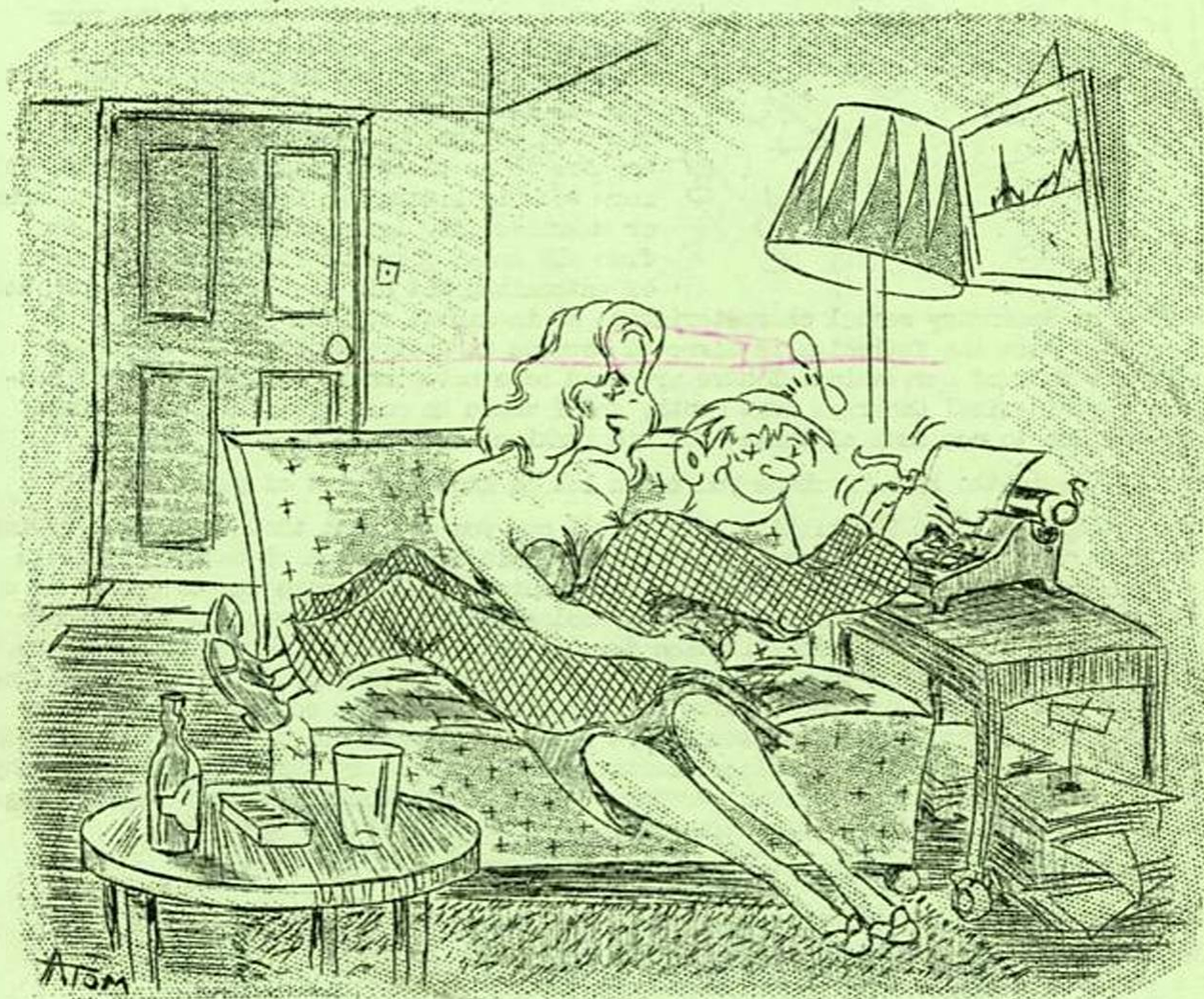


HYPHEN

NO. 17

DECEMBER

1956



"Dear Joe, Gafia has me in its dreaded grip....."

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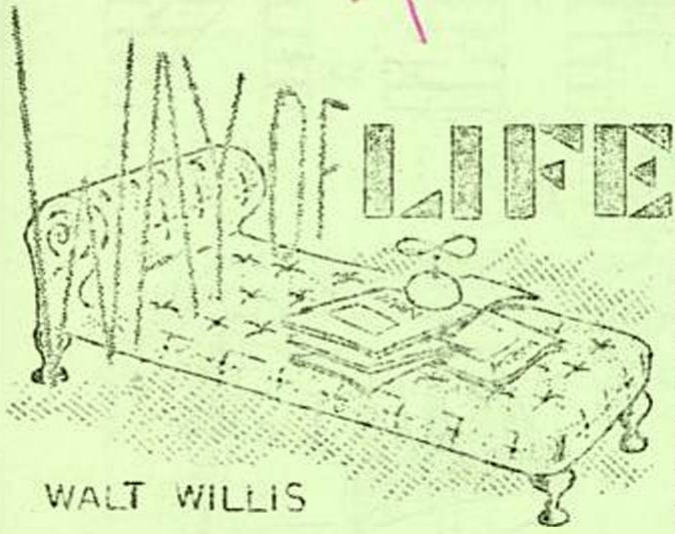
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Published by Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.Ireland with help from John Berry, James White, George Charters and Madeleine & Carol Willis. Art Editor Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2. Associate Editor Chuck Harris, "Carolyn", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex. Foreign Correspondent Bob Shaw, 209—27th Ave. SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Subscription per copy 1/- or 15¢.

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The Psychiatrist handed back the bundle of fanzines. "Remarkable," he said. "Remarkable."

"You have read them all?" asked the Fan.

"Every word," affirmed the Psychiatrist.

"And do you agree with the Russell Hypothesis?" asked the Fan eagerly.

"On the whole, yes," said the Psychiatrist. He got up from his desk and paced the room thoughtfully. "The Russell Hypothesis," he went on, "as expressed in *Psychia 10*, was that fanning is a form of sexual perversion which might be defined as 'deviation of aim'. That appears to me to be substantially correct. In more technical terms, it is a form of fetishism, or substitution. But what distinguishes it from all known forms of fetishism—" A gleam of enthusiasm lit his countenance. "—such as

concentration on secondary sexual characteristics or inanimate objects such as shoes or clothes, is that here the fetichism is directed towards an abstraction. It is therefore an entirely new form of perversion. I have prepared some notes on it for my inaugural address to the Psychiatric Congress next month, and I would be most grateful if you could give me permission to use none of these 'fan biographies' as sample case histories?"

"Certainly," said the Fan. "Perhaps you could let me know the gist of your address?"

"By all means," said the Psychiatrist. "In fact I owe you at least that much for bringing to my attention this interesting and completely new field of research. I begin my address by describing the nature of 'fanc' and the relationship of the average fan to fandom as a whole. I point out that this relationship is psychologically a sexual one, in that fandom supplies a complete intellectual substitution for the physical sexual relationship. Take, for example," he said, turning to his subject, "the neofan, or virgin. He learns about fandom from hints in magazines or from furtive conversations among his school-fellows. Nervously, he makes his first amorous overtures... a letter to a prozine, a guarded request for a copy of a fanzine. His desire for closer contact is heightened by this tentative loveplay. His courtship becomes more intimate and strenuous until he can contain his passion no longer. He Goes All The Way. He publishes a fanzine."

"You regard this as the equivalent of the sex act?" asked the Fan.

"Of course," said the Psychiatrist. "By publishing a fanzine he, as it were, inserts a portion of himself into the body of fandom, procuring thereby a sense of gratification and discharge of the tension which has been building up inside him. The period of preparation of the fanzine... soliciting contributions, preparing stencils, the rhythmic manipulation of the mimeograph... these constitute his period of innescence. The phase of desuence includes the final collation of the fanzine, the reading of the first finished copy, and culminates in the despatch of the mailing."



"Itself a symbolically suggestive act," offered the Fan.

"Quite so," agreed the Psychiatrist, "The mailbox slot... I also draw attention here to the prevalence of the conventional phallic spaceship on covers and to the significance of the various methods of mailing... in open envelopes, in 'clasp' envelopes, in wrappers, rolled up and...er...unclotted. These last types offer a particularly fascinating avenue of speculation—the difference between the carefree or exhibitionistic fanned who sends out his fanzine unfolded with just one securing staple, and the inhibited, fann and guilt-ridden multiple folder and stapler."

(Continued on page 17)

THE GLASS BUSHEL

SPRINTING IN THE ROCKIES

by BOB SHAW

WHEN the alarm clock rang I half leaped out of bed - then I remembered it was Saturday and I didn't need to go to work. I relaxed back into the warmth of the blankets, sighing gently, giving myself up to that most luxurious of all feelings: getting back into a warm bed, knowing that you don't have to move for hours and hours.

Then a nagging worry made itself felt. Why had I set the alarm? It wasn't like me: every night before setting the alarm I bow my head in silent thought for a few moments trying to remember some reason for not doing it. Suddenly it all came back to me. This was the day on which David, the travelling draughtsman from Glasgow, and I were to go on a hunting trip.

Stumb with regret I got up, wandered into the kitchen and put on the kettle. I slumped down in a chair, wondering why it is that an idea which seems so good in the middle of the working afternoon or after a couple of drinks in the evening never seems quite sane in the light of dawn. When the tea was ready I raided the refrigerator in the hope of finding a couple of wrapped sandwiches or something. There weren't any. Rather than cook something for myself or waken Sadie I broke my fast on tea, chocolate biscuits, ice cream and a bag of potato chips.

This made me feel quite good, so I dressed myself and tiptoed around the room gathering up my rifle, a box of ammo, a telescope, a map and a knife. I carried these out to the car, dumped them in and headed for David's digs. By this time I was feeling wonderful. The sun was well clear of the horizon and was shedding a fresh, rosy light over the thinning outskirts of the city. Whistling "The Call of the Haraway Hills" I pulled up outside the house of Peter van der Krogt, a Dutch draughtsman with whom David lodges. I sounded the horn.....

Everything had turned out well after all. I think my pessimism of earlier was due mainly to an unfortunate experience I had when I was about eight. I remembered it well. There had been a mild pleasant evening in late September on which I had had a ruckus, exciting time with three other small boys. For once there had been no fighting, no jealousy and none of the limelight hogging which so infuriates other little boys who want to hog the limelight. We all felt so good and friendly that we decided to form ourselves into a club to which we would remain loyal and true for the rest of our lives. This was a great idea. So as not to waste one precious moment of this deathless friendship we decided to meet at seven the next morning. I was to go to the back garden of Harold, the member whose home was situated between all the others, and sound a bugle. Upon hearing this clarion call my friends would come tumbling out of their homes and together we would set out on a bright, glorious day of adventure and camaraderie.

The next morning I got up before seven, dressed myself and put on my favourite coat, a brown, shiny-cuffed little thing which I imagined I had transformed into a romantic-looking greatcoat by cutting off the buttons and replacing them with brass

Belfast Corporation Transport buttons. I went to the appointed place and waited until it was exactly seven o'clock. Harold's back garden was not a really attractive place, especially at that time of the morning. I fought off the depressing effect of the utter silence, the misty morning air, the thick coating of frost that lay over the few bedraggled potato plants in the centre of the garden.

I decided to sound the call.

I had no bugle, a fact which we had overlooked on the previous evening. The only thing I had been able to find was a little wooden soldier with a hole in the top of his head which you could blow into and make a sound. The paint was washed away from it almost entirely. I blew into this thing, which belonged to my younger brother, and a noise like the death-cry of an asthmatic duck floated out across the withered frost-bitten vegetables. I repeated this several times, striving to obtain a more blood-stirring note, but without success.

Slowly turning blue with the cold I waited there and, of course, nobody came. After a time I turned my back on the broken fence, the mute furrows of barren earth and the houses with the drawn blinds, and went home. I felt that I had grown up somewhat. Later on in the day when I met the others I was too embarrassed to tell them that I had stuck to our plan, and they had apparently forgotten all about the club for we never spoke of it again.

Now here I was sixteen years later and six thousand miles away. David came running out of the house with his rifle slung over his shoulder. He thudded his two hundred pounds into and almost through the seat beside me and cried hoarsely, "Take her away quick! The Krogs are coming! Flee for your life!"

Somewhat surprised I got the car moving and saw in the rear view mirror Peter's two little boys peering after us. When we were well away David relaxed a little and began to relate more of his horrendous stories about the activities of those two little boys, both of whom seem to me perfectly normal children except for the fact that they get up at six every morning. After a few minutes David began to cheer up and he sang me the first few verses of a new song he was working on. It was called, "The March of the Krogs."

Presently we had left Calgary some distance behind and were buzzing along a narrow little road with the Rockies getting higher and higher ahead of us. "This is the life," David commented. "This makes me feel like Champlain."

Champlain, I thought feverishly as I saw David glance sideways at me, Champlain? I began to get slightly worried. I should explain here that David and I have different approaches to the task of absorbing knowledge. My method is to get an overall picture of a subject, paying little attention to dates and names and places, etc., and using this knowledge to enable me to look up the required information any time I need exact details.

On the other hand David learns names and places, etc. I think that I probably cover a wider field than he than he does, but my type of learning isn't much good for impressing people. It has a vague, woolly sound compared with his incisive rendition of facts and figures. For some reason David gets a kick out of demonstrating this, especially on his two main subjects, Recent History and Geography.

"Yes," he continued, "this certainly makes me feel like Champlain. Does it make you feel like Champlain?"

He was closing in. I ignored the obvious pun and said, "It certainly does."

David gave me a benign smile. "Who was Champlain, Bobby?"

"Why, the famous Frenchman," I said. That much was pretty safe.



David's smile widened. "What did he do, Boabby?"

"I don't know and I don't care," I snarled.

David's face assumed a look of incredulity and then pity. He launched into a little lecture on the explorations of Samuel de Champlain. I sat hunched over the wheel thinking furiously. What books had I read lately? Suddenly I remembered that only about two weeks before I had read Willy Ley's Lungfish, Dodo and Unicorn. Surely one little fact had stuck with me, just one little grain of hard, uncompromising knowledge. My brain began to stir sluggishly....

"What's a wisent?" I shouted challengingly, interrupting him in mid-sentence.

"A wisent!" he said. He repeated the word several times at different speeds and with different emphasis, obviously trying to see if it was a word that he knew but which I hadn't said properly. He got nowhere with it. My jubilation increased.

"What is it?" he said reluctantly.

"The European wood buffalo," I shouted, and then to clinch the matter and show my grip on the subject, "It's extinct."

David gave me a reproachful look and told me that it wasn't clever to use an unknown word for a well-known animal and that the wisent, as I called it, wasn't extinct, that there were privately-owned herds of them on the Continent.

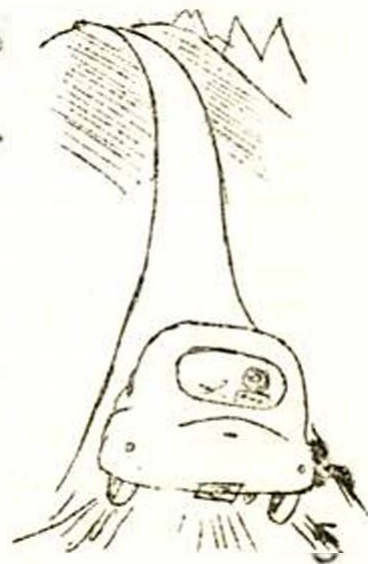
I told him that Willy Ley who writes in Galaxy every month said the privately-owned herds had all died out in the war. David wasn't impressed. Willy Ley was wrong, wisents did exist, David had seen photos of them. He was so firm that I began to wonder if Willy Ley was wrong, or if I was thinking of aurochs.

All this put me into a sort of silent rage which wasn't helped by the fact that, although for the last ten miles we had been driving through deserted forest land, every tree seemed to be wearing a NO SHOOTING notice. At last I decided we had gone far enough and turned round to go back.

We were driving along through this forest and David was telling me why he would like to have a wolf-skin to take back to Scotland with him. It seemed he thought it would be a very impressive thing indeed to be entertaining friends and suddenly say he would like to go up and change into something more casual. Then he would take his friends by surprise by reappearing wearing his wolf-skin, the hood sitting on top of his own and the forelegs knotted beneath his chin....

Suddenly I saw a small clearing, a flat, grassy-looking place which had no notices in the immediate vicinity. I turned the car off the road and all at once we were sitting at an angle of 45 degrees, with the left-hand wheels on the road and the right-hand wheels sunk to the hubs in swamp. We looked at each other and then got out of the car without speaking.

It took us an hour to get the car out of there and get it headed for Calgary again. Then we ran out of gas. Luckily the old Hillman was able to reach a filling-station. By this time David and I were both anxious to get back home so we belted along the narrow little road at a steady forty. Another reason I wanted to go as fast as the road would permit was that I knew we were going to come to a really long and steep hill and I wanted to hit it at a good speed because I had been warned I had two burned-out valves in my engine. We came near the hill



and I started going full out.

We swung round a bend and saw that a huge car was coming down the hill in the exact centre of the road. There was nothing else for it. I had to stop. When the big car had gone by we tore at the hill again and went onto it doing about ten miles an hour in first gear. When the engine felt the slope our speed dropped to a steady five. I sat and cursed myself for not having spent the few dollars for new valves. I felt as though I was being pushed along in a wheel-chair.

All at once I began to like it. No rush, no worry about road deaths here, just the quiet rhythm of the engine, the trees slowly drifting by, the blue sky ahead at the top of the rise. About half way up the hill where it got steeper David said something to me and jumped out of the car.

At first I was surprised, then I seemed to forget about him. I was alone with my soul, slowly, majestically ascending towards the distant sky. I was like Ptah, a god moving unhurriedly to some wonderful destiny beyond the unseen stars. Every thought connected with the earth left me, and my mind was suffused with beautiful, philosophical concepts. I was drifting along in an ethereal world of Platonic forms, and somewhere, somewhere far away, a voice was calling to me, faintly, plaintively....

"Come back, you Irish bastard!" it said.

I had forgotten to stop when I reached the top of the hill, and the car was chugging along at a good speed. I jammed on the brakes and looked back. David was sprinting along after the car, raising little clouds of dust and waving his arms. When he caught up with me he climbed back in without speaking. I sensed that he was angry. He didn't even respond when I asked him did he know what a palimpsest was.

We drove back into Calgary in silence. I knew that David was rehearsing the dramatic story he would tell the Krofts about how I tried to murder him in wolf country. I didn't care. I had just realised that with a little luck my car would turn out to be to other cars as my bicycle was to other bicycles.

It was a nice, lappy thought.



FAZINE

LARRY STARK

Files of unassembled pages covered most of the objects in the silent cellar. A turpid odour of minge ink might be noticed, rising faintly from the second-hand L.B.Dick in the far corner. It was late, even for a fan, but in the other sense perhaps not too late. If he could squeeze out another couple of runs before retiring he might yet get the issue finished for the deadline. He'd put out far too many postmailings already and this was to be a very special Fazine.

He ran his eyes fondly over the contents page which curled slightly as the machine bent the acetate binding-sheet to its will: Bloch... Gurnell... three pages by Roy Ping Fong that got funnier every line... a column by Willis... and there were three stencilled pages of mailing reviews beside his typer. And, as a crowning glory, a Robinson "Lit-tul-Peeul" cover that had taken him a month of careful cultivation to acquire.

It was his Dreamzine. Inceptionally well-done articles and columns by the people he admired most. The only thing missing was a "Dear Alice..." by Shelby Vids. But no fan can hope for perfection. At least he had approached closer to his idea of perfection this time than he ever had before...or probably ever would. It all flowed together to make one happy-go-lucky mood.

He smiled indulgently at the line below the title: "An Insurgent Journal of Junk, published just for the hell of it." That was what Fandom should be. Silverberg and his numbers racket, Bradley with her amateur fiction...No Sarconfans Allowed or Invited! (That should go across the bottom of his next cover.) There wasn't going to be any ulterior importance attached to his hobby!

Reflecting on that train of thought, the fan noted how different it all was from the old days of his first association with Fandom. The feuds! The dedication! The fury of his avowal that "Fandom has a Purpose!" It seemed so remote and silly to him now. And, he supposed, it did to most fans. Perhaps that was what he liked about publishing in FPA: the adult attitude, the relaxed hobby feeling that most of his fellow publishers communicated. For them there was always a 'next mailing', and the newest neo 'Cause' was just something to be mildly amused at, never anything to excite passion. It was a...yes, he had to use the term....a sane FPA.

There was just a hint of bitterness as he thought of the Seventh Fandom craze. Excited and stormy as it had been, many of its favored advocates had now left Fandom completely, and the remaining few were going around to find themselves suddenly a part of 'older Fandom'.

THE FAN nipped the correction fluid and nestled the bottle back in its customary spot beside the machine. There was a little ache between his shoulder-blades, and a delicious fatigue spread through his body as he slouched back to let the type dry. It had been a long pull, but a happy one, and now he was almost through with the last lap.

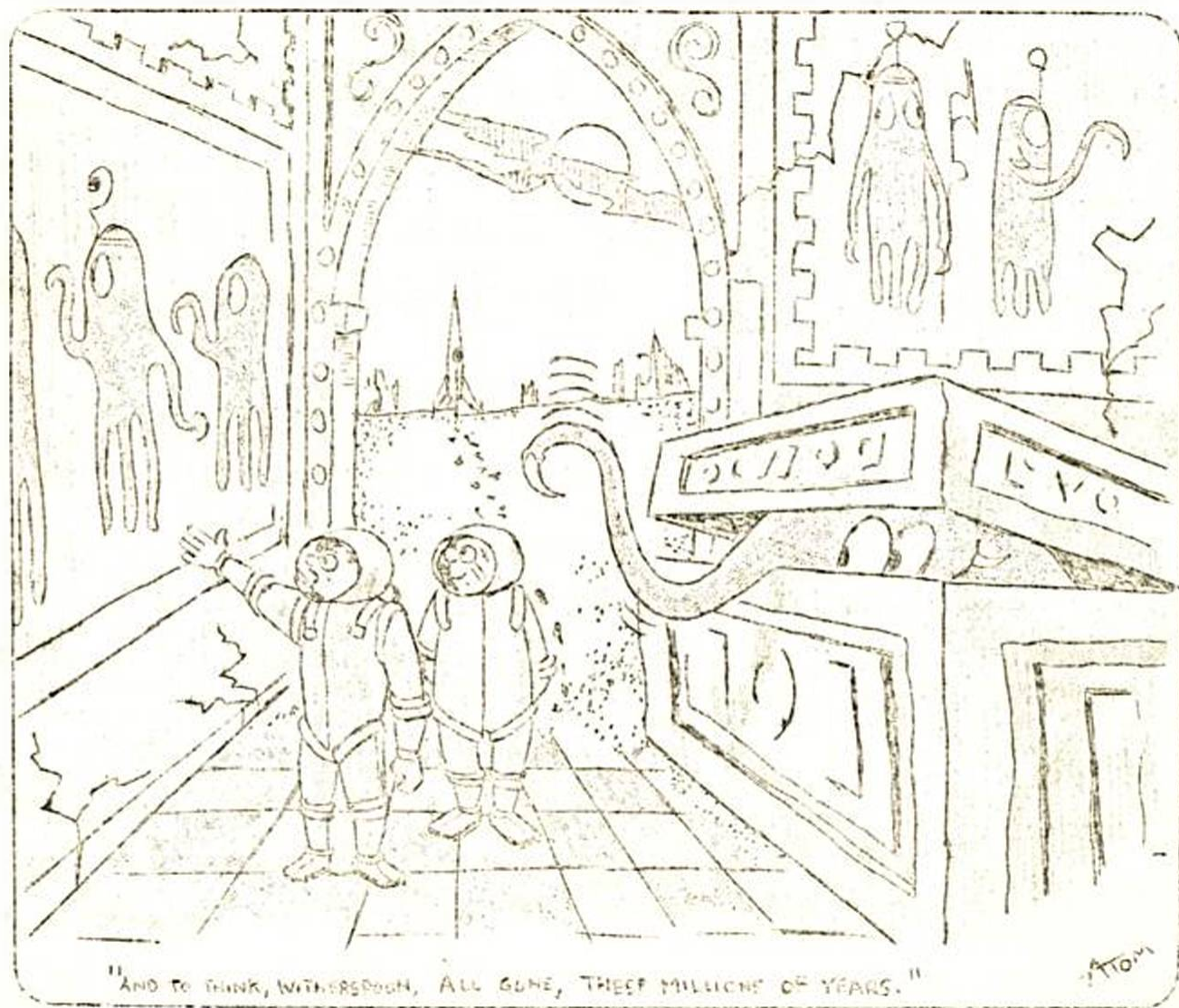


Probably without realising it, they had matured out of their fierce dedication and into a sadder outlook. For them, it had been easy. For them, it hadn't meant tormented hours of confusion and near-insanity. They had found maturity without the aid of studies and clinics and rest-homes. For all their feuds and passionate manifestoes, they were sane, and now they were proving it.

The fan stretched, and bent forward again to his contents page. He was glad the doctors had decided to let him return to fandom. They agreed he could, should, have a hobby of some sort. So long as it didn't become a possessive monomania once more. And, truly, he enjoyed fandom very much.

He typed out the last line of illo credits, and then thought of just the right interlineation to occupy the bottom of his contents page. He smiled as he hammered out the two smooth straight lines. It was not a new saying, by any means, but for him it seemed to hold added meaning. And he felt Dr Fine would appreciate it also.

"Fandom," he typed, "is just a goddam hobby." And then, below it, he typed his name, where it would appear below his stylus-cut signature: Claude Degler.



A simple and touching ceremony took place in mid-November, 1955, when one of sfdom's newest and brightest authors, Eric Frank Russell, was presented with the 13th World Science Fiction Convention's award for the best short story of the year. Ifphen is able to give its readers the following exclusive blow-by-blow account.....

I AM SOMETHING



ERIC
FRANK
RUSSELL

Scene 1. A mansion in Cheshire.

Phone rings in the Russell household at 9 a.m. when everybody is still occupied with marital exercises. Mrs EFR writhes from The Clutch, falls out of bed, bolts downstairs and grabs phone.

"Yes? Yes, that's right. Yes, I'm Mrs Russell. No, I'm not his mother—I'm his wife. Yes, I can give a guess. Aren't you those people who've just got back from America? I thought so. Wait a sec and I'll call him." Hollers upstairs, "Hey, you're wanted."

EFR utters a four-letter word, crawls out of bed, ambles down stark naked. Picks up phone and snorts, "Yes?" Hears a squeaky voice accompanied by the sounds of someone apparently brushing a concrete floor.

"That you, Eric?" asks the voice, with forced fraternity.

EFR, in an aside to Mrs, "Bastard's calling me 'Eric' already "

Voice: "This is Ken."

EFR, to wife: "He says it's Ken."

Mrs EFR: "Ken? Tell him you're John Peel."

EFR: "I could get away with that. I'm dressed for the part right now "

Voice, louder, with brush working hard, "This is Ken."

EFR: "I know. I can hear your beard."

Ken, incredulously: "You can? From there?"

EFR: "Yes."

Ken: "We're supposed to go to Belfast but we aren't. We've had a pretty rough crossing and feel that enough is enough. So we're going straight home on the 10.10 from Lime Street."

EFR: "Oh."

Ken: "No chance of seeing you before we go, is there?"

EFR eyes clock, decides that if he races like bloody hell he might get there by the time the train is halfway to Crewe. "I'm afraid not."

Ken, mysteriously: "I've got something for you."

EFR, in a tone of low cunning: "I know."

Ken: "I'm wondering whether it would be best to make a formal presentation at the next Convention. What do you think?"

EFR: "I never go to such things. I've been scared off them by the tales of survivors. Suits me far better to booze with a few of the boys in a back-street pub."

Ken, audibly licking his lips: "There's a lot to be said for that." Pause. "I'm trying to think what it's best to do with this trophy."

EFR: "If it's of suitable size and shape I can suggest an effective method of disposal."

Ken, ignoring that: "How about me leaving it for you at the left luggage office?"

EFR: "The idea is above criticism."

Ken, vastly relieved: "I can leave the receipt with the clerk. All you need do is ask for it."

EFR, informatively: "In Liverpool one does not go around asking for it."

Ken, thinking again: "Well, I can mail you the receipt."

EFR: "Yes, that solves everything."

Ken: "It's not a six-inch thing, you know. It's about eighteen inches high."

EFR, to wife: "The bastard's got a scanner there. He's just looked through and says it's about eighteen inches high."

Ken: "Did you hear me?"

EFR: "Yes. Is it heavy too?"

Ken: "No."

EFR: "Oh."

Ken: "Well, goodbye. Sorry to have missed seeing you."

EFR: "Same here." Plants phone, says to

Mrs EFR: "Pamela'd be a damn sight sorrier if only she knew."



Scene 2. Left Luggage Office, Liverpool. Next day.

EFR: "Somebody left a parcel here around 9.30 yesterday morning. For name of Russell. He may have taken the receipt with him."

Luggage Room Clerk looks over a dozen receipts pinned on a board. "Nothing here in that name. What was the parcel like?"

EFR: "I have a detailed description that will nail it down once and for all." Pause. "It is about eighteen inches high."

LRC: "That tells me a ———ing lot."

EFR: "It was left by one obviously suffering. Got glasses. wears a bolly-tickler."

LRC: "Wears a what?"

EFR: "A bolly-tickler. A beard."

LRC: "Seen nobody like that." Calls to a confederate, "Joe, you seen anything of a parcel left by a bearded four-eyes for name of ———?"

EFR: "Russell."

Joe: "Yam."

LRC: "He says naw."

EFR: "I know. I heard him." Thinks hard, adds, "The beaver was accompanied by a female you'd weigh up as too good for him. It's likely she had a handbag bulging with sea sick."

LRC: "Why?"

EFR: "They'd just come off the Britannic."

LRC, inspired: "In that case there may be shipping or customs stickers on the parcel."

EFR, admiringly: "You should throw up this job and join the CID."

LRC, opening a small gate in the counter: "Come around and let's have a look."

EFR goes behind counter. At that moment another confederate appears through a back door, hurriedly buttoning his fly.

LRC, to newcomer: "George, you know anything about a parcel left for this gent yesterday morning? A couple handed it in." To EFR, "You tell him."

EFR: "Jesus beard...miserable expression.... girl with him.... boy of sick."

George, immediately recognising all the symptoms: "Oh, yes."
Points to a small and lonely ghost standing in a dark corner. "That's it."

EFR: "Godalmighty! That?"

The trio approach the ghost which proves to be a stained sheet snatched from a honeymoon suite and hastily wrapped round a sinister shape. With atheistic contempt for the supernatural, George rams two forefingers straight into the ghost's privates and pulls apart. What is revealed is a small portion of metal plate bearing the words ERIC FRA.

EFR: "Widen your hole and let's get a better look."

George: "Eh? Oh, I see." Widens his hole and now reveals ERIC FRANK RUSSELL in all its glory.



EFR: "That's it." He gives the LRC a card also inscribed ERIC FRANK RUSSELL. The LRC perceives at once that this is a definite coincidence.

LRC: "Seems like it's yours all right. Better take it with you."

EFR: "How about the receipt?"

LRC: "You can sign a lost receipt form." Takes one out and EFR signs. "If the proper one comes through the post you can tear it up."

George, placing the ghost in EFR's arms (this being the Great Moment): "What is it, anyway?"

EFR, who hasn't yet got a look at it but is able to feel a long, slender rocketlike shape through the sheet; "It's a special instrument designed by the Misery Writers of America for retaliation against critics. One places it upon the floor and says to the critic, "Sit there!"

George: "Oh."

Scene 3. A mansion in Cheshire.

EFR enters bearing ghost, places it on table, unveils it by whipping away the honeymoon sheet. He looks at what is revealed. Goes away and stares hard in mirror. Returns for another gander at trophy. Consults mirror again, seeking in vain a pale golden ring floating somewhere above his head.

Enter Mrs EFR, who halts as though held back by an invisible hand: "Is that it?"

EFR: "Yes."

Mrs EFR: "We're not having it in the front room."

EFR, aggressively: "Why not?"

Mrs EFR: "Not that! You'll have to hide it someplace else. We're not having that in the front room."

EFR: "It will go in the back room, prominently sited upon my desk. There, it will perform a function. Every time I'm low it will serve to remind me that someone once thought me beautiful."

Mrs EFR: "When haven't you been low? My mother said you were about the lowest—"

EFR: "——* to your mother. I didn't marry her." Studies trophy. "It says September 2, 3, 4, 5 on that plate. More than two months ago. They must have dragged it around for more than two months. It shouldn't happen to a camel."



Mrs EFR: "Who---the Bloomers?"

EFR: "The Bloomers."

Mrs EFR: "You ought to write and thank them."

EFR: "I don't know their address. What's more, somebody gave it to them and I don't know his address either. Come to that, I don't even know why I got it."

Mrs EFR, who can read: "It says on it that it's for the best short story of 1955."

EFR: "Which one was that?"

Mrs EFR: "Edward J. Cornell, Esquire, told you himself three or four weeks ago."

EFR: "Yea, in a pic. He was as pissed as a newt. He held onto me and mumbled something about me getting a bronze plaque with a rocket embossed on it. For a story beginning with A."

Mrs EFR: "You ought to know which one that was."

EFR: "The only one answering that description was Allamagoose. And Cornell said that was not the one."

Mrs EFR, baffled: "Well, what else could it be?"

EFR: "I have a theory. I think someone's got me all mixed up with Form."

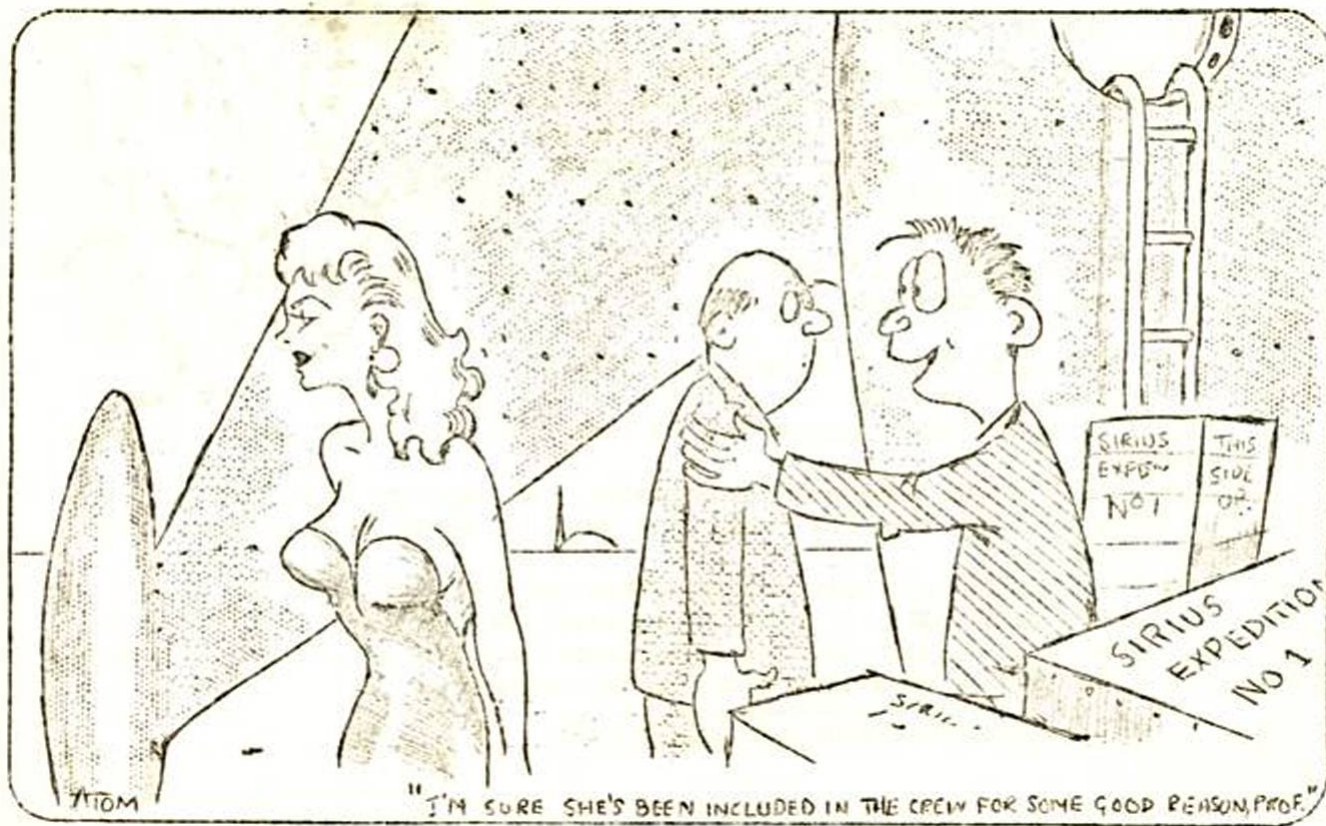
Mrs EFR, aghast: "Oh, no!"

EFR, gloomily: "There's only one way to find out exactly what's happened. I'll have to ask Willis. That sod knows everything."

Mrs EFR: "He won't give you the information for nothing. You know how mercenary he is."

EFR: "Yeah!" Emits deep sigh. "I'll offer him three or four pages for lyphen. That will place him in an awkward position. He will have to give in order to receive."

EFR glowers at trophy and sits down at typer.





Introduction to Chapter II

No history of this legendary group would be complete without some biographical notes on one of its outstanding (especially at the time of writing) figures. I refer, of course, to that paragon of fan wives, Madeleine Willis.

Madeleine started life as Madeleine Bryan in a 3-roomed cottage in the village of Crossagh, County Down. She was weaned on milk from the goats her father kept to supplement his meagre salary from the Royal Ulster Constabulary. When she was three her family moved to Bangor, leaving the goats behind. It was here she had a narrow escape from drowning. She had to be fished out of the duck pond in Bangor Park by a park keeper and taken home through the main street ignominiously dripping with seawater's water. At this stage there was nothing to show her future greatness, no glimmer of that ability which was to charm the great George Charters into visiting her salon at Oblique House week after week, year after year.

It was after her father had been promoted to Sergeant and transferred to the little seaside village of Whiteabbey, County Antrim, that there was the first indication that Madeleine was slightly different from other children. She had become a voracious reader and had a simple faith in the truth of the printed word. She was also inclined to be optimistic about her own abilities, & got desperately involved in projects suggested by her reading. One of the first of these was pottery. For a time the South Antrim foreshore was littered with misshapen artifacts made out of the common red clay of the beach. Madeleine used to feel them hopefully every day, wondering why the sun had failed to harden them as the book said it should.

The next project was pearl fishing. She had read that pearls were sometimes found in mussels, and she became quite an expert mussel-opener. But although she kept on month after month hopefully opening mussel after mussel, she never found anything bigger than a raspberry seed.

She must have been about eleven when she read the Dr. Doolittle books, and learned about the talking dogs. She used to sit for hours talking to the family's order spaniel. "By 'Hullo', Trixie," she would exhort the animal. And when this failed she would beg the dog to bark once for 'Yes' and twice for 'No', to signify that at least it understood.

Her next project was to learn by heart the contents of the encyclopedia. She got

as far as Baggam (African Arabs) before she lost interest. This partly accounts for her prowess at Loxicon; the knowledge that an "oi" is a three-toed sloth proved quite useful.

The Bryans finally spent most of their holidays at Mrs Bryan's birthplace in County Kilkenny, and here Madeline's restless energy was harnessed to the service of mankind. She was trained by her uncle to be a fully qualified turf-cutcher. This entailed the wearing of a potato sack as an overall and standing barefoot at the edge of the bog-hole to catch the wet (oggy) turf (peat, to foreigners) as it was cut and heaved upwards. She had to turn and stack the turves on a wheelbarrow, on which they would be wheeled to a clear space in the heather to dry in the sun. As there was no plumbing in the farmhouse, Madeline used to strip as soon as the nine-hour day ended and get another girl to scoop up buckets of water from the river and throw them over her. After supper she would still have energy left to indulge in country dancing on the stone floor of the kitchen, or play rounders or cricket in the fields, still barefoot.

Her first meeting with Walter Willis was outside the boys' lavatory at the Civil Service College in Belfast. He had been having a surreptitious smoke, and she wondered if his somewhat sallow complexion was the result of dissipation. (It was actually a fading tan.) At this time her interest in boys was only half awakened. She was engaged in a feud with the top boy in her class: they fought bitterly for top marks in every lesson, and unfortunately (he was very handsome) Madeline got the prizes at the end of the year.



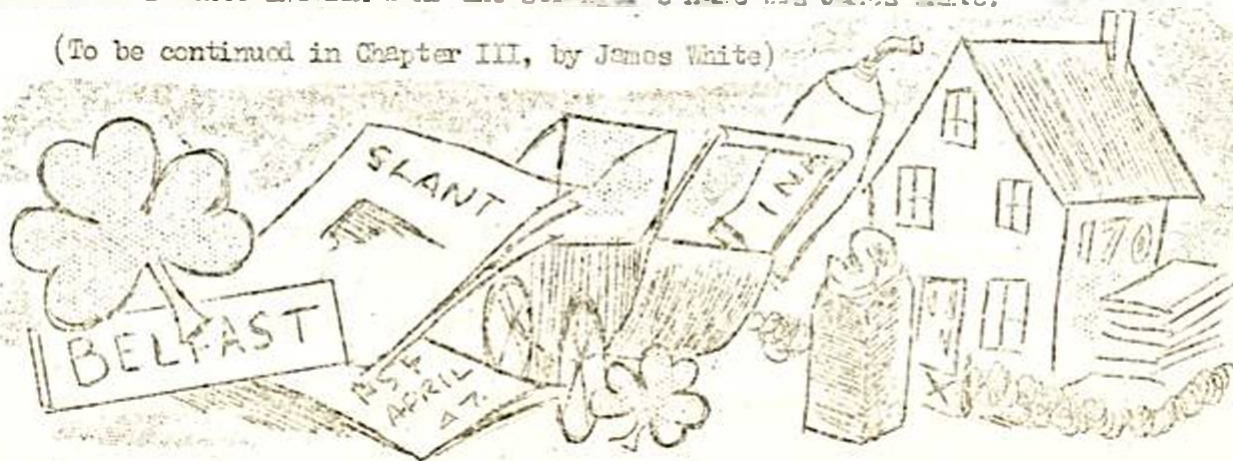
Walter & Madeline later encountered each other fairly frequently on the train. Neither was greatly impressed. Walter was thin and scraggy. Madeline's mother still bought her clothes. Madeline was working in the Public Library at this time and attending night classes in preparation for her civil service examinations. Walter was awaiting the result of his. They were both successful.

They both used to cycle to work, and soon Walter noticed the little dark-blondie who looked vaguely familiar. They were even going out together, every night and twice on Sundays. However, it took some little time before they realised that they were both interested in science fiction. And they had been married for two years before they tried to get in touch with any other girlfriends.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS ON THE 25TH AUGUST, 1947, that the first meeting took place between the Willis's and another science fiction fan. The stranger's name was James White.

(To be continued in Chapter III, by James White)



MY LIFE WITH THE CAT PEOPLE

by JAMES BLISH (from Tumbrels No.4) (Excerpt)

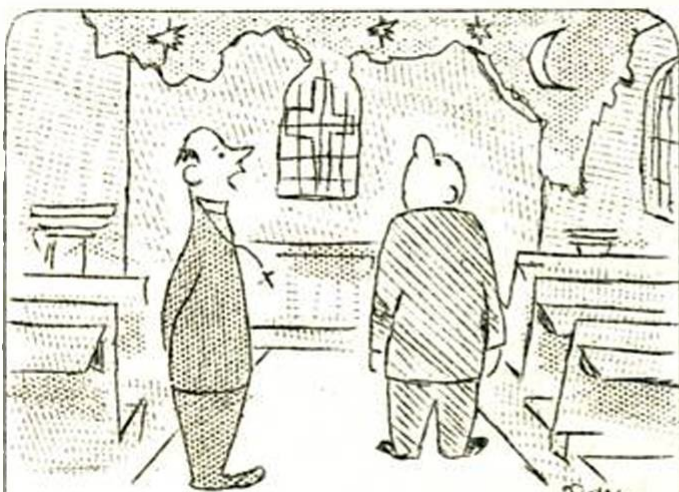
I don't want anyone to get the notion that I dislike cats, or harbor any sort of grudge. My friends all have heard me say I refuse to marry until I can find a woman who will bear me kittens, and this is only partly due to my dislike for children. No; my whole intention in setting down these events is to correct the misinformed people who always answer, "Well, I like kittens, until they grow up."

A nature cat, usually, has lost the salacious curiosity which makes living with a kitten a somewhat dangerous process. This nosiness takes peculiar forms, especially when linked with the feline interest in fishing and running water generally; I once owned a small black Tom who was perpetually climbing up my trouser-leg to peer in and see what that noise was. There was a time when I thought this trick charming, if somewhat morbid; but that was before he was replaced by Curfew, whose curiosities led her up the inside of the trouser-leg.

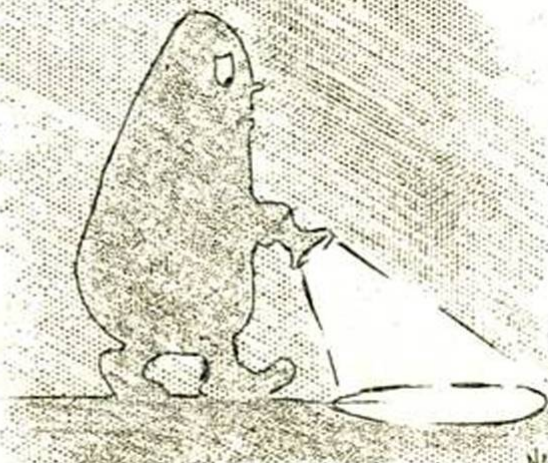
This latter climb took place one evening while I was sitting in the front room listening to some records. The kitten was quite small, and once seated on my thigh in the darkness, could not figure out how she had gotten there, why she had wanted to be there in the first place, or how to get out. Attempts to ease her back down the way she had come resulted merely in scars on my leg. I was forced finally to let the beast out via my fly.

Had this been the end of the matter all would have been well; however, as Curfew blinked forth into the light, I looked up and discovered that I had forgotten to pull down the windowshade, and that the woman in the next apartment was watching the whole proceeding across the airshaft. The expression on her face could not have been wilder had she been confronted with a shaggoth; and for months afterwards we could not meet her on the stairs without her muttering to herself:

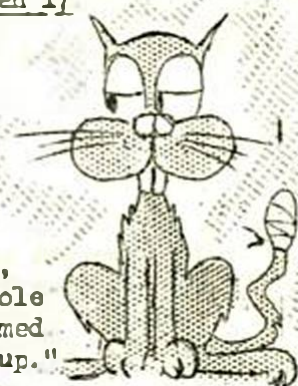
"My God! Ears!"



"The roof was blown off during the war, but we will soon have it repaired. The sight of the stars distracts the people's attention from my sermons."



ONE MUST
LOOK TO THE FUTURE



THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE

Book I

BY ARTHUR RAFF

(From SPACEWALK No.27, June 1949)

There exists a gay young beaver; Roscoe is this beaver's name, and he seems like most young beavers, but he isn't quite the same, for although the rest are brownish, or a muddy greyish-blue, when you take a look at Roscoe, why the look goes right on thru!

He cannot be seen in water, he cannot be seen in air, and if he didn't bite you, you would vow he wasn't there. But his teeth are keen as chisels and if you commit a sin, Roscoe will find out about it, and he'll bite you on the shin.

Roscoe watches out for stifen wheresoever they may be, from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea. He's a kind and helpful beaver, riding fan in many ways, and he merits Finnish worship on the Sacred Beaver Days.

These days are two in number: one's the fourth day of July—it's the day when Roscoe flies a fiery spaceship in the sky. In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on fan dissension, and every true disciple should assemble in convention.

The second day is Labor Day, the date of Roscoe's birth, when tribute should be paid him over all the Finnish Earth, when all fan shall meet their fellows to look back upon the year and shall drink a toast to Roscoe in that other great ghod: Beer.

Now, Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways; just to list them would consume about a hundred billion days: he reduces typing errors; he makes fanclub laws more stable; he keeps laid-doz pens and styli from a-rolling off the table.

He makes mimeos print legibly, makes typer ribbons last; he keeps hacks from pulling banners when they're writing of the past; he climbs into crowded newsstands, ferrets out the stifen zines, and attracts the fan's attention via telepathic beams.

Roscoe crawls in cluttered corners where the bookstores' treasures stand and despite the dust and darkness guides the groping Finnish hand that it misses the obscuring mass of mundane, worthless books and brings up the rare edition for which every stifen longs.

And it's Roscoe who puts blinkers on the greedy dealers' eyes so they sell their stf like other pulps, at half the cover price, and it's Roscoe who takes cognizance of what you're always wishin' and arranges that you find the mag in perfect mint condition.

And many other boons befall those true and faithful fan who agree that Roscoe merits being honoured among men, and to prove that they are striving to fulfil the Roscoe Goal, submit their names for listing on the Roscoe Honor Roll.

"Then the actual act of mailing is the climax?" said the Fan.

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist. "It is the final irrevocable step, the culmination of the fan's act of love towards fandom. Obviously it will be accompanied by a sensation of discharge of vital forces, of relief of tension. This is followed by a feeling of lassitude which, if the energy expended on the fanzine has been excessive, may amount to the trauma known as 'gafia'. The duration of this phase depends primarily on how satisfactory the relationship between the fan and fandom has been for both parties. In a well adjusted relationship fandom readily responds to the fanned's act of love by overtures of its own, in the form of the titillation of egoboo: this leads normally to the restimulation of the fan's energies and thus to another Act. If however the fan has been clumsy or inept, fandom becomes frigid and unresponsive. This in turn may induce frustration in the fan, leading eventually to impotence and sterility."

"The same result may be produced by excessive effort on the part of the fanned," commented the Fan.

"Quite," agreed the Psychiatrist. "He may 'burn himself out'. There are of course many such difficulties in the way of a satisfactory mutual adjustment between the fan and fandom. But on the other hand the rewards of a full fan life are correspondingly great, comprising as they do not only the pleasures of intercourse but the joys of parenthood."

"You mean," said the Fan, "the relationship between the fan and his fanzine?"

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist. "It is quite clear from the fanzines you lent me that the attitude of a normal fan towards criticism of his fanzine can be compared in Nature only to that of a lioness defending her cubs. Not only will the fan go without the necessities of life to provide for his fanzine, he will attack viciously any enemy that approaches it. In serious cases this excessive love of his fanzine can lead to a kind of auto-eroticism which one might term 'self defence', in which the fan's natural love towards fandom is twisted and turned inwards to his own fanzine exclusively. It may involve him succumbing to actual hallucinations about his fanzine, such as the well known 'Delusion Of Legibility'. He may go to such lengths to preserve his illusions as to send his fanzine only to persons who he knows will praise it. This practice should however not be confused with what one may classify as group marriages, such as FAPA and OAPA and similar semi-incestuous relationships; though these too may lead to evil effects eventually through inbreeding."



"Your conclusion, then, is that fanac is a form of sex substitution?" asked the Fan.

"Definitely," said the Psychiatrist. "One might call it a sublimation, if the nature of it were not, as I have made clear, so quasi-sexual in character. Since, however, it is not in any way criminal or anti-social I hesitate to classify it as a perversion. Yes, on the whole I think 'substitution' is the correct term. I would venture to conclude that fans will normally have low power sex drives on the physical plane."

"I thought you might come to that conclusion," said the Fan, "and I took the liberty of bringing you a further batch of fanzines." He handed them over.



The Psychiatrist took them doubtfully. "What is the difference between this lot and the first one?" he asked.

"These," said the Fan, "contain convention reports."



NEXT DAY the Fan again called on the Psychiatrist. He found him muttering at his desk, scribbling furiously on scraps of paper.

"I take it you have read the second lot of fanzines," said the Fan.

"Yes," said the Psychiatrist ruefully. "They have certainly upset my theories. I cannot understand it. Here is a sexual perversion which appears not at all to detract from the subject's normal libido. In fact," he added, looking at one of the convention reports again, "quite the reverse."

"If I may make a suggestion," said the Fan.

"By all means," said the Psychiatrist. "Please do. I must confess I am rather at a loss."

"Mankind," said the Fan, "is motivated by two main drives--- self-preservation and the preservation of the species. Both are allied and interdependent, since an animal must be alive to be able to perpetuate his kind."

"Granted," said the Psychiatrist.

"Mankind is a social animal," went on the Fan, "and the most important part of his environment, especially now that civilisation has largely conquered the forces of Nature, is his fellow men. The ability to get along with people is therefore the principal survival characteristic of civilised man."

"Adjustment of, or to, environment," muttered the Psychologist. "Yes."

"Fanac," continued the Fan, "offers I suggest a unique and efficient training and exercise in this ability, a field in which the effect of any particular aspect of one's behaviour is more clearly and rapidly perceived than in the more complex and less candid world of mundane relationships. Fandom is, essentially, a correspondence course in getting along with people, with yearly viva voce examinations. It is therefore, like sex, an expression of a basic survival drive; towards communication and intercourse."

"Your hypothesis is, then," said the Psychiatrist, "that fanac is not a substitute for sex, but a complementary and allied activity?"

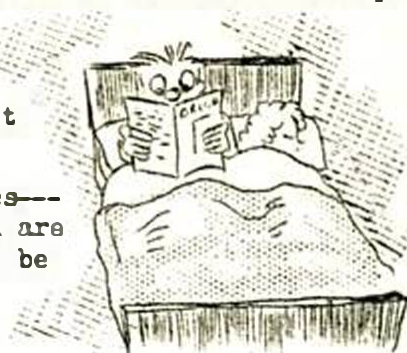
"Exactly," said the Fan. "I might also add that fanac helps not only in the understanding of one's fellowmen, but in that of oneself. Being a medium of frank self-expression and mutual criticism, it offers immense potentialities for curing social maladjustments of various kinds. For instance....."



NEXT MONTH the Psychiatrist delivered his address. His commendation of fandom as a means of treating mild personality disorders such as introversion, inferiority and superiority complexes, paranoid personality etc was widely reported in the Press and caused a major sensation in medical circles. Questions were asked in the House. Two months later the Ministry of Health announced the official recognition of fanac as a therapeutic measure in suitable cases, and it was included in the National Health Service. Typewriters, duplicators, stencils and paper were supplied free by stationers' shops on production of a medical prescription. The Post Office delivered fanzines free of charge. Chairs of fanac were established at some of the more progressive universities. Finally, at the beginning of the following year, the Government announced that hotels had been taken over in all the major cities as permanent convention sites.

Unfortunately, their luxury was enjoyed only by neofans. The Fan who started it all found to his chagrin that he and his friends still had to pay for their own publishing supplies and conventions. The doctors they went to refused to certify they needed fanac on medical grounds: obviously, they were in fandom only for fun.

The Fan's noble attempt had however one successful aspect. It solved fandom's recruitment problem for all time....



Well, I hope that answers Bob Pavlat's question in the last issue. And maybe it'll also start into silence the people who keep suggesting I should write more in Epyhem: aren't you sorry you asked? Though, mind you, I think there might be a germ of truth in it. The Fan's valiant attempt to cut down the cost of fanac would probably not even have got that far, but there is something to be said for some of his arguments about experienced in fanac causing mild maladjustments. Take for instance a typical letter from a neofan...

CYRIL J. SNOOPENISLE
"The Forgoovers"
Fend St., Fossberg

Dear Mr. Wallis, Thank you for Epyhem. I haven't actually read it yet, but I notice that on p.23 there was a small blot which had offset from the illo on the previous page. You could have avoided this either by slipshooting, or by buying a small printing press and doing each sheet individually. Alternatively, have you considered having the magazine produced by the photo-offset process?

My own fanzine, SIRD, will be making its first appearance any time now. It will feature material by Robert Heinlein, Eric Frank Russell and Ray Bradbury. I wrote to them all last week and gave them an idea of what I wanted. It will be hectographed in two colours (purple and white) and will cost 1/6 a copy postfree, or four issues for 5/-. If you sub for 4 issues you'll save a shilling. I shall be doing the fanzine review column myself and shall mention Epyhem quite favourably. In return, would you do an ad for SIRD like you did for Gue and Cosla. Perhaps Bob Shaw or Arthur C. Clarke could do a little half page cartoon showing all the Irish fans reading SIRD and looking delighted, and underneath, the slogan, "READ SIRD-THE FAST TASTE IS."

I was very sorry to see that you and Neil Ashworth speak lightly of religion. I am a member of the First Church of Christ The Biometricist, and I am dedicated to helping people like you achieve clearness. I am enclosing a little pamphlet which I am sure you will find helpful.

If you want to print any of this letter or use the jokes on your next brochure, you can do so as long as you mention my name in the credits.

P.S. You can reprint my story from RIVED in your next TWO if you want to

Well, of course that letter, the first received on the last issue, was composed by Chuck Harris in a satirical mood. Nevertheless it's not as far fetched as you might think. But how many faneds () remain so egocentric after three issues?

ERIN VARLEY, B. CREATOR

(Not a religious organisation)
82 Galsogan Square, London SW1

As to that bit of egoboo from the American Champion, the Erin Varley the girl knew was not me but my father. He was a bachelor too. Most of the Varleys are. If I

ever meet him I'll ask him if he remembers the place.

Also what is this about Pat Dolan & Frank Lilnes getting married—not to each other surely? I thought Frank was married. He always behaved like a married man at Conventions...you know, like Tubb, Campbell etc. I think it comes from eating too much rice pudding.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL

This ish is impregnated with an atmosphere strange and brooding, vastly unlike the Epyhem of yore. As I turned its pages bits of gray fluffy stuff floated out. The Chester City Analyst checked a sample for me and pronounced it Celtic Twilight, after which he laughed like Mortimer Snerd.

Apart from Aton (who everlastingly shall be above criticism) most of the rest of the material seemed given over to or afflicted by a horrid nostalgia. As one reads one seems to hear a thin, cold keening arising from the bog. A wailing after things lost for ever, never to return. I half expected to come across an article titled Reflections Upon Returning From A Wake but it wasn't there, maybe because the corpse sat up, ate the candles and swilled the hootch. Why is this? I know! Sweetest God, I know!



As everyone knows, the universe is a dodecahedron.

Mars is near. According to the oracles we're being visited by little men eighteen inches high. They've hypnotic powers sufficient to bull us and bow us, and it's just at this time you tell all and sundry you're grovelling around a thing called 'bryan'.

I don't doubt you believe you're its father, you poor deluded fool. Or that Madeleine honestly thinks she really did give birth to it. That's what it wants you to think. And it won't bother to swipe this letter, either. It has nothing to fear. It'll let you read it—then make you think it's rubbish.

So Caligula House has been taken over by one of Them. Now it is master, you the slave and even Bloch congratulates you on your slavery. You keep it, feed it, dandle it, crawl for it. And it despises you all the time. It dribbles upon you, spits upon you, passes water upon you from a low height, meanwhile looking you straight in your silly face and saying too clearly for your muddled mind to understand, "Ughug vank glugug", which any Martian knows means, "Miss, it's wonderful".

Irish Emdon's been the first to Fall. The shamrock's been stamped into the sod. But this latest Hyphen will fail to deceive those of us who are Still Free—we can too clearly sense your subconscious realization of entrapment.

Seems to me the rest of us had better take drastic measures to Stay Free. From now on, all so-called 'boy babies' who arrive around the conjunction of Mars must be used for shark-bait. Otherwise Emdon Is Doomed.

(Nonsense, Eric, we know it's a genuine baby. The stork told us so before he went back into his orbit.)

ROBERT O'NEILL Your explanation about your characters clears up a lot of misunderstanding. I remember being a trifle confused when I met the original of one of them, who I had been given to understand was a dissonant sex fiend. It was a little odd in the circumstances to see him nervously sipping his half pint of shandy and blushing and shuffling his feet as he talked to a girl.

I met Arthur Clarke the other day for the first time and had to pacify him about my having put him, at the age of 90, in my af book. He seemed a very nice chap, and it will no doubt take him 50 or 60 years hard work to sink to the level of one of my characters.



CORRECTED QUOTATIONS (2)

"Tailory, why do you want to climb Everest?"

"Because I'm not all there."

JOY & VINCE CLARKE
7 Inchmery Rd.
Catford, London SE6

I loved that back cover ad—the look of smug satisfaction on the faces of the females was delightful. Arthur really is brilliant...Vince has come out of the

lavatory now so I'll hand over to him for the moment, till I can think up some rude remarks about Hyphen.

I've got nothing rude to say about Hyphen..it was quite soft. It's a pity the photo didn't come out better, but then the camera was pretty sturdy to survive at all. The only fan I didn't recognise was the one on the extreme left with the square shoulders and his moustache on sideways, but I'm not keeping up too well with all the new lads. (For those who can't be bothered to get the last Hyphen out of its glass case, Vince is referring to the town clock.)

How does George act as a time-recorder? I have a strange vision of him sitting at his desk, surrounded by clocks, deafened by the pulsating thunder of their ticking, clucking to the mighty waves of their ticking, writing, writing, writing. Men dash in and out of the office, snatching up the small slips, hurrying off to post them in the factory notice boards; the workers wipe their streaming brows and cast a hasty glance at the board12.45 pm, and two more Sunderlands to make before dinner-time.....!

(A lamentable error, Vince. George's factory makes Conbernas.)

19

Mal Aspinorth, 40 Makin St, Tong St., BRADFORD 4.== A new girl came to work in Sheila's office; Sheila discovered she had a very off-trail, fennish-type sense of humour. So, naturally, I told her to get this girl to try and write something. Moreover it turns out this new girl's boyfriend is an artist. Sheila thought it would be all right if we could get her to write and him to illustrate. But I am more farseeing; I jumped for joy as I realised the immense potentialities innate in this. If only we could get this new girl to write articles, the boy friend to illustrate them, and Sheila to cut and publish the stencils, I WOULD BE A FULLY ACTIVE FAN AGAIN.



So far it hasn't come to fruition.

Ted Tubb's suggestion—in this scientific age—that Methuselah lived to the age of 969 and did so because he was a vegetarian, is utterly preposterous. That anyone who has presumably received some scientific instruction, could believe a thing like that, is almost beyond the bounds of credulity. That an adult person, in this day and age, could for a moment hold such an intrinsically absurd idea is quite beyond comprehension. It was only because Methuselah was a vegetarian that he died so young.

Ken (Potter) and Irene (Gore) are now engaged and Ken is awaiting posting and has been jabbed and pricked and prodded and issued with tropical gear. Somebody ought to do something about the Army.



Ethel Lindsay, Stuart House, 161 Cromwell Rd., LONDON SW5.== Do you think there might be something psychic between Hyphen and me? About a week before it arrives I get the feeling that it's on its way. (The inner invoice?) ..Carol looked very cute. Which reminds me, I arrived home in time to attend the christening of the latest addition to my nephew's family. His sister Moira was sitting beside me. She is only 2, and this was her first visit to church. As she is a real chatterbox, she had been well warned not to talk. When the minister was in full flight, she turned to me and said disapprovingly, "It's that man who is making a noise."

Bob Shaw, address on cover.== On the evening of 11th July Sadie had a little girl whom we have named Alisa Claire. She's a very cute little thing and she sleeps most of the time, only awakening to be fed usually. I think she is taking after me.

You'll hardly believe this, but my appetite has diminished a lot in the last few months... The other day a woman who was in said to Sadie, "He hasn't much of an appetite, has he?" I thought of how the people who know the old BoSn would have reacted to this and gave a short ironic laugh, the significance of which was entirely lost on the old lady, who gave me a sympathetic glance, probably under the impression that I was choking. An ironic laugh is very hard to do.



At the head of its own list in the last Hyphen is that weird piece of unclassifiable humour by George. How did he do it? In my own little excursions into the study of humour I found that there can be such a thing as a joke which has all the necessary ingredients but for some reason was not funny (some of AVC's puns were like that). George's article is the first example I have come across of the complete antithesis to this. Well, perhaps that is a little too strong—he has used one or two standard mechanisms; but the rest of it...! Some parts seemed to wrench my mind into another dimension of humour, a slightly alien place where any but the most elastic of minds would be driven into screaming insanity, a fairy chessmen world. That stuff about being frightened by a platter floating in a barrel, or the thing where he tried to trick the camera by holding one finger straight out from his side. What do you make of it? Every time I remember these things I want desperately to laugh but I'm afraid to. It seems like the first step to..something.

"You can tell how bad I was from the fact that all the lilies fell off the lilac tree in my garden."



Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd., Catford, LONDON SE6.== You know how a fellow feels when he's been trudging through the burning sands, the harsh beat of sunlight searing into his sand-tortured eyes? And the rage and pain of his thirst are so great that he's all tongue and rubbery, puffed-up blackened lips? Well, sirree, that's how we of fandom are when there is no oasis of Hyphen around. We trudge from one fazz to another, and, truly, we obtain much fine nourishment from them, and by this I do not belittle any other fazz at all, but there is, has been and will always be only one Hyphen. So we pick up the zine, and lo! there is the aqua gushing down to slake our thirst. (So the mailboat is leaking again!) There is just one minor fault with the cover. Everyone knows it is the girls of Irish Fandom, plus Bryan, who do all the work, so

how is it that Diane has a moustache, Peggy a pair of specs and Madeleine a proboscis that might suit a fly or willing but never the First Lady of Irish Fandom? As for the poor wee creature in the shafts, well as we know Bryan is training to be a rocket jockey, doing without sleep and keeping up a steady pressure of noise-vibrations to accustom himself to the relentless blast of the jets in the cabin: why show him as a broken down old man? One would think it was the Guonod's Frust case.

Richard Frey, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va.==+ Got the Convention issue of Hyphen the day I left for the Con—a circumstance which smacks somewhat of vulgar ostentation; so wot if you can calculate the arrival time on transatlantic mail that closely? Would have commented on it earlier, but I had to go to a bit of a do in New York.

Our reports will tell of the mighty struggle to keep the New Yorkers from ballooning through a motion to designate some regional con as the official National Con in case London won the Worldcon. (A struggle in which the Acolytes of Tucker took a part—that's Leesh & Larry, Howie & Pat Lyons, Boyd Aclum, Jody Young, John Hitchcock, Larry Stark, Ted White and myself.)...Hyphen 16 was a nice issue, and worthy to stand beside any of the old Hyphens that came out before your case of Vernisthesia—ought I to say Summer Complaint?



Clifford Gould, 3741 Liggett, San Diego 6, California==+ Yes, London did get the nomination, and I am glad...but I must be sceptical about the ease of the Worldcon being voted back to the US, because even the plenty of you over there are fully conscious of the "South Gate in 58" tradition, the fringe-fan and reader element might be the decisive factor.

(Don't think you need worry, Cliff. Apart from the fact that we all realise it would be a dirty trick to hold onto the Worldcon after American fandom had been generous enough to let it out of their hands, the 1957 Consite balloting will presumably be held under WSFS rotation rules, by which no nomination other than a US West Coast one could be accepted. Anyhow what fan could survive in fandom if it became known he had flouted the South Gate in 58 tradition?)

John Chanson, Route 2, Box 753, Pendleton, Oregon.==+ The editorial contains a minor something-or-other: "...our group is the only one common to both British & American fandom". It's nice to know that we Americans are represented in Oblique House's circle. Ehh...might I take the liberty of asking who? (I meant that this group was the only one that participates equally in both British & American fandom.)

I'm glad to know that George Charters had no fatal diseases (dig that plural) as a boy. It relieves my mind about him in at least one respect. S y, how about that ad for 'athlete's foot' on the back of sf mags? I've always said you can find anything in an ad if you look long enough. "YOU TOO can run a four-minute mile!"

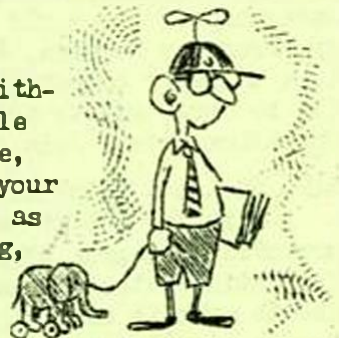


Send only 12/6 for a pair of genuine certified*athlete's feet! (*Certified to be removed from a genuine athlete.)"

{Send stamp for free sample?}

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks. =+= Notwithstanding the fact that much of this copy is practically unreadable due to duploycating which is the worst I've seen in a Trufan zine, apart from PLOY 2, there is much in the magazine which is below your usual high standard and I think I can label the issue as a whole as a rushed and interim job. I say 'I think' without really boasting, as I haven't read the issue anyway...

{Dear Ron. Ask Dale Carnegie for your money back.}



Rick Saeary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate 58, California =+=...It is Berry his own self that is the greatest shock. I had fallen into the habit of believing the image that B&T represented, ie a stoopy-shouldered, drooping moustache, undersized and not very bright fall-guy. And what do I see but a blinking copper, built like a grenadier. Cor! I am caused to doubt that Chuck's eyeballs really do protrude through his glasses...I am at a loss to say anything much about the rest of the issue, except that Shaw would have been greatly gratified if he could have heard the reaction caused by his article being read allowed at the Non-con. (Non-con being a non-convention for local fans not going to the Convention. This was our second in 4 years so they aren't very regular. The critical element is find-

ing someone willing to have a running open house for 72 hours; the harder ones stay over, the weak ones are left over. Only 12 stayed beyond Saturday night this year. As there wasn't anymore floor, I went home.) But as I was saying, we read most of the account aloud...passing it along, as one reader after another became contorted and uncontrollable. I hope he will be back regularly, even if you have to excerpt his letters. After all, it was the Wheels of IF that made "- grate (on the nerves?) and I for one see nothing wrong with regular all Irish issues.

Joe Sanders, RFL, Roachdale, Indiana. =+= I got Hyphen 16, WDA & The Enchanted Duplicator Saturday. I was quite surprised at the fast service. But then I'm always kinda surprised at the courtesy and intelligence of so many of you furriners.

Enclosed you will, I hope, find green and white with the likeness of George Charters emblazoned thereon...

And that seems to be all the letters. Response to the last issue was fair from England, but poor from the States...where after all most of our subscribership lies. But after the New York Convention, I suppose "lies" is only too apt a word: let's hope they've recovered by now. Incidentally I've heard some people say that they don't write because they can't think of anything clever to say—they think that just saying they liked this or that is dull. Well, I assure them it isn't dull to the contributors; we appreciate letters like this just as much as witty ones that hardly mention the magazine.

One thing you won't have to be tactful about any more is the reproduction. I've been worried about it for some time so when I saw a Gestetner on view at one of the local auctions I went down on sale day to bid for it. I waited tensely for an hour or so while half the population of Belfast stocked up on old mattresses and then the auctioneer said "Lot 899—Two Gestetner Duplicators". There'd been another one under a table. I collected my scattered wits and started bidding anyway, and got both of them for £6. Both of them work too—the cover & p.15 and pages 17 & 18 and 21 to 42 were done on one or other of them. I'm passing one on to John Berry, so that he won't have to make awkward explanations to the girls in the office while he's running off RETRIBUTION during lunchtime. And it was all just after I'd run off the Roscoe stencil! See?



"She has a ring with five diamonds in it, three of them visible to the naked eye."

LONDON IN 1957 Register now for the World-con, 6th to 9th September.

Send £1.00 or 7/6 to Charles Duncombe, 62 Albert Square, London E.15. This will bring you membership of the World Science Fiction Society, Progress Reports, Award voting rights & right to enter competitions for which prizes will be three nights accommodation in the Convention Hotel. Join now!

TAFF Enclosed with this Hyphen is a voting form for the Transatlantic Fan Fund. I personally disagree strongly with the method of counting votes announced therein and I'd like to make it clear that I've nothing to do with it. (I resigned from the TAFF administration last January, and in any case Don Ford is in complete charge of the American election.) My objections are, briefly, that it allows people to vote twice for the same candidate which seems to me obviously wrong, that it destroys the whole basis of this proportional representation type of election, & that it in effect unfairly subsidises candidates supported by pseudofans, straw voters and pressure groups as against those chosen by discriminating fans. For a fuller exposition of the arguments see the new large circulation fanzine **CONTACT**, published by Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium. Meanwhile, if you too disagree with Don's proposals, please say so when sending him your ballot paper.

THE HAPP STATESIDE Gregg Calkins got married recently and found whatever young couples do in Utah much more fun than running off fanzines, so he sent me back all the stencils for this monumental work. I ordered a supply of Statesize paper six weeks ago and as soon as it arrives I'll be running it off myself. So please send your orders to me. **THIS** is an account of my trip to the States in 1952, including virtually all the material previously published in *Confusion*, *Quandry*, *Opsla & Slant*, but with an additional 20 pages or so of completely new stuff including travelogue Kansas-Florida-Atlanta-Savannah-New York & impressions of America & American fans. 72 pages altogether, with wonderful Atomilles and bound in semi-stiff covers like *The Enchanted Euplicator*. Useful as doorstop. Price 2/- or 35¢ but pre-publication orders still accepted at old price of 1/6 or 25¢, which was based on 50 pages. Part proceeds to TAFF.

NEW READERS

There continue to be some mutterings that Hyphen is obscure, so I'm going to explain here any references that might puzzle newcomers. Anything that confuses you after that is just naturally confusing or can only be absorbed by greater immersion. I hope you'll think it worth the effort. We don't mean to be esoteric in any exclusive sort of way, honest.

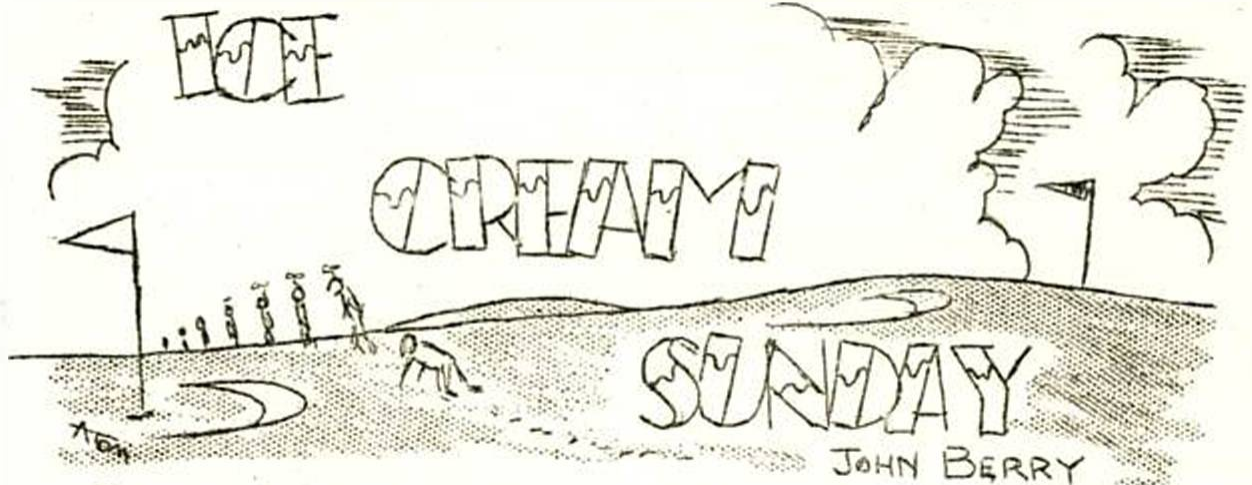
"Gafia" is short for Getting Away From It All, escaping from the harsh realities of fandom to the serenity of mundane life. "Egoboo" is boost for the Ego, "Fmnc" is fan activity. FAPA is the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and OFPA a British equivalent. Bob Shaw (BoSh) is a founder member of Irish Fandom (IF) who is now in Canada; he used to have a famous ramshackle bicycle. Claude Degler was a notorious crackpot who believed that sf fans were 'star-begotten' and travelled about America forming phoney fan clubs with grandiose names: he was the lowest manifestation of "sericon" (serious constructive) fandom. Analia St. is reputed to be the red light quarter of Belfast.

The Goon Detective Agency is an organisation invented by Belfast fan John Berry, policeman and budgeter electionist, and conducted by him under the name of Goon Meary. Its outrageous exploits are recounted in *RETRIBUTION*, an improbable fanzine produced by him and Arthur Thomson (and highly recommended by me: write for a copy to John at 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belfast.) In this Hyphen, James White takes on John at his own game, in what will be I hope the first of a fabulous series. Next issue John Berry fights back, and The Goon attempts to solve the mystery which perplexes all fandom. Who is Antigoon?

John's other speciality is "reports" like the one starting opposite. I don't object to being accused of arson etc, but I bitterly deny walking on the sacrosanct greens of the Royal Portrush.

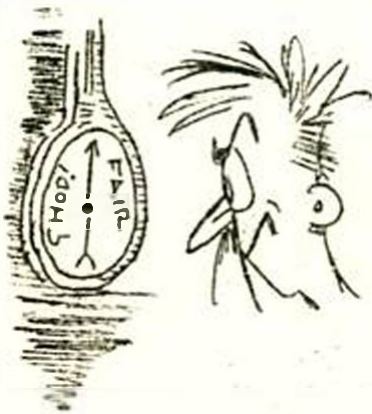
BLANK VERSE There was to have been a rather brilliant poem on this page by Chuck Harris, the "No Holds" Bard, but he was interrupted in the middle of it by a gastric flu virus (*streptococci nor-lockii*). Next issue.

Immediately after returning home from Irish Fandoms Annual Excursion, I was gripped by an urgent desire to write everything down, lest I forget anything important. I scribbled rough notes until the early hours of the morning, and presumed I had covered everything. A few weeks later, therefore, I was surprised to hear that George Charters had also written about the trip, in the form of a letter to Chuck Harris. Chuck kindly gave me this letter to read, and after perusing it, I discovered several incidents mentioned that I had forgotten. But more than this. The description was so well done, that I thought it a great pity that the letter couldn't get a wider circulation. So with the permission of Chuck Harris, and a five pound note from Charters, I have incorporated parts of his letter in my ICE CREAM SUNDAY. Mostly, the extracts cover conversations, although I would like particularly to draw your attention to Georges remarkable description of Peggy White's ice cream, from which you will gather the title of this factual epic originated.



Being a True Chronicle of the 1956 Excursion to Portrush.

I awoke early on Sunday morning, 10th of June 1956. I sensed that something important was due to happen that day, but in my semi-somnolent condition, I couldn't comprehend exactly what. I ripped aside the curtains, and glanced outside. I should have known immediately. A mist obscured all visibility over fifteen yards, and rain was lashing down like stair rods. My front garden was flooded, and the barometer had changed from VERY FINE to ABSOLUTELY SHOCKING. Of course, it was obvious. This was the day Walt had chosen to lead us on Irish Fandoms Annual Excursion to Portrush. That fabulous sea side resort on the northern Irish coast.



However, I have great faith in Willis, so I goaded my protesting wife into whipping up a few cress sandwiches, and, donning my water-proof cycling gear, ventured into the protesting elements. A howling tempest-like gale blew the mist away, revealing dark, sombre clouds scurrying overhead. (I borrowed that sentence from Wuthering Heights.) Splashing my way to

railway station, I felt really dejected. James White, fresh from his triumphant honeymoon, had promised to arrange the maximum amount of sunlight for this venture. Was it possible, I faltered, was it possible that James had lost his power to control the sun? He used to do it for Bea Mahaffey.

And then, as I approached to within fifty yards of the railway station, the sun burst through. Honest, folks. I saw James standing on the pavement, mopping his brow.

"You're leaving things a bit late, James," I commented.

"Forgot," he grinned weakly.

"Everyone here?", I asked.

"All except Bob and Sadie," he explained. "Sadie had four teeth extracted last week, and is conspicuous by her abcess. That pun, by the way, was by arrangement with Walt. In any case, you couldn't expect 'em to travel 4,000 miles just for our 1956 trip."

A point, I suppose.

I joined the queue at the booking office, purchased my ticket, and crossed to the platform.

Walt, working on the principle that time is money, had erected his collapsible canvas kiosk near the Ladies Toilet, and was flogging prozines to the awed travellers. James was carrying out taxi-ing trials with his model aeroplane on platform four, and George was hobbling across the platform, hotly pursued by three young girls, quavering over his shoulder ... "Sadie booked me first."

It was good to see that my friends were taking things quite normally.

I walked over to where Madeleine and Peggy were marshalling Carol and her young pal Jennifer towards the train.

"We had better hurry," I said, "or we won't be able to sit together."

Madeleine lay a restraining hand on my arm. She looked at me proudly.

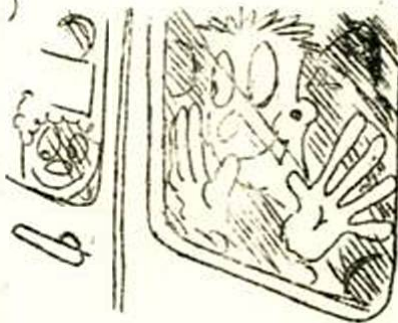
"Walter has booked a compartment for us all," she smiled. Such touching faith.

I wandered off to buy a newspaper. I wanted to see the latest sports news. (The result of that big vice scandal.)

In the nick of time, I ran along the length of the train, looking vainly for our private compartment. I suddenly saw smiling faces pressed against a window, over which was a notice stating :-

THE WILLIS PARTY ?

I reached for the door handle, when a porter suddenly barred my way, a look of bewilderment of his face.



"You can't go in there," he whispered hoarsely, looking fearfully over his shoulder.

"But I am one of them," I insisted.

He backed away, the look of bewilderment being replaced by one of extreme panic. He looked like a man who had lost his last vestige of faith in human nature. As the train steamed out of the station, I saw him gibbering wildly as he swung from a station roof support.

After a minor shuffle, we settled down in the carriage. James and Peggy, with typical post-honeymoon realization, wanted to sit together.quite understandably. A sort of romantic aura emanated from them, because after a few moments, Walt dragged George off Madeleine's lap, and took her into a corner of his own. A feeling of nostalgia crept over me. I saw James glance out of the window. I did likewise. We were travelling alongside Belfast Lough, and all I could see was layers of grey slimy mud, stones dotted here and there, the sea a vague shadow in the distance.

"Look at them non-existent billows," said George.
"Ah yes," replied James, "The Cruel Mud."

I listened sympathetically whilst George tried a little applied psychology on the two children.

"There are some sheepses," he said.

"You mean sheep," said Carol chidingly. "The word has the same form in the plural as in the singular."

"Oh yes," replied George. He likes to agree with children's opinions. "And all dressed up in their best sheepskin coats", he added.

"And what is that?" asked Jennifer.

"That is a cow," grinned George, "probably from the Isle of Wight."

"Don't be silly," interrupted Carol, "down there they spell it C-o-w-e-a. But why is it lying down?"

"Probably it slipped," began George.

"I know, I know," said Carol, "you are going to make a pun about a cowslip."

"No I wasn't," lied George.

A short silence, whilst George marshalled his reserves.

"What do sheep say to each other?" asked Jennifer.

"Maan," said George, carefully sticking to the truth.

"And do cows say maana too?" the two girls chorused together.

"No," answered George. "A cow is one of the lowin kind."

I could see that this ploy inflated George's ego slightly, as he calculated the girls had never heard the song.

"Where are we now?" asked Carol, tactfully changing the subject.

"Probably in Alsace," said George.

"How do you know?" asked Carol.

"There's an Alsatian," said George disarmingly, pointing out of the carriage window.

"You know," said Carol, unconsciously quoting James. "the worst of your jokes is that they are not funny," and she and Jennifer went out to play in the corridor. This gave us adults the chance to indulge in a serious and constructive conversation, such as is only possible when minors are absent. I took notes :-

Madeleine.

"We'll play Ghoddminton in Portrush."

James.

"If we do, I am making a new ruleScotland is out."

Me.

"Yes."

George.

"How about water-Ghoddminton.?"

Walt.

"Imagine having an octopus for a partner you'd be squids in."

Me.

"Yes."

Madeleine.

"We could have flounders for bats, and jellyfish for shuttlecocks."

Walt.

"Then we could shout 'plaice'."

Me.

"Oh, yes, yes."

(Hey, folks, notice the skilful way I guided the conversation along?)

At this juncture occurred one of those serious parental blunders that the psychiatrists warn us about. Carol and Jennifer returned from their tour. Carol read aloud a notice painted over the carriage door :-

PLEASE DO NOT PUT YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW WHILST
THE TRAIN IS IN MOTION.

A childish gleam crossed Madeleine's face.

"Heh heh," she giggled. Gripping the leather strap, she pulled the window down.

"Heh heh."

She pushed her head outside, her blonde hair blowing over her creamy complexioned face.

Have you ever noticed how suddenly those long tunnels arrive? I know that sometimes the driver blows a whistle, but our driver forgot. I estimate we were in the tunnel for about ten minutes, before daylight once more illuminated the scene.

Madeleine sat on the floor, her black hair hanging fringe-like over her ebony features. She held a lump of coal in her hands.

"But mammy," said Carol, "the notice says ---"

Walt raised a finger to his lips.
"You fuel," he shouted to Madeleine.



"Ah don't wish to know dat," she replied, her eyes rolling.
"Where did you get the coal?," asked George.
"It was in my eye," she wailed, "I can't see."

This was the perfect setting for my best pun, that I had purchased off Bob Shaw for three and fourpence.

"Lets all play Blind Mans Puffer," I shouted in ecstasy.

They didn't let me out until we reached Portrush. I didn't mind the cramped accomodation so much, but I found the continuous cold updraught of air most disconcerting.

Walt heaved his bulging rucksack on to his back, inspected us, and so we began the trek along the beach from Portrush to a geological location known somewhat aptly as The White Rocks., about two and a half miles away. We trudged along a few feet from where the sea lapped lazily on the shore. The sky was deep blue, clear of clouds, and the sun gave James its wholehearted co-operation.

A jet fighter roared overhead. It was a de Havilland Vampire. I know. Aircraft recognition used to be my hobby until I met Walt.

Me. (with a knowledgeable air.) "Thats a Vampire."

George. "Is that the place where the sun never sets?"

Walt. "Yes. Many a true word is spoken in jets."

Every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it as you'll hear later.

Keeping my eys open for flotsam (or jetsam I always forget which) I picked up a bottle that had been washed ashore . I threw it back into the sea. James roared behind me :-

"I hope you marked it 'Not Known At This Address!'"

Ooooooh.

Walt, with head held proudly erect, continued to lead the procession. James and Peggy walked hand in hand, whispering sweet nothings to each other. The two children scampered too and fro, making bubbles with one of those soapy contraptions obtainable from Woolworths. I was searching large areas of sand on the lookout for a suitable chunk of wood to use as a cricket bat. But George. Giving him due allowance for his years, he was in a pathetic condition... and we had only just started. He shuffled along, ankle deep in sand, an unwanted rain-coat flung cloak-like over his shoulders, head hanging down. He reminded me of a painting I saw once, entitled 'The Retreat From Moscow.' (He was out of steppe all mine.)



Eventually, we reached White Rocks, and prepared our base camp. We decided to have lunch. With newly acquired assurance, we each opened our respective parcels of food, and stacked cakes and sandwiches in front of us. Here was no grabbing or hoarding of food,

but, a rare thing for Irish Fandom, a leisurely and I might even say genteel meal. All the same, we missed Bob Shaw.

George produced a flask of tea, which Walt eyed shrewdly. (If you are particularly susceptible to Lousy Willis-Type Puns, skip a few lines.)

George. "A good brew."

Walt. " So I see. Tell me, did you make it at home, or get it from far cafe ?"

The meal ended in silence.

James and Peggy wandered away "to pick some flowers " they said. Carol and Jennifer joined them.

We played cricket. The bat, a length of timber, the result of my scrutiny the ball , a motheaten tennis ball, donated by Walt.

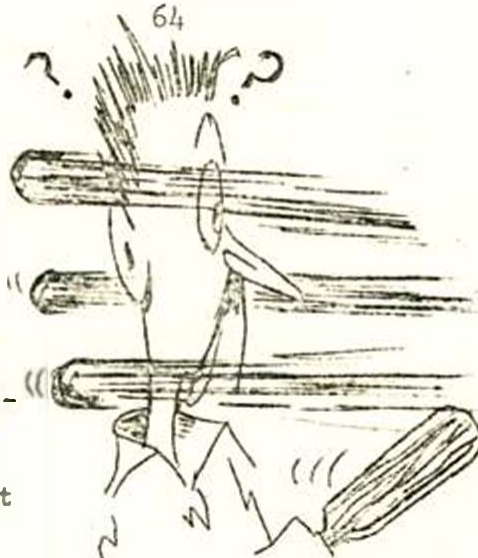
Madeleine was far too good for us. She revealed once again, as if in final confirmation, that she possesses undoubted strength and athletic ability. Her bowling prowess was uncanny. Her final bowling analysis is of some interest.

<u>Overs.</u>	<u>Maidens.</u>	<u>Runs.</u>	<u>Wickets.</u>
10.4	10.4	0	64

Admittedly, she had the slight advantage of bowling from the sun into our tortured eyeballs. The fact that the wicket was a cliff and that she flung the ball at distances from the batsman varying from between five and seven feet, does not detract anything from a splendid performance.

As for her batting, well, one must admire her tactical appreciation of the situation. The way she insisted upon changing the wicket from the cliff to a sliver of matchwood was very cunning. I liked the clever way she placed her new wicket behind a ten foot high rock. It was considerate of her to suggest we bowl to her blindfolded, in order to rest our eyes. Typical of her unselfish nature. It is with a certain amount of pride that I print below her final batting average. Mine is added for comparison :-

	<u>Innings.</u>	<u>Runs.</u>	<u>Not Out.</u>	<u>Average.</u>
<u>Madeleine.</u>	1	327	1	327.00
<u>Me.</u>	16	4	0	.25



Back from the ramble, complete with bunches of flowers and looks of frustration, came James and Peggy. James announced his intention of wanting to try out his model motor boat, presented to him by a grateful bride.

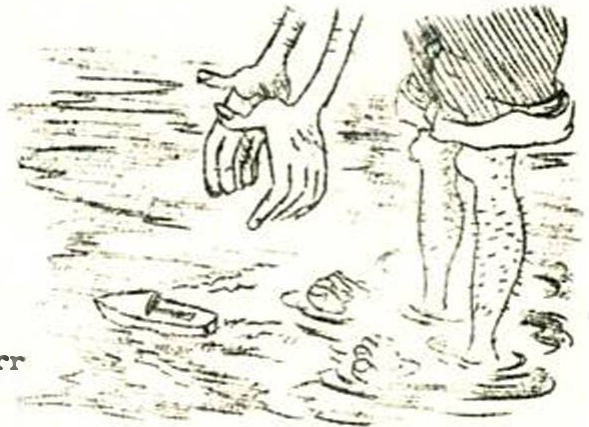
We trekked to the nearest rock pool, leaving George lying prostrate over our valuables.

One disconcerting feature was that Carol and Jennifer seemed to find great amusement in running to different groups of reposing holiday makers en route, loudly announcing that :-

"James White is going to launch his motor boat"

This had rather an unsettling effect. People sort of joined the procession, the name James White obviously having an hypnotic effect. They seemed to reason that a man of such wealth and repute as James White would not let them down. You know how rumours spread . I estimate that we fought our way through a throng that numbered several hundreds, before finally arriving at a small pool, the dimensions of which were six feet square and one and a half inches deep.

Rather reluctantly, James rolled up his trouser legs, and, with big toes rampant, stepped into the pool. There was a sigh from the crowd. In the subdued silence that followed, James produced his treasured craft, about three inches long. He wound it up, placed it tenderly in the water, and watched it whirr round in circles.



The crowd was not long in showing its disappointment, although I was later reassured to learn that James had intended going for a swim, anyway.

Back at base camp, we rolled George aside, and sorted ourselves out.

Walt, being an avid anti-litter fiend, as we who have been to 470 can testify, insisted upon heaping all the refuse together in a niche of rock, and setting fire to it.

"We must help to preserve the inherent beauty of our countryside," said Walt.

The fact that in no time at all, three acres of undergrowth was in flames, was incidental.

"It is the principle," argued Walt, leading us rapidly away from the raging inferno.

He led us away from the beach.

"A short cut across the golf links," he grinned knowingly, looking confidently at his compass.

Listen. I agree that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. But that is not meant to be taken too literally. I also

agree that the Royal Portrush Golf Course is one of the worlds best. So did the rest of the professionals playing that afternoon.

The 17th hole is on a slight rise, immediately above an extensive sand bunker. Willis led us unerringly up the vertical face of the bunker, and

we popped up like gophers on to the green, in time to see four pro's preparing for their final strokes in what was obviously a needle match.

Walt, however, was oblivious to this. With head bent, he led us diagonally across the green. It must have seemed strange to the onlookers. It wasn't so much the fact that George was on his hands and knees. I think what shook them most was the way we followed Walt like soldier ants. One golfing enthusiast was very shaken, I remember. He was lying on the ground, studying the contours



of the grass in preparation for his final putt. We stepped over him in turn, completely ignoring his presence. George, sad to say, was unable to find the strength to negotiate this final obstacle, and he lay twitching across the surprised sportsman. One of the players, more alert than the rest, recognised the fact that George was near to exhaustion. He picked George up, and placed him on one of those two-wheeled affairs they use for carrying their golf clubs.

"Caddy me away," groaned George, game to the last.

On reflection, I think it was the little things that annoyed them. Carol and Jennifer, for instance, kicking the balls back into the bunker.

I suspect that Walt's compass was torn between two poles. We certainly covered a devious route. We had another minor contact with the four professionals, not, I am glad to say, at the same green.

George was our chief worry. He made a gallant effort to reach Portrush. I was delegated by Walt to assist George at the rear of the procession, and I did so by chatting amiably about my experiences in the army. Trying to be sociable, I asked George a question or two about the South African campaign, without getting a reply. I looked round, and to my horror, saw him lying on the ground about thirty yards behind.

I called the others back, and we discussed our next move. The two little girls demonstrated their developing fannish instincts by scattering handfuls of dandelions over the body.

"Don't be so disrespectful to the remains," admonished Madeleine, maternal as ever.

I had to hand it to Walt. He sat down beside George, and whispered in his ear. All about hard coverscups of tea ...Hyphen ice creamghoodmintonsteak and chipsrocking chairs...

And thus we reached Portrush. We invaded a hotel, which, up to then, prided itself upon its century old custom of, as it stated outside :-

CATERING FOR THE ELITE

a notice which I saw being removed as we departed.

No doubt you have all been wondering what is the significance of the title of this superb piece of factual reporting ICE CREAM SUNDAY ? Please allow me to explain.

After our evening meal, there was half an hour to spare before our train was due to leave.

James, in one of his generous moods, announced his intention of

"...buying ice cream for the girls"

The rest of us humble menfolk watched as Peggy, Madeleine, Carol and Jennifer pushed him along. Even now I can hear Peggy's battle cry:-

"...and Neopolitan Glories are lovely, Madeleine, and only twenty three shillings each"

James seemed to stumble, but you know what women are. You and I get ice cream in the shape of mundane, proletarian, tuppenny blocks, but Peggy likes it in enormous, aristocratic masses, adorned with fruit, embellished with other comestibles and flaunting all the colours of the rainbow. You or I would pause timidly before one of these gargantuan, scintillating concatenations (pew) but Peggy pushes blithely on where we would fear to tread.

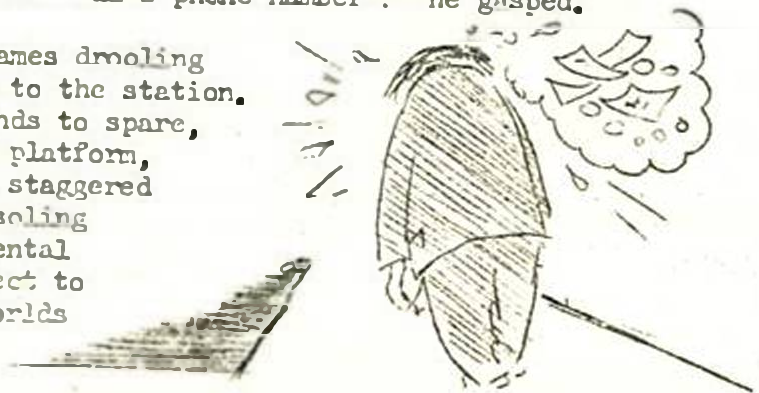
They went into the shop.

The shop door opened again, and James crawled outside.

"Whats Ted Carnell's phone number ?" he gasped.

We left James dmoeling outside the shop, and crossed to the station.

With seconds to spare, the female fen arrived on the platform, very pleased with life. James staggered after them, a broken man, consoling himself with the rigours of mental flagellation. One doesn't expect to spend the proceeds of a New Worlds Anthology on ice cream.....



THE GOON FIGHTER



BY

JAMES

WHITE

I WAS SHOOTING at a cardboard box with a picture of a jet fighter pasted to it, because the story I was working on for good ol' Ted wouldn't go right and that was the way I was feeling. The gun was a .177 air rifle by BSA—a really sweet weapon with adjustable sights—and the range was approximately 3 yards (my astigmatism is bad enough to make things interesting, and

I've found that shooting is much better than playing the harmonica). I was just about to squeeze another shot off when He appeared suddenly beside the work table, just outside the line of fire. This, with me, is an awful dangerous position to be in.

I could see at once that he was a fan: the old pullover, the worn sports-coat and the inkstains on the trousers were the honourable uniform of his calling. But there was a strange, hazy quality about him. His face was sensitive, almost aesthetic, and the eyes, though keen and mirroring both humour and intelligence, were hard to focus on—I could not, and cannot, say whether he wore glasses or not—and there was a peculiar familiarity about him. But the more I tried to place him the less like anybody he became.

He was clean shaven. Since John Berry I'm well disposed to all clean-shaven people. Hospitably, I motioned him to lie down beside me and passed him the gun. While he was aiming I said, "What's your name?"

He hesitated. His features stiffened. In a voice thick with suppressed emotion he told me his name.

"But that's impossible," I protested. "That's an ancient Greek-type character, possibly mythological and older even than George Charters—well, very old anyway. You look—"

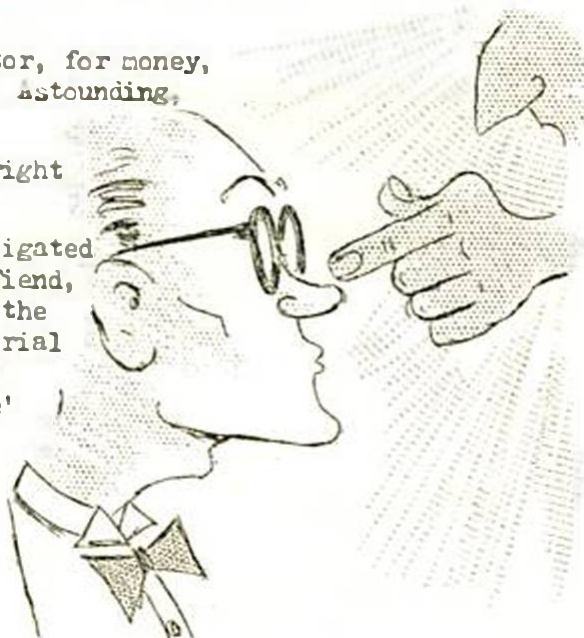
"Not Antigone," he said patiently. "Antigoon." At "goon" he pulled the trigger and a hole appeared in the centre of the roundel on the port wing of the jet fighter. I hadn't even hit the plane yet and I'd been trying for half an hour. I sighed and put away the gun. We got up and I was surprised to discover how tall he seemed suddenly. He was gazing down on me sternly. He seemed to tower.

At 6' $\frac{3}{4}$ " and 13 stone I'm no mean towerer myself and I felt like making a fight of it. We stood there facing each other for several minutes, towering grimly over each other. I thought I had him once, but he must have had an elastic spine or something, because he strinched up higher than my absolute top. I towered—I mean tired—first and sat down, the ex-champion towerer of Irish Fandom, a beaten man. An old fan, and overtowered. He spoke then, in a great, sonorous voice. I'd swear he was carrying his own echo chamber.

"You are James White," he said. "Contributor, for money, to such professional magazines as New Worlds, Astounding, Epica, and like that?"

I said "Guilty". It seemed, somehow, the right word to say to that mighty voice.

"You are also the James White who was castigated by the unspeakable Fake-fan harris as a sex-fiend, who did involuntary service as a door-mat in the Bay Hotel, Portballintrae, while seeking material for the mighty Beacon Report, and who..." The tone softened to a sort of 'This Is Your Life' voice..."fought, actually fought, the dear departed neo-Eakino Bob Shaw so that an aesthetically beautiful spaceship should appear on the cover of Slant 6—of glorious and immortal memory—instead of an early prototype of a certain calendar embellishment? Are you, were you that fan?"



"I was, am," I answered, feeling proud and kind of humble and a little ashamed of the vile pro type ms piled beside the typer.

"I think I can use you," he went on. "But tell me one thing. If given the chance, what would you like to do to John Berry, alias The Goon, part-time policeman and dactyloscopic expert, and sinister brain—I use the expression loosely—controlling the fumbling tentacles of the Goon Detective Agency?"

I told him what I would like to do, and how many times I had tried to do it while playing Ghoddminton. It seemed to be the right answer, because he smiled. Then he began to talk rapidly.

"I can stand Berry," he said, "in small doses and providing he approaches me downwind, but the GDA is another matter. That...must...go! That vicious, unholy, parasitic organisation whose operatives—masterminded by Berry—are picked from among the most bird-brained element in fandom. Why, one of his minions has pinions yet—a caged budgerigar raised behind bars, a gaol-bird, stir-begotten! I, on the other hand, am the arch-enemy of the GDA, and the spirit of all that is good and wholesome and intelligent in fandom...dedicated to the noble crusade of bringing these aberrated jerks in dirty raincoats with their Monroe fixations back to the true fold. As you must have

suspected by now, I am somewhat of a super-genius, a fannish combination of Doc Savage, The Shadow and The Saint, and if you're going to write this up you'd better use quasi-quotes because, though I am an entity wholly unique in fiction, you wouldn't notice it because I'm so modest and unassuming." He sighed, then after a thoughtful silence. "And to think, a few months ago I saved Berry's life the night Heinlein came."

"Oh, you foo—" I began, then, "Huh? But Heinlein didn't come. And you weren't there either!"

"I was present," he said simply, "and so was Heinlein. In the confusion both our activities passed unnoticed, especially by such a superficial observer as The Goon. But I fear that even you have been basing your estimate of that ghastly affair on a quite erroneous assumption—viz, that the events of that night were merely a debacle of nightmare proportions instead of a cunningly engineered and brilliantly thwarted attempt on the life of one of the group. Listen."

He began pacing again.

It had started with word of John's intentions—he had stated that when his hundredth fannish-fiction story was accepted he was going to turn pro—being carried to America via the Bulmers. At the subsequent emergency meeting of the Science Fiction Writers of America it had been unanimously decided to defend their livelihood at all costs. Lots were drawn, and Heinlein chosen as the hatchet man. In Ireland, Heinlein had sent a cable telling Irish Fandom that he could not come, but he had been in Belfast all the time and that night was lurking outside Oblique House disguised as a postman. While an ICBM team waited in a secret clearing in the White garden in case he should fail and Berry's house, with Berry in it, should have to be destroyed.....

"....With a few well-timed suggestions I set in motion the chain of events which were reported in Epyphen 16. Heinlein could not act effectively with everyone disguised as everyone else, and retired from the scene in frustration. Meanwhile I had protected innocent life from the InterContinental Ballistic Missile by ~~forming~~ ^{staging} an indignant demonstration of householders in the Flush Park district calling for the Berry's to be moved. It was not difficult. The guided missile was of course launched, but it is programmed to descend on John's old Flush Park address only if John or a reasonable facsimile appears there. It will remain harmlessly in orbit around the Earth unless the new tenant decides to grow a moustache."

I said, "But...but why are you telling me this?"

"All us altruistic arch-enemies of evil and corruption have their humble scribes," he said simply. "Besides, I need someone who will be able to call me up should the powers of darkness, typified by Black Berry, look like prevailing. You see, on the next fan night George is going to bring up a distinguished American visitor called Darrell C. Richardson, who wants George to collaborate with him on his next hard cover cowboys and Indians anthology! Not just a mention, mind, but half the book credited to him. It will be the crowning achievement of George's distinguished career...."

He broke off, frowning suddenly. "But John will be there, and will, I fear, place his big flat foot in it and louse things up for George. If that looks like happening, you are to summon me!" The holes in his sweater enlarged as his chest swelled. He added, "You can do that by going unobtrusively to the nearest window, opening it, and giving 'Hoi!'"



I said, "Hoy?"

"No. Hoi!"

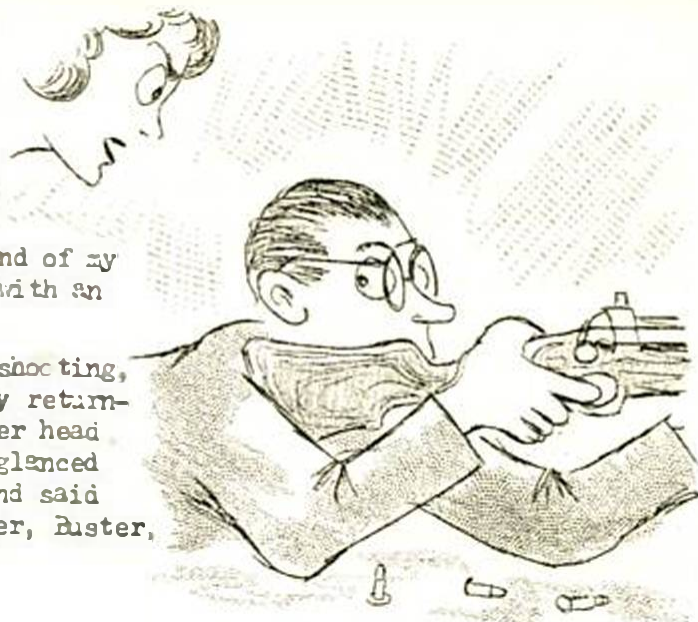
"Hoi!"

"Uh-huh. Louder. Hoi!"

"HOI!"

"That's right," he said, over the sound of my window tinkling onto the doorstep. Then with an airy wave of the hand he disappeared.

I was thoughtful as I returned to my shooting, and my muse was interrupted only by Peggy returning from visiting a neighbour. She put her head into the doorway, saw what I was doing, glanced at the unfinished ms beside the typer, and said sweetly, "Five hundred words before supper, Buster, or you don't get any."

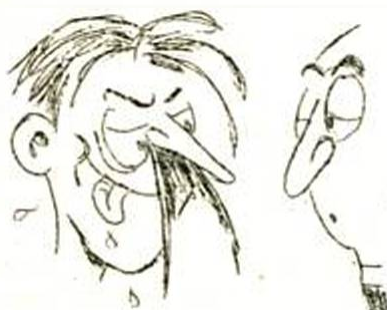


DARRELL C. RICHARDSON HAD TURNED OUT to be a real nice parson, offering only token resistance to our urgings to play Ghoddminton, then quickly producing a monster bat that George had made specially for him. But out of respect for the Cloth our games had been restrained to the point of politeness. That was before John came, of course, and when I heard his feet pounding up the stairs I felt qualms.

When the door crashed open and John bounded into the middle of the room yelling "Hi, folks!" I had to admire the gentle old-world charm with which George performed the introductions. John said, "Suffering catfish, Mr Richardson, I'm sure pleased—" Then he screamed shrilly and pointed. He had seen The Calendar.

I was rather proud of that calendar at the moment...or rather, of the miniature full-length suit of woollen underwear which Peggy had knitted to render Marilyn less exposed looking. (A visiting neighbour, while this tiny garment had been in the making, had come to entirely different conclusions regarding its purpose and had done the washing-up that night.) It, also, had been done out of respect for the Cloth, but John obviously wasn't seeing it that way. All he could see was that he couldn't see what he wanted to see, see? He advanced growling on the now puritanical Monroe, lecherous hand outstretched to tear her modest garment aside. Mr's face and feet weren't enough for him, apparently—Peggy, I must add, had knitted little mittens and a nightcap for her too.

I didn't see who it was that pushed the printing press on top of him, but during the subsequent hull in conversation Walter was successful in initiating a movement downstairs for tea. But out of sight was most definitely not out of mind. John, still dazed and semi-conscious (his normal mental condition), was intent on talking about you know what and who to our distinguished visitor. And somehow, somewhere, he had managed to get things horribly mixed up.



"I guess you look at the stars a lot, Mr Richardson?" He wriggled in his seat and positively drooled.

"Well, no," began Darrell C. Richardson. He shot a puzzled look at George and lifted one eyebrow.

"But as much as you can," John insisted. "Mount Palomar is pretty high up. Overlooking Los Angeles I bet. Hollywood, eh?" He smacked his lips loudly and slurped.

"I thought you meant astronomical observations, Mr Derry," said Darrell C. Richardson coldly.

"Oh sure," leered John. "Heavenly bodies, eh? Yuk yuk." He nudged the Reverend Richardson knowingly, knocking his cup over so that the tea ran all down his black gaiters.

George winced and kicked Berry's ankle, but there was no stopping him. "Oh, Marilyn!" he chortled, a leer convulsing his face. Arms outstretched, lips puckered up and moustache twanging faintly he began dancing round the room outlining lascivious silhouettes with his hands. "She just wears Chanel No.5 in her bedroom, doesn't she?" he babbled. Nobody could stop him.

Our distinguished visitor reacted with clenched fists and a poker face—a red hot poker face. George was writhing in embarrassment; the rest of us twitched in sympathy as he rose to go, saying that he would be late for work. His shoulders were slumped, his face grey and haggard, and for the first time in his life he looked about half his age. I knew that he lied, I alone knew that he had a late pass for tonight, but I understood and kept silent. George was a broken man, that was obvious. Darrell C. Richardson would never let him collaborate on his anthology now. He would use his simple, homespun psychology and conclude that a man was to be judged by the company he kept; and that would be that.

Indeed at that moment Darrell C. Richardson also got up, nodded a curt goodbye to George and went firmly into the hall. I heard him pick up the phone and dial. "Give me very long distance," he said. "I want to speak to the Reverend Moorhead in Bettsville, Ohio, USA.....Yes, a parson to parson call."

"This," I thought suddenly, "is a job for what's-his-name, and now is my chance!"

I waited only until George could have got clear of the house and then I went to the window and leaned out. I took a deep breath—I needed it—and said the magic word "Hoi!"



"Yoo-hoo," said a girl on the other side of the street who was leaning against a lamp standard. She waved an unlighted cigarette at me. I ignored her, for there, high above the housetops, arms outstretched and beanie-propellor dramatically reflecting an arc of starlight, He was coming.....

He landed heavily on one knee and the top of his head, having snagged himself on the soaring steelwork of Carol's swing—which had been designed, strangely enough, to support the combined weights of Irish Fandon. But he sprang to his feet unhurt, saying loftily, "Ouch."

Stammering with excitement I began to tell him what had happened, but he held up a languid hand for silence. "I know all," he said, "up to the fact that even now Richardson is telephoning the Reverend Moorhead to tell him to circularise all Methodist clergy on Hyphen's mailing list to cancel their subscriptions. But fear not, for I, Antigoon, have the solution to this trifling contretemps. You dressed tonight as you usually do for distinguished visitors, did you not?"



"Yes," I said wonderingly. "my new slate-blue gabardine overcoat, a homburg by Woodrow of London and my brief case. Why?"

He waved the question aside. "The coat and hat will be enough. Fetch them. And I'll need some money."

"What! But I'm a poor starving pro-author—"

"At 6' 3 1/2" and 13 stones, starving? Besides, you received a six-figure cheque—counting pennies and farthings—from Carnell

yesterday. Quickly please."

While prizing open my fingers he continued, "This is what you have to do. Tell the gang not to worry, everything is under control, but to expect two visitors shortly..." He spoke rapidly for several seconds, explaining what was, he had to admit himself, a truly ingenious plan. He ended, "...Don't tell John any of this, naturally, but if you think it will do any good you can try explaining to him again that this visitor is not R.S. Richardson, renowned for his association with Astounding, Rory Pallmer and Mount Palomar. When the operation is successfully completed I will, of course, intercept George before he jumps in the river and send him back to the Reverend, who will by then regard him as a modern Florence Nightingale."

"Florence...?"

"You know what I mean," Antigone said with an impatient wave of his hand. "Now. Do you understand your instructions?"

"Yes," I said, conscious that the awe I felt in the presence of this great fermish being showed in my voice. "But...but won't you wait a second so that Walter and the others can meet you?"

"No," he said quietly. "I must remain a figure of mystery, un-self-seeking and working in hidden ways for the ultimate good of fandon. Besides, the others are a suspicious bunch, and they've better eyesight than you." So saying he took three or four limping steps, spread his arms and took off. He disappeared rapidly down the Upper Newtownards Road on the roof of a trolley-bus, having snagged an overhead wire this time.

I closed the window and quickly explained the plan to the others.

When Darrell C. Richardson returned from making his phonecall he sat down in silence and stared so coldly into the fire that Madeleine had to go into furious action with the bellows to keep it alive. This was going to be ticklish, I thought. But Irish Fandom, George and the awesome entity that was Antigone were depending on me... I spoke.

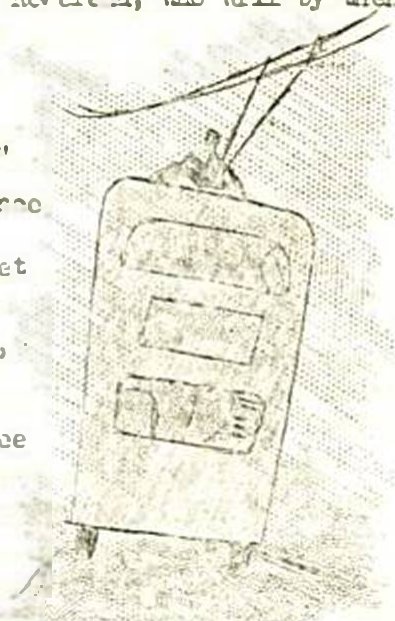
"Uh, er, Sir," I began, "I...we all apologise for the embarrassment this unfortunate creature has caused you..." John had his pin-ups spread on the floor around the visitor's chair now. "...But, so that you will leave us with a little pity in your heart as well as disgust, we had better let you know the shameful truth about this pitiable mass of sub-humanity at your feet.

"John Berry, the John Berry, has been called to London to assist the Yard in a complex investigation. This, well I had better explain the dark and terrible secret in the Berry family tree, and trust to your humanity and charity to keep it inviolate."

Our distinguished visitor was beginning to show interest, I saw. The Geon continued slavering over his photographs, oblivious to what I was saying since I was still using words of more than one syllable. I pressed on.

Berry, I explained, was a Siamese triplet—but not quite. The frightful, monstrous thing which had occurred 28 years ago had driven thirteen obstetricians to drink and stamp collecting. One of the triplets born on that dreadful night had been the intelligent responsible guardian of the law we all knew: another had been a normal bulge-rig: but the third, the thing frolicing about on the floor, had been an alien something halfway between the other two.

"George, who looks after this poor thing and takes it out for walks, thought you might be disappointed if you did not meet John. And hoped, in the honest kindness of his



old heart, that it might take his place. With infinite patience and love he has been nurturing this bird-sized brain in this spindly body so that it can, for short intervals at least, pass itself as human. It is a work of great charity that George has been doing, but alas, this kindly deceit has been uncovered. I beg of you, however, do not think unkindly of George because of it, for he was only——"

"I always did say that old George was a gentleman," Darrell C. Richardson said softly, a mist forming over his eyes. Suddenly he straightened up. "But I find this difficult to believe; a creature, half budgy and half...." He looked down at the grovelling and snorting figure of John, then said, "Well, maybe not too difficult. But have you any evidence that this is true?"

There came a pounding on the front door bell, the sound of voices in the hallway, and two men were ushered into the room by Madeleine. They regarded the gathering for perhaps a second in silence.

Antigoon's face was shadowed by the brim of my homburg, my beautifully tailored overcoat hung open revealing a crisp white surgical-type overall. The other man wore a similar jacket, but no overcoat. He was big and broad; thick hairy arms bulged out of the garment's short sleeves. There was a strong aura about them of fish and chips. Suddenly, they went into action.

At a nod from Antigoon his mighty assistant advanced on Berry. John started kicking and screaming, but tenderly the big man administered a quick rabbit-punch. With an apologetic look he mumbled, "Sorry, but this is what I'm paid for," and carried him effortlessly out of the room.

I thought, Yes, and with my money.

In a harassed, tired, disgustingly noble voice Antigoon said jerkily, "Sorry. Not responsible y'know. Might tum on you, break things, bite somebody. Pity, but there it is. These things happen." He turned abruptly and strode out. The abduction had taken precisely three seconds. It had been over too quickly, I was sure, for our visitor to notice that the hospital the two medical men had come from bore the peculiar name of "Ballyhackamore Supper Saloon".

"Now," I said with a tremor in my voice, "do you believe us?"

"I was wrong," said Darrell C., "terribly wrong. George is real George, George all the way. Oh, if only he were here so that I could apologise....."

With the smiling return of GATWC a few minutes later, this first reported incident in the Antigoon crusade drew to a successful close. John was found later that night in the dustbin of an Amelia St. fish and chip dive by a kindly lady who worked in the neighbourhood, and she left him with the Animal Shelter people. And George, though he wouldn't reimburse me the money I had given Antigoon, did however promise me an autographed copy of his forthcoming anthology. Everybody is happy now, and I can sleep peacefully at nights knowing that the days of the GDA are numbered, just the same as I used to do before I knew that.



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STOP DUPER

SOUTH GATE IN 58

MY NAME IS KINNISON. I'M A LENSEMAN. I WORK OUT OF KLOVIA.....THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HERE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE HELD BY SANE, THINKING MEMBERS OF THE CIRCLE.....FANCYCLOPOEDIA, ENEVONE?.....I'M A DING DONG DADY FROM STOKE NEWINGTON.....DIDN'T YOU SAY WE'D GO TO THE CHEVROLET DEALERS TOMORROW? ONE SIX COURSE DINNER COULD UP?.....I WENT OFF HALF COCKED, A TROUBLE I HAVE HAD FOR MANY YEARS AND WHICH I HAVE DISCUSSED WITH SEVERAL EDITOR/ADVISERS.....JOIN THE YOUTH FOR WILLIS MOVEMENT.....I HAVEN'T READ HIS ARTICLE YET—I'VE ONLY STENCILLED IT.....GIVE ME THE JOB AND I WILL FINISH THE TOOLS.....SHE ANNESTEULED HERSELF IN THE KITCHEN.....WHEN THEY STARTED KICKING IN MY TEETH I KNEW I HAD MADE A MISTAKE.....SOME PEOPLE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE DECENCY TO DIE BEFORE THEY START HAUNTING YOU...YOU FOLLOW GOOD MEN AT AMAZING—GERSBACK, RAY PALMER, HOWARD BROWNE.....ISN'T PUBLIC NATIONAL SERVICE ENOUGH?.....YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GOOSE A GHOST? YOU GET A HANDFUL OF SHEET.....EVERY WORD OF IT WAS CHURNED OUT OF THAT LITTLE BRAIN.....HE'S A FORTY HOUR A WEEK MAN.....IF YOU KEEP ON READING 'ONE' YOU COULD DO A PAGE FOR OLPA AT THE ROYAL HOTEL.....THE PERRY DEANGREINELL STORY.....HE DIDN'T GIVE US CHAMPAGNE, ONLY SOME WHITE FRENCH WINE. I THINK WE WERE CHARLIS TREATED.....I NEVER GO TO BED WITH AUTHORS WHOM I HAVEN'T READ FIRST, AND SINCE I SCOPH ALL 20TH CENTURY LITERATURE THIS KEEPS ME PURE.....I REGARD FANNING AS A HOLY CRUSADE.....THAT'S A LOT OF HORACE MANURE.....THERE WAS A MAN WITH THREE HEADS ON THE SCREEN AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A PANEL SHOW.....HE AM SURE YOU WON'T MIND BUT WE HAVE TO TYPE THIS WAY BECAUSE THE SYNONYM FLEW OFF.. JUST THOUGHT OF A FUN YOU COULD USE IN HYPHEN. YOU HAVE A FAN OPENING AN ENVELOPE, THE KIND YOU MAIL HYPHEN IN, AND HE SAYS: "HI, FEN!!". GET IT?.... THE SENSIBLE CHILD HAS ALREADY SPENT MOST OF IT ON FIREWORKS. I'D HATE TO SEE HER PRINTER IT AWAY ON SOMETHING STULY.....ONE QUORUM IS THREE QUEERS.....wrai ball-

ard, "Bocus", Chevrolet, chuck harris, greg benford 3, george charters, bobbie wilde 2, paul faiman, eric frank russell 3, ted sturgeon, evelyn smith, peggy white, wow 7, Damon Knight, harry turner, lrs everest

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