

H Y M E N

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"And they call this the Glades of Gafia?"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNION
OF FULLY CERTIFIED SEX MANIACS

THE CAD AND THE CANARY

Editorial by Chuck Harris

Members of our fine upstanding organisation should note that yet another smear campaign is being waged against us. As I mentioned in the issue before last, I recently spent some time examining recruiting material in Ireland, but was unable to find anybody capable of upholding themselves as befits a member of the Union. These disappointed candidates have evidently taken umbrage -- instead of the cantharides which I recommended -- and with the assistance of one Eric the Bent (one of last year's candidates who was unable to pass the physical examination), have begun a vendetta against us. They have been circulating a scurrilously little pamphlet through the ranks of science fiction fandom, (a queer, little-known cult who do nothing but stay home and play with their duplicators), in which your President and Founder is accused of defoliating a budgerigar or love-bird. This remarkable performance is said to have taken place in the home of one John Berry, and was witnessed by Robert Shaw who was also beneath the sofa doing something with a sultana fruitcake. The poor, unfortunate, unfeathered songster that is supposed to have lost its pullethead is said to have since produced one egg. No further information is available about the fruitcake.

Some of our members have expressed surprise that I should stray so far from the cherished aims of the Union as to attempt to evangelise this technicoloured shuttlecock whilst the whole of Ireland was lying there before me, and I want to make it quite clear that the whole affair is, of course, a mere fabrication, -- a lying slander intended to discredit the Union. The facts of the matter are that the budgerigar does not even exist, and the egg is just a product of some cuckoo's imagination. As a denial would not be sufficient, I shall dispose of these rumours by giving a true and complete account of what happened on the evening of July 30th.

The fame of the high position that I bear had evidently preceded me. As always, the entry examination was to be a completely informal affair, but when I arrived at "Mon Debris" -- the Berry House -- I found that everyone else present was wearing fancy dress. The men were humorlessly arrayed as tramps, hoboes, and old clothes men whilst the women were dressed in suits of 16th Century armour that had been borrowed specially for the evening from the Royal Belfast Museum. I was completely baffled by such a procedure and decided that, instead of introducing myself to the girls as is customary, I would ignore them altogether. This may seem a departure from the traditions of the Union but I submit there was little else I could do, --- even the Joshua technique (GM) of descending like a wolf upon the fold and smiting them hip and thigh could have resulted in nothing except a set of badly bruised knuckles. Accordingly, I sat down in an arm-chair and allowed the men to cluster around my feet.

All of them seemed most enthusiastic about the aims of the Union and eager to possess a Licence for Licence of their own. However, as every member will know, entry is a rigid affair and we can take no chances on opening our ranks to unsuit-

able material. I could see at a glance that two of the candidates, -- a Mr Willis and John Berry -- fell far short of what we expect from members, and that a third, -- a Mr Charters, -- had nothing to recommend him except a certain old-world charm and quaintness. This left only Mr Shaw and Mr White. I had some difficulty in understanding Shaw's answers to my questions because he has a habit of talking with his mouth full. However, I heard from his wife that his favourite pin-up girl was Mrs Beeton and I had to disqualify him as not being able to fulfil our minimum activity requirements. He seemed a little disconsolate but got over it quickly enough when Mrs Berry went to the kitchen and cut up a further six loaves.

Mr White seemed to be much better material. Mamie's place in Washington DC was originally named after him and he has also been active in both London and Paris. After one of the girls, -- a young lady called Peggy with whom Mr White is living, -- had given him a spontaneous but eloquent testimonial, I had no hesitation in offering him membership.

The other men seemed disappointed and unhappy that they would not be allowed to take part in our activities along with their friend, but I told them that there was no bar against them presenting themselves for examination sometime in the future. I suggested that to achieve full status it might be helpful for them to enrol in our Junior League, Young Pioneers, and to take part in its carefully supervised activities. (Charters, of course, was not eligible for this. All I could do was pat him kindly on the back and give him a book of bedtime stories as a consolation prize.) I handed round enrolment forms and they happily filled them in while I gave them details of our rules and traditions.

I read through the usual ritual of procedure and then told them that the Union dues amounted to £1 per year, payable in advance. There was some difficulty about this, but after I had explained that I was forbidden to accept its equivalent in American pulp magazines, Willis (who acts as treasurer for the group), reluctantly handed over 80 one-shilling Postal Orders. I gave them their receipts and provisional licences and then translated the Union motto. "This," I said, "'Dieu et mon droit de seigneur' applies only to the President and the Union Secretary."

"You mean," said Willis, "that we have to let er,...."

"Well," I interrupted, "you may be President or Secretary yourself sometime, and, after all, it's just a mere formality."

"Sir," he thundered, "no shy Irish colleen will be referred to as a formality, mere or otherwise, in my presence, and we have no intention of allowing our womenfolk to show you any further hospitality at all, no matter what the rules of your Union demand."

"Tait," I said. "If you had given me a chance to finish you would have learnt that my official activities are confined to England and Wales. Scotland, Europe, and Ireland are under the jurisdiction of the Union Secretary. It would be more than my job is worth to lay a single finger on any of your womenfolk in my official capacity before Norman has been here."

There was a sudden silence. Even Bob's jaws were stilled as he laid down the heel of the loaf he had been munching. "Norman?" he asked.

"Why, surely," I said. "The Wizard of Wiltshire, Norman the Conqueror, Ol'

Love 'em and Leave 'em Mansborough. I suppose you haven't seen the epic poetry corner he does in HYMEN, 'The Lays of the Last Minstrel'?"

They never answered me.

White picked up the membership forms and the provisional licences and tore them across. The others held me down whilst Willis took from my wallet the 80 one-shilling Postal Orders along with two 2½ stamps that happened to be there.

"We are sorry," he said, "but we no longer wish to take part in any of the activities of the society." He counted the Postal Orders twice to make certain that none had been overlooked. "We will carry on Sex Insurgents and try to ignore the sneers of 'Scab' and 'Blackleg'."

I turned away from them and walked across the room to a birdcage that was standing in one corner. The budgerigar that is the cause of all this trouble was busy scattering millet across the floor of its cage.

"Pretty budgie," I said.

It took no notice at all.

"His name is Joey," said Mr Berry.

"I would prefer Onan," I said, "because he droppeth his seed upon the ground."

Berry recoiled like a neophyte. "A very bonny mot indeed," he said as he wrote it down carefully in his notebook.

The bird seemed to be feeling a little out of things and decided to do its party piece. It pushed open the door of its cage and began to flutter around the room whilst it gave its recitation. I have had little practice in beak-reading budgerigars with Irish accents but it seemed to be chattering some sort of sublimation saga about a Jophan character. I tried to ignore it, but it was not easy, --- the bird has not been house-broken.

The others seemed to be even more bored by the performance than I was; Charters crept under the table to read his Roy Rogers comic; Shaw began to chew his wife's fingernails; Willis recounted his Postal Orders, whilst White went out for an umbrella.

Finally Shaw solved the problem and made certain that no egg would ever be laid. He stood up and glared hungrily at the bird. "Pass me two slices," he said.....

HYMEN. A supplement to Vol XV No 8 Lake Ave, Rainham Essex England.	August 1955. Chuck Harris, "Carolyn" This is NOT an OMPA post-mailing.
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