

HYPHEN

NO. 30

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"All I want is an account of your hazardous journey through a fallout cloud."



WALT WILLIS

As Harry the Warner foreboded to us the other day, thirty issues is a dangerous age for a fanzine, a climacteric which Quendry & Confusion did not survive. When a thing has lasted that long in our ephemeral microcosm it comes to be regarded as a natural phenomenon, like rain. Each issue is no longer a remarkable event: weather has become climate. The way response has been sometimes Ian & I have seriously thought we should have sent copies to each other to make sure the whole consignment hasn't been stolen in a mailbag robbery. Mind you we have tried other ideas, like turning for advice to the august beings to whom we little fans look up to with such awe and veneration, the pros. And after searching diligently through our promag collections we found this back cover of P&SF.

"Look!" I said, studying it with growing enthusiasm, "Look what the great Gernsback has to say!"

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose---is a French truism, lamentably accurate of much of our latter day science fiction. Not so in the cyclotronic Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction which injects sophisticated isotopes, pregnant with imagination, into many of its best narratives."

"Huh," said Ian. I ignored him. He is just a scientist, you see, and doesn't really understand these literary profundities.

"See," I cried, "how Great Men keep the common touch. Note how he explains about it being French for the benefit of us ignorant little fans. Oh, he's all heart."

"Aorta be ashamed," said Ian.

"And look at the advice he gives," I went on enthusiastically. "It might have been made for us. We can borrow a hypodermic from James White and you, 'being a genuine for-real atomic-type physicist, can easily swipe some isotopes.'"

Ian looked a bit doubtful, but he dutifully brought home some little lead flasks. They looked pretty undistinguished to me, though I admit I'd never seen an isotope before. "Are you sure they're sophisticated?" I asked doubtfully.

"Straight out of the cyclotron," Ian assured me. "They've been around."

So we laid them in the bookcase under my file of Imagination, and when it came time to run off this issue we injected them into the tube of duplicating ink. Ian put on the first stencil and squeezed the tube firmly. "You know, I don't think this is a good idea," he said, trying to scrape several fine streams of duplicating ink off his yellow pullover. The attempt wasn't too successful. "You look like a self-portrait by Jackson Pollock," I told him. "Of course it's a good idea."

(Continued on inside back cover)

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QVO VOIDVS

BOB SHAW'S GLASS BVSHEL



The classy looking title of this column means, as any student of Fake Latin will tell you, what gives with Carr, Graham, Benford and White? Whither goest they? For some time now I have been reading the editorials in Void with a certain amount of unease---now Number 26 has shown up here and I have to give voice to my anguish.

My big trouble is that I strongly suspect myself of being insensitive. All my relatives and friends seem to be gifted with more subtle perception, or a priori knowledge, which enables them to see merits or demerits where I can only look on with uncertain acceptance. Show them the material for your new suit, a roll of wall-paper, a painting, a pub, a carpet, a football match---in fact anything---and rightaway, right there on the spot, they Make A Decision. They announce authoritatively that this is good, or this is bad. Every time it happens there settles over me a feeling compounded of inferiority, guilt and despair because, not only had I not known whether the thing in question was good or bad, it hadn't even occurred to me to judge. I just accepted.

To take one perfectly typical example. One evening my wife and brother and I were out in the car and we decided to have a drink. I drove to a new pub about half a mile up the road from Oblique House and led the way to the lounge. About half way across the room to the bar I suddenly realised that Sadie and Gerry were no longer with me---they were standing in the doorway with looks of horror on their faces. With a sinking feeling I went back and asked what was wrong.

"Look at that ghastly upholstery!" they chorused. "How could you drink in a place like this?"

Before following them back to the car I sneaked a look round the place. All the seats were covered with some kind of yellow plastic---maybe it was too bright, even garish, maybe even vulgar. The point was that I had been in this pub three or four times previously and had sat there in contented ox-like oblivion swigging Blue Bass without realising how bad it was.

Years of this sort of thing have left me, as I said before, with a suspicion that I'm insensitive. That's why Void has been bothering me. Presumably if someone is going to put six pages of editorial in a fanzine there must be a lot of good stuff in there. The trouble is that I just don't get it. Are people laughing at some new form of humour that goes completely over my head? Or have these reports of desultory conversations got some other quality which, like jazz, ballet and most poetry, is lost on me?

There is one page which Terry Carr devotes to claiming proudly that he invented the saying, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing", plus a lot of words on how pithy and useful and good the sentence is. Now, this might be a fiendish ploy aimed

directly at a person with the failings I have outlined above! To me the sentence is completely unremarkable and I cannot see why anybody should even want to claim it as his own. My first impulse was to sit down and write a take-off in the form of a triumphant claim that I had invented some saying like "What time did you say it was" or "There's a piece of chicken stuck in my teeth." I was going to go on to prove that my saying was catching on all over the world and give examples of people using it, just as Terry did---then the doubts began to creep in....

Was there something in the sentence I had missed? Was the piece I proposed to lampoon actually a lampoon of something else? And so on.

Or do the editors of Void feel that editorial pages are essential and, lacking immediate inspiration, go ahead and stencil anything that comes into their heads? Some people might feel that a few pages of friendly, though featureless, chat done with a willing hand are better than no pages at all. I disagree. It is perfectly normal to be temporarily stuck for something to say---anybody who does a bit of writing is only too familiar with the feeling---but if it happens you should (a) say nothing, or (b) really get down to the job of writing and find something to say.

Fans sometimes complain that there is not enough of Willis in Hyphen, but I think the reason for this is that Walt shares my views. If he has not the material or inspiration at hand to write something worth while, he prefers not to write at all. To write pages of stuff simply to fill up space does a fanzine more harm than good---it produces something which has the form of a fanzine, but not the substance.

Having said all that, I should mention in passing that I enjoyed the rest of the magazine---especially Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays, the two WWI pieces and Rhob Stewart's artwork.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD I got a nasty shock in the doctor's the other night. I had always looked up to him with a mixture of reverence and awe which had been instilled in me by long hours of viewing Medic and Dr. Kildare---but those days are gone forever.

Sadie had been taking a tonic and I was supposed to pick up a new bottle. As I was coming out she repeated my instructions---I was to get the orange bottle. An observer stationed among the clumps of grass growing in the Shaw driveway would have noted a tolerant though slightly supercilious smile on my face as I went down to my motor. What a simple soul Sadie was. As if a doctor would talk about an orange bottle; probably she had never seen a complete episode of Medic in her life.

When I explained to the doctor why I was there he asked me what sort of a bottle Sadie had been taking. "Well," I explained, "as far as I can determine from my preliminary inspection it is a pretentious little compound, with a substantial admixture of iron, fortified with the usual phosphates, glucose, and in all probability a concentrate of Vitamin B2 to build up the blood." I settled back in the chair to await his look of grudging respect.

He gave a patient sigh, toyed with his pencil for a few moments, then said, "Was it the red bottle or the orange bottle?"

"The orange one," I mumbled, aghast---it was easy to see that this note never worked under Doctor Gillespie, or even James Robertson Justice. I was still sneering when I got home an hour later and plumped the bottle down in Sadie's lap.

"I think we should change our doctor," I began. "That bloke doesn't know much about phos--- What's wrong?"

"You're stupid," Sadie interrupted, with a shocking disregard for my scientific

approach to medicine. "You've brought the cloudy orange bottle---it's the clear orange bottle I take!"

At that point I gave up. Not only did the doctor classify his stuff by colour, but he had clear and cloudy. Of course, I should have expected something like that when I learned, sometime before, about soothing unguents.

Isn't it funny how these modern doctors can't prepare a decent soothing unguent? If you ask for one they just stare at you and mutter about orange bottles---and yet every medical man from Biblical times until a couple of hundred years ago could rustle up a first class soothing unguent in next to no time. In the old days it was the standard treatment for everything from spear wounds to the assorted contusions one acquires while being trampled by Roman horses or Carthaginian elephants. There is even something about the very sound of 'soothing unguent' which right away makes you feel up to trying a little clear soup and a couple of turns round the word.

The only fairly recent innovation to come anywhere near it was the hot fomentation, but even that seems to be dying away too.

AND BON MOT TO YOU TOO! My brain, fresh from its success in having conceived the title "Stand and Deliver" for a recent parliamentary report on the overcrowding in maternity hospitals, has just thought up a little slogan which I am prepared to donate to the Milk Marketing Board, Dr. Edward Teller and everybody else who recommends fallout for the over-forties. It goes: drinky pinty strontium ninety, drinky pinty str... On second thoughts, I will not start criticising milk--psychologists can deduce a lot from a man's attitude to milk, and, for all I know, Ted Sturgeon might read this. which brings us, in a rather devious fashion, to...

PUKE OF THE MONTH The first word in the sub-title is intended to be a pun on 'book'. There is a much better pun with the same meaning as puke, namely 'boke', but as far as I know the word is known only in Ireland and Scotland and is therefore unsuitable for an international publication like Hyphen.

The book, puke or boke in question is Ted Sturgeon's new novel from Ballantine, 'Some Of Your Blood'. There is only one way to describe it: a failure.

This is a case where it doesn't matter whether or not one is insensitive, because the blurb explains, with an air of carefully restrained enthusiasm, just what Ted was trying to do---and reading the book reveals that he didn't do it. The idea was to take a man who might be called monstrous, a fiend, a warped and twisted creature" and by sheer good writing and knowledge of the workings of the brain in the head "make the reader feel and understand the guts of the beast so thoroughly that he becomes a very human victim". The blurb goes on to say that "even while the back of your neck chills with terror you hope that some solution will be found that can keep the monster both safe and happy."

Nobody should ever state baldly like that what a book is supposed to do. If people don't know for sure what is supposedly going on they can usually find some other virtue which the man who created the work had not deliberately put in, or else they are inclined to be puzzled but slightly respectful. In this case, during the whole time I read 'Some Of Your Blood' the area of skin between my back collar stud and my hair remained at a steady 98.4° Fahrenheit. In fact, every time my little girl came near me she ran away scouting, "The back of Daddy's neck is maintaining a steady 98.4° Fahrenheit."

The first way in which the book failed was in trying to create terror. George Smith was not a frightening figure. He was violent enough, and nobody would like

to run into him in real life---but there is no terror in this fact. A man-eating lion would be much more dangerous, but people read about them all the time without turning a hair.

To create terror, therefore, it is not sufficient to offer physical danger--there must be an encounter of mentalities. The normal mind recoils and experiences fear when it encounters another mind filled with the intent to kill. In short, when it encounters an evil mind.

George Smith was an innocent. A person is evil only if he understands why he should be good and why he shouldn't be evil, and then goes ahead and does evil. Beside that sort of a person, the one who murders because he thinks it is all right to do so or because he doesn't even realise what he is doing, is relatively tame stuff. He is like a falling rock---you get out of the way but your soul doesn't recoil the way it does from the fellow creature who is sufficiently like others to be one of the tribe, but has gone terribly wrong in just one respect, in that he doesn't agree with you regarding the desirability of prolonging your life and happiness.

The other respect in which the book failed was on the purely technical level, a judgement I never expected to pass on the author of Killdozer.

We were supposedly taken inside George Smith and made to feel and understand his guts. But, in the account of his life which occupies the first part of the book every single detail of the growing insanity is carefully omitted and then handed to you in a lump in the last few pages. If you had been acquainted with George's foibles right off you would have had a chance to accept them, but all that happens is that you get a queer sensation during the reading. A feeling perhaps similar to the one you might experience when you stare at Holbein's 'The Embassadors' for ten minutes and begin to sense, but not understand, the occult symbolism.

There were things I didn't like even in the actual writing, eg the life story written in the so familiar American rustic style, complete with unorthodox sentence construction and what are supposed to be flashes of untutored brilliance of description. For example, "...lying there he watched the grain of the dry gray wood where once was a knot, and the way the deep furrows of the weathered wood swirled in and around and out of that knot, you see things like that sometimes that though they do not move your eye keeps going into and out of and around and back again there are two spirals of hair on a cat's back that way."

To be confronted with an undigestible lump like this is bad enough, but when, later in the book, Sturgeon puts the following words of praise into the mouth of one of the characters I got the feeling something had gone wrong. "I am also impressed by this kid's descriptive ability...his description of the weathered knot in the boat's side...I never failed to get exactly what he meant."

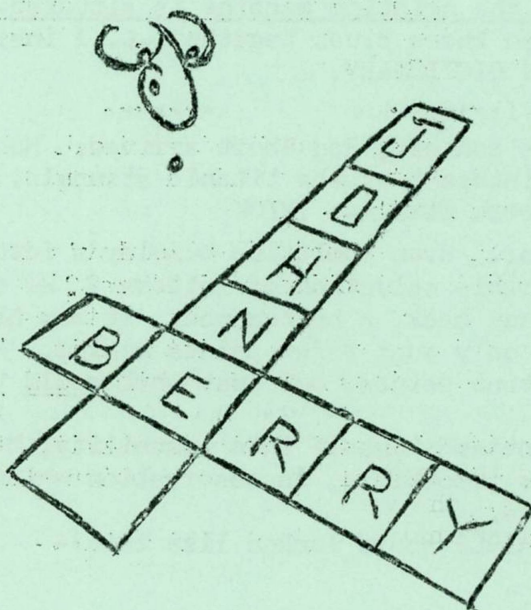
Apart from anything else, the descriptive piece just wasn't true to life. Right after I read it I went out and had a good close look at my neighbour's cat and the hair on its back was just like on all the other cats I have seen---slightly reminiscent of George Gobel's crewcut.

Ted Sturgeon must have set out to show us how far wrong a mind can go, and he may have succeeded. After all, he has reached the stage where he could sell a book on any subject under the sun, so why---out of all that he could have written about---did he choose this peculiar form of vampirism?

I think he must be a food crank.

The War of the Words

BY



Illinois fan Rog Ebert, on a flying visit to Irish Fandom, was due to be at Oblique House round about 8 pm on Sunday 3rd September 1961. We weren't sure of the exact time of his arrival, because he had arranged to go for the day to the Giant's Causeway, a unique rock formation on the North Antrim coast, about 90 miles from Belfast.

Ian McAulay, Madeleine and Walt Willis and myself were in attendance, awaiting the appearance of Rog, and I suggested that it would give me great pleasure to actually watch a game of SCRABBLE, one of the major sporting activities at Oblique House these days, and well advertised as being a gigantic battle of wits, having such high I.Q. personalities participating.

Ian McAulay produced a massive chart and a thick scorebook, denoting the closeness of the scores to date in 1961, and as the game was only an exhibition match, he and the Willis's agreed that it should not count in the contest, which Willis was winning by 18 points or so.

I don't know if you are conversant with SCRABBLE ? It is a large board, divided into 225 small squares. A bag of letters (seemingly with a scarcity of vowels) is hung nearby, and the participants dive trembling hand into the thin neck of the bag, and select several letters with which, in rotation, they attempt to form words using their letters and trying to add them onto the letters of words already formed by their opponents.

Willis gave me a dictionary to hold. It was about six inches thick. He said it was the 'bible'. He said that if a dubious word arose, I was to look it up in the dictionary. If the word was in, it was O.K., if not, kaput.

This dictionary interested me. Willis, I noted, was a shrewd manipulator of two letter words, which served to prevent the two other players from having

much to build their words on. With reckless abandon, Willis used BA,KA, TI, PU, XI, OE, MI, etc, to which Ian McAulay strongly objected. Willis said I could look up the words if I wanted to, but he could guarantee that such words were in the dictionary.

"PU," he said with disdain. "That is a word used by the ancient Etruscans to give vent to a strange smell in the immediate proximity. Look it up, John."

It was as Willis said. And bear in mind that McAulay is an intellectual, and would be expected to be conversant with such unusual words.

Yes, that dictionary was interesting.

The first thing which struck me was that the print used was reminiscent of the old SLANT, which you all know was produced on a printing machine. In fact, I would go so far as to say it was the exact type face of SLANT !!!

Secondly, I looked in a huge reference library dictionary this lunchtime, and none of those two letter words are included.

Thirdly, and perhaps most significant, about a year ago, just after Ian McAulay had introduced the game, Willis was off work for three months and was rarely seen out of the fanac den in which the printing machine is situated.

It doesn't need Perry Mason to put those three clues together.... I insist that Willis PRODUCED AND PUBLISHED HIS OWN DICTIONARY.

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Fifteen minutes after the start of this contest, Rog Ebert arrived. He sat down next to me and evinced considerable interest at the titanic struggle. He looked at the letters Ian McAulay had to work with :- YYTOK

Ebert nudged me, and I paled with horror. Even admitting McAulay's intellect, what could he possibly do with such a terrible selection of letters ? He seemed to be somewhat of the same opinion. He sank back, a beaten man. It was his turn, Willis was ahead, and Madeleine was only just a few points behind. He was prepared to take a risk to gain important points, but just what could the poor chap do with YYTOK ?

After twenty minutes, in which he hypnotised himself into immobility, McAulay admitted he could not make a word; it was impossible, an observation which caused Walt and Madeleine sublime happiness.

He had a point. The middle of the SCRABBLE board looked like this:-

T H E L
E O
A L L O W
L

He lit a cigarette.

Ebert tried to bring some joy into the party. He said he liked puns, and he understood we were authorities. Had we heard about the man who fell into molten glass and made a spectacle of himself ?

Willis turned ashen and left the room without bothering to open the door. Madeleine made some excuse about putting the kettle on for tea, and McAulay said that when he was stuck with YYTOK he thought things couldn't be worse... but he was WRONG !!!

I told Rog that it was pretty funny really, and I tried to put him on the right lines by quoting a Bob Shaw pun....about the time when I was always using the words 'cry of frustration', and I came home one night and my wife was frying prawns in a pan, and my sudden entrance caused her to drop the pan, and she yelled out. I asked her was that a cry of frustration ? 'No,' she said, 'it was a fry of crustacean'.

Rog beamed in awe, and suddenly Ian McAulay's eyes grew wide. He shook me by the hand. He patted Rog on the back. "Superb" he said. "Wonderful... magnificent."

He was jumping up and down in his seat, impatiently awaiting the return of Madeleine and Walt, who came back shortly, Willis sniffing at a benzedrine inhaler.

"Do you capitulate, Ian?" he asked.

McAulay smirked at his moment of triumph. He picked up his five letters, YYTOK, and arranged them as YTOKY, and put them at the end of THEL.... making THELYTOKY.

"Seventy seven points, I think," he beamed.

"Incredible," said Willis. "I thought of it, of course, but...."

"John gave me the idea," said McAulay, "he was swapping puns with Rog, and he gave me the clue."

Of course, I had to give a spirited guffaw, which I hoped suggested that I'd thought of the word, too, and didn't want to actually tell McAulay, but just to suggest it..... I secretly think they weren't really convinced.

It took me a while of dictionary bashing to trace what McAulay was gabbling about...I went from 'crustacean' to 'parthogenetic' to 'virgin births' to THELYTOKY....sexy things, dictionaries...

The game continued.

Then Madeleine, on my left, was really up the creek. She had these letters:-
L R I R S.

The top left of the board was thusly:-

	F	T
L A T	O	A
H A L O	W	N
	L E A N S	
	E	D
	W O R D	

I swear the poor girl was going to sob. Willis and McAulay smiled confidently, as if they knew what to put, but Madeleine was completely baffled, as were Rog and myself.

Another deathly pause, and to pass the time, I conversed with Rog about the different costs of living in America and Northern Ireland.

"Heck, it's desperate," I told him. "Look at all these bills I've got to pay."

I showed him a wallet full.... I asked him about the price of electricity in America, displaying a long wide Electricity Account for four pounds...and Madeleine almost went berserk. She winked at me, giving me the opinion that I'd done her a favour.

She sorted out her letters thus :- I R S R L, and she added them to L A T O T A to make L A T I R O S T R A L.



"Never thought you'd get it," murmured Willis, biting his lips.

"What's a pelican got to do with Berry's Electricity account?" scowled McAulay.

"It's a long bill," sneered Rog, quoting verbatim from the dictionary, which I'd hurriedly opened to LATIROSTRAL.

"Actually, folks," I said, "I was thinking of a cormorant."

Still didn't seem impressed, though.

I never thought I would live to see the day that Willis was stumped by such mundane things as a few miserable letters.

True, he had a mean selection:- H H I I I

The right hand bottom of the board looked like this:-

P	T	R	A	S	A
E	E	L	S	E	L
A	V	A	A	X	E
	M		L		A
			I		I
			T		N
			Y		

It was embarrassing, really. Willis could see that his prestige was sinking lower and lower in front of an American fan, and Willis with a trip to Chicago just a few dollars away.

The minutes passed, and McAulay announced that if Willis didn't get a score soon, he (McAulay) and Madeleine would tie for first place.

Willis drummed a tattoo on the table-top with his lean sensitive fingers.

I felt for him. I was going to suggest he made up ALE to ALEHIHI....the illegitimate daughter of Nerfititi, but he said he remembered the name, but you couldn't use proper names in SCRABBLE.

Rog was bewildered by the apparent complete annihilation of the Master.

"He's not doing very well, is he?" confided Rog to me in a stage whisper.

"No," I breathed, "he definitely isn't up to scratch."

Willis broke out into a smile.

He shrieked hysterically in triumph.

He sorted his letters into place, to make :-

P T R A S A

into

P H T H I R I A S I A.

Willis thus won the game, and Madeleine brought in the tea.

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I had to leave first, and Willis came to the door with me.

"Thanks for the help, John," he whispered.

"It was nothing, Walt," I cringed, "I'm glad you picked up my clue."

I uncrossed my eyes and held my breath.

"Oh yes, as soon as you mentioned 'scratch', I remembered that phthiriasis meant to be infested with lice. I've been talking to Madeleine and Ian, and they are quite surprised at your superb intellect, as I am, and we feel that the least we can do is to invite you to join our SCRABBLE contest...we'll average the points so that you start on par with us....see you on Wednesday night for the first session."

I thanked Willis, and said it was an honour, and staggered away.

I wonder will Rog let me go back with him ???

fester

on the

fringe

part III

BY
James
White

THIS TIME I would like to give my memoirs a rest and deal with events which happened last week, instead of rummaging around in my untidy past. The truth is that I can't remember, accurately, what happened between the time we got engaged and the day on our honeymoon a year later when Ted Carnell plied Peggy with cream buns and me with water biscuits in the Nova offices which were then off the Strand. That year included me learning to play tennis, writing five stories, the Supermancon and getting married, but until I can recall them in greater detail -- or until, Peggy says, I can recall them in the proper order of importance -- I'd better watch myself. So this time I shall be topical and detail the history of me as it actually unfolds, discussing the events which are even now moulding the warm, human, vital, sensitive, intelligent, likable and essentially modest personality that is myself. Particularly, I would like to talk about fur-lined flying boots. But before the flying boots actually appear, a certain amount of background has to be filled in.

From a very early age cold feet and a yearning for Space -- both Interplanetary and Living -- had been major problems with me. The Interplanetary aspect was solved, so far as was possible, by me starting to read s-f and eventually joining the British Interplanetary Society, but the second and more mundane part of the problem was more difficult of solution. Possibly this was because my requirements increased constantly as I grew older and bigger. To become philosophical for a moment, I suppose it is in the Nature of Things that as my fine, creative mind and long, skimpy body grow they both need more space. Certainly a chunk of the space-time continuum big enough to swing a Manx cat in at the age of fifteen -- me, not the cat -- would simply give me claustrophobia now and make the cat dizzy. In those days I worked, slept and otherwise had my being in a room seven feet by nine which contained a six-foot double bed -- in which I had to lie cross-wise to stretch -- and a narrow 'L' of floor-space filled with s-f magazines, home-made radios and covered dishes of developer and hypo. There was also a bad

draught under the door.

Later on when we moved to Riverdale I had the box-room to work in. This was, and is, a great, fat, opulent 'L' which is more like a six by nine foot rectangle with a square yard bite out of one corner. There is no bed in this room, just a table, chair and book-shelves. There is room to swing two Manx cats, one in each hand. But in case some of my gentle readers are on the point of phoning the RSPCA, let me assure them categorically that I speak only metaphorically. Even if I was the sort of insensitive lout who would swing two Manx cats at a time there are strong reasons for me not doing so. Manx cats are without tails as you know, so that to swing them at all would necessitate holding them by a leg which is formidably armed with claws to scratch me with. I dislike being scratched by cats, it is a phobia with me. But then I already mentioned my claustrophobia . . . Anyway, this lovely room has a draught under the door, too.

When little Whites began to arrive, a cat was moved into this fine room and me and my bookshelves and typer were moved out to the garden shed. This is an eight by six wooden affair. Working here gave me solitude but no peace -- in summer it stank of hot tar, in winter the timber made eerie creaking sounds and all the year round there seemed to be a constant drizzle of insects falling from the roof. Inevitably there was a draught under the door, in addition to a couple of knot-holes with hyper-spatial link-ups with one of Bob Shaw's wind tunnels. Now that the kids are sleeping in one bedroom I have moved back into the boxroom temporarily. I say temporarily because I am at present constructing a room in the roof space which will not have any draughts. Meanwhile, I've bought fur-lined flying boots.

Two, in case you were wondering.

Maybe it sounds a bit sissy for me to be so concerned about my cold feet, and that I am pampering myself shamelessly by indulging in such luxuries. But for me, and I'm sure for many other vile pros in similar circumstances, fur-lined flying boots are a necessity. In an enlightened society they would be tax deductible. From my own experience I would even say that many marriages are in danger of going on the rocks because the husband does not have them, or refuses to wear them because of silly pride or in the mistaken assumption that they make him less masculine. This isn't so, and the only way to prove that flying boots are good survival characteristics seems to be to tell you what happened to me.

Being a very slow writer I hate to break off when a story is beginning to go well and so frequently work late at night. Peggy is very understanding about this and usually goes to bed with a gentle reminder about not being late for breakfast. This isn't a complete exaggeration because two or three times a year I work right through the night, to keep in training for conventions mostly. But usually I just work to two or three in the morning and then go to bed. The trouble is, however, the draught under the door. The room is stifling with the heater in it, and without it a gentle, frigid breeze plays around the ankles. While concentrating on a story such purely subjective phenomena as petrified feet and ice-jammed ankle joints just fail to register. It is not until both patellas have glaciated and the goose-bumps are marching inexorably up the thighs that the realisation dawns that you are cold, cold. With stiffening fingers you make a few notes for what you want to start with tomorrow night -- which you won't be able to read tomorrow night, the writing is so bad -- and stagger into bed to get warm.

Normally I don't go in much for writing about warm, seductive bodies, and Hyphen isn't that kind of magazine anyway. I mention them this time simply to state that Peggy does not like being awakened in the middle of the night with two freezing

feet and knee-caps being pushed against hers. She gives a little scream, and gets peevish and sometimes makes improper suggestions like if I'm so blankety-blank cold why don't I bring a hot water bottle to bed with me? Firmly, through chattering teeth, I tell her yet again that hot water bottles are an insult to my manhood, and the argument often lasts for hours. But now, like I said, I bought these flying boots a couple of weeks ago and brought them home on a night I intended to work late . . .

They are shiny black and come up to the calf. The leather is sort of grained and pliable, with the sheepskin lining so thick that it tufts out over the tops when they are being worn. A small leather loop at each heel helps with pulling them on, and when they are on the feet seem to sink into a warm, bottomless softness. For the first half hour I paced up and down the room, getting the feel of them, admiring them, then I sat down to write. Occasionally I broke off to wriggle my toes and flex my ankles, luxuriating in the warmth and surprised and delighted by the fact that it was a cold night and I could actually feel my feet. Then about eleven-thirty Peggy stopped in to say good-night, during which she observed that I looked more like Farmer Dale than one of the star-begotten. I told her that under those bulky boots lay feet that were as warm as toast, and she said thank goodness.



The story went well that night and I knocked off at two-thirty to go to bed. I hot-footed it into the bedroom and began to undress quietly in the dark so's not to waken Peggy. This is something I've done lots of times, but on this occasion I had to switch on the light because the boots were tight-fitting and I couldn't pull one off while standing on one leg. With the light on I found the chair and tried to take one off while sitting down. No dice. I tried to take the other one off while sitting down. Uh huh. I was beginning to feel ridiculous. Despite my grunts of exertion and the creaks of the chair Peggy was still asleep, so I lay down on the floor and adopted various contorted attitudes in my efforts to get them off, but in vain -- they continued to grip my feet like a couple of black leather Puppet-Masters. I tried cunning, slowly wriggling my feet and ankles then tugging suddenly when I thought I had them lulled into a false sense of security, and sometimes I lost all control and heaved, and strained, and made animal sounds deep in my throat, but nothing was any good. I got to my feet shaking, sweating and spent from my struggles. Switching mentally to upper case I thought @'&/@(::!

My pants were cut to the latest slim-line styling and were too narrow to be taken off over the flying boots, and while I would not have felt completely outraged at going to bed in my trousers I was not going to get under the sheets wearing flying boots. A man has a certain code he must live by or he is nothing. He must be true to it, and true to himself. Perhaps my code leaves something to be desired in many ways, but I have never gone to bed wearing fur-lined flying boots nor do I ever intend to. With a sad look at my warm, trapped feet I made the only other decision possible to me. I called softly, "Uh, waken up, Dear . . ."

FLESH

IN THE

PAN

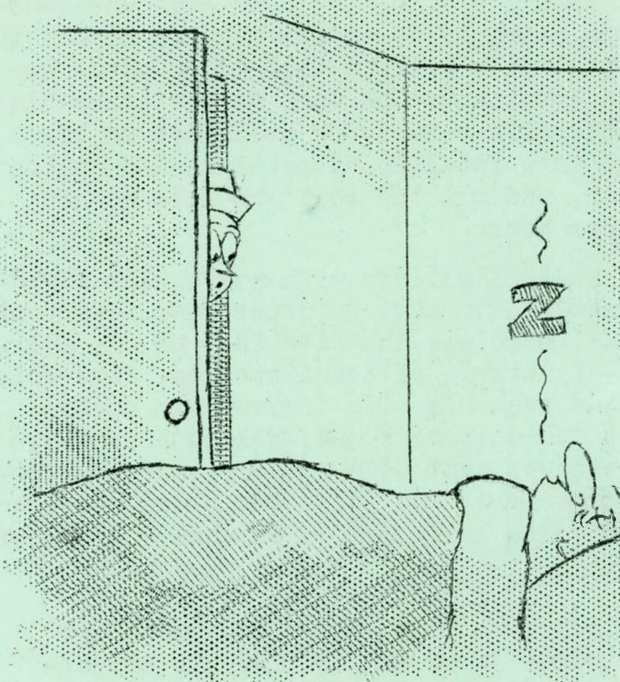
HARRY

WARNER JNR

I DECIDED to tell the whole story of a broken hip and resultant convalescence in my FAPA publication, Horizons. After filling a dozen pages, I realised that I had done a good job in all respects but one: I'd omitted all the interesting things. Such as:

It was late on Christmas Eve, only a few hours before the arrival of Christmas Day, and I was in the emergency room of the hospital, undergoing basic training for the weeks of hospital enlistment that lay ahead. "You aren't in such bad shape," an orderly tried to console the groaning, quivering, desolated me. "The last one with a broken hip in here really had something to worry about." I somehow found the spirit to grow angry. "You're crazy," I muttered. "I'm worse off than the last one. I don't have anyone to look after the house, and my will isn't made, and there's a hole in my undershirt that's going to embarrass me when they undress me, and I've got a pulled hamstring muscle in my good leg, and whatever troubles the last one had, I've got them too." The orderly called to the nurse at the desk: "Hey, Marge, better send this one to the third floor. He's eight months pregnant"

Convalescence that involves ten weeks of hospital care is never pleasant. But the second through the fourth weeks were the worst for me. This was because my boss was also a patient on the same floor, only a couple of doors down the hall. To complicate matters further, one of the floor nurses was the wife of a man who works in the press room for the newspaper. Just before Mr. Baylor had plumbing troubles, I was growing fairly confident of my status, as a long-term patient whose whims would get a bit more consideration than usual, in order to increase the probability that I would pay my bill promptly. Then the boss checked in. The second night that we were neighbours, I was drifting off to sleep, and abruptly decided that some unidentified individual was getting into bed with me, knocking me out of traction and pushing me onto the floor far below. I let out a magnificent shout that not only woke me into

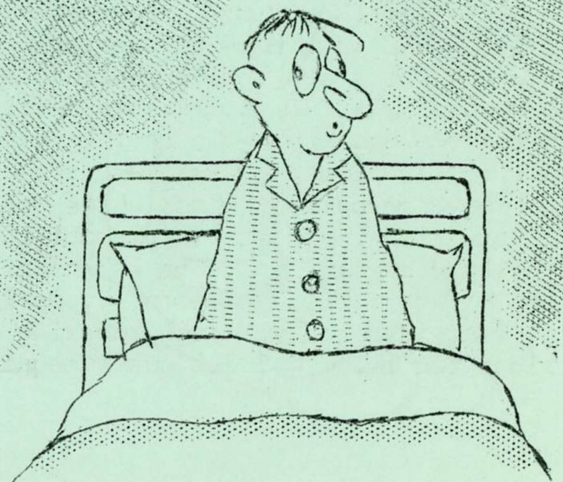


awareness that I was alone in bed, but also woke the rest of the floor. My roommate jumped upright in bed with magnificent disregard for hemorrhoids. I somehow calmed him, just before the head floor nurse stuck her head into the door. I breathed deeply and slowly, my roommate had prescience of mind enough to do likewise, and my boss never knew the source of that shattering cry, so I'm not sweeping out the composing room now that I'm well again.

Mrs. Myers, the wife of the press room man, had problems of her own. "You know that he's a director of this hospital, don't you?" I asked her. "I certainly do," she said fervently. "He's my boss and he's my husband's boss and they give me the job of sticking him with a needle every day before breakfast." This conversation took place

with numerous interruptions and grunts on the part of the nurse. She had been assigned by my physician to a special task in which his surgery training had given him no skill. Myersie had brought a formidable assortment of cutting instruments, none of which was really adequate, and she was systematically breaking her back, attempting to find a position in which she could operate without taking me out of traction. An hour later, she was totally winded but successful. She rewrapped the bedclothing around the little basket in which my foot hung and told me: "You have the toughest toenails I've ever tried to cut."

I went home after ten weeks in the hospital. The morning on which I was due to get my discharge was a tense one. So many things could go wrong: I might stumble on the way to the bathroom, one of the three physicians interested in me might forget to sign the necessary papers, the funeral director who had promised to carry me home might have too many corpses on hand to find time for the living, or the clerks at the corner drugstore might not be able to find the key to my house that the relative looking after the place had left for me. Then I realised that I was the object of the most intense scrutiny that morning by all the nurses, aides and orderlies on the floor. They kept looking in to see me, repeating goodbyes beyond all reasonable necessity, and talking in low tones just down the hall from my door, safely out of earshot. I must have checked a hundred times to make sure my pajamas were properly buttoned and I tried vainly to penetrate with the strongest eyetracks at my command the metal covers



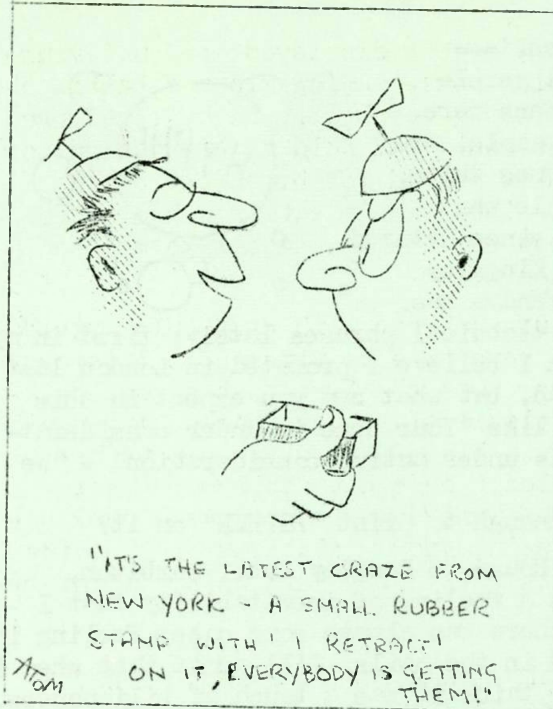
of my hospital record, in the suspicion that I'd just displayed some unfavourable condition that would prevent me from going home. A few minutes before the zero hour, the cleaning woman asked me if I felt quite well. On my assurance that I was splendid, she stared at me in amazement, and told me the reason for my status as centre of attention. All the milk served for breakfast on the floor had been spoiled that morning, the more intelligent patients had noticed it instantly by the taste and rejected it, and all the rest who like me had gulped it down had been violently sick for hours.

One roommate stands out in my mental picture gallery with particular vividness. He talked constantly and still didn't have time to utter some important connecting materials for his monologues. There was the time that he was telling me about some indisposed friends in his circle of acquaintances, like this: "...he's been getting sicker for years and even his wife's given him up because he's not conscious any longer, but at least he's not feeling any pain, and that reminds me of the way the balls never went down properly and they became cancerous. Now, there was really some pain, and my sister didn't notice a thing until she saw that he couldn't wag his tail...." "His what?" I interrupted. "His tail, my sister's dog's tail."

Then there was the time he returned from the men's room. I knew he had been suffering from constipation, and he chose that subject for his conversation: "...And I'm telling you, it was a struggle, but I had some luck this time, it was enough to make a man stop and think. Just imagine, it was nearly two feet long and right on the end there was a little green light that kept flashing on and off...." "Green? And it flashed?" "Of course, haven't you ever seen any of the machines these doctors have to look up inside you?"



It was nice to see how many casual acquaintances and almost forgotten friends took the trouble to come to the hospital to visit me. But the afternoon when I was really overwhelmed was the time a total stranger came into my room, inquired in extreme detail about my condition, and wanted to know how the accident occurred. It restored my faith in human nature, to think that someone who didn't even identify himself should devote the better part of an afternoon to an effort to relieve my loneliness. But I was startled when he turned and stalked out of my room abruptly, just as I was telling him: "...so I was halfway across the street when I slipped and fell on the ice." I asked one of the nurses who it was and why he had gone so suddenly. "Oh, that was the janitor at the apartment house across the street from where you fell. He just wanted to make sure you weren't going to claim you fell on the sidewalk and start a lawsuit."



Avram Davidson, 410 West 110th St., New York City 25 += Your little green wonder (do you mind if I shift the margin over? I'm not made of money, y'know. Thanks) arrived some few days ago, and was read with pleasure and put aside for acknowledgment. My cat Boswell got at it however and, doubtless vexed by a publication from Orangeland being colored green, ripped the back cover off with one raking rip. As I tenderly bent to lift the severed leaf I found, in a wee miniscule cursive hand in the left hand margin of p.25, Write when you haven't got work. If it hadn't been for Boz I'd never have seen it. This is as close to receiving a secret message (pardon me, A Secret Message) as I've come across since giving up invisibile ink, not long before puberty claimed me and my friends. I'm no end thrilled. My Sense Of Wonder is now sitting up and able to take some thin broth. I put the broth on to cook, locked the cat in the WC, and am now writing, as Haven't Got work.

Curious, but on the way home today I stopped in a bar and ordered a shot of my favourite (when I can afford it) tippie, Irish whiskey. Viz Jameson, which is twice the price of bar whiskey. The character next to me immediately looked up from his drink and crossword puzzle, and announced he had Troubles. Could I help him? "If you want the name of an extinct New Zealand bird in three letters, yes," I said. "Irish God of the sea," he muttered. "Sorry, I said," but my knowledge of Celtic mythology is very limited." He fixed me with a bloodshot eye. "Not Celtic," he muttered. "Irish." The barmaid came back. "Sorry, all I have is Paddy's and Bushmills," she announced. As it happens, Paddy's is the only Irish whiskey I can't drink, of those I've tried. It tastes as though they haven't strained the peatbog out of it. So, "Bushmills, by all means," I said. "How much is that, Jim," she asked, breaking the foil. "Sixty, I think it's sixty," mumbled the crossword character. Timorous but honest, I suggested it might be more. "Give it to him for sixty," Jim insisted. "...he's a gentleman of the cloth..." I denied it, but to no avail. In NYC anyone with a beard is assumed to be either a beatnik, a rabbi, or a follower of Fidel Castro. In a few minutes this last possibility had occurred to Jim, but by then I'd finished the drink and was on my way out... Say, who is the Irish god of the sea, by the way? (Mananan—hence the Isle of Man and its national emblem. Mananan had three legs.)

Think shame to yourself, Walt Willis, for saying that Brazil had a proxy named O'Higgins. It was Chile you Celtic clod; but I can't recall whether Ambrose or his nephew Bernardo. I'll ask Jim. (It was Bernardo. Sorry...but in what other fanzine can you get so much not only useless but inaccurate information? And think shame to yourself for your ignorance of Irish mythology. We know all about yours.)

I sympathise with Les Gerber on his having to "date" (euphemism, euphemism, as Isaac Asimov was heard to mutter when Tony Boucher, at the Solacon, said of a certain writer, "Mr.X has been frequently anthologised by Miss Y.") in a car whose "useless" seats were divided by arm rests, immovable ones; but when he further complains that "it could seat only four people" I am moved to inquire if he wanted a date or a mass orgy.

What's an SDT phone number? (Subscriber Trunk (Trans. 'Long Distance') Dialling.)

Andy Young, 42 Prospect St., Somerville 43, Mass. ==

I notice a general trend towards more normal people in fandom. By this I mean that the days when fans were, by and large, pretty emotionally incompetent people, are passing or have passed. Look at this bit by James White. Look at Ian McAulay. Look at a lot of the people who entered fandom as lonely adolescents and have since matured to a greater or lesser degree. Look, even, at Kingsley Amis....Science fiction has not matured, but fandom has.

I've seen a number of other translations of technical phrases lately; first in my mind in "within astrophysical accuracy" (which I believe I promoted in London last year), meaning "the agreement is hopelessly bad, but what can you expect in this business?" (There are Civil Service ones too, like "Your case is under consideration"="We have lost the file." And "Your case is under active consideration" = "We have lost the file, but are looking for it.")

How do you get a photon to hold still long enough to print "HYPHEN" on it?



Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. == It was with a feeling of inevitability that I saw Hyphen 28 arrive: there was always some queer feeling in the air when Hyphen was in the mails. I'll admit that when I was a wee nee I used to think it was a touch of biliousness.

I wonder if the last few lines of James White's article might lure Chuck out of those glades of gafia. After all, who have we got to take his place and produce these well chosen words to describe James? Who else has such vivid denunciation at his command? (No one, apparently. It must have been a tirade secret.)

I am a bit dubious about Bob's conclusion that it is now an OK thing to read sf. I guess it depends on the circles in which you travel....There was the time when in a fit of misplaced pride I showed off my autographed copy of New Maps Of Hell to the Assist- and Matron. Amis had inscribed it..."With sincere Martian twitterings". The Asst. Mat. took one look at this and said "Pshaw" and clapped it shut.

Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Gt.Moor, Stockport, Ches. ==

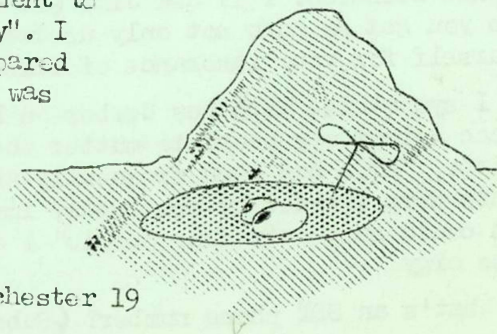
I know who Alan Shepherd and Prudence Potts are, but who is Yuri Gagarin?

I enjoyed James White's autobiography greatly; and his talking of Buried Treasure and the ATC sparked off a memory for me...it hasn't really anything to do with ATC and Bried Square but who cares

Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge Rd., Worcs. ==

One thing that really hits is Bob Shaw's statement to the effect that fans miss being "proud and lonely". I know I do. Sneers and brickbats were nothing compared to the wonderful sense of knowingness. Martyrdom was sweet...but indifference is darn infuriating.

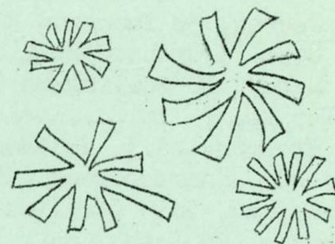
So now what happens? Should fandom dig a hole and retreat into it to maintain the difference? I guess fandom itself is an expression of the desire to be exclusive.



Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19

Thomas Perry, 1130 Garfield St., Lincoln 2, Nebraska

Just from the tone of this issue, I rather presume that Fandom Is Dying, all 1st through 9th of it. And I can almost see why. As Bob Shaw mentions, sf has become respectable, and any young man who expresses an interest in science has all his spare time filled by corporations and governments offering vast sums if he will only stay in school.



The way I see it is that shortly, after a few more issues in which only characters like me write you letters, you'll grow quite discouraged, and Fandom's last bastion will give up the ghost. Like Ian after all his worshippers had deserted him, you'll go out into the world and become an ordinary man, mortal and with no extraordinary powers---maybe not even Impeccable Taste. And Fandom will be dead.

Your only alternative, as I see it, is to go along with the trend. Change the name of your magazine to MINUS SIGN FANZINE FACT. Stick in some photos and articles; take out the humor; make the sex scientific; and start using some of the phrases Shaw explains in his column. Your circulation will go up right off, and soon you will be finding out if that Gestetner counter is accurate up to 20000. And after a while you'll have to go photo-offset to keep up with the demand. Of course you'll charge fifty cents a copy. Maybe seventy-five. Mea while all the cranks, oddballs, offbeat humorists, wild thinkers and romantics who clustered round sf so long will move to another less crowded field.

I hope this is all a bad dream. Anyway, do put in a letter column, won't you? You see above what its omission can lead to.

Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl. NE, Atlanta 7
Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., LA 56
Harry Warner, 423 Summit, Hagerstown, Md.

John. M. Baxter, PO Box 39, Sydney, Aust.

A pity Bob Shaw was joking about the language one finds in technical reports. I could have devoted some 5000 words to my experience, having become pretty adept at Elementary Bureaucratic Gibberish after five years working (I use the expression loosely of course) in a Government Department. Phrases like "these figures, when offset against current marketing conditions..." (well, they were all right when we made them out) roll from the tongue with beautiful fluency... But an encouragingly fresh trend in business letters was illustrated in one we got from one of the big US networks the other day. "As you know," it began, "all Railway business is going to hell in a peach basket."

Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill.

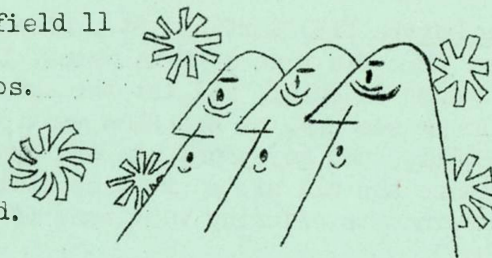
Roy Tackett (MSGT. L.H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS -1 (Comm.), M4HG-1, 1st MAW, FMEFAC, c/o FEO, San Francisco. (A free lifetime sub if you'll desert!))

Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2

"NOWADAYS I DON'T KNOW WETHER
TO READ IT OR FEED IT THROUGH
A COMPUTER"

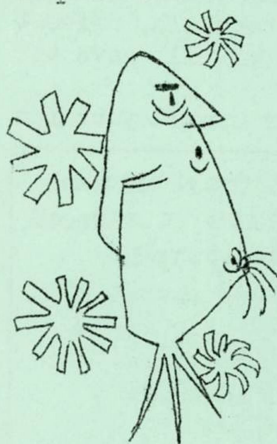


Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd., Ecclesall, Sheffield 11
 Edith Carr, 3 Orchard St., Cambridge 40, Mass.
 Peter Mabey, 10 Wellington Sq., Cheltenham, Glos.
 Bill Temple, 7 1m Rd., Wembley, Middlesex
 Colin Freeman, Wd.3, Scotton Banks Hospital,
 Ripley Rd., Knaresborough, Yorks.
 Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind.
 Jim Groves, 29 Lathom Rd., East Ham, London E6



Sid Birchby, I Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester 19 == What's all this about Ian collecting dust for a living? Is that a fact? The reason I ask is that Manchester Corporation Cleansing Department is having some difficulty getting enough dustmen, and they may have to cut down bin-emptying to once a fortnight before long. I wonder if things are any better over there. Is Ian allowed to solicit for Christmas boxes? Our chaps aren't, and I think that's part of the trouble. What does he think of this idea of changing over from metal bins to paper sacks? I should think they'd be much easier to lift. The drawback seems to be that people will persist in filling them with damp rubbish like tealeaves so that the bag falls to pieces and the dustman is left with an armful of wet slosh.

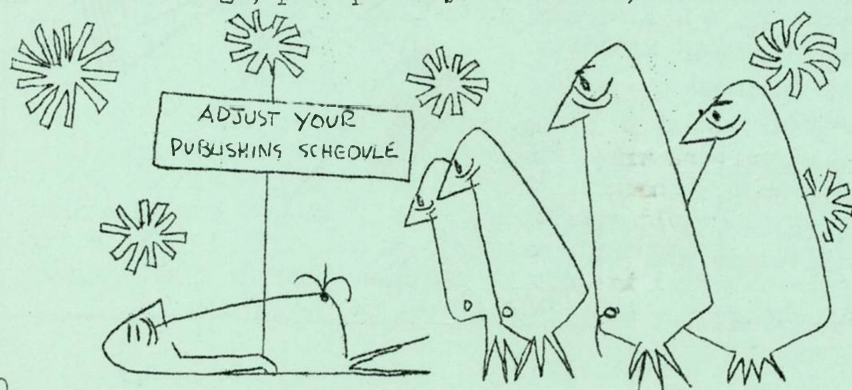
(Well thank you, Sid, but Ian is not actually a dustman, though the mistake is pardonable enough if you have seen his car. Actually, and I mention this for the information of the young fan who was kind enough to explain for him the Laws of Thermodynamics, he is a Ph.D in physics engaged in research at the University on atmospheric dust pollution.)



Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2 == Believe me I understand your tribulations. You are not alone. We other fanzine editors appreciate what it must be like for you, out 14 hours a day slaving your knees to the bone to get a manuscript out of an august and temperamental professional author like Mr. White, knowing all the while that your co-editor is comfortably seated at home, under the table, amidst a pile of empty lager bottles, singing 'The Mountains of Mourne' or 'Kevin Barry', and

muttering darkly about the Second Law of Thermodynamics, and that your ace columnist has taken a hundred mile trip into a foreign country seaching wildly for a free drink. We all know how you feel, swimming back all that way clutching between your teeth a polythene bag containing manuscripts from those two august and temperamental professionals Ted White and Bob Tucker, to reflect on a letter like John Gutteridge's and wonder "Am I really giving these intellectual giants the mental meat and manna they demand of a magazine like mine?" We sympathise. I myself have experienced many of these heartbreaking tribulations (though I never did have a John Gutteridge; perhaps they are scarce) and I have at last found a solution to

most of my troubles. I hate to see a fellow fan editor suffer unnecessarily and I offer my solution to you for what it is worth. It all lies in these magic words "Adjust your publishing schedule." I have adjusted my publishing schedule; you can do the same. Why, it takes hardly any effort at all!



THE SENSE OF WONDER

BY BRIAN
ALDISS

I AM WRITING you a serious letter on a train of thought started by Sid Birchby's wise words in 'Postscripts'. Sid always seems to write sense, and what he says about fan activity and the old sense of wonder has more than a grain of truth in it. Let me take the thing a bit further.

It would be simple for anyone with a crude smattering of history to feel sorry for the Americans. They are, after all, a nation founded by alien peoples who got away from Europe and tried to start anew. With a big country to do it in, they could live and build and spread all unhampered by the fetters of tradition. Optimism and simplicity were theirs---things most of Europe had lost long ago. The prevalent feeling was that they had built a new and better way of life, full of what Daniel Webster called "that unconquerable spirit of free enquiry, a diffusion of knowledge throughout the community such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of."

One of the splendid things about the US is that even today this spirit is not dead, though it must be threatened to judge by several first-hand accounts I have heard of one's having to guard one's political pronouncements even in traditional centres of unorthodox thought like universities. But the US is now inevitably involved with Europe; the old cultural ties overcame the new Eden. Surely this will prove to be the most vital factor in the history of the world during the last two decades?

What we used to refer to patronisingly as the naivety of Americans has largely vanished. Contemporary American novelists such as J.G. Cozzens, Wallace Stegner, Kerouac, Mailer, John Updike (read his newly published "Rabbit, Run" for a look at the current American dilemma), David Karp, the English-born Alfred Hayes, not to extend the list, all examine different facets of modern life; they give off a strong smell of weltanschmerz; they could meet European disillusion blow for blow; they no longer offer easy solutions, hunt for happy endings, see people in black and white.

Why? Because as we have become Americanised, they have become Europeanised. It was inevitable. (In the same way, the Russian rulers of the semi-Asiatic USSR are becoming Americanised---but that's another story). The hope of the alien has become the hope of the alienist.

As I have said, it would be simple for anyone to feel glibly sorry that all this has happened to the US. It would also be incorrect. The American outlook has merely hardened and matured (as indeed has the European outlook after two world wars on or over their doorsteps). You don't regret maturity. You accept it, even when it is thrust upon you.

All right. This attitude, this way of thinking, has at last soaked down to and is reflected in sf. Although sf writers write about the future, they have never been leaders of philosophico-economic thought; they've been lagging behind. Now they're trying to catch up with the world situation. Some of them---Hack Reynolds for instance---are trying to project it ahead. American sf in particular is changing, and you all know the howls Campbell is getting because, however fumblingly, he is endeavouring to help it change, as he helped it twenty years back.

It's no good, mates; the old days of glorious swashbuckling epics are dead, in real life and so in sf. Sf has a hell of a great and mighty future, but only if it keeps up with our complex present. There's a disunited United Arab Republic where many of the gentlemen adventurers used to rove, remember? We can't play about so much any more. Reality must break in. Once writers feel this in their bones, they'll find the good new formulae to help it get in.

Forgive me if I put all this damn crudely. Although it is something I have felt for a long time, this is the first occasion on which I have ever tried to say it aloud; though I have had one or two tentative stabs at embodying it in fiction--in my novels 'The Male Response' and 'The Primal Urge' (due from Ballantine in early 1962) and particularly in 'Basis For Negotiation', due out in 'New Worlds' soon (and my sincere thanks, Ted Carnell.)

This explains why I get so sick of this crap about the sense of wonder being lost. Forget it; it's mainly a yen for carefree adolescence. My God yes, it was great while it lasted, but a sense of reality is a hell of a sight more useful.

With a sense of reality people might see that good sf is still being written. Why isn't everyone debating their heads off about Parisian Henry Ward's two staggering novels 'Hell's Above Us' and 'Green Suns'? What about Will Worthington's 'The Food Goes In The Top' in a recent 'Science Fantasy'? Now there was a fine contemporary surrealist tale that brought me at least an authentic chill in the pit of my stomach. Perhaps my stomach is particularly susceptible; I've seen no comment on the story. Why? Maybe because fans are too busy saying how lousy sf is, or writing screamingly funny articles about the trouble they had with that cover stencil. They do themselves an injustice.

I care deeply about sf, and not only because I earn a living by it; I'm a fan myself, and a sucker for fanzines, or I'd not allow myself to say this. Fun is fun, lads; but is it only fun?

Now I'll stand back and let you throw things.

Ted White, 107 Christopher St., N.Y. 14 -- It will be interesting to see what direction the sf mags take. Pohl has already instituted changes in Galaxy and IF, although not all of them seem for the better (the art department seems curiously inept): Campbell has had the art department of Analog taken away from him, which might mean fewer artists who can't draw but who can strip down and reassemble a jeep in the middle of the desert (this is Campbell's prime criterion in artists, apparently); and Cele Goldsmith keeps plugging right along with the most interesting mags in the field.

Ken Potter, Roydon Mill Caravan Centre, Roydon, Essex

Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va.

Enile Greenleaf, 1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Rory Faulkner, 7241 East 20th St., Westminster, Calif.

Bob Lichtman, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. --+-- Rog Ebert has been described as one of the white hopes of midwestern fandom. I hope you didn't soil him. I wonder if he told you of our drive home from the last Midwescon, with him driving and singing to keep himself awake and alert? I didn't mind his singing so much; it was his foot on the throttle that got me--he maintained the proper beat by banging his foot on the gas, causing the car to leap forward in time. One of the fans who rode home with us hasn't been heard from since. (You mean he went into the future with the car?) (Bob also corrects his article: first record fmz was SHANGRI-LA RECORD, 1941, by, of all people, Walt Daugherty.)

(continued from inside front cover)

But when we had the page run off I began to wonder myself. The narrative looked just the same as it had in the manuscript. "It won't work," said Ian.

"That's what they said to Gernsback when he sat down to invent the wheel," I protested loyally. "It must be your isotopes. Are they pure?"

"Well no," admitted Ian. "You said they had to be sophisticated, so I adulterated them a bit."

"Hm, that's right," I said, checking the F&SF backcover. "...sophisticated isotopes, pregnant with imagination...Oh you phoolish Ph.D! That's the trouble. Your isotopes are too sophisticated to get pregnant."

So while Ian pedals his cycotron, we can only offer the usual monotonously brilliant stuff. Well at least it's the only fanzine that glows in the dark, so you can read it in bed. If you're a slow reader that's about all you'll be able to do.

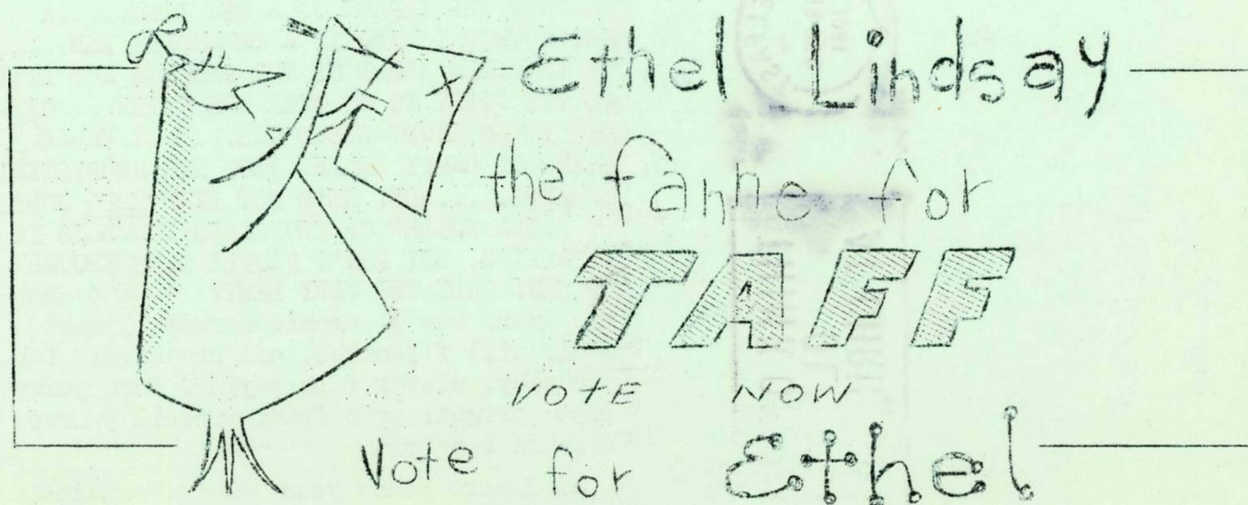
You may remember how a few issues ago I described how fortunate we were here in Irish Fandom to be permitted to cluster at the feet of great Thinkers like pro author James White and listen to his mutant plot ideas, like the one about the throwed cat on the interstellar voyage. Now I wouldn't like you to think that this cultural exchange is all one way. Dr. Ian Maculay is a great Scientific Thinker himself and often startles us with plot ideas from the resources of his mighty intellect, fearlessly ranging as it does the mysterious frontiers of science. The other night for instance we had been discussing the longevity of certain fish. "Suppose," said the learned doctor, "that these fish, whose brains keep growing and developing for untold years, have developed telepathic and precognitive faculties. Suppose then that through their precognitive faculties, these fish realise that there is going to be an increase in solar radiation resulting in a cataclysmic drought. Then, using telepathy, would they not persuade groups of human beings to construct and maintain great vessels to be filled with water to ensure their survival?"

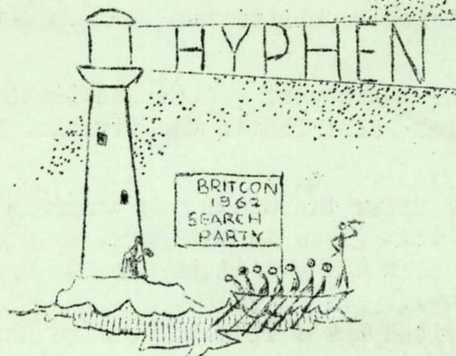
"It seems just a little far fetched," we demurred.

"Not so," said Ian grimly. "In fact organised groups of such men exist at this moment in our very midst!"

"No!" we cried, dumbfounded.

"Yes," said Dr. Maculay firmly. "Surely you've heard of Carp Ark Attendants?"





HYPHEN 30
December 1961

From W. Willis & Dr. I. McAulay
170 Upper N'Ards Rd.,
Belfast 4, N. Ireland

PRINTED MATTER
(Reduced Rate)



Eavesdroppings

I'M GOING TO GIVE UP PROCRASTINATING
ALTOGETHER FROM TOMORROW ON.....OF COURSE
YOU CAN'T EXPECT MUCH COMMENT ON AN ISSUE
WITHOUT A LETTER COLUMN.....SHE'LL ALWAYS
HAVE HER BACK TO FALL BACK ON.....IS YOUR
CAR INSURED AGAINST FALLING LAMMOWERS?...
...AM I SOME SORT OF BIRD OR SOMETHING?...
...BARRY GOLDWATER THINKS HE'S GOING TO
RUN IN 1864.....AND BOB LEMAN IS GOING TO
VOTE FOR HIM.....

THE DAY THEY
REPOSSESSED
THE WORLD....
THESE ARE MY
PARENTHESSES



---I CAN SHOW YOU THE RECEIPTJOHN W.
CAMPBELL IS A MAN WITH NO REDEEMING
VICES.....WATER MAKES A VERY GOOD SIDEWALK
WHEN MIXED WITH CEMENT.....THAT'S A NEW
NAME FOR FATTENING FOOD---TWO CHIN CHOW..
.....WHY DON'T YOU BUY A LITTLE BAM AND
BOO IT YOURSELF?.....I HAVE DRUNK BEER
IN THE PRESENCE OF A STRONG MAGNETIC
FIELD.....WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE EXPLAIN
TO THE AMERICANS THAT THEY JUST HAVEN'T
GOT ANY HISTORY?.....NOW, THERE WAS A
MAN WHO DIIN'T HAVE TO STAND UP TWICE TO
CAST A SHADOW.....I AM A GREAT BELIEVER



IN THE CHARACTER-BUILDING
QUALITIES OF LUXURY AND
SELF-INDULGENCE.....REPORT
ALL SMOKE SIGNALS TO WEST-
ERN UNION.....ARE YOU IN-
SURED AGAINST TYPOS?.....

THERE IS NO DEFENCE EXCEPT STUPIDITY
AGAINST THE IMPACT OF A NEW IDEAL.....A
PRO AUTHOR IS MERELY A DEBAUCHED FAN.....
TV IS MILES AHEAD OF THE PROMAGS AND IT'LL
BE THE FIRST TO GO OVER THE CLIFF....OXY-
GEN IS AN EIGHT-SIDED GAS.....MY FIANC
GAINS ME HAPPY RELIEF FROM HER PERSISTENT
DEMANDS.....WHY, HE'S NOT EVEN ERIC JONES
.....THE NUMBER OF CRUDZINES NOWADAYS IS
APPALLING. WHY DON'T PEOPLE CARE ENOUGH
TO SEND ONLY THE VERY BEST? ---bob shaw 4,
vic ryan, waw 3, archie mercer, nort
sahl, will f jenkins, col stupnagel, ian
macaulay, ulster folk saying, thom perry,
rosco wright, eric frank russell 3, ave,
richard bergeron

An X here means your sub has expired



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