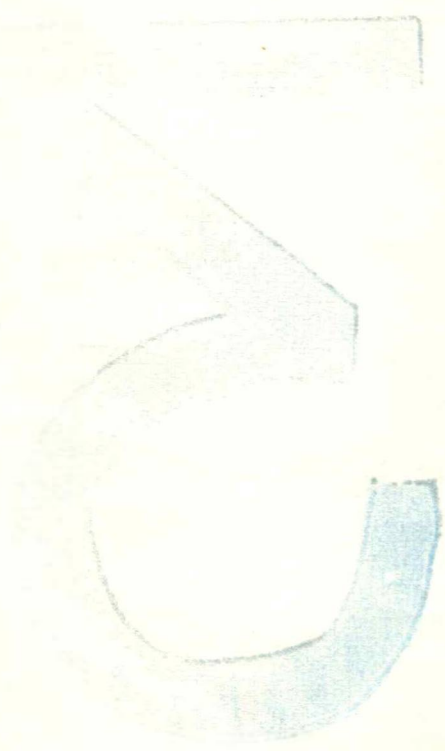




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Journal of the  
Bristol & District  
S.F. Group.

Issue Number THREE  
December 1967.

All communications to be addressed to The Editor,  
A. Graham Boak, c/o 10 Lower Church Lane, BRISTOL 2.

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C O N T E N T S

Editorial Notes	Graham Boak	page 2
BAD Mythology	Archie Mercer	page 3
The Blues Were Born of Bondage	Bryn Fortey Illustrated by Moy Read	page 5
The Phantom Refugee	Beryl Mercer Illustrated by Harry Bell, "Ramblin Jake", & Moy Read	page 8
Messchance	George Scantlebury Illustrated by Jay Kinney	page 20
Bad Shots	LoCs	page 23
Decline and Decay	Roje Gilbert	page 39

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Stencils Cut by Beryl Mercer  
Proofread and Duplicated by Archie Mercer

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E&OE



E D I T O R I A L   N O T E S . . .

O.K., I booped! This issue has too many pages of letters. It's really all your fault, for sending in too many interesting locs. They have been quite heavily edited - honestly! - but they still got somewhat out of hand. Because of this, reaction to last time's editorial has been left out. The intention was to sort out the comments into a Readers' Forum article on the lines of the Dylan piece, but lack of space prevented this. To all those who sent in comments, thanks very much, they were appreciated. In my opinion, having too many locs is far from the worst flaw a fanzine can have, so all is not black. By all means keep sending them in!

Our average reader gets BADINAGE free - the reason for this is to 'spread the word' about the zine. However, as from next issue we are going to clamp down on this. From now on, BADINAGE will be free to:

- 1) Anyone who hasn't had one before. (We do keep a mailing list.)
- 2) Any fanzine editor who has sent us a copy of his/her fanzine since our previous issue.
- 3) Contributors.
- 4) If we think you are a good source to 'spread the word', thus gaining us subscribers, traders or contributors.
- 5) If the editor thinks you should. (This is called 'nepotism'.)

BADINAGE will cost the appropriate amount of postage to:

- 6) People who loc.
- 7) Fanzine editors who haven't sent us a copy of their zine since our previous issue.

If you don't fit into any of the above categories, the zine will cost you 1/- plus postage. You have been warned!

Last issue was quite heavily criticised for its artwork, so this issue is somewhat better in this respect. We would like the next issue to be even better ....

This is most probably the last issue of BADINAGE that I am solely responsible for - my exact status regarding B4 is still uncertain, though it will most probably take the shape of a joint editorship. The reason: examinations. The next editor will be Rob Johnson.

In B4 (if the new editor agrees) will be a short story by Bryn Forzey - THE PEN. Bryn is well known for his short stories, and we think that you'll like this one. Another short story is the result of a collaboration between myself and Dave Wilson, entitled AN ETERNITY OF FORRIDGE, concerning the unfortunate consequences of combining time-travel and a Scottish wife. In addition, an article of special interest to fanzine editors from Rob Johnson will be present. What else we have will depend on what contributions we receive. So tell all your friends about it - BADINAGE number 4, out in March, 1968.

++ AGB

B A D M Y T H O L O G Y

BRI ANHAMPTON AND THE GREEN MACHINE

... by Archie Mercer

← Archie makes no claim to absolute historical accuracy for this information, but it has that ring of truth about it ... →

Many years ago, when the world and the Heroes were young, the folk of London's western suburbs were sorely troubled by the depredations of a wild Green Machine which raged unchecked all over their domain. So they sent for a select group of young champions and charged them to go forth and slay or otherwise subdue this wild Green Machine which was ruining their health by day and spoiling their sleep by night.

So there came Iggy Pumpernickel, who was later to become renowned for his spectacular doings amidst the carnivorous rose-bushes. From the nearby Ling of Ea came the female athlete Simone de Horlicks, who afterwards went down in imperishable legend for her famous feet of driving thirty-four and a half miles in her naked nylons. And from the remote western suburb in which the sun was said to bury itself nightly - nowadays known as Sunbury on Thames - came the redoubtable Bri Anhampton. And these three armed themselves and went up against the wild Green Machine.

As befitted her feminine status, Simone de Horlicks was given first chance at the ravaging monster. Serenely and imperturbably she sallied forth to meet it, waving a red cloak in order to distract its attention from her own svelte form. However, the wild Green Machine was nothing if not cunning, and snatching the red cloak from the young champion as it went past, it hastily disguised itself as a traffic light. Simone de Horlicks was unable to penetrate its disguise, and so she was obliged to own herself defeated.

Iggy Pumpernickel was given the next turn, and by way of countering cunning with cunning he spent six days and nights digging a broad, deep elephant - trap, besides which he afterwards waited patiently until his quarry should fall within. However, it never did, and he too was ultimately obliged to own himself defeated. One fact of inestimable value he had, nevertheless, succeeded in eliciting by his stratagem: whatever the true nature of the wild Green Machine, it was not a broad, deep elephant.

The redoubtable Bri Anhampton meanwhile had not been idle, and had travelled to far Staffordshire in order to obtain the help of the sagacious Rob, Son of John. From the sagacious one he commissioned the construction of a pair of magic spectacles with which the better to discern his quarry. These the sagacious one duly constructed, using the only material at the time to hand, namely pottery. The spectacles, despite their undoubted magical properties, thus suffered from one serious defect: they were completely opaque, rendering their wearer as blind as a bat, man.



THE BLUES WERE BORN OF BONDAGE

... BRYN FORTEY

← We admit that this has been said before.  
It is still worth repeating. →

The blues were born of bondage. Slave songs and spirituals contributed to the creation of this musical form, which accented the rhythmic content put into regular 4/4 time music.

The blues were born of bondage. Negro folk music. Laments, protests, humour, and usually ironic accounts of love.

.....

Black Power ! Grand Rapids, Detroit, Pontiac, Flint, Rochester, Englewood, Toledo, Cambridge, Portsmouth, Tucson, Houston, Phoenix, Chicago, Cleveland.

Riots, arson, looting, sniping, firebombs. Death.

.....

The rhythmic content of the early vocal blues was later injected into a purely instrumental music, which became known as jazz. The only native American art forms that country has yet produced, folk blues: urban blues: jazz.

Jazz had lowly beginnings. Storyville, the red light district of New Orleans. Brothels, cat-houses, all part of the famous vice-ridden pleasure section that was later closed by the Navy.

Jazz: Improvised variations based upon a basic theme. A Negro music derived from deprivation, with its roots in the inhumanity of slavery and racial discrimination.

.....

"Now if you's white, you's all right,  
If you's brown, stick around,  
But if you's black  
Oh, Brother, git back, git back, git back."

The chorus from 'Black, Brown and White.' Written, and recorded on the Vogue label in France during 1951, by Big Bill Broonzy. This was after having the composition turned down for six years by American recording firms.

.....

During July 1967, in Detroit, a British newspaper correspondent was nearly mobbed by white passers-by when he tipped an elderly Negro beggar one dime (8d.)

.....

From the disrepute of Brothels, to the respectability of New York's Carnegie Hall. The integration of European harmonies, and attempts to merge with classical structures. Jazz has come a long way, but the blues are never far behind.

Quotes, and other happenings in July 1967:

"... take all appropriate steps to disperse all persons engaged in the acts of violence ... and to restore law and order." - from President Johnson's orders to the Defence Department.

"We'll burn the country down, honkies and all." - Rap Brown, Negro national chairman of the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee, as he was arrested on charges of inciting a riot at Cambridge, Maryland.

"No one benefits under mob law. Let's end it now." - the Reverend Martin Luther King, in a joint statement with three other Negro leaders.

"Many of you are going to be asked to kill for freedom - and you had better be ready to die." - Negro leader Lincoln Lynch, to protest marchers in Franklinton, Louisiana.

Fifteen thousand Federal Troops and National Guardsmen were mobilised, White and Negro, ready to combat the spreading violence.

Militant Negro 'Black Power' leader, Stokely Carmichael, made a not very well received tour of the main coloured population centres in Britain. Scotland Yard supervised the tour.

President Lyndon B. Johnson and Michigan Governor George Romney are said to have indulged in personal back biting over the general Detroit situation. They could well oppose one another in the next Presidential election.

.....

The Blues were born of bondage. Slavery, discrimination, prejudice, and deprivation all played an important part in producing this musical offspring.

.....

'Black Power' is wrong, but so are all advocates of racial superiority, whichever race they represent. The Bill of Civil Rights stands for equality, and that is the only just solution.

.....





"I went to an unemployment office,  
Got a number and I got in line,  
They called everybody's number,  
But they never did call mine."

Verse from the previously referred to Big Bill Broonzy blues, 'Black, Brown and White.'

.....

The American 'Race Riots' are to be condemned. Violence only breeds violence. But the whole American attitude to the problems of White/Negro relationships must also be condemned. A more sympathetic and definite handling of the situation, over the years, might well have averted the horrors of bloodshed.

Militant Negro leaders might propound the wrong answers, but the questions they ask are justified.

.....

The blues were born of bondage. They are as relevant today as they were when first conceived.

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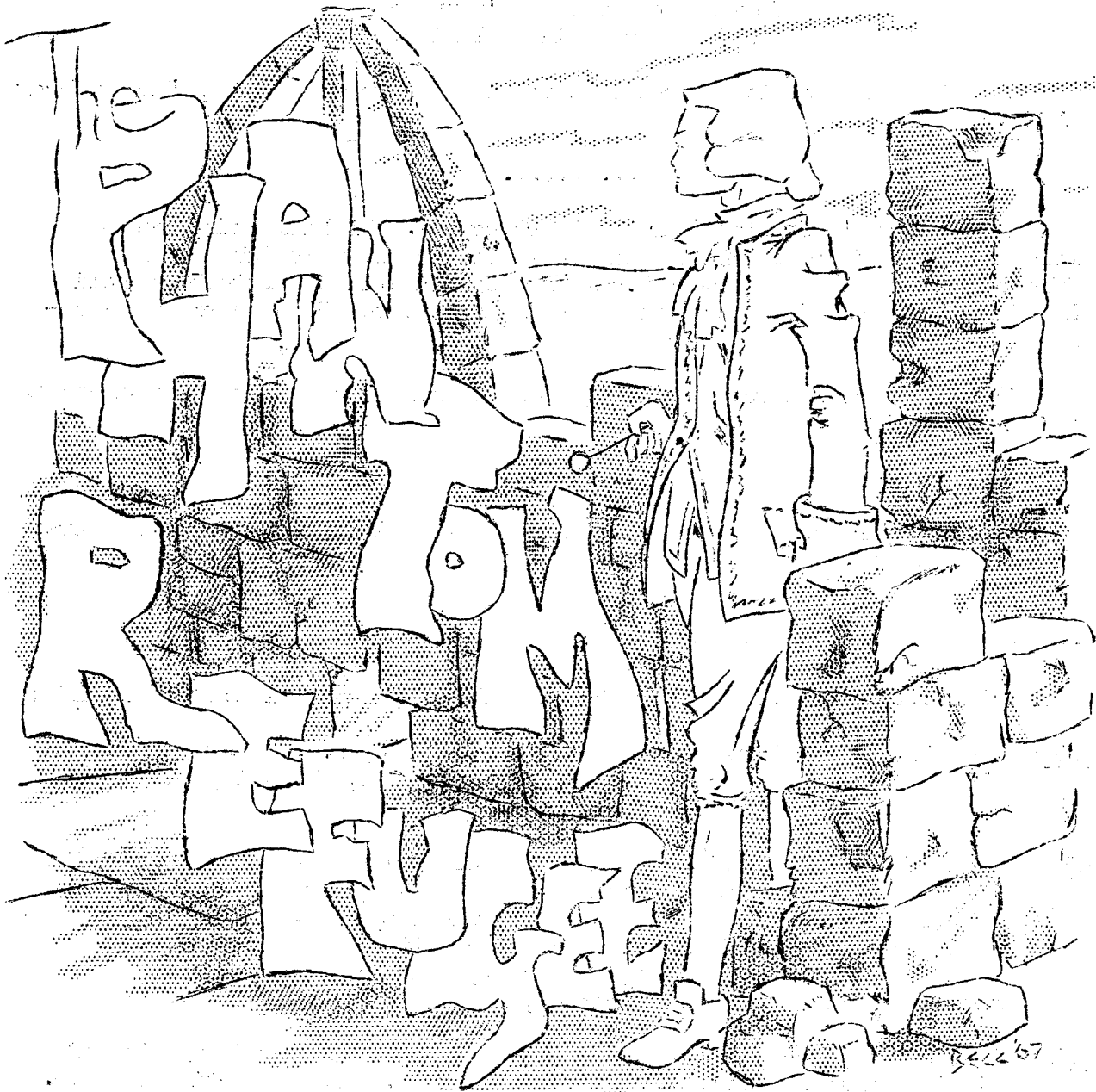
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WANTED: The first three issues of the 'new' NEW WORLDS, i.e. nos. 173, 174 and 175. Offers, please, to: TOM JONES, Chad Hall, The Vale, Edgbaston Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.

NEOFEN The following new members of the B.S.F.A. have expressed a potential interest in fanzines, and would appreciate samples:  
Mrs. Anna Surry, 6 Guildford Road, Canterbury, Kent.  
Chris Wolfthane, 29 Salisbury Road, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.  
Peter Howells, 402 Broadway, Duncroft, near Doncaster, Yorks.  
Miss Anne Gill, 31 Falcon Crescent, Enfield, Middx.

WANTED: Collections, accumulations, and job-lots of FANZINES and anything of a bibliographical nature pertaining to Fantasy, Science Fiction and etc. Contact: Harold Palmer Piser, 41-08 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11355, U.S.A.

WANTED: People. Specifically, those interested in amateur publishing, with access to fanzine production facilities who would be interested in joining the Off-trail Magazine Publishers' Association (OMPA). Applicants should be able to produce proof of activity in amateur publishing recently, to produce 20 sides for OMPA per year, and pay 7/- annual dues. Apply to Heinrich R. Arenz, D-6000 Frankfurt, Schliessfach 5002, Germany. To quote R.J.: "Help make this a bomba year!"



Beryl Mercer

THE PHANTOM REFUGEE

... by Beryl Mercer

← In response to vast public demand, Bugleford returns, with a tale of the supernatural .... →

The name's Quigley, Alf Quigley. You might've 'eard of me afore, and then again you mightn't. I'm Bugleford's odd-job man, and I've done some odd jobs in me time, but mark my words, the queerest I ever done was finding a new 'ome for a ghost.

'E used to 'ang about in the ruins of the old Manor 'Ouse, up on the 'ill. Bin there for donkey's years, 'e 'ad. We allus used to call 'im Lord Algy. 'E didn't give no trouble to nobody, so we never troubled 'im, neether. Oh, sometimes we'd get folks down from London to investigate, and a clever chap once writ a paper about 'im what was printed in the 'Sunday Pictorial'. Didn't say much that we didn't already know, though.

So the ghost left us alone, and we left 'im alone, till the night of the big storm a few years back. If you 'ave a good look round Bugleford, you'll see that the village is surrounded by 'ills, and sometimes a storm'll get sorta trapped in they 'ills, and go racketin' on for hours and hours. That's 'ow it was on this partickler night. In August, it was, and nobody got much sleep afore dawn. Round about midnight, it was as black as the 'obs of 'ell outside, and shuttin' down o' rain. There 'adn't bin no thunder for a bit, but all of a sudden there come a gurt sizzlin' flash o' lightnin', and a blast o' thunder like the crack o' doom. I didn't know it then, but that's likely the one as fetched the rest of the Manor 'Ouse down.

Next mornin' the storm 'ad passed, it was nice and sunny, and everything was steamin'. I was just coming back from doing a little job over at Nine Candles - that's Farmer Broadbent's place - when a gang o' kids come shrieking and yelling down the 'ill from the Manor 'Ouse. By rights, o' course, they shouldn't've bin up there in the first place, on account of it warn't safe, but you know what kids are. Tell 'em they ain't to go to a place, and soon as your back's turned, they goes chasin' orf to that very place to find out why they ain't supposed to go ...

"There's a tarrible noise," I told 'em, "you'm enough to wake the dead when you carries on like thaaat."

Young Colin Phillips - 'im what's at the University now - said, "I think we did, Alf."

"Did what?" I asked 'im, and "Wake the dead!" 'e said, just like thaaat.

Well they all started talking at once, so I said, "Let's all go and sit on the green, and I'll 'ave a smoke, and you can tell me properly what you're on about."

Turned out they'd gorn up to the Manor 'Ouse to play in the old stable-yard - and I give 'em a tellin'-orf, o' course, for going - and when they got there, th'ole place was flattened, just as if one of Old Mother 'Iggins's bombs 'ad smacked it.

"It looked sort of ... creepy, even with the sun shining on it," said Kathie Fowler.

"And then we heard somebody crying," added Barry Dawson.

Well, that fetched me to me feet; I thought somebody - p'raps a camper from one of Mr. Broadbent's fields - 'ad got trapped under the rubble.

"Where you going, Alf?" asked Davy Collet - the others allus called 'im Davy Crockett. Funny little shrimp, 'e was, and look at 'im now - anyway, 'e wanted to know where I was going, so I said that if somebody was under that lot, we'd 'ave to get folks to 'elp lift the stuff orf 'im, and pull 'im out, and ...

"Oh, it's all right," said Carol Gilbert, "he's already dead."

I tell you, I went cold all over, and sat down again a bit quick, like.

"But you said somebody was cryin'!"

"That's right. It was Lord Algy."

I went a bit colder. A lot colder. Now, take me right; at that time, I didn't know whether I believed in ghosts or not. I'd never seen Lord Algy, and I warn't all that sure as I wanted to. In any case, this was a bit of a turn-up, on account of nobody to my knowledge 'ad ever seen Lord Algy in broad daylight afore.

I looked at they kids, and they looked back at me, seemingly all innocent and truthful.

"You'm a-pullin' my leg," I said at last.

"We're not!" they all shouted.

"All right, all right, stop 'ollerin'. Did you see 'im?"

"'Course we did," said Mollie Burton. "We thought somebody might be hurt, same as you did, so we all ran round the side of the house to look. And there he was."

"Sitting on a lump of brick," said Judy Thorpe.

"Crying," said Carol.

I can see 'em now, they seven kids, all looking at me with their eyes standing out like chapel 'at-pogs. All waiting for me to do summat.

"Well, what was 'e cryin' for?"

"You don't think we stopped to ask him, do you?" said Colin, a bit scornful.

"We ran!" Judy admitted. "We were scared. Even Barry was scared, and he's the biggest."

Barry scuffed 'is toe in the wet grass. 'E was the biggest, and I s'pose 'e must've felt a bit ashamed of 'isself, in front of the girls an' all.

"I don't blame 'im," I said, to make 'im feel a bit easier. "Blowed if I ain't scared meself."

"Ooh, you're not, are you, Alf?"

"I am an' all!"

"But ... he was crying," Carol said again. She allus was a soft-hearted little thing. It was plain that they all expected old Alf to do summat, and I couldn't let 'em down ...

So that's 'ow it was that, a few minutes later, we was all trooping up that perishin' 'ill, me puffing a bit to keep up with the kids. And they 'adn't bin pulling me leg. There 'e was. Lord Algy. Not in the flesh, o' course, but there. And still crying.

I don't suppose I stood there for long, but in that time I thought a lot o' things. I wished I'd paid more attention to that piece in the 'Sunday Pictorial.' I thought about sending for the feller what 'ad writ it, only it'd take too long for 'im to get there. I was still scared an' all, remembering the bogey-man tales me old granddad used to tell me when I was a nipper.

Then I thought about fetchin' the Vicar, and then I copped meself feeling downright sorry for that poor ghost, on account of 'e was dead and miserable, not dead and 'appy, like the Vicar tells us dead folks are.

Anyway, it was that soft Carol 'oo finally got things moving.

"Poor thing," she said, and moved towards the ghost. "What's the matter?"

'E jumped up orf 'is lump of masonry. If ever I saw a bloke frit out of 'is wits, 'e was - and it was funny, becoss seeing that 'e was a lot more scared than I was, I felt a lot better meself. So did the kids, apparently.

"Oh, please don't run away!" cried Carol.

"We want to help you," added Colin.

"If we can," Judy went on, "but we can't if you won't tell us what's wrong."

'E was standing in a patch of shadow, and after a second or two 'e moved towards us. (If any of the kids 'ad run then, I think I'd've run faster, but they didn't so I didn't.) 'His brought 'im out into the sunlight, which made things a mite okkard. Becoss then we could 'ardly make 'im out at all. Even so, there was something about 'im ... I mean, you could tell 'e was a toff, some'ow. I thought, if my old Mum was 'ere, she'd be telling me to mind me manners with the gentry ...

So I took me cap orf, and said, "Er ... excuse me, mister - I mean, your lordship - but ... well, we can't see you very well in the sunshine. And I don't want these youngsters to get too close to all that rubble, they might fall down an old cellar or summat. Could you make yourself a bit more solid-like, d'you think?"

Colin tugged at me sleeve. "Ectoplasm!" 'e 'issed at me.

"Eh?" I thought 'e might've discovered a new rude word ...

"Ectoplasm! It's the stuff ghosts use to make themselves solid. That man wrote about it in the 'Pictorial'. Ask Lord Algy if he's got any, or if he knows how to make some."



"You ask 'im," I said. I warn't sure I could pronounce the dratted word. But before Colin could say anything, Lord Algy 'ad got the idea. 'E shut 'is eyes, and scowled summat fierce, like the weight-lifters do, and slowly 'e grew solid.

"Cor !" said little Davy, "it's like magic !" It was, too. By the time Lord Algy opened 'is eyes, 'e was just a nice-looking young bloke with long 'air, dressed in queer clo'es, like fancy-dress.

There was a bit of a silence, then Kathie dropped a little curtsey and said, "How do you do; your lordship. My name's Kathie Fowler."

Lord Algy gave 'er a nice smile, bowed and said: "Mademoiselle. I am Alain, Comte de Coin-Pature."

I was fair took aback. For years 'e'd bin known as Lord Algy, and now it seemed that 'e was a Froggie Count.

"Wot the 'Anover is a French ghost - beggin' yer pardon, sir - doin' in Bugleford ?" I demanded.

Well, it turned out to be quite a long tale, and in the finish we was all sitting under the big oak, the Count an' all. The Count's auntie - 'is Mum's sister - 'ad bin married to the Lord of Bugleford Manor, way back in the seventeen-'undreds when the Manor was a real little palace of a place. Then the French Revolution got really narsty, the Count 'ad to do a quick bunk from 'is estate near Paris, on account of they serfs wanted to chop 'is 'ead orf with that there guillotine. 'E got out of France one jump in front of the baddies, and o' course 'e made for Bugleford and 'is auntie and uncle. But they Revolution folks wasn't going to give up so easy. The Count 'adn't bin in England a year afore they got 'im.

'E went to London to do a bit o' business for 'is uncle. On the way back, 'is coach was 'eld up by an 'ighwayman - or that's what they thought 'e was. But 'e was really a French agent what 'ad bin sent over by the Revolution folks. And 'e shot the Count dead, and rode orf like the devil was after 'im.

"Oh, poor Count !" cried Carol, snivelling a bit. "Did it hurt very much?"

"No, Miss Carol," said the Count - 'e spoke very good English, with only a bit of an accent. "It did not hurt at all. It was as if someone flashed a great, white light into my eyes, and then I could feel ... nothing."

The driver of the coach shoved the poor chap's body in a ditch, and drove orf. People don't change much, y'know ... nobody wanted to get involved, see ? Maybe 'e reported the murder, and maybe 'e didn't; in any case, the ghost must've 'ung about the place for a good many years, trying to get somebody to stop and give 'is body a proper Catholic burial. O' course, nobody ever did; well, I mean to say, if you was riding along a dark road at night, and a ghost suddenly jumped out, yelling blue murder in French, would you stop to ask it what it wanted ? No, and no more would I.

In the finish the Count gave it up as a bad job, wished 'isself back at the Manor 'ouse, and arrived to find everything changed. 'E explained that there ain't no time when you're a ghost, and 'e'd never realised 'ow long 'e'd

stayed at the scene of the crime. 'Is auntie and uncle 'ad passed away, o' course, and the Count reckoned it must've bin well on into the 19th century by then.

'E frit a lot of people away from the Manor 'Ouse, trying to get 'em to listen to 'im. One owner fetched the Vicar in and tried to get the Count shifted, but it didn't work. The Count thought that it was becos the Vicar warn't a Catholic ... At last it got to the point where nobody would take the Manor 'Ouse on becos it was 'aunted, and nobody would listen to the Count to find out what 'e wanted.

"Excuse me, Count," I said, "but 'ow was it that you never tried to get back to France?"

"Oh, but I did try, M'sieur Quickly," 'e replied. ('E never did manage to get my name right ...) "I tried several times. But always ... ma foi, it sounds incroyable, so stupid ..." 'E stopped, looking proper embarrassed.

"Well, what happened?" Mollie wanted to know.

"Yes, go on," said Judy. "You can tell us. 'We're your friends."

"You will not laugh?" asked the Count anxiously. We all swore as we wouldn't. After all, we wasn't to know what 'e was going to tell us, and 'is story 'adn't bin a bit funny up till then.

"I suffer most bitterly from mal de mer," 'e said, sounding downright ashamed. Kathie grabbed 'er 'ankie and choked in it; one of 'er Grannies was French, and she knew what the words meant.

"What's 'e say?" I asked 'er. Be'ind the 'ankie, she got 'er face straight, looked at the Count and said: "But - how can a ghost suffer from seasickness?"

"Seasickness?" Davy 'owled, and rolled about on the grass, laughing.

"Shut up!" shouted Barry, giving 'im a good thump. "You promised not to laugh!"

"Now look what you've done!" added Colin. We all looked. The Count must've bin proper upset, becos 'e'd lost 'is grip on that ectoplasm stuff, and 'e was nearly invisible again.

We got 'im calmed down after a bit, and Davy said 'e was sorry, and the Count made some more ectoplasm and went solid again.

'E couldn't understand this seasickness business, either, but there it was. Ever since 'e could remember, travelling on water 'ad made 'im bad. Even on a lake or a river - and 'e'd very near died coming over from France to England in the Revolution. So, the first time 'e managed to smuggle 'isself aboard a canal barge what was going down to the coast, they 'adn't gone twenty mile afore 'e 'ad to wish 'isself back to the Manor 'Ouse.

"But why couldn't you 'wish yourself' back to France?" asked Barry.

"I tried that also. It did not work. I think that there would have to be a familiar place ... a home ... a house which - remembered me - do you understand?"

Oddly enough, we did.

"And when the peasants came for me, to take me to Paris and the guillotine, they found me not, and their rage was great. They put my lovely home to the torch, they ravaged my fields and woods." 'Is voice quivered a bit, Carol wiped

'er eyes, and even I 'ad a bit of a lump in me throat ...

"They left nothing, nothing at all that would 'remember' young Alain. So, when I tried to wish myself there, nothing happened."

And then I 'ad a kind of inspiration.

"That's why you was - er - a bit upset this mornin', when the children found you," I said. "The Manor 'Ouse is flattened now, and you've got no 'ome."

"Ah, how well you understand, M'sieur Quickly," the Count sighed. "What am I to do? Can you advise me?"

"Oh, Alf will think of something," said Barry. I appreciated 'is confidence, don't think I didn't, but all the same I was fair mithered ... and they kids was at it again ... all looking at me, waiting for me to do summat.

I looked at the ruins. "Can you stop 'ere for a bit, till we can find you somewhere else?" I asked.

"Down in the cellars?" Colin suggested. "I mean, even if they collapse on you, it can't hurt you or anything, can it?"

The Count agreed, and we all promised to think 'ard, and to come back next day. "You will come, will you not?" said the Count, a bit wistful-like. "To hold converse with people, after so many years of being shunned and feared ... it is like being alive again."

I'll tell you one thing. I'll never be frit of a ghost again, and neether will they kids. I never could stand to think of folks being lonely, and 'oo could be lonelier than a French ghost in England, 'undreds of miles from 'is own place, and 'undreds of years from 'is own time?

That's more or less what I said to Joe Marks in the Cow and Cornplaster that same evening. I decided I'd got to 'ave some 'elp, and although the kids was right fretted about the Count, they couldn't do much, could they?

Joe Marks is a bloke what never gets in a lather over anything. I told 'im th'ole tale; 'im and me 'as bin good pals for a long time, and I was pretty sure 'e wouldn't give me no raspberry. 'Sides, 'e'd 'eard of Lord Algy, same as everybody else in Bugleford.

"The way I see it," I said, "the Count's 'ome 'as got to be a place what was standin' in 'is own time. 'Ere, this place is pretty old, ain't it, Joe? All they oak beams and --"

"Now just you hang on a minute, Alf," Joe butted in. "I'm not having a ghost moaning around in my pub, so don't you go thinking it."

"Why not?" I argued. "Look, Joe - you know all they stately 'omes what's open to the public - which of 'em gets the most visitors? The ones that've got ghosts. If people knows there's a ghost on the premises, 'alf of 'em will go 'unting for it. People enjoys a bit of a frit now and then - else why do they creepy 'X' pictures make so much money? And I'll bet 'alf of 'em what goes to Longleat only goes in the 'ope that one o' they lions will run amuck one day."

"It's elephants that run amuck, not lions," said Joe, but I took no notice.

"Now, the Count is a reasonable young feller, and if you gives 'im a roof over 'is 'ead, 'e'll be that grateful that 'e'll never give you no trouble. 'E'll stay out o' sight when you want 'im to, and put on a bit of a show if you want that - why, you'll 'ave folks comin' from all over to see 'im. Think of the publicity, Joe - 'e'll make yer fortune for yer!"

"I am thinking of it, Alf," said Joe, "and although I see your point, I can't help wondering if Bugleford really wants that kind of publicity. First thing you know, we shall have all the dratted telly people stravaging all over the place, nobody'll be able to have a drink in peace any more, and everybody will be proper upset."

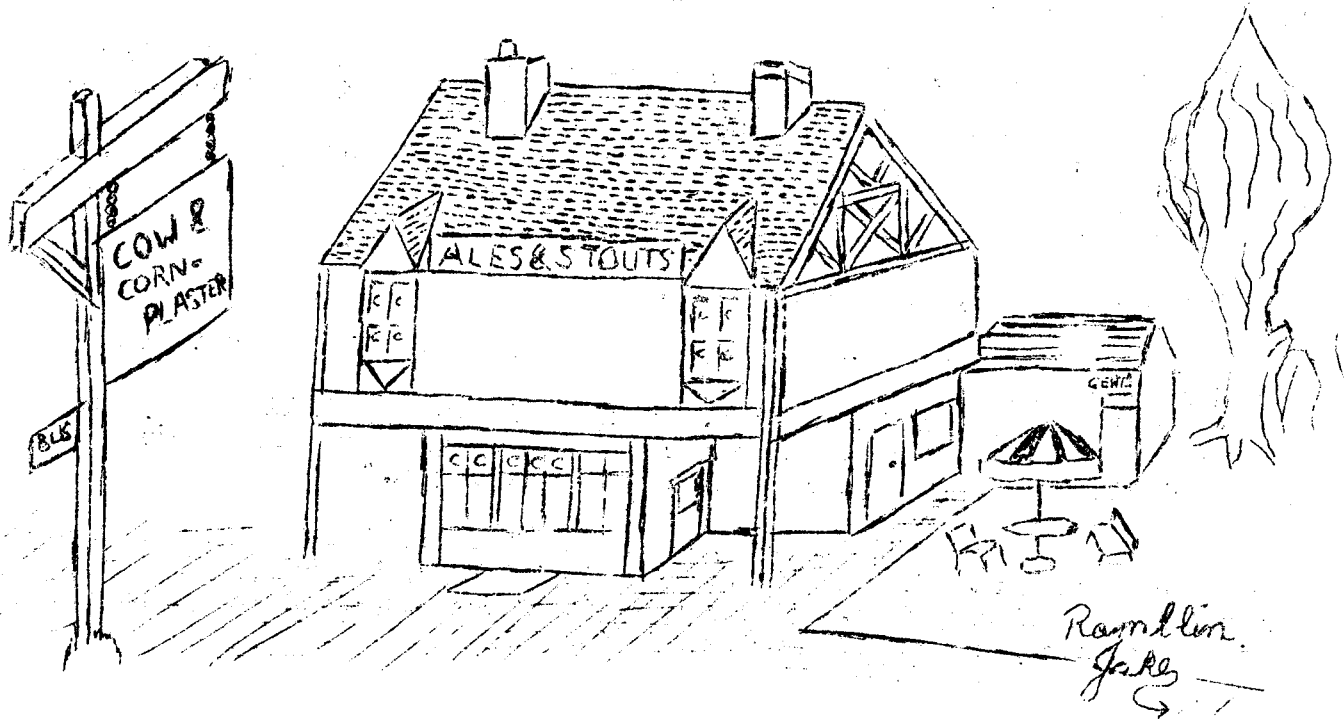
We 'ad another pint apiece, and sat glooming over th'ole business. There was summat nagging at the back of me mind, but it wouldn't come out and let me get a good look at it.

Joe went off to serve down th'other end of the bar. I finished me pint; it was a bit stuffy in the pub, so I went outside and sat down on one of Joe's benches and lit me pipe. There was a bit of a breeze, enough to set the sign swinging. I watched it, sort of without seeing it. It was just the name, the Cow and Cornplaster, no picture - well, it's a funny sort of name to make a picture of, ain't it? The Cow and Cornplaster ... the ...

And then I'd got it.

I rushed back into the pub and nearly knocked Jimmy Crane over. "Joe," I shouted, "you never did tell me 'ow old this place is." "About two hundred years, far as I know," 'e said. Daft Jimmy wanted to know, 'oo was I a-shovin', so I bought 'im a pint to shut 'im up.

"Two 'undred years," I muttered, "yes, that'd be about right."



"What you getting at, Alf?" Joe demanded.

"Any idea 'oo built it? 'Ave you got any original deeds, anything like that?"

"'Course I haven't! What's got into you?"

"Tell you later - but I think you're going to 'ave to take that lodger we was talkin' about, Joe."

+ + + + +

Next morning I took the first bus to Flangewick, and 'ung about till the lib'ry opened. I 'ad to do quite a bit of 'unting in the Local 'istory section, but in the end I found it.

"Bugleford's only inn, the 'Cow and Cornplaster', was built in the late 18th century at the instigation of Lord Algernon Bordesley, who was then Lord of Bugleford Manor. Lord Bordesley was a well-known connoisseur of French wines, and he laid down most of the inn's original stock with the help of his Lady, who was a member of the French aristocracy.

"The inn was built as a memorial to Lord Bordesley's only nephew, who never returned from a business trip to London. It was commonly believed that he had fallen victim to one of the many footpads then infesting the English highways, and his body was never found.

"The present name of the inn is a popular corruption of its original name, which was the partly-anglicised name of the dead man: The Count of Coin-Pâture."

I copied it all out, and rushed back to Bugleford and Joe. That's the only time I ever saw Joe Marks flabbergasted ...

The kids o' course, 'ad bin going near potty, wondering where I'd disappeared to. I told 'em all about it as we panted up the 'ill, and then I 'ad to tell it all over again to the Count.

"How like my uncle," 'e murmured, smiling. "My aunt would have had Masses said for the repose of my soul, but my uncle gave me a practical memorial, for the pleasure and comfort of generations of travellers."

"And that's why people always called you Lord Algy," Colin pointed out. "Somebody must have remembered that there had once been a Lord Algernon here, but they didn't know about you."

The Count nodded, then turned to me.

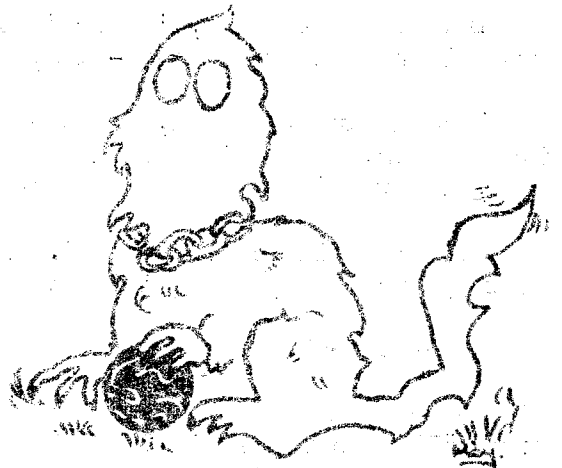
"But ... M'sieur Marks - he is not happy about my staying there? I do not wish to go where I am not wanted."

"I won't tell you no lies, Count. 'E is a bit uneasy, shall we say, but 'e wants to meet you and 'ave a little chat, and 'e does admit that you've got a perfect right to be in a place what was named after you."

That night, soon as it was dark, me and the kids sneaked the Count in the back door of the pub. We told 'in to go as invisible as 'e could, and stay put until after closing time. 'E warn't a bit of trouble - said the place 'ad a nice atmosphere, and 'e felt at 'ome in it.



The kids 'ad told their folks as they was going on a night-ramble with me and the dog, which they'd sometimes done afore. It warn't quite a lie, seeing as 'ow we'd 'ad to climb that perishin' 'ill to fetch the Count. (And I 'oped it'd be the last time an' all - my wind ain't what it was!) So the kids stopped in my cottage till closing-time, then they all trooped into Joe's back kitchen. Ann - Joe's missis - was clean mithered about the ghost, but Joe kept telling 'er that it was only fair that the Count should tell 'is side of it, and she finally gave in. Seeing the kids all eager, and not in the least frit, 'elped to calm 'er down, too, so I sent the littlest of 'em - Judy - to fetch the Count.



"And mind 'e's got 'is ectoplasm on afore 'e comes in," I told 'er. Orf she went, down the cellar.

And it was quite all right. Like I said, the Count was a good-looking young feller, with a smile that must've set the girls a-flutter in 'is own time. Ann and Joe 'aven't got no sons, and when the Count smiled at 'er and bowed, and said 'e was honoured to make the acquaintance of M'sieur and Madame Marks - well, Ann just went all maternal and melted.

The business about the unwanted publicity was soon settled, an' all. Ann was that taken with the Count - calling 'im "Alan" afore the night was over, she was - that she swore she wasn't going to 'ave "the poor soul" bothered. And she made us all promise solemn that we'd never tell nobody about 'im, unless she or Joe said it was all right to tell.

The kids was a bit miffed over this - I s'pose they'd all bin looking forward to telling their school-mates about it - but Ann said they could come and visit the Count, and talk to 'im, so they 'ad to be satisfied with that.

So we all said goodnight, and nobody called Kathie a show-off when she said "Bon soir" to the Count.

"M'sieur Quickly," said the Count, as I was 'alfway out the door, "I wish I had words to thank you for all that you have done. I understand that I may not kiss your cheeks, as we do in France, for this is not the English way - " (I fair come out in gooseflesh at the very idea!) " - but you will permit that I shake your hand?"

I warn't all that sure as it could be done, 'im being a ghost an' all, but anyway I stretched out me 'and, and 'e took it. To this day I ain't sure whether I felt anything or not, but if I did, it certainly warn't unpleasant.

And after all that, 'e warn't there no more than a couple o' months. I popped in the pub one dinner-time, and found Joe and Ann in a right state.

"Come round the back," said Joe. When I got there, Ann unlocked the kitchen door, let me in, and locked it again. The Count was sitting at the table, looking 'appy and sad at the same time.

"What's going on?" I asked. Ann, 'er eyes full of tears, shoved a London paper at me, and pointed to a little 'eadline that said:

"200-year-old Skeleton Found On Excavation Site."

Joe came in while I was reading. I finished the piece, and said to the Count: "It's yours, is it?"

"I am sure of it. Madame Ann read it to me; it says that the remains were found close to Watling Street. The place is right. And you see that it mentions rosary beads, and a crucifix?"

I nodded, and 'e pointed to 'is neck. There they were, a ghost-rosary and a ghost-crucifix. And I realised that 'e wouldn't be with us much longer. The professor chap 'oo'd found the bones 'ad also found the place where the bullet 'ad chipped the Count's breast-bone. Being a clever bloke, 'e'd made a fair guess at what 'ad 'appened - though not that the skeleton 'ad bin a Frenchman.

And, being a Catholic 'isself, 'e was arranging for the skeleton to 'ave a proper Catholic burial ...

I told the kids when they got 'ome from school. 'Course, they was a bit put out, but I told 'em what the Count 'ad said to Ann, when she cried about 'im leaving 'er.

"Dear Madame Ann, for two hundred years I have sought peace. You have been like a mother to me ... if I really were your son, would you deny me the rest I crave?"

So we all went and said goodbye, and the little girls cried, and the Count comforted 'em before 'e went down the cellar to wait for his call to peace, as he put it.

And none of us ever saw 'im again.

Like I said ... I've 'ad some odd jobs in me time ...

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SEQUEL NO. TWO - FROM THE BRISTOL "EVENING POST", AUGUST 22nd, 1967.

CROSSROADS SKELETON - WAS HE A HIGHWAYMAN ?

"... skeleton, unearthed during excavations for road widening near Devizes, may be the last remains of a highwayman. Wiltshire County Council workmen discovered the skeleton buried about four feet deep at the junction of the Erlestoke-Lavington road with the Great Cheverell Road. The bones,

including pelvis, legs, lower jaw and teeth of a fully-grown man, were examined by Mr. Kenneth Annable, curator of Devizes Museum, who dated them at least 200 years old.

"Local rumour has it that the junction, formerly a crossroads, was the last resting place of a notorious highwayman who was shot after a chase in the 18th century. Wiltshire County Records office were yesterday unable to confirm that a highwayman had been buried at the spot. But it is recorded that not far away at St. Joan .. Gore crossroads a highwayman was shot dead. And it is unlikely that his body was buried there.

"But the mystery of the skeleton will probably remain unsolved. For nothing appears to have been buried with the skeleton, which appears to have been disturbed at some time by ploughing."

+ + + + +

The editor of BAD LIMERICKS will confirm that the above news-item appeared in the "Evening Post" after Beryl had written "The Phantom Refugee" ...

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#### BAD LIMERICKS

At a recent meeting, BAD members somehow found themselves caught up in the creation of limericks. Here are a few of the better ones ...

There was a young man named J.G.,  
Who went on a symbolic spree,  
His words, you'll allow  
Were very highbrow -  
But too bloody highbrow for me !

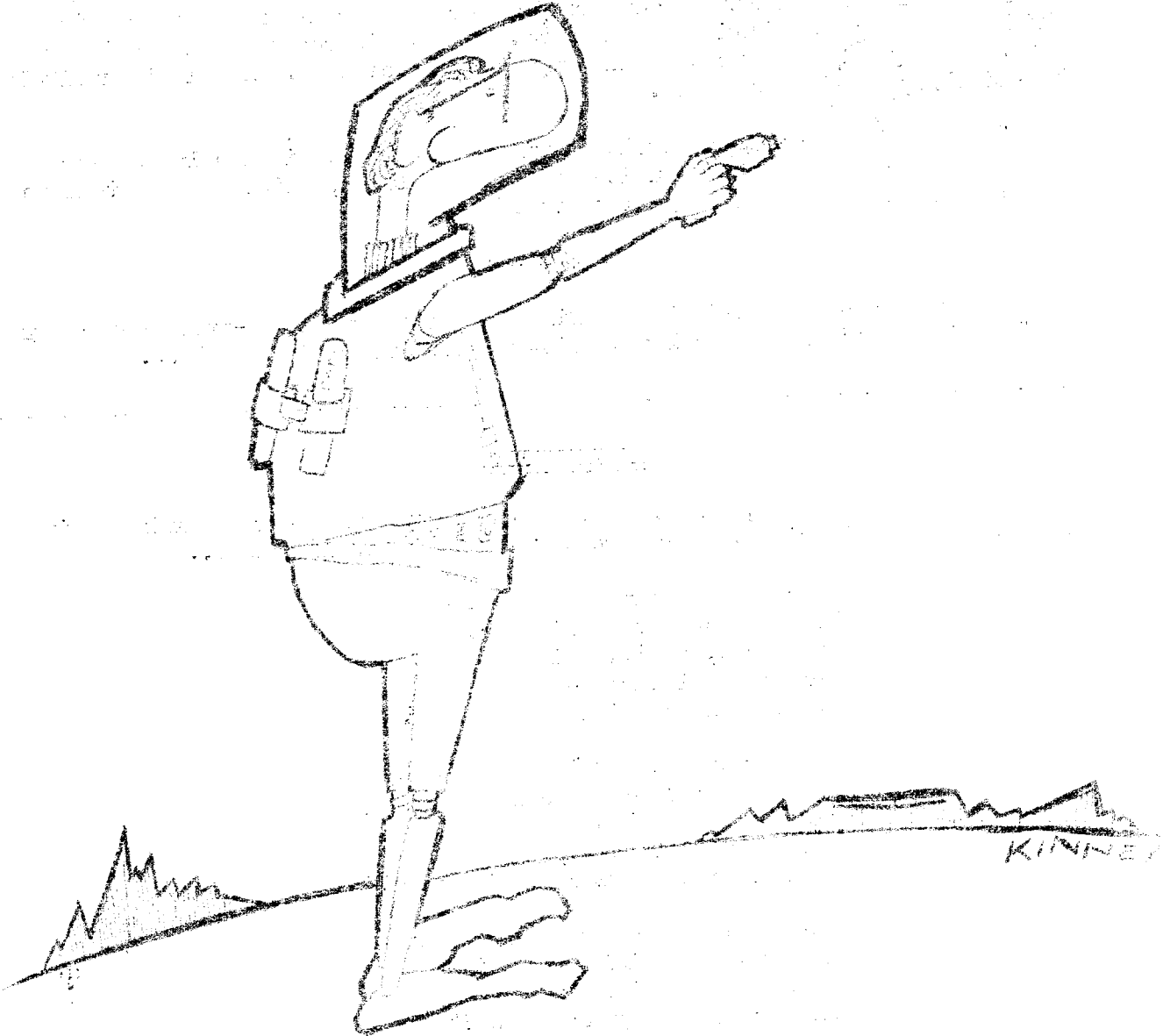
There once was a frère named Jacques,  
Who used to fume beaucoup de bacca,  
His sister dit "Bon -  
Mais quittez le jean,  
Je wish to appliquer mon lacquer !"

There once was a man called Kosygin  
Who went on a visit to Pekin;  
He asked the Chinese:  
"Why are you on your knees ?"  
and they said, "It's a Communist freak-in !"

Pretty young Prudence from Brighton  
Would never undress with the light on;  
The silly young bitch  
Could not find the switch,  
So she spent all the clothes with her night on.

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# MESSCHANCE



George  
Scantlebury

M E S S C H A N C E

... by George Scantlebury

← On the problem of planetary exploration, and the - almost -  
unprecedented solution. →

O'Brian was already twenty paces from the capsule before he realised that what he was doing was clearly impossible. He pulled on his suit radio.

"Richardson !" he shouted. "Hey, wake up !"

Richardson stirred. It was so comfortable in the capsule, he thought. "Ah, Rhonda," he muttered, as he flipped the intercom on.

"O'Brian ? Where are you ?"

"About two hundred yards to the south."

"That's impossible. There's nothing but sea to the south."

"I know. To the east, west and north as well ..."

"Quit monkeying around, O'Brian. What do you want ?"

"Tell Reilly he can come on out. It's safe enough."

"Check."

Richardson broke the contact, and spun around in his chair. Then, "Reilly !" he hollered, "Get out !"

He sat back in his chair. "Rhonda, Rhonda," he mumbled, as he drifted back to sleep.

+ + + + +

Reilly clambered down the ladder from the air-lock, and stood on one of the floats around the base of the capsule, looking around.

"Oh, God," he thought, "nothing but sea."

He switched his radio on.

"Mr. O'Brian, sir ? Where are you ?"

"Over to your left. Get over here, quickly !"

Reilly turned and saw the figure standing a hundred yards off on his left side. The waves lapped nonchalantly around his feet.

"Jesus Christ," thought Reilly. "He's standing on ..."

"Reilly !" shouted the intercom. "To me ! Quick march !"



Reilly instinctively snapped to attention, saluted once and set off straight forward at a trot. He reached O'Brian and stood at ease. Then he looked down - and nearly fainted. ...

"Sir, how is it ... I mean, what ..."

"Easy," said O'Brian. "I expect it can all be simply explained.

Now: Richardson ! Richardson !"

Richardson groaned awake. "Rhonda ..." he thought.

"Get suited up and come out here," ordered O'Brian. "And hurry it !"

The outer air-lock door swung open, and Richardson looked down. There was the sea. It stretched from the base of the capsule to the horizon, in every direction. Richardson strained his eyes and stared. What was that shadow off to the left ? Why, it looked like two human beings standing talking. But: that was clearly impossible, he thought. That just couldn't ...

"Look !" said Reilly.

The two men turned, and saw Richardson fall slowly from the air-lock, screaming as he went. Reilly was to swear, later, that it sounded like a girl's name. The figure turned over and over with limbs splayed everyway, and plunged into the sea with a terrific splash. A few minutes later, the sea in the vicinity was turning an ugly red.

"It appears," said O'Brian, "that this planet might be inhabited after all."

"And right unfriendly creatures they seem too, sir, if I might say."

"Reilly, we might as well depart ..."

There was a mad race to reach the capsule first. Halfway up the ladder, Reilly stopped, thoughtful.

"If I might be so bold, sir, I was just wondering ... well, that is, why ... ?"

O'Brian paused, and looked down.

"Reilly," he said, "didn't I always tell you Richardson had no faith ?"

+ + + + +

Hours later, when the capsule was in space and safely locked on its homeward course, O'Brian said, "Reilly, this all reminds me of a girl I used to know. Did I ever tell you about Rhonda ?"

+ + + + +

# BAD SHOTS

BRYN FORTEY  
90 Caerleon Road  
Newport, Mon.

BADINAGE-2 received and read. As should be the case, the Comrep provided the best reading. No, I don't mean the section provided by Jon and myself. I refer to the Tony Walsh pieces. Very well put over word pictures. While reading it I could even sense the atmosphere of the Con.

'Sun Gone' was good, but should, I felt, have been better. It started well, and was a good idea, but tailed off at the end. In my opinion anyway.

The L.P. reviewed by Mike Ashley was part of the background sounds at the great Chris Priest flat warming party. So though I have heard it, I haven't given it the attention I would like to. However, I must take Mike to task on one point.

Mike said - 'It still amazes me that I like this track, not being a particular blues fan, but there it is.' The track referred to is RED HOUSE.

If this is your feeling, Mike, then it should have been stated for virtually everything Hendrix has so far recorded. And if you do like him as much as you seem to, then you are on the way to becoming a blues fan.

Jimi Hendrix is commercial, indeed, ultra commercial, but basically he has his roots in the blues. This is throughout his music and not just, as you implied, on this single track.

The guy is a blues influenced singer and guitarist who has hit upon a gimmicky presentation and hair style. And good luck to him. I think he has one of the best current top twenty sounds, but let us place him in his correct slot.

Jimi Hendrix is a purveyor of commercial blues.

On the whole, an enjoyable issue.

CHRIS PRIEST  
2 Walsingham Mansions  
Fulham Road  
London S.W. 6

After a period of three months without a fanzine in sight, and I hold my breath lest fandom had at last expired, Badinage arrived. And was suitably devoured. For some reason its arrival has restored my long-lost fannish urges, and I find myself peering anxiously at unsuspecting postmen to see if they are carrying the once-familiar brown quarto envelopes. The Fulham GPO, incidentally, hasn't yet tumbled to the fact that it has two fans on its list of customers. The odd-shaped parcels of yesteryear are doubtless still being delivered to Doddinghurst. Talking of this, my parents tell me that since I left home the postal deliveries have reverted to once daily, and they now have a regular postman. All the time I was there it always seemed to me that they'd drawn lots to see who was going to take the lorry up to Willow Close. I don't think I ever saw the same postman twice in one week.

"Sun Gone" was pretty terrible. Beryl can do better than this. Or she should be able to. (There was no plot, lovey.)

Mike Ashley's comments on Hendrix were rather interesting, methinks. My only criticism is that his comments were not viable. Unless one played the track in question at the time of reading, remarks like, "this one's got a good beat", or "there's an interesting ending" just don't mean anything. My own feeling about Hendrix is that he has some good ideas, and his guitar-work is incredible, but the overall sound is very samey. I'd like to see him play live. (Johann Sebastian Live, that is.)

Aye, it was a good Con. Or to put it more subjectively, it was the Con I enjoyed the most so far. I must say that after seeing 'Relativity' I anticipated a veritable orgasm of fanzines to appear commenting upon it one way or the other. In terms of reaction it was probably the most successful Con-film ever. Wonder if it could be booked as a permanent feature at all Cons ... I remember walking through the Con-hall in the early hours of Easter Monday and hearing at least three individual groups of people talking about it. I guess that most fans will be chary of going out on a limb about it, in print at least. It is a very difficult film to accept passively. (I see, incidentally, it has been withdrawn from the hirer's list ...)

I think Darroll Pardoe's letter, more than any other individual item in Badinage, gave me my present fannish mood. Mention of (long lost?) fanzines such as Hyphen and Retribution emphasised poignantly what he was saying. Do you realise that there is no 100% faanish British fanzine at the moment? Definitely a sad lack. I wonder whether it would be worthwhile producing an anthology-fanzine of the Best of the Golden Oldies? At the very least it would give contemporary fans an insight into What They're Not Writing. Or, maybe, what they're not capable of writing.

↵ Were the old fanzines really that good, or is it another manifestation of the "Good Old Days" syndrome? Times change, fads change, styles change. Although present fanzines may be different, to be different does not necessarily mean to be inferior. To others who may feel the same - don't sit in the corner muttering, come out and write something, as you think something should be written. The Golden Oldies won't return unless you do something - anything - about it! ↘

TOM JONES  
27 Lansbury Ave.  
Rossington  
Doncaster  
Yorks.

The cover looks as though it had partly been filled in with confu, and so I can't really judge the illoc; the back cover is good though. So you also charge postage with a loc, that makes two of us; wonder if it's going to be a trend.

I can only say that I am ashamed of Bryn and Jon, fancy having a ticket at all, supporting the English economy, that's what it is, bach. Trevor Payne is condemned by his own statement, after all if he saw something funny in the sentence then he must have a funny mind.

I liked PARTICULARITY, it inspires another Finagle's Law: "If you find a particle theory that works then someone will find a particle to show that it doesn't."

I quite liked SUN GONE, I could be critical and say that out past the orbit of Uranus the sun would appear as no more than a bright star and Earth would be difficult to see with the naked eye, but I won't as the rear view screen was probably linked to a telescope device.

Grief, surely someone has told Beryl Mercer what T Man is all about, it's about drugs, a tambourine man is a drug pusher, note particularly verses 2 and 4, with lines such as "Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship", and "Then take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind."

The usual assortment of locs; I'll swear that whenever I read a loc by Darroll Pardoe I can hear violins with a chorus of semi-gafiated BNFs crying in the background as we come to the part of the loc which means the loss of the Good OLD Zines. (( See comments on Chris Priest's loc. )) Not only are fans intolerant, they are reactionary.

Mike Ashley is quite right, as soon as I saw the Jimi Hendrix Ex. on TotPs I was converted, and from that day I have never looked back from disliking him. Anyone who plays a guitar with his teeth/immediately incurs my wrath. The thought that one day some spit (saliva) will drop into the innards of the guitar and JH will get 250 volts AC at 50 cycles up his front teeth is the only thing that stops me from exiting whenever he appears. I like that first line or two in the 3rd paragraph, it sounds like advertising Ovaltine is the height of luxury.

ROB WOOD  
27 Rochford Ave.,  
Shenfield  
Essex.

Many thanks for BAD-2. I see my name twice in it - ahah, progress! Artwork and presentation were spot-on! Editorial and locolumn were well worth reading - and, at last, a fnz without a 'review' of fnz!! Tarrah!! (( When I see a fanzine which I think would be helped by a review in

BADINAGE, and deserves to be publicised, then I will include such a review. Otherwise no. ))

I wasn't at the Con, so the Conrep was not that startling to me, but the other contents were good. I enthused over Rob Johnson's "Particularity", and Beryl Mercer's "Sun Gone." H'mm, that damn "Tambourine" again, I would say a lot more about Dylan, but I've got a lot to say about Mike Ashley's article in a mo', so I won't.

After briefly praising Gray Boak's look at the SF prozine field of yesterday, may I now move on to the main bulk of my loc - Mike Ashley's article - which inspired in me a lot of thought, both with and against him.

Whilst I like Jimi Hendrix up to a point (I agree "Hey Joe" and "The Wind Cries Mary" are both outstanding tracks) - I fear Mike has basically fallen into thinking that Jimi is an excellent guitarist - he is a good guitarist, yes, but the atmosphere of his discs is due 85% to the electronic techniques of the Polydor Studio technicians! (( Which I don't think is necessarily a bad thing. )) Take the "fuzz" away and you'd find many pop guitarists - say Eric Clapton of "The Cream" - could play him off the stage!

Now I have seen Jimi rehearsing for "Top of the Pops" and it is, I think, significant that after his first "live" appearance on the show with "Hey Joe", all subsequent appearances to date have been pre-recorded on a video-tape, mimed to his discs - which leads me to believe that he just couldn't play the songs without a lot of technical "feed-back" and balance manipulation and hours of preparation. "Purple Haze" - it is reputed to have taken 9 hours to record, written and recorded with Jimi totally under the influence of some kind of hallucinatory drug! The L.P. (titled somewhat pornographically "Are You Experienced") has been described by a leading trade-paper as "A FUZZ-BOX NIGHTMARE" - I must agree!

Hendrix is not psychedelic, nor is he (as is inscribed on a wall in South London) - GOD. "Are You Experienced" track, Mike, can't be 93 m. 56 sec. - though that is probably just a typo. (+ ( It was - sorry, Mike! - I've just

thumped my proof-reader ... BM )+)

But, basically, how can you attribute the term "pioneer of music" to Jimi, without attributing "pioneer of electronics" to the technicians at Polydor/Track records. Anyway, I think overdone fuzz is a sign of anything but a "pioneer in music."

Jimi Hendrix's best tracks, musically and expressively, are "Hoy Joe", "Stone Free" and "Wind Cries Mary" - based on those I would have said Hendrix was excellent, but now he has fallen slave to the fuzz-box, it seems! Certainly Eric Clapton shows more variety in technique. But then if you want a really good guitarist you don't even consider the exponents of the electric guitar - (though Chet Atkins and Went (+sp.?)+) Steinhuis are admittedly excellent exponents of the electric guitar, as was Django Reinhardt) - but the acoustic guitar of Manitas de Plata or José Feliciano are surely more pleasing to the ear; certainly for me. Would you seriously compare Hendrix with someone like Julian Bream - a true "pioneer of music".

This is not an act of aggression towards Mike, who is a good friend, but I felt a need to clarify this whole concept of "pop guitarists" and their merits. - End of LoC.

SPINCE III (alias ... BADINAGE-2 is chiefly notorious for its lack of interior DARROLL PARDOE) artwork. I am well aware of Archie's dislike for 11 Cheniston Gardens duplicating artwork, but I do think that a certain amount London W.8 of it brightens up the interior of a fanzine no end.

←← If we'd had any artwork ... I hope (fervently!) that this issue is a little better. →→ Oh well, perhaps the small number of British fanartists is partly responsible. I see the customary copyright statement on the contents page is missing: why? Not that it makes any difference, of course, but at least it sets out the position nice and clearly ... I am reminded of the time Charles P---t pirated something from LS and then protested it wasn't copy-right ... hmmm. We soon sorted him out, that time.

At last I find someone who shares my appreciation of LA JETÉE. That was a wonderful film, and I entirely agree with Tony's assessment of it. ←← So do I. →→ I was just bored by RELATIVITY. Too much like a cine-Ballard for my taste. It's amazing, is it not, how everybody's recollections of the convention are different to one another ... I'm sure the other reports of the con that are forthcoming will present entirely different pictures of the proceedings. But it makes for interesting reading, all right.

Now, the account of Bryn and Jon's journey home is curious ... for British Rail abolished third class in 1957 ... odd, that. ←← But they were going to Wales ... →→

Simone's article on Goering was, I think, too short. It was just long enough to get me interested in its subject. I'm sure that there must be a lot of interesting things that could be said about the man, and ought to be said, even.

I must take issue over the letter column. It is well known that in LS I am very severe in editing down the letters, almost to nothing in some cases, but there's no need to go to the opposite extreme and not edit at all. The old rule that generally works pretty well, is that you should at least cut out the pure egoboo from the letters before publishing them, even if you can't see your way to cutting them down more extensively. No wonder fmz have such large lettercols ... it's easy, the way you do it. ←← Fair Comment, though I personally enjoy reading locs. Still, this issue's have been more severely edited, believe it or not! →→



Have the BM asked for a copy of number 0 yet? Talking of the BM, I had a receipt for LS-18 two days after I'd published it ... must be a record, I think. Surely they can't have cleared away their three years' backlog yet? Be a miracle if they had!

However, there were some interesting points in the letters ... so while it was an overlong column, it was not a boring one.

Ha! Archie's attempt at being Sankay and/or Moody certainly drew lots of comment, mostly justified. Archie's title to the article reminded me of 'Orgasmic Variations for Tape Recorder and Zither' ... of happy memory (if anyone can place the quote, anymore). However, the reaction to the article was of greater interest than the article itself. It seems that Archie has been listening under very non-ideal conditions. And most people seem to record their tapes at  $3\frac{3}{4}$  ips, a speed which I am becoming more and more dissatisfied with. It is inadequate for any kind of musical recording, really.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ips is much better, or even 15. But then, you need a good loudspeaker system, too.

Dylan certainly is not the clearest of singers, but does that matter? He is certainly clearer than some (Ronnie Drew of the Dubliners, for instance), and I have not found any difficulty in deciphering the words (though I have usually taken the precaution of looking them up beforehand). But the way he sings is an essential part of the song ... any other way, a part at least of the emotional charge would be lost. Imagine, for example, (extreme example), "JUST LIKE A WOMAN", sung in Albi cathedral by the assembled parish choirs of the Departement of Tarn. It'd be curious to listen to, but not quite the same, somehow. I'm exaggerating, of course, but you see the meaning, I hope.

So ... if I went on any longer you'd have to edit this LoC, wouldn't you?

CHAS LEGG                      After spending most of this morning staring down a microscope at  
5 Park Close                      zoology slides (in preparation for an exam tomorrow) I thort that  
Longmeadow                      I'd flipped when I saw the front cover. I dumbo if anyone else  
Stevcnage                      thinks so but that cover looks a lot like a slide of Amoeba  
Herts.                      PROTEUS (how's about that for a plug, eh Tom?) Mind you, after  
   an hour staring down a microscope the mind plays funny tricks.

Ah, the first conrep that has come to light so far. Very interesting and it makes me almost wish that I was there. Oh, I know that I was at the con and I know that I was at half the things mentioned but it just doesn't seem the same from my point of view. Perhaps that's because cons are generally pretty socialised events and it depends on who you're with as to how the con appears to you. For instance could someone down there pleez tell me exactly when it was that Brian Hampton took a pic of Marie plus tripod. A copy of the pic at the moment enhances me bedroom door, but I'm unable to place it at all. Or was it taken before I arrived at the scene of the ~~living~~ convention? And you haven't had a good journey home from a con until you've had one like I had. But that at the moment is copyright and is appearing in nextish of COMEASS (Better and better. Two plugs for fnz and only reached page nine!)

Before reading Rob's article I thought that I knew something about atomic physics. But it appears that I was wrong all the same. Mind you, at least I've heard of the dreaded QUARK. I remember that vividly cos it was at the con. We'd all piled into Gray Boak's room and were trying to listen to some Phil Ochs, and this little group by the door persisted in chatting about Quarks. Of course, it's only a short time before someone writes the saga of the HUNTING OF THE QUARK.

I wonder, would the loss of the sun affect someone that much tho' ? I doubt it really. (( As likely as some psychological quirks that assorted people have. e.g. those people who can't stand flying. That's incomprehensible to me, yet it's quite a common complaint. )) And the other point is that I would think it most likely that the psychologists working on said space project would have noticed this primitive belief in the mind of the pilot, long before the flight. Just one point, Beryl, could you explain how that something deemed 'utterly impossible by mathematics can exist ? I would like to know very much cos it'd take a lot of the worries out of my life. Or would it be more accurate to interpret that sentence as meaning that it was impossible according to mathematical theory ? In other words, and this is a much heart felt plea, would all writers with highly limited knowledge of science please not ruin good stories by trying to explain things away too much. (( Be fair - mathematics is done by mathematicians, who can be as fallible as anyone. Many things have been proved impossible by mathematics, and then carried out by engineers. It's a matter of taking the correct basic assumptions. )) (+( Chas - the ship was powered by the Dean Drive ... ! BM ))+

This isn't specifically aimed at you, Beryl, but it's just a point that your story brought to light. It's all part of me persecution complex really. I spend two years finding out what is what in elementary science and then to go and find that someone thinks it's all different grates a bit on me mind. (( Boy - try reading any up-to-date science journal ! ))

And while we're at it I vote that as all the Dylan fans have written reams on their liking of Dylan, Archie should write an article in favour of the music or musician that he likes best. (( Tell ? ))

Good lord, I do believe that Gray has found a new answer to the fnz storage problem. He eats his copies of C/A. Well, how else could he know about their distinctive flavour ??????

If Darroll hasn't seen an amateur zine with printed covers like that then he ought to see our school mag. For some reason this illustrious publication is always produced by professional printers. I suppose that would be ok if it weren't for the fact that the quality of the contents nowhere near merits the quality of the repro. Not only that but once the zine has been produced the school then insist that you buy one because of all the work that has gone into it. Consequently we end up with a magazine of the lowest literary quality imaginable being kept going on a constant captive audience. Like a nationalised industry there is little impetus to make a real go of things because however bad it is it'll still sell. None of which has anything to do with the LoC but I felt it was something interesting to say.

God, fans don't half have weird eating habits (or perhaps monks who change for dimer do too ...) I mean, there's Gray back there eating his C/A's and there's Tom here now who's living on a staple diet.

Humm, nothinks people should always carry a copy of this zine with them so that when people come flying offa trains they can have their BANDAGE (BANDINAGE) ready for a bit of first aid. (( Ha ha. )) And what does that 'At last, the MARCH OF THE MAD ~~ONIONS~~ ONIONS' mean ? Hummm, our local cinema should sell delousing powder in the interval. (Sorry for implying that their flea-pit is a flea pit).. Ah, it just goes to prove that the northerners all pronounce it as FILLUM. However, where I hail from we always rely on the good old English version of FILM. I mean, were it to be pronounced like that it'd be spelt FILLUM, would it not. Anyway, after looking at that word for a bit it makes me

think of a Red Indian for some reason.

And yet again you have managed to use a quote that I've heard before. But I don't think that that camel bit was in the story mentioned.

P.S. I have been discriminated against. Everyone else is referred to in the zine by their contracted names, but I still am referred to as Charles. And I hate it! Perleez, anything but that? (+ (We are scarcely tempted! - A&BM) +)

MARY REED  
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Banbury, Oxon.

Yesterday I saw a Terrible Thing - a Chinese lady eating her chop suey with a spoon, yet! Having recovered from that successfully, I think I'll loc BADINAGE-2 - danko mushling for said fnz. artwork, then: f/c immediately reminded me of the Hendrix lp track THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN, ('Spoons' Ashley played us the lp at a recent minicon), which track somehow reminds me of the intro to the Byrds' 8 MILES HIGH, though there's little real similarity about them. Backover was typical Illya. Harry's illoc on p.38 must be insect-eyed at Jon's loc, cy? Incidentally, who drew Badman? He reminds me of a ~~pongy~~ peanut - only not so hairy!

The method for doing a group conrep was rather nifty. A kind of integrated splintering, if you see what I mean. The only thing was that having to stop and consider which initials belonged to whom dragged me back a bit - I've gotten all except for DB (not Dave Baldock, surely?), JG and BF - Bob Franklin, mobbe? No, don't think so. C'mon, who were they?

Hmm, I'm not too sure about the authenticity of PARTICULARITY (try singing that to the tune of DEM BONES), but as a way of learning nuclear physics, it's excellent.

SUN GONE was superb - easily the best of Beryl's serious work (or at least, of the ones I've seen so far). There was a poignant air about it that appeals immensely.

I wonder if Herr Helmut Winter got the idea from the Storybodian method of making war, in which they bombard their enemies with cold rice puddings, the devils??

Simone, the name 'Goering' conjures up a pic of a herring with a ring through its nose (memo: do herrings have noses?). Grasshopper mind again - no, not grasshopper so much this time, perhaps, as the odd pictures certain words or phrases conjure up. Now, having 'set the scene' so to speak, I should like to know why you find him interesting - can do? I've just completed RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH, but this tome made no mention (so far as I can recall) of his addiction to morphine.

Lettercol next: Keith Walker. I would never make C/A an all-letter fnz (even if the lettercol does send great long tentacles all over the shop), because it wouldn't be so much fun to produce, which, you know, is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the reason why I do edit C/A. Should one be started, strikes me that the best plan would be to begin from scratch, and do an 'ordinary' ish in order to get the letters rolling and continue therefrom.

Archie: speaking of mummies, d'you recall that awful definition of mine that a mummy is an Egyptian pressed for time?

Darroll: odd, that. I'm not overkeen on HABBAKUK. (Incidentally, isn't there a book in the Jehovah's Witness Bible which bears that name?) One thing though: as an intro to English fandom, would it not be better to have an English fnz? Or did you mean fandom in general, not English fandom in particular? (Or should I say 'British'? I never can remember which one's supposed to use).

Tom: do you mean by 'modern' poetry the non-scanning type? If so, then I'd recommend Dave Baldock's work, some of Rob Wood's (not all of his work is non-scanning) and my favourite one of Beryl's - POET'S KISS. Hey, what about re-printing it, Gray? Odd you should mention a 'Dylan word machine' - did you see that (rather unkind) cartoon in the NME with one in it? To return to non-scanning poetry - I've only written a few poems in that form but have found it is often easier to express one's feelings (and, conversely, sometimes harder) in that form, than in the traditional rhymes. Some things, too, are better written un-scanned - it makes them far more effective, I feel.

'Ariel Pixie' conjures up a delicious picture of a metal sprite!

Speaking of the Badgroup going round half-starkers, did those missing jamas from the Bristolcon ever get returned?

Fear not, henceforth Ju and I are the 'BanFan Group'. Nifty, ey??

Jon: I learned recently that Fenner is Welsh (which would explain her continual visits to the Fodwhackian Leek Mines there. And no, 'Leek' Lloyd didn't come therefrom) - I wonder if any of her ancestors were included in the McMarmites??

Mike: didn't you think, when you first saw Jimi on TOP/FOPS, how Dylan-esque he is? Not just the hair, the kind of sadness that seems to hang around him? Yet it wasn't 'til THE WIND CRIES MARY that his lyrics became Dylanish - like 'You can see happiness walking down the street / Its footprints rusted red / And the wind cries "Mary".' (That's from memory, so could be slightly 'out' here and there.)

Surely HIGHWAY CHILE is meaning HIGHWAY CHIL' (CHILL)? Do the lyrics fit this premise? FOXY LADY ... I wonder if anyone recalls Johannes Barfoot's deciding that I resembled the Roadrunner?

THIRD STONE puts me in mind of an lp Dave Baldock played us one time. What was it called, again? The f/c was a woodcut from the Tolls FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, I think - and I'm fairly certain that it mentioned 'MOON' in the title. No doubt Dave can tell you. Anyhow, there was a superb track, based on WALTZING MATILDA, which is one of the few titles that have literally raised the hairs on my neck. But what's the flippin' lp-title????

I've only ever seen old sf around Newcastle, though I can't vouch for Gateshead, not having undertaken a search for it there, ever. Harry, is the Redhugh Libby still there? Used to go there as a child - y'ever join it? I was wondering what its sf-f section was like. I've still got me library tickets (Though they've probably expired since) too, somewhere.

ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN

"Idiocy Couchant"

11 Heath Lodge

Caravan Site

Danesbury Park Road

Welwyn, Herts.

Many thanks 4 Badinage-2. General impression is that B2 is at least as good as B1 & u will doubtless recall my remarks anent that!

Took me some time to get the full meaning of the title of Beryl's article. I think the problem of how 2 describe the activities of any group (except, of course, a cricket, tennis, or other single-interest type) is universal. I,

for instance, am treasurer of a social club, & have not yet found an adequate description 4 what we do.

Excellent Comrep, Tony's pieces in particular. Surprising what u miss, ennit?

Have we now decided to allow the Welsh 2 become a nation, h'umm? Surely u can't have nationalism without some form of nation, and, since Offa's Dyke was

filled in & the Welsh started their lemming-like migration to civilisation they have forfeited all claims to any form of national identity. After all, they are governed from London, whereas both the Scots & the Ulstermen have their own governments, tho' admittedly the Scottish Office is, I believe, at least partially controlled by Westminster.

Liked Beryl's story.

I find it rather ironic that Goering should be taken 2 a Jew's house to have his wound dressed. 'Tis a v. interesting article & tells me a lot about the man behind the uniform. Has Simone found out what the Windsors were doing @ Carinhall ?

Ta again, mite.

MARTIN PITT  
84 Wood Lane  
Handsworth  
Birmingham 20.

THE ARGUMENT. Firstly a/w. I presume the cover was intended to give an air of grubby grumous grotticism, because it succeeded rather well. << Well - I liked it ! I admit it didn't come across too well after duplicating. >>

Bacover is fair but unremarkable: a shape which uses without obscuring the space, similar in treatment to many other illoes. The best thing about the interior is the absence of those foul Santos spacefillers. << While carefully avoiding any suggestion of flattery, I can't imagine there being any objection to any Santos spacefillers ... >> The worst thing is Badman who has, so far as I can see, no virtues, artistic, humorous, of character or otherwise. Having ~~skipped~~ er, dealt with the a/w, now for

The rest of the 'zine. Hey, that's a good idea, having a list on page one of what's on the different pages. Reckon it ought to be introduced widely.

Sympathise with Beryl's description of fanac and explaining it to non-fen. I have this trouble when recruiting for the Nottingham group. "Do you have selected Topics for Discussion at these meetings ?" they ask. "Er, no," I say. "They just sort of happen and we talk about things." We have a very good time, but I couldn't really say how or why. Even worse is explaining why I like SF to someone inexperienced in the field but with considerable literary experience. "Assuming," he says, "that science fiction is not (as you say) simply fiction about science, in what way would you say that this speculative form of literature adds to modern developments in fiction ?" "Well," I say, thinking frantically. Didn't Moorcock or Brunner or someone say SF was the only truly modern literature? Can't seem to remember the cogent reasons used at the time, though. Nor can I show him why certain techniques are not gimmicks even if they sound like it, when I bring it up. In fact, when pushed, I have to admit to having read comparatively little SF, having a miniscule collection and really preferring nice, well-written space-opera.

Conreps are as personal as people's attitudes to con-going, so any further comment is superfluous.

Hearty congratulations, Rob Johnson, on writing one of the few worthwhile attempts at fan-poetry. Don't know if I would actually grace it with the title of prose-poem (which is a maltreated and overworked double-noun), but as a space-expanded essay it's very good.

SUN GONE by BM is a piece of fan-fiction which ... hey, I haven't read it. Hang on a bit. Ah yes. A (now) typical Beryl situation-twist of an ending. Nicely written if a little apersonalized.

Lucky, lucky Simone, having lots of spare time for reading. Potted biogs of famous characters are always interesting; my penultimate English master

was an expert at selecting facts to sum someone up in a paragraph to most unusual effect. Seem to recall dear old Schickelgruber did a bit of trench-work in the War To End All Wars, too.

Och ! What a horrible way to spell jawohl ! And surely 'doch' or 'oder' would have fitted better ?

How to lose friends and aggravate people is to express some (any) opinion remotely connected with Dylan. From what I can see, he is somewhere between god walking the earth and a moronic junkie with the morals and musical/literary ability of a chimpanzee. I'm keeping strictly neutral, thank you.

Commenting on LoCs is like the literary pundits' game of criticizing criticism until the literature is totally ignored.

Sorry I forgot to comment on the rather pleasant Bell illo of a cheery saucer-eyed knight. Rather reminiscent of MiK in the good old BSG/Zenith days. Or perhaps that feeling is enforced upon all those brave enough to stencil direct, rather as the Japanese method of holding a paintbrush gives that characteristic effect almost independent of the artist.

Nice informative article on Hendrix by Mike A. Is BiDinage becoming a genzine ? ← It publishes anything it gets that the editor likes. Does that make it a genzine ? If so, then yes. →

On Gray's plea about magazines, I might say it's a pity the BSFA was in an unfortunately weak condition and couldn't give NW the boost it so desperately needs. I've only seen one public advt for it, and I wrote that myself (2/3 of the way up the Monument, inside.) I know of only 2 places in London where it is on open display (bookstalls on larger stations.) The trade informs me that the new NW has not yet arrived in the Heart of England (Brum) - thankyou, distributors. There exists one copy in the Nott'm area (a special order) and 2 in Brum (both bought by me - in London.) I now ask for a copy in every sizable bookshop or newsagent I pass (to be told "only on order"); by skilful use of sunglasses, white and dark shirts, a mac and a jacket, I hope to build up enough of a demand to get it on display. Only then will people buy it (i.e. when they see it) and British SF may live again.

Right, thanks for B-2 and Wi'd'sch'n ...

MOIRA READ

43 Gopsall Street  
Leicester.

Many thanks for Badinage-2. I'm not sure who to thank for sending it (or curse ... ? Never !)

Why does Badman wear a mortar ... mortar ... mortar ... oh hell - hat ? Is he trying to teach us something ?

Enjoyed B2 however, not less in that reading the locs it occurred to me that - I hadn't fully read B1 ... (agh ! Forgive me, Beryl, I couldn't even remember what The March of the Mad Onions was about. Some of them did turn up tho. They've been lurking horribly on the top shelf in the kitchen for ages.) So, courage and crowbar in hand, I attacked the drawer containing all my ~~xxxxxx~~ files/paper/etc. ... funny about that drawer - one of those the-inside-is-not-necessarily-smaller-than-the-outside marvels. When the contents are out the front room is submerged in paper, but it all goes back somehow. Needless to say B1 was at the very bottom ...

This was going to be a loc on B2 ... sorry !

In a way the lack of interior artwork was disappointing, but I didn't miss it, if you know what I mean. But the front cover was disappointing, and the back cover mediocre. Very uninspiring, in fact. Is the lowest smudge on the front c. meant to be something or is it just that ?

Seems a bit belated to enter the Tambourine controversy, but did nobody mention that a Tambourine man is not in fact anything to do with instruments Salvation-Army-wise etc., but a drug pusher? Likewise a Rainy Day woman is hash, reefer, smoke, whatever. Look it up in the U.N. bulletin on Narcotics, they've got enormous lists of drug terms. The whole thing makes very interesting reading actually - a factual report as against the present drug hysteria.

I rave over Jimi Hendrix ... no more need be said. I've heard this LP and it was totally unlike my ideas about it before I'd actually listened to it.

Some mundanes are mundanes, just that. The bloke upstairs, we've just discovered, is a fantastic personality - but the only SF/? he reads is Bradbury. He thinks said author is years ahead of his time ... Beryl, what do you think on this? Mortal curiosity ... but I never thought of Bradbury in that way.

The conreport was marvellous - just like the con - vivid fragments and impressions, quotes, talk and people and people and people. I've never got Tony's dreamy state, mainly because I'd rather stay sober and see what's going on ... (all right - so I'd rather listen than talk ... !!!) Roll on next Easter ... hey - for once I'll be fairly near the place it's held - marvellous! And you can get N/C Brooon there ... ~~((( aahhh ... )))~~

Would children really be affected by 'Relativity' ... dunno ... that film did at least make me glad I don't eat meat ...

'Fraid the Welsh Nationalists left me cold ... all Welshmen have inferiority complexes anyway ... or so I'm told! As I've always flunked physics and can't conceive the physicist's mind, Rob Johnson's poem was read once and hastily abandoned.

I don't know whether I liked Beryl's story or not, it was well-written, interesting, but in a way it left me cold. But it's also sticking in my memory ... hmmm ... surely tho' the hero would be able to rationalise his feelings to a certain extent? Especially if he could relate it to his childhood. I'm talking thru' Badman's hat perhaps ...

Ah well - 'tis adieu, adieu, an' all that ...

JOHN MUIR  
50 Holker Street  
Chorlton-on-  
Medlock  
Manchester 13  
Lancs.

Ta for BAD-2. Shall now loc it ('cos I'm a mean galoot.)  
Weirdo f/c. Was it supposed to be deliberately faded? I'm  
sure I can make out a face on that rock thing that's hurtling  
around "planet 2." Is there a space-ship on't bottom of the  
f/c?

After reading "I've Got It - BAD!" by B.M. I know at least what goes on in a Bristol & Dist. SF Club meeting, if nowt else. No wonder Brian and Sarah jumped up and down, while they were listening to a dreaded - dare I say it - Beatles LP.

If any more info on the onions appears in 'Evening Post', print it. I'm intrigued to know where a smoll of onions could possibly come from.

The Briscon Report 67 was really ... erm ... fab? ... nice? ... good? ... great? - that's it, great! Best tingey in the zinc. Also good was the following "Report" (?)

Particularity. When I get this ... poem ... I'll write you again.

Sun Gone I could've enjoyed more, y'see I read the ending first, just the sort of mental things I do.

"The Rest of the Few" was a "nice" little filler. Does it really take 100,000 bullets to kill 1 VietCong?

Why is Simone Walsh so interested in Goering ? I dunno, but I liked the article.

ARCHIE MERCER: Have you REALLY listened to T. Man ?

How can Mushling get from T-Man to blood-orange sellers to Shakespeare to a play called Major Barbara to a song sung by the Red Army Choir in a few lines ? Beats me.

Now for a real gem of an article. M.A. is right again. J.H. Experience are the greatest people in da record world 'ceptin for Bob D. An' his LP is great.

Where are the mags of Yesteryear ? - was OK, but in M/C we're lucky. I know of dozens of shops who stock said mags. Surely they're on a wide distribution ?

Thanks again for B.D-2.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM OUR OVERSEAS READERS

JAY KINNEY  
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U.S.A.

Thanks for BAG (BAG ?) ... or ... BAdinage no. 2. I'm a bit disappointed that I didn't see no. 1 though. (( They all disappeared at the Con - we don't have one spare. Sorry. )) Of course, why I even got no. 2 remains a mystery.

Briscon 67 conrep was nice. I'm not sure of all the initials though. The dialog bits were groovy ... I dug the

Wales bit espesh.

(The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet is vibrating in the background. Them Mothers is crazy ...)

Rob Johnson's poem was nice. It would be really neat put to music ! Honest ! I can just see it ! On the SFy level of Who are the Brain Police, by the Mothers !

Sun Gone was a well-enuff-done mood-picture ... but ... as with so much minor sf ... it is of course based on a poor axiom (the axiom in this case: that Tim didn't expect or know about losing sight of the sun.)

I keep wondering and wondering. If Winter shot 129 dumplings up (and no hits were recorded), 129 dumplings had to come down ! I can just see it:

"(Plop)"

"Ackk ... the sky is falling ..."

"No ... it seems to be suet dumplings ..."

"Suet dumplings ???"

Nice old Hermann G. Hey, let's hear about Hess ?

I liked Beryl's impressions of Tambourine Man. They seem to be the type I would have written had I access to the Dylan song. But ... she asks ... "How can anybody play a song on a tambourine ?" I presume that they would play a song or tune on it in the same way that a song is played in a drum solo (whether by Sandy Nelson or bongos ...) with rhythms, variances in loudness, and so on. Gypsies dance to the accompaniment of the tambourine by itself - don't they ??

I also liked your handling of the LOCcolumn ... you left spaces here and there. Nothing is more discouraging than facing a page of solid type - not an untyped inch in sight - no paragraphing - nothin' ! (( Thank Beryl for that - but not too much ! B.DINAGE has enough trouble with footloose comments in the loc-columns ... ! (Just kidding, Beryl - honest !) ))



"Link." Just last Saturday I was at a friend's house and read his set of Finagle's Laws as completely reprinted from astounding - though there have no doubt been additions since then.

It was a good Bad Shots ... it couldn't miss with such gods as Darroll, Ashley and Legg. ("Hey, Mike, did you hear that yer a god?" "God, no ... I am?")

My first impressions of fandoms involved comic and satire fandom over here. My first impression of SFandom was either Amra or Enclave.

Finagle's Law of music:

"At a record shop, when faced with a large selection of LPs to choose from, you will always choose the warped one." Or:

"When turning on the radio, you will always just hear the last 3 seconds of your favourite song."

Naturally Mushling's letter was the longest. (Hey, Mary - where is that tape? If you're not going to send it back ... I may be forced to write you again on paper! I hope that the last time I sent it to you that it wasn't all goofed again! 60¢ (sixty) for mish-mosh is terrible!)

Iggy Pumpernickle is obviously the secret fhan name of Englebert Humperdinck. Of course this seems obvious to you ... since you knew it all along.

I was about to buy the American Hendrix LP the other day, but the idiots only had it in stereo! I don't know what I'm going to do when they stop making monoaural (sic, sic, sic) LPs come Jan. '68.

Help, HELP, H-E-L-P!!!

Two-year-old Baldock cover, eh? Liked it though. Yerz ...

ED COX  
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I want to thank you doubly for BADINAGE no. 2. Also to express the fact that really, folks, I was definitely going to read, and reply to, BADINAGE ... not to mention GRIMLAB which was enclosed in the same envelope. But I really got the message when a second copy of BADINAGE no. 2 arrived a week or so after the first.

You know, it was after I'd gotten well into the zine that the Great Truth dawned (or eveninged inasmuch as it was ...) on me as to the derivative of BADinage. And BADMAN, etc. Yes. Sounds like a swinging group. It is also nice to see a group issuing a fanzine. The LASFS has not been able to do such a thing since SLAGGY died these many years ago. It probably won't ever come about again as it did in those plush days in 1960-1 or thereabouts. The people and the whole atmosphere have changed irrevocably.

"Kinkay fandom" is beyond me I guess.

Dylan, however, wrote some pretty good poetry. Once I even wrote a poem inspired by a line in one of his poems, but this was seven or eight years ago now and he is since dead. (( Dylan Thomas, presumably ?? ))

But enough. Almost, anyway. This here is a letter of comment, without postage, but copies of AUSLANDER will certainly be sent in trade. In fact, if anybody in the BAD group would like copies of no. 4, there are a number left. I'll be happy to send some out if requested, and right here is as good a place as any (if, of course, it gets into "Bad Shots") to say that I'd like to trade with other zines over there. Any takers?

And I've passed on the extra copy of BADINAGE to a friend. (Dave Hulan). Maybe he'll trade, too.

Altho' I have a reputation, deservedly so I guess, of being a SCIENCE FICTION fan, rather than a science fiction FAN, I am still plenty enough of a faan to enjoy immensely reading about other fans. Which is why I found "I've Got It - BAD!" extremely interesting. Yea, fascinating even. More so than usual, for me, because most of the people are "new", etc. In similar items by and about gatherings here, in almost any group I know personally or by fanzine a great many of the participants. As for that "...very..." small room, I'd sure like to squeeze in sometime. It sounds fascinating.

BRISCON '67 is even more so than the above. I'm getting to recognise the names of the currently active group there, now. Or at least seen from the ... uh, pardon ... BAD point of view. I didn't recognize a lot of people behind the initials, of course, but the whole thing impressed me as a con that would've been great fun to attend. I am, of course, a hopeful TAFF candidate and can dream that next year I shall attend ...

The .. uh .. "The Annual ..." etc., while somewhat obscure to me, of course, not knowing all the allusions, was still funny. On about the same level was the "Particularity" bit. The funny part was the "Note:" at the end.

"Sun Gone" was a rather good example of fan-written fiction. An example of why many fans are doing themselves no favor by ignoring or skipping over a piece because it is fan-fiction. True, this one had a bad moment near the end and the transition from Timmie's day-dream of Tim ... or was it? ... was a bit rough. I wonder if this was inspired by the "bright spot" in the center of a turned-off teevee screen one time? (+ Very perceptive of you, Ed; that's exactly what happened! BM)+ I know that if Beryl Mercer were to submit a story like this to AUSLANDER there'd be a warm response to it!

"The Last of the Few ..." was odd but interesting. Also interesting is the failure rate of the German-built Starfighters, something in excess of 20% or somewhere about there. I don't recall if they've grounded them all until the troubles are resolved or not but it is about that bad.

Simone Walsh's piece on Goering was rather disjointed. To me. Two items that were not in equal perspective appear to be his role in WWI in which he became quite a celebrated air ace (only briefly mentioned near the end of the article) and the drastic consequences of the groin wound.

The letter column seems to wax fat and happy. One of the recurring bits therein was the reference to Finagle's and/or Murphy's Laws. The whole idea, of course, is almost endless in concept. Dean Grinnell published a classic bit in this respect some years ago now. Anybody remember the "Fzot Laws of Perversity"? Classic in its simplicity and eloquence, that set.

Distribution seems to be the main, continuing problem of science fiction magazines. Only in the large cities can one expect to find all of them one place or another. Roy Tackett, for instance, can never find them all in his area and there are some of the new Lowndes' zines that he's never seen there. And subscription isn't the only answer. Theoretically, one saves money by subscribing. But the condition some issues arrive in is pretty bad. I let my ANALOG sub expire because three or four out of twelve arrive in condition demanding replacement if one is, of course, anything of a collector. Which I am.

And the number of zines still fluctuates. WORLDS OF TOMORROW is gone and new Lowndes' zines continue as well as several reprint types. I like the reprints Robert Lowndes uses inasmuch as they are old, old stories from WEIRD TALES and other such sources. But the field needs large circulation magazines publishing new material more than anything else.

Well, these have been comments, after a fashion, on BADinage 2 for which I thank you again. I've read in the zine or some other(s) that the current British fan scene, especially fanzine-wise, is not like the Good Old Days. Then the writer cites a number of great zines of the past. While I do have in my collection a lot of the cited fanzines, and have even read into them somewhat, it is from a past era and I don't have the immediacy of their day. From here, BADinage does have immediacy and it reflects what seems to be a fulminating fan-scene with all sorts of enthusiasm and action. I look forward to seeing more of the same thru the pages of future issues.

PAT TERRY  
4/13 WYONG ROAD  
MOSMAN  
N.S.W.  
AUSTRALIA 2088.

First, I really must apologize for, in my earlier letters, misspelling the name as Bandinage! Though I'll still stand by my earlier comment, that Bandinage would be an apt name, with all the light-hearted chi-acking that goes on! (( Hurray! Someone else who made the same mistake! Honestly, 'Badinage' does mean what I (and, presumably, you) thought was spelt 'Bandinage' - namely: light and cheerful banter. Glad you think the name fits. ))

First off, though, I'm a trifle suspicious of that item on page 4, about "A Bracing Smell - of Onions", for it's somehow, to me, awfully like the Mercer touch, in that extract. (( Honest - it's true. )) Especially after "The March of the Mad Onions."

I shall have a few words to send to Darroll Pardoe anent his statement in his LoC, that "by and large, the British fan scene is sadly deficient in good fanzines, and has been for some time. If he goes making statements like that, small wonder his own mag carries the "in Exile" heading. In my long years, I've seen fanzines come and I've seen 'em go, and it's rarely indeed that so many fanzines at the same time are of uniformly high standard, as now. (( See my earlier comment on Chris Priest's LoC. ))

That Bristol Con! Sure, I've had letters from various attendees, read D.P.'s Conrep in Grimwab-4, seen the Artconrep by Santos, and now, to round out the picture nicely, comes the "all-in" Conrep in B-2. Put them all together, and the result? Just that I'm madly envious, to put it in the mildest possible terms. Even the dirty little slur on the Irish, classing them in the same sentence as the Taffys and the Scots, didn't change my mind.

Sure, after Rob Johnson's "Particularity", I've now permanent particles before me eyes, and I know even less about nuclear physics now than I did before.

"Sun Gone", by Beryl Mercer, and also her "I've Got It - BAD", only serve to emphasize her almost incredible vigor and versatility - V.G. for Beryl.

By the way, your piece on page 18, re the "Dumpling War", it was reported in our Press, out here, that Herr Helmut did actually score a hit on one low-flying aircraft!! (( I reckon that your Press was wrong - that thing just couldn't have ever hit anything! ))

Simone Walsh's article on Goering: it is true indeed that he did at one time, in WW.I, fight in the trenches, but I think she would find, with a bit more delving into that period of his life, he was later in WW.I. a member of the Luftwaffe. He was also said to be a great friend and admirer of that magnificent airman, Ernst Udet.

In regard to the Dylan fors and againts, I can but say that personally I've never heard any of his recordings, but a couple of young friends of mine here have told me that, a couple of months or so back, two or three of our

commercial broadcasting stations did, for about a week, 'feature' some of Dylan's recordings, but the stations received so many angry, protesting letters that the records were withdrawn, and have not since been played. When I asked my young friends, they both said that "the muck was so b----- awful, we didn't bother about trying to hear the names of the records." (( DUCK ! )) That's as much as I know of Dylan, and, frankly, all I am likely to want to know. Apparently there are some very diverse opinions of him in England, yet I am told that his "Mr. Tambourine Man" is a great favourite of Sam (Chip) Delany's, the SF author in America. 'Chip', I'm also told, is a "top hand" with a guitar, and he, guitar and "Mr. Tambourine Man" are in great demand at all SF parties, etc. That information comes from Anne McCaffrey, who is an SF writer herself.

Think that's about all for this time, so it's all good wishes to you, and all with you.

(( Thanks a lot, Pat, Ed and Jay, for your LoCs. Thanks to all you English, Welsh, etc., fans as well, but special thanks to those of you who are interested enough to pay so much in postage ! ))

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Well, "they" 've finally done it. A tax on sex. Oh, indirect, I'll grant you that, but still ...

To explain:

Firstly, expanding towns have removed the local 'lover's lanes', cosy secluded nooks where a little private necking was the order of the day - or rather, night. They've either been converted into dual carriageways or obliterated beneath suburbia. Is there nowhere to take a female in the evening?

However, where roads have been improved, little winding stretches, away from the main route, have been left intact. These make near-perfect 'lover's lanes' - providing at least one of the lovers owns a car.

A car, therefore, is necessary (or at least a great advantage) for anyone out for some quiet necking or whatever ...

Kindly note the amount of taxes connected with motoring.

You see my point ?

++ AGB

++++

DECLINE AND DECAY

... by Roje Gilbert

← We think it fair to say that Roje's reputation for controversy will not be prejudiced by this article. →

When I first came to Chelmsford, a new fan, bursting with the pathetic and ephemeral gospel of fandom, I sought out the only other fan here. David Copping lives at 121, Springfield Park Road. Having supposedly memorised this address, I set out to find it. This turned out to be a three mile walk, and by the end of it, I was not sure whether it was "Road" or "Avenue". I reached Springfield to find that the roads were named in a remarkably similar manner, Springfield Road, Park Road, Park Avenue, Crescent, Close, etc. I went to the door of no. 121, Springfield Park Ave., and knocked. There was no answer, so I wrote a little note, couched in fannish pidgin, and posted it. A week later, there was no response.

I checked the B.S.F.A. membership list and discovered my mistake. The very next day I set forth on another  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile walk (I had found a shortcut since the first attempt). On knocking at the door, I had a long wait before the door was opened very slowly, the chain still attached, and a becurled head appeared. I began my spiel, but was interrupted by the comment that David was at work. On enquiring the whereabouts of his place of emply, I was rewarded with discovering that David was a professional and legal con man, a salesman in a tailoring firm.

Another  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile brought me to the shop, where I entered and stood gazing at the motleyest collection of besuited figures I had ever beheld. Having had experience of the Malvern MiniCon, I immediately accosted the ugliest and most unprepossessing of the crew with "Are you David Copping?" He wasn't, and it was in fact, the best dressed and best looking of them that was David. I still have the opinion that he is the best looking and best dressed fan that I have ever met.

I invited him round my house, saying I was in any time. The next night I went to the cinema with my parents and David called at my house. Well, we finally got around to meeting outside of working hours. True to form, we went to the boozer, and swapped reminiscences etc., along with the beery fumes.

Over the next six weeks, we visited every single boozer in Chelmsford bar 2. One of those has since been visited, but neither of us wishes to venture into the Railway Tavern. David at that time was not an active fan, and with puerile indifference, I corrupted him into the fannish way of life, regardless of the consequences to his way of life. I was instrumental in getting him to produce ECLIPSE. He would deny it, but I think that if I hadn't gone on about fandom so much, he would never have given it a thought. His production of fan fiction increased, and the standard dropped. The beer flowed freer, the jokes grew cruder.

Needless to say, we thought we were doomed to eternal fannish idiocy. But it didn't happen, and the reason is that we became friends, real friends, liking one another for the sake of it, and not for the sake of oppression in a minority. We don't madly correspond when I am at Cambridge any more, but David nearly always knows when I am at home. I can always depend on him to call as soon as I get back; we still go out to the pub, but we no longer get drunk. Our conversation usually has nothing to do with fans, fandom or sf. Neither of us has read much sf lately. I have read none for two months. Since my discovery that I could actually play tunes of some competence on my worn-out recorder, and get far greater pleasure out of it than almost anything else; since David discovered women, folk music and literature other than sf; since we both realised what a waste of time much of fannish activity was, what extremes of rubbish there were in fanzines, we have found that our friendship is much greater, and considerably more worthwhile.

Fandom in Chelmsford is dead. The decline was precipitous, the decay speedy. Death is a triumph.

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### 23rd PSALM REVISITED

... by Rob Wood

God created null and void  
All the things his sheep destroyed.  
A ring of fire upon a mountain  
Changed a pyre into a fountain.  
A ring of cloud upon the water  
Poured a shroud upon an altar.  
A holy hand upon a bell  
Created heaven out of hell.  
A psalmody, an holy song  
Created right from earthly wrong.  
With earth the land will be depraved  
With help divine we can be saved.

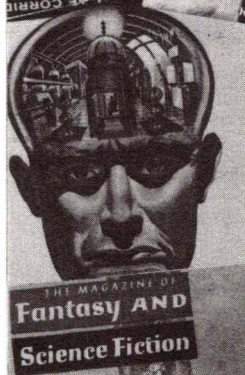
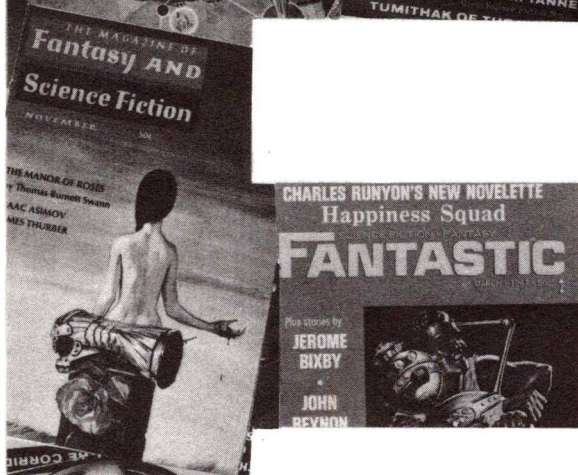
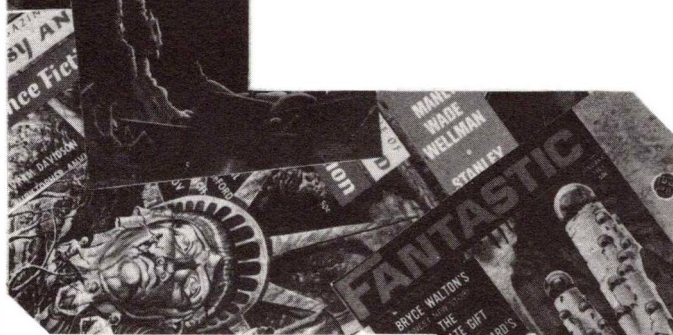
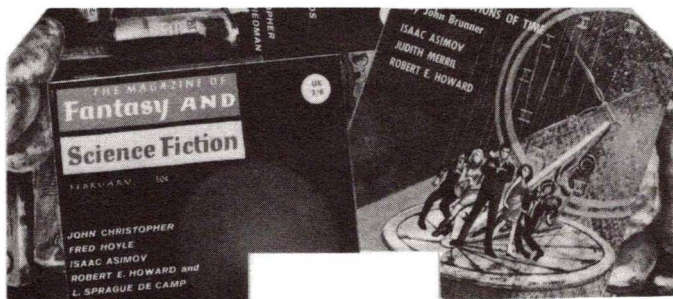
If not, the dear will never panic -  
He'll parable on other planets.

(R.A.W. 1964)

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