

HYPHEN

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TOTO#2

NEW YORK LETTER

Since Walter hadn't requested me to write my New York Letter for some time, I assumed either that he felt I had violated some rule in the journalistic code by spending two months on the staff of a rival magazine (an American publication by the name of GALAXY) or--and I prefer not to think about this for more than a second at a time--that I had been dropped by popular acclaim. However, upon hearing that I have been going around telling everybody that he smokes sulfadiazine, Walter hastily wrote me that nothing would me more evocative of faint pleasure for him than to receive a New York Letter from me. And so, with equal handsomeness, I will retract the base canard I have been spreading. It is not true that Walter Willis smokes sulfadiazine; he sniffs sulfamerazine.

Everybody is undoubtedly rather agog to know why I left GALAXY. Contrary to popular rumour, Horace Gold did not throw typewriters at me (he has only one such machine and it is very dear to him). The real reason was that Mrs Gold happens, through one of those coincidences that occur so frequently in real life and so seldom in literature, to be named Ermengarde also.

The phone would ring.

I would answer it.

"Ermengarde?"

"Yeh," I would reply in the quiet cultured accents suitable to the dignity of an editorial office, "this is her."

"Ermengarde, what's wrong with you?" the telephone would wail. "You sound perfectly awful! Why don't you lie down and call a throat specialist at once?"

This kept going on for weeks until my ego was so depressed that every time one of the goldfish snarled at me I would burst into tears. So I quit; there was nothing else I could do. I understand I have been replaced by Sam Merwin and a marmoset.*

Of course there was a bright side to this pleonastic compellation. Whenever Mr Gold would call "Ermengarde!" each one of us would affect to think it was the other he meant. Thus, neither one of us answered, and he had to do whatever he wanted done himself. This was very good for his character and he ^{would} undoubtedly have risen to be editor of GALAXY, if it hadn't been for the unfortunate fact that he already held that position.

* I have no exciting news of the science fiction world to relate, because, owing to my having changed my address, the Hydra Club announcements arrive a day after the meetings have taken place. Of course I could give the secretary my new number but that would be the coward's way out. Furthermore, I have been lying low ever since, as an ardent devotee of science fiction, I undertook some scientific experiments myself--on the colour of my hair. There are so many days when I can go out only at night, heavily veiled (so, even if people see the hair, they won't know it's I underneath it). I wouldn't mention such a personal matter in the public prints except that everybody is so confoundedly polite and pretends that he or she doesn't notice that my hair has now turned bright green, when I am bursting to tell people about how I mixed the chemicals with my own little white (now also green) hands and wasn't it clever of me to get even the roots emerald so nobody can tell it isn't natural. I don't claim credit for the fact that it now shoots sparks--that was a purely fortuitous result.

*Mr Gold has pointed out that my departure had such a salutary effect upon GALAXY that its circulation immediately shot up to top place among science fiction magazines. He does not realise that this occurred because, although I am no longer with the publication, I have left a part of myself behind me--to wit, a finger, which got caught in a desk drawer.

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THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

...TAA LA?

BOB TUCKER

He arrived!

I'm sorry that I can't remember which day he arrived, for I was down in the bar and the Philadelphia convention had not yet started, so there was no official program to guide me. Once the giant clambake really got rolling I had no difficulty in determining the days. The barflies had worked out an ingenious system for keeping up with the Convention without once setting foot in the hall. Seventh Fandom runners would bring in almost hourly reports and our Intelligence Operatives would decode and evaluate the dispatches; by consulting the program and making due allowances for bumbling chairmen, longwinded speakers and parliamentary snarls, the Operatives were able not only to discover which day it was but often able to ascertain the approximate time of day.

For example: a breathless runner would dash through the door with his face flushed in victory, to loudly shout: "Wow! A Bergey BEM for only twenty bucks! Real George!" As the bouncer ejected the lad we would huddle over the program booklet and evaluate the news. An auction was scheduled for Saturday, September 5th, from eight until nine in the evening. Someone would recall that about four hours ago a great mob of fans had descended on the bar in order to avoid a speech by Willy Ley. So we would decide that it was now Saturday evening, after eight o'clock. The system never failed us, and we were spared the necessity of running from hall to bar to avoid the speeches. We just stayed there.

But he arrived some time prior to the official opening.

Pat Mahaffey (the equally beautiful sister of Bea) and I were sitting in the bar sipping Streptococci Chasers when it happened. Without warning she suddenly hissed in my ear, "Sssssttt!" Wiping my sodden eardrum with the end of somebody's necktie, I turned to her.

"Good stuff, isn't it?" And hoisted my glass.

But she was staring across the room, her lovely brown eyes large and round with awe. Her dainty jaw hung a trifle agape. "Jeeze," she said in a whisper that carried the length of the room, "pipe the beaver!"

I followed her glance and perceived Mr Campbell, with beard. There was a choking sound behind me as someone else discovered him.

Pat asked, "Is he a faaaaaan?"

"No," I said stoutly, springing to the defence of a much maligned fandom. "Can't be. Probably one of those Air Force chaps." (It should be explained here that two other conventions were sharing the hotel with us, a reunion of wartime paratroopers and a Negro civic organisation.) "Watch him now," I advised the girl. "As soon as he downs that drink he will leap to his feet and shout 'Geronimo!'"

But the unpredictable Mr Campbell made a liar of me. He did rise to his feet and the group at his table slowly did likewise, uncomprehending. Mr Campbell stiffly extended his hand, arm and drink to assume a rigid stance. "To the Queen!" he shouted. At once the noise in the bar dropped to a respectful silence as everyone

Down in the forest something stirred

turned to watch the foreigner. The group at his table, now aware of what was expected of them, stretched forth their glasses and replied, "To the Queen!" Mr. Campbell muttered in his beard, "Victoria, of course," and threw the fiery liquid down his throat.

Pat tugged at my sleeve. "Who is Victoria?"

"I'm not sure," I told her. "Some important personage in Australia, I believe. At least, they have a state or province or something by that name there." But I added reflectively, "Of course, I may be thinking of Borneo." Pat was impressed.

A person hasn't really lived until he has witnessed Bert Campbell toasting Victoria, the beard wagging waggishly. And that was my introduction to the great man. I was destined to see him perhaps half a dozen times in the course of the weekend and each meeting was one fraught with significance. Once he sold me a dirty fanzine. Well do I recall his sparkling sales technique, his promise of infinite riches as he conducted the transaction. It was in the privacy of his room and there were no more than eight or ten others present at the time.

"Tucker!" he ejaculated, staring at me. "So you're Tucker. My Boy, I have something for you." And from under the bed he pulled a stack of fanzines, slipping off the top one and coyly hiding the title with his hand. "Give me a dollar."

I was astounded. "What in the hell for?"

He winked mischievously, wagged the fabulous beaver, and moved his hand slightly. I looked down and saw the word ~~SEX~~ glaring from the cover. Whipping out a dollar I pressed it into his hand and quickly stuffed the hot fanzine under my shirt. Later I tore off the cover and openly carried the journal about the hotel premises.

Upon another occasion, during a dangerous and unprecedented moment, a small group of us deserted the bar to visit a neighbouring hotel where a big wheel from New York was holding court and the liquor was free. Mr. Campbell was among the group and so I appointed myself his guardian, knowing he was unfamiliar with American traffic. As we paused beside the curb I held up an admonishing finger. "Mind the lorry!" Mr. Campbell glared at me with a pained expression, which was most disconcerting. I wondered if I had committed some breach of protocol and hastened to repair the damage. "The traffic moves on the right here," I explained, "but this is a one-way street so it moves on both the right and left." He only stared rudely at me; but he was dangerously near the curb. "It's coming from behind you," I said nervously. "Look yonder." He did not look, he continued to inspect me. I must confess I then lost my temper. "Oh to hell with the goddam lorry," I snapped at him. "Just stand in front of that truck and watch what happens!"

Actually, we were spared the bloody sight of Mr Campbell decorating the Philadelphia street with his all. The truck driver saw Mr Campbell first and turned to stare. He spat in his hand, smacked a fist into the spittle and cried, "Beaver!" which is an old American custom. While I was explaining this old American custom to Mr Campbell, the truck driver ran through a red light and hit a passing street car. We wandered into a nearby restaurant for dinner.

The droll fellow kept the diners in stitches.

First we went through the "Victoria" routine once more and damned if half the restaurant clientele didn't rise with him. I saw by the expressions on their faces that they didn't know Victoria either. The pianist, eager to welcome a foreigner to these shores, broke into the soft strains of "Mother Machree." Mr Campbell turned to glare at him, which he interpreted as encouragement and went on with a few rousing bars of "Galway Bay." Meanwhile our waiter stood humbly by, taking our orders and striving desperately to understand Mr Campbell without seeming to be rude. Sensing his predicament, I offered my services as translator and stated Mr Campbell's wants in English. The waiter was obviously grateful and gave me an extra pat of butter. As it was, the meal ended with several pieces of silverware, some hardrolls, a napkin and a sprig of putsley in Mr Campbell's voluminous pock-

ets. There was no room left for an uneaten piece of steak so Pat Mahaffey obligingly put it in her purse for later.

There were but three more contacts with the beaver.

One doesn't count because he was out cold on the floor of his room. The rest of us trooped back and forth over his prostrate body, helping ourselves to the contents of his suitcase and bureau drawers, but remembering to close the door as we left. We didn't want him to catch cold in the draft of the corridor. We later discounted his angry charge that someone had picked his pockets.

A second occasion was his politicking just before the vote was taken to choose next year's convention site. Mr Campbell ran up and down the long rows of chairs, handing out favours, bandying wit with Seventh Fandom members, thumping strangers on the back and stepping on toes. Despite all this, he managed to garner sixty votes for London.

My last and most memorable contact with the gentleman was an excursion four of us made to see a burlesque show: Dave Kyle, Larry Shaw, Campbell and myself. How it warmed the cockles of my heart to see the simple fellow enjoy himself! He would howl with unrestrained laughter as the comedians pulled their sexy jokes, shout and stamp and whistle in high glee as the strippers "took it off", and otherwise carry on as a red-blooded American boy might do. Dave Kyle was likewise touched by his eager reaction and bought for him a little sealed envelope containing girlie pictures. Afterwards, Mr Campbell stopped me a moment on the sidewalk in front of the theatre. "Tell me," he said earnestly, "what the devil was that all about? I couldn't seem to follow the plot."

Oh yes---there is one more bit to add. Coming home from the theater we passed a window display of a casket manufacturer. There in the window was the most beautiful, the most expensive coffin this side of a Hollywood cemetery.

"Ah yes," Mr Campbell said, gazing at the display. "America."

One hasn't really lived until one has watched Mr Campbell enjoy a burlesque show and an expensive coffin in the same evening.

THE FILLY AND THE FIGHT DOWNSTAIRS

BERT CAMPBELL

Dear Miss Tucker,

I've just read your libellous account of my visit to the Philadelphia Convention and I can tell you quite plainly that my solicitors will hear from you pretty damned quick. How could you lie about me so? After it was my ten dollars that got you out of the pen when you chased that stripper through the curtains! (Thank Ghod I had twenty, or I'd have had to stay there alone.)

To begin with, your description of my entrance is inaccurate and lacking in many particulars. When I walked into the bar of the hotel, Pat Mahaffey was in no condition to speak to anyone, let alone you---to whom she wouldn't speak to save her life, unless that were the only reason. She was staring at me and was oblivious to all else around her---except perhaps to the roll of drums that accompanied my entrance, and which you, in mean spite and jealousy, neglected to mention. Pat stared because she'd never seen anything like this before, so she told me afterwards. She couldn't believe it was true. She still doesn't, I think.

And then you didn't mention the purple helmet with orange ostrich feathers I was wearing. I must say I thought it was rather fetching, and several of the fans eyed me

... It was only the song of a Bert.

in a way that was faintly disturbing. You eyed me, too. Difference with you was that when I moved, your eyes stayed where they were. Bloch told me you'd been like that for six hours. They couldn't do a thing with you---and come to think of it, you did look a bit like hair that had just been washed. In gin.

So I sat down at your table, and what happened? You offered me TEA! Thank God Forry Ackerman was there to let me have a sip of his rum and beer or I'd have taken the next plane home.

And you lie, barefacedly (something I could never do) when you say I stood up and shouted "To the Queen!" Dash it all, old chap, that's not the way it's done. Think bad! and you may remember that I said "Gentlemen, The Queen!" You see, for a moment I forgot I was in America. Must have been the sweet and gentle behaviour of Randy Garrett that caused me to forget, eh?

And Victoria, for your information, is a railroad terminus in London. Men of perception toast it because it's the first step in getting out of this damned country. Anyway, I was born there, so what? Wanna fight me over it, like you did Isaac Asimov when he said that THE LONG LOUD SILENCE could never be mistaken for an autobiography? He licked you, didn't he? Yah!

I know you can't count above ten unless you take your shoes off, but there was no need to say that there were only ten people in my room when I sold you that piece of classic literature. You know darned well there were two hundred and ten, because you stopped each one of them at the door and made them pay a nickel before you'd let them in. Remember? I made 'em pay a nickel before I let them out, and you and I split the citty.

Wasn't that a wonderful party, Bob? Wasn't it, eh? Remember when Evelyn Gold took off---oh, no, you wouldn't remember that; you were trying to pull lizards off the wall at the time. Anyway, Evelyn took off Winston Churchill---and a wonderful imitation it was. At least, I suppose it was an imitation.

Another dirty lie is when you say I was out cold on the floor. It was you who was out. But you weren't cold. Oh, brother how the steam rose from you! And you weren't on the floor either. You were leaning at a precarious angle so that you could see through the slats of the venetian blinds and watch the girls undress across the way. You just went to sleep like that and we left you until the sun came up. Then you opened your eyes and went into a coma.

Your account of our visit to the big wheel's place is more or less correct. That you didn't mention was how you poured a can of beer on the carpet and then got me to sit in it by placing Pat Mahaffey lusciously nearby. Nor did you say how much fun you all had as we walked back to the hotel---pointing out my wet pants to every passer-by and yelling "He's an Englishman; can't hold his liquor!" Queer sense of humour you fellows have. You laughed at that, yet when I put mustard in your coffee at dinner, you actually cried. Funny lot, yanks.

At this dinner the waiter certainly was confused, as you say. But his dilemma was not due to my accent but because I asked him for bread and he kept bringing me cake. I think he'd got his classics mixed or thought I was a Frenchman. Anyway, I don't think I looked starved. And you got it wrong about me pinching the stuff. True, the silverware, the rolls and the napkin were in my pocket, but the sprig of parsley was in my beard---placed there by a fan who kept bobbing up and down all the time so's I couldn't recognise him. And Pat didn't put the steak in her purse for later. She put it there for me. She loves me, so what the hell?

So! You rifled my things while I was sleeping off the effects of somebody or other's speech (you know who, huh?). I knew somebody stole my sword! Right from the minute I saw that it was missing from my suit of armour, I knew some dirty fan had claimed it as a souvenir. And it was you! You who don't stand inch high to a millimeter; you who keeps telling everybody there are only three best-known personalities in sf, when everybody knows there are four; you who wrung my blood out of the carpet and drank it after I'd cut myself on my razor. YOU stole my sword! Lot of good it'll do you; it's

as blunt as the things the hotel manager said to you when he saw what you did in the elevator.

The burlesque show. Aeeei-yeei! That was good, huh, Bob? Wasn't it, huh? The way you got up there on that stage and started to drop your clobber nearly killed me. And the dagger that girl drew out of her panties nearly killed you, didn't it? Laugh, I nearly died. Still, you shouldn't have done to her what you did. She only does it for a living; she doesn't get any fun out of it like you do. Boy, was your face red where her fingernails ripped the skin off. Dave Kyle, sitting next to me, was shocked into silence. He didn't know you had any blood. I told him it wasn't yours. It was mine; sucked up out of the carpet when I cut myself on my razor. I'm gonna keep on telling people how you sucked that blood. Everyone I meet, I'm gonna tell 'em about the way Bob Tucker gets his protein. I'm gonna make you look SMALL.

But I think you overstepped the bounds of good taste—even American good taste, for which you don't have to step too high---when you made one of the girls sit on Larry Shaw's lap and feed him bourbon while you sold him a story for IF that you hadn't even written yet. Wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been the same story I sold the same way to Jeff Cogg of METEOR STORIES.

Whatdya mean, there ain't no such man or mag? Somebody been kidding me? Who was that feller, said he was Cogg? Just thought, maybe it was Ellison--said he was Ghod. Could be.

And that coffin. Bob, you should have told them you weren't kidding about that. And you should have told them what it was like. You should have mentioned that it was in gleaming golden bronze, covered with carvings; that it was lined with lush red velvet, padded and pinned; that it had a fat cylindrical pillow, covered with red velvet and with a long tassel hanging from one end; that the lid was on elaborate golden hinges and was lined with upholstered velvet in the same way. You should have told them that it cost \$3000.

And maybe you should have told them what you told me as we stood in Philadelphia's neon light and stared at this decadent example of American plenty. You said "All I'm waiting for is a neon cross---with the eyes of Jesus flashing." I'll remember that, Bob. You put it in a nutshell.

Still, let's not be sad. Let's be gay, as we were when we walked back to the hotel and found the fellow asleep on your bed. Remember? He woke up and said "Have they started the Con yet?" You told him it was all over. Then we looked at you. For three days and nights, you hadn't noticed this fellow in your bed. We looked at you hard, and began to doubt some of the stories you'd been telling us about those three nights. We knew there must be some other reason for the hollow cheeks, the drooping eyelids, the sagging jaw, the bent knees. Now we knew that you hadn't, as you told us, been sitting up all night writing stories.

This could go on for ever, couldn't it, Bob. It was a wonderful time I had there. And I'm thanking you now for the part you played in making the magic for me. Not just you, but all the many people like you. And I found quite a few. You gave me a stock of memories that will last a long time. Not all of them are pleasant, but most of them are. I only wish I could be with you every year. I only hope that I'll be with you again---soon. You're a grand bunch of guys.

THE FANCYCLOPOEDIA

THE IMMORTAL STORM

And now.....

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR

Coming shortly

He is the first bull to carry his own china shop with him.

THE SOUPCON REPORT

BY

BOB SHAW

Convention day dawned bright and fair over the Castlereagh Hills and the Soupcon welcoming committee rose early in preparation for the events that were to take place during the day. The fine weather was a good omen but deep in their hearts the Con committee were, new that the time had come, doubtful as to whether they could handle the complexities of the massive undertaking. After all this was the first actual convention to be held in Belfast, and although it was thought that the attendance figures might be decreased by the simultaneous running of the Coroncon, it was going to be a huge task to see that all went well.

However, having broke fast, the Welcoming Committee sped swiftly in the direction of the main entrance to the city to await the arrival of the fans who would be arriving from all parts of Lancaster Avenue. The whole operation was put over smoothly and in record time the visiting fan contingent had been directed to the waiting conveyances and were whisked away to the Convention Hall.

A rough idea of the general happy mood of the affair can be had from this snatch of conversation between Handsome Bob Shaw and Guaranteed Genuine George Charters, who had arrived travel-stained and weary from Bangor.

B. Well, George, it's not much farther now.

G. Good.

B. Why? I'm not going too fast for you am I?

G. No, it's not that. I'm just afraid of a policeman seeing us, and my coat is getting all rusty from rubbing against your handlebars.

B. George, it's hard enough trying to pedal for two without you fidgeting so much. Every time you wiggle you change gear.

Having arrived at Oblique House, the chosen site, the Welcoming Committee helped the visitors to get sorted out and they all trooped into the banqueting hall in a happy, laughing bunch.

Once the introductory sessions were over the Chairman, a Mr B. Shaw, invited the visiting pro editors to make a few remarks. G. Charters (who headed this panel by virtue of having Had His Name In Hard Covers) rose and delivered a few well chosen words. Here is an extract from his speech.

".....and we are all very much indebted to Mr Willis for letting us use this fine hall for our main sessions," he said, absently flicking away some small lumps of coal which had adhered to the seat of his trousers. "Also, I am overjoyed to see that the Coroncon has not attracted too many fans away from our own Soupcon----bilingually so called because of course it was intended to be a small convention."

This speech was very well received by the audience, who applauded to a man. The next item was a debate between the pro authors and fans. The subject chosen was 'Has Contemporary Tibetan pulp writing had a decisive influence on the portrayal of Kimball Kinnison?' The pro authors, represented by Bob Shaw among whose better known works are extracts from the Fansmanship Lectures in STARDLING and a letter to ANSWERS in 1949. The fans were represented by none other than Geo McCoy Charters, well known in fandom for the tee-hee type letters he writes to Vince 'Peter' (short for petrified) Clarke.

RE REPRINTS

The following is a letter Eric Frank Russell has been sending to several of his friends in the sf field.

"I could use your advice if you'd care to give it. Right now I'm involved in a fight with my agent and certain publishers. Cause of the trouble is my refusal to permit anthologised stories to be reanthologised a second, third or maybe fourth time. So far I've taken up the attitude that one anthologising is enough, except of course for foreign reprints.

My reason for this: the belief that it's unfair to fans that they should pay hard-earned cash for collections holding the same stories as they've got in earlier books. When, for example, a new anthology comes out with a dozen yarns four of which have been anthologised previously, and the fan has to buy those four a second time to get the wanted eight, I think it's a swindle.

The arguments against me are that earlier anthologies are out of date, even the ones still selling. The fans don't care if they have to buy twice. The fans don't matter anyway. The guy who turns down easy money is a fool, etc etc.

I'm not infallible and I could be wrong. Maybe the readers don't give a hoot. On the other hand, I might be right. Possibly the readers object to repetition. There's only one way to find out and that's to ask them. So I'm asking you.

I'd appreciate it if you'd drop me a brief letter saying how you feel about it when you have to pay $\$3.00$ for a book and find it contains material you already have in some other $\$3.00$ book. Don't you mind? Or do you feel sore?

Upon what you say depends whether or not I maintain my ban. To date a couple of yarns have slipped into repetition before I could prevent it. I'm permitting no more pending result of this, my personal poll of the readership.

Please don't expect extensive correspondence with me---I just can't cope with all coming in right now. But for your considered opinion I shall be genuinely grateful.

Cordially yours,

Eric Frank Russell

In a later letter to me EFR mentions that he has refused reprinting of about four stories after four others had slipped through before he could stop them. Also that he has turned down a $\$1,000$ pocketbook contract for material already anthologised. "I know of no reason why the sf game should not be played straight."

In these days of Browne and Spillane it seems to me that fans will be both pleased and surprised to find that one noted author at least has their interests at heart enough to forgo financial gain rather than be a party to something he considers unfair. I thought some of you might like to return the compliment by letting EFR know just what you do think about this business. If you'd like to send your opinions to me (preferably on a separate piece of paper from your extravagant praise of this magazine) I'll pass them on to him. We can let him know either that we agree with and appreciate his stand or that we think it's a case of caveat emptor, so that he can abandon his quixotic position and cash in with the others. What we shouldn't do is leave him in doubt.

RANDOM

CHUCK HARRIS

"My advice to you," he said, "you cringing neofan without the courage of any Seventh fan-ed, is to sit down at that new typer of yours, drink a glass of whiskey, beat on your breast a few times, and write the first 2000 words that come into your head about the things you dislike most in sf and fandom."

This is typical Willis cunning. He knows perfectly well that my Dad runs the local Temperance Guild, and he deliberately omits to mention which breast I should beat..... still, if that's the way 'Harps' get written, I'm quite willing to have a go. I shall beat both breasts, but if I finish up as an Alcoholic Fanonymous, remember it was Willis who made a fannish martyr out of me.

I don't really know that I can write 2000 words about my Black List. Apart from the Rev. Calvin Thomas Beck, Ed Wood, Eva Firestone, Derek Pickles, Brian Burgess, John Russell Fearn, Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, Ken Beale, Kay Tarrant, Dr. E.E. Smith Ph.D., Bert Campbell, Dave Cohen, Howard Frobisher, Alan Henderson, G.M. Carr, Mrs. Nellie Sollieback, Richard Shaver, Micheal Spillane, Philip Duerr, (who owes me half a crown), Mr and Mrs Rog Phillips, Mr. Ziff, Mr. Davis, Vivian van Damm, Bill Venable, E.E. Evans, The Medway Mob, The Manchester Group, Capt. Slater, (when he's writing fanzine reviews), John Gunn, and the whole of Seventh Fandom en bloc, masse and in toto, ---- apart from these I think I like almost everybody else except Willis and James White.

Naturally, with even a small list like this I can't spend much time on each personality. Besides, the laws about libel and slander are far stricter in the U.K. than they are in the States.

RAP is one of my betest noires, and it's a sort of fannish custom to crucify him before getting down to the hoi-polloi. The Shaver Mystery is the usual reason --and I see no point in getting all original and thinking up something else. At a distance he seems quite a nice guy, but every time you pick up his zine, there he is yakking away about deros again. Sometimes I even think that he actually believes in them. The last time I read OTHER WORLDS he was carrying on about how 'he even goes to the Caves' in search of plots. He 'listens for Voices.' From RAP's usual style, I would have thought the boudoir was more of his stamping ground.

The logical thing to do here would be dismember Lemuria and Dick Shaver. The hell with it, --- I'd much rather write about somebody who's going to read my stuff afterwards. There's always a chance of goading them into Writing A Letter To The Editor.

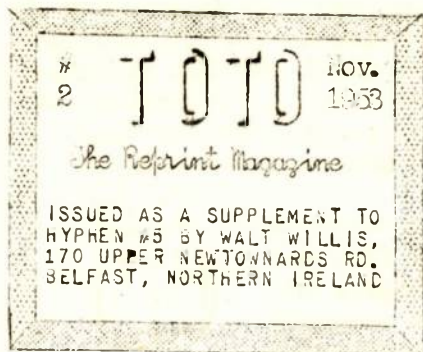
I think Beck is on the subscription list. If not, perhaps we can send him an uncomplimentary copy. Once upon a time he used to try to impress us by calling himself The Rev Calvin Thomas Beck, but either he's been unfrocked and cast out into the wilderness, or else he's got all democratic enough to drop the handle. He writes a mediocre column for ASFO. His news is usually history, his forecasts are all..... well, incorrect. At present he's trying to peddle his brand of Xtianity to fandom, andorganise an anti-Catholic crusade.

Next.

F.C. Davis once offered some valuable advice to Eva Firestone. In the letter column of "Incinerations" he said, "Eva, don't be so goddam sincere." Unfortunately, she ignored him.

Burgess..... is, I think, part of my fate. He is also a serious constructive fan, and wears a cloth cap to show that he belongs to the proleteriat. He reads Good Books and political autobiographies in the intervals between prozines,

But I prefer



AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
by Royal H. Drummond
(from 'Luckspeak' No. 3,
FAPA Mng. 59)

In 'Horizons' Harry Warner, in his comments on my last issue, says, "I would like to know precisely what functions in life

Royal H. Drummond fills. The descriptions of his personal life, habits, and activities scattered in this issue are baffling."

Coooooh, Mr Warner, what you said!

For me, there's nothing quite so pleasant as talking or writing about myself. My interest in this sub-

ject is deep, fascinated and inexhaustible, and no activity is quite so rewarding as that of communicating to others the myriad entrancing facets of my personality. The 'I' key on my typer has had to be replaced three times, so often is it used. Surprisingly, the audiences that can be persuaded to stand still for such discourse are few and far between, and most of the time I am reduced to talking to myself.

So you can imagine my glee when I read these words of Harry's. There, delivered into my hands, was a large group of intelligent people who gladly read every word I write in the faint hope of finding something worth while. And one of them has actually asked for it. Not dignity!

I didn't even finish the mailing, but darted down the basement stair, whipped the cover from my typewriter, and tapped out three double-spaced pages of light whimsical description of myself, family, surroundings, hobbies, and philosophies. Two weeks later, after mulling the article over, I added two more pages--single spaced this time--illuminating certain aspects of my existence that required more emphasis than was at first realised. Then I put it away in the 'Must Publish' file.

Time passed, the FAPA deadline drew nigh--I sat at my red-edged table, pencil in hand, for just one last perusal before stencilling. Delete a word here, add a comma there, one last look at Roget, fix that split infinitive---everyone knows how it goes when a piece of writing is very important. Well, it turned out to be pretty good, if I do say so myself, pretty darn good.

One last time I went through it, metaphorically turning myself into a couple of other guys who wanted to know what this fellow Drummond was really like. I smiled quietly at a particularly apt phrase, laughed outright at a penetrating witticism, nodded sagely as a telling point was made. Suddenly a warning bell sounded in my mind. My eyes swept back over the sentence just read:

"I am the only man in the world who has ever been bitten by a deer."

Rather sweeping statement, isn't it. No semanticist I, but even to me there is something a little too grandiose about that sentence. It is perfectly true that I was once bitten by a deer, but am I the only man who has suffered so? In the whole world? Ever?

Uh-uh.

I tried amending it, thusly:

"I am probably the only man in the world who has been bitten by a deer."

Nope, still too all-inclusive. Considering the habits of known deer, the statement is fairly safe, but suppose tomorrow someone were to discover a species of carnivorous deer which preys on a lost tribe at the headwaters of the Amazon. Why, I'd be the laughing stock of FAPA! Even disregarding that possibility, what if the statement were challenged on the basis of credibility; what data had I to support it? None whatsoever.

Well, I thought, how about limiting the field to Seattle. Perhaps that could be verified. So the next day I spent a couple of hours combing the library---result negative. Success! No record anywhere of a deer biting a man in Seattle. However, my elation was shortlived. A horrid suspicion sent me back to search for records of dog

"Surber, I say to you in all seriousness I'm going to be rich."

bites. Everyone knows that people are occasionally bitten by dogs. Yet to my utter disgust I found that no one seemed to be sufficiently interested in such happenings to keep track of them. Certainly, deer bites would only bore people of that scandalously indifferent nature. People could get themselves devoured by deer every day, at high noon in the busiest street in town, and these negligent people, whoever they might be, would ignore it completely. Obviously, they could not be depended on to prove my point.

Home again, I gazed dejectedly at the offending words. It seemed as though all mention of the incident would have to be omitted from the article. But (I said excitedly to myself) it is a fact, a highly interesting fact, in my life. It is an integral factor in the sequence of events that have made me what I am today. Even now, long after it happened, I remember the occurrence vividly, and not a year goes by but that I am reminded of it. The discerning people who read this sketch will not be satisfied with a mere description of my present character. They will want to know what has formed me thus. It would be unfair to leave them ignorant of this vitally important incident.

So I pondered. Then, quick like a batheon, the solution wrote itself in words of fire on the surface of my mind. Triumphantly the pencil mimicked it.

"I am the only man of my age presently living at 2312 44th Ave. SW, Seattle, Washington who has been bitten by a deer."

That's all. Just wanted to let the readers know how scrupulously every word that appears in this sterling publication is weighed for denotation, connotation, and spelling. Not for me the slipshod, hastily fabricated, wordy bits of airy nothingness that are found in, for example, the London Times. Meaty, solid, factual, absolute accuracy---those are some of my watchwords. (I got a million of them.) You Can Put Your Confidence In Gen-- er, Duckspeak.

The article? Well, I have decided it needs a little more thought, a trifle more careful consideration. Where there's one misstatement there may be more, you know.

"I once knew a fan who hated stories by Dr Keller so much that when he saw one in an issue he wouldn't read the story in front of it nor the one after!"

---F.J.A.

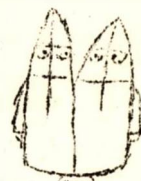
WIDNER'S LOVE LIFE
(from Speer's Sustaining Program,
Spring, 1942)

minutes too soon."

Art Widner told us this about a year ago; you can believe it or not. "She suddenly stood up and went to the door and flung it open. Drooling acid, she said, 'When you don't utterly disgust me you bore me to tears. Here's your hat and there's the door, and if I never see you again that will be exactly twenty-seven minutes too soon.' At that I stopped dead on the sill. 'Jet back, beautiful; did you just happen to say twenty-seven minutes, or did you get it out of a story?' 'No,' she said, 'I---are you reading Second Stage Lensman too? I've read everything Smith has written.' 'Lady,' I said, 'I've not only read Smith; I met him at a Convention last year, and I've got a line on the mystery of the Arisians.' 'Well, for goodness sake,' she said, shoving me back to the sofa, 'tell me about it. Have you met any of the other authors too? What---?'"

"Before the unimaginable power of those full-driven generators, the outer screens flared and went down like the doctrine of substance before Locke, Berkeley and Hume."

---Speer



"YOU'RE JUST MALADJUSTED."

"BUT I CAN'T TURN OFF MY FINE MIND!"

---WIDNER

RANDOM

CHUCK HARRIS

"My advice to you," he said, "you cringing neofan without the courage of any Seventh fan-ed, is to sit down at that new typer-of yours, drink a glass of whiskey, beat on your breast a few times, and write the first 2000 words that come into your head about the things you dislike most in sf and fandom."

This is typical Willis cunning. He knows perfectly well that my Dad runs the local Temperance Guild, and he deliberately omits to mention which breast I should beat..... still, if that's the way 'Harps' get written, I'm quite willing to have a go. I shall beat both breasts, but if I finish up as an Alcoholic Fanonymous, remember it was Willis who made a fannish martyr out of me.

I don't really know that I can write 2000 words about my Black List. Apart from the Rev. Calvin Thomas Beck, Ed Wood, Eva Firestone, Derek Pickles, Brian Burgess, John Russell Fearn, Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, Ken Beale, Kay Tarrant, Dr. E.E. Smith Ph.D., Bert Campbell, Dave Cohen, Howard Frobisher, Alan Henderson, G.M. Carr, Mrs. Nellie Sollieback, Richard Shaver, Micheal Spillane, Philip Duerr, (who owes me half a crown), Mr and Mrs Rog Phillips, Mr. Ziff, Mr. Davis, Vivian van Dam, Bill Venable, E.E. Evans, The Medway Mob, The Manchester Group, Capt. Slater, (when he's writing fanzine reviews), John Gunn, and the whole of Seventh Fandom en bloc, masse and in toto, ---- apart from these I think I like almost everybody else except Willis and James White.

Naturally, with even a small list like this I can't spend much time on each personality. Besides, the laws about libel and slander are far stricter in the U.K. than they are in the States.

RAP is one of my betest noires, and it's a sort of fannish custom to crucify him before getting down to the hoi-polloi. The Shaver Mystery is the usual reason --and I see no point in getting all original and thinking up something else. At a distance he seems quite a nice guy, but every time you pick up his zine, there he is yakking away about deros again. Sometimes I even think that he actually believes in them. The last time I read OTHER WORLDS he was carrying on about how 'he even goes to the Caves' in search of plots. He 'listens for Voices.' From RAP's usual style, I would have thought the boudoir was more of his stamping ground.

The logical thing to do here would be dismember Lemuria and Dick Shaver. The hell with it, --- I'd much rather write about somebody who's going to read my stuff afterwards. There's always a chance of goading them into Writing A Letter To The Editor.

I think Beck is on the subscription list. If not, perhaps we can send him an uncomplimentary copy. Once upon a time he used to try to impress us by calling himself The Rev Calvin Thomas Beck, but either he's been unfrocked and cast out into the wilderness, or else he's got all democratic enough to drop the handle. He writes a mediocre column for ASFO. His news is usually history, his forecasts are all..... well, incorrect. At present he's trying to peddle his brand of Xtianity to fandom, andorganise an anti-Catholic crusade.

Next.

F.C. Davis once offered some valuable advice to Eva Firestone. In the letter column of "Incinerations" he said, "Eva, don't be so goddam sincere." Unfortunately, she ignored him.

Burgess..... is, I think, part of my fate. He is also a serious constructive fan, and wears a cloth cap to show that he belongs to the proleteriat. He reads Good Books and political autobiographies in the intervals between prozines.

But I prefer

and he sold me a SLANT 1 & the Boncon. Burgess is even lower than a professional bookseller. Trusting fool that I am, I believed him when he said it was a Mint Copy. I paid him 9d, --- the full cover price --- and didn't bother to examine the magazine. After all the excitement had died down, and Bea had fled to France, I looked through the mag before filing it away in my collection. There, halfway down Page 5, was the biggest, dirtiest, damn thumbprint I've yet seen. BURGESS, YOU TOLD ME THAT WAS A MINT COPY.

That's not the only reason you're on the list though. You remember when we held the first BRE type smokefilled room in 146, (and nyaaaaaaah to the Northern Rustics who boast that their room was smokier or earlier than ours),? It was a nice sociable little crowd, and everyone was on their best behaviour because Bea, Rita Krohne, and Jesse Floyd were there, and we all wanted to give them a good impression of Anglofandom. Burgess, why couldn't you make whoopee quietly with that thimblefull of sherry and water that you were sipping? Haven't you any decent fundamental instincts? Whatever possessed you to start talking about science-fiction of all things, when everyone else was happily telling dirty jokes or quietly discussing sex.

Vivian Van Damm is really only a fringe fan. He is producer at the Windmill Theatre near Piccadilly Circus. This is a nonstop revue and burlesque house whose motto is, "We Never Closed". This refers to the way they kept open right through the blitz, when every other theatre in London closed down. One of these days the Hays Office of the theatrical world is going to push Vivian's motto right down his throat.

The piece de resistance of the current show is a scene with a fantasy bias, in which a beautiful nude virgin, (or so it says in the programme), is sacrificed to Ghueor some other pagan ghod. Naturally, as a Fan, I was interested in all this. It's the sort of newsy item I could use in a column somewhere. I'm not a regular patron of girly-shows, --- especially when the admission ticket costs 14/-, --- but I thought this would be really regular fanning in just the same way as stencil cutting is, so I went.

It's a very small place. There are only about 200 seats downstairs, and the whole lot are all at the same price. The clientele is exclusively male, and completely uninterested in conjurors, trick-cyclists or anything else except the dancing-girls. Everyone seems to suffer from astigmatism, and the management have barred telescopes and binoculars. Consequently, all of the customers are determined that they will sit in the first two rows or die in the attempt. The performances are continuous from noon to midnight, and are punctuated a glorious informal game of Musical Chairs. Climbing over the seats is strictly forbidden by another house-rule. The usual procedure is to take any seat, no matter how far back it is, just as long as it's on the aisle. Then, when somebody ahead of you leaves his seat, you quit yours and rush to take his. If you're a slow-poke, and somebody beats you to it, you find that somebody even farther back has taken your original seat, and you get stuck in the centre, and have to start all over again. Also, the other customers and even the resident comedian, are liable to make crude remarks about your state of health.

(You may ask what all this has to do with SF. That would be a very pertinent question, and one that I would rather not answer. I can only suggest that if you are really more interested in science fiction than in girly shows, you ask Willis for your ninepence back, and take Operation Fantast or some other high-class fanzine in future.)

I got to the third row in 20 minutes, polished my glasses and settled down to watch the show. It was all unfannish stuff, -- just dancing, and living statues, but I stayed awake because I didnt want to miss the sacrifice thing.

It was a swindle.

This blonde girl was spread-eagled on the alter in front of a volcano whilst a gang of wenches wearing G-strings and great big smiles danced a Polynesian fertility rite. The High Priest was in the centre of them doing a sort of sword dance with an Army surplus machete. After about five minutes of this stuff, the orchestra hotted it up, and the Priest bloke started waving his chopper over the blonde. This was really something, --- she looked as scared as a Bergey cover girl, and you could see that any minute now he was going to chop her open right down the middle. He began spinning around as if he was the late H.G. Wells : finding out about Astron Del Martia, and throwing the blade in the air. He always managed to catch it just before it went in the girl's tummy, but it was pretty exciting. The orchestra cut out except for a long low rumble on the drums --all the other girls fell down, the priest grabbed hold of the machete and very slowly raised it above his head. He gets right up on his toes and then, just as the dissection should get started, Vivian van Damm brings down the curtain. I tell you, I was never so disappointed in all my life. I am you too Van Damm.

Lots of the other people on my list aren't worth talking about. It just isn't worth re-hashing Spillane or complaining about the way Doc Smith's heriones remain so irritatingly chaste throughout the whole eight volumes. But briefly, Mrs. Sollicback seemed patronising, G.M. Carr likes McCarthy. Frobisher is mercenary, and Ken Slater called "Hyphen" a frothy fanzine. John Gunn had the nerve to publish an Anglofandom directory that didn't even mention me. Dave Cohen associates with Vargo Statten, and Phillip Duerr never paid me for a prozin -e that I let him have on tick. Seventh Fandom look ridiculously self-conscious in their first long trousers, and Bill Venable plagiarises from Stephen Leacock. (Don't worry Bill, --- I disliked the original "What I know about the Cow" too.)

Willis is an egoboo maniac with delusions about putting "Hyphen" on a month -ly schedule. He spends most of his time nattering about how unenthusiastic I am and if you dare criticise him, he accuses you of race prejudice. Is it my fault he's a dirty Orangeman? Occasionally he seems almost tolerable, but I have always found that the most attractive thing about him is Madeleine. In fact, Tucker, Keasler, Vinç, and I, are starting a Madeleine Willis Fan Club. I'm afraid membership will be restricted, -- Bloch will definitely be barred. After all, ---- Gentlemen prefer blondes. Walter Alexander is the exception that proves the rule.

I think that must be around 2000 words, -- the unmentionables will probably keep until next issue. If they don't,..... well, I can always review fanzines.

Before I finish though, I want to make one thing perfectly clear. I don't want you to come fawning around me, and buying me beers, just because your name isn't on the list. That is just an incomplete list. Perhaps you're one of the fuggheaded nonentities whose names escape me for the moment. Possibly I shall publish a supplement sometime..... providing I can find a publisher.

Anyone like to secede with me to found Eighth Fandom?

ADVERTISEMENT

To My Public. In future My Work will appear under the Byline of Chuch Harris. I am not responsible for the efforts of the New York Harris or of the Medway Harris or any of the other Harris's who seem to be springing up underfoot. I definitely do not draw diagrams of reaction motors or publish a hectored fanzine. Please do not even mention these people to me, they are Vandals, Philistines, and blots on the family escutcheon. Insist on the genuine article (name of me.)

Signed,

Chuch (the old original) Harris

I tell you, Varley is a man to be feared.

READERS LETTERS

ERIC FRANK
RUSSELL

I know a place infinitely more sinister than that Portballintrae dump. You must take a look at it sometime—and then you won't believe it. Vickery's Hotel in Bantry. Front door is conspiratorial and obviously once closed behind patriots doomed to be shot in Dublin Castle. Entrance hall looks like a museum dating from 1340, with wax fruit, dust-ridden tapestries, fly-blown lithos of gents in billycock hats, some made crosseyed with strategically placed bluetottle shirts, faded bullrushes in antiquated jars, a carpet at least a century old, and other items too numerous to mention. Over all a fusty smell like that of Tut's Tomb and a brooding silence as of Something waiting...waiting...prepared to wait for a thousand years...until at long last the wanted blood-type comes unwarily in andA-A-A-Ahh!!!!

Upstairs, the dining-room resembles a mortuary that was converted into a ballroom about 1930 and ever since has striven to revert back. Here there is ONE, only ONE, nobody else seen or heard. He waits upon all regardless of number, hunger or urgency. He has the build of a bean-pole, hollow cheeks putty coloured, sunken lifeless eyes, and he glides across the faded carpet with little dust-tracks following his heels. He brings soup which is warm blancmange in which he has a skeletal thumb. There is Utter Silence while he, one of the Undead, waits upon the Soon To Be Dead.

No fooling, boy, Erica at 19 can eat like a horse and she went into Vickery's hungry. She came out the same way rather than gnaw the corpses in a mausoleum. She just couldn't stomach it. Had to walk around Bantry to get some fresh air and then eat biscuits after I'd paid the Undead 13/- for nix. Ghosts do the cooking in that joint and beds make themselves by order of a long-dead witch. There is nobody there but that One.

EFK also mentions that the story he told us about in the cafeteria in Liverpool is in the October S.F. PLUS.

PAUL ENEVER

Harris, an ex-pen-friend of mine, assured me that he was editing the next HYPHEN. Obviously then, this pale green palimpsest is a forgery, since I see practically no mention of his name except a few scurrilous references in the more libidinous parts of the text. However, for something in which Harris has had no hand (except a dirty big thumb print disguised as a cartoon on p.11), Hyphen #4 does not discredit the Rainham reputation.

Taking, with unfannish logic, first things first, there is the front cover. I have long suspected Vinz of harbouring some great secret grief. It now reveals itself—he has Artistic Leanings. Indeed, the portrait embodied in his design has quite lifelike properties: It reminds me strongly of a young woman I met at the Coroncon, a Miss Mahaffey. American, of course but quite a nice girl really.

Yes. Bea told me that whenever Englishmen wanted to be specially complimentary they always told her she wasn't like an American at all. It just proves she should have done as Bloch suggested—wear a tight skirt split up the side, chew gum incessantly, and punctuate her conversation with "hot dog" and "Oh you kid!"

FRED ROBINSON

HYPHEN couldn't have arrived at a better time. I've just been to the dentist. I took it along with me and read James' piece (That's not a very nice way to talk about Miss Mahaffey, Fred.) de resistance (even so) in the waiting room. The other patients must have thought me mad as I sat and chuckled continuously. It was a change from looking at picture papers of flying bomb raids on London and similar up to date and cheerful items. (Dentists please write for special subscription terms for HYPHEN, the magazine your patients can get their teeth into.)

Great cover by Vinz, only it's the cover I have for CAMBER #2. Great title 'Beacon', only it's the title of my conreport too. (Too bad, Fred. You have our deepest sympathy. Beh heh.)

Say, how many typers have you? Just because James has turned vile pro there's no need to swank.

Just two, an elite portable and this Varityper. The essential difference between a Varityper

and an ordinary typer is that it has neither platen roller or type bars. All the letters are on a little quarter-circular plate which fits onto a wheel called the 'anvil'. The feed roller hold the paper in front of this and when you press a key a hammer comes from behind and clouts it against the typeplate, which by some happy chance has by then moved round to the correct position. The main advantage of the contraption is that you can change your typeface to this or that or this or any one of a hundred others available to any millionaire. Letter spacing and line spacing are also variable to a certain extent.

TED CARNELL Dear Slug-ugly: A magnificent effort. What was it all about? Who is this fellow White who holds a torch for Mahaffey, and seems to have held more than that playing tag up and down the mountains?

I always think that it is a great pity you get tired so easily and go to bed before ever finishing an article. Can't ever remember seeing a complete one by you. How many unfinished MS have you to your credit now?

Dig that crazy mixed-up pro-ed. Ever since I said he looked like Groucho Marx he's gone all sardonic on us. Where is the happy laughing Ted that Frank Edward Arnold told us all about? I always finish my articles, though maybe the readers don't.

I had a letter from Bert Campbell in which he was flat broke and almost destitute in NY, living on the charity of Dave Kyle, eating bread and cheese once daily and walking round NYC, (but thoroughly enjoying life.) The wind was so low in Philly that he owed his hotel bill and had to be helped out by a whip round by some of the boys...I imagine his story will be one of the most outstanding in the annals of fandom when (and if) he ever gets back. Last report I had he had put off sailing three times. He was due to sail on Oct. 21st, but as he was in Vancouver on the 18th even that was problematical. He found his way to Los Angeles, where Ackerman devoted much of his valuable time to showing him around. Thereafter he worked his way up the West Coast, landing in Vancouver where he has been earning money doing radio talks. I gather that he borrowed money right left and centre in NY, and has stayed on in Canada until he's earned sufficient to repay his debts.

Verron McCain in REVIEW says; "I have encountered few people with worse manners than an otherwise likeable British fan now in this country." Bert, have you been calling them 'bloody colonials'?

TERRY JEEVES Many thanks for the excellent issue of HYPHEN. Since it appears to be customary to slate your multitudinous publications (lotsa fanzines) herewith is/are my two cents. The paper makes me sea green, and the staples stuck in my fingers. Oh yes, and I didn't find the marked ones until I had undone the others, consequently I now have a looseleaf folder of HYPHEN.

Congratulations to James on flogging a yarn to ASF. Strangely enough, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I hate to admit this, but it was a good yarn. That's enough praise for one day, let us get back to our muttons. Bea Mahaffey seems to figure (?) in the public taste. Me, I'm entirely unbiased. I don't care whether I have her on toast, or for a nightcap. YUM YUM. The title was a damn gudun. More praise dammit; hold on while I find summat to gripe about. Oh yes, the name of the mag. Every time I tell a femme fan that I simply lurve to go through a new 'Hyphen' she ups and slaps me down. Apparently it sounds like 'hymen.' Why not change the name to something dignified like 'New Doors'? Hmm, then saying something about getting stuck into 'New Doors' would earn a slap.... There is an idea here somewhere—why not publish a series of fanzine oneshots called 'Necking', 'Petting', 'XXXing', and so on. Then I could waltz up to a luscious popsy at a con and say "Do you like Necking?" If she turned frigid, I could hastily produce your product. If she said yes, I could produce mine. Period (I hope not).

ARCHIE MERCER It always makes me feel uncomfortable when people begin soliciting money for supposedly deserving causes. If I harden my heart against them I feel like a louse, and if I fork out I feel like a sucker. I find the two descriptions about equally objectionable—but in the former case you can at least have the satisfaction of keeping the money, so it's strictly preferable. Therefore I'm not going to give you two hundred pounds. No, nor one hundred. Not so much as one paltry guinea will I give your Transatlantic Fund. Here's a pound.

Of course, I know perfectly well I could afford two if I wanted to. It'd be simple to raise it—just pawn the other shoe.

As an idea, the Fund certainly has my approval. Liaison between the two branches of fandom

appears to be intrinsically a Good Thing, and in principle I'm all for it. So you can book the pound down to a principle or something. Naturally, I've got no constructive nomination to make. But it occurs to me that the following point might be well emphasised; odd loose characters like myself, with no local or other axe to grind, would do well to plump for somebody who's known to be capable of writing interestingly and entertainingly about his experience. In any case, the person who benefits most from the trip will be the Chosen One, but if he (or for that matter, she) is chosen with that end in view, the rest of us can at least get something back. Your arguments in favour of the franchise being extended to Americans appear to be unanswerable.

So much for that. The balance of the '-' hardly needs comment. It kept me away from reading for an evening, and I didn't count the evening as wasted. At times I even found myself bursting into peals of laughter, which I don't often do when I should, even if the story's supposed to be funny. It would hardly be politic to say whose style of humour, yours or James White's, I preferred, but I do. (Euh?)

DEREK PICKLES Thanks for H4, which I waded through. Who made cracks about maximum worlage on fanzine pages? Of course the astounding news was reserved until the inside back cover—that a sterling gentleman who recognises talent has nominated me, among the first six of what will eventually roster the whole fan population of these islands. If the worst comes to the best (or vice versa) I shall be honoured, nay delighted (as the politician says) to go—and as a little help towards whoever does eventually go I enclose a copy of 'Tarzan & The Foreign Legion' (1st BRE, bound, 7/6) for auction, sale or raffle.

PETER CAMPBELL So once again Hyphen hits us in the letterbox—ouch! The front cover is quite an artistic job, though Bea is much better looking than that. James White made quite a job of the Beacon report, didn't he; and all without mentioning the actual convention. TOIO is good stuff, especially Ray Nelson's cartoons—let's see more of these if you can get them. What's his name short for—Raybid?

The Transatlantic Fund is going to need all the Willisagacity to handle it, but your proposed rules make a good start. I can't suggest any additions or changes to the plan.

The 'Beacon' was supposed to be the Irish do.

PETE TAYLOR That report on Bea's tour was a rill treat, please to congratulations my convey to James White (whom Gnu crush) and tell him to expect a dozen packets of lens cleaners by mule-pack next Boozday or so. I enclose a short sub which I'll renew only if you feel a slight conscience for omitting to acknowledge my dreary presence in our sooper-colossal epic 'Food'. Why Potterfella only managed to open his chatterorgan before Fred started the malarky which finished us off in complete confusion. Surely 'twas Shirley and I who actually managed to convey an impression of a play being staged; though I must admit the audience were too kind with their polite laffter, it all came at the wrong moments.

Excuse my heathy (where the 'ell?) curiosity that befits a young fan, but do you really think that we young-fen don't bother to mix with you—all sixth-fandomers? Heck, it takes us all our time to get into conversation with you olderfen, usually because you simply ignore us most times. Not you personally, Walt, but some others.

Not really—I put the remark in mainly to see what the reaction would be.

KEN POTTER Old Man; I don't suggest that you are a doddering old fool—that should hardly be necessary—but perhaps your manory is not all it might be. I bring myself to quote from Hyphen; "These younger fans keep very much together and don't mix with us old has-BIFs."

Walter Willis! We spent a good 70% of the Convention flaunting ourselves before 8th Fandom. Dave and I spent the entire afternoon trying to slip your confederate cap beneath our jackets. I even condescended to ask your opinion on my theory that stars are the fairies' daisychains and (NB) you grinned sheepishly. If liaison did not take place between the Young Blood, and the anemic (sic) (how do you spell anemic anyway—we spell it XPOHV and pronounce it silently) (these bloody provincials!) it was your fault.

Aren't you confusing 'mixing' with 'mixing it'? You admit you came not there to praise us, but to seize our beret. Obviously you think we're old hat and prefer acts of war to cultured

fannish discourse. Hands off our ass-beanies!

Perhaps we have only ourselves to blame, when one looks deeper into the problem. For you had not then quite declined, and we were young and callow. We admit it, we were beneath your notice.

But now we have grown out of all that. We have realised that although we are in fandom, and contemporaries of the 7th, we cannot be numbered amongst the common herd. We are not of the hot polloi. We are the party. Due solely to our intellect, David Wood, Harry Harlan and I stand out amongst all the others. Due solely to my personal prejudices, and opinion that she is Britain's answer to Bea Mahaffey AND Marilyn Monroe, and the fact that she actually reads good sf, showing certain intellect, Irene Gore is also a member of our happy group. She is a new fan, you have not heard of her. You will, you will!

You have committed another sin. Not only did you fail to spell out the name STAN KENTON in full capitals, but you merely passed over the fact that his records were being heard in the Con hall as if it were a mere detail. STAN KENTON is not a mere detail. Never will he be a mere detail. He is a great man, in fact it is one of the qualifications for Party membership to appreciate his music. You might at least give me credit for knowing it was Stan Kenton records, and not something wrong with the public address system.

I don't remember ever having a sub but behind my name is a cross. Well not exactly a cross, rather a little squiggle. Perhaps a subtle dig at the Unknown Political Prisoner, perhaps a pun of some kind, perhaps one of your witty little cartoons. More likely a counterfeit doodle. Anyway I don't want the damn thing. Scintillatingly, Ken

I should explain that the person who wrote out your address foolishly reasoned that two copies of SLANT, four of EYPHEN, one of the BOB SEAN APPRECIATION MAGAZINE, and two of QUANDRY were almost adequate recompense for two of PEARL, and put an X after your name to indicate as much. I however struck it out, knowing we could expect from you a charming and helpful letter of comment on the magazine.

DAVE ISHI recognise Seventh Fandom as a definite force and influence in fannish history but I'm damned if I'll let myself get carried away with the idea. It's my firm opinion that Seventh Fandom will never equal the level of the not-so-old days, and any fanzine that could ever hope to come up to the standard of QUANDRY could be published by no one else but Lee Hoffman. The transition is a drastic one, but that doesn't make it a better one, not by a damn site. Ellison's magazine will probably come to the top of the heap, but not in the same manner Q did. It lacks the touch that all the good mimeography and material in the world couldn't match. SFB is good as what it is, but it can't replace QUANDRY.

Another thing about Seventh Fandom that strikes me as being a definite defect is the youthfulness of it as a group. With the lone exception of Dean Grennel, I don't think there's a fan in it that can legally drink a glass of beer. Youth is a fine thing, but what Seventh Fandom needs is more people with youth behind them and a tendency to reminisce. Seventh Fandom is full of people just finding out about life and about themselves, and uttering concepts that are new to them, but unfortunately old hat to the 30 year old. I haven't got anything against people who discover themselves and think it's pretty wonderful and form a general philosophy of life. Hell, I do that myself. It's just that when you have a predominance of it in fandom, it's as bad as completely living in the past as fellows like Gernsback do. A balance has to be struck, and there aren't enough older fans to do it. There aren't enough fans who have had experience enough in life to view things objectively and say 'so what?' when somebody makes a statement at right-angles with his beliefs. There are too many young fans that scurry around writing furtive little articles, forever clarifying their points. There are too many fans that can't take it easy, but have to put out top drawer stuff and bootstrap themselves to E7Fdom, instead of doing it graciously and quietly as Hoffman did. It's no longer a case of "This is my fanzine, if you like it..fine: if you don't..read someone else's." It's now "This is my fanzine--isn't it terrific!" It's a bandwagon with too many people wanting to jump on. It's a bandwagon that's headed for oblivion at a high rate of speed, pushed by too-eager fans. We need a few older fans to slow it down.

I owe you an apology, Dave, for extracting this from a private letter which wasn't meant for publication, but it seems to me the first and best expression I've seen of an interesting reaction against 'Seventh Fandom' among the younger fans themselves.

"Say something memorable."

1

7

ROBERT FLOCH ...It's true, I've finally moved up north and will devote my full time to writing. It is my ambition to become the poor man's Arthur C. Clarke...thus lending added weight to the old saying, "Poverty is a dreadful thing." I am doing several Clarke-type book-lengths (THE EXPLORATION OF TIME, THE SAVED OF BRIGHTON, SECOND CHILDHOOD'S END) and amusing myself by a senile puttering with paint, cement, plaster, sand, varnish and iodine in an effort to restore the house. Also some scotch to restore me.

I felt I was succeeding until today, when the mouse that is Box 363 yielded forth a mountain—HYPHEN, no less. There goes my dream of Clarkedom, for I can see drastic action is called for. I refer of course to the treatment accorded Bea Mahaffey, as limned in the pages by one James White.

My suspicions were initially aroused by the cover drawing. It may be some English idea of humor to portray Our Sweetheart as rising up out of a cuspidor, but in the interests of Chivalrous American Manhood, I protest against such a desecration. (Even tho it is a spitting image.)

What follows inside only confirmed my worst fears. A long, sordid account of the efforts of British horticulturists to pluck this Fair Flower of American Womanhood. Drinking bouts, Gries, what must poor Bea have thought used as she is to the staid decorum of American Conventions.

However, she survived. I know, because I saw her in Philadelphia. And like the blessed saint she is, when I asked her about the London Convention, she merely placed a finger to her lips and ventured a weak little smile, followed by a faint whisper of what sounded like an archaic English expression . . . "ruddy dastards" or some such phrase.

By this time, of course, you must know all about Philadelphia. Believe me, Elsberry was there and he wasn't missing a thing. Every so often I would stagger into a smokefilled room and see his face peering over the blade of a nine-foot hatchet. You've probably had your con-report from him, to which I can add but little except to say that I enjoyed meeting Bert Campbell and seeing him beard the literary lions in their din.

However, speaking personally, I found Philadelphia a good cut under Chicago; it was too hot for much cavorting, the room service was non-existent, the facilities comparatively poor. And a lot of my favourite faces were absent. No Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick, Max Keasler, Tony Boucher, Howard Browne, Fritz Leibor, Ray Palmer, Mack Reynolds, Richard Matheson, Jack Williamson, Judy Merrill, Fredric Brown—people I've come to associate with the social and antisocial life of a Convention. And, alas, no Walter Willis. No Ginny or Ollie Sari, either. It seems one of them is having a baby.....Ginny, I think.

Come right down to it, I suppose Conventions are 'successful' only in the personal sense of the word. If you meet a lot of nice people and enjoy yourself with them, the program doesn't matter. If you don't manage to latch on to a congenial circle of associates, you wander around dismally and regard the frivolity of others with a jaundiced eye. Then is when you begin dissecting the program offered and brooding about the decadence of the dissolute fans and the cliquishness of the fatuous egolistical pros. I used to be shocked when, after returning from a Con where I personally had a marvelous time, I'd read a fanzine report blasting the affair. Now I more or less expect that reaction...but continue to enjoy myself.

The program's highlights, to me, were high enough, but there wasn't sufficient program to stretch out over the three days. These conventions are too unwieldy, now, and I fear for San Francisco; they'll have such a job on their hands. However, I hope to be there, and to enjoy one con without performing. Seems to me the fans deserve a rest from me, and from Luckier and Sturgeon and Willy Ley and the other old vaudeville artists who generally end up on the platform. Let Seventh Fandom take over.

BERT CAMPBELL Back at last! You were right about my having a wonderful time. Wonderful people, wonderful country, wonderful food. But give me England every time. The Convention, by American reports as well as my own feelings, was not so hot. Apparently not a patch on the Chiccon. American conventions never are a patch on the previous one. That 1938 affair must have been terrific.

I got on very well with, and received very fine welcomes from, all the fan personalities. Had

a nice little session with Harlan Ellison. That guy's certainly a pusher. There was an incident in the foyer of the Bellevue-Stratford that will amuse you. Some fan from out in the wilds was accusing Harlan of saying nasty things about him in SFB, and wanted to beat the brains out of him for it. H.E. said he wouldn't fight, didn't want to have anything to do with a punk like that. He began to walk away. Disgruntled fan grabs his arms and says suppose I sock you on the nose, huh?, what'll you do then, huh? Harlan spreads out his hands and says "So, I'll just lie there and bleed!" End of incident.

In the main, I got parcellled off with the pros...The great Campbell (not me!) has gone hard for ESP—tried to lift an ashtray in front of my eyes, couldn't, said I was a sceptic. And he was perfectly serious.

...The Philcon Committee paid my hotel bill, treating me as a guest of honour. And that was all the money I got that I don't have to pay back, apart from what I made by the auction of some of my collection...I'm very interested in your scheme for taking over a British fan, but I'm also rather hesitant about its success where American contributions are concerned. Forry Ackerman was telling me that he has finally given up his faith in American fandom's co-operation for such things. Despite all the publicity he put out concerning Tetsu Yano, he received just one dollar from the great masses of fans. Tetsu's trip was financed by Forry and by generous donations from Bill Hamling and Kris Neville—and Forry had to part with valuable collectors items at the auctions to raise a very small amount of cash.

I don't think we should be discouraged by the Tetsu Yano affair. After all, I made it. Admittedly there was that powerhouse Shelby Vick, and I had to write my guts out over the affair, but on the other hand that was a purely American project—British fandom didn't even hear about it until it was a success—while this will be worldwide. With all due respect to Forry Ackerman, who is just too generous for this world, the Tetsu Yano affair was fundamentally fugg-headed. Who the devil is Tetsu Yano that anyone should pay his fare to Philadelphia? If he had done something in fandom or even got himself heard of, or if he represented some Japanese fan group that had, I could see some point in it. But the idea that any bloody Jap who chooses to express an interest in science fiction should have his passage paid across the American continent for it is just preposterous. Publicity is not enough—there has to be some sort of personality interest aroused, enough to produce the, as it were, tension..capacitance.. that results in flashover. To my mind the greatest benefit of this Transatlantic Fan Fund scheme will be that it will produce more and better fan writing and publishing. Every fan will have before him the possibility of being 'Big Poned' as the ultimate reward and glittering climax to his fan career. And we will all benefit from that.

EVELYN SMITH In response to your announcement that a fund is being thrown together for exporting a British fan to the US I should like to contribute this beautiful ten-shilling note which I found in the bottom of my handbag while looking for a pill wrapped up in a raffle ticket. My nomination for the fan to be sent over is Michael Redgrave. Thank you, Ermengarde. That brings the Fund to £11;7;9.

And that's all the letters for this time. As you'll have noticed, American readers will have to write by airmail to have their letters printed in the next issue, but I won't mind carrying an interesting one over. I'd like to have a large letter section, and I hope you'll all make with the large letters.

As some of you will have suspected, this new monthly HYPHEN is a premeditated attempt to fill the gap left by the suspension of QUANDRY, CONFUSION and OPUS, a gap in which what is now referred to as 'Sixth Fandom' has fallen and almost disappeared from view. With these fun-loving magazines absent, there is hardly a single fanmag primarily devoted to the fascinating field of fandom itself, as opposed to science fiction. (Well, not actually opposed to it, just more or less taking it for granted.) It's no use for photo-offset fuggheads like Graham Stone to complain publicly that HYPHEN is esoteric. It's meant to be a special kind of fan magazine and to review it as if it were SFBULLETIN, which tries to be all things to all fans, is like reviewing GALAXY as if it were the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Basically, HYPHEN is more interested in people than in things (and it so happens that the group of congenial individualists associated with science fiction include some very interesting people) and in creative writing rather than writing about writing. Not that I wouldn't welcome intelligent literary criticism but it will have to be a lot better than most of the stuff you see in fan magazines, which is obviously written by people with neither creative nor critical ability who just can't think of anything original to say.

I've been publishing more or less the type of thing I want, but I'd like more of it from more people. I can offer prompt publication, a circulation of 260 (most of them in America) and positively no typos. At least on the stencils cut here. I cannot vouch for those hacked about by semi-illiterate Englishmen.

Subscribers; please do not write and tell me you have half a million assorted science fiction magazines in the attic/basement and you will send me a thousand or so if I let you know which ones I want. I have my pride and won't answer. On the other hand don't send me a 1949 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES with a fried egg marking the place on page 11. I rely on subscriptions for reading matter, not food, or any other household use. Any good sf mag or pb, preferably recent, will do. This issue's cover by Bob Shaw. Stencils for pages 11 to 13 cut by Chuck Harris.

"Bert Campbell alone was worth the price of admission."

THE CANDIDATES

PETER CAMPBELL Peter is one of our leading fanzine publishers---of the over 100 pages of the first two issues of *ANDROMEDA*. He belongs to at least two fan clubs and is originator of one of them. He corresponds widely and is well known to many American fans. He attends British Conventions. He works hard for fandom---all fans who have joined *OPERATION FANTASY* since he took charge of the Greetings Group and Contact Bureau know the result of his efforts. Finally, he is capable of representing us without disgracing us. He is quiet spoken, well mannered, personable, and can turn a slick phrase when necessary. (K.F. Slater)

VINCE CLARKE Vince is both the obvious choice and the best one we could make. A leading fan for over 12 years, he has in fact been our representative whenever we needed one most---as when he organised our phenomenally successful campaign against *ASTOUNDING*'s exorbitant subscription rate increase. Less well known are the generous help and encouragement he has quietly given to countless new fans. He is also admittedly England's best fan writer, well known in America too through *QUANDRY*, an authority on everything to do with sf and fandom, a witty and interesting conversationalist and, incidentally, a very likeable person. He is a representative we could be proud of, who could give a good account of himself in America and a good account of it to us afterwards. (G. Charters)

WALTER GILLINGS Few words are necessary in support of nominating both Walter Gillings and **MIKE ROSENBLUM** Michael Rosenblum as possibles for the 1954 San Francisco Convention. Both have top claim (in differing ways), to being Founder Members of today's British fandom, for without either it would undoubtedly have taken quite a different turn, or perhaps never flourished. Both were ardent and active fans as long ago as 1937 when the first British Convention was held. Both have recently returned to activity after a few years absence while their business lives were soundly organised. To Walter goes the honour of striving long to put British sf on a sound basis professionally and in producing what is still the most outstanding fanmag of all time---*FANTASY REVIEW*. To Michael goes the honour of having held the nucleus of British fandom together during the war under almost impossible conditions, from which the post-war seeds sprouted rapidly and flourished. Both have prior claims, with knowledge and experience of events in this country over the past 20 years, to be the logical choice to represent this country at a world Convention. Either will make a worthy ambassador and raise our prestige even higher than it already is in America. (E.J. Carnell)

DEREK PICKLES Pickles, as editor of the late lamented *PHANTASMAGORIA*, showed himself as a fan without malice; willing to work for fandom without any desire to use his magazine to indulge in harsh criticism of other fans. His efforts were so typical of the average fan that he would probably make a very wide circle of friends in America among the normal fans. Friendships that would endure long after the conventional fireworks were forgotten. The future of fandom depends on the interest of thousands of fans like Derek, who can never aspire to challenge Gold or Carnell, so let these fans be represented by one who never once wrote an unkind word in the mistaken belief that it was clever. (A. Clark)

TONY THORNE Tony is a fan, an active one; he gets things done. He has personality. He can speak in public. He's well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He runs a fanzine and he knows how to write for it. Also he runs a fanclub. All of this adds up to an impressive total. To add a little weight, he's had his picture in *ILLUSTRATED* and is possibly therefore Britain's most widely known fan. Tony, I think, has the best combination of talents and would be our best choice. The Medcon will demonstrate everything I've said about Tony to be no overstatement. Let Thorne go to Frisco! (P. Robinson)

JAMES WHITE As Ken Slater cannot make it, James is the best candidate we have. He's a likeable, friendly person, without any of the traditional British hauteur. He's no stuffed shirt, Giant Intellect or Organisation Genius---he's just an ordinary fan, representative of us all. He's been an active fan since 1948 and is widely known both here and in the States. The recent 'Beacon' Report showed not only how well he would get on with the Americans, but how well he could write it all up for us afterwards. Let's send James; we couldn't do better. (G. Charters)

THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND

VOTING FOR A BRITISH FAN TO BE HELPED
ATTEND THE SAN FRANCISCO WORLD CONVENTION
AND WESTERCON, SEPTEMBER 1954

To be eligible to vote you must (a) have been active in fandom prior to 1st November, 1953, to the extent of having joined a fan club or subscribed or contributed to a fanzine, and (b) make a minimum contribution to the Fund of 2/6 or 50¢.

Money paid for raffle tickets does not count.

No proxy votes are allowed. Each fan must sign his own ballot paper. The details of the voting will be kept secret but the names of all voters will be published and the ballot papers sent for checking to either Forry Ackerman or Bob Tucker before being destroyed.

Any reasonable number of copies of this page and the one opposite will be sent on request, but other fans are invited to copy them. I hope there'll be electioneering on behalf of the various candidates, which will increase interest in the Fund, and space will be available in future HYPHENs at 10/- per full page (smaller areas pro rata). All receipts will go to the Fund.

The state of the British side of the Fund at 8th November, 1953, is as follows:

Coroncon auctions.....	1:11:6
Coroncon raffle.....	3: 6:0
W. Willis.....	2: 0:0
A. Clark.....	5:0
Eric Dentcliffe.....	5:0
Ethel Lindsay.....	5:0
Peter Hamilton.....	9 0
Archie Mercer.....	1: 0:0
Norman Wansborough.....	2:6
Max Leviten (Bell's, Bradford)....	10:0
Mrs Carol Smith.....	7:2
Ken Slater.....	5:0
OF 'Prelude To Space' Competition	11:7
<u>Total</u>	10:17:9

Further statements will be published in future issues of HYPHEN.

BALLOT FORM

This form must be mailed to reach me,

Walter Willis

170 Upper Newtownards Rd.,

Belfast, N.Ireland

before the 31st March, 1954

Please number the following candidates
1 to 7 in order of your preference:

Peter Campbell.....

Vince Clarke.....

Walter Gillings.....

Derek Pickles.....

Mike Rosenblum.....

Tony Thorne.....

James White.....

I enclose/have sent the sum of.....
as a contribution to the Fund.

(Signed).....

(Address).....

.....

If you are not on my mailing list please indicate what fan club you belong to or fanzine you have contributed or subscribed to, and the name of the person to whom reference may be made.

.....

.....

CONTINGENCIES

It's possible that neither the winner or the runner-up might be able to go after all and I'd like your views as to what should be done with the money in that event. Please number the following alternatives in order of preference. If you have no particular opinions please just leave this part blank.

A. Offer it to candidate No. 3.....

B. Go down the list as far as No. 4.....

C. Go down the list as far as No. 5.....

D. Go down the list as far as No. 6.....

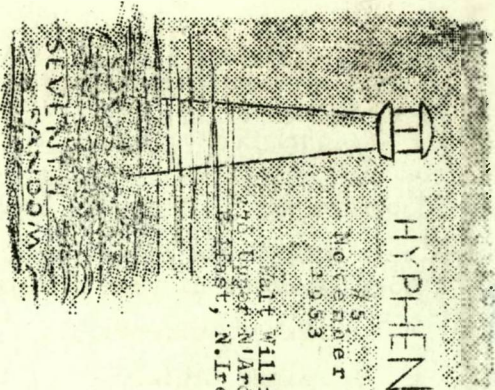
E. Go down the list as far as No. 7.....

F. Carry the project over to the next US Convention and hold another vote.....

G. Invite an American fan to the next British Convention.....

THE UPPER IS UNDER THE POTATO SACKS FOR... I AM, APPARENTLY, STUFF--WAVICLES, SUBMICRO-SCOPIC PARTICLES, WAVE PATTERNS, STRESSES IN SPACE-TIME, IN A UNIVERSE WHICH IS FILLED WITH THE SAME STUFF. THERE ARE OTHER PORTIONS--YOU, WALT, EVEN DEREK PICKLES, AND WE CAN COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER IN A LITTLE FASHION. WE CAN EVEN ISOLATE BITS OF STUFF AND SAY LOOK! THE LITTLE WALT OR THE TATPE AND ONIONS!... GOOD OLD NEBULA!... ANOTHER TRUE MAN PROSTITUTES HIS GENIUS... SHE HAS I GO POGO PLATOED ACROSS HER STOMACH, JUST OVER A PORTRAIT OF BERT CAMPBELL... WAIT A MINUTE I THINK GHOD IS ON THE LINE... RELIGIOUS PRESENT PRIMITIVE STRUCTURAL RATIONALIZATIONS... WOULDN'T IT BE BORING TO BE P. R. HODGKINSON... HE HAS LOST HIS INTEREST IN FIXING SUC-ERS AND WOULD LIKE INSTEAD TO SEE SOME RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN FANZINES... NOTHING LEGENDARY HAS HAPPENED FOR A LONG TIME... WHO PUT THE SHUFFLECOCK IN THE MILK?... I LEFT PHILADELPHIA AN OLDER AND PERHAPS WISER MAN... THINK THAT ACCLAIM, WHAT ACKNOWLEDGE-MENT, WHAT TREMENDOUS POWER OVER FANDOM SUCH A MAGAZINE WOULD HAVE... HE'S AN UNETHICAL LITTLE BASTARD WITH NO SENSE OF PUBLISHING ETHICS... THERE PROBABLY WELL KNOWN OVER HERE NOW, NOW IT'S THE WORLD'S TURN TO HEAR... WHO'S DOSTOEVSKI?... MY NAME STINKS IN THE NOSTRILS OF DECENT FEM... I WILL LET PEOPLE QUOTE THEMSELVES INTO TROUBLE... THEY WILL. I CONFESS, BLOW FANDOM WIDE OPEN... WE ARE CALLING IT GERANIUM BECAUSE IT CAME FROM A SLIP... DO YOU THINK FANDOM IS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH?... WHEN BETTER FEMALE FANS ARE MADE NYDART WILL MAKE THEM... MY CHIEF GRIPS AG-AINST DIAMETRICS IS THAT THERE HAVE BEEN NO NEW VAN VOGT STORIES FOR THREE YEARS. ITS CHIEF BLESSING IS THAT THERE HAVE BEEN NO NEW HUBBARD STORIES FOR THREE YEARS... THIS IS SO SODDEN... YOU WILL RECEIVE NOT ONE BUT TWO MAGAZINES!... ON THE WAY DOWN AN ANGEL OF THE LORD TAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER... OLD RIGHT ARMS I HAVE IN ABUNDANCE... THAT FLASH OF SANITY KNOWN AS GALT... HE WAITED AROUND ON HIS KNEES FOR A WHILE... I'M ONLY A PSEUDO SUGGESTED REALLY... DO YOU REALISE I'M THE ONLY LONDON MAN WHO ACTUALLY PUBLISHES ANY-THING?... HE'S A NICE LAD, BUT A BIT TOO IN-TELLIGENT... YOURS FOR MORE CULTURAL HENRY-AGE... YOU'RE SLIPPING INTO PERFECTIONISM AGAIN... I AM THE VICTIM OF A VAST IMPERVA-TIONAL CONSPIRACY THE RATIONALIFICATIONS OF WHICH ARE BEYOND MY WEAKLE COMPREHENSION.

~~harris-clark-shaw-white-sh-calkins-thorne-morse-elsherry-ellison-cole-hydehl-mccain-palmer-duncumbe-ryan-robinson-willis-etc.~~



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