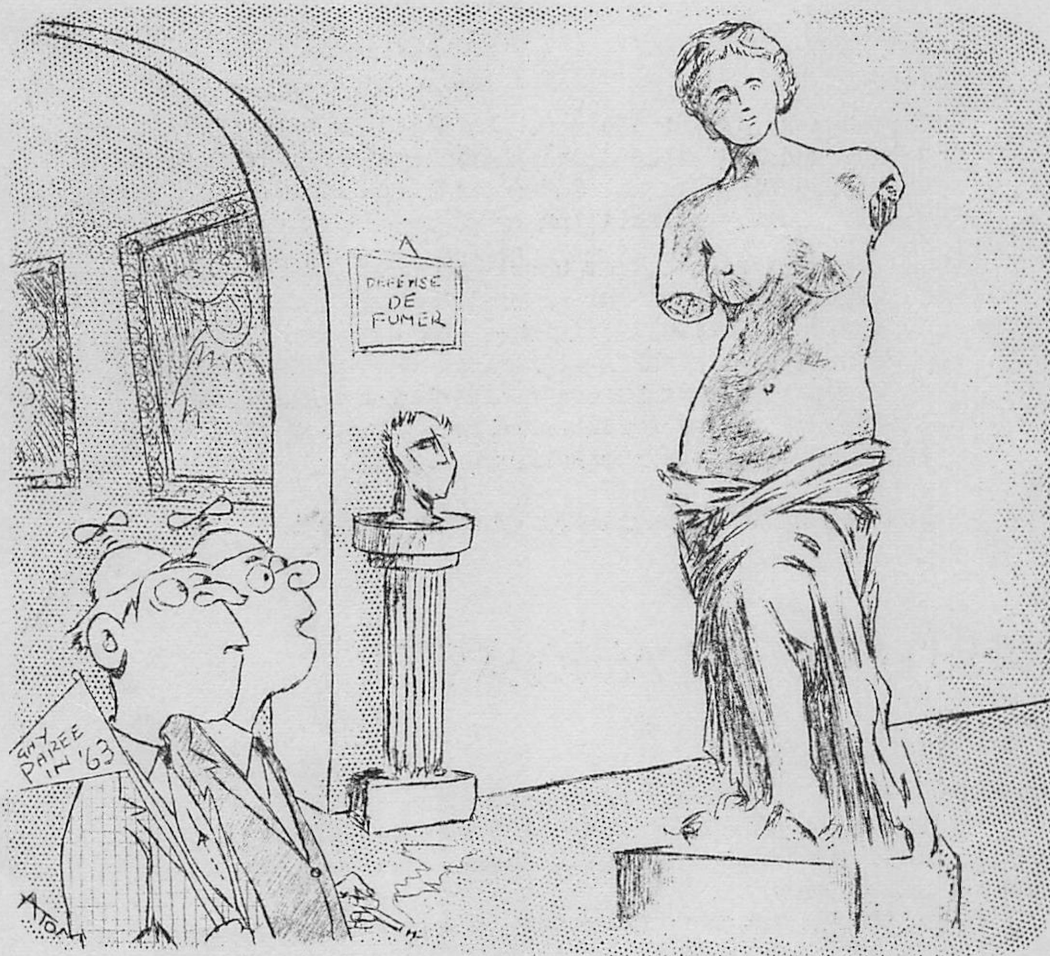


HYPHEN

— NO 20 —

FEBRUARY 1953



"Blood poisoning, they say---she would open Hyphen
with her fingernails."

HYPHEN No. 20

Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.Ireland. Associate Chuck Harris, Carolin, Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. Art Editor Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2. Subscription, per issue 1/- or 15p in cash, but current American sf mags or pocketbooks welcome. Back numbers 10, 12, 15 and 18 available.

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Cartoons by Arthur Thomson, Max Keasler, Vinç Clarke, Ray Nelson and Bjo Wells. Publishing assistance by George Charters, Vinç Clarke, James White and Madeleine & Carol Willis. Action stencilling by Bryan Willis.

Lest you too be left unable to hold your pants up, write for one of our precision-built Hyphen-opening tools, beautifully finished and engraved, incorporating two shading plates and a screwdriver, and cleverly disguised as an ordinary nailfile. Sent free of charge to subscribers on receipt of £1 or 5/- to cover packaging and postage.

Next issue to be published by Chuck Harris.

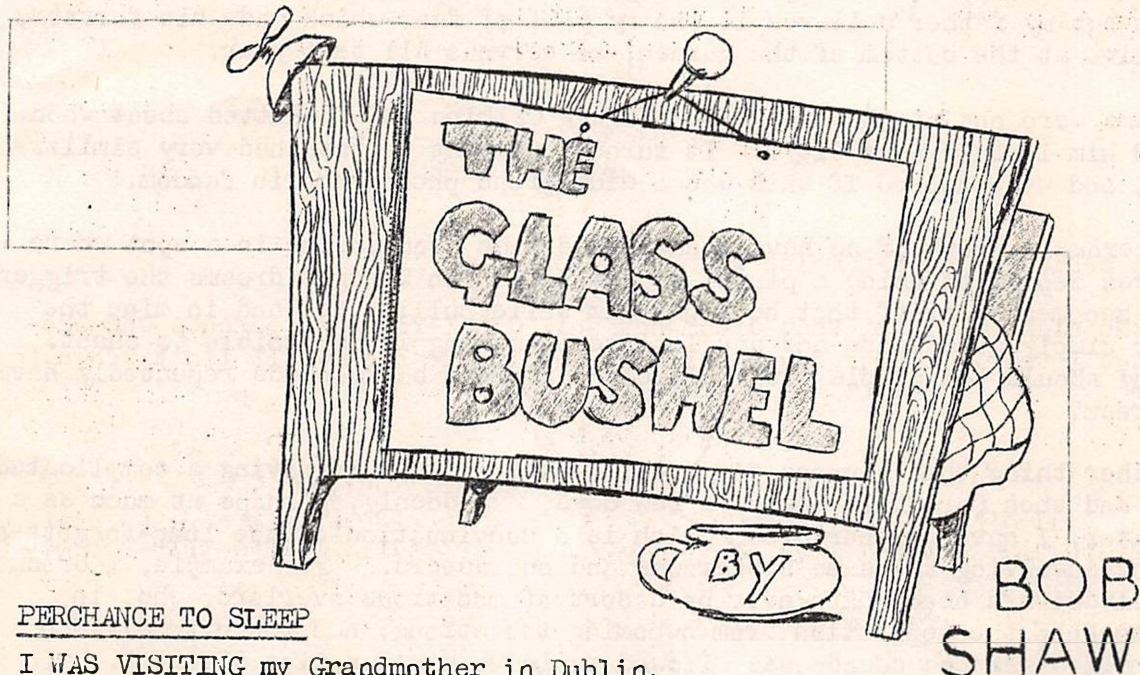
INSIDE COVERAGE

WALTER WILLIS

Sorry about the disappearance of those envelopes, but with the new postal rates the only alternatives were four less pages or twice the amount of postage, and after thinking it over for a while I realised there was something pretentious and unfannish about envelopes anyway.

It's a funny thing, but the last cover, the one about the fans and the satellite ("There, doesn't that make it all worth while?"), could also have been tied in with postal rates. Did you happen to notice how the US Government plans to finance its new space flight program? The main increase in taxation...apparently you now have to turn over your money before you see the new moon...will be in postal charges! Well, of course, this is just what we've been waiting for. For years we've been wondering about the purpose of fanactivity and now a thoughtful government steps in and supplies one. What a dedicated band we shall be from now on. What a glorious and inspired flood of fanac we shall pour forth now that every fanzine, every letter, is a step towards the stars. Beer cans are a hollow mockery—we shall build our Tower to the Moon out of fanzines!

(Ctd. on p.17.)



PERCHANCE TO SLEEP

I WAS VISITING my Grandmother in Dublin.

I walked down a bright, dusty street of Victorian houses, noticing, with beautiful clarity, each twig of the sparsely-leaved hedges, and each time-curved doorstep. My Grandmother's house was at the end of the row, and I went up three steps into the hall. I could smell steak frying.

The house was bustling with my uncles and other relatives, all hurrying around getting it into order - they had just moved in. Before finding my Grandmother I went up to the bathroom and discovered it was locked. Somebody suggested that, if it was urgent, I should use the one in the unoccupied house next door.

I went out into the brilliant sunlight again and into the empty house. Going up the dusty hall with its worn floorboards and peeling walls I glanced into the first room on my left. There was a long object lying on an old couch. The object was covered by a sheet.

At the top of the single flight of stairs leading up from the narrow hall I pushed open the bathroom door. I found myself looking down into a cracked, dirty bath. In the bath was a naked human corpse which must have been there for weeks - for it was rotting horribly.

I turned to flee down the stairs and out into the street, but, somehow, the massive front door was now tightly closed. Then I saw something else.

A small piece of white cloth was projecting into the hall from the room I had looked into on my way up. I knew that the thing under the sheet was standing just inside that doorway waiting for me to come down. It would

come up behind me as I fumbled with the front door lock.....

On the night I dreamt that dream not only did I rouse my parents and brothers but I terrified our dog who sleeps out in the back. It isn't known for certain but my father believes it was my yowl of fear which made his ferrets, which live at the bottom of the garden, so nervous all that year.

Dreams were one of the things that Gregg Calkins and I chatted about when I visited him in Salt Lake City. It turned out that we both had very similar dreams, and we wondered if this was a widespread phenomenon in fandom.

For example, both of us have recurrent dreams about being in a spot where our lives depend on using a pistol to get out. In Gregg's dreams the trigger always becomes so stiff that he can't aim while pulling it, and in mine the trigger simply goes loose and dangles there, making it impossible to shoot. Now, why should two people with entirely different backgrounds repeatedly have this dream?

Another thing that happens to me is: I have a dream involving a complicated setup, and then forget it inside a few days. Suddenly, perhaps as much as a year later, I have another dream which is a continuation of the long-forgotten one, and involving the same background and characters. For example, I dreamt that Belfast had been taken over by a sort of monstrous overlord, who, in order to keep the population from becoming too strong, had the city divided into small wards and nobody was allowed to leave his own tiny district. In the dream Sadie and I were trapped in his castle (which was near where James White used to live) and we escaped into the city only to find that the sector patrols would keep us in that area and we would be caught again. Here I awoke.

About eighteen months later I had a dream which commenced just where we escaped, and continued on to where we worked out a way to evade the sector patrols and get safely away.



At the time of the second dream all memory of the first had long since faded out. With minor variations this has happened quite often.

Another type which Gregg and Walt Willis share with me is the one in which I dream I have discovered some wonderful, and hitherto unsuspected, truth which will alter the pattern of human existence and make life all that it should be. I waken up from this one feeling supremely happy, and then I realise, with a sinking sensation, that the Truth is slipping away from my mind. I make a frantic effort to grasp it, but the very intensity of the effort drives it away completely.

When this had happened to him several times Walt took a notebook and pencil to bed and sort of lay in ambush for the next dream of that kind. Sure enough, after several weeks of waiting, it happened again - the beautiful, perfect thought came.

Next morning he got up, remembering with the customary regret how this Word had come to him and been lost again to mankind. Then, as he was dressing, his glance fell on the notebook - it was open on the bedside table. Hardly daring to hope he dashed over. Could it be? Had he written the Word down in the night? He had!

With trembling hands Walt lifted the little book, almost overcome with grateful joy that he had managed to save the Message. On it was written:

"The obvious is not necessarily untrue."

As far as I know Walt discontinued his work in this field, but could there not be something in it? Could it not be that the slumbering fannish brain is somehow in tune with a good, wise Unknown who tries to bring help to the world? It is high time this matter was investigated.



THE FASTEST GUNS ALIVE

In Salt Lake City I lived out an astonishing parallel to one of the most popular plots in present-day western films. Like this.....

A number of fannish writers have written about the large appetite I possessed in Ireland. This is the opening of the film - the "fast gun" gets a reputation which spreads far and wide. Then I travelled from Belfast to Calgary to Salt Lake City. This is the next part - the "fast gun" is weary, and he moves around trying to find someplace where he is unknown and can live in peace.

Now comes the big scene.

We all sat around in the Calkins living-room talking guardedly. I could sense the tension in the air. I knew something was going to happen...

Jo Ann said, "The liquor laws in Utah are so awkward we can't even take you somewhere for a drink. What will we do?" She glanced at Gregg.

"I don't know," he said. He glanced at me.

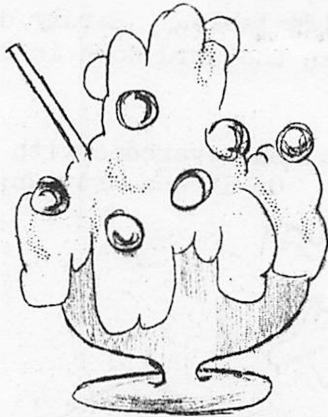
"I don't know either," I said obligingly.

We waited. I had been given my chance to back out and now it was too late.

"I know," Gregg said with careful spontaneity. "Let's have a parfait." They looked at me and I nodded.

As we entered the ice-cream shop Gregg nodded at a waitress. She paled slightly and dashed away to return with parfait menus. These were more like stock lists than menus - huge lists of materials which could be incorporated into one mixture.

Gregg was first. Hardly even glancing at the list he reeled off a string of ingredients which took him several minutes to recount. Jo Ann ordered one hardly less formidable, and Sadie, who had not yet sensed what was happening, happily ordered a mixture of her favourite confections. Then it was my turn.



"The same as him," I said to the waitress, and nodded at Gregg. There was a look of satisfaction in his eyes.

Presently the girl returned with four glass things (carboys is the word that springs to my mind) filled with the parfaits, and we set to. I have often heard things described as "an acquired taste," but this was something new to me — an acquired distaste. The first dozen spoonfuls were nice, in fact, the first hundred or so were nice, but after that I began to feel that I had had enough. Doggedly I kept going to within an inch of the bottom, then I glanced round.

Sadie was down about an inch from the top. Gregg and Jo Ann were finished and were regarding me smugly over the yawning rims of their glasses. Taking as deep a breath as was possible with my ice-cream congested lungs I finished off my parfait and triumphantly dashed the spoon down. Onto the table, of course.

Sneeringly I surveyed my opponents. Thought they could beat me. Hah! That's what they thought! Hah! I showed 'em! Somehow, they didn't look disappointed, though. I noticed that Gregg was looking expectantly towards the counter, and I glanced warily in that direction.

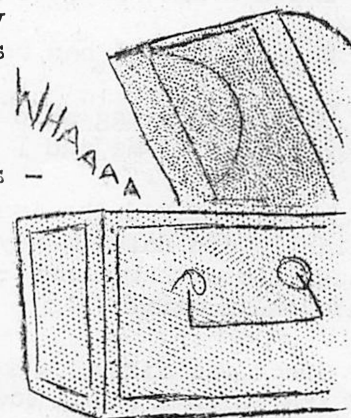
I could see the top of the waitress's head bobbing along behind the bar, and I wondered why she had become so small. She came out into view and I realised she was bent double with the weight of four sort of handle-less buckets. She shambled over to us and swung these things up onto our table. It was the uneaten portion of the parfaits.

... Strangely enough, I managed to finish mine — an ignominious twenty minutes behind the Calkins — but I have no memory of doing it. I vaguely remember coming out of the place feeling like a brand new tube of toothpaste, being shown around the University, being driven back to the apartment, and, to crown it all, being given beer in a gigantic, figured mug (a sort of Epicstein) which I was almost unable to lift....

The top gun is retired now. He lives quietly in a little mid-western town, where nobody knows him. Sometimes, when the talk around the pot-bellied stove in the general store turns to the feats of famous gunmen, he smiles reflectively. But he doesn't say anything. He has his memories — also, he is still burping ice-cream.

SERVICE WITH A SMELL

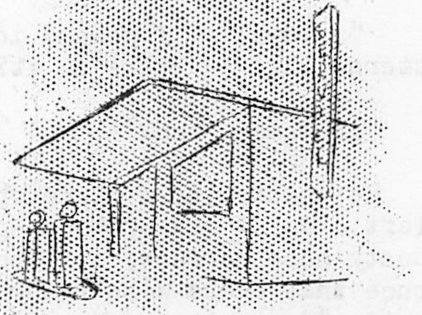
I always felt sorry for Judy Garland when she sang that song about being born in a trunk in Pocatello, Idaho. Now that I have been in Pocatello and seen what it is like, I realise that Judy's parents must have been pretty well-off. I can quite believe that it was only privileged



cases who were admitted into any trunks that were available - the rest would have to make do with Pocatello's grubby little buildings.

That's right! I don't like the place.

It was a pretty grim and grimy place, but, on thinking back more carefully, perhaps it is all because of the service station there. That morning we had left the Calkins and Salt Lake City peacefully acquiring a thick coating of cold, wet snow, and driven North into warm, sunny weather. Coming into Pocatello I saw this service station in which everything, right down to the attendants' uniforms, was coloured blue and brown.



The combination was so jarring to my sensibilities that before I knew it I was stopped outside the place. At the sound of a bell two men came running out, separated, and came at the car from each side. A second later they had jerked the doors open and were sitting one on each side of Sadie and me, sweeping at the floor with little brooms.

My theory about cleaning cars is the same as for shoes and bicycles - they are clean when you get them, and that is enough. At this particular time, due to a recent muddy spell, there was so much dust on the floor that the control pedals looked like three strange mechanistrian flowers growing on a bank. The dust billowed up around us, obscuring everything and getting into our eyes and mouths. I had the satisfaction of hearing the man at my side giving dismayed little moans as he realised what he had started.

In time they got most of the stuff shovelled out onto the ground, and I told them to fill the tank. This request was ignored. One of them got a pail and rags and began washing the windows; the other lifted the hood and began poking around the engine.

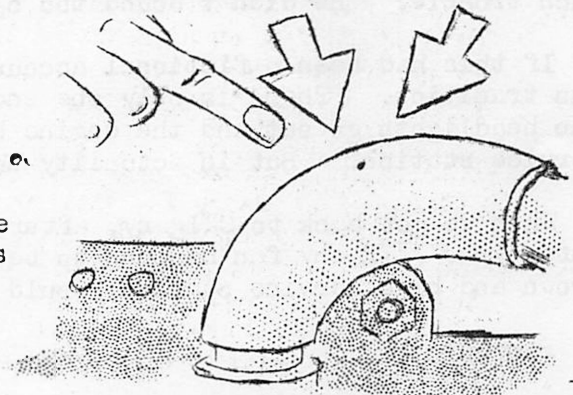
When the window-washer was going around the front end he stopped and began pounding on one headlight with his fist, then he came trotting around to me. "Did you know you have a big hole in your Sealbeam?" In his voice there was a note of wonder - how had I driven so far with the car in this state?

I got out and examined the headlight in question. Sure enough there was a hole there; but it was so small that it took me a minute to find it. While I was trying to shred a match down fine enough to fit the hole, the other man, a lanky Southerner, bounded out from under the hood. "Ah've got some bad news for you, suh," he said.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"Theah's a big leak in youah hose."

I immediately adopted my anti-salesman look - utter and absolute simplicity and stupidity. This look gives them confidence and makes them think that the sales talk is going right to the mark, but when it is coupled with obstinate refusal to buy, the salesman gets a panicky fear that he has stumbled across some kind of potentially



dangerous lunatic. By skillful use of the "look" I have almost broken several men.

"A leak!" I moaned in bovine consternation. "Where is it?"

"In theah, suh."

He pointed to a place where he had left a dark, greasy thumb-print in the dusty hose surface. I could see at once that there wasn't any leak, so I said, "I see it. What will that do to the engine?"

"Why, when you drive it, all the water will run out and the engine will overheat and the bearings will all melt and the whole thing will burst into flames."

I intensified the look and said, "Oh."

"Well, suh, do you want me to put in a three-dollar hose or a five-dollar hose?"

"But I don't want to buy a hose. Just fill her with gas, please."

"But, suh! The engine.....the bearings.....fire....."

"Fill the tank, please." Shaking his head, the tall one went away to fill the tank. There was a baffled look on his face. I turned expectantly to the other man who had been crawling around the car on his hands and knees. Dead on cue he jumped up: "I don't like to tell you this, but those front tyres are just about to blow out." But he had a hopeless sort of look in his eyes, and his voice faded away at the end. I didn't even bother to speak to him. I paid for the gas in silence and drove away, leaving the two of them staring after us.

"Good-bye, suh," the tall one called out. "Hope you don't run into too much trouble. He didn't sound too optimistic."

If this had been a fictional account it would be easy to finish off in humorous tradition. There is only one ending possible, i.e., the tyres all burst, the headlights go out and the engine burns up within a hundred yards of the service station. But in actuality nothing happened at all.

When we got back to Calgary, after a 2,000 mile run, we had not even had a soft tyre. If any fan happens to be in Pocatello, Idaho, and sees a horrible brown and blue service station, would he drop in and tell this to them?



THE RETURN OF GRUNCH

VINCE CLARKE

it being screened. (A further 12% of the latter said they'd missed this week's instalment.) 4% asked our interviewer if she (or in one case, he) was doing anything that night, 3% said "No, thanks," 1% sold our interviewer a set of Encyclopaedia, and 1% retched. Questioning revealed that this last one was a fan.

Two of our interviewers failed to return.

EXTRA FILTHY LUCRE

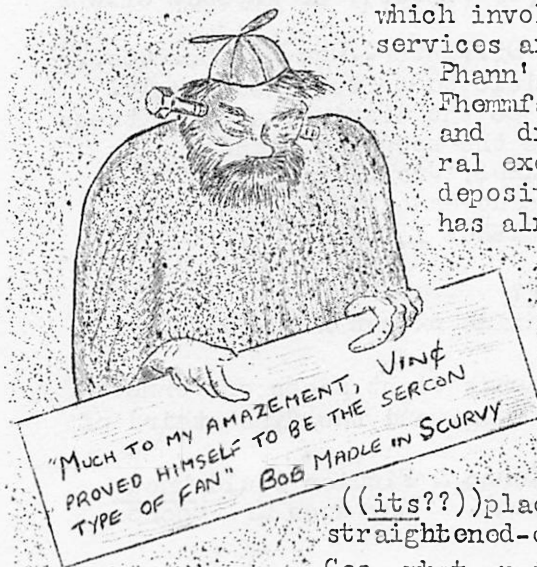
As I was idly folding up a 1955 Postal Order and two (used) US stamps the other day, preparatory to sending them to Ron Bennett for a copy of his latest FAN DIRECTORY, Sandy remarked that it was a pity that we, on occasions, had to go out and buy postal orders and stamps to send away for purely fan material. Things should work out in the field so that if someone sends in their fanzine, you send back a letter, contribution, or your own fanzine in exchange. This ideal of exchange often falls through for various reasons, and it occurred to us that what is wanted in Fandom is a symbol of exchange. The mundane world has had this for years; they call it a Bill of Exchange, and an adaption of it by fandom would stop a lot of fiddling with stamps, postal-orders, international money orders and such mundane matters, most of which involve paying the Post Office for having to use their services anyway.

Say, for your fanzine you receive John Phann's BOE, which you then sign and pass on to Ethel Thennifanno for her fanzine. If Ethel then gets married and drops out of fandom, she sends the BOE to some central exchange, where each fan who has started off BOEs has deposited cold cash, and receives currency for it. If John has already passed to the Glades of Gafia, deductions could be made against all signatories' accounts, or something similar. I pass this on as a fascinating idea which has already caused a half-hour discussion here and consultation of 4 vols. of an encyclopaedia.

THANKS, JAMES...OR SOMETHING

"Gone was the distinguished toffee-apple of yesteryear; ((you mean I'd been licked?)) in its place was this soft-spoken young patriarch with sane straightened-out kid written all over him." HYPHEN 19

Goo, what an idea for a fancy dress!



PRETTY POLL

Discerning something that looked like a Trend...GRUNCH coming back to HYPHEN, Ray Nelson returning to fandom, Ken Potter announcing the revival of Lancaster fan-activity, etc....which might clearly prove momentous, leading to the revival of UNKNOWN and the Last Trump, our team of interviewers hastily Galluped the first 100 people they met. The question asked was "What do you think of the return of GRUNCH?"

38% of those who answered said "What?" and after having had the question repeated moved off without another word, although 2% broke into a run after turning the next corner.

12% said that it must be true as it was in the Bible. 6% said that they preferred Cornflakes, 1% said it was the second to the right past the next turning, and 24% said they didn't recognise the name and what time was

CONVERSATION PIECE

- Q. What's that book, Uncle Vincent?
- A. It's called SCIENCE & FICTION, dear, and it's by Patrick Moore, FRAS. It's published by the British publishers Harrap at 10/6d.
- Q. What's it about, Uncle Vincent?
- A. Any fool could tell that from the title. Science Fiction, its past, present and future progress. It's the first book on it that's been published over here, but it's been neglected by the fans.
- Q. Why is that, Uncle Vincent? Don't the fans like Mr. Moore?
- A. Some of them may have done, before reading this book. He is the man the reporters ring up when they want a comment on the latest news from Outer Space, now that Arthur C. Clarke is trying to grow gills.
- Q. I suppose Mr. Moore has written lots and lots of s-f to be expert enough to write a book on it?
- A. He's written some juvenile science-fiction, but I don't think he's been in any magazine. He has no quarrel with magazines as such, but they tend to bring true scientific literature into disfavour, because of their high percentage of Gloom stories, and because accurate science is totally lacking.
- Q. What's a Gloom Story, Uncle Vincent? Would it make me cry?
- A. By no means. Magazine readers expect them. It is probably a passing phase, but undesirable.
- Q. Why?
- A. Because Mr. Moore doesn't like it.
- Q. Oh. Uncle Vincent, if Mr. Moore likes accurate science he must like ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, because of its science articles.
- A. Mr. Moore says that one or two periodicals have begun to include articles which are meant to be genuinely scientific. He thinks, though, that anyone learning astronomy or rocketry solely from them is going to end up in a state of mental confusion.
- Q. Oh! That includes Dr. Richardson's articles?
- A. Mr. Moore does not allude to Dr. Richardson except under his pseudonym of Philip Latham. He mis-spells that.
- Q. What does Mr. Moore think of Dr. Asimov's articles?
- A. Mr. Moore thinks that a funny name like Isaac Asimov can't be for real. He puts inverted commas around it.
- Q. But what does he think of Asimov's articles, Uncle Vincent? Tell me?
- A. He doesn't mention Asimov's articles - or Leys, or Pierces, or anybody else's except once.
- Q. Once? Who was it, Uncle Vincent? Dr. Clark.. Dr. Winter.. Doc Smith... Doc..?
- A. Mr. Moore thinks the author didn't mean the article to be taken seriously, but it could have misled a layman. It alluded to the distinguished daftness of Einstein, and said no astronomer really knows the speed of light.
- Q. Was that Uncle Eric's Fortean article in NEW WORLDS, Uncle Vincent?
- A. Yes, dear, although Mr. Moore doesn't name magazine or author.
- Q. Can I have 2/- to buy a MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION?
- A. No.
- Q. Does Mr. Moore mention MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & S-F?
- A. No, dear. Or GALAXY, or any other current magazine except ASTOUNDING.
- Q. This is a book about modern science-fiction?
- A. It's a book about science-fiction. Mr. Moore spends eight pages on Verne's Moon Voyages, three pages on Wells's Men in the Moon, and the first third of the book on pre-Verne s-f.
- Q. But anybody who'd be interested in a book on Science & Fiction would know the plots of Wells and Verne, anyway, Uncle Vincent. Why does Mr. Moore tell the plots again?

- A. Well, he likes to examine the science; every few pages he inserts a few hundred words of Real Science. There's one here that starts "The crux of the problem is that there are only 92 naturally recurring elements...", and another begins "Apart from the Earth the planets and satellites in the Solar System are not particularly welcoming. Mercury is virtually without atmosphere...."
- Q. Can I have two shillings to buy INFINITY?
- A. No.
- Q. I suppose Mr. Moore likes the pre-war magazines because of the Science in them?
- A. He cannot understand why SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY folded, but he hates the pre-war period because of the pulps, which gave s-f a bad name.
- Q. What are the pulps, Uncle Vincent?
- A. They are magazines which printed stories Based on five plots, which Mr. Moore outlines. When pulps became prominent, reputable writers began to shun science-fiction altogether. Luckily, they began to die out in 1939.
- Q. Reputable writers?
- A. The pulps.
- Q. But FANTASTIC and SCIENCE FICTION and DYNAMIC SCIENCE STORIES and FUTURE FICTION and STRANGE STORIES and STARTLING STORIES started in 1939, didn't they, Uncle Vincent?
- A. Mr. Moore doesn't name any pulp magazines as such, dear, although he constantly refers to them. In fact, the only magazine he criticises by name is a fan magazine.
- Q. Oh. And what does Mr. Moore think of fans?
- A. In Mr. Moore's opinion, readers of science-fiction which is definitely inaccurate are also clannish. The career of a fanzine is like a may-bug. He read a fanzine published in Gateshead and came to the last page without having gathered the faintest notion of what it was all about. He thinks fanzines help to discover authors, even though they are full of typing mistakes, mis-spellings, and other obvious faults. Also, they don't criticise the inaccurate s-f.
- Q. Has Mr. Moore met any fans?
- A. No, dear. His publicity agent thought that it would be a Good Idea if Mr. Moore was Guest of Honour at the World Convention, but in the event Mr. Moore didn't turn up, even as an ordinary guest, or member.
- Q. Oh. Well, if Mr. Moore likes s-f, what does he say about modern books? Does he like anthologies?
- A. Mr. Moore doesn't mention any anthologies.
- Q. ~~How~~ long is this book?
- A. 192 pages.
- Q. Oh. Uncle Vincent, does Mr. Moore like Heinlein?
- A. I don't know. He isn't mentioned. Neither are Sturgeon, Leinster, Russell, (except anonymously), Simak, De Camp, E.E. Smith, Campbell, Brown, Matheson, Leiber, Kuttner, Kornbluth, Pohl....
- Q. Uncle Vincent, stop!
- A.You asked for it...Vance, Matheson, Oliver, Blish, Knight, Christopher...
- Q. Uncle Vincent, why are you going purple in the face?
- A. Do you want 2/- to buy a magazine?
- Q. Yes. Uncle Vincent, what does Mr. Moore like?
- A. Well, he thinks a couple of Edmond Hamilton's stories are fine, also Verne, Stapledon, C.S. Lewis, Arthur C. Clarke, and a few others.
- Q. Does Mr. Moore say anything about the future of science fiction?
- A. Mr. Moore says that he contributed a paper to a UNESCO conference in which he advocated setting up a selection board, which would be invited to pass books as "approved by the Science Writers Association." As only accurate

books would in general be approved, the public would be presented with a clear means of determining the standard of books available.

Q. Which they haven't now?

A. Well, it must be hard to pick out Mr. Moore's juvenile books from any other juvenile s-f, I suppose. Mr. Moore's proposal was defeated by 8 votes to 7; he remarks that he thinks it will be passed within the next few years unless an improved standard of published fiction renders it unnecessary.

Q. In 1984, perhaps?

A. Mr. Moore is quite clear.

Q. It makes a change, doesn't it?

A. Have you ever read AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION No. 52?

Q. No. Should I?

A. It contained a strongly critical review of Mr. Moore's THE TRUE BOOK ABOUT THE WORLDS AROUND US.

Q. So?

A. In No. 57 they had to apologise to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore thought that the book was good...even the Astronomer Royal said so.

Q. The Astronomer Royal says space travel is bilge, doesn't he?

A. This was a different Astronomer Royal.

Q. Do you think the present Astronomer Royal.....

A. You've had your two shillings....get out!

+ + + + +



THE SPRING OF RUSSELL

HYPHEN 12;	EFR 8 :	Others 25
HYPHEN 13;	" 4 :	" 36
HYPHEN 14;	" 9 :	" 41+
HYPHEN 15;	" 14 :	" 23+
HYPHEN 16;	" ? :	" ?
HYPHEN 17;	" 3 :	" 30+
HYPHEN 18;	" 13 :	" 16
HYPHEN 19;	" 5 :	" 19

As far as I know everyone still looks at those bacover quotes first, in spite of Atom's brave front. And what do they find? 30% of the belly-laffs rumble up courtesy of Correspondents of EFR.....

The imagination boggles at the thought of these mysterious letter writers. Or do they merely use pootsareds? Who are they, those glorious idiots? I meant to ask EFR at the WorldCon, but like most Committee members didn't have time to speak to him. I strongly suspect that his correspondents are innocent and serious; Fortean's reporting the latest disappearance of an Ambrose, neophyte authors begging hints; people who have actually Talked with a Viton. It's EFR's editing that shapes those pregnant phrases.

I wonder what an EFR-edited prozine would be like?

A. VINÇ CLARKE

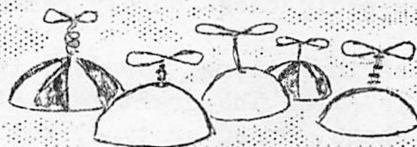
fans THAT NEVER WERE

BY

MAL ASHWORTH

I HAVE ALWAYS regarded football and rugby as rather pervertedly elaborate systems of passing time; cricket fares only a little better in my estimation, and then only on two small counts which have nothing to do with the sport itself — it is leisurely and even dignified compared to the other two, and it is usually played in considerably warmer and more pleasant surroundings. The other pastimes seemed to display blatant disadvantages in some respect or other, and I'm rather glad now that they did.

The main consolation for drifting out of a main stream seems to lie in the fascinating little backwaters one discovers, and the one I came across was Cycle Speedway. You may have heard of Speedway or Dirt Track racing — the kind which takes place around a roughly oval, usually cinder-covered track, on specially built motor-bikes. Well, I did the same kind of thing, only on a pedal cycle and considerably smaller tracks. Quite organised it all was at that time too, but the point I really wanted to make was that, looking back from here, the whole thing seems to me to bear one or two minor (but somehow pleasing) resemblances to Fandom. For instance, Cycle Speedway held a sort of poor, quarter-witted cousin position with relation to the normal pastimes (like football, rugby and cricket) similar to that which Fandom holds in relation to Stamp Collecting, Goin' to t' Pictures (in North America: "Taking in Movies"), Collecting Coins, Dancing, and Shrinking Human Heads. Further, and this is what struck me most when I was thinking about it, many of the characters Cycle Speedway seemed to attract were definitely off-trail enough to have been fans. I suppose everyone has some friends who would have made the most wonderful fans if only they'd stumbled through the right door, but I think I met more of these types in and around Cycle Speedway than I have anywhere else.



«Continued overleaf»

TAFF
1958

Ken Bulmer asks me to say that the voting forms will be distributed shortly. The candidates and their proposers are understood to be as follows:

RON BENNETT, proposed by Bob Pavlat, Mike Rosenblum, Terry Carr, Vince Clarke and Sandy Sanderson

JOHN BERRY, proposed by Arthur Thomson, Bobbie Wild, Ron Bennett, Len Moffatt and Anna Moffatt

DAVE NEWMAN, proposed by Steve Schultheis. (Names of other proposers not yet known.)

BOBBIE WILD, proposed by Frank & Belle Dietz, Ken Slater, Bob Silverberg & Joy Clarke.

All enquiries to Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd., Catford, London SE36.

Perhaps Alfa was the purest genius of them all. I never knew his real name but I believe he had one because it was reputed to be a deadly insult to address him by it. Alfa had an excellent grammar school education, a quiet, cultured voice, the mechanical equivalent of green fingers, probably the ability to come up with brilliant inventions in any sphere that caught his interest, and the appearance of a down-at-heel bum. Among the factors contributing to this last characteristic were turned-down wellington boots, thrown-out polo-necked jersey, straggling hair that covered the top part of his rather thin face, and a wager he had with Cullum, another member of the group, that he would not shave before Cullum came home from his current term at the University. He won his wager, but at the cost of the lower half of his face also disappearing from human view. At the end of the term, Cullum, stricken with remorse, decided that a search party should try to locate the engulfed Alfa before he finally vanished, but unfortunately Alfa had by then become rather fond of his growth. Out of the resultant clash of wills came the ritual of the forcible shaving of Alfa by Cullum and his friends, so that he might be on view to anyone interested, at least once or twice a year, like a lunar eclipse.

Two of the results of Alfa's mechanical genius were his special, light-weight cycle forks and his patent rocket-assisted cycle. The idea behind the light-weight forks was simplicity itself, as Alfa subsequently admitted: he simply drilled holes in them down their entire length. As he rounded the first bend on the track they folded up and neatly deposited his front wheel on the end of his handlebars and his face in a pile of grit. Alfa decided he had made them rather too light. The rocket-assisted bike, on the other hand, was an absolutely glowing success. Literally. The rockets consisted of specially-shaped cans, filled with paraffin, and fixed onto the back forks of his bike. On the day appointed for the highly-secret trial all the boys duly assembled at one side of a large area of waste ground to witness Alfa's triumph. Alfa climbed onto the bike, the rockets were lit, and away he polted, pedalling like fury and obviously deriving great assistance from the rockets. The boys were overjoyed as they watched his speed increase, his legs becoming a mere blur, and flame spouting from the rockets. And then an unaccountable thing happened -- Alfa baled out! Never a quitter, he actually dived off the hurtling bike which sped on unaccompanied, proudly spurting and gushing, until it hit a large stone and collapsed in a hissing heap. The boys were mystified but full of concern. At full speed they rushed over to the fallen machine and suddenly everything was explained -- the saddle had melted, and the frame was glowing a bright crimson shade. Realising that the bike was beyond their aid, they trooped sadly back, barely remembering to collect Alfa on the way.

These inventions, however, interesting though they might be, were only sidelines to Alfa. The great love of his life was motor-bikes. Motor-bikes of any size, shape, breed or type, but particularly old ones. For a long time he owned a snorting Sunbeam whose origin disappeared in mystery somewhere around the turn of the century. I remember watching him make an attempt on Post Hill on it one Summer afternoon. Post Hill is a sort of natural and elongated house-wall growing up a hillside not far from our neighbourhood. Modern high-powered motor-bikes manage to get to the top on occasions, but they do not stop to pick daisies on the way. Alfa put the old Sunbeam's back wheel almost in a stream a quarter of a mile away and charged at the hill. A third of the way up he managed to turn before he toppled, and cruised to the bottom in comparative safety. For a few minutes, then, he wore an air of baffled

frustration; but his genius came to the rescue. Impatient with himself for not diagnosing the cause of the trouble immediately, he took off his heavy leather flying jacket, flung it on the grass, revved the engine, and soared effortlessly up the hill.

There was at least one occasion when Alfa's fascination with things mechanical amounted almost to the well-known fatal variety. That was when Cullum bought an old London taxi. Even Euclid, I am certain, never imagined so square a square; and no Bosch ever conceived of anything like the wrought-iron railings which bedecked the roof. A celebration was obviously called for and Cullum agreed to take all the boys into the city centre, a mile and a half away, fill up with petrol and — bring them back. They clambered in and on — Alfa, 'Dad' Spencer, Lionel Van Askey, the Wiggys (Pete and Mick), and, as an afterthought, Cullum. It is downhill for that mile and a half into Bradford, and, so I heard, the old taxi went like a bomb. When they reached the level streets of the city centre, Cullum, in a fit of wild enthusiasm, switched the engine on and it blew up.

It couldn't have picked a more devastating group of people to do it to. They promptly trundled the taxi in front of a lighted shop window, and spread the engine out in small pieces on the pavement. Then they shared it out, bit by bit, and each one made a little something; these they piled back inside the bonnet. Climbing back in they tried again, and this time the engine, far from refusing to go, absolutely brimmed over with the will to go. In fact, it jammed open when they were doing about 55, and positively refused to stop. After crossing three major roads and shooting two sets of traffic lights at red, it became obvious to them that somebody was going to have to do something about that engine. The solution they hit upon satisfied everyone, with the possible exception of Alfa: Alfa was to climb out, lie along the running-board, and, when given the signal, pull out a vital connection that would give the engine no choice but to stop. Alfa climbed (so the rest of them said anyway) out and lay along the running-board as instructed. With his right hand he held onto the door and with his left he grasped the vital connection. The signal was to be a tap on the knuckles of his right hand. With half the bonnet lifted, Alfa had a perfect view of the engine and all its intricate workings, and never before, amongst all the many engines he had known, had he seen anything like it. It was a thing of insidious and seductive beauty. The whirring and clacking of the cogs and the intermittent jump of the pistons shut out all else from his mind; the tinkling "thunk" of pieces coming apart and dropping into some nether limbo held the whole of his fascinated attention. When he finally returned to reality to find his right hand, still holding on to the door, a bloody and battered mess he concluded that they had been wanting to stop, and pulled out the connection. Hoarse and wild-eyed they climbed out and gently explained to him that it didn't matter any longer: they had run out of petrol anyway.

The Wiggy brothers were fascinating characters too, in their individual ways, and many of the details of the group's doings came from Pete, who was a side-splitting raconteur ("I haven't really got wavy hair; just a corrugated head"). They used to tow in their wake a human (so it was said) gorilla by the name of Jimmy — seven foot four if he was a day — and consequently they were well-loved and respected and looked-up to and revered by everyone. "Have you seen how Jimmy can bend wheels in his bare hands?" one of them would say, "Can I have a ride on your bike? No? Jimmy, show him how you can bend wheels in your bare hands." Jimmy would trundle forward beaming with pleasure and the Wiggys never seemed to be short of transport somehow.

The group had just one contact with Fandom, that I know of, and Mick Wiggy

featured prominently in that; if you allow that being carried through the centre of a city, flat out like a beard, is featuring prominently. I was attending the Bradford Science Fiction Association quite regularly at the time, and there I met one Alec Dicpetris (or something rather less pronounceable), a Lithuanian would-be World Citizen with an American accent. As Alec was at rather a loose end after a Sunday evening meeting I seized the opportunity to view the results of a meeting between fans and near-fans, and took him along to Broadway car park in the centre of Bradford which was at that time the local soap-box speaker's auditorium, and a regular Sunday night haunt of the boys. After introductions and such things Alec got involved in a deep conversation with Mick Wiggy, the upshot of which was that Alec could hypnotise him if he wished. Mick said go ahead, so Alec went ahead, and in no time at all Mick was standing there as though he had been starched. The place was thoroughly crowded, so we decided it would be unkind just to walk off and leave Mick there. Accordingly, one of the boys pushed him backwards, two more caught his shoulders, Alec and I picked up his feet, and, with Mick stretched out stiffly between us, we started to walk away casually. Then we became aware of a strange silence; even the soap-box speakers seemed to have gone quiet and the crowds were no longer listening to them but were turned to stare at our paltry procession. All at once a babble of voices broke out - "Never saw anything like it; out like a light he went." "Arrrrr - never can tell who'll be next." "Is he really dead, mister?" "Poor lad - stiff as a board." "So young, too."

We carried Mick half-way across town before we finally wilted in face of the Voice of the People; then we propped him at an angle of 45 degrees against the wall of the Ritz, and walked away as though we had never even considered the possible existence of a Mick Wiggy. A few seconds later he came bounding after us yelling was that any way to treat a helpless, hypnotised man?

It was on Broadway car park too that I watched what I always considered to be the utterly deadpan "Dad" Spencer's finest hour. Among the regular speakers there, was an insignificant, over-emotional, religious fanatic by the name of Frankie, whose head just appeared above the crowd when he stood on a very tall box. He was much given to weeping, wailing, gnashing of eyeballs and impassioned gestures in his fervour to get over the love of the Lord and so on. On this particular evening, at the climax of his emotional supplication with the crowd around him, he threw out his arms in a dramatic, all-embracing gesture which he held for several seconds. "Dad" Spencer, poker-faced and imperturbable as ever, calmly tool off his hat and hung it on the end of Frankie's out-flung arm.

Yes, I feel they are all fans in some unlikely World of If, but they have gone their separate ways now, and we are unlikely to have them among us in this dimension. "Dad" Spencer, I hear, has his own business, and Pote Wiggy is an under-manager with an engineering firm. Mick wiggy is doing quite well too, and is due to get married soon, and I did hear that Cullum is standing as a Parliamentary candidate in some distant constituency. And I saw Alfa yesterday. He was carrying a new tyre for his latest belt-driven vintage motor-bike. He is wearing his wellington boots rolled a little farther down this year, but his sweater is still the same. And since Cullum doesn't get home as often these days, he is gradually sinking back into the encroaching wilderness.

Here are the rest of the elite of fandom, the noble souls who wrote since the last issue but one. May long life and prosperity be theirs, and they be sent free fanzines.

Steve Tolliver, 644 W. Fernfield, Monterey Park, Calif.
 Chick Derry, 1814-62nd Ave., Cheverley, Maryland
 Jesse Leaf, 4510 Church Ave., Brooklyn 3, New York
 Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E5, New Zealand.
 George Fields, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, Calif.
 Mike Moorcock, 36 Samley Rd., Norbury, London W1
 Ellis Mills, 2522 Front St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
 Ken Beale, 115 E. Mosholu Pky, Bronx 67, New York
 Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Auckland SW1, N.Z.
 Jean Linard, 24 Rue Petit, Vesoul, Hte. Snc., France
 George Metzger, 2590 Oro Ave., Oroville, Calif.
 Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn.
 P.F. Skoberdis, 606 Crapo, Flint 3, Mich.
 Stuart Wheeler, 728 Stout Ave., Wyoming
 Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin St., So. Pasadena, Calif.
 Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., Eng.
 Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon
 Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland
 Boyd Racburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada
 Bryan Wolham, 179 Old Rd., Clacton, Essex, England
 Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.
 Dennis Tucker, 87 Oakridge Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.
 Torry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12
 Eric Bantcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport
 Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Ave., Romiley, Cheshire
 B.W. Lex, N. Shimerville Rd., Clarence, New York
 A/2c John Trimble, AF 28230192, Box 66, HQ SQ SEC, 3525th CCRTRAWG, Williams AFB, Arizona (Phew)
 Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Tex.
 Edith Carr, 5 King St., Arlington, Mass.
 Dick Ellington, 98 Suffolk, Apt. 3A, New York 2
 Ron Smith, Box 356, Times Sq. Station, New York 36
 Groff Conklin, 16W.90, New York 24, NY, USA
 Jerry DeMuth, 2344 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, Ill.
 Roar Ringdahl, Skogerveien 52, Drammen, Norway
 Victor Saulnier, 269 Ash St., Reading, Mass.
 Sam Bowne, Rt. 1 Box 148, Spokane, Wash., USA
 Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Av., Levenshulme, Manchester 19
 Bob Shaw, 209-27th Ave. SE, Calgary, Alberta
 Ken Potter, 45 Worcester Av., Bowerham, Lancaster
 Ray Nelson, c/c American Express, Paris
 Fred Smith, 613 Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow W2
 H.P. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd., Catford, London SE6
 Vin & Joy Clarke, do.
 Bobbie Wild, 204 Wellmeadow Rd., Catford, London SE6
 Alan Elms, Rt. 1 Box 159, La Center, Kentucky

This list includes people whose names were in the last issue but not those quoted in this. Long letters already on stencil from Ron Smith and Groff Conklin are being held over for Hyphen 21. More...

Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London SE6
 Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Victoria Rd, Bradford 2
 Bill Temple, 7 Elm Rd., Wembley, Middlesex

INSIDE COVERAGE (Ctd. from p.2)
 Walter Willis

Of course the British Government unfortunately doesn't have a space flight program, but I was wondering if there was any little thing I could do to help the US one. Suppose I were to send American subscribers their Hyphens in envelopes but without stamps! Then they would have the privilege of contributing four times the amount of the postage to Men's venture into the cosmos. Don't you think that's a fine idea?

As I suppose most of you know, the South Gate people invited Madeline & me to the Convention and started a Fund to help. I told them I wouldn't accept it because I thought it might interfere with TAFF, whereupon they asked fandom at large to assure me it wouldn't. I deeply appreciated this gesture and the many friendly letters I got as a result of it, but the answer is still no, though even more regretfully. We shan't be at South Gate. The money already in the Fund is being handed over to TAFF or being refunded, according to the conditions in which it was contributed, and £3 collected by Roger Horrocks in New Zealand has already been passed to Ken Bulmer. My very sincere thanks to my old friends Rick Snarry, Len Moffatt and the others in California, and to everyone else whom I haven't yet thanked individually for their kindness and generosity. I'm sorry we weren't able to accept it, but we won't forget it.

There will still be a Hyphen founder at South Gate. Bob Shaw and Sadie are coming home to Ireland this year, but are moving to the West Coast and attending the Worldcon first. Watch out for the first BoSh conreport!

The few letters so far received on the last Hyphen are being carried over to the next. All the following letters are on No. 18, or even earlier.

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Rd., N. Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng. The Berry Wardrobe thing was bloody good. Proves there's life in Berry's mind yet, if not his body. As a matter of fact, my spies tell me that there are still angles left uncovered. For instance it has filtered through the underground (Melvin Mole to you) that as soon as Jan Jansen saw the article, he sprang rightaway into action. It functioned splendidly and Rose, being herself a nightworker of no mean repute (behind a snackbar counter) was not slow to copy her husband. Then, one night when the mood was on them, they both crept simultaneously---and unbeknown to each other---up opposite sides of the wardrobe, and met on top.

THEY'RE STILL THERE.

RICK SNEELRY, 2962 Santa Ana St.,
South Gate, California, USA.

I am
an old
believer

in the light of fandom being spread to the infidels, but it gives me the mental squirms to think on the cause of "For New Readers". You're as stonch a old fan as they come & it must have taken a powerful lot of neofan yammering to make you do this sort of thing. And after explaining IF last time. Now, understand, I'm for helping neofans, and you do more than anyone; but it somehow, unexplainable even to me, upsets me that neofans complain they can't understand you. Not out of brash feeling that no one has any room to complain about Hyphen. Not everyone's tastes are the same...but. Why, when reading the top of the stack, should neos expect to understand it at once. They should try one of the other hobby magazines if they want to be confused. Not that I mean they should get out...just that any hobby develops terms which have special meaning to its followers.) If I weren't such an old gaffer, I'd offer to answer all letters that ask those questions.

(I think what upsets you is the same sort of aesthetic displeasure one experiences at seeing a joke explained. Wordsworth, in the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, advanced the theory that all aesthetic pleasure consists in the recognition of the similar in the dissimilar and of the dissimilar in the similar. It seems to me this is certainly true of most forms of humour, including the pun and the esoteric allusion. The essence of both consists in the surprise of recognition, allied perhaps with a certain subconscious pride at having been clever enough to see it. All this is destroyed when the reference is explained. On the other hand, while the enjoyment of that Hyphen might have been impaired for some people, it's possible the explanation might have added to the enjoyment by others of other fanzines, and perhaps later Hyphens.)

You know, really your own item was the one thing that didn't seem in character with the rest of the magazine. (Rick is referring to the last issue but one here, the editorial about the Fan and the Psychiatrist.) I think that ever since The Enchanted Duplicator you have been a slightly different person. About the only way I can put it is that you actually seem to be searching for some sort of meaning or purpose to all this. Most of your work has been of a rather serious nature. (While there is a laugh a minute in The Hamp Stateside, it is still a serious undertaking...and raised not a few lumps in my throat.) I think this is only natural. That fandom is just a hobby is not quite true. It should be treated as just a hobby; but as a corporate being it is something more. It would be foolish to say that it doesn't have some meaning to people like us, who have suddenly noticed that ten years or more of their life is read off in relation to dates of conventions, fanzines and feuds..

1941
DON'T
1948
1950
FORGET
1946
1954
1952
THE
1956
SOLACON

ROBERT BLOCH, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wis., USA You think you got into trouble with
femfans because of the last issue of
Hyphen? That's nothing compared with the trouble you got into with me!

Ordinarily I'm the kind of a guy who doesn't object to minor editorial changes in my writing. When an editor like Anthony Boucher strikes out the word "coprophagus" in favour of a less erudite term, I let it go; when Larry Shaw substitutes a plainer synonym for "constipate" I say nothing; when titles are altered or sentences revised, I suffer in silence.

But you have committed the sin unforgivable. As I glance through THE SEALING ART my eyes behold "As one of the few, it was my privilege to make the simultaneous acquaintance of Alfred Hitchcock and Peter Lorre way back in 1934 in THE GHOUL and THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES:" etc.

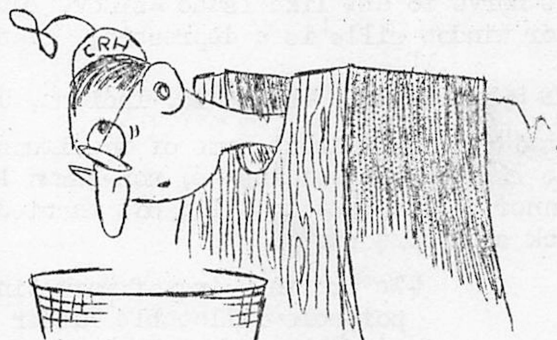
Well, I could stand for the way you spell "simultaneous"---but why did you have to drop a whole line? Although I've no carbon of the piece, this is obviously what you did. It must have read "Alfred Hitchcock and Peter Lorre way back in 1934 in THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH; to see Ralph Richardson in minor roles in THE GHOUL and THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES".

Actually, I'm not really upset; it's just that I hate to see some purist spot that sentence and triumphantly announce that Messrs. Hitchcock and Lorre had nothing to do with the two films in question and that I ought to have my head examined.

As a matter of fact, I ought to have my head examined, but for entirely different reasons.

Hoping you are the same.

(Of course the two editors of Hyphen stand together loyally in moments of crisis like this, but purely in the interests of Truth I must point out that this letter was addressed to CHUCK HARRIS, and it was him, NOT ME, who did this terrible thing. I hope he will now stop casting up my little slip with Funk & Wagnalls.)



JIM HARMON, 427 East 8th St., Mt. Camel, Ill., USA I was saddened to learn that my subscription to Hyphen has at last run out. It went a long way at that, since I have never sent you---or any fanzine publisher---any money in my life. An inglorious record to be sure, but in the old days I was too dead broke to buy fanzines and these days I'm afraid my interest is at a low, low point. I expect I'll bounce back one of these days.

When I do bounce, I'll send you some money because even as of the moment I enjoy Hyphen....I've often thought that if I lived in Belfast we would have long talks in which you could help me examine my confused thoughts on death and love and living, and then I would go home and you would write brilliant Burbeesh articles on your Ashley....But I really feel for you, Walt. You've been sending me Hyphen all these years in the brightly burning hope that I would pay for it. Such faith in our cynical age is priceless. Never lose it. But I can see the scene now---you turn to Madeleine as she is spreading marmalade on Chuck Harris with her Ghoddminton paddle and say in your Cambridge accent, "Babe, this cat Harmon in Choccolatville, Gutramble is squarro but humid. For these long years I've been pushing paper at him and my coffers are as vacant as his head. No more. We X him off the list doll. The crossroads is here and we diagram it for him in the little box." (My very words!)

As I say, my interest in fandom will come back on me one day like dysentery. Or if I have properly shamed you with your crass commercialism as has been my calculated attempt, you can keep on dashing me with Hyphen like the Good Man you are deep down where the Locked-in Goodness ferments virilly. ("Virilly"? It doesn't sound right somehow...Still, it's in the Bible isn't it. "Virilly I say unto you...")

I enjoyed your article on women. Women are, of course, putty in my hands. (The ones with any backbone or other type bones frequently object to my lumping them in this class.) But you know what is rarer in SF than an ugly girl? A bald man. I know of only two completely bald men in the field and one of them is dead. The only sane conclusion to be drawn from this is that the mortality rate among bald men in SF is at least 50%. To me this suggests mass murder. Let us suppose a certain man who can stand neither bald men nor ugly women. As you know people can be in fandom for many years without anyone ever hearing of them or even noticing them---look at our friend Harlan Ellison for example. This man, let us suppose, carefully murders all unattractive women and bald men before anyone notices them. As you yourself pointed out, this wouldn't be difficult. One might speculate who among one's associates in SF is capable of mad murder but this would only supply a burdensome list of suspects. Let us concentrate rather on those of our friends in fandom who are known to be actually experienced in mass murder. You can count these on the fingers of one hand---there aren't more than six or seven. (Look the covers! Don't nobody leave this fanzine!)...I can only presuppose that this inhuman reign of terror will be ended in a decade or two by a prominent suicide. And SF can come out from under a cover of toupés. The major drawback to this is that we will be deluged with unattractive women....If you like, I can treat them like putty. Of late, I have found the nerve to act like Isaac Asimov. But I warn you, a bunch of ugly women spread over window sills is a depressing, even a painful sight.

JOE SANDERS, RRI, Roachdale, Indiana, USA

My vote for the most fascinating article of the year goes to Berry. Migosh. I had my doubts about some of the items in past Hyphens, but this... There's just the right amount of insane, non-human logic in it. I'm severely hampered in this manner by the fact that I'm not married. And how can you get a wardrobe into the back seat of a car?

(We are thinking of marketing portable inflatable rubber wardrobes for use outdoors, with caterpillar track castors for rough country.)



ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey

While I read Bliss Krieg with great fascination I frankly don't believe a word of it. Berry & Willis yes, I think them capable of carrying out any scheme they had a mind to, but Arthur, no. You forget I am his London operative assistant, I know him. Don't tell me that any guy who will make me carry him piggyback round the streets is going to go in for such gymnastic behaviour.

The thought of a fan having been a Boys Brigade member is something rather shattering. However it is these glimpses into how they react to such organisations that make fanzines worth reading. It is always comforting to read about somebody else.

Walt's article has provided one of the most useful conversational aids I have ever had. All one has to do is say 'and what do you think of Walt's article?' and then sit back...None of the women have enough nerve really to say they think they are beautiful. Nor are they interested in arguing about whether they are egocentric, it is the word beautiful that has set them off. I think Walt did it on purpose, I can just hear him sniggering. (Well yes, but it didn't work out too well from my point of view. They may have talked, but they didn't write. I expect the egocentric ones didn't even notice that bit!)

JOHN CHAMPION, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon, USA I feel that American fans can gain little of value from Berry's article. Wardrobes are hardly ever seen Stateside. We have things called 'clothes closets' over here. Which reminds me, what does Berry propose to do with the clothes inside? A fact article like this should overlook no possible difficulty. I might suggest a few additional points. If you are one of those specially talented fan who are gifted with the ability to levitate yourself, an added extra thrill will be obtained when you swoop towards your wife, then suddenly stop short, wing around the bed a couple of times, and swoop in. Those with canopied beds will of course be wise to remove the covering. Arthur's illo shows a mirror on the front of the wardrobe, which reminds me that one should be careful not to have a mirror directly over the headboard of the bed. It might prove distracting. However, placing a large mirror on the ceiling, leaping off the wardrobe backwards and aiming by the mirror, could indeed prove interesting. (Pervert!)

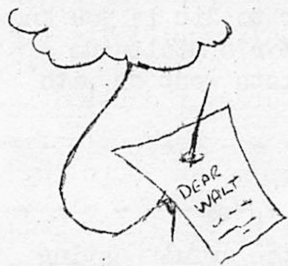
"I don't like these modern day disasters what consists of ten years of worry and ten seconds of boom and wango." --Pogo

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn., USA

There are often less-than-brilliant contributions to Hyphen (probably just the element of earth needed to keep it from sailing off to Andromeda) especially in the letter department (!) and, in #17, Eric Frank Russell's "I Am Something". I agree with those who found EFR's article in extremely bad taste, but then I remember hugely

enjoying other famish writings that were in bad taste, such as Burbee's 'EAPA Forever!' and Laney's 'For Shame, Redd Boggs, For Shame' (about EJA's marriage.) I could forgive bad taste, but the EFR who comes through 'I Am Something' is hardly as amusing and pleasant as the ingenious author of 'Plus X' and its successors. I don't mean to criticise your correspondents, whose contributions to H are probably much more informal and offhand than the featured material, except to remark that too many of them feel it incumbent on them to "be funny", and too many of them aren't up to it...Oh well, there's not too much of that sort of strained wit in the current issue, though the Rev.C.M.Moorhead seems to offer, instead of synthetic wit, some sort of spurious pugnaciousness imitated from Pat O'Brien's ham acting of a "fighting padre" in the movies.

I thought the best thing in #18--if one can choose a best among sheer perfection--was the latest 'Glass Bushel'. Experts, including psychiatrists, regard the matter of a person alone in a room laughing aloud as indicative of all sorts of doleful personal maladjustments (laughing aloud is supposed to be a strictly social response) but in the interests of accuracy I must report that I, alone at my desk, laughed aloud over 'Rush Report Re Portrush'. And yet this article is in the tradition of, and even partakes of the flavour of, a whole line of boyhood reminiscences by British writers, including David Copperfield, The Way of All Flesh, Portrait of the Artist, and even Orwell's "Such, Such Were the Joys". All those descriptions of misery, full



of the smell of wet wool, the clump of blunt-toed boots, the taste of sour porridge. It doesn't seem to me that American boys who grew up to be articulate on the subject of boyhood ever suffered quite like British boys. There's evidence to the contrary in such books as *Life With Father* (although, like BoSh, Clarence Day chose to find boyhood-from-a-distance a wryly funny experience), but *Huckleberry Finn* seems to me as typical of American boyhood as-seen-in-literature as *David Copperfield* is of British boyhood ditto. In fact, Huck's bare feet symbolise American boyhood (even I "was once a barefoot boy") as the scuffy heavy boots of Stephen Dedalus symbolise British boyhood. (Offhand I can't think of many American boyhoods in literature at all, and I am wondering if this is a reflection of an American tendency to attempt to short-circuit entirely the gap between childhood and manhood...of putting little boys into long pants as soon as they're out of diapers and inducting them into the pseudo-adult rituals of 'dating' before puberty. For boyhood there seems to have been substituted the new age group of teenagery, like 'dating' a peculiarly American invention. It is obviously an improvement in many ways but produces its own problems and miseries if Salinger's 'Catcher In The Rye' is as genuine as it sounds, perhaps more poignant because they are inherent in the psychological situation, not inflicted by adult cruelty like the more physical hardships of the British boy. Seems no matter what you do, youth is a sad time. "April is the cruellest month...")

The reason why BoSh can laugh at himself-of-yesterday would be worth investigating. I suppose part of the reason is shown in his remark, "Some boys just don't have enough sense to be unhappy". Shaw's last line, "I don't think anybody even noticed that I had gone," certainly echoes an age-old and universal cry. What we all want is somebody to cry when we die---and it must be easier to die if you know you are Cheeps and have a pyramid to lie in and remind people for a millenium or two that you lived. But with most of us---"The gay little crickets went on with their play/ And they never missed him at all!"

A rolling stone gathers no mausoleum.

CYRIL KORNBLUTH
New York, USA
29th Aug. '57



I was impressed and somewhat frightened by the awful pasting you gave the Rev. Mr. Moorhead. We just don't do that over here; there are no comic curates in the American popular culture and he's a reckless man who admits he's an atheist. (Younger fen may dispute this. Let them hold their fire until they've promotions to win, neighbors to co-operate with, lawsuits to try and children to bring up unmaimed.)

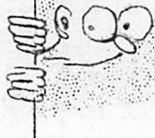
Berry's Technique, I'm afraid, will never cross the Atlantic. As you noticed in '52, Americans are always tearing down their houses so they will have clear spaces in which to build houses.

By the 1920's all the new houses sported bedroom clothes closets, and---exit the wardrobe. The only American house I know of which has wardrobes is the White House in Washington, and I don't intend to pursue this line of thought for one more second.

"Forward is more back there, I insists."

--Pogo

RON BENNETT, 7
Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harringate, Yorks



(On the Worldcon) ..Still, it's over--I have to keep telling myself, it's so hard to believe. To meet all those fabulous characters and find that they're actually human--Moskowitz, Raeburn, Ackerman, Silverberg and the rest. the only thing that kept me from committing suicide from sheer exhilaration was waiting to see if Bradbury himself would walk in. He probably arrived 11.30 Monday evening, just after I'd left. (11.31, actually. I think he'd been waiting for something.)

F.M. BUSBY I'm afraid Berry has been carried away in the first flush of enthusiasm for his Flying Wardrobe Approach to S-x. Doubtless this method would for a time bring new verve to the nuptial couch, but once such exoticism has been introduced it will be found that ever greater flights of imaginative fancy must be brought into play: swooping down from the attic suspended by wires or sliding down a transplanted firehouse pole, being shot through the transom by a small circus cannon, bursting up through the mattress in jack-in-the-box fashion (an expensive amount of construction is required here)---there is literally no end to it, once you have taken this path, until body or budget fail. No, I prefer to stay with the Conservative Approach, entering the bedroom sedately on the back of a white elephant draped in jewels and rare tapestries.

ERIC FRANK I amolopige for taking so long. Accept that Hyphen
RUSSELL, was too beautiful to part with (This Good Man returns
Cheshire, his copy when he's read it: if there were only 249
England more like him it would save all my duplicator troubles.) and ignore the real reason which was that my

agent plunged me dans la merde and got me too busy to look at anything for several weeks. By the time I did get around to reading it I was holding a jar of calcium phosphate in one hand, a bottle of tranquilizer tablets in the other, and supported Hyphen with a spare tentacle. This will shock readers whose spare tentacles can be used for only two purposes, they lacking imagination.

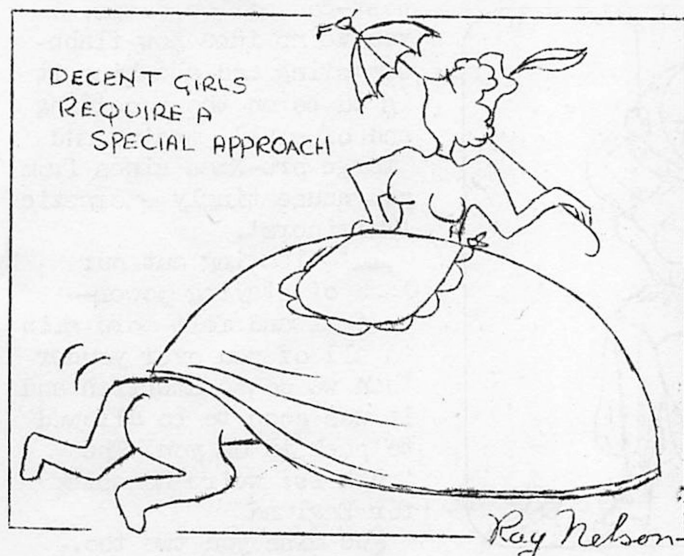
No.18 continued that rise we've all noticed since you fed the bryan-thing to the sharks. It also reflects the useful diversion of your lust into constructive channels---though you show a dangerous tendency to backslide with your eulogy on the stf female form. All femme fans look lively to male fans because all male fans are overloaded so to speak and they've got to work it off somehow by farming and femming, or hyphening and bryaning, and seven glands control your destiny because I've seen it said so in cold print and a fan is one who is afflicted with seven times seven which make him see buttocks and bosoms as enormous peaches titivating his disgusting appetite and...oh, the hell with it.

Was much taken with Bill Schiller's little fable. I showed it to every sourpuss in the neighbourhood and two of them cracked. One, a typical Britisher, said it wasn't funny "Because there's no such creature as a fee-bird." We've had a couple of bulgy-looking seagulls hanging around of late and I've prayed hard every time

that guy goes into the street but so far nothing's happened. One fellow didn't get the moral because, genuinely, he'd never heard the phrase "If the shoe fits, wear it." So with apologies to the author I altered the ending to, "If the crap fits, wear it" and got a pale smirk as my reward.

All the rest of the mag was consistently good--in fact I read nothing I thought poor. It came as a welcome relief after a long slog, like sitting with one's feet in the sea after a twenty-mile hike.

(And you Canute say fairer than that about our brine-child.)



TED JOHNSTONE, 1503 Rollin St.,
S.Pasadena, California, USA

All these fans getting married. Frightening,
isn't it? At least I hope most of them are marry-
ing fans, so the race will be advanced instead of

being absorbed into the 'great unwashed'. Or is Fan-ism a dominant gene? I'm af-
raid not, otherwise there would be far more of them in this world. You may notice
that in countries where breeding has gone on without restraint, like China or India,
there are no Fans. This is because the strain has been so diluted with mere human
blood. (You think we should segregate the human race?)

"I can't keep up with these youngsters". --Greg Benford

MARY DZIECHOWSKI, 155 Quen-
tin St., MBAFS, Brooklyn 35,
New York.



As for Hyphen; I keep telling myself it can't be
real, just as the Rev. Moorhead can't be real; but
DICK THE EYE and WYPHE (Dick & Pat Ellington) insist
that it IS. I have an idea they're trying to wear
me away from serconac and to tell the truth I could
be drawn to actifandom but for one thing: this prop-
agation kick you're all on, it might be catching.
You've probably heard that the once willowy Pat has
succumbed. Her measurements will soon do a reverse,
something like 25-35-25 or whatever that would be
by your standard of measurement. (I should think
that MMMarilyn would have popularised the inch in
England.) (No..here we still like to measure live-
stock in 'hands'.)

But about this Starbaby Trend. Do you suppose Harris is so put off by Maternity
Jackets that he just doesn't see the faces above them? I mean if he's the sort who
reads from the floor up why then he just doesn't get to the prettiest faces and
they probably are the prettiest cause after all they had to have something to get
that way didn't they? Well, didn't they?

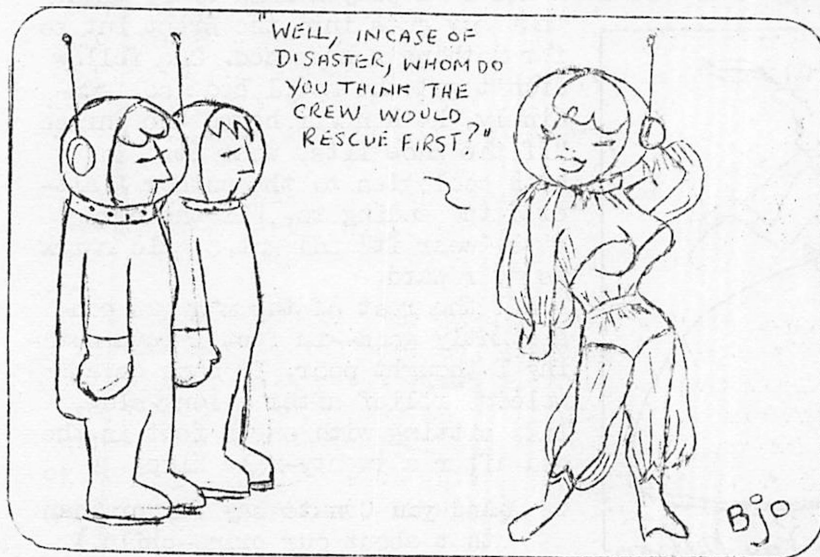
En somme Walter Alexander Willis, you are Right and a Good Man and chuck harris
is Wrong and a Cross-eyed Bunny and a Rev.Moorhead (that's rather strong I know
but he deserves it) and if the Anglo-fannes are ~~laying in wait~~ planning vengeance,
pass the word that I'd be delighted to join the vendetta.

(After the Worldcon) ...Either Irish-Anglo-Eurofans are made of unbelievably
tough stuff or Val (Anjoorian) and I are a pair of inferior-grade infiltrators in-
to fandom. We barely dragged ourselves through Christmas, still creeping through

post-convention deeps, &
you've no idea how flabb-
ergasting and abashing it
is to be on the receiving
end of small, medium and
large pre-Xmas zines from
you nauseatingly energetic
'furriners'.

But--lowing out our
lack of staying power--
we feel and felt more skin
to all of you over yonder
than we do to Amerifen and
it was good to be allowed
to peek in on you. The
truth is: we're homesick
for England.

(We miss you two too.)



"WELL, IN CASE OF
DISASTER, WHOM DO
YOU THINK THE
CREW WOULD
RESCUE FIRST?"

Bjo

GREGG CALKINS, 1068 Third Ave., Salt Lake City 3, Utah, USA



The Temple Memoirs are always funny, but I think he's getting better with each episode. I particularly enjoyed his opening line...the one about feeling as inadequate as the time he tried to explain the binomial theorem. This amused me because I can still almost remember the theorem...except I get it confused with the one for infinite series. (I'm not confused; I haven't a clue what either of them is. I don't seem to have the particular kind of low cunning required for mathematics.)

I would like to go on record as saying that I enjoyed EFR's piece very much indeed and that only a clod would not be able to see that he appreciated the trophy very much. If he's like me, the things he likes best--be they friend or award--are the things he's most likely to joke about.

One remark of Tucker's elicits comment: "Ah," he says, "there's that pregnant but." Where, say I. I'm new to this pregnancy business, but somehow I expected it to appear in a different portion of the anatomy than that.

The Rev. Moorhead seemingly has a good opinion of himself--a much better one than Harris has by the look of it. Ah, well, we can't all be perfect. It's just that I got so bloody lonely....

"There's far too much real life going on in the world these days anyway." Archie M.

TOM PERRY, 4040 Calvert St. Lincoln 6, Nebraska, USA

Perchance you remember a lad who published a fairly coherent fanzine in September of 1956, and whom you favored with a hilarious letter of comment that any fan would have been right proud to run in his letter column, and who never bothered to reply or even acknowledge the letter, and who never brought out another issue.

That's me.

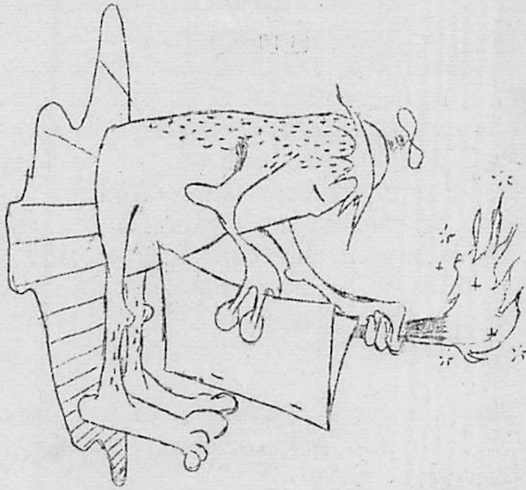
I've always felt rather miserable about that. Besides you, a couple dozen others wrote me nice letters that I didn't get around to answering; several offered trades; one sent material. People have written since, having seen reviews and wanting copies; and I, unable to send them anything but apology, sent them nothing.

Nothing has made me feel worse about it all than the fact that many must have felt that here was another shabby complainer whose chief beef was probably that 'fandom didn't offer enough'. Well, 'tain't so. Fandom is a group of people considerably better than the average. The Wetzels and the Vorzimers and the Perrys are greatly offset by the main: the Grennells and Boggsses and Racburns and hundreds of others. The vast majority. They aren't all wonderful people, but most of them are, which makes it a wonderful group.

I haven't much else to say in apology; defense would be silly. I just wanted to tell you that, whatever else I am--unreliable, shiftless, ungrateful, and more---I think fandom did pretty well by me and generally gave me much more than I deserved. That's all.

(Later.) ...Besides being funny, your card meant much more to me because it brought back Fandom, something I've been strenuously ignoring for several months because I thought it didn't mean as much to me as it does. After living in a purely mundane world for months--in fact almost a year--it seems real nice to realise there IS a society where humor and intelligence are the rule among the higher-ups and where merit and worth are the main criteria of acceptance. It makes me want to join the rush again. (TRUMPETS UP, SLOW DIE) Yes, Tom Perry has come home. Aren't you glad?

(Frankly, yes. Welcome back, all is forgiven. A fatted calf covers a multitude of shins. (Ooh, 'sorry....don't go away again Tom. I was only thinking of the leg-end.))

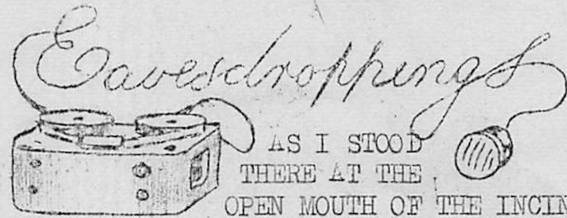


PRINTED MATTER

REDUCED RATE

Hyphen No.20 February 1958

Walter Willis
170 Upper M'Ards Road
Belfast, N.Ireland



AS I STOOD THERE AT THE OPEN MOUTH OF THE INCINERATOR AND SLOWLY DUMPED ONE CRATE AFTER ANOTHER FULL OF FANZINES INTO THE FIRE, MY HEART JUST WASN'T IN THE WORK....I THINK IN COSMIC TERMS EVERY CHANCE I GET....VINÇ IS VERY OFTEN CYNICAL ABOUT HYPHEN....I ADMIT I'M LOWER THAN HARLAN'S GROIN....PEOPLE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO VISIT PEOPLE AT CHRISTMAS; PEOPLE SHOULD VISIT THEM....WHEN YOU TRY TO EMPTY TEALEAVES OUT OF A SHAPLING MACHINE, YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH RANNING...RADIUS IS THE ONLY WORD THAT MEANS RADIUS....I CAN HEAR BOYD RABURN UGHING ALL THE WAY FROM TORONTO ...I THOUGHT THE REMARK WAS PREGNANT BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE ONLY WIND....HAVE TO CLOSE NOW AS MY MOTHER WANTS THE TABLE FOR LUNCH: WE'RE CONTINUALLY BUYING NEW FURNITURE ON ACCOUNT OF THIS ODD QUIRK OF HERS...HE WAS TYPING OUT A STORY FOR IMAGINATION AND CARRYING ON A CONVERSATION WITH SEVERAL PEOPLE AT THE SAME TIME....WINSTONS ELSTE WOODEN, LIKE A CIGARET SHOULDN'....EVEN A PRO EDITOR ISN'T ENTITLED TO POINT AND SAY "GET!"...I NEVER FILE HIS LETTERS, THE PROCESS IS TOO SLOW...I SOLD ONE PARCEL THREE TIMES BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO OPEN IT...I DON'T MIND AT ALL BEING POLITE IF IT SAVES ME MONEY...A FAN IS USEFUL FOR KEEPING FLIES OFF MEAT...MY LITERARY OUTPUT IS POOR BECAUSE MY TEETH RATTLE IN TUNE WITH THE TYPER...I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH SOMEBODY WHO SITS ON ME AND USES ME FOR A CONVENIENCE...WITH A FRIEND LIKE GMCARR YOU DON'T NEED ENEMIES...ANTIGOON FOR TAFF!!...ONE DAY WHEN THE POWER COMES TO ME A BIG HOLE WILL OPEN UP AND THE CINCINNATI GROUP WILL FALL INTO IT...HOOG! honey wood graham, kteic, ken bulner, chuck harris 3, jas white, daphne budmaster, larry stark, alan dodd, waw 2, ton scortia, bill carr, per eric frank russell 5, ted tubb, arthur thomson, ron bennett, walt kelly

Anyone interested in Arms & Armour is invited to get in touch with Bob Richardson KSF, 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishop's Cleeve, Nr.Cheltenham, Glos., England. It is proposed to start a fanzine or finz dept. on this subject.(Advt.)

In 'X' here means your sub is no longer with us. Say something, if it's only goodbye.