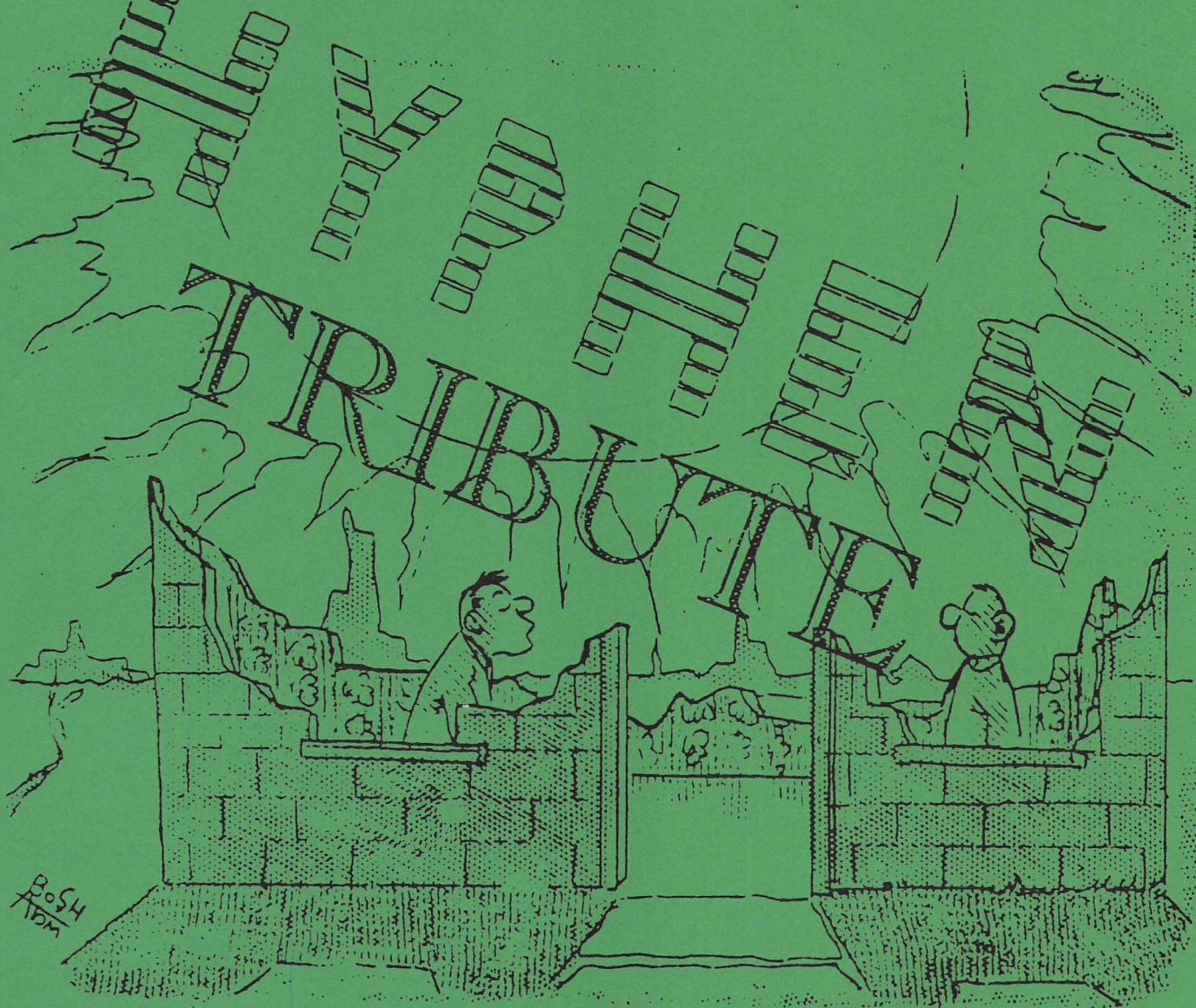


HYPHEN

NO. 35

APRIL

1964



"Well, if it keeps up it'll certainly shorten the Winter."

HYPHEN TRIBUTE Thumbnail, created for the May FAPA mailing, 1999. This is a brief bit of the real Tribute (\$5.00) (*different cover*) put together by Shelby Vick, 627 Barton Avenue, Springfield, FL 32404, to be distributed at Corflu Sunsplash (April 30-May 2). Much thanks goes to Joe Siclari, without whom this would not have been possible. He laboriously Xeroxed many copies of "-" and sent them to me to chose from.

It seemed a wonderful idea, at the time, and so easy: A special reprint issue of Hyphen for Corflu Sunsplash. Hyphen, because Sunsplash is a celebration of Sixth Fandom and Hyphen ("-") is certainly representative of Sixth Fandom. Joe Siclari had volunteered to supply copies of "-", Madeleine and Walt Willis had given us their blessing. I have a flatbed fullpage scanner and I have access to a super Xerox that will print both sides, collate and staple. Should be a breeze!

Yeah. . . .

Well, the Tribute to Hyphen was and still is a great idea. But complications do have a way of occurring -- particularly when, like Shelby Vick, you plunge blindly into things. To begin, the Xeroxed copies of "-" turned out to be what I should have expected -- legible, but not scannable. The text converter couldn't make sense out of half -- two thirds? three fourths? -- of the words. It didn't look like copying would do, either; too much gray area. Except for the final issue, that is. (Guess which issue was used the most?) The illos were the same way. I finally found that if I enlarged the illos, double their original size, did some touch-up, then shrunk them back to original size, they came out satisfactorily. . . after, that is, trimming out a lot of gray.

But then, *some* of the earlier copies turned out to be usable -- with the help of whiteout, enlarging, plus cutting out a word from somewhere else to paste over an illegible word . . . and sometimes cutting the same word out twice, because I'd lose the first one I cut out . . . more apoplexy. And more apoplexy because of my "system". (With me, the concept of "system" always has to be in quotes.) I picked out an item I wanted to work with, set it aside Where I Could Find It, and the usual dimensional warp claimed it. Luckily, the warp would eventually give up its' booty -- except for a James White column I submitted to disk -- but it resulted in greatly increasing my Frustration Level.

By the way; credits go to my granddaughter, Brittany Good. She said she could do the retouching. Since I had made several copies, I figured it wouldn't cost anything to humor her. Good thing I did; she did a great job!

Most of the covers were the same. Not only did the pix lose lines, they also had unwanted gray or even black in them. The lines of the word "Hyphen" either disappeared or ran together. Tried enlarging, touching up, reducing . . . didn't work. Then I found that, as always, the last issue was best by far. Enlarged, touched up, reduced - - perfectimundo! Now it's just a matter of making enuf copies from that Hyphen to be pasted on all the covers, copy, and they'll be fine.

So FAPAns get an advance look at a sample, and I get a chance to see what it's going to look like before putting out the Final Edition. -- Oh, yes; one other thing I'll be finding out: So far, I've been putting out only a few pages of something and stapling it in the corner. That is, that's the way the super Xerox does it. The Tribute should be stapled as "-" was stapled. I'll use this to find out if the Xerox can do it. Failing that, I'll see if it will collate without stapline; just stapling will be better than having to collate and staple. (Yeah, yeah; super machine has spoiled me.)

(Turned out to be simple; punch the right button!)

NOTE -- Any Tables of Content included herein are reproductions from the original, not accurate tables. Wish they were; wish there was time and money enuf to reprint it all. Unfortunately, both are limited. Sorry 'bout that.
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THE BRITISH

HYPHEN

AMERICAN FANMAG

CONTENTS

AGHAST EDITORIAL.....	A.Vince Clarke.....	2
INCLINATIONS.....	Walt Willis.....	3
DON'T TELL A SOUL.....	Peter Ridley.....	9
HOW IT ALL BEGAN.....	William F.Temple.....	10
THE NAMING OF JAMES....	James White.....	13
THE GLASS BUSHEL.....	Bob Shaw.....	14
Cover and other cartoons by Shaw		

HYPHEN is produced between issues of SLANT by Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Ireland and Chuck Harris, 'Carolyn', Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex, England. Art Editor Bob Shaw. Editorial Assailant, James White. This is issue No.1, May 1952. The sub rate is two issues for one US sf promag or 1/6 payable to Willis, or deductible from subs to SLANT.

INCLINATIONS

Walt Willis

To beguile subscribers to SLANT during the fleeting interval between issues I've entered into a symbiotic relationship with Chuck Harris, my best friend & severest critic (alternately) to publish this new international fanmag. Chuck's other qualifications were that he is one of the few English fans not already working full time for Ken Slater, and that he has acquired a very striking duplicator. However the duplicator insisted on staying on strike despite heroic efforts by Vince Clarke--see opposite--so I've run off the mag myself on a machine I picked up the other day at an auction in an effort to get Bill Temple's last convention report out before this year's. Blame all mistakes on me.

When we get over our labour pains we might bring out this thing quite often. We'd like to make it a sort of link between British and American fandom, which is one of the two or three reasons for its name. I've always thought it would be a good thing if world fandom were better integrated, if only to raise the standard of fanmag material and increase its circulation, and we're in a good position to bring that about since the 300 odd subscribers to SLANT are scattered all over the civilised world--not to mention parts of Los Angeles.

The present issue, though, is mostly repercussions from the last issue of SLANT, and I hope you new subscribers won't feel too much as if you had come in in the middle of something. If you aren't interested in getting further issues of '-' just send this one back and I'll restore your SLANT sub credit.

Further issues of '-' will have material by Harris, Clarke, Shaw, White and me. Also readers' letters and lots of other informal stuff we were never able to print in a 'stuck-up mag like SLANT, so let's hear from you readers and writers. I guarantee, no typos. When we get the standard of reproduction we want we'll be running a series of special features too long for SLANT, starting with the serialised memoirs of Forrest J. Ackerman, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY FAN.

CONTENTS

Introduction.....	3
The Beacon, James White.....	5
Reviews.....	19
The Corencon, Walt Willis.....	20
News.....	24
The Transatlantic Fan Fund.....	25
Eavesdroppings.....	26

Cover by Vina Clarke

Interior illos by Bob Shaw

Subscription two issues for 1/6 or 25¢ or one US prozine or a-f pocketbook. Exchanges welcomed. If an X appears after your name on the mailing wrapper it means either that your postman is in love with you or that your subscription has expired.

This issue has been edited and published by me, Walt Willis, of 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland, in an attempt to encourage fandom to face the grim fact that I'm not dead and to try out an idea for using vortical interlineations in page format. In the continued absence of SLANT, due partly to an illness in the spring and partly to the reluctance of this typer to cut a good enough stencil, some SLANT subbers are receiving the compliment of being sent this less formal mag in the hope they will appreciate its ineffable beauty. If not please return it undecorated for restoration of sub credit.

The better part of this issue is, like its author, devoted to Bea Mahaffey; or at least to her espionage trip round Ireland. At about 6.30pm, Eastern Standard Time, on Wednesday the 13th May she boarded a TWA Constellation at New York Airport for the 3000 mile flight to Shannon. On the West Coast of Ireland. Almost a whole day earlier Madeleine and I had left Belfast in an 8hp car to meet her. We drove on round the West, North and Eastern coasts of Ireland, picking up James White in Donagall town, and spending a couple of days in Belfast before sailing for England and the Convention.

While Bea was still in Europe... steaming up the Rhine instead of James' glasses... I asked him to make a few notes of anything he remembered about the trip in case we might write a report about it. But when he brought up the notes, all 14000 words of them, I realised he had put his heart into the work. There was nothing for me to add, all my internal organs being spoken for, or at least nothing to justify adding my name to his. All I have to do is publish the work, hoping you'll enjoy for its own sake this moving chronicle of the Ascent of Errigal, the Weird Shadow Over Portballintrae etc. And to write a prelogue to this saga-log.

The BEACON

by

JAMES WHITE

introduced by WALT WILLIS

Stopping only for the usual reasons, and to send a postcard to Robert Bloch from Birr, Co. Offaly, reading simply "It's cold", Madeleine and I arrived in Limerick by nightfall. Next morning, having bought some postcards for Bea to send to her limerick collecting friends, we set out for the airport.

We were a little late because I'd had trouble manoeuvring the car safely out of the hotel garage—I'd only just learned to drive and the car belonged to my father-in-law who knows the history of every tiny scratch on the paintwork and keens over them individually every night—but we arrived in time. Only to find that my baleful influence over all forms of American public transport extends to their transatlantic airlines—Bea's plane would be two hours late. I went back to park the car properly in case one of the big ones ran over it, and we hung about hoping desperately that the weather would clear so that Bea would have a good first view of Ireland and that we'd be able to see her plane coming in. At about one o'clock, as we were scanning the sky keenly towards the West, a fitful sun came out and an aircraft landed from the direction of Constantinople. On the distant tarmac an apparently endless stream of people got out of the Consternation, as from a taxi in an early Mack Sennett comedy, but none of them looked like Bea though we waved at everyone just in case. Even when she came into the arrival lounge I didn't recognise her. She had changed. She was wearing a blue costume instead of the black dress she'd worn in Chicago. Also she had put her hair up and was wearing glasses. Furthermore she had an American accent I'm sure she didn't have the last time I was talking to her. But it was Bea all right—I recognised the little marmosism she has of extending her left hand daintily in front of her palm upwards as if she were patting a very large dog or gently regulating the advances of a very small fan.

THROUGH DARKEST IRELAND CARRYING A TORCH FOR BEA MAHAFFEY



Over coffee we talked nervously in the atmosphere of tension that pervades airports and railway stations--people feel they are missing something all the time--and then we led the way to the car, warning Bea not to trip over it. I drove assuredly along the broad concrete road and past a notice marked ALL VEHICLES TURN LEFT AND STOP. Unaccustomed to being a vehicle or to obeying notices for which there seemed no obvious reason I kept right and went straight on. There was a frenzied wail and a customs policeman dashed out of his hut like a sabre-toothed tiger out of its cave. I stopped the car, switched off the engine, and listened miserably to his stern reproaches. Useless, I thought to myself, to explain to Bea that this little corner of easy going Ireland must have been contaminated by foreign efficiency seeping from the airport--she must be terribly disappointed. However as we drove off again Bea, always the soul of tact, said happily, "He was MUCH nicer than a Chicago policeman."

Things hadn't gone very well so far, but the sun came out as we neared Ennis, Co. Clare, and we thought we might have a picnic. We bought a couple of pounds of steak in Ennis and stopped at the entrance to the grounds of Loughcultra Castle a few miles further on. I got out the primus stove and started to light it. Ten minutes and twenty matches later I declared that the resources of modern science had been defeated, and began to gather wood. I had a nice fire going and the tender promise of steak was beginning to pervade the air, when it started to rain. Almost immediately afterwards it began to pour. The fire was obviously losing ground. We put every back in the car except the fire and the steak, donned raincoats, and sallied forth again to fight our existence like primaeval man. Madeleine cooked, I prowled about looking for dry fuel, and Bea crouched gallantly on the grass holding an umbrella over the fire. Well, I thought ruefully, at least it must be a change from New York.

However she seemed to enjoy the experience nearly as much as the steak, and we set off again. It was really raining now, with a determination worthy of a better cause. Nothing was to be seen but an occasional picturesque ruin by the side of the road. With vague memories of a hastily leafed-through guide book, we authoritatively identified as gazebos all the ones that weren't big enough to be monasteries or castles, until Bea was tactless enough to ask what a gazebo was. After that we merely pointed them out as picturesque ruined Things.

From Galway we took the road into the wilds of Connemara through Oughterard and Maam Cross, and at Recess branched off on the mountain road by Lough Inagh to Kylemore. It was not a good road, even by Irish standards, though sometimes we hit up to 20mph. Many of the most scenic roads in Ireland are like this, and I suspect it's a deliberate policy of the Irish Tourist Board's. Ireland is a small country, and they have to spin it out.

The clouds were lifting now, and we could see the lower slopes of the mountains towering dramatically into the mist. About nine o'clock we reached Kylemore, a fiery-like Gothic castle on the brink of a sheltered little lake. (The grounds also include two more lakes, a mountain range, and several hundred acres of woods.) I slowed the car on the entrance drive at the point where you see between the trees the castle mirrored in the lake and, just as I'd been subconsciously blaming myself for the rain, took as much pride in the fabulous thing as if I'd built it myself. I'd wanted to get Bea here for the first night after her long and hectic journey because it's the most restful as well as one of the most beautiful places in Ireland. Admittedly the bus from Galway now passes the gatelodge twice a week instead of once, but in spite of this hectic onrush of civilisation the people seem to have all the time in the world. As we waited for them in the huge panelled entrance hall with its great oak staircase and gallery it occurred to us, being fans, what a wonderful place it would be for a convention; and after we'd been shown to our rooms Bea called us delightedly down the corridor to look at hers. "Look," she said, pointing into the enormous interior, "Four beds!" It was the clincher. We decided to start a campaign for Kylemore in '54 and next morning sent postcards to Tucker and Bloch pointing out among other things that they hadn't really lived until they'd dropped bags of hot water from a battlement.

But I'd better get on if you're to meet James on page 5. Actually nothing much happened during the next two days except that we had a lot of fun and saw a lot of scenery. We toured through Leenane, Westport, Cattlebar, Ballina, Sligo (with a detour to Lough Gill to show Bea the Lake Isle of Innisfree), Ardara and Ballyshannon, and at noon on Sunday we were parked in the market square of Donegal Town looking out for James' bus.

While we're waiting for him maybe I'd better explain a couple of the allusions in his report.

First, all this talk about people trying to poison him doesn't mean that he's got a persecution complex. The fact is that many years ago in an over enthusiastic endeavour to emulate E.C. Wells he acquired a mild form of diabetes. The result is that sugar doesn't agree with him. As Bob explained it once, soon after James takes sugar his temperature drops and he gets stiff all over. This is known as rigor mortis.

Then there's the reference to the 'guilty secret' under the bonnet of our car. I should explain that the designers of the Morris Minor Car have in their infinite wisdom provided a space among the intricacies of the engine just large enough to accommodate a tea-kettle. However surprisingly people know what this space is for. This ignorance of the finer points of automobile design extends to the garage attendant in Collooney, Co. Sligo, where we stopped for oil. The youth opened the bonnet and stood for a moment transfixed with astonishment. You could see him reviewing in his mind all his knowledge of the various types of internal combustion engine and associated machinery. This apparatus did not seem to be connected to anything, but he thought he knew what it was. Coming to a decision he sidled round to my window and dropped his voice confidentially: "Do you know," he asked tactfully, "that you have a kettle underneath your carburettor?"

"Yes," I admitted with marly frankness, "I do"; and drove off amid giggles and a flood of jokes about mavericks, stray kettle, and steering.

But here is James now....

"He thought it was a Model Tea Pot."



Unlike some people, busses don't break down under me, so I arrived in Donegal Town exactly on time. It was raining heavily, which wasn't surprising as according to the bus conductor it always rains in Donegal Town. I alighted with a splash and looked around quickly for a maroon Morris Minor No. M25975 before the rain ruined the refractive properties of my glasses. I saw one. Madeleine was standing beside it, holding the door open with one hand and an umbrella up with the other and urging me to get in quick before she drowned. I didn't want to drown either, so I sprinted towards the car, slung my stuff in ahead of me, and dived neatly after it. Doors slammed, engines revved, horns tooted, and we started off with a jerk. (I resent that last word, whether it refers to me or my driving. —WAW)

After the two of us in the back seat untangled ourselves I took a look at Miss Mahaffey. I saw dark hair framing a rather blurred face with three or four nice dark brown eyes. She was rubbing gently at the ankle on which I had landed with my chin. I held out a hand and said "Pleased to meet you." She did likewise and said "Likewise." Her voice reminded me of the Boston Symphony working over the Overture to Romeo and Juliet—and remember, the car hadn't got a radio.

Some time later, after she had managed to pull her hand free and counted her fingers, I thought maybe it would be a good idea if I wiped my glasses. I did, and took another look at Miss Mahaffey.

Wow!

Just then Walter, who was up front with Madeleine, introduced us formally. He said, with typical old-world courtesy, "James, this is Bea. Bea, That's James." adding by way of helping to break the ice that OTHER WORLDS was now paying 3d a word. I reeled my tongue in and told him we'd already met but that I didn't mind shaking hands again. Then I enquired politely about the journey from Shannon Airport. As I remember, the way I phrased it was, "Why aren't you all lying dead in a ditch?"

I gathered that the fair face of Ireland had been wringing wet most of the way from Shannon and that the only thing that had kept Bea from catching the first plane homewards was the prospect of meeting me. It seems he had told her I could control the weather—apparently reasoning that if I could sell one of my stories to ASF I could do anything—and that there was bound to be sunshine when I joined the party. He wanted me to start working on it rightaway.

First I tried the sunshine of my smile but this, Bea informed me, was not quite what she had had in mind. She wanted to photograph a thatched cottage, and for that she required a sun, a blue sky, and a few alto-cumulous arranged artistically for effect. A girl of simple tastes I thought, little knowing what was to follow, and I directed my attention to the weather.

The rain stopped and the sun dried the water off the road. It got so warm that Walter had to open the windows. There was some cirro-stratus among the alto-cumulous in the sky, but I don't think anyone noticed it. After making sure the sunshine

*"The Scavengers", ASF Oct '53

"In this country, vile pros ride in the back seats."

would stay put, I lay back in my seat and just enjoyed the beautiful scenery, talking to it about word-rates, Robert Bloch, and the scenery outside the car.

There was some language difficulty at first, but once I understood the distinction between 'cute', 'real cute', 'George' and 'George all the way' it ceased to be a problem. It was a very beautiful section of country we were driving through, and every lake, mountain or wave-lashed headland was given a high George rating by Bea. There was a blurb three paragraphs long by the Irish Tourist Association about Donegal Bay which she neatly condensed to 'real George' and still made it sound worth coming three thousand miles to see. But somehow I got the impression that she was a little disappointed—I couldn't produce a thatched cottage which measured up to her specifications. I pointed out that the Donegal County Council were inclined to frown on thatched cottages nowadays..birds nested in them and they were in constant need of repair. . . so they were busy replacing the thatch with horribly modernistic roof tiles. I tried very hard to sell her on the new look in cottages, but as far as she was concerned, tiled cottages just weren't George. She was very nice about it though, she told me not to worry and she wasn't blaming me personally, and she patted me on the head.

Just about then somebody began to sing—me, I think—and we all joined in. The song was 'I Want To BEA Near You' and nobody knew all the words except Walter, and he only knew the French version, so it was a rather interesting choral arrangement. Bea kept watching Walter with a sort of horrible fascination—it was the first time she'd heard a song sung in French with an Irish accent. The noise was monstrous, and lasted until we pulled into some town or other for lunch.

There were no fans in that town, at least nobody noticed the s-f mags propped up in the car's windows. During lunch I taught Bea a smattering of Gaelic and Russian. Mostly the words for 'yes' and 'no'. She already knew these words in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, having learned them for her trip around Europe, but de Camp hadn't told her how to deal with Irishmen or Russian spies. (Bea by this time knew all about the incident in the London Underground during which Evelyn Smith was accused of being a foreign agent.) Before the meal was finished Miss Mahaffey had said 'No!' to me three times in German, once in Spanish, and seven times in Gaelic.

All I wanted was a lock of her hair.

Of course I hadn't got scissors with me, but I could easily have pulled some out if she'd only have let me. I'm stronger than I look. I think she was just playing hard to get.

Half an hour out of town Walter discovered that his tanks were almost empty. We all lifted our incredulous eyebrows at each other and said 'Hah!' But he was serious and began consulting maps. In an aside to Bea he told her that he was looking for a 'Filling Station' to get some 'Gasoline'. (Walter has been to America). Bea, in an aside to me, said, "He's looking for a 'Garage' to get some more 'Petrol'." (Bea goes to a lot of trouble to learn the language of the natives). I told Madeleine that the vehicle required a further supply of reaction mass in order to continue its journey. (I am a member of the British Interplanetary Society). Madeleine relayed this to Walter, and Walter said, "Luh-h-h???"

After we'd found a garage, and somehow kept the attendant from uncovering our guilty secret concealed under the bonnet while we were being refueled, Walter consulted a few more maps and told us he was taking us towards a breath-taking vista on the north west coast of Donegal. Off we went again.

We were travelling through wild, rugged country now. The scenery was real George, but the surface of the roads wasn't even cute, and they climbed and twisted all over the place. We were going fairly fast, and every time we turned a corner, Bea

"I wish this car had a gear for sideways."

and I would be plastered against one of the inner walls. Walter seemed to take a fiendish delight in throwing us together at all the sharp corners. I was delighted, too. Once I was flung violently into Bea's side of the car when we were on a perfectly straight section of roadway, and I had to talk about Newton's Third Law for about ten minutes to convince her that I was a perfect gentleman. After that we murdered 'Frankie and Johnny' until the neighbourhood of the breath-taking vista was reached.

This vista, we were informed by Walter, could only be seen properly from the top of the small mountain ahead of us which overlooked the sea. There was a sort of fishing village built on the lower slopes of this mountain, and we parked the car here. After piling rocks against the back of it to keep it from sliding into the sea, we started climbing.

It was a fairly easy climb—there were stretches when the precipices were several degrees from the vertical—but Bea was handicapped somewhat by high heels and a pencil skirt. I had to help her over the difficult spots . . . There were difficult stretches of cliff. It was great fun—a person hasn't really lived until he's helped Bea Mahaffey climb a mountain.

When we reached the top, the vista was everything that Walter had said it would be, and more. It was George all the way. Its breath-taking qualities were helped considerably by an invigorating breeze which blew in from the sea. Occasionally this breeze would die down to a mere forty-miles-per-hour zephyr, and when one of these lulls occurred, we took shelter in a nearby hollow to try to take our breaths back off the vista. The hollow was carpeted with a rare form of white heather, which costs a fortune back in civilization, and was as comfortable as any fakir's bed. We lay for a while just soaking in the sunlight and listening to the wind howling by above our heads, and talking mostly about Robert Bloch, but not for publication. After a while I said a few appropriate words to Bea and presented her with a bouquet of wildflowers, with instructions to stick them in her hair and save one for her mouth to give it a sort of exotic touch as I wanted to take a photograph. I then climbed out of the hollow and took two photographs. While I was doing this Bea took one of me standing on top of a rock taking her. She later explained that she'd hoped to get an action shot of me being blown into the bay by the gale, and that that would have been even better than a thatched cottage. But I didn't get blown more than a few yards, so I fooled her. A few minutes later we tore ourselves and our clothes away from the heather-covered mountaintop and headed back towards the car.

A person hasn't really lived until he's helped Bea Mahaffey down off a mountain.

Later, in the car, Walter told us that we hadn't seen nor done nuthin' yet. That that mole-hill back there was merely an appetizer for the REAL job. He was, he announced with an imaginary flourish of trumpets, taking us to Mount Errigal! The second (by a few yards) highest mountain in Ireland. As we were all expected to climb it, Walter and I began talking shop.

Experienced mountain-climbers that we are, we realised that Bea might be in need of some helpful advice and encouragement, so we discussed the many ways used to negotiate a glacier, as well as first aid measures and how to keep the rope from jiggling when somebody fell off. We also touched upon the egoboo which would accrue to the person who got himself a nice romantic unmarked grave in some foreign strand. But Bea seemed strangely unmoved by the thought of an unmarked grave, and as Errigal loomed ever higher and closer above us, she became actively disinterested. I even offered to carry her oxygen tanks, but she declined politely, saying that she'd letters to write and that she'd stay in the car. When we started coaxing her to come, she said, "No!"

"It's not a firm mountain—it's highly conical."

I should say that the climbing of Errigal would make an epic in itself, but E.E. Smith has said the same thing about the taking of Onlo, so I won't. I will merely say that Madeleine, Walter, and myself climbed it, said some corny but very sincere things about the view from the top, and came down again. I broke away from the others and got back to the car first—I wanted FOOD. Besides, I wanted to break the sad news to Bea that I'd left my camera somewhere on the upper slopes of the mountain—I'd left some of the skin off my shin up there, too—and that it had contained the two pictures which I'd taken of her earlier. To soften the blow, however, I told her about the farmish slogan I'd written on a flat stone at the top, which may be read only by true fans willing to make the pilgrimage to Errigal for the recovery of my two exposures of Bea Mahaffey.

She took this tragic news well, like a true fan. She even forced herself to laugh at it for about ten minutes. I was so relieved that I went and got a freshly-dug lump of peat and presented it to her as a memento of this great occasion. The bit of peat weighed about eight pounds, and was fresh and brown and nice and sticky, but it wouldn't fit in her handbag so she was forced to refuse this gift. I could see that she was profoundly moved, though. For a long time she was speechless.

Walter and Madeleine returned and we began building a turf fire for a picnic. The sun picked that moment to go down behind Errigal, and so the usual sunset gale started trying to blow both us and the fire into a nearby river. But the cooking was finished by this time so the grub was carried into the car and polished off there. While the wind rocked the car they all sat snugly inside feasting on an interesting mixture of fried sausages, soda bread, and sweet biscuits (Oops, sorry, I mean COOKIES). Several times Bea tried to poison me.

When we'd driven out from the shadow of Mount Errigal the wind dropped again, and we discovered that the sunset wasn't for two more hours yet. Walter said he was taking us to Dunfanaghy to stay the night with some people he knew there. Madeleine who was navigating, began telling him how to get there, and Bea and I started talking about leprechauns, word rates, and Robert Bloch. Bea had wanted to see some Little People and Walter explained that I was the biggest of the Little People in the whole of Ireland. Bea didn't believe this at first. She wanted proof. She asked for a green sunset.

Green sunsets are difficult. They require time to prepare, and the mix has to be just so. Besides, the sun was almost touching the horizon when she made her request. I pointed all this out to her, and added that I was tired from holding the rain off all day, but she looked reproachful and just said, "Oh, well, if you're too tired to show me a green sunset . . ." I started working on it.

I was still working on it when we passed through Dunfanaghy on the way to the people Walter knew. Bea kept watching me expectant-like and muttering little words of encouragement. "Have you gone to sleep?" and "It's still orangestriped, are you colour blind?" But finally I did it. There was a lot of blue mixed in with the green, of course, but it was a decidedly green sunset. I lay back and received my egoboo.

The people Walter knew were remodelling their house, so they couldn't take us in. We found this out just as night was falling, so we retraced our steps across a mile or so of hills, bogs, and low stone walls to where we'd left the car. By arrangement with Arthur C. Clarke there was a beautiful crescent moon, and somewhere along the way nightingales or something began singing. Bea and I tried a duet with "Listen to the Mockingbird" but I don't think anyone could do justice to a song while walking in their sleep. We were all rather tired by this time, and I seem to remember someone asking whether we should go back to some ordinary old hotel in Dunfanaghy or just fall into a farmish type haystack in the next field.

"They have a moon in America too, you know."

Breakfast next morning lasted two hours. We just sat around sending postcards to people—and one to Harris as well—until the waitresses began rattling dishes discreetly, then we left.

It was a fine morning, though I say so myself. The sun shone from a cloudless sky and everything was in glorious technicolour. It was real George. The car seemed to spend its time crawling around the steep sides of mountains, with Walter pointing out breath-taking vistas to us—split seconds before the vistas vanished behind the stone walls lining the road. Once all us passengers had to leave the car while Walt took it across a bridge that was under repair. When the car didn't go crashing into the bay, we followed it across. Walter looks rather distinguished with white hair.

Bea kept complimenting me on the weather; she was very pleased with me, she said. She patted me on the arm, and my glasses fogged up. But this unrelieved joy didn't last. I spent an anxious ten minutes while she toyed with the idea of asking for a small rainstorm so that there'd be a rainbow and she could get the pot of gold at the end of it.

I was inexpressibly shocked. A True Fan like Bea Mahaffey shouldn't think about things like that. I wondered if perhaps she hadn't become tainted with vile professionalism. Her work does bring her into contact with such people. I changed the subject and we stopped on the shore of Mulroy Bay for another picnic.

The meteorological conditions then obtaining were eminently suitable for the holding of picnics. While the womenfolk unpacked the grub Walter started the fire and I went to look for more fuel. When I came back I told him I had made a dogged search and had found some pieces of bark. He said, "Ah well, every little helps," and threw it on the fire. When it had assumed the aspect of a conflagration we went down to the shore and threw stones at empty tin cans. Ah, the fannish way of life. When we got back, Bea pointed to a corner of the rug and told me to fall down—it was probably an accident that this corner was laid over a heap of flinty rocks, so I didn't say anything. We lay around the fire, the second one..the first one, which had got out of control, was some distance away..juggling plates and ripping fannish reputations to shreds, while birds sang in the trees, butterflies flitted in the bushes, and a local farmer went by with a load of old seaweed. Twice Bea Mahaffey tried to poison me.

A person hasn't really lived until Bea Mahaffey has tried to poison him.

When all the plates had been licked clean, and the others were nerving themselves to the effort of getting to their feet, I was overcome by a sudden urge to climb a tree. I mentioned it aloud. Madeleine looked incredulous, Walter asked if I was going to open a branch office of OTHER WORLDS, and Bea went for her camera. (I found out later she wanted to take a photograph to give to Harris.) I gave a few Weissmuller yodels to warm up, then sprang into the lower branches.

The tree fell down.

It was quite a big tree, but the trunk had been rotten. The effect was rather spectacular. While the others were standing around making cracks about my fine white frame, I dashed the couple of hundred yards to the shore, snatched a couple of hard-shell sea organisms off a rock, and ran back to proffer them to Bea, asking if she'd like to feel my mussels. Bea looked faintly ill, Walter held his nose, and Madeleine groaned. Altogether it was a most satisfactory reaction. It pays, I think, to put a little extra effort into one's puns. After this we drove off again. Nobody would talk to me for a long time.

Things went smoothly for a while—too smoothly, I wasn't thrown to Bea's side of the car once—until we approached the frontier. About half a mile from the Fire Distone Post, Walter pulled up behind some trees and told everyone to hide their contraband. At the customs post he left the car to get a signature on something

"Don't sit in my stew."

called a triptyque, and a man in a blue uniform came out to talk to us. He glared at Madeleine and roared in a soft brogue "Anything to declare?" Madeleine shook her head. He continued, "Any cigarettes, nylons, foodstuffs, jewelry, ornaments...." He went on for a long time. Madeleine looked as if she'd never heard of any of these things. At last, apparently satisfied, he turned to Bea. Madeleine heaved a sigh of relief and the cellophane round her three pairs of nylons crackled loudly, but the men didn't hear it. He looked at Bea and said: "Anything to...to...er, anything."

Now Bea had concealed in various recesses of the car about two thousand American cigarettes as well as other odd bits of contraband. But when the customs officer asked her the question, she looked at him wide-eyed and innocent and said, "No."

The man wasn't used to the Mahaffey wide-eyed innocent look. He couldn't take it. He hadn't any spectacles to get steamed up, but as he backed away, aqueous vapour spurted gently from his nostrils. An impressionable type, I thought. He staggered back to his post and after a few minutes Walter came out and we drove away. The man hadn't even seen me apparently.

The next stop was at a signpost which said H.M. CUSTOMS INSPECTION POST, EALING. We did what the notice screamed, Walter got out with his triptyque and we went through it all again.

The second man was in civilian clothes—probably he was an M.I.5 Special Agent or some relative relieving the regular man while he went for a smoke. This one didn't even look at Madeleine and Bea—no appreciation of the finer things in life, I suppose—but concentrated on poor little me. He kept asking was I concealing alcohol. Me! Alcohol! Then he went to the boot and we heard Walter and him arguing for a few minutes, then Walter slipped in and we were off again. Half a mile down the road we slowed to fifty and everybody averted their eyes while Madeleine fished for her three pairs of nylons. We had arrived in the Province of Northern Ireland.

For the next fifty miles or so I lay back and talked to Bea about such subjects as the prison sentences given to smugglers, word rates, and Bea Mahaffey. I made the discovery that she much prefers volcanoes to snakes—we have neither in Ireland, thanks to St Patrick—and that, given the choice, Bea would much rather be run over by a car than by a railway train, because the wheels of a locomotive are sharper. This shows a firm grasp of the fundamentals of life, and it's little things like this which makes Bea different from ordinary women. How many others have ever really given thought to this vital problem? Very few, I'll warrant.

The next time we stopped there were long Atlantic rollers breaking on one side of the road and tall, beetling crags on the other side and we were hungry again. There was some trouble finding water for the tea, but eventually the picnic was held in the back garden of a deserted bungalow overhung by cliffs. We sat and ate and watched the sea-gulls carefully. When Bea asked us why, we told her that when all the sea-gulls flew off the cliff at once, it meant that an avalanche had started and we would all be killed. She seemed sorry she asked. Later on Madeleine and Bea both tried to poison me, but Bea's attempt was an accident, I think, because I hadn't tried to make a pun for more than ten minutes, and she let me light her cigarette afterwards.

As we were going back to the car she gave me a whole book of matches to use on later occasions. Sometimes it's worth getting nearly poisoned. A person hasn't really lived until he's lighted one of Bea Mahaffey's cigarettes.

When the journey had been resumed I noticed that Bea was looking thoughtfully at the horizon. I wondered how many cents I should offer for her thoughts, but she spoke first. "Tonight I'd like," she said, smiling sweetly, "A polka-dotted sunset."

"I put her knee into third gear."

She paused, then, so's there'd be no semantic confusion about this request, she amplified, "Purple with pink polka-dots."

For a while I toyed with the idea of giving back the book of matches and breaking off diplomatic relations. I mean to say, a polka-dotted sunset. I'd be run out of the union for sure. Still, being the Custodian of the Mahaffey Matches was worth something, too. I went to work. I was still muttering incantations, or something, when Walter stopped the car at a granite parapet. We had arrived at Durluce Castle.

Durluce Castle is a fairly well preserved Norman castle on the northeast coast—you can read about the Normans in Russell's "Dreadful Sanctuary" (Penguin)—and is

set on top of a sheer mountain which becomes an island at high tide. We climbed around the battlements and walked about on the grassy courtyard where the Knights used to joust. A couple of sheep had got in and they kept going "Maaaa" at us, and once Bea dropped the trapdoor on me while I was exploring a dungeon. It was very damp inside, but the spiders were the worst. Walter came along later and let me out.

A person hasn't really caught pneumonia until he's been thrown into a dungeon by Bea Mahaffey.

It was about this time that people began to notice the sunset. I yelled and pointed a few times and soon everybody noticed it. The sky was turning a deep purple, and there were lots of tiny clouds

in it. The clouds weren't all pink, and they didn't look like polka-dots because the colours had sort of run, but the effect was terrific. It looked just like the cover for GIANT 6, except that there were three coal boats steaming dramatically across the horizon instead of a blue fountain pen hanging at three thousand feet. Madeline said, "Oh!" Walter said, in a voice charged with emotion, "James, you have surpassed yourself." Bea patted me on the head and said huskily, "Youse is a good kid." She pulled out a cigarette and waited for me to light it. The sheep said "Maaaa." They must have been faaaaans.

Back in the car I lay back and just basked in the warmth of Bea's cigarette smoke and regard. We all admired my sunset and spoke in hushed tones about my sensitive farmish soul. After a decent interval of time had elapsed Walter announced that he planned to stop at the next town or village, dump our bags, and just walk around until bedtime admiring the scenery and looking for birdbaths. I don't care much about birdbaths, but I like walking and admiring Bea Mahaffey. And so, in the still of a beautiful evening in early summer, singing and laughing and talking about Robert Bloch and Bob Tucker we drove all unknowing into that hotbed of alien intrigue, that roaring, wide-open seaport, that BRE Babylon, Portballintrae!

We left our luggage at the Bay Hotel and came right out again. It was a lovely evening. The sunset was so proud of itself that it wanted to hang around all night, which was all right by us. We wandered down to the little harbour and along the sea wall. It was one of those periods of idyllic calm before the holocaust, and it lasted until we felt hungry again and went back to the hotel.

"Do the sheep look after the ramparts?"



hall was festooned with various implements of destruction, ranging from assegais right up to flintlocks. In a clearing among the potted plants there was a glass show case containing a shapeless hunk of metal, billed as part of a shell fired at the heroic hotel by a German submarine in 1916—a shock from which the residents had obviously never fully recovered. There were also a television set, a radiogram, and two radios. None of them was working. Perhaps at some time in the past some rash soul craving for new sensations had impulsively switched one of them on, only to find to his horror that it made a noise. Since then they had remained as mute as the residents, all of whom had obviously been switched off long ago.

There were two lounges, one of them marked "Adults Only." We tiptoed in and sat down. It was at once obvious that the term "Adult" has a very special meaning in Portballintrae. It is not used to describe any young thing of less than eighty, however long his beard. The lounge was inhabited . . . or at least occupied . . . by six of the elder Things, all either reading copies of the Financial Times or decomposing quietly behind them. So much of their skulls as was visible through their paper shrouds had the brown patina of great age and their clutching fingers were the delicate hue of old bones seen through cellophane. They did not move: neither, Bea asserted later, did they breathe. We wondered to ourselves whether they were stored in some vault at night or merely draped in dust-sheets.

The silence was sepulchral, at least. As it dragged on, Walter produced a pin and dropped it solemnly on the carpet. At the earsplitting crash Madeleine covered her ears, Bea winced elaborately, and I, tripping over the threshold of audibility, muttered "Shhhh!" But They had heard. There was a low rumbling sound like the sound of distant thunder as They cleared their throats, a frigid alien wind blew momentarily from outer darkness, making us shiver with the sense of impending doom . . . and then it happened. One of them lowered its Financial Times by several centimetres, and rustled it at me.

We all ran out into the porch.

There we survivors discussed our soul-searing experience, speculating on Yog Soggoth and the Elder Gods and whether the Financial Times should not be outlawed as a weapon too terrible to be used. Walter was just urging Bea that it was her duty as an American to cow them by going right back in there and rustling some cattle at them, when the waiter announced that our supper was ready. We followed him into the dining room and discovered that there were more of Them in there—no doubt enjoying a cheerful nightcap of embalming fluid.

It was murder. Every time somebody tried to eat something, somebody else would whisper something and the person trying to eat would either have to choke to death or spew bread-crumbs over a twenty foot radius—they daren't laugh, not out loud. After a while we gave up hope of ever being able to eat in that place. Bea gripped the sides of her chair and stared at the ceiling, Madeleine covered her eyes, Walter put the corner of his scarf in his mouth and chewed at it, and I stuck two fingers in my mouth and bit. But it was no good. The pressure kept building up inside us. It was actually painful, to me anyway. We staggered away from our table and reeled out into the into the night to laugh before we exploded and messed up the Bay Hotel's dining room floor.

When we got back we found that the Arisians had gone from the "Adults" lounge and we had the place to ourselves. Bea kept urging me to get up early next morning so's I could go for a swim, but not too early because she hadn't any flash-bulbs. She'd been very keen for me to go swimming ever since I'd told her that I'd made an error during my hasty packing for this trip and brought a black beret instead of my black bathing trunks. She's always trying to get photographs for harris—maybe she's sorry for it or something. I like swimming, but I had to decline. Even though Walter offered me the loan of his beret to make a two-piece. After all, as a vile pro, I have certain standards of dignity to maintain, and bathing in black berets just isn't

"The whole area may still be radio-active."

done--over by Tucker. A few minutes later I told her that she could pat my forehead and steam up my glasses all she wanted to, but I still wouldn't do it. Somehow I think my voice lacked conviction.

Walter saved the situation by saying that I could swim all I wanted to tomorrow morning, after I'd helped him wash the car, so that was that. We started talking about the inhabitants again. Every now and then someone would whisper some outrageous speculation and we would stick our heads in the cushions and make muffled snoring sounds.

A person hasn't really lived until he's heard Bea Mahaffey make muffled snoring sounds in a cushion.

A little after midnight a porter came into the room, and I inferred he thought it was time we went to bed. In Fortballintrae the porters don't switch the lights off and on. They do not even cough discreetly. A discreet cough, in that place, would rouse the neighbourhood for miles around. Instead, their method is to tip-toe in, stand quietly, and raise their eyebrows. The faint rustling sound their eyebrows make in that awful, ever-present silence attracts the attention immediately. Then they switch on a pained expression and the crestfallen wrongdoers retire discomfited. We went up to bed.

Now, the next thing that happened is one of those events which people will distort. Already Walter has begun to garble it in his oral versions, and I'm terrified at what Bloch will make of it if Bea tells him. When people start relating it at second hand..... As the person most concerned in the incident, I will state briefly the facts.

Shortly before one o'clock in the morning of May 16th, 1953, while I was lying face downwards on the corridor floor passing a note under Bea Mahaffey's bedroom door, a chambermaid walked on me.

After I got the footprint off the back of my jacket I went to bed.

(Editor's note; The text of the note is understood to have been as follows: "Remember, don't snore!")

Next morning the sky was overcast and there was a gale blowing up. Walter and I finished washing the car in rain and we went in for breakfast. Bea was late in coming down so I went upstairs to roust her out. I slammed my door, which was opposite hers, a few times, and then pounded on her door with my fist shouting "Is Tucker there?" This had been quite effective the previous morning in Dunfanaghy, and it worked here too. She came out on the run. On the way down to breakfast I told her about the incident the previous night, lest she would overhear some of the servants talking and misunderstand, and begged her not to breathe a word about it to Walter.

Eah!

Madeleine said "What!" and Walter's eyes gleamed and he began pressing for details, fishing out a postcard and addressing it to Harris. I tried to cover my confusion by dropping one of Bea's cigarette stubs into the coffee drops from an altitude of six feet. It hissed nicely and made an interesting black mess, but three waiters and a porter rustled their eyebrows. I looked reproachfully at Bea. She said "Quien sabe" which was completely uncalled for no matter what it means, and patted me on the shoulder. My glasses didn't steam up as much as usual; I was terribly, terribly disappointed in her. After all, it was supposed to be our secret.

After breakfast we reasoned ourselves from the hotel and drove off. The weather was awful. High wind, lashing rain, and great grey waves battered at the seawall we had been sitting on last night. As we left Fortballintrae we all turned round and shouted 'Boo' at it to relieve our feelings, and then Walter asked his Navigator for directions to the Giant's Causeway.

But the weather was unsuitable for inspecting rock formations, so we merely gave

"I didn't cry to the chambermaid--she walked on me."

Bea a vivid word picture of what she would have seen ('a lot of funnyshaped rocks')— and drove on through Bushmills, Dunserry, Portbraddon and Bailintoy. Bea mentioned the weather a few times, but I don't think she really expected me to change it. Port ballintrae and the polkadot sunset had shot my finely-co-ordinated nervous system to pieces. But I felt better after Bea had smoked a few more cigarettes and we blundered through 'Stormy Weather' a couple of times. Madeleine and Walter kept talking in low voices and occasionally scraps of dialogue like "Flat on the floor..." and "Can the maid sue?" would drift back to us. Bea would comfort me by saying I had done nothing at which I should be ashamed even if nobody would believe it and I would smile bravely and wipe the steam off my glasses.

The weather still wasn't suitable for climbing around on rocks, but we left the car at Carrick-a-Rede and went down the steep cliff path to the famous rope bridge. This bridge connects the mainland to a high rocky island which can't be reached by any other way but parachute. It is about 500 feet above the sea at both ends, if a good deal less in the middle, and it sways in the slightest breeze. That day there was a gale blowing which Bea judged to be about three times as invigorating as the one that nearly blew us off Errigal.

Madeleine went out on it first, a brave glorious stupid thing to do. I began to console the imminent widower, but she came back without falling off. I went next, feeling gloriously stupid too. A merciful blank covers the memory. When I got back, Bea pleaded her high heels and Walter made some lame excuse about being completely lacking in moral and physical courage. The rain suddenly became heavy and we decided to go up the cliff by a short cut instead of the more circuitous path, and we started climbing again.

As I said, I wasn't feeling so good. A lot of things had been happening to me. I was in a bad way. This time I didn't help Bea up a mountain.

A person hasn't really lived until Bea Mahaffey has helped him up a mountain.

Eventually we poured ourselves back into the car and took off again for Ballycastle, Cushendall and the Antrim Coast Road. When the coast road was reached, spray as well as rain began to run down the windows. Walt pointed out where Scotland would be seen if it weren't for that row of tidal waves. We talked to Bea about the cars that got washed into the sea here every month and the ones that escaped that fate by being pinned down by landslides from the cliffs. Bea just lay back nonchalantly and smoked five cigarettes in a row.

At Ballygally Castle where we stopped for lunch, Walter tried for twentyfive minutes to phone Bob Shaw to let him know we were nearly home again. But he couldn't get through. The lines were down, or at least some telegraph poles had fallen into the sea. Madeleine and Walter were inclined to worry a little about what had happened to the road alongside the poles, but not Bea or I---we can swim.

Bea began to talk about artificial respiration and lifesaving methods generally. We had a most interesting discussion. Bea favoured holding their heads under until they calmed down before towing them ashore, while I plumped for the rabbit punch. Madeleine and Walter didn't say anything.

In Belfast I said a tearful farewell to Bea and went home to tell my mother look who was back. Two hours later, in Oblique House, while Walter and I were trying to



"I'm Tensing with tears in my eyes."

fix the flashbulb attachment on Bea's camera, Bob Shaw came in. It is a measure of Miss Mahaffey's multilingual proficiency that she understood the very first words he uttered. They were, "welcome to Ireland."

I felt like kicking myself, or him. Walter felt the same way, for the one thing we had forgotten to do was to welcome Bea officially to Ireland. Her sensitive Irish soul must have been hurt at this even though she complained not, and there must have been times when she may even have felt.....not wanted? Many a time and oft, as she clung by her fingernails to some cliff in a howling gale, she must have thought she should have stood at home—all because we had forgotten this simple ritual. I was a oad. However to try and make it up to her we conducted her around the SLAIF press-room. We showed her the printing press, the waterpistol used in the hite-harris encounter of '52. Walter's Honorary Swamp-Critter Certificate, the waterpistol used on harris this year, the duper, and the waterpistols to be used on harris next year. Then we all went downstairs again and began to tell Bob about Portballintrae, with actions.

When Madeleine wheeled in the food a couple of hours later, however, Bob and I were talking about 'High Noon.'

'High Noon' is a wonderful subject for discussion. That film had something. It was tense. At that time Bob and I were the only people who had seen it but though the others begged us not to trouble ourselves, we didn't mind explaining about it. Especially that bit where the guy rides over the hill... That picture was—tense.



... WAS TENSE !

there would be room for Bob beside Walter. But strangely enough, Bob didn't want to sit beside Walter. After Bea got in there was quite a bit of jostling for position, but it was finally agreed that if Bob gave me three new plots and let me keep the rear view mirror trained on him all the time, then he could sit beside Bea. e

Just outside town it was discovered that the car horn had lost its voice. It is a punishable offence here to drive without apparatus to give audible warning of one's approach but Bob, Bea and myself solved the difficulty until we reached a garage by leaning out of the windows and yelling "Honk" at anyone that got in the way. After the horn was fixed we headed for the Mourne Mountains but seeing when we got near them that they were covered in cloud we turned off to Downpatrick to show Dec St. Patrick's grave. Even there Walt and Bob continued the ceaseless barrage of puns and jokes that had started when Bea commented as we left Belfast on how clean it was and Bob explained it was because the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea. During the sequence about snakes as Bea was as usual alternately saying she should go home



... RIDES OVER THE HILL ...

we got so good at talking about it that we could do it in sign language. That means that Bob and I could talk about our latest masterpiece, wordrates, and how nice it was to have a pro editor partaking of our hospitality—and still be able to talk about 'High Noon.'

A person hasn't really lived until he's seen Bea Mahaffey talk about 'High Noon' in sign language.

When I went up again next day the weather had changed again. It was the hottest day yet and Walter planned on driving us around County Down. Madeleine wasn't coming this time so

"Of course it's a mare road—there's a white lion running down the middle."

and that she should have brought her tape recorder, Bob remarked that is was indeed something to write home about. How is it one can never remember any of the good jokes made on these occasions. I should have noted them down as I said then.

We made a stop once at a little bridge on a byroad and sat in the sun playing a game we have invented called 'Moon Base.' (In this you prop up a cigarette butt in the middle of the road and throw pebbles at it.) But we had to hurry back because after tea there was going to be a full scale convention. As well as the present company of vile pros and fans, a pro artist on "New Worlds" would be coming, and that legendary figure, George L. Charters, the Bangor bibliophile who had gotten his name in HARD COVERS and who likes to talk about it the way normal people talk about "High Noon," would also appear. We got back just in time to keep them from welcoming us instead of the other way around.

The next thing which happened will live in my memory till my dying day--and probably haunt me for centuries after that. It was, sort of, a pun. We were all going in to tea, with Bob several lengths in front and moving fast, when he suddenly stopped, turned round and said to Bea, "Bea, you look good enough to eat." A harmless enough remark of the sort that hungry wolves say to Miss Mahaffey as a matter of course. As Bea sat down she said, sort of off-hand, "I do--three times a day." Bob said, "Glumph."

It had happened at last, we thought. Shaw caught without a come-back. History had been made. But no.

All during tea he gazed abstractedly at Bea--she must be used to this, too--and he didn't speak at all except for a few monosyllables like "More tea," "More bread," and "More salad." While the rest of us demonstrated the proper way to rustle a paper, and waved our hands through the opening sequences of "High Noon", he was in some horrible world of his own. Finally, after approximately three quarters of an hours silence, he spoke.

He said, "What other newspapers do you take?" and began to laugh for about ten minutes. He really appreciates his puns.

When we had recovered somewhat, Bea thought it would be a good idea to take some pictures of the SLANT pressroom with the staff draped about it in characteristic positions. She took a picture of Walter, Bob, George, and self standing in a characteristic pose, then sitting in one. After this, by a majority vote, the camera was taken away from Miss Mahaffey and we photographed her--once sitting in the Editor's Chair, twice sort of lounging against the duper, once operating the press (she isn't really a negress), and once standing on the Art Ed's Chair--a sort of Statue of Liberty shot, but with a more scientifically accurate stratospheric beanie.

After we'd used up all her film we let her have the camera back again. Bob was still acting up. Every few minutes he would guffaw and shout out, "What other papers so you take? Papers, Times, "Financial Times," three "Times" a day--Hee-hoo-hee--Get it? Times." We did, but there should be a law. At nine o'clock he left, still loudly deriving amusement from its subtleties.

Shortly after midnight Madeleine made more tea. Another downpour had started and I'd a four mile walk home ahead of me, so she wanted to give me one for the road. Both Walter and Madeleine had been urging me to stay the night, but I'd declined with thanks. I think all they wanted was to get flashlight pictures of me pushing notes under bedroom doors.

We dawdled a little over tea, mostly because Walter, Madeleine, and I had decided that "Other Worlds" should bring out an anthology. We told her what stories, other than "Dear Devil," to use, what authors to approach for new stuff, what stories to reprint from SLANT, what author we'd all like to see in the book and how good I was. We were all very helpful. With the anthology disposed off, we made other suggestions.

"Let's try a weird shot--a sort of Edgar Allan pose."

One of which was that "Other worlds" publish a BFE from an office in Belfast, and to make sure that the venture would succeed, one of the editors would run this office in person. We discovered at some length the qualifications this editor would need to have. It was a straight, one-on-one fight. Bea got the job, we went on to tell her how the staff could assist her by writing stories around spaceship covers, paint spaceship covers around stories, and do spaceship interior illos. Walter could advise her on which of my stories to print first, and conduct the fan departments. We didn't know what Bob could do, though a lot of rather bizarre suggestions were put forward. Things were getting really interesting when suddenly I noticed it was three o'clock in the morning. We had dawdled, but good.

Regretfully, I had to tear myself away. I'd a long distance to walk and my mother might be annoyed if I was late for breakfast.

I awoke bright and very late next morning and after checking my symptoms to make sure I still hadn't caught pneumonia, sashayed off to / House. It was a disorganised sort of day. We were due to sail to Liverpool that night, and many and varied were the preparations that had to be made. Every few minutes the brilliant fannish discourse would be interrupted by someone dashing off to pack something she'd forgotten, or somebody else deciding that they'd some last-minute shopping to do—Walter and Madeleine turned up later with a pound of sugar and a television set—or me waiting to run some more tests on the water-pistols. Mostly we talked about "High Noon" and read the weather reports. When Walter and Madeleine left on their shopping spree they requested that the remaining fannish population keep their eyes on the garden and baby sit.

It was a warm day, and Carol Willis and a horde of her six year old insurgents were holding a convention in the front garden. There was heavy traffic on the road outside—mostly buses and trucks—and we were supposed to keep them from overturning any of it. We did, too, though there was one bad moment when they all suddenly disappeared from sight. But they returned a few minutes later sucking lollipops. Between intensive bouts of packing, Bea talked about Portballintroe (I don't particularly like talking about Portballintroe), gave invaluable technical advice on baby-sitting (She's an aunt yet), and made with the entente cordiale.

This last, which is a French word, consisted of her looking regal and gracious and exchanging polite diplomacies while Carol Willis presented each of her friends to Bea in turn. Carol had been telling them about the legendary figure visiting / House, and they wanted to see. (Who could blame them?) Carol performed the introductions, and one by one they came forward and shuffled their feet, said "Tiello," or said nothing, according to age and temperament. Bea put them at their ease at once. Such charm, such tact, such delightful informality. When Ninth Pandom emerges, it's going to be solidly behind Bea (Call Me Madam) Mahaffey. What an ambassador she is.

A person hasn't really lived until he's seen Bea Mahaffey deal tactfully with an offer of a very sticky, half-eaten lollipop which a young and earnest admirer is waving in her face.

After that incident I remembered that I'd packing to do, too, so I hurried home. We had arranged to meet at the quayside at seven-thirty. Madeleine's father was going to take Bea, Madeleine, and Walter Himself down to the boat in the car while I was supposed to proceed independently on my dogs. About ten minutes to eight I began to worry. At five to I was running my half-eaten fingers through my beautiful silvery hair. At eight o'clock I was standing at the gangplank sort of staring down a stevedore who thought he was going to cast it off. At five past they arrived dramatically in a cloud of dust and scorched rubber fumes. Bob Shaw had kept them late saying goodbye and talking about "High Noon."

To all who have read Mr. Willis's Con reports, the operation of—and the various items of equipment carried by—ships on the Belfast-Liverpool run is old stuff, but

as this was Bea's first trip we had to tell her what the different things were for and why the chimney was tilted and the front end sharp and so on. There was also a slight mix-up with the berths we'd booked which made it necessary for Walter to pose as Bob Shaw (who'd found at the last moment he wouldn't be able to come) and for Bea to masquerade as Walter A. Willie. (What an actress that girl is, but I still think it was lousy casting.)

This was the third time we'd watched the cranes and anchored ships and the South Antrim mountains slide past us as we headed towards another Convention, but I think we get a bigger kick out of it every time. There's something about starting off for a Convention, with the same old sun setting behind Cave Hill, and the lights of Bangor and Donaghadee still shining away as if they'd never been turned off from last time, that makes one wonder if there really are such things as time warps and wish one could only keep on doing this for the rest of one's life.

When night began to fall and the sea roughened up a bit, I showed Bea how to get into a lifejacket so that her head would stay above water even after she'd died from exposure. But it was getting chilly—my glasses hadn't steamed up for more than five minutes—so we went below.

The cabin which was supposed to belong to Mr and Mrs Willis held four people uncomfortably. There was just enough room for their heads to rattle against the walls and ceiling when the boat lurched. But to fans who'd lived through Portballintrae and Carrick-a-Rede this was nothing. Besides we were happy. The environment was suitable for close harmony and we sang several songs, frequently simultaneously. After a while someone croaked that they were dying for a cup of tea. Walter organised the operation from a commanding position near the ventilator and finally I was able to get the door open.

The floor of the corridor was beginning to fill up with prostrate Air Force men. They hadn't booked berths, and the spray was making the deck upstairs uninhabitable, so they had seeped down here to sleep. Trying to avoid stepping on anyone's face, I waded across the yielding mass to the restaurant. Soon I was back with four steaming half-cups of tea—the sea was roughening up—and the party continued.

I never realised until then that Walter and Madeleine knew so many seditious and revolutionary Irish songs. When Bea had eagerly learned the words there was a marked increase in volume and I began to worry about the regiment of Englishmen crimped out in the corridor. We moved on to more peaceful songs, trampling soulfully on The Rose of Tralee.

Just as I was winding up for my beautiful top note two teacups fell into the wash-basin and Walter suggested there might be some people on the ship, or maybe another one close by, who wanted to go to sleep. We decided we'd turn in before we were turned out, but first we'd go up on deck for some air. The corridors were by now covered with a fitted carpet of airmen, and it was interesting to watch Bea and Madeleine negotiating them with spike-heeled shoes. The men who were deeply unconscious muttered querulously in their sleep, sighed, and dropped off again. Those who'd been merely dozing said 'Aaaargh!' and came fully awake, and those who were awake already said... (How does one spell a long low whistle?) The stairs were heaped with men too, and when we got outside we realised why. The wind had grown to invigorating proportions. This did not stop me however—science must be served. I had seen a musical once in which two dancers waltzed round the deck of a ship in a gale and I hadn't believed it was possible. In the interests of science and with her help, I told Bea I hoped to prove it was impossible. We found a relatively sheltered spot on 'Assembly Deck B' (how fitting!), Walter and Madeleine hung onto a sort of ladder and screamed 'Till I Waltz Again With You' above the howling of the gale.

Landing on the deck of a stormlashed ship is impossible. Still, it was quite an experience. A person hasn't really lived until he's waltzed down a heaving and shuddering deck, tripped over a life-raft, and come to a skidding halt against a ventilator with Bea Mahaffey.

"Is anybody here Gene Kelly?"

POT

15

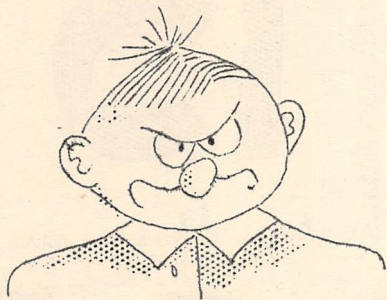
POURRI

You are now holding in your hand POT POURRI FIFTEEN. It is one of three issues of PP to be in the #53rd SAPS mailing, dated October 15th 1960. This particular issue has a diverse selection of stuff, as detailed herewith :-

Page 2	Kid's Stuff	John Berry and Colin Berry.
Page 4	Natter	
Page 5	Skiffle Group.....	John Berry.
Page 8	Memo	
Page 9	Change of Life.....	John Berry.
Page 11	The Concealed Hand.....	John Berry.
	Aviation Oddities.....	John Berry.

John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern
copies available, although my pal Steve Schultheis gets a
, Australia, for services rendered outside the line of

I cannot recollect any specific cases of children following in the fannish footsteps of their forebears, and it is rather too early to know whether my kin will create the precedent. However, thing how wonderful it would be if my son, Colin, did become a fan.



KIDS STUFF

I think about it quite often. I have allowed him to fiddle about with the Gestetner, and he has a look at all the fanzines which arrive, and the SAPS mailings, and it came to me in a flash that if he ever does become a fan, and publishes a fanzine, say in seven or eight years time, how wonderful it would be for him to say in his editorial that "you know, or did you, that I had material published in a fanzine when I was ten years old"!

This would mean prestige with a capital chee. So I sidled up to him the other night and requested material from him for this issue.

I could tell from his reply that he is destined to be a vile pro.

"I'll knock up something for a shilling," he said.

Anxious to make for him a cement base in fandom, even if it doesn't

become important to him for a decade, I persisted. I gave him the shilling, a paper and a pencil, and he went away to his room to work.

In ten minutes he returned with an illo and two poems.

Folks, I was in utter bliss as I read the poetry. Rarely has a parent had such a shock, a superbly brilliant shock. His poems were, or rather, are WORKS OF GREAT LITERARY MERIT !!!

There is pathos in his poetry, a deep and sincere feeling which is so unusual for one so young and tender. There is finesse and metre of considerable charm, coupled with an intellectual understanding of tension with resultant denouement which I consider to be almost out of this world.

I want you to read this, to sample its utter simplicity and charm.

DAVY CROCKETT by Colin Berry.

Davy Crockett went up in a rocket
and landed in a very big boat.

This was all very well for William Tell,
who punched him up the throat.

Pop away and have a glass of iced water, because this is more of a classic. He has written two verses this time, and again of great originality, suggesting as it does an appreciation. This ambitious work merits well for the future of poetry in and I shall be extremely disappointed if, in the decades to come, it does not become the British Poet Laureatte.

Turn over the page, and bask in the delightful verses :

SKIFFLE GROUP

I don't want to keep you in suspense over my superbly clever title, so allow me to tell you here and now that this little story is nothing about folks with long hair and tight trousers strumming guitars and looking bewildered. It concerns a youth next door who built a skiff in the back garden, and asked me to come along and give him the benefit of my experience. I told him I didn't know anything about sailing small light boats built by amateurs, but he said that was alright, he wanted someone to sail in it first to see if it floated.

I was rather pleased about this touching vote of confidence, because kids in their middle teens are usually inclined to be precocious.

I must confess that the boy, Pete, worked very hard on his craft. Where I

would be inclined to bash away at top speed to get the thing finished, he was meticulous and slow, if a length of wood didn't fit exactly, he worked away with a chisel until it did, and when he painted the canvas bottom when he'd finished you would have thought it was for the Royal Academy.

The job was finally finished, it only took him nine months, but, like I said, he was dedicated.

There is a place called Stranford Lough a few miles from my house. It is in County Down. Pete next door knew a man who knew a man who knew a man who had a house quite close to the Lough, and the complicated negotiations proceeded slowly, to my impatience. Then, last Friday evening, when I arrived home from my office, Pete told me excitedly that the skiff had been taken to the house, and that it was only about one hundred yards from the sea, and would I go down with him and his brother the next day?

Promptly at 3.p.m I got the call. Pete said I could bring my son Colin along, too, and an afterthought occurred to him, and he said for Colin to bring his water-wings along, too.

I had never previously thought about how we would get down to the lough. I had presumed we would go down by Pete's brother Michael's car. To dismiss such an important thing was dreadfully inefficient on my part.

Because, as I picked up the water-wings, and told Colin to comb his hair, I suddenly got the full impact of what the car concerned entailed.

IT WAS A HORRIBLE CAR.

It seems to be accepted that university students have hot rods, sort of home made cars, or any sort of car so long as it doesn't conform. Michael's car was (and, unfortunately, is,) a combination of all that is bad and wrong and unfortunate in car design and construction.

Don't get me wrong. When it first rolled off the assembly line in 1924 it was the latest thing on four wheels. The years had mellowed it, and when Michael had picked it up (I haven't discovered exactly where) it was rough. It is wonderful what a couple of tins of black paint and a puncture outfit can do, even when applied by someone not conversant with the finer points of the automobile business. If you stood and looked at the car and tried to be sympathetic, well, you had to admit that with your eyes closed a tiny bit it certainly had the basic configuration of a car. When I had first set my eyes on it

I had sworn point blank that I would never risk a drive in it, and Michael had given a knowing grin.

Now I was hooked.

The back near side passengers door was tied to the chassis with string ("It's O.K. I learned the knot in the scouts.") and we had to all crawl in via the drivers door. I told Colin he shouldn't have blown up his water-wings until we had actually arrived at the scene of the skiffle activities. There was quite a mass of bodies until we sorted ourselves out. Michael sat in the drivers seat, which was quite a good arrangement, actually, because he was driving. Pete sat next to his brother, and Colin and I sat in the back seat. Well, it wasn't a seat, actually, but the planks had been so carefully sand-papered that it was hard to tell you weren't on a Chesterfield Suite. Yeah, it was hard to tell alright.

Michael sat tense behind the wheel, and then he relaxed. "We're lucky," he confided, " Campbell Park Avenue runs downhill." And he grinded a couple of cogs somewhere underneath us, and we trundled forward down the steady slope.

We'd gone about a mile, and I soon saw that Michael was an accomplished driver, although I looked forward with some trepidation as to what would happen when he changed from first gear...always presuming that the car possessed more than one gear.

Trying to bring in a modicum of my noted repartee, and help relieve the tension we all felt, I said ;

"Mike, I love the way you signalled that pedal cyclist to overtake us."

I was trying to demonstrate that I'd seen and carefully noted his excellent hand signals.

He didn't like my comment, though. He gritted his teeth, as if to show me what sort of vehicle he had control of, and he flogged the engine near to death, and two miles further along the road he sneered at me in triumph as he overtook the self-same pedal cyclist.

We hit big traffic in a town called Newtownards, a dozen miles south of Belfast; in County Down. This enabled Michael to drive along at the same steady speed as the Rolls Royce just ahead of us, and it enabled him to give a comparison of the virtues of the two cars, although I must confess he seemed a mite biased in favour of his own vehicle. He said that the Rolls Royce was supposed to be very quiet, and yet it was making more noise than his car, and I agreed, although I didn't like to point out that we were actually pushing his car, because the engine had just capitulated after a cloud of black smoke had erupted from the rear hole where the exhaust should have been, and in fact the Rolls Royce had its fog lamps on. I was glad of the smoke screen, because I knew several people in Newtownards, and I liked the camouflage.

Stranford Lough is situated between a finger of County Down which points southwards, and the rest of County Down. The Lough ends at Newtownards, but it stretches southwards for some miles. The sea is blue, it is dotted with small islands at its mouth, where it joins the Irish Sea at Portaferry. The Mountains of Mourne, in a blueish mist, can be seen to the southwest, and the picture as a whole; with the sea, the mountains, the rich green County Down grass, and the hills to the north; is delightful, even if you don't like that sort of thing. If the sky is blue, and white puffs of cloud play tag, as they did as we reached the ' boathouse', well, it's just hard to beat. Such poetic thoughts weren't in our minds as we reached the barn where the skiff was.

The skiff was cocooned, but we soon pulled the supposedly water-proof

oilskins off it, and dragged it down the sloping lane, across the main road and on to the pebble-straw beach a few yards from the main road. I had to admire the organisation shown by these lads. They had gotten a place to keep their boat; a place only about twenty yards from the beach. And the particular beach was the only one suitable for skiffing for some miles. Actually, a purist would say even it wasn't suitable for skiffing, because of the big slimy-green pebbles and stones, but Michael said that a few yards out the sea bed was sandy, and so he did what I thought was a silly thing, he pulled up his trousers, told his brother to do the same, and he carried the skiff out until the sea was lapping his knees. Then he told me to come out and get in the skiff, 'but don't take your shoes off, the stones will cut your feet to ribbons.'

A few cars had stopped on the road to enjoy the scenery, and my legs are thin and bony, but I cowered down, rolled up my trousers, and with Colin on my shoulder I tottered down the beach and into the sea. I'd gone about five yards out, when my left trouser leg rolled down. Chee, it was wot. I stooped to pull it up, and Colin let out a yell as his nose scraped the sea. I straightened up quickly, and my other trouser leg rolled down. Michael requested me to stop 'this exhibitionism', and he exhorted me to get into the skiff. He told me I'd better get in first, because Colin was too light to hold the boat steady, and I was to consider it a favour that he was allowing me to give the skiff its initiation, so to speak.

Colin climbed on Michael's back, and I held on to the side of the skiff. Pete lot go as if it was a live thing, and he stood back with his brother watching intently.

Folks in the row of cars were, too, although a policeman had straightened out the traffic jam.

I gripped the fabric side, near the middle seat, rather, the front seat and I lifted one soggy foot and put it over the side to the bottom of the boat.

The silence was broken only by waves swelling and breaking gently on the other side of the skiff. And as the waves receded, they tried to bring the skiff with them. In fact, the skiff was pulled a yard further away from the beach. I was gripping the side, and I had one boot inside. I went a yard, too. A nice big hop did it nicely. But the sea was up to my thighs. Another hop and it was level with my waist. Michael shouted for me to bring the skiff back, but I hopped again with the quite forceful movement and the sea lapped under my chip. You see, I'd got cramp, and my raised leg was rigid.

I knew (as the crowd did) that the next hop would be rough, so when the wave came and went, I pulled myself up and over, and landed up-side-down at the bottom of the skiff, my arms and legs akimbo, whatever that means. That's the expression Michael used. "You're supposed to use the oars, not your boots" someone shouted from the road, and I turned over gently (like a man on his honeymoon trying not to wake his wife up) bailed out a lot of water, and gripped a paddle and rowed like mad.

After I'd turned the third circle I got on to the fact that if I ploughed the oar in on either side alternatively, I went forward. Like a crab, but forward, FORWARD.

Michael and Pete and Colin gripped the front end. "It float's" they shouted in jubilation. They pulled me out, and Colin sat in the back, Michael at the front, and they shot forward like two finalists in the Henley Regatta!

The sun soon dried my trousers, and I rowed about with Pete (although Colin refused to be taken out in deep water with me) and it was nice. I rowed quite adeptly. Just dipping the paddles in, pulling 'em back, lifting 'em up, sorting 'em out, dipping 'em in again. Pete told me I wasn't supposed to use

both oars, and right enough, our speed increased when we both dipped in. Wasn't such a strain on my wrists, either.

We got fed up with skiffing, and after spending an enjoyable hour skimming flat stones over the surface, we carried the skiff back up the beach across the main road, up the lane, and to the barn. Michael gave me a cigarette, and when we helped to put the skiff on its two wooden stands, I inadvertantly dropped the cigarette on the floor of the barn, which so happened to be ankle deep in hay.

We put the fire out with the oilskin skiff-covers, and shuffled more fresh hay over where the big black area was, and we had to wait about an hour to make sure spontaneous combustion didn't re-ignite the hay. Never heard any more about it, so I don't think the barn burned down.

Michael did something to the engine with a piece of elastic and a lump of primed chewing gum, and the engine started up again, so we didn't have to push the car 14 miles back home again.

I'm worried in case Michael asks me to go down again, I've a bout of malaria already lined up as an excuse. However, Colin asked Michael (without my permission) if he would take us down again, and I'm sorry to hear that he has a bout of Scarlet Fever.

Damn silly way of spending a Saturday afternoon anyway !

John Berry
1960.

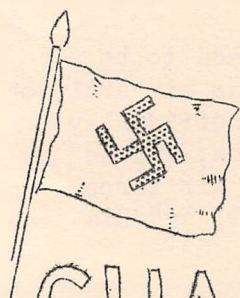
Memo

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First of all, I very badly require a copy of POT POURRI 9. This was the issue I stencilled in Seattle. I have only one copy of it, and rather than mutilate my SAPS mailings, I've loft it where it is, for the moment. However, I also have a file of all the fanzines I've ever pubbed, and it is destitute of a copy. So if any of your can spare me a duplicate copy, or have one they don't want, please drop me a card. I'll exchange it and / or send postage. But I truly am desperate for a copy.

Secondly, Alan Lewis has a unique copy of this issue, PP 15. I also included his copy several spare sheets I have, constituting an article on SUICIDE AIRCRAFT USED IN WORLD WAR II. This was originally published in an old CAMBER, and besides including much research I carried out, also includes a few illos by myself, and a full page ATOM illo of a Japanese BAKA landing head first on an American aircraft carrier. These pages were spare, and as Alan is an aviation fan, I've included 'em. I just wanted to state this, just in case, in future mailings, he mentioned the Berry Suicide Aircraft article in PP 15. Now, you'll not be bewildered.

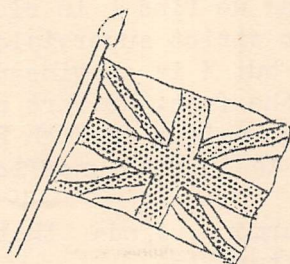
Thirdly . I intend to dispose of a considerable number of fanzines, and as I've built up a huge collection since 1954, there are so many that I just do not have room for them. I've four teachests full of unfiled fanzines, including, as they must, many choice ones of yore which have gained fame or notoriety since publication. Price, 10 cents apiece, I'll pay postage. I don't expect many SAPSites are genzine collectors, but if any of you have fanzines you want, ten to one I've got 'em; including some OMPA files, and a few FAPazines, but almost every fanzine of note pubbed since 1954. State your wants, but if you include cash, give plenty of alternatives.

Yup !!!



BOOK REVIEW

CHANGE OF LIFE.



Without making any special plans, I've suddenly discovered I'm giving you all a regular series...a sort of book review column....dealing with the latest additions to my library.

For a time I've been purchasing reprints of American humour magazines, and I've also been the proud recipient of several soft cover books from Les Gerber, dealing with Maralyn Monroe and Ross Santee., and that's what I call scope !

Last week, I obtained a book from my shop (I call it my shop, I browse through it for ten minutes every day) to add to my spy books. As you may know from reading my stuff in the past, I am rather a keen spy addict, and I have a large collection of books dealing with spies, both fact and fiction, and I might add that the factual stories are much the more exciting.

My collection includes all the James Bond stories, by Ian Fleming, and one fine day I intend to cut them to ribbons in POT POURRI, but for this current review I'd like to tell you about a book I heartily recommend if you too (no play on words intended) are a spy addict.

SPY CONVERTED...by Pierre Boulle.

This book was published in France originally, and the translation was done by Xan Fielding, himself a spy.

The blurb on the front cover explains that SPY CONVERTED is 'By the author of 'The Bridge of the River Kwai', which is a hell of a good recommendation to start with.

I must explain my enthusiasm for it by telling you all first off that I read this book through in one sitting, several well spent hours...and even though I had a headache at the time, and damn tired eyes (too many finger-prints, y'know) I didn't let these minor irritations stop my pleasure.

This story is unusual in that the demoument, such as it is, does not come as a surprise. The facts can be gleaned from the precis on the back page of the book.

William Conrad (or Herr Wilhelm Konrad) was carefully trained in Germany to enter England as a master spy. His training was so calculated and thorough that he entered England in the early thirties and became a writer. He was instructed to ' induce the British to recognise in you a reflection of themselves. You will force yourself to behave and to talk as they do, copy their gestures and imitate their lives.' Conrad, we learn, is a one hundred per cent Nazi, and when he lands in England there are no contact complications. Just in case the British Intelligence suspect him, even slightly, even as a matter of form, Conrad is told by his Nazi superiors that he will only be contacted when the war is on. All he has to do is to act normally and get himself accepted.

Conrad becomes a writer, and he is a good one, and has a regular column with a famous national newspaper. He moves in high circles, and has a platonic association with Lady Goodfellow.

Conrad slowly discovers he thinks like an Englishman, and because several years have passed by, he wonders if he ever will be contacted.

The war comes, London is bombed, he has mixed feelings about this. Then the climax of his career arrives.

The Ministry of Propaganda is doing a bad job. It needs to be re-organised. Conrad's outstanding ability leaps to mind, because his articles have all been anti-Nazi. As he is not English by birth, he is unofficially asked to make a complete re-design of the propaganda organisation, and he works hard (with the help of his secretary, who sleeps with an air force officer) and does a masterful job. He is called before a council, and his plans are accepted.

Then we meet X.

X is in charge of a branch of British Intelligence.

He stakes his reputation on the fact that Conrad is a spy.

The R.A.F. officer whom Conrad's secretary is sleeping with is indirectly contacted by one of X's men, and we find (in clever documentary form) that in fact X has had Conrad under strict supervision for years. There is no proof at all that Conrad is a spy, but X is convinced of this, even though he has never officially reported the fact. He dare not report his theory, because Conrad is held in such high esteem in High Places, and it transpires, as I've told you, that Conrad is in fact unofficially in charge of British anti-German propaganda!

Conrad, somewhat to his bewilderment, finds that anti-German propaganda comes naturally to him...too naturally.

One day, he is contacted.

The letter seems innocent, it comes from a pseudo admirer in the North of England. Conrad spends one night decoding the message.

X eventually gets a report of the letter, and sends agents to get a copy of it. The letter is innocent, and yet X is certain that it is in code.

However, all the experts in Intelligence cannot decipher it.

Enter J.R.Beckett.

He specialises in codes which no one else can decode, and I think, from my point of view, the chapter which describes Beckett's method of decoding is superb. You are shown the letter, and you think it impossible to decode. But with logic and thought Beckett is successful, and reading the book you follow his every step.

Then one of X's agents makes an amazing report. He followed Conrad home one night during a heavy air raid, and he sees Conrad enter a bombed building, rescue a child, and then disappear without revealing himself, even though if he had revealed his identity it would have been a wonderful spoke in his wheel of deception.

I don't want to tell you any more, because I don't want to spoil your pleasure if you should decide to get this book. The problem is simple. Will he remain true to his German superiors, or will he convert. Therein lies the title. In fact, the title tells you he will convert. And author Boulle does a masterful job of giving an insight into Conrad's slowly changing mind.

I might add that throughout the book, Conrad carries on a correspondence with an old army friend, and the extracts from his friends' letters are filled with thought-provoking philosophy about life on earth and its beginnings. The letters have nothing to do with the plot, but they provide X with a few worries, in case they are in code.

This is a great story, a brilliant piece of literary skill which is all too rare these days. The story is fiction, but Boulle himself worked for British Intelligence during the war, and the story is authentic.

You won't be disappointed....

And after all, it's a change from science fiction.....

John Berry
1960

Canasta:

THE

CONCEALED

HAND

In this third lecture on Canasta I want to deal with a certain aspect of the game which should demand attention from those amongst my readership who have flamboyant spirits.

Some knowledgeable fans assert that fandom consists almost entirely of folks who suffer from some sort of mental illness, but whether or not this is the case, I feel sure that it applies to some folks who play Canasta.

So long as you have a high I.Q. the rules of the game can be said to be relatively simple to follow, but when ostentation and flamboyancy rear their ugly heads, chaos is a fellow traveller.

I am referring to what is known in technical parlance as THE CONCEALED HAND.....and I want to specifically deal with THE CONCEALED CANASTA !

The rules allow you to gain an extra hundred points if you put down on the card table a canasta; a complete canasta, in other words, with a grin of triumph you place down seven cards, made up of seven of the same type (i.e., seven Jacks or seven fives or seven sevens) or a permutation of wild cards and cards, not more than three wild cards permitted. A canasta is normally worth three hundred points (five hundred if it is clean, i.e., no wild cards are attendant) and because it is flashed all at once, it is worth four hundred.

It is a wonderful experience to have a canasta in your hand, and sit smugly there, waiting with impatience to spread the cards out in front of your bewildered opponent, but after spending several months studying the concealed canasta, in all sorts of active service conditions, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that although there is a great sense of power in flashing a concealed canasta, it is detrimental to your game of trying to get a winning five thousand points first.

Only an ejut would attempt to build a concealed canasta in his hand if he was playing Partner Canasta. Just imagine, your partner has, let's say, three kings in his hand. You don't know this, of course, but my experiments have often proved such a contingency to be the case. And you have four kings a joker and two twos in your hand, and with a sneer you spread out this canasta, and then look down to avoid your partners grimace of horror, because if you had put your four kings down, your partner would have added his three, and there is an unsullied canasta and five hundred points. During one of my experiments, when I laid out a concealed canasta, my partner not only threw the rest of the pack at me, but her chair too. And then launched herself at me in red hot fury.

Like I said, only an ejut would work for a concealed canasta whilst playing with a partner.

But when you are playing on your own, there is often the urge to display your skill to your opponent by trying to go out with a concealed hand, which

must of necessity contain a concealed canasta.

My advice is, do not go for a concealed canasta unless one condition is in existence.

This is that condition.

Four months of dealing myself random hands from the pack, and working out an average hand, reveals that you can expect two wild cards, probably twos, but possibly one joker. Also in this average will be one black three (a stop card) and two pairs. Only once did I have a canasta in the hand I dealt to myself, and five time I had four cards of the same type and two wild cards, and twice I had three wild cards and two sets of three cards of the same type.

This then is the condition....if your initial hand has a canasta in it, or six cards of the same type (including no more than three wild cards) it is worth the risk to go blindly for the seventh card, but understand this. You are dealt thirteen cards if you are playing with one opponent (Les Gerber deals fifteen cards in this circumstance) and the condition for going for a concealed canasta is present, you either have a canasta or six of the seven, but there is no benefit in slashing down a concealed canasta if you cannot also lay down your other six cards in two groups of three and go out. This is worth while, you gain an extra two hundred points, one for the canasta being concealed, and one for going out, besides the three hundred for the canasta.

The great drawback in trying to affect a concealed canasta is the small chance of being able to go out by putting down all your cards.

There is nothing so insipid as laying out your concealed canasta, and then leaving yourself with six different cards to try and lay down. Your opponent is able to lay on the floating pack the cards of which your canasta was made up of, without you being able to pick it up, whereas you have little choice of what you can discard, and your partner will probably soon have you cornered...each time he picks up the pack because you've discarded something he wants, well, each time he slaps down the cards of which your concealed canasta was made.

Suppose you get a wild card and a pair, well your idea is to get out as soon as you can, and you lay these down too, then you only have three cards left, and you therefore have even less chance of avoiding letting your opponent pick up the pack. It's damn tricky trying to get three of the same sort, or a wild card and a pair to go out.

To sum up, if your hand is really suitable, with four wild cards and two sets of three, well, go all out for a concealed hand, even if it means letting your partner pick up the pack several times....this means his hand will be a penalty against him if you go out quickly, and he is caught full-handed.

But do not try for a concealed canasta (and its attendant pre-requisite, the possibilities of a concealed hand) just to show off, or to be ostentatious.

It just will not work out.

There remains the celebrated BERRY SLEEKIT PLOY. I invented this, and have kept a tabulation of its successes. It has worked six times out of eight, so if you find yourself able, try my ploy.

This is what you do.

If you have six cards of the same type, and three wild cards (you'll get it if you work for it, it wont be in your initial hand, but work for it) lay down a concealed canasta of three wilds and four of the same type, thus keeping two of the canasta kind in your hand. Your opponent will invariably lay on the discard pack (if he has it) one of the remaining two cards of which your canasta is made up of, thus allowing you to pick up the pack, make a threesome with the card you just picked up, and probably go out.

One point. the BERRY SLEEKIT PLOY is only recommended if you are over 3,000 points ahead of your opponent !

John Berry

1960

AVIATION ODDITIES NUMBER 3.

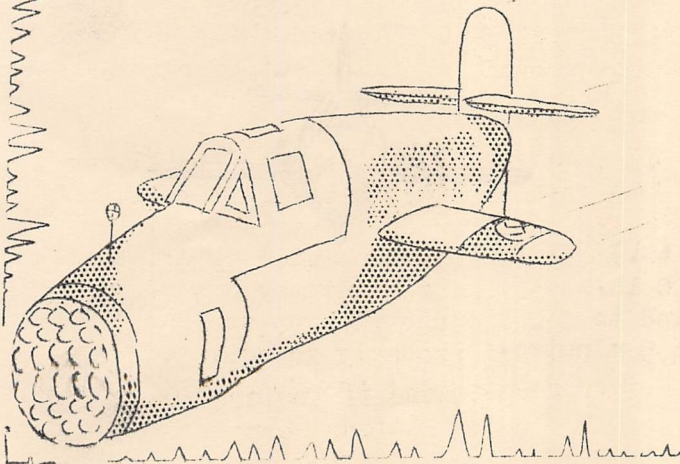
I've always been fascinated by the German aircraft industry during the Second World War. Some of their ideas were years ahead in conception, and the Allies incorporated many German ideas into their own designs when Germany was finally overrun. The German designers time after time came up with something revolutionary and exciting, but whoever was in charge of long-range planning always seemed to make sure that nothing was done, or if it was, it was belated, and even when those home problems were overcome, the factories were bombed. Hitler had the uncanny knack of accepting a new design as being just what he wanted, and then making an order for the aeroplane to be used for something entirely different, and which wouldn't suit the design at all. I think I've mentioned the Messerschmitt Me 262 before in this respect. When first developed, it was a superb twin-jet-engined fighter, and if the go-ahead had been given immediately its great possibilities were envisaged, it would have wrecked the great American daylight raids over Germany. I have no hesitation in saying the raids would have been called to a halt. Hitler was delighted when he was told about the Me 262. He made an immediate order that it was to be converted into a bomber to make swift reprisal raids on England. By the time the order came through to build the Me 262 in quantity as a fighter, it was too late.

One magnificent German idea (which, fortunately for us, came too late) was the Bachem Ba 349 Natter (Viper.) When you read about this futuristic scheme, I want you to remember it was built sixteen years ago.

The design specification was for an aircraft which was to defend specific targets. In other words, once the German radar showed where the attacking bombers were to concentrate on, a message would be sent to the location and the aircraft had to climb to operational height before the bombers arrived there.

The Natter fitted this bill admirably. It could climb 36,000 feet in one minute...nothing like it had ever been seen before. Everything about it was unique and futuristic, years ahead of its time.

This was what it looked like. (Below.) It was semi-expendable, was rocket-propelled, and carried the pilot in a very confined space. The short stubby wing was only 13 feet in span, and the length of the Natter was 21 feet. Its maximum speed was around 550 - 600 m.p.h., and its engine was a Heinkel/Jenbach HWK 109-509, the fuel being a mixture of hydrogen peroxide, methanol and hydrazine hydrate. Some mixture. The fuselage and wings were mostly of wooden construction, although the wing tips were strengthened to allow it to climb the ramp. Yes, this



aircraft took off via a vertical ramp.

Now we come to the clever bits.

This is how it worked.

When the message came that a bomber formation was approaching, a Natter was supposed to be ready waiting at the base of an 80 feet long launching ramp, which could be pivoted from the base from horizontal to vertical and back again to facilitate loading.

The pilot nipped inside his armoured seat, and the ramp rose vertically. Four solid fuel assisted take-off rockets at the rear of the fuselage were ignited, and these, with the assistance of the rocket motor, enabled the Natter to reach its probable operational height in about one minute. During this fantastic climb, the pilot had no control over the aircraft at all, it was controlled by radar link which took it to close proximity of the bombers.

Then the pilot took over. He jettisoned the solid-fuel rockets, and pointed his aircraft towards the enemy formations.

In the nose of the Natter were 24 rocket projectiles, mounted in a hexagonal frame, and when the pilot was close to the bomber formations, he was supposed to fire them all at once. The front view of the Natter was so small that it would present an almost impossible target to the airgunners.

Once the rocket projectiles winged on their way, the Natter did a number of things which culminated in one superbly original scheme...it disintegrated!

Like this.....

The pilot first of all jettisoned his cockpit hood. Then he ejected himself via a catapult seat, and parachuted the long way downwards. The rocket power unit also came away from the fuselage, and was also to be parachuted down, for use in another Natter.

It was as simple as that.

When the war finished, the Germans had everything planned for mass-production of the Natter.

Imagine for a moment the Natter had been fully operational. Imagine you were in a Fortress over, say, Cologne. Imagine that twenty Natter's took off just before you approached your target. You would see the trails as they soared towards you at seven miles a minute. When they reached your height, they looked like fleas, and suddenly almost 500 rocket projectiles shot towards your vast formation, and the sky was full of bits of fuselage and rocket engines and cockpit hoods and then the rockets reached your formation.

It would have been rough.

Even before the war ended the Germans were working on refinements of the Natter, and several were captured by the allies, and tested, and not, I would say, found wanting.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Bachem Ba 349A NATTER.

Span. 13 feet.

Length. 21 feet 3 inches.

Wing Area. 51.6 sq. feet.

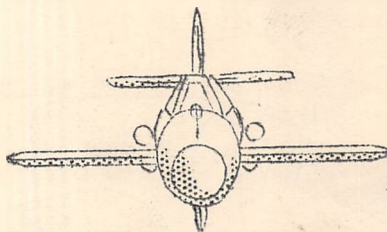
Launching weight. 4,800 lbs.

Maximum speed (approx.) 550 m.p.h.

Endurance. Two minutes (imagine that !)

Weight (Fuel expended) approx. 2,000 lb.

Note. The Bachem ba 349 B was modified to have a full-powered flight of almost 5 minutes.



After this I think we all retired, but I can't remember. Conversation plays many tricks sometimes.

The girls must have got behind the boat and pushed most of the way because Liverpool was reached about an hour ahead of schedule. It was an unbelievable sight. It looked completely alien. It wasn't just the Coronation decorations or the bright green trams (we'd never known before what colour they were supposed to be) or the cleaned-up buildings. These were extraordinary enough, but on top of all that the sun was shining. It just shows what these English fans are capable of when they want to impress someone. Previously we'd been welcomed with the normal rain, fog and soot, but this time we had a distinguished visitor with us and they laid on sunshine. They must have been saving it up for years. I went down to tell Ben about it.

The corridor looked unfamiliar with the floor visible. I beat on the cabin door as usual and yelled for Tucker. The steward who was picking odd socks, playing cards and empty bottles off the floor looked askance at me, but I ignored him and shouted again for Tucker. The door opened, a face covered in shaving soap looked out. "Go away," it said soapy, "He isn't here." I said "She must have brought Shaver with her," but it turned out to be just the wrong cabin. When I took a good look round I found I wasn't even in the right corridor.

We went up on deck again to wait for the girls and leaned over the side marvelling at the Liverpool sunshine. Shortly it occurred to us that it was still very early and the English fans who were to meet us wouldn't have arrived yet. We got off the ship and waited at the end of the gangway. Shortly Ben and Madeline, looking fresh and pretty in the Spring morning, came walking down it.

"Welcome to England," we said.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, THIRD SERIES, Beller & Dikty. Published by Grayson and Grayson at 9/6. 16 stories, 256 pages. To the avid reader most of the stories in this anthology are at the awkward age—not quite old enough to be re-read and too old to be instantly recognisable. But they do provide a pleasant hour or so of reading and skipping and an investment for some rainy day a year or so hence. The most notable are: Kubilius' THE OTHER SIDE, a grim after-alien-conquest story marked only by a Lily-gilding last line; Bester's neat timetravel twist OF THE AID THIRD WAVE; Kornbluth's provocative MARCHING MONONS, based on the proposition that the general standard of intelligence is declining because the stupid breed more rapidly than the clever (a problem for which SLANT once suggested the remedy was to distribute free pornography to the intelligentsia); Tucker's TOURIST TRAP, a tour de force; Temple's philosophical thriller TWO SHADOWS; Idrie Sanbright's poignant BRIGHTNESS FALLS FROM THE AIR, whose title was the subject of a competition in F&SF; Peter Phillips' AT NO EXTRA COST; and Leiber's unusual APPOINTMENT IN TORONTO. Altogether an excellent collection with not a single bad or even poor story in the lot.

AUTHENTIC No. 37, Hamilton & Co., 142 Melville Court, Goldhawk Rd., London W.12. 1/6 or 25/- per issue. With this issue AUTHENTIC emerges from another of the bewildering series of vicissitudes which has characterised the history of this magazine: the practice of printing or reprinting stories by American authors so much criticised by fans is now formally abandoned and we are more or less promised original stories by British authors. Just to teach us a lesson, one of them is Jon J. Leagon. However the principal one in this issue, Bryan Barry's THE ADAPTABLE MAN, is quite a good thriller in the SLANT tradition. Best among the shorts is one by C. E. Rine which improbably succeeds in breathing some suspense into a matter-duplicator plot every element of which is familiar. The less said about the other stories probably the better. Redd Hays got review copies of this magazine month after month until one day he was rash enough to review it.

"Buys and sells come out to play."

GRUNCH

A. VINCENT
CLARKE

FOO to Hercules, who had to clean out the hugean stables and similar pre-WPA work, and Foo to Laney and Watkins who undertook a similar task in U.S. fandom. Also to Richard Farnsworth, intrepid interstellar investigator who rescued a bug-eyed monster from a ravening horde of blondes. I...I have to write a column in a 'zine of

which the Bboy Himself is co-editor! *

I can feel the Willis eyes on unpleasant little stalks, peering over my shoulder
I can hear the Willis mind, squeaking away with great rapidity like a hat-full of eager mice, ready to pounce.

Harris is waiting round the corner. He has a bucket of acid. He got it by boiling carbon copies of his letters.

Am I scared?

Yes.

This style is extremely useful for filling columns at enormous speed. I borrowed it from Shelby Vick. (CONFUSION). Not only does it cover paper with the speed of a Keasler cartoon, but you could probably make obscene silhouettes with the blank spaces if you were clever enough.

I hope Shelby doesn't mind me using his style, but I have one of those plastic-chameleon (?) minds. It absorbs whatever matter it was last reading and gets impressed into similar shape, like Campbell's red-eyed un-namcable in 'Who Goes There'. Of course, when reading s-f I'm rarely affected, as there are only half-a-dozen authors who can be said to have enough of an individual style to impress one with, and has everybody noticed how 'Charles Harness' has dropped out since Van Vogt started to draw a steady salary in Dianotics?

The book version of 'Who Goes There', with the additional shorts, was recently reprinted in London as a pocket-book, with 'Solution T-25', 'Vanguard To Neptune', and 'Typewriter in the Sky'/'Fear'. They've retitled WGT as 'The Thing', cashing in on the present record-breaking run of the picture on its first London showing. I wouldn't have thought RKO would be pleased at the comparison between their botched up job and Campbell's minor masterpiece, but I suppose it's the same old publicity racket...anything goes.

(I'm rather worried about this plastic-chameleon business. I've been seeing a lot of Bob Shaw, Ireland's Gift to English Fandom, recently. Well, you know that occasionally you come across a passage in a book that you don't understand at first reading, and on going back over it hear a little voice in your mind repeating the words? I did it the other day, and the little voice had an Irish accent.)

It's my belief that HYPHSH is in a rut. Nothing but funny stuff, without a thought for the more serious things in life, like...well, compassion, for instance.

Further on in the 'zine, (if you get any further with it), you'll find an article on James White (and if ever there was a misnomer, that's it.) It mentions the attempted drowning of what I have recently heard called our "puir wee pussie", Trixie. (See accompanying art-work). Aside from an occasional difference of opinion as to whose chair was whose, he used to like me. (Why he was called Trixie is a rather long story involving short-sightedness, which I won't go into here). If he caught a mouse he'd always offer me half.

PTO

* I don't HAVE to, but the egobco is nice.





Since James came, he's been a changed cat. (See plot.) He hides in corners and barks at me. He's got hydrophobia, claustrophobia and agoraphobia (I admit that the last two are difficult to have together, but now Trixie doesn't like being anywhere.) I'm thinking of starting a Save Our Trixie Society...it'll be a nice racket if Trixie's got guts enough to string along. The very least that White can do is to send the dough that he's getting from his NEW WORLDS story. Supports the SOTS!

My conscience just gave me a sharp nudge...after all, it's possible that you're not interested in Trixie; I'm just feline my way around, and I mustn't be parochial. That's a nice word going the rounds of British actifandom, meaning any humour not likely to be understood by 40% or more of the readers. For instance, a remark by a certain HYPHEN editor, C--- H---, that a certain US faned must have 6 'I' keys on her typer. And the last postcard from Willis before he sailed..." I'm sailing at 3pm today, and I feel a bit like Wolfe setting out to scale the Heights of Abraham. In fact I may very well stay behind and write Gray's Elegy. But then I remember with pride the words of General Lafayette: "J'avais une grunche, mais le plant d'oeuf la-bas!" British readers, as yet unacquainted with the Bible of Av-oidism, Price's 'In One Head and Out the Other' (Simon & Schuster '51) may surmise at each other with wild stares, until they learn about Clayton Slope..."He had developed the limp, repulsive handshake to a point of perfection seldom reached by any of us today. He had a clever trick of saying any conceivable sentence so that it sounded like, "I had one grunch but the eggplant over there." And for years he had avoided changing his socks (he just put Sen-Sen in his shoes.)"

The next GRUNCH, the educational column, will feature 'Tucker...Man or Zombie?'

"You see that man with one head over there?"

S-f publishers have lemming blood. Lemmings amongst my readers may dispute this, but how else do they explain the mass hysteria for changing 'zine cover-designs? During the last year every major publication in the field has altered its style, the latest being the 'Zine of Fantasy & S-F with the October issue. In my by-no-means humble opinion, the MoF&SF is the best for consistently excellent, well-written material, but to wash out a fifth of a Bonestell super-scene with a distracting row title-logo' and contents-blurb box for no apparent reason.....!

If these cover changes are a desperate attempt to catch the fleeting public eye, the passing representative of what my editor (hah!) Mr. Harris has referred to as 'the inchoate masses who can't read without moving their lip', I'm all ready with suggestions for some really eye-catching covers. Most of them involve a large banner heading, UNEXPURGATED, stretching across the top of the 'zine, the title in very small print, and a drawing combining as much sex and sadism as the police will allow...any thing as long as there's plenty of flesh and blood. The fans won't like it, but who cares about the fans? We've got to sell the 'zine to the public, and as long as the stories are half-way good, they'll do. No reason why the cover should have any connection with the contents.

Of course, after buying the thing once the man-in-the-street will probably avoid doing it again...better ask Don Wollheim and the Avon people about that...but you can't have everything, and there's plenty of mugs around.

"Miss Preddie...take an advertisement...EXPERT WANTED...Expert wanted to explain flying saucer phenomena as mass-hallucination, spots in the eye, ball-lightning, loo-weather balloons, Venus, jet-smoke, meteors, targets, secret-weapons, publicity hunt-ing, blimps, aircraft flares, boyish tricks and reflections of headlights. Apply, et-etc. Get that down and send it to the principal advertisement columns. That's all, Miss Preddie, thank you....Miss Preddie! MISS PREEDIE! How many times have I got to tell you to walk out of here, by the door!"

A. VINCE CLARKE.

I know where it was.) You couldn't go wrong, said Campbell blithely, if you followed the London Circle. They didn't just stick something on the wall in the hope someone would notice it. Fred Brown rubbed salt into the wounds by saying that the London Circle didn't have to pay anything at all for their publicity. (One wondered whether this meant the Mancon Committee could also expect free advertising in NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY and AUTHENTIC.) As illustrations of their ingenuity he instanced the fact that they wrote to Eagle Comics (apparently without result) and designed a poster for a showing of WAR OF THE WORLDS (which was not accepted). One felt his examples could have been better chosen.

During the tea interval which followed copies were handed out of the Harris/Slater 'Looniecon' one-shot, a supremely funnish production. I seem to have spent the rest of the Convention explaining regretfully that I had nothing whatsoever to do with it and that it came as a complete surprise to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED, PROBABLY)

"The trouble with Howard Brown is that he just doesn't like science fiction."

SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS will cease publication with the coming issue. In its place Ving Clarke will take over responsibility for part of HYPHEN. The RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST has suspended publication.

Fred L. Smith of 613 Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow 2 announces a new printed fanmag to be called HAEMOGLOBIN (presumably from the Scots song "Rosmin' haemoglobin, on the bonnie banks o' Clyde"). They propose to pay for material at the rate of 11 per thousand words. I thought Smith wasn't a Scottish name.

One of the projected items on the Supermancon program is that Bert Campbell should be put on trial for his 'bloody provincials' remark and other capital charges. Bert is said to have agreed. Ted Tubb will defend. Eric Bentcliffe has resigned from the Supermancon Committee. Dave Cohen is the new Secretary. Harry Turner (5 Willow Bank, Church Lane, Roston, Manchester 9) is o/c publicity.

Colin Michael Parsons, 31 Benwood Court, Sutton, Surrey, announces a new multilith fanmag called (provisionally) AMAZINE. Photolith cover "not unlike the non-colour pictures by Bonestell in 'Conquest of Space.' Uh-huh.

THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT, the BBC's outstanding tv sf serial, is to be rebroadcast some time this winter as a complete play.

PERI is folding. Pct: Taylor will publish a London Circle fanmag.

Two more nominations have been received since the article opposite was written—both for Ken Slater. Financial report on the Fund next issue.

Bob Shaw has made his first sale, to NEBULA.

Lee Hoffman is producing a Third Anniversary Issue of QUANDRY.

Rogers has had a cover rejected by John W. Campbell.

Sam Merwin is the new Assistant Editor of GALAXY.

FLASH! Denness Morton is not a 70year old spinster.

In response to humorous requests Oblique House Publications announce a startling innovation for their winter publishing schedule. Watch out for the special SCIENCE FICTION ISSUE of 'Hyphen'. Every article in this revolutionary issue will be devoted to science fiction. Among the features will be a scholarly review of the October ASF by noted bibliophile Charles R. Harris entitled THE DECLINE OF ASIOUNDING. A single sentence from this monograph will suffice to show its high standard of literary criticism... James White! unspeakable foulness fostering on the fringes of fandom!

Also scheduled for publication this winter are Rich Elsberry's Philcon report and Bea Mahaffey's impressions of English fandom, and Shawillis's THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR.

All previous issues of HYPHEN and SLANT are out of print.

Acknowledgements for the name 'Beacon' are due to Shelby Vick

"It's now settled that '54's convention won't go to Frisco" — C.T. Bed

AfterWORDS

Shelby Vick

So that's it; the FAPA Thumbnail Edition of Hyphen Tribute. (Sorry 'bout that heading; I'm still learning how to use TextArt; found out how to use two different fonts, but sizing them down is still a problem -- particularly with my mouse suddenly acting up; quite recalcitrant, reluctant, and absolutely resisting my urging to move. Like waking up rich brown in the mornings, sometimes. . . .)

As is evident, I could figure no page numbering system that wouldn't conflict with the "-" page numbers, so page numbers are indicative only of the original "-" numbering. The first editorial is lifted from issue #1; otherwise, things are scattered about irresponsibly. In the complete Tribute, there will -- aside from many more reprints -- also be an Original James White, written especially for the Tribute and Ross Chamberlain has promised us an original cover in the Hyphen style. It will be followed by copies of several "-" covers.

Let me thank my two granddaughters, Lauren and Brittany, who helped with the stapling and other things. And, of course, I can never repeat thanks to Joe Siclari enuf for providing me with the copies to work from. As mentioned, there was no way I could scan and reproduce, but it became easier and easier (particularly when the time drew short and there was no way I could get the retyping done in time!) to figure ways that photocopying would do. Besides, actual reproduction gives it a more authentic look. Altho *some* of the pages took so much doctoring, retyping might not have been so bad. .

Corflu Sunsplash! Looks like we'll have beautiful weather, if the last few weeks are any indication: Lows mid 60s to 70; highs, mid 70s to low 80s. Little rain, lotsa sun -- perfect weather for a cookout! . . . Of course, I've made a habit of staying indoors at Corflus, and I know many others have, too; so-o-o-o, if the weather decides to spring a hurricane on us, we'll just stay inside and have fun!

During this time I discovered how to use the DropCap command (enlarged first letters of a paragraph always, before, stuck up above the line) and the TextArt as demonstrated above. (Even tho the above TextArt is the only thing used for the Hyphen Tribute.) And I learned, more to the point, that the office Super Xerox just needs to be told not to staple and it will then only collate. (With the Staple command, it always puts in just one in the corner. Wouldn't do to have a one-staple "-".)

Had to cut Walt's '62 Chicon report short; don't feel neglected; I won't even have the complete report in the official Tribute.

I INTEND TO PAY INTO THE SOULS OF THESE FANS...YOU MEAN HITCHHIKER HAS TESTIFIED AGAIN...
 ...THERE'S THE ONE I SHOT THE SPIDER WITH...I DIDN'T KNOW THAT DIGHTFIELD RESTAURANT WAS
 YOUR RACKET...DO YOU THINK NORMAN WANSBOROUGH IS STAR BROTHER?...BLOODY PROVINCIALS...
 ACID IN THE EYES...VINCE CLARKE IS A DOLL...WHAT'S LUNCOMBE CANNOT BE UNLUNCOMBE...I'M A
 SENSITIVE LITTLE FLOWER...GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN! VICTORIA, OF COURSE...I HAD A POCTSARCD
 FROM GHOD THIS MORNING...IF SHE HAS HER FACE LIFTED ONCE MORE SHE'LL HAVE A MOST PECUL-
 LAR DIMPLE ON HER CHIN...WHY, THE UNIVERSE WAS CREATED FOR EGOBOO...IF WE DON'T HAVE A
 FILM SHOW HOW WILL WE BE ABLE TO CANCEL IT?...WALT SLUNG PUPPIES AT ME...HE WRITES LIKE
 A LITERATE ALAN HUNTER...WHO LET HURCESS IN?...DON'T BE AFRAID, QUATERMASS, YOU ARE AM-
 ONG FRONDS...I FOUND OUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME—I HADN'T BEEN GETTING ENOUGH ICED LO-
 LLIPOPS...WHEN FANZINES WERE FANZINES...PEOPLE READ THEM FOR CONTROVERSY OF THE
 MOST INTELLECTUAL AND STIMULATING KIT...COVERSTUFFING...TO HAVE FRIENDS READY TO RUSH IN &
 SAVE ME FROM MYSELF...HIS LAST COMMUNIQUE WAS AN OBSCENE POCTSARCD FROM ILFRACOMBE...WE
 HAVE DECIDED TO GET OURSELVES DISCOVERED...WHAT DID WE DO WITH OUT SPARE TIME BEFORE
 FANDOM?...IT HAS SET NEW STANDARDS AT WHICH TO AIM: A VERITABLE GOLDEN CUSPIDOR OF A
 CONVENTION...PICKLES AND YORKSHIRE RELICS...THE LONDON CIRCLE IS A TIGHT CIRCLE...AH
 WHAT LACK OF GENIUS I HAD THEN...AND HE BLEW HIS OWN TRUMPET AS HE CROSSED OVER TO THE
 OTHER SIDE...HE HIT THE NAIL UNERRINGLY ON THE THUMB...WHEN WE GOT MARRIED SHE WANTED
 TO PRODUCE A FANZINE...THAT BEARD IS THE MOST FANTASTIC THING IN SCIENCE FICTION...THE
 SOLE OF DISCRETION...I JUST PUT THAT IN TO CONFUSE PEOPLE...THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER AB-
 OUT HIM—HE NEVER SAYS ANYTHING WE DO IS MARVELLOUS...FANDOM IS LIKE ENTERING A MONAS-
 TERY...LAST ONE OUT'S A NEOFAN!...FOO TO TURNER, ANYWAY...WE THINK YOU HAVE HAD A
 PSYCHIC LESION...OUR GREASEPIT WASN'T LUG RIGHT...ON TOP OF THIS I WAS DISSENTIFIED
 WITH MY FAN STATUS...REMEMBER, PEOPLE SNEERED AT HUBBARD AT FIRST...I HAVE FALLEN IN
 LOVE WITH SCRAPER BOARD AND LIGHTNING STRUCK WITHIN 25 FEET OF ME THIS AFTERNOON...I
 SUPPOSE THE GUEST OF HONOUR WILL BE VARGO STATTEN...IT'S A LONG LIFEY THAT HAS NO BUR-
 DEN...TO OVERTINK IS HUMAN, TO SLIPSHEET IS DIVINE...IS SOMEBODY IGNORING ME?...HOOG!!



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