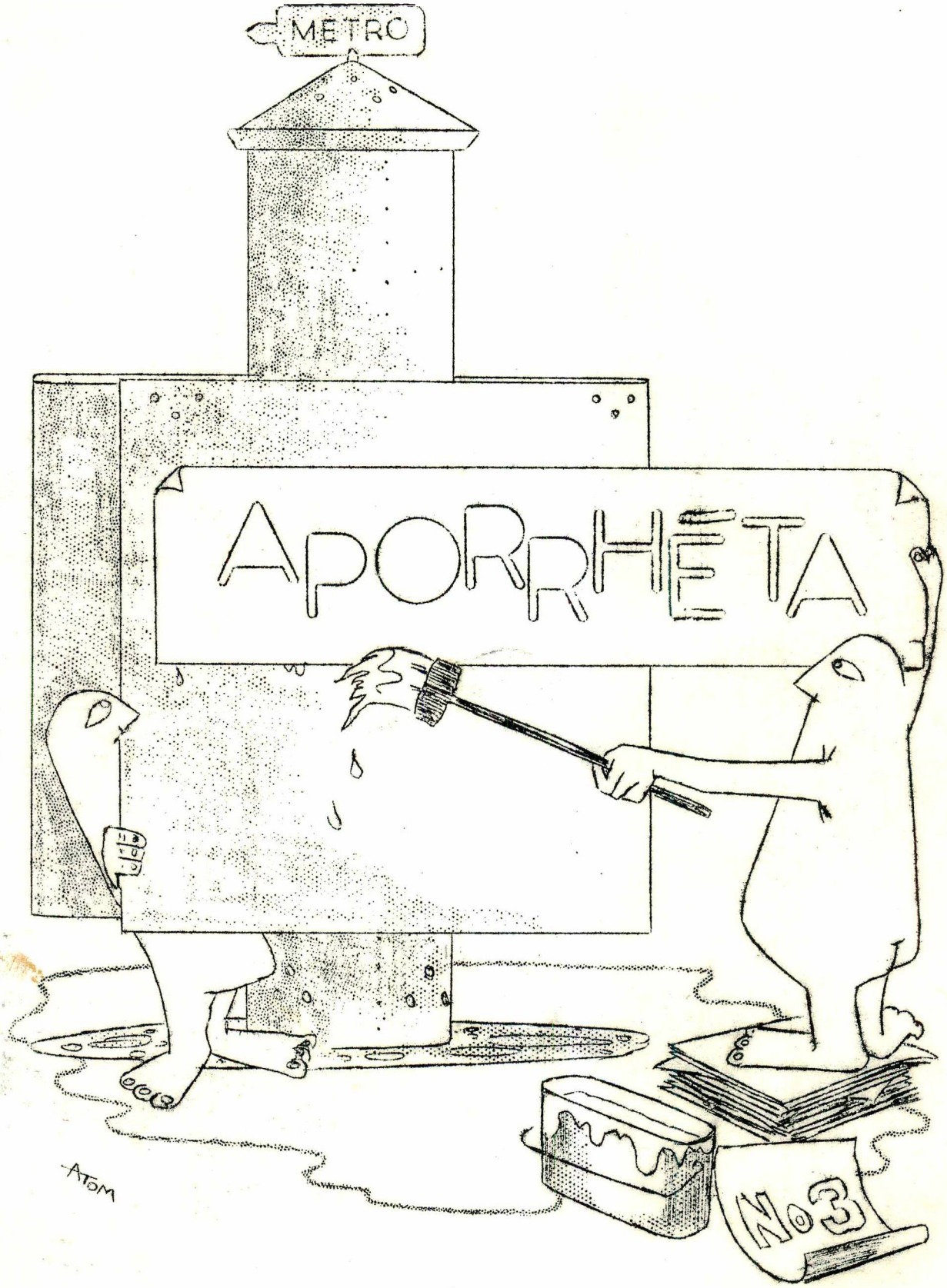

METRO
APORRHETA
ATOM
No 3

September'58 APORRHETA — 3

CONTENTS

ARTWORK

By Arthur Thomson, Vinc Clarke, William Rotsler, Gui de Book.

With Vinc Clarke on Gestetner, Joy Clarke tapping on the stapler, and H.P. Sanderson wielding the blue pencil and bashing the typer keys.

Sub rate is 1/- per issue (10/- per year) or for exchange or letter of comment. I prefer the last two systems - but write at least once every three issues or else!

EDITORIAL

A quick look down the list of contents will show that Bennett is missing, thus proving that even short range prophesy is not worth while. As it happened I thought our Ron was being optimistic when he said he would get the report done when he arrived in America. Knowing the hospitality of the Stateside fans I didn't see how he could possibly find the time. He didn't.

In case anyone is still uncertain, it was Ron's idea that his report should be split among several fanzines. He had been asked to write for several editors and didn't want to disappoint anyone. The first part (as I said last issue) will appear in Perihelion...the address is given in this issue's Diary. Bryan Welham and Barry Hall were recently in London and we decided then that for the sake of the readers I would wait until PH had appeared before publishing the second part. This will ensure some sort of continuity. I don't know who will be doing the third part but I hope he will follow the same system.

Also missing from this issue is the first of the HiFi articles. Lack of space is the reason.

For a number of people this is the third issue - and the last if I don't hear from them. Say something even if it's only goodbye.

I have enough material on hand to cover issues 4 and 5, but after that....well, there will always be Joy and Penelope and the Diary - but how about you writing something? I do need material, and will be very happy to consider anything that is sent. If I don't think it meets with Apē's requirements - note I didn't say standard like as if I'm aiming high and you bums ain't good enough - then Vinc and I will get together and advise on what we consider would be the most suitable fanzine for it. Artwork is always in demand.

And that's about all, I think.

Sandy

35TH SANDERSONICUS FANZINE

APĒ 3

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

T=H=E S=E=A=R=C=H F=O=R S=T=R=A=W=B=E=R=R=Y I=C=E

H P Sanderson

Conclusion

It was about 6.00pm when we set off to see John Berry at home and when we first arrived Diane was out. It was Wednesday, July 2nd. John entertained us with stories about his work and we told him about the poddlewog, but all the time Vinc's fingers were clenched. Eventually the tension grew too great for him. In a casual manner he gently reminded Berry that the counter of his duplicator was alleged not to work. With an air of quiet resignation and a bravery that made Joy an' I want to cheer, John escorted Vinc into his den, gave him a screwdriver, and left him. As he came back I grasped his shoulder and muttered "Head up, man, don't give way now." He thanked me with a look of mutual understanding and turned away, strong and silent in his sorrow.

For a long time we had wondered how the fabulous Berry mind worked on the Goon, and we found out that evening. As John admits himself, he can only write well about people he knows and has observed. For some time he was limited to Irish Fandom - then, gradually, he began to add a few members of English fandom to his stories. Being visited by three of us at once apparently caused an overflow of ideas and before the night was out he had made considerable changes in a full-length story he'd been working on and had constructed an entire series of short stories around us. In fact we have since heard that at least two of these stories are in the hands of fanzine editors. The way John works is fantastic. He seizes on any little facet of a persons character, enlarges on it, and bends it to suit his purpose. On our way back to the bus that night he elaborated on the way he intended to characterise us. (No, I'm not going to tell you. Read his stories). By the time he'd finished we were terrified - what if people really believe him? Before we left John made a great sacrifice by breaking into his spare Ret file to give me a copy of No 6 to make my file complete. It was a very nice gesture.

We called in on Walt and Madeleine again for about 40 minutes before going to bed, and Vinc picked up some more maps for our Dublin trip.

The train for Dublin left Belfast at 9.30am on Thursday. The journey

was uneventful and we passed the border at Dundalk or thereabouts. (I asked Vinc to confirm this and he said "Yes, Kladnud." That was the way the train had passed the station sign and therefore the way he had remembered it. He thought it was too much trouble to translate it.) On arrival at Dublin we headed straight for the Post Office to buy some Republican stamps to put on the N. Ireland postcards we wanted to send, and then carried on to the Liffey to check on bookshops and stuff. I suddenly realised that this was the tenth country I'd been in (not counting Gt. Britain and N. Ireland) in just a little over five years. Vinc managed to pick up some stuff in the bookshops but we really hadn't enough time to investigate them properly and about 3pm we stopped for a meal. Dublin, like Belfast, has some extremely wide streets which we found equally difficult to cross. Once, while we were waiting, I saw a column of Boy Scouts start from the other pavement in the distance, and when they had covered about half the road I told Joy and Vinc to start crossing. This was the first time I had ever taken advantage of the Scout movement.

Vinc bought a map (to supplement the one's Walt had given him to supplement the ones he had bought earlier -- if you can remember that far back) and had great fun directing us to the art gallery. Unfortunately it was the one that was closed. The one that was open was on the other side of the city. Joy took a great interest in the cheap lighters we found in the shops. One in particular was a beauty - shiny black with a lovely coloured orchid on it. We were dragged up to every cigarette shop in sight during the rest of the day while Joy muttered about wanting an orchid lighter. Eventually Vinc and I had to take it in turns to tell her to stop being so orchid. The The only thing we did buy was a packet of two hundred cigarettes - well within the Customs limit.

We had to catch the 6.15pm train back to Belfast and unfortunately the only carriage with empty seats also contained a bunch of screaming women. We stood the din until last call for tea and then went to the dining car and stayed there for the rest of the journey. At Belfast we had to go through Customs. "Anything to declare?" "100 cigarettes," I said, quite convinced that was all I'd bought. "200 cigarettes," said Joy, being right as usual. The Customs bod looked at us rather queerly. "How many?" "100 cigarettes," I said, wondering why the hell Joy had to pick a time like this to contradict me. "200 cigarettes," said Joy, no doubt wondering why the hell I should tell lies when I was legally entitled to bring in 600 for the three of us. "100 for both of us," said Joy, having the final word. It was too, because the Customs bod nodded us through. It was only when I got outside that the temporary memory block wore off and I remembered I <u>had</u> bought 200 cigarettes. Oh well. We got back to Walt's about 10pm, had supper, and talked into the early hours of the morning, but don't ask me what we talked about.

Friday was fairly quiet tho' backbreaking. In the morning we went to Smithfield again for Vinc to pick up the book for John Roles. By this time he had decided what was wrong with Belfast. They didn't have a bus map such as there is in London with the streets marked by their names and the numbers of the buses using them placed alongside each street. Added to this, the buses themselves only showed the final destination on the indicators. These destinations were the names of the suburban areas. This was a fine system

for us to use when we wanted to get to the limit of a run to a particular suburb (almost never), but quite hopeless when we wanted to go from 'A' to 'B' in the city centre. Vinc decided to do something about this and since we couldn't have allowed him to carry anything anyway we left him happily compiling a bus map while we went back and moved our stuff in on Walt and Madeleine for the balance of our stay. In the evening James White made an appearance quickly followed by George Charters with the traditional greeting "God bless all gathered here" (the first time we'd heard it -). It's no use asking about that night either. In the middle of a fan-gab such as we had who can take out pen and paper to take notes?

Saturday started with the story of the Goldfish. I arrived downstairs to catch the tail-end of Joy's story and naturally she had to repeat it. Apparently Carol Willis, who was away, had left her goldfish to the tender care of her parents. When Joy and Vinc had gone to bed the night before they had found these goldfish in a bowl on the dressing table. They were just swimming round blowing bubbles. This worried Vinc and he decided it indicated a lack of oxygen. Joy told him that she didn't think it really mattered, but in authentic space travellor's style he decided they couldn't live long without oxygen, probably not even overnight. Joy persuaded him that they could and Vinc got into bed. He lay there, listening to them plopping. Joy suggested that they were probably only playing leapfrog.

"No," said Vinc. "They need oxygen."

"Well, how are you going to give it to them short of changing the water" said Joy.

"Stir some air in," he said suiting the words to the action as he tried to make his forefinger act like an eggbeater. He took it away after a few minutes and again the fish started for the top of the bowl.

"It didn't work," said Joy. Maybe you'd better use my nailfile - it'll reach to the bottom of the bowl." For the uninitiated Joy's nailfile is a professional job about 10" long.

Vinc grabbed it and stirred violently. The fish agitatedly tried to dodge and Joy had visions of chopped goldfish floating on the top of the bowl which would have worried her a lot less than little plopping sounds in the dark.

"You'll cut 'em in half -- you'd better stop it I think."

Reluctantly Vinc wiped the file dry. The fish returned once more to the top of the bowl. Vinc looked defeated.

"It's no good, you'll have to change the water - but I wouldn't bother now. They'll be alright." This was Joy being comforting.

Vinc got back into bed. Plopping sounds disturbed the dark silence again. Vinc fidgeted.

"Oh f'r goodness sake get out and change the water then, but don't lose 'em down the drain or that'll be your lot."

Vinc got up once more and tiptoed heftily out to the bathroom.

"It's alright. There's a jam jar there."

"But you might catch one up in it. You'd better just run the tap in and let the water overflow the bowl."

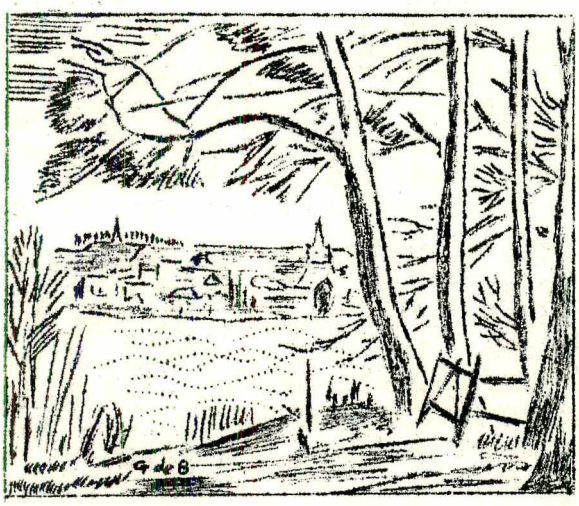
Vinc picked up the bowl and bore it like a basket of just balanced eggs out to the bathroom. The tap ran, and a few minutes later he came back triumphantly bearing a dripping wet bowl of clear, filled-with-lifegiving-oxygen water. He deposited it on the dressing table and got back into bed. Just before the light went out the fish rose to the top of the bowl and sneered a resounding "plop!" at him.

The rest of the day passed quickly. The Willis family are looking for a new house - and we went out in the car to help them look. They want a place that is large but not too much for Madeleine to handle. It must have a garden - but not too much for Walt to handle. It must, naturally, be in the right price range. Above all else, it must have character. All of this complicates matters somewhat. The only suitable houses they have seen so far have been occupied. The afternnon was spent watching television -- yes, even that. Admittedly it was the Women's Tennis Final and the Open Golf final that we watched, but even so.... In the evening I was foolish enough to mention that I wanted a Serious and Constructive subject about which I could write a serious and constructive article. After everyone had stopped laughing we got down to cases. For several hours subjects were batted about but somehow, no matter what we started out with, we never ended up with anything serious or constructive. Bah! I should have known better than to ask assistance of this group, happy in their ignorance of the Higher Things in Life.

Sunday, July 6th, was our day for a picnic. We three were guided to Ballywalter by young Carol, Walt and Madeleine went on the Vesper, and Bryan was taken by his grandparents in the car. Although the day was fine there was a cold wind blowing off the sea, and we probably didn't look too comfortable as 'out door types'. After lunch (Madeleine had supplied millions of sandwiches and a huge tin of home made cream cake and we made tea over an open fire) Walt offered to take us round the Ards peninsula after dropping Carol at Groomsport where she was to stay with friends for a week. We jumped at the chance and crammed into the car, Vinc navigating from up front with Walt and the maps. Later, back on the beach, the wind had dropped and the sun was hot. We lay around on rugs and coats in the shelter of tall grass and soaked up the sun. A grasshopper, greatly daring, hopped onto Joy's hand and we all studied it with interest. "Go on, Joy, speak to it," said Walt. "Rub your legs together."

We left fairly early so as to be home before Peggy and James White put in an appearance. This was the first time I had seen Peggy. She really made me feel small. I knew that Irish Fandom averaged about six foot in height, but I'd never expected this to include the female element. Peggy is a nice girl - obviously just right for James - and as I slowly developed a crick in the neck I mused on the fact that James could still see over her head. This is a strange world full of many strange people, but none are stranger than fans and I wouldn't have it any other way. These two provided a nice ending to the day.

Suddenly we only had four days left in Ireland and the first of these was to be spent in seeing more of the country than ever before. We left Belfast at 9am on Monday morning and covered 250 miles before returning at



10.15pm. The ultimate destination was Lough Erne, but we covered each of the Six Counties and had a side trip into Eire again. Words couldn't possibly do justice to the scenery and the ever-changing countryside. Even a camera would have been insufficient - unless it was a movie-camera taking colour pictures.

At the furthest part of our journey, at Belleek, we spent a pleasant hour touring through the pottery factory. Belleek china appears to be almost unknown in England, and believe me, people don't know what they are missing. There are about thirty standard designs in use and of these the best are the 'wicker-work' type plates and fruit bowls in the shape of woven baskets. The delicacy of the work is breathtaking.

After Belleek we entered the Irish Republic again and headed for Bundoran on Donegal Bay, where we stopped for tea. As it happened we weren't feeling very hungry so we headed straight for the shore. On our way we passed a shop selling icecream and -- well, you know all about hope springing eternal. "Strawberry ice?" said Joy as she went in. They hadn't any. Joy asked Vinc to get her a large 'normal' icecream instead. 9d, she said. It was hot. Vinc asked for a 9d one and the girl looked at him in a peculiar manner. "3d or 6d," she said, half telling, half asking. "Alright, 6d then," said Vinc. The girl looked at the large block in front of her and we could see it was marked off in what we naturally took to be sixpenny slabs. Then she carefully counted three of the divisions, cut that much from the end of the block, put a wafer front and back, and handed it over. Joy nearly dropped it but she managed to cope with the weight of it eventually. Even then she had difficulty in getting both her hands around it. Vinc and I had asked for '99s', that is, icecream with Cadbury flaked chocolate in the middle. These <u>were</u> 9d each. Horrified, we watched the girl place a biscuit flat, cut one slice of '6d' icecream and place it one top, unroll <u>two</u> 3d bars of Cadbury flake and place them side by side on the icecream, cut another slab of '6d' icecream and place that on top of the chocolate, and top the whole thing with another biscuit. There wasn't a sound out of any of us for the next half hour, except for an occasional slurp. By the time we had got the monstrosities down to a manageable size I had decided what it was I didn't like about Irish icecream. Not enough wafer.

The whole journey that day had given us many examples of story-book Ireland. A solitary pig chomped stolidly through a field of corn. Cows playing in hay before it had been gathered. A hen made a wild dash into the open doorway of a cottage followed by her fifteen chickens - all frightened by the huge monstrous coach hurling its way along the peaceful road. It was wonderful.

On Tuesday we were up late and did nothing in the morning. Walt took the afternnon off work and escorted us to the Tower of the Enchanted Duplicator along with Madeleine and Bryan. Raeburn, making the same journey in

the car, had remarked that it didn't seem the fannish thing to do. We were in agreement on this occasion but it was more comfortable in the car for all that. We climbed the Tower to admire the view and Vinc launched a paper plane built on a new aerodynamic principle. Back on the ground he risked life and limb to get what he thought was a wild orchid for Joy only to have her say it was a foxglove. "Ah," said Walt. "But digitalis that before?"

It was that evening we witnessed our first Ghoodminton game when James, Peggy and George Charters came over. Madeleine refused to play opposite James so she played with him instead. After watching James I'm surprised the others didn't object as well. Tall though the members of Irish Fandom are, James is taller. He also has a longer reach. Normally visitors are brought into the game, but Vinc could never have managed it, Joy was too weak from laughing, and I - well, I'm just a coward. It's as good an excuse as any. Before we packed in for the night Walt presented Vinc with a copy of the April '43 ASF - a copy Vinc had been short a long time. It was a nice gesture and very much appreciated.

Wednesday morning we spent packing some of the stuff we didn't want to carry away with us, and this was sent by post. Dinner was as excellent as ever and as usual we gorged ourselves. Walt had introduced us to the perfect quote, to be used on every occasion - "Theirs is a local problem, we are concerned with the overall situation," - and when a remark was made about the amount of food we had put away I just had to turn to Joy and Vinc and say "Theirs is a locust problem -- ". I never got any further. After dinner we deposited Bryan with his grandparents and set off to invade the White House, where Walt joined us later from the office. It was a nice day. James showed us over The Little Hut wherein he does his writing, his sf collection, his train set, his telescope and his rocket. The rocket is a wonder to behold. You fill it one-third full of water, pump air into it, and release it. The launcher gets drenched (which caused us to muse on the possibility of giving it to some fen to launch after having substituted hydrochloric acid for the water) but the result justifies this. James is carrying on a vendetta against the seagulls and one of these days his rocket is going to bring one down.

Most of the time we spent lazing on the lawn and after Walt had joined us and we'd had tea (a lovely meal, Peggy) we returned to the blankets on the grass near the baby's playing pen. Vinc eyed this rather solid wooden construction for a while and then asked if we knew why it flattened the grass. The sun was hot overhead. We said we didn't know. "Because the pen is mighter than the sward" said Vinc lazily.

Walt and Madeleine left early to get Bryan to bed and after they had gone we talked a bit more, ate a bit more, and generally continued to enjoy ourselves. The subject got around to plonker guns (they had long ago routed the zap gun in the affections of Irish Fandom) and James gave me his. This is now one of my best fan souvenirs. After a while James walked us down to the bus stop where we bumped into Gerard Quinn and talked away until the bus left. Later that night I was telling Walt and Madeleine about the plonker gun and Madeleine said they'd been a great thing until a few months before. "We were always on about them," she said. "Something like Plonk's Constant".

Thursday was a sad day for us. In the morning we went shopping in

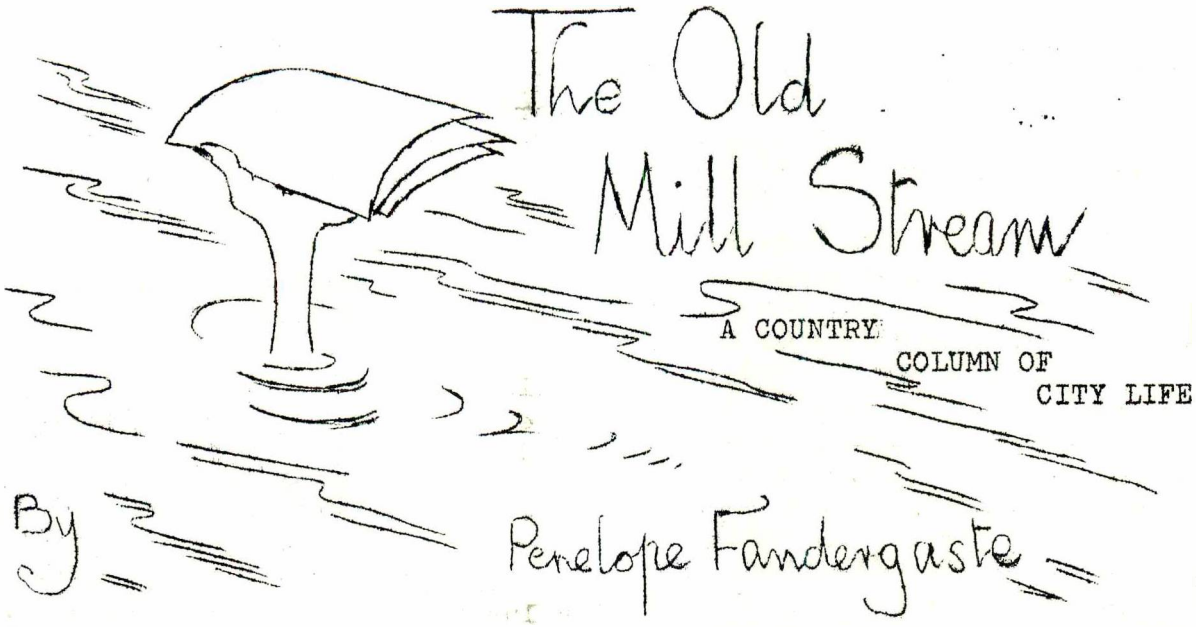
Belfast and in the afternoon we finished packing. A final visit to the fan-attic provided us with plenty of reading material for the voyage, and we left for the boat about 6.30pm. Visitors weren't allowed on board, so we had to make our farewells to Walt and Madeleine on the dockside. Luckily Joy managed to get a berth and Vinc and I had seats in the lounge. The boat left at 8.30 and the crossing was just as smooth as it had been when we started the holiday.

We arrived in Liverpool at 6.30am on Friday, July 11th, and after leaving our bags at Central Station we wandered around looking for an early morning cafe for breakfast. About 9.00am we phoned Norman Shorrock who arranged to meet us at the station on his way to work. He arrived about 10 and took us to the clubrooms. These are situated about 100 yards from the station on top of a block of offices and consequently there is no trouble in the evening no matter how much noise is made. They are well furnished (on donations from the members) and decorated throughout, and as we discovered, it was a wonderful place to relax. Norman should have been off to open the shop about 10.30am but we spent so much time discussing the state of fandom that we eventually all trooped out for lunch together. JOY HAD STRAWBERRY ICECREAM. After that we split up and the three of us returned to the club to read and relax before meeting Norman, Dave Newman and John Roles for dinner at the Mandarin's Palace. There, over a chinese meal, we continued the discussion about fandom, clubrooms, and why London didn't have one. At 8.30pm we gathered our stuff together and prepared to catch the 9.30 train to Manchester.

It was raining when we arrived in Manchester. That did it. Now I'll never be able to break Joy and Vinc from the old music hall joke. We took a taxi to my parent's house and went to bed soon after we arrived. After lunch on Saturday we took a train to Romiley in Cheshire, home of Harry Turner, The Romiley Fan Veterans and Scottish Dancing Society and the new Romiley Happy Hi-Fi Fans & Dave Brubeck Appreciation Society. (There is already an 'anti' group to this with Marion, Harry's wife, as President. This is the Romiley Scottish Dancers & Down-With-Dave Brubeck Society.) Harry had a scroll waiting for us, to commemorate the Pilgrimage (this will be suitably framed and affixed to the walls) and he soon had me deeply involved with his hi-fi equipment and Dave Brubeck records. In the evening Sid Birchby came up bravely displaying his BSFA membership badge and handing out London Bus and Underground Maps. Another of those fannish-discusion-type conversations followed, and then we had to leave to return to Manchester. We admired Harry's paintings and his fantastic collection of books on art and allied subjects and I think Vinc cursed once or twice because we couldn't take them all away with us.

Sunday was the quietest day of all. We really did nothing except to pack again. We caught the 5.15pm train to London in the pouring rain and arrived home about 11.30pm after having a meal in Villiers Street. We were tired out and cold (although the rain had stopped before we got near London - dammit) but full of enthusiasm about the places we had seen and the people we had met. We had a glorious time and couldn't possibly begin to thank the friends who were responsible.

One thing is certain. We will do the same again, next year.



So, okay, I agree with you. A couple of issues back I wrote that collecting cigarette cards was a fandom in itself. You immediately sat back and thought "So, what the hell. All sorts of things are as diversely interesting as fandom pretends to be." So like I say, I'm sitting here agreeing with you.

F'rinstance, a short while back I was clearing out a collection of junk from drawers and cupboards, and here's a batch of old magazines I rooted out. A pile of a hundred or so copies of the READERS DIGEST going yellow round the edges and aged anything from five to twenty years. Those were the days when I used to think the Digest was the most, when I really went for the odd snippets of information the magazine presented, when I could stand its sickly sentimentality and most important when it armed itself against something worthwhile. Looking at the series from my peculiar slant of country and city mixture, I'd praise the Digest for standing up fair and square for America. The wartime issues did a good job in keeping high morale. There are some good humane stories, well written, which bear up even today. Eventually though, when the war was over, I stopped taking the Digest. It must be years since I even went so far as to leaf through a copy on a newstand while waiting for a train or the rain to stop. I think I finally got sick of its propaganda. I'm no Communist but we're not at war. It's a pity a magazine with so much to offer never realised it.

The January 1945 issue would interest Sandy. Any visitor to Inchmery will know that Sandy needs no bidding to demonstrate his hi-fi equipment and his range of LP recordings. There's a batch of good entertainment there and it's a pity there's never time enough to go through the entire shelf. However, all speed records -- no pun intended, there are enough coming -- are broken when one actually asks Sandy to play a Frank Sinatra recording. Sandy really goes for Sinatra, and he has a full range of his records. He's not only pleased, eager and keen to play Sinatra, if you don't like Sinatra then Sandy is a hard man to hold down. Well, the Digest for January that year ran a three page article called 'The Voice and The Kids', a nice write up on the mass hysteria that was the phenomenon which was indicative of Sinatra's init-

ial success. "One girl wore a bandage for three weeks on her arm at the spot where Sinatra touched her," reads the article. "Another went to 56 consecutiveive performances in a theatre where he was playing." Even Bill Harry does not drool over Mamie to that extent. (≠ At the time of this article I hated Sinatra. My admiration of him as a singer stems from his much more recent style and his control of rhythm and timing. So there. hps ≠)

I said there was something on puns coming up, and here it is. If that piece might interest Sandy, then the same issue would also interest Walt Willis, John Berry and the other wheels of Irish Fandom. There's an article called 'The Lowest Form Of Humour' which points out that the humour of the pun is transitional. Cited is the example "that it is foolish to put all your Basques in one exit," which depends on knowledge of the Spanish Civil War. There's the Eugene Field classic on McCulloch's 'Lear', that "He played the king as if he were afraid somebody else might play the ace." I like the one about Brigham Young's wives, "Pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young." And that one about the Jewish lady who had a plastic surgery operation to change her Semitic features, that she'd had her nose cut off to spite her race. She came back that she was now a "thing of beauty and a goy forever." Spoonerisms are mentioned too, but I don't see that these are really puns unless the inverted letters actually make sense. It's Kisstomary to cuss the bride if you like, but this lacks the thought and quick wit behind the accepted and envied pun.

For Bob Tucker there's an article reprinted from Time of 8th June 1953, called 'Third-Dementia Takes Over in Hollywood'. The writer deplores the newer and poorer three-dee gimmicks, but rates Cinemascope, then in infancy, as second only to Cinerama.

There's a beauty reprinted from a 1945 issue of Collier's which deals with Sex in the Classroom, an adult approach to teaching an important subject. First time this was purposely and clinically tried was at Berkeley's University of California. Terry, Carl, Dave, Ron..are they still as adult there?

A weed killer which uses a spray poisonous to unwanted plants but not to animals or the soil is the subject of an article in the July 1945 Digest. I wonder if Paul Enever has any around?

Alright, Joy, there's something here for you too. There's a page filler in the November 1947 issue which deals with advertising. Recognising high pressure advertising to be the phony it all is (isn't it?), the Digest lists several 'honest' ads from different points throughout the States. Example:- "We're taking leather-covered $3.95 cigarette case and lighter combinations and throwing them to the winds for just 39¢ apiece! Who knows...you may even get one with a lighter that works."

Finally, here's one for both of you, editor and reader, a piece from the August 1950 Digest, 'The Flying Saucer is Good News'. The writer, one Henry J.Taylor, says that saucers do exist. He says they're harmless and goes on to fill a side with data of sightings. He then reveals "I know what these so-called 'flying saucers' are used for. But they are an important military secret. When the U.S Air Force does see fit to release the information it will be good news. Meanwhile I do not think it is anybody's business to state what they are used for." Why not? Oh, I see. You mean the Government has finally come up with a revolutionary aerial traffic control. About time

they thought of a way of putting all that road tax cash to good use. Or any use for that matter. Taylor goes on to say that a cigar-shaped monster seen over Alabama was a U.S.Navy experimental fighter, "a great jet aeroplane of incredible speed." I've never been interested in the nosey investigations of old Keyhoe Kate myself, but this article does provide food for thought. It's sincerity I can but question, but then I'm old and cynical. Still, it is an entertaining piece. After telling us that this disc "came from Maryland. This the U.S.Navy confirmed and I am free to tell you. But anything more must come from the military authorities" Taylor ends up with a real quote card finish. "If you found a flying saucer - and the chances are slight, because most of them are made of material which disintergrates in the air and disappears after a given time - you would find stencilled on it in black letters the same legend stencilled on the original saucer found in Texas: MILITARY SECRET OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AIR FORCE followed by a number, and then: ANYONE DAMAGING OR REVEALING DESCRIPTION OR WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MISSILE IS SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. CALL COLLECT AT ONCE. (then the telephone number and address of a U.S.Air base) NON - EXPLOSIVE .

So there you have it. They do exist and they are good news."

There indeed you have it. I'll bet Taylor got a kick out of cashing <u>that</u> check. Any sound, sensible, clear thinking human being can see straight away that it's a load of rot. The one we found last week was stencilled in <u>red</u>

)---oOo---(

Down our way I'm considered something of a...well, something out of the ordinary. It's not that I read science fiction. They can understand that all right. Several of the locals read all sorts of things. There's one chap who thinks Howard Spring the greatest thing who ever put hand to typewriter key, and there's another who writes to Agatha Christie for previews of her forthcoming mysteries. No, the fact that I read science fiction presents no problem to the folk round here. That's clear cut. They know all about that. What gets them chewing the rag is something that's in doubt, and they can't make out why someone like me who was born in the city can leave it and come down to the country to live. They've mentioned this to me several times, so I know that's what it is that's bothering them. It's understandable. Look, have you ever noticed that in your crowd there's someone who has some interest that to you seems quite out of the ordinary? Someone interested in archery or chess or jazz or pre-Georgian china plate? The chances are he's a real fanatic on the subject, isn't he? It's strange, too, but you'll most likely consider him quite the little expert on his pet subject. But have you considered how the people who are in the centre of the worlds of archery chess, jazz or china consider him? He'll probably be their equivalent of the sf neofan, and they'll look up to him as knowledgeable on banking or law or roadsweeping or whatever line of business he's in. It's always struck me as rather strange. I wonder whether people ought to take exams to show their proficiency in all these off trail subjects.

I'm not thinking of an all-embracing "What Do You Know?" to sort out the Brain of Britain, or even of fandom for that matter. I mean something of a General Certificate of Education or perhaps something on the lines of

the Scout badges would be in order. I can just see me walking into a meeting of the local record society with a shoulder flash showing that I got a distinction in Match Box Labels in G.C.E.

As I was saying though, down our way they consider me something of an enigma because I'm a city type. There's old Walt Drake who is a little jealous of me as he was the star turn before I turned up here. They tell me he once changed trains at Victoria. But Fandergaste has gone one up on the lot of them. Not only have I walked the Embankment, I've even dropped in on the odd fan. I recently went over to Inchmery - and you can't get much odder than that - to see how old Sandy was getting on with this monthly fanzine effort of his. There's a pause here while those hardy beings at the "Pig and Puddin'" pass around the hat.

Inchmery Fandom is quite fabulous, and I don't think they'll mind me saying so. One clears away a few piles of fanzines and ancient Astoundings that Vinc is checking over and why! there's a seat for you. Sandy whips out a dozen vanloads of long playing records and shuffles them around. He deals you a hand, and juggles around with little yellow dusters and miraculously, music pours out from boxes that are scattered about the place. Vinc gets busy twirling dishes and dishclothes and Joy...why, there's Joy busy with the old cooking. What a mad whirl. After suburban, nay country life this is living! Archie Mercer has stayed at Inchmery and he wrote in a fanzine that it was like this non stop all the time.

It's times like this I wish I was a John Berry. He's the person who should really spend an evening down here. It had been my intention to bang out a couple of lines of sparkling dialogue, but there's too much of it, piled on the fast moving sequence that is life here. The mind just can't take it all in. That's what I mean. Out in the village they consider me quite the man about town because of my city contacts, but when I start visiting people who live in the Smoke three hundred and sixty five days a year, it's proved that at heart I'm just a country hick.

)---oOo---(

They tell me that Bob Bloch is quite a guy. Here's a family man who finds time for fandom, for writing mystery stories and science fiction stories and television scripts and he appears on TV too. There's not a thing of his that I've not found entertaining. He's one of the few, few writers in fandom who can turn up the oldest theme for a fanzine article and not only make it readable but can make it thought provoking too. As you'll readily realise if you're not a line or two ahead of me, we could do with more like him.

Last month I read a piece by Bloch on conventions, and I got to thinking about these gatherings. You should be reading this just after the Solacon, the gathering at South Gate, Los Angeles which is the fulfilment of that so long held fannish dream. Right then, conventions are in the air, the very breath of topicality. So? So, why hold conventions at all?

You crazy? you ask. I can just see your faces. Why, fandom has just got to have conventions so that fans can meet and so that new fans can be recruited and...

 Hold on a minute. Why should fans meet? Heck, of course fans need to

meet, you say. Fen should meet so that they can discuss sf and the latest story in the latest Galaxy and New Worlds and...Ha! Now I've turned the tables on you, bud. I've got you cornered. Have you ever been to a sf club meeting lately? And you sat around and discussed sf? Look, I said lately. Sure, I can remember the days when fans used to gather and talk sf, but do they do that now? Well, whatever you say, I'll bet they don't. I've been to the Globe a couple of times within the past year or so, and there wasn't a sf magazine or sf writer in sight, and somehow no one seemed to worry too much. Same goes for provincial club meetings. Everyone knows that in Cheltenham and in Liverpool they have sf groups. And what do they do? Hold parties and have a ball. All one big happy social family. But where does sf come in? It doesn't. And anyone can get together and have fun, lorry drivers, lodge committees, weekend drinkers at the corner pub.

So why do people have to gather for sf's sake, hmm?

Just a minute, you say, what about the convention as a recruiting ground for fandom? Well, what about it? Name one fan who has entered fandom by walking into a convention and being so enthralled with what he's seen there. There may be such a fan but I can't think of him. Last year's World Con in London proved just what a time waster conventions are from this point of view. Several sf readers were attracted to that meeting by adverts in the professional press. Have any of them lingered on into fandom? Are they with us now?

So, what's the bitch, you say. You look at me and tell me all I'm doing is saying that there are no new fans coming into fandom and the fans who are in the swim don't discuss sf any more. Sure, you say, that's nothing new and people have been saying this for the past year or so and Something Has Been Done About It. The BSFA has been formed. They'll recruit fans for us. It'll be a slow, long battle, uphill all the way, but guts and determination will do it, you say. Right, boy, calm down. That's fine. Let's hope they do do it; fandom could certainly use their finds.

But you're only going halfway with me. Why do we go to the trouble of holding these conventions and is the introduction of new blood going to bring back sf into club meetings? Oh yes, sf belongs at a sf society club meeting. Did you ever read that book by Tony Boucher 'Rocket To The Morgue'? This is a novel written round a group of sf writers and fans. When they meet to discuss sf, believe me, they really discuss it. Themes, possible developments, new gimmicks and angles on the old ones. They do the same at your club meetings?

Or at the conventions for that matter? Oh, sure, I know that sf fans go to the conventions to meet old friends and make new ones and to have fun. Tell me, how do you explain that to the reporter who comes in to find a professional author lying on the floor and being carried out supposedly dead after being shot by blanks for stealing the Chairman's gavel?

The trend away from sf is there all round us, and if we're the science fiction fans we pretend to be it's well past the time we got back to sf. Shame to say it, but the fans who do keep up with the field are considered stuffy. Look at TAFF, if you want an example of this....

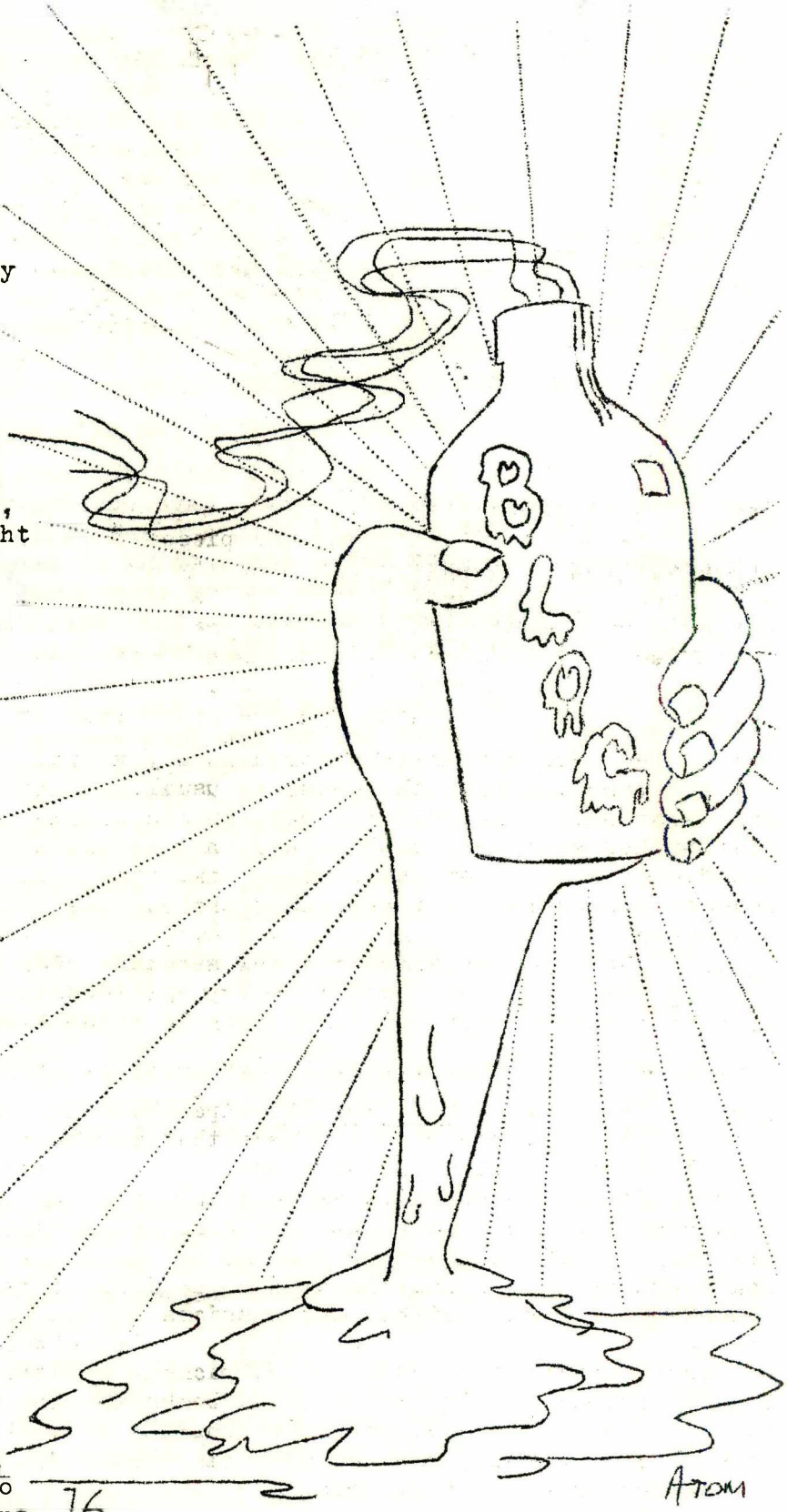
Last year, Bob Madle came to London amid a storm of cries that he wasn't a fan. Heck, people said, so he reads sf, but where's his fanzine? Yet

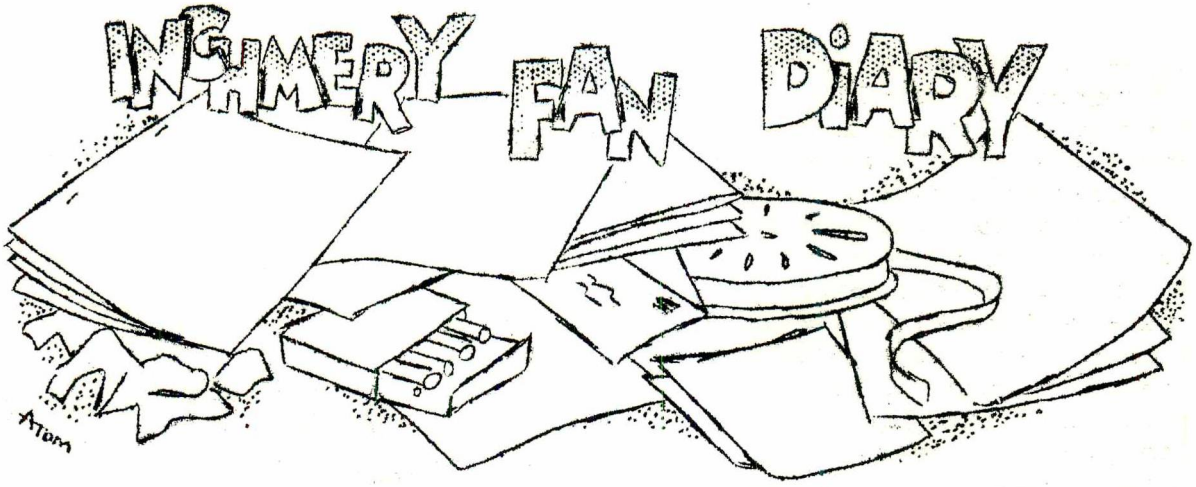
Madle was and is as well up on fandom's esoteric affairs as any of us, and he has a fine knowledge of the professional field, too. That to my mind makes a perfect representative of sf, someone who can balance both elements he's to represent and likely to meet. And that to my mind is where TAFF has fallen down this year. Of the four candidates, not one has the necessary qualifications to represent this country's professional side to sf. And the winner, Ron Bennett, for all he might be a good representative of fannish and fanzine fandom was probably the worst choice of all from the professional side of things. Yes, certainly, Ron knows Bradbury inside out and I'm sure he'll just love meeting Ray at South Gate, but yes.. you have it. I'd love to see the face of a reporter who asks him for a copy of the 'amateur magazine he publishes'. Is Ron going to burn all the spare copies of Ploy, or run round to Mike Rosenblum for a copy of The New Futurian?

I ask you?

+++++++FINI++++++++++

And this, dear reader, is as good a place as any for the editor to state once and for all that THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY THE WRITERS IN APORRHĒTA ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR. Among other things I consider Bennett to be an excellent TAFF rep. hps.





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2nd. Went to the Library. "In the Queen's Parlour" by Ellery Queen. This is composed of scraps and pieces from a writer's notebook about other writers, stories, etc. "High Fidelity Sound Reproduction" ed. by E Molloy. No comment on this one. "Bertrand Russell's Best" ed, by Robert E. Egner. Quotes from Russell books and speeches on Psychology, Religion, Sex, Marriage, Education, Politics and Ethics. Ron Bennett would be interested in the first and Harry Turner in the second book. The third would probably be of general appeal. I wish a few other people would read it - especially the Ethics bit.

4th. Ron Bennett arrived for a 10 day visit. At 7.15pm he phoned us. Vinc answered the phone as usual. "This is Chinese Laundry. You want washing?" This didn't fool Ron who claimed he was at King's Cross station and he'd get to the house in 15 minutes. This didn't fool us who decided he must be at one of the local stations. Vinc went out on his bike to case the nearest but he wasn't there. Dead on 7.30 the doorbell rang. Joy opened it, told Bennett it was 8.35 and he was too late, and closed it again. When she reopened it a few seconds later he was sat on his suitcase looking disconsolate. Such is a typical Bennett welcome. We spent the evening talking about all the things that had happened since his last visit.

5th. Very little sleep this night either. Boy, can he talk. 6th. Ditto.

7th. Letter from CHICK DERRY. (Apē 1). "In the column 'The Old Mill Stream', the point is made that why can't the Americans and Russians just leave the British Isles alone. Oh, how nice that would be. But, is there a fan alive so naive as to think that any country can be left alone nowadays? When the Earth itself is so small that already we are planning military campaigns based on the use of outer space, how can a country as small and as dangerously located as England think that it will be left alone? If War came either the Russians or the US would use it for a stepping stone. Horrible as this concept is, it is better to accept reality than to go around saying 'the bullies are picking on us'. Besides the British Empire is exploding it's own little H bombs in the Pacific, right along with the Big Boys." Agreed, and most people I know object to it very much. The Russians, of course, stopped some time ago. You have a valid point though on the smallness of the world.

PERIHELION No 3. Bryan Welham and Barry Hall, 179 Old Road, Clacton-On-Sea, Essex, England. 1/- or 3 for 2/6. Exchanges. 38 pages in this issue, and most of them excellent. This is undoubtedly one of the best fanzines to come along for some time, and the best feature is the editorial personality. Birchby on the vanishing sf plots, Berry on turning pro, Barry Hall on Kettering, Laurence Sandfield on Jazz and film reviews, and Bob Shaw. What more do you want? Yes, they've got a letter column. Get this one even if it means paying - you get strong yellow covers that way.

Went with Ron Bennett to the Globe. At one time there were four characters called Sandy there. Something will have to be done. There was little sleep this night.

8th. Bennett decided it was about time we had brag lessons. The coin we used consisted of nuts and bolts - we've got millions of 'em. We had to warn Ron about playing on his way across the Atlantic though. We could just see the Queen falling to pieces underneath him as he bragged away. There was little sleep this night. Monotonous? No, not with Bennett around.

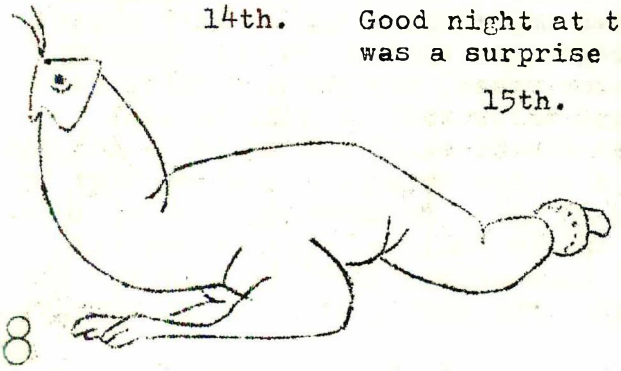
10th. Visit from Bobbie Wild.

12th. Letter from Laurence Sandfield. (Apē 1). Laurence objected to my reference to him at the beginning of the Diary section, and to my continued use of his surname despite his comments in Ploy. I replied on the lines of my review of Ploy in Apē 2.

In the evening the three of us and Bennett went over to see **Pamela and Ken Bulmer and Bobbie Wild.** Most of the time we nattered about TAFF and OMPA. Well, the seven of us included nine officials and ex-officials of OMPA.

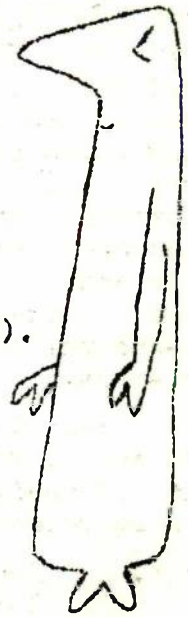
13th. When we got home from work we found Bennett had flown. (No, he still went by sea, but you know what I mean). As it happened he had to catch the boat early and if he'd been leaving from Catford in the morning he would have had to be very early. Rather than disturb us he went and spent the night in a hotel. At 10.30pm he phoned us from the Cafe de Paris - but I don't think that was where he was staying.

14th. Good night at the Globe for a change. Alvar Appeltofft was a surprise visitor. Rather quiet, small and shy.



15th. STUPEFYING STORIES 37 Dick Eney. Main item this time is a visit to the Youngs. About 3½pages of good fanzine reviews are followed by as many pages of letters. Get this one if you can. Dick has a note on the back of my copy to the effect that Washington will bid for the 1960 WorldCon. How's that for 'get up and go'? This is the second

bid for the 1960 con made before it was even known Detroit was to get the 1959 affair. (And Seattle is all set to bid for the 1961 con. 1962 anyone?). The first bid for the 1960 con came from Philadelphia and apparently they were actually asked by the city to stage a convention. (This news first appeared in Fanac, hence the 'apparently').



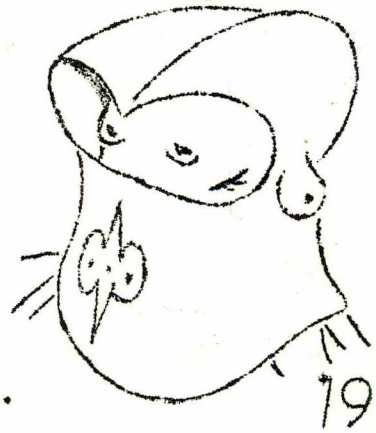
POT POURRI Nos 2 & 3. John Berry. These are really SAPS-zines, but John has widened the circulation a little and you might be able to get hold of one. It's worth it for John's material alone. (I have a column, but don't let that put you off).

Letter from ALAN DODD. (Apē 1) "Was interested in your story on Fred and the USAAF and it puts forward precisely the idea I'd been unsuccessfully trying to put to G.M.Carr for the past year. I think she has met her match in you though at last. Still, what can she expect from someone who works over the Colony Restaurant. (Honestly? Gee - Monique Van Vooren was there) (¢ Who she?...hps¢) - not that any of these people appear till after you've gone home from work but it certainly is an unusual location for even a fan. In that Fred and the USAAF fable of being forced to choose between the two evils I note you call me "a Hoddesdon fan called Alan Dodd". I'll have YOU know Sanderson I am THE Hoddesdon fan. You try and find another." ((On behalf of Penelope I apologise - but I would have YOU know(and the others who asked)that I have only used four pen-names to date, and 'Penelope' is not one of them. Have a heart, you don't think I write the whole damn mag do you?...hps¢)

Letter from BETTY KUJAWA (Apē 1). "Nice to see one name, be it only the title of a fanzine, that is a bit more exotic than mine! Mine, by the way, is not Hawaiian nor Japanese nor even Chippewa or Apache -- 'tis a very mundane Polish name. (¢ Oh, I dunno about the mundane part. I'd like to take you up on the offer to trade for USA mags - tho' not SEP .. and I'm not saying what Aporrhēta means...hps¢).

17th. Visit from Arthur Thomson. Goody - more illos.

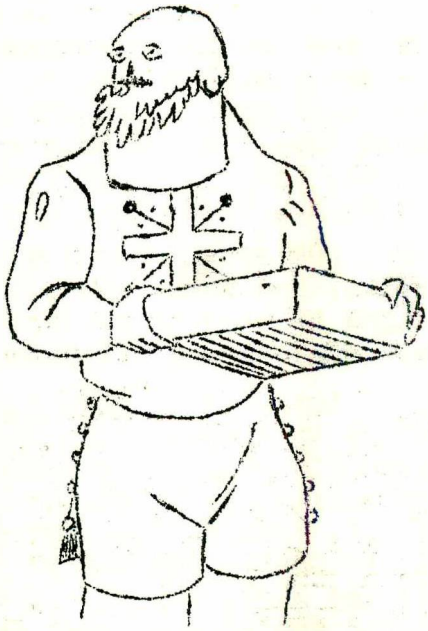
18th. Letter from Laurence Sandfield. "Where names are concerned we have a basic disagreement, and as I don't intend to depart one iota from my present stand, we'd better come to an understanding, fast. You consider that the use of a surname is not insulting unless it is prefixed by 'Mr'. I consider it insulting if it is not so prefixed." Well, you can't get much more basic than that, I admit. Guess we'd better agree to differ - with me admitting that possibly I am following the American system on this more than the British. I'll stick to the full name in future.



MOVE. Vinc Clarke. One shot explaining how essential it is for the London Circle to find a club room. I am in complete agreement.

21st. Letter from Ella Parker. (Apē 1). Not having Ella's address at the time this issue was completed, I asked Bobbie Wild to pass it on.

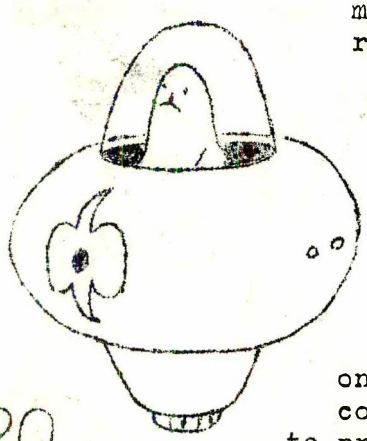
"I hope you haven't taken my silence on the subject of your fanzine for disinterest, but silly Sandy, fancy giving it to 'you know who' to deliver! Carrier pigeon would have been quicker. She sat on it for a month. I don't know what she was expecting to hatch out, but the zine in question was given to me last night. ## I don't know who Penelope Fandergaste is (Bobbie Wild says I'm not to accuse her, I don't see why not if I want to) but she certainly made me chuckle with the book list she mentions. Especially would I like to see someone tackling the writing of one with the hilarious title 'Embalming Can Be Fun!' She must have an even more macabre sense of humour than I have."



23rd. Acknowledgment slip for Apē 2 from the British Museum. ## FANAC 21. Carr and Ellik. This is fast becoming fandom's leading scandal rag. The first page of this issue could easily have been titled Fandom Confidential. This is really a pity.

Bobbie Wild came over so that we could record a 'Greetings' message for the Solacon - have heard since that this part of the programme was not put on. In the evening Joy, Vinc and I went to see 'The Lost Continent' - colour film of Indo-China, and 'M. Holot's Holiday'. There was a firework scene in this that really curled us up.

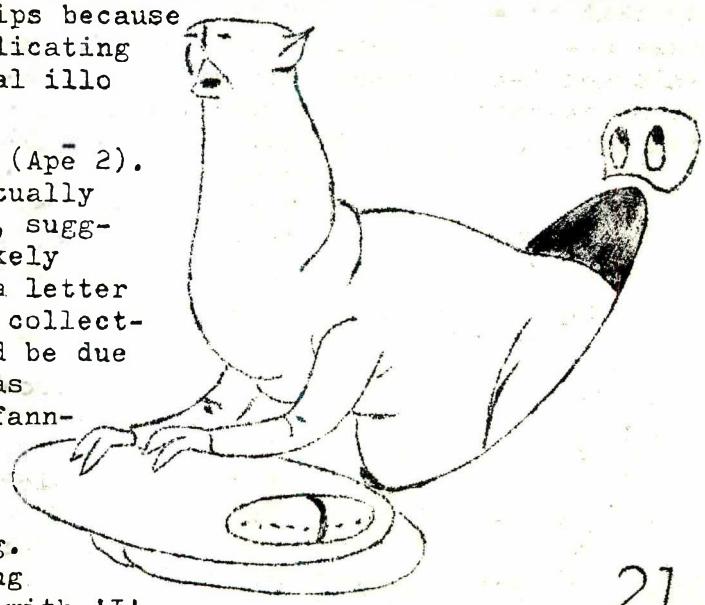
25th. Letter from TED PAULS asking for Apē. Sent him #2. Anyone who has a copy of #1 that they don't want to hang on to might like to send it to him at 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland, USA. Don't all rush at once. Letter from BILL TEMPLE (Apē 2). "Perhaps I've been lucky, but to date I've never found myself in the meshes of any fan feuds and have been untouched by the sordid side of fandom, although aware in a vague sort of way that it existed. And I'm not going to get worked up and start taking sides now, he sniffed, drawing the hem of his robe aside. Unfortunately I can't get het up about cartophily, either. I'll agree that 'Cigarette cards are as fascinating as stamps' because philately has always left me stone cold too. So has collecting glass bottle stoppers. One has to be a born magpie. As to the 'educative' argument - general information can be more completely obtained from books. I'm glad the Fandergaste column wasn't left out of this issue, anyway. Despite the initial cartophily, I enjoyed it a lot, and I hope the next issue contains some more sweetness and light like this."



Letter from Eric Bentcliffe (Apē 2) in which he says I can blame him for the 'bust beauty' ad but no others. Unfortunately he mentioned this at Kettering, which is probably where Yngvi decided he'd join in the joke. Oh well, things are quiet once more so lets forget it. Most of Eric's letter is concerned with the BSFA (not unnaturally) but he asks me to print all or nothing. Since I don't have two pages to

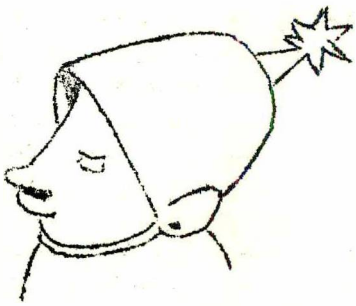
spare it will have to be nothing. However in order to be fair to Eric and the BSFA I will return to this in reference to a letter from Terry Jeeves on the same subject.

Letter from IVOR MAYNE. (Apē 2). 33, Chadworth House, Amwell Court, Green Lanes, London N.4. If you are not already doing so you should try him with your fanzine. Ivor starts by saying he is writing a typical neo-fan letter full of Gosh-wow-boy-o-boy. In fact, it is nothing of the sort. "I was round at Ella Parker's place on Wednesday and she showed me a copy of No 1, so when the post came on Thursday I rather suspected what it might be. Particularly after I had looked at the postmark. I thought 'Now who do I know at Catford who could send me a fanzine, leave out part of my address and spell my name wrongly.' The answer came in a flash; 'Sanderson!'. ## I've been trying to remember back to the dim and distant days before I discovered fandom to decide whether I would have joined the BSFA or not. Of course, I would have been interested in it, just because it was a sf society, but I really think I wouldn't have been keen enough to shell out a quid for it. I think that'll be the way most people outside fandom are going to look at it. Since the BSFA hasn't really got anything to offer for people already in fandom I can't see them getting many members. Of course, we know they will need money - that's obvious - but I think they're rather defeating their own ends. Still, the BSFA may do some good, which was the chief reason I joined. For instance, if people go on from reading VECTOR to reading some other fanzines, then that alone will be a Good Thing, won't it? Personally, I tend to go along with Ron Bennett and some others in disapproving of organisations. This seems to be too close to the idea of doing something serious and constructive for sf. People come into fandom to meet other people who are interested in sf and so to make friends, and an organisation of this type doesn't seem to encourage this. Perhaps if they ran a contacts bureau like the Operation Fantast group did it would be something. ## What about some material by Vinc? There he is, in range of a whip, and yet you still haven't managed to force material out of him. You just can't be trying!" In a way you are right. If Vinc writes anything for Apē I'll be more than happy to use it, but I'm not cracking any whips because I know how busy he is -- mainly duplicating this thing! Vinc does the occasional illo and all of the duplicating for me.

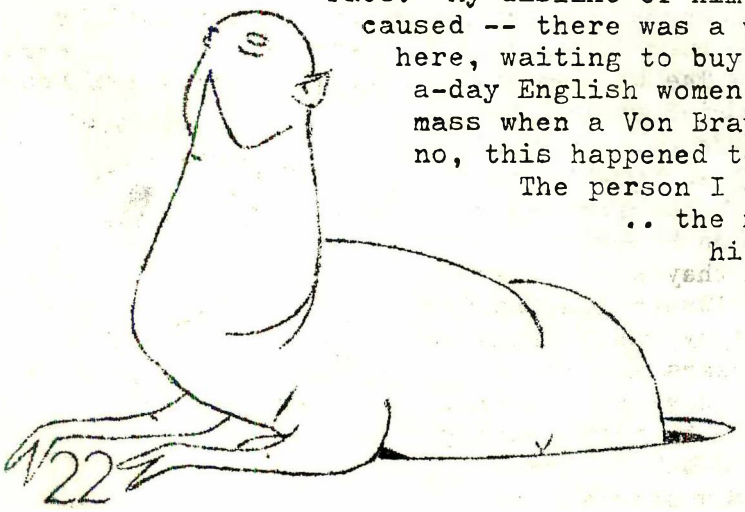


26th. Letter from ARCHIE MERCER. (Apē 2). "The individual whom I virtually accused of being Penelope denied it, suggesting instead Vinc himself as a likely culprit. ## I should imagine that a letter from a married couple (or any other collective group) in the first person would be due to the fact that only one of them was writing it at a time. Don't other fannish couples do the same?" Well, at this address we tend to use 'we' when not writing as individuals - but in any case I wasn't criticising. I wanted to explain why, after saying 'Falascas' I was starting the quote with 'I'.

27th. FANAC 22. Carr and Ellik. This issue is much more like the news and chatterzine that Fanac is supposed to be because they don't publish any of the rumours or third hand information that has been spoiling things lately. Under the heading of 'Opinions' one can afford to take a broad viewpoint, and although I don't always agree with those expressed by the Berkeleyites I do definitely recommend that you obtain Fanac if possible.



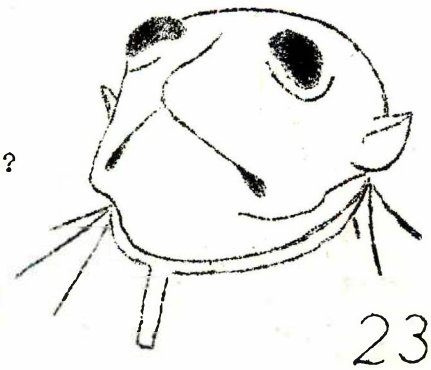
29th. YANDRO 67. Bob and Juanita Coulson. This is a peculiar fanzine, well-duplicated and very well laid out, and yet something seems to be missing. Perhaps, as Bob says, it is due to the fact that this particular issue was hastily thrown together. Three pages by John Berry, a page by Alan Dodd who is also British representative for subs, a fanzine review column that tails off into a listing of fanzines received, short columns by Ed Wood and Dan Adkins and a letter column. Except for Berry it is all rather on the serious side. Reading the letter column of a fanzine you haven't seen before can be a very frustrating business. It would appear that there has been a discussion on Werner Von Braun - and the tail end of it is in this issue. The Falascas have a letter, part of which concerns the morality of Von Braun, and with this I could not agree more. They doubt that he particularly cares who or what country he works for so long as he has equipment to work with. He would probably go to the Russians immediately if he thought they would give him a free hand to control his project. Remember the old sf stories where the Scientist was the cold, inhuman 'bad man'? A few years back it was discovered that the need for the Scientist had become so great that he had to be reinstated - but quick. Today, scientists know that they can't be inhuman - different from people. After all, there are far more 'people' around and if scientists lose touch with them they are liable to find themselves being lynched as modern day witches. And yet here is a man, Von Braun, apparently without any moral integrity at all. The very embodiment of the old Evil Scientist. A man who believes that the end (space travel) justifies the means (slaughter of thousands of civilians in WW II). Von Braun was recently in Amsterdam being given the VIP treatment as the man who put America back in the satellite race. My dislike of him doesn't stem from the deaths he caused -- there was a war time queue at New Cross near here, waiting to buy fish - a three-deep line of work a-day English women, who suddenly became a mangled mass when a Von Braun special exploded among them -- no, this happened too long ago for it to count now. The person I dislike is the unethical Von Braun .. the man who joked when the fist V2 hit London 'A pity it has landed on the wrong planet.' .. the man who has said 'If the only way I can build rockets is for military purposes that is the way I will do it.' .. the man without ethical considerations. Indirectly this brings me back



to Bob Coulson's editorial. When I read this I was very surprised to learn that we should all congratulate Kyle on his cleverness, regardless of whether he was right or wrong. Is this a peculiarly American outlook? Is the man who is the cleverest automatically the man who should be congratulated and made out to be right? No, I really want to know. Perhaps this is one of the basic reasons for so much misinterpretation in Anglo-American fan relations just lately. I can't congratulate Von Braun for launching a satellite. I can't congratulate Kyle for pulling a big bluff and getting away with it because I believe the question of whether he was right or not to be of major importance - and I don't believe he was right. I can't congratulate Hoffman on coming second in the 1957 TAFF vote because the way he did it doesn't tie in with my idea of correct ethical behaviour. If these differences really do exist then perhaps it is about time UK and USA fans arrived at an understanding.

FANDOM'S BURDEN 3. Nick and Noreen Falasca. This is mercifully short. 2½ pages rehashing the previous issues and 1½ pages of new material in which it is suddenly discovered that it might be best to do away with the WSFS after all. Well, as I type this the Solacon is over and the WSFS has been voted out. That is what the majority wanted. As I said in the issues of Blunt and Clause that came out before Apé 1, I am normally against fan organisations. I did think, though, that the WSFS was worth having. Seems my views weren't widely shared and that's that. Or is it? What about the ethics of this situation? Here's a formula for success. Promise three issues of a fanzine. Publish the first one so that it almost says what you want it to say. Then, when someone sees what you are at and tries to do something about it, bring out the second issue and make like you're hurt because you are being misinterpreted. Pretty soon you'll have everyone saying that the man who opened his mouth must be a lousy bastard. Then bring out the third issue and say what your critic knew you were going to say. What if he does try to say 'I told you so' - nobody will listen. The WSFS has gone. It's going was popular. No doubt this will make people who were for it 'right', and those who were against it 'wrong'. Well, so be it. But if the contest had been conducted a little more honestly I wouldn't be feeling the contempt I now have for people who found it necessary to cheat to gain their end.

30th. Visit to the library. Books out this time were: 'Byzantium' by Rene Guerdon (I've always been interested in Byzantium since I read a story by Haggard - was it called The Wanderer's Necklace? - and first heard about the Empress Irene. I have tried on and off since then to study more of the life and times of her reign, but without success. This book is good but concentrates on a period 4 or 5 hundred years later than hers.) ; 'Henry James and H.G.Wells' - letters between them and articles they wrote - edited by Edel and Gordon N Ray. ; 'Where Did You Go? - Out. What Did You Do? - Nothing' by Robert Paul Smith...story of childhood 20-30 years ago and how the kids of today don't know what they are missing. 'The Voice Of Shem' Play adaptation by Mary Manning of part of James Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' I'm leading up to the real thing in easy stages.



31st. FANAC 23. Carr & Ellik. News that Fandora's Box is being (has been) dropped by MADGE, and assorted bits and pieces including fanzine reviews.

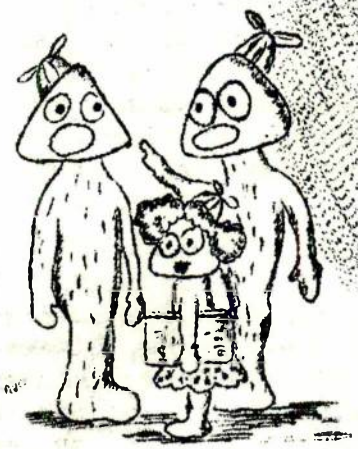
Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD. (Apē 2). "See from your editorial that we're threatened with articles on your tape and hifi equipment. I hope to Christ they'll be short (¢ They will - but then I believe in providing something of interest to the minority groups as well, and all that guff...hps¢) One sentence stands out at the bottom of page (should be 13, why the hell don't you number them?) (¢ Sorry, will number in future...hps¢)."don't think Ted Tubb capable of editing a real fanzine. Admittedly he hasn't had any experience"..Ye Ghods! Four years a prozine ed and no experience? (¢ of editing a fanzine, no. The two things are not the same. That's the whole point...hps¢) Would have loved to see that poor dog. Poddlewog! What a smashing Alice in Wonderland sort of name!"

Letter from TERRY JEEVES. (Apē 2). "One point arising from Fred Smith's letter is the general concept that the BSFA organ costs 5/-. This misinformation has been quoted by various people, but in actual fact is nowhere near the truth and I'd be obliged if you would help out by giving a bit of publicity to the actual position. Membership costs £1 and during the year you get 4 issues of the OO. By simple arithmetic fen have said that they get a 5/- fanzine. They completely overlook the point that the fanzine is only one of the facilities they get for the quid. The library service is there for 'em ..it costs money to run. We also hope to sponsor fan projects which might interest the membership .. here again money is involved. BUT, and here is the main point, Kettering fandom wanted this society, they also wanted the £1 sub in order that the Association would not be hamstrung for finance. (¢ Kettering? Or Ted Tubb? I can hear his voice now - 'you gotta charge a lot because they won't want to join a cheap group' - he's done the same thing time and time again at the Globe when caught up in some wild enthusiasm. The trick is not to let him sweep you along too far...hps¢) As a committee we've got the OO on the road, but we are not the Association. What we want now is a shoal of letters saying basically.."Can the Association provide..x..?" If enough members want 'x' then we'll do our best to provide it..and it will all come out of the quid. That includes anything from a fan directory to prizes or Convention arrangements. Great Ghu, we have to walk before we can run. ## By the way, that diatribe is not aimed at you, but I'd be obliged if you could help spread the point of view that as a society we want to give the members what they want...if they'll tell us what it is. You covered one or two points in the answer to the letter, but one question that was raised but not answered was the Library...'Pocket books are cheap and easy to obtain'.. a dozen will cost you at least 18/- but with the BSFA you can have as many as you wish and still have the other facilities. And the library is not confined to pocket books."

In his letter Eric Bentcliffe worked out the cost of VECTOR at £30 per hundred per year. With 100 members this would leave £70 for other expenses. Okay, so you only have 50 members now but you are running 100 copies to cover new recruits. This only leaves £20 for other expenses. I think there is a vicious circle here - many fans won't join until you offer more than a fanzine - and you can't really offer more until the membership goes up. You could do with a good PR man. You might remember Joy Clarke made a construct- suggestion on this. Anyway, will BSFA members give out with ideas please?

THE LIL' PITCHER

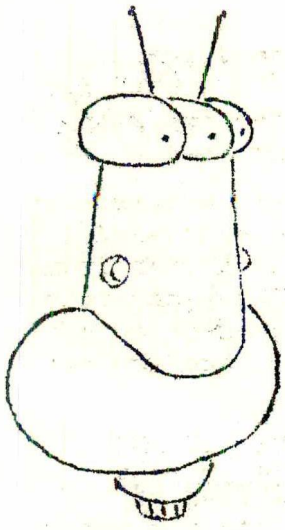
By JOY CLARKE



Inchmery Fandom has had a sudden influx of visitors recently, so if this issue's late you can blame any or all of the undermentioned. Vinc, alone one night while the children (Sandy and I) indulged in a visit to the pictures, was called on by Brian Burgess. Unfortunately for BB Vinc was busy hammering out OMPA stuff so he couldn't invite him in. More welcome guests have been George Locke and Ivor Mayne, who'd been extremely busy helping Ella Parker and Bobbie Wild collate OMPA and parcel it up. They dropped in at the end of their labours to view the fannish household. We had a feeling that they were slightly disappointed since we weren't turning duplicator handles, cutting stencils or even reading sf or fanzines. However, next time they come, provided it's not after OMPA or an Apē is being prepared, they will be in line for duplicating. (Fools, they don't know how lucky they were to get away with it!).

Ron Bennett, ex TAFF delegate and now TAFF organiser, rolled up out of the blue. We'd had a letter saying see you Monday or Tuesday and we wondered if he meant the 22nd as previously arranged. But no...it had been found there was so little difference between the cost of return by boat and return by air that they decided air was more efficient and probably cheaper in the long run with only one day's expenses to worry about. So he arrived a week early on the same evening as his letter. After disrupting Inchmery Fandom in the usual Bennett fashion - blinding us with bright colours and distributing 'DEMOCRAT John B Speer for REPRESENTATIVE 47th District' book match folders to all and sundry - he left on Wednesday.

On Thursday Bob and Sadie Shaw arrived and the Globe, by some mysterious magic that happens occasionally filled. Mike Wilson, Paul Enever, Frances Evans, Alan Gascoigne, Helen Winick, Robin Farquharson and all the irregular regulars. It was really great. On Friday, like an echo from 6th Fandom, Chuck Harris rolled up at No 7 in his new car and sat around nattering till all hours. This was a wonderful change after his usual plaint of 'It's 9pm - I've got to go or I'll never manage to get home.' He promised to run off Hyphen over here on October 18th so if you don't get your copy by the 21st you will know he didn't turn up. Send him threatening letters or something, or Hyphen will become as irregular as Eye! On Saturday we saw Bob and Sadie off on their way to Ireland, and on Sunday (today, Sep 21st) Atom came round to route us all out of bed and to tell us Chuck didn't get home Friday night but Saturday morning at 3am instead. What a character.



This is the only mention of the Kyle-Dietz hassle in this column that I'm going to make - unless something momentous turns up. I'm sick of the whole thing and particularly of the occasional letters telling us we've been brainwashed by the Dietzes.

Now, I'd like you to read the following carefully because I am reporting the viewpoint of some of the London Committee. Remember too that in the States only Belle, Frank and George are available to state this view, and, because you are already prejudiced against them, you won't even bother to listen properly to what they say. Hence our viewpoint gets no audience.

1) The people on the receiving end of this mess are the London Committee. Of these, the following have lost money through it: the Liverpool group to the tune of over 100$, Sandy, Vinc, myself, the Bulmers, Bobbie Wild and Harry Turner. NOBODY WHO SUPPORTS KYLE IN PRINT HAS LOST ANY MONEY over this at all, so it doesn't hurt them to support him.

2) When Dave was over here in 1956 we arranged with him that, should London get the Worldcon, he would immediately start arranging a plane trip to London. This was officially approved under the auspices of the Committee and it was then a WSFS deal.

3) It was agreed that a small tax per head should be added to offset any possible Convention expenses.

4) IN SPITE OF REPEATED LETTERS FROM BOBBIE WILD ASKING HIM FOR SOME SORT OF INFORMATION N-O-T-H-I-N-G repeat N-O-T-H-I-N-G WAS HEARD FROM KYLE

5) We asked Belle and Frank to see if they could do anything about the advertising that was due to go out. They descended on Kyle and did a considerable amount of work on the leaflet and got it away to members.

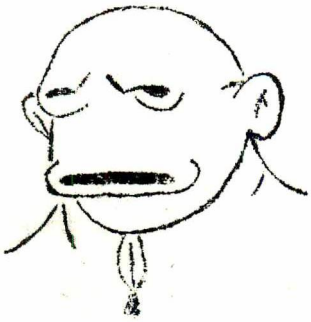
6) Again, as nothing was heard from Kyle himself as at March 1958, we asked Belle and Frank to do something, anything, but for God's sake let us know if there was going to be a plane trip.
In other words, WE THE LONDON COMMITTEE asked Belle and Frank to do something because Kyle had not.

7) Just before the Convention Kyle informed Ted Carnell that there was no money left from the plane trip due to some muddle about seats.

8) Owing to the lack of information from Kyle, the hotel was asking us for money for plane trippers who'd been booked into the hotel and who refused to stay there and left without paying. We therefore had to find some way of getting the money. $250 may not be much to you: to us it is just under three month's pay (gross).

9) Kyle, according to the accounts of the NewYorkCon - which he neither queried nor declared wrong - owed a certain amount of money which would have helped.

10) Sandy told Belle and Frank to get all the money owing that it was poss-



ible to obtain by any legal method. THIS WAS WHILE OUR COMMITTEE WAS IN CONTROL and the Solacon Committee had not yet taken over. They did try to get the money by asking Kyle to sort the matter out with them. He refused. So they went ahead and sued.

11) Anna Moffatt then counteracted Sandy's orders. We carried the can back. Meanwhile, we had heard that there was approximately $1300 left over from the plane trip - how nice for us! The plane trip fund and the suing of Kyle must be separated in your minds. The fund was just something that tipped the scales against any possibility of Kyle being persona grata to Inchmery Fandom.

THE ABOVE ARE FACTS: NONE OF THEM CAN POSSIBLY BE CONSTRUED BY ANY PERSON ABOVE AN IQ OF 10 AS BEING THE RESULT OF 'BRAIN WASHING' OF INCHMERY FANDOM BY ANY PERSON OR PERSONS KNOWN OR UNKNOWN.

We know Kyle can be charming: after all, he was over here twice. Perhaps if he hadn't been, we might never have had a plane trip mooted, rooms would not have been booked in the names of defaulting passengers, and people like us would now be solvent. When people like Norman G Wansborough suggest plane trips we can discount the possibility of their happening. When someone who is believed to be a responsible person (to the tune, say, of $25,000) suggests one, and it seems there is a possibility of its succeeding, we are likely to consider it more seriously.

Unfortunately, owing to a distance of 3,000 miles between the person who was supposed to be doing the organising, and a blissful belief in the integrity of fans, we relied on Kyle to do what he said he would. He didn't so we lost out. And you try to tell us we've been brainwashed.

Someone suggests we should sue him direct. Haven't you heard it's almost impossible to sue someone who is in another country, and, since we've already lost money on this, where are we going to get the money to pay for such legal dealings?

One final point that doesn't appear to have occurred to you. The 56 and 57 Cons each went into the red. In both cases Kyle was responsible for 'organising' a part where he would be responsible for considerable amounts of money. His honesty is not in doubt, but this doesn't say much for his organising abilities does it?

****

WHO SAID IT?

Just for fun, here are a few quotes: I'll give the answers next time but before then see if you can tell me who said:

a) Show me a family of readers and I will show you the people who move the world?
b) "Russians", when asked what he expected to find on the moon?
c) I am getting a lot better at my driving now (I can now do right-hand turns with my eyes open) and am working up courage to bring the thing over to Catford. I shall probably let you sit in it, but don't get any ideas about small adjustments. It goes quite nicely as it is. Make one false move with your nail file and you'll be confined in the boot.

And one other question..can you tell me which is the largest state in USA?