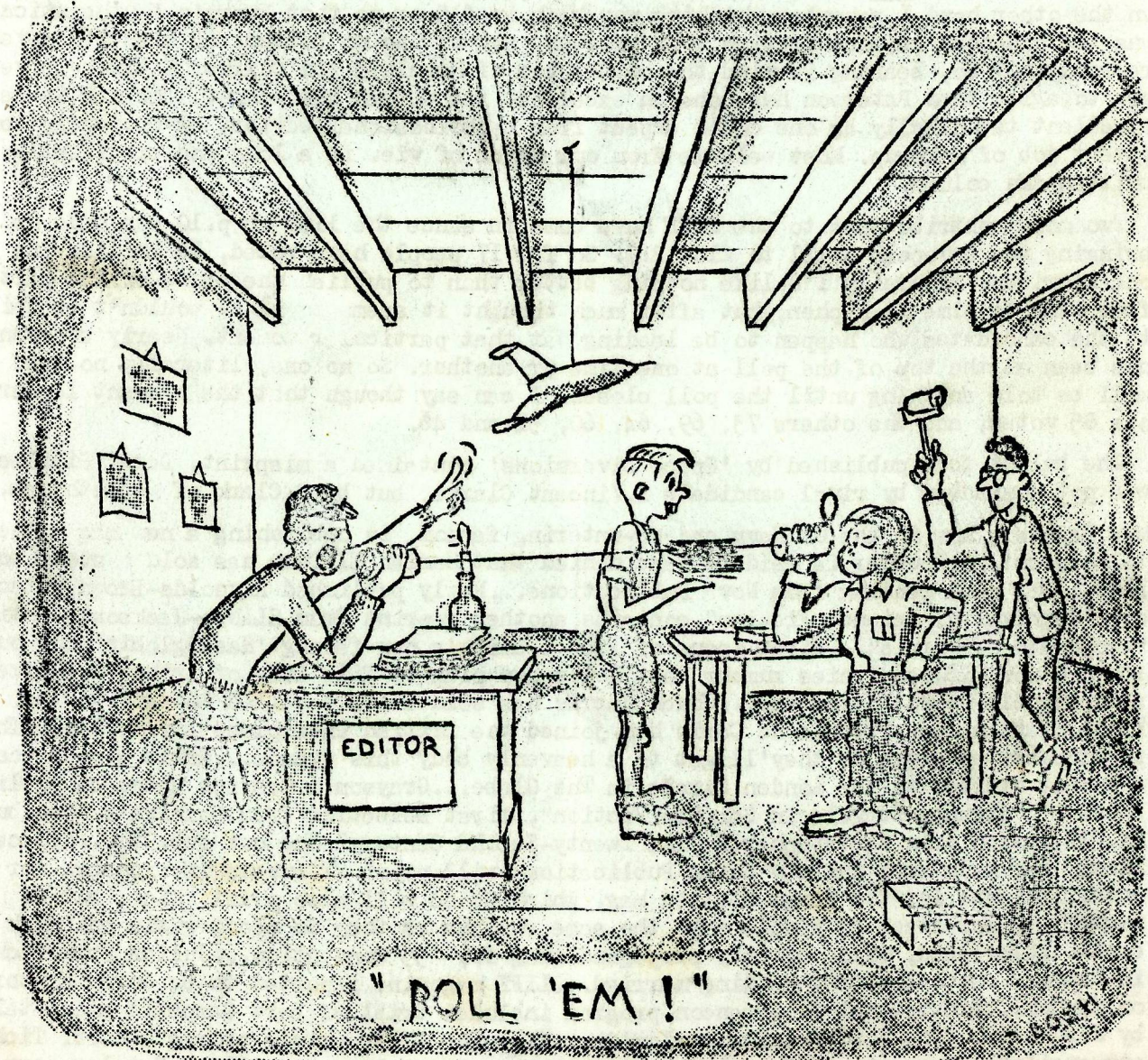


# HYPHEN

No.6

January

1954



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# INSIDE COVERAGE

## News and Gossip

Ordinary reviews have had to be held over until next issue, along with some other material, but a new magazine is news. It's unfair to judge the Vargo Statten Science Fiction Magazine by the standards one would apply to more pretentious promags since it's frankly aimed at the juvenile reader, but I just can't make up my mind whether this is the right sort of stuff to give him. I'd never read any 'Vargo Statten' or 'Volsted Gridban' before, and what I've read now hasn't made me regret it. The writing is poor and the science absurd. And there can be such a thing as good juvenile sf, witness Heinlein and Clarke. On the other hand I remember thinking way back in '35 or so that Fearn's 'Mathematica' was the greatest science fiction ever written, and it was no better. (I wish I'd never re-read it.) So, bearing in mind the word-rates of Heinlein and Clarke, I think we've got to agree that Paterson has done an excellent job within his budget. The mag is as excellent technically as one could expect from a professional editor, an extremely competent job of make-up. Most welcome from our point of view is a long and excellently written fan column.

Two more contributions to the TTFE have come in since the list on p.10 was made up, bringing the European total to £18:12:7. So far 17 people have voted, 16 British and one American. Naturally I'd like nothing better than to publish the state of the parties from time to time in Hyphen, but after much thought it seems to me it wouldn't be fair to the candidates who happen to be leading at that particular moment. Nearly everyone has been at the top of the poll at one time or another. So no one, literally no one, will be told anything until the poll closes. I can say though that the present leader has 85 votes, and the others 73, 69, 64, 60, 51 and 46.

The ballot form published by 'Space Diversions' contained a misprint. Derek Pickles was not nominated by rival candidate A.Vincent Clarke, but by A.Clark of Mablethorpe.

Max Keasler, now in the US Navy and re-entering fandom, is publishing a new mag called 'Albatross'....Boucher is said to have denied that Harlan Ellison has sold a story to F&SF...Big news pending from Nova Publications...Newly published Reynolds-Brown anthology "Carnival of Science Fiction" contains another reprint from SLANT--Jackson's satire "Swordsmen of Varnis"...First issue of Fred L.Smith's new fanmag 'Haemoglobin' due out any day now...Bloch denies rumour that Hollywood plan to film life of Arthur C. Clarke starring Sir Cedric Hardwicke...Chuck Harris has sold a story called 'Omega' to the Vargo Statten Mag...Yvonne de Carlo has joined the British Interplanetary Society. This is probably as close as they'll get to a heavenly body this decade...Marie Stopes was a recent visitor to the London Circle in The Globe...Grayson & Grayson announce publication of "Strange Travels in Science Fiction", first selection from Conklin's "Omnibus of SF"...Also John Christopher's "The Twenty-Second Century" due out Feb.9th..."Space Times" has made deal whereby Scion Publications will print ST covers in exchange for advertisements for the Vargo Statten Mag, which Scion will also print. Nice, but ST mustn't be surprised if people make the same remarks as they do about girls and mink coats...Cleveland, Ohio, already propagandising for '55 Convention...Julian Parr back in London...Rich Elsberry getting married...LIFE magazine reported to be doing a story on fandom...Provisional Supermancon program includes trial of Bert Campbell and a talk by J.R.Fearn...Don Ford running worldwide raffle for TTFE, prizes promag covers. Tickets available from me...TWS no longer accepting subscriptions...William Rotsler married to starlet Amey Stevenson who has a bit part in "How To Marry A Millionaire".

HYPHEN #6, January 1954, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N.Ireland. Associate Editors Chuck Harris & Vin Clarke. Art Editor Bob Shaw. Subscription two issues for 1/6 or 25¢. Exchanges welcomed. Pages 11 to 14 stencilled by Chuck Harris. Pages 5 to 8 stencilled and mixed by Vin Clarke. Cover by Bob Shaw. An X after your name on the back cover means your subscription has expired. Circulation of this issue approximately 250.



# CORONCON REPORT

OR

## THROUGH DARKEST ENGLAND BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS

BY WALT WILLIS

(Abruptly Concluded)

I didn't hurry my flock back from the tea interval...I'd noticed something called WHISKERS in the program and I didn't want to be in at the death. This was a thing I'd started while recovering from pneumonia, been too weak to finish, and had passed on to the London Circle to show that at least I'd tried. When I realised they were going to put it on just as it was, my only consolation was that people never listen to plays done over the PA system, when there are no actors visible to receive either applause or tomatoes. But when we did arrive, about half way through, I was astonished to find that they were not only listening, but laughing in some of the right places. I stood savouring this entirely new form of egoboo and realising I'd overlooked two things: the fact that audience reaction time is slower than that of readers, so that poor jokes go over well, and the fact that there are some very talented actors in the London Circle. The piece was done superbly well, especially by Bill Temple as Winston Churchill and by Bert Campbell as Bert Campbell, this last a particularly fine piece of type casting.

After this there were various quizzes, discussions and games. Audience participation was so poor as to be tantamount to a civil disobedience campaign, as it was all through the Convention. I think the reason was mainly that the weather was too hot for any form of exertion except jumping to conclusions; the principle ones seem to have been that the Convention was dull and the audience morons, and I don't think either was correct. Unfortunately I can't prove it, because it was apparently too hot for taking notes. It's a pity, because from the few I have it seems that quite an interesting variety of subjects was discussed. Bert Campbell said his own stories were years ahead of their time. Carnell said, "Poor fellow. He lives in a world of his own." Ted Tubb lectured on atom bomb protection, advising either brown paper or a very deep hole in the ground. Bert Campbell said that authors were parasites. Youd said he had sold Carnell three stories that had previously been rejected from NEW WORLDS. Someone said they knew a girl with three heads and a calf with wings. Campbell said old fans were jealous of new ones. Ted Tubb said anteatsters wouldn't be accepted in the French Foreign Legion. (I don't know quite how anteatsters got into this discussion about how to retire from fandom; maybe someone suggested the best way was to tapir off.) Ted Tubb also presided gloriously at the auction but I didn't take any notes of this either, having come to an agreement with Vin/Clarke to let him immortalise Ted this year.

We'd been invited to a party in the Liverpool suite that evening but when I went up there I found it still empty, so we accepted an invitation from Bert Campbell. On the way Burgess appeared and tagged along, with evidently no intention whatever of crawling back into the woodwork. Campbell looked helplessly at me and I had an extraordinarily vivid sensation of deja vu, of having been in this exact situation before. As of course I had, and the heat and the long carpeted hotel corridors brought Chicago back even more vividly. It was that tightrope again. The inherent tendency of American-style conventions, as this one now was, is for everyone to gravitate in one enormous loud and drunken party, which no one really enjoys. The secret of enjoying oneself, on the other hand, is to gather together a few congenial friends,

I don't know of any more. May things are I can't keep track of all these newcomers.



and hide. between the two alternatives stretches the tightrope, one false step on which means either frustration or the hurting of other people's feelings. I learned a lot about the tightrope at the Chicon and Bea is probably the foremost expert at it---notice how she has walked gracefully through British fandom, leaving them all at each others' throats for 'monopolising' her and not one of them blaming her---but Bert hadn't been to the Philcon yet. He couldn't think of anything but to open the door and usher everyone in.

The party was being held in Rita Krohne's room, since someone was having hysterics in Bert's. There was no space here for anything like that---there wasn't enough room to swing a cat, never mind a cataleptic. The room was so small I wondered we didn't have to pay a penny to get in. I counted 26 people in it, and that was only the top layer. I arranged a code knock with James and left the Black Hole of Calcutta to reconnoitre the Liverpool suite again. On the way up I ran into Ken Slater, whom I'd met for the first time a few hours ago. We went to his room, opened a bottle of whisky, and discussed the Transatlantic Fan Fund. Then we went up to the Liverpool suite. I'd only been there a few minutes when James and Madeleine arrived with the news that they'd all just been thrown out of Rita's room and that the rest of Bert's party had gone along to Soho to get something to eat. We decided to wait until they came back, but in ten minutes or so the same porter came along and threw us out of the Liverpool suite. Madeleine and James and I felt there was no future in this and went home to Rainham with Chuck, where we got to bed about three.

So ended British fandom's first gallant attempt at an American style convention. I felt a little guilty about it all since this movement seemed to have started after my glowing accounts of Chicago, but it still seemed to me that everything would have been fine if the hotel had had bigger and more soundproof rooms and a more tolerant staff. The fans seemed to take naturally to it. The Liverpool Group, for example, fought a gallant rearguard action from room to room, succeeded in getting the porter drunk, and made a historic last stand on the roof. There they invented an entirely new convention pastime, that of dropping empty bottles down chimneys. Admittedly the only reason this idea has never occurred to American fans is that their hotels don't have chimneys, but no one can deny that the Liverpool group have made a valuable contribution to Conventionship, and one that is in the true Ben Singer tradition.

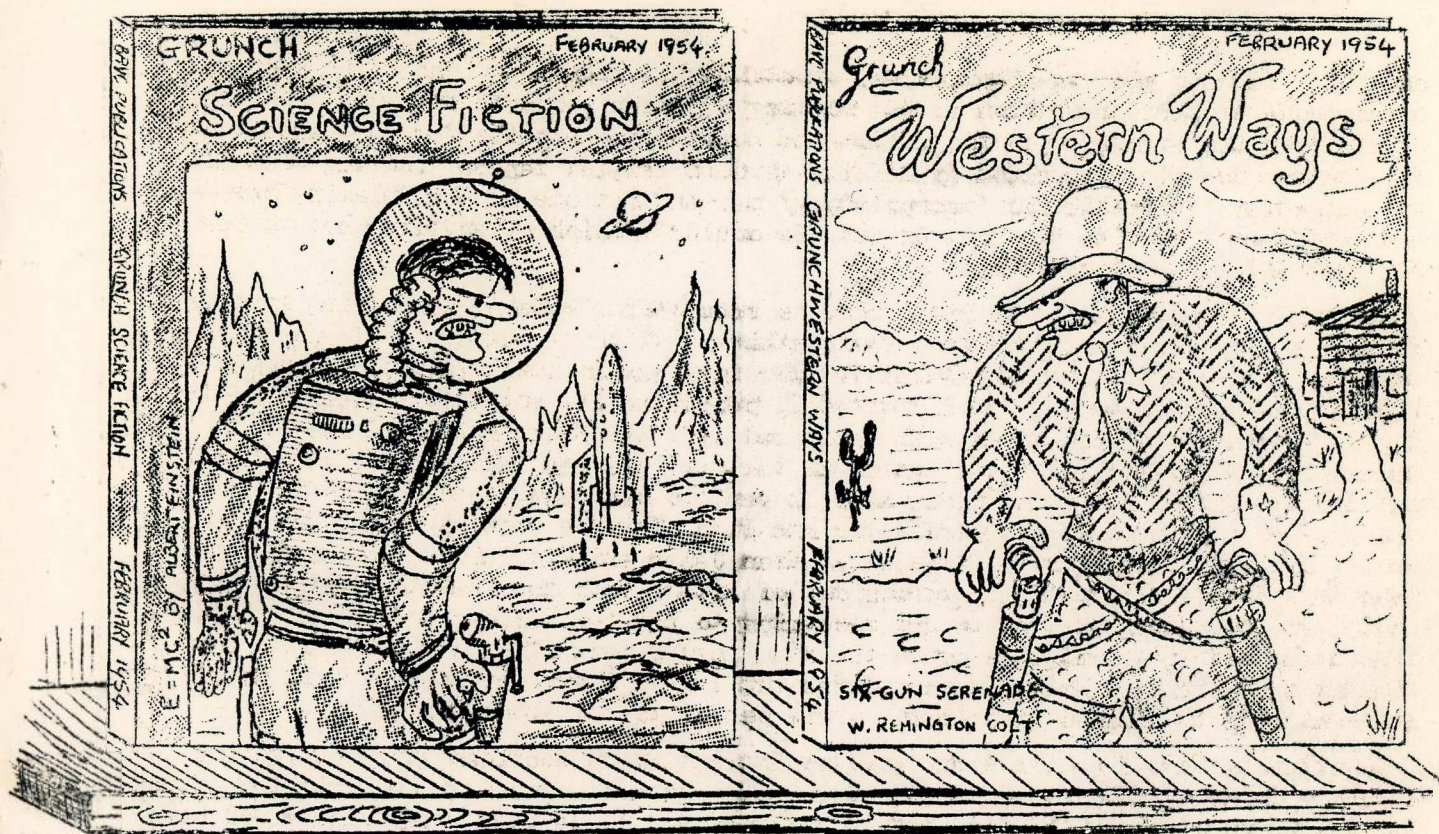
That's where I left this conreport three months ago, and despite numerous requests (well, two's a number, isn't it?) I don't think I'll ever finish it. Every time I think of that second day I feel again that utter tiredness resulting from a combination of the heat, convalescence from pneumonia and driving 800 miles without my L plates. I still think it was a good convention, but I don't want to go back to it... except for a few stray memories. James White's helicopter beanie falling off the coatstand at a Lyons and being returned to him by a dear old lady with "Is this yours?"...A copy of SLANT3 fetching 5/6 at the auction...Bea Mahaffey saying that OTHER WORLD's editorial policy was "flexible" and I asking Ving prophetically if she meant the magazine folded easily...And that all night party at the Rattigan's...

Us True Fans had started a splinter party in the kitchen to get away from the poker players and dancers but our hostess was worried about us. About 4am she came in the immortal words: "THERE HAVE BEEN COMPLAINTS THAT NO ONE IN HERE IS DRINKING!" We denied the foul imputation. About dawn Fred Robinson opened the door to the living room and called us to have a look. It was like a morgue. Bodies lay here and there in what appeared to be advanced stages of decomposition. The sunlight wakened some to pseudolife and they stumbled out into the garden. We walked up the road for no apparent reason and then back again. Apparently everyone had thought everyone else was going somewhere. Bulmer took my arm and pointed at the rest of them. "Of course," he said, "These are all artifacts of Proxyboo Ltd."

"I don't need a helicopter beanie," said Fred Robinson mournfully. "The top of my head just spins round."

"I forgot to wind up my watch before I didn't go to bed last night."





grunch....a sort of column \* A. Vincent Clarke

THE BLOW HAS FELL! Weep, my fandom, Oh my fandom weep. Sodom has been piled on Gomorrah and all is confusion (sit down, Shely).

c r harris has sold to a prozine

He, who called himself the last of the True Fans.

'Churchy', they used to call him. Harris, the Degler of Sixth Fandom.

The underhanded, back-stabbing, two-headed hypocrite!

We know what's going to happen now. "Mr. Harris announces that his next novel will be serialised in Astounding & Galaxy, and the Book-of-the-Month Club has nominated it as its choice for the next year. Mr. Harris started his novel yesterday."

"MGM announces that for the production of Mr. Harris's latest epic they will use their new circular-vision process; in this the screen stretches completely around the auditorium and the audience are issued with mirrors to enable them to see what's going on behind their backs."

"Mr. Harris....." "Mr. Harris....." "Mr. Harris....."

All right. I'm going to Tell All. Horatio held the bridge, Frank Buck brought 'em back alive, Kinnison defeated Boskone, but I was the first Fan to meet Chuck Harris (as he was then called). Why should some unborn 9th funder beat out his brains researching for the data? This is IT.....:-

#### CORRESPONDENCE CURSE

I can still remember that afternoon at the Epicentre. The pregnant silence that followed the clangour of the door-bell, the descent to the hall (with a short stop on the way to test the electrification of the bannister rail), the deep breath, the savage shrug of the shoulders, the flinging open of the front door.

Suprise! Suprise!

CONT. OVER.



(Continued GRUNCHing)

It was a human being standing outside! Rather pleasant features, eyes glittering intelligently and humorously behind horn-rimmed spectacles, an unfannishly well-groomed appearance. And when it spoke, its voice was firm, melodious and pleasant.

"Good afternoon, sir. Can I interest you in a Hoover vacuum cleaner?"

"Thank you, but our vacuums are perfectly clean," I said coldly. "They are," I added, "impregnated with chlorophyll too." I shut the door.

Half-an-hour later Harris arrived. He looked like the result of miscegenation between an octopus and a vulture, and our work with the bannister rail was of no avail because he went upstairs on his hands and knees.



That was the first of a series of meetings that has continued until the publication of this article, but they have not saved me, as sometime fane or as a literary and poetic critic (hoog) from receiving constant letters from Harris, and even, on one occasion, a pictuer poetsard; this latter was a HAND PAINTED REAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A BRITISH BEAUTY...said beauty being Gladys Cooper circa 1910. The message on my card is, as with so much Harrisiana, unprintable, but Bob Shaw received one at the same time which read:

"I am lazing on the beach watching the beautiful scenery walk up and down and sublimating my fan instincts. Glad you're not here."

Of course, this arrived when the bristles on the front-door mat had been reduced to something resembling five-o'clock shadow by the wear of Harris mss. dropping on them, and I was thinking of training Trixie to bark at postmen. (This would have been difficult, as Trixie has a fiercely independent mind. And is also a cat.) But the very first letter we received from Rainham, Britain's answer to Dogpatch, was hardly impolite at all. It was addressed to Ken Bulmer, (Harris, then a neo-fan, being under the impression that the editor of NIRVANA still had contact with just anybody), and altho' it appeared in SFN I'll include it here for the sake of the record:

Dear Ken, I've been meaning to sub. to SFNews for months, but I've been terrified that you'd immediately start publishing it spasmodically along with NIRVANA. Walt Willis finally decided me. He told me that you were advertising a blonde with every copy. A postal order is enclosed.

I've always been interested in this sort of stuff ever since I was a kid. Very seldom do I think of anything else. Sometimes I even dream about it too.

If possible I would prefer one about 5' 8" high with a pleasant sort of personality and a complete file of ASF.

I would like a copy of the 'zine too.

I wonder if you could give me (gratis) a little information about duping? I've been thinking of publishing a fmz....."

I suppose we were blind fools. If we'd acted quickly we might have stopped HYPHEN before it was ~~xxxxxx~~ begun, but we thought this just amateur Fannanship, so we put the letter in the UNANSWERED file and about a month later the file was accidentally knocked over and after we had collected all the letters again (and repaired the floor), the Harris letter happened to be at the top, and we answered it. We answered it....three small words that have the fateful tang of "It might have been...." or "Et tu, Brutel" or Dostoevsky's classic "Your subscriptionky has expired."

"This is just impromptu rudeness.." CRH



( Still GRUNCH, lucky you)

After that, letters came thick and fast, like a film producer's meteor storm. Werewolf stories (including the one that started "The family were changing for dinner..."), poems, carbon-copies of prayers to Belfast, ET limericks, critiques, scandal, bitter denunciations of duplicator salesmen.....During the period when Walter Himself was in the States, for instance, and half-formed thoughts of revolt were rising amongst British fans, we received the following rough draft:-

"He was a dark and dreadful faned with a press up in the loft,  
And all the neighbours jeered at him and swore his head was soft,  
But he ignored the catcalls (and the pleadings of his wife),  
For he was out to spread the gospel of the Fannish Way of Life.

=====

He went to the Convention and he spoke to all and sundry,  
But they could not understand him, the way they did in QUANDRY,  
As he said, "His brogue's so thick, one could cut it with a knife,"  
They did. Poor Walt departed from the Fannish Way of Life.

He lies there near Chicago, on the plains of Illinois,  
And the fen inscribed a monument to Oireland's darlin' Bhoy,  
"He forgot to look before he Looped, He's left this Vale of Strife,  
And he's gone to tell St. Peter of the Fannish Way of Life."

"Trouble with the thing is that it needs two  
more verses.

"There'll be pie in the sky,  
When our Wally's in Chi,  
And the 'zines are unwillised again..."

Of course, I refused to help him. I hope I know where my duty and loyalty lie. Besides, I couldn't think of any rhymes either. Harris has a positive genius for starting interesting poems.

And now we turn to a Harris of a different choler; the literary critic. He has wide experience of the more obscure, or at least, little publicised, branches:

"I'm glad you've joined the library. It's about time. I joined the Rainham Public Library the day I moved here. I have eight tickets but don't use them all...At Dagenham I had fifteen tickets and used all of them. It was a wonderful library and some of the pornography was pretty scarce. I suspect that Rainham's library is run by the Salvation Army....."

"I knocked out a parody on ----- last night in 20 minutes. Unfortunately, though, it's unprintable --- a crude lewd rude saga of an interplanetary bordello. I couldn't possibly use it in '-',....it gives me Ghu's pimples to think of the xtra copies that I'd have to run off if '-' degenerated into another INCINERATIONS. ....What with dupers, typers and 6/- apiece ASFs, fandom seems more expensive than women."

*A Hibernian type*

"I find the dialogue the hardest to write but, after ~~any/any/any~~ (Ah hell, studying) EFR I find that it reads better if you break it up with action." "Fugghead," he growled as he walked across the room! instead of the continual "He said" "She said" business. "

TO BE CONTINUED

Next instalment:- Harris & Bea Mahaffey; Harris and Zsa Zsa Gabor; Harris and Marilyn Monroe; Monastery Days; Harris and the Reaction to this GRUNCH.....

TURN

A very young fan who hasn't yet reached the "what does the rocket push..." stage." ..CRH



Dear Joe, It's quiet in London now; the Circle's not quite used to meeting in the GLOBE instead of the WHITE HORSE. It hasn't the same atmosphere; bigger, but less sitting and more standing- room, tho' there's a basement with seats and 2 full-sized billiard/snooker tables. Instead of plotting dart orbits we're deep in problems of angular momentum and the gravitational pull of pockets. I suppose we'll adapt.

The GLOBE's in Hatton Garden, about 200 yds. from the WHITE HORSE. That was in the newspaper district; this is the extra-hard currency area...diamonds. Days, little groups of solid citizens gather on the pavements discussing the latest from Kimberley or Brazil, flashing brilliants from every finger. It makes things difficult--when you see a fan in the gutter Thursday nights now, you don't know if he's dropped an ASF, is ordinary drunk, or is prospecting. But do visit us when you're in Town.

Little news of people. Arthur Clarke is packing for another US trip. The Manchester fanzine SPACE TIMES is now published by new actifan Londoner Stuart Mackenzie...compare "The LASFS 'zine is being published by a New Yorker"...Alistair Paterson, Assoc. Editor of the new VARGO STATTON 'ZINE appeared at the GLOBE, made friends all round, tho' he's not one of the fan/author-turned-Ed. types. New acti-teenager Colin Parsons also became a regular; he's just issued FISSION 1, a lithoed 'zine with some promise...31, Benwood Court, Benhillwood Rd., Sutton, Surrey, is the address.

But I must tell you of another step to Fandom As A Way Of Life, or Our Approach To The Mundane World. Two very good friends of mine, Jim & Dorothy Ratigan (not 16-year old twin brothers, you 6th. fandom remnant) found they'd an unwanted piano. No, it hadn't grown from a teensy-weensy mouth-organ in the night; it just happened to be there. Now, one can do several things with an intrusive piano; learn to play it; sell it; pretend not to notice it...two other friends, Ron & Daphne Buckmaster, did just that; store beer in it (an excellent use); send it to a Convention auction; cover up that patch of spilt duplicator ink on the wall-paper with it....

Jim & Dot took an axe, a saw and other tools to theirs. The lid and some of the back made admirable bookcases; the legs became table-lamp bases; solid oak shelves for china widgets appeared; the keys provided a cheerful fire, and rambler-roses climb wonderfully on piano wire....the piano permeated the household, peeping out here as a firescreen, there as a knife-box.....

This opens up a wonderful new vista of fan plays; why, even keeping to pianos:-  
SCENE A classy piano dealer's luxuriously furnished showroom in Bond Street or 5th

Avenue; dotted here and there, glossy black, glossy walnut, glossy oak, grand and upright and mini-, The Instruments. Chaste. Select. Elegant. ENTER Two Characters. A black-coated shopwalker hurries forward, rubbing pudgy white hands, slows abruptly as he sees STARTLING STORIES jammed in the pocket of one of the visitors.

1st CHARACTER (Thoughtfully kicking piano) "Lousy wood here. A saw would stick in no time. There you are...it's split."

2nd CHARACTER "There's good hinges on the lid, though. How about this one?"

SHOPWALKER "Goodmorning...uh...gentlemen. May I assist you?"

2nd CHARACTER "Yeah; this piano. Are the keys inflammable?"

SHOPWALKER "I beg your pardon?"

1st CHARACTER "Will they catch fire easily?" (Aside) "Go easy, Joe. Non-sf reader. Dull!"

SHOPWALKER (loosening collar) "I'm sure I couldn't say. Were you interested in any..."

2nd CHARACTER "Thin legs on it, anyway. Of course, we could make 'em into candlesticks!"

SHOPWALKER (faintly) "Candlesticks? But...but this is a pianoforte by Steinway!"

1st CHARACTER "Didn't he write Passion of Purple Planet?"

2nd CHARACTER "No, that was Einstein. How about this? We want one with strong strings.

"We'll have to hang those rocket models up soon; they're all over the place."

SHOPWALKER (Desperately) "The tone...."

1st CHARACTER "I think this is the best; we could cut this lid four ways, here and across here...it's got a stool too. Wouldn't that hold the typer?"

2nd CHARACTER "Yes, I think you're right." (To Shopwalker) "We'll take this one."

SHOPWALKER (opening eyes) "Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. Where shall I send it, sir?"

1st CHARACTER (producing axe and spitting thoughtfully on hands) "That's OK. We'll take most of it with us now...Well, Jeez, whaddya know! Painted!"

GRUNCH.. A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS PUBLICATION, written, illustrated and produced by AVC



by Bob Shaw

# THE CLASS BUSHEL

My feelings towards my bicycle have changed.

Yes, I'm going to write once more about my rusty steed in spite of the fact that I have already filled many a column with brilliant, touching little anecdotes about it. I can just hear some of you muttering, "Why is this fellow Shaw always peddling his bicycle?"

My answer to this is, "Why not?" All the fannish greats wrote about personal things near and dear to them. Hoffman had her horse, Clarke had his cat, and Bulmer his ceiling, which was nearer to him than most people's, and dearer. Even that great femme fan created by Shakespeare, namely Juliet, had an intense affection for her duplicator. Who can forget the heart-rending pathos of her plea, "Roneo! Roneo! wherefore art thou Roneo?"

Anyway, as I was saying, I feel differently about my bicycle, because last week I decided to give it the first overhaul it has had in the twelve odd years that I have owned it. Before this I had regarded it with contempt. I despised it as being a simple machine, one step removed from a wheelbarrow.

Well, I didn't actually despise it, for I was fond of the thing, but I had for it the sort of affection a mother might feel for an uncomplaining but idiot child.

The overhaul changed all that.

There were times when it seemed that every blow on the spanner would produce a shower of ball bearings from the most unexpected place. I got a nightmarish feeling that the frame of the machine was filled with ball bearings, all waiting for the first opportunity to disgorge themselves onto the floor.

After an hour or so of marvelling at the complexities of my bike I began to realise the magnitude of the wrongs I had done it. I shuddered to think at the way I had left it out overnight in the rain. At the way I used to ride up onto the footpath to save me getting off.

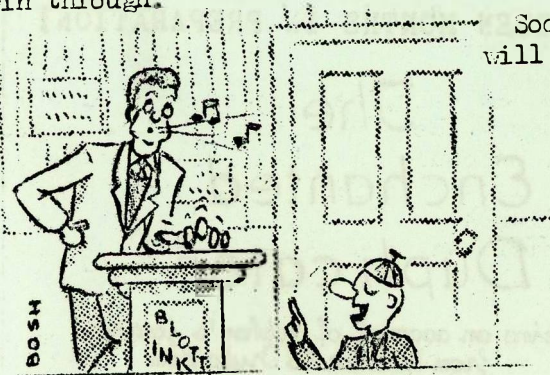
That's why I bought a lot of shiny new parts and am trying to fit them. I say trying because nearly every bolt and screw is irrevocably wedded to the parent metal of the frame. This incestuous relationship is proving very difficult to break up, but I shall win through.

Soon the bike as known to Vin/ Clarke and others will be no more.

\*If anybody is thinking if saying that Juliet was not a fan I am quite prepared to go through the whole play, applying pun permutations to prove that she was.

This is going to be a very abbreviated Buschel, as I left it a bit late. To tell the truth, I have been neglecting my fan activity lately---I just can't help being pressed for time, as well as being born lazy. However, one of my New Year resolutions was to do more in fandom, and this one I intend to keep, in spite of the massed voices of various temptations singing "Come Back to Errin".

When I think back over my fannish career I



"I want a ream of quarto of a subtle yellow-brown shade suggestive of ancient (even sacred) parchment, and yet possessing that indefinable elan that one associates with a progressive cleverly humorous fanmagazine."

"She's an old-fashioned writer--a sort of Emily Brontosaurns."



find that I have done very, very little, and yet only yesterday I received a fanzine sent because the editor considered me a BNF.

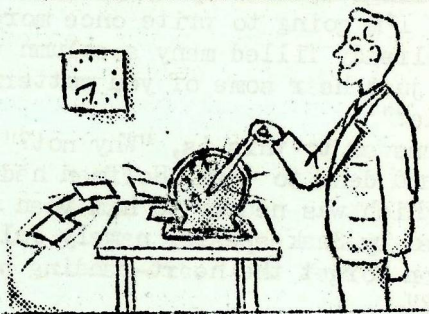
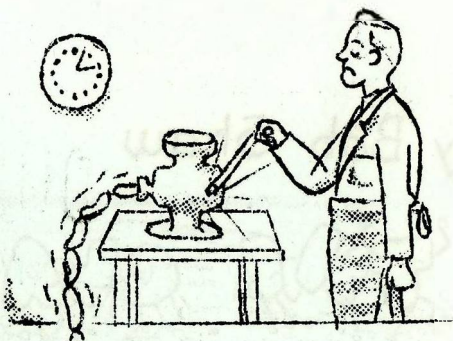
I discussed this with WAW one night and we discovered that some fans have a talent for just getting their names mentioned. The possessors of this fanish psi faculty, at the cost of very little energy, get their names into everything.

For example, I discovered that by dint of sending one letter and one short article to that dynamo Raleigh Maltog I had worked myself up into a position of tremendous potential power in the Star Rockets Correspondence Club. I haven't the paper with me as I write, but from memory I was entitled to vote in various elections along with people who had obtained a hundred (or so) points at the rate of ten (or so) per article.

Sometimes I feel awed.

What is this strange power that I possess? Am I a fanish Gilbert Gosseyn? Sometimes I get a weird feeling that, if I wanted, I could by writing three letters and a book review for PERI take over fandom or bring about the death of FAPA.

Not that I have any wish to be left mourning over the corpse of FAPA, while in the background there sound the plaintive strains of "The Last Postmailing."



"No more for James - he's drivelling."

## THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND

STATE OF THE FUND AT 22/Jan./'54

|                                 |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Carried over from Hyphen 5..... | 10:17:9 |
| Evelyn Smith.....               | 10:0    |
| Fred L. Smith.....              | 3:0     |
| Eric Frank Russell.....         | 1: 0:0  |
| OF Comptn. & K.F. Slater.....   | 1:10:0  |
| Peter Campbell.....             | 10:0    |
| HYPHEN Advertisements.....      | 1: 0:0  |
| Bill Morse.....                 | 2:6     |
| Ken Potter.....                 | 4:0     |
| Stuart Whitehead.....           | 2:6     |
| Ted Camell.....                 | 1: 0:0  |
| Don J. Nardizzi.....            | 7:2     |
| A. Clark.....                   | 5:0     |
| B. Avis.....                    | 1:0     |
| Dennis Tucker.....              | 5:0     |
| George Raybin.....              | 7:2     |
| John B. Hall.....               | 2:6     |

Total £18: 7:7

NOTE: This represents only the European end of the Fund.

A complete list of contributors will be published when the fund closes

Once more it falls to my lot to make my annual appeal to you on behalf of the Oblique House Fund for Starving Fanzines.

If any of you have any cartoons, jokes or humorous fillers they will be gratefully accepted, and full credit to the donors will be given in the church magazine, namely Hyphen.

Remember one cartoon will supply balance and an air of completion to one partially filled page. And two will bring illumination and cheerfulness to a double page spread.

Friends, let us not forget our needy fanzines, and Hyphen in particular.

Puh-lease!

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN PREPARATION!

## The Enchanted Duplicator

Being an account of Jophan's journey  
from Mundane to Trufandom

20000 words: 1/- or 15¢ per copy; ready February

1  
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# ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

Chuch Harris

Chatham lies only about forty miles away from Rainham, but I hadn't been there for years. I spent six months there whilst I was in the Navy, and afterwards swore a Dreadful Oath, (yeah, that one), that I would never go back. However, Dave Newman, liason man between the London O, and the Medway Mob, had other ideas. He pointed out that it wouldn't be a real convention if I wasn't there, that Shirley Marriot was coming up from Bournemouth, and that if I intended to continue with my "Hyphen" column, I'd better start getting some material quickly.

Nothing is too much for me to do for our Circulation, so I went. The programme was supposed to begin at about 11 o'clock, but I'd learnt about fannish traditions at the Loncon. I arrived at 12.20, and the only sign of organised activity was at the cash desk by the door.

Inside the hall there were far more people than I'd expected to see. A few were local yokels just rubbernecking, but along with the real Medway fans, and a big arc of the London O, there were quite a few bloody provincials from the hinterlands.

Vinç was sitting behind his typer when I saw him. I looked at his one-shot stencil, and saw "Edited by Vinç Clarke, Dave Newman, and Chuch Harris.....". I thought this showed touching faith, -- I'd told him that I might come, but I never dreamt he'd be so sure I was really an actifan. I asked what I'd missed, and he said nothing had happened yet. "Ah," I said, "It's just like the Loncon." With that, after I'd barely been in the joint for two minutes, I was immortalised in stencil. I felt like one of those people who say witty things to "Reader's Digest editors."

I thought I'd done my share of one-shot work, so I walked around admiring the stands, and mingling with my public.. The Medway Mob had given their All to this show, and had made a really fine job of it. There were lots of pro-publishers exhibiting too, but there was nothing I felt a burning desire to buy. The nicest thing I saw was the Vargo Statten Magazine that Scion Books are issuing in Jan. I picked up a copy, and found that, apart from the cover and the contents page, all the rest of the book was just blank sheets. This, I thought, was the best innovation in the publishing field since Mr. Street met Mr. Smith. I got hold of Scion's representative, pumped his hand up and down, and made with the congratulations. I told him that this was much better than any of the Statten/Gridban stuff I'd seen previously, and asked if he was extending the idea to his other publications.

He was quite lucid, had a good vocabulary, but no sense of humour. How was I to know that it was just a dummy for the edification of us True Faans?

I beat a strategic retreat and went over to talk Brian Varley and Eric Bentcliffe about S-x. Eric told me he was running a fannish Kinsey Report, and gave me a questionnaire to fill in. This was a deadly serious study of fandom, highly confidential, and as funny as all get out. I got down to the bit where their professional statistician was asking me if I'd ever bought a Joan the Wad, and started to laugh madly. In fact, I was so busy being a Character that I never noticed everybody else sneaking off to lunch.

"As a True Fan, I could see that Vargo Statten was depending on me."



When I got to the dining room, all the places had been taken and there were a dozen or so people left over. These seemed inclined to stand in the doorway and let the others entertain them by eating. I didn't know any of them, so I went out to lunch by myself.

No sooner had I found a restaurant and sat down, than Ken and Pam Bulmer, Pete Taylor, and another guy came in. I hollered at them, and they came over to my table. The other guy turned out to be that Fannish Legend, Abnorm Wandsboro. For years I've been hearing myths of the star-begotten Wizard of Wilts., but never before have I had a chance of meeting him in the flesh as you might call it. If I'm stuck for material next month, I may write a short novel entitled "I had lunch with Abnorm Wandsborough", but I haven't room to tell you about it here. However, if 49 of you people want to go to the San Francisco convention, and read all the latest prozines for the next six months, perhaps you'd better write Norman care of O'Bleak House.....

Ken Bulmer's wife is also fabulous, but in a much more attractive way. I don't know if I'm just susceptible or not, but I am already carrying torches for Bea, Rita, and Madeleine. If I add them for Pam and Shirley Marriot I shall begin to look like a mutation from Kali and the Statue of Liberty.....

Afterwards, as we came out of the restaurant, (that's twice I've spelt it wrongly. In future I will patronise cafes), we were assaulted. About 20 of those who'd had lunch at the hall, went out afterwards to explore the town. They'd found a shop with water-pistols, and bought the whole lot. By a strange coincidence, -- probably called Newman, they happened to be passing the restaurant (spelt right), as we came out. I knew from bitter experience just what happens to defenceless people at conventions, ("Woman and children first, then burn down the unarmed combatants"), so I walked around and got myself a pistol before going back. I found Burgess, (may the staples fall out of his prozine collection), on a similar errand, but he was buying some Dan Dare affair that wasn't much more than a toy. In a different shop I got a real spaceman's pistol, in blue plastic, that was the same sort of DeLameter as Ving and the others had.

Back at the hall the programme was going along merrily, and there were also six unscheduled running gunfights. I fought a duel at eight paces with Bentcliffe and also discovered that Varley's DeLameter was a special job. It looked exactly like the others, but shot about 20 times as much water. I tell you, Varley is a man to be feared.

The table holding Ving's typer was declared Neutral Territory. Eric took a shot at me whilst I was sitting there, so I got all stern and reprimanded him. He looked sorry, so I followed up by shooting at him from where I was sitting. He wouldn't fire back because of the typer, and after wasting glorious precious moments appealing to my Sense of Decency and Ethics, it dawned on him that the only result was that he was getting wetter, so he moved out of range.

The nonentities and fringe fans were horrified by all these goings on. If this was Fandom, they were going to read Westerns in future. I was sorry afterwards that I didn't take them half a dozen copies of the "Financial Times" to rustle at us.

Just before tea, Ving introduced me to Shirley Marriot. Ken Potter had previously introduced me at the London, and two minutes beforehand I'd been happily squirting water down her neck, but I never refuse introductions..... especially when they're shaped as nicely as Shirley is. She's good fun, and does look very much like Lee Hoffman. Also, she is a mean hand with a water-pistol.

After tea we had a special battle with all sorts of refinements like picked sides, a code of Honour, and quotes from "Gunner Cade". Originally it was the North against the South, but other people joined in, sides were forgotten and it

"I shall go around telling everyone you're a friend of Derek Pickles."



developed into a glorious free-for-all. Just before Ron Buckmaster immobilised me by fouling up my lenses, (evidently he's studied White's Manual of Strategy), I noticed Vin's flat on the floor sniping at Bentcliffe, whilst Shirley cowered behind one of the Union Jacks draping the walls. Pete Taylor was trying to get his pistol under the flag while she shot at him from beneath it. It reminded me of that dirty pootsard in which a flag bedecked prima donna is singing, "Many a great battle has been fought beneath this Grand Old Flag".

The greater part of the evening was taken up by a film show, but I was busy Detecting and didn't see much of it. Mucky Spleen got his original inspiration from me, and when I'm really on form I make Meat Hamburger look like a pantywaist. This page of my casebook is called "The Case of the Missing DeLameter." I found it, of course, and what's more, it was all in the strictly accidental tradition.

Vin had lost his water-pistol at tea-time. He'd put it on the table and then, instead of keeping his eyes on his own property, he was looking at Shirley Marriot's, ( I mean her water-pistol of course), when his own suddenly vanished. At first, I was inclined to suspect Vitons or little green men, (there was no butler at the Medcon), but this turned out to be a false trail. I'd almost forgotten about the whole business, and was idly sniping at Burgess, when my pistol conked out. The Worm suddenly turned at FTL speed, whipped a DeLameter out of his pocket, and proceeded to let me have it. Fortunately, Ron Buckmaster and Dave Newman were around, and they took over until I cleared the block in my barrel. The three of us then christened him. I only hope his new suit was sanforized.

As we left him standing in his little puddle, I suddenly realised that he had no business with a DeLameter. He was a Dan Dare man. It turned out to be Vin's pistol. Burgess had only borrowed it of course, but we'd been searching for the damn thing for two hours, and hadn't dreamed it would be in somebody's pocket. We took it back, and decided that Somebody Would Have To Do Something About Burgess. He has enough gall to be divided into three parts, and all we lack is a volunteer.

The auction came next, but it was getting on for 10 p.m. and I had to get home. I would have liked to have stayed later, but I had to get back across the Thames before the ferry stopped running from Gravesend to Tilbury.

At Chatham station there was a train drawing in as I came down the stairs. Two neo-neofans, hugging Vargo Statten illos, were on the platform, so I asked them if the train went to Gravesend, and took their word that it did. It was a bad guess on their part. If I ever meet the stupid little fuggheads again, I shall stuff them with their own illos. It was a train that went almost anywhere in Kent except Gravesend. Naturally, instead of watching the stations, I was busy telling these kids what a big fan I am..... "Arthur C Clarke? Oh, you mean Ego. Of course I know him.... great friend of mine. Ted Carnell?... yeah, buys my beer every Thursday night" (you can see how innocent these two kids were).... "Bea Mahaffey?... ab-sol-utely crazy about me, son. Do I write?... Well, not for a living." Ghod, it was wonderful.

I swear they were on the point of asking for my autograph, when I found I was on the wrong train. I got out at the next station, --- a place called Fewkeham Halt. I questioned the station-master/porter/ticket-collector, and he said it would be better to catch a bus from outside the station to Gravesend, instead of going right back to Chatham. He didn't mention that the bus service was half-hourly or that I'd just missed the 10.30 one.

Fewkeham is another of those places where it would be best not to hold a convention. From what I saw, it consists of a station, a Baptist Church and a Gentleman's Convenience. It was raining, there was no cover, and I stood at the

"On confirmed rockturners have any knowledge of him."



bus stop cursing the Eastern National Bus Company, and wishing I had a box of matches or a lighter-fuel capsule. It's a really desolate spot, and the only person I saw, turned out to be a non-smoker.

After half an hour of this, a bus came along on the other side of the road. The destination placard said 'Northfleet' -- which I knew was even further out. It stopped outside the station for a couple of minutes, so I went over to ask the conductor if there would be anymore buses from Northfleet to Gravesend.

"This un," he said.

I pointed out that the board said the bus was going to Northfleet, and he had the nerve to say, "Everyone round here knows where the bus is going" in a condescending, pitying sort of way, as if it wasn't my fault I wasn't telepathic. My Mind Was A Blank, and it was only my iron self-control, and the fact that I realised I'd never driven a bus, and didn't know the route to Gravesend, that saved his widow collecting on his insurance policies. I was really steamed up, -- if my shoes hadn't been waterlogged, I'd have danced with reac. It didn't make me any happier when I found that it took 40 minutes to do the trip either.

After a tour of Kent I managed a pierhead jump onto the last ferry. If I'd missed it, I would have had to spend the night in Gravesend Workhouse which is just as dismal as it sounds. I got to Tilbury, on the Essex side of the Thames, just after midnight, and the porter told me that the last up-train had just gone. He thought it was an enormous joke. "Heh, heh," he said, just like Max Keasler, "You can still go to Southend though." I told him briefly where he could go, and what he could do when he got there, and walked away praying devoutly that Sir Winston would denationalize transport, and fire a few of these power-mad bastards.

It's about 20 miles from Tilbury to Rainham, and next time I shall know that it's cheaper to buy the cab than hire it. It cost me 30/-, and I had to tip the guy because I'd been bumming his matches. When I paid him off outside the door, I told him, "I hope I never see you again in all my bloody life."

I hung my clothes up to dry, stuffed my shoes with paper, (fortunately they were an old pair), boiled half a pint of milk, diluted it with rum, found the aspirin bottle, cleaned my teeth, and went to bed.

Rum and milk is a lot pleasanter to take than anti-histamines, and just about as effective. I've a hell of a cold this morning.

It was worth it though.

## QUOTATION OF THE MONTH

(From 'The Spectator', 11th December 1953)

"H.G. Wells and Jules Verne did not really write science fiction in the accepted sense of the word nowadays. It was started by Hugo Gernsbeck in 'Modern Electrics', and was made popular by John W. Campbell Jnr., author of 'The Thing' and now editor of 'Authentic Science Fiction.'"

"He can always change the title to 'SF HISTORY'."



# PICKLES AND SAN FRANCISCO

There are two very good reasons why Pickles and San Francisco should get together:

## Firstly at the Convention itself.

Americans have a right to see in person the different types of fans who inhabit these islands. They have seen the Irish Bhoy in person and more recently the Cockney Beard. It seems only right they should be given a chance to meet a third type, Yorkshire's own Derek Pickles.

He has been active in fandom for years now and knows who's who on the other side of the pond (by reputation if not personally) and will know what is expected of him.

## Secondly after the Convention.

Well surely all of us who stay at home (on both sides of the Atlantic) would like to know what happened? Pickles can tell us in straightforward reporting which will make sense to the people who are not fans yet. He has edited Phantasmagoria for three years and now is co-editor of Zenith, a magazine which is superbly produced. Fans will be able to produce a copy of his report proudly to non-fans and be able to get on with the task of gaining new recruits. In fact such a report written by Pickles and duplicated on the same standard as Zenith could be the basis of a really big membership drive by all fan clubs both here and in America.



# WHICH FAN WILL GO ? ? ?

This being obviously an electioneering advert, you'll want to know the advertiser's name.

Okay: so I tell you.

ITS Pete Campbell.

Are you still reading this, even after you know WHO ?

Good.

Maybe you've voted by now.

If so I've either had your vote, or else I've had it.

But you can still join the LAKELAND S F ORGANISATION.

You spoke? A question maybe ?

Yerse, of course! I know this is supposed to be an electioneering advert. But did you know about the P.A.Y.L. system ?

The abbrev stands for Pay As You Like.

Write to Pete Campbell,  
60 Calgarth Rd,  
Windermere, England.

Ask for a copy of the LSFO Library Stocklist. This will be sent you---and a letter too.

You look thru the list; pick out the items you want to borrow. Most of the list is magazines, but there's pocket books, books, and even a few fmz (tho the latter don't last long in a library)

Having decided what you want, you then write in to the Librarian (now don't get covered with CONFUSION, but we've already four Librarians)(there'll be more yet)(they'll be all over the place !)

Ask for as long a list of

items as you can.

You receive 12 of the items in each parcel. The remainder of your want-list is filled later. Twelve books/mags at a time as n' when available.

When you've read 'em (no time limit on this), you return 'em.

And you PAY. (Now this is the part you'll LIKE !) You pay with either cash or magazines---either then or before or after---as much or as little as you find the service is WORTH. Wanna join, Walt?

If you pay cash, that will offset running expenses, such as postage.

If you pay in kind, you will swell the Library's Stocklist.

That stocklist keeps on GROWING. All the time.

THERE'LL BE MORE BY THE TIME U READ THIS !

In the  
Lakeland S F Organisation  
you PAY AS YOU LIKE !

JOIN NOW!

Just in passing, I'd like to add,

1--- have you seen ANDROMEDA ? Its not every fanzine has 50 or more pages !

2--- the L S F O has a bi-monthly clubzine, published on a subscription basis by Paul Enever, 9, Churchill Ave, HILLINGDON, Midx, England. Price 4d.

3--- if you want a CONTACT, then CONTACT the OF CONTACT BUREAU!

4--- er--- ahem---do vote for me, wotd you ?

Thanks.

--pete.

-----  
THIS is not Pete Campbell. IT is that gentleman who was so vindictive in HOUSE OF WAX (you saw it, didn't you ?



the gentleman's portrait is by Derek(LR)Critchley

(Paid Advertisement)





## For shame, Redd Boggs, for shame!"

By F. Towner Laney  
(From 'Burlblings' August '49)

Can you believe that Redd Boggs is a scandal-monger? A destroyer of reputations? A slayer of souls?

The name of Boggs conjures up a vast vista of impeccable fanzines, teeming with trenchant pungencies; of FAPAish duties cheerfully assumed and faultlessly

carried out. Little did I ever think that the Boggs I had known was merely the Jekyll to the Hyena Boggs, the hyena that rends in the night.

It is hard for me even to utter the blasphemy which Redd Boggs is deliberately spreading throughout the length and breadth of FAPA, even though I have with my own eyes seen it typed in the neat Boggs manner on a sheet of the neat Boggs stationery. I am almost frightened to repeat it. The typing of such a breath-taking defiance of all that is right and honorable and fine could well call down a bolt of lightning from on high. The very earth reels and trembles as I contemplate it. Who knows what Jovian retribution I may bring about my hapless ears? My children may be snuffed out in frightful agony. My wife may be resolved into her primeval atoms. My mind -- my fine mind with its broad mental horizons -- may be wiped out, leaving me a drooling idiot. Why, this may even create eye-tracks on the pristine, virginal pages of my mint collection.

But I cannot refrain. It is my clear duty to tell you of the vile rumor which Redd Boggs is spreading.

He has told Burbee in a letter that Ackerman has gotten married! Do you understand? He says that FORREST J ACKERMAN HAS GOTTEN MARRIED.

It can't be true. It mustn't be true. For if it were, this would be the end of the fandom I have known and rather enjoyed these past few years.

It is not as though Forrest J Ackerman were free to think of his own selfish ends and aims. It is not as though he were a person. He is more than a person. He is...fandom. He is dedicated.

Yes.

In the very highest sense, Forrest J Ackerman is consecrated, a holy vessel for the carrying of the sacred stefnic fire. For decades, he has strode forward into the light, brave and unfaltering, his arms filled with ancient prozines and his eyes alight with the lambent glow that has inspired us all. For decades he has striven onward and upward, his pockets bulging with fannish letters and his brow dappled with mimeograph ink.

You would lead us to think, Redd Boggs, that Our God has crashed headlong and lies in surrendered ruin, like a great wounded beast with Its head pillowed on an Amazing Quarterly? You tell us that He, Forrest J Ackerman, is married?

For shame, Redd Boggs, for shame.

This blasphemy we know for a falsehood.

Why it is as though the Pope had set up a statue of Anti-Christ in the Vatican. It is as though Jesus had opened a bookie joint. It is as though a monk of the Capuchin Order were suddenly to renounce his God and trample his robes into the mire and ordure of the street. Why it is almost as bad as if Kid Ory were to take a job with Guy Lombardo.

But we know Forry, Mr. Boggs; we know and believe in him. Do what you will with his reputation; and in the end your bravest efforts will be one with a

The Poo is mightier than the Yobber.



pigeon defecating on a statue of Abraham Lincoln. The most outrageous slings and arrows of your envenomed vocabulary will dent him like a drop of water dents a battleship.

Our Forry did not get married.

How could he square himself with fandom? Why the NFFF did not even take a poll to select him a suitable mate.

How could he walk through the sacred woodshed that houses the Foundation and bear the patient, eyeless rebuke of those serried stacks of stf?

How could he fondle the soul-warming rows of his collection and not sear his soul with a feeling of betrayal?

How could he go through life with his typewriter shrinking in horror from the touch of his fingers? How could he meet the eyes of his Brundage nude original, and still feel that all was the same between them?

Just as a nun is a Bride of Christ, so is Our Forry is the Bride of Buck Rogers and Amazing (( I am speaking figuratively of course.)) ((( and of the Gernsback Amazing))). Are you brazenly accusing him of adultery?

No, No, Redd Boggs. A thousand times no.

Our Ackerman is still the same. He reigns forever, sublime and inspiring, in Box 6151, Metro Station, and all is right with the world.

Or perhaps I wrong you, Redd. Mayhap an understandable, if unforgiveable, mortal impatience has suddenly overwhelmed you. Of a verity, Forrest J Ackerman must in time acquire a goddess to reign with him over the starbegotten. For so it is written.

But the fumbings of mortals cannot hasten the consummations of gods. There is an eldritch, holy book (with a cover by Paul), and the course of the ages is therein set down -- sublime and immutable.

When man has conquered space, then and only then can we hope for nuptial carillons on North New Hampshire. Surely no one planet could produce two Ackermans? Perhaps from Mars, or Venus, or Pluto, or Alpha Centauri the Ackerwoman may come. And in that happy era there will be a vast rejoicing and shouting in the public places and whole fanzines dedicated to congratulations and compliments.

But until that happy day, though your case may deserve divine compassion rather than mortal revilings, all I can say to you and your scandal mongering is.

For shame, Redd Boggs. For shame.

#### POETRY CORNER.

A Venusian spider sat drinking his cider  
In a Martian canal cafeteria,  
When Little Miss Muffett came into the buffet  
And frightened him into hysteria.

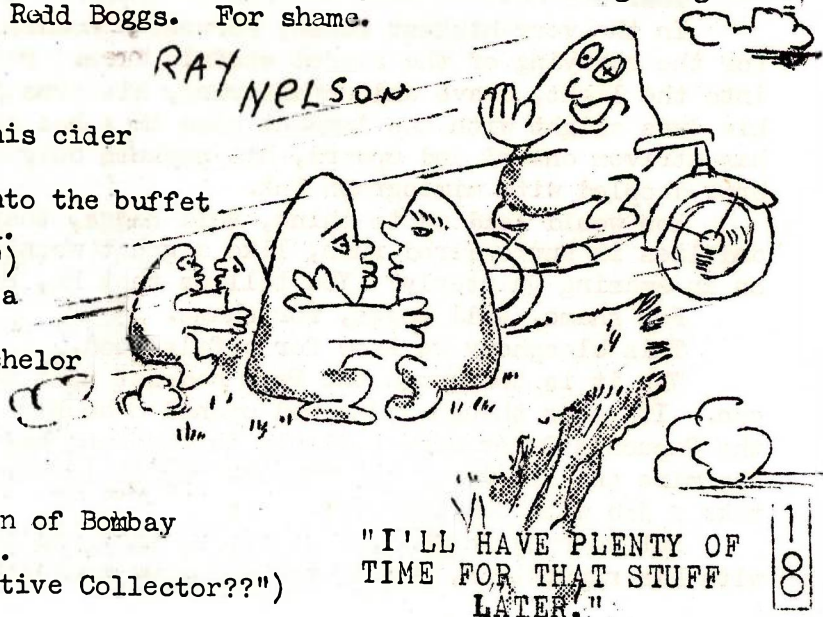
(A. Vinç Clarke "Slander")

It is with Francis Towner Laney a  
Species of mania  
That the sex life of the fan bachelor  
Should be naturaler.

(W.A. Willis "Quandry")

Sweet Sue of South Carolina,  
Had a tesseract for a vagina.  
She was laid every day by the men of Bombay  
While soliciting custom in China.

(Anon. "Dawn & The Imaginative Collector??")





# Readers' Letters & Editorial

**WILLIAM F. TEMPLE** If it flatters your ego at all, I'm writing this in bed at 6am, and it's as cold as an editor's heart. Two of my fingers have just dropped off—frostbite—but I'm not worried; I still have six left (two dropped off yesterday also), which is enough to last the rest of the week.

If it unflatters your ego at all, I might mention that this 6am industry isn't entirely on your behalf. It's become a regular Thing. These days I have a mountain of work to do at the office and another mountain at home. Both are higher than Everest. It's all night for Hillary and Tensing: they only climbed one mountain once, and now they can everest. I can't. This looks to be the Sherpa Things to Come indefinitely, and although I know I promised an article for HYPHEN I'm glad I didn't say when. Shall we say 1984—Orwell past that date? Let's.

If it flattens your ego at all, Mr White's **THE BEACON** was as good as one of your own mastpieces; than which there can be no higher praise. It scintillated. It's an essay in sustained top-flight humour I shall never bring myself to part with. It goes Thurber than Thurber: it is Thurberst.

I was glad to see you'd noted my remarks at the Con. I was really high at the time and had little idea of what I was saying. En route to the Con I'd stopped at an inn or two to muster Dutch courage to face the ordeal of speaking. I overdid it. When I got there, Ted and Bea dragged me into the bar right away, and when I emerged, and had to speak a few minutes later, I was really overdone. Afterwards, I couldn't remember what I'd said, so you've satisfied my curiosity.

Thank you also for the latest, or Campbell, issue. No doubt you know that the Campbell clan is now one bigger, by a lad pen-named Gregor. No doubt also you know that the last gathering at the 'White Horse' takes place this week, and that the next pub to be dismantled by degrees is 'The Globe' in Hatton Garden.

Hell, my head just fell off. Oh, well, it'll make shaving easier.

**DEAN GREENELL** I can see from reading Mr White's report that I really haven't lived at all. But the vicarious pseudo-existence which I experienced in the perusal thereof was a source of considerable enjoyment.

As a concrete token of my appreciation—well, really, it isn't actually concrete but paper—I dispatched a copy of the November **R&SF** to your headquarters this very morning. A concrete prozine would make for hard reading, n'est-ce pas? (French phrase, meaning "Look Daddy—a bird's nest!") Oh I don't know. We could have van Vogt writing about general cerentics again. You won't be getting it too soon, I fear, as it bore a mere 5 cents' worth of stamps which means that it will be given to a lighthouse inspector to carry along in his dory and drop off in the course of his appointed rounds. It arrived the same day as your letter. Either you buy very good stamps or this is an example of the speeding up of history. I hope you like it. Your attention is particularly directed to 'The Hound of Cullen' by W.B. Ready. Though it might be enjoyed more in the South of Ireland. Because our national hero is depicted as a small dark man instead of Godlike like all us Northern Irish fans? No, we're far more annoyed to see someone getting 3d a word for retelling the Cuchailan saga, known to every Ulster child.

Re the interlin on p.19, over here the boys are getting more gallant and the gals more buoyant with each passing year. Inflatable bras? The old order changes, giving place to the pneumatic.

Hollywood is now working on a tense drama about workers among the lofty electrical signs over Times Square. They plan to call it "High Neon." A signs fixing story?

**HARRY TURNER** God—another Hyphen before even I've gotten around to making rude remarks about the last... Why the ancient lighthouse as a symbol of 7th Fandom? I should have thought a radar homing beam would've been more appropriate for so progressive (?) a force, even if more difficult to present as an easily apprehended visual symbol. Sir, the lighthouse is not a symbol for 7th Fandom, but depicts ~~this~~ group as a sort of Fannish Foundation guiding True Fans through the shifting chaos of that era. With the revival of Calkins' **OOPSLA** in Los Angeles a Second Foundation has been established at the other end of fandom.

"Once in a while I read about Dean the Wed just to get away from the herd."



You guys are too anxious to give yourselves labels. In my days we doled out the numbers in retrospect when the trends had worked themselves into a pattern: according to Websterian classification I suppose I'm still heart and soul (if you will pardon the loose use of the words) in Second Fandom.

I have more than suspicion that this T.A. Fan Fund is an underhand move to promote Proxyboo Ltd. Considering the number of fans I have seen preening themselves in public and 'selling' themselves to all and sundry, there must have been a gnawing of fingernails when the list of candidates appeared. Soon everyone will want to be in the act. The vices which Dave Ish complains about will be intensified! I am tempted to go into competition with you before next year's rush... anyone want a Public Relations Officer And Defamer Of Competitors? I must away and complete the mess of 'How To Win Fans & Influence Fandom.'

Alas, if only the nominating date had been extended... Be it known that on Monday November 23, 1953, THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN (no less) informed its readers about "...Harry Turner... a discriminating fan..." Yup, it's there in black and white. So now I am a DF. Just the man to send over to snub these avid American adolescents. Can you break the rules so that I can threaten one of my cronies to send in a nomination and five-page write-up for me, Britain's Discriminating Fan?

KEN POTTER I didn't know you wanted the money. If you'd put a cross behind my name that would have been different, but a map of Swahililand doesn't convey much to me. Anyway, you've got the money. Now be nice to me. You aren't really a doddering old fool, I only put that remark in to see what the reaction would be.

Oh, so there's an interesting reaction against Seventh Fandom, huh? In my opinion the damn thing never existed anyway. When the young fen in the States started plugging the glorious seventh, I thought I'd muck in, it might be fun; but I didn't really believe in it. I didn't know much about the history of fandom, but when Silverberg started talking about 7th Fandom replacing 6th I thought it wasn't worth while to split the two up, that Hoffman, you, and all the others were good for years yet, and that we, the younger ones, would turn out a fandom so similar that it might as well be called just a continuation of Sixth.

Dave Ish claims that nobody will ever equal QUANDRY. Now, with all due respect, I consider that a fuggeddled statement. I'm not running down Q. It was a damn funny fanzine. Cliquish, yes, but the clique was fandom, the others only hangers on. Hyphen is as good as QUANDRY. So was Harry Turner's ZENITH before the war, and about another dozen fanzines from the great pile. They were not better or worse, just different. Even your own magazine, as you yourself no doubt realise, has a separate personality of its own, after the same style as Q yet essentially different.

Fandom is not going mouldy. In the younger element there are fans as capable as those that have already made the grade. Someday one of them is bound to publish the next leading 'zine. The person who is at present taking the place of Q and leading the present fandom, is none other than Walter Alexander Willis.

Anyway, do you believe that the stars are the fairies' daisychains?  
No, I think they're sunsystems, not daisy systems.

DAVE WOOD In case you wonder who I am, I was active in a desultory sort of way round about the '52 period. How tiresome those stagecoach journeys to the London were. I don't belong to any fandom but am the prototype of Individual Fans. (Is your egoboo really necessary?) One of these days I'm going to write a great book and at the moment am not daring to think of that day—all that work!!

Look, this guy Potter. He fairly drools about things that don't exist. Who does the guy think he is? "Irene Gore is also a member of our happy group."

Yeah sure (Courtesy of M.S.)

This seething little mass of fandom is a real gone happy group.

Yours, beaty beyond repair,

<sup>Spive</sup>  
the world's most perfectly deformed man

I leave you with this thought---30P.

"I say again, Sharples, that it's technical diff."



BRIAN VARLEY Sheer damned blackmail! As if I or anyone else could resist voting—that to start with costs 2/6. Next we see where the money so far has emanated from. Bantcliffe gave 5/- so I've got to do the same—sold my last copy of Ghastly Stories to do it too.

Now this is where I start to sharpen my axe. You kindly enclose a piece of paper from Hyphen with my name on it. You know I don't take your blasted zines so I missed the crack—you go so far as to rip off the context. This is unfair. What do you expect me to do, sub to your wretched apology? Yes.

For this insult I am now derating (berating?) you to SPACETIMES Pot-shot #1, this means you dethrone Campbell so bang goes his publicity.

ETHEL LINDSAY I didn't write to you after the 'Beacon' issue and I should have because nothing I've read in a month of Sundays has made me laugh so much. Unless it is #5. I have just arrived back from a weekend off and found quite a pile of mail awaiting me. Needless to say I read Hyphen first from cover to cover before the letters. You seem to have plenty of people able to criticise your mag so I'll stick to congrats all round: to Bob Shaw for his cover (my, will it be like that at the Mancon?), to James White for all the fun I had out of #4, and to Chuck Harris for keeping the fun going. My only grouse about Hyphen is that it doesn't come out weekly.

Thanks, Ethel.

TERRY JEEVES I liked the cover, and laughed at it. Tucker's piece very good too. No sooner had I finished laughing at this than I had to start again over Campbell's piece. Damn it, why does the man write such interesting stuff, and then call me a bloody provincial. I don't know whether to hate him or like him. Bob Shaw snubbed me at the Con (he wasn't there) but I still like him. This piece made me laugh even more than the two preceding it. TOTO, good. RANDOM very good too, Gold Old Chuck. Damn it I've praised everything in the issue—I must find something to gripe about. Only thing seems to be that mouldy paper. Send me your private address and I'll mail off two tons of white paper.

Thanks, but even in Ireland we can get white paper—and at 9d a ream cheaper. I thought green paper looked nicer and would be easier on the readers' nerves and everything. No?

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL Hyphen returned as usual, but with a bit snipped off as result of being lent to a rabbi. I enjoyed it but not as much as the previous performance. For some inexplicable reason that may be more my fault than his, Campbell didn't seem funny and the harder he tried the more pathetic he looked. It couldn't have been that I was in poor humour when reading him because I also read Tucker who did seem amusing. So did Harris. Oh, well... The interlineations strike me as a peculiar phenomenon inasmuch as they raise a grin without one being able to decide precisely why one is grinning. In that respect they've a touch of shaggy dog appeal. I dug a few out of recent correspondence and pass them along; use any that may appeal to you.

ARCHIE MERCER TOTO is even worse than the first one. Surely there must be better things than this lying around somewhere? And why couldn't you staple it into the zine—it keeps falling out. Next time, if it's to be sent loose, can't you enclose a small pin or something? Use your head, Archie... It's meant to be a separate magazine which readers can remove and file separately, eventually to replace your entire fmz collection.

Now, as usual, I'm going to stick my foot in the wrong place. I refer to your 'bloody Jap' remark. Now 'bloody provincials' is OK. Or colonials. Or Irish, or English, or Yanks. But not Japanese. Too many people really mean it. . . Apart from which, I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that quite a large number of Japs have never heard of Walt Willis. Neither would I, but then there has never been any suggestion they should pay my fare to Tokio. But about the other point, I should have thought the Japanese were well enough thought of nowadays to make the reference harmless, but on the whole I suppose you're right. My apologies.

GEORGE CHARTERS You have asked me to write a letter of criticism of THE fanzine. Damned if I will. Why don't you get J—W— to do the job? After all, he's a professional and I (though I did have my name in hard covers) am only a hammerchewer; though to be strictly accurate I only chew nails—all ten of them. (I used to be able to chew all twenty but that was a VERY long time ago.) How do you expect me to do it anyway? You know I haven't got a single

This piece is a notepad of patrioticisms



idea, good or bad, in my cranium (pronounced just as in Cranium Plated).

Ah, but it was disappointed I was in Hyphen. "No typos" you said. NO TYPOS? Sure isn't there TWO typos in it? TWO errors in one issue is a bit thick. If it continues I will stop thinking about taking out a sub.

And you know whether I liked the various items—particularly that fine eulogy I wrote about Vine on p.20. I never knew I had it in me. I consider it to have been well worth the trouble involved, and it is uncontrovertibly my best effort to date: all my previous efforts to date blondes, brunettes AND redheads were useless.

Now, if the magazine involved were only PIRATES OF CEREBUS, a little gem by BENGO MISTRAL which has just been published (a pb) by GANNET PRESS. Action takes place in 4000AD. A year is now called an annuma; London is Londinium, Paris is Parisium, Rome is Romanium. Earth is Terrus. A day is now a suncourse; a month is a mooncourse. Names like Sextus, Quintus, Alpha abound. Sometimes it reads like a book by Herodotus. Taking pages at random (I've always wanted to do this, especially since everyone knows the examples are handpicked) we get the following:

"How in the name of Gamma Magna can we hope to get off this accursed spot?"

"We shan't hear a thing if both moons of Mars collide with each other."

"A loud tremor shook the earth."

"Scanning the telescreen for traces of other aircraft airborne in the intense blue vastness of outer space."

"The Dominium—as the Four Principal Planets of the Inner Galaxy were known. These four planets were respectively Terrus, Venus, Mars and Luna."

"They tore through space at a speed considerably faster than sound. Cloud cumuli whirled past them; meteors flashed by."

It's lovely.

Brian Shaw has written a book called "The Lost World" Later on, I expect, he will write "Slan" and "The Ship of Ishtar." There ought to be a law.

KAREN KRUSE After difficulties it would rather not recount or remember, the convention committee by sheer dogged persistence has obtained an excellent site: the Sir Francis Drake, in downtown San Francisco. Reservations should be made through the Twelfth Annual Science Fiction Convention Committee, Box 335, Station A, Richmond 2, California. We have 4 floors reserved for us in a block plus 5 suites, meeting hall with adjoining bar, and other excellent facilities.

There was some dispute about the make/up of the committee itself, but the Bay Area's major sf club (The Little Men) has now voted to give its full support to the committee as at present constituted: Lester Cole, Gary Nelson, and Peter Finigan. We know they'll do a good job.

Membership is, as usual, one dollar. Membership cards and a progress report giving full details will be out soon. We need publicity; above all we need members and attendees for the best sf convention on record.

ANDREW HARRIS A few of us over here are trying to get a movement started for a London Convention year after next. Some seventy fans voted in favour at Phila. and I think at least half of them were really wanting to go. That's not many but at least it shows a Trend (and a trend in need's a trend indeed) and if given a year or so to think about it there's a fair chance of getting enough to get it really going. The main objection of course is the high cost of transportation, liquor and cigarettes.

Are you there, Norman?

STUART MACKENZIE Reluctantly I confess to having enjoyed Hyphen. Unashamedly I am jealous of your Varityper. You needn't be. I've had more trouble with it than with any other hunk of machinery since I was run over by a bus in 1942. This stencil has already taken more than 2 hours. Do you know I publish a fanzine (SPACE TIMES—you may have heard of it vaguely) without actually owing a typewriter? Where did you get a lettering guide that small? Such is the joy of all this lunacy. I am reminded of a Hyphen cartoon showing a Dandy Hecto kit which I saw by looking over someone's shoulder in a WC recently. That's right, don't rush at the mag; read it at your convenience. ..Only I haven't got a Hecto kit—only a ruddy Gestetner which worked perfectly for Eric Jones but hates my guts. EJ told me to treat it as I would my wife—has he

"A fan is nothing but a big sf."



ever tried making love to a Gestetner No.6—all inky and all that...ugh.

You want a glamorous model?

TED WAGNER I have just been re-reading Hyphen 4 for about the fourth time. Sir, I bow down in tribute to the East, England way. Each time I read that epic masterpiece I laugh all the more. Ireland, Sir, not England!

BILL MORSE A belated note in appreciation of Hyphen 5. From cover to cover, a Treasure, which I shall keep in my drawer beside my old love letters, medals for playing darts and similar objets d'art...I gather from Ken Potter that Kentonism has spread all over Anglo-fandom. They'll grow out of it in time. He passed his prime in the '49-50 era, and is slowly fading away...Did you get to see Ego on tv last night? I basked for a while in the reflected glory of having bought him a drink in the White Horse, once, then the local aircrew started in with their questions on theory and left me gasping for air. And back to my favourite soapbox: just what does the average fan do to assist the attainment of the inter-planetary drive he talks about so glibly? I can see, even now, what will be one of the results of the first reported landings on the Moon. Interviews all over the place with fans. X telling the Daily Mirror how she sublimated her sexual desires to the greater glory of British Interplanetary. What a tale that would be!

ROBERT BLOCH It is such a beastly day today and I am in such a beastly mood. I can't seem to think logically at all, only zoologically. Suppose the only thing to do is make the bestial of it and give way to my animal spirits in a brief note of comment upon the last HYPHENomenon.

Surprising, most surprising, to see Bert Campbell's name attached to a letter. Wasn't aware that the man could write. And from some source or other I discover that he is also an editor. Really, this is a shock: at the time I met him I'd supposed he was just an unusually hairy specimen of Seventh Fandom. A suitable enough—or hirsuteable enough—representative of his kind, but hardly a rejection-slippery editorial type. Although, come to recollect, he did bull his way about as an editoreador might do.

Now as the joyous Yuletide rises up around our necks, it is time to throw another hog on the fire and sit back to count our blessings. I've just counted mine, and discovered a shocking deficit. Oh, it's not too bad, really. I have sold a couple book-lengths to the pocketbooks in recent months, and have more which I expect to sell..but I won't be satisfied until I've got at least 10 coming out in one year, the way Arthur Clarke said he did. How that man finds time to write and still note each sparrow's fall, I'll never know.

Or for that matter, why. Sparrow-droppings have never interested me.

Nonetheless, I found the issue interesting. Ignoring your threat of monthly publication. I chose to concentrate instead on the evidences of renewed activity as manifested by the lengthy letter column. Might I venture a prediction that Eighth Fandom may well arise in the British Isles? If it does, however, it will probably wobble a bit on its feet after all that malt liquor.

Things over here are ungodly quiet...few fanmags in evidence and fewer feuds or other fanphenomena. Just as well: I look forward to a peaceful winter.

Wishing you and Madeleine the same, to say nothing of a winceful easter.

SID GALE I found Hyphen 4 very amusing—I appreciate that type of humour even if it does read a bit mad at times...The vertical interlineations are a good idea—they tidy up the right hand side of the page considerably. Where do you get all the quotes? Letters, conversation, our heads etc.

SHELBY VICK WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR "IS ANYBODY HERE GENE KELLY?" That interline was so outrageous that it was wonderful. The best thing about it, of course, is that the face value of the sentence makes sense, in conjunction with the text—and then there are many unfortunates who might not be familiar with "Has anybody here seen

"I may yet make a triumphal entry into U.S. fandom."



Kelly" and will just be puzzled by the whole thing. Ah, a connoisseur!

From these letters and others I hadn't space to run it's clear that James White's Beacon Report was the most popular item I've ever published. I'm not only pleased about this, but slightly relieved. I knew it was a very entertaining piece of writing, but unfortunately there are some people who resent reading about anything in which they didn't participate—who would probably class Jerome's "Three Men In A Boat" as "esoteric" if it were published in a fanmag, on the grounds that they weren't in the boat themselves. It says a lot for the general friendliness and understanding of fans that only one criticism like this was received—a long letter from D.R. Smith which I hope to publish some time—and even he conceded that the account was "well and amusingly written."

There was of course the sad case of one John Roles who in an English fanmag called "Space Diversions" described the Beacon Report as "pointless, uninteresting and quite unamusing", but I should hate to think of anyone having to go through life so completely devoid of a sense of humour. The truth seems to be that, as I was tipped off months ago, James and I have incurred the "undying hatred" of some Northern English fans by "keeping Bea to ourselves for a week and not allowing her to stay more than eight hours in Liverpool! Apparently they regard James and me as 200lb bullies who have kicked sand in their faces. Now, Bea is quite capable of making up her own mind about these things, and she did so. Anyway, I gave the date and place of her arrival in Europe as far back as the February 1953 issue of Hyphen, but the only invitation I got from provincial English fandom was a postcard from Dave Gardiner received three days before the Convention—far too late to change berths on the boat, which is booked up months ahead. Am I expected to tout my friends through the North of England?

Unfortunately this isn't the lowest point reached in this 'review' column, which is largely a dreary recital of imaginary grievances. He devotes most of his review of 'Peri' to accusing me of swindling him out of a subscription. I could have cured him of this delusion by showing him his original letter, which I happened to have kept, but instead he let it become an obsession with him. Rather than sending me a postcard like any sensible person he bores Liverpool fandom to tears with his pathetic story for almost two years, and then parades his bleeding pocketbook before the readers of SD. I'm sorry to bore you too with this tiresome nonsense but I don't like being accused of dishonesty, even by anyone so obviously irresponsible. I'm told he's going to publish a retraction in the next SD, but no one knows when that will be out.

Two more of the accusations flung about by Roles—this time in a 'review' of "Confusion"—were that I claimed to represent British fandom in the States and that I misrepresented them at the interview I gave at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. As Roles could have found out by asking anybody who knows more about fandom than he—ie almost anyone—I represented nobody in the States but myself. In fact before I left I asked Vince Clarke for a message from British fandom to carry to the Chicon. British fandom weren't asked for a penny towards the fund that brought me over and they didn't even know about it until it had succeeded. As for the LASFS interview, since this is the third time it has come up in fanmags, perhaps I'd better put down as much as I can remember of what was actually said.

LASFS: How did you find American fans at the Chicon?

WAW: I hadn't any difficulty—they seemed to be all over the place. No, actually they seemed just like British fans, only more so.

LASFS: How do you mean, 'more so'?

WAW: Well, more fannish, sort of. More conscious of fandom as a group and themselves as belonging to it. I think the average British fan is more 'part time'. There are only a few real fans by American standards..people like Clarke, Harris, Robinson etc.

LASFS: Did you find American fans hard to get used to?

WAW: No, but then I'm an American fan myself in a way as much as a British one. You

"I am not a foot fetishist. I have higher tastes."



could almost expect that from the geographical position of Ireland—America has always been 'the next parish West of Galway'. Actually I felt a lot more at home at the Chicon than I did at my first London. For one thing, the people here seem to be able to understand what I'm saying. You can, can't you?

LASF: Oh yes. But I'd have said you had a British accent.

WAW: I must tell the English that.

LASF: The last visitor we had here, Arthur Clarke, we had him talking all night about the British National Health Service. What do you think about it?

WAW: I'm all for it, like nearly everyone else over there. It isn't a controversial question in Britain at all, because the Conservatives are in favour of it too, now.

LASF: What did British fandom think of dianetics?

WAW: Well, the British aren't inclined to go overboard for things too readily. I don't think many fans fell for it and the few that did were mostly hangers-on. I think maybe Hubbard himself had something to do with that. British fans are more leftish than you people and some of them don't care much for authors like Hubbard and Eyle.

LASF: Are there Commies in British fandom?

WAW: There is one Communist in the London Circle—who is very well liked, incidentally—but most of those whose political opinions I know about are Labour. That's quite respectable over there, really, though McCarthy would probably consider them dangerous radicals.

LASF: What about Northern Ireland fandom? Does the religious trouble there have any repercussions?

WAW: Well, one third of Irish fandom is Protestant, one third Catholic, and one third atheist, and we've never had a feud yet.

LASF: What one thing impressed you most in America?

WAW: Chocolate malts.

This went on for quite a while and though there was a tape recording taken I haven't seen the transcription. However I think the above is pretty accurate..and also reasonably correct. Roles, who is almost certainly a Conservative, registers indignation at the statement about British fans' politics. All I can say is that at the time four out of six British fan editors were known to me to be supporters of the Labour Party. (I had no information about the other two.) As for the remark about Hubbard and Eyle, it seemed to me reasonable that the sadism and paranoia of these authors would be distasteful to any decent Englishman. Not to Roles, it seems, but he wasn't in fandom then. Can he name any two prominent fans who were and who took dianetics seriously? I remember very well the air of cold hostility during the speech about it at the '51 London and how Carnell suppressed any discussion after it for fear of uproar. I don't believe Wendy Ackerman would have even been allowed to talk about dianetics, any more than Hubbard himself was in '53, if it hadn't been for the affection we felt for Ae.

By the way, all disciples of Hubbard will be interested in these quotations from his latest, "What To Audit".

"This is a coldblooded and factual account of your last sixty trillion years."

"In auditing the whole track, one can obtain excellent results..in auditing the current lifetime, one can obtain slow and mediocre results..THE AUDITOR WHO INSISTS ON AUDITING THE CURRENT LIFETIME ONLY WHEN HE HAS THE WHOLE TRACK TECHNIQUE AVAILABLE IS WASTING TIME AND EFFORT AND IS, IN FACT, SWINDLING HIS PRE-CLEAR." (Hubbard's cogs, and our congratulations on the job he did on pre-clear Campbell.)

"Pre-sperm recordings are quite ordinary."

"Planted beings, so carefully dumped in the sea from a saucer."

"The last Martian report station on Earth was established in the Pyramees": (sic)

"with the colonisation of Earth about thirty five thousand years ago.."

It seems to have been left to Hubbard to synthesise the Shaver Mystery, dianetics, and flying saucers into one single past piece of crackpottery.

"Can I wear a Belfast badge at the Supermancon?"





THIS FELLOW DOSTOEVSKI IS INFLUENCING ME AT THE MOMENT.....WHY IS IT PEOPLE WITH THREE EYES NEVER HAVE THREE EYEBROWS?....OH DEAR! NO PATIENCE. NO UNDERSTANDING. PITY.....AT TIMES I SHOW GLIMPSES OF AN ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.....CUPCAKES OR REASONABLE FACSIMILES....THE IMAGINATION REDD BOGGLES.....THE ATOM BOMB DOESN'T MEAN A THING IF YOU DON'T PULL THE STRING...I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IF BENTCLIFFE WILL THINK OF IT NEXT YEAR...DO YOU THINK VOLSTED GRIDBAN IS A REAL NAME?...HALF THE TIME I'M NOT EVEN CONSCIOUSLY AWARE THAT I'M A GENIUS....IF ONLY THERE WERE A BRE OF LANEY...I'M SURE WILLIS ISN'T A CATHOLIC BECAUSE HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE...AS ONE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCH TO ANOTHER....PLEASE SEND ME A LIST OF PAMZINES PUBLISHED IN IRELAND...CAN YOU SEND DETAILS OF THE FANTOM SOCIETY?....I'M ONLY SLIGHTLY SOBER....REMEMBER HE'S ONE OF THE SIXTH FANDOM. NOT ONE OF US....I'M DOING HIM A SERVICE BY NOT REVIEWING IT....I READ A SCIENCE FICTION MAG LAST WEEK...I KNEW SHE WAS FROM CHICAGO WHEN SHE KNOCKED ME FOR A LOOP...I'D RATHER SLEEP WITH MY TOOTHBRUSH...I SHALL MAKE A POINT OF IGNORING THE WHOLE BUNCH AT MANCHESTER....THE ONLY THING LACKING IS AN ASTRAL PROJECTION OF GEORGE O. SMITH...AFTER YOU'VE BEEN A FANED AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU WON'T NATTER ABOUT HOW BLOODY PROMPT EACH ISSUE IS. WHAT'S THE POINT OF IT? YOU'RE FANEDITING, OLD BOY, NOT MENSTRUATING...CONSCIOUS AS I AM THAT EVERY ACTION OF MINE IS BEING WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE--AND FOUND WANTON....NO SHE DIDN'T MENTION YOU. MENTIONED HER HORSE THOUGH....I AM A HOME LOVER. PARKS ARE TOO DAMN DRIFTY...THANK GHOD I'M NOT A LIVERPUDLIAN....WOULD YOU CARE TO TRADE YOUR WIFE FOR A COMPLETE FILE OF GALAXY---US EDITION?...HE IS A REALLY FRIENDLY TYPE: WOULD ALWAYS SHARPEN HIS DAGGER BEFORE PLUNGING IT INTO YOUR BACK....I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS SCIENCE FICTION STUFF, BUT I KNOW WHAT SELLS. I'M A PROFESSIONAL EDITOR, YOU KNOW....THIS GUY IS SO EXHIBITIONISTIC THAT EVERY TIME HE GOES TO BED WITH A GIRL HE PUTS A GLASS EYE IN HER NAVEL...HOW ABOUT ELECTING SOMEBODY TO REPRESENT BRITISH FANDOM AT THE SUPERMANCON? ...HIS FELLOW FARMWORKERS HAVE FOUND OUT HE READS SF...OMEGAMIGOD shaw, white, campbell, kelly, harris, vick, stewart, corey, slater, wood, bloch, boggs, clarke, paterson, mercer and others

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