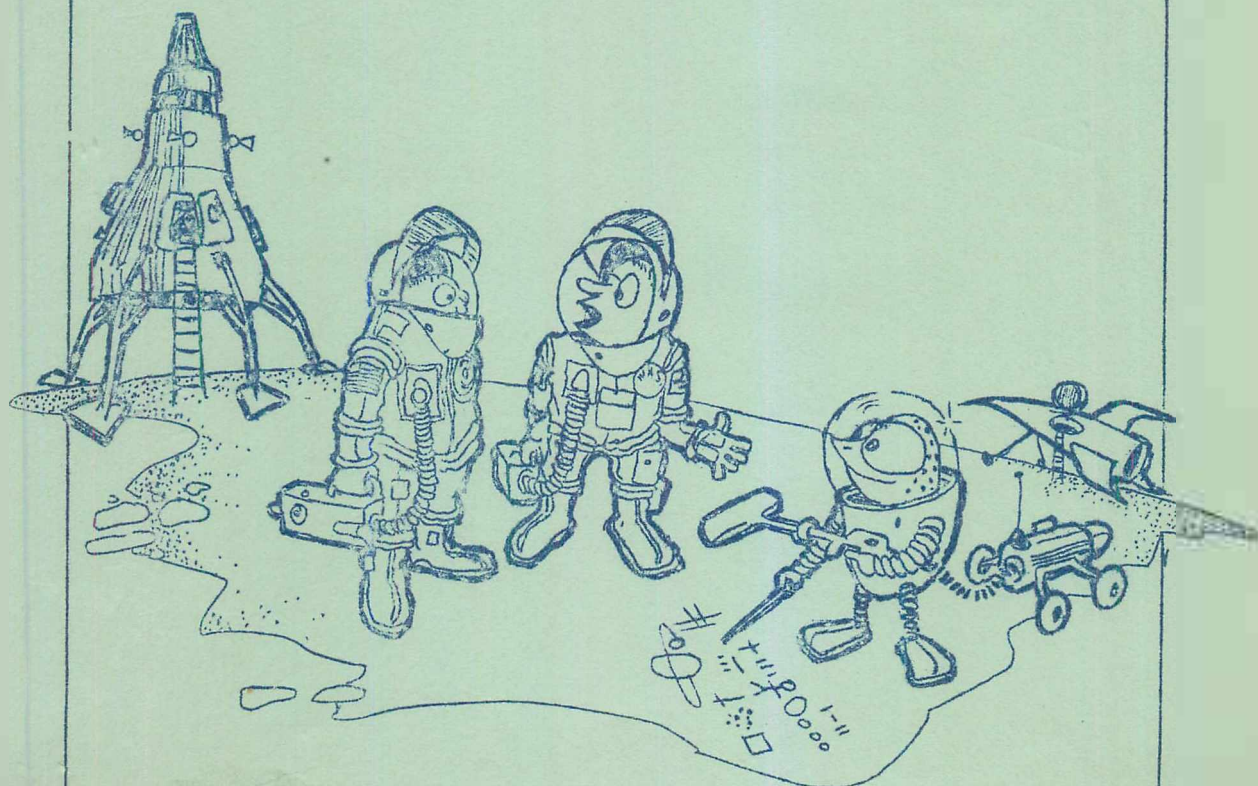


the SCARY



"AS FAR AS I UNDERSTAND, HE'S A SALESMAN..
AND IT'S A VACUUM CLEANER."

Titom

THE MORTAL GAEL

BOB SHAW

THE COSY UNIVERSE

LOOKING back on it, I have great difficulty in finding any logical justification for the fanatical, semi-mystical involvement I had with science-fiction in my teens.

Like many other fans of those days I think the pattern is different now. I plunged into the fantasy world of sf as a welcome escape from a reality I regarded as being not too close to the heart's desire. Now lots of people have decided that the real world isn't all they would like it to be have accepted the idea that there isn't much they could do about it, and have created their own microcosms as a result. There are thousands of other fandoms contiguous with the one we know so well, in which the focus of interest can be anything from budgerigars to old cars. (There was even that famous one about which films have been made -- the Fandom of the Opera.)

But these parallel fandoms have one thing in common in that they take one fragment of the world-picture, draw a line around it, and say, "This then is our universe -- let us ignore anything that happens outside its tight curvatures." To me, this isn't admirable, but it is logical. Somebody isn't interested in coping with the broad, grey world, so he shrinks his horizons to manageable proportions.

How then do you explain somebody who has exactly the same problem and solves it by expanding his horizons to the ends of the continuum and even beyond?

Looking back on the teen-age Bob Shaw, I see him reeling back in dismay from the demanding intricacies of the engineering industry in which he found himself, yet deriving the utmost satisfaction from reading about van Vogt's production line for starships in which it took two hundred years for the

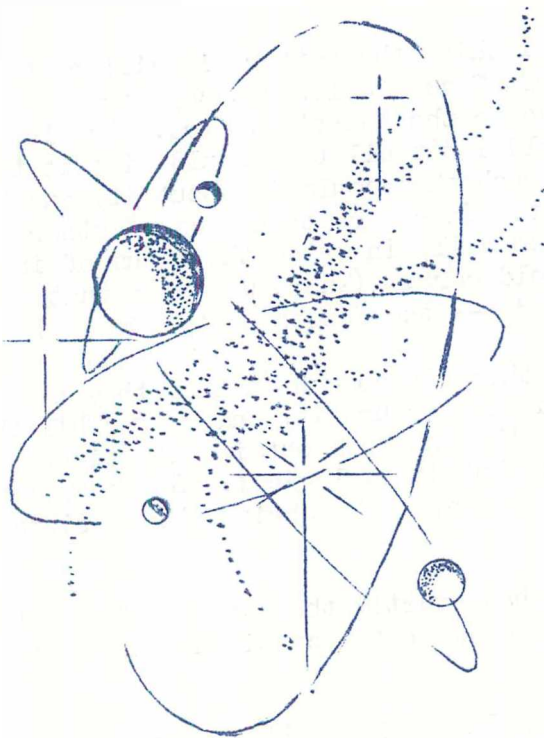
first vessel to be produced but in which the subsequent ships came off the line at the rate of one every thirty seconds. I see him appalled by the futile complexities of Irish politics, yet enthralled by the galactic power struggles of the Foundation series.

My retreat from the real world was so complete at that time, that even now -- twenty years later -- I still run into occasional difficulties in my work as a journalist through knowing less about some aspects of the country's current affairs than almost anybody you could stop in the street.

But, as I said, the puzzling thing is that I managed to withdraw outwards, like the Stephen Leacock character who leapt onto his horse and galloped off in all directions. I don't know if the science-fiction writers of those days were consciously or unconsciously aiding me in this contradictory notion, but there seemed to be a band of the star-begotten who seemed equally at home in our cosy universe.

Do you remember it?

After a hard day at work, there was nothing more pleasant than dropping in for an imaginary hour or two in some familiar, friendly spot like Mercury. As soon as I realised on which planet a story was set I would, if it happened to be Mercury, relax contentedly and watch out knowingly for the landmarks --



the cold night-side, the fairly habitable twilight zone, and the hellish day-side which was a good challenge to anybody who liked to tackle things "because they were there." Sure enough, all those planetary features would appear on schedule, and it wasn't long before I had a spurious but firmly held belief that I knew an awful lot about astronomy. In fact, all I did know about Mercury was that it was first from the sun, was small, and had the three homely regions already mentioned. Had somebody asked me to state something fairly basic, like its density, I would've been flummoxed.

Mars was another favourite stopping off place, with deserts composed of red sand so thinly scattered over relics of ancient civilizations that it wasn't safe to walk on them unless your toes were protected by thick spaceboots. The canals ran deep and straight, and Phobos and Deimos constantly jockeyed overhead.

Venus I especially liked because it

came in two mutually incompatible varieties -- swamp or dust-bowl -- and I felt equally at home in either. And so it went on, right out to places like Pluto which would have been a most inhospitable globe without the benefit of George O. Smith's Plutonian lens. On the way out to Pluto one always, of course, braved the journey through the asteroid belt -- nobody would have been unsporting enough to keep up out of the plane of the ecliptic and do it the safe, easy way.

And beyond the Solar System was a whole galaxy dotted with familiar stars in whose light many a dream was enacted -- brilliant Donob, vast red Betelgeuse, and Alpha Centaurus in the next block from Sol -- all of them playing their part in the affairs of stellar empires of which I was a citizen....

Time has done terrible things to the cosy universe.

Astronomers are beginning to claim that Mercury rotates with respect to the sun; soul-loss probes have violated Venus, and have cast their bleak eyes on Mars. The Martian canals have vanished to little more than optical illusions, and the massive polar caps which suckled them have become thin coatings of frost. And what's even worse, you can't even see Phobos and Deimos unless you are fairly near the equator, I'm reliably informed.

Even the stellar empires have crumbled. It was funny how in the old days we never saw anything wrong with the idea of these empires scorning to shape themselves according to the dictates of military or economic efficiency. Instead, their boundaries always coincide with those of our classical constellations -- which is odd when you remember that a constellation is a roughly conical volume of space, with its apex on Earth and a base that takes in progressively more unwieldy masses of stars the further out you go. Yet the Empire of Orion cropped up time after time, without anybody considering that -- in view of the extreme remoteness of some of its stars and the relative nearness of others -- it might be worth while even to split it up into Hither and Thither Orion. There is a certain metallic ring about those names which would have gone down well in an Edmond Hamilton story, but even that modest touch of verisimilitude might have been more than he could have tolerated.

In today's interstellar epics the locale stars usually have names the author has made up, indicating -- quite rightly -- that they are mere specks in the galactic clouds. Brilliant Donob, vast red Betelgeuse and neighbourly Alpha Centaurus rarely get a mention. This is fair enough, considering they are only three out of billions and there's no statistically valid reason for them to keep popping up.

But when I go home tired from the office and pick up a book there just isn't the same feeling of entering a friendly continuum where I am bound, as one of the star-begotten, to receive a special welcome.

The question I now ask is -- has the cosy universe really disintegrated? Or is it still there, in modified form, screened off from my perception by a vibration frequency to which only the souls of neo-fans are attuned?

THE PSYCHEDELIC EFFECTS OF PHASEOLUS VULGARIS

MOST people don't think of phaseolus vulgaris as being in the general category of mind-expanding substances. But do not be deceived by the fact that it can be picked up in any food store under its more commonly used title --- baked beans.

The reason its psychedelic properties have not been generally noted is that the conditions have to be exactly right for its use. But when they are right and phav (as it is known in the Eloonfield Avenue - East Broad Street triangle of Belfast) is properly administered in the right dosages the effects on the user's awareness are fantastic.

I first got on to phav during a camping holiday some years ago. The holiday hadn't gone too well, thanks to foul weather and troubles with our equipment. The tent was far from being waterproof and three days of continuous rain had destroyed most of our food. Half-way through the first week I was cold, damp, depressed and in the early stages of malnutrition. At the time, it seemed pretty disastrous -- but in retrospect I can see just how lucky I was. These are exactly the conditions in which phav produces the maximum effect on the human psycho, and by luck I hit on exactly the right method first time.



The best way is to heat it over a flame on a piece of aluminium (a saucepan will do fine) and then eat it as quickly as possible. Don't bother too much about chewing -- the aim is to get the maximum quantity into the stomach in the shortest time. Within a matter of minutes, the depression begins to lift, a warm glow pervades the body, you feel more optimistic, and people's faces begin to look friendlier. Traffic lights appear to give off a greenish glow, which often alternates with red, and sometimes both appear together. The effects of phav wear off after about three hours, at which time you will feel symptoms not unlike those of hangover, but it is safe to take another dose right away.

I never heard of anybody becoming addicted. Not seriously, anyway.

The above might read like some kind of a protest, and perhaps it is, though not against drug-taking itself. To me the truly alarming thing about drugs is the absolutely uniform effect they produce on a wide variety of people. I can't discuss drugs knowledgeably but I can point out two effects of their use. First, invariably, the user tells us he experienced things which cannot possibly be described in words. Second, and equally invariably, he then proceeds to describe them. In words, no less. And at great length.

The effect on me, and on a good many other people, is just like getting a shot of some other drug -- like chloroform or ether.

THE SAGA OF SANDY ROW --- The Initiation

THESIS: The mythology, history and "image" of a country are preserved and

propagated by its literati -- which means that for any given country: (a) the vast majority of the people are virtually unaware of its mythology; (b) a large majority are unaware of its history in anything but the broadest terms, and even this low-definition picture may be significantly distorted by local factors; (c) a substantial proportion will bear very little resemblance to the image of them accepted by the rest of the world.

The above statement is a general one and may not be very true for a country like the USA, where the mythology is immediate and the teaching of history seems to be instrumental in establishing the national identity. But it is almost an understatement for a statelet like Northern Ireland, where the mythology is peopled by remote and alien beings, where Irish history isn't taught in most of the schools, and where the national image is a composite picture of Barry Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, William Bendix and a dozen other actors who earned their living playing kindly New York cops.

This is all by way of being a warning: Never trust an Irishman -- you don't know anything about him! Books about the Irish won't help you very much, as they are written by literature-orientated mythologist-historians who tend to let the Unrepresented Irish, as I call them, remain that way. Yet the UI form the bulk of the population, occupy most of the dwellings that aren't in the romantic castle class, do most of the work, catch most of the diseases, and fill up most of the graveyards. They read nothing but newspapers, aren't interested in writing, spend no time brooding about terrible beauties; so they remain unknown to everyone except themselves, and have no desire to have things any other way.

It's a good thing for them I came along.

I began my study of the UI some years ago in a pub in Sandy Row. You've never heard of Sandy Row? That's an example of what I've been talking about -- for, to anyone who is in touch with the Irish scene, the name of that shabby Belfast thoroughfare is evocative of our whole politico-religious tangle. The reason you've never heard of it is that Sandy Row is important to the people who are the Irish scene, but not to the people who do all the writing about it. So, on deciding to become the champion of the UI, in a modest way, I eschewed the study of abstruse works about the Plantation of Ulster, etc., and headed for the Sandy Row pubs. (When tackling a problem I model myself on Einstein. It wasn't a huge IQ that made him a famous scientist, it was his simple child-like approach -- and for all I know I might be even more simple and child-like than Einstein.)

The study project didn't go too well for a longish time. I had selected one pub -- George's -- and began to patronise it two or three times a week, but while the clientele accepted my presence, they didn't quite accept me. For one thing, I'm over six feet and weigh 210 pounds -- and I projected up out of a sea of cloth caps like a mastiff that had strayed into a poodle show. For some reason, the average height of the UI is about five five. (There were two of the regulars who were regarded by the others as giants, and both of them came up to just over my shoulder.) For a time I even tried to make myself smaller and less conspicuous by sagging a little at every joint, but one evening a drunken postman named Trevor cured me of the habit. He claimed to have contacts in the white slave trade and had just promised to get me £200 for my wife, sight unseen.

"It doesn't much matter if she hasn't got much accootermints," he said generously, making a vague fluttering movement a few inches in front of his vest, "as long as she's got that flawless white skin."

Fascinated, I drooped even lower so as not to miss a single word, but Trevor gave an accusing stare, and said severely, "Hey! You're not a cripple, are you?"

I straightened up without a word, increasing the distance between my ears and Trevor's mouth to such an extent that I never did find out if having been married to a suspected cripple would have affected Sadie's value in the Oriental flesh markets.

But eventually I began to fit in; and the big breakthrough came one Saturday morning when I found myself befriended by Woo Jack, an elderly shipyard worker who was the doyen of a select band of Guinness garglers. It happened when I had just poured a bottle of stout, and was about to take a drink when I noticed a small piece of foreign matter nestling in the oatmeal-coloured froth. I went to fish it out, but a bony and calloused hand seized my wrist.

"Complain to George about that," Woo Jack said. "Don't let him get away with it."

"It isn't worth complaining about." George wasn't at his customary post behind the bar, and I genuinely didn't want to cause any fuss.

"Ye can't let him get away with it," Woo Jack insisted. "The ^{lure} of thon could turn yer stomach."

"But George isn't there."

"He's only out at the back." Woo Jack jumped to his feet and began demanding the owner's presence -- a development I didn't welcome because "out at the back" is a local euphemism for being at the lavatory, and the architecture of the Irish pub rarely allows for washing facilities. A few seconds later George burst out of the toilet in a cloud of urine-scented air and enquired what was amiss.

"Big Bob's got something in his drink," Woo Jack said indignantly, in spite of my efforts to restrain him.

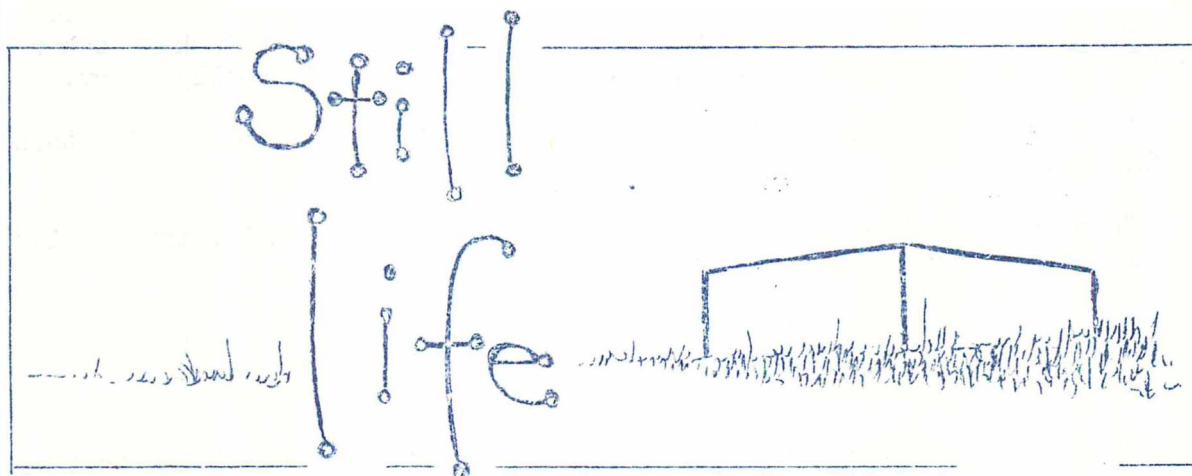
"Christ, no!" With an apologetic look on his face, George advanced on me -- still buttoning his fly -- and fished the speck out of my Guinness. "A thing like that could turn yer stomach."

I nodded mutely.

"There y'are," Woo Jack said triumphantly. "Always complain. Never let them get away with anything." He beamed at me and pushed the glass of stout a little closer to my hand. The other regulars nearby nodded their approval.

I hesitated briefly, then thanked him, and took a drink. The membership fee had been high -- but I had finally been accepted at George's.





ELLA PARKER started it all.

She was lying on a carpet on the back lawn of Strathclyde, now O'Blique House II of the Wheels of IF. She was feeling very comfortable -- naturally enough since the sun was shining and Strathclyde is the only house within miles with hedge-to-hedge carpeting. She had already admired the house, the rose garden, the vegetable garden, the pergola, the greensward, the garage with its tasteful, colourful carpet, etc. As she turned over to toast her other side she caught sight of The Plinth.

"You know," she remarked lazily, "that thing doesn't look right."

And it didn't, you know. It was Connemara marble and obviously the base for a statue --- but there was no statue.

"What do you think we should do with it?" Madeleine asked.

"Put some kind of marble statue on it," said Ella. "Something like the Venus de Milo, for instance."

"You're joking?" said Madeleine.

"No, I'm not. What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I thought you were just making an armless joke," said Madeleine, snugly.

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"The best thing to do would be to dump it in the shrubbery at the bottom of the garden," said Walt. "James, Bob, George -- will you give me a hand?"

"I've got a weak heart," quavered George.

"It's little use there'd be in a wee cart," said Walt, incisively. "Bob?"

"My arm is still sore after falling off the ladder last week," said Bob.

"Yes, and broke a window!" Sadie accused. Then, as Bob looked at her reproachfully, she added, "Ha, ha, ha!" to show she wasn't really angry.

"A broken window is no joke," said Bob. "It's more to be putted than laughed at."

"Perhaps we'd better change a painful subject," said Ella, thus making herself an Honorary Member of Irish Fandom.

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A week later:

On arriving at Strathclyde the visitors were told by Madeleine that Walt had gone to Belfast, but was expected back soon. "So what about a drink?" she asked.

"Definitely," said Bob, thinking of Black Label -- or maybe Carlsberg.

"Oh, yes, please," said James, with visions of large quantities of tomato juice.

"Yes, indeed," said George, already tasting Coca-cola-on-the-rocks.

And "Yes," said Sadie and Peggy, thinking of port and sherry.

So Madeleine went down to the cellars and returned wiping the cobwebs off a bottle. Sight of it reminded George: "Say," he exclaimed, "why isn't Ian McAulay here?"

"He's busy," Peggy said. "He's going to publish a fanzine of his own -- called 'The McAulayflower' -- but he's having trouble with it. You know how it is, George?"

"Well do I know it, alannah," said George. "Sure, amn't I a publisher me own self?"

"Yes, and you've got The Scarrs to prove it," remarked Bob.

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At that moment Walter came in with a girl whom he introduced as Mary Mullan, a model. "She will pose on the plinth for the couple of hours Terry Carr will be here," he said. "I brought her down today for a sort of trial run. Madeleine, would you be after taking her upstairs and get a sheet or something -- like a toga."

Madeleine took Miss Mullan away and soon brought her back, arrayed now

in something that would at least pass for a toga. Everybody went out to the garden.

The model got up on the plinth and assumed a graceful pose. All agreed she looked the part, but the model herself had an objection. "If it is as hot as today," she said, "perspiration will spoil it. It would be better this way." And she threw off the robe and posed again.

It did look better, and the absence of clothing did not seem to annoy the model in the least -- or the male spectators either, though for some reason Sadie looked at Bob, Madoleine looked at Walter and Peggy looked at James.

"Only thing wrong," said Walt, "is the colour. She doesn't look like Connemara marble, and even though Terry's never been to Connemara he might spot the difference. He's no dozer! But a coat of whitewash would make you look all right.....if it wouldn't be imposing on you?" he added to Miss Mullan.

"It's OK by me," she said cheerfully.

So it was all arranged.

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But on the day Terry was to arrive the blow fell. Miss Mullan rang up to say she had a heavy cold and couldn't possibly come.

"Now what will we do?" Peggy moaned. They all knew the answer, but wouldn't speak and it was left to George to put it into words. "Ach, sure and haven't we three models here who would put the Venus de Milo to shame?"

"Ye-e-es," said Walt uneasily, "they would have to do it in shifts."

"The trouble is," said Peggy, "the Venus de Milo didn't even wear a shift."

"She didn't wear any arms, either," objected Sadie. "I suppose you'd like us to cut off our arms?"

"Well, I could put them in the armoury," suggested Walter.

The suggestion didn't help matters, but after much persuasion the idea was agreed to. Sadie volunteered to take the first turn and "get it over with." So Bob stayed outside with her to apply the whitewash and the rest trooped inside to await Terry Carr's arrival.

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This is the story of The Plinth so irrelevant details about Carr's coming will have to be omitted. Bob hid in the shrubbery, and Walter explained that the Shaws hadn't arrived. It seemed quite natural to have two cars in a garage which would hold three comfortably. Terry duly admired the statue, which really appeared lifelike.

"It's a good piece of sculpture," he said. "A bit thick in the ankles,

perhaps, but one can't expect everything to be perfect."

The statue said nothing though it ached to tell Carr a thing or two!

"Yes," Terry went on, adding fuel to the fire, "some sculptors are careless about legs," and he slapped the model's knee with a piece of stick he had picked up in the garden. Fortunately James saw the blow coming and with great presence of mind said, "Ping-g!" to cover the action, and Terry passed on -- while a pair of malevolent eyes stabbed him in the back!

As they walked away James and Peggy unobtrusively lingered behind. Bob emerged from his hiding-place and he and Sadie dashed into the house to get rid of the whitewash and appear before Terry. Guest and hosts sat in the billiard-room, Bob and Sadie "arrived," and as it was too good a day to stay indoors they all wandered out to the garden again.

Peggy was now taking her turn.

Terry gave the statue a hard glance, then remarked, "You know, I may have been wrong about those ankles. And you know something? It seems taller than it was a few minutes ago."

"Yes," said Walt, quickly, "we have found that too -- it seems to grow on one."

Terry turned away -- and the statue winked complacently at Sadie!

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"Let's go down to the orchard," suggested Bob.

"Walter and I will do the dishes while you're gone," said Madeleine, and the rest drifted to the orchard.

As they were walking through it Walter joined them, and a few minutes later they all turned back towards the house. With a suddenness not uncommon in Ireland the sun went behind a cloud and rain pelted down. They ran for the house and had just emerged from the belt of trees when there was a shriek from the direction of the plinth, and they saw a streaky statue streaking towards the back door.

For a couple of seconds Carr was terrified before he understood.

Then he spoke.

"Marbless to behold!" he said, thus making himself an Honorary Member of Irish Fandom.

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"Bah! Issue liquor! I'll have Marby bring you something easier on the pallet."

--Feb., 1950 ASTOUNDING.

"After Worlds Collide" has been published seriously in one of our contemporary magazines.

--July, 1934 AMAZING.

ROMANTIC interlude from Lee Anderson's book, RANGEHAWK IN REDOAK. (The hero has just had a good meal cooked by the heroine.)

"Con, you don't have to win my heart with no fancy hash-slingin' -- though I sure enjoy the grub you serve up. You see, my dear, you've already got my heart -- just by being your own sweet self. Fact is, uh, I fell for you like a dogie for the rope before the brandin' fire the moment I first set eyes on you in the restaurant in the hotel. Once this big ruckus with Cold Drop Casey and Red Kardin is over and done with, how say we go visit the sky-pilot together and get hitched up in double harness?"

(And very appropriately the sweet girl coyly asks him how many men he has killed, and he can only claim a modest twenty.)

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Advice to the Lovelorn columns are getting tougher. Like Lucy Ashton in the "Sunday Express":

"My boy friend eats so much he's grossly overweight. Since he ignores my protests what can I do? I don't enjoy going out with someone who gets rounder and fatter every week."--Embarrassed.

Dear Embarrassed--Your boy friend may be a real dough-ball. But if you're going out with someone you don't like you're a real screwball.

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You find the same tough line in the "Charlottesville Daily Progress":

Dear Ann Landers: I am living with a man I love very much. We are not married because his selfish, money-hungry wife will not give him a divorce. Some people know the score, others do not. I could care less about the talk.

Yesterday was my birthday. I received an anonymous gift -- a set of pillow-cases on which was embroidered "Mr" and "Mrs." I'm sure this was a dig by one of the cats who works with me in this office. I also think I know which girl sent the gift. Shall I play dumb or let her have it -- right in the chops?--Not Sensitive Just Mad.

Dear Not: If this is the worst dig you get, consider yourself lucky, Petunia. A girl who goes in for playing house with a married man can ill afford the luxury of klopping anyone in the chops. Play dumb. And for you it should be a cinch.

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And even letters to the Editor are changing -- in one respect, anyway. Used to be they were signed "Interested," or "Ratepayer," or "Pro Bobo Publico." Now the pseudonyms are longer. Like, for instance, one I noticed not long ago in the

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Belfast "News Letter." It was signed: New Deal for better Ireland and Keep the Price of Bread Down for our Women and Children and Helpless Animals. Much better than "Observer," and "Economist" and "Citizen."

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In Charlottesville last July I saw a film called Rosemary's Baby. (This had its premiere in London only a month or two ago and has not as yet got as far as Belfast.) I went to see it -- or rather Michael took me -- under the impression that it was a comedy. If I had known it was about witches and satanism I would most likely not have gone and so missed a gripping picture. I am not going to give an outline of the story -- you can buy the book anyway -- but you should see this picture. And Mia Farrow gives a superb performance.

In Charlottesville, too, I went for the first time to a drive-in theatre. The picture was Bonnie and Clyde, all about their romantic rampage all over the place. And a couple of days later I saw an article in a magazine comparing the film and the facts. And you know what? They were different!

Still another "first" for me was eating hominy grits. I had often read about this food, but never tasted it until then. The verdict: I could get very tired of it in a very short time.

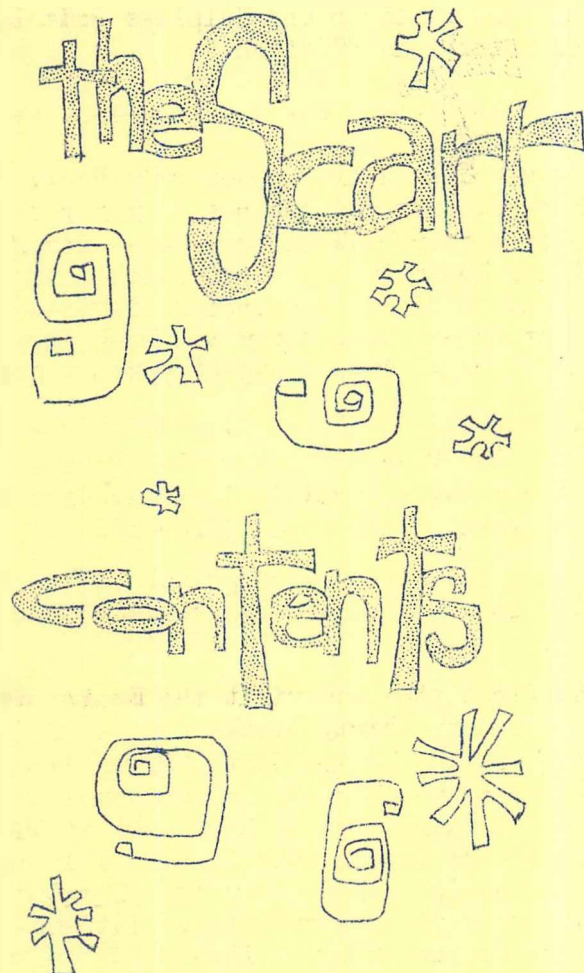
Another thing I did for the first time was visit the Empire State Bldg. Somehow I had got the idea it was twenty/thirty blocks away from Times Square, but one day as I wandered round there the Empire State and me came face to face. So I dandered in and sauntered over to an elevator and whooshed up to the 80th floor or thereabouts. The attendant there sent me back down to the foyer to get a ticket (\$1.53). Then whoosh back to the 80th floor and up another lift (I didn't have room at the end of the line there to write elevator) to the 86th floor and out to the balcony running round the building. (At this elevation it was cool enough for running though at street level it was 100° approx.) The view was officially 10 miles but one could only see a mile or two with any degree of clarity due I guess to smoke and heat haze. But what struck me most was not the tall buildings (and there are lots of them) but the great number of small ones. Eventually, I guess, all the small ones will come down to make room for the sky-scrapers. They are now building one which will top the Empire State.

Another first for me was the refusal of three banks to cash Cook's Travellers' Cheques. This happened in Bay Ridge in Brooklyn. As yet I have not worked out any suitable form of revenge.

Coming back, the plane from Washington landed at night at Kennedy Airport. It was still dark when I left a few hours later, so I had a good aerial view of New York at night. Fabulous. Fascinating. But it's one of those cases where you have to be present to appreciate it.

Almost forgot to mention that I met a humorous passport official when I was in Kennedy Airport on my way in. When he saw "Belfast" on my passport he asked cheerfully, "How's things in England?" Imagine anyone not knowing that Belfast is in Northern Ireland. I was horrified, so I said, "Pretty bad, just now." "Good," he said, not having listened to a word. "Give my love to the Queen." "I ha ha will," I said coldly, which was difficult as the temperature was over 100°.

And there I leave you.



Number 122

OMPA 54

June 1969

Actually, this is a Contents Page, an Editorial, An Excuse, an Apology, an Explanation, a promise... You name it, this is it..

Fire was undoubtedly a great discovery/invention but it didn't do much good to my diary when the two came in contact soon after I returned from the States. Five years were lost thataway, so instead of getting out another SCARR I began to reconstruct the wasted-by-fire years. A very difficult thing to do. What were you doing on 6th May 1965?

It was pleasant though, in a way -- until I was abruptly jerked from the Glades by a notice from Beryl Mercer throwing me

out of OMPA. The SCARR not represented in OMPA? Ireland's top fanzine? Or, to be even more precise, Ireland's only fanzine? Not to be thought of. So you are now reading the result.

When I did start this issue I had trouble with the duplicator. It is an old one -- and tired. Don't know how old, actually, but an earlier owner has scratched "God bless Mr Gladstone" on it. The rubber pick-up for the paper is only partly working on one side so reproduction is badly askew. It also roughens the tops of most sheets and puts faint bands of ink here and there for no reason at all at all. Your keen eye (and isn't it thankful you ought to be for the good eyesight you do be after having) will have already noticed these defects. It even makes typos.....

Anyway, herein you may read about ecological stuff like phaseolus vulgaris, and astronomical stuff like Betelgeuse and sociological investigation and the bare truth about Irish Fandom..... Oh, read it!

And in case I haven't mentioned it anywhere this whole thing is stencilled, duplicated, collated and mailed (though not proof-read) by

Geo. L. O'Connell
3 Lansdowne Ave.
B A M A R
Northern Ireland

