

Thirty-fourth of October.....



BRENNSCHLUSS is published by virtue of the outstanding creative urges of those prominent members of the dead beat generation, Ken & Irene Potter

At the time of writing, we have not quite decided how to dispose of it, but since fate selected YOU as one of the lucky recipients, it would be greatly appreciated if you would write, if only to ensure that you don't get another copy, and do get the next issue.

GELDART on curious oriental foibles.

LOCKE on finance and the fannish spirit.

spring 1960

ASHWORTH on the human condition

WOOD on how to run mighty machines

POTTER (I) on golden childhood

POTTER(K) on the british fighting forces

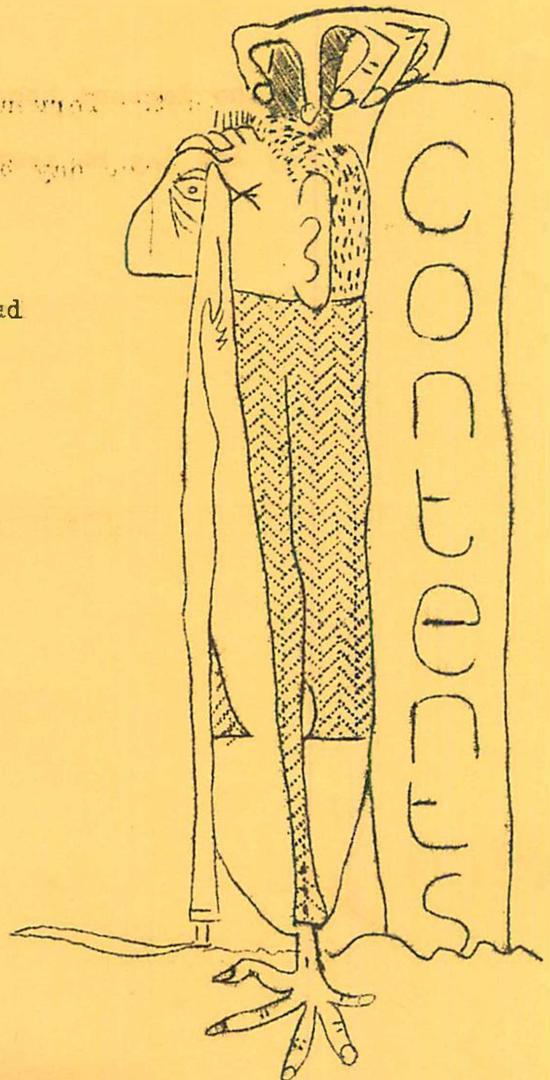
Also, the stalwarts who knew and loved our fascinating little magazine two years ago, contribute a few antedeluvian words from the dim and forgotten past when Brennschluss two was loosed upon the more star born sections of humanity.

COVER by Dave Wood.

INTERIOR ~~DESIGN~~ DECORATIONS by the same Dave Wood, and by Joy and Vin/ Clarke.

the legendary fanzine

from 1. DUNSMORE Rd, STAMFORD HILL,
LONDON N.16.



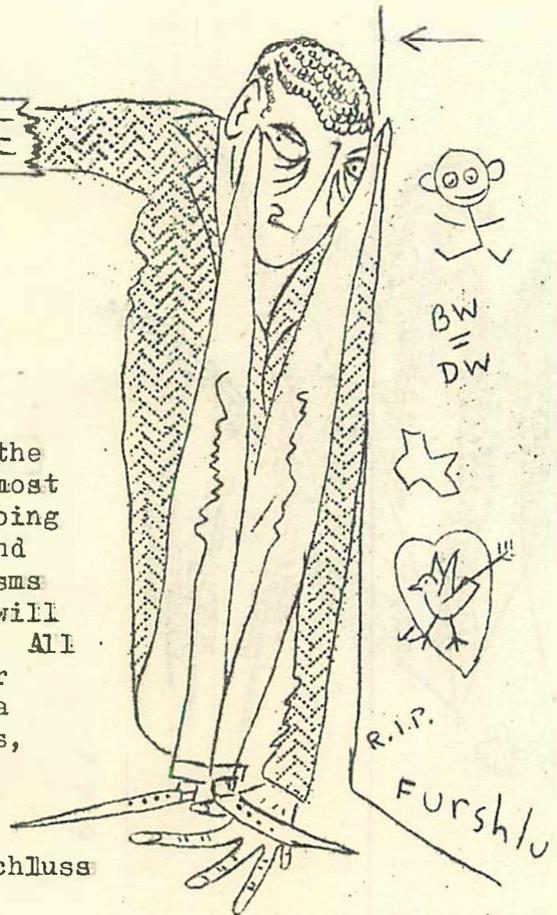
TO GWLADYS

In the fervent hope that God's glorious gift of toenails
may one day be restored to her.

SCHLUSSPILE

EDITORIAL.

This issue I am simply not going to make the usual tawdry attempts to extract humour from the fact that the last issue was almost two years ago. I am not even going to enumerate, or apologise for and explain the numberless anachronisms and mistakes which the diligent will be able to find in these pages. All that sort of tittle tattle is for ordinary faneds, not those with a tremendous crusade on their hands, not those whomare determined to persuade the whole of fandom to rally to the cause, no matter what the cost. At last, Brennschluss has such a crusade.



So far as I know at present, the TAFF candidates for 1960 are likely to be Sandy Sanderson, Eric Bentcliffe, and Mal Ashworth. Sandy and Eric are merely very fine fans indeed, sterling publishers, and people who because of their long and active fan careers deserve the gratitude and esteem of all fandom.

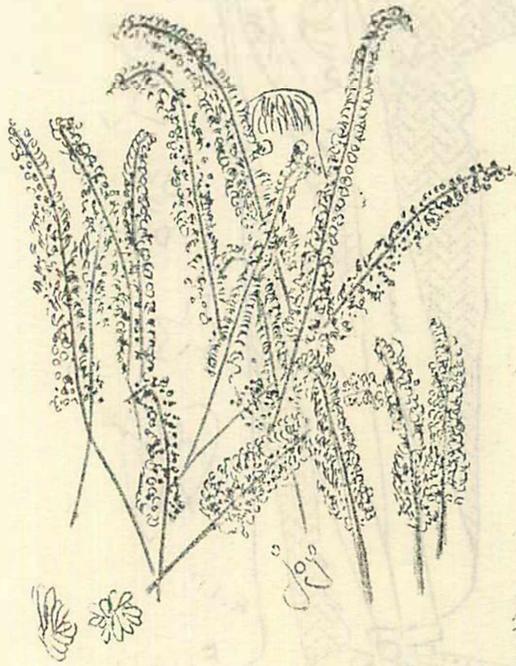
Ashworth is much more.

That, of course, is the Crusade, Ashworth for TAFF. Ordinarily I don't care much who wins- I figure they all deserve it. I vote, but I am not devastated if my candidate stays put. But not since Walt Willis made it to America as the honoured guest of American Fandom has there been a worthier fan, or one who will be more welcome in the states than Ashworth.

It will be bandied about among neofen, and among old timers with short memories that the volcano known as Ashworth has been rather silent lately. How can I dispute it? But he never went GAFIA. Fandom is in his blood, and there is no escape for him from this microcosm of inky fingers and inspiration. And the volcano is now erupting anew, in a manner which takes us back to the days when Brennschluss was young, and almost as promising as Ashworth's incredibly funny BEM.

(indocrination continued inside
back cover)

1988



THE MOST
UNFORGETTABLE
LUPIN MAN I
EVER MET.

By

MAL

ASHWORTH

We used to envy Ken And Irene their Lupin Man.

This was when they had a flat in Lancaster; they had the ground floor; on the floor above lived a scoutmaster, and on the floor above him (or 'the attic' as it was quaintly called) lived 'The Lupin Man' We never saw him except from a distance, but it struck us, as Ken and Irene talked about him, that it must be a fascinating existence living in such close proximity to such a colourful character. The last time we were there he had gone out floating on the nearby canal, and had already been gone three weeks. It isn't difficult to imagine how envy might creep in under such circumstances.

The other night, however, we took stock of our own current collection of characters, and we suddenly realised that our envy was misplaced; we were in fact the fortunate ones. How could a solitary Lupin Man, no matter how bouyant he may be on canals, compare with a list like ours, which included such prize specimens as 'Sloshing Socrates', 'The Dripping

Milk Man', 'The Smiling Lady', Horseface Anna', and the ubiquitous 'Buggerlugs'? Not to mention 'The Man With The Slipped Face'.

Those of course are only the most obvious examples, the ones which spring first to mind; a little judicious casting around soon swells the collection. There are 'Big Momma' and 'Big Daddy', who live next door to us, their daughter 'Mad Aggie' who lives across the street with her husband, 'Big Bopper', and next to them 'Johnny Guitar' and his Woman. Then somewhere along the end of the street, or round the back of the street, or in the nearby allotments, or in an adjacent dustbin shed, or somewhere on that way, lives "The Burning Grass Man" (How delectably Bradburyish that looks in cold print!) These, unlike the previous set of Characters, are local residents, and can be ignored for the moment (a system which works admirably well the majority of the time; oh, we are very social minded citizens!), as this is mainly intended as a brief survey of Characters who momentarily Cross Our Path, and as soon are gone. In this category are included "Old Herbert", "The Little Gas Man", "The Mining Engineer", and "Moddy"; and, it would never do to leave out such stalwarts as "Jabberwocky", "Gunk Johnnie" and "Holy Mary". Among those who have now happily faded from the scene, one thinks immediately of "Quasimodo", of "Whistler and His Mother", and of "The Laughing Man", and I am quite sure there are many others hiding somewhere below the surface if I cared to search for them and drag them out into the daylight.

Once again, compered to Ken and Irene's uncomplicated relationship with their Lupin Man, our own delicately interwoven associations with these various characters seems vastly complex. Their only contact with the Lupin Man would be when he bobbed his head round their kitchen door and said to Irene "I've brought you some lupins, love". This he did, I understand, about seven hundred and thirty times the first week he moved in, and I suppose it must have been around this time that he was christened; after that he began to feel rather more at home, and Irene's weekly supply of lupins began to dwindle somewhat. But even after the supply had slackened off to a mere fifty or so bunches per week, the name somehow stuck. And of course, when he went off on prolonged canal floating expeditions, they would not see him for weeks at a time, and the house gradually became lupin-less.

Now compare this simple, idyllic, state of affairs to our contact with, say, Sloshing Socrates. (I have never been completely happy about this appellation for this particular mountainous, shambling hunk of semi-humanity. The truth of the matter is that the real Socrates rates very near top place in my All-Time Admiration List, and to have his name attached to this snuffling caviller, however ironically, makes me rather uneasy at times.) We are not overly keen on Sloshing Socrates; perhaps no one thing that I can put my finger on altogether accounts for tis, unless it is the fact that we hate his very guts - but there are a number of small points which when added together may help to explain our aversion. Sloshing Socrates travels on the same bus as we do in an evening. He snuffles his way upstairs, snuffles all the way up the aisle at the side of the bus, opening every window he passes, and sits, quite often, on the very front

seat. Now these buses have been specially constructed by congenital imbeciles for cratinous morons, and this suits Slushing Socrates to a T; the fact of the matter is, in addition to all the side windows, they also have windows at the front which open, and Slushing Socrates apparently feels divinely impelled to make use of this function quite without regard for such irrelevant matters as exterior circumstances; hail, rain, snow, fog, or sub-zero temperatures, he opens these windows too. Completion of stage one. Then, having made himself comfortable, (which consists of settling down into his seat to an almost unbelievable extent, by virtue of long and intense shufflings and bounings) and everyone else distinctly uncomfortable, he takes out his matches and lights his pipe. If you imagine flushing an ancient toilet at dead of night in a corrugated iron hotel, you are beginning to approach the reality of the sound effects accompanying this; it must have been some similar function, I feel sure, which inspired Handel's 'Water Music'. Two minutes later, he takes out his matches again, and again lights his pipe, fortissimo. One minute and thirty seconds later, he does the same again, FORTE. One minute later, he repeats the operation, CRESCENDO. It is a forty minute journey. Completion of stage two. Then, as the bus fills up, somebody inevitably ends up sitting next to him; in between puffs, and sloshes, and the striking of matches, he immediately starts up a conversation which is not so much a matter of verbal intercourse as of Slushing Socrates addressing the whole top deck of the bus on his views on This, That, and, without fail, the Other. This he does in a high, nasal, complaining whine. Completion of stage three. It may be, of course, that he has been specifically sent down from Heaven to Earth as a Light and a Saviour unto the modern generation, but that is not the way we see him.

On the other hand, a character such as The Dripping Milk Man is quite harmless and inoffensive, and even, in his own retiring fashion, likeable. He is a Morning Bus Character, and stands quietly at the stop holding a mysterious brown bag, too small for a briefcase, and yet too large to hold just a toothpick. The day he stood there unaware, though, while his mysterious bag dribbled large blobs of milk into a white pool at his feet, the mystery was, in a sense, solved. Since that morning, however, he has never dribbled milk again, and for all we know, he may be carrying cocoa in his bag now, or even moonshine whiskey, but he doesn't really look the type. In all other respects, except one, he is quite unremarkable; the one is his absence. On the rare occasions when he is not standing at the bus stop, his place is occupied by two other people - a little curly black grandmother, and a pale, bespectacled, spotty-faced boy. They stand side by side, never speaking to one another; when the bus arrives, they sit side by side never speaking to one another, and they get off at The Dripping Milk Man's stop, still never speaking to one another. What sort of occupation is his, we sometimes wonder, which can be carried out equally well by one small, silent curly black grandmother, and one equally small, equally silent, neurotic looking young boy, who may even be perfect strangers to each other? Perhaps we shall never know.

In between the extremes represented by Slushing Socrates and The Dripping Milk Man, come such people as The Smiling Lady, who, Shiela insists, smiles at her every time she sees her, since the day Shiela saw her sitting up in

bed; The Man With The Slipped Face, a Morning Bus Character who would probably have lived out his life in anonymous obscurity except for the fact that one day when he caught the bus we noticed that his face had all fallen away to one corner, (thus giving rise to our modernised version of the old Fats Waller number, "I Don't Like You Cause Your Face Falls Out"); and Noddy, who amuses us almost every morning of the year (ungrateful wretches that we are, we might at least have sent him a Christmas Card, in recognition of his efforts!) by his frantic noddings and bobbings and gyrations in the roadway, to try and induce the already overflowing bus to stop and pick him up. Buzzerlugs, too, might be described as a middle of the road sort of character, since all he did to earn recognition and identification was to take to sitting on our favourite seat on the bus, (a distinction shared with The Mining Engineer), and Holy Mary is another of the grey ghostly crew of half anonymous characters, though I seem to recall hearing her name mentioned in connection with a pretty important position of some kind.

I will pass over most of the others, each with his or her own little something, and conclude with the colourful couple who are, perhaps my favourites, Horseface Anna and Old Herbert, and their delightful little morning drama. Old Herbert is already on the bus when it arrives at our stop; he has boarded it somewhere further back along the route; or perhaps he has come from the depot with the bus; perhaps when they trundle all the buses out in a morning they trundle Old Herbert out too; maybe he sleeps on the bus, or even lives his whole life on the bus shuttling backwards and forwards and never leaving it, I couldn't say for sure, but certainly every time we see him there he is sitting on the bus, upstairs, second seat from the front. Horseface Anna gets on at our stop; she is the sort of 'young lady' in her late thirties who calls herself a 'young lady' and all her male acquaintances 'gentleman friends'; Old Herbert is the sort of faded small businessman who calls himself a 'businessman' and Horseface Anna a 'young lady'. They get along famously together. So.. the stage is set. Horseface Anna steps on the bus before us, minces up the stairs and along the aisle and stands quietly just to windward of Old Herbert's shoulder. Pause; the climax. A few seconds elapse. (Us standing breathless behind) Then - rapid denouement - Old Herbert looks up, face registers profound surprise. "Good Morning" he gasps. Then he climbs laboriously down from his seat, she minces along to sit down on the inside, he climbs laboriously back again, and we breathe again and sit down to recover from the excitement. For two years we have been catching this bus, and every morning for two years we have been watching this little drama, and every morning for two years Old Herbert has been astounded beyond words to find Horseface Anna standing at his shoulder, and I'm afraid I just couldn't bear it if he ever got used to the idea of her being there and started taking her for granted. All the same, I must admit to an occasional vague longing in the murkiest depths of my unexplored subconscious to borrow a gorilla from some sympathetic zoo and, just for one morning, let it take Horseface Anna's place in the bus queue and go through her routine to stand, finally, just behind Old Herbert's shoulder. But this is mere fantasy.

So on the whole, we feel that Ken and Irene are entitled to their Lupin Man.

BY DAVE WOOD



the

Some years ago, I chanced to come under the influence of a man with a unique analytical mind. I worked under his auspices for near on two years, before it really came to my notice. I had been told many a time by workers around me of his perverse ways, but they had never really shown themselves in my presence. Not until about five weeks before I came to leave his employment

But first, I must sketch in some slight background. He was an Executive Engineer, a man of high educational qualities, and fine breeding. He was ex navy, and stood with the proud bearing of an officer and a gentleman. He wore only the best cut, and smoked a briar of exquisite carved origin. Such was our man

The place of work shall remain nameless, as our Engineer (mainly to avoid embarrassment, should he be known to our gentle readers.)

We had two generators. Great sturdy beasts, which roared and thundered when roused, but took the devil of a lot of arousing, mainly due to our inability ever to grasp the full procedure required to activate them.

.....
The great thing about friends is that you don't have to bother to be sociable.
.....
(Harry Hanlon)

It was upon one fateful day when we failed to start these generators during a mains power failiure, that the EE turned to me, and said "Wood, get the draughtsman." I did.

"Smithers!" (that wasn't his real name, but protect the innocent, etc) Yelled our EE, over the roar of the engines which had mysteriously started in my absence, "I want a notice drawing up, with the words PUSH OFF and PULL ON, in big letters. Black on white board. And hurry."

A few days later, Smithers appeared with the notice, beautifully executed on white art board. In three inch high letters were the words PUSH OFF and PULL ON. I trotted round to the EE with it

"Ah. Jolly good Wood. Fine. Just Fine. Now trot round to the genny room, and stick it up on either side of the starting rheostat, then perhaps your chaps will know how to start in future. And let me know when it's in place. Good show."

I went to the generator room, and placed it in position. Then I got my men together, and showed them the new setup. The notice was on the right hand side of the 'stat. "So you see chaps" I said, "if you stand in front, you now know you pull the stat forward to start it. O.K?"

I called up the EE, and told him things were in position. "Jolly good, Wood, I'll be right round."

I myself will vouch for what happened next and so well - if necessary - my four comrades.

The E.E. strode into the room stood before the genny and rocked backwards and forwards on his heels. Then he said. "That's all wrong Wood". "What is?"

"This notice"

"It's what you wanted"

"No it's all wrong".

"Why Sir"?

"Well dash it man you have to PUSH it to start her up. So damned obvious".

"PULL it Sir!"

"Push it"

"PULL Sir! Look". I demonstrated.

"Your dashed well pushing Wood!" he shouted above the roar of the engines.

"I Pulled Sir".

"You pushed"

"If I push, sir, it turns off" I demonstrated. It stopped.

"Ah, but you pulled Wood. Here, let me show you." He went round to the other side of the machine, and pushed the lever away from himself. The engines roared again.

"There!" He screamed.

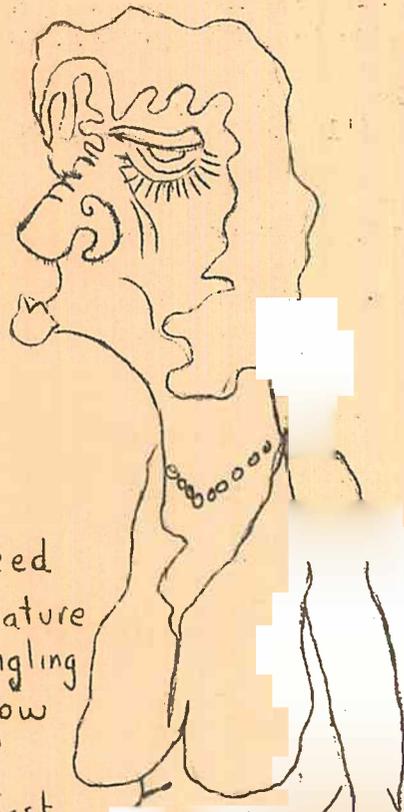
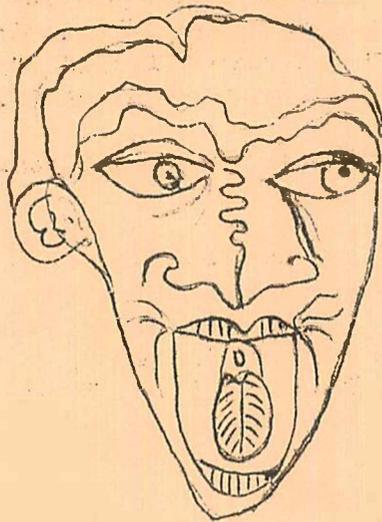
"But sir.....!"

"And if I pull....." The engines stopped. "Now, Wood, do you understand? You must get the notice changed. Carry on."

And he strode out.

.....
I thought I heard a bicycle draw up.

(Irene)
.....



"could this pearl indeed
be the self same creature
that I had left a gangling
teen ager only.....how
long was it now???"

{ quoted from almost
any where }

1 -
/ d"nZ
d"nZ

BY GEORGE LOCKE

It had come to Tom as it comes to many - the day he decided to crash the pro market. He'd been steadily turning out competent faaan fiction and it was quite by chance - at the Globe, I believe - that someone mentioned science fiction. The poor fellow was shouted down before he could string the author's name onto 'The Demolished Man', and he never came to the Globe again. But an idea stirred in Tom's brain, and straight home he went to work on a story for Abounding Science Fiction.

Nearly a week later he finished it amid the crackling of red hot typewriter keys and rustling carbon paper. It was simply and neatly stapled at the top left hand corner, on flimsy lightweight paper tastefully decorated with a couple of illos, after the style of his famous faaantoons in 'Twig Illustrated'. He wondered for a moment whether to write a full length letter to the editor, but finally decided against it. "After all, he may be unfamiliar with one or two of the faaanish words." So he merely said the usual things wise authors say in covering notes to ms sent to Gambol - experimental details in replicate emphasising the degree of tackiness obtained, and an analysis showing the tie-up with Finagle's fifteenth law - folded it neatly three times, inserted it into the lightest envelope he could find, included a similar return envelope, gave the name of his U.S. agent for Gamble to get the return postage off of, and airmailed it to the Abounding office.

He reckoned on three days for the thing to navigate itself to Madison Avenue. It would flutter onto Gamble's desk just about five in the afternoon on Friday, just as he was wearily clearing it, and preparing to go home for a quiet weekend. He would be slightly sad, Tom reckoned, at not having anything to read - he doubted whether he recieved fanzines - his eyes would brighten as Tom's ms arrived, and he would take it home assured of a fabulous weekend. Maybe it would be what he had been waiting for for so long - the initial story which would set ApSF bounding off on another glorious road of inspired extrapolation. Something to replace Diabetics, Spionic machines, and the clobbering of super aliens by country bums rolling a pair of loaded poker dice.

Yes, Tom reflected a few days later - about the time the acceptance via return airmail was due - this story could be the one. It was a slight variation on the superman theme, about a group of people distinguishable by their sensitive features, far sight, broad mental horizons, and strange non- rotary helicopter vanas on their heads.

From a bundle he selected a long sleek envelope, and gazed at it, hero worship in his simple eyes. Tom strained his eyes to see the address printed at the top. It seemed to resemble "Abounding Science Fiction, or did it say "From the office of John W Gambol Junior", or was it "Spionics Department, Street and Smith Pubs?" But whatever it said wasn't important. It was his acceptance, and that was the main thing. He began to regret his hastily conceived articles panning the master's fascinating little hobbies.

The postman started to read the return address. "Ab...."

"Go on, go on!"

"Abridged Incenebibulous Prepublications, Hayley Hanson, 142 Gafia Way, High Colorado, Alaska."

"What! Its not from Gambol?"

"Who's Gambol? And whats he got to do with it? This is your finest hour, bhoy! It will be the start of the most fabulous year in fanzine fandom. Look at it...."

Sobbing, Tom savagely ripped the envelope from Joe's hands, and tore it into shreds. The postman looked down at the shards fluttering to the ground, He bent down and began picking them up and putting them together. Tom watched, the surge of anger dying down to a bitter ache in his heart. That the master should be dallying so...

"Here, won't you even look at it?" Joe handed the fragments to him.

The anger surged forth again, and he flung them to the ground, tramping them underfoot. He slammed the door in Joe's face. Remembering his shoes had been touching dirt, he wiped them carefully. A single piece of paper came reluctantly away. It lay on the mat, dirty and ugly, a fragment of typescript trying to hide in shame: "...nominated as TAFF candidate for 1965...."

"What are the beanie brigade up to now?" he said, sniffing.

.....
You're handbag's bleeding.

(KP)

.....
Next morning Joe came again. His face was a little strained with worry for the fan, but he managed a smile. "Do you accept?" he said "Will you stand?"

"Guess so" said Tom.

"The way you acted yesterday" Joe ventured, "I thought you'd gafiated."

Tom grinned slightly. "I just blew my top is all. I was a bit dissappointed at not recieving a certain letter."

"Isn't it the greatest though? All those fans have faith in you to win TAFF. It'll make history when you win by more than a hundred votes."

"Yep, I hope I win. It'll be useful. I'll be able to visit Gambol on his own ground, and discuss plotting..."

"Gambol?"

"You know - John W Gambol. Editor of 'Abounding'"

"I believe I know the 'zine. That printed sercom thing isn't it? Sports rather good covers, if I remember."

They were a persecuted people, forever being made fun of, but they ignored the opinions of the rest of the world, and happily produced their little magazines of thrilling, stirring prose, and their exquisite drawings in black and white, and many colours. They fought their little wars, and held their regular gatherings, where beautiful minds were given the opportunity to mesh into a glorious gestalt. The story was of one of the supermen, a lonely, delicate creature possessed of certain supernatural powers, and of his gentle relationship with a rough mundane man of bluff humour, who visited him three times a day. It was to a certain extent autobiographical, but Tom had read that all great fiction, to some degree, was.

The sound of a footstep outside broke through his daydreaming. Tom leaped to his feet and raced to the door. HE was here, and not a second late!

Almost shouting in exultation, he flung the door open.

Joe, the postman, stood there carrying the cover of a battered envelope. "It's for you Tom. Cor, and it hasn't half got some fiery stuff in it. That Carr woman, what she's got up to this time. I'm surprised, I'm surprised....." The postman stopped, blushing at what she had been up to.

Tom smiled, and waited a moment. "I suppose it was overweight?"

Joe nodded.

"So you read it?"

"That's right."

"I suppose it's fair compensation for the GP0?"

"Well, a little low on page count, but I think we can let it pass."

Every day, almost, they went through this ritual. Tom sighed happily. "Joe, you are becoming more and more a fan. Here, fair's fair - you can borrow the latest 'Hyphen' to make up weight. That should make us even." Joe took the 'zine, tucked it into his inside jacket pocket with the practised ease of one who has learned to accept readily and unobtrusively, and bounded gaily down the road to his bike.

It was only when his happy form was disappearing round the corner that Tom remembered his cheque was due, and should have been in the post. But maybe, he shrugged, Gambol couldn't resist a read through the story before sending the money.

.....
He believed in a short life and a merry one.

He was constantly dissatisfied. (Vinc' Clarke.)
.....

Next morning, Joe was a bit late, having been knocked off his bike by an overactive alsation, which had tried to paint his face with excess saliva. "Cripes; what a dog!" he muttered to Tom, panting. "But I guess it doesn't matter. Wait till you see what I've brought you this morning. It'll be the finest day of your life."

lessened, until he was receiving about six a week. However, a few of his personal friends persisted, hoping his mafia would evaporate, but even they eventually gave up. The only fanatic he maintained was keeping up his FAPA requirements.

At last, he completed his novel and posted it off. Almost on the same day, a copy of Abounding with his first story in it arrived. His own illos had been supplemented by some top class Freas, and though he couldn't quite see what the connection was between Gambol's editorial and the story was, he had nothing to complain of where the editing was concerned.

Funny. A week later Joe once more knocked at his door. He was smiling all over his face. "Tom, I knew it couldn't be true. I can only apologise for the scurvy way I have acted. I read your story..." Suddenly he burst into a gale of laughter. "Honestly," he went on, when he had recovered, "I've never read anything so brilliant. It will go down in history. And you got Gambol to accept it?"

"It appeared in Aboundin," Tom said modestly

"But even so," Joe went on seriously, "you don't stand much chance of winning TAFF. You're a pro, and no fan today reads the prozines. Unless you indulge in hyper-activity next year..."

"I can't, I've too many commitments to John."

"We might as well give up all hope then".

"I may be able to hack out a piece or two - maybe a few letters..."

"Can you publish your genzine? In the next month?"

"Grief, no".

"There's no other way".

Tom thought for a minute. "I think", he said slowly, knowing there was no likelihood of fandom ever reading Abounding, and the grapevine would carry the news of his work far too slowly to have any effect on the TAFF results. After all, who listens to the ranting of neofen about their favourite author, or even that fabulous new writer? And if he ever passed the message around that he was selling to a prozine, his name, as it was with Joe, would be mud. Something occurred to him: "Joe, how come you bought that issue?"

"Well, Gambol had forgotten to put a stamp on a subscriber's copy - and I was curious..."

Tom laughed for a moment, then his face saddened. "I think I'll have to stand down".

Joe nodded, reluctant to see this, but forced to. Then, suddenly, his craggy face lit up with that light known only to fan-writers having the most wonderful idea for a hoax, or to editors receiving letters from Willis, Tucker, Bloch or Ella Parker ((HINT)). For a moment the sensitive features wrinkled doubtfully, exploring all the snags, then the face cleared for the last time. "It might work," Joe said.

"What will?" Tom said obtusely, even though he knew what Joe was getting at.

"We're not going to drop TAFF," he said. "You're standing - and

"You're no more than a faaan," Tom laughed. "Abounding" is a prozine."

"Oh!" There was a silence, which thickened becoming more awkward by the minute. After some time, Joe said quietly "Have you thought about your campaign?"

"Good Lord, no!" Tom said, "I won't need one. In a few months - four at the outside - Gambol will be printing my stuff, and I won't fail to win then. My name will be bigger than before. It will be mentioned in the same breath as Wells, Verne, Orwell, Stapledon, Hubbard, and Hieronymous. It will be on the lips of fandom from New York to Berkely, from East Cheam to Wogga Wogga. It will ring in the ears of the WorldCon in six months time, and at the Con the following year they will be waiting for my majestic entry with breath held fast. There will be hundreds of swarming faneds pestering me for material....."

Joe was shaking him by the shoulder. "Filthy Pro!" he swore softly, and hefting his bag onto his shoulder continued with his deliveries.

Two days went by, then a whole week, and still no word from Gambol. And no longer did Joe knock on the door with each delivery, except when an occasional postage due stamp required settlement. Once Tom offered the latest "Abounding" as partial payment, but Joe looked right past him, and spat on the ground.

.....
I regret to inform you that the place is burning down. (H Haulson)
.....

A month went by. Then, when Tom had about given up hope of hearing from Gambol, and was preparing a note of enquiry for the Post Office to trace the obviously mislaid ms, there was a knock at the door. Joe stood there. "Well, here it is, don't cut yourself tearing it open too quickly."

Tom ignored him. His eyes were only for the envelope. Feverishly, he tore it open. A cheque tumbled out, attached to the official note of acceptance, and a private note from Gambol himself. It was the latter that Tom was most interested in. It went. "Friend, accepted. Gratefully accepted. The 'faaans' by your characterization constitute the most convincing portrayal of a race of supermen I have ever experimced. This yarn is obviously a warm up, setting the scene. It will appear in about three months time. For the issue after that, I shall want a lead short novel about them, and a three part serial to start the following month. Can do? In the words of your hero, 'Goshwowboyoboy!'"

Tom wrote back by return of post "Am working on a sequel this moment."
.....
Are you pleased that the rubbish bin bit me? (K. P.)
.....

The next few months were spent in frantic toil on the novelette and the novel. An ever increasing pile of fanzines and unanswered correspondence accumulated by the neglected duplicator. Gradually the incoming letters
NOTE. THIS PAGE PRECEDES THE LEFT HAND PAGE or anyway it should
maybe w3 ought to number pages in future obsequious apologies KF



"I haven't got
eyes in the back
of my head, you
know!"

and you're going to win." And not a word more would he say. Every day for the next week, Tom tried to pump him for information about his plan, but beyond saying that it was coming along satisfactorily, the poststamm would say nothing. Then one drizzling morning, Joe showed him a letter, or the envelope at any rates. It was from one Rich Haggard, a New York fan, and one of the most idealistic Fandom Is A Way Of Life slobs Tom had ever come across in his life. The fellow had written a letter of comment on his fanzine a couple of years ago, and had been knocked straight off the mailing list. Tom frowned slightly as he saw the address.

"He's in with us." Joe chortled. "He's already been to see Gambol.

"He's what?"

"He's been to see Gambol."

"And how in flaming hell do you think him going to see Gambol is going to help me in TAFF."

Joe laid a hand gently on his shoulder. "Steady now - I was only joking. You asked for it, pestering me every day about how I was planning to win us TAFF. I thought I'd teach you a lesson. Honestly, isn't the fellow an idiot? It's the sort of blasted thing he would do - read you fan stories in AbsF, and present himself to John as a genuine living member of superfandom."

"Gambol'd shoot him." Tom began to chuckle as he thought of some of the inanities Haggard had got up to. There'd been the time for instance when John Harrison was Pro guest of honour at the 63 con. Haggard had spent the previous fortnight preparing a speech which he had cunningly tried to substitute for Harrison's real speech. It was sheer luck that an astute member of the convention committee had spotted the switch and set matter right. And the sequel, when the disgruntled Haggard had published the entire substitute speech in his Zine. It had got voted the finest piece of fan humour since the Berry sagas.

"And don't forget the time he got it into his head that rocket fuel was the Gholy Grail, and got himself arrested at white sands for trying to swipe some of the stuff to include in the punch at some local con."

"Shades of Claude Degler. But we're sidetracking. I presume after this exhibition you'r going to spill the beans?"

Joe grinned, too broadly to mean he was going to be accomodating.

"You'll see, when you win TAFF."

Tom knew that it was useless. Joe could be as obtuse as any civil servant when he wanted to, and this was one of the times when he chose to comply with the best traditions of his work. So Tom decided to try to forget about the plan and continue his writing. He did put out a couple of short fiction pieces for the fanzines - trial runs for his pro work - but beyond that and FAPA, his fanac was negligible.

And by the time the issue of AbsF containing the first part of his serial was due out - the third containing his material - it came through on the grapevine that he was standing last in TAFF. The fact that he was not too far behind seemed due only to those who still remembered what he had done for fandom. And fan have short memories.....

.....
Suppose I admit this ridiculous theory that the walls are pressing in on me. What then? (KP)
.....

A couple of days after he learned that he was losing the TAFF race, without being able to do a thing about it but trust to the enigmatic and frankly doubtful talents of Joe, an immensely thick fanzine thudded to the floor. Once more, Tom noticed that Joe did not stop to talk. He opened the door, but found his broad shoulders disappearing, a pair of large feet peddling furiously. He sighed, and looked at the zine and its cover. It was American, on that large, stiff, brownish paper, criss crossed with horrible little black hairs which tend to make many American fanzines look like slabs of ossified cloth.

It called itself Abounding pScience Fiction, and according to the postmark hailed from New York. Tom felt slightly annoyed. At first, he had been serious about his pro writing, and even though he was now beginning to regard his superfan theme more light heartedly, as he realised the basic humour of Gambol pubbing fan fiction, he was still loyal to that first cheque. So fans, professing to ignore the prozines, and making it their tradition, were now parodying them, were they? Well, he for one wasn't going to read this specimen of misplaced humour. And it looked a shoddy product. 'Inside', he remembered, did it much better several years ago, and managed to put over a good idea of the format. But here... what Abounding, for a start, ever had Atom Bems cavorting round the cover? Atom Bems complete with beanies that looked like bow ties? It wasn't even called Rebounding, Gambol could sue.

He dumped it, unopened, among the rest of the fanzines, and returned to hacking out the sequel to his serial, waiting for the copy of AbSF with the first part in it.

It never showed up.

After three weeks, giving the erratic Atlantic postal arrangements time to sort themselves out as required, and deliver the missing issue, he wrote a letter to John, asking where the missing copy was. John replied that it had been sent, and what did he think of the new format.

"New format?" he hooted at Joe, who delivered the reply.

"Don't look at me," said Joe helpfully.

A thought occurred to him -- that thick take off. He hadn't more than looked at the cover. "Great Sku? Wait a minute...."

A moment later he had found the fanzine and had opened it, tearing his fingernails on the staples. The contents page hit him in the eye, for a moment he couldn't speak. Then he said softly "Listen to this. Fandom's Homecoming, by Tom...."

Joe snatched the zine out of his hands. He looked through it carefully, nodding every now and then. "First time I've seen it. Some of these things take years to cross the Atlantic. Not a bad production, considering Gambol's probably never seen a dupe before. Bit spotty on the lettercol, but that's no great loss."

"I dunno," Tom said, "I dunno...." A smile began to form, spread around his mouth, extended to his cheeks, and finally burst all over his face. "It may develop in an issue or two. The right people will jump

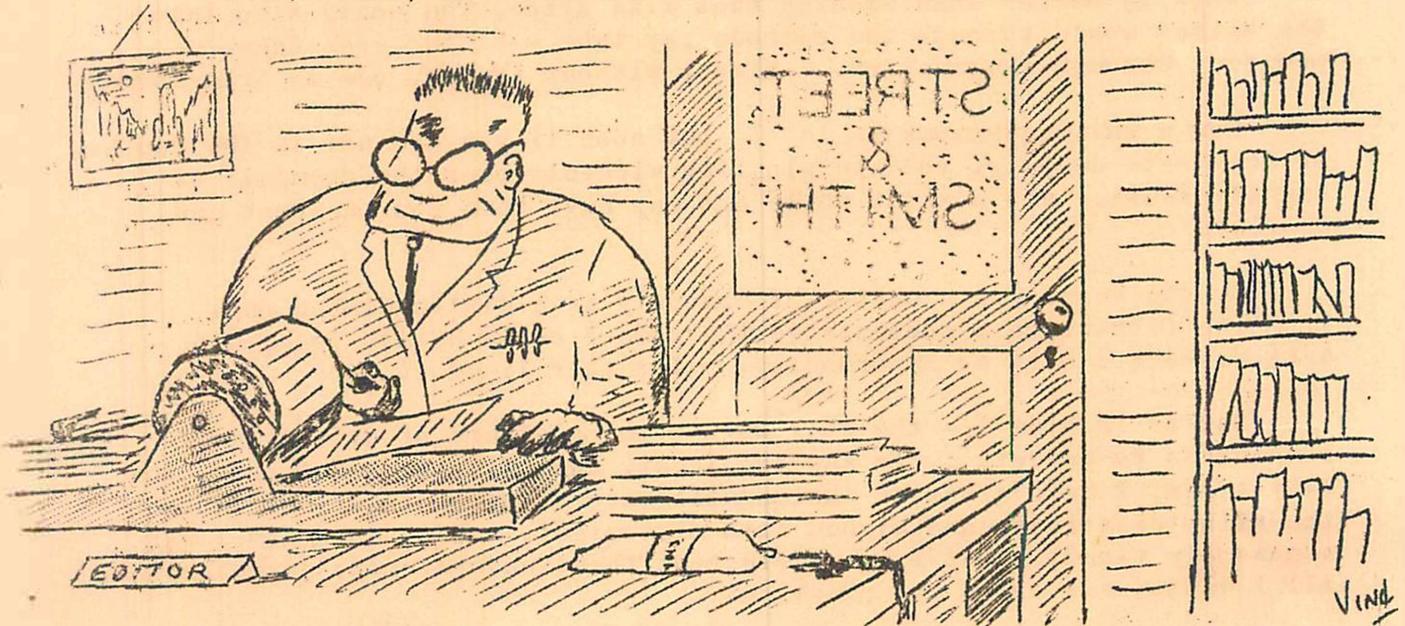
on it as soon as they see it, while browsing through their newstands for Playboy and Saturday Evening Post."

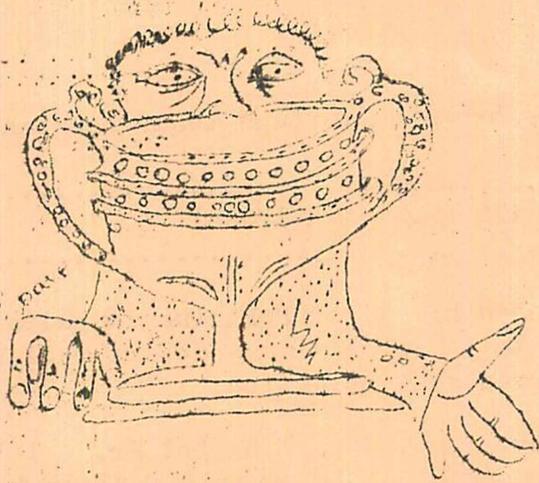
.....
This place is too small to use milk jugs (Irene)
.....

About a year later, Tom produced his first FAPazine in quite a while. It consisted, as unfortunately many APazines do, of mailing comments. One zine reviewed deserves some attention:

"Aboundin pScience Fiction, Nov, 1965. John W Gambol Jr. It's funny, the way ther's been a run on genuines being pushed through FAPA. This one, I'm told, had a very large circulation, about the largest in Fandom. About 250 copies go out every month to eagerly awaiting fans. I guess we can feel honoured by John's presence in our midst - the zine itself contains some really excellent stuff. You might almost call it faaan Science Fiction. It describes us as a bunch of Supermen, but handled with such brilliant humour that a certain cut of place erudition in the editorial personality is largely veiled. This is due to clever writing on the part of several fans who have refused to treat the subject as seriously as the editor might have liked. There is, in fact, only one criticism I have to make of the zine, the 'factual article' by one Rich Haggard. Super fen, and he still believes in them! Well, I guess I can't quibble at that even. It was through him I won TAFF, and this enabled my FAPazine to make up a complet QWESTYLIOP mailing. The layout, under TEW's wing is immensely improved, and the dupering is well nigh perfect. Only one moan, why, John, do you use that ghastly sticky type ink on the cover?"

"Well, folks, all fon now. Remember, Gambol for TAFF....."





the original
braille
spittoon
by Ken Potter

THE ANATOMY OF MONOPOLY

Long ago, I was a monopoly fiend. To anyone imaginative (or gullible) it creates the illusion of the Good Life in one's own living room. The people who play Monopoly would almost certainly rather play rummy, or its more complex relation, canasta, if it were not for the fact that the very thought of Big Money thrills them to the very core.

To be in a position to buy and sell a whole district of London is staggering enough. But to strategically plot the downfall of your neighbour, wife, mother in law, or whoever - this is the dream of every red blooded twentieth century materialist.

There must be millions of them. They come home to their dingy rooms, or their crumbling mansions, and hardly pausing to gulp down a crumb, they get out the monopoly board.

This is better than wishing that like Alice, you could step into the better world through the cathode ray tube - better even than escaping through imagination. Almost without trying, one is transformed.

For a while everyone is level, but soon if you are not in the depths of desperate despair, you are gloating wickedly over the downfall of the adversaries who a short while ago may have been your nearest and dearest.

My own career as a master of monopoly is a distinguished one. From the first time I encountered the game I could hardly lose, and debtors beat a path to my property. I rather liked it.

But to such as I - the star born - the pleasure of driving my companions to poverty is to say the least, superficial. Not once, but many times, I have assessed the magnificence of my chain of hotels in the ritzy districts, and sighed with discontent. Yes, long ago I was a monopoly fiend. But I was adolescent then, undeveloped, juvenile. All I wanted was money and prestige.

And so we come to the question of the social implications of monopoly. Introduced to the average child, it patently encourages

avarice, greed, and the desire to Get-On. But introduced to the poetic ones amongst us -- to the startern -- it merely brings home the shallowness of riches. Which is all ver well so far as it goes, but not enough.

I've played monopoly for a long time with the same people, and recently we all got tired of making money by only one method. So we acquired a similar game, called careers, which complicates the issue by offering the chance to pursue not only money, but fame and happiness as well. You decide beforehand the relative value of each.

If this game gets a good hold on the public, they may gradually be persuaded that happiness is at least 90% having the other things, and therefore come to value only happiness. A revolution would occur. Nobody would want money.

Except me.

.....
ESOTERIC JAZZ FILLER 1.

Zoot,...Zoot who?
.....

ALL IN THE MIND

It is summer in Cyprus. I like hot wheather, and am beginning to appreciate the place, if not the fats that dumped me there. It's peaceful and charming, with perpetually blue sky, cheap melons, burning sand, and inviting sea. In my moments of leisure I am comfortable, if not happy.

Then a major comes round the camp, and spoils it all. We troop into a big depressing tent and listen to him try to limit his contempt to the well known terrorists, although its fairly obvious that he hates everybody who is not British

If you show a Cypriot a couple of bent pins and a spent match, with the ingenuity of Kimball Kinnison, he will make a bomb. It is practically certain that everyone on our camp is an insane political desperado. Every building, every coil of barbed wire, contains numerous high explosives. We are all doomed. However, it seems that by increased vigilance, we will give ourselves a chance to save a couple of officers and the seargeant major. Naturally everybody becomes frightfully vigilant.

Shortly after the nerve wracking talk, I find myself on guard. I don my K.D. fresh from the laundry, and somebody elses belt. I blow on my rifle. A swarthy idiot with three tapes informs me that I resemble a pregnant naafi girl. I don't believe him. I am told by a less swarthy idiot with a pip that my turnout is rather shoddy. I believe this.

Finally mounting is over. I find myself in harness with an insignificant regular soldier, for whom for narrative purposes, we will apply the fictitious name Ashforth. The lad is a worthless individual.

Meanwhile, our sergeant has summoned the orderly officer, who has assimilated a report of events, cast an appraising eye over the work in progress, and said in a tired voice "Top Hole, Sergeant !"

At length the "wall" is finished. We are quite dead beat, and longing for our pits. The stag of myself and Ashworth is over, and other unfortunates have taken up the staff of life.

The officer orders us into serried ranks, and gives a cultured cry of atten.....
.....(-Stick with it, gentle reader)-.....
.....s h u n !

We make a tired shuffling movement. "You chaps have done a fine job" he declaims "You've worked jolly hard, the O.C. will be jolly pleased with you. Jolly fine show

We continue to stand.

He sends me ambling away, nominally at the double, to tear the duty driver from his comfortable bed. Protesting and profane, I lead him to the tryst. Semi-conscious, he drives the officer away. I rejoin the squad. After a short eternity, the sergeant indicates with a guttural sound that we may crawl back to our pits. We do.

Only a few minutes elapse before the uneasy silence is shattered by an old Estonian bellow of "Turn out the guard!" We drag ourselves wearily to our feet, and shamble outside to stand in a crowd. "Shocking" said the O.C. "Bloody slow. Do it again." So we go back again, and he yells again, and we come out again. Five times.

"Now" says the O.C. briskly "wheres the bomb, corporal. The corporal salutes, and raps "By the west wire sir! " obviously longing to get into our area. It is his finest hour. He is ordered brusquely to march us over, and our beloved O.C. goes speeding ahead of us to the Danger Area.

We arrive just in time to witness him getting out of the jeep, and crawling stealthily on his stomach toward the sandbags, toward the gap in our magnificent wall, thence through it. He is behind the wall, with the bomb

Tense minutes pass, interrupted by suggestive comments regarding what he may be doing behind there. After a harrowing time, he reappears, holding the bomb disdainfully. He flings it over the wire

"It wasn't a bomb" he announces. As he disappears into the distance borne by his trusty jeep, he carelessly shouts permission for us to retire to the guardroom. But by now, it is time to dismount guard and start work.

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"But everything this Machiavelli says seems so obvious" ..Mal Ashworth
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One period of staggering round the wire (known as a stag) is lived through, and after partaking of a supper of congealed fried egg and stale bread, I take the great risk of removing my boots in order to sleep.

A hand shakes my shoulder and the NCOICsomedamn thing or other informs me that it is once more my turn to perform. With a muffled oath, I totter to the pile of sandbags laughingly referred to in the officer's mess as the sentry box, and lie down again. I am almost asleep when my shoulder is shaken once more, and a thin but insistent voice says "Polar!" It is this Ashworth person, who will not drop dead on request, but tells me it is one turn to walk round the wire. He is quite correct technically, but nobody ever does that. It is a mere meaningless phrase on the guard orders. Still, with my sergeant around sleep is impossible.

It is a beautiful night and the prospect of a walk is not so bad. "Come on!" I say. "I'm going the other way" comes the reply. I manifest great surprise. "Haven't you read the Guard Orders?" he says, "We go opposite ways. I feel suddenly sick. I go one way, and he goes the other."

I stroll at a leisurely pace, thinking profound thoughts, at peace with the world. Shortly, I see my comrade in arms approaching with great stealth, eyes peeled. I give him a big hello, and he shushes me. "Do you want the terrorists to hear us?" he whispers. I feel sick again, and keep walking.

When I am about to approach him on my sixth time round, I hear a great shout long before reaching him. He is yelling my name, at the top of his voice. I stroll over to him.

By the moonlight, I can see that he is in a state of great agitation. He is jumping on his hat, and pitchforking the air with his rifle. I saunter up to him. "What is it, old man?" I inquire. He clutches my sleeve.

"A bomb" he croaks, distracted. He points out an ominous cylinder in the wire. "That is an old bean tin" I assure him. "NO, NO. IT'S A BOMB" he says, emphatically "I'm going to tell The Corporal" (he pronounces the capitals) "Polar, you must guard the bomb." He trots away to the guard tent, while I stand in meditation.

Eventually he returns with a lance jack, who asks me what the hell is going on, and why has he been dragged away from his congealed egg. I point out the sinister sinister. With a wicked gleam in his eye, he goes back to get the grizzled old regular corporal who is NCOIC idiocy for this particular night. He has seen the riot raising possibilities of the situation.

Ashworth (you will remember this name is fictitious) and I are left to ensure that nobody steals the bomb. We do not converse. When the grizzled old corporal returns, he shakes with badly suppressed terror for a while, and then croaks "Ashworth!" The lad springs to rigid attention, and barks with great precision "Corporal!"

"Double away and get the orderly sergeant" - he is told, and in a flash, is gone.

"It's only a bean tin" I say pityingly to the grizzled corporal. Fixing me with his gimlet eye, he ruminates, and replies "What if it is a bomb."

"In the wire?" I ask.

He thinks.

"A powerful bomb" he says.

From that moment, I realize that the affair is unstoppable. I am only an innocent bystander.

Ashworth returns, with the slob who likened me to a pregnant naafi girl. The slob looks at the canister. He looks, and looks, and looks.

"Stand back!" He commands.

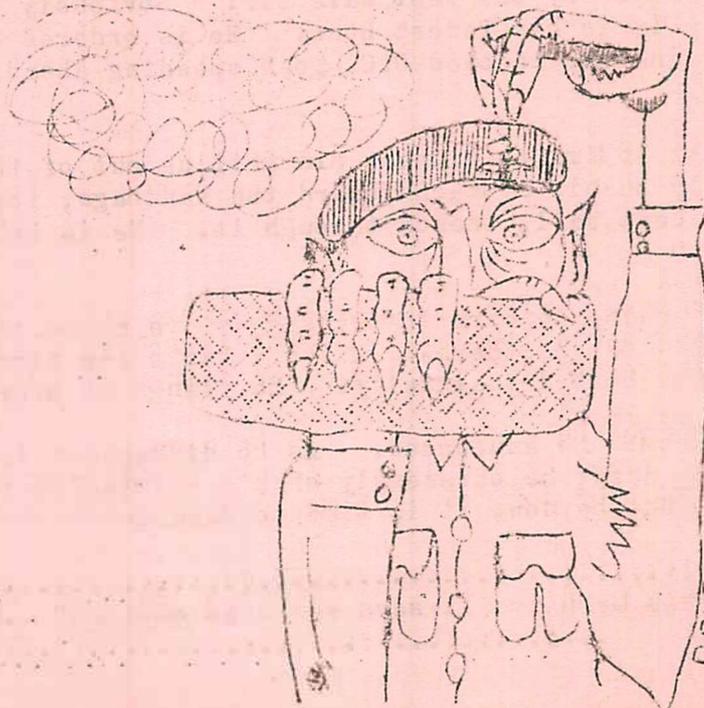
He looks, and looks.

"Right!" He says.

He pauses. "Right." (pause) "Get sandbags!"

We all stare at him. "At the bloody double!" he roars. "You too, corporal."

The rest of the guard is roused, and we reluctantly commence transporting sandbags a great distance, to the DANGER AREA. For an hour, sweating, straining, miserable, cursing, and tired, we erect something vaguely resembling a wall around the object.



Meanwhile, our sergeant has summoned the orderly officer, who has assimilated a report of events, cast an appraising eye over the work in progress, and said in a tired voice "Top Hole, Sergeant !"

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Oriental Odyssey

by DON GELDART

This is designed to be of no assistance to anyone at all, not even you, if you decide that you would like to verify the facts herein. This understood, we take you to the mystic east - Japan.

First, let me put your mind at rest about two age-old misconceptions we westerners hold. Firstly, male men can emigrate eastward with no fears, the women are basically the same. This fact has been ascertained after months of diligent investigation. Secondly, I should like to state that the sun does not rise maj-

estically every morning out of Mount Fuji, or any other part of Japan. It rises in America.

Noe to the voyage of exploration. Language is no difficulty, provided you say "ni" after every sentence you will be socially accepted e.g. "Take me to the British Consulate ni", "I'd like some fish head and rice ni" (and any other such guide book phrases, although the guide omits to explain about the "ni").

Should you learn to speak Japanese, this can be disastrous and infuriating. Having learned four elementary Japanese, you go forth to astound some unsuspecting little Nip with the fluency of your guide book Niponese. Trotting out some salutation, such as "Phyu gazi enasti ni" you will invariably be answered with "Good morning, and how are you today ni", in as perfect English as you will ever hear anywhere, probably better than you speak yourself. Having tried this on a few poor Nips just to make sure you haven't picked on an exception, you'll probably retire to your circle of Western acquaintances, to practice. These appear to be the only people in Japan who speak Japanese. Whether the Nips do when they are sure they are not wired for sound, and there are no Westerners present, is one of the mysteries of the east.

Another facet of the Japanese language which would undoubtedly mystify the unwary is the procedure when using the telephone. This, on the surface, seems simplicity itself. Speech consists of one word repeated twice "Moshi Moshi". This is spoken very quickly, and repeated at indeterminate intervals throughout the conversation

.....
That'll teach you to type underwater. (Irene.)
.....

This quirk of the eastern mind not only replies to the recipient of the call, but also to the caller, although I was once privileged to hear three other words spoken on the telephone. The phone burned out, half of the wires in Tokyo fused together, and at least sixty telegraph poles were felled. The man who committed this crime was barred from owning a telephone for life, and this is probably the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on a Nip, as anyone who has read Thorne Smith's "The Glorious Pool" will realise.

In Japan it is almost impossible to make a call from a public call box without being surrounded by a crowd of non-telephone owning Nips, urging you to allow them to do you the service of allowing them to make the call for you. Ardent Stephen Potter scholars will be able to think up better gambits, but the one in current use while I was there was to leave the gen required for the call, give the name of someone at the top of your hate list, and leave a subtly insulting message, which the Nips were bound to get mixed up and make downright insulting. Then, while the Nips broke all records for Telephone Kiosk Inhabiting, you dashed madly to the next one, hoping there were no students of Lifemanship waiting there for you.

Bathing is another aspect of Japanese life which can land the intrepid traveller in hot water. In Japanese hotels there are no rooms with a bath. Bathing, ordinary or Turkish, or both, is done to a greater or lesser extent dependant on the courage of the victim, in vast communal torture chambers, usually in the basement.

The first shock for the uninitiated comes when, divested of his clothing, and with only an inadequate towel to preserve his last shred of British Dignity, he strolls towards the door indicated by the only male working in the establishment. The traveller, unless he is insatiable, will dive back out of the door a lot quicker than he went in. Naked men in numbers seldom seen more than there actually are, but more than one naked female, and the place seems to be overflowing with them. One peek into a Japanese bath house is more than enough to satisfy the most lecherous of men.

If, dear traveller, you don't leap straight back into your clothes and head for the nearest bar (in the bath house in the best hotels), but instead accost the attendant for his Thorne Smithian sense of humour which directed you to the female section, you will be directed back through the same door. If you continue to request to be sent to the male section, the attendant in an infuriatingly calm voice (the Japanese never get annoyed) will direct the same way again, or even call two of the female attendants to show you the way. The female attendants are distinguished from the female bathers by a highly inadequate G string.

Now, having prayed to whatever god happens to be tops with you at the time, and any others you can think of, closed your eyes, and steeled yourself to meet anything that might come your way, and probably will, you find yourself sitting on a small stool, divested of even towel, with

a demon, usually in the form of a very comely female, smiling down on you. The first of the sacrificial rites is about to commence. You are doused with a bucket of warm water, soaped, lathered, and washed, rinsed with another bucket of warm water. This isn't so bad after all, but wait friend, the next bucket of water has just come out of the fridge, its not ice, but whats half a degree between friends? Never take that third bucket if you have a weak heart. But look around, people are actually enjoying it, masochists all of them. Don't think of making a run for it, they've got you now, and you're going to suffer whether you like it or not, also she can run faster than you can, and knows more judo than has yet been thought of. If you are still alive, the next process is in a small swimming bath, which at first glance seems to be overflowing with females. You've hit the rush hour, which lasts all the time. This session isn't compulsory, you're safe for a while. If you go mad and take the plunge you regret it, the female bathers are in even closer proximity here, you soon wish for your little stool and your own private female demon.

Having survived the ordinary bathing alive, if not completely sane, now to the Turkish bath. This is only too easy, consisting of four rooms, warm, warmer, hot, and something like standing under an ICEM at take off time. Having now got over the shock of so much nakedness (the women are either asleep or showing each other their operations), you can linger in these rooms and read the magazines, but unless you have learned to read these hieroglyphics as well as speak them, it will be all Japanese to you. The people in the first three rooms are itinerant, the ones in the fourth room are fixtures, apprentices to Satan himself. The quick dash across this room to the next torture chamber is better than six months on any diet yet devised.

At last, the end is in sight, just the massage room to live through, more of these female demons ready for the affray. Your towel is snatched away, and while you desperately try to retrieve it from that smiling nymph, you are again doused with cold BRRRR water.

Now comes the final degradation. That frail little female Nip h has actually picked you up and hurled you onto a stout wooden bench. I always thought mortuary slabs were marble, but it could always be a butcher's chopping block. Up till now, the indignities and humiliations you have had to suffer have been minor, but now you are about to take part in an all in wrestling match, and it isn't faked like wrestling is supposed to be, this is for your life. Full grown Charles Atlas products have been heard to say that they would let anybody kick sand in their face, if only they could be saved from the demure little Nips. On the block, you very soon lose all interest, it becomes obvious that you can't win, your only wish is that they would hurry up and put the shroud on you, and get you buried. Hell cannot be worse than this.

Now its all over, you've been rinsed in warm water, no cold? You crawl away to the rest room as fast as your useless, denseless body will

drag you before that female demon remembers the cold water. Clutching your towel about you, you stagger into the dim rest room, there are beds! The inventor of these torture chambers had at least a spark of humanity - a bed to die on.

Flopping down on the nearest bed - "Sorry Madam, ni" (or if you're not entirely anti Japanese "Koran gamin asi ni") and onto an empty bed, even the memory of your recent torture fades into blissful slumber. After half an hour or so, you are awakened by the male attendant - some people in Japan still wear clothes - suddenly a thought strikes you, you actually feel on top of the world, maybe even take on a couple of those female masseuses, except that the attendant is ushering you towards your clothes - "What are these strange things? People don't run around naked all the time?"

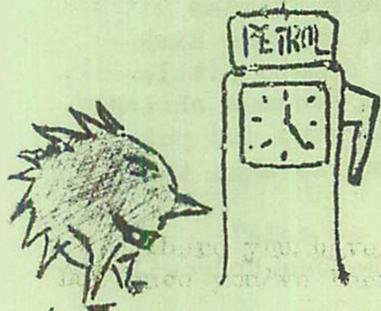
By the time you're out, and a couple of beers nearer to your old self, you can actually see why people go there regularly, but its not for you, the elation doesn't cancel out the scar you carry on your mind. But tomorrow, or the day after, the scar will have healed, and fool that you are, you'll go back. The punishment doesn't diminish, just your aversion to naked females.

There you have a few things to see, but not to do, when in Japan. But once you've been there, like myself, you'll have a yen to go back.

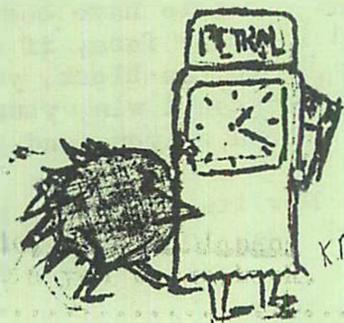
.....
I always was a simple hick

(Mal Ashworth)

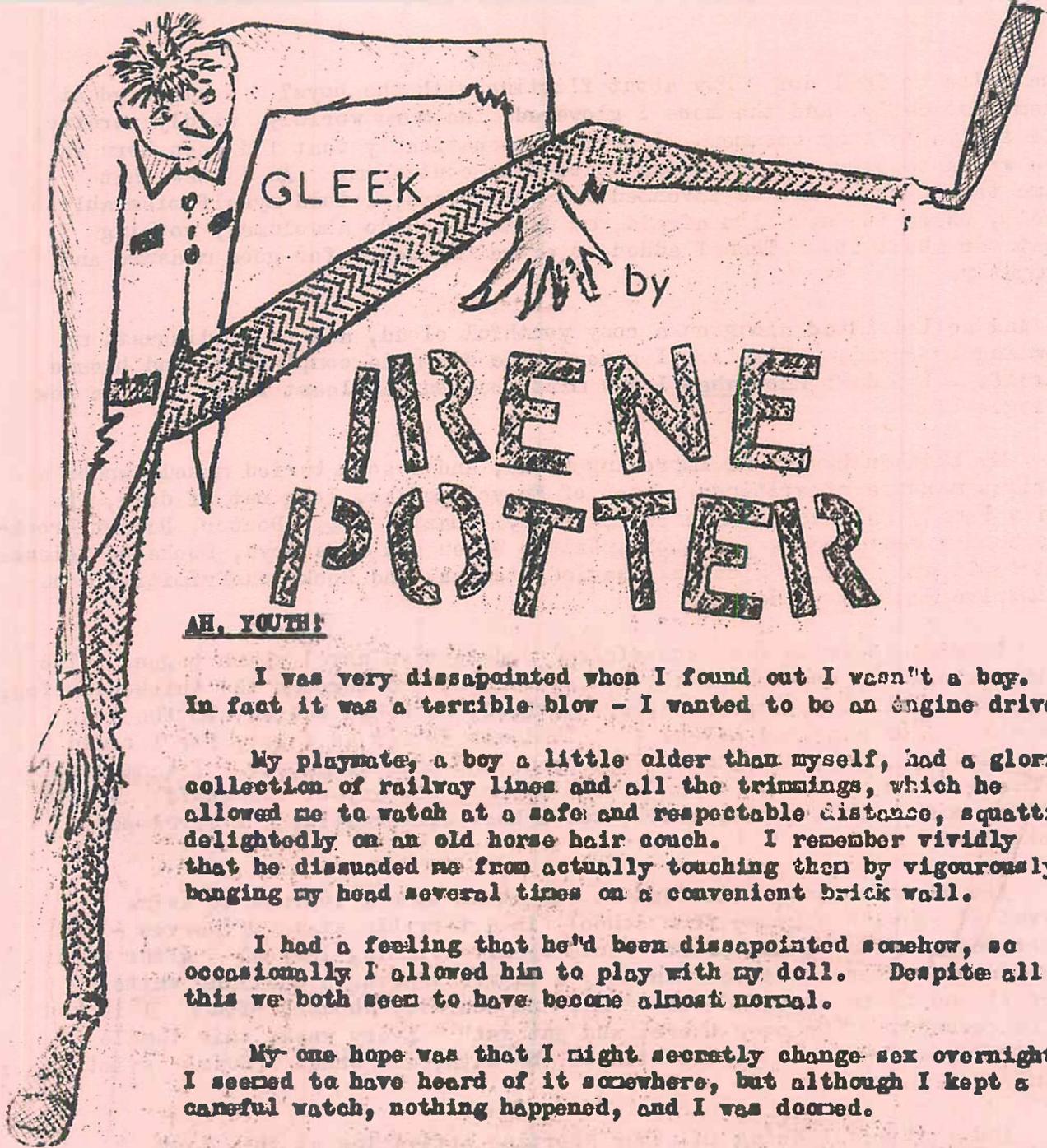
.....
Don Seldart? Who he? Well, he's an old friend of mine (Ken here) who I met during my sojourn in Cyprus. He was a corporal at the time, but since has risen to the dizzy eminence of sergeant, not that that makes him any less eager to get out of the army, which he got into when he was a more gallow inexperienced youth, like. Even then, he was, I believe, an avid reader of SF, and in spite of the fact that I have introduced him to fandom, and to that sterling body The Science Fiction Club of London, as well as the croud of layabouts in the Globe, he still is. The above is his first attempt at fan writing, and I was very pleasantly surprised when I discovered how good it is. He will make a good fan, he has an incredible capacity for booze, which he does not use unnecessarily. He likes Dylan Thomas, Jazz, All Night Parties, F&SF, cigars, money, and apparently fandom.



'TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER'



'O.K. - COME ON!'



AH, YOUTH!

I was very dissappointed when I found out I wasn't a boy. In fact it was a terrible blow - I wanted to be an engine driver.

My playmate, a boy a little older than myself, had a glorious collection of railway lines and all the trimmings, which he allowed me to watch at a safe and respectable distance, squatting delightedly on an old horse hair couch. I remember vividly that he dissuaded me from actually touching them by vigorously banging my head several times on a convenient brick wall.

I had a feeling that he'd been dissappointed somehow, so occasionally I allowed him to play with my doll. Despite all this we both seem to have become almost normal.

My one hope was that I might secretly change sex overnight. I seemed to have heard of it somewhere, but although I kept a careful watch, nothing happened, and I was deaced.

I fought desperately back. I began to climb trees, and play football and cricket - my bowling was absolutely of the lousiest nature imaginable - and once I tried flying gliders, but on its first flight it hit a hay rick, and broke into innumerable pieces. I did better at school, where with great effort I managed to come out top in science and better in sewing. Unfortunately my triumph was short lived. I joined a ballroom dancing class, and lost the fight forever.

I had a horrible feeling that I didn't know how to be a girl either. I was shocked and horrified, and felt a miserable failiure. I'd been able to knit at the age of three. Unfortunately I hadn't improved, but

what else could I do? How about flirting with the boys? I glowered at them discreetly, and the more I glowered, the more worldly, wildly scruffy, and immovable they became. I decided emphatically that I'd been born in the wrong century, in the wrong space-time continuum. As I knew that time travel would not be invented for some years, I told myself miserably "Well, there it is. I'm afraid, my dear, I can do absolutely nothing whatever about it. Then I added an extra "My dear" for good measure and sympathy.

And so I drifted along on a rosy youthful cloud, and to my disgust, my howling improved. Finally, I gave up the struggle completely, and became myself. I didn't know what I was mind you, but at least I was onto a new thing.

My brother bought me improving books, and I soon buried myself under a curious mixture of writings, a set of Encyclopedias, long out of date, The Swiss Family Robinson, Shakespeare, Every Woman's Home Doctor, Rupert Brooke, The Sunday Newspapers, The Bible, Little Women and Jo's Boys, Books on Science, Nature Study, Science Fiction, Charles Dickens, and Books on Primitive Man. Primitive Man was wonderful.

I tried to write (unsuccessfully) a detective novel which began. "The little black car crawled slowly and heavily upward through the thickening fog, and as Sam sat clutching the steering wheel, he heard behind him the long low whistle of a police siren..." That was as far as I got, for I could never make up my littered mind what crime had been committed. I wanted to dedicate it to my mother - she'd read a whole library of the stuff. A mild little woman with a gentle smile, but I knew differently, I developed a bookcase.

Around this time, I decided it was about time I learned to swim. I went along with a group from school, in a terrible state of nerves - I'd never been to the baths before - to a weekly swimming lesson. After we'd been in the water about ten minutes, a figure wearing a dazzling white overall and boots appeared before me, and hoarsely shouted "You!" I looked up innocently. "Go over there, and get wet!" Every week, this female would jump up and down on the side of the bath, and shout "Swim! swim! swim!" I sank.

And what was I doing in other sporting activities at this time? Jumping, long or high, was disastrous, as I usually ended up by breaking my neck, and (of course) ruining everything for the others. How about running? I only ran when I had to, and sometimes I had to, like the time when our school had an interhouse sports day, and only three of us turned up for practice. That was one of those lousy weeks. However, I excelled in the sack race, but what a performance! I mean like two of them didn't even get on their feet, man.

I vividly remember scoring a goal in hockey once. There I was, yelling loudly, and charging down the centre of the field with the hockey stick - oblivious of all rules - over my head, while in the distance, a shrill voiced games mistress shouted "Stop her somebody! stop her! The goalkeeper turned and fled, and the ball landed with a thud. A magical moment!

The school gym was one of the most varied torture chambers I have yet come across. Those devilish ropes for instance. One warm day it was early spring, and I was standing quietly by the ropes. Then I nonchalantly hung on one of them and swung a little, and stopped. Dreamily I placed the rope through my legs, held the end of it with one hand, and swung free off the floor. I stared down on the wooden floor blocks deep in thought. Suddenly, my world was violated by a noisy shout, and I was pushed several feet into the air by our crazy PE instructress, who always wanted us to find new things to do, and develop all our muscles. The rope jerked back till I was actually sitting on my own wrist - still holding the rope with this very hand, while the ear on the opposite side of my body was near to being swept away by those very same wooden blocks I had gazed upon not many seconds before. The steps of a dias placed at the end of the hall came up and receded, and came up and receded. I eventually fell off, when I could bear the agony of that wrist no longer, in a horrible heap. I hobbled shakily and fretfully away to better things, where I eventually joined a youth club.

One event springs to mind immediately, the inter Youth club relay race. I was last runner. The fact that there were only two teams competing, the fact that the other team had won before I started off, and the fact that I walked my bit, didn't deter the Corporation from presenting me with a silver medal, which I still possess. I don't remember who talked me into that one.

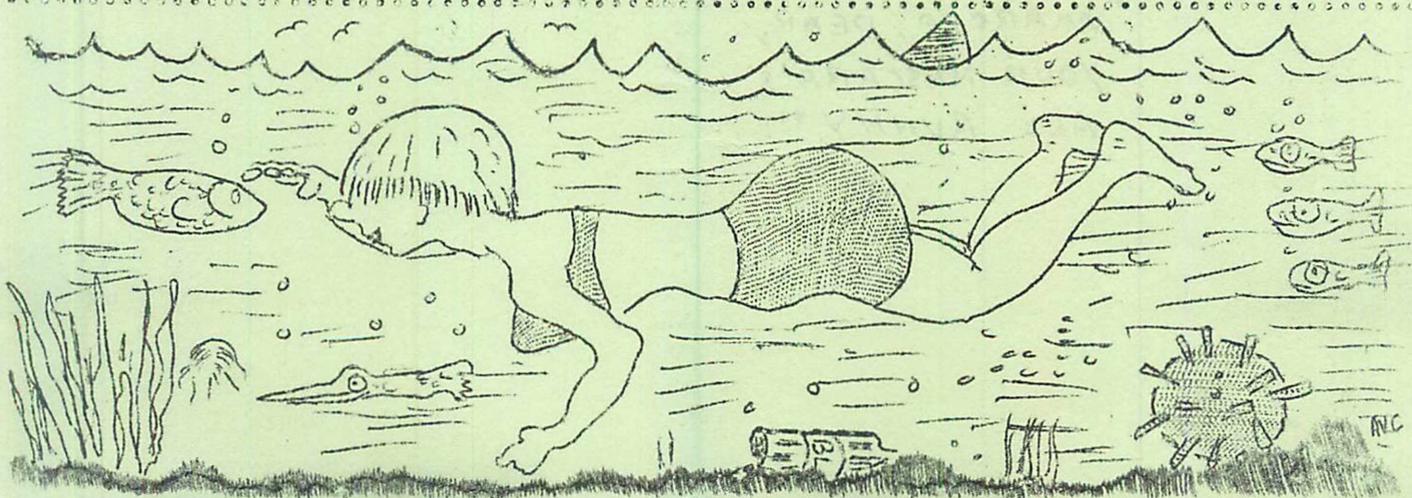
Then I got religion, and almost fainted in the choir stalls one Sunday morning, and had to be driven home in the Vicar's car. Next thing, I was standing next to the Bishop of Blackburn, and hoping he wouldn't notice that I was only pretending to sing. Mind you, I wasn't actually in that choir, I was only there to fill up the seats.

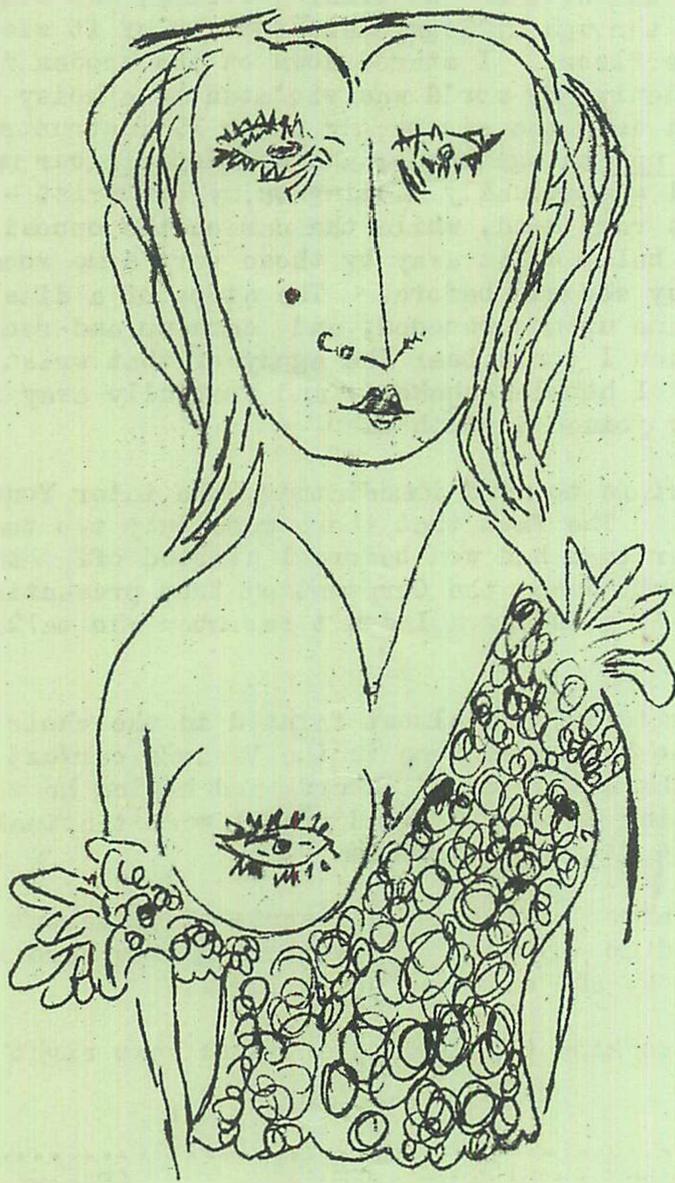
Well, folks, after that I got all sorts of different things instead, and they just piled up and up. I'm wallowing away here like mad - like real cool - like wow, and on those crazy 1960s.

You may like to know that I've decided to keep right on being a girl after all.

I'm just going out to kick my unicycle.

(Farewell, Farewell, Eugene)





MARCIA, DEAR,
YOUR MASCARA'S
ALL RUNNY."

//////
SCHLUSSFILE CONTINUED
//////

Time was, and not so long ago, when any top class fanzine you picked up was almost certain to contain some facile and profoundly fannish bellyshaker by this same Ashworth. And in the natural and inevitable course of events, those days are with us again. Fandom is in Ashworth's blood, and Ashworth is up to his neck in it once more.

Take him, America. You will never regret it.

But let me not labour the point, there is plenty of time. Your vote is your own, consider it carefully, and use it according to the dictates of your own conscience, bearing in mind that if you do not vote for Ashworth, our hired assassins will visit you within the hour.

We use the big guns next issue.

.....
You've got a dead nail in your bathroom. (Arthur Thompson.)
.....

//////
literally burnt out. In which Potter says his
////// closing words.

Errata ; On the contents page, read Brennschluss 3 instead of Brennschluss two. Or better still, unread that bit, because as you can see, we have no letter column. Timelsss letters from the cream of fandom, gems which will never date. are already on stencil, and will be circulated in Brenn 5, which you may expect in an unusual reasonable time. The reason for holding them over is that I cannot continue this carnage, this wilful murder of fine fan writing, which has spread through most of the zine since I started using that wretched electric ink.

Dave Wood wrote a column for this issue, and called it "The Drumming Pulse." A series of mishaps ensured that the title was omitted from his heading. I suppose I'd better grovel before Dave Wood, just to make a proper job of things.

The captions for Dave's three eyed cartoon are by Irene.

Forgive me for the bit of empty space on the bottom of this page. I'm in a hurry. Some copies are worse than others, but next issue will look good as well. I learned how to make it by doing this one

Write.

Kan.

THE
NATIONAL
SOCIETY
FOR
THE
ABOLITION
OF
LIFE

is a new philanthropic organisation
dedicated to the improvement of mankind
beyond recognition.

when our objects are achieved, all the
ills of the world will be cured.
famine and flood, cruelty and fear, will
be conquered. sex, eating, sleeping, and
similar objectionable habits will be
eradicated permanently

BRE
NNS
CHL
USS

the funky fanzine

one may become a member without payment
of any fee, as the society is a non-
profit making organisation.

joining the society is simplicity
itself. merely obtain a machine
gun, and find some good vantage
point in a populous area, having
first written your name and address
on a pocsarcd and sent it to the
society, care of brennschluss.
then see how many persons you can
knock over before our agent calls
upon you to carry out the initiation
ceremony. please remember to be
completely indiscriminate, and do not
allow personal considerations to
influence you in any way.

The founder of The Society is Mr
M. Ashwārth, and the next issue of this
journal will carry further publicity
and details.

We corrected the error that is mentioned on the next page.

BEWARE!

Of reading the pages of George Locke's story in the order in which they appear. If you imagine that the contents page is numbered one, transpose pages 14 and 15. We did.

For those interested in technical details, this issue of Brennschluss was reproduced on a duplicator, using ink. Stencils were used, and were cut with a typewriter.

I grovel before George Locke, for the above mentioned clanger, before Mal Ashworth for giving him that execrable heading, before Joy Clarke, for making such a botch of the sweet little lupins she ~~had~~ drew for said heading, before myself, for making the Braille Spitoon almost illegible, and before my kind contributors everywhere, who are having to put up with pretty nauseating repro this issue. I hope there is nobody before whom I have omitted to grovel, but I refuse to grovel before you, dear ~~one~~ reader, because after all, you didn't pay for it, did you? Alright, you can keep your money, I'm sure you can find better ways to express your appreciation.

The fact that the pages which stand out as a shining example to my fellow faneds the world over are hopelessly outnumbered by those which are a mess, I ascribe mainly to Emgee ink. For all I know, this ink is admirable for its purpose, but alas that purpose is for use on electric duplicators, and consequently its thinner than the ink I should have used. When you are desperate to publish, and the right ink is hard to get in time, you'll try anything. Once.

I hereby give a solemn promise that the reproduction of the next issue will be vastly improved.

Finally, heartfelt thanks to Don Geldart, for services above and beyond the call of duty, and to Ivor Mayn for slipsheeting, even though I refused to explain my poems to him

Happy Convention.

