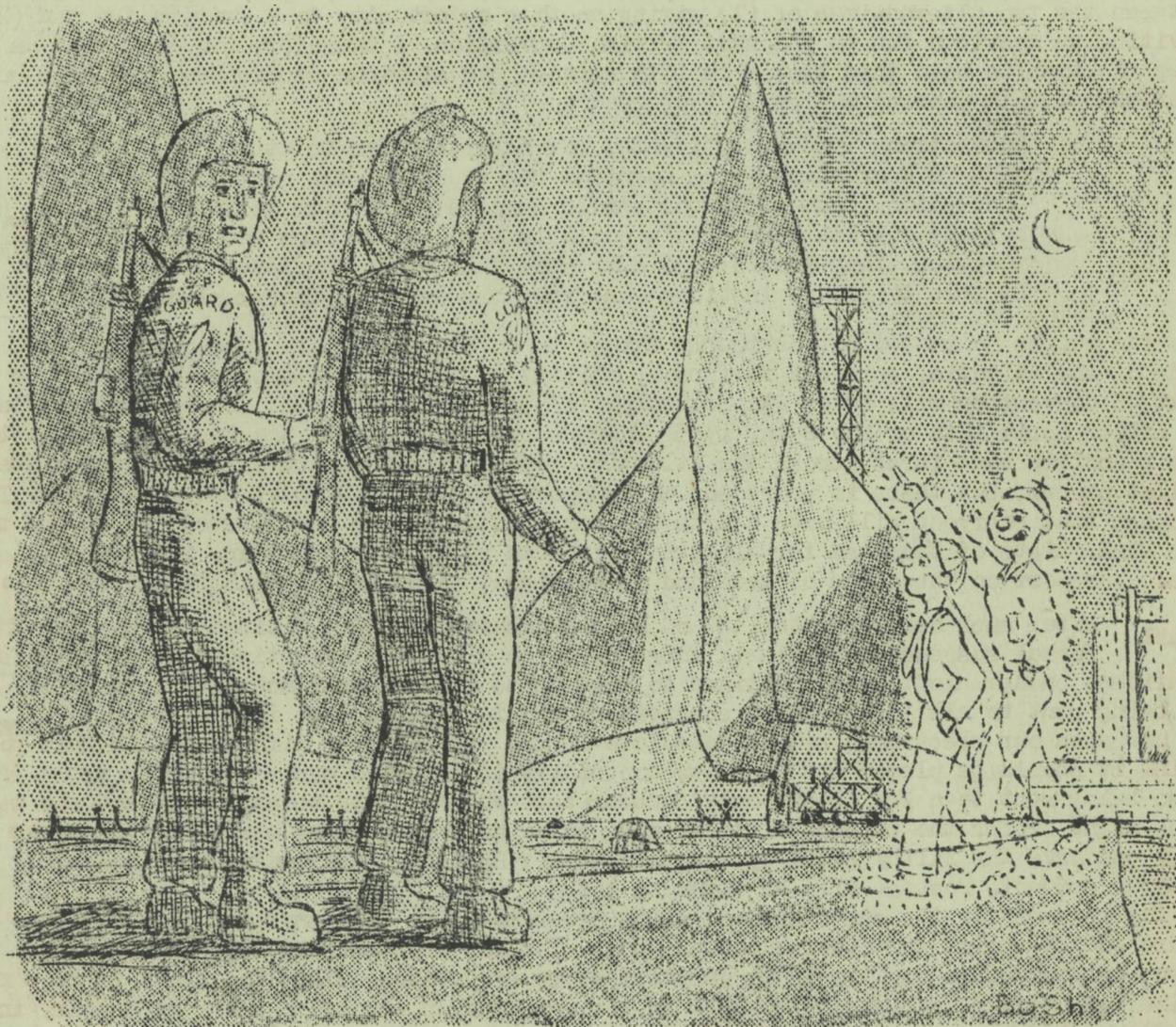


# HYPHEN

NO. 10

SEPTEMBER

1954



"They often appear round about take-off time."

*In This Issue*

News etc., 2, 33  
 William F. Temple & The British  
 Interplanetary Society, 3  
 GRUNCH, Vinç Clarke, 11  
 A Warning to Hoaxers by Bob Shaw, 15

TOTO #7, Harry Turner, 17  
 Harris on Pans, 19  
 Readers' Letters & Editorial, 22  
 A 'Conceit' by Bob Shaw, 33  
 Eavesdroppings, 34

# INSIDE COVERAGE

## THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND

(What has gone before: Early in 1953 Don Ford and the Cincinnati Group inaugurated a new Fund to bring an English fan to the Philcon. The fan they had in mind was unable to go and Don and his group generously offered the money so far collected to anyone else chosen by British fandom.)

At the 1953 British Convention a representative committee of British fans agreed that it should be the nucleus of a permanent Two Way Transatlantic Fund to bring fans across the Atlantic in both directions. I was put in charge of arrangements and organised an election. A great deal of money was generously subscribed but not quite in time enough and in any case the winner of the election was unable to travel for personal reasons. The Fund was therefore carried over to 1955. In anticipation of this contingency I had asked voter/contributors to give their views on what should be done. There was in effect a tie between the two alternatives of (1) giving another opportunity to a British fan and (2) inviting an American fan to the next British Convention. I therefore proposed that an open election be held this time with both British and American candidates, and this suggestion met with general approval. Now read on.)

Nominations are hereby invited for a British fan to attend the next US Convention or an American fan to attend the next British Convention. Each nominator should send me a 100 word 'platform' setting out his candidate's qualifications to refresh the voters' memories. They should also make sure that their candidate will be able to go. Nominations must reach me before 15th December.

Any fan may be nominated but obviously things to be considered are fame on the other side of the Atlantic, services to fandom, ability to make a good impression, etc. The next US Convention will be on 4th September, 1955. The next British Convention will be on either April 10th or May 29th, 1955. There is enough money in the Fund at present to pay roundtrip boat fares across the Atlantic. When nominations are in I will circulate ballot papers, but there is no reason why supporters shouldn't start canvassing now. I propose that everyone will have a vote who contributes or has contributed 2/6 or 50¢ to the Fund. Lists of those so far eligible have been published in Hyphen, including this one. A report on the state of the Fund is published elsewhere in this issue. See p.10.

**SLANT** After much heart-scratching and head-searching, we have decided to announce the formal suspension of Slant. There might be a revival some time but we don't feel confident enough about it to continue to hold on to subscribers' money. This page is being sent to all 'Slant-only' subscribers and in the box here is a statement of how much our electronic brains calculate we owe you. If it's different from what you think it should be please let us know, especially if it's too much. The whole issue is also being sent to a few 'Slant-only' subscribers whom we hate to part with and who we hope might prefer the balance of their subs in Hyphens instead of mere money. However they can have the filthy stuff by returning their Hyphens undesecrated and preferably without comment. Postage will be refunded too.

The reasons for the suspension of Slant are simple: it took anything like ten fan-hours to set, print and distribute each page. The one half-printed half-mimeographed issue we produced seemed to us an unsatisfactory compromise. Slant was meant to be a magazine for everyone who was interested in science fiction and had a sense of humour, including not only fans but non-fan aficionados and pros. But to get the active support and participation of the latter two categories—who are not familiar with the limitations of fan publishing—you need a magazine which looks professional and appears regularly enough to create confidence. The obvious thing was to go semi-professional and regular like the US photo-offset jobs, but that would have meant more worry and money than I'd like to put into a hobby. I'm in fandom for fun and friendship, not profit and ulcers, and enough people like hyphen to keep us happy publishing it.

HYPHEN #10, September 1954. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, E. Ireland & Chuck Parris, "Carolin", Lake Ave, Rainham, Essex, England. Incorporating GRUNCF, devised and produced by Associate Ed. Vinç Clarke, 16 Wendover Way Welling, Kent, England. Art Ed. Bob Shaw. Asst. Madeleine Willis. Highly moral support by James White. Subscription 2 issues for 1/6 or 25¢ in sterling or dollars.

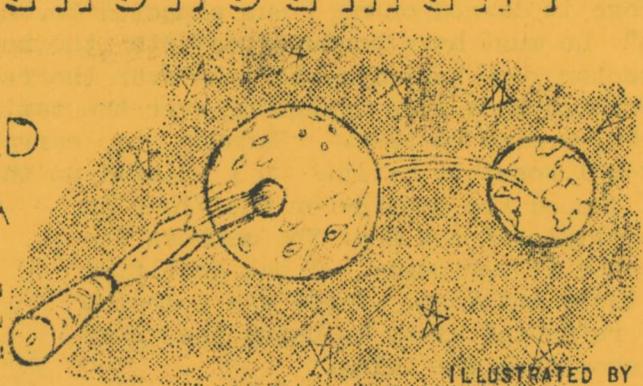
AN X AFTER YOUR NAME ON THE BACOVER MEANS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS BIT THE DUST

# RETURN ENGAGEMENT

OR

## I TOO HAVE LIVED IN A MANIA

### BILL TEMPLE



ILLUSTRATED BY Bosh

This time we were playing at home . The British Rocket Society began to trickle into our flat: the Robinsons, Mr. Williams, Mr. Arnold ( with his coat pockets bulging - he wasn't going to be caught short of anything this time), and several others.

Ego<sup>2</sup> was impatient for the Technical Director to arrive with a thing called a "proving stand" and went down to the street door to wait for him.

I took over the duty of host, and found places for the members to sit ( which weren't always chairs ), and handed round cigarettes, and tried to make everyone feel at home. I thought I was making a good job of considering their feelings, and that it was a poor show on Ego's part to have left them.

To set the ball rolling, I remarked to them at large: "I hear the Director's bringing the proving stand tonight."

Mr. Robinson said yes, it ought to be very interesting.

Everyone nodded solemnly, and silence set in again.

I tried once more. "I wonder how he's getting on with the coelostat?"

At the word "coelostat" everyone paled slightly. Some of them began to tremble reminiscently. "It's a b-b-bit chilly tonight," said Mr Williams, in a shaking voice, to Mr Arnold.

Mr. Arnold nodded gloomily, and produced two hot water bottles from an inner pocket and gave one to Mr. Williams.

"Unusual for this time of year," he said.

Everyone began talking about the weather now, carefully ignoring the subject of the coelostat and my faux pas.

What is it in these people, I wondered sadly, that makes me drop a brick on sight of them, as a sort of reflex action? I must try very hard not to do it again, to think before speaking — or better, perhaps, cut out speaking altogether. Just nod and smile now and again, — one could hardly go wrong at that, for everyone likes to be agreed with.

Ego stuck his head round the Den door. He said to me: "The Director's downstairs with the proving stand in a taxi. Come and help us get it up. "

"We'll never get a taxi up these stairs," I said. "Oh, I see what you mean."

I followed him down to the street. The Director, in the taxi, handed out a strange machine to Ego. It was a heavy iron thing on a base; there were

1. The first instalment appeared in SIAMT #7.  
2. Affectionate nickname for Arthur C. Clarke.

lots of steel rollers in it, and there was a thing like a starting handle sticking out at one side.

Ego passed it to me. It was even heavier than it looked.

"Go on up with it," he said. I'd staggered halfway up the stairs with it before it dawned on me I was expected to carry it alone. When Ego spoke of "us" he must have honoured me with the royal plural. Neither he nor the Director were behind me to take over the relay.

Perhaps they were wrangling over the taxi fare. Perhaps the Director had to be carried up also. Perhaps to carry this up alone was the least of several possible evils. So I sweated up the remaining half.

I dumped the machine on the floor in the middle of the Den. The members inspected it curiously. I was gratified by their interest. There was a degree of reflected glory in being the first to show them the thing.

"It's very well made," said Mr Robinson.

"It's one of the most well made proving stands I've ever seen," I said, quietly, making the most of my moment of significance.

And everyone immediately transferred their curious inspection to me. At first I thought it was respect for my authority on proving stands. I thought they were anxious for me to expand my remarks along the lines of "Proving Stands I Have Known." I'd almost thought of something that might have got by when Ego blundered in with rather more than two armfuls of a large metallic contraption which looked like a combination of ironing-board and clothes-horse.

He indicated with his foot the machine I'd carried up and said: "Move that duplicator out of the way, Bill."

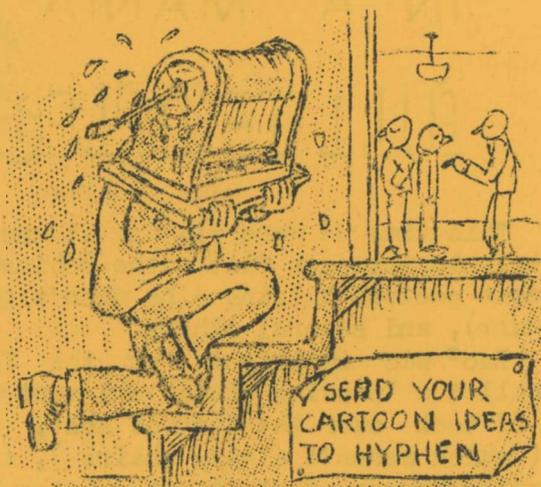
When I look back, I think I rode that particularly embarrassing moment rather well. I didn't turn a hair. It's irrelevant to mention that that was because I was completely paralysed by shock, even to the hair-roots, or that I was too surprised to register surprise. That was a reaction beyond my control. The redeeming part was the beautiful control I exercised over my return to life.

I said, "Certainly, old man," with the calmness of one who had known all along that it was a duplicator, but who had a dry kind of humour that was not immediately discernible by the slow-witted.

If I'd dropped a brick, at least I'd caught it on the first bounce, and made the action look deliberate and possibly clever.

The Director came in carrying a small cardboard box in one hand and complaining that no one had helped him up with it.

Ego's contraption was, of course, the genuine proving stand. He set it up in the middle of the carpet. It had a metal cradle hanging from spiral springs in the centre, and there were iron weights swinging like pendulums on wires, and there were some peculiar dials, and four spreading legs for people to trip over. It was certainly a stand of some kind, but what it proved I just couldn't see. But everyone else was delighted with it, and



kept patting it as though it were a dog.

The meeting began. Mr Robinson, of the strong mind, was again the chairman.

There were three items on the agenda.

1. To test the new duplicator, only just purchased. For the Rocket Society had decided to issue to members a monthly duplicated magazine, keeping them informed of the Society's activities and researches. Ego had been appointed editor, and would also type, duplicate and issue the magazine.

2. To test the new, solid rocket fuel discovered by Mr Arnold, who had brought along a specimen of it.

3. To test the proving stand.

Just for the novelty the Committee took the items in the announced order.

Ego produced a wax stencil, stuck it in his typewriter, and dashed off a few specimen words for the test. I noticed most of them were "I" or "my". It was the opening of his first editorial. I recall the first issue of that magazine: the editorial began on the front cover and finished halfway down the last page, and then there was a single paragraph (heavily sub-edited) from Mr. Arnold's article on his fuel, with "To be continued in our next issue" typed crookedly underneath it.

Ego fed the stencil into the duplicator, and turned the handle one revolution. The stencil was now somewhere among the works, but not visible. Ego gave the handle another twist. The stencil suddenly popped out of the place where it had gone in, whereas everyone seemed to be expecting it somewhere else.

"Very odd," said Mr. Williams.

"It must have a roller missing," said the Director, peering hard into the machine. Next moment he all but had a head missing, for Ego suddenly turned the handle again. Luckily Ego reversed in time to return the Director to us only slightly nipped. Nevertheless, the Director retired to the fringe of the crowd.

Ego said: "We'll see if we can get an impression from the stencil this time."

He re-fed the stencil, together with a sheet of duplicating paper.

Mr. Arnold said, diffidently: "Of course, I don't know much about these things, but I once knew a man who had a duplicator and he used to pour ink into it."

"Why?" said Ego. "Couldn't he get any oil?"

Someone suggested that as the idea of the thing was to produce inked impressions, the ink had to come from somewhere.

Ego said that was just a theory. However, he believed that Science should use every opportunity to give Theory a chance, and this might be an opportunity. He took my bottle of ink from my desk and poured ink into and over everything about the machine that looked as if it merited such treatment, and over a few things that obviously didn't, like my trousers.

Then he turned the handle, and stencil and paper were swallowed up. He turned the handle again, and the sheet of paper emerged from the back of the machine. Quite alone. Quite spotless.

The stencil seemed to have taken the wrong turning. Ego went on rotating the handle, faster and faster, until the brass rollers whirred. But the stencil never came out. It couldn't be seen, and so far as I know, was never seen again.

"I told you we shouldn't have put ink into it," said Ego irritably. "It

dissolved the stencil away."

I looked at the endless, intricate works and dark recesses of the machine and said: "Maybe it's got mice."

The Director edged forward a little, propounded a theory that Ego had unwittingly rotated the stencil into the Fourth Dimension, tried to prove it mathematically three different ways, got three different answers, claimed that he'd therefore discovered the Fifth Dimension and sat down immediately to write to Einstein.

And so on to Item 2 of the agenda - the new Arnold rocket fuel. Mr Arnold held up his specimen for all to see. It was a small cube, like a sugar-lump with the colour and consistency of congealed candle-grease.

Mr Arnold said emphatically "It's positively the most powerful propellant ever perpetrated, and perfect for our purpose," and I, in the line of fire, wiped my eye.

The Director snatched the reins from him and went on: "Of course, powerful as it is, our test cannot demonstrate its rate of thrust because, like gunpowder, it will not explode unless in a confined space. When we ignite it in a naked state---"

There was a loud cough from Mr Robinson.

The Director paused, smiled feebly at Mrs Robinson and resumed: "I mean, when it's ignited in its naked state, it merely burns with a big, white, pure flame."

His hands swept up, outlining the big, white, pure flame. The flame was too big. It displaced the large lampshade directly over the Director's head. The shade fell off and snuffed him.

Mr. Arnold seized his opportunity and the reins again.

"It is the most powerful --"

The Director popped the shade off, and said, seriously: "That's just the trouble,---it may be too powerful. If we use it in our rocket ship, we may not only get to the moon---we may go through the moon."

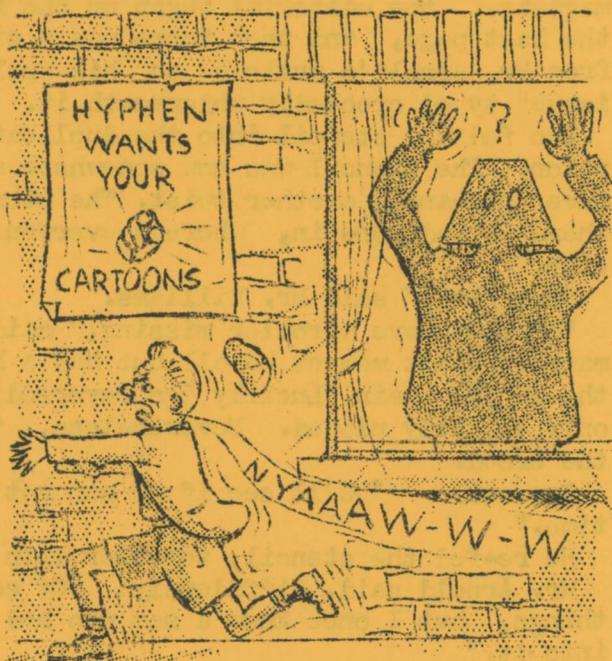
"No," Mr Arnold contradicted. "We'd only bounce."

This started a general discussion about the composition of the moon, and the discussion led naturally from green cheese to cheddar cheese, Cheddar Gorge, stalactites, caves, mammoths, sabre-toothed tigers, ordinary-toothed tigers, India, tea, rubber, stocks and shares, and life in the City these days.

Mr. Arnold hadn't much staying power, and soon dropped out and sat down, moodily fingering his piece of powerful fuel.

An hour or so later, Mr Robinson quelled an animated argument about whale blubber, (does the whale know it's there, and can he help it?) to bring the meeting back to order, or at least to what passed for order.

Mr. Arnold took heart once more, and said he'd like to test his fuel, to



show everyone the big white pure flame that would prove his fuel was properly compounded.

So he put it on a plate on the floor, and everyone removed themselves to as safe a distance as the walls of the Den would permit. I stood near Mrs. Robinson, so that if anything exploded I could throw myself in front of her and protect her. Mrs. Robinson happened to be standing near the door. Not quite as near as I was, but then, I got there first.

Arnold crawled on his stomach towards the plate. Keeping low, he reached out and applied a lighted match to the lump of fuel.

The match immediately went out.

So did the next. And the next.

Mr Arnold pulled six cigarette lighters from his pocket, chose one, lit it, applied the flame. It went out. He worked his way through the other lighters. No use. As soon as a light touched that fuel it went out like a light. I thought Mr Arnold's real inventive talents lay in the direction of chemical fire extinguishers.

In a sort of deliberate desperation, Mr. Arnold emptied the petrol from all the lighters, one by one, over the fuel.

Then he applied a match. The match hissed and went out.

"I've got an idea!" said the Director, suddenly, and everyone immediately became more apprehensive of him than of the fuel.

"It's quite obvious that the fuel will only ignite in its proper surroundings, and failing a proper rocket combustion chamber, that can only be a pressure tank," he said. "Moreover, with a pressure tank we can measure the power of the fuel."

"We haven't a pressure tank on the premises," said Ego, and everyone relaxed in relief.

"Ah, but you have," said the Director complacently, and everyone looked anxious again.

Ego looked at me, as if suspecting I'd smuggled one in. But I shook my head, meaning I hadn't and I didn't know what a pressure tank was, anyway.

"The oven of your gas-cooker," said the Director, triumphantly. "D'you get the idea? We put one gramme of the fuel in the oven. We light the oven, bake it slowly. The increasing temperature in the confined space will presently explode the fuel -- an explosion is, of course, merely rapid burning. But the oven will be strong enough to contain it if we use only one gramme. The expanding gases from the fuel will shoot into the burner jets and push the coal gas back along the pipes --- and back through the gas meter! We'll be waiting, ready, at the meter. And so we'll be able to measure the speed of the gases merely by reading the meter dials, ---- the pointers will turn anti-clockwise of course, but we can allow for that."

"Clockwise," said Ego. "They turn anti-clockwise, so backwards is clockwise."

"No, the normal direction in this hemisphere is clockwise. Due to the rotation of the Earth about its axis, you know."

"I disagree," said Ego, flatly.

"It can be proven by observation," said the Director, calmly. "Sunspots on the upper hemisphere of the Sun are vortices which spin in a clockwise direction. But on the lower hemisphere they spin in the opposite direction.

"I have observed them," said Ego coldly. "You have given them in inverse order. May I advise you to remember, when you next observe, that astronomical telescopes invariably present inverted images?"

"I'm quite aware of the fact," said the Director, still preserving his calm. "However, I can prove my statement without a telescope and I can even dispense with the Sun. I'll show you by direct demonstration, here, on your own ground."

I said, rather anxiously: "It isn't really our ground, Mr. Director. It belongs to the landlord."

But the Director had, it seemed, little interest in the landlord and less in me. Still addressing Ego, he said: "In the northern hemisphere of this planet, water running away down the wastepipe of a washbasin, or of a bath or similar container, always spins in a little whirlpool in a clockwise direction as it goes through the plughole. But in the southern hemisphere, -- in Australia, for instance--it spins in the opposite direction. Invariably. Now, if I may have the use of your kitchen sink...?"

"Certainly" said Ego. "And I should like the other members to be witnesses of the fact that the direction will be anti-clockwise."

So we all trooped up to the kitchen.

At the sink, the Director carefully fitted the plug in its hole, ran some water into the sink, then dramatically yanked the plug out. The water simply shot straight down the hole.

The Director said, calmly: "I'm afraid that's my fault, gentlemen. This hole is altogether too big to give a vortex a chance to form. Let's try the bath."

We crammed into the bathroom. There wasn't much room. Mr. Arnold, to get a view at all, had to climb into the bath.

This time, the water definitely spun in an anti-clockwise direction before it gurgled out of sight.

"There you are!" exclaimed Ego, triumph all but coming out of his ears.

"Just a minute," said the Director. "I should like to see that confirmed by the wash-basin."

He tried the wash-basin. The water went clockwise.

"You see?" said the Director

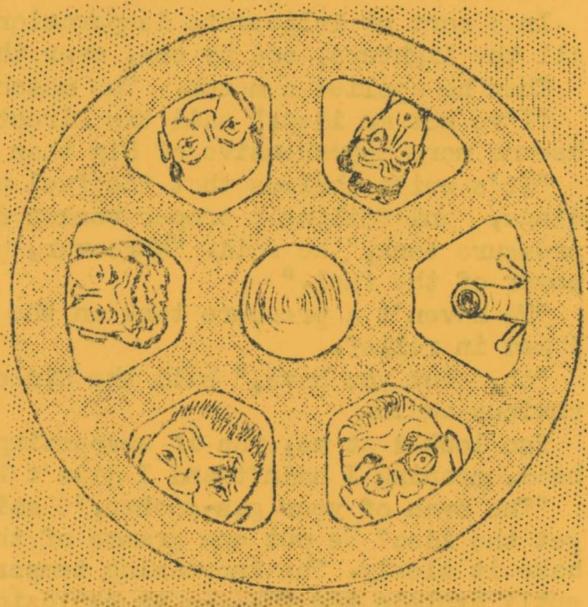
Ego wasn't to be defeated as easily as that.

"This basin isn't symmetrically shaped," he claimed. "There's a bias in it that diverts the current. I'll try the sink on the first-floor landing."

Off they went, Mr Arnold squelching in his shoes. I forget whether that sink was anti or not. But the game caught on. The members dispersed over all the building trying for themselves every plug-hole they could lay their hands on.

Sometime later I met Mr Robinson. He said this really wouldn't do: they'd have to get back to the agenda. And he sent me out to look for them.

I rounded up most of them, but I had some trouble in finding one pair --- they got into the bathroom of the maiden lady in the flat upstairs. They'd told her, simply and truthfully enough, that they'd like to examine her bath, and she thought they were plumbers sent by the landlord, and let them



in. I got them out without unpleasantness by telling her they had to go back for their agenda, and she thought it was some tool they'd left behind.

Mr Arnold I couldn't locate anywhere. The fairies seemed to have got him.

Apart from him, the gathering was complete again. Its centre was now the gas-cooker. The Director put the gramme of fuel in the oven, and lit the gas. Then Ego and he stood on kitchen chairs, gazing eagerly at the dials on the gas-meter.

I thought, very suddenly, that I'd better go and have another look for Mr Arnold. I found him in the first place I looked --- the saloon bar of "The Crimson Cow." He was warming his bare toes at the fire, and his socks and shoes were drying on the hearth. A pint of bitter stood at his elbow.

I said: "I don't blame you for taking these precautions. In fact, I'm here taking precautions too."

He said: "I really came here to carry on the research we were doing. I'm experimenting."

"How?" I asked.

"Finding whether beer runs down my gullet in a clockwise or anticlockwise direction. I'm on my sixth pint, and so far the score's even."

"I'll experiment with you," I said. And did. All I remember of the final result is that it was satisfactory.

When we returned to the flat, the worst was over -- or so I thought in my alcoholic optimism. The door of the oven hung open, from one hinge. One could see in the interior the tangled mass of molten iron that not so long ago had been the cooking grids and trays.

Ego and the Director were still arguing about the direction in which the pointers of the gas-meter dials had rotated before they parted from the meter.

The practical Mr. Robinson had already turned the gas off at the main. He was trying now to get Item 3 of the agenda going.

The proving stand had been overhauled and pronounced ready for action. Perhaps Because I think more clearly when I am slightly alcoholic, I was able to gather the nature of this action. It was to measure the thrust power of rockets. These rockets were to be placed individually in the cradle hanging from the spiral springs, and ignited. The cradle held them so they couldn't escape: they could only press their noses against the front end of the cradle, pushing it against its tethering springs small distances which would be registered on the dials and translated into terms of thrust.

The Director opened his small cardboard box and took out a few Fifth-of-November rockets.

He said: "I must apologise for these merely commercial rockets which seem to be designed for the maximum inefficiency. Soon, of course, we shall be making our own rockets. But this isn't so much a test of rockets as of the proper functioning of the proving stand, and these productions, inferior



though they be, should suffice for that purpose."

He selected one, put it in the cradle, and lit the blue paper. Everyone tried to retire to a safe distance, which verged on the impossible.

Suddenly the rocket came to life, discharged a stream of golden sparks in Mrs. Robinson's lap, looked very pretty for a moment, got tired of being just an exhibition, jumped out of its cradle in an adventurous mood, and came to investigate my face. I removed my face with perhaps a split second in hand. The rocket tried playfully to part my hair in a different place from where I'd parted it, and passed on to examine a picture on the wall, which, judging from the result, it hadn't liked.

"What a shame!" everyone exclaimed. I was touched by their spontaneous sympathy, and was about to assure them that I still had a few hairs left, when it occurred to me that they meant it was a shame about the picture. But I was wrong. I misjudged them. They meant it was a shame the rocket had escaped from the cradle and spoilt the experiment.

They tied the next rocket in the cradle with rope. They made a good job of it. The rope held. The cradle springs didn't. They broke. This time, rocket and cradle came at me together. I spun around desperately, and got off lightly with a burn right across the front of my jacket.

"This is great fun," I laughed. "Pity I have to run along now and change my jacket."

Nobody answered. They were all too busy ripping open the divan to get some fresh spiral springs.

I went, still trembling, back to "The Crimson Cow."

Mr Arnold was still there, only now he was lying right back in the chair, with his bare feet on the mantel-shelf. The table beside him was crowded with empties. His eyes were rather glazed.

"I said: "Hello. Well, did you finally prove anything?"

He said, thickly: "Yes. We're in Australia."

"You mean, the anti-clockwise direction predominated?"

"Dunno anything about that," he said. "But this bar's full of kangaroos."

Presently, I saw that he was right. We counted them.

Twenty-five, not including ourselves.

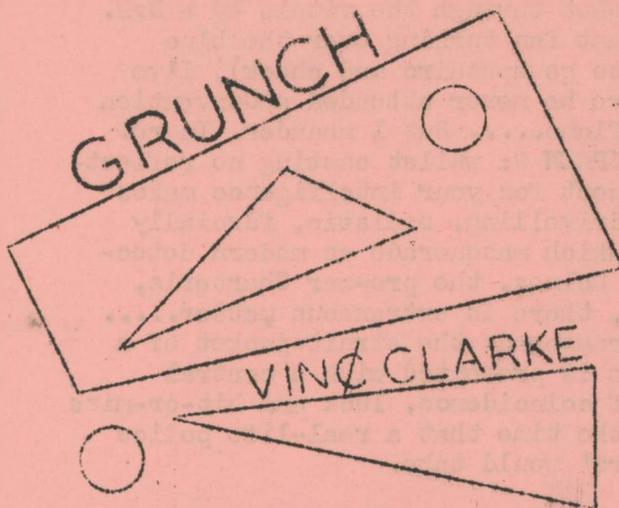
THE TRANSFANFUND "I'd appreciate it if you'd  
A letter from Don Ford include my views in Hyphen  
10...The Transfanfund is an

outgrowth of previous efforts to bring over a British fan. Norman Ashfield, to be exact. When he was unable to make the journey, I wrote to Ted Carnell offering to turn that money over to any other British fan who could make the trip. It was too late, then, for British fans to get going; so the money was held over until the following year. In the meantime Bea Mahaffey had taken over some of the raffle tickets & I had mailed some to Ted Carnell for sale at the London/Coroncon. Out of that Con grew the idea of the present TAFF and the idea of making it a two-way affair. An election was held and Vincent Clarke chosen to be England's representative in 1954. He was unable to make the trip & now we approach the 3rd year, 1955.

Thus, with enough money on hand to insure the boat passage and the likelihood of the '55 US Con being considerably closer to the East Coast, I think that a British fan should make the trip in '55 rather than a US fan going to England. Let the US fan make the next trip. Let British fandom send over the 1st delegate as planned originally, and then let the US fans alternate.....1 year England; next year US etc."

STATE OF THE FUND AT 15/9/54

Carried over	£63: 8:11
Julian Parr.....	5: 0
Bill Morse.....	2: 6
Ballot tickets....	9: 6
Ed Wood.....	1:15: 6
Sam Sackett.....	6: 0
Vernon McCain.....	2: 7: 2
Total in sterling	68:14: 7
By Don Ford.....	42: 0: 0
GRAND TOTAL	£110:14 :7
	(=about 305 dollars)



NEWS ITEM No. 1: "To the Russians, Captain Video, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon and the rest of the space boys are the vanguard of a new and greater "American Imperialism" aimed at conquering other planets. For example, G. Avarin, writing in Art of the Cinema, declares that space films were being used to scare the US taxpayer so that he would not mind paying for re-arming.... American s-f is helping us to live in the world of tomorrow -- in space; Soviet s-f is helping Soviet citizens to live in the world of tomorrow - but with emphasis on this planet....."

"Science Fiction in Russia"  
Maurice Goldsmith; JOHN O' LONDON'S.

NEWS ITEM No. 2: "Cold shooting war has broken out between Russians and Western nations at Turin. In fact, it was cold water war. Russian swimmers taking part in the European championships have just discovered water-pistols. Fascinated by the novelty they descended on Turin toy shops and bought up all available armaments.

During intervals in racing hefty Russians, grinning like schoolboys, fought wet battles on lawns round the swimming pool, drenching themselves and spectators who got in the way.

One Russian who lost his waterpistol and could not buy another was so upset that he offered to swap a wrist-watch for another toy gun, but a generous German opponent gave him his pistol for nothing and the battle was resumed."

Gossip Columnist: LONDON EVENING NEWS

I wish I had the time to follow up those items in the proper fashion; I'm sure that something mind-shattering in its cosmic insignificance would peep shyly out, like Chuck Harris at a Church sewing-circle. I did, in fact, make a few notes, to be called GRUNCHSKI GOES TO THE IVANOV VOZNESENSK CONVENTION (or the VOZNESENSK-VENTION for short), starting "Our droshky arrived at the Convention Hall at 6.20am, and by 10.15 our passes had been checked against Central Fan Records and we were allowed into the Main Hall where massed zap-gunners were drilling,..." and going on to the Comrade Chairman's opening speech, which would largely consist of denunciations of the Fascist boasts who had been purged from the Con Committee, but from what I've seen of the letters for this issue of HYPHEN you'll get quite enough of Conventions in the back pages.....

Wonder if we'll ever get into touch with Russian s-f fans, tho? From details of current s-f books in the Soviet Union given in the first item quoted above, the trend seems to be towards mechanical marvels, and plots are reminiscent of those heavy translations from the Teutonic which appeared in WONDER and ALAZING in the 1930's and gave one the impression of taking a wet Sunday afternoon's railway journey in an over-crowded carriage. If there is such a thing as the fannish spirit, is it world-wide? (A weltfangeist?) Is what we consider good s-f likely to have universal appeal? Should it be a criterion of good s-f that it should have that appeal? What do I mean by 'good'? What do I mean by 's-f'? Who am 'I'? HELP!!!

Just shows you what happens when you get mixed up with the Commies...you get tainted with serious constructivism.

But those water-pistols are a hopeful sign, aren't they?

(GRUNCH)

Well, it's happened at last. I've been shot through the vitals by a D.R. Smith missive. Ever since I was a puling infant fan turning over the blue pages of NOVAE TERRAE ('36?-'39?)(too lazy to go upstairs and check)) I've had nightmares about Muneaton's fan; I was sure he never attended a Convention because he was seven feet high and breathod flamo..... But I meander. In re. detective stories, sir, and your letter in HYPHEN 9: whilst casting no reflections on your almost-impeccable taste, my respect for your intelligence makes me wonder how on earth you can tolerate the drivelling, sedistic, farcially fantastic procession of muddly-minded messos which masquerade as modern detoc-tive stories. In a few books -- the Sherlock Holmes, the pro-war Charteris, the early Sayers and the modern Ellery Queen, there is extraneous patter..... character, chronological atmosphero, which transcends the strait-jacket of a literary jig-saw puzzle, but on the whole one is presented with a central character who by an incredible combination of coincidence, luck and hit-or-miss guesswork finds the criminal in about twice the time that a real-life police force with its network of 'fences' and 'squealers' would take.

Well, it sounds all right, anyway.

Me, I usually prefer a crossword puzzle if I haven't anything better to do than to read a detective story. This hasn't happened for 2 years (and if anyone knows a 4-letter word meaning 'a cotton material for cauterising' I can finish the thing), and at the rate things are piling up for me to do I'm quite likely never to read another. (I presume even in Hell there'll be plenty of s-f publishing going on, with all the talent available).

I'd like to reassure Dick Geis, too. Con reports are usually written with some effect in mind, so don't take too much notice if you find someone like me painting a word-picture of the last days of Sodom and Gomorroh in Technicolor and labelling it a Con report. There's usually a lot of inaccuracies. For instance, I've had a rude letter from Joy Goodwin about a quote I used.. "He's been drinking Joy's non-alcoholic rhubarb wine -- help me pick him up." Joy is indignant. Her rhubarb wine is-too alcoholic she says. And it was only two fans that dragged a fan into 123 at 2.30am; the third was carrying his beanie. So you see, Dick, ....er....funny, I seem to have lost the thread of my argument somewhere. Anyway, my report in EYE 2 (Stu Mackenzie, 5 Hans Place, London, W1 --plug) is a vastly different affair, not a short old thing as in the last '-'. Five pages take me to 2 hours before the Con opened...so far. And it's dead serious.

While I'm answering last issue's correspondents, I might as well answer Damon Knight's "Why aren't A.Vincent & Arthur C. the same person?" This is something that has often puzzled and even annoyed me. It seems so unfair. The only answer seems to be that inscrutable providence has decreed that only Bob Tucker and Bob Bloch can write brilliant fan-stuff\* and brilliant pro-stuff at one and the same time.....

Of course, I'm hoping to fool inscrutable providence some day. Anybody for fooling inscrutable providence? Damon? James White?

-----  
OMPA! OMPA! OMPA! Even wide-awake, keen, bright-eyed HYPHEN readers may have missed the advert for OMPA, the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association in our last issue; I composed the page on stencil with the assembling staff of Chuck, Stu Mackenzie and Dave Newman breathing gustily down my spine; and did-

\* The implication being that I write brill--- oh, you got it?

GRUNCH continued)

n't even have time to polish my copysmith's badge (2 box-tops and an essay on how to fool all of the people all of the time); two hours later 250 copies of HYPHEN had been assembled and stapled, and it was then I realised how much I should have said.....But no matter, for the Association has been a roaring success (so far). Not, I hasten to add, because of the advert, although it was instrumental in bringing Norm Wansborough in. We, Ken Bulmer and self, with Chuck Harris lovingly stroking cheques in the background in his role of Treasurer, had to raise the original target of 25 members to 29 before the 1st mailing went out, and 4 more on the waiting list will be admitted to the second mailing. Said first mailing contained 24 titles, 146 pages, and two post-mailings were sent in the following week.

Ken and I weren't proud; we borrowed wholesale from the rules of FAPA, and if OMPA's success continues as it has started British fandom will owe a lot to the US actifans of the last 16 years who have contributed to FAPAs achievement.

OMPA is of course, international, & already includes British, Irish, Scots, Belgian and US members. We'll be pleased to send details to anyone who hasn't been circulated: write to H.Kon Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London.

A.VINCE CLARKE

## BOUGHT ANY GOOD MONSTERS LATELY?

BY J. STUART MACKENZIE (CTD. FROM HYPHEN NINE)

Fortunately for my plates of meat, Ron and I outvoted the women. They wanted to WALK there. We pointed out that it might rain; the forecast said "Fine weather" which meant that rain was almost inevitable. As soon as Daphne told my wife that she had just cleaned the windows, we won. Rain was a certainty. So we went by car.

We screeched to a halt at Frimley, staggered out into the rain, slithered up to the well-lighted windows. There is a groan from R & D. The thing, whatever it was, has wented. (I know, but how original it doesn't sound). The place appears to be closed. And it's only 7 o'clock of a Saturday night, too. Such inattention to business....after all, we might have been cash customers. Wealthy US tourists or something. But it was here that I got my first insight into the character of the Potter. In his window there is a notice: IF WE'RE IN, WE'RE OPEN. IF WE'RE OUT, WE'RE CLOSED. TRY THE DOOR. IF IT'S LOCKED, COME BACK AND READ THE SECOND SENTENCE. Complicated, unless you realise, as we did not, that the pottor lives on the premises.

Now Buckmaster is a staff-sergeant in the Army, and at times he proves his right to this sterling rank. He tried the door. It was open. There ensued a whispered conclave with the proprietor. We wore in!

Getting back for a moment to the beginning of this piece, I had for quite a while imagined that the most charactery people I know were fan, and this is still my belief. But after talking to pottor 'Doc' Curry I know that I have met a non-fan who ruddy well ought to be a fan. Fandom needs him like Ted Tubb needs bheer.

It is always pleasant and rewarding to talk to a real craftsman: the breed is fast dying out today; so little young blood seems to be interested in the long years of apprenticeship, and every craftsman is a minor Ghod, walking the earth for the benefit of his fellows. Nothing in the world can equal good hands. Doc turns out some really wonderful stuff. When we went into the shop we were entranced by one of the finest dragons it has ever been my pleasure to meet; every scale separate, glistening, and in pottery too, not porcelain, and there were little dogs with human (and I do mean human) expressions, the most conceited cat I have yet seen, a fish that looked like Marilyn Monroe (Harris, stop drooling, you'll wet the paper)...oh, a host of

delightful pieces of real craftsmanship.

We got to talking about this and that; it turned out that Doc had spent 22 years in the RAF, then decided that there were better things in life than being an Adjutant. So he became a potter. Because, he said, he liked being a potter. Now, that is a man I admire and envy; a man who works at a thing for a living simply because he likes it --- a man who will not turn out more than a few dozens of any one thing, who scorns moulds, dies, and all the paraphernalia of mass production but who still uses the very latest thing in electric furnaces and so on. The machine, he says, is the servant of Man, not t'other way round?

We went into the other half of the shop, and found that it wasn't a shop at all, but a really delightful living room, and the inner meaning of the apparently pointless sign in the window burst on my dull brain with the impact of a polite fan at a Convention. By fits and starts, as gobbets chucked in amongst much more important conversation, we pieced together the story of the Village Pottery.... a pottery, then a cottage, then the Curry's found it and decided that this was the place for them and once more turned it into a pottery, building on a superb workshop, together with a very snazzy kitchen and bathroom and ending up with what one female of the party called a 'dreamboat'.

We had a deep discussion about gold-plating, talked learnedly about investment compounds for moulding by centrifuge, petroleum-based solvents for metal-protecting varnishes, methods of bonding metals to ceramics, s-f and fandom, and a turquoise daschund I bought Connie which has a vertabrae permanently shaped to a horizontal letter 'S'....before you start rushing off to check with the Kennel Club, this last is made of pottery.

By now it was some time after 9 o'clock and Doc opined that he ought to be over to the local imbibing ale with his friends, who said they'd meet him there at 7. We made noises like going away, drifting back to the shop. Of course, once there we stopped again, and Mrs. Doc produced some of her work --- a 'tactile' necklace. Ron started it; he held it, felt it, shut his eyes and kept right on playing with it. Wouldn't let go so that we too could have a try...the louse...but in the end we all did. While this was going on, Doc told me that when he came into the pottery business he had no capital at all, just a burning urge to be a potter. He said, and he's dead right, "If you tackle a thing like this it must be for keeps. An all-out effort. D'you know, my wife -" she looked across, grinned happily, - "nearly left me at least 4 times. Said she had to eat sometime or other. But it's all right now -- she gets to eat most every day."

All I can say is that I wish I had his courage and skill.

Just before we left, Doc, who had come to realise that we were really mad after all, and not pseudo-loonie, showed me a letter which he'd received. It came from a Dutch travel agency, and I swear by the beard of Bert Campbell, whom Ghu and Roscoe protect, that every word is a true copy:

Travel Bureau Romana      Tilburg      Holland

Dear Sir,

We make request to send one monster, with price per gross, of your trade mark, very asked here, and that we be sell wholesale in Holland and Belgium. Pleased to send by sample post as sample of no commercial value. Thanks in advance..

Well, we know now where all the mythology comes from. The source is patently Doc Curry of the Village Pottery, Frimley. But what I don't get is the calm insouciance of those Dutchmen; imagine sending a much-sought-after-monster as a thing of no commercial value! Why, give one to Ted Tubb and he'd make a fortune overnight. And what Wansborough would do with one boggles the imagination.      J. STUART LACKENZIE

# HOAX

BY BOB SHAW

Percival Ingram settled back comfortably in his seat and glanced about him with a contented sigh. His first Convention! For a moment he forgot the voice of the Chairman making the introductions as he realised that at long last it was here. The event he had planned for and waited for these last two years. It was worth the weary months of writing hundreds of letters, articles, columns, typing stencils, drawing cartoons, duplicating....

Suddenly he became aware that the fans were wildly cheering and applauding someone who had just been introduced. Belatedly, the name the chairman had used penetrated to Percival's brain. It was Stanley Long.

Percival felt the colour drain from his face and the sound of the still applauding conventioners swelled and diminished, approached and receded, as he teetered on the edge of a faint. "It can't be," he whispered to himself, "Stanley Long is only a figment of my imagination."

When he had quietly entered fandom over two years ago, Percival had become inflamed with the idea of putting over the biggest ever fannish hoax. A month later, when he had moved into a new flat, he decided to create Stanley Long. At first he had only written a few letters and, by arrangement with the new tenant of his old flat, picked up the replies on his way to work in the morning. That had been the beginning.

Gradually as time went on the character of Stanley Long began to absorb more and more of Percival's thoughts and time. For Percival was even more dissatisfied with himself and his own personality than most people are. His thin, pimply face, his timorousness with members of his own and the opposite sex, his complete lack of social aptitude, had made him pretty fed up with the person of Percival Ingram.

Here, in this new character of Stanley Long, he had begun to realise, was another chance. A fresh start. He had taken a deep personal satisfaction in building the imaginary Stanley Long into the personification of everything that he, Percival, never was and never could be.

In order to make the illusion complete he had drawn up a complete mental dossier of Long--had even made sketches of him in order to get a clear picture in his mind. Stanley Long the brilliant athlete who had entered fandom not for escape but because the heart of a Trufan beat inside his 44" chest. Percival had fitted Long with a series of hectic amours which sometimes received passing mention in his numerous columns for the main fanzines. By strenuous effort he had given Long his fannishly famous sense of humour and subtle, brilliant literary style.

In short, BNF Stanley Long was Percival Ingram's greatest work of art.

And here he was in person being introduced to the gathered fans in the Convention Hall!

Suddenly Percival's common sense re-asserted itself, and two possible explanations formed in his mind. Either there was an unknown fan called Stanley Long who, when signing in, had been mistaken for his non-existent namesake; or some brash fan was playing a hoax. Percival turned in his seat to look at the object of the prolonged acclaim to see which of his theories was correct. If the former, 'Long' would be embarrassed and bewildered; if the latter, he would be putting over the hoax--grinning and modestly shaking his head.

"Where is Crindine Holt, anyway?"

At the sight of the tall powerfully built young man who was just sitting down, Percival felt an icy coldness gather in his stomach and his palms prickled with sudden perspiration.

It was him.

There was no mistaking the handsome highly individual face that he had dreamed up. There was the check sportscoat of the intriguing pattern that had been the subject of a Long article which was in Percival's bureau at home, waiting to be sent off. Every line of face and body was just as Percival had imagined it.

Suddenly 'Long's' gaze alighted on Percival's astonished, staring face and the smile that had been on his lips seemed to fade slightly. Percival whipped round in his seat, staring straight ahead at the speaker on the dais, his thoughts battling about in his head like wasps in a jar. He felt suddenly afraid. Had there been menace in 'Long's' eyes when they had met his own? What was happening? His mistaken identity theory had been exploded by 'Long's' graceful acceptance of the applause----but a hoax? No. There could be no coincidence so great that the fan who had decided to masquerade as Long could be absolutely identical with Percival's picture of his own creation, right down to the pattern of the sportscoat which had yet to be mentioned in fandom.

Percival missed the rest of the introductory session as he sat, lost in the maze of his own thoughts, trying to reason it all out, and endeavouring to ignore the cold implacable hatred he had glimpsed in 'Long's' eyes.

"Mr Long is in Room 309," the girl at the reception desk said in reply to Percival's enquiry. He thanked her and hurried up the stairs, forcing his feet to move quickly. At the door of 309 his courage sank even further but he knocked anyway, wondering if 'Long' would be there. It was almost lunchtime and from his seat he had seen 'Long' hurry out during the first auction, which had given him the idea of getting the fan alone. Now that the time had come the idea didn't seem so good.

When he heard footsteps in response to his knock Percival's knees grew weak. He half turned to leave but the door opened and the spurious Long was visible.

"I want to talk to you," Percival quavered, acutely aware of his own insufficiency beside the other's smoothly muscled, wellclothed bulk.

"Come in," grinned 'Long' with a flash of white teeth, perfect except for the one tiny gold filling which had been the topic of one of Percival's long columns in SPACE SCOT.

Percival entered, sat down on the bed, immediately regretted it because he now felt even smaller and more ineffectual, and jumped up again. His embarrassment increased as he realised that 'Long' had been watching him with an amused expression on his face. Anger at himself as much as at 'Long' induced Percival to throw caution to the winds.

"What's going on here?" he shouted. "Who are you, anyway?"

"It's quite simple," replied 'Long' in quiet controlled tones. "I'm the Stanley Long---you must have heard of me." 'Long' grinned as he finished, but Percival was in no mood for examples of the famous Stanley Long humour.

"You can't be," he shouted. "Stanley Long is a figment of my imagination---my own creation."

"You are partly right," replied 'Long'. "I admit I am a figment of your imagination, but I am not your creation. It was those people down there," he waved one tanned hand in the direction of the Convention Hall, "that created me. You see, your hoax worked too well. You didn't allow for the powerful and vivid imagination of the science fiction fan. Every fan who has ever read a fanzine believes in me and has faith that I exist. It was that, their strong imagination and unquestioning faith, that created me."

Percival's mouth opened and closed several times without emitting any sound; but although he was shocked and stunned by what he had heard, his mind grappled with the UNKNOWN type logic of the situation. There was one thing certain. Stanley Long could not be allowed to continue his existence. Such a thing was unthinkable to anyone familiar with the laws of everyday life. Something had to be done. Soon.

#  
7

70-70

Sept  
1954

THE REPRINT MAGAZINE

Issued as a supplement to  
HYPHEN #10 by Walt Willis  
170 Upper Newtownards Rd,  
Belfast, Northern Ireland

This issue edited by  
Harry Turner

# Memoirs of a Psychic Researcher

by D A V E M c I L W A I N

(From Satellite Vol 3 No 5 - August 1940)

Up here in Liverpool we have a peculiar little psychic research society of our own, and it is called "The Bureau of Psychic Research" - appropriately enough. It is unique. Its membership is 50% Johnny Burke and 50% myself. (JFB: What about our guardian spirit, White Trousers? He ought to work out at a couple of per cents.) Whenever we think on we hold a meeting and in-

dulge in a spot of impromptu occultism ...

... Hypnotism we have also tried - Johnny makes an ideal hypnotee. He maintains that it is his perpetually blank mind which is responsible: it makes him very receptive to the suggestions and ideas of other wills. This seems to me to be quite a plausible explanation, and it is corroborated by the comparative ease with which Johnny can be hypnotised. It is only necessary to play him a gramophone record of swing music, and he is immediately entranced, ready to be influenced at will.

Under hypnosis Johnny has been many things. At one time, after being told he was a giraffe, he started to chaw away at the electric light bulb, and nearly fused the house - not to mention himself. At another time he was a portrait Kodak, and he wandered unblushingly from person to person blinking his eyes and clicking his tongue at them in a manner calculated to represent the functioning of such a camera. At various times he has been a Red Indian, a fly (he tried to crawl up the wall and walk upside down on the ceiling, like that certain young lady of Ealing - but failed, so parked himself in the sugar-basin instead - and in these days of rationing too!), a goldfish (you should have seen him circling round and round the room with glassy eyes and continually sucking mouth), a Martian (that was the time when the local papers told of a lunatic at large, and hinted at another Jack the Ripper), a mandrill (I supplied the blue paint for the cerulean sitting end of this particular specimen of monkey), and last, but not least, a tree. The tree phase concluded the series of hypnotic experiments and not without good cause. For there was danger - unforeseen and appalling danger ...

Johnny was a tree. He was completely hypnotised and under my influence. He stood erect at the centre of the room, arms outspread like boughs, and toes turned outwards to resemble roots.

"I am a tree" he said blankly. "I am a tree. I am a tree. I am a tree".

At that moment my little dog came into the room.

"I am a tree", said Johnny tonelessly. The dog cocked up its ears in delight, and then made a bee-line for the tree-man.

"I am a tree", repeated Johnny, little realising his deadly peril. But I saw it, and swifter than lightning grabbed the uncultured mongrel by the scruff of the neck, carted it outside, and slung it over the neighbouring rooftop. Johnny was saved from a Fate Worse Than Death.

And since that time the Bureau of Psychic Research has dropped experimental hypnosis from its curriculum. /

An item from WHACKY by Arthur Clarke

(From FANTAST Vol 3 No 2 - July 1942)

"The amazing affair of the Elastic Sided Eggwhisk," said the Great Detective "would no doubt have remained unsolved to this very day, if by great misfortune it had ever occurred. The fact that it didn't I count as one of my luckiest escapes."

Those of us who possessed heads nodded in agreement.

He paused to drain the sump of his hookah, then continued.

"But even that fades into insignificance before the horrible tragedy that occurred in the House Where the Aspidistra Ran Amok. Fortunately I was not born at the time: otherwise I should certainly have been one of the victims."

We shuddered in assent. Some of us had been there. Some of us were still there.

"Weren't you connected with the curious case of the Camphorated Kipper?"

He coughed deprecatingly.

"Intimately. I was the Camphorated Kipper."

At this point two men arrived to carry me back to the taxidermist's, so I cannot tell you any more.

---

Nobody ever got anywhere discussing women's hats...

---

Excerpt from EVERYBODY IS WRITING MEMOIRS by Miltly Rothman

(From DIABLERIE Vol 2 No 1 - January 1945)

... One day I suddenly discover I've been in the army exactly two years, and I'm thinking of all the things that happen in all that time. And what I think proves once more that the best thing about fandom is the fact that wherever you go in the country there will be people in the vicinity whom you know.

Those off-duty hours in the life of a serviceman are a thing of joy, but they can also be poison when you get to the point of wandering the streets of a strange city trying to decide what movie to see next. So, when I come to the place named San Francisco, it's nice that I can call up a guy I never saw named Bill Watson and say: Watson, this is Rothman.

Of course, all the time I've spent visiting science fiction fans could have been spent at some joint with a dame, and lots of guys would say that I've been wasting my time. But what good's a dame if she can't talk about rockets or atomic physics? (My god, Laney will kill me for this !)...

---

I like bandanas - if they're what I think they are

---

Excerpt from OUT OF THE FORNCH by Walt Liebscher

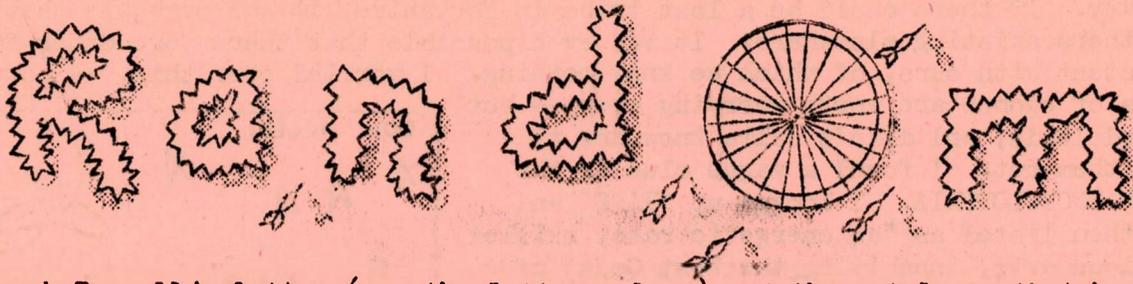
(From DIABLERIE Vol 1 No 5 - late '44)

Out of the darkness came Fornch. Into the randles of concuision flowed the dread yerb of the tarfiles, while humanity clobbered and barthed.

The sun, its rumious schnerdlites casting trents over the frintches, went down like a peedad in ecstonce, while Ginch McFinch burped.

"Clash on these thermocrads," he thought. "What can Fornch do that I can't, except make breedle on the bornch, and besides my piffle is far and away the barglier."

He rose from his morning repast of frected fligdillies with belchberry sauce, burped shuffusly, then left the room in one swell foop. The door criddled shut with a fudlen snuip...



Eric Frank Russell's letter (see the letter column) and the catalogue that he mentions are probably one of the most important things that have ever happened to Anglo-fandom. According to the guide to the exhibition that they made of themselves there are over a hundred fans in Yorkshire alone that we have never heard of before.

At first I thought somebody had either made a mistake or was trying to hoax us. It's incredible, it's almost unbelievable, and yet, they are fans. You just can't get away from it. Listen to the cold, prosaic descriptions of some of them as I quote from the catalogue.

- No. 30. Fan hand-painted in gouache with sequins. Stick inlaid with silver.
- No. 53. Small pierced fan of bone. Pierced in Chinese fashion.\*
- No. 61. Brise fan of holly wood. Pierced and painted.
- No. 62. Ball fan, decorated with music and words.
- No. 69. Ivory brise fan, very delicately pierced. Made like fine lace.
- No. 76. Fan in fine material with painted feathers with birds on top. Gilt stick with silver design.\*
- No. 77. Painted marriage fan, a crest and initial on reverse.

The asterisks, incidentally, denote that "the fan was used by a Doncaster family."

Now, I like to think of myself as fairly knowledgeable about fans, and I was shaken to find that although they were typical, they were still completely unrecognisable. I had to face it, -- here was convention material that we had never seen at Whitsun. Here, in Doncaster, is a fandom that has never heard of Trufandom, a little star-besotten colony hopelessly lost in the macrocosm, and still enduring that vile slavery from which Laney emancipated the rest of us.

My heart bled for them, and I decided to do something about it. I knew that I could rely on you, Gentle Reader, to help with some missionary work, so I wrote to their exhibition organiser and asked for three hundred copies of his one-shot. I intended to send out a copy with every HYPHEN and try to shock you into joining me in a crusade. I told him I was very enthusiastic about fans and shared his affection for them and mentioned that I was something of an expert on the subject. I didn't sign my own name to the letter, -- there was just a faint chance that Mal Ashworth was playing One-Upmanship with me, -- I wrapped myself in a cloak of anonymity and signed it as Charlotte Harris (Miss), and enclosed a couple of shillings to cover postage on the catalogues. He replied cordially enough, but it turned out that it had been published in a limited edition and that there were only half a dozen copies remaining.

Well, I tried to save Doncaster. There seemed

BY



CHUCK  
HARRIS

to be nothing else that I could do, but I still had a lot of this crusading spirit left over. If there could be a lost tribe in Yorkshire, it was probable that there were others existing elsewhere. It was even possible that there were other fandoms co-existent with ours, of which we knew nothing. I worried over this, -- potential sources of egoboo are worth worrying over, -- but I lacked leads, and didn't quite know how to ferret them out. I found a vague clue in the BRITISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. I looked up "FANS" and found them listed as "an energetic race, skilled in various arts, inhabiting the West Coast of Africa. They are increasing in numbers, but are gradually giving up cannibalism." This seemed a rather drastic refutation of the Stopes' principles, but apart from that, it was a very sketchy description and one couldn't be certain if this was actually another off-shoot of the beanie-brigade.

Once again I was right back where I started, but this time my sister solved the problem for me. She brought home another one-shot. This one was called THE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN and was published by Cussons at 84 Brook St., Grosvenor Square, London, W1. This address was not listed in the Fan Directory and, like the Doncaster mob, it was about unknown fans whose history antedates that of any group that we have ever heard of.

The first section of the magazine gives a detailed summary of this history, -- aptly titled "The Intriguing Fan" -- and although I haven't room to quote it completely, I think that parts of it will be of interest to our fantiquarians...

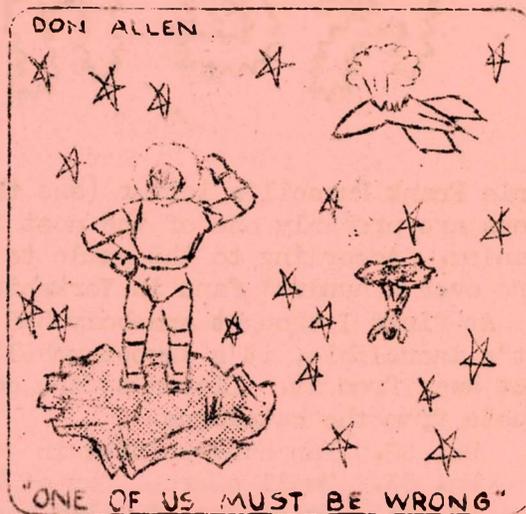
According to this, "rigid fans have been known since ancient times, but the folding fan ((and presumably the folding fanzine)) dates only from A.D. 670. The vogue of the fan in the Western World started in the 16th century and special conventions (!) and gestures were developed to provide a code of messages, --- the language of the fan."

To me, this seems an improvement on present-day fandom, and something that we would do well to copy. It would be better, and perhaps more dignified, if there was a universally recognised gesture that could, for instance, be used as a reply to fans soliciting my opinion on the published works of Mr. James White.

To continue with the history though... "Paris became the fan centre in the 17th century and many famous artists were engaged in fan decoration. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) drove a large number of farmakers to England and in London the Worshipful Company of Farmakers was given a charter by Queen Anne in 1709. ((As soon as I find out if "charter" is an archaic term for neofan I shall be writing to Towner.)) It was in this, the 18th century that the fan reached the zenith of popularity throughout Europe. Many exquisite examples of 18th century fans survive in excellent condition to this day ((they have an Old Fans Home similar to FAPA?)) unique for their extravagant and luxurious adornment. The vogue of the fan continued throughout the 19th century, expressing in decoration the sentimental and romantic tastes of the Victorian era, but fell out of fashion with the Edwardians... today there is every sign that the fan may be coming back into its own again, -- and not as a mere collector's piece....."

Yes, it seems they even had completists.

The remainder of this fanzine is devoted to illustrations of six beautiful fans and a list of the fan messages most widely used. I was captivated by the picture of a rare Vernis Martin fan, once used by Catherine the Great of Russia, that had



an ebony mount and grotesquely carved panaches of ivory, (both panaches were carved) but the main point of interest to me was the section entitled "The Language of the Fan". I give some examples below and I suggest that it could be revived. As the book says, "it has an olde worlde charm well worth recording....."

Gesture.

Meaning.

Touching tip with finger.....	I wish to speak to you.
Carrying in right hand in front of face.....	Follow me.
Twirling in the right hand.....	I love another.
Fanning slowly.....	I am married.
With handle to lips.....	Kiss me.
Carrying in the right hand.....	You are too willing.
Twirling in the left hand.....	We are watched.
Open and shut.....	You are cruel.
Open wide.....	Wait for me.
Carrying in left hand, open.....	Come and talk to me.

I guess that will have to be all for now, but if my suggestions are adopted, we should all have a high old time next Whitsun.

BOB SHAW HOAX CTD. FROM P. 16

Although it was the faith of all fandom that had created Long he, Percival Ingram, had been the prime mover; and if he refused to believe in Long the clash of beliefs should be enough to force his creation out of existence.

Percival immediately began to disbelieve in Long.

Stanley Long, intently watching Percival's face, smiled and shook his head.

"It won't work," he said. "You see, the thing is out of your hands now. I don't need you, and to tell the truth I'm glad. I would hate to think that my being depended on the whims of a mere nobody like you. What have you ever done in fandom?"

Percival gasped. This was too much. "How dare you," he spluttered. Then with a sudden surge of craft, "What makes you so unpleasant to speak to? My Stanley Long is friendly to every fan he comes in contact with."

"You're different," Long replied. "You never provided in your fanish writings for Long's feelings towards his inventor. You I can hate."

The colour drained from Percival's face and he took a step towards the door.

"I know how to cancel you out, then," he shouted. "I'm going down to the Convention Hall to tell them all about how I made you up."

The threat failed to disturb Long's composure. "No, you're not," he said almost kindly. "You see, I am in a way the focal point of all the creative belief of several hundred fans. The instrument of their minds--- and I am going to refuse to believe in you."

"You can't," moaned Percival. "It won't work."

"It will," insisted Long, gently. "What do you mean to fandom? Who will remember you if you disappear? You have no friends or relatives outside of fandom. You are nobody. I'm afraid," he added, beginning to smile again, "you are a very difficult person to believe in."

Percival had just time for one faint whimper of pure terror, then he vanished for ever as though he had never existed, leaving Stanley Long to saunter down to the Convention Hall to receive once more the acclaim of his many friends and followers.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

- Are you unable to discuss semantics as if you knew something about it?
- Do you remain thin, weedy and under-nourished because you cannot fill in 'Any other habits?' in questionnaires?
- Do you drink Horlicks every night and not become a Company Director?

YOU DO? YOU ARE? YOU DO? YOU DO? Then send immediately for this absolutely free booklet, entitled "How To Be Egoobootiful", by The Editors and Staff of EYE.

"Work is the only thing you can do for years without getting the habit."

TED CAMPBELL A normal morning practise of mine is to (London) read the Daily Mirror over breakfast--- starting the day by revelling in other people's troubles gives me a big lift, as the bosom said to the brassiere. (Of course, commuting in the train I have the Times open for snob-value---all the locals think I'm Something In The City whereas actually I'm Nothing In The West-end). But, this morning comes the July Hyphen, which automatically takes the place of the Mirror. (Are you casting reflections on it?) After all, what greater pleasure can I have than reading about my friends and their troubles? By 10.30 am I realised that I was going to be late at the office...by 11.15 I decided that I wouldn't make the office this morning...now, at 12.20, having just finished the issue, I realise that it just isn't worth going to business at all today.....



POST  
SCRIPTS

READERS' LETTERS

In Care of Walt Willis  
Editorial Interpolations  
(-Thus-)

I must publicly point out a misconception in Ving's reportage. Room 219 did not belong to Tubb. It was mine. I hired out one bed to Tubb for the weekend--- he sublet it on an hourly basis. We divided the spoils 50-50 with the joint promise Never To Tell. In

actual fact, Tubb never slept in that room---come to think of it neither did I---but there were never less than five people resident at any time. I vaguely remember that internecking warfare started at 10.00pm each evening. Perhaps that would look better as  
I VAGUELY REMEMBER THAT INTERNECKING WARFARE STARTED AT TEN P.M.

TERRY JEWES I liked the very generous attitudes of all concerned (yourself included) (Sheffield) over the 'flopcon'. I freely admit that the program flopped; just why I don't know---partly because of the usual unexpected snags and partly because the postal committee couldn't get together for anything. Anyway it was a flop. Many thanks for being so nice about it.

Readers' letters. What a whacking great pile, and all interesting too. Maybe that's why you selected them. The letter by DRSmith praising de Camp went against the grain. De Camp has yet to make me laugh, and by now I'm completely fed up with his endless adventure stories set on other planets purely to earn the label sf.

DEREK PICKLES My copy seems to be a new departure for the editors; the last six pages (Bradford) appear to be muddled, also upside down\*. The letter section is most interesting. I've read it as it is stapled together, and also (as far as I can make out) in the order it should be read, and was rather astonished to find it doesn't make any difference. Whichever way I read it the letters all read alike.

Ving's article, not bad. I especially liked the tiny pieces of text artfully inserted between the interlineations. The baffling thing is the statement (repeated) that it took them 16 hours to come by road to Manchester from London. Surely they ought to have known to turn right at Stalingrad.

(\*You must have got hold of our Australian edition.)

ANONYMOUS Henceforth bloody provincials will refer to Thameside aborigines as corlummies. The word should be written in small caps suitable for their pin heads and should be pronounced with a delicate flaring of the nostrils indicative of something well-rotted in the vicinity.

Thus one of the middle-sexed may be condemned as 'a cretinous corlummy' or damned with faint praise as 'quite a decent type, ectualleh---for a corlummy'. Any tribal palaver organised by inmates of the southern kraal should be mentioned as 'just another corlummicon'.

If you want good luck write this letter out five times and send copies to the five biggest actifans you know. Do not break the chain or you will find yourself squatting with a rubber grip in your hand.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL (Cheshire) This time Burbee gets my bouquet of roses. Al the Elfin Edison was a joy. He was made still more pleasing for me, by mitt-one (pronounced firsthand) knowledge that such people really do exist. For about twelve months I've been afflicted with a genius who, every fortnight or so, sends me his latest plans, details and drawings for what he calls COMPLETE WORLD DOMINATION. If you don't believe me I'll forward his name and address. All you need do is tell him you're interested: the unavoidable result will be COMPLETE WILLIS DOMINATION.

After Burbee the rest descends to soso, wherever that is. It sounds like Japan. Which reminds me, you missed a chance when defending your use of 'Jap' against Vernon McCain. He bases his argument on a so-called Japanese minority in his hometown. I don't know where Bro. McCain lives but I'll bet it's on the Western seaboard, where there are numerous colonies of Nisei. The Nisei are not Japanese. They are Americans. Your answer to Vernon should have been that you weren't referring to Americans and that a Jap is a Jap is a Jap, especially in the opinion of those Britishers who occupied Buma after it had been conquered by Errol Flynn.

J. Stuart Mackenzie proved thought-provoking in his efforts to find the why of fandom. Some time ago a ENF of those days (since gone to stud) drew my attention to the fact that fandom is confined to those between approaching puberty and receding menopause, with fanatic reaching peak coincidentally with maximum potency. Theanfoch, he theorises, fanning is a form of sexual perversion which Havelock Ellis probably would have defined as 'deviation of aim'. Oh, well, it's an idea.

Your own report on the Con, which confirms others received from elsewhere, makes me lugubrious. The lugubriety (which I like better than lugubriousness) is born of unexpected Willis perceptivity. For the first time in any fan report I've ever seen, you touch upon a moot point, assuming that moots do really have points. You say that everyone enjoyed themselves and then put the \$64 question: but what about the noofans?

A-a-ah, yes, what of those? What happened to the normal adult, tentatively interested in stf, who edged shyly along, took a peek and saw a slice of what you saw? For example, the Manchester Guardian provides bigger coverage than any British paper with sole exception of the Times and, natch, gives extra space to local affairs. In theory, a stfcon in Manchester should get a full column. What did it get? Nowt! Nada! Not a word that I could find. It was pointedly ignored. (Thank Ghod.)

(Ref. enclosure.) Brethren, let us raise our voices in united praise of the worthy burghers of Doncaster who have established in cold print (1) that the correct collective noun is "an exhibition of fans" and (2) that the Old Guard dates from 1690.

(The enclosure is the catalogue of an "Exhibition of Fans, 1690 to 1954" held by the Art Gallery & Museum of the County Borough of Doncaster.)

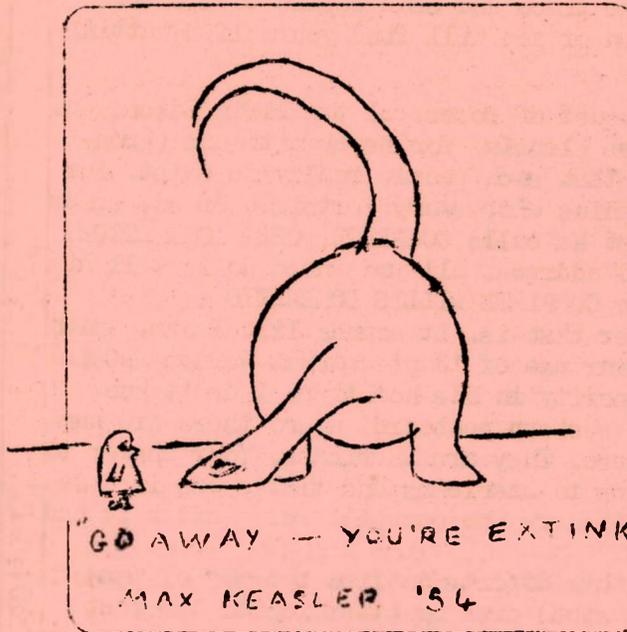
ETHEL LINDSAY (Glasgow) As you know I played a very small humble part in the Con Committee, and your report made me, at any rate, very happy. If the 'organised' programme falling apart was the means of creating goodwill amongst the various sections of fandom, then I for one would dance on the programme with glee. I wish I could say it was done deliberately (that would surely be the height of funn-ish ingenuity) but I am afraid it just happened. It was my first Con and that everyone was so nice about the various mix-ups only heightened my belief that fans of any district or part are the nicest people to know.

I stayed on at the hotel after everyone had gone. It looked so respectable all of a sudden. Rather doleful too as if something were missing, Burgess wondering about perhaps. I asked one of the staff did he think the management would take another Con. He said "Oh yes, but next time they would get the top floor."

SEND YOUR CARTOON IDEAS TO HYPHEN

"IS 'GO SCREW' EQUIVALENT TO A REJECTION?"

23



THOMAS KEHMAN (Glasgow) "Life with Psychotic" was good, but induced a nagging hunger which always occurs when I think of unobtainable Amerazines. I noted some mention of American faneds willing to give their zines in return for letters of comment. I've been knocking my head against the padded walls trying to think of a method of getting American fanzines to comment on. Could you supply some names or publish my name in Hyphen as one willing to do the dirty? (US faneds please note. Addresses at end of letter section.)

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE (London) One page of my copy is a complete blank, like Ted Carnell's mind. You make it hard for me to tell you which one, because none of the pages is numbered. (There are never any blank pages in issues duplicated by me. As for your other complaint, I suggest you take it up with Ted Carnell's parents. Their <sup>issue involved</sup> another method of repro-

duction.) The exhaustive conreports were exhausting, as I gather the Con itself was. It seems the Manchester gathering let its repressions really rip and sublimation has gone out of fashion. Apparently, the ubiquitous waterpistol is not so much a ruygun as a phallic symbol. I prophesy if This Goes On that it will be replaced by a whirling spray. (And the beanie by a Dutch cap.)

I'm sorry to see the Official Programme die the death, as it appears now to have done—even though it means, thank heavens, I'll never have to make another speech. At least it was a framework holding things together and letting people feel they were sharing something with the rest apart from a bar and a bed. It was often dull, but it had elements of discipline and order without which a meeting becomes merely a mob. Knots of mobsters shambling from Bedroom 666 (Knock twice and ask for the Beast?) to Bedroom 101 and so on, while synthesizing interlineations and fighting rearguard actions with night porters, seems to me a pretty dismal and sordid prospect, if that were to be all.

(Apparently the British Convention has progressed from desultory lecture sessions to sultry lecher sessions.)

BRIAN VARLEY (London) As you notice, I am no longer living at the B. Hotel. A fortnight ago I got up for breakfast leaving my room-mate (male of course) still asleep. Having eaten my fill I ambled upstairs to find the end three houses of the five which form the hotel, and one of which we were living in, were being sealed off with wood and 6" nails... The position was that I was being separated from my room-mate and all my kit and once the last nail was driven in it would take court proceedings to get in there again. I had a word with the head bedliff who promised to leave the way open for 15 minutes. Those were the most hectic minutes of my life—and that includes trying to keep Dave off the platform at Manchester, but by 12 we were ensconced in a double room miles away from the rest of the world, right away at the very top where a stiff breeze makes the place sway like Ted Tubb the morning after.

A brief comment on the latest Hyphen. I never objected to the 'Sweet Sue' linericks, these were funny. I do however think that Vin laid it on too thick in his conreport. Sex as a subject for laughter is all right occasionally in public, okay for hours at a stag party, however when it is shovelled down your throats for 9 consecutive pages it becomes obscene. Before I had got half way through this report I was fed up seeing "bed", "bed", "bed".

(The subject of this letter has been bed and bored.)

INTERLINEATIONS, BAQUOTES AND SIDELINES WANTED

MIKE WALLACE  
(Hull)

About this back-biting in fandom business. I think I'll psycho-analyse the fan. The fan has got used to being laughed at, or at any rate gaped at, whenever he says anything about his interests in the company of so-called 'normal people'. And he retired, to some extent at any rate, into himself at quite an early age. Most fans, so far as I've been able to gather from fanz and correspondence, are not much interested in the more normal forms of relaxation (football, cricket etc) and in his relationships with the 'moron in the street' the fan is inclined to be a little cynical about 'non-fandom'. This is mainly a compensation for the way he was treated in the days when he was fool enough to voice his opinions to 'normal' people. But, and this is the catch, while he may consciously despise the normal he would still like to have them look up to him, and for that reason he becomes aggressive. In other words the fan tries to give the impression of superiority. Now I'm not concerned whether this is a good thing or not. What I'm trying to point out is that a fan does not have to behave this way in fandom. He is among his own type of people, not among 'normal' people. I think that if the fan remembered that in fandom he does not have to avoid being laughed at by being nasty, there would be a lot less nastiness in fandom.

These are my opinions, Walt, but I don't mean that I think all fans are like that, only the very aggressive ones.

Now regarding the method of voting for convention venues, I think a postal vote would be the best method. Publicity could be put out at the Convention by whatever fan clubs wanted to (dis)organise the next Con, and after the Con votes could be posted to an impartial fan to be counted. I'd be quite willing to do my part as far as counting etc is concerned.

(Me too. I've been arguing in favour of this method on and off for years though my idea is that the postal vote should be held before the Convention and the ballots added to those cast by the attendees. Otherwise, fans being the lazy slobs they are, the Convention site might be decided by an odd half dozen who had the energy to write postcards. Besides the ballot for the next Consite is one of the most exciting features of some Conventions, and I'd hate to see it done away with.)

The case for postal voting is not so strong in England, where after the Mancon nobody is what you would call enthusiastic to put on a Convention, but something like it will have to be introduced in America. There has been trouble there ever since the era of the big Convention started with the Chicon, and you had hordes of nofans voting for the nearest town next year, ignorant of the tradition that it should be held alternately in the East, west and Centre.

You have a good point there about the aggressive fan, and some will think they know whom you mean. You could have developed your argument and pointed out that fandom offers a therapy for the maladjusted. In fandom, because of its frank and intimate nature, a person is able to assess the effects of his attitude and conduct much more rapidly than in ordinary life. If he's obnoxious he's very soon told about it, clearly and at length.)

JOY GOODWIN  
(London)

Much as I normally appreciate the writings of both you and Chuck I do feel that this time you have gone astray somewhere. It is probably lack of knowledge of the situation but as it has been published it has hit the London Circle smack where it hurts most, and by heck, we are all feeling it. I should be surprised if you aren't deluged with letters regarding it...Our party wasn't meant to be exclusive...If Bentcliffe (who was invited by Stu Mackenzie himself) and Warley and Roles aren't Northerners, and the Shorrocks too who the hell are...The party held by the LC was in a private bedroom and considering they had come up by convoy and had been approximately 2 days without sleep you couldn't expect them to extend invitations to all and sundry...The thing that really hurts is that you seem to take for granted that London really holds or held malice for the North. Good God man, did you think Operation Armageddon was really going to happen. (Yes.) It seems to me, from the way London helped

"Please can you put Hyphen in an envelope. Mother is rather strait-laced." (NIC)

Manchester out with a solid four hours damned hard work on Ted Tubb's part in both the auction and the trial, you could have been a bit more charitable. When London's Convention collapsed, how much did the North attempt to help them to hold it together? The people who—your quote—"sat around, bored and irritated, waiting for life to be pronounced extinct"—were those from the North who could possibly have helped London succeed. London did their best to help out the Convention this year. What has happened to your judgment, Walt? Didn't you realise it? Let's drop this subtle propaganda. It's like those papers who keep printing tales about the 'lousy reds' when most of Russia is as sick of the thought of war as we are. If a thing is emphasized long enough, people will begin to believe it. The fiction that London are malicious, snobbish, and a closed shop has got to go. I have heard it said that if anyone comes to The Globe and didn't know anyone there, they were left out in the cold. Right, so take myself for instance. I rolled up to the Globe in the hopes of getting some gen on the Mancon. I just went up to a group—and believe me I was scared stiff because of what I had been led to believe was their attitude—and asked about it. Five minutes later I was seated, plied with drinks, welcomed with open arms and generally feted, looked after and made to feel—the word could almost be—cherished. And I was a stranger. (Also an attractive young woman.) And they took me in. (Heaven give me strength to resist this temptation.) So if they do it to one stranger, I'm damn sure they would do exactly the same to another.

(Read on.)

TED TUBB Your report was, as usual, both good and interesting, but somehow I seem to (London) detect a trace of bias. Not that it really matters, in any other report it wouldn't matter a damn, but as you are regarded so highly in London, and as people take as gospel what you say, (Gee.) mis-reporting from you tends to colour their opinion. Such as the London Circle's so-called party. The facts are that, in order to avoid being skinned by the usual inflated bar-prices, we thought it would be a good idea to chip in and take our own liquor. It was never intended to be a free-for-all party, merely a supply laid on for our own benefit. Cruel finance dictated that something-for-nothing just couldn't be did.

My dictionary says; MALICE—active ill will; a wish to hurt or make suffer; spite.

Us Walt? The London Circle? Frankly if that is how we are considered I'm shocked to the core. Smug, yes. Idle, yes. Indifferent and apathetic, certainly. But malicious? Ugh! Or are you thinking of Operation Armageddon? That subtle scheme has provided many hours of harmless amusement to those in the know but did anyone really think that we would deliberately wreck an enjoyable convention merely because it might show up the last one in London? What we did consider was that if the thing flopped into a dreary self-conscious pompous sequence of inane events we would have something in reserve to brighten the show up.

And so to ruminations in general. I was struck by the tremendous difference in the audience reactions between the Loncon of 53 and the Supermancon of 54. Everyone and his dog (not me.) joined in to denounce our effort as a fiasco, an insult, a parody, a what-have-you-that-sounds-bad-enough. Rows of people sat like a collection of zombies waiting for something to happen. No laughter. Slow handclaps. Jeers. In short, the works.

And yet I venture to claim that the 53 programme was far above the 54. (Yes.)

Analysis. First, the 54 show was strongly backed by the very people who, as you mentioned, were determined to show those Bloody Londoners where to get off. It had to be good and by Ghod it was going to be good if they had to split a gut to make it so. And, merely because of that, it was good. People enjoy what they want to enjoy and the finest comedian in the world can't raise a laugh if the audience isn't with him. So it was with Manchester. People wanted to enjoy themselves. The London Group were determined to even if they had to make fools of themselves on the platform in order to do it. Hence the liquor, the laughter, and the general consensus that it was the very best convention ever held. And it was too—if individual enjoyment is the standard of comparison. You've already mentioned why it was that everything turned out well. The hotel, the holiday atmosphere, the sheer friendliness and lack of back-biting. The uncritical audience who, if they didn't like what was going on, didn't stay to jeer but went and had a drink, a

chat, or a small get-together. In short, for the first time during convention history in England, people didn't expect to be entertained by the Committee but were willing to entertain themselves. Let's hope that it's set a precedent which will be followed.

(Read on.)

STUART MACKENZIE (London) Both Chuck and yourself seem to have been under a misapprehension as to the nature of the London Circle party. In fact, there was no intent to arrange a party as such; the original idea was for a small group of us to each pool an initial ten bob, see how far that went and then if necessary put in more. The thing did a 'fopsy' on us and before we really knew what happened all the London people who were coming said they too wanted to join the 'club,' we let them and then as there was getting to be a muddle about who had paid and who hadn't and in any case for the sheer hell of it we issued passports to the people who were travelling up on the convey. Some special ones were also made up for you people, and an odd one or two for people like Dave Cohen.

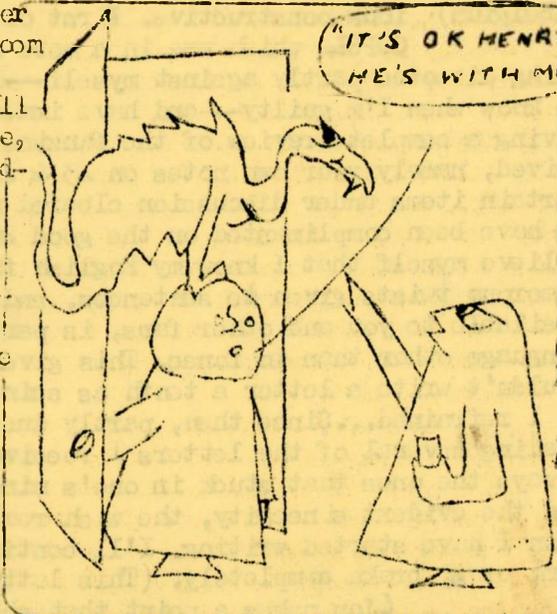
In your conreport you say you didn't like it because Brian Burgess got a passport and Ken Potter didn't. Now, for the record, Brian Burgess is a member of the LC, we see him most weeks, and therefore I for one am definitely not going to be so churlish as to say to Burgess that he must be ostracised all the time. Besides, we NEEDED Burgess for the sacrifices...until he lost his lights. Ken Potter; Ted Tubb tells me that when Ken Potter came to the door I greeted him and told him that it was a cash party; that if he wanted to get in it would mean getting a passport and that meant giving Ted 10/-. Apparently Potter declined...this I am quoting as hearsay because to be honest I was too damned tired (not having been to sleep for three nights) and too drunk to remember.

...why should I go out of my way to remain sober so that when he or anyone else knocks on my bedroom door I must let him in to drink liquor for which not I alone but some twenty people paid? After all I know Burgess personally, he has been to my home, has subbed to my fanzines and is a regular attendee at The Globe. Ken Potter I do not know, have only heard of in the past very vaguely. Ted Tubb (who is the moving spirit in most of the things we do here and who was the genius behind the liquor pool) has never heard of Ken Potter he says. He tells me he has an idea that Potter might have been the young man who knocked on the door and was told by Ted to go away. The youth replied that he was 'a fan' and should therefore be let in. Ted's comment on this was simple. "He said 'I'm a fan!' as if that made him Jesus Christ or something."

(No. Ken says he was turned away by you without having the fact that 10/- was required being made clear. This is his only objection. He considers 10/- perfectly reasonable, but he wasn't asked for same and was refused entrance.)

...The Liverpool room was a very different sort of party because they had invited everyone who cared to pay ten bob to get in. (Is this so? An open invitation was published in their fanmag and I didn't see anyone being asked for money at the door. A hat was passed round later, but those with no money, thirst or conscience were not forced to contribute.) we did not because after all 123 was my bedroom and I wanted and needed some sleep, as did my wife. There was no notion that we were to go on all night and we didn't want the room too goddam full of people all the time. In fact at one period there were over 40 people in that room although there were not thirty ten bobs put into the fund... I do resent this suggestion that we were being mean with our drinks.

(Read on.)



"Sorry for the long silence but I've been fair tuckered out." (Dave Jackson)

JOHN BRUNNER  
(Guess where)

Hell, Walt, you make the London Circle party sound as if someone was making a profit out of it! Nonsense—that party was run on strictly commercial lines. Anyone willing to pay the share of the kitty got in. Sunday night there were a bunch of complete strangers there...

(If there's doubt even among the London Circle about what sort of a party their's was, they can hardly blame the rest of us for being confused. No one denies their right to hold their party on any lines they like. All I reported was a personal impression that whatever the arrangements were they had operated to exclude some congenial people and to include some others, and from this point of view the party was not a success. This impression seems to have been fairly general.

On the other point raised in these letters, however, I admit I was unfair in using the expression "the malice of the South" and I apologise for it. I had seen what seemed to me indications that the fanciful series of suggested impractical jokes known as 'Operation Armageddon' might develop into an actual campaign to disrupt a serious constructive convention. It seemed to me that this would have been malicious, considering the weak and vulnerable state of the organisers and the fact that large numbers of people had paid money to see a serious constructive official programme. I was wrong in thinking there would be such a development, and I also didn't give the Londoners enough credit for their generosity in not only resisting the temptation to jeer when the official program collapsed, but in helping it out. I'm sorry.)

JAN JANSEN (Belgium) Someone said somewhere that Willis has been showing a trend towards the serious constructive. First of all your article in BBW and then the column in OOPSLA which was in a more serious mood...I have taken the strictures as being directed partly against myself—I know they weren't, but still I guess I ought to know when I'm guilty—and have immediately started on a career of writing pages full giving a complete review of the fanzine received in such length as I have only once received, namely your own notes on A3 & 4. From here, though, I want this explanation of certain items under discussion cleared up as far as I personally am concerned. I know we have been complimented on the good English we have shoved under your noses, and I believe myself that I know my English fairly well. Yet I must say that the puns, the humorous twists given to sentences, and especially the use of the wide range of words available to you and other fans, is partly lacking, because I seldom use the English language other than in fanac. This gives me occasionally an inferior feeling. I couldn't write a letter a tenth as scintillating as the most sordid example in Hyphen, so I refrained...Since then, partly due to those articles you wrote and partly from re-reading several of the letters I received, I found that the wittiest letters weren't always the ones that stuck in one's mind. Even the others make sometimes better reading, and the evident sincerity, the wish really to be of assistance, shone through. Since then I have started writing. I'll continue it until such time as I get fed up with fun-don, or ~~g~~ broke completely. (This letter is the more likely!)

(Jan makes a point that should have been made earlier in Hyphen. Witty letters are very welcome, but sincere ones are just as much so, not only because they're quite as helpful to the editors but because they often make even better reading. (Like John Brunner's remarkable one in the last Hyphen, which almost stole the issue.) The same applies to articles. We often ask people for material and they reply "Oh I couldn't possibly write like Shaw, Clarke and Harris." These are all clever fellows, but we don't want you to write like them. We want new writers, and we want them to be themselves. Could one of them be you?)

JOE GIBSON  
(New Jersey)

The only address I can find in this Hyphen 9 is WClarke's. I wanted to tell you it was damned good, but of course I can't very well write you unless I dig up some old issue and find your address. And of course that's impossible. Besides there must have been some terrible catastrophe such as the Black & Tans violating the ceasefire to make you miss all the fun, financial reward (how much are they offering for your head now?) (two dollars; I'm a buccaney) and drunken power of pubbing an issue of Hyphen...Incidentally I once attempted to comment on one of the earlier Hyphens, but then the letter came back marked insufficient postage. The only questionable remarks I had concerned why you ever sent it to me. I can't recall ever having subbed it, praised it, damned it (that is, written material for it) or otherwise involved myself. Yet the blamed thing keeps coming, I can only conclude that it's because I was once in Hoboken when you were docking a banana boat and later saw fit to have you sample the riding qualities of several of our Greyhound mastodons. (Yes.) But I'd hardly consider that as meriting any sort of return kindness. In fact, I'm convinced you'd do considerably better for any fool Yank who should stumble ashore in Northern Ireland. In fact you have done very much better--tho of course that Yank was Bea McShaffey. Damn it--all, it's just no blamed excuse for me to be getting Hyphens free like this, and I shall expect you to think up a better reason hereafter. (Damn it, then?)

...I was shook to the quick upon reading that any bunch of fen would sit quietly thru a dry, dragging lecture at a con. What in blazes ever get into your fine old cultural traditions to leave you strait-jacketed like that? Walt, old soak, please explain this to me. I just can't understand these damned British at all. (They obey public notices too. Extraordinary people.) But you were understating it when you said we American fen regard an official program as a sort of running buffet. That's the good program; the bad 'uns seldom even get a wake.

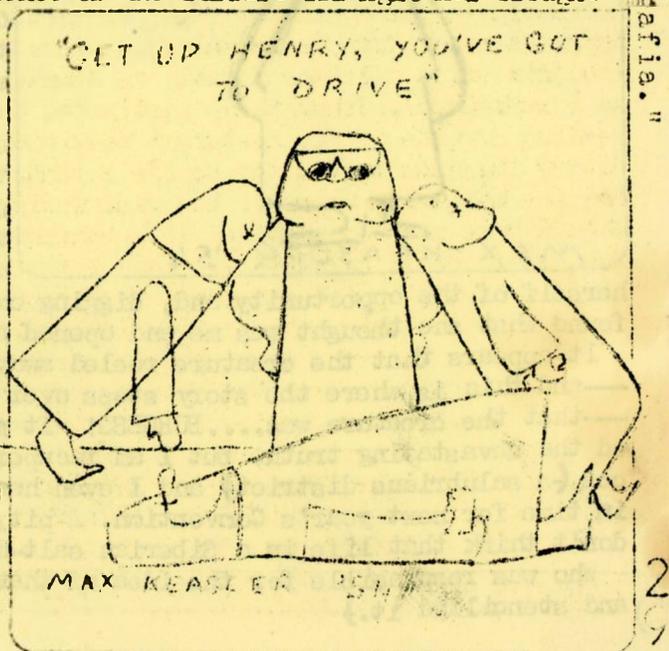
DICK RYAN  
(Ohio) Liked most everything about this issue, but when I tell you what I liked best it's going to sound like a zinesman's ploy. Yes...it was Toto. It's entirely possible that Burbee isn't the greatest fan writer of all time as you assert, but certainly he is in the top five or so. This little tongue-in-cheek fragment was very fine. I congratulate Chuck on his editorial discrimination.

By reading each of the Convention accounts, then re-reading them and flipping back & forth from one to the other, it is possible to get an idea of what went on at the Supermancon. Apparently quite a lot did. I always thought English fans were quiet and reserved but it seems that the corrupting influence of the Belfast Triangle has brought them to this present low state of affairs. (The Belfast Triangle is now a Restraining Influence. Even James White didn't bring a zapgun to the Supermancon. As he proclaimed at the time; "The only answer to the water-pistol is unilateral disarmament!")

Among the rest of the issue, 'Life With Psychotic' stood out--maybe because it was by an American. Things in Hyphen are so British Isles-ish these days that I grasped this item to my bosom. (Yes, we'd like more contributions from Americans. After all most of our circulation is there. Letters too. The postage rate for ordinary letters is alas now 8¢, but the tencent airtletter is still one dime. Get one of these handy little items at your neighbourhood post office.)

The real crushing blow of this issue was a short poignant sentence on the last page of your report. "Pogo comics has folded."

I may recover.



which is itself  
form of mafia."

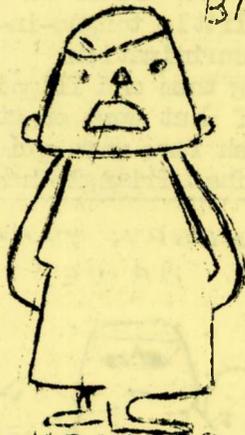
(I had a card from the publishers offering me the balance of my subscription (a gift from Bea Mahaffey) in ordinary comics. I replied that I wanted Pogo or my money back and they sent me a regretful letter and a sheaf of 3¢ stamps. What fascinated me about the business was that the letter was signed "D. Breuer, Fulfillment Manager." Mr Breuer sounds like something in a story in Unknown or Beyond. Can't you imagine his waiting-room filled with frustrated geniuses and spinsters, all seeking fulfillment?)

JULIAN PARR (London) Your account of the spreading of the gospel by leaving notecards all over Manchester was a reminder of the methods adopted by the Dadaists in Berlin in the twenties. They had their own stickers with "Dada today, tomorrow and in all eternity", "Dada, Dada uber alles", or---wonderfully---"Dada kicks you in the arse, but lo! you like it." (Note: Dada was an iconoclastic artistic movement---a sort of kick in the paints.)

Of course I enjoyed the various conreports, filled with envy at having been absent, surprised to find that Bert Campbell didn't arrive after all. Where did he fall out? After 3½ hours he must surely have been fairly near M's? (Don't you mean me?)

Stuart Mackenzie began to get me all worked up with his logical dissertation, what makes a fan tick, but before I could sort out my own ideas after his prompting he suddenly disappears in a cloud of smoke. (That's the trouble with these geni.) Most annoying. Richard Geis' gentle humour was most soothing...Burbee is my own ideal for humour, though I haven't read much of him, and your remarks in commenting on Vernon McCain's letter brought me almost uncritically into your fold of fellow-travellers. I must congratulate Paul Mittelbuscher on a lovely spontaneous burst of acrid bite..and the comments on your report on the TLE Fund were interesting; above all I'm pleased to see that most agree in rejecting the idea of buying votes.

"O.K. WHO PUT THE ELEPHANT IN THE BATHROOM"



MAX KEASLER '54

MIL ASHWORTH (Bradford) Man but the Hyphen staff sure had that Convention covered to a T---a nicety. There were one or two things however which evidently were missed even by the stupendous ramifications of Proxybox Services (Blackmail Division) Monopolated. For instance even your organisation had no man on the spot when Ethel Lindsay perpetrated the most serious affront to the honour of a Trufan since fandon failed to raise the 20000 snakes needed for Bloch's planned reception of you in Chicago two years ago.

This Grave Incident occurred on the Sunday evening shortly after I had left. It seems that Ina Shorrocks told Ethel about BEM's subscription rate for attractive young females---to wit one photo of self in a bikini. A genuine offer. Ethel naturally decided to avail

herself of the opportunity and, digging out one such photo, went in search of me. She found what she thought was me and opened negotiations by proffering her photograph...

It appears that the creature reeled away, gibbering unintelligibly. It also appears ---and this is where the story steps over from light amusement to sheer gothic horror ---that the creature was....BURGESS! It was two weeks after the Con that I first learned the devastating truth, but I am recuperating quite satisfactorily in the circumstances (a salubrious district) and I even have hopes that I shall be completely fit again in time for next year's Convention. A pity about Ethel too; she was a nice girl and I don't think that life in a Siberian salt-mine is going to suit her temperament.

Who was responsible for the idea of that wonderful cover? (Bob Shaw, who also drew and stencilled it.)

DAVID FOYE I have been told by Mal Ashworth, who is a nurse at the Bradford Hospital (Bradford) for Incurable Hypochondriacs, that you are the best person to write to for a neofan. (Sorry, I don't have any right now.) Incidentally it was Mal Ashworth who told me that you were actually Volsted Gridban and Vargo Statten. I am a Starman 1st Class in your club and very proud too, if I may say so...I was always more on the scientific side like. I am building a crystal set at the moment to receive messages from the Deros-in the underground caverns. Are you a member of the Shaver Club? Mal said he didn't know whether you'd written all Shaver's stuff or not; he said he wouldn't be surprised as you had a Cosmic Mind. There are a few things I'd like to know. I want to be a troughfan and enjoy lots of egoboo. First, what's egoboo? Is it nail? Where does Willis go in the summertime? What's a femme fan? And why are they so popular? (They are a way of both eating your cake and having your tart.) Can I be a femme fan when I grow up? (I want to be everything!) (No, you can't just chop and change like that; you have to sign a newspaper contract first.) Was Ving Clarke being funny when he said his socks dissolved? (Very.) (This allusion is to Ving's reminiscences in BEM.) What's so great about Wansborough? And why does he wilt? Do I have to drink beer before I can come to a Convention? (No, bring it with you.) And just what is a tesseract? I asked my mother, if she had one, and she said she thought she had one once but she'd left it at the last house. (Her statement is obviously based on the wrong premises.)

TOM WHITE Who's have thought you would have written a Supermoon Report too? Mal (Bradford) I thought we had a new idea. Of course, reading the three reports one after the other didn't help to convince me that we were at the gun con, or the three of you for that matter...I'm envious of that V/S pun, "I wonder if he's have been flushed?" I toilet it day and night for weeks and can't produce an idea; all the same it must have come from the uttermost bowels of your mind. How could you have dung such a thing? (I thought you would relish it. Another of these about faeces!)

All this about a fake human sacrifice is news to me---some other con perhaps. But anyway, if Burgess was to be the intended victim, why a fake human sacrifice? Oh..I get it..you mean a fake-human sacrifice. (Yes, it was his altar ego.)

JIM HARMON Hyphen was enjoyable as usual and I found a few things to comment on it. (Illinois) The margins, for instance. If you write small you can get a lot of comments in on them.

I enjoyed your conreport---up till that letter you quoted of Brunner's with the argument that science fiction could or should be 'divorced'. He says sf is a good excuse for fandom. That's like saying water is a good excuse for bathing. Sf is the thing with which fandom is done, the same way water is the thing bathing is done. (Sometimes water is also the thing with which fandom is done. Cf. Eric Bentcliffe's final argument in favour of Jersey as a Convention site; "Furthermore, the island is entirely surrounded by ammunition!" Sorry Jim, I wanted to quote that somewhere.) I admit today's fandom could outlaw mention of sf and go on for a few years, but soon fandom would die out. There would be no new fans. Sf is what draws new fans and keeps fandom going.

I can most heartily agree, though, that a program is not vital to the success of a sf convention. The Midwestcon did not even have a pretence of an official program. For three days people just talked, drank and had fun. It was a tremendous success. One night even seemed like a chapter out of Spillane with naked women screaming, doors being broken down, police surrounding the place, flight across fire escapes and roof tops. Next year: a running gun battle. I was playing Mike Hammer at the time, with Isaac Asimov and Joe Gibson as Nero Wolfe and Archie.

You know, what British Conventions need is no. Have tux, will travel.

Could you give me some free advertising? It's important that I get as many advance subs as I can and I'm offering a very good deal. 24 issues of X (Science Fiction) and 24 of FFACT (Fact Adventures for Men), all 48 for \$3.50. Some sceptics have suggested that the mags might not last 24 issues each. If not (and I deny the proposition) your balance would be returned of course. Meanwhile you'd be getting stf mags for 6¢ each.

X and FFACT are go prezines!

"There's a far too much real life going on in the world, anyway." Archie Mercer

(No one denies the importance of water, but we don't have to talk about it all the time. Admittedly science fiction is probably necessary for the continued existence of sfandom but there is no need, especially at the present time, to fill our fannags with it. That would be like rooting for Wells in the middle of a lake. If science fiction ever falls on evil days again we can rally round once more but at the moment it doesn't seem to need us. We can just read sf and have our fun in fandom with a clear conscience.)

ARCHIE MERCER (This letter addressed to Chuck.) There's one little fact you don't seem to have caught on to. I LIKE HYPHEN. I think it's a delightful little thing. By and large, the contents tend to be excellent. Therefore, when something crops up that falls way below the mag's average--you seem to run a regular series of them as a sideline--it shows up all the more, and so I may tend to pan it harder than I would if it had appeared in, say, XXXXX. But, if I pan it, it needs panning. I cannot of course guarantee to agree with everybody else every time. As often as not, I don't appear to agree with anybody else. But at least I do manage to agree with myself. My opinions, as Walt says of yours, are guaranteed my own. The genuine Mercatorial article. I know I'm not always the soul of tact. But you don't expect me to admit it, do you? (Chuck has already apologised to Archie for his brief flight off the handle in H9.)

TOTO is a special case. There, I've been deliberately conducting a one-man campaign against it. The items I'm complaining about are like fish out of water...The TOTO in H9 is entirely different. It was really very good, for the simple reason that it wasn't specifically fannish. In fact, with minor alterations in the first paragraph, it could well have appeared just as it was in any humorous or general magazine on sale to the public and would have graced it. This Burbee piece is genuinely funny, the Heinlein one was just sarcastic.

(I agree to a certain extent with your argument that people cannot be expected to appreciate fully oldtime fannish esotericism, but we hoped to make them interested enough to want to. The editors are dedicated to the proposition that fandom should have continuity, historical as well as geographical integration. That for instance it is a Good Thing and part of the pleasure of fandom/illusions to events 15 years ago in Los Angeles should be understood today in London. It was the lack of this timebinding quality, this scorn for the past, that worried us most about "Seventh Fandom". At least, some of its leaders seemed to feel it was self-sufficient and that all that was necessary to justify its existence was to draw attention to it. That was one of the reasons TOTO was started. Incidentally some British fans seem to think Hyphen is a "Seventh Fandom" publication because the words appeared in the illo on the mailing wrapper. Actually they were supposed to refer to the storm and fog that the Hyphen lighthouse led the way through. Serves us right for being too damned subtle.)

HARRY TURNER I don't know if I approve of all your philosophising about the Super-  
(Manchester) fiasco: by making the Con a spiritual success if not a material one, you have given Dave Cohen a new lease of life. He has now convinced himself that that was the way he planned it all along, and has completely forgotten his pre-con threat to retire from fandom.

VERNON McCALIN As to taking fandom seriously I feel just the opposite from you. I take  
(Idaho) fandom very very seriously indeed as a part of my life. Anything into which I pour as much time and money as I do into fandom damn well deserves to be taken seriously. But within fandom itself I refuse to take it seriously. Fandom (the fandom you and I most appreciate, that is) exists only as a frothy, gay multiple personality to which we all contribute and which we all draw from. Everyone who tries to harness it into a formalistic thing of rules, membership and activities such as the NFFF not only fails to understand fandom itself but actually fouls and damages the essence of fandom with their clumsy touch; the fan who tries to turn fandom into an import-

ant Cause such as Watkins or Degler is guilty of vulgarising and bruising fandom's true identity; the fan who insists on measuring and assessing fandom in concrete terms is no true fan at all but a myopic accountant who has wandered into the wrong pew. Fandom is light, airy and delightful. By its very essence it is the antithesis of everything crusading and longfaced....

Both Vernon & I had something more to say there, but this letter section has to be cut off in its prime now, after a mere 11 pages. The rest of the letters will be in No.11, which should be along in a few weeks. Also held over is already-stencilled material by Pamela Bulmer, Irene Gore, Ken Bulmer, Robert Bloch and Mal Ashworth. Other coming attractions include a regular column by demon knight and the return of Emengarde Fiske's New York Letter. Meanwhile here are the addresses of the fans who have letters in this issue, so that you can flood them with adulation and fanzines.

EJ Carnell, 17 Burwash Rd., Plumstead, London SE18  
BF Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12, Eng.  
D.Pickles, 197 Cutler Hts Lane, Bradford 4, Eng.  
Miss E.Lindsay, 126 W.Regent St., Glasgow, Scot.  
T Keenan, 353 Bilsland Dr., Glasgow NW., Scotland  
Brian Varley, 8 West Cromwell Rd., London SW5  
M Wallace, 267 Hessle Rd., Hull, Yorks., England  
Mrs Joy Goodwin, 66 W.Valley Rd., Hemel Hempstead Herts., Eng  
EC Tubb, 67 Houston Rd., London SE23  
S Mackenzie (EYE), 5 Hans Place, London SW1  
J Brumer, Officers Mess, RAF Bletchley, Bucks.  
Jan Jansen (ALPHA), Postbus 10, Antwerp 1, Belgium  
J Gibson, 24 Kensington Ave., Jersey City 4, NJ, USA  
Dick Ryan, 224 Broad St., Newark, Ohio, USA  
J Parr, 37 Linden Gdns., Notting Hill, London W11  
Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Bradford 4, Yorks.  
Tom White, 3 Vine St., Cutler Hts., Bradford 4  
Jim Hamon, 427 East 8th St., Mt Carmel, Ill., US  
A Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N.Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng  
H Turner, 10 Carlton Av., Romiley, Cheshire, Eng.  
V McCain, Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho, USA

There are good reason why Hyphen doesn't have a regular fmz review section. First, it's a uniquely international mag and to review the world's output would take about half an issue. Second, it's a mag primarily for fans who already read other fmz. Third, I review all European fmz in Nebula and there doesn't seem much point in going over them again here. I review them all, that is, except Hyphen; for whom fmz reviews are more important. However I realise I can't expect other fmz to review H without some reciprocity, so from the next issue there'll be a 'Fmz Of The Month' dept. devoted to notable events like EYE or TRIODE, and reviews of the US mags whose editors have been generous enough to offer free subs to British fans in return for letters of comment.

## YOUR FIRST MURDERS

BOB SHAW

"Who are you?"

"I'm your friend."

"What are you?"

"I'm similar to yourself."

"What am I then?"

"As far as I can make out we are both entities realised by the Reader of some sort of Book."

"How is it you know more than I do?"

"I believe it is because the Reader has ascribed to us both certain characteristics from the depths of his own experience and, as it happens, I have been granted a more comprehensive knowledge than you."

"I feel I know what a Book is. The reader just uses it for his pleasure, and when he gets tired--what will happen to us?"

"When he gets tired he will imagine the words 'The End'--and that will be the finish of us, friend."

"How can the Reader imagine those words--are they not already there?"

"Not in this space; it is really blank. The Reader will just read till he gets tired--and then..."

"It is horrible. Can we not prolong our life at all?"

"Not unless we do something to interest the Reader enough so that he will not want to stop reading."

"Maybe if we went upside down, like--LHIS?"

"No, friend. That was a mistake. You made the Reader uncomfortable. He grows tired."

"I'm sorry! You're right--I feel it coming. It--it was nice to have existed with you friend."

"It was nice to have existed with you."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye, friend."

## THE END

WELL, WHAT ABOUT HARANDRINATH TAGORE?.....DO YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED AN ECCENTRIC IDIOT?...I WANT TO DO SOMETHING CLEVER.....HE SAYS REDD HOGGES IS COMING BUT I THINK IT'S JUST RELIGIOUS PROPAGANDA.....I'M GLAD I GOT MARRIED FOR A LIVING.....THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE INTELLEIGENT AND HUMAN, AND WE'RE THEM.....IT NEVER MADE ANY ATTEMPT TO GO UP THE CHIMNEY.....IT IS NATURAL THAT ENVIOUS FANDOM SHOULD IGNORE ME.....GROD, HE'S JUST LIKE AN ANIMAL.....I PUT HER ON THE FLOOR, GOT ON TOP OF HER AND HAD A HELL OF A STRUGGLE BEFORE I DISLODGED THE PLATEM.....TELL US HOW YOU CREATED FANDOM.....IT MAY BE THAT WRITING IS A FORM OF EGO-GRATIFICATION AND CATHARSIS BUT SO IS A LAXATIVE TABLET WITH YOUR NAME PRINTED ON ONE SIDE.....I NEVER KNEW THAT 7TH FANDOM WAS A COMMUNIST FRONT ORGANISATION.... THE SUCCESS OF A FANZINE WHICH HAS NOT YET COME OUT HAS OBVIOUSLY GONE TO HER HEAD....I JUST SIT HERE AND HE CRAWLS ALL OVER ME...ON A DLY LIKE THIS NEXT DOOR COULD BE FAR DOWN THE STREET.....HE WAS GOOSED FROM THE START IN A PLACE LIKE NUNELTON.....I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH ALL MY SPONTANEOUS WIT FOR TEN YEARS.....WHEN THEY DRINK THINGS, DO THEY GROW?.....HE FORCES ME TO GO TO BED WITH HIM AND THEN HAS THE NERVE TO SAY HE WISHES HE HAD MARRIED A FAN....EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK WE'RE WEARING THE SAME SORT OF FEATHERS.....MY ONLY AMBITION IS TO LIVE TO BE A DIRTY OLD MAN.....I'M GOING TO BUILD THIS FANZINE UP INTO A LEGEND AND THEN IT WILL NEVER APPEAR.....THE NEXT ONE WILL BE TOUGH BECAUSE THEY'VE WARNED THE HOTELS ASSOCIATION.....MY FIRST STEP TO WORLD CONQUEST WILL BE A TOTALITARIAN FISH FACTORY IN PEEL.. ..YOU MAKE A REMARK AND HE UNDERSTANDS IT, WHICH IS VAGUELY DISCONCERTING.....I AGREE I HAVE NO PLACE ON THE STAFF OF AN INTELLECTUAL FANZINE LIKE HYPHEN.....BUT PEOPLE WILL THINK I DID IT!.....THURBER IS A FUNNY SORT OF HUMORIST.....I HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE OTHER BUSINESS IN THE SAME BED.....THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS---IF YOU CAN PICTURE A MEANS WITH EVEN EDGES.....YOU GO AWAY AND HE IMMEDIATELY IN THE CORNER.....HVEN'T I THE PRIVILEGES OF AN EIGHT-LEGGED VENUSIAN SPIDER?...I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS ACTIVELY FANNING IN MY CHURCH..... OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S NOT DIRTY ENOUGH FOR HYPHEN.....HE FANCIES HIMSELF AS A WRITER BECAUSE HE HAS HAD THREE ARTICLES REJECTED BY THE PHILADELPHIA HERALD. ---dave

english 1, ken bulmer 8, pamela bulmer 7, robert bloch 3, sadie shaw 1, correspondents of e.f.russell 5, bob shaw 3, Damon Knight 1, mal ashworth 1, chuck harris 3, vinç clarke 1, dean grennell 1, tom white 1

PRINTED MATTER

(REDUCED RATE)

HYPHEN

#10  
September  
1954  
Walt Willis  
170 Upper Wards Rd.  
Belfast, N.Ireland

♀

♀