

# RETRIBUTION





# RETRIBUTION

## NO 4

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE G.D.A.

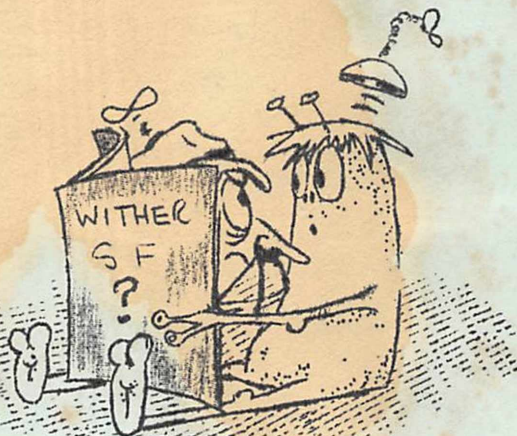
Retribution is yours because:-  
We like to see you suffering...  
You contributed....  
You wrote ...  
You sent money ...?  
You must have done something  
to get it ....

If you're in the little box on  
the bacover, send us some money  
for the next issue and climb out  
of it.

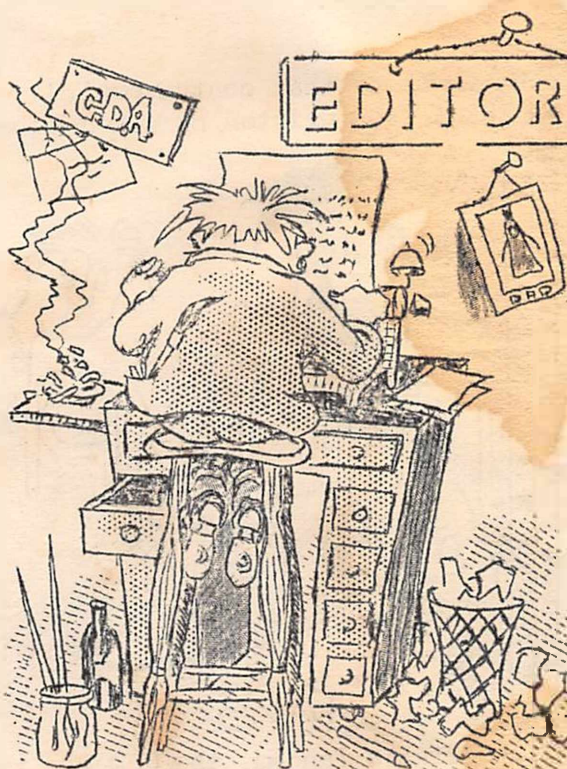
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Letters welcomed...  
Money welcomed ....

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## ART IN THE CHAIR

Editorials are helluva things to write. Oh yes, I know that Willis and Harris can sit down at the typer and proceed to type just what is needed and just the way it should be said. But we're not Willis or Harris (( and thank Ghu for that say's Madeleine and a certain beautiful female in Rainham.)) What's this to do with a RET editorial you say, with your peepers whipping along ten to the dozen so you can get on to the latest Goonery inside. Well, what I'm trying to say is this..that although we're not Willis or Harris we're trying our best with this goddam editorial racket, so now read on.

Again this issue seems to have grown, as we vainly struggled to keep down in the twenty page bracket, but I think the material inside is too good to keep over.

Bob Shaw shows the way on the Totem traffic ring, whilst the boss, Goon Bleary gives out with the answers on the Big Bulmer puzzle. ChickChuck Derry comes up with info on some of Pavlat's periginations Bob Bloch poses a question that only the Goons can answer, and Greg Benford reports on Goon Gunnery.

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YUGGOTH SAVES --MORE! (Thanks to the G.D.A.)  
.....

In case the impression has got round that RET is devoted wholly to Goon stuff, we'd like to say this ain't so. We do intend to keep the G.D.A. as the main theme, but we'd be pleased to see anything you might care to submit on fandom or fan topics.

Filled with a sense of wonder, we proudly announce that next issue will be our first annish. Not for the G.D.A. to creep past with a shy smile. RET 5 will be choc full of Goons and Goodies...G.D.A. reports from most of our agents, and some sublime stuff from Terry Carr, WAW and others. It all depends on how our blackmail works out.

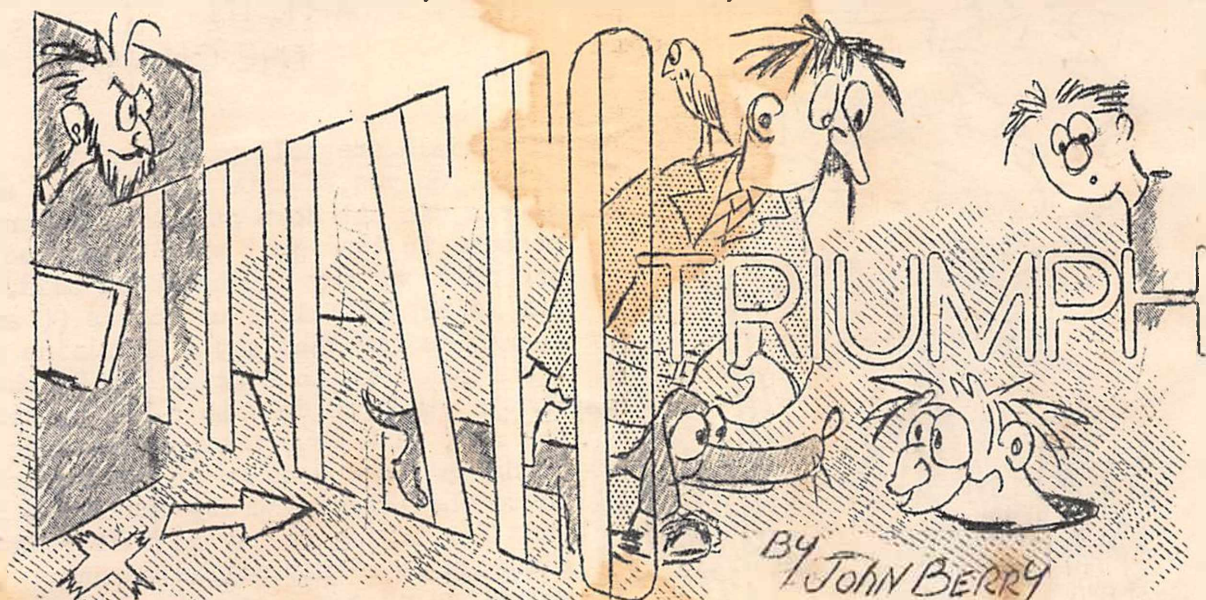
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London has the world Con for '57. So you knew, O.K. But we'd like to give preliminary notice of the G.D.A.All-in service for looking after lonely fems during the Con. Burgess and Harris available at modest prices. See RET 5 for full details.

Art Thomson



This griping story is the promised denouement of that contraversial story, The Tresco Horror, featured in RET 3, and written by H.Ken Bulmer.



The efficiency of my organisation to investigate fandom, the G.D.A., is now considerably enhanced by the appearance of yet another secret weapon for use in the G.D.A. arsenal. I refer, of course, to Nikkodemus, the Thomson's brown daschund. And this story, beside featuring Nikky, (as he is affectionately called ) in sheer supersonic action, is so very important because it portrays what happens when the full power of the G.D.A. is let loose on one specific operation....as in this case, the revelation of 'The Shape' the mysterious being who had undermined the whole of greater London ( both physically and metaphorically ) in his quest for...for.....well, read on...

.....

"Say, looky here, Art," I mouthed, taking a bit out of my moustache," if Stumac says ....."

"Aw, fergit that business," rasped Art, " lets have a conference about Ken Bulmers mystery. The situation is getting rather desperate, you must admit. When anyone wants to see the crown jewels in the Tower, they have to take a miners helmet and a pick. Theres even a guard at the gate to take coal off sightseers. And look at Cleopatras Needle. Someone sold it to James White when he was on his typing honeymoon last year, and now he's made a fortune by buying a surplus coal mine lift, and charging Americans ten shillings to say they've sat on top of it...of Cleopatras Needle , I mean. Lock at Nelsons Column. Small boys are using his legs as a wicket. I tell you, something will have to be done. Ken wants results ."

So we sat down, and prepared a plan of campaign, detailed below :-

1. Arrange for the immediate assasination of Arsenic Cranberry. No one else was going to investigate fandom.



2. Contact three acknowledged experts, and go with them to study the phenomena at Tresco.
3. Infiltrate Olive ( Art's wife ) into Tresco disguised as a maid to carry out a counter-operation for a different purpose altogether.
4. Instruct my budgerigar, Joey, to hide amongst the branches of the Bulmer Aspidestra, and report what went on.

With such a superbly arranged scheme, something was bound to happen.

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I surveyed the last few rambling twigs of the Bulmer apple tree cringing self-consciously out of the soil. Right enough, the tree, along with the rest of Wellmeadow Road, was disappearing. Ken was not exaggerating.

I turned to the first expert I had hired.

"Now, Mr.Wansborough," I said, " as a countryman, what would you say has caused this phenomena.?"

Norman got down on his hands and knees, and scuffled about for some moments, muttering to himself the while. Occasionally, he would scrape up a handful of soil, and smell it lovingly.

"Er ...yuk yuk," guffawed Norman. " Ha, not enough dung. That's it. Not enough muck-spreading."

"Thank you, Mr.Wansborough, " I grated. "Ah, Mr.Bennett, what do you diagnose as the trouble, you being a gentleman of the highest academic qualifications."

Ron stood on his head and burrowed like a mole, leaving a growing pile of wormcast-type squiggles over the lawn. Eventually, he re-appeared with a little bag in his left hand. He emptied the bag, and numerous small chunks of rock fell at his feet. With a sigh, he knelt down, and tapped each chunk with a small glass hammer.

"The layers of rock in this part of London," he said proudly, " are notoriously unstable, due to glacier action many eons ago. The strata immediately below here for a depth of several hundred feet shows consecutive layers of limestone, and due to the hardness of the upper crust, a general subsidence of the surrounding ...."

"Thank you, Mr.Bennett," I panted."Step forward please, Mr.Enever. As a horticulturalist of some considerable repute, pray define your experienced opinion as to the cause of this malady."

By now, we were ankle deep in the soil ourselves. Ken was certainly not over-stressing the point.I admired the way he was able to keep just above soil level himself, even though the rest of us were floundering.

"I'm standing on Roberta's head," he announced proudly, removing the soil from her left ear hole with his forefinger so that she could get her share of egoboo.

I turned to Paul.

"You're very quiet," I said.

"It's disgusting," said Paul. " The cause, as Mr.Wansborough says, is partly due to lack of nutriment in the subsoil, but for the most part Bulmer himself is the selfish cause of this poor tree biting the dust, as



is plain to see. He has flogged this tree for many years, making it produce more and more apples for the betterment of his Cyder Making Factory, and now, nature has taken her revenge, as she often does... the Goon being a good example of this. However..."

"Cheerio, Mr. Enever." I sobbed. "Show them out, Miss Dinglebotham."

Olive gave a delicate curtsy, causing Norman G. to trip over her, and the combined murmuring of the words 'muck-spreading', 'strata' and 'should be ashamed of himself' gradually faded away.

"What's the next move, Goon?" inquired Ken, tears matting his beard, "now that the intelligensia have failed."

"The G.D.A. will out, Ken," I growled, hoping he wasn't following the movement of my Adams Apple.

Accepting a pomegranite sandwich from Pam, I went away and managed to get Olive on her lonesome for a few seconds.

"Tell Joey to bring all the news tonight." I breathed.

.....

That same night, I was busy manipulating Art's new item of furniture at Brockham House.

It was one of those WHAT THE BUTLER SAW machines. Art had given me a pounds worth of change, and, boy, was it worth it? This butler knew his onions. I just pulled out a fiver, and was going to ask Art for some more pennies, when Joey flew in and perched on my shoulder.

"Mrs. Thomson says that she doesn't see Ken all day, because he is busy working in his study on his American TAFF trip story. Mrs. Thomson states, however, that she hears strange bumps in the night, and a strange voice swearing all the time. I've heard them myself. I flew about to investigate, and discovered the noises are now exactly under the house. Someone is trying to break into the cellar."

I threw him a packet of millet, had another three shillings worth of the butler, and gathered my staff.

"Quick, Art," I shouted. "Get Nikky, and I'll get the tandem out."

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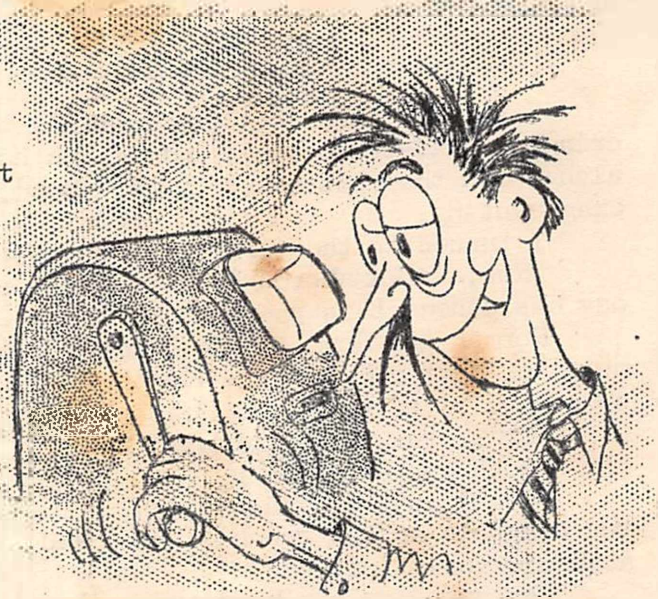
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Ken came to the door in his dressing gown, a converted duffle coat worn back to front, with his typer in the hood hanging on his chest. Just the thing for James White, I said to myself, he's always complaining of how cold he gets going to his den in the middle of the night. But the job in hand came first.

"This is the G.D.A, Ken," I hissed. "On business."





He parted the hair hanging over his face with trembling hands, and peered at Art and myself.

"At two thirty in the morning?" he asked incredulously.

"I teenk so," I sniffed. "Take us down to the cellar."

We followed him, Art carrying Nikky down the stairs

"Listen, Ken," I whispered. Slight bumps reached our ears....monotonous bumps, and, at intervals, horrible curses of frustration.

"What's that?" gasped Ken.

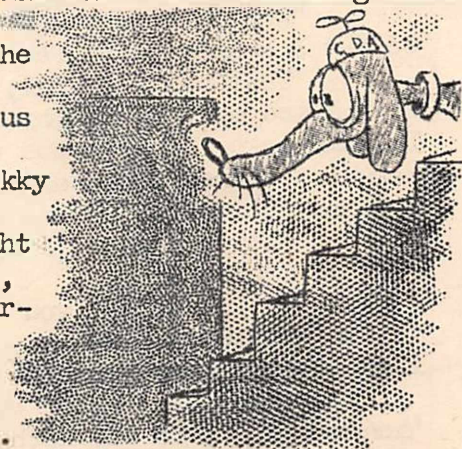
"I presume it's the SHAPE," I replied, peering over Art's broad shoulders. "Let Nikky have his head."

Art dropped the daschund, and with a whine of pure terror it slithered on it's way, helped by Art's size 12's.

After a pause, a scuffling was heard some distance away, followed by a gradually nearing scraping noise.

The G.D.A. had triumphed again.

For Nikky was dragging along the SHAPE.



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We were seated around Ken's study, later that morning.

"So that's what happened, Ken," I said. "That was why your apple tree, Wellmeadow Road, Nelsons Column, and indeed, three-quarters of London was gradually sinking. It was a good example of soil subsidence, but not for the reason put forward by that learned man, Mr. Bennett."

"But why was he digging under my house?" asked Ken, helping Pam to peel the spuds by scraping them down the side of his face.

"Why were you digging under Mr. Bulmers house, SHAPE?" I asked, giving him a kick with my boot, and spraining my left big toe in the process. Must get new boots.

Norman G. Wansborough put a grimy hand in the pocket of his denims, and withdrew a crumpled sheet of paper.

He threw it at me.

"I'll sue the G.D.A.," he thundered, "setting a beast onto me. It ravaged me twice."

I ignored him. I opened the paper. I went hot and cold. I nearly fainted. I clung to Pam for support.

The Goon had slipped up agin.

I turned round nervously to Ken.

"So I've cracked the case for ya," I grinned sheepishly, playing for time.

"Ugh?" winced Ken. "Then explain why Norman was digging up my foundations?"

"Looky here," I panted. "You hired the G.D.A. to identify the SHAPE, and we've succeeded. And don't fergit my fee."

I left him open mouthed, and a pretty horrible sight it was, too.



Art served neat Cokes to me and Olive, and took one hisself.

"What I cannot understand," asked Art, "is why Norman G. tried to put a beanie on St. Pauls?"

"That was a signal," I bluffed. I was pondering. I thought maybe if I moved my pornography library to a corner of my study back in Belfast, I could make room for one of those What The Butler Saw machines. I'd make a fortune when James White visited H.Q. Of course, installing the machine would mean moving the CALENDER, but ....

"But why was it a signal?" asked Olive.

Heck. Women.

"I was hopin' you wouldn't press the point," I sniffed, "'cos it ain't often I slip up. But I hafta confess to you two, confidential like, that I have just made a monumental miscalculation."

I could see they were impressed. My using such a big word as 'monumental', to say nothing of 'miscalculation' made them realise how serious the situation must be.

"How come, Goon?" pressed Olive.

Suffering Catfish.

Women.

"Well," I started, "you remember when Norman gave me that slip of paper, just after Nikky ferretted him out. Well, it proved to be a telegram addressed to him, and sent by my official op; in the U.S.A, Chick Derry. Read it yourselves."

I passed it to 'em.

/ TO NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH / STOP / UPON RECEIPT OF MSS I SHALL  
FORWARD YOU AS PROMISED VOLUMES ONE AND TWO OF ADVANCED  
NECKING / STOP / SIGNAL AS ARRANGED WHEN READY / STOP / CHICK DERRY. /

Art and Olive uncrossed their eyes with difficulty.

I took a deep breath and marshalled my vocabulary reserves.

"As soon as Ken and Pam came back from the U.S.A., Willis hired me to get a peep at the complete story of the trip. Seems that there is a possibility that Ken may allot the completed mss for a future HYPHEN, and Walt wanted an idea of the approximate length, for ordering paper and stencils, etc. Conversely, Ken hisself hired the G.D.A. to collect as much data as possible about the TAFF trip, mainly from letters and articles in American fanzines, one shots, etc, so that he would have a complete personal record, and in case he hisself forgot anything. I accordingly sent suitable instructions to Chick Derry, but didn't say that the items he was to collect were for Ken. In fact, I just casually mentioned that I had to somehow get the Bulmer mss on the trip to give Willis a sneak preview. Last week, Chick forwarded all the material for Ken, but, mysteriously, he said he had not yet obtained the most important item, and that he would forward it as soon as possible. It now seems that Chick was trying to impress me with his efficiency by getting the very thing I had been endeavouring to obtain myself, namely, the Bulmer TAFF mss, and he contacted Norman G, in order to do this."

Art scratched his head.

"But surely Norman would have given Walt that information without any bother at all?"



I shuffled my feet.

"I sorta begged Walt Willis to let me do it," I said. "Took a lot of persuading, too. Somehow, he seems to have lost his original enthusiasm for the G.D.A. I don't know why. I thought he had forgotten about the Cedric fiasco."

At the mention of the name Cedric, Art tried to put his hands over Olives ears. She's a delicately reared gal, see.

"How was the beanie signal on St. Pauls supposed to work?" panted Art, trying to change the subject.

"Weeell. I haven't contacted Chick Derry yet, but using pure logic, I would say that the presence of Larry Shaw in London for the convention had something to do with it. Chick probably asked him to send a telegram when he read about the phenomena in the papers."

Sometimes, folks, my deductions are so brilliant that I even bluff myself.

"I cannot understand what the disintregating feather was all about?" said Olive.

As I said before, women. They always hafta complicate things.

"My theory is that Ken is somehow deeply involved in this Mysondrinks racket, thats maybe where he gets his postcards from. It definately wasn't a budgerigars feather, so that lets Bob Shaw out. Anyway, the new Egyptian fan, Mustapha Crapp, has agreed to look into that sort of thing. I'm certain it had nothing to do with our investigation."

I leered, and for me, thats easy.

"By the way," I grated, looking at Olive, and giving her the full benefit of my bloodshot optics, "I'll ask a question. Did you succeed in your mission?"

She flashed me a Matty Harry smile, and handed over a pile of off-white paper, closely typed. I blew away a few long black hairs adhering to every other page.

"Thanks," I grinned.

The G.D.A. had triumphed.

I had obtained the Bulmer TAFF mss.

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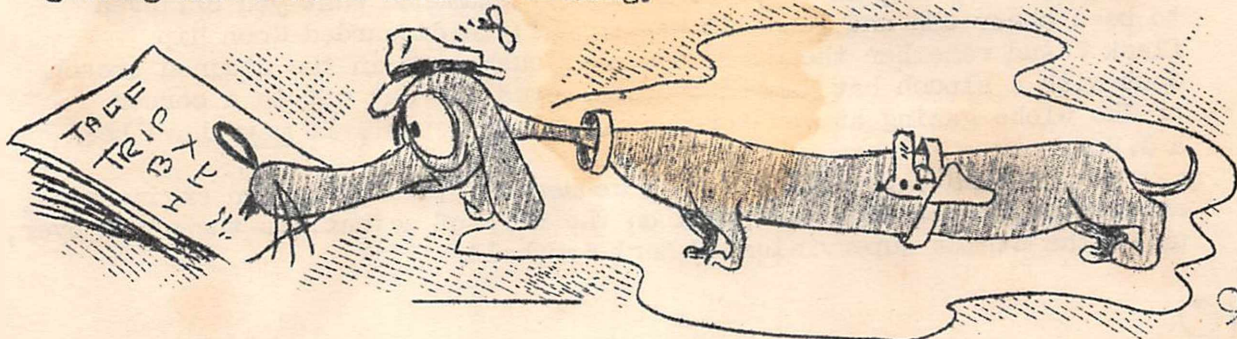
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I look upon the Bulmer Case as one of my most unusual investigations, arising as it did from utter chaos to blinding victory. Only one thing worries me now. Willis has had his sneak preview, and I've got to get the mss back again without Ken finding out where it went.

Guess I'll have to hire Arsenic Cranberry to do the job, that's if Norman G. doesn't assassinate him first ... that boy is dead keen on getting that book on 'advanced necking.'





The G.D.A. Handbook of Fannish Detection is a TOP SECRET issue to all active Goon operatives. Some fen have expressed an opinion that the Handbook is a myth, but from the sheer slashing powers of deduction as displayed in Chick Derry 's report on another page in this issue, I am confident that this misconception is now successfully laid. Arthur Thomson and myself have decided, however, that fandom should be made aware of the detailed training G.D.A. operatives are given before being sent on active service operations, such as conventions, or shadowing Eric Needham, etc. We have arranged to publish chapters from the Handbook in subsequent issues of RETRIBUTION, and all that remains to be said is that we chose experts on each particular branch of detection to write a short precis on their knowledge acquired after many years of experience. We would like to express our thanks to these experts, and assure them that their teachings will not be wasted. With great pleasure, we print below an authoritative and extremely technical paper on G.D.A. offensive weapons by that acknowledged expert Greg (AVOID) Benford.

# GOONGUN

By  
GREG BENFORD

The Goon Defective Agency works all over the world. The Goon has agents in every large fan area, and you will find throughout these areas that one of The Goons men is always recognised by one important thing, a thing that singles him out from all the rest ... and that one thing is the G.D.A. Zapgun.

It would be a very difficult task to list all the fannish crimes that have been solved with the aid of the ol' faithful zap. Many a Goon agent has crashed out of a convention with his zap dripping to bring the truth to fandom. Who, indeed, can list the times he has seen a real G.D.A. man at work in a fierce gun battle and thought it a mere fannish fight.? Remember those minor wars which were fought down the halls of the George, at Kettering? Remember the horrifying scenes of fen crouching in corners and wringing themselves out, victims of the G.D.A. zap? Indeed, have you ever closely examined what you believed to be a bheer can and found it was actually a discarded Goon hip flask? And remember the dark, sinister character in the stained trench coat with a slouch hat jammed over his eyes who sat off in a corner of The Globe gazing at you through his bleary eyes? It may have been a G.D.A. man.

The zapgun itself is a wonderful piece of modern engineering, and is the product of years' work on the part of scientists the world over, under the strict supervision of Bert Campbell.



The ordinary zap which may be purchased at any toy store has a fixed barrel shape of smooth interior plastic. Not so the G.D.A. zap. The special design of the gun lies in the barrel, which is moulded in a rifled shape on the inside. This has the effect of causing the water to spin on it's own axis as it rushes down the barrel, and by the time it has reached the air it possesses some moderate amount of artificial gravity. Natch, this causes a solid rod of water, which strikes the target with more force than any other contemporary weapon. It is this sort of superior craftsmanship which enables the G.D.A. to overcome all odds.

Picture this in your mind. A special G.D.A. agent is backed against the wall, and seven fans are rushing him at once, knowing he cannot hit everyone of them before their withering fire brings the agent down. What can he do? The answer is quite simple, you might say. He gets drowned in the line of duty. ? No. Never fear. The agent reaches into his pocket, pulls out his sprinkler device, attaches it with chewing gum to the nozzle of his zap, and mows them down. The sprinkler I speak of is a simple but effective mechanism which is attached to the G.D.A. zapgun to widen the range quickly and easily. The attachment widens out to a flat area dotted with holes. This permits a scythe-like blast of H2O which enables the G.D.A. man to fight his way out of a situation where an ordinary zap would be useless.

Naturally, the Goonman needs the best in equipment, down to the smallest possible item. So that the agent can be quicker on the draw and wont get his pants wet by a ~~possible~~ possible leak in the zap, the G.D.A.labs have developed a special water-proof holster made of rubber. This is a dual purpose item. If the leak is considerable, and the Goonman is in a position of observation, he can pull the holster away from his dripping clothing, attach it over one of his boots like an over-boot, and, by the simple expedient of standing on one leg, can manage to keep both feet dry during his long vigil. In case any potential recruit should be reading this, please note that, as you can see, the comfort of the operative is our main concern.

The ammunition for the zap is too large a subject to be covered in this shortened version of the G.D.A. Handbook, but I will go over the more well-used liquids used around the fan-world by the Goon's men. The most easily obtainable fluid is water....and remember, our agents are not carefullas to where they obtain their ammo, and several cases are on the G.D.A. files in which men have resorted to gutter-water and rivers, and in at least one well authenticated case, green swamp water.(Good boy, Chick.) This disregard for the bacteria content of our ammo does not mean we are careless. Far from it. The dirty blackhearts whom the G.D.A. track down need no mercy ...anything is too good for them.

For special cases in which there is no chance of the fan repenting, the G.D.A. has developed a special fluid containing one part H2O to six parts Indian Ink, known proffessionally as Wetzel Water. When fired from a standard G.D.A.zap with a blotting paper handgrip, this fluid can mark a fan for life. This is only used in extremities.

The famous Goon Defective Agency's labs would and did not stop at these usual things, however. For undercover agents like Norman G. Wansborough, we have developed the old standby, the water-shooting flower.

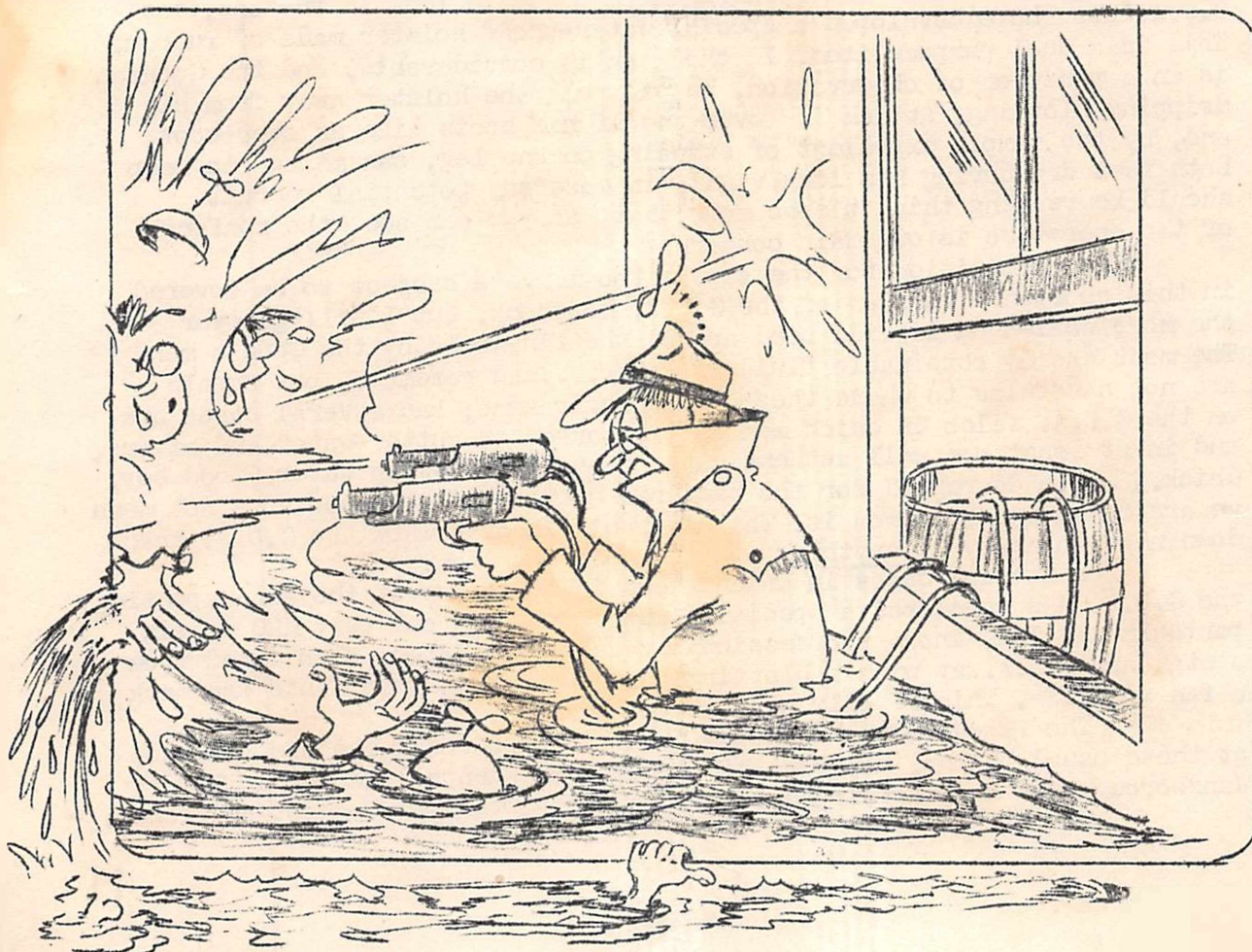


The old gag of childhood days is now employed for confidential work by agents, and many have fought their way out of a closed room full of whooping fen with this weapon and the element of surprise. So if Norman G.Wansborough asks you to sniff his buttercup ....beware.

These few extracts from the G.D.A.Handbook are merely a slight skimming of the surface of the great arsenal of the Goon Defective Agency. If the contents as a whole were not restricted, the full knowledge of the zap and similar weapons as displayed by Mr.Benford would leave the reader flabbergasted. Besides collating information from every available source, Mr.Benford has also carried out a series of involved experiments himself, whilst on vacation from high school, although we publicly wish to refute an allegation that he and his family were forced to move from 5 Chapel Street, Lahn because he flooded three-quarters of the town.

Mr.Benford writes from a hospital in Frankfurt, where he is recovering from pneumonia, to state that he has prepared a new chapter for the Handbook, detailing secret weapons to be employed for clearing fen from convention halls. Unfortunately, he left it at his old address, but he is confident that the mss will be forwarded when the water has subsided.

It's the obvious keeness that makes our agents stand out.





# STATESIDE REPORT

## THE GREAT PAPER CHASE

G.D.A. US & A.

BY  
CHICK  
DERRY

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SPECIAL

The US files of the G.D.A. aren't as old as those at HQ, but already they exude an air all of their own. So it was with proper precautions that we settled down to peruse some of the vital facts stored therein.

The Casebook properly disinfected, we open it at random. What BNF's secret will we reveal? Ah, yes, this is a choice item. A real tough nut to crack, this one. And dangerous .... Pavlat has several times threatened me with extinction beneath the wheels of his red convertible.

But Truth, the G.D.A. and free speech are sacred trusts. Now, lets see.? Oh, yes, those are the gravy spots. Here we are, the notes begin thusly :-

"....there is too much coincidence for Pavlat's paper to be otherwise than arithmetic paper. I'd know that stuff he dupes CONTOUR on anywhere. He won't come clean as to where he gets it, and I must know. Your retainer enclosed."

The letter was signed :- Bill Danner.

I had wondered at the 'Special Delivery' of the envelope, but the retainer explained all. I keep that album of Eveylan West in a fire proof vault.

As much as I knew about CONTOUR, the twisted fanzine, I was totally in the dark as to Pavlat's paper supply. There was nothing else to do but investigate.

I loaded my .38 caliber 'Dagnet Water Pistol' with pure swamp water - this case could be dangerous. I had had a supply of genuwine Swamp Water imported from Charles Wells, after a disasterous incident using tap water. I had barely escaped whole when attacked by two enraged FAPAns, and the tap water only wounded them.

I parked the BabyBlue Studebaker in the alley behind the Gin Mill and slipped through a window in the Pavlat basement. I could hear the ominous 'thunk-clank-cluck' of the salvage Speed-o-Print. The sound came from the direction of some old beer cases.

Easing out my .38 caliber DWP I edged in close. There was a small, completely walled in room constructed of beer cases. Beneath a dim light Bob determinedly cranked away.

Stacks of slip-sheeted pages lay against one wall.

Pavlat paused to chug-a-lug a beer. He looked tired and near to exhaustion.

I pocketed my DWP and showed myself. His eyes were hidden by his fogged glasses, and his voice was a tired wheeze.



"Between Grinnell's letters and the voluminous fan fiction, Conny gets bigger every ish," he said.

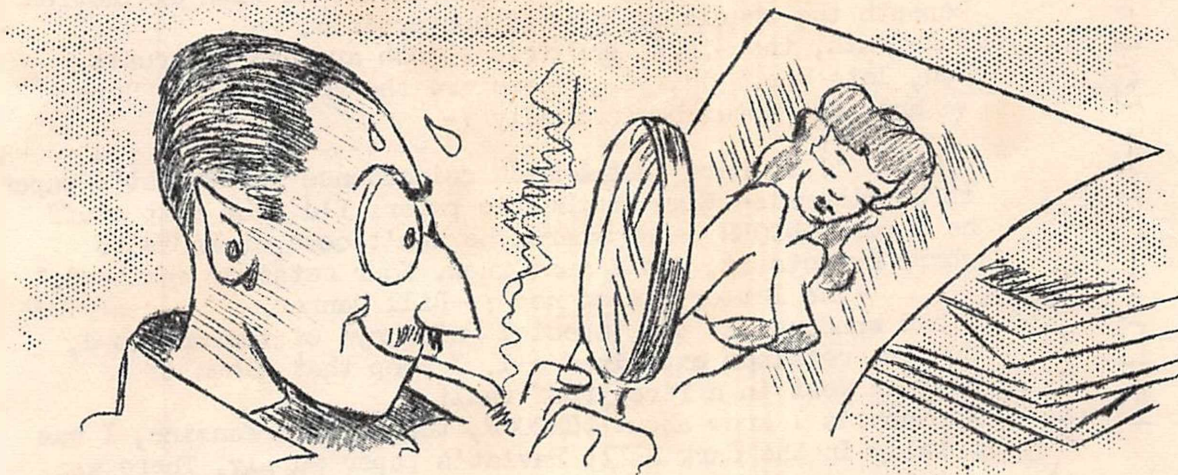
I 'tsk tsked' sympathetically but said nothing. I was here to get the facts. I lit a cigarette to throw him off his guard.

"Have a seat there on the fanzine index while I finish up," he added. I moved into a corner and sat down on a file of 'Target Papa'. With his back turned I craftily leafed through a stack of ESQUIRES. Never can tell where a good clue might be.

I was casually re-reading a picture story entitled 'At home with Kim Novak' when some newspaper clippings inserted in the pages caught my eye.

There were a dozen clippings used as bookmarks for such learned articles as :- 'Jane Russell at dawn'....'Marilyn Monroe says yes ' ... ' Bare facts of love ' ...."Why I like women, by Wilson Tucker'

The clippings weren't important, I could see. All about a series of thefts from schools in the neighborhood. The clippings mentioned that nothing



had been taken but some arithmetic paper size  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The police traced paper wrappers to the vicinity of a suburban bar and there lost the trail.

I went back to Kim Novak., when Bob interrupted me.

"I'm two pages short on this latest 'Filthy Four' story. How about riding along while I pickup some paper."

Oh joy. I fairly leapt from my seat. Here was my golden opportunity.

I carefully sponged up the brown swamp water stain made by my DWP, and we left.

I clung to the seat and door handle as Bob hurtled the red convertible through the streets. We hadn't gone far, but I was shaking badly when we pulled up before the local kindergarden.

"Keep an eye out, willya?" he said. "Got something to do. Maybe blow the horn if anyone comes along, huh?"

Bob slipped away.

I agreed. A chance to rest was a welcome relief. I needed to gather my wits if I was to pick up a clue to Conny's paper.

Ten minutes later I heard Bob throw a soft bundle in the trunk. A moment later he hopped behind the wheel and we were off.



I recuperated from the return trip on a file of 'Horizons' with a picture of Leeh Hoffman autographing Tucker's dance programme. Bob went back to cranking the S-o-P.

I was late when he finished and I could see nothing helpful was going to happen that night as he had obtained some paper from somewhere. I bade Bob a shaky farewell and exited the way I had entered.

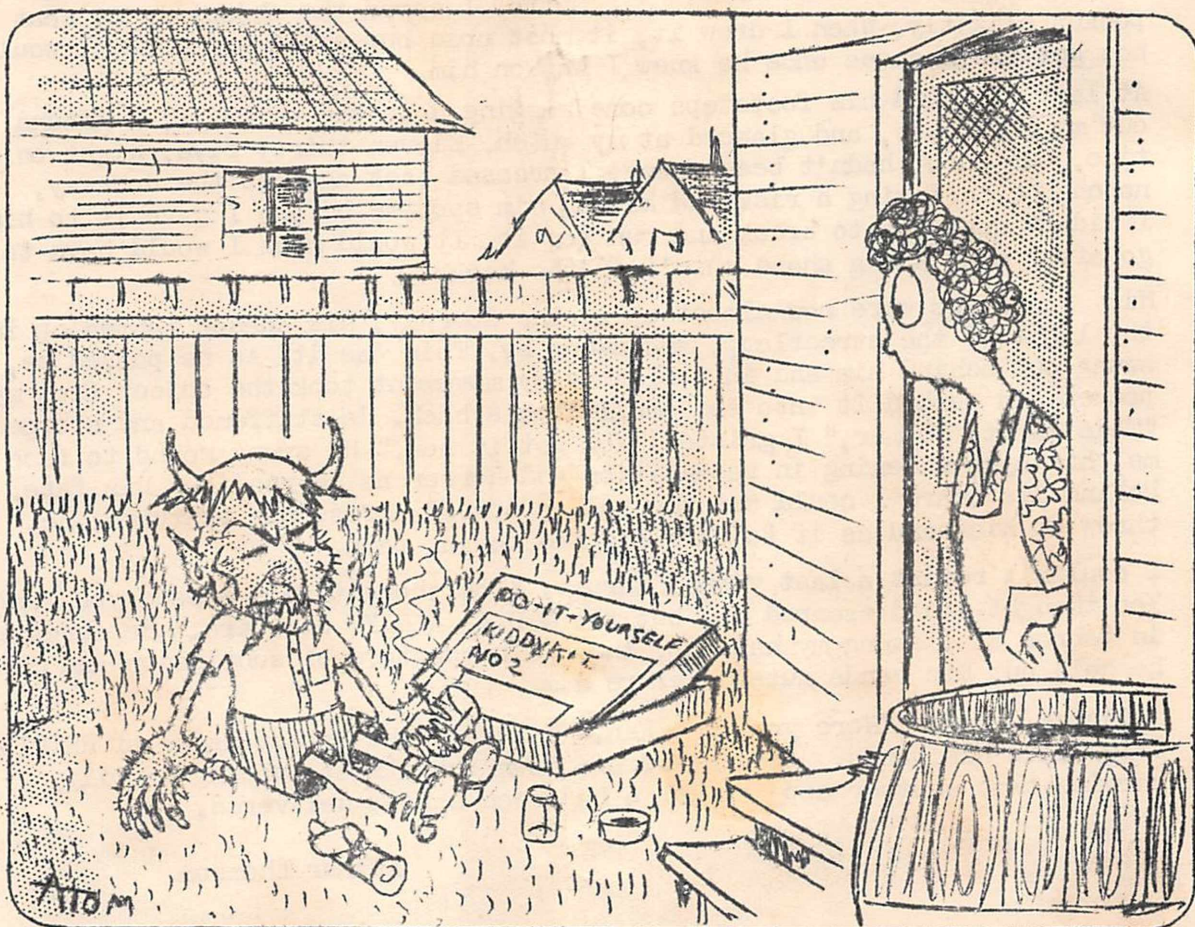
I sat down and wrote a letter to Bill Danner, after I had recovered from the events of the evening.

"....no definite progress to date. But if you will please remit six foto's of Denise Darcel suitable for an art student, I'm sure I will eventually be able to crack the case. But I must insist on the remittance. Expenses are rather high on this sort of thing."

I close the Casebook with regret and place it back in it's garbage can for safe keeping.

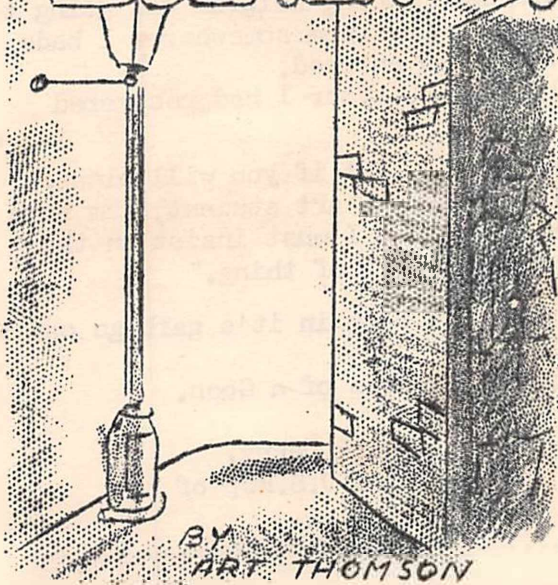
How proud I am to be serving Fandom in the harness of a Goon.

Chick Derry.  
Official U.S.Rep of the  
G. D. A.





# BULMER GETS HIS...



BY  
ART THOMSON

It was night. A light rain was falling. I hunched further into my raincoat and shook the raindrops from my face as I took a drag from my cigarette. From the darkened doorway in which I stood I could see the dim light of a street lamp gleaming wetly on the pavement.

The street was deserted. I could hear the faint noise from the city. A muted symphony of civilisation that beat through the rain. Eleven thirty. I cursed the rain once more and stood back into the doorway. He was late, and I was cold and hungry, but the job must be done, that was the Goon Agency motto. I eased the object in my coat

pocket slightly. When I drew it, it must come out slick and fast, I would not get two chances once he knew I was on him.

At last. I heard his footsteps come ringing down the pavement. I ground out my cigarette, and glanced at my watch. Eleven thirty five. Right on time, our info' hadn't been wrong. I pressed back against the doorway, no chance in taking a risk and having him spot me before I gave it to him. I didn't want him to break and run for it. It would mean I would have to go after him, and a chase wasn't in the book.

His footsteps were now almost up to the doorway, his shadow loomed up in the light of the streetlamp, and swung by. This was it. As he passed me, I swung out behind him and in a clean easy movement took the object from my pocket and pushed it into the small of his back. He stiffened and stopped. "This is it, Bulmer," I gritted. "You get it now." He swung round to face me, his eyes widening in recognition and horror as he realised his fate. Behind his beard I could see the pallor spread across his features. He threw up his hand as if to ward off the coming pain.

I couldn't resist a last verbal thrust. "You thought we'd missed you, eh? You thought you'd escaped it, but the G.D.A. ALWAYS delivers." He screamed in terror as I swung my hand up, then in a gesture of submission and mercy he held out his hands mutely before him.

Grinning, I said, "Here you are, Ken." I thrust the latest issue of RETRIBUTION into his hands. And walked off down the street humming happily, knowing that another copy of RET 4 had been safely delivered.

Arthur Thomson



# A FOREGOON CONCLUSION

BY  
BOB BLOCH

In April I reached my 39th birthday.

While sitting round opening up the many congratulatory messages I received from my creditors, I suddenly fell silent.

My wife, who knows that I usually make quite a lot of noise whenever I fall (particularly when, as usual, I have a glass in my hand ) immediately said, "What's the matter ?".

I sighed. "Nothing," I said. "Except that I realise for the first time I'm getting old. Why, in just 21 years time I'll be 60."

"Cheer up," she said. "Then you can be a sexegenarian."

Well, that made me brighten up immediately. I usually feel bright when I'm lit anyway.

And I stayed bright right up to July, when the blow fell.

I heard about Joan Carr.

It's common knowledge, now, of course. Throughout all fandom they're chuckling over the hoax. "Joan Carr is really Sandy Sanderson. How priceless."

I beg to differ.

That Joan Carr is really Sandy Sanderson I've no doubt whatsoever. But I don't think it's priceless.

I think it's horrifying.

Many years have passed since the last Tucker "death hoax". I remember, at the time, how reassured we all were when we found out that Tucker was still alive. Even though we have only his word for it --- remember, Tucker has never actually proved he is alive.

But that was probably the first indication that in fandom things are not always what they seem to be. Even things like Tucker, that is.

Then, in the late '40s and early '60s, came this business about Lee Hoffman. Lee entered fandom presumably as a boy. And in New Orleans she turned out to be a girl ... a fact which has been a bitter disappointment ever since to everybody except Larry Shaw.

About 1953 or 1954, we had another case. A "P.H.Economou" came into prominence. Again, it was assumed that the fan in question was a male. But "P.H.Economou" showed up at Bellefontaine, and you can imagine my deep personal frustration when I found out this fan was only a gorgeous gal after all.

There have been other examples. At the moment there is still some confusion as to whether a certain fan is "Jan" or "Janice" Sadler. In view of this particular fan's youthfulness, I suggest that all we can do is wait for developments.

But the problem is growing.

To make it still more perplexing, recent years have brought us the news of the fabulous "Christine", and of some Scottish female physician who became male.



Frankly, I'm beginning to wonder about everybody.

Understand, now, I'm ruling out the Laney thesis completely, I am not concerned with homosexual sapiens. But there is, apparently, such a thing as hermaphrodism. And there's no doubt about the curious practise of adopting the garments of the other sex.

Let's face it....this is a job for the Goon squad.

It's up to you people to get to the bottom of the problem.

Are Anglofans what they seem?

You can tell the sex of a budgerigar by the spots over it's beak or the eggs under it's beam.

But just because two people called 'Ken and Pam Bulmer ' come over to an American convention, that doesn't mean we know which is which. Any woman can paste a beard over her chin....any man can paste falsies over his chest.

I'm not accusing, mind you.

Just speculating.

How does Walt Willis know, for example, that Marilyn Monroe is really a female.

Why doesn't he find out, satisfy himself once and for all. This is a question which deserves probing.

As for me, until the Goons come up with definite answers, I'm not going to take a stand on the question. I want to know the facts.

What kind of a man is Shirley Marriott.?

Should we change the name to the TRANSVESTITIC FAN FUND ?

For that matter, is John Berry a male, or merely Diane in disguise. The time has come for us all to make a clean breast of it. And if, as I suggest, we are the victims of another gigantic hoax, perpetrated by Charlotte Harris, Ethelbert Lindsay, Roberta Shaw, and the rest...then let's strip aside the veil of pretence. Let the Goon Squad give us the naked truth.

Fun is fun, but let's have a little more straight gen about the mixed genders.

Robert Bloch.

## GOON SPECIAL.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT JANSEN

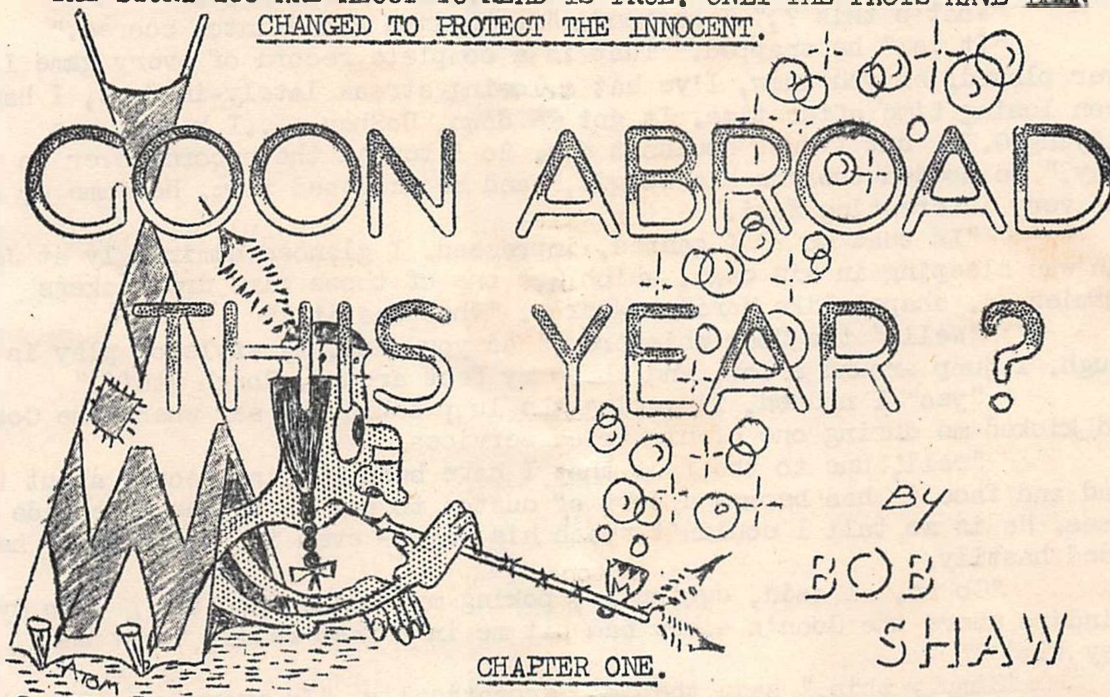
## HEROIC GOON AGENT WOUNDED WHILST INVESTIGATING THE BRUSSELS TRUNK MYSTERY

Little did fandom know that the motor accident in which Goon agent Jan Jansen broke his collarbone only covered up one of the most baffling cases that this GDA man ever tackled. The full facts can now be disclosed. Jan Jansen, wounded in the line of Goon duty gives the full story of his mysterious attacker and why he was intended to be silenced forever. British Fandom will be horrified at the disclosure and solution by this heroic agent in a future RET.....THE BRUSSELS TRUNK MYSTERY.....

Art Thomson.



THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS TRUE. ONLY THE FACTS HAVE BEEN  
CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT.



My thoughts were grim that foggy night in January 1956 when my ship began to apply the brakes as it edged slowly towards Canada, nearing port. I had heard somebody saying you could see a place called Newfoundland from the dack but when I went above there was nothing visible but cold, swirling vapour. I leaned on the rail of the bleak, deserted promenade deck, staring blindly outwards as I finished a cigarette.

My mind went back to the night that Bleary handed me this assignment..

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"I want you to go into the wild, woolly west," he told me, carefully casual.

"Why," I said. "I like this cold weather. I don't need no wide woolly vest."

"Shaddap," he shouted, jumping up in his overstuffed chair - a home made effort with a back in the shape of Marilyn Monroe.

"Oh, I get it, Goon. You want me to adopt a disguise. Well, it wont work. I once went to an orphanage, picked up a coupla kids and said to the dame, 'I want to adopt 'deseguys.', but ...."

"SHADDAP" he screamed. His breath sent the thousands of model aeroplanes hanging from the ceiling swinging and spinning, bumping of his cluttered story files and wall photo's, so that he seemed to be sitting in a snowstorm.

I waited until I glimpsed his face through the swarm, and said, "Take it easy, Goon. You've been jumpy for weeks, now. What's the matter ? Tell the BoSher."

He calmed down, then went to a cabinet and took out a bulky file of papers and dumped them on the desk in front of me. They seemed covered



with complex inscriptions, like :- 8.3.55.JB&JW10-GC&WAW21.

"What's this ?," I snapped, "looks like ghoominton scores."

"It is," he snapped. "That is a complete record of every game I ever played. As you know, I've hit a losing streak lately-in fact, I have been losing time after time. It got me down, BoSher,....I knew I was playing O.K., but I just couldn't win. So I turned the records over to Joey," he nodded towards his budgie," and he analysed them. He came up with one very interesting fact."

"Is that so ?" I gasped, impressed. I glanced admiringly at Joey who was sleeping in his cage, which was one of those wire dressmakers dummies ... shaped like Marilyn Monroe. "What was it ?"

"Well," the Goon whispered," as you know, my style of play is tough. I jump around a lot, and throw my feet around. Rough stuff."

"yes" I nodded, fingering the lump behind my ear where the Goon had kicked me during one of his trick services.

"Well, due to the fact that I have been kicking people about the head and face it has become a sort of custom to put me on the same side as James. He is so tall I couldn't reach his head - even iffen I tried," he added hastily.

"Go on," I said, curiously, poking my tongue into the gap in my grinders where the Goon's elbow had hit me in a fast rally, "What did Joey find ?"

"Simply this," said the Goon dramatically. "In every game in which James plays against George Charters, Georges side always wins."

I was astounded. At first, I couldn't believe it, and then, thinking back, I saw it was true. George was no mean player, he was cunning, it was George who invented the deadly alternating vertibrate chop which, when properly applied, had been known to leave a human spine looking like an eccentric camshaft. But it wasn't in the cards that his side should always beat a side with James on it. James was too good for that.

"Brilliant work, Goon," I said, "worthy of the head of the Bleary Eyes. There is something queer going on."

The Goon smirked with pride for a moment, then sobered up.

"You've said it. Lose, lose, lose. I tell you it can't go on. That's why I want you to go to western Canada, You see, I began to check back on James and George to see if something could have given George a hold over James. I had to give up on George right away... nobody could check on his past. There's just too much of it. The other trail comes to a dead end, because James was not born in Northern Ireland. He comes from Canada."

I whistled. "So he does. You want me to go there and turn in a complete report on him.?"

"You mean you'll go ? Great. Suffering Catfish. BoSher, that's brilliant ...."

"At a price," I snarled, irritably brushing away an attacking squadron of dive bombers which had been launched by the Goon's sudden capering around the desk. "What's in it for me ?"

He stopped travelling about on an invisible pogo stick, a business-like gleam appeared in his beady eyes and his moustache took on a crafty slant. He opened a drawer in his desk and took something out of it.

"How about this?"



"I'll take it," I yelled joyfully. "It's just what I've always wanted. Oh Goon. I'll wear it always."

"Wear it?" he said.

"Yes, Isn't it a badge...an emblem of the Bleary Eyes?"

"No," he cried indignantly, "it's a fried egg with a sprinkling of tomato ketchup."

"The deals off. Look at the size of it. I'd be afraid to smell it in case it flew up my nostrils. Besides...I know Chuck...I'd feel like a cannibal."

At the mention of Harris, the budgie gave a faint squawk and threw itself off the large front balcony of its cage, but the Goon didn't seem to notice.

"All right," he gritted miserably. "You win. I'll give you the two dozen bottles of beer, the bottle of sherry and two glasses of whiskey I ...er... saved from James' wedding reception.."

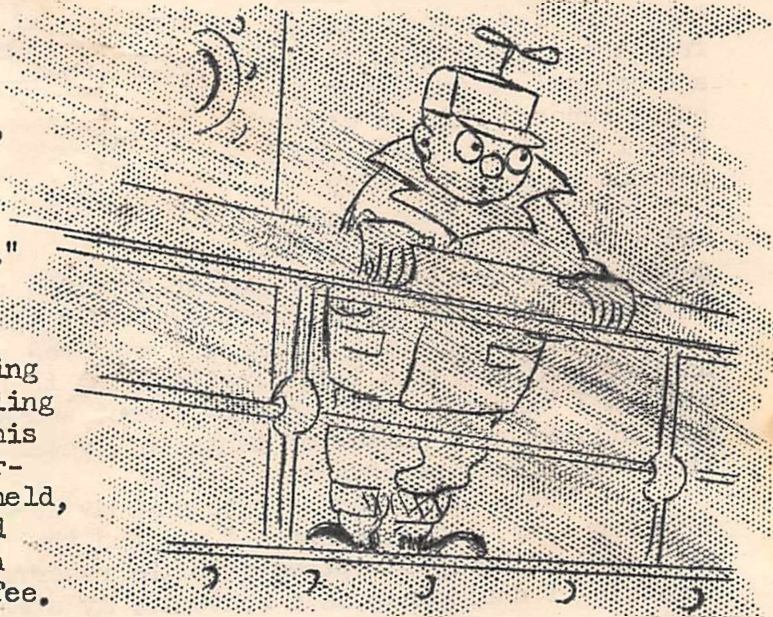
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So here I was, staring out into the fog, and feeling uneasy, wondering would this be my last mission, wandering what the near future held, but mostly wondering would Bleary be able to restrain himself from drinking my fee.

I couldn't remember if he

liked fee or coffee. I flicked my cigarette end over the rail, wishing that I was off the ship where there wouldn't be any cheap cigarettes.

I don't smoke.



## CHAPTER TWO.

Four days later. My train shuddered to a halt at Calgary in the heart of the golden west. I stood at the head of the steps for a moment scanning the snow covered landscape and the milling crowds, searching for something that would give me a clue. This was the fourth city I had tried, but Canada is a big country and I had to find a trace of White. Four days now I had been following that line, travelling fast, straining, striving....

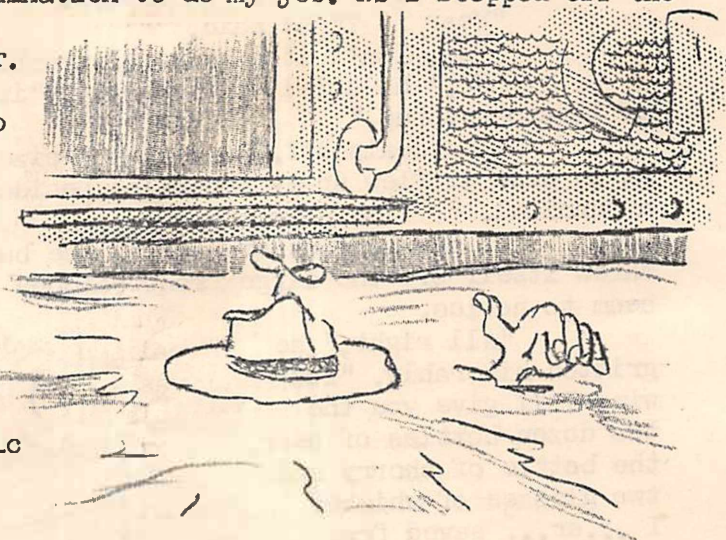
I finally caught up with the train ten miles from Calgary..what a run.

As I came down the steps the crowds began to shout and wave at me. I smiled. So word had got round that a member of the G.D.A. was in Canada.



I gave the people a steady look which was intended to express my gratitude for the welcome and my determination to do my job. As I stepped off the train the shouting grew even louder, the arms waved faster.

"Too kind, too kind," I murmured and disappeared into ten feet of snow. Luckily I was wearing my G.D.A. felt hat, the brim of which acted as a sort of hilt and so prevented me being lost for ever. I dangled there until they sent for a snow plough from the station building, and brought me in. After a quick rundown with an electric fire I felt O.K. again and I set out to scan the city.



By the time I had had a few square meals it was getting dark and I decided just to give the place a onceover before getting a place to sleep. Somehow, I felt that this was the city.

In the growing darkness I wandered about admiring the skyscrapers until I realised that I was lost. Trying to find my way back to the station I wandered down a narrow street and saw dimly in the darkness the outlines of a number of tents in a vacant lot between two buildings. It was an Indian reservation.

There didn't seem to be anybody about. They must all be inside watching T.V., I decided when I noticed the 'H' Aerial on top of each teepee. Cautiously I tiptoed into the reservation determined to steal something I could keep as a souvenir. My stealthy entrance was somewhat spoiled by the fact that I trod on a sleeping dog which ran around the tents yelling in a very moranic manner. I turned and ran, tripped over a guy rope, winded myself and realised that I was trapped. There was only one way to escape from the Indians who were dashing out of the front porches of their teepees. I shinned up a totem pole.

It was strange being up there in the darkness whilst the Indians and dogs milled around below, wondering what was up. I was too smart for them all. Gleefully I whipped out my water pistol, fired a burst downwards and was rewarded by a yelp of anguish from one of the dogs and the sound of somebody saying "Ugh. Take that Fido." I grabbed the top of the totem pole and leaned out to get a better shot and then....

Damm da damm damm

Right on top of the pole was a little propellor.

Astounded, I groped around the carved wood at the head of the pole and felt the likeness of a beanie. Beneath it was the shape of a high forehead, glasses and a familiar face with lines of asceticism, or maybe ulcers round the mouth.

It was a carving of James White.



### CHAPTER THREE.

I was so astonished that I fell off the pole into the crowd of Indians who grabbed me and marched me into the nearest tent. The Jackie Gleason Show was still on TV so they made me stand in the dark till it was over. What do you know? I whispered to myself... James an Indian. A Blackfoot Indian, too, which was why he had changed his name to White when he left them ... a cover up.

It suddenly dawned on me that although I had found out a lot I was no nearer to solving the Goons problem. Why was James hiding in Ireland under a new identity? What connection could this have with George? And ghoominton? I realised I would have to be tough and brave and smart, I realised I was in dire peril, I realised I should have let somebody else handle this job.

The lights went on, and I found myself in a large spacious tent with an open fireplace and lots of closet space. Facing me were several fierce looking Indians and in one dark corner sat an attractive squaw. Deciding to brazen it out I stared hard at her, and at the very old squaw sitting next to her.

"My orders were to search every Nanook and granny," I shrieked, doubling with laughter.

The Indians turned several shades paler.

"Him make pun too," one of them whispered. "Ugh."

"Ugh., ugh." another replied.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," I responded. The natives respect a man who has taken the trouble to learn their own language. The one who seemed to be the chief stepped up to me and grabbed my lapels.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Shan't tell, so there." I snapped.

"Alright, bucketface," he said, releasing me. "If you won't talk we use dreaded Blackfoot secret weapon on you. This weapon the secret of my tribe for three hundred years. Top security. You will talk."

He clapped his hands and the others pushed me into a chair and set me facing the door of the next room. I heard sounds of preparation behind the door, and I got scared. All this for a few bottles of beer, I moaned, and not even a pie thrown in.

The chief stood in front of me, his face a twisted bronze mask of hatred.

"Talk," he thundered.

"No," I gulped. Suddenly I noticed his socks. They were of bright blue wool and had huge red and white diamond shapes all round them. I had seen socks like that before. Somewhere.

"Wait," I shouted. "Where did you get those socks?"

The chief simpered.

"Like them?" he asked, doing a little pirouette, "given to me a long time ago by great Indian scout and wild west explorer Gopher George Charters."

Damn da damn damn.

My heart leapt. What was this? George Charters a pioneer of the wild west. This was getting more and more interesting ... so that was



why George loved Westerns so much and how he knew so much about cowboys and so forth. Another piece of the puzzle had fallen into place and I got so involved in figuring out this new angle that I forgot all about the secret weapon.

The door facing me swung open and I saw a little Indian holding something under his arm. It was a sort of bladder from which led a single tube pointing straight at me - the whole thing looked like a set of hotrod bagpipes. The Indian squeezed with his elbow and a stream of soap bubbles shot out and enveloped me.

At first I could have laughed out loud. James had used a variation of the same weapon at one of his parties the time he shot bubbles at the Goon from his vacuum cleaner. (+ see footnote.) I was beginning to see daylight.

Then the danger of my situation hit me. The bubbles kept bursting in my eyes and going up my nose and down my collar. It was horrible. I wouldn't be able to take much more of this without cracking up. My admiration for the Goon increased as I remembered how he had gone through this and laughed it off. So this is the end, I whispered, death by bubbles. My grand Finlay.

Suddenly the bubbles ceased.

"Damn this water," I heard the little Indian mutter, "it's as hard as iron - can't get a decent lather at all."

The others gathered round him talking sympathetically about chapped hands, fluoridization and the new TIE. I got out of the chair, sneaked out of the tent and tiptoed away from the Indians. My stealthy exit was somewhat spoiled by the fact that I trod on a sleeping dog which ran around yelping in a most moranic manner.

I ran out of the reservation, across the street and into a large gloomy building on the other side. I figured they would never think of looking for me in a museum.

I'm smart.

#### CHAPTER FOUR.

Safe in the darkness of the museum I had time to consider the significance of some of the things I had uncovered. Apparently James had at one time been a member of the Blackfoot tribe and he had left them or had been thrown out. Probably the latter, I thought, as I remembered the hostile reaction to my pun - what would they not do when they heard one of James's jokes?

All right. So far, so good. Now George must have known about James's past because he had been in the locality and knew all about the Indians and because that could be the only thing to give him a hold over James. What hold?

The secret weapon.

That was it. The bubble projector was a much treasured secret of the Blackfeet and James had revealed it at his party so that he could get the egoboo of claiming it his invention. The Blackfeet would not like that. The Blackfeet would be furious. Eureka. George had got James

(+) This goes a little way to prove the authenticity of my story in ALHIA published early in 1956, which most people took to be pure fantasy. J.B.



on his own, revealed his identity as Gopher George Charters and threatened to tittle-tattle to the tribe unless James always let him win at ghoddminton. I had it all. For a moment I felt great, then I remembered the Goon had sent me to find something he could employ to break Georges hold. None of the things I had discovered could be used as a lever and the Goon was quite capable of refusing to pay off unless he was able to start winning again. I broke into a sweat.

What could I dig up about George ?

Click.

I heard a stealthy noise in the darkness, near me. I was not alone.

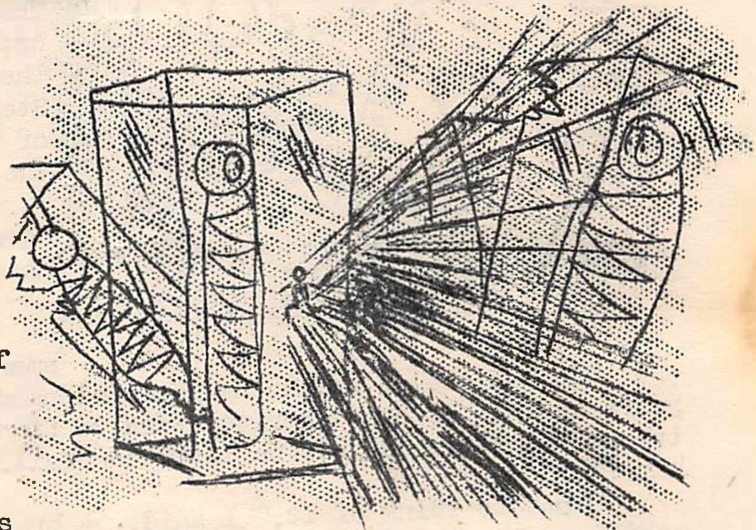
Too late it occurred to me that it was strange for the museum to be open at this time of night and no caretaker about. Somebody, perhaps dangerous criminals, had sneaked into the museum and I had unknowingly walked into the middle of them. The blood rushed out of my face so fast that four hundred corpuscles were killed in the panic.

I dropped to my knees and crawled away to what I thought was the place the door should be. I crawled for a long time before I realised I was lost. Then I heard another noise behind me. Applying the GDA maxim 'He who frights and runs away lives to run away another day,' I bounded away quietly and swiftly and coolly. I bumped into one or two things, of course.

When I had run myself out I looked back and saw in the faint moonlight from the ceiling that I had passed through a number of glass cases, scrambled all the eggs in the natural history section, disintegrated eleven suits of armour, overturned a Patagonian war canoe, knocked the stuffing out of an Ethiopian orang-utan, powdered twelve shelves of ancient pottery, collapsed a dinosaur skeleton, made two tyramasaurus wrecks, forged through three showcases of coins and indecently exposed Queen Victoria and Oliver Cromwell.

Somehow, in spite of all my caution, they knew where I was and came running after me, sinister, half-seen shapes. I looked wildly round me for a place to hide. There was a nearby alcove marked ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIA. I ran into it and hid behind a big piece of carved rock and crouched there while my pursuers came up and tiptoed round the place looking for me. They whispered to each other in a foreign language.

The rock that hid me had a card on it which said, 'The Stele of King Hammurabi' and as I had nothing else to do I began to study the figures chiselled on it. There was the king himself lying on a big bed effort, probably suffering from a code in the head, and lots of queer looking servants who were offering him trays of fruit and so forth. They





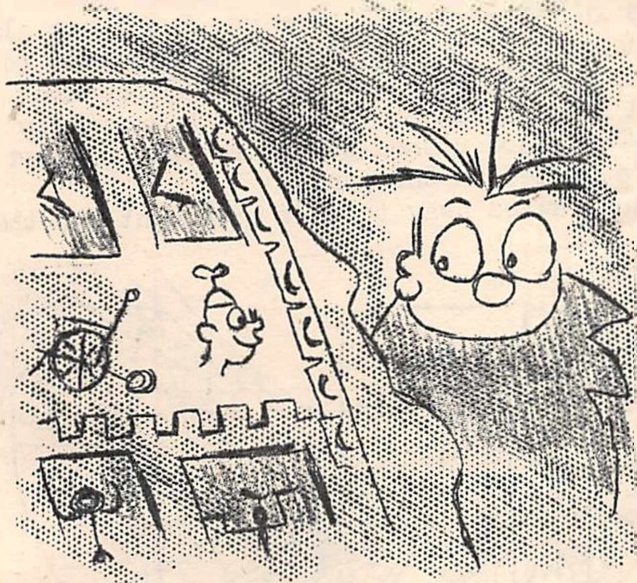
were all wearing funny little skull caps, and one of them.....

DOMM DA DOMM DOMM

...had a little propellor on top.

I looked closer at this one. He had a broad cheery face, horn rimmed glasses and a big grin. It was George Charters.

I was so flabbergasted I rose to my feet and staggered away from the stone. George in ancient Sumer and Akkad? Five thousand years before Christ? I knew he was incredibly old.. but not that much. How did he do it?



Next thing I knew all the little men with foreign voices and swarthy skins had surrounded me and pinned my arms to my sides. I knew they were dangerous because they hadn't even used safety pins. They were all wearing funny little caps like the men in the carving. They pushed me back over to the Stele of King Hammurabi and one of them put his finger squarely on the carving of George.

"Something startled you," he said in English, "do you by any chance know somebody like this man?"

I thought for a moment.

"No, why?" I said. I'm smart.

"He has stolen something that belonged to my people seven thousand years ago. It is our inherited task to find him and return it. We have tracked him this far but we lost the trail. Are you sure you don't know him?"

"Come to think of it," I said, my brain working like electricity, making me DC, "I did see a fellow like that the other week when I was up at the North Pole on holiday. Charters you call him. He spends all his time up there visiting Eskimos. I don't know why. He keeps saying he just loves that old Northern hospitality."

"That sounds like him," the little men shouted. They all turned and ran out of the museum, probably on their way to Cooks. I'm a brilliant liar.

Next morning I phoned the Goon and told the operator to reverse the charges. A few moments later I heard his moustache filtered voice.

"Thank you operator, and reverse the charges, please. Hello, BoSh." "

"Hello, Goon," I said. "Operator, reverse the charges."

"Anything to report? I was hammered again last night. I can't take this much longer. And operator ...reverse the charges."

I told him all that had happened and finished up with the dope about George having stolen the secret of longevity from Sumer and Akkad and how this could be used to break his hold on James. Then I told the operator to reverse the charges to the Goon.

"Brilliant work, BoSh," he told me. "You've earned your fee. The Bleary eyes are proud of you. When you send in your report what are you going to call it? Reverse the charges, operator."



"Oh, I don't know," I said. "Maybe just, 'An Excerpt from the G.D.A.files.'"

"A what from our files?"

"Excerpt."

"WHAT?"

"Excerpt. EXCERPT," I shouted.

"Do you hear that, operator?" the Goon yelled. "He accepts the charges. Suffering Catfish. I'm brilliant. Honestly I am. What a mind. Suff ....."

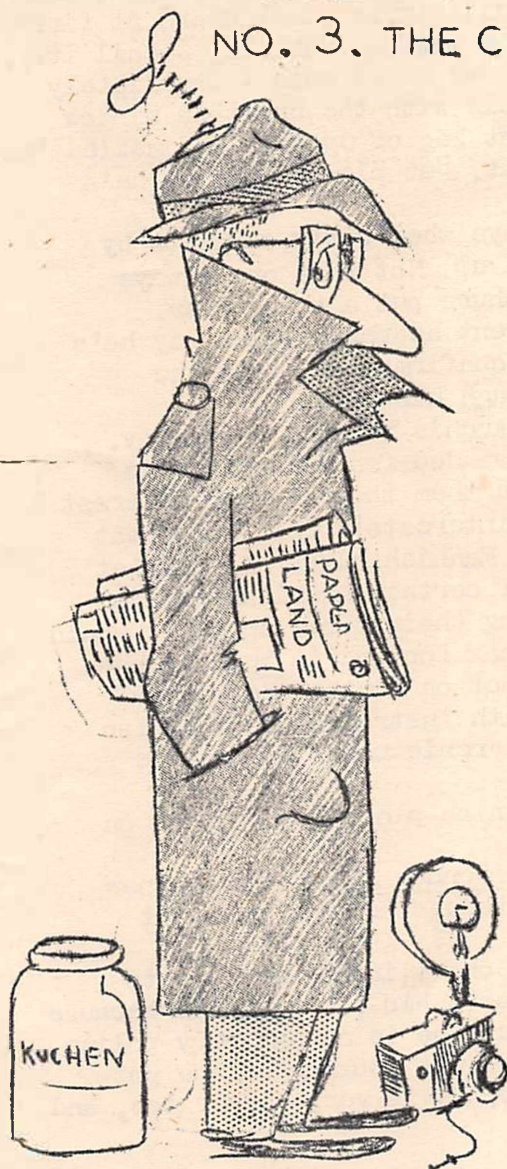
I hung up on him.

Bob Shaw.

## MEET THE GOONS

NO. 3. THE CLEVELAND OP'.

STEVE SCHULTHIES



This boy is one of our most enthusiastic members. He can be found at :-

238 Trumbull Avenue S.E.  
Warren,  
Ohio, U.S.A.

He first sparkled to brilliance when with typical goonish initiative, he had printed his own GDA visiting card, a resplendant hunk of cardboard with small black print denoting his address, and large red Roman letters in the background shouting out loud the legend G.D.A.

Steve, who, by the way, is a mainstay of the Cleveland Public Library, has written a full length GDA drama, about twenty one pages of it, which, without doubt, is the most original mss I have ever read. The plot incorporates a basic science fiction motif ( I got that word from Cedric ) and , written in the first tense, gradually leads the reader to a brilliant climax. A sort of THIS GOON FOR HIRE mystery, but of a much, much higher literary standing. Wallis says it's 'brilliant.' The story is being printed very soon, as the first issue of the GDA library, more about it soon.



# CRIPES of WRATH

GOONMAIL V JOHN BERRY

First of all, Paul Enever ((ORION will be out on 9th October )) of 9. Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex said what three-quarters of you said about the contents of RET 3 :-



.....Firstly, the funniest thing, your DAG remodelling his home. Naturally, I didn't spot the liquor level right away, but going through RET for the fifth time, the joke suddenly jumped out and bit me in the throat. I've shown the toon to half-a-dozen people since then, and everyone has reacted similarly..a blank stare at first, then a double-take then a guffaw. Subtile, I call it... Chucks letter....this moved me so much I immediately crated up my own bathchair with the built-in window boxes and a hundredweight keg of Oystrax and mailed 'em to him by registered post. But please tell me he's recovering.....

Wherefore art thou, Chuck ? Gone are the days when witty comments by Harris appeared in every fanzine one picked up. Not that one always agreed with what Chuck said, but he could shure put a thing over. However, Ron Bennett (( don't know his current address, folks say he's moved agin )) revealed to us all, as if in confirmation, that the fiery blood of a true sportsman surges through his veins...



.....I have a grouse against Archie Mercer, naturally. Certainly get the sport-minded fen interested in Trufandom, but why forbid them their former interest ? Why not combine the two interests ? This has great possibilities, I'm sure. Fannish rugby and cricket teams ( to say nothing of certain American fen in Germany who are practising their table tennis ) could challenge the world. I look forward to the day when you, Goon, lead England out on to the sacred turf at Lord's to do battle with Australia (lead by Ian Crozier ). Of course, if Archie wants to combine jazz there too.....

Ron, you have presented us with a superb Goonish plot. I must work on it...anyone care to suggest a team ?

Our Ethel, Stuart House, 161, Cromwell Road, London S.W.5 gives a new slant on my partner Arthur Thomson, and the things he gets up to at the Globe...

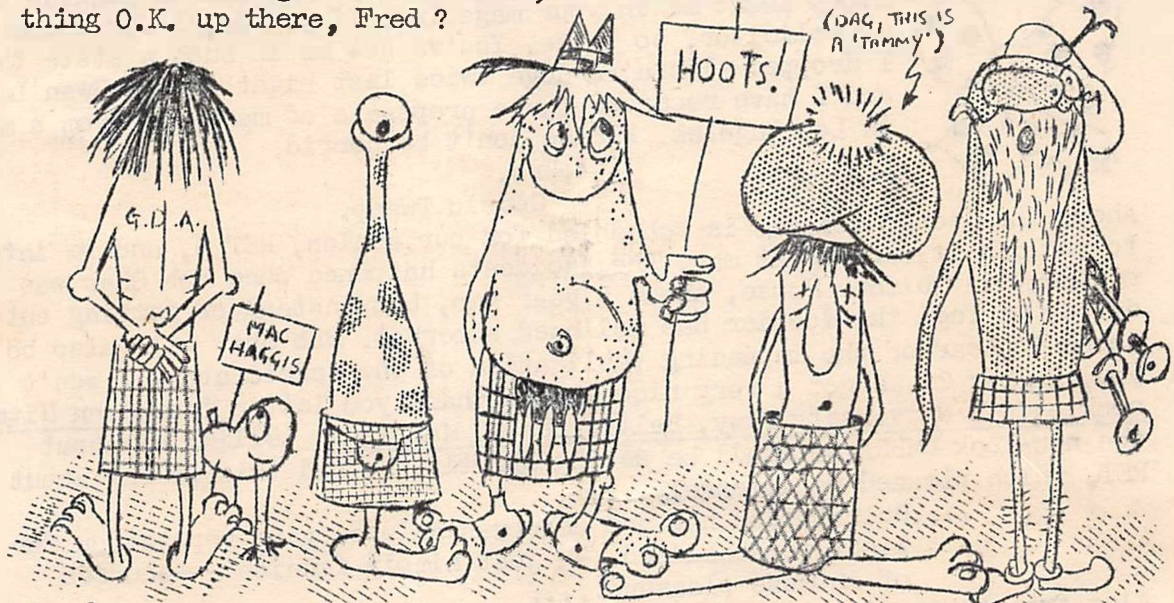


.....I see him when I get over on my infrequent visits to the Globe. He never shoots his pistol at me because I am a fellow gael. In fact, he is always very polite, and always waits until I am not looking before pot-shotting someone like Tubb. He is very clever too, and



almost solved a case for me the other week ( a full report of which will appear in SCOTTISHE ). As I said to Frances Evans the other night, "Look at him, handsome, distinguished, intelligent, anyone with half an eye can see he is a Scotsman." .....

Yep, Ethel, exactly like my illo of him in VERITAS. I wish there was a case we could investigate in Scotland, an illo of Art in a kilt is a must. Every thing O.K. up there, Fred ?

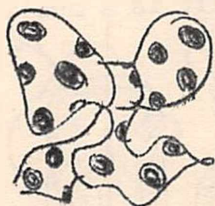


Con Turner ( who doesn't like budgerigars ) of 14 Lime Street, Waldrige Fell, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham makes a few sensible comments on RET sercon expert Bob Pavlats article in RET 3 re. conventions .....

.....Bobbie Wildes pome stole all the thunder, but running for second place was Bob Pavlats article. This was both sensible and interesting, and I would like to read more by the same. It's all right forecasting how many will be there. The organisers will do that pretty accurately a week or two before the Con when most of the bookings are in. But that raises another question. How many do you WANT to be there ? This can be answered two ways - a) . by giving a predetermined number, which should be big enough to cover costs, yet not so big that you can't have just one big happy family...a number that can be included in evrything. This would never work. Fans are fans, and you know what that means. -b) at every convention there will be some there who don't care what's on the agenda, to them it's just another damn good weekend away from home. They are only concerned with enjoying themselves, irregardless of anyone else. You can't weed these out either, and in truth, I don't suppose they bother anybody. Anyone being so obnoxious is easily ignored. So what do we have? Another big organised chaos where you don't know half the people, most likely wont get to know them, and enjoy yourself so much that it



doesn't matter anyway. Why bother how many are going as long as there are enough to prevent bankruptcy to the organisers.. A good point, Con, but definately a good point. Any organisers like to take Con up on this ...Ken ???...Pam .???. To move to an even more serious matter, however. I received a letter last week, unaddressed, but signed by the mysterious Cedric Tweep. This letter is appended below in it's entirety.



....You nasty men. I have heard that you intend to publish a story about me in your magazine. If you do, I shall consult my solicitor, so there. You've got me in such a state that I dropped Alicia Pushova twice last night in the Swan Lake, and I have received three proposals of marriage from a man in Los Angeles. Please don't be horrid.

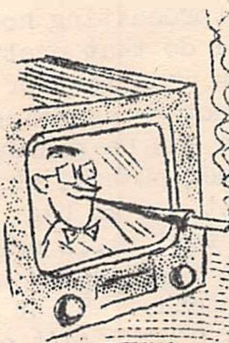
Yours,

Cedric Tweep.

Ahem. The Cedric dossier is scheduled for our annish, RET 5, and we intend to publish it, come what may. The incidents happened when Bob Shaw was resident in Oblique House, about a year ago, but instead of getting out-dated, we feel the dossier has mellowed somewhat. Bob Shaw will also be sorry to hear of the impending publication of the Cedric story...won't you, BoSher ?. We got a very nice indeed thank you letter from John Hitchcock, 500 E University Pkwy, Baltimore 18, Maryland, telling us about the new-look UMBRA we shall be seeing shortly. He had this to say about RET, which pleased us immensely ...

....Retribution has and deserves an upsurging reputation for light personalized --- just simply fannish ---sources of intense pleasure.....

Also from the good 'ole U.S.A, came a letter from Bob Bloch, whose address is too well known to publish. He very kindly sent us the telling mss you have just read, and we would like to take this opportunity to express our thanks for all he is doing for fandom on both sides of the Atlantic....but how can he possibly find the time ???...



....both your letter and RETRIBUTION have proved most enlightening ( we burn paper instead of using electricity ) but I'm horrified by some of the contents. For example, I note Arthur's clever ADVENTURES OF IXL. At the moment, a cartoonist I know is trying to peddle a series based on the same idea...he is having me work up some continuity for him And now here is ATOM. In the same issue (( RET 2 )) is a cartoon of a tentacled being in a pissoire. Doesn't Atom know I've got a yarn out on the same theme which my agent is trying to peddle ? And to judge from interior evidence, these ideas may well have occurred to both Arthur and myself simultaneously. This is either an argument in favor of telepathy or proof that great minds run in the same canals...

There, does that convince you, Paul ? Nice long letter from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts in which he had this to say about fandoms man of many names, Ron (PLOY)Bennett....

...I can appreciate the epic about Cecil a lot more after having met his owner on Sunday a couple of weeks back. As you will appreciate this was something of a shock for me



which has left me more than slightly stumped. You see, I had never met Ron Bennett before ....

We promised to expose Ron in this RET. We are still only half way through the long list of aliases he uses, and Arthur has spent three days at Somerset House, and we still can't find proof that Ron is married to a girl called Joan. He definitely has an elephant, though, which Chick Derry mentions further on down the page. But take it for certain that CLASSIFIED DEFAMATION in our annish will feature Ron Bennett.

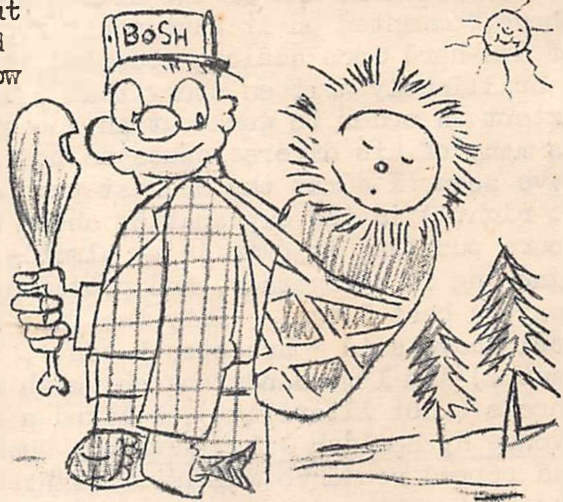
Allow us to be the first to congratulate Robert Shaw ( BoSh), and Sadie on the birth of a baby daughter Alisa Claire. Well done, both of you. That'll take Bob's mind off budgerigars now. But lets see what else he says :-

.....Brought a car the other day. A Hillman, not new, of course but in good shape. I did my best to do without one but the bus service is so poor and the streets so rough, and the difficulties of getting around, especially with a baby are so great that I had to give in.... Another advantage of having a car out here is the dogs. You see, everybody runs a car, and no one walks. When Sadie and I were out for a walk amused crowds used to stare at us from passing cars, they even went as far as turning round to look out of the back window at us. The dogs were worse... going to work, they came tearing out at me... barking and whining. You could just hear their little brains going.. What is this strange two-legged animal which dresses like a human but goes about on two feet instead of four wheels ? Now I am accepted....

Suffering Catfish. Bob Shaw has a motor car. Why, back in the good old days at 170, he used to borrow my bike because his was too rusty to use... and now he's got a car. There must be something in this emigration racket.. hey there, Bill Grant, Georgina Ellis, Bob Shaw, any good jobs out in Canada for a chap who's been fully trained as a dactyloscopic expert ? Huh ? I'm serious.

Official U.S. Rep ChickChuck Derry ( address in RET 2 ) wants to give a personal message to Ron Bennett :-

.....Dear Ron Bennett, due to a typo on the part of the illustrious editors of RET I have been falsely accused of being an elephant hunter. This I deny. I am merely the neighbour of an elephant builder. Please confirm this with a certain Mrs. Leeh Shaw in New York. Besides, the market for tusks is not what it used to be. Oh yes, will swap a receipe titled ' Elephant..fifty





delicious ways ' for one beaver trap. May Ro coe go with you...ChickChuck.

Message passed on Chick, and looking forward to your story in our annish. Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln makes an observation on Bob Pavlat's article...

.....Bob's remarks on con-attendance have of course to be taken puely at face value. If the project to charter a complete aeroplane for a London worldcon comes off, of course, it'll somewhat throw his figures out in that particular department. Unless it doesn't. Just have to wait and see...

As you say, Archie. The other half of TRIODE, Terry Jeeves of ( as if you didn't know ) 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12 says some nice things about RET...

.....I liked the cover by Atom....I always like him, anyway. The interior illo's also took my fancy, especially so since you didn't cramp 'em into tiny little spaces amidst scores of little black letters. Arthurs editorial was good, and Ken Bulmer seems to be as good at writing fan fiction as he is at writing pro stuff. He's no slouch at either. The GAFIA tips ought to be expanded into a one-shot...

Ken Bulmers article was considerably commented on by a large proportion of our readers. One or two didn't appreciate it, quite a few , like Terry above, commented on it favourably from it's face value only, but a section of die-hard Goon addicts accepted it as Art and myself accepted it...as a brilliantly written story that would tax our minds to a considerable extent in order to work out an acceptable answer that would incorporate as many of his diverse clues as possible. We have done our best, as you have seen. I admit the weakest part of my denoument ( even if I've spelt it right ) is the explanation about the disintrigating feather. I spent hours puzzling it over in my already overtaxed brain., and, save from ignoring it altogether, and providing Ken with fodder, I've explained it away as best I can. ( Pity the feather didn't burst into flame, then I could have said ' asbestos I can '. That was one Eric Bentcliffe didn't want .) And I'm meandering on, with still a pile of letters to rip to shreds ( not literally ). I liked a letter from Jerry Merrill, 632 Avenue H, Boulder City, Nevada. When I read it, I puffed out my chest and popped round to Willis immediately, to flaunt it. Pity I didn't read the next sentence....

.....RET, is, to me, the best thing to come from abroad since I don't know when. It is the second only fanzine I have personally rec'd from abroad .....

Egoboo, where is thy sting ? Seriously, though, Jerry's For FEMS ONLY number 4 is a considerable improvement on the last issue he sent Art... keep it up, bhoy. And for the others of our clientile whose letters we haven't quoted, it's just that youre lucky this time, but please keep writing, and enclosing those bootiful mss that Art has mentioned in the editorial. Thanks to Robert Bloch, Steve Schulties, Dave Wood, Greg Benford, Pete Reaney, George Spencer, Chick Derry, Bob Pavlat, Ron Bennett, Archie Mercer, George Charters and WAW, BoSh, H.K.B, Bobbie Wilde, Diane for mss, & many optimistic thanks to those who've promised material. Best. John Berry.





TO ALL NON-FEN , NEO-FEN , AND OTHERS AMONGST YOU WHO ARE MYSTIFIED.

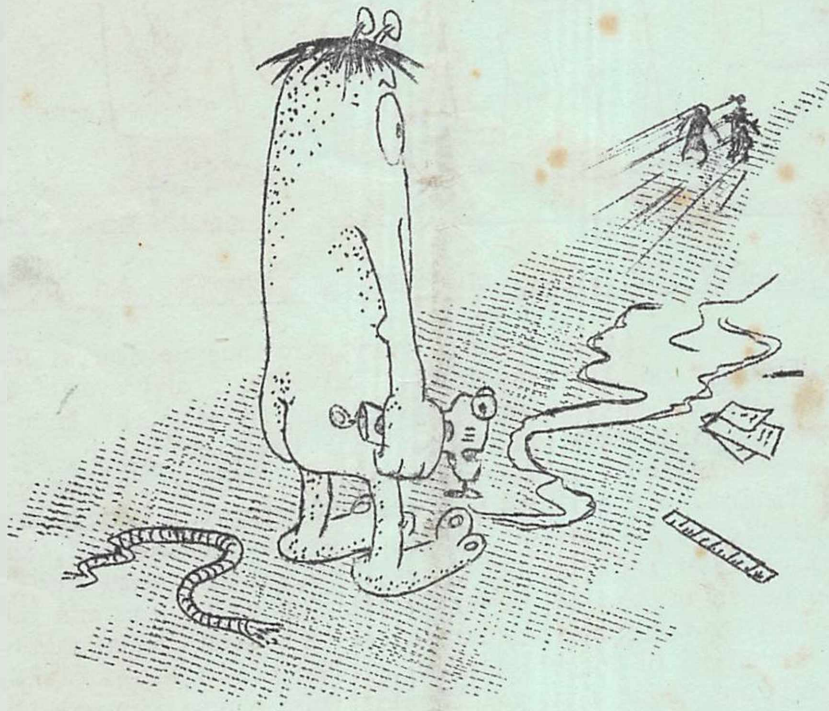
Walt Willis wrote a very generous review of RETRIBUTION in the latest NEBULA, and the result was that Arthur and myself rec'd quite a number of requests for specimen copies of our fanzine. We know that active fen all over the fannish world understand our type of humour, and what we are striving to attain, but to the keen science fiction reader who has not as yet sampled fandom, our efforts may possibly prove a little bewildering. It is rather difficult to attempt to describe our brainchild, the G.D.A., in the short space I've left myself below, and, at the same time, we don't want to use the names of the BNF's who write for us as a means of getting ourselves accepted by the non-fannish science fiction readers who have asked for RET on the strength of Walt's comments. The basic theme of RETRIBUTION is a means of writing about fans and fandom from a new viewpoint, and we use the G.D.A. purely as a gimmick, as a springboard for our esoteric humour. And yet, on the other hand, I have found that non-fen, even people who have never read science fiction, chuckle a wee bit, maybe even manage a smile, at the situations we get ourselves into. (A thought has just struck me...maybe it is because they haven't read science fiction that they appreciate the G.D.A. This puts a new complex on things, perhaps). But please understand, you non-fen, that the whole thing is a joke, and not meant to be taken as being vindictive, or the slightest degree scroon.

I bot you're still worried.



THIS WAS

# RETRIBUTION No 4



WATCH FOR THE GOON

HE WILL RETURN



6<sup>p</sup> GETS YOU NEXT ISH

OR, 1/6d (25¢) Gets you next three