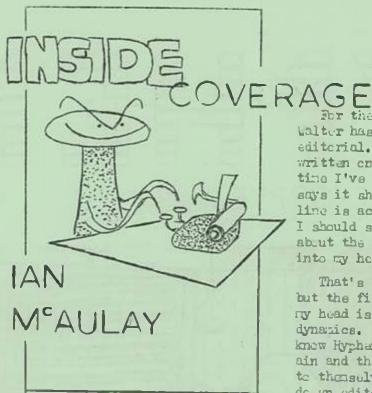




"It says: 'Come back, all is forgiven -Science Fiction Fracion."



For the fourth time this year talter has left me to write the editorial. Not that I've actually written one yet, but it's the fourth time I've been left to do it. He says it should be left witil deedline is actually upon us and then I should sit down and just write about the first thing that comes into my head.

That's all very well for hir, but the first thing that omes into my head is the second law of themodynamics. Of course, for all I knew Hyphen renders all ever Britain and the States may be saying to themselves, "I wish Hyphen would do un editorial about the second

law of themodynomics. It's cortainly been needed for a long time." Perhaps hordes of people have their pens prised to argue about entropy and whether it really increases. Even atom may have worked out dozens of little sketches should comet cycles and perfectly reversible engines in action.

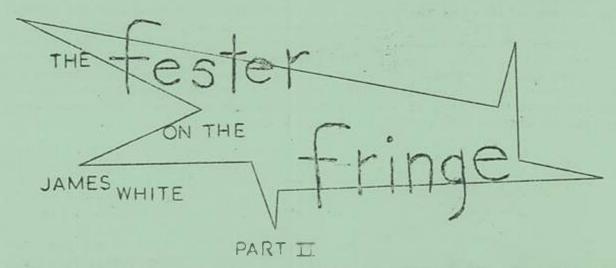
Anyway, any should the second law of thermodynamics be the thing tint comes first into my mind? The can't I be like everyone also and think of the first law of thermodynamics first? Is there a strong-willed perverted mind enoug the Hyphan recdership that is influencing me by means of telepathy (pace Kingsley knis) to think about the second law of thermodynamics? Or do any of the rest of you out there have the same trouble? Bear in mind that we must comply with the postal regulations if you send us any letters of comment telling us what's the first thing that you think of. We certainly won't print anything from anyone who is so far cut that he thinks first of the third law of thermodynamics. We're all for broad-mind-dness and all that jazz but that would be going a bit too far. According to George Charters, who should know, even the "News Of The World" would drew the line at that sort of stuff.

No. I won't write an editorial about the second law of thermodynamics. It leaves me cold.

Irish fandon recently had a visit from American, Rog Ebert. We had a couple of good pettogethers and even dragged out the Ghoodminton bats for a few moid coes. Hog is a trufen and - all hope he can come and visit us again soon.

So ends my First Buitorial. Phew!!

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Co-lounder Chuck Harris (Congretulations Chuck and Sue). Duplicating assistance from Mag Ebert. Material help by John Berry. 1/- or 15% per copy. 7 for \$1.00 an A after your name indicates the excity of your sub.



LAST ISSUE Idealt briefly with my rather hundrum early life -- feeding swans, teenage gang warfare, ballroom dancing, commando training, landscape painting and science fiction fandom -- and ended with me solling my vary first story to Good Ole Ted Carnell. Maybe I appeared a bit blase about that first acceptance, but I didn't mean to. Any vile pro knows that indescribable feeling of joy and pride -- and kinda humility, natch -- and that sort of reverent feeling you get when your head lifts proudly, your chest swalls and you remark quietly "Y2-3- e-e-hoo-o-c:" When the second story is also accepted the effect is only slightly less intense, and the third time . . .

I opened the letter at teatime on 20th February 1953 and the letter had an American stamp and began by warning me about all sorts of legal complications, mentioned hitherto unknown authors and notary publics, witnessed affidavits and so on, which had me sorely parplaced. But the punch line at the bottom of the para explained everything, it said 'I liked your story and plan to take it at our usual rate of 3s a word. or \$225 for the manuscript, signed John W. Campbell, Jr. . .

After a ritual "YZZEHOO-O-O" I happed on my bike and scorched rubber for Walt's house during the odd maments when the bike was in contact with the road. It wasn't that I was going fast, you understand, it was just that I was practically floating with joy and the bike, being loosely attached to myself, had to float, too. When I got to 170, Walter said "Hoo-boy:" and Madeleine said "Whea-e-e:" It occurs to me now that in those days our dialogue was a trifle on the cryptic side.

There followed a mad search through the dark, wet streets of Belfast for the private residence of a Kotary Public. I den't recember just why we, or I, was so impatient, but it seemed vitally important that we roused a Hotary Public from his fireside or bod to without my form -- maybe we were afraid of ASF going broke or an atomic war starting. But even though we rode our bicycles into the ground and were red-eyed from squinting at unlighted brass plates all we turned up was three Commissioners for Oaths. About eleven-thirty we went back to 170 where Madeleine had supper waiting -- she didn't have a bike of her own, so couldn't help in the search -- and I gave the ten-and-sixpence -- pardon me,

haif-quines I'd borrowed -- back to Waiter and went home.

Next morning, remembering to bring my own half-guinea, I located a sure-enough Notary Public. He was a tall, aged incredibly thin gentlemen who looked like a lawyer straight out of Charles Dickens -- he was wearing gold-rimmed glasses, exuded kindliness like those people from highly-advanced civilisations, and was slightly deaf. After proving to him that Iwas me, not as easy a job as you might think, he gave me a lecture on economics and the adverse trading balance between the Sterling and Dollar currency areas. He ended by shaking hands gravely and stating that it was dollar-earners such as myself that would enable Britain to survive this ghastly post-war chacs.



The next Convention I went to as a real live honest-to-goudness vile pro -- hadn't I sold to Comphell, efter all? Such famous people as H. Ken Eulmar, Ted Cernell, William F. Tomple (who affects a great hatred of me because of a basic disagreement over E.E.Smith or maybe it was that business with the water-mistel), John Wyndham and Arthur C.Clarke. They all welcomed me warmly, gut me immediately at my ease and discouraed brilliantly together and with me as their friend and equal. Durino previous conventions, when I hadn't been saybody, they had all done exactly the same thing, which proves semething about them. I think.

But just before this particular convention I had spent five days, and nights, in Paris looking at museums and monuments (which all had 'Midgeway Co Home,' painted

on them), seeing the Bal Tabarin (where they didn't have anything on them) and filling my water-pistol in the river so that when I squirted Chuch later Bob Shaw could make his wringing in the Seine pun. I also created somewhat of a furore in Victoria station on my return, while being met by Walter and Ving, by embracing Ving and kissing him on both cheeks in the manner of De Gaullo decorating a freedom fighter with the Croix de Guerre. They should have kerner by my navy shirt, black beret and white canvas shoes that I was under the Gallic influence rather than being a Sturgeon-type character misplaced in Time.

It was during this convention also that I was credited with introducing the water-firing zap-gun to conventions and British fandom in general, an addieve-ment which has taken five years to live down.

During the fifty-one week period of anticlimax between conventions I wrote some more stories. The first four sold and the fifth one bounced. It was a delightfully wacky fantasy in the "Unknown" tradition called "A Shade Technical" and Horrible Ole Ted Carnell said it was too untechnical and suggested where I might place it (with Gold for "Beyond" actually, but it bounced from there, too). Again I hopped on my bike and headed for 170, Horrible Cle Technical and suggested letter gritted between my teeth -- I couldn't ride a bike with one hand at that early age -- in a seriously disturbed state of mind. Fellow professionals well

whole world was shattered ashes about my feet -- sheer writing, that, what? -- and I wanted to spit and rend and tear somebody. I felt that either I must End It All or become a raging maniac liable to batter insensible the first person or persons I met. Fortunately for posterity I chose the latter course and played seven games of Ghoodminton, beating Bob Shaw in singles for the first and only time in my life.

Story number six. -- entitled 'Suicide Mission' strangely enough -- was accepted, with egoboo, by Good Ole Ted, but for a long time after this I didn't hear from him. Unknown to me Nova's fate was in the balance, all sorts of dramatic but hush-hush things were going on, which culminated in the London fans and fannish professionals floating a company to publish New Worlds themselves. This kept the mag going, but only just. Printing and distribution difficulties constantly threatened to send it under again, and fannish rumour from reasonably reliable sources had it that Nova was a dead duck.

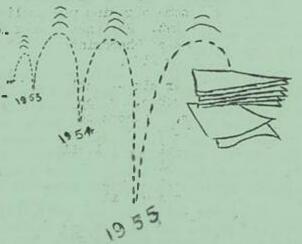
While I was still writing under this misapprehension and trying to slant my stories towards the US markets, another con rolled around. This was the one which Miss Beatrice May Mahaffey, the whistle-worthy editress of "Other Worlds", prepared for by touring Ireland with the Willia's and me. This tour was reported fully in Hyphen No.4 as the Beacon Report, and solely for the purpose of plugcing last month's Digit pocketbook entitled "The Secret Visitors" I can say, quite truthfully, that the idea for this story came during a stay in a very peculiar hotel while we were on that trip, where a maid walked on me while I was passing a note under a door, and so on. But to keep this on a professional, commercial level, Walter had told Bea several times (an hour) that I'd sold to ASF, and Miss Mahaffey was being quite charming towards me in her efforts to extract an ms of ASF quality for her own publication.

Maybe one of those thingummies on Easter Island could have remained unaffected by Bea Mahaffey's charm for six or seven days on end, but I began to feel funny. I mean, well . . . you know . . . Funny. It got so bad that Walter and Madeleine, while we were on the way to London on the train, began a serious discussion as to the possibility of the engine-driver being able to marry people. And during the Con there was a party -- I can't remember who gave it, only that at one stage our hostess came into the kitchen, where Ken Slater, Irish Fandom and the Epicentrics had formed a splinter group, to tell us that she had received complaints that there was no drinking going on in this room -- in the course of which I even became jealous.

Bea had been dancing with another vile pro called Bryan berry — who seems to have dropped out of sight these days — in their stocking feet. This display of decadence did not shock me unduly, I'd been to Paris, after all, but I felt that I could dance better than Berry could and had a bronze modal to prove it. The only thing was that I was travelling light and my only pair of socks had a hole in the right, or maybe it was the left, toe. I had to sit and watch them, eaten up with helpless anger, jealousy and frustration. Of course there were some neutral (and somewhat sozzled) observers of this incident who claimed that Bryan Berry was dancing in his bare feet, and my astigmatism being what it is I wouldn't like to argue. However, I left that party a greatly changed man; hardened, a little more cynical, older somehow. I had to accept the fact that this ourl was not for me. But it hurts the first time you lose a girl to another man, even one with green and red striped feet.

The next story I did I submitted to Bea Mahaffey, and it bounced. It went on bouncing for five and a half years before it was taken.

Peter Hamilton, the editor of the newly started "Nebula" had been pressing me for material at the con and I sent him two short stories. He bounced the first and enthused over the second. Peter Ham- ..... ilton is a nice person to speak to but extremely one-sided as a correspondent -- I remember sending a story in December, writing several times asking for a report and then being told personally at a convention the following Whitsun that it was a great story and he was hoping to send me a cheque and a complimentary copy of the mag in which it was printed next Tuesday week. However, when Ted Carnell saw my first Nebula-



reliable London sources were noising it abroad that he was defunct, and that I considered this a great pity after all the trouble he'd had. Ted replied saying defunct hell for two and a half pages, explaining exactly what was happening at Nova, stating that it was agents of Nebula or Authentic that were spreading these slanders about, also promising that the two stories he was holding of mine would be published as soon as possible -- and paid for before that -- and would I consider writing something for him again. I said yes and started work on a story called "The Conspirators."



It was during the writing of this story that I met and began dating a girl called Peggy Martin. I began to feel funny again . . you know . . and the dates went from irregular to frequent. The fact that her father shouted "Spaceship, Awaa-a-y . . !" and referred to me as Dan Dare every time I called for her didn't seem to matter greatly. She was nearly as tall as myself, had medals for dancing, too, and worked as receptionist in a classy photographers. And intelligent as well as good-looking -- when I began slipping some science fiction into the books I sometimes loaned her she was particularly enthusiastic about "Scanners Live in Vain." She has a slightly offbeat sense of humour, too. Much later, when we were just a few days back from our honeymoon she whacked me in the face with a string of raw pork sausages. This doesn't hurt at all, but gives one a peculiar squishy sensation. She said that she had always wanted to do that and this seemed the right time.

But to struggle back into chronological order, I introduced Peggy Martin to Irish Fandom, Chuch Harris began sending letters to Peggy detailing the things I was supposed to have done in Paris which she really ought to ask me about before coming to any decision regarding me, and work on "The Conspirators" became slightly delayed. I finished it a few weeks before Easter of that year, the date on which Peggy and I planned to get engaged, and bunded it off to Good Ole Ted. Three days later I was stricken with food poisoning, complicated -- but definitely -- by my diabetes and brushed off to hospital (Iknow I should say whisked off, but everybody says that I on the verge of going into a coma. My condition wasn't really serious, but just looked that way because of the equipment round the bed. Peggy got in to see me and hold my hand for a couple of hours and later two night nurses told me what lovely white teeth I'd got and asked whether my eyes were brown or sort of greenish. About this time another nurse came in to ask me how I was feeling. I told her I was having a smashing time. She said there was somebody phoning up about me and maybe in the circumstances she'd better just tell them I was doing as well as could be expected.

Next day at visiting time Peggy brought me a letter from Ted. I got her to open it and she read out in clear ringing tones the news that Good Ole Ted liked "The Conspirators", thought it the best thing he'd read in years and was darmed well going to break with tradition (Nova tradition) and pay me a bonus of ten bob a thousand for it. And to heap egoboo on egoboo he wanted two hundred words of biographical detail to print on the inside front cover together with a good quality studio portrait of myself, which he wanted by return of post . . .

I instructed Peggy, who had been thereupon co-opted as my acting, unpaid secretary, to reply to Mr. Carnell describing my current plight -- forced to lie motionless in bed with one arm freezing due to the saline drip apparatus and the other so enfeebled that I could just barely

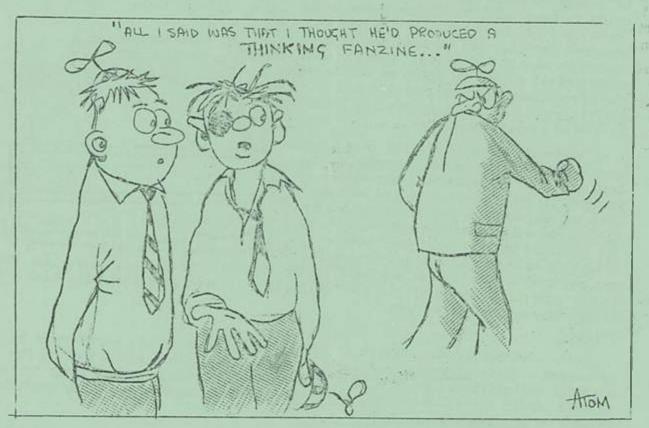
manage to hold up the current Astounding, and add that I didn't have any good studio portraits of myself, only snaps showing me squirting Bob Shaw with a water-pistol. I also said that with luck I d be out of hospital in a week.

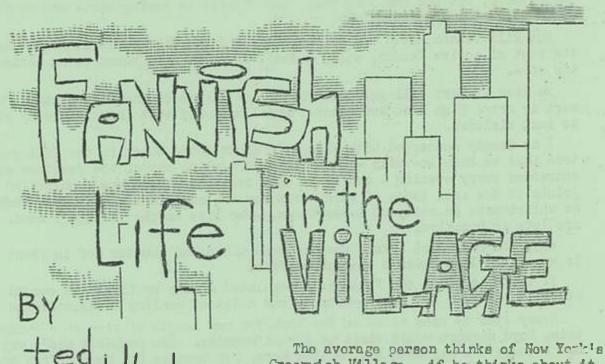
Ted's next letter went direct to Peggy, saying that he was sorry about me but he needed a photo urgently, and suggested that she explain his plight to the hospital authorities. He said that if they couldn't spare an ambulance to take me to a studio for a few minutes maybe someone could modify the X-ray equipment. to show my outside . . .

As that sardonic little laugh two paras back implies, I was not out in a week. Weird complications set in, I knew this orimarily because every time a doctor went past my bed his forchead developed a little vertical crease — that's a bad sign, you know — and secondarily because I was having them. The trouble seemed to be the new, one-injection-per-day type of insulin they were trying to restabilise me on. Sometimes I would feel half-dead and too tired even to re-re-read Ted Carnell's letter and at others I differ like charging about the ward jumping from bed to bed. Quite a few doctors from the other end of the hospital were called in and made vertically creased foreheads at me — I would have suggested sending for Dr. Conway only I hadn't thought of him yet — for nearly a week before the great light dawned.

Sometimes I would go down the ward to meet the nurse who brought the pills round, to save her the trip. It seemed there was another Mr. White in the ward and it appeared that occasionally I got the wrong medication. This other Mr. White had recently undergone an operation and was eighty-two years old so that the doctors were intent on building up his strength and vitality as quickly as possible. One thing I did learn from this incident was the name of the pills I'm going to ask my doctor for when I'm eighty-two.

Two days before Easter I got out and had my photo taken. Peggy's boss went to considerable trouble with lights and camera angles and out of focus effects in order to make me not lock like a recent inmate of Belson. The picture was published on the inside front cover of NEW WORLES, and eight years later Ted is still using the same one. I'd like to take this opportunity, however, to say that it is even now not a true likeness. I look much younger than that.





(we all know the he is.)

The average person thinks of New Yer's Greenwich Village - if he thinks about it at all, which I sometimes wonder sout; but then I sometimes wonder if the average person thinks, which is probably just as germane at this point; anymy, where were we? Oh yes - The average person thinks of Greenwich Village as one of those Bohemian Areas filled with loose women, boatniks and jezz.

This shows you what sort the average person is.

The average Villager (all we residents of Groomsich Village prefer to call it the Village; I'm not quite sure why, except that I find short words are both easier to pronounce and to type, but this probably isn't true of all Villagers. many of whom can't type, and some of whom I find impossible to understand) thinks of the Village as an area entirely too greatly populated by the telico and the Moneyed Few - who are growing less fewer - who are now finding the Village Fashionable.

The average motorist thinks of the Village as that part of Manhattan where the streets lose all semblance of sanity, and those who essay advice are quickly reduced to gibberish.

None of which has much to do with fandom in the Village. The primary reason for this is that there isn't much of fandom in the Village. But that isn't my fault.

The first of the modern-day fans to live in the Village I guess are those who called themselves Fanarchists, and later Futurians. Mostly they live(d) in

\* I find it impossible to understand their speech, their behaviour, their kicks, and their reactions when busted by the fuzz.

East Village, which is to say around and east of the Bowary. Rents still run cheap there, but not for long now. The Village is moving east, and no doubt rents will rise apportionately.

But Bill Domaho moved out to Berkeler, and the Munnery is no more. As to the rest of active fandom, well, I don't think of Dave Mason as an active fan any more.

We live in West Village, which is normally Land of the High Rents. Our apartment is not a High Rent apartment. And I must say that this is pretty obvious to most visitors.

I am deeply concerned with this talk about Loose Women in the Village. It is true that we have beatniks - I see them straggling out of the downtown submay entrances every evening - and it is also true that there are a number of jazz joints in the area (some of which even pay the musicians scale), but there is an unfortunate screity of Loose Women. Who live in the Village I mean. There are lots in Brooklyn.

Why, the only girl I know who has ever taken her sweater off in front of me is my wife. That doesn't seem quite fair.

If truth be told, the Village is populated mostly by first and second generation Italians, a few Puerto-Ricans, and a lot of wealthy Madison Avenue types.

trip, Boyd Raeburn would visit us for an evening. (He probably won't any more. Not because I'm exposing his foibles here, but because his head office has been moved to somewhere else. Eversharp is trying to undermine the pinnings of fandom.) One spring evening almost a year ago, he accompanied us on a short walkning tour of the Village. He started out with the Paperback Callary, which one boasted every paperback in print, but had to crap out when the pape back boar intime of comic book fandom. It aborted.

Then we startedwandering. We wandered past Washington Square, which is where all the folkniks go to sing Sunday afternoons, and where all the housewives wheel their babycarriages the rest of the week. We wandered past a Good Eurour Man, who was in vile humour as usual. And we wandered down MacDougal Street, which is one of the main streets of the Coffeehouse—and—Beat Poetry part of the Village. I was telling Boyd about all of this.

"Most of these places are tourist traps," I said. "Coffee is 70% the thirbleful. They have no electricity --- that's called Atmosphere -- and the poetry is usually recited by simply-faced youths mourning over their lost loves who were like rivers of passion. And all like that."

"A few places are different, though. For instance, here is the 'Caricature'. It doesn't look like much, but I am willing to bot there is at least one fan in there."

We went in. At the first table there were Dave Pollard, Ken Boale and Dave McDoneld.

We turned on our heels and went out. "Isee what you mean," was Boyd's only comment.

'Ithough few fans live in the Village, a lot come to it in their free lours.

"It was short because I don't like long walks.



I suppose this is because the Village does have a sort of atmosphere (high rents and carbon monoxide) to it. It is a sort of farmish place. Stores stay open till midnight as a rule, and sometimes don't even open till evening. Those are pretty farmish hours.

Then, there are lots of bookshops, record shops and art thentres. They all attract fans.

Like, one evening Bill Meyers, Sylvia end I were standing on Eight St., window-shopping, after seeing a movie. Someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Peto Graham.

At various other times I have tripped across Tom Condit (who was lying in the fountain in Washington Square), bumped into Tom Condit (who was hurrying out of the very subway entrance I was hurrying

into. I lost my train.), and encountered Tom Condit on the street (I helped him up).

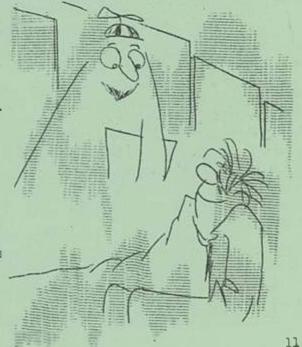
Once in a while I meet other fans. I've met Andy Roiss in the Village. Of course, he was coming to see me at the time. I've also met other fans.

Like, for instance, Harlan Ellison, when he came back to New York last summer. His was a special case. He ended up staying with us until he could find a place. I used totake him around with me as I visited my editors. Somehou, strangely, a piece by Harlan would usually appear in place of a piece by me in

the next issues of the respective magazines. (That's not being fair to Harlan, of course. He took me around to meet his editors, too. But so far I haven't sold any novels to Ace, Gold Medal, or any of them....)

Harlan moved into the swank 95 Christopher just three doors up the street.
(No use writing him there, though; he's
since moved back to Chicago.) Harlan
was made for the Village and vice-versa.
In fact, he insisted on finding a place
here. Within a short time, he was a
fixture. All the shopkeepers on Christopher knew him (Me, I'd been here over
a year; no one knew me), the local sports
car mechanic took him for an expensive

I did not give him a bandout. At least not then. Later I wrote a mosty expose article for his FAPAzine, LIGHT-HOUSE. I needed the activity credit.



ride, and he was playing skittles at the Paperback Callery.

The Callery has a little table-top skittles game (which I'm not going to explain here—it works with tops and pins which you try to knock over and—no, I won't explain it), which immediately caught Harlan's eye. Soon we were playing chempionship games to an audience of over thirty people (most of whom were waiting for the bus, as it turned out).

Harlan also sold articles to THE VILIAGE VOICE, the famous weekly which first used Jules Feiffer's cartoons. He tried to sell an article on Skittles, which was really a write-up on Sylvia (the Villago Witch, who could hex the game -- Harlan is firmly convinced of this), myself (the strango man with the beard), Andy Reiss (talented young far-out cartoonist) and Harlan (all-round champion at Skittles, to hear him tell it...). But it didn't sell. That so crushed Harlan that he get married and returned to Chicago. But he bought a skittles game to take with him which he now has in his basement. I think he's training for when he'll be coming out of retirement. "I'm coming back to the Village. Tod!" he's fond of saying.

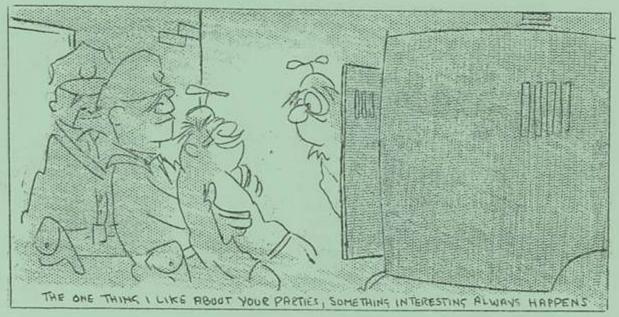
Since Soptember, Bhob Stewart has been living here too. He lives a block away, in a fifth-floor walkup. This cuts down the number of times we visit each other somewhat...

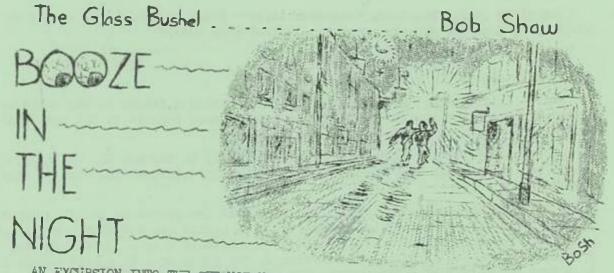
As a matter of fact, the Ellingtons used to live on the fifth floor in their building. We live on the fifth floor here, too, but our cagoy landlord numbered the floors differently, with a Ground Floor, First Floor, etc., so that through the miracle of modern science we live on the Fourth Floor.\* I'm told that for some strange reason fans seem to gravitate to the fifth floors; at one time there was even a Fifth Floor Club.

I suppose it just goos to show that fans are really starbogotten, and are just trying to find their own paths to the stars.

But I sure wish the Village had more Loose Women.

\* But it is still just as hard to climb.





AN EXCURSION INTO THE STRANGE HALF-WORLD OF IAN MICHULAY—SCIENTISM, RAN EXCURSION, MOTOR CYCLIST, COLLECTOR, PSYCHIC RESEARCHER, SOT

In this friends up here in the black North Ian saulay has always been somethat of an enignal comething like the mone hisa. In fact, when he sits back in an anachair with his rain cout draped over his head (he throws his clothes on carciessly) and the stiffied look he wears after polishing off a home-made apple pie, the urge to try to not him do not canvas becomes almost irresistile. It mint even have tried about his other life in Dublin: intriguing facts such as that he lived in a hounted Grange! I sak you—a haunted Grange. Those of us the are forced to eke out prousic existences in suburban semis turn green with envy at the very idea. Another fracing an eminent expert on laser, brings him a small sample class to ansure that the brew is cometly to his like a orders.

This then was no ordinary mortal I had come to visit for the day. Had it not been for the fact that I too have accedenic qualifications (most people don't realise I took medecine for three years) I might have felt a certain sense of inadequacy. I mean, when a man's opinion is so valued by barman that they bring him a sample of the lager than you are dealing with an almost god-like creature, a man about town, a sophisticate....

The non-stop express to Dublin made a smooth quick run, only stopping once, and I arrived at assens St. station at 12.45 howing read half a Blish book on the way down. In mot me with his car and we zoomed away through the traffic while he explained the programme for the day. I was impressed, especially when I learned that the first call of the evening was going to be the Ouzel Galley bur in Dane Street—Inn's favourite pub—the place where they bring him a sample of the lager. To think I was going to be there to see it! We went to Mooney's in College Street for lunch and Ian had the usual Carlaberg with his salad, while I had Guinness to get

<sup>\*</sup>Professor Sandford's Famous Herbal Liver and Splean Rejuvanator

factory in the afternoon.

"Two pints cach," Ian said, "and them there's bound to be lots of people who den't drink much and we will probably get theirs as well."

"Row shout the detergent?" I asked.

"that detergent?"

"Well," I emplained, "Sid Birchby once told me that a friend of his works in a place which menufactures edible detergent and Guinness buys it by the ten. Sid's friend says that's what puts the head on Guinness."

I'm was patrictically indignant. "Nonsense. We'll be through the whole place."

You'll see everything. They wouldn't be able to slip detergent in, even if they wanted to."

he bought his first accricen astounding. Then he parked his car with a course of smift are movements which left it close to the curb in space just shout two fact that from Ian—if be man bring you a suple of the lager nothing is beyond your expabilities.

o went into stoutly built reception hall where I gave my none to get onto one the conducted tours. In dian't have to give his none. The girl took one look at his cool, sombisticated, slightly amused expression and respectfully uswed him on. I decided that the barmen at the Ouzel Galley bar had are bably told everyone in the trade about him; it was quite likely that the doors of any brevery in Ireland would be thrown open at Ian's approach. I basked in reflected glory.

The tour itself lasted over m heur. .. bored individual in a dark uniform led us around in a struggling bunch, in no out of dark buildings, up and our open metal state ys, over more under huge house-sized vessels some of which were full of Guinness and which could be perfect to the silently hifting in the coloured lunar landscapes of the silently hifting in the state of light table in their roots. The ir was laden with embon lightly made and the stall of hors and yeast. The decided that it was a perfect place for the final chase in a detective film.

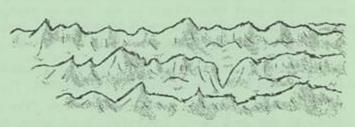
at one point the guide activated a large bix which lit up and treated us to a short film showing what happens when the yeast is sauce to the liquid. It was a mather grusseme spic and I didn't watch all of it—I never did go in for those couble X bills anyway. Yeast was the only subject which ever caused the guide's

voice to deviate from its tone of complete and utter boredom. Fac idea that this was a living organism had apparently captured his imagination at one time and he always referred to it as "the living yeast", although, in view of our suspicions

about the detergent, "clean living yeast" might have been a better term. Then showing us a tray of the stuff, which just locked like some kind of chopped and dried vegetation he actually whipped himself into a francy of a athy, almost indifference. It was ambarrassing to watch.

riter sixty minutes of trudging around we were taken into the Samiles Room and formally served with a tiny tenkeru of Juinness spices. Ian and I knocked curs back thirstily and sat impatiently waiting for the next round. We had decided to saill down the first four or five servings quickly to get rid of cur thirsts, and then take our time over the next two or three, sevening the flavour, bouquet etc.





appropriate of an hour later, when the rest of our party were standing around shuffling their feet and ready to go, it began to dawn on Ian that there was only sping to be one serving. Then the enomity of it sank in, assisted by the guide throwing away the but he had been juffing in a comer and practically tolling us to clear off, Ian's suave expression vanished and was replaced by a lock of Hancock-like indignation. His sense of the fitness of things was cutraged, of course, but one would almost have got the impression that he was raging at not getting a free booze-up. However, I know that it was worse for Ian than it would be for most people. To a jerson who was used to a berman bringing him a sample of the lagor before he ordered, this sort of treatment was going a bit far

We left the factory and drave out to last Smith's at Stepaside where, after a couple of Carlabergs, Ian's composure rouned and we spent a pleasant helf hour planning an af story we intend writing seneday. We went on and had too at Ian's home—the haunted Grange—then played one side of a nort Sahl LP. It about 6.30 we went for a drive in the Jublin Lountains and I saw Bray for the first time since I spent my honeymeen there seven years carlier. We arrived in Jublin at 7.50 with four hours drinking time left before the pubs closed. On the way into the Ouzel Gallay bar I mentioned to Ian that it was a hig thrill to me to go in with him and see the barren bring the sample. I patient smile flitted across his countenance.

"No, no, old boy. You don't quite understand. What happens is that I go in, walk up to the bar and say 'Good evening, Henry. How's the lager tonight?' Then he says, 'Not bad, sir,' then I say, 'I think perhaps I should taste it before erdering,' and he says, "Certainly, sir'. Then he brings me some in a tiny tankerd, I taste it, nod—providing it's all right, of course—and he draws me a full glass."

I noduced humbly—I hadn': properly appreciated the niceties, the little formalities sterning from years of tradition, the sort of thing only a cosmopoliton like Ian would really understand.

We sat on stools at the counter in an almost ampty bar and the bearen approached. He was a blue-chinned, rather surly type—not quite the way I had pictured Ian's barman, and even Ian second to have lest a little of his composure on seeing him face to face. But he carried on with the touching little tradition.

"Good evening," he edid. "How's the lager, to-."

"Watchsony?"

The barmen stared at us coldly-he widn't seed to be with it.

"I said, 'How's the lagar?'"

The beman looked mildly surprised. "Sallright, I surpose."

"all right, is it?" Inn said: he shot a slightly worried glance at no to see if I was still watching.

"Three right."

Sudmenly, to my horror, the cool surve accoults seemed to crumble cury. A that I can be, the sort that Pluto in the Disney strips puts on when trying to curry fewour ath someone who has just kicked him, spread over his face and he said in a plaintive whoseling voice, "Could I try a was glass?"

The binner was not neved. "I'll soll you a glass if you went it." he enswered coldly, and went on wiping tumblers as though we didn't exist.

"all right then," Inn creaked misembly. "Two glesses of leger." As an after-thought, to try and regain prestige in my eyes, he called out, "Provided it's in good condition." But I don't think the man heard him—luckily I had the whole incident memorised.

It turned out afterwards as we toured Dublin's best pubs, that this had been an unfamilier barren, but Ian had valiantly tried to bring off the mutine for my banefit. We finished at 11.30 in a place called The Silver Tassie, then took six bottles each to the haunted Grange where we drank some more and placed records till the wee hours.

All in all it was a great trip, but I'm locking forward to the next one oven more. Ian is friendly with a director or schething in a browery and every time Ich goes there this non immediately brings out a case of lager and a glass and sets Ich down in a private room with it....

That's what we're going to do next time.

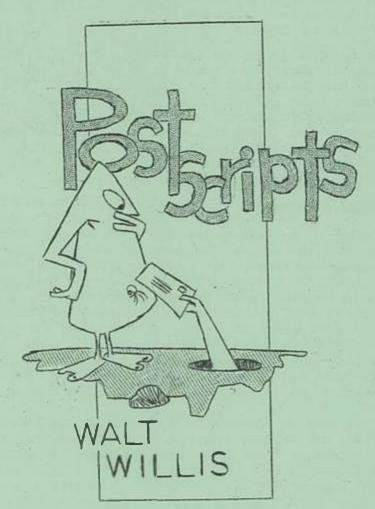
It's never too late to

## Contain ute to the

No contribution, however great, will be refused by

Eric Bentcliffe 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire

Don Ford, Box 19-T, RR 2, Wards Corner Road, Loveland, Ohio



If my necory serves as right (and unkind people might say it does) all those follwing letter section stancils were cut last June :nile I vas on holiday in County Donegal. There on a clear day you are supposed to be able to see fur in the West the legendary Lend of the Ever Young, Ty Brasil (after which Erezil was named: that country also had a Fresident called O'Riggins. In that other farmine can you read a ch gloriously useless inferration?) In that Celtic twilight I am cnother chinera, a July Ryphen, but back in the mos of Belfast it vanished into thick sir, laving ne mit: some deted references. Chuck Erris is new narried, for instance, and living hapally over after. ASF has published some passible stories (but none ca good as Jezes White's RATTASTIC sorial SECOND ENDING, objectiverucomended as the best al of the year). and some recent letters have not been quoted. But feer not, they will bo. No letter to Hyphen has ever been consigned to oblivion

merely because it missed a decidline. Here to prove it is one dated 16th march 1953.

John Gutteridge, 61 Hawkins Rd., Sherelys by Sen, Sussex === Re Hyphon: This was

funzine. It was pure and utter crud. It was merenic, vile, trips, illed to ing, nemesting low grade puly copy.... If Slant is really oning out the crud you stud: in ly it'll be worth the subscription, as long as you keep out the crud you stud: in hyphen, and then you tell no hyphen is only for stuff of a strictly funnish to my way of thinking, 'farmish' implies nationwide, or even worldwide, and doesn't confine to the bounds of the lenden Circle, Belfast Triangle and the American bloc (pun).

Thronk you and goodbyo, John Gutteridge, if this ever finds its may to you live finally printed this letter, which has been lurking in a comer of the non cause for the past eight years, because Time's healing hand has finally dried at the and it helped that the issue in question, Hyphen No. 3, recently fatched ten times its cover price at a los angeles SrS suction.

Walter Brown, 1205 Perults ave., Berkeley, Colif. (Serry, no cerflu.)
Boyd meburn, 89 Carmae ave., willowable, Ontario
Read Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapelis 21, Minn.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Longley we., Surbiton betty Eujawa, 2819 Carrline St., South Bend 14, Indiana Bob Farnhan, 506 2nd we., Dalton, Georgia Rodger Skidnore, University of Nebraska, Lincoln

Like "Sir" when Dodd on it. Sir? (No. Sener.) I'm only sir when I want be compared from where from where from when I want be compared from when when you sent for free brochures from where they didn't like to send then eversees senebow. So he took to filling out coupons in my name with the prefix sorr!. Ever since then Florida land sharks have been sending no plans of their lettest projects for sale. I've even been offered a Florida Key of my own.

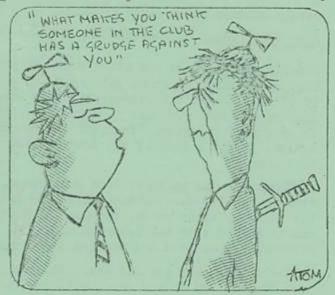


the dwindling number of juzz articles in fam. Tanc-rec rding is still not as popular as it might be. It has never quite knitted into the famish structure except as a tool. How many articles do you see on tanc-recording? and...er...how many on the

gentle art of knitting to 1s?

I suppose once a fan leses his sense of wonder he's lest the only thing that singles him cut from the peasants, and can then only remble around become ever the less of his brecious, like Go fus or whitever his name was in Tolkica's Ring Saga. Or wouldn't you agree with that? Ferhaps I could put it enother way. Would you not agree that namy fans are finding less and less enjoyment in realing of, and that they only stay with it for old times' sake. This arbivelence gives rise to an impulse to lesh out at of's shortcomings with not whelly reasonable violence? They

hate it yet they can't give it up. Yes, but I don't think it's because wa'va lost our sense of wonder, it's because of hes. The only wonder you can feel about most modern magazine sf is how it over got published ... like the latest Clifton serial in ASF. which made me at least break a 25-year old loyalty. One can no longer read stuff like that even to criticise it: it is, literally, beneath contempt. So, and what with Gold's semi-retirement, the suggested symposium on pro editing seems to have lost its point. That only leaves Goldsmith, who is starting off with a clean sheet, and well. wywry we only had one contrib-"ion. Thank you, Len Moffatt, and apologies.}



Colin Freeman, ward 3, Section Earlis Hospital, Ripley Rd., Entreaborough, Yorks. -+= why do you print the names of people who send letters to you when you don't print any extracts from the letters? I should imagine that most of your renders will appreciate the fact that all lettero aren't suitable for publishing, and vould-be a rrespondents will surely derive small consolution from seeing their Best Joe Pha n mes in print in lieu of their lettors. It's almost like saying, "We've had a letter from Charlie Boy. It ism't gold enough to publish, but we are printing his name and address as a consolution prize.".....Sorry this letter is so critical, but you must be getting bored with all the couplinents that keep orning your way. (Curi waly, m. Nor des the fact that a letter ism't published mann that it man't go d, merely that it wasn't suitable or even intended for publication. Comments on the magazine itself are of intense interest to the oditors and contributors and just as welcome as publishable letters, and no give the names and addresses of the people who write than as an indication of our appreciption, so that they will get fenzines from other editors.



alen alms, 2715 Yale Station, New Hoven, Com. == Last time I think I used an old Sturgeon story as an example to make a serious statement that af wean't worth making serious statements about; this time I'll use a fairly recent Sturgeon story, "The man who Lost The Sea", reprinted in The Bost Limerican Short Stories 1960. It didn't belong there, and almost no af ever does, for good reason. The Sturgeon story plays nicely with we rus and time-sequences, mixes in good bits of strong-of-om-sciensness and author-as-a-young-kid material, all clarents which the mainstream writers everworked years ago, and all this

strained virtuesity leads only to the reader's exclamation at the end, "By Go ree! another five temperature story!" This one may be more pointless than most present 'quality' of; but even in the stories which aren't pointless but might have some literary values, the science fiction contact is almost without exception extra baggage, which in turn is either unnecessary work for writer and reader or else districts both writer and reader from developing the true substance of the story.

I'm operating of course under the assumption that of should be judged by literary standards. Lerhops, as I think you suggested, it should be judged by other standards—but the grounds between pure blood-and-thunder and the evocations of human character which distinguish "good" literature are most unousy grounds indeed.

(True, but these are the grounds of the 'quality' actective story, not af. The neurotically introspective vecations of character which distinguish present mainstrone literature are a sympatutively recent development. The Greek tragedy for instance was concarned with the struggle of !!an egainst his environment (the Fates) and that should be the concern of sf, not Man's struggle against Mon. I feel the best weinst rem ; int-of-departure for af is the sand-domentary approach of for instance Stewnart's 'Stom' and 'rire'.)



ed to you a ien that the Vast Readershi: doesn't have the slightest intention of ignoring you, but just doesn't have time to comment before the next issue that onte the doomst. It's all very well for you people who can read without having to run your index finger along the lines, or for that dodgy crowl like Bent-cliffe who get away with things like: "Gosh, another 500 page issue. That's the best cover ol' Arthur has done yet and it reminds me of smething that happened to my brother Elmer who get caught up in his fleggle toggle only last week. It all happened this way...."

I thought it was a shocking thing to drop the letter column and it's not the least bit of good to offer weird excuses like "Please, notedy wrote to us." Since when has that made the slightest difference to Hyphen? I can remember the golden days when the mag was really edited and any letters that weren't up to standard were promptly rewritten until they were, and, in a real emergency, surely samebody could have given George-all-Tho-day a fresh crayon and some more wrapping paper?

nest is more complicated than I thought. It will all come right in the end, but that's more on account of the Harris luck and the hetshot lawyer (I think he must be Kyle's uncle, he's that good) I retained than because of the Harris business sense. First off the house was going up be utifully. Sue and I visited it every weekend and liked it more each time. Then, when it was almost caplated, we found the wallpaperers busy putting up herrible sheets full of cabbage mass in the diring room instead of the contemperary polychromatic lightning fleshes that ald cultured me had chosen.

"Stop the pressing." I said. "You have getten the wrong paper, mate."

"Nuffink to do with me, tesh. Better see the foremen."

to find the ferman. "Trong paper? No guv, never slapped up the wrong paper in 25 years."

He gots the book cut. "41 Sterr Gardens, yerse, polychromatic lightning. 45 Sterr Gardens rose garlands with festerns. Spect you've got the wrong house, gav."

and we had to. It may seem doft—all right, it is doft—but when you've only get a small map and a very large field it's hard to spot the exact piece that belongs to you and we had been claiming ownership to the next pair of somi-detacheds instead of the right ones. Instead of this levely bouse (marred only by the flerel art) all we had was (and this is the honest truth) half a bomb crater on which they hadn't even started work.

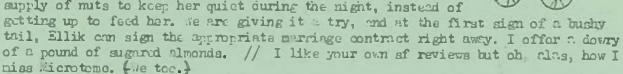
we're getting married on September 9th and until then I shall be keeping by fingers crossed heping I'll have a threshold in time to carry the bride across. I shall look a right Charlie it if docum't cone off, we're a togoing on a honoymeen—no dough loft—and if the house isn't ready it will be either my mother's, her nother's or the Selvetion Amy Histol. (How about Oblique House?) I shall plum; for the latter as long as they den't expect me to get up for skilly

in the mernings but I'm a little werried in case the, er, nights of cummbial bliss aren't up to the girl's expectations in such surroundings. After all, how o an I look all shave, apphisticated and remartic in my new black and arenge syjames when we have some pious caf in the next cubicle hollering "Fight the Good Fight" just at the wrong memont?

Please do not answer this question.

Donald Francon, 6543 Robande arc., W. Hollymand, California Thom Perry, 1130 Carfield St., Lincoln 2, Nebraska wes thery, 93 Herlock St., St. Thomas, Ontario

Ken lotter, Roydon Hill Camvan Centre, Roydon, Essex =+= It was nice to see Ellik in H. I read last week in one of those dreadfully authoritative books about what to do with your baby, that very young children hibernate rather then aloep. This give us the bright idea of getting Karen a supply of muts to keep her quiet during the night, instead of



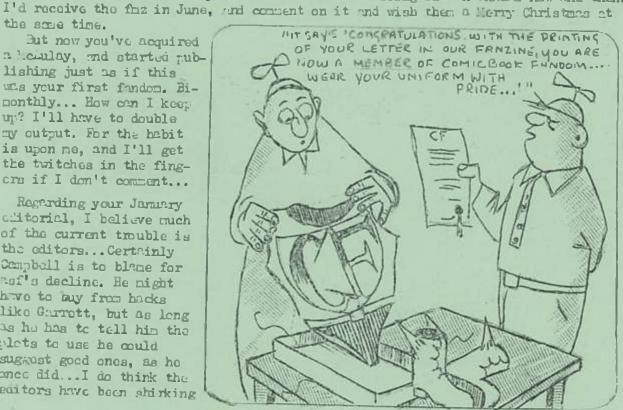
Ron Bernett, 7 Southway, \_rthurs ave., Harrogate, Yorks. Don allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan Bob Snith, 1 Timor St., Judeanunyal, Victoria, Lustralia Larvin lingfield Jr., General Delivery illiansurg, Va. Dick fyun, 116 Third St. NE, mahington 2, DC

Rick Snewry, 2962 Santa and St., South Gate, California -+- You make it very hard to rest on one's leurels. It is bad enough getting a stack of fuz from neos I never heard of. There they set, gathering dust and giving me a guilt complex. But I could always tell myself that as long as I pt the "few good ones" it didn't matter. Those young sprats would grow up thinking me on ungrateful snob, but I could rest content that I was safe with a fow old timers who also had seem better days and were content to bring out an entural now and then.

the same time.

But now you've acquired a licinlay, and started publishing just as if this uca your first fundom. Binonthly... How can I kee: un? I'll have to double my output. For the habit is upon me, and I'll get the twitches in the fingors if I don't comment ...

Regarding your Jamery chitorial, I believe much of the current trouble is the editors... Certainly Compbell is to blane for agi's decline. He night have to any from backs like Garrett, but as long as he has to tell him the plets to use he could suggest good ones, as he once did ... I do think the eartors have been shirking



their share of the blome for the mess we're in

Light I suggest you try to get some meterial out of Don allen? His lotter in the

The thought of Harris marrying at last fills me with a touch of scaness Ed Cox ms married last month. So was not hap. (So, incidentally, was Brien Verley. The bigenist!) The old gang is going, one by one. Oh, I'm not one of those sour-grace brechelors. I'm all for getting married...especially to girls. it's must that it is not an old bachelor. Four-and I can't afford to work my way up to being an evil old man.

Re bequotes. "On our wedning night my husband proposed something that even my own that ther wouldn't have done" has to be said by a woman. and Indelaine is the only menalo listed in the credits. Having pointed this cut, I will not ask the obvious question. Fact it looks like I'd better enswer it before I got News Of The world reporters on my dourstep. It wasn't madeleine, it was James Thurbor in his now play.)

Harry harner, 423 Surrit ave., Hagerstown, i.d. =+= Down Grennell's notes on lawns brought to mind the time last summer I attended a meeting calla by the agricultural agent to consider lawns and their problems. I loamed how terrible the law probler is. I had understood about crab gress and dendelion and similar obvious troubles. but this meeting ox leined how many other enful things grew in lawns, unsus ected by most persons because they can't be distinguished from true grass except by omerts. You may think you have a splendid exranse of grass while actually your grass is being atrangled and you may have this awful situntion around the bouse until your dying day and nover realise it until and holpful expert points it cut to you.



You still have the finest letter section in fandom. I can envision it some day gallo ing off by itself as the one in Imagination did so many years and them we're all too old and feeble to elicit material for a regular full-fledged fanzino. (I think hyphen may be evolving in the reverse direction to VOM: after all it started of as the letter section of Slant, and I remember an argument we had the Chuck about changing the name from Inclinations.)

Les Gerber, 201 Linden Houlevard, Brooklyn 26, NY === I once drove in a large Chrysler which had been lent to larry Shaw for a weekend. That car had the most useless tack seat (and front seat) I've ever seen; both were divided by large immovable amrests into movie-theatre-like seats. The stupid car was filled with absuring edgets such as a motor to change the position of the rear view mirror, and it cost about 500, yet it could seat only four people and the utterly useless for date purposes. Chuck should stick to his anglia. (I think you underestimate the Chrysler corporation, less. Those movie type seats and the periscope-like rear view mirror lead me to the conclusion that the car was designed for voyours in drive-in cinemas.

The letters are very fine; I think I would rather make the letter column of H more than getting an article in almost any finz I can think of (that's a phrase replete with sexual symbolism, but I defy atom to do a carteen of my assaulting a letter-col or raping a fanzine) but that lends a stilted quality to my letters. I think. I'd go on from here to speak of perhaps using stilts to get down off my high horse but I think you get the point: besides, then atom would do a smashing cortoon which would make me lock as silly as I probably an.

Dick Ellington, 2162 Hillside Lve. halmut Creek, California. Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utch. hike icInerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Heriden, Com.

Roy Tackett, Lisgt., USIC HAPS-1 (Com.),
MWHG-1, 1st 122 MiFfac, c/o
MWHG-1, 1st 122 M

ould be shown in the local bankel color that their great victory in having wiped out the entire German air Force for the third time in a month. Really living it up that much laughter and pinching of burnedds (off course). The squadren could be several mouts of their expression and walk to the bar at this time there the terman time of the several mouts of their states of the several mouts of their states of the several mouts of their several mouts of the several mouts of the several mouts of their several mouts of the severa

Chris miller, 4; Wheatclose Md., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.
-- chic Mercer, 434/4 Newark Ro.. North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

## the Sons of frankensiein , Return

Bob ; ZTycker

THEY NEITHER DIE NOR FAIR MAY, those relice e a land dry — they simply hide behind the curtain for a number of years awaiting their re-entrance cue. Someone must have flashed the cue. Not the movie Frankensteins, of course, but the old-time fenc was seemed to vanish forever back there in the misty dawn only to recopear most unexpectedly. Two of them jumped out at he recently with their heary "Reo's!" and I wasn't even rightened. (Probably

because I'm cat.) Oddly enough, both of the included the some question in their

I did, and I also renorbered there

In a strict sense, Sully Roberts had not variabled from no. Sully is a zervice precontinued to sometimes weather around the Southwest and Roman to spring he came have
to work a drive-in movie; this winter he is writing in the same theater with no.
The same of the still retained a minute interest in the former with no.
The second to dots on Habekhuk. But when I cheerful the still retained a minute interest in the former we know
the second to dots on Habekhuk. But when I cheerful the still retained a minute interest in the former with no.
The second to dots on Habekhuk. But when I cheerful the still retained the begin rablishing again, I as not to a soon and a related grabrew. The that one before a mirror,
like Walter Breen and Les Nirenberg, his existence is/was doubted by many;
anost of fandom assumed him to be another fluctor passionym but some of the aged ones
from that era (1938-1940) have not him and can see to corrible onth that he is
real. Wellhein, Michal, Bick wilson, Kernhuk, Heinsberg, Meyer, Harling, the Docker
Dillies and perhaps others have not him.

Sully was a great hand with a mineograph creat. He created at imputerable issues of Le Zenbio, plus the two or three Year also of the time plus his on magazines called Science Fiction Esquire and Science Fiction Abatteir. It collaborated an a king-sized catch-all fanzine called N vs and laid vest plans to into the first issue (May 1939) was also the last was his recorded fanzine; he published the one-and-only issue of the one-and-only

record zine, a 78rm disc containing music, news notes and a brief article. I was the narrator, and I believe I have the only copy of this achievement. I don't know what ever happened to the check R.D. Swisher sent for a subscription, but I do know that Swisher wrote plaintive notes for nonths afterward asking for his records or the return of his check.

Late in 1939 a gazgle of fans from Chicago swooped down on us with the news that they had gone to New York and captured the next convention for Chicago. They commed us — let's face it. They commed us into co-sponsoring Chicon I, and Sully was named editor of The Illini Fantasy Fictioneer (a forerumer of the Progross Reports.) — photograph of Sully, Korshak, Reinsberg and myself appears on the cover of the July 1940 Le Zombie. This photo represented a pre-convention conference and the satting was somewhat prophetic of the following conclave: the four of un were perched in the open doorway of a country outhouse.

Sully never attended the con; the pre-convention antics of some of the co-sponsers washed him up, and although he faithfully cranked out the required four issues of the rictioneer, he soon quit. Shortly thereafter the army swallowed him up and he was away for four or five years.

But here he is, twenty years later, reading fanzines again.

The second Frankenstein to jump out ut me was Jon allen, of Detroit, a quiet-type iringe fan who had subbed to Le Zombie in 1939 and 1940. Allen was the fan who was supposed to supply LeZ with its very first con report: he was going to New York to attend Sykora's ball in 1939 and arrangements were made for him to air-mail me the word on that affair. He went to New York all right, but New York must have robbed him of his last few permies because the con report never arrived, and instead I printed news furnished by Reinsberg and cribbed from other funzines.

I suspect Degler was allen's undoing.

expressed a desire to attend. In reply I told him that invitations weren't necessary - just get up and go. The Slan Shack weekends were impromptu affeirs and anywhere from six to twenty fans could be expected to walk in just any time. Illheim dropped in once while touring the country as did Speer while making a cross-country trip; while local fans (meaning those in the neighbouring states) cane all the time. (Inagine, if you can, twenty or twenty-five noisy fans dropping in on you and your wife and saying, "Well, here we are, feed us and sleep us — we gotta catch a train next Monday.") But alas, Allen never made it to the Slan Shack, and later I thought I discovered why.

In those same years good old Claude was forever making grand tours of fandon, dropping in uninvited and unannunced at every farmish address he could find, busily organising (or attempting to organise) still another cell of the Cosmic Circle. The grapevine passed down the word that Claude hit Detroit like a cyclone, and that all Michigan fandon was plunged into war. I suspect allen viewed him with alam.

a few weeks ago I had a letter from Jon allen, asking if I remembered Degler and asking my opinion on something called "First Fadom." I attach no special anguificance to the juxtaposition of the two items.



HYTHEN 29, September 1961 M.A. Willis & Dr. I. McAulay 170 Upper N'aras Rd., Belfast 4, N. Ireland

Reduced Rate)

Rie Sury Late and St.

## Eavesdroppings

IT WAY NOT BRING BACK . Y SENSE OF WONDER, BUT IT ! WES HE RESIDER IT WAS LIKE TO HAVE ONE ... THE RUSSIAN FOOLS WHERE INGLES FEAR TO TREAD... THE CRES WITH THE TEETH LARKS ARE HARD CONTRES.... NO I WON'T STOP SLOWING, I'LL SEE YOU INH'LE FIRST... .. HERE AGAIN HE HAS BLO .. LERNEL OF TRUTH INTO A SORT OF INTELLIGIBLE PUFFED RICE....THE ONE BACH PIECE I LEARNED MADE HE FEEL I WAS BEING REFERENCED HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A TEASPOON....STOP YOU'RE HURN-ING OUT LY MIND ATTH ALL THESE NEW CON-CE TS.... FIRST THERE ILS FIRE, THEN THE WHEEL, AND THEN THE STACHETTI EXTRID-ER....THINK OF HOW LUCH SCONER THE MEST MOULD HAVE BEEN PIONEERED IF THE LIG-ON WHEELS HAD GONE ROUND THE RIGHT WAY.... I WAS A TRAPPLAGE ADOLESC-ENT....THE FIRST THING TO DO THEIL WAR BREAKS OUT IS KILL YOUR NEIREST POLITIC-ILN.... SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT HYTOCHONDRIA BUT SHE REALLY HASH'T.....DEATH IS JUST NATURE'S MAY OF TELLING US TO SLOW DOWN.. ....E HAVE KENT THE OLD SPAINED GLASS

FOOT THROUGH IT....LL I HOPE IS THAT
HEN THE ST THAT IS CALLED
I'M ECLIDING IT....IT'S \_ CUST\_
OM INSTALLATION—I CUSSED IT
UF AND DOWN HEN I WAS TUTTING
IT IN....E ANT THE ATOM AND
THOLOGY TO FUT ON THE COFFEE
THELE TO GIVE THE HOUSE THAT

"INDOW IN CASE YOU'D LIKE TO FUT YOUR

LIVED-IN LOOK....IT SEELS TO BE AGES SINCE I HAD A COPY OF SLART....I THINK I'LL OF EN A LINGERIE BEGTORY AND TURN OUT FREUDLIN SLE S. ... FORTRESS IS .. FEILE FORT....E'RE HAVING I BED SET U. IN THE VESTRY.....IST'T THE CHRISHIL LER POSICARD GHASTLY-RO LONDER OXFORD KEEF LOSING THE BOAT RACE...EVERY THE WE START TO DISCUSS STORY IDEAS HE ERINGS IN GLOBULAR MOUNDS OF DESTITE STRICTLY HE-TWEEN ME, YOU AND THAT BUT LAFF ON ER THEFE don thompson, BoSh, ian m'auley, wer 6, joul anderson, dedie stith, dick scholtz, janes white, dean gromell mili carr, eait carr, ken slater, we vick, rich brien, chud: harris, atom 5.