

# HYPHEN

NO. 33,

JUNE

1963



"I told you there'd been changes in the N3F Welcoming Committee."

PETERBOROUGH  
ALDISS

POTTER  
SHAW

# inside Coverage

WALT  
WILLIS

I don't want to worry you, so soon after the fuss about that Cosmopolitan article and everything, but I did happen to notice that when Dr. Stephen Ward was arrested he took into prison with him "a number of science fiction novels".

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"Please don't hit me again," she said bashfully.

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Oh well. You'll notice that Hyphen is now up to date with Conventions. On the other hand this febrile urgency has not impaired our sense of historical perspective, for Bob Shaw's column harks back to happy far-off days when his fellow contributor Ken Potter lived in Dallas Road, Lancaster, and Bob himself was renowned for his prodigious

appetite. He is not like that now. In fact nowadays he doesn't take food at all, just things he calls carbohydrates and proteins and stuff. As he pointed out to us once he doesn't eat too much any more, just enough to keep himself alive. "Some of us," observed James White coldly, "feel that that is too much."

I mean, anyone can read science fiction, but I notice from another newspaper report that when Ward appeared in court on remand he didn't have any socks on.

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"I can't believe my bank account has been overdrawn for so long," he said incredulously.

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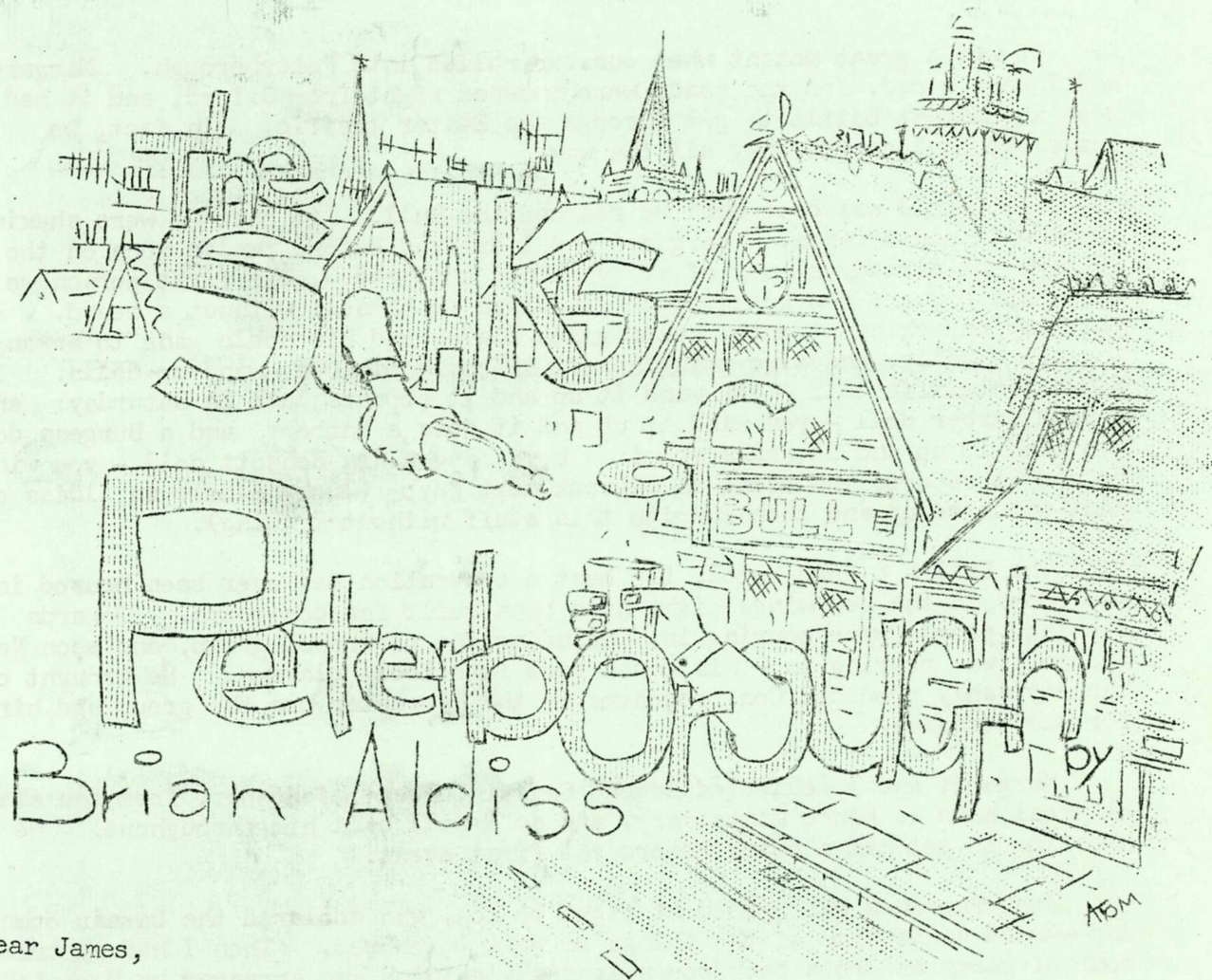
Ken Potter too was then very different from the suave connoisseur of the arts we know today. Why, it was only six years since he had burst upon a small but astonished audience with the second issue of "BEYOND, A Fanzine, formerly BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF EARTH." It published, if that is the word for the production of one copy written in pen and ink in capital letters, the second instalment of Ken's first serial and the first instalment of his second. Both were about the population of the Earth being wiped out by alien invaders, and one dramatically anticipated "On The Beach" in a manner which would have been sure of getting a letter of comment from New York if Ken had written out another copy for the Mayor...

THE SHIP LANDED, ABOUT A MILE FROM NEW YORK. THE BRAVE  
ADVENTURERS STEPPED OUT, AND WENT TO THE GREAT CITY.

{Ctd. inside back cover}

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Dear James,

What a delight it was to read your Harrogate con report in the last HYPHEN. Purely in a spirit of emulation, I will tell you how we got on without you at Peterborough.

This will be no impartial report, penned by some omniscient Bennett. Not only is it partial and personal, but some of the most memorable bits will perforce be left out, while the unmemorable bits have been forgotten. Nor shall I do a Proust on you, bringing forth a serious Recherche - Walt would be better at that, since he has his own petite Madeleine to stir his memory. This, in fact, is A Playin' Man's Guide to Peterborough.

Mr. Harry Harrison and Mr. Kingsley Amis think that the future of sex lies in space. Such - roughly - was all the Daily Telegraph had to say about the Con. But a lot more might have been said about the matter, and to prove how right the Telegraph was to keep mum, I'm going to say it.

These characters are not fictitious, although any resemblance between them and human beings is purely coincidental. Only the incidents have been altered, to make them better than they were at the time.

It was a great moment when our car rolled into Peterborough. Margaret and I were tired, for the roads were crowded right from Oxford, and it had been a constant battle to get through the Easter traffic. In fact, we travelled dual carriageway all the way.

The battle was over when we reached the Bull. At once we were shaking hands with old friends. Margaret and I arrived before twelve noon on the Friday, but already plenty of sf types had appeared. The first person we saw was Chris Miller, now going about disguised as himself without a beard. We got busy unpacking at once, helping Ken Slater and his noble gang to arrange the art display, and also bringing out my collection of wind-up dolls. I had a Bentcliffe doll - you wind it up and it appears late on Saturday; and a Dave Barber doll - you wind it up and it does a barber; and a Burgess doll - you wind it up and it sells you its key; and a Ron Bennett doll - you wind it up and it reports the event in Skyrack next day; (lucky I have an Aldiss doll that winds me up and then I write this stuff without knowing).

The Bull's a good hotel, the best a convention has ever been housed in. The rooms in the new wings might have been built for con-goers. Towards evening, people were pouring in, including the Liverpool group, and soon Norman Shorrocks was pouring in - his usual brew into tooth glasses. He brought over the stylishly produced Con programme in the 22-seater bus the group had hired for the occasion.

Margaret and I collected Edmund Crispin, Guest of Honour, from the station: his real name is Bruce Montgomery, and so I will call him throughout. We just had time to get him a drink before the first event.

The programme was opened at eight by Ken, who declared the bazaar open and warned us of some of the things we were to expect. Then I had my brief hour of glory before a backdrop splendidly painted and arranged by Mark Ashby of Wisbech (Skyrack please note). I did a sort of "In Town Tonight" stunt, luring up to the microphone some of the notables from the audience. These included Ethel Lindsay, who besought us all to support TAFF by buying The Lindsay Report; Eddie Jones, who now has a lot of pro art brewing; Jim Groves who is going to dig himself a hole now that he has crawled from under Vector; Ella Parker, who was in most pleasantly jovial form throughout the Con; Ron Bennett, who told us that two hotels in Harrogate were having to be rebuilt; and a whole whack of pros, some of whom, even at this early stage, were experimenting with the effects of alcohol in the bloodstream.

You should have been with us, James! Never were pros so thick on the ground, or do I mean floor, at an English Con. Here's the roll of horror: Ted Carnell, Tom Boardman, Geoff Doherty, Mike Moorcock, John Brunner, Mack Reynolds, Ted Tubb, Ken Bulmer, the French writer Max Jakubowski, Bruce of course, and the Danish ex-fan I have already been forced to mention, Harry Harrison. They all came up to the mike in turns. I forget what they all said; mainly it was propaganda, of course, but John Brunner's was certainly the most calculated to dismay other pros: he claimed he had written four books since Christmas.

At that, the meeting broke up in confusion, and Slater rushed in with the

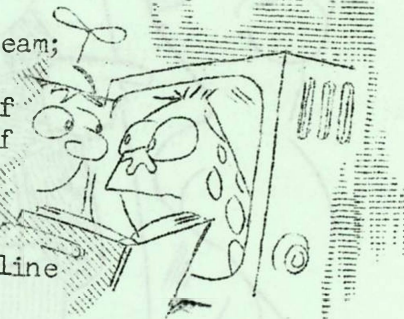
first auction session. Faintly, I allowed myself to be guided to the nearest bar. Let us, as they say, draw an ale over what followed. That was when the Con really began.

It was good to talk to Bruce again; I had not seen him for some years. He is a quiet, erudite man who has done a great deal to silence if not win over a lot of the pseudo-intellectual opposition that sf was meeting a few years ago. Margaret agreed with him that he was unbelievably handsome. It was good, too, to meet Mack Reynolds in the flesh with which he is so well provided. Mack's not at all the rugged, square-jawed type I had conjured up from those unique stories; nor did I hear a political reference from him throughout the Con, aside from a comment on the difficulty of getting a good Yugoslav Reisling in Madrid.

You don't want a blow by blow account of the drinks, do you? But I should say that the nearby Chinese restaurant, The Great Wall, is licensed, as well as being very plushy and cheap, at least by the standards of Oxford's many scruffy little Chinese joints.

On Saturday morning, Bruce made his Guest of Honour speech. He said he was quite illiterate, but his secretary often read sf magazines to him. This he enjoyed. He spoke of the recent flowering of sf novels, saying what a good sign this was. In the old days, many novel-length ideas had been compressed into short story length and suffered in the process. He warned us that the new popularity might bring with it dangers, some of which he proceeded to enumerate.

Highbrows might try to jockey sf into the mainstream; he thought it should remain separate. One result of unsympathetic highbrow scrutiny might be to force an sf writer to take aboard an unwonted and unwanted cargo of subtlety, complexity of characterisation, etc; a similar sort of process injured the detective novel. Straight authors might attempt to write sf without properly acquainting themselves with either the discipline or the themes already explored by sf writers; the resultant failure could damage the genre as well as these authors. Television might blunder on with sf plays and make it synonymous in the public mind with "space fiction"; this would be a great loss, since there were few sf writers - Arthur Clarke was one - who concerned themselves mainly with space flight.



Bruce finished by saying that he considered sf to be the major literary revolution since Marlowe, Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan dramatists. Even those who had never read one of Marlowe's mighty lines clapped very loudly at this.

In the discussion which followed, Tom Boardman said he thought sf should avoid too much clarification; its chief duty was to draw strangeness. John Roles said that fanzines contained a great amount of exegetical literature, and Aldiss wrote the word down in his notebook. Taking up one of the prints Bruce had made, Geoff Doherty said he thought that such novels as Kern's "One" and Golding's "Inheritors" represented examples of incursions into the field

by outsiders who might be reckoned to have gingered it up. This was generally if reluctantly agreed.

The Danish gentleman, Mr. Harry Harrison, was the next distraction on the programme. He spoke on two subjects dear to the heart of the assembled multitude, Sex and Science Fiction. Dealing with the subject of censorship, he distinguished between three of its targets: sex, swearing, and scatology. He told us how each of these had been expunged from his works and from the works of other famous sf writers. He waxed eloquent about both sex and scatology, while on the subject of swearing he confined himself to a few cursory remarks.

He ended a very stimulating speech, which was illustrated by a number of exhibits, by saying that he thought censorship was just an editorial bad habit as far as the sf editors were concerned. When it had been pointed out to them often enough, sense should prevail. In fact, he said, "this small animal of censorship" can be killed by exposure. Indecent exposure, no doubt.



In the discussion which followed, John Brunner rose to defend Philip Jose Farmer's writings and Sturgeon's "Some of Her Blood" on the grounds that these at least got away from gadgetry. Chris Miller replied that they were merely psychological and sexual gadgetry; it struck me at the time and now that I'm sober as a good point. Editor Ted Carnell rose to say that there was a rising tide of sex, and that twenty percent of the stories he received in MSS were full of sick sex. Some uncouth knave from the back of the hall urged him to publish them instead of what he does publish.

After a brief fight for Harry's exhibits, the meeting broke up, and drinking and fraternisation took place.

By now it was apparent that the Convention fairly bulged with life. There were more pretty wives and girl friends in evidence than ever before, not to mention a host of jolly and patable children; the whole affair was like a big family gathering, and made me feel more than ever that fandom is a lay of wife.

At this stage we were about to depart for lunch. We had the glasses in our hands, when we had to face a reporter from the Sunday Telegraph. Miss Heather Nicholson was certainly easy to face, but she soaked up our comments with the sponge-like facility of a block of graphite. Bruce, John Brunner, Geoff Doherty and I, not to mention a maverick Oxford scientist called Denys Leston, talked to her three hours about sf. Need I add that she got her own back? Not a word appeared in the paper!

At last I dragged a starving Margaret off to eat. She had spent a while shopping with Joan Harrison and children, and had a good appetite. With Geoff, we took a well-bread snack in the hotel buttry, before slipping out to do some window-gazing. I should have known there was trouble afoot - she lured me into a shoe shop and I bought her a pair of shoes. We also had a quick look at the cathedral. There were a number of citizens of the Soke looking disgustedly at a notice two hundred feet up the fine west front that said GOD FOR TAFF.

During that afternoon, I managed to get around and chat with a lot of people, though I missed an auction at which I hear Ted Tubb excelled himself; apparently he also ex-selled a number of books (sorry, James, especially when Walt warned me not to and I was Breening myself on writing a long solemn report). In particular I had a long serious talk with Mike Moorcock and Denys. Mike circumambulates about his points, but they are generally ones it is worth walking around; we had a big chat about Ballard, Mike claiming that Ballard's limitations were his strength, I that they were his weakness. Mike almost has me convinced.

You'll know from having written a Con report yourself how difficult it is to recapture on paper the essence of these events when they have passed into history. A straight run through of events and gags by no means catches that big sweet fleeting dumping of a thing that is the true Con flavour. Myself, I think it's the friendliness of the whole event, that particular friendliness which stems from the fact that you are with people who, in the main, are at once buddies and strangers. Added to this is the feeling nowadays that British sf is getting somewhere; and Geoff Doherty, who missed last year's Con, claims that the people grow more sophisticated and polished each year. It may be so, though the civilized milieu of the Bull certainly helped this year.

But enough of this philosophising, for I see by my notes that by now time was getting on and the frailer of the brethren were suffering from pangs of hunger. In fact, the weaker went to the wall - the Great Wall - and I with them. Our party consisted of the four Harrisons (who act like sir, although Joan and the children are so well-behaved), the Brunners and their immense black dog, the Moorcocks, Margaret and I, Mack Reynolds, and friends of his from Paris, the Yarboroughs. Bill Yarborough is a nice guy, a true fan (have I spelt that right?) and very generous with litres of bourbon. It was under the influence of his drink that we coined all our bourbon mots.

That I remember as a very complicated meal, not only because most of the men insisted on drinking more than one macaulay (that's what fandom calls the mundane lager), or because Harry was ordering up in Spanish, but because we were being interfered with from the next table, where sat Brian and Frances Varley, who are still on the lam after organising the Supermancon in '52. Well, they were still on the lam, waiting for the mint sauce, when we left the Wall, which will tell you what the service was like there: a church service.

The meal broke up with the arrival of Kingsley Amis, who had driven over from Cambridge with a friend of his, Bill Rysinker or such a name - an American of infinite jest.

Back at the Bull, other notables had checked in, including Dan Morgan, whose name was once very well-known in Authentic and New Worlds. He still takes a keen interest in sf, and looks as spry as when I last saw him, back at the London World Con in '57. Also arrived, Yorkshire author Brian Ball, who also seems to be in on the school sf anthology racket. Later, Eric Bentcliffe, who publishes - as old fans will recall - Bastion, appeared with his wife, Beryl. His flash equipment looked larger than ever; later, in the fancy dress parade, he and Eric Jones were having an absolute duel, with bulbs going nova every second.

Bruce and I took Kingsley to see Ken Slater's tremendous book display. It was a great collection, and seemed to be selling well, even titles like "Sector General". The three of us were then hauled away to judge the fancy dress, while the local press squeaked and gibbered about us. We gave Harry Nadler the Best Monster prize, and Tony Walsh the Best Fancy Dress because we thought it had wit - he paraded solemnly as a sandwich man, with boards saying "Prepare to Meet Your Remaker" and "The Beginning is At Hand". (Note: Skyrack has these slogans differently; one of us must be Ron) There was also a special award to dainty little Janet Shorrocks as a cat girl. Ted Tubb, as a bearded and bepagged author, would surely have won a prize had he rolled up on time.

Frankly, much of the rest of that evening was hell. There was so much confusion! Down in the bars, the Salvation Army had broken in and were selling their magazine, War Hoon - in fact, Harry told them to bergeron or off. Then upstairs we were hounded and dogged by the press. We took refuge in room five, the Black Hole of John Brunner, but they rooted us out. We all hid in my room, and were just settling down to a lill drink when they came in and said could they film us if they did not interrunt. We said okay, so they said right, let's have you in a bigger room. It was too bad: Kingsley was just talking about John Baxter's Guest Editorial in New Worlds (some day, James, when you and Walt and Ian visit Oxford, SF's Lost City, I'll show you my John Baxter doll - you wind it up and it writes to fifty fanzines).

Eventually some BBC fellow flung the youngest Slater out of her bed and got Bruce, Kingsley and me into her room with a tape recorder. There he milked (with the aid of whisky) a marvellous quarter hour debate from us, three minutes of which were heard on the Midlands programme "Counterpoint" three days later.

Once the vultures had gone, we began to enjoy ourselves. To preserve some of the decorum of this report, I have postponed until now any account of the previous night's activities; but in the interests of truth I must here reveal that on that preceding night - Friday - Danish fan Harrison and I were chased down the corridors by a horde of pro-eating fans. These uncannybals were led by promising new sharp-toothed Manchester fan Charles Parkinson. To escape their clutches, Harry and I had to flee down a fire escape at a rate of three cents a minute.

So we resolved to take Saturday night more cosily. We pressed into the notorious Room Five, and I managed to sell quite a few meat pies. (This transaction showed a considerable profit over last year's similar enterprise at Harrogate, although Brian Burgess was competing with me with a vast range

of pies stuffed with pterodactyl meat; fortunately, I was able to enter his room and hide his stock in his wardrobe, thus stealing a munch on him.)

Room Five was at its prime. The Brunner's double bed boasted as fine an array of knees as ever kissed nylon. They belonged to mesdames Manson, Harrison, Yarborough, Brunner and Boardman, and Mack Reynolds lay in the middle of them. With great devotion to duty, Harry and Tom Boardman brought out a subscription sheet to SF HORIZONS, the forth-coming review of sf, on Ken Slater's duplicator, and extorted several subs from the more gullible attendees.



Time concertinaed down until you could get it all into a brown ale glass - they call it the XXX effect - and too soon it was 4.30. I crent to bed past Ron Bennett's brag party. He looked quite comfortable, sitting there in his braces.

At 4.35, the sturdiest curate in the Soke of Peterborough started ringing reveille in the cathedral. That's a fine peal they have there, and from my room, 114, the belfry was visible as well as audible. Rousing the performance definitely was, and I wished the curate was a decampanologist.

For Sunday breakfast we had double coffees all round. It took some while, for service was so slow it became retrograde attimes, but John Brunner was being unreasonably witty and we were naturally all cheered to find that the Sunday Telegraph printed not one word of Miss Heather Nicholson's report. As always, it was amusing to see others stagger in and assay bacon and eggs; some of them looked as if they had been up all night, performing eye operations on each other.

Ted Carnell and I had a long serious chat on future plans. Delayed-service breakfast meant we missed Ethel's TAFF talk, but we had bought her report. Margaret and I sat talking to two of the most charming people at the Convention, Betty and Mike Rosenblum. Throughout the Con, Betty looked as if she was freshly dressed from her bath and about to spend an afternoon on the beach. I haven't your keen eye for sartorial detail, James, but I noticed Mike was also smartly dressed. Even Betty's fountain pen was elegant. When she lent it to me to sign a book, she said it would be hallowed from then on; I assured her I liked it so much it was nearly good-byed instead. Before we left, to show they'd forgiven the pun, Mike presented me with a set of his fanzine, The New Futurian. It's so readable I'm forging through it before embarking on the great pile of paperbacks I bought.

Most of the morning was occupied with the BSFA AGM. It was like all AGMs, and Bobbie Gray showed great resource in pushing it through as she did, though her opening remarks about "Discussing our usual crises" struck a chill note. It was revealed that half the BSFA membership does not renew, although

It is in fact increasing its numbers. This is not the place to go into details of that meeting, but personally I felt that we have secured a very good joe in the person of our new book librarian, Joe Navin.

Amid a gale of amazement, we were told that the Bull management would have us back next year. Taurus saw us, bore us, encored us! I hold you responsible, James, for getting the Willises and MacAulays over next year.

The Doc Weir award, an elegant cup, went to Peter Mabey, BSFA ex-librarian, who unfortunately was not present. Owing to ill-health, Bobbie is unable to act as BSFA Chairman, while for the same reason Terry Jeeves cannot chair again; Phil Rogers was put up for the job.

"But I don't know what the job entails!" Phil exclaimed.

"Therefore you're the ideal man," Bennett said, and the idea was carried.

I was chosen to be Chairman for the '65 World Con; Ella tells me it entails nothing, but I admit my hand isn't quite steady.

The meeting made us all late for lunch. With the Yarboroughs and Mack Reynolds, we ate in the hotel. That was the time when the wine waiter refused to chill the Reisling. It was during that protracted battle that Geoff Doherty, still resolutely talking about sf, announced that one Northern England Examination board was now setting A Level questions on sf. He said, and I scribbled his immortal words down at once, "The winds of change are blowing even down the stuffy corridors of the academin world." I wish I'd said that.

Geoff excelled himself later in his talk on "SF: New Lamps for Old". He spoke very forcefully, and said that what we identify as an sf feeling has been felt often before, not least by poets. He illustrated the point by quoting from Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came":

'What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,  
or brake, not wheel - that harrow fit to reel  
Men's bodies out like silk?'

Even Milton, he said, is to some extent an sf writer, in that he presents a view of man in a system, although it is a rigidly Christian system. And in 'Paradise Lost' one often catches the echo of enchanted horns that we call the Sense of Wonder.

He said that sf has something in common with many types of saga, from the Icelandic down to Pilgrim's Progress - anything in fact that showed Man engaged on a journey. In short, he claimed a lot more that you or I would have the nerve to do.

He denied that outside writers by writing sf, "jumped on the bandwagon". They might do it to express a different view of mankind, as Harry Martinson has done in his epic poem, Anlara. As the new views spread, so more writers will write sf; as proof of which is the growing output of hardcover sf.

Geoff's was a stimulating and difficult speech. I liked it a lot, and I disagreed with much of it. Soon after it was finished, he had to phone his

report of the Con to the Guardian, and then catch a train home.

So he was unable to sit in on all of the Pro Panel - not that that long-suffering board was not heavily loaded enough. We did a sort of shift work on it James, which was none too successful.

Ella asked the first bunch of pros what we would write if not sf. Brunner said historical novels, Aldiss sex novels, Moorcock books on mountain climbing although (or because?) he had never climbed a mountain, Geoff sex plays.

Max - my notes tell me - asked what we would write if we could write what we pleased. Brunner said that would change from week to week. Aldiss said he would go back in a time machine to before H. G. Wells and write all the science fiction. Moorcock said he would go ahead and write as he was in any case planning to do. Doherty said he would write sf as social satire.

Chris Miller asked what the panel thought about sequels. Harrison said Edgar Rice Burroughs was the only man to make a real success of it. Aldiss began "For those in peril on the sequel - " and was thrown off the panel. Kingsley Amis said authors should be paid as much as possible.

In answer to a question from Betty Rosenblum, passing through the hall on her way to the beach, Bruce and Amis discussed a novel called "Time's Ruin", which the former liked and the latter didn't. Very few other people seemed to have seen a copy; if you have a spare in your library, James, I gather Bruce would pay generously for it.



In answer to a question from Brunner, who by this time had been demoted to the floor, Bruce said that the first story ever to give him the true sf kick was Sheriff's "The Hopkin's Manuscript", also known as "Cataclysm." Amis had forgotten the title of his first kicker, but it featured an awful monster who engulfed things; people eating meat pies in the audience blushed.

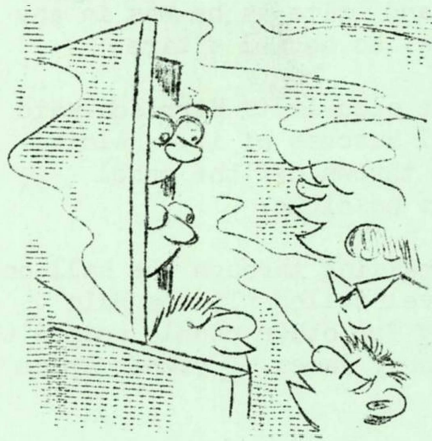
Dan Morgan recalled Verne's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" and Azimov's "Foundation" series. Harrison said that one afternoon when he was seven he found an sf mag which featured a story about a guy who discovered in the Antarctic a lost civilisation founded by intellectual tyrannosauri; the cover was by Paul.

The Pro Panel went on for a long while, everyone taking turn and turn about. Your reporter reports that he sneaked away and took turn and turn about with a bottle of whisky in the Harrison suite. There, a hilarious session developed, with Kingsley, Bruce, Harry, and Kingsley's friend Bill producing a series of superbly outrageous jokes. Your convulsed reporter took down the punch lines, but does not think they would suit the pages of Hyphen.

And so, James, the Sunday wore delectably on. I have a note to say that Ted Carnell paid for dinner that night. I tell you, James, you should have been there. Kingsley returned to Cambridge by taxi, most of the rest of us -

and that makes about 169 - saw one or both of the two films, Metropolis, and Cocteau's Orphée. The latter has most powerful symbols of death and the unknown, but the former was the more popular; in the immortal words of Skyrack, "There were many impromptu remarks from the audience".

So the gaiety went on unabated. When Tom and Joyce Boardman dragged Margaret goggle-eyed from Metropolis, we went and had a drink in the notorious Room Five, where the Brunner's massive dog was just finishing the remains of a delicious fan. Serious discussions then took place, on the subject of whether world conditions had not seriously deteriorated since women were given the vote. On the bed John Brunner and Bruce were entertaining Margaret and Joan Harrison with the exploits of Feghoot. I sold one of my oil paintings to Bruce for an undisclosed sum. Eric Bentcliffe suggested that since people got tired, all-night parties should in future be held during the afternoon.



At an undisclosed time of night, Tom Boardman and I decided we should visit Ella and Ethel in room 258. Unfortunately they were not alone, and the room was full of Jimmy Groves, to mention but a few. The talk there was more intellectual than in the pro room, and we discussed some of the points raised in the speech of Danish fan Harrison (whose cry "Elsinore in '64" had not been taken up). This was a very nice party, and I managed to get on to a bed with Frances Varley; Brian Varley was also there. They voted that I had the best red socks of the Convention, which was some sort of consolation.

Eventually Tom and I left; the party was still going strong, and Ethel lay fast asleep on her bed. We went to look up the Harrisons, and found Joan in bed. Margaret joined us, and the five of us had a quiet little session on Joan's bed. It had to be quiet - the children snoozed only a few feet away.

The tremendously high level of the discussion deteriorated after a while, notably when I could no longer resist a slice of midriff Joan kept on showing. I pressed a passionate signature to it with my ball-point pen. So Harry got to signing Tom with a sharp-pointed Parker '51. I wrote "Made in U.S.A." on a struggling Harrison back, while on mine he wrote - okay, James, this sounds corny to you now, you fine-living man! I'm not boasting, I'm confessing.

Having been signed and resigned, we resigned from the party, and tottered off to bed. Even the jolly sound of a corridor con upstairs could not lure us, though Tom went. We heard later that Mike Moorcock had been composing a new Elrick story, with additions by various hands and censorship by Ted Carnell. Tom bought the result, all rights, for a penny. Last I saw of Mike and Ted, Ted was trying to get his ten per cent.....

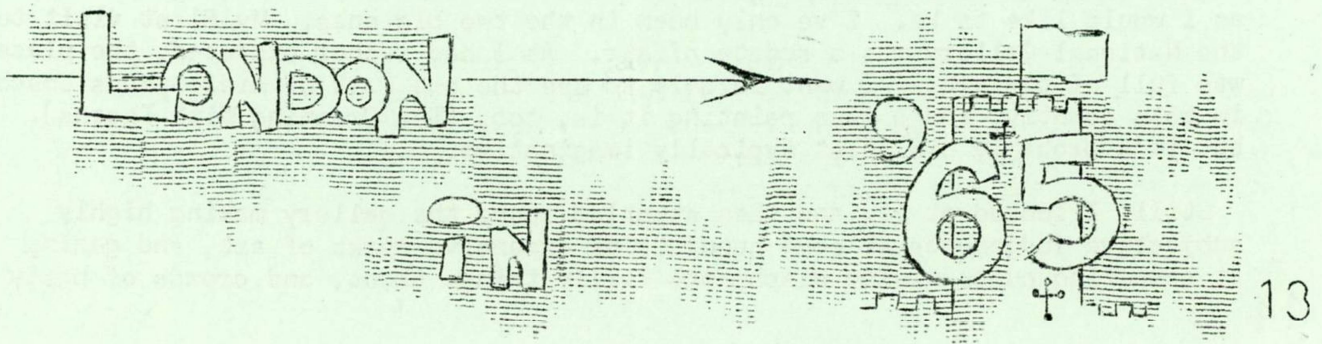
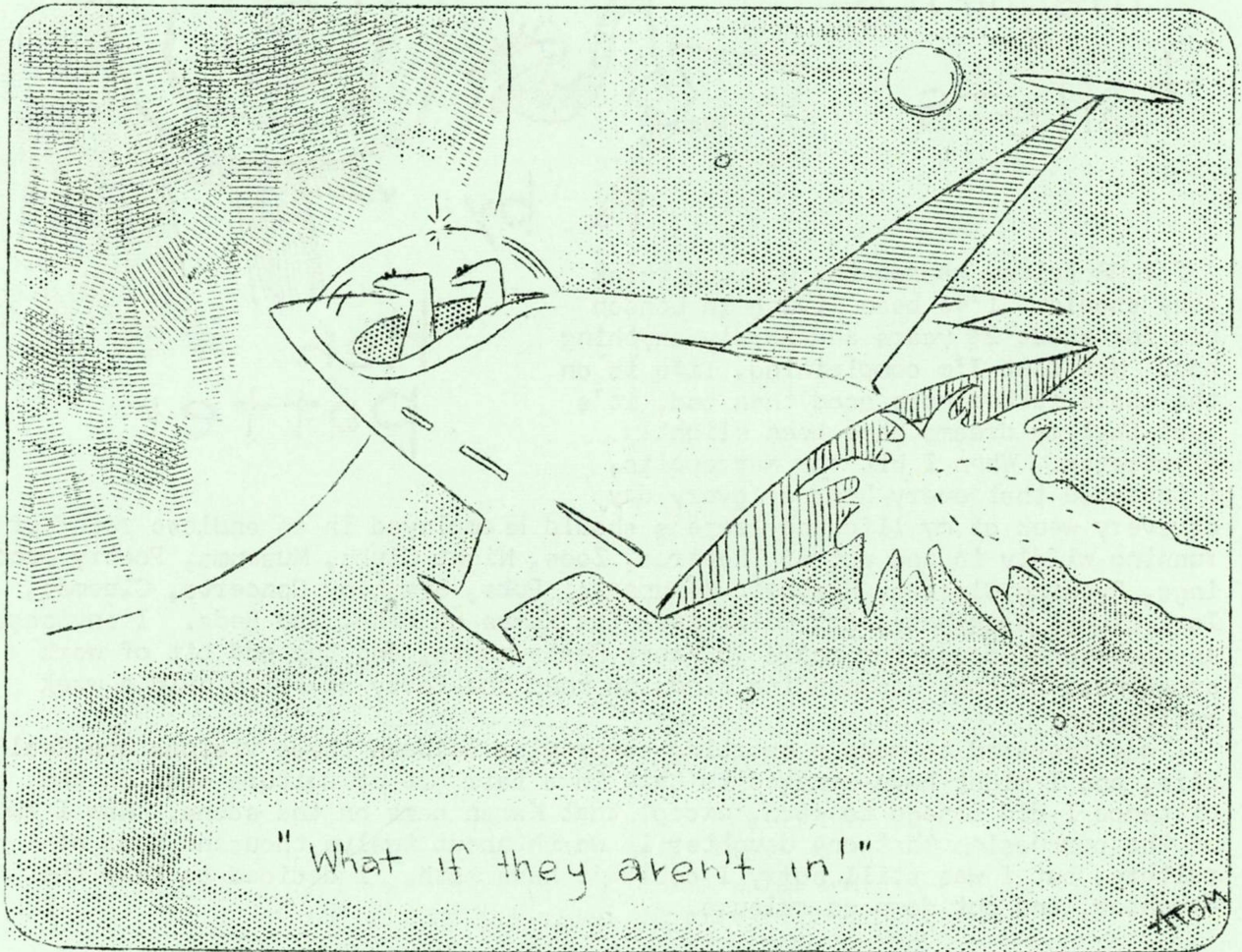
As we hit the sack, the curate across the road waded into the cathedral bells ..... and we roused to the last hellish breakfast. Service was slow. The waitress told us they were cleaning the silver in the kitchen. Could she have meant counting it? We observed a curious phenomenon at the table: the coffee got hotter the longer we sat there. It was John Brunner who gave us

The explanation: it was slowly coming up to room temperature.

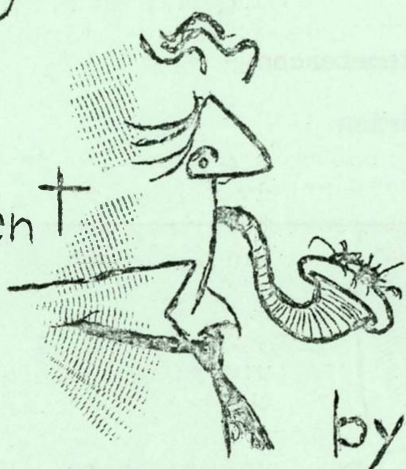
After that, we all adjourned, picked up Bruce, who was expressing dismay that he had missed earlier cons, and had two Bloody Marys apiece. Then we moved slowly out to the car, passing Betty Rosenblum on her way to the beach. When I was demobilised, leaving the bull gave me a distinct thrill; this time, it was no such pleasure. Every con has its flavour; and the Stercon had a bouquet all its own. I'd say '63 will go down in the records as a real vintage year.

Yours, James, till the Repetercon,

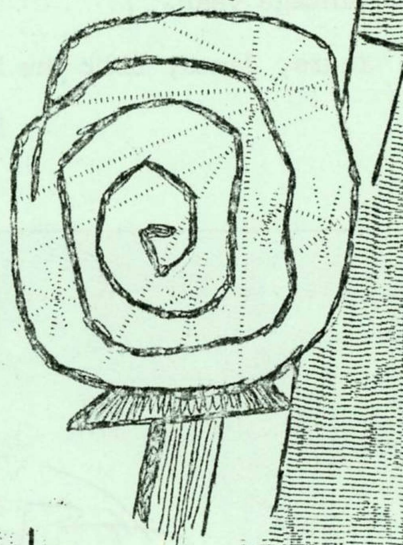
Brian



# the large object and the two magnificent toilets



by



Ken  
Potter

THINGS seldom happen the way you think they should. I've been living in London now for about 2½ years and hardly anything has. Not that I'm complaining, life is on the whole rather more good than bad, it's just that my dreams have been slightly frustrated. When I hit the metropolis, I intended that every hour of every day

of every week of my life and Irene's should be employed in an endless round of running wildly in and out of Theatres, Zoos, Night Clubs, Museums, Poetry readings, Evening Classes, Historic Monuments, Pubs, Symphony Concerts, Cinemas, Jazz Clubs, Bookshops, Art Galleries, The Homes of Fans, and Beds. I envisaged an occasional pause for meals in Fancy Restaurants, and the odd bit of work sometimes, of some undemanding kind, to keep the forty or fifty quid a week rolling in.

I was prepared to make a sporting compromise between these visions and Real Life, and I might have managed to take in a fair bit of culture even on the pittance I did manage to earn, except that Karen came on the scene. Now I am of the persuasion that one daughter is worth about twelve thousand tons of culture, but I was still sorry I couldn't have both. I decided to keep the daughter, and cut down on culture.

One result is that I am not quite so familiar with London's art galleries as I would like to be. I've only been in the two big ones. My first visit to the National Gallery was a sedate affair. As I had rather expected, the place was full of pictures. I went largely to see the one work of Hieronymus Bosch in this country, and a fine painting it is, too, (The Crowning With Thorns). but it's probably his least typically imaginative.

Still, I looked at it, and then stumbled round the gallery making highly subjective judgements of some hundreds of expensive works of art, and gazing at cavorting nudes waving diaphanous frilly things about, and crowds of nasty

men doing more or less terrible things to versions of Jesus Christ at various stages of piety and/or dopiness. I will not bore you with a fuller description of even those pictures which appeared even to my untutored eye to be immortal masterpieces (and there were quite a few of them.) This visit was undistinguished by anything in the nature of a divine revelation, but the pregnant stereotype-art-student looking girl in slacks who was staring transfixed at Reubens' "Rape of the Sabines" when I first passed that way and hadn't moved when I returned something over an hour later, may possibly have been having one.

Perhaps I am just unlucky, but my second visit didn't yield any divine revelations either. It was pretty nearly a year later, but the old place hadn't changed much, except that the room where they keep the Van Gogh's was, to my intense chagrin, closed, and the Da Vinci cartoon of which I am sure you have all heard was what the Authorities are pleased to call "on show."

I cannot dispute that it was there, but the defenders of our sensitive aesthetic English souls had seen fit to put the rope barrier about fifty yards from the picture. They had, to complete the effect, covered it with glass, so that it made an effective mirror. As for seeing Da Vinci's genius face to face - I suppose I'll have to go to the Louvre for that. All around me dutifully cultured citizens were hypnotising themselves into bottomlessly false raptures, and showering coins into the collecting boxes to help make sure that the world's most expensive mirror would not be snatched away to a country where people might dare to look at the picture behind it.

It was raining that day, and I reflected romantically how the unenlightened proletariat would seek shelter and find Art. The unenlightened proletariat were there alright, in droves, but it might have been an underground station. They were gaily poring over their tourist maps, munching apples, reading papers, admonishing their children not to scream, and talking loudly about bingo and football - the two major fetishes of our fair land. There was also a couple necking passionately in a quietish corner under a fifteenth century altar triptych, but they may have been more enlightened than the others.

I picked my way through the admiring entourage of an erudite young man who was "explaining" the pictures to them, and eventually found myself confronting "The Toilet of Venus" by Velasquez. This is not, as some of my less cosmic-minded readers may imagine, a representation of an erotically designed chamber pot, but the most exciting nude painting I have ever seen. It appeals decisively to more senses than the purely aesthetic, and I had to tear my riveted eyes away to some innocent pastoral scene, to regain my senses. But all seemed anticlimax now, and I staggered out into the rain.

The Tate Gallery is a different kettle of paint. It is not so central and accessible as the National, and if you want to go there, you have to make a point of going there. People don't go in out of the rain.

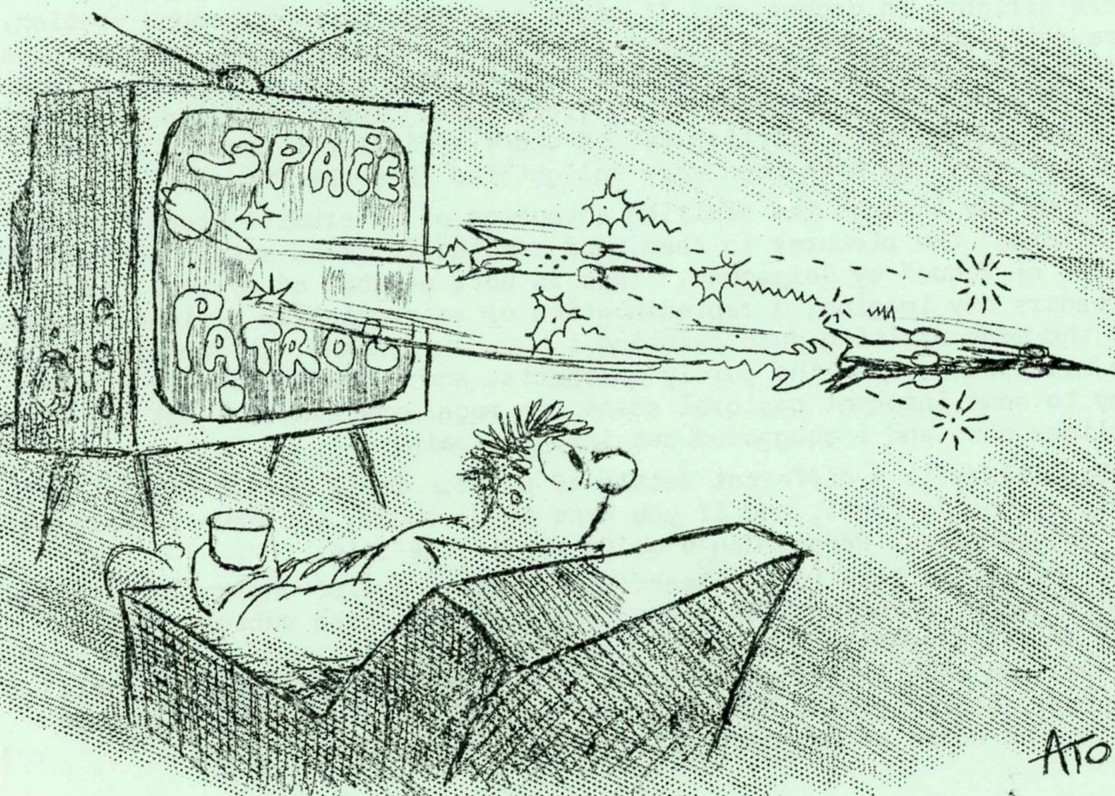
The toilets in the Tate (or at least, the gents.) are of unparalleled spacious magnificence, bursting with gleaming brasswork. Each cubicle is big enough to hold a convention in.

There are also some pictures, of which some - probably the most valuable - are annoyingly behind glass, but there are no rope barriers and you can go right up to the works of art and spit on them if you like.

Well, friends, I am not going to make the customary fashionable sneers at modern art and modern artists. Some of it is actually even more breathtaking than the toilet. But I will not deny that it has its bizarre side, represented largely by gentlemen with artificially inflated reputations, who delude themselves that combinations of brightly coloured geometrical figures, some of them fuzzy at the edges, constitute Art. I don't deny that it's decorative, but in an altogether lower sphere of human endeavour than art. But just let me assure you that to see the life in a John Bratby, the subconscious-run-mad in a Dali, the sledgehammer impact of Henry Moore's sculpture, and the supernatural beauty of a Van Gogh all in the same day is quite an experience. There is also a room full of the works of William Blake, which left me reeling. I can attempt no word of description.

Among the bizarre exhibits is a Picasso, which consists of pieces of newspaper and an old busticket glued onto a background not quite haphazardly, a composition of the sawn off ends of pieces of wood (not by Picasso), and a picture painted in a plodding pedestrian naturalistic drab style of the sort found in old children's novels, labelled "frontispiece", and showing a railway engine in full cry emerging from a bare domestic fireplace into a depressing sort of room. This is called "Time Transfixed", and is not by Picasso either. I think the biggest laugh in the place is a rough spheroid of bronze, with haphazard markings, which looks exactly like a natural boulder. It is called "Large Object" and I sincerely hope it is supposed to be funny. It is not by Picasso.

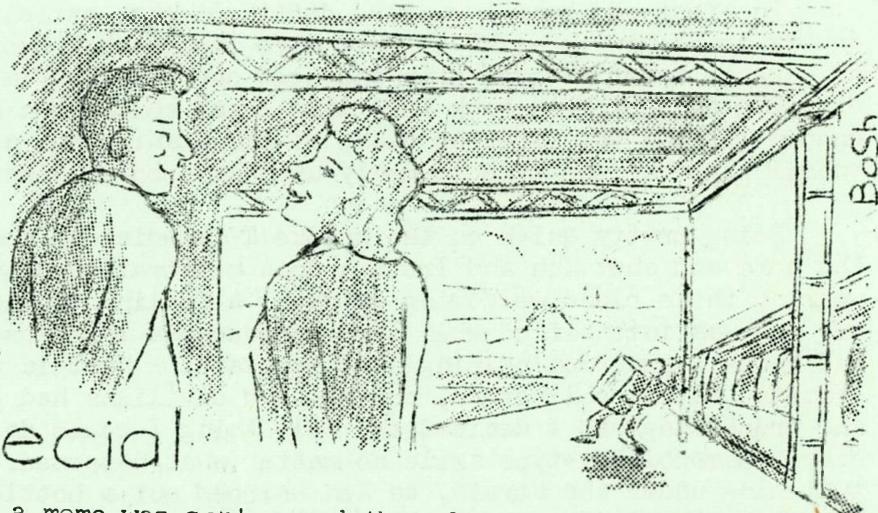
On the whole, though, if you're ever in London, it is well worth the trip to the Tate, if only to look at that fabulous toilet.



Bob Shaw

## THE GLASS BUSHEL

### The Blue Plate Special



Several months ago a memo was sent round the office where I work telling us that the firm had opened a new sales office in Dallas Road, Lancaster. The news was received with blank indifference by everyone except the sole science fiction fan in the place. You see, my work could easily take me to this new office some day, and if I am recognised in Dallas Road and if certain information filters back to my employers---then I would probably be out of a job. And this could easily happen, because it was on that very road, one grey morning in the closing weeks of 1958, that the local inhabitants were startled from their slumbers by a strange and ghastly procession....

But perhaps I should regress and unfold my tale from its true genesis - the first step being to snap out of this style before I end up by writing *Wuthering Heights* or something. I was travelling from Belfast to Bolton and, as the cheapest possible route passed through Lancaster, had written Ken and Irene Potter to say that I was going to visit them for the day. In my usual humorous manner I had said something in the letter to the effect that I would be starving on arrival and would invade their pantry forthwith. Of course, anybody who knows me would have laughed at the very idea, but perhaps I was partly to blame for what happened.

The trip had not gone exactly as planned because Sadie had insisted on my taking the record player with me. This record player has a handle on one side which, in spite of the machine's enormous size and mass, had deluded us into thinking it was a portable. (Our current thinking on the subject is that the handle is there to hang onto at the half-way point when you are walking round the thing.) The only way I had been able to transport it was by walking three paces, stopping ostensibly to blow my nose or look for my wallet, picking it up with the other hand and doing another three paces.

On arriving at Lancaster I heaved the monster from the train and was about to set off towards the barrier in the grotesque waltz time progression when I saw Ken and Irene waiting. It is a well-known fact that all us members of Irish Fandom are tall, god-like creatures, so, to preserve our image, I carried the player all the way across the platform at one go. This was achieved in a flurry of rapid, clapping steps at the start of which I was leaning so far away from the player that my free hand scraped the floor, and at the end of which I was doubled sideways over it with the free

hand describing frantic circles in the air.

The feat had been even more difficult than anticipated and I had some doubts about how god-like it must have looked, but Ken didn't seem to notice. He gave me a Potter-type grin and held out his hand in welcome. Hastily dragging my vertebrae back into line I put out my own hand only to have it encounter, not the expected clasp of friendship, but a chipped, blue-rimmed enamel plate of the type commonly used in feeding Alsatian dogs.

Being pretty quick on the uptake I immediately sensed a departure from the norm and shot Ken and Irene a cool penetrating glance, but they were both wearing these bland welcoming grins. A feeling of unreality descended over me, and was intensified when Irene produced a large packet of corn flakes and shook a generous helping into my plate. By this time a small group of assorted ticket collectors, porters and civilians had gathered round to watch the proceedings so I decided the only thing I could do was to maintain an easy, cosmopolitan-type smile no matter what happened. I stood there, face twitching under the strain, as Ken whipped out a bottle of milk and annointed the flakes while Irene sprinkled sugar over them and handed me a spoon. Through it all, none of us said a word - we just grinned, smiled or twitched.

Remember those Van Vogt stories where the heroes, simply bursting with political awareness, always did exactly what their enemies wanted because they had seen aspects of the situation that the adversaries hadn't? Well, for the first time in my life it happened to me. I had let myself in for this treatment by telling the Potters that I would be D. C. A. (drooling on arrival) but there were two facts in my favour - one of which the schemers had overlooked and the other of a nature they could not possibly have anticipated. Fact One: (well thought out stuff this, isn't it?) I was making my first, and definitely last, visit to Lancaster and therefore had no what-will-the-neighbours-think, problems. Fact Two: the record player.

I took a couple of mouthfuls of corn flakes, thanked my hosts for their consideration, pointed out to Ken that he would have to carry my portable record player because I was otherwise engaged, and set off for Dallas Road. After a few moments of marching and munching I had the satisfaction of seeing Irene's composure crack. She asked Ken in a scandalised whisper if they were actually going to walk home with a nit who was eating corn flakes off a tin plate; but he only replied, "Pthawggghhh".

To the average fanzine reader, accustomed to a high standard of repartee, this might not seem much of an answer but considering that Ken was carrying the monster it was a pretty fair effort. By the time we got into Dallas Road our little procession was looking its best. I was in the front eating corn flakes and describing my boat trip over; Irene was in the middle supplying extra milk or cereal as I needed it and casting worried looks at her neighbour's windows; and Ken was staggering drunkenly in the rear, face black with effort, shirt collar clawed open, eyes rolling, ghastly grin affixed to his lips. He didn't look even slightly god-like.

I have always regarded that morning as one of my little triumphs, but now I learn that I may have to go back to Dallas Road!

On business! Public relations business! I wonder if our Lancaster Office has a back entrance....

# POST SCRIPTS



William F. Temple, 7 Elm Road, Wembley, Middlesex :: It was nice to see the sea-sick green of Hyphen again.

Maybe one reason the Greyhound Bus Co. can't locate your luggage is that the word is unfamiliar to them. They call such stuff "baggage". Probably they think luggage is some sort of fruit related to the greengage, and are hunting for a crate in the perishable goods depot.

So TW3 has invaded the bacover quotes. I deplore this departure from the home-grown variety. If you're short of it, may I offer a sample?

A few weeks back, under pressure from that Parker woman, I gave a talk to the SF Club of London. I announced that I'd make a comparison between the amateur and the pro.

Ella said: "They don't want to hear about your filthy sex life."

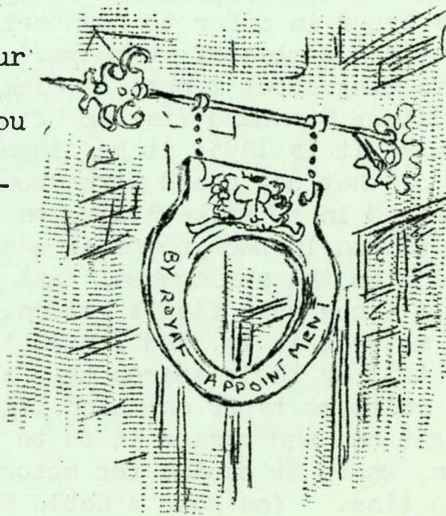
I said (and you can quote me): "Ella Parker is a remarkable woman in some respects, but she is not a respectable woman in some remarks."

So pooh to David Frost and Lenny Bruce. Anyone else need gags? Apart from Ella, who's needed one for years.

Sid Birchby, 40 Parrs Wood Rd., Didsbury, Manchester 20 :: How very nice to see you are joint editors. Ah, what a touching picture I see before me of two fans, man and wife, going through life together, and as the years roll on his gnarled hand rests lovingly on hers leaving a few blots of duper ink as she turns the duper handle at his side. (Not many fans have a duplicator handle in their side.) (No, not since the hero of Roneo & Juliet.) And as the snows of winter drift down upon the fan-attic they embrace (oh damn that handle) and sing that old sweet song 'Silver Threads Among the Cold' before turning out Hyphen No.500. (Containing, we hope, a letter from Senile Sid.)

Chuck Harris, 41 Storr Gardens, Hutton, Essex :: Your mention of the Great Mackenzie War (in Scottische) reminds me of something I've been meaning to tell you for months. About Chelsea. In the Kings Road, quite near Hans Place, is the shop of THOMAS CRAPPER--lavatory maker to King George V. If I told Rotsler the name he'd never believe me, but so help me, I found it in The Observer and checked on it personally.

I've always had a liking for oddments from the newspapers. In Musical Express they listed various fan clubs in the classified ads section. Right at the bottom was "All enquiries regarding Mr. Acker Bilk's fanclub to "The Bilk Marketing Board, 8 Great Chapel St., London W1."



It's a long time since I've seen anything by Bob. Was wondering if he will ever run out of these childhood reminiscences. Mind you I'm not knocking them. I find them as high class as anyone else in the cult, but I do feel he is getting into a rut with them.

Nowadays I only open my mouth to change feet.

Is that bloody lino still haunting us? I can just see my fate: I shall go down unhallowed and unsung, and people will remember me only for a fairly innocuous quote like that one. This irks me: I had at least three viciously obscene quotes on the bacover that were really worth remembering. In my days, son, Hyphen needed a mailing envelope.

Tom Perry, 1815 Connie Road, Lincoln 2, Nebraska ::

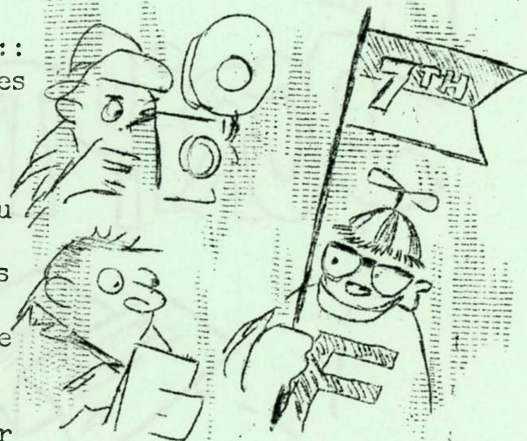
I enjoyed the cover cartoon, pointing up as it does one of the funnier aspects of the fuss about the Cosmopolitan article. There was a similar fuss, I recall, when Life reporters and photogs covered some meeting of 7th Fandom in Vorzimer's home: you know, Will fandom be misinterpreted? Will the big world understand? Will we all be destroyed by mass media? This was in 1955 or 1956 and the questions were never answered because the story didn't "make the book", as Luce men and women say. (Make a pun about Luce women. Use these brackets.) Now our little world is threatened again. In The Moviegoer

by Walker Percy the hero muses that nothing is real in the world of mass communications until it is noticed and verified by the mass eye---by being pictured in a movie for instance your town or neighborhood can become "real". Fans do not want their world to be real, I would say if I were analyzing wisely, and so they do not want their world confirmed by the mass media. After all, we fans use special standards to judge fannish things; to subject these things to ordinary mundane criteria seems to us rather like asking for Jesus Christ's credit rating.

I liked Bob Shaw's Bushel this time, except that he is so honest he makes me uneasy. I would never be this honest, especially where hundreds of people would read what I'd written. (Haven't you just been?)

Next time Madeleine buys a new typewriter, tell her to be sure it has a period on it. A period is useful for ending sentences with. Especially when you haven't got a preposition handy. (Of course I wouldn't recommend she get rid of this typer in order to buy periods in quantity---that would be to sell her word-write for a mess of stoppage.)

Talking about typers, I picked up a bargain the other month. It's an Oliver--an Oliver Standard Visible Writer No.3 to be exact. The latest patent-application date on it is 1895; it has three rows of keys and three shifts (so the secretaries of that day could work around the clock I suppose). The typebars are not arranged in a "basket" like on modern machines, but stand up perpendicular to the platen in two groups at each side. It works perfectly now that I've added a string to the springwheel that draws the carriage, and I may type something on it if I can ever find a ribbon. Meanwhile it sits on the dresser, where people ask me what it is, and I tell them and add proudly it only cost me \$1.00. You can tell by their stares they are pretty impressed. (So are we, because that is the selfsame typer on which Irish Fandom wrote its first faltering words. I bought one and passed it on to James, and Bob bought one and passed it on to Jonn, where it became the notorious Shawberry typer, the one operated by baked bean tins. You have a noble machine there.)

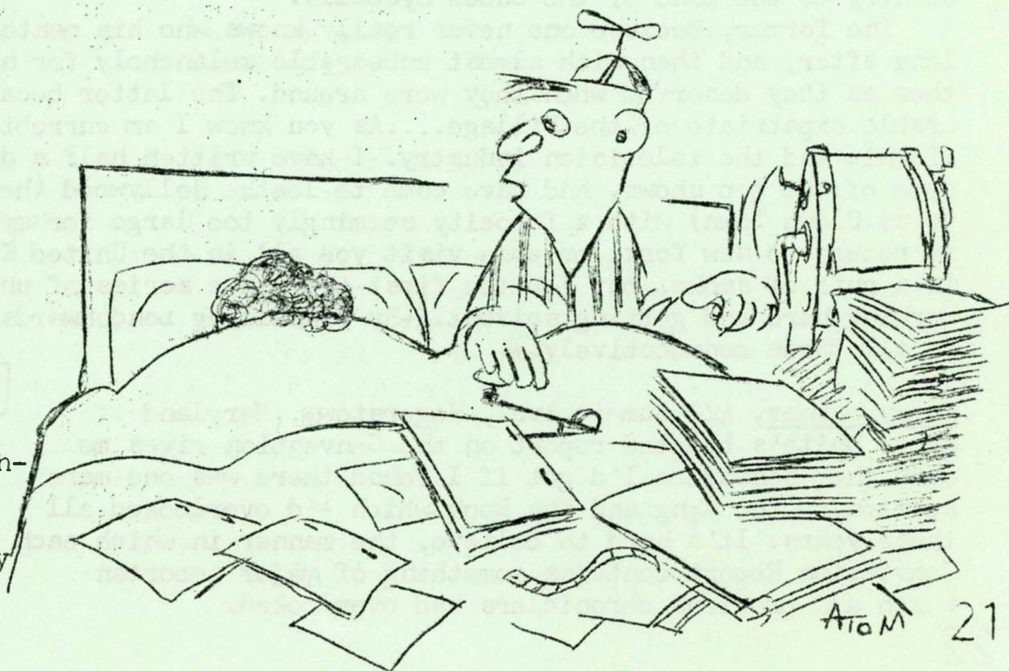


I applaud Charters for starting a line of research that should be continued---into the types of people that haunt libraries. I have never seen any O-fillers or their doodlings--not in books at any rate; I've seen people fill the closed spaces in display type, but not body type. (Pie the two and you get Narcissus type, by the way.) At our library I've long been interested to know who draws long phalluses suspended from the crotches of men and women in photographs. The drawings are uniformly crude, and have only the most imaginative resemblance to any real part of the human body: one would think they were all done by the same person---the one who, for instance, draws similar pictures in public restrooms, at least ones for men. But I've seen very much the same thing in many places, and I'm willing to bet that the whole thing---the peculiar conception of human parts, the compulsion to draw them, the almost stylised drawings and the need to draw them in public places---are a part of a particular syndrome, or sickness to be less Freudy. Does this kind of thing appear in Irish & British libraries?

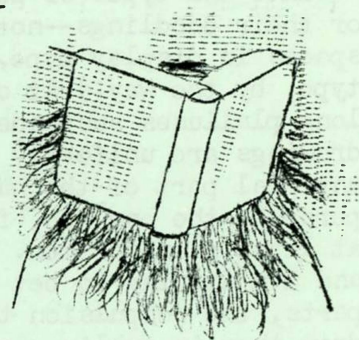
O-filling and phallus-drawing may be properly condemned as perversion, perhaps, but writing notes in the margins of books must be recognised as a sound and healthy activity---I do it myself. I used to read debunkers like Bergen Evans and when I found in other books an error he had denounced, I'd righteously scribble a correction. The ultimate came when I was able to scribble a correction in one of Evans' books. He says in one of them that the homing instinct of pigeons is a myth---that homing pigeons are carefully trained to return to their roosts, starting from a distance of a few feet. I repeated this with a knowing air to quite a number of people before someone who raised pigeons caught me at it. Not that I was much deterred by that. They can't get back without having learned the way, I told him---after all, I read it. We ended up going quite far out in the country with a crate of pigeons in the car, stopping at a place of my choice, and letting them loose. Most of them got back before we did, and you may be sure I wrote a good note in Evans' margins!

You were probably kidding about checking the local Greyhound office (6.), but I want you to know I did check mine. Your bags weren't there, but there was an ancient valise with French train tags that turned out to be full of yellowed manuscripts--short stories written in a style obviously derived from Ernest Hemingway. Of course I burned them. There are enough imitation Hemingways about without encouraging this one by returning his stuff, whoever he may be.

"... BUT FAPA DEADLINE IS ONLY  
FOUR TIMES A YEAR"



Walter Breen, 2402 Grove, Berkeley 4, California :: Toynbee and Will Durant are ignored in the social extrapolation business for good reason, Mr. Baxter---Toynbee's system has been demolished so conclusively that the only people who take it seriously any more are True Believers who wouldn't read the rebuttals. What kind of historian is a man who claimed that western civilisation enjoyed "universal peace" between 1797 and 1814---as in a table in Toynbee's 'Study of History'? Or a man who disregards the Italian Renaissance as a mere episode of unsuccessful anarchism? Or a man who totally ignores the Jewish contributions to history? Or who uses his whole system as a piece of special pleading for our society to return to the church as its only alternative to chaos, on the ground that the true God can work miracles? And Will Durant---well perhaps he is honest, which is more than I can say for Toynbee, but he's only a populariser of the work of other thinkers. No, let's go back to SF for possible extrapolation, and leave Toynbee & Co. to moulder in peace.



Harlan Ellison, 2313 Bushrod Lane, Los Angeles 24 :: Lord, you have no idea of the lub-dub of joy that offbeat my heart when I saw that familiar brindle-green mimeo paper with its illegible typography. "Eureka!" I eurekaed, "It is a Hyphen, that object of joy and wonder from my fannish youth, which like object I have not seen for lo! these many, and than which there ain't nothing better than yet still." (The Eureka nonsense stemmed from my having found out just yesterday that Eureka is the state slogan of Sunny California. (Must be all those swimming pools.) ...I read it from cover to cover and enjoyed it almost outrageously. I had forgotten there were fans with not only unwarped sense of humour and bottomless goblets of ambrosial anecdotes, but touches of The Human

Comedy in their make-up. I actually felt a pulsebeat of sadness at the death of Tommy Johnston, and commiserated along with Ted White as he moved from God's Country to the Land of the Cubed Eyeballs.

The former, because one never really knows who his mentors have been, till long after, and then with almost unbearable melancholy for not having revered them as they deserved when they were around. The latter because I too am a miserable expatriate of the Village....As you know I am currently a captive of California and the television industry. I have written half a dozen scripts for some of the top shows, and have come to loathe Hollywood (hereinafter referred to as Clown Town) with a ferocity seemingly too large for my wiry frame. I long to return to New York, or come visit you all in the United Kingdom, or vanish in a puff of smoke, but for the first time in a series of unhappy years I am working hard and getting solvent. ((By travelling Londonwards in 1965 you could do all three consecutively.))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland :: James White's belated report on the Convention gives me much the sensation I'd get if I found there was one more section to The Ring and the Book which I'd overlooked all these years. It's hard to believe, the manner in which each Convention Report contains something of major importance which all previous chroniclers had overlooked.

LONDON  
IN '65

«Continued from inside front cover»

WHEN THEY HAD BEEN IN NEW YORK FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, BLOGGS NOTICED SOMETHING WAS WRONG. HE COULDN'T QUITE DEFINE WHAT. THEN SUDDENLY HE HAD IT. THEY HADN'T SEEN A LIVE PERSON OR A MOVING VEHICLE SINCE THEIR LANDING. THEY HAD SEEN ONE OR TWO PEOPLE LYING ON THE SIDEWALK, BUT THEY HAD DISMISSED THEM AS DRUNK. THEY KNEW, BY SOME INNER INSTINCT, THAT THEY WERE THE LAST LIVING THINGS LEFT ON EARTH!!!!

It was soon obvious that this was no ordinary young neofan. Still worried about alien invasions, Ken and his friend Dave Wood decided to find out by experiment just how prepared the man in the street was for this contingency. One dressed up as an alien, saucer on the head and everything, while the other rushed up to passers-by pointing and shouting, "Look! The Martians have landed." The public was alarmingly complacent about its peril.

Like us. You see, Ward was arrested in the street in his slippers, and was presumably allowed to nip into his house to grab what he needed most. Now, what sort of a person would put science fiction before socks?

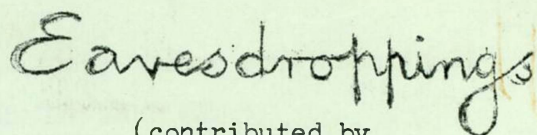
-----  
"Stop it, Brian," laughed Mrs Varley frantically.  
-----

Eventually Ken's fiction found a slightly wider market, in the Scottish promag Nebula. This first professional sale also brought fame to Ron Bennett, whose first notable fannish project was a scholarly and definitive KEN POTTER CHECKLIST, listing this tiny story solemnly under Author, Title and Magazine. Later Ken married a sweet young English rose with sexy toenails called Irene (no, not the toenails: you're thinking of a thumb nail biography) and went to France for his honeymoon. Returning to fandom after this, he reported to me with a phrase that went straight onto the back cover. AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS OF ABSOLUTE GAFIA IN PARIS.

I wish I'd more time to reminisce about Potter, who is a very good thing to have around fandom, but there's that question about science fiction and socks. The only answer is "a fan". We all know what the London Circle was like, don't we, and wasn't it funny how it seemed to disappear? Well, I don't know about you, but we're leaving the country.

Well, actually just as far as the Southwest coast of Ireland. Instinctively I suppose, we're going as near to America as we can this year but it'll be a very quiet holiday compared to the last...just us and the children and our two kittens, Jack & Nikita. Living with Berkeley fandom reminded us how much we missed a cat about the place, so we took two, they were small. No doubt we're mad to drive 265 miles with them, but we've got drugs from the vet to put them into suspended animation for the Great Trip, like space travellers. Isn't it a pity though that James White has already used that gag of his about "I thought I'd thaw a pudgy tat"?

Oh mail will be forwarded; if you send us any.



A SPECTRUM IS A TAME RAINBOW....AND THE LORD SAID TO JOB: NO REASON FOR IT, JUST MY POLICY....MARTIN LUTHER THREW AN INKVELL AT G.M.CARR SOME TIME AGO AND SHE'S NEVER FORGIVEN HIM FOR IT...  
...THE PURE FACT THAT HE IS AN IDIOT DOES NOT QUALIFY HIM FOR FANDOM.....  
MUSTN'T REPEAT MYSELF TOO OFTEN, I ALWAYS SAY.....69 IS OF FANNISH SIGNIFICANCE BECAUSE IT WAS WALTER BREEN'S MEMBERSHIP NUMBER AT THE SEACON.....

Hyphen 33 June 1963  
Walt & Madeleine Willis  
170 Upper N'Ards Rd.,  
Belfast 4  
N. Ireland

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An X here means your sub has expired

