

APORRHETA

No. 5



АТЭННЭТ

№ 5.04



NOVEMBER 5 A PORRHETA - 5

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ARTWORK AND HEADINGS

By Arthur Thomson
Vinç Clarke
Barry Hall

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An Inchmery Fandom  
Publication  
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year (\$1.50 in USA).  
Fanzine exchanges are  
welcome.

## EDITORIAL

Apē 4 was the October issue, despite what it said on the top left-hand corner of page three. No 3 was the September issue, this is November and the next issue will complete the first six months of publication.

"We must have colour!" said Vinç. He's been saying this for a long time now. Well, I couldn't afford to change the paper, so we are now using blue ink. With apologies to Dean Grennell, of course. One rather unfortunate result of this change is that the amount of 'see through' appears to have increased so...that's right, next issue will see the use of a better type of paper. But still white. Atom is the boss in the art department and he likes the idea of working with blue on white. I agree with him.

Talking about Arthur reminds me that some time ago he started 'Atom's Alphabet' in his OMPazine and got as far as the letter 'A'. The realisation that it would take 6½ years to complete the project poured cold water on his enthusiasm. Apē will present the Alphabet two letters at a time over the next 13 months.

And thinking about serial items, I hope to start a new serial by John Berry in the next issue. I don't know how many parts this will run to yet, but judging from the first installment it should be excellent.

Finally, this is being published by Inchmery Fandom at 7, Inchmery Rd, Catford, London, SE6...but we are planning on moving. The new address, as from 8th November, 1958 is given below. (Rather than establish a new group name we decided to take the old one with us and made it the name of the house). The only difficulty here is that the people we are dealing with over this are not very business-like and it is just possible, even at this stage, that the deal might fall down. In this case, a cross on the back page should be taken to indicate that you should still send mail to the current address. In any case, it will be forwarded from here quite well.

And that is about all for now.

  
Sanderson

HPS  
39

APĒ 5

"INCHMERY", 236, QUEEN'S ROAD,  
LONDON, S.E.14. —FROM 8 NOV 58



# QUESTION OF ETHICS

- BRYAN WELHAM -

We all know that Sandy Sanderson will stick to his opinions come-what-may, and I am in close agreement with many of them. But last issue there was one which I just couldn't stomach. It occurred in the Inchmery Fan Diary, and the subject was Wernher von Braun. His morality is in doubt, said Sandy, he is without ethical considerations, he joked when the first V2 hit London 'A pity it has landed on the wrong planet.' And he also said 'If the only way I can build rockets is for military purposes that is the way I will do it.' Sandy adds that he would probably go to the Russians immediately if he thought they would give him a free hand to control his projects.

Let's delve a little more deeply into the joke 'A pity it landed...'

Where Sandy got this from I don't rightly know, but from my searches the nearest to the above phrase is in the Journal of the BIS. It is in an article by von Braun himself. In the article there is a chapter heading - "Did we hit the wrong planet?" in which the following is said:-

"The A-4's subsequent career is no mystery. It was put into action against London on Sept 7, 1944, without any announcement to the German public. When this was finally done, the A-4 was dubbed V-2 or 'Retaliation Weapon 2' by Dr Goebbels' propaganda writers.

"The personal feeling among our rocketeers was, of course, not unaffected by the loss of life in the great Peenemunde air-raid; nonetheless there was much regret among us that our A-4, conceived as it was, as a first step to interplanetary rocketry had joined in the bloody business of war.

"An unbiased visitor to the planning group at Peenemunde would have heard little, if anything discussed which related to matters other than reaching into space."

I wonder if the above words sound like those of a person whose morality is in question. Von Braun and his friends were hypercritical whether the V2 would ever be feasible enough for war. Time has shown that it wasn't, even though it did kill about 5,000 people. But I cannot see how one can blame a person who, just because he was on the wrong side, happened to build a rocket which killed some of our fellow Englishmen. I wonder if the argument would have been raised if he had been British, and the Germans were on the receiving end? I very much doubt it. Do we criticise the men who built the atom bomb and the men who dropped it on Japan, killing over 100,000 people in a few seconds. Whether, as Sandy says, the above was joked out by von Braun I cannot say but I cannot believe it. If von Braun did say it, I don't think it was meant to be taken the way it has been taken. (\*)

Then there is the question of von Braun deserting to the Russians if he had the chance of good facilities for his projects. I can't believe this.

4 Let's look at an excerpt from Willy Ley's book, 'Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel'. The excerpt describes the proceedings after von Braun &



Co had fled Peenemunde just before the Russians were about to take over...

"The German planning staff had gone to Bavaria prior to the Russian assault and had spent a few highly disturbed weeks. Not only did it look as if their lifework had been destroyed; they had to fear for their lives. There were rumours that the SS or the SD had been ordered to liquidate them other than let them fall into allied hands. Finally, when it was clear that the area around them had been occupied by American troops, Wernher von Braun's younger brother Magnus was sent out to find somebody to whom the staff could surrender."

If, as Sandy said, von Braun would desert to the Russians if he had the facilities given him for rocketry, why, after the capitulation of Germany, did he, under fear of death from the SS, wait until the Americans had taken over in his sector. Neither Russians or Americans were very advanced in rocketry during the war. Therefore von Braun could easily have given himself up to the Russians and been put into full scale rocket development instead of travelling to Bavaria in constant dread of the SS and waiting for the US troops to arrive. But he didn't surrender to the Russians and therefore I think that disproves Sandy's point. (†)

As to Sandy's last statement 'If the only way I can build rockets is for military purposes that is the way I will do it', building rockets is von Braun's job, the same as your job is to you. You've been brought up to do that job, and you have to do it whether you like it or not. Or starve. Most certainly spaceflight is foremost in his mind but a job is a job. If he is ordered to build missiles he has to - like you have to do what the boss tells you. It can be seen though that his rockets have better purposes than missiles of death, as can be shown by his converting the Jupiter missile of his design into a satellite. If it wasn't for him I think the Americans would still be mucking about with their hopeless Vanguard without success. No, I think Sandy is wrong when he labels von Braun as unethical and of questionable morality. (#)

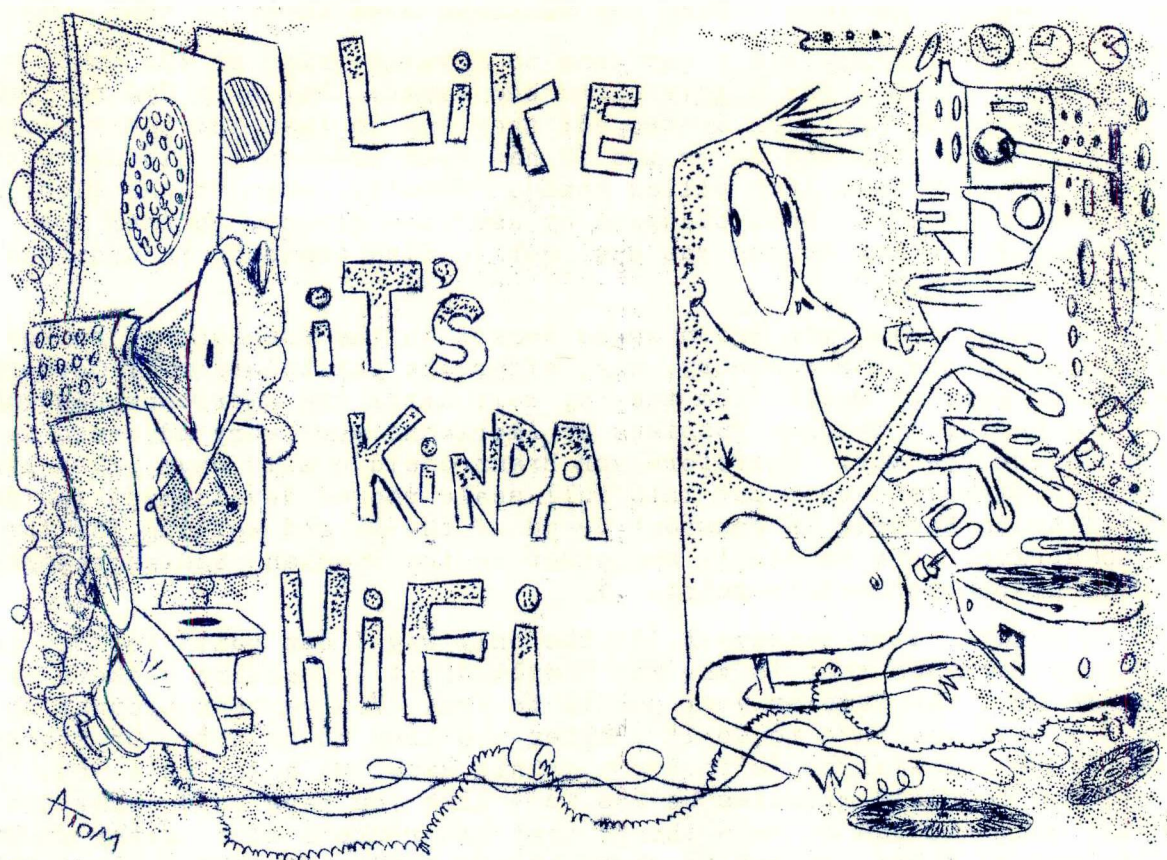
His job is to build rockets and so he builds them. I'd like to be in his position for I am very interested in rockets and spaceflight. I hope one day to be in the business myself. He built the V2, yes, but it was Dornberger, head of Peenemunde, who had the say as to whether it should be used for war. Dornberger was at the head, von Braun was only the man who did the main job of designing the rocket - for what purpose only the future could tell him.

I saw a photo the other day which seemed to prove without doubt that I must oppose the words that Wernher von Braun is a person of questionable morality or without ethical considerations. It showed von Braun with his arm round his wife and carrying his young daughter on his shoulders. It showed just an ordinary man who was an expert in rocketry, whether it be for peaceful means or otherwise. A family man who was talked about because he happened to be on the wrong side during the war.

BRYAN WELHAM

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(\* ) The quote from the BIS Journal. This was presumably said after the war and is doubtful evidence. (†) This might also mean that von Braun guessed rightly that he'd be better off in the USA. The point I'm making is that if he'd been able to trust the Russians he might have gone to them. (#) I don't agree I'm afraid. And note the Jupiter had to be 'converted'.HE





## PART II - INSTALLATION

The equipment that I described and illustrated last month arrived at Inchmery over a period of a week or so, and we settled down to the task of assembling the component parts.

To begin with, the equipment cabinet gave us a lot of trouble. This was intended to house a tape deck and transcription unit in the baseboard with the amplifying equipment let into the same board between these two units. I had decided to put two tape decks and the transcription unit in the baseboard, which meant that the amplifying equipment (including tape amp and tuner) had to go into the front of the cabinet - the very nice veneered and polished front of the cabinet.

We didn't have any power tools - just a hand drill and a set of five different saw blades that fastened into a universal handle - but we did have plenty of enthusiasm. In the beginning that is. The transcription unit was easily mounted because Collaro provided a template. The required outline was soon traced and cut. The BJ pick-up arm and the Auriol control arm were also easily mounted once the turntable was in, although we discovered that both these items needed to be raised on small blocks of balsa wood in order to provide the necessary leeway for height adjustment.

Unfortunately the Motek group provided neither templates nor fixing bolts for their tape decks. The nuts and bolts were easily found - we have millions of them around - but mocking up a template proved to be quite a job. The working parts below the baseplate (motors, switches etc) extended to within  $\frac{1}{4}$ " of the edge, except for two corners that were



clear. A trial and error method was worked with stiff card, cutting a bit here and a bit there, until we had a cut-out shape that fitted over the working parts. This shape was then cut out of the baseboard and the final touches applied with a file. The second deck was then comparatively simple to fit - but even so we estimate that there is less than a tenth of an inch clearance all round on both of them.

The Dulci pre-amp, the Stirling tuner and the Sound Sales tape amp all had to be let into the front of the cabinet. Again there were no templates but this time there were no awkward shapes to contend with either, just simple rectangles. These were measured with a ruler and drawn onto the cabinet. All the wood we'd been cutting was 7-ply, and in addition the front had a veneered surface. This had to be cut with a razor-sharp knife along the lines of the rectangles before a saw could be used. This was to prevent the veneer from splitting over the rest of the surface. Eventually the three rectangles were cut and we could set about drilling holes for the fixing bolts. Tolerances were again extremely fine but the appearance of the finished cabinet with all units in place was quite impressive. The power amp was simply placed in the back of the cabinet to be fastened down at a later date. This still hasn't been done.

Filling the record cabinet with records was an easy job.

The sawing and assembly were handled mainly by Vinç with some assistance from me. Joy really came into her own when we arrived at the wiring stage. The Tannoy cartridge was fitted with the BJ plug-in shell (after one of the bolt holes had been widened and longer bolts than those provided had been found) and the leads soldered to the terminals. The Dulci pre-amp input sockets were all coax sockets, so I bought half-a-dozen coax plugs and a load of cable and used a small section to connect the cartridge output to the gram input on the pre-amp. The cable from the power amp to the speakers was already in place and we had a gramophone. At least we did as soon as I'd satisfied myself the tracking weight was correct (4 to 5 grammes) and the tangential tracking of the stylus by the BJ arm was correct (through 0 three times and 1 twice - this being the maximum error). And there was the small matter of playing a Test Record over and over again until Joy screamed for mercy. This did have one big advantage - I had the two speakers connected in parallel but after playing the record I reconnected them in series with considerable improvement. The frequency range checked out and there was no discernable rumble.

The Tuner was a simple item to fit into the circuit and in fact this piece of equipment had been working long before the cabinet was completed. The connections to the transformer had to be re-soldered to suit the house supply but apart from this it was simply a matter of running an aerial out of the back of the cabinet and a coax cable from the tuner output to the pre-amp input. And we had a radio.

As you can probably imagine a number of weekends had passed by this time, wires trailed all over the room, pieces of wood and tools of all shapes and sizes covered chairs and tables. More and more tapes were waiting to be answered, Apē 2 had to be published, we had to work during the weekdays, and food was eaten in the evening while perched on any convenient flat surface.

In the middle of all this confusion we started to work on the tape-



decks and on the tape pre-amp. Each deck had five wafer switches. The power was applied to the 'stop' switch (so that the circuit was broken when this was depressed) and from there it was taken to the 'fast forward' and 'fast rewind' switches. The 'record' and 'play' switches had provision for four groups of wires on the basis that the two wires of each group would be connected when the switch was depressed. No wires were attached to these controls. There were no connections from the heads. There was no literature, diagrams, or anything else that might help.

The Precord had a large number of inputs for single wires as well as two coax sockets. None of the plugs I had would fit these and since we couldn't find a plug that would in any of the nearby shops we found it easier to buy a new socket and solder that in place. (We knew we wouldn't be using the input socket for microphone so that was left alone.) Again there was no circuit diagram, the wiring couldn't be easily traced, and the inputs were numbered and lettered. There was a booklet to explain the purpose of the inputs, after a fashion. 1 & 2 - Power input. 3 - HT positive to deck. 4 - HT positive from deck. 5 - HT positive to oscillator. O - Oscillator. B - Bias. E - Earth. T - Signal from pre-amp for recording from gramophone or radio. R - Signal to pre-amp for playback. E - Earth. Coax 1 - Microphone. Coax 2 - Head playback. Well, I know what all these mean now, but I must admit I hadn't a clue to begin with.

The type of connections that would be required were easily figured out for all but points 3, 4 and 5, and for these I had to contact Sound Sales. 1 & 2 were okay. 3 had to be connected to 4 to take the HT from the transformer to the valves. With the decks I was using this could be a direct connection rather than via a switch. 4 had to be connected to 5 to carry the HT a stage further to the oscillator, but since this was used on erase the connection had to be made on the 'record' switch only. O had to be connected to the erase head via the 'record' switch with a return to E. B & H had to go to the record/play head via the 'record' switch with returns to E. T & R were alright to the pre-amp with returns to each E. The Mic Coax socket was not to be used, as far as I was concerned (since the mics would be used through the mixer unit into the pre-amp input) and the second coax had to be connected to the record/play head via the 'play' switch. The power connected to the 'fast forward' switch had to be taken to the 'record' and 'play' switches also.

I spent almost a complete day at the office drawing a diagram of the connections between the heads, the switches and the Precord (two decks, remember) and in the evening we set to with the soldering iron. It was a hell of a job and it took a long time and when we jury-rigged all the connections they didn't work. For several weeks we worked on the decks while everything grew even more chaotic and finally we arrived at the stage where one was wired in a workable way. The second was wired the same way, both were bolted into the cabinet, the wires were taken in pairs to the Precord - and they didn't work. After more trouble we organised one to work on playback only (and not very efficiently) and that is how we have been ever since.

The main trouble now is lack of time because I feel certain I can solve the remaining difficulties if only I can settle down to it again for another weekend. I will return to my original idea of using one deck for play only and the other for record only. If that fails I'll buy new heads. In the meantime I've just bought a portable recorder... H P Sanderson.





"IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME" \*

by RON BENNETT

The first thing I did on board the Queen Mary was to put down my two cases, and walk off again. I wandered up the out-of-bounds-to-passengers part of the quayside and took a couple of pictures. Then I returned to make a re-entry. The cabin I was landed with was a little overcrowded, being on the small side and catering for four persons. The three who shared my excellent company during the journey were a Mr. Roberts and a Mr. Freedman, two elderly gentlemen in their seventies. They loved my party trick of coming in to bed at 3.30am. The remaining travelling companion was one Fritz, a Swiss American who met up with a Swiss girl on board and we didn't see too much of him during the voyage.

The first passengers I met were an Ohio College Professor and his wife, with whom I had lunch the first day out, somewhere in the Channel between Southampton and Cherbourg. He had a friend in First Class and we wangled an invitation to go along to the First Class cinema, vastly superior in comfort to the Tourist Class cinema. The film was 'Kings Go Forth' which was just as well. It came along a day or so later to the Tourist Class, where the showings were packed out. I didn't have a lot of luck with the pictures usually: they were, with one exception, films I'd already seen. The exception was the new Ingrid Bergman-Cary Grant film, Indiscreet, which was quite good considering that it was strictly small screen, ultra low-fi.

Besides the cinema, passengers were continuously kept amused by ship run dances and competitions. There was a daily anagram and name competition which rated a prize of a Parker pen and evenings saw bingo or horse racing being played. I won at the racing but lost heavily at that typical American

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\* Pt I. "I PARKES WITH THE CLARKES". PERIHELION No 4. Bryan Welham.



traditional game of Bingo. Blow these big deal traditional American games which take such a lot of learning and at which I lose money. Give me housey-housey any day.

The most popular game on board, when the smoke room poker session was not in progress, was table tennis, which most Americans call ping pong and play as such. The Tourist Class table was in cramped surroundings, but the First Class tables were superb, with a good standard Halex ball provided free. I played up on the First Class deck quite a bit. My usual opponent was a teacher from Holt High School in Liverpool who had emigrated to Santa Barbara a year ago and had been home for a visit. He was quite disappointed with the service and atmosphere on the boat which he considered very inferior to that on board a German ship belonging to the Greek Line we have come to associate with Walt Willis.

It turned out that he was probably right. The atmosphere on board The Queen Mary is staid and stately. If you can imagine walking round Buckingham Palace while the Queen is in residence, and doing it for five days, then you may have some idea about the Queen Mary. I'm sure that the people we'd observe across the smoke room and think 'look at those stuffed shirts over there', were thinking the same thing about us. Norman tried whipping up some life into the evening dances and we gathered about us a few stalwart hardies. Two of these were friendly enough women who were returning to their husbands and were passing time drinking. Another was an engineer who read some sf and who had a good bass voice. We tried invading the First Class dance, but although we had spent an amount of time wandering around the First Class Promenade Deck and shopping centre, we weren't allowed in and had to be satisfied with the Cabin Class dances. These were far superior to the Tourist Class gatherings which were conducted in a confined space on a very poor floor. I was interested to try the American type of ballroom dancing for the first time. This is definitely conducted with a limited floor space in mind and very little floor movement takes place. I could say that the floor itself did a little moving during the spell of bad weather on the Saturday night but this wouldn't be quite the same thing.

The service was generally poor. The food was good but one had to wait for one's order, and to buy a drink one had to be seated, waiting being again the order of the day. Of course, by serving table the waiters did rate a tip, but should this clipjoint practice be revered on the Mary? Tipping was obviously expected, but the staff's half of the bargain was often absent. I was refused tea one afternoon because I hadn't 'spoken up' at the right time, and when I tried to buy a bottle of whiskey to take ashore I ran into a private piece of red tape that would make an income tax refund seem simple to obtain. I was told at the bar that to make the purchase I would have to see my deck steward. I did so and he told me that the ship's regulations demanded that he took a signed chit to the Purser who sent a counter chit to the Accountant. Eventually, after these three worthies had collected a gratuity from the buyer, the now impoverished passenger would get his booze. I passed and went dry.

The five days passed though. It was a leisurely trip, with long talks on American and English educational systems with American schoolteachers returning to school after Labor Day, and one didn't realise how fast the ship was travelling until going out on deck. It was a little breezy there. The ship's speed was also apparent when we (We - ha! -



just picture Bennett up there giving the Captain advice) passed the Corona. The day before we docked the S.S. United States passed us, however, and National Pride suffered an unquestionable blow.

On the Monday night our little gang invaded the Cabin Class dance for the last time and I left instructions for Mr. Roberts, who slept very little, to wake me at 6.30am so that I could go on deck and see the Statue of Liberty steam by at seven. Robbie Burns had the right idea. The old gentleman woke me at 5.30. He'd forgotten to put his watch back the required hour on midnight and we were working to different time zones. I got up anyway, and went on deck to see the sun come up. More and more passengers joined the small group in which I stood. While there wasn't the singing Walt Willis described - what! On the Mary! Gad, Sir! -- we did have the returning Americans excitedly pointing out landmarks like the Coney Island Parachute Jump and various buildings on the skyline. We were infected with their enthusiasm and America seemed already a wonderful place.

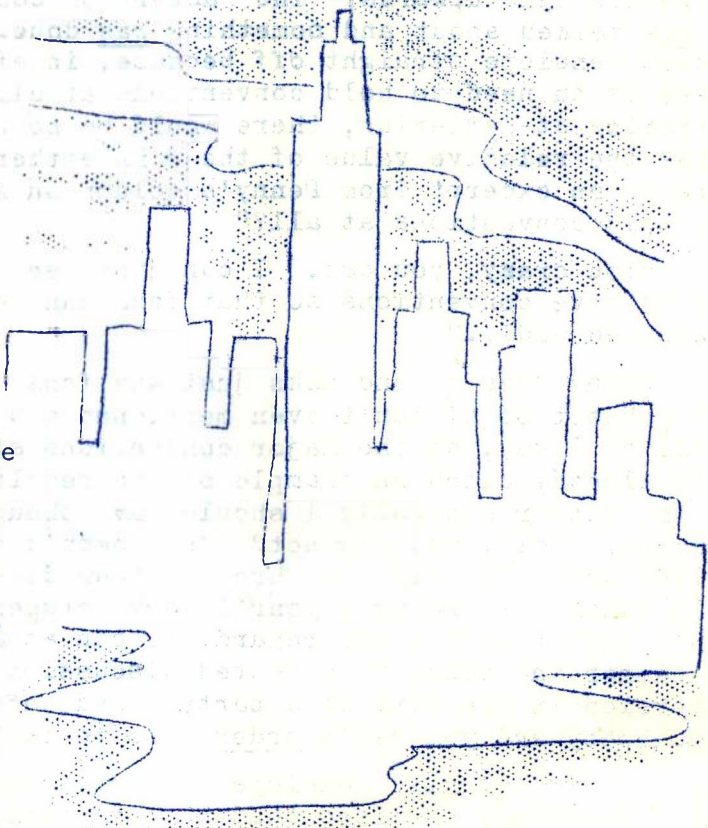
We docked around nine and after breakfast began to line up for the US Immigration Officers to set themselves up. It was the old, old story. A long wait, cracking time-passing and time worn jokes with the Western Union messengers, and a few brisk questions. A stamped card and on to the next desk. After a short delay while the puzzled official attempted to sort out why he had down Bob Madle's Oxman Road address on his lists and why I had Bob Pavlat's address on mine, I picked up my luggage and joined the crowd trying to leave the boat. Things were a little disorderly, so I followed a couple of would-be adventurers and we left by the First Class gangplank. In character to the very end.

I put down my luggage under the initial sign and looked around. I was about to walk over to the line of people queueing for customs officials, a line of some hundred and fifty to two hundred people, when I saw Belle Dietz coming towards me. We shook hands and she introduced me to two fans following her, fans of assorted sexes. I caught the names Pat and Bill and figured that they were probably some New York fringe fans I hadn't met before. It was not until much later that I found out that they were Pat Ellington and Bill Rickhardt. Ron Bennett.

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To be continued in YANDRO in the words of Bennett Himself.

Apē No 6 will carry an account of the long wait for Ron written by Belle Dietz.

And so the Saga grows.....HPS





# THE REACTION CHAMBER -BARRY HALL-

Ape 3 had a very provocative column by that old fan writer with a new name, Penelope Fandergaste. At one point she asks: So why hold conventions at all? Straight off, I'll say that I agree with Miss Fandergaste up to a point. Some conventions are getting too offbeat and away from the subject (sf iffen you've forgotten). Some 'conventions' are indeed nothing but glorified booze and snog parties but most of these are not really conventions in the accepted sense of the word. They generally occur when one sf club journeys down to meet another sf group with no other purpose in mind than to make new acquaintances, revive old ones and have a general good time - leaving the bigger stuff for when a greater proportion of fen are present such as at Kettering. The reason people have come to think of these as conventions are the rather rubbishy and unnecessary con 'reports' given publicity in various fanmags. But no one can say

that sf isn't talked about and nothing is done at the major conventions -- Kettering type upwards. The Easter '58 con is a good example of this. Here sf was talked about and something was done. In fact, this convention disproves Penelope straight off because, in effect, she's trying to say that there is no need to hold conventions at all and yet, but for the Easter gathering at Kettering, there would be no BSFA. And there is no need to judge the relative value of the BSFA either, that just doesn't come in to it. Here is an excerpt from Penny's column in Ape 3 just after she asks: "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..."

Penny goes on and asks just why fans should meet because when they do the subject of sf isn't even mentioned and everything is one big party. Well, as I say, at the major conventions sf is mentioned and talked about - I've already cited an example of the results of such discussion - although it is, rather naturally I should have thought, mixed up with parties and dancing. Well, and why not? One doesn't go to a Con and expect sf to be talked about for all the three or four days without a break. Man, we're only human. There is a year's work between each convention and you surely can't expect people who regard the con as a sort of holiday to suddenly go it hammer and tongs in a heated discussion on sf without some sort of diversion in the form of a party. And, after all, fandom is only a glorified hobby and you can't order fans to talk sf and make like intelligent.

12 I'll give Penelope the point about new fans being recruited. Everybody realises that a convention is far from the ideal manner in



which to recruit fen. So, when the fen gathered at Kettering, a BSFA was formed to try and do something about this sorry state of affairs and introduce neos to fandom by a gentler method (although it must be realised that the prime function of the BSFA is not to recruit fen but simply to try and get a greater proportion of the population to take an interest in sf.). The success of the BSFA is beside the point. Now say conventions have no use. Any and every group of people with a common interest have meetings, it being their near prime function. If they didn't they wouldn't exist after six months. Same thing with fandom. Perhaps the prime function of a con is to bring fen together and keep fandom going. Much the better if sf is the chief topic. Less so if it is the minor topic. But make no mistake, no matter in what degree sf is discussed it is still the underlying thread which binds the whole into a neat package.

I think.

After having nattered on for about a page on conventions and how they are useless, Penny adroitly turns to the subject of TAFF and its representatives. Here she again leaps to big conclusions with a hop, skip and a mighty jump. But I agree with her over Bob Madle. He was, there is no doubt about it, an excellent TAFF rep and I think poorly of the people who upped and shouted that there was a mistake, that he wasn't a fan, that all sorts of things should be done just because he wasn't their choice. Same with Ron Bennett. This is where I disagree with Penny who argues that Bennett was not a very good TAFF rep, in fact the worst of the four candidates. I've been fortunate enough to meet Ron at Kettering and consider him as a friend. But it's not because of this that I am taking his side.

I would judge a TAFFrep on his/her individual personality and character and their position in fandom. I think even Penelope will side with me when I say that Ron has an excellent character and an excellent reputation in fandom. I would then remind Penelope that no one can be perfect, however much they try, and that there isn't anybody in Britain who would make the perfect TAFF representative.

Everyone has their own opinion as to what constitutes the perfect TAFF representative - (my own opinion does not differ in essence from that put forward by Penelope) - and they vote for the person whom they think comes nearest to the ideal. None of the four original candidates were ideal for the position, since none were superhuman.

What Penny is grumbling about is that Ron Bennett was the one who least of all measured up to her private standards. Penny was in the minority. A greater number of people thought Ron nearest to their ideal than there were people who thought he was furthest from their ideal.

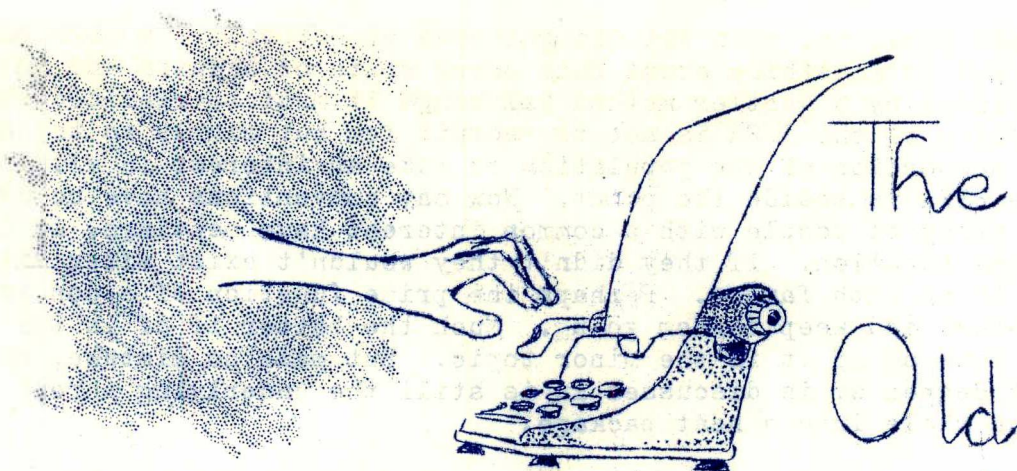
Perhaps Penny's main gripe is that everybody else's ideal TAFF rep isn't a patch on the one she herself imagines. Which boils the whole issue down to a matter of personal opinion, which it surely is.

Barry Hall.

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WANTED

By Arthur (ATOM) Thomson of 17, Brockham House,  
Brockham Drive, London S W 2

copies of 'HYPHEN' Nos 1, 2 & 3.



So November is with us once again! How nice and fanish. I really dig November. I have a sort of brotherly sympathy with the month. There's always a lot of silly talk about fogs and that sort of thing, but when you weigh it up, it's not really November's fault is it? I sometimes lie back in my favourite armchair, dig out the old Four Square and light up the pipe, and think about poor old November. Why is November so maligned? Yes, I agree with you. It's probably Thomas Hardy's fault with that clever little non-literary poem of his. You know the one... no this, no that, no whatsit, just plain November. We used to learn it off by heart at school. It's lousy. Though I must admit that at seven I thought it quite good. It just goes to show how old and cynical time has made me.

..... a country column

of city life.....

by PENELOPE FANDERGASTE

No, I really do think November has had a rough deal all these years. Some darn clever little ploys have been sorted out during the month in the past. When one looks back at all that Cavalier and Roundhead jazz, it's obvious that there was a fandom then. What more fannish than to decide to blow up the Houses of Parliament? I can just see John Berry sitting at his broken down typewriter and working out the details for a Goon story. Unfortunately, this Guy Fawkes chappie tried it on, without too much success. Perhaps he could have done with some of that London Circle organisation I was talking about a couple of months or so ago, and which Vinç Clarke mentioned in detail in the latest and last BEM. I shudder to think what would come of the Houses of Parliament if some London Circle parallel of Dick Ellington decided to have another bash. Midnight meetings at Inchmery Road, coded telegrams to Belfast, hurried dashes to Dublin for 'the stuff'. (OK. So I've seen "The Naked Truth" too).

Of course there'd be no point to it in practice. I don't think there can be many fans who aren't satisfied with the set up of the



Monarchy. There might be minor disagreements as to the power of the Queen, but basically there's nothing wrong in this particular state of Denmark. No, it would have to be something else. Brian Burgess springs to mind immediately as a ready made and definately burnable guy, but we're not after that really. What we want is something we could blow up cheerfully, given the opportunity. Anyone any ideas? Bernard Shaw once said that a certain British city wanted blowing up but we'll keep that out of it too. What we want is something inherently fannish.

Two other things which occur to me as I sit here puffing my old worn and tarry pipe, is what people thought of November before Tom Hardy started his propaganda. Or what would have happened if Guy Fawkes had had a little more luck and a lot more success. Would we have had a Parliament in this case? What about November Fifth? Boy, I can just see it as a really National holiday, with people singing songs of praise to poor old Guy. Banners waving in the streets, everyone having a holiday from work. Real good old England, Land of Hope and Glory stuff.

Anyway, as I said at the beginning, the month is really a fannish one. It isn't so many years ago since the London Circle had its November parties, and these days there's usually a get-together in Liverpool, in the best traditions of that very fannish group. So you see, November's not such a bad month after all. Indeed, the weather's just like last July's, isn't it?

oOoOoCoOoOo

You know, there's something that really annoys me. I'm hurt. I creep around on the floor, chewing bits out of the lino, and bang my head on the floor in time with the latest rock and roll hit on the crystal set, knocking sheer hell out of these typewriter keys every month, just like clockwork mind you, and there's hardly a one of you miserable wretches gives a damn. Just have a look through the last big double-issue APORRHETA. There's a letter quote from Bob Tucker saying that the Inchmery Fan Diary is the brightest thing in each issue, and there are those who voted 'The Strawberry Ice' serial as the tops in the issues they appeared in. What's the matter with poor old Penelope? Hmm? Hmm?? You want I should starve of egoboo or something? Thank goodness there are the people like Bill Temple, I mean BILL TEMPLE, who like the column. A man of rare and exacting taste, Mr Temple.

Why, some of you don't even seem to want to join in the latest parlour game, "Who is Penelope?" Originally, the idea was to keep this identity of mine as a cover for snide remarks made about other sf fans, but honestly! There just doesn't seem to be a lot to be snide about these days, does there? Sandy can do very nicely on his own without my taking sides in all these feuds and he does a very nice line in full coverage. So much so that I haven't been able to dig up any dark secrets that I can claim as my own. Archie Mercer has been doing a little digging around after my true identity and so has Joy Clarke, with an analytical approach mind you...I'll have to be careful in future just what I do say. But most fans are evidently inclined to let me slide by as Terry Carr has let slide by mentions of the fact that he turned out to be Carl Brandon. My, there was a hoax for you. Brandon didn't have the same intimate correspondence with other fans that Joan W Carr apparently accrued for herself, but the way those Berkeleyites created a complete personality. Great Fun.

Or was it? What was the purpose of a hoax like this? To fool

people? Or did it have behind it something that completely escapes me? Over two or three years material of the highest fannish calibre came from the pen of Brandon. Then we discover that he's really Terry Carr, assisted by Ron Ellick, Peter Graham and Dave Rike. What a let down! We've lost a friend. We've lost a member of fandom. Not only do we feel a personal loss, but we feel let down. Completely and thoroughly. We've been had. We've been taken for a ride. We're a pack of fools, and feel it. We've been scored over. One upmanship at its very worst, for here we have no way of retaliation.

Right, Mr Carr. You've a lot to answer for here. What was the purpose of the Carl Brandon hoax? Do tell. I should say that apart from this I've the highest regard for Terry's writings, whether under the Brandon by-line or under his own name. He's a Good Fan, and although I admit, and not grudgingly either, that the Brandon personality was wonderfully built up and the hoax is basically a successful 'coup', I'd still like to know...why?

A hoax like this can leave a nasty taste in the mouth, for it's a joke against us rather than one with us. I'd hate to think that this series of columns for Sandy was considered in similar light by anyone. If it is, I'll offer my apology here and now, and say at once that that hasn't been and isn't the purpose of either Sandy or myself. Lots of fans enjoy puzzles, and if any fan feels like trying to hunt me down, then as far as I'm concerned that's decidedly an important part of the game. If you're satisfied in sitting back and enjoying this column, then that's just fine by me. Probably more so, for if no one is going to enjoy reading this load of rot then there's little point in writing it.

Certainly if there is anyone trying to sort out just who is this Penelope character, then by all means let's have your list of suspects, and whys and wherefores. Everytime I see someone getting close I can then start side-tracking. As I was saying there have been some random guesses, and there's been Joy Clarke's listing that I'm interested in cigarette cards, that I'm probably thirty years old and am probably male. Who does this point at, hmm? Joy also says that the Penelope column is not as controversial as the old Helen Winick diatribes.

What? What? What!!! Come now Madam. And what have I been giving you these past four months? No controversy in atom bombs and radiation fall out, in the superiority of Lilliput, in whether flying saucers exist, in how to become an 'authority', in the reasons behind holding sf conventions, in the best qualifications for TAFF candidates, in fannish hoaxes and in fannish anonymous pseudonyms. No controversy indeed!

If I'm correct in assuming through no fault of my own that Miss Winick is no other than our old friend Francezka who used to drivel on in that rag, Femizine, then a quick survey will show that Miss Winick contributed a lot of interlineations with double entendres flying left, right and centre and that she wrote on the Diaghilev Exhibition, comics, dry rot, sf stories and the like. This is controversial?

Look, Mrs Clarke, Ma'am, Francezka had style. That girl could write and it's a great pity that she's no longer writing for fanzines. There are too many like her falling fast by the wayside (no, don't bring the claims of the BSFA into this!). The point is that Francezka could write and very well too. She might well have been able to put out a better column



than this is proving to be, but a more controversial column? Never, madam, never!

oOoOoOoOoOo

There was a time when I first started writing this column that I thought I would be able to sneak in a fanzine review here and there, just to pad out. Fortunately for the general readership of this magazine, not many fans read The Old Mill Stream, and those who do certainly want something for their money. So far they've evidently been disappointed, and they might just as well wrap up and go home now, for Fandergaste, that Family Favourite, is getting her spring wound up to discuss fanzines. Not all fanzines. Nor am I going to go into details about the dwindling number in Britain today and what happened to Sidereal. To say nothing of Eye.

What actually set me onto this track was the fact that a couple of weeks ago I received through the regular channels of Her Majesty's postal services two different fanzines. Both on the same day, too. I just had to sit down and read them. Not much else got done that day. I found them absolutely fascinating. No less.

The first of these two fanzines was a copy of Retribution No 11, which is published by John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. I've seen copies of Retribution before and better ones, too, but this issue really strikes me as being something out of the ordinary. Everyone knows John as being a writer of fannish humour of the highest order. It has been said that he overdoes it, and of late he has been cutting his writing for other fanzines. It is perhaps a pity, because his own writing in this issue is the poorest part of the magazine, which is no disgrace, believe you me. While John's writing here is not up to his highest standard it is good.

What I am really going on a limb about is the layout of the magazine. this is good, as good as it ever was in Retribution, and as good as we expect from a magazine which is jointly produced by Arthur Thomson. The thing is...Arthur didn't have a hand in the production of this issue. John did it all by his little old self. And what else strikes home is John's ability as an editor. True, he could learn to spell words like 'indefinitely'. His word endings are generally poor, but as with all other issues of Retribution John has gleaned good, dependable and solid material for his magazine. Real meaty stuff. You just can't do other than enjoy something like this.

It is strange, a sheer coincidence, but there is in the magazine a fanzine review column by London nursing fan, Ethel Lindsay, who was responsible for the second fanzine I received that day. This magazine was Distaff, a continuation of the Femizine series. I shudder to think what H.P.Sanderson will think about the unnecessary changing of his title.

Still, it is a nice thing to see this magazine coming out again, and the change of editor doesn't make much difference. The magazine is still in good hands. One fault Ethel has is the same as John's. She can't spell either. What is annoying is that with Ethel this fault sneaks into the names of different fans. One is not going to get brilliant material from the best fan writers, especially women, who are not usually logical about these things, when their names are not going to be presented in their best light and correct form. Care is needed here, but, boy! would that every new subscription magazine showed as much promise, such a wealth of talent, such trends of a New Deal for Femme fans!

Penelope Fandergaste.

# THE LIL PITCHER

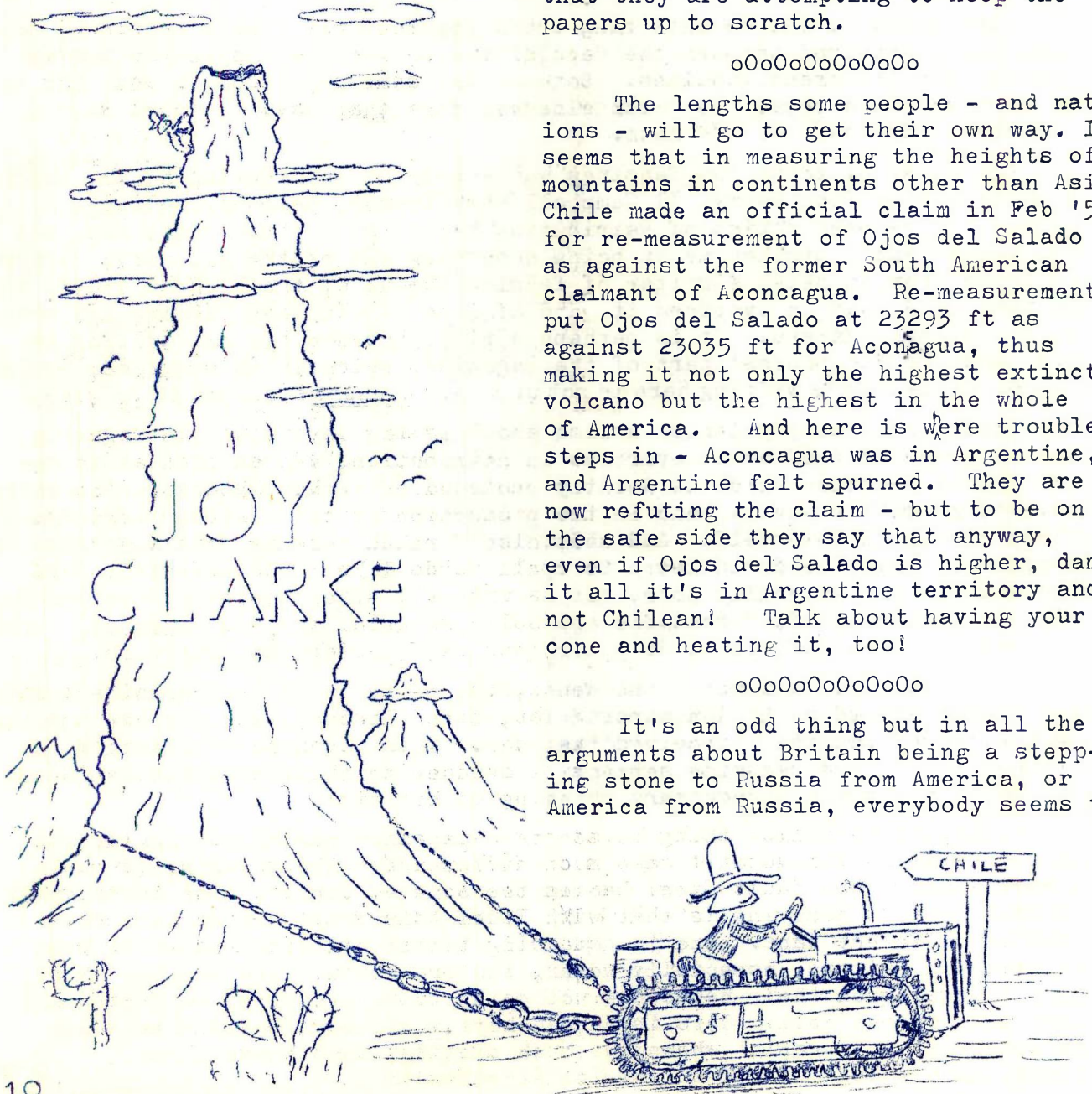
I mentioned last time about the BSFA writing letters to newspapers: straightening out misconceptions in the Press. Terry Jeeves informs me that both he and Eric Bentcliffe, as officials, have written to papers. So far, however, only Peter Mabey, who didn't mention the BSFA in the published part of his letter, is the only one to have succeeded in getting anything printed. Even so I'm delighted to be assured that they are attempting to keep the papers up to scratch.

oOoOoOoOoOoOo

The lengths some people - and nations - will go to get their own way. It seems that in measuring the heights of mountains in continents other than Asia, Chile made an official claim in Feb '56 for re-measurement of Ojos del Salado as against the former South American claimant of Aconcagua. Re-measurement put Ojos del Salado at 23293 ft as against 23035 ft for Aconcagua, thus making it not only the highest extinct volcano but the highest in the whole of America. And here is where trouble steps in - Aconcagua was in Argentine, and Argentine felt spurned. They are now refuting the claim - but to be on the safe side they say that anyway, even if Ojos del Salado is higher, damn it all it's in Argentine territory and not Chilean! Talk about having your cone and heating it, too!

oOoOoOoOoOoOo

It's an odd thing but in all the arguments about Britain being a stepping stone to Russia from America, or America from Russia, everybody seems to





have overlooked one little thing...a mere 6,000 or so miles. Surely the quickest way for Russia and America to come to grips is not via Britain, but over the short 90-miles back door step of the Bering Strait. Especially now Alaska is one of the States. After all, it wasn't so very long back before Alaska was Russian territory, was it? And if the Russians are going to attack America, they're not going to try to do it the hard way when an easy one is available, not if they've any sense, that is. And nothing the Russians have done so far convinces me that they're lacking in that.

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So at last the money-finding season is ended. It was Bob Shaw who introduced us to the easy-money racket. He, it seems, has an invaluable system, whereby he finds ten-shilling notes and silver wherever he goes. In fact, his last success was outside Catford station on the way to Inchmery. He picked up a ten-bob note in the station forecourt. But now, alas, every autumn leaf glows with a ten-shilling light and the strain on the eyes is disproportionate to the gain to the pocket. Let us demand a ten-shilling note printed in bright fluorescent shades, something that will scream at you from beneath your feet. Down with the drab, I say - I'm being ruined.

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Penelope really is the limit - what does she think the letters TAFF stand for? Transatlantic for 'fessionals? If she would only stop to consider, she would see there is no reason whatsoever that the TAFF delegate should represent the professionals. It was started by fans, for fans, so that government of the f....ooops, wrong era. Anyway, TransAtlantic FAN Fund it is, and TransAtlantic FAN Fund it should remain. The mere fact that last time a professional author went to the States doesn't mean that he wasn't a fan. Ken Bulmer is one of our most long-established fans and has combined professional authorship most successfully with staunch fannishness and considerable fannish writing -- his most recent piece being an admirably explicit resume of the history of TAFF which I would recommend to all who want to know anything about TAFF. Congratulations, Ken, on a fine piece of work.

Another point Penelope made was that "Bob Madle came to London amid a storm of cries that he wasn't a fan". Now let's be fair, there wasn't a storm of cries...not until after he went back and then the matter was raised by an American in FAPA and the storm arose after that. Admitted there was a query or two going the rounds, but we did keep things quiet and welcome Bob as if he were as well-known this side of the Atlantic as he was in the States,

Since the basis for TAFF was that the delegate should be well known on both sides of the Atlantic, there was certainly strong grounds for people saying Bob Madle was not the perfect representative, since about the only thing known of Madle was that he had 1½" in the index of the printed edition of the 'Immortal Storm'. His other qualifications may have made him known to US fen, but certainly not to British fen. Furthermore people did not say heck, "so he reads sf but where's his fanzine" and no one ever suggested that he should have published a fanzine - not even the much-maligned Walt Willis. So Penelope ought really to learn a little more about the true facts of TAFF before letting loose a belt at the basis of it, the candidates who stand for it, or any other part of it.







Of course, there's the case of the even more enterprising South American businessman who came to Britain to visit the factories of those who made the same type of goods as himself. After a nice tour he made careful notes of the trade marks of those companies, and returned home, where he filed all the trade marks in his own name. I understand that eventually they were all chucked out - but the utter nerve of it!

For those thirsty people who worship Bheer you may be interested to know that the very first Trade Mark to be registered under the system in current use, way back in the 1800's, is the red triangle Bass's use for their goods. Before that time, there were special Royal Patents granted and even since trade marks became common use, Royal Patents have been granted in certain instances. The Rocket is a case in point: the trade mark couldn't very well be registered so the Crown granted a Royal Patent so that a royalty would be paid on the amount of coal consumed by the engine.

One picks up all sorts of odd information in this game, even such almost unbelievable gems as the fact that tinned sausages are anything but new...they were used by the Romans in their Gallic and British campaigns!

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#### THAT QUIZ:

There was only one answer nearly everybody got right - and that was No 3. Here they are - and some seem a little startling to say the least.

Napoleon made the remark about readers. Dr Teller the one about expecting to find Russians on the Moon. Chuck Harris is still madly in love with his car, and nobody fell into the trap of claiming Texas as the largest state in the USA. What are these Texans going to do for jokes against the rest of the world now Alaska has signed in as No 49?

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#### FREE GIFTS:

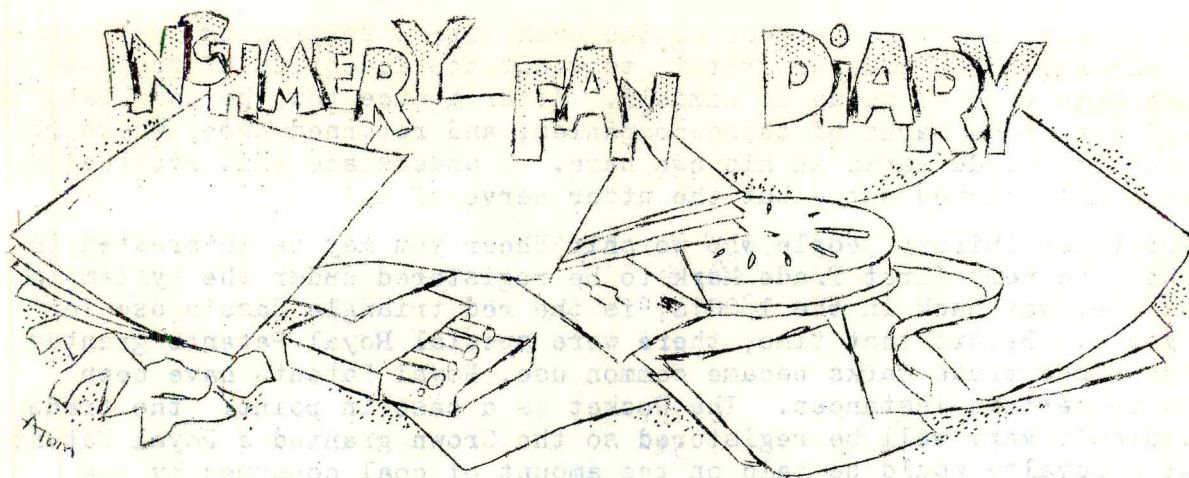
The book clubs over here are gradually tumbling to the idea that free gifts get them more customers. But the latest one for Foyle's Book Club has me puzzled. They say "You can obtain a gay contemporary 'TIDY TUB' Wastepaper Basket ... enrol a friend". Why for heaven's sake a wpb? Could it be their choices are so bad there's only one place to put the book when you get it?

Joy K. Clarke

#### TAPE RECORDING FANS PLEASE NOTE !

Some time ago Eric Bentcliffe published a list of fans who had tape recorders and were interested in corresponding by tape. This was in TRIODE. William Rotsler is (or was) working on a one-shot on the same subject, but nothing has been heard about this for some time. So...will all interested parties let me have up to date info? HPS.





OCTOBER 1958

But first I have to finish off a little bit of September I have **left over**.

29th. FANAC 25 - Carr/Ellik. Front page story this time is Nice Ron Ellik moaning about Nasty Sandy Sanderson who had the temerity to criticise the lack of accuracy the zine has displayed of late. This item is, in itself, an excellent example of the reason for me criticising Fanac. Ellik starts by saying they have allowed me to insinuate that Fanac is habitually wrong 'for some time now'. At the time this appeared in the States I had made two criticisms. Why not say 'two' - didn't it sound bad enough? He then goes on to talk about a matter I had mentioned in passing and quite ignores the main point of my argument - that Fanac had been used to assist in the circulation of third-hand rumours. Specifically rumours about myself and the Solacon Committee. Not, you understand, that I claim I am the only one to suffer - the latest example is a mis-report of Belle Dietz at the Solacon. This appeared in Fanac 24 and gives quite the wrong impression. Again, Ellik doesn't mention that I put my criticism in a letter to him. However, if he wishes it to be public I have no objection. He then goes on to say that a criticism by Joy Clarke appeared in her OMPazine, and infers that he only got to know about it more or less by accident. No mention of the fact that Dave Rike, who is a member of the group, is also a member of OMPA. Personally I'm getting just a little tired of this. Seems to me like the old story of nothing hurting like the truth. Fanac has published second hand information - and third hand if it comes to that. It has assisted in the circulation of rumours (and whether the schedule is weekly, fortnightly or monthly, I've never yet heard of truth catching up with rumour). In this connection I have criticised it, and I will continue to criticise it as long as the practice is continued. Of course Mercer is worried about Fanac's British reputation. I am worried about it as well. Maybe if a few more people worry about it there might be an improvement. I like Fanac - when it is publishing news it is very good - but it has been a rather slanted news zine just lately. That's right, just take a quick peep at who was on the receiving end everytime something went wrong. If Fanac is going to continue publishing rumours then the editors must expect to be the recipients of legitimate criticism. And when they get it, they should take it, not cry on the collective shoulder of fandom. Or on mine. I get rheumatism too easily. The same issue contains the first information to come from Berkeley on the Carl Brandon hoax. Congratulations, boys. I am



beginning to wonder if there isn't something special about the name 'Carr'. First Joan W Carr, and now this. I only have to find out now that Mrs G M Carr is really Bob Tucker and my day will be made. (Incidentally, which member of the group had his name signed to that rather nasty piece of work 'The Pig, The Ostrich and The Rat'?). The story of 'Carl Brandon' will be out soon and interested persons may request advance copies. I'd like to get an advance copy, please. Knowing these boys I have no doubt whatsoever that the story will be out quite some time before I finish 'The Complete Practical JoCa' which is still only in rough note form at the moment. Hmm.. I wonder if they picked on a Negro for the same reason I picked a woman - that is, minority interest?

30th. Went home for a rest for three days. It rained, of course, but then I hadn't expected anything else in Manchester.

Hmm - took up more space than I had expected. Right then, on to October.

3rd. Returned to London to find a film advert in the Tubes stating - in smallish letters I admit - that Jerome Bixby was the writer for two horrible films "'IT' The Terror From Beyond Space" and "The Curse Of The Faceless Man". It's a living, I guess. Found a copy of Apē 3/4 waiting for me - the first to be returned as 'Found Open In The Post'. I think Dave Cohen was the unlucky reader. Also found the usual acknowledgement slip from the British Museum - but this one was only made out for No 3. There should be some fun when they get No 5 and write asking what has happened to No 4. It will be one way of finding out if they ever read the things.

Letter from RON BENNETT. "Methinks the time is ripe for the BSFA to make a few less sweeping statements and get down to details. For one, is there going to be a convention run under their auspices next year? If there is a successful BSFA-run con - and don't you think such a project would deserve support? (€ Yes!..hps) - it would be a marvellous fillip both financially and reputationally for the Society. No? When many of the sterile women stopped taking the tablets many conceived therefore the inhibition etc etc ..but why should a sterile woman take the pills in the first place? Send answer in plain sealed envelope. (€ Joy suggests they were wanted as a form of control - or possibly to increase the scope of the 'sample' of women in case of ill effects. Me, I wouldn't know...hps €) Yes, I've unstapled the issues and will now proceed to mess them up again. All we need now is for Cecil to come and they'll need collating over again. Hell. Penelope wasn't as good as previously, but was still quite entertaining. I won't go into this business of whether I should have gone to Southgate or not, as obviously I'm hardly the person to discuss anything as close to me as me. Thanks for sticking up for me, Sandy, but it doesn't really amount to a criticism, more like a matter of opinion, and goodness knows Penelope, whoever she turns out to be, is entitled to her viewpoints. She's probably right about SF and SF groups but surely we've been into all that before, and isn't it a matter of one man's meat, anyway?"

Postcard from CHUCK HARRIS. "Penelope Fandergaste is all too probably Uncle Sid Birchby masquarading behind a woman's skirts. Unfrock this imposter immediately. I am Chuck Harris, James White, and 75% of George-all-the-way-Charters. Willis writes under his own name and also publishes verse under the pseudonym of Normal George Wansborough. If Burgess did not exist it would be necessary to invent him." And to Joy.. "1.Dunno. 2. Dunno. 3. Dr Marie Stopes. 4. Alaska and nyaaaaaah" 23

Letter from ALAN DODD. "Who she? You mean to say you've never heard of Monique Van Vooren? Belgian beauty queen, singer, star of Tarzan pictures, appeared in Playboy and various other gent's magazines, 38" ?? Why she was probably rehearsing below you while you were fiddling about with papers in the office above the Colony. Why man, you've been LIVING and you don't even know it!! I note there is a correspondent who doesn't know about the name of the magazine - Aporrheta. Why, I should have thought everyone knew that the Aporrheta was one of those Jap battleships that Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster sank in RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP. And what makes you think we don't think you do write all of Ape yourself? Uh?"

CAMBER 10. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts. 1/- (15¢) and trades. Wonderful artwork by Cawthorne on both covers and page 6, and again for a review 'The New Dracula' by Dodd. John Trimble on 'Mass Fan', Don Allen with a take-off of 'The Camp on Blood Island', book review by Jack Williams, sundry oddments (including an editorial) and a short (2½ pages) letter column. Excellent layout and reproduction but I had a feeling that this issue lacked something and I couldn't put a name to it.

Letter from ERIC BENTCLIFFE. "HiFi....the Spong Mincer (mk E.90, I think) I presume is for putting Shredded Tweet onto tape?" Eric would get a prize for being the first to notice and comment on this, if there were any going. The mincer was included to see how many readers skipped over the HiFi piece. I had a letter from TERRY JEEVES, also, acknowledging Ape, but both he and Eric were (understandably) short of the time needed to write a detailed letter of comment.

4th. Short visit from HARRY TURNER who was in town for the weekend. He

5th. stayed overnight, went to see the Bulmers and got soaked coming back - down with these inhospitable Southerners who can't even lay on decent weather - and was at Inchmery in time to greet JOHN NEWMAN (the other half of Kenneth Johns) who called on us with Joan Chandler and her three children. John was able to run Harry down to the station in his car and then he, Joan, and the children left later on in the evening.

6th. Letter from TED TUBB. "Odd thing, when you come to think about it. Now that there are satellites above and the space age is on us the fanmags, which I would have thought would be the vehicles to really go to town on the actual realisation of a dream, are remarkably silent on the subject. So much for science fiction and the 'Dreamers of Tomorrow'. Thinking of the past tends to bring nostalgia - a disease almost as bad as Gafia to which it sometimes leads. Things like trying to bat out that old fanmag; sitting around a tape recorder surrounded by odds and ends to achieve sound effects; Operation Armaggeddon, and Operation Shamrookie; a bunch of us going to see Shape of Things to Come; long gabfests about plots, characters, stories and covers; convoys to Manchester; to Woolwich; to the Ratigan's prefab where Bert Campbell and others joined to found a new religion based on Bheer. The whole kit and caboodle of warm, pleasurable companionship. The projects talked about which never materialised because there was always a new one demanding attention. The Medway Con and the sequel which introduced Joy to the pub and fandom. The super zap-gun, the super-blog, the super fanzine, the super conventions - all the rest of it, the real, casual, friendly atmosphere of fans. All gone now. I wonder why?" (¢ Maybe we are all getting old, Ted. You know, I've never doubted your ability as a writer. I don't think the picture is as bad as you make out tho'.hps¢)



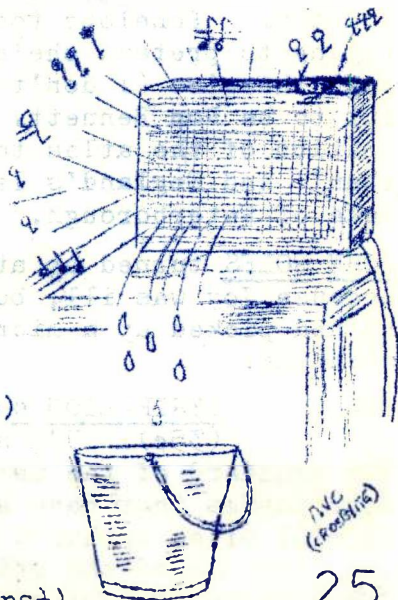
Letter from TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12. "Battered and bruised, but in one piece, Apē 2 found its way into my mailbox on this dreary morning. As far as I'm concerned anything, even if it is merely a doodle, by Art Thomson is good. Some fanzines are read only as far as the cover by me. If the cover looks like it took some work I shall read on. An Atom Sketchbook - same thing for this as I said for the cover. Anything by Atom is good. Say, showing the uh...well, belly buttons on those creatures is sort of a trade mark with him isn't it? The Search For Strawberry Ice - enjoyed this quite a bit, especially the part about General Ross. It might interest you to know that we have a monument to the two men who killed him here in Baltimore." (⌘ Cor! hps⌘)

Letter from BRYAN WELHAM. "I see Penelope is still going strong. Who she is is anybody's guess but me and Barry are plugging for Sid Birchby. We've been trying to class types with his letters to me and the Penelope manuscript you sent me for PH and there seems to be very much in common with Sid's typer and Penelope's." (⌘ No comments - and thanks for the article on von Braun. Also apologies for cutting your letter down to this...hps⌘)

7th. Letter from LAURENCE SANDFIELD. "First, an idea. Why not bring the London Circle issues to the Globe and save yourself a little postage? (⌘Mainly because I can't always be certain the readers - or myself - will be there! Then there is the question of bheer-stained mags. It is easier, with the system I use, to post them. Again, publication date is always Monday morning, and I'd hate to make anyone wait until Thursday..hps⌘) Closing article lost Headquarters and General Ell-odd as I'd almost made up my mind to get a Voxette somehow. Now I won't." (⌘ Apologies to you also, Laurence, for cutting your very interesting three pages - but I'm short on space this issue. Will all other writers accept apologies in advance?...hps⌘)

RETRIBUTION 11 - John Berry. There isn't really anything that I can say about this that hasn't already been said by Penelope. I enjoyed it very much. Regarding the competition - tho' I didn't figure out the solution I knew I had fired first. Lets face it, I am faster - and I don't wear an ankle holster for nothing. And if you want to know what I'm talking about, then read Ret 11.

8th. Letter from IVOR MAYNE. "I'm glad to say that I can't remember the days when Sinatra was the swoon goon. I agree with your remark on rhythm and timing, but I think the most important element in Sinatra's singing is the emotional intensity he can put into his voice - best demonstrated, I suppose, on the "Wee Small Hours" set. Okay, I'll buy it. What other things do you consider Bennett to be apart from an excellent TAFF rep? Anybody would think you and the Clacton mob had a mutual admiration society the way you keep boosting each other's mags. (⌘And after this issue of Apē?.hps⌘) Barry Hall suggests Alan Dodd as Penelope. Yes? No? He also said he'd spent a couple of hours looking Apē up in a Greek dictionary or summat. He got the spelling wrong though, so he couldn't find it." (⌘I have news for you. Barry is made of the stuff of explorers. He went back and found it the other day...hps⌘)





Letter from SID BIRCHBY. "All of Apē 3/4 was enjoyable. After a quick flip through its pages I decided that I might as well give up trying to decide which piece to read first, and start at page 1. Of course, this happened to be the cover, which was a leetle thin on reading matter. And page 2 was blank. But the issue picked up from page 3. All this rhubarb about the meaning of APORRHĒTA - I happen to know it means 'EAT HARRPO!', an advertising plug subliminally constructed by Joy. It does not mean 'A TAPE HORRA' although Vinç talks so ably about that nasty squeaky little tape-recorder. In any case, he who spends valuable fanac time huddled over a tape-recorder is, in my opinion, straying from the trufannish path: A PARROT, HE! Fandom should be a mental discipline; a general semantics; a cortico-thalamic pause. Ask Julian Parr: O PARR, THE A ! (€ !! ...hps ♪)

Letter from JIM CAUGHRAN. "Who were the four Sandies at the Globe? Seems to me Sandy Cuttrel said something about having been in London when I saw him at the Solacon - can't remember. (€ That's right, Cuttrel, Laurence Sandfield, myself, and Sandra Hall - fairly new femme fan ..hps♪) Met so many people at the Solacon - rode most of the way with Bennett. We, younger California (except me) fandom, had 10 or 12 people to a room - 4 beds and a couple on the floor. Cheap tho'. Metzger and I took turns chasing Sylvia Dees - looks like Ted White caught her. Must have been some trip east."

DICK ENEY signed in with some news on Ron Bennett's arrival in the DC area with Pavlat, Dees and White on their way back from the Solacon. Likewise some nice words on Apē and he mentions via Bob Tucker, those Bixby films I was talking about a page or so back.

DISTAFF 1 - Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey. 1/- or exchange. Despite what it says up there I refuse to recognise this as anything but FEZ 10, and as FEZ 10 I like it. Again I can't say much that hasn't been covered by Penelope and again I like it and consider it one of the most promising of the newcomers. If you haven't had a copy write to Ethel - it will be well worth it. Chatty and informal and interesting.

9th. Letter from ARCHIE MERCER. "Strawberry Ice Pt 2 was well worth waiting, its high-spot being the notion of Joy rubbing her legs together. Penelope too - the horrible idea occurs to me that she might be trying to pretend she's ME in places, but assuming that I'm right in supposing otherwise (I don't REMEMBER writing her columns), she might well turn out to be Ron Bennett. 'Tis possible. Alaska appears from a cursory examination of the atlas to be a trifle larger than Texas - is that what you mean? And England's largest county is actually Devonshire, the smallest the Soke of Peterborough."

JOHN ROLES turned up at the Globe this night - Vinç and I didn't stay late because Joy was ill, but we were there long enough for him to tell us that he had picked up a micro-elite typer for 35/- . Just think what I could do with one!

10th. PERIHELION 4 - Bryan Welham/Barry Hall. 1/- (15¢) or 3 for 2/6 (35¢). USA subs to Ann L Bowman, 5818 Flamingo, Houston 21, Texas. The standard of the material in this fanzine has gone up considerably in the four issues that have appeared. Definitely recommended. In this one is a reprint of an Arthur C Clarke piece (from the BIS), Penelope Fandergaste (who is of the opinion that keeping up with contributions to a monthly fanzine is not enough), Ron Bennett with the first part of his account



of the Tramp, and Vinç Clarke with a piece on Lumenology that is wonderful to read. Both Bryan and Barry contribute editorials but in Bryan's case I feel his words on the atom bomb have been issued without the amount of care that a subject such as this deserves. The UN report on radiation dangers leads me to believe that continued tests are a danger to everyone. Because the USA and Britain went on to test about thirty-odd bombs after Russia first stopped tests, Russia has now started again on a one for one basis. However childish we consider this to be there isn't much we can (justifiably) say about it. In fact we are back where we started.

11th. Went to the pictures to see the Bolshoi Ballet and Passport to Pimlico -- the surprising thing about this is that although a certain character called Presley was playing at a cinema opposite (King Creole), there was a queue about a mile long for the ballet - and most of the people in it were teenagers! We had to wait quite a long time to get in and when we came out again at 8.40pm there was still a queue. The ballet film was due to come on for the last time at 9.00pm.

13th. Letter from BOB LEMAN. "For a good many years now I've had a conviction that I have something in common with Shakespeare, but I was never able to determine exactly what it was. Your admirable zine has at last made it clear to me what it is that I have in common with the bard: I too have little Latin and less Greek. You may add me to the (I am sure) rapidly growing army of those who don't know what "Aporrheta" means. "The Search For Strawberry Ice" promises to be one of fandom's rare pearls; I'm awaiting the next installment with some uneasiness - I hardly see how the quality can be up to that of the first. Whatever can be said for good or ill of British fandom, this much is incontrovertible: things like "The Search" are your own particular saucer of milk, and you do them incomparably well. Why this should be true I've no idea, but an account of a trip to the pub in one of your zines seems to have more interest and narrative value than a full-fledged conrep in most of ours. ATOM is as always superb. The two covers, in particular, are masterpieces of their kind. I'm afraid that those two critters are already identified with APE, and that most of your readers (including me) would feel highly put upon if an issue appeared without the engaging ATOMonsters on the cover. († Personally I hope that Atom continues to provide covers - he will do if I can manage it...hps ‡)

Letter from JOHN BERRY. "It ain't often I express an opinion on important fannish matters, but I feel strongly that Bennett was a wonderful choice for a rep. His name crops up everywhere, he is a prolific writer and publisher and has a fantastic correspondence. And then, of course, there are his plays. If Miss Fandergaste wants to send someone to the States with, to quote 'a fine knowledge of the professional field' she should nominate the sf librarian at her local library. Or, on the other hand if she wants the pro's to go instead of mere faaans, she should lead a campaign to stop TAFF because we all know the pro's can afford to pay the fares themselves! I might add, however, that Miss Fandergaste's columns are fascinating, absorbing and downright INTERESTING. I think I know who writes the column, and if my assumption is correct, I think the part about her thinking Madle was a good rep is put in merely to lure innocent fen like myself to commit themselves irrevocably."

Letter from ETHEL LINDSAY. "Nice Atom covers. Is he starting a fashion for pointy noses for a change? I see everyone guessing away



like mad over who Penelope is - if Paul Enever wasn't going gafia I'd blame it on him. Yet the whole has very faint touches of Chuck at times. You keep giving useful hints to the BSFA - I hope that someone is picking them up. I was very touched to hear of that kind gesture from the Midwestcon and Cincinnati group. There are kind and good fans all through fandom, and it is heartening to have some evidence shown of this instead of the opposite for a change."

14th. The copy of ~~FEZ~~ 10 - er..DISTAFF that I mentioned a while back, came to me minus a page. I communicated this fact to the editress in no uncertain manner and received a second copy today. This one was inscribed on the back 'You are receiving this copy because:- I am sorry, deah!' Guess I asked for it.

Letter from ARTHUR THOMSON about the scheduled Hyphen-publishing melee. "I am leaving the dateline off of the covers so's I can make like the art department whilst all you turn handles and squirt ink - I'm no fool."

16th. DICK ENEY writes in about various fanzines, and the news that Alan Young was born 17 Sep 1958. Congratulations to Jean and Andy. Also to Ted White and Sylvia Dees who, says Eney, are going to be married as soon as Sylvia gets a job - this last bit being a quote from Ted White.

17th. Letter from BELLE DIETZ who casts her vote for Ken Slater as being Penelope. Still no comment. Tape from WALT WILLIS with the news that he is recovering from gafia, leaving FAPA, and intends to concentrate more on general fandom in the future through the pages of HYPHEN. Hooray!

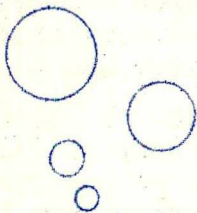
Letter from HARRY TURNER. "I enjoyed reading the mags, especially Penelope's columns: she strikes me as being the result of the mating of Phoenix and Francezka. The pub conversations creak unduly, but otherwise it's all good column stuff... Had a visit from Eric Bentcliffe yesterday: he caught up with the jazz additions to the collection and was forcibly introduced to Petrushka for good measure. He brought along a breath-taking bit of info - there is ANOTHER fan in Romiley! He's letting me have his address and I shall make a careful reconnoitre before revealing my whereabouts: dammit, the place is getting crowded. On Wednesday I entertain the local music group with Prokofiev and Shostakovitch. I'm giving them a break from jazz this session - though to my amazement the president (a Bach-Beethoven-Brahms diehard) asked me if I'd lend him a few jazz records for a recital he's giving some place.."

DON'T FORGET

WE'RE CHANGING

OUR ADDRESS SEE

THE EDITORIAL





18th. Chuck Harris called at 10.30am - we were just up. After unloading the car - duplicator, typewriter, stencils, ink, paper, etc etc we told him we had an appointment with an estate agent first, and he gaily offered to drive us. Joy was busy checking maps so she said 'Go and make love to Chuck for me.' "Would that make you a proxytute?" asked Chuck when I passed on the message. When we returned work began on Hyphen and before we stopped at 10.30pm we had duped 200-plus copies of 33 pages, and collated 20 of them. We also made a tape to Walt complete with sound effects, and had a hell of a good time. Atom had turned up at 2.00pm and after that it was a riot. CH 'If you've got my eyeballs sticking through my glasses again I'll clock you one' followed by 'It's only because of you that fans in the States don't think I'm handsome'. It was also Chuck who said 'Lets all give each other stamp albums for Christmas and spread alarm and despondency throughout fandom.' The Inchmery living room was a fabulous sight - two duplicators churning full blast, Joy typing in the caption for the cover, Atom recording the historic moment in pen and ink - we had fun.

19th. Vinç finished the duplicating of Hyphen and I finished the collating, after which Vinç (assisted by Atom who came round in the evening) finished the stapling. Unfortunatley Chuck wasn't able to get over with the envelopes until the following weekend, which is why you didn't get the mag on the 22nd, as forecast by Joy last issue.

20th. HYPHEN 21 - Chuck Harris or Walt Willis. About the only disappointing item in this issue is the piece by 'Obadiah Bip' which is not up to the usual standard. The rest is just fabulous. Pride of place goes to Bob Shaw's account of camping with Mal Ashworth's description of Ken Potter's marriage and Vinç's 'Son of Grunch' close behind. (So close, in fact, that I forgot to put a comma after 'camping'). With the Willises, Birchby, Harris, Tucker, Bloch, Atom, Reader's letters and everything else that goes with HYPHEN, what more do you want? There isn't a better fanzine being produced anywhere.

FANAC 26 - Terry Carr/Ron Ellik (or from Archie Mercer). Mainly given over this issue to a description of a party at the home of Ron Ellik, the latest information on the Wetzel Story (in case you don't know, Wetzel is a most unpleasant character who has now gone too far with poison-pen letters and will be watched in future by postal authorities), and info on TAFF. Pavlat, of course, for TAFF 1960. There's also a note on how Dick Eney scooped Fanac on two news items - and all that can be said about this is that it happens so infrequently that it naturally makes news in itself.

Letter from BETTY KUJAWA. "I think Coulson's remarks about Kyle's behaviour were meant to be tongue in cheek. Everyone I know, including myself, sure as hell do NOT commend or agree with such dirty pool - we, too, believe in sportsmanship - we do. And Joy's latest info on Kyle's behaviour pertaining to the Loncon revolts me - ghhaaa." Sorry to cut you down Betty - message passed on to Bennett - and mags eagerly awaited. I really must find time to handle this correspondence on a personal level instead of through the mag.

Letter from DON FORD dated Oct. 15th. "Stan Skirvan called me up last night to report he'd heard a rather startling item on the newscast...I caught it on the 11pm TV news and then again this morning at 6am on the radio news... "The body of Clayton Kent Moomaw was found in Dogwood Park in Mariemont by a group of Cub Scouts. Both wrists and the throat had been slashed and a razor blade was found underneath the body. Moomaw was 18 and a

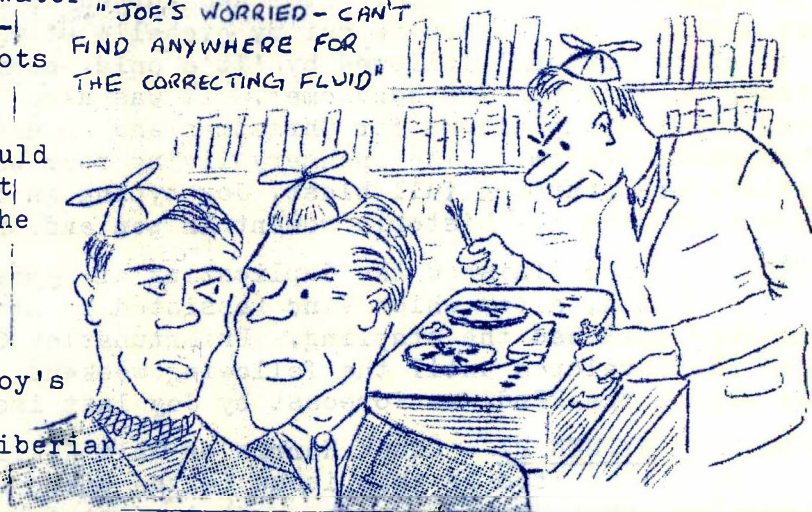


recent high school graduate. He was last seen at 10am Monday (Oct 13) when he left the house to register for Selective Service." ...The park referred to is about 8 - 10 blocks from Kent's home."

21st. Letter from DON ALLEN. "Mentioning your trip to Oblique House and the Whites brought back memories of the time when I was there. I remember James was using a small plastic boat as target practise for his air rifle, or was it a plonker gun? I don't remember which. Anyway, he would float this boat on a pool of water

at the bottom of the garden -- nothing strange about this, lots of people have ferries at the bottom of the gardens. Then, from the bedroom window he would bombard the brave little craft with destructive missiles. The last I saw of the boat it was covered in cellotape so as to keep it together but it was obvious that it would come to a sticky end... Answers to Joy's questions a/ Chairman at a transport union meeting, b/ Siberian Salt Miner, c/ Chuck Harris."

"JOE'S WORRIED - CAN'T  
FIND ANYWHERE FOR  
THE CORRECTING FLUID"



Letter from DICK ENEY. "Tsk, I blundered badly in that conversation between the Sergeant of Marines and myself left you with the impression that I was "condoning" the military seizure of power in France. I was only pointing out - in reaction against a lot of syndicated (sic, if you will...) US columnists who cried that it was, de facto, wicked and sinful and like that, that any judgment must depend on De Gaulle's actions and not his previous rank...and that it was a trifle ludicrous for militarists like the Sergeant (USMC) and myself (Sgt l/c USANG) to react in button-pushed fashion to the mere advertisement that De Gaulle was a military man, as we (and for the matter of that, you) were perfectly aware how little truth there was in the mundane and civilian stereotype of "the military man"." (€ Sorry, Dick, I guess you did get me confused. I agree with you about the above. As of now - and not knowing all the facts or what is to happen in the future - the military take-over in Pakistan would appear to be a case in point. One where the people have benefitted considerably...hps)

22nd. Letter from BUZ BUSBY. "Your 'Inchmery Fan Diary' is the best arrangement I've seen for a long time, for chronicling fan happenings and such, and bringing them up in context. Very workable way of summing up daily-life fanning, correspondence, and the zines; the Diary is definately the backbone of Ape (tho' Joy's column and the Search series have been most fine). Penelope is the UK avatar of Coswal, no? I expect one or the other to give us a detailed history of the premiums found in cereal boxes, just any day now. " (€ Not in this fanzine!..hps)

23rd. YANDRO 69 - R & J Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Ind., USA. (15¢)  
Cover illo makes me believe Betty Kujawa was right about Buck being tongue in cheek. This is complete with WSFS as a dragon, Falascafandom as St George, and fair maiden tied to stake representing fandom. Really one of the most brilliantly sarcastic covers I've seen in ages.



It's so outrageously corny that it can't be for real. The highspot of the issue is Bob Bloch's Solacon speech. Two interesting editorials, fanzine reviews, a story by Dave Jenrette (don't go for fiction in fanzines myself but you might like it), a short conrep and reader's letters make up the rest of the mag which is, as usual, beautifully produced. Wonder what became of No 68? I keep feeling that there should be more to this zine than there is.

24th. Letter from BARRY HALL. "Spent an hour in the library the other night ploughing through a Greek-English Lexicon. So Aporrhēta means 'xxxxxxxxx' does it? Very apt. (¢ It does indeed - and I don't mean 'xxxx' either...hps¢) Is Penelope Chuck Harris? There was a subtle hint in that direction in the latest STUP STOR. Of course it might be Sid Birchby, Sid gets blamed for every fan writing under an alias." (¢ No comment...hps¢)

Letter from Chick Derry. Damn - knew I'd slip up on the caps sooner or later. "I see mention in Ape's 1 & 2 of the WSFA's bid for the 1960 Con. In this we are in earnest. Signatures, letters, offers and what not are already coming into Bill Evans's Post Office box and we've taken the big step. I hope that a capsule history of the WSFA can be gotten out soon to give the fans an idea what sort of group we have been, are, and can be."

\*\*WASHINGTON IN 1960\*\*

CRY OF THE NAMELESS 120. This is a fanzine about which I have heard so much that to actually see it is quite a disappointment. The publishers won't mind me saying this - they already have more people clamouring for the zine than they can cope with! It might be that I was unlucky getting this issue first, because all the regular column writers appear to have been changing places. Mainly reviews, club minutes, a somewhat juvenile story by Pfeifer, and equally juvenile letters. This might be another of those fanzines that tend to grow on one after a little while. I hope so.

25th. Chuck Harris came over with the Hyphen envelopes and while he and Joy were preparing the zines for mailing Vinç and I were also entertaining a second visitor, LEE JACOBS. Lee, of course, is an old sixth funder from way back who is planning on becoming more active in future. Chuck drove Lee into town about lunchtime because he had a show to see. In the afternoon we went to the Library. Our visits have been growing more infrequent of late, mainly because we have been doing so much we haven't had time for reading. As Vinç has pointed out I could always include a list of the books taken out by himself and Joy - but I haven't got half a page to spare. My own books were limited to three this time, 'Rotha on the Film', 'The Deep South Says Never' by John Bartlow Martin, and Harry S Truman's 'Year Of Decision'. Subject matter in each case should be obvious.

27th. Letter from KEN POTTER, who remarks that another Bren is half-cut, that he likes the mag, and that "as it's an OMPazine I won't really be axed will I?" Sorry ken, but Ape is not an Ompazine. Nor, for that matter is it a FAPA zine. However, as editor of Bren you will not be axed - as long as I know there is an issue coming sooner or later - and you display the minimum amount of interest in Ape during the interval. I hope everything is going well with you and Irene.

Letter from ELIZABETH HUMBEY (Pres. Harrogate SF Society), who writes nicely about Ape and suggests that she subs to it. Don't you dare, girl. Bennett would never forgive me. Yes, I was born in Lancashire some 27 years ago, moved to Manchester at the tender age of 6 and developed web feet over the next fifteen years.



28th. Postcard from Ron Bennett, Norman Shorrocks, Stan Nuttall, Terry Jeeves and Elizabeth Humbey at the Harrogate AudioCon. Harry Turner was there also but apparently the crush was so great they never saw him. Letter from DOROTHY RATIGAN on Apē but mainly concentrating on the London Clubroom Scheme which has had to go into suspended animation for a month or so as far as we are concerned due to our own search for a house.

29th. Letter from TED PAULS. "I took your suggestion and separated the two Apē's; actually the pages were coming apart anyway. I like cartoon covers rather than just artwork. Long as you keep using Atom covers you'll have a fine zine. The Old Mill Stream should be called The Old Mill Scream. Everytime I see that name Penelope Fandergaste I roll on the floor laughing. So you want to trade mags eh? (¢ Well, not quite. If anyone wants to send mags in exchange for Apē I'll be happy, but I haven't anything else to offer...hps) I don't think our postman likes Apē. Our mailbox is big enough for almost anything but the way he doubles Apē up you'd think we had a crush-proof cigarette box out front."

30th. Letter from LEN MOFFATT. "Penelope's column is a dandy but I must disagree with her re Bennett, and know whereof I speak. Bennett was an excellent TAFF delegate! And remember, I was rooting for Berry and was disappointed when he didn't win - but nevertheless Ron was hardly a disappointment to us. British fandom, as I told Ted Carnell in a letter the other day, can well be proud of Bennett as their ambassador. Somewhere, sometime, I made the suggestion that the obvious way to raise more money for TAFF was to have more fandom-wide raffles, and not depend on donations and local auctions to do the job. Which reminds me... As you know, the Auction Bloch at the Solacon was a tremendous success. This was due to the willingness of the pros to be auctioned off and to the good efforts of Sam Moskowitz - and I'd like to see it repeated at future cons, with the money going to TAFF as it did at the Solacon. I think a popular item like this can stand a repeat for a few years - as long as we have volunteer pros to stand as 'slaves' and fans are still interested in obtaining the exclusive hour with their favourite editors or authors. (¢ An excellent idea. Len also mentions that the Solacon Programme will soon be sent to those people who were not at the con and explains that the delay has been due to preparing a Final Report as a sort of bonus to be sent out with the Programme...hps)

Letter from Buck Coulson. "Penelope Fandergaste is tilting at straw men again. First, who says that conventions are held to recruit new fans and 'gather for sf's sake'? First I'd heard about it. I thought conventions were like the rest of fandom, for fun. (Why is it that British and East Coast American fans are so hell-bent on fandom having a Serious Purpose - either for the promotion of sf or, even more idiotic, for its own sake?) (¢ Hey, you can't make generalisations like that about British fandom - the originators of the genuine Kettering con, Blog, and Snog in the Fog. Not to mention Hyphen...hps) On to the Kyle fracas. I don't care if you congratulate him or not, but I did and ah'm proud of it, podnuh. And, yes, there is a tendency in this country to look down on the victims and admire the sharp operator. Even sometimes when the sharp operation is illegal as well as unethical. For that matter, you've never proved to the satisfaction of everyone that Kyle is guilty of anything more than arrogance and ineptitude, and I was quite well satisfied about both of those qualities after the New York con. I can't claim to be any great buddy of Kyle's - the more I hear about him, the less I think of him. But I do admire his



gall, and if the Dietzes and Raybin let him get away with it, that's their hard luck. (¢ If they don't fandom gets up in arms against them and it's still their hard luck I guess?...hps ¢) Note to you: YANDRO has the third installment of the Bennett report (he's at least assuring that it is read by a wide variety of fans) and I'll wait until after you've published yours provided that (a) you publish it reasonably soon and (b) you keep on sending APE so I'll know when it is published. Quite frankly, after my review of #1 in ProFANity, I didn't expect to receive another issue. (Of course, possibly Pelz didn't send you a copy of ProFANity....)" (¢ He didn't - why, did you say something bad about me? I guess from what you said earlier that in order to get into your good books I should go out and cheat a few people, but quite frankly at that price I don't think your good books are worth getting into. In any case, if Pelz had sent me the mag it wouldn't be any cause for you to worry about not getting Ape. My personal sense of security is fine, and I've never yet had to worry about only surrounding myself with people who agree with me. And you? Thanks for holding Bennett's piece until I'd published Pt II. That was kind of you...hps ¢)

31st. Tape from WALT WILLIS talking about many things but mainly about Bob Shaw. The employment position being just a little sticky in N. Ireland at the moment, Bob wrote to a firm in Bolton and they called him for an interview. He had to travel over by boat and landed in Liverpool in the early hours of Sunday morning. He wasn't able to contact any of the L'pool Group because the public transport didn't start until about 10.00am, so he pressed on to Manchester instead and called on Harry Turner -- who was away. (This sounds as if it must have been the weekend Harry spent in Harrogate at the Audio Fair). Eventually Bob made contact with Sid Birchby, had an enjoyable evening, went for his interview the following day and got the job. He hopes to be back working in Ireland before Christmas, though.

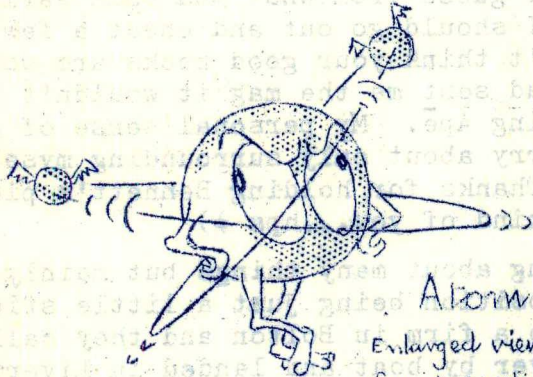
Card from Ethel Lindsay with the news that due to pressure of public opinion Distaff will in future be known under its original title - FEZ. She says - "I am convinced, 'specially as so many of the FEZ cohorts talk about using whips." Ah, you can't keep a good fanmag title down.

FANAC 27 - Ron Ellick/Terry Carr. Complete with a wonderful full-page illo by Bjo for Ellick's birthday. I would dearly love to know the source of the front page news story, because according to my informants the position is quite different. Despite having resigned from the position of Legal Advisor to the WSFS Inc Raybin has still done everything it was possible for him to do to vacate the judgment obtained against Kyle. Kyle, in turn, has increased the amount of the suit being brought against Raybin and Dietz. Page 2 shows up the differences of opinion held by Inchmery and Berkeley. Terry Carr attempts to justify the standard of news reporting in Fanac by saying that there isn't time to check every item of news. I agree with this. He goes on "We'll continue to print rumors and third-hand information whenever it seems valid to do so. For one thing, the publication of a rumor is bound to bring out the truth in most every case. In a semi-closed group such as fandom and with a circulation as practically comprehensive as Fanac's, somebody's just about bound to have the facts on hand and to send them to us." All of which leaves me no option but to ask the readers to take the 'news' in Fanac with a pinch of salt. Terry admits it isn't reliable. And if I'm not mistaken it was through saying this that all the trouble started. I honestly don't think very much of a fanzine that is prepared to spread rumors around on the chance that they can be corrected later. Maybe.



# of A to Z

by Atom  
-A-



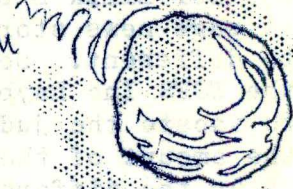
Android  
Discovering some basic  
facts of uh life

Atom  
Enlarged view showing  
why it sometimes explodes



Actifan  
Atomfets taken shortly after  
peak fanning period.

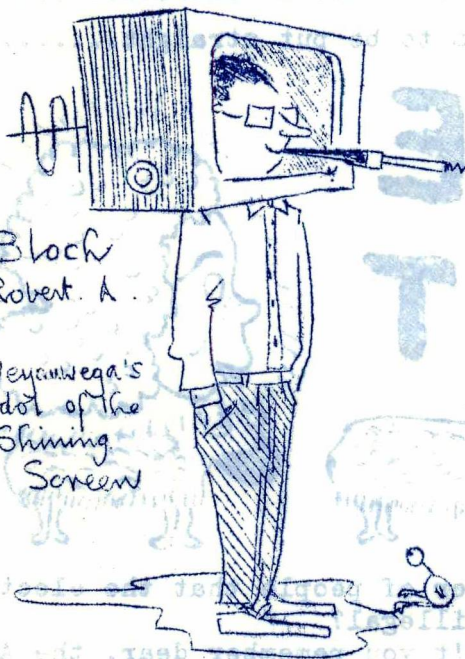
Asteroid  
A rock on the roll



Alien  
Take your pick as  
to which

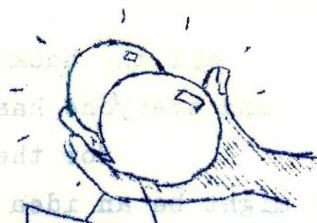


—B—



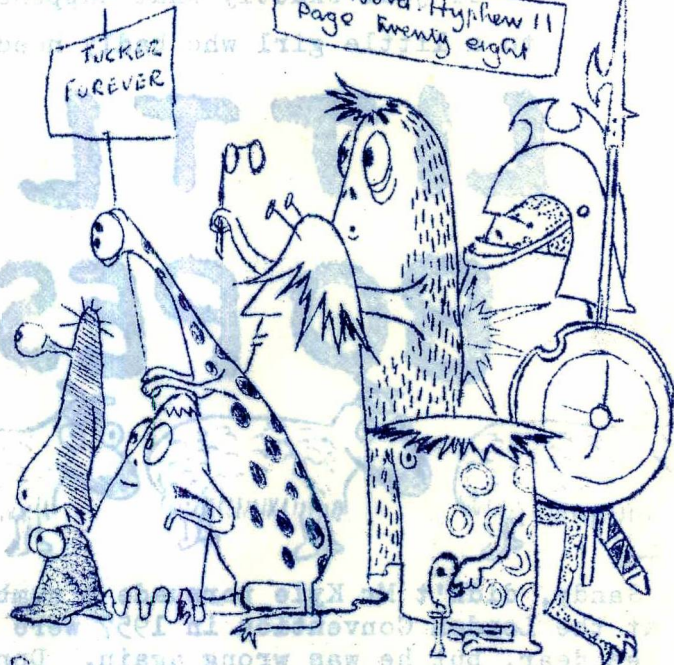
Bloch  
Robert. A.

Weyanwega's  
Idiot of the  
Shining  
Screen

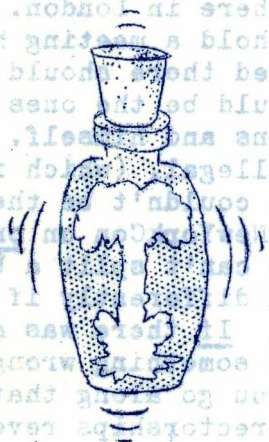


First word. Hyphen 11  
Page twenty eight

TUCKER  
FOREVER



Bew usually found  
inside 'Science fiction' zines



Bheer.



Tankard



Canned

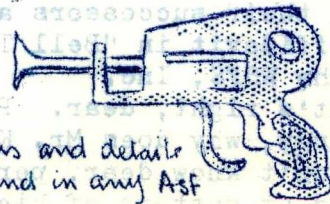


Home Brew

Blog! First developed in  
1953 at the Kettering Convention  
in Britain -

Def: A potent (hu!) and deadly  
drink, kin to 'Home Brew' & 'Nuclear Fungy'

Blaster  
Full plans and details  
to be found in any Asf





Now that all the excitement of the Solacon has subsided,  
all the backs have been slapped,  
and everyone has given three cheers  
for the momentary heroes of the day,  
it might be an idea to try to take a more sane view  
of just exactly what happened. Let me introduce you  
to a little girl who badly needs to be put straight.....

# LITTLE BO PEST



Uncle Sandy, didn't Mr Kyle persuade a number of people that the elections held at the London Convention in 1957 were illegal?

Yes dear, but he was wrong again. Don't you remember dear, the American Bar Association held its 1957 convention here in London. All those lawyers must have known it was legal to hold a meeting here.

But because he said the LonCon was illegal he claimed there should only be three directors. He said those three directors should be the ones with the most votes at the NewYorkCon, Mr. Ackerman, Mr. Evans and himself.

Well, even supposing the LonCon election was illegal, (which it was'nt, remember), then Ackerman, Evans and Kyle still couldn't be the only directors. Six directors were elected at the NewYorkCon on one ballot and therefore all or none were directors. You can't split a ballot like that. After all, people might have voted differently if they'd known they were only electing three directors. If there was something wrong with the NewYorkCon elections, there was something wrong with the whole election, not just part of it. If you go along that road, then none of the six were directors and the directorships revert to the original three named in the charter, who are supposed to serve until their successors are duly elected.

In his affidavit in "Bell The Cat" Mr. Kyle claims he is one of six directors of the WSFS, Inc.

That's right, dear. Perhaps he thought we'd all forget that.

Uncle Sandy, why does Mr. Kyle always distribute his fanzines at conventions?

I don't know dear, perhaps he can't afford to post them. He's not very good at matters of high finance.



Didn't Auntie Belle try to make the point about the LonCon elections when she stood up to say that if the LonCon business session had been illegal, as Mr. Kyle claimed, then the vote for South Gate in 58 must also have been illegal?

Yes dear. She thought fans would be sensible enough to realise you can't have it both ways and if one thing was wrong then all the connecting things had to be wrong. Since 'South Gate in 58' couldn't be wrong she was just trying to show that Kyle's claim regarding the illegality of the LonCon business session was false.

Then why did Mr. Ellik misquote her in FANAC 24 by missing out the "If.....  
..then..."?

Hush child, Mr. Ellik publishes a News zine which means he can say what he likes.

I see. Mr. Kyle persuaded the other two to hold a secret meeting with him and make decisions and so on. Is that why Mr. Ackerman and Mr. Evans went around with red faces later?

Yes, I think they realised that they'd goofed.

Then with all these illegal manoeuvres going on it would have been quite silly for Uncle George to have stayed as Legal Officer. He could have got into trouble if it was claimed he condoned the actions of the three directors who held the secret meeting?

That's right dear. That's why he resigned. Which was the signal for a singularly juvenile reaction on the part of supposedly adult fan,

Why was Mrs Kyle crying after the business meeting?

I think she'd lost her crocodile suit-case, dear.

Well, wasn't Mrs Moffatt really as brilliant as everyone said because of the way she handled the business meeting? I mean when she declared that the Solacon was cutting loose from the WSFS, Inc and operating on its own?

It was a stroke of sheer genius, dear. Since all funds had been collected in the name of the WSFS, Inc her action was misappropriation of the property of the corporation (the WSFS Inc's) to private use (the Solacon's). In addition, since memberships were collected through the mails, she was using the mails to defraud people into thinking they were joining the WSFS Inc when in actuality they were joining the Solacon. This is a crime and a serious one at that. Misappropriation of the property of the corporation to private use is also a crime, although not as serious a one.

Oh. If it came to court do you think she'd get off?

Well, a clever lawyer can work wonders, but I don't know --

You mean someone like Mr. Kyle's Daddy?

No, dear, I don't mean someone like Mr Kyle's Daddy.

Do you think the people at the Solacon were wrong to vote in favour of a petition to the directors of the WSFS Inc to dissolve the group?

No, they weren't wrong to vote, if that's what they wanted. Someday you'll be old enough to know all about Democracy. No, it's just that, having decided what they wanted, they went out of their way to do everything incorrectly.

Then you are in favour of dissolution?

Yes dear. Mr. Kyle should have finished his term of office at the Solacon but he didn't. I'm in favour of doing away with anything connected with Mr. Kyle.



What did you mean when you said the fans did the right thing the wrong way? Well, for a start, there's the misappropriation of funds angle. And in the second place they've now worked themselves into a position where the WSFS Inc can't legally be dissolved.

How is that?

The corporate laws of New York State say the only way you can dissolve a membership corporation is by a vote of the membership after thirty days' notice that such a vote is going to be taken. If everyone hadn't tried to be so clever and had spent a little time on research the notice could have been given. Mind you, that still wouldn't have done any good since (thanks to Mrs Moffatt) there was no business session of the WSFS Inc for the vote to be taken at. Because of all this I don't see how the body can be dissolved now. Detroit is not going to operate under the WSFS Inc so there won't be any members in future to vote on the dissolution.

Do the laws say anything else, Uncle Sandy?

Yes, if the WSFS Inc is dissolved, then all its property (such as the banner, the die for the pins and any money) must be divided equally among the members when it is dissolved, and if this can't be done, then the State of New York decides what to do with it.

But Mr. Kyle sold the banner to a Detroit fan for one dollar.

Well that's alright, dear. It only cost about one hundred and fifty dollars. This could go under the heading of misappropriation and dissipation of the property of the corporation.

And the money that is left is being passed on to the 1959 WesterCon and to Detroit!

That's right - I hope they make good use of it - it's always nice to start planning a convention with some money in hand. Of course it means that they, also, are participating in the misappropriation of the property of the corporation.

Partici.....what you said, is a long word.

It just means that they have dropped themselves right in it as well.

But I thought there were people like the Falascas who knew all about the law. Couldn't they have seen that things were done properly?

Ah, such sweet innocence. Perhaps they had changed their minds again about what they wanted -- or maybe they were just confused because they had already changed their minds so often.

Why did Auntie Belle resign as a director?

Mainly because she knew she couldn't even try to help any more and it would have been silly to hold on to a position as director when she might have been held responsible, even if only in part, for the illegal actions of the other directors.

Well, anyway, I suppose that now the main reason has been withdrawn the law suits will be dropped?

Mmm...not quite, dear. Mr Evans arranged a meeting of the interested parties and Uncle George said that since Mr. Kyle had made the accounting that was required by the WSFS Inc suit he would do what ever was wanted to settle and get rid of the judgment. Mr. Kyle's Daddy picked the method of doing this where you file a statement that the judgment has been paid.







