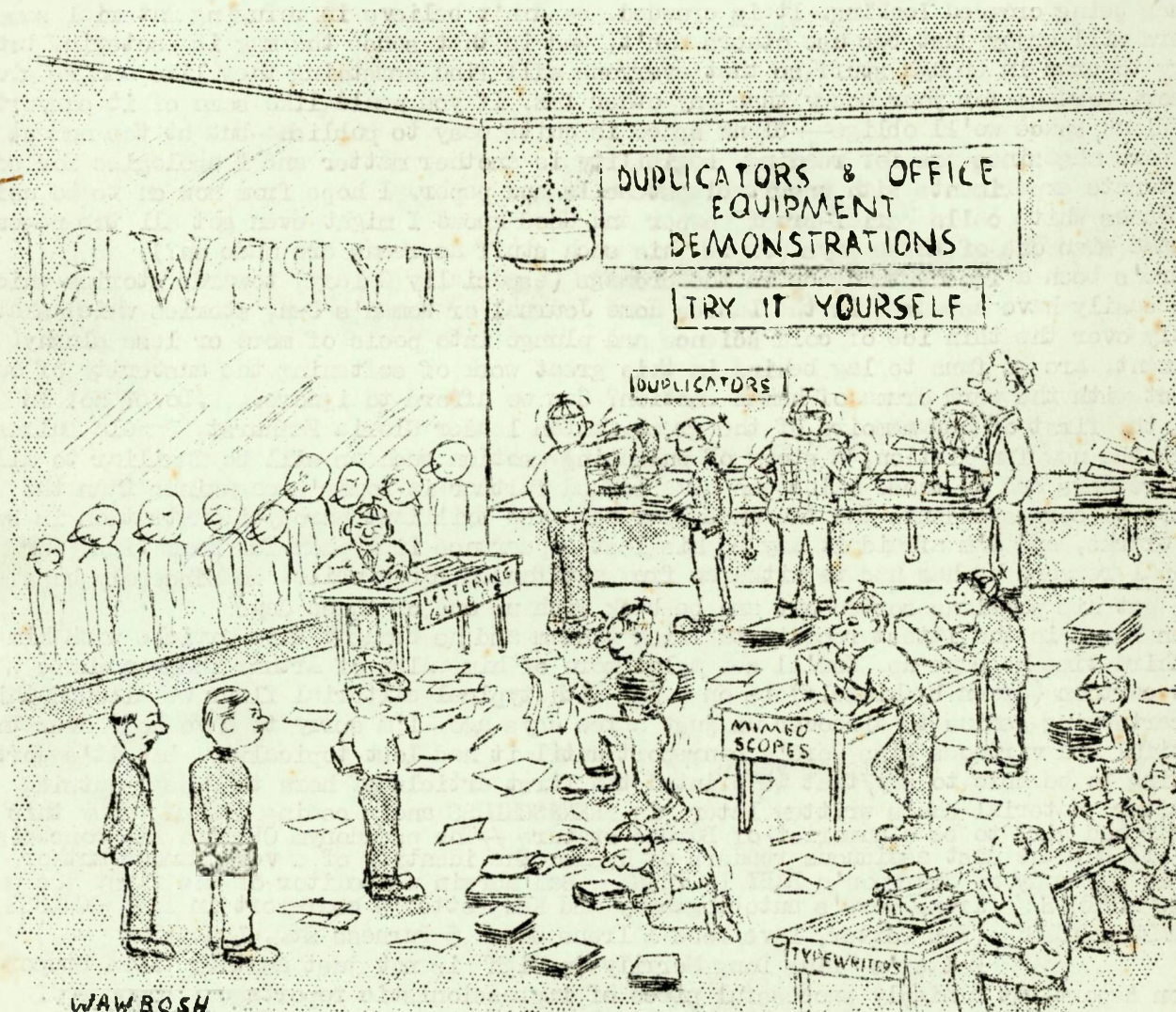


HYPHEN

NO. 11

NOVEMBER

1954



WAWBOSH

"It's been four hours now. Do you still think they're going to place an order?"

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CARTOONS BY DEAN GRENNELL, ARTHUR THOMSON, MAX KEASLER,
MAURICE LUBIN & BOB SHAW

INSIDE COVERAGE

USUALLY the editorial of this mag is dissipated harmlessly among the readers' letters, but this time we seem to have accumulated a batch of material which calls for some sort of an explanation.

Not that *damon knight's* column does. Way back in H5 I said we'd welcome intelligent literary criticism, and here it is; just the sort of thing I wanted. But perhaps I'd better put it down in grey and green that *Hyphen* is not going "dignified". *Hyphen* remains a fanish mag printing anything of interest to actifans—and some of us are still quite interested in this science fiction stuff. But Fred Smith's letter on p.32 has saved me saying anything further.

Some reviewers have criticised *Hyphen* for being too crowded looking. It seems there's not enough blank space tastefully arranged round the text. I'm sorry, but we can't help the mag being crowded looking. It is crowded. We don't believe in refusing material some readers will enjoy just because others won't, and in that sense the mag is esoteric, but we try to cram in enough stuff so that everyone will find something they like and we give you more wordage for your money than any other fmz. If you would like some of it converted into blank space we'll oblige—blank space is quite easy to publish—but at the moment we figure magazines are for reading. Legibility is another matter and I apologise for some unfortunate experiments with unsuitable stencils and paper. I hope from now on to be using what James White calls "grief-proof" paper and God knows I might even get all the pages the same size one of these days. (Or is this such stuff as reams are made on?)

There's been a recent tendency in the promags (especially *Galaxy*) towards stories which might easily have appeared in the *Ladies Home Journal* or *Woman's Own*, stories which skate lightly over the thin ice of cold science and plunge into pools of more or less slushy sentiment. Are we fans to lag behind in this great work of softening the austerity of our subject with the warm drama of human emotion? Can we afford to ignore.....Love? No! In this, the first of her memoirs of the great fanfan leader Gloria Farnhurst, Pamela Bulmer offers the new fan fiction, a story of pulsating emotion such as will be familiar to all women readers and to those males who have looked further in women's magazines than the answers to correspondents and the underwear ads. The brilliant parody-illustration is by Ving Clarke, and I'm afraid it may be his last appearance in *Hyphen* for some time. For personal reasons he has had to withdraw from actifandom for a while. We sincerely hope he'll get his problems sorted out and be back with us one of these days.

John Berry is the latest recruit to Irish Fandom and he brought this article with him the third time he came up. You'll see a lot more of him. Also of Arthur Thomson whose first cartoon (drawn by himself) is on p.23. With typical editorial flair we allowed this new cartooning genius to discover us just a few days ago. I'm sorry to have held over the beautiful and virtuous Miss Gore's conreport until it had lost topicality, but it's worth printing to be able to say ^{in later years} that we printed the first article of hers to appear outside Lancaster. Material she's written later, in *BRENNSCHLUSS* and a coming *Hyphen*, show this 18 year old girl to be a humorist of Burbee stature. //The pseudonym Obadiah Hip conceals from all but the most assiduous readers of *Hyphen* the identity of a very famous author. TOTO is a parody of Sturgeon's *BABY IS THREE*—Sam Merwin was editor of the first 50¢ pmz.

THIS MONTH'S RECOMMENDATIONS Irene Gore's autobiography and Ken Potter's conreport in *BRENNSCHLUSS* 1 (Ken Potter, Dave Wood & Irene Gore, 5 Furness St., Lancaster. 9d.)

Potter's "Ding Dong Merrily On High" is not just another tired Sturpmancon Report but a highly successful piece of impressionistic reportage...because, I think, however humorous and sophisticated its tone it was written with enthusiasm and

The editorials, Bob Shaw's piece and the letter section in *BEM* 3 (Tom White & Alice City, worth, 3 Vine St., Cutler Hts., Bradford 4. 9d.) *BEM*, which whatever some people say, is no more an imitation of *Hyphen* than *Hyphen* is of *Quandry*, usually has editorials which outclass its contents. This time BoSh's Dostoevsky parody makes a real fight of it.

And I don't seem to have left room to review *EYE*....." (But see p. 35)

HYPHEN #11, November 1964. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland & Chuck Harris, 'Carolyn', Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex, England. Art Editor Bob Shaw, Assistants John Berry & Madeleine Willis. Solicitude by James White and George Charters, who may also help gather. Subscription 2 issues for 1/6 or 2d in sterling or hard currency. If Maurice Lubin sends in any more cartoons would he please enclose an explanation. We have worked out three for this one—fortunately they're all good. Future issue(s) will feature 'Cause To Rejoice' by Robert Bloch, 'The Epicentre Memoirs' by Ken Bulmer (husband of Pamela Bulmer, editor of *IF*), 'Logogenetics' by *damon knight*, 'My Fandom For A Cause' by Mal Ashworth, and 'Life With *BRENNSCHLUSS*' by Potter, Gore and Wood.

M I C R O T O M E

DAMON KNIGHT

MY FAVORITE MONOMANIAC, Sam Moskowitz, is at it again in the recent 200th issue of *Fantasy-Times*. Modern science fiction, he says, lacks sincerity and a sense of wonder; that is why the magazines have been having so much trouble lately.

I like Moskowitz, not because he is right in blaming fifty other people for the qualities he has lost in growing up, but because at least he knows that there is something wrong with science fiction that another glossy-covered magazine will not cure.

What's wrong? This department offers its own explanation, which comes in two convenient parts:

1. Incompetent and careless writers
2. Bean-brained editors.

I suggest, in brief, that if science fiction is not selling as we all would like to think it should, the reason is simply that not one writer or editor in ten is turning in an honest, competent job of work.

If this seems extreme, take a good, hard look at *I AM LEGEND*, by Richard Matheson (Gold Medal, 25¢). This story, about the last man in a world in which everyone else has become a vampire, has a theme perfectly adapted to Matheson's headlong, oh-my-god style, and he has developed it, in many places, with great ingenuity and skill. The book is full of good ideas, every other one of which is immediately dropped and kicked out of sight. The characters are child's drawings, as blank-eyed and expressionless as the author himself in his back-cover photograph. The plot limps. Even so, the story could have been an admirable minor work in the tradition of 'Dracula', if only the author, or somebody, had not insisted on encumbering it with the year's most infantile set of "scientific" rationalizations. For instance: vampirism is caused by a bacillus. Matheson's hero evolves this theory (apparently by opening a physiology text at random and stabbing with the thumb), and tests it by examining a specimen of vampire's blood under the microscope. He "proves" it by finding one, count it, one bacillus in the specimen. Previously, we are told, the world's medical experts have failed to isolate the cause of the epidemic. Probably they were harder to satisfy.

On this slender foundation the hero erects a theory which has half the ten-dollar words of immunology in it, but does not make a nickel's worth of sense. Vampires can't be killed by bullets, for instance, because the bacillus causes the secretion of a---hold your hat---powerful body glue that seals up the bullet holes. (The bacillus also "provides energy", by the way, and makes the canine teeth grow.) Antibiotics won't work because---hold it again---the victims' bodies can't fight germs and make antibodies at the same time. It can't be done, believe him. It's a trap.....

About a third of the book is taken up with this nonsense, which has been stuffed in with no gentle hand. The early part of it reads

*Of which Matheson makes this astonishing judgment: "The book was a hodgepodge of superstitions and soap-opera clichés...."

exactly as if Matheson had sat down with a first draft and an editor's letter beside him, copied off the questions (How does the hero, who knows no anatomy, always manage to hit the heart with his oaken stake? Why don't the vampires burn his house if they want to get him out so badly?) and answered them with the first thing that came into his head.

This book has been well publicised as Gold Medal's first venture into science fiction. Those of us who write science fiction or care about it are now in the rather odd position of having no grounds for caring whether the book sells or not. If it doesn't, this important market will almost certainly be closed to us again. If it does, Gold Medal's editors will be confirmed in their present belief that they know what science fiction is. The results will accordingly continue to be "horrid, all ass and no forehead...."

Still on your feet? Here's another recent specimen: *FEAR OF CONSENT*, by Kendall Foster Crossen (Dell, 25¢). Take the freshest, brightest book in the world, I don't care how good or how recent it is---take '1984', or 'Gravy Planet'---an expert can turn it into a muddle cliché before you can say Western Printing and Lithographing Company. A real expert can take both of them, and Poul Anderson's 'San Hall' to boot, and boil them down into one negligible novel: that is what Ken Crossen has done here.

The result is one of the saddest things I know---honest conviction embodied in dishonest writing. There are a few isolated, quivering bits of this book that seem to me both original and good; I am bound to wonder if I have merely missed the models Crossen used. No single piece of the background he describes holds together with any other piece: we have relaxed sexual standards + plunging necklines, + 1954-type divorce faking. We have a US populace conditioned from cradle to grave, by transmogrified adman's techniques, + half a state full of Communists, deliberately maintained by the government for use as scapegoats. We have an "expediter" or government detective (the hero---who is also Paul Revere, the dauntless UN underground worker) who is always overworked because of a staff shortage, + assignments which give him nothing to do. We have a white-collared tyranny which ruthlessly persecutes the UN underground---and lets itself be conned into adopting their idol Thoreau as required reading for campers: this is about equivalent to Eisenhower passing out free copies of Marx at a DLR meeting.

The writing itself embodies every beginner's mistake known to man. The hero-narrator describes himself while looking in the equivalent of a mirror. He asks or answers impossibly stupid questions in order to communicate background material to the reader. His confederates act in a manner possible only to clairvoyants or mental hunch-players, and get away with it. And---please note this battered, inside-out echo of '1984'---the hero betrays himself in an apartment which he knows is wired.

The dialogue between hero and heroine has to be seen to be believed; I have watched a few TV soap operas recently, and they haven't been this bad. After the usual chase, hero gets his choice of being shipped off to Australia with girl just as the revolution is about to start, or sticking around to do 16 jobs that nobody else can handle. He picks Australia, but has a change of heart at the last moment, and makes a speech this long about it..... I can't go on.

Just one final note about the book as an example of sloppy writing jobs in general. In Chapter 2, a girl in bed with the hero gets out in the following manner: "She came out of the bed with a single leap that carried her a good two feet into the middle of the room. She stood there on tiptoe, her eyes wide, her head thrown back, her body arched rigidly." (And 2 pages later, well into chapter 3, she hasn't moved a muscle.)

This is not merely picturesque, it is impossible.

Nobody wants a hard-working writer to spend years in research to produce one lousy little novel; but if the necessary research takes less than five minutes, I think the reader has a right to expect it. Take, for example, Jerry Sohl's *THE ALTERED EGO*, in which a character sees his face clearly in a washbasin full of water. This happens to be impossible in a normally lighted room, and Sohl, supposing he knows where to look for a washbasin, could have found out as much. Matheson, having boned up enough for six jawbreaking sentences about antibodies, could have taken the trouble to learn how they are made. And Crossen could have got up off his rump, as I did, to see whether that position is as tough as it sounds. The exercise would have done him good.

Two-eyed science fiction fans will want to rush out immediately and buy a copy of the View-Master *TOM CORBETT*, *SPACE CADET* reels, and a V-M stereoscope to look at them with. The three reels---little cardboard disks mounting seven pairs of color transparencies each---are \$1 in a gift packet, with a story booklet that explains the puzzling goings-on in the pictures. The stereoscope is \$2, and won't be wasted after you're tired of looking at Tom Corbett---not if you're anything like me, my wife, or any of my friends who have seen these reels.

The Tom Corbett story is by View-Master's editor, Robert L.W. Johnson, and a very pleasant and sensible little space opera it is. The scenes themselves are created---the only word---by a genius named Florence Thomas. She builds the sets---in this case spaceship interiors (wait till you see those stars through the porthole), the surface of the Moon, Mars, and so on---and models the clay figurines, about 10 to 12 inches high, and as far as I can make out, does nearly everything else except mount the finished slides. The photographer, who needs as many tricks as a Hollywood cameraman, is Howard Heydorff.

These things are a new dimension in story telling. I don't know just why there should be that much of a kick in looking at an attractive picture that has depth, but there is. Come to think of it, I can take the Grand Canyon (V-M Reel 126) or leave it alone: the fact is, I suppose, that in Miss Thomas's hands stereophotos are an art form. When you have finished oohing and aahing at Tom Corbett, go and get some of the fairy-tale reels, starting with the *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* packet, or with *JACK IN THE BEANSTALK*.* They will bowl you over flat. Honest.

Even Ballantine, we learn, can produce a completely bad book. *RIDERS TO THE STARS*,* by Curt Siodmak and Robert Smith (paperbound only, 35¢) is a stinker such as I have seldom had the privilege of seeing: so thoroughly and concentratedly bad in every dimension, joint, hinge, surface and detail that I can't offhand think of a companion piece for it.

The book was written, if that's the word I'm hunting for, by someone named Robert Smith, from the screenplay by Curt Siodmak. (You will be seeing this Ivan Tors production soon at your neighbourhood theater, unless you duck pretty damned fast.)

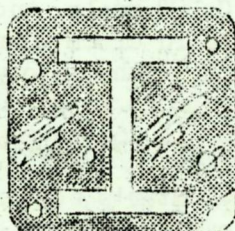
The plot goes like this: The Government of the United States has been sending up rockets with a view to establishing an orbital satellite station, only to get a nasty shock; at an altitude of 426 miles, cosmic rays turn the rockets' steel to crystallized chewing gum. But it is observed that meteorites, composed mainly of nickel and iron, come through in great shape; therefore there must be some mysterious surface coating on meteorites that protects them from cosmic rays but gets burnt off in the atmosphere. How to find out what this precious stuff is? (Ctd. on p.9)

*Ware #PT-4, *SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS*, which dates from 1946 and shows hardly a trace of Miss Thomas' later skill. A new three-reel *SNOW WHITE*, for those who must have it, is coming up.

**This review and the following are not new; they were written some months ago for an issue of *Science Fiction Adventures* which so far hasn't appeared. I hope everybody will forgive me, even Miss Courtois.

"He said my yarn is clean and sweet and crap."

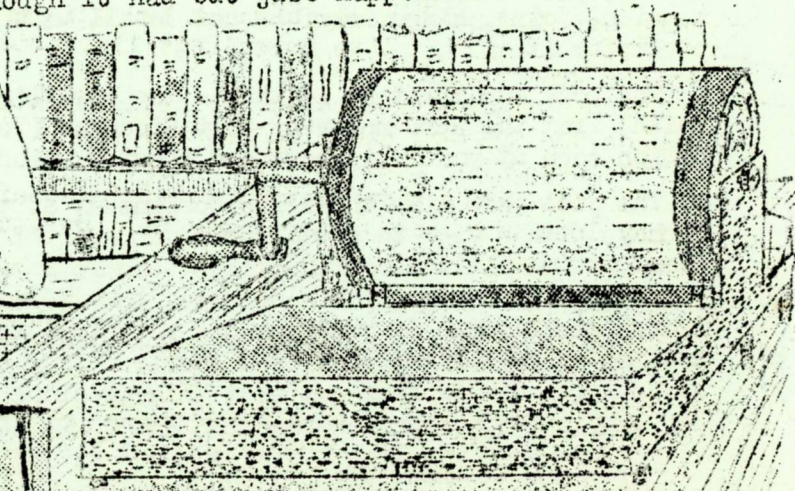
The Path of



REGARD IT AS A HIGH HONOUR AND a deeply cherished compliment that of all Gloria Fanhurst's many friends and acquaintances I was her closest confidante. It was therefore not surprising that I should be the pillar of strength to whom she turned in her blackest period of strain and anguish.

It is given to very few mortals over to possess the fires of energy and devotion, the fanatical loyalty and unswerving purpose that upheld and strengthened Gloria Fanhurst. A wonderful woman, a great woman, a woman who changed the course of history. Yet for all this, for all the greatness of her destiny, she was a vibrant, lovely woman, a woman many sought to capture, and many were the hearts she broke as I watched her grow from girlhood to womanhood.

Gloria had many boyfriends; but it was not until she met Joe that she felt the true stirrings of a sleeping passion that was whipped into a flame that rocked fandom. I remember it all as though it had but just happened.



True Love

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Pamela - Bulmer

They met quite by chance, it was one of those meetings at a bus stop that is always so delicately phrased into romantic words in the sugary love tales of so many glossy magazines. They saw much of each other during the next week and there was no need for her to tell me that this was the real thing at last. She knew I understood, and I respected the fragile aura of her dream world. I asked no questions and listened tenderly as she told me for the hundredth time of his endearing boyish smile, of the lock of hair that he was forever pushing back, the way she would catch him looking at her and causing her to lower her eyes demurely. But it was not long before the cloud I had feared appeared to dim the horizon of her future.

I know of course what was worrying her, but did not wish to interfere, so I waited until she came to me. She seemed tired and pale that evening and she had lost the sparkle of joyous anticipation that bubbled offervescently every time she prepared to meet Joe. There was a long silence whilst she toyed nervously with the duplicator handle. At last she said:

"You know what I'm afraid of, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know it must be very difficult for you, but it's really a matter that only you can decide."

She sat down on the edge of her bed and put her hand to her forehead, running her fingers tiredly through her shining hair.

"It's so hard. I've never felt like this about anyone before. I know this is the real thing."

"Isn't there a chance he may be interested? Couldn't you carry a book and broach the subject and find out for sure?"

She shook her head distractedly.

"I just don't know what to do - I'm so afraid that if I mention the subject I may lose him because he'll say no. Do you think -- if he did -- I could convert him?"

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

Hidden Secret — Tonight!

AVC

I picked up the latest copy of Hyphen and crossed the room deliberately, sat on the bed beside her.

"You can't convert a person. You have been called to a high destiny. It is a vocation. The work will be hard and there will be many temptations. You and only you must decide. Can you forsake such a cause now? You love this man now, but think of the future. Love dies, and you must be sure that you can live with this renunciation, knowing it is the thin end of a wedge which can gnaw a cancer of frustration and fester your marriage into corruption that will end its days in the Divorce Courts." I drew a deep breath.

Gloria's hands trembled and she turned her tortured face away from me.

"Why should it be me? Why should I be called to this Way of Life? There are others more fitted than I to do this work!"

She cried then, sobs wracking her slender body, her hands clutching a copy of Hyphen, now damp with her tears. I let her cry, for I knew she would find her answer and she would not fail. I knew that the very strength of her temptation, the very agony of her decision, would strengthen her for the years ahead. After a while she grew quiet and lay still. When she had completely composed herself, she rose and with calm, competent hands removed all traces of her tears.

"I know you're right, of course. I've known it all along, but this feeling was too strong. I must face the facts. I couldn't bear to see love such as ours wither and die; far better to end it now whilst it is so beautiful. I shall have my memories and my conscience will be clear. There are so many who need me."

I took down her frock and helped her to dress, for by now she was a little late and Gloria always liked to be on time. At length she was ready and I squeezed her hand affectionately. She smiled bravely and went out.

I waited up for her, lest such an ordeal would prove too much for one so young. When she came in, late, she was flushed and agitated and began to speak almost hysterically. The end of the story is best told in her own words, as she told it to me that night.

"I dreaded meeting him: but he was late turning up and when he did at last come he looked worried. I thought he must somehow have found out and didn't approve. We talked at first of mundane things and I sensed something was wrong. I suggested having a cup of tea, as I thought it best to get things settled quickly. Waiting would only prolong the agony and, in any case, my knees had turned to jelly. I had that horrible churning sensation in my stomach and I needed to sit down. When he had ordered the tea I mentally braced myself and plunged straight into what I had to say, fearful that if I waited my courage would fail and I would not be able to resist those clear deep brown eyes.

"Listen, Joe, there's something I've got to talk to you about. I...I don't think we should see each other any more."

I stopped, as he drew a copy of Astounding from his pocket and laid it on the table. So he knew!

The waitress brought two cups of tea and I waited impatiently for her to go, the copy of Astounding staring accusingly up at me from the table. I recalled with pleasure the lead story, but such was my emotional turmoil that I could not even remember who the author was.

"You mean that?" he said.

"Yes, Joe," I said seriously. I fought back tears and tried not to let him see how much it hurt me; the last thing I wanted to do was to make a scene.

"Because of...this?" He indicated the copy of *Astounding*.

"Yes."

"Can't you try and see it my way?" He looked at me pleadingly, but to my surprise he seemed to have expected the blow. Perhaps after all, the break meant less to him than it did to me?

"I've tried since I met you," I said, "but I can't. Once you've experienced a thing like that life is never the same without it. It's such a fundamental need."

"I know," he said, "It's like a drug." He looked down at the *Astounding* again. "I suppose this is a fair enough example."

"Yes," I said dully. "That was a particularly good issue."

"What?" he said. He looked up at me quickly with a puzzled frown. Then a slow smile spread across his face.

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything! Here we've been sitting like a couple of fuggheads...." He took the current *Hyphen* out of his pocket and laid it on the table.

A vista of the happy days that lay before us in Trufandom burst in on me. I reached across and touched his hand. To think we were both fans and had been prepared to go our separate ways just because each didn't know the other was a fan!

I think the people in the cafe must have thought we were crazy. We laughed hysterically for what seemed ages."

"Have I found my meteor?"

DAMON KNIGHT'S MICROTOME
(ctd. from p.5)

The answer has the classic simplicity of all great thinking. When the next meteor swarm comes by, three intrepid men will be sent up in rockets equipped with jaws like a shark's. Their heroic job is to capture a virgin meteor---like this: fffGULP---and bring it home for study.

The three men are those who survive a testing program that uses up just under a third of the book; all the same, when the big day comes, one of them flips his lid in space and another misjudges his meteor and gets blown up. The third, name of Richard Stanton, keeps his equilibrium and comes down with the prize, because (this is explained in a tender epilogue) he had the love of a Pure Woman to sustain him.

Early in the proceedings, someone remarks, "This is too much like a movie." That about sums it up.

A word about Richard Powers, the man responsible for all the gorgeous science fiction book jackets we've been seeing lately, is long overdue. For the first time the problem of interpreting modern science fiction in line and colour has been successfully solved, not by illustrating the stories, but by matching them to their nearest graphic-art equivalents. Powers has borrowed creatively from all directions---the frighteningly enigmatic forms of Yves Tanguy (Ballantine's *EXPEDITION TO BARTH*, Permabook's *CITY*, and others), Siqueiros' metallic faces (Ballantine's *THE SECRET MISTERS*, *AWAID OF TIME*), even Albright's silvery necrophile liquescence (Ballantine's *SEARCH THE SKY*). His range, even considering the variety of his sources, is enormous, and yet his work is so distinctive that it signals "science fiction" from a crowded display rack and halfway across a room. I only wish he were twins.

"Although I'm a fan I read some of the profane's."

COMING UP FOR THE THIRD TIME

IT WAS DARK. It was raining heavily. I pulled up my coat collar, and trudged along. I looked at the numbers on the gates... 120...122...124...getting nearer. I felt tense—excited. A thin rivulet of perspiration ran down between my shoulder blades. Only a few moments now 144..146..148. What will I say?, I said to myself, what will I do? 166..168..170. 170. I gulped, hesitated for a second, took a deep breath, and with a snort of decision, felt for the gate latch. Antialimax. There wasn't one. I pushed the gate aside, strode up the path, tripping unexpectedly on a flagstone—gad, I was in a state.

JOHN BERRY

I glanced upwards, and against the night sky I could see the silhouette of a large three-storeyed house. Light gleamed from the top window. Reaching the doorway, I pressed the bell. A pause, and the door opened. A charming young woman appeared. I was at the wrong house. I must be. I stammered an apology, and turned reluctantly away.

She spoke. "Mr Berry?"

I wheeled round. "Y--yes."

She smiled. "My husband is expecting you", and led the way upstairs. I followed closely. Sweat was now beading on my forehead. I'll never forget that one apprehensive moment as I passed through the open doorway.

A young, intelligent-looking fellow was busily punishing a typewriter with finger and thumbs. He turned, got up. We shook hands.

I HAD MET WILLIS.

Let me describe the room. My eyes flashed back and forth, noting the important details. I saw a large bookcase, crammed with sf mags; a calendar depicting Marilyn Monroe in the altogether; an enchanted duplicator; a calendar depicting Marilyn Monroe in the altogether; a large futuristic drawing of a spaceship; a calendar—-. Wait...I suppose I must explain. I am a Marilyn Monroe fan. Always have been. I saw Niagara four times, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes thrice. A beautiful pair of pictures. I also saw her in—- What? You want to hear about Willis? Man, where's your sense of proportion? I could rhapsodise for hours. I also saw—-oh well, if you insist.

So we sat down, and discussed the pros and cons of fandom for some time. The result was that I was invited to visit Oblique House again the following Sunday afternoon, to meet a couple of stalwarts.

* * * * *

Oblique House looks imposing in the sunlight. You've probably seen it. But I bet you've never seen a bicycle (a generous term in this instance) like the one I saw leaning self-consciously against the side of the house on this, my second visit.

I wish I could describe it. It seemed sort of—-hell, it's difficult. However, I could make out the mystic word BOSH scratched on the thick coat of rusted rust on the cross bar. Even as I watched, fascinated, a battered spoke, with a 'ping' reminiscent of a ruptured G string, teetered slowly over, and hung in a silent gesture

of abject apology. It was pathetic; my heart **warned** for this unfortunate lubrication-starved velocipede.

As I turned away, filled with pity, the door opened. Upstairs, I was introduced to James White, Bob Shaw and George Charters. You've met them? For the benefit of the less unfortunate among you who have not, I feel I must say a word about them.

Bob, I would say, is the poor man's Lex Barker. Not, I hasten to add, from any apparent propensity to swing from tree to tree, but purely because of the remarkable physical resemblance. (Sorry, Lex.)

James is like, well, James. His prosperous appearance leads me to assume that he has some professional business connection with one of Belfast's leading Gentleman's Outfitters. This assumption is, of course, entirely guesswork on my part.

George is a punster. His whole existence is centred round puns. I have it on excellent authority that through the years he has accumulated a superb collection of original puns, which he has carefully tabulated in his mental recesses. He listens to conversations, leaning forward avidly, and suddenly, during a temporary lull, he utters a marvellous pun which is just suited to the subject under discussion. He is considering starting a pun school, as if we don't suffer enough punishment.

After tea, kindly provided by Madeleine at the appropriate moment, the room was energetically cleared to provide space for the unique tournament which seems to be (and happily so) a ritual at these meetings.

The easiest way I can explain the rules is to say that there are none. Literally, nothing is barred. It seems essential that at least an elementary knowledge of Judo is required; indeed the possessor of a black belt would not gain much respite, but perhaps much practice.

I joined in the game quite readily, because I am heavily insured; otherwise I would have given the invitation to play much consideration.

The basic idea is that two fans join forces and face two others across a table, over which is stretched a net. Each player is armed with a 'bat' (loose floppy layers of cardboard, one of the charms of the game) and a battered shuttlecock is bashed to and fro.

The energy expended in one set is prodigious. The antics performed by the players are also worthy of note. Walt's chief gambit is to attempt a cannon off a large picture of a semi-nude dancing girl hanging on the wall. I think Walt chooses a special aiming point on the girl's anatomy, because the pin-point accuracy of his shots is astounding. On second thoughts, it could be that his intention is to divert his opponent's attention to the picture. Interesting. You've already guessed my next statement. He should attempt a cannon off Marilyn. That would upset my game.

James uses ESP. He launches his bat to the left, glances to the ceiling, leaps to the right, and at the same time wills his opponents to drop their bats.

Now we come to George. He displays an advanced knowledge of psychology. His primary approach is calculated to appeal to one's finer feelings. Let me explain. His service, for example, is a gem. Note his apologetic smile to the two across the table. That smile says, in effect, "Look, I know my service is pathetic, but please, puh-leeze, don't murder it." He then taps the shuttlecock slowly and gently over the net.

That service is dealt with in two ways. By (a), the gentle, compassionate type (me). An opponent in this category purposely **LOSES THE POINT**, lest George should break down; which, to judge from his pitiful expression, is imminent. Secondly (b),

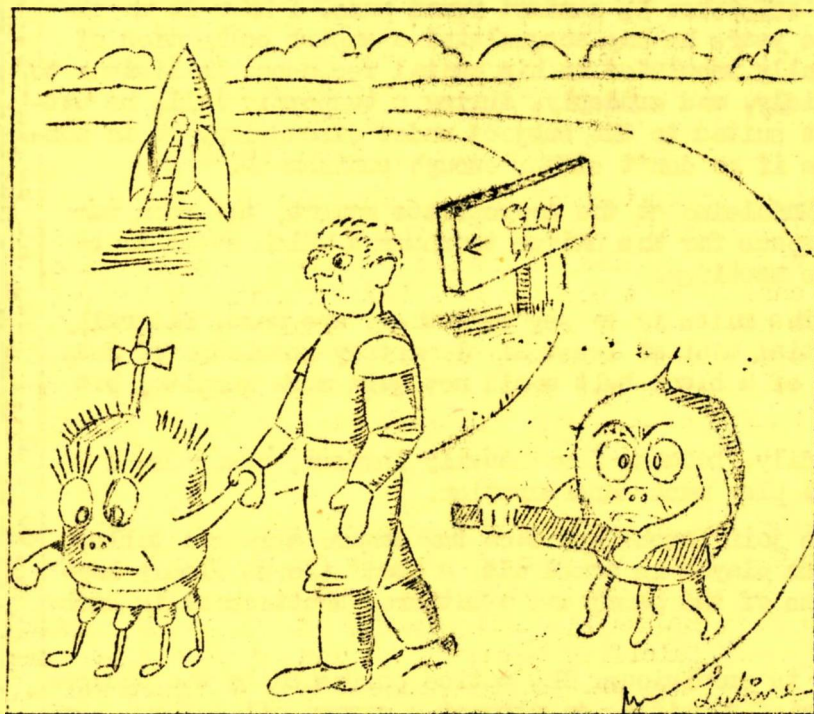
"I never eat nuts - makes me feel like a cannibal".
.. (-- "Fier")

1
1

we have the heartless, sadistic, vengeful type (James). With methodical and murderous precision, this type unleashes itself with elemental force, and crashes the shuttlecock back with venomous hatred.

Now watch carefully. As George prises the shuttlecock from the wall behind him, he grins weakly. He appears to make the same service, but the discerning eye might notice a final crafty flick of the wrist. Type (b) (James), licking its lips with anticipation, doesn't notice this. The result is that when type (b) (James) hurls itself forward and slashes viciously, the shuttlecock **TURNS AT RIGHT ANGLES**. Honest. It does. I've seen it. It is surely unnecessary for me to add that George has yet to appear on the losing side—he won't partner me.

Bob is in his element at this game because, as we all know, he is the recognised authority on **PICCYMANSHIP**. He reaches unprecedented heights. It is magnificent to watch. He backs against the wall, snarling like Humphrey Bogart, and waving his bat as if it were a machete. His opponent, naturally overawed, makes a weak service. Bob leaps forward, a



smooth smile flitting across his face, and with a vicious overhead flick hurls the shuttlecock back from whence it came. Like a recoiling spring, he then reverts to his original position against the wall, and with an added leer makes sure his opponent lacks the audacity to return the missile, should it be physically possible to do so.

I've left Madeleine until last. It is most ungallant of me to do so, but I was forced into this unhappy position because her technique is so subtle that it has taken me considerably longer to diagnose.

Briefly, it is this. Smiling coyly, she holds her bat in her right hand with finger and thumb,

little finger daintily raised. Still smiling, she holds the shuttlecock in her left hand, little finger also daintily raised. Her opponent (I'm speaking from experience) stands back to admire this delightful stance. Suddenly there is a barely audible flash, and the shuttlecock hums past at the speed of light. (And that's fast.)

Do I employ any gambit, you ask? Frankly, no. As yet I am still an amateur at the game. I've tried one or two elementary diversions, but with little success. I did tear my trousers, but I am confident that James will fix me up.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr Berry is too modest. He has been injecting new blood (mostly his own, fortunately) into the game with such enthusiasm that already we have had to make three new rules to cope with him. His 'elementary diversions' include shouting "**UNPLAYABLE!!**" after his partner makes a service, with such hypnotic authority and confidence that his opponent is momentarily quite convinced. He is also the first person to attempt interference with his opponent's play with such enthusiasm as to precipitate himself bodily onto the floor on the other side of the table. One night he turned up with a beautiful new bat constructed of best cardboard and passepartout bearing a picture (in colour) of Marilyn Monroe on one side and internally reinforced with strips of aluminium. It lasted nearly half an hour.

ERMENGARDE FISKE

Walter has recently informed me that my attempts at communicating with him --- and,

of course, you (this is really clever phrasing because, if nobody reads this page, nobody will have been addressed) ---have failed, so that I'll have to

NEW YORK LETTER

go back to mundane writing. Actually, I have no real explanation to offer for my long silence; if I had broken a leg or something wholesome like that I could put it forward as an excuse, but I can't very well say I went mad and have only just been released from the asylum, because it isn't true---they didn't catch me.

I was also briefly enslaved by a horrible publisher of technical books that didn't even know enough to keep visiting authors penned up in small cages, but let them run loose all over the editorial department. I was told I glared quite savagely at one specimen who had wandered in to complain that his prose had been emasculated and tripped over a drawer in my desk which I kept open for greater convenience in reaching the candy. Fortunately, he turned out to be a nuclear physicist and so I didn't have to feel guilty, as everyone knows the atom bomb is responsible for everything.

Walter was very nice and forgiving and kept sending me Hyphens all along just as if I weren't a Monster. They were really a bright spot at the end of---to quote a confession magazine which I read with a view to entering their story contest---my tunnel of gloom. Not, frankly, that I would care to meet anybody in science fiction at the end of a tunnel, present company always excepted, of course. I have finally solved the staple problem in reading Hyphen, since in my eagerness to get at the contents I frequently forgot which are the permanent staples and which the temporary ones, they look so much like. Now I peel each sheet off the magazine separately as I read it---this does present a slight problem with runovers, but I'm confident that I'll be able to solve that problem too.

I am having a little difficulty in putting this thing together, as it is really composed of bits of letters I wrote Walter. My letters can't be printed in toto because they are partly scurrilous, partly libellous, and mostly dull. Anyhow, in the first letter I asked Walter to spread the news around (without printing it, as feelings might be hurt---mostly mine) that the somewhat dulcified ending to a story of mine which when last seen was entitled 'The Vilbur Party' was written by Horace Gold's marmoset. He (Horace, that is; the marmoset in question is a girl) was telling me proudly over the phone that she was sitting on the typewriter keys, typing away. "Is there paper in the machine?" I asked anxiously. "Sure," he said, with an evil chuckle, "the last page of your story." It's really quite a good ending, for a marmoset.

Well, being an animal-lover, Walter wanted to print the anecdote, so I asked Horace whether he'd mind. (After all, it's his personal marmoset, and freedom of the press doesn't mean license, and I hope to sell him more stories.) He replied graciously, "Go ahead, see if I care." He also said that if you were going to reprint my letters, I should be sure to tell you about more weighty subjects, like the fact that Galaxy's circulation has topped something or other, and it is printed in a number of languages, either including or not including the Scandinavian, but all different. I saw a story of his printed in Scandinavian with the most complimentary blurb beforehand. It went something like *ørske darske hjørbjel smurrebrød ørørbjask* Horace Gold. But I'm sure he deserves every word of it. He subsequently grew a beard.

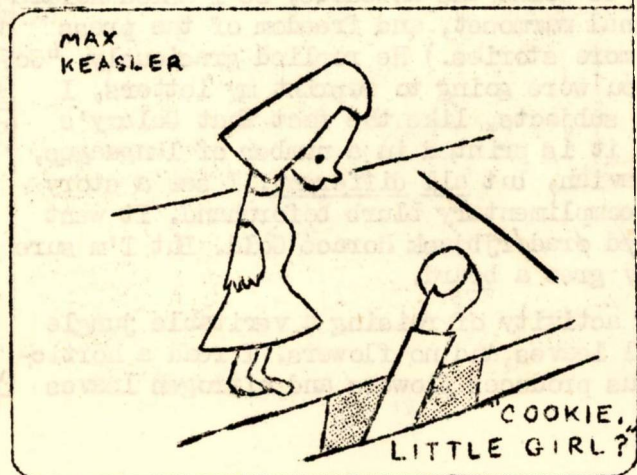
I have also been engaged in the scientific activity of raising a veritable jungle in pots and bibelots throughout the house. All leaves and no flowers. I read a horticultural text which informed me that phosphorous produces flowers and nitrogen leaves

"Like any nice well brought up girl I disliked being taken for 'George O. Smith'."

----and I of course had been ignorantly cramming their porridge with nitrogen. So I hastily mixed bone meal (which is simply chonk full of tasty, nutritious phosphorous) into their earth, with the following incantation, "Flower, goddamn you." Probably it'll turn out that what they really needed was boron and manganese or something. I wish the little stinkers could talk, but then they'd probably be too stupid to know what was ailing them. Not that they're ailing, you understand; they're flourishing like the green bay tree. Which is just the trouble---they won't flower or fruit (I have a little lemon and a little tangerine tree, and nothing will they bear, but a lot of silly leaves, and pick up the cat's hair). It's just my luck to have been landed with the Peter Pans of the vegetable kingdom. What particularly annoys me is that the Impatiens won't flower. That seems to me to be hitting below the belt. I happily bought some primrose seeds under the botanical name, only to find out later after they had sprouted, that the plant is popularly known as "Poison Primrose." And not the useful kind of poison that you can slip into a rich uncle's tea, the kind of poison that makes you break out in a hideous rash if you attempt to transplant the little beasts. I avoided them for a long time (except for watering and feeding them, of course---I don't want the ASPCA to be on my neck), but finally one got so big I had to transplant it. I did not come out in a rash. The primrose died.

Venomously yours,

Ermengarde



MY FIRST COLUMN

I HAVE DECIDED, in response to an overwhelming demand, to raise the literary standard of Hyphen by doing a column for it. Some of my readers will doubtless cavil at that apparently boastful sentence, but if we didn't have Cavillers sure we might have roundheads, so who cares?

Most of the ideas used and opinions expressed have been thought out in bed. Can anyone think of a better use to which a bed could be put? (No prizes offered. -WAW) Projects such as these help to pass the long nights hours when one is afflicted with insomnia. For example, last night I never slept a wink, and the next-door baby was crying every time I woke up.

This FIRST column will be unavoidably short. I am typing it during orifice hours, so I do not want to spend the hole day at it. I hope you like that pun. This is the seventh time I have used it, and I hope to continue using it for many years yet.

I propose to write here anything that happens to come into my mind. Like Slant for instance. I have on many occasions tried to make Walt see the desirability of putting out an occasional issue of Slant. He might, if he wished, change the name---to WAFER, for example, as it has been a WAFER such a long time.

Did you notice that young Faithful, Authentic, have doubled their rates to their lucky authors? AuSF used to pay 18/- for 5000 words: now it is 36/-.* If one didn't have to eat and drink and sleep one could make a tidy little fortune at this rate in a hundred years.

Bi-lingual puns, anyone? It is reliably reported that when Napoleon was shown the first photograph he said, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas Daguerre." Frantly, I consider this pun worth at least a five-pun note.

With this column I have achieved two more ambitions. I have been (and still am, Ghod help me) a collector. I have been (and still am, Ghod help me) a fan. I have had my name in hard covers. I have been a letterhacker. I stencilled The Enchanted Duplicator. I have played ghoddminton. I have been a Conreporter. And now I am a columnist ---- and am

GEORGE L. CHARTERS

interlineation. My remaining ambition is to attend the Chicago Convention in 1975.

*Editor's Note: The reference is to the prizes in Authentic's competition for authors.

SUNDAY AT THE SUPERMANCON

IRENE
GORE

I was awakened on the morning of 6th June by the mellow notes of a feathered songster from a nearby wood. It was probably a bird. I jumped smartly out of bed and pattered along to the bathroom whistling a tune from Macbeth, for this was the second day of the SUPERMANCON. I washed noisily, dressed, and nipped briskly downstairs, where I ate a hearty breakfast and a jovial jam sandwich.

The rain stopped. I armed myself with a macintosh, a little snuff and a water-pistol and set off for the railway station where I was to meet comrade Wood. I had to proceed slowly as my neck would keep getting itself entangled in the tree tops. At last I arrived at the station where I was told that the train I was to have travelled on didn't stop at Manchester at all, and this being the case, the 7.58am would no doubt suit me better. After thinking a little while and coming at last to the same conclusion, I purchased a return ticket and sat on the platform for three quarters of an hour drumming my fannish heels, and waving to Engine Drivers.

When the train pulled in, Wood was nowhere in sight, but that is the way with all faans. They love to surprise you. I sat on the train, gazing at an old plumpish woman in grey who snored, and wondered whether I felt fannish or not.

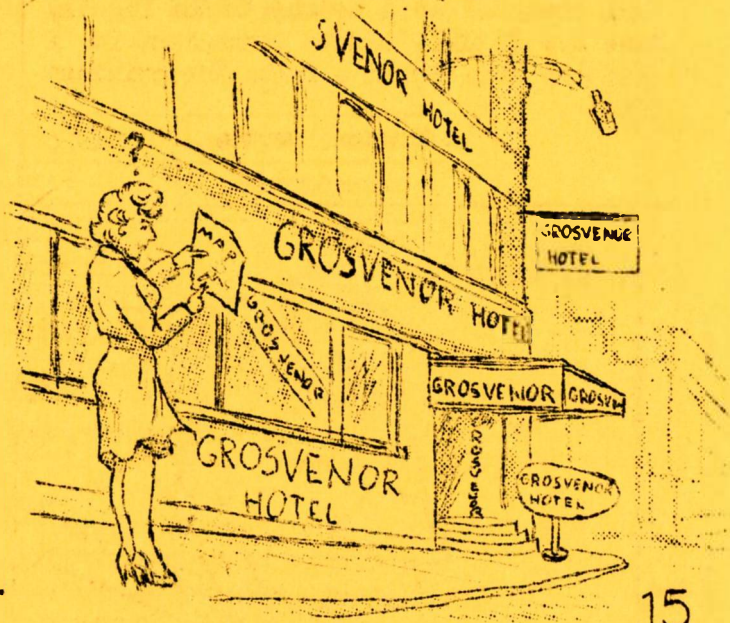
At length the train crawled out of Lancaster Station, and finally came to rest about seven miles out in the country. After waiting here for breakfast, the train chuffed merrily backwards to a point some six miles out in the country. Another wait and back we went along the beaten track. I began to wonder whether I had boarded a Bulmer Aqueous Vapour roller by mistake, but I was proved wrong as eventually I arrived in Manchester.

I strolled out of Victoria Station into the rain where I stood and meditated, then following my little pink map I turned right and then left and then I turned the map upside down and stared at it. The map stared back. I pushed it into my slacks pocket and concentrated and pretty soon I picked up the vibrations I was waiting for (which is how I reached the Grosvenor Hotel).

A face leered at me over a banister. "Hi!" it shouted, "where's Dave?"

I shrugged.

Another face popped up beside face Number One and peered down. The two faces turned to look at one another with wild expressions, so I trudged up to explain. Ken Potter, Harry Manlon and I met.



"Well," said Ken, "where is he?" I felt guilty. "Haven't seen him," I said shortly. There was a snort from Harry. "Good Ghod!" "He didn't turn up," I said explainingly. "Oh!" said Ken. "Perhaps he overslept," suggested Harry. There were a few Mmmmming noises. "Let's go down," said Ken. We went. "Probably gone and got himself married," murmured Harry. We all looked sorrowful, so Ken introduced me to a few faans, including WAW, and then the three of us went off Dave-hunting.

I can't remember whether it was raining at the time but it probably was. Dave didn't come on the next train or the one after that. In fact he didn't come at all. So apart from an occasional "I wonder what happened to Dave" we gave up and concentrated on the Convention.

Well, I had a real merry time. I nearly got myself mixed in a jazz session, I subscribed to a few 'zines, promised to write material, and sat on Chuch Harris' knee. Pete Taylor proposed to me and James White almost spoke to me. Something called Burgess soaked me with a ray gun and I was bought an orange drink to soothe me. A nice little man with a beard did a few card tricks and I had a private lecture about hiking in Germany. Ken filled in odd moments by relating the goings on of the night previous to my arrival and his hopes for the night to come. Then he came over all fatherly and said in a serious voice, "I want you to take down what Ted Tubb says in Shorthand." But Ted Tubb didn't say anything in shorthand, so he was disappointed.

Apart from all this my short stay in Manchester was a joy, and I was presented with a rubber finger as a souvenir. Ken and Harry escorted me to the station, but the train slipped out when they were looking the other way. Full of Peace and Goodwill, I slunk into the nearest compartment, (occupied by a vicarish looking man and his wife) and curled up in a corner with a copy of F & SF No.2. No more fanning for a while I thought. I smiled contentedly and turned over another page.

At half-past nine on the morning following I sat up with a jerk, a bell was ringing. Suddenly it stopped and was replaced by a shout: "Irene. Telephone!" I floated downstairs and staggered across the room. "'Lo," I said sleepily. "Guess who this is?" cooed a familiar voice.

I did. "Burgess!" I cried in anguish.

"Just thought," it said, "I'd ring to see if you got home safely."

I clutched at a nearby table leg and sank slowly floorwards. "Yes," I said huskily, "I did."

Listen Burgess. Hands off my girl. K.P.

SUBTLE HORROR STORY

CHAPTER I

As our story opens, McFee has one foot in the grave.

CHAPTER II

This is rather strange, considering that he has been buried for a week.

(---Bob Shaw)

#8

toto

Oct.

1954

The Reprint Magazine

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THIS ISSUE EDITED BY
CHUCK HARRIS

BABY IS FIFTY.

by GREGG CALKINS

(From The Rambling Fap! #2. FAPA Mailing 66)

I walked into his office and stood there, waiting. "Sit down over there in that chair, skinny," he said absently.

I got mad. "Look," I said, "if a man who'd recently been scalped by an Indian walked in here, would you say 'sit down in that chair, red'?" He looked up at me, puzzled. "I can't help it if I'm 6'3" and weigh 105 lbs," I said.

He nodded. "I understand. Lay down over there on that couch, skinny."

I threw the check for 27,962.53 on his desk. "Look, I'm after a head-shrinker...a good head-shrinker. I heard you were one. Are you?" He nodded. "That check isn't endorsed yet," I snarled as he reached for the dough, "so don't let it make you too greedy."

He sighed. "All right, what's your trouble?"

I settled back and let him have it. "Doc, I wanta know what's wrong with me. I did something awful...you gotta help me out!"

He could see this was a serious case. Pushing the guitar and the copy of "Thunder and Roses" back into the corner, he called to his secretary in the next room. "Cancel all appointments for this afternoon. Tell Gold I'll see him tomorrow." He leaned back and tweaked his beard. "Now," he said, "let's get down to business. What's your name?"

"It's Sam M..." I started. "Oh, no you're not--I'm not telling you my name. Just call me Sam. And let's not even go into how old I am."

"I can't help you if you won't help yourself," he said. "All a head-shr...er, a psychiatrist does is listen to your troubles, let you cure yourself, and collect a big fat fee for listening. This is your show. Go on with the story."

I relaxed and lay back on the soft padding of the rug. "That I can't figure out is why I did it, Doc. Everything was fine...more than fine...and then I did it. I had to go and do it. But I had to, Doc--something bigger than all of us was driving me on."

"All of us?" he queried softly.

"Yes. There was Leo, who was behind the whole group, and Ed and two or three others....and baby. Baby was fifty." And then I screamed and screamed and screamed.

...

When I came to he was searching my wallet. "Hey!" I said.

"Just getting my fee in advance, skinny. One or two more trauma's like that and you may not come out of it again."

I couldn't resist. "Yes," I muttered, "I thought it was rather traumatic, myself." He glared at me for that one, so I decided I'd better continue with my story. "It all started at Standard. I was down and out, licked before I even started. It was pretty cold in that hall, and I was lying there on my face, half frozen. Luckily only the top half of me had frozen, otherwise I could have died. Suddenly there was a kick in my side, breaking three ribs... that was how I met Leo."

He considers himself a keen judge of whores' flesh."

"Get up and follow me," he said, and walked off. I was too weak to make it myself and too proud to ask for help even if he had come back when I whimpered. At the end of the hall he turned and looked at me. 'If I came back and dragged you, would it be the same to you as if you'd walked?' I shuddered and somehow found the strength to climb to my feet and follow him. We walked for a long way until we came to a narrow room with "Startling" written on the door, and we went inside to see the rest of them.

"This is Sam," said Leo. 'He's come to be with us.' The others all looked at me. There was a mongoloid idiot behind one desk and a pretty girl at the other and for a minute I wondered if this wasn't "Other Worlds". The idiot was waving in the air with his arms while the girl at the typewriter watched him and typed. There were also two other people in the room who kept popping in and out all the time, but I ignored them. The man was speaking again. 'I'm Leo,' he continued. 'I don't know exactly what I do around here, but I keep the place together. That's important.'

"He turned away from me and left me to my own thoughts. One was uppermost in my mind. I looked around casually trying to spot it. Not in here...perhaps down the hall. I went to the door and tried it. Locked.

"What's the matter with you?" the girl behind the typewriter asked.

"I blushed. You don't explain those things to girls, even girls who blush with you. That was a funny thing about that office---we all blushed. But, anyhow, she seemed to understand. 'Oh. Well next time just ask me--I don't mind. It's down the hall...use the other door, this one is locked.'"

...

I sat up, making a soft splash. Doc was in my wallet again, but I didn't notice. "It's real, Doc!" I screamed. "I'm really living it!"

"Naturally. That's because of microsubcutaneous fusion."

I leaned back and started to think again. "I stayed with Leo for a while until one day I had to decide everything for myself. I needed more money, and besides, I couldn't stand it any longer. That idiot and his Captain Future was driving me crazy. And those other two things with their wart-ears and frog-eyes and their Xeno--it was too much. I cut out. The first time, I went alone, but it wasn't any good. I couldn't do it all by myself. I went back and took the group with me. I don't know why, but it was important we stay together.

"We went to another place, a place Leo told us we could use if he ever died. Leo wanted to die, but we decided not to let him. It followed the plot, all right, but we had to have his money. We stayed at this other place for a while, even though they thought we stank. To please them, we even cleaned up a bit. And then everything started to get out of hand. I realized what was happening to us...we were getting along too well! Something had to be done, and I had to do it."

I came out screaming again, and Doc held me down on the rug. "We're going to get somewhere now," he said. And then he asked quickly, before I could think:.. "what's your name?"

Like a fool I answered him. "Merwin. But wait--you tricked me. I didn't mean to say that. I didn't mean to let you know."

"I know," he said. But you've got to come clean to help yourself."

"Look, head-shrinker, now that you know this much you might as well know it all. Okay, so my name is Merwin. I'm the guy who brought out FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for fifty cents. That's baby--baby is fifty. All the other prozines are thirty-five or even twenty-five. Except baby--baby is fifty. It was partly Leo's idea, really, because he wanted to get his money back. I wouldn't have done it alone. Not even with baby, and baby was fifty."

"Mr. Merwin," the head-shrinker was saying to me, "it's apparent your trouble
((Ctd. on page 19))

random

Chuck
Harris

Tom White, editor of BEM, believes in flying saucers. He wrote and told me so. I laughed at him; I told him it was just another aspect of the Mss. hallucinations that are the chief of the faneditor's occupational ailments. He didn't believe me. He was astounded and indignant about my cynicism. He told me that he would not be in the least surprised if he woke up one morning and found a flying saucer on his doorstep and on all the doorsteps throughout the world. This, he implied, would be a Good Thing, -- even if only to serve as a dreadful warning to the sceptics of the Rainham Society for the Advancement of Science-Fiction and Imaginative Literature. He has visions of me being confronted and confounded by swarms of little green men, and dithering around not knowing what to do.

And he's perfectly correct. Normally, as everyone knows, I am brash, assertive, and so self-confident that I seldom bother to lift the seat up, but one factor was missing from my education. I was never taught semantics.

Tom White has scared the hell out of me. It seems that everybody, but everybody, is confidently expecting these saucers, and has planned what to do on the day they arrive with the milk. Everybody, I mean, except me.

You see, it's important that I should know what to do. These saucers aren't coming from the Depths of Outer Space just to visit the hoi-polloi; they're going to concentrate on the more important Terrans. Namely, me. The boss little green man isn't going to waste his time swopping star-maps with Ego or take leave of his reminisenses for the benefit of AUTHENTIC. It's clear enough that he'll send his second-in-command to Trowbridge Wilts., and reserve my doorstep for himself.

And I haven't had a single night's sleep since I realised it. What'll I do? It can happen any time now. It might even be tomorrow; I crawl out of bed, find I have fifteen minutes to dress, wash, eat, and catch the bus to work. I effortlessly accomplish the first three in the usual 14 minutes and then whizz through the

TOTO (Cont. from page 18)

is a deep-seated guilt complex brought on by being the first editor to produce a 50 cent prozine. A terrible act, to be sure, but an inevitable one. You were unlucky, that's all. You had to be the one to do it."

"Is that all?" I grunted, amazed. "In that case I needn't worry any longer. I thought there was more to it...you know, legal angles and all." He started to speak, but I fixed him with a double wharmy that left him motionless for a second or two, wiping out all his memories of this afternoon. He shook his head as if he were just waking up.

"Umph, must have dozed off. Sit down over there in that chair, skinny," he said absently.

"Look," I began, "if a man who'd recently been scalped by an Indian..." I stopped. What was the use. "Sorry, wrong office," I finished lamely.

As I walked off, I smiled to myself. I wondered what he'd feel like when he realized how late it was and found he couldn't understand what had happened to the whole afternoon. There wasn't much use in leaving the check for \$27,962.53. It would only confuse him all the more, and he would be plenty confused already. Taking the check would lessen his confusion. I figured it was the very least I could do.

I walked down the street, whistling happily to myself, dreaming of the day when baby would be seventy-five.

"She has all the coy charm of a cow elephant in heat"

12

(some more RANDOM. Cont from page 19) front door to try to beat the bus to the stop sign. It's just a usual day, --or seems to be. I begin my usual exercise with coat-tail and shoe-laces flying in the breeze, and my mother bringing up the rear with my sandwiches, cigarettes, and the stencils I promised faithfully to mail to Walt ten days ago. But, this is LGM day. As I bound, lithe as any 200lb gazelle, through the door, I catch my foot on the sharp end of a hyper-spatial tube and the above has arrived.

All right. This is it. This thing, -- it looks like James White with a few extra tentacles -- is powerful. He knows all about interstellar travel and that gadget swinging at where his hip would be if he had one, is either a Bergeron or a Cobbe Z-ray. If I offend him, he's not only liable to rub me out, but he'll do the same for the rest of humanity (this probably includes Seventh Fandom) too. Dear old Terra's fate is in my hands, and if I miss a trick, all that backlog of HYPHEN stencils that I cut will be wasted. A truly terrible thought.

The first move is perfectly simple. I pick myself up, go back indoors and change my trousers. Easy enough.....but what comes next?

I have to get in touch with this creature. I have to exude amiability at the bastard and convince him that Homo Sap is Grade A material for the Galactic Federation. But, I can't impress him as a Lovable Character because he's never met any other L.C.s to compare me with; I daren't grin at him in case he thinks I'm feeling hungry; I can't possibly offer to shake hands with him because he hasn't got the equipment and might even imagine that's a five-barreled blaster at the end of my tentacle.

Jophan never had troubles like this. I've asked almost everybody for any ideas they might have, but their efforts are just as dismal as mine are. I did hear that Dave Cohen has given up not running conventions to form a Flying Saucer Club out of the debris of Manchester fandom, and I was hoping that they would have some answer to my problem. But no, -- it seems that all they want to do is spot the saucers before they land. This is a praiseworthy project, but of no more use to me than if they paid a return visit to the biscuit factory. I have less than no interest in spotting the things, -- my trouble is communications.

The next thing, of course, was to call Science to my aid. I read all of JWC's editorials and all of the asf articles that didn't have graphs or algebra in them --but they were of no more use than Dave Cohen. The only idea they have to offer is that you get a piece of paper and a pencil, draw nine concentric circles and point to the third one. This, they imagine, is all that's needed. In one simple move you demonstrate that you are something more than an artistically-inclined aborigine, and in no time at all you'll be happily comparing snap-shots and discussing rain on Venus. Nobody, (except me, of course), seems to have thought that he would already know that this is the third circle, and that after this brilliant interchange of cosmic minds we'd be right back where we started from. The doorstep.

The only other alternative is completely unthinkable. Under no circumstances will I cavort up the garden path, in full view of the blonde across the road, with one hand raised in the universal gesture of peace whilst I burble: "Greetings --me Chuck Harris. Welcome to Sol III." The hell with that brother, we'll mingle in a meteorite shower first.

But yes,....there is still one slim chance. Everyone is assuming that these are little green men. However, my luck is pretty good (Joan the Wad is printing my testimonial) and there is a good chance, I think, that my alien may turn out to be something straight off a PLANET cover -- an E.T. Gina Lollobrigida in a brass bra. If this is the case you may rely on me to settle the language problem. Your fate is in safe hands, son. But, I'm worrying now about that second-in-command....

WILLIAM PUGHMIRE—DIRT-CHRISTIAN

OBADIAH BIP

Willy, I said, what's that you've got? A new anthology?

It is not, he said, it's the Bible.

Oh, no, I said, don't tell me that.

It's the Bible, said Willy, and why not? If more people read the Bible there'd be less choss.

Where I come from, I informed, we pronounce it kay-oss.

You would, he said, where you come from. And since when has 'ch' been pronounced like 'k'?

For quite a long time, I told him, as in Charlie.

Charlie isn't pronounced 'k', he scoffed. Moreover you have just said so yourself.

I was thinking of Karl, I said. It's the same name in another language. Isn't it, Willy?

No, he said, it is not. And Karl is spelled with a 'k'.

How about Carl with a 'c'?, I countered.

'C' isn't 'ch', he said. Never was. Never will be. I don't wonder there's choss. Everybody's illiterate.

Well, maybe you're right, I said. How come you've backslid from stf to the Bible?

There was no backsliding involved, he said. I started looking through it for dates on flying saucers. You know I am area secretary of the International Association of Flying Saucer Observers, don't you? All right. Everyone's hunting for dates on the subject.

Data, I said.

Dates, he insisted. Data is the past case. You ought to know that. It's the teachers who're making choss. They've shot everyone's grammar to hell.

Yes, yes, I said. Have you found any flying saucers in that?

Not yet, he said. I've got too interested in other things. If you haven't read the Bible you don't know what you're missing.

How's that, I prompted, how's that, Willy?

The Bible is the only book nobody can expurge, he said. I can be in a shop when the police seize fifty copies of 'Saturday Night

Bride' or twenty of 'Passion Slave'. Do they snatch my Bible? They do not! They never take that and burn it or expurge it. They don't stop anyone selling it either. In fact there are people who give copies away for free and they've never been expurged. I mean the books not the people.

You also mean expurgated, don't you? I asked.

That's the past case, he said. Why do you insist on talking in the past case? This is the present and you've got to talk in the present.

Perhaps you mean purged, Willy, I offered.

That's a medical term, he said, and I am discussing literature and not bowels.

All right, I said, have it your own way.

It's the proper way, he said. The colleges are making the mess. Even the one I went to, good as it was, kept the Bible from me. It beats science fiction holler.

Hollow, I offered.

Holler, he said. A hollow is a hole in the ground. You beat someone with a loud voice and not with a hole in the ground.

Thank you, Willy, I said humbly.

Now, he said, let us take this Bible. Where can you find a stf yarn describing the ceremonial frying of human fisses?

Frying of what? I asked.

Fisses, he said. Don't tell me you don't know what that means. In the Bible it gets fried by priests. There are other and better bits. They fornicate on leopard-pelts, for instance. And there's a queen who had a necklace of one thousand foreskins.

No! I said.

It's here in cold print, he said. And nobody expurges it. I am seeking all the bits kept from me by a conspiracy of silence. I have become a dirt-Christian.

Aren't you ashamed, Willy? I asked.

Why should I be? he said. Reading is for escape. I once read stf to escape. Now I'm reading the Bible. It takes me away from all this choss.

But isn't the Bible wholly in the past case? I asked.

The choss, said Willy firmly, is in the present and that's where I'm escaping from.

"SPACE TIMES", circulation is more familiar with me than with Dickens.

THE GLASS BUSHEL

BOB SHAW

ONCE there was an imaginary fan by the name of Ralph Harvey. Ralph was a keen fanned and the proud possessor of an imaginary duplicator on which he produced a hypothetical fanzine. He was employed by his uncle George Harvey, the owner of an imaginary magazine of the Woman's Own type, as a sort of understudy director. Unfortunately Ralph was insensible of the many great advantages that were his and, instead of working hard and making money, he preferred to spend all his spare time and much of the firm's in working on his fanzine.

One day while he was hard at work stencilling an article for his next issue his uncle burst into the office and caught him at it. "See what you made me do?" Ralph snapped at Uncle George while wiping correcting fluid off his hands. "You made me jump and spill this stuff. I'm going to charge that to the firm."

"Aha," snarled Uncle George, "Caught red-handed! So you're still at this nonsense instead of working on a real magazine. This time I have had enough. You have gone too far."

"You have gone too far," replied Ralph, pale with indignation. "How dare you suggest that your puerile rag LADIES' ARMCHAIR COMPANION is better than my fanzine THE HELIOTROPE HORROR. Why don't you switch to science fiction, like I'm always telling you? Then I'd be fired with enthusiasm."

"You are fired with enthusiasm," retorted Uncle George, "and believe me I'm more enthusiastic about it than I've been about anything for years. Get out!"

"You don't scare me a bit," sneered Ralph.

"Why not?"

"Because you're just an imaginary character thought up by Bob Shaw, that's why."

"How.....how did you find out?" gasped Uncle George.

"It was easy," replied Ralph airily. "That business of you bouncing in through the door and shouting 'Caught red-handed' just as I spilt correcting fluid on my hands--do you think that could happen in real life? No, Unk. It's obviously Shaw stuff...and furthermore, he's on my side." "How do you know?" asked his uncle.

"Because he has made you say two of his puns already and I haven't had to say any. That shows he's my friend. 'Fired with enthusiasm' indeed!"

Uncle George was so overcome at Ralph knowing the facts of imaginary life at so early an age that his heart, which was never strong and often inclined to be fluttery in emergencies, seized up on him. As they carried him out for a week's rest he looked back at Ralph and shouted; "Although my heart, which was never strong and often inclined to be fluttery in emergencies, has seized up on me I still mean what I said. GET OUT!"

At this Ralph realised that he had gone too far indeed and that his uncle was finished with him. The very concept of the editor of THE HELIOTROPE HORROR being booted into the street made him so furious that he decided to get revenge before he left. As it happened an issue of THE LADIES' ARMCHAIR COMPANION was almost ready to go to press and Ralph was inspired by that to play a really low trick on his uncle. He had quite a bit of spare cash saved up and he was still working in the firm, although under notice, so, by dint of much bribery, co-ercion and persuasion, he managed to make quite a few modifications in that issue. He achieved his famish revenge.

Ralph's special issue caused quite a stir and a lot of puzzlement in thousands of ladies' armchairs throughout the country. Of course, when the news got out Uncle George bought up all the copies he could and had them destroyed, but I managed to obtain one and I am going to review it here.

This is one review section that won't be taken off me and given to somebody else. Heh! Heh! Heh!

The first thing that struck most of the ladies as they settled down with their copy of TLAC was that it was printed on unusually thick and absorbent paper, not at all like the usual highly glossed bond. One old dear who worked in a stationery shop thought for a moment, then dismissed the idea, that it was done on cheap duplicating paper, a sort usually reserved for funny customers with strange hats.

Another thing that brought a shower of bewildered letters to the editorial office was the cover itself. Like so many others of its kind, TLAC usually showed a haughty, frigid young woman dressed in the height of fashion, and in the background an animated male tailor's dummy who obviously possessed scads of money and was dying to lavish it on the female iceberg. Ralph's cover had the girl all right. She had that certain sexless prettiness of a woman dressed for women, but in her eyes there seemed to be a bewildered, almost panicky look which spoiled her whole ensemble. Why was this? The readers wanted to know, and why was that strange shadow of her young millionaire cranking a peculiar machine looming on the wall behind her? And what sort of a hat was he wearing?

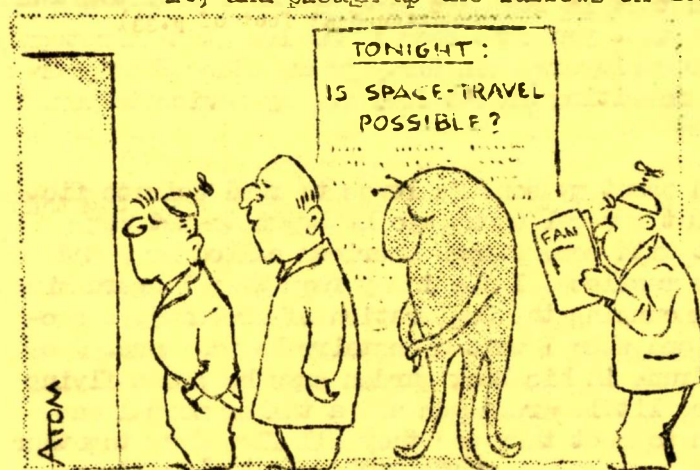
The next item to cause comment was the lead story. Before Ralph had revised it, it was one of those highminded little efforts so dear to the hearts of the readers of TLAC. It told of a young couple, passionately attracted to each other, who were tempted to slip away together for a holiday. In the proper version there was the accepted time-honoured ending in which they fight off the temptation; and when they get married, later, they are glad they did do.... "It was so nice that we were glad we had waited." Ralph's version ended with them going on the holiday and with the more logical comment, "It was so nice we were glad we hadn't waited."

Another department that suffered was HELPFUL HINTS....

"...Those of our readers whose husbands wear corduroy trousers at the office will have noticed that the material becomes flattened at the knees through their being pressed against the underside of the desk. Mrs Wansborough of Wilts. has sent in the following useful tips to restore the cloth, for which she wins two pounds.

"The first method is to procure a tiny strip of miniature corrugated iron and nail it on below the desk at the point where the knees touch. Thus, instead of being flattened out, the corduroy will actually be improved by the constant pressure.

To restore really worn cloth, make a tiny plough with about twelve blades on it, and plough up the furrows on the knees.



For those who haven't the mechanical ability or the facilities for the above methods, the best alternative is to start at the worn knee and trace each little ridge down the trouser leg, around the flap and up the inside to its beginning. When you have found where the ridge begins, insert a bicycle pump connection into it and pump it up to its former thickness."

I haven't got space for an itemised account of the whole magazine, so I will finish this review with a few extracts from the letter column, under the supervision of "Aunt Margaret".

"Cellulose is not so good for mending socks."

Dear Aunt Margaret,

I am very worried about my son Claude. Several years ago he became interested in that fantastic nonsense, science fiction. My husband and I used to burn all his magazines and cane him and lock him up every time he bought more. But it was no use—he persisted in reading the absurd tripe. Soon afterwards he ran away from home and spent years travelling about the country lodging with others who were silly enough to read science fiction! I was overjoyed at first when he came home, but I soon found to my horror that he still read this nonsense, claimed to have a 'Cosmic Mind', and told me he was in telepathic contact with Martians in flying saucers who were going to take him and all the other Cosmic Minds to Mars. My husband and I were so appalled at the way he was wrapped up in his childish fantasies that we decided to end it for good, but before we could think of something a lot of little green men in peculiar aeroplanes landed in our garden. Claude dashed out to them shouting, "A whole new planet to sponge on!" and that was the last we saw of him.

We both know that this couldn't really have happened and we blame it all on those horrible magazines. What can we do to make our Claude give up this nonsense and leave his peculiar friends?

Mrs D. (Indiana, USA)

Dear Mrs D, I agree with you—the little green men are just a hallucination. Just ignore them. And why not try to interest your son in the wonders that can be found on Earth? Our feathered friends of the hedgerows and the marvellous antics of the humble insects in the nearby puddles. I will recommend some natural history books that you can leave lying about invitingly, in the hope that he'll come back.

Why not change your name, too? No sensitive child would like being called 'D'. It's too short. No majesty about it. No poetry in it.

Dear Aunt Margaret, Several weeks ago I accidentally swallowed some of a liquid that my brother specially designed to break calcium down into a fine paste. A week later I found that my left arm and both my legs could bend freely in any direction—backways or sideways. Shortly afterwards the whole lot dropped off. Is this serious?

Worried,

Blue Eyes.

Dear Worried Blue Eyes, I'm afraid this is quite serious. I know we don't like to run to our doctor with every little complaint, but you really should have sought medical advice earlier. Another girl might have been able to come out of this little trouble of yours better, but your general health is bound to be low. I have been reading through the back issues of this and other magazines and find that in the past year alone, you have had twenty-seven babies to foreign sailors, and that you have been in no less than nineteen jobs in which you have wanted to marry your employers, men forty years older than yourself. Your clever changes of address and handwriting didn't fool me. My advice to you, worried Blue Eyes, is to live a better life!

Dear Auntie Margaret, I am worried about my son. He loves to read science fiction, which is very commendable, but several weeks ago he began to act very strangely. He had been in contact with some famous American called Mr D and one Thursday night he became very restless. I was in my room when I heard him shout "The Degleration is here announcing the Degleration of Freedom". A second later the front door slammed and when I went downstairs he was gone. One of the neighbours who was lying drunk in his back garden says he saw a flying saucer land in our garden and some little green men and a taller normal man look out. He says my son ran down to meet them and they all flew away together.

(Continued at foot of p.33)



D.R. SMITH
(Nuneaton)

Temple's account of the early BIS days delights me almost as much as Burbee's TOTO. The doings of the BIS today, to judge from the Journal at least, seem to lack the early pioneering spirit to a considerable degree. Certainly I derived more enjoyment out of Temple's narrative than I have done out of the last three years' BIS Journals.

Turning over the page I am stricken with horror and remorse to find that I used to induce nightmares in the troubled brain of the infant Clarke (AV). I must hasten to correct his mistaken ideas of my appearance; I am but slightly over half as high as his conjecture, slenderly built in proportion, with mild, prematurely aged features—

ugly, I grant you, but inspiring pity rather than fear. To spare myself the agony of further disclosures I will merely mention that I have so little bodily strength that I have to use a hammer in both hands to depress each key of my typewriter—which I trust will be noted as an excuse for the frequent inaccuracy with which the keys are hit. (I often suspected you of writing with mallets aforethought.)

And now to answer his query as to how I can tolerate those detective stories which he characterises as being of indifferent quality. (By Jove, Mr Temple, do you see how intolerant the man is?) The first thing I must point out is that nowhere in my previous communication did I claim to read all the detective stories that are published, not even many of them. So in brief the answer is that I don't read them. Easy, isn't it? Apart from Sayers, Crispin, Innes, and an occasional Agatha Christie, HC Bailey, Raymond Chandler, Ellery Queen and perhaps one or two more I have read no crime stories this side of the war. And I find these adequate for my tastes, though I admit to finding that overweening niminy-piminy Queen a bit of a bore, Mr Fortune somewhat more so, and Lord Peter a smartie-pants.

In the letter section I derived a certain amount of malicious pleasure out of the natterings over the London Circle party, especially the hospitable remark by mine genial host Ted Tubb...

DAMON KNIGHT
(Penna.)

The reason Hyphen is so good, I take it (apart from the accidental assemblage of half a dozen geniuses in Britain), and the reason so many serious constructive fanzines are so ghastly dull, is that the former is an original contribution, and the latter are selfconsciously secondhand. Could like you to ponder this thought though, if it hasn't already occurred to you: it's exactly the fanloving fanzines like Hyphen, Bradbury's Futuria Fantasia & Snide (not a plug—the mag's 2nd and final issue was published 14 years ago) which have profoundly influenced science fiction. Given time, the enthusiasts will dominate any field—but dating from Gernsback this one is still awfully young. (Has any fan yet died of old age?) In essence, fans are people who take the stuff seriously and therefore enjoy it; to begin with and for a long time afterwards there weren't enough of them to go round, and the field was inevitably shaped and dominated by opportunist writers, people who don't read anything for pleasure, least of all their own work. It's a commonplace now to point out how many fans have turned pro. I think the shoe is actually on the other foot; the pros are turning fan. Murray.

MIKE WALLACE
(Hull)

Bob really excelled himself with that cover; it was one of those 'double meaning' type of things I enjoy the most; funny and yet touching. I've a good mind to get a photostat of it and frame it.

I agree about fandom being a therapy for the maladjusted, but I hope it's not too good a one. If I'm maladjusted I'd rather stay that way and be a fan, than become adjusted and take up football or something.

We'll just have to accept it---I've split tea or it."

I'm so tired I'm ready to drop. What with taking a course in short story writing, and trying to learn touch typing, everything seems to be on top of me at once. I originally intended to take the writing course to try to improve my fanac, but I've come to the conclusion that I have to become a writer to have time for fanac.

Could you please print a request for me for the first 2 issues of Hyphen? If I can get these I'll have a full collection. I'm pretty broke right now so the best I can offer is 2/- a copy. (Address of this Trufan at end of letter section.)

JAN JANSEN (Belgium) I'll pass over the letters from the London Circle, who all seem to feel a need to cry out to the world that you misrepresented their behaviour or intended behaviour at the Mancon. I can only express surprise at your not having bundled them together under the title: "Whom the cap fits..."

I do like the point Vernon McCain makes in his letter. I have known my wife to ask me how many letters I had received and how many fanzines, and then working out just how much it had cost me to reply to them all. No, you needn't worry, I caught her just as she dropped.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE (Stockport) I wouldn't have fully understood the reason for the excited letters from London if I hadn't previously perused your Oopsla column. I did not know the full gory details of the Londoners' plans before the Supermancon; if I had I think I too would have believed them to be intended seriously--in fact I think they must have been. I don't think too harshly of these characters, for the Northern fans (myself included) did give them a hell of a drubbing after the last London show. But I'm thankful their plans did not mature; it would have spoiled a marvellous convention--not counting the programme of course.

NIGEL LINDSAY (Torquay) I had a sneaking feeling all along that Slant had expired. You surely didn't think you could bamboozle us for two whole years? Personally though I don't think it's such a calamity after all. Remember your words in No.1? "This (the printing) is not just vulgar ostentation. It just happened that I hadn't access to a duplicator, and I was able to pick up an old printing press."

Slant arose as a BFL rag, and rapidly became a hatchery for budding authors who by now are almost without exception either BNFs or pros. Slant actually sold for a couple of 'em because of its circulation among the celebrities. Slant became so renowned that even established pros wrote for it. But in spite of all that select fiction, the things that stick in my mind most are the little quips like "you won't be troubled any more by our overinking woodcuts. We are now overinking linocuts." And the Smidgin Scale for units of ink. Then with the irruption of Bob Shaw, Slant began to get really famish. Who will ever forget his Fansmanship lectures? Ving Clarke and Robert Bloch crept in, not to mention Lee Hoffman with her hilarious account of your visit to America. By now Slant really sparkled, and this is the quality which has overflowed into Hyphen, so we haven't really lost anything except the excellent presentation. Your original contributors of fiction are now mainly in the promags, and Slant was despatched just before it became too promagish itself. Yet I did like that last duplicated issue with the printed illos.

...This has a bearing on your reply to Archie Mercer's letter. Possibly more fans than you think are interested in fandom's history. I am for one since just recently. But we can't all afford a copy of 'The Immortal Storm' you know, and TOTO's unconnected excerpts whilst most praiseworthy in themselves, won't fill the bill in this respect. I believe that a potted history of fandom would make a welcome s & c article. Now why don't you give us one for Christmas?

(A very good idea. And thanks for the valedictory for Slant.)

ARCHIE MERCER (Lincoln) Bill Temple was simply lovely. Takes honours for the issue in fact. This sort of thing's far funnier than his pro writings. (Oh!)

I have noted your point about respect for, knowledge of etc., the fan-nish past. I don't know at what point in said past you first reared your 'ugly' head

therein (1947) but I suspect that whenever it was, there was far less of a past to be expected to have knowledge of. And of course it grows worse from year to year. Knowing about the past in as much detail as the present would be a fulltime occupation in itself. Universities could create professorships therein, students could peruse the subject diligently for years without getting to the bottom of it. (The same applies to the history of the human race, but everyone should make it his job to learn something about it. Unless like Henry Ford you think that history is bunk, that's no reason for lying down on the job.) Also it could be said that by openly extolling respect for the past, a person could be deliberately trying to foster his own subsequent immortality. (Is it an argument against being kind to old people that the neighbours might think you're thinking of your own old age?)

That's one side of the question. On the other hand, there's the case of jazz. Some time around 1951 I started listening regularly. The announcer would keep rambling on and on about "this number was regularly featured by Bix Beiderbecke's band at the Blue Bittercup Ballroom Boston." I used to writhe inwardly and mutter "why the hell can't you cut the cackle and get on with the music?" Then I began getting a few records, and my education started. I came to realise, for example, that Bix Beiderbecke at the Blue Bittercup Ballroom Boston can be subtly different from Bix at the Golden Goat Gatehouse or Golden Gate Goathouse, or something. And now I take an interest in all that sort of thing. But I wouldn't have the slightest incentive to 'dig backwards' in jazz were it not for the records sort of leading me on. Is there anything comparable to justify digging back in fandom? (Well, there's old finz, for one thing, which you can appreciate if you understand the contemporary scene. But apart from that, a knowledge of the past adds a new dimension to fandom, as it were.)

I'm glad to see you're getting Emmengarie back.

BRIAN VARLEY (London) You seem to have raised quite a hornets' nest with your 'bias' against the London Circle. It's rather amusing to contemplate what might have happened if Bert Campbell hadn't been at the rear of the procession. If their intentions had been half as base as many Northern fans suspected I imagine we would all be now busy scraping the bottom of the filthy tricks barrel in preparation for the next Loncon. In a revolting sort of way it's a pity Operation Armageddon wasn't carried through. Just think of the glorious conspiracies that could be being hatched. (You think they aren't being?) Re-reading the above paragraph I seem to have become strangely obsessed with bottoms or synonyms thereof. I wonder what Dr Freud would have to say about this; I can guess and it isn't true.

EVELYN SMITH (New York) I do wish Hyphen could be a wee bit more legible. I loved everything in the magazine--particularly Harris's wonderful bit on Fans and the piece by Temple---but I went blind shortly afterward.

PAUL ENEVER (Middlesex) I read H10 with more than usual interest, perhaps because (coincidence!) it was more than usually interesting. And I mean 'interesting'---not amusing or entertaining or any other semi-synonym. Indeed, by the time I had worked through to the end of Post Scripts the interest was almost morbid...To my mind the greater part is another instance of much ado being made about nowt. Interesting though as an insight into the mood of deadly seriousness which appears to be overtaking trufandom; far more dangerous, surely, than the serious constructivism of the ordinary fan...After all, the latter are usually pretentious about science fiction; the former are tending to get contentious about each other...

BILL MORSE (London) Temple Pt.II was screamingly comic even after the third reading, and the illustration on p.8 was inspired, to say the least. The thought of looking up through the washbowl drain at five solemn pairs of eyes and one faucet---I still break into sniggers at the thought of it.

"I suspect women were specially equipped for 3D."

-Maf Ballard

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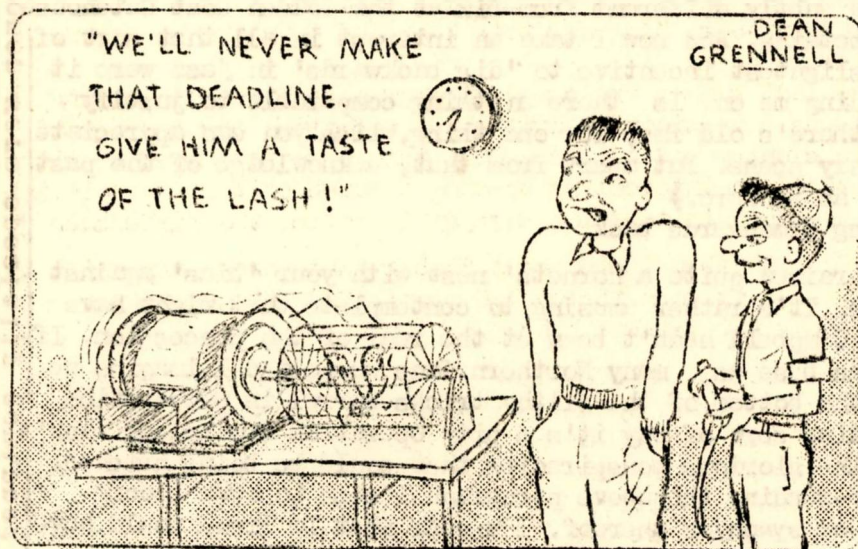
HARRY TURNER
(Manchester)

Balls to Mike Wallace. Why do some people maintain that a fan is necessarily maladjusted? What's so 'normal' about football, cricket etc as forms of relaxation? Why are they any more or less normal than farming? Perhaps our psychologist will explain. I rather fear that Mike himself clings to the belief that fans are not as other mortals, otherwise he would not write such twaddle. Ghu save us from fanphilosophers.

EMEL LINDSAY
(Glasgow)

It is my contention that Mal Ashworth is writing in no idle manner. He has used my trifling mistake (i.e. confusing him with Burgess.) as an excuse to suggest exiling me from fandom. Then having disposed of me, he will start on the other femme-fans. It is, I maintain, a deep dark plot to rid fandom of femmes. He will undoubtedly get backing. I suspect Harry Turner for one. Will any male fan rally to our side? Probably not—a lazy lot. Then when we have gone they may mourn our passing and wonder what to do with themselves at Conventions. I have taken legal advice from Mr BF Jeeves, QC (for alanciation of affections?) but being a modest sort of femme I do not expect anyone to jump to my defence; perhaps though the thought of the loss of all the femme-fans may arouse some apprehension.

Or will they never miss us? (If you want to be missed, play hard target.)



JIM HARMON (Illinois) Let me say that I agree with you. Get your fist out of my mouth and let me say it. I think fans can just lie back and enjoy themselves (will that get through customs?) without devoting themselves to furthering Good Old Science Fiction. I thought you were advocating a separation of fandom and sf on the theory that the two don't need each other. They do. But I will freely admit that they don't have to stuff themselves down each other's

throats day and night. The time for the Evangelist spirit of giving sf to the world is over for fandom. They have given sf to the world and now they just have to watch out that the world doesn't give it right back to them, right in the kisser. (Yeah; cast your bread on the waters and it shall return after many days....soaking wet.)

BoSh's story was rather distinctive—fannish fiction in a fan fiction form. I've never seen that done before (I mean fannish stuff after the form of pro fiction.) You know what's going to happen. He's going to graduate (?) to pro fiction and become a writer (he already has.) and deprive you of an artist. His cover was absolutely absolutely absolute! It must be preserved for future generations. In a time capsule. Do you know that you, the ordinary, not-too-bright, humble man in the street can make a time capsule? Yes! I have authentic instructions from a recognised authority. All you need is a bag of cement and a beer bottle! Honest!

Step 1: You empty the beer bottle. Step 2 (Steady there!) You put your message or artifact in the bottle. (Damn it, I ain't putting my artifact in any god-damned bottle!) Next: you mix up the cement and toss in the bottle to be preserved for posterity. But be careful—I know of one man of science who preserved his foot for posterity and he had to wait around in his basement three days for it to arrive. I can tell you he resented having to do that for posterity. After all, what had posterity ever done for him? The dampness gave me a touch of rheumatism too.

I am preparing for future capsules. So far I have a dearth of beer bottles, and as a matter of fact I'm even stuck with the cement. Hoping you are the same.

DAMON KNIGHT My favourites this are Temple and Shaw (the cover and the conceit). Temple wonderfully funny & I'm sure it's mostly gospel. One trouble with a Hyphen-type magazine (if you'll forgive the implied insult--of course there is only one E-type m) (who's just gone ashwhite?) as opposed to a serious constructive type is that when it is good there isn't much else to say about it. Oughtn't there to be a Collected Works of Bob Shaw though?

Your gravity-removing comment on a reader's letter reminded me of the following joke: A greenhorn is wandering around New York, lonely and disconsolate after one day in this country; finally by great good luck he runs into a friend from the old country, & confides in him how disappointed he feels, that America is an unfriendly place. "Non-sense" cries the friend, "America is the land of hospitality. Let me give you an example. You're walking along the street, tired, hungry, no place to go. Suddenly a big limousine stops by the curb; the driver offers you a lift. It's dinner time, so this generous man takes you to the finest restaurant, where he gives you all you can eat and drink. Afterwards he takes you to a big show, where you sit in the most expensive box. Then later, more drinks--and for all this he pays--and finally, it's bedtime, so he takes you to his own luxurious home and gives you a wonderful soft bed to sleep in!" The greenhorn's eyes have been bugging out. "And all this happened to you?" he cries. "No," says the friend, "to my sister."

Was in a typewriter repair shop last summer and saw a mimeographed circular hanging on a nail behind the counter. It was a testimonial written by a British cigarette-card fan who had been visiting in this country and had many nice things to say about American cigarette-card fandom. Odd. Would be interesting to dump a bunch of these people in to the next Convention, and see how long it took for anybody to notice the difference.

DEAN GREENWELL Please tell Mrs Goodwin that I made some rhubarb wine once and, still not content, distilled it to a tested 140 proof. Made dandy lighter fuel. (Just the thing for getting lit up.)

ROBERT BLOCH Merde alors! I have created the mistake! The letter of which I enclose was inserted in my possession by Monsieur Grennell a week ago. I march many times to the postal office, thus: back, forth, back, forth, back and so forth. Each time I am a great stupid in that I forget to procure this letter and make mail to you. I beg of your forgiveness. Pourquoi? (Pourquoi Pig, non?)

Outside of der letter out, things around here are up-ge-schroowed. I am on a book revising yet, on der house working, aber, und mine tail off-ge-schweating, also. But so pleased I am mit der materiel what you to me sent der Manchester Convention from! This stuff I to Herr Doktor Grennell give, he should a look take, und he his head off laughed. Yah.

Is good reason I forget mailing you letter, Senor. I make the journey to Milwaukee to appear on el televisiona. Yankee dollar. But por nada, since of the expense to travel I return next week again to Ciudad (Pity we couldn't all go to see you, Dad.), another



show. Muchos buffolas, muchos toro-shooting, but is apparent I score the direct hit, like the bomba atomica. That is the way the cojones bounces.

May Harris Sahib forgive humble servant for poor English speech. Unworthy me victim of contamination from illiterate babus who not use proper grammar. Feringhi dogs like Ken Potter, Mal Ashworth, (may adders nest in their navels, and their children subscribe to Hyphen!) write in abominable prose which I can not stomach. It is in my mind that they know not of correct usage of English. I think they have their genders mixed. This can lead to trouble, as Tuan-Besar Laney knows.

Ay bane hoping from Willis to hear but ~~do not~~. Every night aye tank on him when aye go by tavern and drink with Englishmen. Last night we give toast to great English coal-producing town. Lots of toasts. Skoals to Newcastle.

You plitty soon tell Willis he write chop-chop or he be high number one on Spit List. Whatsa bloody hell matter with Willis, he go crazy mad gafia, something? Sure and begorra, it's loike the lad himself to give a word to a friend; but divil a bit have I heard from him these many months at all, at all (et al). You tell him poosh 'em up, eh? I no believe my good friend Signor Willis turn chicken (cacciatore). But still I do not hear, nyet a word. Nitchevo.

Me hope um this letter he comes to you heep soon. Now me gottum go home to Rary to te-pee. Long way to Tepee Rary.

And a brae, bricht, bonny night wahr to you!

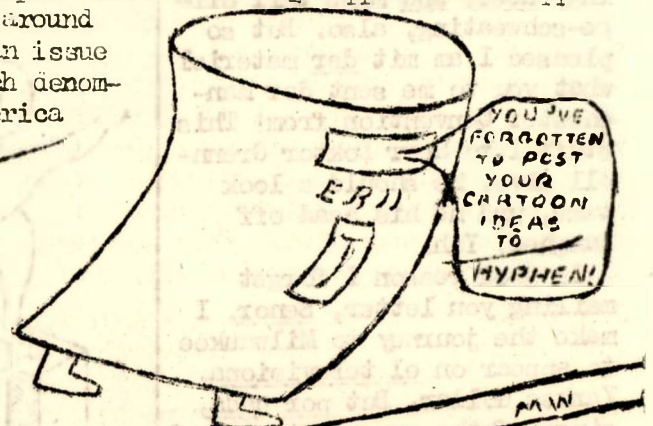
(We print this letter to make Jan Jansen feel at home, and glad it's so far away from Wisconsin.)

TOM WHITE Bill Temple was marvellous. Reading it I can almost come to believe that (Bradford) Mr Clarke was once a mere human like you or I. (Come to think of it maybe Pete Campbell is the only mere human I know.)

I hate sticking my neck out about anything; as long as no one takes a verbal swipe at me things can go to pot in their own sweet way. But the Londoners' letters surprised me. I have just re-read your con report and still can't see what all the fuss is about. What comment you made was pretty mild & couldn't be construed as an attack on anyone.

DERNIS TUCKER Have you ever thought of the time you waste sticking stamps on copies (High Wycombe) of Hyphen? Out of 10 copies I've received, 7 bear all $\frac{1}{2}$ d stamps or a mixture of 1ds. and $\frac{1}{2}$ ds. I have a mental picture of you finishing the production of an issue at about 9.30 on a Saturday evening, realising that you have no stamps, dashing round all the local pubs to obtain some 32/- worth of coppers and then, at about 2am, wearily standing in front of a stamp machine inserting copper after copper while a string of stamps slowly winds itself around your neck. (No, it's just that after finishing an issue I'm in no fit state to calculate how many of each denomination I should get—I can send the mag to America for 1d, or would be, if I could keep it below 30 pages—and I cleverly deduce that I can't go wrong if I buy all $\frac{1}{2}$ ds or 1ds. Besides, Carol likes to stick on stamps.)

Temple was wonderful, no less. (How about a cartoon—newspaper placards "William F. Temple missing; loss of memory feared", and a later edition "Roaming Temple discovered in London." All modern stuff!) (Alas, someone has topped you before you started. After US fan Ed Noble had changed his address for the fifth time, a fanzine referred to him as "The roaming-est Noble of them all.")



Dig this crazy interlineation
This is a watchbird watching someone who has forgotten to post his cartoon ideas to Hyphen.



As for the London Circle party, it occurs to me on reading the various comments that those who were excluded were the fortunate ones. I have absolutely no time for drunkenness. Drinking in moderation, certainly, but I simply cannot understand the mentality of one who is not happy unless he's so sozzled he doesn't know what he's doing.

One of the finest letter sections I've ever seen in a farmag, this. Just a thought--a good percentage of the same names seem to crop up issue after issue; I'm not objecting but is this a case of the same gang writing in, or the same gang getting printed. (Both.)

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL (Cheshire) Was surprised to see the Doncaster Convention created more excitement than I'd expected. Harris the Chuck made a meal of it--but could have taken it farther still with examples of things that aren't what we think they are. For instance, that's a fan-blower? Don't be vulgar! My dictionary says it's a "device in which a series of vanes fixed on a rotating shaft creates a blast of air." In other words, a beanie-copter. And again, what is a fan-dangle? Correct! Only the dictionary puts it more delicately by calling it a "googaw, a bauble

TED CARMELL (London) I was sitting reading the Junior Mirror (having graduated from the Daily of that ilk), when the dog brought in this month's issue of hyphen. This month I decided to go to the office and read the damn thing there. This was decided by the fact that I noticed most of the issue was taken up by some of Bill Temple's reminiscences---and you have to know Bill personally to know how boring they can be.

Did you know that Bill used to carry his filing cabinet about in his inside jacket pocket--but now his filing cabinet carries Bill around in its inside top drawer? (Does that account for Bill's refined appearance--he's out of the top drawer?)

JOY GOODWIN (London) That was a magnificent apology at the end of London's letters and we all adore you for it. Bless your heart, it must be in the right place after all...Only one thing wrong. I meant to say that those Northorners were invited but didn't attend; but it looks as if they were present, which is not the same thing at all. By the way, many thanks for that very egoboosting remark in the middle of my letter. I didn't think you had noticed my charms since most of the time they were hidden under that coat!

I was delighted with Chuck's little piece. You may have heard from Pamela that some of the femmes at the Globe had decided to start using fans again.

PS..I was referring to the coat that was thrown over my head. At the Con. Don't misconstrue, please!

STUART MACKENZIE (London) You certainly did the London Circle proud in the letter section, and I am sure that they will all appreciate the opportunity to perhaps correct some mistaken impressions that seem to have been acquired in the North....The anonymous letter is peurile. (I thought it was very funny.) These silly attempts to stir up a feud between the North and the South annoy me intensely. Because we in the South ARE NOT INTERESTED. There is more to fanatic than feudin' & fussin' without even a little wit to alleviate the poor quality of the barbs flung at us. I am afraid that the small clique which seems determined to stir up as much nastiness as possible is going eventually to regret that they have wasted their distilled essence of cesspool on a desert air. When something really worth while comes along as a target they will have no new words left. What a state they'll be in then....

JOE GIBSON (New Jersey) Seems you've put your foot in the London Circle...it tempts me strongly to kid the bloomers off all Anglo-fandom, rather than bemoan any regrettable aspect of the matter. The thing about this leatherbloomers set is that they at least seem to be so damnably inexperienced in such affairs. It would seem someone should know about these things. You shouldn't automatically assume that everyone will freeload off you if you don't wrest their money off them before letting them in. Once the crowd's inside, then's the time to mention the kitty. When the first few jugs are dead, you mention the kitty quite forcibly. Most everyone will kick in for a

"I wish I'd known about fans before I got married."

next round, and so on for the rest of the con. You needn't contribute--you've done enough already. And then, you'll earn every jigger before you're thru with the usual small problems...evicting troublesome drunks, keeping the noise down to a roar, clubbing down hotel detectives at the door, staggering out and back with fresh supplies, squeezing ice-cubes out of Room Service at 3 ayem, stacking bodies aside at 5 ayem...

SID BIRCHBY Hyphen 9 should be preserved for posterity to warn them what happens at
(Manchester) Supermancons; maybe a copy could be put on display in London and a page turned daily. The Conreports were the best I've seen... All the same, even the good time that I personally had, and the good time most of the others had, doesn't compensate for the bad effect the Convention must have had on newcomers. Eric's so right. It happened that I spent a fair amount of time, both on the Saturday and the Sunday, with someone who is virtually a newcomer to the nut-house. Once he was my tutor at University: quite by chance I found that he wrote science fiction, using a pseudopod. I introduced him to one or two people, and tried to explain what was going on.

Oh brother! As if I knew! The experience nearly killed me. I won't say I sweated for shame at some of the shenanigans---clinical detachment was what I cultivated---but at times I was hard put to look him in the face. And I'll be very surprised if he's at the next Convention. ..Of course if fandom doesn't care what impression it makes, well and good, but if every new fan has to plough his way through the Sturm and Drang of an atomic age Convention before being accepted, there'll be precious few new recruits.

Hark at me taking fandom seriously!

FRED SMITH Undoubtedly the best items this trip were Bill Temple on the BIS, Bob
(Glasgow) Shaw's "Your First Murders" (very ingenious this) and of course the letter section....Jim Harmon raised a point with which I wholeheartedly agree, that fandom is dependent on sf, even though it is no longer tied to it so closely perhaps. The reverse is not true of course. Stf has reached the GBP now and the fans are liable to be ignored, particularly if they fall to contemplation of their navels.

Not to preach, but I still think we should pay a little attention to what's happening in the sf world and knock the crud or boost the good, as the case may be. I don't see anything wrong with s & c material of the type used by, say, SF Advertiser and I'd like to see something like it over here. Unfortunately the tendency is towards 'humorous' fanmags and everybody and his brother (no offence Mal) is trying to get into the act. Some of the results are so much wasted paper. So of course are lots of the s & c attempts, particularly those channelled into crusades, organisations etc (as pointed out by Vernon McCain). However I still think there's room for a little more serious sf fanning, while at the same time enjoying the fun in fandom.

Sorry if I sound a bit stuffy, but it's the way I feel. Right now a straightforward article on some aspect of science fiction would come as a welcome relief from all the esoterica. And we should remind the pros now and then that we still take an interest in what they do. After all, they too have eggs to be inflated or pricked, as need be. Think of that, you black fellahs! (In case you don't know, this is a very subtle allusion.) (Now we have references in Hyphen that even the editor doesn't understand!)

ROBERT BLOCH Well, Hyphen arrived to delight my heart and fill me with misgivings.
(Wisconsin) The misgivings stem from the comments on your Convention Report. Apparently nothing is sacred any more...not when mere mortals dare to attack Willis. This, to me, is unthinkable. As you know, Walt, I never could attack you. Madeleine, perhaps, but you never. And yet here are these fans coming right out and criticising your Impeccable Taste. By Burbee, it's sacrilege!

I now resign myself to the same fate when my modest effort on San Francisco appears... I guess fandom is becoming more and more sensitive; it's getting so that one must even be careful what one says about a swine like Tucker. Even this last phrase is apt to infuriate some fan who has a soft spot in his heart for pigs.

I was interested in Eric Frank Russell's quotation to the effect that fanac theoretically reaches its peak coincidentally with maximum potency. If this is true, then all

I can say is that a lot of fans seem to be oversexed. The amount of mimeographic sublimation going on in some quarters argues a degree of nympholepsy and satyriasis undreamt of by the savants. More cranks are being turned by more cranks....

wunked any good quatts lately?

Here are the addresses of the fans whose letters are printed in this issue:

D.R. SMITH, 13 Church Rd., Hartshill, Nuneaton, Warwick.
DAMON KNIGHT, Canadensis, Pa.
MIKE WALLACE, 267 Hessle Rd., Hull, Yorks.
Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N. Hykeham, Lincoln.
Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave., Hillingdon, Middlesex.
Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Av., Romiley, Cheshire.
Jim Harmon, 427 E. 8th St., Mt. Carmel, Ill.
Robert Bloch, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin.
Dennis Tucker, 87 Oakridge Rd, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Joy Goodwin, 66 W. Valley Rd, Hanel Hempstead, Essex.
Joe Gibson, 24 Kensington Av., Jersey City 4, New Jersey.
Fred Smith, 613 Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow W2.
Jan Jansen, 229 Berchenlei, Bongerhout.
Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Stockport, Cheshire.
Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babtacombe Rd, Torquay.
Brian Varley, 8 West Cromwell Rd, London SW5.
Bill Morse, Science 3b, Parli. Sq. House, London SW1.
Ethel Lindsay, 126 W. Regent St., Glasgow.
Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Av., Ford in Lac, Wisconsin.
Tom White, 3 Vine St., Cutler, Ill. Brad.
Ted Carnell, 17 Burwash Rd., London SE18.
Stuart Mackenzie, 5 Hans Pl., London SW1.
Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Av., Levenshulme, Manchester 9.

Ken Potter, 5 Furness St., Lancaster, would like his name added to the list of British fans willing to comment on each issue of US fmz. Here is the latest list of US fmz offering a limited number of free subs to British readers on these terms.

OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins, 2817-11th St., Santa Monica, California, USA. Would be my own nomination for the world's best fmz. Regular contributors include Robert Bloch, Dean Grennell & Vernon McCain. There's also a column called 'The Harp That Once Or Twice', but you don't have to read it.

PSYCHOTIC, Richard Gois, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. Currently rated US top fmz and deserving it. Intelligently edited, controversial and entertaining.

HODGE PODGE, Marie-Louise & Nancy Share, Box 31, Danville, Pa., USA. Gay, irresponsible, charming and unpredictable--utterly feminine. The name describes the contents perfectly.

FIENDFUL, Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd St., Savannah, Ga. Erratic but interesting.

The second issue of 'i', just published, doesn't seem to me of such a general high standard as the first, but the editorial manner, which had been called everything from 'must-ere' to 'juvenile', has been toned down a bit. The outstanding items are a poignantly wonderful fanfiction story by Ted Tubb (what a pity this fanish genius has to prostitute his talent in the prozines) and a charming little item by Nigel Lindsay. I meant to give 'i' a fuller review but there doesn't seem much point in it since according to the editors all copies of this issue have already been sold. However there's an Ellison-type full-page ad for No. 3 which they believe will be 'the finest fanmag ever produced in this country.' It will cost 2/-. Remit to Stuart Mackenzie, 5 Hans Place, Chelsea, London SW1.

THE GLASS BUSHNET
(Ctd. from p.24)

I have read of similar things in many sf magazines and, what with all the flying saucer reports, I'm inclined to believe what I was told. Do you think my son will be all right? And how can I send him his pyjamas?

Yours sincerely,
Mrs Potter (Lancs.)

Dear Mrs Potter, I'm surprised at you for believing such nonsense and for reading, as you put it, sf. Try and remember that real life is different from your fantastic magazines. It is almost certain that what really happened to your son is that he was spirited away by gnomes.

Don't worry about his pyjamas---I'm sure he will be sending gnome for them.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FOR SIDELINES AND RECOVER QUOTES TO COLLECTORS ERIC FRANK RUSSEL, DAMON KNIGHT, TERRY CARR, DEAN GRENNEILL, KEN SLATER, GROFF CONKLIN, KEN POTTER, DON ALLEN, DENNIS TUCKER & ARCHIE MERCER. OTHERS WELCOME.....LONDONERS?

THE LONDON CIRCLE IS RAPIDLY ESTABLISHING A VIRTUAL MONOPOLY OF THE TRADE IN QUOTES". --John Brunner

HE FIRST SUSPECTED HE WAS BEING WATCHED WHEN HE NOTICED SOMEBODY HAD BUILT A TOILET ONTO THE END OF HIS WARDROBE....YOU STRIKE ME AS A SORT OF WATERED DOWN HARLAN ELLISON...DISCOURAGED, HE TURNS TO COLLECTING PORNOGRAPHY....HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT ABOUT ANOTHER FANZINE WHEN YOUR OWN ZINE IS STARING YOU IN THE FACE LIKE AN OLD WET MOP?....I THOUGHT OF REMOVING, EMIGRATING OR JOINING NZF...ONE THING ABOUT MACKENZIE, HE HAS UNITED FANDOM....YOU JUST DON'T DIG SAROYAN....KEN SAYS I AM A FANNISH TYPE, BY WHICH HE SAYS HE MEANS THAT I'M INSANE IN A QUEER SORT OF WAY...SHE THOUGHT I ALREADY HAD DYNAMIC TENSION IN THE ONLY PLACE IT WOULD DO ANY GOOD....I DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED ANYWAY---I WANT TO BUY A GESTEINER...AND HERE'S ROOM FOR YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND SOLAR SYSTEM....I WOULDN'T WRITE FOR GERNISACK EVEN IF HE PAID ME....DARLING, SHERB THE SHERVET...WE GET EXCITED BY SEEING ACTUAL PEOPLE....I DREAMED I WAS SICK IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA....WHY NOT MENTION THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE OF JULY 23RD 1956 AND HOW I LEAPED INTO THE BREACH TO SAVE FANDOM FROM UNTHINKABLE RUIN?....I REGRET THE FOUR YEARS DELAY BUT WHEN IT COMES OUT ALL THE OTHER FANZINES WILL DROP DEAD....I DO IT BEST ON THE FRONT ROOM RUG....AMONG MY OUTSTANDING TALENTS IS THAT OF MODESTY...WOULD YOU CARE TO POLISH MY BOOK AND MAKE IT SELL?....IT WAS US WHO TOLD HIM ABOUT OIL....I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD BE BRILLIANT WHOSE FIRST NAME IS DWIGHT....IT WILL TOLD PRETTY QUICK IF PETE EVER GETS THE ENERGY TO PUT OUT A LAST ISSUE..THEY COME OVER HERE AND START TALKING ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION!....YOU CAN'T EAT NAVY BLUE GRAPES IN A STRAIT JACKET....MISTER CHAIRMAN, WHY DON'T YOU WISE UP?....BUT TUCKER IS ENIGMATIC...THE TROUBLE WITH IRISH FANDOM IS THAT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH DRUNKARDS IN IT....SLEEP PLAYS HELL WITH MY MANIC....I WOULDN'T RIDE ON THE BACK OF A MOTORBIKE FOR A MILLION DOLLARS...IS A BIG NAME FAN ENTITLED TO A STAMP FOR REPLY?...I AM PREPARED TO TOLERATE FANDOM...HE'S THE ONE WHO ONCE HAD A CAMEL---IN A NICE WAY, OF COURSE...I LIVE QUITE NORMALLY EXCEPT FOR KEEPING VIRGINS CHAINED IN THE CELLAR...I READ YOUR STORY---HAVEN'T ACTUALLY FINISHED IT YET OF COURSE...IF THERE IS A PROMAG CALLED ASTOUNDING STORIES, WHERE CAN I GET IT?..FICE! FICE!

bob shaw 4, chuck harris 6, paul mittelbuscher 1, richard geis 1, claude hall 1, mal ashworth 1, eric bentcliffe 1, ken potter 1 roy brown- ing 1, Damon Knight 2, helen knight 1, james blish 1, cyril kornbluth 1, willy ley 1, mike rosenblum 1, peggy martin 1, george charters 1, evelyn smith 1, terry carr 1, waw 1, member of golden gate futurism society 1, and correspondents of e.f.russell 7.

Are you worked into a frenzy,
Do you think that Stu Mackenzie
Will have sold the lot before you raise
the money?
Would you sell your wife and daughter,
Give up gin and stict to water....
No, let Harris show you life can still
be sunny!

Friends! Is funac costing you more than you can afford? Are your nights disturbed by visions of your family being cast out into the street, whilst your only asset is a pile of duplicating paper? Do you have to roll your own cigarettes so that you can keep your subs running to the new crop of fazz? Relax, and let Harris/Wansborough Services take the load off your mind.

No, we do not sell pre-frontal lobotomies by mail. But fann, if your finances are as tight as a Monroe sweater, then we are the answer to your prayers. No longer need you hint to your friends that for Xmas you would like a copy of the only fazz that has Charles Grey writing exclusively for them, or bite your nails down to the phalanges worrying that they'll be oversubscribed before you can save up two shillings.

Relax. R.E.L...X. Under our new easy-payments scheme conceived by Mr. Hornel Wansborough of the famous 'Con-trips' plan, we guarantee that after a small deposit a copy of EYE will be reserved for you as soon as it rolls from the mighty presses.

Don't delay! Join our Xmas-f club today!

STOP DUPER

The next British Convention will not be held in London but in Kettering, North-hamptonshire. George Hotel booked for 3 days, 8th-10th April (Easter) Con proper Saturday & Sunday. Hotel reservations to Denny Cowan, 42 Silverwood Rd., Kettering. 20/6 B&B. Registration fees (2/6) to Joe Ayres, 7 Doris Rd., Kettering. Inclusive fees 6/- per day, 4/- wives & juniors. Confirmed by London Circle on phone Ving Clarke & Stu Mackenzie on Committee.

Nominations for Transfandom close December 15th. Next issue of Hyphen with ballot papers will be published December 17. Nominations so far are Eric Bartcliffe, Terry Jeeves, Ken Slater & Ted Tubb. It is understood that Stuart Mackenzie is also being nominated.