

# PAMPHREY

FAPA MAILING #68 NOVEMBER, 1967

Walt Willis  
170 Upper Newtownards Rd.  
BELFAST N. IRELAND

ies, facing untold perils all the way—and then, as it collapses exhausted in South Pioneer Boulevard, be cruelly sent back over the same ground, in some cases the same sea. If this doesn't move you to tears, think of the energy uselessly consumed. So, bearing in mind the fact that I have probably postponed for several millennia the death of the Universe from entropy, as well as fulfilling my FAPA activity requirements, would you please pop this publication into the envelope with its brothers, or keep it in a safe place until they arrive. Thank you.

You are now about to enjoy one of the rarer pleasures in life, that of reading other people's mail. The correspondence which follows is some that I discovered while staying at the homes to two English fans, Chuck Harris and Vince Clarke—both of whom I've been trying for some time to entice into FAPA. Partly in pursuit of this glorious endeavour, Chuck Harris bought a secondhand Ellans Duplicator for £15. He could not get it to work. Vince Clarke, Welling fandom's acknowledged expert on duplicating, went to his house to try and fix it. Now read on.

Dear Chuck,

It's certainly a neurosis...that machine is nothing to scare a great big fan like you. The problem was breaking down after only about 1½ hours concentration with the will to win, though I admit that for a beginning you were unlucky to pick a m/c that couldn't go perfectly rightaway.

You're impressed by the Gestetner because you've seen us handle it at speed, but honestly we've had trouble with it too. You only have to use logic—the things are machines, designed to do a job, not human beings that will hesitate and fumble because they're not sure of what they're doing. If a m/c goes wrong, it's mechanical trouble, not pure wilfulness, and in a simple thing like a duplicator the mechanical trouble ought to be simple too.

...when I left there was one major fault, the lever on the height-mech was getting in the way of the operation. Obviously it wasn't designed to do that as a regular thing. Well, how is it supposed to work? We don't know at present. Given another half-hour I could probably have found out...What is the difference that makes the levers interconnect every now and then? Is there an eccentric cam somewhere interconnecting with a gearwheel every so many turns of the handle? What is the purpose of the securing screw on that small lever having an elliptical hole? If there is some mechanism causing the lever to move nearer to the bar of the lowering and raising mechanism, there may be a rounded end to the lever which instead of either missing or catching the bar, slides slowly along it. It would need filing at the end to produce a straight edge that would either miss or connect. Or there's the possibility that the mechanism isn't set correctly at the very start of the operation. What is the purpose of that odd lever in the slit on one side of the machine? ((And so on for several more hundred words.))

Ghu man! Haven't you any natural curiosity?

Frankly, you're acting like an absolute mechanical innocent; like a woman who doesn't know enough to replace an electric light fuse. I believe you said once that you had a bicycle, and I'm surprised that you didn't then absorb the knowledge that unscrewing a part to see whether it is defective or not is not necessarily a funny act. I suppose if anything went wrong you'd take a bike around to the nearest repairers?

THE PAGE OF NOBELS NEVER YED

I doubt whether you actually made any constructive efforts at investigation of the duper at all. More likely you put your two reams of paper in and chummed away in the hope that your guardian angel would miraculously make 'em come out right. Phooey to you, Harris. You're rolling down with your legs in the air again.

Have to bash at that SLANT article now, so 'voir, and if you find any screwdrivers lying around you know what you can do with them. Oh yes, thank you Pa and Ma for having me, and assure them I'll be always handy to extract you from the internals of a Gestetner should you ever get one.

Vincerely, Ving

Dear Vince,

I rather suspect you have a carbon of your letter (assuming you haven't sent it to Walt yet!) In my abysmal ignorance, I wouldn't dare to contradict some of your final mechanical points (ref. to the duper natch.) But when you hurl your crassly horrible aspersions all over me, THEN I come out swinging.

Whaddya mean, "acting like a mechanical innocent"? That's no act, bub. I am. It may be true that I don't know a cyclotron from a turbojet (Hell! It is true) but with this duper I conquered my superstitious awe of cogwheels and bearings, and really did do my hesitant fumbling best to make the thing work.

My brother is just as good a genius as you are. He couldn't fix it. The swine who sold it to me came down with the firm's representative--they couldn't fix it. Walter Himself wrote pages of helpful advice. Useless. Ken Slater took time out from running

Fandom to Tell Me How To Do It. Useless. Alone and fairly undaunted, I had a bash myself.

I stripped it down and oiled and dusted it. I got a new pressure roller. I cleaned the drum with petrol and fixed a new cloth. I spent days trying it out with various pieces tight or loose

Cudd-lee-pets, Cudd-lee-pets,  
Snuggle up to Cuddlypets!  
Scare hell out of your ma-in-law  
Buy her a Cuddlydinosaur.

or absent. I tried it with the drum at different places. I tried it with lots of paper. I tried it with teeny-weensy heaps of paper. I looked just (if not more) as goddam intelligent as you did Sunday night too.

The trouble with you is that you're annoyed because I said "Ghod."

I certainly would not take my bike to the repairers if it broke down. My Dad would fix it. And I can replace fuses, so nyaaaaaah. In fact with a rusty nail I can fix fuses so that they never blow again. (The builder's coming in to tear the wall down next week.)

By your tenets I should unscrew chunks out of my typer just to satisfy my natural curiosity. I tell you all of my natural curiosity is hinged on women. The typer works--I'll be damned if I'll fool around with it just to satisfy your crazy whims.

What did you think I did with this damn duper? Turn the handle once and then rush pellmell for Walt's shoulder? I've tried everything I can think of and got damn all for my trouble. The hell with it--I'll have a Gestetner.

You and Walt are like a couple of bloody clears with your omnipotent "neuroses".

I don't concede there is only one major fault. Apart from justifying, there is uneven inking, frequent missing of the feed, double sheets passing through, sheets sticking to the drum, and a counter that doesn't.

Phooey to you too,

Chuck

Dear Chuck,

When I saw you putting those Con leaflets in envelopes last night I really thought you were turning into an actifan at last. And now, the illusion is shattered. I get a miserable letter blotted with tears--or it would have been blotted with tears if it had been written with ink--of self pity. I'm not saying anything against your brother (except that he is), and natch the representative would sell you a new machine if he could, but you still don't show any signs of understanding

They never learn the joys of bed.

the soul of machines—or, as we say, the *gesellschaftlichkeit*. The desire to find out what your typer can do besides writing rude letters should be as instinctive as crooking your little finger when you drink tea and I did think you just turned a handle and then rushed to Walt's shoulder. I still do. I have a cold and I had a rum and orange last night to keep me cheerful and on Lew's recommendation and it was not only the nearest thing to petrol and paregoric I've ever tasted but I have a headache this morning. And I have positively no sympathy for you. In fact, if the bike and myself were likely to feel like it on Sunday, I'd come over again, just to show you what a goddamned genius can do. As it is, I see I shall have to imbue (and that's a word you wouldn't get in an ordinary non-genius type letter) you with a desire to take things to pieces by post. What better than the rough solid handle of a screwdriver between your fingers, the virgin saw-cut of a screw-head gaping wide for its reception, the sweet thrill as the slow unwinding begins and the machine falls to bits? You haven't lived until you've taken a complex piece of iron and ballbearings apart, oiled it, put it together again, and find you've forgotten to include some absolutely vital packing washers that fit into the most inaccessible part.

Yes, I am annoyed with you because you said 'ghod'. We want no heary superstitions in the mechanical age, thank you. Let us look forward to a clean, slightly oiled future where men and machines work in beautiful symbiosis together, and the ancient and puerile fears of the non-mechanical swell in a triumphant psalm of thanksgiving to the mechanic. Without a cap 'm'.

There is one major fault—you can work the thing without a counter, and sheets will only stick to the drum if (a) the paper is too thin (b) the ink is too thick. Double sheets and missing of the feed all come under the Mechanical Working of the Feed. As for uneven inking, that's the fault of the bloke who puts the ink on. Namin, no names.

As I said, m/c's aren't inhabited by malevolent (another good word) demons. On the other hand you can't expect to find out what's wrong with a thing unless you know how it's supposed to work when it's right. As I've pointed out in your particular case (and what your flipping 'representative' apparently failed to). I must say that your vague references to 'trying it out with various pieces tight or loose or absent shows no sign of method in your attack.....

...As I've now reached the position where I have to flog some books to buy a new typewriter ribbon, I'm not going to waste any more of this one on you.

with knobs on,

Vinç

PS. You and your frothy fanzines.

Girls are mean and girls are fiddle,  
Girls won't play at slap and tickle—  
But better than any girl you've met  
Is an itsy-bitsy Cuddlypet.

Now look here Clarke,

It's not the least bit of use your getting lyrically pornographic over a duplicator. We must remember that machines have no souls. They may say *gesellschaftlichkeit* in the stews of Welling but I'll have you know this is a God-fearing pure and wholesome household and Gommie obscenities are frowned upon. We find English obscenities adequate for our simple needs.

Any person who terms such nectar as rum and orange as the nearest thing to petrol and paregoric deserves to have a headache. (I'm glad, I tell you, glad!) Rum, of course, is a MAN'S drink and was never meant to be served to juvenile hack writers. I'm sure that Lew will be glad to serve you a pint of milk in future if you only ask him.

I am at a loss to understand what else could be desired of my typer other than the function it now serves. I'm satisfied with it. And what little refinements would you suggest? By being semantically logical, according to you I should eviscerate my petrol lighter and adapt it to spray fruit trees; my fountain pen I should convert

to an automatic dishwasher; my wrist-watch could play 'The Harlot of Jerusalem' every hour on the hour. These are fascinating possibilities I'm sure, but I just happen

to be content with things as they are.  
The duper is a hearse of a different colour.  
Alas, when I asked you if Mr Shaw's idea of turning bicycles into dupers worked both ways, you treated the remark with content. And that wasn't all you treated with contempt either. You spend

Cudd-lee-pets, Cudd-lee-pets,  
Snuggle up to Cuddlypets!  
Spare erogenous zones are free--  
Treat Junior to a CuddlyBea.

one lousy evening on the duper and then scornfully pronounce Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin at me instead of at Mr Ellams' scraphheap.

Thank you for telling me that the paper sticks to the drum only if it's too thin or if the ink is too thick. The paper was obviously not too thin—we used the remainder for the comical book. I'm afraid the ink was actually too thin—you refused to use the rest of it on that account. Don't take any notice of me though—I'm a bit of a bull-shitter myself, and I shall always try to find time to read your letters.

The rest of the faults are all mine. I'm just a poor ignorant fugghead not fit to be trusted with a hectograph. (This is irony, son.) I can't see why you bother with me unless it's on account of my charming personality. I realise that a goddam genius such as you could make my duper work if only you had the Valuable Time, and that your multi-faceted grasp of mechanics qualifies you to say that uneven inking is due solely to the operator—especially when said operator happens to be a poor benighted cretin like me. I was wondering though if you realised that when you roll a cylinder inside a cylinder, (as you do in Ellams' contraption) the middle gets inked more than the two ends?

I am not superstitious. I don't even believe that rabbits' feet are lucky charms, unless they come from a white buck caught in a graveyard at midnight.

~~I doubt if I shall be up at the pub on Thursday.~~ I don't want you to treat me (no full stop) with contempt in front of all those other active fans. Besides, I might have to do your stint of envelope filling once again.

If you would like to come over next weekend all you have to do is say so. Bring your screwdriver and inn self control. You can play with the duper for just as long as you please. But don't expect to be shown my interesting letters from Bloch, or the latest fapa mailing, or the two-foot high pile of Willis manuscripts that I have here. Phooey on you.

Never thine,  
~~Chick~~ Mr Harris (Famed)

This will of course have given every member of FAPA the Mitty-like conviction that they could walk into Chuck's house, make some expert adjustment to the machine and stand aside casually as it began to produce copy after perfect copy...the universal human conceit satirised in an early W.C. Fields film. You remember; a harassed chauffeur is tinkering at the engine of an enormous car while his Mrs Ponsonby-type employer snorts impatiently inside. Fields comes along, watches tolerantly for a moment, then waves the chauffeur aside with a lordly air, expertly gives a screw a half turn, bows, and continues on his way. He has gone about ten yards when the entire ~~engine~~ falls out.

Nothing like this really happened when I was staying at Chuck's place, but nevertheless the duper is still rusting away under the bed in the garden hut. I had it out on an orange box in the garden, but without time ink or stencils could do nothing but grunt. However Ving intends to have the duper sent over to his house for treatment as an in-patient, and we may see its work in FAPA yet.

Have no mechanical orgasm.

# THE PERFORATED FINGER

## MAILING REVIEWS

SKYHOOK I think all of us should make a point of commenting on what a beautiful job Boggs does lest as time goes on he loses interest through being taken for granted and stops doing it. A hideous thought, but fan publishing is almost as much a reciprocal affair as marriage and needs perpetual re-assurance. Readd, we may have come to expect this sort of thing from you, but we still think you're wonderful.

No Sir, those postcards to Madeleine were not really mailed, and I welcome the opportunity to shake the fingerbone of accusation at Max Keasler. Bloch, to open his 'Everybody send ten postcards to Madeleine' campaign wrote these at the desk of the Morrison with Keasler and myself looking over his shoulder. Keasler asked if he could copy them before they were mailed and promised faithfully to mail them himself. They were never seen again. Max, if you're waiting for the 30¢ I'll be glad to pay it. This is a rather nostalgic business for other reasons. This stencil in Van Splan's mag bears all the stigmata of having been cut by Max and was therefore presumably intended for O:US, from which we can sadly draw the conclusion that that sterling fanzine is no more. Ochove.

Ezra Pound? Ah.... I have a friend (one of the saucebottle fans) who corresponds regularly with Ezra, or at least did the last time his name cropped up. I've seen several of the letters Ezra wrote from the mental home. Many of them are just a few barely legible words scrawled on ten cent airmail letters, with a fine poetic disregard for material considerations. Shocking to fans, who are accustomed to rivalling with their airletters the people who engrave the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, but then this fandom has its own conventions. It is a fandom in its way; the world is covered by a network of these intelligentsia pen friends, exchanging ideas, arranging meetings, introducing one another, forming groups and so on. No doubt if they were more practically minded they would follow the trend to its logical conclusion and publish mimeographed fanzines, which would save the B:F's of this other fandom, like Pound and Eliot, a great deal of trouble. It may come, but so far the little magazines of this microcosm are still at the serious constructive stage. Presumably because their publishers are poets manqué who disseminate other people's work as a substitute for creating their own, and the creative minus find their outlet outside, whereas in fandom we are all manqué.

I knew a long time ago an Englishman who was a devotee of Ezra's. He was positively Pound-foolish. Mr Pennywise, as we must inevitably call him, knew by heart virtually every line his hero had written, followed up all his recondite allusions, and pounced on every Pison Canto as it left the press with the enthusiasm of a neofan for egoboo. Nevertheless he had never dared approach the

great man personally. Then one day he found in the latest Canto a minor error in one of the Master's erudite references. This was his long awaited opportunity. Carefully he drafted a long letter, full of admiration and praise, but pointing out the little error. Time passed, day after anxious day.

Then one day the reply came. He opened it reverently. The Master's message was short. It read: "Dear Sir, I think you are a bloody shit."

Every Cuddlypet's a virgin  
Cuddlypets don't need no urgin!  
Constructed without sense of sin—  
Love and grat-it-udes BUILT IN.  
E.B. Every genuine Cuddlypet  
is guaranteed virgo intacta,  
and is sealed by GOOD ACUSEKEEPING.

??????? (Bergeron). I must say we have come to a pretty pass (as the guides say on bus tours through the Rockies) when the title of a fanmag is illegible. However it's quite a compliment to the material that I read it all.

Perhaps we can clear up for good this question of Soviet Russia and science fiction.

They are not happy with their job.

The famous article in Literaturnya Gazeta (which was published in translation in Gillings' SFREVIEW) was not an attack on science fiction. It was an attack on certain trends in American science fiction by fellow aficionados, I might even say fellow fans. And at the risk of being denounced by McCarthyites and similar people who think it is UnAmerican not to/out and catch pneumonia if the Communists say it's raining, I'd like to say that Browne and Spillene have showed they had some little justification. Actually science fiction is immensely popular in Soviet Russia, possibly more so than it is in the States, and has certainly been popular for a long time. According to the book (published by Pelican, Bob) 'A Scientist in Soviet Russia' by Eric Ashby (now Chancellor of Belfast University) there is even a special section of the Soviet Writer's Praesidium devoted to what he calls 'scientific romances'. There are a large number of popular magazines specialising in the field and countless hardcover books. Most of them are sf in the older tradition--ie extrapolations of current science rather than extrapolations of science fiction science--but there are also genuine fantasies. So far as I know only one book is available in English--Efremov's 'A Meeting Over Tuscarora', published in England a few years back and which I read in our local public library. This is an anthology of stories, none of which would have been out of place in a modern American prozine. For all we know the Russians may also have fanzines, fan clubs and Conventions. Possibly also Pogovistic deviationists.

Cuddlyroosters in red pants,  
Cuddlyseals and elephants---  
Or the model Fran gave E.E.E.---  
A Cuddly-blue-assed-chimpanzee.

DREAM QUEST Mr Ward's etymological thesis interesting, but surprisingly superficial. I'm surprised that anyone living in Los Angeles should neglect source data so close at hand as the earlier Insurgent use of the euphemism 'fout', which is a clear indication of the true source of the word in question. 'Fout' came from the French verb 'foutre' (as in the colloquial 'Je m'en fous') and this of course derives in turn directly from the Latin verb 'fossa', meaning dig, pierce, penetrate. All speculations about Anglo-Saxon, Grimm's Law etc are entirely irrelevant--the word has, appropriately enough, a Romance origin. The same, incidentally, applies to most of the other so-called 'Anglo-Saxon monosyllables'. Another of them occurs along with the first in Caesar's 'De Bello Gallico' where he describes the virility rites of the Gauls; they plunged their spears into a hole in the ground shouting 'Non fossa, non fossa, sed cunus!'

I'm fascinated by this bod who vowed never to spend any money. Tell us more.

Your magazine reviews gave me quite a shock. I just could not understand how anyone could have found it possible to say a good word about 'Myshkin', that vast heap of mental garbage. The only thing that made me finish it was a sense of duty to Bea Mahaffey, who was about to be my guest, and what with wincing at the fourth rate humour and yawning at the incredible dullness of the narrative it was quite an effort. And of course all wasted, for when Bea did come it seemed to me the only tactful course was to ignore the dreadful thing altogether as another of Palmer's follies for which Bea couldn't be blamed.

IT CAME FROM BOX 203 "This is science fiction fandom, not fandom fandom". Is it? And should it be? Poe to science fiction. People who complain that fmz are ignoring it should realise that what they are asking for is a steady diet of amateur fiction and halfbaked literary criticism. Neither is a high form of literary activity and both are usually damnably dull. Any worthwhile fiction should be in the prozines---all the talk about offtrail stuff is so much self delusion and fanish fuggheadedness. All the offtrail material available to faneds that couldn't be published in a modern prozine is not worth talking about, and still less worth publishing. As for literary criticism, science fiction is neither good enough

nor big enough nor varied enough to be worth serious attention. Even the best criticism, like Atheling's in SKYHOOK, relies more for its appeal on its merits as good writing and interesting insult than on any real preoccupation of the readers with his subject. The rest of fanzine literary criticism amounts to little more than praise or denunciation of certain stories and most fans prefer to choose their own reading and know enough about the field to do so to their satisfaction. On the other

Cudd-lee-pets, Cudd-lee-pets,  
Snuggle up to Cuddlypets,  
If you too think fans are coarse,  
Quit fandom on a Cuddlyhorse.

hand fannish writing about fans is almost always interesting, partly because it is in its small way creative, and partly because fans are usually interesting. At least I know for myself it's not the scholarly critiques of Atheling that make

FAPA seem worthwhile to me, but Drummond talking about being bitten by a deer or Eney writing about his room or Insurgent interlineations.

I know what 69 is, but what is 88? Could you send me the answer in plain covers?

STEFANTASY Harking back to an earlier issue of yours, Bill, do you really believe that Northern Ireland is coerced by the British or is this just for FAPA consumption? You have an Ulsterman in FAPA, you know. I don't want to plunge all FAPA into war over the Irish question, but it is simply not true that we're forcibly prevented from joining with the 26 Counties to the South. I think in fact the English would be damn glad to get rid of us, just as we'd be much happier to be on our own entirely if it were possible. Unfortunately it isn't, and two out of three of us prefer association with the English, who don't interfere with us, to incorporation in the priestridden South. I don't like to see the country split in two--we're as good Irishmen here in the North as anywhere, and better--but I'd like still less to have my sex life interfered with and my reading censored by an intolerant foreign church. // Swift's Houyhnhnms--that's the book dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equine. // I have met 23 FAPA members.

DANN 'The Family Magazine' was nice.

ELLIER Some of these would almost make one despair of Seventh Fandom, being neither funny nor fannish, but then there are a great many excellent ones. By the way, No.75 ('How much would it cost to hire a brothel?') is incorrectly ascribed to the Philcon Committee. It was the Loncommittee. "What have you got in that bottle, Klein?" is also a London Circle interlineation and was originated by Chuck Harris. Lou, the barman at the White Horse, won't serve the younger fans with beer, so one of them, Tony Klein, took to smuggling bottles in inside his suitcase. Chuck Harris is also responsible, in a letter to me, for No.78. A limerick attributed to Charles Wells may have in fact been composed by HG, being current before Charles was born.

Incidentally, Norman, I'd like to draw your attention to a joke that was also current some years ago. A man is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In the commonroom on his first evening he notices with astonishment a convict standing up and shouting "Number 87", at which there is a roar of laughter. As it dies down another one shouts "Number 165". More laughter. The new convict asks his neighbour for an explanation and is told that all the convicts have been together so long that they know each others' jokes by heart. To save time they have accordingly written them all down in a book and given them numbers. Anyone wanting to tell a joke just says the number. The new convict is much impressed and asks to borrow the book. In the cell that night he studies it carefully and selects three houndings. Next evening, he stands up and shouts '59!' Silence. Chagrined, he tries '97!' More silence. The same with the third one. 'But those were terrific jokes,' he complains. "Aw," said his neighbour, "It's the way you tell them."

Verse culled from the letters of Chuck Harris

And always spend their evenings off. In coming I saw a line.

Got a Cudd-lee sprite or Cudd-lee dragon  
Or a Cudd-lee nymph without a rag on---  
Or if it's privacy you lack,  
Get yourself a Cud-le-sac.

I INTEND TO PRY INTO THE SOULS OF THESE FANS...YOU MEAN HENRI CLIFTE HAS RESIGNED ALREADY? ...THAT'S THE ONE I SHOT THE SPIDER WITH...I DIDN'T KNOW THAT DIGNIFIED RESTRAINT WAS YOUR RACKET...DO YOU THINK NORMAN WANSBOROUGH IS STAR BCGOTTEN?...BLOODY PROVINCIALS... ACID IN THE EYES...VINCE CLARKE IS A DOLL...THAT'S LUNCOMBE CANNOT BE UNLUNCOMBE...I'M A SENSITIVE LITTLE FLOWER...GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN! VICTORIA, OF COURSE...I HAD A POCTSARCD FROM GEOD THIS MORNING...IF SHE HAS HER FACE LIMPED ONCE MORE SHE'LL HAVE A MOST PECUL- LAR DIMPLE ON HER CHIN...WHY, THE UNIVERSE WAS CREATED FOR EGGOBOO...IF WE DON'T HAVE A FILM SHOW HOW WILL WE BE ABLE TO CANCEL IT?...WALT SLUNG PUPPIES AT ME...HE WRITES LIKE A LITERATE ALAN HUNTER...WHO LET BURGESS IN?...DON'T BE AFRAID, QUATERMASS, YOU ARE AM- ONG FRONDS...I FOUND OUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME...I HADN'T BEEN GETTING ENOUGH ICED LO- LLIPOPS...WHEN FANZINES WERE FANZING...I WOULD READ THEM FOR CONTROVERSY OF THE MOST INTELLECTUAL AND STIMULATING...I WANT TO HAVE FRIENDS READY TO RUSH IN & SAVE ME FROM MYSELF...HIS LAST COMEUNIQUE WAS AN OBSCENE POCTSARCD FROM ILERACCOIRE...WE HAVE DECIDED TO GET OURSELVES DISCOVERED...WHAT DID WE DO WITH OUR SPARE TIME BEFORE FANDOM?...IT HAS SET NEW STANDARDS AT WHICH TO AIM: A VERITABLE GOLDEN CUSPIDOR OF A CONVENTION...PICKLES AND YORKSHIRE RELICS...THE LONDON CIRCLE IS A TIGHT CIRCLE...AH WHAT LACK OF GENIUS I HAD THEN...AND HE BLEW HIS OWN TRUMPET AS HE CROSSED OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE...HE HIT THE NAIL UNERRINGLY ON THE THUMB...WHEN WE GOT MARRIED SHE WANTED TO PRODUCE A FANZINE...THAT BEARD IS THE MOST FANTASTIC THING IN SCIENCE FICTION...THE SOLE OF DISCRETION...I JUST PUT THAT IN TO CONFUSE PEOPLE...THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER AB- OUT HIM...HE NEVER SAYS ANYTHING WE DO IS MARVELLOUS...FANDOM IS LIKE ENTERING A MONAS- TERY...LAST ONE OUT'S A NEOFAN!...FOO TO TURNER, ANYWAY...WE THINK YOU HAVE HAD A PSYCHIC LESION...OUR GREASEPIT WASN'T DUG RIGHT...ON TOP OF THIS I WAS DISSATISFIED WITH MY FAN STATUS...REMEMBER, PEOPLE SNEERED AT HUBBARD AT FIRST...I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SCRAPER BOARD AND LIGHTNING STRUCK WITHIN 25 FEET OF ME THIS AFTERNOON...I SUPPOSE THE GUEST OF HONOUR WILL BE VARGO STATTEN...IT'S A LONG LANEY THAT HAS NO BUR- REL...TO OVERINK IS HUMAN; TO SLIPSHEET IS DIVINE...IS SOMEBODY IGNORING ME?...HOOG!!



HYPHEN

No. 4 October, 1953  
 Walt Willis  
 170 Upper M'Ards  
 Belfast  
 NI

SEVENTH FANDOM

PRINTED MATTER



David Pike

Box 203

Rodeo

California



USA