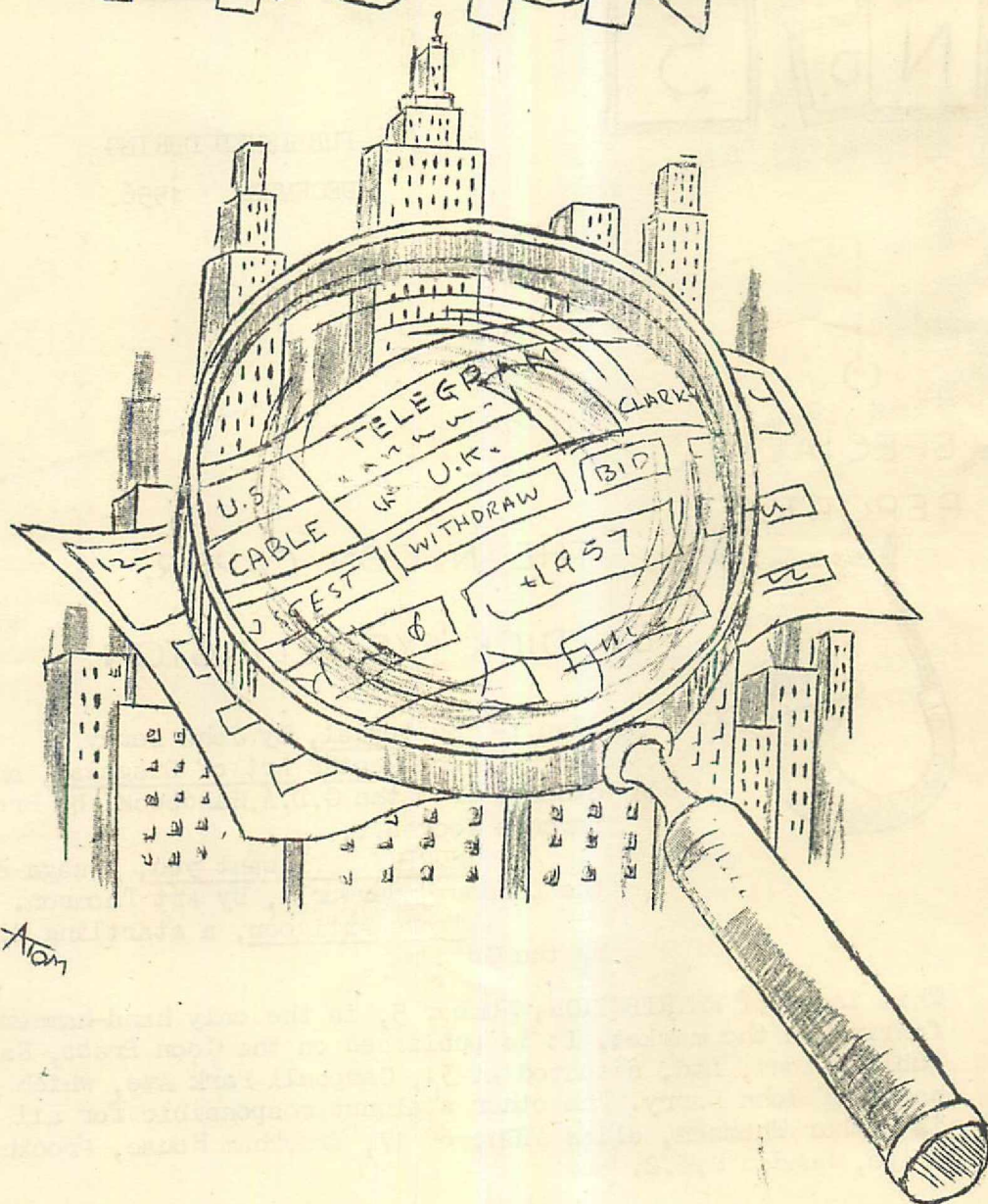


# RETRIBUTION



SPECIAL REPORT ISSUE --

# RETRIBUTION

No. 5

PUBLISHED DURING  
DECEMBER 1956.



SPECIAL  
REPORT

THE NYCON CAPER.

BY DICK 'EYE' ELLINGTON.

Also :- Editorial, by John Berry  
The Gentle Art of Disguise, an  
excerpt from the G.D.A. Handbook, by Brother  
Terence Jeeves.....

MURPHY ... I want you, a saga of  
the London Underworld, by Art Thomson.

Ware Antigoon, a startling disclosure  
by the Goon.

This issue of RETRIBUTION, Number 5, is the only hand-hammered fanzine on the market. It is published on the Goon Press, Esoteric Publications, Ltd, situated at 31, Campbell Park Ave, which is the haunt of John Berry. The other stalwart responsible for all this is Arthur Thomson, alias ATOM, of 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S.W.2.

Sub rates..9d per copy, or two bob for three. Don't know what that is in American currency, but send us 25 cents, and we'll give you the benefit of any doubt. We aim to enclose the GDA Xmas card with this, and British readers will probably get WRETch before 25th Dec, but you pore American readers will have to depend upon the rheumatic fingers of the postal authorities to even get this before the new year. If so, let the Xmas card serve to remind you that we hope you had a nice Xmas, or , in other words, a GDA-free occasion.



It worked. He tapped me on the shoulder with a fish spear, and said, "Rise, loyal fan," and beamed at me.

I stood up and dusted my forehead off. Pat tittered in the background. She always was a fake-fan. I snarled at her and she glided into a pose carefully copied from the cover of the latest Mickey Spillane. Clarke beamed at her and blushed.

"I say, I like that. Part of the service, no doubt?"

Pat smiled seductively, and wriggled. Clarke blushed again and turned to me. "Now, about why I'm here..."

Another bearded form slithered past him and with a wild cry leaped at Pat. She screamed and dodged round the desk. The second beard laughed obscenely and leapt after her. At the second time round Arthur reached out and neatly tripped him with the fish-spear. It was Mike Wilson. He lay there panting and rolling his eyes.

We nudged him gently out of the room and Clarke tch-tched.

"Poor boy. Too long on the Reef. All he thinks about is Sheilas, Sheilas, all day long. Next time we'll go where there are at least Manatees."

My brain was racing madly all the while. At last it stopped long enough for me to remember that there could only be one matter that could bring Arthur Clarke to this disreputable corner of the town. I pulled out the file marked 'Unsolved Hoaxes' and shyly flipped it open to the latest entry.



Clarke re-adjusted his goggles and turned to me.

"Ah yes, business. I do have a case for you, y'know."

It was my turn to beam. I was right.

"Yessir, Mr. Clarke, anything you say."

He appeared a little taken aback. "Weeell, it's nothing really serious, y'know." Just that there was a telegram sent from the Nycon signed with my name, and..."

"Ah hah," I leaned back and glanced surreptitiously at the file, proceeded to quote ...apparently from memory :-

"According to my informers, that would be the one that reads something like this .. 'Suggest you withdraw bid to prevent split in fandom stop publishers promise London in '58 ' ...right ?"

"Marvellous." He was really impressed. "Splendid deductive work. It's caused a lot of trouble all round, you know. Poor Mike was thought to be guilty and suffered over it, and the Clarkes, you and myself all wasted money on telegrams. But since you seem to have things well in hand I won't need to go any further. Who sent it ?"

I stared. "Huh ?"

"The telegram. Who sent it ? After all, you must know that ."

I sat back dumbfounded. I had missed one little detail after all. "Well, you see, what with the convention and all I haven't had time...."

"Oh stop it, Ellington. " He was impatient now. "You can't pull that old post-conventionitis excuse forever, you know. Now what about it. Will you take the case ?"

I looked down and muttered, "Oh sure. It's just that,

# The NYCON CAPER

by

DICK ELLINGTON

Yes, chief, this is my first case. I want to report in detail on how it went so you'll get some idea of my capabilities. I hope this account will convince you that I am deserving of promotion to Senior Goon.

It all began on a late afternoon, two weeks after the Nycon. I was sitting in my office, practicing up on Defecting with the aid of my secretary, Pat Werner, when the door was shoved violently open. It hit the wall with a dull squish, smashing two cats who were in the way. A tall figure stood in the doorway. Dark, beady eyes squinted at me through bi-focal fishing goggles. The face was darkened with grease paint and a false beard hung askew from gobs of still-wet mucilage. A dark cap was pulled down over the forehead and a black cloak swathed the body. I deduced that the man was in disguise.

I pushed Pat regretfully off my lap and, leaning forward, put on my most business-like leer.

"Is this 'ere the New York orfice uv ther Goon Defective Agency?". The voice was deep and the accent was definately not B.B.C. I began to ponder the man's identity..

"Yes sir," I answered and leered again. "Lost yer wife? Mistress cheating on you? Blackmail? Plagiarism?" I wanted to let him know immediately that I was an experienced op.

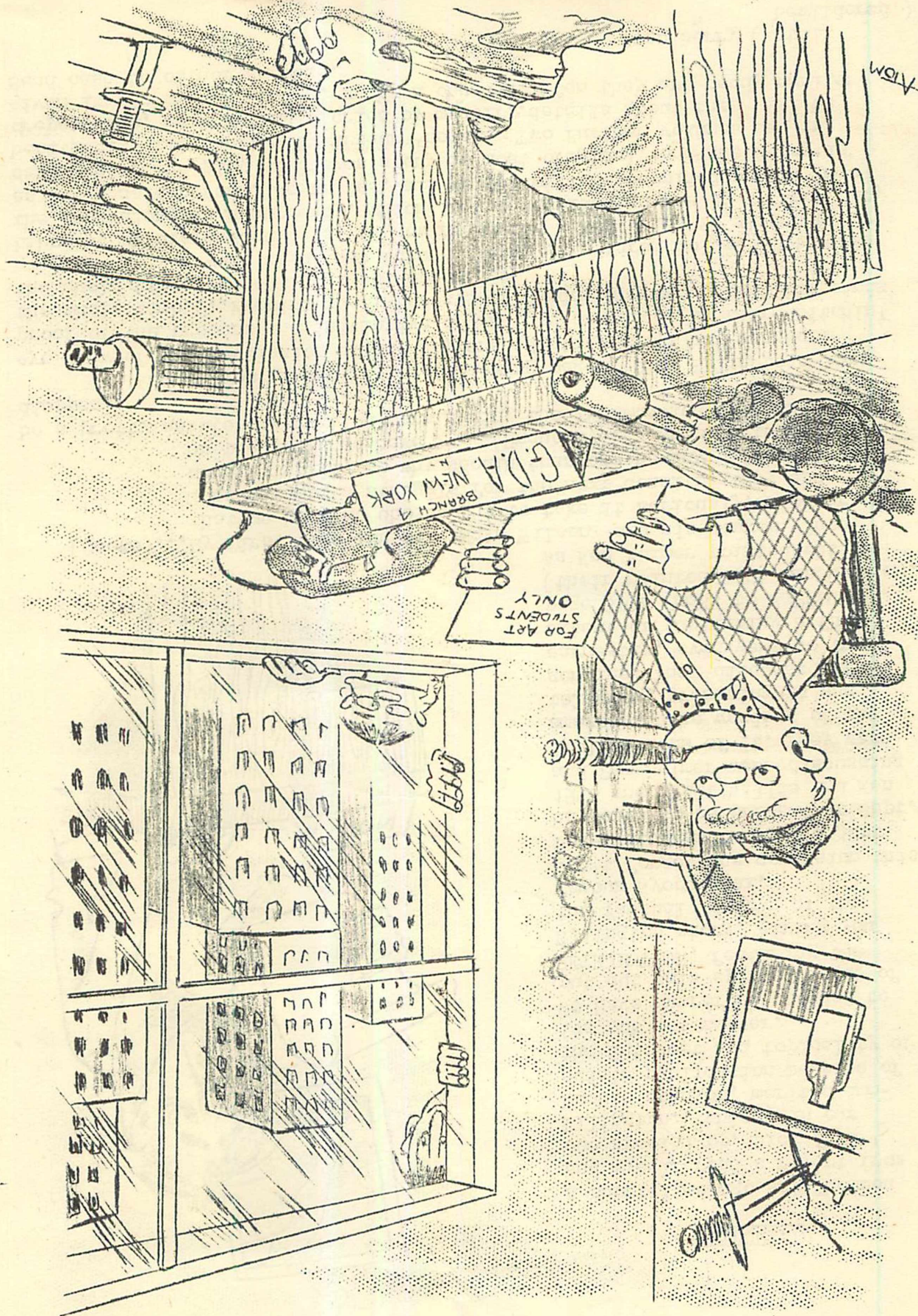
"It's a ..." he stopped and looked round guardedly  
"..... fan case."

I gasped. My first case and it was farmish. But wait a minute...that beard....the accent. My subconscious had been working without me. I put two and two together and came up with a devilishly clever four. I advanced round the desk cautiously, then, with a mad leap was on him. I jerked the beard off.

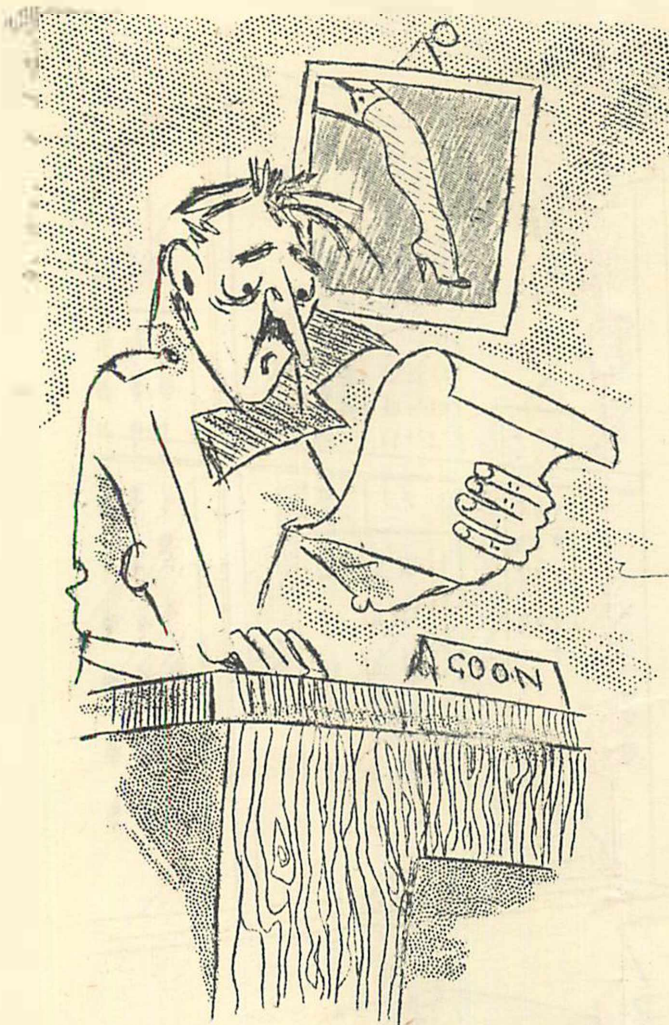
"Come off it, Carnell," I panted. "I know ya."

He hit me a murderous blow with his underwater camera, and patted his stripped jaw tenderly. I looked up again and gasped. It was Himself, the Terror of the Little Fishes...Arthur Clarke. I immediately prostrated myself and beating time with my head, chanted out the titles of his last twenty books without missing a syllable.









## EDITORIAL.

A short time ago Art Thomson and myself read a report from our special op. Dick 'Eye' Ellington., which, in our humble opinion, merited immediate publication because of the interest and topicality of its subject matter.

We have therefore decided to put out this special issue of RETRIBUTION, featuring the Ellington story, giving you the factual lowdown of the famous Nycon Hoax. Don't forget the confusion this fake telegram caused. I just happened to be present in Sept. 1956 when Walt Willis and Ken and Pam Bulmer were discussing the implications of it. They were amazed at the wording of the telegram, presuming it was genuine. They discussed it earnestly, even went to the extent of publishing a full page STOP PRESS to WAPPOTED (their printed OMPA discussion).

As Ken Bulmer pointed out :-

(Quote)...My first reaction was: Mike Wilson and his hoaxes. Then that we have no choice but to take it seriously. Whenever Cons witness a struggle for the next consite, they are usually split, so why should this one be any different on the facts we have ? ... (Unquote).....which I think to be a pretty astute observation considering the information at Kens disposal.

And as you'll see in the following pages, Dick Ellingtons Goon-eye view of the revelation of the hoaxers identity gives but one more proof of the prowess and initiative of GDA operatives....in there pitchin' the whole time....keeping the interests of fandom uppermost in their minds the whole time...weeeell, almost uppermost.

A word about our future plans...the first volume of the GDA Library, by Steve Schulteis, is now ready for sale. Price is sixpence, or the equivalent in UScurrency, which is too complicated for us to work out, as we've said before. No trades, all copies will be supplied purely on a cash basis. The plot of Steves story is most original, and the story is beautifully illustrated by Arthur Thomson. Two further volumes are in preparation, both looong stories by myself..details about them will be given in our amish, RET 6, or by a oneshot iffen they are ready earlier. Send cash to either address.

John Berry ( still  
bewildered.)

...uh, well.."

"Come, come. Out with it."

I smiled coyly. "We GDA men do like to get paid, you know."

He started back aghast. "Pay? Young man, are you serious. Don't you know that this is me, Ego, asking this of you? Have you no sense of honour? Don't you have any respect for us pros.?"

Pat chimed in from the background. "Eros hell, we're hungry."

Clarkes face paled and he reached beneath the cloak.

"Alright. You win. Here. It's yours."

'It' was a pocket edition of *Childhoods End*.

He blushed becomingly. "I'll even autograph it for you

...as a bonus."

I smiled sickly. "But Mr. Clarke, sir, I have this one and you did autograph it." I drew myself up. "I'm sorry. You'll have to do better than that. After all, you're not just a fan anymore. You have lost some of your rights."

He scowled and looked at me cannily for a moment. "All right, Eye, if you must have it this way. I didn't want to use this, but ..." he leaned across the desk and hissed at me ... "I'm a friend of the Goon. This will be a courtesy case."

I blanched. I blanch well on occasions like this.

"Why didn't you say so? We'll get on to it immediately."

He stepped back with a satisfied smirk and bowed stiffly as he turned to leave. He stepped on another cat on his way out which made his exit a little undignified. I was on the 'phone like a flash to round up my assistants. It was a good try but the 'phone had been disconnected for days due to lack of funds (Goon Financial Adviser please note.) I put on my brand-new trench coat and turned to Pat who was practising being a moll by drinking bourbon-coloured water and swinging one silken-clad leg seductively. "Hold down the office, baby. I'm on a case."

"Pick up the laundry and a box of Kleenex on your way back," she yelled after me. Anything to spoil an exit.



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The group was gathered round me at Riverside Dive. I regarded them all dourly. Some organization. Oh well, even the Goon had to start somewhere. I leaned forward. There was a rustle as they leaned forward.

The draught blew the candle out. We all leaned back and



I relit it.

After spending some time watching Cheech Ellison at work I am now able to assume quite a tough attitude when the occasion calls for it. I eyed them menacingly and spoke in a snarl.

"Now listen, boys, this is a hot case. Here's the plan. We know that several New Yorkers know who sent this telegram. Amongst them there is a squealer. I want you to see that the word gets to him that Clarke's got the FBI on the case. Say it's an international forgery rap or something. Then, when the squealer show's up at the Dive - we grill him. Get it?"

"Got it", came the rumbled chorus.

I relit the candle.

"Good. Now all of you get out and get to work."

They both got up and left. I settled back to

await results.

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.....

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.....

The 'phone rang. I leapt to answer it. Thank Ghod somebody at the Dive can afford a 'phone.

"Yeah."

"Tomorrow you die, Amellican soldier. Yessssss, tomorrow..."

"Hello, Mike," I cut in "Whaddya want?"

"Sooooo," he hissed. "You have penetrated my accent. Very well. The boss wants to know how it goes."

"So tell him it goes but slowly."

"Sooooo. You had better achieve results Yankee Dog or tomorrow you die. Say, Dick, you got any Sheilas up there?"

I hung up in disgust. Sheilas indeed. I was worried. It had been two weeks now and still no results. In fact, no people period. The Dive was beginning to look deserted since the Con. But I needn't have worried. That very night it happened. Derechin oozed up to me where I sat in the corner, pretising gooning.

"The squealers here. Shall we take him?"

I shoved Pat off my lap and stood up. "C'mon."

The squealer stood in the centre of the room, yakking away about his father and teevee. I grabbed one arm and we dragged him into the hall. He shook my arm lose, and backed against the wall.

"What's it with you?" he screeched.

"The telegram, buddy. You heard the FBI's on the case, haven't you?"

"G-men, schmee-men, I should worry about them slobs. My father..."

I frowned and stopped listening. Things weren't going according to schedule. According to my Plan, he should have been babbling information by now. I sighed. There was only one thing left to do. I motioned Shell over and we pushed him to the floor. I held his arms and Shell his legs.

"Talk. Who sent the telegram?"



The answer was unprintable, and I'm sure it would shock even a seasoned soul like yourself, suffice to say it concerned advanced dianetics.

"I don't like to do this, Mac, but don't blame me. We warned you."

His screams beat on my ears with sickening intensity. I gritted my teeth and held on to his twitching arms. Shell was looking sick.

Finally he broke down. "I'll talk. Stop it, please. It was Chazin did it. Bob Chazin sent the telegram. Oh stop. I can't stand it."

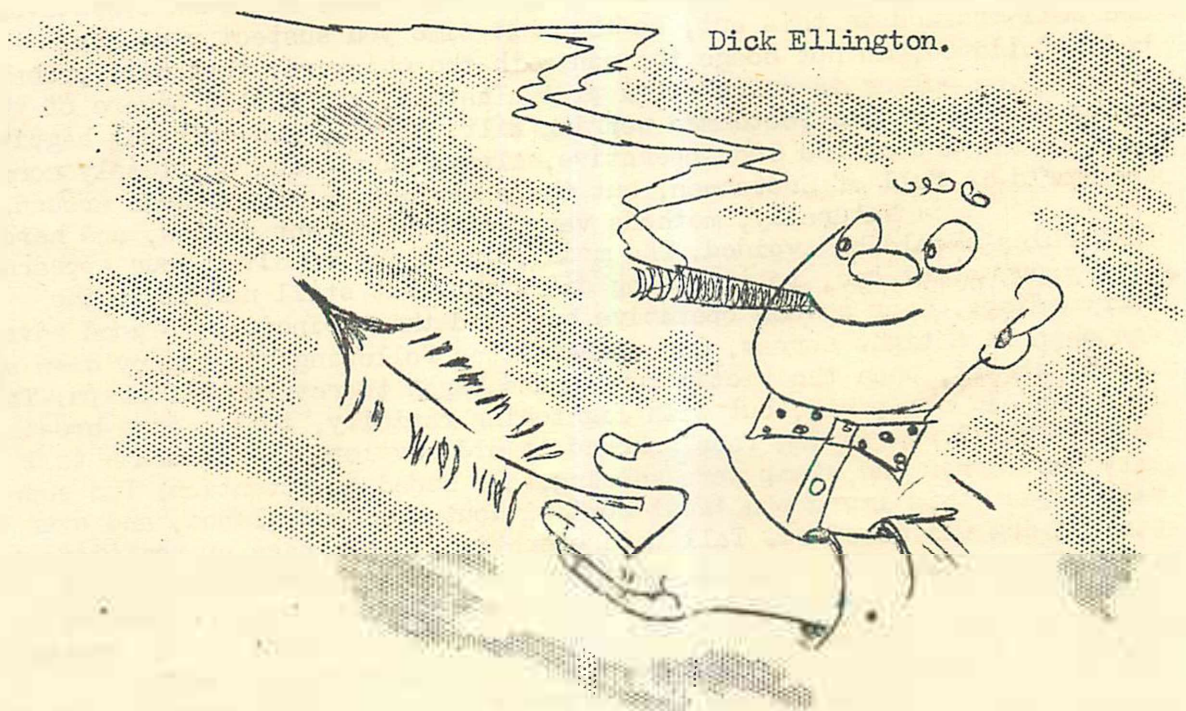
He was sobbing uncontrollably. I motioned to Pat and she stopped tickling him. I stood up. My stomach was shaky. I don't think I'll ever get used to the rough stuff with this job.

Well, that's it, chief. My first case solved. Just one thing, though. You've got to stop this business of letting your friends work me for free. You told me this gooning was profitable. You promised me that I'd be able to throw out my cardboard boxes and get orange crates like you some day, but I can't do it if I have to keep working for nothing.

Right now there's a certain Mrs. Shaw in the office with some trouble about a missing horse. Claims it was last seen heading south and she wants me to go find him. Says she's a personal friend of yours and I must do it for free. Chief, I can't go on this way. Pat is getting tired of drinking caramel-coloured water.

How about it ...a case for pay ...huh?

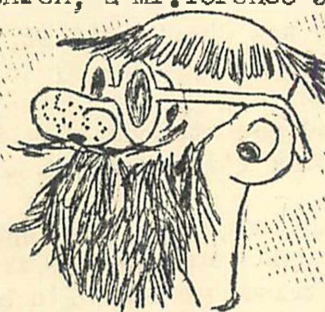
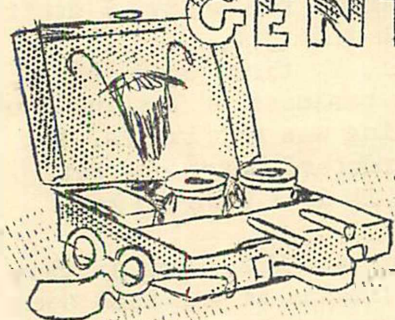
Dick Ellington.



The excerpt from the GDA Handbook published in RET 4, and written by one of our experts, Mr. Greg Benford, drew quite a lot of interested comment, as is proved by the numerous cases of flooding reported in the press recently, at places as far apart as Sheffield and Boulder City. Due to this spontaneous appreciation of what the GDA are doing for fandom, I have given permission for a further extract from Chapter 4 to be printed below. It is written by one of our more intellectual brethren, a Mr. Terence Jeeves of Sheffield. The chapter is headed :-

# THE GENTLE ART OF DISGUISE

BY  
TERRY JEEVES



Many people are under the impression that the art of disguise involves tedious hours playing with grease paint, false whiskers and black eye patches. In actual fact, very few slight touches are required to transform the expert beyond recognition. All Goon operatives are well trained in this art, so the next time you suspect you are being followed, do not dodge the man with the whiskers, that will probably only be Ken Bulmer in search of a plot. Instead, you should beware of the insignificant little Scotchman wearing kilt, tartan, and carrying bagpipes. Such is the art of the Goon operative, always subtle and completely normal. The world is full of Scotchmen, but there are not so many beards around.

Naturally, methods vary, with different duties, and hard and fast rules should be avoided. The main point being to alter your appearance from your normal one, to something different, but still normal to the surroundings. Many a Goon operative has used this principle to good advantage when in a tight corner. One operator was following his quarry down a lonely street, when the victim turned and began to retrace his steps. The Goon man did not panic, but with lightening rapidity, took a deep breath, held it until red in the face, shoved an old envelope in his mouth till only the corner and stamp were showing, and stood to attention. The suspect walked past this imprudent 'Post Box' without a second glance, and even a passing dog was deceived. Tall thin operatives often take up positions in hotel lounges, wearing only a lampshade for disguise, though at night, it is wiser to hold a pocket torch in the mouth to complete the illusion of a standard lamp. Portable plinths are also very useful when posing as statues, and the deception is improved by the use of quick-drying cement.

These are but quick-witted improvisations however. For more routine work, the GDA man always takes with him a special disguise kit containing many invaluable items, such as :-

ITEM. Motor car inner tube. Varying air pressures allow the detectives waist line to be varied at will.



- ITEM. One white jacket. The victim may enter a hospital.
- ITEM. One shovel and portable hole. If taken unawares, the GDA man merely drops the hole, leans on the shovel, and becomes a corporation workman.
- ITEM. One programme sellers outfit., complete with programmes. This is invaluable should the quarry enter a cinema, theatre, circus, or other place of entertainment.

In addition to the above items, the kit also contains such useful items as, three sets of false teeth in varying stages of decay, four pairs of shoes, two suits ( one business, one diving), a tin of camouflage paint, a set of sandwich boards, together with a set of suitable posters and a collecting box. The whole outfit is neatly packed into a small packing case fitted with wheels and handle, and closely resembling a costermongers barrow, thus adding one more disguise to the range.

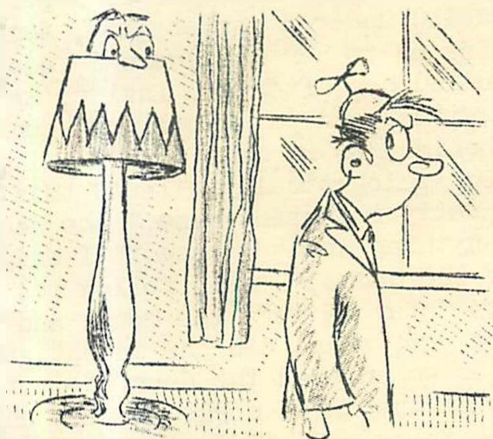
Experienced operatives tend to add to their range of disguises with such gimmicks as the portable plinth ( mentioned earlier) and wooden stilts for following people through crowds. Many rely entirely on their mobile features, a simple change of expression completely fooling the quarry. One victim was followed for three hours, the Goon agent merely registering a variety of expressions ranging from acute anguish, utter boredom, insane merriment and heartbreaking sorrow to blind drunkenness and complete nausea. At no time was he suspected, not even when he actually assisted his quarry ( a blind man) across the street. On the other hand, one new operator used a multitude of disguises in quick succession. Starting as a schoolboy, he became in turn, an old clergyman, a young airman, a beautiful girl and an elderly lady. At each change, the quarry became more agitated, until finally he accosted the GDA man ( then in the garb of a catholic nun) and said, "Look, chum, I've just got to know this. Why do you have such a ridiculous handlebar moustache ?"

It is by attention to detail that the Goorman succeeds., where others fail. If following a quarry in the rain, the GDA man not only looks wet, he is wet. Goomen are not infallible, only 99.9% so, but if you're under suspicion, the only safe way is to lock yourself in an empty room, and then begin to suspect the aspidestra in the corner. Even then you may not be certain...theres always the carpet.....

Terry Jeeves.

Very excellent advice given by Mr . Jeeves. All Goon operatives should carefully follow his dictums. I am also anxious to interview the stupid fool Mr. Jeeves mentioned above, the quick-change artist with the moustache. How such a clot got into the organisation, I do not know, but fandom may rest assured that I shall personally attend to the matter myself. Kyle shaved of his moustache the other month, didn't he. Hmmm. I'm on my way, Dave...

The Goon.



# MURPHY - I WANT YOU!

A G.D.A. London Branch investigation by  
Art Thomson.

I cast a swift glance down the street. It was deserted, save for the group of female bobbysoxers outside the saloon bar of the Globe, waiting on Chuck Harris arriving. Hunching further into my raincoat I stepped smartly into the empty telephone kiosk. Turning my back to the street, I inserted four 1/2 inch diameter brass slugs into the slot and dialled the number with the end of my zap. I heard the 'buzz buzz' as the phone rang. (I'd lifted the receiver, see.) Then a deep voice, redolant of the sea, spoke in my ear "Globe Tavern, Hatton Garden, Lew here." Disguising my voice, I said, "Could I speak to Ethel Lindsay, please?" "...Sure, Mr. Thomson," he said, and I heard his footsteps clump away, then the lighter steps of a woman approached. A soft, lilting Scots accent spoke into the phone. "Ethel here." .... "Lissen, Ethel," I said, "This is Art. I'm on an investigation and need your help. Meet me outside the Globe in one minute." I replaced the phone, nipped out of the booth, and took up a position of observation in a doorway opposite the Globe. Ethel opened the saloon bar door and came over to me. "What gives, Art?" she asked. I gritted my teeth in hurt pride and stepped out of the doorway. "Follow me," I yapped.

An hour later we turned into a darkened street in South East London. I tapped Ethel's thigh with my left toecap, and she put me down. "Look, Art," she panted, "you're the boss of the London GDA, and it's my job as a subordinate to carry you, but did you have to make me walk all the way from the Globe?" I grinned in the darkness. "What's the matter? Gettin' soft? Want me to send you to H.Q. in Belfast for a toughening-up course?" A little patch of white flared up in front of me. It was her face blanching. "No, no, Art, I'm sorry," she said, sorta quick, "Fergit it." "...O.K.," I said, "now follow me. This is important, and I don't want any slip ups." We crawled under a garden gate, across a lawn, and round the side of a house. Climbing on to her shoulders I located an open window, clambered inside and pulled her after me. Inside, knowing the occupants were out, I found a wall switch, and put the lights on. I made my way upstairs, with Ethel just behind. As we came to a landing with several doors off it, Ethel coughed apologetically. "Isn't this Inchmery Road?" I nodded. "This must be a pretty important case," she said. "Joy and Vince live here." .... "Who said anything about a case?" I said, "this is an investigation." I opened one of the doors, "C'mon, follow me, this is where you help out." A few moments later we left the house and made off down the road.

"But Art, where did the investigation come in?" said Ethel half an hour later as we entered the door of my flat, number 17, Brockham House. I gazed fondly at the large corked bottle she held tightly in her arms, and then at the one in my own. "This is it," I burred, pointing to them. "The Goon and I want to find out if the latest batch of Joy's homemade potato whiskey is as good as the glass she gave me to drink when I was over there last month. Just pass me that glass over there."

Art Thomson.  
i/c London Branch  
GDA.



## 'WARE ANTIGOON.

### A startling disclosure by the Goon.

Once more, via the pages of HYPHEN, a scathing attack on the Goon has been made by vile pro and arch sex-fiend James 'Typer' White. For his malevolent activities he has allied himself as official scribe to the dreaded ANTIGOON, a character moulded on the Superman prototype, and named after Antigone, mentioned briefly by Walt Willis in his study of the Goon in RET 2.

The story THE GOON FIGHTER, written by White, shows that ANTIGOON is a serious menace, and, looking ahead, I can state that the day will soon dawn when each individual member of fandom will have to ally him or herself under the banner of either ANTIGOON or the G.D.A.

It is obvious that Whites planning has been clever and methodical. Over a year ago, he fastened onto the innocent activities of the G.D.A. as a foible for his dribbling mind. Immediately, he sat down and wrote a 70,000 word novel ( serialized in three parts in New Worlds - a prozine) his only motive being to convince fen that he possesses intelligence, skill, knowledge, a keen scientific brain, and money. Well, we all know he has money. In fact, James White flogged his scattered grey matter to death to write pro story after pro story, once even stooping to plagiarism ( according to his editor). He ignored his blushing bride so much that the Goon, purely out of kindness, gave this innocent girl the benefit of his fatherly experience.

And so, after creating his name as a wealthy pro, White prepared the next move.

This was devilishly clever.

He ingratiated himself so much with Walt Willis that Ghod felt himself unable to refuse the offer of a White fannish mss for HYPHEN, and, like the man he is, Walt would not go back on his word to publish it, even when he found he would be publicly slandering the Goon and the G.D.A, which had served him so faithfully and so well. One can sympathize with Walt, faithful to the G.D.A, yet temporarily blinded by the magnificence of a James White article for HYPHEN.

However, you G.D.Addicts can stagger back and rest assured that the Goon has taken preliminary steps to combat this cankerous growth.

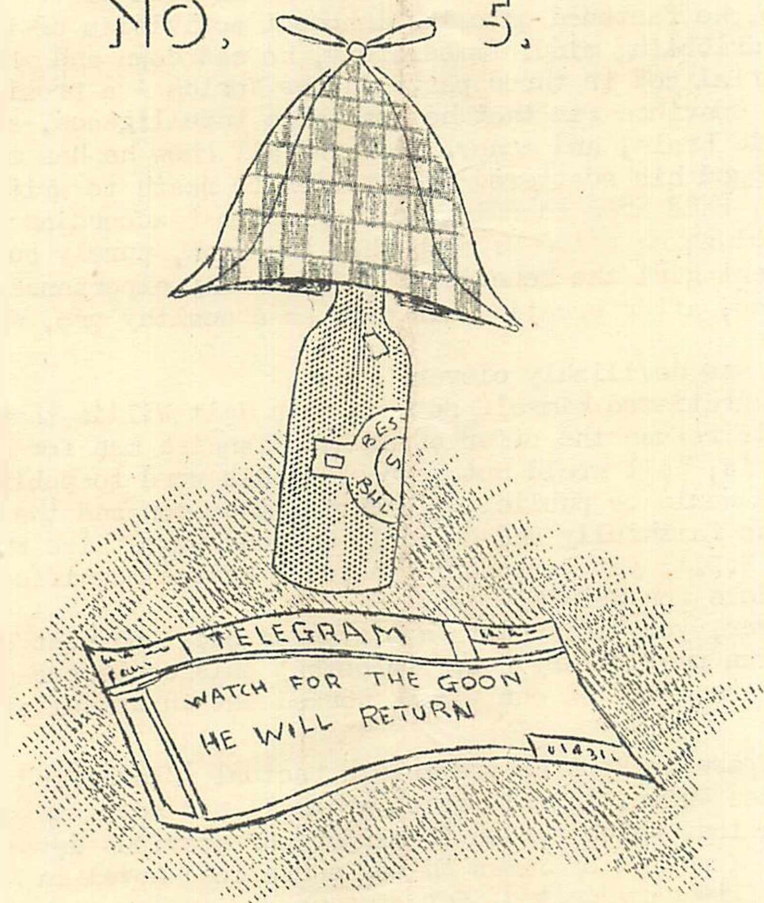
Here are a few of our plans, worked out in consultation with Art Thomson:-

1. To prepare as soon as possible a factual 'Classified Defamation' of James White. In this case, we shall not be restricted by convention, which tended to blight our previous defamations.
2. Print a review of James Whites serialized novel in New Worlds, by our literary critic, Pete Reaney.
3. Compile a special report on the inside story of James Whites typing honeymoon in London in spring, 1957. (Is it true that James was so keen on typing a story that Chuck Harris shared the honeymoon ????)
4. Publish in oneshot format a gripping confession by Peggy White entitled "I MARRIED A SEX MANIAC". (NOTE. The Goon assisted this distraught girl in the preparation of her memoirs ((it's smashin', honest )))

Finally, the Goon admits that James White, antiGOON scribe, has won the first round by virtue of the excellence of his story in the latest HYPHEN.

But right will triumph.....

THIS WAS  
RETRIBUTION  
NO. 5.



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Northern Ireland. Mailing date, 17th December 1956. Happy Xmas to all (even  
to James White.)