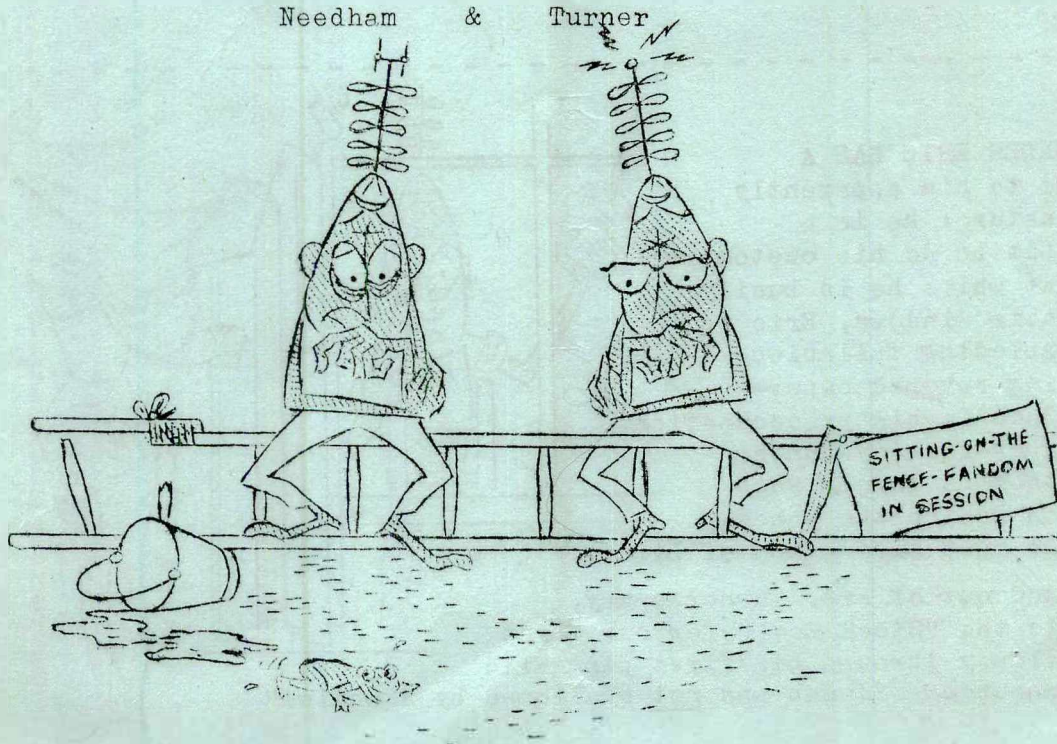


# Now & Then

An occasional publication of the  
ROMILEY FAN VETERANS & SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY  
produced by  
Needham & Turner





# BY WAY OF EXPLANATION...

WHEN THE TURNER FAMILY MOVED INTO THE VILLAGE OF ROMILEY it found that two major activities of the outside world were sadly neglected. There were no fans: there were no Scottish Dancers. Immediate action was taken to remedy this defect.

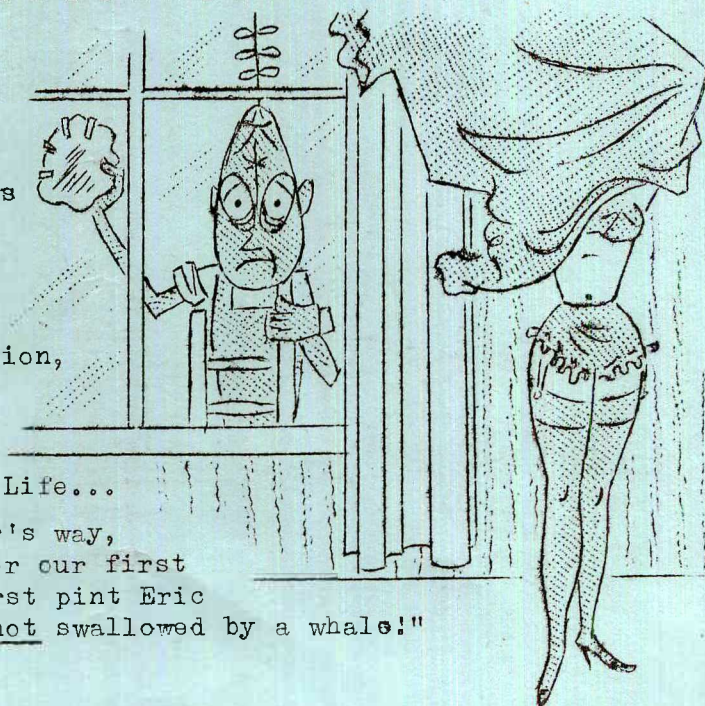
So, in April 1954, the ROMILEY FAN VETERANS & SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY was formed. Founder members are Harry Turner and Eric Needham, two waifs from pre-war fandom. Local propaganda having produced no results, we are reduced to enrolling all fans who stray into the Cheshire countryside and visit the Sacred Place of Romiley. This pilgrimage to HQ may be waived at the Founders' discretion so that membership can be conferred upon deserving fans in remote corners of the Queen's Realm and Other Lands.

Since newcomers to the ranks already have the human, legal and civil rights of all free citizens, any further rights or privileges would give to our members that privileged status which is utterly at variance with the principles of enlightened democracy.

Members have been informed of the momentous happenings at Romiley through the pages of Now & Then, the quarterly Proceedings of the RFV&SDS. We feel that the world should know of the strange incidents disturbing the peace of the hamlet of Romiley; you have been chosen to pass on the Word. In this, and future issues, the Secret Knowledge heretofore confined to members is revealed to all...

FELLOW FOUNDER ERIC HAS A wicked side to his apparently guileless nature: he is a debunker. Little do his customers suspect that while he is busily cleaning their windows, Eric is mentally exploding fallacies and debunking revered superstitions. Such is his preoccupation, that this arch-fallacy-hunter confesses that he rarely sees what goes on behind the panes he wipes. He must miss a lot of Life...

We had dodged out of Mrs. Turner's way, adjourned to the "Stock Dove" for our first meeting. Halfway through his first pint Eric suddenly announced: "Jonah was not swallowed by a whale!"



I had been saying bitter things about convention committees and while I paused to try and fathom the connexion between Jonah and the SuperMancon, Eric continued.

"Both biological and geographical reasons preclude any possibility of cetaceous rescue", he announced, flicking cigarette ash into my cider. "The former is so obvious as to be beneath contempt. A glance at the map of the world at the time of Herodotus will expose the remaining fallacy. Embarking from Joppa, Jonah sailed westward to Tarshish, which the Encyclopedia Britannica identifies as Tartessus in the province of Cicilia in Southern Spain, near the site of present-day Cadiz. In theory, after three days and three nights, the "great fish" left Jonah within three days journey of Nineveh, a city on the Tigris, some 400 miles to the east".

Obviously, he had cleaned many windows that day: he had it all worked out and was determined to unburden himself. I removed my glass from the vicinity of his ash-laden cigarette and just listened.

"Modern archeology and the use of radio-carbon 14 proves the existence of a land barrier between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean before the Suez Canal. Accordingly, the whale in 72 hours must have travelled through the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Gibraltar, all the way round Africa, into the Persian Gulf, and up the Tigris - a distance of about 11,000 miles representing an average speed of 150 knots."

"Now - supposing the "great fish" to be a spaceship, with a highly advanced alien crew, the mystery is solved. By its air-tight nature, such a vessel could hide under water and, do not forget, some 80% of this planet is under water or ice. Assuming control of gravity, the aliens, by causing small gravitic fluctuations, could create a marine and atmospheric disturbance of such intensity as to render a sailing ship uncontrollable. There is evidence of astute alien psychology in the fact that they chose this method of terrifying the native crew into jettisoning their merchandise. In this way the aliens obtained Tellurian artifacts without arousing suspicion - plus one of the dominant species! For some unhumanitarian reason, perhaps because Jonah was sub-standard, he was rejected and set down within walking distance of (but out of sight of) Nineveh."

"Much speculation among historians and theologists as to the nature of the "great fish" (in the Greek, MAGNA PISCE) has been misled by the failure to realise that this is an anagram, and a bi-lingual anagram, from the most advanced tongue of the ancient world to the most advanced language of today. Small wonder then, that its meaning remained concealed so long."

He paused to sup his ale. The folk at the next table leaned forward anxiously, agog to hear the solution to this riddle. "This anagram", he resumed, "reveals the nature of Ghod as a space-traveller unaffected by gravity. The meaning of the anagram of MAGNA PISCE is:

I, SPACEMAN (minus G)."

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(Any theological students or Latin scholars in our audience? No? Good!)



AT OUR SECOND MEETING, Eric waved airily in the direction of the barmaid and said "Look at that woman". As I had been glancing in that direction for some time, I thought the remark superfluous and said so. "Who would think that a mere 954,546,217 years, eight months and two days ago her ancestors were glutinous amoebae?" he asked. Personally, her past did not worry me: I was content with the present state of affairs.

But Eric pursued his theme. It seems that he had spent the day brooding over the problems of Darwinism, and concluded that in his theory of natural selection, Darwin fails sadly to extrapolate his reasoning. "A giraffe evolved into its present form after centuries, because, Darwin says, its long neck enabled it to find food on the tops of trees, while animals with shorter necks died of hunger. Fine, so far as it goes."

I grunted assent and drained my glass.

"The trees," said Eric, pursuing his theme, "being living organisms, presumably retaliate by growing taller and taller in an attempt to avoid being devoured by giraffes. The giraffes once again, grow longer necks."

He sighed and stubbed his cigarette.

"Where will it end?" he asked.

"Let's go and see a man about a dog," I said.

---

THE SUN SHONE ONE SUNDAY during summer and the membership decided unanimously to adjourn the meeting and go fishing in Marple canal. The junior section - Phil, Bill and Bob - marched off in single file, clutching fishing-nets and jam-jars, led by Uncle Eric and marshalled by Marion and myself. We wandered past the anglers on the canal bank in search of a reputedly tiddler-infested spot. The catch was very small at first and it turned out that several large specimens in Philip's jar had been scrounged from disgusted anglers. Eric confessed, however, that he had not so far realised what a good excuse children were for adults wishing to enjoy the pleasures of childhood over again without embarrassment. And so saying, he snatched Robert's net under the pretence of helping him, and the jars began to fill up at a terrific rate. In view of this success, we offered to lend Eric one or two of the Turner offspring permanently so that he could really enjoy himself. Eric hastily changed the subject.

"Did I tell you about the Magnetic Crayfish?" he asked. Ignoring our blank looks, he went on: "I was thumbing through a book on magnetism and electricity and came across a screwy experiment. It seems that Doctor Schoenberg, inventor of the TV Emitron camera, found a way to persuade an unwitting crayfish to swim upside-down. Its aural canals were drained and stuffed with iron filings; when a powerful magnet was held above it, the crayfish, in the belief that gravity was pulling upwards, swam on its back."

Marion and I exchanged looks of frank disbelief. Eric diligently pursued another tiddler. On the way home, with jars crammed full of fish and water-snails, he had an abstracted air. We have not heard the last word on the Magnetic Crayfish...

Judas hanged himself from a bough.  
A curious use for trees...  
What use to perish, no more to cherish

WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL PEAS ?

Socrates died by his own hand.  
Imagine what this means...  
A whole life wasted - he never tasted

WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL BEANS !

Darwin sought the source of man  
In terms of links and crossages...  
Achieved it, no doubt,  
but he lived without

WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL SAUSAGES

To shoot an apple from his small son's head  
Tell used an accurate, true barb...  
Descendants flourishing, reared on nourishing

WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL RHUBARB

Gone now the Great Sheik of Araby,  
His white steed with some fair charmer lade-  
n. Too old for snogging, he's now busy flogging

WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL MARMALADE

The most intimate article of lingerie  
Won't cause a moment's unease if  
You secure your scanties, your briefs or your panties  
With WIDOWER'S PATENT ADHESIVE

Children have eyes which are quite large in size  
And Scots bairns may hae somewhat larger een  
And in pure delight grow wide at the sight  
of WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL MARGARINE

(Country-fresh, of course!)

Visitors to Romiley now en-  
rolled in the RFV&SDS:

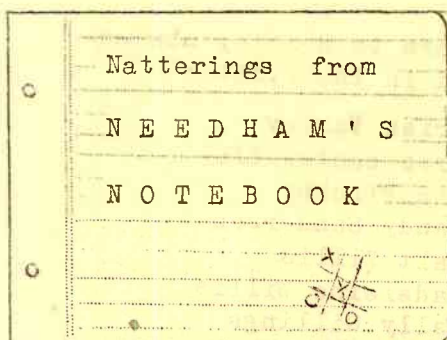
Brian Varley  
Eric Bentcliffe  
Sid Birchby  
Sandy Sanderson  
Walt Willis  
Madeleine Willis  
Wally Gillings  
Norman Shorrocks  
Ina Shorrocks  
Bob Shaw  
James White  
Derek Pickles  
Frances Evans  
Pat Darrell  
Terry Jeeves

Two members were enrolled  
at an Extra-ordinary Meeting  
of the RFV&SDS held at Tresco  
Orchards, and have yet  
to make the usual  
Pilgrimage to the  
Sacred Place of  
Romiley and pay  
homage to our  
worthy Founders:

Ken Bulmer  
Pamela Bulmer

PONG  
WAS  
HERE  
X





"... I had become used to the spectacle of my crayfish swimming on its back, but when several days passed and the crayfish remained unmoving on the floor of the tank, unresponsive to any magnetic field, the suspicion grew that the flaming thing was dead. And so it was. Conceive of my sorrow.

Acquiring another crayfish from the Dogs' Home, I borrowed Kopilocher's Brain Surgery for Beginners and Teach Yourself Lobotomy from the archives of the Party. As both

these books omit to describe how to chloroform a crayfish I adopted the expedient of pouring cyclopropane scopolamine and methylene glycol into the water. As the patient lost all consciousness I risked post-operational engrams by singing merrily as I stuffed its aural canals with iron filings, as laid down in Doc Schoenberg's book. (Magnetism, 1949, Sigma Books). On recovery MC2 showed complete indifference to magnetic fields until I changed the water. Also began to introduce iron dust into his food.

SUCCESS!! MC2 now rotates about his longitudinal axis in the presence of a low frequency alternating field at 50 c.p.s. or 3,000 revs a minute. Possibilities seem immense, but need test gear. Wonder if Harry has frequency modulated square wave oscillator?

Called to see Harry, and he dug the R.F. eddy current projector unit from one of Philip's old heat-rays. Marion is worried about whether agene-bleached flour is fit to eat, since it gives dogs hysteria. I just laughed. Spent the evening reading up polyphase A.C. theory and dosing MC2 with Parrish's Chemical Food.

Tonight Harry called to see me as I was haywiring a small low-frequency transmitter. He pointed out that as 50 cycles corresponds to 6 million metres, radiation is nil. Saw at once that the crayfish must be made even more sensitive. Harry mentioned that he had two dogs in the cellar, one being fed on bread bleached with nitrogen trichloride and the other on chlorine dioxide. Seems daft to me when you can feed one dog on both.

MC2 can now spin so fast in his tank that centrifugal force empties out all the water. Continued doses of iron and Parrish's are making him so sensitive that he spins if his tank is placed near mains wiring. The radiation from a television line time-base being saw-tooth D.C. had a very depressing effect on him, necessitating force-feeding with iron-enriched spinach.

Learned today that Vargo Statten fan asked Harry to form Local Chapter. Harry has him in the cellar, feeding him on dog biscuits. MC2 is now so sensitive that he gets no rest, so I fitted him with a de-gaussing band.

DISASTER! Switched on an induction heater without removing the late MC2's de-gaussing band. Until new crayfish comes I am studying gyro-magnetostrictive oscillators and, in particular, very low temperature engineering using adiabatic demagnetisation refrigeration methods. If any substance round about  $-272^{\circ}\text{C}$  becomes a super conductor, maybe something can still be done with Toscanini.

Met Harry at work. Claims both dogs and neofan exhibiting hysteria.

New crayfish arrived and ferrolobotomised. Drafted out a 3-phase system, with one phase nullified, since gravity will take the place of this. By a reactive phase-shift network and pulse amplitude control on the two live phases, I should be able to govern the crayfish in three planes. I think that if fitted with fins or prop MC3 has interesting possibilities as a war weapon, given a suitable war-head. Dug out my last land mine detonator.

Letter from Harry says that he is curing dogs of hysteria by feeding them on neofan flesh. The neofan's inedible osseous structure was packed into a box and despatched to 10 Downing Street.

Demonstration of MC3 today on Marple Canal. Regrettably, MC3 got out of control, dived steeply and blew a hole in the canal bed.

On the way back Harry gave an opinion. "Obviously," said he, "any dog fed on bleached flour is entitled to go hysterical, as is any man fed exclusively on dog biscuits; but, it seems it is not canine hysteria."

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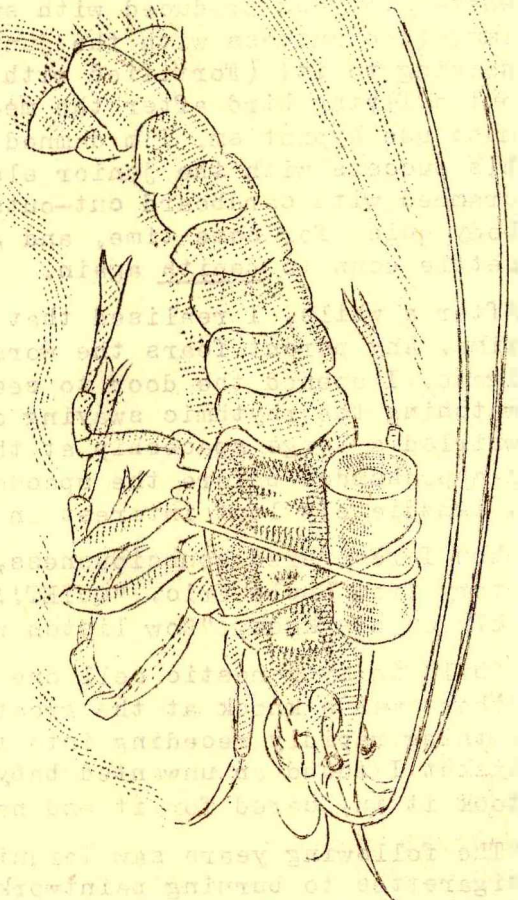
## Nocturne

As Manchester daylight fails  
O'er Lewis's and Baxendales  
High above Smithfield Market refuse  
Richard Johnson and his Nephews  
And mist creeps round the dingy cavern  
Known as Yates' Tea Total Tavern

Left to midnight mice and fairies  
Lancashire Hygienic Dairies.  
Home to bed and lullaby-lands  
The staff of Littlewoods and Rylands,  
Red neon-glow and dusk intenser  
Woolworth's, Henry's, Marks & Spencer

Unseen by hurrying homeward goers  
Amalgamated Cardroom Blowers.  
Closed to avarice and enmity  
Employers Mutual Indemnity  
And now in slumbrous dark enshrouden  
Hillier, Parker, May and Rowden.

And there the window cleaner's Nemesis  
An unlit block of empty premises!





THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND saw a disciplinary visit from Derek Pickles. Under the excuse of preoccupation with SuperMancon work I had been dodging the task of collaborating in the production of another Zenith - by now in the ranks of the legendary fanzines. Anyway, Derek arrived and we got down to business, only to be interrupted by the arrival of Eric's bike, with Himself at the controls and Frances Evans on the pillion. We didn't get much work done after that. Bill and Robert persuaded Aunty Fran and Uncle Eric to make some paper elephants from instructions given in the Rupert Annual. Fans who have ever attempted to make any of the folded paper novelties devised by the editor of this publication will sympathise with them.

The first time I tried it, it was a paper bird that was supposed to fly up the chimney carrying messages to Santa Claus. The result resembled the illustration in the book in a scrumpled sort of way, but did not pass the scrutiny of a contemptuous five-year-old. My second attempt was a little nearer the ideal, but did not wing its way up the chimney in quite the effortless fashion of the bird in the book. Ever since then, I have avoided the Rupert Annual like the plague.

Fran and Eric were soon in difficulties and no two elephants produced were alike. At this point, Uncle Derek took over. It seems that there is a basic technique to all these folded paper novelties, and once this is mastered all else follows. Never have I seen elephants, boats, birds, hats and what-have-yous produced with such elan and perfection. Uncle Derek was an immediate success with the junior members of the RFV&SDS. It was easy... nothing to it! (Fortified with this knowledge I surreptitiously tried out a flying bird after the meeting had adjourned. This Pickles fellow must use hypnotism. I'm damned if I can make the system work). To add to his success with the junior element, Uncle Derek had brought along a book crammed with cardboard cut-outs of jets and spaceships. This kept everybody quiet for some time, and gave Derek and I chance to sneak out and settle down to Zenith again.

After a while, I realised that it had been quiet for a suspiciously long time. Any parent fears the worst in such circumstances; I rose to investigate. I opened the door to see the kids lying full-length on the floor watching the rhythmic swaying of Aunty Fran's torso as she enthusiastically whirled a large spaceship at the end of a long piece of string. So much I apprehended before the spaceship swung round and hit me behind the ear. I immediately lost interest in the proceedings...

When I recovered consciousness, the kids were clamouring for a bedtime story from Uncle Eric. "QUIET!!" bellowed Eric, as Fran settled comfortably on his knee, "Now listen while I tell you all about a dragon."

"While in my monastic cell one night illuminating a manuscript," said Eric, "there was a knock at the great gate, followed by a rushing noise as of a thing rapidly receding into the distance. At the gate in a wicker basket I found an unwanted baby dragon, deserted by his mother, and I took it in, cared for it and named it Tarquin."

"The following years saw Tarquin grow great and strong, from lighting cigarettes to burning paintwork off doors. In the end he became a comprehensive cutting and welding plant. Sometimes his undoubted affection for me became too warm."



"To correct a common misconception, let me say that dragons do not breathe flame but merely exhale it. The flame is an incidental by-product and can be likened to the CO<sub>2</sub> breathed out by humans. People who have been bitten by a dragon know that the teeth of a dragon are of different metals, the incisors and canines being of nickel and the molars and bicusps of iron. Since Tarquin's saliva was practically pure sodium hydroxide, the effect of his mouth watering on sighting a virgin may be easily seen. A powerful chemical reaction took place when his teeth were immersed in this natural electrolyte, causing several hundred amperes to flow through his mouth in addition to the inevitable difference in electrostatic potential existing between dissimilar metals. Two sets of test equipment were destroyed by fire before I gave up the attempt to find the intensity of the current.

"Let it be sufficient to say that this current could electrolyse his saliva into an oxy-hydro-sodium gas of such pressure as to compel him to open his mouth, and as his teeth parted, an electrical discharge occurred, not unlike a spark-gap, which

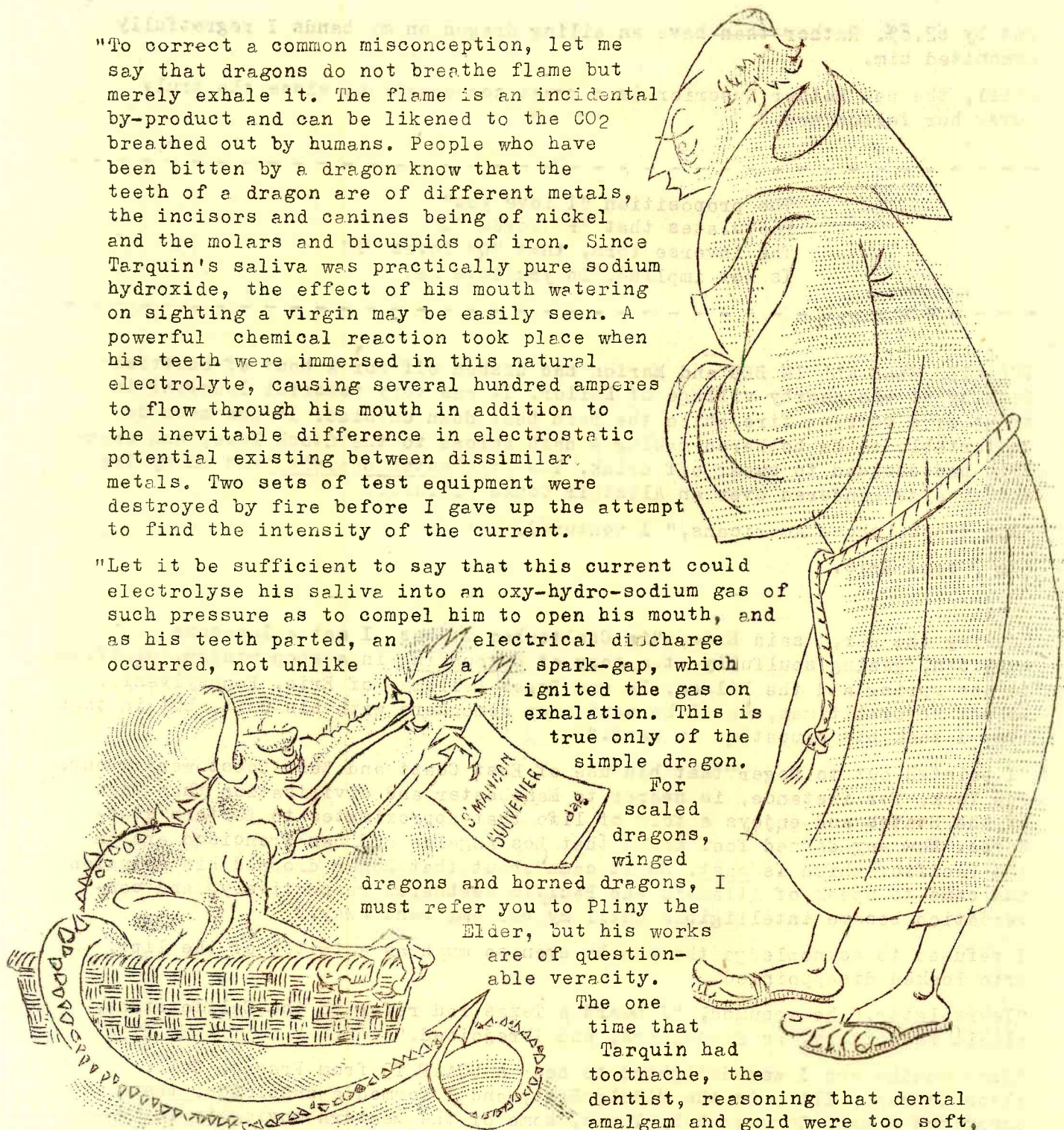
ignited the gas on exhalation. This is true only of the simple dragon.

For scaled dragons, winged dragons and horned dragons, I must refer you to Pliny the Elder, but his works are of questionable veracity.

The one time that Tarquin had toothache, the dentist, reasoning that dental amalgam and gold were too soft,

filled the cavity with platinum, which served as a catalyst and kept Tarquin in a flame-blowing ecstasy for days.

"Modern girls being what they are," continued Uncle Eric, looking sternly at Auntie Fran, "it became difficult to find plump young virgins rich in protein and fats. For a time, novices and peasant girls entering Retreat supplied Tarquin's diet, but when these failed I ruined Tarquin's health by feeding him the Mother Superior. She was an elderly virgin of low calorific value and lowered his thermal out-





put by 62.8%. Rather than have an ailing dragon on my hands I regretfully dynamited him.

"Still, the new Mother Superior is a great compensation, since she truly loves her fellow men."

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The proposition "I love you"  
Postulates that "P" loves "Q".  
The inverse form, that "Q" loves "P"  
Is not implied. Do you love me?

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THE KIDS WERE ALL IN BED and Marion had dashed off for a bout of Scottish Dancing at the nearby village of Mellor. It was very peaceful lounging in front of a roaring fire while the rain beat down outside. It was much too comfortable to be bothered making a dash across to the Stock Dove, and anyway, Eric had decided to swear off drink. The Manchester Guardian was on my lap and my eyes wandered over an Alistair Cooke article.

"Rum types, these Americans," I ventured.

"Um", said Eric.

I dozed.

"During the war," said Eric, "in Cheltenham it was, I met a lonesome American, gazing soulfully at a copy of Astounding in a shop window, oblivious to the spring and the lilacs. He was Roger Bellamy, of Erie, Pennsylvania. We met several times, until he went away somewhere with his unit, but in that time I took his education in hand."

"I pointed out to Roger that his use of East Coast and West Coast were wrong. New York, for instance, is nearer to Manchester and civilisation than most of the States and enjoys a form of life that approximates to Western standards. Now any damned fool knows that Los Angeles and San Francisco are on the Pacific, which is east. So it came about that Roger dropped his delusion and came to speak of Atlantic and Pacific seaboards respectively, and conversation became intelligible until my bel ami went away."

I refused to acknowledge the pun by even so much as a twitch of the lips. Eric looked disappointed.

"Years later," he resumed, "I heard a Texas lad refer to the Californians, albeit scathingly, as Easterners, and I rejoiced."

"Some months ago I was delighted to hear a USAAF T3 from Fresno, Cal., place Chicago, Ill., in the Middle East, and I formed a suspicion, then consulted a map. Sure enough, Texas, home of the Western movie, is in the south. Further enquiries elicited the amazing fact that mint julep, corn pone, fried chicken and Kentucky colonels are all available in Alaska, thus establishing the locality of the Deep South. Now I can state, with no authority whatever, that one of two things is wrong with the United States. Either the dwellers in that country do not believe that they live in an inverted-mirror-image land, or the map is upside-down."

"Rum types, these Americans," Eric observed.

"Um", said I.

We both dozed.



Capone ended up in Alcatraz  
The worst Chicago Mobster.  
His life of crime left him no time  
for WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL LOBSTER

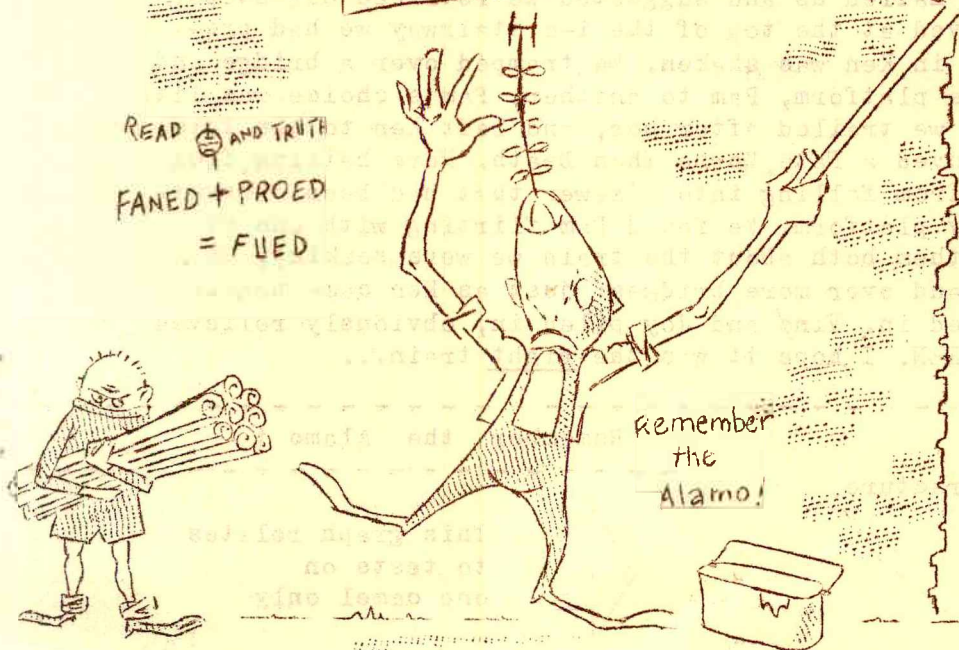
Lewis Mumford's most excellent thesis  
Of buildings baroque and rococo  
Was initiated, and then stimulated  
by WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL COCOA

### RICHMOND GROVE

Lucifer fell from heavenly grace  
And landed in the gutter.  
What caused his slide was not his pride  
but WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL BUTTER

Perhaps your child has his mother's eyes  
But appearances can be deceptive.  
Undoubted maternity, but as for paternity  
WIDOWER'S WOM are unable to offer any assistance

READ AND TRUTH  
FANED + PROED  
= FUED



Remember  
the  
Alamo!

ONE OF THE SHORTCOMINGS  
of the Space-Times Re-  
search Bureau's Survey  
of British Ransom is that  
it casts little light on  
the amount of time that  
Famous Fans devote to  
home decorating. Even  
that full-time fan  
Vin~~g~~ Clarke wields a  
paint brush on occasion.  
Ted Tubb is an expert  
paper-hanger. Stu  
Mackenzie I caught  
distemping when I  
made a surprise visit.  
And I've spent a whole  
weekend with the Bulmers  
airily discussing con-  
temporary schemes for  
their recently acquired  
home. Now the Super-  
Mancon is out of the  
way, I have joined  
the ranks. The heavy  
responsibilities of  
home-decorating are  
a wonderful justifi-  
cation for  
dodging fannish  
obligations.

But let's get  
back to the Bulmers...

Whenever we go into  
the Stock Dove, Eric  
insists on treating  
me to a cider. And I,  
naturally, insist on  
Bulmer's Cider. So it  
was a big thrill for  
me to visit the Tresco  
Orchards and meet the  
proprietor, H.Ken  
Bulmer, and his wife,  
Pamela, the beautiful  
editor of Ugh!

We struggled past  
ceiling-high stacks  
of cartons packed  
with apples, and  
wandered thru the  
orchard. The trees

were groaning under the weight of fruit, apples dropping right and left. Ken eluded them with the ease of long habits: I was not so fortunate. Local legend has it that Newton discovered gravity in the Tresco Orchards. Owing to the distractions, I couldn't concentrate on Ken's conversation but gathered that some Wiltshire tycoon, whose name I didn't catch, had made a take-over bid for this famous cider concern. I nearly tumbled into the huge iron tank where, Ken informed me, the fresh fruit is trampled into sweet juice by the feet of local fans.

We returned to the house. We ascended to view the boxroom-cum-storeroom filled with empty cartons for storing fruit; we descended to the cellars to sample some real vintage stuff. While Ken rhapsodised, my roving eye caught sight of a jumble of apparatus at the rear of the room. I was intrigued. Ken saw my interest, and hastily grabbed a sheaf of notes from under my nose before I had chance to read more than "...inhaling... breath-taking product... ALCOHOLIC STEAM..." To judge from the speed with which I was hauled up to Ken's Den and had my eyes filled with fanmags, I had stumbled on some revolutionary development that will one day startle fandom and the world at large.

A word of warning to any fan who decides to visit the Tresco Orchards. The nearest station is EITHER GREEN which has a greater platform footage per head of population than any other suburban station. Even the Bulmers have not explored its furthest reaches; I lost myself with the greatest of ease and the help of a porter immediately on my arrival.

Vin~~g~~ Clarke and Joy Goodwin called in the evening, contrived to miss the last bus, and decided to take the train. Once at the station, the Bulmers disagreed about getting to the right platform. Since Pam had earlier confessed to an easily confused sense of direction, we put our trust in Ken, followed him past an invitingly-convenient stairway leading up to the platforms, only to finish up at the blank end of an unlit, deserted platform. A distant porter hailed us and suggested we retraced our steps. We did and eventually arrived at the top of the i-c stairway we had previously ignored. Our faith in Ken was shaken. We tramped over a bridge and Ken disappeared down to one platform, Pam to another. Pam's choice was lit: after a moments hesitation we trailed after her, and left Ken to his fate. In the event, it almost proved a Fate Worse Than Death. More hailing from distant porters saved Ken from falling into a sewer that had been excavated at the end of the gloomy platform. We found Pam flirting with one of the porters, and reminded them both about the train we were seeking. We were guided thru a tunnel and over more bridges: just as Ken came panting up behind us, a train rolled in. Vin~~g~~ and Joy piled in, obviously relieved to get away from HITHER GREEN. I hope it was the right train...

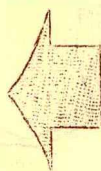
Straw  
Density

50,000  
40,000  
30,000  
20,000  
10,000

Fracture

Spinal  
Duration

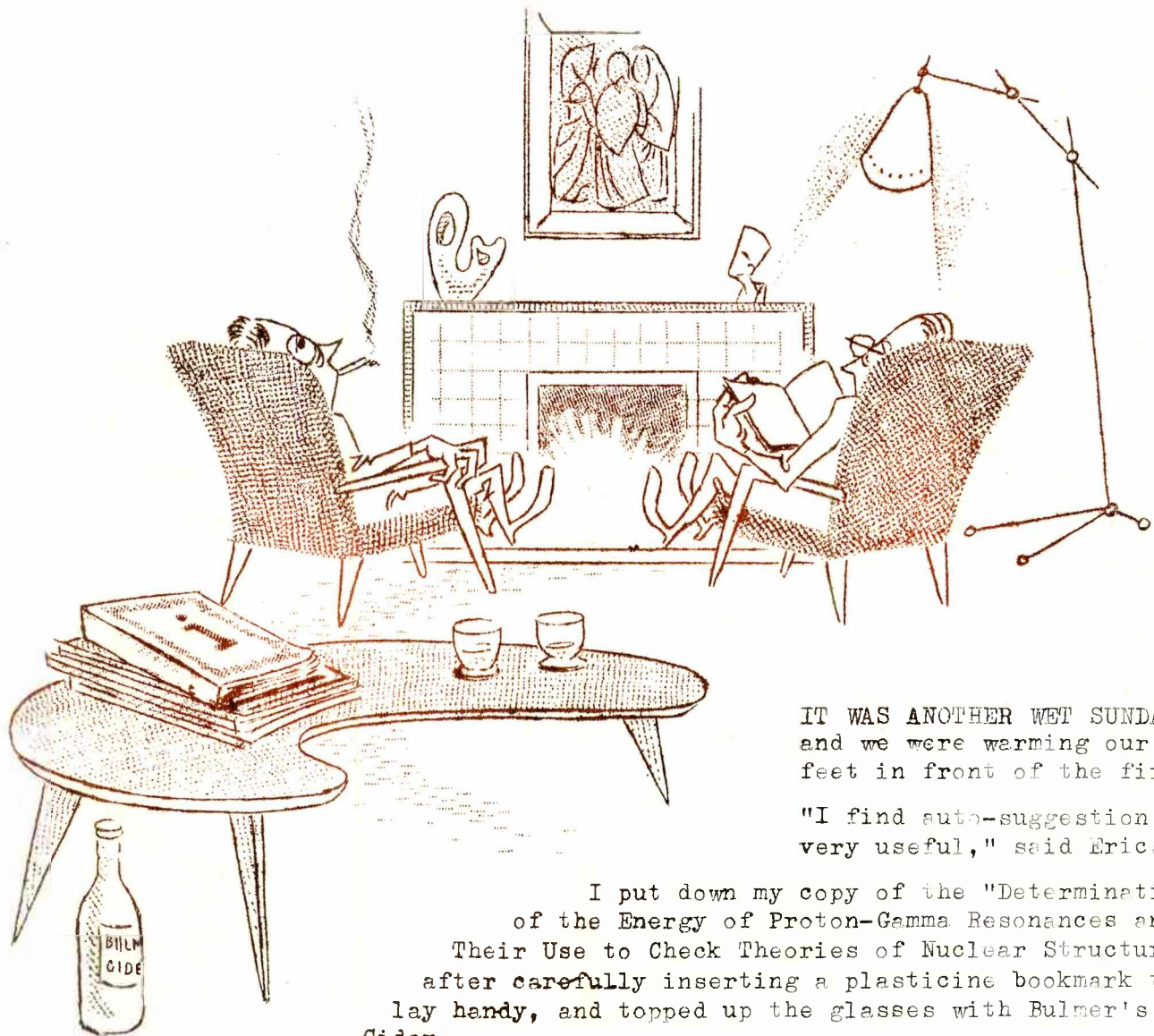
Remember the Alamo !



This graph relates  
to tests on  
one camel only

ERRATUM: Page 6, line 23 - for  
"Lead Sulphide" read "Les Sylphides".





IT WAS ANOTHER WET SUNDAY  
and we were warming our  
feet in front of the fire.

"I find auto-suggestion  
very useful," said Eric.

I put down my copy of the "Determination  
of the Energy of Proton-Gamma Resonances and  
Their Use to Check Theories of Nuclear Structure",  
after carefully inserting a plasticine bookmark that  
lay handy, and topped up the glasses with Bulmer's  
Cider.

"The other day a Salvation Army collector called with his little  
box. When he said it was Self-Denial Week I whole-heartedly agreed with  
him. The ultimate end of self-denial is to deny that I exist, and this  
relieves me of the necessity of financing the Salvation Army."

Eric brooded awhile, and then: "In housework too, it helps. I loathe  
housework, and auto-suggestion helps me to cut it to a minimum. When the  
bedroom needs cleaning, I move all the living-room furniture into the bed-  
room and decorate the living-room, which, since I have little spare time,  
takes months, and during this period the bedroom is so bunged up with furni-  
ture that cleaning is impossible. Then I move all the furniture into the  
living-room and decorate the bedroom. Once again, the living-room is too  
cluttered up to clean during the months it takes to decorate the bedroom.  
In this way the flat is kept clean throughout the year."

An hour later I asked: "But what about your bathroom and kitchenette?"

"Sometimes auto-suggestion becomes hallucinatory," said Eric. "I could  
have sworn that I heard you ask an awkward question."

# FAN LOVE

My love has gone, but I recall  
The moment that began it,  
When you sat in the Rechabite's Hall,  
Demurely reading PLANET.

With lovelight gleaming in my eye  
I swore an oath resounding  
I loved you more than life and my  
Collection of ASTOUNDING.

Later that evening when we danced  
A foxtrot to flamenco  
Your arms alone held me entranced,  
Not thionite from Trencu.

You broke my aching heart in three  
And tore its strings asunder,  
When you admitted, brazenly,  
That you liked THRILLING WONDER.

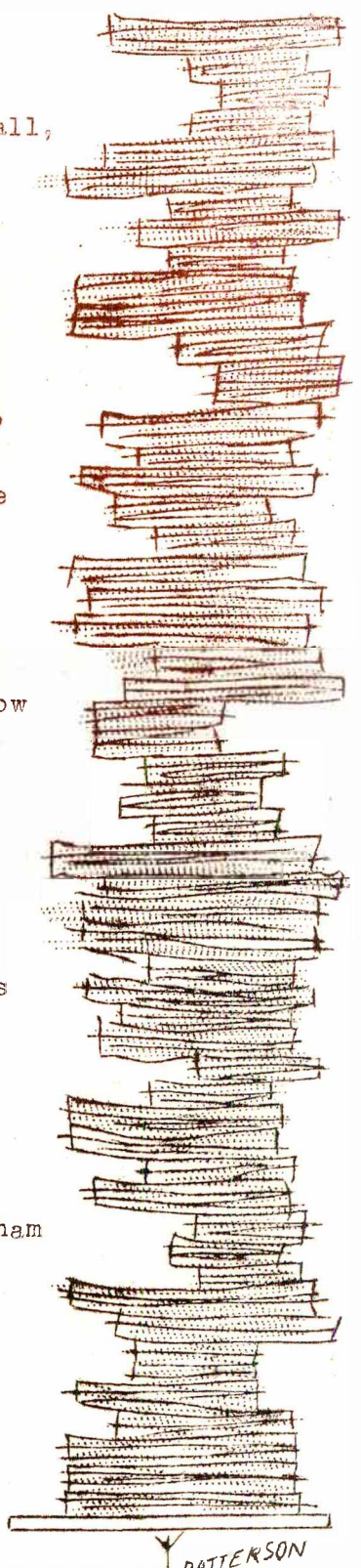
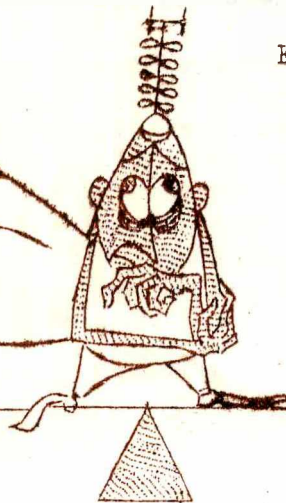
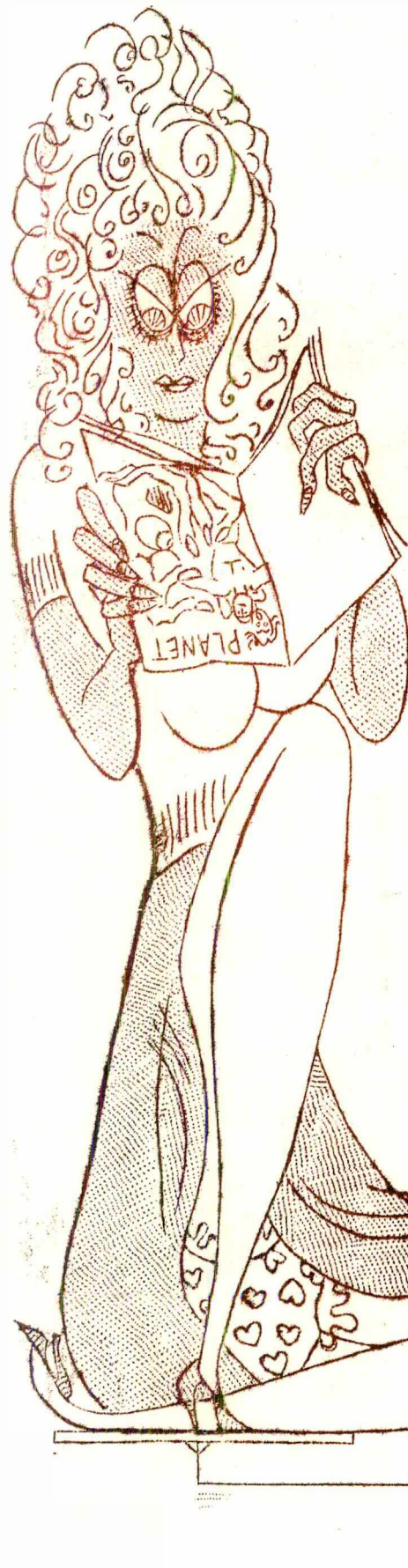
I tried to hide my hurt, and so  
I bought a candy floss cone.  
Then hell! you said you didn't know  
Just who once spoke for Boskone.

And when my feelings, savage fem,  
You had ceased to flatten,  
Why did you have to ravage them  
By reading Vargo Statten ?

So after only two short weeks  
Has every magic spell gone.  
I wish I knew the dread techniques  
Of the Overlords of Delgon.

I turn on you my hateful glower,  
(Reserved for male neurotics)  
Remember, my destructive power  
Knows no Laws of Robotics !

Eric S. Needham





# FEMME LOVE

Don't think I never cared for you,  
But a woman could be keener  
If you had said that you'd be true  
To me, not Norbert Wiener.

That evening with the stars above,  
And my dissatisfaction  
When you mentioned, not our love  
But endocrinic action...

... I wanted so to share your dreams  
Of power-beams, not pylons.  
I wish you'd noticed that the seams  
were straight in my new nylons.

Why did you never speak of me?  
I tried to keep my hair on  
When you raved on about "IPC"  
And Skylark of Valeron.

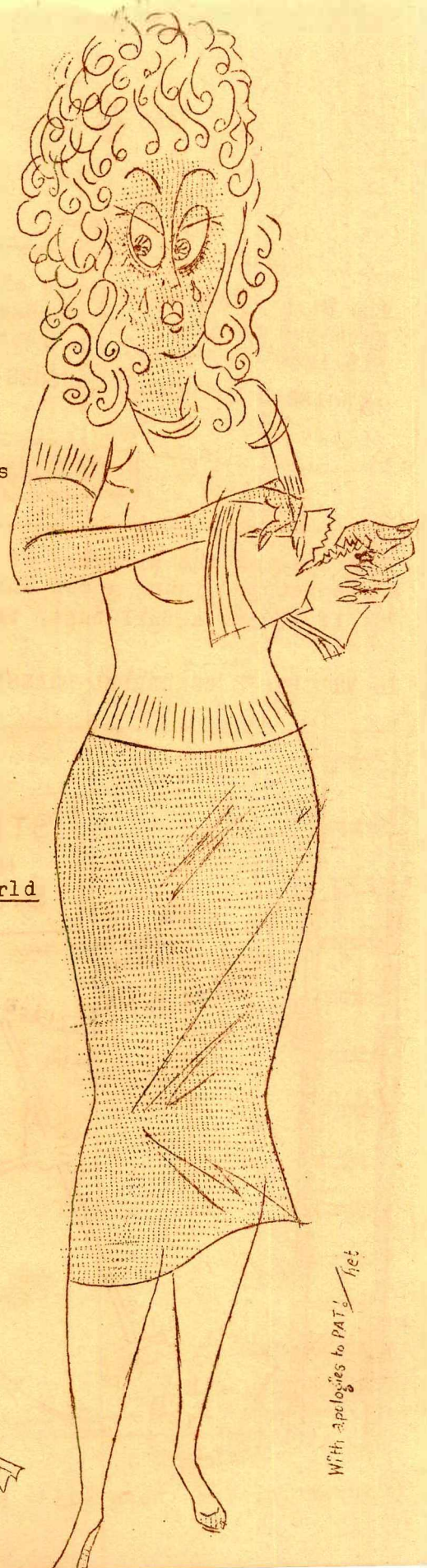
There was no need for you to vex  
Me when I dressed de-luxe-ly  
By speaking of our entire sex  
From the views of Aldous Huxley.

You made my perm come all uncurled  
When in my mother's presence,  
You discussed not only Brave New World  
But worse, that Ape and Essence.

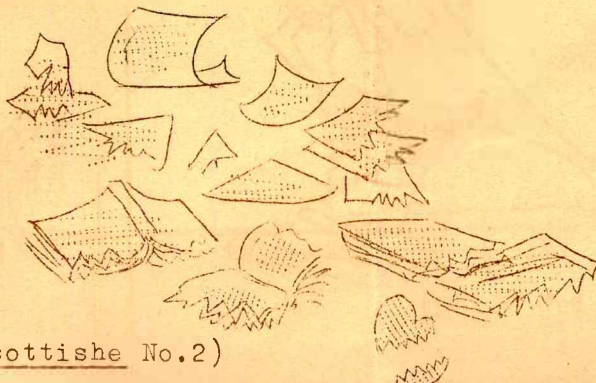
No wolf were you, nor yet a pest,  
And your way of life is frugal,  
But to say the woman you love best  
Is Clarissa MacDougall... well.

One final word now as we part  
I'll say without hesitation:  
I want a man, but you, your heart  
Is in suspended animation !

Eric S. Needham



With apologies to PAT. / het





READ 

The mighty Samson's feats of strength  
Entailed no frets nor fusses.  
His lack of strain? The reason's plain -  
WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL TRUSSES !

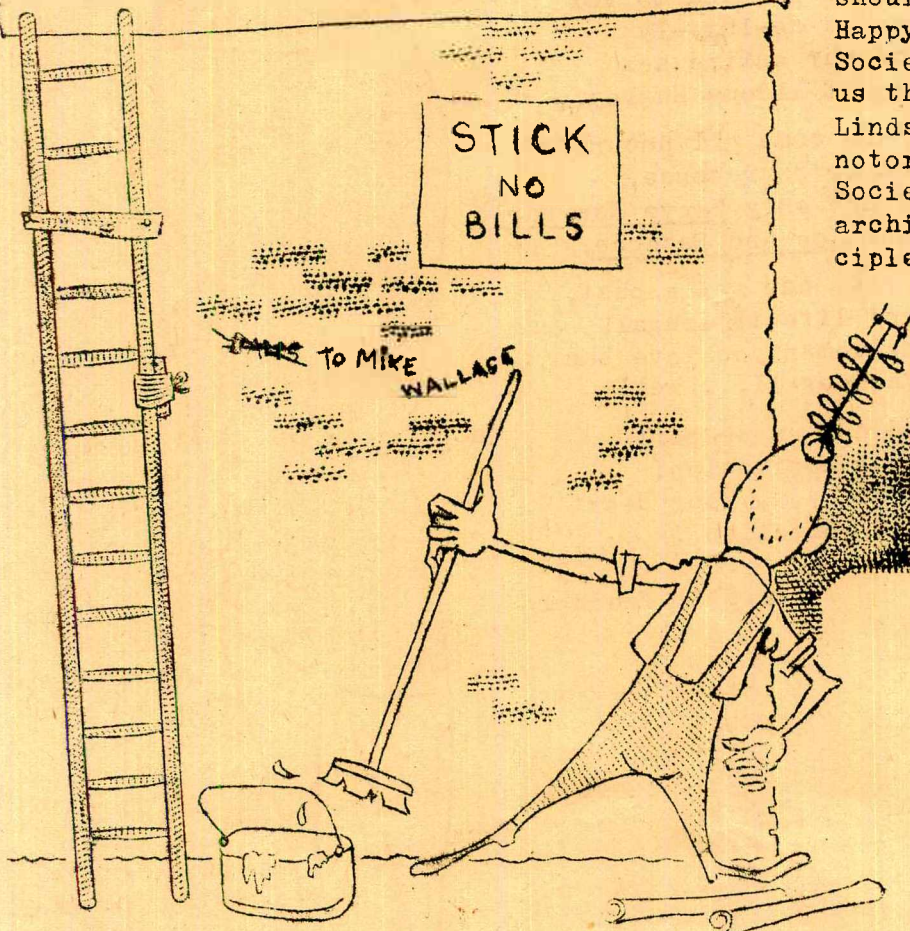
MAKIN STREET

When viewing the wringers of washing machines,  
Ample-bosomed young women show fears;  
But if you've a full bust, then just put  
your trust

In WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL BRASSIERES !

STICK  
NO  
BILLS

TO MIKE  
WALLACE



NOW & THEN 3

The Proceedings of the  
ROMILEY FAN VETERANS &  
SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY

There have been no visits from aspiring members since our last issue. Ethel Lindsay promised to call early in the New Year, but at the mention of a Scottish Dancing session inexplicably postponed her trip.

We have one new member, however. In recognition of services rendered, we have elected

Jeanette Louis (Pat) Patterson, artist extraordinary, and a Derelict of Canadian Fandom. The qualifying visit to HQ has been waived temporarily.

It has been proposed that we should affiliate with the Torbay Happy Fan & Lampshade Makers Society. Alas, word has reached us that their leader, Nigel Lindsay, is a member of the notorious Romiley Fan Dancing Society, the under-cover fan-archistic group whose nonprinciples we steadfastly oppose.

Your Founders are investigating this rumour and will report later.





HOW STRANGE IT IS that throughout life it is the small things which have the greatest influence on us. So small a thing as a hundred gallon drum of Widower's Wart Remover brought me to a fate almost worse than death ... marriage. It was in this way -

When not cleaning windows I try to earn a living by pushing Widower's Products. One night at home I was demonstrating, with a number of toads, the efficacy of the Wart Remover. The prospective buyer, however, seemed more interested in the spectacle of Algy quietly

absorbing a toad in the corner of the room by the Nuremberg Maiden. Imagine my surprise when he said to me, "There is no market for wartless toads at present."

"Could you not create a demand for wartless toads?" I asked. "Get in on the ground floor on a revolutionary new product?"

"Who wants wartless toads?" he enquired irascibly.

"There was no demand at one time for Mexican Hairless Dogs," said I, thoughtfully, "Or wireless telephones, or soapless detergents, or seedless raisins."

The buyer looked at the clock and rose to his feet.

"I have no time to waste," he said.

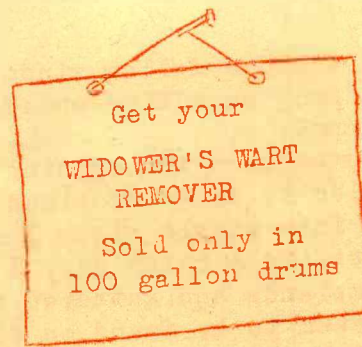
Sensing weakness, I pressed on. "Flameless heaters, strapless brassieres, tubeless tyres, or ..."

"Roofless houses, bottomless bottles, wingless aircraft," he snarled, stomping out.

Some days are like that. Sadly I covered up the drum of Wart Remover, and shoved it into place between the cage of Black Widow spiders and the snake venom distillery. Tossing the rest of the toads to Algy,

I soothed my ruffled feeling with Artie Shaw. But still the thought persisted... wartless toads...

The following day at work it occurred to me that a wartless toad would encounter supply difficulties, since toads are scarce, and when wartless resemble frogs, of which there is a world surplus. Frogs even fall out of the sky in showers of rain, according to Charles Fort. Far be it from me to contradict Charles Fort, but since I work in the open and it rains often, I have yet to see a shower of frogs descend on rooftops and fire-escapes. Once, in Titus Livius's History of Rome, in the first chapter, I came across a reference to a shower of stones on the Capitol, which is just as well since I only read the





first chapter. I asked a fellow window-cleaner, and he admitted that he too, had never seen a frog on a fire-escape. This puzzled me immensely. Do frogs dislike fire-escapes?

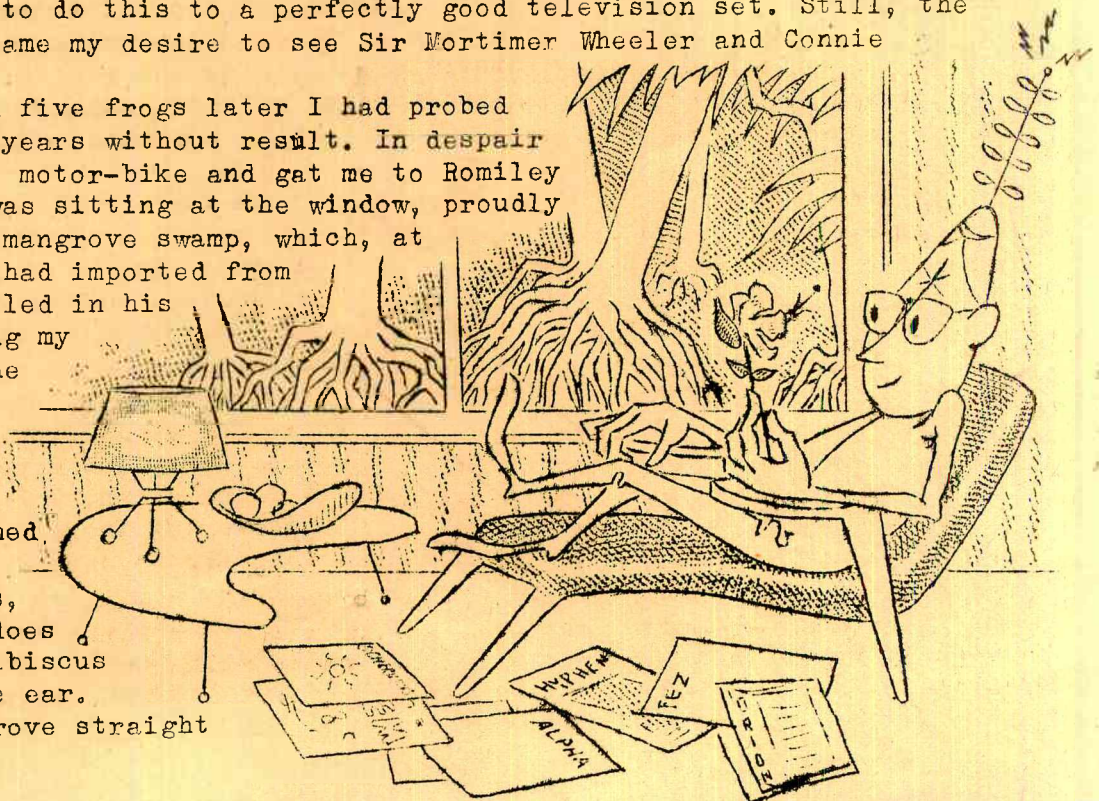
No man shall ever know the cunning with which I stole a three-story fire-escape and smuggled it home unnoticed, all in the spirit of pure scientific research. Or how in a single night I erected it, single-handed, but I am essentially modest. On a rainy day, I borrowed a ten-ton lorry, drove into the Cheshire swamplands and gathered ten tons of frogs, determined to find out why frogs never seem to be found on fire escapes.

It was appalling. The carnage was indescribable. Ton after ton of frogs I carried upstairs in a large bucket. One by one I placed them on the top of the fire-escape outside my window. One by one they hopped off and fell down, down, down on to the jagged rocks and cruel crawling foam below. After seven tons of frogs had been swept away by the outgoing tide, I called a halt to the senseless suicidal urge. Wearily I scooped up Algy in the bucket, carried him downstairs and poured him evenly over the remaining three tons of frogs, and left him to deal with them. Swearing horribly, I pored through Freud, Brill, Kraft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Jung, Hubbard, and Edgar Wallace to find some cause for this insane spate of batrachian self-destruction.

Even the sale of the fire-escape at a fabulous profit did not lighten my mood. How, in the name of Noshabkeming or all the devils of the Seven Purple Hells of Palain could I get into the mind of a frog without a Lens?

Inspiration - Scientology! Perhaps one form of insanity could explain another, I mused. Did some fantom fire-escape in some previous incarnation haunt these hag-ridden frogs? So Ole Faithful came out of its cabinet, and was modified into an Electropsychrometer. It may not be on the same lines as Hubbard's, but the results are pretty much the same. Using the existing line-timebase, I added modulators to the frame timebase, and pumped in respiratory waveforms, brain alpha, beta, and xi rhythm waveforms, cardiac waveforms, and amplitude control dependent on electrical conductivity of the skin of the frog. The resulting composite waveform was murderous, and matched my mood at having to do this to a perfectly good television set. Still, the lust to know overcame my desire to see Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Connie Mackenzie.

Three weeks and five frogs later I had probed back 637 trillion years without result. In despair I lightly took the motor-bike and gat me to Romiley to see Harry. He was sitting at the window, proudly gazing at the new mangrove swamp, which, at great expense, he had imported from Belfast and installed in his back garden. Seeing my frown he tucked the piece of hibiscus blossom he held behind one ear, and raised his eyebrows. Accustomed by now to Harry's decorating schemes, I praised it. He does look sweet with hibiscus blossom behind one ear. But as ever, he drove straight





Bring the dot  
near the nose. You've got  
no reason to miss  
this unique kiss!

to the heart of the problem. "I seriously doubt," said he, "if there were any fire-escapes 637 trillion years ago." So I sadly took the motor-bike and gat me hence.

An Experiment with Time offered me a clue. Did the fear of fire-escapes exist in the future? I asked Madam Clara in her Oldham Street salon how to determiné the future, but she, being a

palmist and clairvoyante, could offer no help, though she did give me the address of a horoscope manufacturer. But here, as always, there was a snag. When is a frog born? As frogspawn? tadpole? or when it loses its tail and becomes a true frog? So, to be certain, I had a horoscope cast for a frog of each sex at each stage of its development. If any one of these six remarkable horoscopes comes true, there is a surprising future in Algy. I banged my head against the wall, and went to see Harry again.

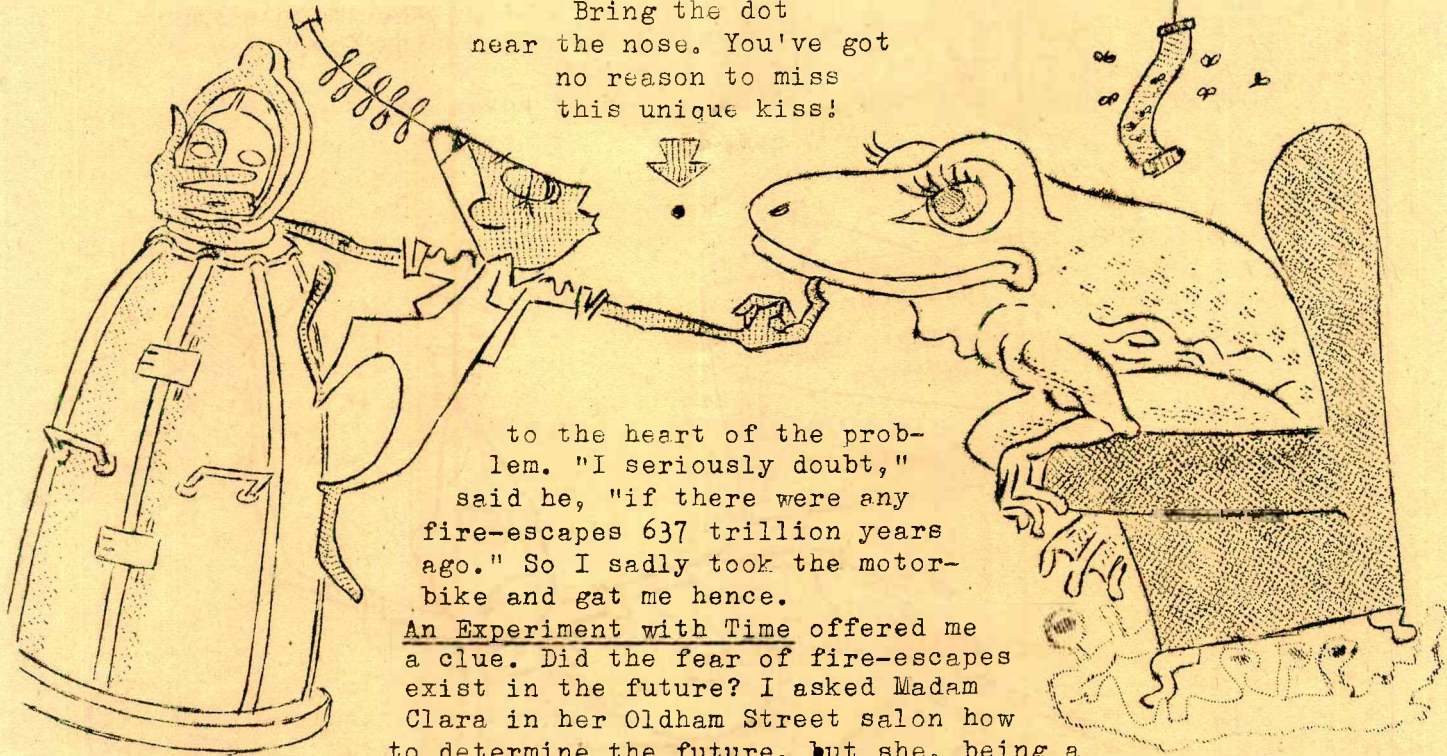
Ploughing through the dense bougainvillea which festooned No. 10's entrance, I gained access to the mangrove swamp. And lo! there was Harry in an attitude of intense thought contemplating the largest frog I ever saw. It was a beauty... three feet high, two feet thick and four feet deep. Two hours solid bargaining with Harry, the exchange of 7/6d, and a two-ton truck brought the Frog home.

Rejoicing at this find, I made room for the Frog in the living-room by tipping the Black Widow spiders into the snake venom and poured the lot into the Nuremberg Maiden, and shovelled Algy in on top. The cage went into the sea, and then I brought the Frog in. And I got the shock of my life when the Frog sat in my armchair, looked at me and said, "You must kiss me."

Numbly, I answered, "Kiss you? Kiss you? Kiss you?"

"I am really a princess," said the Frog, "and if you would wed a fair princess, all you must do is to kiss me and restore me to my true shape and form." Fishing in one of its ankle socks, it handed me a book of instructions. The instructions were plain enough, but my eye caught a revealing phrase in tiny print - this princess is not transferable.

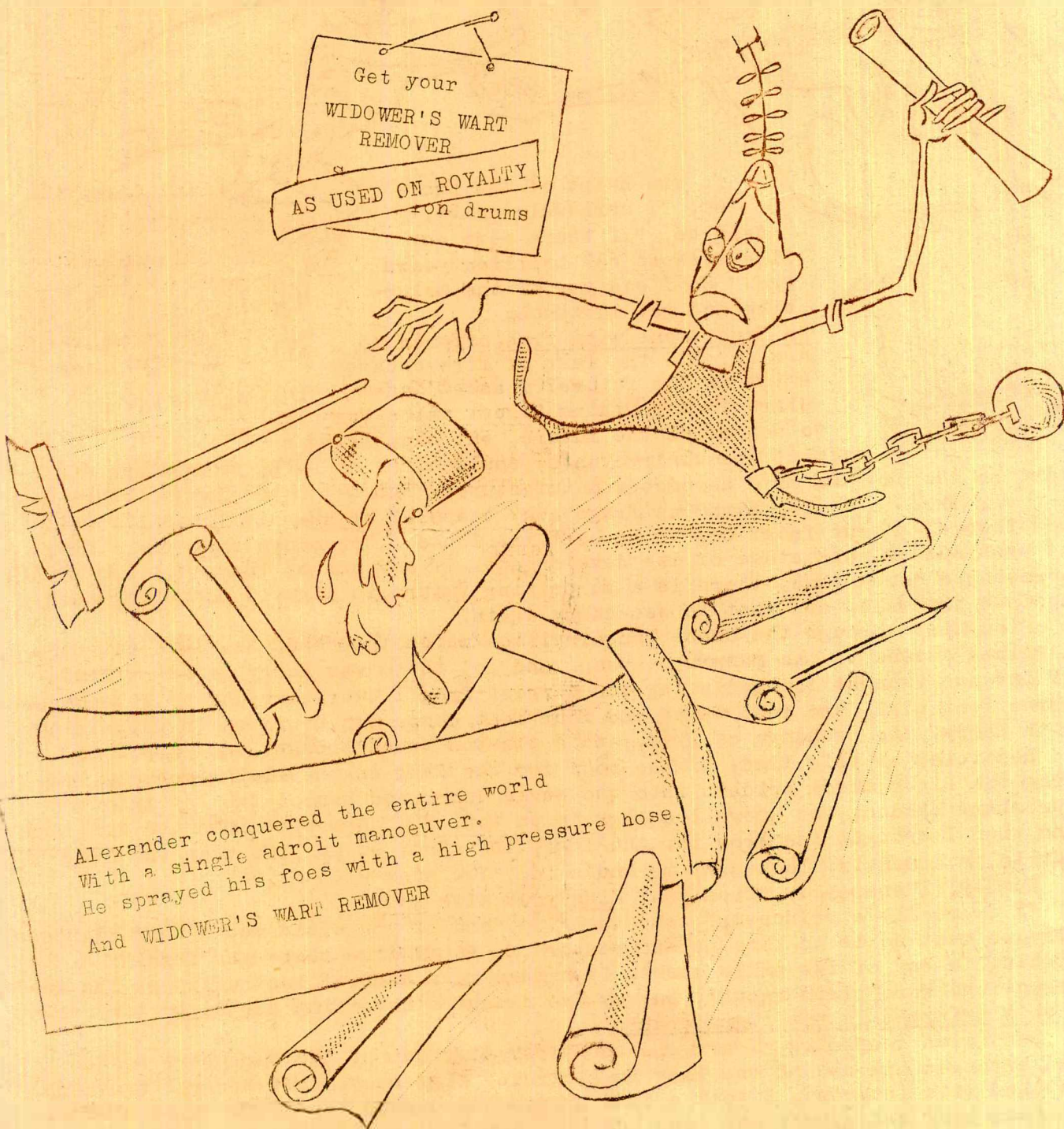
Suspicion deepening, I dragged the tipsy Algy out of the Nuremberg Maiden and arranged him around the Frog in a circle. Algy shoved out several eyes and watched with interest. I took a deep breath and kissed the goggle-eyed horror, stepped back and opened one eye, and regarded the transformed apparition, vaguely aware that Algy was deserting me by oozing under the skirting board. Alone with the princess, I retreated behind the snake venom distillery.





"Am I not still desirable?" it said, raising skinny arms in an attempt to embrace me. Clutching the Wart Remover drum, and gasping for breath, I asked, "How... how long have you been a frog?"

"Six hundred years, good sir," she said, still advancing.





"THAT REMINDS ME," said Eric, "of a blazing June day in Essex when I had an experience that would have delighted G.K. Chesterton. I was vainly attempting to hitch-hike between Bishop Stortford and Braintree. There was no traffic, and as I tramped along I saw it."

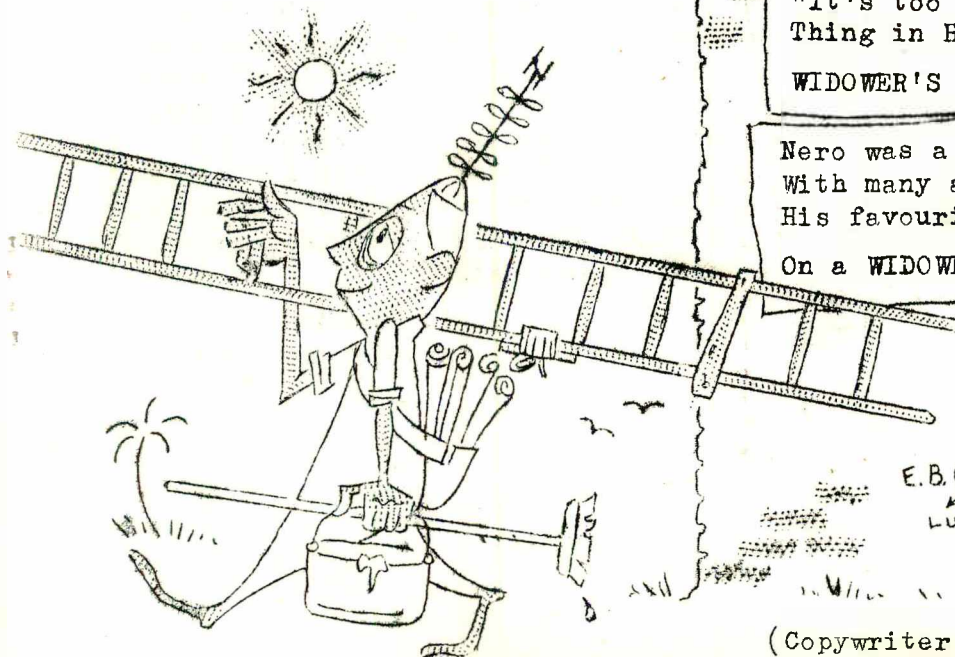
"It was a man standing on one leg in a pond."

"With one foot in the water, the other clasped awkwardly beneath him, and his head sunk forward on his chest, he looked for all the world like a dejected stork. My speculations ran riot."

"As I approached him, the enigma solved itself. With an ungainly hop he reached the bank, picked up a walking stick, and with its aid, climbed stiffly on to the roadside, where as I passed him, it was all too obvious that he had one very sore inflamed foot and an artificial leg. He gave me a smile, and, a little shamefaced at my staring, I looked away."

"Have you ever experienced any Chestertonian episodes?"

... esn



The water supplies of Ancient Greece  
Were affected by pollution.  
A certain cure for a leaking sewer  
Is WIDOWER'S RUBBER SOLUTION

Diogenes lived inside his tub,  
The lovable old sceptic.  
This brilliant Cynic kept it hygienic  
With WIDOWER'S PINE ANTISEPTIC

In winter, Apollo's chariot  
Needs no starter handle to crank it.  
Engine frozen? You should have chosen  
a WIDOWER'S ELECTRICAL BLANKET

B A B B A C O M B E R O A D

Achilles girded up his loins,  
And nothing seems as absurd as  
This curious fact - he achieved this act  
With WIDOWER'S H-SECTION GIRDERS

Pluto muttered in Stygian gloom  
"It's too dark to distinguish a  
Thing in Hades, since Charon displayed his  
WIDOWER'S FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Nero was a frolicsome lad,  
With many a whimsical, sly caper.  
His favourite jest was to seat his guest  
On a WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL FLYPAPER

E.B. ♥  
Love S.M.

THIS WAY TO  
THE CONVACATION

(Copywriter for these ads - Eric Needham)

Archimedes said: "I'll move the Earth!"  
The limit of his science.  
You can do the job for twenty-five bob  
With a WIDOWER'S LIFTING APPLIANCE

Hercules cleaned out the Augean Stables,  
A problem that seemed a poser.  
To clean out your byre, you now can hire  
A WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL BULLDOZER

The Scarlet Pimpernel came and went  
Like a French Revolution dream.  
Why his success? Cannot you guess?  
WIDOWER'S VANISHING CREAM!

UPPER

NEWTOWNARDS ROAD

LOWER

We read of the Battle of Bunker Hill,  
In first form history lessons.  
Why did they run? It wasn't for fun,  
But for WIDOWER'S COFFEE ESSENCE

Since Jael murdered Sisera  
All righteous men despise her.  
Girls, keep your glamour: don't use  
a hammer -

Get a WIDOWER'S EUTHANATIZER

BRASS BLOCH  
TO BRITAIN



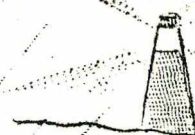
## REPORT ON RFV&SDS OUTING

The party visited Messrs. Ferodo of Leigh, an associate company of Turner's Asbestos. This factory makes very fine fanbelts: every stage of the process was seen. On arrival at the warehouse, the bales of fen are graded according to the toughness of their hides, ranging from hard-faced First Fen, used only for heavy-duty belts, to Seventh Fen, a thin-skinned product with little give in it unless treated properly.

After grading, the raw material is cured. Many grades, already well-steeped in Bheer before arrival, need no curing. They may be picked out by their distinctive mottled hue. The lower grades, however, are improved by tanning, and often develop considerable resilience and bounce. Next comes the Editing Department, where deft operators known as Pro-eds tear strips off the assorted grades of fen, and generally cut them down to size. They then pass for treatment by the Fan-eds, being blasted by streams of hot air, some of which is absorbed for future use.

It was emphasised that belts were made of genuine fanhide, synthetics like neofen having little staying-power. All belts must meet a rigid specification so that there is no failure owing to binding during running life, no tendency to fly off the handle, and only a limited amount of flannel present.

S. BIRCHBY  
Excursions Secretary



(Copywriter for first 3 ads - Pat Darrell  
and the remainder - Eric Needham)