



---the fanzine that cleans right round the bend and under the rim where other fanzines cannot go---comes to you from:

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To be up-to-date, modern and progressive (all three), I have cunningly photo-reduced the amazing articles, the excellent book reviews and the superb editorial (on the role of George III in Delany's 'Dhalgren') to the size of a full stop. This box---



---contains all the worthwhile stuff, equivalent to whole issues of Vector, entire pages of Maya, or a few sentences of DRILKJIS, that will enable Dot to win the Hugo instantly - if not the Nova!

Should you experience difficulty in reading all this brilliance, G. Hay, Esq. is sure to have the answer. He has all the answers (safely locked away in a subterranean vault; even he hasn't looked at them.)\* Anything other than a full stop in the box, e.g. a cross, a black blob, an etc., means that you have the wrong fanzine in your sweaty little hands.

The rest of Dot contains the fannish personalzine drivel I didn't want to waste valuable square nanometres on, reproduced using boring old stencils. At least, if all goes according to plan they'll be old stencils. I can't afford new ones. This is an expensive typewriter I'm using here, not a second hand coconut.

My reasons for producing this? Well, Dave Langford and I are about to bring up DRILKJIS 2, there being at the time of writing only the editorial, a couple of book reviews and a sercon article of incredible length to write. (Things have changed by now, of course.) Now, then, to avoid doing any of it? "Management Accounting studies," my bosses would say. No chance. I only resort to that sort of thing when I can't sleep and feel too fragile to use the scientific belt on the bonce with a soporific blunt instrument. Another fanzine seemed the obvious thing to do. (The sercon article never did see the light.)

Next step was a title. Innate iggorance prevented me from using ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Dull-thud - oh, sod it! Dot, on the other hand, is easy to spell, doesn't use much lettraset and takes up very little space - ideal to keep around the house. Also, you lot should be able to pronounce it without needing to go to evening classes for two years. Mostly.

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\*Footnote.

George: if you have difficulty with the Microdot I must have messed up the fine control on the duper. I have? Oh rats! Megalomaniac dreams shattered by technological inadequacy.

C\*A\*S\*H\*P\*O\*I\*N\*T - Hot News as it Happens, or Happened.

### Chinese Fan Dies.

Well known Peking Fan Mao Tse-tung died earlier this year of natural causes. The assailant is not well known, not known at all in fact, and the motive is believed to be unknown. Mao was very active in Chinese fandom, organising many cons (this giving rise to his nickname of 'The Chairman'), including the legendary Longmarch-con of 1934/35 which lasted nearly two years and covered 6,000 miles. Over 130,000 fen attended the opening, 30,000 of them staying right to the end. He also published a personalzine, 'Little Red Book'. Unfortunately this only lasted one issue but achieved high regard in that time. Despite the isolation of Chinese fandom for so long he will be missed in the West. ("My greatest friend." R.M. Nixon)

### British Science.

Top British scientists at NPL (names withheld for security reasons) have just completed a machine for the instantaneous translation of English into Russian and back again. At the press conference announcing this amazing triumph, well known phrase 'Out of sight, out of mind' was fed in, giving an output less than seventeen minutes later of 'Invisible idiot'. A spokesman said that the device would probably be used for drafting future tax legislation. He was mending the spokes on my bike at the time.

### Little Mal.

There is no truth at all in the fact that, after his efforts against the Gannets at Mancon, Little Mal has been offered the position of manager of Crystal Hovel F.C. Nor in the story about Fiona Richmond.

### Tale of Woah!

Due to editorial oversight, nearly all the people originally intended to be on the receiving end of Dot did, unfortunately, receive one. Therefore, if you weren't expecting one and are reading this now, but haven't had one yet, don't bother me. I have my own problems.

### Publishing Scoop.

Since everyone knows it, the real identity of Robert Black, hack author of the book of the film of the rip-off 'Legend of the Werewolf' can now be revealed to be Robert Holdstock, well known sf author of 'Eye Among the Blind Etc.'

"'Legend of the Werewolf' a....great....book," says Greg Pickersgill.

### Another Publishing Scoop.

Well known publishing giant Lord Gra of Poole, head of the international firm Grapevine Publications Discorporated, presents yet another title - 'Cyclotron', the how-to-write-sf-for-idiots zine - to add to his stable of genzine, reviewzine and ficzine

(deceased). This compartmentalised approach to fanzine publication is said to owe a lot to the inspiration of Henry Ford. When questioned about this, Lord Gra replied: "Well, this guy sold me a job lot of an infinite number of monkeys and typewriters, see?"

I think we do.

Late News Flash.

The battleship 'Hood' has been sunk! Bismark accused, but denies allegation; claims to have been dead for many years.

Cashpoint was brought to you by Ina Grope, in association with Lloyds Bank Limited.

S T O P P R E S S ! Peter Wobbit reclaims 'Cashpoint'. "I can't go on," says Ina.

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"We apologise for the late arrival of page 3. This was due to an editorial oversight, causing page 2 to continue for far longer than necessary. Page 3 will commence almost immediately. We hope you have not been inconvenienced by this inconvenience.

"Right, that ought to hold the buggers for a bit. What? The microphone's still on? Oh shibuzzzzzzz...."

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(Dramatic change of pace time)  
LEGEND OF THE WERE-KITTEN.

Now that the Kittens have moved their stomping ground from Hawks Road I can feel safe again. (Do Kittens 'stomp'?) It came as a shock to discover Bernie Peek rampaging about the streets of Kingston when I moved down here in September 1974, though the first few times I saw him he didn't recognise me. What have I got myself into, I thought. What can he be doing here?

Such luck couldn't last, of course. Going to the Tun every month saw to that.

"Why don't you come to the Kitten meetings?"

"I don't know when they are."

And strangely enough, I could never remember what they said next. I still don't know on what day of the month they used to meet in Hawks Road.

But that wasn't the whole of it. I began to be accosted in the very streets of Kingston itself.

"Kevin!" (Bernie knew my name by then.) "There's a Kitten meeting - tonight!"

"Oh, er, I'm going out. To a concert. Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto, by Greig." (I think that's remarkable. Captain of England and still finds time to write music. A lesson for us all.)

I had a narrow escape one day last May. I was walking from parked car to house, having just returned from watching the rowing in Oxford, when suddenly there appeared in front of me, coming towards me, Bernie, Boris and Brian. They had been to the off-

license.

"Hello!" I said, in friendly fashion, thrusting out the pint mug I had inadvertently carried all the way from the boathouse bar. Boris shrank back clutching his cans, to protect them, presumably. Bernie didn't flinch. He asked if I was coming to the meeting. I surveyed the booze, momentarily tempted.

"Coral's there, and Janice." And the rest of the Kittens, I mused. "I'll see," I said. "I have to cook my dinner first."

And do you know, dinner took an awful long time that night.

Then I heard that Bernie was folding and K was moving to Welwyn. Or vice versa. I don't know which caused me most grief; neither, probably. The terror was over; no longer would Kittens stomp in Kingston. (Kittens can stomp. I asked Joseph Nicholas, and he knows about these things.) Instead, Richmond would get it. The Orange Tree opposite Richmond station.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

## Part 2: Kitten Comes To Richmond.

So what happens when the Kittens move miles away? I go along, that's what happens. Since the violent uprooting and transfer to a pub a change has come over the group. Other People were going, I heard.

I arrived home after work the other night (and that's not such a trite statement as it seems. One Friday evening recently I went out for a 'quiet drink' with OUSFG President Richard Wheatcroft - about 5.30 to 6.30, he told me - and didn't arrive home till one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. At about seven we started on the doubles and stayed on them until we left our last pub at a quarter to one. A good pub that. A brace of fuzz came in at half past eleven, went upstairs and were still there when I left. At least, I didn't see them go.) to find a letter from Jim Linwood: "Kitten meeting Tuesday."

I looked at my watch. That didn't help; it only tells the time. Tuesday - that's today, I thought. Instantly I took off my suit and dashed to catch the train. Then I dashed in again and put on my jeans and a jacket.

The train was pulling in as I arrived at the station. With an incredible burst of speed I hurtled down the steps, under the subway and up the other side. "This the - pant pant - Richmond - gasp - train?"

"No."

The next one was, and I duly arrived at the Orange Tree. The first people I saw were ones I didn't know. Then I spotted typical Kittens Greg Pickersgill, John Piggot and Ian Maule, the super-chameleon who is working his way through all the silly animals. (At one time there even seemed danger of his being absorbed by the Vole of the South.) Svelte, Kittenish Simone Walsh was not there.

(Next time I see her she will, I hope, be unassisted.) Neither, it appeared, were any real Kittens. Ian was very concerned about this. Agitated, even. Frantic. Janice was among the people not there. Eventually we forced him to sit down, but it took all three of us.

Exhausted by the effort we were totally unprepared for the looming figure of Brian Hampton. "Loom!" he went. It transpired that the Kittens had been there for an hour and a half, hidden in the farthest corner of the bar where even Mauler had been unable to locate them. At least, three of them were there: Brian, Bruce and - thank god - Janice. I don't think we could have controlled Ian for much longer. Already he was trying to hand out Checkpoints 72 and 73 to complete strangers.

But what could have happened to the Kittens to drive them into such secretiveness? Read Part 3 - 'The Kittens Look Up' (they have to) by ~~Kelty O'Boyle~~ John Burrner - in the next searing issue of Dot, or perhaps the one after, or....

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This really is the end of page 3. Page 5 will continue after a short intermission.

- D.L. "One of these days Dermot will pass his driving test and be able to drive his sic Transit all over the place."
- K.S. "He'll probably call it 'Gloria'."
- D.L. "But only on a Monday."
- H.L. "Can I bite your foot?"

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Now that Nova Award time is almost with us again, Dot feels that this is the right moment to stick its oar in. Since the Great Controversy of 1975 arose largely because of the words used in the presentation ceremony, Dot proffers the following standard wording, to be used in all future presentations.

Report of the Judges to the Attendees, Nova Award 197X.

We have examined the fanzines submitted to us for judgement. In our opinion, XXXX shows a true and fair view of the best fanzine of the year and complies with the prejudices of the judges and the results of the in-fighting carried on during the year.

Oh yes, and the Nova Award rules and regulations; we knew there was something else. Wish we could remember they were, exactly.

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BuNF says: "Dot should run and run and run. A good dose of phenolphthalein ought to do the trick."

LIES! LIES!

(And this is where the story really starts.)

We are now getting close to the real reason why I've bothered to produce Dot. I got fed up with a certain DL's receiving almost all the fanzines in exchange for DRILKJIS, as if I had very little to do with it. Just because his name comes first in alphabetical order, and he does T-d as well, people think of me as a mere contributor, or even a lackey. Not true, not true! And the detailed explanation, complete with revealing documentation and photographs, can be found, being so very important, in the Microdot.

A few kind people did condescend to send me their zine, though, and the next column is dedicated to them.

PET'S CORNER.

Leroy Kettle's TRUE RAT ATE my frog, so I might be considered biased against it. Fair enough; I'm happy to be considered at all.

When I first saw True Rat it was creeping along the contents page, tittering quietly as it skirted empty boxes and corflu. Reaching Roy's editorial it pounced and seized my frog by the froat - er - throat, shaking it wittily from side to side. The frog, not surprisingly, did not appreciate this and anchored itself to the ground with Graham Charnock sticky-stuff. Appearing exhausted, True Rat merely maintained a lowprofile - and its grip - as it pondered, miserably paranoiac, on How to avoid offending other rats at Mancon.

Suddenly revitalised by Peter Roberts, Rat tugged and ripped and swallowed. My frog collapsed in a wet heap and was majestically and comprehensively consumed. Admirably satisfied, Rat belched at a passing Flie and settled down, facing, as do all de rats, D. West. For a long time, a very long time, True Rat sat there, a smug grin on its face as it slowly digested. At odd moments it dozed; at others it spasmed. Then, without warning, it turned green and writhed violently up and down, vomitting nasty John Brosnan bits all over the carpet and cackling gleefully. Finally it spat out the taste and ran off to hide amongst the letters.

I saw it but once more, as it turned to wave goodbye. Perhaps I'll see it again. I do hope so, even if in a different incarnation. It can have a go at my landlady.

Dave Bridges sent me EQUALS 2. (He may call it 'One Off 3', but that doesn't fool me!) =2 does things to pets and owners. Dave already knows something about this - I sent him a loc (letter of complaint) almost immediately - but even he doesn't know the full story.

After the persistently upside down left hand page had screwed up my eyes something rotten (Warning: Dave Bridges makes you go blind.) one of my flatmates who likes puzzles got hold of the pre-folded origami paper and began - at breakfast - to try to reassemble it. He didn't go to work that day and by evening he was squatting

in a corner gibbering mild obscenities and picking his nose with his toes. Now, that isn't nice. It kills the goldfish.

No, it's true. Listen! My goldfish was dead, lying in its cage with its legs in the air, totally rigid. Then the cat, seeing easy pickings, attempted to get at it, but tripped, knocked itself unconscious and drowned in the tarantula tank (which was fortunately devoid of tarantulas at the time).

My flatmate? He's moving.

TWILL-DDU 4 from Dave Langford attracted all the Gaelic Gerbils and crushed them inside its event horizon. I found it strangely compelling as well.

STOP BREAKING DOWN 3 from Greg Pickersgill jinxed the air recycling plant which began to shove fluorine into the vivarium. Not only did that destroy the lizards, but used up all my toothpaste as well. Fluorine doesn't come out of thin air, you know.

It's been a long time since SBD 3, and 4 was promised ages ago. Greg told me to read One Off to ward off SBD withdrawal pains. It doesn't work, no way.

THE SOUTHERN VOLE escaped through a hole in the kitchen wall and was last seen heading home to Liese Hoare in Pangbourne.

WRINKLED SHREW 6 chewed a hole in the breadbin and released all the cockroaches. Just you wait, Charnox. The first thing they did was shred Merf Adamson's 'Great SF Conspiracy'; then they roughed up Joseph Nicholas' conrep a little. Even Roy Kettle's superb life story, part 3 couldn't mollify them, though they did leave it intact. Then they read your address and set off. You have three years to get out before they invade, I'd estimate.

MAYA 11 arrived from Rob Jackson and Gus said he liked it. So did I. Well, you don't argue with a large gorilla, do you? Mind you, I suspect our reasons differed; when I pointed out Bob Shaw's amazing Mancon talk he merely grunted and bit off another piece.

ZIMRI 8 from Lisa Conesa, however, gave him indigestion. I think it's the poetry that made his stomach hurt. Personally, I don't mind poetry. If it ignores me, I'll ignore it. On the other hand Zimri took so long to reach me that it was probably a bit stale, and gorillas don't like stale fanzines.

CYCLOTRON is Graham Poole's zine to teach the entire BSFA to write sf. You should have seen the minah bird go when it had read it all. Already it has burned out four dictation machines and swamped Peter Weston with sf on tape. Perhaps that's why Pete hasn't reacted to the story I sent to him eons ago.

That's it, then. All these fanzines have had a disastrous effect on my pets, but don't stop sending them. There aren't any pets left on which a disastrous effect can be had. Except Demetrius the boa constrictor, of course. He's very friendly,

keeps throwing himself at people, and is unlikely to be affected by anything at all.

I just wish he'd let go of my leg.

If I've forgotten anyone's zine I'm not really sorry. It either couldn't have been memorable enough to be worth mentioning, or else I haven't had one recently. Oh yes, LOGO 3 from the amazing Kevin Easthop. I'd almost forgotten that one. Mind you, it does date from a way back and I had to go to incredible lengths to get one at all. And he was complaining about secret fanzines!

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And now, from the 'Foods from Unusual Sources Laboratory',  
22 Northumberland Avenue, Somewhere-in-England:

"Gosh! These biscuits are nice. What are they made from?"

"Toadstools."

"Oh - er - aren't they - er - poisonous?"

"Not really. It all depends on what the toad's been eating."

(With acknowledgement to William C. Anderson's novel 'Penelope'.)

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#### THANKS SECTION

Thanks are due to Dave Langford for research and about 85% of production.

#### PREVIEW.

The next issue of Dot will contain nouns, adjectives, verbs, expletives (deleted) and gerunds, all arranged in atypical order.

There will be an article on why Graham Boak should be the Nova Award, and why Dave Rowe should win it.

There will also be an article on why Dave Rowe should be the Nova Award, and why Graham Boak should win it.

(Never let it be said that Dot is afraid to present both sides of an argument.)

Also, Dave and Jean Staves will outline their plan for 'Boatcon', in which everyone takes their own coracle to Loch Ness (or builds it there) and spends a fannish three days trying not to fall in. The programme is very lax, and the appearance of Nessie is guaranteed! To all those doing more than ten pints per hour, at any rate.

Dot 2 is likely to contain something else in addition.

Dot 1 is not likely to contain anything else, in addition or otherwise.