During the early part of his brief fannish period, 1945 to 1951, he was described by ‘Beak’ Taylor as “perhaps the most active and energetic of the local group of fans.”*

(18) - Paul D. Revey: *Paul Revey is the Canadian fan Paul ‘Rebey’ whom Harry Warner Jr. lists as the first Secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Science Fiction Association formed the same year as Torcon. Revey is the correct spelling. In fact Revey was a member of the Lakehead SF Society of Hamilton, and the initial executive of the CSFA being formed entirely of members of the LSFs, Revey was the first President of the CSFA. One of the rare instances where Harry Warner Jr. got his facts wrong.*

(19) - MacInnes clan: *David A. and Pam Mcinnes and their dog ‘Goldberg Soda’. Pam and Dave were both Canadian born, though living in the States in the late 1940s. David was noted for his one shot ‘Philcon Memory Book’ titled NECROMANCER which he published in 1947 after that Worldcon. He was also a member of both FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association) and SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society). David also recorded events at the 1949 Cinvention Worldcon on wire, but these wire recordings are now lost.*

(20) - Goldberg Soda: *A Scotch Terrier who was the first non-human to be acclaimed Number One Fan, this at Cinvention Worldcon in Cincinnati in 1949. Dave & Pam MacInnes were his servants,*

(21) - Mari-Beth Wheeler: *I believe she was one of the Michigan fen. Photo evidence exists that she frequented the original Slan Shack in Battle Creek, Michigan (though she didn't actually live there), and that she attended the Pacificon Worldcon in 1946 – the photo shows her standing between Forrest J. Ackerman and Francis T. Laney, clutching a sign which reads “Not Fan Stuff”. American fan Ben Singer, in his Bob Tucker ‘death’ hoax (circa 1948/9 after the Torcon), claimed Mari-Beth was the original primary source for the ‘news’ of Tucker’s untimely death.*

(22) - Josie Benderaverage: *Unknown, except that she was quite a ‘dish’ and a ‘knock-out’ (to use ancient slang) to judge from Croutch’s reaction. Harry Warner Jr. in his fan history of the 1940s refers to “someone named Josie [who] captivated everyone with her manner of wriggling.” Josie “The Maneater” indeed. Benderaverage was probably a badge name and not her real name. ‘Immortalized’ by Les Croutch’s Torcon Memories artwork, probably based on a photo.*

(23) - Dorothy Les Tina: *Unknown to me. Can find no reference.*

(24) - Judy Merrill: *Judith Merril, American SF writer, member of the New York Futurians, married to Frederik Pohl 1949 to 1953. First novel SHADOW ON THE HEARTH published in 1950, about a nuclear war from a housewife’s point of view. Wrote many short stories, ultimately most active as an editor of anthologies. Moved to Canada in 1968, becoming a Canadian citizen in 1976. Frequent guest at VCONS. She was originally attracted to Canada by Rochdale College, a free university in a Toronto high-rise, to which she donated her library of 5,000 SF books and magazines. Rochdale became an anarchist/hippie/squatters/drug-free-for-all raided by the police on an almost daily basis, so in 1970 she re-donated her collection to the Toronto Public Library, which created the Spaced Out Library at 566 Palmerston Avenue on the 2nd floor of the Boys and Girls House. In these early days members of OSFIC, the Ontario SF Club, often met there. By 1980 it had reached the 20,000 title mark, at which time a group of supporters, known as ‘The Friends of the Spaced-Out Library,’ was created, headed by John Millard. Collection name changed to “The Merril Collection of Science Fiction, Speculation and Fantasy” in January of 1991. Apart from hardcovers, periodicals and pocketbooks, also said to have some early Canadian fanzines including the most complete collection of Croutch’s LIGHT in existence.*

(25) - Jean Bogart: *Philadelphia fan. Was Secretary of the Philadelphia Futurians circa 1943, a club noted for its unusual rules, such as forbidding alcohol at meetings and issuing fines to any member who dared to discuss politics. It merged with the Philadelphia SF Society in 1944, Bogart becoming Treasurer in 1946. Torcon ‘may’ have been her first convention, but she was hardly a neo.*

(26) - Celia Keller: *Wife of Dr. David H. Keller and tireless promoter of same.*

(27) - Dr. Keller: *David H. Keller M.D. was a very prominent American SF writer in the 1920s & 1930s, with stories like “The Human Termites” (SCIENCE WONDER STORIES 1929) & “The Revolt of the Pedestrians” (AMAZING STORIES 1928). After serving in WWII, he retired & took up writing again, not only professionally, but for fanzines as well. Writing in THE FANSCIENT in 1950, he stated: “Many years ago I promised to help any fanzine editor who sent me an S.O.S..” Pure generosity on his part. Most of his fanwriting went to US fanzines, but some went to Toronto’s CANADIAN FANDOM and MACABRE, and to Leslie Croutch’s LIGHT.*

(28) - Bob Bloch: *Robert Bloch: Most famous for his novel Psycho, on which the Hitchcock movie was based. Was one of the younger members of Lovecraft’s circle of correspondents from 1932 till Lovecraft’s death. Was already an established writer by the time he became actively involved in fandom just after WWII, writing numerous nonfiction articles for fanzines and appearing at myriad conventions. He was a guest of honour at both Torcon I and Torcon II. We were proud to have him as GoH at VCON 13 in 1985 where he regaled us with his dry wit. Standard joke: “I’m in good health. I have the heart of a young boy... at home...on my desk... in a jar...” A pro who never lost his empathy for fans and fandom.*

(29) - George O. Smith: *Electronics engineer who wrote the VENUS EQUILATERAL series of short stories in the 1940s about a manned communications space station in orbit around Venus and the assorted technical problems that crop up. Not noted for any interest in plot or characterization, Smith nevertheless captured the*

'feel' of serious 1940s speculation on the practical realities and problems of space travel. A fixture at conventions, especially Worldcons, always ready to lecture at the drop of a propeller beanie, though at Torcon at least, seems like fans nearly got the best of him.

(30) - Milton Rothman: *Milton A. Rothman, American fan, one of the founding members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society in 1935. Secretary of the Philcon Worldcon in 1940. Indeed, present and active behind the scenes of virtually every Worldcon in the 1940s. Seems to have been a popular fan among his peers. PLENUM was his perzine. At least 13 issues published between April 1946 to November 1949. Also one issue of THE LIFE OF THE FAN in 1948, an issue of THE SF BOLSHEVIK in 1939, and at least 21 issues of MILTY'S MAG from 1940 to 1946. Known to have published a number of SF stories in prozines. In mundane life a physicist.*

(31) - The Raven: *This was recited by Sam Moskowitz (see below).*

(32) - Doctor Barrett: *Dr. Charles L. Barrett, American fan, avid collector of SF books, prozines and fanzines, renowned for reading fanzines to while away the time till his patients were ready to give birth. At one point Ackerman suspected Barrett's collection was even bigger than his. Incredible if true. Published at least one issue of his zine PUBLICATIONS OF ROGER SHERMAN HOAR in September 1949.*

(33) - Ol' Man Evans: *E. Everett Evans, also known as EEE, and EEEvans, American fan, one of the original Slan Shack dwellers (his bedroom was known as 'The Temple of Old Foo'), served as President of the National Fantasy Fan Federation from 1942 to 1945, and chaired the first Westercon in 1948. Published at least 8 issues of THE TIME BINDER 1944 to 1946. Born in 1893, he was considered in the 1940s to be one of the 'Elder statesmen' of fandom. After many years of trying, finally succeeded in becoming a pro writer in the 1950s with novels such as ALIEN MINDS and THE PLANET MAPPERS, plus a fair number of short stories.*

(34) - Fred Hurter: *Fred Hurter Jr., Canadian fan, started out at St. Andrews college like 'Beak' Taylor, founded his zine CENSORED in June of 1941, producing another 3 issues through to June 1942, helped 'Beak' put out the first CANADIAN FANDOM (titled EIGHT-BALL till issue #4) in February of 1943. CENSORED was famous for its colourful Silk Screen covers and wide range of contributors. In 1947 Hurter moved to Montreal to attend McGill University, joined the Montreal Science Fiction Society (founded November 15th, 1946), and by February 1948 had become both President and fanzine editor for that club. Published a single issue of MOHDZEE – to attract subscribers for CENSORED – then two further issues of CENSORED, one in September 1948 which included a review of Torcon titled "Torcon Tortures: You Will Throw Up After Reading This", and a last issue in 1951. Hurter seems to have gafiated shortly thereafter.*

TORCON MEMORIES: The 'Missing' Evening

By Ned McKeown

SUNDAY, July 4th, 1948

Donald Wollheim (35) passed along some very interesting information about the forthcoming issues of THE AVON FANTASY READER. He expressed his regret that more pro editors had not seen fit to make the trip.

The rest of the evening was occupied by a round-table discussion. This aspect of the program was looked after by someone else, and no one seems to have any positive recollection of just what happened. However, it seems that Chan Davis, Fred Hurter, Milt Rothman and Norm Stanley (36) were up on the platform conducting a discussion that covered many of the points provoked by George O. Smith's speech of the preceding evening. They talked about the exploration of the planets being logical advance of the search for "Lebensraum" and Montreal's Tim Buck (37) threw things into an uproar with a very learned quotation about the price of Shmoon on far Centauri or something similar. (Sorry, Tim!)

Then off into the night. We trotted from Jim William's (38) room up to see E E E and moved into a poker game. The boys very nicely took me under their wing at Philly, and, according to a letter from EEE, they will continue in Ciny. Little do they know they are nursing a viper. I can't figure out all the people that were in at one time or another, but the number was considerable.

Along about midnight the phone rang. It was a reporter from Canadian Press wanting information for a morning release. I toddled off downstairs to enlighten his benighted soul and was promptly corralled (After the interview, of course) by Fred Hurter, Chan Davis and T. Buck. We moved on to Fred's room in the Royal York and started a red-hot bridge game with Chan and Tim opposing Fred and I. Along about four we called it quits. Fred and I stayed up the rest of the night to count our spoils.

I was wondering what happened to the first part of Sunday night. We spent it in the smoke-filled confines of Earl Korshak's (39) room. Before I arrived, the boys had talked by telephone to Charlie Tanner (40) and he had agreed to act as Chairman in '49. Please, let it not be said that it was "dirty politics" that sent the next convention there. It was a very sane and democratic method of deciding the place for '49. We asked all interested parties to the room and discussed the advantages and drawbacks of each prospective site. The final choice was heartily endorsed by all concerned. The meeting saved a great deal of trouble later. The first thirty memberships were spoken for the first night. Somebody gave me a pen and I wrote down the names. Starting, of course, with EEE, we continued down to numbers 25-30 which were reserved for the Canadian contingent.

Upon re-reading the preceding paragraph, I see that I have given the impression that yours truly had a major part in the electioneering. Not wishing to fly false colors, let it be said that boys like Earl, Rusty (41), Ed Counts (42), Don Ford (43), and others were responsible for the decision.

Sam Moskowitz (44) talked long and violently on the subject of commercialism in fan conventions. There is no need for further comment.

The Financial Report was read and the mid-afternoon intermission was announced. During the break, a committee of seven, Sam Moskowitz, Earl Korshak, Milt Rothman, James Havelin (45), EEEvans, John Millard and myself discussed the disposal of the profits. It was decided to give the usual fifty dollars to the next convention. If there was any surplus it was to go to the local club. There wasn't much left over.

On a motion by Dr. Barrett, seconded, in a body, by the MSFS and again by EEEvans, Cincinnati was selected the site of the '49 gathering. The only bickering evident, was caused by Will Sykora (46) carrying on a private New York Feud. It is not of general interest.

[Endnotes info cribbed by the Graeme from various sources]

(35) - Donald Wollheim: *Very prominent American Fan out of New York City, a leader in the fractious fan feuds of the 1930s, prolific fan publisher (AAANTHOR ARGUS, ADULUX BESKAN, AMATEUR FANTASY WRITERS GUIDE, BOLIDE, CURIOUS STORIES, FANCIFUL TALES, THE FAPA FAN, THE FUTURIAN FAN, THE G.A.P.A. VANGUARD, THE GHOLY GHIBLE, IN DEFENSE OF THE PHANTAGRAPH, INTERNATIONAL OBSERVER, THE MENTATOR, THE NEW HEIROGLYPH, LA NOUVELLE FANTASIE, PHANTASPIHERE, PSUEDO-SCIENCE ROMANCER, PURPLE FLASH, QUEER, SCIENCE FICTION AND SCIENCE, THE SCIENCE FICTION BARD, SCIENCE FICTION BUGLE, SUNRISE IN EVENING, TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED, THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, VERTIGO, WAR AND SCIENCE FICTION, and no doubt others. Talk about fanatic! There been giants in them days. Possibly only Ackerman was more prolific. He also founded FAPA, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, in 1937; still going strong. Wollheim was one of the individuals refused entry to the first Worldcon in 1939 by the famous 'Exclusion Act' enforced by Sam Moskowitz, and is the only known fan to have read a copy of Canada's first fanzine 'THE CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION FAN' published out of Vancouver in early 1936 (Wollheim neglects to mention the faned's name in his brief review... arrgh!!). Wollheim turned pro in 1941, editing the shortlived prozines STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES & COSMIC STORIES, sold 17 stories circa 1942/43, edited the very first pocket book anthology of SF, titled simply THE POCKETBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION in 1943*

(which included stories by *Bierce, Wells, Weinbaum, Sturgeon & Heinlein*), was editor of the all-reprint *AVON FANTASY READER* at the time of *Torcon*, went on to be *SF* editor for *Ace Pocketbooks*, and eventually founded *DAW Books*.

(36) - Norm Stanley: American fan out of Maine, was fanned for issue #5 of *SPECIAL BULLETIN* in March 1940 (*Jim Avery* did the first 4 issues). One of the few fans to have supported *Claude Degler* (notorious advocate of fans as the coming super race with cosmic minds), was a longtime member of *FAPA* (don't know the name of his *FAPazine*), and of the *Maine Scientifiction Association* (founded by *Jim Avery* in 1939). Frequently attended major conventions.

(37) - Tim Buck: Thomas 'Tim' Buck, Canadian fan living in Montreal, served as one of the Vice-Presidents of the *Montreal SF Society* (they generally had 3 Vice-Presidents at a time), did the actual silkscreening printing of the cover for *CENSORED* #5, September 1948, and seems to have been quite the cut-up.

(38) - Jim William: James T. Williams, Canadian fan living in Toronto, possibly a member of the *Toronto SF Society* (*The Derelicts*), fan activity unknown to me.

(39) - Earl Korshak: Erle Korshak, American fan living in Chicago, in 1948 a book dealer with a mailing list of 3,250 clients and co-founder of the short-lived *SHASTA Books*, noted for its publication of *THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE* and novels by *Campbell, de Camp, Hubbard & others*. Heavily involved with running *Worldcons* right from the first in 1939, often serving as auctioneer at the *Worldcon* art auctions, *Torcon* being no exception.

(40) - Charlie Tanner: Charles R. (Possibly 'B'.) Tanner, American fan living in Cincinnati. Helped found the *Hell-Pavers SF club* in 1941, defunct by 1945. Published *SCIENCE FICTION WORLD* (with *Dale Tarr*) 4 issues 1945/46, part of the 3rd issue uniquely blueprinted (as per standard construction blueprints technique). Also, with *Don Ford*, produced 4 issues of *THE CINCY REPORT*, probably progress reports for the 1949 *Worldcon*. Did not, in fact, act as Chairman for the 1949 *Worldcon*, *Don Ford* did. Was official editor for the *NFFF* circa 1945/46. Belonged to the *Cincinnati Fantasy Group* 1945-1949. Tanner was apparently a 'filthy pro' of some kind before he entered fandom, but I don't know in what capacity. Possibly occasional short stories.

(41) - Rusty: James 'Rusty' Hevelin, American fan from Philadelphia, had been President of the *Philadelphia SF Society* circa 1942, published at least 9 issues of *THE RIDER* in 1946, and was on the *NFFF* board of directors the same year.

(42) - Ed Counts: Unknown, not mentioned in any of my sources. Probably an American fan.

(43) - Don Ford: American fan, lived in Cincinnati. Member of the *Cincinnati Fantasy Group*. Chaired the 1949 *Cinvention Worldcon* and "did most of the advance work." With *Charles Tanner* produced 4 issues of progress reports titled *THE CINCY REPORT* for the 1949 *Cinvention Worldcon*, and afterwards, in May 1950, the *CINVENTION MEMORY BOOK*, 93 pages long, with the help of *Stan Skirvin, Roy Lavender & Lou Tabakow*.

(44) - Sam Moskowitz: American fan, the legendary 'Newark Neanderthal', big guy, loud voice, the one who, along with *James V. Taurasi*, prevented *Donald Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, and other 'Boy Bolsheviks'* (to use *Pohl's* term) from attending the 1939 *Nycon Worldcon* in the infamous *Exclusion Act*. *Moskowitz* another prolific fanned, a lifelong collector of fanzines, correspondent and agent for *Nils Helmer Frome* (*Canada's* first known fanned & fan artist), agent for many other fans as well, and deeply involved in the political infighting among fans in the 1930s. So much so, in fact, that he wrote a book length fannish history of the decade titled *THE IMMORTAL STORM* described by one critic as "the only book ever written in which the outbreak of *World War II* came as an anti-climax". Was *Guest of Honour* at *VCON 15* in 1987. Though voice cancer had led to the removal of his larynx, he frequently spoke at length with an electronic voice box held to his throat, and for the prepared speeches had someone else read for him. Ever the collector, he spent a great deal of time in the dealers room. I regret I was not yet interested in fannish history and did not know what questions to ask. I didn't

even take notes when he lectured on early Canadian fan history. Been kicking myself ever since. Moskowitz recently deceased, his magnificent collection dispersed at auction.

(45) - James Havelin: *Actually James 'Rusty' Hevelin (see above).*

(46) - Will Sykora: *American fan, first in New York, then moved to Baltimore in 1943. Was allied to Moskowitz and Taurasi – the so-called 'New Fandom' group -- in fan feuds against various foes. One of the original members of FAPA in 1937, and of the Queens New York chapter of the Science Fiction League circa 1940. Took over FANTASY NEWS, a more or less weekly newszine, from Taurasi in December 1939 and kept it going (sporadically) through out the war. At least 160 issues. At Worldcons constantly launched bids for New York and was just as constantly defeated.*

TORCON MEMORIES: 'Fantasy and Psychology'

By Robert Bloch

CANADIAN FANDOM editor William D. Grant writes:

"It is with great pride that CANADIAN FANDOM re-presents the following speech. Except for certain passages it is as if we just heard this yesterday. Robert Bloch has given us many hours of enjoyment, but it is our opinion that this is one of the high spots."

[The bulk of this talk presented at the 1948 Torcon examines science fiction literature as interpreted by Freudian analyst Dr. Bergler, the speech being something of a rebuttal to his views. I excerpt only the last part of the – very lengthy – talk, wherein Bloch gives his views on Sci-Fi fandom.]

... Now, as to fans and fandom. There has been much interest and excitement centering about the Tucker Report, with its cross-section of fan interests, likes, dislikes, occupations, avocations. But, however comprehensive its scope, it must necessarily ignore what to me is the most important activity of fan aspect.

No report, no investigation or poll, could ever hope to include or enumerate the following statistics – the number of man-hours of work and study devoted by fans to the furtherance of fantasy fiction, through publication of fanmags, through research, editing and writing of material for same; through correspondence with other fans. No report can show the number of dollars loaned or generously given to fan causes, or to individual fans by other fans who recognized their need. No report can tell of the millions of gestures of genuine friendship – offers of bed and board – transportation – assistance of all sorts.

Fandom, organized fandom in particular, has its faults and flaws. We all recognize them. Feuds, petty vanities, cliquish snobbery, intolerance, attempts to inject political or religious bias, these things have inevitably played a part in the history of fan organization.

But these manifestations have never passed unnoticed. They have never been accepted as ideal. And always, constantly and unceasingly, there have been fans interested in correcting these conditions, bettering relations, building for the future.

Fans have also been accused of a defensive exhibitionism based on personal inadequacy – but I have yet to find a fan meeting or a convention that offered anything along that line to compare with the antics of college fraternity members in session, or a veteran's convention, or a meeting of middle-aged hardware dealers, or for that matter, a convention of morticians.

At the other extreme, fans have been labeled as introverts. This, of course, is a completely erroneous designation. The typical introvert, in the popular mind, is a little guy with horn-rimmed glasses who spends his time sitting in a corner playing chess.

What is forgotten is that when our little chess-player gets to a chess tournament or hobby group where he finds other chess devotees, he becomes just as talkative, just as animated, just as aggressive as any group of so-called “typical, red blooded, two-fisted” bowling fans. Introversion is mistakenly gauged by individual behavior in, and reaction to, a group or crowd – but I feel that it’s the composition of the crowd that provides the true measure.

If a man likes to be one of fifty thousand spectators at a football game or hockey match, he’s commonly assumed to be an extrovert, particularly if he does enough idiotic yelling and sloppy drinking.

I submit that you can find louder braying and even more hoggish swilling of liquor on the part of a professor of Greek if he happens to be surrounded by people of similar interests. Just because there are more baseball fans than fantasy fans does not mean that the former are more extraverted than the latter; they merely have more opportunity to gratify their tendencies toward overt public activity. And from the standpoint of actual participation, fantasy fans are the true extroverts; they give themselves more aggressively to their hobbies than do the devotees of spectator sports and such ritualistic ceremonies as card-playing and public dancing.

There has still another concept of fandom which has been, unfortunately, sponsored by a group of fans who may truly be designated as fanatics. They have, directly and indirectly, promulgated the notion that fandom is some sort of crusade to save the world – a sort of mystic fraternity necessitating an initiation on the part of the budding neophyte – a group composed of the intellectual elite, the forerunners of tomorrow. They endeavor to create the impression that they are somehow sowing the seed of a super-race – they are dedicated to the Sacred Flame of Technological Improvement, and guard the mystic arcane of engineers and biologists. The funny thing about nearly all these people is that they no longer READ science fiction or fantasy stories at all; and the few who keep up the pretense certainly never seem to enjoy anything they do read. They are so busy planning and feuding and analyzing – in a debunking spirit, of course, how else? – so busy trading and selling and contracting – that fandom has become only a sort of vehicle on which they ride to glory as superior intellects.

Fortunately, this represents a minority attitude. The majority of active fans do not exhibit a monomaniacal devotion to their hobby, to the exclusion of other interests.

It goes almost without saying that I consider a gathering such as this one a manifestation of the healthiest aspect of fandom. You have come here today, for this Convention, not to save the world, or convert unbelievers, or to grind the axe of self-aggrandizement – you have gathered here because of the pleasure you take in associating with others who share your liking for fantasy. And again I repeat, I take a certain pride in writing fantasy, pride in the realization that what I write reaches an audience capable of such interest and reaction. It is not without significance that in a world so torn by discord today, such a group is still in existence – able to generate sufficient enthusiasm to make this Convention a reality.

You – all of you, gathered here – are living proof of the enduring quality of fandom. You are your own justification for being. You satisfy my concept of fandom, which is simply this:

Friendship, based on mutual interests.

No one could ask for more.

TORCON MEMORIES: ‘Zap! Zap! – Atomic Ray Is Passe With Fiends’

By George Bain

[The following is reprinted from the Globe And Mail, July 5th, 1948]

Put down that ray-gun, Buck Rogers, I’ve got you cold. So I let him have it with my 25th century rocket-pistol (zap zap), hopped into my space-ship (zoom swish), and made off to the planet of three-headed people. Minerva was waiting for me, a light sparkling in every one of her six television eyes.

Seen any machine-men of Zor lately? They have organic brains in metal cube-shaped bodies, you know. What's the word from Helen, the lovelorn robot, or the snail-lizard of Venus? How're interplanetary communications with you, kid?

Nothing wrong with me that a long rest – and protection from another science fiction convention – won't cure. The sixth world convention of these publishers, writers and readers of fantastic tales is being held at 55 Queen Street, East. Just take a firm grip on yourself, plunge right in, and it shouldn't be more than a couple of weeks before you can sleep again without nightmares.

Of course, you may have a few bad moments if you start worrying about the cosmic veils of meteoric dust which is going to cover the Earth in a few years. Don't let it get you; it's just going to last for forty years and after that the sun will shine again.

The business about the cosmic veil is contained in one of the fanzines which are available for the fen attending the Torcon. A fanzine, among science-fictionists, is a fan magazine, fen is the plural of fan, and Torcon is the Toronto Convention. Cunning, aren't they?

Those of the tender nerves should make a point of avoiding the drawings displayed at the convention. They are up for auction (if anyone wants a good portrait of a fiend for the bedroom wall, this is the place to get it) and are the originals of pictures which appeared in fantastic and astounding magazines and books.

There's one cozy little number, for instance, that shows a poor bloke being clutched to the breast of a beast that had the body of an octopus and arms which are individual snakes. Any number of these pictures show people being done in with ray-guns (zap zap ...ugh, you got me), spaceships flying through the mushrooming smoke of atom-bomb explosions, and lightly clad maidens being menaced by fiends of one sort or another.

On Saturday, before the formal goings-on of the convention started, the delegates were free to examine the fanzines, new books, and drawings on display, and to cut up touches about fiends they have met in their readings. Two men in one corner were earnestly discussing werewolves; a group of three were lost somewhere in outer space in a jaunt between Mars and the Moon.

The fen are kept in touch with one another and the writers of their favorite type of literature mostly by the fanzines. One of the latest of these is a jolly little number called simply, MACABRE.

It is advertised: "Want to feel disgusted, scream in horror, beat your head, kill your mother-in-law? Read MACABRE."

Science Fiction is years ahead of actual science, according to David A. Kyle, a fan, literary agent, writer and publisher of Monticello, New York. "We had the atom bomb 15 years ago," he says, indicating that the atom is pretty much passe now. "We're on to new things."

At one time during the war, the FBI in the United States told one science fiction magazine that it would have to drop an atom story because it might give away military secrets. The publisher said his magazine had been publishing atom stuff for 10 years and if it was to discontinue abruptly it might create suspicion. Atomic fiction marched on.

Author Robert Bloch analyzed the reasons why people write and read science and science fiction and approved of them. Mr. Bloch told his audience he had a Jekyll and Hyde personality and also managed to use a creditable imitation of Peter Lorre at his creepiest in his address.

TORCON MEMORIES: Toronto Daily Star article July 5th, 2008

By unknown – no byline given

CANADIAN FANDOM editor William D. Grant writes:

“The star is usually a very accurate paper, but look at the mess they did on the Convention.”

About 200 science-fiction writers – they are the guys who turn out this horror stuff that makes you wake up screaming in the night – attended the sixth annual convention of the Torcon Society.

They don't look or dress like the characters from their books. In fact they look just what they are – successful business men who write fiction as a hobby. They say it helps them relax. In the group are included advertising men, doctors, lawyers, a movie projectionist and just about any occupation you wish to name.

Robert Block, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is an advertising copy writer. In his spare time he turns out “chillers”. As a boy, Mr. Block says he used to sit in graveyards to get an inspiration for his horror stories.

“I'm too old for that now. I'd get rheumatism; so I just sit at home and wait for the ideas to come,” he said.

Last night, Block awoke in the middle of the night and rushed for a pencil. He couldn't find one so he got out his typewriter. He had a plot for a story.

It concerned a man who murdered his wife, and then planted poinsettias on her grave. The flowers took root in her body and strangled him while he was standing on the grave.

Does he have nightmares? No, but he admits his wife sometimes does.

Started at 16.

He writes short stories, novels, and radio scripts. “Stay Tuned For Terror”, one of his radio serials, was broadcast by the CBC. Mr. Block read horror books as a boy and decided he could do as well as the author. When he was 16, he wrote his first story and has been writing ever since.

“It helps me relax after a hard day at the office,” he said.

The Torcon Society meets annually. This is their first convention in Canada. In addition to professional writers and publishers many members write for a large number of amateur publications which have sprung up in the U.S.

Wilson Tucker of Bloomington, Illinois, runs a movie projector. In his spare time he writes detective stories, “The Chinese Doll”, his best known book, is to be published as a pocket book after appearing as a serial in several newspapers.

He admits his job helps him get ideas for his stories.

“You can't see 200 movies a year without borrowing something from them,” he explained.

Like most of his colleagues attending the convention, Mr. Tucker started by writing “chillers”. However, he found they were pretty tough to sell so he switched to detective stories. He thinks detective stories are easier to write because of their looser construction.

The authors are quite proud of the scientific accuracy of their work. “Sure we use our imagination”, one said, “but we really rely on scientifically proven facts for the base of our story.”

They like to tell about a story based on an atom bomb published in one of the magazines while the Manhattan project was still in the hush-hush stage. As a result, the FBI investigated author John Campbell and

wanted to know where he got his information. For a while they suspected he had a pipe-line to the project. As it turned out, he just used his imagination but his scientific training resulted in this fantasy being close to the fact.

Fans of the horror fiction are really avid. They crowd around their favorite author with autograph books. Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster used to be fans of the chillers before they rode to fortune on the coattails of Superman.

TORCON MEMORIES: FACTOIDS

By The Graeme

TORCON -- The Worldcon convention held in Toronto, 3rd-5th July 1948, was:

- ***the sixth Worldcon***. The previous five being the 1939 Nycon (New York City), the 1940 Chicon (Chicago), the 1941 Denvention (Denver), the 1946 Pacificon (Los Angeles) & the 1947 Philcon (Philadelphia).
- ***the first Worldcon held outside the USA***.
- ***the first Worldcon held in Canada***.
- ***the first Worldcon to be tape recorded*** (which enabled complete text of lectures to be published in the Torcon Report). Note: the 1941 Worldcon was recorded on sonodiscs, so Torcon was not the first to be recorded, but it was the first to be recorded on tape.
- ***the first Canadian science fiction convention***.
- ***the first Canadian science fiction convention to be sponsored by a club*** (the Toronto SF Society AKA Toronto Derelicts)
- ***the first SF convention to feature a propellor beanie***, worn by Michigan fan George Young.
- ***the first SF convention with a Fan Guest of Honour*** (not labelled as such, but that's why he, Bob Tucker, was invited as a GoH alongside Robert Bloch).
- ***the SF convention which saw the origin of the term 'Zap Gun'***.
- ***the site of the first get-together of representatives of the constituent member clubs of the Canadian Science Fiction Association***, at which two Canadian SF correspondence clubs were founded, the National Fantasy Fan Federation & the Fantastellar Association.

TORCON MEMORIES: TORCON MOVIE

Leslie A. Croutch shot three minutes of movie film (in 8 mm) at the first TORCON (1948 World Convention). A copy was preserved in what was then called the "Spaced Out Library" in Toronto, Ontario, as of 1982. It is to be hoped that it is still extant in what is now called "The Merrill Collection of Science Fiction, Speculation and Fantasy".

TORCON MEMORIES: AS DESCRIBED BY HARRY WARNER JR.

As excerpted from his history of 1940s fandom 'ALL OUR YESTERDAYS', 1969.

The Torcon was distinctive as a Worldcon held in a city where the fans were neither numerous nor particularly active, as the last Worldcon staged over Independence Day, and as the first in a foreign nation.

Torcon sessions were held in the RAI Purdy Studios convention hall. The auditorium was decorated with original illustrations, fanzine displays, special editions of the SYDNEY FUTURIAN and LE ZOMBIE, and a panel containing future covers for THE NECROMANCER. There was plenty of light, and the novelty of a sound system in good condition, although only Moskowitz and Keller possessed the ability to remember how to use the highly directional microphones. Most of the fans were housed in the Prince George Hotel, the Windsor Arms, and the King Edward. The Prince George was apparently an ultramodern, glass-doored establishment with pastel and chrome decorations in its giant lobby. Somewhat less impressive furnishings predominated elsewhere. Near the end of the convention, some fans became so discontented that they almost got up the nerve to throw a bathtub off the roof. Ron Christensen (47) constructed a dummy which he hanged from the chandelier of his room, with a note attached: "I can't endure the Prince George Hotel any longer." In all fairness, it must be noted that the management soon tore apart and rebuilt the structure. The King Edward was better-liked, particularly for the phenomenal quality of its roast beef.

Another distinction possessed by the Torcon was that the convention committee chairman, Ned McKeown, managed to get the first session started on time on the afternoon of Saturday, July 3rd. After his welcoming address, Robert Bloch as guest of honor launched an analysis of fandom and science fiction from Freudian principles. He argued that science serves as a father-substitute to readers of science fiction, as an infallible answer for all problems. Bloch defended science fiction, however, for its glorification of the individual. Moreover, he contended that fans are not as introverted as they seemed to be, but give such an impression because they get few opportunities to act like extroverts. The speaker said that the neofan who praises a prozine story as great literature makes no greater mistake of evaluation than the professional critic who dismisses the best science fiction as trash....

In the absence of most semi-pro publishers, messages were read from some of them, like James A. Williams for Prime Press and Abe Childs for the New Collectors Group. That evening, a movie on man's effort to conquer the atom possessed such monumental dullness that the projector was stopped at one point, to make sure that the fans still remaining in the hall had the patience to sit out the rest of it. George O. Smith restored good humor with a talk on interplanetary communication. He termed this possible already between Earth and Mars or Venus. Smith got into a complicated hassle with the audience over the degree of difficulty involved in conversations between planets because of the time lag, and finally almost fled to escape a group of who continued to fire questions at him.

On Sunday afternoon, one of the great bidding duels in Worldcon history occurred. Korshak got Alfred Prime (48) and Harry Moore (49) so fascinated by the Finlay cover for "The Devil's Spoon" that Moore finally paid \$76 for it. The price for this cover, originally done for the June, 1948, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, was the highest yet paid for any single item at a fan auction. Original illustrations sold for prices ranging from \$3 to \$50, many of them bringing more than \$10. The auction as a whole produced income in excess of \$400, another Worldcon record. Tucker delighted everyone in the evening by the humor of his "Little Kinsey Report" based on a survey of fandom. Sunday evening was supposed to provide reports from prozine editors, but the only member of this genus on hand was Wollheim, who dutifully described his AVON FANTASY READER. Next came a roundtable discussion among Chan Davis, Milt Rothman, and Norm Stanley on the probable date for the arrival of interplanetary travel. The audience couldn't participate in the speculating very well, despite good intentions, because of the audio difficulties.

It might be possible to write the whole history of Worldcons as various aspects of a constant and desperate effort to keep New York City from winning next year's event. The Torcon's most famous happening sprang from this weltanschauung. The smoke-filled room in which mighty and secret deals are made has been mythical at many Worldcons, but it became notorious because of the one that definitely functioned in Toronto. New York was known to be anxious to play host to the worldcon on the tenth anniversary of the Nycon. Various fans feared that the 1939 exclusion act had left scars that might resume bleeding at another Nycon, or that a similar mischance might occur. Moskowitz added to the anti-New York sentiment when he revealed that he didn't want the work involved in helping to promote a con. The smoke-filled room, actually several smoke-filled rooms, in Toronto, served to try to find a new home for the 1949 event. The fact that no other city wanted it badly made this a tough problem. Ackerman, Hevelin, and Evans feared that it was too soon to try to hold another Worldcon

in Los Angeles. Harry Moore proposed New Orleans as the host city, but this proposal was shouted down as fantastic. Fans from Milwaukee and Minneapolis were wooed as potential hosts, but turned down the propositions with shudders. Detroit fans had some interest in a Worldcon, but this city was rejected as too close to Toronto. Finally, about thirty fans crammed into Korshak's room and spawned a mighty intellectual prodigy, in the form of remembering the existence of the city of Cincinnati. A telephone call to Charles Tanner provided Dr. C.L. Barrett with authority to enter the bid for the Ohio city. The few fans who went to bed that night slept with peaceful minds.

The business session itself, Monday afternoon, was almost an anticlimax. Moskowitz started it by summarizing the way Worldcons had been fighting to prevent themselves from turning into sitting ducks for commercialization by interests looking for something to exploit. After all the worry, New York failed to enter a bid for the next Worldcon. Barrett's motion for Cincinnati was hastily seconded by Evans for the West and by the Michigan delegation. As usual, a decision on whether to hold it on July 4th or Labor Day was tabled.

The big talk Monday was given by Dr. Keller: "Science – Master or Servant?" He devoted much of it to detailing the apparent increase in mastery over man possessed by science: "It is evident that he has become a slave to the machine. Every scientific discovery proved to be a two-edged sword. It could be used either to benefit or to destroy mankind." Dr. Keller warned that mankind would suffer destruction, if it did not subdue science and keep it the status of a servant. Then he tied into this warning the audience before him, urging: "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. These scientific prophecies should benefit instead of harming our race. Science fiction literature is molding a new generation. The time has passed when the science fiction story can be considered simply a form of anesthetic pleasure. If used properly, it can become a powerful means of bringing peace on Earth, good will towards men."

The convention formally recognized Sneary's (50) crazy slogan of South Gate in '58, giving a letter from him on this fantastic theme a loud ovation. The final item on the formal program was a meal that had the labored trick name of buffanet. Bloch and George Smith served as masters of ceremonies. The former parodied the Tucker parody of Kinsey. Moskowitz recited 'The Raven,' then Stanley gave a talk on the semantics of such things as mill mills, drill drills, and birdseed seed. The Philadelphians presented a takeoff on the then celebrated radio soap opera, *Portia Faces Life*, in which Rothman was actor and musician, Smith served as announcer, and someone named Josie captivated everyone with her wriggling. Dave and Pam MacInnes sang. George Smith read, with the help of sound effects by Tucker, the strange news stories that the Toronto Press had provided as coverage of the con. (Sample headline: "Zap! Zap! Atomic Ray is Passe with Fiends." "Zap" had just been invented as a fannish tradition. One eyewitness traced back the word to a boring movie. Martin Alger allegedly asked Ben Singer if the reason for the boredom was the absence of anyone in the film who might draw a raygun and go "zap." The term instantly became associated with the water pistols with which almost all Torcon attendees were armed."

Reaction to the Torcon was quite mixed. Those who liked to chatter and socialize without adulterants in the form of filthy pros were happy for the last time in Worldcon history: not more than a half-dozen pros were on hand. Some said that humor formed the predominant note of the whole event. Canada's different mores caused a few problems, like the ban that a house detective put on poker sessions in guest's rooms. One fan, Ben Singer, almost became a Canadian because he brought along a radio and sold it. He was allowed to return to his homeland only after paying \$8.00 in import tax and giving the Canadian equivalent of the FBI enough information to make the purchaser a hunted man. Singer was involved in most of the more colorful legends emanating from the Torcon, such as the manner in which he almost took a Rabbi along despite his militant atheism. The Kellers got into hot water twice. The author got miffed when some fans mistook his talk as intended to be humorous, and Sam McCoy so described it in a published report. Mrs. Keller angered some fans by her public references to the fact that Chad Oliver (51) had had trouble getting his mother's consent to make the long trip from Texas. Tucker also stirred up the duller moments of the con by assuming from time to time the role of house detective and hotel manager. The con helped create the legend of the Moskowitz vocal powers. Someone said that it was as easy to interrupt him as to derail the Super Chief with a hairpin. The younger element in fandom showed signs of coming to the fore. SAPS members took part of the transom from a door

between their rooms, because it interfered with water pistols and fire crackers. George Young wore his beanie, except when Rapp borrowed it, creating another tradition. Despite the small attendance, room jam records were threatened. There were thirty persons in the Korshak room, in addition to the smoke, at a delicate point in negotiations on the next site. Smith's bathroom held twenty fans during an early morning Limerick session.

The con may not have been responsible, but Toronto fandom was decimated after this event. Only Bill Grant remained active in that city well into the fifties.

[Endnotes info cribbed by the Graeme from various sources]

(47) Ron Christensen: *American fan, living in New York state, High School English teacher, one of the founding members of SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society) in 1947, and renowned (along with Bob Gaulin) for climbing the rafters of the Slovak Hall in Newark during a meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association in the spring of 1948 to unleash a cloud of ammonium sulfide on the assembled fans below "to test their ability to survive atmospheric conditions that might be experienced on other planets." Also, along with Jack Speer, Al Lopez and Chan Davis let off fireworks Saturday evening at the 1947 Worldcon till stopped by the police. Seems to have been quite the practical joker. To be fair, didn't become a teacher till several years later.*

(48) Alfred Prime: *Alfred C. Prime, American fan, one of the editors of Prime Press (operated 1947 to 1953), a small press in Philadelphia specializing in SF anthologies such as George O Smith's collected VENUS EQUILATERAL stories which Prime Press published in 1947.*

(49) Harry Moore: *Harry B. Moore, American fan, possibly from New Orleans (he put in a bid for New Orleans at the 1949 Cinvention), noted for singing a ribald song after the banquet at the 1947 Worldcon.*

(50) Sneary: *Rick Sneary, American fan living in Los Angeles, charter member of SAPS in 1947, member of both the LASFS (Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) and the Outlander Society (also in LA), conducted at least one fan poll the results of which were printed in SHAGGY (a LASFS publication) in 1946, President of FAPA 1948/1949, and most famous for his "Southgate in '58" slogan with which he began promoting a Worldcon bid for Los Angeles in 1958 as early as 1948 in the pages of FAPA mailings, a column of his in Rapp's SPACEWARP, and at conventions and Worldcons such as Torcon. Amazingly, this long range campaign actually worked! The 1958 Worldcon, known as SoLacon, was held in LA (in the 'Southgate' area?).*

(51) Chad Oliver: *Young American fan from Texas. I suspect Celia Keller gave him a hard time because she probably agreed with his mother that he was much too young to travel up to Toronto on his own. I can find no reference to any further fan activity on his part.*

TORCON MEMORIES: AS DESCRIBED BY RICHARD H. 'DICK' ENEY

As Excerpted From His 'FANCYCLOPEDIA II', 1958.

1948 Torcon, marked by the first appearance of the helicopter beanie and zapgun, was put on by the Toronto (Canada) Derelicts over the July 4 weekend. (Patriotic Americans celebrated Independence Day and defied the tyranny of King George.) Tucker presented his Little Kinsey Report (which Bloch later parodied), Wollheim defended sex (on prozine covers, that is) and Doc Keller plugged for science-boosting stf. Oh yes – and Rothman introduced a film on atomic physics, with results told under ZAP-GUN.

ZAP: is the sound made by a ray-gun when its fired, if you've not had occasion to notice. But a Zap-gun is a water pistol, or sometimes a toy ray-gun. Martin Alger explains the ultimate source thus: "At the Torcon they showed an atomic energy movie and a lot of the neofen were milling around during the showing. I asked Ben Singer if he were 'bored because nobody in the film has pulled a raygun and gone Zap! Zap!?' ... I never heard the term used before this, so I guess I was the source."

Apparently, unbeknownst to any, a reporter was standing in the neighborhood, for the Toronto Morning Star headlines its convention report “Zap! Zap! Atomic Ray is Passe with Fiends!” And, as Martin says, fans were delighted with this and the term caught on from there.

TORCON MEMORIES: AS DESCRIBED BY JOHN ROBERT COLUMBO

As Excerpted From His ‘YEARS OF LIGHT, A CELEBRATION OF LESLIE A. CROUTCH’, 1982.

It was a considerable achievement for a clutch of Toronto fans, especially one with the self-chosen, semi-derisive name The Derelicts, to hold a Worldcon in Toronto. Never before, in the five-year history of Worldcons, had one been held outside the United States. The Torcon was the first, just as Torcon 2, held also in Toronto twenty-five years later, would be the second.

The ginger group within the Derelicts responsible for bringing the Worldcon to Toronto consisted of Taylor, Millard, and McKeown, who hitchhiked to Philadelphia to attend the 1947 Philcon where they quickly established themselves as the “Toronto Delegation”. They bid for the sixth convention and won. The sixth World Science Fiction Convention (The Torcon) was held in Toronto on July 3-5, 1948, under the chairman of the convention committee, Edward ‘Ned’ McKeown.

Meetings were held in the Rai Purdy Studios, 55 Queen Street East, and delegates stayed at the King Edward Hotel, with others at less expensive rooms at the Prince George and the Windsor Arms. After advance registration and festivities on Friday, July 2, the convention itself commenced on Saturday morning, with Robert Bloch’s talk on “Fantasy and Psychology”. Bloch discussed SF in relation to wish-fulfillment and fellowship, and this was followed by “Messages from the Publishers”. The publishers were represented by Lloyd A. Eshbach, James A. Williams, Forrest J. Ackerman, David Kyle, Paul Spencer, Sam Moskowitz, Bob Madle, and Jim Williams. As well, McKeown informed delegates that plans were underway to found The House of York to import American titles from small American fantasy presses and distribute them across Canada. (Nothing came of the scheme, despite advertisements for The House of York in CANFAN.)

Saturday afternoon, McKeown discussed the canpulp (EERIE TALES, UNCANNY TALES, & about 18 other shortlived Canadian pulp fiction magazines published between 1940 and 1949), all news to American delegates. The British film ATOMIC PHYSICS was premiered (to civilian audiences) in North America. George O. Smith then talked on ‘Interplanetary Communications.’ Afterwards delegates ate at the King Edward or amused themselves at Sunnyside Amusement Park. Some fans were seen – and heard – setting off fireworks on Yonge Street at two in the morning.

Sunday morning there was no program. In the afternoon, Erle Korshak presided over the auction, which saw small volume but high prices (a Virgil Finlay cover for FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, June 1948, apparently establishing a record). A Torcon first was the fan guest of honour, Wilson Tucker, who spoke on “Results of the First Fan Survey”, which established, loosely, that SF fans are between the ages of seventeen and twenty-seven, ninety per cent male, thirty-four per cent married, etc. Donald A. Wollheim talked about future issues of the AVON FANTASY READER. This was followed by a discussion among Chan Davis, Fred Hurter, Milt Rothman, and Norm Stanley. For many the highlight of Sunday’s activities was the dirty-limerick session in Smith’s hotel room.

Monday, July 5, lacked a morning session. In the afternoon Dr. David H. Keller spoke on “Science – Master or Servant?” and suggested that science and technology could be a Frankenstein or “a beneficent giant.” The business meeting which followed established that there was a profit of fifty dollars which was divided between the 1949 Worldcon committee and the Derelict’s treasury.

At the banquet Monday evening, George O. Smith presided over the ‘fan entertainment’. Smith and Tucker parodied the infamous “Zap! Zap!” article carried in the Toronto Star on July 5. The note of condescension sounded by reporter, now columnist, George Bain may be gauged by the opening paragraph, which begins: “Put

down that ray-gun, Buck Rogers, I've got you cold." Fans made mincemeat of it. Sam Moskowitz recited Poe's 'The Raven', and fans parodied the popular soap opera 'Portia Faces Life'. Then all sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The Torcon was an unqualified success, although attendance was low. Total membership was 235, actual attendance 137. There were few pros present but there was much of what World Con Historian Fred Patten has called "informal conviviality". There were some firsts, including the introduction of thye fan guest of honour, squirt guns (Bain's Ray-guns), and the propeller beanie (worn by a Michigan fan). Torcon was the last of the Worldcons held on a fourth of July weekend; thereafter the Worldcons were held on the Labour Day weekend. Another first introduced at Torcon was the taping of all proceedings. Six months later, The House of York issued a complete transcript of the speeches and entertainment in the form of a sixty page fanzine. It is not a very enlightening document.

TORCON MEMORIES: CONFIRMED ATTENDEES

Of the 137 fans and Pros who attended Torcon, the 1948 Worldcon, I am able to identify 43 individuals definitely known to have been present. They are:

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| - Forrest J. Ackerman | - |
| - Martin Alger | - David MacInnes |
| - Dr. Charles L. Barrett | - Pam MacInnes |
| - Josie Benderaverage | - Ned McKeown |
| - Robert Bloch | - Judith Merrill |
| - Jean Bogart | - John Millard |
| - Jack Bowie-Reed | - Sam Moskowitz |
| - Tim Buck | - Harry Moore |
| - Alistair Cameron | - Chad Oliver |
| - Ed Counts | - Alfred Prime |
| - Leslie A. Croutch | - Paul D. Revey |
| - Greg Cranston | - Milton Rothman |
| - Ron Christensen | - Ben Singer |
| - Chandler Davis | - George O. Smith |
| - E. Everett Evans | - Norm Stanley |
| - Don Ford | - Will Sykora |
| - James 'Rusty' Hevelin | - Arthur Wilson 'Bob' Tucker |
| - Fred Hurter Jr. | - George Young |
| - Don Hutchison | - Harold P. Wakefield |
| - Celia Keller | - Mari-Beth Wheeler |
| - Dr. David H. Keller | - Jim Williams |
| - Erle Korshak | - Donald Wollheim |

TORCON MEMORIES: TORCON REPORT

Faned: Edward 'Ned' McKeown. A one-shot souvenir zine produced in late fall 1948 in the wake of TORCON, the world convention held in Toronto in July 1948. McKeown had been Chair, and was editor of CANADIAN FANDOM at the time; he also served as general editor for the report. It was gestetnered; the cover lithographed in red and black on grey stock. The copy was typed, double-columned and flush right. The printing was done by Gerald Steward, and the stenciling by William D. Grant. It was "published in the public interest by The House of York for the Torcon Society."

TORCON was the first Worldcon at which the proceedings were tape-recorded. Consequently the report contained the complete text of GoH Robert Bloch's talk: "Fantasy & Psychology", Bob Tucker's: "Results of The First Fan Survey", Dr. David H. Keller's: "Science -- Master or Servant?", and George O Smith's "Fan Entertainment" (at which he parodied the infamous "Zap! Zap! Atomic Ray Is Passe With Fiends!" review of the

con by George Bain in the Globe & Mail Newspaper the day before. In addition, Leslie A. Crutch's article "Torcon Memories", which appeared in issue #36 (Aug 1948) of his perzine LIGHT, was included as well, along with a loose 'art' photograph of a female nude (in colour) just to spice things up. No wonder THE TORCON REPORT ran 62 pages and cost 50 cents. 200 copies were printed.

TORCON MEMORIES: LE ZOMBIE

By Bob Tucker

[The following excerpts are quoted from issue #63 of Bob Tucker's LE ZOMBIE distributed at Torcon as the special "Canadian Convention Issue" of this US zine.]

editorialies

The convention committee have broad shoulders. They have need of such broad shoulders because they are responsible for all the ink-smearred pages of this issue, all the sloppy mimeographing, all those thumb prints dotting the margins, those torn pages, all the faults of this, the sixty-third issue of LeZ must be blamed on them. (There be no faults in content of course.) The Canadian convention committee conceived and have now hopefully executed a special Canuck edition of LeZ. Heap mud upon their ears, the unwashed infidels.

Not one red cent from the sale of this issue will find it's way into the greedy pockets of Editor Tucker, except of course small fees to cover costs of stencils, paper, ink, postage, staples, time, and the wear and tear on the typewriter ribbon we aren't using. Should you take leave of your senses and purchase a copy of this, rest happy in the knowledge that the convention committee will reap the benefits from the sale – they'll get a penny, I collect the rest. Hah.

About half the contents of this issue consists of reprint stuff from the past sixty-two issues – the well of original humour has just about run dry as far as the sage of Bloomington is concerned. One of the many reasons I'm a has-been fan. I weep. What I need is a visit from Claude to get me back on the right track again – and speaking of Claude, is he w2ith us this year, and under what name?

WHO'S BOMBY NOW?

For some eight or nine days after the close of the convention I wandered around New York, constantly bumping into stray fans who didn't seem to want to go home, and had also journeyed up from Philadelphia. At times there were more fen in New York than had been at the convention, and I wondered if Toronto had belatedly been stricken from the list and a rump gathering was then taking place in Bigtown. Once I treated Ackerman to a play, and he promptly purchased five copies of my new book. These social amenities out of the way, we behaved ourselves like gentlemen.

It was our wont, late each evening before departing for our respective hotels and a presumably lonely bed, to stand in Times Square and speculate on when and where in that area The Bomb would fall.

"Look," FJA would exclaim, pointing towards the Kinsey whiskey sign, "Look down there. In about five minutes now, all that will be a mushrooming cloud of fire and smoke." And we would stand there for five minutes, waiting.

"No," I would then contradict him. "It will fall over there," pointing to the Jane Russell "Outlaw" advertisement. "In just a few seconds now. Get ready."

"Maybe we should step over behind that building," he would say timidly.

"You want to see it, don't you?" I asked in scorn.

“Well ... yes. All right, let’s wait here.”

And then I would buy the hometown paper and go home to bed.

TORONTO TODAY

It is my fervent hope that a goodly crowd, and much of the same crowd, gather in Toronto this week. Speer has already told us he couldn’t make it because the date will conflict with his schooling; this is too bad. His absence will not only rob us of the opportunity of manufacturing newer, more pleasant rumors, but we shall also have to get along somehow without the annual anti-dero legislation.

POOR PONG’S ALMANAC

Ye sultry month of July, 2048

- 3 S Canada captures convention for second time. 1983.
- 4 S Disgruntled faction announces rump convention in Chicago.
- 5 M All fandom embroiled in war! Half favor Canada, remainder swear to go to Chicago.
- 6 T Ackerman-Moskowitz coalition favor Canada, begin printing propaganda to influence younger fans.
- 7 W New stf mag hits stands: Terrible Tales, edited by Robert Bloch. 1961.
- 8 T Discerning fans discover entire contents of Terrible Tales written by Bloch, using pen names.
- 9 F Terrible Tales fold.
- 10 S Fans girdling for war on eve of Canadian convention. 1984.
- 12 S Ackerman turned back at Canadian border. Passport forged.
- 13 T Canadian convention collapses when Moskowitz fails to show. Newark delegate discovered in Chicago. Claims “deros put me on wrong train.”

FABLE

I found him on the beach at Toronto, staring sullenly out across the blue-gray waters of the lake and idly kicking sand with his foot. Without a doubt he is morose and furthermore sad.

“Why, hello there, Bigfan,” I say in some surprise.

He glares at me. At length he says ungraciously, “H’lo.”

“Why are you down here at the beach staring sullenly out across the waters of the lake, Bigfan? Why aren’t you down at the convention hall, basking in the spotlight that is rightfully yours?”

“Convention – bah!” he sneers downwind. “That – a convention?”

“Well, Bigfan”, I ask in wonder, “whatever do you mean?”

He makes a dramatic gesture with his hand. “Those sissies think they’re having a convention. What’s happening?”

“Well,” I answer, “when I came past the door this morning enroute to breakfast after an all-night poker game in which I lost six bucks, they were preparing to have a convention.”

“Like clockwork, wasn’t it?” he sneered upwind. “Sissie stuff! Only sissies hang around. It ain’t like it was in the old days.”

“Aha, Bigfan,” I ejaculate. “Now I know where you’re aiming.”

“Precisely,” he state in great diction. “Now when you and I was young – they had conventions in them days! Did you see any exclusion acts up there? Did you see anybody get tossed out on the sidewalk or kicked out of a window? Did you see anybody call the cops because somebody else wouldn’t leave? No.”

“It is sad, eh Bigfan?”

“Fandom is shot,” he assert with a crosswind sneer. “Fandom has gone to the dogs. Nothing exciting anymore. Nobody sends obscene Christmas cards these days; nobody sends spelling books to fanzine editors anymore, nobody Advocates Doohickeyism these days, nobody throws delegates out on the sidewalk. I am disgusted.”

“Well, Bigfan, there may be something in what you say. But they have feuds...”

Bah!” he cuts me off. “Sissy feuds, revolving about some skirt. Remember the rough and tumble, six-shooter feuds we had in the old days? That was the stuff! Sissies now – all a pack of sissies, I’m wasting my time up there!”

“Things are a bit tame,” I admit to him. I came down here for a breath of fresh air, myself. All they did today was talk ... they’re talking about something called nuclear physics – over my head. Not like the good old days, eh Bigfan?”

A FANMAG IS BORN

7:30 am Young Cyril Snodgrass, age twelve, his purple pajamas drooping in the early morning air, awakens from a beautiful dream with an inspiring ambition. The time has arrived, he believes, to publish a fanzine. Taking mental inventory in nineteen seconds flat, he finds himself able, capable and eager to become a fan editor.

7:45 am Young Cyril has now formulated, examined and discarded thirty various fancy titles for his fanmag, ranging from Science Fiction Appleknocker to The Fantasy X-Ray. He finally decides on the Pleiades Pimples, which was ninth on his examination list.

8:09 am Cyril asks for and obtains from his father a dollar & ninety-five cents with which to purchase a hectograph, plus 75 cents for postage. Cyril has also decided his fanmag will have 22 pages, a four colour cover, and be sewn together on his mother’s sewing machine.

9:20 am On his way downtown Cyril stops at the post office to send airmail letters to Ackerman requesting rush material for the first issue, and a notification to all the news sheets.

9:55 am Cyril is now on his way home with the prized hekto outfit under his arm. Pausing at the newsstand he copies down all the names and addresses he finds in the letter section of the pros.

10:40 am Cyril is spread out all over his mother’s dining room table with his equipment scattered about the room, busily engaged in drawing the cover for the first issue. He has selected as his subject a spaceman peeping

around a huge mass of machinery, a splatting ray-gun in hand, while in the background a spaceship is seen landing nose first, although the tail is still shooting fire.

11:06 am Much Progress. Cyril has finished the drawings, likewise the lace tablecloth he forgot to remove from the table. His sister is engaged in typing the master sheets of a story she herself just finished composing, and the baby is seated in the center of the mess, one foot in the jelly pan.

11:44 am Postman delivers an airmail special delivery letter from Ackerman containing an article on the Toronto convention.

12:26 pm Cyril has finished running off the sheets, wheedled his ma into sewing the magazine together, and the first issue of Pleiades Pimples is in the mail, having on the contents page these hallowed words: "We know this issue ain't much but please remember we are not experienced at typing, and we didn't have much time."

2:34 pm Postman delivers airmail special delivery letter from Everet Evans containing one-year cash subscription to Pleiades Pimples and an encouraging letter.

2:35 pm A new fanmag is born.

((And if you think we're joshing, take a look around you!))



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