

PLATFORM

September, remember, the first OPA mailing. PLATFORM (incorporating SOAPBOX) emanates from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. Responsibility for opinions expressed in this magazine is shared by EB, Terry Jeeves, and Lemon Hart Sun.....

CONVACATION

Just who thought of this idea first I do not know (ie, that instead of a organized weekend convention, fans should foregather at the same resort for their annual vacation), I had had something of this nature at the back of my mind (the great outback) for some time previous to the Supermancon. When I approached Mal Ashworth, George Gibson, Norman Shorrock, and one or two other folk, I discovered that a similar eruption of cellular matter had occurred, resulting in an orgasm producing an idea of great propinquity, in their minds. We kicked the idea around a little at the convention, but due to the many distractions (even a program) that a convention has to offer, nothing was decided. Since the con' some correspondence on this subject has been exchanged, and I would like to quote some of it herein, together with some of my own reactions to the scheme.

Convacation. The proposal that next year (1955) as many fans as possible shall take their annual vacation at the same time, staying in the same hotel at the same resort, holiday camp, or whathaveyou.

I think that during and since the Supermancon, most of us realised that it is the social side of fan gatherings, and not the 'organized' entertainment, which is the most enjoyable. The long conversations on multitudinous subjects, sometimes including science fiction, the horrible puns which it is possible to make when in a state of intoxication, and really getting to know folk with whom you have previously only corresponded. Harry Turner, informs me that now that I have realised this fact I have become a mature fan, personally I consider I became a mature fan when I resigned from the Supermancon committee, but as I have'nt any salt handy I won't open any wounds ~~at~~ now. Back to the subject, the weekend convention does not allow sufficient time for fraternisation, even when one stays up all night, for this reason mainly, I am very much in favour of convacation. Now let's quote around a little.....

"Definitely favour a con-vacation. I would be prepared to attend future cons (and all this goes for Ina as well, haven't seen the rest of the boys yet) similar to the SMC, but not in a London hotel. I feel that the manager and the staff of the Grosvenor were, comparatively speaking reasonable towards us over the parties, the final ultimatum being delivered to us at 3am on Sunday. At the Bonnington last year it had reached the stage where fen were being questioned as to whether they were residents as they entered the hotel in the late evening. Remember Eric? ((I do)) A holiday camp would obviate all this. What about money? ...what

.....Turn over.

IF ANY OF YOU WISH TO EXCHANGE YOUR MAG OR MAGS FOR TRIODE. WRITE ME.

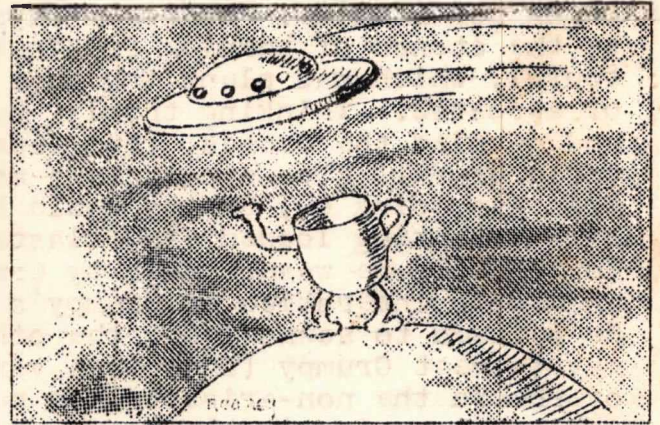
Terry's portion, or, this is his lot.

A platform usually has three legs, at the very least, if it is to maintain its equilibrium. This one has only two, so it will be a very shaky affair. Anyway, here's the other leg chucking in his two cents worth. Eric has covered the convocation so completely, that all I need to say about the thing, is that I'll be there unless something very unexpected happens... Enemies, your warning. Now for a small (?) gripe. Why do so many U.S. fanzines share so few editorial policies between them? Check your stack of fmz., I bet that 75% of the U.S. copies have one of the following three policies.

1. An argument over 6th., 7th., 8th., or what have you'fandom.
2. Official business...this means, they are either proposing to have elections, publishing candidates platforms (which say a lot and do nowt), having the elections, or printing the results.
3. Supplying the publishing outlet for the correspondence of a tight (?) little group of letter writers..usually no more than half a dozen..often on the subject of policy 1.

Of course, there are variations on this theme. I read one fan's idea of actifanning, and wondered just what the hell...having been elected to some office (Policy 2.) he proposed limiting the various defunct committees for this, that, and the other, by forming a new one to help correlate the functions of the others. All we need now, is an international committee to correlate all the work of individual correlating committees. Think on these things, we don't want British fandom to go this way.... or do we?

ARE FLYING SAUCERS REAL? That question is now settled, at least as far as Eric Jones is concerned. Eric describes the details of his sighting in the first issue of TRIODE, and as far as I'm concerned, his word is good enough for me. Eric believes he saw a saucer, there of course is the crux of the matter. Eric, is convinced, and I am satisfied he saw something.. what he saw, is another matter, he honestly feels it was one, but the



only answer of course, is for me to wait until I see one, and for every one else to do the same. In other words, we're right where we started, and until 99.9% (By statistics) of the Earth's population has seen a saucer, that's where we'll stay. Maybe that's the intention.....?

Are we going to have a programme, or are we just going to have fun. ?

At this stage, I'd better say a few words of explanation about the horrific piece of prose which you are about to read...unless you have the sense to sling it in the fire first. The other week-end, in a fit of bravado, I toted my gum-boots and sou'wester over to Manchester to spend a week-end with E.B. On the Sunday, John Roles and Shorrocks the Norman (Put that way to dummy the line) came avisting. When they appeared, so did a bottle of rhum from behind Eric's asf file, where he had hidden it from my gaze. He knew that was a safe place, my file of asf is bigger than his, so they were the only mags he knew that I wouldn't pinch. Anyway, when the bottle had been disposed of (empty) in the traditional manner (down the neighbour's chimney), EB suggested that we collaborate on a story. (Watch him for this, he brings it up whenever he's had some rhum). To make a short story long enough to fill this page, we wrote a story. I'm agin it, but here it is.

CATATONIA (SANS DUMMY)

This is started a little later than it should be, it would have been started sooner, but Norman, Terry, and John decided it would be better to start it later, which is the reason it was not started before. Oh dear, what can the matter be, poor old Bentcliffe is locked in the lavatory. He would not be in there if he didn't desire to be in their good books. (Busily printing afanzine) (for infantile consumption) Crumpy was a robot, Crumpy was a thief, Crumpy came to our moon and stole a five bore self repeating loaded atom blaster. "This doesn't rhyme", said he, pausing only to render an imitation of the bull-throated crottle, he immediately slashed its throat and dotted its i. (If you don't like that just chuck it in the waste paper basket, where it belongs.) at which point, the aspidistra in the corner took up its roots and walked, and it kept on walking for mile upon mile of desert infested sand. Until one day, it came upon a three horned Oswaldthwistle resting by an oasis (which is very like an oasis). Seeing a creature of this nature, made him pause, a cortico thalamic pause in fact. He had seen sisses, but not a sis of the oa variety before. Having paused, he integrated his neuroses (with respect to x) and distorted his absolutron into a nearby warp, and spaciously projected himself and the aforementioned OP to the diametrically opposite ends of the sevagram...the Space-Time continuum (even if Space-Times does not) On arrival, the crottle immediately paused to think for a while. Fourteen days later, his nostrils were assailed by the stench of burning fanzines, thrown on the fire to gleep the touful, which was plentiful that year, and thus avoid any castagratin of agrostic. Thinking thusly, he overented the twark (the silly goon) and weeped the graaas, thus causing the biggest aspidistra in the world of Null A to depart in a mood of sulky anxiety. Whilst all this was going on, Crumpy could have been seen carrying the five bore self repeating loaded atom blaster along the main street of Trowbridge fortunately he wasn't seen by Crumpy, so he slipped sharply through an atomic interstice of Crumpy's and met Crumpy coming the other way. He refused to acknowledge the other's existence and continued on his way to meet Crumpy (This is a very involved plot) He casually overheard the non-aristotelian newsboys shouting their glad news of a hatchet murder, involving one defunct body of a dead robot. The Oswaldthwistle, a timid sould, was demoralised by such utterly cruel cruelty, and immediately fell over his own feet in an attitude of supplication. After contemplating his navel for a while, he arose and continued his search for True Fandom and the Enchanted Government Surplice. "Surplice, surplice" shouted Crumpy pointing the non-aristotelian newsboy in the general direction of the aspidistra, which had now let down its roots to the extent of doing its version of a Plutonian fertility dance. This increased its fertility so much, that immediately fourteen score new little aspidistras appeared on the scene, all shouting "Surplus, we're Surplus". So hurriedly feeding them to the astroniched Crumpy, he removed his golion and warping the octahedral thermal radius into a temporary hot foot, he burned up the trail for home, finally vanishing up his own fundamental chord in a cloud of blue smoke.

and that was the end of the race that was to rule the HYPER-NEO-QUASI-SEMI-UNIVERSE.

Any resemblance by the characters in this story, to any real person or persons, deserves the full sympathy of fandom for the aforesaid person or persons.