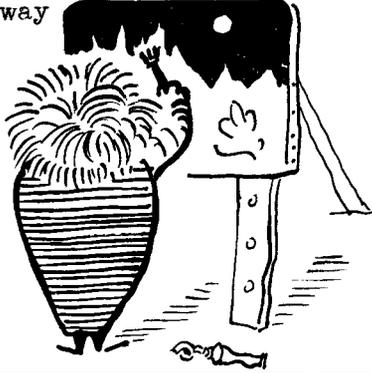


BRENNSCHLUSS

Gentlefen's Guide to Lancaster Fandom, exhibiting the overgrown and warped egi of its members.

* DAVE WOOD ... of course I'm a genius... in a quiet sort of way



AFTER THE INITIAL SHOCK they called me David Henry and I grew up in a fairly normal way. I was a genius of course. Strangely enough my success story doesn't include selling newspapers on a New York street corner, or working the freights between Chicago and New Orleans. Maybe this is because I lived a sheltered life in England. Tho I did once kiss a girl. It was tragic the way I fell from the gutter into fandom. Soon I was an avid reader of Steinbeck, Orwell, Thorne Smith and Hyphen. I've never kissed a girl since. Of course I'm very active. I once wrote a letter to Hyphen and I speak to Ken Potter. To look at me you

would think I was nothing, but you would be wrong. I am the future. I hold the progress of Art, Music and Literature in my gentle grasp. I am the Dali, the Kenton, the James White of tomorrow. Maybe one day Ken Potter will speak to me. Then I know I'll never kiss a girl again. Of course, I have my setbacks. I'm a sex-starved psychopathic sadist, with neurotic tendencies. But what's that to a level-minded, handsome, gentle, woman-loved genius like me?

What do I look like? Me, I'm the bright-eyed youth with the untidy hair and typical gait of the Neanderthal Fan. And I draw cartoons if you ask.

Pardon me while I rave...

.....
How many hormones do you think I have damn you?
.....

Not a pun in the whole damn thing

Being, as I am, a youth who is trying to channel his meagre intellect into a colossal tide of startling literacy, and since I think I am beginning to meet with a little success lately, this is a decidedly appropriate moment to write about me for the benefit of faans.

Since I suffer from an incurable tendency to ramble when writing like this, I'm afraid I shall say but little. I don't mean it will be uninteresting, I only mean you won't know much about me when I've finished.

Actually I'm most frightfully complicated, you know. If I had unlimited paper, I could doubtless give you a decent impression of myself, with some unpleasant research and labour. As it is, I shall do what I can.

So let me introduce myself. You have maybe gathered that my name is Potter. You may be burning to know about my musical tastes, my

* KEN POTTER ... I'm just naturally active!



favourite filthy joke, my collar size, my favourite toothpaste, and etc. But you lot are faans. What should interest you, damn you, is literature.

I write. I write seriously like Fyodor Dostoevsky, William Saroyan, Ray Bradbury, Erskine Caldwell, and Tennessee Williams. At least I've read the guys. So far I've had 1000 words accepted by our worthy chairman for his charming little journal. A start.

I write sort of flippantly, thisaway, without effort any time. This is for fanzines.

I never write uproariously funny stuff - I find it too damn difficult.

I read constantly, eat, have a sex life, listen to music, and need a shave - but I haven't got time to go into all that.

There! aren't I nice and neurotic...

.....
He ought to have a statue pulled down to him
.....

* HARRY HANLON

SEX AND SADISM DEPT:

2715697 A.C.2 HANLON H.

A.M.BP & DC

R.A.F., HENDON.

All other data deleted by Air Ministry.

Mind blanked out: JAN 1954

Previous offences: Fan, Jazz Man, Reads.

.....
Who were you holding glands with last night?
.....

I will introduce myself. I am a slave, and wear a haunted animal look around the eyes. I have a goldfish and we both belong to Lancaster Fandom. I am to be found most any time being dragged cavemanishly around the city by Messrs. Potter & Wood. If I speak I am punished by seeing Mr Potter wrap himself

* IRENE GORE

in his cloak and roll in the gutter, which he does frequently. Or perhaps I will have to pay for the coffee. At first I asked "Where are we going", and for this I was severely reprimanded. My companions stopped short and glared strangely at me until their eyes glazed over, then we continued around the chosen block. But now I can almost walk in front without going in the wrong direction. First we tour all milk bars, (jingling last tuppence in pocket) and look hopefully at comrades. Then pass by all milk bar doors. We stand around, walk, stand around some more, and stand. When you've seen all this for yourself you will take my word for it. I forgot to mention Harry. Thank you for the Worthington Mr Hanlon. Chiz.



Personally I think I'm just psychological

.....
Isn't Fandom romantic!
.....

We couldn't be contriter about the omission of Lancaster fan Sydney Waring. You contriter sort it out if you like.

***** Ken Potter, 5 Furness Street, Lancaster
