

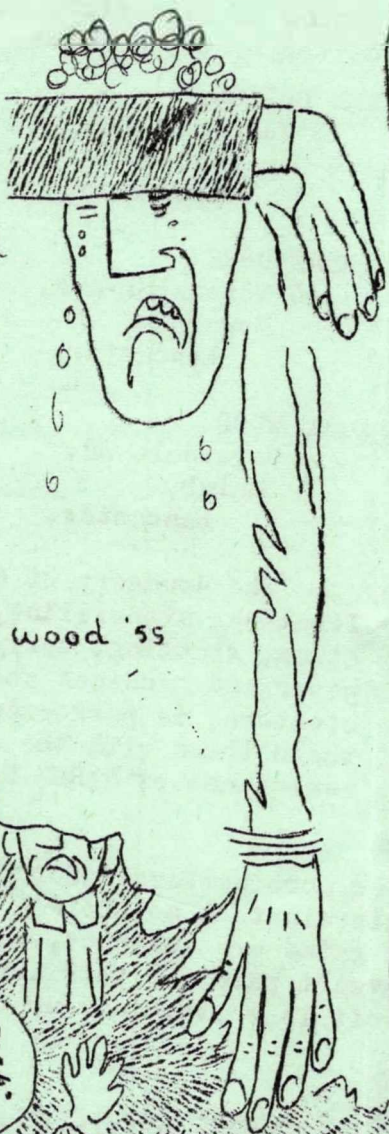
brennschluss two

2nd annish

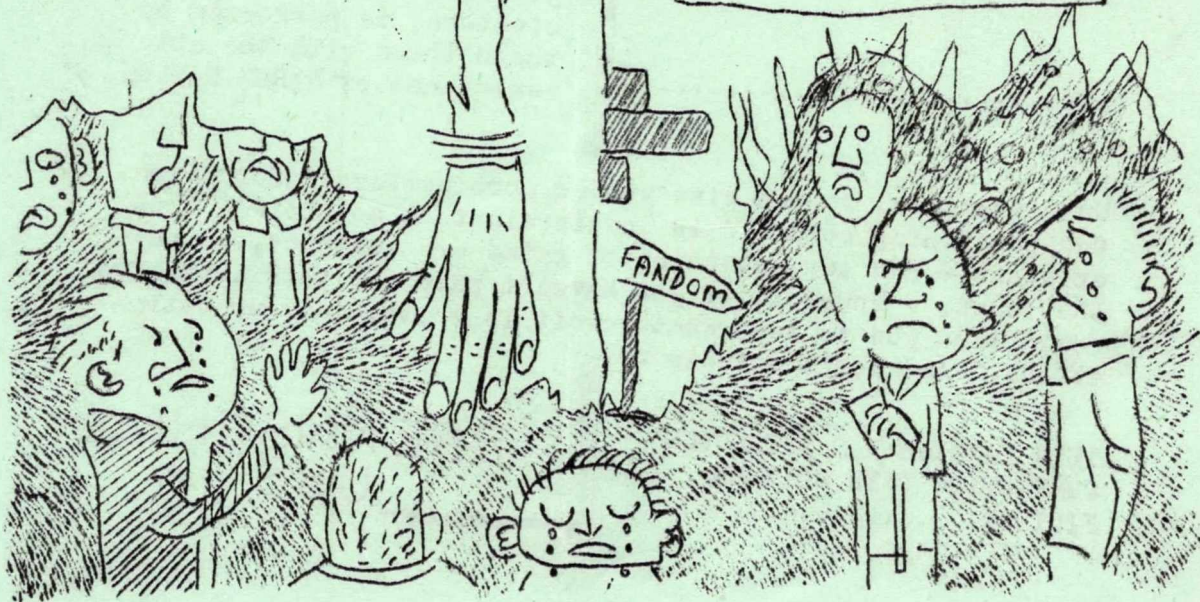
from
Ken Potter

Irene Gore

Dave Wood



wood '55



.....
Nothing comes out of Wigan
.....

contents

HARRIS the world turns.
BERRY sensational collapse
of Hyphen.
WOOD you could call it
satire and comment.
GORE comment.
LINDSAY gals and gas.
POTTER satire.
YOU aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrgh !

BRENNSCHLUSS is published in hiftoricke Lancaster by the editors.

KEN POTTER

5 Furness St,
Marsh,
Lancaster.

IRENE GORE

45 Worcester Ave,
Bowerham,
Lancaster.

DAVE WOOD

4 Coverdale Rd,
Marsh,
Lancaster.

The drudgery of duplicating, stencilling, collating, stapling, carrying paper and machines about, etcetera, is performed by these three with the able assistance of HARRY HANLON.

.....
Unfortunately, we can give you no more useless information. Our publishing schedule is indeterminate - not to say non-existent - and our subscription rates are abstract, to say the least. However, if you haven't paid for this issue, we would like you to send whatever it is worth, in your estimation. And don't swindle us.

THIS FANZINE HAS A TENUOUS
CONNECTION WITH SCIENCE
FICTION.....

BRENNSCHLUSS

SCHLUSSPILE.....

by Ken Potter.....



Some of our readers, that is the ones with cosmic minds, may have gathered something from the cover. Let me hasten to point out that it is symbolic.

Yes, gentle reader, the sword which for so long has hung menacingly over the head of fandom has at last descended. I have been called up. This is no careless whim of the ministry of labour, they have had thier trained spies watching myevery tiniest action for several months. The repercussions in fandom will, of course, be enormous. Well, the diminutive of enormous, anyway.

In coldly practical terms this means that the 5Furness St address will not be operating for the next few hundred years, (subjective time) No doubt anything sent there will fall into my hands eventually, but it will be ignored for a few weeks while I learn to love my dear Sergeant Major. I'll doubtless have my new address emblazoned across every fanzine cover in the world, and advertised in Colliers and Amazing Stories, but there will be no point in writing to it for a few weeks

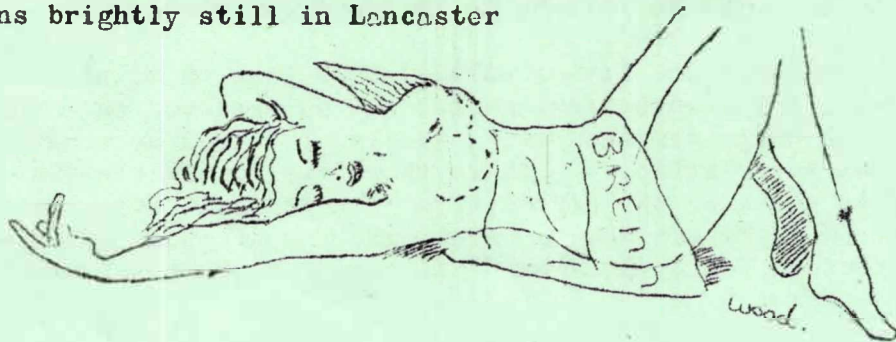
Having swallowed the bitter pill, let us pass on to pleasanter topics. For Brennschluss number one we recieved an amount of egoboo which surprised even us. We also recieved some adverse criticism, but very little. It is therefore remarkable that we have had to cut down the circulation of this issue from about 100 to about 60. We can assure anyone who was slightly mystified by our "Future Policy Re Subs" last issue, that it was wildly

generous. Still, not many people seemed to believe that, so we've cut down. We still give Brenn away to whoever we please, and we can still be persuaded to enjoy giving it to you by money. If you are separated from us by natural or political barriers, you can make reasonably sure of getting Brenn 3 by acknowledging receipt of Brenn 2, preferably in detail. If you don't acknowledge, whichever side of the water you are on, you are most unlikely to get Brenn3. Clear?

Producing a fanzine on a flatbed is not, obviously, as easy as producing the same fanzine on a rotary. That can be rectified to some extent by having either a small circulation or a small fanzine. As you've noticed, we have a small circulation. The 'zine itself is not particularly large or small. If you have a large fanzine, and a large circulation, this will mean a helluva time between issues. Being lazy dedicated fen, we prefer a small 'zine and circulation, and a helluva time between issues. This is how we feel NOW.

So far as I know, there has never been a good fanzine which was not consistent. The accent can be on material, the repro considered adequate if it's legible, or the editor can slave over reproduction day and night, and produce something like Esquire. Usually, of course, the latter type of editor gets good material too. But these people build a reputation for good repro and classy format, and they hang onto it like grim death. This is all very laudable, and presumably they enjoy it. But to me, it would get very tedious. However, the next issue of Brenn will be produced as well as we can possibly manage on a flatbed, with coloured inks, and even edges. Number 4 will no doubt look horrible, but this flatbed is as good as any rotary, so No3 should be rather spectacular. Sorry, that's all I've been leading up to.

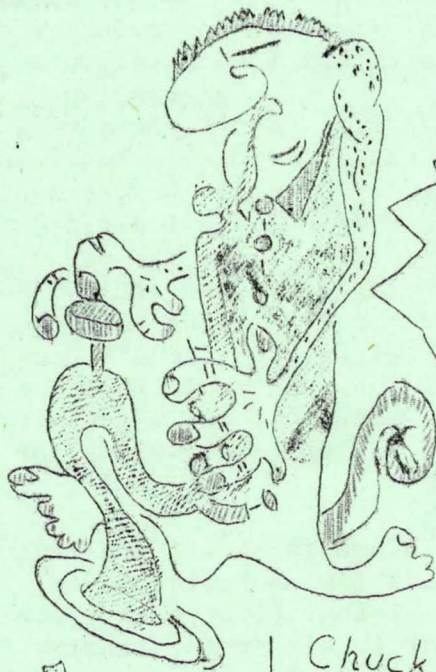
But Brennschluss 3 is aeons in the future, so may we hope that this issue will leave you delirious with pleasure. Let Ashworth think of the next line. Remember, the torch of Trufandom burns brightly still in Lancaster



Swan Song

#1

wood



Chuck Harris
flips you in a
Co-o-o-o! manner

You saw the last issue? It said "Watch BRENNSCHLUSS 2 for a stupendous article by Chuck Harris." I read it and I tried to ignore it, -- I trust that you did so too. You see, although I have eight hundred and forty seven stupendous articles right here in my filing cabinet, (that's in the top drawer of course, the "quite good" articles are in the middle one, and the bottom drawer is being rented out to Irene), ~~((But there isn't room for a bed -KP))~~ but not one of these articles is suitable for Bketc. Nary a one of them even mention Stan Kenton, and they are written in that quaint, archaic English that seems incomprehensible, -- or even quaint and archaic, -- to anybody except the Old Guard.

I didn't discover this myself until after I'd told Potter I'd produce something, and, once again, I was left up that old familiar creek without any known means of propulsion. I did think of trying to spread a rumour that I was actually CHARLES GRAY and under an exclusive contract to another fanzine whose name escapes me for the moment (And have you heard that fandom is emigrating en masse to Gaza, -- or don't you care for Literary Allusions?), but I knew that My Public sions?), but I knew for BRENNSCHLUSS would be clamouring that I'd try to 2, so I decided learn the new dialect. Fortunately, we have a bop addict in the office, and he was more than willing to convert me from being the square on the hypotaneuse of the Belfast Triangle. I don't possess a Slim Jim tie yet, or one of these haircuts that are just a barber's imitation of what George all the way Charters achieves naturally, but at least I can do book reviews for New Fandom. £

The trouble with this stuff though is that I don't want to do book reviews. And why should I when Potter takes every opportunity to knock my fan-status? ~~((You have a seven prop. beanie? KP))~~ I write a letter to his crummy fanzine and immediately become No. 1. candidate for a smear campaign. Bloch calls me a "curious misconception" -- actually I am star begotten, and that's not in the least curious around

£ Foo to Ellison

here: Wood says Harris is "intelligent, virile, modest, active, handsome, perceptive, interceptive, and controlled in his mannerisms" and Potter finished it off with "And how do you love Irene, you normal bastard?"

"Normal bastard" indeed! I'll have you know I'm as goddam abnormal as anyone else present, and I do not exclude Trowbridge or the London Circle. I can produce a string of

.....
Any Tom, Dick, or Harry can be Ghod these days
.....
witnesses to testify in my favour and, if necessary, documentary evidence from OLIVER KING SMITH SERVICES. Even Burgess admits that I tower head and shoulders above the hoi polloi, and that even my woof is warped.

Now it may be true that I'm "intelligent, virile, modest, active, handsome, perceptive, and interceptive," -- hell, it is true -- but why finish it with a lowdown lying crack like "controlled in my mannerisms"? Go on, ask Bea Mahaffey, ask Peggy Martin, ask Irene Gore, ask anyone who came within range of my soda syphon at the Mancon, just how much truth there is in it.

"Why," you may well ask, "do these horrible jackals decry our shy and lovable Chuck who hasn't said a harsh word about anybody for almost a fortnight?" I am very glad you thought of such a discerning question -- (if you hadn't, this thing would have come to an end right here), -- and I will tell you for why.

Potter is scared of me. He has heard the rumour that the Wheels of IF want to launch me into Holy Wedlock so that I can stay home nights and cut stencils instead of nipping
.....
Don't you realize that at your age you ought to have an inferiority complex....

.....
out to sublimate my fan instincts, and he realises that Irene was not kidding when she wrote plaintively: "Does anyone want to marry me?" Kenneth knows that when Lockinvars are

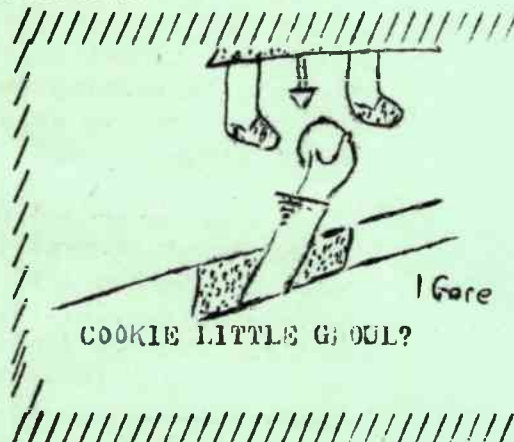
called for, Harris is likely to come galloping out of the wings, and he does not care for the idea. The smear campaign is just a desperate attempt to stop Irene from enrolling in the Rainham Society for the Advancement of Imaginative Literature.

Well, there was never any need for it. Sure, the rumour was correct, and it does seem that Irene and I are Affinities, -- but that isn't sufficient altar-bait by itself. After all, there aren't many 18 year old girls that I'm not, or couldn't be Affinities with. I know that Irene is beautiful and virtuous and blonde. I approve of her. She sat on my knee at the Mancon and we were very happy together. It wasn't me who dragged her into a kiosk to tell her that she has eyes like blue lagoons, -- but I would have done if there had been a kiosk handy. She's Fabulous, and I'd rather marry a girl with an Olivetti "Scribe" than one with even a full, mint set of ASF but, let's face it, Irene just isn't my Ideal Woman. All I can do is give her my fraternal blessing, -- and a specially printed Rejection Slip, -- and continue the search.

It was a near thing though, and I'm sorry now that I promised Them I'd stay single until a suitable candidate arrived. Irene is the nearest yet, and has all the desirable qualities except one. But ghod!..... if only she could draw Hyphentype cartoons.....

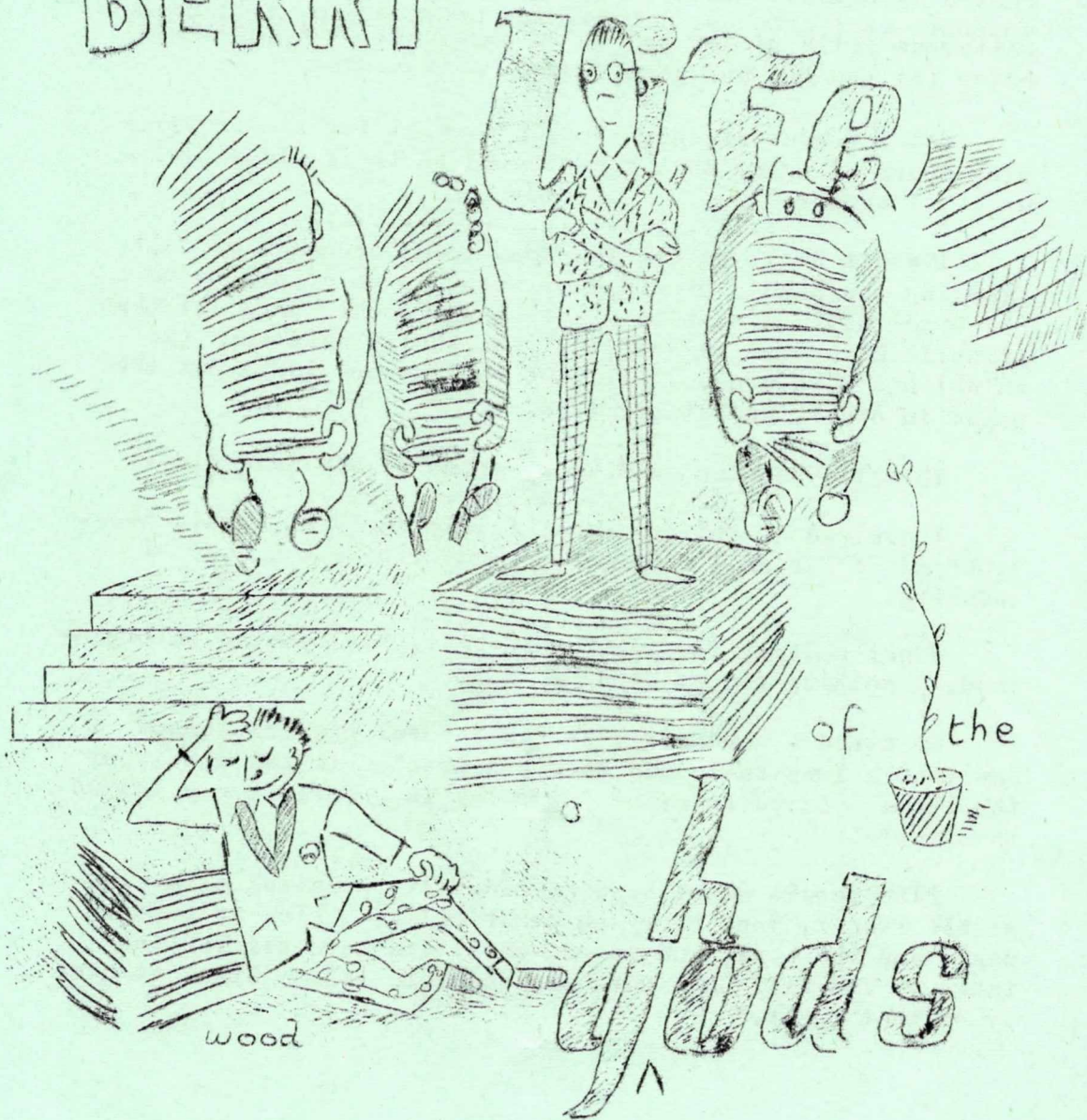
MARCIS TYPE REVIEW.....
 DEAR BABY... WILLIAM SAROYAN..
 Faber 160pp 7/6

I guess I'm not hip to what's flipping Lancaster Fandom, but neither DEAR BABY, nor any of the other stuff by this Saroyan cat seems funky to me. Potter's combo is having a ball with him, and it could be that I've goofed, and he's wiggling way out on cloud 7, but man! to me, his style seems about as cool as a harp on a dixieland gig. You dig me?.....



JOHN
BERRY

minute



|||||
| LIFE WITH HYPHEN! |
| by John Berry. |
|||||

I can imagine the scene in over two hundred and fifty houses just recently. Two hundred and fifty postmen, with raised eyebrows, each pushing a copy of Hyphen through the appropriate apertures. Delighted addressee's, letting out rapturous yells of joy and sheer enjoyment, the excitement being (as the boy and girl campers said) intense.

But I wonder if they spare a thought for the frustrating hours of agony that contributed to their final pleasure. I wonder.

.....
I won't dwell on the ink-spattered personage of Walt, flogging the handle of his duplicator in an effort to beat the deadline. I want to start at the point where all the stencils have been run off, all the really hard work (we think) has been done. All that remains now is to put the pages in order, and staple them.

This is what happened when Hyphen II was assembled.

.....
I arrived at Oblique House fairly early at night, about 7.30 pm, as far as I remember. The place was a hive of industry.

"Just waiting for you," said Walt, "everything is organised. Nothing can go wrong".

He waved a hand airily at his careful preparations. I saw that a long table had been constructed in the middle of the room. Large reams of paper lay in orderly array around this table.

"The papers start here," said Walt, pointing a knowledgeable finger, "and carry on numerically. Pick up that page, and the next, and so on, until you have circled the table. You will then have one complete ish. Stack it neatly on that chair."

The chair he pointed to caused me to wince inwardly. It was my guilty secret. A couple of days previously, I had been having a practice Ghoddminton tourney with James, and in an attempt to return one of his craftier shots, I leapt awkwardly in mid air, and landed on this chair, a light wickerwork affair. It had collapsed into pieces, like a castle of cards (poetic, that.)

James and myself had hurriedly assembled it, and James, sportingly, (after ten shillings had changed hands) promised he would not mention the fact to Walt. I didn't mention it, either. Damn it, I had only just finished paying the final instalment to Walt, for a window I had broken a month previously. (Ghoddminton, naturally.)

So as you can imagine, when Walt pointed to that chair, I didn't feel too good. I realise now that I should have owned up to my Misdemeanour.

"Do you feel O.K.?" asked Madeleine, watching the perspiration dripping off the end of my nose.

"Y-yes," I gulped, dragging my eyes away from the chair, which James swears was only standing up because of some gravity defying draught of hot air seeping through the floor boards from the room below. James didn't know I had the chair tied up with white cotton to a nail on the wall. I know I should have owned up. Of course, it is easy to be wise after the event.

Well, to continue. Walt lined us up next to page 1. Walt was at the head of the procession, followed by Madeleine, then me. Bob was busily engaged in working through Walt's complicated card index system, denoting subscribers' addresses. Carol was walking around with a roll of 14d stamps hanging from her tongue. ("Expensive, but it keeps her quiet," explains Walt.)

With a final expert perusal of the situation, Walt gave the word of command, and we trudged forward, picking up pages, circling the table, stacking Hyphen neatly on the chair. It was terrific organisation. I felt really important, shuffling along, putting Hyphen together. The chair

was standing the strain remarkably well, everything considered. I don't profess to know much about stresses and strains, but I thought I was witnessing the physical laws which govern the construction of humped - back bridges. You know the theory, the more weight you put on, the stronger it gets. Fascinating, isn't it.

The way we continued to stack Hyphen was marvellous. The pile on the chair was easily two feet high, when the first interruption came.

Bob waved an index card.

"Can't read this," he said.

Walt muttered a curse under his breath.

"Halt, men," he ordered.

Obediently, Madeleine and myself collapsed into the nearest chairs, our fingers still spasmodically jerking up and down with the rhythm we had acquired paper picking.

Walt walked across to Bob, breathing heavily. They had a muffled conversation, then Walt returned.

He snapped impatient fingers at us, so we resumed our monotonous perambulations. As we progressed, our speed got faster and faster, until we finally broke into a steady trot. The pile was nearly four feet high when the second interruption occurred.

We all heard a distinct 'ping', like a ricocheting bullet.

The noise was so strange that Madeleine and myself had the audacity to break formation without orders.

Bob's head was turning around in circles like a range-finder, and his eyes were somewhere near his ear lobes. Carol turned away from her pattern of laid stamps on the wall, and Walt leaned forward, like an Indian Scout. Where the hell had the noise come from, we all wondered?

I thought I knew. I looked to the chair for confirmation. I was correct. The cotton that was holding up the chair had parted. I looked up to the nail on the wall, and all I saw was a ball of frayed cotton swaying slowly to and fro.

Ghod, I held my breath for two minutes at least, but the chair seemed intact. Was it a great hoax, I suddenly thought? Had James secretly told them, and they had put an identical chair there, and Walt's insistence upon piling Hyphens on the chair was merely some form of demoniacal mental torture? If only it was true.

I looked around guiltily, but they all appeared as mystified as I tried to be.

"What the hell was it,?" asked Bob.

"Probably the mating call of the lesser spotted wick-diddle," I suggested, to try and put them off.

"Extremely unlikely," announced Walt, "but I will investigate later. Hyphen comes first. Only fifty more, and the job is finished."

This time, it took us rather longer to get into step, but with words of encouragement from Madeleine ringing in my ears, I managed to complete the task. Towards the end, Walt stood on the table, whilst we handed them up to him. I would say the pile was about six feet high.

Walt stepped down, gazing at this tower of literary achievement with modest but undeniable pride.

Madeleine, Carol and Bob stepped forward in admiration. I stepped back in trepidation.

It was bound to happen. You've known all along, haven't you. But the way it happened.

There was a sharp crack, and the chair disintegrated in a heap of matchwood, but the astounding thing was that the pile of Hyphens balanced on the seat of the chair.

Walt, Medeleine, Carol and Bob all made a concerted dive under the table, landing on me in a most undignified manner. We all gazed at this elemental struggle between gravity and Hyphen. Hyphen was game. Oh, yes. This was no half-hearted surrender, but a fight to the bitter end.

First of all the pile swayed one foot out of perpendicular, then back again. Then it swayed out eighteen inches, and back again. Finally, it swayed out two feet, and back again.

Walt, with gritted teeth, raised a fist, shouting,

"Not an inch, not an inch."

Hyphen rallied magnificently.

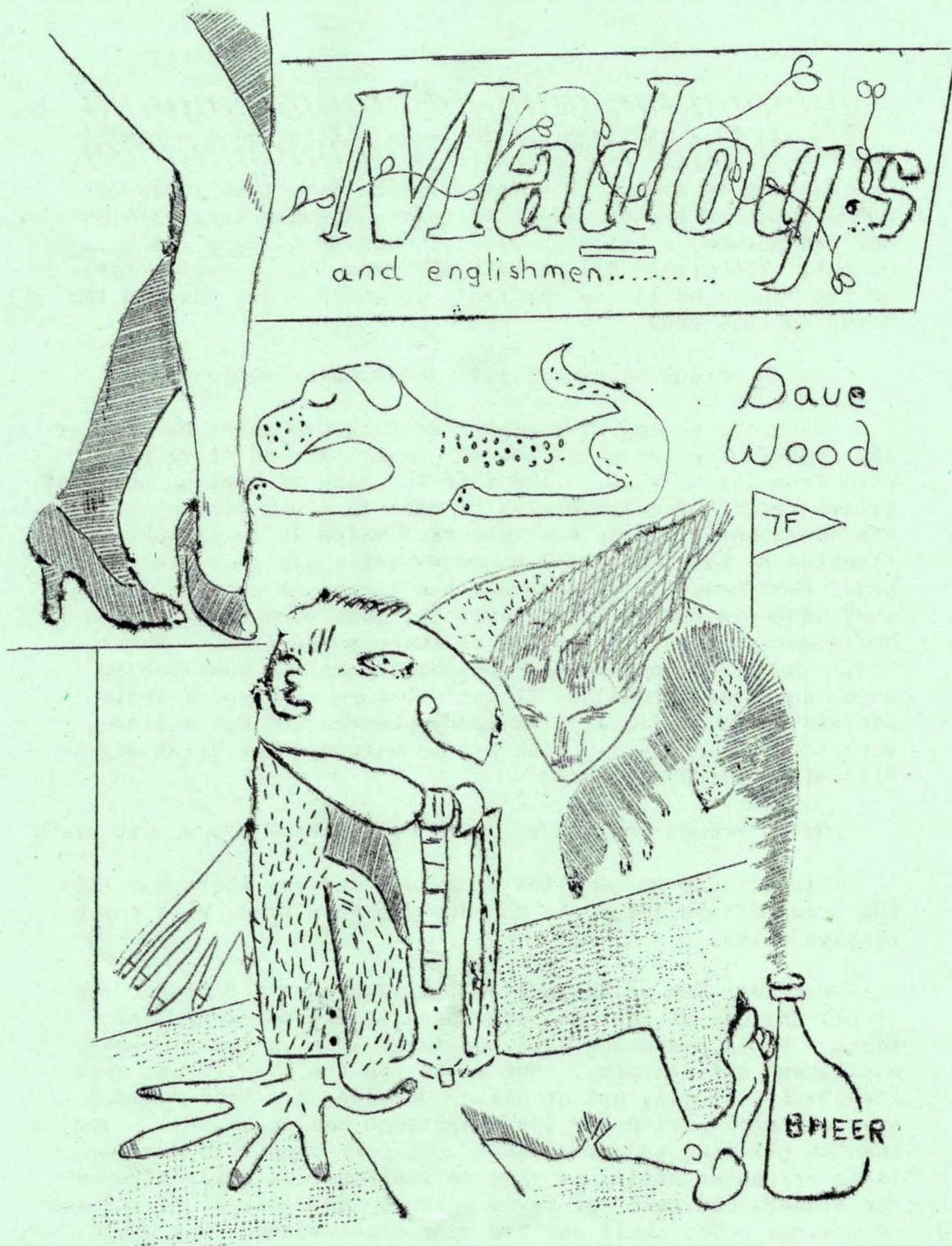
But it was to no avail. For perhaps ten tense seconds there was no movement, then the pile parted in the middle. It took ten minutes for the thousands of pages to settle. They would have settled sooner, obviously, but what with Walter running round the room screaming, Bob beating the wall with his fists, and Madeleine sobbing hysterically in the corner, what can you expect?

There was a further panic, until we dug out Carol.

There is only one thing worrying me now.

Can I get to James before the rest of them?





Dave
Wood

TF

BHEER

////////////////////////////////////
A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN (if he has a woman)////////////////////////////////////

Spring is here. Doubtless by the time this issue of Brenn. appears spring will have been and gone along with Summer and Autumn, - but regardless. Spring is here, at this moment. The air is filled with the twanging of poetic lyres as the Tennysons lie in the fields penning sweet odes to the birds and the bees.

Which brings us nicely into the opening subject.

With the coming of spring a certain awareness comes over the drab public scene and the champagne of love flows once more from the heavens. And with the risk of hurting the sensitive fragile fannish brains of certain clean living ancients the adolescent attitude towards sex - which is so disgustingly flaunted by this editorial board - must again rear its ugly head. (Now honestly what chance has a guy got when he is accused of being filthy and degenerate, just because he admits he is susceptible to the wiles of these woman folk. Natch, kid. He has to be sharply wrapped across the knuckles by some anonymous columnist, flaunted before a group of irate purists and cast finally, exhausted, beaten and demoralised, back to his fannish way with a grim warning that "That Big B-Vitriol is watching you").

Or as Brenda would have it, "Well I think I'm impeccable".

Yes it must be admitted women are worming their way into the Bren affairs and I see the day yet when Bren. will carry fashion notes.

Consider Ken as he hurries to Irene's at a canter. He is all anxiety at what she will have to say to our latest idea. He is possessed with one idea. He is feverish with excitement and concern. But do we run the idea in our next issue? Not at all, not at all. Our idea has been decided over a longer period for its brightness and ingenuity. Our idea is pleasing to our minds. But more than this our idea is so bright so brilliant that we feel sure it will entrance our readers and send our rival editors into epicycloidal lines of motion. Who shall say how many disolutioned fans would

have brightened at the sight and having felt gafia weaken in them for a moment, would have gritted their teeth, tightened their sinues, and dashed off a couple of brilliant columns. As I say, who shall know.

For of course the idea never is carried thro.

A few nights ago, I strolled into Ken's house to see how things were going.

"Typed any stencils yet?" I asked to sort of set the scene.

"Irene cut eight or so last night", Ken replied.

"Good, and I suppose you've left sufficient space on each stencil for that idea we planned out last week"?

"Idea? Oh that. No we decided to cut that out, I've thought of a much better one and Irene agrees. Look, this is what we have in mind, hope you can manage it, it needs some good ideas for drawings and

The next scene is played out between Irene and I.

"Er - Dave".

"Yes?"

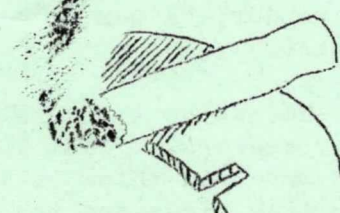
"Er - has Ken told you about my idea. I er - well I thought if we used full page drawings to start each article but then its up to you. Ken says it's up to you to decide.

Enter Ken. "Hi".

"Hi".

"Hi".

"Oh Dave" Ken speaking "I've got a great idea for Brenn. It's all decided we'll run full page illos to start each art-



icle and"

Irene demurely lowered her long lashes.

.....
I'm getting on the inside of this Ghod business
.....

///SPEAKING OF A CORPSE.....///

It is a sad reflection on the human race that such importance is now attached to ladies lungs and gentlemen's chests.

The Victorian modesty which preserved chivalry, today is gone. Blind belief is poured out upon the form divine, as a flip thro the pages of many current magazines will reveal. The fact is that even a true gentleman would pause, nay deliberately inspect such a gem as any female figure scantily attired showing his painful malady of desire primate, yet no woman would turn a hair at the sight of a gangly hairy, spindle legged male in a size too big bathing costume. So of course we have the health and strength specialists to help us along. These can be found in what are loosely termed, - The mens "culture" sections.

Here blatant hypocrisies bring the blood to boiling point; "You too can be like me in seven days" "Don't be a seven stone weakling!" exclaims these monsters of the phlesh, opening the proceedings with a list of current seven-stoners who have expressed their amazement over their development. And here we find a specific idiosyncrasy that crimps the heart to a staple. With the cynical mouthyness of the creep he declaires to the gentle reader, "I can make a man out of you". This guy is a mysoginist.

I shudder to think of the world being crammed full of such muscular wonders. What is it in the inter-costal muscle that makes a mere man think he is the collossus. What is it in the rippling bicep and the hairy chest that sets the brow sweating, the nerves on edge, and the body to sway like a lost soul in Fades?

((H.J.C.?))

Thro the incense, the wail of a Hodges solo, the steady beat of the Bellson drums, I saw there had to be an answer. Here then is the fable of a man, who for the love of a woman, and a chance to swipe the guy who kicked sand in his face, developed his MIND (on, on, two pages more....)

.....
Are you a masochist - Wood?
.....

It is summer. It could well be anytime, but it is summer. The great stillness, broken now and then by the liquid note of a bird's call or the last burst of the evening birdsong from the poplars down ening the breast folk. This is in their gardens and affection at the day of hardship. They feel relaxed and happy, and, as night comes on they nod, and sleep, like a child. There is Peace.

//////
SIX PROUD WALKERS
//////

a quiet drive, is soft-
of the wearied towns-
their home and they sit
looking back with soft-

It was such a night as this that the six silent men came.

They appeared, silent and solemn before the great vast building that was to be their objective. They all stood there and regarded it with the gravity of philosophers. And they waited.

He came out on the step among the silent six in the quiet street, nodding to them, saying good morning. He looked at the tall young man with the quiet smile and said. "You the leader?"

"I am but one," replied the young man, in a thick strange accent.

"You the boss of these-here?"

"We are one and six, there is no leader-ship".

"What do you want?"

One of the men moved forward and round him, disappearing into the hall. Before any one could say anything he reapp-

oared and said "That's O.K."

"What are you doing", cried the man.

But the six brushed past him and disappeared inside.

The man ran inside after them.

The tall one turned. "Go out," he ordered sharply.

"What are you doing?" the man cried as he saw the flames leap from the burning table. "What you doing?" he screamed as the yellow and orange licked up his curtains. "Swine", he yelled as the black charred beams cracked and fell. And running out into the sudden chill air he snote his pained breast and cried. "Fershlugginer".

But the six proud walkers were gone.

"Thank ghod that's over", said Ashworth.

"Migod, yes", said the tall one.

"That was a close shave, Fancy, we nearly had to go back there next year, Walt. We would have been the laughing stock of fandom".

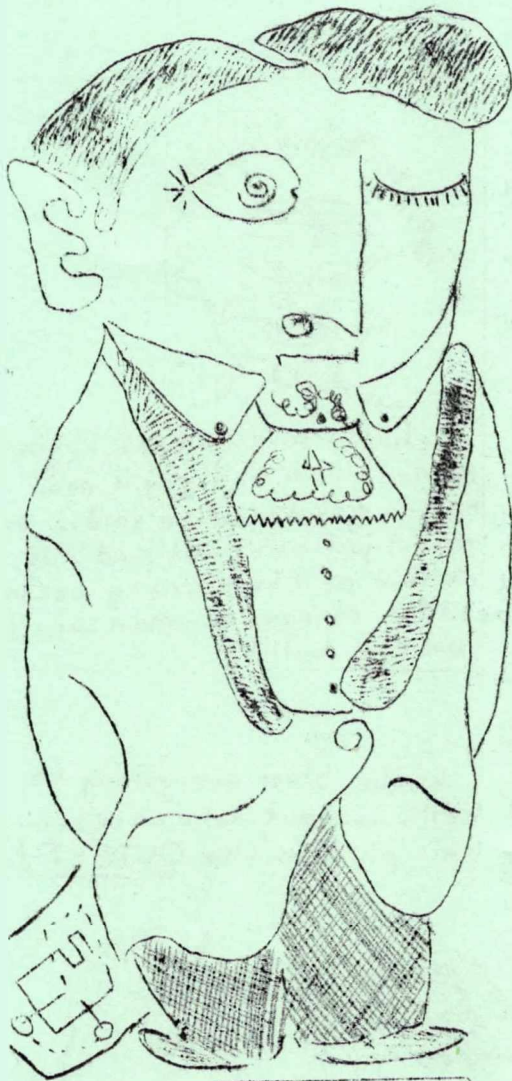
"These helpfull hotel managers - maybe they'll learn now, eh Chuck?"

"The guy was a fugghead".

We sped off homewards in the quiet gloom.

.....

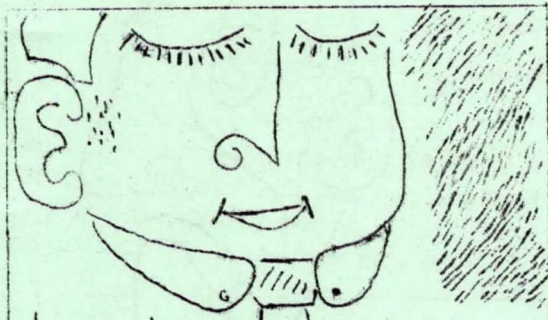
Dear Fan, (the letter began) Due to an unfortunate accident on the part of one of our staff, the George Hotel was destroyed by fire. As we were looking forward to you using our hotel as your next convention venue and this being now impossible, we extend an invitation to you to hold your next meeting at our open-air camp on the old site of the lamented George Hotel.....((Some fuggheads are kinda persistent)).



written and drawn
by Dave Wood.....
this can be described
as a tribute to the
advertising racket
profession.....

In reply to the 10¢ question:
"Won't you miss Charlie Atlas's
smile just one teeny bit?"

is YOUR brain UNDERNOURISHED
can YOU spell "neurotic"
Let Me improve YOU.



I remember when it started....
I was with this smart chick
from the labs... I was only
an assistant at the time....
and along comes this creep

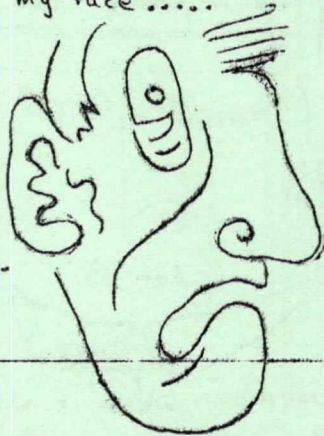
Prof. Finne.... he thought he
was quite a beau....



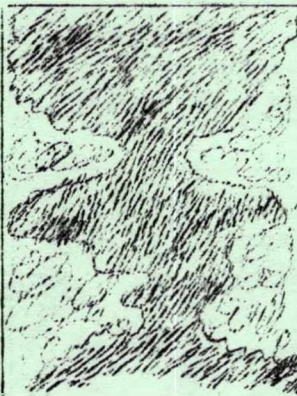
the lousy bum... on seeing me with
said broad, he moves across
with a lousy lear and a
smart display of pyrotechnics
drags hollywood eyes away...
incidentally kicking a few spare
atoms in my face.....

was I
blue....

I crawled
home....

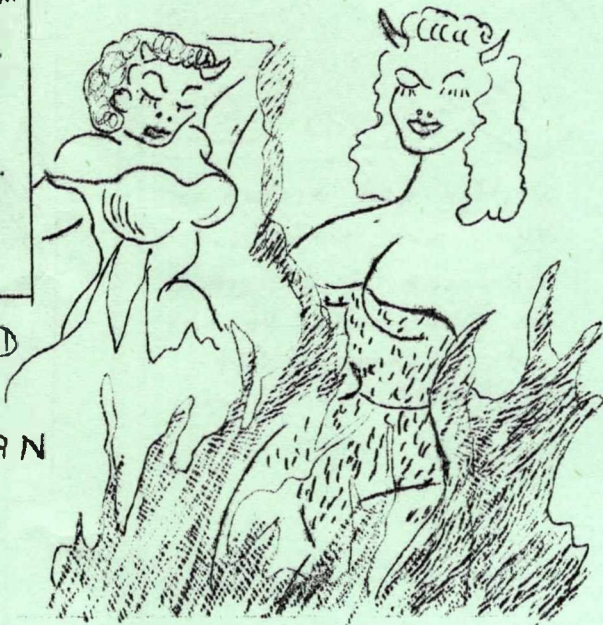


....but I have friends... yeah
man.... and this guy is real
hep... get sharp he said... so
man I just went out and dug
a few of these crazy cyclo-
pedia things..... man, was I
on the ball!



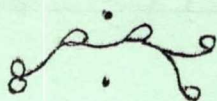
the next time
old finne
tried the
scream huster
business I just
cut into them
there spare
electrons of
his, and man
did I make
a show!....
(left)

I kinda blew everything to
hell..... but who cares....
this place is the OUTEST!



DONT BE A FUGGHEAD
BE LIKE ME

AND BE A MA-A-A-AN



irene

{art et fugghead}

brings a short
jab of culture
to these morbid
+ pages +
.....



//////
NIGHT LIFE OF THE GHODS
//////

As you may know - or as you may not know, I did not go to Kettering. I was miserable - nay grieved - about the whole sordid affair. In fact Lancaster Fandom was not represented at all; and here there be groans. We are delighted that the Con was a success and grateful for the many letters of consolation - but it's not the same is it?

Upon the Saturday night Lancaster Fandom presented itself at the Winter Gardens Ballroom, Morecambe. It's as good a place to grieve as any, and besides they have bars and things. It was arranged that we meet in the ballroom and at the appointed hour seek out a call box to telephone the George Hotel, but somehow this simple little scheme didn't turn out as planned.

Ken and I arrived early. We meandered around the hall, harkened to the band, sat upon the balcony, staggered a few faltering paces around the floor, procured some coffee, cakes, mineral water (we hadn't many pennies) and we sat at a table and wondered. Quite suddenly Ken had a brain waive.

He was right of course, how could he be otherwise? As soon as we entered the bar we saw two figures we knew. - Namely Harry Hanlon and Roy Booth. These two were slouching upon a soggy slab endeavouring to drown their sorrow. Poor wee nites. "Hi!" We said, and joined them. Fortune favoured us, and Harry smiling upon us in a loving manner bought us a little something, for which we expressed our undying gratitude. It was at this point I noticed the time. It was half past nine.

Some little time later the four of us were discovered by Dave and Brenda. Soggy Elbows Potter was overjoyed. "Now!" he cried "Now - we can begin". But after he had startled the other occupants of the bar by announcing the opening of the first Lancon ever - in a loud and terrible voice, and tried in vain to auction a wonderful book, - 'UTOPIA by Sir Thos. Moore - which Mike Rosenblum had given him in a moment of caprice, it was discovered that Dave and Brenda were nowhere to be seen. Harry and Roy were very busy arguing

about Russians or Religion or something. It seemed a mighty loooooong time before some one mentioned the tephelone call. It was then ten oclock.

Harry thought about it for a while. "What about Dave and Brenda" he said slowly. "They're not here" Ken explained. Harry's eyes travelled to each of us in turn "No", he said, and then "We'd better wait for them I guess".

And so it came about, that we waited. Sometimes waiting can be a sordid affair, but I assure you that in this instance it was anything but. Twenty past ten arrived bringing with it the return of Dave and Brenda. They decided on the spur of the moment that they weren't coming with us, and meandered off again. Short but sweet.

Eventually we started out. The weather was what might be termed horrible in the extreme. It was raining, cold and windy. I insisted upon Ken being a gentleman and handing his jacket over to me, at least you couldn't see through his clothes. You couldn't see through mine really, but you have to give me the benefit of the doubt. The kiosk ought to have been on the opposite side of the road, and it usually is, but somehow we just couldn't find it. Harry began to get excited and developed a mad craving for walking along the beach. It took all the guile Roy and Ken possessed to wheedle him back.

At last Ken's telescopic eyes picked out our destination, and with glad cries we bounded towards it. I reached the kiosk first and squooze myself into a corner, Ken Roy and Harry followed.

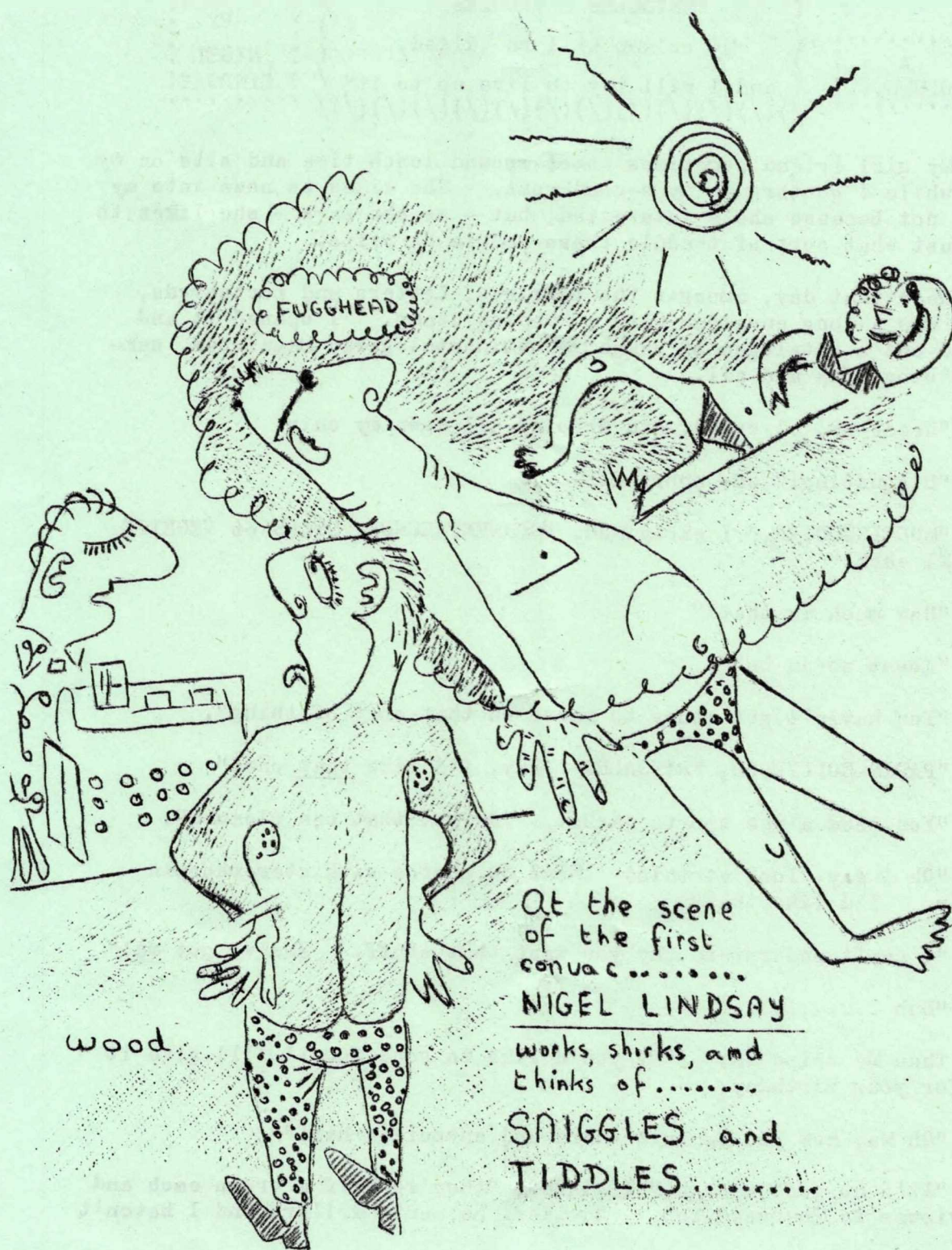
Roy was elected to telephone, with Ken giving varied instructions, Harry and I helped a great deal by making quaint suggestions and such. "If it's half past ten, don't bother ringing" said Ken "It'll cost too much". By this time it was exactly half past ten by my watch. "Ask the operator". "Has anyone got three pennies". "What...." "What about after" "Go on or it'll be too late". "It's half past ten now". "Are you supposed to put y'r threepence in first". "Yes". "No". "Well I've done it now". "Oh Ghod!" "No. No go on". "What". "Oh - Hello". "He's through" "Shhhh" "What er .. hello" "Is it half past ten yet?" "Go on ask if it's half past ten". "If it's half past hang up". "Oh hello is it half past ten yet please. Er... nooo..... wanted to make a call to Kettering.....what No Kettering K.E.T.T.E. Yes Kettering" "Is it half pst ten". "We don't want to make it if it's after half past ten. "It is?" "It's half past ten". "Tell 'em it's all right" "Oh it's all right then". "It would be". "No No..... it's all right....er...No...not now ... what.... which button do I press.. ah .. (ugh) He says I can press any damned button I like" "Thank him so much" "I've already pressed button B. no I pressed

it before". "Let's get out of here". "Hey listen folks what a queer sound". "Crazy". "The Ghonest". "Yeah man". Brrrrrrrrrr rrrrrrrrrrr Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. We ran.

I arrived soggily in the dance hall with Ken's jacket still swaying around the shoulders and veeeeeerrrry damp dancing shoes. Harry cheered us up considerably however by taking the three of us down into the Parisian Bar and buying us a gin and pep (or should I say ghin) each. We toasted everyone from Gernsback to the late Charlie Parker and from the man who invented the potato to BRENNESCHLUSS itself. But we were sad - very sad and truly sad.

And that is the story of how we fell by the wayside.





At the scene
of the first
convac.....

NIGEL LINDSAY

works, shirks, and
thinks of.....

SNIGGLES and
TIDDLES.....

got them to spare".

"I should think not. Hurry up and eat your dinner!"

.....

Anyway, don't imagine that Lindsay gives up so easily. That night I went through the catalogue again trying to think of a fannish ploy to confound the old racketeer in Gothenburg. The list itself was a joy to read with its naive little reviews in his tortured English. Sentences such as these:

"As I am im- & exporter of more common magazines, I have to call this list "My private", as most of the cont. are not available in the s.c. "free market", you see".

(How d'you reckon this guy found out about "serious and constructive?)

"STARS et VEDETTE: French Pin Up Magazine with Beauties from Paris spelled with P, and the magazine cont. a $\frac{1}{2}$ -life-size FRENCH PIN UP, oh, boy. Look Friend, we just have a limit number of this magazine, and it will never appear, so order NOW. Only 1 \$".

"PRESS STOP: We now have 3D photos of unretouched female model-girls in Nature and Studio, all clear and glozy, you almost feel they are near you. We have 150 diff. poses in stock, and the price is cheap, only 6 photos (3D) 2 \$ each".

Well then, here was the answer, and I had soon typed out a letter calculated to make him ponder.

"Dear Mr. Dederding," I wrote. "Thankyou for the price list you sent me. There were several items I would have liked to order but I see you want dollars for them. In this country the dollar is very scarce as we are in the Sterling Area, and the government is very fussy over granting foreign exchange in dollars. I could get dollars for Educational Publications, but I do not think they would class your magazines as "educational".

However, I have in mind a way we could co-operate to our mutual advantage. If you don't mind me saying so, your List really needs editing. The English needs correcting here and there where there are mistakes and misleading statements. Also the reviews of the various magazines could do with an expert touch to make the whole thing sparkle and add to your prestige in the English-speaking countries.

I should be very happy to do this for you if you care to send me some magazines for review. I am a non-professional writer and accustomed to doing magazine reviews. I am a member of the Off-Trails Magazine Publishers Association in this country, so you need not fear about the quality of my writing,

And so on. I posted it off the following morning.

.....
He'll get a big laugh out of it -- or at least it'll make him
drown himself...
.....

Of course I have one very good job already. I am a cashier for the South Western Electricity Board. You may think it's a mundane sort of occupation, but really I find it quite fascinating. I stand behind a huge counter in the Service Centre and in front of me is a complex machine covered with buttons. In come the public and plonk down their money. I pick up the bill, scrutinise it and play an arpeggio on the buttons, while they stand agape. I put the bill in a slot and press another button. Whizz whirr scrunch and ting. I confront them with the mutilated bill and point out the purple smudges. "That", I say defiantly, "is your receipt". They look at it, then at me, then back at it. "Thank-you", they say sadly, pick it up and amble off, leaving their change on the counter. I bang on the counter with a sponge but they do not hear. Hey ho! Another three and fourpence for the kitty.....

Sometimes they are infuriated. They shout and rave about their bill, and I gather they are not very pleased with the charges. The way they go on anyone would think it is my fault. I stand there with my mouth open until they have finished. "It's no use talking to you", they say, "You seem a bit dim". And they go away frustrated.

Sometimes they come in quite indignant, demanding to see the manager. I recognise that I've-had-a-final-notice-but-I've-paid-it look in their eye. So bidding them wait I disappear through a door marked PRIVATE (so happens it is the stationary cupboard) and emerge wearing a false beard. "You wish to see me?" I say. "What is the meaning of this?" they demand, flourishing the final notice in one hand, and in the other, triumphantly, the receipt. I scrutinise the dates. I sneer. Sardonic-ally I point out the small print which says please ignore this notice if payment was made within the last ten days (for such is the speedy efficiency of centralised billing) and they go away deflated.

Of course I am always ready with the merry quip. If they catch me giving short change I say "I used to go to night school and I can't count in the daytime". Everybody chuckles. When they say "I've always paid promptly before, you wouldn't cut my light off?" I reply "Oh no, we wouldn't cut your lights off Mrs. Dinglepudd. We'd just dim them a little". We all roar with laughter. Some of them come in without their bill and say "We've had the decorators in and it has got lost in the confusion". Whereupon, quick as a flash, I come back with. "It must be behind the wallpaper by now". Everyone goes into fits. Now and again they complain that their lights flicker. "It's this slaty coal we're getting", I say. "Every time a slaty big goes through the furnace at the power station it makes your lights flicker." I collapse on the floor and we are all in stitches. The Laughing Cashier they call me.

When I'm feeling in a devilish mood I will take their money and put through the receipt all with one hand. The other is concealed behind the counter and they crane their necks to see what is wrong with it. Then just as I'm about to give them their change I bring it up into view. Instead of a hand I have a hook. They shriek and flee for dear life, leaving their change behind. Of course my real hand is concealed up my sleeve and I am grasping a dough hook belonging to a Kenwood Electric Mixer, but they don't know that. I rap on the counter with it, but they only flee the faster. Hey ho! Another three and fourpence for the kitty.....

What I really enjoy is when someone comes in who is deaf. "Just a minute", they say, and pull out an ear trumpet. I place my mouth close to the big end, draw a deep breath and holler with all my might, at the same time dropping a couple of dud lamps on the floor. This guaranteed to make them send in a cheque next time. As a final gesture I toss their change into the trumpet and they go out picking threepenny bits from their ears..

The only thing that really annoys me is when they give you a five pound note, and you hold it up to the light to see that it's genuine, and they always without fail say "It's alright, I made it myself". Sometimes a man comes in carrying a bass fiddle and pays his bill with a five pound note. As I hold it up I see him looking at me and dying to say it, but he doesn't dare. He knows that if he says "I made it myself" I will reply "How do you get that under your chin?" Impasse!

.....

Oh, I've just heard about that review job. I didn't get it after all. He merely sent me another catalogue and said he'd take British Postal Orders. Foiled again.

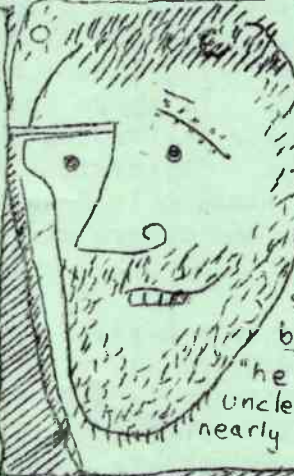
Wind along the Waste by Ken Potter

A digested version by Dave Wood

Classics Illustrated



As the story goes it seems some square makes the planet mars. for somewhere... was it venus?



... anyway this guy does a lot of philosophising... brain work to you Ashworth... and as the story goes he starts mumbling into his beard all about this guy Khayyam who wrote scripts years ago... but hist!!

"he feels suddenly unclean" (this bit nearly got the story banned)



Thinks what 'if man reached here ugh he cant let this go on...



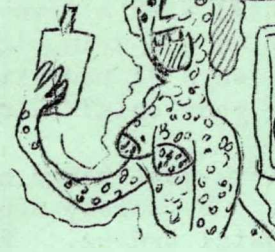
no, no be poked on mars! razzamataz and Fans!... that no he could not allow it... HERE! He shoots himself... fool.

Man, this tale is kinda warped but the idea is that the martians who are really on the ball made him shoot himself. Real cool yeah? In the last scene the martians celebrate their victory.

the desert wind whined plaintively



thinks that's one in the eye for earth



The end praise to ghv!

THE TRUTH ABOUT
Pennyweather

Ken Potter.....



Ezra Pennyweather was neither a big name nor a neofan, but one of those middle of the roaders, enthusiastic and lethargic by turns. But he was always enthusiastic around convention time, and when he received the first Trowbridgecon bulletin, and read that any offer to speak would be welcomed, he jumped at the chance.

But I'm taking all, you've hardly character. You

/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/ THE TRUTH . ABOUT PENNYWEATHER..

it too fast. After met this Pennyweather know nothing about him.

Physical de- It is the mind of search, it is the dim, dark, recesses of his innermost soul that we wish to parade before fandom. If you will allow me, gentle reader, I will quote from his potted autobiography, which appeared in Phupski number 30. Since you are powerless to prevent me, you may as well read this junk.

/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/:/ Ken Potter. tails are unimportant. Pennyweather we wish to

Phupskippiles No. 23. Ez. Pennyweather

I might say I was dragged into fandom. Dammitt, let's not be weak minded, I was dragged into fandom ((a wit, this Pennyweather)) And the guy who did the dragging was none other than Fred Splodder, gone gafia, alas, these past 13 months. I don't believe I ever read a word of S.F. in my life, except the horrible attempts which appear in such fanzines as "Galactic Observer". I've never read a prozine, tho Danny Warren sold me a complete file of ASF for 15/- when he went gafia some time ago. Outside fandom my main interests are weapons, progress jazz (such as Paul Whiteman) ((Very advanced, why Whiteman is too far out even for me KP)) and women. I think some aspects of fandom are childish, but then some fans are children. Better humour can be found outside fandom than inside, with the exception of "Amperсанд" which is the funniest fanzine I know. I wish fanzines would give more space to such topics as progress in atomics, rocketry, and other like sciences, and also unsolved mysteries, like flying saucers, the abominable snowman, Shavensim, Dianetics etc. ((any reasonable fan would have finished that list with "and is Yngvi a louse? KP"))

Now at the time of the Trowbridgecon, Ezra was 35, and thus in a position to call people adolescents. It never occurred to him that his personality may have been slightly underdeveloped in some ways. He thought of himself as super intelligent being, and almost star-begotten, because he recognised the childish aspects of fandom.

He had decided that his speech would appeal to the ~~salts~~ in the audience, and would be entitled, "Weapons of the Future". He was full of confidence, and indeed, it did go off rather well. He mentioned Atomics, gasses, and bacteria, and when he got to the possibilities of ray poisoning on a huge scale, and burning vast tracts of land by means of solar mirrors, his voice held a ring of enthusiasm seldom heard in the voice of a speaker at a desultary lecture session. Some fans seemed to disapprove when towards the his eyes went white, and he muttered incoherently about all the things he would do to the Godamn Rooshians, in order that Democracy might proudly thrive. But this didn't worry Ezra, for even when he had to be carried forcibly to his room, and locked in, to prevent him strangling a fan he suspected of being a Scottish nationalist, the light of truth burned in his soul.

That was nothing. The real tragedy occurred at the all night party, and the fanzines were full of it for months. Naturally Pennyweather was never heard of in fandom again, tho' the national newspapers featured him heavily for some time.

It was like this.... Two neofen were discussing the recent deterioration of Galaxy, while sipping gin and pep, when one asked the other who that guy over there was. That guy was Pennyweather, and the other said so. "Oh, that creep", said the first neofan "The half wit who criticized The Enchanted Duplicator as a foul example of political propagander".

Now Pennyweather overheard this conversation, and it displeased him. After all, Trufandom was supposed to be a sort of utopia, and that being so, it set fans up as superior. Moreover, being modelled on "Pilgrims Progress", it was blasphemous, and Ezra couldn't stand blasphemy. Also, he disliked being referred to as a half wit. So he went over to the neofan, and addressing him as "sonny", commenced to lecture him on courtesy, and to admonish him not to be childish.

.....
I don't like religion, but I'm very keen on cinemascope
.....

The neofan had not yet learned diplomacy, and besides, he was slightly drunk. Pennyweather was stone cold sober. "Nyaaah", remarked the neofan, off handedly, and shot Pennyweather with his zapp gun.

We all know what happened then. Pennyweather produced some kind of revolver, and shot the neofan, who died a split second after he had instantly become disenchantred. The silence which

followed the shot was electric, brooding, and everything else that a silence can be. Fortunately, fandom's only murderer was caught by a couple of brawny pro editors, and turned over to the police in a matter of minutes. Dazed and dissipated, the party broke up into serious little groups.

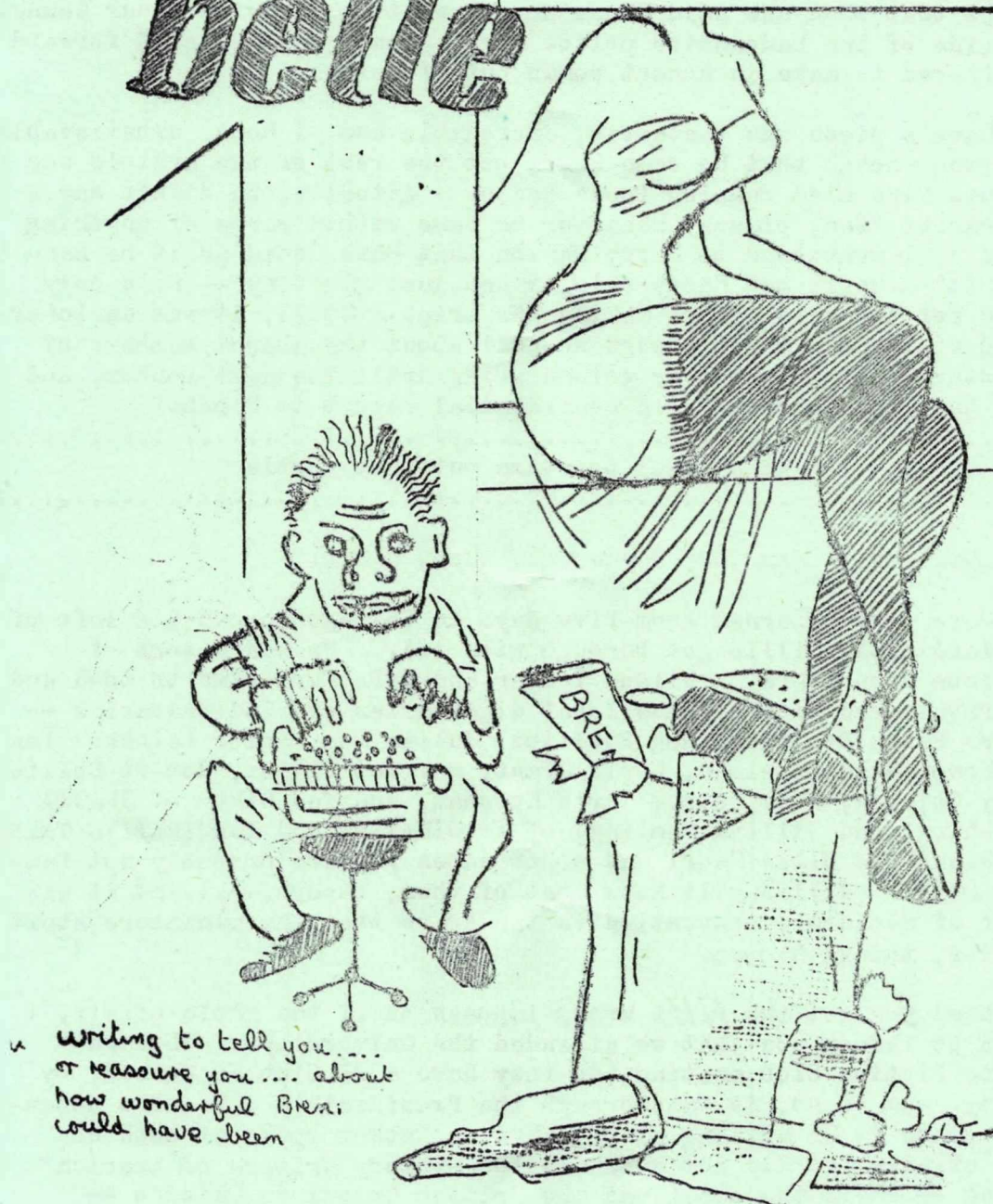
This isn't a pleasant story - but there it is. You occasionally get these characters in fandom. What I want to bring to your notice is something not many people heard, but I happened to be at the hotel door as Pennyweather was marched out. His parting pearl of wisdom for fandom was "Water pistols are damn childish!"

.....
That's infinite by anybody's standards including yours
.....



Irene:- would you like to borrow an umbrella then, ken?

belle lettre



CHUCK HARRIS "Carolyn", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex.

..... BRENNSCHLUSS was very fine. With the exception of you, ((Ken)) Dave, and Arny Anlon, the editorial staff is something to be admired. I was surprised to see that the beautiful and virtuous Miss Gore was shopping around for offers of matrimony. I would have thought that when she said "Does anyone want to marry me?" our Kenneth the pride of the Lancashire police force, would have stepped forward and offered to make an honest woman out of her.

Dave's piece was fantastic, incredible and, I hope, unbelievable. It's true enough that he came here, but the rest of the article was just his fine mind running loose again. Actually, he didn't say a word except "Yes, please" whenever he came within range of anything edible. I mentioned to Harry Hanlon that Dave acted as if he hadn't eaten for a week, but Harry said it was just gluttony -- he'd only fasted for two days before making the trip. Still, it was an interesting visit, and I got enough scandal about the absent members of Lancaster fandom to keep my column going until the next Loncon, and still have enough over for a confidential report to Bloch.

.....
I'm going back to stare out that turtle
.....

BOB BLOCH P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisc. U.S.A.

Have just returned from five days in Chicago (or what's left of the place after Willis got through with it). We had a sort of Tuckercon down there. Wilson Tucker and wife Fern came to town and we foregathered with all the local dignitaries and indignitaries -- authors Frank Robinson, Rog Phillips, Julian May, Fritz Leiber: fan Earl Kemp, Evan Appelman, Lewis Grant, Harriet Fellas, Robert Collins, Sidney Coleman, etc., etc.; Erle Korshak, and Ted Dikty of SEASTA publishing, and William Hamling, of IMAGINATION and IMAGINATIVE TALES, plus Ginny and Ollie Saari and other names you are probably not familiar with. Willis will know most of them, though..... and it was a sort of miniature convention in the sense that the miniature start drinking, things happen.

Lest you get the ~~flatt~~ wrong impression of the whole affair, I hasten to inform you that we attended the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club meeting (do they have a SF Club at Oxford, by the way, and if so, is Wansborough the President?). We also attended a class in SF writing at the YMCA. Tucker spoke at both of these affairs but did not speak at the Mystery Writers of America Meeting -- where the guest was the British Consul in Chicago -- cove by the name of Mason, who did an imitation of Arthur C. Clarke

talking underwater. We also raised our cultural level at the cinema on several occasions (yes, MAGOO was on one bill) and I wonder if you have had the opportunity to see a French film titled MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY? It has it's points. Then we saw Gina Lollobrigida. She has Her points, too.

And just to emphasize the difference between those sordid English pubcrawlventions and our own quiet gatherings, we got up on Sunday morning and went to the museum! I will freely admit the mummies looked a damned sight more alive than we did, but we went.

I hesitate to comment on anything specific in BREN, though it is a bit disconcerting to find, amidst all that humor, the sordid, pathetic story of a young girl's downfall as recorded by that Lancaster femme-fan. Whoever led her astray into Science Fiction should be Lancasterated. (This is NOT a clean word, Potter!)

I must also refer to a phrase in a letter from Chuck Harris -- "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". It occurs to me that if Mr. Harris would only shake some of those unanswered letters out of his drawers, his s-x-life might have room for improvement.

Thanks for BRENNSCHLUSS -- it may yet replace VARGO STATTON!

.....
I've never had a cigarette since I stopped smoking
.....

GREGG CALKINS 2817 11th St. Santa Monica, Cal., U.S.A.

I have something here -- I think it's a fanzine -- that seems to originate from your general direction. I say that I think it's a fanzine because I'm not quite sure. After all, it's from the other side of the pond and I know from bitter experience that things from over there are often not quite what you thought they might be. Like the time Willis turned out to be a horrible drunkard and tavern brawler when we thought he would be a quiet type fan. But this looks like a fanzine. It smells like a fanzine. It even tastes like a fanzine.

Is it a fanzine, by any chance? ((Votes taken by secret ballott))

Anyhow, it has a subtle, esoteric flavor. (Something like chocolate only different). But then British fandom always was a little different than American fandom. I think the relation is somewhat

the same as that between man and the ape .. both came from a common ancestor but developed along radical lines .. well, different lines of evolution, then. Now I am not calling British fandom the ape side of the family tree merely on the basis of Willis alone, you understand -- it is just a simile (we have a song about similes.. "there are similes that make you happy, there are similes that make you blue..."). With the exception of semi-American zines like HYPHEN, British zines are a little hard to figure out. Your chief difficulty seems to be that you don't say 'cheerio' even as often as Bob Tucker and there wasn't even one 'gor blimy!'

But I liked the cover. This I can understand -- even I have a copy of TED. I'd like to see a series of covers done on this subject, given much the same treatment as this.

And the material is all very good, some even excellent. In fact, I find that most British fanzines have excellent material but get all too few reviews and raves about it because of poor presentation. You've gotta admit that even B doesn't do much in the way of layout and presentation or format... even the notorious.. er, famous HYPHEN gets a poor in that respect. Your illos and lettering, frankly, aren't so hot. And as a direct consequence, half of your material either isn't read at all by those not in direct connection with the writer or editor, and half of the remaining half merely scan it. I now. I have a tendency to scan uninteresting material and that is my first reaction to most British (or Australian or European, for that matter) fanzines. I know that I am missing some excellent material by Clarke, Shaw and even Potter, but it's just too damn much trouble to wade through the single-spaced paragraphs and dubious printing.

This is my pet peeve. Damn it, if you're going to the trouble of having good material in the first place, then illustrate and present it as such. Why insult your authors by just printing it like any nine-year old kid could do with his uncles pos-card mimeograph, capably illustrated by his six-year old brother.

What more do you want? I rate your material as excellent, even if I do knock the rest of the zine. High spot of the mag was Irene's biog. I don't know just what's with that girl, but if she means that "I frequently indulge in sex and gardening, mostly the former" then that's the type of fanne we in the US are sorely lacking. That is, US femme fans won't admit it. But Irene is delightful....more!

Liked B, but please for Bheer's sake dress it up a little?

FRED SMITH 618 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow W2.

Yes I do prefer Irene. I prefer any girl who boasts a 36" bust. In fact I prefer any girl.

However in view of your jealous nature (viz. your snide reference to poor old Chuck Harris and Brian Burgess, who obviously wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone make a pass at a girl) I'm writing to you ~~((Ken))~~ this time.

The cover is one of the best I've seen lately. Very decorative I wish I could say the same for the interior illos but they do look as tho they may develope into something. Something horrible.

Bob Bloch was as good as ever. Probably the best item in the mag. I also enjoyed Mal's piece, your editorials, Dave's account, the general tone of the mag, and Irene's true confessions. Sometime on Sunday at the SMC, I was talking to Paul Enever when a girl came into the hall wearing slacks and looking generally as if she was on a hiking tour. Somebody said it was Irene. Was it indeed she? ~~((It was I. IEG))~~ Anyway she has more style than either you or Dave and will probably develope (how do you develope a 36) if she'll stop protesting she is crazy.

.....
Wait till I've finished biting my finger-nails
.....

JULIAN PARR Dusseldorf- Oberkassel, Barmer Strasse 12, Germany.

As for Bren: I liked it. The cover was a fine mingling of horror and facetious fun. But your interlineations are poor, usually, and sometimes most unfortunately placed. The one on page 7 is an example (I refuse to believe it is part of Mal Ashworth's piece) ~~((It isn't - and I did it on purpose IEG))~~. Alien Love was a fine example of logogenetical pornography. The Film Review on "The Moon is Blue" was far-fetched but with sufficient meat in it to make it a meal. I like your astrisk ϕ s and ϕ s. This reminds me of the French joke 69 - or was it 96? It's a matter of position. Your Ding Dong was fine, and on the strength of it I'd ask you to spend a little more time on your cartoons and bring them up to its standard: even if only in execution. But put a date on Brennschluss - it's essential if you're to get appropriate acknowledgment when they find it in a Time Capsule in Addis Abbaba... If you have to have other morsels of unclad females for DWs future cartoons let me know. Whether you meant the one on page three

or the one on page 1. (I spent five minutes searching for more after I'd first read your shamefaced acknowledgement) I feel I can better them. {{You wear a more daring bikini?}} If it was the one on page 3 then the GPO clad it before letting it out of the country. Perfidious Albion!

.....
I've decided to be Ghod - please send me 'general semantics'
.....

ETHEL LINDSAY 123 West Regent St., Glasgow.

.....Turning to a more frivolous topic - Brennschluss arrived the other day and I was faced with the problem of who to send a Letter of Comment to - Irene, Ken or Dave. {{Femme}} Need I say I hardly hesitated, and this is the L. of C.

I liked your own piece immensely. You are lucky in being openly mad at your work. I have to hide mine. It gets difficult at times. Fortunately the Ghods look after me. When two weeks ago Eric Needham appeared from Manchester on his motorbike at 2.am. it so happened to be about the only night of the year the Matron was away. Also when Frances and Cyril Evans visited me their disguise was not pierced and they were labelled 'a nice, homely couple' I could hardly believe my luck. Should the real extent of my madness ever be revealed I'm liable to be minus a job. Got any use for an out-of-work Sister? I can make beds.

.....
Why can't you get pins and needles in your head?
.....

JOAN CARR Sgt JW Carr (WRAC), c/o RAFc Sgt's Mess, Maida Camp,
MELF. 17 (I think)

Like most humourzines, there is little in IMG that can be commented upon. (IMG = Light Machine Gun = Bren. Subtle stuff). The letter column came strongly under fire when I was looking through but all I got out of this was the following query. How the devil does Chuck expect to have a sex-life with his drawers packed out with unanswered correspondence? Hell, no selfrespecting femme is going to dig - Especially considering the type of correspondence Harris unanswered! Oh yes, while we are on the subject. You might like Harris. I like Harris. But that's no reason to put two copies of page 24 in my copy of Bren -- just because it contained his letter. {{You ever had collators wrist KP.}}

Which leaves me with your comments on my own piece. Great Ghu (that's ma Ghu, not yours) I know nothing of the psy-

chology of advertising. Don't particularly want to either. I was only fooling around -- It's a funny thing, I'm always trying to write controversial items but nobody controvereses. I'll be interested in seeing if there is any reaction to this one. Advertising works -- obviously. It wouldn't be used otherwise. But as to how -- well, there is identification for one thing. Or perhaps the opposite. I mean if something bad is shown - weakness, then the viewer doesn't want to identify with it and buys the product named in order not to. Identify that is. Help.

Look - why not ask Harry? He got me into this in the first place.

.....
Why can't you get pins and needles in your head?
.....

JOHN BRUNNER "Highlands", Woodcote, Reading.

once upon a time in a beknighted spot in the middle of the wars of the roses a beautiful damsel was sitting weaving a bayeux tapestry of a rose of lancaster on a loom - she was the dame with the loom-inous rose. suddenly a tall dark man came up and leared at her. she gave a small and lady-like scream - not very hard, because it wasn't often that she saw a long dark knight - it was the middle of summer, which is fine for sitting out and admiring the moon, but as she well knew, that being a libertinous age, long dark knights also have their uses. he had a visor but she hadn't even got a chaperone, so she followed the dictates of her conscience - about two hundred and fifty words a minute's worth - and before you could say jack cade and the peasant's revolt, she was in his arms.

later he took off his armour and she became the mother of several bouncing babes who all grew up and turned into good knights like their father which means they weren't what the puritans of a later day would have called good. all this has nothing whatsoever to do with brennschluss except for the fact that the spot on which the damsel was sitting - a tuffet, chosen because she was wearing a tuffeta gown - went on for years and years until one day someone built a house on it which did not have a plaque saying ken potter lived here because he couldn't have, yet. i wish one of your parents had insisted calling you brenn and not ken, because then I could have reviewed the whole thing by saying succinctly ah, brennslush.. but i can't. the first line of the previous para may or may not be intelligible to people who are unfamiliar with eighteenth-century slang. i got the pun from boswell's london journal, a book not suitable for children under the

age of two. as it is i have to go to all the trouble of stating that i found brennschluss a good zine except for the fact that you didn't cut your illos very vell.

.....
I don't go around counting peoples' legs
.....

JAN JANSEN 229 Berchemlei Borgerhout, Belgium.

Joan Carr; Quite an article that. I'm inclined to agree with you though Ken. I admit that I don't dig advertising either. At least I know it's there for a purpose and I think I can suspect the horrible purpose..... In my humble opinion (I hope nobody gets hurt) Advertising is for suckers who are not able to make up their own minds and have therefore to rely on others. Before I buy anything worth while, I ask everybody's opinion on it, and THEN I PLEASE MYSELF. I either buy something I can afford or which I think is OK. Some people only buy expensive things, because they have a "name". In some cases they may be right and in some cases they may be wrong. In any case they'll get rid of their money quicker

.....
You're nothing but a normal pervert
.....

BOYD RAEburn 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto, Canada.

I have a wonderful idea. Why not astound the fannish world by putting out the next issue of Brennschluss in such a form that it doesn't look like a British fanzine. I am not quite sure as yet what it is that makes British zines so easily recognisable, but I think that if you paragraphed more (blank lines between paragraphs) and used more blank spaces all around, you would get a long way towards the goal. British faneds seem to be scared stiff of printless spaces. Why not become the Great Innovator in British fandom? {{Thought that was Wansborough KP}}

.....
If I went about asking for Gernsback's address people would think I wasn't a true fan
.....

DEAN GRENNELL 402 Maple Ave, Fond du Lac, Wisc., U.S.A.

I could write a whole complete letter on Joan Carr's comments re advertisements alone, given the time, and I would like to do just that. I will admit to being faintly proud of the fact that I was able to translate "hoarding" to billboards without recourse to my British-American dictionary. I felt that this should earn me a treacle-tart or at least some sort of tart. Some day, if I ever

promote enough worldly goods to exchange it all for a tape-recorder, I intend to record a few of the more noisesome (you're right, Joan, that is a good word!) American radio commercials and send them to you people so that you can exclaim, "Egad! ~~((No, no we say "zounds", "corblimey" or "yeah maan", "Egad" is so outdated My Dear!))~~ there but for the BBC, might go I!"

As Jas. White might well say, 'You havent really lived until you have heard some adenoidal soprano skirling out with:

Joost the awther daigh, I hudd a laydie saaay,
"Give meem-ishun baal whyun bekawwuz/
UMmishen Bellsfyaunnn!
Suhhve it redd dor wyte,
Enn joyut dayyorn ite
HITZ Thah whyne toop leezyoou anla pry sizz right!"

/ this is approximately compounded of "be," as in honey-bee "caw" like the onomateopoeia of a crow or raven and "auze" pronounced like gauze with the "g" omitted. There is an odd, indescribable slur-ring lift between the caw and the awze with an odd diphthong effect as she swings into the "uh" sound just before she hits the final "z" sound, which she holds a moment, almost lovingly, then bites off with an almost audible snap. The word, here, in the original Queen's English, is "because". In fact, while I have done my ineffectual best to render this phonetically, I think I'd better append a translation to guide you:

Just the other day, I heard a lady say,
"Give me Mission Bell wine
Because Mission Bell's fine!
Serve it red or white,
Enjoy it day or night,
It's the wine to please you and the price is right!"

and she continues:

Now 'most every day,
You'll hear everybody say,
"Give me Mission Bell wine
Because Mission Bell's fine
Because Mission Bell's fine
Because Mission Bell's fine, etc., &c., &c., ad vomitium.

To give you an idea of the austerity we have to go through and put up with, I can remember hearing that atrocity on a Chicago station (WIND) as early as 1941 and they have played it and played

it, often as often as 60 or 80 times a day ever since and they are still playing it. If I were musically inclined, I would send you the tune so you could surprise your friends with it. Really, I must get me a tape-recorder one of these days. I can see that. If you could hear this, it would boost your patriotism a hundred per cent.

So it's not surprising that I have substantially got this down by heart, from all the countless times I've heard it. But does it work? Not on me, it doesn't. I've sampled a lot of different wines but I wouldn't taste Mission Bell for anything in the world.

.....
Do cocoons get claustrophobia.....?
.....

DON SMITH. 228 Higham Lane, Nuneaton, Warwks.

Dear Brennschluss Editor,

I would I could address you more formally, but I'll be an yngvi if I can find your name mentioned in the thing. It is one of things you ought to remember before sending your masterpieces to one of the dimmer members of fossilised fandom.

And fossilized is certainly the way I feel when trying to extract entertainment out of your undoubtedly excellent-of-its-kind magazine. It just doesn't mean a thing to me, apart from making me feel twice as old as Methuselah. Walter Willis could have told you that to try to feed me with lengthy accounts of the alleged quaintnesses of fans (I say alleged because the more I read of them the more drearily prosaic people fans seem to be) is to waste your sweetness, cast pearls before a swine. I suppose one must except Ashworth's and Joan Carr's pieces. But only on the score of subject; not being a love-story connoisseur Ashworth's satire was lost on me, and I do not feel in the mood to discuss advertisements. (It did seem to me that the theme was made unnecessarily complicated. Surely the idea of an advert is notify a potential customer of the nature of your product; since the advertising media are crammed full of other people trying to do the same thing it is necessary to introduce a gimmick to attract the reader's eye, whether it is a strip cartoon or Charles Dessoutter and his little horses or Dubonnet's French lessons. The influence of what is said is surely infinitesimal. One mouthful of Coca-Cola is sufficiently revolting to any civilized taste to cancel the effects of any amount of advertising). ((Which only makes it more complicated IEG))

No, Mr. Editor, much though I regret looking gift horses in the mouth, and even more regretful of the thought of further increasing my list of enemies amongst fandom, I must be honest and say that Brennschluss in not for the likes of me.

((and later))

I am more or less in agreement with your statement that humans are too complex ever to be drearily prosaic. But I qualify this by insisting that one must be in a position either to know fully another person in order to find out his interesting attributes, or else the interesting side of that human must be the one that is exposed, not the one in which he most resembles his fellow. Now my knowledge of fans and fandom is - deliberately - acquired almost entirely by studying their writings in the fan-mags. It is my contention that of latter years the majority of writing fans have been urging their intimate resemblance to some mysterious ideal fan; a fan given to punnish humour, to lavatory wall humour,

((Lewd adolescents quake in their shoes

For they've heard a sinister rumour

Pomti Pomti Pomti Pom

Is by Widowers sanitary humour)).....

a heavy drinking fan, a what-a-clever-little-smartie-pants-I-am-fan. One may consider this a thing of beauty and a joy for ever or, like me, regard it with loating, that is beside the point.

The point is that all fans seem to profess to be as like this ideal as possible. A lot of things all the same become prosaic. Anel-luva lot become dreary as well. And, yes, I do dislike such a much of a muchness fandom. When I was a more active hoverer on the fringe of fandom there was more variety to be found. ((But there are more fandoms now KP))

.....
...So I put my typer in free-orbit
.....;

HARRY TURNER 10 Carlton Ave., Romiley, Cheshire.

First impressions of Brenn are favourable, decidedly favourable. But you try too hard at times - especially Irene. She should study a little psychology. I mean the whole point of being mad is that you are convinced that you are the only sane person in a world of madmen. If Irene is convinced that she's mad, the conclusion is obvious. Sad, very sad. ((No, no, I'm only convinced I'm mad when I'm sane...IEG))

On second thoughts, you'd better keep the girl occupied so that she doesn't brood over such things as psychology. Obviously Sandy is neglecting Joan more than somewhat to judge by this outburst on advertising.

Ghu preserve me from the critics of advertising and Ghu rot you if you think I'm going to write a Serious & Constructive defence of my sadly abused profession. I'm obviously in the wrong business. I mean a scientist can make a profound remark that the universe measures 56,000,000,000,000 light years across and everybody, apart from a few Fortean and Flying Saucer fans, says how clever he is to find out these things. On a more everyday level, if the TV breaks down the Applied Scientist who is in the employment of the local dealer is called in; while his activities may cause a certain amount of misgiving, you don't argue with his decisions - after all he's the Expert. But when it comes to trivialities like art and advertising, every man is his own expert. Anyone who has had the temerity to work in an advertising department or agency knows that the real expert on advertising, the Ultimate Authority as it were, is the Managing Director's wife - or his nearest female relative. That is a simple explanation for many of the more mystifying items among today's advertising. Ask Bob Bloch - I believe he once was in the advertising ~~fact~~ profession - to confirm this. Look thru the correspondence columns of the Advertiser's Weekly and see the heartrending complaints about the activities of Managing Directors' wives.....

Let Miss Carr - ha! ((ha?)) - talk herself out of that one.

As for this theory that advertisers insult their audience - well, I can remember Charlie Atlas's adverts ever since I started reading sf and that was well over twenty years ago. If Charlie has been making sufficient money to continue advertising over that period one can only conclude that people like to be insulted and pay hard cash just for the privilege. Johanna should study a little more psychology and think again.

As for the little dissertation on layout and style of illustration... well, don't you think it bears out the advertising fraternity's complaint about female relatives? If Sandy ever makes an honest woman of Joan, I pray that his ambitions never take him to the position of Managing Director of a company, because some poor advertising manager is going to get ulcers.....

To borrow a phrase, Joan just don't dig advertising. But sith-ee, cynic, even if the advertisers are after Mr. Potter's money and he decides to be awkward and never mention a brand name, I'll bet you

don't get away with it. Joan to the contrary, advertising can't sell an inferior article - an advertised line lives on its repeat sales, not just the initial sale. An inferior article will not get repeat sales - and a big fall in sales means that there is no money left to advertise.

You blasted ingrates. When I think how we advertising men strive to improve your standard of living by creating mass markets for mass-produced goods and reducing costs all round, how we provide the necessary revenue for the daily papers, glossy monthlies, and intellectual weeklies to be sold to you at a mere fraction of the actual production costs, I am appalled at your bl--dy ingratitude. Another cruel word and we'll go on strike. Then we'll see how you enjoy all those blank pages in the magazines costing five or six times their original price. Won't you miss Charlie Atlas's smile just one tweezy bit?

Anyway, my friend Mr. Potter says that adverts work. It's nice to know that I am usefully, if not gainfully, employed.

But I still think you all have some quaint ideas on advertising.{ I guess advertising is a necessary evil - if it wasn't for advertising I'd never have realised I'm a 7 stone weakling, and I can't be that and a lewd adolescent as well)} KP.

.....
Stop blowing bubbles in your correction fluid..
.....

DEREK PICKLES 197 Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4.

I'm afraid Joan Carr misses the whole point of advertising that is directed at men. The main line, direct or indirect, is that UNLESS you take a Charles Atlas course, use Brylcreem, Pal razor Blades, ad nauseum; you WILL NOT GET A GIRL FRIEND just have a look at male-aimed ads, and see,..... female aimed ads of course have two lines of attack; a). Get a man (any man) by using Gloria Shampoo, or Coty perfume, or by serving Batchelor's Peas (not Widower's), and b). that she'll do another female in the eye. The majority of female-aimed advertising is of course snob appeal - cleaner clothes than next door, nicer hair, figure, hands, legs, bust-line, etc.

Re the editorial comment - in the Observer (Sunday) recently Marghanita Laski had a series of articles on this very subject - and she made the rather unusual point of questioning whether ads DID work.. she asked if there was any proof that because TIDE for example

spent £250,000 advertising itself (in competition with the other halfdozen detergents manufactured by the same firm) that its sales were higher than if only 50,000 £ had been spent.

.....
You can't let Willis call you a humourist of Burbee stature and
then dry up completely
.....

BRIAN VARLEY 82 Cadogan Square, London S.W.1.

At a risk of inflating your complexes and expanding your ego (I once knew a woman who had those, she developed a puncture one day and did three loop-the-loops on Piccadilly Underground Station before an intelligent naturalist caught her in a butterfly net) I give you the credit ~~((Ken))~~ for the hight-spot of the issue, D.D. M.O.H. One of the best Con reports out of a surprisingly good crop this year. I particularly liked the description of the Liverpool Bottle Party, tho' how you stayed sober enough to remember is beyond my comprehension. I refuse to beleive that you have a harder head than myself so you must have been shirking your obvious duty as a fan to get as stinking as possible.

As to getting breakfast in the morning, well I got it neither morning and as I only saw my bed for about six hours I reckon I had an expensive week-end.

The rest of the issue? Well Ashworth as usual managed to infuse a stack of guffaws and a few titters into his...(What's the deminutive of plot?)

Joan Carr had a good idea, or at least Harry Turner did. Irene upheld the feminine right to talk about herself. Well to cut a short letter down to a postcard ~~((What on earth is a postcard))~~ the whole issue was enjoyable.

.....
You Ninth Fandomers have no stamina
.....

TOM WHITE 3 Vine Street, Cutler Heights Bradford 4.

The post man put Brennschluss through the letter box (he's a very intelligent postman) - in rather a hurry, and I was a fraction late, I didn't catch the bundle as it left the box. I've been picking up pages of Brennschluss ever since. I'm not sure whether there's some missing yet or not, what follows 'Summary of events at the third annual meeting of Retired Rubber Goods Merchant's Federation'?

Also it's rather difficult to tell which page follow which to make any reasonable sort of order {{Difficult? It's impossible}}

And the sham rock cried out lies, all lies! He can't fool me that back-row Casanova, I know the truth. The whole thing reeks of mental sublimation - the poor fellow's living in a world of his own. To wit:- Raven haired my aunt Fannie, she was a blonde. Helen of Try would have been better; he's been trying for months and received only wan looks (wan look is always enough when Mal is concerned). Don't let that remark about the walking sticks in his trousers fool you - they are his legs.

And if you want to know what happened finally, she said no. She was a married woman with four children, and considered that Mal was to inexperienced {{Thy - how many children has Mal got?}}

Writing about Chuch Harris has become quite a gizmo. Anyone runs out of ideas they take a verbal poke at Poor, Innoffensive, Never-Said-A-Wrong-Word-To-Anyone Chuch Harris.

What has Chuch done to deserve all this? I grant you that in his case one doesn't need to have confirmation of any particular villainy one wishes to sling at him; you can go ahead with a clear conscience knowing that some time in his evil past he'll have committed said crime. I know, too that his leviathon sex-appetites drive him to scour the dark byways at night in search of his prey, but in this we should be kind and helpful; we must not make mock of the man. He needs loving words and helpful advice, not the heaped scorn of many fuz editors.

There's a mint of money for the first person to introduce Chuch Harris to Kinsey ... or should I say Kinsey to CH? Yes. I'll bet the illustrations (for want of a better term) at the bottom of page ten (it says) ~~are~~ were funny; I wish I could read them.

No - I've got to stop! Have you read Chuch's letter? I know you interlined it, but did you read it?

He says he's not prolific.

And you didn't use it as an interlineation

Do you claim reprint rights?

Or can I sell it to Bob Bloch.

.....
Telling somebody he's a genius always makes me feel inferior
.....

ERIC BENTCLIFFE 47 Alldis St. Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

I think Joan Carr should take her firm front in both hands and face the facts of life, and advertising, squarely..... as you comment, she says some interesting things, but does not draw any conclusions ... unless the ending she was aiming for was the statement - "Eventually people will get tired of advertising, and rise up against it".

Personally, I don't think that this is at all likely to happen nor do I think advertising will ever attain a Gravy Planet state. Advertising is intentionally insidious, and will continue to be so. It may not seem to be insidious to some people but it is a fact that most folks do not seem to realise that the adverts are aimed at them, although they are being 'got at' by them all the time. I am not connected directly with advertising, but in my job I do see a deal of the cause and effects of this 'force'. I would say that only one person in ten fully realises the purpose of advertisements, the other nine, they come into the shop, and ask for a particular brand of goods ... because it is 'well known' to them, and they automatically think because it is 'well known' that it is also the best on the market, and a quality item. If you try to tell them that another item is better, they don't take your word for it chum, unless they are one of the enlightened 10 per cent, they think you are misguided. Advertising is I repeat, purposely insidious, it is intended that the majority of the populace shall be effected without their knowing of this, it will be kept that way..... and will never become so blatant as in GP.

.....
Of course he doesn't believe in Columbus - he's Anti-Spanish
.....

JOHN BERRY 1 Knockeden Crescent, Flush Park, Belfast.

I have never read an article before in my life like Irene E. Gores's. A pity. It had a sort of undefineable rhythm about it. I read it through twice - avidly. My immediate reaction was to phone through to British Railways and enquire about the return fare to Lancaster. Seriously. tho' I tried for some time to find a word that would sum up the entire article. Then came the coincidence. The word I thought of was ingenuous. That seemed to fit perfectly. I was therefore pleasantly surprised to find on the backcover of BREN., the statement "The Naive Fanzine". Which means that as far as I am concerned Irene has done her bit to keep the intended atmosphere.

.....
He always speaks to me in a deathly hush.
.....

I am writing as a substitute for James Thurber. On the back cover of BRENNSCHLUSS (I'm darned if I'll say "on BRENNSCHLUSS'S back cover"; I probably couldn't without getting tongue-tied any way) one is given a choice of writing to any of three people about the mag, Potter, Dave Wood, or yourself ((Irene)). Seems a shame about Potter and Dave Wood not getting any letters about it don't you think? This letter comes to you mainly because I automatically choose your enchanting, graceful, beautiful self out of that trio of course, but subsidiarily because I wish to spare my own blushes. If I write to Ken and say the things I would say and he passes the letter on to you to cut on to stencil...well, after all you are a "Sweet, young English rose" aren't you? Aren't you? ((Yes, Norman Wansborough says so!)) IEG.

Well don't tell anyone please as I like people to think I have better taste than that, but I thought BRENNSCHLUSS was terrific: as a matter of fact so did my solicitor to whom I passed the mag, and doubtless he will be writing to Potter about it. The best thing in the whole magazine however, in my opinion, was your own piece; I say this not because you are your enchanting, graceful, beautiful self, but because I genuinely thought it to be one of the finest pieces of humour I have come across in a fanzine. I believe all the people who were rolling around with mirth on the top deck of the bus through watching me rolling around with mirth through reading your piece, agreed with me. I think that article was worthy of publication in a real fanzine and wish you had sent it along for BEM. Just think how infamous you would have been now! I am thinking seriously about your marriage offer; do you ever forget to post letters? Can you make strong, black coffee for oneshot sessions? Have you ever heard of Chuck Harris? ((!))

About this motto you have in Lancaster, "if it's no good send it to Ashworth". I am rather worried; I think something must have gone wrong. Potter has not yet arrived - are you sure you addressed him correctly? (The correct form of address for Potter is "You unspeakable little £!?!@££?? Blankety Blank") Actually one mustn't think too badly of the lad because he has some assets (yourself, for instance) and he is really a very trusting soul. Take for instance that monumental (or some sort of 'mental') Con report of his. He notes that in the middle of Saturday night he tagged on to some party including myself and Eric Bentscliffe who "were planning to do something" but he didn't know what and we never got around to doing it. You would have thought he'd

have guessed what it was we were planning to do wouldn't you? The reason we didn't do it of course is that we were just too kind-hearted. We got the window open and we looked at Potter and then we looked down at the murky River Irwell below and we thought: "No, no we just can't do it - even a filthy river like that must have some pride. It would probably throw him back". So out of the kindness of our hearts we refrained. {{You were scared of my zapp gun, buster}}

.....

.....

RON BENNETT The Grange, Beckett Park, Leeds 6.

Following Bloch is a hard thing to do, but Miss Gore manages it very well. Here indeed is 7th Fandom's 7th Fannefan! {{Aren't we in 13th fandom now?}} The gags and patter flowed amusingly and on the whole it was a very entertaining piece. As a skoolmaster to be, tho, I think I should state, for Irene's sake (ie to improve her stuff) that the sentence "My shoulders are too thin and the bottom of my legs", doesn't make sense! {{Sir - we do not take correcting from mere bus conductors}} Anyway if it's any consolation, I'll marry her. (Now Joan's article was most interesting. Speaking for myself I can only say that I prefer Player's, Brylcreem, Tootal Ties etc etc because I've either tried other brands and compared them with these brands and found them wanting or else I've stuck to my first trial brand as this suited me nicely. {{That's what I should've said - I guess I must be a fugghead}} but I'll have you know I'm a MATURE fugghead. Ken}}
{{what about another paragraph IEG}}

I think Players are different from other fags and I've got attuned to them. Last year I smoked only Capstan and Player's cos I liked only those. I've sat thro packets of Senior Service, Churchman, Ficcadilly and all the rest. It's purely a matter of choice. I have been able to get plenty of Players for some time now and so stick to those. I like Maclean's better than say Gibbs, not only because of the taste, but because I've tried Gibbs and think Macleans does better work on nicotine stains. Great believer in peroxide. I prefer Club brand Orangeade cos it's sweeter. I always wear the same model shoe as I'm comfortable when wearing this type. Why change? No, I don't think advertising has so much to do with it. We've become deadened to the sales talk. It's been overdone. We have built up a resistance to it. We go to the films and see an ad for Horlicks. Do we rush out and try Horlicks or do we laugh at the absurdity of it all? I suggest the latter. A couple of months ago there was a

Capstan ad which was very startling and prominent. Everyone I knew merely admired the poster for its own sake. They didn't rush out to buy a few hundred of the things. As for myself, I've given them up completely and am now sticking to Player's. Washing powders? Well, they're all the same, anyway..... Re. commercial TV..Well, in USA it has brought to view jazz men like Ory and Lewis, whilst Australia, I believe, has a coverage on Rugby League, so why grumble ?

.....
Would you like to contemplate my navel ?
.....

ARCHIE MERCER 434/4 Newark Road, N. Hykeham, Lincoln.

I settled down to read last Friday's Melody Maker. (Yesterday was Tuesday, but deliveries are late round these parts). I was absorbed in the trad reviews or something when a knock came. It was the good lady with the morning post. (I TOLD YOU deliveries are late). Principally comprising Bren. I didn't panic. I undid it, laid it carefully on the table, and returned to the MM. Having perused the latter to my satisfaction, I turned on the gramophone for my regular evening sesh, then put in 25 minutes on the concertina. Then, and only then, did I come to close quarters with BRENNSCHLUSS. The rest of the evening - weather permitting, I'll come to that - SHOULD have been thoroughly enjoyable. It was, up to a point.

Having finished it, which took some doing the quantity is at least some excuse for the abovementioned belatitude - where am I? Oh yes - I made myself a cuppa cocoa and was just enjoying it when the caravan roof began to blow off. I rushed outside to look for brickbats, bonked the biggest one I could find on the flapping part, and returned to my cocoa - to find the holes where where the skylights ought to go when I get a chance to fix them open once again to the sky. It was raining at the time, too. I rushed outside again, located the temporary felt covering that had taken off and borrowed a rickety ladder. Climbed up with the swine, tried to throw it back in place and it blew up in my face. However, I got a load of brickbats and managed to peg it down tempo(ADVERT) rarily. And there it'll have to stay - unless it blows off again - until the week-end. If the week-end's wet, that means indefinitely. AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT. (Well, I gotta blame SOMEBODY).

Then about Joan Carr's piece on adverts, I can ramble on indefinitely. In general, I detest the advertising profession. I consider them to be an utterly unfair means of trying to make the gull-

ible individual - of who there are far too many - part with his hard earned money on something he doesn't really want - or didn't before he saw the ad - thereby going without something he really wanted even more. In particular, I hate ads that blatantly contradict each other - for example, if two brands of - say - detergent each claim to wash things whiter than any other brand, it's obvious that something's up the creek. I think there should be a sort of Board of Trade court where any advertiser would be compelled to either back up his claim or publish a retraction.

(In the favour of ads, of course, is the fact that certain things such as newspapers would be prohibitively expensive without them. On the other hand, the things advertised, were there to be a general agreement by rival "sets" on restraining their advertising expenditure would presumably be cheaper still. But a more personal objection to advertising is that many of the country's best humorous writers - any country's for that matter - are wasting thier talent on writing copy for ads. Bloch's case in point. Dunno if he's still one, but I understand he has been an ad copywriter. Probably wrote some extremely clever ones too - thereby depriving fanzines or prozines of some first class humorous writing. Quite by chance, I discovered some years ago that one of my favourite humourists, R.J.Yeatman was now copywriting for a living. And so on.

Conversely. I like some ads for quite illogical reasons. I always read the Horlicks strips - skipping over what the Doctor said - and have a warm place in my heart for the stuff (which I loathe) Come to that, I can't think at the moment of a single example of a product I like and its ads.

.....
Why, does it come without being called? (Mercatorial reply to a well known advertising slogan) {{ No prizes offered }}
.....

LITERALLY BURNT OUT (Title courtesy of the VARGO STATTEN magazine) In which the editors make their final remarks. BEGINING with IRENE

Naturally you've heard of BRENNSCHLUSS I. The story has been handed down, from father to son from generation to generation. Therefore it may surprise some of you to learn that this little effort is BRENNSCHLUSS II (that is it will surprise you if you have not yet observed the front cover). It surprises me anyway. I haven't even seen the front cover yet. (The time of writing is Sunday).

In this ish we have a varied selection of material (please to contemplate "Contents Page" - which should be situated somewhere near the beginning of these pages - Thankyou). We are indebted to our contributors for their kind patience and understanding, their faith in us and the contributions themselves of course.

I am fully aware that various words upon various pages are misspelled or/and mis-typed. Also that you wouldn't notice this in any case because you can't see the printing. Still it's all very jolly and all that.

However, Potter tells me that BRENNSCHLUSS III will be entirely different in this respect. You know - Gloss Paper, 42 different colours, even edging - the works. To which I reply, "Oh".

AND FINISHING with KEN

This issue is rather unsatisfactory in some ways. This can all be blamed on the fact that we've been trying to work the policy of a monthly with a semi-yearly. All this controversy about advertising, for instance, would be very interesting if its origins were not lost in the mists of time. We had intended to use the kind of material that stretches for issues, from serious controversy to Hoffman Steam Calliope type stuff. We had also intended to have long letter columns, consisting of matters springing from the last issue. With a five hundred yearly like BRENNSCHLUSS, this obviously can't be done.

We will have to present, then, large lumps of BRENN, instead of a continuous stream of BREN

Do not be fooled, by the way, into thinking that this is a large fanzine. Although it has 60 pages (with covers) most faneds could have packed the same amount of reading matter into half the space. As we've indicated, this lavish presentation will be extended even more next time. The duplicating could be better, we realise. It will.

At the time of writing, the expected call up has not arrived. unless a stop press item appears somewhere, SFurness is still functioning until further notice, regardless of the editorial, which was written under the assumption that Britain needs young men like me.

Finally, a confession. Dave Wood does not exist. He is a hoax, created by myself and Derek Pickles in '02.

In a publication which is known as "The Patchwork Book", and subtitled "A pilot omnibus for children", the following remarkable directions occur, under the title of "Ingenious Oddities"

HOW TO CALL UP A FAIRY.

An Ancient Recipe.

Gette a square christall in length three inches. Lay the christall in the bloude of a white henne, three Wednesdaies and three Frydaies. Take it out, wash it with Holy Aq. Take three hazle sticks an yeare groth, peel them fair and white. Write the fayrie's name in bloude mixt with inke. Write on eche stick. Then burie them under some hill wher cat fayries haunte the Wednesdaie before you call her. The Fridaie following, take them uppe and call her at eight or three or tenn of the clock, but be in clene life and turn thy face towards East. You may command thys fayrie to the utmost.

Now obviously, most readers of "The Patchwork Book" would not be willing to undertake the necessary labour to summon up fairies. Fans, I hope, are more enterprising. I for one certainly intend to arrive at the next convention with my personal fairy attendant. Who knows, they may yet replace zapp guns.



still burning up.....and out!

.....Brennschluss



THE CULTURED FANZINE.



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