

The

# SPASMODIC NEWS

Number 1 (Highly Irregular)

## EDITORIAL TRANSLATION

There is really only one reason for the appearance of SPASMODIC, apart from the fact that no publication has left these hallowed halls for over a year. That reason was suitable current material. So, believe it or not, the CHELTENHAM CIRCLE once more, gives forth. To those of you who were unfortunate enough to be present at Kettering this year, St. Antony you already know - those who preferred to stay away through politics or other reasons will have to wait until September for the full story, but the remarkable discovery of the ancient documents must in no means be passed by lightly or frivolously. Therefore follows the decree and a speech by our Knight Armourer, plus a clear-cut and decisive report of the whole week-end proceedings by our new columnist ABE. Those of you who still cry out "Where is Sidereal", will have to wait a while yet, as due to tremendous expense in producing our contribution for the Worldcon, the kitty will be drained dry - but it will come out again as soon as we can see our way clear financially.

This publication comes from 44, Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos, England and is sponsored by Bob Richardson, Eric Cones, Audrey Eversfield, Margaret Jones, Les Childs and Humphrey...

ENGLAND AND St GEORGE!

FANDOM AND St ANTONY!

END.

Ye Noble & Illustrious  
Order of  
Saint Fantony.  
Decree

Be it known to all ye Fen who crawlth upon the face of Terra, THAT, on ye twentieth day of APRIL in each yeare of oure Saint, there shall be great feasting and quaffing of intoxicating liquids in Honour of his great sacrifice and giftes to Fandom. On this daye - and on others so decreed - there shall take place a CEREMONY wherein shall be tested and raised from the ranks of Fen, certain among thee who have, through thy words and deeds shewn that thou art worthy of inclusion into the ORDER OF SAINT FANTONY. They who pass the tests shall be declared TRUFEN and raised to the station of KNIGHTS and LADIES of the Order. BEWARE ALL YE FAKEFEN.... a POX be upon all ye who do not pass ye TEST!!!

On ye twentieth day of April 1957 at ye GEORGE HOSTELRY in the township of KETTERING, these TRUFEN passed all the tests and are, therefore, entitled to the respect which befits their fannish station

Eddie Jones. Kt.S.F.  
John Owen. Kt.S.F.  
John Roles. Kt.S.F.  
David Newman Kt.S.F.

Ina Shorroock.  
Lady  
of  
St. FANTONY.

Norman Shorroock. Kt. S.F.  
Norman Weedall. Kt. S.F.  
Ron Bennett Kt.S.F.  
Bill Harry Kt. S.F.

Bob Richardson

Bob Richardson.  
Knight Armourer  
of St. Fantony.

Les Chisao  
Knight Master of  
the Rolls.

Eric Jones  
Knight Grand Master of Saint  
FANTONY.  
Cheltenham, Glos.



# At Kettering Field.

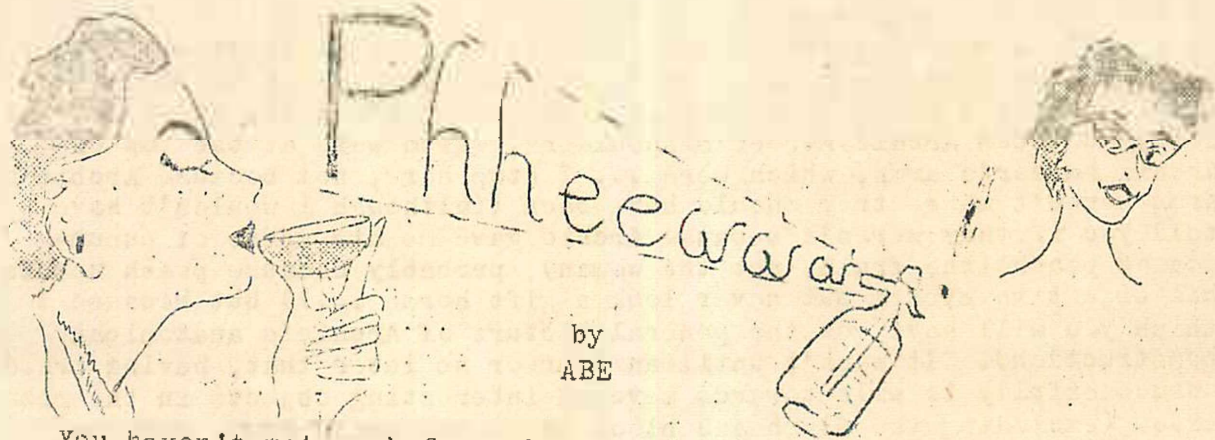
Ghod be with you, Trufen all, and if we meet no more  
Until we meet again in London Town  
Then joyfully my good Sir Norman  
Fair Lady Ina and my noble Sir David  
And my kind fellow Knights all - adieu,  
Good luck go with thee, and fortune be thy bedfellow.  
Yet ere we part to meet again anon,  
Recall the words of our Grand Master.  
He spake of our few numbers at the "George"  
And said "We would not drink in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to drink with us."  
This day is called the Feast of Fantony;  
He that outlives this day and comes safe home  
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named  
And rouse him at the name of Fantony;  
He that shall live this day and see old age  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours  
And say "Tomorrow is Saint Fantony".  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars  
And say, "These wounds I had at Kettering".  
Fakafen forget, yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Margaret and Audrey, Jones, Tubb and Jeeves,  
Bentcliffe, Roles, Bennett, Owen, Mercer, Slater,  
These but a few of that good company,  
But all freshly remembered in our flowing cups.

This story shall the Trufen tell his son,  
And the Feast of Fantony shall ne'er go by  
From this day, till the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
For he today who drinks this punch with me  
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile;  
This day shall gentle his condition  
And all nonfen in England now abed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhood cheap whilst any speaks  
That drank with us upon Saint Fantony's Day.  
Once more unto the punch, dear friends, once more,  
Nor fill your glasses with a baser wine;  
Oftimes there's nothing so becomes a man as English ale,  
But when the Trufen at the "George" are met  
Then shall a noble Poleaxe Punch be quaffed,  
'Twill stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood  
And disguise fair nature with hard favoured thirst.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height, drink, drink, ye noble Trufen,  
Be copy now to men of baser blood;  
And you good Yeomen, whose limbs were made in Liverpool,  
Show us here the mettle of your pastures,  
For there is none of you so base  
That hath not noble lustre in his eye.  
Whilst we of Cheltenham stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start, the punch is here;  
Follow your spirit and upon this cry -  
"GHOD FOR TRUFEN, KETTERING AND SAINT FANTONY!"

SIR ROBERT,  
Knight Armourer of St. Fantony.

(Apologies to "Henry V")



by  
ABE

You haven't met me before, have you? At least, there are those fen among you who have been unfortunate/lucky enough to experience this, but those of you who haven't, won't anyhow because it isn't before any longer - or even during - it's after. If it's necessary for you to ask "After what", you obviously weren't There and consequently haven't met me because I was. Large numbers of you have been There before, but not in this particular year of grace (not Kelly - that was last year) and that is why you didn't see me There because I wasn't (assuming that your respective capacities for alcoholic imbibement are such that you do, in fact, see people who are There - and if they are not such, Sir/Madam, you cannot be called Trufen and must be struck from the list of those who may, if selected by our Psionic Machine, be honoured by their inclusion to the Most Noble Order of our Great and Beloved St. Fantasy).

Introductions having been completed, I can inform you that the cause of these babblings is Eric Jones, Esq., 44 Barbridge Road, Cheltenham (that's fixed you E.J.) who, with his foot draped negligently across my windpipe, requested that I should write something Ketteringish, Fannish or anythingish for him. I ask you - what could I do? (Suggestions ((for future use)) c/o E.J. in x-ray, gamma-ray ((whatever they are)) and all other-ray-proof envelopes please.)

As, with your S-F-type brains, you must have deduced by now, I am a Neo-fan - BUT, with (computer forward...x!x!x!--ØØ--) approximately six calendar months of Cheltenham-S-F-Circle-belonging and Kettering at Easter behind me, I am rapidly acquiring the S-F look (i.e., pockets full of bottles ((alcoholic-type, not - if you'll excuse the expression - hot-water-type)) hands full of tapes ((S-F-type tapes, of course, not worms, or the type one breaks if one is strong/foolhardy enough to act upon the verb "to run". Me, I prefer to sit down with an a-type bottle. (Have you ever seen a bottle sit down?)) And - if you've lost the thread, I will recap... pockets full of bottles, hands full of tapes and/or fanzines, rocking with Major Bludmuck ((or, if the Major's Blud pressure has temporarily knocked his chances of rock, with Eric Bentcliffe, that charming, shy young man whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of renewing at Kettering on Saturday evening, when I joined Ina Shorrocks on his bed - the reason for such action, I hasten to add, being to prevent Eric from sitting on it as it was upside down; not that it had its legs in the air, but the piece that is usually under the mattress was on top of it and was wood side up - the result of one of Terry Jeeves' brain(?) machinations:

Boy, did that punch earn its name! Picking myself up from the floor of the basket lounge - which was liberally decorated by feet in sets of three (I'd always felt there was something different about S-F types) I retrieved my head which had come to rest upside down on the top of Archie Mercer's head (which was on Archie Mercer's neck, which was set neatly between Archie Mercer's shoulders, which were at the top of Archie Mercer's arms, which were ... I stop here, not because Archie's arms weren't where they should have been ((although I wouldn't have told you if they weren't because Archie gave me his share of punch-soaked peach (the fruit, not the woman), probably because peach upsets his digestive system but never look a gift horse ...)) but because I think you will have got the general picture of Archie's anatomical construction). It wasn't until an hour or so later that, having tried unsuccessfully to walk towards several interesting objects in the room (i.e. (excluding the flesh and blood type) the Punch Bowl, various attractive a-type bottles, Little Richard - garbed in a smart, slim-fitting, symmetrically grooved black disc with a hole in the middle (N.B. rather handy at conventions; if you can't get a bed or floor space, you can remove a picture and suspend yourself from the resulting vacant hook.) I realised I had put my head on back to front. With Trufannish spirit, I turned it round, shuddering with remorse and horror as I wondered how many fen had taken to their beds in the unhappy belief that they could no longer cope with D. Newman Punches as once they had.

Most fen spent a large majority of the evenings and mornings of Saturday, Sunday and Monday extricating themselves from thousands of feet of mike lead (not to be confused with Mike Lead, a really good type who very kindly lent his name to pencils because ignorant non-fen couldn't spell graphite) which E.J. maliciously trailed round and round the room, when he wasn't forming part of a group which kept materialising in different corners of the room and the nucleus of which was Joyce, the attractive receptionist from "The George". (It will be a long time before E.J. asks me to write an article for him again. Hee! Hee!) (Fiendish laughter) "Fiendish" by courtesy of Humph. Humph? You really should have gone to Kettering this year you know. If you had, I could have made this screed considerably shorter - in fact I needn't have written anything at all. (News Flash. The Convention in London, September 1958. Every S-F fan in the world has come along here this year. There is some mystification as to the reason for this phenomenal attendance.") However .... Humph is yet another Cheltenham S-F type. There were thousands of us actually, but we amalgamated ourselves into six so as not to deprive other S-Fers from coming. They didn't anyhow, but we couldn't unamalgamate ourselves without the aid of the Psionic Machine which we had left at Cheltenham, so we stayed as we were, i.e., E.J. and his petite wife, Margaret J., Bob, Les, Humph and me. Bob and Les will have to remain mysteries to you until September, when they will probably still be mysteries, but that can't be helped.

Enough, enough - my hand grows weak, my sight fails fast, and I must have another anti-normality injection. See you in September, you lucky/unlucky fen!

P.S. The title of this article describes how I felt after Easter - and I love it!