
 Typed directly onto stencil by C.S.Youd of 244 Desborough Road, Eastleigh, Hampshire.
 Duplicated and distributed by J. Michael Rosenblum. Read (unwillingly) by the mob.

§ 1

TERRYOVERTON, of 107 Thomas Street, Abertridwr, Cardiff, Glam:

"A long time ago I wrote a story; it was a very bad story, in fact the worst I have ever written. In a misguided moment I sent it off to a fan mag. This collapsed before the next issue; my story was (in my ignorance I supposed) destroyed or put away. But no, a fanmag editor freidn of mine has just given me some of its history. This - this disgrace to S-F - this - words fail me - seems to have gone wandering round Britain & goodness knows how many fan rags have folded up at its approach. A S-F fan retired (but this, I think I may assume, was not directly caused by my story) and at last it reached my editor pal. I now have some hopes of getting it back, as he is (of course) short of material, at least for a re-write in which I shall probably put a completely new story in its place. * * * I would like a correspondent who must be extremely interested in science to take up battle on something or other: say, the conditions to be expected in hyper-space. * * * PS: What happened to D. Webster's Part 2 of the "Road to Fame"? Have you the MS or stencils? If so, what will you take for them?"

I PRINT THIS as a dreadful warning of the conditions attached to fan publishing. All not at present concerned with it should remain so.

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§ 2

I HAVE JUST (2.30 p.m. 17/9/41) received the usual bourgeois box containing the usual bourgeois crumb of wedding cake (in napkin) from the "J.F.Burke's of 50 Thingwall Hall Drive, Liverpool 14". This is so completely mystifying that I refrain from comment at present. The obvious solution would seem to be that John and Joan have entered holy wedlock, in which case I offer my congratulatory hopes for their future happiness and success. But more, maybe, anon.

§ 3

RUSSELL CHAUVENET and I, hitting on the idea of air mail correspondence simultaneously, are still out of direct touch, our letters apparently passing in opposite Clippers. Russell remarks: "I cannot stand this business of having the verdant Deutschlanders interfere with our correspondence as they have been doing! Consequently I have hit upon the plan of trying to reach you via Clipper plane and Lisbon, thus rendering it unlikely that this letter, like some of its predecessors and only too many of yours, will serve no other purpose than the amusement of sundry denizens of the deep. ***** Since I became 21 last February, I had to register for the draft July 1st, and my number was called early this month. But because of my deafness I was automatically put into Class 4F, "totally unfit for any form of military service." If I had not been deaf I would have enlisted in the navy in preference to being drafted into the army, but after the curious custom of our race, only the physically perfect specimens are eligible to be killed in armed combat. ***** One recent minor accomplishment of mine was winning the title of Southern Chess Champion at a tournament in Atlanta Georgia. ***** If there was a July Fido, it was sunk--the first such casualty, since I got it every month from Feb. to June. But the July issue has just arrived, including your FAN DANCE (neat title!). Amen to your remarks anent the Old Guard. Well do I remember my "rearing" on sf., and it is only too true that I reared myself on the stuff. (I've always thought stf. more likely as an abbreviation for stuff than scienti-fiction, by th by.) Many an afternoon at the age of 10-12-14 was spent on my stomach concealed under a bed or elsewhere, hoping against discovery, the whiles I perused Smith epics, Williamson sagas and the like. And I, also, have found myself with a

2/ waning interest in the pros. It would be difficult to maintain that I enjoyed more than one or two stories in the last two Astoundings and Unknowns. I read the famed "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" in FFM and was shocked to discover that Palos, instead of being a character, is merely a planet (of Sirius) on which the action takes place. The plot is too, too familiar: the villain, poor fellow, is vilily slandered by the author and given little if any chance. That was one of the things I liked about "Typewriter in the Sky". It gave us the villain's point of view, even if it had to make the villain a hero to do it. If DuQuesne had been the weak-kneed pushover the villain of Palos is, the Skylarks would never have won such fame. I like to see my team win by 14-13 or 10-7; if they score a 66-0 victory I am bored. ***** As I started out to say, I now find that I am more interested in the fans--or, to put it more accurately, certain of the fans--than in the fiction, and thus I qualify neatly as a fan dancer. ***** I approve of your remarks upon your philosophy. I am perfectly well aware that at the present time I have a considerable number of contradictory and inconsistent ideas, but this does not disturb me in the least. I realise that my ideas a year ago, and especially two or three years ago, were in a far more chaotic condition than is now the case, and I am content to await the slow action of future events. It's not unlike separating out crystals with a centrifuge. Time is my centrifuge. A philosophy too early is an affectation; a philosophy too late a tragedy. Time is my centrifuge. Title for a novel, John.] ***** Concerning American Melange--I never can like that confounded British system of allowing the day number to precede the month number. Thus, 25-4-41, instead of 4-25-41, the almost universal system over here. And the difference can lead to confusion, as with such dates as 7-8-41, where the interpretation could be July 8th (American) or August 7th (British). The objection has been encountered before. It is surely an expression of the strong romanticism latent in Americans that they should prefer the illogical course of putting the month before the day. The day, after all, is the more immediate and pressing concern. A nation of shopkeepers might be expected to appreciate this point more than a nation of pioneers.] ***** I would be delighted to annoy Medhurst, if you could initiate me into a few of the approved methods. Drawing the fangs of Smith sounds a more dangerous game, but my pioneer blood has not all evaporated; I will take a fling at that, too, if supplied with suitable directions for the operation! The support is welcome. Smith threatens a combined Dick-Don effort for Squelching Youd!]"

ARTHUR W. BUSBY writes: "Re your discussion on music. Since joining the circle of SF fans I have been regularly corresponding with Jack Banks of Eastbourne and have also met a local fan Tom Hughes. Now it is a coincidence that we all three besides being SF fans are also all very fond of classical music - Wagner, Beethoven, Bach & Co. Perhaps you could conduct a little social research via Fan Dance, as to the connection I would hazard that the two diversions had a mutual root. ***** Will you add me to those who voice their disapproval of your remarks at the top of page 5. Firstly you remark that "civilised" music is concerned more with passivism in the listeners than with actual participation therein. Of course I concede that there may be more physical participation in jazz but surely to appreciate classical music it is not enough merely to listen to certain sounds and find a pleasant titillation of the senses therein. And again I cannot agree that it is adequate compensation to have ten times the number of people concerned with ephemeral culture rather than a few possessing major genius. Quantity can never replace quality. One Christ is worth a thousand lay preachers; Shakespeare cannot be replaced by a million Sidney Horlers. A thousand may dabble in astronomy and physics but what progress would be made without the illuminating genius of a Newton or Einstein to see beyond the corner?" With regard to jazz, my point really was that classical music is minutely orchestrated; the instrumentalist must interpret, as he can, the spirit of the original musician. In jazz the instrumentalist creates on the base provided by the musician. Nor is Ellington to Bach the same as Horler to Shakespeare. And one presumes, anyway, that genius will always out.]

THIS IS POSSIBLY the last Fan Dance. I don't know. I just don't guarantee more.