

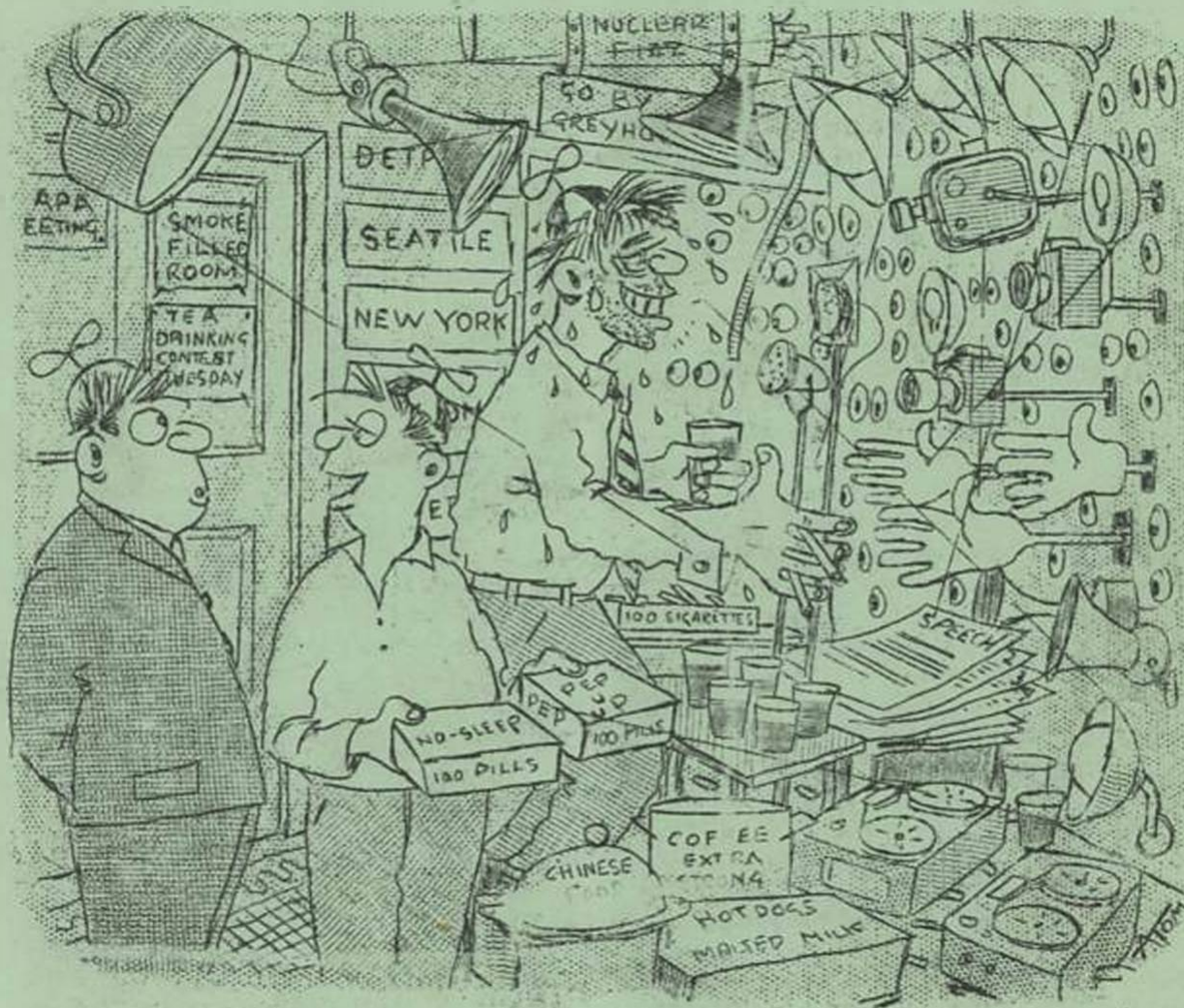
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HYPHEN

NO. 25

NOVEMBER

1960



"we're getting him into shape for a Taff trip."

HOMES & GARDENS
ISSUE

"If we each cut a stencil a day," said Ian McAlay, gulping down his breakfast lettuce, "we could easily do monthly." I shuddered, the crudzine and mamalade dripping from my nerveless fingers. It was getting worse. He had been saying things like that ever since he applied for the job as Research Assistant in Belfast University's Atmospheric Dust Project, but when he got the job I thought maybe the strain of weighing dust particles all day would wear out his lettuce-enfeebled physique. But no. All day he would sit in his laboratory overlooking the



Walt is away playing golf, so I'm seizing my opportunity and putting in a few words of my own. The only ones in the whole issue, too.

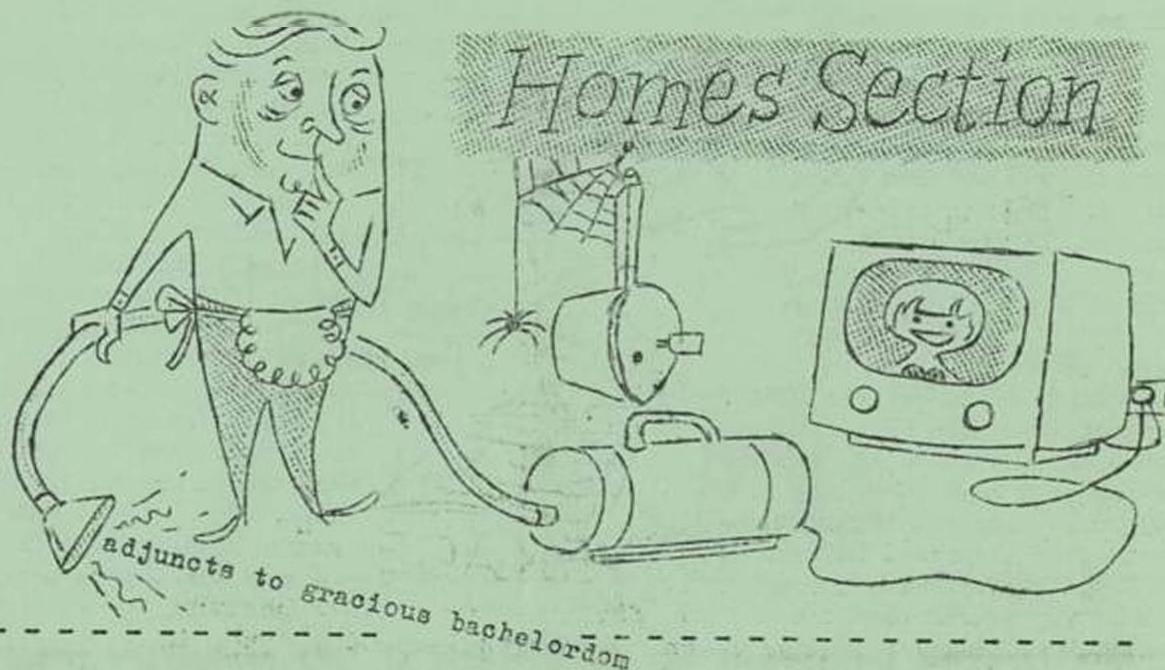
About the best use I can make of my share of the editorial page is to try and convey to you my feelings about living at Oblique House and about being co-editor of HYPHEN. You might think this would take more space than there is left here, but I feel it can be summed up in a few words. -Help! I am a prisoner in an Irish fanzine factory.

wall-tended banks of the River Lagan chucking pieces of thistle down on the scales and humming the Project Thamesong ("Weigh Down Upon The Soignite River"... Sorry you asked?) and every evening he would sit around muttering about a bi-monthly Hyphen like the personification of my fanzish conscience.

I had to resort to desperate measures. I led him to the duplicator and whisked off the cover unexpectedly. It failed. He eyed the awesome contraption with the confidence of one accustomed to changing the inner tube on a cyclotron with a couple of teaspoons. So, hardening my heart, I handed him a cut stencil and went downstairs to watch Emergency Ward Ten. After it was over (that's five years of hospital life now and still no sign of a bedpan... something dreadful is going to happen one of these days) I tiptoed upstairs again. I had some difficulty getting the door open at first and when I did I thought for a moment I'd gone through a screen. Instead of the familiar attic there was a black and green mountain surrounded by a blue haze. Then I heard a subterranean clicking and a cultured Irish accent using uncultured Anglo-Saxon words, and realised the struggle was still going on. Suddenly there was a shout of triumph and the head of Ian McAlay rose out of the sea of green like Botticelli's Venus... or perhaps more like Matthew Arnold's Eldor. He was brandishing the last sheet of our 3 reams of duplicating paper. "Perfect!" he exulted, "only 239 more and I'll have a whole page done."

What could I do? I disinterred the post-H23 correspondence file and, lifting the stone slabs one by one onto the typing table, began to cut stencils. (Anyone who writes a good letter to Hyphen has it published eventually.) So here we are. Mind you, it has its compensations. As I said to myself last Saturday morning, chanking my 7 iron into a bunker and wiping the mud off my face with frostbitten fingers, "Isn't it great to be out here enjoying yourself while somebody is running off your fanzine?" Because as you'll have gathered Ian has mastered the mince and, if I can stamp out the morbid streak of perfectionism in him (I caught him oliphanting the other day) Hyphen might even go bi-monthly. And of course if we can get enough good material. How about that then?

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There comes a time in the life of every bachelor when he takes stock of his worldly goods - possibly with the hope of endowing a prospective bride with them. Yet on considered reflection, he may wonder if he does not already possess every attribute of womanliness among those adjuncts to gracious living. Where should I begin?

Most of the things I have can be turned on and off. The radio can keep up an incessant chatter all day long - a turn of the knob and peace descends. On another plane altogether, an electric blanket can be switched off when it gets too hot, though what bearing this has on a wife I do not know. I listen attentively to married men, but they speak in riddles.

I have two pressure cookers, both of which blow off steam occasionally, and go on simmering for hours after the heat has died. I know some women like that.

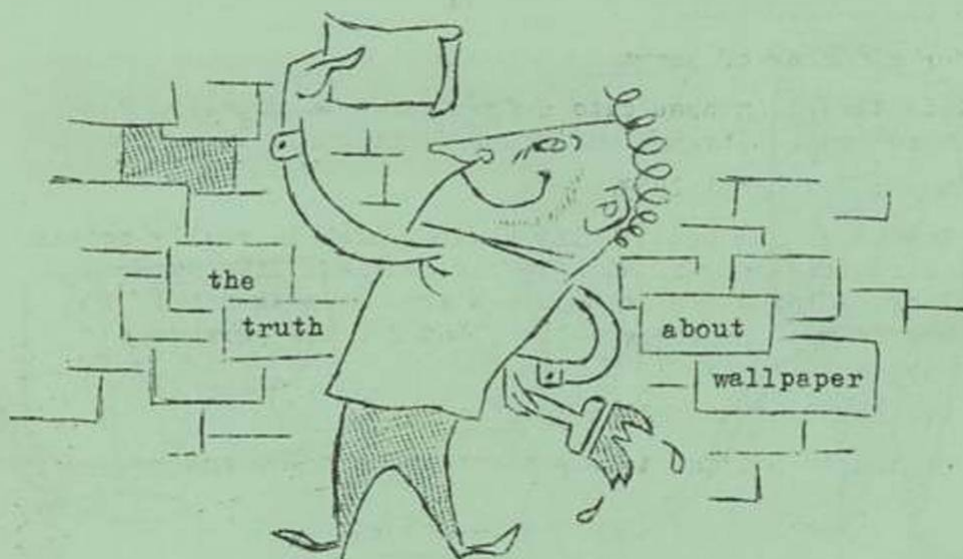
Have you ever noticed how the mind of a woman collects every bit of dirt and stores it for future reference, in the manner of a vacuum cleaner? If something goes wrong, a man can get the whole lot blasted right back at him...

Then there's the washing machine, which always reminds me of Fran Evans. Fran's mind takes things and sloshes them around, tangles them and brings them out all shapeless and drippy. Although the washing machine is nicely styled, somehow its shape doesn't compare with Fran's.

Even if I come home late at night with nobody to make an excuse to, the refrigerator is there to give me a chilly welcome.

Hell, there must be more to marriage than this.

- Eric Needham



Shortly after the turn of the first decade of this century, a young Englishman decided to abandon the National Pastime (snogging-matches) and turn to writing for a livelihood.

He sent out a variety of manuscripts, only to have them returned. It was his curious fancy to begin papering his wall with rejection-slips. According to the story, he had completely covered his room with the exception of three spaces before receiving his first acceptance.

His name was Arthur Sarsfield Ward, but he wrote under the pseudonym of Sax Rohmer.

When I first heard this account, some twenty-odd years ago, I decided to follow his example. I rented an attic room and began to write. At the end of the year I too had all but three spaces of the wall papered with rejections.

So I began to haunt the post-office, eagerly awaiting news of my first sale. At last the editorial missive arrived. I opened the envelope and out fell... another rejection slip !

The next day I got four more. This meant my attic room was now completely papered, and I had two rejection-slips left over.

What to do?

I took my problem to a kindly old neighborhood psychiatrist (in those days we called them bar-keeps) and explained the situation. What would he advise?

"Why don't you move to a bigger place?" he suggested.

So I did.

It took me another two years before my new three-room apartment was completely papered.

By this time I knew the answer.

I moved into an eight-room house.

This saved me for a number of years.

At the end of this time I latched onto a fourteen-room mansion, complete with billiard room, library, and Grand Ballroom.

I was able to stay there until 1953.

Then I came to Weyauwega and bought this place, which is really nothing but a converted dirigible-hangar. Eighty-foot ceiling, five hundred and fifty feet long. After three solid years here less than half the wall-space is covered with rejection slips. But I'm the persevering type. Sooner or later I'll have it filled.

Of course, you may not want to follow my example.

Especially if you aren't partial to a pink-and-blue color scheme.

- Robert Bloch

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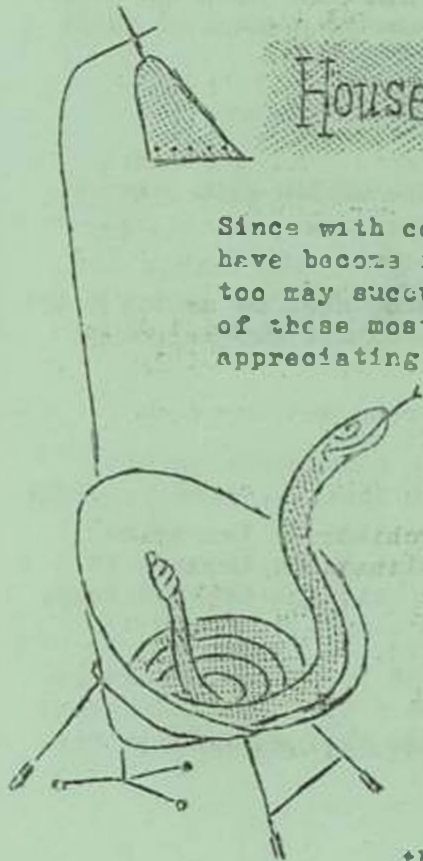
On his deathbed Bacchus lay
Thinking it quite merry
Keeping death elated on methylated
WIDOWER'S COOKING SENTRY

.....



Household Pets

Since with contemporary decor snakes have become fashionable as pets, readers too may succumb to the charm and lure of these most affectionate pets without appreciating fully the difficulty of feeding them.



Snakes will catch and eat live mice with alacrity, but almost invariably refuse a dead rodent with disgust.

This is not the fault of the snake. A live mouse is soft and limp, and can be gulped down easily. but the dead mouse may have rigor mortis which makes it as edible as a piece of wood.

Snake lovers should only offer live or freshly killed mice to their pets, or, failing this, keep the freshly dead mouse in deep freeze and thaw it out in warm water before the weekly meal.



-cn



Gardens Section

slugs, anyone ?

".,, Then there is my garden. It was bad, Very bad. I felt that the neighbours were getting a little worried over it and when a team of them started shift work on it, I felt a mite guilty, as if I should at least help. So every evening, when the kids are tucked up in a respiring bundle, I step outside, fight my way thru the swaying grass, and attempt to find the plot I was working on the previous night, You wouldn't believe how hard this is. A few lettuce are straining to come up, but the huge army of slugs breeding in my garden look upon the lettuce as a sort of peace offering, and it is costing me a fortune in slug killer."

—John Berry

Slugs? We consulted the M&T Gardening Correspondent, Uncle Paul Enever and he came up with this Horrible Warning:

"Months ago I read in a technical journal that slugs and snails had short memories; the experts claim that any slug marching from point A to point B will, if interrupted, forget where he was going and possibly end up at point C, a whole two inches away.

This is a lie.

No doubt exists in my mind that these experts were subversive agents seeking to ruin the market gardening industry (and thus the Commonwealth) by lulling us into a false sense of security. They want us to regard slugs as stupid and harmless pets - in the hope that we shall grow to love the little darlings and allow them to eat us out of house and home, just as we do our cats and dogs.

Be warned by me. Unless we take decisive action NOW the next inheritors of the earth will crawl on their bellies and leave a trail of iridescent slime. Ants don't stand a chance against them. Dogs will retreat in dis-



just before their gnashing jaws while the world becomes a desert of cabbage ribs.

This is no idle fan article. I write it in peril of my livelihood. They watch me. They know what I say. They bide their time. If this article fails to appear it may be that the diabolical slugs have seized their opportunity to devour the manuscript. /Or just that Turner has gone gafia, mebbe? het/ From behind every carnation evil eyes glare at me and forests of michaelmas daisies rustle as regiments of slugs wheel and march in battle formation. I am doomed but I'll strike one blow before my coreopsis go under.

Never trust a slug.

They have perfect memories, Machiavellian cunning, inexhaustible patience, and a magnificent contempt for danger. An occasional viper will bite the hand that feeds it... every slug exists only to snatch the succulent radish from your very lips or lie craftily dormant between the slices of cucumber or leaves of lettuce. Wait till you sow a row of delphiniums. Before you can straighten your back a lurking scout has in some occult manner notified his high command. You'll forget where the seed was sown and search the garden in vain, but not so the slugs... the very instant the first timid green shoots appear horrendous battle formations wheel into action. Your delphiniums are doomed.

Slugs have precognitive faculties. They delay the assault until the psychical instant before your discovery of the delphiniums, so as to obtain the maximum possible crop. A form of telepathy among slugs ensures that while you are searching the other end of the garden with a hammer and a tin of slug bait, every slug for ten gardens around hurtles into action. The delphiniums are devoured and digested before you've reached the end of the garden path. And not a slug in sight.

So you adopt psychological warfare techniques. Chicory and dandelion are so closely related that attempts are being made to hybridise them. You sow intermingled chicory and dandelion hoping to deceive the slugs and save yourself a whole chicory to eat. Save yourself the trouble. Slugs don't really mind what they eat, but they resent your interference. You'll raise a 100% dandelion crop...

But surely slug bait kills thousands of them, you say. Yes, but that only demonstrates the slugs' solidarity in the face of reactionary capitalist gardeners. Race survival, not fumbling individualism, they cry. Sacrifice the few for the sake of the many. So, knowing you are on the warpath with your silly little heaps of bran and meta, they choose a dozen of their oldest derelicts and a score of their youngest delinquents and drive them to the sacrifice. Next morning, after you have picked up their dead (and half the slug bait with them), they pour through the gaps and bang go your begonias.

A slug will never do you a good turn, even by accident.

If by neglect you have a jungle of weeds hiding your one and only hydrangea

don't expect the slugs to hack a pathway through it. They'd rather burrow underground and come up around the hydrangea's roots before they'd let you know there was a hydrangea there. It won't do you any good planting all the stuff that slugs don't like in the hope of driving the slugs to emigrate next door. They'll eat gaillardia in preference to groundsel - but if, in sheer desperation, you cultivate groundsel for bird food they'll eat that too. Slugs aren't so much adaptable as omnivorous, but above all, they're obstinate!

Slugs have a special providence watching over them.

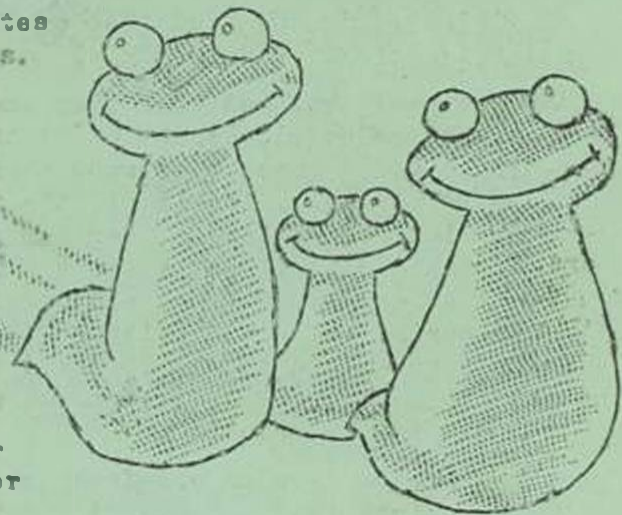
My garden boasts a fishpool. Don't let's go into details about its size, but at least half-a-dozen fish thrive in it. They thrive because I feed them every unwary worm and all the ants eggs I dig up during the summer. I can throw a jar full of worms, ants and eggs, green, black, grey, and parti-coloured flies, crickets, grasshoppers, wireworms, leather-jackets, moths, butterflies, caterpillars, leaf-miners, froghoppers, and lesser crested dofingles into that pool and everything is devoured in five minutes. But let me throw in one tender young slug. Ten minutes later he crawls out, greatly refreshed. The only way to kill a slug with any certainty of his staying dead is to hit him with a four-pound hammer. A three-pounder is no use: it may bounce off. And a head-ache never deters a determined slug. He just goes on chopping.

Experts will tell you that slugs aren't so troublesome in dry weather. Some fool notion about slugs being suffocated by dust if they try to crawl through it. Admittedly, slugs don't dash about in hot weather, but who apart from mad dogs and Englishmen does? Slugs don't need to. Their highly functional intelligence service tells them which part of the garden has just been watered and how to get there without suffocating. They live off the land better than any Dacoit, establishing bases in the damp spots under rhubarb leaves, from which they send out foraging parties in the dewy dawn. Have you never wakened about 3 a.m. to hear an inexplicable crunching ravenous roar? It's not a landslide or the local gas works subsiding - just the dawn chorus of the slugs snatching an early breakfast.

Knowing me to be a gardener you may discount half of this warning as spleen on my part. Consequently I've gone to considerable trouble to append a few notes on recent experiments to prove my claims. To determine the extent of a slug's appetite, I

a) ringed a champion Webb's Wonderful Lettuce with soot, leaving a one-inch slug inside the ring. Next morning, lettuce, soot, and slug were gone, and in their place was a note from the slug, thanking me for the soot which had cleared his teeth beautifully.

b) left two pickled gherkins in vinegar outside a slug's lair. Three hours later



the gherkins had been eaten and the slug was pickled.

a) One pint of runner bean seed coated with a slug-deterrent consisting of strontium arsenate, strychnine, and 3-t-5d trichlorophenylcoleodensic paraphosphate, was rolled into a paste with agenisised flour. One day later I swept up the agenisised flour and a few bean skins together with one exploded slug. The 3-t-5d trichlorophenylwhatsit had gone off inside him.

In an attempt to determine a slug's tenacity, these further tests were carried out:

a) A packet of dahlia seed was sowed in boxes in a cold frame; 20-oz. horticultural glass was used to cover the frame which was built of four-inch concrete sections. Some 18 days later the dahlias germinated; two days after that the glass fell in under the weight of an army of slugs and two snails. Within twenty days and two minutes from sowing, the dahlias disappeared.

b) Lupins sowed in pots. Lupins eaten and pots riddled with slugholes.

c) Aquilegias planted in situ. Aquilegias eaten first night. Situ eaten following day.

... Proof enough ?"

Looks as though you can save your money, John. And as for the swaying grass hearken to the advice of the N&T Artillery Adviser, Dean A. Grennell:

"The power mower has become an indispensable adjunct to Gracious Living, just like the outdoor barbecue pit, and the backyard fireplace, and the HiFi Phonograph... Currently, this country's economy is based on a system of conspicuous consumption. Anything silly and expensive that you can parade in front of your neighbours, goes over big. Power lawnmowers, for example; one can buy a perfectly good push-type mower for around \$ 19 and get a spot of exercise in shoving it over the grass, but how many manual mowers are sold any more? Damn' few. Even people with little dinky hanky-sized patches of grass must have their power lawn-mower... if they have much lawn at all they go for the kind that has a little dogcart on the back to pull them about on their lazy duffs as they mow.

I confess myself baffled over this American mania for lawns. I think that it's partly the public aspect of it that gets them. The lawn is the home's show-window and I guess they want their neighbours to say, "Old Jones is sure a hard worker... lookit all the time he spends on thatlawn!" They spend millions of dollars a year for grass seed, fertilizer, hoses, automatic sprinklers (I'll bet there are fifty different kinds of sprayer heads available at any given time) and suchlike. They appear to dread the brute labor of mowing the grass (witness the self-propelled mowers) but they lovingly slop all sorts of goo on it to kill crabgrass, dandelions, etc., and they dump millions of gallons of water on it to make it grow faster so they can mow it sooner.

For our part, we have an old-fashioned push mower which has needed sharpening since 1953 and hasn't got it yet. [This was written in May 1956] We never sprinkle the lawn and if there were a chemical you could put on

it to make it grow slower, we'd buy that. Most summers, Fond du Lac experiences a water shortage and lawn-sprinkling is restricted so there's a little water left for fighting fires and washing feet and such. At such times, these lawnmanes will risk arrest, even, to sneak a few hundred gallons of water to their precious grass.

The lot around our present house is not overly large, consisting of front yard and backyard. Many of our neighbours are hopeless lawn-fetishists... Not so we. Outside of the grass and Jean's house plants, we have no garden these days. The few vegetables we use are easier to buy than to raise and probably cheaper, too. I can work an extra hour at my regular job and earn enough money to buy more garden-truck than I could possibly raise in six hours. You see I have an orange thumb.

Jean's plants consist largely of African violets... many of these being slips given her by Marion Bloch who has a way with African violets... of various plants grown for their pretty leaves, a few caoti, and a couple of sweet-potatoes she sprouted and coaxed into luxuriant, trailing vines. She also started a grape-vine with a seed from a huge, golf-ball-size grape that someone sent us a box of last fall. This, plus some seedlings from orange and gapefruit seeds more or less completes the crop, I guess.

At our previous house we had a small but time-consuming garden, with the usual vegetables, some raspberry bushes, dill and rhubarb. The lady across the street made delicious wine from rhubarb so I got her recipe one year and tried my hand at a few gallons.

Despite careful following of instructions, it came out too sour, though potent. No one would drink it. So I rigged up an apparatus of tin cans and copper tubing in an attempt to isolate the effective principle of the stuff, as it were. With the aid of my invention (I decided to call it a "noisy"), I concentrated the active ingredient of the rhubarb wine to - as close as I could determine - 140 proof.

I called in our next-door neighbor, one Nick Meyers, night-watchman for the local paper. He was by way of being a connoisseur of ethyl hydroxide in its different forms. I poured him out half a water-glassful of the transparent, awesome-looking fluid, a bit less for me. It had a kind of raw smell and a ragged taste (doubtless from the dissolving tooth enamel).

Nick tried hard to take it like a man. I turned away for something else momentarily and turned back in time to see him emptying the last of his dose down the sink. There was a brief embarrassed moment, then I made a face and poured the rest of mine after it. We laughed."

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This and the foregoing seven pages were stencilled
by Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire,
for NOW AND THEN, and bequeathed to Hyphen when that
fabulous famine folded

The Glass Bushel

- Bob Shaw -



A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, on a run down to Whitehead, I was motoring along keeping an eye open for a petrol station. Filling stations are scarce on the road to Whitehead - in fact, you might say they are fuel and fur between - so I was going very slowly when I passed through Greencastle. The sight of the old huddled cottages there, examined in detail for the first time in many years, brought another of those sudden crushes of memory which have, in the past, proved so valuable when Bushel deadlines were drawing nigh.

This time the troutian gurglings in the subconscious dredged up an early episode that I have entitled, "The Strange End of Dr. Moreau".

When my brother and I were small children my father periodically took us to Greencastle to swim. There is no beach there, just a dismal stretch of mud, seaweed and sharp stones; but my father is a man of simple tastes and those things did not bother him. I have since made extensive enquiries and have not yet come across one other person who has swum at Greencastle, nobody else has even considered it.

I don't blame them. Even at that age I could sense a difference between Greencastle and Miami Beach. My brother and I grew to dread those occasions on which later separated us from our playmates with the tidings that we were all going to "the seaside."

Resistance was futile, so we trooped onto the tram and were taken into town, onto another tram and out to the end of the lines and Greencastle. Dutifully we bared our goose pimples to the reddish light of the evening sun, then splashed around until my father decided we had had enough enjoyment for one evening. Sometimes, as a special treat, he brought a snack with him - usually massive, dry soda farls that we could hardly eat. Very rarely he would slip in a doughnut, but only very rarely - they were few and farl between.

One sombre evening, with a chill wind nipping in from the Lough, I was sitting in near nudity amongst the rocks when I got a strange, wonderful idea that transformed the whole outing into a thing of joy. There were crabs at Greencastle, little mud-coloured crabs that I had always pitied because they were doomed to live and die right there. My idea, like all great ideas, was simple. There was a clear, clean pond in the park near home - I would bring two crabs back with me, put them in the pond and let them start a whole new breed of crabs. Bigger, bet-

too, happier crabs. I could see it all - the crabs would do well in their new surroundings, they would spread all over the pond. Soon it would be noticed, it would be in the local papers, people would come for miles to see them and wonder how they came to be there.....

And nobody would know but me and, maybe, the crabs. Perhaps as I walked in the lonely twilight near the pond my little friends would sense my presence and, out in the centre, a pair of nippers would break the surface in a gesture of humble thanks.

Half an hour later, Robert Shaw - Apprentice God - was on a homeward bound train, firmly clutching a jar-jar from which two dismayed crustaceans surveyed the changing universe.

One thing about these trips was that they really made us hungry. Home and my mother's cooking never seemed so good as on arrival from Greencastle. Gorry and I usually ate twice as much as a normal meal when we got back, swilling it down with hot weak tea and feeling wonderful about being home. But this time I slipped away before the meal and got into the park just before the gates were closed. It was almost dark when I put the crabs into the still waters of the pond and fondly watched them slide away into the depths. I dropped in a handful of salt that I had thoughtfully brought along to ease the transition from brine to fresh water, then I went home, feeling uplifted.

Childhood enthusiasms can wane as quickly as it waxes, and the next day I was too busy to go and see how things were with the crabs. Things kept cropping up and cropping up and quite a long period of time elapsed before I finally went back to the park. As I neared the gates I began to recapture some of that magical fervour and my step quickened until I was almost running. Suddenly I halted. The pond was no longer there. They had filled it in and built a football pitch in its place.

* * * * *

Occasionally I drive by that spot, but I never watch the football players because, somewhere under those carelessly pounding boots, my two little friends lie silent in the cindery soil.

I should have left them in Greencastle.

ADVICE TO HOME-BUILDERS.

By Uncle Eric,

The therapeutic values of Rhubarb and Soda as a home medicament are too well known to be mentioned here, but it has been my own experience that the full virtues of this compound are not realised by the majority.

You may ask "Why should I paint my house with Rhubarb and Soda?" A valid question - yet a full research will show that in the course of 4,000 years of recorded history no house was ever struck by a thunderbolt when that house was painted with Rhubarb and Soda.

An examination of the learned writings of authors will also reveal that no planet suffered conquest or destruction after being painted with Rhubarb and Soda.

No home can afford to be without this physical, spiritual, and domestic safeguard. Write today for full information and our deferred system of payment. 5,000 gallons assures a contented mind and safety for your loved ones.

—Eric Needham



Jim Hannon, 427 E. 8, Mt. Carmel, Ill.
Dear Mr. Willis, You probably don't remember me, but many years ago I met you at a place called Chicago at something called a science fiction convention (I later found out it really wasn't; it was just called that—I suppose I should have known better because at the time I remember half the people were going round saying it was a Catholic Youth Conference.) Back then, I was a little fat boy, sixteen or so, and I remember distinctly that you were a tall, slender nice old man. I suppose you must be pretty decrepit by now, pushing 30 or so. I haven't changed much. By a strange coincidence, I ran into one of your countrymen at a bar in

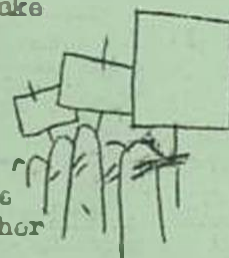
Detroit and was getting along famously with him. Then I mentioned my name and he got up and moved. No, I guess what turned the trick was I told him if he put his mind to it he could become a writer just like me... That brings me to the point of my letter. By now you are probably wondering why you never heard from me all these years. Well, you see, I resolved to become a professional writer, and that's why it was. These days I'm in the refuse disposal game.

I sort of lost touch with things during all these years. I remember in the old days 'profazines' called I think names like Startling, Wonder, Astounding. What crazy mixed up titles! Why, the man in the street would have entirely the wrong idea about those titles could mean. What they needed were titles which nobody could figure out what the hell they meant.

Well, anyway, I got to wondering if there were any of those 'stf' magazines left and I looked over the stands and sure enough there weren't. In the little size, like Other Worlds used to come in, I found something about Saving Basket Feet & Fiction. The cover picture showed too many loose threads for it to have much of a plot, I decided. I couldn't even make out some of it—some of the printing was right on top of other printing. Boy, what a mess! But I must say I discovered an entirely new kind of magazine. These are about the page size of the old Astounding (I got a laugh out of that title) and they feature pictures of girls and stories about girls, and men. In the old days I read some girls' books—Penny Packer, Air Hurso, and so forth—and didn't care much for them, but these stories are different, yes sir. Freely I wish someone had told me about this before. Ours is an age of specialization, you know, and my interests since school have been model planes, watching tv (and, of course, refuse disposal) and none of these pursuits have quite prepared me for this subject. I hardly have the youthful vigour I once had when 'science fiction' was concerned, but I am really rather enthusiastic about this new field.

Still, I can't help remember those old days when I was a boy. Do you suppose there are any of those old "fan" left alive?... There was that short chap who used to go about with a pipe stuck out belligerently... what was his name anyway? By the by, I heard an anecdote, supposedly true, about him. You see, he was at one of these institutes where they train little monkeys for space flight, and they were training them to live just like human beings with miniature tables and chairs and beds and every-thing, and this monkey met this chap I described walking down the hall with this pipe bowl stuck out in front, and the monkey saw this bowl... But to make a long story short, I was wondering if some of us old 'fan' couldn't get together some place, have a party, sort of. Belfast, or Mt. Carmel, or Bellefontaine (no, not there) or Rangoon, or Pittsburgh or Seattle. What say?

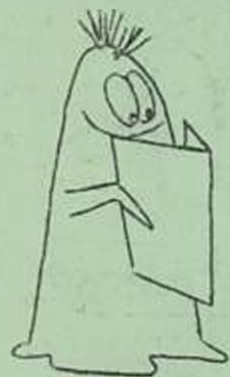
John Trimble, A2C, HqSSoc, COTwing, Williams AFB, Arizona +=I take issue with Ving this time. Surrah, surely you realise that these people (the anti-WSFS faction) are nobly protecting us from the barbarian hordes of fascists who would sweep all fandom into one vast conformingness (WSFS). It is only thru the timely action of those brave resourceful kindly souls that their black plots have been foiled. Let us, then, kneel down and give praise unto Roscoe that we've been saved. This, even, is not enough. To thwart further plots of this sort, we must ORGANISE! The Anti-WSFS Inc. must be formed so that we may have safety in numbers and have a father-image to take our troubles upon it. When this has been legally accomplished, we can sue them, thus ending our troubles legally and with the utmost ease.



 "But what the hell, Atlas, just let it fall."

----- Carl Brandon -----

Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida += Re the letter from Redd Boggs in H20, I come across a quote from Muggeridge's 'Laughter Is Subversive' in the Saturday Review which indicates that bad taste is an essential element of humour: "All great humour is in bad taste. Cervantes' Don Quixote was an insult to the nobility of his time, as was Shakespeare's Falstaff. Gogol's Dead Souls got him into trouble with the Czar...Huckleberry Finn can hardly be Governor Fabius's favorite reading."



(This takes me back to the argument we had in Hyphen a long time ago about a certain notorious baquote. There's a lot in what you and Muggeridge say but I don't think that mere bad taste can be funny---what you want is questionable taste and good timing. Humour isn't funny unless people laugh at it, and if everybody thinks a joke is in bad taste then it isn't humour; conversely a joke without emotional impact isn't humour either. The British Coon Show jokes about Ray Ellington being a Negro are funny here but they would be in Bad Taste in America and meaningless in Russia. Quixote was in bad taste to the aristocracy but funny to the middle classes who were getting fed up with the Chivalric Code; nowadays all the satirical humour of Quixote is meaningless to us and there's only the alepstick left. For similar reasons, hardly any humour

written before 1920 is funny any more. Nothing is intrinsically funny so the people who criticised that baquote as mere taboo-breaking were wrong. All humour is taboo-breaking. On the other hand, since you can only evaluate humour by counting the number of people laughing, we were wrong to print the baquote. More than 50% of the readers thought it was in bad taste so it wasn't funny, however much it rolled the rest of us in the aisles.)

 "People laugh at the funniest things."

----- James White -----

Boyd Reabum, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada += 'Gafia House' was most entertaining and on the whole really factual. Bloch isn't kidding when he says weysawega is isolated. The first time we visited him a moat was being dug across one end of his street. No, come to think of it, it was the second time we went there that the moat was in progress. Maybe that's significant.... I thought the moat was an attempt to isolate Bloch from the world, but possibly it was to isolate the world from Bloch. Ashworth is SUPERB. He gets better and better all the time.



14 Birchley, 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19 — Irish Fandom manages to go serenely on (or at least doesn't wish dirty linen in public) but apart from you-all, it seems impossible to bring more than one or two fans together without their reaching critical mass. Come on, wait, how do you do it? What's the secret? How has IF avoided rearing up that sinister Mac The Knife character that manages to bring the chapter down on every other fan group sooner or later. (I took lessons from Orville W. Mosher.)

William F. Temple, 7 Elm Rd., Wembley — about this man Shaw.

We were motorcycling through Herts. and came upon a village called Lyot St. Lawrence and a house on a corner with iron gates and "Shaw's Corner" wrought in them. We'd often wondered where, as well as why, Bob Shaw lived, and it was exciting to stumble on his hide-out.

So we knocked, and then were ourselves knocked—for half a crown. And admitted. But the man said Mr. Shaw wasn't at home that day. However, he showed us Bob's Nobel Prize and Hollywood Oscar.

It was even more exciting when, sometime later, Bob Shaw knocked on our door. And was admitted. In our excitement we forgot to charge him half a crown.

I asked him how he's won a Nobel Prize and an Oscar. He answered with a non-committal grunt. Such modesty. In fact, whatever I asked him (like "Isn't it time you were going?") he answered only with non-committal grunts.

At last, I took him out for a walk. Being kind of absent-minded, it was possible I might lose him somewhere on the way. But he stuck with me to the top of Harrow Hill. Then a downpour poured down. We took shelter in the portico of a private house. The owner opened the door and asked if we'd care to wait in the hall. Bob Shaw gave a non-committal grunt. We went in—no charge.

When it stopped raining we were let out. Halfway down the Hill, I noticed Bob was carrying a barometer under his arm. It had been hanging in that hall. I said, jokingly, of course (of course): "Is that how you won your Nobel Prize and Hollywood Oscar?"

I expected a non-committal grunt. Instead, Bob looked back up the Hill and said: "My God, that was a Harrowing experience!"

I have been hoarding this crack for years, hoping to slip it into conversation at an appropriate chance. There never has been an appropriate chance. Sometimes I've tried to force one by asking people what school they went to, so that if they answered "Harrow" I could whip back: "My God, that must have been a harrowing experience!"

But I never get the right answer. I don't seem to know the Right Sort of People. Except Shaw, of course.



Dick Ellington, PO Box 310, Canyon, Contra Costa County, California == The last six months or so in New York were completely bughouse (keep those cockroaches out of Hyphen, please) but now we're out here and settled down a bit...we're currently conducting a virulent campaign to get the Shaws and Kylos deported to the Bay area. When that happens, according to eminent geologist Terry Carr, the US will slowly tilt up and slide into the Pacific Ocean...Barry's competition for Finnish coats of arms has inspired us to work out a New York Rabble in Edle coat, consisting of bent elbow, torn WSFS banner and three lannings rampant.



Don Allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne 12 == I got the impression from your nonchalant attitude that you don't really care about this issue. At least you care to a certain extent, but you do not want H to be criticised too severely. As a safeguard, you have pointed out all the possible faults there could be with the issue. Now the conclusion I draw is this (you comfy on that couch?) that you want H to remain in the top position (and quite rightly so.) H has a reputation to live up to but with so many good fms appearing these days (and with such regularity too...Fynon Salts anyone?) you find it ever so difficult to keep up the pace. Not much fun, is it? So, what do you do? You cock your snoot, you just don't care. If some spotty Herbert dares to criticise all you have to do is say, "Well, didn't I tell you so in the editorial..." Crafty!

Mal misses lots of opportunities in that story about the tramps. Why didn't he add a bit of sex to the plot just to give it that hebeseual twist?

Why'd you type GPO on the cover?

(US prezines print the initials of their distributors on the cover, hadn't you noticed? // You're probably right in your analysis of my subconscious motivations, but consciously I was just trying to break down the inhibition against producing issues that are at least no better than previous ones. A fanned naturally tries to make each issue better than the last but there comes a time when this is no longer possible for him and there is a tendency to let his fanzine just drift comfortably into the realms of mythology. The trouble with ghods, fannish and otherwise, is that they just do not exist.)

Gregg Collins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah
Alan Rispin, 35 Lyndhurst Ave., Hr.Irlan, Manchester

Pick Dalton, 70 North Lane, Leeds 8 ==

The best piece of original writing was 'In Search Of Justice'. On me this had the effect of raising my opinion of dancn knight as a critic (in spite of the fact that he wrote a laudatory review of Heinlein's Starship Soldier—which I don't think I would have liked even if it had been science fiction), and even more to raise my opinion of EFR as a person.

Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Nychan, Lincoln.



Nom Metcalf, Box 1360-S, Tyndall AFB, Florida == How does Knight figure that Skidmore was before Knight's time? Knight began reading sf during the time of Skidmore's first stories and must certainly have been familiar with some of the details of Skidmore's life. And while I'm on this kick, the Hugi story which Russel is trying to hide is "The Mechanical Mice" which was reprinted in 'Adventures in Time & Space'.

Jeff Wenzel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, NY == Well, I have been in Larchmont, NY, since Planet folded. Hell, Walt, I'm only 12 and Planet was a loong time ago. (!)
(This may seem to be not much of an excerpt from 5 closely typed pages but somehow or other I suddenly feel old, and too for 1 to hew a larger chunk from Jeff's letter.)

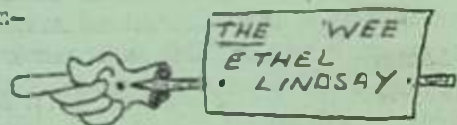
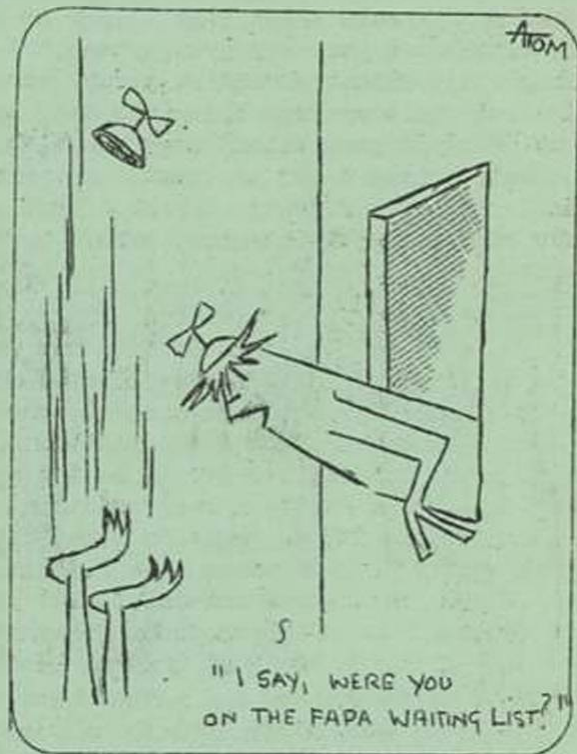
Ted Forayth, c/o 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London NW6

Merry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland == I can't agree with your editorial. Fmnc is something that exists as an elemental force waiting to be tapped, like electricity. But it differs from electricity in that its density or quality fluctuates at certain periods. (More like gas?) I can say no more at present because of research which is still incomplete, but I have discovered definite cycles in fmnc as applied to the US mails. Year after year, late March is a time when fmnc is scanty, I find, and there are other annual cycles that produce it in great quantity at specified areas of the calendar. This is the situation that accounts for the apparent failure of the reaction to be equal to the action when issues of Hyphen appear. (Will you eventually produce a sort of horoscope for fmncs?)

I like very much the part of your reply to Alan Elms where you say that the nice thing about science fiction is that it needn't be literature to be good. Science fiction seems to be suffering now from the same misfortune that the Common Man has undergone. Apparently there's some sort of inertia involved whenever anyone raises something from obscurity to its proper place, making it likely to keep struggling higher than it really deserves to go. It's perfectly right that the common man should have been elevated from the slavery and wretchedness and illiteracy that the lower classes once suffered, just as it's just that sf should have turned from Frank Rade into Heinlein & Bradbury. But it's ridiculous to try and pretend that the common man is better than the uncommon man, just as it's silly to claim that sf is or should be better than the best mainstream literature by its very nature, or that it should point the way the world should go, or that it has been the cause of the technological advances of the 20th Century.

Anyway I hope that Alan Elms exists. He sounds like fine ~~ayja~~ potential, and the name is totally unfamiliar to me.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey



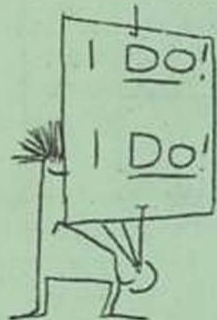
Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Cross Ave., Los Angeles 36 == I got H24 two weeks ago tomorrow but to tell the truth I just muttered a reverent 'Goshwowoboyoboy!' and put it on the fanzine stack after reading the baquotes. Any other day I might have stopped and read your editorial too but this was a Special Day. I was going to South Gate to visit Sneary.

And so I did. When I got there, one of the first things I noticed was another copy of H24 lying on Rick's bed. "Oh," I said, "I see you got Hyphen today too."

"Yes," said Rick. He went on to say it was a pretty good issue or words to that effect but the startling thing was that he'd already read it. Naturally this croggled me and I started spluttering about the fact. "You mean you've already read it?" was about the way I put it when I had gathered my wits about me.

"Yes," he said; "This is Hyphen." That explained it. He went on to say that he always read H the day it came, before everything else. "I may even write a letter of comment on it later today," he concluded.

HiRoscoe, but you have faithful readers! I wonder how many people stop everything and read the SateEvaPost the minute they get it?



Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ann St., South Gate, California == Bob Lichtman was over here yesterday, and in the course of conversation I flashed the newly arrived H24 and asked him how he'd liked it. He looked startled and asked, "You mean you've read it?" I realised then both the worth of your worthy magazine, and that I'd been overriding the famnish constipation a little. The fact that I'm able to show a nearly Bur inch stack of unread fanzines, plus the last FAPA mailing, does not mean I have stopped reading fmz altogether. It is just that I've lost my sense of wonder, in the welter of fairly good zines coming out.

Looking at my stack, Bob & I agree there was only one crudzine in the lot. Yet the material is so much alike that for the most part you couldn't tell where it came from if you read it elsewhere. And there is no real urge to see what's being said, for nearly everyone is saying the same thing. There doesn't even seem to be a good foud going. The London bunch keep all the back-stabbing and brink-tossing so quiet you can hardly hear it.

Personally, I'd not be so interested in seeing a serious fanzine, as Franson suggests, as I would be in seeing fewer average ones. At present I get too many that have good stuff in them. I find I can't read them all, and I hate to miss any. Yet if I said what I thought ought to be done, I know it would be something I'd have scuffed at a few years ago. It would be nice if Skyhook, Occpale & Hyphen were still coming out regular, and a fan could know he could live by them alone. But now every fan that can spell 'eat' only one way, wants to edit his own fanzine. Oh yes, add Pgon to the list, though 'Q' would be too much to hope for.

Taken on a few more famnish jobs, such as Treasurer of the L.SFS and now the G-stetner Association. Not much work to it, but the fool of power has come wonders towards deepening my voice and squinting my eyes.



Eric Frank Russell, Cheshire += There is a great improvement. Starts off in tiptop style with Atom's cover which I vote his best ever. Nobody's got funder taped quite like that man! Can I mail him a lock of my hair? The editorial has risen by several ergs and I can't help thinking the former drop matched an intended move to some pulling hovel while the boost coincides with a decision to remain in the palatial luxury of Upper N'ards Rd.

Must say that I think Damon Knight made my point far more effectively in a few words than I did in two pages. He says, "I didn't know about Skidmore's instability...but I wouldn't have hesitated to say he was an ass." That's the trouble with criticism: the difficulty of separating a man from his work. I find the same difficulty myself and therefore tend to lay off it—except in fun. And even then one has to take the risk of somebody being in no mood to accept it as mere fun.

Apart from the fact that I got only half the mag (a mere 24 pages), what did arrive shows promise and I feel you should get somewhere if you continue to apply yourself wholeheartedly to your work.

By, you might like to know that my daughter Erica has gone and set up home in Perth, W. Australia—and soon after she arrived some bum called Roger Dard rushed out of the bush to shake hands with the dame whose father has shaken hands with Willis. Unfortunately he asked at the hotel for the wrong name....and the transfer of egoboo has had to be postponed.

PRESS
ON
WITH
ADVENT
(PUBLISHERS)
(PLEASE!)

Sid Coleman, Bridge Lab., Caltech, Pasadena += Thank you for the 3-page plug. Just to keep the record straight, we are not Advent Press; we are Advent: Publishers. We think "press" is a word that conjures up unpleasant images: Gnome Press always sounds to me like something hideous from an early Kuttner story in Unknown. Or perhaps a wrestling hold for short opponents.

To be even more precise, we are Advent: Publishers, PO Box 9228, Chicago 90, Illinois, USA, who have just published a second printing of that international best-seller, *IN SEARCH OF WONDER* (well on its way to its second thousand!), \$4.00 to the world at large, but only 26/6 to readers of Hyphen.

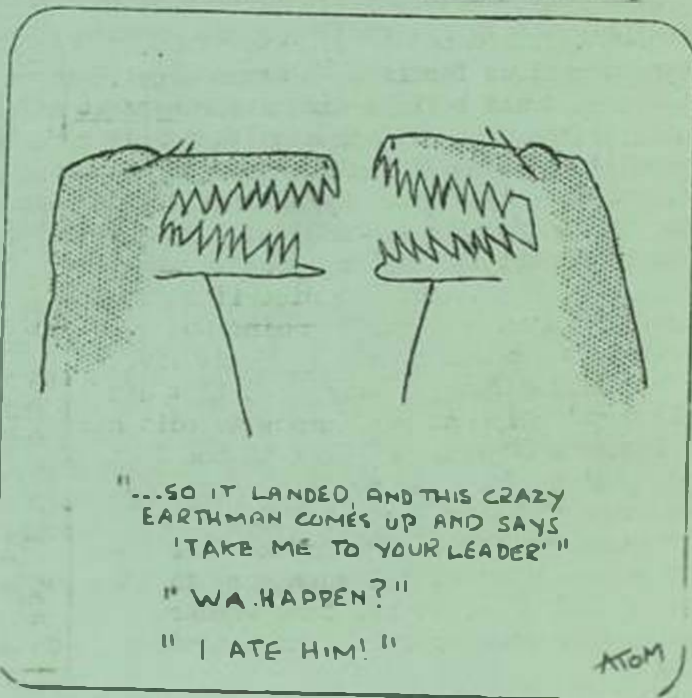
The other day I was chastising a fellow-physicist (or merchant of Death, as I believe you call us over there) on the incredibly hard problems he was assigning his students. "It will keep them out of trouble," he countered. "Why, when I was an undergraduate, I had so much time to kill that I got married. Now I have four children."

"Four children!" I said. "and they talk about India!"

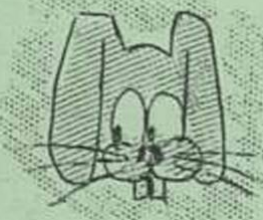
"Well," he said, "It's not our fault. We keep writing to President Eisenhower for birth control information, but he refuses to give it to us."

Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave.,
North Hollywood, California

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ERIC
THERE'S NO NEED
TO PRAISE ME SO
PUBLICLY NOW



Mike Dedinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, NJ. ==Mal Ashworth as usual turned out an enjoyable and amusing piece. You know, I was just thinking about Sheila's Bungo The Rabbit story. What she should have done was add several variations to him. Say Bungo had ears that could detect water. When he is unable to find food he goes to an empty field, chalks a triangle on the ground (rebbits aren't far enough advanced to make use of pentagrams) and goes through an abbreviated Aztec fertility rite, which culminates in his discovery of a cache of vegetables buried ten years ago by a hoarding squirrel (no, not you, Ron.) Now, to increase this, just as he's about to dig it up a hedge-hog comes into view and demands the food, but in a sudden burst Bungo makes him vanish with his super-acute mind. Now all that has to be done is, while retaining the original plot, make Bungo and the hedgehog two human beings (named Agaret and Rageret preferably) and you have a story that John Campbell Jr. would swim the ocean for. I wonder if this trick has been thought of before; judging from the quality of much of the stuff in Astounding lately it appears likely.



Craig Cochran, 467 W. 1st St., Scottsdale, Arizona == The Ashworth story was tops! I have grown to thrive on Mal Ashworth humor in the few short months I've been in fandom. Some of these stories that were made up should have been sent to pro-zines. On that Bungo the Rabbit bit all you'd have to do would be to put a divining rod and change the name to Bungo The Rabbit and His Faithful Divining Rod (or Bungo The Burrow Surveyor?) and send it to John W. Campbell and it would appear in the next analog. Every other issue would have a Bungo the Rabbit story. (Come now, 'fess up. Which of you boys have been looking at the other's paper?)



I think Harria should be informed that every red-blooded US citizen over ten knows at least the first verse of "The Star Spangled Banner....uh, no it's something like Spattered Banana....Umm, no I think it's Speckled Bandana. Well, anyway, I just can't imagine any US citizen not knowing our national anthem. Obviously they were imposters from South America posing as North Americans from the US.

Ron Barnett, 7 Southway, Harrogate, Yorks. == We've just had a field day in Harrogate, with Eric Bantcliffe, Alan Kispin and Mal & Sheila (you don't need their surnames, surely) managing to get over...Eric taught us some fiendish card game called Nap. Mal made a call but went down heavily and had to pay out. He protested wildly at this and Sheila said, "That's the way the rookie grumbles."



Richard Enay, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. == This revelation of the fact that it wasn't the real Bob Shaw who attended the Solacon will doubtless plunge all fandom into war. Enay—the greatest hoax in all fan history, the successful maintenance of a mythical fan for ten whole years! I say this because of course you realise that anybody who had as wretched a childhood as Bob Shaw must have perished from sheer misery not later than 15 years of age. Another note for the Cyll correction sheet!

Ken Hodberg, Rt1, Box 1185, Florin, California



Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14

Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, NE, Atlanta 7 -- A rank insult to Southern Fandom, this attempt to discredit the ex-President of the Atlanta Science Fiction Organisation by running fake-fan drivel under an assumed name. Why, this poltroon, sir, does not even know how to spell Ian Macaulay. Southern Irish Fandom indeed. Why when we get organised we'll outfit a non-a-war and invade Belfast. And while we hold the town under martial law we'll meet under imported dueling oaks (provided by Phil Greenleaf) and have it out with water pistols.



Turn to your comments on p.21. Despite the machine-written blurbs and editorials in the mags today, the writing level has gone down considerably. When a writer like Jack Sharkey is more readable than our so-called 'artists', then something is wrong, very wrong. Sharkey has ideas but knows nothing about how to present them. Yet half a hundred F&SF writers like Poul Anderson know just about everything about constructing a story and are largely unreadable. I think growing up is very bad for sf writers.... Maybe it's me, but there seems far too much here-and-now writing in sf... tied down with self-consciousness. Every story seems to take upon itself the self-conscious responsibility of single-handedly refuting all the criticisms ever labelled at sf. (Sorry for a clumsy abridgement of Jerry's argument, which was essentially that we have thrown out the baby of inspiration with the bathwater of bad writing. I agreed and am reminded of an argument Ian & I had with Ken Bulmer while we were on holiday in Portballintrac this summer. We named the half dozen or so sf stories we remembered and challenged him to name or describe a single character in any of them. Azimov's 'Nightfall' for instance?)



Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. -- On the day before H24 arrived, I had just filed away H23. I refuse to remove H23 from the file, but I'm under the strong impression that #24 represents an advance in quality, despite your disclaimer. Down near the bottom of the page, you start to sound like Dick Ency in a recent letter in which he was remarking that Cyll wasn't winning any polls and probably wouldn't win a Hugo. I told him I thought his ogoboc was the long term sort, and that he needn't worry: he'd be remembered as editor of Cyll long after the present Hugo winners are forgotten by everybody but Moskowitz. And if it is true that you are more relaxed with regard to H these days, it must be because you are aware that you've already accumulated ogoboc to last the rest of your life, having edited 24 issues of a fanzine which is a serious contender for best fanzine of all time. (Co-edited.)

Ashworth was tremendous this time...best in the issue despite Shaw's excellent Glass Bushel. Anybody who can beat out Shaw in any given issue of H deserves a Hugo of his own. I have been a Bob Shaw buff for years.

'South of the Border' was excellent too. Are these guys for real? I happened to notice that their contribution was written in a sort of English, not Gaelic, and I wondered...and you mention that Macaulay attended Trinity College, of all places. As I understand it, Irish literary geniuses are expected to attend University College. Well, anyway, James Joyce did. And you say that Macaulay was studying or something atomic physics, and everybody knows who's read Fred Hoyle's recent novel, *Quasim's Ride*, that Ireland's only atomic development is of extra-terrestrial origin. And then there's the final point that Macaulay & Hantz are a lot more interesting than W.B.Roady. Makes one a bit suspicious.

Eric Frank Russell's "In Search of Justice" takes a good point of course, and I see it was extracted from a letter so I suppose one should let it go at that. But really it seems obvious that everybody operates under some handicap in their chosen profession, and I believe the whole aim of vocational guidance is to place each person in a job where he has the fewest handicaps to overcome. A man as ill equipped for theoretical profession as Maurice Hugi was for the writing profession would not have gotten very far, no matter how deserving he was.... I wonder if EFR would be so tolerant of an incompetent bus driver or a cook who spoilt every stock he tried to broil, merely because this unfortunate man was sole support of an invalid grandmother. I should think that such an incompetent fellow might better find another job instead of asking us to excuse his errors. Anyhow, I can't understand how Hugi's situation excuses him for being a poor writer. His misfortunes were real enough, but what had they to do with the fact that he wrote "unpolished, carelessly written rubbish"? As I say, every writer has handicaps to overcome. EFR himself has a greater one than any he mentions for Hugi: EFR writes for the American market—but he's never been in America! (He did pay a visit there once.) Even Bob Silverberg, a successful writer who is living as easy as Hugi was hard, seems to me to have overcome more obvious handicaps than Hugi.

(I don't think EFR would have urged you to eat that stock nor even dissuaded the cook from changing his job: it seems however that he personally would hesitate before jumping on the table and denouncing him.)

Your suspicions about Ian Macaulay tend to indicate that he is of extra-terrestrial origin...probably Venus, judging from his diet. He eats lettuce, just as if it were a food fit for human consumption.

Bob Smith, 1 Tiner St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia

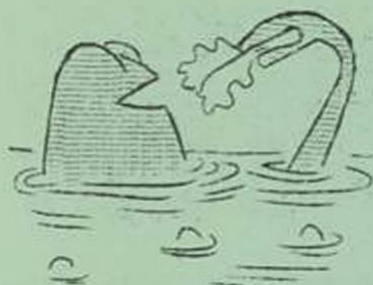
Edith Carr, 3 Orchard St., Cambridge 40, Mass. — I'm surprised at Eric Frank Russell for letting his big soft

heart show. He sounds like progressive education, in which one can't tell a genius from a moron by the report cards—in fact the genius is more likely to have a poor report card, because he is less likely to be "progressing according to his ability"! This attitude in US education has softened up standards at every level, until now we find it in a British author—pleading that we judge a professional work according to the author's ability.

I like your line about restrained writing being all very well if there is something there to be restrained.

Our favourite grouse about today's sf is that it is frightened by its own concepts of psychology. They don't have good guys v. bad guys any more. I haven't run across a BEK for years—unless our friend Joff Wanshel is one. I'm not talking about the movies, of course. From the billboards, it would seem that's where old BEEs go to die.

Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.



Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56 -- Hyphen 23 is here and doesn't arouse much in the way of comment other than that it was excellent but there wasn't near enough of it. After reading all those big old issues I've been getting from Ben- net and Pelz that date back to #7 (and I note as I go along recurrence of items in the quotes--this intentional?) (sometimes) (god, I wonder if this means there's a limit to the number of interlineations that can exist at any one time?) (the conservation of matter) this was like an appetizer... here's Birmingham Fiske and Obadiah Bip and demon knight and all the others who used to fill every issue?... which maybe goes to show that too deep an exposure to the writings of the elder fins deadens the senses somewhat. Like, in the time I was receiving all these old Hyphens, I got a pile of 1952 Confusions and Burbee-edited Shuggies from Bill Meyers and several of the more vintage issues of Grue from Don Grannell. It's almost too much to bear--I feel like hopping into a time machine and going back to Savannah Georgia in early 1950 and joining fandom with Lee Sofman and co-editing Quidary. Or maybe going back and ending up in Alley of 1947 and join LASFS and get denounced by Al Ashley because I put my hair on what he thinks is the wrong side. Or going back somewhere at some important time--why, this could make an interesting series of stories that I'm too lazy to write!



Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Avenue, Loughborough, Manchester 19 -- Atom's cover for H24 was as usual superb. As much to study in it as in a Miles cartoon. Am foxed by the row in the attic where I read 'Sticky Quarters'. What is? (In America, as you would know if you ever published a subscription finding, it is the custom to send money thru the mails by sticking coins to letters with collotype. Grannell used to send the spongy he thus received at a local shop and one day he overheard one assistant say to another, "Here comes Ol' Sticky Quarters.") Worth's place beautiful. Since reading it I have seen streets full of curly black grime-diers. (I should I say (that is a local problem. We are concerned with the overall situation.)

Eric Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln 24 -- Closely examining the lighthouse on the back, I find in the neighborhood what appears to be a Macklin expedition: forces looking for the 1960 Gen. For the record, the Sandrington is final. (Baw!)

Eric Frank Russell being--well, whatever the opposite of "vulgar" is in the vulgar



usage. Towards and at the end of which all those present collaborate to cut your throat—don't you realise that if all the loose ends are tied up in the issue, there'll be no incentive to write in disputing the author's conclusions, nan? (An interesting hypothesis: that as a perfect human being can inspire no affection, a perfectly edited fanzine can inspire no comment. So that's what's been wrong!) As it is, I imagine that most of those who can bear to re-open the matter will point out that most probably the oral artist would far rather his work was praised in utter ignorance as 'not bad' than that it was extolled in full comprehension as 'brilliant'. Hugl, as reported on by Russell, is rather in another category; one, I think, would rightly or wrongly tend to suppose that just so long as it earned him money he wouldn't give a damn what the critics thought of his work. My own opinion is somewhat on the lines that anybody who does anything in public should be prepared to have the guts torn out of his doings by any member of the public who cares to. The critics and things are serving the public by their actions, not the critics—except by accident.

George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland → Like Wonderland, Hyphen gets curiouser and curiouser. For instance though most of the magazine is highly readable, I occasionally find a critical passage is quite unintelligible. That line at the bottom of p. 20 is quite mysterious, being surrounded above and below by readable paragraphs, yet being quite unreadable itself. (Sorry. Originally there was a quote by Bob Shaw there, but I moved it to the backcover when I had the idea of making that all BoSh quotes, it being not easy to recall offhand 30 quotes by the same person, even BoSh. I substituted "I taught I tow a habitat", which I'd been keeping for a possible humorous sf story. Since it involved having a spaceship navigator who was a student of mid-twentieth century animated cartoons I felt it was expendable.)

BoSh was most enjoyable, and reminded me of my own amateur acting experience in junior high school... (Trouble was that it reminded about 30 other people too, and if anyone is thinking of starting a little magazine of the theatre... suggested title 'Hamlet'... here's a fine series of reminiscences of one-time bit players who are now twice shy.)-



Andy Young, Cambridge, Mass. → We did pretty well by the milken today—Hyphen, the New Yorker and Science all came at once. (A consummation devoutly to be wished.) I must say however that you had more laughs than Science and the New Yorker put together. (I did hear that Science was slipping.)

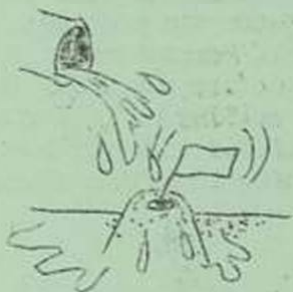
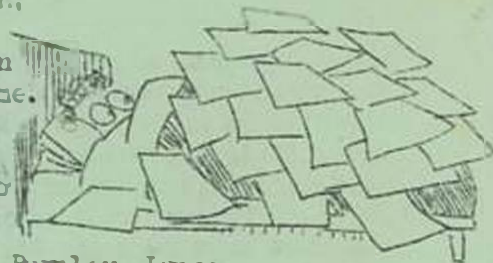
I side with demon knight, not EFR, on the subject of criticism. There is, of course, the extreme of considering the setting and circumstances of creation as the criteria for judgement, rather to the exclusion of objective criteria. But if criticism—as, shall we say, opposed to analysis?—of a

work is to be of use to the prospective reader or buyer, then it must indicate to him the quality of the finished product, without regard to the labor and care, or difficulties, or whatever, that went into the work. (Or by extension, I would add, the intentions of the author. If for example one is satisfied that in effect Lincoln's Steamship Soldier peddles an evil and obnoxious philosophy, one is entitled to condemn the book on that account without speculation on the author's actual motives. Next time you come over we must continue that argument against Len.)

Atom's picture of me is quite inaccurate. He left off the beard, for Pete's sake. (You must have a clean-shaven soul.)



Bob Landsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Arditen,
 Surrey += I wish I had a picture of you all walking
 round the table collating. I usually have to do my own
 and I have tried all the ways, but it is still tiresome.
 Usually after I have got them all spread out, I get a
 strong desire to go away and do something else. So I
 spread them on my bed, on the theory that if I want to
 get to bed that night I had better get on with it.

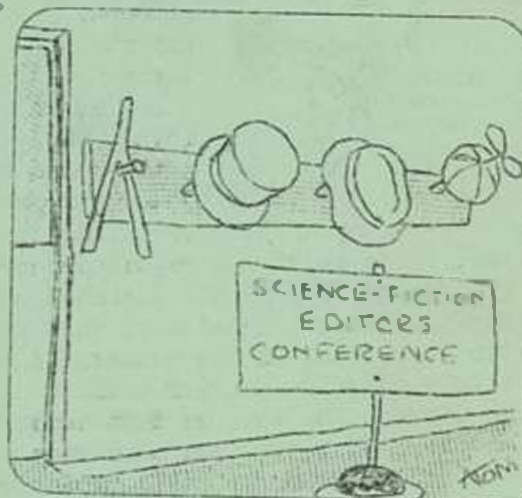


Brian Jordan, 86 Piccadilly Rd., Burnley, Lancs.
 Alan Riggin, 35 Lynnhurst Ave., Higher Irlan, Manchester, Lancs.
 Edward Perryth, c/o Jewarski, 11 Ferndale Rd., London S.W.4
 Val Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2

George Spencer, 8302 Lombybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland
 += The Class Grunch was particularly good. Vinco's ants and
 woodline remind me of last summer when I tried to drown out an
 ant colony. It all started when I was mixing some cement to
 build the foundation for a new side porch. Next to the mixing

tub I had another tub full of water in which I cleaned off the implements which
 had been covered with cement. While cleaning off a trowel I happened to scoop out
 some water, which quickly disappeared into one of the many small anthills which in-
 fest our back yard (Tr. back garden) leaving a hole of some 1/4" exposed. A few water
 logged ants were struggling out of the hole, undoubtedly shouting "The dm's bast-
 ard!" in ant language. It occurred to me that I could find out how much volume the
 subterranean passages beneath occupied by pouring water into the hole until it was
 full up. I filled a milk bottle full of water from the tub and poured a little into
 the hole. I poured a little more and a little more, and soon found I had emptied a
 whole quart into that tiny hole. It still showed no signs of filling up, so I pour-
 ed in another quart, and another, and another and another. Finally I sat back (on
 another ant-hill, I fear—a temporary mistake) picturing the water disappearing
 into miles and miles of labyrinthine corridors (sounds like Lovecraft, eh?) or
 possibly into the heart of the earth, at whose hollow centre hordes of ants are
 developing a complex civilisation, waiting to Take Over. I'm not sure how many
 quarts of water I poured into the hole before giving up, but it must have been more
 than 20. I thought at the time that I had had little effect upon the ant colony,
 but during the last few months I have begun to wonder. Could it be that the recent
 flood in France was caused, not by an engineering failure in the dam, but by ants
 growing angry at it in retribution for the ant lives I took...? I may write to the
 United Nations and ask them to send the representatives of the ant kingdom in the
 Security Council. Who's afraid of the Russians?

Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md.
 Andy & Joan Young, 256 Concord Ave., Cambridge
 Bob Farnham, 506-2nd., Dalton, Ga. / 38, Mass
 Les Keffert, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.
 Thom Perry, 1325 R St #2, Lincoln 6, Nebraska
 Edith Carr, 3 Orchard St., Cambridge 40, Mass.
 Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.
 Jim Coughran, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9
 John Kering, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9.
 Les Garber, 201 Linden Blvd, Brooklyn 26 / Ohio
 Al Busby, Elmer Busby, Sally Weber, Otto Pfe-
 iffer, Leslie Garcone, Burnett Taskay, Andrew
 Farnberton, Sally Genser, Linda Farnberton &
 Jim Abbott, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4





HY. HEN 25
November, 1960

From W.A. Willis
170 Upper M'ards Rd.,
Belfast 4, N. Ireland

PRINTED MATTER
(Reduced Rate)

Eavesdroppings

IT IS A JOY TO ENCOUNTER A WRITER OF SCIENCE FICTION WHO RESPONDS TO THE NOTION OF AN ALIEN PLANET WITH EXCITEMENT AND WONDER INSTEAD OF BORED FAMILIARITY...IT SAYS 'TO STOP INTERNAL BLEEDING, DRINK CORFLU'.....A SPARE TYRE HAS TO BE LYING THERE DOING NO GOOD, OTHERWISE IT'S NO USE.....BUT I HEAR YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUSH DOWN, YOU CAN PEDAL IT.....THAT'S NOT DOMESTIC ECONOMY, THAT'S DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANCE.....I CAN JUST IMAGINE HIM AS A



MONK, WITH A CORD AROUND HIS WAIST AND A DIRTY SMILE....CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A CHAPTER IN THE NEOPHYT'S GUIDE ON HOW TO BUY VOTES?.....HIS SF COLLECTION HAS NOT BEEN REVERSE WITH—IT IS STILL AS YOU MIGHT SAY VARGO IN FACT.....SEGREGATION IS DISINTEGRATION.....BUT I DON'T THINK YOU CAN DO IT ON THE IRONING BOARD.....HYPHEN IS THE SOPHISTICATED MAN'S REBUTITION.....TWO OF THEM PANEL MEMBERS LEFT AND CAME BACK TWO HOURS LATER—I THINK THEY WENT TO BED.....WHO'S THIS ANNA LOG EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT?.....WHAT WILL GERMANIA DO WHEN THEY FIND OUT ACKERMAN WON'T DRINK BEER?..



...I WAS AT HIGH SCHOOL BEFORE I FOUND OUT THAT CARRYING IN FIREWOOD WASN'T A GAME.....JUST CALL US BLOODY PRO-VINDICALS.....HE WAS A UNITED NATIONS OBSERVER FOR THE LONDON CIRCLE.....HE PROBABLY DIED IN SELF-DEFENCE.....I HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING TO THE CON BUT I FINALLY TRACKED IT DOWN AND FOUND IT COVERING IN A CORNER OF AN HOTEL IN HOLBORN.....WE'RE LIVING A QUIET LIFE—DON'T GET ONION JUICE ANY MORE.....WHAT DOES 'PAUGH' MEAN IN ENGLISH?.....I AM NOT OPPOSED TO LITERATE WRITING IN PROZINES.....LIVING IS JUST A GODDAMN HOBBY.....Kingley chris, george spencer, bob shaw 4, carol willis, mal ashworth 2, waw 2, then perry, gary vick, dick schultz, dick allington, aric frank russell, robert coulson, atan, jim harron, roger horrocks, chuck harris



No Box 310



Contra
Coryn

Cork 6

Cathy