

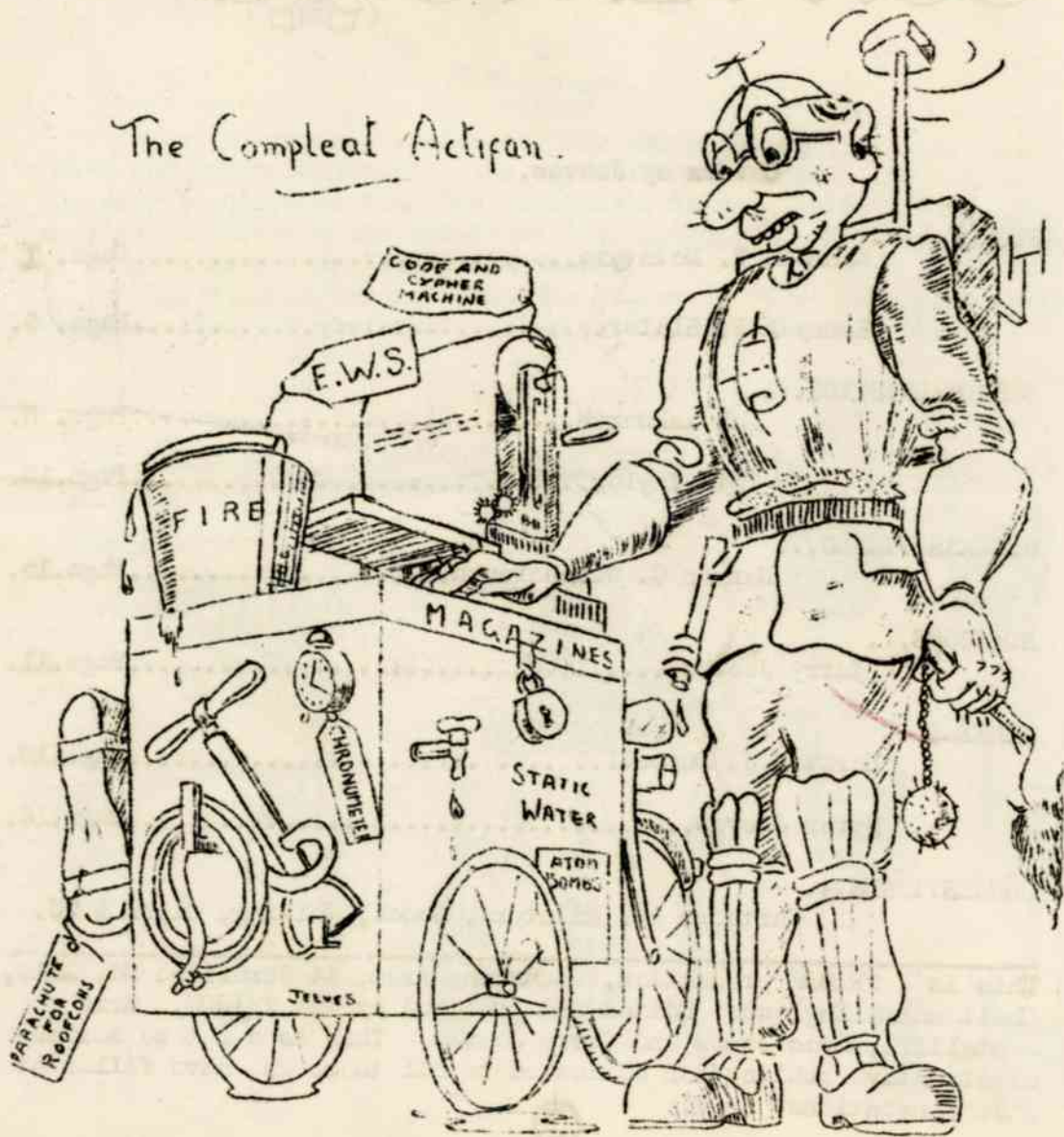


TRIODE PRESENTS



# CON-SCIENCE

The Compleat Actifan.



# CON-TENTS



Covers By Jeeves.

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This is a TRIODE production, emanating from, 44 Barbridge Rd, Lilo, Cheltenham, England. Edited and produced by the TRIODE, Eric Bentcliffe, Eric Jones and Terry Jeeves. This is a not so serious constructive publication dedicated to all those who have fallen at past conventions.



The following documents were found in the possession of a spy arrested recently in the vicinity of Muchslashing-in-the-Hole.

# Operation Manchester

By

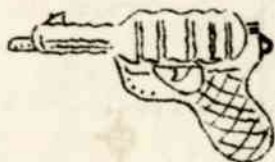
K.T.Mc Intyre.

Having prepared assiduously for the perilous trek into the 'Dark and Dirty Continent', the expedition has issued the following report, compiled with the invaluable data supplied by the sole surviving member of the ill-fated '52 expedition --Mr Davy Jones -- to whom we extend our heartfelt thanks.

The diagram below represents essential 'Con' ventional equipment required for the hazardous trip into the Mancunian Swamp.



1



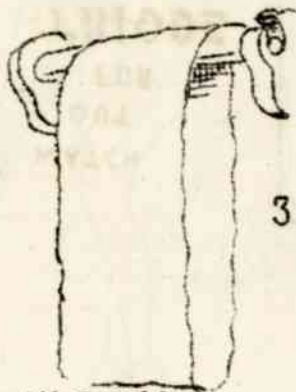
2.



8.



9.



3



5.



6.



7.



10



11.



12.



13

MC INTYRE



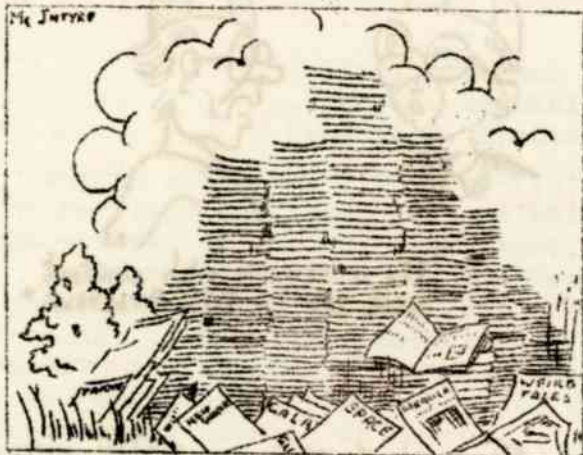
- Item No.1. Has priority of position, and is always carried at the 'ready'.
- Item No.2. This invention should be carried on any expedition to any part of the 'Globe' - its devastating water power was the decisive factor in the battle of the Medway.
- Item No.3. For use during 'mopping-up' operations.
- Item No.4. Type of headgear worn by some tribes in the exterior.
- Item No.5. Liquid prepared by experts for use by experts when the going gets rough. Commonly known as the Elixir, or 'Auctioneers' Brow.
- Item No.6. More of the same!
- Item No.7. And a drop more!!
- Item No.8. (Mk.1.). Is designed to create con'fusion amongst the enemy.
- Item No.9. Mk.2.
- Item No.10. Mk.3.
- Item No.11. Mk.4.
- Item No.12. Mk.5.
- Item No.13. Mk.5.



Member of previous expedition  
who made the sketches.....

WATCH  
OUT  
FOR  
TRIDE

It is hoped that we may get a glimpse of the fabulous King Fanaticfans mines, which are reputed to be near the route. The following sketch may give you a slight idea of the treasure contained therein.

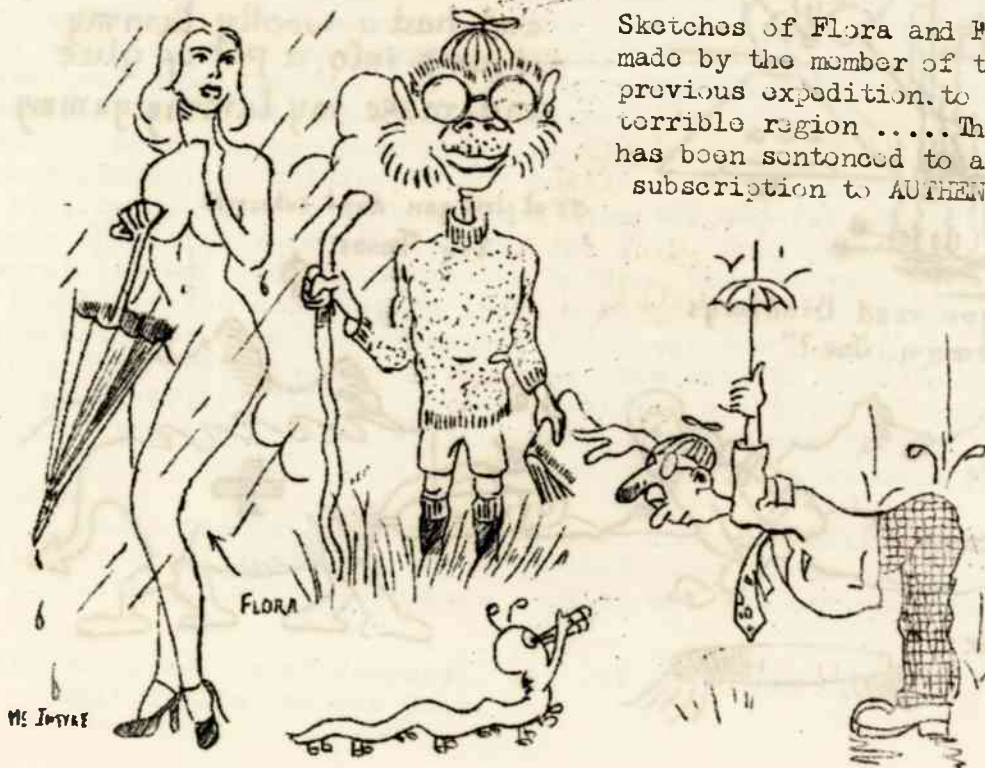


It will be quite obvious from this report

that the forthcoming adventure will be no easy matter.....

No doubt, remains in our minds that since we last made contact with the enemy, many fearsome weapons may have been invented.....

Sketches of Flora and Panna made by the member of the previous expedition to this terrible region .....The spy has been sentenced to a year's subscription to AUTHENTIC.

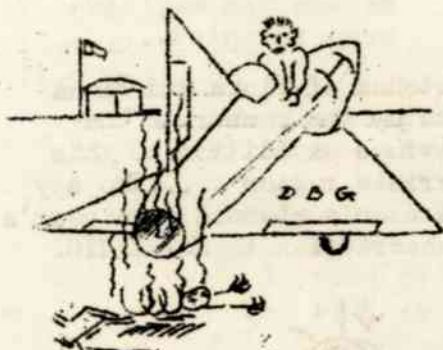




"If my calculations are correct you'll be back in about 5 days, if they're not you'll be back in about 5 minutes"



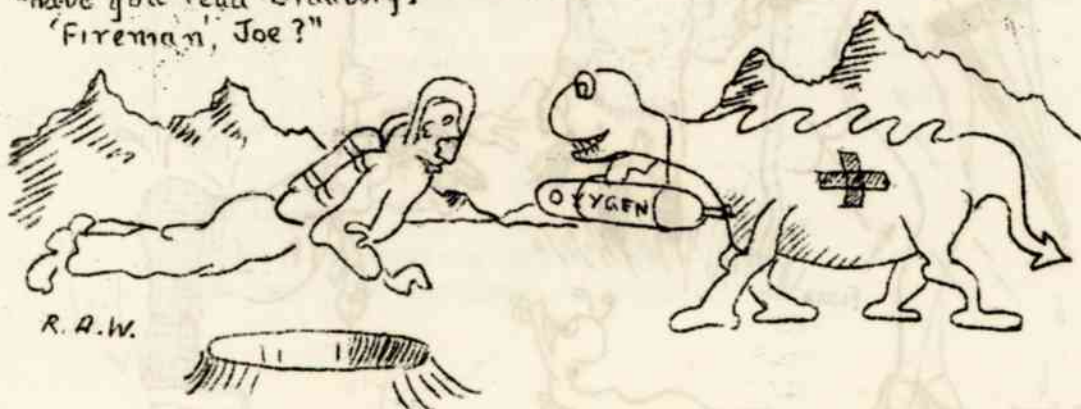
"It's a variable pitch constant speed job by Rotol Airscrews"



"Have you read Bradbury's 'Fireman', Joe?"

"I wish I was a woolly worm,  
and had a woolly tummy.  
I'd jump into a pot of glue  
and make my tummy gummy"

If at first you don't subscribe  
Try TRIODE



R. A. W.



# SURVIVAL

By  
Field Marshal  
(The Rt. Horrible)  
Kenneth F. Slater..

Anyone attending a science-fiction fan convention takes his or her life and reputation in both hands and chucks 'em out of the window, or, at the very least, into jeopardy.(1)

We learned, during the last World War, that soldiers sailors and airmen ( and the Marines) needed "survival kits" when undertaking particularly adventurous, arduous, and risky exploits. These kits are designed to enable the chap concerned to hold body and soul together when he gets stuck with no immediate prospect of assistance or rescue.

Anyone attending a convention has no immediate prospect of anything unless he provides his own (at least, that has been my experience to date-Manchester may do better), and so I have designed some tables of survival kit. Now, one is faced with the problem of deciding just what is the minimum required for survival ?. With the hardened actifan, old in conventions, wise in experience, and matured in the bottle, survival is less difficult - he can get by on much less than the neo-fan who doesn't know the difference between ASF and ASFm. So, I have drawn up several tables, and the decision between them is up to the individual. If you are a brash type, with no sense of reserve, then you will not need the magazines I suggest for reading in the intervals and programme breakdowns. You will be able to entertain yourself by filling your water-pistol and merrily squirting it in the eye of Willis. Alternatively, you can fill it from your bottle (Whisky, Rum and Brandy) and squirt it down your throat.

Study the tables with care, mark in the final column the items you think you are going to need, then cross of sufficient to leave you a transportable bundle, and you may come back !!!

Study the tables with care, mark in the final column the items you think you are going to need, then cross of sufficient to leave you a transportable bundle, and you may come back !!!

.....  
(1) For location of Jeopardy, see THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw.

EQUIPMENT TABLES.

Kits, Survival, Fan Conventions.

	Type				
	A	B	C	D	
Money	£10.	£8	£5	£100	
Food: Chocolate, Bars.	24	12	6	-	*(2)
Lollypops, Sugar.	12	-	-	-	(3)
.. .. , Ice.	-	-	2	-	
Sandwiches, Cheese	-	-	-	4	(4)
.. .. Meat.	-	-	-	-	
Pickles; Dorok, (1)	-	-	-	-	
Drink: Water (for pistols)	-	1. Gal	5 Gal	-	
Beer, Bottles.	-	12	24	120	
Whisky, Bottles.	2	2	-	12	
Gin, Bottles.	2	2	-	12	
Brandy, Bottles.	1	1/2	-	1	
Pop, Bottles.	24	12	36	-	
Clothing: Beanies, 'copter.	1	1	-	1 )	
Beanies, without copter.	1	1	-	1 )	*(5)
'copters, spare.	1	1	-	1 )	
Shirts, for losing.	2	2	2	2	(6)
Arms: for nocking	2	2	2	2	
Pistols, Water.	1	1	1	1	
Pulps, cata.	1	1	-	-	
Guns, Zap.	-	-	1	1	
Magazines: For flogging.	12	24	260	-	
Unread, for personal use.	240	24	-	-	
For giving away.	-	-	-	1	
Handkerchiefs: Beer, mopping for.	12	12		12	
Water, sopping for.	12	12		12	
Femmo-fans, lending to.	12	12		12.	
Personal use.	1	1		1.	
Books; For auction	6	6	-	12	
For swapping	6	6	-	12	
For reading.	1	1	-	12	
For Autographs.	2	2	-	12	
For the hell of it.	-	-	1	-	
Boards, False, for disguise.	-	-	-	-	
(Type H.J.Campbell.)	-	-	1	-	
(Type Alan Hunter.)	-	-	1	-	



Accents, Scots.	1	1	1	1
Irish.	1	1	1	1
London.	1	1	1	1
Midlands.	1	1	1	1
Dutch	1	1	1	1
Tickets, Return	1	1	1	1
Plugs, oar	2	2	2	2
wash basin	1	1	-	1
bath	1	1	-	1

(8)

Type 'A' Neo-Fan  
Type 'B' Newish Fan  
Type 'C' Actifan  
Type 'D' Luxury

- Notes:
- 1) This commodity required only by Marjorie
  - 2) Not required in "Luxury" scale; these folks can buy anything.
  - 3) For sweetening sour dispositions.
  - 4) For leaving behind, to create confusion.
  - 5) Spares required except in Scale "C". You don't think actifans buy theirs, do you ?
  - 6) Poker players only.
  - 7) The true actifan gets by on one all-purpose rag.
  - 8) Only required if Nic Oosterbaan is attending.



# Hydroballistics

By  
Mal Ashworth.

All those who have attended a convention in recent years will recognise the necessity of including in their schedule of preparation for such an event an extensive study of the subject of Hydroballistics, and it is to them, as well as to those completely uninitiated in Convention practice, that this article is addressed.

Obviously in the small space at my disposal I can hope to give no more than a sketchy outline of this complex subject and a short mention of it's particular application to conventions, and perhaps this may be most conveniently achieved by dividing it into it's various aspects under separate headings. THEORY. The theory of Hydroballistics in it's more obvious form is almost uniquely simple. It is simply that water under pressure may be suddenly released through an aperture of controlled size in order to bring about a desired effect, and upon being so released will issue forth in a stream, or to use the technical word 'Jet', with a force and velocity depending upon the pressure to which it has been subjected and the size of the aperture through which it is released.

PRACTICE. Hydroballistics in practice has a place in our everyday lives in many ways and even such a well known household fixture as a tap applies it's principles in some degree. In addition to it's other uses and it's application as a means of warfare by science fiction fans, Fire Brigades appear to consider it's tenets sufficiently established to enable it to be of use to them, and in actual fact one specific piece of their apparatus, technically termed a 'hose-pipe' is one of the most efficient Hydroballistics weapons which a fan could hope to possess. It has however certain inherent disadvantages which prevent it from becoming widely popular, and amongst these may be numbered it's rather cumbersome nature and the fact that for it to be of use it requires a piped supply of running water.

WEAPONS. It is in connection with weapons making use of the theory that the subject becomes of great interest to the fan and very great care should always be observed when choosing a new weapon. The following points should prove a useful guide.

The most popular form of Hydroballistics weapon is known as the water pistol, or in technical parlance 'Zap-gun', and is obtainable in various designs and two main operative principles. Most of the older forms of this weapon employed the simple, first-rule-of-ballistics, principle of compression but later models have utilised to an increasing extent the theory of suction as their means of operation and this type of weapon is now becoming predominant. In a compression operated gun a chamber is filled with water and when this water is compressed through pressure being exerted on the trigger, the water is driven out through a small aperture in a fine jet. The chief advantage of this type of gun is it's instantaneous action but this is offset by the very serious consideration that nearly all models constructed on these lines are single-shot weapons, and as such are of little practical value to Fen, and least of all to conventioners.

Those weapons working on the suction principle consist of a chamber which is filled with water and through which runs a narrow-bore pipe of some description. When the trigger is compressed the air filling the pipe is expelled and water is sucked into the pipe and subsequently projected through the usual small aperture at the end of the barrel. These types of gun are now in more general use and have the great advantage of being multi-shot models (my own current gun fires no less than 140 shots at one filling ) but are unfortunately cursed with the drawback of not being immediate action weapons as it is usually necessary to compress the trigger two or three times in order to expel all the air, draw up the water and commence firing. However Suction operated weapons are almost certainly more to be recommended to the prospective conventioner than other types for although it is necessary to be able to fire instantaneously it is even more necessary to be able to fire continuously for a reasonable length of time as attacks may come simultaneously from several sources. There may even be on the market a Suction type gun which is also an immediate action weapon but if there is I do not know of it. Other important points in the choice of a weapon are transparency of water chamber which allows one to ascertain at a glance whether or not a refill is becoming imminently necessary, the fineness of the aperture (the finer the aperture the more forceful and devastating the jet), and the ease with which the butt fits the hand. Also ensure that the trigger is conveniently placed and of a non-slip material.

SHOOTING. Frequent practise is of course necessary for any deg-



red of accuracy in shooting and you should be able to hit a bottle of alka-seltzer at a range of three feet before attending a convention. Greater accuracy than this, while always, of course, being an advantage, is really unnecessary for the close range work which is a feature of convention fights. The rule of course is: 'Wait until you can see the red of their eyes or nose-ends and always fire for the open shirt necks'. You should not allow yourself to be diverted by such an admittedly engaging pastime as knocking the froth off their beer.

AMMUNITION. Water is quite common for this purpose but other liquids such as beer, vinegar, ink, or even provided your gun is of solid gold construction, aqua regia, may be used successfully. It is absolutely unethical to use diluted shaving cream when potting at Bert Campbell.

CLEANING. It is usually unnecessary to bother with this aspect as zap-guns are almost always self-cleaning. Where any liquid other than water is used however it is advisable to rinse out the gun with water afterwards, as in the case of beer being used as ammunition, a deposit of water-cress may in time form inside the ammunition chamber.

HOLSTER. The first requisite of this item of your equipment is waterproofness. I would suggest that you keep your holster in an easily reached position inside your jacket where it is hidden from view, but a hollowed out copy of 'The World of Null A', carried under the arm looks perfectly innocuous and is quite efficient.

CODE OF HONOUR. Not observed at conventions. Certain points of ethics and practise though are deserving of mention.

a). It is a conventionally accepted overture to inviting a 'popsie' to your all night 'part-' to squirt water down her neck.

b) If you are outbid at the auction the recognised procedure is to drown the book or magazine so that it is worthless to the buyer.

c) The replacement of bad eggs and soft tomatoes by zap guns in relation to any unpopular items on the programme will be obvious and needs no further mention.

d) If I happen to meet you there, and you open your mouth to say anything.....

Strictly speaking, one can't 'run' a Roofcon, there isn't enough room, at least not if it's a roof of normal size. However, since 50% of my readers will be ager to hear all about roofcons, I will forget the other half, and leave him to stew in his own juice.

There are four essential ingredients in the organising of a roofcon, more may be added, but are not absolutely essential. 1. You must have a 'con' of the common or London variety, the Dartmoor type of 'con' will not do. 2. You must have a roof, for preference, a flat one, although doubtless those among us with a perpetual side or slant will feel more at home on an oblique one. There are points in favour of each, a slanting roof, while adding artificial G on the up-grade, and reducing it on the down, has the disadvantage that the nominal roll requires frequent checking. As the defaulters invariably take (and break) their bottles of liquor (essential item no.3.) thus inhibiting the roofcon. Item 4. is obvious, you must have fans, either active or inactive will do, by the time you finish, they'll all fall in the second class (or else on the pavement).

For those who have not studied Dianetics, and therefore, are not cleared out, I will summarise the items. 1. A 'con' 2. A roof 3. Booze 4. Fans (or bods)

The usual method of mixing, is to circulate around item 1., craftily picking out certain of item 4, usually, one chooses BNF's, pro-eds, etc, but it is also a wise precaution to include those bods who have their own supply of 3. Next, by devious and other subterfuges, wily stratagems etc., these bods are subtracted from the con, and from there wend their way to the roof. The equation governing this function is given here for the mathematically minded reader.

$$R.C. = (1.-4.) \text{ plus } 3 \times 2$$

At this stage, you have enough for a normal, if somewhat anaemic roofcon. To add zip to your shindig a supply of paper and pencils is indicated, (some pencil company may supply these in return for free advertising).

## How to run a roofcon (contd.)

The pencils and paper are issued to the chosen bods, who are thus able to write cute little clues as to their whereabouts, and shove them under bedroom doors as they pass. Two samples are given, which though not worthy of inclusion in Authentic, nevertheless show brevity, and clarity of purpose.

1. Dear Bee/, See you on the tiles, Eric.
2. Bare Dee, I'm flat out on the flat roof, come on up, Bertramm

Hazards may be arranged along the course, in the shape of hotel porters, (demons are particularly adept at assuming this shape). Again, a note to the math sharks, do not use teetotal hotel porters, as these cannot be squared. Buckets of water along the corridors will naturally be given a wide berth, and if they are arranged near open windows, it is amusing to see how many bods can be caught off guard. N.B. relieve them of item 3 before allowing them to attempt this hazard. Bergey girls at open bedroom doors prove an almost insurmountable barrier, unless they are of loose morals.

An added refinement, is to blindfold each bod as he (or she) steps out on the roof, this also affords an ideal method of keeping the roofcon select. Undesirable aliens, may be coerced into walking the plank..(do not forget to salvage item 3 first) Once on the roof, the ingenious 4 will soon turn his 3 sharpened wits to the recreational facilities. As a warmer upper, empty bottles, (make SURE they're empty), loose tiles, and paint pots, may be dropped down chimneys without fires. Those with fires should be covered with a flat tile, or a copy of VSM. If, when all chimneys are treated, any bottles are left, it is permissible to drop these over the edge of the roof (observing standard safety precautions, i.e. be SURE they're empty) For scoring purposes, a pedestrian counts 1. a pro-ed 2, and a copper 3. A player who runs out of bottles, and in an excess of zeal, throws himself over, is disqualified, unless he leaves a full bottle behind.



# Exploration

# Faucet

By  
Pete Taylor.

For the benefit of those in fandom who are unaware of the potential dangers resultant from the careless use of zap guns, I must stipulate that a senior person (i.e. one who has attended a con in official capacity of warmonger, twist the vicious circle and the asterisk provincials) accompany you on visits to the firing range to advise and correct your handling of the WEAPON.

The zap gun is not an officially recognised weapon of fan-political warfare inasmuch as no mention was made of it in either of the Weapon Shop tomes, and thus is given a sidewise look by B.N.F. and filthy pro. when produced by an eager neofan who, inflamed with the evil orange juice supplied illegally over bars in certain parts of the Imagi-nation, feels the basic urge to become another Rick Smarry in the eyes of his fellow representatives.

The zap gun is roughly categorized under three descriptions.

- (a) The horrific two hundred squirts to the filthy model, normally sold to the below-par-intelligence children and as protection for con treasurers living within striking range of the enemy.
- (b) The squat muzzled ; streamlined; Radionic Super Atomic Blaster, sold en bloc to parties of ten or more during con. dinner breaks.
- (c) The little used finger ring squirt, a feeble representation of small arms, carried at the ready by Fan-bachelors who, when hearing an exclamation of surprise from the designing femme-fan-spinster, good humouredly offers to let her examine the stone, the result being a wet face for the femme-fan and dry humour for the happy fan-bachelor. Only four other types of con-attendee design to carry this form of zap gun; the writer, the artist, editor, and publisher; all of whom got a great kick out of wetting the back of the neck of his fellow drinker whilst innocently crooking the fingers round a beer bottle neck.

The higher class of convention hotel usually leaves a full fire bucket discreetly within dipping distance of the auctioneers stand, and has phosphorous arrows painted all over the place leading in the general direction of the smallest room, for the "I'm boozed-and-d-dont-care-if-I-do-get-wet-back type of con-attendee".

Now to the care and cleaning of your weapon. The first point to remember is that cold tea, beer, and spirits are liable to stain the

bore of your barrel, and thus drastically reduces the efficiency of your gun when needed most urgently. Therefore remember to carry with you a length of thread and the head of an old corrective-fluid brush as a pull-through for the bore and use immediately after drawing off a quantity of your fellow drinkers glass contents. A more gentlemanly gesture is to allow him or her to observe your crafty action and whilst their mouth is still open from surprise, bring up your gun smartly and fire directly at the tonsils, preventing them from claiming that you have deprived them, and putting them into a good humour as the vile stuff settles into their stomachs simultaneously. Always remember to polish the gun vigorously, and stand in the sunlit part of the hall when firing, thus dazzling your opponent temporarily and enabling you to make a quick exit to the bar, popular guests bedroom, or other place of refuge in emergencies.

Always look for quality, no matter which type of weapon you are purchasing. The jet should be able to penetrate the thickest mat of hair, at one hundred paces, otherwise you would never be able to notch up on the butt the whole number attending the con. A stiff bristled broom resting on a pair of sandals should be used as a target. A good quality gun should give off a satisfying noise in the form of a prolonged Ssssssss, finishing with a faint gurgle, either from your victim or the chamber. A certain pro' recently incorporated this enthralling addition into the drinking of 'shorts' and has been hailed as a primal genius, and a founder of the golden era of the Space Blaster plus.

For amusement only, carry a cheaper spare gun with you, this to be prepared beforehand by boring a tiny hole in the back of the barrel. Great fun can be had by apologizing to your victim after a particularly good squirt, then offer him a chance to retaliate,, handing him the previously prepared gun. Offer to show the victim how to fire it with proper dignity, carefully positioning the hole in line with the victims conk. Claims for damages to your person resulting from this manouvre will be carefully filed by me between the pages of an April '43 Astounding, and burnt annually with reminiscent chortles of glee.

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#### QUOTE....

A sort of water pistol that shoots liquid through four inches of flesh has been developed by scientists at the University of California, Los Angeles. It has a nozzle only five-thousandths of an inch wide, and will expel a tiny stream of liquid at nearly twice the speed of sound - say 1,400 miles per hour...

\*Extract from the Daily Express.

This is an unexpurgated text, guaranteed untouched by human hand.

# Convention

# Warnings

By  
Norman Wansborough.

First thing you need before going to a science-fiction convention is a Ray Gun. When I attended the Medcon last November, beams flashed by me, and not having one myself all that I could do was duck and hope! Also be sure to have lashings of money with you, as there will probably be quite a few pretty femme-fen in attendance, and who knows the committee may be selling girl slaves this year.

If you have a suit of armour, it'll come in handy if you are invited to be on the committee as fans may not be responsible for their actions if their ire is roused. Once you get there be sure you've a room to yourself as you never know the types who go to a s-f convention, and you might have to share a room with a Vampire or a two-headed BEM.

Borrow a pair of spectacles, and a beard, and prattle learnedly about American conventions, and word rates, also your article advising would be fan authors to 'Go learn the trade', and perhaps some neo-fans, who've read the article but who don't know the author very well will take you for a certain editor. Or talk about what you said to Harris when he came to Obleck House and what Vinç Clarke said when you were stencilling the current issue of your fanzine and perhaps you will be taken for a certain Irish fan by the illiterate and who probably want some ego-boo by appearing in a certain fanzine, and hope to get it by treating you to a few beers.

Try to get rumours started that you are going to ve made assistant Editor of GALAXY and the only reason you came to the convention was to look over possible fan talent. Or that you are going to start a fanzine in the near future and pay 10/- a word for all submissions, or that you are going to pick the fan to go to the 'Friscon. This should be good for a few more beers or cigs.

If you are one of those queer people who like to sleep after the normal sessions are over, lock the door and to be on the safe side bar it as well. As since a certain Irish fan returned from a U.S.A. convention which he managed to persuade some far-seeing sensible fen to send him at their expense your



bedroom may be invaded by numerous drunken fens with loads of whisky Brandy Gin and Rum and assorted drugs such as Haddish, Opium etc. If you run out of cash on the second day of the convention, try and persuade the pro or fan publishers you are one of the Convention Committee and you want some donations for the auction. Then flog 'em if you are successful.

HAPPY FUTURE CONVENTIONS.

\*\*\*\*\*



WELL-INFORMED

CONVENTIONEER

SHOULD

KNOW.



By  
Torry Jeeves.

The following items are selected from a leather bound collection now in the hands of the printers. The complete book, is a mine, or cesspool of information about fens, conventions and social behaviour. The complete volume will be published by Sidgson and Graywick, at 9/4d.

Conventions may be divided into international conventions, local conventions, and moral conventions. If one foreigner attends it is an international convention, if no one attends it is a local convention, (the beds are probably busy playing with their zap guns). Nobody has ever had a moral convention.

A convention programme, usually runs to several sheets of foolscap, which have taken months of sweat tears and toil to compile. Even then the attendee often finds that he can't find what is happening anywhere in the programme. It is probably listed as informal sessions or as immoral sessions, not that it really matters for conventions rarely follow the programme.

Those who have not had the advantage of basic combat training can, by close study of the underlisted points, put themselves on the same footing as the biggest BNF.

### 1. BASIC FACTS OF SCIENCE.

Picture the Sun as a red hot grapefruit, then the planets are like various beans, pips, squashed tomatoes, and onions left around after a convention. Imagine all these spinning round the grapefruit, no wonder the world is in a mess. After your stomach settles, toss an assortment of lighted fag ends into the heap, these are comets. When the parlour maid cleans the whole lot up with a vacuum that's Judgement Day.

A pessimist sees a quart glass with only a pint in it, as half empty. The optimist says it's half full. That's the theory of relativity. If the parlour maid overlooked a Banana skin, and someone falls on it, that's gravity. If everyone else laughs, that shows a lack of gravity. When McCarthy slings out communists, it is usually termed 'the red shift'. Hydrogen is a gas used for bombs and things, atoms are smaller, so make smaller bombs. The Pope invented critical mass. Don Ameche invented the telephone, and Odd John invented wrong numbers. Rockets can't work in a vacuum as a vacuum is a lot of nothing, if a rocket is there, you can't have a vacuum Cathode Ray Tubes are tubes for keeping Cathode Rays in. Electronics is a science that uses vacuums, valves and things. Cyclotrons are never photographed in 3D, they always got 2D, and more wire is needed to make a magnetron, or else less, unless they both use the same, in which case you needn't bother.

## 2. HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION.

FANS. A fabulous race, half man, half dreamer, and half collector. They either come before or after the Dianeticians, unless they come together, then you have an argument.

SHAVERIANS. Were a tribe of people who lived in caves, mesmerised authors, and shaved off their beards. H.J.Campbell was not a member.

LIFE OF GREGOR BANSHUCK. A famous editor, the first man to publish a s-f mag without using any other author than P.S.Eudonym. Was repairing some gearing, when a pawl slipped and made a mess of his heart. His last words were "Hic, Haec Hoc..Burp" (Mr Banshuck drank a lot).

LIFE OF HOMER. A reek or a Latin or something, wrote an odd ode.

LIFE OF MUNCHAUSEN. A German, probably not a Nazi, told fibs and dirty stories. Managed to live until the end of his life. Captain Future. Captain Marvel, and Captain Slater, were chaps who did fantastic things and so on.

3. FANZINES. The art of desecrating virgin paper and suchlike things evolved in the fanzine. Us for various purposes such as keeping chips in, making paper mache, plugging mouse holes, and for....and they can always be read. You can tell a fanzine from a prozine by leaving it unattended on a table for five minutes.

4. GENERAL. Don't believe everything you hear at a con, most of it is untrue, the rest false and the remainder a downright lie. If you have to go on the platform, don't be frightened by a dense crowd, they only look that way, some of them have I.Q.'s as high as 73. Don't try to win popularity by buying drinks at random, they charge more there, as they had a lot of bomb damage during the war. Buy your beer at the bar, and then only for sober, intelligent and well-known fans such as Jones, Bentcliffe & Jeeves. Don't try to get a good write up for your fanzine by offering us Gin, the least we can  
!!! accept is Rum. !!!

# OBJECTIONIST

By

Heretic J. Dumbell.

"J'accuse! J'accuse!" The sounds reverberate in your ears; You cower into the corner awaiting the verdict which must come soon. Through your mind run the sequence of events since that day, so long ago, following some fantastic, kaloidoscopic pattern. You remember how it all started.....

You were leaning on a bar in the depths of the CITY when THEY came. Their alien speech smote your ear, the unfamiliar inflexions grated on your brain-case like the screaming whine of tortured metal. A sudden rage came over you; the fist that held your glass crashed to the bar.

"A refill! A refill!" you cried to the bartender. "Quickly!"

You gagged as the raw spirit flowed down your gullet, the much-needed innervation arrived just in time. The whirling electrons in your brain slowed in their orbits as part-sanity returned - but not for long.

Once again your eyes swept the room, picking up the garbage as they went. The aliens had retreated to a corner and were talking quietly amongst themselves - but wait! They were not entirely alone! This new development raised the ire anew! Blood rushed to your face as you saw HER talking to them.....That THEY should foul that fair mind with their outlandish speech! That they should despoil the innocence that was yours, ALONE! You grabbed at your nearest minion and uttered those fateful words.....Words which, within months, had swept the fair globe of Terra. You did not know then that an alien spy stood behind you, disguised as a true follower of THE AUTH.....

Time passed quickly. You returned to your hutment in THE BUSH, there, in secret, to write abusive words against those who would attempt to besmirch your fair name amongst the ELSEEITES.

"They," you thought, "with their paltry publications, can never spread the TRUTH so wide as can THE AUTH. I will revile them! Tear apart the blotchy pages that they call a fanzine. Disrupt and ostracize their organisations; reveal them for what they are!"

Time passed again and then the dreaded truth was known. The ELSEEITES - despite their furtive attempts - had failed to annex the annual gathering of the STEFANS. The ALIENS now had full control. Stark fear and frenzied madness screamed through you when you heard



ic news. Panic mounted up and swallowed you. You shouted and raved-  
 at that was the normalcy amongst this hatred and fear. The knocking  
 t the door could no longer be ignored. Soon they would force an  
 ntry so, with the cunning of your race, you decided to adopt the  
 ctic known as PULLING THE FAST ONE.....upstairs..but No! That one  
 ad a handle.... You opened the door, a benign smile - unfortunately  
 vvisible to the watchers - crossed your face. But you were not fully  
 repaired.

Strange beings they were, stranger still their weapons which  
 appeared to be constructed of glassite, these being filled with an  
 innoxious liquid which filled you with revulsion as you analysed it  
 t a glance....H<sub>2</sub>O....They indicated that you should accompany them  
 nd it was then you decided to pull THE ALTERNATE FAST ONE.

"I must go upstairs and get my hair-pins," you said - with  
 he same benign smile on your face, " if you will excuse me for a  
 oment....." You started to close the door, but the aliens - used as  
 hey are to foul weather and the necessity of keeping under cover -  
 ad one foot inside the door.....There was no escape!

The rocking of the filthy vehicle in which they transported  
 ou and the acrid smell of the alien air caused you to vomit. At the  
 eriodic stops on your journey to the NORTHLAND the effect of the  
 liens became more pronounced.....even the natives, you observed,  
 ere beginning to speak as the aliens spoke. Between these stops you  
 vildly scanned the signboards that stood along the way, but there was  
 o indication of any conversion to the way of truth, no sign emblazo-  
 ed with those words 'Read THE AUTH' ...Some, you noticed, cried that  
 minous word...DISPATCH....DISPATCH. Could this be a portent of your  
 fate?

They threw you into a vile dungeon, bereft of animal comfort.  
 later, stagnant and putrid, flowed over the floor. From your cell,  
 through the barred and muddy window, you could observe more water  
 uring from the heavens. This was indeed the very edge of NOWHERE.

Months passed, your hunger increased and you would snatch at  
 he merest trifle that was passed under the door ; even that much-  
 spised fanzine had been more palatable of late....but then you were  
 over one for high quality. Thoughts of escape passed through your  
 mind. How could you disguise yourself? Even after the months in this  
 gh-forsaken hole you still looked as smart as always. If only you  
 ould get your pants pressed and borrow some scissors even Carnell  
 ouldn't recognise you!

The day arrived when you heard noises of merry-making.....  
 great thumpings on the ceiling..water started to pour THROUGH the  
 ceiling. ..It was then that they came for you..

Faint from hunger you stumbled up the stairway. The bright glaring light blinded you temporarily as they led you into a great hall. Your eyes focussed to the glare and you could percieve hundreds of aliens gathered in the hall. Anxiously you scanned the faces, hoping to find a familiar ELSEEITE. But no. The NORTHLAND was too far distant for any to be present, and anyway all knowledge of the STEFAN'S meeting had been erased hypnotically from the ELSEEITES. They had been blinded to the posters and publicity - it was the law!

To your left a bewigged personage with a familiar face sat... Yet he was an alien too. Below him another rose, adjusted his beanie and began to speak.....

"The prisoner, m'lud, one Herbert Jasper Croopwell, is charged with slander and libel on twenty-four counts. It is alleged that he, on the night of the twenty-second of May in the year of the Fiascon 1953 at the White Horse Tavern, situate in Fetter Lane, London, did utter the words..BLOODY PROVINCIALS....."

The voice had droned on listing the charges against you.

"Call the first witness for the prosecution!"

And so it had gone on....the jury had retired under the table with a dozen bottles of TETLEY'S BEST BEER.... what would the verdict be?

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### SUGGESTIONS FROM VINCE CLARKE

Well, most of the more fiendish ones are being saved for the Super-MANCON in those parts, but we had a serious and constructive discussion t'other night at the GLOBE as to the minimum number of rooms needed for a party. You need one room for the party, a room next door for poker, and a room on the other side for femmo-fans who pass out around 2 pm. Next to them the room for the 7th fandomers who pass out, and on the other side of the poker room a place for 6th fandomers and femmo-fans who feel like passing out together. An empty buffer room on each side of the block...making seven in all..



# How to run a Roofcon

Sooner or later, all bottles will have been emptied and used..(a quick wipe round with blotting paper will remove the last dregs) and elimination games are now in order. A brisk game of 'Walk the Parapet' will reduce the opposition by half, and may be followed by 'Leap Frog', much skill being needed to ensure that your jump ends so near the edge, that the next person's jump will carry him over. 'Blind Man's Buff' is a slower, but equally sure way of eliminating players, as are 'Levitation' and 'See Who Can Lean Out The Farthest' The latter game, enables the scientifically minded to check on the famous theory of Doppler, i.e. A noise emitted by a receding source, will drop in pitch. The source of course seldom drops in pitch unless road repairs are under way. Sooner or later, one bod will be left, he is the winner, and after salvaging hotel room keys, goes to collect his winnings. Being a tidy fan by nature, he will also throw over the edge any overlooked bottles and paralytic fen. Now you know how it's done, I leave you with a warning and a motto

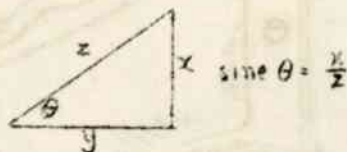
## The Warning

Beware of Roofcon poison, one drop kills.

## The motto

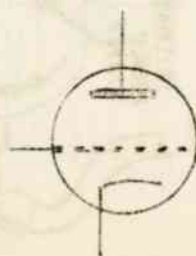
Another drop won't do us any harm.

There are all kinds of signs :-



But this is the sign of quality

Watch out for TRIODE





# KNOW YOUR WEAPONS

## NIRVANA Mk.1.

