

Please J B please return someday sans FAUTE

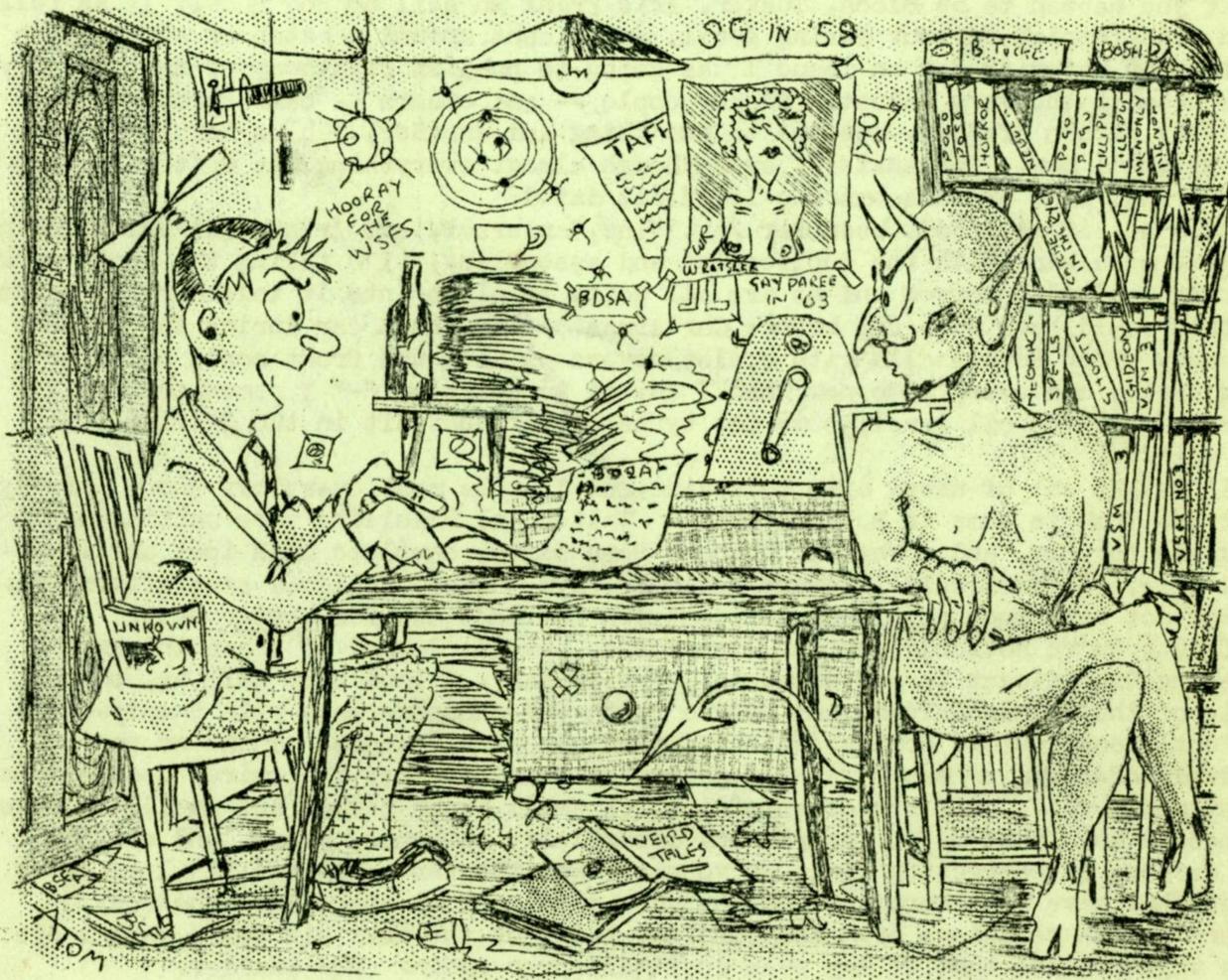
L'Institut de la Vieille France

HYPHEN

NO 21

OCTOBER

1958



Make it an electric duper, and six reams of paper, and I'll sign.

21st Annishversary

Bloch

Tucker

Bip

Willis

Shaw

Clarke

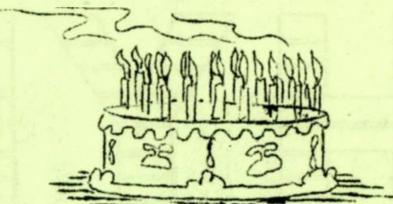
Rotsler

Thomson

Nelson



INSIDE COVERAGE



It's a sort of tradition that, whenever I'm editing "-", the first thing I do in the editorial is make a sort of blanket apology for being late, misspelling names, and dunning people for money when I know very well they sent us 25¢ and a copy of THRILLING WONDER waay back in 1953, and thus have six more issues to go before their subscriptions expire. But, anyway, I am sorry we're late, -- and especially so if you happen to be Bloch, Tucker, Eric Frank Russell or Bob Shaw. I was full of a fine fannish fervour during April, and I sent around a batch of agony notes asking for material for an issue I was going to publish rightaway or next Tuesday afternoon at the very latest. These people -- and others -- came through with stuff by return of post, but due to one thing and another, I have had to hold it all up until now. Fortunately, even though almost everything was written during the Spring, none of it seems the least bit dated.

Even so, if it hadn't been for Joy, Vinø, Sandersod, and Arthur all volunteering to give me a hand with the duplicating and assembling, (I'm taking the whole works over to Catford tomorrow and we are all going to pitch into it together), I doubt if this would have been out before Christmas. I bought a car during the summer, (a purty green Ford Anglia with ocelot covers on both the front seats and the snog seat), and every time now when I intend to start on "-" I remember that I have to test the oil level, pump the tyres up, or just sit in the driving seat and grin....

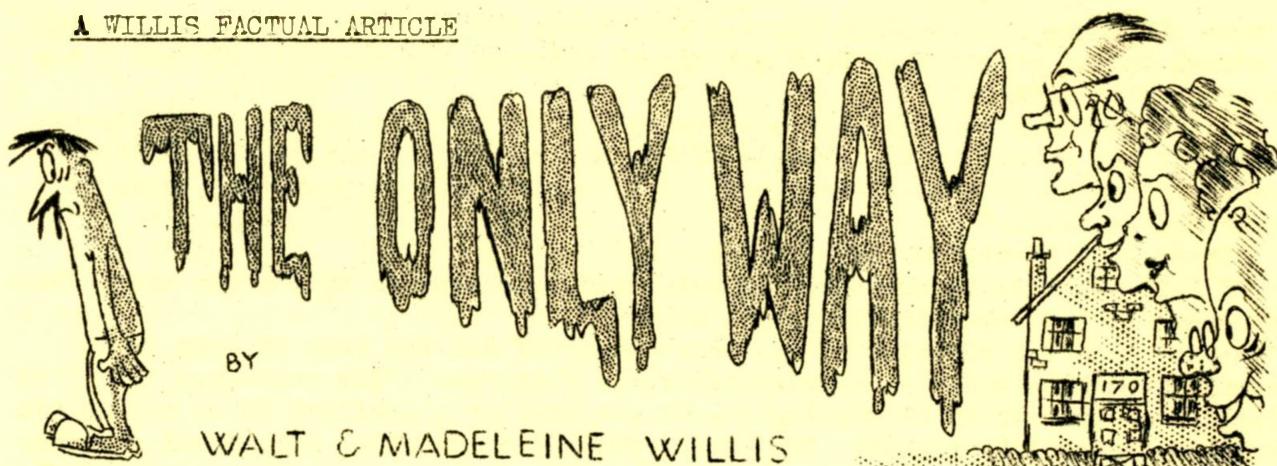
I'm right out of newsy bits this time and I guess most everybody knows already that Bob Shaw is home in Belfast again. Walter and Madeleine were waiting on the dockside for him, and a regular Welcome Home party, complete with iced and inscribed cake, ("A difficult literary medium," says Walter) followed soon afterwards. We may not have much news, but at least you couldn't ask for better news.

This (you've noticed?) is our 21st Issue, but I'm damned if I can think of anything Significant to say about it. The Trufan's Talmud they call us, the Bible of the Beanie Brigade and now we reach our annivsersary with twenty-one perfectly consecutive copies jampacked into a mere six years. Think of the hundreds of reams of paper we've fed through these dupers; the quires upon quires of stencils we've cut; the ocean of ink, (a small ocean maybe, but at 14/6 a tube it has to be), that we've distributed impartially on hands, paper, and clothes; the carboys of correcting fluid we've used; and the three capital "I" keys on my typer that have been worn down to the bare metal. Then stare into the rosy future (not a religious organisation) and think of the next six years when there is a vague chance that we may even do it all over again. Now shudder.

HYPHEN #21. Co-edited by Chuck Harris "Carolin" Lake Ave Rainham Essex England and Walt Willis 170 Upper Newtownards Road Belfast N. Ireland.

Art Editor: Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House Brockham Drive London S W 2. Also culpable; Madeleine Willis, the lovable George Charters, and the peccable James White. This issue published by Chuck Harris over the almost dead bodies of Joy and Vinø Clarke and S&y Sandersod at 7 Inchmery Road Catford. Fully literate staff stationed at each branch office -- mail to any address. Copyright reserved throughout the whole of the civilised world and portions of Los Angeles. From the film of the same name.

Subscriptions 1/- or 15¢ a copy. (Preferably in advance.)



BY

WALT & MADELEINE WILLIS

"You're sure they're all right?" asking Madeleine, shovelling the pile of uneaten coffee kisses into a crate supplied by Canadian Pacific Railways.

"Yes, of course," said George. "Well up to your old standards. No, it's definitely not your cooking, Madeleine."

"It must be really serious," said James. "We'll have to try something even more stronger in the way of inducements. But what's a more powerful stimulus than food?"

"I know," said George. "We'll have the next meeting at my house in Bangor, in the room overlooking Pickie Bathing Pool, and we'll tell him James is bringing his telescope."

\$\$\$\$\$\$

"You know, George, this place of yours is getting untidy with all those buckets of money," said Madeleine. "Why don't you keep them under the bed?"

"I used to," said George, "but I'm a bit absent minded sometimes and the bank were quite nasty about it. Hey Walt, any sign of him yet?"

"Him? Oh, you mean John," said Walt, swivelling the telescope round. "No, nobody on the road. He doesn't know what he's missing. James, I wish you'd get a terrestrial lens for this instrument of yours. All those girls upside down are giving me a stiff neck."

"That's a new twist," said Madeleine. "You're suffering from Peeping Ptomaine poisoning, that's what it is. But give over now, this is serious. It's the first defection in the ten years of Irish Fandom and we'll have to do something about it. Maybe these crude enticements just offend his sensitive fannish soul. Let's try something more subtle, some sort of delicate intimation that we care."

@@@@@@@

The following Thursday evening the quietude of Campbell Park Avenue was shattered by the clump of several hundred pairs of hobnailed boots as the Harland and Wolff Male Voice Choir marched from the direction of Upper Newtownards Road, led by George on a horse left over from Lee Hoffman and wearing his full cowboy set. The procession drew up outside No 31 and, at a signal given by George firing his silver-plated cap pistol, launched into a spirited rendition of "Will ye no come back again." Towards the end of the fourteenth verse Madeleine, accompanied by an excited crowd of small boys, pushed a bunch of rosemary through the letterbox of the Berry residence.

"Madeleine!" called Diane through the letterbox, spitting out a few fronds, "I'm afraid it's no good. He's up there in the boxroom typing furiously, and I doubt if he can even hear you above the noise of the baked bean tins. I pushed 3

a note under his door telling him you were here, but it came back unopened with a scrawl to the effect that he'd got enough material for the next RET and I was to send it to Arthur."

Madeleine shook her head sadly at George, who fired his pistol again. Eventually silence spread to the fringes of the choir. "All right boys," shouted George, "You can go back to work now. I'll credit this on your time cards as riveting, as usual."

"Trite as a rivet," muttered Walt.

"I tell you this is serious," expostulated Madeleine as they moved away. "We will have to try something desperate next."

Behind them the curtains of the boxroom parted and the face of John Berry peered through, a sneer contorting his noble features. "Try what they like," he hissed, --- the strain of hissing a sentence without a sibilant in it making his moustache crack like a whip. The breeze fluttered the crepe hung round a manuscript impaled to the wall on a knife driven into the masonry with maniacal force. Beside it there fluttered in sympathetic agony the pictures of the rest of Irish Fandom, their faces turned to the wall. With a muttered reference to the suffering of catfish the great fan writer returned to his solitary labours.

"As I see it," said George, "the main thing is to get John to Oblique House under some pretext or other. Then with all the magic of the place, with all its aura of happy fanning, John is bound to break down and tell us what's wrong. The trouble is that away from the atmosphere of this house he is a policeman, with all the coldness and proud reserve of a member of the Force."

"A policeman," mused James. "Now there's an idea. If a crime were committed here John would have to call in the line of duty as a fingerprint expert."

"I could report the Monroe Calendar stolen," suggested Walt hopefully. "Then there'd be a double inducement."

"No," said George. "Petty larceny wouldn't be important enough for them to send the leading fingerprint expert in the country. It would have to be a major crime. The major crime."

"You mean ---" Madeleine gasped.

"Yes," said George grimly. "Murder."

There was a long silence as they examined the implications.

"We'll need to get a corpse," said James at last, flatly.

"I'm sure Terry Jeeves would be happy to donate the services of the rest of Sheffield Fandom," said Walt.

"No," said Madeleine. "I'm not having Peter Reaney in my house alive, dead, or in his usual condition. What would the neighbours think?"

"We might come to some arrangement with Eric Bentcliffe or Sandy Sanderson?" suggested George.

"No," said Walt. "They wouldn't bother with fingerprints then."

There was another long silence.

"I've got it!" shouted James. "Steve Schultheis!"

Hurriedly the group drafted an airmail special delivery letter to Steve explaining the situation and appealing to him as a friend of Irish Fandom and GDA operative. Three days later the letter arrived in Cleveland. Urged by his double loyalty Steve hesitated not an instant and within an hour was on a plane for Shannon Airport. A hired car brought him straight to Oblique House. After some hours of renewing old acquaintance Steve retired to bed with a sleeping draught and rapidly assumed the condition remarked on by James White in his

"Yes?" barked the Chief of Police impatiently.

The Commissioner quavered. "It's this Upper Newtownards Road case," he said.

"Ah yes," said the Chief. "Odd business that. American citizen found dead in bed, fully clothed. Apparently suffocated. Five suspects. Usual procedure I take it. What's the difficulty?"

"Disciplinary trouble," said the Commissioner nervously.

"What the devil do you mean?" roared the Chief.

"We promised the American Embassy to put our best fingerprint expert on the job," blurted the Commissioner, "but he.....er, refuses to go. He has some crazy story about knowing the victim isn't dead at all, from some weird magazine nobody ever heard of."

"The man is dead, I suppose," asked the Chief, showing the intuition which had put him at the head of the Police Force.

"Oh yes," said the Commissioner. "No doubt about that -- we have certificates by three doctors and as a further check I had the body re-examined yesterday by a specialist in catatonic states. We didn't need an exhumation, -- the suspect Willis informs us that the deceased belonged to some obscure American sect called Ghuism, the tenets of which prohibit any interference with the body. It is to be left on the roof to be devoured by vultures, like in that Hindu cult, and Willis has put it in his attic. It's his problem."

"Seems clear enough," said the Chief grimly. "Send in Berry."

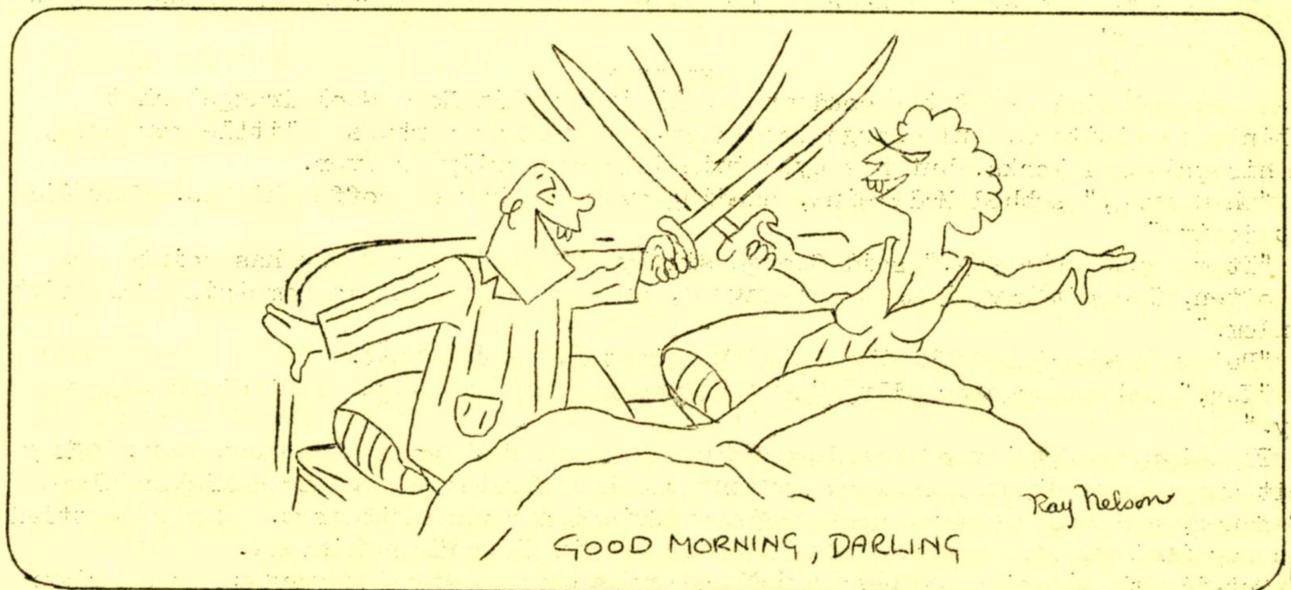
A few minutes later Constable John Berry was standing before his Chief, a look of mingled pride and anguish on his manly countenance. In a few curt words his superior set out the situation as he saw it. He concluded, "What have you to say, Berry?"

"I tried to explain about Schultheis," said John, "but of course nobody will believe me."

"I should think not," said the Chief patiently. "Furthermore, even if what you say were true, it is no reason for you to disobey orders. You were instructed merely to proceed to the scene of the crime and take fingerprints."

"I know," said John quietly, "but I made a solemn vow never to set foot in that house again when they rejected ----- For private reasons."

"What did you say?" asked the Chief keenly.



"Private reasons," repeated John firmly. "I have nothing to add."

"You know what this means?"

John Berry made no reply, but one side of his moustache quivered, fluttering the curtains.

#####

Next evening the sensational development of the dismissal of the detective assigned to the Belfast murder case attracted worldwide comment, and the town was invaded by further hordes of American reporters and cameramen. Ex-Constable Berry remained closeted in his boxroom, refusing to make any statement, and the radio commentators had to be satisfied with transmitting the rattle of his baked bean tins to American radio listeners on a coast to coast hook-up. Meanwhile newsreel photographers covered the removal in police tenders of items of his uniform from the ghoddinton room at Oblique House. There, Irish Fandom conferred behind locked doors.

"This is terrible," moaned Walt. "I never dreamy his obstinacy would go so far. What can be behind it?"

"It's no use wondering about that now," groaned James. "The problem is how to get him reinstated in the Police and repair the later wrong we have done him --- at least we know what that is."

They all sat in silence with their remorseful thoughts. Unnoticed, George Charters crept from the room.

There was an earsplitting roar from outside. "My Ghod, what's that?" shouted Walt, leaping to the window. There, in the middle of a horde of excited reporters, was George. He was talking earnestly into a battery of microphones.

"Quick, turn on the wireless," cried Madeleine. As they waited for the set to warm up they saw George being led away by the police.

".....this sensational news," said the AFN announcer. "As you heard, Charters revealed that he was forced into his confession by the masterly detective work of the dismissed Constable Berry, who had been working in secret and had engineered his own dismissal from the Northern Ireland police in a selfless resolve that any possible failure in his plans should not endanger the reputation of his force or the international prestige of his country. A statement about the reinstatement of the master sleuth is expected momentarily from police headquarters and speculation is rife as to what other honour will be conferred on the hero of the hour. Meanwhile....."

+++++

The heavy steel door of the condemned cell in Crumlin Road Gaol dragged shut behind the visitors, and George looked up. There was perhaps a little more gray in his grizzled locks, but his eyes twinkled as merrily as ever.

"Oh George," sobbed Madeleine, handing over the bag of coffee kisses. "Why did you do it?"

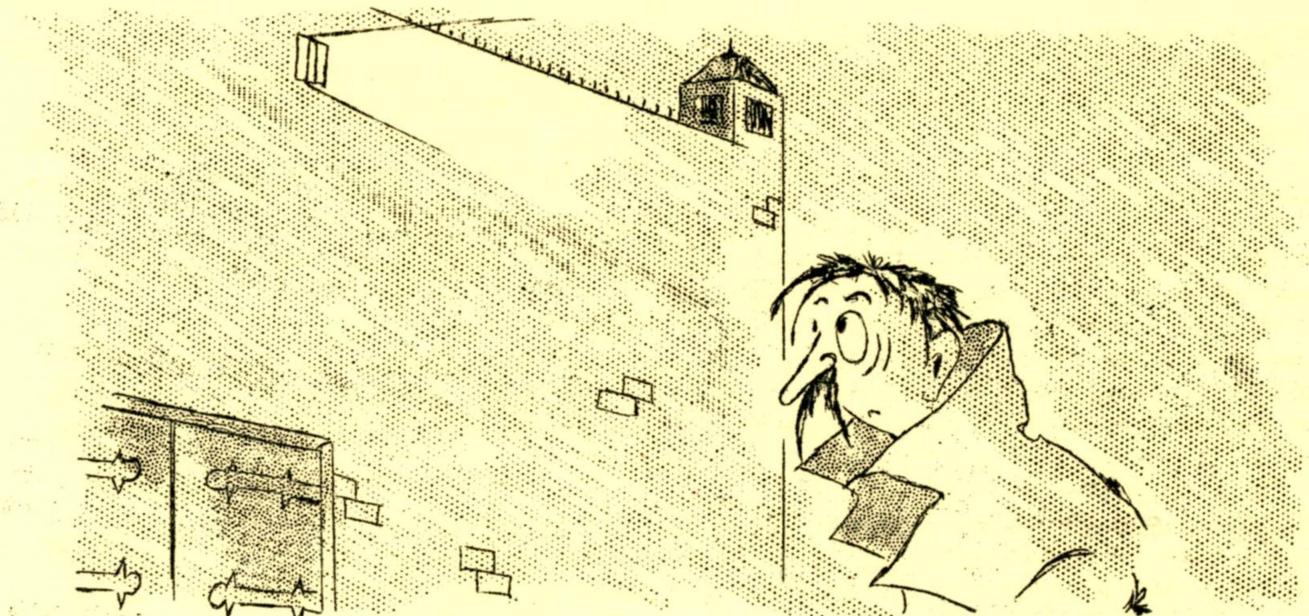
"It was the only way," said George simply. "Besides, as John has pointed out so often, I can't have long to go anyway, and I may as well do something for Irish Fandom."

"But you stencilled The Enchanted Duplicator," cried Walt.

"Yes," said George proudly, "and I understood its message. This is the Trufan Way."

The simple nobility of his demeanour left them with nothing more to say. They felt awed, as if in the presence of one who had already passed to a higher plane of fanac, and after a few brief words of friendship they withdrew. George settled once again to the Max Brand book he had found in the prison library.

Outside the evening shadows lengthened round the sombre hulk of the old prison



and the brooding darkness began to soften its harsh outlines. As the last glimmers of light waned in the western sky a silent figure in a shabby raincoat approached the side door of the prison. A few words with the warder and he was ushered up deferentially to the condemned cell.

George dropped the Max Brand book, omitting in his emotion to mark his place.
"John," he cried.

John Berry was for a while unable to speak. His moustache drooped pathetically towards the floor as he fought for words.

"George," he said at last. "George...you...you can't do it. We were friends once, before..... I can't let you...."

"There is nothing you can do, John," said George serenely, "Except one thing. Steve Schultheis lies in the Oblique House attic in a mild hypnotic trance, from which he can be awakened only by the key words, spoken as only you can speak them."

He was still speaking quietly to John when the Head Warder entered. "Compliments of the Governor," he said to George, "and is there anything special you'd like for breakfast in the morning?

From under the world famous moustache there came a noise strangely like a muffled sob, and District Inspector Sir John Berry O.B.E. crept from the cell.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

In the gloom of the Oblique House attic the body of Steve Schultheis lay in state on the ghoominton table, a pale ray of light from the street lamp outside silhouetting his sensitive fannish features, majestic in repose. Far down below the deathly silence was broken as a door opened slowly and halting footsteps mounted the stairs. The attic door opened and at last, at long last, John Berry entered once again to the very heart of Oblique House. His proud features contorted by a wild mixture of emotions, he slowly came near to the body of his Operative and firm friend of Irish Fandom. With a last effort of will he steadied himself by the ghoominton table and uttered the fateful words, words which had not been heard in that attic room since the happier carefree days of long ago. Fraught with significance, the syllables seemed to hang in the air.

"Suffering catfish!"

Stephen Schultheis stirred, and awoke.

"John," he said, quietly and happily. "You came. I knew you would."

"Yes, Steve," said John. "I came. It was hard for me, but I couldn't see both of you give up your lives for Irish Fandom, however great the wrong they did me ---" And then at last the proud steel that was John Berry softened and he broke down and sobbed.

"Tell me about it," said Steve gently. "Tell me, John."

And after all that time John Berry finally told his secret. At no one can tell what cost to himself, but thankfully.

"Yes," said Steve at length. "Yes, I think I can understand. It was a terrible shock for you. But John, you must realise, editors must do that sort of thing sometimes. Don't you realise..... You know, it might have been better if Arthur had not kept some things from you. Don't you realise that he rejects material submitted for RETRIBUTION sometimes?"

John averted his head.

"You must face these things," urged Steve. "Life is like that. Look now, everything is sorted out. George will be reprieved because there was no murder and your reinstatement and promotion will stand because everyone thought there was. About..... the other thing.... how would it be if Walt sent a manuscript to you and you rejected it?"

John's eyes brightened as if a new horizon had opened up before him.

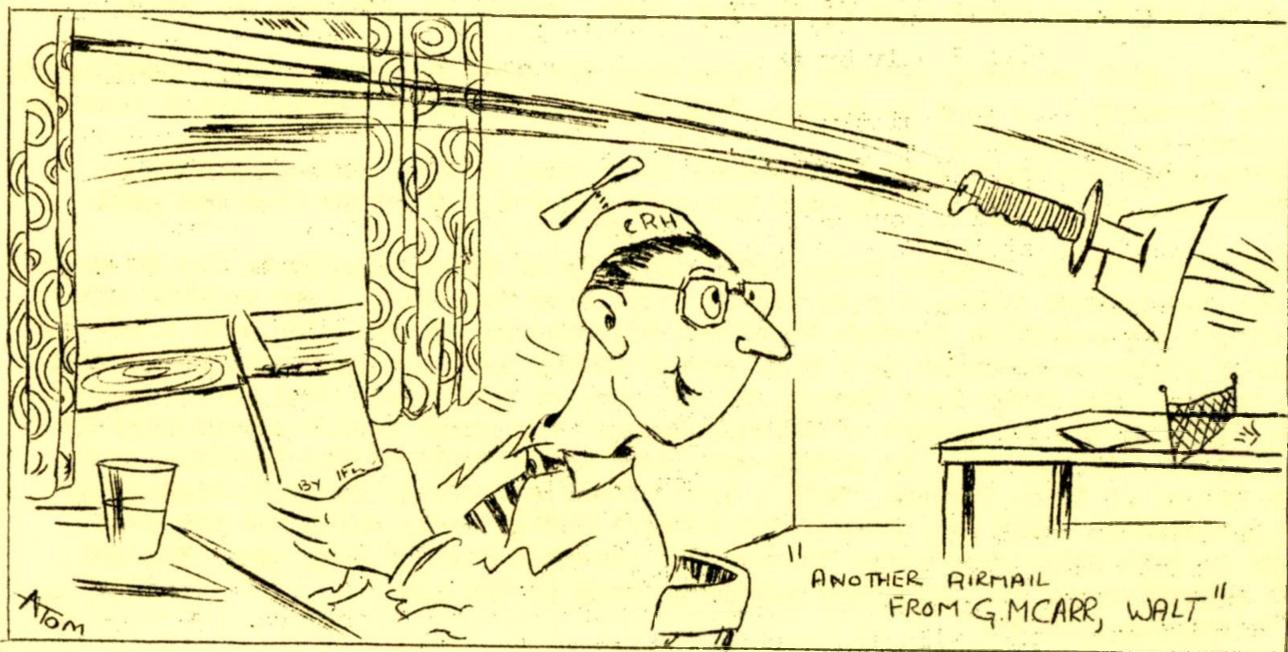
"Right," said Steve cheerfully. "I'll get Walt and Madeleine to write up this affair for RET and you can reject it, and they'll have to send it to Chuck. Imagine, a RET reject in HYPHEN."

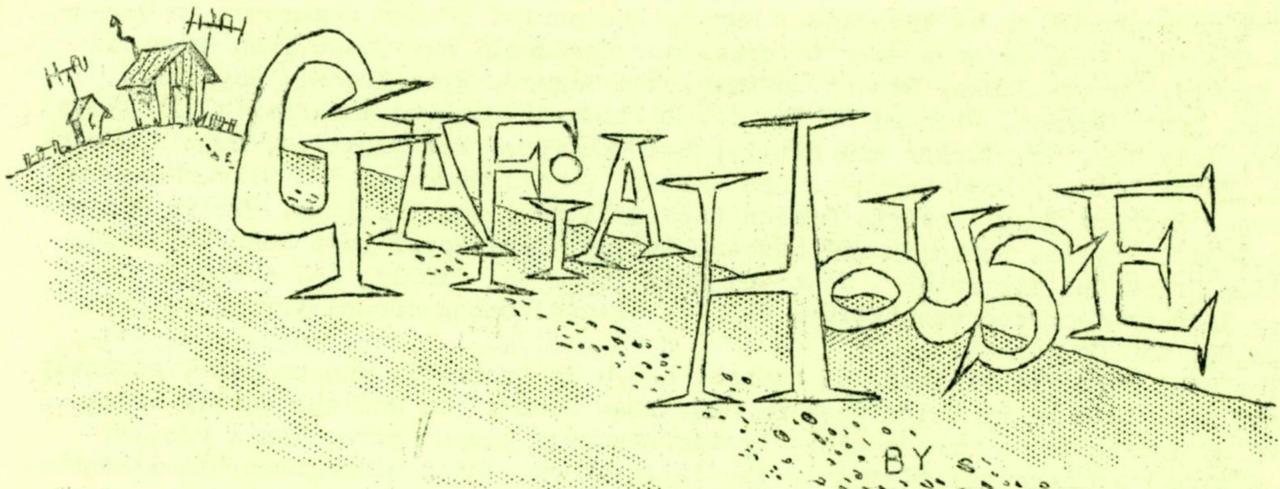
John smiled.

"Of course," said Steve, and a worried look began to creep over his face, "I'll have to figure out what to do about Walt and Madeleine then....."

But John wasn't listening. He had flung himself across the table and seized a square of cardboard.

"Ghoodminton anyone?" he shouted, hitting the wall a terrible blow.





BY ROBERT BLOCH

You have to have a pretty detailed map if you want to locate Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

Even on a highway map of the state, Weyauwega figures as a mere flyspeck. In fact I know of several drivers who set out for Weyauwega, drove a couple of hundred miles, and actually finished up on a flyspeck instead.

To make it still further confusing, none of them could tell the difference.

But on the face of it (the map, that is) this little community could well qualify as Nowhere, U.S.A. The only way to reach it through public transportation is via Greyhound Bus, and nobody ever uses that except myself, and a few greyhounds.

So when the family and I moved up here about five years ago, we were pretty well resigned to the fact that we'd be living in an isolation booth, and the \$61,000 Question was whether or not we'd ever see anyone.

As a result, I didn't even bother to invest in a guest-book. Who was ever going to sign it? After all, Weyauwega wasn't a fannish stopping place. It boasts none of the attractions of gay, cosmopolitan Belfast, with its dissolute fleshpots, its corrupt police force, its depraved government officials and its notorious indoor sports. Nor is Weyauwega a cultural Mecca such as Bloomington, Illinois. It even lacks the exotic charm of Los Angeles, that rugged Western community where men are men, sometimes.

Not only did we not expect any visitors -- we did our best to discourage them. To this end we purchased a vicious dog named Tiny, the product of a liaison between a Toy Manchester Terrier and a bubonic rat. Tiny (who spends her days on my lap and her nights in my wife's bed, and thus lends herself aptly to all sorts of innuendo) is a phenomenal creature in that she is equally deadly at both ends. One end boasts a formidable bark, which is discharged frequently. The other end, although silent, is no less frequent in its discharges. (I do not wish to malign the dog, however. She is housebroken, and quite effectively. Every morning she scratches at my bed for me to get up and let her out. One morning, as I hastily struggled into my bathrobe, the poor dog just couldn't wait --- so she intelligently took aim and let go into my bedroom slipper).

In addition, we happen to live on a street which had neither sign-posts nor housenumbers until last year. It seemed wellnigh impossible that anyone would ever find us here, granted even that morbid curiosity would impel them to make the attempt.

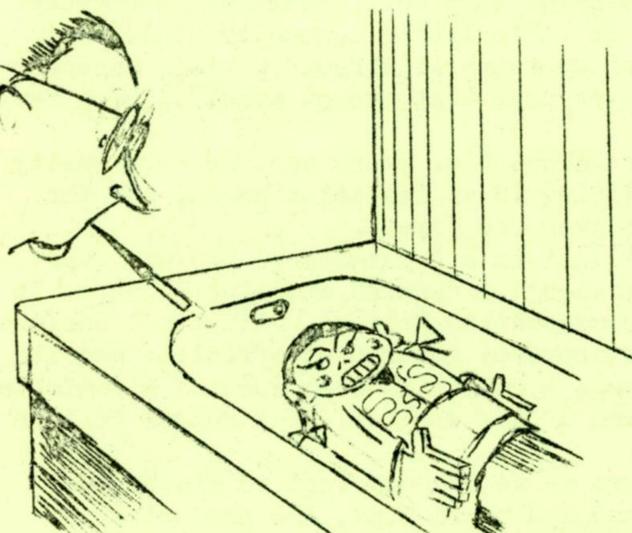
And such proved to be the case. During the period of our residence in Weyauwega the only fans or pros ever to cross our threshold have been Dean Grennell and family, Curtis Janke, Stuart Hoffman, Ted Wagner, Rita Krohne, Raymond A Palmer, Lynn Hickman, Richard S. Shaver, William A. Hamling and family, Thaddeus Dikty, Judy May, Bob Tucker and family, Bea Mahaffey, Pat Mahaffey, Martin Greenberg, Fritz Leiber, Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder, Gerald Stewart, Bob Silverberg and Barbara, Richard Eney, Roberta Gibson (nee Collins), Rog Phillips, Evelyn Paige (nee Gold), Phyllis Economou and husband Arthur, Jack Speer (nee John Bristol), William Grant and his mother, Jean and Andy Young and family, and a couple of those door-to-door representatives who are always coming around trying to sign me up for the Cosmic Circle.

The most frequent visitor, of course, has been Grennell, who up until recently passed near town every third week on his sales route. He and the family often drive up during the summer months, in increasingly bigger cars. As a result, tapes have been made and played in the living-room, and a mimeograph has disturbed the orderly array of bottles on the kitchen table.

The same kitchen table has served as a poker table for Tucker, and babies have been diapered on it -- although not during the poker game, when we usually had a large pot.

Yes, the Great World has come to Weyauwega, bringing touches of color and glamor into our drab lives. Bob Silverberg (that Kleenex completist) enriched his collection with several pieces of toilet tissue. Roberta Collins left, as a

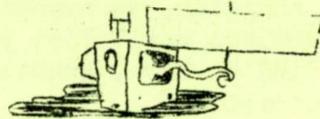
memento of her stay, a carved figurine of a Japanese maiden in her bath; Bill Grant's mother sent a landscape in oils which graces the living-room; Evelyn Paige Gold displayed her collection of 427 earrings (we never did find the missing 428th one); Fritz Leiber chopped down a tree. You haven't lived until you've heard Richard S. Shaver discuss deros in your very own parlor, watched the Canadians chasing rabbits across the field in their sports cars, or awakened in the morning to find Bea and Pat Mahaffey doing the breakfast dishes for you.

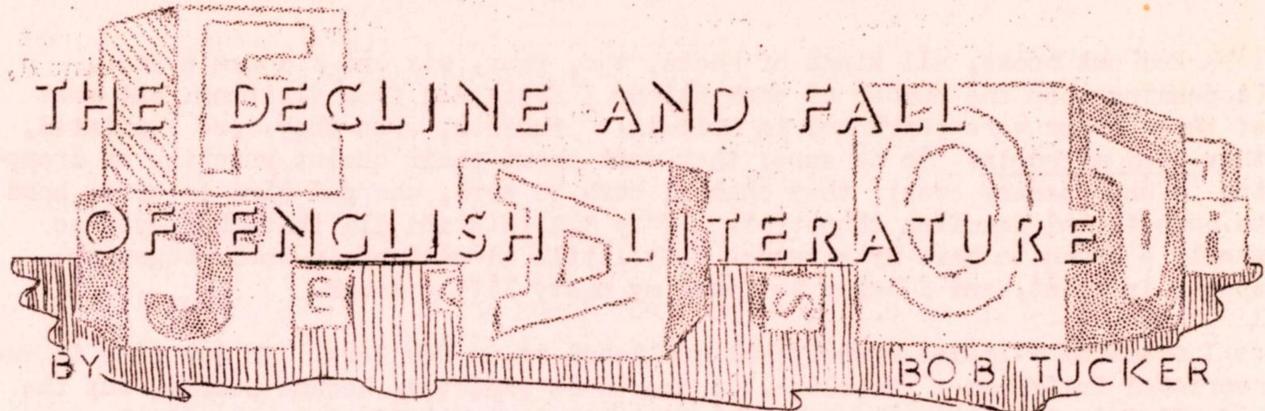


The house is full of memories, now. Here is the place where Frances Hamling hornswoggled me into taking over FANDORA'S BOX in Imagination; here is the chair Ted Dikty sat on, (the one with the broken springs), and my wife's lap that Marty Greenberg sat on; here is a hair from Andy Young's beard; here is a hole in the carpet from the time Tucker spilled the Jim Beam; here is a hole in the floor from the time Lynn Hickman spilled the Jack Daniels.

There's no sense fighting it any longer; when spring comes, we'll probably call in the workmen and build a ghoominton court.

But wait until I get my hands on that joker who said, "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan."





At some distant and unremembered age in the past (perhaps when the world was still young and Bloch had not yet descended from the trees), I made the shattering discovery that Two Complete Sets of Proper English were in use, in the Mother Country and in her Thirteen-plus Colonies. (I hesitate to name the exact number of colonies at this moment, for those radical chaps in Washington are talking loosely of adding several new ones this year: Alaska, Hawaii, West Pakistan, and the Irish Free State. Should I be so rash as to mention a number now, it will likely be changed by the time this appears in print, thus suggesting that I am an uninformed lout. Which I am not.) So, I will be content with the wry observation that two complete sets of Proper English are in use, in the Mother Country and her Thirteen-plus Colonies.

As I pointed out to a group of unlettered fans the other day (The Fond du Lac Dero Club), them foreigners over in Britain don't talk good King's English like us Americans do.

Their quaint speaking and spelling habits did not fully register on my consciousness until the day I took an untutored fan (a Michigan fan named Young) to see a British science fiction movie. He squirmed through most of the spine-tingling picture, and finally dug a mean elbow in my ribs.

"Gee, dad," he complained, "I don't dig this-here jazz a'tall. What the hell does them-there scientists mean by la-BORE-a-tory?"

I gave him the simple answer, while the patrons about us smiled approvingly. "A tory where bores toil, of course."

"Oh," said the untutored fan. He seemed content.

But I was not. His simple question was the spark which set off my questing mind. If the poor foreigners were unable to correctly pronounce lab-ra-tory, how were we to expect them to stop dropping unnecessary u's into good American words? Colour? Labour? Four? What nonsense! There and then I conceived a plan, a most dastardly plan, to upset the staid British and show them the error of their ways. If the great universities, if the visiting scholars, if junketing Congressmen and Lend-Lease couldn't teach them to spell correctly, I, Wilson Tucker, boy-novelist, would do so!

My plan was to bore from within, to worm undetected through their defenses.

I hacked out books, all kinds of books, two, four, six and a dozen a year., (depending upon the number of conventions I abstained from visiting: and most of these books were reprinted in Britain. Further, when they were reprinted, they used my words! To be sure, they went about their quaint practice of dropping in unnecessary ewes; they changed curb to kerb, changed tire to tyre, hood to bonnet, and gasoline to petrol. They did this and did that, but ever so slowly I began to have my revenge. My little adventures-in-words began to appear in print, and I began to laugh my nasty little laugh.

I prepared a loaded mystery and published it in New York. In due time it was reprinted in London. Gasoline, as was to be expected, became petrol, but the befuddled fool editing the British edition walked blindly into the little trap I had prepared for him. (Chuckle.) The hero tools his Shafted-8 into the gas station and yells, "Gas up, Gert!" Which, of course, was dutifully reported thusly: The hero tools his Shafted-8 into the pet-station and yells, "Pet up, Gert!" (Chuckle! I had them!)

The American Customs agents wouldn't allow that one back into this country -- my copy was smuggled in. But I rubbed my hands and snickered evilly; it was only the beginning. In the following mystery I wrote a flat-tire scene into the story. The hero, while transporting a valuable musical instrument from one place to another, encounters trouble on the road. He steps out of the car to repair the damage, but is worried about the antique instrument being damaged or stolen. (Chuckle.) The hero got out to change the tyre, the meanwhile keeping an eye on the lyre; he worked untiringly, but soon he tired of work on the tyre and grasping the lyre and the tyre, retired to a hillside to patch the tyre and watch the lyre. A liar gave him misdirections and when night fell he was miles from Hyer with a flat tyre and a damp lyre. (Chuckle.)

I later learnt that the editor had retired on a pension.

Heartened, encouraged by these small successes, I sought other victories. From a visiting English fan (an oafish fellow with a beard who came over for a convention), I learnt a string of c*e*r*t*a*i*n words which are not spoken aloud in polite company. These words began to appear in succeeding mystery books.

In a novel on grave-robbing, one character shouts to another, "The sod! Man, dig that sod! Straighten the headstone, tidy the flowers, and see the sod's turned over!" (Glee!)

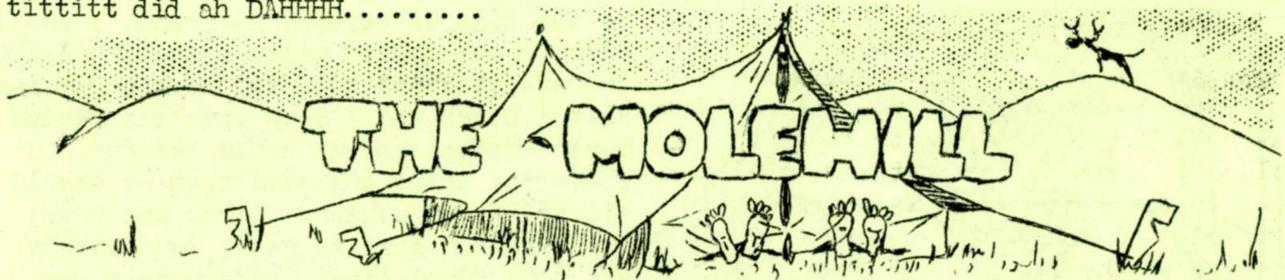
In another book concerning a drifter who travels the country by freight train, a hobo comes to town and commits murder, and is thereafter pursued by police who grab telephones and shout at the tops of their voices, "He's a bum! Keep your eyes on the bum!" (Chuckle!)

And in a forthcoming book, not yet sprung on the gullible British public, a rabble-rousing speaker seizes the podium at a convention and shouts to the masses, "Down, you bloody provincials! You filthy pack of bloody bums!" (Snort!)

And I wonder if the fanzine containing this droll, purely innocuous American report will be permitted to circulate in Her Majesty's mails?

THE GLASS BUSHEL - BOB SHAW

As a film critic in a small way it came as quite a shock to me to learn that I had been under-estimating Hollywood in a rather important point -- the blurbs that accompany trailers. The commentators who yammer at top speed during the trailer always seemed to me to have a strange system of logic and ethics which was peculiar to themselves alone. For example, any book which has been lying around for twenty odd years without being screened is automatically styled "the story that nobody would dare to film before." Another axiom from the chopped up world of Trailerland is that the proximity of some uncouth geographical feature will inspire like emotions in even the most turgid human breast; burning sands--burning desire: high seas--high courage: naked mountains--naked greed, hatred and so on. Strange as it may seem, this is quite true, and in defence of this statement I now present the grim saga pf a fan and three nonfans cut off from the world in the cruel, primitive splendour of The Rockies where nerves are raw, endurance taxed to the limit and where the sound of wheeling vultures is drowned out by the noise of clashing teeth, gears and personalities.....dahhhh dittadit-tittitt did ah DAHHHH.....



Four men set out on that first overnight expedition of the Pronghorn Hunting Club; Ken Walker (transport), Derek Houghton (artillery), Bob Shaw (beer) and Dave Rhodes (commander). Dave, who has been mentioned in two previous Canadian Chronicles, refuses to go to anything unless he is formally named Commander, a title which he interprets literally and loudly.

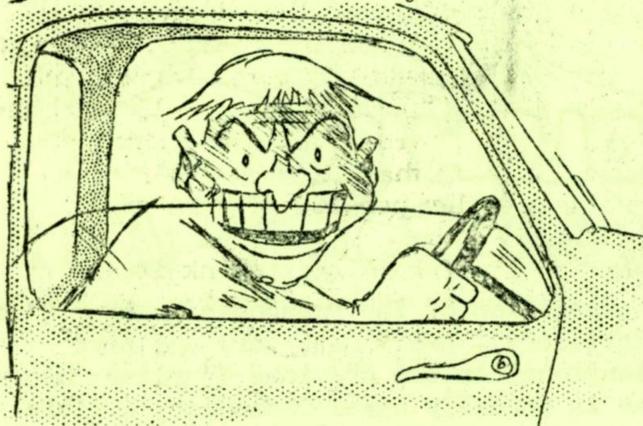
The way David saw it was this; we would rendezvous at Ken "The Skel" Walker's house before dawn, he would supervise and coordinate the rest of us loading the Skel's Austin, then he would call out low, terse instructions to the driver and guide the car through the grey, empty streets. The whole business was to be run with the silent grim efficiency of a Commando raid. I don't think we were to be allowed to talk.

The first thing that went wrong was Derek's wife would not let him rendezvous before dawn because he had to help her with the weekend shopping first. This meant that we met at noon under the stares of dozens of curious neighbours who came out in full force to see how we were proposing to carry in one small car, four large men, four piles of blankets, a big tent, four boxes of food, a carboy of water, five rifles, two axes and some miscellaneous effects such as beer, spare clothes, cameras, boots and a voluminous quilt which I had brought along for extra warmth at night. This last item was capable of filling the Austin by itself.

By compressing and rearranging we got everything in all right, except for the people. Dave, who was attired in Army surplus stuff as befitting his rank and was fuming at the lateness of the start and the excited chatter of several Central European types who had stopped to laugh at us, jumped into the front seat and hid behind a Texaco map. Finally Derek and I were tamped into the back seat where we had to sit on so much equipment that our heads and shoulders were pressed against the roof. The Skel got into the driving seat, started the motor, donned his

sunglasses, wedged the forefinger of his left hand behind his upper front teeth and we roared off at about five miles an hour. From my lofty position up at the roof I could not see much outside the car which was probably why the Skel's peculiar driving position worried me so much.

He had learned to drive only about two weeks before and from what I could see he had not picked it up too well. The engine stalled numerous times in the first mile, we nudged the kerb at corners and narrowly missed several cars and pedestrians. During this whole performance the Skel kept his finger tucked in behind his front teeth and drove with one hand. We guessed later that he was afraid of appearing inexpert in the company of three relatively experienced drivers and that constantly poking an imaginary piece of filet mignon out of his teeth was merely the Skel's way of looking nonchalant. It may have made him feel better but the rest of us were terrified. Dave Rhodes had slumped down in the front seat and was not even issuing any commands -- a sure sign that he was worried. The little atmosphere that had managed to seep into the car grew tense and the only sound was the wrenching of the gear lever, which the Skel seemed to be trying to remove, and the Skel's violent North of England swearing which was directed against all other road users in the vicinity.



we had our drinks and explained the mistakes all the other drivers he had seen that day had been making. When he got tired of that he went out and bought some chocolate for the other members, then there was a row between Dave and Derek about the change they should have received. Convinced that he had been cunningly robbed of five cents Dave stumped out to the car, the rest followed and we were off on the open road again.

Hours went by bouncing and swerving, cameras kept falling out of the back window and hitting me on the nape of the neck, boxes banged against my legs and the huge quilt kept swelling up and up in horrible pink billows which threatened to smother all the occupants of the car. Gradually I was bludgeoned into a sort of beer torpor which was disturbed only by exceptionally vile oaths from the Skel or extra loud moans of panic from David in the front seat.

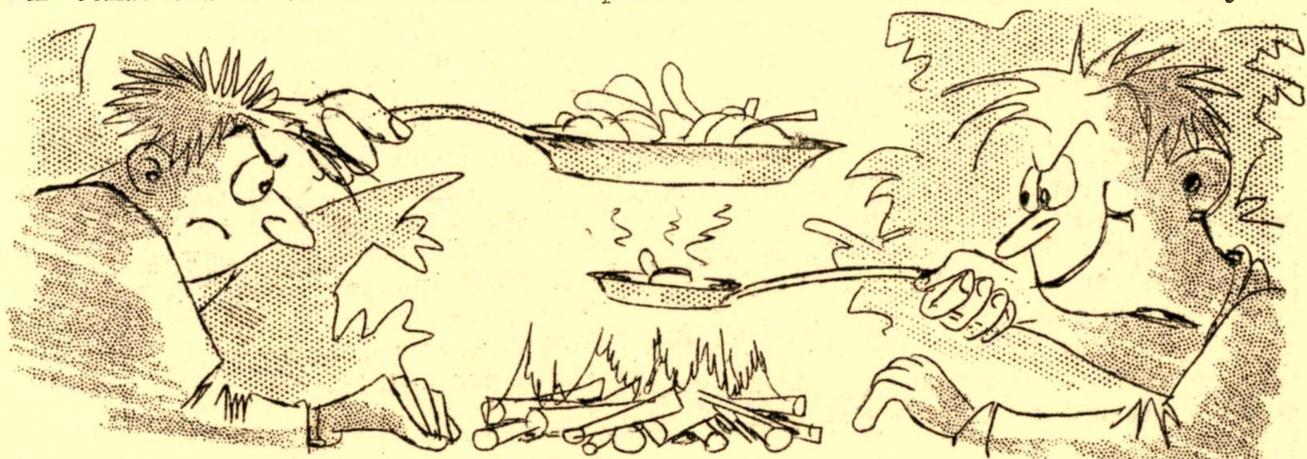
My fitful repose was finally terminated by the realisation that the Commander had begun commanding rapidly, jumping around in his seat and rattling his sheaf of oil company maps. I peered out and saw that we were rattling along a rutted gravel road in the mountains. We had travelled a little over a hundred miles since noon but the sun was nearing the peaks and greyness was beginning to gather under the trees and in deep clefts in the rock faces. I began to look for a place to camp and set up our base. After ten minutes I saw a little lake away down through the trees and proposed going there.

By the time we reached Cochrane, a small place about twenty miles west of Calgary, the swerving and bouncing of the car had sifted Derek and I down into the equipment somewhat and we could see out. I spotted a hotel and said that we should all go in for a beer. Derek and Dave, both of whom dislike beer, immediately shouted, "Good Idea! Let's have a few beers." Grateful to be safely out of the car we staggered into the hotel and began absorbing draught beer -- all except The Skel. He didn't want to impair his driving. He sat around impatiently while

"No use," barked the Commander, "not enough open ground. Drive on." Later on I suggested another place and received a similar comment except that this time it was something about the terrain not being suitable for moose. Considering that we were armed with nothing but .22 rifles, except for my Lee Enfield, and had come out with the express purpose of shooting coyotes to have rugs made out of them and that we had no game licences and that it was not the moose hunting season I felt that the Commander's objection was of a hair splitting nature. But I kept on spotting nice little places and having them turned down. Then Derek who was getting tired of bouncing along into the gathering twilight began seconding my suggestions. Still Dave didn't like them. He had to find the one perfect spot by himself before he would be happy.

At last, when the darkness was almost complete, Dave ordered the Skel to halt. "This is it. H.Q.," he said, pointing out of the car. The place he pointed at was a steep boulder-strewn hillside where the trees grew so thick that you could not see more than a few yards in any direction. The workings of the military-type mind have always amazed me. Every objection that the Commander had made to every place I had proposed could be applied a hundredfold to this dismal place and yet everybody was leaping around with glad cries, unloading equipment, singing and having a good time. I think that the National Service that the English and Scots have to do does serious damage to their minds. In addition to all its other faults this place had one major disadvantage which the rejected spots had not shared -- we had just passed a huge notice telling us that we were entering a restricted area and that firearms were forbidden under penalty of fine or imprisonment!

Getting out of the car I asked David cautiously if he didn't think it was a bad thing not being allowed to use guns if you were on a hunting trip. He brushed me off and began rushing about looking for a spot to erect the tent. Half an hour later the tent was up, the fire was going well and David had erected a little table upon which we were to put all our food so that he could select which stuff he liked best, then he would announce the menu for supper. Dutifully the Skel and I dumped our food onto it along with David's, and David began loading stuff into a huge pan that I had borrowed from my landlady. Suddenly he noticed that Derek, in a flagrant breach of discipline, had whipped out a tiny frying pan of his own and was crouched over the fire cooking sausages in it. Snorting with rage David ordered him away but Derek, eyes gleaming in the darkness like somebody in North West Passage, refused to go. David charged the fire with the communal frying pan and a war commenced to see who could take up most of the available flame. The only real



loser was the fire whose every little burgeoning had a frying pan slammed down on it. By the time they had finally beaten the fire out the food had reached a point slightly above body temperature and we ate it, washing it down with instant coffee.

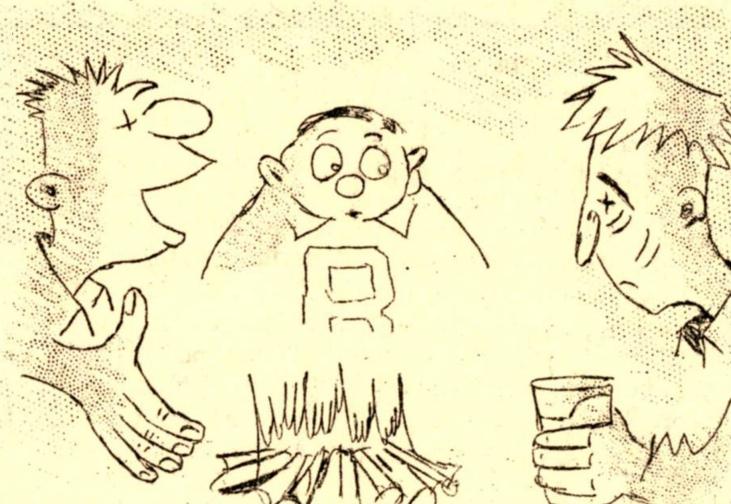
Strangely, it had not become any darker in the past half hour or more. The early twilight had been caused by the proximity of the Kanaskis Range on the west side of us but the upper air had remained bright and everything around us was bathed in a pearly grey light reflected down from the sky. The air was sharp and clean and filled with peace and the millions of pines seemed to be settling down for the night's sleep. The pleasant scene cheered everybody up, the camp was cleared up and a preliminary scouting expedition was made during which Derek, who had disobeyed Dave's orders to remain on guard at the tent and had wandered off, was almost fired at in the mistaken belief that he was a predatory animal sneaking up on the camp. Derek's continued disobedience was getting the Commander down -- during their National Service Derek and the Skel had been privates whereas Dave had attained the lofty rank of sergeant and he could not understand why they didn't recognize his authority over them. He sat brooding over this as we gathered around the fire, dug the beer out of the snowdrift where it was stored and settled down for a camp-fire talk.

The camp-fire talk didn't work out too well.

David, who normally takes over on occasions like that, was morose. I had finished my share of the beer and I was watching Derek, who hates beer, to see if he was going to be mean enough to drink all his share simply because he had paid for it. This left it up to the Skel who was quite satisfied with this arrangement. He described the topography of his home town, all the people in it, their genealogical relationships to each other, his love affairs, his two years in the army which had made him into the mature, sophisticated person he was today, his holiday in Spain and finished up with a little dissertation on bull-fighting which he thought was a grand sport and everybody ought to take it up.

By this time Derek had finished his beer and had turned a luminous green colour. There was some desultory talk during which I watched Derek closely to see what he was going to do. Finally he turned his head round to his left and with a roaring, gurgling sound disgorged beer over everything in that direction. He immediately whipped back round and stared at us with huge, suspicious eyes as if to say, "Who did that?" A dead silence descended on the camp -- somehow there didn't seem to be anything more to say. The Skel who had left some stuff in the general area which had been inundated by Derek's were-gargoyle tendencies got up and poked around gingerly for a few minutes then disappeared into the tent. We all went in after him and settled down for the night.

For four hours I lay there trying to sleep but there were stones under the tent, I had a pain in my stomach, and the temperature had dropped to not much above zero. None of the others even stirred, they just lay there so quiet and so peaceful that I felt like murdering them in their sleep. Finally, when I was



about to do a Captain Oates, I heard Dave whisper, "Hey Skel, can you sleep?" After four hours the sound of a human voice came through to me in my agony like the sweet sound of angels. With bated breath I waited to hear if there would be a reply. "No," replied the Skel, "Ah bliddy well can't." I was thrilled -- another human voice in my solitude. Then Derek chimed in, "Neither can I." I was delirious with happiness, everybody was awake and had been awake all the time, I had not been alone with my torment. A silence descended inside the tent then it dawned on me that they were all listening to hear if I was awake. In the state of mind I was in this seemed unutterably funny. Clutching my aching stomach I burst into a hideous, cackling torrent of laughter through which I dimly heard people making startled noises and groping for flashlights or weapons. But I couldn't stop laughing. Still whooping like the mad woman in "Jane Eyre" I got to my feet and staggered out of the tent where I flopped down at the ashes of the fire and began some deep breathing exercises. After a while I calmed down and Dave came crawling out of the tent too.

We made some coffee and had bacon and eggs which we ate just as the mountain ranges up above us were beginning to glow with the dawn. They seemed to light up from inside as though they were made of ice right through and some unknown beings who lived in there were turning their lights on. Leaving the others our bed-clothing, Dave and I set out on a hunt which lasted about six hours and during which we saw not one living animal. We got back to the tent about lunch time and had another meal. Not feel up to more of the type of cuisine available I contented myself by eating a can of pork and beans cold.

When lunch was over we climbed around a bit and shot a few gophers, but Derek kept disobeying orders -- refusing to crawl on his stomach when David told him to and firing at gophers without first pointing them out to David who had not yet managed to hit anything. So we gave that up and went back to the camp, -- a decision which was assisted somewhat by the arrival of a Forest Ranger who told us that because he was in a good mood just this once he wasn't going to confiscate our rifles.

Back at the tent I looked at my watch. One fifteen. If we left at two, even with the Skel driving, we could be in town by six. I could shave and have a hot



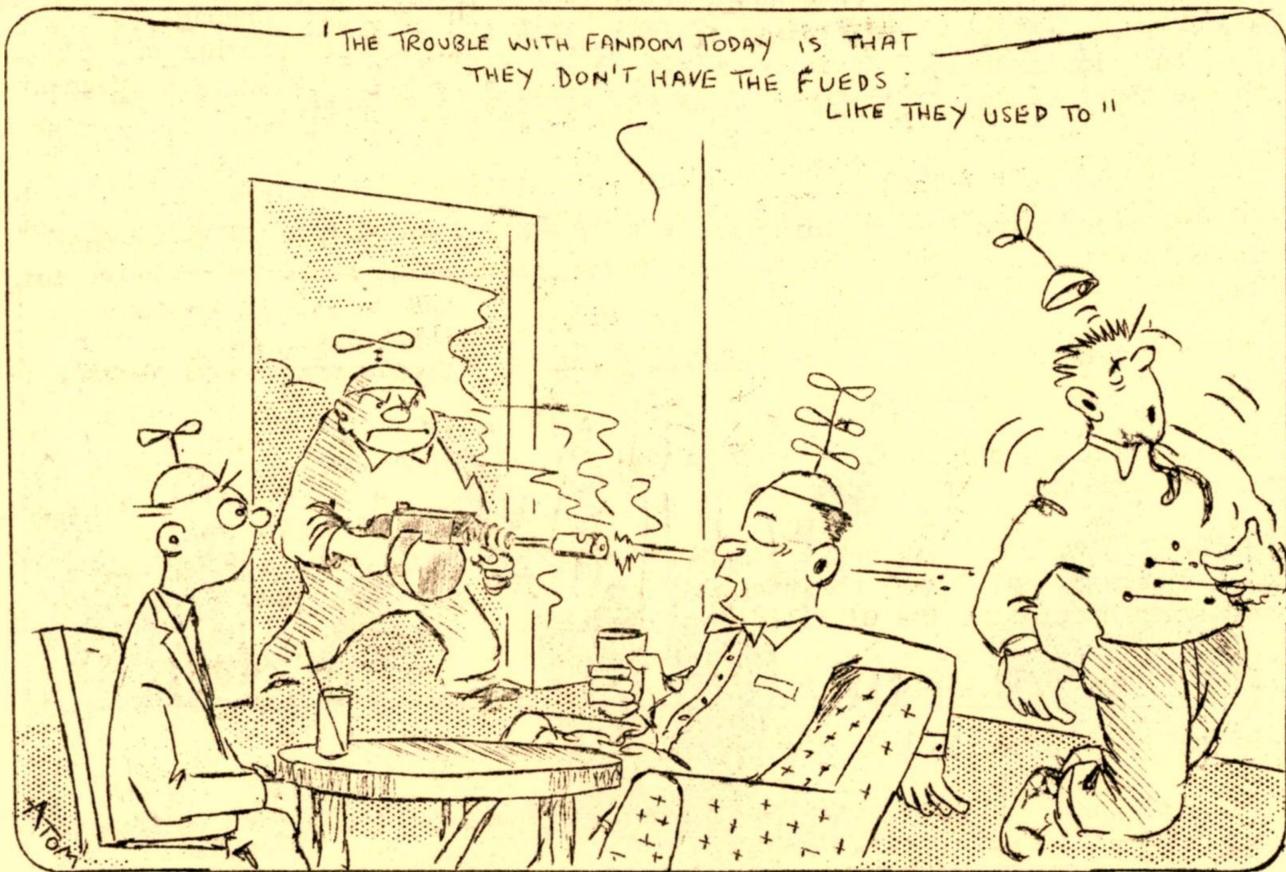
bath, Sadie would make me a nice supper then I could sprawl in front of the TV and drink beer all evening. It sounded really nice. I said to Derek I would like to go and he agreed, I said to Dave I would like to go and he agreed too, I looked around for the Skel and saw a weird apparition emerging from the tent. The Skel is six foot three and has no other measurements, and here he was coming out of the dimness of the tent clad in a tiny pair of tight shiny shorts such as muscle men wear in photographs, and carrying (a) a pneumatic mattress, (b) his sunglasses, (c) a bottle of suntan lotion and (d) a thick book. I got a sinking feeling that the Skel, the owner of the car, would not agree to go home.

He didn't.

I could see my pleasant evening fading away to be replaced by one of arriving home at eleven thirty, tired out and dirty, no time for supper, then into bed and before I knew it -- up for work on Monday morning. I began to bicker with the Skel but, comfortably stretched out on his mattress and covered with suntan lotion and flies, he ignored everything I said. Presently Derek began to moan at him, and shortly after that the Commander joined in. The Skel bore it all for a while then he began roaring at us. We roared back. Everybody realised that this was the end of the Pronghorns -- the mountains had won!

Presently the Skel had to give in, and in absolute silence we crammed everything back in the car and headed for Calgary. To give him credit the Skel did try to start conversation once. A car appeared in the distance and the Skel said, "Here's a Buick coming," but when we got close it was an Oldsmobile. Nobody said anything to him about it -- somehow none of us wanted to talk to any of the others ever again.

'THE TROUBLE WITH FANDOM TODAY IS THAT
THEY DON'T HAVE THE FEUDS
LIKE THEY USED TO!!'





A BRUSH WITH WILLIAM PUGMIRE ESG

BY

OBADIAH BIP

So, said Willy, you had to go to a convention after all eh. Anything, said Willy, to boost your rapidly fading self-esteem eh.

Not at all, I said.

Don't give me that, said Willy. You wished to be gazed upon with adulteration by imbeciles didn't you.

The word is adulation, Willy, I said.

You will kindly refrain from trying to teach me the English language, said Willy. When a thing is adulterated it is impregnated which is another way of saying that it is pregnant. And when imbeciles gaze upon you with eyes pregnant with awe they are gazing upon you, said Willy, with adulteration.

Have it your own way, I said.

I have every intention of doing so, said Willy. I am curious as to whether this adulteration really did serve as balm to your wounded soul, said Willy, and if not why not.

The blunt truth is that I went mostly to see old friends and famous people, I said

Famous my arse, said Willy. Name me one genuinely famous person who ever attended a science fiction convention.

Well, I said, I met and actually shook hands with John Wood Campbell and Samuel Moscowitz and Samuel Christopher Youd and Arthur Clutterbuck Clarke and John Beynon Harris and The O'Willis and Horatio Beam Piper and

That creep, Willy said.

Do you know Piper, I said.

I do not, said Willy. I have never heard of him. But it is obvious that he is a pen-name of John Russell Fearn's.

On the contrary, I said. I have met both Fearn and Piper. They are completely separate entities and I doubt whether either is more than dimly aware of the other's existence.

In that case, said Willy, a fellow with a name like Horatio Beam Piper should not be anywhere outside a Doukhobor encampment.

I have been reliably informed by those unable to tear themselves away in the small hours, I said, that most conventions have moments when they resemble the winter session of a sunbathing society if not a Doukhobor encampment.

I do not doubt it, said Willy. I once went to the annual convention of a religious sex.

Sect, Willy, I said.

A religious sex, said Willy, who called themselves The Children of Emmanuel. You couldn't have told it from a science fiction convention, said Willy. Same number of beards, same number of hopeful virgins. About the only difference, said Willy, was that seductions were accomplished in pious silence instead of with crude animal noises.

Is that so, I said. And were you looked upon with adulteration.

I was, said Willy. I encouraged it from all the ugly dames. The atmosphere was propitious. This Emmanuel must have been a red-hot swine in his time.

You encouraged the ugly ones, I said.

That is what I said, said Willy. The stunners think too much of themselves whereas the ugly ones have only One Thing to offer. So, said Willy, I showed suitable selections from the Old Testament to an eager bint with a frame like a hat-rack and steel-rimmed glasses.

And did that get you anywhere, I said.

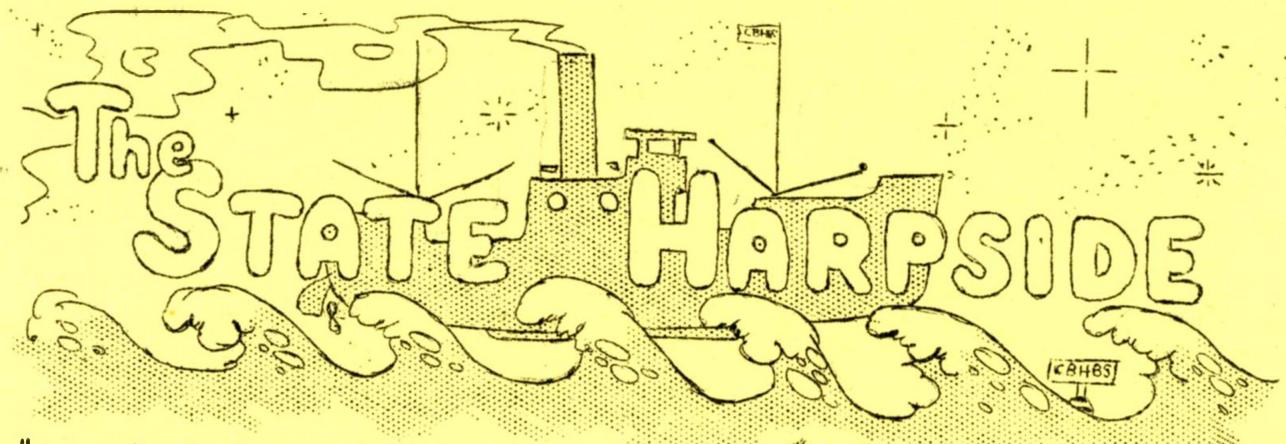
Holy God, said Willy, in no time at all she fed me a kiss that charred my tonsils and we kicked off from there with her hot breath still searing my gozzle. I am prepared to bet, said Willy, that you never got to first base even by burying a hungry piece under a large stack of science fiction magazines.

You are betting on a sure thing, I said.

I know it, said Willy. I have told you time and time again that the Holy Bible is an influence on human affairs. You should throw out all that fantasy crud and turn to the Bible. Meanwhile, said Willy, why don't you write a book entitled How Green Was My Sex Life.

I'll think it over, I said.





"... and you change at Liverpool for Belfast, man dear," grinned the leprechaun on the luggage rack. "Mind you board "The Ulster Prince" -- the Pride of the Line!"

He swung his heels against a picture on the side of the train's compartment.

"There she is, the beauty, drawn out in all the splendour of the painter's art. That's the ship you'll be going aboard this wild winter's night, and the black waters of the Irish Sea swirling beneath you."

I looked dubiously at a print of a tiny vessel bucketing about in the troughs of hundred-foot waves.

"It seems very old," I said.

"Indeed it is. The oldest any man could wish for. Ah, they don't build vessels like that these days."

"Well, they can't get the wood, I suppose. Tell me, is it true you have a pot of gold tucked away somewhere?"

He cackled and wagged a finger against his nose.

"sure you mustn't believe those old stories! What would I be doing with a heap of gold the way half the countries of the world have gone off the gold standard?"

"Then what is your racket nowadays?"

"Tis very simple. I put my faith in the grand old values held by the human race ever since Adam was a lad. There's some things, squireen, they will never devalue."

He plucked a brightly-coloured object out of thin air, and made it vanish again almost in one movement. A Marilyn Monroe calendar.

"Come now," he went on, "I'll not tease you. I still have some powers in these fallen days. How would you like to match wits with me?"

"How do you mean?"

"Suppose I ask you three questions, and you ask three of me. If you get the better of me, I will grant you...."

"....three wishes?"

"Oy, so I should ruin myself for him!"

"One leetle calendar, then?"

"Now that's a hard thing to ask of me. They're all spoken for. Big order from Miss Mansfield."

"Not giving much away, are you? What if I lose?"

"Sure and we've all got to go sometime, haven't we, now?"

SID
BIRCHBY

"In that case, I demand a calendar. Big risk.... big reward, -- or I don't play."

"Very well. You won't win anyway. First question: how can a scoundrel justify his words?"

"Easy: if he's a fan-editor."

"A lucky guess. The next is not so easy. One man on an island, and then there are two. How can that be?"

"The first has a duplicator."

The leprechaun tapped out his black clay pipe crossly.

"All right, clever clogs, answer me this. When does a pacifist take up arms?"

"When he issue's a one-shot. And now it's my turn. When is a judge like a fan-editor?"

"I... er ... don't know."

"When he sums up the pros and cons. Next, tell me...."

There was a heavy thud. He had fallen off the rack.

ooOoo

The train steamed into Liverpool and snow beat against the windows. It was a Saturday night in January, and the weather forecast for the Irish Sea was "Rough ...gales, snow, sleet and hail." For Belfast it was "Snow and sleet, heavy at times: all fans warned to carry chains."

Before leaving home, I had therefore made my will, leaving all my fannish effects to be put into a time capsule ready for 19th Fandom, and odds and ends like money to my wife. I had then hidden the will in an old jacket, so as not to alarm her, and made a mental note to come back as a ghost and show her where it was.

The leprechaun, rubbing his bruises and muttering, hobbled to the door.

"Hi, what about my reward?" I called out.

"I told you, they're all spoken for," he snarled.

"Can't help that. I won, didn't I? You want me to tell them you're a twister?"

"Oh...very well...I'll see you get one when you get to Oblique House. But it'll be second-hand, mind you."

I wished him good-bye, and mentally rubbed my hands. Hard luck, Walt. It looked as if he were going to lose his calendar.

On board the "Ulster Prince" the steward put my grip in my cabin, touched his cap and promised me morning tea. I gave him an Irish coin which I had found in Blackpool in 1952 and shut the door on him. I nodded hello to my three cabin-mates and began unpacking. Two of the three were RAF men, the other was a sickly youth with glasses. Looked like a faan.

"It will be a rough crossing," announced one of the men, a black-browed Welshman, with gloomy relish. "There is every chance of trouble."

"Never mind," I said, "We're on the Pride of the Line."

"Ah, and she's the oldest of the Line, too, looksee, since her sister ship went down."

A voice from the top bunk said "Ulp." That was the crypto-fan.

"A very sad business, that was," he went on, "she broke clean in two. More than a hundred drowned. Just such a night as this, in mid-winter."

"We can always put a message in a bottle."

"No bottle."

"I've got a full one we can empty, brought for the purpose."

I produced my Cap'n Cuttle Old Brown Blog, and offered it round. To our surprise, the smell turned the youth a bright green, and with a strange cry of "Moorb!" he shot out of the cabin for the deck. A fake-fan, obviously.

Shortly after, I went along the passage to the small steamy bar where hot tea and sausage rolls could be bought, or even cold bottled beer. This was in the nature of a ritual visit, for through that bar, I reflected, must have passed every fan who had ever made the pilgrimage to Irish Fandom, apart from the Amerifans, who flew, and those who travelled First Class. Before me passed a phantom file of cheery BNF's, each one raising a glass or tea-cup stamped B.R..... in a laughing toast to me, and to British Railways, who run the ship. There were Ken and Pam Bulmer, Chuck Harris, Atom, and a host of others; an Honours Roll of those who had crossed the heaving sea in search of fandom. And there in the rear, smiling modestly, were the Irish Fen themselves. I raised my own cup in silent reply. To drink in this bar was the fannish equivalent of a trip to the Blarney Stone.

The ship sailed at 9.30 p.m. straight into the dock fenders. You never heard such shudders and crashes. Everyone took alarm; a group of soldiers, members of an Army band, clutched their instruments to their chests, and began to recite their sol-fas. One man, a bassoon-player, ran to and fro, overwrought, playing snatches of "Lights Out." No one interfered because that man spoke for us all.

I stumbled back to the cabin. "Get the bottle emptied!" I cried, "We're sinking."

Two tousled heads peered out of their owner's bunks. "Death on the high seas! I always knew it would happen," groaned the Welshman.

"High seas nothing. We're not ten feet off Liverpool Docks yet, mate," I told him. "Do you want some of this, or will you do the message?"

For answer, he took a deep swig. "What shall I write?"

I did the same. Our eyes gleamed: "Good stuff this Blog."

Seizing a scrap of paper, we scribbled a hasty note: "Bottle empty -- Please send more Blog" and sent off our last message to the world.

The last thing I remember was the sound of the sad, sad bassoon wandering up and down the passages, and the groaning of the hull in the storm once we really left port. Once I woke and heard a crunching, rasp-like noise at the end of each sidewise swing of the cabin, as if the captain was trying to change gear without de-clutching. I wept because I knew I should never see the memorial issue of HYPHEN that would carry the news to Fandom. (An X in this space means our subscriber has expired.)

We were due to dock at Belfast at 7.30. a.m. and Walt had offered to meet me, so when the steward brought me tea, about 6.30. I dressed and went on deck.

I needn't have bothered. It was a White Hell. The whole assembly deck was screened off against the storm, and snow whirled silently through a hole in the canvas. All I could see outside was the end of a hold, containing a Belfast Corporation dustcart, half-full of snow. We were two hours overdue and not yet within the shelter of Belfast Lough, which, Walt had written, would mean that the worst of the journey would be over.

At 9.30. the ship's engines stopped and we hove to, so that "The Empress of Scotland" could have right of way to come out of port. The storm had died, true enough, once we entered the Lough, and through the portholes could be seen, afar off, the white-clad hills of Newtownards, glittering in sunshine. I felt disturbed to think of Walt waiting on the quayside all this time.

At 11.00 we moved in, and finally docked, four mortal hours late. As I walked off the gangway, the slightly blue features of Walt came into view, climbing out of a snowdrift.

"Dr. Fuchs, I presume?" he greeted me, waving an icicle cheerily. This was

the day that Fuchs reached the South Pole.

"Hillary was right," I said, "The Antarctic shouldn't be crossed at this time of the year."

We shook hands, and this is Birchby going on record as saying that anyone who will get out of a warm bed on 6.30 a.m. on a Sunday in January, beat his way across town in the winter's worst blizzard, and then wait four hours of a freezing quayside to gree a complete stranger, deserves the Order of the BEM, the Order of St Fantony, and as many other fannish awards as you care to name.

Pretty soon we were at Oblique House. As we went up the front steps I noticed two figures hurriedly sweeping snow from our path.

"You should have bothered," I told Walt. "I much prefer to arrive informally on these occasions. Hi James! Hi George!"

The smaller figure straightened up and gave me a psneer.

"This," said Walt scathingly, "is Bryan. And this..." indicating the other figure... "is Carol. You'd better go in and lie down."

ooOoo

"Play golf?" Walt asked me abruptly. It was lunch time, and after a good meal I was feeling more self-confident. Madeleine had trusted me with a knife and fork, and Bryan had lent me his high chair.

I toyed with a piece of cuttle-fish bone, and studied his artless questio, knowing that my reputation depended upon my answer. Walt, as spokesman for Irish Fandom, would seize upon my response like a vice, and enter me remorselessly in the Card Index. The next day my rating would be flashed around the world via Interfanpol. I might never get another free fanzine.

I stalled for time. "Why, do you play?"

"Yes."

"Oh." The man was cornering me. I must lead with my deuce.

"Yes, I do play a little. Only the local course. Just friendly games, ha ha. Nothing special, you know."

Perhaps that would satisfy him. I turned hurriedly to Madeleine and changed the subject: "May I have another spray of millet?"

Walter's eyes gleamed, and he smiled slightly. That's a good sign, I thought. Next moment, my hopes rose higher, as he pulled a card out of his pocket, and wrote something. My rating card! If I got a good index number, I might persuade him to give me The Calendar!

"What do you usually go round in?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifty. Not very good by your standards, I suppose."

"Fifty! On an 18-hole course?"

"Yes."

"That's less than three a hole, man. You're good!"

A cracked leprechaun-like voice answered him. I swear I didn't.

"Oh, I didn't mean fifty for the course. I meant per hole."

Walt slowly ripped the card in two, and produced another one, black-edged.

"Have some more bird-seed," suggested Madeleine.

@@@

Later they took me to the Fan-Attic.

"James will be here soon," said Walt, "and then we shall all play ghoominton. Meanwhile, a brief conducted tour of the Crown Jewels. You may never get another chance," he added ominously.

I inspected with awe such treasures as the SLANT press-room, the bed where Bea Mahaffey and Chuck Harris slept, (separately), the picture of Courtney's boat, the fannish fanzine stockpile, and the sheaves of Intercontinental Fantastic Missives. I also saw a calendar-shaped blank patch on the wall, surrounded by

scrabble marks and worn floorboards. I knew despair.

There was a knock on the front door.

"James, I guess," said Walt. "Back in a minute."

ooOoo

The first game, James and I played singles.

"I'm not thawed out yet, after tramping through the snow," he remarked. "Let's limber up."

I chose my bat, which is, of course, a floppy piece of card, from a number reserved for visitors. On one side was the slogan: HOW CAN YOU WIN? and on the other: SLOW UP, MAN!

As a result, I gained only three points before James got twenty-one and game. He went into a huddle with the others, and I heard muttered remarks: "...calls himself a faan.... not another Harris, alas!... .birdbrain....golf...."

"Doubles now," said James. "You and Walter against Madeleine and I, ---- I guess we have the measure of you now."

Play began. At five-all, Walter volleyed to James and lodged the shuttlecock up his sleeve. Before it was recovered, Walt had whipped out another one, and knocked up ten points for our side.

"I'm changing bats," announced James. He whistled, and a black object fluttered down from the picture-rail, seized the shuttle, and flew back and forth across the net, whilst its owner chanted the mounting score.

"You can't do that!" roared Walt, "There's a rule against Pipistrelles!"

"Wrong species," said James, "This is a Noctule."

As defeat faced us, the leprechaun suddenly appeared beside me. "Use this for a bat!" he cried, handing me a large floppy object. "I guarantee you'll win with it."

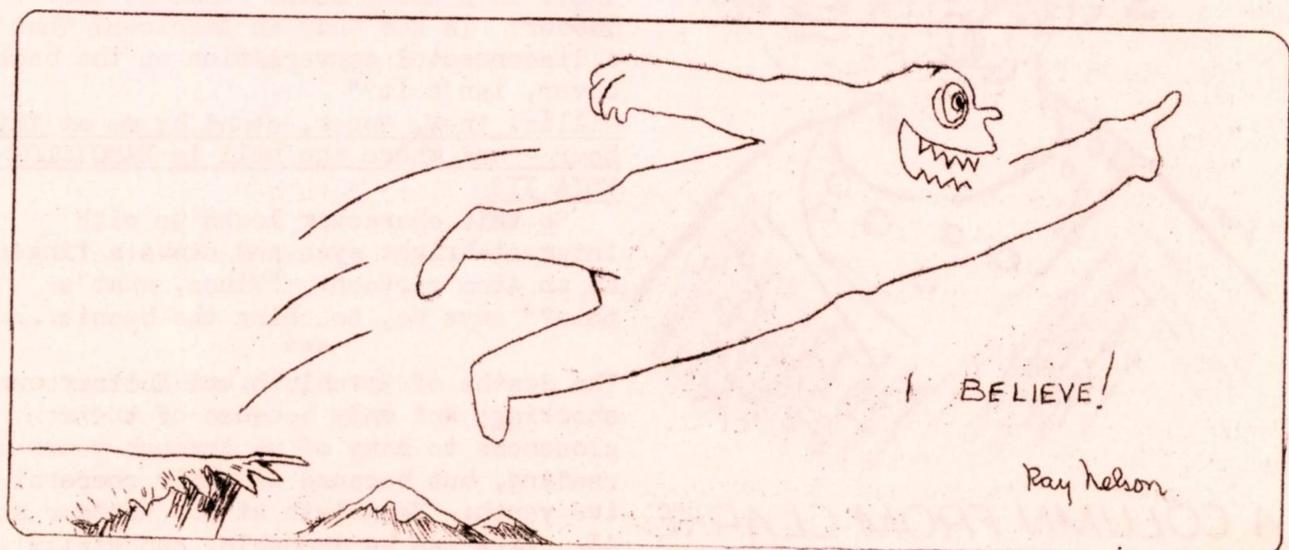
I grabbed it and began to swat at James' flying horror. There was a short aerial battle which ended in the defeat of the Noctule, and with the now rather battered remains of my bat, I played on.

Cries of dismay came from our opponents. They seemed un-nerved, and we won easily thereafter. Turning to Walt, I cried...."Well, we did it!"

He pointed sternly to the crumpled bat in my hand.

"Yes, with my Calendar. Ruined."

Drums beat on the hills of Newtownards that night.





Son of
Grunch

Let us sing a song of HYPHEN,
Twenty-one have shown us life on,
The fan-infested parts of Earth,
A global view from myth to mirth.
HYPHEN hifidelity humour,
Laughs to scorn folks who assume a,
Fanzine must be prim and proper,
Or else a feebly "funny" flopper.
Twenty-once the 'zine's been posted,
A fitting subject to be toasted!

And when you've drained the bottle and disposed of it down the nearest chimney, howzabout getting onto that typer and sending a letter to Chuck or Walt? You don't have to praise GRUNCH... just anything. One of the dangers of a 'zine reaching double figures (and one) ((Huh? I demand a recount.)) is that it begins to be Taken For Granted ... a fate that I wouldn't wish on G.M. Carr.

Rick Sneary's letter in the last ish concerning the esotericisms of fandom came to my mind the other day. So many things we take for granted.....

I was showing an s-f reader, a foetal fan type, some fanzines, and he was looking through them with fascination--you know, what happens to a rabbit when it meets a cobra. Aha, thinks I. Now will come the questions. "What does YNGVI IS A LOUSE mean? What is the Yobber? Is Bob Shaw an American? That's a disconnected conversation on the back cover, isn't it?"

Willis, Phay, Speer, stand by me at this hour - and where the hell is FANCYCLOPEDIA II?

So this character looks up with interest-bright eyes and stabs a finger at an Atom cartoon. "Vince, what's this?" says he, touching the beanie....

The deaths of Kornbluth and Kuttner were shocking; not only because of their closeness to many of us through years of reading, but because of their comparative youth; Kornbluth at 35, Kuttner at 43. Life can be damnable, especially

when talent like this is cut short. The s-f field has suffered its biggest blow to sheer writing ability since Weinbaum also met an untimely end at the age of 33, but more than that one feels for their families. A bitter thing.

I notice that in the latest BRE GALAXY, No #61, the British branch of Elron Hubbard's Scientologists is staking all on one desperate last throw-up. Their half-page ad reads: "SPACE OPERA...*Faster-Than-Light Travel* Battleships of Space* Interplanetary Colonisation...etc. You read about these in "Fiction" stories -- but dare you take a peek of (sic) what has happened to you? Or did it? I^t you have a strong stomach read - HISTORY OF MAN by L. Ron Hubbard...etc."

There's honesty for you! No weak stomachs need apply. How much better than the advertising for those books which strike you unprepared! I can see this starting a new trend in book advertising: "Read Lafayette's latest, "MY PSYCHIATRIST IS A NO-GOOD BUM" for a good vomit! Mrs "X" writes, "My mind is still pretty cloudy but your book cleared my system in 30 minutes!"

I suppose they'll soon start including little plastic bags as part of the book-jacket soon. Ah - Science Marches On!

A tome in a very different category is our own Uncle Eric Frank Russell's GREAT WORLD MYSTERIES (Dobson 16/- 186pp.). The EFR style is here employed in all its fast moving vigour on a speedy rundown of Fortean-type mysteries of history. It's startling to read in a non-fiction book:

"Any layman with the mind of a moose could have forecast the findings of the Court of Enquiry...." or

"Perhaps there are times when the furniture becomes indescribably bored with just standing around..."

but it's a beauty. Another instance of "taking for granted" rears its surprising head, too:

"This eminent honesty plastered Eusapia with so much egoboo that others crowded her, eager to strip some away under various forms of scientific control."

Egoboo?

On the critical side, I could wish that Eric had dived further into those copious Fortean files for lesser known mysteries than those of the Devon Footprints, the Perambulating Coffins of Barbados, the Kaspar Hauser affair, and other oddities familiar to readers of the best known source books, Gould's ENIGMAS and ODDITIES and the Works of Charles Fort Himself. However, much of his material concerning even such items as the Man Who Walked Around The Horses (and Kerplop!) is carefully gathered and presented as a good story as well as documented evidence. The material on spontaneous combustion of human beings (none on animals - wonder if there have been any cases?) is entirely original in all respects, and a new theory on the depopulating of the Mary Celeste is given with typical vividness.

It's a "must" for fans, of course. If it's not available in the U.S., British fans will be delighted to build up dollar credits.

My feelings about fan-feuds are mixed. Fans are individualists and there can't always be common agreement. The resulting explosions, funny or furious, are probably as good for the protagonists as a session with Elron, and not so expensive; moreover, they provide (when not deadly boring) a source of innocent amusement to the onlookers.

However, there are times when viciousness creeps in, and fans welter in depths of unsemantic confusion worthy of McCarthy. I don't know if this proves that we are human after all, but it's certainly not anything I like. Neither do I feel

that on these occasions one should sit back on one's hands with a firm "No comment." We have to suffer enough intellectual rape in the mundane world without having to bear with it in fandom.

Which brings me to the present case, the anti-WSFS feuders. For the benefit of any Trappist monks in the audience I'll explain that the World Science Fiction Society was finally incorporated in the US a couple of years ago, its object the helping of fans running World Conventions. In '57 we in London came into personal contact with its Directors and found them nice people; in particular, the Dietzes and George Raybin were very helpful, and few Con attendees will forget the way Belle Dietz voluntarily undertook the chore of helping out at the Reception Desk. She did a lot more than some people on the Committee.

Came the Spring, and out from the undergrowth came the Falascas; as innocent as the day was long (it was now March), their object was the demolition of the WSFS; FANAC 4, March 17th:- (also) "to make everyone WSFS conscious, and make honest men out of Dietz and Raybin... It looks as if they have taken on the sacred duty of policing fandom... we don't believe fans need police... we're trying to take it (the WSFS) from the corner where it's been hiding so skillfully these many years..." No one can say they lack motives. In the same issue of FANAC, Dick Lupoff struck a blow for freedom too: "...every couple of decades ((sic)) somebody decides to take over fandom... whether it's the Communists, the Technocrats, the Gernsback crowd or this WSFS group, they're dangerous... if by any slim hope, the real fans manage to get such a motion ((to dissolve the WSFS)) recognised at the Con., no less passed, there's going to be one helluva fight... start a fandom-wide movement to boycott the WSFS Inc..."

Who are these heroes trying to save all us Real Fans from the sacred police? Nick Falasca was a Director of the WSFS, and I wish I could say he resigned in a fit of righteous indignation. Actually, he didn't. Lupoff appeared occasionally in OOPSLA and has a great admiration for Captain Future, but I don't really know much about this defender of yours and mine; he's probably an undercover fan, in that corner along with the WSFS where they've been hiding all those last 2-3 years.

Now, this nonsense from non-fanzine fans who appear to believe that fandom consists of World Conventions and that they'll be beaten up - probably with rolled-up copies of the IMMORTAL STORM - if they speak up against the half-dozen directors of WSFS would be funny if it didn't jar on two counts. Firstly, the ingenuous acceptance that a body can "take over" fandom and that the promulgations of any self elected group could matter a hoot in hell to fans like the readers of HYPHEN if they didn't find any sense in them. It seems to me that the gibbering hysteria produced in some US fans by the allegations cited have revealed psychological depths which would delight dear old Elron.

The second point to be noted is the emergence into fanzines of the smear technique borrowed from mundane politics, accusations not backed by immediate proof and a lack of sincerity. This last is not very evident unless you know, as I do, that although a World Con Committee would be the natural starting place for anyone trying to find evidence of a pressure group connected with this small section of active fandom, no question on this was asked of us by the anti-WSFS faction. I could also quote a letter from the Falascas, dated May 7th., which stated: "Most of the things you read were quoted out of context and don't stand up without the rest of the letter. The other quotes from our letters were a weak attempt at humour... the Dietzes are very nice people. So is George(Raybin) and Dave Kyle, for that matter... We have no wild plan for dissolving the Society or radically changing it... we are trying to get a discussion going on the subject, however..."

The fun-loving Falascas were in top form in a fanzine published by them in August, all of two months after this letter, when they stated: "...We now present the best plan in our opinion, that has been suggested. The corporation would be dissolved, with no thought of reincorporating as a national body..."

Go on, laugh. This is supposed to be humorous column, isn't it?

Of course, the most side-splitting thing occurred at the World Con., when the Sdcon Committee decided it wasn't going to be run by the WSFS after all. All that voting

by Messrs Willis, Harris, Clarke et al. at the '57 Loncon for South Gate in '58 didn't really count, 'cos it was all illegal. Ghod, you should have heard the bombs bursting and the pitiful screams of the neofen as they went down in heaps before the Dietz-Raybin machine-guns! I hear Lupoff was waving a bottle to the last.

Yes, this is fan-politics, spreading itself all over the fanzines for once. It may be better this way than confining itself to letters and club-room quarrels, but it makes you see that Fandom as A Way of Life has lumps in it too.

So you should worry? As long as you have a typewriter, enough money for stencils, ink, paper, stamps and staples, you can be a lone-ranger s-f fan? Brother, we have a new development for you, too. You might be sued.

Now, I'm in fandom to lose money. The cost of fanning is something not to be counted, or I'd probably pack it in tomorrow and start raising hamsters in my spare time. I'm therefore at a disadvantage in dealing with someone who'd write gentle reminders to other fans that they hadn't contributed to his wedding present, for instance. So when I mention Dave Kyle, I do so from the viewpoint of one who's pretty innocent. When I met him in London and Kettering in '56, I thought he was charming, nervous, astonishingly active for someone who was publishing a fanzine in '36, and in character much like other fan.

Soon after that Dave made a big name for himself in contemporary fandom: remember that "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here" utterance to Bob Tucker and other 'Balcony Insurgents' who were wanting a look at the '56 World Con banquet? And how Dave and his Committee went into the red and had to beg donations? Charming, but feckless.

Then we started to organise the '57 Con in London, and Dave's charm didn't work too well at a distance; we wanted answers to correspondence and little things like that. Carnell, as Chairman, was helpless against his lethargy, which again and again delayed publication of Plane Trip details.* We also found that a man who regarded a hundred dollars as a piddling amount had a large disregard of what that might mean to other people. So time rolled on, and Dave got sued. So Dave sued right back, and we found we'd someone in fandom whose business reputation was worth \$25,000. Gee! And we thought he was an everyday run-of-the-mill slob just like other fans!

Of course, this saga didn't run with soap-opera simplicity; it was complicated up by a lot of other events. Our Dave was carrying on a busy little feud with other directors of the WSFS, especially Belle Dietz. Of the voting in the business session of the Loncon, which elected Belle and threw out Dave's nominee, he said "- And it came to pass that there were only 20-odd people at the session to do the voting. Naturally, Belle had all her partisans present in this democratic expression of representation." Dave does not, of course, name these partisans who didn't really represent something or other; they were probably too minor for him to remember...it's doubtful whether any of them had business reputations worth \$25,000. Still, lil innocent me will try to help; I seem to remember seeing the Willis's and the Bulmers, the Silverbergs and the Clarkes, Bob Madle and Chuck Harris, James White, Boyd Raburn, Sam Moskowitz, Arthur Thomson, Steve Schulteis, Will Jenkins, Bobbie Wild, Sandy Sanderson, Norman Shorrock, Jone Roles, Dave Newman, Ron Bennett, Paul Enever...no one of the calibre of Dave's nominee Arthur Kingsley, for instance.

In the same fanzine, Dave quotes a letter which explains how the libel laws in the States work. Boiled down, the gist of it says that even if a published fact is true, if it harms your reputation it's libel. This evidently met with Dave's full approval because he is as of now suing for a total of \$35,000 and is citing an anti-Kyle report in a fanzine as evidence.

This is a terrific way to make money and stop fans criticising you in their fanzines. The sort of reputation it gives you tho...man, I wouldn't want that for \$100,000

* cf. "Miller, as president, was helpless against his lethargy, (Kyle circa 1956) which again and again delayed publication of Legion Parade." IMMORTAL STORII, 1st ed. Ch.16.

HAPPY JOPHAN'S DAY

I've been hanging around the half-world of fandom for long enough to understand most of what goes on inside those pointy little heads; but fan's unfailing benevolence towards the manufacturers of greetings cards is still a surprise. Comes Xmas and New Year, and fans rush out in droves to buy ordinary, mundane, scarlet-candle-and-snow-covered-cottage-and-holly-and-snow-covered illo'd cards. This last year we had less than a dozen real faan-type cards...even counting Lee Kiddie's calendar which featured a beautiful nude damsel wrapped in cellophane - what will US Supermarkets think of next?

The situation is ridiculous. For the money you pay out for a mundane commercial greetings card you could issue a small fanzine - leaving aside the sentiment involved. Fans aren't what they were in my young days. Why, then we used to go around making up anniversaries just for the fun of it.

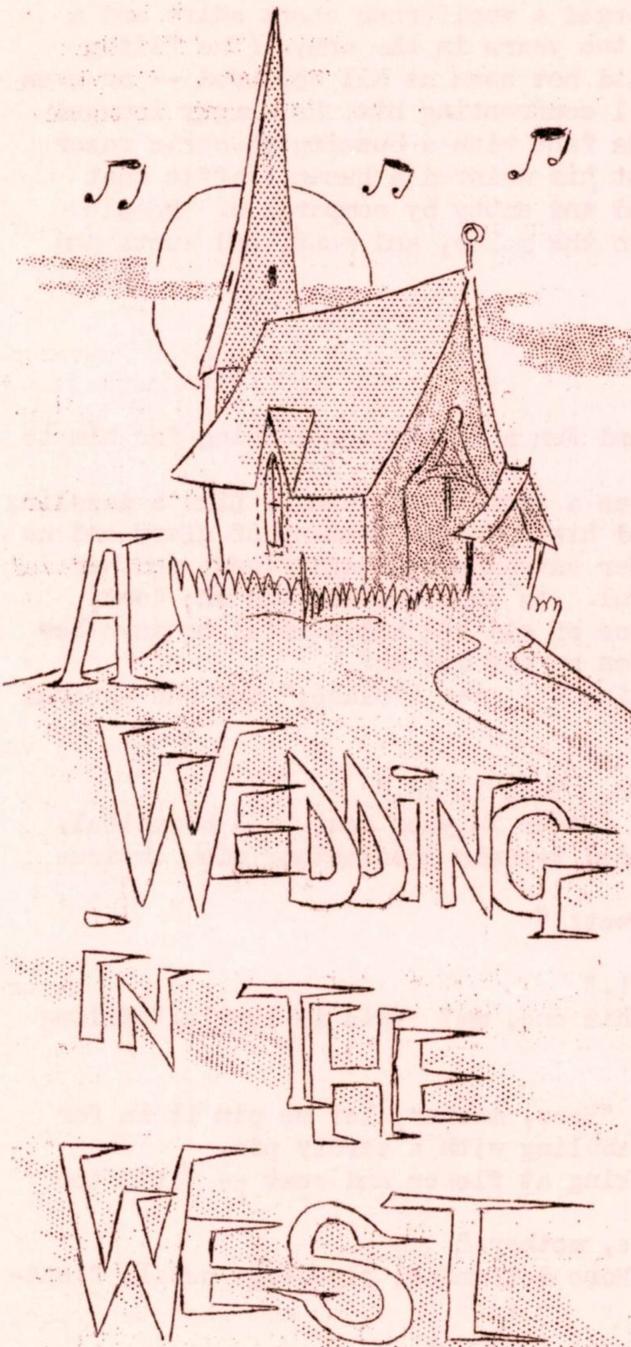
And why stop at Xmas and New Year? There is, for instance, Archie Mercer's Day, April 31st....that was a deadline Archie set when he was official editor of OMPA, said date being ratified by President Willis in an Extraordinary Presidential Announcement soon afterwards. Another April anniversary, exact date unknown, is the founding of AMAZING STORIES, and think what a happy shock it would be for Uncle Hugo if he received a shower of congratulatory cards every April. Why, he might even revive SCIENCE FICTION +.

Then there are Conventions. Gestated in frightful agony for a full year by anything between 2 and 20 fans, these are surely as worthy of commemoration as the practically single-handed accomplishment of producing a mere baby...who might not even turn out to be a fan. The well-stocked fan stationery drawer of the future should include Convention Birth Congratulation Cards, 21st. Issue of Your Fanzine Cards, and, probably the most touching of all, Got Over Your Gafia Soon, cards. Others will occur to the sympathetic reader.

But what of that most important personal affair, the Fan's Own Birthday Anniversary? In this case most of us suffer under the handicap of not wanting to be reminded of our birthdays, but it's inevitable that someone will tactlessly send us Greetings and Best Wishes...the latter presumably because of the hazards of advancing age, ranging from marriage to death. Why not, then, make the day one of fannish good cheer with a fannish card? I can tell you, as most people can who ask themselves questions on paper, why not. Because we don't know the dates. An aspect of egoboo has been entirely neglected here, and inexcusably so.

We three, Joy, Sandy (nee Joan Carr) and myself, were discussing this and a similar topic in the field of egoboo the other day. We'd met a number of half-known names at the World Con; we're meeting a lot more on paper now that Sandy is a member of FAPA (who is this Robert Bloch? The name's hauntingly familiar...), and we eventually weaved our way around to the possibility of issuing a FANS WHO'S WHO...or, in some cases, a WHO'S WHAT. Mind you, this is still in the Project stage, but it would certainly answer the problems involved in birthday dates, among other things.

Apart from a wartime US publication called ROGUES GALLERY we haven't been able to trace anything previous in this line, and any suggestions would be welcome. And don't forget, you can always sell the foreign stamps on the envelopes of the greetings cards you receive to s-f philatelist fans.



By Mal

Arshworth

Darkness girdled yet the earth, as we left for Lancaster on that fateful morning, but it wasn't long before Morning tossed a whole heap of bricks in the Bowl of Night and whatever was in there splashed all over the place. It was raining. It wasn't difficult to think of King Arthur and his last great battle on that mist-girt Western shore (at least, it wasn't anymore difficult than it was to think of anything else at that time in the morning. It wasn't particularly bright to think of it either, I suppose, but at least it seemed fitting. Ken Potter and Irene Gore were getting married.

When we arrived in Lancaster the bus station was deserted except for a few thousand people. Harry Hanlon, who was to meet us, was not there. It was still raining. Perhaps, we began to think, the wedding had been postponed. Maybe it was all an elaborate hoax really, to repay us for dropping Irene in a river at Ingleton or some other long-forgotten indignity. Possibly they had given us the wrong date; or even given us the right date and got hold of the wrong one themselves. Maybe they weren't getting married for another week. Or perhaps they had got married the week before. Considering this latter possibility, we looked around again for Harry. We knew that he would never have left his post and we half expected to find a starved and shrunken corpse tucked away neatly in some out-of-the-way corner. Just as we were concluding that the Lancaster Street Cleansing Dept. were too efficient, Harry arrived. He had missed his bus.

We set off, then, to walk to Ken's house, with Harry as a guide. He had been going there now for ten years or more, he told us, but it wasn't until a while later that we realised he must have been referring to just this one trip. Due to Harry's unerring guidance and infallible sense of direction we only missed the right opening seven times and lost sight of the gasworks twice. (They are only 140 feet high anyway.)

When we did arrive, we found a copy

of ESQUIRE propping itself up in an armchair atop a pair of bespattered grey flannels. Then it lowered itself there emerged a vociferous check shirt and a Potter who hadn't changed a jot during his two years in the army. (The filthy fellow; I change my jots every week.) He did not seem at all bothered -- or even interested for that matter-- with the ordeal confronting him; he simply lounged in check-shirted languor dabbing idly at his face with a buzzing electric razor and describing Cyprus to us, while all about him whirred a human traffic that would have made a slave market look deserted and empty by comparison. People came, generously added a little something to the melee, and went, and aunts and uncles abounded.

"What has Cousin Albert to do, Ken?"

"Nothing -- just keep out of the way."

"Oh, but Cousin Albert's a Groomsman!"

"So let him go brush the horses."

"Ee, May - Cousin Albert's a Groomsman and Ken says there's nothing for him to do!"

But the mortification of Cousin Albert was a shortlived thing. Like a dazzling butterfly on a summer day, Cousin Albert had his one brief moment of glory and as soon was gone. For Grandmother arrived. Her entrance was magnificent and her whole performance never fell below that level. As she came through the door, Grandmother extracted one finger from a piece of old rag and started to wave her hand around, scattering blood like a libation as she did so.

"I've cut me finger. Look at it - bleeding all over t'place," and she sprayed a different corner of the room.

"Never mind, mother, we'll fix it up for you."

"I don't want none of your fancy stuff on. This'll do."

"Well, here, mother, let me put you your flower in your coat." A beautiful, delicate tinted rose was produced and extended towards Grandmother with obvious pacific intent.

"I'm not 'aving that cauliflower in me coat!:"

"Oh, but mother, it's lovely!"

"It's a cauliflower and I'm not 'aving it."

"Well - will you have mine? How about this one, mm? This is lovely!" (Ending on a rather desperate note.)

"Umph."

Quick seizing of a momentary advantage. "Here, mother, let me pin it in for you. It's a lovely one!" Unsuccessful scrabbling with a safety pin.

"You'll not get it i' this coat" -- plucking at flower and coat -- "It's too thick."

Wildly, "Oh, we'll have it in in a minute, mother."

"No you won't -- me coat's too thick." More determined plucking; petals floating carpetwards.

"Oh mother, -- you're breaking it!"

"Well I don't want it in. Me coat's too thick." Further plucking resulting in complete disintegration of the rose and a minor harvest festival on the floor.

"Oh, mother!"

"Look -- me finger's bleeding" -- spattering of the forlorn rose petals with drops of blood -- "It was a cauliflower anyway."

"Well, look mother, why don't you go on ahead in this taxi now, and find a nice seat in the church?"

"Umph."

Gentle guidance towards the door. Diminishing mumble -- "Me coat's too thick. I wasn't 'aving one of them cauliflowers. Bleeding all over t'place."

Life seemed almost dull after Grandmother had gone, but the hurly-burly was by no means done. The taxi was to call for Ken at one o'clock, and at twenty minutes to one everyone was spotlessly ready, ties straight, shirts white, flowers pinned in lapels, hair and faces shining. Everyone, that is, except one person. Deep in an armchair, in a corner of the room, an electric razor buzzed happily behind a copy of ESQUIRE. About ten minutes to one this scene of unflustered harmony came to the notice of several flustered relatives who immediately unplugged the electric razor, confiscated the ESQUIRE and pointedly presented Ken with a clean shirt. As he hunched into it, we said, wide-eyed, "Why, Ken, anyone would think you didn't want to go to your wedding!"

"I don't want to go," he snarled, "But somebody's got to."

And then a taxi came and took him away. A little while later we found ourselves in the back of a car with one deeply-offended Cousin Albert, and in no time at all we were seated near the back of an enormous church which stood next to a prison, on a high hill in Lancaster. Silently, but irreverently, we exchanged quotes with Harry Hanlon and Roy Booth, while Ken and Irene crawled about up at the front of the church under the directions of the holy man. Dave Wood proffered rings and things, mothers sniffled, and Grandmother put a seal on the whole thing with a sacrificial offering of blood.

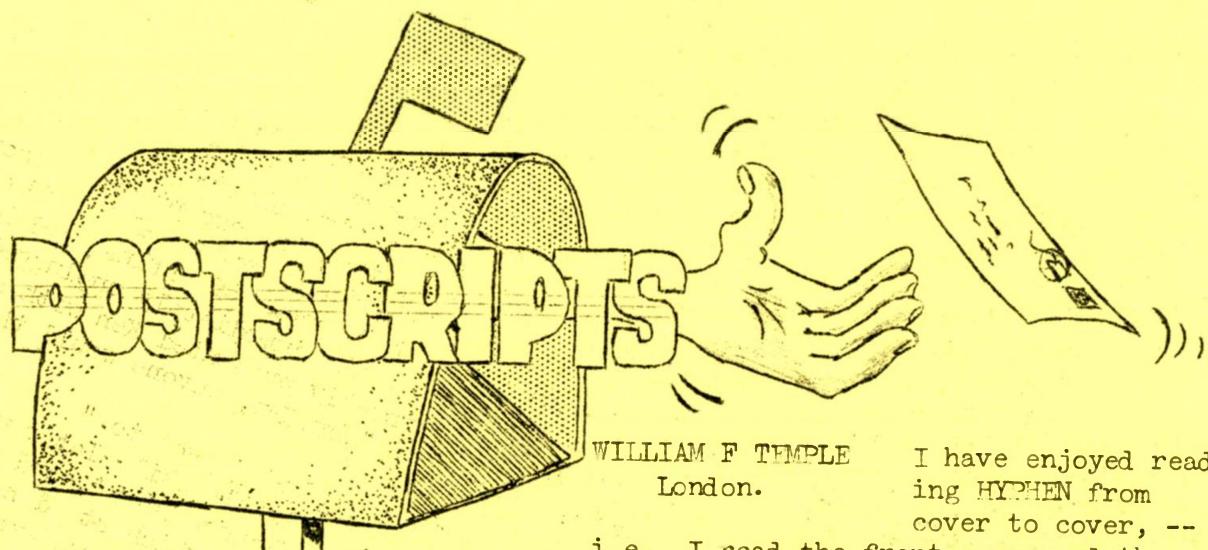
Outside the church an enthusiastic little photographer pounced upon the party. He arranged a neat little wedding group before his lens, with the church as a stately background. I had taken along my own camera and I felt that it might be fitting to take a few photographs of this Great Occasion, to pass on to future generations. So, when the photographer had arranged the group with a loving and conscientious care -- squinting at them, inclining his head to one side and then the other, re-arranging Irene's dress, moving a mother or a father half an inch to left or right -- I raised my camera and peered through the viewfinder. It was in that moment that the true spirit of Fandom was brought home to me. All the group was smiling at me. I clicked the shutter and lowered my camera. They all relaxed and started laughing and talking. Meanwhile, the photographer had walked back a few paces, raised his camera and.....lowered it again slowly, an uncomprehending look on his face. He walked back very deliberately to the group in front of the church door, and started to re-arrange them once more, and pat them into place. He turned, with the air of a man about to stand no nonsense, and strode back to his place. I squinted through my view-finder at the smiling faces of Ken and Irene, Dave Wood and Brenda, and took another snap. They all relaxed and turned round to chat with someone just coming out of the church. I looked at the photographer, who was just lowering his camera for the second time, and he seemed to be breathing rather hard. He walked back very deliberately and pushed everyone into place; he re-arranged Irene's dress; and he walked back.

"Irene, pick up your dress, it's getting wet. It'll be all mucky. Ought to 'ave more sense," shouted Grandmother. Irene picked up the hem of her dress. I took a photograph. Everyone relaxed. Grandmother stepped in front of the photographer and threw confetti over them all. I thought I heard a muffled sob from somewhere back of Grandmother.

After the reception -- which was distinguished by Irene's father insisting that the two families had five grandmothers between them, by Ken's Aunt Nellie singing "Bless This House," and by Ken's masterly speech (in which I caught the words "Um" "Er," and "Thank you." And possibly "Very much") we went along to the station to see them off on their honeymoon. As they leaned, confetti-covered, from the carriage window, I asked Ken: "Where are you going? Or are you keeping it a secret?"

"No," he said, "I don't mind telling you. We're going to Paris and if you can afford to come and annoy us, you're welcome."

And then they were gone.



WILLIAM F TEMPLE
London.

I have enjoyed reading HYPHEN from cover to cover, --

i.e., I read the front cover and then turned the thing round and read the bacover. It made a great impression on me, particularly the last line on the bacover. I kept waking in the night and seeing it written in letters of fire on

the ceiling: Someone has to pay for the magazine and you've only got one copy to finance.

I enclose one Postal Order for one shilling. I have financed my one copy. Now maybe I can get some sleep.

It is true that Peter Philips at the Convention looked fuzzy around the edges. I kept trimming him up with a pair of nail-scissors but the fuzz persisted in growing again. Eventually I noticed everyone else was growing fuzzy too, particularly Bert Campbell around the chin and Bob Silverberg around the forearms. The stuff spread like mildew. But I didn't like to complain: I hate creating a fuzz.

Terry Jeeves Many large sized thanks for HYPHEN, -- it gave me quite a surprise Sheffield. to realise that TRIODE is only seven issues behind you. Somehow I always think of "-" as being one of the cornerstones of fandom, ((actually it's just a millstone around my neck)) the sort of thing that was never born or started, but just appeared spontaneously in the dim and distant past. ((Umm, I can still remember how my back ached after hauling the first issue down from the top of Sinai --- and how EFR bitched about the poor job of stapling I did on it.))

One letter rather puzzled me.... Sanderson's natch. This "one beautiful woman in fandom".... who does he mean? Madeleine, Ina Shorrock, Bea Mahaffey, Audrey Eversfield to mention a few of the possibilities... how about a poll? (For Sandy to ride out of town on). ((Not necessary...read on.))

FRANCES EVANS As the most beautiful and intelligent femme in fandom I London. bitterly resent your imputation of egocentricity.

((Good enough for you, Terry? You still demand a poll?))

RAY NELSON
(Paris)



Spring comes early to Paris. The birds are beginning to sing, the first leaves are appearing on the trees, the little flowers are pushing their heads above the soil, and my girl friend is pregnant again.

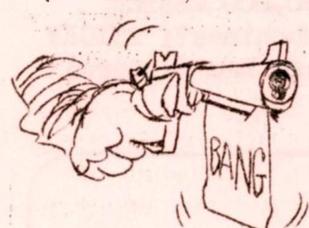
Loved the Con report. I laughed myself into a comma. ((Pass it along to your woman, -- she needs the punctuation)) There is no fandom in Paris, so every little trickle of information from the Outside World, from Civilisation, is like a refreshing breath of pure ozone.

Also there is no skiffle here, except what I myself produce, a mere pebble in the vacuum of musical deep space.....

I have been writing for Mike Moorcock's fanzines lately, and drawing for them too, including his paying fanzine, TARZAN ADVENTURES. I needed the money. That is my only excuse for turning into a Feathy Pro, even to this small degree. That's why I sold my soul to Mammon, that's why I stooped to grub in the gutter for pennies, that's why I lost my fannish virtue. Now I'm just a Fanwhore, for sale to the highest bidder. WHAT AM I BID? DO I HEAR SIXPENCE? SIXPENCE? SIXPENCE? GOING, GOING, GONE!

Seriously, you don't happen to know anyone who is interested in buying a used soul, still in good condition, but slightly soiled and frayed around the edges? ((No, -- but Temple will probably lend you his nail scissors...)) The financial situation here is absolutely mind-shattering. Is it possible for me to get some sort of work in England or Ireland? Perhaps translating things from English into American, or something like that? I'm a desparate man, man. I don't want to go back to the States until Con time, but if things don't start swinging around here, the State Department is going to be kind enough to ship me home.... and cancel my passport until the crack of doom.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL
(Cheshire)



This one is much more like HYPHEN than was the last one which might have got away with it had you numbered it 18a instead of 19. Goes to show that you feel a lot more like you do now than you did when you came in. Which reminds me, for some reason, that the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN recently mentioned the great conductor Richter's lovely bacover quote when he reproved an inattentive second flute. Summoning all his English, he yelled, "Your damned nonsense can I stand twice or once but sometimes always, by God, never!"

I think the bit that amused me the most was Jim Harmon's grave acknowledgment of the expiration of the long subscription that he hadn't bought in the first place. It tickles me because it sums up the crazy logic that seems to be the monopoly of fandom. All the rest of the issue seemed fair to middling -- I've seen better HYPHENS and I've seen worse ones, such as 18a or 19. Maybe the fault is wholly mine; a lot depends on how the reader's liver happens to be functioning and, obviously, no editor can be held responsible for the state of his customers' offal. I hope you won't choose this moment to insert a pun as terrible as that with which you ended my last letter. Maybe you are highly regarded as a successful tempter of Providence but some day you will be BLOODY WELL SHOT.

((Hark, hark, -- the Russell of Spring.))

JIM BROSCHEART
(Pennsylvania)



One James White is sadly deluded if he persists in the perverted belief that "it had been at that moment that the art and science of Psneeronics came into being, the foundation of an entire new field of knowledge." Hoo ha. Scoff, scoff. He quite obviously is completely unaware (Sneer) that this is an ancient and noble science that today has attained worldwide acceptance.

As any child knows, Psneeronics is divided into two fields: Retaliatory Psneeronics and its outgrowth, Initiatory Psneeronics. The Founder, Sigafoos Zilch, was forced when a small boy to develop a countering move when people reacted violently to his name by jeers and catcalls, and by hurling clods. At first he simply skewered them with one of his aunt's whalebone corset stays, but he soon evolved the phrase that has come down to us as the Prime Term of Psneeronics: "Aw, 23 Skidoo." (A left-wing splinter group contends that "Aw, your grandmother wears a chastity belt" is the real Prime Term, but most authorities recognise it for the Second.)

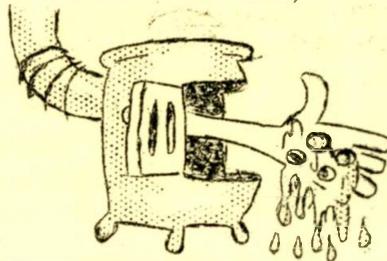
Zilch soon advanced to the brilliant formulation of silent, or High Psneeronics, utilizing coordinated body movements, especially lip contortion, to express contempt and like that. Sigafoos Zilch met an unfortunate end a few months later while attempting a most difficult experimental variation on his First Position against a rowdy crowd. This variation involved some sort of action with the extended middle fingers inserted in the nostrils. Zilch momentarily lost control, pinned the fingers in with his Number Five Curled Lip Sneer, and smothered.

His monumental work in Psneeronics, Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures, is still the basic text in the field. Its magnificent frontispiece by Paul Orban shows Zilch's wonderful St Smithian's Day defense against John W Campbell, Jnr., in Yankee Stadium before a capacity crowd of 70,000 booring Dianeticists. The caption is the well-known climax, "Sticky Machines?! STICKY Machines, for crissake?! Sticky MACHINES?!? Phagh!!!". Orban has captured Zilch's Eighth Position in all of its horrible repugnance.

"A FIGURE OUTLINED IN FIRE APPEARED BEFORE HIM
AND TOLD HIM N 3F MUST SUCCEED"



DEAN ATHELING GRENNELL
(Fond du Lac. Wis.)



Apparently yankee ice-cream concoctions are too formidable for delicate Irish appetites as I remember your own shuddering descriptions of a battle to the death with a similiar dish while visiting the LASFS or somewhere. When I was a kid we thought nothing of polishing off a pint of ice-cream single handed and I still recall the incredulous look on the face of a waitress in Texas at my casual request for a pint of ice-cream and a spoon. "You mean yoh want a whole pahnt of ahss-crim t'y'seff?" she gasped.... Phyllis Economou tells

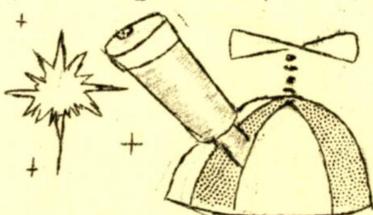
of a neighbour lady of theirs in Miami who came over one day and said, "Miz 'connamo, kin ah bahhr uh trah-vahhss?" "Have I got such a thing?" Phyllis wondered. "Why sho yoh hav," she reassured, "Yoh muss' hav!" "Where would I look for it?" "Why in the ahhss-bahhx, sho'ly!" Still fuddled, Phyll opened the door, gestured vaguely, and mumbled for her to help herself. The woman happily latched onto a tray of ice ("Trah-vahhss") and took her magnolia-scented leave. Do you wonder we have trouble understanding outlanders when we can't even understand each other.

I am in receipt of a Thing here. The stamp is British, the postmark is indecipherable (most British postmarks are). There is no return address, prob'lly due to the contraband nature of the contents. I am no hand-writing expert and while I am not prepared to defend the comment very heatedly, it seems to my undiscerning eye that all Britishers have a highly similiar handwriting although this is not in the Turner-Needham-Sanderson-Evans type of script. ((Sounds like another satisfied PROXYBOO client to me.)) It contains an old LILLIPUT which, in turn, contains a card with five U.S. dimes and nine U.S. nickels stuck to it with the most incredibly revolting and globbery glue I have ever beheld. Talk about sticky quarters...! Apparently there was a tenth nickel but it got away somehow. If this is your treaclyne trove, then I shall credit you with \$1.00 and await your instructions as to disposal. If it is none of your doings, let me know also and I shall continue my implacable search for the source of this gummy --I use the term advisedly-- filthy lucre. I have been thinking for some time that I should send a buck for CRY OF THE NAMELESS. I shall wish this card onto them and credit either you or my Unknown Donor with a crisp, crackly paper dollar from my (alas!) limited supply. Let the commerce of Far Seattle grind to a hopeless halt as these shellacky shekels clog its financial arteries.

If I didn't know better, I'd guess that you had slaughtered Wansborough and made him into glue.

At risk of offending your delicate sensibilities, I pass the word that there is said to be a crematorium in Chicago that is making a very good thing of exporting ashes to Africa where they are marketed to cannibal tribes as "Instant People."

ANDY YOUNG
(Cambridge Mass)

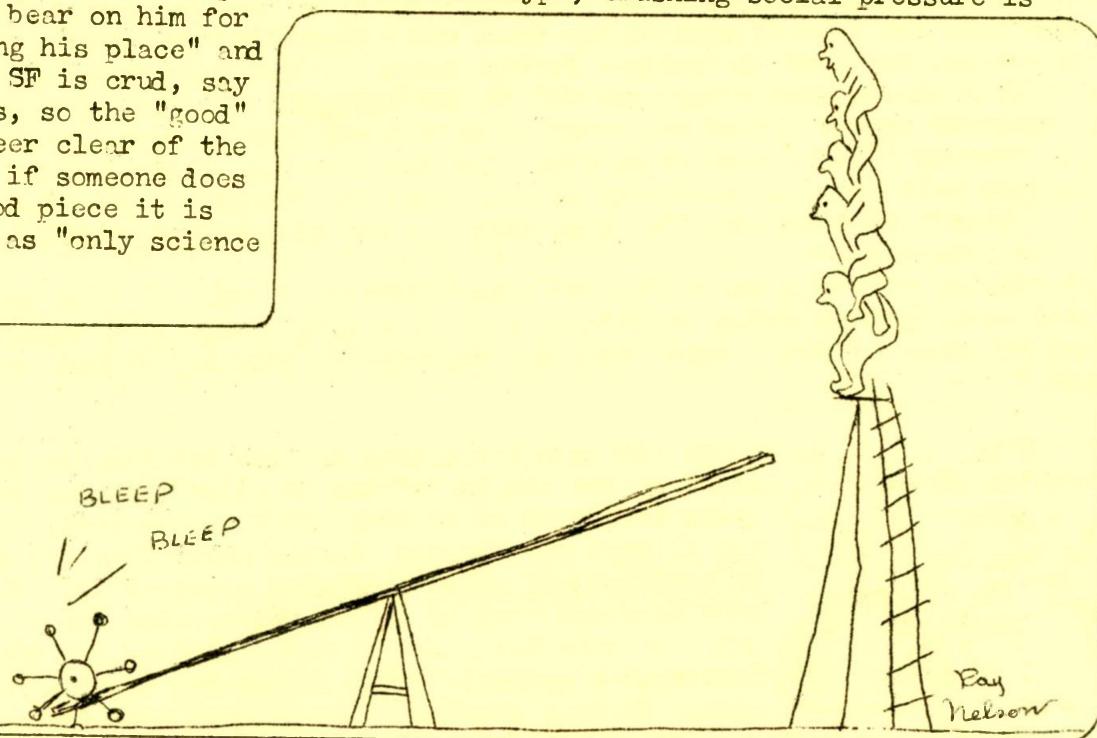


I hope it is not too late to come crawling to you, begging that our sub to "-" not be allowed to run out. I had every intention of writing after #19 arrived, but as I recall that was the time during which Jean was sick and in hospital and utter confusion overtook us. Then pretty soon Jean was back again but #20 arrived and I meant to write at once but a lot of work piled up and then this last week a horrible thing called The Visiting Committee came. So this evening I was sitting here trying to pick

out the vibrant strains of Krasnaya Moskva on the autoharp, and I noticed there weren't enough minor keys available to do it properly, and then I discovered that if you put your fingers on all the minor key buttons at once, they spelt, from left to right, G D A. I felt that this must be some sort of secret warning, a message planted by some time-traveller from a future in which our sub to "-" was allowed to run out, and as a result....., so he went back to 1915 or whenever it was that these things were being made, and cleverly designed an autoharp with those particular minor keys on it, knowing that this discovery would be just the thing needed to start me off....

...What is with this "Gay Paree in '63" stuff? Are you (I hope) serious? Because we could probably go to GP in '63; I mean, by then I shall really be working instead of sponging off the taxpayers...((It's a bit early yet, and there are a hell of a lot of difficulties to be overcome, but yes, it's Serious. Nothing definite has been done yet, but We Have Plans, and I think we can bring it off if only we can get the Worldcon to approve the site. The Con would probably run for a whole week, (and may god have mercy on the Program Committee!) -- the first week in September. It'll be fairly expensive -- Paris is twice as dear as London -- but if you buy a piggy-bank now and start stuffing it, you should manage it. Who else will be there??))

(Back to Andy) The Glass Bushel and Grunch bring back the old familiar "-" spirit. Hooray! And especially Hooray for Ving for blasting down Patrick Moore, As one of the people who are active in both fandom and the scientific field, it pains me considerably to see people who are good, honest, intelligent scientists blast away at SF, frequently (because of their Big Names) in wide circulation media, with complete and abysmal ignorance of the field, while the science fiction people, except for ACClarke, are left with no means of reaching any part of the public which isn't already sold on SF. As a sociological problem, it resembles that of the Negro: he is criticised for being unambitious, poorly educated, etc., while if he tries to step above the stereotype, crushing social pressure is brought to bear on him for "not knowing his place" and the like. SF is crud, say the critics, so the "good" writers steer clear of the field, and if someone does write a good piece it is sneered at as "only science fiction."



SIR REGINALD GANGLEY SPEARES
c/o Ron Smith, PO Box 356,
Times Square Station, NY 36.



This is the first letter I have ever written to the editor of a science fiction fanzine. I have been reading fanzines for 37 years, but I have never written a letter to the editor before. This is the first time.

I have been prompted to break this long silence by a fiction piece which appeared in your last issue, BLISS KRIEG by title. I refer to it as fiction because I can think of no other term that would properly and politely apply. Mr. Editor, this is the most blatant piece of charlatanism I have ever encountered in my 35 years of reading fanzines. And I feel I must protest!

First of all, Mr Berry has failed to take into account the height of the average wardrobe or, at least, the height of the wardrobe owned by my girl friend. Upon careful measurement, this height is found to be 7 feet, 8 inches, and a fraction over (undoubtedly due to poor workmanship). Secondly, Mr. Berry has failed to take into account the height of the average bed or, at least, the height of the bed belonging to my girl friend (she has her own apartment by the way; I live at home with my mother to save on expenses so I can subscribe to all the sf fanzines I have been reading for the past 32 years, so I don't have a wardrobe myself.) This height is found to be 2 feet 4 inches—a difference, you will note, of 5 feet, 4 inches and a fraction over.

Thirdly, Mr. Berry has failed to take into account the agility of the modern, civilised, urbanised human male, as compared to, say, the more primitive and uncivilised orangutang. To illustrate my point, let me adduce my own experience...

First of all, after climbing the five flights of stairs to my girl friend's apartment, I entered. I did not, however, go directly to the bedroom. (I am not, as you will see, without knowledge of certain aspects of feminine psychology.) Instead, I kissed her lightly on the cheek and walked into the kitchen. Opening the icebox, I peered inside. "What's new?" I asked as she came in.

"There's some strawberry yogurt," she said.

"Strawberry's not so good," I said. "No vanilla?"

"The strawberry was on sale," she said.

"Oh," I said.

"You don't have to eat it," she said.

"It's all right," I said. I looked longingly at her beautiful face and at her beautiful body and then at the carton of strawberry yogurt. "I have a feeling I'll need it," I added.

But here I think it best to break off, since my main objective is to detail the technical aspects of my attempt at "wardrobe jumping". I just wanted to set the mood, which I've done.

I ate the yogurt and we went into the bedroom and she got into bed. I then rolled the wardrobe across the room and up against the wall (it had casters; that is the wardrobe did) opposite the end of the bed.

"What thehell are you doing?" she enquired.

"I'm rolling the wardrobe up against the wall," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

I smiled my most winning smile. "Be patient, darling, and I will show you," I said.

She lit a cigarette, leaned against the headboard and blew smoke at the ceiling. "I can't wait," she said.

At this point I began the assault---that is, I started to climb the wardrobe. And here is just one of the places where Mr. Berry is guilty of sloppy thinking or writing or both---he neglected to state how one is supposed to climb a wardrobe.

It took me fifteen painful, embarrassing, horrible minutes to figure out a way to make the ascent..to the top of the wardrobe. Finally I placed two chairs on top of one another, balanced them with delicate precision, and climbed atop them. I did not secure this elevated position immediately, however. The chairs fell---or rather I fell, pulling the chairs on top of me, three times before I finally made it and hoisted myself upon the wardrobe which was itself wobbly, and I most nearly found myself precipitated to a foul end.

Once perched upon the wardrobe, I fought vainly to suppress my expectant trembling. I looked down at the lovely, desirable creature below me on the bed--the woman I was going to marry--and I almost sobbed with delight.

"What the hell are you doing?" she asked.

"Patience, dear," I said. "Any moment now and you will know."

I lay prostrate on top of the wardrobe and pressed my feet against the wall. And then I pushed, with all my strength.

The lovely creature before me screamed, leaped out of the bed and ran frantically into the other room.

She did not even see me land. I had failed--or rather, as I realised, Mr. Berry had failed, having set down on paper a technique that is not only hideously ineffective but, even worse, criminal.

For Mr Berry failed to take into account that certain beds, in particular the one in the possession of my girl friend, have a footboard (as opposed to a headboard) and that certain floors, in particular the one across which I propelled the wardrobe, have rugs.

And because of these omissions of Mr. Berry's--for which there is no reasonable excuse, since as a writer he has a certain duty to his readers--I cannot forgive him. Because of them I have suffered a grievous injury, both to mind and body. You can imagine how grievous when I tell you that my girl friend has more than once suggested that we terminate our relationship. "After all," she has said, "if you can't have relations, why have a relationship?"

In closing, I wish to say that I hope you will be more discerning in your selection of material in the future.

PS. I have been reading your fanzine since the first issue, 31 years ago, and I think it is the finest appearing.

{I am sorry, but the editors of Hyphen cannot accept responsibility for any injury to life, limb or the pursuit of happiness alleged to have been incurred through the use of products or procedures recommended by contributors. I suggest you make your claim to the Nirvana Good Fansmanship Institute, who guarantee the contents of this magazine. They might be able to get you a job in the Middle East somewhere.

However any young couples who would like a demonstration of The Method are invited to apply, with photograph of the lady, to our Mr. Harris, President, Union of Fully Certified Sex Fiends. (Own wardrobe, will travel.)}

