

# HYPHEN

No 7

March

1954



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# INSIDE COVERAGE

## SUPERMAN CONEWS

First Bulletin just issued. Projected program includes already forecast 'trial' of Bert Campbell. Script is understood to have been first-drafted by Terry Jeeves. Telepathy session with magician John Gunn. Editors' panel. Fanciers' panel. Play, sketches, games, possibly a film show.

Items will be presented by the Liverpool and Medway groups. Also

proposed is a combined program booklet and combozine containing special issues of prominent British fmz, which will be sent to all who join the Convention whether or not they attend. Enrolment form enclosed. Prize for 200th member. Join now!

OF Handbook invites details for listing of fanciubs. Send to Dennis Cowen, 42 Silverwood Rd., Kettering, Northants, England. Deadline 30th May, 1954.

The release to me and publication in Hyphen 6 of the news about Space Times' deal with Scion Publications brought to a head a long standing disagreement in the NSFC. Now that the smoke has cleared the position seems to be that Eric Bentcliffe has resigned the editorship of ST and will publish an independent fmz. ST will continue publication under the editorship of Stuart Mackenzie assisted by Brian Varley. The NSFC plan to publish all relevant documents about the fracas after the Supermancon.

The Surry Circle plan what they call an 'ORGICON' in a few months time. Contact Colin M. Parsons, 31 Benwood Court, Benhillwood Rd, Sutton, Surrey.

Medway Group announce an 'Open Night' on March 24th, 7.30pm at Napier Arms, Britton St., Gillingham. Talk by Fellow of BIS and a showing of—guess what—'Metropolis'!

Another 30/- in contributions to the Transfanfund have been received since the list on p.5 was made up. The state of the Fund is now (17th March) £32:5:9. In addition a contribution of £5 is understood to be on the way from Forry Ackerman. The results and an analysis of the voting will be published in Hyphen 8, which will be published as early in April as possible.

No more issues of SF Newsletter will be published. On the other hand Tucker reveals that he intends to revive LE ZOMBIE!

The British fan with bad manners alluded to in the McCain quote in a recent Hyphen was not H.J. Campbell.

Quote from No.1 of new US fmz 'Hence'. "Even tho we're tempting Norm Wansborough of Wilts, England, to do a regular column for us—we still need your help!!"

Science fiction Plus said to be suspended. // Palmer has folded Science Stories and is said to have cut Universe's word rate to 1¢ per word. // Space Science Fiction, Rocket Stories and Fantasy Fiction Magazine all reported to have folded. // IF has gone monthly. // Ziff of Ziff Davis died. // Future Science Fiction going digest size and quarterly. // Ray Bradbury was in Ireland recently. // Slant 8 will be published within the next few months.

Recommended recent fmz includes: Hodge lodge, Marie-Louise & Nancy Share, PO Box 31, Darville, Pa., USA. A sloppily produced but utterly charming melange of varying types of material, mostly good. Plenty of interesting reading. // Psychotic, Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon, USA. Intelligently edited and extremely readable. // Peri, Ken Potter & Dave Wood, 5 Furness St., Marsh, Lancaster, England. A True Fanzine in the highest tradition and the finest manifestation of the divine spark yet seen in the North of England. A credit to rising fans Potter and Wood and collaborator Pete Taylor. // No more space but the present state of fm publishing is wonderfully healthy compared with that of a few months ago, when Jackson's strictures (p.25) were uncomfortably near the truth. // State of Transfanfund now (18th) £32:10:9

Hyphen #7, March 1954, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N.Ireland. Associate Editors: Chuch Harris & Vin Clark. Art Editor: Bob Shaw. Subscription two issues for 1/6 or 25¢. Exchanges welcomed. An 'X' after your name on the back cover means your subscription is no more. Pages 9 to 18 were stencilled by Harris & Clark, and mimeoed by them. Pages 7 & 8 were stencilled by Redd Boggs. I accept responsibility for the green pages only. Cover by Bob Shaw, of course, who thanks all who have sent cartoon ideas. They will be used in time—we don't want to put the New Yorker out of business by using them all at once. The interlineation on p.23 should have been ascribed to Colin M. Parsons. Boggs' "Funlovers" is an extract from a letter.

"Federated World Fanciubs is stuck in the mud."

—Orville Koster



# REVIEWS BY BOB SHAW

TOMORROW'S UNIVERSE, anthology edited by H.J. Campbell.  
(Hamilton and Co., Price 8/6)

For the British reader who hasn't a wide acquaintance with the American magazine field this

book, which contains eight stories, is well worth the money. And of course, if you like to have attractive books on your shelves, it doesn't matter if you've already read the contents or not.

In his introduction, Bert Campbell informs the reader that there is nothing fantastic about the stories in this collection, that these are the events of the future "as they probably will be". But happily, both for the entertainment value of the book and the nervous systems of the more susceptible readers, he must have had some other collection in mind when he wrote the first half of the intro.

Four of the yarns are among the most fantastic and far-fetched (these are compliments that I have ever read, while the others are merely highly improbable, (another compliment)).

Coming well into the first category is HERITAGE by Charles Harness. It is hard to say which is more distressing to the sf gourmet---a short story plot blown up to novel length, or vice versa, which last applies to HERITAGE. On reading it over one gets the impression that it was written as an action-packed, fast-moving 60,000 word novel which Harness cut down to its present 9 or 10 thousand by throwing away all the pages whose numbers weren't multiples of six. However, in spite of, or perhaps because of being the greatest collection of loose ends ever gathered together under one title it's still a good story and well worth the reading.

As well as that, there is van Vogt's "M33 in Andromeda" still as good as the day it was written; Chad Oliver's "The Shore of Tomorrow", well written--with a surprise twist that really is surprising; and a piece of genuine honest-to-God science-fiction by Ross Rocklynne entitled "The Immortal." Rounding off the collection there is Neville's "It Pays To Advertise", T.D.Hamm's "Ticking His Life Away", and "The Soaring Statue" by L. Sprague de Camp.

The last mentioned is, as far as I am concerned, the only sour note in the book. A few years back there appeared a symposium by a number of leading authors, each giving the gen on how to write the type of sf for which he was most noted. In this book ('Of Worlds Beyond') de Camp was given the opportunity of telling us about his formula for being funny. He seems to make a point of telling everybody that he has no sense of humour, but manages to write funny stuff because he has studied the subject and reduced it all to a sort of rule of thumb.

The effect of this impressive claim is somewhat spoiled when one considers the fact that de Camp has yet to write anything that could be considered funny. Unless you have alien thought processes like the little man in the Charles Addams cartoons, that is.

In 'The Soaring Statue' we have a very humorous opening scene, a battlefield where a tribe of alien natives gets wiped out through being attacked while jammed in a narrow pass. After all the women and children have been chopped up, the victorious chieftain discovers two earth people in the captured baggage train.

The reader, who is by this time presumably chuckling heartily, is reduced to helpless laughter when he discovers that the two are the local governor's wife and her boy friend who are running off together. The effect of this intrinsically humorous situation is heightened when the boy friend, in trying to protect the woman, gets his gunarm and then his head hewed off. As though this isn't funny enough, to cap it all the chief rips off all the woman's clothes and carries her away. Talk about a laugh!

Has anyone noticed me being sarcastic?

It seems you can get away with anything if you just say that it's funny. If the famous-

"Last year we managed to get some celebrities: John Brunner was kind enough to come." --Dave Cohen



Jehovah's Witless, Micky Spillane, had only discovered this he might be regarded in better light. I read his "I, The Jury" the other day and found it comparatively harmless. Sure Mike Hammer shoots a blonde in it, but I consider that he was justified. She had, after sadistically murdering Hammer's best friend, gone on to kill four or five other harmless and not so harmless people—two girls included. Incidentally, at the time when Hammer put a well deserved end to this killer's career she was, admittedly unknown to him, reaching for her silenced .45.

Had Spillane only labelled this story as being humorous the film might have got a U certificate. I don't remember anybody moaning because 'The Saint' knocked a minor crook over the edge of a cliff to his death, simply because the unfortunate man had wrecked the Saint's car.

But that's all by the way—I was reviewing 'Tomorrow's Universe'. Taken all in all it contains a very readable group of yarns inside an attractive dust jacket.

My opinion: Good.

**AUTHENTIC No. 40** A very, very good cover by Davis on this issue. It is hard to believe that the Davis who is doing the almost photographic detail in Authentic's version of the conquest of space, is the same one who produces the somewhat fuzzy interiors.

The lead story "The Best Laid Scheme" by Kelvin Strike is an interesting account of how a galactic federation places an Earth man in complete control of the Earth, so that it may be remoulded to conform with galactic standards—or wiped off the slate. Logically enough, the man chosen is the world's foremost logician. Unfortunately however, the techniques applied to juggling abstract quantities do not work so well with people.

I've always wanted to write a blurb.

The remaining stories are of a very high standard indeed, including "Cuckoo" by Martin Jordan which was better than most GALAXY yarns. Also there is a winning story, "Go To The Ants" by A.P. Kift, in the amateur author competition which is remarkable both for the quality of the writing and for the fact that it introduces a new twist to the Insects-will-be-rulers-of-the-world plot.

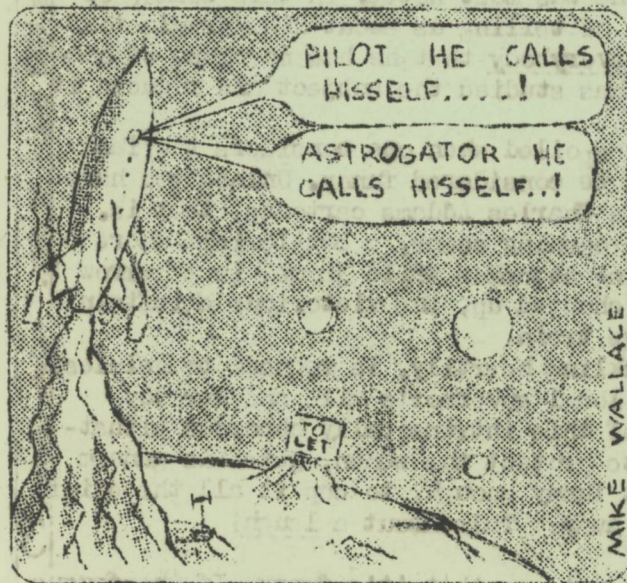
All in all Authentic No. 40 is very good value for the money.

**AUTHENTIC No. 41** Another fine cover. I think Bert Campbell must be bribing Davis with coffee and biscuits made by his wife. Ah me, it's over a year and I can taste them yet! I have been watching with increasing trepidation as AUTH appears month after month with the total number of issues creeping higher than higher. Over 40 issues now—and still in Vol. 1! How many keen collectors have spent thousands of fan hours devising new methods of fastening, trimming and gluing to fit them all into one volume, only to hurl themselves despairingly into some dark river as the number becomes just Too Much. And, not only that, anybody who did manage it would never be able to read them without looking as if he was playing an accordion.

Well, enough of this desultory sniping. I am forced to admit that every story, every story in this issue is good.

What more can I say? There isn't one I can paste. Don't think I don't want to. I'm not one of those reviewers with no integrity—but what can I do?

The lead story and five shorts—all good. From the reviewer's point of view it's horrible.



of a foolish strip of course or don't you follow and see?

Robert Rich



STATE OF THE FUND AT  
15th March

Carried over.....	18: 7: 7
Mike Rosenblum....	1: 1: 0
John Roles.....	2: 6
Colin Webb.....	2: 6
Michael Wallace....	5: 0
H.P. Sanderson....	5: 0
Evelyn Smith.....	7: 2
D. Pickles/A. Mercer	5: 0
R.E. Dunlop.....	2: 6
J. Carr.....	5: 0
M.A. Weekley.....	14: 3
Ken Bulmer.....	2: 6
Patricia Bulmer....	2: 6
Dorothy Ratigan...	2: 6
Jim Ratigan.....	2: 6
C. Duncombe.....	2: 6
F.O. Barton.....	2: 6
Geoff Wingrove....	2: 6
A.V. Clarke.....	2: 6
C.R. Harris.....	1: 2: 6
A.W. Ridgeway.....	2: 6
Pete Taylor.....	2: 6
Tony Thorne.....	10: 0
Bob Tucker.....	1: 16: 0
Derek Cretchley...	2: 6
Nigel Lindsay....	2: 6
Brian Avis.....	5: 0
Eva Firestone....	7: 2
Norman Ashfield...	5: 0
J. Ben Stark.....	7: 2
Ken Slater.....	7: 11
George Charters...	1: 0: 6
Harry Turner.....	2: 6
R. Tripp.....	2: 6
Bob Shaw.....	2: 6
J. White.....	1: 0: 0

Total £30:15: 9

the transfanfund

21 Granville Rd.,  
Gillingham, Kent

Dear Fellow Fan,

Yes, this is another of those Transatlantic Fan Candidates asking you to give your vote to the right chap to go, and I don't necessarily mean me either.

As I see it, this 'ego' stuff is a little overdone nowadays, we hear too much about 'how good I am' etc., with very little about how good the other chap is.

However I will say this, if I am to contest this election on any issue at all, then it will be on IMPARTIALITY! I have no axe to grind, I do not hate the guts of the Northern Fans, or the London Circle or anybody, except perhaps those persons who seem to suffer from the deadly sin of INTOLERANCE. Remember the other chap has a point of view too, live and let live is a wonderful axiom. In our case, fandom is too friendly and fine a thing to be overshadowed by petty bickering.

Bert Campbell, just back from the States, told us at the MEDCON that Britain got some votes for the site of this year's WorldCon. Fellow Fans we could do it another year! But and I repeat BUT, we have got to be united. We must forget our trivial differences and work together for the good of us all. An All-Britain Combined Effort could be a marvellous affair, we certainly have the talent for it as past conventions have shown.

Undoubtedly, the fan to go must be completely impartial, he must represent all these Isles and not just his particular town or club. I don't insist that I am the best person to do this, but I know I will do my best.

You have read my views now and no doubt arrived at a conclusion. If you agree with me and would like to see a first step towards shelving our differences and a second step towards a WORLDCON organised by all the leading fans in these Isles, then vote for me. If you don't agree, or do not think that I am the best person to represent you, then I insist you vote for someone else!

yours sincerely, Tony Thorne

ROCKET PULLOVER RAFFLE!

Here is your chance to win a choice piece of wearing apparel and other prizes in a raffle specially organised by the MEDWAY SCIENCE & FANTASY CLUB in aid of the TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND (hereinafter called the TRANSFANFUND) Details as follows:

Tickets cost 6d each or 4 for 1/6 or even 10 for 3/6. Be generous and increase your chance! First Prize--- a beautiful pullover knitted by Winnie Thorn the Medway's Queen of the Needles incorporating spaceships, moons, planets etc. the lot! Second Prize---A Grayson Bound Edition value 10/6 (your own choice). Third Prize--- a bound novel value 7/- (again your own choice)

Plus a number of other prizes for runners-up. In addition each winner will be forced to accept a copy of the current issue of the MEDWAY JOURNAL. Winning tickets will be drawn by the chosen fan (to go to the Frisco) at the Supermancon in June.

Send your money now to: Brian Lewis, TRANSFANFUND, 252 Canterbury St., Gillingham, Kent. Please note we will accept anything! Promags, money, dirty notes, early copies of SLANT etc. they can all be cashed at the Supermancon auction. Don't forget, send for your tickets now, support the TRANSFANFUND and may the best fan go, whoever he is!

Note: Other faneds please copy!

SUPPORT THE TRANSFANFUND VOTING CLOSES 31ST MARCH SUPPORT THE TRANSFANFUND VOTING CLOSES 31ST MARCH

VOTING CLOSES 31ST MARCH

5



# HYPHENATIONS

Bert Hirschhorn

This, may I say, is not strictly a column. It is not strictly anything except perhaps for the birds....It will, however, if it ever sees print, be a column designed to give the personal feelings and expressions of the author....me.

It occurred to me the other day that cigarettes are pretty bad. Here we have the report by eminent eminences who say that smoking has a definite correlation with lung cancer. Also, I've begun to notice that 'stale, furry feeling' after smoking any more than my usual 3 a week (cigarettes, not packs). I realise that it's the tars and nicotine that do this all, and I further realise this. The tars in the first half of the cigarettes are carried down to the bottom half. Once you smoke a cigarette down that far you get the accumulation of all the tars scraping their ways gently down your throat. So, why not make cigarettes that are entirely composed of the first half?

Visited Dave Ish the other day. The Boy Wonder and I exchanged greetings and swapped jokes...especially puns...had some atrocious ones that would have warmed the cockles of Del Rey's heart. Frinstance--My uncle invented a compass called a Totes. This is a screwy compass that changes directions liberally and is never right. Therefore, he who has a Totes is lost....read that one over quickly to get the joke.

Seventh Fandom is in the news (and if it isn't in the news, that news!) and if I were a fatalist I might believe the blurb in one of the fanzines I've gotten lately (believe me, I don't ask for them--they send it! Such crud.) Seventh Fandom will

"advance science fiction fandom to its highest ranks  
and help produce a quality of science fiction never  
yet attained."

Hmm, all this and Ellison too? It continued:

"And furthermore this fanzine will try to live up to  
the illustrious standards set by such fine fanzines  
as Quandry, Oops and Opus."

The contents included four stories by the editor and one story by \* a newcomer to this field" and whose story sounded pretty much the same as the other four.

Oh Ghod, Oh Ghod.....Redd, tell us...what can we do?

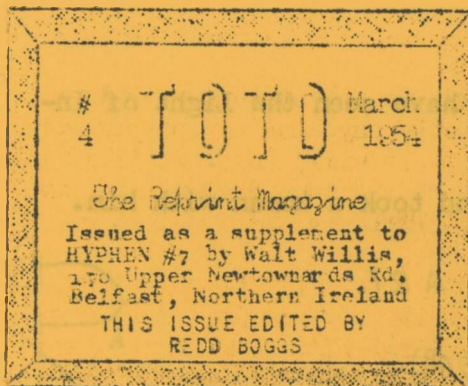
Double is telling Day and Street is telling Smith and Campbell is talking to himself again. It's big news. Harlan Ellison is boycotting GALAXY, and GALAXY is going out of business since Ellison always bought up to 30 to 40 thousand copies and sold them as SFB. The big row between them is because Gold has not yet produced an SF BULLETIN Appreciation Issue. Which I think would peeve anyone. The nerve!

Through my radio set (pronounced wireless) I hear that there is great to-do over whether or not England should have commercialised TV. This means that you would be subject to a constant deluge of advertising. Just as John is about to kill Mary the announcer breaks in with a plug for an insurance firm. And did you know that a production which involved Hell was sponsored by Unguentine for burns? Furthermore, advertising is miserable. It tears apart the moral fibre of the nation. We no longer trust the doctor to be in when we need him. He's too busy taking 30 day cigarette tests. And actors in white smocks tell us sincerely that Sudsy wudsy is safer for hands and will also cure amnesia. Advertising also corrupts our very ideas on love-making. Nowadays, the man bends over his true love and whispers hoarsely, passionately, "Darling, I love you." And she replies coyly, "Have you seen your dentist lately?"

I know I've said so much that if I don't say more people will say I'm a coward, but then if I say something funny you'll only laugh at me. You can't win.

"He needs to have scribbled 'Balls!' on the title page."





## " I TAUGHT HIM TO LAUGH "

by CHARLES BURBEE

(From Shangri-L'Affaires #37, August 1947)

This is the story of Francis T Laney, the fun-loving Laney, Laney the gay, the innocent, the heartless, filled with the sadness and sorrow and joy of the young, crammed with the ineffable lilt of youth....

Towner was not always like that. No, indeed. At one time he was wild, tempestuous, rising to towering rages at no provocation, a titan of irascibility. Maybe you remember him that way.

He's different now. A changed man. Not the same at all. He is just like I said in the first paragraph. I will explain the miracle.

I saw this character some years ago and said to myself that here was a fine upstanding hulk of a man who could be developed into such as described in paragraph one.

Now, after all these years, the subtle influences of my delightful personality have worked their wonders. Towner is no longer irascible, loud, ruthless, vindictive, and all those other things. He is as calm and normal and kind as anybody you'll see this side of the pale.

My subtle personality has wrought these changes in his mind. I taught him to laugh. I taught his heart to wear wings. I weaned him away from fandom, lest he drown in its murky backwaters. I weaned him away from fantasy, lest he be lost in outer space. I gave (or lent) him a sense of humor. The things he says now are as funny as the things I say. They are often the same things.

It struck him all at once. He was plunging along, lost in thought, when he stopped short, as though he'd hit a wall. His eyes jerked wide and he turned to me and said, "You've made a man out of me, by God!"

I complimented him on his sharpness in perceiving it.

"My God," he said. "You came to my rescue. There I was, lost to the world, sinking deeper into fandom -- it must have started when you caused me to drop Acolyte, without refunding the subscription money...your subtle curative powers have traced lines of true power on my brain...Here I am, free! Free! Do you hear? Free! And you were the cause of it all!"

I shrugged. "Oh, it was nothing."

"Oh, but it was!" cried F Towner Laney, the Free. "You saved me from a fate worse than death. You are my guru, my messiah, my savior." His eyes were shining with worship.

"Oh hell, Laney," I said. "Come to your senses."

"But you saved me from fandom!" he cried. "Now I want to be just like you. You saved me from fandom and its horrors. You are my God."

"You may be right," I said, "but I hate this adulation. After all, I'm only human," I said. "Or am I?"

"Guru! Master!" Laney cried, in an ecstasy of realization and self-abasement as he found himself in the Presence.

"God, Laney," I said. "Wake up. Come to your senses. Tell you what. I hate to see you with this mad mood on you. Run off to the desert somewhere and commune with the firmament -- "



"Which You made!" he cried.

" -- commune with nature and so forth until you have seen the Light of Infinite Power and Peace and Will. Go forth, my son."

"I will!" he cried. "I will!"

And he did. He went to Palm Springs next day and took a woman with him.

## A SHORT COURSE IN ART

by BOB TUCKER

(From Le Zombie #63, July 1948)

Fans who draw women, nude or clothed, for fanzines simply don't know a damned thing about women. The ignorance of these artists is terrible, as the first glance at their nude illustration will reveal. The features they place on the women are out of shape, badly proportioned, and untrue to life. Their fond illusions discolor artistic judgment.

Consider the bust most usually seen in fanzines, the healthy looking object to the right labeled "A". Artists who put this type of bust on female figures are due for a shock when they get around to studying their first woman; a woman's muscles will not support such a weight at such an angle. The "B" exhibit is the correct one for the size indicated, even though it may offend the artistic senses.

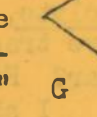
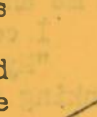
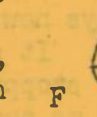
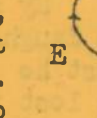
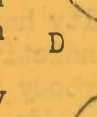
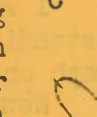
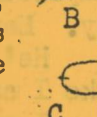
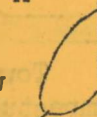
And watch the height and build of their figures. Only a fairly short, well-padded girl can have "B". Tall, thin women possess "C", "D", "E", or "F" and nothing else. If it appears to be something else, do not be fooled, it is only a gimmick known as a "falsie" and pictured in "G". Nature will not give a tall or thin girl a healthy bust; the artist, to be lifelike, must follow nature's lines.

Conversely, a short and fat girl is represented with "E" or "H", usually the latter depending upon her glandular activity. While few such fat figures ever appear in fanzine illustrations, it is well to note this for future reference.

Figure "E" probably represents the average American girl and should be followed in fanzine illustrations; for it will be noted that where girls appear in the picture alongside a man, a machine or an animal, the height given the girl by the artist indicates her to be average, or normal. Less than five feet, six inches, for a certainty, hence figure "E" is correct for this average or normal build. Figure "C" sometimes appears on such women but does not lend itself readily to good picturization. Figure "F" is found on the Oriental girl, but rarely in America.

In studying female figures in fanzines, you will note that women artists do not make these mistakes; some of the very best published nudes have been drawn by women, and the male artists will do well to study, even copy, the feminine illustrator. To some degree it is also true that the male artist who has studied a live model will be more faithful in reproducing the correct proportions on paper, although all too soon he too tends to slip away from rigid natural busts and distort the illustration for the sake of romanticism. This tendency must be held in check and the artist must force himself to remain close to nature's model.

Figure "I" indicates an elderly lady. Skip it.





# RANDOM = CHUCK HARRIS

Yes, it's perfectly true. I have SOLD. It was, of course, a werewolf story, and the lucky editor happened to be Vargo Statten. I hope you will all buy a dozen copies of the issue in which My Work appears, and then write to Good Old Vargo and tell him that this is an ultra-super, thought-variant, nova epic, and that you want, -- nay, demand, -- more, much more of this astonishing young author's stuff. Don't forget to admire my Prose, Characterisation and Plot. Tell him that this is the best story you have ever read, --- even if this is not strictly true. Lay it on pretty thick, (this guy is a Professional Editor, and you'll get away with bloody murder), and enclose a year's subscription.

Then, maybe, he'll up the ante for my next Opus.

Personally, I thought this was all to be expected. I mean that Bradbury and EFR, Heinlein, and all the other really good authors, all started in the fanmags before graduating to the pro's, and it was quite obvious that I would do the same. There was nothing remarkable about it, -- any fannish genius would follow the same course. I would have thought that subdued congratulations would have been in order, and perhaps a few autograph albums. Instead, I get insulting telegrams from White, calling me 'colleague' and saying how much he was looking forward to do the "-" prozine reviews, a copy of John Gunn's True Fan List, (and it was addressed to C.U.R. Harris), containing thirty pieces of silver from the O'Bleak House Pilate, ornate sateen-faced Greetings Cards with "Congratulations on your Big SUCCESS!!! WELL DONE", and letters soliciting my opinion about antologies and reprint rights. There were no concrete tokens of their esteem tho. (Pause here whilst Tucker parcels up one of his bricks, and Shaw rushes out to buy me a necklace of mill-stones). Even the thirty pieces of silver were just tiny squares of tin-foil, -- Ken Potter flatly refuses to trade his field for them. (Ignorant atheist fans should refer to the Gospel according to St. Matthew XXVII. v7 if they really want to appreciate this rather precious pun, --- they may like to read the whole story too. The characterisation is good, and to those unfamiliar with the plot, the conflict builds up into a breath-taking, emotionally-gripping climax of the type that is not often found in an author's first story. Altho the style is a little dated, I strongly recommend this Book without any hesitation whatsoever).

On top of all this, there was that deplorable lapse from good taste by Vinç Clarke in our last issue. I do not intend to descend to argumentation with the fan jackals who snap and snarl at my heels, but I must refute this ridiculous idea that my next novel will be serialised in ASF and Galaxy. I have no contact with either Horace or John, -- and anyrate, I hear that the slicks pay up to 20¢ a word for really first-rate stuff.

Furthermore, I am not a two-headed sex-obsessed monstrosity. I have only one head.

I suppose that all Professional Authors are plagued by these fans who cook up a sudden dislike for them. I'm fairly new in this racket, and apart from Vinç Clarke, everyone seems to love me except Charlie Wells.....

If anyone is wondering what to give me for my birthday, there is one thing I want more than a bigger Studebaker than Tucker's, more than Beatrice Mahaffey, more even than a Walt Kelly original. I have simple tastes. I shall be quite



happy if you will just send me a few of Charlie's nail-parings. I'll supply the rest of the impedimenta.

In my time I have said some harsh cruel things about Wells for which I am now sorry, -- I lost the carbon copy and it was much better than this spur of the moment stuff. It was the best attempt at a verbal crucifixion I have ever read. Compared with this, Moskowitz versus Wollheim was just a friendly discussion. Laney versus the LASFS was just a boyish prank. If I have my way, in all future fan-polls Wells will rate as No.1. Pariah. Even Burgess and Ken Beale will shun him. And I'll tell you for why.....

Naturally, as soon as I knew that I was to be Immortalised in Print, I went up to "The Globe" to sign the fans' autograph books, and to talk learnedly about word-rates with my fellow Authors. I didn't arrive until quite late, and instead of the usual happy roars of delight that greet my Entrance, it was all quiet and hushed inside. As soon as I saw the editor of NIRVANA in full mourning, and Ted Carnell sobbing bitterly in the arm-chair, I knew immediately that Something Was Wrong.

First off I guessed that Tucker had died again. "Worse, far worse," they wept at me. I was shaken, -- this was really serious, and I wasn't in training for a Calamity. "Don't tell me Bloch is coming over," I screamed. There was an ear-splitting crack as Bill Temple's heart broke, and all the little rivulets of fannish tears flowed together and formed a tiny lake. Ego looked at me with those soft limpid blue eyes of his, (the ones usually contemplating his navel), "Don't..... don't you care, Chuck?" he whispered. He gets five cents a word now, but was good enough to accept 3/6d in sterling because I'm short of dollar currency. The waters were rising steadily and I discovered that my shoes leaked. "What the hell goes on?" I asked. Slowly, inexorably slowly, Vince pulled it out of his bosom and floated it across to me.

I saw that familiar limp green cover with a strange, sombre, dreadful, black border, and Sixth Fandom crashed around my ears like an Epicentre ceiling. You can imagine how I felt. Wells had sent everyone else final issues of Quandry to keen over, but had left me out. They were all suitably dressed for the wake, (even Bert Campbell had a black band on the arm of his duffle coat), whilst I was wearing my usual sports jacket and meteor tie. Only a few short months ago they'd been envious because they weren't one of Lee's Mad Geniuses, and now I had to eat humble pie and share Vince's copy. It was horrible. (The humiliation, not Quandry). I was a social outcast. I even had to pay for my own beer to cry into.

This was all due to Charlie Wells, -- the indignities as well as the beer money. It will be a long, long time before I forget it. After I've gotten thru with him, even the Snaver Mystery Club won't grant him membership.

I have Q's 11-16, each in a manilla slip-cover, all lined up on my shelf between the Heinlein and Sturgeon books. In future, when the neofen come to Rainham to pay homage, I shan't be able to boast that I have all of Quandry from 11 onwards. My fan status will suffer. Gradually I shall slip from this pinnacle down into obscurity. Within months I shall doubtless be grovelling in the very gutter of fandom, -- perhaps even writing film notes and book reviews for the NSF Manuscript Bureau.

There have already been results from this. When Dr. Marie Stopes, the contraception expert, came to the pub, I wasn't introduced to her. The married men carefully shielded her from us fan-bachelors and she spent most of the evening with Ego and a few others. We were all quite disappointed. Helen had a couple of books she wanted autographed, and I was hoping to ask the Doctor about a new



method she was advocating for the problems of the teeming hordes of India. This involved the use of a handful of cotton waste and some salad oil. So help me, I thought that this was a far, far better argument against birth-control than anything the Churches have yet thought of.

A peculiar type, Marie. So well-bred as to be almost indistinguishable from a racehorse, squat, distinctive, homely, old, and not in the least like the strapping Nordic maiden I'd always imagined her to be. Bert Chandler said she was probably after a sequel to the "Aphrodite Project". If Arthur and the BIS are conducting experiments on these lines, and can persuade their Yvonne de Carlo to volunteer, I wouldn't mind being a martyr to science myself....

As you probably know by now, I am an indefatigable name-dropper. You may remember that in our last stupendous issue I mentioned lunching with Abnorm Wansborough at the Medcon. Norman has been active in British fan circles for several years, but as far as I know, his only appearances in fannags have either been in the letter columns or in adverts about convention schemes. I hope that the following poem of his, which was originally intended for SLANT, will be the first of many humorous verses to come from his pen.

#### A BELFAST POSTMAN'S LAMENT

By

NORMAN G WANDSBOROUGH

No! The Postman cried in Horror  
As before his chief he stood  
Anything but that sir,  
I was sure you understood.

No! Again the poor man cringed  
As his hands he madly wringed  
Please don't send me to that House  
The bloke there must think he's shooting grouse.

All I do is do my job,  
What happens? Water hits me in the gob,  
Some fellow by the name of Willis,  
Who is an S.F. fan I hear.  
Empty's Water Pistols in me ear,  
Shouting Hoo! Hoo! Ha! Ha! Hee! Hee!  
I dare you to do it back to me.



PETE TAYLOR

=====

HELP SEND A SEX-FIEND  
TO SAN FRANCISCO!

V O T E F O R james white

Paid\* advert. inserted by HARRIS & CLARKE

\*you extortionate swine, Willis.



# VARIATIONS ON A 4E THEME

## MAL ASHWORTH

Wonder if this train's racing a hearse? Still, what's it matter as long as I'm only sixteen hours late? The Convention should be just starting then. This one had better be good. The feel of this trusty old zap gun gives me confidence anyway. I'll drown old Whatsisname. Just look at all these Ghu-accursed morons I have the misfortune to be travelling with! - cretins the lot! They don't know what they're missing not being fans. The poor sheep. Bet they don't even know what a Slan is. Bet they wouldn't know I was one even if they did! The trash, the utter crud, they read. How in hell do they keep from being sick? 'True, thrilling, amazing, frank Confessions'. Yug. 'The Daily Shirker'. Revolutiona-ry, -- should be degutted. 'The Financial Crimes'. Capitalist! So it's you who keeps fen working for a living? Grrrrr.

Hey! what's this?..... it looks like..... Ghod it is..... 'Superman'! He looks too old to read that. Musta been repressed in childhood or sump'n. Wonder if he knows what a spaceship is? I wonder if I could slide in next to him and get talking? Nobody's looking...I, er...no... don't look at me!!

"Bit of a draft there. Ha, haaa..."

"Harrumph. Thought all the windows were SHUT?!?"

Wish I'd stop sweating so I could see out of my eyes again. Anyway I made it, Gosseyn's trained mind triumphs again. I'm glad I'm not neurotic any longer. Yes, it's Superman all right. I wonder...

"They're very good aren't they?" No... the rest of you, PLEASE, don't look at me ... I'm only whispering.

"Good???"

"Er, yes, these Superman adventures. I like that sort of thing myself. Er, have you read 'The War of the Worlds' by H.G.Wells? Er, it's about people from the planet Mars coming to Earth and invading us and..."

"Yes."

"You've read it? Oh, I am glad. Well, I'm what's called a fan of those sort of things myself. All about spaceships and rockets and other planets and all that. They have a lot of magazines nowadays with those things in, -- and some bound books of course -- in fact nearly ALL the libraries have some of them. And anyway, as I was saying, there are magazines with these things in and -- I don't suppose you've ever read one?"

"Well, yes I..."

"You HAVE! Oh well, that's really terrific. Some of them, -- I don't know if you noticed, -- have a letter column in the back where people write and tell the editors what to do. Ha ha. Well, these people, the ones who write the letters, not the editors, are what are called fans you see and there are a lot of them all over this country -- and quite a few in America too... I expect, and besides writing letters to editors of promags -- that's short for 'professional magazine' you see, 'pro-mag', -- they write to each other and even get together locally and form clubs where they meet and talk about things -- and even about science-fiction sometimes. Ha ha. and .... I DO hope I'm not boring you?"

"No, I..."

"Good. Well, 'as I was saying, the best part of all, these fen -- that's the plural for 'fans' you see, like you say man and men not 'mans'. Ha ha. -- well, these fen publish amateur magazines of their own which are called fanzines, short for fan magazine you see, 'fanzine', and they circulate them to other fen



who subscribe or who write anything for them because of course being amateur publications they can't afford to pay for their material. Everybody does it just for the fun of the thing you see and very often the faneds, -- that's short for 'fan-editors' you see -- lose money but they don't mind. Well, as a matter of fact, now that you've brought up the subject, I've written some things myself for some of these fanzines, now let me see. I should have some somewhere in my case which I can show you, though I don't think I've more than about forty-seven with me. Well, these fans also hold conventions in various big cities where EVERYBODY gets together and pro -- that's professional -- authors speak, and BNFs, (that stands for Big Name Fans, fans who are well-known you see, they don't really have to have BIG names. Ha ha.) and they have auctions and a general good time. As a matter of fact, I'm just on my way to one of these conventions now. Ah, here we are. These are what I was looking for. This is one...HYPHEN... not such a good example that one... publish a lot of crud -- that's trash or tripe, you see. Look this is one of my articles. Not so good that one, of course; I did it in my sleep so it's only twice as good as anything else in the issue. That's my name, Mal Ashworth...."

"Mine's Walt Willis."

"Yes. Well I should have a card here somewhere. There you are, -- keep that and then if you feel like getting in touch with me, I'll be able to put you in contact with fandom 'cause I think we're getting somewhere near where I get ou...  
.....Your name's WHAT?"

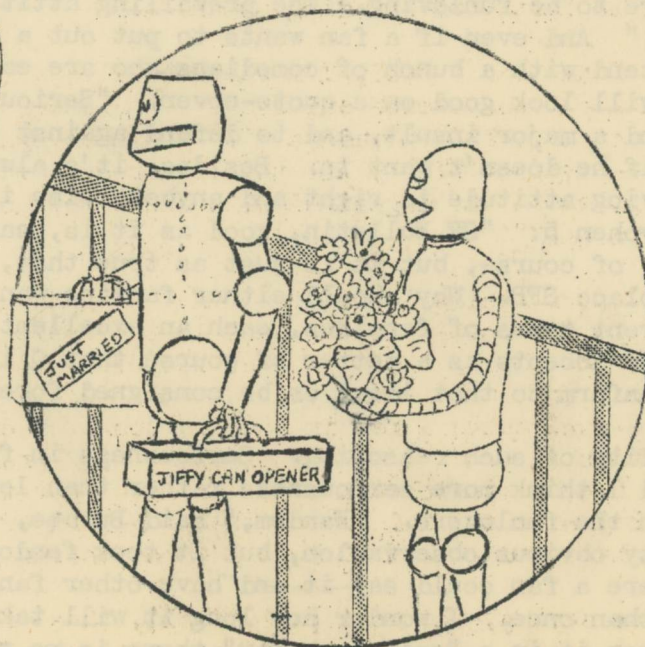
"Wal....."

"Aaaaaaarrrrrrrrgh."

Splinter.

A mangled body at the bottom of a railway embankment.

=====





# THE FUNLOVERS

REDD BOGGS

I want to take issue with Walt's apparent belief, stated in Hyphen and even more strongly in his FAPazine Pamphrey, that a "funloving" fanzine is more interesting than one devoted to science fiction.

In the first place, he says that "there is hardly a single fanmag primarily devoted to the fascinating field of fandom itself." My own possibly erroneous impression is that, outside of 'Spaceship', there's hardly a single fanzine nowadays that is not fandom-centred. The fanzines have left discussion of Our Favorite Literature to the semi-pros ( Fantastic Worlds; Journal of SF; etc.), which do not properly fall in the category of fanzine. Insurgentism is dead and the Quandry circle is broken, but both phenomena still powerfully influence most fan editors. Among Seventh Fandom editors Quandry is almost a legend and Laney is almost a god. The funloving aspect is evident among most current fanzines, and the smallest remark that sounds serious and constructive is followed by the self-conscious parenthetical remark, "( Down, Laney!)"

Some of these fanzines are good, some are not, which indicates to me that a fanzine that concerns itself with the "fascinating field of fandom" isn't readable by virtue of that fact alone. When you are a funloving character yourself and have talented funlovers like Harris, Shaw, White, and Clarke writing for you, well, sure, you're going to issue a readable and entertaining magazine. But if you're not a humorist and if your best fan friends are not humorists, then it seems that you damn well better not try to edit a funloving fanzine if you want gobs of egoboo.

If I had Ackerman's style, I could make that last sentence sound as sensational as it probably is. A lot of fan editors seem unaware of the fact that a fanzine doesn't necessarily have to be funloving. The prevailing attitude in fandom is "Be funny at all costs!" And even if a fan wants to put out a more serious fanmag he's got to contend with a bunch of comedians who are eager to deflate him with a wisecrack that will look good on a quote-cover. "Serious constructive fan" is a dirty name and a major insult, and to defend against such an epithet a fan will conform even if he doesn't want to. Besides, it's always taken for granted that the funloving attitude is right and anybody else is wrong. Take Dave Ish's remark in Hyphen 5: "SF Bulletin, good as it is, can't replace Quandry." That's true, of course, but it is just as true that, good as it was, Quandry could never replace SFB. Why should either fanzine want to "replace" the other? They are different types of fanzines, each an excellent example of its own type. But Dave just accepts as a matter of course that Q is the ideal fanzine and that SFB must conform to that ideal or be consigned forever to outer darkness.

I don't see the validity of such reasoning. Seriousness in fandom is, after all, not a scandal, and I think more seriousness rather than less of it might benefit all of us, even the funlovers. "Fandom," said Burbee, "is just a goddamn hobby." That's a pretty obvious observation, but it took fandom 20 years to mature to the point where a fan could say it and have other fans accept it without blinking more than once. I wonder how long it will take fandom to realize that just because it is a "goddamn hobby" there is no reason why some aspects of it shouldn't be treated seriously, rather than as occasions for the

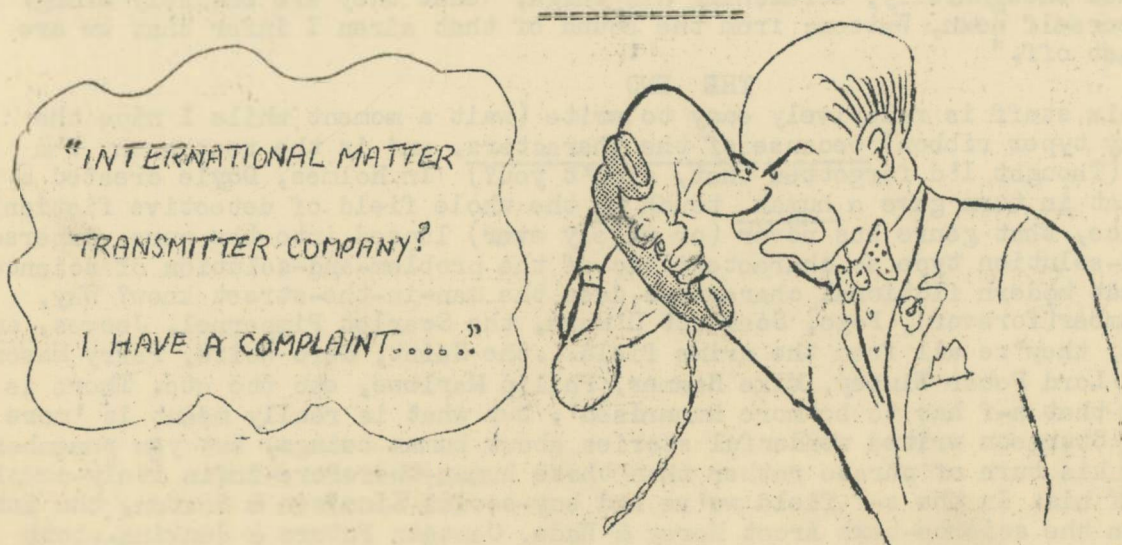


inevitable witty remark? These days, if you make a thoughtful remark in a fanzine you are accused of having no sense of humor.

Well now, a sense of humor is a fine thing, but so is a sense of seriousness. Both are vital to a person's well-being, and I think both are equally necessary to a well-balanced fandom. After all, how far can this "Be funny at all costs!" attitude safely extend? Consider: publishing a fanzine is a serious business in itself: if it's not a serious attempt to "further fandom," at least it is a serious attempt to garner egoboo. Having fun isn't an easy thing to accomplish, especially when it involves the work of writing, editing, stencilling, and mimeographing. Furthermore, campaigning against serious constructiveness is itself an act of serious constructiveness: the campaigning fan is trying to mold fandom closer to his idea of perfection. This perfection may involve a fandom where more fun may be obtained, but still it involves "improving" fandom. Thus, the ultimate target of any funloving fanzine's humor is the fanzine itself and its own editor. In the long run, humor without conscious seriousness to balance it off will destroy the funlovers themselves.

As I said at the beginning, I'm sure that I'll be misinterpreted here, in case you whimsically print this rather lengthy piece. I don't mind the wisecracks and I don't even mind being called a man with no sense of humor, but just for the record I'd like to state in unqualified terms that I like Hyphen, as I liked Quandry and Shangri-L'Affaires and other funloving fanzines. I hope we'll have fanzines like this for as long as fandom exists. I should like to make it equally clear that what I am objecting to is the attitude that funloving is necessarily the right or only policy for an entertaining fanzine. The skill of handling as well as the choice of subject determines the interest quotient of any piece of writing. I have no doubt that most fans are more skilful at writing humor than at writing literary criticism, and I think that by all means they should write humor. But let's not make unwelcome, or seemingly unwelcome, fans who want to write something else.

Without Hyphen or funloving fanzines like it, fandom would be a dull place indeed, but it would be equally dull, at least to me, without literary criticism or other "scholarly critiques". I think there's a place in fandom for G. M. Carr and her blithering notions about McCarthyism as well as for Royal H. Drummond and his carnivorous deer. Anybody who doesn't think so is a serious constructive fan.





grunchgrunchgrunchgrunchgrunch  
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I AM MELANCHOLY. My days are filled with a wistful longing, and at night the black phantoms of despair gibber o'er my bed like Poe learning about Bloch.

For why? (A piece of journalese I've always wanted to use) Why, because of this sudden gush of Sherlock Holmesiana that is rushing through the literary journals and other purveyors of fiction, such as newspapers. Every other sheet I pick up contains the news that This Is The Centenary of Holmes's Birth, and that devotees or addicts or enthusiasts (but never, never, 'fans') are celebrating. Any time now I'm expecting to read that Boucher & McComas are issuing a special Holmes Number of the Mag. of F. & S-F... (Boucher is big-name Baker Street Irregular, at least,) which I suppose would read something like this:---

"My dear Watson," said Holmes, leaning back in his couch and puffing rapidly at a Venusian tabacweed, "you failed to observe that the Martian gondolier was wearing spectacles on one head only."

"But surely, Holmes!" I protested. "We agreed that the blackmailer who rayed down Kimball Kinnison was deaf on one side...."

"We agreed," returned Holmes, pulling at one bushy eyebrow so that it twanged vibrantly, "that the blackmailer who crisped Mr. Kinnison was deaf on one side as he failed to hear the Vegan Confederacy Police approaching from one direction but was aware of the Legion of Space patrolmen advancing from the opposite way --as shown by his tracks in the sand--- and consequently only just escaped. Now, when I saw the Martian amongst our suspects, it occured to me that in normal circumstances his work would lead him to overhear many secrets as he poled his craft along the canal. But he would need to watch his course at the same time, and from the fact that he wore only the one pair of spectacles I deduced that he directed the gondola with half his eyes only, with consequent strain...you will remember my monograph on 'Ophthalmia in Extra-Terrestrials'?....There could only have been one reason why he did not equalise his eyestrain by alternately using one head with which to steer and the other head to listen; he was deaf in one head, and therefore had to use the eyes in that one all the time, whilst he listened with the other."

"It all seems so simple, now," I cried. "But tell me, Holmes, what was the reason for the crime? Kinnison was in anti-narcotics. Was the Martian a zwilnik too?"

Holmes shook his head. "Religion. The Martian alleges that Kinnison failed to destroy a louse on the grounds that its thoughts showed it to be innocent, pure and good; in fact, he had some idea of inducting it into the Patrol. As you know, the Two Moons Faith holds that lice are unclean and must be killed instantly. I will not say," he added thoughtfully, scratching his thigh, "that they are entirely wrong. But strap yourself down, Watson; from the sound of that siren I infer that we are about to blast off."

#### THE END

Now, this stuff is relatively easy to write (wait a moment while I wipe the sweat from my typer ribbon) because of the characters, and is the reason why I'm melancholy. (Thought I'd forgotten that, didn't you?) In Holmes, Doyle created a character that in turn gave a human touch to the whole field of detective fiction; in consequence, that genre has never (or rarely ever) lapsed into the pure, impersonal crime-and-solution type so characteristic of the problem-and-solution of science-fiction. What modern fictional characters does the man-in-the-street know? Why, apart from Amber(forever), Pogo, Scarlett O'Hara, the Scarlet Pimpernel, Jeaves, and a few others, they're all from the crime field...the Saint, Nero Wolfe, Perry Mason, Uncle Abner, Lord Peter Wimsey, Mike Hammer, Philip Marlowe, etc etc etc. There is a constant cry that s-f has to be 'more humanised', but what is really meant is 'more Characters'; Sturgeon writes wonderful stories about human beings, but you remember his plot and his turn of phrase rather than those human-therefore-infin itely-complex characters of his. In the s-f field we've had boy-scouts Kinnison & Seaton, the inter-lineations in the science-text Arcot Moray & Wade, Captain Future & Jenkins..both robots, and others who can only be described as 'inhuman'. The nearest approaches to real Characters we've had are Professors Challenger & Van Manderpootz and Hawk Carse. Give us some Characters, someone, please, for popularisation...and parody!



Every now and then the British fan wants some dollar credit with which to buy POGO or OOPSLA or a sub to the MoF&SF or to join FAPA (at least, those are my current wants, advt.), and the classic way to do it is to exchange British books & 'zines with US fans. It's for this reason, and not because I want to do anything serious and constructive that I'm publishing the following forthcoming-books-in-'54-from-Britain list; US fans wanting these will find plenty of British willing to exchange. Don't forget that some of the publication dates are months away, tho.

The order is \*\*\*BOOK TITLE/Publisher/Author or initials of same/Price/Remarks\*\*\*  
MATHEMATICS IN ACTION/Bell/Sutton/16/-/ Non-fiction\*\*\*FUTURE TENSE/Bodley Head/ Edit. K.F.Crossen/10s6d/Anthology\*\*\*NIGHTMARES OF EMINENT PERSONS/Bodley Head/Bertrand Russell/9s6d/fantasies \*\*\*THE SANDS OF MARS/Corgi PBs/A.C.C./2.0d\*\*\*FURY/Dobson/Kuttner/8s6d\*\*\*JIZZLE/Dobson/Wyndham/11s6d/shorts\*\*\*MODERN EXPERIMENTS IN TELEPATHY/Faber/Soal & Bateman/30s/non-fiction\*\*\*THE LAST MAN/Falcon/Mary('Frankenstein')Shelley/15s/Check-list item\*\*\* THE FIRST ASF ANTHOLOGY/Grayson/Ed.Campbell/9s6d/part selection\*\*\* STRANGE TRAVELS IN SCIENCE-FICTION/Grayson/Ed.Conklin/9s6d/1st selection from the Omnibus of S-F\*\*\*THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY/Grayson/John Christopher/9s6d/collected shorts\*\*\*PLANET OF THE DREAMERS/Hale/J.D.MacDonald/9s6d/was the Startling Wine of the Dreamers\*\*\*

---

IT CAME OUT WHEN PAPER WAS SO CHEAP THEY COULDN'T FIND ENOUGH TYPE TO COVER IT

TOM'S TIME MACHINE/Harrap/Daniel/7s6d/A juvenile--you guessed?\*\*\*FAHRENHEIT 451/Hart-Davis/RayB/9s6d/\*\*\*SOS FROM MARS/Hutchinson/J.K.Cross/7s6d/Juvenile\*\*\*MISTS OF DAWN/Hutchinson/Chad Oliver/7s6d/Juvenile\*\*\* Two more juveniles due later in year from Hutchinson\*\*\*THE MARS PROJECT/Hutchinson/Werner Von Braun/10s6d/\*\*\*V2/Hurst & Blackett/Major General Dornberger/18s/was in charge of liquid propellant rocket development in the German army,'30-'45\*\*\*LOST ON VENUS by Mary Patchett THUNDERBOLT OF THE SPACEWAYS by Hereward Ohlson(Patchett?) @ 6/-, first 2 of 'Space Adventure Series', juvenile, from Lutterworth Press\*\*\*

---

THIS IS THE LAST HE WROTE BEFORE HE RENOUNCED S-F

THE OPENING OF THE EYES/Methuen/Olaf Stapledon/7s6d/non-fiction-his search for a philosophy\*\*\*EXPLORATION OF THE MOON/Muller/Arthur C.Clark/15s/with 45 full page illos\*\*\*OUR MOON/Muller/H.P.Wilkins,FRAS/12s6d/Non-fiction--authoritative\*\*\*GATEWAY TO TOMORROW/Museum Press/Ed.Carnell/9s6d/British anthology\*\*\*SENTINELS FROM SPACE/Museum Press/E.F.Russell/9s6d/Don't want to worry you, but this is the Startling story Ken Bulmer was reading when the Epicentre ceiling fell on him...\*\*\*DRAGONS ISLAND/Museum Press/Williamson/9s6d/\*\*\*Nelson's announce juvenile 'Spaceworld' series @ 5/-, starting with KEMLO & THE ZONES OF SILENCE and KEMLO & THE CRAZY PLANET by E.C.Elliott ("a man who will swiftly make his mark in the realm of s-f...")\*\*\*

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CHRIST! IT'S RARE!

THE FALLEN SKY/Nevill/Peter Crowcroft/11s6d/London after A-bomb\*\*\*Penguins announce the following new & reprint to June @ 2/- unless otherwise stated:  
DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS/JW\*\*\*COLD COMFORT FARM/Gibbons/Edges into checklist,mostly satire\*  
GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA & COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA by Margaret Mead @ 2/6d/Classic Anthropology\*\*\*PERSONALITY OF MAN/Tyrrell/2s6d/ESP etc experiments\*\*\*NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR/Orwell\*\*\*VOYAGE TO PURILIA/Elmer Rice/Checklist item--satirising early movies\*\*\* ANIMAL FARM/Orwell\*\*\*ETHICS/P.Nowell-Smith/3s6d/in light of modern logic\*\*\*DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES/J.A.Madfield/2s6d/non-fiction\*\*\*

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cf.the Kmas '52 GALAXY cover: THE FACES OF YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS...WELL, NOT YOUR FAVOURITE, BECAUSE I'M NOT THERE. HACKS, IN FACT

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THE HILL OF DREAMS/Richards Press/Machen/10s6d/Rare fantasy\*\*\* Sidgwick & Jackson's list includes:- HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY/Giorgio Abetti/25s\*\*\*HOLE IN HEAVEN/P.Dubrez Fawcett/9s6d/first of new s-f series\*\*\*CHILDHOOD'S END/ ACC/ 11s6d\*\*\*GREEN HILLS OF EARTH/RH/9s6d\*\*\*COMPLETE BOOK OF OUTER SPACE/10s6d/bound varnished boards, 144pp,200 illos\*\*\* LANDS BEYOND/de Camp & Ley/21s\*\*\*

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

NEVER MIND WHAT IT((the jacket))SAYS, IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE IT...SEX! LUST!SADISM!!



GRUNCH (Cont.)

THE SCIENCE READER'S COMPANION/Ward Lock/Various/15s/Definitions & descriptions etc.\*\*  
CPLONISTS OF SPACE/Ward Lock/Charles Carr/9s6d/presumed adult\*\*\*THE WHEEL IN THE SKY/  
Ward Lock/Rafe Bernard/9s6d/presumed adult\*\*\*Weidenfeld and Nicholson announce the  
following at 9s6d: TITAN & OTHERS/Schuyler Miller; CITY/Simak; WEAPON MAKERS/Van Vogt;  
AHEAD OF TIME/Kuttner; BEACHHEADS IN SPACE/edited Derleth/anthology\*\*\*  
MEN AND PLANETS/Wingate/K.W.Gatland/15s/non-fiction--examines possibilities of ET  
life and evolution\*\*\*World's Work publishers have 7 s-f titles on current list, some  
already published; include first 4 GOLDEN AMAZON Fearn stories from war-time Amazing  
Stories, 2 space-operas by Paul French (Fearn?), and SEETEE SHOCK by 'Will Stewart'  
(Jack Williamson) from ASF, all at 8s6d\*\*\* FLYING SAUCERS ON THE MOON/Owen/Harold T.  
Wilkins/15s/"sensational new material, flying saucers and space ships"--classified as  
non-fiction\*\*\*ROCKET PROPULSION/Chapman & Hall/Burgess/21s/Revised edition\*\*\*

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BY TWO CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN IMITATORS

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NEW DIMENSIONS OF DEEP ANALYSIS/Allen & Unwin/Dr. Ehrenwald/25s/"attempts integration  
of facts misrepresented as 'occult' into modern psychiatry\*\*\*THE DANGERS OF BEING HUMAN/  
Bodley Head/F.C.Palmer/7s6d/popular psychology\*\*\*JORKENS BORROWS ANOTHER WHISKY/  
Joseph/Lord Dunsany/no price available/ humorous adventure-fantasies\*\*\*More forthcom-  
ing Grayson & Grayson books include THE ROBOT & THE MAN, anthology edited Greenberg;  
SECOND ASF ANTHOLOGY, edited John W.Campbell; STRANGE ADVENTURES IN SCIENCE-FICTION/  
edited Conklin\*\*\* THE WARP OF HUMOUR/Reinhardt/Stephen Potter/12s6d/examination of  
"essence and shape of English humour"\*\*\*KINGS OF SPACE/Hodder & Stoughton/Capt. W.E.  
Johns/7s6d/juvenile\*\*\*ON A DARK NIGHT/Eyre & Spottiswoode/A.West/5s/cheap edition of  
this recent fantasy

---

Gabriel Over The White House : IT BRINGS A TOUCH OF AWE INTO A MUNDANE LIFE

---

And so on.....not complete, but it'll do to go on with.

And if you're wondering about those booksy interlineations and where they origin-  
ated, Walt's LonConvention Report in the last HYPHEN reminded me that I did agree to  
record Ted Tubb's remarks during the Con Auction; however, on looking through my notes  
(which only appear to have been written in mirror-Sanskrit by an illiterate Eskimo),  
I remember that Ted spent most of the time when he wasn't trying to resurrect the  
audience in ensuring that, whatever other complaints might be made, no one could say  
that they failed to find congenial company in the Bar. But the odd epigram did bubble  
up, as usual, and most of those that I can decipher are here recorded.

Ah! The Convention! I break out into a gentle heat-rash at the memory. I had to  
work on the first morning of the Con., but as I was only 200 yards from the Bonnington,  
managed to take about 3 hours of coffee break in 10 minute chunks; however, the hectic  
feeling engendered by that series of plunges into the boiling maelstrom calling itself  
with ghastly humour the Introductory Session lasted throughout the Con, and I couldn't  
give a coherent account now if you paid me for it. (Anyone want to buy a good confused  
account?) Looking through the slightly charred notes, I find various cryptic phrases  
out of context:

"What's happened to Ted Carnell?" "Ken Slater came in with a bottle--and it wasn't  
milk.." "After 5 minutes of deadly insults, Dave Cohen said it would help if London  
and Manchester fixed things on a friendly basis" "The London Circle is a tight circle"  
"It's terrible to be so famous" "I must apologise for my voice being hoarse; I was up  
till 4 o'clock with some US visitors discussing Sex" "I wish they wouldn't keep  
treading on broken glass" "Where's Ted Tubb?" "Down in the Bar" "Who does he think  
he is...Tucker?" "Where's the bloke I paid to bid 3d each time?" "Come on; hurt  
yourselves!" "Close your eyes or you'll bleed to death"

How I wish I'd had a tape-recorder. How I'm looking forward to the '54 ManCon  
now that I've got one! Ma-a-a-an!

\* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \*



# Readers' Letters

&

# Editorial

GEOFF M.  
WINGROVE

Hyphen is full of vile prose; Chuch Harris to name a few! I was convinced it was Vince Clarke on that station at Chatham, because I'm sure he said he was. I stand corrected--apologies to Vince.

Not only does he call me a neo-fan, but a neo-neo-fan! ME who's been reading sf for eight years and who's been a fan for over two! Does Harris know that the other neo-neo-fan was Colin Parsons?

Would harris like me to relate in truth what happened on that station? You bet he wouldn't. It'll take some of the boo out of his ego. Colin and I were waiting on the platform for the train before the one that Burgess was likely to catch, when something came sprawling down the steps nearly tripping over its nose. Obviously had too much. It asked us whether the train drawing in went to Gravesend and we quite truthfully said we didn't know, so it jumped on the train with us.

We got an empty carriage (and kept it empty by sticking those Vargo Statten illos in the windows). About ten minutes later the train stopped at some tiny station in the wilds of Kent. The THING stuck its head out of the carriage window and asked another passenger if the train went to Gravesend, then calmly didn't listen as the other passenger said 'No.'

Quite frankly I think we did harris a favour in letting him get out at Foulkenham Halt. Just suppose he'd thought of holding a con there! If he hadn't ever been there he wouldn't have known what a ghod-forsaken place it was.

Then he calls me a fugghead! ME--"Death Ship" Wingrove. ME---who wrote those foul reviews in FISSION 1 (the best all-British fannag published, 9d a copy, 4 for 5/-). Wait till I catch harris!

Now that's off my chest I want to thank you for re-christening me with another initial. What does the 'X' stand for? I personally prefer Ximmannemnon. Anyway it's about time you had another sub from me so I enclose 5/-.....

I have no criticism to offer as Hyphen 6 comes up to all previous standards, but could I suggest that you move the bacover quotes inside the mag? I'm only wondering what'll happen if the Postmaster General sees them.

And please don't change that green paper. It sure is restful compared to some of the glaring white blotting paper some fmz use. Of course it can't be compared with the paper used in FISSION (4/- for 6 and save 6d) which is of a high, 'slick' standard.

Just the stuff for Fission chips. # After that painful piece of plugging it'd be a shame not to give Fission's address. It's 31 Benwood Court, Sutton, Surrey, England.

TED CARNELL Thoroughly recommend Tucker's latest from Rinehart--WILD TALENT. Central character is a telepath named Breen (name didn't mean anything to me). Gets picked up by an FBI man named Ray Palmer and a CIC man named Conklin.

Then gets turned over to a top Washington operative named Carnell, who works for an even higher Army man named Slater. The plot goes on unravelling like a film, with whispers of a mysterious Irishman named Walter Willis always nebulously in the background. Conklin eventually gets knocked off in Russia, Carnell drops from a burning plane in the Pacific, Slater gets drowned--and the arch-spy, the top criminal character WILLIS shoots himself (under duress!) Hot-diggity.

PS. Thought Chuck Harris's article in the current Hyphen terrific. That boy shows definite signs of a new type of humour--one that has long been missing from the current crop of hick newshounds and columnists of 6th Fennydom--ie NAW, Shaw, Vince Clarke, et al....

"Did that crazy infing!"

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THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR -- NOW ON SALE



STUART  
MACKENZIE Space Times is no street walker, nor do we have any sugar daddies. We have adopted a policy of advertising our magazine so as to increase circulation; if we can increase our sales we will be able to put out a better production job, more pages, and so give even greater value for the lowest sub-rate of the lot—6d a copy. The fact that we have an arrangement with Scion to print our covers is nothing more or less than a normal business transaction. It does not entail our being 'nice' to Scion any more than a national Sunday paper will give a publisher a good review simply because said publisher advertises in the paper.

At the time of writing this I have not as yet received my copy of the January '-'. I saw Pete Taylor's last night—it was drawn to my notice so to speak—and am therefore only writing about the two things that were "rubbed in" to me then.

Second thing is the crack about the Londoner Stuart Mackenzie. Unlike Bert Campbell I am no Cockney. I was born in Aberdeen—a granite city, so it withstood the shock pretty well, on the whole—and spent my childhood in France and the North of England, my youth in the Army and my more mature years all over Europe, Brazil and the US. Only comparatively recently have I returned to the UK. By the accident that my present employment is in London I am to that extent only a Londoner. I will admit that as far as fannish things are concerned I am far more of a London Circle than a Mancunian, a city which I have never, thank Ghu, visited as yet. Primarily, though, I am a fan. Period. And to hell with parochialism. Period. If what we all tell each other about fandom is true, then there is no reason why you, WAW the GREAT, should not publish the Moscow SF Club's magazine, or Shelby Vick be the publisher of ZENITH.

(Later) Now to get back to a more amicable thing, the Jan. Hyphen. The cover cartoon is a dilly. Truly, Shaw gets good. Tell me, is your attic really as clean and tidy as all that?...GRUNCH is a welcome sight: sincerely I think that Vincent has a style of writing which is pure fandom at a very high level of wit and writing skill. His stuff is always a pleasure to read.

With Harris also I have a small bone whereupon we may gaily nibble. The Survey ain't Bentcliffe's but mine. EB is not running same. Never was. Never will. So if he did tell the son of Mama Harris—Ghu bless his little cotton socks—that it was his'n, he's a falsifying of. Next time I see Chuch I shall, as his agent (commission one pint per short story duly sold to the Mammon worshippers) require words of explanation. But it doesn't really matter, maybe if it's a frost I will call it the Bentcliffe Report. But present indications are gratifyingly otherwise—I've had over 500 replies to the pilot survey. And now have a most diverting correspondence with a 16-year old schoolboy who is awfully busy trying to tell me how to do the job. After all, I only do it for a living, why should I know the best way to get replies? Maybe, he tells me, I should hire a goon squad of interviewers to call on people. Can you imagine the scene?

Locale, Bermondsey. Time, Saturday night, 11pm. Enter left, furtively, a specimen of genus interviewer, common. Tall, gangling, gleaming spectacles, could do with a shave.

It raps on a door. As it waits for a reply it opens a disreputable raincoat, takes out a sodden wad of papers. Eher had anointed them in The Globe. It makes futile gestures with the papers, takes off and replaces the cap on its bulbous bonce, then as the door opens and a very large gent appears, stutters forth in what is meant to be a many voice: "Good evening. My name is Burgess and I am interviewing people about science fiction.....aaahhhhhh leggo of my neck..." There is a scuttling sound, the slam of a door upon the righteous wrath of a man who has spent Saturday night proving that he will always defend the right to get tight....

No, Walt, I think interviewers are not the thing. If I got real ones I'd have to pay for them. This, being an Aberdonian, I could never do. And the volunteer labour I'd get—well! This stunt has cost over £12 so far too.

I didn't say SPACE TIMES was a streetwalker, just that you were going to have your legs pulled over this Scion deal. It's not a normal business arrangement, but a generous subsidy of ST by Scion and it's going to make it very difficult for you to review the Vargo Statton Magazine without appearing either subservient or ungrateful. Isn't it? // You slap Vince's wrist for not knowing you were a Scot—you're nearer, and I don't want to be a sporrán partner.

"I have one of the strongest personalities in fandom." —Kieran G. Broome



SID GALE Thanks for Hyphen 5. I've read it through and can't find anything to gripe about---still, I don't consider myself to be a connoisseur on anything. Besides, none of the other fannags appear regularly enough to compare with Hyphen.

I seem to be out on a limb in this part of the world. Most of my acquaintance either don't do much reading, or read romances (girls) or Hank Jansons (boys) (any difference?) I've given away about half a cwt of BRE Amazings, Weird Tales and Astoundings, but I haven't been able to secure a new fan.. A favourite argument of mine is that everyone is brought up on fantasy fiction in the form of fairy tales---Cinderella, Snow White etc." 1. Yes, girls are the ones with long hair. 2. Mother Gu's?

PERRY JEEVES Either by accident or design, the cover was good..I liked it anyway. This Harris bloke slipped in his place names; the station wasn't Fewkenham Halt, according to Bradshaw; it was Fewkenham Hall. Before the village of Buzzoph was removed by a bomb, the same station did for both villages and was known as 'Fewkenham and Buzzoph'.

As for my letter, if Shaw wasn't at the con, then it must have been somebody else who snubbed me. I still love Bob, even though the name ain't Montague. As for the other guy he looked brainy enough to be Bob.

Who is this guy Robert Bloch? Pity he doesn't marry a maiden and bring things to a head. Might make the fur fly. 1. By Shaw, actually. 2. I don't get it. Is it over or under my head?

ARCHIE MERCER Now and again I take time off from pondering the problems of the universe (for instance: what was wrong with the White Horse anyway, except that it didn't sell fish and chips? Or what the hell are all these ordinals supposed to be in aid of? Or, a favourite this, is any specific breath I happen to be taking at the time an odd one or an even one? Or why is the master-number on Capitol records upside down?) to catch up on my correspondence. As now. Here goes:

To the Inspector Taxes. Dear Civil Sir. Ref the rebate you've just given me. According to my calculations I should be rebating you. Are you crazy?

To the Editor of the Times. Sir. Today I heard the Cuckoo Waltz on the gramophone. Is this a record? (Attention Small-Ads Dept) For sale, Six Non-fiction Technical Scientific Books. Or would exchange any three for caravan capable of accommodating the other three. (Archie won these books for a letter in Authentic saying he was bored with space flight. Apparently he'd rather weighty team.)

To you. In spite of your editorial aside on the subject, TOTO was this time firmly stapled in place. Thanks. The first page of GRUNCH is the one that keeps falling out..

I found the whole publication throughout to be of an extremely high standard. The single exception was the inevitable TOTO. (Haven't the Americans got anything worth re-printing?) I exclude the versification from my stricture. I liked it. Anyway it's obvious it's in the wrong zine. (How can a thing that's by definition unprintable be re-printed?)<sup>5</sup>

Oh yes, there's the matter of what you call sadism. Your remarks about Hubbard and Fyfe's are not understood here. Now I hate sadism but I've noticed none in particular from the two you mention. Hubbard strikes me as often readable but never memorable.

Fyfe is just plain dull. 1. Lou's lease expired. 2. What ordinals? Are you trying to be esoteric? 3. Yes. 4. So the shop assistant can see the number while you read the label. 5. Chuck was pulling your leg. That limerick was not reprinted from DAWN of 'Clean Up Pandor' fare but from a London oneshot called NINE with a circulation of one. (Me.)

RALPH BAILEY ..Well, old chappie, carry on...and keep it clean. Some of the contributors could maybe keep it to themselves what a louse they think (even if he is) another fan is? There's no harm in being calm and courteous. No, but how dull.

JOHN B. HALL I enclose 2/6. Please send me a copy of The Enchanted Duplicator, two issues of Hyphen, 3 of Space Times and 2 of Fission. I understand that you are giving copies of the last two zines away for nix...I suppose it's typical Wil-lisism to explain to Archie Mercer why you leave TOTO loose and then staple mine in. The rest of the zine was good, and very funny. You know, you ought either to put "Eavesdroppings" in the middle or else send Hyphen in an envelope. I saw the postman bring-

The Enchanted Duplicator, an account of John's journey from Mundane to Trufandom, describing among other things his adventures in the jungle of Inexperience, his encounter with the rustlers, his experiences in the City, his sojourn in the Desert, and his passage through the Canyon..

Dear Sir, I heard my first record yesterday...am I a cuckoo?

Daily Express

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ing it, reading the back with a foolish grin on his face, and he seemed most reluctant to put it through my letter box...Nevertheless, Hyphen is still my favourite zine.

1. SPACE TIMES is the only foz I've given away so far.

MICHAEL WALLACE You mention Oopsla in Los Angeles. Is this a fanzine of the Hyphen class? If so I'd be grateful if you could send me the address of the editor as I would like to subscribe to it. <sup>Wagg Calvins, 2817—11th St., Santa Monica, California.</sup> I would like pen friends in the States. His address is c/o Martinus Bishop, 467 Hessel Road, Hull, Yorks, England. Thanks for the cartoon idea, Mike, P.S.

WILLIAM F. Thanks for Hyphen, which gave me a welcome lift of spirit in these dull, cold winter days. I'm glad most people enjoyed the Beacon report as much as I did. But I'm not surprised to find D.R. Smith among the rare exceptions. Even before the war, in the days of Nova Terrae and Tales of Wonder, he was adept at throwing buckets of cold water over people as a reward for their hard work and self denial (same thing) in attempts to entertain him. Not that I can recall that he ever threw any over me.

I'm afraid he's a type. Sam Youd is also of it. But there are signs—straws in the wind—lately that they may both eventually grow out of it, if very belatedly. It's only a matter of growing up.

In her recent book, 'Pleasure', Doris Langley Moore mentions the type: "Disparagement is a relief to minds that are ill at ease—a relief which they grasp at eagerly—but like any other drug, when it wears off it leaves the addict at the mercy of his bitterness. The fundamental unhappiness of destructive people is usually transparent enough, and often very much to be pitied... People who are for some reason socially uneasy often think that it is a mark of superiority to be hard to please. The young just emerging from adolescence are almost always hypercritical, especially on subjects where they have only recently acquired knowledge, and the uneducated or half-educated do not like to show when they are impressed in case they should commit the faux pas of overvaluing, which is thought to subtract more from our prestige than undervaluing. Unfortunately, any pose that is long sustained is pretty sure to become second nature..."

Let's hope John Roles won't let it grow on him as badly as Smith and Youd did.

If you publish this—and I have no objection—I may make another enemy, or even two, (not of Sam—he's impervious), and therefore shall be unable to say, write or do anything right in his or their eyes again. If this burden comes, I shall try to bear it with fortitude.

D.R. SMITH It occurs to me that I have yet to acknowledge receipt of the January issue of Hyphen, and I naturally hasten to do so, representing as it does one of the very few ties I still have with fandom. At times it does seem to me that I am drifting apart from something which has been a small part of my life for more years than I care to calculate (so) but then Hyphen arrives and I realise I am as deeply connected with the movement as I ever was.

And this is really a super issue, for it contains one shining gleam of truth, one blinding glimpse of the obvious which has dispelled the horror and repugnance with which I tend to view people who attend conventions as conventions are usually described and has made me realise that they are human beings like myself, and like the sort of people I like to be with. "The secret of enjoying oneself is to gather together a few congenial friends and hide" you say, and I regard them as some of the most beautiful words I have seen in a fanzine for many a long year—preceded as they are by the almost equally beautiful disparagement of the conventional convention's "enormous loud and drunken party". Why has nobody dared to utter these lovely verities before? Why have convention reporters (and I cannot exclude you from this category) persisted in emphasising the more revolting and disgusting side of the affair, so that Innocents like myself shrink from the shocking inanity of such goings-on? I do not say that now I shall rush off to attend conventions, the habit of years is too hard to break. But at least I know now that if I do accidentally meet with one I need not run screaming away.

Everything else in the issue is naturally overshadowed by this one thing, but I found it enjoyable and interesting. I am glad to see that there are heroes hardy enough to

"Cold spectacles, warm heart."



investigate Vargo Statten and his magazine and to report on it for the benefit of less intrepid souls like myself. I won't go into the details of my reactions since I gather these are less than welcome to you (unexpected sometimes, never unwelcome) but I am glad you do not class me with the execrable Roles...

FRED L. SMITH I agree with everyone who said 'The Beacon' issue was great. Definitely the best one you've put out so far. Also agree with Eric Frank Russell's remarks anent No.5. Didn't care for Campbell's style at all and his humour seemed forced in comparison to Tucker's easy flow of words.

Hubbard seems to be the favourite whipping boy these days and I'm rather sorry to see you joining the line to inflict further weals upon his scarred body. Most fans seem to forget that he is no longer connected with sf, except on the lunatic fringes, and they disremember very easily the many fine stories he produced in the past—'Pearl', 'Final Blackout', 'To The Stars', 'The End Is Not Yet', to name a few. I suppose however that it is largely because he did write some good stuff that fans were variously saddened, disillusioned or outraged when he left science fiction for fictional science, as somebody put it. Also the fact that he dragged John W. Campbell and A.E. Van Vogt into the sorry mess and managed to besmirch the good name of ASF, of course. On second thoughts, perhaps he does deserve it, in view of your report on his latest follies.

I don't quite get what you mean by 'sadism and paranoia' in Hubbard's and Elye's writings. Could you elucidate and point to a few examples?

I meant the love of cruelty and the worship of power. His heroes—and I do mean heroes, not merely protagonists—are usually callous brutes to whom any means are justified to attain their usually selfish ends. For example Corday in 'To The Stars' kills several hundred innocent people to persuade their leaders to surrender. In 'Greed' a whole planet is depopulated. This might be nothing more than stupid callousness and lack of imagination but the theme of might being right occurs suspiciously often. In any case this is the type of thinking that leads to Belser and Auschwitz.

MAL ASHWORTH I'm afraid I just failed to understand your Corencon report—it wasn't at all derogatory. Didn't you READ the other conreports or sumpn'? Didn't anybody tell you it was a flop, a Fiascon etc? I just don't understand you. You must be trying to be original or somesuch. Sheer show-off. Anybody'd think you enjoyed yourself!

BRIAN VARLEY Thanks for Hyphen. I could be rude and suggest you publish a full stop and do a service to fandom or lapse into a / but I won't because I liked the damned thing.   
cerma?+

Chuck Harris made one mistake in his report on the Medcon. My zap-gun was nothing out of the ordinary, the only difference was the contents—I filled it with Butane and got 5000 shots a filling. This Varley must be a stormy petrel.

Also I wish people would stop potting at Norman Wansborough; he's an intelligent lad. Why, the latest reports from Wiltshire say that he started hiking to the Supemcon last Sunday. I like blokes as keen as that, it helps to stop me going bankrupt.

MAX KEASLER Rather pleased that you took the news that I'm still alive in such sporting nature. I read in some fmz about me falling off the fraternity house roof, thus ending Sixth Fandom. It was by some trouble maker called Bob Tucker. But I never believed it for a moment because my insurance company wouldn't come across with my insurance. It seems they only accept dead bodies for insurance, which just shows how prejudice (sic!) they are. Since I couldn't convince them I was dead, (it was a bright sunny day) I decided just to let everyone know I'm still around, (mostly in the morning, but still arpuud...

Keasler's next gift to fandom (goody, a free fanzine) will be called 'Albatross'. (That's a bird, you know). It will be like Opus and Fanvariety, nothing to it, but lots of fun. You know what happened to the last Ancient Mariner who took on an albatross?

First comments on The Enchanted Duplicator: "Very wonderful"(by telegram)... "very fine, very enjoyable, and needed"... "lovely lovely lovely"... "will cause a sensation"... "incomparable"... "the Bible of True Fandom"... "marvellous"... "two typos"... "brilliantly conceived, brilliantly completed".

"I'm not going to the Beacon this year—I'm going to buy a duplicator."

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3



COLLIN M. Hyphen was pretty good, except for Harris's monstrous accusation that G.M. win-  
PARSONS grove and myself were, not neofans, but neo-neofans. I am going to demand an  
apology from him in some national daily.... One thing that should please you  
is that two anti-fans were extremely pleased with the 'Sweet Sue' rhyme and one or two  
of the bacover jokes.... What is saucebottle fandom? A non-fan mythology based on the  
HP sauce label. I had an article ('The Subcutaneous Fan') about it in Boggs' Skyhook.

NORMAN GREETINGS! Lesser Mortals! (yuk! yuk!) Hyphen 6, has now been re-read,  
WANSBOROUGH and enjoyed as usual. I had a good chuckle at "Harris" in the rain. What  
a chance missed. One thing he forgot about "our dinner". We were all gab-  
bing away about this and that and the waitress came by and placed the william upside  
down on one of the plates. Can't remember which one now. The fan in question picked it  
up, and seemed to have trouble with his breathing. "What! 13/- he gasped". and his face  
had to be seen to be believed.

Regards, Norman G. Wansborough, "The Wizard of Wilts."

Sic.

Bow down all ye lesser fans!

GEORGE CHARTERS It was with a sense of tingling anticipation (as Dickens said) that I  
began to read the latest issue of Hyphen... You can imagine, then, my  
lacerated emotions on reading this slipshod, halfhearted unimaginative parody. Let me  
particularise. Letters: Not one worth mentioning (I myself was too busy to write) ex-  
cept possibly the one from S. Moskowitz. Even his letter was spoiled by that horrible  
pun, "...the music goes sound and sound..." For a humorist of his calibre this is be-  
neath contempt. Bridge Under The Water, by James White: He could not have spent more  
than ten minutes writing this. And that pun about the "atom which, at the electron,  
went to the poles and volted" was both shocking and ancient. Granted that the pun is a  
purely maniacal form of humour, these examples are plain crazy. Authentic Science Fic-  
tion Review: Even though the two issues reviewed were not so good, still ASF represents  
33% of British promag production, now that hard-come-easy-go New worlds, our bright  
star, is going Nova. In spite of your slashing attack, I still rate Authentic among the  
top 35 magazines in the field. Killed Inaction by Vin Clarke: The worst disappoint-  
ment of all. There are 124 lines in this article and 122 were about Phantasmagoria.  
Harris and Parsley, by Charles Arrice: There were only two redeeming features about  
this short story. 1, it was short. 2...no, sorry, there was only one. Arrice should  
never have attempted a horror yarn; it takes a Dickens to tell such a micawber story  
properly. If you think we're going to produce an issue with all those things in it, you're  
a Dutchman---rare of Richard A. Boen. (SRBadors---this is an allusion to the famous Nov '49 ASF  
which was based on a prophetic reader's letter in the Nov. '42 issue.)

GREGG CALKINS I wish I could attend a London Convention. Harris's account was won-  
derful. You know, American fans are so stuffy....

ROBERT BLOCH Hyphen here and rates hyperbole. Whenever I think of someone trying to  
top it, I throw up my hands in despair. (That's why I dread despair---  
I always throw up my hands. And it's hard enough just swallowing them in the first  
place. I told that to a girl once and she didn't believe me. So of course I invited her  
up to see my retchings.)

I always think the letter column is just about the best thing in Hyphen... that is,  
until I turn to the final overleaf and read things like that period piece about prompt  
issues. My hat is off to whoever came up with this inspired comment. (Harris) laughed so  
hard I nearly fell out of the bath-tub. (sometimes I think I ought to get a bath-tub  
with sides on it. But then, people are always telling me I don't have enough sense to  
come in out of the drain.)

....What's all this about Chuck turning pro? I was delighted to hear about a sale,  
and hope he gets the bug. The more fans turn to pro writing, the less time they'll  
have for fanning, and that will leave the entire fan-field open to us old pros to des-  
ecrate.

..Maybe there will be some semblance of renaissance in '54, but I'm afraid many new-  
comers haven't yet learned the secret of fanactivity which is simply this; you have to

"It brings a touch of awe into a mundane existence."

1st Feb

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meet or correspond with people you like. It's a very personal thing, this fan business. Those who attend cons and enjoy themselves generally are enthusiastic about the field. Those who attend and don't find congenial companions usually snipe. Those who find friendships in or through fandom remain, as a rule; often people quit as a result of disillusionment of a very personal nature. (cf Laney et al.) Seems to me that the expansion of the field has tended to make it more difficult for newcomers to make firm friends; their interest, therefore, is superficial or limited to their liking of the reading matter. And in time, interest lags. It's one thing to like the stories of George O. Smith and quite another to know that gentleman and to see him demonstrate the Law of Diminishing Returns, bottle in hand.

..As to my fanactivity being a secret vice; vice it may be, but hardly a secret one. The reason for my indulgence is so basurly simple (I started out to write "absurdly simple" but now that I see the neologism I think I'll leave it that way; isn't it a dirty-looking word!) In the words of Ado Annie ( a character in 'Oklahoma' which is, as you know, the American equivalent of 'Hearts of Oak'), my trouble is that I can't say no. Somebody writes and asks for an article; chances are, if the request is at all legible, I'll oblige. Get roped into all kinds of fanactivity that way too. (Did I hear some cosher in the back of the house mutter "Egoboo"? Well, it's not that at all. Egoboo is earned by pro activity; Heinlein and Bradbury and others who seldom condescend to even take note of present-day fandoings get muchos egoboo, and deservedly so. Me, all I get is headaches. I spent the whole morning doing an article for Gregg Calkins on Fritz Leiber: because he asked me, and because he said he needed something to offset your illiterate contribution. It's just weakness that keeps me in fandom. Here I am, on p.111 of a slimy little opus about a one-eyed private eye--really--and instead of finding out what happens on p.112, I am penning random remarks to send off to some faraway Belfastness in the wilderness. Are we still in this confounded parenthesis? Let's get out before we're suffocated.)

OLIVE JACKSON SF Carnival returned with many thanks. It was fun reading 'The Swords-men' after all this time. Remember the birth of the idea in your sitting room, just before I left at the end of my most enjoyable stay at Oblique House? No doubt you are thinking; "the poor fellow is nuts, doolally tap, stone bonkers--he has a niche in a hardcover anthology, and all he can do is reminisce!" (How the heck do you spell that? I left my Chambers at home; a great mistake in this cold weather.) Well, of course it is rather nice to be anthologised, but it would be a lot nicer if it involved a spot of dollar-lolly. The truth is, I'm not the starry-eyed young fan that visited the sacred temple of Slant that summer. Science fiction, to me, is no longer a Way of Life--it's just some stuff I read when I can spare the time, and most of it isn't anything to shout about either. In fact I'm no longer a fan at all, if you use the word in its original sense as an abbreviation of 'fanatic'...thus my indifference to fandom itself; the majority of it is so silly, so juvenile, and makes so much noise about nothing, that it just isn't worth bothering about.

Now here's a point: take a year's crop of fanzines and--if you have a week or so to spare--go through them and clip out anything that shows a moderate glimmer of adult humour or intelligence. (I am not referring to your own publications!) You will glean a very sparse file of clippings indeed, especially if you bother to distinguish between the intelligent and the portentous...

.."All Our Yesterdays"---very funny. If Mr Harris will forgive my saying so, however I don't see that antics with a plastic water pistol have very much to do with the Med-con. I suppose there were other items of interest, besides a watery (but equally juvenile) version of 'G---r C---e' by Mr Harris and his little playmates.

Well, I had a helluva lot more to write about, but time's running out. Tell you what, you write to me, and then I'll write to you, and before we know where we are we'll be corresponding\* again!

\*PRODNOSE: Corresponding with what?

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR

Nearly 20000 words, with map.  
1/- or 15¢ per copy, post free

I don't see how science fiction is improved materially by making somebody pregarant.



MYSELF: No, I don't know anyone of that name.  
 PROLNOSE: Then why are you writing to him?  
 MYSELF: I'm not; I'm writing to walter willis.  
 PROLNOSE: And why do you wish to alter him?  
 MYSELF: I don't; he would bridle at the suggestion.

DEAN GREENELL Hyphen 6 arrived about 2 hours ago and has been devoured with considerable enjoyment. Shaw's cover is no minor classic, but rather a major of the species. Obviously these are representatives of what Boggs calls 'pseudo-Campbells'. I'm inclined to pass out top honours to Clarke for 'Grunch' as the most entertaining thing in the issue but it is a tough decision, believe me! His rendering of the mag-covers on p.5 is also noted with magnums of opprobrium (and I hope that means that I think it means). (And we hope you don't mean what it does mean.)

Harris' section is a deadheat tie with Clarke's; would that I could but engage in some gunplay with your crew some time. I think I could lend new excitement to the pastime. You see, I have a Saw .357 magnum which shoots real bullets.

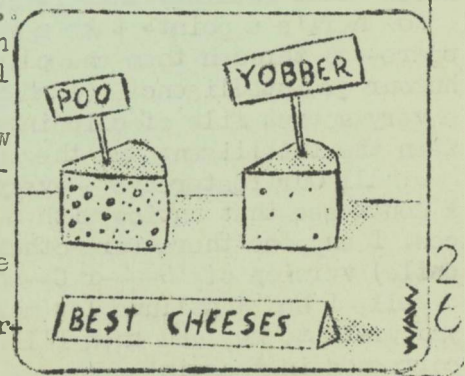
PAUL FNEVER Don't you think the waterpistol gag is wearing thin though? It isn't half so funny as it used to be and indeed never did seem more than a direct import from those adolescent Elk conventions stunts we read about. When I first learned to milk a cow (all right, laugh, but I got pretty good at it once. I've lost the knack now. Last holiday I tried it and all I got was a urine-soaked elbow and a dirty look) it used to be a favourite trick, when the milk was coming down well, to give the teat a slight upward flick at the last moment and send a jet of warm milk maybe four or five yards into some innocent's face. This was always good for a laugh once or twice but after a bit even the cow wasn't amused.

All these accusations of juvenility that are being flung about bring to mind Jim Harmon's remarks about maturity in fandom. He divided adult fans into three classes:

1. Those who consider themselves mature and feel it is important to act accordingly. Example Norman Bradley.
2. Those who don't care whether they're thought mature or not and act just as they like. Example Lee Hoffman.
3. Those who think that acting immature is more mature than acting mature. Example Walt Willis.

I'm afraid Jim hit the nail unerringly on the thumb as far as I'm concerned. I am, I must admit, not one of those superior No.2 types, but merely a sort of inverted No.1. I may believe that it is really a sign of ultra-sophistication consciously to indulge in juvenile antics—as Oscar Wilde put it, "Simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex"—but I'm all too aware of the fact that the casual bystander at a Convention, especially one who gets in the line of fire, is unlikely to follow the same line of reasoning. And if he doesn't his enthusiasm for sfandom is likely to be dampened. It could be argued of course that this 'Ordeal by water' is just the sort of test we need to keep the pompous and portentous out of fandom...

But then my views about all this don't really matter. In spite of what Norman Wansborough thinks—his poem on p. 11—I can't claim any credit for the sea-change that has come over British fandom. My sole contribution to the new style British Convention, apart from apparently the introduction of the all-night party, has been publicising the exploits of James White. But even James, who started this whole waterpistol vogue and who belongs slap in the middle of Class 2 above, is eying the results of his missionary work with a certain amount of awe. At the time James imported the waterpistol into English fandom two years ago it was a daring, original and necessary thing to do. Before



Problem Picture. A small prize will be sent to anyone who sees this joke. You don't have to appreciate it though.

"Spiritually, she's a duffle-coat type."

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White, English fandom was stiff, and its conventions were as dry as dust. James fixed that. But now, judging from the Coroncon and the Medcon reports, English conventions are becoming even more uninhibited than American ones. Even the stolid Liverpudlians and Mancunians, the very embodiment of serious-constructive fandom, have joined in the melee. Here in Belfast we look at what we have wrought with a mixture of creative pride and vague alarm; like Frankenstein.

It seems there have been a few complaints about two items in the last Hyphen; Jerry Bixby's limerick in TOTOT and one of the bacover quotes, the one Bloch calls the period piece. Now I admit that the baquote infringed a taboo older and more basic than current sexual mores and that it was understandable that women might object to it. So I promise I won't print anything like it again, unless it's equally as funny. I also admit it'd have been better not to put it out in the open, but I just wanted to see if anyone read the bacover. Apparently they do. So, from now on I promise there'll be no more questionable quotes on the bacover. I have quite enough subscriptions from postmen already anyway. On the matter of the limerick, tho, I strongly object to the objections. It contained no taboo words and dealt purely with normal sexual behaviour, which I refuse to regard as objectionable. I'm sorry if people whom I otherwise like and respect find it impossible to appreciate wit when it deals with this particular subject, but fortunately many others who have been more active supporters of this magazine do. It is just a matter of choosing the readership we want. So at the risk of losing a few inactive subscribers Hyphen will go on printing anything the editors consider funny as long as it doesn't offend against the law, or the susceptibilities of the majority of the readers.

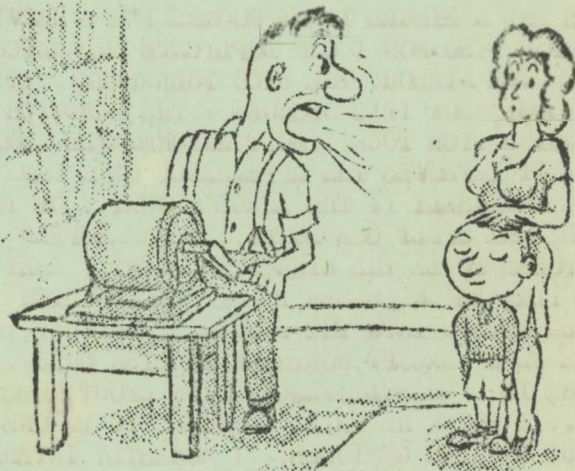
The tesseract tale of Sweet Sue  
Is a libel and grossly untrue.  
While the Chinamen stand  
With their cash in their hand  
The Hindus, with ESP, jump the queue.

I meant to  
do a docu-  
mented re-  
ply to Redd

—Paul Smever

Boggs' article on p.14, but I'm afraid

this issue had to be published too hastily for that. (My little girl broke her leg badly three weeks ago and this issue wouldn't be out yet if it hadn't contained Tony Thorne's electioneering advert--voting closes 31st March). So I can't produce the statistical analysis of current fnoz which would prove, I believe, either that Boggs is wrong when he says most 7F fnoz are fandom centred, or that he and I are receiving two entirely different lots of fnoz. It seems to me that the contents of the average fnoz today, or at least a couple of months ago, consisted of amateur fiction, 'science' articles and semi-illiterate reviews, all of a dullness almost surpassing belief. This dullness is not entirely due to lack of talent, but partly to the fact that the editors are taking their mags too seriously. I admit there is a place in fandom for the serious fnoz, of which type Boggs' own SKYHOOK is the apotheosis, but I'm sure Boggs publishes SKYHOOK for what I would call 'fun', not from some fugged idea of its importance. The trouble is that when fans without Boggs' literary talents or discrimination attempt to produce a fnoz of this kind they produce a fnoz quite as unreadable as the worst 'fanzish' crudzine but with the added defect of pomposity. Whereas if the editor or contributors write about something they know about--ie themselves--the worst written piece can be enjoyed: even if it's only of clinical interest, like a suicide's note. I never meant that a good fnoz has to be funny, only that it shouldn't be pretentious. THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, for instance, was published for fun but it is, in a sense, quite serious.



SURE HE HAS WORKED HARD!  
SURE HE'S FIRST IN THE CLASS!  
BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS  
FAN ACTIVITY? EH? ANSWER  
ME THAT. WHAT ABOUT HIS  
FANAC?

"They say that if you wait here long enough every fan in the world will pass by."



I BELONGED TO A HUNGRY FAMILY—MY MOTHER USED TO COUNT US AFTER EVERY MEAL...IF WE DON'T PUBLISH IT WE'LL CRITICISE IT FREE FOR YOU...INFINITESIMAL...AT LEAST...I'D APPRECIATE A SHORT PARAGRAPH GIVING THE LOW DOWN ON THIS SILVER BUSINESS...I BUY IT ONLY FOR THE ILLOS AND THEY'RE CONSISTENTLY LOUSY...THIS IS A WORTHY MEDIUM BECAUSE IT REPRESENTS OVER 200000 PEOPLE PER ANNUM WHO WILL ULTIMATELY REVERT TO THE MORE SERIOUS RANKS OF SCIENCE FICTION ENTHUSIASM...I WAS JUST A TRUNCATED CONE...THERE WERE TWO DOUBLE BEDS AND A SINGLE IN MY ROOM—I'M A HEAVY SLEEPER...SO NOW I CAN DUPLICATE AND WATCH TV IN THE MIRROR. THE RICH FULL LIFE...IT'S NOT GOOD, BUT IT'S OBSCURE...THE SANDWICH IS GOING TICK TOCK...MOST ANYONE WILL ADMIT THAT IT IMPROVES THE APPEARANCE OF A MAN—ZINE IMMENSELY IF THE LARGE MAJORITY OF THE WORDS ARE SPENT CORRECTLY...IS WHOPPEN SUPPOSED TO BE THE KING'S ENGLISH?...WELL I'D LIKE IS AN LEADER FOR MY TYPER WHICH WOULD EXTEND INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION...I LIKE FILMS, EXCEPT NORTHERN ENGLISH ONES...THERE IS A GLISTLY FASCINATION ABOUT HUBBARD...I THINK HE TRIES TOO HARD TO BE ONE OF US FINNISH GENIUSES...I HONESTLY INTENDED TO DOUBLE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, BUT NOW I SHALL KEEP MY FOURPENCE...HARRIS IS CRUDE...I HAVE ALL THE NECESSARY PARTS EXCEPT A HIGHLAND CATTLE...FOR THERE IN FLIRY PLANETS OF LONG GONE, THE CRYSTALLINE TOWERS OF CIVILISATIONS LONG MUST REMAIN A MUTUAL MEMORIAL TO THEIR WANTON PRIDE...MAYBE I SHOULD GET TOGETHER WITH ASHWORTH AND ESTABLISH ENGLISH FANDOM...SHE SAID JUST WIPE YOUR FINGERS ON MY TROUSERS...I DON'T GO AROUND BEGGING FOR EGOBOO...IT JUST COMES NATURALLY...HE IS REALLY A TRUE FILM BUT IS HANDICAPPED BY MONGOLISM...THE WHOLE THING WAS ONE LONG AUTHOR-INTRUSION...IT JUST SHOWS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU START DEALING WITH VILE PROS...WANNABOY A PAIR OF CLAY SOCKS?...I CAN'T SUM THE THING UP IN A SENTENCE OR TWO COS IT'S FULL OF MEANING AND STUFF, AND ABOUT THE MOST VIOLENT ACTION IS A DOOR OPENING...AT THE AGE OF TEN I FOUND IT WAS MORE FUN TO PLAY WITH BOYS...CAN YOU INTRODUCE GREENNELL TO MERCER?...IF I WON £75000 ON A FOOTBALL POOL I WOULD START A FANZINE...SHE WAS EVER SO NICE, JUST LIKE SHE WAS BEFORE SHE WAS MARRIED...WELL HERE I GO FOR MY RATION OF BOOT POLISH...MY INTELLIGENCE SEEMS TO BE STATIC NOWADAYS.....

PRINTED MATTE

(REDUCED RATE) 22 MCH 1954

Bob Stewart

274 Arlington St.

San Francisco

California

USA

WALSHYPHEN #7 MARCH, 1954

Walt Willis  
170 Upper Mairs Rd.  
Belfast, N.Ireland

SEVEN THIRTY  
FANZINE