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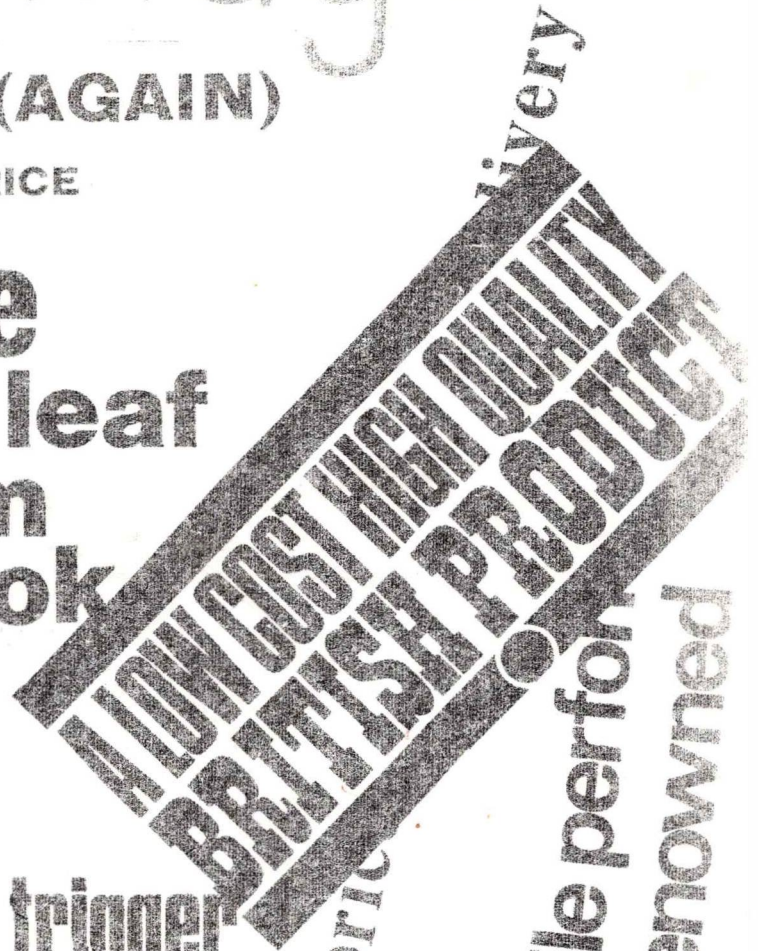
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B A D I N A G E

Journal of the
Bristol & District
S.F. Group

Issue Number Four
March 1968.

All communications to
Rob F. Johnson, c/o 10, Lower Church Lane, BRISTOL 2

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ART CREDITS

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Illoes for 'An Eternity of Porridge'	Moy Read
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page 33	Randy Williams
page 38	Paul Knapp

JUST PLAIN CREDITS

The editors for thish were more or less A. Graham Boak and Rob F. Johnson.

The stencils were cut by Rob F. Johnson with a pair of scissors, until
Peter Roberts lent him his typewriter.

The whole thing was duplicated by a herd of wild Gestetners, driven by
Mahout Mercer, who also proved that he'd read it all,
which was an action above and beyond the call of the wild.

B R A C K E T O R I A L

As you probably know, the first three issues of BADINAGE were edited by Gray Boak. However, with his finals hanging over him like finals and a couple of projects needing to be worked on (needless to say the work didn't actually get done), it was decided that I should be editor for a couple of issues. At that time Gray was thinking of coming to work in Bristol after leaving the University, and so it was thought that he would be back as editor quite soon. But now Gray has decided that he won't be returning to Bristol, at least probably not, so it looks like you're stuck with me until it's my time to leave.

This is credited editorially to both of us, but it wasn't exactly a joint editorship. The way it worked was this:- Gray started off as editor, then shortly after the beginning of this term the whole kit and kaboodle was transferred to my digs, partly because I was also going to do the stencil-cutting. Since at that time we lodged only a couple of hundred yards from each other there was pretty close collaboration between us. Then I moved into a more centrally placed place, and from then on the editorship was practically completely mine.

This shows in certain ways. For instance, if you study the editorial comments in the LoCs, you'll notice that Gray's comments disappear after a while (the LoCs are arranged approximately in the order we received them). This was because at first he put his comments in and then handed them to me, but later I took complete charge of the letter section. The fact that my comments also increase the deeper you get into the LoColumn is not, however, due to that. What happened was that I added my comments as I cut the stencils and as I progressed I got more into the swing of it (or lost control completely, depending on which way you look at it).

Well I'd better not go on too long, 'cos I crop up all over the zine as it is. I'd just like to mention a couple of things I think you should know. First off, re some of the illocs. The a/w by Ron McGuinness was done specifically for 'The Pen' - we sent him the story to illustrate. Moy's a/w, on the other hand, was sent in before the story, and just happened to vaguely fit it. Thus it isn't Moy's fault that the figures in the first illoc don't tally with the description of the characters in the text.

Beware! BADfandom strikes again! Following the success of the small but select group of fanzines that have originated from these parts, we are proud to present (with a roll of trumpets and a fanfare of drums) MORPHARCH (or something like that). Peter Roberts plans to have the first issue out by the Con. So if you see what looks like a grey rabbit with orange arms, a flattened fez, and a moulton bicycle bearing down on you waving a fanzine, you'll know what's happening. Seriously though folks, no. 1 will have an unexpurgated thing by moi, and mayhap even (or odd) a column by Beryl with Harry Bell illocs (!!!!!!!), though that's only tentative. Some of the other things I know about it are (a) an article that Gray is working on, and (b) a tale by Peter himself that is a fantastically funny take off of Lovecraft, whom Peter keeps hidden in his wardrobe. You have been warned!

SONGS OF THE MAGICIAN

((In ish 2 Mike Ashley sang the praises of Jimi Hendrix;
now Peter Roberts sends us another, very different,
report from the fantasy-world of music))

One evening last summer I was happily taping some Donovan and Dylan from John Peel's programme on Radio London, when he suddenly played a track by a singer that I'd never heard of before. It was from an Elektra LP which was called, quite simply, - "Tim Buckley". John Peel enthused over it at the time and when I listened to the tape again, it was easy to understand why: "The man is a study in fragile contrasts: yet everything is in key, precise." So it says in the blurb on the back of the record and for once it is perfectly true - Tim Buckley's voice is strong and exact, yet sensitive and delicate. His songs are simonandgarfunkular, alstewartlike, but each is distinctively his and all of them are magical.

"I Can't See You" forms a crisp beginning to the LP, both musically and lyrically. Tim Buckley travels through a year and a single day at the same time, creating a complex temporal image of his lover: "Summer princess - midnight maiden/Autumn temptress - sundown angel/Winter harlot - noonday lover/Springtime woman - sunrise girl..." Every part of it is remarkably beautiful.

"Wings" is a more conventional composition which is raised from the ordinary by Tim Buckley's gentle, minor-key voice. With a violin backing a la Al Stewart, he builds the song up until it reaches its quiet climax.

"Song of the Magician" is an incredible piece which stands comparison with the best of Paul Simon's works. The combination of a liquid guitar and Tim Buckley's own haunting voice produces something which reminds you of Norma Tanega's exquisite "I'm the sky". - "When I sing I can bring everything on the wing, flowing down from dizzy air, to the ground because I care; you will be love and your love will live..." The words may seem slightly flat on their own, but when they are sung you listen entranced to the magician's song. This is the track that John Peel played and I still think he was right to consider it the best.

"Strange Street Affair Under Blue" was originally released as a single and it is slightly more commercial than some of the others. It begins with a "Zorba's Dance" theme which becomes faster and louder, carrying the voice with it. Reaching a climax, it suddenly ends, leaving you with the feeling that you have burst into some distant land of quiet fantasy, for the beat has ended and only Tim Buckley's gently soaring voice remains, until the insistent guitar returns and carries you back to earth.

"Valentine Melody" is another quietly beautiful song reminiscent of Paul Simon's "April Come She Will". Like "Wings", it has a violin backing, but again it is somewhat overshadowed by other tracks.

"Aren't You The Girl" begins with a dramatic, unaccompanied voice, followed by a beat which reminds you of the background beat to "Snoopy v. the Red Baron" or the Fifth Estate's "Ding Dong, the Witch is Dead"! It is quite unlike any of the preceding tracks, but it is still a very distinctive piece.

"Song Slowly Song" takes you back to the land of the magician. The curious title is in fact a brief description of the track - two short songs sandwiching an instrumental. The pieces begin with a fascinating, oriental mixture of trembling guitar, blocks, cymbals, and faint bells introducing Tim Buckley himself with his strange, but always gentle song. When this comes to an end, there is a slight pause and the 'slowly', a gentle eastern tune, appears. This in turn fades away and is followed by a repeat of the first song. Beautiful in the extreme.

"It Happens Every Time" is short and fast. Like "Valentine Melody", it is overshadowed by its companions, although it would still stand out in the average collection.

"Song for Jainie" is a cross between Paul Simon's "Flowers Never Bend in the Rainfall" and Bob Dylan's "She Belongs to Me", with as always something of Tim Buckley's own thrown in. Nice and tinkling.

"Grief in my Soul" is a fast blues which sets your foot tapping:-
"I've got ten thousand troubles, a million woes; I've got grief in my soul and nobody knows." Traditional.

"She Is" begins with another eastern opening, but develops entirely differently, for it suddenly turns into a dreamlike, wistful love-song. The words are far, far removed from the conventional slush.

"Understand Your Man" is so utterly different from something like "Song Slowly Song" that it is hard to believe that they were both written by the same person. It is a blues number, quite like "Grief in my Soul", but more like Dylan's blues.

If you are searching for fantasy on record, you could unwittingly wander into the hollow ugliness of noisy commercialism as practised by puppets like Jimi Hendrix. Don't. In this LP Tim Buckley has created a misty fantasia of enchanted songs. Listen to his magic voice....

... Peter Roberts

⚡ I accepted this article without ever hearing the Buckley LP. Since then I have rectified this omission - unfortunately. The simplest way I can put it is to say that Peter's article gave me an impression totally different from the reality I later encountered. For one thing Tim Buckley is not so much a person, more a group. Don't get me wrong - Buckley is one man, but his backing group is much more involved in the sound than I expected, and his own guitar is also electric - his image is far from the at least minimally folky

one I was led to expect.

Apart from that initial surprise, there were other aspects of Buckley's performance that tended to disconcert me. I'll admit that his poetry is beautifully simple throughout most of the album, but I would quibble with the description of his voice as 'in key, precise'. It's not that he actually sings flat, but he seems to me to deliberately sing the wrong notes. This is especially irritating on "Song of the Magician" - a truly beautiful song that Peter raves over and I found stayed in my head for a long time after I first heard it. But, and it's a big but, the tune as I remember it is not exactly the tune as Buckley sings it, and nothing can shake my conviction that it's Buckley who's wrong, even though he wrote it. Basically, in each line he seems to sing the top note lower by one than I would, and the bottom note one higher. This produces a kind of repressed feeling which always stands between me and total enjoyment of the song.

Oh well, I couldn't resist having my say (One of the advantages of editing and typing). Now you can choose between us (I'll have the one with the free gift).↵↵

@-----@

V

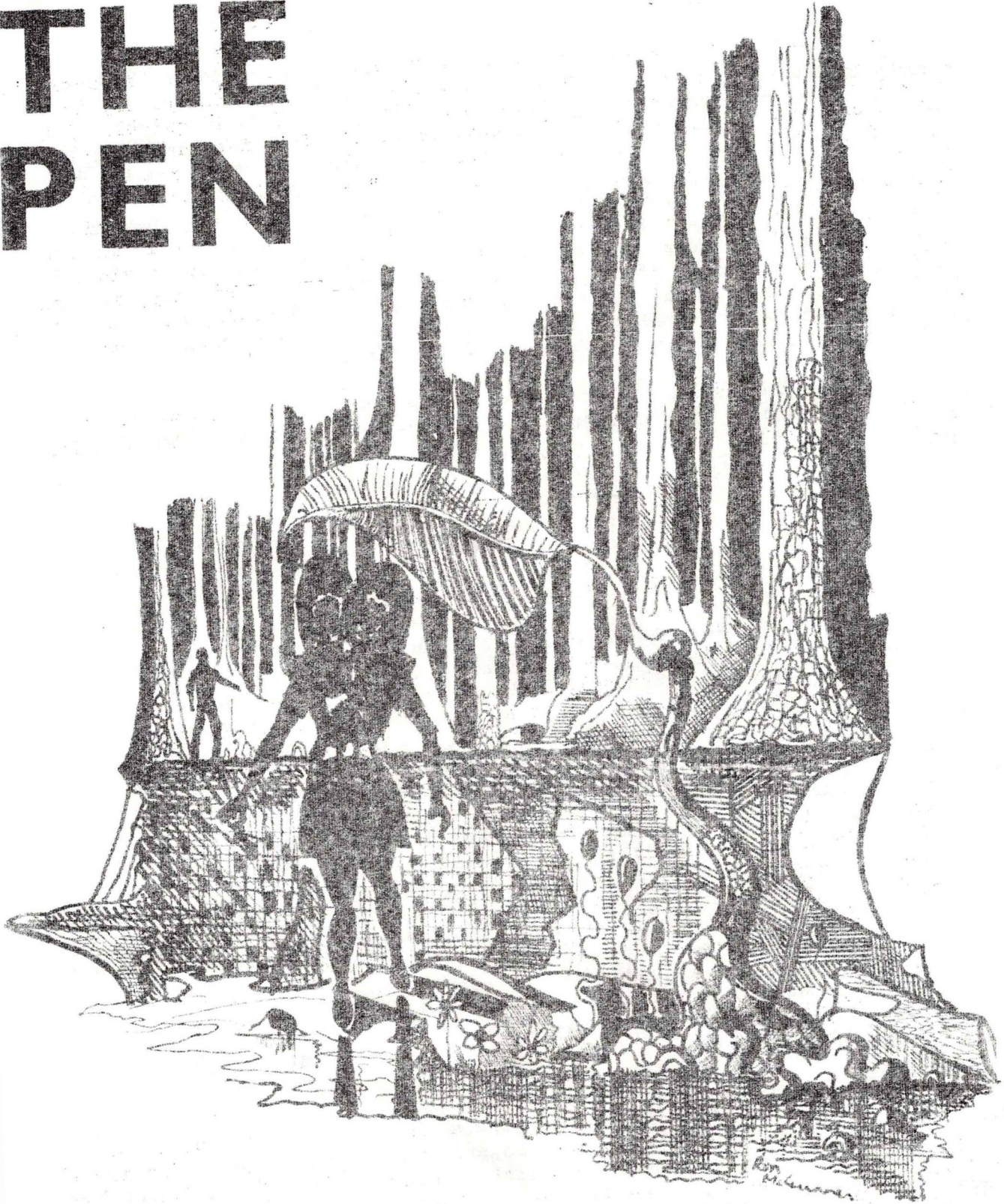
↵↵ A book review (?) by AGB↵↵

Veronica? Victoria? Vera? Hedwig Vogelsang?
 Vesuvius? Venezuela? Valetta? Vheissu?
 V is not (presumably) Rachel, Esther, Mafia, nor Josefina.
 V is not Benny Profane, who is a schlemihl and a human yo-yo,
 and hunts alligators in the sewers of New York,
 where he meets Stencil, who is searching for
 V - a cryptic comment in his (dead) father's diary.
 Porpentine was a macquereau (1898).
 Mondaugen (1922) dreams of Deutsch-Sudwestafrika (1904).
 Dnubietna gets drunk (1940).
 Winsome dreams of defenestration (1956) and Paola.
 Benny was in the Navy (US) with:
 Pig Bodine, who has a horribly obscene laugh,
 Pappy Hod, who married Paola.
 Slab paints Cheese Danishes.
 V is pyrotechnic, the characters swarm and scurry.
 V is fantastic - quote from cover.
 V is Highly Recommended.

↵↵ V was the first book by Thomas Pynchon and is out in Penguin, no. 2534 and costs 8/6. If you don't want to spend the money buying it (at first) then you could probably find it in a library. In hardback it's published by Jonathan Cape. He also has a second book in Jonathan Cape, called 'The Crying of Lot 49'. This book is shorter than V. V is a novel but '49' is merely a story↵↵

(6)

THE PEN



T H E P E N

... by Bryn Fortey

{ From the pen of Bryn Fortey comes this story of a very different pen, and the people who lived in it }

The yellow haired girl ducted quietly with herself. First one head sang the melancholy refrain, then the other. Both joined in the chorus.

Fleet listened to the song with amazement. Not at the fact that a two headed girl was doing the singing. At Frea'town village he had seen two treble headed children. It was the lovliness of her voices that amazed him. Never before had he heard such singing.

He had been travelling the jungle trail when the sound had first carried to him. Following the direction indicated, he had reached the position he now occupied. Stood amongst the trees at the clearing's edge, an unseen audience of one. Spellbound, he listened to the words.

'It's been this way since I don't know when,
We live our lives inside The Pen,
You can travel far or travel wide,
But always you will be inside,
Yes we must always tarry here,
There is no crossing the barrier,
Many a willing man has tried,
And many a willing man has died,
So many women, so many men,
Must live their lives shut in The Pen.'

The two voices united for the chorus.

'Once we were free, yes free I say,
Had the whole wide world in which to play,
But now we're locked within The Pen,
And never will be free again.'

The girl stopped singing and looked around nervously. Maybe she could sense that she was no longer alone, thought Fleet. And that would indeed be good cause for nervousness. Alone and unarmed, she would be easy prey for any of the rogues and ogres that wandered the jungles.

Clapping his applause Fleet stepped forward into the clearing. The girl spun towards him, both faces registering fear. Slowly she backed away.

"No, don't be afraid," he told her. "You can see I'm no ogre, and I assure you I am not a rogue. I was travelling the trail to the village of Borderpost when I heard your singing. It was such a lovely sound I felt compelled to come and listen, and kept out of sight rather than interrupt. I didn't want to make you stop."



The girl had stopped backing away, but both pairs of eyes were darting furtively, as if searching for a likely escape route. She said nothing.

"My name is Fleet, the reason being obvious," he pointed towards his five feet long legs, then swept his hand up over his squat body. "With my large lungs and long legs I can outrun the wind. Well, maybe that is an exaggeration, but I have never yet been beat for speed or endurance. If I bore you any ill I could catch you in a twinkling, but I come in peace. There's no need to be afraid."

Still the girl said nothing. "Are you from Borderpost?" asked Fleet.

Her one head nodded, while the other kept him under strict surveillance.

"Maybe you would care to take me there, or at least point out the shortest route. This is my first visit to your village."

She seemed to think this over for a moment, then her two identical faces turned towards each other.

"Is he to be trusted?" asked the one head.

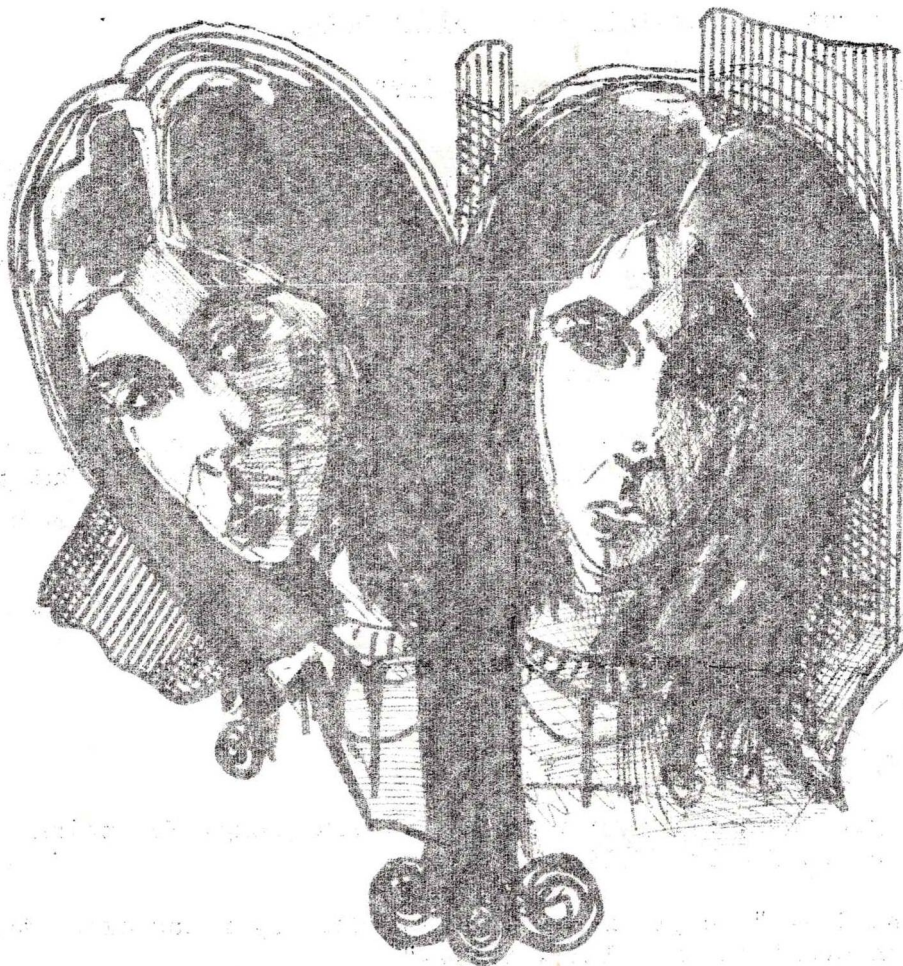
"I don't know for sure," replied the other, "but he doesn't act like a rogue."

"In the centre of the clearing was a large rock. Fleet strolled across to it. "Tell me when you reach a decision," he said, and sat down.

"I think we tend to trust you," stated the girl's two heads in unison.

"Good."

"One thing though," said the left.



"Please," continued the right, "don't say where we met when you arrive at the village. Though we often come here to enjoy a little solitude we know it is unwise to stray far alone, and it would be frowned upon by our parents."

"All right," agreed Fleet, "but you would be wise to heed the danger implicit in coming here alone. And anyway, a voice like yours should not be kept from others but shared by as big an audience as possible."

Both pair of eyes lowered demurely. "We do sing in the village, but sometimes feel the need to express ourselves in song for ourselves alone."

"You feel the sentiments of the song very deeply?"

"Oh we do. The whole idea of The Pen is wrong. Whatever lies beyond the wall of light should be ours to see, and if need be, explore."

"The day when this might come to pass could well be soon. You are not alone in this desire. Others, the whole length of The Pen, feel equally as strongly on the matter. As a matter of fact, it's the reason I'm here."

"I don't understand," exclaimed the right head.

"What is the exact reason for your visit?" asked the left.

Fleet got to his feet. "The separation of the villages is ending. Throughout The Pen unity is taking place. I, and other official Couriers, are contacting every individual village and inviting them to join The Federation. An elected representative of each will travel to Depotown, the Capitol, and help in the task of forming the confines of The Pen into a single united Federation."

"And any village who elects not to join this Federation?"

"Will be brought in by force. We must be forged into one. But I am merely a Courier. Others will follow with more knowledge than I. But this I do know, once The Federation is fully established all energies will be directed towards the task of breaking through the wall of light."

She came over to where he stood. "In that case we welcome you to Borderpost, and wish you success with your task."

"Thank you, Miss."

"Our name is Duo."

"Then thank you, Duo, for your welcome and your song. You think Borderpost will accept The Federation?"

Both heads nodded. "Accept and welcome it. Our Mayor has often talked eagerly of such an event taking place. But..."

"But what, Duo?" asked Fleet.

"Can the wall be breached? And if so, what awaits?"

Fleet scratched his chin thoughtfully. "The village of Checkpoint were recently carrying out excavations to divert the river that flows parallel to the wall into a new water purification system. They dug up three bodies of a surprisingly similar standard shape. They were very old. In metal pouches were papers that could still be read." Fleet paused.

"What did they say?" asked Duo expectantly.

"Much of it was incomprehensible. Terms like 'Extreme Radiation Belt', 'Force Field' and 'Unavoidable Mutations'. But experts at Depotown have studied them and say that they contain absolute proof that the wall of light is not natural, but was manmade. People live beyond, and they sentenced us to what they called 'Temporary Isolation' until 'Safe Radiation Level' is reached."

Both heads looked straight at Fleet. "What does this mean?" she whispered.

"No-one really knows, but one thing is certain."

"And what's that Fleet?"

His eyes shone with determination when he spoke. "We will not wait for whatever this 'Safe Radiation Level' is. The people beyond the wall saw fit to shut us in The Pen. And what other people made, we can destroy. It might take time, but eventually we will free ourselves from the confines of The Pen. And when we do, we will extract vengeance from those who imprisoned us."

The determination in his, shone too in the eyes of Duo. She reached out and took his hand. "Come," she said, "We will take you to the village."

@-----@

Quotes:-

"I don't like those articles, they're not about me."

"If it moves tax it, if it doesn't slap death duties on it."

- both from a recent BAD meeting.

In part 1 of the new radio 'Paul Temple' serial, there was a character who was the M.P. for Pweston. I bet Pote never knew he was a constituency.

And finally, a tip from Peter Roberts on how to make sure letters you send aren't tampered with or stolen. Put a return address on the back of the envelope and give your name as 'Reverend'

(We were going to introduce you to Badman's partner, but there wasn't room)

T H E P O E T

... by Pam Storey

← A Storeybods story that was written during a typing lesson.
Verily it is said:- Out of the mouthes of babes and typewriters →

Once upon a time there lived a man whose name was Arthur Fishle, but all his friends called him Artie for short and addressed their letters to Mr. Artie Fishle. One day Artie wrote a poem about himself, it went like this:

Artie Fishle
Had a wishle
He wished he had a dog.

He sent his poem to the local newspaper because he thought it was very good. (His poem that is.) The paper, or rather, the editor of the paper thought it was very good as well, and Artie's poem was published. It was read by many people. The critics all raved about it and said how good it was, how well it didn't scan, how it didn't rhyme. They called it an entrance into "literature with a difference."

Artie went to London and appeared on "Tonight" and the "News" and "This is Your Life Artie Fishle" and he made a recording of his poem and it went straight to Number One in the Hit Parade. Then somebody said:

"Artie Fishle, you are on the Birthday Honours List of the Emperor of the Cavern, you will have lettuce after your name. From henceforth you will be known as Artie Fishle P.O.E.T. and people will say: 'Oh yes, Artie Fishle, he's got lettuce after his name' and think how pleased your Mum will be, and everyone will address their letters to Mr. Artie Fishle P.O.E.T."

But Artie still did not have a dog.

Poor Artie Fishle, he wanted a dog more than he wanted lettuce after his name. So he wrote another poem about himself, it went like this:

Artie Fishle
Had a wishle
He wished he had a dog.

He sent his poem to the local newspaper because he thought it was very good. (His poem that is.) The paper, or rather, the editor of the paper thought it was very good as well, and Artie's poem was published. As with the last poem the same thing happened and Artie was put on the Birthday Honours List of the Emperor of the Cavern and more lettuce were put after his name and henceforth he was known as Artie Fishle P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.

By this time all the royalties came pouring in from his first poem and Artie could afford to live like a Poet. He bought himself a beautiful house in the country and he bought himself a dog and they all lived happily ever

after.

But the desire to create did not leave Artie, he had to write poetry, so he continued to write poems about himself that went like this:

Artie Fishle
Had a wishle
He wished he had a dog

And as before the same thing happened and Artie could afford lots of houses and lots of dogs and soon all his friends had to buy outsize envelopes so that they could address their letters to:

Mr. Artie Fishle P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.P.O.E.T.E.T.C.

And the Emperor of the Cavern got quite fed up and Artie was banned from writing any more poetry because the Emperor was running out of lettuce.

-- PS

@-----@

Gray said in an earlier issue (at least I think he did, though I can't find the reference anywhere) that BADINACE wouldn't have a Mailing Comments section unless he had some particular reason for commenting on some zine or other. Now, however, with our coming attempt to turn international (see AmeriCon Comments) it seemed the right time to mention some of the fanzines we have received in trade from overseas. I can't mention them all, because up till now they have gone into Gray's collection, so I can only talk about the ones he lent me (which is, to be fair, all those he received after I joined him as editor).

HECKMECK 16 (English edition): This is a highly personal zine of news and comments, which seems to be the way fanzines go outside of Britain, and more so in Europe, where this one originates. HECKMECK seems to be the conscience of German Fandom, which is maybe why one of the editors lives outside of Germany.

Editors:- Manfred Kage, 41, Achter den Winkel, SCHLESBERG, Netherlands
Mario Kwiat, Stettiner Str. 38, 44 MUNSTER/WESTF., Germany

EARLY BIRD 4: Also an English speaking fanzine - this one by Michel Feron. It's a newszine concerning French-speaking Fandom, produced in Belgium (another expatriate). Like HECKMECK, it is violently in favour of the 1970 Heidelberg Con.

Editor:- Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, HANNUT, Belgium.

QUARK 5: This APA 45 zine from Missouri is more like the typical British zine, but is still more personal (and in my opinion more like the 'Good Old Zines'). An opinion-zine, but not restricted to the opinions of the editors:- Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 389, Arnold, Missouri, 63010

THE DENUMERABLE FANZINE

... by Rob F. Johnson

{{ Brackets may be omitted at first reading, but
don't blame me if what's left doesn't make sense }}

During the apparently incredibly brief but steadily increasing at the quasi-mundane rate of seven days an all-British, semi-detached week period since I set my oft-repeated precedent for getting lost on the way to fannish gatherings (It was, of course, all the fault of the ever-present, omnipotent THEM, who caused my map of Bristol to direct me to a decidedly mini-Hal sbury Road consisting of only six houses which made the location of number 61 exceedingly difficult. Not content with this, THEY strewed the streets of Bristol with seemingly-innocent passers-by who, when asked the whereabouts of the real Hal sbury Road, either directed me back to the imitation plastic cardboard version or alternatively told me 'go west, young man' and pointed straight up (a quite natural direction in Bristol), at the same time throwing all caution to the winds, jumping on the bandwagon and rolling their own disposable paper nose-flutes) and subsequently found the true literature of the twenty-first century, fanzines (the true literature of the twentieth century being, of course, animated dog-collars), something has been furtivating around in the netherworld of my brainiverse, foiling my every effort to drag it out into the light, at least until recently (Anyone who can comprehend the mind-staggering fact that the first sentence has not yet reached its pointillist conclusion and still live deserves to be awarded the posthumous rhubarb tart or something equally. So now, folks, let's have a big hand for the next artist on the bill - the full stop) . (clap)

Y'see, I discovered that I liked some fanzines more than others, preferred some issues to others, even found (at the bottom of a packet of drip-dry cornflakes - they go snap, crackle and shake themselves) one page more soul-satisfying (and full of meaty goodness) than the next. This in itself is not unusual (though some claim to be unable to dislike anything in a fanzine) but the strange part of it all was that there seemed for some time to be no coherent rhyme or reason (that is I didn't particularly prefer poesy to logical argument, or vice virtue) to my choice. Comparing my list of favourites with those of other fans I could uncover no deep-rooted similarity, nor any equally illuminating anti-similarity. No-one else's idea of what would constitute the perfect contribution to the greatest-ever fanzine could by any stretch of even a fannish imagination conceivably be applied to my disconnected collection of fannish 'bests'. The fan-fiction controversy appeared so abstract as to have no connection with the real issues at hand. Old-wave, new-wave flowed over me without disturbing my bedrock of likes and dislikes one iota (a Greek fish). Roje Gilbert's opinion of the scientific basis for any particular article was articulate but irrelevant. And so gradually I came to the realisation that there must be some more basic criterion which I alone, albeit subconsciously, was applying to the question.

My difficulties in analysing my impressions of the writings of prominent fans arose partly, I am certain, from the period of confusion during which I came into contact with most of the fanzines I have seen. As already reported in BADINAGE 1 (due to be reprinted in Tales of Albert Monthly, a weighty tome if ever I waited for one), I first learned of the existence of a whole ecology of fan-written, fan-edited (fan-illustrated, fan-located....the list is endless and includes Gray Boak, not so weighty, but a tome nevertheless) literature during the aftermath of Fañ Hawkes '66, and with the determined enthusiasm of the true neo I sent mumblings, missives and even (being then as uninitiated as someone with initials can be) in some cases money (a circumstance known to cause heart-failure even, if not especially, among the most experienced fan-editors - killing them with kindness) in every direction I was aware of, receiving on the rebound a wide variety of fanzines.

At about this time I retreated with my acquisitions to the wilderness of Staffordshire for forty days and forty nights, fighting the temptations of the Mundane One, to return, purified, once more to the houses of B&D. And during my exile I studied the not-so-ancient but nevertheless venerable scrolls upon which were inscribed the deathless thoughts of Fred Everyfan, employing the incantations thereon to ward off the evil emissaries of Anti-fan. Thus it was that shortly after the birth of the new year I returned to the new reality, my brain overloaded with fannish fact and fiction. And when every word had been carefully and assiduously packed away in its fur-lined niche, lo, and behold, an imposing structure of value judgements had arisen in the midst of the milling, babbling words, itself a veritable Babel, for each level gave its own unique pronouncement on the works of fankind. And thus began the search for the corner-stone of this mountainous monument to my strange tastes, the one stone which would cause it either to crumble into rubble or fall into a distinct pattern.

And now, to cut a long saga short, the culmination of my research will be laid before you. It is, in a word, numbers. Or rather, the placing of. Think on this. If you were put in charge of the numbers on the pages of fanzines, whereabouts on the page would you put them (send your answers on a postcard to Jimmy Young, Radio One)? Or, to put it another way, if you wanted to find the page number so as to memorise what page you were on for future reference, where would your eyes naturally turn? Try it on this page. Okay, well what's the answer? Now forget it since it makes no difference to my argument what you found. I just threw it in to give you something to do. Audience participation and all that.

Consider the number being on the bottom of the page (in the middle, usually, though that is not of paramount importance). Now imagine yourself reading the last lines of the page....'Pulling his cars down over his throbbing nose, Malcolm crinkled at the edges and haltingly 47'. Surely you agree that this type of thing interrupts the enjoyment of good prose, even if it does tell you when to turn the page over. This has long been realised by forward looking publishing and editors (New Worlds is, of course, even more forward looking than most and so has numbers at the bottom of the page but incorporates them in the text, which is yet another illustration of elliptic history. But we don't want to go that far). Backward looking

whatsits, of course, read books from end to beginning anyway, and so start at the bottom of the page, thereby making it perfectly logical for the numbers to be there instead of at the top (A new trend, which may yet catch on, is to have all the numbers on the front cover, with of course the next logical step being to put the text on the back cover and leave the inside blank, but so far this has only met with success in the field of record-sleeves).

The logical place, it is my contention, for page numbers is the upper outer corner (The upper middle is also acceptable in the case of Beryl Mercer, who fears otherwise she would print them on her spine - very Ballard). Think of the advantages (The afore-mentioned record-sleeve manufacturers have already thought of them. Witness the fact that record-sleeves have their numbers invariably in an upper corner). When confronted by a rack of paperbacks, is not the only way you can see inside the books to pull back the free upper corners. Thus the place to put numbers is in this corner, enabling you to judge the number of pages, the quality of numbering, whether the publisher can add, and other important facts to be taken into account when judging a book. As it is so often said 'You can't judge a book by its cover', but what is usually forgotten is the rest of this proverb '...but you can by the way it is numbered'.

Another immediately obvious point is the fact that it is better to know what page you are reading before you read it rather than afterwards. Compare this with other everyday occurrences. You like to know what it is you are eating before you eat it, not afterwards (thus food-tasters). You like to know where a road leads before you travel down it rather than after you have been driving along it for fifty miles. You like to know who you are talking to before you begin rather than after you finish the conversation (Two people are introduced when they meet, not when they say goodbye. By the same token it puzzles me why we wait until the end of a letter to say who we are. No doubt you were told who wrote this article before you began reading it. On the other hand, possibly you weren't, otherwise you might not be). It is human nature to ask questions first, despite what they say in the westerns.

The advantages for fan-editors need hardly be named, they are so self-evident. For example every fanzine editor knows how hard it sometimes is to fit things in so that they finish at the bottom of a page. Well if page numbers are not put below the body of the writing there is that much extra space to play with (Remember, a small number takes up a hell of a lot more space than it covers). And putting these very important digits on the top line makes no difference since that line is always left otherwise blank. Also, how many of you have dropped as yet unstapled issues of fanzines. When you pick them up and sort them out is it not your natural tendency to hold the sheaf of sheets at the bottom and pull back the top right-hand corner to check on the order.

I could continue for many more pages extolling the virtues of the correct numbering of fanzines, but here I will rest my case with one last plea. Fan-editors, place your numbers where they will do most good. Fan-authors, refuse to have your work published in any fanzine with sloppy numbering. Fan-artists, when asked to do full-page illoes, include the number in the correct place. Fan-everybodies, ignore the ill-numbered fanzine.

SHE WAS NO RELATION

... by Mary Reed

{(A poem about another of Mushy's Grannies, in memoriam)}

"And did you know Granny downstairs had died?
Mark used to go in every day to see how she was,
and now she's dead. She was buried on Wednesday."

& & & &

An old, old woman, she had been widowed
For "about ten years", my mother said, and to
us children it seemed a century.

White haired, her skin like wrinkled leather,
She sat (as we all did) at her front door in the
afternoon, to catch the last rays of sun;
Gossiping with the neighbours, and watching the street,
Sitting on the step she scrubbed daily and rubbed
with yellow or red stone (as is our custom).

We have been gone eight years and more
But on re-visiting our house (now occupied by my
brother, his wife, and their son Mark)
She would look at me, and say
"You're Mrs. Reed's eldest girl,
Aren't you?"

'Granny' we called her, tho' she was no relation;
I can recall her ill but once, and
When it looked as tho' she was dying
Her family squabbled over her furniture.
She recovered, and often chuckled
"I'll see a few more off before I go,
Mrs. Reed."

Her last illness lasted only a fortnite,
And she died, peacefully - as she had waited to -
In her sleep.
Three days later she was buried
in Elswick cemetery, at the top of our street.

Her family have laid flowers on her grave and
dealt with her affairs, and now
She lies in peace - an old, old woman
Who we called 'Granny', tho' she was no relation.



A. Graham Boak
& J. David Wilson

AN ETERNITY OF PORRIDGE

... by A. Graham Boak
& J. David Wilson

←← In which the hero marries a Scottish dish, in more ways
and more times than one →→

Now never let it be said that I have no sense of humour. I have been known to laugh at some of the world's least humorous happenings....but enough is too much. You don't follow? Read on:-

From the start I want no misunderstandings. My wife is a wonderful woman really. (Or should that be 'was'? Or 'will be'? No matter, I'll tell this story as it happened to me.) I first met her when I was studying in Aberdeen, in 1978. She was the prettiest girl around - and I can say that with some fair degree of accuracy, for I conducted quite an extensive market research study. I married her the day after my degree ceremony, immediately after receiving the standard 'immortality' treatment for top scientists. We signed the usual fifty-year contract.

However, something went wrong with our marriage. If we'd had any children, maybe things would have been different, but... Possibly I spent too much time working in the lab, slaving away on that idea I had while writing my thesis. For weeks on end, the only time I would see her was at the breakfast table. Which is what started the trouble, come to think of it. Even on our honeymoon we argued at breakfast. You see, Janet is a true Scot. To her, it was inconceivable to have anything but porridge for breakfast.

Now food is food, and I eat to live, not live to eat, but.....I don't like porridge.

In fact, I detest the stuff!

However, what can a newly-wed husband do when the prettiest girl in Aberdeen breaks down and cries in the hotel dining-room? I ate the stuff, of course. This was certainly a strategic error of vast proportions - but what else could I have done? From then on, porridge was the staple breakfast diet. Oh, I had bacon and eggs occasionally, whenever she wanted something from me, but not often. Well, it made her happy.

For a while, at least. As I said, something went wrong. She didn't like my spending longer and longer hours in the lab, so I gave up my hobby to spend more of the evenings in her company. Javelin throwing. So it was a little unusual? Very useful it was to prove, as I'll tell you. The good that brought didn't last very long. It lasted until I told her that the apparatus was nearly finished.

"Yes," I said, "IRMA will be ready for action tomorrow."

"Irma? Who's she?" Janet could have a very suspicious voice when she tried.

"Inter-temporal Rotative Motion Apparatus," I explained. She didn't seem too impressed.

Come the morning, we tested IRMA. My staff and I, that is. The test succeeded, and we gave a small mouse a negative temporal displacement of five seconds. Well - we cheered. Nearly lifted the roof off, in fact. Feeling exuberant, flushed with success, I kissed the nearest of my assistants. Mary. Tall, dark, and... well, anyway, she kissed me back. Which is when Janet walked in.

Surprisingly, she accepted my explanation with hardly a word of complaint. The rest of the day, and evening, I spent working on the mathematics of applying a large temporal displacement to a man. Time travel, if you prefer the term. There was a snag somewhere in the tenth column of derivations. I didn't find it that day, and was very late in getting home.

I awoke with the solution shining in my mind. I rushed downstairs - to be faced by Janet, standing with porridge in one hand, hot milk in the other, and fire in her eye. We had a flaming row, and what a row! It ended when I threw her revolting porridge at her.

I stormed out of the house, and rushed to the lab. Using the corrected equations, I set up 5982 years on the dials. I intended to prove Bishop Usher wrong for once and for all! Unfortunately, it being Saturday, there was no-one else in the lab. Otherwise they would undoubtedly have swayed me from my impetuous, unscientific course.

I closed the switch, and instantly appeared on a heather-covered moor. Rejoicing, I opened the switch again. The moor remained. I flicked the switch again and again. The imperturbable moor unforgivably remained. Some time later I was to realise that I had employed the power systems in the laboratory to, in effect, kick me back into the past. Now in the past I was permanently divorced from those self-same power sources - or any other. Also, not incidentally, from Janet.

This last advantage was immediately realised. A few hundred yards from my stranded IRMA was a small rise, hiding (I remembered from the geography around the lab) a valley sloping down to the river. Over this rise came the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen! More than a little grubby, I must admit, but what a figure! And what a face!

At the sight of her, IRMA ticked twice, burped, gave a loud bang and burst into flames. Very apt, I feel, looking back, but as I remember, I wasn't too pleased at the time. I hastily removed myself from the area. In the direction of the girl, needless to say. Ever since my vacations in Yugoslavia and Brazil, I have flattered myself on my ability to talk to any pretty girl, whether we have a common language or not. Once this beauty had overcome her initial mistrust and moved the (rather sharp) point of her

spear away from my chest, we got on rather well. Very well indeed, in fact. This was proved when a rather large and even more grubby character appeared, this time a male. When he saw me he snarled, and charged, waving a particularly unpleasant looking sword. Apparently he considered himself to be the boy-friend of Fiona (which is as close to her name as I can pronounce).

Fiona however, as I have already suggested, had altered her affections. In all modesty I cannot say that I blame her; he was rather uncouth. She promptly snarled back at him, which surprised him a little, and handed me her spear, which brought him rapidly to a halt. She made a gesture of obvious significance to him. This, however, seemed to have precisely the reverse of the required effect, for an expression of determination set itself on his rugged (to say the least) features, and he lunged at me with his pigsticker.

Fiona, infuriated, screamed at him in their own language, whereupon, I having moved rapidly away, he waved the sword in her direction, causing her to cease comment. She stepped back a few paces to give her champions room, and watched with a look of gleeful anticipation.

I gave her a hurt look, then hastily dodged his savage slash by back-stepping sharply several paces. I detected a look of disappointment at my prowess on her noble features. Sensing victory he grinned, exhibiting quite the most awful set of dentures that I have ever seen, and lunged forward again. Moving away from his pungent body odour while avoiding this sally, I tested the spear for balance - a quality in which it was sadly deficient.

He stepped back, grinned again, and began winding up for a great slash. Whereupon I skipped back several paces, hoisted her spear, and suitably modified my javelin-throwing style for accuracy rather than range. He had time to look admirably surprised before his sword dropped from his hands and he fell backwards. His position on the ground was rather peculiar, due to some two foot of spear protruding both fore and aft. He, however, was beyond caring about the situation.

Fiona wasn't. That five foot eight inch of delighted femininity hurled herself into my arms at no mean velocity, catching me temporarily off-



balance, and knocking me to the ground. This state of affairs was of course eminently satisfactory to both parties, and may well have been intentional. I was glad to find that her culture had discovered kissing, but then, less civilised peoples are often more advanced in the practical arts.

With Fiona to vouch for me, and my innovation in weapons technology to ensure a place for me in the tribe (or clan), I was made more than welcome in the village. In addition, pug-ugly had apparently been none too popular anyway.

As evening approached, Fiona passed ever more smug glances in my direction, but first we had to eat. The old crones had been quietly cooking something behind one of the huts. Then, as everyone gathered around the main fire, the meal was brought out.

At my first sight of this delicacy I screamed and rushed out into the night, with Fiona, recovering from her initial shock, racing after me.

She sits with me now, in the light of the fire she has lit for me. I am scratching this message onto the last plate of metal salvaged from my ravaged IRMA. To those of you in the future who have - I earnestly pray - discovered how to control and use fully the forces which sent me back in time, I leave this plea. Please, oh please, come back and rescue me (and, preferably, Fiona). Save me from the ghastly horror I see stretching before me to the end of my quasi-immortal days. Come and save me, please - rescue me from a fate worse than death ... an eternity of porridge!

-- AGB & JDW

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If you thought you'd finished with our apologies for not-quite mailing comments back on page 13, then you were mistaken, 'cos here are a couple more.

WSFA JOURNAL (I forget the number): WSFA is Washington SF Association. This mainly taken up with a report on the 1967 PhillyCon by Jay Kay Klein (or J. K. Kleinbottle, as Leigh Couch calls him in QUARK 5). The other memorable thing (and probably the reason we got the issue) is the review of BADINAGE 2 by Doll Gilliland, who should be made an Honorary Member of the B.L.D Group for her praise.

Editor:- Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Maryland 20906.

I also know that we received a copy of John Berry's FOOLSCAP, but as yet I haven't seen it, except to glance at. For the record, John's adress is
35, Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

And of course, ther's the EUROPEAN NEWSBULLETIN from Jean Muggoch,
15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London, N.W.1 - price 1/6

B A D T H O U G H T S

... by Mike Scantlebury

{(One of the eternal questions that hang over the BAD group is why do the ones who stay stay and the ones who go go.

Doof offers a maybe-answer)}

At a recent BAD meeting, during a long talk which ranged over many, various and colourful subjects, someone suggested that fans had a far more liberal outlook on questions of moral propriety. As I have said, this was only one point in numerous others, but I found it extremely interesting for it brought up the whole issue of how far one may make generalisations about a particular group of people: if they have one interest in common, how many other facets of their character, perhaps, or hobbies or interests that they have otherwise, will they have in common? Beryl mentioned a magic formula for understanding, which she had read somewhere, that showed how communication, in more than its most basic form, depends on common points. Or to put it more simply, if one has something to talk about, how much easier it is to get to know a person.

This theory and philosophising is fine in the general case, but how far can one see it applying to fandom? Well, obviously, for a start, fans all like SF, so they organise together in small groups to discuss and read it, and have giant meetings, Cons, where they all sit round and talk over new SF books they have seen, and they issue their own magazines privately, to show their own literary ability.....Need I go on? You should have easily seen the fallacy in the preceding sentence: one does not go to a Con for reading books, or join groups to discuss 'New Worlds'. But, at first? What is the 'primary motivation', as Eysenck would have called it? Undoubtedly, it is SF. A quick look round the Bristol group confirms the suspicion that such an unlikely band as the Mercers, the Walshes, two students and a couple of schoolkids would never have been seen assembled in the same room, but for a very special 'common interest' indeed. Our paths would likely simply never have crossed.

And yet here's an interesting thought; the Bristol group has attracted to itself, by devious means of publicity, a number of young persons who have attended a meeting or two, but still only a few of them have stuck. Perhaps, as Archie says, many people read SF, but there are only a few fans. So what is this mysterious glue that binds fandom together? The answer could be extremely simple, or not. Maybe it is just that group meetings sort out the naturally sociable from the naturally reticent; those who are normally interested in making friends and influencing people etc. fall in easily with the general run of conversation, and gladly come back once a fortnight to continue their new-found friendships. Alternatively, those who are only obsessed with SF and wish to further this branch of their education and talk of castles and kings in the air, find themselves profoundly disturbed by the necessities of confronting human beings, leave in a state of disillusioned sadness and bewilderment, and continue in private cogitation.

As I say, it may not be so simple. For this is negative reasoning, finding why people do not live, but why do they stay? I think I could answer part of this with another example, by naming as far as I can the subjects raised at the previously mentioned meeting: we talked of the recent novels published in 1967, which led on to talk of the Con, how many SF groups there are in Britain, what happens at Newcastle group meetings, how to hire a minibus to ride to the Con, what to do when in London, Ella Parker, what good films were presently running, Bristol Arts Centre, Ulysses, Ella Parker, Wales, Bryn Fortey, fanzines, Badinage Four, articles, writing, books of '67, Ella.....AND SO, again the point is obvious - if one is only interested in books (even of '67), the other range of topics would be enough to bore you to tears, even if only metaphorically, unless you were naturally interested in such diversity.

This then is the question; fans seem able to talk contentedly for hours and years on just about practically anything, ranging both on and off the basis, which is SF, while still retaining a modicum of interest and subdued pleasure; and is this the natural chatter of friendship? Or is this something only common to SF-type subjects? Or most important of all is this the result of the other subjects talked of, are they common to all fans, and are they somehow linked to SF by some kind of subconscious association which escapes the more obvious surface attachments?

Like for instance music. Fandom seems to have its usual proportional share of interest in pop and classical, but also seems to have an uncommonly high rate of interest in jazz, blues and various types and derivations of folk music in general. Bryn Fortey's contribution to Badinage three on the subject of blues was noticeable for the fact that no comparable material exists on the other classes, grades and divisions of sound. Perhaps, you may say, blues fans are more voluble and insistent in their praises of their favourite than other more subdued but equally loyal supporters of complementary products. Yes, but I found it surprising and now thought-provoking that I should have established my tastes in reading and music as SF and folk/blues respectively only to find on joining the legion of fans that I shared these feelings with a large part of fandom in general, and the whole of the student constituent of the Bristol group without exception in particular. Independent tastes develop of course, and it is always a pleasure to meet someone who shares your view: this is a lucky coincidence, I would say. But then to find that the very same person agrees with you again on a quite different topic is more. It must be.

You want another example? At a more distant meeting, Tony Walsh conducted an improvised poll, a spot-check on the group's views on religion. It is strange that God got a unanimous vote of non-support. Very strange. And further, most individuals seemed to admit to believing in a non-violent but outwardly free kind of morality: a generalised libertarian philosophy.

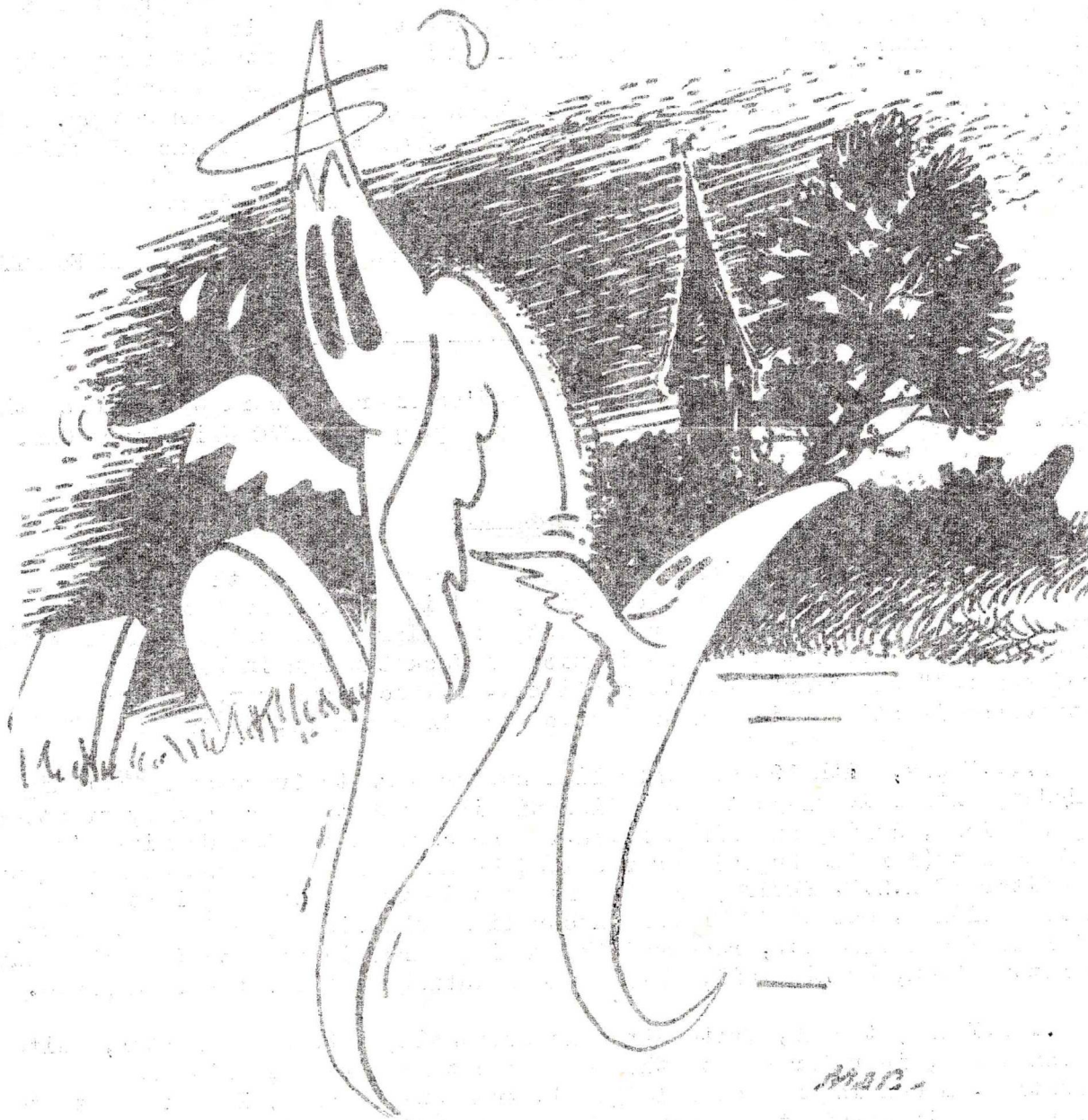
Thus the question remains open; can one person's view of the world and outlook on life agree so closely with another's that they share similar tastes and preferences on a multitude of points? Can indeed a hundred or more people throughout the population find identification so easy? Or am I just dreaming, seeing things that aren't there? Are personalities like fingerprints, bearing a superficial resemblance to each other, but entirely

different really ?

Well, fandom, let me know. I asked the question but I certainly can't answer it.

-- M(or G(or D))S

@-----@



"Don't DO that, Georgie!"

or in BADese:- "Shut up, George!"

A M E R I C O N C O M M E N T S

Before he ~~died~~ gave up the editorship of BADINAGE Gray bequeathed us one last gift: his vision of the zine becoming, in part, an international information exchange centre. This was before Jean Muggoch's EUROPEAN NEWSBULLETIN NO. 1 came out, but even seeing this didn't put Gray off the idea. NEWSBULLETIN concentrates on Europe, but BADINAGE would not need to limit its scope. Also NEWSBULLETIN will be a regular, news-only zine and will try to be a comprehensive fannish news service. BADINAGE, by not depending on news alone for its contents, will be more free to print what it wants, as much as it wants, and to concentrate on one item while ignoring another. As NEWSBULLETIN, BADINAGE will obtain its information by exchange with contacts in foreign parts (who may remain anonymous if they wish, as in this issue). Some of the contacts have already been set up, but anyone wishing to take part (permanently, or just to make public something which they think should be so (sounds like a congressional hearing or something, dunnit)) is invited to write to the editorial address.

One more thing - we wish Jean the best of success with NEWSLINK EUROPA, or whatever it is finally called.

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This ish we concentrate on the '67 and '68 American WorldCons, hence the title. Next ish we may have something on the proposed 1970 Heidelberg Con. But now, from Australia comes:-

NYCON COMMENTS

There is widespread dissatisfaction, everywhere, over the 1967 NyCon, the organisers Andy Porter and Ted White, and in general over the Hugo awards. Sure, from my personal viewpoint, one glaring injustice was that the NyCon Committee permitted the nomination of Jack Gaughan in both the "professional" and "fan" artists sections.....much, and very bitter, controversy is still going on over this and other points, in the USA.

.....I was, with 99% of Australian subscribers to Overseas Membership of NyCon, extremely disgusted and dissatisfied with the very shabby treatment we got before, during and since NyCon.....no copy of the Con Committee's Final Ballot (for the Hugos) was received by any member, except John Bangsund, the editor of A.S.F. REVIEW, and he only got it from a copy of Porter's own fanzine, DEGLER. Out of 40 or more Australian subscribers, only five of us, as far as I can find out, received the voting cards in time to fill them out and return them, by Air Mail, before the counting of the votes took place.

.....I did, though, write strongly protesting letters to Porter, White and Van Arnam, in reference to the dual acceptance of Gaughan's dual nomination. Receiving no acknowledgement from any of them, I again wrote to Porter and White, this time giving the names of 28 subscribers out here who, like myself, wished to protest. Two more letters went to Porter. Not one word of even acknowledgement did I ever get, to any of them! Bill Donaho...

had received, literally, hundreds of complaints from US fans too about the failure of the NyCon Committee to answer letters.....

I do feel rather strongly over the mess the NyCon made, more especially as I personally (by mail) persuaded 20 of my friends out here to subscribe for Overseas Membership, and all of them (myself included) reckon we got well and truly "taken for a dollar".

@-----@

Copies of BADINAGE are being sent to the members of the NyCon Committee mentioned. We will be glad to publish any explanation they care to produce.

Our correspondant went on to say that he had been in contact with Bill Donaho, ~~one~~ of the organisers of BayCon - the 1968 WorldCon. Bill (he said) is proving much better.....the BayCon Committee are doing their utmost to ensure that no complaints of any nature will be able to be made against their efforts in 1968.....

You may also notice, in the Hugo nomination form supplied in BADINAGE, that members of NyCon3 can nominate without belonging to BayCon.

We received quite a bit of information about BayCon - information that impressed Gray so much that he decided to do something about it:-

WHY SHOULD I REGISTER FOR THE WORLD CON?

Well, no reason really. But I have. To prevent any confusion, I mean the 26th World Science Fiction Convention - BayCon 1968. Yes, your actual(=AM) California. No, I haven't had a sudden attack of money, I'm not actually going there. Heidelberg yes, Berkeley no! Then why have I spent one dollar out of the British Government's none-too-adequate grant - which barely lasts me a term as it is?

It's worse than that really. Not only have I spent the one dollar needed to register as an Overseas Member, I've also spent a second dollar. For a copy of the Proceedings - the book of the tape of the Con - with pictures even. (To non-attendees it costs five dollars it costs five dollars, so it is cheaper to join, as I want a copy.) (=That's ten dollars already.AM=)

Why do I want a copy of the Proceedings? As I'm not going to be there, I'm not going to be interested in what happens, surely? (I begin to flick through - sorry, thru - the programme booklet) Medieval Tournament... wild, man, wild, but... Futuristic Style Show, sponsored by Fred Pohl and Galaxy magazine... not really, no... Fannish musical MIMEO DRUM SONG... scream!... R O G E R Z E L A Z N Y (What'd he say?) Roger Zelazny (that's what I thought he said) with Robert A. Heinlein! Not to mention Judith Merril, Frank Herbert and Keith Laumer. Talking about their "Story in Progress".

So that's why I spent two dollars. Well worth it, too.

Wait.

There's more.

John Brunner: What SF writers are doing today and why.

Reginald Bretnor: What SF writers aren't doing today that they should be doing.

Anthony Boucher: The editor's viewpoint.

Greg Benford & Ed Wood: The fan's viewpoint.

and

"A Story Built Before Your Eyes" - Fred Pohl has a cover - Lester Del Rey, Harlan Ellison and Larry Niven plan stories around it and discuss them with him.

and

"Future Trends" - Discussion of writers to watch, by Judith Merrill, James Blish, Damon Knight, Harry Harrison, P. Schuyler Miller.

and

"Science Fiction looks at the world of today - Its Philosophy of Religion, Culture, War and Peace" (phew!) - Anthony Boucher, Joan Baez (Oh yes? Oh yes!), James Blish, Avram Davidson, Bishop James A. Pike (Who? Stop demonstrating your ignorance. Who?) and Robert Silverberg.

and

Two hour talk on Tolkien.

and

Philip Jose Farmer as Guest of Honour.

All this and more for two dollars. You're not interested? Your privilege, ~~please~~. I am.

BAYCON INFO:-

Co-Chairmen: BILL DONAHO P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

ALVA ROGERS 5967 Greenridge Road, Castro Valley, Calif.
94546

J. BEN STARK 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley, Calif. 94604

Correspondence to the above or

BAYCON, P.O. Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito,
Calif. 94530

Cheques to above, made payable to J. Ben Stark.

'Proceedings' from George Scithers, PO Box O, Eaton Town, NJ 07724

-- ACB

@-----@

Ehem, it's apology time already. You may have noticed a coupla pages back the phrase 'Hugo nomination form supplied in BADINAGE'. Before you begin to wonder where your copy of the form is, I'd better tell you it isn't. We were going to include it as a separate sheet and indeed the two stencils have already been cut. However when looking over the completed stencils I noticed a rather disconcerting fact. All Hugo nominations must be in by April 15th. Now this of BAD is supposed to be out by the Con, and mainly distributed thereat. Since the Con is April 12th to 15th, including the nomination form would thus be rather pointless. Result - a couple of wasted stencils (well, not completely wasted. I can use them next ish for putting full-page illoes on - most of this issues full-pagers are already on crunged up stens).

However, you can still join BayCon for \$1 (non-attending overseas membership - attending membership is \$3), sending the cheques to one of the addresses given by Gray. If you join you can then send a dollar to George Scithers to reserve a copy of the Proceedings Book. The book will be out some time in 1969, and will presumably be sent to you then. If you don't join it will, as Gray said, cost \$5 and will not be reservable.

@-----@

Now a quick mumble anent this newszine section and what I imagine it as. Well, for a start, what I said earlier might be a bit misleading. When I wrote that I had not really thought the idea through. Since then (Quite a few days - I'm typing this zine in a highly mixed up, erratic way, jumping from one page to another without much attention to order) I've had time to develop my own idea of how it will work, and it is quite different from the way in which Gray first put it to me.

I envisage this part of BADINAGE as not consisting so much of news as of views. I hope to have people expressing their personal opinions about what is happening on the fan-scene in their countries (and outside their own countries too). This was what I meant when I referred to 'concentrating on one item at a time' as opposed to 'a regular fannish news service', though my views were still rather fuzzy when I wrote those words.

Another aspect that I consider important is this: I would not think it exactly fair if only BADINAGE had this column. No, the way I see it is this: Instead of BADINAGE plus contacts, there would be a group of zines, one in each country. The editors each write reports, or have someone write them, and each fanzine publishes the whole thing (translated where necessary), that is the reports are syndicated (ah, the visions of empire).

I don't know if it will come off, but I can only try.

((RFJ))

BAD SHOTS

CHAS LEGG To be perfectly charitable I shall pass no comment on your
5 Park Close F/C.

Longmeadow There is something about Faan-fiction which while it is
Stevenage very enjoyable to read it is also uncommendable upon. The
Herts. only thing I can say about the Green Machine episode is that

the Hampton's dreaded carriage has suddenly metamorphosed
into a bicycle according to the conversation when last I met said Brian.
{Well from tricycle to bicycle ain't too big a jump - RFJ}

Uhm, weren't the blues born in bondage rather than of bondage. It
seems to me that many of the blues that I've heard are anything but about
the life of a slave. It seems likely that the life in bondage was more the
cause of such music forms as the spiritual which does tend to give that
impression. Some blues do refer to the life in bondage but that is not
their primary expressional intent. {Maybe all blues don't refer specifically
to slavery, but without the bondage would there have been any blues? - RFJ}

The use of colloquial expressions in THE PHANTOM REFUGEE was to start
off with highly annoying, but when I got used to it I must admit that it
enhanced the story a lot.

Your limericks weren't bad, they were downright awful! And all the
better for it too.

My first impression when looking at the illo on page 20 was to think
'Surely that can't be George Scantlebury!' Well, with the name of the writer
being shoved right underneath the illo my first reaction was to think the
illo represented the writer. {Actually, it was Mike Scantlebury ... or was
it Doof?... er, forget it - RFJ} If O'Brian had that much faith, how come
he was also callous enough to let someone fall to his death? (@Rhondda? -
AGB)@

Ah yes, psychological 'quirks' (I wonder if they are the mental
equivalent of the Quark....). Well firstly I firmly believe that most such
quirks as fear of flying would be accounted for by some early fright
connected with aircraft or flight, or with an uncommon distrust (not wholly
unfounded at times) of flying machines. {Gray didn't want to print this.
I wonder why? -RFJ} The character in that story might have a fear of losing
the sun, but I should think that on an expensive project like that someone
would have checked him over psychologically to see if such a phobia was
likely. After all, they'd have to make sure he wasn't acrophobic or
claustrophobic.

It is not the mathematics that makes things impossible, it's the use of the mathematics. If there was no way of describing the drive mathematically then how on earth was it put into being. Now I know that many things happen which mathematics cannot adequately describe, but these are either things that have happened by accident or happen in nature. And I'm a bit dubious about a ftl (or just sub-ftl) drive being either found in nature or happening by accident. So that leaves us with the designing of the machine, which should entail some form of description of the mechanism involved. And if the mechanism can be adequately described in words then it should be describable mathematically, even if a new form of mathematics has to be evolved to permit the description. (@Typical pure scientist's comment. True as far as it goes, but think about the engineering of such a drive)@) ((The empirical aspects of the drive could have been described in math without there being any theoretical mathematical explanation))

Well, I am now spending all my time reading science journals. Any differences of opinion that occur in any other science are mere nothings to what occur in psychology. Every journal you pick up has a different slant on something. I guess that the saying about the older people get the less they know, is very true these days. ((And trying to make sense out of the resulting confusion makes them older quicker))

Mr. Gilbert seems to have a somewhat naive view of the activities that other fans indulge in. I would have thought it obvious that very few fans do actually discuss SF most of the time, and that fandom was simply a way of meeting new friends with one assured common interest. But to say that fandom is dead because of that is ludicrous. If that's the case I've been gaffa for quite a few months now! I too have found good friends amongst fans, and also a fiancée, but I still feel as much of a fan, even when those people are around, as I used to. ((Makes you feel all funny inside, dunnit?))

One final point. Someone had boobed, because PSALM 23 etc. was also in ECLIPSE. (@The only BADIMAGE piece ever to come from the CCF. Is there a moral?)@)

BRYN FORTEY You have one of the tidiest zines currently on the scene.
90 Caerleon Road It is neat, well laid out, and therefore easy to read. All
Newport, Mon. who have anything to do with the production side of the
NPT 7BY Thing deserve a pat on the back. (@All thanks to Beryl
 Mercer, who has withdrawn her support in this field from
this and subsequent issues)@) ((I shan't say anything))

I liked the use of colouring on the f/c, though the artwork itself did not impress. The interior illustrations were of a generally high standard. The one exception being Jake's country pub.

Archie's piece will probably earn accolades unlimited from the fan section of fandom, but was not my cup of tea.

So on to the other half of the Mercer team. I had better keep away from Bristol for a while because I feel obliged to say that 'The Phantom Refugee' in no way lived up to the first class Harry Bell title illustration. Written attempts at putting over an accent have to be very carefully handled. Beryl, for me, overdid it, making the story cumbersome and hard work to read.

'Messchance' was an above average fanzine space filler. Fiction of such short lengths rarely satisfy, but this one did more than most.

Roje Gilbert's article was typically him. Witty, biting, and easy to

read. I wish he would appear more frequently in fanzines. The whole point, however, was surely blunted when another edition of ECLIPSE was put out after the appearance of 'Decline and Decay'.

Finally, I would like to express sorrow at Gray Boak's planned departure from the editorial chair, though his reasons make the move justifiable. ~~←(Endorsed, endorsed (he went))→~~

GRAY CHARNOCK Hmmm... if you were going to set about improving the
1, Eden Close artwork (it says here) you might have started on the
Alperton cover. Perhaps I can persuade our cat to finger-paint
Wemblgy you one for BAD 4. Moira Read shows signs of developing
Middlesex into quite a promising illustrator. Along with Harry
 Bell, she's the one I think future fan-ads should pin
their hopes on. Ramblin' Jake's scrawls didn't impress me one bit and Jay
Kinney, with his illo, seems to have developed an almost atomesque (atomic?)
line...passing fair.

"The Blues were born of Bondage" failed to convince me that the blues were in fact born of bondage. This is NBC type over-dramatisation surely... we are all falling into the error of thinking that the blues is a form of art, and are trying to pedestalize it as such with this fancy language. Blues is at best a crude and raw form of emotional expression ~~←(Cannot art be crude - primitive art-forms))→~~ and this is its very appeal for those who understand and like it.

As for Hendrix pre-recording his backing for broadcasts, I gather this is pretty common practice for all (@(Not all, surely...but most)@) groups on 'Top of the Pops' these days, and seems to be part of the current trend which decrees that it is the sound produced in the studio and not live which "matters" in the pop world today. As far as classical music is concerned, composers have written pieces which were virtually unplayable at the time... Which symphony is the work of art: as written in the manuscript, or as performed ephemerally by the orchestra? ~~←(How many people could appreciate a symphony by reading the score? Beauty is in the nose of the beholder, y'know - hence the outbreak of sneezing art critics))→~~ Which pop song is the work of pop-art: the version ephemerally performed on stage or the one impressed durably on pvc (or whatever it is records are made of). The answer of course, in both the above cases, is that the quality of art (or pop-art) subsists in both of them and it is only pedants who quibble.

JOHN MUIR That Green Machine thing...I don't know...I don't think
50 Holker Street so...although...~~←(I disagree...I think))→~~
Chorlton-on-Medlock The blues article was verrrry interesting...I don't
Manchester 13 like jazz...but I thot the article very good.
Lancs. Beryl's story, THE PHANTOM REFUGEE, may be good fan
 fiction, but 10 sides of it is too much for me - in a
mainly article-zine (@(?)@).

I'm a bit dubious that the news from the local paper was written after Beryl's story...(@Well it was!)@

Man, dem limericks!! You BAD members must have minds like...like...cesspools...so there! ~~←(Keep it up an' you'll win the 'Dotter of the Issue' Award yet))→~~ I'll have to join!

A tal on sex... ~~←(er - dot, dot, dot;))→~~ food for thought, eh! ~~←(Someone~~

else in the Great Fanzine Eating Competition! Where will it end? (Here?) ↗↘
 How could it be enforced, tho'? (@(It has been - that was the point of the article)@)

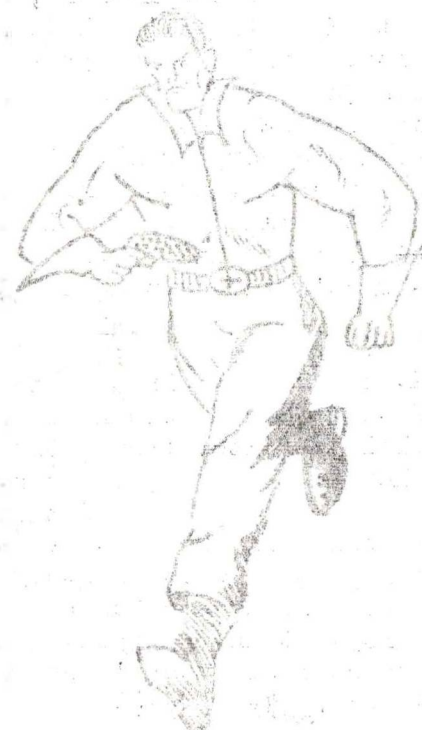
The locs were the best things in the zine, esp. Mush's. ←←Fannish cliché number glop: strikes again (include Mush at your pleasure/discretion/palace - delete where delectable) ↗↘ Re her question anent Highway Chile. I'd have thought it was obvious that it was the shortened form of child. The song does fit this:

ARNIE KATZ I tried reading the other British fanzines and found, to my
 98 Patton Blvd. chagrin, that it was a case of going from BAD to worse. So
 Now Hyde Park here I am, writing you an LOC.
 NY 11040

I'm afraid I can't agree with the editorial remark which prefaced "The Blues Were Born of Bondage". The sentiments in this article were definitely not worth repeating. The piece struck me as an example of very shallow thinking. It is little more than a string of pompous platitudes such as are better left to our domestic low-brow politicians. This species of ersatz profundity is a waste of time to read and a waste of space to print in that it offers absolutely no insight into the subject it attempts to treat. ←←My stock answer to this sort of thing is 'Okay - you show us some insight'. Bryn's article was 'shallow' because it was short. If he'd made it any longer, maybe you would have said "Not only does he talk rubbish, but he keeps on talking rubbish". And just because he kept to the middle of the road, it doesn't mean he hadn't put any thought into it. - General-type thought:- Notice how different people concentrated on different aspects of that article. Gray Charnock talked about the blues side, but I don't think that's what Arnie was going on about↗↘

I'd have to agree with Chris Priest; the older UK fanzines really were that good -- considerably better than the current ones. Not having been a fan when Hyphen, Bem, Retribution, Eye, Orion, etc. were published, I doubt that it's nostalgia which causes me to read and re-read those fanzines with so much pleasure. They were urbane, well-written, and funny. Telling fans who think the current UK fmz don't measure up to write material like those old zines published is not a very good way to improve things. I think it would be very much more to the point if the editors of current British fanzines took greater pains with their productions and edited. One good fan article published with five or six pieces of crud results in a bad fanzine.

(@Maybe if we had enough pieces to edit, our zines would be better. If I'd only printed those pieces about which I'd had no qualms at all, maybe BADINAGE 1 would be being produced now instead of



no. 4)@)

←←Okay, okay. I agree the old zines were different. I'll even admit that I've liked what I've seen of them. But the old days have gone, and with them went the old fanzines. Fandom, at least here in Britain, has changed and there's no going back. It's no use asking for material in the same style as that of a decade ago, 'cos the fanzines of that time were so bound up in the whole aura of the fandom of those days that you'd be asking the impossible for someone to recreate that long-lost atmosphere. No. The fan-editor today must try to represent the fan-scene as it is today, not dwell morosely on the past. End of sermon.

P.S. Notice that picture of Arnie comin' a-gunnin' for me on the previous page→→

BRIAN HILL I liked BAD mythology the most of the stories in the 52d, Newhouse Road issue. Beryl Mercer's was alright but not really to my Lotham, Perth taste, and Messchance I just could not see the point of. Scotland But no doubt it had some deep psychological meaning. (@(I didn't think it needed any deep psychological meaning: it's a neat tale well told)@) ←←Sorry Gray, but you know I too wonder if there's slightly more to it than meets the eye. And getting the answer out of Doof is worse than impossible→→ Not only does it cost 100,000 bullets to kill 1 vietcong but it costs 100 million dollars to do it. Surely they could get better results by dropping dollar bills all over the country, keeping the VC so busy they'll never have time to cause any trouble.

Them Mothers of Invention may be crazy but Mother Frank says people who buy their records must be mental. ←←Peter Roberts has some very distorted tapes of the Mothers, and that constitutes the only lengthy exposure to Invention I've had. So I'm in a somewhat similar position to Archie after hearing those pretty indistinct tapes of Dylan that Gray and I played him (and look what happened to him, even though he is the only one who knows what HECKMECK means in English). It must be something to do with the Bristol weather, or Albert. Personally, I think they fit into the confusion syndrome, about which probably more in some later issue→→

Liked the illoes by Moy Read but I'm not all that keen on the front cover. ←← It seems likely that we'll be including Moy illoes in most future issues - what's the betting now I've said that, she doesn't appear in no. 5→→

PHRED MK. 1 Enjoyed the Mythology. Any chance of other little Idiocy Couchant known BAD legends? ←←Archie's working on it - 11, Heath Lodge Site translating the ancient manuscripts and scrolls→→ Welwyn, Herts. Blues. No comment. No interest.

I think that when Beryl writes a story, it is a sign that something is about to turn up. Does she somehow get 2 know before they occur, & then write a story around the as yet undiscovered fact, which is noted by someone who has read the story when the report is published? ←←Dunno. Maybe things happen to make her stories come true. We're not taking any chances - that's why we've resolved never to print any end-of-the-world story by Beryl→→

of Messchance. Did not understand or enjoy.

May I offer a suggestion as to a way to get the mood of the Golden Oldies back into fanzines. Get Atom to start illoing again. ((If I take your point correctly, you refer not to a particular artist but to the old cartoon style of art in fanzines. But whether or not you actually did mean that - I repeat what I said to Arnie Katz - do we really want the old days back (at least that's what I think I said)))

Also let me echo Chas's plaint re nicknames & such, y not Phred MK. 1 (4 me)? ((Anything to oblige))

May I have a small rave about my fave type of music? ((Be my guest)) Beat organ is the best way I can describe it. Latest release is a piece that is played twice daily on Radio 1, 'tho I doubt many have heard it. Titled "Theme 1" it is just that, opening & closing music 4 said 247 metres. I have not yet found an LP devoted to it (any info greatly appreciated). ((I don't know if it would fit your idea of beat organ but there's an LP by Lonnie Smith called "Finger-lickin' Good Soul Organ". Despite the title, it's a 50-50 split between jazz organ and r&b organ. I don't know the number but I think it's on Eye))

What does one do when the Chairman of the B.S.F.A. gaffiates? Sad really, I shall miss those articles of his, not to mention the demolishing letters he wrote.

FRED LERNER
96-B, The Boulevard
East Paterson
New Jersey, 07407

I thought Beryl's story simply marvelous: I shall now have to read all fan-fiction I come across, in hopes of finding something equally readable. It should be submitted to F&SF. ((Okay Beryl, I've printed it. You can put the shotgun down now)) It is one of a series? If so, where might I find the others? (There was one other Bugleford story in BADINAGE 1, but if you can find a copy your a better man than I am, Gunga Fred. Incidentally, Beryl is reputed to be writing another - for F&SF needless to say))

I would like to receive more British fnz, esp. CRABAPPLE. ((Several issues sent by Mercers)) I will be sending copies of LOFGEORNOST no. 3 to you and other English fans. ((We wait, as the saying says, with baited mousetraps))

Can you obtain for me, or tell me where I can obtain, the following? A copy of The Radio Times (any edition) ((Current copy sent by Mercers)) and a rock-and-roll version of God Save The Queen (the latter was allegedly banned by Radio 1). ((Anybody know this record?)) I'd be very grateful for any help on either item. ((It sounds like you're starting a terminal collection))

((P.S. Fred is Chairman of the American Committee for Heidelberg in 1970 - we keep plugging))

Well, the letters section is comparatively short this ish, for several reasons. One is of course that we received fewer letters. You'll notice for instance that we have no letter from Mushling (which will disappoint those who immediately skim through a fanzine looking for that particular LoC). She wrote and said that she had found ish 3 unLoCable - so she sent us her pome and the Storeybods story instead (It's an ill wind...).

I shall now throw all modesty to the wind, and tell you (confidentially of course) that I actually predicted the deLoCation that would be caused by the contents of the last BADINAGE. This is not intended as a slur on the quality of the contributions. Instead, it says something about the type of contribution. Gray himself has said that he had his doubts about the too-high degree of uniformity, the absence of diversity, but the way things happened at the time made it impossible to do anything else.

For one thing a wide range of short items is more conducive to LoC-production than a few longer pieces, and BAD 3 had only five stories/articles in its forty-odd pages (and of course, a goodly selection of LoCs). There seems to be a certain amount of discrimination against longer fannish works. Thus Beryl's 10-pager provoked some comments of 'too much, too much', meant literally.

Also to be taken into account is the fact that the contribs were fairly serious, with the exception of Archie's BAD Mythology, which was perhaps a mite too in-group. And it is a semi-fact that fannish material (and articles on Dylan) tend to receive more comment. This may be all tied up with the 'back to the Golden Oldies' movement, 'cos it seems to me that one of the most important aspects of the fanzines of the 40's and 50's was their comparatively greater fan-orientation.

Again, getting LoCs ain't the end of the problem. Too many LoCs squeeze out the other contents of the zine (again see BAD 3). One way out of this difficulty is to retreat into the 'bigger and better syndrome'. But even that can create difficulties, as CRABAPPLE found to its temporary (we hope) demise.

Anyway, now that I've succeeded in demonstrating my confusion, and maybe confused a few others into the bargain (my aim in life - the spreading of chaos), I'll abandon that tack and turn to another matter. For the past N months we've been sending out copies of BAD 3 to a wide assortment of people (whether they asked for them or not). Lately, however, we ran out of no. 3 and so sent spare copies of 2 instead (these too are nearly all gone). Thus we also received some LoCs on BADINAGE 2,

Ref. the 'Resurrection of the Gafiated' kick, let me quote from a letter from Mike Thompson, 219 Felmongers, Harlow, Essex: 'It does...have quite a lot of the flavour of the fanzines of the good old days of the late 50's, and it almost made me shed a nostalgic tear or two in remembrance of things past.' And to prove his sincerity, he paid for the next ish, i.e. this one.

That phrase 'flavour...of the good old days' keeps cropping up in reference to BADINAGE, and it's beginning to haunt me. I'm not sure what it is about the zine that exactly brings out this reaction. In fact, as hinted above, I consider that ish 3 was about as far from the G-O's as fanzines go. Ah well, I suppose it's lucky we sent him a copy of 2 and not of 3.

And then, there's the other end of the spectrum - the neofan. I have here a LoC on BADINAGE 2 from one Jack Marsh. And it brings back memories of that time a year and a half ago when I first found myself wondering what fandom was all about (by the way, what is fandom all about?). Now, in my first issue of BADINAGE I feel it appropriate to reproduce this neo-LoC in its entirety (not only is it appropriate - it also fills up space). Not a word of editorial comment will mar its innocent perfection (also makes less work for me). So gaze - gaze and remember:-

JACK MARSH CLUNK - Newspaper Boy.....
 '76, Brookmead Way
 Orpington THUMP - Postman.....
 Kent

T-H-U-M-P - It must be the parcel of peebacks I had almost given up hope for. Wade through kids welly-boots, broken Spectrum Pursuit Vehicle with plastic Cap'n Scarlet, 'Daily Mail', 'Teddy Bear', and 'Pippin' - to find large Brown Envelope. Open L.B.E.
 'Badinage-2' ? ?

(Thinks: Where did they get my name from? Has the B.S.F.A. set the dreaded BAD-mob on to me? Or Pete Weston?)
 Begin to read.....

My first impression was that you were all non compos mentis ("...Brian suddenly decided...to jump up and down...") - and I only wish I could join you all down there in Softly-Softly land. But Orpington (named after Orp the Jovial - how's that for a real-life Vance character) is a mite too far away for a fish 'n chip supper!

As a newcomer to fanzines my opinions are probably worthless - so you would do well not to read any further.

I was constantly turning back to page 1 to identify the initials in briscon '67 and eventually pages 1-4 declared independence. I then severely damaged a stapling-machine and finally stuck them back using pieces torn from an Asimov reprint.

I read Sun Gone with great enjoyment.....it was much later that I discovered the line of pluses was not the end. Apologies to Beryl Mercer.

The Herman Goering article I did not like at all. It contained nothing that could not be got from any public library. It also omitted to mention that Goering was a Nazi. Remember them? They were responsible for Belsen, Dachau, Auschwitz etc. And wasn't his 'devotion' somewhat suspect also?

Return of the Tambourine was by far the best piece. I agree when you say Dylan is not a singer - he is a poet mate.....wish I'd read the first article though.

Also I can't buy Jimi Hendrix's L.P. anywhere (the one with the 93-minute East track that is).

This is a true story (only the names etc.).....

A friend was having starting trouble with his car - so he removed the battery and took it to a local garage to be checked. Conversation as follows

"What did this battery come off, sir?"

"An A.40"

"No, I mean before that."

"I dunno, it was in the car when I bought it."

"Well sir, this battery was specially developed for lawnmowers..."

As I said before - I am new to all this (although I have been reading S.F. for some time) - so a coupla questions.

What is:-

- (1) Kinkay Fandom?
- (2) Order of St, Fantony?

So that just about winds up this load of old rubbish. Enclosed is the necessary for BADinage-3 - which I look forward to with great pleasure.

Well, there it is. Should I tell him what Kinkay Fandom and the Order of St. Fantony are? Am I qualified to tell him? I remember the time when I asked those questions and nobody would tell me.

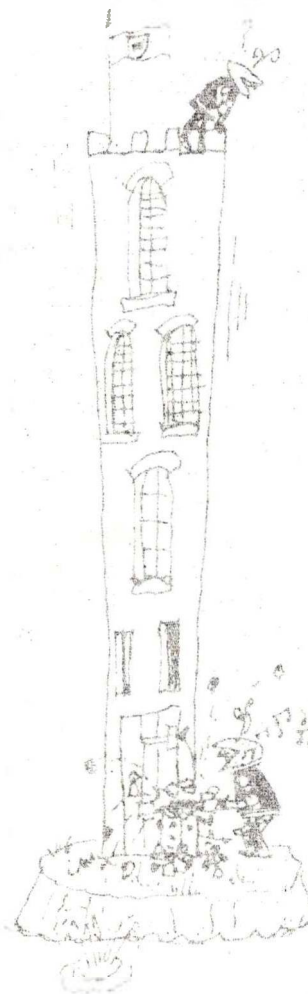
@-----@

You may have noticed that thish is sparsely populated Mercerswise. This wasn't exactly intentional, it was just the way things turned out. Both Archie and Beryl have written things for BADINAGE but for reasons of space and balance of contents their contribs have been saved for the next issue, no. 5. Archie's very funny tale is written around some artwork that a former fellow-lodger of mine did. The illoe on this page is an example of that artwork.

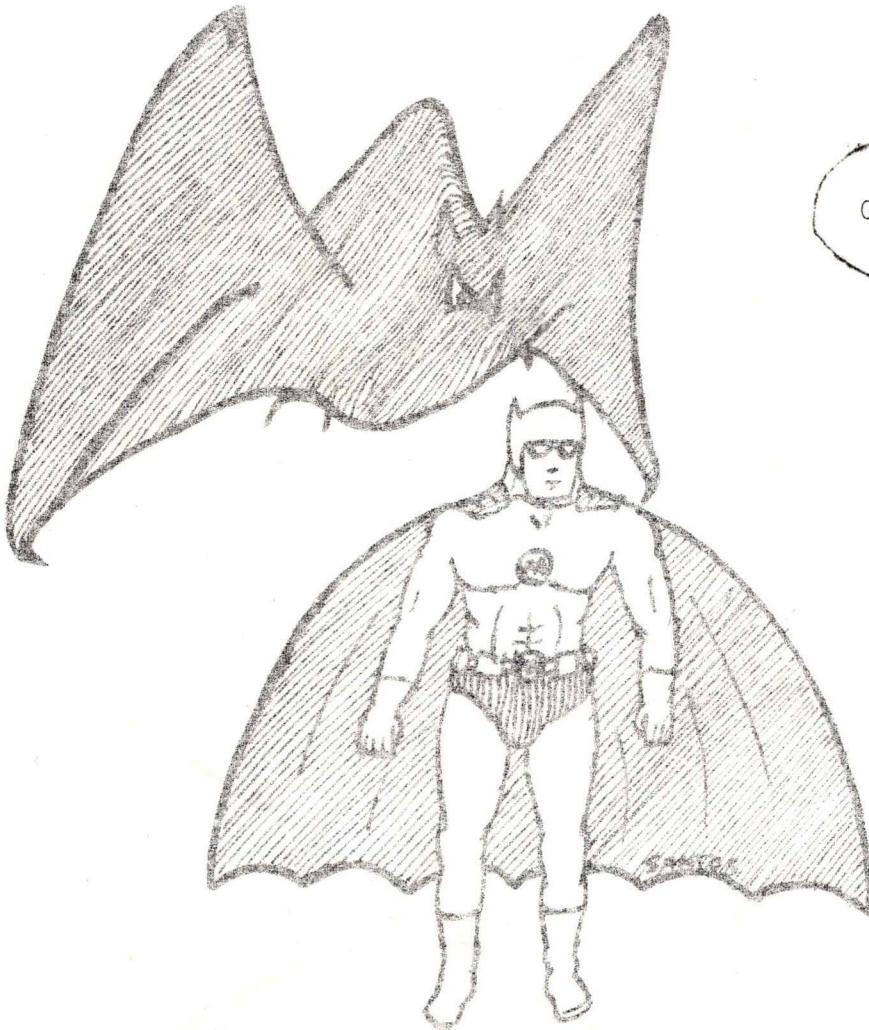
Beryl has written up an account of the last Mercertorial move. It reads like a terse, blow by blow account of a military campaign, the style lending such an air of suspense to the whole thing that when I first read it I was literally gripping the edge of my seat wondering if it would all turn out all right in the end.

Those are only two of the pieces that will be found in BADINAGE 5. Several other contribs have been written or promised, and we hope that nextish will also see the news/comment section really getting off the ground. And maybe we'll have a few more LoCs this time.

Looking over the past issues of BAD I've just noticed a rather worrying trend. Each ish contains two less sides than the previous one. Oh well, we can't all live forever.



This zine ain't big enough for both of us



Get 'im,
boy!



NEW EDITOR