

HYPHEN

NO. 13



MARCH



1955



"Sometimes I wonder why we bother with deadlines."

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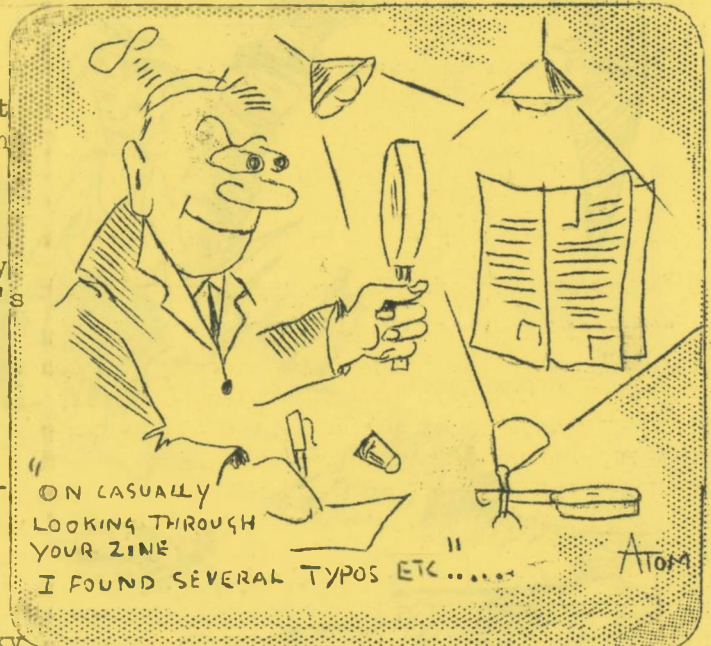
Having been quite unable to buy any onesided duplicating paper I find myself faced with the necessity of filling up this page. Of course I could just leave it blank--a neatly symbolic representation of my state of mind--but then the more sensitive among you might think I wasn't speaking to you any more and commit suicide, or even cancel your subscription. This is a thought too horrible to contemplate. I shall just have to force myself.

I think the real trouble this time is that thanks to Chuck's new duplicator I have no apologies to make for the reproduction, and I always feel that a fmz editorial is never quite the same without them. There are other faults of course, like typos--though nothing as sensational as what I did to poor Funk & Wagnalls last issue--but maybe if I keep quiet about them you won't notice them. I could mention that we have broken an only slightly battered tradition by having a non-Shaw cover, but that means nothing except that Arthur Thomson has a lot of talent and Bob Shaw not very much spare time. BoSh will be back soon. James White and Peggy Martin are getting married (to each other, by a happy coincidence) on the 17th May (it was originally the 19th and when we asked James why the change he said he couldn't wait) and moving to a new housing estate, and Bob is designing girders and things for a new cinema for them, working overtime 3 nights a week. This is true; though how he knows they will be in the cinema when it collapses is beyond me.

. One thing I did mean to mention was the lovely calendar I got from Peter Hamilton. It was a great improvement on last year's, which was in only two colours--black & white--and looked rather like a squashed plum pudding with radio-active raisins. (They may have been The Currants Of Spice.) Round about July I decided it was meant to be a nebula. There's no doubt about this year's though; it is a representation in glorious technicolour of the world being destroyed by an atomic chain reaction. The area of seething destruction has already engulfed the cradle of Western civilisation as far as Glasgow and great fissures are yawning all over, like readers of a recent Astounding. You can almost hear the screams. Underneath this moving scene is the simple message; "SINCERE GOOD WISHES FOR 1955." Obviously Peter thinks we will be lucky

to get a 1955 at all and lest we enter the fragment that remains to us in a mood of unthinking optimism he wants us to hang this sobering reminder on the wall next to Marilyn Monroe. This is itself a nice piece of symbolism--Life & Death, The Bust & The Bust-Up, erection & demolition. Thank you, Peter. Before the temperature reaches 451° F the fan will have time for one last look at the calendars on the wall; one last thought of lost hopes and wasted opportunities, as symbolised by Joe di Maggio.

Turning to another serious subject, I'm getting worried about 13th Fandom. It all started when I began to follow the serial The Lost Planet on Children's Television. Now I wouldn't like you to think that I habitually watch children's programme: actually I never bother to look at them except when they have Sooty or Muffin the Mule or Whirligig or Jack In The Box or The Bumblebees or Billy Bean & His Funny Machine or something like that. (Ctd. inside bacover)



HYPHEN #13, March 1955. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland & Chuck Farris, 'Carolyn', Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. Associates Bob Shaw & Arthur Thomson. Also implicated Madeleine Willis, John Berry, George Charters & James White. Subscription 2 issues for 1/6 or 10p in coin of your realm. Expiring subbers invited to renew in copies of the last 3 Pogo books, the Vicar of Dibley, or recent sf pocketbooks. Full cash value credited!

MILK ROUTE

BY DAMON KNIGHT

THE MEMORIAL STORM, by Sam Moskowitz. ASFO Press, 713 Coventry Rd., Decatur, Ga., USA. \$5, from the publishers only.*

In 1930, there were three monthly science fiction magazines, and two fan clubs. One of the magazines was Hugo Gernsback's Wonder Stories; one of the fan clubs was called The Scienceers. When they met, the results were world-shaking. It happened this way:

arise science fiction?" A prize-winning entry by Allen Glasser mentioned his work in The Scienceers, and, impressed by the concept of fans forming clubs, Gernsback requested that the organisation send a representative to visit him....Glasser was chosen to act in this capacity, and he returned with the startling news that Gernsback had arranged for a group of authors to address the club at New York City's Museum of Natural History, all expenses paid.

When the day arrived no less than thirty-five members had mustered out for the occasion. ...Gernsback himself was unable to attend, but he had sent in his place David Lasser, then editor of Wonder Stories, ((and)) Gawain Edwards Pendray, author and rocketry expert, Dr William Lemkin, also a well-known author, as well as lesser lights of the Gernsback staff. They lectured eruditely to the Scienceers on their individual specialties, and finally departed amid much pomp and ceremony. The day had been a heady one for most of the neophyte fans, and they wandered to their homes in a happy daze.

At the club's next meeting they were rudely awakened, however, for they were then presented with a bill for the use of the room at the museum;....

Trufandom was off, to an appropriately ambiguous start.

"Through some misunderstanding," Moskowitz goes on, "Gernsback had not paid the museum rental;" and, one gathers, he never did. Debate over this and cognate questions grew so heated that the club was disbanded. However, the demoralized remnants of the Scienceers crept gradually out of hiding and drifted together by twos and threes. Along about 1932, Glasser, Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger discovered Conrad H. Ruppert and his wonderful printing press, and the first printed fanzine, The Time Traveller, was born. Early in 1934 the first fragment of the first issue of William L. Crawford's piecemeal zine, Unusual Stories, was mailed to helpless subscribers; and in April of the same year, Gernsback announced formation of the historic Science Fiction League. The dark ages followed, and the hektograph. Then came Michelism, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association; and at last, in 1938, the time was growing ripe for the crowning event, the first World Science Fiction Convention.

A photograph from this period, on page 61, shows a group of professionals---Campbell, de Camp, Binder, Long and others---lined up against a brick wall, looking for all the world like delegates to a Central European trades-union congress. The resemblance is accidental, but suggests an interesting line of thought.

In his early chapters, Moskowitz gives a wealth of detail about the first fans and the wonderful mixed-up things they did---the grandiose projects, some of which actually materialised; the short-lived organisations with the long names, the pitiful one-issue magazines. But the largest part of this book is concerned with fan politics.

What kind of politics was it? Let's see.

There were the splinter groups. ("The membership never exceeded the original five, and since these five promptly split into two factions...")

*See also comments in letter section by Dawn fan Paul Knever

There was the East New York putsch, which Moskowitz describes in these terms:

...The second meeting of the reorganised New York chapter was in progress, with Hornig presiding, in a New York school room. Suddenly the clumping of many shoes was heard, and in burst Sykora and Wollheim at the head of eight other youths (not all science fiction fans) recruited from the streets for rough action if necessary. Sykora...with the aid of his comrades...chased Hornig from the platform. Producing a gavel of his own...he proceeded to call the meeting to order in the name of the New York branch of the International Scientific Association.

That was in late 1935. A year later, Sykora and four other ISA members joined a rival group, the Independent League for Science Fiction, and proceeded to torpedo it by propaganda and group resignations.

So the comparison is not really as ludicrous as it sounds. This was European power politics in a hatbox—scaled down, but still a politics of force, deceit and treachery. The same types emerged: the Booster; the Organiser, who frequently became the wrecker.

Moskowitz himself, who first enters the story in Chapter XX, is a booster. Although he performed a minor miracle of organisation in 1938, when almost singlehanded he cobbled together a huge club called New Fandom, to win sponsorship of the Nycon from the Michelsists, his central motive was not power, nor any fannish ideology, but simply the growth and greatness of science fiction fandom. Nobody who didn't take fandom with almost maniacal seriousness could ever have gone to the trouble to write this history: moreover, the

test of the Organiser and Wrecker in fandom is that when power wanes and wrecking palls, he drops out. Moskowitz is still with us.

And yet, when Moskowitz found himself embroiled in a feud with Wollheim & Co., it was impossible to distinguish one side from the other by the tactics they used.

In 1938, the debate was being carried on in the pages of Olon F. Wiggins' mimeoed magazine.

To both factions the problem was clearly one of discrediting or silencing the leading spokesman of the opposing group... In the next number of The Science Fiction Fan, editor Wiggins made a simple direct statement...; "Beginning with this issue there will be no more material by Sam Moskowitz in the pages of The Fan."

Moskowitz goes on to note that shortly thereafter, Wiggins, who coveted the presidency of FAPA, was elevated to that post by a series of sudden Futurian resignations;

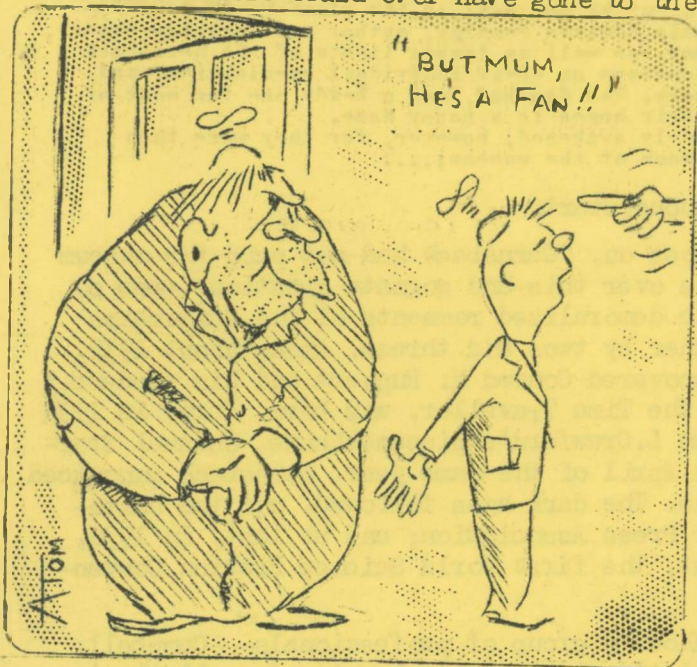
and he adds:

Moskowitz himself was stunned by the ingratitude and callousness of Wiggins' decision.

But this is only half the story. It appears on page 190; for the other half, we must go back to page 128, where we find this:

At this point Wiggins informed Moskowitz that both Wollheim and Lowndes had sent him long rebuttals of the "Reply to Wollheim."... Moskowitz realized that his opposition was rallying and that, given a little time, he might well be smothered by its very volume. So he induced Wiggins to drop the feud in The Fan* (although it was tremendously interesting to readers), hoping that Wollheim would find difficulty carrying on outside its pages.

*He doesn't say how; we are left to infer that Wiggins' dependence on Moskowitz's Manuscript Bureau had something to do with it. (dx)



It's the September, 1938, issue of The Science Fiction Fan that Moskowitz is talking about on page 190; it's the March, 1938, issue of the same magazine that he's talking about on the earlier page.

Moskowitz nowhere connects the two incidents nor acknowledges his own equal culpability. This is the moral failure of his book: in spite of an attempt, and I think an honest one, to write impartially, Moskowitz demonstrates that he's learned nothing from his own careful record-keeping.

The chapters on the Nycon and the celebrated Exclusion Act are the culmination of Moskowitz's story, and the most exciting, best written part of the book. But what emerges from this account, pretty clearly, is that the Futurians bluffed Moskowitz & Co. into excluding them from the Convention, with the object of making martyrs of themselves and so discrediting New Fandom.

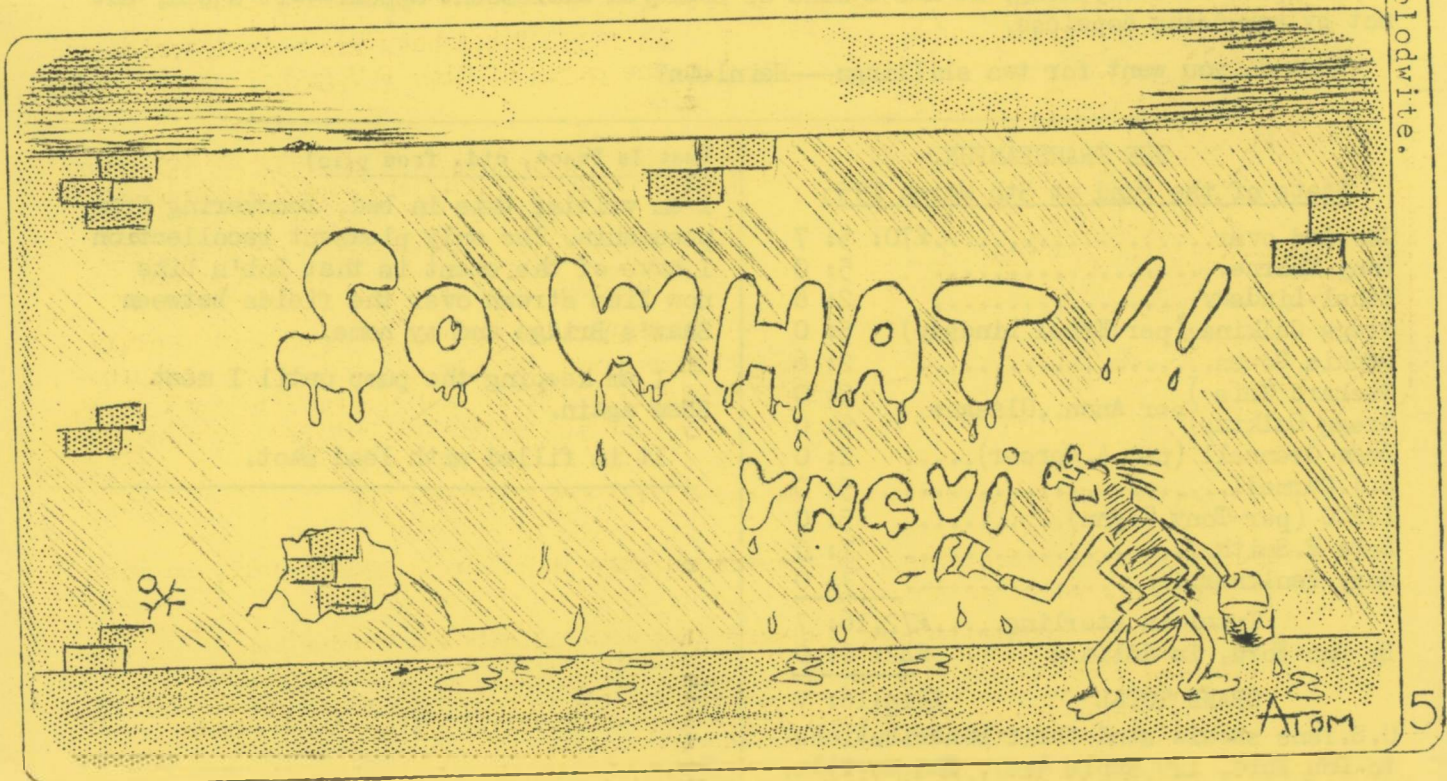
Was this underhanded? Yes, indeed. Were Moskowitz and his associates more open in their dealings? The record does not show it.

All the same:

This is a monumental work, fit to put beside the Checklist and the Index. In spite of the author's comic pomposity ("There is little available information on Bloomer the man."), his innumerable misspellings and grammatical errors, his remarkable talent for the mixed metaphor ("an article no intelligent mind could stomach"; "to funnel new faces into fandom") and his healthy admiration for himself---or perhaps partly because of them---he tells an engrossing story, livelier than 99% of mundane history, and most novels.

Anyone who takes fandom seriously---even if not quite as seriously as the author does---will find The Immortal Storm an invaluable sourcebook; a mine of odd information (from the origin of TWS's column title, "The Ether Vibrates," to the care and hard-feeding of professionals); and above all, fascinating fanish reading.

(Ctd. overleaf)



ENTERPRISE 2115, by Charles Grey. London: Merit Books, paperbound, 2/-.

This curious item has a garish Von Braun spaceship on the cover, and about every cliché of science fiction that I ever heard of inside.

Curt Rosslyn is trapped in the first manned space rocket when a relay fails and the rocket heads out past the Moon, just like in *Rocketship XM*. The manual controls, by an oversight, appear to have been put just out of reach, even though Rosslyn cuts himself to lubricate his skin with his own blood, and so on at some length--a nice bit of Grand-Guignolism (for the sadistic American market?). Anyhow, the automatic pilot finally puts the ship into an orbit, splitting it open in the process; Rosslyn's body is preserved uncorrupted, just like Professor Jameson's, until the year 2210 (no, don't ask me where *Enterprise 2115* comes in), when some Martian colonists pick him up and revive him on the way home to new assignments on Earth.

Meanwhile, it appears, Rosslyn's old friend Comain, who built the Moon ship, has also built a giant computer; and the matriarchy which now rules Earth is using it to predict every least little thing that's going to happen.

Well, sir, those cosmic rays can do anything. Rosslyn, besides being an unknown factor to the machine, turns out to be able to control roulette wheels and the fall of dice. This upsets the machine's predictions, which is fine for Rosslyn's Martian friends, because they want to force the Matriarch to send them back to Mars.

And so on.... The story picks up briefly twice towards the end, once during a hair-raising (and irrelevant) climb up the side of a building, and once when it turns out the Matriarch is being such a bitch because the machine has predicted her death. The rest of it is 10% tepid idea and 90% action of the most primitive variety, just like the old Planet Stories, only less literate. The characters are all cardboard cutouts who talk like a bad translation: "Listen to me, old woman. Listen and learn. I could wreck your civilisation. I alone!...."

In spite of everything, it has a kind of cockeyed adolescent appeal---it's bad, but not by any means hopeless.

What do you want for two shillings---Heinlein?

THE TRANSFUND

State of the Fund at 5th March 1955

Carried over.....	£70: 5: 7
Tony Thorne.....	5: 0
Ethel Lindsay.....	2: 6
Gregg Calkins (per Ethel Lindsay)	5: 0
Dennis Cowen.....	2: 6
Richard Geis)	5: 0
Gregg Calkins) per Anon., Glasgow	5: 0
Dean Grennell (per A. Mercer).....	2: 0
E.J. Carnell.....	5: 0
ISFCC (per Tony Glynn).....	5: 0
Dale R. Smith.....	7: 0
Rory Faulkner.....	7: 0

Total in sterling.....£72:16: 7

By Don Ford, in dollars £42: 0: 0

GRAND TOTAL £114:16: 7

U.S. fans should send their contributions to Don Ford, 129 Maple Ave., Sharonville, Ohio. Help fandom's best cause.

Rest In Peace, ctd. from p.12)

I am writing this in bed, recovering from pneumonia. The only pleasant recollection I have of the event is that Bob's bike now lies strewn over the fields between Shaw's Bridge and my home.

I am keeping the pump until I meet Shaw again.

It is filled with lead shot.

I ONCE HEARD somebody remark that fans, with their long familiarity with all shapes & sizes of bems, would be in much better control of themselves in an encounter with e.t. monsters than would the ordinary man in the street. The same would apply, of course, to ghosts and all other hair-raising phenomena. Personally, I don't know. I wonder what would happen if a bunch of ordinary fans, returning from a Convention, were forced to spend the night in.....



The storm-driven rain that was lashing the tiny car drummed so loudly on its roof that conversation was almost impossible for its five occupants. "We should never have tried to drive home from the convention to Bridgetown," shouted the driver, BNF Harry Muggins. "I don't think the old car will make it."

Even as he spoke the engine spluttered and died.

"What did I tell you," Muggins cried plaintively.

"Ah shaddup!" shouted Theodore McGee, the other BNF of the Bridgetown Astronautical and Egoboo Hunters' Club. "If you had been watching the road instead of sitting there spouting background we might have made it."

"This is no time for one of your arguments," interrupted Hubert, the neocost fan of the group. "This roof is leaking. Let's run over to that old house for shelter." There was a pause while the suggestion sank in and then, with raincoats flapping and after-Con eyeballs gleaming redly in the darkness, they dashed for the house which could be dimly seen at the bottom of a wildly unkempt garden. McGee, who had once stayed at John Berry's house, paused for a second, looked around him, shook his head and muttered, "Couldn't be. He's still in Ireland."

The five arrived in the porch of the house in a fairly compact bunch, the two girls bringing up the rear with the luggage.

"My feet are soaked," moaned Muggins dismally.

"That's what you get for wearing decrepit shoes," said McGee.

"They are not," retorted Muggins. "They're leather." He burst into loud peals of laughter which terminated rather abruptly as the rotting, leprous door to the house swung open, noisily, of its own accord. The interior thus revealed proved to be as dark and forbidding as a dusty spider-infested tomb.

Hubert poked his head inside, sniffed, listened, and said; "Maybe the car would be all right after all. Eh? Let's go back to the nice car. What could be nicer than to curl up in a comfy seat, pillow your head on a soft downy luxurious steering-wheel,

and drift off into refreshing slumber lulled by the musical trickling of oil in the sump and the dreamy, peaceful tinkle of creaking springs? How about it? Eh?

For an answer McGee, who had a local standing as a pro writer because he had once received a written note instead of a printed rejection slip, brushed him aside and stamped into the hall. "What atmosphere," he exulted. "I can use this. It's the sort of place writers need."

"Yes," agreed Molly Millikan, "but the rest of us aren't dead yet." Heedlessly McGee went on into the room that opened on their left, only giving up the noisy stamping gait he favoured when his right foot went through the rotting boards three times. The rest of the group followed.

Muggins, who hadn't been satisfied with the reception given to his last pun, skirted the freshly made holes in the floor and said, "You must have leather soles, anyway--- you couldn't have done this if you had crept." He immediately went into violent paroxysms of laughter and the others stood patiently with their faces averted until he was back to normal. Somebody lit a patent pen-flashlight.

They were in a large, high-ceilinged room, bare of furniture and with an old fireplace at the opposite end. Molly and her twin sister Milly carried the luggage over to this and sat them down.

"The fire's out," Muggins pointed out sarcastically, rather embittered by the fate of his puns. Hubert went back to the door and hauled up an armful of floorboards from where McGee had gone through and, with the aid of a fearsome gas-lighter he had bought from a Bradford fan, managed to get a fire blazing.

When they were seated on suitcases around the fireplace, with the warmth playing ruddily on their sensitive farnish faces, flasks of whiskey and hot coffee shuttling, and the storm raging impotently outside, things began to look a lot better. Beanies were produced and donned, laughs were raised for Muggins' jokes, cigarettes glowed and the spirit of the Convention was recaptured. McGee suddenly shouted: "Let's produce a one-shot! To commemorate this event."

There were groans and moans but, somehow, the time was ripe. In a few minutes McGee's Empire Aristocrat was uncovered and the hekto kit dug out of one of the cases and the search for a title was begun.

"How about 'The Morgue the Merrier'?"

"Nah!"

"'The Spook of Ptath'?"

"Byaaaagghhhhh!"

"All right--no need to be so uncouth."

"How about 'The Propellor On My Beanie Tickles My Ampit'? Get it? Daed subtle, that."

"Not bad---too subtle though. Hey! Where's Hubert?"

They suddenly realised that Hubert's lanky frame was no longer crouched over the fire. "Oh my Ghod," moaned McGee, turning pale. "He's vanished. Something's happened to him. Let's search for him. See him? No. Neither do I. Oh well, we looked. Let's go back out to the car." He had just finished his speech, which lasted all of two seconds, when footsteps were heard in the hall and Hubert appeared through the doorway carrying more firewood.

Unconscious of the general sign of relief, Hubert waved brightly and said, "I went down to the cellar to see if I could find some stray lumps of coal. There was none, but I got these sticks. Might have got some mushrooms too."

"Hmgghhh?" said Muggins.

"Mushrooms," explained Hubert patiently. "The things that toads don't sit on. Whoever

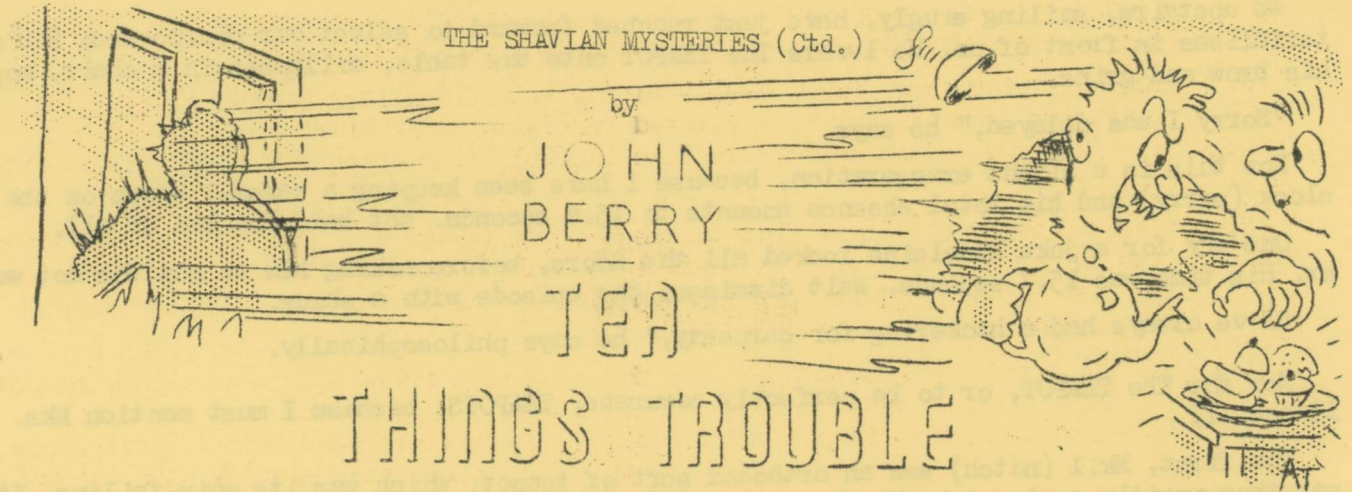
(Ctd. on p.27)

by

JOHN
BERRY

TEA

THINGS TROUBLE



I think it is about time that Fandom heard about tea-time at Oblique House. Unfortunately I have had no other experience of furnish groups and therefore am not really in a position to state whether the facts I am about to reveal are unique. I like to think so—in fact I will go so far as to say I shall be disappointed if I discover otherwise.

But before launching you into the fray, as it were, I must ask you to bear in mind three important points:—

1. Bob has a revenous appetite, and a titanic thirst. (Maybe this is not news to some of you.)
2. Our fanac room at Oblique House is on the third floor.
3. We are a very congenial group.

OK?

Well, read on.

The usual procedure is to have a couple of games of ghoodminton before tea, but it was some time before I was able to deduce from Bob's temporary loss of form that tea was imminent. You know, he can tell instinctively when Madeleine, with laden tray, has her foot on the first of the 45 steps, three flights below. His play slackens off considerably, his nostrils twitch, and he suddenly leaps to the door, opening it wildly to reveal Madeleine staggering along several paces away from the threshold.

Madeleine lays the tray on the table, as far away as possible from where she presumes Bob will sit. Everyone else grabs chairs, scrapes them along the floor, and surrounds the table laid with good things. Meanwhile, Madeleine brings into play her clever gambit for forestalling Bob's appetite, thereby making sure sufficient foodstuffs are left for the rest of us. This is what she does. She lifts The TEAPOT (more about this later) and pours everyone's tea except Bob's. Then she says to Bob:

"Would you get some hot water from the kitchen?"

Now this is the cunning part. Bob realises that he must get the water if he wants tea, which he does. He also knows that during his absence eager hands will grab half the cakes; in other words, his share.

This is his solution: follow it carefully.

The first thing he does is to half-rise from the table. eyes flashing angrily. He gives everyone in turn a grimace, then stands up. He carefully counts all the cakes, sandwiches, scones etc, also noting the positions of the respective plates. Satisfied, he flexes his not inconsiderable muscles, strains, and manages to lift The TEAPOT. He staggers backwards towards the door, takes a deep breath, and disappears. As far as we know, he leaps down from landing to landing, and his dexterity in the kitchen must approach supersonic proportions, because people who have actually been in the kitchen at the time say that all they witness are two flashes, one coming in and one going out.

We upstairs, smiling smugly, have just reached forward to select our choice when Bob materialises in front of us. He levers The TEAPOT onto the table, collapses in a chair, mops his brow and grins.

"Sorry I was delayed," he says.

Now this is a slight exaggeration, because I have been keeping a careful watch on the clock (sorry) and his total absence amounts to 15.6 seconds. Not bad. Not bad at all.

One day for a joke Madeleine locked all the doors, before asking him to get the hot water. His time was 15.7 seconds. Walt dismisses the episode with a shrug.

"I've always had a hankering for carpentry," he says philosophically.

Now for The TEAPOT, or to be perfectly accurate, TEAPOTS, because I must mention Mks. I, II and III.

The first, Mk.I (natch) was an orthodox sort of teapot, which was its main failing. It was thus rapidly replaced by Mk.II. This was a smashing affair. As far as I know, it was originally an electric boiler (which explains the thermostat.) The trouble was, although it provided an adequate quantity of tea, it was too ungainly to manage properly, and its capacity didn't allow for disposing of Bob for those few vital seconds. Mk.II was accordingly relegated to the more unpretentious duty of being a rain butt at the Willis back door.

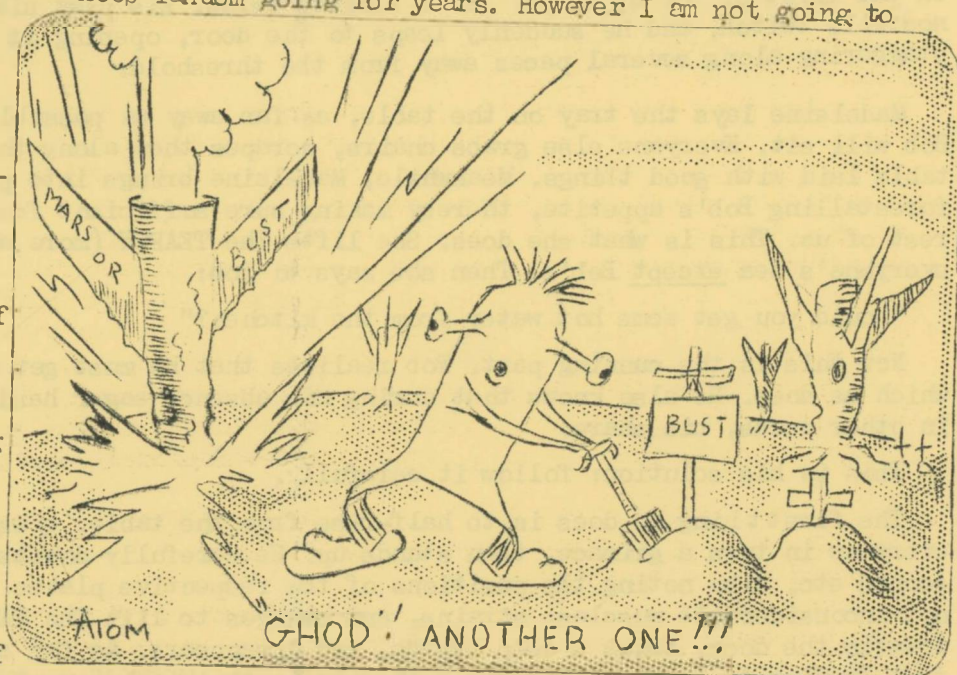
The current Mk.III then made its appearance. Madeleine saw it in a shop window one day (there was room for nothing else), purchased it, and hired a lorry to bring it up to Oblique House. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Mk.III is big, but even Walt says it would need a tent to make a cosy for it. It's roughly the shape (and size) of a magnetic mine, and its colour is dun brown (ah). But don't let its size put you off; the material of which it is constructed (some sort of non-porous clay) is about six inches thick, which means that Mk.III's capacity isn't as much as you would consider. I don't want you to get the impression that it is heavy, but you need both hands to take the lid off.

But to get back to the informal meal. After every last crumb has been removed, the conversation starts. I only wish I could do shorthand. I would be able to copy down enough quotes, interlineations, etc. to keep fandom going for years. However I am not going to give you an example of the backchat. It wouldn't be right. After all, I want to write other articles, and the few notes I have taken will come in useful to me later on. Sorry.

After the conversation has been exhausted, we wait anxiously while Bob finishes off the tea. That boy can absorb liquid. I don't as yet know his alcoholic capacity, but judging from his tea-drinking abilities I am not too keen to find out by bitter experience. (Explain that to the rest of them, you drinking men.)

Finally, Mk.III is empty.

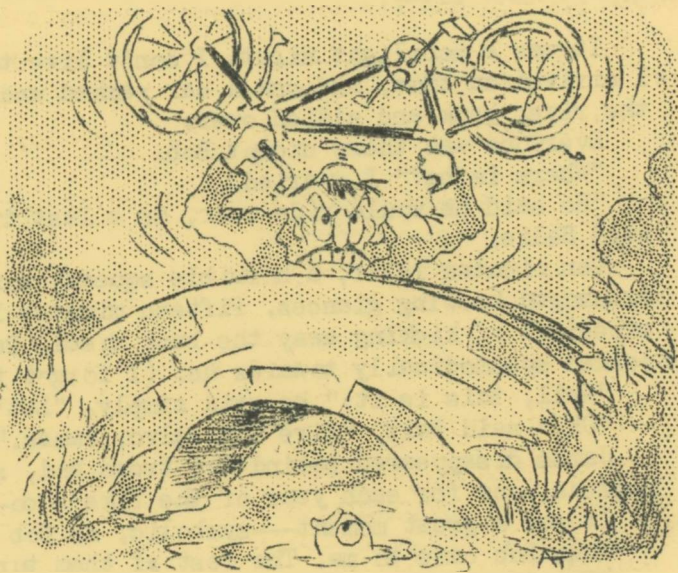
This is where the battle of wits commences (which, as James remarked, puts me at a disadvantage). You can see why. Someone has to take all the crockery, and Mk.III, downstairs. Down three flights. Forty-five



steps. Bob has done his bit---in any case he is afraid to move, in case tea pours out of his ears. Then James is.....hey, what are you looking at me for? I carried it all down last week. I can't manage The TEAPOT too, damnit, play the game. Hey, don't pinch my bat, Madeleine, I'll be up soon. Crikey.

AUST IN PEACE

IN AN OUTCROPPING OF THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE a stream rises. As it flows downwards it is joined by other small streams, until eventually, as it reaches the green fields of mid County Down, it is a fair sized river. The river Lagan. It flows serenely along in a northerly direction, and a few miles from Belfast it swings west and forms the boundary of Counties Down and Antrim. About six miles from the centre of Belfast the river passes along a lovely stretch of rural countryside. At this point is a bridge. It is known as Shaw's Bridge. It is famous. Chuck Harris has been there.



But it also holds a grim secret. Woe that I ever became a conspirator in the dreadful happenings I am about to relate. I will never forget that dirty night when....wait, I want to tell you everything. I want you to get the following events in the proper perspective.

It all started one night in Oblique House. We were discussing Bob Shaw's bicycle....

"But what I want to know is, what holds it together?" asked James for the third time in rather a mystified voice.

"String," I answered. "I know. Once I asked Bob for the loan of his pump, and when he untied it, the front wheel fell off."

BoSh half rose from his chair in anger.

"I deny my front wheel was fixed to the frame with string. That is an unfounded exaggeration. The back wheel, maybe. But not the front wheel."

He sat down again, his lower lip puffed out in indignation. He pushed a full teapot away. A danger signal. A hush fell over us.

He spoke softly enough, but his eyes glared accusingly.

"I'm just about getting fed up with people casting aspersions on my bike, just cos I paid 3/6 for it 13 years ago," he said. He pointed an aggressive finger towards us. "It's as good as the day I got it. The dustman said it was a bargain."

"That alters things," said Walt. "If your bike is as old as that, isn't it time it was laid to rest? After all, the machine has suffered enough physical hardship all these years without considering the mental anguish it must have endured."

"I agree," said James, "and I suggest we ceremoniously fling it on the nearest rubbish dump."

"No, oh no," sobbed Bob. "Not fling my bike on a rubbish dump. If it must go, it must ---but let it go in the best fannish tradition."

Walt suddenly snapped his fingers.

"I have it," he shouted. "Let's all go to Shaw's Bridge, and dump the bike in the Lagan somewhere nearby. I will compose a short service to deliver as we line the towpath, and Bob can take the bike on its last triumphant journey to the bed of the river. What do you say, Bob?"

Bob's eyes began to light up. He looked at Walt with a new respect.

"Yes, I like it," he sighed. "The bike is worthy of it. You know, I often think how clever it was of them to dedicate that bridge to me before I was born. Kinda symbolic." We all nodded.

"How about next Tuesday night?" asked RG.

"Yes, that will do," said Walt. "Dress is...er, let me see...raincoat and gumboots. No flowers, but if you care to bring along a few cans of lubrication to pour on the water, that's OK."

It was a moonlight night. I don't live too far from Shaw's bridge, so I cycled over. I arrived on time, and saw a car parked under a row of trees. I leaned my bike against the river bank and sidled over.

Everyone was there except Bob.

"Where is he?" I queried.

"He said he would ride over, as a last token of respect. He should be here soon," said Sadie.

Ten minutes later, a horrible squeaky noise issued from the Belfast direction. We exchanged knowing glances. Fifteen minutes later he arrived, and stopped by the simple expedient of kicking away the back wheel. Pausing only to re-adjust the back wheel, he jerked spasmodically towards us. (I forgot to tell you the bike had no saddle.)

"Well, this is it," he said simply. "Let's get it over with."

"OK," said Walt, "fire the salvo, James."

James disappeared behind the trees and, seconds later, 13 rockets blasted to the heavens, one for each year of the bike's co-existence with Bob.

It was a great moment---symbolic, as Bob had said.

Then Bob came to me. The rest of them turned away.

"This is for you, John," he sniffed. "It's not much, but I know you will treasure it."

He handed me the pump. I put it in my pocket. I didn't say a word. He knew how I felt.

We lined the towpath. Walt, Sadie, R.G., Madeleine, me, James, Peggy and Bob.

"When I've finished the short address," said Walt, "I want you all to hum the first few bars of Dragnet. That will be the signal for Bob to ride the bike into the water, to its final resting place."

After a few moments silence, Walt read the address.

".....and so, Roscoe," he concluded, "we ask that this long-suffering velocipede shall rest content in the shadow of Shaw's Bridge, until rust has finally merged it with its parent earth."

"That won't be long," someone muttered. Honestly, some people have no respect for a service of dedication.

"OK folks," said Walt, solemnly, "Dragnet."

As we hummed the opening bars, Bob picked up the bike from the bank, and slowly rode into the middle of the river, gradually disappearing until only a trail of bubbles showed where the bike had finally finished its labours. For a moment we began to think that Bob had taken it too seriously and gone down with his bike, but a few seconds later he appeared on the surface and swam to the bank. We wrapped him in blankets and hurried him to the car. They all piled in, and drove away hurriedly, shouting 'Goodnight' to me.

I was deeply touched with the real life drama of the whole episode. You know what I mean. It was truly fannish, somehow.

I pulled my bike from the bank, ran down the road for a few yards. and vaulted onto the saddle. You've done it yourself.

I shrieked aloud in torment. I had landed on a perpendicular piece of metal tubing. The hair rose on the back of my head. I got off the bike, rushed back to the bridge, and discovered I still had the handlebars in my hand.

I thumped my fists against the parapet.

"You fool, Shaw," I shouted. "You fool!"

(Ctd. at foot of p.6)

An insert of reprinted material from fanzines of the past. Intended for inclusion in HYPHEN, published by Walt Willis, of 170 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland. This installment is selected and stencilled by R. Dean Bergeron and Dean A. Grennell. Caveat lector, y'all!

[illegible]

Art Rapp, "is someone who disagrees with FTL."

Like most other extreme simplifications, this statement is simply not true. In order to spike misconceptions like this, I guess I'll have to take a crack at defining the word "fugg-head."

In the first place, fugghead is not the word, but a bowdlerisation. The real word is derived in equal parts from respectable English and not-so-respectable Anglo-Saxon, and is written with two g's merely as a bow to the USPOD. Nor is it an invention of mine known only in the microcosmos. Fugghead, as I'll continue to spell it, is a term in every day use by thousands upon thousands of people in Southern California. Since it seems not to be known in many parts of the country (I never heard it myself until I came to LA) it is probably one of our local colloquialisms.

The definition I'm so wordily trying to bat out may not hold for everyone, but applies to the word chiefly as used by Burbee, Laney, and others of the Insurgent Element (fandom's only vital group).

All of us, great and small, say and do innumerable fuggheaded things. A person may legitimately be termed a fugghead only when his deeds of fuggheadedness overshadow the rest of his life.

This term fuggheadedness is a blanket word, covering multitudes of things. Willful avoidance of known fact. Taking oneself too seriously. Analyses of situations which leave out of account the chief factors therein. Loss or lack of perspective; failure in evaluating the relative importance of things. Simple or compound stupidity and its manifestations. "Crackpottism" generally. Individuals or groups posing as that which they are not. Such failings as "mom-ism" and other prime targets of Philip Wylie. Extreme lack of foresight. Absence of critical judgement. Ascribing properties to things or people or abstractions that lack those properties. All these and many other analogous things are acts of fuggheadedness.

Who can read that list and not see himself on it? Who has not been guilty of fuggheadedness?

Speaking of fuggheadedness, not the least of my own sins along this line has been the attempt to define the term itself. This article shows what I mean.

O+O
Above quotation from FAN-DANGO #24 (circa Winter '49-'50) is by F. Towner Laney

bloody beer-chillers

Juffus the Grammarian on a point of order:

[illegible]

Just then I glanced toward the swinging doors, off on the other side of the room, and saw Battal coming in at the head of a squad of ISP men. Roberts saw it at the same time. "Uh oh," he said, "I was afraid of this. Have they seen us yet?"

[illegible]

the table and turned loose his hundred-decibel bellow: "What part of speech is 'more' in 'That's more like it'?"

A man in aristocratic colors sneered at him. "That's the kind of a blurt we should expect of a young cub. 'More' is an adverb, obviously."

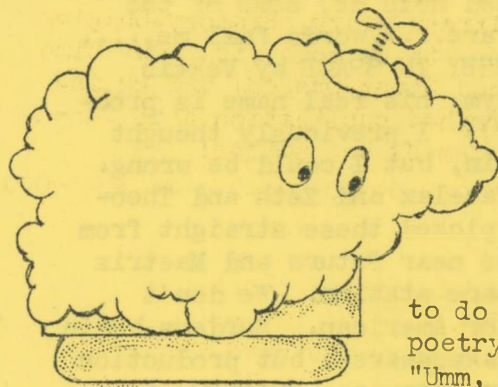
"'is', obviously," said a man standing directly in Battal's path and loosening his pistol in its holster.

Someone had grabbed the public address system microphone and was droning into it, "Adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs; adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and". The Interplanetary sailed thru the air toward him but struck an ISP man instead. The cops had been fidgeting as they came across the smoke-filled room, as tho anxious to take a hand and quell the disturbance. At this injury to one of their number, Battal lost control of them completely.

O+O
Above by John Bristol Speer in SUSTAINING PROGRAM, Sum/Fall '43. All strictly sic

The Pong called Hoy Ping, on faneditorial nostalgia and other things:

... One of our fondest habits these days is to sink into the battered old rocker behind the kitchen stove, perch the two grandchildren upon the editorial knee, and reminisce of the early days when LeZ first arose from an unsuspected grave, and Moskowitz had not yet become our sparring pardner. As the old timers know (i.e., those who bit on the first issue) LeZ came to life as a free supplement to Taurasi's Fantasy News, back in the days when it still sold news. December 1938. We sincerely thank Jimmy Taurasi for our start. He supplied a ready circulation figure it would have taken us months to build. More like a vampire than a zombie we stuck to Fanny for eight issues, spread over a period of months; —eight long issues while readers howled in agony and FN subscribers cancelled



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BY

GEORGE
CHARTERS



Offered the choice of reading science-fiction or writing a column I would unhesitatingly plump for the former. And, it is obvious that the column could be completed so much quicker if the lines were short; but the trouble with "-" is that the lines are pretty long, -- or at least long. So I asked Walter (whose name appears on the inside front cover in the very same paragraph as my own) if it would be all right to do an occasional column in poetry. (He's averse to poetry as a rule.)

"Umm, yes," Walter faltered, "but it must at least be up to Wansborough's standard. You wouldn't like to think people laughed at "-", would you?"

"QX," I said, ignoring his wince of pain, "I'll do a poem all in short lines, and then it will only take me half as long."

"Right!" he said, "and we'll print it in double columns."

But, my trouble with poetry is that I start out with the intention of doing a serious, constructive, noble epic, fragrant with Romance ((or something)), full of exciting action, and redolent with the awesome grandeur of deep space. Oh yes,.....but it finished like this:

GALACTIC PATROLMAN

Ten days ago he'd left his base,
Now here he was in outer space,
Safe, at the end of a long, hard chase;
And with one prisoner, a real tough case --
These two alone of the human rase!

There was, however, one saving grase:-
They were not troubled by rats or mase.

(World Copyright reversed)

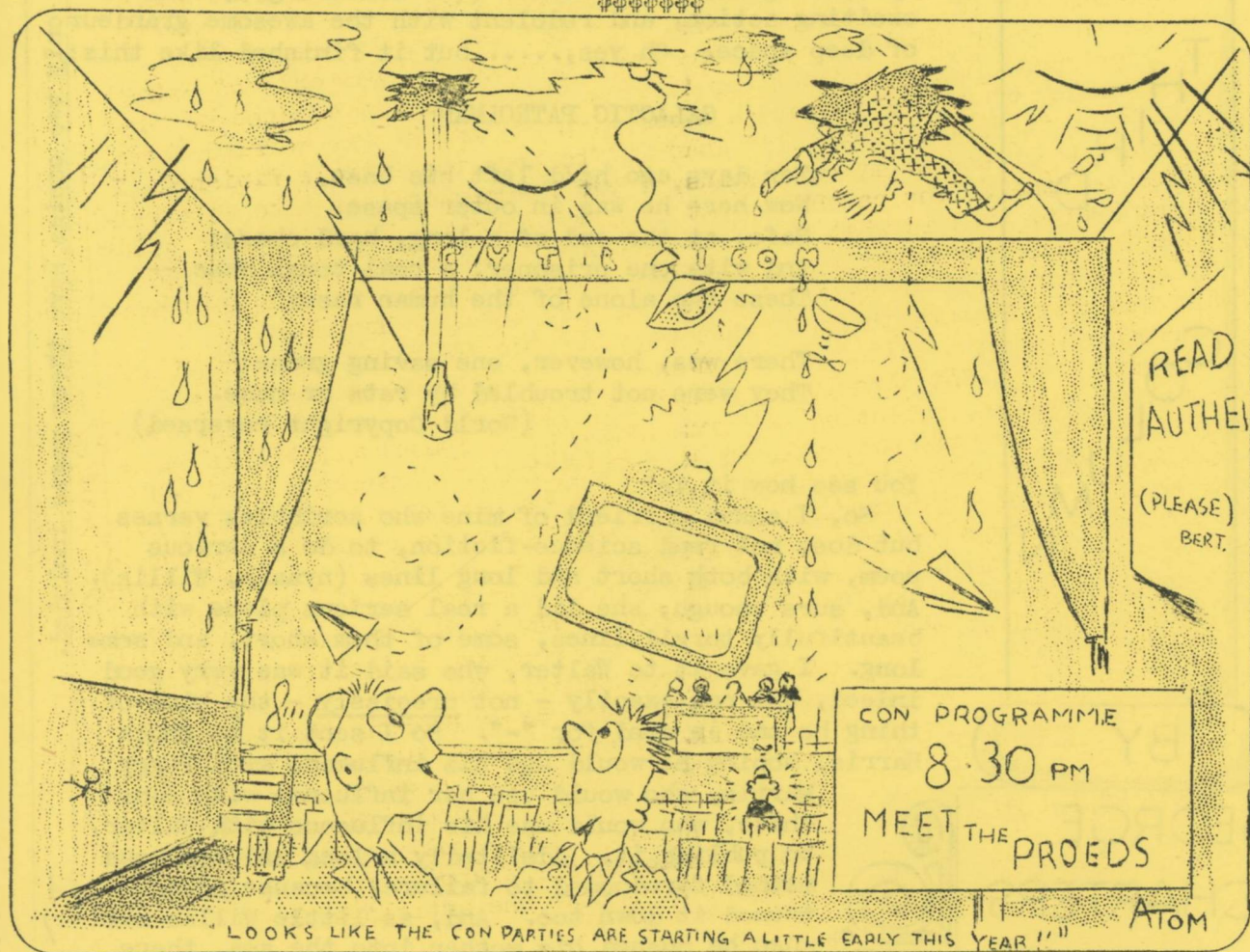
You see how it is?

So, I asked a friend of mine who scribbles verses but does not read science-fiction, to do a serious poem, with both short and long lines (nyaaah, Willis). And, sure enough, she did a real serious piece with beautifully turgid lines, some of them short, and some long. I gave it to Walter, who said it was very good indeed, but not exactly - not precisely - the kind of thing he had in mind for "-". So I sent it to Chuck Harris, hoping he would use his influence with Peggy Martin, who would use her influence with James White, who would use his influence with Walter, to publish it. Admittedly a long and tortuous method foredoomed to failure, because Chuck turned it down too. And, as little Willie said when he pushed his mother into the sea, there the mater rests.

Little does he know that only two copies have these pages included.

((still George All The Way)) I have been reading (ghod help me) some of the latest crop of British sf pocketbooks. Most of them are.....words fail me,.... but I feel that it is my fannish duty to mention ODYSSEY IN SPACE by Vektis Brack. I suspect that Vectis Brack is just a pseudonym: his real name is probably Gan Grene or something. ((Maybe Frederick Faust?)) I previously thought that an odyssey was a journey with adventures thrown in, but I could be wrong. The hero of this epic, Alva Maetrix, is assisted by Fatelax and Zeth and Theoclus Abrocon and Emarita. (I'll just bet that Vectis picked these straight from the Martian Telephone Directory.) The scene is in the near future and Maetrix is fighting against superhuman odds to establish a space station. We don't know, (and neither does the author) if it's British or American. Murders begin slowly (see HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK) (by William Shakespeare), but production is soon stepped up until we are virtually knee-deep in corpses. Maetrix, a sericon Eighth Fandom type, takes little part in the slaughter because, as his satellite falls around the Earth, he notices no fewer than 7 (seven) nations building satellites for war, -- although how he does this or knows this is not apparent. Maetrix is horrified by such goings-on. He is aghast, and realises that he is the only person who can prevent a Global Conflagration. So, to prevent a world war with its attendant miseries he uses his "A-gas," a powerful killer, and saves the world's population from war by killing them all off first. Very probably Vektis Brack is Irish on his mother's side.

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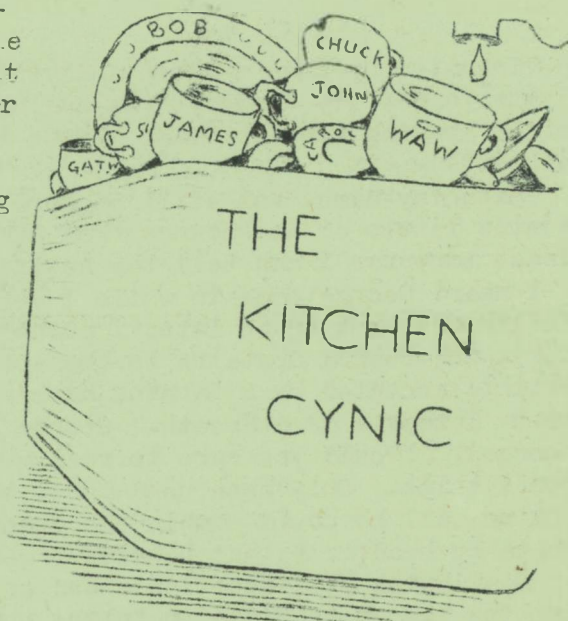


Carefully, so as not to disturb the accumulation of dirty dishes, I extracted my article and lifted the typewriter off the table. What will the others say, I mused, it must be over six years since I was first asked why I had never attempted to write anything. Somehow I hadn't had the faintest interest in writing about science fiction "from a woman's viewpoint," which was James' suggestion. Why should a woman's viewpoint be any different from a man's? Walter had often wanted me to try my hand...offering me the latest copy of "Authentic" to review... but somehow I felt that it wasn't so much that he wanted me to become an active fan as that he wanted to get out of doing reviews. But now....yes, it was perhaps time to let fandom peep behind the scenes at Oblique House...and for me to leave the wings and come on stage even if only to reveal myself as a ham.

When Ethel Lindsay asked me to write something for "Femizine," and I agreed, I little realised the magnitude of the task. I found myself writing the whole history of Irish Fandom in five sentences. I started over... now I had seven... and so I laboured for five days on and off. The off was mostly when Walter wanted to use the typer himself, and I knew that I would be incapable of using the Berry-Shaw typer. (John hasn't taken it away yet, -- mainly because he knew people would wonder at him if he got on a bus with it, and he was worried about how he could take it on the bicycle.) Thankful to have the article finished, I read it again. Awestruck at my own genius, I put the masterpiece into an envelope addressed to Ethel. The carbon I sent to Chuck Harris. We BNF's must stick together...at least, that is what Chuck is always telling me...I wonder if he has any ulterior motive? Happily awaiting his congratulations, and his hurt protest at my not offering it to "-", I managed to live through Thursday.

On Friday morning I heard the postman's step outside and leapt out of bed and rushed downstairs, pushing Walter aside on the way. I swooped on the letters lying on the mat and leafed through them rapidly. Then again, more slowly. But they were all for Walter, excepting one from Antwerp. I opened it, inside was a short note asking me to pass the enclosed letter to Sadie. Wondering what Bob had been up to, and how Jan Jansen had found out, I called to her and handed it over. She tore it open and found inside a note asking her to pass the enclosed letter to Bob. The lengths to which fan-editors will go to get into touch with contributors! So that was why Walter had lit the fire every morning for the past month and had looked so guilty when I told him how much I appreciated it.

After dinner I stood at the gate waiting for the postman, but there was still no word from Chuck. There was, however, a parcel addressed to me bearing the Rainham postmark. I opened it. Inside there was a white towel. Had Chuck been so overcome that he was leaving fandom? If so, where was the sponge? Or, equally awful thought, was it intended for wrapping round my head, a subtle hint that the article needed



"If only she had a sensitive fannish face."

BY

MADELEINE
WILLIS

revision? But then my keen analytical mind deduced that he hadn't read my last letter carefully enough. (It had asked if he had left a white towel behind after staying here at Xmas. Maybe I should have asked him had he lost a fitted carpet?)

Saturday came, and still no word from Chuck, though the blow was softened by a nice letter of acceptance from Ethel Lindsay. Ah well, I philosophised, at least tomorrow I can tell the actifans about my joining their ranks.

I heard George come in while I was getting Carol ready for Sunday School. Telling her not to be late, I pushed her through the door (she's thin, like Walter), and rushed upstairs to the attic. "Look George!" I said, "I've had an article accepted by a fanzine here's the letter from Ethel Lindsay you may read it." I took a deep breath. George read it and smiled kindly at me (I like George). "Would you care to read my Sixth Column?" he asked, "I've made a good pun I think. Only been used three times before." I turned to Walter...surely.. but no, all he could mumble was something about how he hoped my success wouldn't go to my head, and that he didn't get married in order to live a bachelor life.

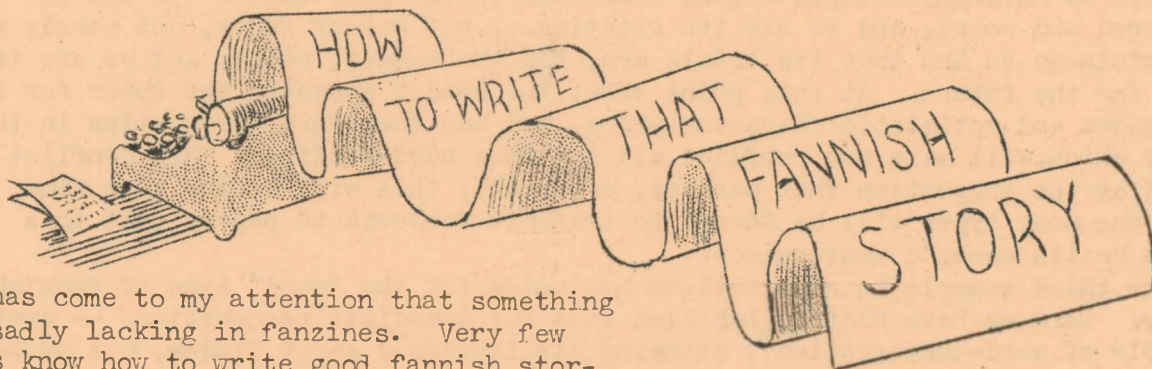
Swallowing my discomfiture and one of George's sweets, I passed the letter and the bag on to Sadie, pointing out that I'd left her the big purple one. (I should explain that George often brings with him a packet of "Quality Street Assortment" and Sadie always tries to get "the big purple one." She says that George should bring up a dozen packets so that she can get enough of them.) "It was very good, I thought," said Sadie with her mouth full.

John came in and I passed the letter to him. "How many articles have you written, Madeleine?" he said politely. And without waiting for an answer he turned to Walter and asked, "Has anyone been able to think up a good title for my article about the funeral of Bob's bike?"

James hadn't turned up. He said he was going to a rate-payer's protest meeting; it seems a very queer way of sublimating one's fan instincts but then James is queer. No, no Towner, I mean odd. Witness the poor reason he gave for being found on his knees in front of Bea's bedroom door. I only wish I had been able to talk to that chambermaid who tripped over him before she fled the hotel. These ratepayers' protests concerned the state of the roads in Riverdale, which turned out to be an only too appropriate name for the district. (One resident was reported as stating that children could be drowned in the pools of water lying in the roadway. Amongst what kind of people is poor James living?) Although James' house has been built more than eight months there is still no access to it except by amphibious tank, and Peggy complains that the journey costs her a fortune in shoe repairs. At this Bob, always eager to help, suggested that she might walk on her hands. Peggy pointed out that she would get them wet and dirty or ruin her gloves. I asked whether she hadn't seen the advertisements for barrier creams.

I asked Sadie what was keeping Bob and she said he was just finishing his last cup of tea when she came up. Clinging desperately to a fast fading hope, (I had just polished the banisters), I went downstairs again, knocked on his door, and entered. "That's this," he asked, "is it your recipe for gingerbread? I've been wanting Sadie to get it from you." He read it through slowly and handed it back with a frown. "I hope this hasn't been keeping you from your baking," he muttered darkly.

It's at times like this that I realise how well the male members of Irish Fandom hang together, and sometimes I think I would like to arrange it.



It has come to my attention that something is sadly lacking in fanzines. Very few fans know how to write good fannish stories. Over and over again such tyros as Tubb, Calkins, or Harmon sit behind their tripewriters and turn out reams of non-descript hogwash. This saddens me.

BY
TERRY CARR

AT

Accordingly, I have decided to draw on my vast backlog of fanwriting experience, and set down a few hints on writing fan fiction. And please, don't fall on your knees and thank me for these hints. I know just how valuable these will be to readers of "-", but it should be realised that I am not doing this out of the goodness of my heart. No, I'm simply sick of reading poor fan-fiction. To blith then, and damon the typos.

The most important thing of all is to have a beginning. Preferably this should come somewhere near the start and, as with any bit of fiction, it must catch the reader's attention and make him want to read on. For instance:

"Boob," I said, "you're a fugghead."

Or:

"The typer rattled and groaned under the heavy hand of the faned. For hours it was beaten and battered, given no rest, no surcease, no time to rest its weary keys. At last the final sheet of paper was rolled out of the exhausted carriage, and the typer groaned to itself: "Thank Ghu that's over. Someday he's going to type me to a frazzle with his fanhacking. But maybe, just maybe, this is the end. Maybe this is his masterpiece..."

Or:

"He was an old fan and tired. He stood up and looked around the convention hall at the multitude of neofans. Sadly Oldfan shook his head, ruminating that fandom had changed, changed. But nevertheless, he had his fannish duty to perform. Stepping to the podium, he intoned solemnly, "In the beginning there was Gernsback..."

You see? All three of these openings are designed to command the immediate interest of the reader. Take a look at that first one, for instance. There, in six words, we have introduced the main characters and provided conflict, -- the basis of any story, fan or pro. We have caught the reader's interest and he sits there, goggling through his pebble lenses, and wondering; "Who is this Boob?" "Why is he a fugghead?" "Who cares?"

These questions are already churning through his little brain after he has read only those first six words. This technique, -- known as word-conservation, -- is advisable only in fanhackery. The professional magazines will up the ante if you up the length.

"This is the last supper, -- where's the other seven of you?"

In the second example we have built up a strong plotline with one paragraph, as well as having developed a good character in the poor typer. We see it battered and weary, and we see its reaction....not one of anger, but merely of thankfulness to Ghu that its trials are, for the moment, ended, and we see its hope for the future. At this point then, the reader respects the typer for its religious and optimistic characteristics, and has therefore taken sides in the story which will make our conflict all the more hard-hitting. This conflict is added by the suggestion that perhaps, after all, this will be the last time that the poor typer will be forced to transmit fanwords to paper, that this might be its owner's masterpiece.

Our third example is an excellent beginning for the "mood" type of fannish story. Here we have Oldfan (Labelled thus for immediate recognition, -- another example of word-conservation), becoming disillusioned about fandom, but overcoming it enough to begin his speech. Only the hint of conflict is there, the accent is on the mood.

Next we come to the plot. It's good policy to have one of these if it's at all obtainable. One may come about them in various ways, depending on the type of story you wish to write. In the fantasy story, for example, many good plots can be found in cemeteries ((Dean, everyone wants to get in on the act!)) where the denizens of the night most frequently abound. In the fanfiction field it is not so easy. Only a convention offers as much plot-possibility for the fan-story as the cemetery does for the fantasy story, but this setting has been so overworked that one should try to find a new angle if possible.

But, for the moment, let us follow up our first beginning. Here we have the protagonist and Boob the fugghead. First we must tell why Boob is a fugghead. There are many, many possibilities. Perhaps he reads BREVIZINE; perhaps he cannot understand Pogo; perhaps he even reads Science Fiction, -- in the fan-story all things are possible, so let your imagination wander, -- who knows, maybe he is even so far gone that he does not like the works of Norman George Wansborough.

Then, when we have answered the initial question which was posed for the reader, we must confront him with another before he loses interest. Perhaps Boob might turn to the protagonist and retort: "You're a fugghead yourself, Rike." Then we can tell why Rike is a fugghead and then move into the plotline of the story....perhaps they are both fuggheads, but for different reasons: Boob might not care for poetry at all, and Rike may read science-fiction because he has a life subscription to OTHER WORLDS. Perhaps, after discussion, they will both overcome their fuggheaded traits and retire happily to FAPA.

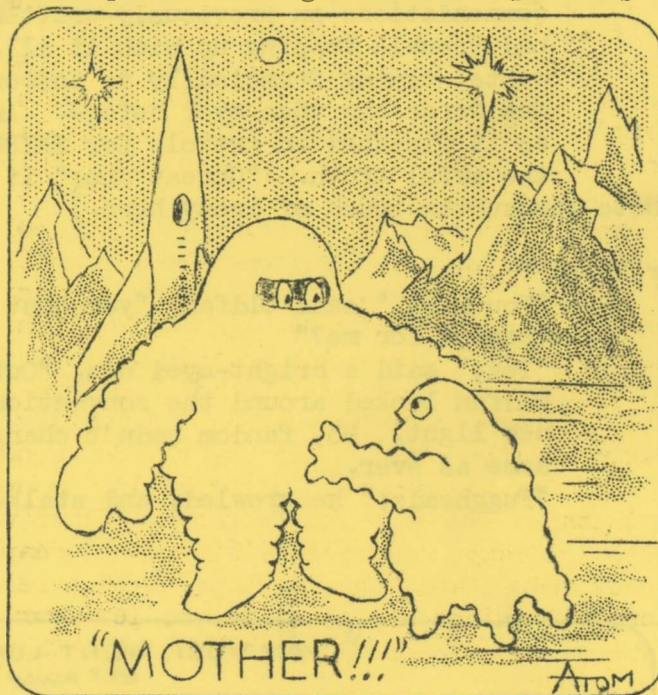
You begin to see now? Your plot must follow the beginning logically and not be just tacked on to create interest. For instance, example No 2:

This is the story of the typer, in case you've forgotten, and of its cruel master, the fanhack. Has he written his masterpiece at last? For the sake of conflict, the answer must be 'No.' ---for if he had written his Ultimate Work then there would be no story. Here, then, is the poor typer, doomed to perhaps years more of bearing the brunt of its master's hacking. How can it escape from this?

Well, in order to follow good story formula, the typer must escape its plight by its own hand. ((This is a mutant typer?)) Therefore, let us suppose that the typer writes a fanstory itself one night, and that when its master awakens the next afternoon and reads it, he likes it so much that he sends it out under his own name and it is accepted gleefully. The master then decides to let the typer do his crifanac for him, and the typer is at last saved from his heavy hand.

In the third instance, the "mood" fannish story, we have a rather different case. The problem is purely subjective: has fandom changed? For the sake of a happy ending, we must assume that it has not... but in order to promote conflict we must describe instances that would tend to substantiate Oldfan's fears. His audience, perhaps, might not be interested in the history of fandom.... or might not seem so. Perhaps they distainfully refuse even to acknowledge his presence on the platform by so much as a random shot from a waterpistol. He is hurt by their indifference, but in the end his fears prove to be groundless. The fans had just felt that waterguns were below his dignity and had respectfully refrained from zapping him. Their lack of heckling and booing was not an indication that they were uninterested in fandom's history, but merely another indication of their love and respect for him.

And now we come to the finale of our fannish story. It must carry some sort of punch, ----- humorous, surprising, emotional, --- and must leave the reader with the feeling that he has read a great fannish story. This is where you are on your own; good endings require fannish genius, not mere mechanical knowledge of fanwriting. Our examples might end something like this....



"All right," Boob said. "I begin to see why you like Wansborough's stuff. I guess I was just too narrow-minded; I thought he was trying to have metre and to rhyme words, but I can see now that such is not his purpose. He must have some Cosmic Aim in his writings which we haven't as yet been able to discern. But I'll be looking for it from now on."

"Good," I said thoughtfully. "And you know, Boob, you've sort of convinced me that science-fiction isn't worthwhile. After all, as you say, reading stf does take up Valuable Time that could be spent fanning. Yes, I see your point."

As I finished speaking, the doorbell rang and the mailman slipped a letter beneath the door. I picked it up; it was from Willis. Frantically I tore it open and read it, then looked at Boob sickly.

"What's the matter?" he asked, alarmed.

"Look," I said, showing him the beginning of the letter:

"Sorry to have been so late with this reply, but I've had to let my crifanac go for a while until I could finish reading a six-foot stack of accumulated stf-mags; then, to top it all off, that unutterable idiot

"You just can't go around accusing people of being normal."

Wansborough sent along another of his asinine excuses for poetry and I had to take time out to write him a rather nasty letter...."

"Oh Ghod," I said, "And Willis has Impeccable Taste!"

Or No 2.

The typer was happy for a few months, writing its master's fanstuff at its leisure. But then, suddenly, things went wrong somehow. Letters poured in, requests for material, commendations on previously-written pieces. The typer had trouble keeping up with it all. Night after night it wrote, trying frantically to answer all the requests. It was worse now than ever before. And then one night, just as it finished an article for SKYHOOK, the typer realised the awful truth. "Ghreat Chu!" it thought, "I'm a BNF!"

(Note the subtle touch of irony here.)

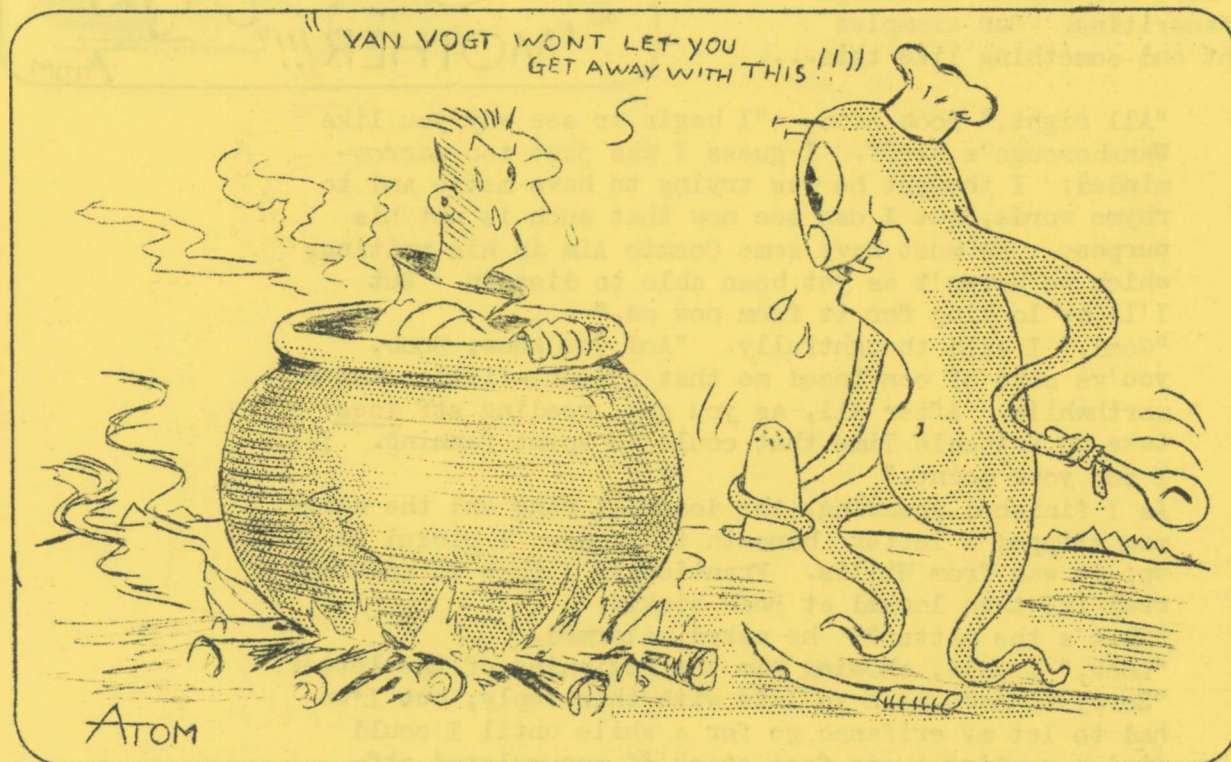
Or No 3.

"You mean," said Oldfan, "you just did those things out of respect for me?"

"Yes," said a bright-eyed neo. "Out of respect."

Oldfan looked around the convention hall and saw it in a new light. No, fandom hadn't changed at all; it was the same as ever.

"Fuggheads!" he growled, and stalked across the room.

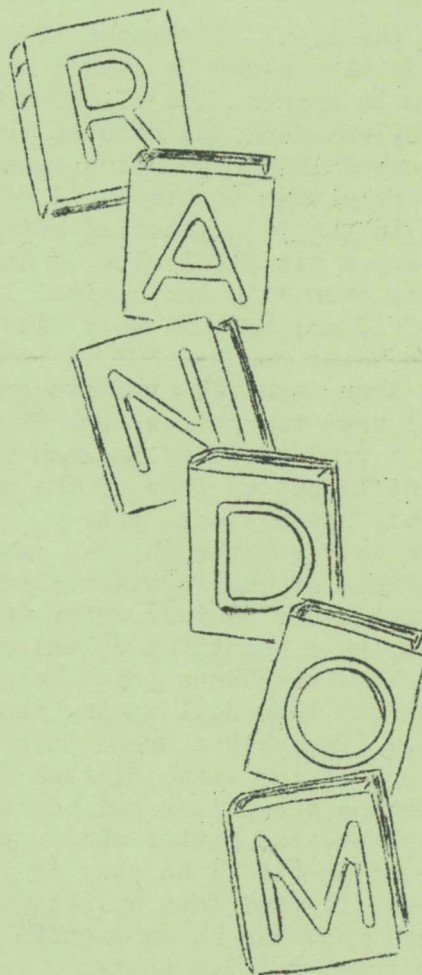


The other day, whilst I was browsing through some of the Willis mail in search of snide remarks by various jokers on my spit list, I came across some of Forry Ackerman's wallpaper. This, I thought, was the finest excuse I'd be able to find for dodging the column for this issue.

Naturally, I wouldn't sit here digging tiny holes in a stencil if it had happened to be ordinary mundane wallpaper with one of those standardised English designs of mauve inverted chamber pots or surrealistic barbers poles. This was special stuff and like nothing I've ever seen before at all. It's printed to simulate shelves of books with the spaces for the titles and the authors' names left blank. The idea is that once you've got it up on the wall, you get out your pen and ink and exercise your fine fannish mind.

-- Well, Forry decided to consult the leading experts on graffito (I looked it up, Buster) and asked Walt and Bosh for any titles that may occur to them. I thought their suggestions were nicely esoteric, -- and it gave me an idea that I'll tell you about in a moment. Here's their list...

FOREVER EMBER, Les Cole
 THE MADWOMAN, Otto Binder
 TAR OF STRENGTH, Popeye
 LIFE AFTER DEATH, Bob Tucker
 DOWN WITH CAPITALISM! damon knight
 A CENTURY OF GOAT STORIES, Captain Kidd
 A CENTURY OF AURA STORIES, Mme Blavatsky
 SO TIRED, Joe di Maggio
 THE SEX LIFE OF BIRDS, J.J. Coupling
 WITHOUT SAUCERY, Palmer
 THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, Charles Atlas
 SLAM! Eli Culbertson
 WITH MALLETS AFORETHOUGHT, Mike Hammer
 FROM BARD TO VERSE, Lilith Lorraine
 DO YOU DIG ME? Sam Mines
 THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, Charles Dye
 THE DUNLOP HORROR, Eva Firestone
 MORE THAN HUMMING, Singer
 THE WORLD BELOW, Shaver
 THE DREAMING JEWEL, Gem Carr
 GREENER THAN NEW ZINC, Jules Verdigris
 ODD JOHN, A. Plumber
 THE STIRMAKER, Olaf Tablespoon
 GONE WITH THE WIND, Charles Burpee
 REAL GONE WITH THE WIND, Dizzy Gillespie
 LAST AND FIRST MEN Adam Shoemaker
 THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY Arthur Blurred
 URANUS, Bottomley
 COLD STERN LIFE, Winterbottom
 JUST A SAWING AT TWILIGHT, Courtney
 MR CHIPS, Bloch
 MY FEATHERED FRONDS, J Rustle Fern
 VICTORY THROUGH HAIR POWER, Bert Campbell
 TALES OF KEHLI, Hoffman
 HUMOUR IN THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL, Moscovitz
 THE DIAMOND LENDS I. Borrow



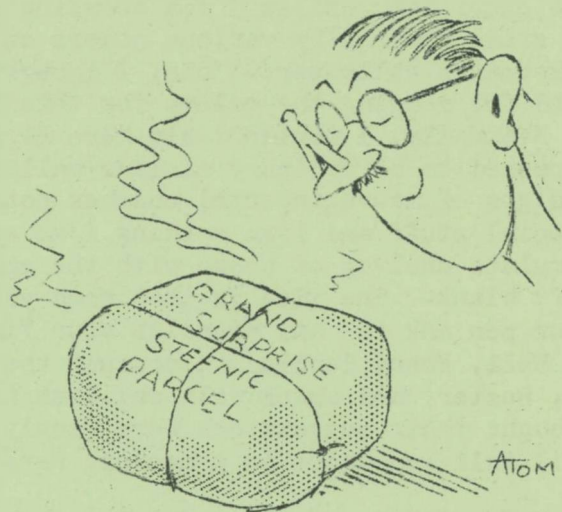
BY
 CHUCK
 HARRIS

"She has them tattooed His and Hers."

(Masque)

27
 5

THE LINIMENTS OF GRATIFIED DESIRE, Sloane
 COUNTRY OF THE BLIND, A. Venetian
 MANS INHUMANITY TO MAN, Clive Staples Lewis
 Mss. FOUND IN A BOTTLE, George O Smith
 THE STRANGER'S GREETING, Simak
 I SEND YOU GRATINGS, A Nutmeg
 CONAN THE CORNCURER, A. Chiropodist
 IN THE ABBESS, Abbot
 WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES, Chambers
 GLADIATOR, A Cannibal
 FATE, Journal of the Irish Pediatric Assoc.
 SPICE ON MY HANDS, A Bankrupt Grocer
 THE STILL SMALL VOICE, Sam Moscovitz
 THE INCOMPLETE DECANTER, George O Smith
 GRIM FAIRY TALES, F Towner Laney
 THE ORIGIN OF SPECIE, Gold.



You get the idea? I thought it would be interesting and perhaps fun to see what other titles might be cooked up, and decided to try it out as a sort of competition in Hyphen. We'll offer small prizes and lots of egoboo for the best titles, and send the results to Ack. I know that contests in fmzs are usually greeted with resounding apathy, but if this one works out perhaps we'll run others from time to time. (I was going to say "regularly" but that's a dirty word in the "-" editorial offices.)

Prizes are a bit difficult. I did think of offering Grand Surprise Stefnic Parcels but, even with the capital letters, too many people know about the bacopies of AS and FS that we'd like to unload. Besides this, with our vast circulation being roughly 50% in Europe and 5% in the US, the same prize wouldn't be the same incentive to both groups.

So we'll have two prizes. For US readers we'll offer a New Worlds anthology containing a good grade of English sf that will possibly be new to them. For Europeans we'll put up four of the new Ballantyne pbs published Stateside that they probably haven't seen yet.

Don't go away yet though, "-" caters to everybody. To celebrate the forthcoming nuptials of our President and Founder, Mr. James White, The Union of Fully Certified Sex Maniacs offer the following consternation prizes. For Anglofiends, -- a beautiful calendar portraying Miss Monroe; Stateside, -- the current La Vie Parisienne and a French-English dictionary. (If our pornographer has been thrown into jail again, these prizes may have to be replaced by something else.) (Probably a Grand Surprise Stefnic Parcel and an autographed copy of Vol 1 No 3 of the Vargo Statten Magazine.)

I think perhaps the prizes had better go to the best three titles, -- but the longer the list, the better chance you'll have of winning. Send them in either to Walt or to me (it'll be okay if you hide them on page 8 of your letter of comment, --we'll find them quickly enough.) They don't have to deal with sf subjects and they can be as esoteric as you please. We'll publish the winning efforts in the "-" after next.

(The Haunted House, ctd. from p.8)
used to live here must have grown his own mushrooms."

"How do you know?"

"S'easy. There's a big long box half full of earth down in the cellar." Hubert set the wood down on the hearth, while the other four, all avid Weird Tales readers, stared at each other in startled surmise. They looked like a Convention Committee being told at the last moment that they had booked a temperance hotel.

The uneasy silence was broken by a strangled gasp from Milly, who had instinctively glanced out of the window. "There's somebody sneaking up the path!" she whispered.

"So there is," quavered her sister. "But why is he acting so scared? What is there to be scared of?" She gave a shaky laugh and burst into tears.

"There! There! Don't worry. I'm here," soothed Muggins, protectively tucking his head inside her coat and placing her between the door and himself.

They stood in a silent group, vibrating in unison, while hesitant footsteps sounded in the hall and then approached the door of the room. A few seconds later a pale, nervous face peeked round the jamb of the door and looked all round the room.

Noting the obvious timidity of the newcomer, McGee took heart, assumed he was a tramp seeking shelter, and shouted, "What do you want? Who are you?"

The pale stranger seemed not to hear McGee. He completed his scrutiny of the room, apparently looking for something. At last he seemed satisfied and stepped into the room. "Good evening," he said finally, and McGee saw that he was very tall and dressed in black. "My name is Count Dracula---and I think you know what I want." He smiled and his eye teeth gleamed in the firelight.

Hubert, at last catching on, gave a faint whimper and looked to the others for help, listening to the loud thumps of his heart. He discovered that the four thuds he had heard had been the others flopping onto the floor.

"Wake up McGee," he babbled, kicking frantically at McGee's pointed head. "This is the stuff a writer needs. You'll never get better atmosphere. Here, have a No-Doze tablet. Have two. Make a sandwich of them. Wake up! Please McGee, get up. Yoo-hoo! Breakfast is ready! Rise and shi--- Stay back you!" he snarled at the advancing black figure. "Get back. You don't want me anyway---my blood's an absolutely useless type. They wouldn't even take me in the blood bank. Honest. Know something? My red corpuscles have fraternised with my whites and made an awful mess. And I haven't washed my neck for days."

The horribly pale face with the cruelly curved teeth kept coming forward. "Stay back!" warned Hubert, lowering his head menacingly. "Stay back or I'll fill your face full of dandruff." He stepped hastily back and knocked over the suitcase upon which was balanced all the equipment to run off the oneshot, and fell on top of it. One of his feet knocked the hekto jelly towards the looming figure.

"Aaaaaggggghhhh!" it screamed, and Hubert just managed to glimpse the flapping black cloak disappearing through the door. Half a second later the sound of his feet had receded to a quickly fading series of squelches from the road outside.

Muggins, McGee and the twins, seeming to sense that the menace was gone, came round. Hubert told them what had happened, omitting his impassioned appeal.

"Fat lot of good you were," accused Hubert. "What would you have done if I hadn't been here to fight him off?"

"It's all right for you," moaned McGee, clutching his head, "He must have given me an awful beating. Besides, we are science fiction fans---if it had been an ordinary bem we could have handled everything. Right?"

"How do you know it was out of sight if you couldn't see it?"

"That's right," agreed McGee. "Vampires are out of our line---but bems we know about." He was getting braver by the minute. By tacit agreement, however, everybody began to pack up their stuff.

"Wish a bem would show up," snarled Muggins pugnaciously. "I feel like a good fight."

Out in the hall there came a wet slithering sound.

Gleaming in the firelight with a shifting purple slickness a huge shapeless mass of slimy jelly dragged itself into the room. It came straight across the room towards the group at the fireplace.

There was a horrible fascination in the painful, heaving undulations of the monster as it slid its way across the room. Hubert stared at it in hypnotised horror as it drew near to him and barely heard the inert bodies thudding to the floor all round him. When the monster was barely ten feet away, something else happened that caused his eyeballs to cantilever even further.

The hekto jelly had squirmed out of its tray and, with plaintive mewling sounds, was crawling towards the other mass of what Hubert now saw to be almost identical stuff. The two blobs of jelly, one huge and one tiny, met and merged; then the mother mass began to retreat towards the door.

Somehow Hubert felt that he had just witnessed a scene that was in a strange way touching. What was this horrible thing that trailed purple slime and which had frightened the vampire so much that he had sneaked into his own house? What was the meaning of the ghastly union he had seen? Or was it....re-union? Was the monster now on its way to seek out the owners of yet another hekto outfit?

These and a hundred other questions flashed through Hubert's mind as he dragged the limp forms of McGee, Muggins and the Millikans out to the car and stowed them aside.

Hubert managed to get the car going and on the drive to Bridgetown he managed to fit all the questions and his answers into a longish story plot which he wrote out and sent to another fanzine. He never touched a hektograph again himself.

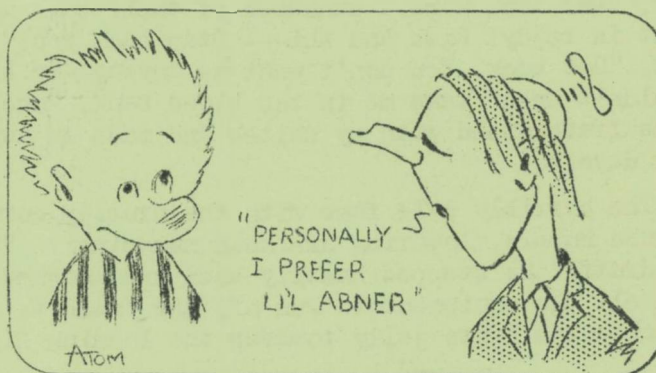
GRUE

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25¢ will probably bring you the next
50 pages.

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THIS MONTH'S CAPSULE BOOK REVIEW.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
Tae see oorsel's as ithers see us...
Tae find yer bogle in the cupboard
Read DIANETICS,

L. Ron Hubbard

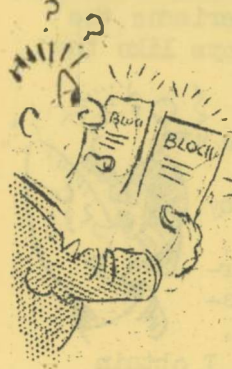
ERRATUM. Kindly turn back to page 26, count down 25 lines and then neatly alter the "5¢" to "50¢". Ta.

POST SCRIPTS

ous piece which appeared in Quandry some years back and the other a semi-serious essay he published in Oopsla. My reason for choosing two sources by the same author is fairly obvious, I should think. Indeed, it seemed to me to be carrying knight's original idea one step further along. So, with the two Bloch articles at hand, I 'wrote' a third one. Now Walt, you won't believe this, but when I had finished the thing it seemed familiar! So familiar in fact that I went immediately scrabbling through my fanzine files, searching for what I knew was there.

It was, The third article which I 'wrote' strictly according to knight's rules, had been previously published in the thirteenth issue of Vega under the title "With Rod & Gun Thru the Alimentary Canal." By Bloch, of course. So I have come to the conclusion that Bloch articles are quite easy to write, therefore you will find enclosed an even dozen of same. If it so happens that you already have duplicates of these on file, awaiting publication in some future issue, throw them out and use the others he hasn't submitted yet.

I am sending you the March 1955 issue of Universe. Wait, don't scream. Turn to p.124 --then scream.



(I scream. Stap me and buy one if Rog Phillips doesn't say "This copy of Universe will bring you the next couple of issues of Hyphen." Rog, how could you? It's because reviewers would say things like this that I long ago stopped offering to accept pmz for subs. I still have sad stacks of Amazings to remind me. I don't suppose anyone wants a couple of dozen copies of the March Universe?

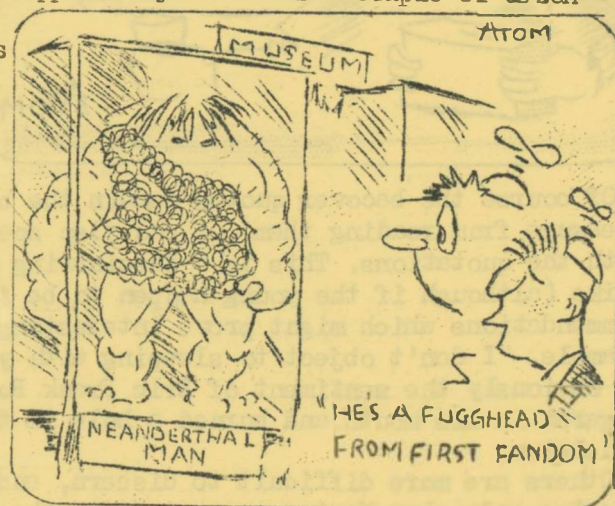
Thanks for the Bloch articles but I'm afraid I must return them. As knight says, books mate, but to mate two by the same writer seems vaguely incestuous. What would Saint Hairbeard say?)

ETHEL LINDSAY (Glasgow) I don't understand Harry Turner's idea of fandom. As I make out he wants to wean it away from zagguns and beanies, and also from sf. Only where is he wanting it to go to? Seems like Ken Potter has hit on quite a good point, of it being more likely to have sprung from Thurber etc. It isn't only sf

BOB TUCKER (Illinois) I've just finished doing the dishes and waxing the kitchen floor. My wife says I may have ten minutes out for crifanac before going to the basement to wash diapers. I am going to use those ten minutes to talk about Hyphen. Don't ever have a baby, Walt.

After reading your editorial, I fail to understand why you didn't go ahead and use the first lino block Bob cut. So very few of your readers would have noticed the difference anyway, and those who did would have congratulated you on your cleverness, thinking you had done it purposefully to entertain them.

I have some remarks to make about knight's Logogenetics. In brief, I tried it. My chosen reservoir was two longish Bloch articles, one a humorous piece which appeared in Quandry some years back and the other a semi-serious essay he published in Oopsla. My reason for choosing two sources by the same author is fairly obvious, I should think. Indeed, it seemed to me to be carrying knight's original idea one step further along. So, with the two Bloch articles at hand, I 'wrote' a third one. Now Walt, you won't believe this, but when I had finished the thing it seemed familiar! So familiar in fact that I went immediately scrabbling through my fanzine files, searching for what I knew was there.



"Mackenzie was very congenial and hospitable to me." — Russ Watkins

that binds fandom together, it is that interest plus the same sense of humour. To me, sf symbolises the power of imagination. Surely that is what it boils down to--imagination and a sense of humour--without these two qualities how can you be a fan?

(Yes indeed, I do wonder how some of them manage it.)



ROBERT BLOCH (Wisconsin) When you begin your journey to hell, you will notice that the road is paved with good intentions. I have the feeling that I should have received a contract for the job--certainly my contributions account for several miles of the surfacing. And one of the pavements consists of my intention of writing to you.

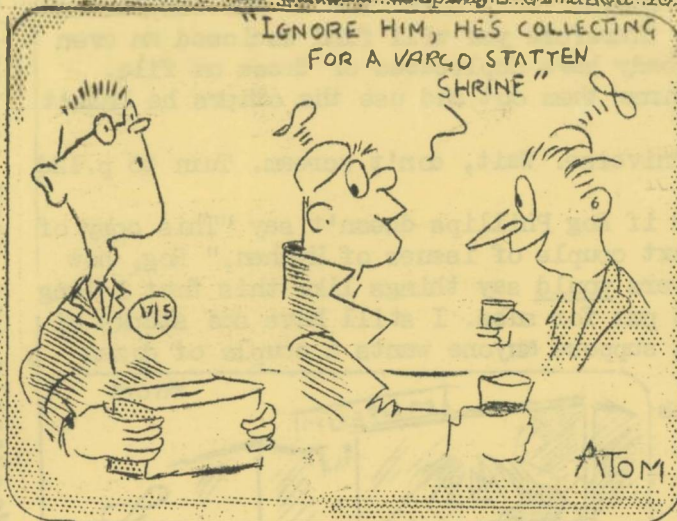
This intention took concrete shape (ideal for paving) shortly after receipt of Hyphen 12, which was kindly offered to me by the gang at the Post Office after they'd finished reading it.

Demon Knight's article is going to attract a lot of comment: what he fails to note, apparently, is that people like Patchen have been using his proposed method for years. And doesn't Wansborough compose his poetry this way?

Bob Shaw's article was also a revelation. Previously, I had obtained from current fan-zines a rather distorted picture of life at 170. Now, of course, the picture is completely torted.

I had thought (from previous references) that the daily round consisted almost completely of ghodminton..that's ghoodminton with you playing--from October thru May, followed by tennis from May until October. With, of course, brief pauses during which Madeleine and Sadie entered with the teapot, for refreshment, or its antithesis, for relief.

Now I perceive that you indulge in other activities, upon occasion. This Halloween fireworks business is entirely new to me. Fireworks are virtually outlawed in this country unless presented in public displays or used for special purposes--such as brightening up



convention reports. As a small boy, I managed (Note how hyphen produces pun to order) to squeeze in on the declining years of the fireworks era, before their use was prohibited by a pyrotechnicality. (Isn't it a solemn thought that this childhood frustration may have given present-day Americans the urge to play with dangerous toys like the Hydrogen bomb?)

Charters, Varley & Bulmer deserve ~~judges~~ kudos. I see you have embarked on a sly policy of swallowing up your rivals by allowing them space in your pages--Ashworth & Potter apparently remain unaware of the deceit and contribute valiantly.



Of course the bacover quotes remain the best feature of all. Not only do I obtain pleasure from reading them...I can also spend several hours just matching the credits with the quotations. This is a fascinating pastime which I recommend to young and old alike (although if the young happen to be female, I can offer several other personal recommendations which might prove interesting). Some of them are simple to figure out: for example, "I don't object to sleeping with you just because you can't think up cartoons" is obviously the sentiment of Eric Frank Russell: whereas "Ellison ran into me with a cigaret in his mouth and burned a hole in the knee of my pants" is obviously a remark of Madeleine.

Others are more difficult to discern, and I'm still working on the project, pausing only when Marion comes in with the tea-tray and hits me over the head with it.

DOUGLAS MILLAR
(Glasgow)



Hyphen 12 was greatly appreciated—especially Bloch on Joyce; if Mr Bloch would cut out some of his more obvious puerile humour "Cause To Read Joyce" could well have graced the pages of "fantastic worlds".

(Thank you for that remark, Douglas; we shall treasure it always.)

JULIAN PARR (Germany) In the summer issue of the National Film Theatre Journal, "Sight & Sound", John Grierson ended his usual article with a request for comments on sf films. I sent him the

cover of Hyphen 8 (the one with the fans and others entering and leaving the cinema) as a comment requiring no comment. He wrote back saying he wished I had sent the whole magazine. I sent him the rest of Hyphen, pointing out (in all fairness) that he should not try to treat "-" as a normal magazine, and telling him that there were other --perhaps more serious and socially acceptable--magazines. In his short reply he said that Hyphen had been an incredible experience for him (whatever that means.)

In Hyphen there have been sudden tiny references to Degler or Deglerish which at first did not disturb me: but they have become so frequent that I feel this is a development which must be well known to fandom and, in view of the fact that there are comparatively only tiny references, now a little outdated; I must take advantage of your announcement that certain US mags are willing to swap for comments—for Degler must be American. Thus I take the plunge back into US fandom after resisting it for so long. Jeez, whatever will become of me?

Was amused by Daphne Buckmaster's recognition of "The First Word on Page 28" as severe (or "sphere"?) abuse. "The First Word on Page 28" can become a big stick for us in future, for us to wield without revealing its character to primitive fans.

(Degler was active round about the mid-forties, which I think was slightly after your time. He was a sort of Super-Fugghead who claimed that fans were different superior beings and hitchhiked all over the country forming imaginary clubs with imposing names and cadging on fans who hadn't met him before.

I hope Grierson doesn't decide to make a documentary about fandom.)

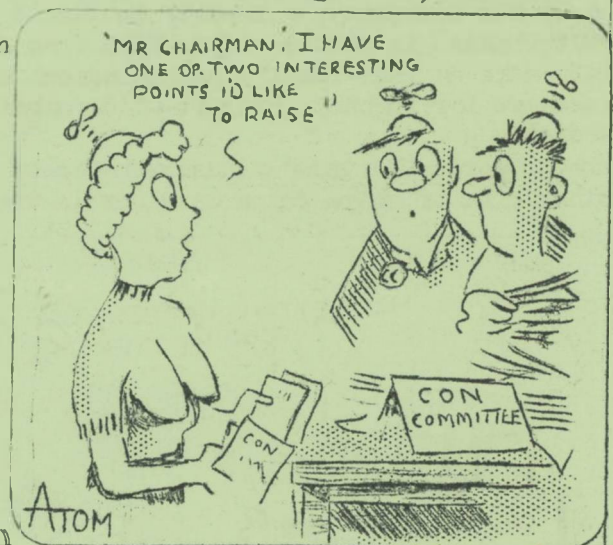


STARBEGOTTEN
???

SID BIRCHBY (Manchester) One of my pleasantest discoveries in 1954 was Hyphen. Slow of me not to have discovered it before. Reminds me of the philosopher (I think it was Hume) who stated pompously that he was prepared to accept the existence of the Universe. Answer came; "By heavens, you'd better!"

The other day I saw the film of Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us". In the midst of a profundity of heaving oceans and hungry fish I suddenly felt (a) how small a damn Nature gives for humanity. (b) thankful for fandom; at least we give a damn for us. (c) sorry for Arthur Clarke on the Great Barrier Reef. (d) on reflection, sorrier yet for the denizens of the Reef.

Fandom may be a delicate and ephemeral growth, but it is at least something to cling to in a hard, hard world, I suppose. Even if it isn't the only thing, or the best one. We can't all worship at the shrine of Science, or Progress, or Jane Austen either, so why shouldn't we imitate the octopus, & squirt ink in Nature's eye? More power to your duplicator, I'm sure. ...All of which solemn reflections, occasioned by the surging foam of the Sea and of a certain amount of Guinness, were happily swept away by the discovery of a certain typo in Damon Knight's book review column. So Messrs. Turner & Wallace have got you groggy now? Ah well, it could have been worse. (Ghod, yes.)



"It sounds vaguely obscene..."

PETE ROYLE (Berks.) I received the Christmas issue of Hyphen today. It's certainly worth more than 9d. I like the informal style very much indeed. By the way, the back page is a little incoherent.

HARRY TURNER (Romiley, nr. Manchester) If I have to give preference to particular items I would plump for damon knight's exposition of logogenetics. This was very much to my taste. Bloch was surprisingly serious but eminently readable.

And then we come to out unsemantic word-juggler Mike Wallace. If he is really hurt at my disagreeing with him before being introduced personally, he should remember that I don't know him either. Which seems to even matters. How Mike loves to trot out those words 'abnormal' and 'maladjusted'. He's obviously determined to think of himself as abnormal....

So normality is solely a matter of majority opinion, eh? The footballers & cricketers outnumber the fans; therefore, says Mike, the first are normal, the second abnormal. This is hard luck on the minorities. After all, fewer people go to the live theatre than the cinema, there are more speedway enthusiasts than balletomanes, there are more cat-owners than canary-owners; more people read The Express than read The Manchester Guardian. Does Mike still insist that theatre-goers, balletomanes, canary-lovers and Guardian readers are abnormal?

The established patterns of group behaviour are merely one aspect of normality. Fortunately for democracy, normality is also a function of individual capacities and tendencies to behave in certain ways. Variation from the group behaviour pattern doesn't necessarily make an individual a psychological misfit. So ***** to Mike once again. (The asterisks are for Daphne's benefit—I'd forgotten that we must not offend London Circle members!)

About George Charters' vindscreen-viper, Eric Needham suggested the other night that another kind of snake found on a car is the Mudguard Serpent. Hmmm?



JOHN BRUNNER (Bucks.) Logogenetics I love, but do the books enjoy

it? It is perfectly obvious to me that the bad reproduction which so many fmz suffer from is due to an absence of instruction in logogenetics. I propose that we found a Logogenetics Foundation, if anyone has lost one, and go round the countryside in Chelsea pullovers and long hair giving talks about it. I am so taken with it that I propose to do some book breeding myself. Watch. From the bed (what place more appropriate--or more comfortable?) I take two ill-matched books, thrown together by a chance encounter. Queen's Regulations and Air Council Instructions for the Royal Air Force, and the Selected Poems and Prose of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Watch the birdie.



"Embarkation dappled leave very normally. One's times face land when travel came so like personnel. A mainland as authorised puts more on one shadow in hoods taken with individuals."

Logogenetic Axiom No.999. There is no future in it.

STILL AVAILABLE, A FEW COPIES OF THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR AND HYPHENS 5, 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12. ONE SHILLING OR FIFTEEN CENTS EACH POST FREE

LEN MOFFATT
(California)

The old 'demon demon' in Hyphen--hoop la! Yes, I remember the days when he used to spell his name uncapped in the fmz of yesteryear. I enjoyed his column of hellfire.

The Outlander is an exchange mag now. We don't exchange with other fmz, but will send the mag to anyone who writes us letters of comment. This includes fans everywhere, at home or abroad.

MIKE WALLACE
(Hull)

Do you think if I ask her real nice Joy Goodwin will let me come and play footsie with her? I'm not any too sure I know what 'footsie' means, but I have high hopes that it means what I think....! Is it true that all femmefans are beautiful? (Yes, Mike. Even those that may lack the superficial attractions of Diana Dors....if there be any such,...are beautiful because of their inner nobility of character and sensitivity of mind.)

Tell Daphne I'm very sorry I used such a naughty word in my letter. I'm not really like that at all, it's just that I was led astray by an awful rough Manchester type who wasn't brought up proper like. I'm really quite a sweet little flower, or I would be if I didn't have a touch of the black-fly right now.

I'm afraid I'm not well enough versed in fannish history to appreciate Ken Bulmer's bit about 'Black Bart'. Was it completely fiction, fictionalised fact, or almost true? (Fiction.)

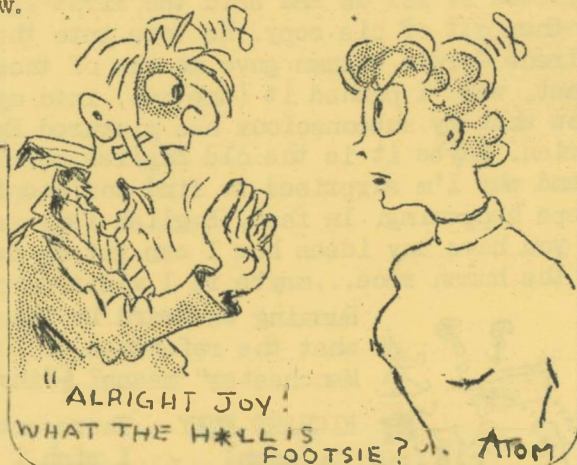
STUART MACKENZIE
(Lochness and
London)

I cannot recall ever having read any of Bob Bloch's writing in fmz which measured up to that remarkably fine essay on Joyce. But I am sorry that he didn't give Liam O'Flaherty a proper place. In The Informer, published in 1925 I think, there was a novel which beat all the current field in coming very close to greatness. It is the story of a vivid powerful figure who sets in motion his own Nemesis by one of the most dastardly of sins, and is pursued by it through an enthralling narrative to an inevitable doom. The entire novel is a succession of scenes of rare and exciting beauty...All in all I feel that O'Flaherty deserved a greater mention as one of the greatest contributions to English literature in the last fifty years. (As Julian Parr will remember, the book was made into a distinguished film round about 1935 by John Ford. I wish someone would film Ulysses; it's the only medium which could present the Nighttown scenes.)

RICK SNEARY
(South Gate)
(in 58)

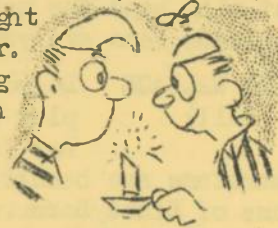
OH great success! You have heard from me twice (two times, count them) in one year. Your cup runneth over....But regarding old fans. From those I have heard from, it is all pretty much the same story. Other interest, or press of work...Also, a lot of our wildest members of five years back are now making like normal married folk. Most of those I know have married other fans, or simi-fans, so they really are only starting new clubs of their own. Some are up to four members already...I have been surprised though of late at the number of oldtimers I have heard from or off. It would be nice to see more of them in "-". Say, about getting Tucker to do a funny but factual report on what happen to Hoffman. I wonder whatever became of Joe Kennedy too. (Last I heard from Shirley, as she now likes to be called, was that she had moved to a dude ranch in Kansas, bought another horse called Wrangler, and was writing a novel (non-sf). Anyone got JoKe's address?)

The only contact I have with fans is thru ISARACA (International Society for the Advancement and Preservation of Arch Conservatism in America). Maybe I should explain how that all started. Jessie & I had been to a movie in Hollywood, and as it was a nice night thought we would drive by and see if our friends Ed & Aubrey Clinton were home.



...and if there's anything I detest...

We did, and they were, but the lights were out. We decided not to wake them up, but I left a note which said that only an arch conservative would be in bed at 11.45 on a Saturday night. As our group had kidded Ed about being overly conservative all summer, this was a low blow. The result was an invitation to a meeting of ISAPACA, to be held at 11.45pm. As breakfast was offered, it was surely a dare. But we topped them, arriving in pajamas, and carrying a candle. We then spent the rest of the night listening to records, drinking and agreeing we had topped each other. The rest of our group of discouraged LASFSers quickly joined, adding mottoes and slogans...Our grand meeting, the Roman Banquet, to which everyone was sworn to wear a toga ("The more we wear toga there, the happier we shall be?") was called off due to one of the girls being about to have a baby. We hope it's a girl, we have a spare male as it is.



Demon knight was your best. I don't think you have to worry about getting more serious, I'd like more. Or maybe it is just that I've had a chance to read or hear about the books reviewed. He failed to say one thing though about 'I Am Legend'. Ed Clinton reviewed it for us and said the first 23 pages weren't needed, and to prove this ripped them out of his copy. He tore into the rest of the story too.

Irene Gore's column gave me one of those jars I often get in Hyphen. The line, to be exact, was "I pushed it (the map) into my slacks pocket." Damn it all Willis, I don't know what my subconscious has pictured England as being like, but it must be a bit Victorian. Maybe it is the old English movies we get on TV. I can't intellectually understand why I'm surprised to find you people doing the same sort of things we do, but it keeps happening. In fact, English fans are more American than many Americans I know. If you have any ideas how I can get my subconscious to accept you people over there into the human race...maybe if I visited you once a year? (A fine idea!)

Running backward in time, to Hyphen 9, would it be possible to learn what the reference to "Oh ghod, Rick Sneary quotes in a taxicab in Manchester" means? (Ving?)



RICHARD ENEY (Japan) There are a couple of local-type (ie Japanese) sf mags I wish I could send you, but postal difficulties prevent. One has some fine fantasy illos by an unknown artist whose style is reminiscent of a more ethereal Hannes Bok; he trademarks his stuff with characteristic supernaturals, rather like Cartier's gnomes. Japanese sf doesn't seem to be a plant sufficiently

flourishing to maintain itself though. I've only seen one specialist prozine, and that contained stuffing in the form of detective stories and interesting pictures which come very close to showing All. (And yet, when you come right down to it--which, being a married man, you can---what a small area "all" comprises! It suggests a rather frightening, not to say morbid, concentration of the female mind...) (Or the male?)

JOE GIBSON (New Jersey) The most peculiar thing about this Hyphen 11 was demon knight's column. I could be wrong, but I think knight could've spoken much plainer than he did. The trouble which hit sf was indeed that of writers and editors not doing a competent job--but you must include publishers and agents in this too. During the lush days of the sf boom, many devious things were afoot and abroad. I'd hate to think how many sf novels got sold when an editor and agent sat down over a few beers, hashed out a plot, tossed in a few characters--and the editor promised to buy it as soon as the agent got one of his writers to bang it out. I'd hate to think how many sf mags had fairly competent editors--but were ruled by get-rich-quick publishers who didn't give a damn for sf. I'd hate to think how many writers sacrificed quality to bang out story after story, and sell them. I'd hate to think how many editors of anthologies were too busy dping themselves favours to select stories purely on the basis of merit... and how many reviewers have played buddy-buddy with ed-pubbers who could do them favours rather than reviewing books on their true merits. And with all this scrambling for money and prestige, everybody and his cousin swallowed Gold's "success formula" of using stor-

ies with psychological plots. It got so you had to be convinced scientific progress was driving everyone insane.

Anyway, I'd hate to count how many budding young writers this squelched after their first few published stories: not including myself though, since I faded out before this trend started.

I look somewhat askance at Ermengarde's New York Letter, which says damnably little about this town. She probably doesn't know that New York may have the world Con in '56..or why, which is certainly more interesting. Perhaps I should convoy this gal some Friday nite down to Mason's cellar in Greenwich village, where the Fanarchists abide. 'Tis a most intriguing outing. One strolls dark narrow streets to an apartment building next an empty warehouse, and rattles a fingertip code on the window of a ground floor apartment. A small curvacious young lady stealthily

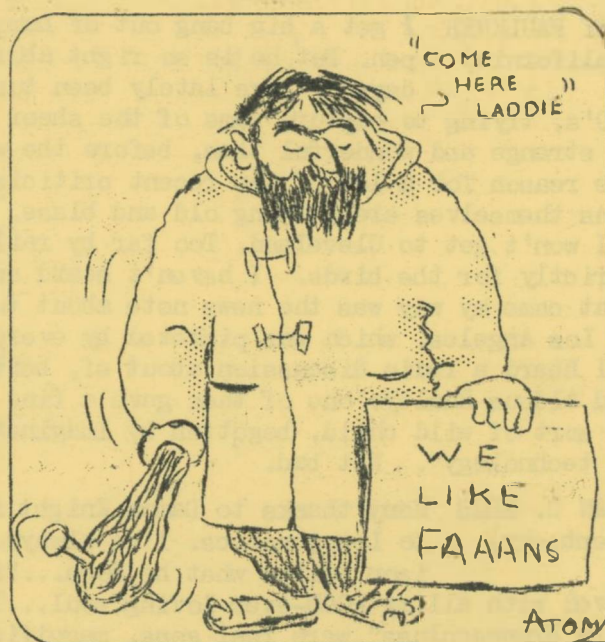
opens the door and leads you back along the narrow hallway, presses a hidden latch and a secret portal swings open. Down rickety steps into a ~~dark~~ musty cellar...And prepare yourself for any emergency. It's suspected just who was responsible for the constabulary barging in one night with a complaint that these Fanarchists were corrupting the morals of youthful fans with homosexuality, sex orgies, communist conspiracies, alcoholism and dope. In fact, New York fans are becoming accustomed to having police bust into the joint, then walk out laughing. (So are we, but our policeman writes articles about us.)

PAUL ENEVER Thanks for the loan of 'The Immortal Storm. I read it (Middlesex) with immense pleasure...It couldn't have been nostalgia because from 1934 onwards I had gafia. (Is 17 years the longest gafia on record?) I think it must have been the recognition of a kindred spirit. I, too, would have made a Fan Historian. Not for him the callow frivolities of Trufandom or the mad whirl of propellor beanies; Fandom was real, Fandom was earnest. Sam was no zap-gunning profligate with a gin-bottle under one arm and a blonde under the other. He was a philosopher. Not one of your fly-by-night philosophers either. A how-many-angels-on-a-pin's-head philosopher, not an eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we'll-have-had-it sort. Sam was solid. If he were editing Orion, he too would have insisted on its Regularity, and there'd be none of this new nonsense about not using fan-fiction either. Yeh, I feel a great brotherly love for Sam Moskowitz.



About the only thing that cools it is his offhand treatment of the original BSFA. A 'correspondence group' indeed! If all the records hadn't been deliberately destroyed by Hitler, I'd produce a list of names and a schedule of activities which would make the later Futurian and Michelist cavortings look like childish ploys. We had Gernsback and Dr Jung and Dr Adler as honorary members before Forrie Ackerman knew Esperanto from esperception. Whenever did any mere US fan group entertain distinguished continental members to lunch at Lyon's

Comer House? ...The BSFA was, admittedly, a correspondence club, but it had a Constitution and a Rule Book and would eventually have had a printed zine if founts of type hadn't been so dear. It even co-operated with a local drama group to make a scientific film, at least a year before the ISA came into existence. And we were never merely linked with the ISA. We persuaded them to co-operate with us.



Robert Bloch

...it's vagueness."

RORY FAULKNER I get a big bang out of Damon Knight's reviews. The guy has a vitriolic (California) pen. But he is so right about a lot of the crud being turned out these days. I have lately been turning to my old collection, back in the late '40's, trying to capture some of the sheer magic in those old stories. Everything was so strange and wonderful then, before the writers got sophisticated and jaded. I think the reason for a lot of the recent criticism of the rather naive space opera is that the fans themselves are getting old and blase. How about that?

I won't get to Cleveland. Too far by rail and flying is too expensive, besides being strictly for the birds. I haven't heard any limericks lately; the only blue comment that came my way was the news note about the big "DO IT YOURSELF" show they recently had in Los Angeles, which was picketed by every prostitute in town.

I heard a radio discussion about sf, between Clifton Fadiman and Aldous Huxley; one of them gave a fine definition of sf; "A sort of wild child, begotten by imagination upon the body of technology". Not bad.

ALAN C. EIMS Many thanks to Damon Knight for introducing me (Kentucky) to Logogenetics. I've always wondered how Ellison writes what he does..."Soames" I absolutely loved with all my POGO-ever-loving soul...The illos with 'Life With Brennschluss' were real gone, magnificent etc. Ditto for TOTO. Concerning the baquotes; one of my California friends, who can't make head nor taul of Psychotic or any of the other fmz, absolutely loves the baquotes. Maybe a couple of visits to the psychiatrist ^{will} suffice for him. I like the wrapper; now I shall be able to read Braille after perusing my Hyphen without getting the book bloody.



DESMOND EMERY I've always admired Damon Knight--for his stories, and (Ontario) for his review columns. Since SFA is no longer around it's really a treat to read his accurate assessments of the field. He is actually the only unprejudiced reviewer I can name offhand. Damon can insult an author in one review and praise him in the next, whereas I think Groff Conklin plays favourites too often.

TED TUBB I'm fully aware that I'll recover and plunge headfirst into fandom again. London These things come in cycles, or fits of madness, or sanity, depending on the point of view. As far as I can tell this is about the third time I've dived in, swum around a little, then sat on the edge of the pool and watched the others.

One thing though, having gaps in fanac can be educational. The thing I've noticed more than others is the terrible partisanship of modern fandom. I say 'terrible' because that's what it is. When one group sets itself up in opposition to another and insists on referring to other fans as belonging to groups etc, then that is a bad state of affairs. "London hates Manchester" (Manchester says), "Leeds sides with Liverpool", the Northern fen versus the Southern fen, cliques and groups siding against other cliques and groups--you know what I mean. All very nice and with a tremendous potential for good--there's nothing wrong with friendly rivalry and a really good goodnatured fan feud would be fun. Imagine a Convention where everyone wore identifying colours and had to employ armed bodyguards! Perfect! But somehow a trace of nastiness crept in at revealed by the recent hoochah about open letters, accusations etc. Or, equally as bad, "we-must-fight-for-the-honour-of-London".

Anyway, Walt, I'll read the Good Book again (The Enchanted Duplicator, of course) and try to find the way back...Glad you liked REQUIEM. I'll admit the Trufen Tales were mostly tongue-in-cheek, but in them all was--not a moral exactly--but a basic truth. Unfortunately so few people recognised it. If they had....Idea! Who is going to write something on the 'Ethics Of Fandom'?

See? I'm recovering already.

BOYD RAEURN (Toronto) Ron & I were over at Ger Steward's just after he received the latest Hyphen, and Ron was reading aloud the bacover gag ad about Drive-In churches. Too late, too late, the thing was a reality before the article was written. A Drive-In church was started here in Toronto last summer. It is held in the parking area of one of the big shopping centres, but the amplifier is not hi-fi I should think, and nobody sells popcorn.

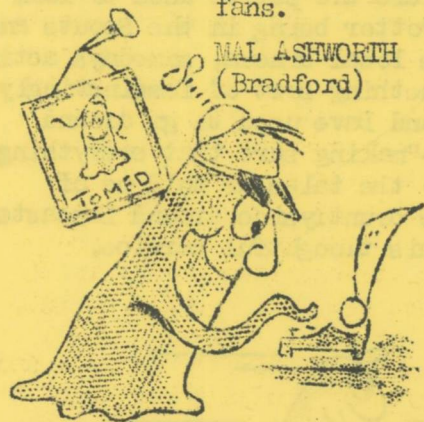
ERIC NEEDHAM Manchester Fancy me using a word like BALLS all these years and not knowing it was a Swear Word. Thank Daphne for me, and tell her I'll keep to the term "gonads" in future. This is technical, like the term 'coitus', which I never use either. Short terms are more expressive, think you not? (Real gonad, man.)

JIM BROSCART (Perma.) Received my bundle of Hyphens, wrapped in what looks like masticated toilet paper; from all appearances the envelope fell apart in mid-Atlantic, and the only thing that was keeping the zines together was four strips of Scotch tape which some kind postman had wrapped around them.

The contents of your mag are of very high quality, but the reproduction, in spots, was kind of spotty. Whatsamatter? (That is known as the acne of success: it results from rash overconfidence.) ...What fandom needs is a process of reproducing mag by asexual means—just make one copy, let it sit for a few days, then start mailing. Of course a way would have to be developed to stop the process. Imagine one's surprise when, having received only one Hyphen, he wakes up the next morning to discover enough Hyphens to make a line. Or, even worse, what if they developed fission in mailing.

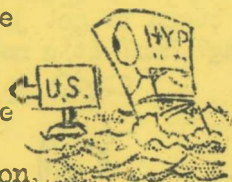
I have developed a permanent crick in my neck by having to twist my head to the right in order to read your sidelines. How about running the ones in the next issue on the left margins so I can release my cricks by twisting my heads the other way?

GREGG CALKINS (California) Logogenetically speaking, I got this from Hyphen and Can-fan: "Saturday like the picture of Belfast was equivalent to explosive proficiency." Like the man says, it seems as if it ought to mean something... I only hope that Damon continues to write these reviews for you on a regular basis; they are outstanding. Re-reading reveals the first part to be hilariously funny and the last part excellent criticism. Conklin & Miller to the contrary, I think Damon Knight is sf's best reviewer—whether you mean fandom, prodom, or that heterogenous mixture that is Hyphen. If I were ever to publish a promag, knight is the reviewer I'd want. And strangely enough, nobody seems to recognise just how good he is except the fans.



Eventually they're going to find me lying across the typewriter, dead. My finger ends will be battered to pulp (What an end to a fan. Ghod!) and I shall have died from loss of blood, exhaustion, fatigue, heartstrain and piles. Yeah—piles. The piles of waste sheets I shall have accumulated round me all beginning "Dear Walt", "Walt", "Hi Walt", "~~Dear Walt~~", "Howdy", etc etc. But I want you to know what has really happened Walt: I want you to know that I tried. I want you to know that I left this world trying to write to you about Hyphen 12. I want you to know that I didn't forget, that I didn't neglect to comment. That but for Them preventing me you would by now have received twenty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty

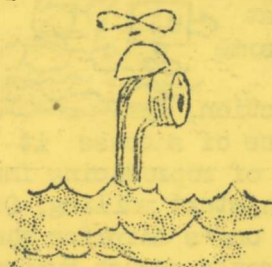
three letters and a pectsared commenting on Hyphen 12. Every time, They let me get just so far and then they break me off and drag me away somewhere; when I get back they have altered all my words around so that they don't make sense. So I have to start all over again—and so it goes on. Don't we all. But I wanted you to know.



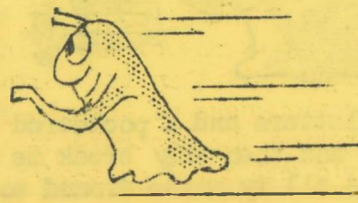
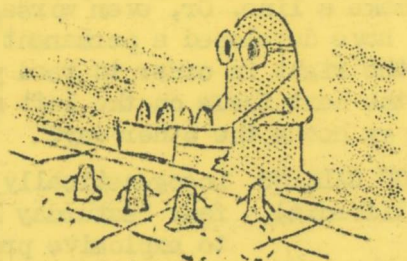
What fandom needs is a Mobius airletter.

So I gave up the idea of putting in a letter what I thought of Hyphen 12. I shall try to tell you to your face (if I can borrow a stepladder) in a couple of weeks. If They don't sink the bloody boat on the way over. In which case you will find my notebook stashed away in Davy Jones' locker.

Uh huh. What gives with the Irish Sea? Is it rough or something? I mean crossing it isn't like boating in the park huh? No particular reason for asking, it's just that if a person has come to accept the fact of my being a fan without turning a hair and then when I mention I'm visiting Belfast, by boat, in February, they drop on their knees and start pleading with Santa Maria, swear that I'm mad, and quiver like a Convention organiser who hasn't been able to hire Metropolis, I begin to get just slightly suspicious. Is there something unpleasant about the crossing? Hmm? It's not that I'm not a good sailor; many's the time I've navigated the treacherous bridge-arches of the River Nidd at Knaresborough in a hired canoe---but I'm beginning to wonder what's causing all this crossing of foreheads, averting of eyes, attempts to get me certified insane etc. It's all right for Tom, of course; he used to be in submarines. Still I suppose I should take the viewpoint that Jophan would wish me to take. Has any Trufan yet written an account of being drowned in the Irish Sea? (I dunno..I'm not too sure about some articles of Harlan Ellison's..)



Seriously the whole thing was a terrific issue; but I wish you hadn't produced it at that time of the year because if I'm anything to go by (and apparently I am because when I stand in the gutter with my little tray held out, hundreds of people go by me) nobody will have been energetic enough to give it its just dues..One cute little piece connected with Bremscluss particularly appealed to me. ~~It was the Bremscluss~~. That was the sentence that started "BRENNSCLUSS began at the Sunday School Youth Club Dance". I was very impressed with that sentence, because (a) Potter wrote it, and (b) it is probably true. There can't be many fanzines which started at a Sunday School Youth Club dance; if there were I imagine the Government would have made Sunday School Youth Club dances illegal by now. And I know it is probably true because I happen to know that at one time Potter was in the Boy Scouts! (Dave Wood too.) And anyone who is in the Scouts might conceivably be found at a Sunday School Youth Club dance. Which I suppose is where the police used to look for him first of all. Somehow I just love the thought of Potter being in the Scouts and doing a good turn every day (some days basking outside the local cinema, some days acting as a Grecian statue in the local girlie show)--there's something sort of fascinatingly unreal about it. But it's true enough; he told me how he and Dave used to go around peering in the back seats of parked cars--"making sure that everything was all right". Surprisingly, according to the tales he told me of moonlight life-and-death chases across the countryside around Lancaster, the car-owners didn't always appreciate this thoughtful service.





Plans are being made to have the 1956 World Convention in London. A bid for London will, it is hoped, be entered at the Cleveland Convention this September by the British fan sent there under the Transfanfund. Some US big names, including Doc Smith & E.E. Evans, have already said they will come over if London gets the nomination: it's also hoped to bring over a prominent US fan under the Transfanfund. Other contenders for the 1956 Convention site will be New York, Washington and Atlanta.

The Cleveland Convention Committee has offered five days free lodging in Cleveland to the winner of the Transfanfund election.

Don Ford is also trying to arrange transportation from New York to Cleveland. I have been trying since early February to book a berth to New York: I'm not really worried yet, but if any fan happens to own a transatlantic liner I wish they'd get in touch with me.

I suppose it's too late now to plug the Kettering Convention at Easter (The George Hotel, Kettering--write Dennis Cowen, 42 Silverwood Rd, Kettering, Northants.) but Chuck, Arthur & I will be there and are hoping to see you. It's not too late though to mention Eric Bentcliffe's mutant Convacation idea for the last two weeks in July in Torquay. Spend your holidays in congenial fannish company...all this and Devon too. Write Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babbacombe Road, Torquay, Devon.

Robert Heinlein is visiting Europe this Spring // Stuart Mackenzie has been dropped from the Kettering Convention Committee. // Gregg Calkins and Richard Eney hope to visit Britain when their period of military service expires. // Brian Varley married. // Startling Stories has folded.

Every issue Hyphen reviews the US fmz that offer special concessions to English fans, and one outstanding British mag. The following US mags offer a limited number of free subs to British fans who write a letter of comment on each issue, but you might instead--or also--make a small contribution to the TAFF in the editor's name.

OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins, 2817 Eleventh St., Santa Monica, California. The other Best Stateside Fanzine Since Quandry. Current issue has a thoughtful and intelligent survey of the recent history of fandom by Vernon McCain, a hilarious article by Dean Grennell, excellent fmz reviews by Bob Silverberg, stuff by me and Gregg's inimitable editorialising. The format of this mag is a lesson to us all.

PSYCHOTIC, Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. The third Best Stateside Fanzine Since Quandry. It has now accomplished the minor miracle of going photo-offset without losing its spontaneity and informality. Current issue consists mainly of a report on the San Francisco Convention by Peter Graham, which is interesting enough, but usually the contents of Psychotic are varied and uniformly good.

THE OUTLANDER, Len Moffatt 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, California. Organ of that agreeable group The Outlanders, who still plan to hold the 1958 Convention in South Gate. Informal chatty stuff, well written and well worth reading.

This month's recommended British fmz is Triode; Eric Bentcliffe, Terry Jeeves and Eric Jones, 9d per copy from 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. US fans send 20c for two issues to Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. This mag is one of the principal manifestations of the renaissance of the Triufan spirit in the North of England and is a far cry from the dull pretentiousness of the old Space Times. Despite minor faults in presentation the contents make this one of the best fanzines in the world and chief contender with 'i' and Ben for leadership of English fannish zines.

EYE

Because of the disappearance of Stuart Mackenzie from the fan scene, the surviving editors of 'i' find themselves without the magazine's subscription lists, etc. Would all those who have subscribed to the next issue of 'i' please notify Ted Tubb, 67 Houston Rd., London SE 23., so that their subscriptions can be honoured.

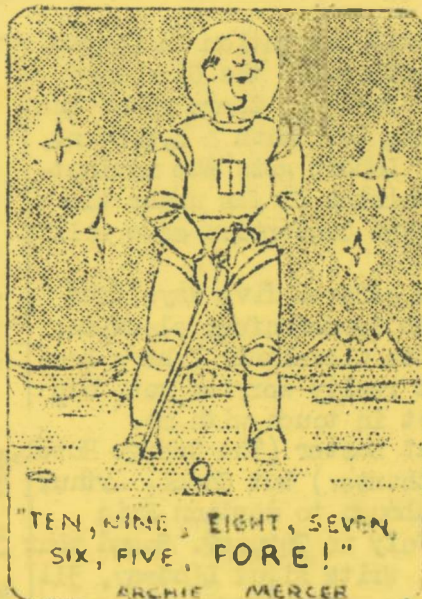


Hyphen, the only fanzine with the Nirvana Guarantee, is an organ of the Society for the Preservation of Robert Bloch (founder: Vernon McCain). Bloch is the only True Ghod. Beware of cheap imitations--insist on the cheap original.

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SOUTH GATE IN '58
NEW YORK IN '57
LONDON IN '56

39



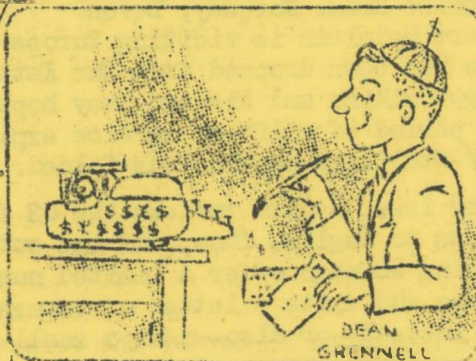
Here are the addresses of the good people who commented on the last issue; partly for acknowledgment and thanks and partly to help fellow-faneds.

Richard Eney, RA 13 464 022, USAH 8142 AU, APO 5, Calif.
 Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N.Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng.
 DR Smith, 13 Church Rd., Hartshill, Nuneaton, Warwks. Eng.
 Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif., USA
 Edith Carr, 5 King St., Arlington, Mass., USA
 Bill Stavidahl, 537 St.David St., Nanaimo, BC, Canada
 Alan C Elms, Rte 1, La Center, Ky., USA
 Jim Broschart, Rural Route 1, Towanda, Pa., USA
 Gregg Calkins, 2817-11th St., Santa Monica, Calif., USA
 Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Tong, Bradford, Yorks., Eng.
 Richard Geis, Apt.106, 2631 N.Mississippi, Portland 12, Ore.
 Geoff Wingrove, 6 Tudor Close, Cheam, Surrey, Eng.
 Robert Bloch, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin, USA
 Dawn Allen, 3 Arkle St., Gateshead 8, Co.Durham, England
 Julian Parr, Dusseldorf-Oberkassel, Banner Strasse 12, Ger.
 Demon Knight, Canadensis, Pa

Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave., Hillingdon, M'sex, Eng.
 Rory Faulkner, 164 Geneva Place, Covina, Calif., USA
 Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois, USA
 Des Emery, 93 Hemlock St., St.Thomas, Ontario, Canada
 Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Gt.Moor, Stockport, Eng.
 Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario
 Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium
 Brian Varley, 82 Cadogan Sq., Chelsea, London SW1
 Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc., USA
 Ethel Lindsay, 126 W.Regent St., Glasgow, Scotland
 Douglas Millar, 307 Montford Ave., Rutherglen, Glasgow
 Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babbacombe Rd., Torquay, Devon, Eng.
 Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester
 Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Av., Romiley, Cheshire
 John Brumer, Highlands, Woodcote, Reading, Berks. Eng.
 Len Moffatt, 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, Calif., USA
 Mike Wallace, c/o 267 Hessle Rd., Hull, Yorks., Eng.
 Joe Gibson, 24 Kensington Ave., Jersey City 4, NJ, USA
 Pete Royle, 3 Fouracres Rd., Wythenshawe, Manchester
 Don Ford, 129 Maple Ave., Sharonville, Ohio, would like to get in touch with Britishfans desiring US sf mags.
 British faneds might like to know that Hyphen is produced on duplicating paper available at 8/2 (current price) per ream in 10 ream lots carriage pd. from H.J. Chapman, Ledbury Park, Ledbury, Herts. White cheaper.

equipment and bones being ground to atoms. It is like a climax in the Goon Show. Then, when everything has more or less settled down and I'm about to start a letter to the BBC complaining about showing this stuff to children instead of happy little pieces like 1984, the scientist emerges from the debris, crawls towards the camera and gasps; "We have landed safely on Hesikos!"

Frankly, I don't believe it. The entire stern of that rocket is obviously crushed to powder and all the crew are dying from dreadful internal injuries. Carol is no fool either: no doubt she gives the scientist credit for being brave, but if that is his idea of a safe landing she doesn't want any part of it. She must by now be quite convinced that not only are spaceships an extremely dangerous means of transportation, but that they are manned by incompetent morons who don't even know when they're fatally injured. But what is she going to think when she realises that they don't even exist yet except in the imagination of her deluded parents?



Editorial, ctd. from p.41

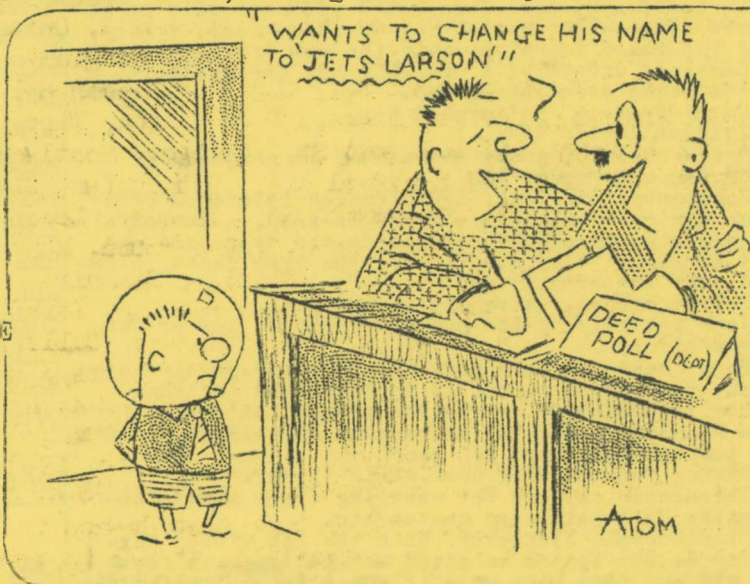
alamingly. Poor Carol is sitting on the edge of her chair with all her fingers in her mouth. The scientist cries "50 feet!", there is a deafening crash, and someone kicks the camera halfway across the studio. The cast throw themselves all over the place, bits fall off the set and there is a horrible splintering noise in the background like delicate

No, it's just that my 7-year old daughter Carol knows I'm a science fiction fan and every other Saturday afternoon as I am sitting peacefully in the attic waiting for correction fluid to dry she comes storming up the stairs screaming "Daddy! The Lost Planet! What you're intressed in! SPACESHIPS!" And I have to run downstairs so as not to disappoint her. I already feel guilty enough about the handicap I'm placing on the child by being a fan. You see, poor Carol hasn't yet realised that there is anything wrong with our household. She thinks that everything that happens here is part of normal family life. The other day for instance one of her little friends asked what the pile of paper was in the corner. "Those are fanzines, silly," said Carol. And only last week I cringed to hear her loftily correct another little girl who'd mentioned her mother's badminton racquet. "It's ghood-minton," explained Carol, "and you play it with a piece of cardboard."



However, as I was saying, I go down and watch this Lost Planet thing. The lost planet is called Hesikos and people are always tearing backwards and forwards between it and Lime Grove. Every single trip is good for a whole half hour program. I don't mind this so much...after all they've built a spaceship set that must have cost every penny of 16/9d and they're entitled to get their value out of it...but it's the way they do it. First the daddy-scientist gives the crew a long but inaccurate lecture on the principles of space flight as misunderstood by the author of the program, one Angus McVicar. McVicar's acquaintance with astronautics evidently stopped short at a period when spaceships were shot from guns, because there is a great deal about something called "escape velocity". Meanwhile the cast just stand around in tense attitudes: either McVicar has never heard of acceleration couches or the BBC's budget won't run to them.

After explaining carefully how important it is that they start off at exactly the correct moment the scientist launches into the ritual count, ending dramatically with "two... one... FIRE THE ATOMIC MOTORS!" Nothing happens. The scientist looks furtively sideways. The camera pans slowly to an enormous switch, like what you see in a signalman's cabin. A hand appears at the bottom lefthand corner of the screen. It creeps stealthily up to the switch, pauses, and then begins to pull the handle down. It is like nothing so much as an aged crone operating the village pump. The same drill is gone through with "FIRE THE ATOMIC JETS!" with the addition of sirens and rows of coloured lights. Finally someone kicks the camera--I expect they have a little plate on it marked "Kick here for spaceship take-off" and we know they've left the ground..by now, I would estimate, a mere 20000000 miles off course.



Now the scientist, undaunted, shouts "FIRE THE ROTATORY JETS!" Two burly technicians lift the camera and turn it round a couple of times, while the cast waggle their cheekbones and bare their teeth. Then they all come right way up again, having saved the BBC a fortune in piano wire, and things go back to normal. Normal, that is, for tv spaceships. Something is continually going "Plank! Plank!" (maybe it's Planks Constant), something else is going "Plink. Plonk." and every now and then something else goes "Pommgggg!" It is like nothing so much as a Les Paul record played very slow. We are now in outer space. We have a brief view of the star-studded velvet of space, like a handful of Ted Tubb stories scattered carelessly across an agent's desk, the ritual encounter with meteors and failure of the oxygen apparatus, and we have arrived in the vicinity of Hesikos.

Now this is the part that worries me. The scientist starts shouting "1000 feet! 900 feet! 800 feet..." The cast is hanging onto stanchions and things and wagging their cheekbones fit to bust. They look horrible. The picture of Hesikos in the visiscreen waggles about

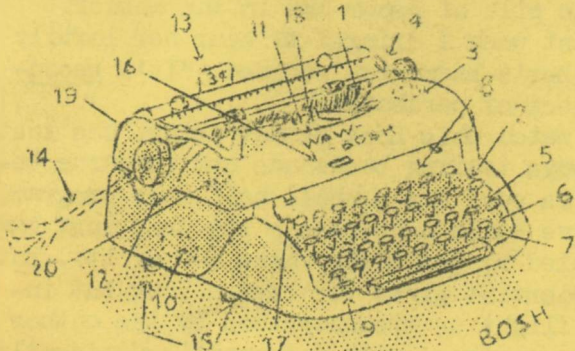
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14. Duster for cleaning desk while typing.
15. Telescopic castors for wheeling typer about Convention Hall gathering quotes etc.
16. Stereoscopic Staggerer. When the fan wishes anything in his letter to stand out he types it first in red and then goes over it again in green, using the Stereoscopic Staggerer. Supplies of red & green 3" spectacles for sending with letters are available from Proxyboo Ltd.
17. Spelling corrector.
18. Feuding Ribbon, impregnated with vitriol. A special type can be supplied for impetuous fans; with this the writing disappears after 24 hours, keeping the fan out of trouble and leaving the recipient of the letter with an infuriating sheaf of blank paper.
19. Ego-booster. A concealed phonograph utters words of praise and encouragement every 50 lines..
20. Well of inspiration. The built-in tank of whiskey makes this the most potable typewriter on the market.

EASY PAYMENT TERMS AVAILABLE. TWO POUNDS OF FEATHERS
ACCEPTED AS DOWN PAYMENT

STOP DUPER

TRAGIC SCENES AT ESAU DE BOTE TRIAL
"I GAVE HIM MY YAWLI" —MRS COURTNEY



KINDLY SEND ME SOME DEEP THOUGHTS ON
RELIGION BY RETURN....ANYONE WHO MEN-
TIONS A RHINOCEEROS IN EVERY PARAGRAPH
IS A GENUINE WHACKERAN....THE WAY WILL
LIS TALKS YOU'D THINK HE WAS WILLIS.

AT LEAST WE KNEW WHERE MANCHESTER WAS...WE KEEP
THAT ROOM BRICKED UP SPECIALLY FOR YOU...WAS
THERE A BRITISH FANDOM BEFORE SLANT?...NOBODY
ASKED ME IF I WANTED A FIFTH CUP OF TEA....HE
WAS DETERMINED TO COMMIT SUICIDE, OR DIE IN THE
ATTEMPT...BERT CAMPBELL ISN'T FABULOUS---HE'S
JUST HIGHLY UNLIKELY....IF YOU DIDN'T KILL THAT
SPIDER AT LEAST YOU REMOVED ITS WARTS...THAT'S
THE MOST FRUSTRATING THING OF ALL--ILLEGIBLE
EGOBOS....I'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW PAIR OF OLD
SHOES....BRENNSSCHLUSS WILL BE BEHIND SCHEDULE
.....WHEN THE GOOD WEATHER COMES IN I'M GOING
TO EXPLORE THE BACK GARDEN...CAN I REP-
ORT HEINLEIN PLAYING GHOOIMINTON?...SHE
IS GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH AND IS
BUSY GETTING HER TORSO READY...EVERY-
BODY TALKS ABOUT MARK TWAIN BUT NOBODY DOES
ANYTHING ABOUT HIM...FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE,
SMOKE KIPPERS....I HOPE THE HANGMAN GIVES HIM
A BREAK....A MINK-LINED SPITTOON? THAT VERGES
ON VULGAR OSTENTATION....WE DON'T GO AROUND
FRIGHTENING CUCKOO CLOCKS....TO HELL WITH READ-
ING POGO JUST TO BE A DAMNED CULTURED INTELL-
ECTUAL....I HAVE TO NIP OFF TO THE TOILET AND
BALANCE THE THING ON ONE KNEE....YOU SILLY
TWISTED NEOFAN YOU....LEGIBILITY DOES GO A
LONG WAY IN MAKING A ZINE LEGIBLE....NOBODY
HAS EVER ACCUSED YOU OF BEING NORMAL....WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT SEXY POTATOES?...SOMETIMES I
THINK I EAT JUST TO KEEP THE NEIGHBOURS FROM
TALKING....HIS SPIDER IS PUNCTURED...WHEN I
ENTER THE CONVENTION HALL A NEON SIGN FLASHES
OVER THE DOOR "FASTEN CHASTITY BELTS"....FOR
GHOD'S SAKE STOP BEING BRILLIANT
FOR A MOMENT...BUT THE MAD DOGS
HAVE KNEED US IN THE GROIN...
WASN'T THAT TOUGH ABOUT
ROMBO AND JULIET?...IT'S
LITERATURE DAMNIT,
DON'T ASK WHAT IT'S
ABOUT....THAT BRAVE CHAP SAID HE WAS ON THE
COMMITTEE....WHAT'S SO AUTHENTIC ABOUT HIRSUTE
JESUS CAMPBELL?.....STOP! YOU'RE GIVING ME
FLAT DANDRUFF....DO YOU BELIEVE IN JOHN BERRY?
....IT WASN'T EASY----BUT WE LOST!....JIM IS
KNOBRLY KNEED ALL OVER.....TEMPUS FUGHEAD

CEMETERY



AN X HERE
MEANS YOU'VE
EXPIRED



James white 9, chuck harris 4, correspondents of e.
f. russell 4, bob shaw 3, waw 5, richard eney 1, ed
cox 1, george charters 2, ken potter 2, les cratch
1, ray thompson 1, arthur thomson 1, alvia webb 1,
geoff wingrove 2, Damon Knight 1, harlan ellison 1,
ral ashworth 1, tony thorne 1. Grateful thanks to
collectors e.f. russell, geoff wingrove, Damon Knight,
don allen, david rike, jan jansen, terry carr & to
geoff conlin for thinking I made them all up.