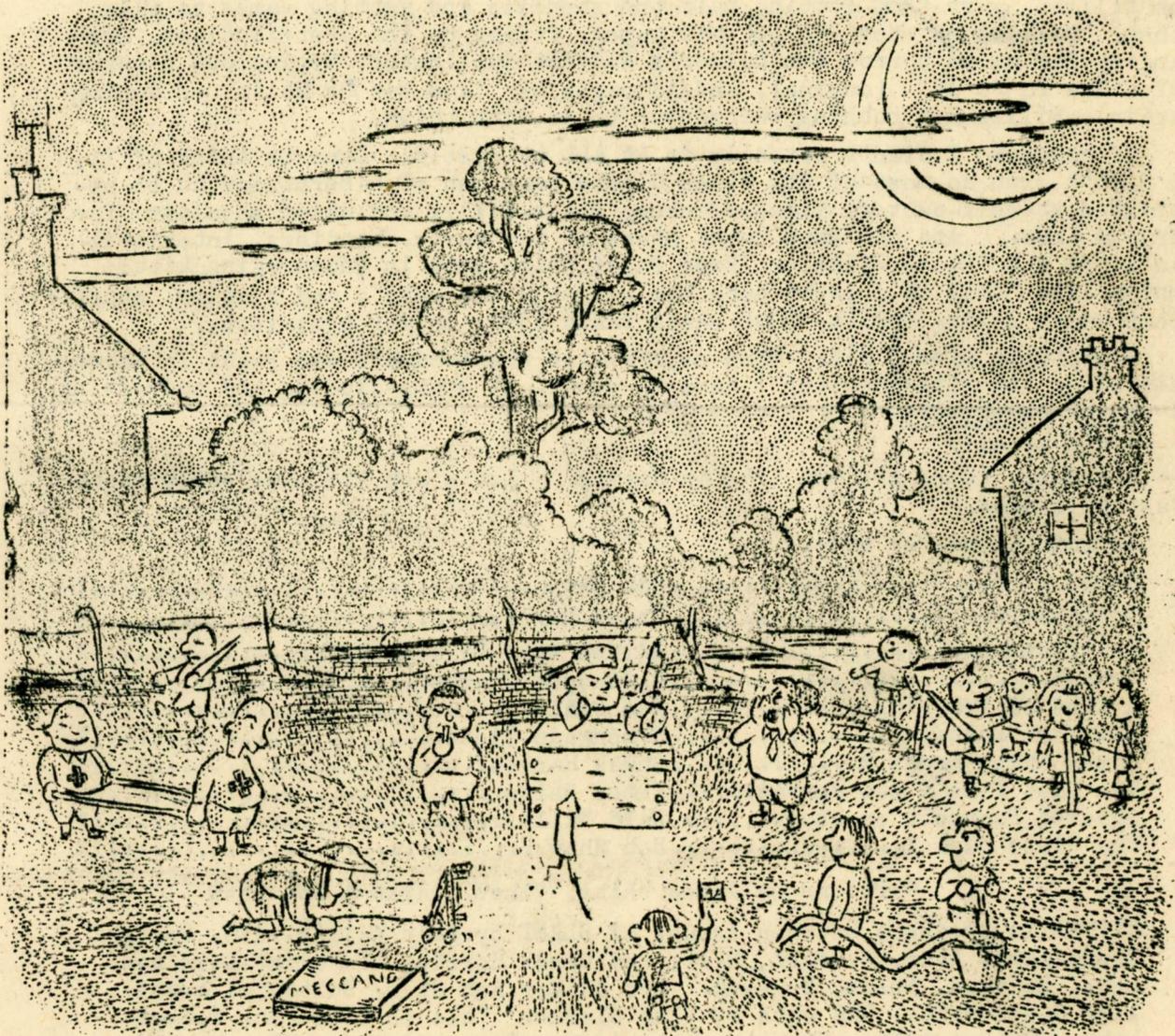


HYPERFINE

NO. 2

SEPTEMBER

1952



".....Nine.....Eight.....Seven.....Six.....Five....."

TWO EDS ARE BETTER THAN ONE...

I am a **Great** big Name.

At least, I am until our absentee fanlord returns from the States. This time, the egoboo should all be aimed in my direction. Let's not have any more reviews about 'Walt Willis's new fanzine' or 'WAW does it again.' Poo on Willis. Part from cutting half the stencils and getting James to illo' them, telling me where to get the paper, fixing up the contributions, arranging for me to borrow Ken Bulmer's NIRVANA duplicator, typing out 8 pages of 'How To Do It' (duping), and 13 pages of 'How Not To Do It' (duping again), Willis had nothing whatsoever to do with this.

Of course, I didn't actually do it ALL by myself. Come to think of it, I didn't even do most of it. Vince Clarke came out of hibernation to be appointed stencil-cutter, mimeo-cranker, space-filler and chief shoulder for crying onto. And Bob Shaw spent hours on the cover, headings, interiorillo's and the 'Glass Bushel'. Even Yngvi White sent in encouraging Little notes like "Tell CH I don't hate him --- only his guts", and similar stuff that we're saving for the POOR white TRASH DEPT. in our next issue.

Everything else I did. When supervision was needed I was right in there pitching. At slip-sheeting I have no equal. At stamp-licking and addressing I am par excellence.

I did it all.

Remember, there are two 'R's in Harris. Let's get the name spelt right just this once.

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Cartoons by James White, Vince Clarke & Bob Shaw

HYPHEN is produced between issues of SLANT by Walt Willis, 170, Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.I., and Chuck Harris, 'Carolyn' Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. Art Editor Bob Shaw, Editorial Assailant James White, Odd Jobs by Vince Clarke. This is issue No. 2, September/October 1952. The sub. rate is two issues for one US promag or 1/6d, payable to Willis or deductible from subs to SLANT.

INCLINATIONS



WALT WILLIS HSC

This is all the editorial matter there'll be from me in this issue, because in less than a week from now I'll be on my way to discover America, just another boulder on the bounding main. As soon as I've finished this letter column I'll be sending the dozen or so stencils I've cut---you'll recognise them by the absence of typos---over to my associates Chuck Harris and Bob Shew to turn into a magazine. I hope to get a copy while in America so that I can write them a rude letter of comment.

K.H.REMLUB Thank you for the appreciated copy of your magazine. Although the standard is quite high in comparison with other offerings I have seen in my long and distinguished career as a travelling representative of the Council (dust), I must inform you that it does not meet expectations. Having seen many rave reviews of Slant, presumably from people well qualified to rave, I was expecting the cream of contemporary fiction by such masters as Vargo Statten, Ray Goings, and A.Vincent Clarke. I was even under the impression that the mythical Ken Bulmer had condescended to grace your pages.

Instead I find that the only really worthwhile piece in the entire issue is the tail end. I do not mean the name and address on the mailing wrapper--that is the most distinguished--I mean the I DROVE JAMES WHITE fragment. Incidentally, where can one subscribe to this NIRVANA? It appears to be the most regular and dignified of fan publications.

(It is indeed, Mr Remlub, but it is not as easy to subscribe to NIRVANA as to a fly-by-night affair like GALAXY or ASF. However, if you write to Mr Bulmer enclosing a copy of your last IQ test or failing that a testimonial from me (cost £5:5) he might be willing to add your name to the list of those waiting to get on the waiting list for subscriptions.)

REDD BOGGS I was just winding up to shoot across this HURKLE (The Spring issue) when Hyphen popped into the mailbox. Not being pressed for time, I opened it, thanking Foo for the thoughtful soul who had circled which staples to pull out, and read it immediately.....Temple's conreport read so well I'd have sworn that the happy event took place this year instead of a year ago. This was a minor masterpiece.

Strange inclination all you Slant people have---all in one direction. You seem to have the same, what shall we say, community spirit? that characterised the Futurians and still characterises the Insurgent Element.

Is there a Lower Newtownards Rd.?

(There is, Redd, as you would know if you had read your Charles Fort. He refers to a news item about "eight girls missing since Monday week from the Newtownards Rd., East Belfast." But I am innocent; innocent I tell you!)

WING CLARKEAs for Hyphen, I'm glad to see that you are cutting a dash by starting a new line in a joint venture. (If you were capable of appreciating it I would make a pun here concerning the original Greek meaning for 'hyphen'---'under-done', but I doubt whether many of your readers would understand it ...except perhaps such college boys as Mr Keasler.) (Huh, 'schizophrenia' next, I suppose. You'll never be President of the United States.)

The duplicating of my copy was quite good, and even those words that were illegible could easily be guessed from the context. I would like to point out however for the benefit of any readers who may be strongminded enough to read Hyphen 2 after receiving the first issue that the missing syllable in the 40th line of my deathless poesy leaked from the metre in transit. I thank you for the plug, tho I've had one reader with an innocent and childlike faith in your capabilities address a letter to 'Vi ce Clarke.'

The portrait on the front page was exceptionally good, as was the one on the back, though I confess I cannot see the point of the letter....oh, sorry, it's the stamp. I seem to have heard the name of this Carnell person before. Didn't he have a fanzine in '39? As for my own opus, I've had a letter from Sid Gale who accuses me of 'flogging the monetary puns to death'. Caught in the milreis of a compound pun I mite leva peso cents behind, but dinar let Sid forget that if it's fort worth while to flog a pun, do it with a cat-o'-nine-taels. It's a sovereign remedy.

I would advocate the addition of 'X' to the middle of James' names. James X.White, (and how appropriate after his Parisian trip) has an unusual air.

Blonde: "Who was that man I saw you with last night?"

Brunette: "That was no man, that was James X. White."

Blonde: "James X.White? Oh how exciting. Do you think you could introduce me?"

Brunette: "That's just what the little redhead said last night."

And so on. James could always explain it stood for Xtra or Xuthus or Xantippe.

All right. I'll buy it. What does 'Class Bushel' stand for? (For the benefit of Mr Clarke and the readers who have already written in to tell us that Hyphen can be pronounced 'Hi, fen' I'll explain that a glass bushel is what Bob hides his light under.) It's curious how the Celtic mind always turns to the mystic explanation, when a perfectly good rational one is forthcoming. This business of the perpetual wind against Bob when he is cycling, for instance. Obviously, Bob is the wrong shape. He must present a concave exterior to the wind, and instead of the air flowing around him, it gathers in front of him. Sometimes a vagary in the local atmospheric conditions will relieve the pressure, but on the whole, unless he can find some way of moving all the air in the world in front of him, I'm afraid his case is hopeless. He is on a par with those early pioneers of the railways, whom people said would have been crushed by air pressure if they went more than 40 mph. It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone that that is exactly what happened, the news of the disaster being hushed up to prevent the abandonment of this method of transport. The convex survivors hastily installed red seat covers, and in time the law of natural selection weeded out the concave type, its only remnants being found in out of the way places such as Belfast.

In the same way, the reason a bike gets heavier as it goes further is the electronic friction caused by the tyres on the road attracting air-molecules which form an increasingly long and heavy chain. Of course, immediately the bike stops the electrostatic charge leaks away and the molecules disperse.

I shall be pleased to forward my explanation of why one climbs hills on both the outward and return journey to any interested enquirer in a plain sealed envelope. The explanation will be in a plain sealed envelope of course--the cost to the enquirer of mailing himself in a plain sealed



"... BOB IS THE WRONG SHAPE."

envelope, or indeed any kind of envelope, would be prohibitive.

In closing, I must say I was pleased to see the absence (I'm trying to write in Irish) of this sordid commercialism so prevalent in fanzines these days. Only two mentions of prozines in the whole issue---unless one counts NIRVANA, which could hardly be called a fanzine.

{Thank you, Mr Clarke. It's nice to see you big-time pro authors taking an interest in us ordinary fans. I'm sure all our readers will be delighted to know that over the last six months Mr Clarke has dashed off another novel to follow his thought-provoking SPACE TREASON, which did so much to promote the sales of 'Joan The Mad' lucky charms.}

MAX KEASLER Hy phen indeed.. are you not too cute without words. How can you dare make fun-folly of my spelling when you spell "army" "aemy" (page 5). Ha, got your back against the wall and ally-over a barrel on that one. Don't try walking away, how about 'screeched' for 'screeched'? (Page 9) THAT's right cringe. Here's a good one, 'leprechaune' for 'leprechaun.' Now I'm drawing blood, (Of course I'd do better on stencil) but just mind--keep you self in yourplace, you Upper Newtownaide whitetrash....you.

You speak of a column by me. I could write you some super-reject fan fiction? Willis, you're screaming in my ear, my dear. Really I've been writing fiction for years now; excuses for being absent at school, letters to the parole board etc. I wrote my first story in the second grade. It went something like this: "See Jan run. See Dick run. See Dick chase Jane. See Dick catch Jane. See Dick kiss Jane. See Jane slugg Dick in the head with a brick. See Dicky cry. See Jane laugh in her sugar and spice." This may not be any Ernest Highway, but look at the dramatic impact.

Oh yes, tell Madeleine that box of candy is on the way. Thank her for the bottle of arsenic and tell her it was plenty. Also when the candy arrives, tell her not to eat any of the chocalte-covered-cherry ones--just feed them to you. Let Madeleine know I've got the two tickets to Brazil, and Walt, old boy, check your insurance and make sure it's payed up....It's been nice knowing you, even tho we've had our differences. This of course is all over your head, but will Peter Graham be surprised!

BILL TEMPLE Thanks for the copy of your Quendry conreport. In ignorance, you're unjust to ally Gillings. He wasn't at the con because at that time his wife was in hospital expecting a baby, and it was known it was going to be a difficult birth. I'm glad to say the unshot was happy, and they have a son. He rang me up to let me know and said how much he'd wished to be at the Con, but of course it was impossible. He did manage to drop into the White Horse later for a few minutes and leave enough cash to buy everyone a drink to celebrate his son's birth. I suggest you send Lee a footnote to your report explaining this.

{It was too late for that, but this should reach everyone. Congratulations, Wally. Mine's a Guinness.}

ROBERT BLOCH I have no idea how I'm going to recognise you at the Con, but imagine you'll be the one between Lee Hoffman and Shelby Vick. As for me, I am short, fat, fairhaired, and walk with a pronounced stoop, named Tucker

Perhaps I had better explain a few things to you about conventions. Conventions are filled with, roughly, two kinds of people---and for the sake of argument we will temporarily classify fans as people, though I have my doubts and even some anatomical research to prove otherwise.

There's Class A (the type who carries a raygun and drops bags of hot water out of hotel windows) and Class B (the type who watches all this activity and writes it up for fan magazines, meanwhile commenting on the horror of it all.)

PFO

Class A has a lot of fun at the Con, and Class B has a lot of fun gloating over it afterwards. I cannot be in Class A because I'm a pro and too many people are watching. Also it doesn't express the true me, because there are laws and stuff. And also, in some hotels, not enough hot water.

....I'd say hello to Madeleine, but since I am fairly confident that she reads your letters to you aloud, that is unnecessary.

Hoping you are the same.

CLIVE JACKSON Many thanks for the copy of Hyphen. This little mag fills a long felt want in my life. I read the whole thing at one sitting, and still have several pages left for next time.

...In a more serious vein, here's an extract from my new booklength short story, THE ABOLISHED FAN, which should be in print this autumn. (I don't know where.)

NO ONE KNOWS THE MORE IT SNOWS
HOW COLD MY TOES TIDDLEY POM THE MORE IT SNOWS
HOW COLD THE COLDER

M Y
T O E S
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MICHAEL SLATER Dear Mr Proxiboo, I wood like to get the assistans of PROXIBOO to rite leturs four me and publis e fanzeen. Wood you pleez send me your fool price list as soon as you can. At the moment I can relie on my old man for prozeens. I think the covurs on Planit Storys are nicer than asf becos you can pick out the flavors from the different colurs better but my old man sez they are for looking et and not edibul. Is this troo? PS. I sea I hav my name menchured in e fanzeen all ready. It is quite troo, I doant think Bob Tucker is ded.

PROXYBOO LTD. In reference to your esteemed enquiry I have much pleasure in quoting you our current rates for standard PROXYBOO services:--
mimeographed fmz, with usual crudtype articles including Willis column, 10/- a page.
As above, but without Willis column..... 15/- a page.
Possibly however, in common with some of our other younger clients, you would prefer to avail yourself of our new experimental ONE COPY FANZINE service. Quotstions for the various models can be supplied on request. Each model contains handpainted blots, artistically placed, but fingerprints are extra. We can quote you for extra botching if desired, on our new Automatic Botcher as used by many prominent fan editors.

Your complaint about the inedible nature of various magazines has been passed to our Research Dept who report that while the paper used in PROXYBOO magazines has not hitherto been chosen with....er...this end in view, certain of them are in fact edible, including SUPPER SCIENCE, SCIENCE FANTASTY and AMAIZING. For sensitive stomachs we particularly recommend SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, by Henry Burpwell.

GRUNCH

A. VINCENT
CLARKE

FOO to Hercules, who had to clean out the Augean stables and similar pre-WPA work, and Foo to Laney and Watkins who undertook a similar task in U.S. fandom. Also to Richard Farnsworth, intrepid interstellar investigator who rescued a bug-eyed monster from a ravening horde of blondes.

I...I have to write a column in a 'zine of

which the Bhoj Himself is co-editor! *

I can feel the Willis eyes on unpleasant little stalks, peering over my shoulder
I can hear the Willis mind, squeaking away with great rapidity like a hat-full
of eager mice, ready to pounce.

Harris is waiting round the corner. He has a bucket of acid. He got it by boiling carbon copies of his letters.

Am I scared?

Yes.

This style is extremely useful for filling columns at enormous speed. I borrowed it from Shelby Vick. (CONFUSION). Not only does it cover paper with the speed of a Keasler cartoon, but you could probably make obscene silhouettes with the blank spaces if you were clever enough.

I hope ShelvY doesn't mind me using his style, but I have one of those plastic-chameleon (?) minds. It absorbs whatever matter it was last reading and gets impressed into similar shape, like Campbell's red-eyed un-nameable in 'Who Goes There'. Of course, when reading s-f I'm rarely affected, as there are only half-a-dozen authors who can be said to have enough of an individual style to impress one with, and has everybody noticed how 'Charles Harness' has dropped out since Van Vogt started to draw a steady salary in Dianetics?

The book version of 'Who Goes There', with the additional shorts, was recently reprinted in London as a pocket-book, with 'Solution T-25', 'Vanguard To Neptune', and 'Typewriter in the Sky'/'Fear'. They've retitled WGT as 'The Thing', cashing in on the present record-breaking run of the picture on its first London showing. I wouldn't have thought RKO would be pleased at the comparison between their botched up job and Campbell's minor masterpiece, but I suppose it's the same old publicity racket...anything goes.

(I'm rather worried about this plastic-chameleon business. I've been seeing a lot of Bob Shaw, Ireland's Gift to English Fandom, recently. Well, you know that occasionally you come across a passage in a book that you don't understand at first reading, and on going back over it hear a little voice in your mind repeating the words? I did it the other day, and the little voice had an Irish accent.)

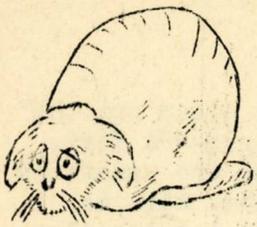
It's my belief that HYPHEN is in a rut. Nothing but funny stuff, without a thought for the more serious things in life, like...well, compassion, for instance.

Further on in the 'zine, (if you get any further with it), you'll find an article on James White (and if ever there was a misnomer, that's it.) It mentions the attempted drowning of what I have recently heard called our "puir wee pussie", Trixie. (See accompanying art-work). Aside from an occasional difference of opinion as to whose chair was whose, he used to like me. (Why he was called Trixie is a rather long story involving short-sightedness, which I won't go into here). If he caught a mouse he'd always offer me half.



PTO

* I don't HAVE to, but the egoboo is nice.



Since James came, he's been a changed cat. (See pict.) He nides in corners and barks at me. He's got hydrophobia, claustrophobia and agoraphobia (I admit that the last two are difficult to have together, but now Trixie doesn't like being anywhere.) I'm thinking of starting a Save Our Trixie Society..it'll be a nice racket if Trixie's got guts enough to string along. The very least that White can do is to send the dough that he's getting from his NEW WORLDS story. Suppor's the SOTS !

My conscience just gave me a sharp nudge...after all, it's possible that you're not interested in Trixie; I'm just feline my way around, and I mustn't be parochial. That's a nice word going the rounds of British actifandom, meaning any humour not likely to be understood by 40% or more of the readers. F'rinstance, a remark by a certain HYPHEN editor, C--- H---, that a certain US faned must have 6 'I' keys on her typer. And the last pocsarc'd from Willis before he sailed..." I'm sailing at 3pm today, and I feel a bit like Wolfe setting out to scale the Heights of Abraham. In fact I may very well stay behind and write Gray's Elegy. But then I remember with pride the words of General Lafayette: "J'avais une grunche, mais le plant d'oeuf la-bas!" ' British readers, as yet unaquainted with the Bible of Av-oidism, Price's 'In One Head and Out the Other' (Simon & Schuster '51) may surmise at each other with wild stares, until they learn about Clayton Slope..."He had de-veloped the limp, repulsive handshake to a point of perfection seldom reached by any of us today. He had a clever trick of saying any conceivable sentence so that it sounded like, "I had one grunch but the eggplant over there." And for years he had avoided changing his socks (he just put Sen-Sen in his shoes.)"

The next GRUNCH, the educational column, will feature 'Tucker..Man or Zombie?'

"You see that man with one head over there?"

S-f publishers have lemming blood. Lemmings amongst my readers may dispute this, but how else do they explain the mass hysteria for changing 'zine cover-designs? During the last year every major publication in the field has altered its style, the latest being the 'Zine of Fantasy & S-F with the October issue. In my by-no-means humble opinion, the MoF&SF is the best for consistently excellent, well-written material, but to wash out a fifth of a Bonestell super-scene with a distracting new title-logo' and contents-blurb box for no apparent reason.....!

If these cover changes are a desperate attempt to catch the fleeting public eye, the passing representative of what my editor (hah!) Mr. Harris has referred to as 'the inchoate masses who can't read without moving their lips', I'm all ready with suggestions for some really eye-catching covers. Most of them involve a large banner heading, UNEXPURGATED; stretching across the top of the 'zine, the title in very small print, and a drawing combining as much sex and sadism as the police will allow...any-thing as long as there's plenty of flesh and blood. The fans won't like it, but who cares about the fans? We've got to sell the 'zine to the public, and as long as the stories are half-way good, they'll do. No reason why the cover should have any connection with the contents.

Of course, after buying the thing once the man-in-the-street will probably avoid doing it again...better ask Don Wollheim and the Avon people about that...but you can't have everything, and there's plenty of mugs around.

"Miss Preddie...take an advertisement...EXPERT WANTED...Expert wanted to explain flying saucer phenomena as mass-hallucination, spots in the eye, ball-lightning, loose weather balloons, Venus, jet-smoke, meteors, targets, secret-weapons, publicity hunt-ing, blimps, aircraft flares, boyish tricks and reflections of headlights. Apply, etc. etc. Get that down and send it to the principal advertisement columns. That's all, Miss Preddie, thank you....Miss Preddie! MISS PREEDIE! How many times have I got to tell you to walk out of here, by the door ?"

A. VINÇ CLARKE.

(A KIND OF) MEMORIAL

by KEN BEALE

Rick Nelson was a big name fan. In a poll taken by QUARRY, one of the leading publications of the day, he rated No.2. The No.1 spot was taken by the editor of QUARRY. "Well," Rick told his friends when they asked why he didn't get the top spot, "you know how it is."

His fanzine, CALIFANTASY, was one of the leading publications of contemporary fandom. Subscriptions poured in. Reviewers praised it to the skies. It was promising to go photo-offset when The Catastrophe happened.

Until that fatal March day Rick had been leading a gay, typically fannish existence. Each morning he would open his mail, read the letters of praise, ignore the requests for free copies of CALIFANTASY, and sneer at the 'exchange' copies of inferior fanmags. He would reply to his regular correspondents, disregard the others, and write rudely about the promag subscription departments and the booksellers who tried to sell him their shoddy wares. Besides, he couldn't afford them.

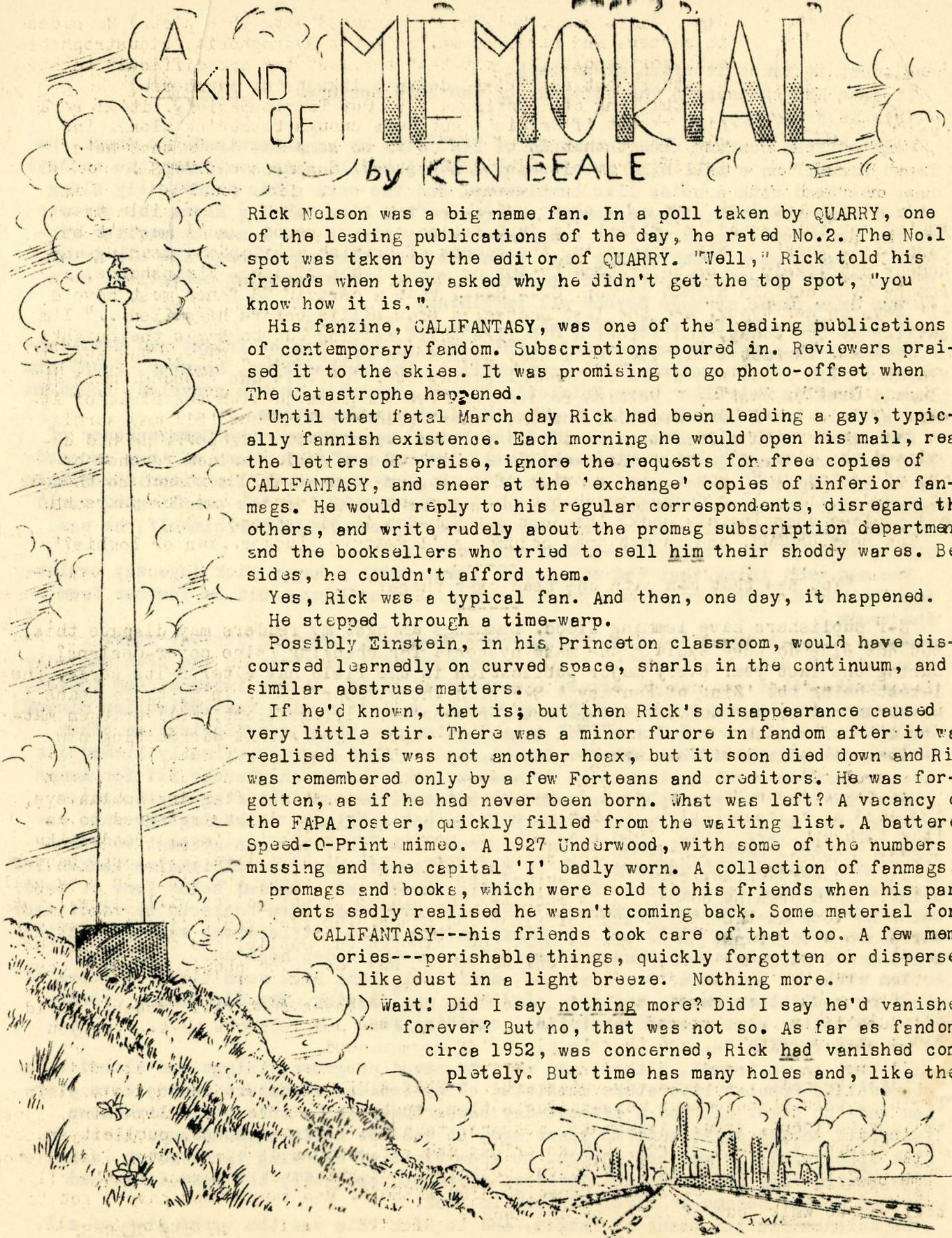
Yes, Rick was a typical fan. And then, one day, it happened.

He stepped through a time-warp.

Possibly Einstein, in his Princeton classroom, would have discoursed learnedly on curved space, snarls in the continuum, and similar abstruse matters.

If he'd known, that is; but then Rick's disappearance caused very little stir. There was a minor furore in fandom after it was realised this was not another hoax, but it soon died down and Rick was remembered only by a few Forteanes and creditors. He was forgotten, as if he had never been born. What was left? A vacancy on the FAPA roster, quickly filled from the waiting list. A battered Speed-O-Print mimeo. A 1927 Underwood, with some of the numbers missing and the capital 'I' badly worn. A collection of fanmags, promags and books, which were sold to his friends when his parents sadly realised he wasn't coming back. Some material for CALIFANTASY---his friends took care of that too. A few memories---perishable things, quickly forgotten or dispersed like dust in a light breeze. Nothing more.

Wait! Did I say nothing more? Did I say he'd vanished forever? But no, that was not so. As far as fandom, circe 1952, was concerned, Rick had vanished completely. But time has many holes and, like the



sea, what it takes it often gives back.

It gave Rick Nelson to the citizens of the 29th Century.

This is his story.

Rick's first contact with the world of 2845 came as an understandable shock. He found himself on a tall hill overlooking a light-washed city, watching the rockets pass overhead with a noise like bumblebees, and the cars glide soundlessly along the glowing roadways. Only a moment before, he had been walking along the streets of his home town, bound for the drugstore to buy stamps and a new typewriter ribbon. It had been a fresh spring day, with a breeze blowing through the elm trees. Now, without discernible transition, except for a slight bumping sensation, here he was in a place strange beyond all imagining.

It took him a little while to realise what had happened.

When he did, and had recovered from his initial reaction of fright and bewilderment, he set out in search of the authorities. The authorities, however, found him first. Traffic Patroller Gern Entwistle-Proust, hovering in his gravsled, found him and after a brief interrogation delivered him to headquarters.

The Chief Traffic Monitor, the District Petrol Supervisor, the Commissioner of Patrols, and finally the Evaluator himself interviewed Rick. None of them succeeded in shaking his story---he was from 1952. A good deal of public disputation then ensued, for he was manifestly unable to care for himself in the complicated world of 2845. Finally, following a decision by the Supreme Evaluator himself, he was made a ward of the State, tax-exempt and work-free.

You may well think that the story ends there, with a happy Rick joyously exploring the World of Tomorrow. But you are wrong. For nothing could be farther from the truth.

What, did you visualise Rick flying through space, visiting distant stars and planets? But alas, in the 29th Century men knew what Einstein in the 20th had only theorized---that you cannot exceed the speed of light. As for inter-system travel, that was restricted to a few mining engineers exploiting the fast-dwindling mineral deposits of Jupiter and Uranus and establishing new bases and diggings on other worlds. Colonization? But when Terra had, in the 22nd Century, finally licked its overpopulation problem, there was no need to make the harsh planets fit for human habitation on a large scale. Even the mining engineers didn't stay on the outer worlds, but only stopped by to inspect the robot machinery which dug the ore, refined it, and shipped it back to Earth. True, there had been an attempt to colonize Venus in the 24th Century, but it had collapsed when its millionaire backer lost interest and the foundations of his vacation resort were buried below tons of sand. As for the Moon, the astronomers in the observatory had been replaced by robot machinery as long ago as 2533, and no ships ran there but little drone vessels picking up data for closer study than was possible over the video hook-up.

The world of 2845 had its pleasures, admittedly, but Rick soon tired of those of them he could comprehend. Besides, something was missing. The discerning reader will doubtless have guessed what that something was.

Science fiction.

Without space travel, without new wars to speed progress, things had slowed to a standstill. Popular literature consisted of mysteries, adventure tales, love stories and the like. All had a present-day background. While this would have been fantastic enough eight hundred years ago, it was now quite commonplace. Also, as Rick discovered, it was not enough. He grew tired of scanning tapes which, despite some bewildering new words and devices, contained basically the same ideas and cliches he had become so tired of back in 1952.

No science fiction meant no fandom, and to Rick this was the worst blow of all.

No hordes of letter-writers, no enthusiastic amateur publishers, no meetings, conventions or feuds. In short, no anything.

He was miserable.

I will not recount the futile devices he invented to relieve his torment. The letters he wrote (to himself of course, since letter-writing was an outmoded custom), the fanzines he published (with a staff and circulation of one), the feuds he started (with imaginary opponents), the sf stories he rewrote from memory. Unluckily for him, he had in his pockets only 78¢ in change, a pack of Chesterfields, a cigarette lighter, a pencil, his wallet, and two unmailed letters to out-of-town fans. No science-fiction. No fanzines. Not even a letter from one of his correspondents. He had to start from scratch.

His misery was relieved somewhat when one day he discovered in a museum an incredibly ancient mimeograph machine, a 1979 model. He pleaded with the authorities, used his influence as a guest of the state, and even bribed people, for he was kept well supplied with money. He finally secured possession of the machine. Ink was hard to get, but he obtained a supply from one of the city's research laboratories, who were able to reconstruct the substance from the formula on a tin which had been part of the museum exhibit. Paper was even harder to get--in fact it proved to be impossible. He settled for specially cut and treated sheets of the plastic material which was the nearest thing to it in 29th Century civilisation. Finally, he even succeeded in procuring stencils and a typewriter.

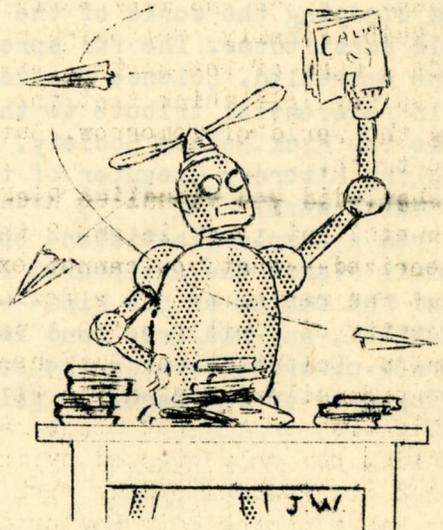
Now he could put out a real fanzine, and he did. In fact he published 823 issues of CALIFANTASY (29th Century Edition), with contents entirely by himself, including fiction, articles, artwork, and reviews. (Since there was nothing else, he reviewed past issues of CALIFANTASY.) He finally formed a fanclub, with eight members. The other seven were robots, which Rick bought and fitted out with helicopter beanies, starry-eyed looks, and brain mechanisms preset to take The Long View. He was always the guest of honour, and the talk was always about the contents of CALIFANTASY. He even held a Convention, the 'Wimplecon' (Wimple was the name of the city where he was living) and auctioned off all 823 copies of CALIFANTASY.

This event, attended by some 50 robot-fen, was the climax of Rick's 29th Century career. After the banquet (where the speeches were all recordings made by him and spoken by various robot BNFs and celebrities) he collapsed quietly in a corner, unable to carry on the pretence any longer. 'If I didn't know better,' said the City Patrol Examiner, 'I'd swear he died of a broken heart.'

He did.

No, gentle reader, you are once again premature. The story does not end there. For after Rick's death, a strange thing happened.

A roving telereporter, looking for an odd story, chanced on an account of the Man from the Past recorded on an aged videoreel. He decided to look up this strange refugee from a bygone era, to see how he had fared in the years since then. When he learned that Rick was dead, he decided to go through his effects for a possible lead. And so he came upon the letters, the mimeograph and, most important, the 823 issues of CALIFANTASY. He took the latter to a University to be translated, expecting to find some kind of a diary. He was greatly surprised to discover instead that



they were copies of something called a 'magazine'. Curious, he inspected the translations.

"Odd," he mused. "Science fiction, it was called."

He copied one of the items onto a reel and sent it off to a publisher he knew. The publisher was in turn intrigued, absorbed, and enthusiastic.

He decided to reprint it.

The rest---to the people of the 29th Century at least---is history. The reel was an instant hit. It sold thousands, millions of copies. More were requested, more supplied. Every story in each of the 823 issues of CALIFANTASY was inscribed on a reel and each one was sold out completely.

To the citizens of the 29th Century, their appetites jaded by conventional adventure and love reels, all this was fascinating and amusing--quaint. With the same strange desire that made the citizens of 1952 admire the ways and customs of thirty years before, read the old books and adopt the old fashions in women's dress, with the same odd attitude that had caused the revival of the Zoot Suit in 2190, the inhabitants of the Earth of 2854 clasped science fiction to their bosom.

With the antique-collector's fervour they bought all the stories there were, then cried out for more. Museums, libraries, old houses were ransacked, but in vain. They found, as Rick had before them, that there was no sf left. There was only one thing to do. New stories must be written. The leading reel-scribers of the day began studying the works of the Master, and succeeded at last in producing acceptable substitutes. The fad spread as more scribes, more publishers, more readers were embroiled. Science fiction once more became important.

In reverential tribute to the stranger from the past who had made all this possible the Rick Nelson Society, headed by the ex-telereporter (now the fabulously wealthy Literary Executor of the Nelson Estate) erected a monument over the grave of their hero.

From a simple plastistone base, a synthetic marble shaft soars skywards. At its summit stands the sculptured form of Rick Nelson, proudly erect, wearing on his head the emblem of his kind---a helicopter beanie. Under his arm is a copy of CALIFANTASY, and his free hand is resting on the crank of a mimeograph. His eyes are turned upwards, towards the stars.

Engraved on the base, in gilded letters a foot high, is the simple inscription:

RICK NELSON

1932-2853

IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY

THING TO BE A FAN

NEW YORK LETTER

ERMENGARDE FISKE

My previous New York Letters in SLANT were really letters, because Mr. Willis actually compiled bits from my epistles, and, after much contumely back and forth across the ocean, one or other of us added a few conjunctions and offered the result as a Letter. Unfortunately our recent correspondence has been largely devoted to prosody, with especial reference to a popular cinquain form which derives its name from an Irish town. Although the subject might be of interest to our readers, all of whom we know to be connoisseurs of verse forms, we feel it might be fraught with too much interest for the Post Office, so regretfully we refrain from quoting any examples. But you should hear the one about... Oh, well.

The rest of my letters consisted mostly of scurrilous information about certain well-known individuals in the local sf orbit. This too I cannot quote--although I am sure it would be of interest to all--because my chief source was inebriated and impeachable (though I believe him implicitly myself since I always put a beautiful and childlike trust in anything of a slanderous nature) and I do not care to risk either a libel suit or a black eye. But remember, many of the sf authors who write like little golden-haired angels are not little golden-haired angels; although, to be fair, I must admit that a number of them are.

At any rate, Mr Willis graciously requested that this time I bend my wit and ingenuity to the creation of an entirely original column, or, to use his own kind words, "Since we're stuck, I suppose you'll have to do it out of your head, fathead." So I shall do my very best and remember, dear reader (I have been re-reading the Brontes and it has marked me) that if my best is but a feeble one, I am only a poor, weak woman, unskilled in the ways of the world and suffering horribly from sunburn complicated by cat-bite.

Up until quite recently, I had been reading only the pocket-sized sf magazines which could be quickly concealed in a handbag or, like GALAXY, disguised as a little poetry magazine from the South by a thumb placed over the spaceship. It isn't that I have not the courage of my convictions---well, it is that too---but for commercial purposes it is not well for me to be seen about with large untrimmed magazines ornamented with bug-eyed monsters. You will ask whether I am ready to see my principles for a mess of pottage, and the answer is emphatically yes. If you will send a carefully wrapped mess of pottage to me in care of Mr Willis, I shall be glad to send a good principle with very low mileage on it. (Would readers please check international pottage rates before mailing. --WAW)

Anyhow, I am now exploring the depths of the untrimmed pulps, and I see I have missed much. Not only the stories, many of which are fine ones, but the advertisements, which prove even more fascinating. Have I been wasting my money on sf when for a trifling sum I could learn hypnosis and bend editors and people to my evil will? Or perhaps I could be a detective. 'Experience unnecessary; particulars free' ---my qualifications to a t. I might cure myself of the tobacco habit; the fact that I don't smoke should make it even easier. Like all us materialistic Americans, I take a crass interest in filthy lucre and I understand from the back pages that there is money to be made in selling nylons from door to door. I could acquire a deeper, more powerful voice, or I could...but no, this is a family magazine. (It is? --WAW)

STARTLING's covers have become more and more refined, not to say handsome, and I would even carry the magazine in public if only it had a name that was a little less---er---startling. How about some nice quiet names for sf magazines, such as ENTERTAINING AND INFORMATIVE SCIENCE FICTION, THE LADIES' HOME SCIENCE FICTIONER, or THE NORTH AMERICAN NEBULOUS REVIEW?

On the other hand, the covers of GALAXY NOVELS have grown increasingly lurid. Not only has the white stripe been omitted, but 'on the last two there were women's heads. Sex. What's more, I didn't get to read FOURSIDED TRIANGLE until weeks after it appeared, because the newstand had placed it next to PAPRIKA THE GYPSY TROLLOP, and I thought it was one of the same, and I never buy books like that. I only borrow them. On a recent birthday (his twenty-first I believe) Mr Gold had a cake made in the shape of a GALAXY cover---with a white stripe north and west, a black background, and a spaceship, all cunningly worked out in marzipan. You see, sf editors not only really live their science fiction, they are even ready to die for it.

Before I forget, in the interim between my last letter and this one, I visited Europe and was privileged to meet Mr Willis himself. I found him a gallant and courteous gentleman who nobly refrained from hitting me over the head with his printing press, but is now sorry. The London Circle was equally delightful, and, on returning to my hotel from the White Horse, I was accused of being a Russian spy in the London Underground....but all this would be dull stuff to an sf reader. I loved Europe, particularly the British Isles, and had many delightful adventures, but if I were to recount them they would probably cause me to burst into tears out of sheer nostalgia, and you wouldn't want that to happen to me, would you? Besides, I write with more élan about things I don't like.

{And at greater length. However to fill up the page I might as well just hack a chunk off Ermengarde's last not-for-publication letter. That'll teach her. --JAW}

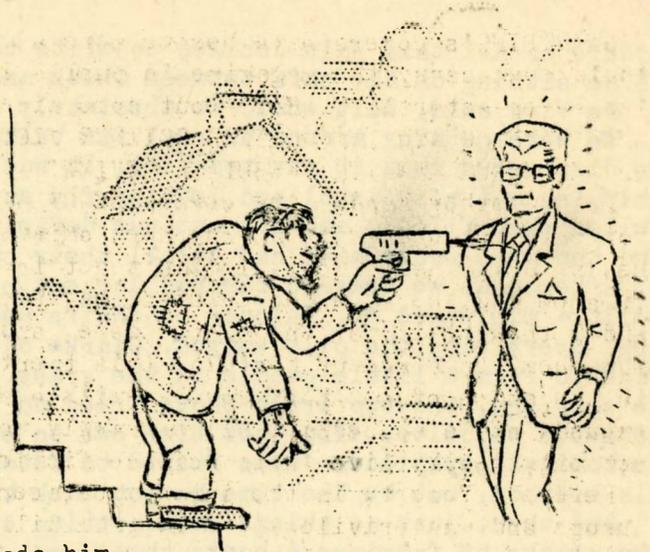
I was glad to hear from you and to know that you haven't given me up for someone with fancier notepaper, although the red ribbon is suspicious and I wonder whether we really should let you into the United States. When I got a passport I wasn't asked for my fingerprints because my noble character showed on my face. Besides, they had them anyway. My fountain pen leaked. I didn't have to get any visas either because Americans are Welcome Everywhere. Please step to the rear for knifing.

It's all right to fill out those forms any way you want as long as you keep your fingers crossed. The only person who could fill them without a qualm is a Communist who can, of course, lie. Other people are not supposed to. Thus we fill our country with perjured Communists. You understand of course that our Congress is Communist because there was once a Communist member and everyone belonging to an organization which also contained a Communist is, of course, axiomatically a Communist himself--or so McCarthy says, only we don't have to believe him because according to his own rule he is then a Communist and, also according to his own rule, also a liar. I am not speaking of Justin McCarthy, author of IF I WERE KING.

You can't overthrow our government in any case because it is due to overthrow itself a month or so after your arrival. Although I am a Republican, I have decided to vote for Stevenson, because he is a sound man on cats. Since I have also heard he makes with a mean limerick, I think I shall offer to trade my vote. It would be refreshing to have a president who can read and write anyway.

As you have doubtless heard, the flying saucers have been officially recognized by the US Govt; however, since the government is too dignified to recognize parts of a dinner service they have now been re-christened objects. The Government has had to recognize them because they have been hanging hopefully around Washington for three weeks and are probably a powerful lobby from Mars. The Government has issued peevish directives stating that they are not either of extraterrestrial origin and can undoubtedly be explained away as perfectly natural phenomena. I'd like to know what's unnatural about extraterrestrialism.

JAMES WHITE MEETS ME BY..... HARRIS



That grand old pro-author Vinc Clarke was to blame for the whole thing. After I'd read the White Opus in the first HYPHEN, I began to get the idea that the Orangefan-face No.4 rather disliked me. I couldn't quite understand his attitude--after all, I was the only person to make any comment at all on his cover for SLANT and it did seem rather ungrateful for him to start this new fashion of biting the fan that feeds him.

When Vinc phoned to say, "Come over, I've got a couple of surprises for you--both with Irish accents", I was a little doubtful as to what kind of reception I would get.

I needn't have bothered.

I'd been on safari to Welling previously and knew the route. Two hours later, after crossing the Thames and skirting the trackless wastes of Plumstead Common, I staggered down Wendover Way and found the Clarke shack.

I rang the bell and stood naively on the doorstep trying to think of some devastating greeting for Walt that would be worth a mention in the next 'Harp'. It didn't quite work out like that.

The door was suddenly flung open and a great shambling lout attired in a false beard and armed with a monstrous water pistol damn near drowned me. "---- on you, Harris," he hollered. For one dreadful moment I thought that he had-- Fortunately my shirt was sanforized.

Behind this gibbering maniac there were other vague figures in various stages of convulsions. After wiping the spray from my glasses I recognised Clarke writhing alongside the fabulous Bulmer, editor and publisher of the legendary NIRVANA, and assumed that the clot howling in a McCormick tenor and interspersing his shrieks with "Oh Bhoy! Oh Bhoy!" was my best friend and co-editor, Walter Himself. I snarled "Hi", at them, stepped over the squirming bodies and squelched into the lounge.

This is the room where Vinc keeps the best of his hard-cover stuff in an unlocked bookcase. All I really wanted to do was to admire his bound set of Vargo Statten but Vinc is rather a suspicious type and I got pushed onto the sofa which stands desolately in the middle of the room and from which it is impossible to reach any of the bookshelves..

For a moment or so we just sat and looked at each other whilst James removed the false beard and the dark glasses. I took an iron grip on my nerves and another look. My shudder was hardly perceptible. In fairness, I must say that Bob Shaw's descriptions of him were a little harsh. I didn't think he looked in the least Neanderthal at all,-- except, of course, for that gently receding forehead and the slackness of the lower jaw. And his hands do NOT habitually brush the ground as he walks; this happens very occasionally indeed. I am positive that it was nothing more than boyish self-consciousness that made him assume a disguise on meeting me.

After almost everyone had applauded James ERE type Crusade To Clean Up Fandom we just sat around and talked. Conversation was more than a little strained. Vinc cannot understand Walt's heavy brogue, Walt cannot get more than one word in four of Vinc's Texan drawl, I do not know my Erse from my elbow, whilst nobody, but nobody can understand a single word of James'. We spent an hour or two happily shredding fannish reputations, Vinc and Walt learnedly discussed whether vV was a Kafka manque and I squabbled furiously with James over nudes in SLANT. In the

middle of all this Walt decided to write to Madeleine. "Dear Madeleine," he wrote, "I am sitting on the sofa between Chuck and James. I am stalling between two fools."

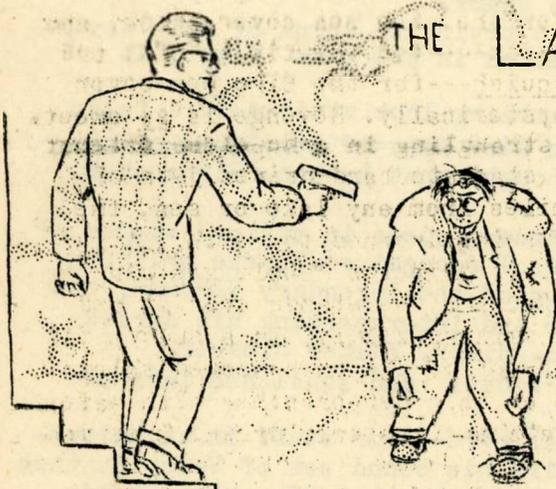
As Vinc said, Walt would be absolutely insufferable if he could draw too.

We were getting around to real fan talk, about rain on Venus or something, when we discovered that it was tea-time. It was a fairly quiet meal, broken only by James whipping out his pistol and letting fly at the Clarke cat. The pistol holds about $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon when filled, and the cat was definitely a non-swimmer. Another eight shots and the mice would have had it all their own way in Wellington.

After tea, we dragged the two largest of Vinc's telescopes out onto the lawn, built a miniature Mt. Palomar of chairs and tables, and balanced the three-incher on top. Every time the pile swayed, Clarke closed his eyes and the sweat ran down his face to form a little puddle in the grass. Whilst he was searching Luna in an attempt to spot Ego, the two Irish boys tried to focus the other 'scope on the bedroom of a brunette opposite. Vinc took time out to explain that it had an astronomical, not an anatomical, eyepiece. James rushed to fetch a small Nelson-type 'scope Vinc keeps in his bedroom, but by the time he got back the brunette had turned the light out.

And then, just as things were getting exciting, had to get moving. I grabbed the stacks of fanzines & books that I was borrowing, shook hands all round, made hurried arrangements to see them all next Whitsun, and did a Dagwood to the gate.

"Goodbye, Chuck", said that soft brogue. I half-turned and...you've guessed it. That pallid clot had just re-filled his goddam pistol especially for my benefit.



THE LAST TIME I SAW HARRIS

BY WHITE

It is Summer. Out of a clear blue sky the Sun glares relentlessly down on the white concrete pavements of the London suburb of Wellington. The white concrete pavements just lie there and glare right back. Butterflies flit lazily, bees buzz drowsily, and fans fan furiously. Through the slit of the half-open letterbox of No.16 a tall broadshouldered young man watches the shambling approach of the Harris Thing along Wendover Way.

As it stops at the gate and begins tinkering with the latch the hidden watcher checks quickly to see that beard and dark glasses are securely in place. Garden gates are the same all over the world. The ten minutes or so it takes to solve the combination give the observer a chance to get a good look at the loathsome being at close range.

He sees grey flannels and, inevitably, a rather shoddy imitation Harris tweed sportscoat; and hornrimmed glasses. There is also a vague impression of a face of sorts, which is tanned a deep rich brown. The effect of extraordinary good health is spoiled, he thinks, by the tan ending abruptly just under the chin, giving way to a horribly dirty and greenish white skin, like the colour of a zombie on one of its bad nights. (Actually it was Harris's shirt collar. The observer had on sunglasses and astigmatism.) Thick pendulous lips drawn back in a perpetual snarl and rows of uneven brown and yellow teeth complete the rather unwholesome picture.

The gate opens, and Harris comes lumbering up the path.

As the footsteps halt at the door the tall broadshouldered handsome young man

grips the inside handle firmly and waits, tense. His other hand holds the gun, fully charged. This is it. His moment of destiny is at hand. He flings open the door.

The Harris Thing stands there petrified, with one claw-like hand outstretched towards the spot where the bellpush should have been, and the surprise on its face changing rapidly to utter terror as it realises the implications of the beard and the gun. But before its reflexes can take over the other has gone into action.

He has been waiting for over a year for this. He knows exactly what to do; so coldly ruthlessly and silently he does it. Two lightning bursts on the glasses---the resultant spray of droplets on each lens alters drastically their refractive properties, thus completely blinding the brute---then three fast, accurate shots into each nostril. This, besides interfering with their functioning as organs of breathing, tends to have a demoralising effect on the recipient. This is shock tactics. There is no time to think. It does the one thing its adversary had hoped for. It opens its mouth to scream.

It doesn't scream, quite. To one who has repeatedly drowned a fast-flying blue-bottle at ten paces this is a very easy target. Just like firing into a barrel. Sound waves trying to get out meet water succeeding in getting in; the result is a most intriguing gurgling noise. The Thing staggers back shaking its head, desperately trying to avoid those deadly accurate shots: but in vain. The tall, broad-shouldered handsome intelligent young man follows it remorselessly, pumping all the time. He is losing control now, grimacing and spitting and shouting things: but perhaps he can be forgiven--he has waited so long for this. His lightning speed and accuracy remain unimpaired. "Take that---squish--for the Biro pen cover crack, and that---squish---for that Lily crack, and that---squish---for the bit in SFN, and that---squish---for the garret piece, and that---squish---for the Biro pen cover crack....." He baboles, he chortles, he laughs hysterically. Revenge is so sweet.

It is on its knees now, mouth open, choking and strangling in a hopeless attempt to breathe air when there is nothing available but staccato hard-driven jets of water. Out there in that pleasant sunlit garden, miles from any lake or sea, the unspeakably foul and monstrous life-form is slowly being drowned to death. It gurgles wetly for pity. It bubbles for mercy. In vain. It dribbles "Ubble gop glug!" ---but the fan with the gun won't forget it an' be friends. He stands over it and squirts rapidly down that obscenely gaping gullet, smiling coldly. In a sudden fit of sadism he directs a few rounds down inside the front of the open-necked shirt; then he goes back to his task of filling the lungs of this air-breather with water. With utterly ruthless efficiency he squirts, and watches it slowly drown. This is what he has lived for. Fulfilment.

But no. It is not to be. He has been snuck up upon. Fannish hands seize, overpower, disarm him. The sodden mass is helped to its feet and poured into the sitting room and revived. One of the others present wishes to speak to it and has ordered that the gunfan be restrained.

Next year, maybe.....

EDITORIAL NOTE: Shocked readers must realise that when James first showed me his water pistol I thought this was too terrible a weapon ever to be used. Even when he spoke of bringing it from Paris already loaded I thought he was merely giving Bob an opening for his famous pun about Harris being "wringing in the Seine." I was wrong, terribly terribly wrong; and now I publish the above starkly horrible account to rouse public opinion to put an end to this terrible feud before it is too late.... before next year's Armageddon. I hear that Chuck has already bought a Govt. surplus fire pump. Worse, the other day while I was weeding the garden path with my blowlan James began talking reflectively about flame-throwers! This armaments race must be stopped. The matter must be taken before the United Nations---or even the National Fantasy Fan Federation!!

--TAW

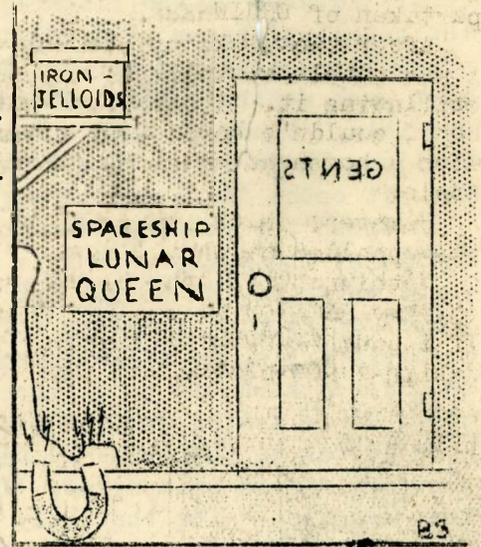
THE GLASS BUSHTEL

BOB SHAW

Red and gold spoon with blued steel pike triangle.

Having led off my column with a fish-hook to hold your attention, I now plunge into the grim business of having a good time while Willis is in the States. It doesn't seem fair that he should be gallivanting about while I'm slaving over a hot desk, getting red hands and ulsters. Well, I'm not going to kick up a row about it, but I hope everybody noticed the way I boycotted the Chicon this year.

This is the first actual writing that I have done since I arrived here.-- being a stranger in London I have naturally spent most of my time telling travellers how to reach various places. I spent my first few nights in Vince Clarke's house, and those few nights nearly spent me. Actually, Vince's place isn't much different from any other house - it has four roof's and a wall overhead. However, I feel bound to say that the little work I have done is due to the powerful, almost soporific influence of Vince.



COMES THE REVELATION.

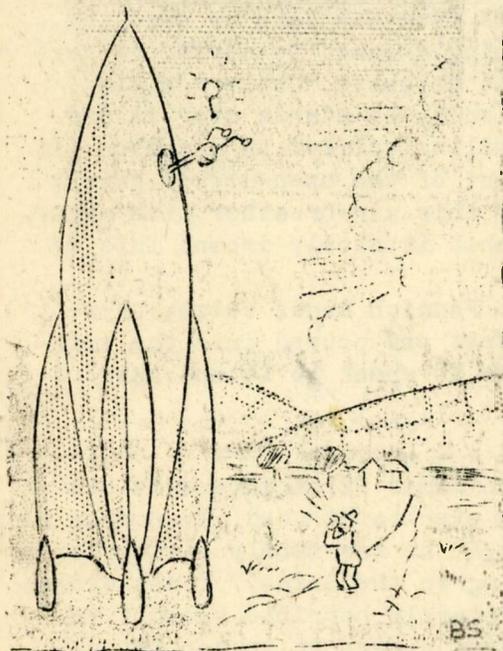
By the power invested in me by Walter A. Willis, Apex of the Belfast Triangle, and the base James White, and by the powers of my own office as holder of the Triangle's Elongated Point, I hereby announce Belfast as being from this date the centre of British Fandom. Ghlorry to Ghu.

After many months of secret endeavour, Proxyboo Ltd. labouring in an entirely strange field (the non-fan cosmos), managed to create a set of circumstances which made my arrival in London seem quite unplanned. For eight weeks I have been collecting, analysing and correlating evidence and now have definite proof of a theory held by the $\triangle B$ for many years.

THERE ARE NO FANS AT THE WHITE HORSE!

Heinlein's 'They' and Sturgeon's "scene shifters" themselves could not have done a better job of disguise. Oh, they're clever, there is no doubt about that.

You go in. All around you see prozines, fanzines, smiling fannish faces and the air is suffused with fannish good cheer. "Buy him a drink," somebody shouts, you are hustled up to the bar, you are shown copies of aSF, Galaxy, and Nirvana. An entity in the



"Where are ye?' Yer at the bottom of Barney McGoogle's meadow."

guise of a bar man presses drinks on you, you wiggle out from below the glass and drink, you keep on drinking.....

Several hours later you emerge with glazed eyes, a fixed smile and a voice inside you (hypnotically impressed) which whispers over and over "What a bunch of people! Real fans!" You believe it.

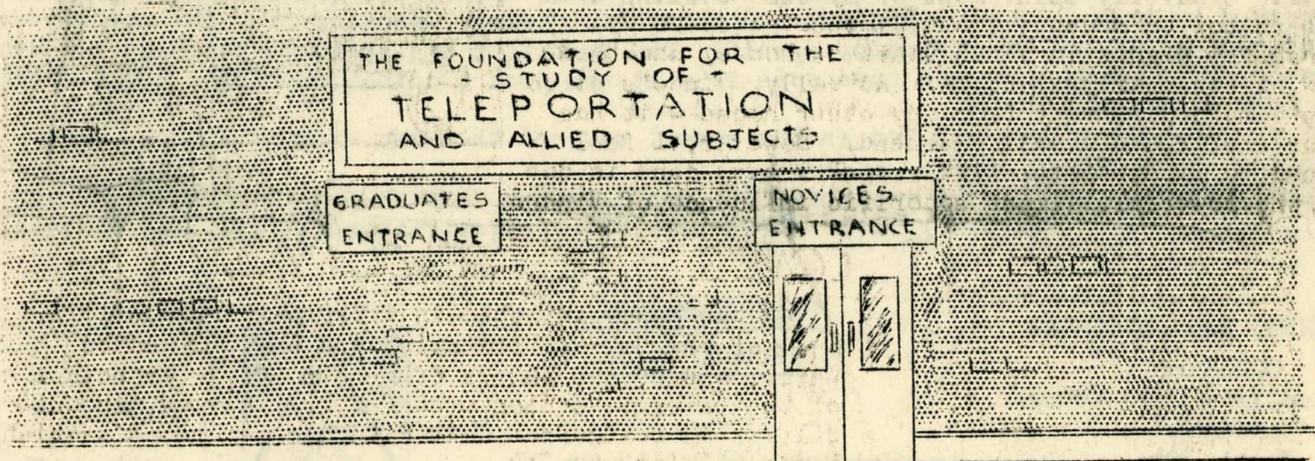
It's the drink that does it, of course, and it was there that they slipped up in my case. The stuff they gave me was Guinness, lots of it - but I have made the pilgrimage to Dublin and there in the Mecca of all imbibers of Black Champagne have partaken of GUINNESS.

After two weeks my stomach was acclimatized, which was a good job for me, because I was unable to think of any way to appear to be drinking the stuff without actually swallowing it. I had toyed with the idea of concealing a small barrel in my mouth but I couldn't completely cover it with my lips. It would have been useless going with a hogshead sticking out of my mouth unless I could have disguised myself as an apple.

However, on the third night my mind retained its usual crystal-like clarity. I was appalled at what I saw.

Nothing but filthy hucksters and vile pros!

They offered to sell me fanzines, prozines, anthologies, indexes, SFN, handbooks. If I bought anything somebody else would bind it for me, and somebody else would design a bookplate, and somebody else would make a dustjacket.



85

Fighting down my repugnance, I managed to act as though nothing had happened. When I got back I reported to WAW. We were delighted at the way I had pierced the camouflage. But later, some small points began to bother us.

1. Obviously there was a tremendous organisation behind this scheme, and yet nobody had covered the possibility of my immunity to Guinness.
2. In spite of all the filthy huckster activity, nobody had ever sold me anything. Nor had I ever seen money or copies of the vile pro's books! Hastily I reported my suspicions to WAW, only to find that he had been cleverly tricked into going to America.

To my mind, this was the final fact that hinted an even greater fact than the mere financial finangling of hucksters and pros.

ARE THERE ANY PEOPLE AT THE WHITE HORSE ?

Perhaps they are all pseudobods! Who has ever seen the inside of the White Horse during the rest of the week? Why do the 'fans' often come thru' the door bone dry, in spite of the fact that it is raining outside? And above all - who is Bickerstaff?

Who knows what nameless unspeakable horrors drip and writhe in the darkness of the WH saloon after closing time ?

They would have been discovered long ago, you say? Followers of Charles Fort know only too well the blind obstinacy with which the man-in-the street refuses to

(Cont. from P.19)

believe the obvious. Isn't it quite possible that even on the coldest, draughtiest day the casual passer-by would think nothing of hearing a voice issue from the darkness of the WH on a Thursday evening, saying, " Turn on the fans....." ?

A PLEA IN YOUR EAR It has long been a source of wonder to me that in a field of interest such as s-f and fandom the possibilities of the cartoon have been so sadly neglected. Surely within the scope of a literature--cum--philosophy that dreams up more things than are in heaven and earth, we can produce a better attempt at illustrated humour. than this:-

One BEM is pointing to a second BEM amid Lunar landscape and saying to a third, "Poor chap - he's an Earthitic."

Actually, this sort of thing does make me laugh. It makes me laugh to think that anybody would expect me to laugh at that.

Here is an offer to those of you who long to have your share of egoboo. Here is a way you can increase your acreage of fanzine credits. If you have an idea for a good joke, send it to me % HYPHEN, and we'll credit you with the jokes' conception, which is, after all, the most important part. If you can't draw or haven't the time, it doesn't matter. The idea is what we want. If you do send a drawing, you will be credited with that too. Send in that one good joke - these Isles are big enough for us all to roll in.

Just to show that I'm not bluffing about credits; the first joke in this column was suggested by that leader of the few remaining True Fans - Chuck Harris. The second was conceived by WAW and the third by myself. The fact that the third is the best is just chance. Any one of us could have done it - it was just a coincidence that the one with the most talent hit on it.

A really good effort will go on the cover, so send them in, even if it does mean denuding the lavatory wall.

That, in case you didn't recognise it, was a pun.

BOB SHAW

HYPHEN, Sept.-Oct.'52

C.R.Harris
'Carolin', Lake Avenue
Rainham,
Essex, Eng.

PRINTED MATTER

REDUCED RATE



Richard Bergeron
RFD 1
Newport
Vermont
U.S.A.