

# BRENNNSCHLUSS



.....  
Women's fashions are based on the misconception that women can look  
good in clothes (Harry Hanlon)  
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20 pages or so

Faint duplicating

.....  
You always manage to smuggle some sex into your poetry, don't you (Irene)  
.....

NUMBER THREE the reliable fanzine.

# SCHLUSSPIEL

EDITORIAL by Ken Potter.

Were sorry it's late, but we gave Fandom up for Lent, you know, and by the time Lent was over, we were dead drunk.

You may be forgiven, gentle reader, for expecting the renaissance of BRENN, after so long a wait, to be spectacular and huge.

Well it isn't.....

We first did a bit on a flatbed. Then we looked incredulously at the last BRENN, fifty-eight pages, all on flatbed, shrugged shoulders and bought a Gestetner.

We kept the issue small for economy's sake, and also because a lot of the duplicating turned out to be bad cos we underinked. I am willin g to make the highly controversial statement that it's all legible. Next time will see a great improvement on the bad pages herein - we'll be at least up to the standard of the good ones. The dearth of illos will be corrected tnext time. And since we have a rotary duper and enthusi- asm we don't expect it to take very long.

This one is for free. Next time one shilling or at least write.

Thats enough Editorial-type-editorial. Futurly I will be con- tributng a column with the awe-inspiring title

## the braille spittoon

I would like to give you a short example .....

What would you do if you awoke one morning to discover a space ship had landed on your lawn? I seem to have been asked this question numberless times. But I have the answer.

The public reaction to something as alien as men from Mars is difficult, if not impossible, to gauge. The fact that we can only guess has for much good Science Fiction in the past. But I think you will agree it would be fascinating to find out.

Eight years or more ago, Dave and I thought so. So with the instopable enthusiasm of youth, we decided to put it to the test.

We had some old vacuum cleaner parts, enough material for a shroud, and some nondescript metal objects.

I draped Dave, judiciously painted the shroud, and bedecked him with unrecognisable lunks of metal.

W then lurked round a corner.

Furness Street was a shambles. It is covered with bricks and things, which would have been used for a building programme curtailed by the war. It is the ideal place for bonfires, and it was November. The bulk of the population were struggling with trees.

Dave continued to lurk, while I ran wildly across their field of vision, giving every appearance of frantic terror. They didn't even notice. I ran back again screaming. They looked up disapprovingly.

"A Martian's landed!" I panted, running towards them. One of the bigger ones told me to go away.

We were prepared for scorn and disbelief, even in the face of my convincing histrionics. But let them preserve their equanimity on beholding the terror. We would soon see their steel nerves wilt. Ha!

I lept over a few walls and came up behind Dave. He was bloody cold, and said so. I shushed him - I didn't want anybody to suspect he was human.

"Are they scared?" he asked.

"No", I replied "But they're disturbed. I have sown the seed of doubt."

So the mighty awe-inspiring shrouded vacuum cleaner bedecked form of Dave lumbered towards the industrious group of bonfire constructors. He delivered himself of bloodcurdling alien cries as he advanced. When nothing happened, he stopped running and looked at them bewildered. The tough one told him to go away, and they continued building the bonfire. He went away.

So now I am done with the public. But if I see a Martian any time, or a Space Ship in the garden, I shall tell it to go away. If it doesn't, I'll take a shot of mescaline and a quart of whisky. If it doesn't go away after that, it probably John W. Campbell, doing a little social research.

.....  
His death was due to improper feeding by visitors .....

.....(The Champion March 1914.).....

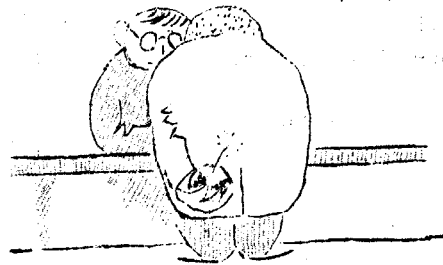
### IRENE

...And so time has rolled by and I now find myself in these circumstances. Life is hard! Just recently we had to buy a picture to cover up the wall paper. Ken is annoyed with the tiny back kitchen 'cos he can't play a trombone in it. The living room is so huge were thinking of letting out as flats. Next week I begin a new job, and so on, and so on....

Were going to emigrate and go to London and descend on the Ashworth's and grow a beard and get up earlier and stay out later and sell records and trombones and a bike and paint a table and write a book go on a world trip drink more smoke more save more spend more think more rest more and do more and yet more of BRENNSCHLUSS that great and wonderful fanzine that comes to you .... well ... er.., we hope it does,, but don't we all.

the  
lindsay  
report.....

"I've come to  
pay my... bill"



PRESENTS A VALUABLE INSIGHT INTO THE WORKINGS OF AN ESSENTIAL PUBLIC SERVICE.

IN

Last time I wrote about the people who come in and pay thier electricity bills. I call these the SHEEP. This time, we will consider the GOATS, i.e. the ones who don't come in and pay thier electricity bills.

OUR

Theoretically, all,we need do to get our money is cut off their juice. whereupon...driven to desperation, they will rush in shamefacedly, and imploringly thrust wads of notes at us.

OLDEST

But it's not so simple as that.

REGULAR

Mrs Grommet is our favourite goat, and the study of her case will give you a fair idea of the intricate web of subtle ploys and subterfuges by which we extract the goats' money from them.

FEATURE

In a dark draw in Mrs Grommet's house, lies an electricity bill. It gathers dust, all hope abandoned She stuffed it there a month ago, with a snort of disgust, and it is destined never to see the light of day again.

Sniggles  
and  
Tiddles

Up the path comes a postman, bearing a reminder notice. These are sent out by the central billing office, and I can just imagine some girl sitting at her machine, churning out reminder notices by the thousand, a wicked gleam in her eye, thinking of the panic and consternation she is spreading, when all the time, they mean nothing at all to the goats. Nothing more than a mere hors d'oeuvre....a taste of bigger things to come. Maybe 1% will scare the wits out of some poor starving old soul. Maybe another 1% will infuriate a pompous plutocrat, who just happened to have been on holiday. The rest suffer all sorts of indignities at the hands of the goats.

t.

Mrs Grommet sees hers coming, and guides it straight into the waste paper basket, before it has time to fall on the mat.

A few weeks later comes the Knock On The Door. This is what the Goats fear most. None of them dare answer The Knock On The Door....or for that matter The Ring On The Bell. For they know this would bring them face to face with our Collector, and then all would be lost.

The human nervous system is structurally of inconceivable complexity. It is estimated that there are in the human brain about twelve thousand millions of nerve cells or neurons, and more than half of these are in the cerebral cortex. Disorientation on coming face to face with our Collector is approximately 85%, and the energy surge developed in the attempted reintegration is of sufficient potential to cause a cortical-thalamic short circuit.

This invariably results in the right hand moving spontaneously to the purse ... or trouser pocket as the case may be.. and handing over Ten Bob On Account..

Mrs. Grommet however, after 97 years of looking in the mirror, could no doubt face the Gorgon herself with impunity. She is certainly up to facing our Collector and making lying promises to bring something into the office at the weekend.

When the goats have been somewhat weeded out and only the hardier ones remain they get one of our Special Letters, which says we are tired of rucking about and unless they pay up pretty damn quick we will Issue Instructions for the Supply to be Disconnected. (Note the subtlety of this... we don't commit ourselves by saying we will actually disconnect. merely that we will Issue Instructions.... you will see the reason for this later)

Most of the goats quail when they get one of these, and are soon out of the running. Even Mrs. Grommett is not unmoved by our Special Letter. She doesn't merely ignore it and throw it into the waste paper basket (like the Reminder Notice)..... she gives it a contemptuous sneer and throws it into the waste paper basket.

The next character in the act is the Cut Off Man. We give him a little chitty and he sets off, pliers in hand, to play hide and seek with Mrs. Grommett.

He knocks on her front door then scorches round the garden to catch her coming out the back, but she is up to that little ploy and stays put. He peers in one window after another as she crawls from room to room. He departs and then comes back in various disguises.... dark glasses and beard, Davey Cr ckett hat, space,an's helmet, Santa Claus outfit (Winter quarter) and other variations ... but Mrs Grommett is no fool and answers to door to no one. She has more time than he, and he is the one who gives in first. She glares at his departing back then goes and gloats over the meter spinning merrily around.

.. Back at the office, we play our last card. We send her a Registered letter. This one says that unless she opens the door, and lets us get to her meter, we will Dig Up The Road and cut the cable. The deadline is set for a weeks time, and when the day arrives, we realize she has called our bluff. We must dig up the road, or lose face.

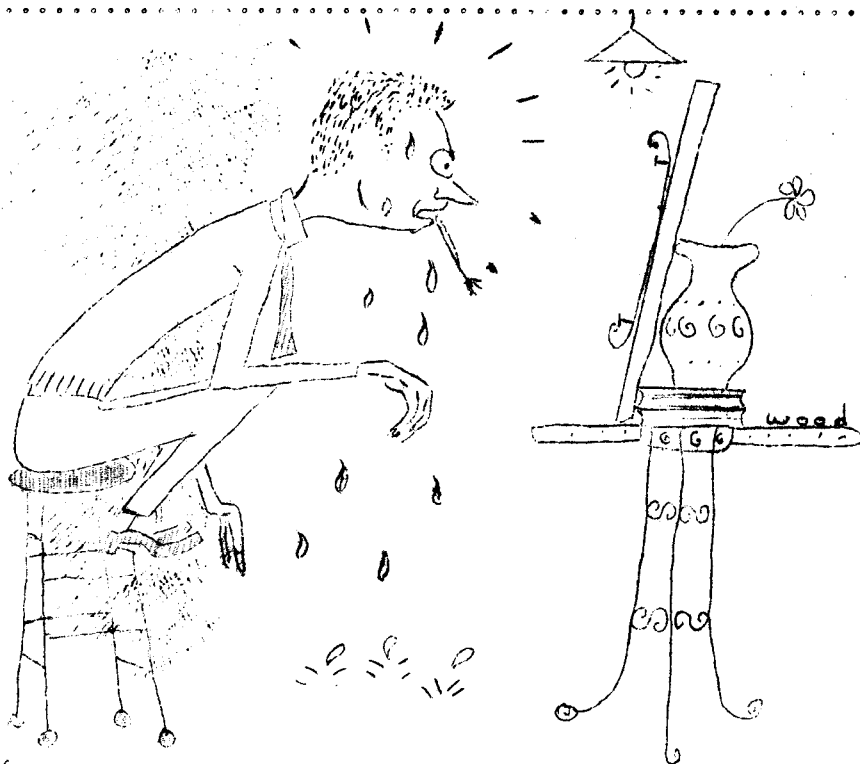
So we choose the burliest, meanest looking of our gangers, and transport him up to her front gate. With a great clatter, he unloads picks and shovels and things, and soon Mrs Grommet can be seen peering through the curtains

She sees our man swinging his pick at the road and for the first time a shadow of anxiety crosses her face. But little does she know he has fitted a rubber tip to the pick, for the Town Council would not like it if he damaged their road surface. As he hacks away in lifelike manner she bites her nails in indecision, and it's just a question of whether her nerve will break before she realises nothing is happening. Finally our man plays his trump card. He takes from his bag an artificial crack and lays it on the road.

With a shriek Mrs. Grommet bursts forth and stuffs a fistfull of moth-ball smelling pound notes into the hands of our waiting collector.

Heigh Ho, another one off the list.

.....  
Male and Female Bush Babies will not separate (Exchange & Mart 30/1/58).  
.....



The Lancaster Jan in his Natural Haunt.  
Dave ponders Klee.....

fannish



fables

irene potter

A short time ago, I was searching through our fannish output during the past decade or so. I found it to be a miserable heap of crud, in spite of the encouraging letters to PERI, and the ecstatic ones to BREN. Only the following did I consider worthy of reprint. This was circulated to a privileged few one Christmas many moons ago, and is still, I think, the best thing my esteemed wife ever did. So we commence her contribution with.

AND THE SMOKE CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY JUST THE SAME.

"Poor Santa Clause" said Daddy, in a miserable tone, "now he'll get his coat all black." A few clouds of smoke belched miserably from the fireplace, and hung. Puff, they said, and vanished. "Poor Santa Clause" said Mummy. I was silent.

After a while, they discovered that if they kept the door open, the smoke went up the chimney. After a while longer, we were all very very cold. So they closed the door, and the smoke came down the chimney again. "Poor Santa Clause" said Daddy. And after another while my Mother opened the window. But this became cold too, after a while, and was no use. Daddy shook his head.





The builder said "Your chimney pot is cracked, you want another." And so he put on a new chimney pot, and took away the old one. My mother went to the fireplace, and the smoke was coming down the chimney. "Poor Santa Clause" I said. My father went out, and came back with the builder. The builder looked up the chimney a long time. "Hmmm" he said, and then went away to think about it.

One day my father saw the builder digging and planting, so he asked about the chimney, and the builder said he was thinking about it wasn't he. My father kept asking about the chimney, and one day the builder came with a queer tube. He fixed it to the new chimney pot and went away again. My mother went to see the fire place, and the smoke was coming down the chimney. My father was angry with the builder.

"Poor Santa Clause" said my brother, and bored two holes in the floorboards near the fireplace. "Why are you doing that" I asked. "It's suction" he said. Then we sat all that night and watched the smoke coming out of the chimney. Then my father was angry with my brother. So my brother blocked the holes up again, and went away and sulked about it.

My mother found a loose brick in the chimney, and my father told the builder about it. "Aaah" said the builder wisely, "that's what made it smoke." So my father came home, and smoke was coming down the chimney. He went back, and told the builder about it. The builder said "You want your chimney widening". And my father said "Pish!" and walked away. He sent for the chimney sweep. The chimney sweep swept the chimney, and then he went away, and left the soot in the garden. "My mother said "the smoke is coming down the chimney" ...So they had a row.

A few days later two men arrived with the new fireplace, and pretty soon it was all nice and neat and fired in. A small cloud of smoke appeared, and went "Puff". I looked around, and all the people said "How pretty". "Poor Santa Clause" I said. "But that doesn't matter any more" they said in surprised tones. "You're too old for that sort of thing now, you know."

.....  
It's that bald dog again  
.....

From the very beginning, I was endeared to Grandpa. Every year during the summer holidays, I would find myself deposited upon him and poor Grandma for a week or so. Grandpa grew grapes and each year upon my return home, a good few grapes mysteriously disappeared. He also grew tomatoes, but these were always "taken care of" by a young male cousin of mine, with whom I worked land in glieve.

Grandpa had a paint hut too. As might be expected of such a hut it was full of paint of every hue and colour. He used to stand in the midst of mounds and rounds of cans meditating and mixing a dark fawnish coloured paint. He always mixed paint dark and fawnish, it was either his way of self expression, or maybe he wanted to paint something dark and fawnish. In any case he never used it, 'cos after a while he'd

say "Humph!", glare at it menacingly, and scrape it all back into a messy looking tin. Then he'd lock everything up, and stagger back into the house like a beaten man.

Now I'm going to tell you about the telescope. This telescope fascinated me above all else, and was Grandpa's most prized possession. He said he'd got it from a Captain of some ship or other. Of course, I didn't believe him. Not because I didn't think he could have got it from any particular captain, but because Grandpa was the sort of person you just naturally didn't believe, whatever it was he told you. The fact remains that he did have this telescope, and it kept right on fascinating me. Grandpa hardly ever let me hold it, which drove me almost wild. I took to asking questions.

"Could you see the stars through it?" Yes, you could see the stars through it. "How big do they look?" They looked quite big. "What do they look like?" They looked just bigger. "Can you see the craters on the moon, Grandpa?" Yes, you could see the craters on the moon. "~~And the mountains?~~" The mountains as well. "How many times does it ~~magnify~~, Grandpa?" He didn't know that one. "How many times do you ~~think~~ it magnifies?" Don't worry your Grandpa. Come and get some tea.

This last remark was of the somewhat mundane nature I usually had to put up with.

Eventually, I had Grandpa standing on the back door step, telescope in hand, all ready to show me the Wonders Of The Universe in general. This was as far as we got, however, for he proclaimed the night to be "too cloudy", and in spite of my ardent pleadings, shuffled back inside.

The night I really did manage to get him outside wasn't much of a success. He would gaze at some point in the sky for a considerable length of time remarking about some interesting object and when a small cloud obscured his view, he would hand the telescope to me as though I could tell him what was going on behind the steamy mass. It didn't take me long to discover that I wasn't cut out for star gazing. For one thing I had a terrible struggle trying to keep the correct eye closed, and when I did get the correct eye closed I could never open the other far enough for comfort. For another thing, when I had arranged myself thus, the telescope just naturally avoided the object I wanted to observe, and even if I found this spot with the correct eyes in the correct places, Grandpa would suddenly remove the telescope because he wanted to look at something quite different. All this was very frustrating to a young and eager scientist like myself. I tried to improve matters by resting the telescope on the backyard gate, but this had its limitations of course.

Grandpa had the strangest theories on astronomy. I remember this outstanding one in particular. "Saturn", he said, "doesn't move like the other planets. It goes up and down in jerks of seven". This was a new one on me. "One, two, three, four, five, six, SEVEN," said Grandpa, waving his arm up and down. I was amazed at his imagination. "Saturn is the one with the rings", he went on. "I know

I said, "but it doesn't shoot up and down the way you said."  
"I have seen it. It moves up and down in jerks. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

"But it can't!"

"Why?"

"Well - er- it's against the law of gravity."

"Allright" he said "If there's a clear sky tonight, I'll show you. It jerks up and down. One, two, three, four, five six, SEVEN. Just like I said. You'll see.

There was a clear sky that night, and we duly presented ourselves on the front door step. My father was also in the offing.

Grandpa searched the sky for some moments, the telescope waving gently up and down. "Now then." he said at last. And we looked toward where the telescope pointed hopefully. The stars were twinkling, and the gloomy looking surroundings were very busy looking gloomy. We looked at Grandpa. "Hmmp" he said. "Have you found it?" I asked "Here you are" said Grandpa, ignoring my question. He took the telescope away from his eye, and turned to my father. "That's the one" he said, pointin vaguely skywards.

My father took the telescope, and waved it wildly for a few moments, before he settled down to pulling the most horrible faces, with his chin resting on his kneecaps snugly.

"Well" I said at length, "Can you see anything?"

"Aaaaargh" was the reply. So I said "Well?" "Grumph- ug er - yes er ug umph mm" "Here" I said "Let me have a look."

And sandwiched between the two of them, I did my best to locate the planet. As it turned out, it was a hopeless struggle. Once, after waiting for a cloud to depart, I managed to locate the desired spot. My Grandpa said suddenly "I think you're looking at the wrong one" and leaned on the end of the telescope. "Get off!" I screamed.

But during the commotion, an aunt appeared at the doostep and cried "You're to come in, and do you want some tripe for supper?" Grandpa did; He took the telescope, and dissappeared within. And that, to say the leastest, was that.

.....  
The planets are of not much use to anyone. (RAF star chart)  
.....

#### TRIPPERS TAKE A TOP

We come tripping along over a lot of salmony coloured ground, me carrying a canvas type bag, cos Potter is too lazy (chiz). Thinks "The Hound" and we come upon this great metal structure. We guess it is the Eiffel Tower, because of the way it locks. Ken tells me how many times higher than Blackpool tower it is, on account of him knowing things like that. It is not necessary for you to know this, so I won't burden you with it, and besides, I forget what he said.

I think to myself "Oh" I think "I did not know it was so big". But I look again and it is still there and so I guess it is really as big as I thought it was the first time. Some people don't go by first impressions. I don't know if I'm one of these people so I look again to make sure.

There is a little shop in the corner of one leg of the tower which sells useless things of no use whatsoever. Everybody goes up and has a look and strolls away again and a big fat lady sits inside and knits.

All the time Ken takes photographs of "angles" of something and we press on to see what the huge queue of stray people is doing straggling under the belly of the tower proper. We discover it is for going up the tower that they are queuing and we want to go up too. It costs unpteen francs, but I don't understand about those. They're piece of metal which Ken carries in his pockets and sometimes allows me to hold.

And there we are in a little crowd waiting for the lift. The lift comes down. It is a daft shape - something between a squashed diamond and a coal scuttle. We shuffle inside with the crowd and are borne upwards and backwards into a whole mess of iron structure and such.

There is a Charlie in the lift in a hideous uniform with a stripe down his pants, looking as if he will grow a wax moustache. We don't think much of him. The lift speeds onward. It comes to a halt and we are let out. We find ourselves on a large plateau and the first stage is complete.

Ken strides to the edge and leans over. He says "I hope we can go further than this!" I lean over and immediately feel sick. "Yes" I say.

Then a shout of jubilation from Ken. He has seen a vertical pole as thin as a spiders back leg with tiny web-like steps winding upwards into nothingness. He says "let's go up there". I quail. My narrow runs liquidly down into my shoes. "I'm not going up that", say I. (Thinks - He looks as tho' he may bash my skull in. Proceed with caution). My statement is true however for on approaching I find that the pole is railed off - the railings having spikes upon them, the nature of which would tend to make climbing difficult.

I sink to my knees in thankfulness. "Get up", screams Ken. Then in a lighter vein as tho' reading from a notice "Lift to the top on the floor below". He prances off and I stagger after him at a respectful distance - naturally.

We crowd into the second lift and we find we are standing next to a Charlie in a hideous uniform with a stripe down his pants. After staring for a considerable length of time I discover he already has a wax moustache. We think less of him in anything. And all I can see for miles and miles is patches of greyish sky and lumps of scaffolding shooting alarmingly past. That's the second type stage.

Nothing happens on the next floor because we make a bee-line for the lift. Inside I decide it is time to be sick. Ken already is, because he's standing next to a Charlie who is wearing stripes on his trousers.

The lift jolts and moves upwards, swiftly at first, but my horror grows as I see it slow down until it is almost at a standstill. I notice too that the metal work outside is thinning out. There seems to be quite a lot of sky about.

The lift does stop. We are not at the top as I had thought. We shuffle out of the lift and into yet another one and up we go.

An occasional girder drops away from us. This lift is mostly made of glass. Thank Ghu the floor isn't. A small boy is lifted up to see. He screams! I begin to perspire freely. (A fragment flashes thro' my mind "There but for the grace of Ghu go I") The little lift man leans nonchalantly on the door with crossed legs and a faraway expression upon his countenance. I think to myself "The top will be two inches wide".

Imagine my relief then when upon reaching the top I find it large enough to harbour a tiny island of shops with room enough to walk around. A barrier of glass comes between us and the outside world.

Ken is not satisfied. He trots round the little shops with a zest wonderful to behold until he finds the object of his quest. A flight of stairs leading upwards. "Ah" he exclaims, and with new energy bounds forward. I follow tremblingly. What new terror am I about to behold?

An icy blast buffets me unkindly as I step out into the rarified air. I discover directly in front and only two feet away a kind of metal basketry which is the only thing between me and limitless space. I edge out and discover a wonderful thing. Paris!

The river wanders along shining in the late Autumn light. To the left the buildings and more countrified surroundings are gradually becoming enveloped in a light mist.

Further to one side, the Arc De Triumphe. Here I crawl around to the other side. The Sacre Coeur stands stoutly upon the horizon. I squint slightly and make out Notre Dame among what appear to be dirty looking buildings. My fears are a thing of the past. I pounce upon one of several telescopes and peer anxiously about. Seems you have to pay to look thro' these, only they don't tell you until after.

Some great time later I crawl back inside to thaw my frozen bones and discover a toilet. Water type. **RIGHT AT THE TOP.** Must be one of the wonders of the world.

As we sink happily downwards on the return journey Ken discovers that our friend in the striped pants is an American. Perhaps he's symbolic of something. So full of joy am I that I discover some metal type stairs and walk down the last lap. I don't discover how sorry I am until I reach the bottom. So it goes to show doesn't it. Well I mean doesn't it. Ken is so pleased that he buys me an ice cream and we live happily ever after.



# the drumming pulse....

## A DAVE WOOD MISTAKE

Chapter the one. 150 miles from the Finsbury Park Empire  
being a sort of prologue.

The years have flown in Sidnis Foo and many things have happened. A few are worth recalling- many are not. Ken and I entered the army. Mal Ashworth took the staff of life and got married. Irene Gore became Mrs Potter. Ken and I entered civilisation. Yes I must repeat, a lot has happened over the last two years ,,,.....

When Ken and I went into the Army we both made great plans that every incident, every vench, would be recorded by the moving pen and later censored and cleaned up for pubbing in Bren .....,...

My personal plans were soon to be shattered .....

"RIGHT!!! Getfellin There.... At the double. Oh you horrible bloody lot ....., My sainted Jesus soldier if you don't pick your feet up I'll kick you so 'ard on the ass you'll find Adam faking Padre's 'our.. SQUAD! Squad - SHAH! Move ... to ... The right-in-threes, RAHHHOIT TAHN By-the-left. QUAAICKMARCHAH! .....,..."

..Which ended what was to be the most turbulent and frank diary of a British Soldier. Ken doubtless fared little better .....

Fortunately I still had contact with the outer world through the medium of letters. Through these I managed to glean a few things about progress and the outside world we all in our moments of agony referred to with baited breathe as "Civvy Street".

"..... You know that I have moved to a new adress. Boy, this is a great house. Much bigger than the other one, and a small garden (yippee) and its much nearer Walth (hooray) and I've got a little room of my own where I can hammer away at the dreaded typer without worrying about the vibration if formerly caused to the television screen.

Also I can bolt the door and keep the nippers from rummaging about with my letters and papers and fanzines and things. I am, however, starved of office furniture. My desk at the moment is constructed of two tea chests with a hunk of greenwood suspended between them to hold the typer. Match, tea chests ain't very high, so I have to curl up like an ingrowing toenail, and as I type, I can rest my chin on my knees if I need to contemplate for a few moments. It fair gives me the backache, though. I've also had to make two holes in each side of the tea chest, so that I can fit my elbows in as I type. I feel like a little hunchback, and every so often I get up and stretch out my arms and chest, and rise to my full five feet six inches. Then again, the flipping room is cold, and after every three or four lines I have to run up and down the stairs to bring back the circulation. I sometimes find myself wondering if it is worth it. Last night, I had cramp so bad that I couldn't move. I sort of swayed to and fro until I was able to move over a tea chest sufficiently far enough to cause the mouldy plank to slip off. The resultant crash as the typer disappeared through the floorboards brought up my wife to investigate, as I had intended, but she had perforce to retrace her steps to the room below, and help lift the typer off my lap. There must be SOMETHING about fanatic. Mustn't there."

Don't worry folks John Jerry wrote me that in 1955 so he's had a little time to settle in by now. John was one of a trusted few whose letters were, for a while anyway, allowed to penetrate the confines of my new home. After a while even they were stopped. But there was one man about whom I could write prose till the end of my days. One man alone who with dexterous manipulation and the cunning licking of a stamp could always be guaranteed to get through to me. His letters came with alarming allacrecity, hardly a month or two passed before I could ensure a reply to whatever I had written. He was a man who never knew the weeks the months or the years. Time meant nothing to him, as any one will know when I say his name ,.....(shudder)

Mal Ashworth. The fan with the eternal questing mind .....

"As I sit here writing to you someone is playing 'Lock Road' on an accordin next door. This district has atmosphere - you have to give it that, whatever else you give it (like disinfectant, a wide berth, etc) I suppose really it is just the place for a budding young author to do a gentle little Dylan Thomas or William Saroyan on the world. I intend to see what can be done about it sooner or later. It is a district of reasonably large houses which must have been quite well-to-do a decade or two ago but are now mostly converted into flats. In ten years it will be more or less a slum. At present it is in a rather interesting, transitional stage - anybody and everybody might be your next door

neighbour (and probably is for all we know. We have hardly seen our next door neighbours yet. Which is just the way I like things. Why, I suppose there could even be a brothel next door for all I know. There could? There c-o-u-l-d ??? Excuse me.

As I sit here typing to you through two blackened eyes and a swelling nose, I am now able to report to you that I have now had the pleasure of meeting our next door neighbours. There is, it seems, no brothel next door to us.

Still, there could be.

Like I say, it is an interesting district.

We keep finding slugs in our sink.

You must come and see us as soon as possible. You and Brenda too. or even just Brenda for that matter. There is nothing immoral left to me now but adultery. It is a dull life.

I haven't done anything in months. I haven't read, or written, or fanned, or anything civilised. I am mentally devoid of everything. But I am reading Dylan Thomas. The other day, I saw a copy of "The Wayward Bus" (by Steinbeck, of course) - for 2/- so I got that 'thinking' 'Here is a fine foreign author' 'A superb book of his and it should be a most fascinating story and it will probably teach me oodles and oodles about writing'. Thirty pages in it was doing just nothing so I ditched it. Then a day or two later I saw "Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man" by James Joyce for 2/- and I thought "Hell another one. But Wood says he's good; he must be good' so I got it and I'm reading it and he is. He is a fine writer and I guess he can teach me something about it. Thanks.

About the only constructive thing I am doing at the moment - apart from having affairs with secretaries and so on - is photography. Potter tells me he has acquired a camera too and the dread disease is getting him. I gloat. And thou, Dear David? I now have access to an enlarger too so this makes it a lot more worthwhile.

This, of course, presents an absolutely unique opportunity to the Fannish Association for the Appreciation of Fifteen Denier Nylon Nighties. The old box cameras come pouring out, are stood on piles of books while the fan breathlessly holds the shutter open, counting off the seconds (backwards, of course, five, four, three, two one, zero, shutter closed) and the fan's girl-friend freezes to death over in the other corner of the room in a fifteen denier nylon nightie. I almost feel like a great Benefactor of Mankind) Yes.

Ashworth has since then converted me to photography. After all who could resist the continual plying of such interesting text-books, as "Charm Photography" "The Fairer Sex". "Bust Beauties" "Bustier Beauties" "The fuller Figures exposed" etc etc. I now chant apertures and film speeds in my sleep. Who ever said the Sense of Wonder was lost ought to contact Ashworth. That will set him wandering!



Chapter Two. Potter takes over from Harding  
beginning with a libel quote from Ashworth:-

Alas, alas. This is sad news about Potter. I wrote anguishedly to the seat of his affections, after receiving your devastating communication, to find out if any more was known. He was then somewhere in the wilds of Wiltshire or some such place (not far from Trowbridge, so the story goes) awaiting dispatch to Godknowswhere ( a hell-hole if ever there was one. And apparently there was.) Moreover, it seems, the seat of his affections has now become his betrothed. The telling of how they broke the news to mist-eyed parents is a classic of human courage and endurance; well - a classic of humour anyway, which I have begged permission to publish in ROT, even as I hope, given your kind indulgence, to select passages of this turbulent missive from your goodself for the same fate. Anyway thus it is. Potter may go anywhere, they have got engaged and the whole system of slinging people - who don't want to be slung - out to far-flung corners of the earth is Bloody Lousy. But we, just happening to be minions, seem to have little say in such things.

Irene also says someone has given him a trombone; that is the cruellest cut of all.

Yes indeed this, the saddest news of 1957 was the cruellest cut of all. Indeed all Cyprus must have felt the Sense of Wonder at the coming of One of Ghod. Still the Message was taken and Lancaster Fandom stretched its second corner to another part of the Empire.

..... Meanwhile the abominable Ashworth was still trying to prove his worth.....

Aint that hell? I ring up offering to sit in the auditorium of a cinema with a skeleton, at midnight, to watch a private showing of a horror film. And what happens? Does the skeleton answer the telephone? Does a sinister, Dracula-like voice slither along the line from the other end? Does it hell - a rather befuddled-sounding, obviously Yorkshire, Assistant Manager says "Well I'm very sorry, but it's the Manager's day off. Could you ring again tomorrow please?" You'd think they had people ringing up every day of the week offering to sit beside skeletons at Midnight showings of horror movies, wouldn't you? It wasn't my idea in the first place; it was theirs. I read it in this morning's paper - they wanted someone to sit in the auditorium of their cinema all alone except for a skeleton by his side, at midnight, and watch a showing of the horror film INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Someone they wanted who is over 18 'has steel nerves' and a good heart - and can stay awake after midnight. (Which doesn't really make the film sound all that good, does it?) So I ring up kindly offering to oblige them, and it's the Manager's day off and could I ring again tomorrow. Well - I may, I may not. It's not that I'm bothered about sitting with a skeleton; I wouldn't particularly go out of my way to do it. It's not that I want to prove to anybody that I have 'nerves of steel' or anything. It's just

that I'm over 18, often stay awake reading long after midnight, would like to see a movie in real peace for once without goodly folk breathing cigarette smoke down my neck and crunching papers in my ears, and, most of all, would like to see the movie for free. Oh well. I'm not bothered.

He's not bothered.

But what of Potter ..... Nobody seemed to know. Oh yes letters kept coming but Ghod himself could never read his handwriting.

Meanwhile back at civilisation.

And we have bashed and battered our way through sales. Sales are fantastic things. Crowds and crowds of women. Millions upon millions of the fiercest creatures on earth fighting tooth and nail. After the first few times I fought with a pointed umbrella. It put me on something slightly more like an equal footing. It can be used like a sword, of course, or even a mace, but I find it most effective when brought down in a strong, swinging movement rather like spearing fish, against some unprotected head. You should go to the sales some time - particularly if you are naive enough to believe in civilisation. The sales are a fine cure for that!

What a word: "Civilisation".

Plaintive little trogs crouched round their idiots lanterns, square eyed and snotty minded, oblivious to the outside world, succumbed by immature drama, penny dreadful murders and red-nosed comics.....

Thank goodness I have a Universal Creative Mind.

What! You didn't know. Then let me tell you all.

Chapter the three. How young DAVID ground down by NATIONAL SERVICE gained The STAFF of LIFE.

Picture then, to yourself, a ruddy-cheeked stocky sort of chap, dressed in loose ill-fitting khaki, with a humourous mouth, generous to a fault, ever ready to share the pint at his mates expense, possessing the strength of an ox and the tenderness of a Schweitzer, well read in the Arts and Crafts and what have you .....

.....The Man with The Universal Creative Mind!!

Actually it was only by the sheerest of accidents that I gained a Universal Creative Mind. At the time as you know I was serving in the Army and feeling moody, discontent, restless and generally low. Goodness knows why.

One day realising how inhibited I was growing I trotted out for some fresh air. Strolling in the country I came across a small iron seat or

stool that can so often be found when not wanted. but is the devil when your feet feel hot and blistered. Thankfully I sat down upon it.

It was while I was sitting here that I found the envelope. It was old and tattered, I picked it up having nothing else to do but sit and dig the birds blowing.

This was the decisive moment in my life! A turning point as you might say.

Within the envelope was a letter headed "The Realization System of Practical Psychology". I began to read:-

"Dear Sir, by this time you will have read "Realization" I hop it touched the right spot, the warm spot, within you".

Immediately the sense of left-out-ness overcame me. How I needed touching on the warm spot. Oh my, how lonely I felt. I read on:-

"I hope it made you happy. Maybe it made you wonder. Maybe it made your pulses beat faster. Maybe it did something more....."

Oh just to be able to glimpse the pages of this magnetic book. Greater than the Enchanted Duplicator it indeed must be.

".....maybe it ushered right into your consciousness a flood of bright, daring, new hopes for the future. For I know you are only human like the rest of us... your heart and mind are thrilled by the thought of SELF REGENERATION....."

This was beginning to read like a handbook of interlinations and quotes.

".....You cannot escape having the same dreams, and desires, that fill the breast of every human being today....."

"The Universal Creative Mind planted that restlessness and that craving in you and provided abundant means for their gratification....."

".....And by the way have you noticed that the world today is a bit cruel and unreasonable?....."

".....Doesn't the world seem to demand that you succeed, be prosperous, healthy and happy, no matter what your handicaps may be? For if you HAVEN'T all this, the world doesn't ask why ... it merely IGNORES YOU! It simply doesn't know you exist....."

From then on I was Universal Creative Mind mark I. I wasn't going to be left behind with the Rat Race. Oh no not me. I was going back to find the thing that:- "... spur us on to the leap to the top of our Triumphant Goal!". From now on I would be "groping to find a Newer, Greater Self - the Subconscious Mind". And I might add I found it. Oh yes I found it. As I said earlier on, Ashworth sent me all those wonderful books and in their pages was laid naked my Subconscious mind.

PRIZE COMPETITION !

To the first idiot to provide us with full relevant details of the following quotation, we offer a slightly worn rubber finger, and three inches of string.

"Have you ever noticed that the hills and woods are really 'blue in the distance?' A great many writers have done so. What a charming definition (horrid word) Princess Bee gave of the horizon, and how differently she thought of the bigness of the world from George. Do you think they would find lobsters by fishing under the old stone bridge. (Perhaps, however, this is too severe a question for a tale about 'long long ago') Those forbidden Sylphs were still in the children's minds."

For this one, a rubber thumb, and four inches.

"Twas late in the summer of 1792.....  
.....His voice broke under his emotion as he read the futility of hope in his son's blanched face. For a moment, he bowed his head in abject despair.....  
.....Let us suppose you have decided to go in for ferret keeping. The first, and most important thing is to start off with some really good animals.....  
.....I think the picture on the present cover will be widely popular. It is by Mr H S Tuke, the original being in the Tate gallery It speaks eloquently of the joys of summer. It is an acknowledged masterpiece"

Happy puzzling, Charlies!

Ethel Lindsay  
Courage House  
6 Langley Ave.  
Sorbitor,  
Surrey.



printed  
matter  
CHEAP RATE.



THE PURE FANZINE

fifth year of publication

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4 Coverdale Rd  
Both Lancaster.