



LAMPPOST

Puts the Wag in the Tail of FIDO!

Vol. 1, No. 2

Perpetrated by E. Frank Parker

February, 1944

SLAN SCHOOL!

(Only the other day your Lamplighter had the joy of receiving two publications of a New Fan Society. 'Twere kinder - oh, very much kinder - that this Society should remain nameless, but suffice it to say that its leaders obviously are thinking "little" as well as "big". For not only do they intend to build Slan Suburb (a modernistic settlement with an incredibly beautiful hydroponic park), but they envisage the provision of schools for slan children!)

Immediately your runner-upper-LAMPPOSTS heard this great and glorious news, he scented a stroy for his beloved customers. He rang up Pickfords, and at colossal expense was able to rent the last available space-time-cosmos machine, with which he was able to visit the Slan School of the not-so-far-distant future. And for the guidance of the entire fan world, he brought the following account straight-back (save for a short stop in 1947, when all the restrictions on the importation of sherry were first removed). This, then, is a sample of the new, enlightened faneducation slated for the Brave New World.)

TEACHER: Well, dear inslants all, we'll now pass to English Literature. I hope you've all done your homework. Who can tell me what it was we discussed last time?

A SLAN CHILD: Please sir, I know, Sir! It was about the writings of Dr. Edwin Elmer Smith, Ph.D., and the influence of his work during the Great Renaissance of 1938-40.

TEACHER: That's very good, Eustace. And has everybody done their reading task?

SLAN SCHOOL (Cont.)

ANOTHER SLAN CHILD: Please, Sir, yes sir, I did, sir - but please I couldn't understand some of the passages.

TEACHER (frowning): Indeed? Which, pray?

THE SLAN CHILD: Please, sir, the bit about trusting the ship on pseudo-anti-gravity fifth-order space-force fields through an endless series of dimensions so as to force it in the sub-etheric orientation of Sirius and Polaris. What does it mean?

TEACHER: But, tut, tut, you should know that, my boy! There is a very clear exposition of the exact meaning of that passage in Bond, Am. St., 1944, 27, No. 2, 73-6. We went through it only three weeks ago. Have you not referred to it?

THE SLAN CHILD: Please, sir, no-sir. You see, sir, my Pop is very strict and he'll only have "Astoundings" and "Unks." in the house.

TEACHER: When I shall write your father a very strong note, to the effect that unless he is prepared to provide you with the proper text-books, I shall ask him to remove you from Slan School. And don't blubber like that, or I'll make you stay in after school and write fifty lines of Lovecraft.

Now before we pass to the works of the late Mr. Stanley G. Weinbaum, are there any more questions?

A THIRD SLAN CHILD: Well, sir, I would like to ask one little thing. Daddy took me out of Slan Suburb the other day to visit some folks he knows, and I met a little boy who doesn't go to our school -

THE THIRD SLAN CHILD: Yessir and he said that their teacher told them about somebody called Shakespeare who used to write plays 'n' poems 'n' things. Are you going to tell us about Shakespeare, sir?

TEACHER: Shakespeare? Er... Shakespeare, did you say? Wait a minute, wait a minute - let me think. Oh, yes, he was a minor poet of the barbarian days before Jules Verne and civilisation. No, my boy, we do not allow ourselves in our school to be side-tracked in such a way from our study of the Masters. Whatever next?

And as he soliloquised on the trials of teaching ungrateful infants, he became philosophical. "Ah, well, as Malcolm Jameson once said, 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' How well he coined the phrase."

A.D. 91944 (contd.)
could talk and read simple English.
"I know," telephoned Mr. Put-
tyre Man. "Let's give those magaz-
ines we got to the pets. Maybe
they's like them."

Mrs. Future mentally clapped her hands. "Not a good idea!" she approved. She drew the objects towards her on a mind ray, and surveyed the covers. "Perhaps it'll improve their minds. It says here, 'The Aristocrat of Science Fiction Magazines. Every Story Scientifically Accurate.' Here, Fido!"

"Thank you," said Fido, politely, and retired to the garden.

"Delighted, I'm sure," said
Fluff, and went upstairs.

Some little while later, Mr. Future Man found the Aristocrat buried - upside down - in the garden. Simultaneously, Mrs. Future Man discovered Eluff's copy elsewhere - a hole bored, with true feline subtlety, through the top left-hand corner, and the whole hung up on a loop of string . . .

OTHER PLANETS. IN THE LAMPLIGHT
(We pass this month to the buddy-
in the nicest sense, of course, orb
of the heavens. To all those who
chant rejoicefully, "Venus is
the next planet on the list, we
extend an unabashed raspberry and
a promise to deal with the planet
of lurvy as soon as we feel ro-
mantic enough).

A greedy young Martian named Qu-
eed tore through space at a very
high speed,

For in travelling so fast
He lost all his mass,
And could guzzle an infinite
feed!

(With grateful acknowledgements
to B.H. Edwards of Bristol)

A.D. 91944

Mr. and Mrs. Future Man had been taken by infra-dimensional transit to view the recently excavated ruins in the Chic'go Desert. Whilst there, some new work had taken the scientists in charge to an unsuspected Chamber wherein had been found a curious metal object, labelled "The Time Capsule." On investigation this had proved to contain a number of interesting relics of the legendary Machine Age, and since these were of laugh value only, Mr. and Mrs. Future Man were allowed to take one or two of the items away with them.

Later, they sat on their form-fitting dimension-warps-de-luxe, and wondered what to do with them. As a matter of fact, they were already regretting the fact that they'd accepted the useless things.

At this moment, the Dog and the Cat walked in. (Now, at this epoch domestic animals had evolved, and

LAMPPOST'S EASTERCON CUYED!

(Issued for the information of British Fandom)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE
COSMOS CLUB.

Short Report.

A record attendance at Shirley's on December 11, 1943, spent 2½ hours in discussing policy changes, many of which are recorded elsewhere on this page. Club Officials remain unchanged, except that Peter Jenkins replaces Fred Goodier as Liaison Officer with the CSC.

Later Don Mortimer organised a séance and this led naturally to a visit to the CSC's spiritual home, the King's Arms, Beyond.

No. 7 now circulating, is getting consistently good reviews. New feature is a special art supplement. New contributors include Gus Willmorth.

Press date for No. 8 is Feb. 1. Date of publication Mar. 1. And material is still required. Please rally round! No. 9, the 2nd. Anniversary Issue is planned as a "special" and contributions of a particularly high standard are wanted badly and early. Press date for this issue will be Apr. 15, 1944.

The new "Transactions".

One result of the new CSC's the planning of a new periodical, the CSC Transactions, to appear quarterly and to carry 100% non-fiction. First issue is scheduled for March; contributions of a scientific nature are invited.

COSMOS CLUB ON THE SILVER SCREEN

In the Summer, some hundreds of feet of film were "shot" of the Club members on an outing. First shown to the Club some weeks ago, it evoked louder laughter than any pro film ever! It may be borrowed on application.

FUTURE MEETINGS.

Sat., Jan 22, 6 p.m. - Film showing (Loni Kiefenstahl in "The Blue Bird" - silent fantasy 5-reeler, plus shorts - and, of course, the CSC film, "A Tour of the Cosmos".

Sat., Feb. 19, 5 p.m. - Symposium on "The Future of Civilisation". Papers already promised are as follows:-

The Future of Mechanical Engineering - D.R. Smith

The Future of Surface Chemistry - D.J. Powell

The Future of Photography - G.L. Holbrow.

The Future of Resin Chemistry - J.K. Aiken.

The Future of Literature.

It is hoped to circulate abstracts before the meeting, so please submit papers by Jan. 28. Proceedings of this meeting will form the first issue of the new "Transactions".

Sat., Mar., 18, 6 p.m. - General Meeting.

April 10 - EASTINGTON (see Convention Broun)

ALL MEETINGS AT SHIRLEY'S, TEDDINGTON.

BEYOND - OVERSEAS EDITION NOW!

Through the generosity and hard work of Mel Brown, Forry Ackerman, and others of the Lasfs, selections from earlier issues of BEYOND are to be duplicated and sold in the US, the total proceeds to be devoted to the interests of British fandom. Could things be better?

SUBSCRIPTION CHANGES.

Previous sub. having proved inadequate to meet the Club's enhanced activities, the AGM voted an increase to 10/- p.a. (5/- for country members. Details from J. K. Aiken, 5 Kingfisher Ct., Molesey.

A HEARTY WELCOME AWAITS NEW MEMBERS AND VISITORS TO THE CLUB.

THE READER BLEARNS

MORE NEWS OF THE EASTER CONVENTION!

Originally, this Department was planned as a large presentation in the Sergeant Saturn manner, with suitable inanities scattered around here and there. But whilst contemplating the nauseous array of pseudo-space-slang perpetrated by the quasi-officer who conducts the most noisome Letters Section in the business the gorge rose within your sensitive Lamplighter at the very thought of even parodying such drivel.

So you'll have to put up with orthodox Editorial comment in the classic (?) manner. No Zepo jugs. No space-monkeys. No jets to be swabbed. You lucky people!

Waves of enthusiasm greeted Issue No. 1 of LAMPPOST. All the readers wrote glowing tributes to its excellence. Here are both the letters:-

... five minutes?

LAMPPOST is obviously something you dashed off in a spare five minutes. But in places it shows distinct promise, and further issues will be welcomed so long as you stencil and duplicate the thing.

(Ed.: Cuch!)

Chourghutee!

Lampcast!... Lampcast!... Was the Lamplighter "lit" any chance?... Well, I hope you are gonna hear from some of the self-designated intellectuals concerning your 11th supplement, that is of course if they deign to notice it.

(Ed.: Cuch!)

WRITE US YOUR BRICKBATS! SIMPLY DATE ON THEM!

(Stop laffin' - as if you were! - this is serious!)

Stop Press news about the biggest Convention ever in this country is made by Mr. Benson Herbert, of Lloyd Cole, London, and the new science-fiction publishing firm, Utopian Publications, Ltd. He writes, from 10, Collingham Place, London, S?W.5, as follows,

"I shall be very pleased to attend the Easter Convention as far as time permits. . . . Incidentally I shall be glad to receive any s-f fans at my flat, which is of studio size easily accommodating a dozen people, should any one desire to have a rendezvous fairly central during the Convention (in fact at any other time, give ample notice)."

Intending Conventioneers who would like to take advantage of Mr. Herbert's most generous offer are invited to write to him direct.

AND FROM PRESIDENT GILLINGS

In a recent letter, Gillings who is also intimately concerned in the launching of Utopian Publications (perhaps a bigger event in the British Science-fiction world than anybody, even the directors, now realises) and who of course was Editor of "Tales of Wonder", tells us that he thinks that he may be able to let certain original manuscripts of T of W. S. be auctioned at the Convention, and collectors will be delighted too learn that some sets of SCIENCEFICTION may also be offered, as well as other items of extreme rarity value.

LAMPPOST - an amateur magazine, or so it says, gushing from 6, Greyfriars, Queen's Road, Teddington.