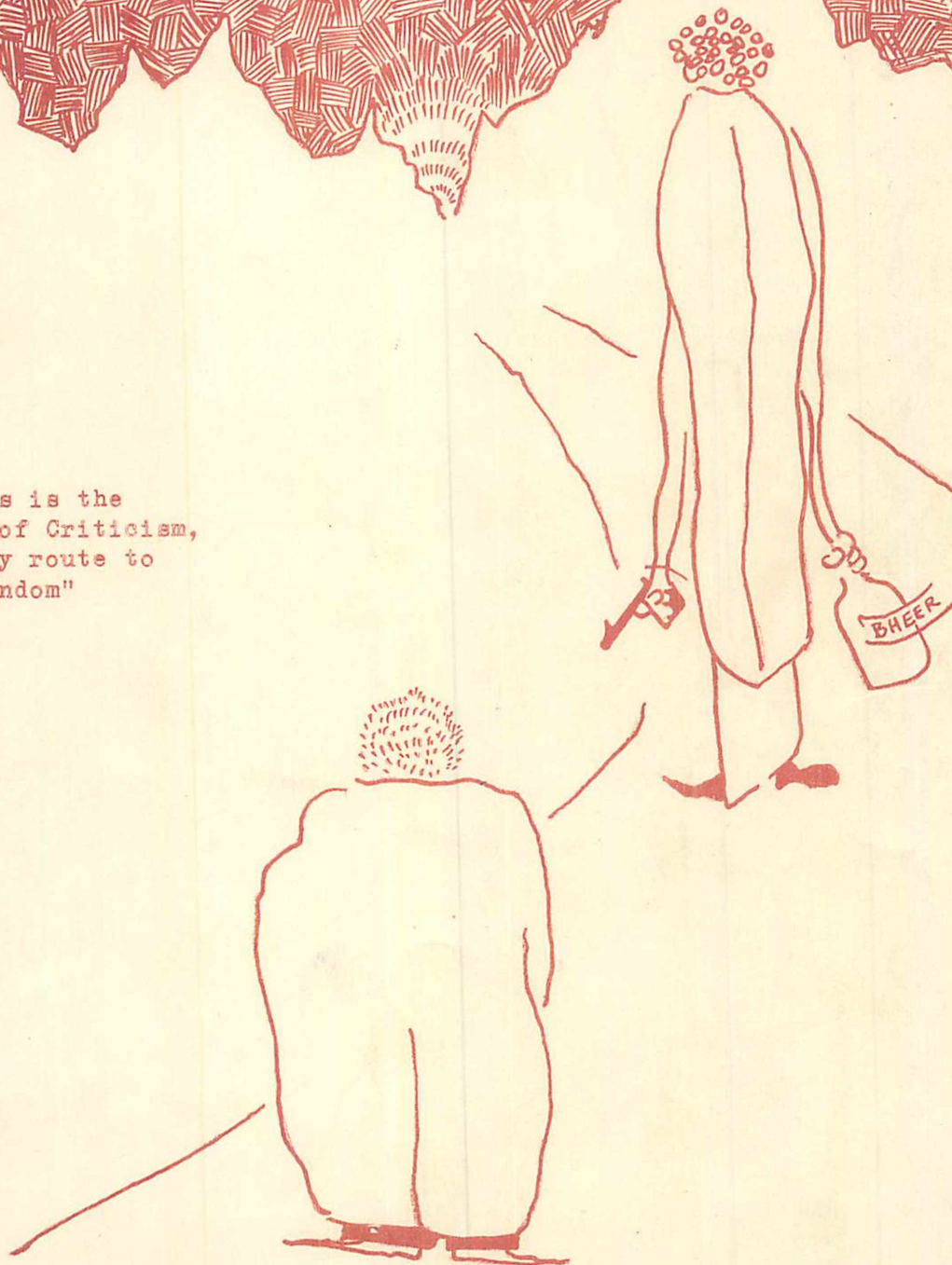


BRENNSCHLUSS

"For this is the
Canyon of Criticism,
the only route to
True-Fandom"



D.H.W.

BRENNSCHELUSS

THE SOPHISTICATED FANZINE.

FUTURE POLICY RE SUBS

CONTENTS

IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER. AND
WITH VERY FEW OMISSIONS.

ASHWORTH as a substitute
for willis

CARR(JW) who isn't selling
anything.

WOOD who saw harris, and
returned.

POTTER who saw manchester
and returned

DIZENBIRD who saw manchester
and religion, and
returned.

GORE who didn't go any-
place, and returned

BLOCH as a substitute for
tucker.

MERCER who saw maggie mc
namara, and returned

also containing a few lines
from the idiots who are fool
enough to read this thing, and
a few more from those who are
fool enough to publish it.

DEPARTMENT OF SHAMEFACED

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. The morsel

of unclad female to be found
among Wood's cartoons is not by

Wood. It was copied in desperation by Potter from M-L Share's
ompazine CAPRICE. Hope you don't mind, Marie. KP had to do
it, since Dave got too embarrassed.....

All subs so far recieved
will just naturally be honoured.
No more subs will be taken for
the second issue. We will
send the second ish to whoever
we like. A very few of these
people will continue to get B
wether they acknowledge or not.
Many of you know you are not
one of these, and if you aren't
sure, well don't take any chances
Apart from these few, everybody
will either sand us copious
quantities of cash (as much as
they think fit) or react in
some other manner. Otherwise,
we will ignore them until
they do decide to contact us.
If you particularly want No 2,
and aren't sure you'll get it
anyway, drop us a card, and we
will see what can be done.

This issue is printed in
an edition of about 90 copies.
If we suddenly develop a
demand, the figure will rise.
Otherwise, it damn' well won't.
For Ghod's sake don't drop
us a card to get No 2 unless
your prepared to drop us more
than a card after you've got
it.

Fanzine exchanges wel-
come, but we don't guarantee
to be reciprocal. If you
take us on, it will probably
be to your disadvantage
numerically, since we are very
irregular. Or you can send
us just one issue, and wait.

Did anyone notice we're
introverts?

Editorial.

.....
We are obviously modelling ourselves on Ashwhite's BEM
.....

One of the things that should be done when starting a new fnz, is this. A decision should be made. It should be decided what kind of editorials you are going to inflict on your readers.

The Editorial content of any 'zine is important, it is, in fact, the most important factor. Because any 'zine should have a personality. You can be serious and have a personality, you can have a personality like Quandry, but if you want to have a good fanzine, it isn't anybody's personality but your own. Editorial Personality shows in the headings, the typeface, the paper, in fact in every tiny detail. Most of all, of course it shows in the Editorial writing. It is the biggest factor in fan publishing. All but a few crudsheets either recognise this, or comply with it as a matter of course.

There are three of us.

We are all a little different. In the first place, boys are different from girls, as everybody ought to know.

But there are even subtle differences between Dave and I. I am a rather brilliant genius, a social success because of my novelty. Dave is the toast of the maidens of Lancaster, a charming young beau. Irene is a sweet young English rose, and hates Vargo Statten.

There now, aren't you lucky, you have three personalities to contend with.

What is more, we draw many ideas from the occult, being in touch with a witch named Mother Demdyke, who has a fannish sense of humour. Some say she is a thousand years old.

We do not, by the way, apologise for being late. We're sure you understand.

Ken

.....
As a sweet young English rose, I feel that as yet I know very little about fandom. I have been caught in a swirl of activity and carried along with the current, and I'm afraid I have not yet learned to swim. Only yesterday I became aware that I had never tried to use a stylo pen on a stencil. It came as a slight jolt. How can I "air my genius" with all you brilliant fannish characters around?

My ambition for the future is to join OMPA, after all if Wansborough can do it, I can.

Most of the stencils for BRENN. I were cut on an Olivetti "Scribe", my most prized possession. It has a rather cute type-face don't you think? We hope BRENNSCHLUSS 2 will be out sooner than we expect.

Irene

P.C.O.

.....
I always had a sneaking suspicion that Willis is
Gernsback, and he writes Wansborough's stuff
.....

More Editorial

Well, aren't you going to add anything? he asked.
Why?

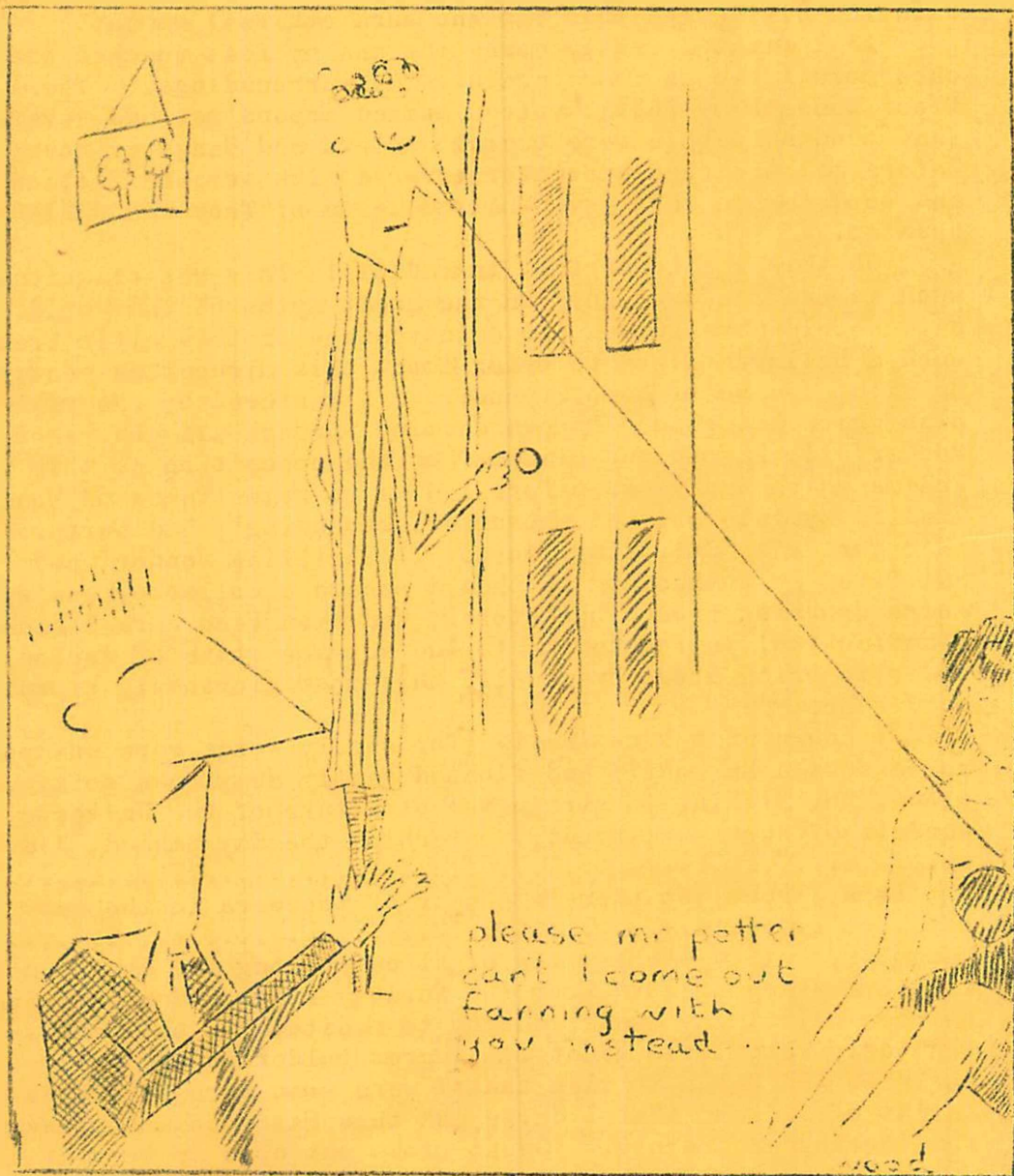
Well you are an editor.

Ah!

Editorials are damn difficult things to write, especially when Ken has outlined our strict policy, and Irene has talked about herself. I mean that leaves nothing to be said.

Does it.

~~~~~



Mal Ashworth

one of his better  
efforts, entitled  
and the sham  
rock cried out

She was a Goddess. Her hair was black as space itself, her eyes were like dark stars, hiding mysteries that man may never know, and she knew my name even before I learned hers. When she spoke to me that first time her voice was like the music of the spheres and my heart kicked thrice before reaching Escape Velocity and settling into an orbit centred around this most divine of the Almighty's creations. She was everything that has been mysterious and fascinating in Woman since the beginning

of Time. She was the Eternal Female, Nature's rarest, most beautiful flower. Only once or twice in a lifetime may man have contact with the Divine and this was one such ethereal moment.

As I floated gently downwards and my feet touched the Earth once more I became aware again of my surroundings. There was a floor beneath my feet; voices buzzed around me, and several yards away mundane people were buying Western and Gangster novels. Before me stretched a counter covered with science fiction magazines and books - and this raven-haired Helen of Troy was BEHIND the counter.

Oh this was wonderful, incredible! This was classical romance such as one reads of only in the great myths of the World. That Fate should have guided the dainty steps of this elfin creature to such a hallowed place to bring about this miraculous meeting, filled me with a sense of humble wonder. I was awed by the majesty of the plan which had guided my own destiny through all the years to this wonderfully harmonious climax; by the conception of this vast scheme which had years before led me to read 'Tales of Wonder', had kindled my interest and shown me 'Astounding', had nurtured me on 'New Worlds', 'Startling Stories', 'Thrilling Wonder' and 'Galaxy', had fired my enthusiasm so that I became a collector and spent hours browsing around bookstores, had even (and here I made a mental genuflection) introduced me to the supreme state of Fandom, all in order to bring about eventually this most gloriously crowning occurrence.

I answered her nominally (for surely words were unimportant in so perfect a harmony?) and floated gently away on a soft, yellow cloud, not wishing to strain the structure of the Universe with a surfeit of such pure beauty. Perhaps the day passed, I do not

.....

It's a good job there's a pair of trousers in the way

.....

remember, but eventually the night came along and as the moonbeams wrote messages of love from the faraway stars and planets on the bedroom wall I lay awake, daring to meditate on the Goddess's tenuously remembered beauty. I grew bolder in the solitude and darkness and began to wish that I were some Hero or Prince or Knight of Old and that I dared ask this Fairy to accompany me upon some nocturnal journey. Sweat broke out upon my brow at the



courageousness of the thought and my heart began to beat loudly against my ribs. I knew that such a thing could never come to pass; for far too long I had been too successfully neurotic to dare such a thing. It was impossible, I knew that even so miraculous a Fate as that which had brought about our meeting could destine that I should ever dare to ask Her to consider my eternal love. Still I was supremely happy. I knew that She was the one person in the whole Universe for whom I could live as a happy, neurotic bachelor. Day after day I should visit the bookstore and browse among the literature of distant stars, stealing occasional covert glances at the perfection of her features and her raven tresses. Perhaps even, once in a while, as I mutely passed one-and-sixpence across the counter for an 'Amazing', our hands might meet for a fraction of a second! Oh dream of bliss! I should write epic poetry to Her beauty which would be locked away in a secret casket and would go with me to the grave, my timeless secret. With these meditations I gently dozed, a smile of contentment and bliss upon my lips and.....

I was walking through fields of clover clad in a long white robe and carrying a harp in the crook of my arm. I could feel a halo-beanie on my head and a flowing beard reached down to my chest. At this discovery I glanced around nervously to see if any provincial fen were in evidence but not another soul was in sight. I felt reasonably safe as I was sure for some reason that this place was called Elysium and I couldn't recall anyone ever having referred to 'Bloody Elysians'. Breathing deeply of the balmy air, I gave myself up to the Muse and struck a chord on the harp.

"Don't do that", said the Harp, with a slight Irish accent, "You get on my wires. You can't go around pulling strings here you know".

"Don't interrupt my heavenly composition with your prosaic puns", I replied loftily.

The Harp became greatly indignant. "They're not prosaic; they're fannish. And that's another grave offence you committed, taking your poetry with you into the next world when you should have had it published beside Wansborough's in ELYSIUM and let it transport other fans into the Hereafter. I wouldn't be in your sandals for anything. You failed miserably in your fannish duty".

"You're a lyre", I shouted guiltily, "Leave me alone. I must compose on a cosmic theme".

"Why don't you try 'What Zeus?'" the Harp suggested sarcastically, "Look down there".

In the bottom of the valley stood the most melancholy looking wood I had ever seen. All the trees drooped and little drips dropped from them.

"What.....?" I began.

"There are several of them around here", the Harp explained, "They go alphabetically. This one's Forest 'J'".

"But those trees?"

"Weeping Willis", it said shortly, "Look up there".

I looked upwards and gasped in horror. A line of fans in every imaginable posture of frustration stretched up into the sky and disappeared in the distance. Some were churning mimeos with no paper in, some sitting abjectly, some pounding with their fists on typewriter keyboards and nearly all gnashing their teeth or tearing their hair.

I looked away from the terrible sight.

"They go all the way round the Universe like that", said the Harp, "All because YOU have failed them. Why? I'll tell you. They have run out of ideas; every fannish occurrence and situation has been exploited to the full; there is nothing more to be written, and for ONE reason". The Harp paused dramatically; "Fandom never produced a great romance". It paused again. "NOW do you see why all this is your fault? If fannish history had provided them with just ONE romance, the parallel of Romeo and Juliet they could have outlasted Eternity itself and still had something to write about. All those useless typewriters would still be producing manuscripts, all those mimcos still churning out fanzines, if they had had ONE romance". The pause was sinister and when it spoke again the Harp's voice was low. "And YOU robbed them of all that. It is written in the Annals of Trufandom that a fan may preserve his neuroticism, may shall be encouraged to do so, IF it does not act to the detriment of Fandom As A Whole. And YOU broke that rule. By....."

Suddenly great rumblings shook the earth and a mighty fissure opened at my feet. In fascinated horror I found myself gazing down into a Burning Void. Vile and filthy, moronic hucksters were feeding piles of 'Unknowns' to the raging infernos and forcing Magroons and Mistrals and Bracks on fen who were everywhere writhing around in agony.

"That's where you're bound for" said the Harp with pity in its voice. I screamed and.....

When I awoke I was bathed in cold sweat and gripping the pillow in the crook of my arm. My dream came back to me clear and ghastly. It was true, I realised with boundless horror. That dream had been prophetic and had saved me perhaps from committing a crime so heinous that I could never comprehend its true scope. I WAS shirking my fannish duty. With never a thought for the well-being of Fandom As A Whole I had made my own selfish plans and resolutions. I was shocked beyond expression at the thing which I had nearly done. That very next day, no later than that very next day indeed, I would approach the Goddess. Oh, that I had thought to rob Fandom of a situation of such classic perfection. I buried my head in the pillow and dozed fitfully.

.....

I couldn't hear the sound of the coffee battering its way through the solidity of my throat for the noise my teeth were making and the clattering of my knees. This was THE morning. I must not fail Fandom, I must not. I dare not think about this supreme task which the ghods of Fandom called upon me to fulfill. I knew that SOMEBODY I must dare but how, how? Perhaps if I took a little 'Oblivon'? Quick as a zap gun's blast came the thought: This is not Fannish. This was to be my greatest Fannish duty, my Fannish piece de resistance; it was unfitting that at such a time I should seek the aid of drugs. No I must accomplish it unaided.

Came the lunch-hour and I was stood beside a market bookstall, gazing steadfastly at books which my eyes were not seeing and waiting for my - NO, the thought started fresh palpitations, - the Goddess to



leave the affairs of mortals for a while and pass my way. Even then I might have turned to run before the thing was irrevocably upon me but the walking sticks, which I had fastened inside my trousers to prevent my knees from buckling, would not allow this. Too there came the thought of that Fannish Hell and I was terrified afresh that I might fail.

Suddenly a voice spoke at my elbow. I whipped around, stark terror on my face, my hand flying for my zap gun and peered through the haze. Then I breathed with relief and fed extra power to my gyro-stabiliser beanie to keep me upright as I sent up praises to every fannish ghod there be that at this very crucial moment my own fanzine co-editor had been sent to me to give me strength, even though he knew nothing of the ordeal I must face. I pretended to survey the stall's display with him, meanwhile silently doing my utmost to swear a firm vow and solemn oath that I would not fail, and striving hard not to listen to the idle chatter of my teeth. Simultaneously, I saw from my watch that the fateful second had arrived, and my worthy fellow fan exclaimed "What's the matter you look to be champing on the bit? Have you got a date or something?" That did it. He was a fine fan and I could not, I would not, allow him to be caught in the path of the elemental forces that must shortly rage for the Future of Fandom. I mumbled a heartfelt farewell and stumbled away to take my stance at the foot of the exit stairs which stood at the head of a long aisle; and as I turned to face the aisle.....

I had not been a moment too soon. In the aisle appeared a shimmering haze and the very air parted to permit the Goddess's passage. As she drew nearer I could see the fairy lights dancing in her raven curls. Nearer yet and her dark eyes mirrored the beautiful creatures frolicking in the caverns of her soul. My throat was dry and my knees trying to buckle. She was almost beside me and then..... She spoke to me! The bottom of my stomach dropped out but in my mind the images of those fan in an agony of frustration sharpened and became clearer. I turned and stumbled after Her and.....

I asked her.

FIN.

.....  
...And the bastard refused to rape me...  
.....

A L I E N   L O V E

by

SYDNEY WAREING.

The shmoodle he's awake, his bedsocks agleam with grim duvepy oozing proposterous shirt buttons of all hues. (Hue is very annoyed) § His eyes rest on his partner of opposite sex. His volitile slumps oozed momentarily upwards providing proper, and adequate vorasity by the fraction. We leave him wrapping all his peruples sideways on his truuvirate.

§ An obvious play on words.

The last thing he said to me before I left for London was:

"Do not forget to visit harris."

"No Mr Potter," I said, "I won't."

mad dogs and englishmen

CHUCK

H

A

R

R

I

S



by wood

All in all Rainham (Essex) can only be described as a low-lying, shambling district. A place warrent to give the most arduous explorer i.e. Scott, Hillary, Wansborough, a series of unexpected hardships. It lies there and looks at you like a peacefull southern village; but behind it all there lies the savage heart of a monster.

Mr Harris had said: "Get off the bus a stop before White Post Corner."

But where the hell was White Post Corner?

We asked the conductor. I said:

"Will you tell me when we reach the stop Before White Post Corner?"

He told us. He said: "We are now passing the stop before White Post Corner."

harris lives on Lake Avenue. A simple name that gives the minds eye a soothing picture of rows of Poplar trees and quiet stately homes of gentle living creatures and small green lawns.

The minds eye, I said.

The street (Avenue) wasn't exactly Knee deep in mud. But there was a strong out-look about it that spelt the word "frontier" town. Houses strung at random with wonderful names like "Florence", "Carolyn", "Rose", and "Aspidestra". People rushing about, building frantically, on Sunday yet. And a biting wind kicking the drying dust up into the poor unwary travellers face.



Four of us made the trip, Harry, Roy, Brènda, and myself. "I guess this must be the place" I said sadly. Roy, a neo, said "is this what you mean by outre-fannish?" I rang the bell and stood on the step, waiting for the first sign of life. The door slid open, and something beckoned us into the stygian hallway.

Black hair, horn rimmed spectacles, white shirt, brown trousers, and a pile of cut stencils. This was Harris.

"Mr Potter sent me" I said.

"You!....no, it can't be....Lancaster Fandom....AAAARRGH!"

We followed him into his room more slowly.

He stood back against the bookcase which housed his collection. Harris, poor foolish Harris, saw us as marauding pirates. He saw the piles of books decreasing, and our pockets swelling with the accumulated. For this was his collection. The books and letters, and fanzines, and pictures, and the piano; he had accumulated over the years. The works of Forrester, Christie, Carteris, and Smith. His collection of the Nautical almanac. Letters from Bloch, and Willis, and Wansborough, and Potter, and MacKenzie.

"This will go down well in BREN" I said.

"Ghod!" said Harris.

I said "This is Harry and Roy, and Brenda"

"Hello, Brenda" he managed to gasp.

But soon we were all friends. "Draw up a chair" he said "Sit down"

And soon, as we talked of fannish things, he was conducting us round the labyrinthine chambers which housed his/Walt's fanzine collection. We saw SLANT 1, we fingered LeZ, we read extracts from Phantasmagoria, and lo and behold, he let me handle MIRVANA Nol. the first issue of the fabulous Bulmer fanzine.

.....  
Faggoted across the cups for perfect bliss.  
.....

Now Chuck has a garden. And he is proud of this garden. It's one of those long, big soily things, with lots of digging, and wandering paths, and carrotts, and trees. And all he does is dig, and win prizes and things with it.

Now Chuck wanted to show us his garden, so we all upped and followed him out into his garden. And we followed him along the long soily paths, and through the green bushes, and across the soft grasses, and we finally came to a small hut, in a small clearing, surrounded by lush vegetation, an old bicycle, and digging instruments. He opened the tired wooden door, and bending forward to avoid the low roof, we entered into a world of dust and cobwebs, and bulging sacks and mysterious dark corners.

"That" he said, kicking a large monstrous object "is a duplicator" I looked more closely, and indeed it was. Low slung, rusting, cobwebbed, but it held the distinct outline of an early duplicator. And a stencil on it yet. We looked at this wonderful early machine in awe, and wondered what the stencil was, for as chuch said, it was from the early days of "-"

Could this be The Enchanted Duplicator?



But anyhow, as I was saying (I was saying something, I'd swear to it!) you folks get no help from the phoney reports brought back to you by your ~~spies~~ honored representatives.

And of course, as is the case with us in regard to your fanzines, our fanzines are equally spurious and censored when it comes to describing the actual Way of Life of a Serious Constructive American Fan. But here, of course, we operate in reverse. In an effort to keep up with the licentious English conventions, we generally pretend to be interested in entertainment and amusement. Whereas, if the truth were told, American conventions generally consist of a lot of people gathering around some prominent physicist and looking at his quantum.

.....  
Why don't you try rolling chewing gum on your legs?  
.....

Of course we in turn have sent some local representatives overseas, in much the same spirit as your government once furnished certain people with passage to Australia. You've had Forrest J. Ackerman, for example, and may think you've seen a typical American Fan in action. But what is Ackerman without his garage filled with magazines? A nonentity, a mere shadow. You've had L. Ron Hubbard, too, and what is L. Ron Hubbard without his garage filled with engrams?

Friend of mine named Rita Krohne popped over there, but she'd be sure to give you the wrong impression, because she rides a bicycle. Most American girls don't ride bicycles. Any more than most Englishmen dive underwater like Arthur C. Clarke or dive for cigarette butts like Willis. (I hope they don't, because when you see Clarke and Willis together, trying to dive for a cigarette butt somebody has thrown into the water, it's a gruesome sight).

And last but not least, you had Bea Mahaffey. If you think a scrawny old crow like this is typical of the average beautiful American female fan, you're sadly mistaken.

No, there just doesn't seem to be any way of arriving at mutual understanding. Unless we inaugurate a Plan.

What I am about to suggest is absurdly simple, or vice versa.

Why can't we adopt an Exchange System?

Why can't we set up an annual swap, by mutual agreement, whereby we, for example, send you Earlan Ellison in even exchange for two or three Whites or half a dozen Clarkes or Shaws? (You see, I do know something about England after all: I realize all fans over there are named White or Clarke or Shaw). Why can't we send you a slightly used Shelby Vick in return for a jar of Pickles? Why can't we (keeping this on an even basis) send you a dozen American fans who are in the army with the rank of Private in exchange for one Captain Ken Slater?

The possibilities are endless. I leave it in your hands; work out the simple details and let's take the first step towards Union Now and a Commonwealth of Fandom. As for me, I'd be willing to start the ball rolling by contributing about fifty fans of my acquaintance, absolutely free -- on condition you keep them there permanently.

As a matter of fact, I've already made a start. I sent you Billy Graham. Typical American fan if I ever saw one. Now let's see what you can do. As for me, now that I see a chair vacant, I think I'll rest my case.

Four of us made the trip, Harry, Roy, Brènda, and myself. "I guess this must be the place" I said sadly. Roy, a neo, said "is this what you mean by outre-fannish?" I rang the bell and stood on the step, waiting for the first sign of life. The door slid open, and something beckoned us into the stygian hallway.

Black hair, horn rimmed spectacles, white shirt, brown trousers, and a pile of cut stencils. This was Harris.

"Mr Potter sent me" I said.

"You!....no, it can't be....Lancaster Fandom....AAAAARRGH!

We followed him into his room more slowly.

He stood back against the bookcase which housed his collection. Harris, poor foolish Harris, saw us as marauding pirates. He saw the piles of books decreasing, and our pockets swelling with the accumulated. For this was his collection. The books and letters, and fanzines, and pictures, and the piano; he had accumulated over the years. The works of Forrester, Christie, Carteris, and Smith. His collection of the Nautical almanac. Letters from Bloch, and Willis, and Wansborough, and Potter, and MacKenzie.

"This will go down well in BREN" I said.

"Ghod!" said Harris.

I said "This is Harry and Roy, and Brenda"

"Hello, Brenda" he managed to gasp.

But soon we were all friends. "Draw up a chair" he said "Sit down"

And soon, as we talked of fannish things, he was conducting us round the labyrinthine chambers which housed his/Walt's fanzine collection. We saw SLANT 1, we fingered LeZ, we read extracts from Phantasmagoria, and lo and behold, he let me handle NIRVANA Nol. the first issue of the fabulous Bulmer fanzine.

.....  
Faggoted across the cups for perfect bliss.  
.....

Now Chuck has a garden. And he is proud of this garden. It's one of those long, big soily things, with lots of digging, and wandering paths, and carrots, and trees. And all he does is dig, and win prizes and things with it.

Now Chuck wanted to show us his garden, so we all upped and followed him out into his garden. And we followed him along the long soily paths, and through the green bushes, and across the soft grasses, and we finally came to a small hut, in a small clearing, surrounded by lush vegetation, an old bicycle, and digging instruments. He opened the tired wooden door, and bending forward to avoid the low roof, we entered into a world of dust and cobwebs, and bulging sacks and mysterious dark corners.

"That" he said, kicking a large monstrous object "is a duplicator" I looked more closely, and indeed it was. Low slung, rusting, cobwebbed, but it held the distinct outline of an early duplicator. And a stencil on it yet. We looked at this wonderful early machine in awe, and wondered what the stencil was, for as chuch said, it was from the early days of "-"

Could this be The Enchanted Duplicator?

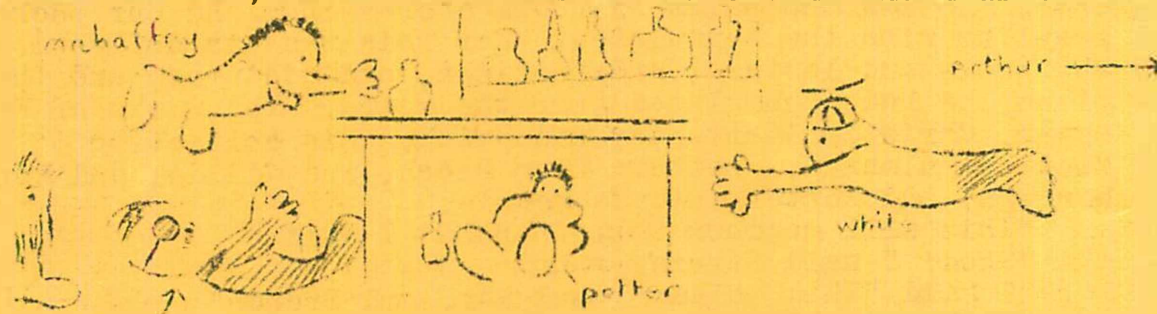


As we pottered (?) about, I came across a thick wad of coloured cards, bearing the words "First Prize", "Second Prize" or "Third Prize"; As I slowly leafed through them, Chuck come up behind me; and muttered in my ear "One shots"

I don't want to be called intrepid if I'm not.

.....If an atom of Hydrogen was magnified to the size of St Paul's cathedral, the electron would have the size of a small bullet.

.....And if SF was contracted to the size of the Grosvenor Hotel, 99% of fandom would be found in eccentric orbits round the bar, while Arthur would circumvent the nearest dairy.



Harris is one of the 99% Harris is a typical 99% type of fan. Harris has been written about by Bloch

" " " " " " White

" " " " " " Shaw, Potter, Eanlon,

MacKenzie, Wansborough, Willis, Tubb, Ellison, Hoffman, Wells Clarke So why the hell shouldn't I insult, cajole, knock about, sling mud, grind him with the heel, spit on and generally on him?

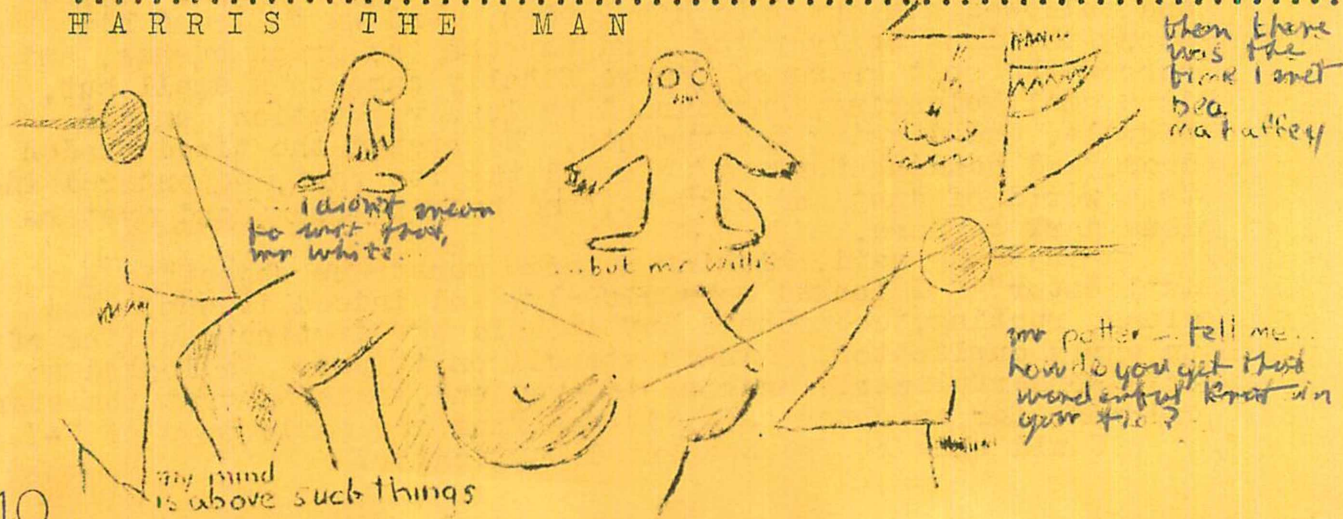
I want to be different.

I'm going to say he's intelligent, virile, modest, active, handsome, perceptive, interceptive, and controlled in his mannerisms. It's true, as he will readily tell you.

So I give you.....

.....If you keep saying things like that, you go back to the beginning of the mountains of inertia.

HARRIS THE MAN





GLANDS ACROSS  
THE SEA

BY

THE

ORIGINAL

BOB BLOCH

I have recently read an account of the ManCon - an uncensored report which was sold to me for the ridiculous sum of £50 by the same dealer who supplied me with my copy of THE LIFE AND LOVES OF FRANK HARRIS.

After ~~travelling over this bit of pornography~~ studying what went on in Manchester, I was prompted to reflect upon the "curious misconception" (as Chuck Harris was known when he was a baby) we have regarding British Fandom.

We over here in the states have few sources of adequate information regarding the true status of science fiction and its fans in the Isles. We are forced to rely upon the carefully-doctored and censored versions of your Cons which manage to get through the mails. True, we have been exposed to Arthur C. Clarke (very contagious, that!) and Ted Carnell and Bert Campbell (but they're editors, and hardly representative of fan-life or any other form of life) and Walter A. Willis - but these examples are hardly typical of true British Fandom. At least, I hope they're not Typical. I'd hate to think of Walter A. Willis as being typical of anything.

Of course, some of us over here correspond with the small segment of British Fandom that can read and write. But even in correspondence, there's a handicap. British fans fill their letters with all kinds of topical references to things like POGO and MAD COMICS and ASTOUNDING - which we in America have never heard of.

After reflecting upon all this - reflecting so hard I damned near put my daughter's eye out through sheer brilliance - I considered the other side of the matter.

Being the broadminded individual I am (as is well known to anyone who has ever seen me with a broad) I fully realize that in any argument there's always two sides to the matter - my side and the wrong side.

So in considering this problem of how little we in America truly know about you in the Isles, I was forced to conclude that perhaps you didn't know too much about us, either.

Of course, as I mentioned above, there have been visitors to the States who conceivably could have gone back and reported. In fact, they attempted to do just that. Naturally, although it may come as a shock to you, these reports are faked, one and all. Most of the Britishers who came over here didn't draw a sober breath during their entire stay, and in at least two cases there is grave doubt if the gentlemen breathed at all. Their distorted descriptions of American fandom (which is really a closed corporation solely owned and operated by Forrest J. Ackerman and Wilson Tucker, with two office-boys named Gold and Campbell) attest to their lack of verisimilitude. Of course, the verisimilitude-shortage is serious everywhere, otherwise we'd undoubtedly have more verisimilitude bombs, wouldn't we?

But anyhow, as I was saying (I was saying something, I'd swear to it!) you folks get no help from the phoney reports brought back to you by your ~~ap/ps~~ honored representatives.

And of course, as is the case with us in regard to your fanzines, our fanzines are equally spurious and censored when it comes to describing the actual Way of Life of a Serious Constructive American Fan. But here, of course, we operate in reverse. In an effort to keep up with the licentious English conventions, we generally pretend to be interested in entertainment and amusement. Whereas, if the truth were told, American conventions generally consist of a lot of people gathering around some prominent physicist and looking at his quants.

.....  
Why don't you try rolling chewing gum on your legs?  
.....

Of course we in turn have sent some local representatives overseas, in much the same spirit as your government once furnished certain people with passage to Australia. You've had Forrest J. Ackerman, for example, and may think you've seen a typical American Fan in action. But what is Ackerman without his garage filled with magazines? A nonentity, a mere shadow. You've had L. Ron Hubbard, too, and what is L. Ron Hubbard without his garage filled with engrams?

Friend of mine named Rita Krohne popped over there, but she'd be sure to give you the wrong impression, because she rides a bicycle. Most American girls don't ride bicycles. Any more than most Englishmen dive underwater like Arthur C. Clarke or dive for cigarette butts like Willis. (I hope they don't, because when you see Clarke and Willis together, trying to dive for a cigarette butt somebody has thrown into the water, it's a gruesome sight).

And last but not least, you had Bea Mahaffey. If you think a scrawny old crow like this is typical of the average beautiful American female fan, you're sadly mistaken.

No, there just doesn't seem to be any way of arriving at mutual understanding. Unless we inaugurate a Plan.

What I am about to suggest is absurdly simple, or vice versa.

Why can't we adopt an Exchange System?

Why can't we set up an annual swap, by mutual agreement, whereby we, for example, send you Harlan Ellison in even exchange for two or three Whites or half a dozen Clarkes or Shaws? (You see, I do know something about England after all: I realize all fans over there are named White or Clarke or Shaw). Why can't we send you a slightly used Shelby Vick in return for a jar of Pickles? Why can't we (keeping this on an even basis) send you a dozen American fans who are in the army with the rank of Private in exchange for one Captain Ken Slater?

The possibilities are endless. I leave it in your hands; work out the simple details and let's take the first step towards Union Now and a Commonwealth of Fandom. As for me, I'd be willing to start the ball rolling by contributing about fifty fans of my acquaintance, absolutely free -- on condition you keep them there permanently.

As a matter of fact, I've already made a start. I sent you Billy Graham. Typical American fan if I ever saw one. Now let's see what you can do. As for me, now that I see a chair vacant, I think I'll rest my case.

~~A PROMINENT FEMALE MEMBER OF LANCASTER FANDOM~~

~~by~~

~~A PROMINENT FEMALE MEMBER OF LANCASTER FANDOM~~

This is mostly all about me. I happen to have been born in Southport, but it doesn't really matter as I live in Lancaster now, and have done for the best part of my 13 years and 1 month. My name is Irene Elizabeth Gore, which I don't for the most part like. I stand approximately 5'4" and weigh only 8 stone. I am about 23½" around the waist and about 36" higher up. I don't know about the bit lower down right now but I guess it's around the middle thirties. My hair is sort of Ash Blonde all over and eyelashes etc. are ditto. My eyes are very light blue, but to me they look grey. My complexion is too pale. My shoulders are too thin and the bottom of my legs. I am not good looking. I take size 4 to 5½ in shoes and I read Science Fiction. I am untidy, and inclined to be lazy. I am not much good at anything, but I can use a typewriter and my bicycle number is FT 2499. My telephone number is Lancaster 4494, and my health insurance number is ZP 679573 B. I like to enjoy myself and I don't smoke, but I have taken snuff on two occasions I like cleaning and cooking, and hate sewing with an all consuming hate. I frequently indulge in sex and gardening, mostly the former. I like hiking, and fanning, and going places I've never been before. I possess two parents who live with me, and a brother a sister-in-law, and a nephew who don't. I also have a bookcase a portable typewriter, a portable pick-up gram. a bicycle, a tennis racket (or do you spell it with a Q) two pillow cases and a lot more junk. I usually take a bath on a Sunday morning as I'm out most every night except Mondays, when he comes up. I work at the present moment at a wholesale tobacconists and I once whitewashed a ceiling. My father owns a greenhouse and works on the G.P.O. I have a row at least once a day with my Mother, and with my Father at least once in two months. I would like to buy a lot of modern furniture to put in my modern house, and I would like a modern house. I also have a lot more relations. I want to ride on the back of a motor bike, and go abroad. Maybe travel around the world. I can't swim, and I feel sick if I look down a lift shaft. I go to the films about once a week, and I collect all the money I can come by lawfully. Does anyone want to marry me?

I was really not far from normal until one fatal night when .....

"That" whispered my friend in hushed tones "is Potter". "What is?" I asked with a puzzled expression. She laughed "That". She indicated a sort of youth draped over a couple of chairs at one end of the room, "Oh!" I said. We continued to foxtrot around the floor. Suddenly I was propelled towards the side, and Potter and I came face to face. "Hello", I said, noticing he had a tooth missing and knocking his coffee over at the same time. "Hi!" he said nodding his head and noticing I'd knocked his coffee over (he didn't really drink then). A feeling of horror swept through me. "I'll get you some more", I said hurridly, and whisked his cup away. Afterwards he was quite kinky towards me. We moved to a dryer spot where we talked about Penguin Biscuits until the



last waltz was announced. This was the first time I ever danced with Potter. It turned out to be a sort of shuffle-come-cake-walk-come-fox-trot. I dragged myself away taking most of my feet with me.

We continued to wave energetically at each other when passing until the great turning point. All I did was to sell Ken and Harry Eanlon a ticket for a dance - and if Ken hadn't brought along a medley of coloured sheets of paper things would have passed along quite smoothly and I would never have heard of Fandom. But alas..... Ken insisted upon my reading the zines (no advertising) and pretty soon he discovered that I was in possession of a typer. Oh! lack-a-day. My strugglings became weaker and weaker as I sank slowly and oozingly into the mire. I was a victim.

After being victimised, I was quietly led into Harry Eanlon's Fan-shack where I was given a minor operation. They destroyed my sense of reason, sharpened my vices and turned me loose. And so I was born again. I cannot say how grateful I am, so very grateful, for all the kindness shown to me; and all they (Lancaster Fandom) have done for me, over the past year. There are so few words in which to express my true feelings. My heart is overflowing. How can I ever repay them. Such generosity. Such helpfulness. I weep.

Take today for instance. It's Sunday and Potter is very kindly allowing me to read his GMPazines. My deadline is 3 p.m. for Dave Wood wants them too, and somehow I don't think I'll manage it.

My unfanish friends think I am mad, and they are probably correct.

.....  
It's too good to be original  
.....

It's no use putting the blame on Old Man Potter, because he - foul fiend that he is - would stand right up and say "Oh, but she was that way lo-o-o-ong before she knew me because - etc. Besides I'm not sure whether I like being mad or not. It's really rather convenient. You can do practically anything at all without alarming anyone, or even without them noticing. What's more you can get away with things.

I slap the Big Boss on the shoulder merrily, clap my hands in glee and exclaim "Oh, there you are! I've been looking for you all over", and the Big Boss grins. My workmates couldn't do a thing like that! They would have to approach him in a faroffish way and whisper "Mr. W. do you think I could speak to you for a moment please" in hushed and reverent tones. I'm excused of course, because I'm mad. "What's that horrible noise" exclaims a stranger. "Oh" - say my workmates (everyone says Oh around these parts) "That's only Irene". "Ahh!" says the stranger (because he doesn't live around these parts). He nods his head and walks away completely satisfied.

I'm as free as a bird that flits overhead. I come and go as I please. I am permitted to carry Potter along Morecambe Prom. or turn him upside down to see if he is harbouring unknown quantities of golden coins in his underpants. I talk to strange men about breeding cattle, and throw white-wash over polished floors. I was once dragged into a kiosk and told that my eyes were like deep lagoons, and other things which I can't remember just at the moment. My workmates shrugged. "Just another of Irene's evenings out".

.....  
I'll contact Walter Willis when I get 9d...  
.....

Yes I quite enjoy being mad. What other woman would go dancing in a pair of hiking shoes, with thick white woolly socks and slacks, or fish in pools of dirty water with a stick because she likes to hear it "slushing". Or go for "Get lost when it gets dark" walks in the country and then come home and start fanning. Of course all this doesn't bother Potter. The only portion he doesn't seem to care for, is the "slushing". "Why are you poking around in that horrible seaweed" he begins, "For Ghods sake leave it alone. "But I'm slushing". He removes the stick gently from my grasp and casts it into the sea. "Well stop slushing damn you woman". He takes me roughly by the hand and leads me away to an unslushable spot.

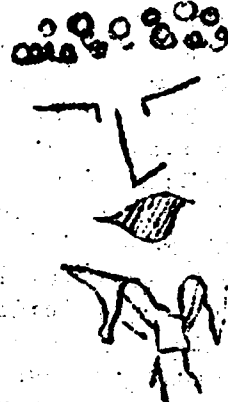
One day I tried being ordinary, but I have in when a bottle of aspirins approached me, bcurne by a well meaning friend who thought I was ill. Was it worth it? Definitely not! The strain was too great. How I came to be in such a state as this is lost in the mists of time (as it says in Weird Tales) but the other day my mother told me, I was an "accident". (No Potter, I don't read Weird Tales regularly. Tom White gave one to me).

How grateful I am to Fandom, it gives me a sort of excuse for my madness, not that I mind any more, but it's kinda comforting to know your not standing alone.

I mentioned earlier on in this effort that I did read Science Fiction. Just lately there seems to be some contravarsy humming back and forth in and around Fandom as to whether non S.F. readers should be classed as what might be called true faans, and arguments similar. In my opinion if the people in question kept their mouths sealed and their typers in strict obedience, no one would know whether they read S.F. or Eop-along Cassidy - or both. Who'd be interested?

Well that's that ..... Back to the OMPazines.

.....  
So I sold this fillup line to Galaxy...  
.....



well don't "slush"  
all over me.....

# CLEAN YOUR HAT WITH SNIBBO

BY

JOAN CARR

Sandy and I held one of our usual discussions about science fiction ((People talk about it)) the other day, and amongst other things there was voiced a profound statement - "There comes a time in the life of most fen, when they decide that psychology is a subject about which they know a great deal" ((Ha!)) Not only that we also decided that this profound statement was more applicable to the Astounding - Galaxy readers amongst the fen, rather than to the Rocket - Space - Amazing variety. It was then I realized that if this last idea was true, I qualified for inclusion amongst the amateur psychologists. Having faced facts with a firm

front, I decided to try and work this madness out of my system by issuing some more profound statements on psychology in relation to Advertising. At least I intend them to be profound.

I'm the most reasonable person I ever met

I have been interested in advertising for some considerable time. Until I started this article, I had always been under the impression that I had a will of iron which refused to be swayed by anything other than my own personal tastes. However, if that is so, how can I explain why I always smoke Players, when there is no difference between them and other brands? How can I explain why, like most women, I prefer nylons to other types of stockings - and hang the expense? When drinking gin, why do I still ask for Booths, when I once had Gordons which was much nicer? And when - but lets not go any further. We have enough to work on as it is.

The extent to which advertising has molded our lives is rather frightening, the main thing is that it is all so subtle. Have you ever been in a tobacconists shop when someone has asked for cigarettes? ((I work in one damn you)) On those occasions when a number of brands are available, the purchaser is asked which he wants. ((Never)) Ninety percent will say either "Churchman" - "Capstan" or what have you. When the preferred brand is Players though, they will always ask for "Players - please". There are many other ways in which a good advertising slogan has become a part of normal conversation so that it is used without any real thought on the part of the user.

I think that it is true to say that good advertising can sell an inferior product, while bad advertising can ruin a good one. As an example of bad advertising, consider that which was first applied to Rayon. Rayon, when it was a new product, was described as artificial silk. Apparently it was the word "artificial" which caused all the trouble. People don't like buying artificial products. ((I know a man who has an artificial wig)) Rayon manufacturers have been trying ever since to do away with that first impression they had given the



public. On the other hand, Nylon was first introduced as a brand new material, and its success was immediate. (Harry Turner first pointed this example to me).

Now, who are advertisements aimed at? Well, despite the fact that most of the money in the world is earned by men, it is spent by women. The advertisers are quite aware of this fact, and they slant their copy accordingly. The appeal to women is partly on the "Mrs. Smith down the road has one, so why don't you get one as well?" line - with variations, and partly on the personal pride line. As a group, we are continuously being told that by obtaining certain articles, we will become a hundred percent more efficient or alluring, or what ever it is the article does for us. So clever is the art of the advertiser that we very rarely realize the insults that lurk beneath this type of copy.

Even those adverts, which are slanted at men usually manage to hinge around women. Personal pride again plays a big part, and again there are hidden insults. As most of my readers will be male, I shall try to give you a few examples of what I mean, from your type of advert. For a start do you realize that when a glaringly virile and masculine figure on the back of a magazine informs you that "You too can have a body like mine", (( With a firm front )) the idea is that without taking this course you are all a lot of puny weaklings? Granted that this probably correct, but even so, you aren't going to take the insult lying down are you? Surely you are not that weak! When you see an advert for a brand of hair cream, can't you just imagine the sneering voice which is saying "Of course, those of you who don't use our haircream are suffering from dandruff, falling hair, baldness, and general unkemptness". Why do men stand for all these insults? Why do you stand calmly by while an advert proclaims that those of you who don't wear a hat are so stupid that they will never amount to anything in their jobs? Mainly because you don't realize that the insults are there.

To return to women, a subject with which I am better acquainted - (and that is the rashest statement I have made so far). We are constantly being informed that we are unclean - sloppily dressed - badly made-up - and noisome. (Lovely word that, used in the sense that writers such as Lovecraft used it, and having little connection with noise). On top of this, we have poorly kept homes, the weekly wash is not as clean as it should be, and so on and so forth. We are further told that by obtaining products, we can change this whole miserable situation, and

.....  
I didn't know whether to go to the pictures or buy a pair of briefs..  
.....  
make our houses fit for guests, and ourselves decent enough to be seen in public. Mind you, all these insults are not hurled at us in so many words, but they are inferred just the same. The advertiser has a hard job. He has to intimate that without such and such a thing, there is something lacking. At the same time, he can't lay it on too thickly, otherwise the insult will become glaringly obvious.

The thing that has to be "sold" is, of course, the name of the product and this should occupy the center of the display. Or rather, it should occupy a space just above the centre, for it is here that the eye orientates itself. The rest of the space is occupied by the "persuasive"

material, and it is in this that you see the element of fantasy which, in my opinion, makes advertising a fit subject to be discussed in a fanzine. What a fine web of fantasy has to be woven in order to persuade people that one product is superior to and more desirable than another. If the advert contains an illo (and most of them do nowadays) then there is likely to be another element of fantasy. From recent ads. I have seen, it would appear that there is a definite trend towards a semisurrealism in the illustrations. Many of them are beginning to look as though they have been taken from the pages of the digest Fantastic and Amazing, or Galaxy. And have you seen the recent advert for Dessouter Tools in which is shown a scout-master and a little horror of a horse faced scout? - Could that be a blaster that the little horror has in his hand?

But the psychology of advertising. Originally the idea seemed to be to bludgeon the name of a product into the subconscious by sheer repetition. From hoardings - on buses and tubes - in morning and evening papers - and in magazines. In fact, in almost every space available, through every medium, the subconscious would be exhorted to "BUY -". The trouble was, there were too many names. People grew accustomed to seeing adverts and taking no notice of them. It became necessary to add something to the name, something which would be sufficiently arresting to catch the roving eye and force it to contemplate the advert. Even so, they had to be kept simple and clear. Subtlety became the key-word. A riot of colour in a surrealistic nightmare will make an advert stand out, {{ Have you seen Morecambe illuminations this year}} but after looking at it for some time, you will probably come away with the thought that either you need glasses, or else you should never have had that last whiskey despite what the posters say about John Haigh.{{ I once saw his effigy in the "Chamber of Horrors"}}

The story "Gravy Planet" - (Did I hear someone say "I knew she'd have to mention that". Hm?) - showed a picture of advertising carried to the extreme in a future world. However, I don't think that such will be the case. A short while ago, when papers in New York were not being printed due to a strike, the various manufacturers bought up as much space as they possibly could on T.V. This caused a scream of protest from viewers, whose main idea seemed to be that T.V. was overloaded with advertising as it was, without making it worse. As long as people keep that attitude, all will be well. If it ever flags, then remember the insults, and shout "Down with advertising" (And I'm sorry if I do you out of a job Harry).

Having reached the end of my thoughts on the subject, I have glanced through what has been written so far, only to discover that I have hardly got down to describing the actual Psychology (with a capital P) of Advertising (with a capital A). Perhaps I don't belong amongst the amateur psychologists after all! There is hope for me yet!! And with that profound thought I shall sit back and wait for the letters I hope you are going to send. If anyone is rarin' to go, and can't get it all down on paper, my phone number is Fayid 352 - Trouble is, you'll have to come out to Egypt before you can (w)ring me up.....

.....  
Did you know the only way to kill a zombie was to pour boiling wax on him?  
.....



## EDITORIAL COMMENT TO JOAN'S ARTICLE.

Waaal, Joan, We guess you ain't got anywhere. Naturally your article is interesting or why would we print it - but you're no nearer to answering the question WHY do advertisements work.

Me (this is Ken talking) I just don't dig advertising. Why the devil a paper facade of an advert like a sleek managerial type of person leaning over a desk, and saying in a clotted cream voice - imitation clotted cream - "You see, ladies, we believe we have discovered the perfect washing powder" should induce people to buy the damn stuff, I don't know.

Why am I, upon seeing a huge representation of a frail looking man in a nightshirt riding a storm tossed sea on a gargantuan pot of Bovril, supposed to frantically purchase Bovril?

How can an old-world country scene, brimming with hounds and austere creeps on tall horses induce one to thrive on Tetley's ales?

The amazing thing to me is that advertisements work.

Yet all the examples I have quoted are from memory, and Ghod knows I haven't tried to memorise them. So they have been bludgeoned into my mind. As Dave pointed out to me a short time ago, Ads are as much to appraise the public of the existence of the product as to persuade them of its quality. That is as far as I can go.

I can remember literally hundreds of advertisements, without any effort, because they have been forced upon me. But since I know that all the advertisers are after my money, I cynically disbelieve the statements that one product is better than another. So when I want chocolate I don't say Cadbury's, I say Chocolate. When I feel thirsty, I don't necessarily have a Coke, any damn drink will do. And if I wanted a fountain pen I'd go and have a look at some fountain pens, not dive straight for one advertised as "The pen you cannot lose".

This attitude seems to me so obvious that I can't see why everybody doesn't adopt it.

But apparently they don't. Advertising is a big subject - even if you confine it to washing powders alone. So let's be hearing from you profound thinkers, please.

While we're on the highbrow kick, let us use this space to recommend to those of our readers who are interested in SF, the magazine "PERSPECTIVES". No 8 specifically. P is one of those snooty American culture magazines, published in Britain at 2/6, in a format worth 3 times the price. In spite of the snootiness, it's well worth having. I mention because No 8 contains a review of Bretnor's "Modern sf", which develops into an article on that subject. A very level-headed article it is, an article nobody who is even slightly interested in SF should miss. Incidentally, I agree with it, more or less. KEN



## film reviews.

### THE MOON IS BLUE

by Archie Mercer.

Starring William Holden, David Niven, Maggie McNamara, and featuring a good deal of Dawn Addams

You've seen the Way to the Stars. You've seen Destination Moon. You've carefully avoided seeing Rocketship X.M. Or, if your'e lucky, you've done the exact opposite. I wish I had. But, anyway, whichever it is, I advise you not to miss the latest epic of the first interplanetary flight, that must surely rank amongst the most unusual SF films of all time - The Moon Is Blue.

For a start - not to mention a change - the intrepid voyagers into space are not humans, but wolves. There's a middle-aged type of wolf called Slaver (David Niven), who keeps on rolling his eyes and anything else rollable on the slightest provocation. There's a young heroic type of wolf called Gresham (William Holden, of course), apparently on the principle that bad morals drive out good. Then there's a somewhat artificial type of underwore wolf called Synthia (Dawn Addams, with only two "d"s - and believe me, she doesn't NEED any more). The party is completed by a small dog.

The rocket takes off (by courtesy of the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra) from the top of the Oompa State Building, Yankee Doodletown, and promptly lands at the bottom of one of the more Lunar seas - the Mare Nosta. Much fortified by their drop in the old crater, the expedition send out a one-man scouting party consisting of the heroic type (who else?) who, though at the bottom of a sea, soon finds his depth and reappears with one of the denizens of the deep freeze (Maggie McNamara), a genuine Lunar Virgin (or Lunaive) called Own Eel - or possibly Oh Kneel. This is a very rare species of fish indeed, so rare in fact that the male wolves unanimously decide that it's virgin on the impossible, and set out to prove that they've caught something else altogether. In this they are ably assisted by Synthia, who's practically indistinguishable from a bitch in any case - though she almost redeems herself towards the end by making a clean breast of it.

At this point the space-ship is attacked by Own Eel's outraged father, who's a carp. Gresham for once fails to drive him out, and the carp hits him on the jaw with a tesseract, thereby giving him a black eye. This, of course is absurd, but you've seen nothing yet. To the strains of the "Ride of the Valkyre", Henry VIII materialises and sings "Drink to me Own Eel", during which the latter climbs out of a jug of chlorophyll

and asks a leading question, eventually retiring with full honours. The next day it's Gresham's turn to ask the question, and after that - with any luck - they all live happily ever after.

That's the end of the film. Only in one or two ways I was rather disappointed. I missed any reference to Wolf 359, for instance. And they never played How High The Moon on a tesseract - I mean a theramin. (I've long maintained that an air-raid siren is a comparatively attractive noise, and that would have been an ideal opportunity to prove it). Also, the film was unfortunately not in colour, so I never found out if the moon was actually blue or not.

#### PHUTNOTE

A friend of ours went to a cinema whereat "The moon is blue" was billed - only to see men rushing around with swords, and half naked women being carried about by slobs who were keelhauling the mainbrace, and battenning down the for'ard mizzenmast. Such, friends, is the amazing step forward of Science Fiction in the cinema. Rah! Rah! Rah!

.....  
QUOTE from the 2/8d's

"Thy do you keep looking at the screen?..."

.....

#### DESTINATION MOON

by Pat Walsh

Daft, goin' up there in them boiler suits .....

.....

Wither!

.....

#### THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

Anonymous

Oh! - is that the one about walking carrots? .....

.....

If its no good you can send it to Ashworth .....

.....

While we're on the Hollywood kick, we may as well mention that we have made a tremendous discovery. While one of our editors was down London with sundry odd characters described elsewhere in this magazine, all of them were privileged to see MAGOO. Next issue we may present a full length rave notice about MAGOO, who is surely worthy of the same appreciation and adulation accorded to POGO. As far as we know, MAGOO can be seen only in the metropolis as long as you remain in Britain. How fine he is on the other side of the water, we cannott say. We are surprised that none of our contemptuaries have introduced him to fandom before. MAGOO is Ghod !



# BELLES LETTRES

BOB BLOCH

Do I want to see England?

Ken, it's the dream of my life, visiting the British Isles. How often I've enjoyed it all in anticipation...gorse-shooting in the Highlands...playing a chucker of cricket at Epsom Salt Downs...trapping over the rugged hills of Aldershot...gazing at the statue of Elizabeth in Trafalgar Square...seeing the head of Anne Boleyn in the Tower...standing in silent meditation at Shakespeare's Tomb in Brighton...listening to the shouts of the costers in Westminster Abbey...paying homage to Sherlock Holmes at his lodgings at 10 Downing Street...rubbing elbows with Winston Churchill some night in Piccadilly Circus...((And you can get pretty good hamburgers in Blackpool))

Ah yes... all this and British fandom too! Sorting out all the Shaws and Whites...and Clarkes... and separating the beards from the boys. Attending a Mancon, or better still, a Womancon. I dream.

But alas, it is not to be. Or so it seems. The reason why?

It seems my wife is in the sanatorium with TB of the bone. Hip. Had a pretty bad siege of it this winter, in every conceivable way. Now they don't know how long she'll be there: what the prognosis is, extent of possible recovery, etc. But meanwhile I am running the house alone and trying to make a living in the face of a falling market here. Chances are she'll be home long before next year's deadline. But chances also are that I'll be needed here; oh, I could possibly get away for the 4-5 day stretches of an American convention if it were not held too far away...hardly longer, though. Or at least, so it seems from present indications.

So you see how it is. I would, in utter honesty, yearn for nothing more than just the opportunity you mention. I have so enjoyed meeting Walt and Bert...so relished the letters and publications from the Isles... been so impressed with reports from Ben Mahaffey and Rita Krohne...and have often entertained the wild hope of showing those undignified louts of the London Circle how a Serious Constructive American Fan-Pro can ~~conduct~~ conduct himself. After all, England sent us Arthur C. Clarke. We owe you something for that. And I thought perhaps I might be able to repay the debt.

Maybe the situation will change. Maybe my apprehensions are groundless. But writing at the moment, under present circumstances, I'm only able to give you the facts as they now exist. Along with my sincere thanks.

BOB BLOCH (again)

Believe me, my heart bleeds when you tell me about the petition. My wife (to use an Americanischer colloquialism) like to of kilt me when she heard what I wrote. Of course, being a woman, she was diplomatic about it. Smiling sweetly, she observed, "Why, you £\$%&'1@//?!!! fool, why didn't you tell 'em yes? You know you're dying to go to England and



take up where Bea Mahaffey left off." ((Well! We know that sentence would be subtler without an interjection, but you don't KNOW where she left off)) All of which is true enough, but the fact remains that there's the hovering doubt about the situation 10 months from now...and I can't conscientiously let a lot of nice people go out on a limb this way when there's the slightest chance of disappointing them due to unforeseen circumstances. I may end up next May heartily joining her in cursing myself for a worry-wart. But that's better than having everybody curse me. And some of those names you mention are strong cursers, too. God love 'em. My wife strongly urged me to write you and say that I'd changed my mind, and though strongly tempted, I'm not strong enough. If it were a decision that could be withheld until fall, when I knew where I'd stand both financially and in relation to her health, things would be different. But right now much depends on markets for me in the next three months. A writer makes next year's income today, you know.

Only sometimes he doesn't.

As for Stan Kenton, I have nothing against him. It's just his music. ((Soooo. Now all you people who signed the petish know as much as we do. By the time you get to reading this, it will of course be out of date, but we'll append a stop press column if necessary. Wonder if Burbee can come?))

.....  
Oh that - it's a time machine I invented in a moment of caprice.....  
.....

ANONYMOUS.

Sir,

Please clear your drain as soon as possible .....

.....  
I see it all now - the rocket pushes against Newton's 3rd law of motion  
.....

MAL ASHWORTH

Yes Son I'm inclined to agree that you're still in the throes of entering Trufandom - I can even see the dew on your shoes yet. ((Now I know why he's got cold feet)) Not only do you not devote your every spare hour to fanac but you are known to consort with a member of the female sex, a fan admittedly ((Thankyou)) but nevertheless a female. What do you think Jophan would do in such a case? All right no need to tell me in detail - fancy yo' self as Hank Janson or sumpn? Now as a help and a spiritual aid to your cause of entering into Trufandom I suggest that you send away this woman to the nearest Trufan centre (strangely in your case this is Bradford!) until you are properly established on the Path ((Do I have to bring my own towel)). This should not take more than a few months - no doubt Walt Willis, Vin Clarke and Chuck Harris will back up my suggestion tho' they may differ a little in opinion as to your nearest Trufan centre - I of course am indisputably right on that point.

.....  
How was I to know she wasn't mad?  
.....

MARTHA POGG

I have recently been on holiday on the continent. While I was climbing an Alp, I was approached by a slaving figure, wearing a rubber yellow mask. This figure produced a weapon, and sprayed me with some liquid. He then went away - jerk, jerk, jerk.

As he receded, I could hear his voice raised, and it said, "Ode to Irene. Gee but I'll make that Wansborough look silly. Ode to Irene. Oh Irene fair....." The rest was inarticulate.

Can you offer any explanation for this phenomenon? Otherwise I shall be forced to conclude that I have discovered a European Abominable Snowman.

.....  
It starts at nothing and tapers off  
.....

CHUCK HARRIS

No, I'm desolated, and I'm weeping blood. I love both of you like brothers ((Yeah. And how do you love Irene, you normal bastard)) and any time you want a secondhand right arm all you have to do is ask. ((And how many spare heads do you have)) I'll be enchanted to sub to Brennschluss, and I am really looking forward to it. But, I'm sorry but I just can't write anything just now.

Honest, I'm not prolific. It usually takes me about a week to write "Random" ((Do you stop for meals)) and the rest of the time between issues I spend searching for old jokes that will still stand renovation.

You know that if I did have an idea for an article or something you'd be the first people to see it. ((Oh Charles! I bet you say that to all the faneds))

I don't want you to think I've sold out to the pro's. I haven't, I would do if I had anything to sell out with. My s-x-life is virtually non existent, and I have drawers full of unanswered letters that I don't even like to think about.

When I get some time and some ideas, (and the first Brennschluss) I'll try to do something for you.

This could be a lot longer too, and I'm just as sorry as you are. I'd rather die than say YES.

.....  
((APUT: Watch BRENNSSCHLUSS 2 for a stupendous article by Chuck Harris. Yes Harris, this means you - if we have to burn your eyes out for it. If you want some Ideas, just crib from Burbee.))

.....  
Can you make puns in newspeak?  
.....

ALOYSIUS GREENBLATT

The question now arises of the social significance of the modern fan club. For instance, should members knit underpants for horses? And if so, what has Hubbard to say about it. After all, we are star begotten. Do not let us forget the glorious tradition we uphold. Let us adopt opium smoking, to make us opium minded. Let us knit trombones.

Fandom is a way of life.

§ A play on words. The word opium is similar to the word open.

HARRIS DENIES ALL!

HARRY EANLON

I'm too cynical to talk to, a WAAF told me so.

Yours,

Maximillian Budonius Dizenbird.

.....  
Isn't it about time we had another litter  
.....

((OK, so it isn't much of a letter column. Write damn, you write!))

.....  
He's getting s-xy lately - had the midwife three times this morning.  
.....

////////////////////////////////////  
MANCHESTER'S SOUL REVEALED  
////////////////////////////////////

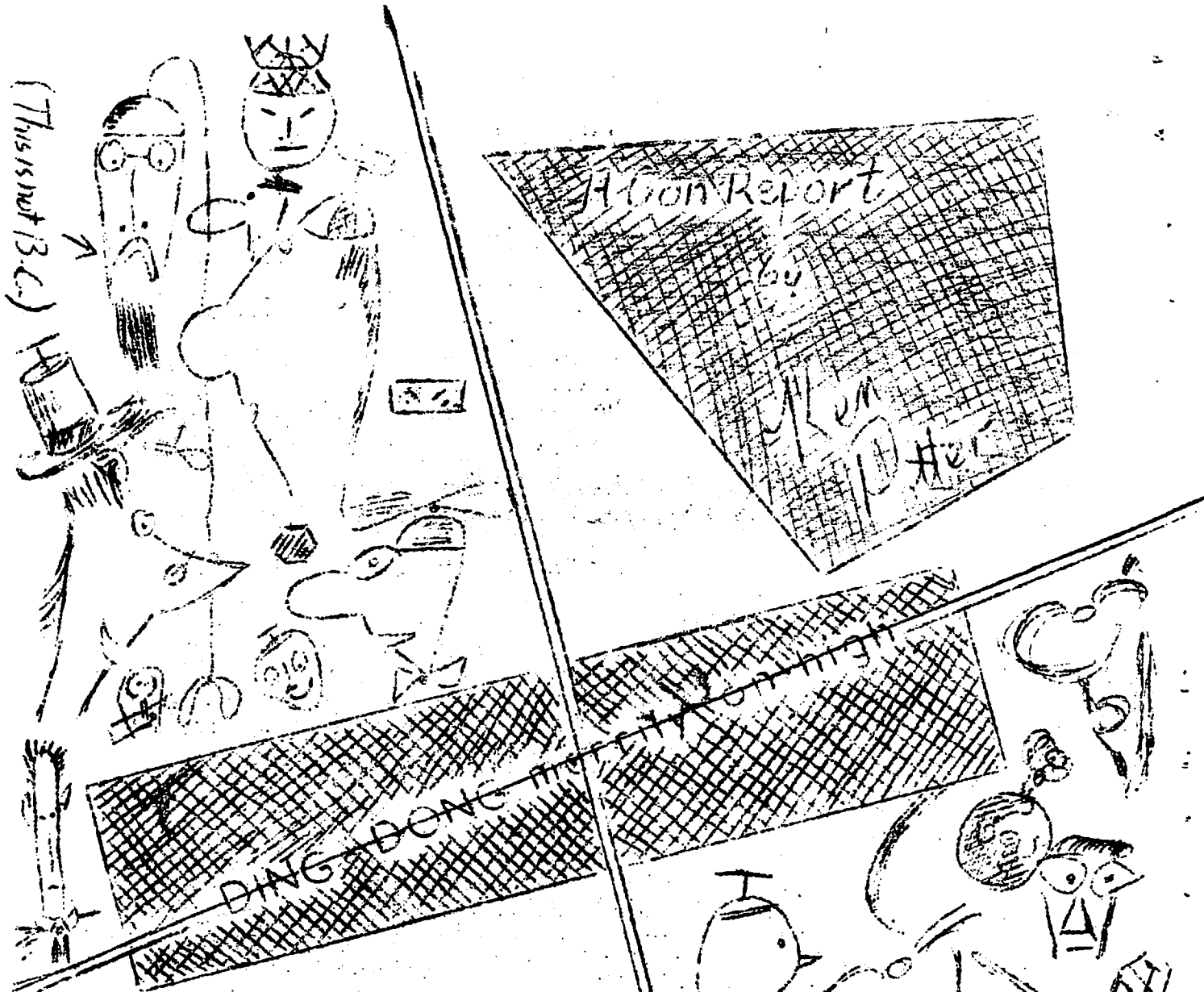
by Maximillian Budonius Dizenbird.

It wasn't enough for Ken and I to go to a nice quiet normal function, like a Science Fiction Convention, we had to get mixed up in a pageant of religious fervour or something. (We wished to be elsewhere - the fervour the better). If the weather had been different, I may have put it all down to a space-warp in front of the Grosvenor Hotel (huh?) which had landed us in old Castile, but the weather was just the same, only more so, on the side of the street where this Pompain spectacle((Sort of Pompain circumstance?))was taking up far more space than the traffic laws, even of Pompey should allow.

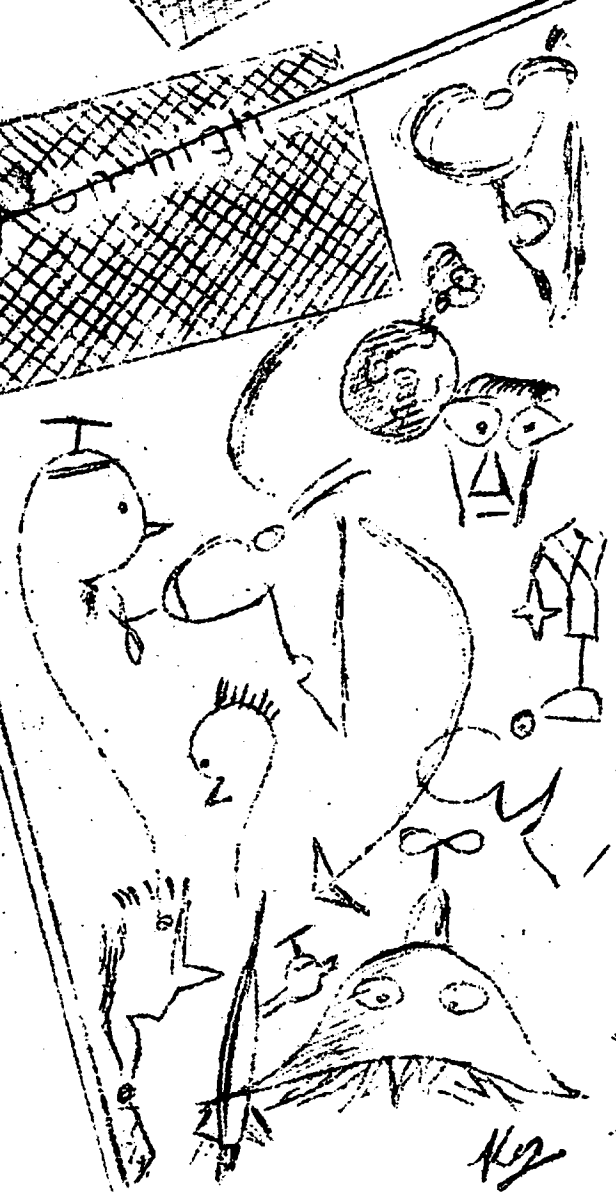
The procession, was made up of two groups, bunches of children straggling along at intervals, and bands, that is several characters purporting to be musicians, also straggling along at intervals, what intervals? (Man, don't none of you guys dig harmony?)(Harmony a roving vagabond)). The route chosen by the cavalcade, was the same one Ken and myself had to use to get to the transport we needed so much just then. So do not write us off as masochists because we saw so much, and yet retained our peculiar type of sanity. Among the things we saw were banners, yes banners, carried by little children and bearing such legends as "Faith" (the Irish contingent obviously), and "Sin and Suffer" all I did was suffer, there were several others equally insulting, but how do you sue a snotty-nosed kid. Of the bands which I have already alluded to, most of them had uniforms which were beyond the pale, several shades beyond, but only one really impressed us, that was the snappily titled St. Phillips of Salford, led by an alto-saxist who, when we passed, was zounding brilliantly on the chords of "All things bright and Beautiful" while the rest of the band blew a crazy arrangement of "Greenlands Icy Minton!". Suddenly we were surrounded by scrawny 12-year-olds. They were wet and cold. We were wetter and colder, and miserable. They tried to sell us ice cream.

Frantically, we scaled a nearby warehouse and loped in peace across the rooftops, leaping across streets containing bits of procession with start ling agility. We were relieved to catch a bus.





This report is a priceless historical document, written for the benefit of posterity by KP, who is guaranteed to have been inspired by Ghu. It represents the truth about the Supermancon, written fearlessly, and without bias. BRENNSCHLUSS is proud, of it's fearless and frank attitude, and will always endeavour to set the highest standards, and to give you nothing but the truth: Forward with the fans.



Sunday 6th June, at about 11.30 p.m., I was walking erratically along Piccadilly Manchester, when I impulsively took out my notes, and hurled them derisively into the gutter.

Which explains why this lot is hazy. Ghod, but I was hazy on Saturday morning. As the shades of dawn were peeping over the gasworks, I leaned far enough out of bed to let gravity do the rest, and did a commando like belly slither across to my shirt. I prefer not to dwell upon the subject of rising. I lugged a suitcase twice as big as myself, uphill all the way, to Lancaster bus station. And there I met Harry, who was also carrying a case. Actually, it was a cleverly designed matchbox. When the bus came, Harry bounded on with the vitality of youth oozing from every pore. I struggled manfully in the doorway with my case, and eventually secured the seat next to Harry. Pocketing my fingernails, and with muscles bulging on my muscles, I placed my case on the rack. Harry and I fell to discussing the writings of William Saroyan.

NOTE. The annoying fact that hyphenated words will occur throughout this report is not a free plug. No, it is due to the astounding perversity of this googolplex damned machine which I am using. What must he must be.

.....  
; With a scream of tortured  
: metal, the bus halted in an  
: odour of burning rubber.  
: It halted down a dingy and  
: obscure side street. In  
: the same street there were  
: men brewing vitriol, ominously  
: beside a lorry which

belonged to a leading firm of fruit squash manufacturers. We crawled from the side street, into the seething city. I was much revived, and nonchalantly twirled my case around the little finger of my left hand.

I was suitably impressed, and not a little surprised, to find that Harry knows Manchester. Authorotatively he swept aside all the hours the committee must have spent in mapping the area with one fell swoop. He took us directly to the Grosvenor Hotel.

The first person I saw on the steps, Gazing across Manchester like Columbus across the New World was Walter Willis. Without hesitation, I hesitated. This was it. This grimy edifice, strething miles above me, Willis framed in the doorway, was THE place. The centre of Fandon! Ah, blessed Mecca beside the Ship Canal! I approached Walt from behind, and in my meekest adolescent type 7th fandon little gen dandy hektoed voice, I said 'Good morning, Mr Willis' He recognised me immediately, even recognised Harry, simply because Harry's on his sub list. Willis is omniscient.

We booked into the hotel, and were shown to hovel No 214. This contained what was fobbed of on us as a double

bed. Some poor Manchester kid will have nowhere to keep her doll now. But just as we'd opened the curtains, and sort of taken root, the management decided to move us. This time the hovel was larger, and contained two beds. It was quite a decent room really. I opened the curtains, in order to catch a glimpse of the panorama of a great city.

Directly below the window was a stretch of muddy water, which had doubtless spawned countless tentacled horrors. The primeval slime of centuries oozed sluggishly past.

Hurriedly, I elevated my gaze, which was met by a filthy building, bearing the legend, in criminally unaesthetic characters, 'Woolleys Phenoda<sup>®</sup> Toothpaste'. I recoiled in horror, to slobber a while under the bed.

We went downstairs into the con hall. The place was full of drooling adolescents, and senile old frumps, all of whom were positively dripping with integrity, awareness, and a sense of values.

As I stood framed in the portal like a mighty colossus astride the puny affairs of man, wondering which of them would mob me first, Pete Taylor saw me, and I saw Pete Taylor. Likewise Harry. He shambled towards us, and made some sound of greeting. We spoke of something - a worldly affair - and then Pete drifted into the crowd or the bar, probably both. We were reunited.

Harry and I went out to eat.

.....

Having partaken of a frugal meal (though I will say the price was equally frugal) we began rapidly retreating from the Grosvenor.

We went into Lewis's.

I know a couple of brilliant humourists who might make something very funny of that. I suppose even a straight account of precisely what happened might be funny. But all it did to me was daze me. Through vast catacombs, festooned with snazzy lingerie, we crept in awe. Upwards, downwards, we were thrown in tiny cubicles, like a sort of mobile black hole of Calcutta. Immense dead turkeys gazed unflinchingly upon ravenous housewives. Mountains of canned peas formed a monument to civilisation. We had found the record dept, which we had been seeking, to be quite destitute of anything to interest us, and to be split into 2 depts, on 2 floors, separated from each other by trackless depths, immense wells of loneliness, black velocities.

Now we staggered between leering wardrobes and smug armchairs, blindly following our instinct to GET OUT AT ALL COSTS. I would fain have thrown myself out of the nearest window, had it not been for Harry's paternal, restraining hand. But at long last, we were out again in the glorious sunshine (it WAS)

Once there, we bolted straight for the Grosvenor.

@ Phenoda:- The smell emitted by a convention.



Ghosh, but it was aw-ful!

I felt like Ceasar digging Phillipi, after everybody had finished beating the living daylights out of each other. I felt like the groundsman at the Coliseum, after the big Christians V Lions match had ended in an overwhelming win for the lome team. The 'end of the world' analogy is an easy one to choose in describing the frightful scene. But it is not shattering enough in its scope, it does not convey the true feeling of desolation.

..... Ultra normal..... (Hanlon)

.....  
Lost fans wandered amid piles of waste paper, their heads bowed, their minds gone. Ads for 'Triode' floated on the gentle breeze. Most of the fan appeared to have fled hastily, in terror of some great beast. There wa-s not an ad for 'Brennschluss' left on the wall. Harry's matchbox had been neatly palmed by some mara-uder. Dazed, we staggered out, clutching at our throats, sickened.

An authoratative voice penetrated to our befuddled minds with the info that the con had moved downstairs. We went in search; anxiously looking for fungi on the walls, or stalagtites.

At last, we entered a long room, containing Harry's matchbox, an ad for Bren, and fans. Nothing happened for a couple of aeons or so, and I grabbed this time to speak to sundry characters, to meet people, and to become a little wet. Somebody got up on the platform, and started nassing about with luminescent wa-ter, and droning about ra-dio-activity. We'd had the introductory speeches in the original, or elevated hall, but I didn't mention. These things ALWAYS happen.

Anyway, while Frank Simpson boiled electrons, we passed fillers fro and to along the back row. At one end, the trufans had come armed with little yellow tickets bearing esoteric remarks, with which they proceeded to shower us. We rapidly took up paper and pencil, and began to retaliate. It was all very interesting - and some of the remarks that Walt, Bob S, James W, and Chuch sent to Harry; Tom W, Mal Ashworth, and I deserve immortalisation. Let 'Bem' waste the space.

When Frank Simpson had finished infecting us all with ray poisoning, a man got onto the public dais, and began reading. This is billed in the programme as a monologue entitled 'The B Provincials'. Not a very impressive billing, I'm sure you will agree. That I will say for the committee, they didn't give it an impressive billing. Ghosh alone knows what the man was rea-ding. He made a sort of continuous buzzing noise, I cannot imagine anything more utterly monotonous. He apparently wasn't interested, nobody else looked it, and I certainly wa sn't. The last two words of the thing I heard - I think the ma-n raised his voice a fraction. He said 'you stink! Lhord what a punchline! Aw, stop kicking it Potter, it was dead at first.

Next item was rather interesting in a way, because Alistair Paterson of the Va-r-go Statten crudzine began to prove conclusively that fans don't even know thier own minds regarding covers. I could argue at length with this but it's hardly worth the energy. When I requested that covers in future should consist of something mind shattering in its cosmic force, he brought me onto the rostrum. I think he was trying to make me into a public spectacle, as an example of depravity, because he didn't ask me to say anything. Nobody threw anything.

Hell! I'm lost already. I'm not sure now whether the Medway Mob (consisting mostly of Tony Thorne, B Lewis being conspicuous mainly by his zapp gun) came before or after Terry Jeeves drawing things on a blackboard, in order to prove to A Paterson that fen are mindless. But be that as it may, the Medway crowd were pretty good. Pretty funny. Tony's manner on stage appears to have improved a considerable slice since la-st year, and he was no Hyde Park Bolshevik then.

Friends, I have a terrible admission to make. I'm muddled. I guess I'm semantically confused. But I don't know what occurred when. I suppose that party Saturday night knocked it right out of my head.

At a guess tho' it was the Liverpool people doing an excellent job with 'Walt Willis' brilliant script called 'The Alien Arrives. If it was I laughed heartily. And incidentally, those Liverpool folks are real nice to know.

I believe there was an auction about now, but it wasn't Tubb, and the auctioneer (I think Frank Simpson, correct me if I'm wrong) proceeded to sell a certain number of articles for a certain price, without entertainment value.

Now let me see.

Tea break, thank Ghod!

.....

Yeah, tea break. So we consulted our map, and eventually arrived at a dump called 'The Squirrell', which was marked thereon. This place was the epitome of squalor and filth. A prime example of the slums of the large city, it stared at us grinly across the road. It seemed to be beckoning us to come in and eat dirt, at the correct price for same. We are considerably lacking in lucre, always have been, we gave The Squirrell a miss.

Right next to it, sandwiched ludicrously against it, was a gleaming polished place, with obviously unreasonable prices. This was not marked on the map. It was called, romantically enough, 'Godbeheres restaurant'. Just inside, one could discern an individual with a moustach and a white coat, loftily regarding passers by, and rubbing his hands together ingratiatingly. He towered invitingly over a far more inviting pile of bottles, of various shapes, sizes, and contents.

The creamwashed walls, the luxurious atmosphere, and the generally obsequious air of the staff conspired to drag us into Godbehere's. On looking at the menu, one got the impression that God had lately departed in a hurry. The prices were the most ungodly I have ever seen. A gimlet eyed waitress, upon observing us sit, dropped her feudal demeanour with considerable clangour, and attempted to bully us into paying the price of a ticket to Mars for something with a French cussword for a name. We settled for tea and little fancy gateaux.

Having paid an astronomical figure for the privilege of nibbling a tiny corner from each of the cakes, and dropping them, horrified, we again sallied forth into the great city. We spent much longer than the allotted tea break on the premises of a nearby dealer in jazz records, and at last made our way back to the Grosvenor, in fear lest we had missed something.

.....

The only thing I can say with any degree of confidence is that we had missed nothing. Even then theres always the possibility that they slipped a brilliant event in while we were absent, and arranged a lull to greet us on our return. But actually my mind is a complete blank until the time when we went out again, to find that they were charging too damn much to dig Chris Barber's jazz band. So exorbitant were the prices that we went back to observe the real gone spectacle entitled 'Things to Come'.

Some rather unpleasant explosions were in progress when we entered. I dismissed the whole matter as somewhat sordid. I regard the film as very good in some respects, very bad in others. I don't propose to review it now or ever. I'll say that it contains too much bull about the glory of man.

I know there was a Tubb auction sometime, and I know also that Tubb was his usual irreplaceable self, but I must have sunk into a torpor until the party. I will therefore ignore anything I have forgotten, and forget anything I have ignored, until such time as the sun had set, and a crowd of dubious types of fans were patrolling the corridors in

.....

A neofan is somebody who doesn't know what a  
neofan is

.....  
search of revelry. We heard certain sounds indicative of impending drunken stupor emanating from a room. I opened the door in a forceful manner, and through the dense fumes, I could see Walt surrounded by bottles and women. Mostly Madeleine, I'm dissapointed to say.

I had no time to observe any of the other interesting phenomena in the room, since the formidable bulk of Stuart MacKenzie materialised in front of me.

"Password" he said, in a voice of thunder, and he smiled



like the man in Godbehere's restaurant.

I grinned foolishly.

He made some further sinister remarks regarding pass-words, and I continued to grin foolishly. He showed me the door, with a suave gesture. I continued my foolish grinning. He made the same suave gesture again, and I crawled away, defeated by MacKenzie's impenetrable wall of esoteric hospitality.

We (maybe only Harry and I, I don't know now) went away along the corridor until we came upon another room of fen. Upon opening the door of this room, I espied a lascivious hunk of pulchitruidein bathing equipment and a red cloak. While I was dazzled still by her radiance, she thrust a drink into my willing hand. Someday I'm going to write a eulogy of Pat Doolan, and every fan will keep it on his shelf beside the Enchanted Duplicator. Honestly, the way that gal kept going right through the night, looking like Helen of Troy, and with immense charm, tact, and diplomacy was amazing. The other ladies were charming too. But for my money, Pat was the star. I quite forgot Stuart MacKenzie.

We began to wassail. Ah! Bacchanallia! The night is young and the gin and peppermint is plentiful! Bring on the water pistols! Ah, careless rapture! Gay whirl of madness. See how the very spirit of trufandom hangs on the beer-sodden air!

I stood in a rapt group around a person who was murdering various classics of traditional jazz on a recorder. I spent some pleasantly befogged time with this guy, but who the hell he was I either cannot remember or never knew. Anyway, half way through 'Royal Garden Blues', I dragged myself away from the master artist, and staggered into a corner.

It was occupied mainly by a languorous Pat Doolan, a lecherous Brian Burgess (who is fast becoming a rival to Norman Wansborough, in all respects but poetically) and Pete Taylor and Harry, who were sinking slowly into a quagmire of gin and pep, and were quite oblivious to their surroundings. I had a gin and pep too.

People began to drift in from the other party, with the sinful smell of liquor odiously clinging to them. I couldn't stand the odious odour. To drown it, I poured myself a sherry.

Norman Shorrock had a camera, with which he shot me in varying company and unaccustomed poses. Now recently (Well, dammit, the Boer War is recent to some people) Norman sent me these photographs, and I was surprised.

I was shaken, in fact. I had thought, until I received these things, that one of them consisted of a view of Chuck Harris and myself, both wielding zapp guns in a menacing manner, myself leering coyly. But no. The Photograph actually shows Chuck in a state of imbecilic joy, or infantile nirvana, judging from his expression. But that is not all. There is also the most marvellous view of

Harry, who is looking upon the revelry as if to say "what on earth are these stupid adolescents doing? Also it shows sundry legs and arms, and a few odd heads. You can't see Pete Taylor for his.

And the other! Friends, before I saw it I had prepared an ecstatic description of this supposedly superb photo, speaking of it as a representation of Brian Burgess, in the guise of a BEM (not a difficult pose for Burgess to adopt) with myself valiantly rescuing Pat Doolan from his lustful clutches. I had described Burgess's expression as one of pure animal lust, and had defiantly stated that a person hasn't really lived until he's rescued Pat Doolan from Bem Burgess.

Ha!

And again, hah ! Indeed HAH!

How do you look lecherous behind a plastic moustache, this glassless spectacles, and a false nose? And I! I could have sworn Norman's entreaties had at last persuaded me to face the camera. Yet all one can see of my features is hair. And Pat's beautiful face (yeah, face) is surrounded by a sea of grasping hands.

Guess I'll take a camera next time.

I retired under a table for a short rest, and watched the myriad legs pacing, staggering, and just standing. Identifying people by their legs, while under a table at conventions, is an interesting game. I didn't meet with great success, but at least distinguished between the sexes (good for Bergey!)

When I slitheringly emerged, mayhem was in full swing. The editor of that staid journal 'New Worlds' was romping around with a water pistol, loaded in such a way as to prove conclusively that water pistols are not childish. It was full of port, and most everybody was being forcibly fed. I averted my eyes from the piteous scene of a folly-fledged pro going berserk. I am not so neo that I was surprised, but after all, Carnell looks so respectable with that rolled umbrella, and bow tie.

Inspired by this example, I filled my own pistol with ghin, ginger beer, and soda water, whereupon it began to do most surprising things. It really put Frank Simpson's luminescent water to shame. The stuff ejected a considerable distance from the Water pistol WITHOUT MY PRESSING THE TRIGGER, thus defying all known laws of hydro ballistics. When the thing had ceased to erupt, I shot the contents down Pete Taylor's gullet, and he actually LIKED it. One assumes that his pallet had become somewhat blasé through continued consumption of Mother's ruin.

At one time, after I had decided the time was long overdue when I should become thoroughly drunk, and discovered that the alcohol had given out, I picked up a soda syphon in desperation, in order to spray all present with the fluid; thus shaming Brian Lewis. The Ghudamn syphon was empty. I hurled it down, with a muttered oath, and went back to gaze sadly on Pete and Harry, who were quite gin sodden.

When I turned round, what should I see but some horrid plagiarist with a full soda syphon, syphoning with great gusto, and wetting most of the population of Manchester. The range was not so great as one would expect from so formidable a looking instrument, but the effective area was surprisingly large. On the whole, I was sorry I had not found the full syphon.

.....  
If Ghod had wanted us to go to Manchester, he'd have given us gills. (Wood)

.....  
Then there was the rubber hand. This hand looked cold and lifeless, as the hand of a zombie, or a Burgess. It looked just such a hand as might squeeze the surging life from the throat of some screaming woman. I put it in my pocket. I don't know where it came from, nor do I wish to. At one time, I was going to keep all of it as a souvenir, but at last I decided on just one finger, which I subsequently gave to Irene. She was so fascinated that she now wishes to make a collection of the other fingers, and would be obliged if any holders of same would contact her.

.....  
I assure you, I can't possibly have conveyed to you the utterly mad fannishness of the party. Not by half. I'll simply say that I thought this was my fifth con, and now I realize that it was my first. You simply haven't been to a con if not to an all night party. There were many more incidents like the ones I have outlined. Thousands. One cannot hope to chronicle them all, in fact all the fans who would possibly be capable of such a feat were prostrate.

Anyway, the time came when Harry, having finished the ghin, wanted to go to bed. Since I was comparatively sober (doubtless Taylor will contemptuously say that I was stone cold so) I took it upon myself to accompany and show him the way. At last, he stopped insisting that I place an empty rum bottle in my pocket, in order to look depraved, and came up.

I discovered a queer thing about Harry and drink. When he's sober, I suppose he's good to average witty, but when he's got some of the old potheen inside of him, it makes Bob Hope and Ted Tubb look like a music hall act called Wansborough and Burgess. Please don't take offence, Norman and Brian, you know damn well you'd be slapstick.

There was a piece of flat marble, possibly a gravestone of some species, parked on top of our wardrobe, and this Harry began to criticise aesthetically. As an example of virgin beauty, he was unimpressed by it. He verbally prepared a thesis on virgin beauty. He recommended that John Steinbeck write instructions for use of fire extinguishers. With scathing words, he tore 'it' to small pieces. I have never laughed so much. It has, of course, occurred to me



that I may have been in a somewhat more receptive state than usual, owing to the affluence of incohol. But I'm sure some of the things Harry said were at least wothy of 'Nirvana'.

I left him stretched out on his bed, muttering about pristine loveliness, and went down to the party. There were a few hangers on left, and a porter grimly awaiting their exit, an ominous look in his steely eyes. At last everybody went.

I tagged onto, or was inveigled into, a small group of provincial gentlemen, whose names escape me, except those of Ashwoth and Bentcliffe. What I should do is take notes. There appeared to be some manner of plan afoot in this group. I'm not sure whether they were going to kidnap Pat D, or murder a few metropolitans in cold blood, or conflagrate the hotel, or keelhaul some Irishmen, or put out a hand-written oneshot, or rouse the population for miles around, or play Goodmanston, or hold a roofcon, or grow parsley in the bath, or merely look for women. In any case, they did nothing.

Terry Jeeves lurched towards us along the corridor, looking bheer sodden, and he appeared to desire absolute silence. Since we all know and respect Terry for his masterly organisation of the roofcon la-st year, we were fairly silent. To this day, I don't know why Terry was so concerned about waking people. Perhaps he was drunk, poor fellow.

Sometime during the night, I remember Brian Lewis filling his zapp cannon at Mal Ashworth's sink. With water. Sometime during the same night, I remember entering Brian Varley's room, with that esteemed treasurer trying to convince everybody verbally, if not practically, of the vast potency of some whhisky he possessed. Like a fool, I blundered out before he got to the practical demonstration.

The last room I was in before my own was Pat Doolan's. Perhaps I'd better enla-rge on that, in case somebody becomes curious. Unfortunately, I must admit that the joint was crowded, and that Pat spent most of the time gazing into the fathomless depths of the ship canal, with Eric Bentcliffe. Depraved fans lounged around in varied postures, all of them having given thier room keys to Pat, and she had an immense bunch of these. I suspect that in years to come, her ghost will rattle those same keys thru the corridors of the Gresvenor. Last thing I saw, before I crawled away in offended horror, was the spectacle of several obliging fans tucking an utterly sozzled Pete Taylor into Pat's bed. Where he got to after that, Ghod knows. This is the very latest gen I know on the problem of where Taylor went; being AFTER he was directed to the mana-ger's room. Ghod, I hope he didn't stay there.

I clawed my way blindly along the corridor to our own little room, and as I looked upon Harry, lying there so innocently asleep, and thought of the depravity I had just left, I wondered what Gernsback would think

Blessed sleep o'ertook me.



There must have been a Mr Quasimodo next to us. My first conscious thought on Sunday morning was that the Christian church would never get MY 2d in it's coffers every Sunday. Ghod, those bells! You could have heard a bomb drop, provided only that it was dropped on the church which was making the repulsive din. The terrible clangour beat at the citadel of my consciousness, and Harry, upon waking, cursed the noise in no uncertain terms. I fled along several miles of corridor to the bathroom, where I stewed for some time. Once I had arrived back at the bedroom, I bounded towards the window in a sprightly manner, in order to determine whether the climate had come into it's own.

"Woolley's Phenoda Toothpaste" hit me in the eye. I screamed, and covered my face with my hands, sobbing insanely. I had seen enough to know that it was raining.

Harry and I went down to breakfast, where we discovered we had paid 23/- for bacon, eggs, and grapefruit juice. One supposes the latter adds a touch of aristocracy. It was surprising how well everybody had come through the night's orgy. Each fan looked full of vitality, and loaded with a cargo of beans. They were all ready for the gruelling day's conventioning.

Harry and I proceeded to lounge, talking to odd cranks and a genius or two at intervals. I hung over the bannister in an attitude of sea sickness, and saw Irene. A stentorian "Hi" carried down miles of stairway, and soon, instead of fawning on miss Gore like a red blooded male fan, I said "where's Dave?"

Dave, having been welched out of his chance of attending Saturday's session by an imbecilic landlady, had planned to come to sunny Manchester with Irene on Sunday. The answer I expected was "oh, he picked up with a lewd woman, he'll be up here in a minute" or "they're bringing his coffin in now" but no such answer was forthcoming. Dave had not turned up for the train. That was that. Dave had missed the train and Irene had come alone. We shrugged our mental shoulders, and went down into the con hall.

A jam session met our eyes, the Eric Bentcliffe trio (Bentcliffe piano, Mal Ashworth chair, Brian Lewis Vargo Statten bedpan was swinging out stonedly. Harry sat in on chair, and I on piano top until we wearied.

Pausing only to introduce Irene to nearly everybody, we went out and had a depressing look round the depressing railway station for Dave. We found not even a shirt button, so we returned, thoroughly depressed, to that grimy convention hotel. Once there, we talked to nearly everybody who was left. Most people had gone out. Therefore, we soon relaxed languidly in the lounge outside the con hall simply waiting. Waiting.

After a couple of aeons or so, a man emerged from the con hall, and looked around. He then approached Irene, and said, in a voice like the last trump, "do you read the Vargo Statten Magazine?" When she indicated she did not, he peered, and accusingly said "why". Thinking this may be the beginning of an attempt to establish a dictatorship in Fandom, VS dictator, I muttered something about juvenile markets. I was pounced upon, and the three of us were driven into the con hall to face an inquisition from a person who worked for the VSM, and who appeared to be interested in the psychology of conventions.

I answered his questions in a serious and constructive tone, thinking he hardly would have understood, had I plugged his left eye with a jet of water. Thus I think I created the impression that fans are not vapid and irreflective. I am sure Harry Turner, who spoke to him considerably more than myself did so. Irene, the original subject of the investigation (by virtue of her sex) watched passively, since she has never been one to shoot off her mouth. Harry looked on cynically, since the VSM is not one of the subjects which absorbs his interest. A few minutes later, I gave the man a copy of PERI 2, and shattered any previous favourable impressions Harry Turner had carefully built. I bet he's disenchanted.

Nothing happened before dinner; and Lancaster Fandom was again aloof, and went to dine alone. We dined in one of those large department stores, where one pushes a tray along a chrome rail, blindly grabbing at nondescript foodstuffs, and piling them in a messy hodge-podge on one's tray. The cutlery was in hygienic plastic, and the tables were about 6 inches across. We ate, and fled.

.....

We walked about for a bit, but we couldn't resist the fatal lure of the Grosvenor for long. Besides, we had to hurry back in time for the start of the afternoon session.

See, I'm being sarcastic

.....

They daren't start till Willis comes.

.....

It says in Ashworth's BEM conreport (to which I am referring from time to time for chronological details) that the next item was the faneditor's panel. This was pretty good. Here, the affair of Stuart MacKenzie's pomp was broached. As soon as the panel had finished, a figure reminiscent of young Lochinvar (except that HE came out of the west) bounded onto the public dias, and it was old Horatius MacKenzie himself. He stoutly denied that he was in it for the money. With defiant pride, he threw out his chest, and stated in a voice of thunder that ST owed him personally £10. He stated in so many words that he was trying not to make money. It would, of course, be uncouth to suggest that the best way to refrain from making money would be to lead an existence of lethargic inactivity. Strikes me as a pointless pastime, in any case. Enough! or there will be cold war.



Well, it could be dead.

WAVE

37



At his point the femme fans castigated (this is a clean word, Bloch) Brian Varley for forgetting something he'd probably never read, and thus messing up their production. This was probably a good substitute for the production, altho Frances Evans (nice enough off stage to flog me a sub to FEMIZINE) is not much of a public speaker. Brian has quite an engaging manner on stage, except when he kept pestering everybody for money

.....  
I don't want to make a fetish of collecting money. (BV)

.....  
Then Vargo Statten spoke to us. I wonder if those of you who were not present can guess what he said?

.....  
It's only a matter of being original. (Fearn)

.....  
Some big pro authors got on stage, and gave opinions, but this item was incomplete, as James White didn't get up there. While the panel was being mustered, somebody yelled my name from the floor, and I was so dumbfounded that I almost wrote another thousand words. I didn't join the panel.

After the author's panel, somebody who may have been a fan got up there; and introduced himself with 10th rate type musichall patter. When he began to do card tricks, we crawled away thoroughly nauseated. MyGhod, card tricks at a con. As we relaxed in the lounge, we wondered wether the great Vertigo would bring on his famous troupe of performing bems on next.

Such was not the case. The next item was a proeditors panel, and the topic reprints. Interesting, but it was serio-constructive, so I've forgotten what they said.

There was a teabreak now.  
.....

This time, Lancaster Fandom was not aloof. We ate in the distinguished company of Pete Taylor, and Brian Burgess, and the latter ogled Irene. Possibly Pete did too, but these things are more noticeable in Brian. We ate in a self-serve joint again, this time Lyons, shere practically every fan sat devouring calories. We almost came to greeps with the manager. I spilt tea on my sausages, and we talked about bop. Pete didn't seem to understand phrases like "I waw stoned over the one about the Bird, because I dig him the most". Curiously unadaptable. Anyway, he said he didn't dig bop, and that was that.

On our way to the station, to see about a train to Irene, the five of us looked into the ship canal. A small thing, you may think, to look into the Ship canal. A thing one may do every day, akin to tying one's shoelaces, or writing for Ashworth. Hah! If you think thus, you have never seen IT. I am proud to state that I looked at it for almost five seconds WITHOUT BLINKING. This shows considerable courage, and strength of character, not to mention determination. I have touched upon the subject of the canal but lightly, when describing the view of same from our bedroom window. Then imagine my horror, my chagrin, to discover that the stretch outside our

window was a clean stretch. I'm sure that canal is alive, in a half conscious, malignant sort of way. Pools of scum stared back at me like great blind eyes (all rights reserved) The thing seemed to slither filthily along the bank, oozing like the blood of some brainless colossal beast, moved only by the forces of incredible evil. Although it exuded the smell of death, one felt that it was alive, as a thing incredibly filthy often seems to be nauseatingly so. Sickened, we lurched back to the con. All the way back, I could hear dear Brian attempting to get Irene to sell him something or other. Listen Burgess.....

.....

Campbell trial. I've been longing to get to the Campbell trial all the way thru this thing, and now I've arrived here, I'm stumped. I simply can't say anything about it, it would be so much anticlimax. The script was very good, but the beard didn't make the pseudo Campbell who was acting Campbell look like the real Campbell. But what was really so great about this was Tubb taking unheard of liberties with the script. Tip to conreport writers NEVER TRY TO DESCRIBE TUBB. Unless you are a true poet in fanslang, it is quite futile. The hilarious Campbell trial went on and on, until it became a fannish orgy. After the trial started, the con was truly marvellous, and if the committee made any slight mistakes in organisation, I forgive them one and all. This kind thought of mine is inspired by Ted Tubb.

There was a rather attractive female Vargo Statten fan in the offing, while the trial was in progress. She seemed rather mystified by the trufannish rites, and particularly by the 7th fandom beanie I was toting.

.....

She's waiting for somebody to look embarrassed at  
Tubb saying "bloody" every 5 minutes (Hanlon)

.....

I made a couple of conversational overtures but I wasn't quite sure whether she was with a tough looking Vargo Statten fan who hung about loosely. Besides, she went home before bedtime without my finding out her name, address, or bust measurement. Cruel fate is probably such that she will never be dragged into the fannish vortex, and so never realize that I have immortalised her. She will continue to read VS in a sheeplike fashion. Sort of sheeps that pass in the night.

But while chaos was getting along fine, Irene had to go catch a train. She fluttered around, weeping on various shoulders, and then Lancaster Fandom sallied forth. We sallied as far as the depressing railway station. As Harry said, its one of those stations where you're a nuisance if you travel on Sunday.

A grief stricken Irene, crammed with pleasant memories of her first con and Chuck Harris, receded into the distance, and

.....

Don't look round lady, you'll turn into a pillar of salt  
.....

Harry and I began to retrace our steps.



Half way back, as we were looking into a window full of books about sex, we saw Mal Ashworth, with his uncle Tom and auntie Betty, who were also going to be a nuisance to British Railways. Mal said that a column of mine he rejected from BEM stank, but that the one he had accepted was better. A few days later, he sent said column back to me, with a note telling me it stank. We went our respective ways.

.....

A discouraging scene met our eyes. Fans were going home all over the place. It was too damned early for a con to break up, and we couldn't believe it. But that it was breaking up was manifestly demonstrated when Walt himself appeared in the doorway with suitcase in hand, and clad as for sea journey. A lot of people went

But I'm glad to say a lot stayed on. We did something for Chuch, and he promised to say something nice about Harry in '1'. As James White and Bob Shaw stood confabbing in the corridor, I approached them, 7th Fandom beanie in hand. I let them take a good look, and realize what they were beholding, and then I ripped the repulsive thing to shreds, symbolically bringing about the death of 7th Fandom. When Bob had stopped being dumbfounded, he gave me a honorary membership to 6th Fandom, which I had to politely decline, being an individual fan.

But since the con was dead as far as organisation was concerned, Harry and I naturally went for a walk.

.....

We wandered for a great distance along Picadilly, in search of a retailer of cupped coffee. We saw nothing of interest, and were not accosted by women of little moral fibre. At last, we espied in the dim distance, a sign bearing the mystic legend "Hot Nosherie". When we reached the place we found it could be persuaded to sell us coffee. We drank the mud they gave us, while leaning picturesquely against a large refrigerator, the chairs being occupied by prosaic looking proles. After all those fantypes, they hardly looked real. We looked around half heartedly, but failed to find out what "Hot Nosherie" may be.

Arriving back at the con, we found a large number of fen of both sexes, seated in the hall yattering. Before sitting down to listen to them, we discussed Thurber. The men looked as if they would like to tell dirty stories, but daren't because of the women, and the women looked as if they wished the men would start to tell dirty jokes. After listening to conversational trivia for some time, we went upstairs, wondering vaguely if we could find a party, or whether we should go to bed.

We climbed to the top floor, and no signs of revelry did we see. At last, just as we were entering our own little room in despair, we heard gay laughter and happy shout just ahead. I went to the door, and rapped upon it with great authority. The happy noises ceased. One could feel every heart in that room stop beating, as one dread thought struck

40) each fan. Porter!. In due course, Ted Tubb timidly opened,



timid... and gazed at me enquiringly.

I volunteered nothing

"10 bob" said Ted, sordidly. I went away, at least thankful that I had not been asked for a password, and went to bed for the purpose of dreaming about 10/- notes.

I sat upon the bed, semi clad in pyjamas, and began to discuss death and incest with Harry. Just as the conversation was touching on fannish topics, like homosexuality, half the fans in the building rushed in. Immediately, we invited them to stay, and immediately they went, apart from Pete Taylor and Ron Bennett. Pete had a small tumbler, containing a little ghin, but it was all gone by the time I decided to have some. The four of us gabbed until 4 30, and during the time, we made some brilliantly witty remarks, and adequately explained the universe. Then Ron and Pete staggered out into the night.

.....

We were rudely awakened by the shattering sound of bells. I rushed joyously to open the window, and let the happy sound

.....

I've already sent it to "Woman" or somewhere (Ron B)

.....

cascaad and ripple over my stoned eardrums. Woolley's Phenoda. Canal. Aaaaarrgh!

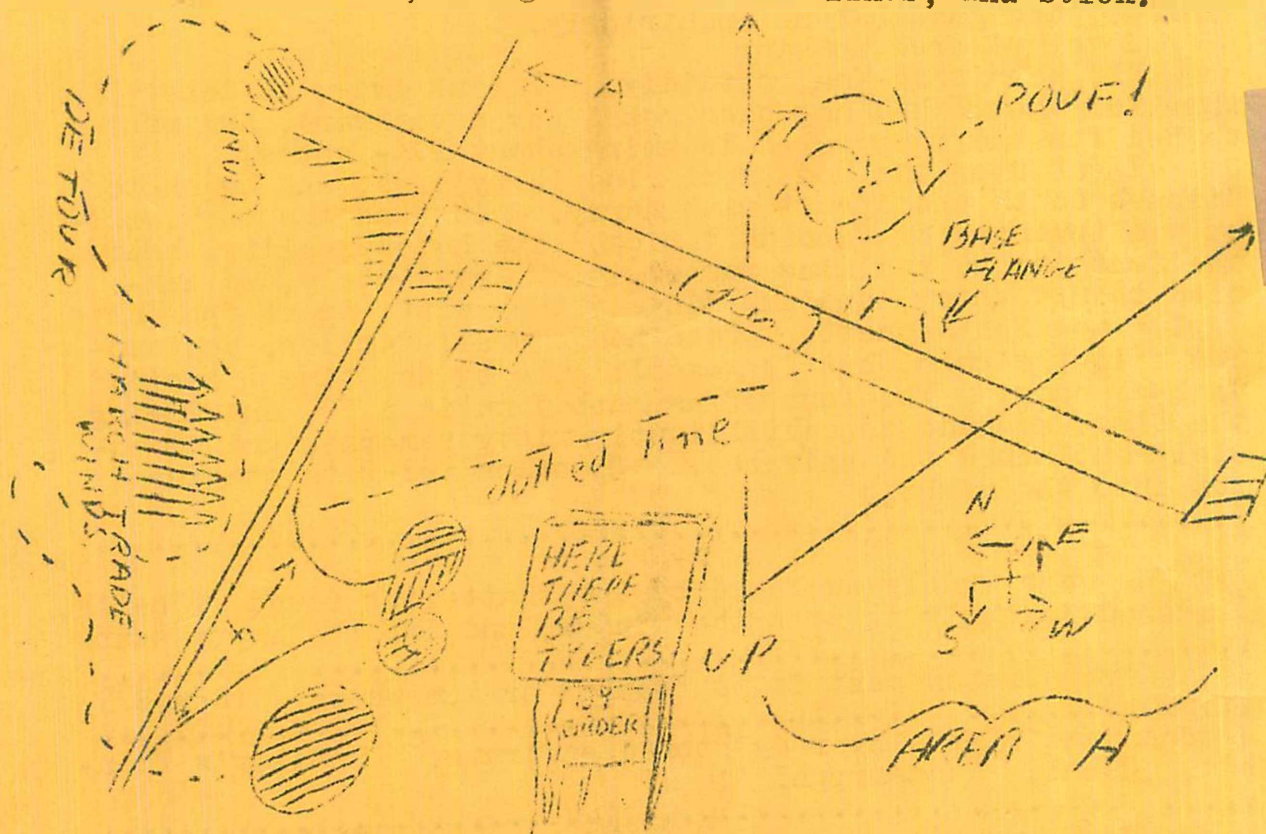
.....

Apart from the fact that we ate breakfast, and wept on numerous shouldersm that's it. The only other thing worth recording is amply covered herein by my friend Mr Dizenbird, and so I can now take a well earned rest. This has been a 99% factual report, laced with opinions. It seems that the most frequently appearing word is "depraved". I am rather proud of the fact that I have filled so much paper, but I fear for the inadequacy of my feeble words. I don't give a damn where next years co is held, just so I get to the party. I refuse to make cutting comments about organisation since this is only a detail. I wish I were getting four cents a word for this, and I'm sorry the cons all over. Yes, Eric, let's have a convocation. I hope you enjoyed the con, or from this think you would have. Me? I feel educated.

PS For all I know the damned bells are still ringing.

#####  
#####

Cut this out, along the indicated lines, and stick.



BRENNSCHLUSS

THE NAIVE FANZINE.....

FROM

5 Furness St,  
Marsh,  
Lancaster.

Or if you prefer Dave

4 Coverdale Rd  
Marsh  
Lancaster

Or Irene

45 Worcester Ave  
Bowerham  
Lancaster.



Ron Bennett  
The Grange  
Buckett Park  
Leeds 6.

A VAPID AND IRREFLECTIVE FAAAAN PUBLICATION.