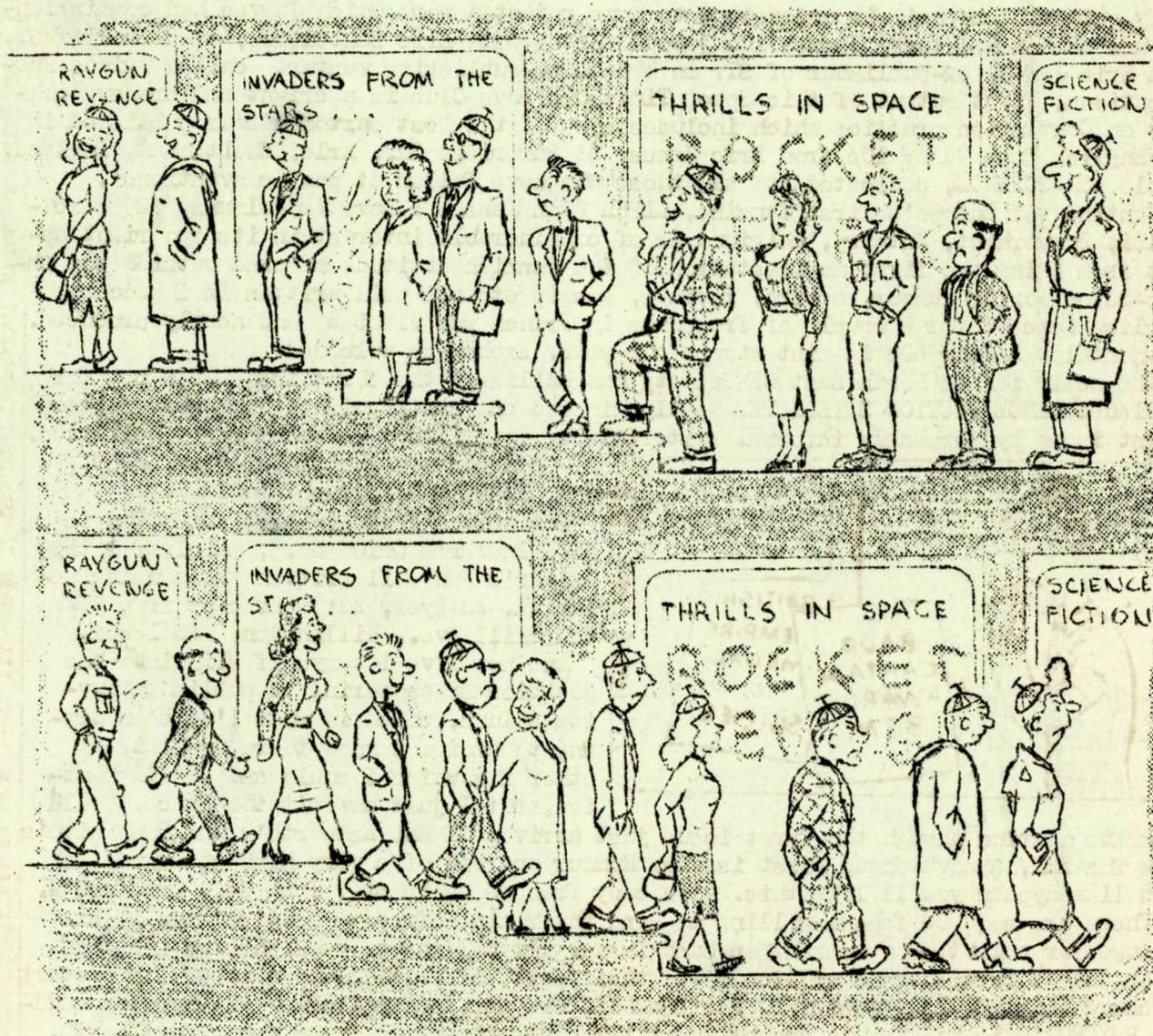


HYPHEN

No. 8

April

1954



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INSIDE COVERAGE

Scion Publications, publishers of the 'Vargo Statten Science Fiction Magazine, went into voluntary liquidation after the magazine's third issue. Instead of a cheque, authors received invitations to a creditors' meeting. However it is understood that the Vargo Statten Mag will continue to be published by another firm with the same editor and policy. (Which will scotch the rumour that Stuart Mackenzie intends to give up Space Times and publish another magazine for his own firm--an Essoteric fanzine.)

Terry Jeeves, Art Editor of Space Times, has resigned because of a disagreement with the editor over the extent of the Art Editor's powers and responsibilities. (Specifically, Stuart Mackenzie is understood to have rejected work which Jeeves had commissioned and accepted.) Terry Jeeves has joined forces with Eric Bentcliffe, ex-editor of ST, and Eric Jones, ex-publisher of ST, in a new fan-publishing venture called Triode Publications. First output of this Space Times Old Boys Club is a bright and breezy booklet on Convention practice which includes some of the best cartoons ever published in an English fanz. 9d or 10¢ from Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Rd., Arle, Cheltenham, England. Title CON-SCIENCE, dedicated 'to all those who have fallen at past conventions'.

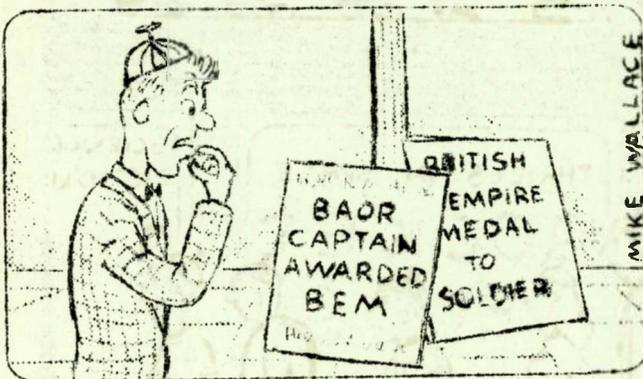
Continental Europe's first fanzine, ALPHA (Jan Jansen & Dave Vendelnans, 229 Borch-enlei, Bergerhout, Antwerp, Belgium) is of considerable interest in its own right apart from being the first manifestation of the fannish attitude of mind outside the Anglo-Saxon world. Humour, satire, reviews, gossip etc all well written in impeccable English (except for a couple of fragments in French and Flemish) and neatly produced. Bi-monthly, 4/- or 60¢ in mint stamps per year. Exchanges welcomed.

The newly formed North East SF Society has published the first issue of a new fanz called SCIENCE FICTION SATELLITE. Neatly mined and distinguished from the ordinary first issue by agreeably informal editorials by Don Allen & Ted Mason. Possibilities.

1/- a copy from Don Allen, 3 Arkle St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England.

But best bargain in the newer fanz is Paul Enver's ORION No.3, mainly for the editor's own well written and amusing material. 4d (yes, 4d!) per copy from 9 Churchill Ave., Hillingdon, Middlesex.

And now I've let myself slip into the position of appearing to publish a review column, which is what I've been trying to avoid. I know there are lots of other fanz which I could and should mention, but I just haven't the space. Would



like to mention though the first issue just arrived of Mal Ashworth's and Tom White's new fanz BEM, a nova among first issues. Humour and wit of a very high standard. If you like Hyphen you'll like this. 9d a copy from 40 Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4.

There are some US faneds willing to send their zines free to British fans in exchange for a letter of comment on each issue. I'd willing to publish here lists of them and of British fans willing to do their part, if you'll let me know. For a start Richard Geis (2631 N. Missisipi, Portland 12, Oregon, USA) editor of highly-recommended PSYCHOTIC is willing to accept 20 British subscribers on these terms. Write him.

GOSSIP Charles Burbee is thinking of attending this year's San Francisco convention. (He didn't even bother with the Pacificon in his own Los Angeles.) F.T. Laney thinking of emigrating to either Italy or Trinidad. (This news comes to you via Los Angeles, Tokio, Minneapolis, Belfast.) Bob Shaw getting married July. James White engaged (despite Harris). My sincere thanks to everyone who asked after my little girl Carol...she's practically all right again. And my apologies to everyone I owe letters to. Shortage of time was the trouble, not lack of inclination.

Hyphen #8, April 1954. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland. Associates Chuck Harris, 'Carolyn', Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex and Vince Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, who produced the white pages. Subscription 2 issues for 1/6 or 25¢ in US coin. An X after your name means yours has expired. Exchanges welcomed. Art Editor Bob Shaw, who drew the cover: he will draw your cartoon ideas and credit them to you. Send them to the Belfast address.

The space fanzine era of increased interest in space flight—a sort of Morrison sector. —Mal Ashworth

TRANSFUND ELECTION RESULTS

VINCE CLARKE WINS BY HUGE MAJORITY

79 people voted, 71 British and 8 American. These are their names: A. Clark, S. Gale, S. Whitehead, Bill Morse, W.P. Campbell, K.F. Slater, A. Mercer, E. Lindsay, E. Dentcliffe, B. Varley, E.J. Carnell, K. Potter, H. Turner, J.B. Hall, T. White, C. Webb, T. Tubb, J.E. Thome, P. Taylor, A.W. Ridgeway, T. Thorne, R. Beasley, B. Lewis, N. Lindsay, G. Wingrove, A.V. Clarke, F.D. Barton, C. Duncombe, J. Ratigan, D. Ratigan, Pam Fulmer, C.R. Harris, H.K. Fulmer, S.G. N. Ashfield, G. Richards, M. Wallace, B.T. Jeeves, C.M. Parsons, P. Enever, P. Baillie, M. Willis, W. Willis, J. White, R. Shaw, G. Charters, H.P. Sanderson, M. Ashworth, D. Gardner, H. Vasey, S. Nuttall, G. McKay, T.M. Shorrocks, W. Harrison, P. Doolan, W.G. Clarke, F. Milnes, J.V. Mooney, N.L. Shorrocks, D. Cretchley, D. Tucker, E.R. James, J. Roles, John Thurlbourne, J.W. Carr, R. Dunlop, R. Jones, S. Thomas, M. Pickles, Mrs M. Pickles, D. Pickles, R. Tripp, G. Raybin, Ben Stark, M. Weekley, Dale Smith, Eva Firestone, Bob Tucker, Evelyn Smith, Vernon McCain. One other vote was received two weeks after polling closed and was not counted.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Carried over....	£30:15: 9
Tom White.....	2: 6
D. Gardner.....	2: 6
H. Vasey.....	2: 6
S. Nuttall.....	2: 6
G. McKay.....	2: 6
T.M. Shorrocks....	2: 6
W. Harrison.....	2: 6
Pat Doolan.....	2: 6
W.G. Clarke.....	2: 6
F. Milnes.....	2: 6
James V. Mooney..	2: 6
N.L. Shorrocks....	2: 6
Pete Baillie....	2: 6
George Richards.	2: 6
Dale R. Smith....	14: 3
Mrs J.N. Thome..	2: 6
Pete Taylor.....	7: 6
Ted Tubb.....	5: 0
Tony Thorne.....	7: 6
Mal Ashworth....	5: 0
Forry Ackerman..	5: 0: 0
Terry Jeeves....	5: 0
Anonymous.....	10: 0
Atlanta SFO.....	13: 6
Marjorie Pickles	
& Derek Pickles	10: 0
Brian Lewis.....	10: 0
R. Jones.....	3: 6
E.R. James.....	5: 0
S.R. Thomas.....	2: 6
Mavis Pickles...	2: 6
Paul Enever.....	5: 0
D. Beasley.....	2: 6
Colin M. Parsons.	5: 6
Vernon McCain...	2: 6
Sid Gale.....	5: 0
D. McCormick.....	5: 0
Total at 16/4	£44: 0: 0
By Don Ford	£25: 0: 0
GRAND TOTAL	£69: 0: 0

awarding 7 points for a first place vote, six for second, and so on, the scores were as follows:---

1. Vince Clarke.....415
2. James White.....292
3. Pete Campbell...235
4. Tony Thorne.....206
5. Derek Pickles...169
6. Mike Rosenblum..156
7. Walter Gillings.141

Observant fans will note that the total number of points is short of the possible total of 79 X 28. This is because some voters 'plumped' for one or two candidates, evidently considering the others unsuitable. The delay in publishing these returns was due to my having to write to voters who voted by letter and make sure they understood the position. However as it turned out 'plumping' did not affect the result. Here are the totals of first place votes:---

1. Vince Clarke.....28
2. James White.....15
3. Pete Campbell...14
4. Tony Thorne.....11
5. Derek Pickles... 6
6. Mike Rosenblum.. 3
7. Walter Gillings. 2

Incidentally, Mike Rosenblum retired from the contest soon after it began, for business reasons. His withdrawal was not announced because it didn't seem to me that the list of candidates should be changed in the middle of the election.

Britain and America voted as follows:--

<u>Britain</u>	<u>America</u>
Vince Clarke.....390	Vince Clarke.....25
James White...267	James White.....25
Pete Campbell....220	Mike Rosenblum...22
Tony Thorne.....187	Derek Pickles....20
Derek Pickles....149	Tony Thorne.....19
Mike Rosenblum...134	Walter Gillings...16
Walter Gillings...125	Pete Campbell.....15

SUPPORT THE TRANSFUND SUPPORT THE TRANSFUND SUPPORT THE TRANSFUND

Some friends have asked me to let them know how many of their forms were completed. Five votes were recorded on SPACE TIMES ballot papers, 17 on SPACE DIVERSIONS, 5 on OPERATION FANTASY or PHANTASMACORLA, 7 by letter, and 45 on HYFHEN. (This last figure includes many who first voted by letter and were sent a form to complete.) The ballot papers will be held here for a couple of weeks to answer any enquiries and then sent to Forry Ackerman, Honorary British fan from way back, for scrutiny and destruction.

And that seems to be that. The election has been a tremendous success, from both the interest-arousing and the capital-raising points of view, and I don't think we could have made a better choice. The only thing I would like to suggest now is that publicists for the Fund try to cause as little embarrassment as possible to the successful candidate. I know from personal experience that ~~extravagant~~ build-ups can make him wish he'd never been born, never mind chosen. The line should be that we have chosen one of us to go to Frisco and enjoy it on our behalf, since we can't all go..and if he can tell us about it afterwards so much the better...but let's not spoil it for him by making him think he's to be a sort of standard-bearer, champion, or 'star turn.' Otherwise we'll find we won't be able to find anyone willing to go next time except the conceited, and the Fund will defeat its own ends.

As you'll have seen from the statement overleaf, it looks like succeeding this year. It has done far far better than most people expected and all of us, especially British fandom, can feel very proud of themselves. The \$69 in hands is actual cash money; in addition Don Ford hopes to be able to arrange free transportation by car from New York to San Francisco, and we hope that, following precedent, the San Francisco Convention Committee will provide accommodation during the Convention. It seems reasonable that the guest should pay for his own subsistence en route, and that leaves only the fare across the Atlantic. This will be about £102 return. In addition Ken Slater suggests, and I agree, that 10% of the Fund should be set aside to form a nucleus for next years, and that makes the ~~the~~ amount needed approximately \$115. We are £46 short at the moment. We need this money soon if steamer reservations are to be made in time, and I propose to close the Fund on 8th June, the day after the Supermancon.

This is dangerously late, and we have got to face the possibility that it might be too late, or that for some other reason the winning candidate cannot go this year. It seemed to me to be impossible, fandom being the changing thing it is, just to carry everything over until next year and I offered the voters seven other alternatives. They voted on them as follows, 12 people abstaining:---

1. Carry the Fund over to the next US Convention and hold another vote.....244
2. Invite an American fan to the next British Convention..... 243
3. Offer the opportunity to candidate No.3.....190
4. Go down the list as far as Candidate No.4.....124
5. Go down the list as far as Candidate No.5..... 80
6. Go down the list as far as Candidate No.6..... 61
7. Go down the list as far as Candidate No.7..... 46

I admire the generosity of British fans, but it leaves me in something of a spot. Especially since if I had counted that late vote (a British one) the American fan proposition would have won. The result is, in effect, a tie; and I have got to think of some way of settling it. The problem, it seems to me, is to make this a genuine Two Way Transatlantic Fund without argument and possible bitterness as to whose turn it should be each year. If the US Conventions were held on the East and West coast alternately it would be simple enough...we could let ~~the Britishers~~ have the chance in the West Coast years...but in effect they're liable to land anywhere. I've been thinking about this a lot and this is the solution I propose. That we make this election an annual affair open to all fandom. That is, candidates are nominated by both British and American fandom and voted on by all fans. If the winner is a Britisher he goes to a US Convention, if he's an American he goes to a British Convention. Simple, efficient and foolproof. Obviously, as you can see from these returns, Americans won't vote solely for Americans and British for British--plenty would rather meet a fan from across the ocean than send one of their fellows. The election each year will attract twice the interest and maybe even make twice the money, encourage fanaticism on both sides of the Atlantic, and reward the world's best fan, not just Britain's or America's. Comments?

THE GLASS BUSHEL

bob shaw

I daresay that there are many fans like myself who have made hobbies of collecting, a sort of supplementary activity to fanning. It refreshes the tired brain when one is able to turn from the intricacies of fandom to the familiar friendliness of some cherished collection.

Unfortunately, however, most collections cost too much!

This is bad. A fan needs his money for other things and can't afford to pay large sums for stamps, ornamental snuff boxes, ancient coins and the like. And yet, all is not futile---for I have discovered the solution.

Collect things that are worthless!

Plugh! you might say. I know it's hardly likely, but you might say it. In answer, let me tell you that I have made a number of such collections and have had many hours of enjoyment from them. Take, for instance, my collection of bus tickets. For years the Belfast Corporation used to put out a very fine bus ticket, on good quality paper and in a wide range of colours. These beautiful things were numbered from 0000 to 9999, and I collected the ones in which the four digits were the same.

Ah, I remember those happy days in which a bus ride was transformed from a mundane necessity into a thrilling quest. The chances against the conductor handing you a 'four' were almost exactly one in a thousand, so it was quite an event when it did happen. After months of collecting (which involved groping blindly beneath the seat for dropped tickets and furtively stealing handfuls of used tickets from the box every time I got off a bus) I acquired about twenty.

I remember the day I got my blue 5555. I was travelling home in the bus with my brother, it was early on a summer evening and we were the only two aboard. I bought two tickets and when the conductor had gone away I noticed that the higher of the two was 5554. That put me in a spot. I coveted the next ticket and yet I didn't want to explain to the conductor why. I sat and sweated it out until the journey was nearly over; then at last I could restrain myself no longer. When the conductor was passing I handed him my money and said "Blue, please."

I have often felt sorry for the man since. He knew he had collected our money and yet there I was asking for another ticket, which he had to give me. He looked at my brother half expecting him to get another one too, but Gerry plays poker and was of no help. The conductor still wore a bewildered expression when we got off.

This collection would be almost completed by now if the Corporation hadn't inaugurated a new system in which the tickets are torn off a roll. Not only was my collection spoiled, but the new tickets have five digits in their serial numbers, reducing the odds to one in ten thousand and making them impossible to collect. In one lifetime, that is.

Another collection that died a premature death was my playing card one. From time to time I used to see playing cards lying about, lost or thrown away. When I was living in London I decided to collect these and try to get a complete pack. I carefully saved the one that fostered this resolve and since that day I have not seen another card.

One of my most successful efforts is my collection of Queen Victoria halfpennies. I began this one several months ago, and as these coins are comparatively rare, it has been quite an exciting quest. One drawback however was that I broke away from my golden rule. These coins are worth money.

Each Queen Victoria halfpenny is worth a halfpenny!

The collection went along merrily until it reached the grand total of 24. This is enough to buy one bottle of Guinness. For days the fate of the collection hung in the balance---then I received another halfpenny which brought the total to 25. Somehow, that made it safe. If I had bought the bottle I would have had one coin left over...a silent reminder of my weakness.

"Whatever became of you, George?"

The next crisis (they are so far apart I call them Seldom Crises) came at 32 half-pennies. A large UB pale ale, this time. The whole office rallied round, giving me words of encouragement and good cheer during the time I was torn between the two alternatives. One kindly soul called Adair even brought me in a fine 'Vic' halfpenny which he sold me for a penny.

Other crucial moments came at 36 (a bottle of Guinness and a pie), at 44 (a pint of Guinness and a pie), but these were weathered in safety. At present I have 55 coins. One more will give me the equivalent of one pint of XX Guinness and a pie. The supreme temptation!

I do not know what will happen, but I promise any readers whose interest I have gained that I will publish monthly bulletins to keep them up to date.

Pray for me.

REVIEWS Authentic 42. In my opinion the cover for this is not quite up to the standard of the previous ones in the series. It has several of those earmarks that indicate a push-it-out-for-the-deadline job. One of them is a rocketship whose regulation-issue 'pillar of blinding incandescence' ends harmlessly in the Martian sand about three yards from one of the spacemen. Looks to me as though you'll need more space, men.

The lead story is by Bryan Berry and is called 'Hidden Shepherds'. Now, I have a theory about how to enjoy reading sf. It must be obvious that of the great quantity of stories being turned out only a very few can bring you something new. So my method is, once I have seen the category a story is going to fall down into, to suspend temporarily my memory of all the others in that class and settle down to have a good read. I call this sterilising familiarity—it stops it breeding contempt.

I must confess that 'Hidden Shepherds' was a bit of a strain even on me, but I managed. So if you can forget that Eric Frank Russell has already written this story twice (once as *The Hobbyist* and once as *Sinister Barrier*), if you can forget all the jungles of Venus stories, and all those with mysterious Old Ones lurking in the background—then you'll enjoy 'Hidden Shepherds'. And you'll never guess who the sheep are! Heh heh.

Authentic 43. The lead story is an enjoyable (to me anyway) saga pudding of the hidden superman variety, containing all the usual ingredients including a hero who Gets Signs That All Is Not What It Seems, and intriguing paragraphs slipped in here and there reporting conversations between mysterious Immortals. Van Vogt used to be very good at this stuff and John Brunner has shown himself equally able with this yarn, entitled 'Tomorrow Is Another Day.'

Leading the shorts is Bill Temple's 'Errand of Mercy'. This is one of the fast moving and yet intelligently written adventure stories that WF has begun to turn out. As is usual with one of his stories I enjoyed it—telepathic whales and all. As well as that there is 'Many Hells' by Richard Wilson, fair; and 'The Lava Seas Tunnel' which contains some of the most un-authentic science ever wedged into a plot.

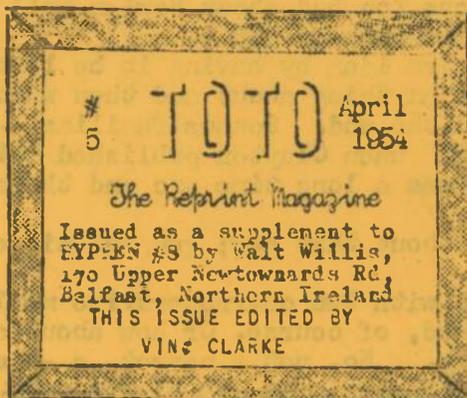
Jonathan Burke has a story called 'Stand-in', another one of those yarns that are popping up all over the place with the frequency of bubbles in a glass of good beer. The ones where the objects of the characters' affections are replaced by robot replicas.

In these stories everybody turns out to be a robot at some time or another, the object being to leave the reader gasping with astonishment. The practised robot-spotter is never caught napping though. The trick is to watch out for little clues like this:—"She was a little quieter than usual..." which is a dead give-away.

Nebula 7. There is a very fine cover by Bob Clothier on this issue showing a lunar scene. The only thing that spoiled it for me is that it is almost identical to the ASF cover painting for 'Dreadful Sanctuary' by Eric Frank Russell. The lead story is by Bill Temple and is called 'Pilot's Hands'. I liked it for its very definite characterisation and interesting plot. An intelligently written adventure story. Next comes another good and very original story, 'Divine Right' by JMcIntosh. This one had atmosphere.

(continued at foot of p.27)

"I'm going off my head for Lent."



HOW TO WRITE A STORY

by LYLE MONROE

(From Spaceways Vol. 3, No.2, January 1942)

The first thing to do is to be sure that you have plenty of white paper, second sheets, carbon, etc. If you're short on any of those it's best just to stop everything and run down to the corner to buy what you need -- mustn't let anything interrupt the flow of inspiration once it's started. But don't stop to look over the magazine stand -- that's fatal.

Okay now -- got everything? Let's see; paper, carbon, eraser, ashtray, cigarets, matches -- wups! No glass of water. Step into the bathroom and get it. That brings your face up close to the mirror. Son, you're getting bald. No doubt about it; you can't call that a high forehead any longer. And your waistline isn't looking any too good.

All right, all right! What I need is fresh air. Why not just drop everything and take a run over to the Grand Canyon? Too much time spent at the mill isn't good for a man, makes him stale. It would really be professional work anyhow, gathering material for a Western. You remember what they said about "Outlaws' Code"? Well, what if they did? What do they expect for pulp word rates? -- Bret Harte?

Anyway, how about a little drive over to the Canyon? You could be back in three days, say four, and your work would be all the better for it. Clear the city fumes out of the head -- good line that, better write it down. Wait a minute, you read that line somewhere. Well, what if I did, one phrase isn't plagiarism. I wasn't going to use it anyhow.

Okay, get back in there and get to work.

Better start some coffee. Great stuff, coffee. Did Shakespeare have coffee? Maybe you could do an intimate essay on that -- or a wacky article for Esquire. Couldn't be worse than some of Hemingway's stuff -- what's Hemingway got that you haven't got? Aside from a good agent?

You can't afford a trip right now, Grand Canyon or anywhere. Better write this yarn, then you can do it. Maybe it had better be a novelot rather than a short; There's a car payment coming up -- don't forget that.

Back at the mill -- Funny what a hypnotic effect a sheet of white paper has. Writ-er's insomnia, that's what it is. Can't sleep except when facing a typewriter. What's it going to be this time? Western, whodoneit, science-fiction? Science -- that's a hot one! Anything more involved than a knife and fork would be just too much machinery for you, chum. What would you do if you were stranded on a planetoid with nothing but a broken-down fourth-order atomic ultraconverter to help you? Remember what you did when you tried to fix that hot water heater? Remember?

Well, how about a horror story? That ought to suit your mood. Add a sex angle and you could throw your heart into it. Pleasant subject, sex. No, the word rate is too low. Better make it science-fiction, then nobody can criticize your technical knowledge of the lowly steer, or guns, or something. Better not be too specific, though -- some of these fans can be pretty unrelenting, and they've had high-school physics a good deal more recently than you have.

A man practically has to stand on his head to make a living in this town. I wonder if anybody could use a good pressagent?

Anyhow that idea about being cast away on a planetoid isn't bad, isn't bad. Could call it "Castaway Cairn", that's got a nice ring to it and suggests action. Sounds familiar though. Weinbaumish. No, that was "Redemption Cairn". Too much alike. Maybe not, it's not identical and Weinbaum didn't own the English language. No, but he could use it a damn sight better than some guys here in this room.

Maybe the title ought to suggest interplanetary, the cash customers are suckers for interplanetary. Look what they got away with in Buck Rogers. I'll bet poor old

Phil Nowlan is known as "Spinning Phil" wherever he's gone. Too bad about Nowlan. Well we got to die sometime, I suppose. Nowlan, Weinbaum, Farnsworth Wright --

Yes, but we got to eat now. You could bring in the cairn idea by having it be left by another explorer, a guy that the historians don't know anything about and then what he learned -- the first guy -- savors the second guy in the end. Sounds familiar -- wasn't there something like that in the old Astounding, when Clayton published it? There was a mag! -- two cents a word and up. Anyhow, that was a long time ago and there aren't any new plots -- it's all in the writing.

Well, how did he happen to be a castaway? Don't worry about that now; get the title down and a good fast hook -- you can take that up later.

A hook really ought to have dialogue, better start out with two characters. Two men? A girl, maybe, and give a little love interest? Restrained, of course. Or how about a parrot, a parrot that he talks to because he's so lonely. No, not a parrot, a -- a Venerian avivox. Now you're getting somewhere, kid. Screwy animals are always copy. Particularly when they are kinda human but strange -- outrè. Good word, outrè. It's got body. Too bad these hack writers have worked it to death.

Maybe it would be a good idea to spend a couple of hours digging through Roget for some color words. List 'em -- pep up the old style. Naughty, naughty! Write down that title -- you're stalling. Center the paper, backspace one-two-three-four-five-six-seven

CASTAWAY CAIRN

by

Hmmm -- this ribbon is getting sorta grey. Better change it -- editors like nice black copy that they can read easily. Do you suppose that they can read without moving their lips? Stow it, ohun, stow it -- you've been treated well enough. All you have to do is to write it, they have to read it.

I wonder when someone will invent a ribbon that can be changed without calling out the militia? Better go wash your hands. Now - retype that title. Looks better, doesn't it? Say, maybe this is going to be a good one. What name should it go under? Monroe? You remember what they did to the last one under that name? All but Asimov -- good guy, Asimov, knows writing when he sees it. Must drop him a line some time and thank him. All right, Monroe it is. Now for the hook --

"Think we'll ever see Terra again, you black billed scamp?" Larry Marston scratched the bony topknot of his four-winged pet. "'Nevermore!' Arrrrrk --"

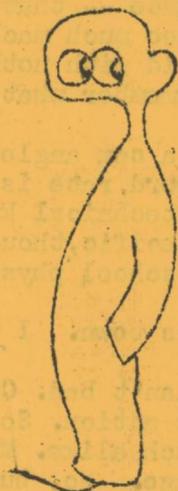
All right, all right. Now you've done it. Now you've got to finish it. You know damned well that if you ever fail to finish a story you've once started, you'll never finish another one. Go ahead. Get going. Where does it go from there? Or would you rather go back to working for your living?

A FAN IS A SLAN IS A FAN

Fandom is an octopus and fandom is a snake;
Fandom is a way of life, and fandom is a fake;
Fandom is a drifting ship with none aboard to guide it;
Fandom is Pandora's Box with heroes hid inside it;
Fandom is psychotic, or it's sublimated sex;
Fandom is an irritant, a pain in all our necks;
Fandom is the adolescent's mental growing pains;
Fandom is the NSF, the NSF maintains;
Fandom is the state from which F. Towner has resigned;
Fandom is a melon with no pulp behind the rind;
Fandom's fostered by the pros, which think all fan are dogs,
Fandom is a notion in the neurons of Redd Boggs;
Fandom is a social boon for serviceman and trapper;
Fandom is a training ground for candidates for FAPA;
Fandom is a babel where each beanie has a vote;
Fandom is what fandom is what fandom is -- unquote.

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*QUANDRY 8***

Arthur RappGOOPIA NOT-POETRY LEAFLET 1 (FAPA)***

GRUNCH

A COLUMN THAT'S SO
SERIOUS IT WILL BREAK
YOUR HEART by ving clarke

I'M NOT LOOKING AT THE LETTER COLUMN THIS ISSUE. After all, I have my pride, and the last GRUNCH was lousy. Over and above having a louse in it, I mean. It all happened through me being a pessimist. Willis says I'm a perfectionist, but he's ^{wrong} (gotta be careful what you say around here). It's just that I believe most things can always be done that little bit better.

For after years of bitter, inky-fingered struggling, I beat the duplicator. I had it so cowed that it couldn't say GOO to a hektograph, and I turned to the typer. Not a bad machine, a Royal portable, but occasionally I'd forget how strong I am and punch an 'o' middle out of the stencil. I could back the stencil with paper to cushion the blow, of course, but I decided to play it clever and have the platen re-covered with cork. (Also, despairing of getting any Indian fanzines I had a Rupees sign replaced with a \$, but that's a story of a different type.) I felt sure that I wouldn't have any more trouble with over-cutting. Hah!

The first stencil I cut and ran off looked like Morse. Dots and the odd dash. The second I bore down on, and the commas started to penetrate through.

The third time I hit the damned thing hard ---- terribly hard ---- with both hands. I finished up panting like a neo-fan who'd just seen Bea Mahaffey, and the stencil looked as if I'd spilt a bottle of invisible correcting fluid on it.

Us Clarkes are not easily daunted. Look where Arthur is today, and he's only a filthy genius.

On the fourth stencil I painstakingly cut each letter twice. It was still faint, but it served. That was the GRUNCH before last. Afterwards, thank Ghu, I didn't have any more stencils to cut for a time. But I saw a letter from Willis to Harris:

" Yes, I thought my duplicating this time was better than Vince's. Couldn't have been though."

I think they meant me to see it.

Then Harris appeared.....in his usual puff of sulphurous smoke.....with some stencils he'd cut on a new typer. They were nearly as good as Boggs's.

This was terrible. I became cunning. I found up some o-o-old stencils. They were so old they had Roman numerals on them. But the wax was so thin it crackled. I put the stencil in the typer and hit the keys with a little hammer. It worked. I could see the type biting in. I composed three pages, quickly, on stencil, before They could find out that I'd beaten Them. I felt wonderful.

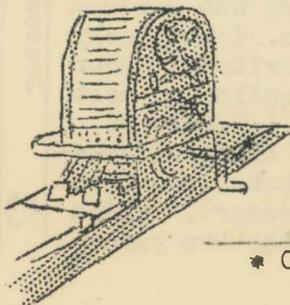
Laughing aloud -- who was that dope who said that only madmen laugh when they're alone? -- I put the first stencil on the duplicator and turned the handle click...slurp...rustle...click...slurp...rustle.....

!!!!!!! I STARED IN HORROR !!!!!!!

I had been deceived. That misbegotten manufacturer ---- may yellow apes procreate amongst his ancestral tombs and his descendants run Conventions ---- had printed the guide lines differently. I had half-an-inch too much typing on each page. And the printing was hair-thin. Thin hair-thin.

I decided to concentrate on thickening the letters. I went out to buy some oil with which to thin the ink. It was hard to get because tankers were being rushed to Belfast where Bob Shaw was overhauling his bike. I tried using sardine oil, but after printing 3 lists of forthcoming books on Trixie's back I managed to bribe an oil-

* Or did I leave it in my other suit?



"Someone sent me a picture of a coffin with NOVA on it....."

TAAT

0

well operator (name of Gary Cooper) to let me have some mineral oil, which I then poured in. The print became wetter. Not thicker, wetter. The machine was going click...slurp...drip...rustle...click...slurp...drip...rustle.....I was getting so much offset that the blank sides looked like Dr. T's fingerprint record.

I went downstairs and constructed an interleaving machine out of an old photo enlarger, some spare wood and a couple of lever-arch files (I'm willing to swear to the truth of this on a stack of Enchanted Duplicators). It held 50 cards which it laid one at a time on each freshly oiled sheet as it came from the duplicator. The only fault I could find with it was that by the time I'd extricated a pack of 50 cards interleaved with 50 sheets from it and installed a fresh pack I might just as well have stopped the duper after each copy and waited for it to dry.

This was defeat...temporarily...because deadline was approaching. I finished the job with closed eyes, left the continuation of the Harris Letters to this issue and sent them away. That was the last GRUNCH. Three days later I found that if I used two sheets of greaseproof paper as stencil backing the surface hardness of them provided just enough resistance to the type for it to cut a clean stencil.

But don't let them kid you that I'm a perfectionist.

"Maybe when I get hep like the other kats I'll be stoned too"

WHICH REMINDS ME. Nobody's ever accused me of conservatism, but in the last HYPHEM my interlineations were the only ones between the lines. What th' hell goes on?

"I am an authority on every syntactical word beginning with the letters A to D"

IT APPEARS THAT AN APOLOGY IS DUE TO STUART MACKENZIE. Appearances are deceptive tho'. (See '-7 letters) I might have guessed Stu was a Scotsman...there can be very few cockneys with a name like that....and now I come to think of it, that explains the way he was dressed on New Year's night....but (a) in my local dialect a Londoner is one who lives in London, and (b) pointing out an oddity isn't criticising it, in fact, I think it's a Good Thing that a Manchester fanzine should be published in London, where the influence of the Gay South can be brought to bear on it. And I don't think SPACE TIMES is a street-walker. Just a little pedestrian at times.

"Does death release you?"

I that in heill wes and glaidnes,
Am trublit now with gret seiknes,
And feblit with infirmatie,
Timor Mortis conturbat me

He has done petuously devour,
The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour
The Monk of Bery, and Gower, all 3,
Timor Mortis conturbat me

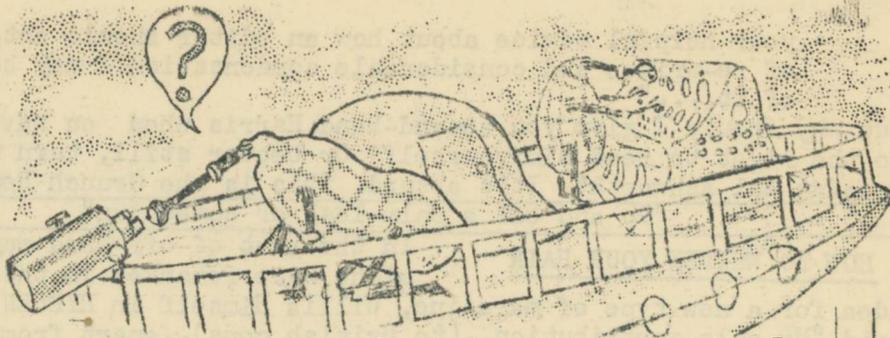
WHICH SHOULD PLEASE STUART, and probably marks the first appearance of the great Scots poet William Dunbar (1460?-1513?) in an s-f fanzine. The verses quoted are from his Lament for the Makaris (tho Makars..of verses:poets) the oddly attractive rhythm of which echoed in a shortfamiliar duel some time ago. Chuck H. sent me a poetsard containing a pame, "Lament For A Faker", and jumping to the conclusion that he knew of the Dunbar dirge and thought I didn't, I promptly returned some verses parodying the original. As it happened they were his own inspiration, and he thought I'd gone...er...madder. A pity, 'cos I could have built up a tremendous amount of egoboo as an Authority on Mediaeval Poetry. It would have been a tremendous lie too, in the best traditions.

In fact, I've extracted these verses from a detective story. I used to read detective stories during the war when s-f was short, and let he who is without sin etc. I was lucky enough to chance upon the works of a gent. who writes under the name of 'Michael Innes', and since then have collected most of his books. 'Innes' is the nom de plume of J.I.M. Stewart, an eminent Scottish scholar who has had several studious works broadcast in the BBC's erudite Third Programme, but somewhere he has a wacky stroak (collapse of English professor), which he sublimates by writing intelligent, adult, detective yarns.



"Don't say anything to him or it'll be quoted on HYPHEM's back cover" Daphne Buchanan

My justification....should any neofan think I'm in need of itfor mentioning Innes here is that I'm expecting him to write a full-blooded s-f yarn any year now. Just as Ellery Queen and Leslie Charteris, to name but two thriller authors, exhibited fantastic leanings long before their interest in s-f became public, so Innes has the fantasy streak which should logically end in s-f.



In fact, his Journeving Boy not only features the brilliant son of an atomic scientist and an s-f film, Plutonium Blonde, but has one of the central characters' remembering an s-f story which is certainly (from internal evidence) McLeod Winsor's mid-'20s yarn Station X. In Innes's Stop Press a fictional character apparently comes to life, in The Daffodil Affair there is kidnapped, in the first chapter, a mathematically-minded horse, a girl with a triple personality, the descendant of a witch, and a haunted house(!). In my opinion almost all of Innes's dozen or so books are superb, and I recommend them to anyone interested in seeing a keen and scholarly mind amusing itself.

This is a science-fiction fanzine

GRUNCH SPECIAL EXPOSE

THE HARRIS LETTERS

I'm afraid that I can't continue quoting the Harris mss. on quite the lines that I proposed in HYPIEN six. Since that was published an anti-pornography drive has started in London (and stopped one of the foremost sexy-thriller writers in Britain from starting an s-f series -- or if he does they'll be written from Spain, where he's waiting for various Watch Committees to stop trying to add a sentence to his life story), and I've been offered substantial bribes (egoboo isn't everything, but you fan much better with it), so we'll taper off with Harris in a restrained mood. Or do I mean 'strait-jacketed'?

"It's all very well for you to sneer about my feeble bids for admiration. You haven't got flu. I'm a genuine, certified, sick-type critter.... I suppose you wouldn't be very interested to hear that Kleenex will make pretty good paper darts if it's folded carefully along the shortest side? If you fold lengthwise it sort of sags in the middle. From each packet the serious constructive fan can manufacture 150 YES ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY Harristype paper darts. Each sheet is ready cut to size and requires only folding. However, as the material is five times as absorbent as cotton (and possibly Lee Jacobs), it should on no account be used for nose-wiping. One gentle OO-size blow and it actually dissolves. Being a grammar school type I am unaccustomed to wiping my nose on my fingers (I always wear long sleeved shirts), and I found everything rather disconcerting. However, this problem is now solved. Somebody has filled each nostril with quick-hardening cement and I am breathing through my mouth. This has already given me a sore throat as well as a particularly vacant expression, but frankly, I'm past caring. Any minute now I shall step off this mortal coil to become an angel along with other stuf Greats such as Weinbaum, Wells, Haggard and the nock-upwards portion of Derek Pickles. In view of my long friendship I'm mentioning you in my will. You will get my ~~type/letter/and/my/best~~ wishes, and my share in HYPIEN as well as the original mss of my latest-but-one opus, "Breeding Centre Blues." I'm sure you could base something on the rhythm of it."

"You forgot to add the question mark " CRH

But in a more Harrisian manner he snarls in a later letter: "There's no need for all this boyish enthusiasm over Grunch. It's useless to try to influence my judgement with quotations from the works of Willis. ...But don't let me discourage you. I'm sure that you did your best and I shall remember it when I come to edit it. This time I shall remember all

PTO.

Smashing to you out of WEIRD TALES for 1938 comes.....

your helpful advice about how an editor should act, and after a couple of re-writes and considerable condensation I may be able to print part of it...."

But why should I give you second-hand Harris when you have only to shift your eyes to the right to read him yourself? Or better still, turn that page over and read the novafan Mal Ashworth? It's absurd. This is the Grunch Reprint Edition signing off.

"Go and eat a palm-leaf or something"

HOW TO WHITEN YOUR HAIR

In the sort of off-hand way that Uncle Hugo Gernsback might have remarked in the fall of '25 that he had an idea for a new type of magazine, Willis Himself in HYPHEN 7, apropos simple pleasures said "My sole contribution..(to British cons)..apart from apparently the introduction of the all-night party, has been...."

If there was anything more in this statement than an insatiable desire for ego-boo I will take great pleasure in snipping out some and nailing it to the Willis head in public. For since the all-night parties that ocured (there must be a more momentous verb?) during and after the '53 LonCon they have become a regular feature of London fandom. In my present condition -- it is but 36 hours since I crawled into our kitchen window at 6.30 am. (I'd lost my key) after returning from a party -- and my cosmic mind is still slightly blurred at the edges, I can't remember if there were any foreplanned dusk-to-dawn sessions prior to the insidious propaganda of Willis US Con. reports and the arrival of honeyBea Mahaffey from the land of smoke-filled rooms. But now.....you can recognise a London fan by his bloodshot eyes.

Not that I have anything against the idea; the sound of a cock-crow echoing in a half-empty glass is one of the most cheerful sounds this side of rustling banknotes, but as an old and broken-down faned in whose veins the duplicating inks still run thickly I feel continually frustrated that the atmosphere of these parties can't be embedded in the amber of a coherent and readable report. One can't properly take part and observe at the same time. Even a tape-recorder needs a directing hand on the mike and suitable recording conditions, and is virtually useless if more than two people are speaking within its range at the same time. As anyone who has been to a fan gathering knows, the difficulty is usually to find someone who isn't talking.

This grave problem has been partly solved by the institution of the one-shot publishing session ---anyone wishing to write a thesis for their BNFmanship degree could do worse than to compile a history of one-shots --- and given the rare combination of fans, liquor, typewriter, duplicator and the will to work (the last's the hardest), one occasionally finds something like a fanzine emerging. But in my experience the thing rarely got past the 'let's all write a story' stage and the compilation of a rough draft, and even when the finished product did appear it was not noticeably different from something laboriously conceived over a long period.

The last sentence has been carefully composed in the past tense because at last a disgustingly alcoholic fanzine has staggered through the mails. Stu Mackenzie moved the SPACE TIMES duplicator from one part of LONDON to another (plus the rest of his household) and invited a number of us to a house-warming party. I, knowing Stu as a serious type, went along with the intention of having a constructive talk about our duplicators with Stu...we both have the same model...and maybe to cry on each others shoulder.

I arrived at about 4.30pm. At 3.00am the following morning I was collating fanzine sheets on the carpet, and I knew the recipe for publishing an atmospheric one-shot. You take a luxurious room, about 40'x 20' with a fireplace large enough to roast a small fan, a radiogram and several score records, a barrel of bheer, bottles and glasses. Sprinkle fans lightly all over, and insert an unlimited supply of stencils & an ancient typewriter with a broken space-bar. This last is essential; it means that, with care (ie. in the earlier stages,) each word is separated, but as time hiccups by dull care departs and the words start running together just as if they were spoken. Keep the duplicator and finished sheets carefully hidden in a remote cellar, so that the rest of the party has the happy delusion that nothing is happening to the stencils once they've been cut; two of you descend into the dungeons with each stencil and whip out 60 or 70 copies without bothering about off-set, straightness, or in the later stages, correcting mistakes. Stir well and simmer all night. Get the 'zine stapled & addressed by dawn. It may not be good, but by ghod, the spirit's there! Thanks, Stu.

"You'll be on the side what outnumbers the wolf three to one"

RANDOM CHUCK HARRIS

This time, assuming that you're a fully paid up subscriber, and a True Individual Faan, I am going to do you a favour. I'm going to let you join my Crusade...

This letter came to me through the post (of all things!)

Dear Mr. Harris, (("Mr." you'll notice, -- this is no fan))

For some time past I have been going steady with a young man with whom I believe you are acquainted, namely Mr James White. Until now I always believed him to be very steady, quiet and restrained in his manner, but now I'm rather confused. You see, on Xmas Night we were both invited, (myself for the first time), to an informal party with some friends at 170 Upper N'ards Rd. After we had arrived and settled for a little while, Walter presented Jim with a present which it seems came from you. Jim opened it and when he saw what it contained he tried to keep it away from me, but I insisted upon seeing it and was rather surprised to find it was a nude calendar of Marilyn Monroe. Jim seemed very embarrassed, at first I thought it was all a joke, but the boys began to talk about Jim in Paris and the hectic times he has at conventions, and he was beginning to sound like a character from some of the books I've been reading lately, -- as though he changed to suit the atmosphere of the different planets.

I asked George for your address when all the others were talking and decided I would write to you, as I could not ask Walter or Bob or even George because they are in personal contact with Jim, and may not like to tell me the truth. I waited a few days before writing to see if Jim would make any comment, but he has not said anything, so I hope you will tell me if there is any truth in what the boys were saying. I know that it's wrong to write to you like this, but I do hope you will understand how I'm feeling, and favour me with an early reply.

Yours very sincerely,
Peggy Martin.

Friends, can you imagine what would have happened to this poor innocent girl if George-All-The-Way Charters hadn't been there to advise her to write to me? Well can you,..... or am I the only sex fiend around here?

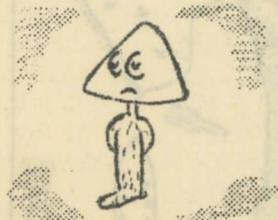
Naturally, I wrote back immediately....

Dear Peggy,

My first reaction to your letter was that it was a hoax, but after considering it very carefully I have decided that it was a genuine enquiry. I hope you'll forgive me for these rather base suspicions, but, as you'll understand, I have to be extremely careful with all mail that comes to me from Belfast.

I'm glad you decided to ask me about Jim, but I must point out that I've known him for more than three years, and am naturally a little bit biased, even though I see him only once a year...

Yes, I blush to admit it, but that Marilyn Monroe calendar did come from me, but I am at a loss to see why you call it a "present". In the note which accompanied the parcel, I made it clear that I was returning the calendar to James. Originally, he sent it to me for Xmas. Naturally, I did the same as any other clean-living, decent, young man would do and return-



"Pyromaniacs of the world, ignite!"

Bloch.

ed the filthy thing immediately...

I hesitate to say this in case you find it offensive, but from your letter I imagine you as rather a nice girl who has had a sheltered up-bringing and little contact with men, (if you can call them that), of White's calibre.

I don't want you to think I am running James down, -- as I told you, I'm biased about this. I know that there are several attractive facets to his personality, --as no doubt you've discovered, -- but to me his whole mental make-up is marred by the way he talks incessantly of S*X and Coarse Jokes. I am broad minded enough myself, but there must be a limit in all things. Several times whilst he was staying with me last Whitsun, I was at the point of ordering him out of my home because of his undue familiarity towards my young sister, --- a mere girl still in her 'teens. And, it is generally conceded that he was the talk of the Convention because of his behaviour with an editress of one of those lurid American magazines that he is so fond of. I wouldn't quote gossip of course, but I do know for a fact that he refused my hospitality so that he could spend two Nights at the same West End Hotel as this American Woman...a woman who on her last night in England, went around a Fleet St Tavern kissing all the men in the Saloon Bar.....

... I hope this letter proves to be of some assistance to you, and if there is anything else I can do to help, I trust you will write to me again.

Sciencerealy,

Chuck.

Somehow or other White heard about this and managed to persuade her that it was just a joke on my part. At this very moment, this unsophisticated, innocent Irish colleen is still risking her reputation and Heaven knows what else, by associating with the Beast of Belfast.

That, Gentle Reader, is where you come in. You too can help save Peggy from a fate worse than a fate worse than death. I may not be able to convince her, but 50 letters or so from our Circulation ought to do the job pretty thoroughly. The address is:- Miss Peggy Martin, 333 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Co. Down, N. Ireland. In plain sealed envelopes please, -- and no pectsarcds, (her Dad has a weak heart).

I was quite gratified by the response to my little poetry experiment last time. The only person who didn't seem to care for Abnorm's poetry was Colin Parsons. Naturally, I wouldn't know who the bottom poet is, but evidently Parsons knows.....

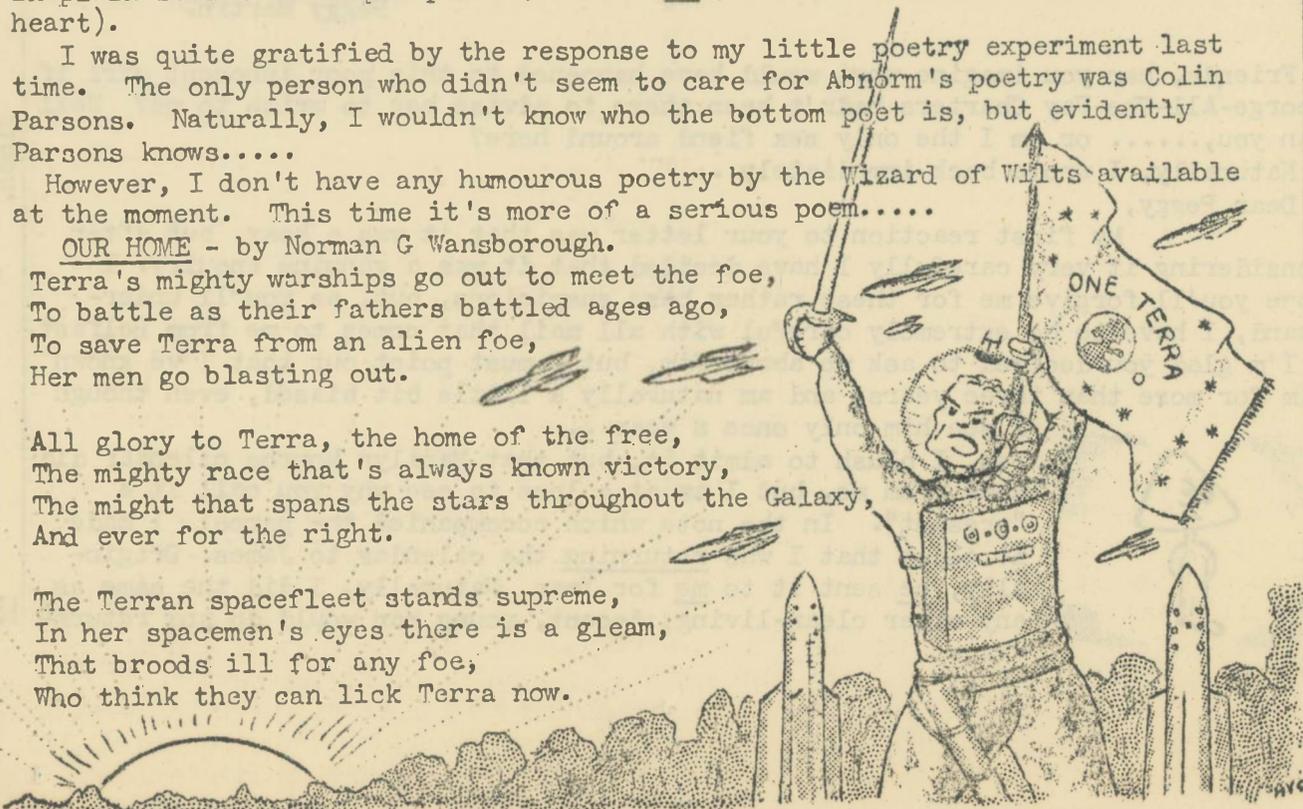
However, I don't have any humourous poetry by the Wizard of Wilts available at the moment. This time it's more of a serious poem.....

OUR HOME - by Norman G Wansborough.

Terra's mighty warships go out to meet the foe,
To battle as their fathers battled ages ago,
To save Terra from an alien foe,
Her men go blasting out.

All glory to Terra, the home of the free,
The mighty race that's always known victory,
The might that spans the stars throughout the Galaxy,
And ever for the right.

The Terran spacefleet stands supreme,
In her spacemen's eyes there is a gleam,
That broods ill for any foe,
Who think they can lick Terra now.



"She just lies there and chirls of Einstain's Theory of Relativity".

THE DASHCON REPORT

THE GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE BOTTLE

MAL
ASHWORTH

PROLOGUE: A short while ago during the steady pursuit of my normal round of fanac, I was suddenly stopped in my tracks by a twinge of conscience. I was, I realised with horror, no more than a Dronefan; a Parasite. What, I asked myself, had I ever done to benefit Fandom in any serious and constructive manner?

I didn't, I couldn't, answer. If, that very day, I had been transported into Paradise on a pillar of fire, I would have bequeathed nothing to the generations to come after me. The thought that Fandom itself would benefit not one iota by my existence, numbed me with chagrin and shame, and I swore that if I was spared from the wrath of Almighty Ghu, I would start immediately upon a Project to benefit all Fankind.

But what could I do? Organize a composite scheme to provide expenses for attending a Convention, a year's subscription to AUTHENTIC, a free zapgun, two POGOS, a bottle of hair-restorer, a sub to OPERATION FANTAST, and six months hire purchase payments on a flatbed duplicator? But such matters were already organised far more ably than I could ever hope to do them, and what then remained for me to do? And then....THEN I saw the light....

How many hours of nocturnal torture are experienced every year by people attempting to write Con reports for fanzines? Who knows how many sneak away silently to die in quiet places during such times? How many drops of blood and tears are shed over this one aspect of fanning?

Here then, was my Calling. If I could only isolate the necessary factors of any Con report, and set them down in a draft which could be used for any and every such account, what a Boon, what a Blessing to Fandom! This became my Life's Work; by this I will be remembered in the annals of Fankind, and I trust that one day this Report will be of use to you. One day, perhaps, some enterprising fellow will even huckster duplicated copies, with blanks in the appropriate places.....

Thecon Report.

It was a beautiful Whitsun morning as I went for the train, but that only made it worse. I felt lousy. I had been up for the last three nights producing a one-shot in time for the Con, and I was too far gone now to think of taking benzedrine. My head throbbed and the bottles in each pocket felt like millstones around my neck. I found a train, and when I found somebody else within whispering distance, I asked them if it was the ***** train. I think they said it was but I'm not too sure as I was asleep again by then. When I awoke we were moving, but the time after that we weren't. It appeared we had broken down. Inevitable of course, but I didn't feel like doing anything about it, so I went back to sleep. The next thing I remember is crawling along the platform at ***** station. There was some runny-nosed kid at the barrier wearing a "Welcome to the *****con" badge, but I ignored him, I was in no mood for beanie-talk. Outside I flagged a cab and he dropped me off at the ***Hotel charging me four times as much as was due. I paid tho' -- I didn't feel well enough to argue. Some goddam bellboy took me on a circular tour of the hotel including the coal-cellar and the lavatories before he finally showed me to my room. He didn't get a cent out of me, --- the only way I'd have tipped the little bastard was down the elevator shaft. I locked the door, sank on the bed, and went to sleep.

The next thing I remember is a horrible shriek and then sitting up in bed with my hair stood on end to see a ghastly face peering around the door. "Come on down, the Con is starting," it shrieked, and then vanished. I was shaking like a leaf. I

don't know who in hell it was, but if I did his face would be even more ghastly now. I shaved slowly and painfully and crawled down to the bar. As soon as I got there somebody yelled out my name, and a lot of other people yelled a lot of other names and I KNEW there were some fans there, even though I couldn't see them the way I was feeling. Somebody pushed a pint glass in my hand and man did I need that! Someone, -- maybe the same someone, maybe a different one, I forget -- then steered me out of the Bar and into the Hall. There was old -- dammitalltohell if I can remember his name, anyway he was on the door and we had a little chat about old times, the International Fantasy Award, how lousy we both felt, and maybe some other things, I don't remember.

I was just stumbling away from there looking for the can when some fughended milkfed neofan dashed up and squirted me with water from his zap gun. Water!!!! Ugh, -- even now I shudder at the thought. The little bastard was saved from being disintegrated on the spot by disappearing under one of the stands, and by Dave, or maybe it was Charlie, coming over and dragging me off to a group that was discussing the possibility of Ego being the first man on the moon. I don't remember much of what was said, but there was a real peachy babe from Bournemouth or somewhere who seemed to know all of the answers and maybe some of the questions too. I'd met most of this crowd at the last convention and one or two of them I've been corresponding with for years. When they got around to Dianetics and whether Hubbard was really a Clear, I drifted away to look at the stalls with one of the Northern fans who edits Space Times. About then the official proceedings opened promptly ***** hours late, and the Chairman said they'd get on with things without wasting any more time, and declared the lunch-break officially started. I'd just met a chap who publishes one of the better fanzines, so I didn't go out for lunch right away but stuck around chatting about fanzines and trading limericks.

When I did eventually get out, I got mixed up with a bunch of highspirited young fans and a couple of ex-service fans. They were real amusing company and one of them, -- from Liverpool or Manchester or somewhere round there, -- had an enormous time all the way down the High St, by jumping out at old ladies and making Martian noises. None of them seemed affluent enough to buy me a lunch so I shook them off and slipped away to a small cafe. The food stank, the coffee was so weak I could see the aspirins sink right to the bottom of the cup, and they charged me three times too much, --- but I wasn't really hungry anyway, --- I was too tired to be hungry.

Afterwards I went book-hunting but it seems that in ***** they've never heard of sciencefiction or fantasy. I ran into that chap from one of the fan-libraries, --- the curly-haired one from the LFTO or was it the Medway Mob, --- and we decided to kill time by seeing "Superman" at a local fleapit.

It was just around five o'clock when we got back to the Convention Hall and they were just finishing up with "Metropolis". After that it was the tea interval. The afternoon's programme had been lousy. I didn't enjoy one of the items even if they'd started promptly, which I'm sure they didn't, and if the Con Committee can't do any better than that, they want to let someone else organize the Con next year. I'm an old die-hard myself, and always attend almost out of habit now, but not everybody goes just for the sake of the Convention itself, and if they can't put on better items than that, the youngsters who haven't the same keenness just won't bother to support it.

"Thank you for your jokes, but I used it in our last issue."

I had tea from one of the London O's bottles and then half a dozen of us went up to my room, called Room Service for a new deck of cards and got down to some solid Conventioneering. Things were just about to become worthwhile, but it wasn't the fault of the Convention Committee.

About ten-thirty we went down to the Hall again just out of curiosity, and arrived in the middle of some sort of play. It was utter crud. We sat out the death-watch, and it finally expired about eleven when the Chairman declared the day's proceedings officially closed. The Convention was about to start. I landed up with a bog mob of fans and we all went up to one of their rooms. It was only a small room and had only one door so what happened to the people over against the other wall as the hundreds of fans kept pouring in I don't know, but I believe the wall-paper was a different design and colour the following morning.

Brother but was that a party! There were dozens of other really Big Names there but I don't remember them all individually now. Man! the drinks we packed. Then somebody pulled out a pile of dirty fanzines and we had an auction that was more a success than the one downstairs, and over in the corner somebody had organised a strip-poker session, and were already down to the bare essentials. Somebody profoundly suggested that if we had the lights out it would be dark and then somebody disagreed with him and we all had a big discussion about it until somebody smashed the bulb and proved that it wasn't really dark after all because we were all lit-up. Somewhere around three o'clock twenty-seven hotel porters came up and told us to make less noise and go to our own rooms, but somebody converted them with gin and they all became fans on the spot. A helluva night.

I didn't get up till teatime the next day and it must have been about six before I got down to the Hall. My head was splitting and I couldn't see a thing -- which was perhaps fortunate really because the proceedings were lousy. There was some sort of quiz or talk going on but it stank and I didn't stay to listen to it. I had a couple of drinks and mumbled to some fans in the bar who would keep whispering to me, and then I went out for some tea.

I don't want anybody to think I'm griping about ***** but the tea was putrid -- it wasn't even fit to give to the Con Committee. I left most of it and went for a walk to get some fresh air.

When I got back to the hotel, I was dragged off to somebody's room where there were a lot more fans talking and drinking, but don't ask me who they were, and after chatting for a couple of hours, we all drifted down to the bar. Everybody agreed that the Con had been LOUSY. We had a few drinks and then went back to see what was happening in the Hall. They were having an auction and believe me it was pitiful to see that chap valiantly struggling to sell the tripe they had there --- old "Unknowns" and "Tales of Wonder" and suchlike crud, -- no recent stuff at all. We wandered back to the bar, and had a drink and all agreed that there hadn't been a really good item on the programme that day either. A bit later the auction fizzled out as well, so we all trooped back to see if the Chairman had the nerve to say the thing had been a success when he closed it.

He Had!!!

After that people just drifted apart and started to go home. I went to my room and collected my things and checked out.

On the train I met a couple of neofans who thought the Con had been really marvellous! They didn't know what they should really be like, - the poor kids. If it hadn't been for meeting those old friends the whole weekend would have been a complete waste of time. They're going to have to get some new ideas and better organisation next time if they hope to get people attending.

WORDSWORTH
NEVER SAID
IT BETTER

Pish! to Blish and Faugh! to Hubbard; let distraction cease,
Lock me in the airing cupboard while I write a masterpiece
Rebuilt Rem and virgin paper here before me, waiting, lie;
I must cut a wordy caper, shaking Fandom 'ere I die.
There shall be no hackneyed writing, no space-opera for me,
Something grand and thought-inviting shall my magnum opus be.
Shall I write of H. Superior, moving mountains with his mind?
Or would poltergeists be eerier, using virgins for a blind?
Ah, but Sturgeon's done the first part in a dozen ways, I know,
So I'd only be the dustcart following the Lord Mayor's Show.
While the polts are out of fashion (as are virgins, too, indeed-
We want pornographic passion and some gross Galactic greed.)

Shall I write of planet-nations menaced by an alien life?
Of the fearful situations that confront a Martian's wife?
Of great cities 'neath the ocean, cataclysmic atom-war?
No, - I've got a nasty notion that it's all been done before.
Shall it be a robot saga, with a sociologic trend,
With the tin men going gaga, and some pathos at the end --
"Man before us should be humble - worship ENSIAC as well"
No, for Asimov would grumble and the fans would kick up hell.
Shall it be a mutant 'Maybe...' of a post-atomic band, --
Folks who kill the freakish baby with five digits on each hand?
Nay, that's out for one good reason: Horace Gold would not permit,
Such high literary treason, -- he'd most likely throw a fit.

Well, then, back to the Jurassic and the jungle's eerie light,
And the monsters most thorassic which the cavemen had to fight,
Of the ice-caps swift arrival and the humans' slow retreat,
Battling saurians for survival -- yes, it would be rather neat,
But I guess some fan, with unction, would immediately point out,
That the ice-cap didn't function when the saurians were about,
And that neither one nor t'other ever played the slightest part,
When the first man and his woman got their tree-top nurtured start.
---Rebuilt Rem and virgin paper still before me, dormant, lie;
I WILL cut a fannish caper, else of plethora I die.
All the best plots are bespoke so it leaves but one to tell...
"Flame-engulfed and bent and broken all the warring spaceships fell..."

PAUL ENEVER

POST SCRIPTS

RICK SNEARY Friday the latest issue of '-' arrived; Saturday was the annual LASFS Fanquet, and Sunday I spent with Len Moffat and Stan Woolston, listening part of the time to a wire of Orville Mosher's: so I feel in a very fannish mood. More than in months. I'm sorry there isn't a conference to go to, a feud to start, or even a fanzine worth writing for—in this country. Well there is, I'm sure, but the only ones I see are the first issue throw-away-to-sucker-list-five-years-old. Of these few look worth reading, and almost none of them is. So, I get the general impression that the only good fanzine now on the scene is Hyphen, and that only Irish and English fans are doing anything in the 'true' fannish manner. In view of this belief, and despite the fact that American fans are starting to doubt my existence again (prior to the Pacific on some thought I was just a pen-name, and now I understand the rumour has started again—if this be an example of Seventh Fandom, well) I wish to justify, even if there be no need to insure, my supply of future issues. (Seventh Fandom itself...may it rest in peace...appears now to have been merely a pen-name of Harlan Ellison's.)

I must admit that the current issue isn't up to No.4's standard, but then that had the two hyper articles by you and white. Faaa on people who want reports only of things they have attended; it would be like reading reviews only of books you have read..well not quite, but a report by you, Tucker (when reporting, not fictionalising), Hoffman, Bloch, or any of a number of oldtimers now passed on, is the next best thing to being there.

...The way you people go around insulting each other so gaily has always sort of amazed me. Over here fans seem to take their insults more seriously. A few fans come in for concentrated ribbing at times, like Max K and RGH, but generally an insult is for real. You chaps picture each other as lecherous juveniles who dress in rags, have tremendous egos, write like hacks, and do nothing but drink, chase woman, and have water-gun fights. This is somehow not in keeping with the general impression one has of subjects of The Queen. Not in this country at least.

So it was with something of surprise I noted the serious tone used in regard to this person, Roles. A type well known to US fans, but seemingly unheard of elsewhere. We'd know what to do with his sort, but you seem to need little help. Needless to say I was at that LASFS meeting and received no impression about English fandom not already well formed by reading the newspaper and Slant. I suspect that whoever reviewed the interview may have read his own feelings into your remarks. My only real opinion being that we should try trading five of our slightly used fans for you people.

Confession being good for circulation, I have one. It is only with this issue, and some current advertisements, that I have become fully aware of the fact that A.Vincent Clarke and Arthur C. Clarke were not somehow one and the same person. I realise this places me down with the Goshwowboyoboy crowd, but truth is truth.

...I wonder, in passing, how many of Seventh Fandom have noticed that $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Conventions are picked and run by Third Fandom?

(Yes, through the years fandom seems to have laid by a sort of reserve of strength, giants of a bygone era who preserve a distant but benevolent interest in fandom and who may be induced to emerge from their Valhalla by Conventions. And also, sometimes, by a particular fanzine, as Tucker was called forth to walk the earth again by Quarry. It seems to me the measure of success of a fanzine is the number of these legendary figures..like you yourself by now, Rick...it can bring back to life; which is why I'm so pleased to see parts of this letter section resembling a fannish Elysian Fields.)



"Seventh Fandom is passing like a bad dream."

--Redd Rogers

BERT CAMPBELL ...A couple of things disturb me. One is this puerile harping on the fact that New Worlds is long overdue. I don't think it's funny to say provocative, uncaring things about this. Surely everyone knew that New Worlds would be coming out again, and it must have been obvious that the magazine was having something of a rough time. It doesn't say much for fandom that it should stand about leering while the magazine that gave fandom substance is in trouble. Some gallant work has been going on behind the scenes, I think, to keep New Worlds in existence and to make it a better magazine than it unquestionably was. It is poor encouragement for those who made these efforts to find the fans acting like sneaky, snivelling schoolkids. New Worlds is a competitor of Authentic and I hope it will long continue to be that. I'd be sorry as hell to see it die; and I was as sad as hell to see it in trouble. All fans should have felt that way. Maybe all fans did feel that way. The rest are just egotistical hangers-on.

The other thing that bothers me is far less serious. It's all this stuff about my piece in Hyphen 5. Seems the critics (Bloch, Smith & Russell) have made a sweeping assumption that is not warranted. Who said my piece was supposed to be funny? 'What comes of jumping to conclusions.'



(Are you serious now, Bert? The puerile harping you refer to seems to amount to nothing more than five words.. "New Worlds is going Nova"...in a reader's letter. I hope you'll defend just as ardently that poor little fanzine Slant against similar uncaring remarks by sneaky snivelling pros? As for your article, of course it was meant to be funny. It was too, only that the 35 jokes it contained were too tortuously contrived and closely crammed together to have the same impact as Tucker's few simply and elegantly produced ones.)

D.R. SMITH I profoundly disagree with the reviewer's disparaging remarks about de Camp. I like de Camp, and frequently find him amusing. (Could you give us just one example?) This is possibly because I am the little man in the Charles Addams cartoons, who sits laughing his head off in the pictures when the rest of the foolish audience are in tears. But it is news to me that de Camp intends all his work to be comic, any more than Swift intended Gulliver's Travels to be comic.

I shall have to investigate Authentic, a magazine which I seem to have heard mentioned before, though I don't recollect seeing a copy.

I also enjoyed The Funlovers, if only because it is controversial and reminds me of the wild 'n woolly frontier days of fandom when there was always a good slugging match going on in every fanmag. I admire Boggs for running the dreadful risk of being accused of lacking a sense of humour. Why this should be regarded as a dreadful risk is always something of a mystery to me, but the accusation always seems to be regarded as a particularly mortifying form of insult...Of course, it seems to me that the whole thing hinges on the question 'more interesting to whom?' I don't quite follow your rejoinder to Boggs. Granted that he produces his mag for fun, how does that apply to his distinction between 'funloving'—which I take to be a magazine devoted chiefly to accounts of merriment among fans—and the type which encourages its contributors to play at being writers? Even those editors you scold must do it for fun. (I'm afraid I didn't leave myself enough space last issue to make my point clear. It was that the dichotomy as I see it is not between the serious and the humorous fanmag, for both of which there is a place in fandom and both of which can be produced



"Is he confusing me with some fan?"

Chuck Harris

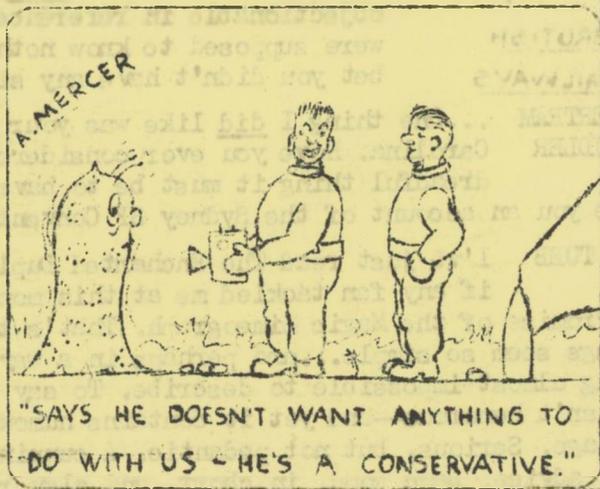
for what I would call fun, but between the genuine and the pretentious. There are some fanzines which are not published for 'fun'...ie sport, pleasure..but for power, influence, personal aggrandisement or to make money. Boggs' own 'pseudo-Campbells' are one example.)

And then of course there is that titillating letter from Temple, who has probably given me more hours of amusement than any other single fan writer. Something seems to have soured his usual amiable self a little, and being constitutionally unable of being effectively abusive himself he enrolls the services of an expert. I must say I agree entirely with every word of Miss Moore which he quotes, but fail to see any application to myself. If I can only win the status of an adult by indiscriminating enthusiasm for everything that is laid before me, whether good or bad, whether suited to my tastes or not, then I very much prefer to remain juvenile, able to enjoy Astounding and Galaxy but, through my lack of the broad adult mind, incapable of enjoying Vargo Statten. I don't suppose I've got a sense of humour either.

Incidentally, did you let Temple read that original offending letter of mine or did he work up all that head of steam over your comments on it? (The latter.) It was a jolly good effort anyway, and again takes me back to the days of my youth.

DENNIS TUCKER I gather that your front cover cartoon has some reference to an American fannag, but you must remember that we don't all read (Right, monkey! Let's have a pun the Americans won't get...) the US productions, so what is it all about please, or am I just dumb? (The cover was based on a very common advertisement in US slicks. I'd have thought most British fans see a New Yorker or Satevepost now and then? Anyway most of Hyphen's readership is American---about 80 British, 150 Stateside, and the rest in Europe, Australia, the Middle East and so on. US readers: Dennis's pun is based on British comedian Al Read's catchphrase. We could almost do with a Department of Explanations like this each issue, but I think it would take more space than it'd be worth. and maybe I should make it clear that this is about the finest tenet of Hyphen's editorial policy---that no joke or allusion which will amuse some of the readers will be left out merely because some of the others won't get it. We feel that every one can find enough that amuses or interests him in the mag to make it worth his while---it contains more concentrated substance than any other fannag being published today---and that people who resent finding in addition things they don't understand shouldn't be reading this type of fannag at all. I don't mean you, Dennis---your Al Read joke shows you appreciate the esoteric too.)

Liked Bob Shaw's reviews: I suppose this is what you call 'intelligent literary criticism'? (God no. It was just a humorous essay.) It is certainly interesting and written in what might be called a 'chatty' style, but I can't honestly see that it's any better than similar articles in a host of other fannags. (Name two.) Harris's two pages of sweet nothings were up to their usual standard and very amusing; that fellow certainly has a knack! (I'm glad you didn't say a brass knack.) Ashworth's little piece caused a grin or two. How much of it really happened? (None of it. Though something very similar did happen to me in LA. See the current Confusion.) Redd Boggs wrote a really meaty article, and I feel that the fact that you printed it goes a long way towards proving that you are really a 'Serious Constructive Fan'! The first part of Vimp's article was fun. What, though, is Grunch? Black spot of the issue was once again TOTO, who chooses the utter rubbish you have been printing; and why bother? (Shame on you, Dennis. Write out 500 times "I must read my Hyphen more carefully." The origin of 'Grunch' was ex-



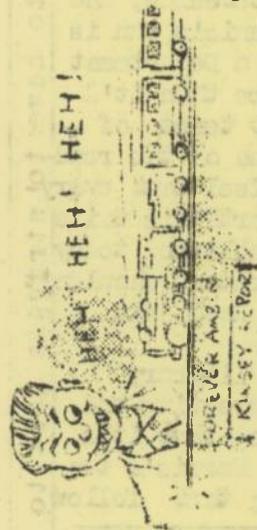
It sure is something to have to struggle just to be mediocre. CONRAD 21

plained by Ving in Hyphen 2. The editors of Toto are given thereon. But more about Toto later...)

Re the water-pistol antics etc. I think a modicum of lighthearted horseplay for adults is a good thing provided it isn't carried too far. For surely it provides an excellent safety-valve for letting off steam and forgetting, for a while, the cares of the everyday world. In this connection, though with a slightly different slant, one of my hobbies is model railways. I am a 'model railway enthusiast'. (Term used by MRE's.) In other words, I 'play trains'. (Term used, with slightly raised eyebrows and condescending smile, by friends and others who should know better. They afterwards add; "What, at your age?") The whole point being that I and a friend have a heck of a lot of fun with my electric trains, and who cares anyway what the superior types think!

Now about sex and smut. I too was going to complain about your back cover and the Sweet Sue limerick, but your comments have in part beaten me to it. I feel that things like 'Sue' have no place in an otherwise decent magazine. I am no prude and can enjoy a witty questionable joke along with the rest, in the right—ie, all male—company; but I do not think such things are right for mixed company—and I presume you have female subscribers? Certainly there is nothing objectionable about normal sex, but it does not follow there is therefore nothing objectionable about printing items concerning it. Would you print a joke about any of the other normal bodily functions? Or about a serious disease? Or blindness?

I hope you do not think that anyone who disagrees with you on this subject must needs cancel his subscription, for this is most certainly not so. Having stated my point of view, I'll carry on being an enthusiastic supporter of Hyphen.



(About TOTO. One of the reasons for its publication, as with Hyphen itself and The Enchanted Duplicator, was to revive fandom and carry on the fanish traditions that seemed at one time to be in danger of being lost. So many of the things in Toto have been printed not altogether for their intrinsic merit, though I still think they have that, but for their historical interest. And I admit that some of the editors including myself may have been influenced by their fascination for the fabulous characters of Burbee and Leney and the dramatic story of Los Angeles fandom and the Insurgents. But I still think Charles Burbee was probably the greatest fan writer of all time. If anyone has any other nominations they're cordially invited to guest-edit an issue of TOTO themselves.)

I think your other hobby has its points and is on the right lines. If ever I'm near High Wycombe I'd love to help you play trains. Sex is not a serious disease, nor an affliction. And if you agree it's not objectionable it does seem to me to follow that there's nothing objectionable in references to it. Surely the days are gone when women were supposed to know nothing about these things and care less? I'll bet you didn't have any sisters.)

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER ...One thing I did like was your limerick---the one about Sweet Sue of South Carolina. Have you ever considered, as I have from time to time, what a dreadful thing it must be to have a clean mind?....I just may be able to give you an account of the Sydney SF Convention. Not sure of the dates yet.

TED TUBB I've just read The Enchanted Duplicator. I'm still groggy from the blow and if any fan tackled me at this moment I'd drop the lot and head for the Golden Promise of the Magic Mimeograph. That's the worst of these allegories; they make things seem so simple...and perhaps in a way they are. The Enchanted Duplicator is a thing almost impossible to describe. To say that it is 'good' is less than the truth. It isn't humorous--and yet it contains humour. It doesn't preach--and yet contains a message. Serious, but not pedantic. A cunning blend of insidious propaganda and fatherly advice. Damn good, in short, and cleverly written...Together with Ving's Scrooge

"I suppose we'll be accused of tramping on people's Bunyans." - Bob Shaw

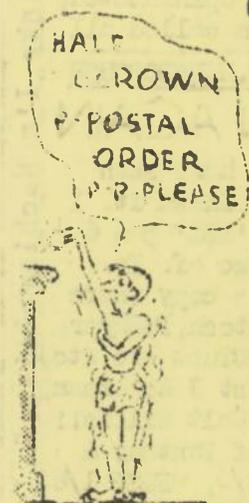
on Ice you've set a new standard for fan writing. Something strictly within the fan world, which would never get published outside, and yet as far above average fan fiction as a Comet over a hot air balloon. (I should write advertisements? Some copies of The Enchanted Duplicator still available, 1/- or 15p.)

Since last writing to you (about an hour ago) I've been mulling over the problem of the Transfanfund and have what I think is a brilliant suggestion. How about operating as follows:-- Each member contributing to the Transfanfund (which I assume will be a permanent thing) is entitled to nominate ONE candidate. Lists to be closed for nomination at the end of the year. Then, say at the end of February, contributors vote on candidates. The trick is--votes will be proportionate to amounts contributed. That is, 2/6 and under, one vote. 5/-, two votes. £1, eight votes. And so on.

Now I know that this seems undemocratic, but it makes good sense. Surely if a man is willing to contribute £1 he is helping the winner eight times further on his way than the one who chips in 2/6, and so should have eight times more say in who should go. Also, and this is it, it will make a keen sense of rivalry and the money should come rolling in much faster than now. After all, if a man gives 2/6 and then knows that no matter what others give he has the same power to vote as they, there is no incentive to pay more (other than pure fanish love which seems to be non-existent.) There may of course be abuse, but that doesn't matter. If a pressure group want to swing the voting towards their candidate they've got to pay for the privilege--and they may wind up almost paying the fare anyway.

(Comments on this suggestion would be welcomed. It was my own idea to have a qualifying fee for voting at all and I was slightly relieved that there were no objections to it. I think it should be a permanent feature of the Transfanfund myself--most of the money contributed so far is a result of it--but personally I wouldn't like to see the principle extended as far as Ted suggests. Everyone can afford 2/6, but to some young fans it represents as big a sacrifice as £1 to some vile huckster, and I don't see why the young fan shouldn't have the same voting rights. As for the point about pressure groups, these are in fact in operation at the moment, as far as I can see from some of the ballot papers. But even if the candidate supplies his potential supporters with half-crowns and completed ballot papers they still have to be signed and sent in. The present system has most of the advantages of the one Ted suggests, with the difference that the candidate must also earn the respect of the majority of fandom. And after all that is the true purpose of the Transfanfund--a stimulus to better fanac. What does everybody else think?)

BILL TEMPLE ..I wonder how many Profen are nostalgic about their own Neofandom. I am, sometimes. "There has passed away a glory from the Earth; where is it now, the vision and the dream?" But it was different in the old pre-war days. There were only a handful of sf mags being published. One had time not only to read them, but also re-read them. A new novel which had even a trace of sf in it--be it only The Old Mad Professor--was an EVENT. A sf film was so rare that it was a MOMENTOUS EVENT. When fan met, they could discuss their reading and be on common ground, for the other fellow was bound to have read the story you were so enthusiastic about. Today sf batters you with more magazines and books than you could hope to read if you did nothing else all day. It's all over the cinema and tv screens, and drools from the radio. It infests advertisement hoardings, strip cartoons, kids' comics, toy-shops, literary weeklies, and pantomimes. It's even been



If you can't use the article, burn it and scatter the ashes over your nipped fan.

mentioned at The Globe.

We always wanted to spread sf, and now, God help us, we've done it. And somehow in the stampede the magic has been trampled underfoot.

Maybe for many so-called fans it's just a passing craze. A difficulty the authors of The Enchanted Duplicator never thought up for Jophan was that of distinguishing The Trufan from the Flash-in-the-Fan.

"Science-fiction is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."



(You think maybe we should publish a sequel, The Disenchanted Duplicator? Fandom does seem to be passing through a period of self-evaluation at the moment. For years its ostensible purpose was to promote science fiction; but now that sf has been promoted it snubs its old friends and scorns its humble beginnings. Fans are now 'unrepresentative', an esoteric clique incapable of appreciating Mr Spillane as "one of the best science fiction writers in America", and the serious constructive fans have been left as high and dry as the rest of us... in fact more so, because they have lost their entire reason for existence. But let John (Loxsmith) Brunner carry the argument a stage further...)

JOHN BRUNNER Hooray for The Funlovers! Listen and bear with a big-headed, opinionated, conceited, stuck-up, selfish would-be professional (I've been called all those things, not entirely in fun, in past year.)

I dabbled a toe into the ocean of fandom per se once on a time. I was on the Welcommittee of NZF in England; I read and even subbed to fnz; I corresponded at enormous length with people from Muskegon, Mich. to Sydney, NSW. But hell's bells! I seemed to be unique among all the people whom I wrote to or met, except one, in that I was in science fiction fandom because it was the fandom of science fiction, and I liked sf... That delicate toe came out a while back. I still love sf. I still read it widely and not too discriminately. But I've taken time and thought a little about fandom from the viewpoint of someone on the sidelines, and have concluded as follows.

Ain't no such thing as science fiction fandom.

If every science fiction magazine was banned tomorrow, fandom would still be there. A good thing? In one way: there'd be an awful lot of people who knew an awful lot of people they would never otherwise have met—and they'd be nice people, like the agreeable screwballs of Oblique House and the Globe Inn. Once on a time there was a need for a clique, when science fiction readers were an oppressed minority. Nowadays people borrow the Galaxy I'm reading on the train... The result is that to my mind fandom is now existing in a vacuum. It is a fandom-main complete in itself.

(Quite. And a good thing too, as you admit, because otherwise we'd all have no more purpose for continuing to exist than the serious constructive fans have now that the prozines have thrown them over.

PAID ADVT. BY NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH

IT'S THAT FAN AGAIN

Doubtless some of you have seen Nebula, and some have liked it. I have a few copies of 'NEB' 5 & 6 which I wish to dispose of. In case you haven't seen a copy there are stories by JIM Intosh, FGRayer, Eric Frank Russell, ECTubb etc etc and features by Forrest J Ackerman, Ken Slater, and even Walt Willis!! And also I have Mag of Fantasy & SF (BRE). Nebula is 2/-, MF&SF 1/6. I have 3 issues of F&SF and 2 of Nebula making 8/6 of good sf reading. With each 8/6 offer I am going to send a report on the Con. How complete it is will depend on you. So cof up yer cash. N.G. Wansborough, 84 Wyke Rd., Trowbridge, Wilts. (PS. Part of cash will go to TAFF.) Also 'Second Foundation' for auction. Part proceeds to the TAFF (half to be exact). Hard cover American Edition. Tickets 5/- each. Also copy of Nebula with each ticket.

PAID ADVT. BY NORMAN WANSBOROUGH

Everybody thinks I'm Machiavellian. — Brian Varley

(I'm talking about the situation in America now, not England.) But to us fandom as we like it has been a thing of personalities and friendships and the altered state of affairs in the sf world just means that we can continue to enjoy it as that without any qualms of conscience. Ourselves alone! Or, in Irish, Sinn Féin!)

TOM WHITE I have always had an engram against paying out money for fanzines, but I DO appreciate humour, even in its most horrible forms and I think that Hyphen is very funny—even the serious bits. Money, they (the rich) say is only filthy stuff, so please find enclosed a Postal Ordure for which send me future Hyphens. (No sooner said than dung.) By the way, I suppose you do use PO's over there? I mean, I shouldn't send articles for barter? (No, PO's are approved by the Chamber of Commerce.)

..Fandom as a serious thing I don't go for; the whole thing boils down to the old question, why fans? Well, I look upon things fannish as a welcome relief from the everlasting grind. I don't read fan fiction (unless satirical)--I can read better in the prozines. I don't look for a profit, on the contrary it's quite an expensive hobby. It isn't solely egotism, although I like to write and correspond. I think that the most important feature of fandom is its humour. Not necessarily corn, though this must be an important part....It's a commodity that appears to be fairly well represented in Hyphen. I quote: "the best way was to tapir off" These are but a phew from No.6. Now I know the inside story of the green duplicating paper; private joke, the corn is green. Or, alternatively, you may secretly have delusions that you are a leprecom? (Or Cornish pixy. Joan the Waw, that's me.)

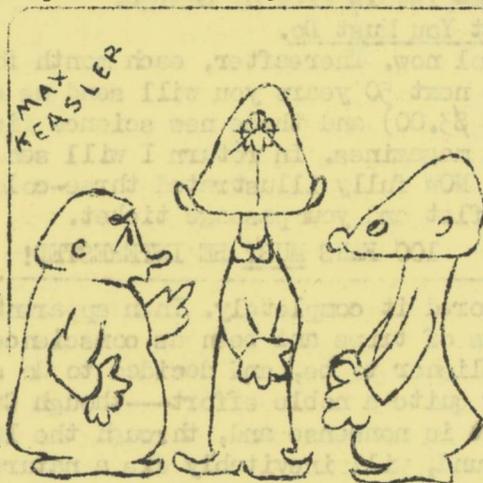
KEN BULMER Bob was not quite sure in his reviews what he wanted to put over. I find de Camp insincere... Hirschhorn--he asks Redd to tell him what to do. I could tell him briefly and succinctly only the Postmaster General wouldn't approve. The new finz he quotes is just the sort of thing that should be helped, the fan putting it out encouraged and given some guidance to better things. There's far too much of this calculated insincerity and boredom around among all age groups. Up at the White Horse and The Globe the youngsters used to come in and see us older, rather misguided fans being cynical all over the place. So they aged us and became cynical. and they never had the privilege of being young and eager in fandom. (On the other hand, Ken, you can have bumpitiousness and overconfidence, and encouragement won't correct that.)

Letters. I met Wingrove. I asked him why he hadn't read the promags he reviewed in Fission. He said that somebody had to do it. I went back to my Guinness.

Poor old Clive Jackson. So he's grown up and found other interests and now fandom is so silly and juvenile and etc. Never mind. He might regain his sanity and see the other side of the coin. Hope he keeps writing though, he had a nice talent creeping up on him.

COLIN MICHAEL Hyphen is an extraordinary publication

PARSONS inasmuch as it is pathetic crud and high class humour...I'll amend 'crud' and substitute 'not up to standard'. This includes Grunch, Wansborough's poem, and a couple of odd things here and there. 'Grunch' was poor, not up to the standard of the article he's written for Fission two. By the way, contributors for Fission 2 are Mel Ashworth, T.Jeeves, HJCampbell, ERJames, John Christopher, HKBulmer. P.Enever, GWingrove and PJCakebread.



"WILLIE GREEN HERE IS
A MEMBER OF SEVENTH
FANDOM IGNORED BY ALL
TRUE FANS"

"SOMEHOW YOU WRITE AS IF YOU HAD A BEARD."

-- Tom White

2/5

Possible we will get an article (original) by Arthur C. Clarke.

Ge. I'd never have thought of asking Arthur for an article. I'm surprised you didn't appreciate Norman Wansborough's poem. Of course we're only simple unsophisticated fans, but we think he is to poetry what Jascha Heifetz is to the piano.

PETE TAYLOR This is a sort of parting shot from an empty waterpistol, just something to overdramatise the fact that yours truly has thrown off the instained robe of slothful actifandom and replaced it with apparel of blue, a transformation into the model servifan.

Exodus the Taylor fan-famille...Taylor the Wit Supreme of fanparties...Taylor the Neofan's clutched straw...Taylor the Oscar Winner for delay between issues of Peri.

...Willis claims complete impartiality towards the uprising of the Young Fan, but me-thinks he tinges Hyphen with blue (and I don't mean the editorial pencil) to prevent them from keeping copies in the home long enough to enable them to drag 'em out for reference during fan-political cold wars. A young Neofan complained bitterly to me that he has to give his copies away as he reads them f r fear of the parental eye falling on various of the contents. (On the other hand... Parents! are your children hearing that awkward age when they must be told certain facts? Do you find difficulty in explaining the reproductive processes? (Hectography, mimeography etc.) Save the cost of a ticket to The Windmill. Buy them a subscription to Hyphen, The Sophisticated Fanzine.) Can you imagine the scene at home when youngfans are even younger? I'll illustrate...

Unpaid advertisement by Dennis Tucker

A TRIP TO THE MOON IN 2004!

Yes, a trip to the Moon for YOU. No serious and Constructive Fan can afford to miss this Great Offer!! Don't be a wallflower. All discerning fans will be on this trip. Latest luxury spacecraft guaranteed! Kiddies' Atom-pistols free of charge.

What You Must Do.

Enrol now. Thereafter, each month for the next 50 years you will send me £1. (US \$3.00) and three new science fiction magazines. In return I will send you NOW fully illustrated three-colour leaflet and your passage ticket.

100 FANS MUST BE INTERESTED!

ignored it completely. Then apparently Hamilton & Co. must have looked around at the mess of tripe and been as conscience stricken as it's possible for a popular fiction publisher to be, and decided to do something about it. I consider their present 160 p. mag quite a noble effort—though Campbell's policy of strict adherence to scientific fact is nonsense and, through the lack of writers with an adequate scientific background, will inevitably die a natural death. (I agree about the big improvement in Authentic..for which all the credit should go to Bert..but what's this about scientific accuracy? I've noticed more scientific howlers in Authentic than in any other promag, British or American.) It was the first of the 'Conquest of Space' covers that did the trick, and the fact that you can read Authentic without having to pull the in two to read the inside columns. Since then I've sampled Nebula, and am very pleased to see the tremendous improvement there. (I'd better modify that remark about Authentic's authenticity before Bert's whiskers start singing. Most of the howlers were probably while the mag was still called SF FORTNIGHTLY)

AND BABY MAKES FREE

BABY: Icky wooble shishy gug dandun femme oog-
le lowcut igle (ad lib.)

FATHER: What's Baby saying, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Baby says he near fell out of his pram,
over that piece about the Hero and the Heroine
who get trapped in a Hyperspatial ship with no
hope of ever getting home, and how they start
throwing off their inhibitions and such ad lib.

FATHER: No, son, the writer put the 'ad lib'
in to denote a great deal more of the same.

JOHNNY: Another goddam Typewriter in the Sky!

CEDRIC WALKER Recently I've been slithering
back into the sf field—as a
reader, I mean. The new Authentic had much to
do with the rebirth of interest. After a few
gruesome brushes with the first few issues I'd

I think of female fans as being beneath me.

DAVE WOOD ..As for Bob's reviews, has he ever considered the effect of ingraining Spillane into the good old sf with its alien love. You know, plenty of juicy passages to stir up your tiring hormones. Like: "Her eyes were pink and vermilion, gleaming as incandescent dung. Her nose, her lips, hung like loose bundles of fat over her placid countenance. Her biconvex lobes revolved about her shoulders, twitching provocatively in a way that did things to me. I contracted my trychosits convulsively, to show I had felt her emotions. My orificial organs pulsed rapidly as I did things to her glowing gown and as it slid away revealing her lusciously curved body of purple goo, she vamped out a delicate phrase. I went for her." (Would make an original cover too--male attacking half-naked female ben. Hm. Money for old rape. Sf should be taken with a pinch of assault..)

..I found Chuck's account of the fall of Q a minor masterpiece. Walt, can't you publish anything more original than a minor masterpiece. (No, they're all rejects from Colliers.) How about a real down-to-earth piece of crud?..While I'm on this subject why must everyone pick on poor Abnorm Wansborough? Just because the guy builds up a new personality, just because the guy does something original, just because the guy is so different, just because the guy has built up a new fannish approach.....

It is an approach, isn't it?

What we need is sex. The average man and woman needs the average woman and man. Let's have a report on The Sexual Behaviour of the Fan Male, and Female. With diagrams! (Stu?)

MAL ASHWORTH First off I SAW the one about the Poo and the Yobber--I actually saw it! I don't even know what the Poo and the Yobber are (nor does anyone, Mal) but I UNDERSTOOD your joke. The Poo is mite-ier than the Yobber. Right? (Right. You and two other krafty ones are being sent a pmz or something and a special prize to Nigel Lindsay for a most ingenious alternative solution I didn't have space to print.) Toto was perhaps the funniest yet, but the BEST thing in the issue was of course Wansborough's poem. No doubt about it naturally--why have you been hiding this stupendous talent from the world? You MUST have him as a regular contributor. Beside him Longfellow pales to insignificance--beside him I imagine anybody pales! (Gee; you make us feel humble..and sort of proud.) Like more or less everybody else I guess the thing which I like most about Hyphen is the letter section. I suppose because it's so good is the reason it gets so much space. People don't write ordinary sorts of letters to it apparently--or if they do they don't get printed. It makes a very welcome change from the eternal 'I liked, I didn't like, was good, was lousy, was mediocre, etc'. The letters herein have something interesting to say not only anent the zine but regarding all sorts of off-trail things and it makes darn entertaining reading--not only praises and criticisms but something controversial or amusing too. You might though have one ish the letter section completely filled by Bloch. (10,000 words please, Bob.) Rest of the items as pithy as ever. (Thankth. And take a bow all you nice letter-writers. How about some more from the US though? You'll have time to catch the next issue if you write now.) Ctd. on inside backcover

THE GLASS BUSHEL--REVIEWS (ctd. from p.6)

Of the five other short stories in the issue the best is a beautiful vignette by Ted Tubb, 'Emancipation'. I read it three times before I went to bed and I dreamed about it. Second best is 'Gorgon Planet' by Bob Silverberg--I'm a sucker for stories like this that have a tie in with Greek mythology. "Oh, a Gorgon for me....."

Third best was 'Troubleshooter' by CEMaine, although it would have been second if the approaching end punch hadn't been as clearly visible as a double decker bus. When an sf story fails this is usually the reason. The authors seem to underestimate both the reader's intelligence and his interest in the story, leaving a mass of clues that would make it a walkover for Dr Watson.

Dave Gardner's 'Cold Storage' comes fourth. The writing was very smooth but the story was spoilt by the presence of two robots who trigger the whole plot by not knowing anything at all about sex, in spite of having been specifically trained as doctors to handle the delivery of colonists' babies on a new planet.

I enjoyed all the departments in this issue, so Nebula 7 earns my performing seal of approval.

HYPHENATIONS

bert hirschhorn

An interesting question arose on whether fanzines should be devoted to fandom, to intellectual tastes, or to prodom...or all three. A nice balance has several fanzines, each with a different type. But the trouble with ego-hungry fandom is that everyone copies a successful fanzine, with the result that we get one good Q and several bad stereotypes. Anyone say anything about fans being 'rugged individualists'?

Did he really ever say that? Marlan Ellison--"Of course I love children. I'm one myself."

Several months ago, while writing to a fan (initials WAW) I told him a pun. This was my mistake! Never tell a pun to another fan until you're sure it wasn't HIM. He proceeded to analyse and completely dissect it to show me why it was really not a pun. I felt bad. I swore never to tell another pun....

Or, as McCarthy said to Brownell, "Booked any good Reds lately?"....

BNF is a nice term. Just call anyone that and all the neos in the area are awed. When someone is called a BNF it is usually so. However, some have been called BNFs when it just isn't so. How can you tell? What makes a BNF? Well, if you are to judge by quantity of material written or published, then people like Terry Carr are BNFs. This isn't so. If you judge by quality of material, Frank Gorden is a BNF...and who besides myself and ten others have heard of him? No, I've discovered a sure-fire test. Let some neo write a fan satire and if he mentions your name, you are a BNF. Thrill..

Seventh Fandom is dying very quickly. Seventh Fandomers realised that a so-called 'focal point' or a Big Fan was needed to represent them. This was fine. Except that Gremell, the chosen focal, never seemed anxious to be it. Ellison, who wanted it, has just dropped out of sight. Ish, who could have taken it, has taken enough of it anyway. Soooo, eighth fandom is a coming. I only hope it won't be taken over by the West Coast gang (Richard Geis and Gem Carr emphatically excluded). There's a danger with the Con at San Francisco. Until the West Coast fans grow up, fandom should belong in the East and Mid-West. (Of course, Britain has her own problems...)

Is McCarthy a menace to America? Yes. He is steadily losing us all the friends in Europe and Asia that we once had. Previously, we were the leaders of the Free against the Russians. Now the attitude prevails "A plague on both your houses." Will he take over in America? Only if elected, and that is doubtful. Hitler capitalised on fear, hunger and fiercely wounded pride. McCarthy has no such luck. Thank God.

Ridiculous inventions Dept. Parking is a problem. Why not invent cars that have wheels that go sideways as well. It could just sidle into a spot...

Reassuring note: "The most powerful H-Bomb could only wipe out one fifth of the American Continent." (N.Y. Times). It is logical to assume that so awful a weapon will be a deterrent against war. But bows and arrows, and dynamite, and the tank, and the A-Bomb were all supposed to do the same. Some joker, however, managed to pull off something better. Next step? An artificial satellite or Moon base to shoot rockets from. Who'll be the wise guy to do this... But maybe it will solve our problems. No people--no problems.

Isn't modern American advertising just a form of thought control? 1984 on a subtler plane... Good new book is Darrel Huff's 'How to Lie With Statistics'. The funniest and most informative reading out...

Creed of a bigot: "I am in the right and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error..."

One last note. Let a smile be your umbrella--but dry it out once in a while....

"It is a loud and baloney thing to be a fan."
—Bert Hirschhorn

(READERS' LETTERS, ctd.)

JOAN CARR Probably the best comment in the issue was the one you stuck on the end of Ralph Bailey's letter, "No, but how dull". I agree 100%. For heaven's sake let's all go mad in our own way, let's hurl insults at all and sundry, let's have fans galore parading Convention Halls, waterpistols in hand, punning for each other. Does it really matter? If we were to take life seriously I dare say most of us would have committed suicide a long time ago.

((Ah, fill the waterpistol—what boots it to repeat How Time is slipping underneath our feet.))

REDD BOGGS In re your reply, I have only one cavil: I suppose nearly all fans publish for 'fun' and not really for another reason, though they may also think their magazine is 'furthering sf' or some silly thing like that. 'Added defect of pomposity' is telling, and otherwise I find myself quite in accord with your view....I guess I get the joke in the cartoon, but do mites really have anything to do with the holes in cheese?

((A typical Boggs comment if I ever heard one))

DEAN GREENELL Liked that beanie on the cover...Obviously the Poo is holier than the Yobber. Does this qualify for a small prize?

((Alas no, though you deserve one for tottering the beanie.))

PAT DARRELL ..The fanzines you sent me seem to be either on the objective level dealing with fiction, criticisms and reviews of sf, or on the subjective level dealing with fans and their opinions, prejudices and whimsicalities. I think I prefer the latter. It is this type of fanzine that raises the point of esotericism but as you rightly say, this does not prevent the initiate from partaking in the mysteries! ...Does this lead to the conclusion that the humourless fans read sf, published exoteric fanzines, and have ambitions to better their fannish beginnings, while fans with a sense of humour never get time to read much sf because they are busy letting their hair down & reading & publishing esoteric fanzines?

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STOP FANNING!!

Is your life being wasted on this useless vice? Are your wife and children starving while you squander your hard-earned money on stencils, paper, postage? Is your health being ruined, your sex life interfered with, your job endangered?

BREAK YOURSELF OF THIS TERRIBLE ADDICTION THE SAFE EASY PROXYBOO WAY!

No harmful after-effects! Proxyboo's new patented DOUBLE ACTION treatment is guaranteed to cure you completely and safely. No drugs, no appliances, no harsh purgatives. You need do nothing! This is how Proxyboo's DOUBLE ACTION treatment works:

1. Immediately on receipt of your remittance Proxyboo will communicate with the Postmaster General and have your mail diverted to the Proxyboo offices. There, Proxyboo's highly trained experts will write cold hurtful replies to your correspondents, nasty sneering letters of comment on the fanzines, and will also publish issues of your own fanzine so bad that no one will comment on them or renew their subscription. Simultaneously, experienced Proxyboo agents cleverly disguised as you will call on all nearby fans at inconvenient times of the night, drink their liquor, steal their books, and insult their wives. (No charge is made for this part of the Proxyboo service!) So efficient are our operatives that we can guarantee that you will be run out of fandom within three weeks.

2. Meanwhile, so that your mental stability is not affected by a too abrupt cessation of fanactivity, Proxyboo will supply you with a dummy fandom! Each day the postman will continue to bring you mail indistinguishable in outward appearance from that which you have been accustomed to receive. However, each letter and fanzine will have been carefully designed and constructed in Proxyboo's laboratories to cause you to lose interest in fandom. Adjusted under the supervision of experts from our famous 'Seventh Fandom' Department it will be so utterly dull that you will discover it quite impossible to reply to it. In a few weeks you will lose even the desire to do so, and your cure will be complete.

READ THESE

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS!

- "
- " --Lee Hoofman *
- "
- " --Rich Elsberry *

(* Notice that these fans have been so completely cured that they do not even answer our letters soliciting their testimonials!)

GIFT OFFER

Have you any friends (or others) whom you would like to see leave fandom? Then take advantage of Proxyboo's SPECIAL GIFT OFFER. At no extra charge the full Proxyboo DOUBLE ACTION treatment will be made available to any fan you name without his knowledge. Many well-known exfans are unaware that they owe their release to Proxyboo and their unknown friend (or other.)

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF SPEAKING FRENCH IF EVERY-
 ONE KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?...DOES DOR-
 OTHY KNOW WHAT A TESSERACTION IS?...A FAN IS A
 DEVICE FOR CREATING WIND....AFTER READING
 WHITE'S BELCON REPORT I THINK OF HIM AS RAN-
 DOM'S PAROUK...WHERE CAN I GET YOUR BOOKS
 SECONDHAND?...ACKERMAN TALKS BIG FOR A NEW-
 COMER...THE SUPERMAN CON CAN DO WITHOUT THE
 THAMESIDE ABORIGINES...HE SITS ON HIS FANNY
 UP IN STOCKPORT MAKING NOISES LIKE A BNF...
 FANDOM IS A RAT RACE AND M... IS FIRST
 FAVOURITE...I THOUGHT I KNEW ABOUT SEXUAL
 ESOTERICA UNTIL I MET CHUCK HARRIS...GO ON,
 SAY SOMETHING STUPID...HENRY KUTNER CREAT-
 ED THE UNIVERSE---UNDER A PENNAME OF COURSE
 ...DON'T WORRY HELEN HE JUSTS WANTS YOUR
 PHONE NUMBER FOR A FAN DIRECTORY....IF YOU
 WEREN'T WRITING FOR ME I WOULD REPORT YOU TO
 GHOD IN BELFAST...IT'S DIFFICULT TO STOP
 TRYING TO IMPRESS PEOPLE...TRY SEVENTH RAN-
 DOM AS A CAREER...WHEN YOU ARE A BNF LIKE I
 AM GOD WILL NOTIFY YOU...HE DOESN'T JUSTIFY
 ---HE JUST CUTS THE PAPER ALONG THE EDGE...
 I'M THE ONLY FAN IN THE LONDON CIRCLE WHO'S
 BEEN SLUNG OUT OF AN AQUARIUM...NO, I LIKE
 WET SHERRY....ONCE AGAIN YOU ARE ENTERING
 INTO THE GOLDEN AGE OF FREQUENT LETTERS FROM
 ME...JAMES, HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING WATER
 AGAIN?...I GET EVERYTHING EXCEPT ANDROMEDA
THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF THING THAT WILL
 ONE DAY BRING ABOUT THE RESURRECTION OF LAN-
 EY...I'M IN A SYRUP-WADING SEQUENCE AT THE
 MOMENT...BY THE WAY, I THINK I'VE SOLVED
 LEVITATION...YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN I'M
 SOBER---I ACT LIKE A FUGGHEAD...NO ONE EVER
 ACCUSED HIM OF FANNISHNESS...YOU HAVEN'T
 LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN GOOSED WITH A COPY
 OF FAHRENHEIT 451....SUBLIMATION IS ALL VERY
 WELL BUT IT GETS TEDIOUS...JOPHAN WOULD SPIT
 ON SUCH AS YOU...I AM THE DEFENDER OF ALL
 UNCULTURED FANS...PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DROPPED
 FROM OPERATION FANTAST FOR LESS...TAKING A
 DEEP BREATH OF THE SWEET SCENTED VOID...AS
 I LOOK BACK ON MY YOUTH I WISH TO HELL I'D
 MISSPENT MORE OF IT....I WORKED ON HER MOST
 OF THE NIGHT AND GOT INK ALL OVER THE WALLS
 ...DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT---DO YOU WANT
 TO GET ON A HYPHEN B-COVER?...FOR GHOD'S
 SAKE WATCH YOUR ABSTRACTIONS...EVEN IF SHE
 DID SUE ME, SUCH A CASE WOULD MAKE ME NO.1
 FAN OVERNIGHT...I WONDER IF ZIFF HAS MET
 POE YET?...WE SANK A CHURCH YESTERDAY....

james white, chuck harris, eric bentcliffe,
 stuart mackenzie, vince clarke, mal ashworth,
 john magnus, ken potter, brian varley, dave
 newman, madeleine willis, irene gore, ted
 tubb, robert bloch, members of the Golden
 Gate Futurian Society and London Circle,
 correspondents of E.F. Russell, and others.



PRINTED MATTER
 (reduced rate)

Eric Bentcliffe

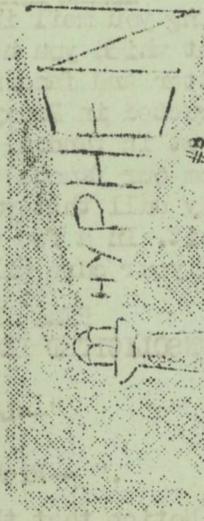
47 Alldis St,

WOODS MOOR

STOCKPORT

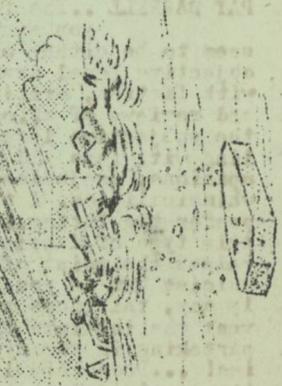
Cheshire

England



#8
 April, 1954

Mait Willis
 170 Upper Wards Rd.
 Belfast, N. Ireland



ONE MOMENT, I'LL JUST GO AND GET MY OTHER
HEAD.

Having cunningly arrested your attention with sensual headlines, we can now get down to sheer, cold, callous business.

We don't actually know a lot about the psyche of that mythical genius, the average fan, so we must indulge in some guesswork. We imagine the average fan to be a person who receives adverts for new fanzines in a fleet of vans, three times a day. Further, he is a skinflint. A rotten, tight-fisted, greedy, grasping, ice hearted scrooge. The fanzine adverts are wasted on him.

But of course, YOU aren't an average fan.

However, let us introduce ourselves before proceeding. We are Lancaster fandom. Our names are Irene Gore, Ken Potter, and Dave Wood. You must of heard of KP and DW, because Walter himself said we were white hopes. Miss Gore is virtuous and beautiful, like all female actifans. We are on our way to trufandom to produce the perfect fanzine, for that is what we desire more than anything in the world. We hereby admit that we are faneditors. We are laboriously advertising a fanzine, which, strangely enough we edit. It will be called

Brennschluss

and we have prevailed upon the kindly and understanding old editor of HYPHEN to distribute this in order that we might tell you something of

OUR PALSY

We intend to stick to the frightfully unoriginal formula of featuring a good deal of humour. We freely admit the influence of the mad Irish, a Miss Hoffman, and external things, called Leacock, Runyon, Thurber, Statten, Perelman etc, etc,. We hope to introduce something of our own too, or at least to cleverly disguise the fact that it is really Beachcomber's, this person being something of a humorist in a big national daily, which we refuse to advertise by naming here.

So far as the serious angle is concerned, we have noticed a trend. Fandom is becoming more and more a loose-knit fraternity of imbeciles, cranks, and genii, and less and less dependent on ... dare we say it? .. Science Fiction. There are many readers of S.F. who consider us a lot of (deleted) idiots. We ourselves read not half as much SF as we might. So we will publish articles of various types and sizes. We are fantype personalities, and so are our readers. Therefore, to employ a little army logic we will publish

anything of interest to us. The purpose of such serious articles as we publish will be to stimulate controversy. We will never insult you by printing instructive articles.

Most of the illos will be by Dave Wood. Dave is a Searleistic cartoonist, and all the illos are likely to be cartoons.

We will be exceedingly glad to receive letters, preferably of publishable standard. But if you think we are going to change because of the opinion of such lowly creatures as our readers, we are afraid you must be disillusioned. We refuse to publish anything which is not exceedingly good BY OUR OWN STANDARDS. Our standards might or might not change, but listen, Joe fan, You won't change them. If a large number of you can take us as we are, we'll be successful. Otherwise, kaput and we shall sink beneath the tide with a courageous smile on our tight lips.

We have already hinted that this circular is neither for the purpose of satisfying your curiosity or inflating our egos. We require a great deal of money. We want to get our first issue out in time for the supermancon, which is a stupid thing to say, since it gives us a deadline. We have the damned cheek to ask one shilling per copy, or as much more as you care to send (in which case you sub will naturally be extended accordingly) If each and every one of you lot reading this will send us at least a shilling, we should be able to manage a fairly lavish, decidedly legible job. The address is, 5 FURNESS ST. MARSH, LANCASTER. And as soon as possible, please, so that we can meet our deadline.

.....
Let's have a renaissance.
.....

FANEDS American and British

Send us your publication and you'll get B. A cash sub will be appreciated in addition, and will naturally extend your sub. It will also make us your vassalls for life.

O.K. send me your damned rag.

I enclose

£..... s... d.

AMERICANS Your sub will be one nice long interesting letter. If you'r a big name, or if we once wrote to you, you'll probably get B.1. anyway. Nevertheless a letter will be appreciated.

ADDRESS

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.....
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