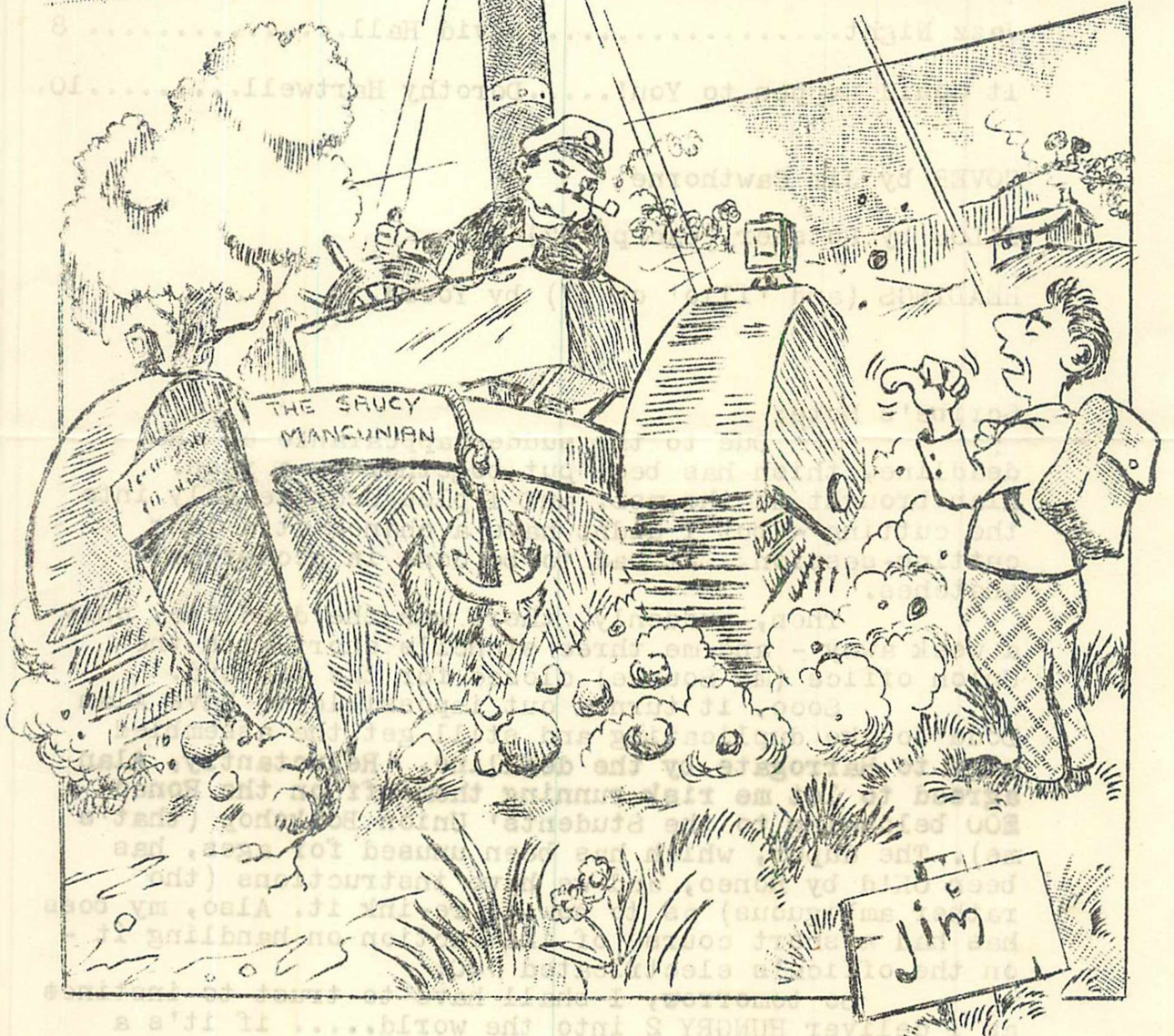


RISPIN STRIKES AGAIN!

# HUNGER two

ALL RIGHT, THEN — I AM ROBINSON CRUSOE IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL HAPPIER!



lnoy

Published by Alan Rispin  
30, Lyndhurst Avenue,  
Highgate,  
London,  
England.  
For the March issue of the  
"Hunger" Magazine, Association.



# CONTENTS

Editorial.....who else?.....	2
On the Scene.....Jhim Linwood.....	5
Column By.....Ken Cheslin.....	6
Jazz Night.....David Hall.....	8
It Could Happen to You!.....Dorothy Hartwell.....	10

COVER by Jim Cawthorne

ILLOS by Rotsler (except p7)

HEADINGS (and 'illo' on p7) by Yorrd.

## Scribe's Note:

Due to the sudden appearance of the deadline, this has been put together in a rush. Alan brought me the mss, and I ploughed steadily into the cutting - but I didn't have a chance at a long cutting-session...it had to be done in occasional snatches.

Then, suddenly, there was the deadline, only a week away - and me three stencils short with the Union office (my Source) closed for the weekend.

Sooo, it turned out impossible to have Alan Dodd do the duplicating and still get the assembled mags to Harrogate by the deadline. Reluctantly, Alan agreed to let me risk running them off on the Roneo 500 belonging to the Students' Union Bookshop (that's me). The duper, which has been unused for ages, has been OK'd by Roneo, and we have instructions (tho rather ambiguous) as to how to re-ink it. Also, my boss has had a short course of instruction on handling it - on the office's electricated 700!

So tomorrow, I shall have to trust to instinct as I deliver HUNGRY 2 into the world..... if it's a miscarriage, blame me.

Yorrd

---o---oOo---o---

"HUNGRY"

No.2

Published by  $\frac{1}{2}$ ..Alan Rispin  
35, Lyndhurst Avenue,  
Higher Irlam,  
Manchester,  
England.,

for the March 1960 mailing of the  
Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association.

with the ball. The most interesting thing in his life is the woman he meets in his City career (he's a clerk...) and you can predict, with a good chance of being correct, that the first thing he'll say to yours truly is: "I say, there was a real stunner on the train today, I'll have to get to know her..." Given a chance, Dave could be a wolf.



*notske*

Dorothy Hartwell needs little introduction; she had a Blood Bank piece in Orion a while back, and this time she also writes a nifty piece of fanpoetry. She entered fandom after being dragged into correspondence with myself and two other youngfen (I deny all! It was NOT my fault! yd) She has met me and I think this has gone to her head, because now her poems are all about love. I'll have to introduce her to Dave sometime.

James G Linwood contributed to his own APP. ISH., but he didnt know this was to be so. Not that I did until I sat down before this typer a few minutes ago. The piece he presents is a typical Jhim slant on a certain fan. It's all lies. Lies'Lies! I first met him at the Bruncon last year, and ever since then I seem to be seeing him kinda frequently in oddly assorted places like North Hykeham, Netherfield, The Globe, and Boots' Chemists in Manchester.

I'm sorry that I've not any mailing comments this, but the reason is that I haven't finished reading the mailing I have behind the setee over there. Only noted a few things - A Still Damp cover from John Roles, and some Lannish Greetings Cards (which a few unfortunates received over Christmas).

Ken Cheslin, Chairman SADO, Assoc.M.IrSFaS, has a thing about the horrible cruelty to dumb hagi which certainly opens new doors. He has also met me, and probably he wishes he hadn't. We went to the LaSFaS party in January together and got drunk together.

The impecable duping this is due to Hungry being in the capable hands of the semi-mythical Alan Dodd. If it wasnt for Alan, I wouldnt have been able to put out this zine at all. Under great difficulties, he has brought Hungry out in fabulously quick time.....

Also, Brian Jordan put on stencil everything but JIM's fabulous cover.

Now after all the nattering by me you can turn over the page and start on the delicious contents.

Until I can persuade Alan to do this again,

Hungrily,



*notske*



# A NEDITORIAL

The name above this particular piece of steaming niterature is derived from one of the nick-names I'm plagued with. I have a devil of a time with the various names my friends think up to describe me. If they're straightforward then the usual one is 'slob'. Apart from that hardy perennial I was once plagued with such horribly flowery ones as "fish-an-chips-an-whiskey". But no doubt you can think of a few variations on "Rispin" for the next mailing. There happen to be two of my friends with the same christian name as myself, so when we go out together, instead of calling each other Alan, and getting in a fiendish mixup, we call each other by names which only we three can hope to translate into the original German, like. I'm called Henry, another Fred, and the other Abbie- so we dont get confused.....

But all that is beside the point, which was...er, well, ah.. that HUNGRY TWO is here!!! Well, that much was pretty obvious anyway. "Why did you bother", you say? The reason is that I want this to be a Focal Point, mate. (Dont throw this away yet friend; I havnt finished) This is hoped to be a focal point of HITCH} HIKING fandom, and any hitcher, past or present, should feel obligated to send a contribution. So Bennett and Caughran take heed, and assuage this tiny part of The Hungry I, huh?

Seeing all the appreciation which has been shown some fans in some fanzines, I thought I might add, in my small way, some small contribution to the big pile of egoboo flying about fandom: if only to counter the negative egoboo which seems all too prevalent nowadays. I cant make this a LaSFaS appreciationish because Eric did a good job of that in WALDO, so I'm afraid I'll have to make this a

## JHIM LINWOOD APPRECIATION ISSUE!!

Yes, fans, I appreciate Linwood ( he should be glad someone does... ) and I will proceed to tell you why.

I guess the main reason is that here there exists a person who personifies THE (much maligned) BEAT GENERATION. He also introduced me to Modern Jazz. Some people / people?! yd/ would think this latter reason enough to hate Linwood, but I shall be eternally grateful. Before I met Jhim, Modern Jazz was just a noise. Now it is still a noise - but now a very interesting and entertaining noise. And Jhim can Pun...and oh, how he puns. At the least opportunity he will floor one with His Cosmic Wit and shine a light on an otherwise murky subject ( a sort of lit wit...) But less of Linwood and a leetle bit more about our Staff Artist here at Hungry Press, a charming gal called Mary Munroe. She entered fandom through the BSFA and in her mundane life she swings a computer for an industrial atomic energy company on her native Tyne-side. She was a founder member of the Newcastle Circle and likes cats. In fact her favourite music is Depussy.....

Enough of this. David Hall , who has a lively interest in tradtype jazz, herein gives us his impressions of a visit to one of the jazz clubs in Manchester which left him in a rather bemused condition. Whether from drink or Good Music, I couldnt say. Also he has a rather beat outlook himself, which usually overflows as protestations against Capitalism when we tow members of the Irlam S Fan. Society congregate on Friday nights. I've known Dave for quite a while, but I sort of converted him to reading SF and thence 'twas but a short step into a fanzine reader. He's interested in rugby - but has never ployed, only messed around



# ON THE SCENE



A dead-beat sort-of-column  
by Jhim Linwood.

I guess this is about the best place I know of to lay down a few words about the editor of this zine, Alan Rispin.

Alan is a crazy mixture of North-Country, young-fannishness, and MAD's "What Me Worry?" kid.

I first met Alan at the Brun-con, back in March, and since then many times I have tried to remember just when it was I broke a mirror, or what trick of fate had singled me out. I was passing Ella Parker's room, which was the only one without a bible, when I heard her pure sweet voice accusing somebody of being a robot. I entered and sitting upon a ticking away gas-meter was an example of present-day youth - drain-pipe pants, velvet black coat, boot-lace tie with jewelled clasp, and side-burns; which all reminded me of Peter Cushing in "Dracula". It sprang into my mind that this was surely extra help brought into the hotel to cope with the conventioners, so I suspiciously eyed him, wondering if he had any concealed weapons. When Ella ordered him to find a glass for my favourite tippie, a small voice told me that he might - just might - conceivably be a neofan. Maybe it was because of the zap-gun in shoulder-holster, propellor-beanie, and Vargo pb protuding from his pocket.

He later proved to be a valuable fan to have around at a con - especially when it came to breaking the record for the largest number of youngfans to occupy a telephone booth simultaneously: there we were, Ivor Mayne, Brian Jordan, Geo Locke and myself - all standing on Alan.

Came the rains and I was in Manchester at Whitsun absorbing what Alan called "his mundane existence". He proudly showed me Lyndhurst Avenue - with its corrugated front edges, caused by his friend David (who's always mumbling about the bar-maid at the "Nags Head") who mistook them for trampolines when tipsy one night. Alan's ears (!?) picked up when we entered No. 35, and he pointed to two solitary figures, emerging from the sun-set. They turned out to be David and friend, returning from the "Nags head" (or was it the "Frog & Nightgown"?) and I carried out a multi-topic conversation with them, before we escorted David home. When finally inside No. 35, we heard a knock at the door - it was David who had returned to thank us for taking him home!

All this is leading up to the announcement that David is now a fan, and plans to be with us at the next con. On a later occasion he proved to be an intelligent and witty conversationist worthy of admittance to the legion of fen.

I hope the preceding text hasn't created the impression that Alan is just "another bloody youngfan" - please do not come to that conclusion, for behind that idiotic grin, between those elephantine ears, beneath his "Andy-Cap" is a fine brain, pounding with dissent at the present social justices, waiting to strike a blow for freedom and less working hours.

Like the time when two fen were talking politics: Alan heard one point which angered him. He stood on his feet (quite an achievement, as most fen were prostrate in alcoholic bliss) and mumbled, Rod Stieger-like, "Like wait, Man, I mean, er, you know, wait a minute....": and then he sat down as he'd forgotten what he intended to say in the first place.

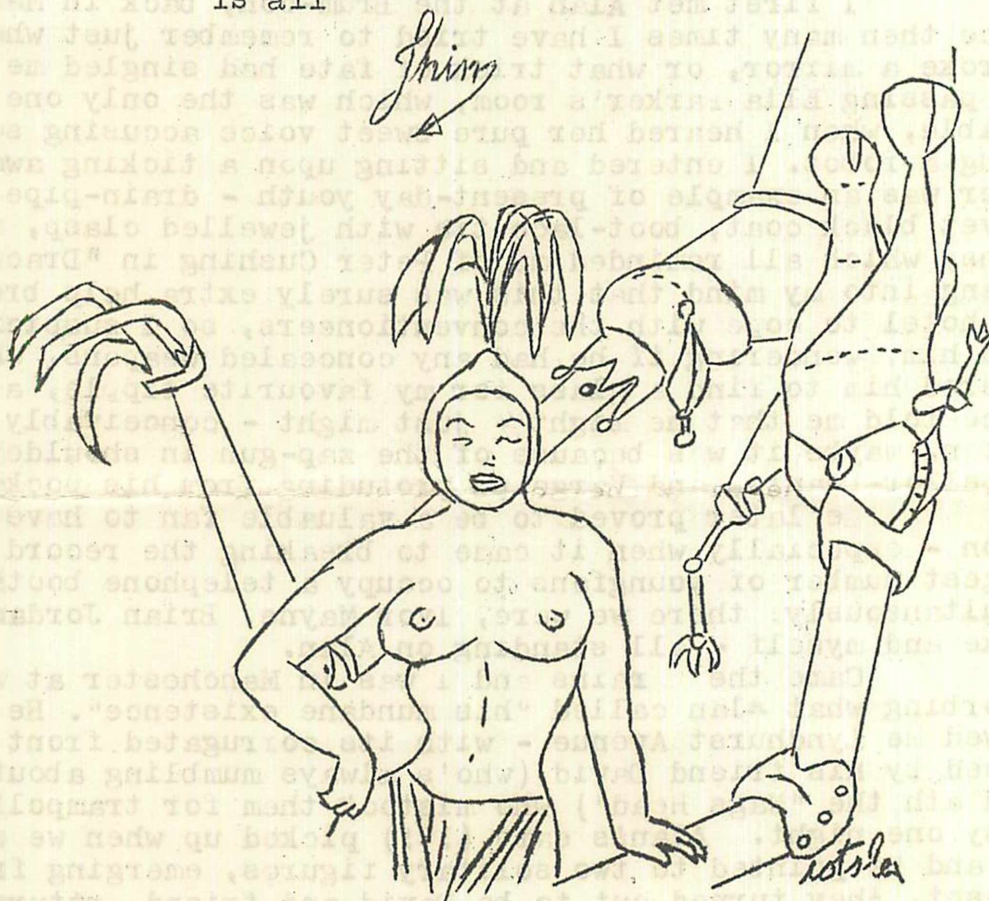
That's rebellion, Maan!



You may have noticed that Penguin have published the original script by Nigel Kneale of "The Quatemass Experiment". This is well worth getting, but I must warn you that robbed of the brilliant directing, fine acting, wierd effects, and the backgournd music, it has very little impact as did the TV serial back in '53. It serves as a lasting souvenir of the production which presented for almost the first time reasonably intelligent SF to a lay audience. This was achieved by the common-paace settings, like Wimbledon Common, or a Pimlico bomb-site - which were made more scarifying than any alien landscape.

The pb also contains 13 stills from the serial - including, of course on of the final results of the amalgam of basic life forms, which sort of grows on you.

Is all



~~Ken  
His Column  
Cheslin~~

Ramblings by the Chairman  
of S.A.D.O.

So this Rispin guy says to me, Ken, he says, I'm doing another HUNGRY soon, how about writing something for it? About hitch-hiking if you can.....So here it is...

I have hitchhiked ... not once but six or seven times. This was while I was Serving My Country with the R.A.F. I havn't ever tried hitching in civvies, so I dont know how it is, but when I hitched in uniform it wasnt difficult. Mostly I would get good lifts, the road outside the camp went 28 miles straight to Nottingham. Once I got a lift right the way down to Coventry with some bloke from Bomber Command.



The thing that made me hitch-hike. Well, I don't rightly know. It may have been that I couldn't spare the train fare, and again it may have been something subconscious, like, I mean The Adventure Of It All. I reckon I'm one of those introvert types, anyway I've always fought shy of sticking my thumb up ... though when I did I knew I'd stand a very much better chance of getting a lift.

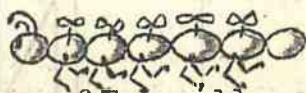
One thing about hitchhiking is the extraordinary people you meet. All types use the roads; some go racing along so fast you wish you'd thought to bring along an ejector-seat with you, some crawl, some are travelling for pleasure, some because they have to. Apart from that bomber chap I mentioned earlier, only a few others stick in my mind, a businessman who I found in Derby, I'm not sure why I remember him, maybe it was because of his wealthy type car. Another was a very charming lady, secretary or something of an organisation something similar to that group, the ones who test household equipment off their own bat and publish their recommendations... something or other research. And another was the British Road Services bloke ... He was, I should think, one of those "Prepare to meet thy Doom" types..all the way down the road to Nottingham he was muttering things like "the hand of Mammon....all shall be Destroyed" etc, I was rather glad to get out of there... he kept eyeing me between each mutter....

VOTE  
FOR  
TAFF

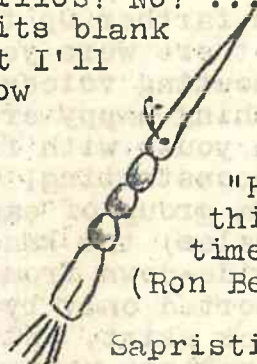
I don't exactly know why, but after I got a little rank (no Rispin, I mean I was promoted) and so a little more pay, I never bothered to hitchhike again. I think what had a lot to do with it was that I started to go on leave in civvies and didn't hitch because I thought I'd have less chance of getting a lift. But then Rispin hitchhikes to this very day

It isn't that I'm fed-up writing about hitch-hiking, no indeed, it's just that this is about all I can remember about my hiking experiences. So how to fill another page?  
got to leave  
and there so that  
in... I've SEEN  
someone to help him out. Anyhow, I should talk - have you seen MY illos? No? ... lucky you!  
little bits blank  
different I'll  
wonder how  
middle?

Rispin says I've little spaces here he can put illos  
some of his illos...well maybe he'll get  
He said actually to leave  
at the side. But just to be  
leave this bit in the middle. I  
this'll read with an illo in the



Yd



"HUNGRY"... the last ish was two pages.  
thing of mine will take up that much  
time....mmm, I wonder what it'll be  
like?  
(Ron Bennett draws lines on toilet paper)

Sapristi! Do you think I find anything to write about? I cannot! So I guess it'll have to be a meandering.

Haggi, or in the singular Haggis. This is a rather popular dish in Scotland. Even the exiled Scot I likes to have a piece to chew on Burns' Night...What I object to is the cruel practice of cooking the poor beasts alive...I'll substantiate this. In the ceremony of the Haggis... the Haggis is carried in by the Chief Waiter (or equivalent) and as he parades around the table it is



customary to have a braw lad pipeing a tune. All very well you say? .. wait till you hear this. Eventually the COOKED Haggis is laid before the bloke who's going to do the carving. The he, having made a speach, says (and I quote) : " I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU DEAD." and then, ONLY then does he stab the poor beast and put it out of its suffering...those Scots are an evil, barbaric lot { Here here! yd}

I read a story the other day ( I DO read SF) about these Time Police chaps and their meeting with Chinese and Mongols in a time 200 years pre white man American. The tale wasn't all that good, but I always like this sort of thing. One can imagine the Mongol civilisation of America. The discover of Europe by American Mongols. Consequently no Spanish Empire in the Americas; no outlet in that direction, where would the Spanish have turned? India, Africa, perhaps even Australia. Would the British have warred with Spain? or perhaps joined her in an attempt tp take America by force. How would the Conqueedoris have fared against the superbly skillful Mongol cavalry, the powerful warbows and the un-Indian mass attacks they would have mounted. No, I dont think the use of firearms would have been much of a n advantage. Anyway, you get a glimpse of this mind-boggling idea. Angeay IF someone HAD messed around with time, HOW do we know? We cant tell the differenc.....

And so I've worked my way nearly to the end of the page. it now remains for me to make a graceful exit and get back to answering a few of my letters.

So, in the name of PABLO, His little village, Of Spain, and The King, not to forget of course the inimitable Captain of the Guard, I'll bid you all farewell.

FAREWELL!!!!!!

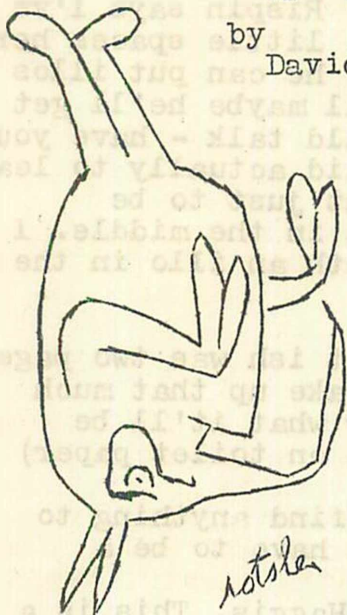
Ken Cheslin.

-o-oOo-o-

# JAZZ

by  
David  
Hall.

# NIGHT



I pushed on farther up the stairway. Everywhere there were yelling, laughing shouting voices, a jostling shovin, pushing happy crowd of fanatics. A youth with flaming red hair was demonstrating, (for the benefit of a group of eager, excited females) the knack of hanging upside-down from the staircase, supported only by his feet. A girl in a black skirt, yellow sweater, red stockings minus shoes, wanted desperately to know what had happened to "Freddy". Sadly, alas, none of the gathered gallants either

knew, or cared.

I had gained the landing, a by no means easy feat, in the suffocating throng, when girlish shrieks came from below. Looking downwards I noticed that the dare devil's feet were no longer visible upon the rail.



After paying my entrance fee, I managed to gain access to the jazz-room. I pushed past the figure who stood in the doorway, cheering madly, waving a pint mug, heedless of its spilling contents, yelling loud encouragements, to the sweating quintet. Sweet clarinetic tones, echoing that ever-popular "Wont you come home Bill Bailey, mate" resounded in crescendo around the room. The crowd cheered. The double bass player stood on his head. The clarinetist bowed modestly. Someone in the darkness clamoured for a number. The beer had a peculiar taste. Two scantily dressed females blundered into me in the dark; mummering hazy apologies they moved uncertainly on.

The interval came. The last strains of "Bill Bailey" echoed crazily around the room. The applause was deafening. Whilst the band gulped greatfully at ready pints, the crowd let off steam. A roaring, laughing, arguing, fighting mob. Someone at the back of the room loudly demanded a number. This request was greeted by jeers. With my eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, I had no difficulty taking in the room and its occupants. Two bicycles were propped up hard against the crockery cabinet in the corner. A bearded individual lay across a bare-sprung bed, unconcernedly reading a dark heavy volume. I had become firmly wedged against a fellow in guard's uniform, who was talking earnestly to a glassy-eyed listener. "I'm in the mess, y'know." said the 'uniform' "Too bad" murmured his listener, gazing vertically into space.

The interval ended. A dark haired bespectacled youth announced that the band would now give their own dynamic version of "Swinging the blues" (Cheers). Couples began to jive in the confined space.



I had arrived, through various methods of being pushed, shoved, and jostled, alongside the band. "Healthy atmosphere, man" grinned the trombone player, perspiration streaming down his features. "Great", I replied feeling dizzy in the oven-heated atmosphere.

There was a sudden scuffle in the doorway. Someone demanded an entrance. The request was greeted by cries of "Go home Henry", "Try next door", "You'r blocking the view mate" and yells of laughter.

There were sudden shock tactics in the doorway. Four figures were sent sprawling, two vanishing under tables and innumerable feet, another taking a quick headlong dive into the band. Chaos broke loose. I saw the clarinetist being carried bodily towards the door. I was caught in a tidal wave, a surging seething mass, swept towards the door.

Down the stairs I was carried, and out into the street; to collide with a hamburger-stall someone had unfortunately parked at the doorway.

David Hall

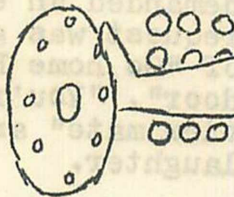
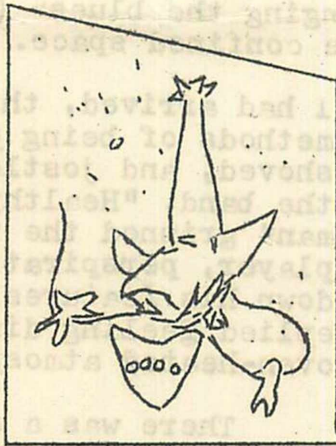


This Could Be You!

by Dorothy Hartwell.

One time I was all alone,  
I had no-one to call my own,  
I thought that life had passed me by,  
I Science Fiction Fan was I.  
Then in magazine one day -  
Behold! an advert for the BSFA.  
I straightway wrote a letter..  
When they replied I felt better,  
I could not join this famous club  
(No money - so I could not sub,  
But I had penfriends, two, three, four,  
And I hope there'll be some more.  
I have friends, a BHoyfriend too -  
See what Fandom can do to you?

Dorothy.



David Hall