



LAMPPOST

(All good FIDOs have one!)

VOL. 1 No. 1, 1902 Perpetrator: E. Frank Parker

December, 1945

YOU LUCKY PEOPLE!

Introducing Us!

Who said, "What the hell is 'Lamp-post'?" He's right. That's what. Here it comes, laden with all the news & views unfit to print, to lower the morale and stick in the gullets of Britain's blue-black-blonds, the lads of stardom.

Go on. Ask what we've done. It won't do you any good. We don't know. But here it is, tall nice and inky, and ripe for use as second quality shaving paper.

Policy? Never heard of the word. We've got a slogan, though. We're proud of it. It runs, "If you see it in Lampost, it's so-so." That's us. Always fooling.

Give us the slightest encouragement and this won't be the last "Lampost". Don't say you haven't been warned. Send us contributions if you like. The best end that can befall them is in our waste paper basket, but if they're really bad we'll probably publish them. What's that? Why a Lampost? Don't you know? To carry the torch of fandom, of course. . .

: : : : :

OTHER PLANETS IN THE LAMPLIGHT

Tour the Solar System with us!

SPASM No. 1 - The Lowest Planet

The heat-loving hok of Mercury
Sits and sweats in the sun with a
smirk, or he
Remains in his pit,
Where a fire is lit
In which he can cook his dinner*cur-
ry.

SCOOP!!! At enormous expense, your Lamplighter has obtained these illuminating and poignant paragraphs. They are culled from the diary of one of those supernmen whose inspired energies are daily directed towards making the worlds of the fantasy authors become reality. Never before has such a revelation of the workings of genius been presented to nature's nobility, the members of the fan world. Read - and be humble!

MAKING THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW (OR THE NEXT DAY)

7.30: Research chemist unwillingly opens loaden eyelids, stretches cramped and aching limbs. Bleary chemist spends five minutes collecting thoughts. Remembors he is in camp bed in corridor of research laboratories, having done night's fire guard duty.

7.35: Emits seven hollow groans.

7.42: Crawls out of camp bed and climbs into clothes strewn about corridor. Sits on bed to don shoes. Bed collapses.

7.50: Uncomfortable feeling in nether limbs. Benumbed investigation reveals fact that trousers, discarded in haste after close of 3 a.m. "alert", are now inside out.

7.55: Trousers replaced right way round on nether limbs.

8.10: Collapsed bed, sheets, and blankets replaced in respective store-centres. Research chemist signs off as fire guard, plodshome for breakfast.

9.20: Chastened chemist, full of bacon substitute, fried egg, toast and crstaz marmalade, returns to laboratories, signs "Late-comers" book. (Turn the page: it gets better

*This is the correct Mercutian accentuation.

The world of to-morrow (Cont.)

9.30: Observes note written on desk blotting pad following late night inspiration: "Urea plus acet. = VVVVVV Places buzzing head in hands, tries to remember which chemical "Acet." was. Finally wonders what "VVVVVV" would have been anyway.

10.0: Rigs up reflex apparatus, hoping for return of previous night's inspiration. Office boy produces letter: "Have you any news for us re the properties of our product, Perseplastic?" Hasty consultation with junior assistant, coupled with references to note-books; junior assistant searches lab. and produces three-months-old, unopened sample bottle of Perseplastic.

10.45: Jaundiced chemist brews coffee.

11.15: Bell rings summoning chemist to Directorial office. Chemist straightens tie, adopts improbable air of efficiency, steps smartly into office.

1120: Director conducts long phone conversation, during which tired chemist droops again.

11.40: Director transfixes chemist with inimical glare. Super-formalised resin which incapable chemist has taken months to prepare smells of formaldehyde. What does good-for-nothing chemist think he's paid for? Worthless chemist had better return to laboratory and devise now super-formalised resin free from excess formalin, or else. And chemist had better not try to argue. How does he know it can't be done until he's tried? Lazy chemist should use whatever he alleges is inside thick chemist's skull.

12.10: Chastened chemist trudges back to laboratory, looks up scent catalog in vain hope of finding perfume to mask formaldehyde without inactivating it. In middle of devising wild schemes for fixing formaldehyde with trained bacteria, recalls inspiration of previous night sets chemicals sizzling under reflux. Then remembers distillation method necessary to remove water formed by reaction. Reassembles ap-

Apparatus

1.00; Beef sausage and mash in can-
teen

2.00; Returns to laboratory, observes with satisfaction that resinous reaction product is forming in distillation flask.

2.15: Research chemist friend wanders from next laboratory to discuss possibilities of extracting vitamin C from cabbage water. Animated discussion, during which contents of distillation flask boil over.

2.45: Research chemist cleans flask and starts again.
3.30: Junior assistant finishes cleaning jobs and is given task of stewing beastly tarry substitute material with chemical modifier.

4.0: Tea arrives for jaundiced chemist. Junior assistant retires for mess-room tea.

4.2: Junior assistant's brew "bumps" violently, distributes itself over laboratory ceiling. Chemist gulps down scalding tea and mops up mess.

4.45: Chemist recovers resinous material from distillation flask. Decides new resin must be washed before test. Places it in water stream 5.0. Writes up notes for day.

5.30: Writes up notes for day.
5.30: Returns to place where resin was left. Discovers resin must have been water-soluble, and is now dispersed throughout the drainage.

tributed throughout town's drains.
6.0: Sadly blacks out laboratory, &
goes home for hasty dinner, then
hurries off for Home Guard drill.

11.0: Returns to bed at home. Nightmare formaldehyde molecules haunt exhausted chemist's dreams.

FULLY JOKE.
Teacher: What is Chicago notorious

Teacher: That's right!
for? MAKE
Johnny: For it's amazing-
Teacher (instantly): That's right!

LAMP POST is produced by Impossible Publications (Ink), Misdirector, E. Frank Parker of 6 Greytiles, Queen's Road, Teddington, Middx., and is distributed with JMR's FIDO to illustrate by contrast just how good FIDO is.

Don't miss our Special Souvenir Issue for December, 2045!