



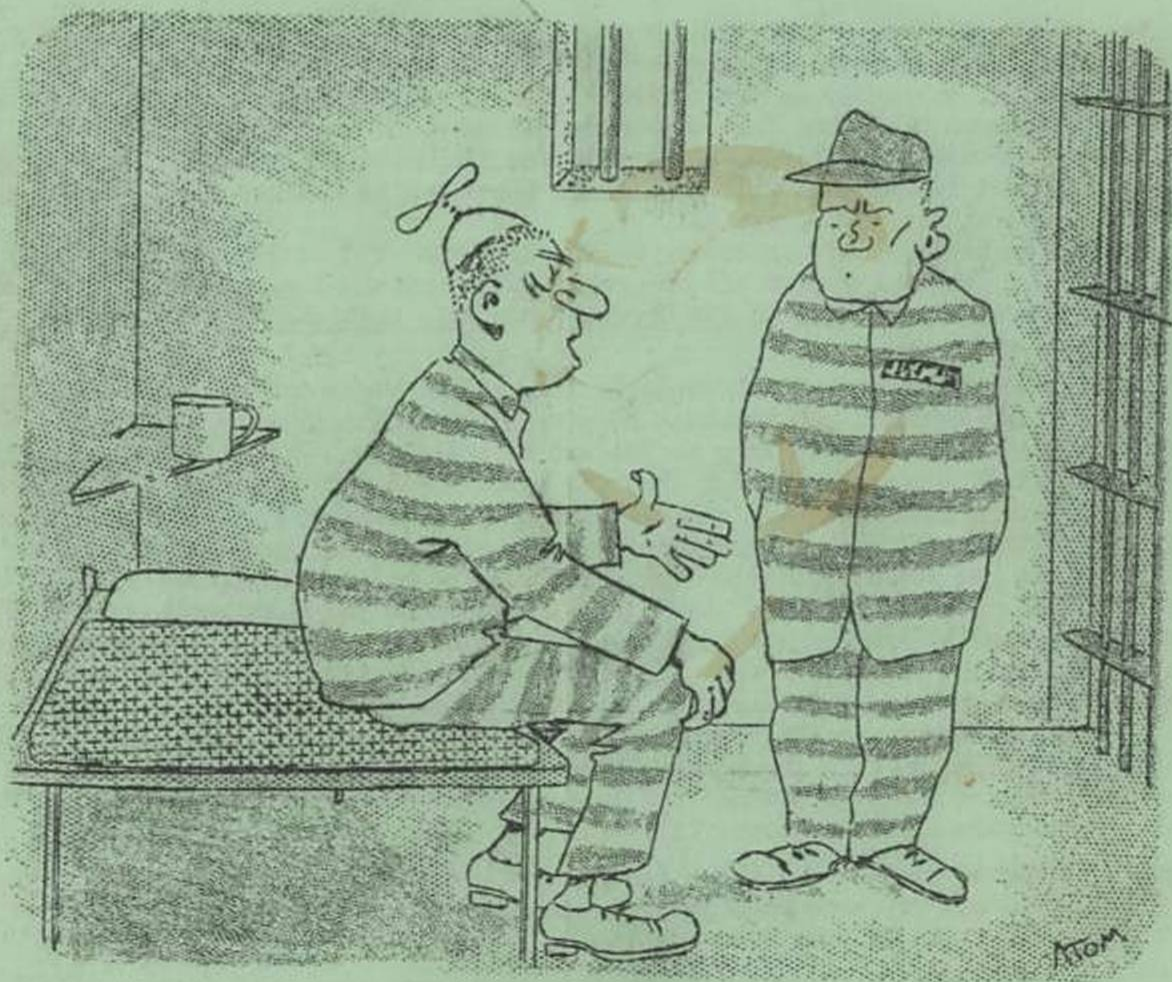
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# HYPHEN

NO. 22

MARCH

1959



"Well, first I sued him for \$10..."

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Explanation of cover symbol: Daughter, 1958



I am Walter A. Willis. Since the early thirties I have been a science fiction fan .....well, at least I have liked reading good science fiction. While waiting for some more of it to be written I occasionally publish this magazine for my own pleasure and that of some other fans who have not yet entirely given up hope. In that sense Hyphen is a science fiction fanzine.

Fellow buskers include Art Editor Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Dr., London Ss2; Co-founder and Associate Editor Chuck Harris, "Carolyn", Lake Ave., Reirham, Essex, currently on the retired list but named here because Hyphen will always be as much his/mine; fellow Founder Bob Shaw, of whom more later; George Charters, stencil-cutter by appointment to The Enchanted Duplicator; James & Peggy White and Madeleine Willis. Help this issue also by Ving Clarke, Ken & Pamela Bulmer and Carol Willis. Thank you all.

Hyphen can be had for love or money, preferably both 15p or 1/- per copy in cash or stamps; or, since I've let all my promag subscriptions lapse, copies of current sf mags or pbs. Everything to 170 Upper N'ards Rd., Belfast, N.Ireland.

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Bob Shaw's column this issue is probably the only one ever written on a ship between Ireland and England, but it has a happier niche in fan history than that. It was written while he was travelling to Belfast to see about a job. (Bob Saw, prodigious genius of Irish Fandom, came back from the chromium-plated fleshpots of Canada because he preferred life in quaint old world Belfast, but there were no vacancies at the time for structural draughtsman because of the shortage of capital investment here...now will you renew your subscriptions?....so he had to retreat to Bolton, Lancs. Now read on.) Armed in the strength of his purpose and a charcoal grey suit specially supplied by James White he carried all before him at the interview, with the momentous result that after three years of exile he will shortly be coming home for good. Your good as well as ours, so the next Hyphen will be a special joyful issue celebrating the re-uniting of Irish Fandom. Other forthcoming attractions include a disquisition by Eric Frank Russell on demon knight's reviewing ethics, Mal Ashworth's 'Amgo & The Dead Tramps' and letters carried over from this issue by John Trimble, Bruce Pelz & Boyd Raeburn. If wet, in the Scout Hall.

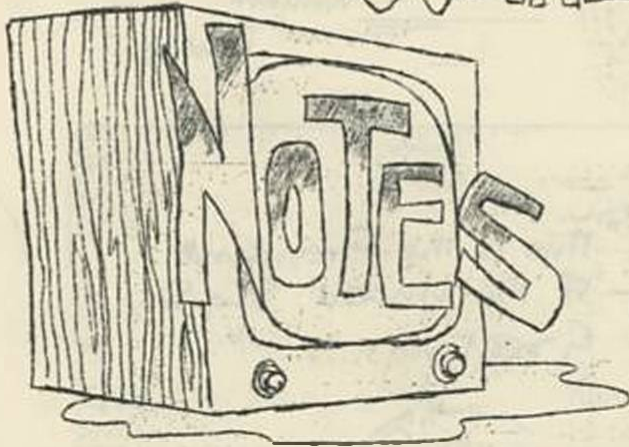
No afterthoughts on the last issue except that Obadiah Bly is not Charles Burbee, and if you liked his previous Pugmire piece all that much why didn't you say so at the time? Now it seems to have been one of the most popular things we ever ran.

XXXX ~~THE~~ voting forms will be enclosed with the next issue. The poll doesn't close until the end of the year and I hope the next Hyphen will be out quite soon. It'd be sooner if I'd more help in cutting stencils. Any volunteers? (Thank you, Dennis Tucker.) This issue in spite of its date is not being published until 3rd April, partly on account of house-hunting. Yes, the fate of Oblique House is trembling in the balance....as James put it last night, "Are you going to stay in your lovely home, or have you sold this old barracks?" But never you worry, 170 Upper N'ards Rd. will still find me even if I can't persuade fandom to buy it as a Museum of Fantiquity.

Meanwhile, back on page 16.....



# ANTI-SOCIAL



in a bowl. Sometimes I'd amuse myself trying to lip-read, but I could only pick out the vowels: A, E, Y, O, U and always I.

The last time I saw him thus was in the springless spring of this summerless year. He was addressing the packed Festival Hall—something to do with this new-fangled space travel. After a time I reached out to extinguish him completely, for it makes no difference whether Arthur is audible or not: he's saying nothing in either case. And then Prince Philip suddenly appeared at Arthur's elbow and started talking also. I recognised him at once: he had slightly more hair.

I was transiently impressed by the better-class company Arthur was keeping these days, and forgot about it until three days later when there was a ring at the front door. I opened it and Arthur was standing there. I said hastily: "Not today, thank you." And tried to close the door. But he'd got his foot inside. Val Clever, sometime Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, was acting as his chauffeur that day. I peered out at the car and said: "Don't tell me you didn't bring Phil!"

Arthur said, coldly: "Prince Philip and I aren't talking any more."

Then he explained that the Prince had asked him for his opinion on flying saucers. Arthur provided six scientific proofs of their non-existence and Philip at once became markedly distant in his manner, for he believed in flying saucers,

Arthur said he'd talk him round some day.

Meanwhile, he preferred to talk about his favourite subject, and marched in and did so. He was incensed because the Daily Mail, reporting the Festival Hall meeting, had described him as "a bald scientist". Not "nearly bald" or "balding", but baldly "bald". "I've a long way

FOR MORE YEARS than I have fingers I nursed a small private dream: that one day when Arthur Clarke was in full yap about Arthur Clarke I should discover some little knob on his knobbly person which, when turned, would switch him off. At least, switch the sound off. Came TV, and Ego Clarke, of course, was one of the first to peer at us from the far side of the screen. He and Gilbert Harding.

And my dream, in a way, came true.

Every so often Ego's vocal chords were at my mercy. I could just reach out and turn a knob, and Arthur would be visibly talking but blessedly silent. Like a character in one of his own stories when all sounds were blotted out over a certain area (was it called 'Silence Please?'). His lips would be opening and shutting soundlessly, and he looked like a goldfish

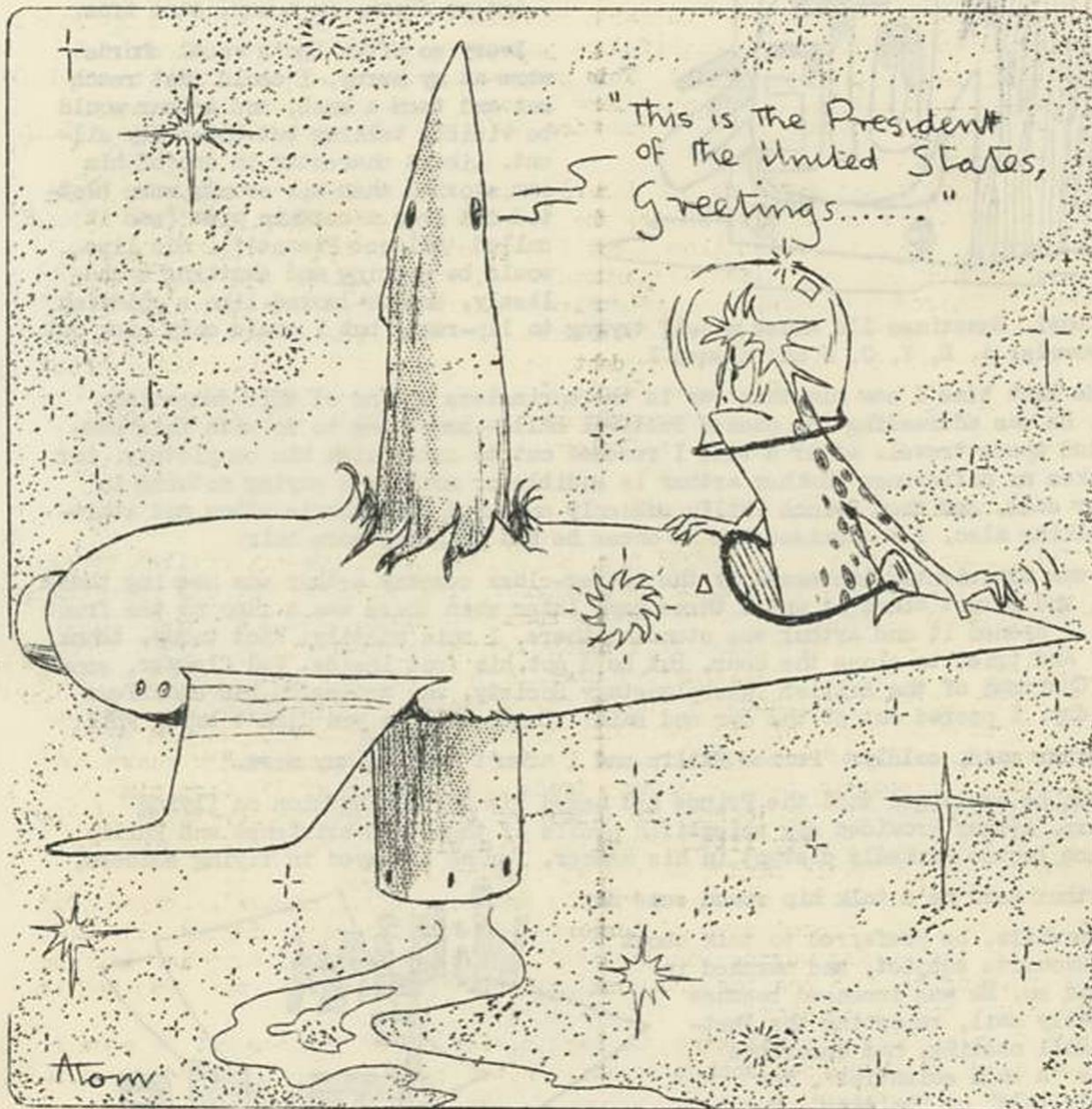
WILLIAM  
F.  
TEMPLE



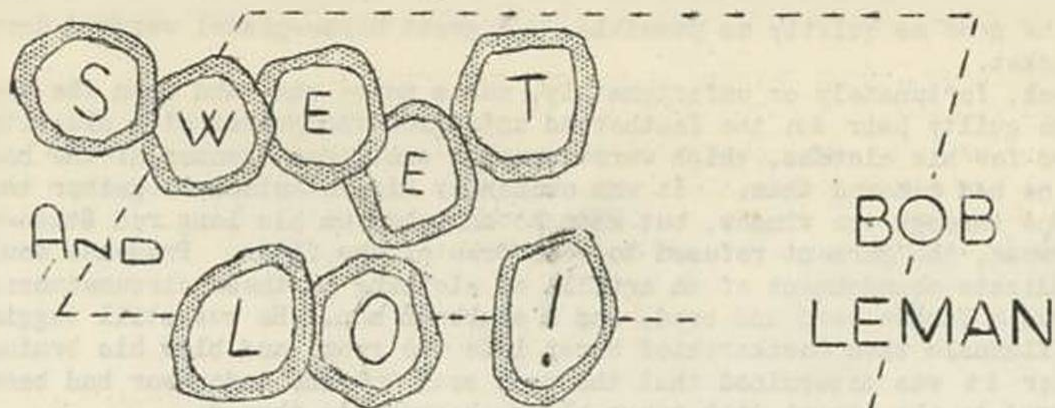
to go yet!" snarled Arthur, tugging at the one remaining tuft which is the only thing that distinguishes him from Sibelius. (Yes, I know Sibelius is dead.)

As he bestrode my hearthrug, with his tongue vibrating like a humming-bird's wing, and Val Cleaver as helpless as I to stop it, I itched for the little switch that wasn't there. At last he ran out of tape and left, after explaining that he'd merely dropped in for a cup of tea on his way to Damascus....

William  
Temple







SOME months ago Dean Grennell, in his incomparable column, "The Skeptic Tank" (which appears regularly in Bill Danner's remarkable STEFANTASY) again propounded the question on the lips of thoughtful people from Seattle, Wash., to John O' Groats: Who saved Courtney's boat? This perplexing query seems likely to replace "what song the sirens sang, and what name Ulysses took when he went among the women" as the classic example of a question difficult to answer, if not entirely beyond conjecture.

DAG's example has given me the temerity to place before you certain other strange occurrences which also invite the question, Who? Sometimes I have thought I discerned a pattern behind them, but I have never found a clue as to who? All these occurrences are widely separated in time and place, and only patient research (inspired by genuine apprehension) has enabled me to assemble them. The reader will at once detect a resemblance to the collections of the late Charles Fort, and I acknowledge my debt to that great Scholar. Indeed, my colleagues often call me, "The Poor Man's Charles Fort" — or sometimes simply "That Poor Fort" for short. I am convinced you will find, as I did, a Fortean pattern in the bizarre cases set out below.

#### 1. Who Saved Proud's Underwear?

The village barber in Alps Corner, Maine, in 1887 was one Fissley Proud. History is silent about his talent as a trimmer of Yankee beards, but concerning his prowess in a four-poster there is no room for doubt, for it would appear that over the years he succeeded in donating horns to most of the good burghers of Alps Corner. As such philanderers usually do, however, he eventually met a rather sticky end at the hands of one of the cuckolds he had created.

The proximate cause of his downfall was his fully requited passion for a young matron named Patience Oastkerchief. Her husband, some twenty years her senior, was a prosperous dealer in hay, feeds and mortgages, who from time to time found it necessary to journey to Bangor or Waterville, or sometimes as far as Millinocket. His pretty little dumpling of a wife was consoled during these absences by the practiced ministrations of Fissley Proud.

On February 16, 1887, at approximately ten a.m., Garland Oastkerchief told his wife that he was "goin' down t' Bangor — back in two-three days," hitched his team to the spring wagon, and departed. The delectable Patience lost no time in getting word to the barber, and moonrise found the two engaged in betraying the honest merchant.

But Oastkerchief had not gone to Bangor, for a few minutes before eleven o'clock he might have been seen creeping to the back door of his house and

unlocking the door as quietly as possible. A great horse-pistol weighed down his coat pocket.

The lock, fortunately or unfortunately, was a noisy one, and when the key turned, the guilty pair in the featherbed untangled themselves with alacrity. Proud leaped for his clothes, which were somewhat scattered because of the haste with which he had removed them. It was evidently his intention to gather them up and escape through the window, but when he snatched at his long red State-of-Maine underwear, the garment refused to come free of the floor. Prudence would seem to indicate abandonment of an article of clothing in these circumstances, but Proud was a Yankee born and bred, and a stubborn man. He was still tugging at the red flannels when Castkerchief burst into the room and blew his brains out. Later it was determined that the drop seat of the underwear had been securely sewed to the carpet with tough black shoemaker's thread.

Fortnote: On its surface this case appears to be only a sordid tale of village intrigue, but certain facts appear to cast a different light upon the matter. Proud was a tinker and inventor, and he had for some years been engaged in trying to invent a perpetuum-motion machine. Not three days before his death he had mentioned to several of his customers that he was on the verge of success. Now, such a machine would have been a free source of limitless power, and through its use interplanetary travel would doubtless have been accomplished by 1913, at the latest. If Proud's underwear had not been sewed to the floor he would have escaped to perfect his invention. Who was this mysterious seamster who — with a length of shoemaker's thread — has to this day kept the human race earthbound?

## 2. Who improved Schormerhorn's lemonade?

Fort Riley, Kansas, has never boasted a more respectable matron than Mrs. Volva Schormerhorn. She was a pillar of her church, a devoted worker on civic committees, and a militant dry. Her husband Otis was something of a nonentity, and does not figure in our story, although it is perhaps worthy of note that from time to time he ventured to raise his voice in objection to Mrs. Schormerhorn's infatuation with vedanta, yoga, zen, rosicrucianism, spiritualism and kindred esoteric disciplines. Since his remonstrances never gained him anything more than a severe tongue-lashing, they were most infrequent.

On August 13, 1934, Mrs. Schormerhorn was preparing her home for a meeting of The Fort Riley Total Abstinence League. Her own minister was to be present, together with the shepherds of Fort Riley's other two dry flocks, and a host of the most rigidly and aridly respectable gentlesfolk of the city. As refreshment for these good people, Mrs. Schormerhorn had prepared a cold collation to be served following the meeting, and, as a beverage, a large earthen container of lemonade, a potable which all but a few of the expected Dries found acceptable.

The day was hot, and Mrs. Schormerhorn, solidly corseted, and aglow with the exertions of supervising the hired girl, settled herself on the swing on the side porch for a few minutes' breather before the guests began to arrive. She called to the maid to bring her a glass of lemonade, and gustily removed her shoes. When her lemonade arrived she thirstily emptied the glass at a draft. At that moment the doorbell began to ring, and the girl hurried off to admit the guests.

Ten minutes later most of the Total Abstainers were in their places, but their hostess had not yet put in an appearance. She was, as it happened, still sitting on the porch swing, with a glazed eye and a rapt expression. She had just swallowed in her lemonade about three ounces of gin, and the alcohol had immediately and catastrophically gone to her unaccustomed head.

How the gin got into the lemonade (the whole crock was contaminated)



...a mystery, but Mrs. Schormhorn's subsequent actions are well documented. When the servant came onto the porch with the warning that the guests had arrived, her voice seemed to break the spell that bound Mrs. Schormhorn, who bounded from the swing with a strange cry - not unlike the bleat of a ewe being forced into the sheep-dip - and proceeded with good speed but erratic direction to the room where the Total Abolitionists were foregathered.

There she behaved with an indocorum that is still a topic of conversation at Fort Riley tea-tables. She sang a few staves of an obscene version of "Hail Ho! said Rowley"; clutched at a willowy young clergyman in a highly suggestive manner; performed, insofar as it was possible to a well-fleshed and tightly-corseted matron, an enthusiastic if somewhat unaesthetic can-can; and then expired into a gently-snoring heap upon the floor.

Whether it was because of her subsequent status as a social loper, or because she simply decided that she liked the stuff, Mrs. Schormhorn never thereafter drew a sober breath, and departed this life on January 22, 1941, in a "rest homo." Mr. Schormhorn is reported to have remarried.

Footnote: Mrs. Schormhorn had for some months prior to her encounter with alcohol been undergoing mystical experiences as a result of her deep immersion in occult matters. She had confided to certain friends that "voices from beyond" were in frequent contact with her. It seems only reasonable to conclude that benign powers were about to effect communication with mankind, only to have their line to this world cut when Mrs. Schormhorn became a toper. What malignant life-form slipped the gin into the lemonade and cut us off from the fourth dimension?

### 3. Who boiled Knorf's dictionary?

Bledsoe Knorf, 46, is a bachelor who lives alone in a small house in the outskirts of Duluth, Minnesota. He is a quiet and unobtrusive man who works eight hours each day as a treader operator at the flintwheel plant, and who spends his leisure hours in pursuit of certain solitary and sedentary hobbies. The chief of these is collecting and reading Scientifiction, a type of literature which concerns itself with voyages to the sun and other planets, and like wonders.

On June 23, 1957, at approximately five p.m., Knorf was in his bathroom shaving; he was preparing for an important appointment which was scheduled for eight that evening. Knorf does his own cooking, and on the stove in the kitchen a pan of water for the boiling of spaghetti was heating. Knorf had just lathered his face and inserted a new blade in his razor, when it occurred to him that he ought to check to be sure that the water was not boiling over.

The water was indeed boiling, and in the bottom of the pan, being well boiled, was Knorf's dictionary (Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 2nd Edition) which he had placed on a shelf above the stove that morning when, while preparing breakfast, he had suddenly felt a strong desire to determine the correct spelling of the word "chrysopraxe."

Knorf stared for a moment, and then leaped into action. He snatched off the towel which was round his middle, and,





using it to protect his hands, removed the pan from the stove. He poured the water into the sink and picked up his precious dictionary to assess the damage.

The temperature of the book was roughly 210° F.; and Knorf dropped it with a howl. It landed on the great toe of his left foot, and since it was thoroughly waterlogged, it splashed near-boiling water on his feet and shanks. Knorf doubled up and clutched his wounded extremities, making noises indicative of pain.

Knorf's good friend and neighbour, Necrotia (Mrs. Harry) Vent, chose that moment to walk into his kitchen, bent upon borrowing a cup of driffles. As she entered the room Knorf rose from the floor, naked and hairy, with shaving lather giving him a close resemblance to a rabid weimaraner, and directed a series of shrill and incomprehensible gobblings at her. She dropped her cup and fled with a shriek.

She was back in about ten minutes, accompanied by her husband and a policeman. Knorf had by then somewhat composed himself, and had put on a bathrobe. He was engaged in applying unguents to his scalded calves when the somewhat apprehensive deputation arrived. The police officer - Eustis Ropey by name - was an old acquaintance of Knorf's, and was inclined to discount the Vents' theory that Knorf had gone mad; but Knorf's attempt at an explanation appeared to confirm their suspicions.

"Your what?" said officer Ropey.

"My dictionary was boiling," Knorf said.

"Maybe we better let the sergeant decide about this," Ropey said. They all went down to the station.

It was 9:15 before the matter had been resolved to everyone's satisfaction, and by then the people with whom Knorf had an appointment were gone. He has not been able to make contact with them since.

Fortnote: An unpublished manuscript by Mr Blodsoo Knorf reveals the identity of the people whom he was to meet that night. He had, according to this holograph document, previously made the acquaintance of people from the star Venus; these intergalactic visitors had arrived in what is vulgarly described as a "flying saucer." Knorf described these folk as being inhumanly beautiful, luminous in the dark, articulate and even verbose in the English language, able to work miracles, communicants of Knorf's own religious sect, and capable of grievous errors in physics - despite their self-admitted million-year lead in scientific matters.

On the night in question, according to Knorf's manuscript, they were planning to take him to Venus to show him their native habitat, and to reveal to him Truths Which Would Bring Peace To Earth. But because his dictionary was boiled, Knorf was at the police station at the time he was supposed to meet the Venusians, trying to prove his sanity.

Someone does not want humanity to meet the extraterrestrials: so much is clear. But what was the creature which prevented peace by boiling Knorf's dictionary? Perhaps we shall never know.





# RHAPSODY IN GRUNGE



\* NOT CHUCK HARRIS

lifting operation at a fan party (well, it was on a bulge and a pain which a doctor diagnosed as hernia. Those worm-like tubes displayed so loathesomely in adverts had started to try and get out. "Don't call us unless you get a violent pain," was the MD's brush-off, "we'll call you - sometime."

That was in 1954. The years creep by. In the middle of '58 I come home one night at 10.30pm (from the London Circle, in fact), to find a message asking me to report to the hospital at 9.30 am the next morning, for the operation. Which is absurd, I tell them as authoritatively as possible on the phone. I can't get my work cleared up and, most important, how about my seat for MY FAIR LIFT in a few days time? So they postponed the thing for a few weeks, then decently gave me a week's notice and sent an ambulance to collect me.

Passing quickly over the preliminaries we find me the next morning clad dolely in a blanket-like garment, lying on a hospital bed and waiting for a hook-nosed piratical-looking person with a trolley who'd already been in and out of the ward a couple of times with other unfortunates. But what is this? A nurse approaches and with a sweet smile jabs a hypodermic needle into my thigh. Aha; I'm about to experience one of those miracles of modern science. This is to stop me from feeling nervous. I lie there, feeling a warm glow steal over me. I examine myself mentally. Am I nervous? No! Wonderful! Just a minute, though. Was I nervous before? No! This is maddening. Here am I, getting the full benefit of whatever-it-is, and I can't appreciate it. I lie there, feeling bitter. Even the thought that I bear evidence of Modern Science in the form of a large blue ballpoint pen cross where they're going to excavate doesn't cheer me.

A soft rumble of wheels. A nurse grabs me by the legs, the piratical person heaves under my shoulders, and I'm on the trolley. I'm quite capable of crawling on to it myself, but it wouldn't be decorous. I lie there, looking up at the passing ceiling of the ward, the corridor outside, a door-lintel, the ceiling of the operating theatre ante-room.

## OPERATION OPERATION

"And now let me tell you about my operation..."

Yuk! At last I can join in those grisly discussions. The oars for these stories of The Day I Learnt to Drive or The Night I Lost my Virginity? It's the nice, juicy blood-letting that fascinates 'em. Yes, that's the glazed look in their eyes...fascination. FASCINATION, I tell you! Hooray for Dr. Kildare and Emergency Ward 10!

Though, mind you, mine wasn't exactly an emergency. Unless it was a slow emergency. It was in '54 that an incautious

labelled Light Sherry) brought



Another wait. I exchange chit-chat with a nurse who waits with me. "It's nearly lunch-time." "Well, I hope they don't feel hungry and hurry it." I glance at the walls of the room, close at hand see a cupboard bearing anaesthetic masks, cylinders marked with mysterious symbols, gadgets of all descriptions. It looked like Torquemada's play-room. I point to a mask with my head...my hands are under the blanket. "I'm disappointed. I thought you did everything with hypes these days." The nurse smiles sweetly. "No do."

Another nurse enters. More chit-chat. Then the second nurse asks for my hand, inserts a needle. Interesting. I suppose this is the one...ah, there's a tingling in my fin....

I open my eyes. A double-headed nurse smiles sweetly at me. This is a considerable shock. Here am I, born living an ordinary life, doing...now, what was I doing? I know that I was just going along normally and they went and broke up my world and...the double-headed nurse coalesces into one, still with that damned sweet smile. "Hello!" she chirps brightly. "You're back in the ward." So I close my eyes and go back to sleep.

Yes, that was my Operation. It may not seem funny to you but it had me in stitches.

But I met some interesting people. It was a glorious opportunity to contact a cross-section of the male population, even better than the Services and infinitely better than s-f fandom. Normal people, you know.

Only, somehow or other, a lot of them turned out to be...not all that normal. There was the Italian, for instance. A small, bolt-upright, bristly man - even his hair stood to crew-cut attention - who in a mixture of fluent Italian, French English and one or two other languages conveyed the information that he'd come to have a small growth excised from his cheek, just under one eye. Yet did not worry 'im, y'onnerstan'? They made the lov' to 'im jussasane. Nah! But he'd come to England to work at...packing drugs? Pharmacist's assistant? I never did get it clear. But the growth was damned as unhygienic, and it had to go.

But the English 'ospital routine puzzled the Signor most sorely. His friend in Port Said - the Signor had been something, probably a pilot, on the Suez Canal, - had run a hospital ('e was an amateur, y'onnerstan'? ) and, Maria! it was nothing like this! He'd had the growth removed 25 years before. They'd tied a string around it (his hands waved in complicated gestures, tying intricate knots in front of his puzzled face) and then left it for five-six days, and voila. Yet 'ad come off! And slowly grown back again, of course.

But the English 'ospital routine moved on like the mills of God. The Signor must take a bath. That, all over? Complicated hand-weaving. The Signor must undress and assume that single, blanket-like garment. But it was only his face ..... He lay on the bed, stiff with indignation and puzzlement, added Greek to his other languages for better expression, submitted to the hype and the wheeling out on the trolley.

He came back with a beautiful black eye - the sewing of the wound had naturally bruised his skin - and, after he'd recovered consciousness, a raging thirst. Ah, the sweetly smiling English nurses...so sympatico! They offered him water. Lemonade. Orangeade. Tea...their generosity for this stranger in a strange land knew no bounds. The Signor eyed them with one bloodshot eye and a look of



horror.

"Vino? Vino, plizz?" Why had they no vino? He did not want much, y'annerstan'? A gallon, perhaps. But he must have vino.

The nurse went away, giggling hysterically, and called a Sister.

"Now, Mr.-or-Castelloni, we mustn't excite ourselves, must we?"

"Vino?" A despairing creak.

"Oh, my goodness, no! I'm sorry. Ha-ha." Small, polite laugh. "Perhaps you'd like some...ah...grapefruit juice?"

He looked at her with the eyes of a bewildered child. All he was asking for was vino! The natural drink for sick people! In Italia....

"No!"

"But...vino!" So natural! Shakily he took a mouthful of water, pulled the sheet up to his face, lay with his eyes closed and a look of dull despair. An hour passed. Two hours. "Mr. Castelloni! Can you eat something?" The nurse gave him a sweet smile. You could see the hope lighting the one visible eye. This was better! "Si! I wanta macaroni, please. An' vino?" This last hopefully.

"Macaroni? Oh, no. I'm sorry. We don't have any of that here!"

"No macaroni?" Perhaps they hadn't understood him. Complicated gestures.

"Oh, no. We don't have any macaroni at all." Classified with humming-birds' tongues and kangaroo soup.

"No...vino?"

"Really, Mr. Castelloni! How would you like a nice egg and a cup of tea?"

I tried to cheer this minor victim of clashing cultures, but he remained disconsolate until Visiting Time. Black-haired, volatile visitors called on him, bringing him grapes. After they'd gone I saw him get out of bed, put some of the grapes in a glass, crush them, go to a tap and fill the glass with water....

I thought at the time that this wasn't much of a potion for a full-blooded vino-fancier, but next morning he had quite a hangover. It seems that his visitors had also left him a couple of miniature bottles of whisky, and he must have added those as well.

But he never did get his macaroni.

### THE RICH FULL FULL LIFE

As you might expect, the advent of a young Miss into the Clarke household has sent us delving into books on child care, to find that they contain far weirder stuff than was ever presented in UNKNOWN. But what I find most curious has no place in the literature. A baby ingests air with its milk, and therefore has to



be Burped...that is, gently bounced and massaged until it gives an enormous, rumbling, uninhibited Bolch and its stomach walls close cozily around the milk contained therein. During the bouncing stage, we have been fascinated to hear the milk actually sloshing around in that little tummy; the slap of waves against that alien shore has impressed me far more than the sound of a Sputnik's signals from space. Talk about your Sense of Wonder.....

#### THE EDITOR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY HIS CONTRIBUTORS DEPT.

My opinions on the WSFS/Falasca/Kyle controversy in the last '-' were not well received in some quarters (one of which attributed GRUNCH to Chuck Harris - must have been one of the behind quarters) but as most of the objections were based on matters of opinion rather than fact I won't waste space on them. Len Loffatt did come up with a patently sincere two pages giving the Solace Committee attitude to the happenings at South Gate and before, but these could have been semantically scripped to "We don't care about rights and wrongs, Jack - we had to put on a Con." Which has the merits of fanaticism in a good cause, if nothing else. Someone else put forward the best defence of the Falascas that I've yet heard: that they were entitled to change their minds. There's nothing I can say in opposition to this. It's perfectly true. I've always said the same thing myself about Benedict Arnold.

The subject of the Kyle lawsuit (on which Inchmerry Fandom's been getting a number of letters saying "it looks as if you were right after all" from former pro-Kyleites) is so unavoury that some fans complain that they didn't want to hear the 'same old stuff.' Presumably their view is that fandom should ignore the ruinous lawsuit hanging over some of its members...and, after all, if you say something against Kyle, who knows what will happen to you? But what astonishes me most about this affair is the attitude of many BFFs.

The common grounding of a mutual interest, plus the generally accepted view that fans are expected to be on reasonably friendly terms throughout the world, surely means that fans of goodwill should do all that they can to bring disputes of this nature to a conclusion. There are some very clear principles at stake here, as I emphasised in the last GRUNCH, and it's not purely a local feud between the over-fighting factions of New York fandom. I regard myself as an interested party, but I find it astonishing that some of the more adult US fans (yes, Eric, I believe there are some) haven't intervened for the benefit of fandom as a whole. I believe the Dietzes did ask Dick Ellington to mediate before the whole business was properly under weigh, without success, but surely there are other BFFs with enough initiative (or, if you like, guts) to make a constructive move to peace, however much that little word has been dirtied in mundane politics. I don't want to adopt a holier-than-thou attitude, but when there was the makings of a Trans-Atlantic storm over the eligibility of a TAFF candidate a couple of years ago I published, all on my little omnibus, a one-shot which effectively eased the situation. It seemed to be only common sense.

#### DOWN AT THE OLD BULL AND BUSH...AND LIKE THAT

I believe that Americans miss one of the Britisher's minor pleasures in life in not occasionally coming up against a quaintly named inn or public-house. McGinty's Bar and The Desert Inn are business-like, surely, but lack the charm of the Swan and Sugarloaf or the Elephant & Castle (reputedly a corruption of L'Infanta d'Castille, a Spanish Princess who came over to be sized up by Henry VIII.) which gives its name to a district of London. Fantasy creeps in...The Worlds End...The World Turned Upside Down...and near Ted Carnell's home an inn sign of a rocket-ship streaking through space illustrates, I believe, the 'Who'd 'a Thought It' public house. 'The Man In The Moon' is not uncommon, but I gained a vast amount of innocent pleasure by taking an order at work the other day for materials to go to a new public house being built in the semi-suburb of Croydon, near London. The name...The Man on The Moon.

AVING CLARKE



Sitting here, sipping the inevitable Monk Export in the cool solitude of the smoke room aboard the S.S. Duke of Argyll, it has just occurred to me that, having made the trip roughly thirty times, I must be the greatest living fannish authority on crossing the Irish Sea. As more and more fans seem to be popping over to Belfast these years this might be a good time to produce a little monograph on the best way to do it.....

THE  
GLASS  
BUSHEL

Bob  
Shaw

# TWO YEARS BEFORE THE PITAF HATCH

THE FIRST PITFALL which may be dropped into by the fannish traveller is weather. It is cold on the high seas and it is a good idea to dress warmly to enable you to prow about on deck making learned observations on navigation etc to your fellow passengers. This is always a good way to pass the time even if you are not too well informed on the ways of the sea and, statistically speaking, don't know your Urse from your nebulae, or even the teeniest codified mazel. A pullover with a very long neck which can be rolled right up over the face is especially useful for the voyager—a sort of Marco Polo neck sweater. Thus equipped the fan can face the weather with perfect confidence. But there is a worse enemy yet. X

Try not to travel when there is fog. For this reason I recommend going via Heysham where the ship can plunge straight out into the open sea and a little fog will not cause too much delay.

I remember one foggy night in Liverpool when I had gone down to my room as soon as I boarded and climbed into bed. On the train I had found a copy of Lilliput. The photographic section was torn out, as is usual with secondhand Lilliputs, but I settled down for a quiet read, glancing out through my porthole at the quayside now and then so that I would know when we moved off.

We didn't.

In the morning I could still see the same little pebble sticking out of the concrete of the quay...of course, I had been completely unable to sleep. During the long silent hours of that night I grew to hate that pebble. Had the ship even moved



a couple of feet, thus removing the monster from view, I might have been able to relax, but there it was—nocking me all night with its stony stare.

To make matters worse I had found a competition in the magazine for which you had to send in the last line of an incomplete limerick. The competition closed two days later and I was certain I had the winning line, but unless I got it into the post the following morning it would be too late. I couldn't get the line out of my fevered mind (it was something about Guy Fawkes) and I lay there all night, chanting it over and over, uttering hideous curses at the pebble, sweating and getting tangled up with the bedding which seemed to be trying to rise up and strangle me.

We didn't reach Belfast till the following night and I never got sending in my marvellous line. As I said, avoid fog.

The mention of bedding brings me to the next point. If you want to have a decent night's sleep, make your bed before you get in. The full meaning of the phrase 'winding sheet' is not properly appreciated until one has slept on a ship on the Irish Sea route. It is a little known fact that a long long time ago British Railways bought a lot of cheap cloth from somebody who had found a way to cross sheep with bar constrictors, and the Ulster steamers are where they are using it up.

To avoid being strangled themselves the stewards have developed a way of making the bed in which the sheets are not anchored down anywhere, thus allowing the strange cloth maximum freedom of movement. Always do the bed over again and tuck the edges well in below the mattress otherwise you run the risk of being found in the morning completely absorbed in a cocoon of cloth like an Egyptian mummy.

Shortly after boarding the ship you will hear an announcement on the PA advising you to beware of pickpockets. This warning is not to be taken lightly. For a long time I regarded it as an effort on the part of some misguided official to make the journey seem more adventurous, or to throw in a bit of local colour for the benefit of American tourists. I always gave a knowing smile to my fellow passengers when I heard it, a display of Travellership which was brought to an abrupt end one night when somebody stole my suitcase.

Admittedly, this was hardly the work of a pickpocket, unless an exceptionally clever one, but it shows that you have to be careful. I looked around and thought I could recognise one corner of my case sticking out from a huge pile of stuff belonging to half a dozen men in RAF uniforms. When I politely asked about it I was surrounded by half a dozen grim white faces and told firmly that the case was not mine. Somewhat dismayed, I circled the pile and saw on the other end of the case the white sticker that the Left Luggage office in London had put there when I left it in that afternoon. It was my case all right but the RAF crowd was determined not to let me have it—a moment for a show of raw courage.

Quickly I seized a small steward and, ignoring his plaintive cries, thrust him into the crowd of blue uniforms with instructions to get my case. B, this time a few bystanders had gathered round to watch the sport and, now that things were going my way, I began nodding at them and making indignant gestures towards the RAF contingent who were still protesting that the case was theirs. There was a couple of RAFs with them too, a fact which seemed to lend credence to their story.

Finally the steward emerged with the case and, in a pathetically ridiculous attempt to appear as wise as Solomon or somebody, said that he had an idea how I could prove my ownership. I was aghast in case he was going to order somebody to cleave the case, which was actually my father's, down the middle with a sword. But he only said that I should name the contents.

"Fanzines," I shouted and whipped the lid open to prove my case.

Possibly to the ignorant non-fannish minds of the assembly a small hoxy of Gandrys and Nirvanas did not seem like much. Anyhow, they quietly melted away leaving me in sole possession and very relieved it was all over. The most shocking part of it had been that there had been girls with the offenders—for all I knew one of them might have been a master crook in disguise. In a case like this it is difficult to separate the cheat from the WAAF.

Another important point is to get a room which is just big enough to accommodate yourself or your party. For some reason, known only to St. Christopher, you never seem to run into any nice normal people on this crossing, so you don't want any strangers in your room. They always click the personal lights on and off for hours, open the portholes when you're cold and close them when you're too warm.

After a while you begin to recognise these people even before you meet them in the room: they are a strange breed—like the characters in that Bradbury story who always appear from nowhere on the scene of an accident. Only a few weeks ago while having a drink in the bar I saw one of them come in and realised with a sinking feeling that I was in for a bad night. He had a shock of red hair and a pale staring face, distraught from too much alcohol.

I hurriedly finished my drink and rushed downstairs and got into bed. About an hour later two men came in, wakening me up, but neither was my man. When these two had settled down one of them turned out to be a light clicker and the other a snorer, but I'm pretty well used to that and I dozed off, thinking I might have made a mistake. Hah!

At about two in the morning the door opened and he came staggering in, did half an hour's swearing and light clicking and then climbed into the bunk above me, kicking me in the process. He bounced around for a couple of hours, keeping me awake, then his light came on again and I knew he was going to go to the toilet.

I watched for a while to see how he was going to go about getting down onto the floor. Just as I was beginning to think he had gone back to sleep he launched himself into the air and seemed to hang there for an instant, face whiter than ever, eyes staring, clad only in a shirt, elbows and knees bent up in the exact posture of a witch on a broomstick in a child's book. Still rigidly holding this ridiculous pose he tilted over in mid-air and landed sideways on the floor.

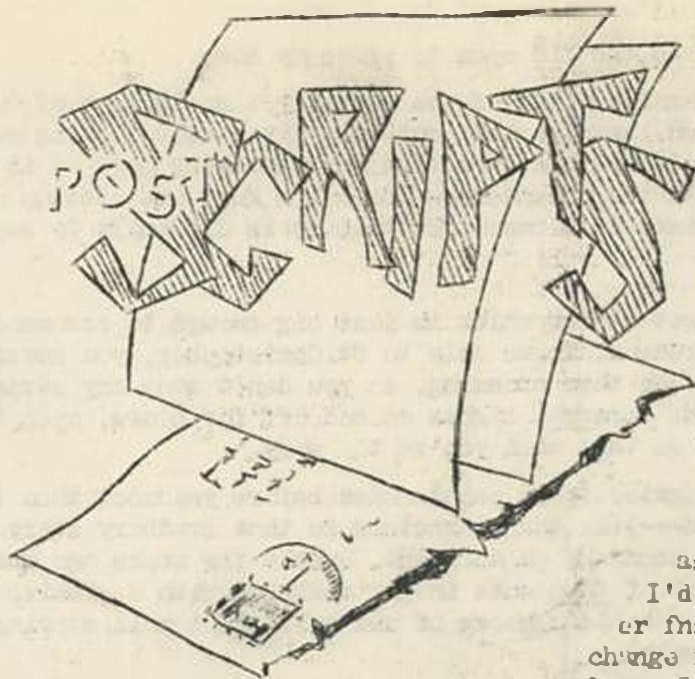
His roar of agony startled the light clicker and snorer into a barrage of grunts and exclamations of "Phwhat's hawpin?" which in turn wakened people in the rooms beside us. On the return trip, about half an hour later, he frightened them again and started the whole process all over.

In the morning he got up before me, put on my socks, packed away his own and had to be forcibly restrained from leaving without giving me mine back. And this was just one night out of many....

On this trip I have played it safe on all counts. I've got good weather, I'm travelling without luggage, I've already made my bed, I've got a room to myself and am speaking to nobody. There is not one thing that can happen to mar my peace and comfort.

The only trouble is.....it's a pretty dull trip.





Ivor Mayne, 33 Goodworth House, Anwell Court, Green Lanes, London N4. — This is a letter of comment, which I'm told you would much rather have than more money. Ving had a perfectly straight face when he said it too, so I'm taking a chance. You would have had a letter sooner, except for the holdup when I got a new job and the holdup when I got a new typewriter. (Well, it's much cheaper than buying them...)...Perhaps I could try a different approach and say that Ryphen

doesn't seem to be as good now as it was once. (This is different?)

I'd still rather read it than any other fnz (except possibly Inside) but the change is most noticeable in the letter column. It used to be longer before and it

was funnier (there was more Bloch for one Thing) and there were discussions on the nature of fandom and things like that. I got the impression that you don't want to keep on repeating yourselves but aren't sure exactly which direction you want to head in. (We've never tried to head in any particular direction: Chuck has his way of conducting a letter section and I have mine, and some people prefer one and some the other. I do mine like this mainly because I'm not very good at proper editorials or answering letters.)

The Gestetner salesman asked if I would like the demonstrator to call. "I don't think so," I said, "it's working all right now."

"Our demonstrators" he went on, "are usually very attractive young ladies who will come and explain everything to you in your own home."

"YES PLEASE MAY I HAVE A DEMONSTRATION PLEASE!!?"

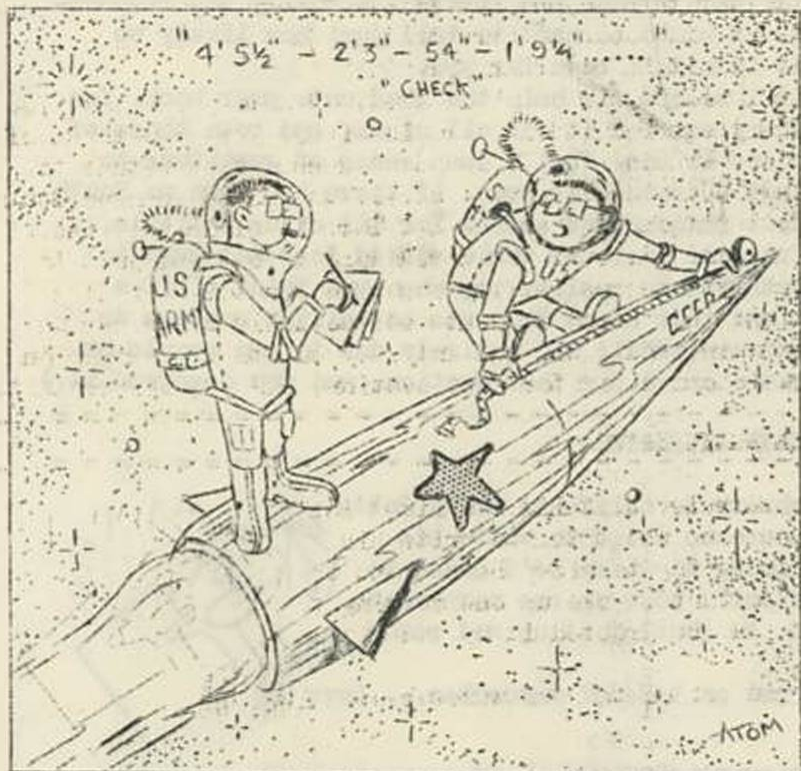
I don't know whether I just seemed a little too eager, or whether it's one of the qualifications of a demonstrator, but she seemed as cautious as a well-read femme-fan at a convention. I tried EVERYTHING. I even hinted that I knew Ted Tubb's home address, and when that failed I just gave up and watched the demonstration. Not only that, I didn't even learn anything from the demonstration. She did leave half a ream of paper and a tube of ink, though, so perhaps it wasn't all wasted...

(I think Gestetners are mad. One of the reasons for this theory is that on my model the automatic counter has six figures. Are they trying to convey the impression that a Gestetner stencil will give 999,999 impressions, or is it an attempt at a subtle compliment to fandom? On second thoughts, I think maybe it's just that all duplicator firms are mad. I remember I was in the Ellms place once, trying to nose out a source of cheap ink, when the man tried to interest me in their new electric model. After half an hour he said "and of course we take your old machine in part exchange", and paused to draw breath. "But mine's a Gestetner," I said, half expecting him to spit in my face. "We'll give you an allowance on that," he said matter-of-factly. I pleaded abject poverty and was sidling out of the office imperceptibly when a thought struck me. "What do you do with old Gestetners?" I asked. A manic gleam came into his face and his eyes glowed with holy fanaticism. "WE BREAK THEM UP," he gritted, his hands clenching and unclenching convulsively.)



Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2. → My Nelson's cartoons and that beautiful first paragraph in his letter convulsed me: so did Eric Frank Russell's letter and Ron Smith's. It was all wonderful and pure/diluted Hyphen.

You know, those recent Papal elections have had me in a considerable state of suspense; not that I am a Catholic, of course, but they have had me holding my breath all the time. It was this white and black smoke they kept emitting; after the first couple of times this had happened I began to get the strangest feeling. I watched the news with baited breath for any further announcement. I could hardly wait to know whether white or black smoke had been seen that day. It was almost too much for me. Inside me I felt this inexplicable certainty that when the name of the next pope was finally announced it would be Bob Keadle.



Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. → Mr. A's wedding description would never do for Fez. Hewins to Betty, he didn't even describe the bride's dress, or the hats. Tch. Very slack...

...while fandom is always 'just a hobby' that at times requires keeping in its place, have you ever thought that it can be—as an abstract thing—a very comforting thought? As long as you 'belong' in fandom, you can never be lonely. To you, with your family, loneliness may never be even a possibility, but in my job I see so many lonely men and women. Not always very old people either. I reflect then how lucky I am to be so rich in friends.

Bill Busby, 2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle 99, Wash. → There is only one flaw in 'The Only Way': it would never have been rejected by John for Ret... Do you suppose Bob Tucker will actually succeed in subverting English moral standards? Or will the resourceful British editors simply comb the back-fences for words which pass in the UK but shock the US censor, and return fire? What will happen next? Will the censors' union make like hands across the sea and gecllobber us all on both sides? Is basic English tomorrow's Fanspeak?

Now who but Bloch could live on a flyspeck and remain, as always, superb?

Brian Jordan, 86 Piccadilly Rd., Hurnley, Lincs. → I haven't seen much of Kirby's work, and this makes me wonder why. It's good. Perhaps I don't look in the right places? (Maybe you don't look under the right bylines.) I think Vine has missed the point of the Elron & Co. ad in Galaxy. The one in Astounding is different, and spells Astounding. Say, if you've made £1500 out of Hyphen (gosh, how'd you know?) why not get yourself cleared? They guarantee it for that much (are you sure it's not a misprint for 'cleared'?) and then you'd be able to write all your own material.

I suggest the WSFS folks go see Elron. The whole thing is beyond me.

Ashworth was wonderful. Just imagine, me going to Ingleton all those times without knowing the river had been christened by having a farnie dipped in it. Shocking.



Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.== It was an oddly unkyphenlike issue, for reasons I couldn't name. Maybe it was the lack of Berry and White and Russell, replaced by those hacks Tucker and Bloch that one reads everywhere. Rip was oddly delightful..reminded me of both Rapp & Barbee.

...Some might feel that after having achieved a ten year dream I should retire and become a leagoun, while I'm ahead. But... there was really very little personal thrill. I got lots of ego-boos, which I enjoyed. But while there was a good feeling to hear that people were enjoying them selves, and liked things, I don't think I got any greater kick out of it than I would have had I been on the Committee for my other year. Possibly because I know better than anyone how little I actually was responsible for...as I've said repeatedly, it would be hard to tell just how likely we would have come to not doing it, if it hadn't been for you.

(Nonsense Rick, all we did was help the load onto your back. You and the others there carried it for all of us, and even those of us who weren't there in body feel a deep sense of gratitude to you for having made a dream come true. If there had been no South Gate in 58 wouldn't fandom have seemed for all of us a little... shoddier? That fans all over the world worked together just to make a fannish myth become reality was when you think of it a wonderful thing; and that South Gate was actually a success as well was even more wonderful, and entirely due to you people on the spot. All fandom stood for that ovation, and you deserved it.)

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SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!  
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Jim Caughran, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.== Liked Bob's piece on dreams. I read about someone who tried to write his dreams of importance down. Before going to sleep he'd chant to himself "Write down anything important". Woke up one morning to find something scrawled on his pad. He grabbed it up and read: "Write down anything important".

...That 'vaneerial disease' you get on tops of wardrobes....Love is a many-splintered thing?



(About those dream revelations, I came across another one the other day. Robert Southey, writing to his son in 1808, asked: "Do you remember the story of Wicke the poet, who always regretted that he could not remember the poetry which he composed in his sleep? It was, he said, so infinitely superior to anything which he produced in his waking hours. One morning he awoke and repeated the lamentations over his unhappy fortune, that he should compose such sublime poetry, and yet lose it for ever! "What!" said his wife, who happened to be awake, "were you writing poetry?"

"Yes," he replied, "and such poetry that I would give the world to remember it."

"Well, then," said she, "I did luckily hear the last lines and I remember them exactly: they were--

By Heaven, I'll wreak my woes  
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose."



Joy Clarke, 256 Queen's Rd., New Cross, London SE14.++  
 can I say about Tucker and Eloch. I don't believe in them.  
 But maybe they'll go away if I don't, and then where the  
 hell would I be? While I think of it, Chuck gets to look  
 more like EB every day—no, clottie, Eloch not Bardot!  
 The pose, a slight backwards tilt with belt protruding  
 over a gaudy shirt, just vaguely sustaining the trousers.  
 ers...



Andy Young had a good point in that last paragraph, tho  
 I think it tends to work the opposite way as well. For in-  
 stance if a piece of really good sf is written the critics  
 tend to say "Oh, it's not sf—it's too well done". 1984  
 has never been accepted by the literary as sf, nor have  
 Wells's short stories. They of course are 'imaginative fiction'.

By the way, why has the cake on inside front cover only got 18 candles? And what  
 are the little blank cards the bems are holding up at the foot of some of the pages?  
 and what does CBHBS in the heading for State Harpside mean?

Well, if we don't ask, will anyone else?



(Apparently, not. I think fans have given up trying to under-  
 stand everything in fanzines. CBHBS stood for Come Back Home  
 Bob Shaw, and the same legend originally appeared on the  
 bems' cards. By publication time he was already home, thus  
 demonstrating the efficiency of Atom's campaigns, and rind-  
 ing unnecessary also the three candles that had been taken  
 off the birthday cake to put in the window of Oblique House  
 to light the way for him, Sadie and Claire. Next question?)

"I don't think Chuck looks like Brigitte Bardot either."

Rick Dalton, 34 Louis St., Leeds 7.++ It was sweet of you  
 to send me a kiss on the back of myhen 20 but since I'm  
 nearing the age when kisses have to be paid for I'm send-  
 ing a further cub. ...The most striking thing about H2C  
 was Vin/ Clarke's excellent Grunch. After studying this  
 article for a couple of months I finally realised what was  
 odd about it—it was actually about science fiction.  
 Chad, sir, doesn't the fellow realise that any mention of  
 that stuff is taboo in fanzines these days? In fact I've  
 been struck by a profound TRUTH:—

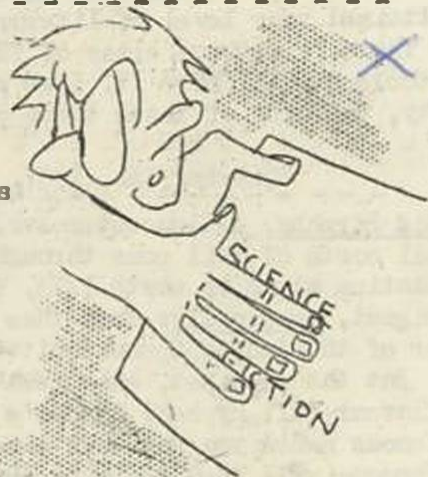
SCIENCE FICTION IS A FORM OF GAFIA.

Alternatively, consider this from the point of view of  
 a sciencefictionist and you realise the soul-shattering  
 fact that

FANTASY IS A FORM OF GAFIA.



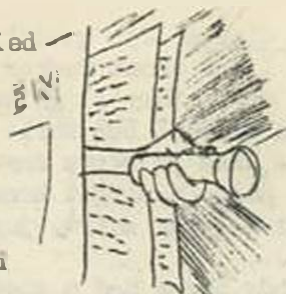
(Taboo or not taboo, that's not the question. The fact is  
 that apart from Damon Knight's reviews we've seldom been  
 able to get material about science fiction original or  
 well written enough to be worth our while to print. Most  
 of our readers are experienced fans who know their own  
 minds and tastes, so reviews are a waste of time, but any-  
 thing interestingly constructive or destructive, including  
 satire and parody, is always welcome. // Re gafia, I was  
 amused to see Crispin in Best SF Three accusing mainstream  
 literature of being escapist for ignoring the stern environ-  
 mental realities dealt with in science fiction. It's a long  
 worn that has no tanning.)





179 Old Rd., Clacton-on-Sea, Essex. += Such a varied mixture of material shone out from the pages that it would take me pages to cover it all. I think it will suffice to say that I enjoyed everything in it. (No.) One thing mystifies me though. How did people like Groff Conklin come to have Hyphen? (They sent us money. We're not proud.)

...I have a theory about why not many people have written as a result of your Nebula column. During the past you have reviewed many fanzines of various characteristics. Some of them haven't in my opinion been suitable for release to non or neo fans. Such fanzines are more likely to damage fandom more than introduce new blood. You must admit, Walt, that although some of the material in these certain fanzines are good and interesting to nonfans, a vast percentage of the material has either been (a) too esoteric for them to understand (b) or so rudely childish as to deter those objective of trying to get into fandom.... There are certain fanzines in Britain which would be appreciated by nonfans and I should have thought that the best policy would be to review those and skip the ones you consider either esoteric or too juvenile...



(Name two. I review two types of fmz in Nebula. One of them, a class which at the moment consists entirely of The New Futurian, is intelligent/intelligible to the nonfan. The other is the more or less esoteric fanzine like Retribution or Triode or Aporrhota or Ploy which while largely unintelligible to the newcomer usually contains enough brightly written and originally minded material to make me cherish the hope that somewhere somebody will be interested enough to explore fandom further. And I do my nut to explain that fanzines are inclined to be esoteric and why. Some of the other material may admittedly not be up to your standards but you must remember that not all the readers of Nebula can have attained your level of literary sophistication.

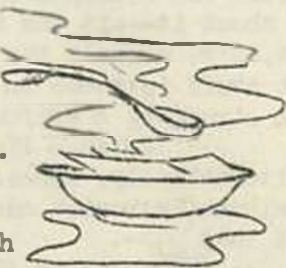
There is a third class of fanzine which seems to me to fall between these two stools and I ignore it. I've already made one enemy this way. As a matter of curiosity, to which of these three classes do you think your Perihelion so far belongs?)

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"October 4th, 1957. You are there!"

Dick Ryan

Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19. += All sorts of mail come through my door. (I'm a big man. My reputation alone is worth 14/3. Sue me.) Mail from the Reader's Digest, personally: from fans in uranium mines: from the Director of the Junior Space-Squitters Club of Ontario: all sorts, man.

But the poppiest, snappiest mail of all is good old crispy, flavour-full Hyphen, fandom's favourite fanzine. What a lot of famous names you got this time: Bloch, Tucker & the rest of Irish Fandom (well they're IF in spirit anyway) beside all the breakfast cereal characters such as Crunch and Rip. (Thank you, Sid, with fans everywhere, it's Hyphen for rich creamy goodness. Place a regular order at your friendly neighbourhood post office. With the next issue the makers of Hyphen will enclose a Neo-fans Jim Dandy Lawyer Set, complete with facsimile writs. Make sure of your Sue-It-Yourself Kit, as used by the famous sharpshooters of the East. Meanwhile, back in Levenshulme....) Interested to hear you have a car, Chuck. Welcome to the ranks of the Government's famous milch-cows, and remember when you crawl along our constipated main roads in first gear that motoring is still regarded by the Powers That Be as a sinful luxury...I suppose you know that the standard British road width (a multiple of 11') is based on the width required to enable a Roman chariot to pass safely by a column of marching legionaries?



George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Dr., Chevy Chase, Md. += I particularly enjoyed Bob Shaw's article on his camping experiences when I was in the Boy Scouts...on one such expedition we engaged in our customary practice of telling ghost stories around the embers of the campfire. Being an sf fan, I was considered the only one competent to tell a real rouser, so I delved into my backlog and came up with the Bradbury story about the coffin. At its conclusion I found them smiling, while I was nearly frightened out of my wits. Someone else told another story, which was only the backdrop for the real hair-raiser. For two of the boys had been engaged to circle around and sneak up on the group through the undergrowth, then charge in upon them with blood-curdling screams. Well, we heard a few screams after a while, but they came from the depths of the woods. It seemed that our two goblins had, in circling round, become lost. This necessitated a hunting party, which nearly became lost itself. In fact, I (who stayed at the camp, my usual role) recall responding to the scoutmaster's plaintive cries to build up the fires and light the lanterns so that they could find the camp again.



Ian R. Mulvey, Ballycorus Grange, Kilternan, Co. Dublin += Hyphen certainly wasn't anything like what I expected. I found it amusing and interesting and about 99% comprehensible, but it didn't seem to have a lot to do with science fiction. I am not trying to be hyper-critical, but I expected something like discussions on the current magazines and novels, profiles of contemporary authors, and articles with titles like "SF, whither Now", if you know what I mean. (We certainly do.) Anyway, as is proved by my new subscription, I enjoyed it; if I knew the characters discussed in it, I feel I would have enjoyed it even more.

Steve Schultheis, 477 Woodlawn Apt. 4c, Springfield, Ohio += Virginia, when she read James's Lencan Report, was eager to learn the truth about my somnolent condition. I assured her that I DID TOO breathe when I slept, but you know that a factual article emanating from Belfast is not to be disbelieved. The only way that the matter could be proved was empirically, which left open to her only one course which would not compromise her honor. I, on the other hand, took her interest in me to indicate that she was a minion of Antigone, and I could think of only one way to save such a sweet young thing from such a life and convert her forever to the good offices (such as the one in Cleveland) of the G.M. Greater love hath no fan.



Well, even though as it turned out we were both wrong, I must say that the whole affair has turned out most delightfully well—and there is now a loyal, trustworthy G.M. op here beside me to testify that I DO TOO breathe in my sleep. (Congratulations. Just remember to send you a wedding bouquet of Love-lies-breathing.)



Eric Frank Russell, Cheshire, England. —+— Wait now and I'll tell you: I thought you were dead. I thought a weird, outlandish shape was lying in the Belfast morgue while outside a moody, beery man with a shovel was making ready to dig that crazy grave. I thought that at long last you had got the message from on high. And I thought that there was some justice in the world.

Seems there ain't.

You were merely pharting around in a Phord. The only car in Ulster that always stops with a jerk. (Objection overruled. All motorists are entitled to insult anyone squatt-ing in one of those mobile latrines.)

But I will admit I once saw a Phord I'd have liked to own. It had a number-plate reading FU2.

In the circa E21 is lucky ever to have appeared. The betting is heavy against a /30. Oh, well...this one seemed to be pretty even all the way through. Nothing rose to the heights, nothing sank to the depths. The staples came out as usual and p.ll was repeated as usual. As always, Atom gave a sparkle to the ish. I liked his cover. And I liked the way he depicted Ye Pugmire as the consequence of careless copulation. Does he really look like that? Here-

with brackets provided for a stinking pun: (( ))

People who've not read 'Nancy Wake' may be grateful for having their attention drawn to the following, to be sung to the tune of 'Ark, the 'erald angels sing:

Uncle George and Auntie Habel  
Printed at the breakfast table.  
Wasn't that sufficient warning  
Not to do it in the morning?  
But Ovaltine has put them right:  
Now they do it mom and night.  
Uncle George is hoping soon  
To do it in the afternoon.



(You were nearer with the first guess. It's Chuck who's driving his friends round the bend in a Ford Angular. You wait till the Foreign Society gets after you. // About Pugmire, yes his parents met at a Convention party so he is a con-sequence. You'll pardon me for using my own brackets, but they were given to me by my dear old mother. Yes, that's right, they're parent-theses.)

"Hell, Aeson, if you've got something to say, say it."

Carl Brandon

Bob Leman, 2701 So.Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado. —+— ...Acting on the notion that South Gate is about as close to Denver as a convention is likely to be in the foreseeable futuro, I pawned Peggy and the children and made the trip. It was, of course, my first convention, and I was astonished at the easy, friendly and informal atmosphere. I'd read a lot about the hard lot of a neo at a convention, and how he's snubbed right and left by BNPs, but I found the contrary to be true. It may be of course that I'm simply too dense to perceive that I'm being snubbed, but it seemed to me that the fans—big, medium & little name—were all entirely congenial types. There were exceptions, of course.



Bill Carr, 5 King St., Arlington 74, Mass., USA += Bob Tucker's crusade to purify the Proper English is commendable, but does he know they're fighting back? Some of my favourite light English novels of country society have the heroine saying brightly to the hotel clerk, "Knock me up about eightish". Now in my country, if any of you gals came here and said that, you'd be in for a downright rude awakening.

I do hope I'm not too late with this warning.



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"I'm no example—I'm a problem."

----- Bill Carr

Bob Pavlet, 6001-43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md., USA += The cartoons are rather gory at heart—Atom's fan-centred, Nelson's general. Em, when I review the text with this in mind more of the same shows up—the Willis's and downhearted Berry, Bloch's inability to avoid visitors, Tucker's downhearted 'Decline & Fall', Shaw's wilderness wilderness, the sad treatment of the WSFS by deluded American fans, the loss of the calendar—oh, I could go on, but then that might discourage you from putting out another issue, and that would be the saddest thing of all. If sex and sadism is the only way to hold up your circulation, then you might as well use it.

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"He is the first bull to carry his own china shop with him".

----- Carl Brandon

John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio += What a counterplay on Berry, in 'The Only Way'. At last, a Willis factual article. I wondered when the pressure would become great enough so that you would turn on Berry for once...when I met Steve Schultheis he appeared very different from the zombie James White described, or the beanpole with arms that someone else pictured. Sort of a compromise, except for the head. Steve was perpetually clutching at his head. He kept staring intently at everyone with his one glassy eye, and at intervals a sharp click would emerge from his rather blocklike top-piece, accompanied by a fantastically fast wink. Then his attention would abruptly shift to another group or person, and he would creep up on them, turning one knoblike ear on the right side of his face. In the house his facial appearance was even stranger. He now sported a large shiny saucer-like object on the left of his eye. This he kept putting lightbulbs into. I suppose it was a lamp, but something was wrong with it, for no sooner would he creep over to someone than the thing would light up in one big flash and go out. He had infinite patience though, for he kept reverently removing the useless bulbs and replacing them. As a means of interior illumination it appeared costly and rather inefficient, but then Steve is a Goon.



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Mohammed done tol' me.

Klaus Eylmann, Hamburg 39, Marie-Louisen Stieg 23, West Germany += I am a foetal fentype, so don't mind when I ask you foolish things....What does GAFFA mean? I find this word in most fanzines. What about an explanation, Walt?...The column by Viné Clarke was very interesting. Yes, he it is who mentioned the word foetal fentype. He's right when he writes English fandom is esoteric and for me a German fan it is often unintelligible (I can only guess what esoteric means, my dictionary doesn't contain it)....Please excuse my terrible English. (Your English is very good, Klaus, but I don't know about your German. My dictionary says the German for esoteric is 'esoterisch'. (Also 'geheim, nur für Eingeweihte bestimmt'). GAFFA is short for Getting Away From It All, escaping from the grim realities of fandom to the peace of mundane existence. Nice to hear from you. Noch einmal, bitte?}



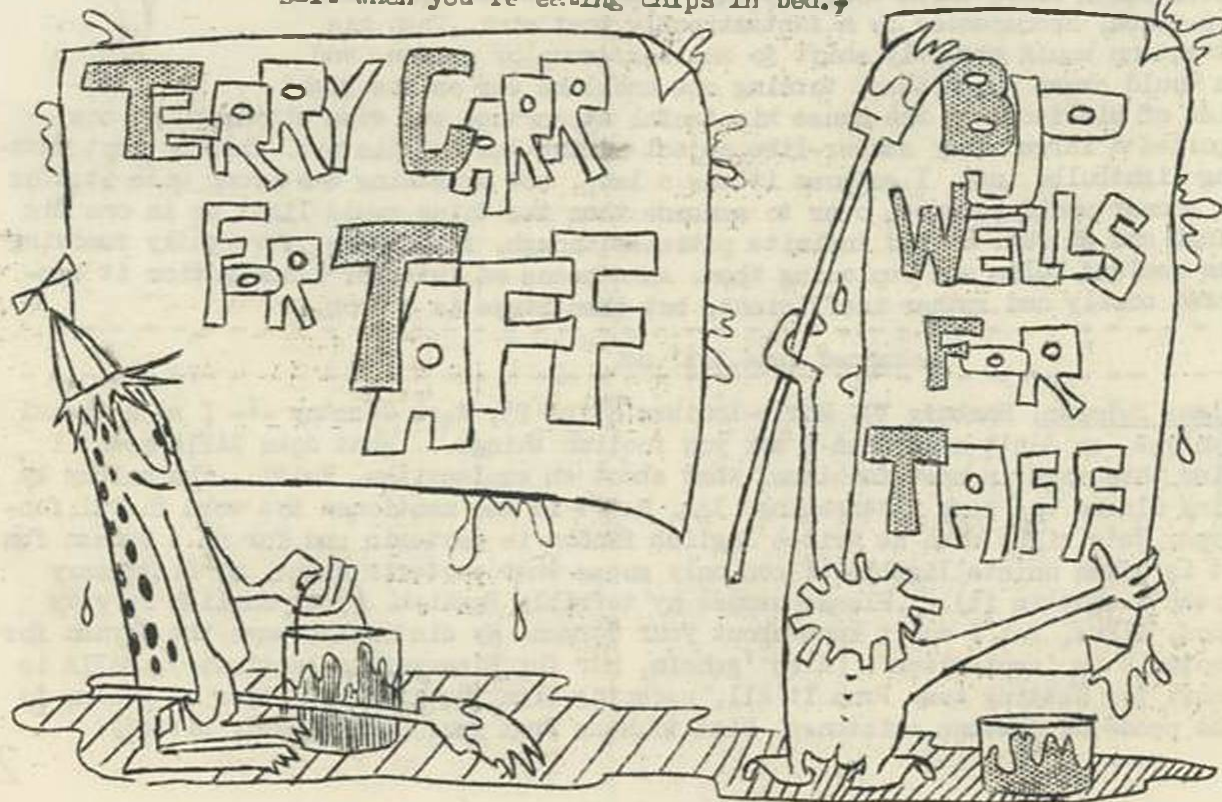
Andy Young, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass. == Hooray for Bloch's reminiscences. By golly, I will yet again live to scatter beard-moultings in Bloch's living room. Away, foul gaffer!

Birchby has got a fantastic talent there. I wonder if he isn't Phoenix?

As I recall, there was some comment made in The Harp Stateside that American chocolate is No Damn Good. This seems to be a generally held opinion here too, because the stores are beginning to have prominent displays of English chocolate, Swiss chocolate and so on...Care to institute an international chocolate discussion?

The comments on Patrick Moore bring to mind an experience of only 3 days ago: a visit to the Observatory from a Soviet lady astronomer, Mrs. Mashevich. She talked about their tracking program for artificial satellites, and complained that 'lunik' is an unofficial term despised by Russian astronomers because it was coined by a Russian sf writer who has written "ten books, all different, and in each one it turns out that the meteorite is a spaceship from Mars, come to Earth to stock up on uranium".

(Well, at least it looks as if the Russians aren't all that more advanced than us in science fiction. What with the reported superiority of Russian ice cream and the undoubted supremacy of Europe over America in the field of chocolate it was beginning to look as if any moment America would be taken over by a chain of Russian drugstores.// I think we have a third member for chocolate fandom—Ethel Lindsay, who eats chocolate in bed. (It's all right, I read it in her Ompazine.) I like to do that too, and one point we might discuss is where to put the bits you've still to eat. If you put them under the pillow they're liable to melt (ugh) and if you put them on the eiderdown you can never find them in the dark. We need a solution as brilliant as the well known one to the problem of where to keep the salt when you're eating chips in bed.)



5 Crompton Ave., Braintree, Bolton etc I thought the Christmas Card this year was yet another masterpiece in the series. It had that cameo-like, Disney-like atmosphere to perfection. What a warm little scene full of Finnish good cheer it evokes. I liked the little message at the end too. People should remember that fandom is for fun. When I came into it I came with that understanding and that was how we conducted our Finnish affairs for years, but of late this new attitude seems to have crept in. This business of law suits, jazz snobbery, the influx of arty types and bongo drummers, the Communist flouters, the casual droppers of words about narcotics. To name but a few. No longer do people write about how to waterproof your fanzine, or aqueous vapour, or turning bicycles into printing presses. Instead we get boring (though pointless) drivel about Sandfield liking jazz, or political polemics, or the latest round of pseudo-legalistic wrangling in the Sues and Shocks Department. The Average Fan seems to have changed. A few years ago I felt that this entity was a mature person, usually a family man, quiet, respectable in his work but possessing a sense of humour and an imagination that enabled him to develop a Finnish personality on the side. Now he seems to be a different being altogether. I haven't a good enough knowledge of fandom to describe him but he is definitely different and, to my mind, not so well worth knowing as of yore. Fandom is worth staying in because of the remaining noble-type fans but let's hope that the ranks don't thin out any more. I remember with regret people like Bob Foster and Alan Hunter—not brilliant fans and not made any more interesting by their apparent lack of interest in concubines etc etc, but I liked them. Am I turning into an old fan and tired?

(I'm sending Bob & Alan copies of this issue for old times sake. I've always felt a little guilty about that snide bequote HE WRITES LIKE A LITERATE ALAN HUNTER. Alan, it was all in fun and was actually said by someone who liked you.)

-----  
"I'd be a writer of little guns—a sort of Jewels Vorne."  
-----

Ellie Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW6.== The first thing I turn to in your mag is The Glass Bishol. It often leaves me feeling melancholy, as he did again this time....

I am still so new to fandom I'd like to put in my two cents worth if I may on whether fanzines, & in particular, are too esoteric for the non-Finnish terms like 'gaffe' do at first sight naturally mean nothing, but the non having got the mag in the first place must be in correspondence with the editor or whoever sent it to him, or he attends group meetings: what's to stop him asking for enlightenment? Other Finnish allusions not readily apparent will be appreciated in time when, having read something else in another mag it reminds him of something he read in yours, only this time the context has made it all clear to him... There is a lot of fun to be had in finding out the hard way what all these things mean. I know, I did it.

-----  
Bob Christenbury, 2409 Upland Place, Cincinnati 6, Ohio would like correspondents in England with whom to swap af etc. He's aged 30 and is an engineer with General Electric.



#### CONGRATULATIONS!

A check mark in the space above means that you have been chosen as a member of a select group of the elite who are especially invited to write a letter of comment on this issue of Hyphen. This is an honour that is not lightly given and we know you will appreciate it. Your letter will be read with particular interest and will be filed in a special private folder.

Persons whose copies of Hyphen do not have a check mark are requested to keep their crude uncultured opinions to themselves.



THE BEST WAY OUT IS ALWAYS  
 THROUGH.....HE SAID HE RECOG-  
 NISED ME FROM ATOM'S DRAWING SO  
 I CLOBBERED HIM...MY CUP RUNNETH  
 OVER. KINDLY MAIL ME A SAUCER...  
 I AM A BNF, BUT NOBODY KNOWS IT...SERIOUSLY  
 THOUGH, AS ALAN HUNTER USED TO SAY SO IN-  
 APPROPRIATELY AFTER ONE OF HIS JOKES...I  
 MIGHT GIVE UP MY LIFE FOR MY FRIEND, BUT  
 HE HAD BETTER NOT ASK ME TO DO UP A PAR-  
 CEL....MY THEOLOGY, BRIEFLY, IS THAT THE  
 UNIVERSE WAS DICTATED BUT NOT SIGNED...  
 WHEN BIGAMISTS ARE MADE, LONDON WILL MAKE  
 THEM....SPORTSCARS? A VROOM WITH A VIEW..  
 ...I NEVER KNEW AN ENEMY TO PUNS WHO WAS  
 NOT AN ILL-NATURED MAN....ARE YOU GOING TO  
 PUBLISH IT IN SETTIMES OR TELL IT TO GEMMA  
 IN CONFIDENCE?....I'LL SLAP YOU OUT, TY-  
 NAN! LITERATURE ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH  
 OF US....DID I LEAVE MY TROUSERS IN THE  
 ORIGINAL BEDROOM?....THERE IS WEST COAST  
 JAZZ PLAYING RIGHT NOW ON THE HI FI TO  
 HELP ME GET INTO THE PROPER MOOD FOR DES-  
 PISING TED WHITE....I FAVOUR METHOD THREE  
 MYSELF SINCE I HAVE BIG FEET.....ONE THING  
 ABOUT HAVING A HARDBOILED CIGARETTE FOR  
 BREAKFAST IS THAT IT GIVES YOU TIME TO  
 SMOKE AN EGG....I'M GONNA LAY MY HEAD DOWN  
 ON THAT RAILROAD LINE, SO THAT THE SANTA  
 FE WILL PACIFY MY MIND....THE PICTURE IS  
 SO BIG WE HAVE TO COWER AGAINST  
 THE OPPOSITE WALL....IF GHOD  
 HAD MEANT US TO BE NUDISTS  
 WE'D HAVE BEEN BORN WITHOUT  
 CLOTHES....AIN'T IT HELL? HERE  
 IT IS CHRISTMAS AND US OUT  
 HERE CELEBRATING A STAR...I'M  
 HAPPY STANDING HERE ON THE SIDELINE WITH A  
 REVERSIBLE ROSETTE.....HIS FACE OUGHT TO  
 GET HIM ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE....  
 I PINCHED THE TRAY CONTAINING CAMPBELL'S  
 ASH....GET RID OF THAT OVERSTUFFED EYESOE  
 THAT'S BEEN IN YOUR LIVING ROOM FOR SO LONG.  
 THROW OUT YOUR HUSBAND....IF YOU DON'T WANT  
 THROTTLED CREEPS, TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF REAN-  
 EY'S NECK....robert frost. richard may 2,  
 chuck harris, miriam dyches, bob snow, logan  
 pearsall smith, christopher norley, james  
 white 2, charles lomb, waw, colin wilson,  
 ken bulmer 2, john champion ted white,  
 olues, atom 2, forrest j ackeman, carl  
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