

# et Stream!

COSMOS 3

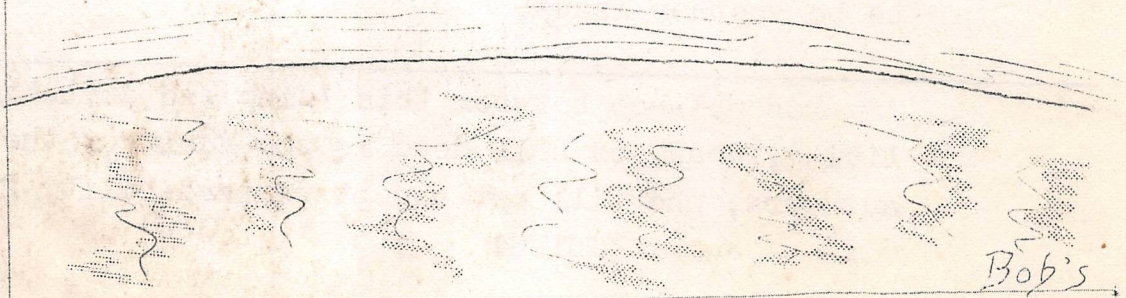
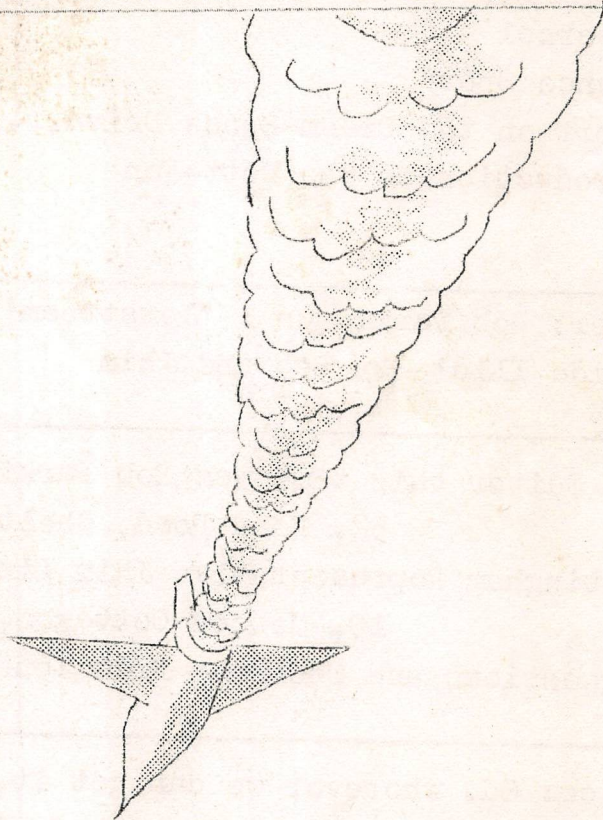
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Features  
by

Jim  
L'NWOOD

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JOHN  
DYKE  
ET AL.



A Note-Fan Publication.



Jetstream

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Cover: Bob Parkinson : 'Jetstream'  
 Inside Illo's by Bob and Jhim

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 52, Mead Road, Cheltenham.  
 Nottingham Representative Jhim Linwood  
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 Suggestions and Oddments from John Dyke

Price: 6d. wherever we can get it, to defray expenses.  
 No subscription rate, 'cos we don't know if there IS  
 to be another issue.

Any resemblance between this 'zine and anything  
 living, dead, or half dead is the fault of the  
 authours, who will not accept responsibility for  
 ANYTHING!



# Over the

At last, after a small delay (of goodness knows how long!), we have the ~~honour~~ honour of presenting to an unsuspecting public, this 'zine entitled 'Cosmos 3'. Partly to protect the innocent, partly because there was a prozine called 'Cosmos', but mainly 'cos we want to catch those unsuspecting ~~readers~~ readers who are avoiding the name 'Cosmos', we have changed the title to "JETSTREAM." That was for the people who couldn't read the cover.



NURSO FAN

Jetstream, for those who want to know all the sordid details, is the official clubzine of the Nott-Fen, and anything else we push out are fakes. If you haven't met previous issues, all we can say is how terribly happy we are for you! As we were saying, this is the Official Clubzine of the Nott-Fen, that fine group of ~~fans~~ fen who meet every Wednesday to discuss the ways of the world, or something. You will meet them elsewhere.

Since the Nott-Fen are now responsible for this 'zine, it bears little or no resemblance to previous issues (cheers from the back row!!). Also, since we've no idea when, if ever, the next issue will come out, I suppose this may be classed as a one-shot. However, we intend to make it an annual event at least, so this is:

THE MOST REGULAR ONE-SHOT IN FANDOM!

We hope to push this out at the LEXICON, so may we wish you a good Con. (No?). Our thanks to the Cheltenham Circle for letting us borrow their duplicator, and for those that gave their labour and so-forth, whatever a so-forth looks like when its' at home. ~~All~~ All the mistakes are my fault, as I am still learning techniques as I go, so herewith my apologies.

Well, that's it folks. This is JETSTREAM, which may be used quite successfully for lighting fires, wrapping fish and chips, usw. As a last resort, it may even be read! To those who've already read it, thanks for bearing with us.

Yours ffaannishly,

Bob Parkinson.



*Handwritten signature or mark.*



# JHIM'S PAGE.

A SORT OF OPEN LETTER TO THE SORT OF PEOPLE I OWE LETTERS TO  
Jhim Linwood.

When we decided to produce a combozine in time for the con., I was pretty sure I'd be able to pull something out of the mental-bag, and shove it into Bob's trunk as he left for Cheltenham and his Xmas holidays, but, frankly, after going into the matter; I'm completely stumped for ideas.

One idea I had was to give an Art Hayes type account of my collieries' excavation beneath Nottm. University, praising NCB engineers and surveyors for achieving a minimum of subsidence in the University grounds. But such praise would be silenced by the recent outbreak of resignations and sackings at Wollaton Colliery, you see Cripps Hall was sunk last week.....there were no survivors.

Idea two came when I heard Kingsley Amis was to be GOH\*; I would write an open letter to him attacking the opinions he's expressed in books and articles, tear him to pieces, and expose him as a literary fraud. I immediately re-read Lucky Jim and Socialism and the Interlectuals, and that's how idea 2 got kicked in the head, for I found myself agreeing with everything he said. We only dissent on one thing...jazz. Amis says, "Make mine Chicago style," and leans heavily towards trad...oh, but why go into that argument here? Anyhow, the more I discovered about Amis makes me say with conviction the age-old misused phrase; He shoulda'been a fan!



JHIM

Idea 3 was to say a a little about the spate of working-class plays and novels we've been showered with lately... the ones that have a typical working-class hero urinating and practically copulating on stage, or cursing his way through a typical working-class weekend in which he learns that his girl-friend is pregnant, and has his eye gouged out by a gang of typical working-class teddy-boys.

With all due respect to Messrs. Sillitoe, Braine, Forbes and Miss Delany; I think they're wrong. Living for 20 years in a mining-community, to me the only class is the working-class, which contains it's own upper, middle and lower crusts, also a fair share of eccentrics and outsiders; in short, a mixed lot. The kitchen-sink writers would have us believe working-class life is one uneventful dirge from bed to lathe to football-match to pub to bed, this they illustrate with a limited stock of "We're going to look pretty silly if he isn't. Ed!



about five characters and stock situations. This trend in writing certainly touches a few aspects of working-class life, and helps the writer get some fundamental Socialist message off his chest, but the sum total amounts to nothing more than an interlectual's Andy Capp. One working-class writer, although he doesn't like being called that, whom I praise profusely is Alun Owen. His characters aren't representatives of their class, but of themselves. Most of his plays have a Liverpool background, because, Owen says, Liverpool is the crossroads of many nationalities and religions from which he draws his situations and characters. Owen gives no message and offers no solution, only mirrors life as he sees it. His best work to date is the script for the movie "The Criminal", which gets my vote for the best film of 1960. My one ambition is to strap all supporters of corporal-punishment, and members of the "English Bobbies are the best" school, to a cinema seat while "The Criminal" is being shown....maybe they'll realise what thin partitions separate law and crime.

Idea 4 was to sing praise to my favorite TV hero, Hiran Holliday (with 2 E's). Hiran is the star of a series of 1/2 hour TV shows, which satirize the "superman" type here. Hiran, played by Wally Cox, is a small, insignificant looking person, who somehow gets involved in the most fantastic situations, and always comes out top; saving western civilisation at the same time! The secret of Hiran's fantastic ability is that he knows everything, never shows surprise, and is an expert at fencing with an umbrella.....what more could you want from a Null-A?

If ever the "Incomplete Enchanter" was made into a movie, then Wally Cox is the obvious choice to play Harold Shea. Hiran and Shea have much in common, like being able to talk themselves out of any situation, including propositions of marriage!

With all 4 ideas I discovered I couldn't spiel long enough on one given subject, so I've decided to make this an open letter to all the ~~sp/~~ people I owe letters to. Unfortunately I've only got enough time ~~to~~ and space left to wish everyone a happy, drunken, convention..... see you in the bar?

JHEM



# Lettercol.

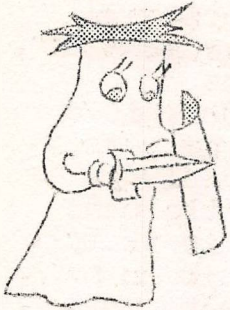
When I looked up my copies of Cosmos, I found that Cosmos 2 was dated February 1958, and we appear to only have one letter to offer.

Dear Sir; I have analysed the sample labelled Cosmos 2 with very peculiar results. At the 40 point on the dial I got a strong, erotic sensation, culminating with a feeling of high-ninded megalomania. After I replaced the burnt out tubes, I found that I could not recreate the effect, so I would be grateful for No. 3 of your 'zine, as I believe the psi-quality of No. 2 was dissipated instantaneously. Yrs. etc. Mr. Heironymous.

I wonder why we even kept that!

\* \* \* \* \*

## Science Spot



Actually, this can only be called the "Science Spot," because it was first told us by one of our Engineering Lecturers, and since I've got half a page left over here, it will serve as a nice filler.

If you've been taking any exams recently, I expect that you were up burning the midnight oil to get to know that extra bit of work. Why?

*Bob's*  
If you know that, whatever you do, you'll pass, then obviously there's no point in working, 'cos you'll pass anyway.

Similarly, if you know that, whatever you do, you'll fail, then obviously there's no point in working again, 'cos you know that no matter how hard you work, you'll fail.

So?

So, you know that you'll either pass or fail, so why work?

\* \* \* \* \*



# Report on the Dream Space Drive

Been reading ~~Amazing~~ Analog recently? Okay, so I know you're a faan, but some of us still read the stuff! Anyhow, if you have, you will know that Campbell has been plugging this Dean Space Drive thing. The reason it's being plugged, of course, is that the U.S. government aren't interested in the thing. However, their reasons may not be quite what either you or Campbell thinks.

We got to talking about this among the Nott-fen one Saturday night, and this article is mainly the result. Together with the Dean Space Drive, there was the very modest announcement in an American aviation magazine, that stated that Ryan Aeronautics had developed an 'electro-gravitic' device which, according to the report appeared to be what we fen would call a 'tractor beam.' Still, six years back, America was making quite a fuss about how it wanted an anti-grav, and how everybody was working on it, so why no bally-hoo? Only now can we release the truth!

**AMERICA HAS AN OPERATIONAL ANTI-GRAV. DEVICE!**

Yes, that's the incredible conclusion we have been led to. How we missed it for years amazes us. Nowadays, of course, they are hushing up on the subject, which explains why we don't hear a lot about anti-grav these days, but there is plenty of evidence hanging about, like, for instance.....

If you have read Donald Keyhoe on UFO's (Flying saucers to you), he recounts a tale of how, back in '56, he got a call from a friend in the Navy H.Q., who told him that Naval Radar had picked up an Artificial Satellite Orbiting The Earth! Back in '56, mind you. By the time Keyhoe made it to the Pentagon, it had been hushed up, but this could have been due to the news filtering through to whoever was responsible.

John said No! If America had anti-grav, they wouldn't be concentrating on missiles so much. Come to that, there have been some rather spectacular missile flops in America recently. You can't go on being wrong for ever, but American missiles do. Could it be that this is a tremendous game of cover-up? Perhaps American economy couldn't afford the loss of employment that would be involved if it scrapped aircraft and missiles which are highly complex, and switched over to an anti-grav that anybody could make at home in their kitchen.

No, I think that the Russians are laughing at the American failures, while the Yanks up at Mars Base One or somewhere are laughing at the Russians with their awkward rockets struggling into space. And the American Missile Programme as the biggest cover-up scheme in history!



The way we see it is this. Somewhere back about '46, somebody started serious investigation into anti-grav techniques. Some of those UFO's could have been early test models that got out of control. Now, by analogy with aircraft techniques, it would take them about ten years to get it up to operational standards. That would be just about the time the U.S. forgot about anti-grav!

Now in SF, there are lots of links between anti-grav and stardrives, and there are lots of theories of how to convert an antigrav to a stardrive. So now we supposed that America was setting up colonies on, for instance, Alpha-Centauri.

Why would they want to set up colonies on Centaurus? Well, they might have decided to try to save part of America before Atomigeddon, or they might have decided that the Russians were getting too nosy about the planets in our own Solar System. They might even just have liked the look of the place, assuming that Centaurus has some nice, comfortable, Earth-type planets.

So America will be looking round for suitable colonists, people who are worth saving. What qualifications would be needed? Well, I suppose that they would have to be young, intelligent, adaptable, able to think for themselves, and we would have to be able to make them disappear without too much notice being taken. One obvious source is the Universities and such places, but we thought of another source, Fandom!

The only trouble here was that fans tend to know and be known by quite a few other fans. However, there is the institution known as going 'gafia', and one of the fannish traditions is that a person who goes gafia cuts off all ties with fandom. So perhaps quite a proportion of gafia fans now live on Centaurus.

Of course, as Jhim pointed out, there would have to be contacts in fandom to look for potential colonists, but as Jhim also suggested a few people who could be such contacts, that presents little problem.

Now after I have written this article, it follows that it is about time for us to be hushed up before we do more damage. Sooner or later, and possibly very sooner, one of us will disappear, and then the rest of us will know the truth.

I haven't seen Jhim lately. He didn't come to the meeting on Wednesday, I wonder why.....

Bob Parkinson,  
Main Base,  
Alpha Centauri IV.

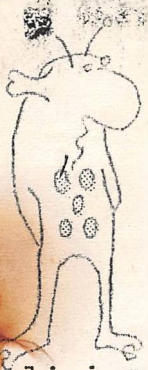


# The Nott-Fen

"Have CND

Badge, will  
Travel."

Ferdinand, the  
Feghoot, who  
belongs to one  
Jhim Linwood.  
Resident member  
of the Nott-Fen,  
constituting the  
'ben the bomb'  
set in the group.  
Works (?) for a  
living with the NCB, by  
digging the foundations  
from under the rest of the  
Nott-Fen. A modern jazz  
fan! Of course, when we  
say "resident", even he  
doesn't live actually IN  
Nittingham, but in some  
place called "Netherfield"



"Have beard, can't travel.

The creature with  
the mournful  
expression, is  
a Nurg, for  
whom one  
Bob Parkinson  
is as responsible  
as he is  
responsible for

anything. A bright,  
handsome, intellegent lad  
(Guess whose writing this!)  
Occasionally, when all else  
fails, works at Engineering.  
LXICON committee member  
for his sins. One of the  
Cheltenham Rim-Runners.



"Has Girl-Friend, Does Travel."



This BEM belongs to  
one John Dyke, who  
constitutes the  
militaristic set of  
the Nott-Fen. Spends  
most club meetings  
writing to his girl in Bristol. Also  
flies (in a plane yet!) with the UAS  
(University Air Squadron.) Likes  
Trad. Jazz, so we never visit jazz  
clubs all together. Has visited every  
town in Engalnd, and has a relation  
doing pretty well every job that you  
can think of, and some that you can't.

JACKIE BRATTON.

No, she doesn't look like  
that. Come to that, we  
don't know what she looks  
like, 'cos we haven't  
met her yet, but we  
go on hoping. BSFA  
member, who lives  
just outside  
Nottingham, but we  
haven't yet persuaded  
her to come along to  
a meeting. She must  
have heard of us!!

Still, we keep on trying.  
Perhaps, by the time this  
comes out, we may have been  
succesful!!





N. B MET  
JACKIE, YO W