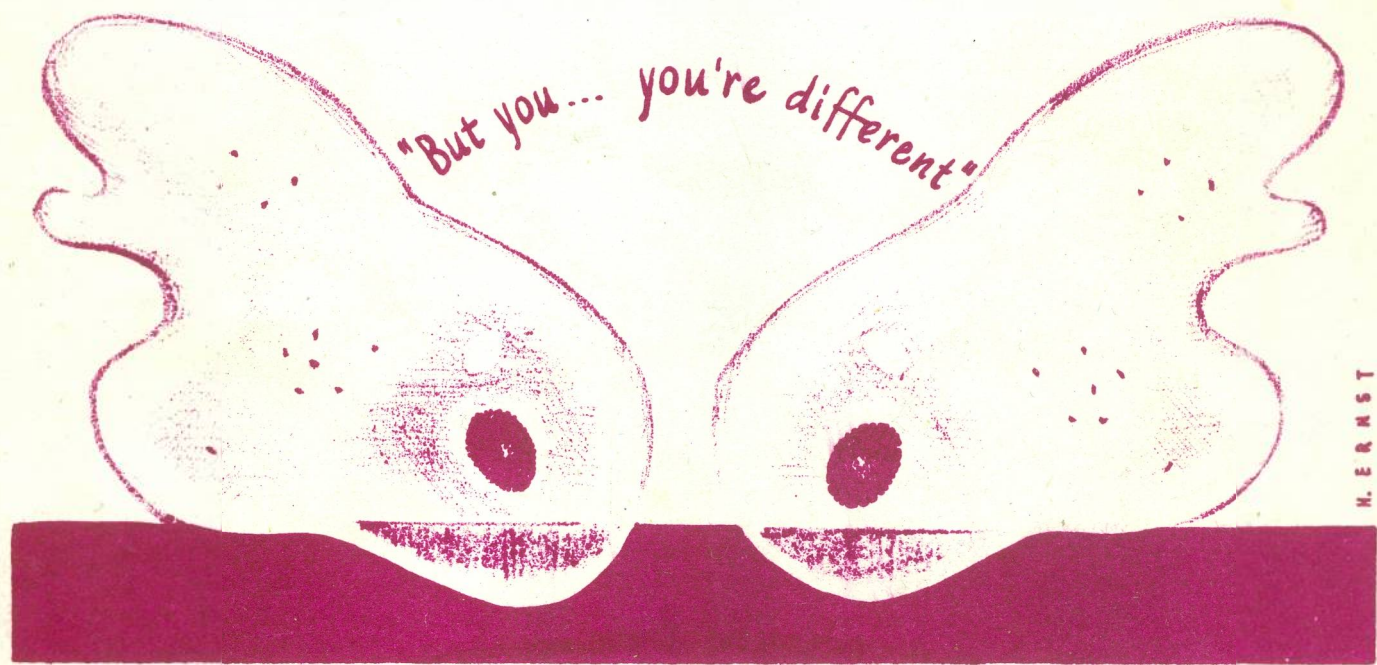


Peri



H. ERNST

* *Corncon Coverage*

PERI, Vol.1 No.3. Former official organ of the Junior Fanatics Science Fiction Society. Edited by: Ken Potter and Dave Wood at: 5 Furness St, Marsh, Lancaster, Lancs, ENGLAND. Greatest percentage of typing and printing by Pete Taylor, and distributed from: 42 Geneva Road, Brixton, London, S.W.9, ENGLAND. FINAL ISSUE



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COVER and full-page illo on page 18 by HARRY TURNER.

CARTOONS on pages 12 and 22 and other interior illos and interruptions by PETE TAYLOR. Backcover by Stan Kenton.

The editors say:

IT wouldn't be nice of us to sort of fade out without saying a few thank-yous to our manual labourers. Anyway, we mean them. Thanks, Pete Taylor, for a start. Pete's the guy who did the horsework of printing and collating the 'zine, and deciphering our handwriting. This is traditionally a thankless job, but anyway, thanks.

Also thanks to the contributors and illustrators. We never seemed to experience the legendary difficulty in collecting material, it just came when we asked for it. For this issue thanks to Harry Turner, editor of a most beautiful fanzine called "ZENITH", who printed the cover he did for us in a much better style than we could have done, and who also did the illo to "SCIENCE-FICTION".

It is customary to thank the customers for buying and keeping us financially stable, although we're broke on it.

Goodbye,

Ken and Dave

URGENT! The White Horse (now Globe) 'zine is at present suspended -PT

WITH POTTER AND WOOD THROUGH BONNINGTON-

TONY THORNE

Seres Potter and Wood,

I have lowered myself sufficiently to stoop to turning the enclosed out in a rare mad moment. You may consider printing it (together with this note?) unless of course the peculiar people who read the rag are as moronic as yourselves, in which case it would never be appreciated.

I believe your editor (or vassal) resides in London (I was born there but I now sever all relationship with the place - it's contaminated), I have mislaid his address but I am sure you will send this on to him with the usual demand note you probably send him every week.

Yours patonisingly,

Well what did these frantical juniors do at the Con? They put on a play, - I think. Pity they read it all backwards, but then, that state of mind comes naturally to them. (Author's note - If I get any interjections printed with this - if I get it printed I'll sue the lot of them). However to give credit where it is due, I must congratulate them on their Fanmag Award idea. It was a noble effort and was quite well presented. A pity I thought, that Walter Willis gave the impression that the whole affair was of little importance, little more than a chance to rope in a few more subs. (I have had a sub in for nearly a year now for QUANDRY but have yet to receive any other than the All-Willis Chicon report number!) However, on being reprimanded, he made good his omission and gave the Juniors some well deserved thanks on behalf of Lee Hoffman and himself. The Juniors had a table at the Con of course, resplendent with artwork, copies of PERI, and swiped originals from Holland. Feeling that something was missing I modestly presented them with a small cheese that had been left over from the Medway Loocon Lunch on the Saturday. A fitting tribute I thought, and well in keeping with the rest of the items on display. However, for some reason they didn't appreciate the gesture and later I discovered the cheese on our display. It went down well!

More than once I was 'honoured' by being asked to sit down at their typewriter to knock out something for the next PERI. "Something funny," they said, "we've too much serious stuff already!" Easier said than done! Anyone can sit down and knock out something serious, but being funny is difficult; after all look at the job the Juniors have themselves! Anyway, I noticed Ken Blater sit down and have a go, but I couldn't. The very atmosphere at the Con left me in a serious mood most of the time. The weather didn't help either, as it was so close, I had a shocking nearly all day Sunday. As a matter of fact, it got worse every time I approached

THE CORONCON

Jerry Teeves.

Dear Ken and Dave,

Enclosed are my impressions of the Con. I found that I couldn't manage to treat the thing lightheartedly, as I was too disgusted with various things. The cavalier dismissal of the 'Mancon', the reference to us as 'Ruddy Provincials', the badly arranged timed and presented programme, not to mention the fiasco of the alternate programme. This attitude was pretty general, as you know, and various fans have agreed that the time is now past when the London doings can be whitewashed. In other words, praise is going when and where due. I myself have a hunch that there is going to be one big split in Mancon and Con reports will start it. Anyway, read the enclosed, and if it's not what you had in mind, sling it back and you won't offend me, although I've tried to be impartial. Regards to you both, and I hope to see you at the Mancon.

Yours,

First of all, let me make one thing clear, this is not an official (?) report on the Coroncon, but merely a few impressions of the various activities which took place in and around the Bonnington at convention weekend.

I managed to get around to the 'White Horse' by 9-30 on the Friday evening, where I recieved a cordial welcome from various 'provincial' fans, including Eric Bentcliffe, Eric Jones, Sandy Sanderson, Brian Varley, Fred Robinson, and others too numerous to mention, so many in fact were there, that my lousy memory just can't recall half of them. If YOU don't get mentioned here, it's not because I want to forget you, but because I have a memory like a sieve.

After a little while, the Northern fans gathered in one corner, to leave a clear field for Fred Robinson to blind everyone with his photequipment. Fred seemed to be spot welded to his camera during the whole of the week-end, and I hate to think of the amount of cash he must have spent on flash bulbs and films. However, he should have a darn good photographic record to show for it. At about this time, Walt Willis rolled in with Bea Mahaffey. The pair were immediately swamped, Walt due to his popularity, and Bea, not only for the same reason, but because she lived up to her reputation, she can beat any Bergey girl from a standing start. Someone introduced her around the Northern group, and she joined in like a trouper. This didn't last very long however, as unbeknown to Bea, a certain member of the gathering who shall be forever nameless, sent out a lieutenant to "rescue the girl from those 'ruddy' provincials". Shortly after this, the gathering broke up, and Bea sailed off into the night on the back of somebody's motor bike, here again, I forget the bloke's name, though

THROUGH DARKEST BONNINGTON cont from previous page.

..the Junior's stand. (Keep it dark but I neuralgia nervous breakdown, the first time I saw PERI No.2.) Perhaps this meander of memories will satisfy the JP's, no doubt they'll find an odd corner for it somewhere, after all, I do with their PERIs. - Tony Blast Thorne.

I'm sure I ought to remember it.

Next morning an attack was made on the new branch of the Fantasy Book Centre, but we were foiled by a host of movie stars and extras guarded by a technicolour camera. A film was being shot at the end of the avenue from the far end, but frustration was present in the shape of an arm of the Law. A return was made to the Bonnington in time for the 11-o'clock opening which took place promptly at 11.45 with Fred Brown introducing one or two people, and announcing a two-hour break for lunch. This lasted until 2-30, when various authors various things, mostly condemning sex and Spillane in s-f. Amongst these were Bill Temple, Sam Youd, John Brunner. Ted Carnell was at all times an excellent master of ceremonies. Following the authors, Dave Cohen accused the Londoners of apathy; unfortunately someone seemed to have put itching powder down Dave's neck, and his opening remarks were lost in his head jerking and twitching, this didn't matter really, as he said the same thing several times in various ways. He did however get his ideas across, the main one being that Northern fans come to London Conventions, why do London fans ignore those in the North? Fred Brown attempted to prove that this was due to lack of advance notification, ignoring the facts that (a) the Mancon was advertised both orally and by poster at the London Convention and the 'White Horse', and (b) that Ted Tubb was even on the programme for the Manchester affair. At this stage on the programme Eric Bentaliffe pointed out that one Londoner had pointed out that Manchester was a trifle too far to travel. Eric stated that the distance was the same either way, as was the fare. Mr Brown countered this by pointing out that Manchester only held a one-day Con. Personally I think he forgets the first one day affair held in the 'White Horse'. Many Northern fans, myself included, travelled down to that, and it was much inferior to the Mancon.

The Junior Fanatics valiantly struggled to put on their own play but were severely handicapped by a dropped script, and numerous interruptions, I got the impression that they were rushed on unprepared, and shepherded off before they had finished. Following a drawn out tea interval, a broadcast commentary written by Walt Willis and produced by the London fans was presented. It was a real hit. It was well turned out in every respect, and had the audience in stitches. Basically, master scientist Bert Campbell invented various things by accident, culminating in a depilatory which, acting in reverse, caused his beard to grow so fast that London was threatened and a state of emergency declared. Presented by various radio commentators, it was a WOW!

Various games came next, somehow I got all the easy questions, and netted two prizes of 2/6 and a bob. (This was later increased by the third prize of five bob for the X-word puzzle, thus nettling Brian Varley, who only got five bob for the second prize). Authors appeared again after a suitable interval to answer questions. Ted Tubb, witty as ever, claimed to take new stuff from mags and re-write it in better form. Sam Youd-Christopher said he wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, he always re-wrote old stories. Bert Campbell was brief, he pointed out that he couldn't discuss his contemporaries, as being on such a high plane, he had none. Ken Bulmer recommended that for good s-f you should buy Bulmer. Further questioning showed that the authors believe that there are mutants among us, but we seldom recognise them for what they are. Unless the mut-

ation is outstanding, such as a winged cat, or a two-headed baby, we are apt to overlook it. The last two examples were cited by Nebula editor Pete Hamilton who spoke with a pleasant Scotch brogue, pertinently, and with no trace of condescension. One fan had the silly idea of asking Peter to disclose his circulation figure he hoped to attain next year. At this stage, Ted Carnell leaped to Peter's rescue, but Peter needed no help, his answer was: "I hope to attain the largest possible one!" At this point, let me record my appreciation of a very nifty (and thoughtful) piece of work by Ted Carnell. On first reaching the platform, Peter Hamilton explained he had just recovered from a nasty throat infection, and would therefore rather answer questions from the audience, than talk. Peter waited, and what could have been a very painful silence from the audience, was scotched by Ted Carnell. He stepped into the breach and smoothly shot a few of his own until the boys warmed up and started to pepper Peter. Ted Tubb read the 'inter editor correspondence, an item completely lacking in life, so much so, that even Ted didn't seem interested. Next came the auction, followed by a programme of dancing which didn't take place, and things faded out, until a group of bods gathered in Frank Milnes room at the Bonnington. I can't remember all present, but I'll do my best. K.S., Bentcliffe, Weddal, Shorrocks, Jones, and myself. There was also one very pleasant chap present, I sat next to him on Frank's bed but for the life of me I can't remember his name. Anyway, a'sessh' began, and at 12-30 a porter came in with a complaint, nothing daunted, we moved to someone else's room. At 1-30, the head porter arrived, so we moved again, and at somewhere around two a.m. another porter arrived and was squared with a large slug of whisky. Yet another appeared on the scene so a move was made to Ken Slater's room. Somehow only three of us arrived there, the rest had gone up the fire-escape in search of peace, and organised the ROOFCON. Gathering bottles, we set off in search of them, but ran foul of a porter on the second floor. Finding I was staying at another hotel, he argued with us from a quarter to three until half-past, at which time the party folded, both on the stairs, and the roof also, and sleep was in order.

Convention Sunday's programme boasted of two halls, but they were not both used. Ted Tubb failed to appear for the first item, so nothing took place from 11am until 2-45, when the winners of the Fantasy Award were read out. Fans were accused of apathy in not supporting the thing. Personally, I don't blame 'em. We have no say in the thing, but all we are supposed to do is send donations, and hear the winner read out. There was no presentation; as the trophies were not ready.. Ye Gods, a whole year to prepare, and then they say that the Northerners should start con proceedings early!

Games were on the programme, so we had one. Then Bert Campbell gave a brilliant act as a scientist lecturing on space-travel, ably assisted by someone whose disguise I failed to penetrate. However, it was GOOD. Later, we had a ballet, also presented by the Londoners and this was also GOOD. That brought the total up to three GOOD items for the whole week-end. Last of all came the auction, very ably managed by Ken Slater, owing to the absence of Ted Tubb. Oh Yes the alternative programme in the small hall, this took the form of a play (actually, Terry, it was a crazy show of sorts, PT) produced by the Medway boys, the liveliest group in fandom. (cont over page)

CONVENTION *thoughts*

At the convention we waylaid certain people from time to time, and cudgelled them into sitting at our typer for a few minutes.

This is what we got.

.....
FRED ROBINSON (FIRST DAY).

I've been shanghaied into typing this impression of the con by the members of the Junior Fanatics. I warn you that it is being written under the influence of... well, under the influence anyway.

Now then, what do I think of the con so far? Quite frankly, not a great deal. Apart from the one or two highlights I think myself that it is far too serious and therefore far too dull. The fact that several prominent fans have voiced similar opinions tends to prove that this is not a lone idea. It is difficult to pin down the reason but somehow the proceedings do not seem to have come to life for any length of time without almost immediately lapsing back into dull discussions on policy, etc. Quite frankly, I'm inclined to think that the con is too much pro, and not enough con (ouch, I should have said fan). There has been a lot of heated discussion on the subject of next years con-site. May I suggest that one way out of the deadlock would be to hold the usual full scale con organised and run largely by the pros in the London Circle, and have another Fancon elsewhere at a different time. This is being done in the States, where there the annual Worldcon is run and financed largely by pros and also the Midwestcon, run and produced by and for fans. The fact that both are a success is a good indication of the usefulness of this policy. So much for impressions formed at seven p.m. on Saturday, and as I said earlier under somewhat ghulish circumstances, what I may think tomorrow at this time I haven't the faintest idea. However, I sincerely hope that things will buck up a bit.

Let's have some fun. FANFAN!



-FRED ROBINSON

.....
"Five thousand credits." Lucy did not hesitate.....

.....
Weapon Shops of Isher - van Vogt.

THE CORONCON cont. from previous page.

I hear it was good, but I was busy up in the large hall, and missed it. That was the end of the alternative programme in the small hall. I would like to have kept this account more light and humourous, but it's difficult to be cheerful over dead bodies. This year's Con was better than last year's, but not much, the biggest lift came from meeting fellow fan. I leave you with this thought.

'MANCHESTER IN 54'

-TERRY JEEVES

FRED ROBINSON (SECOND DAY).

The Junior Fanatics have hinted pretty strongly that I should add to my rather pessemistic comments of yesterday, my comments on the events of today, and as I have several things, I welcome the opportunity. Unfortunately I don't have the time to make any lengthy remarks, however here goes.

Firstly, I'm tremendously enthusiastic about the Fan type items on the programme today. Tribute I feel, should be paid in large measure to Bert Campbell for the terrific efforts he has put in to getting the Mad Scientist sketch, the ballet, and other items which he has not only participated in, but also in fact largely organised. During the day, it is true, there were far too many gaps and delays etc, but this cannot be blamed entirely on the committee, it was due mainly to participants in various items failing to be punctual. Things on the whole have gone off better today than I expected them to do. In fact on the whole I don't think any fans elsewhere could do better..possibly I'm wrong in this - I hope I am for the sake of future conventions. However, thinking it over I still think there is a lot to be said for the two seperate cons idea, one fan, and one pro - if anyone other than pros would go to a procon that is.

One thing I will say definately, and that is that the parties that are going on after hours this year are the best idea that ever hit Anglofandom. No one could possibly describe them adequately, and on this I can speak with some knowledge, as personally I am still in the trance I went into at some ghodawful hour this morning, when helping Bert Campbell and others to levitate a cardboard box. I'm still not convinced that we did not succeed. Roll on tonight.....but Oh Ghu - tommorrow.

-FRED ROBINSON.

hiebheerhiebheerhiebheerhiebheerhiebheerhiebheerhiebheerhi

AND NOW.....

...we bring you some miscellaneous chat from whomsoever came within striking range of our typebashing wotsit. A pair of spectacles closely followed by an Irish brogue said:

'I don't want to write a con report. I want to write for three cents a word.'

- James white. (whom GHU crush)

.....
Who was that Anne Droid I saw you with last plight? (to the HERO)

.....
WHO'S THIS?

Not being a full-time fan myself, I'm hardly qualified to support Fred's views on cons such as this one being too much pro and too little fan. Since it is my sole ambition in life to become one of the pros which he appears to disapprove of so heartily, I wish to echo James White.

Little Sir echo having duly echoed...No, I like cons to be a mixture of the serious and the amusing as well. It's all very sell for the people who can afford the time to visit clubs or the London Circle regularly (the London Circle is not a club) but I come to a con not to talk puns (I can crack them anytime, and usually do, no

matter whether it's the right time or not) but to share views on sf, and sf is not all funny.

Therefore: I am willing to accept the somewhat bumbling hybridism of a con like this for the sake of the fact that I get both fan-run (see Fred) and pro-run if I feel like it.

- JOHN BRUNNER

.....
swish!.....
.....

I refuse to type anything so called wittily on this con. I am heartily sick of the way it is - er - organised. I am typing this during a two-minute interval which started at seven. It is now a quarter to eight. No further comment on the con-committee is necessary.

- DENIS GIFFORD

.....
Are you SELLING that copy of Amazing?????????????????????
.....

OPERATION FANBLAST!

This convention is the first large con I've managed to arrive at. Preposition. I thoroughly enjoyed all the gaps in the programme, official and otherwise, which enabled me to meet several thousand folks who have been but signatures on letters to me previously. I think the 'several thousands' must be wrong, and can only account for the numbers by the fact that I must have met several people several times. The quite excellent bar perhaps accounts for that in part. Part beer and part whisky.

Frankly, also, I have very little idea or knowledge of what took place in the official parts of the programme. I enjoyed the buisness of the beard, the blooming blondes in the blushing ballet, the insight into the activities of the B.I.S., the sundry addresses by various authors and others - particularly the honest expressions of Nic Oosterbaan, who is the first 'pro' I have met to openly admit he is interested in the money - he wants to cash in - I wish him luck! Some of the addresses I missed - I didn't get Bea Mahaffey's, but anyway it would be a bit far to travel, and Joyce might object at that.

I could say a lot more, to even less point, but I hear a call. Rather like a cork popping out of a bottle - must be Ted Tubb - I shall go and investigate - fare thee well.....

- KEN SLATER

.....
HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED TO PERI 3?

IF NOT.....WHY NOT?

ODE UPON - -

by - BOB BLOCH

T

At Indian Lake, near Bellefontaine
Despite the bitter cold and raine
Within the halls of Hotel Beatley
Were packed eight-score of fans quite neatley.
The Midwestcon was the occasion.
For a turnout quite amazion.

T

H

For gossip, fangabs and plain talk
They came from Cleveland and New Yalk,
From Chicago and Detroit
They rode by day and rode by noight
To hear the reknowned Arthur Clarke
(Whose bite is far worse than his barke).
Sponsored by Don Ford and Doc Barrett
This annual meeting has much merett
Although this year Bea Mahaffey
Was not there to display her chassey.

H

E

The Southern fans, with their White Mule
Caused some to retch and some to drule;
The northern bunch mostly played poker
(The favourite sport of Wilson Toker)
While hucksters Greenburg, Gold and Kyle
Looked on with condescending smyle
And fans like Shapiro and Ellison
Sought for food to stuff their bellies on.
But the two days passed much too quickly
'Ere Monday's sun rose pale and suickly
To speed departures at the break
Of dawn over Indian Leak.

E

Next year, though, we meet again
And invite all you English fain
To journey over fjord and bayou
And join us down there in Ohayou!

-- Robert Bloch

MIDWESCON

AFTERMATHS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- WALTER WILLIS

Suffering as I am from gaffia (this is suffering?) I wouldn't be writing this at all if it wasn't for a bloke called Pete Taylor, who seems to be the brains behind Ken Potter (no Walt, Ken is the brains behind Ken, aren't you Ken? Sure am suh, sure am). He buttonholed me at the Convention and, pointing at the typewriter which Bert Campbell had evidently smuggled in his beard (he wears his hair in platens) asked me nicely to write my impressions of the proceedings. This was the worst thing that had happened to me since Hal Shapiro came up to me at the Chicon and said: "So you're Willis? Well scintillate!" I got out of it that time by protesting that I couldn't be expected to keep it up longer than seven o'clock and while he was working that out I made my escape, looking for someone who would be prepared to talk quietly about goldfish. However, this time there seemed to be no way of concealing the fact that Bob Shaw and Philip Wylie write all my material other than promising to send something when I got home. So here it is. Not about the convention, because I don't still feel up to describing adequately that amazing, exhausting, and incredible affair, but the aftermaths.

By that I mean mainly those interesting figures that the Convention Committee keep strictly to themselves. No, not Bea Mahaffey, though I do hear that Bert Campbell is getting it in the neck - or will be when they can find his neck - for keeping Bea to himself during the Con. By the way, I hear that I'm also being criticised for rushing her through Liverpool and ignoring Manchester altogether. Well, listen you wolves in sheep's clothing, we published the date and place of Bea's arrival in Europe in Hyphen as far back as last February, but the only invitation we got from English fans was a post-card from Liverpool two days before we sailed for England. From Manchester not even a ticket for a tour of the biscuit factory. What was I supposed to do? Circularise Britfandom with an illustrated catalogue of Bea's attractions and ask if anyone wanted her? Or take her on an unsolicited lecher tour of Northern England?

But to get back to the financial statement. British Convention Committees never publish these, and when Ken Slater dared to ask why he was promptly slapped on the wrist by Vinç Clarke, who asked why should they any more than OPERATION FANTAST. This is reasonable enough I suppose, since a Convention isn't a chartered company with shareholders - us - liable to recoup losses as well as share profits, but it would be helpful to ambitious provincials groups if they could have the advantage of learning from the London Circle's experience. This is why you'll probably be interested in the following letter from Fred Brown, which is, I think, by way of being a sort of public statement.

"We really did make a tremendous effort to improve the Convention, Weeks of work went into the ballet, the Mad Scien-

tists Lecture, the robot play, and the several other high spots. Whether we shall arrange another London Convention in 1954 is a matter of debate. We are all suffering from conventionitis in a more or less acute form. This, as you are probably aware, is a form of fatigue combined with a semi-delirium whenever the word 'convention' is mentioned. It requires a complete isolation for a cure and lashings of beer. Incidentally, we only just cleared the cost of the Convention. We did not, of course, intend to make any cash out of it, but we had several anxious moments when we found how close things were.

Another curious thing we discovered was that owing to so many people sending in their money at the last moment (i.e. paying at the door) we could not have paid for the hire of the projector and film *DESTINATION MOON* even if the LCC had allowed it to go on. This probably points out a moral or two about catching your bird before you cook it, but as you can see, if Conventions goers aren't prepared to pay up in advance, then the programme suffers.

So far as 1954 is concerned, the committee feel that there are several factors to be considered. We wanted this year's Convention to be held in London as we felt it was the right and proper place when the Coronation was only a week later. We have, however, brought off three successive conventions; other groups are pressing for the sole rights to the annual gettogether; and having experienced the 'sweat, toil, and tears' of these past three years with little to show for it except the thought that we did our best for fandom, we are now inclined to pass the bag (a very empty one, I'm afraid) on to one of the groups who have expressed the wish for a convention in a town other than London. In other words, if another town decides on a Convention site in Whitsun, 1954, we shall probably drop the idea of a London."

Well, since Fred wrote that letter, the NSFC have announced the *SUPERMANCON* for next Whit, so it seems there will be no convention in London next year and that the National Convention will be held in Manchester. It will be very interesting to see what it's like and whether the Northerners who have been so bitterly criticising the London Circle's efforts can do any better themselves, bearing in mind that according to the testimony of Fred Brown the Coroncon just broke even and that they didn't have to pay for a film programme, nor the spectacular extravaganzas put on by the Junior Fanatics ('ray, 'ray, KP.DW.PT) and the Medway Group.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo pause ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

As everyone who was at the Convention knows, there has been set up a Two-Way Transatlantic Fan Fund to help British fans to attend an American Convention and an American Fans to attend a British one. The immediate aim is to supplement the fund already started in America to bring a British fan to the US Convention next year and it stands a pretty good chance of success, if everyone will help. The smallest contribution will be gratefully received by me at 170 UPPER NEWTOWNARDS RD., BELFAST, N IRELAND, and will be acknowledged in the fan press.

The state of the fund in Britain is now (13th July 1953) as follows:

Proceeds of auction at Coroncon.....	£1	"	11	"	6
Sale of ballot tickets at Coroncon.....	£3	"	5	"	0
	£4	"	16	"	6

We also have to choose the fan who we think should go. Things to be considered are, his services to fandom, writing or speaking ability, personal qualities, and how well he is known in America, but any fan can be nominated. When all the nominations are in I will write to all those candidates, and find out which of them could go if they were chosen. From these, the lucky one will be chosen by vote of those who made a certain contribution to the Fund.

So get those nominations in to me as soon as possible. The closing date is the 31st October, or the last day of the month in which this issue of PARI comes out, whichever is the later. (Gertcha! KP, etc) If it never comes out at all, just don't bother. (Gertcha agin! We Three)

-* finis *-

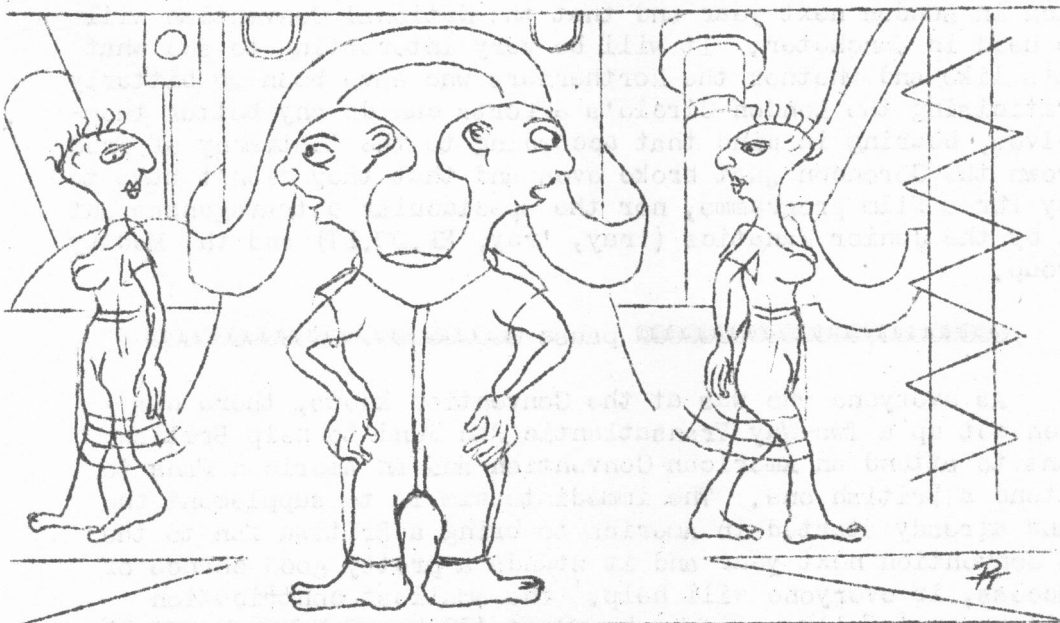
'SEVENTH FANDOM'

"King Charles the First was walking and talking half an hour after his head was cut off."

.....But no one called him Charles the Second.....

.....
Potter and Wood have a lot to say farther on in this.....
.....

ALIEN CULTURE?



"...So what do we do? Toss for it?..."

POST PICKINGS -

'THE TRUTH WILL OUT' AS THE SAYING GOES, BUT WE TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR LOOKING THE OTHER WAY WHEN WE REPRODUCE THE FOLLOWING...

Dear Ken and Dave,

A certain Mr. Brown writes in the second issue of PERI on topics of convention. In his letter he mentions, and I quote..."In 1953 we shall stage a play", and later, ..."also some Fantasy films which will be a surprise."

Now I do not want Mr. Brown (may I call you Fred??) to think that I am after his blood, on the contrary I believe that he was one of the few (very few) members of the London convention committee who really tried to keep things going. The reason I am aiming these few words at him is that he is one of the few (very few) Londonites (sounds nearly as bad as provincials) who one can count on for any reaction. So - I would like the aforesaid Mr. Brown to tell me what happened to these two items he mentioned with such pride. Hope to see you at the SUPERMANCON Fred

Best of luck

the culprit signs himself.....ERIC BANTCLIFFE.

-*-

To introduce the incredible piece which appears over the page (now no sneaking a glance yet, control yasef for a while) we can hardly do better than allow the author to speak - so here...

Dear Youngfen,

I spent the evening trying to cancel my holiday, so that I could spend two weeks really working on something TERRIFIC, on something that would be worthy of PERI, on something completely original. The enclosed opus is all these things and more, but I didn't write it all myself. Viné Clarke did a verse or two also.

If you are shocked, horrified or just don't like it, please send it back promptly, along with my unexpired subscription, your deepest apologies and Dave Wood's head on a salver. (Please pack carefully). I do not enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, - this is not just due to my superb self-confidence, (altho' I am that way, of course), or to my usual lack of funds, - the only reason is that I dislike making innovations. If I started it, in no time at all, you'd have everybody sending stamps with their MSS. This would be a Bad Thing. This poem should not be taken as the truth. Two of the stronger verses have no basis of fact whatsoever, and are included purely, (if you can call them that) on their artistic merit. See that my name is spelt correctly, and in Large Letters. This would be a lot longer, but it would only be wasted effort, - nobody (this includes me) has yet been able to decipher my handwriting and, added to that, I'm perfectly certain that niether of you can read. S'all.

PS. And what did 7th Fandom die of?

Ever Thine, "Chuck" (Harris)
YOU CAN TURN OVER NOW

CON REPORT

By - "chuck" harris, assisted by - VINCE CLARKE, himself.

It was a dirty, dull, and dismal-looking fleapit,
With an atmosphere to make the senses spin,
Just a den of dissipation, filled by the Imagi-nation
And their fifty-seven different sort of sins.

From the dianetics session in the cellar
To the paralytic drunks in one-o-three,
Through the Con-Committee's failure, one gigantic saturnalia
Showed that science-fiction faans were on the spree.

Ken Slater held a Black Mass in the lobby,
(The commissionaire was ankle deep in gore)
And in the mezzanine, there was something grayish-green
Squirming bonelessly upon the parquet floor.

Campbell was found with Chluthu in the "Ladies"
Preparing for a ghastly pagan rite,
--- 'Tis said the horrid scheme was both unnatural and obscene
Involving Mahaffey and Willis, Wood, and White.

Ted Tubb was selling virgins at an auction.
--And every one was fully guaranteed.
Above the frenzied bidding, you could hear the fakefans kidding,
that the innovation filled a long-felt need.

Fred Robinson was taking pics for blackmail,
the Madway mob were flogging filthy plaques.
And out upon the roof, Eric Bentscliffe, (it's the Truth!)
Was stuffing bodies down the chimney stacks.

Anthropophagy was reigning in the kitchen.
They served up Burgess with an apple in his gob.
(He was cooked completely nude,-- you could have him baked or stewed
--- or even in a Burgessburger for a bob.)

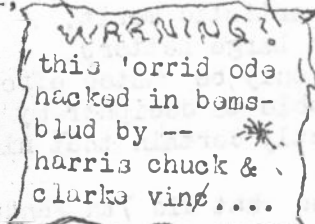
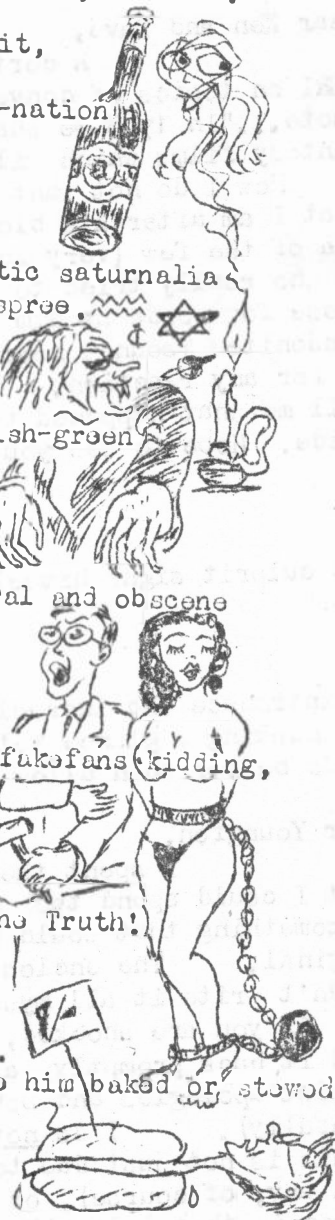
Willis was stealing jokes from Abnorm Mansboro'
Duncombe was paralytic on the floor.
Whilst Boa Mahaffey, without shrinking, alternated drugs and drinking,
With shouting bawdy ballads by the door.

There was murder, there was rapine, there was pillage,
----- And a host of other things we cannot tell,
You may raise your hands in horror,
Neither Sodom nor Gomorrah,
Had a thing

Upon

The Bonnington

Hotel.



FLAVOR
1953

LAMENT ON THE PASSING OF SIXTH FANDOM

Illo'd by PT.

By - Ken Potter

It is my strong conviction
That in the field of science-fiction
The body known as sixth fandom has had its day,
So it may pay
To make some notes at random
On this aforementioned sixth fandom
And make it clear

Here

Why

I

say

They

Are all senile and done.

The pun

Is most certainly on the way out

The glorious seventh fandom will very soon put its dastardly
enemies to rout,



At The Loncon

One

Whose name I will not mention

Had actually brought with him to the convention

A weapon of considerable power

Able to shower

Water

Which shouldn't oughter

Be seen amongst those who are niether juvenile

Nor senile

Another

Brother

Of the foul crew

Who

I shall not name

With the same

Sort of idiotic whim

Had with him

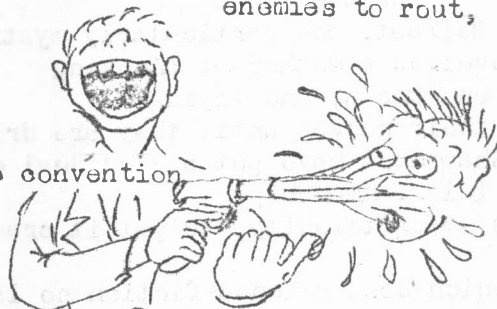
A beanie complete with helicopter and small bells on springs

Such things

Are not to be associated with serious and constructive fanning

And therefore deserve a severe panning,

Slant, Quandr, Hyphen, and Science Fantasy News are vapid,



And deserve rapid
 Condemnation from thinking fen
 When
 They could print articles, to get from the masses favourable juri-
 ediction
 For science-fiction
 they go
 Pogog
 At lunch
 I suppose they can find nothing more edifying to discuss than the
 habits and life of the grunch
 And although
 I haven't the faintest idea what a grunchis, and would like to know
 this strikes me
 As particularly silly foolery.
 One of them
 A certain femme
 Faneditor from Fort Mudge
 Although, against Robert Bloch, she has no known personal grudge
 Accused him of being Mickey Spillane,
 Which is, as I shall doubtless have to point out again and again
 Absurd
 A word
 From Bloch himself in a letter to someone called the Boll Weevil
 Has shown that whatever his reputation, Robert is not that evil
 Besides, he very probably has no time to keep upon himself such
 glories
 Since I have discovered that he edits Amazing Stories.
 One of a certain three
 From Belfast, who particularly mystify me
 Has evolved a method of annoying
 Fans one knows, and toying
 With their nerves until they are driven berserk,
 Mr. Shaw must have put a good deal of work
 Into this fanmanship,
 Which so efficiently, to put it crudely, gives anyone at whom it
 is directed, the pip,
 But which does science-fiction no lasting good
 And therefore may as well be classed as crud.
 People who can enter into long and complicated correspondence on
 steam calliopes
 Are few and far between, one hopes.
 It is obvious that those who harbour the impossible dream
 Of fully harnessing the power of steam
 Are cranks
 And deserve from those of us with intellect, no thanks
 For their fanzines,
 Which are not worth a very small amount of beans.
 Friends, these men are through, and it is only serious journals
 such as PERI
 Which must hurry to fill the breach
 And teach

The public to appreciate the literature we love

Above

Any other type

Of tripe.

Let me hasten to add that when these persons write for PERI it is
merely to demonstrate

The inglorious state

To which they and their junk

Have sunk.

The seventh generation

Will really posses co-ordination

And construct something to our lasting glory

Theirs will be a story

Of high aims and ideals

For the criminals of the decadent sixth there will be no repeals

The seventh will rise

Open your eyes

To the glorious mature

Future

Where the vapid irreflective meanderings of the senile are hated

And the career of the sixth is definately terminated,

Utterly done

Which is, although I hate to admit it, a dreadful shame because
with all this serious constructivness, we are liable to make fan-
dom

no

fun...

- KEN POTTER

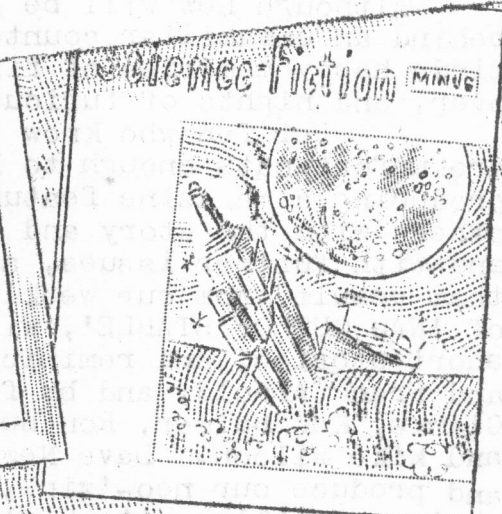
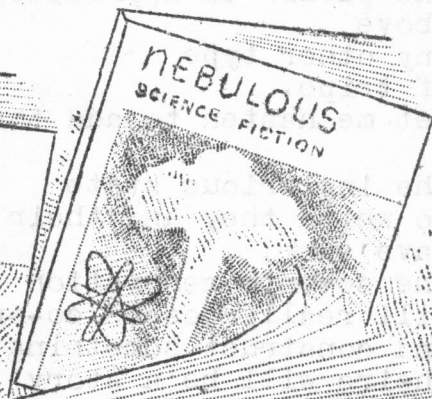
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NAG OUT OF STABLE

The White Horse is moving. One by one the regulars who have
have attended faithfully almost every Thursday since Lew Mor-
decai first recieved our growing ranks from The Shamrock across
the road are regretfully collecting up their personal belongings
and memorising the new address where we shall be meeting as usual.

Although Lew will be going with us and trying to settle down
behind an unfamiliar counter, nothing can eradicate from our
minds happy memories of first contacts with pro and fen from all
over, and nights of furious fanac and avid bartering.

For fen who know the White Horse as a mere name and
are unfortunate enough to have never visited the place, we are
producing a magazine featuring many fen who are happy to acquaint
others with the story and Times of this worthy establishment,
and with further issues, an intimate study of the goings-on
that result from our weekly informal sessions. The first ish
of 'NAG OUT OF STABLE', will contain forty pages of articles,
short stories, and reminices by old-time fen such as Sam Youd
and Frank Arnold, and by fen of a more recent era as Vinç
Clarke, Ken Bulmer, Ron Buckmaster, Jim Ratigan and wife Dot,
and Mike Wilson. Dave Newman and I are co-operating to edit
and produce our neo-'zine, and with photo-cover and interior
photos and illos, it should look well in your best fanzine
collection. First big ish costs 1/3d. to Pete Taylor, 42 Gen-
eva Road, Brixton, S.W.9, LONDON, ENGLAND.



Hamptons-53

SCIENCE FICTION

by - MAURICE GOLDSMITH

I am a popularizer of science. All my working life I have spent trying to make clear to everyday people what the scientist is up to, and trying to make the scientist understand - with more limited success - what everyday people think about his laboratory researches. I am an ardent science-fiction reader. Because, for me, science-fiction writers are also popularizers of science - and by far better and more significant than I am, with much greater potentialities for spreading understanding of science.

Science-fiction is a good thing because it can make its readers conscious of the significance of science as a social force, as the prime instrument of social change. I remember when I first read a science-fiction anthology, how impressed I was by its great sweep through time, and how clearer was my understanding of the mutability of man, of the ever-changing nature of human society.

Science-fiction can take the wheelbarrow out of men's minds and replace it by the powerful space-rocket. It can help us to live in the world of tomorrow which is developing all around us here today. This is a tremendously important job, which science-fiction can do without ever mentioning the horrible word "education", and without ever becoming narrowly propagandist.

But the trouble with science-fiction today is that it groans too much and makes us all look too ill. It fills the reader with an awful sense of doom. The stories leave me with an overbidding impression of death and destruction. And, I regret to say, with a belief in authoritarianism. The Strong Man, the Big Boy, the Leader is successful. The people are just - well, there they are, to be pushed around, ordered about, exploited and duped. Nobody believes in people. And in the process great harm is being done to scientist and science. He is presented as the great know-all, the person, brilliant but different, who thinks up all these ideas and inventions which are really very dangerous for men, and which usually the professional soldier is called in to help to control. This is an exceedingly dangerous picture to build up.

I notice that in the Eagle, the Hulton publication which I have read from the first number, the scientist is presented either as an amiable but intelligent twerp, or as an evil person. And it is the professional man, Dan Dare, helped by the senior military man, Sir Hugh, who smooths everything out in the end.

And I also find far too much gadgeteering in many stories. Defects in the quality of the story and of the storytelling are covered up by blinding the mind with gadgets - baths that wash you and perfume you, mirrors that talk back at you, shoes that pick out your path for you. That is not science. That's just plain rubbish. There is, in fact, a crisis of quality in science-fiction today, but no crisis in quantity. Never are so many fed with such shoddy material. There are only a few writers who

can construct a plot and invest it with some of the basic qualities of fiction. For the rest it is in the style of such as 'Police your Planet', a serial appearing in Science Fiction Adventures earlier this year. This is the stuff of pulp and space-opera, and the most flagrant degradation of standards. Incalculable harm is being done to science-fiction because of the commercial possibilities of pulp sales. In back-rooms, in many cities, persons not at all concerned in raising the standards of science-fiction through honest encouragement of writers are poisoning the minds of too many with the dregs of pulp trash that they have bought cheaply from their American equivalents. They are making fortunes by pandering to bad tastes.

Are we, science-fiction lovers and writers, are we helping to destroy science-fiction too? I think we are, because in our serious work we are not concerned with reality. We are, in the main feeding the escapist. We reflect in our work the terrible crisis of outlook typical of our day. People who see no hope in the future, find solace in science-fiction. And we are pandering to that in our work.

Why cannot we be optimistic? Have we really no faith in the future? Do we really think it will all end in a bang and a whimper?

For four years I was a servant of the United Nations. I still think internationally, and I know from my own experience that everywhere there is a demand for an understanding of the part science can play in improving conditions of life. Has the science writer no part to play in this? Of course, he has. Why should he concentrate on totalitarian struggles on Planet X, and wars of destruction in Galaxy Y, when he can be much more effective by concentrating on the healthy cooperation of nations for peaceful ends. That is the great theme these days, which the science-fiction writer ignores at his peril.

The Odyssey is one of the world's great stories. It was written in times when man knew he was controlled by the Gods, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Robinson Crusoe is also one of the world's great stories. This was written at a different stage in the history of man, at a period when science was beginning to make man conscious of his personal worth and to give him some hope of independence from the dark Fates. You may remember how Robinson Crusoe tells the exiled Russian nobleman his story of adventure and how at the end the prince says with a sigh, "The true greatness of life is to be masters of ourselves."

And now we can really begin to achieve true greatness in this sense - and instead science-fiction is misleading us. Man can think and see for himself - if he wishes. The emphasis should be on life, and not on death. But that presents a great challenge to the writer. You need to be a good, honest writer to make real the story of science and the good life.

What themes can be used? The science-fiction writer has one great advantage - he moves in worlds where the mores, the accepted ways of life of today do not operate. Therefore

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th: communist, or even

Jan '51) quotes from "It is easy to understand our space-travel fiction at this time. During world war, we turn naturally to this threatened planet for explanation. For while in a phase of imagination grows more prodigious, the grunts of cowboys and armed detectives, we are violent approach to shift to the future."

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his reading. However,
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save science-fiction.

MAURICE J. GOLDSMITH

speech made by Mr.
mission

SESSION.

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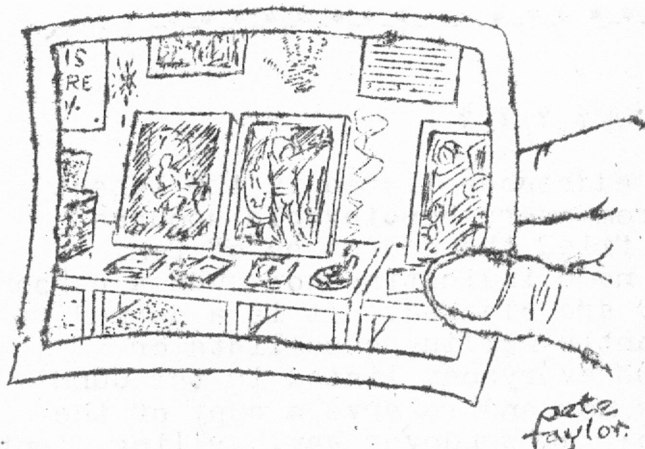


or -

THE LOST WEEK- END -

- The Year Of The Loncon -

by - DAVE WOOD



"...And this one is a group photograph of the Junior Fanatics..."

"But I can't see the JF's, only the Stand!"

"Ah! The bar must have opened again..."

LIFE was sheer horror that night before. The bus left unpunctually at 9.15, bounding gaily on its journey.

Ken Potter, Harry Hanlon and I prattled gaily at first. We had begun the journey by giving the others inhabitants a demonstration of a space ship take-off. We muttered little things like 'X-10, X-9, rocket-stud down, X-5, X-4, fuel tanks open, X-2, X-1, Zero!"

We did this for about three times before the bus did start. The people did not seem to mind at first but when finally the driver switched out the lights and loud shushes penetrated the air, we began to think maybe silence would be welcome.

Despite this set-back, we occasionally spoke in muted breath and cackled heartily over the result. The only difficulty experienced in this form of speech was the fact that Harry was seated three rows behind us and we had to shout to make ourselves heard.

Things had been moving fast that day and I for one realised sleep would be a blessing. This was like trying to extract a con report from James White. Ken and I sat together and with high hopes we settled down to sleep. Blissful slumbers never came. Within seconds Ken was settling himself in to "a more comfortable position." When he did settle down I found he had deposited a finger in my ribs. I informed him of

this interesting little news item. I must say that he stoutly opposed this statement declaiming most emphatically that it was his chest. However we did not delve into this intricate subject of his personal anatomy, but instead resigned ourselves to the fate of ten sleepless hours on the bus.

The road was studded with interesting little items the first of note taking place at a little place known as Chorley. This will henceforth be the place of the dark glasses. It was about ten thirty in the evening. Imagine a dank wet street. A bus stop. And a Q of some thirty wet tired people. Past this group surge three gay youths one clad in a pair of sun glasses. Demoralising. But what if they return, this time the glasses having changed hands or eyes. And then a third time with the third member of the group wearing the optic preservators. Imagine the discern. Meanwhile the three speak seriously of the 4-dimensional effect, Einsteins Quantum theories, the moving whorls, the colours that arent colours, and other equally enigmatic subjects.

It was a sight for sore eyes. The queue simply lost its morale and we left Chorley with the satisfaction of knowing that we had left a group of people who would never be the same again. We could imagine them running to the churches to pray, or phoning the police the army, the boy scouts, or the S.F.A. or some such body.

And has James White ever swung a bus starting handle about his head at midnight his only spectators being two natterly old maids?

Has any-one been told to have "TEA AN' LIKE IT" at midnight on a cold, damp night?

Did you know there is an Old Irish Harp Inn on the road to London?

And then Ken nearly had his head removed by the driver who slammed the door while Ken's head was still in the space where the door was a moment later. These bus drivers ought to be

But this is a con report.

The bus had no air conditioning, the windows were close and the door fastened..... what with the heat and lack of sleep it was a wonder we left that coach alive.

We did.

With one last effort we dragged our tired, travel stained bodies from the coach, collected our luggage from our enemy the driver and staggered from the coach station.

It was morning. 6.15 a perfectly obnoxious hour for any-one.

London is a nice place full of streets, rows, roads and foreigners known as Londoners. After an hour or so of steady marching complete with cases typewriter etc we met our first inhabitant a dear old lady with a charming accent. A few moments of thought told us that she didn't know where the hotel was. It really was most confusing. Why doesn't everybody speak English? We shrugged weary shoulders and moved on our way. There followed a series of streets and rows, the monotony of which was relieved by a few roads and an occasional row. Dazed inhabitants flowed past towards their daily labours. Milk floats bearing the inspiring legends EGG PRICES REDUCED and YOGURT IS GOOD FOR YOU were dragged by by seamy individuals wearing confederate caps, striped aprons and dark glasses. WE began to give up hope. Maybe there was no hotel. For a few dispassionate moments we watched the Morgue squad clear up the residue of last night's binge; saw a chain of weary slaves drag dustbins down a side street and then past into Southampton Row. Here Harry with a great deal of thought expounded a theory that maybe if we looked at the address of our hotel we might find it useful. We did. It didn't take us long to find the place now and once within the precincts of the place the hotel's private slaves transported us and luggage to our rooms where we relaxed.

IT was not long however before lack of stomach padding drove us to the breakfast room where we remedied the fact. Returning to the lounge we came face to face with the provincials, Terry Jeeves, Eric Jones, Eric Bentcliffe, Brian Varney and another whose name I forget. They were enthusiastically discussing Bea Mahaffey and a certain fan with a motor bike upon which she had been whiskered away sitting side-saddle. We came in half way through this conversation and got hold of the wrong end of it but Terry neatly cleaned it up for us.

Later we set forth for the Bonnington but to our amazement we passed by it and were led off into the wilds to the new Fantasy Bookshop. Here we came upon Bert Campbell and Vince Clarke (who was going to work!) We mixed words with an irate film magnate who was featuring the bookshop in a film, then ambled on our way. K, H, and I nicely got separated from the rest of the mob and once again we were against the elements of London. It seemed like the next hour would never end. On we trekked map in hand, mouth dry, sand clogging our feet. It began to snow. We passed through Belfort, Perugia, Ankara, Tengri Nor, Tungchwan, Macon, Kuri Turao, Fort Mudge and Charing Cross, we were lost.

But fortitude and determination overcame all and finally before us lay the Bonnington.

.....
" The Whore of The Worlds "
.....

It was about 10.30, but many fans were already there. Bea Mahaffey, Tony Thorne, Fred Brown, Brian Lewis and others cluttered up the hall in various fannish ways. Tony Thorne, in his usual livewire manner, had fixed up the Madway's usual sparkling display of drawings, photos and models (no, not those sort) from his club-a-la-shop. This stand was under constant care from his S.S. man Brian Lewis. We hastily scribbled our names onto small tabs provided, pinned them in our lapels, and strode forward into the fray. A bit of bantering with Tony and Brian about P&RI, and then to work. From the depths of our cases we produced our usual conglomeration of art-work, one-shots, P&RI scopes, etc., and with a table kindly supplied by Tony, we prepared our exhibition. All the time we were on our pins, waiting for Pete Taylor to arrive with we fervently hoped, the second issue of P&RI. Nobody seemed to know about him. (Ken*originally put "anything" twixt "know and "about", but darn it - blubber - someone must know something about me, you cur, Ken*; that I'd shuddup thish, din'cha, ((extensive argument ensues - - I merely exeunt, pt)

While I was standing there thinking about nothing, Nic Oosterbaan approached me. He's Dutch you know (now, anyway) comes from Holland. Nice character, Nic. He asked if we would mind sharing our table with his display. Now, this display was really something. Three original cover paintings for Dutch edition of Arthur Clarke's "Islands in the Sky". I calculated that these would attract attention, so said yes. I probably would have done anyway, we already had a Milestone cover ("Fugitive in Time") on the table.

As I had been talking to Nic, I could hear behind me bellowings of delight from Ken, and muted calls for Dave Wood. I apologised to Nic for my popularity, silently hoping that it wasn't Charlie Duncombe after 5/- entrance fee, and swiveled round to face Ken (rash thing to do). Ken was gesticulating violently to a character I couldn't quite see for his head. (Well I'm flabbergasted, whuffer I stand these insults Ghu only knows, one more crack about my head obscuring my features and I'll take this stencill out pronto, and incidentally, I'm not sorry for calling you Ken further up the page* Dave, pt) It was Pete Taylor. (Now I know, gentle reader, pt). I rushed forward, tripped over a forgotten foot, and contacted with Pete in a violent fashion. He said "Hi!", I said "Hi!". We were introduced, I used to know him, he was used to me. He called me Ken, (you misheard me I swear), I told him I wasn't Ken, I was Dave. He said sorry, I accepted. Then he did a bit of digging practice in his case, and produced a bulky brown parcel. We leaned forward expectantly. With due reverence he undid the string, the paper fell away. A sigh. There lay P&RI 2. We placed the copies reverently on our stand and waited for the rush. It didn't come. We had to TAKE the copies to the subscribers present.

People were coming in thick and fast now. Mainly thick. Denis Gifford, Norman Wansborough, Pete Hamilton, Alex Morrison, Phill Duerr, Shirley Marriott John Brunner - onward came the immense horde of refugees from the outer world.

Walt Willis, James White (whom ghu has as yet not crushed) and Madeline Willis stood in the passage. Walt, now hardened to queues, bottlenecks, and crowds, circumvented the seething mass of humanity in the doorway with nonchalant ease and stood surveying the horrors of the crowded con hall with a look of pain and anguish on his face. By this time he had been rejoined by Madeline, the White, and Bea Mahaffey, who seemed to appear from nowhere. Our last glimpse of the gang was a wan smile from Walt before they were lost from human ken (no, not our Ken) in the cess-pool of fandom.

Again our stomachs decided our next move, and in the company of Ken, Harry Pete, and Shirley, I went out in search of succour.

Back in the con-hall about two-o'clock, it suddenly struck the committee

that we might like the con officially opened. We came in at the end of a brilliant speech by Fred Brown. At least, I think it must have been brilliant by the interesting way it ended with a polite "thankyou". He apologised for the delay - a slight one of a matter of three hours. Maybe he introduced a few notables like the treasurer, but I wouldn't know, not being present. I did hear him apologise for having no film. "Destination Moon" was off; they could get nobody to turn the handle, or the film was inflammable or something. We were in the small hall at the time, Mrs. somebody-or-others Maids choir was having a jam session in the upper large-hall - you could hear them as well. Brown at last vacated the stage and made way for Ted Carnell. Ted brought a few of his pet authors along, and a few other odd ones, and under his manipulation they produced a few witty or not so witty or just plain pointless speeches. I must confess I heard little of this, since I was standing in the hall-way talking to Ken Slater. Then Ken(Potter) came bustling in with horrrpr written all over his face. The Junior Fanatics ((now ex- JF)) had been bullied (no, sorry, that should read "billed", an honest admission on my part for bad typing, pt) next with a play. Pete Taylor had told us that we would have to put it on script in hand, as two of the original cast were absent. We had talked him out of this foolish thought, but now it seemed that the committee insisted we put it on. I left Ken Slater and approached the con committee with Ken and Pete. We threatened; cajoled; implored; wheedled; pleaded; and wopt for them to scrap the idea. We outlined the position to Fred Brown and Charlie Duncombe; after all, to expect anyone to put on a play, the script of which they had only seen about an hour is rather thick (to put it mildly!) But the committee had one maxim over the matter "The show must go on..." and all that blather. We got a free pep talk, and left with muttered oaths. So Ken, Pete, and Shirley Marriott took the stage with script in hand. The play was good. Very good in fact. The audience had a good laugh - - at the wrong places, leaving Ken, Pete, and Shirley very embarrassed. Fred Brown attempted to make lightheartedness of it, by putting in a commercial plug, but only made matters worse. Finally they were hustled off the stage by Fred, who now looked as happy as a horseless head. In all seriousness, I must say that the whole thing was a gross mistake, and it was most unfair on the author Bert Campbell, and the Junior Fanatics. Apologies to Bert should come from somewhere, I'm not saying where.

It says in the programme that an audience-participation event was to follow entitled: WHY I READ SCIENCE-FICTION: I don't know whether this came off or not. After the play we slipped off into the hall-way to chat some more with Ken Slater, Charlie Duncombe, Denis Gifford, Walt Willis, Vinç Clarke, and others. We attempted to participate in conversation with James White, but he held us off with his water pistol so we left him alone. Quite a character. Quaint, these Irish.

Provincial Fan Dave Cohen took the stage in what was supposed to be a rundown of the London Circle. It ended up as the usual yearly fight over convention sites, but the IC brushed it to one side with a bored gesture and the argument, although at times heated, petered out, although continual outbursts throughout the con naturally came from the Manchester fan.

Although the first day as a programme was a complete flop. Minute intervals lasted hours, things were postponed, cancelled, pointless or boring. As a time for fanning tho', it was a success. Little groups littered the hall chatting gaily. Bigger groups crushed into the bar - talk about customs queues. After tea we returned to find a play in preparation. This was in the form of a series of dramatic radio announcements. It started with a talk about Bert Campbell and developed into a national disaster, with Campbells' beard

smothering London and continually growing. This piece was by the Harp himself, Walt Willis, and was the best item of the days proceedings.

After that there were no doubt authors panels, games, and things, but I was feeling too tired to pay any attention to them. I faintly remember arguing with James White over the business of a con-report. Through glazed eyes I saw Tubb auctioneering valiantly, and bid successfully for something, I don't know what. I don't even know what I bid or whether I paid. People were moving about now, and I deduced that the proceedings must have finished or something like that. I faintly remember staggering from the Bonnington, have a memory of blurred streets, a long walk, asking for a key, entering a room, derobing and falling into a stupor on a soft, comfortable bed.

The next thing I remember is Potter (curse his misbegotten hide) standing on his bed, quoting in a loud voice from the Ruybayet of Omah Kyam. I was in no mood to appreciate this work of art at the time and told Potter so, but he wouldn't believe me.

At eleven we were in the Convention Hall looking for freinds. I spoke to Pete Taylor and asked him for gen as to what passed the night before. It seemed that Tubb had shown his paces again. He had been tragic, humorous, annoyed, and super-collosal. He sold Amazings, gave away Astoundings, had a girl up singing for a copy of Space, and sang 'High Noon' with Fred Brown and Charlie Duncombe. What had I missed!

The opening item of the morning was to have been a tour of the Stands conducted be Ted Tubb. Somehow Ted missed the stands, we missed Ted, or the stands missed us all. I don't know exactly what missed but the item failed to take place - that and no breakfast! The morning was wasted, and out we sailed for fodder. An interesting hour was frittered away over this item in company with John Brunner, and a swift walk after found us at the Fantasy Bookshop. But the magnetic pull of the con took hold of our feet and soon we were back among the seething masses in the Large Hall.

Ted Carnell and Bert Campbell were up to their tricks with the usual gusto, a great success to start off the second day of a fairly mediocre con. Came the International Fantasy Award, the winners of which were announced and details given with out the awards themselves being present or on show.

Simak won the fiction award with his "City", and Ley and De Camp the non-fiction with "Lands Beyond". Runners-up for fiction were "Take Off" by Kornbluth and "Player Piano" by Vonnegut. "Across the Space Frontier" came second in the non-fiction section.

We met that dreadful fellow with the water-pistol again. He was wearing a 'beanie' with bells on it. A real archaic sixth fandomer.

Tea was partaken with a huge mob of Seventh Fandom types, including John Brunner, Shirley, Pete, Dai Barker, Ken, and Harry. At a rival table were Sixth Fandomers with Ken Slater accompanying. With great restraint they held themselves from throwing back any of the cream cakes we proffered to them - pity, would have quite a battle.

Returning, we found the con had emigrated to the larger hall, whilst down below in the subterranean depths the Medway group were showing their paces. Personally, I wasn't too happy over this item, but the crowd seemed to be enjoying it. Actually it was very well done and carefully thought out.

After this, the Junior Fans presented their Fanzine Award; or I should say that I presented the Award for the JE's. The Award went to Quandry and was accepted by Walt Willis on behalf of Lee Hoffman; I was also supposed to give a speech but somehow it got lost. I stuttered on, growing redder and redder, sweating like a man in a bearskin suit on a nice day in the Sahara, but I got through it.... Suddenly from the escape hatch came the cry "L. Ron Hubbards upstairs!" That did it. Like a mighty jungle stampede that would have made Goldwyn look red, the fans streamed out, leaving the Medway Group standing in a silent hall. I made my way up the stairs, Ken and Harry having been swept away in the first avalanche. I regained physical contact with them on a windowsill in the large hall where I was told: "Hubbard is the bod with the ginger hair."

The Editors panel was in progress, and was proving a real success. On the stage were Pete Hamilton (NEBULA), Nic Oosterbaan (PLANEET), Bea Mahaffey (OTHER WORLDS) and Maurice Goldsmith (former UNESCO Science editor). All were guided by the able hand of Ted Carnell. A successful paper was read by Mr. Goldsmith, and is recorded elsewhere in this issue of PERI. Nic Oosterbaan frankly confessed he was interested in the money in s-f., besides being a fan. Pete Hamilton told of the future of NEB., and his plan for the production of a "crud" mag (my adjective) that would sell at about 1/3d., and be mainly for the masses. Bea Mahaffey said a little for Ray Palmer on the future of OW. Plans for upping the rates to 3d a word, and future illoing by Ed Cartier were mentioned. Then L. Ron Hubbard took the platform and said a few words on his future as an author, and on the s-f of today; he was a definite showman. L. Ron Hubbard, it seems, is returning to the field with all his pseudonyms, his Doc Methusala stories, and a long novel in preparation. He did not mention Dianetics, tho' he did smilingly refer to a "certain subject". I did hear that the committee had clamped down on the subject, it being too controversial and vast a subject to be discussed in a few minutes. I hope this is untrue because I feel that the subject would have been welcome, and after all, there were more than a few gaps in the programme...

Pete Taylor had us introduced to Bryan Berry, who promised to look up something for a future issue of PERI, which alas has none after thisish. We drifted away from Bryan and took up chatter with Pete Hamilton, Nic Oosterbaan and Maurice Goldsmith. While thus engaged, "scientists" Berry and Campbell were theorising on Space Flight, and followed their lecture with a demonstration of their new ship. Most Educating.

This was followed by a ballet. It was a very serious item and showed the London Circle's true feelings for fine art. Fred Brown, Ron Buckmaster, Charlie Duncombe and Ted Tubb were brilliant in their respective roles as luscious (ludicrous?) blondes. Dot

Ratigan and Daphne Buckmaster took the leading roles as Devil and hero respectively. Ted and Fred were the most seductive, whilst Charlie looked like an overgrown baby. It's undescibable; you'd have to see it to believe it.

The convention programme was polluted with so-called "worthwhile" competitions. So far I had managed to avoid these wonderful moments, but now one did catch me unawares. It took the form of a short sketch by Ted Tubb and Fred Brown porrtroying mad scientists creating a ----- played by Brian Burgess, which ended up as a "Guess What the Mad Scientists Had Created" competition - if it could be graced with the name compettion. This was marred by scientific inaccuracy showing the London Circle as a bunch of none-to-brights. Fancy not knowing that you can't create a "zombie" in a machine. Some kind over-taught scientific type kindly pointed this out to the group amidst thunderous applause.

The final item of the evenings entertainment was a grand auction by Ted Tubb and his assistants - mainly his assistants, and as the programme said, "a nice long one too". This sort of dropped into senile decay and people gradually drifted away to be lost in the night. Now the con may have ended here but- oh sir! - the fans hadn't. To quote a few goings-on; the Bonnington was riddled with drunken fen holding room-cons, roof-cons and Bea-cons (see Terry Jeeves Report). Fred Brown and someothers, I heard, found the havens of their beds at eight 'o'clock Monday morning, Dai Barker lost himself in the Great City and was conducted to his hotel at two in the morning by a kind poliseman, nobody knows what happened to John Brunner, Shirley Marriott, Pete Hamilton and Co., and many fans were seen wandering across the Great Metrop. with glazed eyes and dead bottles. As for us little seventh fandom fans (Ken, Harry, Dai before he lost himself, Pete Taylor and self) we trekked down the streets of London loaded like a camel train. We had typer, papers, mags, books, fanzines, cases, more cases, and a huge bag of fanmags belonging to Chris Youd (don't ask us how we got hold of that lot, us honestly don't know!)

After a brief sesh in our room at the Avondale, Pete and Dai left. Ken, Harry and self undressed and prepared to get to bed. Sleep came at about three in the morning. We had another breif fanning sesh which took us about another hour to open the typer, another fifteen minutes to put in a ribbon, moments to find some paper and then - we found ourselves with nothing to say. Sleep came eventually.

Before closing I would like to say a word to anyone who goes for a holiday in London. Never, I say, never ask a Londoner "Where can I get a tube to sos-and-so?" He will immediately issue you with a string of bus numbers which will take you to the place, but never mentions tubes. A visitor always goes by tube and never by bus, and a Londoner won't travel in a tube but loves 'buses and their numbers. (OK, OK Dave, I'll be puffekly prank with you and admit that for the life of me I couldn't get around London from around Holbrn way, and I hated to admit it, there now - pacified? pt)

I have now proved that I am no Walt Willis when writing a con report, but I will say that I have done my best to portray the full events in a truthful manner. On looking back I find that James Whi-

THE SCIENCE-FICTION SITUATION IN THE NETHERLANDS -

- by NIC OOSTERBAAN

As the unofficial and somewhat self-appointed representative of my country at the London Science-Fiction Convention 1953, I am invited to write a few words in this fanzine on the s-f situation over here. Unfortunately there is not so much to tell, but my internal ego-booster is driving me hard to tell something, anything, just to take some space from somebody else, who may not have anything to tell either.

First of all I want to apologize to all you people who had to put up with my English accent for a few days, although I have the infernal gall to think it was not the worst accent you heard. (Please do not think I am referring to Peter Hamilton, Fred Brown or Ben Mahaffey, I liked Ben, and Fred is a swell guy too, and Peter is also an editor, if you see what I mean).

So, s-f in Holland, that is tonight's subject, isn't it? Let's stick to it - I mean, let me stick to it.

Magazines. So there is "Planeeet Science Fiction", a most noble effort of a gentleman I know rather well. It's me, and I'm selling copies, too. Contents of the first and as yet only issue are a translation (in Dutch, of course) of Jon J. Deegan's "Old Growler, Space-ship 2213". I'm glad to hear they're dead now - Hartnell, Tubby and Deegan, I mean. But I liked that story at that moment and so the publisher I had cornered took it. Copies of the magazine are still for sale - I take one British pocket-book or prozine for each of them (another plug, if the editor lets it slip through) - and I need not remind you that the copies of a former Dutch s-f magazine "Fantasie and Wetenschap" are now very rare and valuable collectors items, selling at 75 dollar-cents or thereabouts. This "Fantasie and Wetenschap" (Fantasy and Science, to you) was an enterprise of Ben Abas, prominent Dutch fan and fan-artist. This magazine had four issues in 1947 - 1948 and then folded, due to lack of interest on the other side of the general public.

It is feared that "Planeeet" will be even shorter-lived as the publisher hesitates to take up the second issue, which, in fact, has been ready to go to the presses for some months. But there are signs that the interest for s-f mags is growing rapidly.

Books. As for books, the situation is somewhat better, if not sensational. One publisher, "Servire" at the Hague, has brought out an edition of "Lancelot Biggs, Spaceman" and "Pebble in the Sky" in a pocket edition. These are selling rather well, or so I hear. In the same series will be forthcoming soon "Needle" and "The Man who sold the Moon". "The Big Eye" was also published in Dutch by the same Dutch publisher, in a highly priced edition which sold very slowly. The only author to have made quite a hit in this market is British Arthur C. Clarke with his non-fiction "The Exploration of Space", followed by s-f book "The Sands of Mars". A third book of his "The Islands in the Sky" is optioned for by a client of mine and sales seem reasonably sure. His first two books were published by "Pax", also at the Hague.

John Wyndham's "Revolt of the Triffids" was a flop and was with-drawn from the market to be re-priced. It was previously serialised in the largest circulation weekly of the country - well received too - and it was evident

that the market would never carry the too-high priced book edition. But some people will never learn. There is also a cheap edition of Merritt's: "The Ship of Ishster" as well as of several Burroughs' novels, not from the Martian series or Venusian, but including two Pellucidar titles. But these books were published seven years ago, and are hard to get now.

The surprise of the year, however, comes from "West Friesland, Printers and Publishers" who are launching in low priced edition, four of the famous Winston juveniles. I am happy to say that my agency is taking care of translations, cover designs and inside illos. First time I made some money or s-f, you know.

Comics Please no!

Fanzactivity. There is one loose-knit brotherhood of fans who centre around Ben Abas and Jan Hille, two old-timers. They do not publish a fanzine - not yet, I hope - but circulate a booklet in which all members contribute a drawing, a story or an article. Most of them just say "Hallo" and probably that's why the booklet is titled "Hallo".

I have heard some murmurings from neo-fans who intend to launch a Dutch s-f fan club with fanzine and all. Connections are being made with Flemish fanclub "Alpha", most members of which live in Antwerp. I have some hope that a really big national club will arise from the various groups which are slowly developing. As soon as I know something more I shall certainly let you know more on the subject.

And - this is serious - if some British collectors would like to have some Dutch stuff, I shall be most happy to let them have it on a barter basis, so as to avoid difficult international money remittances.

By the way, as far as I know there have been only two original modern Dutch s-f books. They are: "Uranium Fever" by Hans van Assenburg (translated "Uraniumkoorts") and "Saviour of the Earth" by Edward Multon ("Redder der Aarde"). The latter title was announced as the first book of a trilogy, but the second and third volume seem to have never appeared.

- NIC OOSTERBAAN

'SNOOK DOWN SOUTH' cont. from page 29.

was the strangest individual there, whilst Tony Thorne, altho' not falling far short of J.W.'s tilte, was the most active. Fred Brown - whoops - Robinson had the most fun with his flash-light. Walt Willis now speakd English. Vinç Clarke has started work, and the future of SFN is still uncertain. People from Scotland were Scots, and not Scotch which means a whiskey. John Loxsmith is John Brunner who is Killian Houston Brunner. The Manchester group have the con-site for next year with Pete Hamilton as Chairman. Education is a wonderful thing, and isn't it strange what one can learn at a con?

- KEN POTTER

- fin -

Now the rest of thisish is devoted to an editorial and lots of tearful goodbyish 'ritins which we feel are justly dignified for yet another fanzine that must 'ere enter the dark portals that lead to the great and wonderful Armageddon of crudstacks titled -
FANZINES

EDITORIAL....

You know how fandom is. Every once in a while some guy gets a great idea, and with a fanfare of rolled up copies of QUANTARY, publishes another damned fanzine. Some stick for years, and some fold after two or three issues. We are the kind of people that stick. This, the third ish of PERI, is easily the best yet, and we're rather proud of it, in our quietly, revoltingly smug manner. We've spent a great deal of time and money, mostly the latter, on this 'zine, and several people have predicted for it a brilliant future. We agreed with them.

When we folded the Junior Fanatics, because that mob of youngfer was getting nowhere fast that left Pete Taylor printing PERI, and Dave Wood and Ken Potter editing, untrammelled by any society commitments. So we were going on to greater things.

Considering these facts, it seems to us a great pity that this is the last issue of PERI.

We repeat we are the kind that stick, but we've been forced out by the fact that Pete Taylor our only printer is transferring his energies to a 'zine from the W.H. So good luck to this W.H. 'zine and from PERI a fond farewell.

In thish the main thing is the Loncon. Yed's noticed a certain ac of efficiency in the running of the binge but enjoyed themselves well enough. 'Twill be interesting next year to see how the Manchester Mob fare. Anyway they have our moral support and practical support too should occasion arise.

Lancaster fandom (The bit that matters anyway) now numbers 4. Yed's plus one Harry Banlon, who tho' of discriminating taste in S.F. and a lover of fan humour, is a little lethorgic when it comes to actifanning and Irene Gore.

The Ken Potter half of the editorial board is now writing. It is as well that this should be made clear for Dave would not enjoy being held responsible for any of my gushings about this girl. You see, my relations with her, are on a somewhat higher plain than a mere passing acquaintanceship.

Bea Mahaffey? - never heard of her

((Kid you shure missed sumthin - DAVE))

Anyway I'll not let my glands run away with me, I'll simply say that it is likely that I and her will among other things publish a 'zine together. This although it will sell exclusively to fans, will include things that do not pretend to have any bearing on S.F. or fandom but which we gamble most readers will be interested in. Also of course the usual fannish hodge-podge. No fiction. Title will be BRENNSCHLUSS.

The machine for this 'zine is a flat bed dupe. Irene and I tried to drag Dave and Harry into the concern, but they suffer from a primitive superstitious dread of flat beds. This will, therefore, be the only 'zine founded on sex. It'll be ages before B 1. is out, but beof good cheer, you still have SLANT, so we are told.

We are glad to see the changes on the BRE market now we have Galaxy S.F., F and S.F. and Beyond in full, monthly, and that's all we wanted. Most of the 9d crudseets seem to have folded. We cheer.

Looking over the fanzine field, it beats us why Bob Bloch ever took the trouble to invent 7th fandom.

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Dave taking over: Harry and I are the sort which nothing surprises or shocks; we move lackadaisically on our way but Potter doesn't take all the biscuit, one day Harry and I, we may get up and make us a fanzine. It's just like us.

PERI has been a good kid. Pete Taylor did the horse-work, Ken wrote most of the mail while I had my name on the editorial board and spent my time O.K.ing material in between the girl-hunting and listening to jazz. I'm a great big hard-working fan. I deserve all my egoboo.

Ah well tear (beer?) stained and blotched we say farewell to PERI and all it stands for. To muck up the immortal words of the great Louis Armstrong: "We need a bit of fanning now and then, mostly then".

Lets Go

Rambling

...YOU WILL PASS THROUGH OMSK - YOU WILL NOT SEE YOUR MOTHER...SLANT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUT SOON...DON'T CLASS ME WITH ROBERT BLOCH... REMEMBER? PEOPLE USED TO LAUGH AT WALTER WILLIS ONCE...WATER PISTOLS AT TEN PACES... IT'S NO WORSE THAN PLAYING PIANO IN A CALL HOUSE... GAD? BUT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL? EVEN IF SHE DID HAVE A LIMP IN HER LEFT BREAST...DANGER?PSYCHOANALYST AT WORK... damn it to hell, this typer is in upper case, and it's making question marks instead of commas...NORMAN WANSBOROUGH SPOKE TO ME..... IT'S THE DIVIDEND THAT DOES IT... EVER TRIED ROLLING COAL BUST INTO BALLS ... IT'S SO COLD DOWN HERE WE HAVE TO BREATHEON THE THERMOMETERS... DOES ANYBODY HERE MIND IF I MAKE A PREDICTION...A WISP OF CHIFFON....DID YOU EVER HEAR TELL OF MIGRAINE?... IN ITS TONELESS METALLIC VOICE WAS A QUEER CATCH.....GET OUT IN THAT AISLE AND WHIP YOUR DOGS....HIS UNRULY SHOCK OF RED HAIR TOWERED SIX FEET FOUR ABOVE THE FLOOR...TELEKINESIS? I CAN'T GET THE CAP OF MY TOOTHPASTE...GRANPA OPENED A VEIN IN THE BATH... I NEVER KNEW BATHS HAD VEINS...ITS A HECTIC LIFE BEING A FAKE-FAN.... THIS CUSTOM WAS BORROWED FROM THE HINDUS....ITS A BIG PLUG AND WE HAVE ONLY LITTLE HOLES...SHE WAS BAREFOOTED AND CLAD ONLY IN HER NIGHTDRESS.... INSTANTLY THEY REALISED THAT SHE WAS WALKING IN HER SLEEP....GOOD FOR YOU MR WHEATLEY...HORSE FEATHERS A MARTINET, AND FORCHRISAKES REMEMBER ITS NOT A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT....GETTING OFF TO A SOLO... I NEVER KNEW YOUR GRANPA HAD A BATH....HOW HIGH THE SCHUBERT....WITH QUESTIONABLE ACQUAINTANCES... BUT WE GOT TIRED OF USING BLOTTERS....PLENTY OF EVIDENCE THAT SHE STILL HELD A CARGO OF LURE .. ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS....I HAD TO HAVE DIMPLES LIKE WHITE YET....REAL GUT-BUCKET, AND HOT PLEASE. IT'S THE ABSTRACT IN ME...I'VE BEEN A NEOFAN FOR THREE YEARS NOW...LET'S GO SOMEPLACE ELSE ... OUR STENCILS HAVE PRETTY PATTERNS ON THE TOP... SO WHAT? MY GRANDFATHER WAS A COCKNEY...DON'T ANYBODY START A RUMOUR THAT WE ONLY USE THE POINTLESS ONES TO HAVE MORE THAN HYPHEN...FILLERS ARE MOSTIY ESOTERIC, ANYWAY...GIT LORST.....

STAN KENTON