



Atm

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A P O R R H E T A 2

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Illustrations this
issue by Vinç,

Atom,
and Giu De Book.

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Duplication by

Vinç Clarke

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Collation by all of
Inchmery Fandom

ooo000ooo

Edited by

H.P.Sanderson,

There are a number of people who will no doubt be saying that this second issue of a monthly fanzine is late.

This is not the case. It just so happens that the first issue was early.

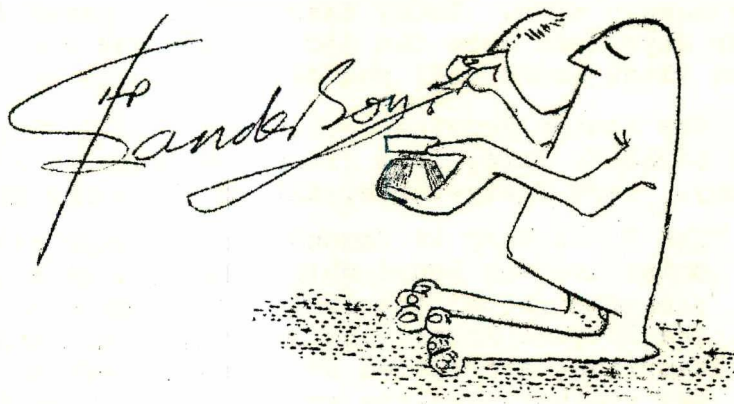
The large gap between issues was caused partly by our going on holiday, partly by the arrival of new HiFi equipment, and partly by the arrival of Ron Bennett for a ten day visit on his way to the Solacon.

Talking about Bennett reminds me that Apē 3 will contain the second portion of his account of the journey to and from the Con. The first section, covering the events upto his leaving this address, will appear in the next Perihelion.

There will also be a short account of the Bennett visit in next month's Fan Diary section.

Apē 3 will see the conclusion of 'The Search For Strawberry Ice' and with luck there should be the first part of an article on the present tape, record, and radio equipment at this address.

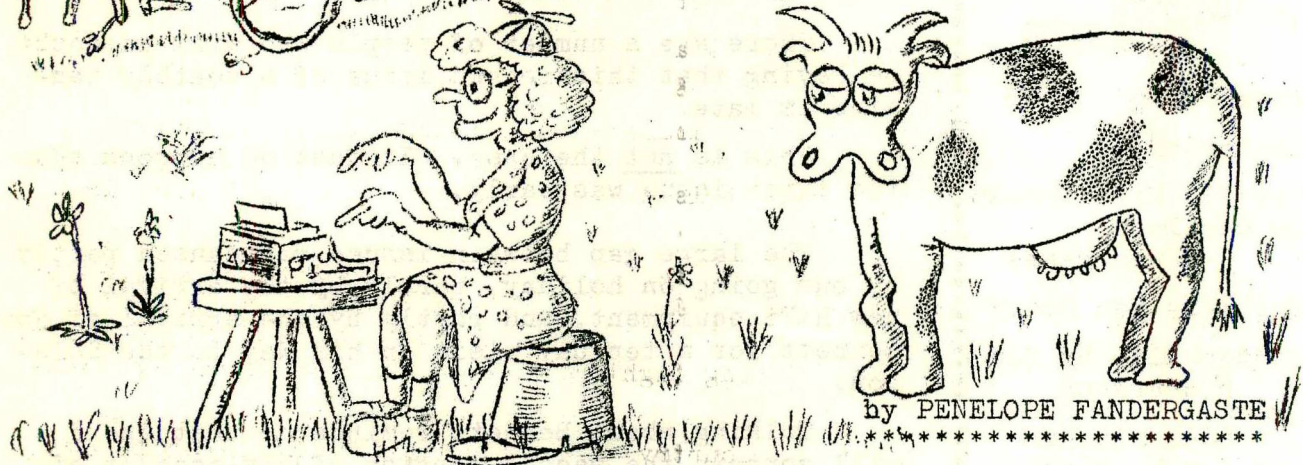
Looking more into the future (always a bad thing to do) I hope to start "The Compleat Practical JoCa" sometime in the new year. You have been warned.



APĒ 2 7, Inchmery Rd, Catford, S.E. 6.

a country column of city life

THE OLD MILL STREAM



In the first instalment of this column, I described some of the cigarette cards which were popular before the war enforced paper restrictions. These cards were collected and were placed in attractively prepared albums which housed the different series. Apart from the coloured cards which were issued by Players, Churchman and Wills, there were other kinds of card. Kensita cigarettes, for instance, issued a series of colourful illustrations of British Empire flags and standards which weren't flags at all, but which were beautifully printed on silk and wrapped in cellophane.

Senior Service cigarettes were sold in packets containing cards measuring 3" x 2". These cards were not coloured but boasted excellent black and white photographs. They were issued in series of forty-eight instead of the fifty acknowledged by Wills and Players. Today these photographs alone would cost almost as much as did the packet of cigarettes they were originally issued with. Today twenty Senior Service cigarettes cost 3/11d. In those days they were ten for 6d, and you could probably find a cut-price store which would sell you twenty for 11d or 11½d.

One Senior Service series was called "The Navy" and showed all aspects of a sailor's life, from firing the guns on H.M.S. Nelson to playing deck hockey. Card forty-three, titled "Spit and Polish," states:-

"The Royal Navy is famous for the high standard of cleanliness maintained on board ship. In this picture a sailor is seen cleaning one of the 16-inch guns of H.M.S. Nelson, which are the largest Naval guns in the world. Brass plates, known as tompions, are placed over the barrels to protect them against the weather when the guns are not in action. Each tompion bears the ship's crest - all the ships of the Navy have their own crest, and in the case of the Nelson it is an effigy of Admiral Lord Nelson."

A series on "Dogs" showed different types of dogs and printed general hints on the care of puppies and the training of dogs.

Other series were titled "British Railways", "Flying", "The Bridges of Britain" and "Sporting Events and Stars".

The "British Railways" series included cards on both different types of engine and aspects of work done by railway employees. Card No 36 shows a striking angle of a train passing over the Forth Bridge.

The "Bridges of Britain" series also employed widely varying subjects, from Tower Bridge to card 45, "A Bridge without a River." The caption reads

"Trinity Bridge, Crowland, Lincolnshire, was built in the fourteenth century over the junction of two streams which have since disappeared. It is almost unique in that it is triangular in shape, with what is in effect a triple Gothic arch....."

The "Sporting Events and Stars" series ran to ninety-six cards and included pictures and pen portraits on Jack Hobbs, Captain Eyston, Gordon Richards and Jimmy Braddock, the then Holder of the World Heavyweight title. Braddock's card stated:- "His coming fight with Louis should break all attendance records."

Senior Service were fond of country scenes for their photographic cards and they issued series with titles like "Beautiful Scotland", "Our Countryside", and "Holiday Haunts by the Sea."

"Beautiful Scotland" included cards showing Castle Kennedy, Loch Alsh and the Cairngorms. "Our Countryside" included cards of the Sussex Weald, Forest of Dean Charcoal Burners and a Herefordshire Hopfield. "Holiday Haunts by the Sea" skipped gaily round the coast from Belfast Lough to the South Bay at Scarborough, Yorkshire.

These countryside scenes must have been popular, for later Senior Service produced a series called "Sights of Britain". This title was popular in its turn and ran to a second series, and a third. Sample titles from the three series include The Menai Strait, the Roman Wall at Housesteads, Northumberland, Inverness Castle, Stonehenge, The Chetham Hospital in Manchester, Harewood House, Lord Street Southport, Canterbury Cathedral, Snowdon, Princes Street Edinburgh, Johnson's House at Lichfield, The Queen Mary, Chester Cathedral and the more commercialised of the two blacksmith shops at Gretna Green.

---oOo---

I was with a group of fannish slobbers a while ago and they were telling me how fandom is a stepping stone to the life where one sits around all day in a very expensive penthouse, drinking gin and phoning up people like Julie Andrews and asking them to drop round for tea and what have you. I didn't follow this line of thought straight away and said as much. They were very nice about it. They told me it was because I hadn't been around fandom for very long and therefore didn't understand. They explained it all to me.

Working backwards their line of logic went like this. The kind of life described above is obviously that undertaken by successful writers, and everyone knew that fandom was a stepping stone to professional, successful professional, writing. Why, they said, look at people like Robert Bloch, who appears on television, and writers like Bob Tucker and Ray Bradbury. Bradbury, they told me, had sold stories to Hollywood. This set them on to talking about Sam Youd and they began to look at other British writers and

decided that Arthur Clarke and Beynon Harris were successful writers, too. Even a newcomer to fandom like me, they said, would have heard about these guys. They had something there anyway. I had heard about them. They told me how every science fiction fan is a budding writer and how it won't be long before they're having John W Campbell Junior and Sam Goldwyn beating out one another's brains to buy their stories. Naturally, they said, the reason so many fans turned to professional writing was because fans were just gifted people and it was a normal fannish development. They pointed out Bob Silverberg and Randy Garrett and Harlan Ellison and Ron Smith and Larry Shaw and so on and so forth as shining examples. I told them they were right and I hadn't thought about it like that and left them to pay for the drinks. I figured that with all the money they were going to have lying around their lousy penthouses where Julie Andrews was going to drop in for tea, they could afford it.

It was only coffee, anyway. I hope they left a good tip.

It is nice to see someone you know get on though. I'm sure the people who grew up with fans like Bradbury and Clarke and the others must get a kick whenever they see these folk's names in magazines and books and things. If they're not too damned jealous, that is.

For myself, I think, yes, it's a good thing to see a fan get into the ranks of pro. He's achieved something. I even like to read those columns which fans write for the prozines, fans like Bob Bloch and Bob Madle. It slays me to think they get paid for doing a labour of love like that.

I didn't think it too fair though a couple of months ago when I paid out good money for a brand new *Netula* and turned up Walt Willis's column and found that it was practically a rehash of a piece he'd done a couple of years ago for Gregg Calkin's *Oopsla*. I don't blame Walt. If he can get paid without beating his head, then that's fine. And the subject of the column was a peach, all about the 1954 convention in Manchester when the London Circle of fans travelled North to show those crumb northerners, those Bloody Provincials, just how superior they all were. They'd worked out a terrific series of gags to brighten up the convention, listed under the imposing title of 'Operation Armageddon', which included little gimmicks like producing a fake programme and then issuing another fake programme renouncing the first, and hunting imaginary rats and things during the speeches and playing cards when they felt bored and the like (though it seems that this has now become Standard Practice) and trying to get the convention committee drunk and all. Only when the time came they saw how they'd been wronging the northern fans and the northern fans saw how they'd been wronging all the London fans except one who wouldn't let them come to his party and everybody ended up nice and friendly, even the professional editors who said Nice Things about each others' magazines.

What really astounded me though, what really dug out my dormant sense of wonder, was the amount of organisation which went into the Londoners' schemes. I'm absolutely certain that if they'd put these planned plays into operation, then everything would have worked out as smoothly as a Royal Command Performance. Or perhaps in this case a Crazy Gang Show would be a better parallel.

I got to thinking about old Operation Armageddon a few weeks ago when

I read that some idiots had hired a loudspeaker van and had driven it around at a political meeting where the Prime Minister, Good Old Harry Macmillan, was speaking. The Tory pacifists present had objected to the shouted slogans coming from the van about "Keep Cyprus in the Empire" and had made a point of overturning the van and trundling the occupants right out of the enclosure.

I've got to admit I'm prejudiced. I don't much care for the lousy slogan they used. I'm all for the British having an Empire and getting cheap shirts from Hong Kong and all that, if the shirtmakers in Hong Kong don't mind, but when they start throwing bombs and shooting off guns and making like they aren't particularly falling over themselves to have their British passports and have their sons educated at Eton and Oxford, then I begin to think they should be treated like the unappreciative clots they are and should be either sat on or thrown out or something. Either send a gunboat up the river and show them their place or let them throw their stinking bombs around amongst themselves.

This, as I say, definitely prejudiced me a little against these people in this loudspeaker van. If they'd shouted out "Abolish Income Tax" or "Free Beer All Round" or something useful, then I'd probably have been right behind them cheering my head off.

This particular crowd never do anything sensible like that though. They're a set of regular Wetzels. They call themselves something impressive like The League of Empire Loyalists and they keep standing up and proving how damn loyal they are all the time by shouting down political speakers, who are at least sincere, even if they don't know what the hell they're doing half the time; either that or they break up meetings by being out and out nuisances, fighting among themselves and the like.

I must admit that while some of the riots this bunch of fanatics have indulged in have been well organised, the rally at which the loudspeaker van got the right end of the stick was a washout. Just imagine what might have happened if the London Circle had done its Operation Armageddon act there.

---oOo---

It was raining real hellcats the other night and as we're not so keen on a game of bowls out in the wet as we used to be, we gathered round the fire in the back room of the "Pig and Puddin'" to play dominoes. Now where as we're all dead keen on the game, it gets a bit tiring like from time to time on account of the same of us play every time and we've all got everyone else taped and just what they're going to come out next. No one ever wins much at at penny knock unless he cares to invest enough before hand like to get the opposition a bit tipsy. And of course there's allus them as can play better when they're not sure it's a four or a five they're laying on the table.

Well, anyway, this game was right boring and Matthew Slater, who was never one for sitting back and enjoying the pleasures of life, like television, started getting edgy about the way Bill Jorkins was holding his pieces up close like. Bill says his eyes aren't what they were seventy years back and he has to hold them up near his face so he can see what's what. Any road, Matthew gets more and more peeved and in the end ups that if Old Bill was playing proper like he'd happen put his pieces down on the table where everyone could see just how many pieces he had when he knocked.

"Tha'll find out when tha's won t'game," said Bill. It takes a lot to move him. "Thee ask when tha wants to knoa an' A'll tell thee." He just went on peering at his pieces close up to his face and almost touching that wart on the end of his nose. At least, it isn't really a wart. It's where someone left Bill's nose a little bent after a fist fight that night King Edward died, but we always crack on it's a wart. It's one of those esoteric jokes.

"Aye," said Harry Blaithwaite. "You wait until your eyes are as bad as Bill's here. See if you'll do as well as he does."

"That's all very well," said Matthew. "He doesn't do so bad. He manages all right to find his way here of an evening and only last week he pointed out that fox on Giles Hill, a good half mile away."

"Be that as it may," Fred Murgatroyed butted in. "Bill's not doing you any harm and if he wants to hold his dominoes up against his face then that is his right."

"It's all a matter of put and take," I explained to Matthew.

"Ah, I know all about that," objected Matthew, "But if we all could do just what we pleased, what kind of world would we be living in?"

"We'd be living in a darn better place than this one, probably," said Harry. "We'd do a lot better without restrictions and red tape."

"Aye, it must have been canny living as a caveman," laughed Fred.

"It probably was," I said, "Except that you'd have some great wild beast chasing after you, and what would you do about things like toothache."

"And what about your game of dominoes and your glassful?" Fred said.

Old Bill laughed. "Aye, but Ah reckon them's goin' too far," he said. "When Ah were a lad, we 'ad alla these grand things tha's talking about, and nobbut them. Today there's them as will pull a man down whatever he does."

"That's true enough," we agreed.

"Why, these days y'cannaven go walkin' on t'moors withart yon chappie shoutin' and bawlin'."

"Who's that?" I asked.

"He means Wylie's gamekeeper," Fred explained. "I was up there after some crows last week and he said if I didn't clear off I'd find myself in court,"

"Aye," said Bill into his beer. "Awd Wylie could do it too. 'E once 'ad a man up for trespassin' up yon and Ah daresay 'e'd a 'ad me up if Ah 'adn't been too smarmy for 'im."

"Why, Bill?" we asked. "What did you do?"

"Well, when Ah saw 'im comin' Ah turned roun' and started walkin' back 'ere. 'E came up' and said Ah were trespassin' an' Ah'd 'ave to go back way Ah were comin'. So that's wha' Ah did and Ah ended up way Ah were wantin' to go."

There's something about these country types you know. A man who has to hold his dominoes up close because of bad eyes can spot a hawk-eyed gamekeeper before he's spotted himself. Rugged. Very rugged.

June - July 1958

INCHMERY FAN DIARY

June 25th. Apē 1 completed and wrapped. After I'd said Kyle didn't send me "The Bell Tolls For Whom" a copy turned up from him. Also rec'd "BELL THE CAT", again not from Kyle but no doubt there will be one eventually from Radio Station WPD, Potsdam, New York. This thing starts with a weak excuse for the mis-titling of the first epic (seems we should have known Kyle meant the bell was tolling for fandom. Funny, I never heard it.) and as one reads on it gets worse. The big question remains that if Kyle was so certain he was in the right then why didn't he do something about it when he was first approached? I find it all confusing and can't understand why Kyle is now going to this trouble - it would have been much easier for him to have accounted for the money he was down as owing when he was first asked -- no? And if he didn't owe the money he should have prevented the judgment being obtained against him. Saying it's all Dietz's fault on account of he kept spelling "Neuman" wrong doesn't help much. Further confusion is caused when Kyle tells one half - the worst naturally - of the story of the election of Directors in London. Kingsley was standing for election and Belle Dietz was supporting him. There were two vacancies and only one candidate so we put Belle forward. Two candidates for two positions didn't put her into opposition to Kingsley. Enter the real 'villain' of the scene. At the last minute Bob Madle put Dave Newman forward as a candidate. Well, we didn't think Dave would get in - it was a nice gesture but an English Director would not be much use to an American Society. After the vote had been taken it was found that Belle had about twice as many votes as either of the others (in appreciation of the tremendous amount of work she'd done for the con, no doubt) and Newman had beaten Kingsley by one vote. This was tough, but there had been no double-cross. At this stage Kyle gets real insulting again, only this time the 'ebullient minority' (when will people learn that I take to insults like this with a fierce pride?) becomes 'that indefatigable mother hen of English fandom, Joy Clarke' and 'her intimate coterie of followers, headed by the vociferous H.P. Sanderson.' Gee, egoboo! This shows at least one thing - Kyle hasn't got the faintest idea of the set-up in English Fandom - in fact all he has got is a 'thing' about women -(in America it's all the fault of Belle Dietz and over here Joy Clarke is to blame)- but this won't be news to anyone acquainted with the full story of the Ruthful Chase. Raybin kept giving Kyle chances to settle without a court case and it is amusing to see how Kyle twists these into 'threats'. But the most amusing thing of all is the court action being taken by Kyle against Dietz and Raybin. To begin with he's claiming \$25,000.00 damages! The idea is that his excellent character in fandom has been damaged by a 'conspiracy'. What happens if a defence is based on the fact that you can't damage something that doesn't exist? "Call Bob Tucker" "Mr Tucker, take the stand." "Stand? God, don't tell me Kyle says I can't sit here!" Can't you just see the learned judge

studying fanzines? And asking "What is - er - a joe phan?" That Kyle should have brought fandom to this rather than account for a piddling amount of money doesn't say very much for his twenty-five years amongst us.

June 26th. Didn't see Chuck Harris at the Globe and since he hadn't been seen for some time we decided to phone him...and found he had passed his driving test first time. ## Decided I wouldn't take Ape 1 to Belfast on account of it was too heavy, so I took it to the office instead and left it with a friend.

June 27th to July 13th. See "The Search For Strawberry Ice"

July 2nd. STUPEFYING STORIES No 36. Dick Eney. The news of McCain's death came as a blow - especially as Walt Willis had just told us Laney had died. ## THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH No 4. Annie Linard. Annie's English is as pleasant as Jean's and she is learning fast. Good to know Jean is improving in health. This is a pleasant little letter-substitute thing.

July 7th. Letter from RON BENNETT. "Buck Coulson and I were talking a while back about a fanzine which was the "Centre of Fandom" as used to be that Quandry thing that we'd both be too young to remember if it wasn't for Ving waving them about every six or seven hours. I should say here and now that I think that Ape has a very good chance of achieving what I think is this worthwhile aim." Goes on to say that so much has been said, written and published on the Kyle case that it's now a waste of time to try to keep refreshing fannish minds. I'm inclined to agree. Ron says I've hit too hard on the Yngvi case (agreed, but the whole thing was so childish it made me feel Yngvi deserved to be spanked) and wonders if the blame will rest blanket fashion on Cheltenham. Personally I'm prepared to let them worry about that - which is one of the reasons I gave them an incentive to do a little investigating amongst themselves. Ron ends by claiming I'm going in for the Francezka stakes again but doesn't think The Old Mill Stream is as good as the old 'Francezka's Column' in Fez. "Are you telling who the writer is? I suppose not. Well I'll add her (think it's a man really) to my list of anonymities, like Phoenix, James Keeping, Ted Johnstone and Anton Whatsit. He's interesting, anyway, and when he gets into his stride should probably be good."

July 8th. Letter from TERRY JEEVES. "You make it pretty clear that you blame Eric Bentcliffe..." for the Yngvi business. Actually I investigated a number of possibilities - that Eric might be responsible - or somebody else with Eric's prior knowledge - or someone doing it without Eric knowing at all. In the end I came down in favour of Eric not knowing (tho' I don't know why) - but that still didn't alter the conviction in my mind that Yngvi thought he was helping to 'avenge' Eric. I also think that his activities will have an opposite effect, hence my claim that Eric ought to be interested in seeing them stop. Terry goes on to make nice comments about Joy's column (except for the poetry which he didn't like. I remember this from the old Fez days) and then comments about the Kyle controversy about which he had heard via the grapevine. "This is the first time I've come across any of the intimate details." See Ron? It was worth it after all. "I think that it was a good idea to publish the letters (provided there is no legal reason against it), as it does give a better insight into the problem than the grapevine ever did. More power to your elbow on this 'factual reporting'. 'Mill Stream' brought a touch of nostalgia for the old fag

card days... American episode was a trifle over larded and simplified, but I've long felt in agreement with the ending...if the Americans and Russians want to fight... let 'em. I'll admit that assumes that the fight wouldn't spread this way, but I feel that American rocket bases over here will help it to just that. Nowadays, Russia will have two 'first' aims... knock out American and British bases before anything else."

July 12th. Letter from SID BIRCHBY. "Even the Dave Kyle business, which was outside my province, attracted my attention... Don't misunderstand me: I'm not pretending to shrug off this Kyle business. As far as I know you presented accurately an account that needed such presentation; but I don't know very much, and as I have stated, it's ultra vires as far as I am concerned. Joy's column was very good, but then her articles usually are; and the one written by 'Penelope' whatever-it-is had plenty of atmosphere... Quite a lot of research must have gone into the section about cigarette cards. She (?) ought now to bring the subject up to the present day by discussing some of the cards that are now available, e.g. Brooke Bond's Tea series on, I think, Natural History."

July 13th. Arrived home to find a stack of mail waiting, including an acknowledgment slip for Apr 1 from the Copyright Receipt Office, British Museum. Gosh-wow and like that. ## PLOY No 13. Ron Bennett. This is a somewhat unbalanced issue, but then considering the rather distasteful note of hysteria in the letter column it isn't surprising. There's a good lead article by Sid Birchby on early fandom in Cromwell's time, another part of my column, and the letters. These are almost entirely concerned with my article on Eric Bentcliffe. Terry Jeeves misinterprets me somewhat by saying I claimed Ving wasn't credited with the artwork in Songs from Space. In fact I was claiming that the fact Ving hadn't cut the bad stencil should have been noted -- and Sandy Sandfield admits this point and apologises very handsomely. Unfortunately he spoils the whole effect by a silly squabble over my calling him Sandfield. The necessity to identify doesn't appear to have struck him. For instance there were four people called Sandy at the Globe the other night. Surnames were essential then. Besides, if Bloch, Tucker, Grennell and Willis can refer to each other as Bloch, Tucker, Grennell and Willis, then I am quite certain Sanderson and Sandfield can refer to each other as Sanderson and Sandfield. The insult doesn't enter into the situation until one starts using 'Mr.' There's a bit more confusion added over Space Times - which folded because of Mackenzie and not because it was not a good international (yes, it was even that) fanzine. Oh well, there was certainly nothing to make me change my already expressed opinion. On the question of whether, right or wrong, I should have written the article and Bennett should have published it, I also have no reason to change my mind. At least I used my own name and said things openly - seems some people think opinions should be passed around privately only. On this point I'm quite prepared to let Bentcliffe have the last word, if I may quote from Space Times Vol 2 No 5 from an Editorial comment "The people of the North have a reputation of saying what they think and not being ashamed of it afterwards - or beforehand." I spent the first 22 years of my life in the North. ## Quirk No 4. Larry Ginn.(Route 2 Box 81) and Johnny Holleman (Box 77) Choudrant, Louisiana. 10¢ or letter of comment. This is my first contact with Louisiana fandom and if the previous three issues of Quirk were as good as this then I've been missing something. 40 hectoed pages with plenty of

good coloured illos, material by John Berry, Bob Coulson, Alan Dodd, Joe Sanders etc etc plus letter column. The fiction was a bit too much for my taste but don't let that stop you getting this zine if you can. ## STUPEFYING STORIES No 35. Dick Eney. (No 36 was airmailed). This one starts with an apparent (sorry Dick but you confused me) defence of the military take-over in France. And Iraq? Fanzine reviews and letters complete this good letter-substitute thing. ## Letter from ETHEL LINDSAY. "I had a copy of the Kyle publication.. S'Wonder I hadn't burnt it right away. Dunno if he expects an answer, but he won't get one from me. I think Penelope must be our Bobbie, she does so love to eddicate us. I enjoyed it anyway, but the pub episode sounded rather contrived to me." ## Letter from BOB RICHARDSON. "The Kyle case was especially well presented and commented on and if this zine is going to show the seamy side of Fandom as well as the humorous and intelligent sides, it should do a lot of good. Fandom needs a housecleaning." Bob (from Cheltenham) thinks the Yngvi trail to his hometown is a red herring. "The whole thing would never have started anyway if it hadn't been for your, to put it mildly, vitriolic attack on Eric Bentcliffe... I agree (with reservations) that we should be able to speak our minds but don't see the necessity for blazing our dislikes of other fen all over Fandom." But Bob, maybe I like my housecleaning to be thorough? Yngvi could have spoken his mind - such as it is. I just don't like what he substituted for that course of action is all. "I can understand that all this signing with your name is causing you a lot of bother, but those adjectives of yours aren't calculated to stop it." Agreed, but I'm not too worried. After all, it gives me something to write about. If it doesn't stop I'll be able to pick up some more evidence. I might even be able to make more money. (My contact with the firms concerned has been via the office phone except on five occasions when I had to write. Debit 1/3d. I returned two books to the Companion Book Club simply by writing 'Return' on the wrapping and they sent me six 3d stamps for my expenses. Credit 1/6d. Net credit 3d. Big deal!) Bob sent a follow-on piece on cigarette cards which you should find in this issue. ## FANAC 16. Ellik and Carr. News and views and current fanzines. Interesting item this time is an account of Rotsler's present activities. Like, he's busy, mannn. ## RUR 15. Rike. Mainly re the various types met when supposedly making connections to hit a party that didn't come off. Interesting. ## THIS. Pete Graham. Pieces on advertising and Nixon who would appear not to be a good man. Pete wants to know if anyone has information about oral contraceptives. ## FANAC 17. Front page news this time is the confiscation of the Nelson/Moorcock et al French fanzine in Paris during the 'emergency'. RUR 16 also concerns itself with France... a letter to Miriam Dyches from her father attempts to justify de Gaulle and says, in part, "He is only asking powers for six months." Of course this was written before de Gaulle stated his "reforms" which appear to be aimed at making him a dictator for six or seven years.

July 15th. Letter from Don Allen who starts with nice comments on Apē 1 and goes on "Read most avidly all about the Kyle lark... Until I read Apē I was not fully conversant with the whole story but now that I am I feel disgusted that such a thing could happen in Fandom... Besides this we have the Yngvi incident! But you have said all there is to say about this particular slob... I wonder if this Yngvi is the same bastard who sent my wife an anonymous, rotten, "fannish", letter just before I went into the

forces?" Talking about the Kyle business in the last issue, only the other day someone said I shouldn't print personal correspondence. Since the only personal correspondence I used was that from Belle Dietz to us I don't get what they mean. She didn't object. The rest of the letters, you might remember where official letters of the WSFS Inc. and as a member I, and the other members, had a right to see them. ## Letter from ARCHIE MERCER, who objects to my tying in Yngvi with the BSFA in any way and says "He reminds me of a small child in an occupied country, spitting out of an upstairs schoolroom window at the soldiers patrolling below, firmly convinced that a) he's being ever so brave and patriotic, and b) retribution cannot possibly catch up with him... What I'm trying to emphasise here is that whatever the faults of your 'Yngvi' in cowardice and/or stupidity, he isn't basically acting against Sanderson - he's acting for Bentcliffe. Or, rather, thinks he is." Exactly, Archie. And as I've said, I believe Yngvi's action will have an opposite effect to that he intends - which is why other people should be more interested in stopping him. Me, I can always write about it....

July 16th. Like this. Phone call from Brian Varley to the effect that he also is being plagued by Yngvi. Because I mentioned him in the article? In one case Brian received a letter from a firm saying that they considered his letter to be most insulting and grounds for a legal action. Needless to say, Brian had written no letter. Fandom is so nice these days.

July 17th. Letter from John Berry. "Joy's column downright interesting. I heard a programme on TV about this advertising biz. Seems one firm had a lot of cheap shirts they couldn't get rid of, and some advertising chappie put a big notice in the window 'NO PERSON ALLOWED MORE THAN TWO SHIRTS'. There was almost a riot and they got rid of the shirts in double quick time. 'Portrait of a Fan' is a fine job. It fairly packs a punch. That reminds me. I've a story called Pun My Soul in the current Triode. As Benders says in the blurb, he sent me the beginning of a story, and I finished it. Please note that the part at the bottom of page 10 which starts "Crumbs, that's torn it," said Bentcliffe etc etc - was not written by me. I wouldn't like you to get the impression it was. Presumably Eric did it, which, logically, I suppose he was entitled to do as he was part author and editor to boot. Just so long as you know it didn't come from my pen... All for now. Sorry I didn't see you more when you were over." We are sorry as well, John. Maybe next time? ## FANAC 18. Ellik and Carr. This one runs a correction (a thing that appears to be increasingly necessary with this fanzine) to a letter supposedly from George W Fields that appeared in No 16. There's news to the effect that Kyle has no quarrel with the Solacon committee (that's nice) and seems willing (my underlining) to cooperate and he has the ball now....and like how long is this going to go on for Pete's sake? Like I mean me, I'd prefer a bit of action instead of all these promises, mannn! ## RUR 17. Rike. Herein is a pretty neat analysis of a broadsheet circulated by Mrs Carr which is All For The Bomb, Right or Wrong. The sheet appears to say that the bomb is necessary and with it - even if it kills us - we will die free. Rike cuts the thing up into slices of nonsense, and with him I would like to know what sort of freedom it is that imposes the possibility of death on a lot of people who don't want it? The broadsheet, incidentally, appears above the names of Robert and Virginia Heinlein of Colorado Springs, Colorado - but surely this can't be our Heinlein? This mess of emotional claptrap can't have originated with Heinlein the sf man?

July 18th. FANDOM'S BURDEN 2. Nick and Noreen Falasca. When the first of these appeared we were a little startled at the outright honesty of the people concerned. I'm sure the Falascas aren't the only burden that fandom has to put up with, but they are certainly the only ones to admit it in their fanzine title. The second issue (rather cutely titled 'Son of..') still makes me wonder why such paper should be wasted. By the time you reach the sentence "We rest our case" you find a rest is what you need - badly. Unfortunately they go on from there for another seventeen pages. Luckily these include letters (one from Vinç in which he says the pretentious rumblings in FB 1 caused him to say - so what? has a Falascan comment "Dear Vinç: Perhaps you are right. N&N") and of these the best, surprisingly, is from Mrs Carr. Mrs Carr who is, both in her politics and religion, emotional to the extreme (my opinion) here gets right down to the truth of the matter when she says.. "It looks to me as though the only thing you are kicking about is that you were not consulted in the deal." I tend to agree. In fact if you go right back to the Falascan NYCon report in Don Ford's Pooka 4 Dec '56 you find that they are not so much reporting events (other than the bad ones) as telling Kyle how he should have run the con. Quote "Putting on a convention is difficult, yes, but not as trying as it is sometimes made out to be. You need great perseverance and the ability to take advice from people who have had experience in running one." My underlining. The Falascas, you might remember, were responsible for a really successful con. You should remember - they've been telling people about it ever since. Apparently they weren't asked how to put on a successful NYCon, and that must have hurt. Not being humbly asked how to incorporate a Society must have been the end of the line. How dare these fans go and do things without asking the Falascas for the benefits of their great wisdom?

July 19th. New HiFi equipment delivered. See future issues.

July 23rd. 7" tape from Raeburn which we haven't been able to play because the tape side of the equipment isn't wired up yet. Damn!

July 24th. Letter from Mrs Carr in which she rather amusingly claims that the names attached to her have now been passed on to me, because of the Bentcliffe article in Ploy. "Now it remains to be seen whether after having the audacity to formulate and express an unpopular opinion, you will come out of your corner, slugging with both hands in defense of it - or whether you will timidly toss in the towel in a flurry of apologies." Well now, my keen sense of logic tells me that a towel is for wiping oneself after washing. Had there been a logical argument developed showing me to be wrong, then I would have admitted it. As it was, I still feel quite right. That is the difference between us. If you come up against an argument contrary to your beliefs you will deny it's existence - if I find one I will accept it. ## Letter from JULIE JARDINE, with the surprising news that she is back in the States. You'll remember I mentioned her arrival at the Globe in Apr 1. "I wish that I could have taken my leave of you and everyone at the Globe in person but things didn't work out that way, I'm afraid. Still, I don't want to leave without thanking you for being so very nice to a stranger and making me feel as though we've known each other for years." Julie also sent a page from an American paper containing an article on Ackerman by Gene Hunter. Very interesting.

July 27th. Visit from Peter Phillpotts, work friend of Vinç and a fan-type if ever there was one, and Bobbie Wild. We were working --- on the HiFi.

July 28th. Letter from the Falascas written in the first person. "I was rather surprised to find a copy of Aporrheta in the mail today. Since I am on the low portion of your list, I wonder why you choose to send your mailings to me." But 'F' comes pretty high on the list - besides, I always think it fair to let people know what I am saying about them. The Falascas felt my opinion of them came from their letter in Fanac 4, (this could be, after all, they wrote it) and wanted to give me time to read FB and SFB to see if I'd changed my mind. Well, I have. After reading the letter I thought the Falascas were bad. After reading FB and SFB I realised they hadn't the ability to be bad - they're just silly. And if you can find anything concrete of any importance in the Falascafanzines then you might point it out to me.

July 30th. Letter from Jim Caughran in which he asks for the meaning of Aporrheta. Well, the meaning is inherent in the fact that you don't know what it is. If you did know, then it wouldn't hold good. See?

July 31st. Letter from Fred Smith. "Sorry I've never replied to your letter of some months ago...I've been meaning to, of course, but what with college work, homemaking, children adjusting to, natural lethargy --. Haven't yet got a teacher's certificate. I passed all the college exams but my practical work is apparently not yet up to standard. This is the summer "holiday" now...and I'm back working for Pickford's Heavy Haulage ... and hoping to get another ish of GOBLIN out while I have a relatively larger amount of peace and sparetime this summer. I've let my membership in OMPA lapse... too much to keep up with. I honestly don't know how you manage two apas and now I see you've launched yet another mag and yet you find time to write thousands of letters. The imagination croggles!" Guess I'm just naturally ebullient Fred. "I've just dug out your last letter and, by God, it's dated July 15th - 1957!" Thought I hadn't heard from you for some time! Fred mentions he now has access to a Grundig tape-recorder, 7½ and 3¾ ips, so he's in the tape league. He'll be getting a tape from us as soon as we get wired up. He continues "I was particularly interested in the stuff about cigarette cards, as you didn't mention the sets which are of special interest to sfans. I still have quite a few of these - most of one set (put out by Churchman's, I think, without checking) showing current scientific achievements such as cyclotrons, solar power generators, etc. and futuristic stuff like stills from "Things to Come" and paintings of space ships etc. These were black and white (half-tone), a mixture of photographs and paintings - and good. There was also another set, which I think I still have, showing colour paintings of the planets, etc. Strictly pre-Bonestell but pretty good, and fairly accurate for the time. Imaginary landscapes & like that... What gives with this BSFA business? I thought we were long past the organising stage and that fans were basically anarchists anyway. I read the motives but somehow I can't get excited about them: especially at a pound a throw. I think that pound is likely to frighten away "the new fans" the organisation is supposed to find and I think the talents and energies behind the movement would be far better used in producing a new, regular, sober, printed or photo-lithed sf reviewzine and the hell with associations and the like. I know the BSFA intends to put out a zine but at 5/- a copy? Full of minutes of meetings? Lists of officers? Campaigns for elections? Uh-uh; not for me." You sound as if you don't think Ted Tubb capable of editing a real fanzine. Admittedly he hasn't had any experience, but you never know. Actually the BSFA is supposed to be giving

more for the £1 but I'm not certain how much. "I would welcome a good sercon reviewzine but I'm very doubtful about this. Especially at that price! The library may be useful but public libraries carry sf, and pocket-books are cheap and easy to obtain, so...? The idea of the BSFA running future cons has, I must admit, its attractions and is possibly a good idea but will it work? You might pass on these criticisms to the appropriate people, or maybe print them in one of your zines, hmm?" Yes. Passed to the BSFA for comment. As for my own position in relation to the BSFA, well.. I have heard it said that my Bentcliffe article was an attempt to ruin the BSFA. Since the article was written and published before Kettering this idea, if true, would make me into something of a genius. I.e. I was able to foretell the formation of the organisation and also that Bentcliffe would be one of the members of the committee. Even I am not that good. In many ways I regard the BSFA as I do the WSFS. I do not, generally, like organisations. However, once an organisation is in being then if people are not satisfied they should try to change what they consider to be bad. They should not try to do away with the organisation completely. The BSFA was formed at Kettering by a group of fans who were not really representative of British fandom, but I think we are all prepared to admit that the only way to get anything done with fans is to present them with a fait accompli. So, the BSFA, like the WSFS, now exists. I am not altogether happy that their ideas are sound but I'm all for giving them time to test them out. Apart from the fact that they are charging £1 (one of the reasons I am not a member) and a minor quibble about the size of the secretary's address in relation to the name of the Association on the notepaper (after all, it is the Association that is most important, isn't it?) I can find no fault with their activities to date. In fact I'd like to wish them luck with their search for new blood.

FANAC 19. This carries news of the death of Laney and continues with a letter from George Fields to the effect that it is now a month since Kyle said he'd account for the NYCon money and Trip Fund to the Solacon Committee. George should worry - in fact he probably will be in another six months time -- or rather the next committee will be worrying. There's also news that Philadelphia has been asked by the city Chamber of Commerce to hold a sf convention - so they intend to bid for the 1960 worldcon. ## FANAC 20. This came with 19. News that Ron Bennett (who avoided doing any work on this issue of Ape by simply talking long, often and interestingly during his 10 day stay on his way to the States) has won TAFF. Also news that I'm claiming I can't turn over the office of WSFS Treasurer to Sneary until the books are balanced. Unlike the first item this is news! Sneary became the Treasurer in November, 1957 and I handed over the books in the early months of 1958. They would have been handed over with the Treasurership but I thought it unfair to give Sneary the job of collecting outstanding money in England and paying outstanding bills in England from a distance of some 6,000 miles. It wasn't as though there was a large balance to be carried over that the Solacon Committee could have used in those early months..... Anyway, everything went to Sneary some time ago. I requested Frank Dietz to make every effort to collect monies due to the WSFS in America in the hope that our out of pocket expenses could be at least partly covered. When the Solacon Committee decided to cancel that idea I forwarded the unpaid expense lists to Sneary also (he had asked me to) and said they might pay them. As a matter of interest the Solacon Committee has said that they won't and personally I don't give a damn. Sneary has been Treasurer since Nov 1st

1957. Like, I should spell it in caps, mannn? I am very disappointed in Fanac. When it first started I thought it might be another, perhaps better, news zine like Contact. Unfortunately it isn't, and it won't be until the editors realise that in any zine given over either entirely or partly to news, accuracy is far more important than frequency. ## Letter from ERIC JONES. "...a thorough investigation was made here in Cheltenham before I felt competent to write in answer to the inferences made in your publication Ape which you so kindly sent me. We do not think that it is merely a case of someone hating Sanderson; they hate us too! After making public at Kettering that Circle members attending there were 'members of the anti-Sanderson Society' it would be utter stupidity (and so obvious) to send 'anonymous communications' - in your name - from anywhere in this area, if the 'anonymous writer' hoped to remain that way. The Circle has had many fannish visitors; especially this year. As we get all sorts of adverts pushed through the club-room door, there is usually a pile of 'free offers', '3d off' soap adverts and other miscellanea collected in the club-room...a gold-mine if anyone was collecting such stuff for a definite purpose! We know of no Circle member who was travelling Southamptonwards around Whit. ...we do not consider that because the Western Provident card was 'issued in Cheltenham' that this is sufficient evidence that the CSFC is responsible - or one of its members. We here hope that he doesn't try it again; we like to settle fannish differences in a fannish way!" And so do I, Eric, which is one of the reasons I object to Yngvi's activities. Since you have done something that I couldn't - that is, made a thorough investigation in Cheltenham, I'll take your word for it that you are not involved as a group. It would therefore appear that if it isn't a member of your group who has managed to keep the fact secret from you, then Yngvi is someone who was at Kettering and who visited Cheltenham sometime between the appearance of the original article (just before Easter) and Whit - May 24th. Any ideas?

BOB RICHARDSON

On Cartophily

I agree most heartily with Penelope that Cartophily is a hobby which is a fandom in itself. There are two main clubs, "The Cameric Club" and "The British Cartophilic Society", and it is an advantage to the serious collector to be

a member of one or the other, preferably both. I started collecting by accident, as I found that cards about the sea, ships and the Royal Navy, combined with a good epidiascope, simplified enormously my Naval Cadet instructing. Before long I was bitten by the 'collectors bug' and now have almost every set (some foreign) dealing with the sea and all things nautical.

I would like to correct Penelope though, in her assuming that details of R.N. ships on cigarette cards provided a security risk. There was nothing on the cards which had not already appeared together with much more vital statistics in "Janes Fighting Ships". This book was a world-wide publication and no self-respecting navy was without a few copies. Quite a lot of information on cigarette cards was, however, of great use to the enemy. Late in '39 it was found that on the outbreak of war every U-Boat in service was equipped with a set of Players "British Naval Craft" for identification purposes. The set showing secrets of the G.P.O. was withdrawn on the outbreak of war and no doubt the 1938 issue of ARP from Hignett was of as much

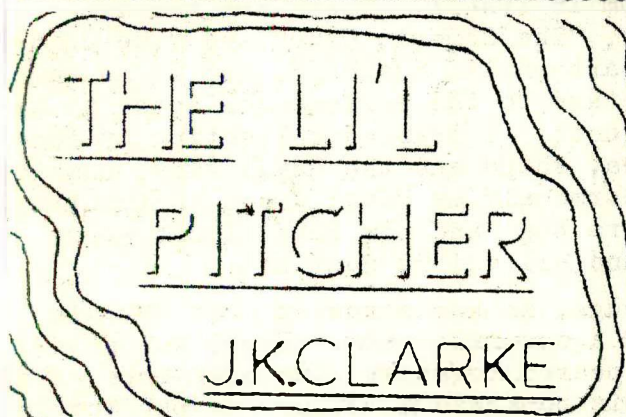
use to the enemy as to us.

There is no way of determining the value of a card (with a few exceptions) except by consulting a catalogue. Age does not necessarily mean that a set is expensive - you can obtain a set of famous beauties (Morris's 'Actresses') first issued in 1898 for 7/6. Or there is Hignett's 'Greetings of the World' 1907 for 6/-. Player's "Cities of the World" 1901 will cost you 3/- per card, £7.10.--. the set.

One of the best books I know on Cartophily which shows a large number of cards in full colour is A.J.Cruse "All about Cigarette Cards". I think the price is still 3/6. Good albums are unfortunately hard to get. I was lucky and obtained a dozen pre-war Wills albums at 10/- each. These are the 'window' type - the card is slipped up into the window which grips all round the edges leaving the front and back exposed. Albums which use only corner slots should be avoided. The value of the cards soon drops if the corners are marked at all. When buying from a dealer one usually has to pay catalogue price, but if you sell to him you will only receive 1/6 of the price or - if you're lucky - upto ¼. Dealing with a collector, however, usually means you can buy or sell for ½ to ¾ catalogue price. Unless, of course, you have or want the set priced at £80!

Cigarette Cards are as fascinating as stamps and comparatively cheap. The information contained is amazingly accurate and since 1922 tobacco companies have made a point of their accuracy - so much so that cases have been won in Court with the use of them. Elstree has used them for determining the correct uniforms and costumes to be used in 'period' films, and several books have been successfully illustrated with them. I know too, from experience, how useful they are in helping to instruct young Servicemen. Even sf is catered for now in "Conquest of Space" and 'Wonders of the Universe'

Some of my sets, although not rare, are in the scarce class, and I'm holding on to 'em. For the rest - any swaps?



Since Sandy has left me with so little space (he's a brute) and so little time (on account of helping him with his HiFi equipment) you'll have to be happy this time with a quotation. It's from the June-July issue of Classical Longplay Record Catalogue, USA. Title is '2642 A.D.' by S.W.Bennett, and there's a note to the effect that this is all the author can remember of what was dictated to him during a nightmare he suffered after attending an Audio Fair.

.....It was in the year 1993 that the recorded music industry finally went to smash. The 1980's had seen the death of what has been known in archaic language as "live musical performances," such as "concerts" and "opera". Everything that had ever been written during the past history of the queer art known as music, had by that time been recorded fifty times over. Thanks to the split-molecule technique, invented in 1968, which recorded music on

wire so thin as to be invisible, the collected recorded works of even so prolific a composer (an ancient term used used to describe certain forms of madness) as Beethoven, could be contained in a packet the size of a thumb-nail. Everybody had everything. Delvers in this ancient history still speak of the celebrated case of Professor Wilton P.R. De Clavier, the last of the obsessed race known as 'live pianists'. After the last concert hall had closed down, the Professor used to wander from home to home wherever people congregated and a piano was still kept for ornamental reasons, begging to let him show them what Bach, Beethoven and Chopin sounded like on a real piano. On this historic night just after the Professor had finished the 'Apassionata Sonata', and the amused listeners were politely applauding, the ten year old scion of the host walked over to the pianist and said, "But, Professor, you should hear how Schnabel plays the last movement on my split-molecular wire, and what Rubenstein does with the opening chords."

With a wild cry the Professor leaped upon the youth, and tried to strangle him with the piano strings. When the old man was dragged off, he was mistakenly released, in the belief he had suffered from temporary hypertension. Later investigation disclosed that he had previously suffered a trauma, when his son, whom he had trained for twenty years to become the greatest of all pianists suddenly defied the father, dropped the instrument, and became an audio engineer. This of course was discovered afterwards, when the Professor was apprehended in the act of setting fire to a number of recorded music factories. He was put in a sanatorium. It seemed then as if recorded music was in an untouchable position. There was no "live music". Composers had long since been composing their works directly on split-molecular wire. There was no need for live dance bands, since when people danced in a ballroom, each couple had its own pocket playback, and so one could be dancing a rhumba, while another was doing rock and roll, instead of the primitive regimented system whereby everybody had to sway to the same rhythm.

But Professor De-Clavier had his posthumous revenge, through the agency of his own son.

Shocked at what had happened to his father, the young man spent ten years on research, and then patented the 'DeClavier Audio-Personality-Modulator'. Analyzing the patterns of style, tempo, phrasing, dynamics and temperament of the most famous interpreters of the past (using for this purpose even the long buried archives of those primitive discs with but one hour of music on them, which were ludicrously known as 'long-playing') he arrived at a basic graphic curve for each one which he was able to translate into an audio-modulatory circuit. This done, he put the 'Wilton P.R. DeClavier Audio-Personality-Modulator' playback machine on the market. All that was necessary was for the owner to feed into it any score, and adjust the controls for the particular interpretative temperament he wanted. Thus it was not only possible to hear the same score done in the most varied ways by the temperament-patterns of the greatest performers of recent times, but the curious could even hear these scores as they would have been interpreted by old artists like Toscanini, Rachmaninoff and Hubermann, who had died before these scores were actually written. They could hear operas as performed according to the personality-patterns of legendary figures such as Enrico Caruso, Pol Plancon, Lilli Lehmann, and Bessie Smith, the only adjustment necessary being a 'tempo-compromiser' in the concerted numbers.

The recording industry, which De Clavier had vowed to destroy, looked upon his invention as nothing more than an expensive toy. And indeed, because of the number of circuits required, it was both unwieldy and costly. The crushing blow however came with De Clavier's next invention, known as the 'Wilton P.R. De Clavier Intermodulatory Self-Interpreter'. The purchaser now had to buy nothing more than a simple machine. At the time of purchase his psyche was analyzed, according to a chart which De Clavier had prepared, and from this his own musico-interpretive-personality was discovered. The controls were then adjusted. And so the owner could thenceforth feed into it any score, and hear it interpreted as it would be by himself, if he had been a musician. He could even hear an opera performed with all the roles taken by himself.

All this happened of course several decades ago, but a few rare examples of this machine may still be seen in the museums. Sometimes adventurous children try, when the guards are not watching, to touch the controls and hear the strange, aural effects known in the backward period of the twentieth century as "music".

It is said that on clear nights, radios attuned to the distant planet Uranus may hear even more raucous sounds. It was there that the rebels were banished who, in the year 2035, started a movement known as "play it yourself" and began again to make the ugly sounds with the throat known as singing, or the equally disturbing sounds made by blowing the breath through a tube, striking wire strings with hammers, or scraping horse-hair over catgut.....

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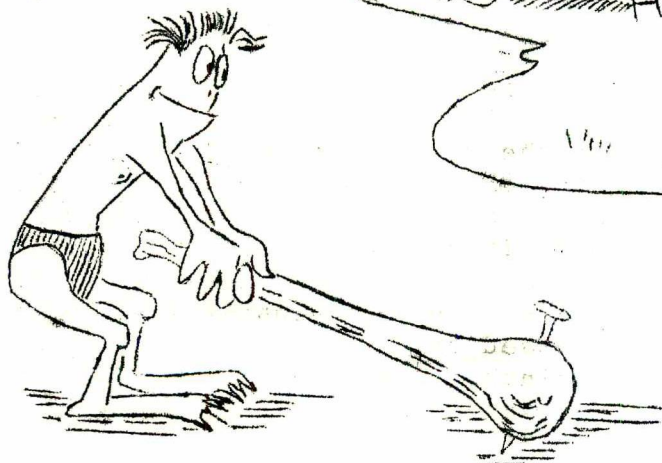
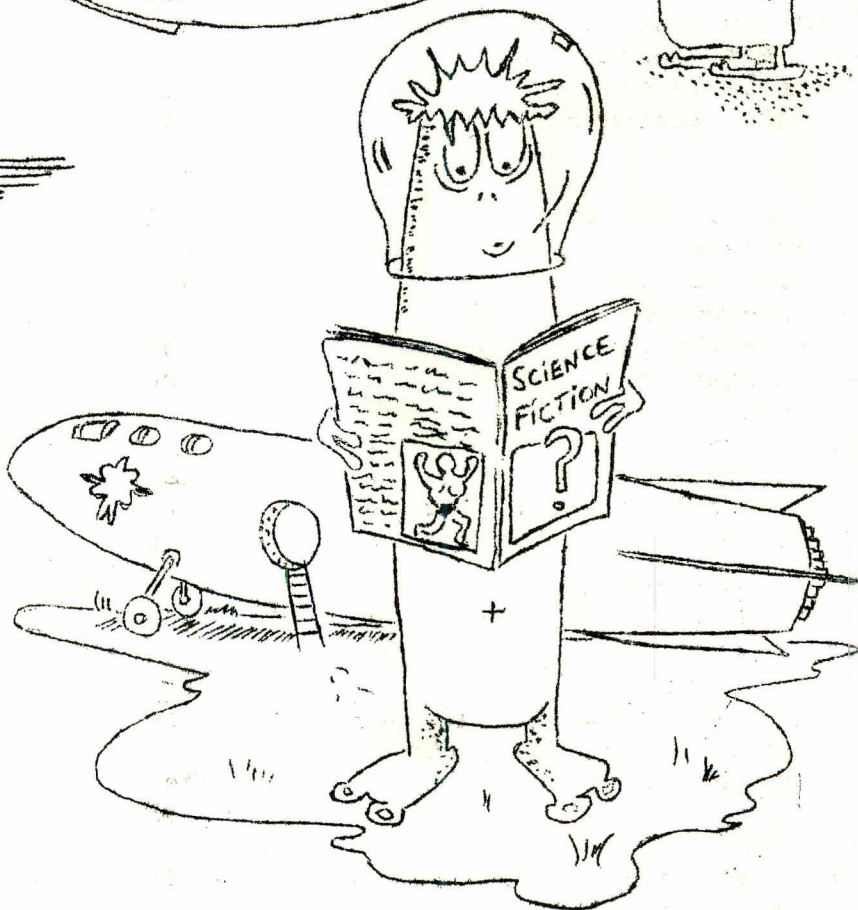
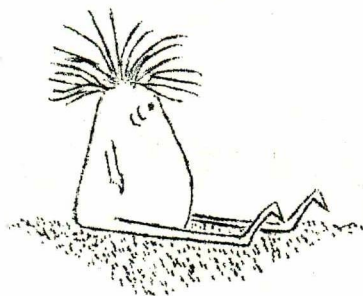
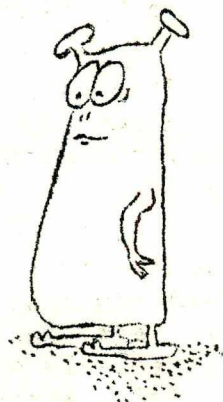
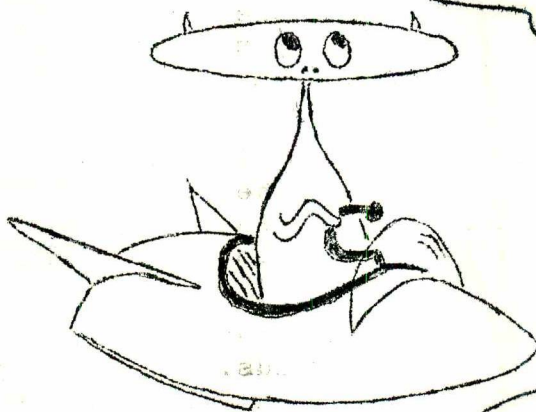
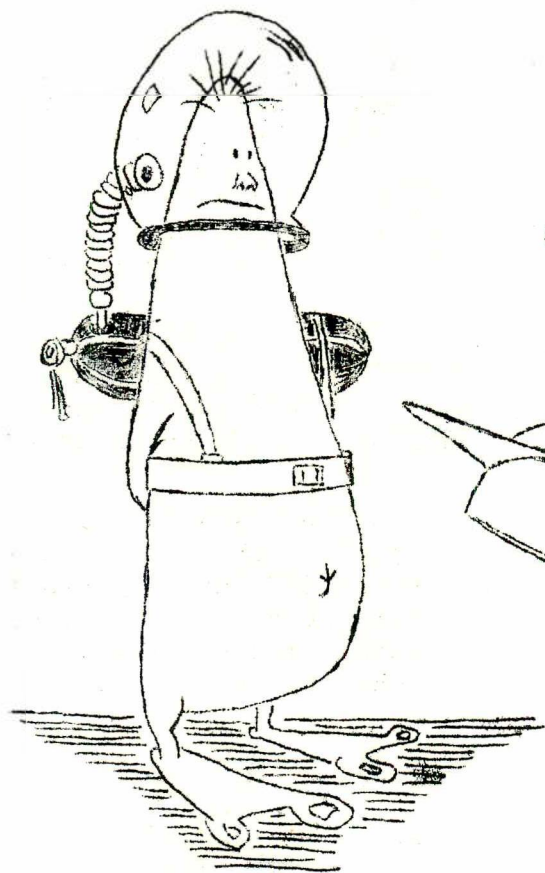
Hmm. Seems I have more space than I thought, so.... H.L. Mencken once 'translated' the Declaration of Independance from English into American. In the process the part "When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them..!" etc etc. became "When things get so balled up that the people of a country got to cut loose from some other country and go it on their own hook..." and the immortal words "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal..." became "All we got to say on this proposition is this; first, me and you is as good as anybody else..."

The above are the only parts that I know. Can anyone tell me where the complete translation can be found?

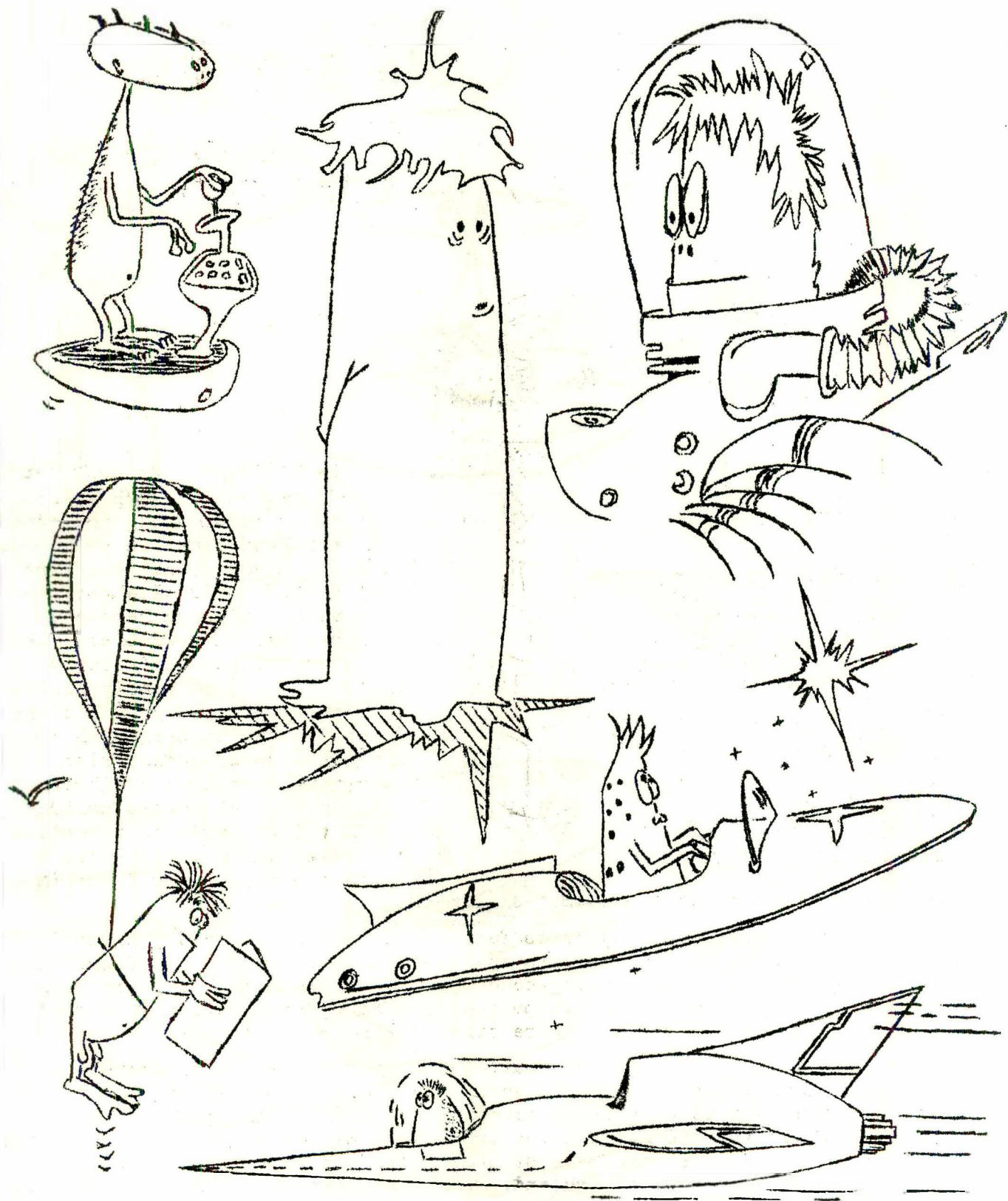
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In Apr 1 Sandy finished the Diary section with a remark that there are two fanzine collections in this house. He ran out of space, but what he meant was this. A zine addressed to the Clarkes is ours. A zine addressed to Sandy is his. One addressed to the three of us is read by all but goes into our collection. The reason for this is that one day Sandy will be off overseas again and he'll want to take his collection with him. For this purpose it might as well be the smallest collection - less to carry. So you see, although Sandy sees everything sent here, he considers he hasn't really received a fanzine unless it is addressed to him personally. Consequently you won't find much mention of such zines in this magazine. The easiest thing to do is to send two copies of everything here. Is all. JKC.

An ATOM Sketchbook



Human and ?

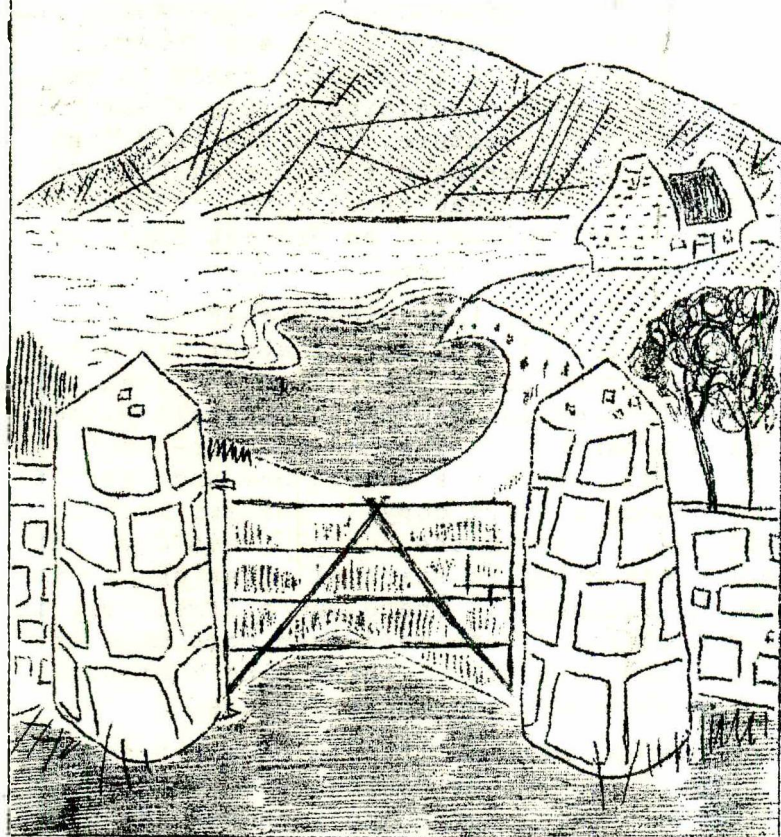


GdeB

THE SEARCH FOR STRAWBERRY

ICE

Part One



To begin with we very nearly missed the train, which wasn't surprising considering the state Inchmery Fandom was in by 6.00pm on Friday June 27th. Vinz had been out of hospital about a week and was by no means recovered from his hernia operation - and that meant he couldn't carry anything. Joy naturally couldn't be expected to carry much either. Which left me to deal with two large suitcases packed with everything required by three fans for a fortnight's holiday. Luckily I was able to forestall any moves to take along the typer and duplicator "just in

case we want to put out a one-shot on the boat?"

I'd already taken the cases to Euston Station and on Friday night I picked them up with half-an-hour to spare and waited for Joy and Vinz. The boy was the last to arrive having come by Tube in the Rush Hour, God help him. The train pulled out at 6.15pm and we were off on the Grand Tour of Ireland. It was raining and we were tired before we started and -

We hadn't got berths on the boat, which was crowded even before our train had unloaded. What was even worse, we couldn't get a seat in one of the lounges and had to be content with small chairs on the deck. The only good thing about the journey was the fact that the sea was as calm as a mill pond. Then, as we came into Belfast Lough, the sun came out and we got a real travelogue-type look at Ireland. Vinz had seen it before, but for Joy and I this was the first time and it was beautiful. We stopped feeling so

tired. A woman was throwing small chips to the seagulls and one fell back on her shoulder without her noticing it. "Tell her she's got a chip on her shoulder," said Vinç. It must be something in the air of Belfast.

The first thing that met our eyes as we went ashore was a notice saying "Danger - Live Wires". It was nice of Willis to go to all that trouble to warn us but he really needn't have bothered. We knew what to expect. Walt wasn't due back from his holiday until late on Sunday evening so we went straight to a boarding house we'd booked for the first few days and had breakfast. Later we went out to get a good look at Belfast and do some shopping. The first thing that struck us was the great width of the streets -- and the lack of traffic to fill them. The Corporation had apparently just started to put small islands in the centre of Donegall Place and Donegall Square. To people accustomed to taking their life into their hands in mad dashes across narrow streets crowded with traffic, getting across these half empty stretches of road was quite a perilous adventure. And the fact that the nice policeman directing the traffic was wearing a revolver with his truncheon didn't help very much either. We had read about this, and I had seen it in Europe, but the sight of an armed policeman on British soil, if you see what I mean, still came as something of a shock.

It was at the City Hall in Donegall Square, that Vinç picked up his first map. We went there with the intention of finding out about the city, and the man in the Town Clerk's Office turned out to be full of typical Irish charm. He directed us to the Tourist Information Centre in Donegall Place but also said he could supply us with a handbook. Then he took one from behind the counter and handed it to Vinç. He took a second one and gave it to Joy. Then he looked at me and produced a third copy. "Run for it," I yelled, and we shot out of the building. "What's the hurry?" said Joy, and I explained that I was afraid the man was going to start all over again with Vinç and goddamn it I had to carry the suitcases. There was a street map in the handbook and Vinç was happy for a while. There were even more maps in the Information Centre, and this made him happier. I think Vinç must work on the principle that nothing is as good as knowing where you are.

Of course we'd had one map for over a week but it only showed a small area. In fact it was a map of the route from Upper Newtownards Road to 31, Campbell Park Drive. It had been drawn by John Berry who is a policeman and who draws diagrams of houses in which 'X' marks the spot, in addition to taking fingerprints, and consequently we couldn't get lost. The fact that the map only involved four roads helped quite a bit. We phoned John and then set off to find him. Needless to say (after all, with a preamble like that what else could be said?) we got lost. I insist that Berry had a right turn on his map when it should have been a left turn. He insists it was a wood knot in his desk and there shouldn't have been a turn at all. Diane gave us food and drink to recover from the long trek and we spent most of the evening going through John's fan-stuff. The Berry den is quite a thing to see, as is the Shaw/Berry Typer and the duplicator. Berry foolishly mentioned that the counter didn't work on the duplicator and Vinç's fingers started reaching out for screwdrivers, nail-files or what-have-you. Luckily he was too tired to do anything about it then but the item of information was quite definitely fixed in his brain and we knew he would never rest until he'd taken the infernal machine to pieces and put it back again. We left fairly early, not having had any sleep on Friday night, and went straight to bed.

After breakfast on Sunday (it's surprising how you can force yourself when you've paid for something - we had breakfast every morning until we moved in on Walt, Madeleine and family and managed to get back to normal) we went wandering around Belfast again. We didn't find it easy to get lunch since most of the places were shut and the city appeared dead, but we made it eventually. Chicken and new potatoes and green peas for some ridiculous low price. It was here we noticed another of Ireland's many peculiarities. In London each part of a meal is charged separately and by the time you've finished, the bill can be quite high. In Ireland the habit is to include extras such as tea, bread and butter, biscuits, etc. in the cost of the main dish. The prices quoted for the main dish made us think that the food was not as cheap as we had expected it to be, until we realised the extras were included. It didn't seem to matter how much bread and butter or how many biscuits we had either. We found the same thing throughout Ireland and came home wishing our own restaurants would adopt the same system.

In the afternoon we set off for the zoological gardens at Belle Vue, but we didn't actually go in. The gardens are built on the slope of a hill with the road running along the foot. We got off the bus at the first entrance and then walked up a stairway set into the side of the hill by the side of the gardens. This brought us out halfway up the hill on top of the gardens, with Cave Hill still above us, and we turned off here and walked along parallel to the road. The gardens stretched for quite a distance and about halfway along we found a wide stairway back down to the road. To get from one half of the gardens to the other there were bridges over the stairway and tunnels underneath it - about six in all. There were also several exits leading onto the stairway itself in the nature of one-way turnstiles. About halfway down it started to rain (the only time we ever got wet in Ireland) and we took shelter under one of the bridges where a park-bench had been placed.

It was only a shower, but we sat there a while after it had stopped, and that was how we came to observe the misadventures of the Lancashire Lassies and the Poddlewog. The girls came first, three buxom Lancashire types that one normally associates with the Blackpool Tower and paddling in the sea. They wanted to get into the other half of the gardens but instead of crossing the bridge above us they thought they'd take a short cut across the stairway. When they had gone through the turnstiles, they realised they couldn't get in again on the other side, and that set them off into gales of laughter and squeals and giggles at their own silliness as each one tried to tell the others what they had done. They didn't give a damn who knew about it, and each time it looked as though they might recover one of them would gasp out the story again and away they'd all go. The good-natured humour was so infectious that it wasn't long before we were laughing ourselves, and then we couldn't stop. Eventually one of the attendants (who had apparently been watching all the time) came and let them in again and there were further uproars as they were reunited with the rest of their party and retold the story.

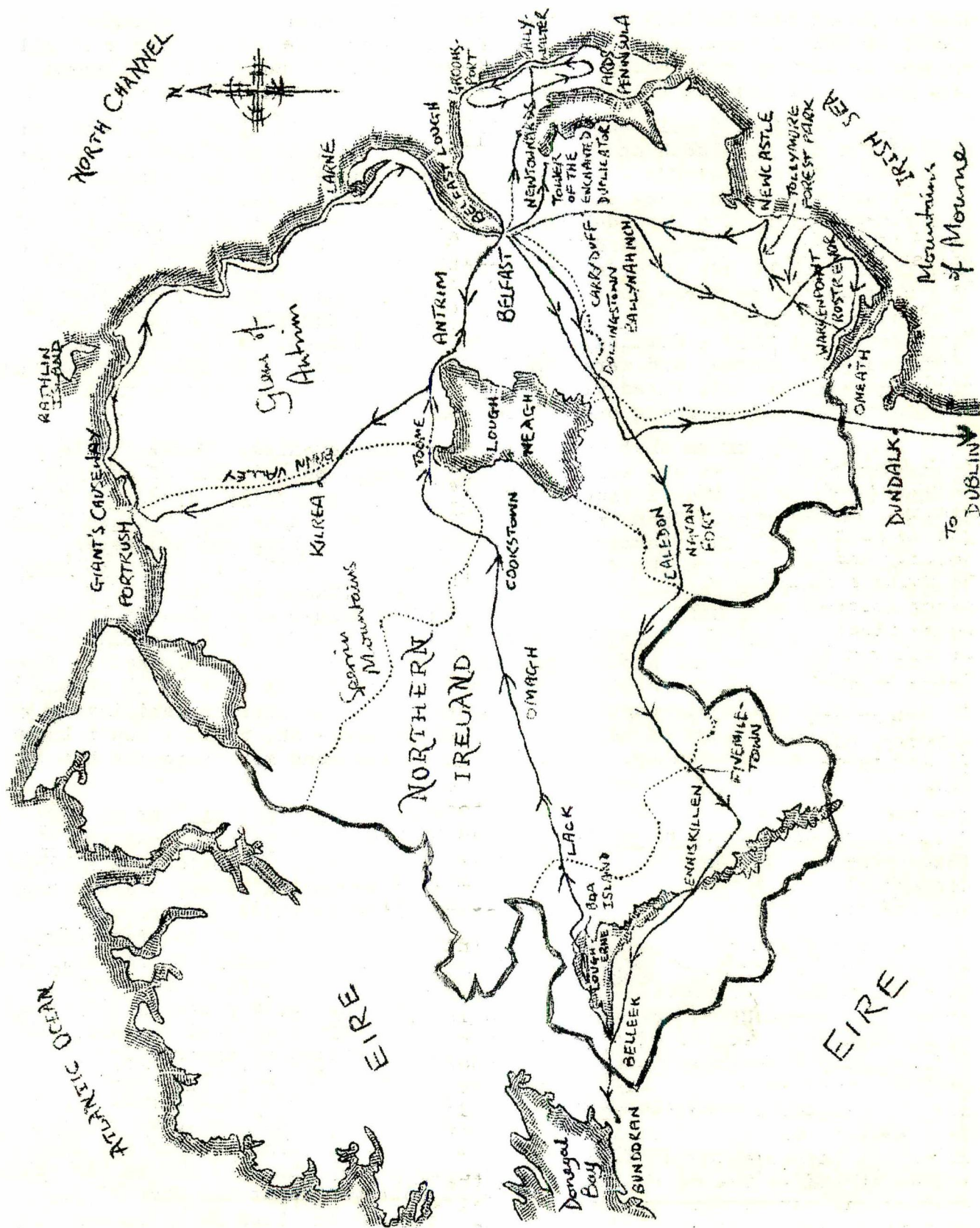
We had hardly recovered from this, when a young couple came along with a boxer pup frisking in front of them on a lead. I looked at Joy. "Poddlewog?" She examined the creature for a few seconds and then agreed it might just about pass. In case you don't know, poddlewog is Joy's name for a sort of pudgy, waddling, round-as-it's-long-as-it's-high, sort of dog. There

was something strange about the way this one was acting and the realisation hit the three of us about the same time. It must have been due to our recent contact with the Goon. The stairway was divided into about twenty steep flights of twenty steps each, with a ten foot level platform between each flight. The dog's line of vision was very much lower to the ground than ours, and it could only see one flight at a time! As it came level with us it was still leading the young couple but already it could see that something was wrong. Each time its head came over the level of the top step of the flight it was on, it would stop dead and glare at the next flight as if to say "God, not another one." The air of dejection as it lolloped across and started to climb the next flight - and again to stop and stare at the next one, really had to be seen to be appreciated. About two-thirds of the way up the couple were having to coax it and a little further on we could see from the set of its shoulders each time it stopped that it was willing the next flight to disappear. It had to be dragged up the last flight. I guess that poor poddlewog is going to hate stairways for the rest of its life.

It took us a considerable time to recover from this experience, and then we headed back to town for some tea. We didn't know it, but we were about to embark on our search for strawberry ice. It was all Joy's fault, really. She liked icecream. In particular she liked strawberry icecream - you know, the pink stuff you can get from Walls. What is more she was on holiday and by God she was going to have lots of icecream. She thought. We found a milk-bar and went in. When the waitress came we asked for strawberry icecream and she said they hadn't any. Just like that. We didn't worry about it then - it might have been an isolated instance. There would be other milk bars with strawberry ice but in the meantime we were too tired to move and settled for ordinary insipid white-type icecream instead.

Next stop was the Willis residence to see if he had returned from his holiday, but it was quite late in the evening before we were successful and found him in on our third visit. By this time we'd had to leave Vinç behind because he was worn out. Joy and I nattered on to Walt and Madeleine into the early hours of the morning. Walt took us on a conducted tour of the fabulous fan-attic (as he said, Vinç had already seen it) but it is quite impossible for me to describe the place. The Ghoodminton bats, the calendar and all the rest. I leave that to more gifted writers. Eventually we had to leave after arranging to come round early on Monday evening with Vinç.

Monday was a quiet day. We went into the city centre and Vinç headed straight for Smithfield at his own pace while Joy and I pushed off to do some shopping. We had decided that, much as we would have liked to have spent our time sitting down talking to fans, we really should see something of Ireland as well. The fact that Irish Fandom was working during the day influenced our decision as well. We booked three tours with Cooks, each designed to enable us to see the most we could in the time available, and also booked tickets to Dublin (home of James Joyce). In addition to these four Walt later took us to Ballywalter (holiday home of W.A. Willis - another notorious character) and to the Tower of the Enchanted Duplicator. All six routes should be marked on the map on the next page. We had also discovered that on the day we were due to leave Belfast for Liverpool, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the population was planning to come with us. Friday, July 11th was the beginn-

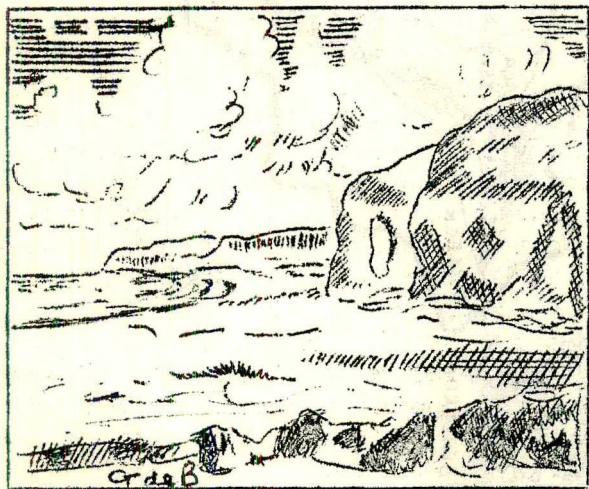


ing of their main holiday when most firms closed down for a fortnight. Since we didn't have berths for the return journey the only thing we could do was to advance our return by one day to Thursday, July 10th and avoid the crush. We had the tickets changed while we were at Cooks.

Vinç was pretty well buried in Smithfield by this time so we went and pulled him out for lunch and then all three of us went back there. Smithfield is a sort of market - a square of small shops with more inside the square and the whole place covered over. About sixty percent of the shops are stacked high with second-hand books and the rest are given over to junk and to LP records. Vinç said the records were a new development. It is a fascinating place but we didn't find very much there worth having. Vinç did pick up two or three rare books for himself and he spotted one that he thought might interest John Roles (and bought it for him on a later visit) but apart from that - nothing. At least fifty percent of the books were religious, of course, and were immediately discounted. By this time we were all beginning to feel tired with too much standing so we went to rest for an hour or so before going over to see Walt.

Heaven only knows what we talked about that evening. Madeleine is a wonderful cook and we ate well, read Walt's mail, passed some of our own around (most of it hadn't caught up with us) and generally chewed the fat about this and that. There were puns that I didn't note down because I did not want to spoil the flavour of the moment by producing pen and paper. This happened often in the fortnight, but what the hell - it was a holiday! There was the OMPA post-mailing half-completed. There was the job of rescuing Walt from GAFIA, a job started by Ken Bulmer with great success. (GAFIA is an enemy to be fought every summer in the Willis household when tennis and golf are all around and there are holidays to be planned). There was a discussion on the state of fandom and what a mess part of it seemed to be in. There was a discussion on G.M.Carr, with her unerring ability to go straight to the fringe of any problem. There was - oh, hell, I don't know. It was a wonderful evening. Walt even gave Vinç some more maps for him to use.

Tuesday was July 1st and we left Belfast early for Portrush and the Giant's Causeway. I could give a blow-by-blow description of our travels over the Irish countryside - there was certainly enough for me to write about - but space won't permit and in any case I don't want this account to sound too guide-bookish. It's probably bad enough now. I'll try to give an overall idea and limit particular descriptions to just a few of the places we saw. To begin with, we went to Portrush via an inland route through the Bann valley. Antrim was the first town of any size that we passed through, and we saw the small cottage (about the size of our living room) in which Dr Alexander Irv-



ine was born. Don't let the fact that you've never heard of him worry you. Neither had we. He wrote a book called "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" - which was also news to us.

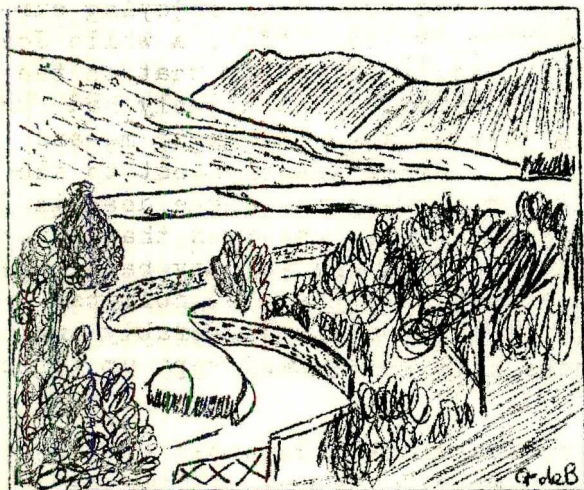
We stopped at Kilrae for a cup of tea and discovered it was market day. The square was full of cows and horses either standing still or being chased and there were plenty of buyers around examining them. In the middle of all the noise were two priests preaching sermons through loudspeakers set up on a van, and they had heavenly choirs and all the trimmings. We watched them for a few seconds but they were as unsuccessful in holding our attention as they were in holding the attention of the farmers. There should be a moral in this, I think. Their service of God receiving less attention than the beasts of the field. Said moral would be concerned with the hard headed practicality of the farmer. Market day was nothing new to Joy but Vin and I are genuine townfolk and although we'd heard about sheep clustering together we had never seen them until we walked along one of the side streets from the square. They were clustered so tightly against the walls that we felt it would be possible to grab their horns in our hands and lift them all up together. Kilrae also sported a Fairy Thorn, and we saw several of these later in other parts of the country. For some reason the thorn tree is associated with magic and this one was surrounded by concrete at the base, to protect it where it was coming through onto the pavement. The theory is that if anything bad happens to the thorn then bad luck will come to the people. Later I saw one standing lonely in the centre of a plowed field. No one would think of uprooting it. It was strange to see these age-old superstitions being respected and even protected in this day and age.

Portrush is built on a small peninsula jutting out into the Atlantic Ocean, and this was where we stopped for lunch. From here we started back along the Antrim Coast Road and this was one of the most beautiful stretches of coast we've seen. The strangest thing about it was the large number of castles we passed. They were all in ruins (tho' one had been rebuilt into a hotel) and in some cases consisted only of a side wall and a number of loose stones. The smallest was Carncastle, home of a robber called O'Hanlon who lived about 1750, and this was a mere half dozen large blocks of rock heaped one on top of the other.

A little way out of Portrush we came to the Giant's Causeway and spent about 90 minutes exploring it. Its actual size was small when compared to photographs of it but the stone formation was quite impressive for all that. Thousands of columns of hexagonal basalt, the result of volcanic action in the dim and distant past, made up the Causeway itself, and it was obvious that the photos we'd seen had been taken from the foot of the columns or else were 'close-ups' with nothing else included to give size comparisons. Even more impressive were the huge cliffs on the opposite side of the Causeway from the sea. There were supposed to be Golden Eagles around somewhere and we spent a lot of time looking for them, but to no avail. By this time the sun was really beating down on us and we decided to stop for ice cream. "Strawberry ice?" said Joy. "Choc-ice or vanilla only", said the girl behind the counter. Again we were disappointed but even then we didn't realise the true horror of the situation. We didn't know how desperate our search for strawberry ice was going to become.

Apart from one short break we now followed the coast past ruined castle

after ruined castle right back to Belfast, where we were just in time to be delayed by a procession. It was annoying because we wanted to get back to see Walt and Madeleine and have supper, but there was nothing to be done except sit and wait for all the marchers to pass. This particular procession appeared to be connected with the Battle of the Boyne, which had to be remembered for some reason or other. It was in the course of a similar procession that Chuck Harris screamed "Down with King Billie" and caused John Berry to lose ten years of life. There were lots of processions in the time we were in Ireland, all designed to whip up fervour for the big 12th of July parade. On one occasion the music for the marchers was provided by a Stuart-kilted Scots pipe band, a fife and drum band, a McDonald-kilted Scots pipe band and an Irish-kilted pipe band. The noise was terrible! The procession that was delaying us was very reminiscent of the Whit walks in Manchester that caused so much astonishment to the convention attendees in 1954 - only this time it wasn't raining. About every twenty yards half-a-dozen people would stagger along under the weight of a huge banner. We mused for a while on the possibility of harnessing all this energy and enthusiasm to work for fandom, and then it was all over and we went for supper and recounted the days happenings to Walt and Madeleine. Walt gave Vinc some new maps for him to use on Wednesday.



Wednesday morning we phoned Berry before starting off for the Mourne Mountains and Tollymore Forest Park, and arranged to see him after tea when he was back from work. This time we were travelling south and although the weather was fine again the cloud level was low and it obscured the view. However, as Vinc said, it did add a certain something to the weirdness of the scene. A large portion of County Down is known locally as "The Basket of Eggs" and we found ourselves in this region after passing through Carryduff. The name is derived from the shape of clusters of small oval-topped hills, the result of ages of weathering. The changing face of Ireland never failed to amaze us -

but more of that later. Our first crossing of the mountains was through Spelga pass and here we were well in the clouds. Coming out at the other side we carried on to Rostrevor and the change in the climate was fantastic. The vegetation was almost Mediterranean in style. There is an obelisk here commemorating Major-General Robert Ross who was born at Rostrevor. He won the battle of Bladensburg in the American War of 1812-14, captured Washington, and was killed three weeks later in an attack on Baltimore.

The stop for lunch was at Warrenpoint at the head of Carlingford Lough and from here we got our first glimpse of the Irish Republic - the village of Omeath on the opposite shore. We could have gone across the Lough by boat but there wasn't time so we went to eat instead, and to continue our search for strawberry ice. The place we picked on had a menu printed in about twenty different type-faces (sometimes three in one title) and the

lines were uneven. It looked as if an amateur had printed it on an Adana machine with insufficient type, and we wondered who Ted Tubb might have suckered. However, the menu did list all sorts of icecream sundaes and that was good enough for us. The waitress had an accent that could have been chopped in half with an axe (a knife wouldn't have had the necessary force) and Joy tried to explain what she wanted. By the time she'd finished Vinç and I were feeling slightly sick and the waitress was dazed. The sundae had to contain jelly and cherries and chopped nuts and a few other ingredients and strawberry ice. "Strawberry ice?" said the waitress. We looked at each other with a 'here we go again' look. "Yes," said Joy. "Strawberry ice." The waitress backed away a little. "You mean strawberry-flavoured ice?" said the waitress. "That's right, pink stuff," said Joy. The waitress looked as if she might burst into tears at any moment. "Well," said Joy. "Bring what you can as long as it's gooey." "And contains pink stuff," I said as she hurried away. The mess (there is no other way to describe it although after her first disappointment Joy appeared to enjoy it) that the waitress brought back contained pure white icecream over which had been sprinkled, tentatively, a few drops of raspberry flavouring.....

From Warrenpoint we returned to Rostrevor and then through the mountains again, this time by way of the Altnataggart pass to Tollymore Forest Park. We stopped at the Park for half-an-hour and decided to go for a walk. "When will we have to be back?" said Joy. I looked at my watch, added an hour, and told her. Then we set off. We just wandered along enjoying ourselves by the side of a small, twisting, rushing stream. After a while Joy began to wonder if we shouldn't turn back but Vinç pointed out that on the time I'd given them we still had forty minutes to go. "But we only had half-an-hour to begin with," said Joy. The pair of them turned to me and then began to advance slowly. "Look," I said. "There's a signpost to the car-park." Then I was off like a flash only to find myself ankle deep in mud in a field. I've no doubt we could have got to the car-park that way, but Joy was wearing low shoes and so we tried to find another way back. We made it eventually but only just. Joy was almost in a state of collapse and Vinç wasn't feeling too good. Luckily he'd improved considerably and had stopped favouring one side as he walked. The improvement kept up during the fortnight, which was a Good Thing.

Next stop was Newcastle, a seaside resort, and this time Joy decided she'd spend the half-hour sitting quietly and waiting for us. We asked if there was anything we could bring back to the coach and, rather wistfully and pathetically, she murmured "Strawberry ice?" We tried. Vinç marched into three shops demanding strawberry ice, only to be met with blank stares. The fourth time, with time running short, we tried to penetrate the blankness. Eventually the girl behind the counter seemed to grasp the idea and she produced three empty cartons. Into these she scooped ordinary white icecream, made a hole in the middle, poured in some red stuff from a bottle prominently marked 'Raspberry Cordial', topped this off with more icecream and put a lid on. We watched the entire operation in hopeless fascination. It was good icecream tho' for all that.

From Newcastle we worked back to Ballynahinch and then back the way we had come, to Belfast. It was about 6.00pm when we set off to see Berry.



***** TO BE CONTINUED *****

