

Prudential Buildings,
195, High Street,
Lewisham,
S.E.13.

31st March, 1941.

Dear Mr. Youd,

Having received Michael Rosenblum's Fido, and after perusal of the sheet 'The Gentlest Art' attached thereto wish you would remit a copy of Fantast, price sixpence, which you will find lurking in some odd corner of this envelope; against all the advice of the post office re sending cash through the post. (They only say that so as to get the poundage on the PO's, I expect) From the mass of verbiage which sprouts forth in the sheets attached to Fido, I gather that you and the Fantast have been subjected to rather an amount of criticism I, being 'green' to fandom was rather surprised at the arguments waged in the pages of Les Tart, they seemed to pertain to almost everything bar SF. Still, each to his own fancy. There is one thing, however, that I would very much like to know, to get to the root of, and that is, 'what was the original question from which all the subsequent argument (and I realize that there must be literally reams of it which I have not even dreamt of) sprang from?' What was the point under debate, debate which it seems has grown a little beyond the tepid 'discussion', past the warmer term 'argument' and appears to be sliding toward the hot term of 'dispute'?

What is this "Warbull" that everyone raves about? Can it possibly be that 'bull' is a corruption of 'bulletin'? It seems that everyone who produces a sheet or magazine at once gives it some outrageous nickname, for no apparent reason, except that of the psychological viewpoint of familiar endearment.

With all this argument going on, and fiery epithets hurling past concussed ears, I hope to find some really good SF pieces in your magazine. It is definitely needed today, I hope that you can supply this want. I feel sure that all keen SF fans can turn out a passable story, or logical article, and these are the things which should appear in SF fan periodicals with a fair leavening of spirited debate upon subjects SFical. This may, as you somewhere state, be the point of view of 'a person who is bored by any other subject than SF', but in my case it is simply the urge of an SF Starved searcher after fresh, bizarre conceptions.

Page two.

Incidentally, I am afraid that I have got into this letter without much of an introduction, I meant to apologise for the rather vivid colour of the paper. I have had only No.1. and No.6. of Fido, so perhaps you need not take much notice of my foregoing remarks, however much I myself believe that they the unvarnished truth. I do not want to waste any more of your valuable time, I know how busy the feverish activity of an Ed's life is, especially if he does all the stages of production personally. Hoping to receive a staple full of Good news, in the shape of Fantast,

Clear Ether,

Yours sincerely,

K. Bulmer

please excuse pencil signature.

enc. (1).