

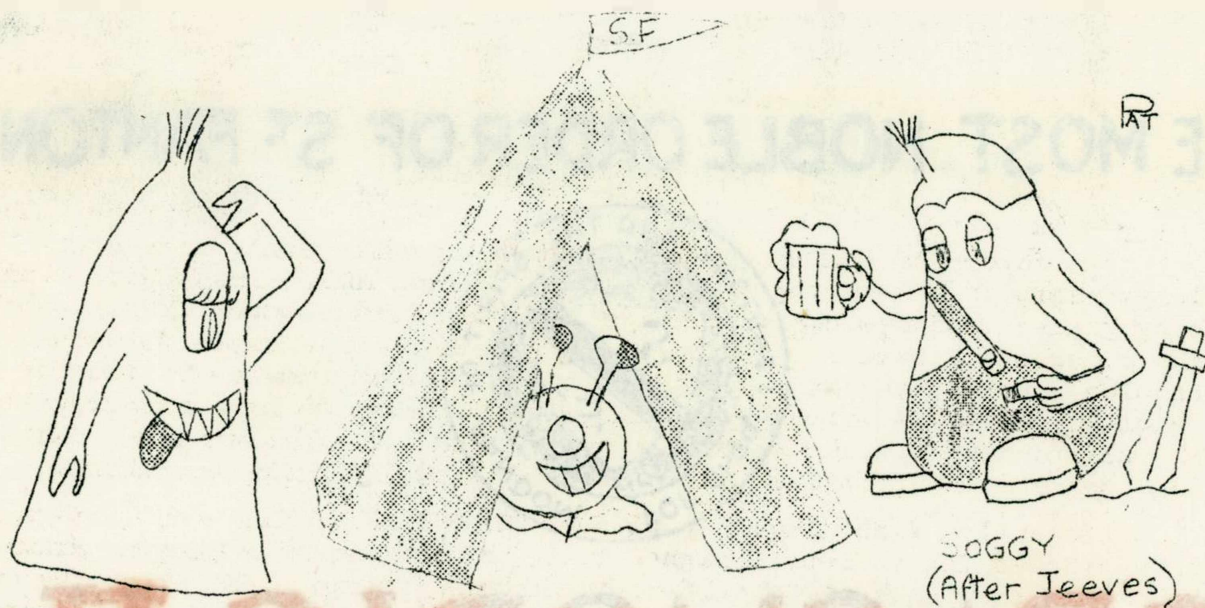
THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF ST. FANTONY



SPASMODIC II



Pat



SPONTENTS

- I PSI (Sort of editorial)..... Eric Jones
- THEY CAME (They did!)..... Peter Mabey
- THE COSMIC RENDEZVOUS..... Robert H. Richardson
(A Con-time epic) R.N. (Retd.) Kt.S.F.
- I WENT (Yuk!)..... AbE
- THE CIRCULAR LOOK (Not for squares!). Margaret and Humph
- VOLLEY (Behind the 3-ball)..... Eric Jones

This Magazine is published at intervals designated by its title, and emanates from the CHELTENHAM SCIENCE FICTION CIRCLE who can be found at 130 London Road (basement), Cheltenham, Glos., England /on suitable occasions/. ALL Fen are welcome here! Magazine edited and produced on behalf of the C.S.F.C. by Eric Jones, with bags of assistance from all members. Another issue will be regurgitated on ... um ... er ... will be regurgitated.

WATCH OUT FOR SILEREAL 4 IT IS COMING!!!

All quotes in this issue are attributed to Bob Richardson, Norman Shorrocks, Pat Lunt, Eric Jones, Audrey Eversfield and Ina Shorrocks.

I P S I

By
ERIC

Jones

(G.M.S.F.)



Whenever Cheltenham plan to put out a publication, something always seems to come along and gum up the works. This time we didn't mind being gummed up somewhat as it meant that the Circle would, from now on, have a permanent home in Cheltenham. Acquiring a five roomed basement for club-rooms, decorating the place right through, now means that we can claim to be the second group in British fandom to have a headquarters. The only problem now, it seems, is can we maintain this exalted position? This conveniently brings me to the second point I'd like to mention.

Recently, Vinç Clarke published "DON'T SIT THERE" - a frantic call for a new s-f fan society designed to inject the veins of fandom with new blood from the ranks of foetalfandom. In this I take up St Fantony's sword and stand by Vinç's side in the battle to perpetuate fandom; yes, perpetuate fandom, because if something isn't done to counteract the tendency in fandom over the past few years to deride constructivism ("reading or even mentioning s-f is S & C fanning") fandom will die. There will be no mourners at the funeral. S-F can exist without fandom; today's fandom can, perhaps, exist without S-F. But what of the future?

Foetalfandom stems from the interest in S-F, past the 'reading' stage. If our hypothetical foetalfan doesn't literally 'take the bull by the horns' and write or otherwise contact fandom-at-large, there is nothing fandom can do to make itself known to him.....so back he goes merely reading and appreciating s-f if he's the timid type. With only NEBULA featuring fan and reader letters (Number 28 doesn't carry a GUIDED MISSIVES column...)fandom's chances are small when it comes to recruitment. NEBULA 26 has a letter from a foetalfan enquiring about fanclubs. The editor's comment to this letter about sums up my preceeding paragraph, I quote ".....In Great Britain there are a number of Science-Fiction Fan Clubs but, to my knowledge none of these is specially for younger readers; few of them are very active and some have even grown away from the appreciation of genuine science-fiction altogether...." end of quote.

The underlining is mine, but doesn't it about sum up today's situation? We have an Easter gathering at Kettering. It isn't a Convention, it's not advertised or meant to be such. Does that really mean that we have seen (unless the Worldcon comes again) the last British SCIENCE-FICTION Con???

It has taken since 1952 to form a recognisable S-F Circle here in Cheltenham, and after all the work involved with this sericon fanning on my part, is the whole thing doomed to die an early death? We hope not, but are faced with the problem that we must, somehow, go out and find foetalfan to prevent bankruptcy. Our one and only opportunity will occur in September if, and only if, there is the biennial HOBBIES EXHIBITION in Chelt. Only there can we display fandom to the mundane with a faint hope that, as happened in 1956, the foetal-fan will be given that extra nudge to send him on the road to acti-fanning. Apart from this there is no way - no cheap way - of informing the foetal-fan THAT WE ARE HERE, that we would welcome him. The time is nearing when, instead of holding its proud snoot in the air and saying "if they are interested they'll find us", fandom has got to go out and find that new blood.....Ideas please!!!!!!

THEY



BY

PETER MABEY. M.A.

Enc '58

LāSFāS come but once a year (...and when they do they drink much Bheer).

Our story begins in the month of Spon, Umpteen ahty-oo, when a small and devoted band of fen were to be found in a dank and stygian basement in Lansdown Parade; they were the Organizing Committee of the proposed Cosmic Research & Do-It-Yourself Association, in search of premises suitable for conversion into a club-room.....Their efforts were in vain - the premises proved to have been declared unfit for human habitation, and at that time it was planned to admit non-fen, members of the local Flying Saucer Society(incorporating the Tea-Tasters' Union), so we gravitated to the nearest pub.....

Some years, and several pubs later (and this is where our story really begins) another basement, in London Road, was found, and leased at a rent nicely calculated as a compromise between the maximum the Circle could be expected to pay, and the minimum the landlord could be expected to accept. All hands set to, to start the process of decoration; many containers of paint, of all known colours, (and a few others) were donated from various sources, and the work went on, at a gradually diminishing rate.....

By mid-January, when it was considered that the place would be in a tolerable state in the foreseeable future, a Meeting was held (and this is where our story really begins) at which it was decided that a Grand Opening Party should be held, to which LāSFāS would be invited. A date was fixed, and preliminary invitations issued, and efforts were stepped up to the maximum to be ready in time. Detailed arrangements were

gradually worked out, and as preparations worked up to a veritable frenzy of activity, and only the most essential jobs were being undertaken to I DON'T CARE WHO I'M WITH SO LONG AS I HAVE A GOOD TIME..... achieve the greatest effect in the rapidly diminishing time available....

At last the Great Day dawned (and this is where our story Really begins) - there was only a moderate blizzard; the girls were deciding how to dress for the party, and the Welcoming Committee coming I WON'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE, SO I WON'T WEAR ANYTHING..... to the conclusion that it would not, after all, be possible to put up a lineside poster, as the one prepared was not in waterproof ink. So the C.S.F.C. assembled at the station, and made ready for the arrival of the LaSFaS Special (quondam 'Pines Express'), Bob arming himself with a bouquet of violets and the 'Daily Worker'..... And then the train arrives, the great poster unfurled, " WELCOME LaSFaS"....several passengers who have alighted see the Welcoming Committee, and decide they would rather go on to Gloucester - or Bristol - or ANYWHERE - and suddenly, out of the milling crowds, appears a Vision of Beauty (not John O!), protected by a bodyguard of assorted toughs and plug-uglies - it must be, it can only be, Ina, and LaSFaS!! (and this is where our story reALLY begins. ++++++I'M IN THE LAVATORY WITH AUDREY++++++ Bob emerges from behind the 'Daily Worker' and presents the violets with a curtsy to Ina, who accepts the gift with a courtly bow, there is a general melee of introductions and handshakes, and then the C.S.F.C. members drive off to the hotel in the Circle's Rolls-Bentley whilst LaSFaS are shown which is the proper bus-stop. It is still snowing.

After lunch, the weather had moderated to a gentle downpour, so the next part of the planned entertainment was proceeded with - a quick YOU MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME AND I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT MY WALKING SHOES !!!!! five-mile walking tour of Cheltenham, to point out the historic sites of St FANTONY's glorious career - the Pitville Tavern; the Evesham Road; and - the Memorial - a great monument, housing the WELL itself. C.S.F.C.'s communication system was, unfortunately, observed (well, we think it was) by our visitors as they were admitted to the vicinity of the Memorial. However, the walkie-talkies served their purpose admirably in keeping H.Q. fully informed of the tour's progress... The Memorial was reached and the special exhibition of instruments of torture was inspected and demonstrated with the assistance of HUMPH. After the ~~16th~~ latter had been repaired, the WELL - head was viewed through the stained glass panels of the Memorial's locked doors, then the Guardians of The Shrine took their departure in order to take up their posts, and to prepare a fitting welcome for the pilgrims. As they boarded the taxi (to hide the fact that it was a taxi), the remainder of the party were trudging towards the town, and tea, IT WAS STILL RAINING. +++++. HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BICYCLE CHAIN PAT? .+.+.+.+

At last the secret preparations were completed, and as Pat warned the other Guardians that she had psionically sensed the pilgrims climbing on the bus which was to bear them to the Shrine - for now Archie Mercer, John Roles, and - Harrison Himself had joined them, and such as He do not walk. And so, (and this is where our story ReALLY begins) the pilgrims enter the Hallowed Place, and are provided with

Bheer, and are greeted with an inaudible fanfare - and then (after a rewind and adjustment of gain on the taper) and audible one; the historic features of the edifice were pointed out by the Grand Master - the ante-rooms, the refectories, the halls, and, finally, the TOMB itself, where the pilgrims drink their bheer in tribute to the Bhlessed Mmemory, and leave to make their way to the C.S.F.C. clubrooms.

These, although very near geographically to the Shrine, are almost as far as possible from it spiritually. In place of the echoing darkened halls there are brilliantly illumined rooms; instead of solemn music diffused from concealed sources there is a jazz band; and the place is crowded with fen jiving and girls drinking((and the reverse, as it was originally intended to be ...E.J.)). And so to the PARTY (and this is where our story REALLY begins) in addition to the normal alcoholic provisions, C.S.F.C. had prepared a punchbowl full of 'HIDYNE' - the recipe has now been partially declassified, and it can be revealed that its ingredients include rough cider, (good ol' scrumpy) ginger wine, Nebula special, and Wisnowska - the latter being a very mild cherry-flavoured dilution of St Fantony's Well Water, merely 70° proof. Not to be outdone LaSFaS produced a small quantity of that fine Fannish Brew VOT 96" - I understand that this is still 'Top Secret' in composition, but there are now several tumblers in the club-room with a pleasant etched finish inside.

Hot dogs were served to all except Humph, who refused on conscientious grounds, having a deep affection for the former family dachshund - he dined frugally on egg and chips. A special HOT dog for Archie Mercer had, of course, to be made up by filling a roll with mustard and applying a dab of sausage meat. When it appeared that the guests were +/+/+/+/+/+/+ I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A BARWOMAN ++/+/+/+/+/+/+/+/+/+/+/+ sufficiently well-oiled not to be hypercritical, whilst a sufficiently sober operatee could be still found for the projector, the party adjourned to C.S.F.C.'s Cinema for the film show. This included THE TEST (Artwork by Terry Jeeves) and various M.A.D. Productions Films. Later, a move was made from the club-room - a squad of taxis was demanded to carry the residents back to the STAR HOTEL, but as time passed and they did not appear (perhaps they had been up London Road earlier:) people gradually drifted off in the general direction, bearing, swigging from, their bottles.....

The party continued at the Hotel in the Cocktail Bar, the proprietor joining in the fun and serving Bhooze until about 4.30 a.m. when, for no apparent reason, most of the fen had drifted off to bed!! - Terry had gone off early ((I didn't smell him....E.J.)) (just before 4) saying that he wanted to be called at 4.30 -- but when Ina gave him a knock, there was no response but the bark of a poodle - evidently he wasn't feeling himself. ((he was merely lying doggo...E.J.)) Appropriate music was provided on the taper, and after a look-out had been posted for police and the Watch Committee, Norman unlocked his private safe and withdrew from an unlabelled black box a reel of asbestos tape, coated with magnetised 'Rokide' - a very instructive recording. . . . At another stage of the party Eric was lurking in the background with a concealed mike - blackmail is a remarkably efficient way of swelling club funds!!

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Later in the day, the sun appeared - blazing through the

-5-

bedroom windows as if to demonstrate that Saturday's snow and sleet was only provided to welcome our guests - and about the same time waiters also, bringing tea, and the news that it was 9a.m.; this was received with no marked enthusiasm for either - I have a recollection of Archie (who is a conscientious objector to tea) and the pot regarding each other with similar expressions of mutual distrust and distaste. To add injury to insult, every item of crockery was inscribed "Cheltenham & Hereford Ales - The Best in The West"....on further consideration I realise a very large cup was found which did not bear this inscription; it was presumably omitted in this case, as liable to create a true impression.....

After breakfast, the more energetic set out for brisk walks, obviously to compensate for the lack of exercise the previous afternoon. The rest behaved more moderately, assembling for a short walk to the "PLOUGH" for drinks before lunch. in the course of this walk, John Roles asked for the location of a mail-type edifice, but did not seem satisfied when I pointed out a pillar-box to him, muttering something about the slot being too high.....After lunch, during which John signed a rubber table-mat in seven oriental languages, - at least, that's what he said he was doing, though a couple of Pakistanis at the next table got up and left rather abruptly, (Eddie drew Fred Spoons and signed in Martian, Terry drew Soggies) we went to the bus station to lament the departure of Archie - even the coach was SAD - it admitted the fact on the number-plate. The next departure was Terry, though as he had to leave by train soon after Archie's bus was due out, only Eric and Pat went to see him off whilst the rest stayed at the bus station till Archie went. Then, as it was planned to have tea at 'Xanadu', a couple of us went there to set up the "Welcome LASFAS" poster - as it is only 9ft. x 18' many of them had not spotted it when they arrived at the station - and await the arrival of LASFAS by bus. It was interesting to watch the passers-by trying to interpret the sign; at least two, having carefully studied the front, walked by, and equally carefully studied the back, but without enlightenment apparently - luckily it did not happen that two cars came by in opposite directions at the same time, for drivers seemed to display an unaccountable tendency to wander about the road when passing the house ((caused probably by the strong psio ic beams emanating around there...E.J.)) .

And so, after appreciatively wolfing the delicacies Margaret has prepared for us, we tactfully leave the lounge where John O and Stan N. are having a snogging session with C.S.F.C's Secretary and Treasurer.....

AND THIS IS WHERE OUR STORY REALLY
BEGINS!

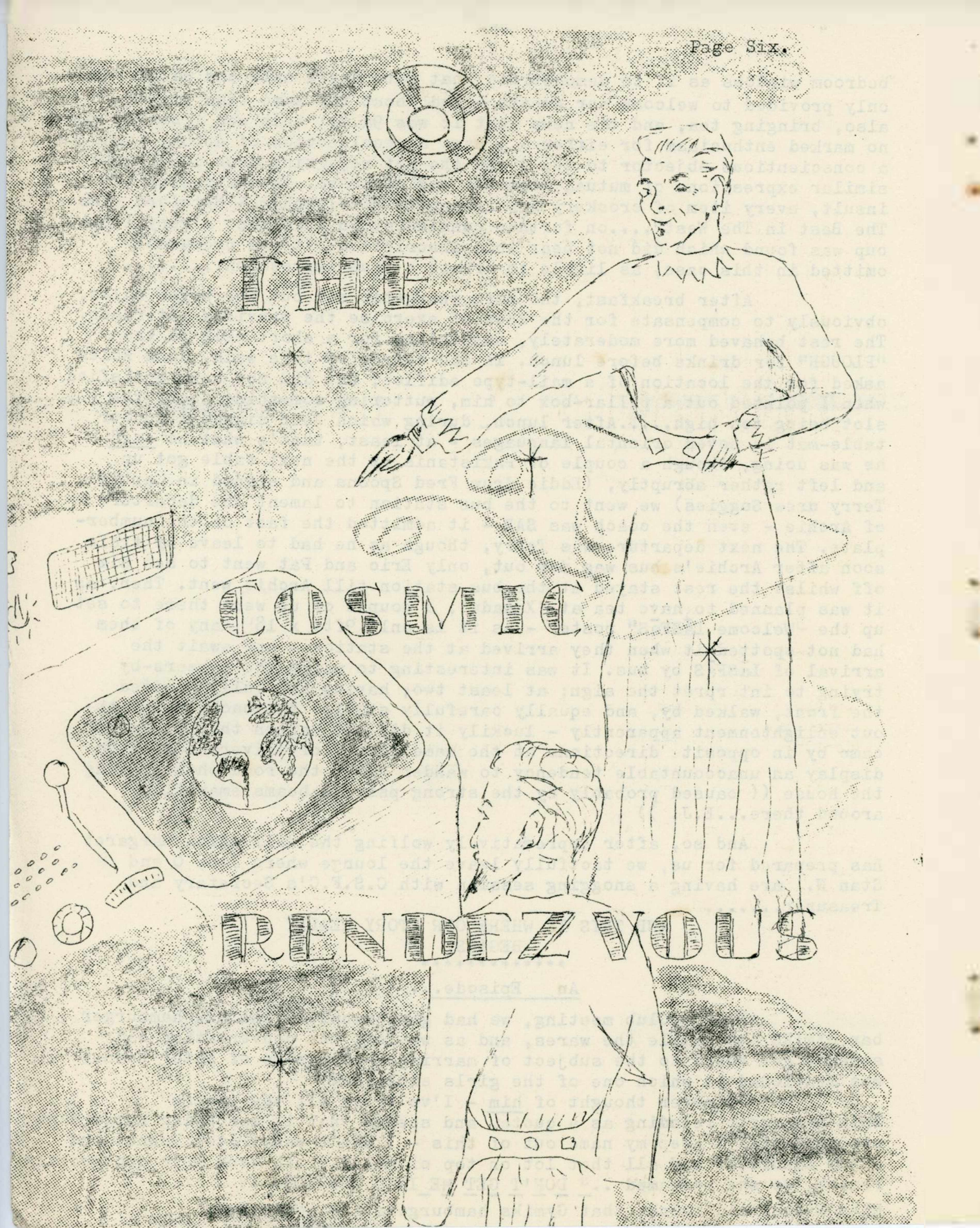
An Episode...

After a Club meeting, we had gone round to the new hamburger bar, GYMIKS, to sample the wares, and as we left the conversation had somehow got round to the subject of marriage - the name of Peter Reaney was mentioned at which one of the girls exclaimed -

"I'd never thought of him - I've tried all the others"

This was worth recording as a quote, and seeing that it was being noted down she protested "Keep my name out of this - I don't want Peter Reaney and Sandy Sandfield and all that lot on top of me!!!"....An even more quoteworthy remark, so she screamed .." DON'T GET ME INTO TROUBLE!!!"

Miss Eversfield thinks that Gymiks hamburgers are wonderful.



THE

COSMIC

RENDEZVOUS

BY

ROBERT H. RICHARDSON

R.N. (Retd)

KNIGHT ARMOURER OF ST FANTONY.

In a white marble administration building at the hub of the universe a red light began winking and soft but urgent humming filled the office of Mr. Jordan, Managing Director. He looked up from his desk with a frown and turning to his Secretary exclaimed -

"By the Great Nora, Stella, that light hasn't burned in aeons, check on it will you?"

Stella went across the room to a wall panel.

"It's from Personnel, Sir", she said, "Shall I send for them?"

"No thank you, it's obviously an emergency", answered Mr. Jordan, "I'd better call a meeting of the Executive Staff, alert them for me please."

He rose from his chair and walked hastily towards his private elevator.

Nine figures sat around the Council Room table, their faces turned enquiringly towards Mr. Jordan who stood at the head of the table, his gaze directed at the figure on his left.

"All right, Gabriel, he said solemnly, "Why the emergency signal?"

Gabriel, the youngest of the nine, raised his eyes from the sheaf of papers he had been studying and in an apologetic voice answered -

"I have received disturbing reports from the Observer Fleet attached to the Solarian System concerning Sol 3. It appears that the inhabitants have arrived at the "critical stage" and, contrary to the pre-ordained destiny laid down by this Council for that System, have reached a level of international and inter-racial disagreement which, together with their advanced scientific skill, is capable of blowing not only their home planet apart, but disrupting that entire part of the galaxy. Furthermore", he continued, "With the possibility of space travel being discovered and perfected by these people in the very near future, their hateful creed of violence and self-importance may well spread like a plague throughout that corner of the Universe. I humbly submit the suggestion that these people be destroyed - now, before we find it necessary to isolate that entire area."

Gabriel, flushed with emotion, sat down, but almost immediately another figure rose.

"Harsh words, Gabriel, and a dreadful solution to the problem", he said, "You are too eager to blow that blessed trumpet of yours."

Gabriel smiled. "I thought you'd have something to say in their defence, Michael", he said, "You've had a soft spot for those earthlings ever since you had Cro-Magnon transferred there."

"Well, they amuse me", rejoined Michael, "A little aggressive perhaps, but not beyond redemption. Besides, it's such a lovely little planet, all blue and green and silver. I like it there."

"You never could see the wood for the trees, Michael", Gabriel said, "I'll show you just how bad things are."

He left the table and, crossing over to the wall panel, manipulated some controls. A haziness appeared in the air a few feet from the floor, and as the rest of the Council gathered around, it took shape and became a model of Earth slowly revolving on its axis.

"That are all those lights", asked Mr. Jordan.

"The red lights show areas where open conflict is taking place - war, revolution, all forms of active fear or hatred", explained Gabriel. "The blue lights indicate international, racial or religious unrest, fear or suspicion, likely to break out any moment into active violence."

"This is bad, Gabriel", a venerable old gentleman remarked solemnly, "The planet is covered with lights of one colour or the other."

"Then, Gentlemen, I rest my case. Do we vote on it, Mr. Jordan?", asked Gabriel.

"Not much else we can do, I'm afraid", replied the Managing Director sorrowfully, "We'll vote in the usual manner, all those in favour of Gabriel's suggestion raise their right hands." Seven hands went up.

"Michael, take your hands out of your pockets and stop glaring at Gabriel", cried Mr. Jordan.

"No disrespect intended, Sir", answered Michael, "But Gabriel has only shown us half of the picture; I can't vote for the destruction of those little fellows."

"Michael, if you can show us just one group of mixed race, creed or religion, who aren't at one another's throats or contemplating mayhem at this moment, we'll reconsider our verdict", said Mr. Jordan.

Michael smiled and crossing over to the wall panel altered the controls, then turning to the Council cried triumphantly, "Now see how the picture has changed".

The red and blue lights had gone and on the globe appeared instead, tiny golden lights

"Very pretty", commented Mr. Jordan, "But what do they indicate?"

"Those little drops of sunshine show individuals or groups of various nationalities and walks of life, but all united by one bond, they call it 'Fandom'", explained Michael, looking pleased with himself.

"Look at them", he continued, "Spread all over the globe, Europe, America, Australasia, even Borneo, and, look there, Christmas Island of all places."

"They seem to be thickest and brightest in the southern part of that little island off the coast of Europe", one of the Council remarked.

"Ah! Yes, that's London, Fandom is gathering there for its yearly Convention", Michael said, and then suggested enthusiastically, "Let's send someone down there for a report on them, and as the only dissenter in the voting, I respectfully submit that Mr. Jordan, who has no vote, pay them a visit, and judge for all of us whether or not Fandom constitutes even a glimmer of hope for international understanding."

"That's fair enough", said Mr. Jordan, "All in favour?"

"Aye!" they replied.

"Even you, Gabriel?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. if there's the slightest chance that these people have something to contribute to world peace, we must give them every opportunity and encouragement."

The meeting broke up as Mr. Jordan walked out with the Chief Engineer to arrange transportation.

.....

The Council sat patiently waiting for Mr. Jordan's return; it was a tense moment and speculation had run wild since his departure. There was an audible sigh as his strikingly handsome figure entered the room. He looked a little tired, but there was a merry twinkle in his eye, and as he gazed around at the sober and thoughtful faces of his colleagues, his great booming laugh rang out. It was an infectious laugh and the Council smiled. But the laugh went on and on, and soon laughter filled the room, a great chorus of merriment such as had not been heard for centuries.

Tears ran down Mr. Jordan's cheeks. "My poor sides ache with laughing", he said between gusts of explosive laughter, "I haven't enjoyed myself so much in ages. These fans certainly know how to have a good time. I've hardly had a wink of sleep all weekend for fear I'd miss something", he continued, "What with room parties, film shows, zapp-gun battles, hypnotism sessions, it's been one long weekend of good clean fun. Why, they even have their own patron saint, no stuffy old legends for these people, they make their own."

"Was it all just one big skylark", asked Gabriel.

"Not by any means, my boy", Mr. Jordan replied, "I heard some very interesting and informative talks and discussions. These people are fully aware of the danger the atomic age has brought to the world, and some first-rate stories have been written on it. What was most important and encouraging, I thought, was how near some of them have got to the TRUTH,

especially a couple of people."

"How close are they to it?", asked Michael enthusiastically.

"They have discovered psionics", said Mr. Jordan with pride.

"That's encouraging, but was there nothing you disliked about them or disapproved of?" one old gentleman asked.

Mr. Jordan thought for a moment. "Well, not many attended church on Sunday", he replied.

"May we take it then, Sir, that Sol 3 is to be allowed to continue in its own inimitable way?", asked Michael.

"As far as I'm concerned - yes, but I want everyone's verdict on it", said the Managing Director, "So I've made reservations for all of us to attend next year's Convention at Southgate, we'll suspend judgement until then. In the meantime, Chief Engineer, got busy and turn out some cine cameras and tape recorders, we are forming our own Science Fiction Circle up here."

Author's Note

Fans going to Southgate in 1958 are respectfully requested to make the 16th World Science Fiction Convention an even greater success than this year's. Remember, you are being watched, and we do like living here, don't we?

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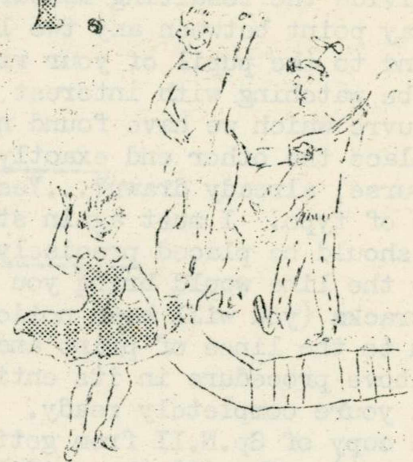
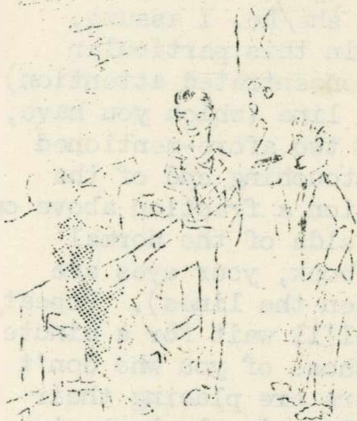
VOLLEY (continued from page 15)

the child and now that it's growing up - but not yet mature perhaps - I feel it my duty to come to its defence. In this day and age of fandom it is permissible to publish near-pornography and allusions to fannish love-life. One top-flight Eurofanzine (not mentioned in the article) has published more of this type of material for some time.....I hope that Sanderson - Looks at THIS particular 'zine' in the near future, and dissects it with all the impartiality applied to TRIODE - but somehow I don't think that the type of material this zine uses will meet other than appraisal from the reviewer, and I am sure that its editor will not be subjected to libellous attacks either. But we shall see.

As an Editor, Bentcliffe has far to go, admittedly, but he is a good collator of material, and as TRIODE is produced by a team there is no true editor....no one person can claim this status, it is a joint undertaking and therefore any statement concerning the magazine must concern both perpetrators....vague attempts at precluding Terry Jeaves are not convincing. Stir it up if you like, but keep TRIODE's name cleanBentcliffe's name may not be lily-white, but it's a damn sight whiter than some!!!!!!

I WENT.

BY
ABE.



So he said, "You must write me an article". Just like that. 1.30 a.m. on LonCon-Monday morning. And fixed me with his eyes - but it's no good Jones, you can't do a Harry Powers (nee Carr) on me. Being the type that I am (I leave you to draw your own conclusions) and heroically/foolhardylly-dilly-dilydedly (Oh, who cares anyhow) disregarding the fact that I don't feel particularly articlish (optional phonetic spellings: R-ticklish, Ah!-ticklish, or "Are ("you" understood) ticklish?" (Please don't regard the latter as a definite query. I should love to have letters from lots of you but would get little satisfaction from detailed accounts of the sensitivity of the nerve ends under your feet.)) - a fact that will present itself to you with sickening clarity as you plough confusedly on (if this ever gets as far as being put in a state readable to everyone (it is procreated in my own version (twisted/brilliant) of Sir Isaac Pitman's shorthand (QUESTION: How long was Isaac Pitman's short hand, and were they both?))- I will take a firm grip on my pencil, and see what happens I will take a slightly less firm grip on my second pencil and let my thoughts float reminiscently over the weekend I have just spent in the company of the highest form of life this earth has yet produced - viz., you lot!

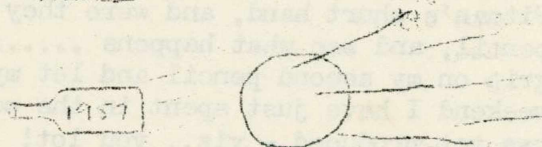
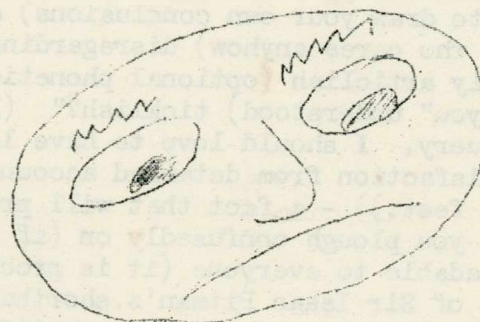
We arrived on Friday evening, stayed Saturday, Sunday and Monday and went home on Tuesday. How about that Eric? Clear, concise, not at all wordy, grammatical, chronological ...? All right, all right. So I'll give you some details, but in my opinion that is quite sufficient. It tells people who came on Saturday that we came on Friday and those who went on Sunday or Monday that we went on Tuesday and, having met us, they'll know what they missed and won't be able to read anything else anyhow because of intense grief at their late arrival or early departure. Being a Grand Dame of St. Fantony, however, I fully realise my obligations to the Grand Master and will assist you all to read between the lines.

Take up the position most comfortable to you. If he/she isn't there, take up the next most comfortable position. Place Sp.N.II squarely before you upon something solid and not subject to intermittent movement. I stress this point because you will find that the slightest deviation in the position of Sp.N.II will cause your eyes to slip from between the lines into the normal eye-tracks. Now - measure the distance between two lines of type

and divide the resulting measurement by two, thus establishing the exact halfway point between any two lines of type. Take a 12" piece of tape, hold one end to the pupil of your right eye (not the apple - she/he, I assume, will be watching with interest and should take no part in this particular manoeuvre which we have found needs your complete and concentrated attention) and place the other end exactly (MOST IMPORTANT) on the line (which you have, of course, already drawn?...Yes?...Good.) bisecting the two afore-mentioned lines of type. I must again stress that the non-pupil-touching end of the tape should be placed precisely on this line as a position a fraction above or below the line would bring you within the magnetised fields of the normal eye-tracks (you will have noticed how, on picking up a book, your eyes are drawn to the lines of print and not to the spaces between the lines). Repeat the above procedure in its entirety for the left eye - I'll wait for a minute until you're completely ready. (QUESTION: (to prevent those of you who don't get a copy of Sp.N.II from getting bored while the others are placing their left eyes) - Why did the skiffle group go into the gentlemen's cloakroom to play? Was it bashfulness, modesty, consideration or just necessity?)

LonCon, September 1957

Did you see any police?
According to the hotel staff there was a cordon of them six deep outside, prepared with unalcoholic (i.e., grim) determination to protect London non-fen from pollution by visual or aural contact with us. If only they knew how cruel it is to deprive non-fen of the chance of seeing what fandom does for Trufen - how, on the morning after a cultural and intellectual night-gathering at which songs of the calibre of that fine old Liverpooldlian



air - the title of which escapes me at the moment - are sung with descant and deep feeling, the participants rise from wherever they gently subsided earlier that day, examine themselves in the mirror with astonishing self-control (or numb indifference) and proceed (I don't feel I can truthfully say "walk" and "proceed" covers any method of transferring one's body from A to B) to the dining room where they consume with hearty appetites half a slice of dry toast (each swallow assisted with sips from a glass of colourless, effervescent liquid). Then, with an effort truly praiseworthy, they disperse to divers spots of the hotel or neighbourhood which, nevertheless, have one similar feature - they all have sit-able or lie-able upon assets. And here they pass the rest of the day in quiet meditation, resting their minds and bodies so that they can again take part in the coming night's rejuvenating activities and perhaps... perhaps even say a Quotable Thing!

This is the Only Way Life should be Lived! Eyes bright and clear, wits

alert, vitality issuing from every pore - who wants it? And look what you have to do to get like that You go to bed at 9.30 p.m. when it's time to get up, and get up at 6 a.m. when the less hardy of us are beginning to think of bed. You eat nauseatingly large and greasy meals at 7 a.m. You go for loooooooooooooooooong walks with cups of tea at the end. Cigarettes are out! And alcohol is a naughty word, although you wouldn't say no to a tonic water, thank you Ugh! and other likewise descriptive ejaculations.

On Monday night or Tuesday morning, Eddie Jones shot himself on Margaret Jones' (no relation) bed. Don't ask me what he was doing in Margaret's bedroom on Margaret's bed (not unless you send a stamped addressed envelope and 10/-). I don't like leaving a friend in the lurch though, whatever the circumstances, so I helped her stick selotape over the wound and sew up the hole in his shirt and we carried the body up to the top floor, leaving it at the head of the stairs so that the hotel staff would assume he'd died from fatigue caused by over-exertion and lack of oxygen. So if you see him, it isn't, although I must admit that it's a very good imitation because I saw it myself later that night in the lounge. You would, in fact, think it was the original model, but now you'll know that it's not.

I must say a few words of praise for the two Liverpool films shown at the Con. I blush to admit that I can't remember exactly what they were, both called, but that's no reflection at all on their quality. I think they were very well thought out and good fun to see and, as far as I'm concerned, LasFas can sit back, resting on their laurels, knowing that all the effort they put into those films - and I can speak from a little experience here myself - has been well worth it. Watch out, Ten Best!

I think myself that the television business was a mistake, although the Con Committee weren't to know what long-winded types they'd be. After nearly two hours of standing in the lounge waiting for something to happen on Saturday night, we held a brief meeting at which it was proposed and seconded, thirded, fourthed that we beat a retreat to the hall where the Merseysippi boys had also been patiently waiting for an hour or so. Consequently we had a whale of a time, but there were many others who had little opportunity to even go into the hall that night, or anywhere else for that matter - Ruth and David Kyle being two of the most unfortunate in this respect, I believe. Apparently we did appear on both I.T.V. and the B.B.C. - I didn't happen to be anywhere near a set at the time - but even so, I shouldn't think we'll be in a hurry to let them waste so much good drinking time in future.

Well, I can't really say I've covered the Con systematically, but Cons never leave me feeling in the slightest bit systematic, so I can't help it. And I did warn you! In my opinion Cons have only one fault. They make ordinary living so ordinary! I am going to have some of that stuff they had in "The Winds of Time" that suspends life for as long as you want it suspended, 1,000, 2,000 as many years as you like, but I'm not feeling particularly adventurous at the moment so I'll just content myself with six months and wake up in time for Kettering - another dissipated weekend, another bout of flu, and the same "Ghod, isn't life tepid!" feeling afterwards. I'm a one-year-old fan (precocious, aren't I?) and often wonder now how I managed

to survive during those other years. Perhaps it's just as well that a non-fan doesn't know what it is that he hasn't got, and is consequently missing - there'd be mass suicides throughout the world.

See you at Kettering (if I see you on the first day. I don't really take in who I'm meeting after that) and if I don't, I'm sorry, because I like you.

+ + + + +

THE CIRCULAR LOOK OR (as ~~it~~ says)

DOCTOR KINSEY REPORT ON THE ST. FANTONY CONVENTION.

Amalgamated from various notes made by

Margaret Jones and HUMPHREY

This was Cheltenham on a Saturday in February, 1958, and LaSFaS were about to set foot into the Realm of St. Fantony for the first time - and we sincerely hope that it will not be the last. (At least, TWO Cheltenham femmes hope it won't be)

The Master said that his metrological observations had led him to conclude that... At any given time in any given place it was NOT raining...

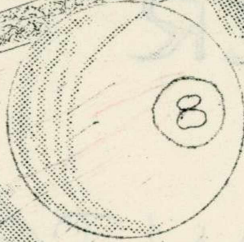
It was raining, and Harrison carried my umbrella. This was not an act of gentility, but a case of Harrison's necessity - he wore no hat, and the thought of having to hang Harrison up to dry would make his stoutest supporters writhe in agony. (Even Harry Hurstmonceaux would consider handing in his resignation in such circumstances).

After lunch LaSFaS were conducted to the sit of the original St. Fantony well, but as the building is at present undergoing restoration they were unfortunately unable to see it in its full glory. However, they soon consoled themselves by screwing my arm up in a vice. (Not your sort, Reaney.)

Following a series of false alarms, the party arrived at the Shrine. They had, by this time, been joined by Archie Mercer, [walleably welded huh? E.J.] who had ~~un~~fortunately arrived too late for the trip to the well. The Honoured Ones were led through the maze of passages leading to the Tomb, lit up by only one candle, a neat line of sales talk by Eric, and a bottle of Bheer. While Eric led the guests out of the Shrine and on to the clubroom where the debauché was to be held, those of us left at the Shrine teleported ourselves ahead of them. I remember going on a bus, and that the conductress borrowed my party hat, then we arrived at the Clock Cafe and as Norman and John Koles ordered a meal, I did the same. After Norman had collected his film from the Hotel, we arrived back at the clubroom only to find that the greedy pigs had scoffed all the hot dogs and Archie had scooped all the mustard. See you at Kettering everybody... Humph.

+ + + + THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT COACH STATION, WE WANT LIBBLE!!! N.L.S

VOLLEY



CURRENTOPIC
By
ERIC JONES. (GMSF)

Subtitle:- THE GHODDAM HOBBYHORSE.

PLOY (eleven), having just (five minutes ago) dropped through the letter box, forms the basis of this currentopic designed to be right up to date instead of being months late as is usually the case.

Now for a reference - so's you can read the reference first and then this column. PLOY, page 25 and on to 30. Author. Sandy Sanderson. Subject. Eric Bentcliffe. TRIODE.

From the trend of this article, it is rather obvious that Sandy is suffering from a bad attack of sour grapes - either sour grapes or.....could it be that OTHER revelations (counter) are scheduled for the next issue of TRIODE ??? Far be it for me to fight E.B's battle; certainly some of the items mentioned regarding SPACE TIMES had a vast amount of truth in them, but at this late date there seems to be no logical purpose in raking over long-dead embers with the hope that the flame will once again burst forth. No takers..... For the record though... and for some possible future Fan History... Jones wasn't "replaced" by Brian Varley. Jones had so much on his plate that he decided that it would be impossible to continue Space Times and handed the job over to Stuart Mackenzie...that well-known London Fan who finally dealt the death-blow to S.T.; in the process acquiring equipment to "put out a good national fanzine instead of an average club zine". It is unfortunate, also, to record that this "good national fanzine" had a far much shorter life than S.T., if you see what i mean.

The statement that "...Bentcliffe moved in with Jeeves..." (after the disintegration of S.T.) makes it fairly clear that Sandy's chronology is lousy. TRIODE was germinated here in Cheltenham at a meeting between Jeeves, Bentcliffe and myself. The fact that I have taken no part in any but the first issue doesn't mean that I objected to the policy of the mag, far from it; I chose to devote the majority of my time (what little I had) to local sericon fanning - which has now paid off. Hence the reason for my sticking an oar into the vat of tan coloured ooze which is at the moment being agitated, I have an interest in TRIODE, even though that interest may only be spiritual at this time I named
(continued on Page 10)

The Most Noble & Illustrious

ORDER

OF

ST FANTONY

Decree

Wherewith be it known to all ye fen whosoever inhabit these realms; both near and those across the vast wastes of seas in the New World, that, on the EIGHTH DAY of SEPTEMBER 1957, in full view of a great assemblage of fen, those named hereunder passed the proscribed tests for TRUFANDOM, imbibing from the WATER from SAINT FANTONY'S WELL and Swearing to Serve Him as laid down in the Great Book.

FROM THE NEW WORLD

RORY FAULKNER (Lady of ST FANTONY) ROBERT MADLE (Knight)
ROBERT SILVERBERG (Knight) ELLIS MILLS (Knight) FRANK DIETZ (Knight)
BOYD RAEburn (Knight)

FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM

WALTER A. WILLIS (Knight) KENNETH F. SLATER (KNIGHT) TERRY JEEVES
(Knight) ERIC BENTCLIFFE (Knight) ROBERTA WILD (Lady of ST FANTONY)

Furthermore, be it proclaimed that, in absentia, and being of TRUFANNISH Faith, by proxy was it so moved that those named below be designated:

DALE R. SMITH (Knight)

ARCHIE MERCER (Knight)

The Headquarters hath seen fit to also decree the following: That from now on forward into time, SAINT FANTONY'S DAY, precessing and fluxing with the bottling season, shall be deemed to fall on that SATURDAY which preceeds Easter Sunday, and that this shall be deemed the feasting day and shall be carried forth (as seen fit) into the next day when a meeting shall be held of Knights AND Ladies . SO BE IT.

Eric Jones

KNIGHT GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF SAINT FANTONY
CHELTENHAM.