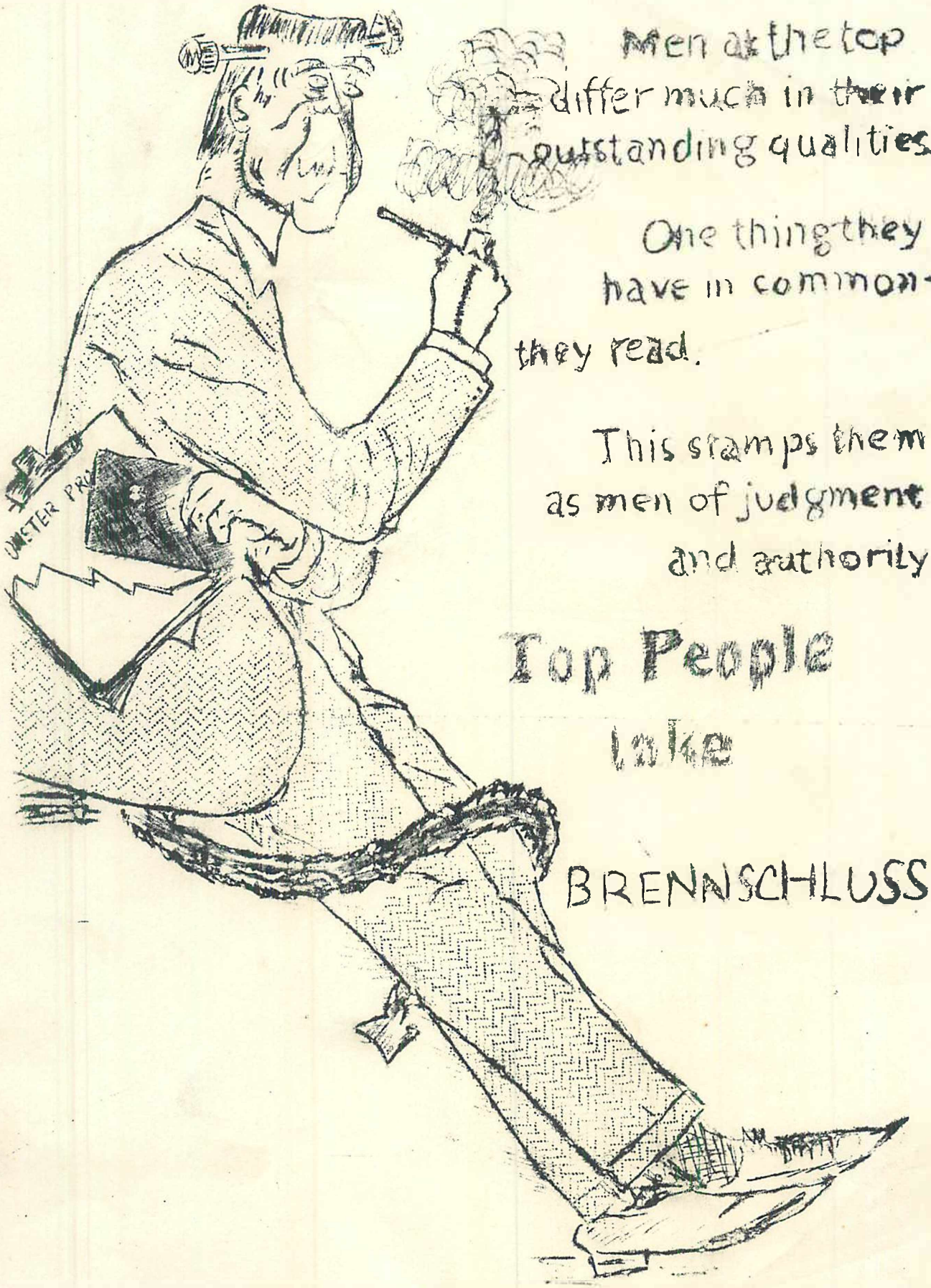
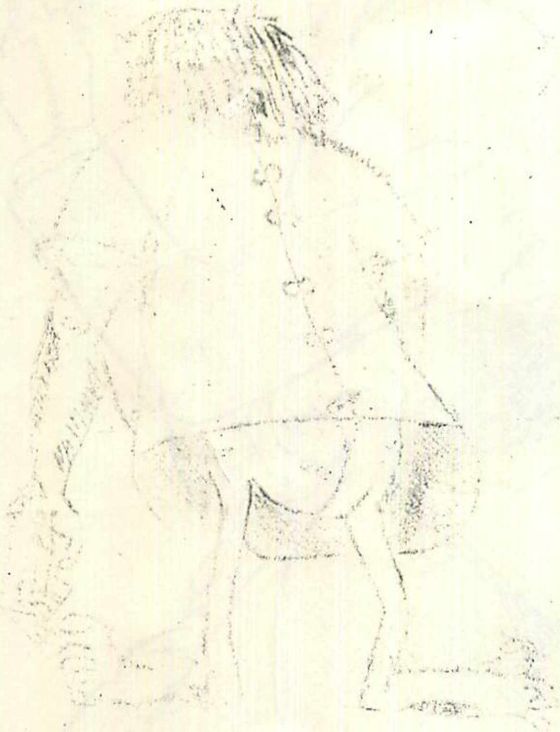
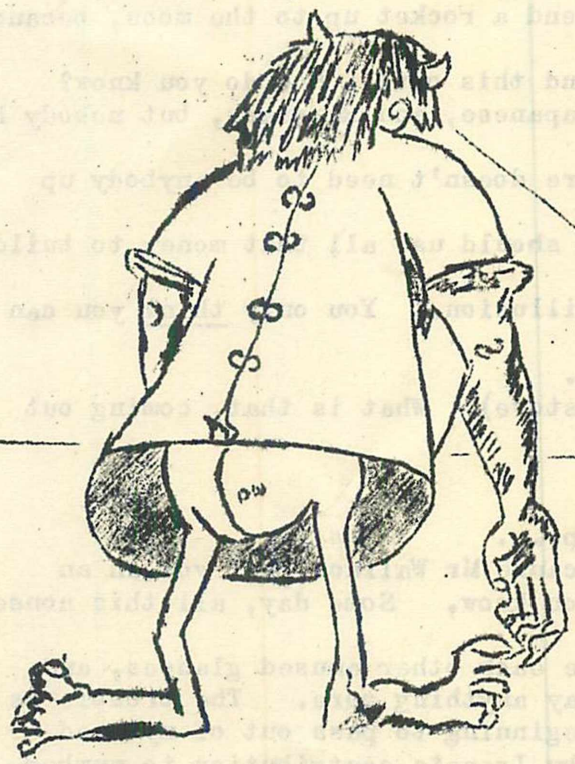

Men at the top
differ much in their
outstanding qualities.
One thing they
have in common—
they read.
This stamps them
as men of judgment
and authority.
Top People
take
BRENNSCHLUSS



Belles Lettres meets The Schlusspile in the Braille Spitoon.



I am a simple fellow at heart, and I was not made for grandeur. You wouldn't believe it to look at them, but the prevous issues of Brennschluss were supposed to be lavish, and combine their undoubted literary excellence with plush presentation. Things used to go wrong So we're going to have a bit of streamlining around here. For instance, if I keep my own memoirs out of here, I may be able to function better as an editor, and release my brilliance for use be some of the perceptive faneds who are clamouring for it. Anyway, I know you lot. You don't want a statement of policy, do you? You want me to figure that out for myself, don't you? Alright, I have. This is the new streamlined Brennschluss.

Let's get rid of the ancient backlog first. Like Bob Shaw wrote the epistle below many years ago, he was commentiong on an article of Irene's, about het very strangest grandfather. "He reminds me" said Bob "of the old couple I boarded with in Greenwich. Every Sunday morning, they usee to try to talk me out of my absurd belief that in the future, rockets would land on the moon. Typical conversation:

HE What you don't realise, sonny, is that the moon is just an illusion. It doesn't exist. Its just a bubble.
ME When it passes between the sun and us, it blocks out the sunlight - can't be an illusion.
SHE You're so silly . They can't send a rocket up to the moon, because theres no people up there.
ME (interested to know how she found this out) How do you know?
SHE Well, I've heard of Chinese, Japanese, and Russians, but nobody has ever heard of Moonmen.
ME You are probably right, but there doesn't need to be anybody up there.
SHE It makes no difference. They should use all that money to build hospitals and churches.
HE (impatiently) The moon is an illusion. You only think you can see it.
ME They can take photographs of it.
HE (pointing to the kettle on the stove) What is that, coming out of the spout?
ME (unthinkingly) Steam.
HE Wrong! You can't see steam.
ME (desperately) I mean water vap....
SHE Now, now. Don't fret just because Mr Wallace beat you in an argument. He's a very smart man, you know, Some day, all this nonsense will pass away, out of your head.

They both would laugh, and give each other amused glances, and pat me on the head when I tried to say anything more. The trouble is she was right. All that stuff is beginning to pass out of my head."

Terry Jeeves was also inspired by Irene's contribution to number three, when he recounted how an uncle of his overfcame the difficulty of living in a house which was too small for trombone playing.

"My great uncle Amos solved this problem in a way that proved his true genius. Finding that the kitchen wall interfered with his soulful rendering of "Home On The Range", he naturally thought of opening a window. However, he remembered that these had been borded op, to save the expense of glass, ever since he first bought the trombone, and played "Asleep in The Deep" His solution to this was simply masterly. He taught himself to play while flat on his back, with the long bit sliding up and down the chimney. Great Grandma Eliza, who had a commercial flair, saw the possibilities of this, and lashed a flue brush on the end of the trombone. From then on, they simply coined in the lolly. Great uncle Amos would charge 5/- a chimney, and you could have your flue cleandd to music. He avoided the Lords Day Observance Society by sweeping to religious music on Sundays, and for 7/6 you could have your soot removed to Handel's Largo. The whole business almost became a family concern, to be handed down from generation to generation, but Uncle Amos has never recovered from the shock he got when his eldest son took to playing the penny whistle. There was only one place he could put it, and uncle Amos suggested it. "

It was a long time ago I got those letters, but I never throw anything away, even when I come to live in a caravan. I've been moving about the country like a mad thing since I got married, from Lancaster to Stamford Hill, to Roydon. Very exhausting. On the other hand, my old buddy Mal Ashworth has been sinking deeper and deeper into a torpor, and under an immense pile of dusty old books. I have only visited his residence once, and believe me it was fun to go slogging for three or four miles over the open country, to go to the toilet. You have to carry a big rusty iron key, as well. Still, even if there was a toilet in the house, Mal and Shiela would certainly have filled it with books by now. Mal sent me this letter some years ago, too. He had just been ill, but he recovered, as you will probably notice.

"And on the third day - or fourth week - or thereabouts, he rose again, more or less. Or as my colleague de travil would say "Thats alright there, then.

He is quite a marvellous fellow in his way; his vocabulary consists of nothing but half a dozen or so stock phrases, but he makes these do for an infinity of situations. "Quite frankly" "Lets face it" "Actually" "Thats alright there then" "Thats the answer" and "Bad (or good) sign, eh?", can be made, on his tongue, to fill all feasible conversational apertures. Introducing his secretary "This is Anne, actually", sorting out papers on his desk, "Thats alright there then, and thats alright there then, and thats certainly alright there then" And the catholicism of the last two expressions, I leave to your imagination. But he is not content with this superb command of the English Language, not he. He is one of those insatiable fellows, always seeking for advancement. Only a few weeks before I was away, he discovered the exclamation mark. You can imagine his boundless joy, a whole new field of expression open to him. From then on, he never let the exclamation mark out of his sight, day or night. He kept it with him always, and used it quite without provocation or hesitation. He would sign his name, and tag an exclamation mark on the end. he would write a simple memo to one of the directors, such as "This job has now been completed", and he would look at it for a moment or two, and then mutter contentedly to himself "Exclamation Mark" and a flamboyant stroke and a dot would be added to the paper. I had a letter from him the other day, while I was at home convalescing, and at the end of it, I noticed a significant thing - he has now discovered inverted commas (exclamation mark). The fact that he put them round the words "Yours sincerely" is quite beside the point - he has discovered them. I can't wait to get back to work, I couldn't bear not to be there when he comes upon the greatest discovery of his lifetime, the question mark"

Thats all we seem to have on hand from the dim and distant past, people. Now lets break the monotony of this solid type with an interlineation.

.....

So much - all in one bra! ("Woman" Oct 25, 1958

.....

Well, gentle reader, you are now at the beginning of the fourth page of this morrass of type, and if you are not suffering from eyestrain, you must at least be longing for the old opulent appearance of this fanzine. If, indeed, you have followed my fan career with the avid interest which it appears to me to merit, and if you have managed to collect a complete file of Brennschluss, you will have noted with regret the absence of the witty contents page. This would have been a famous feature, if ever I had published often enough to have such things. You will also have noticed that you are not being snowed under with Dave Wood illos. This brilliant and sensitive young man, in honour of our long standing friendship, will still dash off the odd masterpiece for me, on request, even though he has left fandom, I fear forever. He is alright, is Dave. He is adjusted. He has a house and a wife, both of which are the envy of many lesser mortals, and he also has about forty different hobbies, but he has left us, to read science fiction, or something. His influence is therefore all but totally absent from the present issue of Brennschluss. This is the new streamlined Brennschluss.

You may not have noticed much streamlining, but the idea is that the contributions from others will be set like carelessly scattered diamonds in the turgid mud of my own misleading prose. This makes it easier for me. It is my sincere hope that it will enable me to publish more often, but I have firmly lodged in an inaccessible corner of my mind the intention of publishing an annish about every forty years or so, a dazzling festival issue for which no expense or labour will be spared, which will be full up to here of Dave Wood illos, and long interesting funny and thought provoking articles by everybody in the world.

Now that we have a vague idea where we stand, I'd better dry up for a bit, and give you a contribution to embed your molars in.

MY FATHER AND OTHER ANIMALS

BY SHEILA ASHWORTH.

It has been said that the English are a nation of Animal Lovers, and when one walks through the parks, and sees all the Animal Lovers trying to stop their dogs fighting, one can well believe it. It's nice to sit and think that for century after century, Englishmen have been loving dogs and cats, horses and birds, and one would think that century after century of Animal Loving would have given all Englishmen a natural instinct for Animal Loving.

Alas, this is not so. Take my Father, for instance. Its not so much that he doesn't want to be an Animal Lover, indeed I have never seen anyone who tried so hard as he does to be an Animal Lover, but somehow he just doesn't quite make the grade. At the moment, my family are busy Animal Loving a fighty-type little mongrel puppy called Tim. Everyone gets on quite well with Tim, except Father. He plays with Tim, and fights with Tim, and makes Tim go in his box when he thinks Tim

deserves it. So do the rest of the family, and Tim doesn't seem to mind too much about going in his box and being fought, and things, and onthe surface my family is a typical Animal Loving English Family. But when you dig a little below the surface, you find that all is not quite as well as would appear. A few nights ago, my Father, trying to be an Animal Loving Englishman, decided to take Tim for a walk on the fields near home. Off they went, with Tim being an Animal Loved English Dog frisking and playing in the grass and all was well until they reached the stream that runs through the fields. Once upon a time, this stream was a swift-running English stream, but the advent of a huge corporation estate has now turned it into a sluggish, muddy, canfilled stream, known as The Beck. Tim, being a happy little fellow, unprejudiced against muddy, canfilled Becks, plunged into the middle of the stream and stood there. Father called, pleaded, shouted and threatened (quite unlike an Animal Loving Englishman should) but Tim stood rooted in the mud, and refused to come out. Father was at a loss, and finally his eyes alighted on an old pram that lay in the water close to Tim. I suppose it seemed just the thing to help him get Tim out of the water, and so he climbed on it, balanced there, wavered, teetered, waved his arms wildly, and slowly but surely the pram wavered, teetered and finally toppled over, and father went crashing down into the mud whilst Tim cocked his head on one side, and wathed the proceedings in an interested sort of way. When he was quite sure that Father was well and truly wet and muddy, he ran off home, where he scratched on the door till he was let in, and then sat in his box waiting for mud dripping Father to arrive. Father did arrive and after a small scene announced that he would never take Tim out for a walk again as long as he lived. Like I say, he tries to be an Animal Loving Englishman.

Nor is this the first time Father has tried to be an Animal Lover. He tried it a few years ago, as a matter of fact, with another little dog we used to have, called Jinx (or, more often, Jinny. As with Tim, Father would fight with her, and play with her, and punish her, and of course the time eventually came when he took her for a walk. They set off for the fields, and Jinny frisked and played and gradually night fell. Everyone (Father and Jinny, that is) was quite happy until a bird flew up out of the grass, right under Jinny's nose. Now, for century after century the Noble Dog has been the Animal Loving Englishman's Best Friend, and protected and guarded the Englishman, and saved his life countless times. It appeared that Jinny was the exception to that rule. Without a thought for Father, never stopping to consider that his life might need saving, and here was her chance to prove herself his Best Friend the Noble Dog, Jinny took to her heels, and left Father standing a dogless Animal Loving Englishman all on his own.

I don't know how many seconds it took her to retrace her steps, but she was scratching on the door and crying to be let in a good fifteen minutes before Father finally got back, fuming and muttering. Like I said, he tries. He tried so much that the next night he set off once more to take

Jinny for a walk on the fields. Once more all went well until they reached the spot where Jinny fled for her life, and left Father to defend his own. There Jinny tiptoed carefully, and sniffed around cautiously - nothing happened. That was enough for Jinny; she wasn't going to be caught in a suspicious spot like that where nothing happened, and she again high-tailed it for home, leaving a very puzzled, angry Father trying desperately to cling to his hopes of being an Animal Loving Englishman. When he arrived home, Jinny was sitting in her box and that was the end of that. Jinny went for walks with everyone else in the family except Father who settled down to being a retired Animal Lover.

Now, you mustn't get the idea that Father tried only to Animal Love dogs; he didn't. He also tried with a budgy we had, called Peter. He would take Peter on his fingers and talk to him and let Peter nibble his fingers and ours was quite a happy Animal Loving family, once more. Then came the night when Father tried to use his friendship with Peter to make him go back into his cage. Peter wouldn't. Father whistled and tapped on the top of Peter's cage, and trilled but all in vain. Peter didn't want to go in his cage, and Peter didn't. Father began to lose his Animal Lovingness, and started to get annoyed. Then he started chasing Peter round and round the living room to try and frighten him into his cage, but Peter had the advantage of being able to fly above the furniture whilst Father was running round banging into chairs and tables, and swinging things round, and at the end of five minutes Peter remained as cool as ever whilst Father was rathe dishevelled and hoot, and the house was a shambles. However, my Father prides himself on the fact that "one has to get up very early in the morning to beat him" , and he marshalled the whole of the family into helping him (there were seven of us, counting my Mother and himself). I was stationed at the side of the telivision, and my job was to prevent Peter from landing on the small lamp and so keep him flying. Everyone had to keep Peter flying so that he would get tired, and have to go in his cage. It was bedlam. Peter was chirping and flapping his wings like mad, Father was shouting "Into your cage!", Mother was calling that it was cruel, and the remainder of my family was hopping and skipping, and watching the combat. After about five minutes of this, Mother solved everything by putting her hand up and calling gently "Here Peter". Peter came and landed on her finger, nuzzled her, and allowed her to put him in his cage. After that, Father seemed to take little notice of Peter, and life settled down once more and the family returned to being a Normal English Animal Loving Family, without Father. Like I said, he really does try.

Perhaps his most successful attempt at being an Animal Lover was with Tommy the tortoise. Tommy was a very shy and retiring creature, and we hardly had any bother with him at all. We kept him in a box during the winter and when summer came, Father, ever trying, brought home a quantity of wire netting and built a magnificent compound for Tommy to play and live in, and enjoy the summer. Tommy seemed quite pleased

with his compound when Father had finished, and it was a very happy Animal Loving Father who carried Tommy, and set him gently in his new home. About an hour later, my brother went to see how Tommy was getting on, and came back with the sad news that Tommy was not there. There was a search all round the garden, but Tommy was gone. Father didn't say much, but you could see the Anomal Loving light going out of his eyes. Next day, however, a kind neighbour brought Tommy back and Mother put him in his box, and waited for Father to come home. When Father saw Tommy back again, he looked at him very thoughtfully ane went out into the garden and tore up the compound, and hammered and sawed and built a bigger and better compound. Once more, he set Tommy in his summerhouse, and remarked that as the walls of wire netting were now eighteen inches high, he thought Tommy would be safe. Alas, Tommy was made of sterner stuff, and within three hours, Tommy was gone again. Father was rather disgruntled about it, and said if Tommy would wander, he'd just have to see that he was distinguished enough for everyone to know where he belonged. This, I think, was his greatest moment of Animal Loving. Defeated twice by a small tortoise, he was not letting his anger get the better of him, and was sticking firmly to his Animal Loving. When Tommy was brought back, Father painted his shell bright and vivid red, and Tommy went back into his wire netting house. I am sorry to say that in spite of all Father's nobleness, and Animal Loving Englishness, that was the last we ever saw of Tommy. Still, if Father, in his Animal Loving Englishness, never did anything else for the animal world, he gave it a bright red t tortoise.

.....

Somehow, the idea of a man buying back his soul on hire-purchase isn't quite consistent with Man's lofty place in the universe, really, when you think about it - Ivor Mayne.

.....

///KEN/POTTER/BACK/AGAIN///

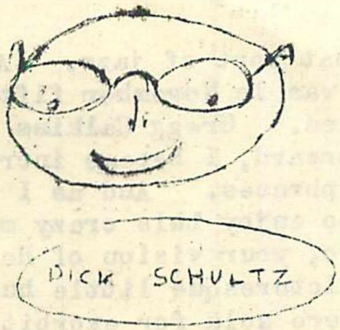
My more intelligent readers must by now have started to understand the revolutionary streamlining that is going on around here. If so, I wish some of them would explain it to me. Now, personally, I think that the foregoing delightful whimsy by Shiela Ashworth is one of the most engaging and deeply chucklesome things you could possibly wish to find, I was lucky to get it.

One of the most engaging and chucklesome personalities you could ever wish to find would appear, from the scant evidence at my disposal, to belong to Dick Schultz. When the fame and legend of Brennschluss 4 had spread across the sea to Detroit, he asked me to send him a copy. If I had heard of him at all, at the time, it was only very vaguely, and so his letter was an exhilarating surprise. He wrote, in part. "Ken and Iren, I have but one question to put to you. Why on earth did ye ever move from Lancaster? I've got a map (just like Don Ford) with all fen marked on it, and theres enough fen stuck in London

Town, without you two moving in too... And here is poor little Lancaster sitting up here at the North Coast , not doing much of anything in particular. It looks so misused and pitiful up there, without any pins stuck in it. Come, join me in my campaign to stick a pin in the centre of Lancaster! Then after that, I'll move a fan to Wales, so that I'll be able to put a pin into that area, then send someone to the southwestern provinces (to Dartmouth prison, mayhaps?), then move someone to Carslisle, then to Hull, then to Glasgow, then to Cork, then to Bristol, then to the Isle of Man, then the Isle of Mull, then to the Hebridies, then to the Herberdies, then to the Orkneys, then to the Shetlands (preferably someone who likes small ponies) and then I'll REALLY get power drunk. Lessee now, there aren't any fen in Iceland yet, or Greenland, and now that Ray Nelson has moved back to the States, there aren't any in Norway. We really should have someone to represent us in Moscow, and maybe in Peiping too (Preferably somebody called Tom?) and what about Siberia, and Tibet? Mustn't let them escape. I think I'll innoculate USPostmaster Arthur Summerfield with fannish principles, and make HIM our consul in Yakutsk (I understand it drops to 40 below for days at a time out there. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle.) You've heard about our dear friend Summerfield? Yessirre, our friend and yours, Das Herrman, Sahutz-Staffel Einstatz gruppe Kommando Unter Fueher, Arthur Summerfield. I swear to Ghod, he's the type of person who'ld, if he was a Nazi Anhalt-Konzentrations Lager Kommandant, would complain that he was given only half enough ovens to handle the flood of Jews he was being forced to handle. No kidding, he's that crass and dense. One of these days, li'l ol' be-whishkered, black-slickered, slouch-hatted, shifty-eyed, slouch-hatted, shadow-lurking, anarchistic bomb-throwing me is going to have to do something D@R@A@S@T@I@C about Arthur."

What did I think, when I recieved the above missive from Dick Schultz? Why, I was delighted, for I said to myself, here is a person who does not need any assistance from Brennschlusd, his mind is rotted into delirious shreds already. So, being a High Class faned, who was at the time seeking to replace the Highest Class of all High Class columnists, the distressingly gafiated Nigel Lindsay, I determined that I would have a regular column by Dick Schultz, even if it meant asking him to write it. I have, in my time, read funnier, wittier, and better written things than Dick Schultz's above quoted letter, but still, there was a wonderful atmosphere of fanishness, an air of originality, and a breezy exuberance about the thing, which appealed to me greatly. So I asked Dick for a column, and lo and behold, he sent me one. For many reasons, I decided not to publish it, although I kept it for six months. Instead, Mr Schultz will now give you som autobiographical details, and if he has forgiven me for the cavalier treatment his genius has recieved at my hnds, they will constitute the first episode of his regular column. We can only hope. There is only one possible title for this column, and you will fing it on the next page. You may even be able to read it if you look at it carefully.

SCHULTZ SCHLUSS.



Well, I am 22 years of age (born just a little too late to qualify for first fandom) and look eighteen, despite a thinning crop of thatch on the top floor. Thanks to my youngish looks(babyish I should say: just call me Baby Face Nelson), I am constantly having to carry identification with me iffen I want to get into a bar. The legal age in Michigan is 21, by the way. Wear glasses, cultivate some thinning and receding light brown hair, and work for a living. Where, it doesn't matter, but suffice it to sa y that I too, have led a wondering life, Have a strong back, and broad mental horizons. Am five feet eight inches tall, and weigh a disgusting two hundred pounds. Am quite plumpish, in other words. Entered fandom the usual way. I was brainwashed by Bob Blotches column in Imagination while still an impressionable youngster (now nothing, and I mean nothing can break this hard ~~hard~~ shell around me. I know what I know, and I'll be danged if I want anyone lousing me up with any facts.) No, really, I started out as a SF reader back in the forties (you mean you actually read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?) just like most fen. Ye see, my school had this paper drive on, and the whole church body (it was a church school, ye see: Lutheran) contributed mucho papers and magazines. Some of them were yhese pulp TWS, Startling, Amazing, Fantastic Adventures, and so on. Well, I latched on to one of these magazines, and I'm sure now that it was a fortyseven or fortysix Startling. Read a few stories in the zine, during class yet, and after finishing it, and tossing it back with the rest of the scrap paper, I went down to the library and asked if they had any more of this sort of stuff. I got "Skylark of Valeron", and stuck with hard bounds from that day in the autumn of fortynine to the spring of fiftythree, when I bought this early Fantastic Universe. In fact it was with much surprise, in fiftyfive, that I found out that there were enough other readers of the stuff to put on a convention in Cleveland. ("Just a short busride to Cleveland, too, Mom! How about letting me go, eh?") But fate intervened, and family troubles precluded my going to the Clevention. I wonder what my course in life would have been if I had discovered fandom at that early date? Probably quite a bit different than it was, as I was just outside New York City (Ft Monouth, New Jersey) and over in Europe in fiftyseven.

Anyways, after I got out of the Army I started collecting old Astoundings and Galaxies. After a while I got tired of paying the gouged up prices of the mail order hucksters, and I decided to contact some fellow collectors. This way, thot I, I could trade one for on, or buy for a cheaper price, and

all that sort of jazz. And so I dug out this August fiftyseven Imagination (this was in November fiftyeight, by the way) and wrote to a few of these peeeples. Gregg Calkins came in first with OOPSLA number 25. From that day forward, I became increasingly intrigued with the weird humour and outre phrases. And as I delved deeper and deeper, I found that I was starting to enjoy this crazy mixed up group for its own sake.

No, your vision of Helen being some tract of unexplored terrain studdd with picturesque little huts is only half right. Its studded with huts that were sold for exorbitant prices by the contractors, but it is definately not a largish tract of virgin terrain, out in barbaric Michigan. You see, over here, the cities are divided into zones radiating outward from some common center. In the instance of Detroit, it measures outward from the old rathaus (as the Germans so quaintly and correctly term thier City Halls) ay the corner of Woodward and Michigan Avenue. And yes, its the same Michigan avenue that you hear mentioned occasionally in books that have Chicago as their locale. ((I do?)) It runs straight from Chicago to Detroit, and is known as the Old Telegraph Turnpike out in the countryside between Chicago and Detroit. Anyways, these zones are only so big, and any terrain within the zone has to be numbered according to which zone it is in. Thus, becouse the section of Helenstrasse that I live on is just north of the19000 line, and before the 20000line, it must be a ten thousand number. This makes for some crowding of numbers as you might guess. For instance, the house to the south of me is numbered 19151, and the one to my north (cheek to cheek, on this side too, I might add) is 19165. All the numbers on this side of the street are odd numbers, while those on the other side are even numbers. You dig now ? ((Well, I'm not saying, but you don't catch me trying to visit you.)) And I live only seven houses north of Seven Mile Road, which is, natch, seven miles from the City Hall. A mile north of Seven Mile Road is Eight Mile Road. If nothing else, we're very imaginative out here. Eight Mile Road is the northern limit of the city itself, though the all engulfing mass of American suburbia continues on for many many miles, all the way out to Mount Clements, which is some twentytwo miles from the city limits, and west all the way out to Lathrup village, some twentyfour miles. Quite a sprawl. But then New York spreads out even further, fifty miles from The Bronx at last estimate.

I doubt if I could live out there. I like urban living too well, despite the nearness it will bring me to ground zero, when the next shooting match starts. But I'm not worried. I've been preparing myself for the flight north for years and years. And I can pick of a running man at three hundred yards with my .38 Smith and Wesson automatic. And I can kill a man at a hundred and fifty yards silent as all get out with my trusty little bow and arrow.

I'm prepared for most anything, as you can see.

.....

We all are born mad. Some remain so. - "Waiting for Godot"

.....

~~good news everybody! Len Porter is back!~~

After a lapse of only about eleven months, too. It must be something like that since the stencil for the page before this one was cut. As those who are interested, and some of those who are not, knw, I've been writing a play. Well, its written now.

After waiting so long, you may consider yourself justified in carping about the slender proportions of this issue. As a matter of fact, this is about where I ought to apologise to Don Geldart for omitting the second part of Oriental Odyssey, which is really very good indeed. There are Reasons. New Plans are afoot, and Don's article is going to help them get off to a good start, since its the kind of thing that never dates. As a consequence of the said New Plans, the next Brennschluss may be somewhat delayed.

Now its time for some more

BELLES LETTRES

I'm sure you will understand that there is a good reason for not giving peoples addresses - like most of them will probably be dead by the time this sees print (if you'll excuse the expression.) The following letters are comments on Brennschluss 4, and therefore not quite so timeworn as the ones at the front of the 'zine. Owing to my marvellous filing system, I am only able to give you the names of two people from whom we also heard. I mean there are probably others, but its that filing system. They are Ethel Lindsay, and Harry Warner. Heartfelt thanks to them, and to the people quoted below, and anyone else who wrote. I'll be delighted to have letters this time round, too, and I hope you can find it in your heart to write one.

We commence on an enthusiastic note, from my old mate Mal Ashworth.

"Wonderful, great, magnificent ---Brennschluss, delight of my heart.

Really, it is terrific, and even if I can't take time out to tell you in detail right now how much so, I would like you know that there is no other fanzine I look forward to quite as much and recieve quite as gladly. None. This may not be used for advertising purposes ~~(~~Wassamatter, you think we got no ethics, bub?~~)~~

The whole thing is utterly delightful, and we both howled and chuckled with glee; Shiela came running back to the toilet to see why I was making with such excess merriment. (That particular accasion was over that fabulous "Take me to your leader" cartoon. I thought I had seen the ultimate of those, but I hadn't. That was incredible.)"

I'm not usually very keen on printing egoboo, but that was just too much egoboo to let go. Jhim Lhinwhood observed apropos of Mal's article in the last issue:

Up here in Nottm, we precede labels to names with "The Man." We have "Themanwhosealwaystandingonthecorner", or "Themanwholo-okslikeTonyCurtiss. etc. Its always a great dissapointment to find they have the most mundane names. Pity also most of the imagination has disappeared from the art of creating nicknames. ((Maybe they call ypu Themanwholabelspeople,huh?)) Anyway, ta for your fanzine. But tell me - you live in London, and, yet Brennschluss had an Oxford postmark? ((Thats right.))

Jimmy Groves commences by asking:

"Who the hell is Gwladys? ((You aren't very well read, are you?)) Only time I've heard of people losing toenails is during an involuntary interview with someone who dislikes you. Is it a new disease? Falling toenails- its like falling arches, only it comes over better on TV. Mals piece reminded me of others like it which I've seen in other fanzines. Every fan seems to be writing about the oddbalis he knows. ((Oh, I wouldn't say that. Some are writing about the oddballs they are.))"

By the way, it has just struck me, in fact I have just found evidence that, we also heard from Archie Mercer, and Syd Birchby. The next lad we propose to quote, tho', is none other than Ken Hedberg. I can't apologise enough for having mislead him about the NSFTAOL, or rather ISFTAOL, as it now appears to be. When the advertisement appeared, the policy had not been entirely formulated. Only now we've decided that although life must certainly be abolished, violence is out. You have to do these things ethically, and therefore we now propose to persuade ever-one in the world to commit suicide by sublimal advertising. You see they've got to do it of thier own free will, we don't want to dictate to anybody. Anyway, I give you - and you can keep him - Ken Hedberg.

"Your information about The National Society For The Abolition Of Life was extremely misleading. After reading of your organisation, I went to my local college, and told my fellow students of this new and great reform movement. I told them "Lets no longer be known as the passive Beat Generation. Lets really do something for this tired old world! Lets abolish all those old cares and troubles." Before long, I had worked them into such a veritable frenzy of longing to perform some noble deed, such as gunning down every teacher in the school, and then taking on the local cops, and going out in a blaze of glory. However, being handicapped by a total lack of weapons, we decided to start by hanging two old women who pretended to be librarians while they carried their horrible activities on.

You see, they were actually witches, so we felt justified in our necktie party. You see, we knew they were witches, because they had given every girl in school a charm to carry, which enabled them to resist our boldest amatory efforts. While the two witches were breathing their last, I took the chance to improve my mind. I was looking for information on how to make Molotov cocktails, but instead I found another book. I came across the shocking fact that an average funeral in the U.S. costs $/ 661. After learning this, I called off the whole festive party. It was too late to save the old women, and I also had to bash several fellows with a large dictionary. but I stopped the whole thing. I consider the society responsible, and I expect the society to send a check to reimburse us for our expenses. It comes to $1,899.17. $1,200 for the old women's funeral, $400 for damage to the library, $299 for damage to the sororoty house during the ensuing pantry raid (well I had to divert the boys someway) and $.17 for the rope we used. If you refuse to send a check, I shall punish you by sending a copy of my forthcoming fanzine. ((I sent one of course, only it was a cheque, so I suppose I'll get the damn thing. You can't win.))

This issue's Brennschluss Award For The Most Scintillating, Brilliant, Stimulating, Letter goes to Joe Patrizio. This may not exactly be a coveted award, but it certainly is rare. Says Joe:

"O.K., you can stop sticking pins in that little wax figure you have there, I've started my letter of comment on Brennschluss 4, You would have had it sooner, but I didn't think there was any rush for the next deadline in 1962. ((What the hell do you mean - who has deadlines?))

I'd say something about the cover if I had anything to say, but perhaps it would be better if I didn't, so I won't. ((You have a logical mind, you know.))

I enjoyed Mal Ashworth's article, but then I've yet to read something of his that I didn't like. Mal has come into contact with some quite unusual people, but I've got a couple here that will make him go green ((sic)) You remember those Khyber Pass type films that were made in their thousands a few years back? And th e fleshy Pukka Sahib type Colonel? Well here in Edinburgh, there is one of just those, complete with monocle, and of all things, kilt. ((You mean kilts are unusual up there?)) Every time I see him, I expect hordes of tribesmen to come pouring out of the side streets at him.

But the other one is even better. One evening when I got on the bus, I sat opposite one of Mal's curly black grandmothers ((sic)). Not content with being just an insipid reflection of her English counterparts, this one took out a mouth organ, and started playing Scots folk tunes on it, accompanied by loud bangings of her heel on the floor. "This is Amazing" you may say - it was but it didn't last, she put the mouthorgan away - she had decided to put an end to this foolishness, and so taking out her kazoo, she

she went on to more serious things. No, I'm not kidding, this really happened.

George Locke's story was great. One of the best he has yet done. Admittedly it was pretty obvious what was going to happen ((It was? Patrizio, you have a Cosmic Mind.)) but this was amply compensated for by the first class writing. And thats just about all the serious criticism you're going to get from me thish, mate.((Er, thankyou. What serious criticism?))

You are a rotten beast, Mr Ken Potter, stunting the artistic growth of such a potential Walt Willis. (eh? well, not quite) ((Not quite! I'll have you know, sir that Walter Himself once described her as a humorist of Burbee stature, tho times have changed, and he probably.....oh, you mean she's the wrong sex. Shucks.)) as ypur ~~pld~~ ~~ob~~ fair espoused. Why, I bet you have her washing dishes, cooking food, and scrubbing floors when she could be writing for fmz - shame on you. ((Shame on me? Ghod, I would gladly slave around the caravan constantly and without ceasing, for the sake of Irene's muse. But alas, she is one of those temperemental genius types, and won't write much.)) By the way, I liked Irene's article, most edifying.

Well, I think I'll stop now, if for no other reason than I can't think of anything else to say. ((Quitter!))

.....

Gyaaaaaaargh.' Yaaaawwwwrugh! (Karen "Teeth" Potter.

.....

Well, folks, that appears to be that, unless Irene comes up with a last minute masterpiece. It is now August 31st, 1961 - I wonder how long the duplicating will take. Lookout for the next Brenn, but be prepared for a slight delay, and don't say I didn't warn you. In the meantime, I suggest you read Habakkuk, the New Focal Point.

LITERALLY BURNT OUT

Potter's Parting Words.

Duplicating is all but completed, its the fifteenth of September, and my word, that didn't take long. I don't know if any of you have ever tried duplicating in a smallish caravan, with an eight month old energetic type child on the premises, and hardly a millisecond to call your own. Well, I'm sorry to deprive you of the lurid details of such a proceedure, but as a matter of fact, neither have I. My trusty duplicator is now at the residence of my old buddy, Bruce Burn, and it is he, noble lad that he is, who squoze the ink and turned the handle.

Largely owing to Bruce's blandishments, this issue is being enclosed with an OMPA postmailing. Let it be understood that the object of this is not to save my OMPA membership. I'm leaving OMPA, and members of that august institution, while they are at liberty to regard this Brennschluss as partial compensation for my lack of activity, are as earnestly entreated as everybody else in the audience to write, write, write.

It may well have occurred to my faithful regulars, as it has certainly occurred to my sentimental old self, that a Brennschluss without Irene is but a pale shadow of its former self. I can only say that although the dear sweet sexy-toenailed English Rose finally snapped out of her torpor sufficiently to start writing something for me, she unfortunately missed the deadline.

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The perennial fanzine

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" I should believe only in a God who understood how to dance.

"And when I beheld my devil, I found him setious, thorough, profound, solemn: it was the Spirit of Gravity - through him all things are ruined.

"One does not kill by anger, but by laughter. Come, let us kill the Spirit of Gravity."

Frederick Nietzsche.

BRENN
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number five

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E+N
N+S
C+H
L+U
S+S

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