

Colin Freeman

Quotations

Anyone?



QUOTE CARDS ANYONE? IS FREE TO THOSE ON THE TENSOR MAILING LIST  
TO ALL OTHERS THE PRICE IS 1/- OR 15¢

All the interlineations in this report, except one, are quotes, and should be credited to Dave Barber, Diane Goulding, Mike Moorcock, Madelaine Willis, Charlie Smith, Archie Mercer, Norman Sherlock and Jhim Linwood.

You got this because:-

- / / you like Weetabix
- / / you don't like Weetabix
- / / you have sexy feet
- / / you have eyes in your hair, and are frightened by crippled moths
- / / you know the recipe for Spanish Fly
- / / you like grilled fruit juice
- / / you are the only person I know who takes codeine to get a headache
- / / you can't spell 'amateur'
- / / you do nasty reviews
- / / maybe Juanita likes Con-reports?
- / / it was only 2,000,000 people you killed, not three
- / / you have stamina, and a very perspicacious daughter
- / / you think a death-rattle is funny
- / / you slobber
- / / you have been reformed by the love of a good woman
- / / you appreciate the turgid turmoil of a torn soul
- / / the Liberals will never survive you
- / / you've been sick and couldn't make it, and I feel sorry for you
- / / you were worried about windows
- / / you played with spaghetti in a Heironymous machine

QUOTE CARDS ANYONE?

produced by

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TENSOR IS NOT DEAD!

MAY 1964

a product of Ealing Fandom

jp 5



Q U O T E C A R D S      A N Y O N E ?

Before I start this Con-report, I'd better make one or two things clear. Firstly, if you want to read a detailed exposition of the programme, you might as well put this thing down straight away, because that's not what you're going to get. This is just for people who want to know what someone else's Con was like. Secondly, I took no notes at all, so it's quite possible that I may have left out one or two names, or forgotten one or two incidents that deserve to be recorded. For this in advance I apologise. Thirdly, this will be a very personal Con-report, for the simple reason that - well - it was a very personal Con. By this I mean that the Con in retrospect, consisted of feelings, thoughts and - quite often - events, that happened to me only, or to only one or two others. Also I missed quite a lot of the programme, so this precludes the documentary approach. Anyway, let me cast my memory painfully back.....

TO PETERBOROUGH WITH GHOD

It was at nine-fifteen, after a mad struggle to leave the house on time, that I finally set off for Ealing Broadway Station, where I was to meet Charlie Smith, the other half of Ealing Fandom. I was carrying Norman Sherlock's tape recorder, and by the time I finally arrived at Ealing Broadway, I was weakly staggering under the weight, which had increased during the fifteen minutes to at least a hundredweight. My carrying of Norman's taper was something of a paradox. I had decided not to take my own machine because I didn't want to be burdened under a heavy weight during the journey. Then Norman asked, that as I wasn't carrying anything, would I take his taper? But if I was going to carry his taper, I might as well take my own instead. But I didn't want to my own because I didn't want to be burdened..... Anyway, I ended up by taking his.

Anyway, the journey put me in just the right mood for the Con. The previous night, after a little dispute with Charlie, I had bet him, half-a-crown to a shilling, that when we changed onto the Picadilly Line at Acton Town, we would wait less than three minutes for a train. It came rolling in just as the time was ending. After the expected arguing, Charlie finally grudgingly paid up, and I gloated smugly all the way to King's Cross.

At King's Cross I made my First Mistake. You see, there were two escalators available. One was being used by a constant stream of people; the other had stopped, and was being used by only one or two. I had one sneering look at the cattle who were using it, including Charlie, then strode manfully upwards.....and upwards.....and upwards.....and upwards.....and upwards.....and upwards.....and upwards.... and upwards.....and - you get the idea? About halfway up I began to moo pitifully. Anyway, I arrived at the top, puffing, wheezing, and doing all the other things that one does when one is exhausted.

Actually this should have warned me that I was too tired to go mad at the Con, but I'm afraid it didn't. I hadn't been sleeping very



much of late, despite all good intentions, and I was very tired before the Con even started.

This character Smith began moaning again because we had arrived at King's Cross at 10.15, fifty minutes before the train was due to leave. In vain did I try to explain that I had suggested we left early so as not to miss the train; he just wryly pointed at the 10.50 train to Peterborough, still standing quietly by its platform, showing no signs yet, of leaving. This was the train before ours. I consoled Charlie by saying we could have a leisurely cup of coffee - a very leisurely cup of coffee, in the buffet.

Unfortunately the buffet was closed.

This caused Charlie to utter expletives that I consider very unbecoming to one whose job it is to mould the innocent minds of the young. We wandered dejectedly along the platform and then - wonder of wonders - discovered another buffet that was open. We trooped in and came face to face with a group of fen. I left Charlie talking, and went to join the queue for refreshments. By the time I came back, half the wait was over. After I had finished my British Railways Hot Cross Bun, the wait was three-quarters over. We went out to the barrier then, and awaited the arrival of the rest of the London, Irish and American contingents. Everyone arrived in little groups, and eventually we all found our way to our reserved compartment. For the sake of posterity, I shall try to remember who went up. There was;- Ella Parker, Ethel Lindsay, Jill Adams, Ted Forsyth, Jimmy Groves, Sheila Barnes, Desmond Squire, Chris Priest, Mike Moorcock, Walt and Madelaine Willis, Bob and Sadie Shaw, James White, Wally Weber, I think, and probably one or two I forget.

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"I THINK I'LL GO AND READ SOME SCIENCE FICTION"  
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We found that that all the seats were reserved except one. In this seat was an inoffensive-looking character who was quietly reading. Ella Parker came up and did a double-take.

"What's he doing here?" she asked, pointing her finger at him. He looked round to see the terrifying spectacle of a ferocious Ella, with her finger hovering a few inches away from his face. I'll give him credit. He didn't flee, gibbering in fear. He was a real man. He just sat there; perhaps trembling a little.

"Er - er - er -"

"All these seats are reserved," growled Ella, her voice increasing in volume. He gripped the edge of his seat and swallowed convulsively. Sweat began to stand out on his brow.

"Er - this one isn't reserved."

"What?" bellowed Ella, "they're all reserved!" He whitened, and his teeth began to chatter.

We tried to explain to Ella that the seat really wasn't reserved, but she began to get more and more ferocious, and the poor fellow's teeth began to chatter so hard that pieces of tooth were flying all over the compartment. Abruptly he got up and fled to the relative



safety of the next compartment. We later found a ticket to Hull on the floor, and found that the fellow had dropped it in his terrified flight.

We soon began to sit down. I sat opposite Charlie, then Mike came over, and then finally Willis Himself came down and sat next to me. Me.

Mind you, never let it be said that having Ghod sitting next to me unnerved me at all. I think that Charlie will agree that I conducted myself with complete decorum. I am a mature adult, not a slobbering sycophant, and I conducted myself like a mature adult.

Walt was wearing quite nice-tasting shoe-polish.....

At last the train began to move. Even before the thing started I had heard my first Willis pun. Somehow the subject of prisoners of war was brought up. Then children were mentioned.

"Ah yes," replied Willis nonchalantly, "they were obviously stalagmites!"

Arthur Thomson was not going up until Saturday, but he turned up anyway to see us off. As the train began to move, he put both hands to the side of the carriage, and pushed. Soon he had the train moving at a respectable speed, and dropped behind, waving.

Maxim Jacobowsky turned up in the carriage with a French fan, whose name I never did pick up. The French fan spoke very little English, and Mike Moorcock, rather unkindly, began explaining to him that Norman Sherlock's amplifier, which he was carrying, was really a Heironymous machine, and even got him twiddling the knobs.

Then Mike suddenly reached into his bag and brought out a couple of mouth-organs and a kazoo. I had heard Mike play the mouth-organ once before, in a taxi on the way back from Ella's. As soon as he started to play the taxi began to swerve violently. The taxi-driver must have been tone-deaf. If he hadn't been, we'd have crashed. So in self-defence I grabbed the kazoo and started to play Schoenberg. Somehow I've always had this strange ambition to play Schoenberg on the kazoo. Anyway, when I finished I felt much better. I don't know whether the others did though.

Needless to say, the train journey was sheer hell. Trapped between Willis puns and Moorcock mouth-organ playing, I even tried to escape through the little ventilation window. However, we saw a couple of slag-heaps, and realised that we must be nearly there. And before long the train drew into Peterborough North.

#### THE BULL ONCE MORE - IN '64

Once off the train, we all accumulated outside the station, there meeting George Scithers and someone whose name I forget. (Remember that phrase - you're going to hear it a lot.) After a little aimless milling around, we eventually started off in the direction of "The Bull".

Entering the portals of "The Bull" was almost like coming home. Just after I got in I had the most peculiar sensation that the 53 Con hadn't really finished, and that this was really the fourth day.



It was as if the intervening year had been completely wiped out. After an interminable wait for hotel registration there was a nasty and extended moment, during which it appeared that I was destined for "The Angel", but all was well, and eventually I got a room. This year, instead of the monstrous, twenty-pound, foot-long, lead tag on my key, I got a small plastic one. Charlie got a monstrous, twenty-pound, foot-long, lead tag on his key however, a fact which afforded me no small amount of pleasure.

The general tone of the Con was then set at the beginning by the fact that immediately we had put our bags in the rooms, before even unpacking, Max Jacobowsky, Mike Moorcock, Charlie and myself ajourned to the nearest bar. We chose a place outside the hotel because we wanted not only to drink, but to eat. Unfortunately the place was a bit inferior on the food side, so we had to settle for a few packets of biscuits and cheese. It was rather peculiar actually. We were just sitting round a table, talking quietly, not going mad or anything, and yet we were subject to the most intense, sidelong scrutiny by most of the locals sitting around. After finishing our cheese and biscuits we decided that we might as well be in the hotel bar, and crept fur-  
tively from the pub.

It was in the hotel bar that we first met the Obsequious Barman. He had a gravelly voice, and a habit of touching his forelock. When one gave him an order, he gave forth a profusion of "Yes sir"s and "right away, sir"s and scuttled away with his back bent, presumably under the weight of one's magnificence. Understandable I suppose, in my case, but not in that of the other fannish riff-raff in the bar. When he poured a drink, he seemed to express with the nervous movements of his hands his eager desire to please, and when he took money he took it in the way that a squirrel takes a nut, in both hands, in a kind of supplicatory attitude. I swear that if he had flopped out his tongue, I would have patted him on the head.

#### CONNED AT THE CON

By now more and more fans were appearing in the bar. George Locke, Archie Mercer, the newly-wed Jhim and Marian Linwood showing great fannish dedication, and a few others. By now Charlie and I decided to have a look around. We had hoped that registration would have started, but the table was sitting there just looking lonely. We wandered around for a while, meeting someone now and again, and generally lounging.

Suddenly strange moaning noises began to fill the air. Strange subterranean rumblings, weird unearthly moaning, that seemed to pervade the very structure of the hotel itself. For a moment I thought it was trouble with the pipes; then as it got louder and still more horrible I considered that it might at last be judgement day, and the noises were the screaming of the tortured souls from the very bowels of Hell itself. Then I realised it was just Mike Moorcock, upstairs in the Con hall, practising for the Bellyflops. Singing.



A tape-recorder was produced, upon which was placed a tape made by the Cheltenham Group. It was very funny, and I'm only sorry that I couldn't hear it properly; it just couldn't compete with the conversation and Moorcock.

And still registration hadn't started. Charlie and I said "hello" to Tony and Simone Walsh, and found that Phil Rogers hadn't yet arrived with the name-badges. After a little more wandering about on my part, Tony and Simone decided to go ahead, Phil Rogers or no Phil Rogers. I had the honour of being the first official attendee. The process of my registration took about ten minutes owing to a dispute between Tony and Simone over how much I was to pay. This price fluctuated alarmingly between five bob and a pound. However, soon it was sorted out, the price levelled at ten shillings, and the Con had started.

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"I DIDN'T DO IT INTENTIONALLY - I WASN'T BEING SYMBOLIC."  
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Charlie and I started up the stairs to see what was going on, when suddenly Ethel Lindsay called me down to her.

"Lang," she said, "would you mind hanging up a few pictures for the art show?"

In my usual, kind, accomodating way, I agreed, just like the generous, kindly, selfless sucker that I am. For the rest of the Con, people were coming up to me and saying, "Ah, now you're organising the art show, aren't you? Now where do I put....." or, "Now, you're in charge of the art show. Why the hell hasn't....." and so on.

After this, Charlie and I went up to the Wakefield lounge to see if any artwork had arrived. There was nothing there, except Ken Slater's stand which was full of goodies. I came out with a copy of "Journey Beyond Tomorrow", the hardcover version of "The Journey of Jbenes". Then we went to see the Con hall, which was decorated by a magnificent backdrop, in front of which was a stomping Moorcock, vomiting out a stream of amplified atonality. Unintentional atonality. After hearing my scream he paused just long enough to give a Mephistophelian grin, and to say, "lovely, isn't it Lang?"

After a leisurely meal at "The Great Wall", Charlie and I made our way back to the hotel. When we arrived at the registration desk, we found that the badges had arrived all right, but unfortunately there didn't seem to be any way of sticking them on at the moment.

Soon it was time for the programme to start, and we made our way to the Con hall. There started the Welcome, and this was followed by the Who's Who, which was livened up by interjections from a very well-oiled Ted Tubb. After this Charlie and I left the hall. So much for Friday's programme.

Charlie and I then wandered round the lounge and the bars, drinking and having rather desultory conversations. I think this part was the only slow part of the whole convention, and even that was fun.



## STICK AROUND - YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOT MORE

Vague, hellish sounds were by now floating downstairs, and I decided that the only way to come to grips with this was to go upstairs and face it. Charlie and I fought our way through a welter of sound, found seats, and listened to the sounds issuing from - by now - a rather drunken Moorcock.

After a few abortive attempts at songs (up until now I had never thought it possible to murder a pop song) there was a brief pause. Somehow a spontaneous wrestling match sprung up between Max Jacobowsky and Pat Kearney, and one of the high points of the convention began. Mike Moorcock grabbed the microphone and began a commentary. It began quietly enough, but gradually Mike worked himself up to a frenzy. This spontaneous outburst began as a normal wrestling commentary, describing the combat between Maxim 'The French Fiend' Jacobowsky, and Patrick 'Dirty' Kearney. However it gradually began to be a little satirical, then a little more, and ended up as a screamed condemnation of hypocrisy. The main inspiration of this commentary was that wrestling contained elements of sadism, masochism and homosexuality, all of which are condemned publicly, but indulged in in this socially acceptable way by the very people who would most loudly condemn such things. Mike may have been a little drunk, but even if it was a little repetitious, this spontaneous commentary was really brilliant. Down in black and white, I don't suppose it would look so good, for it was the delivery of the thing that made it so good. But a couple of quotes that I particularly liked were, "If any of you guys in the audience have the same peculiar bent as mine, I think you're gonna love this fight!", and this, shouted out in a spluttering frenzy, "It's going to be a throw; it's going to be a bloody, sexual throw!" I had to leave halfway through this, because I felt that Mike might spoil it. He didn't though; a tape was made, which I heard later. Charlie wanted to know why I wanted us to leave, but at the time, in the general atmosphere, I couldn't explain it.

## A NIGHT WITH DON GELDART

I think now I'd better tell you about the quote-cards. I don't know when they first appeared. I have no idea when I found my first one. All I know is that they appeared isolated, one by one. But then the insidious trickle increased to a raging flood, until they were everywhere, thousand upon thousand of them. They were tucked in picture frames, on sideboards, under doors, everywhere. At the time of writing I don't know where they came from. I suspected Ron Bennett, and during the course of the Con, I tried to trip him into an admission. However, I am a complete amateur compared with Bennett, and all my attempts failed dismally. I did hear that they emanated from the Shorrocks household, but whether that was true or not I cannot say. All I know is that the whole place ended up by being knee-deep in them.



After leaving the wrestling bout, Charlie and I wandered into the Wakefield lounge, where we discovered a few fens sitting about. We went over to join Wally Weber (who is a Ghoud Man) who was chatting to Peter White, a new face. We had a very entertaining conversation on such diverse subjects as the difference between American and British university-type education, and the way in which hotels reacted to Cons. On the former we arrived at the conclusion that the American was superior in most respects to the British, and on the latter, that the London tube-system would be an ideal place for a worldcon, which gave rise to the slogan, THE CIRCLE-LINE IN '69.

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WHAT DOES IT PUSH AGAINST, ANYWAY?  
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One of the people I particularly wanted to meet at the Con was Sid Birchby. I hadn't met him at the last Con, and had not seen him so far at this one. So I turned to Wally, and asked, "WHERE THE HELL IS SID BIRCHBY?" Wally just pointed a finger. I looked round at the back of a chair about a yard away from me, above which projected about an inch of the back of someone's head. Sid Birchby's head. After this I dared not approach him, and decided to leave it till later.

At about one o'clock the conversation broke up. Charlie decided to go to bed, the yellow-bellied fake-fan, and after bidding him good-night, and solicitously offering to help him up the stairs, I went down to the lounge.

There I found Mike Moorcock and Ivor Mayne, who were talking to another new face, a young girl called Julia Stone. They were doing a superb double-act, telling her how once they were saved from certain death by the skin of their Lappish Alpenstock.

Gradually people filtered out of the lounge, until Mike, Ivor and myself decided to go and look for some life. This we found in Alan Rispin's room. Alan was lying miserably, fully clothed, under his coverlet on the bed. Present were:- Mike, Ivor, Pat Kearney, Julia Stone, her friend, Mary Reed, who apparently achieved a little notoriety through the writing of peculiar letters to VECTOR, and who is delightfully mad, Max Jacobowsky, and the French fan. There was not a drop of alcohol in the place, but a fine atmosphere built up. A few people drifted in and out, and made a great deal of noise, paining Alan Rispin considerably. Soon Mike Moorcock and Maxim began an impromptu percussion session, with Mike on waste-paper basket, and Max on hot water radiator. I remember Ron Bennett and Phil Rogers coming in, attracted by the noise, and Alan Rispin sitting in bed holding his head in both hands.

Suddenly there was a thunderous knocking on the door, and it was opened to reveal a character standing there in blue pjamas.

"Do you know what time it is?" he stormed.

"Yes," said Phil Rogers helpfully, looking at his watch, "it's twenty-to three." The character turned round and went back to his room, slamming the door with a thunderous bang. I felt some sympathy



towards him, even if he was a fan (which seems unlikely), but I must admit that on hearing him slam his door, I was sorely tempted to go to his room, knock on the door and say, "Hey, do you know what time it is?"

He was bigger than me, though.

After the banging eventually died out, and after we had finished stuffing Pat Kearney into a wardrobe, for some reason, there ensued a search for life. All I remember is constant journeying down corridors from room to room to room.

We eventually got downstairs. I was leading the way, and I passed Ron Bennett going upstairs.

"Party in room 31!" he whispered to me as I passed him. I started gaily off down the corridor with a few others in my wake, in the direction of room 31. I suddenly heard a horror-filled, choked cry from behind me. It was the night porter, stumbling down the corridor with a look of absolute terror on his face.

"What are you doing?" he hissed, "that's the manager's room!"

I hate Ron Bennett!

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"OOH! THAT WASN'T DNOQ WAS IT?"  
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After a hasty retreat from the vicinity of room 31, we eventually arrived in Mike Moorcock's room, adding a couple to our numbers on the way. We got out the two - count 'em - guitars, and the kazoo, and had a very enjoyable - to the ones who were playing anyway - session. A fellow I didn't recognise came round with a bottle, offering it to everyone.

"Drink as much as you like," said he.

I took some large gulps. It was a very smooth and tasty drink, and I commented that it was very nice.

"Have some more," he offered.

I am not one to burn my gift-horses before they're hatched, and so I took a bigger swig. Then just as he was going away I noticed the label on the bottle.

"Mighod!" I exclaimed, "have I been drinking Shorrock home-brew without realising it?"

"Yes," said Norman, "have some more."

So I had some more. I stood around talking for a while, then someone hit me on the back of the head with a sledgehammer, and suddenly the world became a much happier place. For those unfortunates who have never tried Shorrock home-brew, I can testify that it is really deadly stuff, if it's all like this batch, that is. It slides down the throat as smoothly as milk, and it seems to have the alcoholic content of cider. But a few minutes after one has drunk it one realises that it has considerably more punch than aeroplane fuel.

After the bottle was passed round, Norman left. He missed the most convincing demonstration of the power of Chateau Shorrock, though. Soon after Norman left, we were idly talking, when suddenly one person just quietly fell; in the same way that a tree falls, or



as a factory chimney collapses when it is demolished. There was a sickening and loud crash as his head smashed against the door. I don't know who this was, and for the rest of the Con, I was enquiring if anyone knew if he was all right, but I heard nothing about him. Anyway, his head crunched against the door, and he lay there motionless. From the violence of the bang I was sure that he must have fractured his skull. Two of us went over to him, and someone - I forget who it was - began to lift him up. He really looked frightful. His eyes were rolling, and his mouth was slack. He was sat upon a chair, and there recovered consciousness. He put his hand to the back of his head.

"Gosh.....gosh....." he said, "....I saw a vision....."

Having determined that he was all right, Ivor Mayne and Pat Kearney helped him back to his room, and that was the last we saw of them.

By now, the first hint of light had begun to filter into the room, and an atmosphere of lethargy had begun to permeate the place. Alan Rispin was lying longitudinally on the bed, and Mary Reed, Don Geldart and myself were lying across it, resting our heads on various parts of Alan. Julia Stone was sitting on a chair on the other side of the room, and Mike Moorcock was on a chair by the bed. There ensued a tired and rather mad conversation. Then Mike got hold of the Bible.

I hate to say this, but I think that Mike's new job has gone to his head. In every room there was a bible, put there for some strange and perverted reason. Well, Mike picked up his copy and started leafing through it, going, "Umm.....Aha.....Ummm". Then he picked up a pen.

"Hmm - sloppy writing," he said, making crossings-out and alterations. "Poor construction. Hmm - 'verily I say unto you'. That's no good; better make it 'listen here you guys'. Hmm. Padding."

The frightening spectacle of Mike Moorcock editing the Bible was too much for us, and it just about put paid to us for the rest of the night. The conversation began to get more sporadic. Mike moved onto the bed, and this meant drastic rearrangements and even more drastic cramming. I remember us all lying there, packed together uncomfortably, and all laughing at the fact that we'd paid 30/- for a bed that was only a matter of yards away.

Then Don Geldart began to slobber.

I don't know whether anyone reading this has had the experience of spending a night in close proximity to Don, but I can assure you, it's a horrible experience. Every time a funny remark was made, Don slobbered down my neck. Every time I drew attention to this, it made him laugh - and slobber - all the more. Then he couldn't get himself comfortable, and there was a lot of wriggling about. The wriggling and slobbering took care of what would have been half an hour's sleep. Then someone began to snore. Fortunately this didn't last long. I made the suggestion that we should wake Charlie Smith as it was already early morning. It was at least six, or five, or something. It would

have been lovely to have bounded into Charlie's room, all vibrant and full of life. The trouble was we felt half dead.

At last my eyes began to droop. A feeling of peace crept over me. I began to sink slowly into the blackness of peaceful oblivion.

Then Don Geldart's stomach began. There are stomachs and there are stomachs. But human ears have never before heard the sounds that issued from Geldart's entrails that night. The stomach began to purr quietly and contentedly to itself, then, with a sudden increase of volume, it soared into the ultrasonics. Then a great bubbling burst forth, which was interrupted by a snarling roar. The stomach had a heated argument with itself, and sounded like nothing so much as Mousegorsky's Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle. But finally the stomach subsided into quiescence, and only the noise of the still-vibrating bed-springs remained. There was silence, blessed silence. Once more I began to slip quietly into sleep.

And then the damn stomach started again.

By now I was - literally - beginning to hate Don Geldart's guts. I now realised that sleep was impossible, offered up a quiet prayer for the girl Don is going to marry, and lay quietly on the bed until it was time to arise.

#### OBSCENITY AT BREAKFAST

And so at about seven, we all began to rise. With the exception that is, of Don Geldart and Julia Stone. I expect Don was exhausted by all the exercise his stomach had put in recently. We all drifted off in various directions, and I ended up with Mike Moorcock and Mary Reed. I had to wake up Charlie and two others, and Mike and Mary came round to help me do it. After thumping on Charlie's door for about ten minutes we were finally satisfied that he was up, and carried on our way. Desmond Squire and Peter White, we woke in our own particularly sadistic way. We got Mary to stand outside the door, and after knocking, to say, "Early morning tea, sir." Then Mike minced into the room. A more horrible way of waking someone up, I can't think of.

On our way back we ordered a pot of tea for us to drink on the landing, then when Charlie had joined us, and the tea was drunk, we made our way down to breakfast.

I ordered poached eggs on toast, and got back two things that, side by side, looked most obscene. What was worse, Mary kept urging me to stick my knife into them, a thing I just could not bring myself to do. Eventually I plucked up courage, and violently stabbed them. The sight of the yellow yolk, cozing slowly out, put me off poached eggs for the rest of my life.

After breakfast, Charlie and I arranged to meet the others at the door, to go out shopping. It was strange going out into the open again, and the cold morning air seemed just hostile. We wandered about a bit, not going anywhere in particular. By now Saturday's programme had begun. The first item was marked in the programme as "Does Fandom need SS?", but not wishing to know whether or not fandom needs the secret service,



we didn't worry about missing it. We seemed to cause a little disturbance among the Peterborough crowds when we got to Woolworth's. I am now working at Woolworth's and the company has become a sort of - father figure to me. That is why, as soon as I saw the noble edifice rising above the other hum-drum buildings of Peterborough - like the cathedral - I got the most terrible urge to enter the sacred portals.

"Let me in, let me in!" I screamed, while the others desperately grappled with me, trying to hold me back. Eventually they got me under control, and we began to make our way back to the hotel. We got well stocked up with booze and cigarettes, then entered 'The Bull' again.

#### JONES BECOMES TIRED

When we entered the hotel we saw that evidently some method had been found of making the badges stick on, for they were being handed out at last. We collected our badges, and then decided that we ought to make a start on erecting the art show. After a little confusion as to how the hell we were going to get into the Wakefield Lounge, I went to get the key from the rather surly receptionist, and finally we made it.

By now, the pace was really beginning to tell. This was going to be the pattern for the rest of the Con. I found that in the mornings, after allowing a few hours for waking up I would feel OK, until about midday. Then I would sink into an abysmal pit of lethargy, and I would just sit, uttering hardly a sound. But then as evening arrived I would become active once more. It was funny, but when I did feel mentally alert I found myself talking much more than I would normally. It was as if the little censor that cuts out all the silly remarks had gone to sleep. Yes folks, it was real stream-of-consciousness stuff. But it was a very funny experience anyway. My mind, kept awake by the fannish jollity all round me, really felt as if it were trapped in a tired and useless hulk of body; which I suppose it was really.

Anyway, this started coming on while I was helping with the art show. Mind you, the thought of work is enough to bring on an attack of apathy in me anyway, but not to this extent. So I did as little as possible, and left as much to Mike and Charlie as I could.

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"IT'S ALL VERY CONFUSED. I CAN'T EVEN THINK WHETHER  
I REALLY ENJOYED MYSELF, AT THE MOMENT."  
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And I would just like to say that this year there was a splendid turnout for the art show; not in quantity maybe, but certainly in quality.

Then it was time for the auction, and we staggered along to the Con hall. I think this year's auction was rather disappointing. Or at least, from the point of view of fanzines, in which I was most interested. Still, I did pick up a bundle containing a copy of WARHOON for a few bob, so it wasn't a complete waste of time.



After the auction it was time for lunch. A whole group of us arranged to go, but suddenly half of the group lit off in the direction of some other place, while the loyalties of some of us lay with The Great Wall. So after we had stood there beckoning to each other for a while, we parted company. And so I entered the place with Norman and Jean Brock, a very nice couple who had recently joined the BSFA, and Charlie. Oh - and someone whose name I forget.

#### RUNNING, JUMPING AND STANDING STILL

The Great Wall lost all my loyalties when I discovered a damn great piece of copper wire in my curry. After we left I walked gingerly back to the hotel, expecting an attack of acute peritonitis at every step. It didn't materialise however, and I made it back to the lounge.

After sitting around for a while, we decided to go up to the Con hall to see what was happening there. We found that the film show was in progress. On the screen was a colour film about Exploring the Universe, or something. It was a little, "Saturn is a large planet, which has rings around it," sort of thing, and the slow-speaking commentator carefully split up all words with more than two syllables. However, there were some beautiful shots, particularly those of solar prominences. When a phallic symbol rose slowly in the west, we realised that it was coming to an end. Next on the programme was "The Day the Daily Express Caught Fire" or some such thing, and as the only film Charlie and I wanted to see was "The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film", we left the hall.

We drifted down to the lounge, and I was here stricken with the dreaded lethargy again. After a shadowy period of time I found myself in the Con hall again, frantically trying to concentrate on TRJSSF. It was very funny, and I was glad that I didn't miss it. The scene I particularly liked was the one in which pictures of a hunter with a rifle were juxtaposed with those of a hammer-thrower. The hammer-thrower worked himself up to a frenzy of movement, and finally released the hammer. Which the hunter promptly shot. When the film was over, we staggered downstairs again, and thankfully sank into the comfortable chairs in the lounge. Round our table were Dick Ellingsworth, Diane Goulding, Pete Taylor and Mike Moorcock.

#### TROUBLE WITH THE MANAGEMENT

After my terrible, wracking cough caused much amusement to those hard-hearted people sitting with me, silence descended. Over in the corner became apparent a rather loud pseudo-intellectual conversation. We sat listening to this for a while, then Mike and Pete moved over to a table near this conversation, and began one of their own.

"They - they ought to shoot 'em all," wheezed Mike, painfully slowly.

"-----Do what?" replied Pete, about a minute later.

"-----Eh? -----"

"-----I said, 'Do what?'"



"Shoot 'em all."

"-----Do what?-----"

"-----Who?-----" And so it went on, causing us all hysterics, but apparently having no effect at all on our intellectuals.

Eventually Mike and Pete returned to the fold. After singing a few songs, and conducting an almost intelligible conversation by means of making noises whilst oscillating the finger rapidly between the lips, Mike and Pete began a double-act, with a military type and his subaltern. The military type had trouble with his hearing aid, which now and then emitted an ear-splitting screech. Mike was just finishing one of these, when suddenly a young, efficient-looking fellow in a smart suit walked into the lounge.

"Kindly keep your noise to yourself," he said, in a very nasty way, "this is a hotel, not a playground." Then the Under-Under-Under Manager, or whatever he was, wheeled, and walked out again.

There was a moment of silence, then Mike asked wonderingly, "How can we keep our noise to ourselves?"

Now it was time for the talk by Hamilton and Brackett, and neither Charlie nor myself felt up to seeing it. I'm sorry we missed it now, only I heard that it was very good, but I don't suppose much of it would have got through.

Later I made my way upstairs. Preparations were now being made for the erection of the SFCoL bar. For the first time I saw ATom working at speed as he drew the "Saturnalia" poster, and it certainly was an amazing thing to see.

### GREASY CAFES

I went over and had a short conversation with the French fan, which served to show that I had forgotten what little French I once knew. After this, I went over to the poster, the outlines of which had been completed. Everyone was down on their hands and knees drawing little stars and planets in the outlines of the word 'Saturnalia'. I had great fun arranging celestial debris into adverts for TENSOR, which couldn't be seen more than about a foot away. I intended their effect to be subliminal, but so far the subs haven't started rolling in.

Soon it was time for dinner. I met Charlie Smith and Peter White, and we decided to go to the greasy-cafe-with-pretensions, the Mayfair. Unfortunately after tramping up the road, we found the place shut. We still wanted to find a greasy cafe, and so we settled for a Wimpey Bar in the other direction. I had a Beef Brunch Eggberger or some such equally ridiculous thing, which was certainly greasy. In fact when Charlie held up his the grease poured out all over his plate. Then I threatened to tell my Spittoon Joke, a sickening thing, that Charlie has heard before. This all made his meal an enjoyable one, I think. I read Charlie and Peter a list I had made out, for some reason or another, under the guise of a poem. They then killed themselves over a faintly obscene reference that I couldn't see. It wasn't until we



were on our way back to the hotel that it finally clicked. You see, Charlie and Peter, I just haven't got a dirty mind.

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"GO ON - SCINTILLATE!"  
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Once back at the hotel we found the Saturday night festivities in full swing. There was a fine selection of costumes, and prizes were very deservedly won by Phil Rogers, Ian and Betty Peters, Susie Slater, Harry Nadler and Tony Walsh who, it transpired, was not actually entered in the competition. Still I guess he deserved something for sweating away inside a six-odd foot replica of a rocket. He gave his prize, a bottle of booze, to the judges, Edmund Hamilton, Leigh Brackett and Mike Moorcock. There were many fine costumes there, that deserved prizes, even if they didn't get them. Among these was Simone Walsh, who was looking very beautiful in what appeared to be a completely home-made costume. I commented that after seeing Simone like that, Tony would want her to dress like that all the time. She said that he did, and commented that it was strange that people should say she looked so nice, when in fact she was made up like a tart. It is strange when you think about it, that at a fancy dress party, a girl can make herself up like this, and yet if she walked out into the street like it she would probably receive glances of condemnation from most people.

I think one of the most horrifying sights I have ever witnessed in my life, was Burgess' naked stomach, as dressed in a pair of nearly knee-length underpants, he masqueraded as one of the nudists from Glory Road. I had often wondered just why Oscar should have left the sunny pleasantness of Levant, to go off on dangerous adventures. If the nudists looked like Burgess did, I am not surprised.

This Con report is long enough already, so I can't comment on all the costumes. I must say though, that I think the best of the lot were Ian and Betty Peters, making their first appearance at a Con. They came as Grey Mouser and Fafhrd, and their attitudes matched these parts as well as their costumes, with Ian striding around arrogantly, and Betty quietly tiptoeing behind him.

After this, I had a few words with Charles Winstone, and after he left Julia Stone came over. I remember her asking me if I were a Beatle fan. When I said no, she said, "Oh, then you're a Dave Clark fan." When I declined this status she started reeling off a lot of names, with me shaking my head at every one. Finally I admitted I was a fan of Fred Schoenberg and his Frantic Five, and left her to puzzle it over.

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PAT KEARNEY'S FILM AT THE LAST CON  
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#### THE ROOFCON

Then it was time for our room party, and we went off to join Mike. Quite an impressive selection of booze was there, and soon the party was in full swing, with people popping in and out, as is the way with room parties. After imbibing some alcohol, I wandered round the hotel,



as most people seemed to be doing. I'm afraid my memories of this part of the Con are rather fragmentary. I remember going up to Charles Platt's party which was rather wild, with the bed moved out into the corridor. Then I remember staggering around the hotel, going from room to room. I remember in one room seeing the French fan, flat on his face in the lavatory, completely out. I remember a group going up on the roof to hold a little Con there. I remember feeling abysmally tired. I remember looking at a clock and seeing it was four in the morning, and deciding to go to bed for the first time since the Con began.

#### IT'S BRUM IN '65

Next morning I was awakened by thunderous thumping on the door, and joined Charlie for breakfast. The meal seemed very unappetising after the previous night, and Charlie and I sat around bleary-eyed, shovelling food into our faces.

Then it was time for the BSFA AGM. It was during this meeting that Charles Platt took on a frightening amount of responsibilities, that made me feel quite old and tired. Then we found that there were two bids for the 65 Easter Con; Birmingham and Harrogate. Also Dave Barber mentioned a hotel in Yarmouth that sounded suitable for Easter '66! It seems as though bidding for Cons is getting like the FAPA waiting list. I guess if I get my bid in soon for Ealing in '75, it will come just when I am ready for it, and afterwards I can gaffiate in comfort.

We were all very pleased to see Archie Mercer win the Doc Weir Award, and very deservedly too.

After the AGM followed the 'giveaway' auction. It was rather a strange auction. Some things were going for more than their face value. The people who were bidding fantastic sums for some things could have got up, walked down the corridor and got them from Ken Slater for less, and in mint condition too. And yet some things were going for ridiculously low prices that would have made any of you Amerifen drool.

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"YOU KNOW, IT WOULD BE VERY EASY TO BECOME AN ALCOHOLIC"  
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Then I found myself sinking in complete apathy again, just as it was time for dinner. Ian Macauley or James White, I forget which, told me where there was a very greasy cafe - without pretensions. And so Charlie, Pete Mansfield, Someone Whose Name I Forget, and myself all set off. After a long walk we arrived at this place, and indeed, it was very greasy.. It was during this meal that my tiredness just about reached its peak. I sat through it hardly saying a word. I remember looking at the red, chequered tablecloth. There was a circle in the middle as I looked, where my vision was more direct. But outside this circle, the pattern was jumping violently all over the



place. I am always unnerved by jumping tablecloths, and so I was glad when we started on the long and cold journey back to the hotel. This revived me a bit, but when we all went into the bar it came on again. I just sat there in a daze while Charlie and Pete prattled away. I have no idea what they were talking about, I just sat there in my own little world. However, by the time the 'Alien' group's films were due to start, I had woken up a little.

These films were an hour of 8mm film with synchronised tape. They had titles such as 'Son of Godzilla', and 'I was a Teenage Birdman', and they were either take-offs of other films, or just slapstick comedy. These were very well received by the audience, but I must confess that I didn't like them. The sets were very well done, and I think that if the Delta group had taken as much trouble with script, editing and particularly the sound track, which was frankly - horrible, they might have made some good films. I may be being a little grouchy, as everyone else seemed to like them, but I think that an amateur film group which, apparently has been producing work for four years, should do better than this. There is great potential there, but as yet it is far from realisation.

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"PARKER'S PEN - IN 2010"  
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After the films there was a tribute to Nova, which Charlie and I didn't feel like seeing. We went down to the lounge, and spent a lazy time, leafing through the copies of ALIEN we had just bought, and talking. It was about now that I went up to someone, and asked if they were the person who had fallen so heavily on Friday evening.

"Ah," he said, "are you thinking of the fellow who fell down-stairs and knocked over the manager?" I don't think we were so popular this year! There was a very amusing incident then, when we discovered a couple of old gentlemen in the lounge, who sounded just like the double-act Mike and Pete had done yesterday.

Then I summoned up energy to go back into the heat of the hall to see the slide show which was given by Brian Varley. The slides were very good, and were held together by a very funny commentary. The only trouble was that the picture was too big for the screen, and it was impossible to get the projector any closer. This serves as a lesson for the WorldCon programme planners, for this sort of thing is very difficult to foresee, and it would be very easy to ruin a programme item over just as small a thing.

After this I went down to rejoin Charlie in the lounge. We sat around with me half-asleep until it was time for tea. Eventually a whole group of us set off. There was, George Locke, Tony and Simone, Peter White, Charlie, and a couple of others whose names I forget.

HOGARTH REVISITED

This time we all went to the Ho-Tung, Tu-Hong, To-Hung, Hu-Tong or whatever, which was - as you have probably guessed - another Chinese Restaurant. After having a cheaper, and much more pleasant



meal than at 'The Great Wall', I cursed the fact that I hadn't discovered this place sooner. It was during this meal that Tony Walsh paid me an unintended compliment. You see, I do an absolutely staggering impression of Louis Armstrong. Now Charlie, who is a little envious by nature, is obviously jealous of my skill, and says that all my imitations sound like Louis Armstrong. This of course is a foul lie. Anyway, I found that I could do an impression of the Obsequious Barman. And this I did by popular request (well I only said "D'ya want to hear my impression of the Barman? D'ya? Yes? D'ya? ..."). Well Tony Walsh, who had been talking, turned round and said, "Hey, that sounds just like the barman at the hotel". I just looked at Charlie and sneered. Mind you, the Obsequious Barman did sound a little like Louis Armstrong, I must admit.....

After arriving back at the hotel, now fully awake as I could be, I went upstairs. There was a Hogarth print on the wall, with a caption stuck into the frame, written on the back of a quote card, that I thought rather funny. There was a couple in a tilted bed, with the room in absolute chaos, completely smashed, with an emaciated cat jumping about the wreckage. The woman had a look of horror on her face, and the man, sitting up, holding his head in his hands, had an expression of bewilderment. The caption read 'Never again!' Which could be taken in more than one way. Needless to say I took in the other. Anyway, that inspired me to put fanciful captions on the prints of The Idle Prentice that hung down the corridor. I was soon joined by Pat Kearney. Twenty minutes and about five prints later, it was time for Ted Tubb's speech, as Guest of Honour.

I'm afraid I was too sleepy to take in much of Ted's speech, but one interesting point he raised was that if a writer was under pressure, if he had to write to feed his family and himself, then he would write better. This is a very interesting point, and it would be intriguing to check up on this to find out if in fact it is true.

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"WE WERE IN THE LAVATORY, STAMPING OUR FEET AT THE TOPS OF OUR  
VOICES"  
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After Ted Tubb's speech there was the prizegiving, which seemed to consist of Tony Walsh, handing out certificates to people who weren't there.

Then, at popular request, the Delta Group's films were shown again. Charlie, Mike Moorcock, Pete Taylor, Someone whose name I forget and myself went down to the bar. Afterwards I heard that several films were shown which hadn't been seen that afternoon, and I was rather sorry that I had missed them. Still, Mike 'n' Pete, that famous double-act, kept us pretty well entertained by inventing an early Startling-style story, full of things like, "As you know, the Sun is a hot body in the centre..." After this was over I decided to go off looking for life. I found Sid Birchby and George Locke in the Wakefield room, and stood around talking for some time. It's a funny thing, fandom. In mundania there is



nothing worse I can think of than a conversation with an ex-army man (as I believe Sid is) who is older than myself, and the very thought of having to endure such a conversation is enough to send shudders down my back. But needless to say, Sid was very interesting to talk to, and the time passed very quickly. Eventually I had to set off again to find Charlie whom I had left in the bar. I found him outside the Con hall, in which were taking place strange and inexplicable things indeed. We tried peering through the curtains, but could see nothing but strange shapes gliding around, and lights flashing on and off.

#### A SPIRITUAL MOMENT

However, soon the doors were flung open, and we were told that only those with glasses would be admitted. After I had rushed downstairs frantically looking for my glass, which I had mislaid, I made my way into the - by now - crowded hall. People were sitting round the side of the hall, cross-legged. At the head of the hall were Ted Tubb, Mike Moorcock, Pete Taylor and Ken Bulmer, all dressed in flowing robes. In the body of the hall were Norman Shorrocks and Eddie Jones, who were the Cupbearers. After a Tubbesque 'explanation' of the ceremony, we began the symbolic movements. These consisted of shutting the eyes, humming, and swaying from side to side. HUMmmm-and-sway, HUMmmm-and-sway, HUMmmm-and-sway, chanted the Priests, and there arose a great sound from the throats of the assembled multitude. Ted explained that as soon as we heard the note of the ceremonial horn, we should drink the libations that had been poured into our glasses by the Cupbearers. The Ceremonial ~~Kazoo~~ horn sounded, and to cries from the Priests of DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! we emptied our glasses. Then after a brief pause, it was HUMmmm-and-sway, HUMmmm-and-sway, over again. This went on for what seemed like hours of swaying euphoria. Then the climax of the ceremony came. Nell Goulding was selected as the Sacrificial Virgin, and was laid out on the floor. I think it was Pete Taylor who stood over her, with sword upraised, for about a minute. Then down flashed the sword, out went the lights, and they came on again to reveal an expired Nell, one of the most delectable sacrificial corpses I have ever seen. To resurrect her, we started humming and swaying with redoubled vigour, and booze kindly supplied by Norman Shorrocks. And with the revival of Nell, the ceremony drew to an end. By now I was in a state of Enlightenment, and I found I could appreciate the Unity of the Universe. I staggered around for a while, and then joined a drunken group who were screaming inanities into a tape recorder. I think it was this ceremony and the booze, that made this the most happy part of the Con.

I saw that Norman Sherlock was in a similar state of religious exultation, as he was stood over his own tape recorder, asking, "How do you turn this bloody thing off?" After finishing with the long-suffering taper, I made my way out of the hall, and along to the landing, where I found a party going. I talked to some people for a while (a thing I wish I wouldn't do when I am drunk). Among these was one of the Irish crowd, whom I utterly revolted by telling him of the



greasy cafe Charlie and I had been to earlier in the Con. When I told him that we enjoyed it, his face was a sight to behold. It was while I was here that Ian Macaulay came up to me.

"Hey Lang," he said, "I thought that cover of yours for Tension Apprehension and Dissension was very cunning."

"Oh yes?" I replied, rather nonplussed, not yet drunk enough to forget that I had just made a squiggle on the stencil.

"Yes," he carried on, enthusiastically, "I take it that the mark was symbolic of an interference pattern on a sine wave."

I just stared at him, too drunk to understand a word he was saying, which is why these quotes might not be too accurate.

"Yes the connection was very good. The fact that the tension, apprehension and dissension rhyme was designed to interfere with telepathic reception, it was singularly appropriate that your wave pattern represented interference in the alpha rhythm of the cortical neurones."

At least, that's what it sounded like.

If I had been a little less inebriated, I might have known what was going on, and been able to throw in a few modest phrases, then gone away and convinced myself that's really what I intended, but unfortunately I spilled the beans. Still, you never know, I might have intended all that subconsciously.....

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"218? THAT'S MY ROOM!"

"WELL THEY'RE HOLDING A PARTY THERE."

"THEY CAN'T; I'VE GOT THE KEY!"  
-----

Then Charlie and I and a couple of others went into a lavatory to sing. The previous week, on the way up to Ella's in the lift, Charlie and I gave a very fine rendering of Bits and Pieces. Unfortunately the only thing we could find that remotely resembled Ella's lift, was one of the small lavatories along the corridor. Charlie tells me it sounded very good; I don't remember it myself, and so I'll just have to take his word for it.

Charlie then went back to the Con hall, and I carried on circulating about the corridor. Suddenly someone rushed downstairs, killing himself with laughter; and screamed, "Norman Sherlock's in his underpants in the corridor!" After about half a dozen of us restrained Jill Adams, who was drooling lasciviously, and fighting to get upstairs, eventually I got up to the corridor. And Norman Sherlock was indeed in his underpants. He was by the side of the corridor, squatting in a sort of foetal position, naked and ashamed.

"How the hell did you get out here, Norman?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he answered in rather a drunken voice.

Eventually someone came back with the key of his room, and he was soon away from the public gaze.

I am just steadily going mad trying to work out how he got out there, and how someone else got his key. It's croggling when you think about it.



After this, I staggered back to the Con hall, and joined Charlie, Pete Taylor and Mike Moorcock, who were reminiscing about the old days of the London Circle. I am very interested in the history of London fandom, and frantically tried to keep my eyes open. It was no use however. I kept sinking into blackness, and waking with a jolt as I started to fall forward, then immediately going off again.

I recognised the inevitable and went to bed.

#### THE END

Next morning I was woken by Charlie, and looked at my watch to discover - yes, Dick Schultz, it had to happen - I had missed breakfast. We wandered down to the lounge to see the heartbreaking sight of everyone packing up, ready to leave. Ella asked us to help her pack, and we made her way to her room. By now I was really feeling terrible, and it was really, despite my sadness, a good thing that the Con was finishing, for I knew that I would never have lasted another day.

Soon it was getting on for midday, and after saying a few good-byes, we left the hotel. Charlie found himself lumbered with a gigantic heavy suitcase belonging to Ella, and Desmond Squire and myself gave him a hand to carry it on the long walk to the station.

#### ANOTHER CORRIDOR PARTY

Soon the train arrived, and we embarked on the long journey back home. The train was quite full, and there were no compartments in which we could all sit, and so we all settled down in the corridor, with Charlie and me sitting on my poor battered suitcase. The journey itself was terrible. None of us were feeling particularly energetic, and every couple of minutes someone would come through the corridor, making us all stand up and move out of the way.

Soon we arrived at King's Cross, and it seemed to be weeks since I had last seen the place. After carrying Ella's case to the taxi rank, Charlie and I left all the others. As the last familiar face disappeared it really came home to us that the Con really was over.

On the tube train going back, we spent the journey trying to analyse our feelings about the Con, but not succeeding. And eventually the train drew into Ealing Broadway Station.

I said goodbye to Charlie, and at last I was on my own again. I lifted my suitcase and began the walk home. It was so strange, coming from the frantic and friendly atmosphere of the Con, to see all the remote and intent faces of the Mundane types going about their daily tasks. I almost felt like screaming "Party in 194!" to try to instil some life into their blank features.

As I walked along with my case, a great feeling of sadness came over me as I absorbed the fact that the Con was over. I cast my mind back over the host of memories that had accumulated over the weekend. And it was strange; as I walked along among those crowds of people, I felt suddenly - lonely.



## IN RETROSPECT

Well, the main thing I suppose, was that this year it was a very fannish convention. 1964 saw the return of two things which seemed to have gone for ever; quotecards, and the kind of fannishness that the 'hum and sway' ceremony typified. One of my great regrets was that I came into fandom too late to experience the kind of activity that was going on in the late fifties. I can only hope that this convention was an indication of a return to this happy state. However, there seemed to be a strong sercon element at this Con, which was large enough to be disturbing, to me at least. By sercon, I mean the 'science-fiction is all' type. Maybe if things keep their present directions we shall see a split between the two groups.

I think that part of the fannish atmosphere was due to the deliberate under-programming, for which the organisers are to be congratulated. However, I feel that complete newcomers might have felt completely out of it. Norman and Jean, now that you don't have to tell me face to face, howabout writing to tell me what you really thought of the Con?

There were many people with whom I would have liked to have spent longer. Unfortunately a con never seems to give one a chance to really talk with someone. Either there was a party going on, or I was too drunk or sleepy or both. I would have liked to talk a little more with Irish fandom, with Roy Kay (I never did ask you how to pronounce RKically) with Charles Winstone and with Sid Birchby among others, with whom I never had more than a brief conversation.

With this one-shot I would like to try a little experiment. I will welcome letters-of-comment, especially if they tell of some little incident at the Con. Obviously, not many people are going to write Con reports. Just as obviously, there are probably amusing incidents that happened to everyone, that are worth putting into print. So I will be pleased if anyone sends me a letter, just outlining some amusing incident that happened to them. If I get a good enough response, I shall publish a sequel to this report, containing the letters.

The people who organised the Con received very well-deserved thanks, but I also think there are some others who deserve sincere thanks for helping the Con be so good. Mike Moorcock, for being on such good form throughout, and making so much entertainment; Ted Tubb, for - well - just being Ted Tubb; and lastly Norman Shorrock, for supplying the booze that contributed so much to the spirit of the Con. Thank you all.

We had considerable trouble with the hotel this year, and after leaving the place littered from top to bottom, I think it's a good think that it's not the Bull again next year. And ignore the notice in the hotel letter-board which said "Let's go to Harrogate anyway", the next Easter Con is in Birmingham. And now I leave you with two thoughts.....

L O N D O N

I N

6 5 !

and.....



ATOM

~ FOR

TAFI!