

the SF clubzine

# innitals



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is number 5 dated January 56. It is  
published by Sgt. H.p. Sanderson,  
A.P.O. (O.A.B.) M.E.L.F.  
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## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

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Just to get things straight at the beginning, which is as good a place as any to get things straight, my name is Sanderson --- otherwise known as Sandy, Harold, Hal, Peter, Pete, Supersonic,

Big 'Ead, or just plain "Sergeant-and-get-your-heels-together-when-you-speak-to-me--What-do-you-think-you're-on--your-father's-YACHT?!!!" (Depending of course on who is doing the otherwise knowing). Oh yes, I'm a regular bastard. Well, at least I'm a Regular, having sixteen years of a twenty two year engagement still to serve as "one of England's hired mercenaries, an official killer, a government paid assassin" (or so I've been told - but can you see it?), and the bastard part seems to follow automatically in these circumstances.

Having reached Cyprus and its peculiar roads (that's a laugh. Roads. Have you seen them??) the old 'Bus seems to have gone off trail. The old route has now been completely abandoned and in future anything might happen. Earlier issues of this fanzine are not available at any price. Not that you are missing anything -- the earlier issues consisted almost entirely of OMFA mailing reviews. There are no fares charged on this 'BUS. In other words you get it for nothing. However, things such as letters and fanzines will be more than welcome. They are not an absolute necessity, you understand --- ah, careful boy, lets qualify that. There are certain fanzines without which I would hate to be, and these can be divided into three groups. The first is the "WAW etc group" consisting of HYPHEN - BEM - BRENNNSCHLUSS and anything else put out by Irish Fandom and people such as Chuck Harris, Atom, MalAsh and even Potter. The second is the "GRENNELL etc group" consisting of the works of Grennell, Tucker and Bloch either in collaboration or independantly, as well as Rotsler, Calkins, Geis and Leeh (now that she's back - sound of cheers and trumpets blaring). The final group is that part of OMFA best illustrated by the work of Nigel Lindsay, Eric Needham, Harry Turner, Vinç, STEAM etc. I trust nobody will object to what are only rough groupings? From this it will easily be seen in which direction my fine fannish mind is twisted. If you don't know then the word missing from your vocabulary is "Humour" - and on second thoughts I'll make that two words, "mature humour", to distinguish the type handed out by the people mentioned above from that "look at me - ain't I funny?" type, so beloved of run-of-the-mill fuggheaded idiots. It is these mature humourists who have kept me in fandom, lo, these many moons, so now you know who (or, in the cases of Harris and Potter, what) to blame. (≠ And that is the type of remark that should exclude me from their company for ever ≠) Anyone who feels insulted because I haven't mentioned his peerless product so far, should try sending me a copy. Could be that I've never seen it - or that I've forgotten what it was all about. On the other hand, it's just possible you might not give a damn about what I think of your brain child. But seriously, exchanges will be welcomed.

Those early issues I mentioned a while back were edited and published by Joan Carr. This issue has also been edited by Joan but the duplication is the work of

(And thank you kindly for that spontaneous burst of applause). The reason for the change is that the light of my life decided to take a powder shortly before Christmas, leaving me in the dark. Not that it was her fault entirely - if anything the blame rests on me. Relations had been a bit strained for some time and then we just decided to call it a day. Naturally I have no intentions of revealing the reason for this decision because it is a personal thing that is no concern of yours. I wouldn't have said this much if it wasn't for the fact that Joan decided to run out on fandom at the same time, handing everything she had to me before doing so.

Now those of you who know me at all well will realise the difficulty of my position. I am what is known as a lazy fringe-fan (the word's "lazy" lady, not "lousy" ----- okay, but watch it!) and prefer to do as little as possible to gather the small amount of egoboo essential for my continued existence in fandom. "Oh well," I thought. "It won't do me any harm to have a look through this stack of stuff." That's what I thought. Ha! So after looking I pushed it all on one side until after Christmas and went on the most glorious drinking bout -- bout that's another story. (Come to think of it, anyone who can persuade the OMPA OE to credit blank pages can have my remeniscences of "Christmas in Cyprus - 1955"). Well, it's now after Christmas and the stack has grown even larger and since I am comparatively sober once more I think it time I did something about it.

The stencils for our Christmas Card are in the wastepaper basket - no comment on that other than to say "Thank You" for those you sent. Under the circumstances the one I had helped devise would have been somewhat inapropriate. Also in the WPB are the stencils for CARRIAGE, the OMPA mailing comment 'zine. (With the exception of the one for the bacover which I've used as the bacover for the 'Bus). The comments were well and truly out of date, making MISCARRIAGE a more apt title. Apart from adding a bacover (previously blank), the item you are reading now, and a line on the cover "the SF clubzine" (now watch me do an Astounding on you), the 'Bus is strictly as it was. Incidentally it was this that stopped me from throwing my hand in completely and going GAFIA myself since there are, in my opinion, a number of good items worth saving. The MachiaVarleyian quote - er quotes - for instance, which I wanted you to see. (Yes, Brian?)

All that is left now is the mixed up heap of fanzines and letters that have been sent to Joan in the past few months. (And believe you me, it's just about the biggest "all" I've ever seen.) I'm sorry to have to say this but Joan has no intention of writing to any fans to acknowledge any of these items. She has her reasons, one of which, I know, is that if she were to start writing around to every one she might just as well not bother leaving fandom at all. This seems quite reasonable and yet somehow wrong to me. However, there you have it. At the same time it is quite obvious that even with the best intentions in the world, and with unlimited time and energy (neither of which I have) it would be impossible for me to catch up on the back-log that faces me across the table. Will you therefor please accept this as a temporary reply from me to you? Next time you write or send a fanzine ( always supposing that you will) I should be back to normal - or at least as normal as I'm going to be from here on in.

The next issue of OMNIBUS will be out very quickly and will be more of a letter-substitute than a fanzine, being devoted to comments on the stuff Joan has handed over to me. After that things will be more normal. I have several illos by Larry Bourne, outlines for "Famous Fanzine Reprints" and a number of other ideas. Brian Varley would probably help to keep "Middle-East Confidential" going for some time

to come, and Mike Wallace might join in once he settles down! I have a few ideas for it myself if it comes to that, or would anyone be upset by a description of a visit to a Larnaca brothel? (made solely for the purpose of gathering 'local colour' I assure you. If I ever reach the stage where I feel the necessity of visiting such an establishment for any other reason then I'll be well past the necessity...if you see what I mean. And if you don't - brother, have you lead a sheltered life!) ((Yes I, also, have been reading lots of Rotsler just lately - and very good reading it is indeed. To keep it artistic I'll tell you about the cabarets as well...)) Anyone else who would like to join in with either material or illos will be quite welcome.

This issue is being circulated to the OMPA and FAPA mailing list, including those on the waiting list, and anyone else who has written to Joan in the last three months. After that.....who knows?

Of course the real reason for my sudden desire to become more active in fandom is that I've heard fanac described many times as "sublimation" and the time has come for me to test that description.....

Two more things - first, if I fulfill Joan's OMPA requirements will I be allowed to "re-enlist" under my own name? Despite the fact that our membership has been under Joan's name it has been 'our' membership. (I want to avoid hanging around on the waiting list if I can). The mailings that are still due to Joan can be sent to either of us -- they'll end up with me either way. The second thing is this. A short while ago Dean Grennell kindly had Joan's name placed on the FAPA waiting list. Although not stated at the time this also was to have been a joint membership. Can a substitution be made here also or do I have to go to the foot of the list? Whichever way it has to be, I do want to be in OMPA and FAPA.

I've also inherited the MAD and PANIC magazines. Dean Grennell (who is quite undeniably a Good Man) is keeping me supplied with the latest issues, but perhaps some of you might be able to help him out over the question of missing back numbers? Those required are:-

MAD 1 to 5, 11, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22, and 23.

PANIC 1, 4, 5, and 7.

I'm also short of the following:-

QUANDRY 1 to 10, 17 and 30 (was 30 the last, or 31?  
I haven't a 31, anyway)

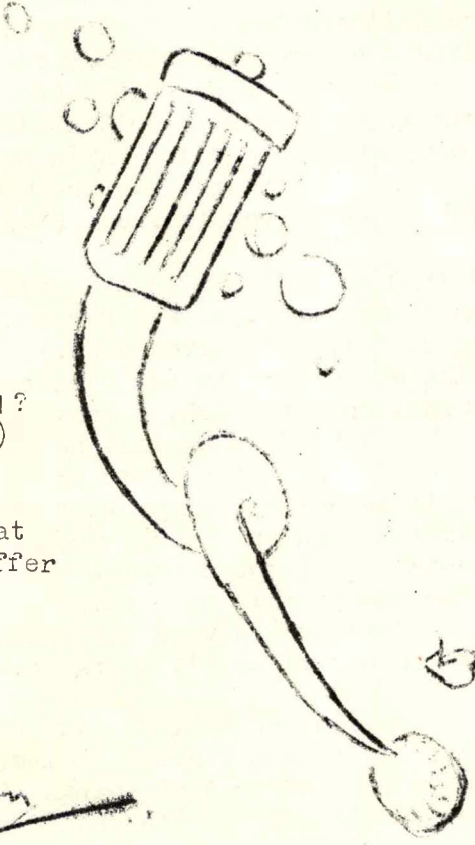
EYE No 2. ORION 1 and 5. ALPHA 9.

OOPSIA 1 to 15.

Guess some of these will be difficult to come by at this stage, but you never know. Any reasonable offer accepted.

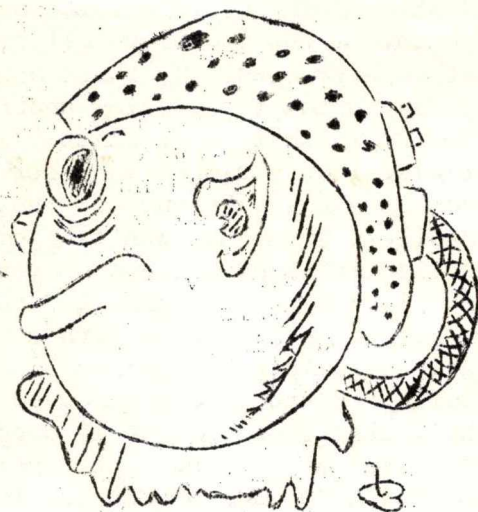
Which leaves me with nothing to say except -- if you have, thanks for reading this far.

24 Jan 56.



*Bundson*

MIDDLE EAST -  
CONFIDENTIAL!



Those of you who have had the great fortune to read copies of Quandry will no doubt retain in their minds the great legal wangles of the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company and the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company. Some of you might even have wondered at odd moments just how these two great concerns finally settled their quarrels, but this information is kept in the TOP SECRET files of Messrs Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris, Solicitors, of Rainham, Essex. That these two Companies did arrive at a mutual understanding has been revealed in Nigel Lindsay's BIAS BINDING No 2, wherein is stated the fact that their representatives (having discovered that SEX (Pat. Pending) had never been patented) decided to form a joint subsidiary firm to take care of this oversight. This new group is called SEXPLOITATION INC. It has since been made known that a "secret police" group was formed at the same time to prevent crimes against the patent laws - THE SEXPLOITATION UNDER COVERS ORGANISATION - and that I am the Chief Overseas Under Covers Agent.

What isn't known, as yet, to the unsuspecting ~~sucker/s~~ readers of this magazine is that an Underground Movement seems to have sprung up. You may be assured that in the interests of Justice (and the percentage I get from the sale of licences by Messrs Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris for the use of SEX (Pat. Pending) by their clients) I shall make every effort to track down and bring to justice all the members of this movement. In the meantime, since I know that all my readers are innocent and unused to the ways of the world, I feel it is my duty to expose the shameful practices of the leading member of this foul and mercenary band of criminals. To do this I wish to take you through the opening stages of my investigations.

It all began with the realisation that Sandy is a great friend and confidant of Brian Varley. Using the weapons that Nature had thought fit to bestow on me I inveigled him into writing to Varley giving a slightly untrue exposition of the situation, and into ending his letter in such a way that I knew Varley, by virtue of being Varley, would be unable to resist. When his reply was received, I had no difficulty in obtaining it from Sandy. The following are the parts relevant to the subject in hand.

"Dear Sandy,

Being an 'ornery crittur' I shall start with the tailpiece of your

letter, to wit "Joan sends her love - and wonders when your licence expires -er, if you have one." Well now, I'll let you into the secret. I'M RUNNING A BLACK MARKET IN SEX! Joan may be an undercovers agent, but you ought to see my undercounter agents. A new technique altogether. The layman might consider this uncomfortable but we have specially built counters for working under. We also stock extra-large de-luxe hands for working under, but these are for gourmets (and gourands) only. I'm afraid that Nigel Lindsay's operatives are strictly small timers. They must be or else Joan wouldn't send her love absolutely free. I've distilled and bottled it and, as she's a friend of mine, it will only go to one of my better clients. Incidentally I trust she won't object to my not sending her my love this time. This particular brand has become very valuable since HYPHEN gave me some free publicity and I'm working overtime in order to meet orders. Nevertheless I feel that I ought to give something in return so I'm sending her the love of HERBERT J COGGINS, retired Municipal cleansing operative of CATFORD. Admittedly this isn't up to the quality of the love I received from her but I have to make a living. If she feels she'd like some more of Mr Coggins' love (three star quality) it would be appreciated if she would send a photograph with the consignment she wishes to be exchanged. My customers much prefer the love to be distilled and impregnated into a photograph rather than an ordinary blank piece of paper. I did try impregnating Marilyn Monroe and Rock Hudson photos with any odd love lots which weren't selling very well but this only fooled the dabblers. All self-respecting sex-fiends rejected them out of hand. Of course, love is only one of my many branches. There is a thriving Puppy-Love branch for adolescents. We have an enormous LUST CARTEL with an actual stock of 18 sizes of lust, each in four fittings. I tell you, you haven't lived until you've experienced our 24 star lust. After only one delivery a 60 year old missionary pinched a Canberra and didn't return until three Pacific islands had been re-populated. Of course, he died soon after, but there's one man who did die happy!"

"There is also another branch, but this is operated through a bogus company called '----, ARSON and PILLAGE INC'. The commodity sold is a by-product of lust and needs careful handling. In this country it's mostly bought by Sunday newspapers as a circulation booster. Our American branch formally went under the same name but this excited a deal of comment over there so we bought up some peculiar SF mags and continued under this cover. The old name was kept alive by using the initial letters to form the name of our puppet editor. If you and Joan would like to organise the Middle East for me I'll give you basic wages of sin until you get worked up and thereafter a percentage of the take. Oh yes, and Joan had better retain her membership of SEXPLOITATION then we shall be able to hi-jack their consignments. Is this a deal?"

"Incidentally I've been toying with the idea of a service for those men who only want mothering. I'd like to call it THWARTATION LTD."

Brian H Varley.

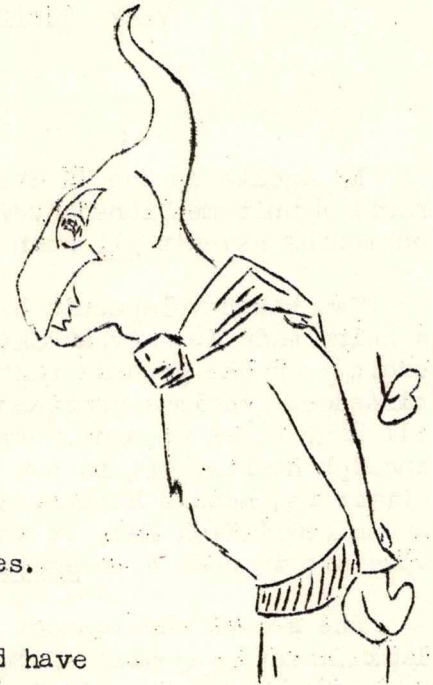
There is, of course, no truth whatsoever in the rumour that I have accepted Varley's proposition. At the moment it might seem as though I have but this is only a subterfuge to enable me to find out even more about his organisation. This is also the explanation for why I have not yet taken steps to apprehend the rogue.

Mr Coggins of Catford has been contacted and he states that the only way in which Varley could have obtained his love was by stealing it. When interviewed he violently denied that he had given it voluntarily and objected to the implied slur on his character.

In order to get to the bottom of this mystery, Sandy was again prevailed upon to write to Varley, this time suggesting that if we were to be effective in the Middle East it would be necessary for him to provide further details together with such things as advertising slogans and testimonials. Varley's reply follows:-

"Delighted to know that you are joining our organisation, it therefore follows that you should know the basic details of the mob. Known throughout sex-minded people as RAP (R---, Arson and Pillage Unlimited) our motto is PER ARDUA AD TORO, "Through work to bed". Our main product is a volatile liquid marketed under the trade name of SEXCESS. This is usually obtained by holding parties, fannish if possible, London fannish for Grade 1, and then pumping the atmosphere through a complicated extraction unit. An average party produces some five ounces of raw SEXCESS (10ozs if Tubb be present). This is then diluted with 200 parts water and 10 parts each peppermint essence and gin."

"We also are adept at extracting love from letters, this is also a complicated job best illustrated by the case of Herbet J Coggins. One of our clients, a Mrs Amelia Beazley, sent Mr Coggins letter in reply to her advertisement in the "Marriage Advertiser" to us for the extraction service along with several hundred others. Ten percent were extracted as our fee, the Coggins letter being amongst them. It is one of our aims that in some not too distant future this particular method of obtaining love will be passed to our THWARTATION branch."



"We have had several slogans for furthering sales. Examples:-

"Most men would like to die in bed. Take SEXCESS and have no option"

"Why murder your wife? Use SEXCESS and do it the easy way"

"Ready, willing and unable? Take SEXCESS"

"Nine out of ten Mormans use SEXCESS"

"No success? Try SEXCESS"

"SEXCESS means SEXCITEMENT"

We have also received many thousands of testimonials. Two are as follows:-

Dear Sir,

As my wives have insisted on a five minute breather I thought I would take this opportunity of ordering another gallon of your wonderful SEXCESS. I cannot praise your product enough - I haven't the time! Here we go again! Whoopee!!

You'oh'oh'oh'rs

Finchley J. Bradshaw.

P.S. Make it Two Gallons.

PP.S. Express Delivery.

A TELEGRAM

PLEASE STOP PLEASE STOP NO MORE SEXCESS  
STOP CANT STAND IT STOP TIRED STOP VERY  
VERY TIRED STOP STOP  
WIVES OF FINCHLEY J BRADSHAW.

Brian H Varley.

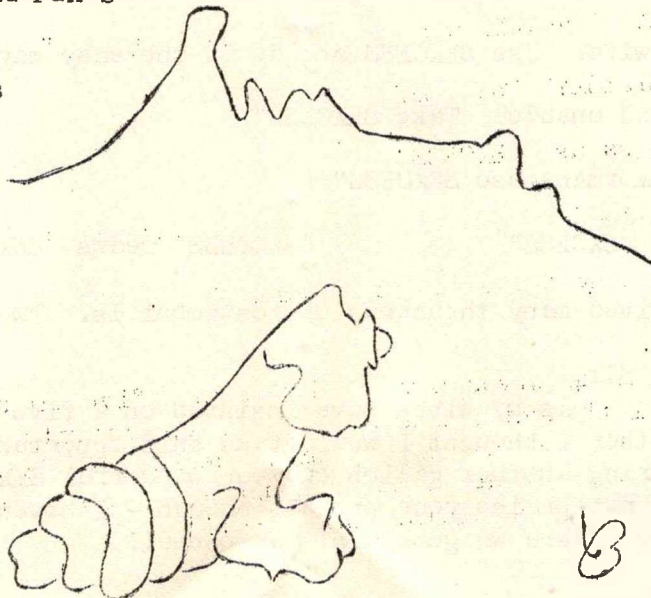
My Agents in the UK are at present attempting to obtain the plans of the extraction unit mentioned by Varley. (The letters I have received in the past eighteen months haven't all been connected with FEZ!).

Two new developments have come to my attention. The first is that an attempt is being made to prevent SEXPLOITATION INC from being granted a patent on SEX (Pat. Pending) on the grounds that full details regarding the process are already in existence. Various Continental books and magazines have been quoted. The case will have to be brought forward for a decision by the Lord Chief Justice Charles Randolph Harris. It is not yet certain whether his affiliation to the firm of solicitors, Messrs Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris, will cause him to find for SEXPLOITATION INC, or whether his position as a fully certified sex-maniac will cause him to come down against them.

The second development is, as yet, merely a rumour to the effect that a second Black Market gang will shortly attempt to bust up the Varley Mob in attempt to grab the contract for the Old Fan's Home.

The investigations continue.

jwc



B



Every Now and Then we like to come across a fan writer with such a strong personality that the writing of a "take-off" is very enjoyable. Harry Turner, it was, who first said something like this, and in view of the following item by Sandy and our joint effort further on in this issue (i.e. MENITH+) we doubtless owe him and his associates an apology. And who knows but that someday they might get one? I must now vacate my chair before this typewriter ... take my lightly dancing fingers from the keys, and leave them (the keys) to be unmercifully pounded by Sandy's three index fingers (you didn't know?) as he laboriously hacks out:-

SNAKES ALIVE !!! by Narry Heedham.

oo

It was just after our first game of tennis (we are practising so as to be able to challenge Walt next year) and Joan had won easily. With a laugh to show how little I cared I leaped through the net, hastily reassembled myself on the other side and patted her on the back. Then she reassembled herself and we walked arm in arm to the Mess for a long cool drink. With the glasses held firmly in our left hands we ventured into the lounge and proceeded to sit down. Now for me, this is quite a procedure, and after watching me squirm around for ten minutes, Joan spoke.

"Must you always do that?"

"Why yes" I said, with the memories flooding back to me and a far away look in my eyes. "These chairs are funny things aren't they? But I'm not here to uphold the traditions of fannish humour so we can forget about that. The easy chairs in the living room of our house are cleverly constructed in such a way that I can take up my favourite position with a minimum of this squirming and twisting. Said position being to have the lower end of my spine on the edge of the seat, and the top of my shoulders pressing against the back. In this way the major portion of my body is almost (but not quite) parallel to the floor. That is to say it would be parallel to the floor if only it didn't have an annoying tendency to bend in the middle and thus form a curve. I've spent many a night in that position carefully weighing up all the pros and cons of having a spine more rigidly constructed...steel sprung at each extremity of course, to allow a certain amount of movement. And you'd need cantilevers and cleats....."

"I think I'll have a shower before dinner", said Joan.

Grabbing her arm before she could get away I said..."Did I ever tell you of my experiments to discover if one could get a swamp snake in an electric light bowl? Talking about chairs and the way one sits has reminded me about it. You see, when reclining at my ease in the manner I have described, at home, my eyes invariably became unfocussed on the electric light fittings. For years I had done this until one day I saw them in a new light (if you'll pardon the pun). The excitement of a new train of thought caught hold of me as I contemplated the problem that my questing mind had unearthed. 'Why' I said to myself 'Why do you never find swamp snakes in lampshades?' I was dazzled by the brilliance of this idea .. until I turned the light off .. and then I could view it in its proper perspective. Before going any further it would be necessary to place some swamp snakes near a

lampshade to observe their actions, and, being a humanitarian and member of the RSPCA, that would necessitate my building a swamp... Eventually I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep because there were so many angles to be worked over." (Curves too, I added under my breath. Pity the Peeper at the flesh hold had been peeping all night).

"But why on earth did you want to get swamp snakes into....."

"Oh, lots of reasons" I said. "Mainly because they would be able to get rid of the heat resistant, translucent spiders."

"Heat....."

"To get rid of the dead flies you always find in lampshades" I explained as patiently as possible. "Surely you can appreciate that spiders used for that purpose would have to be heat resistant and translucent? Now don't interrupt. Where was I? Oh yes. Came the dawn and I set to work again with a will. This in itself was a pleasant surprise because normally I have to set to work with a won't. She's so ... ah ... hum ... Constructing the swamp was quite easy since all I did was to wait for a typically Mancunian type summer day (not the stuff they had this year but one of the really typical type). Then, with the back garden under at least six inches of water, a dozen arc lights from a nearby film studio that had just gone bankrupt supplemented the pitifully weak rays of the sun and soon the whole place was steaming happily. Pity about that studio though. They had been filming an epic and using live ammunition to get that "realism" so beloved of modern studios. Until some tame mathematical genius on the payroll worked out that since it was an epic, the supply of extras would vanish long before the completion of the film. It broke the director's heart. Obtaining the right kind of plants for the swamp proved to be no difficulty either. The garden next door was a jungle of weeds that constantly found their way under the fence. It wasn't long before vast quantities of them had mutated to adapt to the new conditions."

"Better go for dinner now and have a shower afterwards" said Joan. "It's getting late."

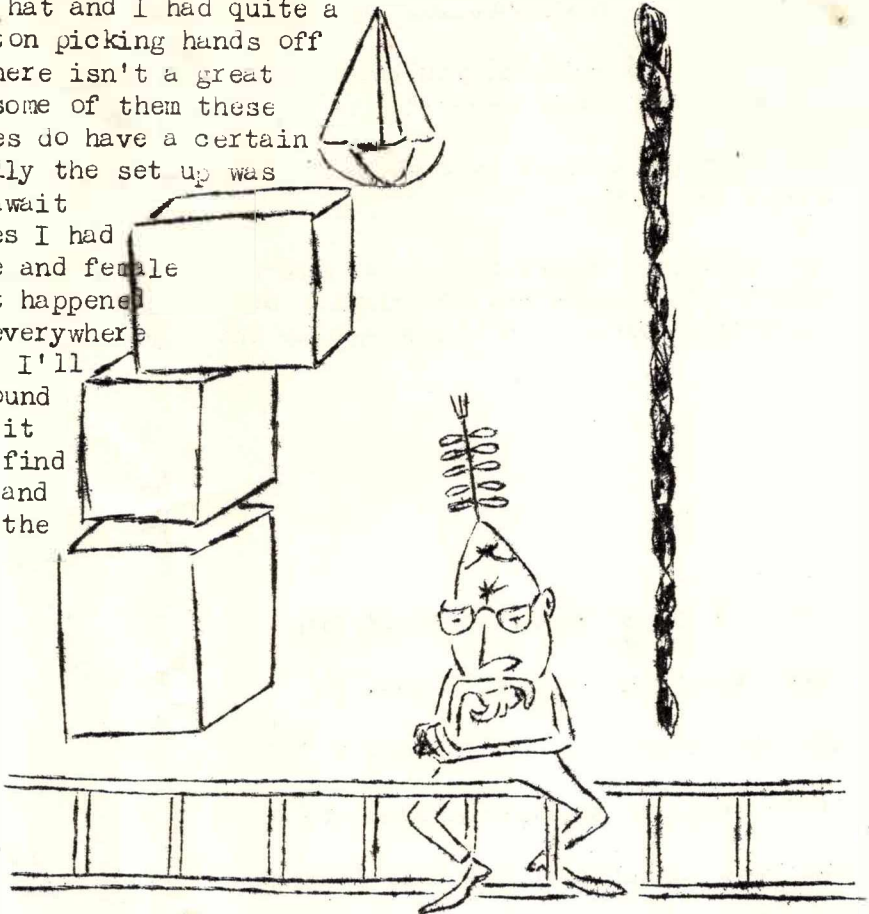
Locking the door of the lounge and pocketing the key I continued. "The snakes themselves were obtained from an ergonomic dabbler in mysticism living in Richmond Grove (which is the place to dabble). Mind you, it needed careful planning. I knew he would have some snakes on the premises since he often talked about his snake venom distillery. I hung around the neighbourhood until the noise of his motor bike told me he had departed, and then using a ladder I had found against the wall I broke in through an upstairs window. Frog-leaping the Nuremberg Maiden I found his familiar .. Algy .. preparing to be familiar. But this had been taken into consideration, and I set Reginald onto it. Reginald being our cat - the one with ten lives. Algy flowed to a stop, and seizing two snakes from a basket near the venom distillery I made a hurried exit through the window."

"The next thing to do was to get hold of a lampshade, because we didn't have any at that time. I had first been led to these thoughts by wondering why we did not have any lampshades .. and then surmising it was probably due to the fact that if we did they might end up with dead flies .. heat resistant translucent spiders .. and swamp snakes in them."

"Wouldn't the best answer to your problems have been to stay without?"

"I could have sworn you asked me an awkward question then," I said. "When

the lampshade arrived it was quite a shock to the family. My sister got the idea into her head that it was a hat and I had quite a time trying to keep her cotton picking hands off it. Come to think of it, there isn't a great deal of difference between some of them these days - except that lampshades do have a certain utilitarian value. Eventually the set up was complete and I sat back to await developments. The two snakes I had borrowed must have been male and female because the first thing that happened was that there were snakes everywhere - and I do mean everywhere. I'll never forget the day they found the plumbing. From then on it was nothing in our house to find yourself turning the tap on and pouring a cup of snake. In the end we had to get all our liquid from bottles - which rather suited me. And when they discovered the electric wiring system - oh, it was shocking. I consulted Glicheimer's "Determination of the Ergonomic Properties of Electrified Snakes and Their Uses to Check Theories Concerning the Physical Structure of Eels", and following the instructions contained therein fitted them all up with low frequency modulated square wave oscillators and de-gaussing bands. But there was one place they didn't get to, and that was the lampshade."



REBRAWN BY

Jola

WITH ADDITIONS

"After a while the thought arose that possibly it was in too difficult a position for them to reach. Ladders were stretched to the ceiling, ropes suspended from it, packing cases and boxes of every description built up in pyramids - but all to no avail. There were still no snakes in the lampshade. Despair settled over the house like a black cloud from a bedside fog generator, and everything was neglected and fell into disrepair. Even when my youngest brother had been missing for a week and Reginald was found gnawing what looked suspiciously like a human bone, we were too sunk in lethargy to do anything but pat his head. Poor Reginald, even he had been forgotten and he had to preserve his tenth life. It might have been his last.

"but the time and effort hadn't been wasted...not altogether. I was unsuccessful but now I know why. You see, swamp snakes never venture into lampshades for the simple reason that they know lampshades are reserved for a superior type of snake. Superior to anything they will ever be. Snakes such as the three that started to visit me just after the plumbing went haywire. They were beautiful - those three - blue, green and red striped skin with yellow polka dots - and

quite intelligent too. I enjoyed the conversations we used to have. Occasionally we would try to get the elephant to join in but it was far happier trying to emulate a whale in what was left of the swamp."

"Pity about that, you know. It was a really lovely shade of pink before it got into that swamp -----"

"Dinner will be over by now" said Joan, "and the bar will be open. Do you want a drink?"

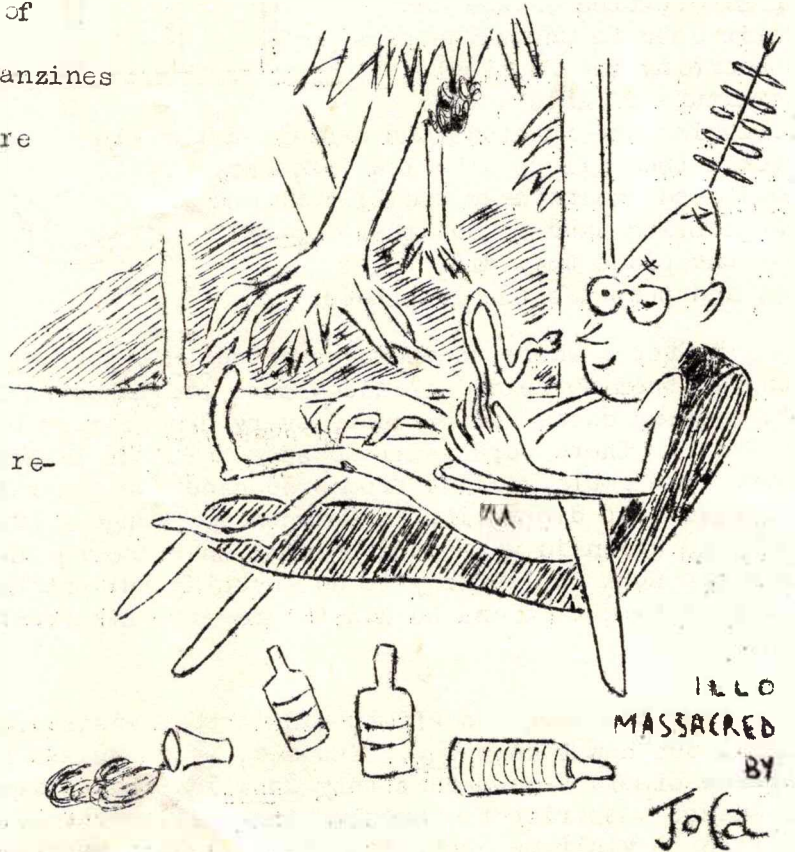
Making a mental note to remind her at some future date to stop asking entirely unnecessary questions, and sighing deeply over my memories, I unlocked the door of the lounge and arm in arm we hobbled into the bar.

hps.

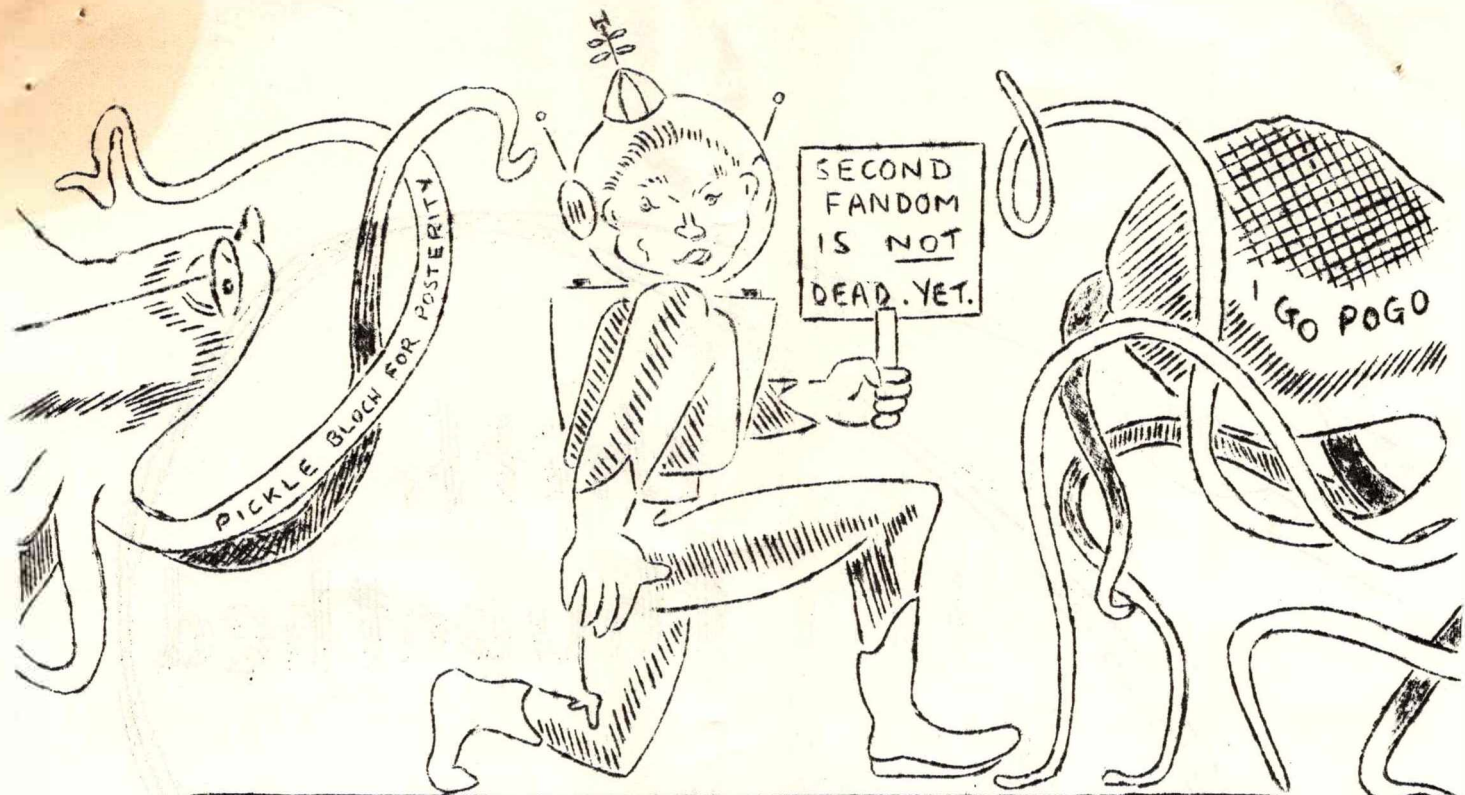
And so we leave Sandy contemplating even bigger and better snakes, and pass on to our final section.

It is proposed to reprint some of the best features of the best fanzines in (or out) of existence. We are starting with that well-known, almost-one-shot, MENITH. For the purposes of this reprint the text has been re-written by H.P. SANDERSON, and the illos re-drawn by JOAN W. CARR.

But the blame should really be placed at the door of the editor of MAD.....

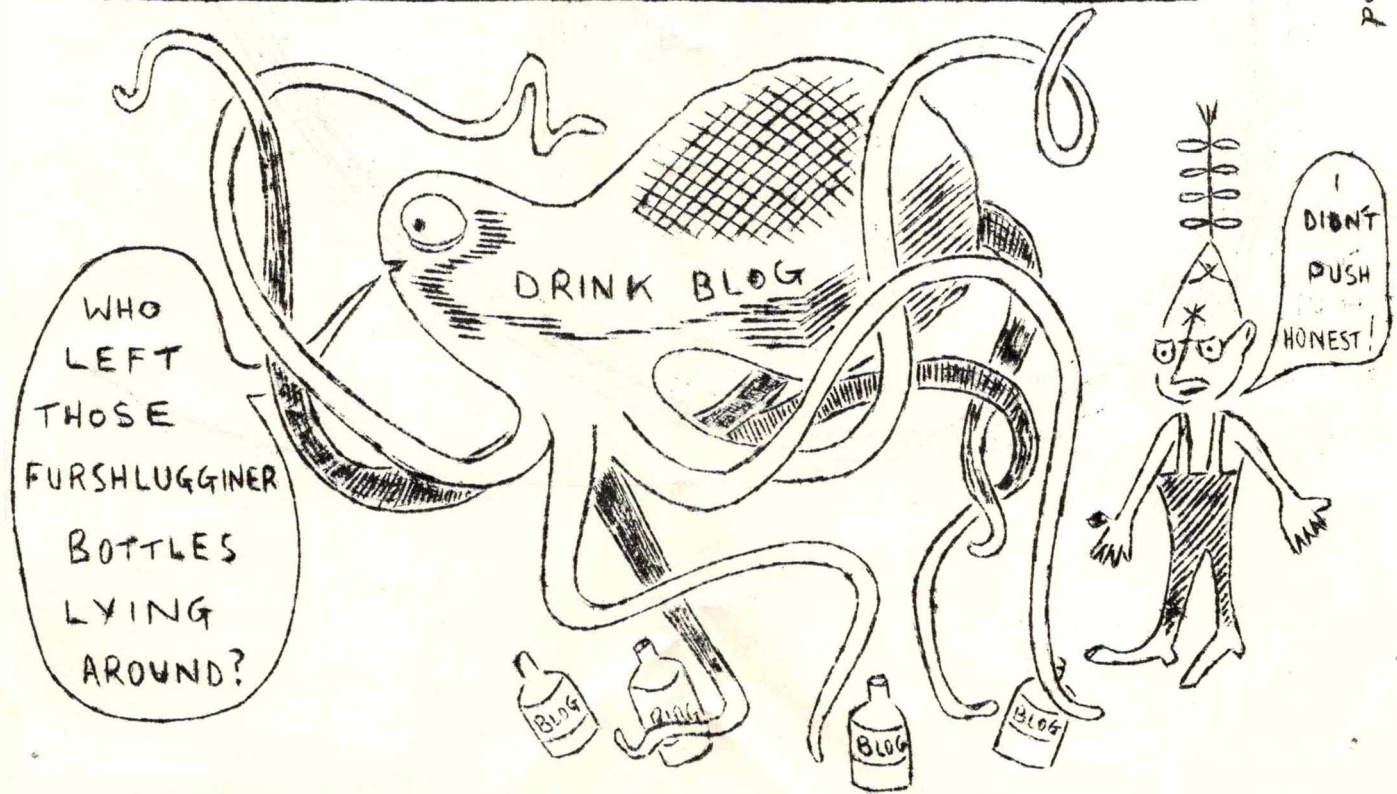


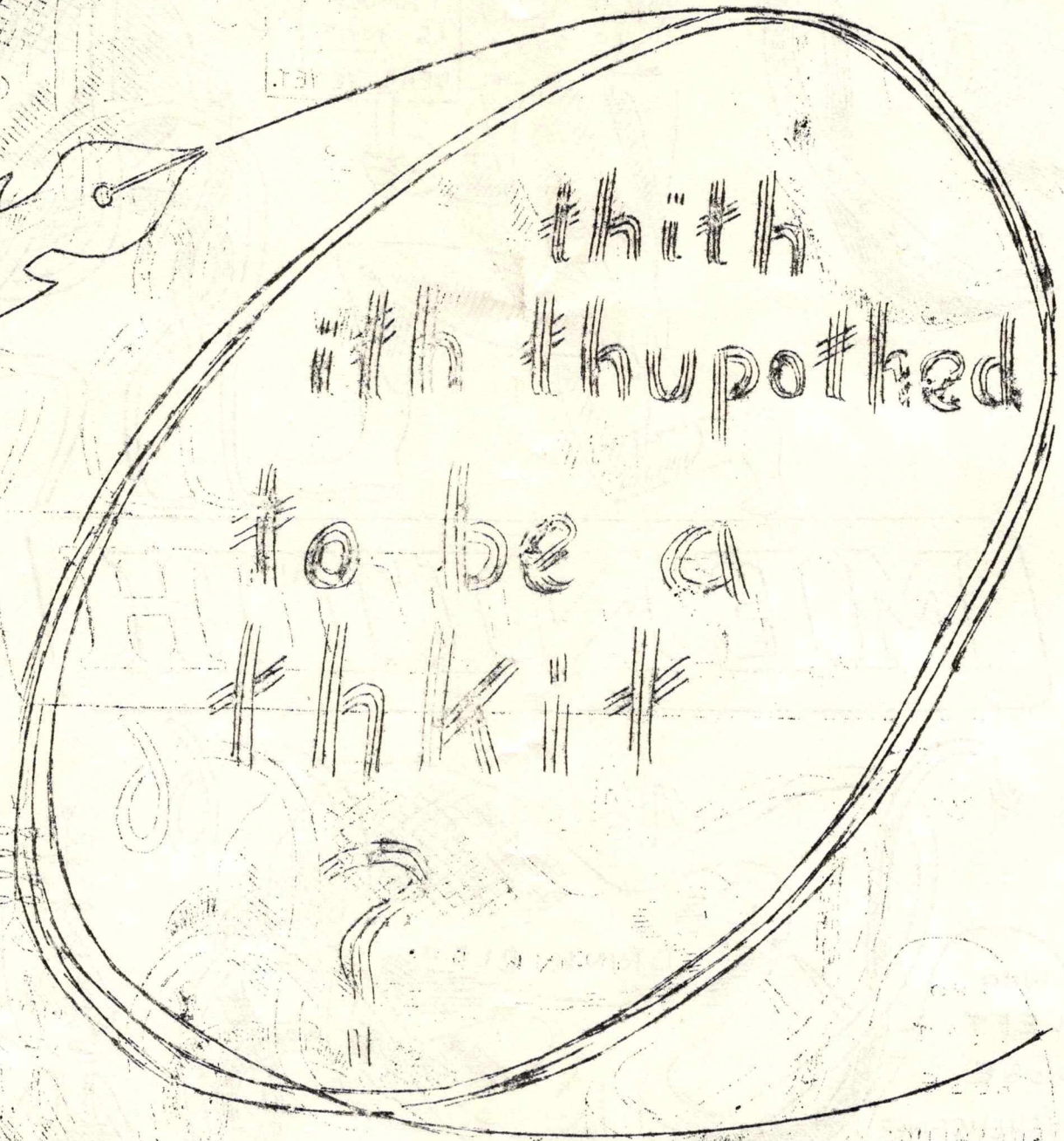
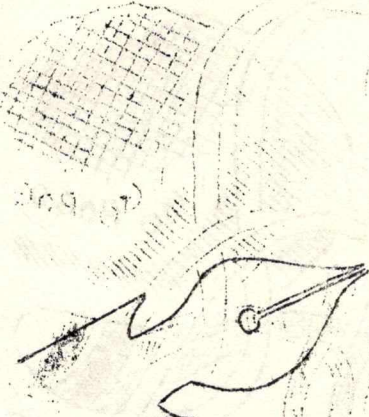
1260  
MASSACRED  
BY  
Jo(a)



# MENITH

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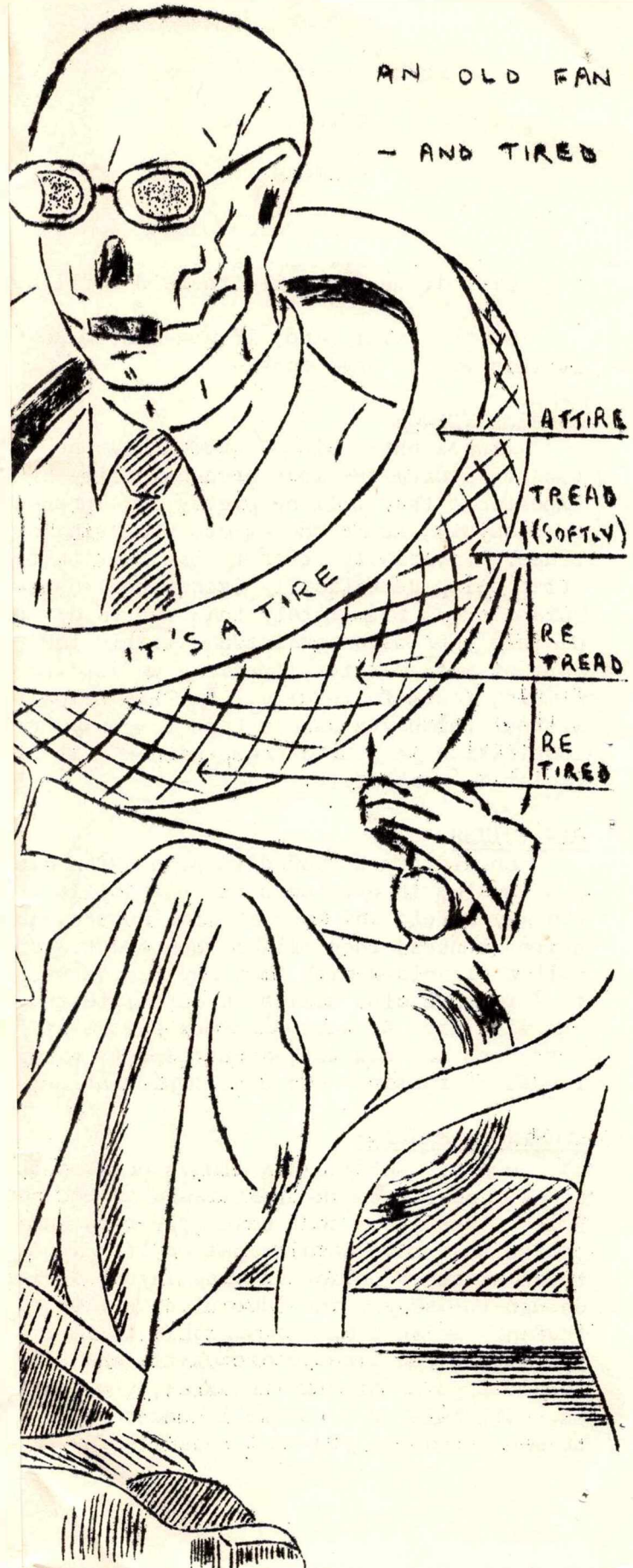
JUNE 1953

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this is a  
bi - monthly  
fanzine.  
not  
earth month  
naturally.  
we is  
science fiction  
fans !!



ADVICE TO

NEOFANS

Give it up now while there's still hope.

On the other hand, if you must make fools of yourselves, you may as well do it this way as any other:-

#### CORRESPONDENCE

Always use a biro - preferably one of the smudgy type. This goes a long way towards aiding the incomprehensibility of your letters, although judging by past experience they will be pretty incomprehensible in any case. And most fans can't read anyway, hence the almost unceasing cry for more and more illustrations in fanzines. Invariably refer to the fact that your typewriter has just broken down after being terrifically overworked answering the day's accumulation of fan mail. This conveys immediately that everybody must be writing to you and you thus show plainly your wide acquaintance within the realms of fandom. It also saves you the cost of a typewriter. Begin your letters "Dear Sir..." and terminate them "I remain, Yours faithfully..." This helps to create your reputation as a character without which you cannot hope to get your name mentioned in NIKVANA. Never use inspiration in your correspondence - it will ruin your carefully cultivated, neo-fanistic, 'hack' style.

#### FAN CLUBS

Should you be asked to join a fan club, always state that the amount of fanatic you indulge in precludes the possibility of you ever being able to attend a meeting. You may safely add that at some future, nebulous, date, whenever you do have a few spare minutes, they will be devoted toward planning a new, brighter, more active, better organised club than any fandom has known. The knowledge that you are going to form this club will soon circulate throughout fandom, and the fact that everyone will have to wait for ever before it materializes need not concern you since most fans are now well accustomed to waiting for things. Things like the latest issues of fanzines etc etc. Which brings us to

#### RUNNING A FANZINE

Don't. But you can always pretend that you do. In every letter you send out, refer casually to the last issue or the next issue of your zine "-----". Mention some of the items that have appeared, and occasionally repeat shyly the words of praise that have been heaped on it. Note, don't give any names as sources for these words of praise in case anyone decides to check up. Should any fan be fool enough to ask you the subscription rate, with a view to subbing, then he isn't a trufan. Write back and say that it is impossible for you to produce more than the 350 copies you already circulate, and since none of the present readers would ever dream of going without the zine, you regret that new subscribers cannot be accepted. All this of course will add to your reputation. It will also save you a lot of money because you won't require any paper, ink, staples, stencils, Gestetners,



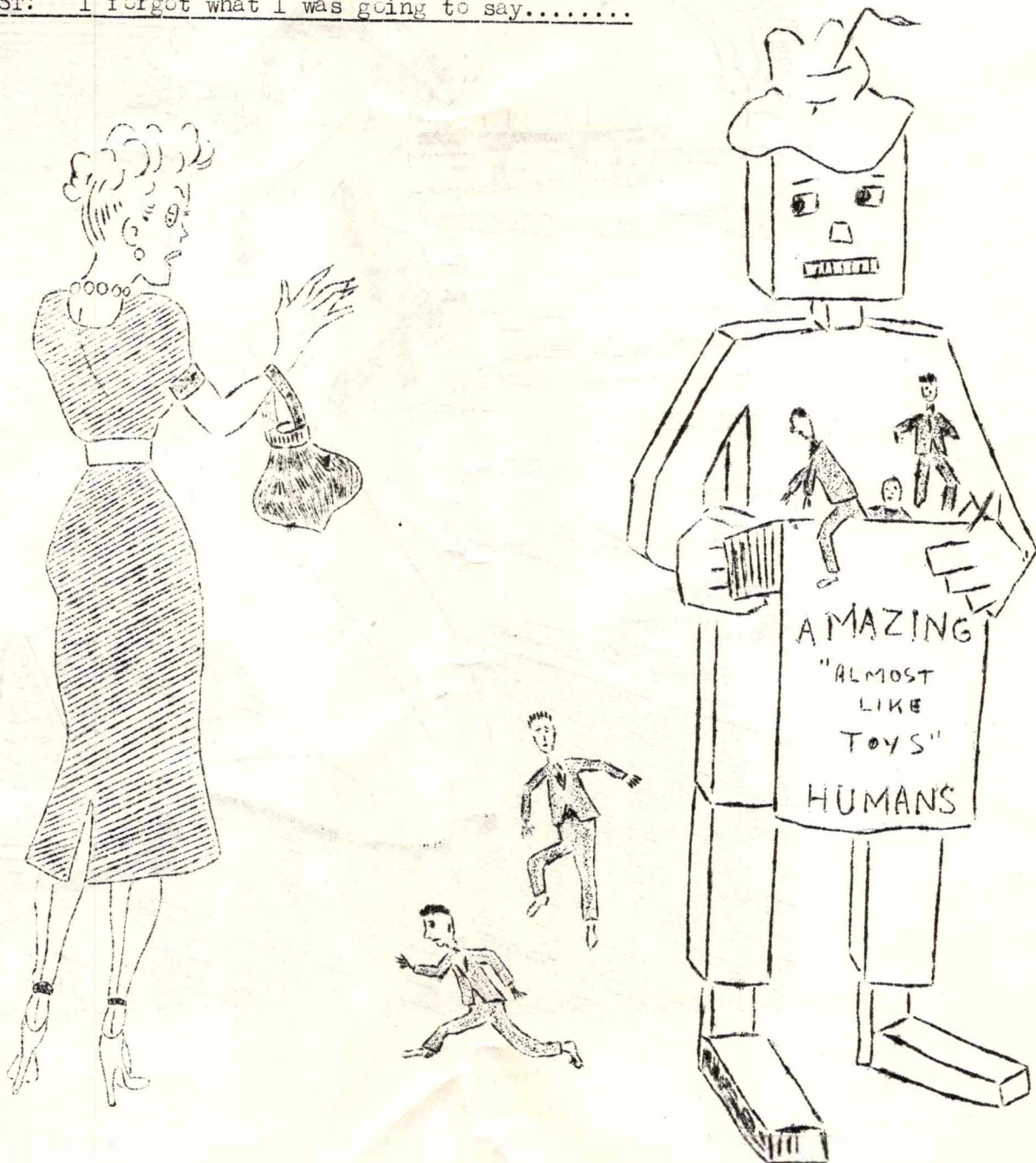
lettering guides, tint plates, etc, etc, and a lot of trouble and time because you won't be needing any contributions.

Thus, for a mere outlay of the cost of one third-rate biro, plus refills, the Neofan can quickly become a BNF with a reputation as a "character" - a fan-editor with a large circulation magazine - and a great letter writer.

If, by following these simple rules, you come across fan problems on which you hesitate to seek the advice of your fellow fans, don't bother writing to the editor. If you do, you will only receive a packet marked "Fugghead".

hps.

BLAST! I forgot what I was going to say.....







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