

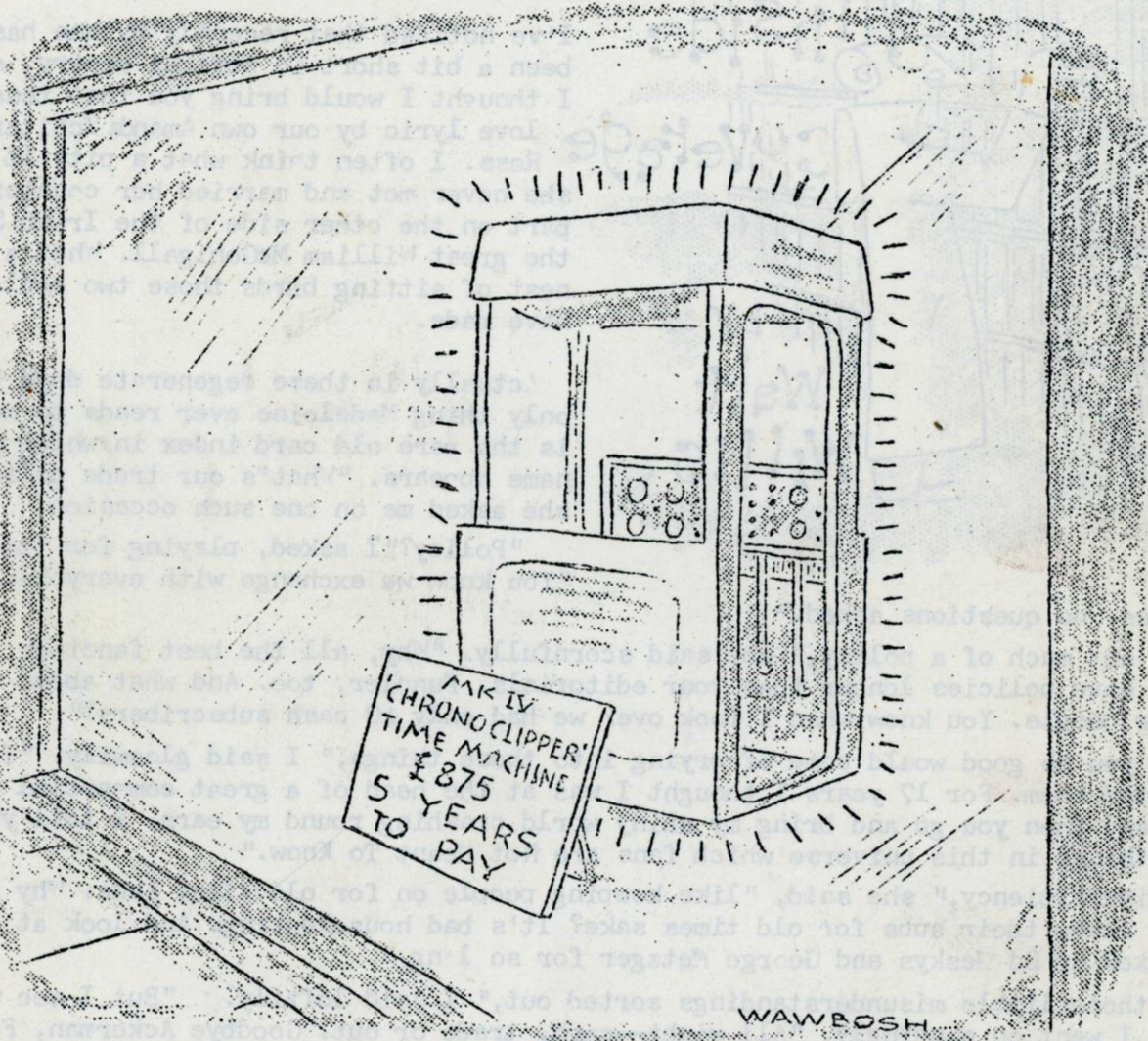
HYPHEN

NO. 36

You remember, that green Thing

1965

FEBRUARY



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(Digested for those unable to read expanded pieces of work, however good)

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(Shaw's first convention report spans fifteen years of British fandom)

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THE FAN WHO PLAYED CARDS AT THE CON GEORGE LOCKE

(A story written long ago and rescued from the Hyphen backlog)

WAR AND PEACE LEO TOLSTOY

(Another, but dropped because of the latest example of Faulkner's Law (p.19)---
a meteorologist has just discovered that the winter of Napoleon's retreat from
Moscow was in fact unusually mild. General Hal, meet General Janvier.)

MY BETROTHED

Her virtue far excels her looks
As diamonds shame a stone.
She loves to read a few rare books
To me when we're alone.

Her eyes resemble much the sky
Of blue on snowy ground.
In height she's neither low nor high
And practically sound.

I've noticed that recently Hynphen has been a bit short in serious poetry, so I thought I would bring you that tender love lyric by our own Amanda McKittrick Ross. I often think what a pity it is she never met and married her counterpart on the other side of the Irish Sea, the great William McGonigall. What a nest of sitting birds those two could have made.

Actually in these degenerate days the only thing Madeleine ever reads to me is the rare old card index in which your name appears. "What's our trade policy?" she asked me on one such occasion.

"Policy?" I asked, playing for time.
"You know we exchange with everything

but apazines, no questions asked."

"That's not much of a policy," she said scornfully. "Why, all the best fanzines these days have policies longer than your editorials. Funnier, too. And what about all these other people. You know when I took over we had only 40 cash subscribers?"

"I told you no good would come of vrying into those things," I said gloomily. "I never counted them. For 17 years I thought I was at the head of a great commercial enterprise, and then you go and bring my shiny world crashing round my ears. I tell you, there are things in this universe which fans are Not Meant To Know."

"Sheer inefficiency," she said, "like keeping people on for old times sake. Why don't they renew their subs for old times sake? It's bad housekeeping. And look at the way you mixed up Ed Meskys and George Metzger for so long."

"I got those little misunderstandings sorted out," I said loftily. "But I see what you mean," I went on cunningly. "All right--cash, trade or out. Goodbye Ackerman, Forrest J. and midnight chocolate at an allnight diner. Goodbye Aldiss Bryan and your Waterford cutglass napkin ring. Goodbye Ashworth, Mal & Sheila. Goodbye, Bloch, Robert---"

"All right," said Madeleine, "that's enough. I guess it's not a business we're running after all. You make a lot of friends in seventeen years in fandom, don't you?"

Yes, thank goodness, so don't worry about your X's if you're one of them. I might even smuggle you out a copy, good ol' Ed Metzger.

~~Terry Carr for taff~~ ~~Terry Carr for taff~~ **VOTE** ~~Terry Carr for taff~~ ~~Terry Carr~~

Oh in case anyone's wondering my 1962 trip report is being continued in an American fanzine where it'll probably be more generally appreciated. Bruce Pelz is running it in FAPA. If there is really anyone who subbed to H for it (well you never know) tell me.

The idea of trying to write a complete, connected convention report scares me, because it's one of the things about which you have to be very thorough---like being a hi-fi man. Some of my friends are hi-fi enthusiasts who get whole rooms wired up and pour half their salaries into equipment which is supposed to make them feel they are sitting right in the middle of an orchestra. They go to such lengths to achieve this effect that I once offered to build one of them a little gadget which would be the ultimate in hi-fi realism. It took the form of a black box which could be hooked up to the hi-fi and at every particularly loud trumpet blast would shower the back of the owner's head with spittle. For a little extra it would have prodded him in the ribs during the string passages and emitted the occasional whiff of B.O. each time the tempo increased...

My trouble is that I have a lo-fi mind, so these convention notes will be a bit short on most frequencies and others may be missing altogether.

The
GLASS
BUSHEL

BOB
SHAW

WEEKEND RETURN

When my brother and I were small boys we had a convention that our holidays began at the exact split second in which the train began to move from the station. We sat quietly, almost glumly, in our window seats while the train prepared for the journey and were aware, with some dim sub-Einsteinian instinct, that we were still part of the everyday system. Next would come that delicious moment when the approaching clatter of couplings let us know that the front of the train was already moving though our carriage was standing still---then a gentle, head-nodding lurch and our holiday had started. We usually cheered.

That's the way it was with the 1964 Convention. The hours of travel by car, aeroplane and bus didn't seem to count---the convention started on the instant the train pulled out of Kings Cross. Sadie and I were too tired to cheer, but we settled down to enjoy the last leg of the journey. I must have been in a particularly happy mood because for once the London suburbs and their strange yellowish, silt-coloured brickwork that you don't see anywhere else failed to bring on a fit of depression. Sadie was in a good mood too because she was able to settle down happily in a backward-facing seat. Normally she refuses to sit with her back to the engine...which makes things hellish awkward when we travel in a Volkswagen.

The thought occurred that there would probably be other fans in this same train, perhaps in the same compartment. I had a look round but didn't see anybody who looked the part so I got Sadie, who reckons herself an expert on deducing people's circumstances from their appearance, onto the job.

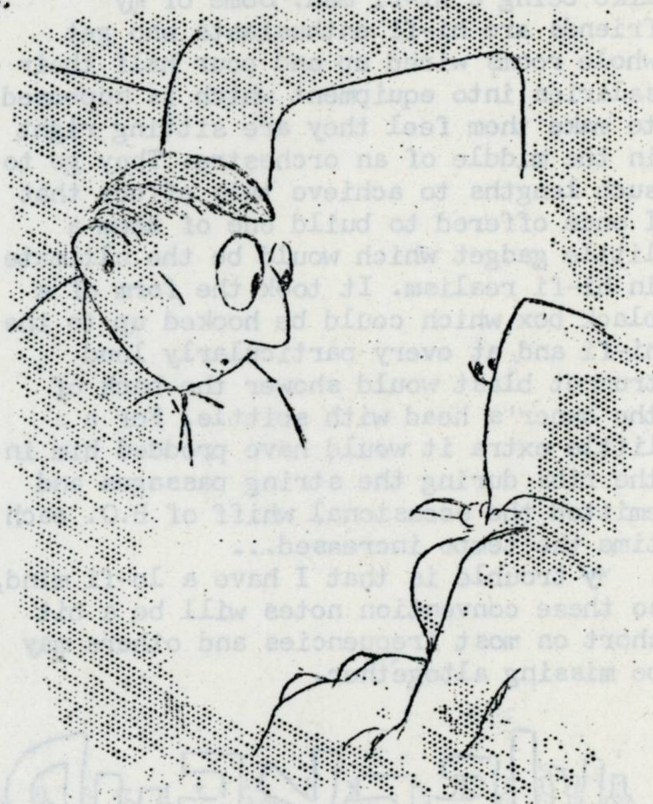
Sadie obligingly scanned the faces nearest to us. A young couple across the aisle who continually ate biscuits had just got through the Berlin wall and were losing themselves in England; the girl opposite in a black headscarf was a retired woman of the streets who was returning to try and re-create her former pure life in her little home town...but there weren't any fans in the compartment.

I briefly considered walking along the train to have a look but, somehow, fell asleep and awoke only a few minutes before we reached Peterborough. Leaping off the train I was immediately sorry I hadn't scouted through the other carriages because the first people we saw in the magical, GK Chesterton dusk of that Friday evening were Ken and Pam Bulmer. They were talking to the ticket collector and obviously receiving directions on how to reach The Bull.

It would have been difficult to think of two more suitable fans for our first contact with the convention. Ken Bulmer was the very first English fan I ever saw, and that was when Irish Fandom visited the fabulous Epicentre at Highbury for its first convention attendance back in 1951. Vince Clarke, the second English fan I ever saw (by about five seconds), shared the Epicentre with Ken in those dewy days and was directly responsible for bringing together Ken and his wife Pam together because one afternoon when he was passing through Woolwich in a bus with a file of sf magazines on his knee he was spotted by Pam's brother Ron Buckmaster. Ron spoke to him, started attending the old Thursday evening sessions at the White Horse, brought Pam along, she met Ken Bulmer.... Anyway, it was good to see them again.

As we left the station Ken explained to me that he had been to Peterborough before and knew the way to The Bull pretty well but he had decided to check his bearings with a local to ensure there would be no slip-ups. I nodded approvingly, thinking with a twinge of sadness that even for great fans mundane maturity and practicality must creep up over the years and dim the light of inverted-genius that once crowned their flat, yellow foreheads. A few moments later my faith in everything was restored when it became apparent that, pre-knowledge and fresh guidance notwithstanding, Ken had brought us the wrong way. The two girls were ambling along behind and didn't seem to notice so we kept quiet about it and some time later arrived at The Bull from exactly the opposite direction to the railway station. (It was a nice fannish touch, although one which nearly backfired---on the Monday morning Sadie and I burst out of the hotel late for our train and instinctively headed back the way Ken had brought us.)

We checked in and went upstairs to our room having divided the baggage equally---ie Sadie carried our case and I carried the key tag. The Bull's idea of a key tag is



a headstone moulded in cast iron along the bottom edge of which is a fearsome row of teeth making the whole assembly appear like a weapon from some ancient and more brutal age, or perhaps a Victorian meat tenderiser. Strangely though, I got used to carrying it around and now, long after the Convention, in moments of stress I find myself reaching for my hip pocket and missing the massive, clanking solidity.

After freshening up we went in search of the rest of Irish Randon who had all arrived earlier in the day. I had been thirsty since we left home that morning but to Sadie's surprise had passed up many chances to knock back a couple. Finally I had explained, to ease her growing anxiety about my health, that it was for a sort of sentimental reason. I had vowed my first drink that day would be a pint of bitter with Ian McAulay in the convention hotel. I knew he wouldn't have started without me because it would have broken our little tradition which is always observed on these occasions. When a boozing session is at hand the first there always waits till the other arrives and then, after a civilised, reasonable pause, of about four seconds or so, I say, "It's not too soon, is it, Ian?" And he says, "No, Bob---I don't think it's too soon"....and we get pigged in.



I had reminded Sadie of a Bushel I had written almost solely about the importance which the aristocratic side of Ian's nature places on the observance of these touching little traditions which do so much to distinguish our gentlemanly concourses from mere vulgar booze-ups. Sadie had nodded understandingly, no doubt awed by the power of that noble and enduring bond which can develop over the years between men of intellect, sensibility and honour.

Thus it was that, in spite of a raging thirst, not one drop of liquor had passed my lips that day when I entered the bar and looked around for Ian, ears attuned to hear that quiet, time-hallowed phrase which would be the signal for our first drink. You can imagine my distaste therefore when I was promptly pounded on the back by a ghastly-looking apparition with rolling eyes and a white moustache which bellowed, "Allotharr, Bob, old shun---whaddaya wanna drink?"

The alcohol fumes accompanying this greeting blurred my vision momentarily but my eyes finally came into focus and I discovered the white moustache was in reality a moraine of beer froth and that the creature behind it was none other than Ian McAulay! Not only had he started without me, he had almost finished! (Later I remembered that Ian had been resident in England for a week before the convention and hence could be forgiven the deterioration in his standards.) To be honest, Ian's condition mustn't have been too bad because I looked at him again after I'd had six or seven pints of Bass on an empty stomach and he appeared quite normal, although everyone else was starting to go a bit funny. The whole of the Irish Contingent, plus Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay, then went and had a very enjoyable Chinese meal, during which Ian and I had a few more drinks; then we returned to the hotel for a jawing session during which Ian and I had a few more drinks. After a couple of nightcaps we went to bed.

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I woke up next morning with a hangover, which obviously had been brought on by the fact that I'd broken all the rules of stomach care the night before by having crispy noodles instead of my usual soft noodles. Sometimes I think I'll never learn. However I quickly cured the hangover by a trick picked up from a German friend who on these occasions always takes an Alka-Seltzer and an aspirin tablet---typical two-tonic efficiency.

One of the first things to happen that day was that Arthur Thomson turned up and I brought him along to our room and introduced him to Sadie, the one member of Irish Fandom who had so far eluded him. I was pleased at the great interest Arthur took in Sadie. They had almost met on several occasions during the previous ten years or so and he couldn't seem to get it into his head that at last she was really there in front of him. In fact, at odd moments during the convention, when he thought nobody was looking, Arthur kept putting out his hand and just touching some part of Sadie ---her back or her leg, perhaps---as though to convince himself she was real. I had to laugh at old Arthur for being so slow on the up-take.

Now that I think of it, Ian McAulay was another one who was very nice to Sadie. Quite often, when he could have been away talking to fans or buying prozines, he seemed content just to stay with Sadie on our bed while I selfishly lounged in the room's only comfortable armchair. Several times he told me there was absolutely no need for me to miss any of my first British convention for some years, as he wouldn't mind keeping Sadie company for me while she rested. I didn't take advantage of his offer, of course---there are limits even to what one fan should be allowed to do for another. It ought to go on record, though, that it is people like Arthur and Ian who have helped make conventions what they are.

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I looked in at the introductory session for a while on Saturday morning to see how things were going and heard something I had never heard at a convention before. A man about forty, who seemed intelligent otherwise, stood up and gave an impromptu speech on the brilliance, originality and sheer literary craftsmanship of F.G.Rayer. He went on so long that I began to think he must be F.G.Rayer, and to my astonishment nobody put him right about a man who must be the most unoriginal writer outside the ranks of successful bank note forgers. I might have had a go myself but I began to wonder if what I was hearing was symptomatic of the science fiction world's inability to stand on the shoulders of previous generations.

Older fans tend to stop reading sf because it seems stale to them, younger fans tend to enjoy current sf and say it is as good as ever---and observers of the scene say it is only natural that new fans should be thrilled by some concepts that engrossed members of Sixth Fandom and earlier. This conclusion is reached every time fans discuss sf and it is right as far as it goes, but should a supposedly creative thing like sf follow the same cyclic pattern as magazines like Car Mechanics with their recurrent "More MPG This Winter" articles?

The subject was openly discussed a couple of times at Peterborough and the same tired conclusion was reached, but still I question its validity. I think the cycle could be broken if we did a bit more standing on shoulders. In other fields the beginner starts off knowing more than a master did some years before---why does sf have to be different?

Probably one of the big stumbling blocks is our attitude towards science. We are inclined to think we know a lot about science and are encouraged in this by the fact that the non-sf reader knows absolutely nothing. The tv is on. A serious look comes over Hughie Green's face and the audience falls quiet, sensing that a really tough

question is coming up. The contestant looks worried as, with great care, Hughie reads out, "This question is about the Solar System. The So-lar Sys-tem." He darts a quick look at the audience to commend their respectful silence. "Circling our Sun there is a belt of minor astronomical bodies known as the As-ter-oid Belt. Between the orbits of which two planets does this Belt exist?"

The average sf fan has been reading a book by the fire, making sure the rest of the family know he despises popular quiz shows, but he can't resist rattling out, "Mars and Juniter." A full minute later the contestant, if he is lucky, says the same thing: Hughie lets his arms fall helplessly in the face of such erudition and says "By golly, sir, you certainly know your astronomy," the audience applauds wildly, and the fan modestly lowers his head but keeps his ears tuned for the next question.....



This sort of thing makes us feel a bit like science wizards but supposing the question had been a shade more difficult, such as being asked to state, or even define, Planck's Constant. About 99% of the fannish noses would remain buried in the books. The truth is that we don't know much about science at all, so maybe the reason sf doesn't turn up new concepts is that the old stories have squeezed out all the concepts that can be appreciated with a very elementary scientific knowledge.

During the discussions Ian McAulay said he would like to see more science in sf but author Ted Tubb actually replied that in his mind it was a bad thing for sf writers to bother too much with science! I can see Ted's point of view, of course---it would be a lot easier simply to continue doing stuff about the swamps of Venus. It is unfortunate though the graph of the incidence of scientific discoveries curves up and up and that of the incidence of new sf ideas continues resolutely downwards.

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The fancy dress ball was good fun, much of the credit going to Norm Shorrocks for supplying an incredible quantity of free booze of a quality which would have made it enjoyable even if we had been paying. At the start of the evening I was greatly impressed by a flash of alien genius from Arthur Thomson. Brian Burgess had shown up in a striking outfit consisting of a pair of dark white drawers and a raincoat slung back from his shoulders like a cloak. After surveying Brian critically for a few moments Arthur explained to him that he ought to keep the raincoat around himself to tantalise people, only allowing them occasional exciting glimpses of what lay underneath. This I regarded as sheer brilliance because it made things more enjoyable for the people who liked looking at Brian's tummy, and at the same time, if there happened to be people present who did not want to see Brian's tummy, they benefited as well.

Unfortunately, this was to be Arthur's last flash of native wit. His fire was about to be extinguished by an experience of the sort such as that if a man survives it at all he thereafter faces death with the calm fortitude of one who has faced worse. You see, Arthur had not booked a room in the hotel and was spending the night on the floor of the room occupied by James White and Ian McAulay. It wouldn't have been much of a night for him at the best of times, but on this occasion there were two other factors involved---either of them devastating on its own, the two together being too horrible to contemplate. James had been quite ill before leaving Ireland with the result that his insulin dosage was all haywire and he was rapidly becoming delirious; Ian had

tanked up on about ten different varieties of free wine to the point where pink elephants and green rats were running away from him, screaming.

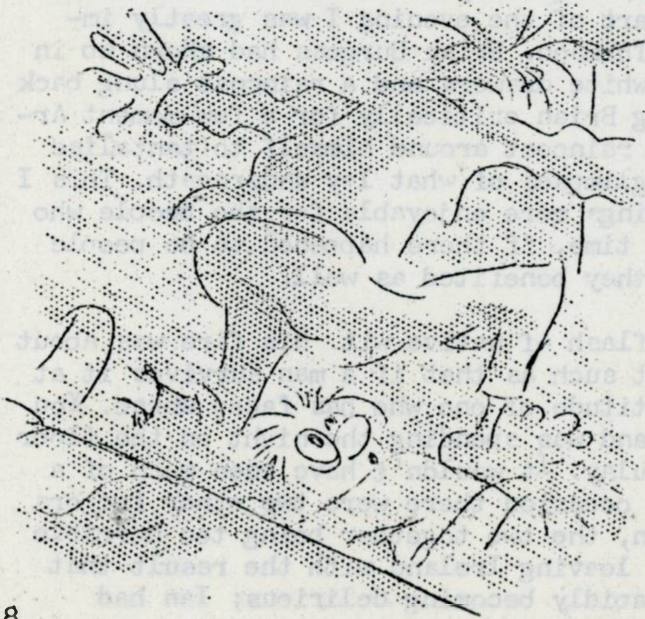
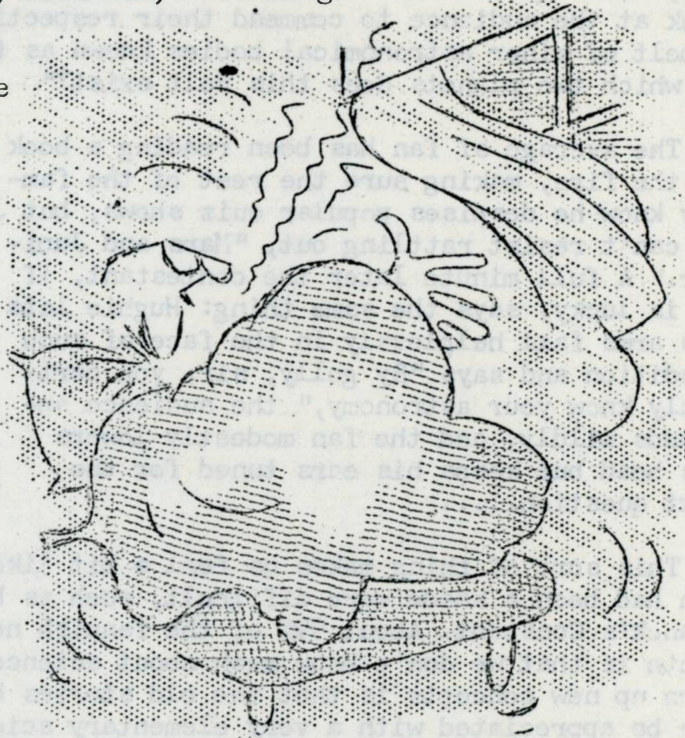
Arthur tried to describe it the following morning but I doubt if he could have done so even if he hadn't been mumbling incoherently, twitching and flinging his arms over his face every time a door opened. We can only visualise him sitting bolt upright at the foot of James's bed, his head turning gopher-like as, hour by horrible hour, the night unfolded its vistas of dread. Now, I'm the first to admit that I snore a bit, but my snore is a regular peaceful thing which has even been known to soothe people and give them a feeling that the world mustn't be too bad if a man can so obviously enjoy the sleep of the just. But James and Ian both have frightening, unpredictable snores, sometimes dying down to sibilant whispers which lull the listener to a state of uneasy drowsiness, then with the suddenness of a bomb-burst increasing to thunderous proportions, wringing moans of panic from the listener who, with heart stopped, springs back to full consciousness. As if this were not enough, even when they are snoring at full blast one cannot relax in submission for, without warning, a tremendous blast will be choked off in its infancy as some nasal passage, driven beyond its natural limits, snaps closed. There is a deathly silence followed by a series of oily clicks as various membranes are tested by the pent-up forces of the snore and finally, after an unendurable wait, it penetrates the original channel with redoubled fury or, baulked of its natural egress, explodes through the mouth in a hideous multiple vibration involving lips, teeth, gums, palate and tonsils. One can only guess how Arthur must have felt, after hours of this, on making the discovery that the inhuman repertoire was far from exhausted. James began to jerk about in his bed, his gigantic form thrashing in the near-darkness like a

harpooned whale while tortured fragments of songs escaped his lips. And who can say what Arthur must have thought when Ian began bounding past him in the dark, looking for the lavatory, all the time swearing in Gaelic, retching raucously and emitting great gouts of mixed banana wine, Tuborg lager and fermented Cocc-Cola?

All I know is, he wasn't the same man for the rest of the convention.

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It was cold on the Sunday morning but we forsook the hotel and walked a long way to a local greasy spoon because Ian got up too late for breakfast. He insisted that James had slipped out for breakfast without even

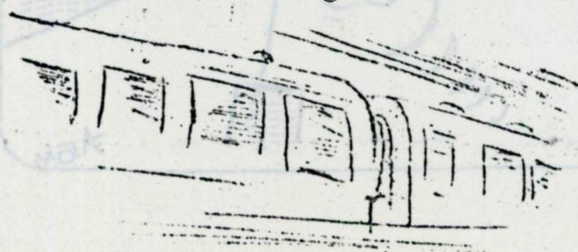
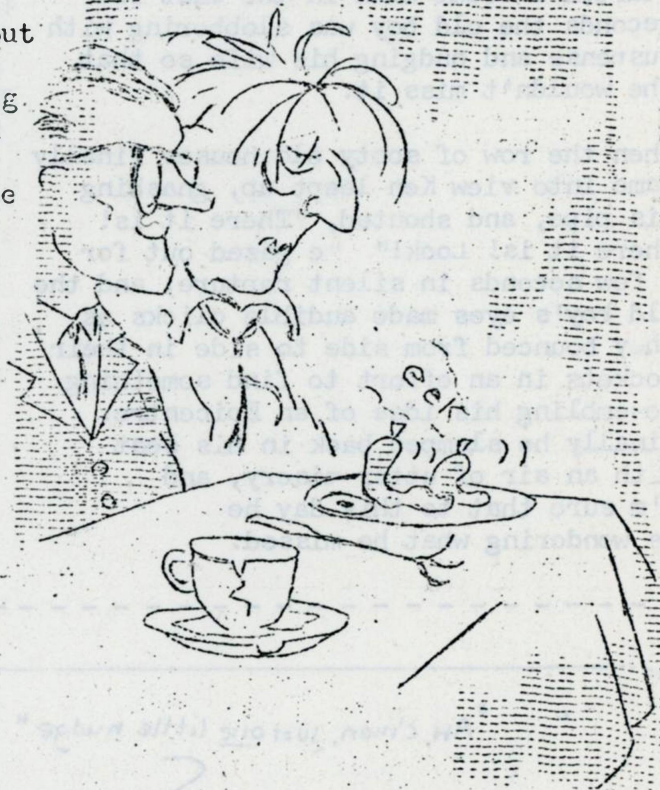


trying to waken him. James denied it vigorously but in the end promised to buy Ian a good breakfast elsewhere, so we set off. It says a lot for Ian's constitution that he had worked up an appetite by the time we sat down but they served him a plate of sausageless skins, tea in a plastic cup and a strange looking condiment in a bottle labelled, with unlively simplicity, "Chop Sauce". Any remnants of appetite remaining to Ian were dispelled when James---tactlessly I thought---pointed out that the waitress was wearing Wellington boots, so what must the kitchen be like?

Ian and James moaned at each other about it the whole way back to The Bull, while Sadie and I trailed along behind listening. It was odd to hear them quarrelling over a minor thing like breakfast. I would have thought that after what they had just done to Arthur they would have been unified by some strange bond, like Burke and Hare.

The rest of Sunday seemed to go like a dream. Walt Willis and Ian played a game of Scrabble which was photographed at almost every move by half a dozen camera fans. I kept seeing people I would like to have a yarn with but couldn't get the chance. Sid Birchby, for instance, who was as jovial and changeless as ever. Jim and Dot Rattigan showed up for a while. Ian kept complaining about having been deserted by his friends in the morning, and James kept pointing out that he had bought him the best breakfast available. Wally Weber kept circulating.

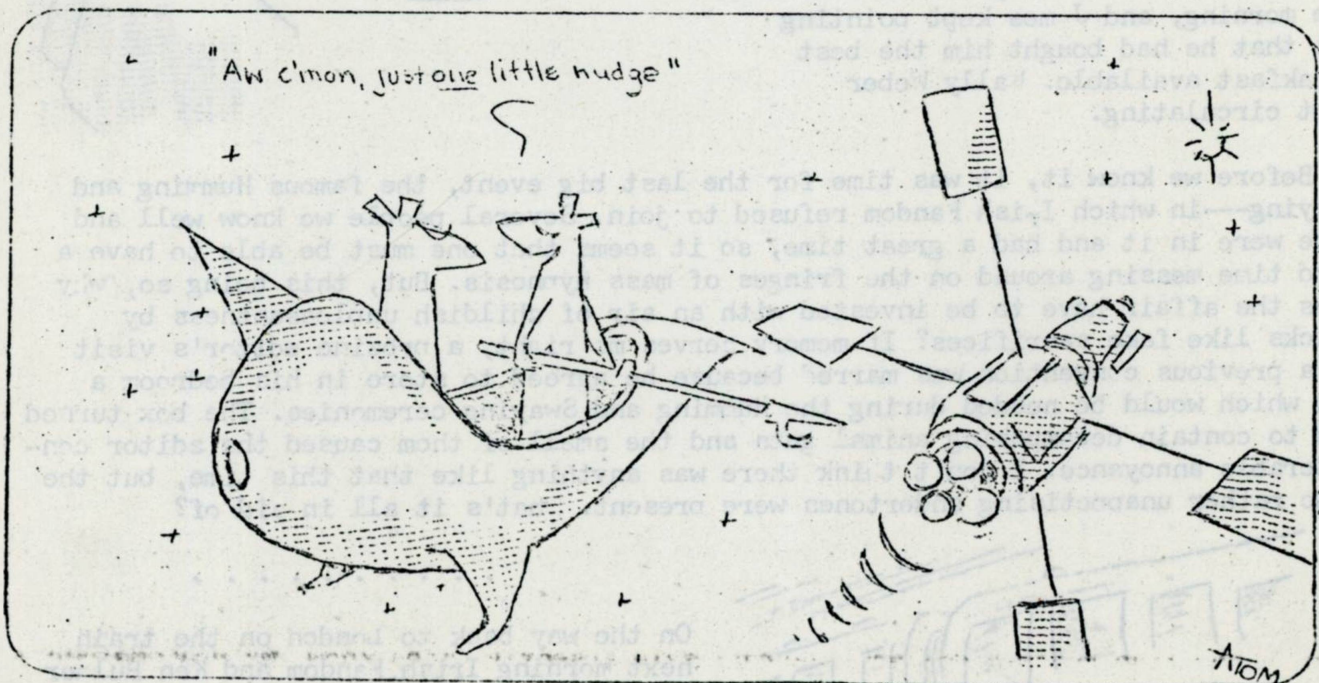
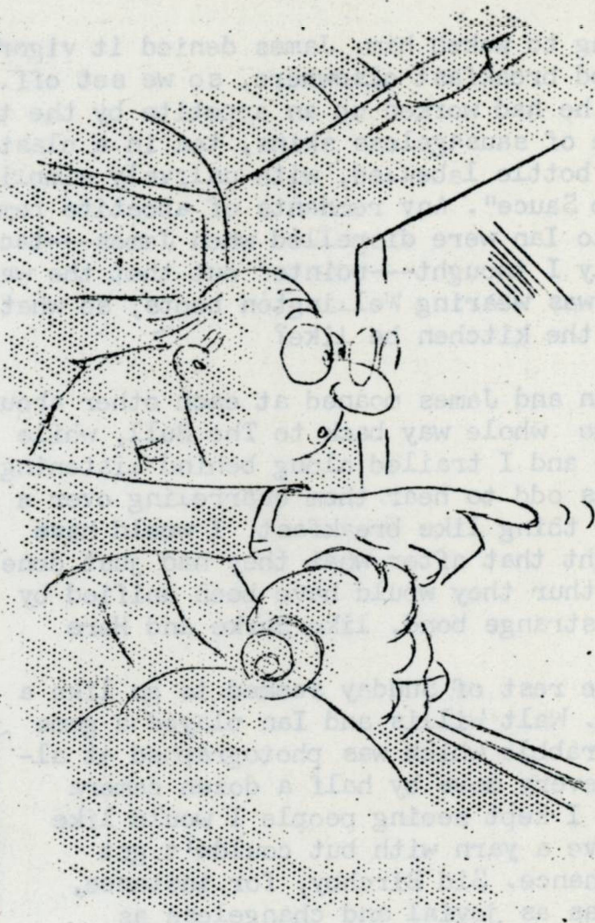
Before we knew it, it was time for the last big event, the famous Humming and Swaying---in which Irish Fandom refused to join. Several people we know well and like were in it and had a great time, so it seems that one must be able to have a good time messing around on the fringes of mass hypnosis. But, this being so, why does the affair have to be invested with an air of childish unpleasantness by tricks like fake sacrifices? If memory serves me right, a prozine editor's visit to a previous convention was marred because he agreed to store in his bedroom a box which would be needed during the Humming and Swaying ceremonies. The box turned out to contain decomposing animal guts and the smell of them caused the editor considerable annoyance. I don't think there was anything like that this time, but the same rather unappetising undertones were present. What's it all in aid of?



On the way back to London on the train next morning Irish Fandom and Ken Bulner got seats together in a compact little group which encompassed only two non-fans, an elderly couple who seemed to be going up for a day's shopping. They were under-

standably bored by our conversation but I noted a gleam of interest in their eyes when Ken casually remarked, "We'll be able to see The Epicentre from this train." God only knows what sort of vision the word Epicentre conjured up in their minds, but it must have been something good. They got more and more excited as Ken ticked off landmarks leading up to The Epicentre and when he started a count-down in the last few seconds the old boy was slobbering with suspense and nudging his wife so that she wouldn't miss it.

When the row of sooty old houses finally came into view Ken leapt up, gnashing his pipe, and shouted, "There it is! There it is! Look!" He gazed out for a few seconds in silent rapture, and the old boy's eyes made audible clicks as they bounced from side to side in their sockets in an effort to find something resembling his idea of an Epicentre. Finally he slumped back in his seat with an air of utter misery, and I'm sure that to this day he is wondering what he missed.





Perry and the Tires

tom
Perry

This is, the column is by Tom Perry. The title is by Dean Grennell, who created it specially for my first fanzine article some years back as he rejected the article for Grue. The rejection was one of the biggest favors ever done me in fandom, ranking along with the favor Ron Ellick did me in rejecting my first column. Fortunately I realized this at the time and destroyed the article, so that all that remains is the title---a name without a referent, like "quagga" or "dodo".

For certainly this piece won't be as serious as that one, or even one I did recently in another fanzine on punctuation marks. Nevertheless I can't help observing that naming a fanzine Hyphen is no reason to boycott the other signs on the typewriter. The failure of certain terminal punctuation to appear at the ends of sentences in the last few issues has caused this reader to go crashing helplessly from one sentence to another without stopping. This lack of periods (known as me-no-pause) could destroy the graceful rhythms of my measured prose and may make you lose your breath, though not from admiration. If the situation prevails in this issue I hope you'll join in urging Walt to end each sentence with a colon in the future. Then it can truly be said that the pause that refreshes is cola.

why don't they call them toadstool clouds?

Probably the biggest change in fandom as I knew it in the middle-fifties and now is the rise of comic-book fandom as a respectable institution. There was a time when a fanzine reviewer could dismiss one of the first comic-book fanzines by quoting from a detailed analysis of the plot and character motivation of a murder comic and adding simply, "Now, I ask you..."

No more. My wife Garrett and I were chuckling one night a few weeks back over the latest price list from Claude Held, a New York comic-book dealer, which solemnly listed a Batman No.1 for thirty dollars and a collection of Prince Valiant Sunday strips for five hundred dollars. Garrett said absently, "You know, my grandmother has a great big box of old crime comics up in her attic."

"She does?" Suddenly the world of comic-book collectors took on a depth and reality Mr. Held's lists had never given it. "How old?" Garrett remembered that the comics dated from the nineteen thirties and forties. "We're rich," I exclaimed, bouncing up and down..

By a coincidence she was going to visit her grandmother in rural Nebraska the next Saturday. I called her from work that evening, hardly daring to hope. It was as I had feared. "She'd thrown them away," Garrett said. "Oh," I said. A dull ache entered my heart. She hadn't disposed of them years ago either, Garrett went on---she'd thrown them out about two weeks before the visit. Somehow this made it worse. I was only slightly mollified by the fact that the old lady was as anguished as we once she learned the things were worth money. No doubt she would have wanted a cut of the swag.

That was the beginning and end of my career as an old comics dealer, but it's caused me to do some thinking about the whole institution. I wonder if collecting comic books makes less sense than for instance stamp collecting (which I've begun to feel lately is a dimbrow mania). At least the comics tell a story, however childish. I am no comics fan myself---they cut off my nostalgia when they discovered I couldn't remember the word Bruce Wayne says to turn into Superman---but I suspect comics fans are commonly put down a little too strongly. I don't say that most comics aren't puerile crap; I do suggest they needn't be.

I won't dwell on this because I suspect that someone has already made the point in a 5000 word article while I wasn't looking, but I think it's sufficient to look at the parent of the comic book, namely the newspaper comic strip. The Associated Press recently estimated that 96% of newspaper-reading Americans follow the funnies, and the other four per cent were probably fibbing. (Less than five per cent regularly read the editorial pages.) I do myself, and if that isn't sufficient recommendation ---well, you do too, don't you?

The high literary content of such strips as Pogo, Lil Abner, Krazy Kat and such has long since been proven by higher mathematics in august mundane reviews. But the intelligent and even intellectual comic strip has grown increasingly common since a possum first delighted sixth fandom, and it's now more common to read about a cave-man gone genius than an English lord gone apeman.

In fact it was in 'B.C.' that I read one of the simplest and most fascinating comments on our economic system. On July 19, 1963, a sly caveman named Peter was telling B.C.: "First we'll gather up all the worthless stuff and set it up as currency. Then we hire all of the guys to gather the good stuff for us, and pay them with the worthless stuff." B.C.: "What in the world will they use that for?" Peter: "To buy back the goodies they gathered."

A year later that still strikes me as quite as profound as Henry Miller's classic comment on economics: "But what makes money make money?"

But even less entertaining strips have their value. Dondi, which centers around a World War II orphan who must be mentally retarded, is surely one of the most stickily saccharine confections offered. But February 17th, 1964, found Dondi and one of his friends discussing the short-

Vote -
TERRY GARR

comings of a fat friend who strongly resembled a certain statesman: "You ought to be just as selfish to him as he is to you." Dondi: "That's Sopey, Baldy. You mean if I can't change Chuck into being nice, I should let him change me into being selfish?" Baldy: "Sure, why not?" Dondi: "Can't you see that if every good kid took your advice, the whole world'd soon fill up with selfish Chucks?" This appeared in newspapers whose editorial pages, about that time, were devoted to insisting that we should try to starve the Communist countries by refusing to sell them wheat we didn't need."

Of course when it comes to editorializing, Little Orphan Annie is the old original. No US reader can fail to know what I mean, but Britishers may need to be told that this pubescent orphan has been used to support the impeachment of President Franklin Roosevelt, the defeat at the polls of reform politicians, the acquittal of crooked businessmen like Samuel Insull, and---as nearly as one can tell from the nice nostrums the message is phrased in---a nuclear world war.

Fortunately the harm she might do is offset considerably by the heavy-handed treatment her moral messages are given. In this Harold Gray closely resembles Ayn Rand. It seems to be a truism that earnest moralizers forget they are writing entertainment and come closer to turning out tracts, even as Robert Heinlein has been doing lately.

Still I have to wonder at a recent achievement of Gray's. General Douglas MacArthur, who was fired during the Korean war for refusing to obey orders, was much admired by conservative newspaper owners who, one suspects, wouldn't hesitate to fire their own subordinates for similar refusals. After his death last spring two newspaper columnists produced delayed-action interviews in which the general said he had wanted to drop atomic bombs on Red China after his strategy with conventional weapons had failed in Korea. He was also supposed to have mentioned favorably a plan for spreading radioactive cobalt around over wide areas.

Without commenting on the controversy raised by these proposals, I must say I'm amazed that Harold Gray managed to kill off his heroic munitions tycoon, "Daddy" Oliver Warbucks, the same day that General MacArthur died. To appreciate this you must know that comic strips are drawn from a month to three months ahead of their publication date. The next day found Orphan Annie listening to a conversation on the streets of a large city. Several pasty-looking young men with beards, glasses and long hair were commenting on the death of Warbucks: "Good riddance. Why, he might have got us into a WOAH!!!" A bulldog-jawed citizen in suit, tie and hat replies: "Oh yeah? Well, if he did, he was one guy I'd bet on TWIN it for us, panty-waist!"

for
TAFE

Maybe I'll never know how Gray managed to co-ordinate the two events. (Surely he can't have had the co-operation of the general?) But I can take comfort in the fact that, while Daddy Warbucks surely will return, the general, this time, won't.

Scott is the author of Waverly

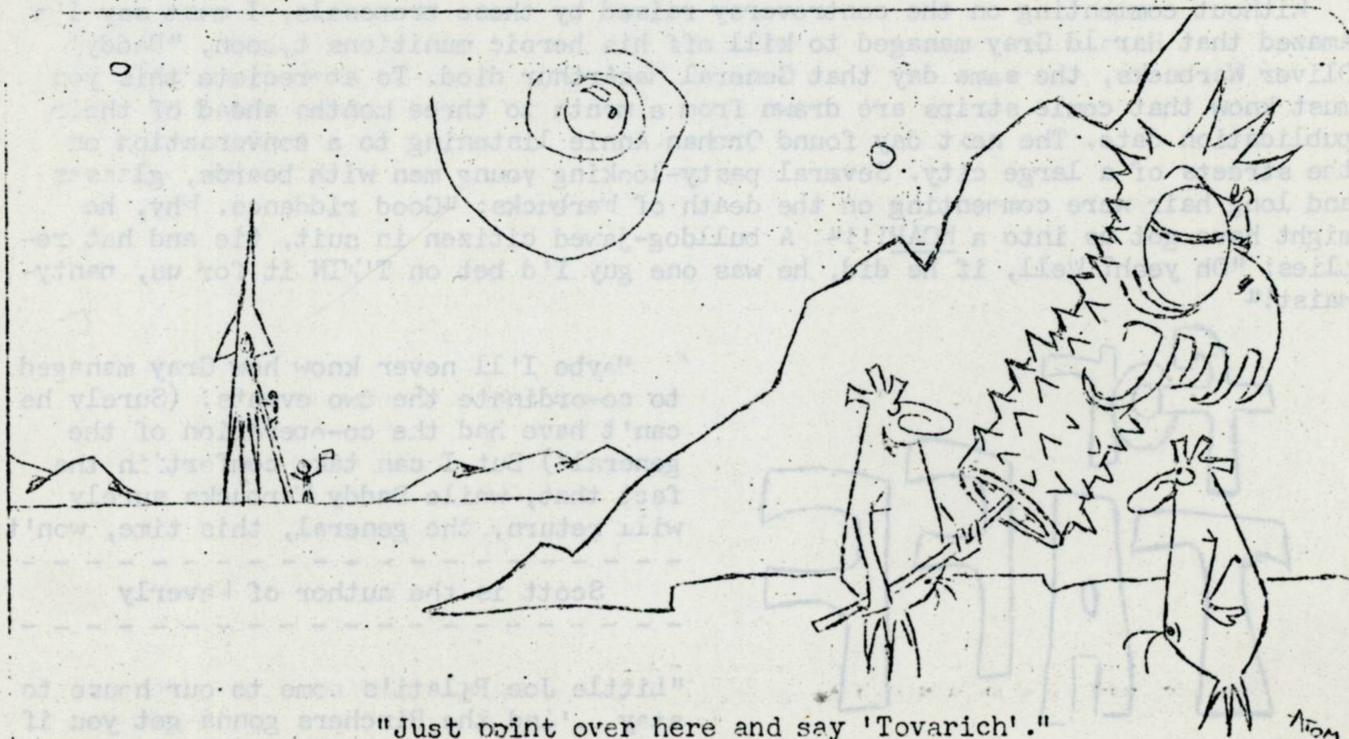
"Little Joe Pilati's come to our house to stay... And the Birchers gonna get you if you don't watch out!" Yes, Joe, here for

the summer with a newspaper job, makes us nervous with his insistence that Goldwater could win in November. For comfort I have to turn to John Boardman, who assures me he can't. My own opinion is muddled. I don't think he can, but I have been leary of complete confidence in impossibilities lately; I remember too well the assurance I felt a year ago about President Kennedy's re-election. A lot can happen.

But other than that, Joe Pilati is a very pleasant house guest. It's nice for an isolated fan to find someone else with similar attitudes...for instance, towards the coming of the mail. My wife and the neighbours are practically indifferent to this exalted event, but Joe shows a proper reverence. My only complaint is he seems to get more than I do.

That, and of course his carelessness about my mail. I was working from 10am to 6pm recently and had to call home each day to find out what had come. "Nothing," Garrett said after Joe had brought in the mail. I went home to lunch with my heart down in my socks. When I came back I found a note to call home. Joe Pilati was apologetic. "There is a letter from Bob Lichtman for you," he said. "It got lost in my letters. I'm really sorry, Tom." I could hear him chuckling off mike. "That's OK, Joe," I said. "There's also a letter from Germany," he added. Now his laughter was wild, insane. "It must have got, uh, lost among my huge masses of letters." "Sure, Joe, sure," I said, senile tears in my old eyes. Fortunately there WERE letters from Lichtman and Germany waiting when I got home---else you might read in Panac next year about a sensational fannish murder case in Ohama, Bebraska.

LONDON '65 and TERRY CHURCH FOR TAF



"Just point over here and say 'Tovarich'."

the FAN

who played cards

by
George
Locke

at the CON

They called him Fan Tom, on account of his ever leaving the country of non-fandom, and never quite reaching the town of fandom. Bit like Giles' Boy Tom in the cartoons.

Con time, like Easter and Christmas, comes round more or less once a year, and it being the accepted thing for fen to go to these annual festivities, Tom decided he should attend. After all they were reputed to play a lot of cards at cons, and he had a certain system which should enable him at least to keep in the running...

Unfortunately, he neglected to check up which games were played at conventions. If you had asked him, he would have confessed ignorance of Pontoon, Brag, Poker and the like. Ah, me...Well, he came to the con, and when the programme was over, in the evening, he hunted around for those who played his favourite game.

But found them not. He saw Bob Tucker at a table with two or three compatriots, and they were handling the pasteboards and casting them onto the table with much the same technique as he used, but on close examination he found they behaved differently. And it was strange there was more than one player per pack.

He shrugged. "These Yanks," he muttered, and continued the search. He saw Bennett, and smiled. Bennett was a noted devotee of cards, and would agree to join him in a game.

There were, however, other fen with Bennett. They looked up as Tom approached. One beckoned. Money was on the table, but they had not yet begun a game. Perhaps because there was again merely one pack of cards.

"Like to sit in?" asked Ron.

"Yes, please," Tom grinned, only faintly apprehensive. So they gambled for money? So what? He still had the perfect system. He drew out a pack, started to shuffle.

"Clean cards!" exclaimed Bennett. His eyes lit up with a fanatic gleam.

Tom laid his cards out. A pile of thirteen, face down. Then the four cards from which began the four descending series, in alternate colours. Finally, the single card on which the ultimate ascending series in suit was based. Tom paused when he finished his basic layout, waited for the others to commence their own and compete to find who completed the game most often.

After a long silence Bennett began to clean his glasses, something I've never seen him do before.

"I am afraid," he said, deliberately, "that we play Brag in this school."

"Brag!" Tom hooted. He swept his cards up and ran from the hall. Bennett stared after him. Thunderstruck, he absently dipped his cleaning cloth in his beer and smeared his specs. He dealt the cards for Brag, played a disinterested game. Played a second, a third. Won a little, lost a little, hoped the losing little was littler than the winning little. Through the slightly yellow beer stain on his specs, he began to see strange things, as though they - the glasses - were becoming drunk. He saw, somehow, somewhere, a fan cheating...

Angrily, he rose, saw out of the corner of his eye Bob Tucker also rise from his table. Saw one or two other men follow...

Saw them abruptly vanish. And came to realise that he too was no longer in the meeting hall.

Tom, his disgust changed to anger and a little bitterness, downed two pints in rapid succession at the bar, then bought a couple of bottles and took them to his room. By God, he would play on his own. His room was furnished with a bed, a chair and a table. The table had apparently been fashioned when fashions were lumpy, from a rebellious old oak which seemed still to writhe under the insult of not being permitted to line the bulwarks of Nelson's Victory.

But Tom scarcely noticed. He placed his beer on the table, laid out his cards. Rubbed his hands, and grinned happily. But for the first game, he would not use his system. He took cards from the pack in blocks of three, laid them face up, and whenever a card fitted with either his descending or ascending series, placed it suitably. But after three or four turns through the pack, no more cards appeared which were usable, and he had to give up. So, for the next three games, he used his system, which looked the normal way of playing, but in actual fact reversed the order of the three-card blocks on each fresh run through the pack. It resulted in the game coming out about fifty percent of the time.

He had just laid out the cards for the fifth game, when he found he was not alone. Facing him across the table were two angry figures, with a background of other mistier ones. The two were Bennett and Tucker. Behind, Phil Rogers, Barry Hall, other fan faces, and Brett

Maverick, watching with an amused grin.

"You cheated," gritted Tucker who, being an American, had a hand ready where they carried shoulder holsters.

"No, no, gentlemen," Tom protested, more scared of their actual presence than their magical appearance. "I never cheat. Why should I?"

Bennett leaned his face close to the unhappy Tom. "Egoboo," he snarled, taking out a copy of the Queensberry Rules. British y'know, and all that. Tucker's hand tightened slightly. Hall unwound a bicycle chain and Maverick dropped his accommodating grin and loosened the gun in his holster. He leant forward, arm hovering: "Cheating for money is accepted," he drawled. "And all that happens is you get shot. But you - you are stealing egoboo from everybody else who plays solitaire by winning so many times. And the Laws of Chance can restore the balance only by making everybody else lose ALL THE TIME."

Hall twirled his bicycle chain, lovingly.

Tom began to sob, quietly. "I was not cheating. I was not cheating."

"You won three times in succession," Bennett said, slapping him threetimes in succession with the Queensberry Rules. "And you cheated. You will play the game naturally a sufficient number of times to restore the balance and distribute the stolen egoboo evenly once more."

And, trembling, Tom played honestly, while he thought of the enormous number of honest games he would have to play to restore the dreadful balance. Better to have cheated for money, and receive the quick clean bullet, accompanied by an advertisement for Tide. Better now to leap for Maverick's gun, and die fighting...

Voices intruded into his mind. "He seems to be doing quite well." "Maybe he'll complete the game." "O, my ghod, not that..."

The game really seemed to be coming out - for the first time, honestly. He concentrated on the cards, played as he had never played before, to vindicate himself, and prove he could win honestly. And gain the egoboo...

And, suddenly, he had won! There was silence.

Then: "It'll be futile," murmured Bennett, "to pursue this line of vengeance. Patience is too much his game. And I used to wonder why my luck at the game was so bad..." He stopped, abruptly, blushing, his head hanging low. Tucker chuckled, as he saw the Englishman's expression. "I, too, never obtained egoboo from patience. But if we were to compel Tom here to join us in a nice friendly game of Poker..."

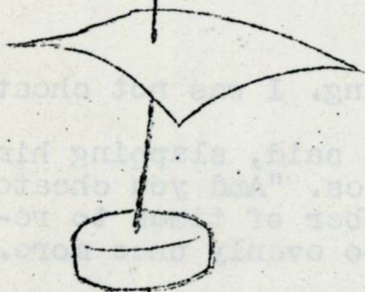
"Brag," insisted Bennett.

"...I think we could arrange to restore our lost egos, Poker is a magnificent game of skill..."

And Tom, strangely, felt pleased. Thus did he enter into the full spirit of this little-known facet of fandom.

Post Scripts

WALT WILLIS



as a baquote. I had a little more hope for them some time back, when they used: "Correct addressing--what a blessing--saves us guessing." This at least had some promise. But they showed themselves up by using it also on the next two or three issues. Perhaps you should type up a list of regulations describing the quality and sort of material you'll allow in Hyphen and send it around to the PO. (The PMG is now Wedgewood Benn, and obviously a Wedgewood PO cannot be sat on so heavily. I'm hoping that with the Labour Government's expansion of the economy there will be an increase in the size of the coloured artwork they supply me with. Admittedly it always seems to be the same picture of Ella Parker, but if it was 11" by 8½" I could use it for the front cover instead of the back, and add my own captions. This issue, "Harlan is my Darlan.")

I liked your editorial remarks about the press coverage at Peterborough, though I feel rather sorry for my frustrated colleague. Actually I think the tradition of a convention committee trying to encourage newspaper coverage comes not from thoughts of promoting good old sf, but from simply not thinking at all. Every convention seems to be want to be written up in the newspapers, not for publicity but simply as a matter of narcissism....The political convention is a classic case of the "non-event", a term semanticists have coined for the event that is planned for and exists for press coverage and wouldn't take place without it.

Applause for your remarks on honesty in trip reporting. If fans aren't frank and accurate in reporting conventions, how can we expect outside observers to be? This sort of honesty is precisely just what's needed. I'll continue to think so, probably, until I come across a pgh in your 1972 trip report. "Finally met Tom Perry, a thin rather ugly young man with a repertoire of bad jokes made worse by his bad breath. He followed me around for two days, interrupting conversations and picking his nose. I only finally got rid of him by asking for the first instalment of a column for Hyphen he threatened to do years ago, and I presume he spent the rest of his time trying to write it." Well, I suppose honesty could be carried TOO far. (Tch tch, I'd never be so rude. Granting your postulates, my 1972 Report might read, "Had the privilege of meeting Tim Perry more often than I deserved and listened with bated breath to his familiar anecdotes. His features, except for his nose which he picked himself, were obviously inherited from his old wire-haired mother")

Norm Clarke, 223 Bancroft St., Aylmer E., Quebec. :: I am in receipt of your invisible Hyphen 34½ (sounds like a Cultzine); I never thought you would go to the trouble of producing a special invisible issue just for me... First of all that invisible paper is just about the most indiscernible thing I've ever seen, next to the sort of Canadian currency I use when subscribing to fanzines. The transparent ink, too, has a lot to be said for it: among other things, it

And what can one say about such fabulous imperceptible articles by Ted E. Blanc, John Airy, Bob Pshaw and Aylmer Percu? Nothing, that's what.

Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel, Omaha 11 :: Has anyone ever told you that the Belfast post office can never resist trying to horn in on the act? Hyphen always arrives with a postal baquote added to the certified Willis-picked ones. This time it is, "Belfast addresses NEED a district number." I don't see the humor in it; in fact I suspect the postal clerks have failed to get the idea and think any sort of remark is acceptable



Rory Faulkner, 7241 East 20th St., Westminster, Calif. :: My daughter treated me to a movie on Mother's day, instead of a sickly sentimental card. She told me to wear my shoes, as it was a "walk-in".

If that esoteric remark needs further explanation, may I remark that in the "drive-ins" around here, it is the fad of the teenagers to go barefoot..

I was greatly taken with your impressions of Chicago. That's where I was born and raised you know. Marshall Field's was a favorite childhood memory of mine. As to Lake Michigan, it looks blue and sparkling when it is calm, but I have seen it in storms when waves 20' high rushed over the drive on the edge of Lincoln Park, and tore huge granite blocks from the breakwater and laid them out on the boulevard.

Here's another Finagle's Law: Everything now known to be a fact is no longer true. This enables one to start each day with a completely open mind. ((Thanks for opening our minds so vividly on America.))

Dick Lunoff, 210 East 73rd St., New York 10021. :: Reading the instalment of "Chicago Chicago" produced the strangest sense of being doubly time-bound. There I sat reading of your 1962 visit to the Prudential Building in Chicago, and thinking back to the 'recent' Chicon III. Gradually there came to me the shocking realisation that that wasn't last summer, but the year before---where has the mental record of the intervening time slipped off to?



But that's only half of it. The other half arises from your description of the elevators, escalators etc and the view from the cocktail lounge (it's called The Top Of The Rock). You see way back in 1957 when I was in the army and stationed in Indiana, a friend and I went to Chicago for a double blind date with two girls from Northwestern University. We all went to the Prudential Building. As we were leaving, my date suddenly clutched my sleeve and confessed she had this fibation about escalators. Down escalators. She was terrified of them. Up escalators were all right, but she was terrified of down escalators. And there was no other way down. I had to pick her up and plant her on the top step or she'd be there yet.

You know that girl. I married her a year later. ((I have the eerie feeling that this escalator on the edge of space..it must be much the highest in the world. .is the opening of some hyperspatial cornucopia of good fortune. I only got nineteen dollars, but I think you got the jackpot.))



Sid Birchby, 40 Parris Wood Ave., Didsbury, Manchester 20 :: Little did I know that my remarks at Peterborough about the little twiddly piece in fmz saying that one's sub has expired would result in swift action. You put a cross against it, the very next issue. Anyway I repeat my grotch that nobody has ever yet thought up a name for it, though most fanzines have it. Any ideas? All I can think of are weirdies like subsunk, subscribble, subscram. Or what about Conker? Definition: subdue.

Groff Conklin, New York ;; I spied an X marking the spot, so here's my \$1.00. I can only say I cannot avoid subscribing to a journal that contains the following, "When Astounding cost 9d it was worth 5/-: now it costs 5/- and it's not worth 9d." AMEN!

I am having the grim experience of tearing through the last ten years of the sf magazines and cannibalising them for the stories I liked when I read them---making up a budget for future anthologies. A most heart-rending experience. Back in 1954 both Galaxy & ASF used occasionally to have issues in which every story was Class A or B: today, try and find a single Class A story! How are the mighty fallen, and the great laid low!

Charles Wells, 815 Demerius, Durham, N.Carolina ;; Do you happen to know whether Hugh Hefner really did come to the banquet at the Chicon? I might have been imagining things, but I could have sworn I heard whoever was currently at the microphone announce with a great emceesh whoop that he was now announcing Hugh Hefner, and no one applauded or booed or anything. He is, in case you don't know, the editor of Playboy. ...There has recently been made a documentary movie about Hefner. It simply allows him to talk about himself and his magazine, and shows some of the people at his parties, and what it shows is that Hugh Hefner is an absolute ass. ((Yes, he was there, with two Playmates or Bunnies in mufti. Incidentally I think that no flesh purveyor who makes a fortune entirely out of window-shoppers can be an absolute ass. The Playboy Clubs were obviously a frust rate idea.))

Paul (Mittelbuscher) Kalin, Sweet Springs, Missouri :: In going through what I (with a singular lack of perception) call my "files" the other day I chanced across a letter you'd written me in January 1955...It was an attempt on your part to reassure me that not everyone wanted to fling flaming coals on my head and that I shouldn't leave fandom. It was a letter choked to the brim with the sort of kindness, selflessness and good will that seldom totters our way on Mother Earth. I can't recall whether I ever answered or thanked you for your efforts, but if I didn't may Cthulhu come drag me off tomorrow for being the sort of cad the denizens of Modge Podge (remember that?) thought me.



All those things occurred of course slightly after they invented the wheel, and I'm sure you've forgotten them. But those were grand and gleesome days weren't they, long before Bloch went Psycho and Harris swore off sex-fiending. I'm afraid I'm in the grip of Nostalgia (that's what I call the large female ape I've been experimenting on .back in the cage dear) and I'm becoming a trifle affected with the idea of stepping once more into the Eternal Fires and getting some of my youth back. So whither fandom? I say this because except for a Hyphen sub I've had no contact for lo these many. Who is publishing what, if anything? Or is Hyphen really something like the last Great Redoubt in Hodgson's Night Land? I'd particularly like to know where (and if) such people as Lin Carter, Terry Jeeves and Dave Jenrette be. Lee Hoffman? Redd Boggs? Ed Cox? And so down the Olympian roster. I should like to continue in this vein, as Dracula said, but I really must watch out for Nostalgia. She's just wrenched away half my left ear and a bogus credit card (made out to Arkham J.Dunwich) used whenever I go calling on men's shops and houses of horizontal recreation. (You know I've always wondered just who that WT writer was who, according to legend, revelled in the gratuitous attentions of the ladies of a mid-western whorehouse.) ((The Lays of the Last Instrel? // You hear, you other Dwellers in the Night Land? Call Paul, for old times sake. If a female ape answers, hang up; 'you'll know ourang outang. Send a fanzine instead.))



Charles Platt, 8 Sollershott West, Letchworth, Herts ::Knowing none of the names you mention in your report of your American trip, this doesn't really mean very much to me. It's a very pleasant, leisurely account of a trip that was obviously enjoyed, yet somehow it doesn't interest me. I think this is partly because you describe even the most trivial events, and this slows up the narrative too much for me. I never have been able to read wordy or expanded pieces of work, no matter how good. I get too impatient.

Bob Shaw's article doesn't really appeal to me much either. I just didn't find it very funny. The lettercol: here I get the impression that all your correspondents are trying a little too hard to be funny, knowing they're writing to Hyphen. I'm probably wrong here, of course: not really appreciating this sort of thing I can't really comment. I'm afraid it didn't come home to me at all.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. :: I was tickled immensely to learn about the reporter's inability to get information at the Peterborough event. If this system is adopted at fan gatherings in this country, it should help to reduce the severe overpopulation in the race of those seeking jobs as journalists. An editor would at least consider the possibility that the reporter was telling the truth, no matter what alibi he advanced for his failure to get an interesting story at a convention, but not this one, that nobody would squeal. Every reporter who undergoes this experience is certain to be fired immediately for inability to lie convincingly to the boss. (Would he not merely make up his own story, as usual? My twenty years experience with the press in my job, as a Well Informed Circle and more recently as an Official Source, has convinced me that journalists are merely confused by facts. Readers: I ask you to adjudicate in this dispute between Harry and me as traditional enemies, professionally speaking. Has any of you ever seen in the press an account of a matter of which you have personal knowledge, which was not wrong in at least one particular?))



Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. :: The oft repeated warning about fandom dying at its own hands is a grand sounding phrase without much truth. Despite the blood and gore, I do not believe the majority of the rank and file are seriously moved. Certainly it hasn't run too deep locally. It would have to fight the old LA cry (which I just made up), "Damn the feud, big Party Ahead." This from the old LA habit of fans who refuse to take sides throwing a party and inviting people from both sides. Local fans would rather party than fight so come and look glum at one another. But they pretend to be polite, and that is the first step.

The thing that struck me was your reference to the beauty of the Great Lakes and the beaches at home, and how yours at home were better, but only on much rarer occasions. I thought how few people think about this, when they are at some place which seems either very lovely or very bad. The desert to me can be a place of great beauty, life and change. Yet you, as with most summer visitors, would have seen it as hot and dry, and in the passing glance harsh and lonely. Harsh it is, but it has a beauty and a life for those who stay long enough to see and feel it. Some could never see it, few at first glance. Yet people come to California on a two weeks vacation and decide if they like it or not. You can't see Los Angeles in two weeks, and it is only buildings. (Without disagreeing with you about the beauty of the desert by normal standards, it sometimes seems to me it is possible to argue that there is no such thing as ugliness, merely an inability to appreciate beauty. Recently for instance there has been unexpected opposition to a plan to remove the old industrial slagheaps in the English Midlands, on the grounds that they give drama to a monotonous landscape. All the countryside is man-made anyway, not having been seen in its natural state for 3000 years. After only a century the railways are now quaint and picturesque: how long will it be until the presently resented electricity pylons are similarly accepted? I cannot emotionally accept this argument myself, but tend to fall back on it after determined resistance to spoliation of the countryside has failed.. on the same philosophy as the old advice about what to do when rape is inevitable.)

Re-reading Perry's letter, I wonder if there is a time cycle in fandom. This is the kind of writing that was popular back in 5th Fandom. And only last month an 18 year old fan Rich Benyo wrote me about gosh-wow how he and his buddy enjoyed my letters in Planet Stories, and he is trying to invent a new word 'Corry' for correspondence and uses it ten times a letter. Then last week Corry was telling me about a new fan of his who is now so excited he wants to revive VOM. (The boy is dating the daughter of a girl Corry had a crush on at school.) This "nutty" and "fun" approach to things didn't seem so evident in the new fans after 6th Fandom, and it makes me feel good about the future...Keep the light burning until Bryan can take over.

Eavesdroppings



Hyphen 36, February 1965. Walt & Madeleine
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HAPPINESS COMES IN LITTLE GREEN RECTANGLES
.....THE ARMAMENTS RACE WITH RUSSIA CAN
END ONLY IN A DEAD HEAT....GET ME ANY MAT-
ERIAL, I'M DESPERATE. THE ANNUS ISSUE HAS
WIPPED MY BACKLOG PRACTICALLY CLEAN....
IT'S NOT THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES ENGLISH-
MEN ARE AFFECTED, HE JUST HAS THIS FEEL-
ING THAT IF YOU WOKE ONE UP IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT HE WOULD TALK LIKE ANYONE
ELSE.....YOU ARE JUST A FIST-BRANDISHER
WHO COMES ALONG EVERY NOW AND THEN FOR
DEMONSTRATIONS?.....SEX IS A GREAT LEVEL-
LER.....I'M GIVING UP NAME-DROPPING, AS I
TOLD THE QUEEN.....IF I HAD TO GIVE UP
EATING IT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME.....
HEFNER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A WHOLE GENER-
ATION OF AMERICAN BOYS GROWING UP WITH
THE BELIEF WOMEN ARE BORN WITH STAPLES IN
THEIR NAVELS.....I WAS EDUCATED AT BUTLINS
.....HE'S THE WORST CATHOLIC SINCE GENG-
HIS KHAN.....THE NEIGHBOURS ARE JEALOUS
OF US, JUST BECAUSE WE'VE GOT A FITTED
CARPET IN THE GARAGE.....I'D RATHER BE
MOBBED THAN SHOW MY FOREHEAD....FUNNY HOW
YOU CAN JUST SAY CONTENTIOUS LITTLE YXXY
AND EVERY ENGLISH FAN KNOWS WHO YOU MEAN
.....WHY DIDN'T THEY LET LADYSMITH REL-
IEVE HERSELF?.....THEY SENT HIM TO THE SALT
MINES ON CEREBOS.....HE HAS A SHOCK OF
HAIR AND HIS FACE IS A BIT OF A SHOCK TOO
.....HE'S A SORT OF FAT CASANOVA---ALL WOLF
AND A YARD WIDE.....HAVE I GOT A PAIN IN
MY BACK? YOU CAN SCIATAGAIN.....EVERYONE
FOR HIMSELF AND GOD FOR US ALL, AS THE
ELEPHANT SAID WHEN IT DANCED AMONG THE
CHICKENS.....IF HE'S MAN'S BEST FRIEND
WHY DOESN'T HE TELL HIM?.....I GAVE YOU
A BANANA AND YOU FRITTERED IT AWAY.....
WE CAN'T ALL BE CLAUDE DEGLERS.....I
DREAMED I FOUND THE SECOND FOUNDATION IN
MY MAIDENFORM BRA.....THE KENNEDY ASS'S-
INATION OCCURRED AT A MOST INOPPORTUNE
TIME FOR ME.....GET OUT. GET OUT. THIS IS
THE N3F HOSPITALITY ROOM.....I CAME TO
BARRY GOLDWATER NOT TO PRAISE HIM.....
bill edwards, richfield news reporter,
duggie fisher, patricia highsmith, lord
robens, tom perry, larry adler, peggy
white, chuck harris, waw, bob shaw, george
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