

THE FANHATTONITE

THE INFREQUENT NEWSLETTER OF THE HATTON GROUP

RUBICON SHAME OF HATTON TEAM Yep. At RUBICON III, in both the 'Spot The Title' contest (a version of 'Hangman' where correct answers to questions give you letters in the title of a skiffy book) and the Film Quiz, crack teams from our little group plumbed hitherto unsuspected depths of ineptitude. In the former contest the crack team consisted of team captain Rob Hansen, Nigel Rowe, bloody Martin Smith of Croyden, and Ian Maule (who qualifies by having been at that pre-Hatton gathering in the White Horse last October). Owen Whiteoak replaced Ian Maule in the team for the Film Quiz. Both times our opponents were Steve Lawson's Sheffield team. In the first contest we did well on the questions but proved totally incapable of recognising half-formed titles, while in the second great doubt was cast on the buzzer system employed. It became obvious very early in the first contest that we were in trouble....

When questionperson Pam Wells put a question to our team and chose Martin Smith, of all people, to ask what event had been held on Max Yasgur's farm I knew that she wasn't going to let her Fanhattonite connections influence her in our favour.

"Oh no!! He's too young!!" wailed an anguished female audience member of Armenian extraction when the question was asked. He certainly was.

"Woodstock, you dickhead!" we yelled as he forfeited points by throwing it open to the rest of the team.

"Well bugger me rigid!" said Nigel, for no particular reason.

"Who's this Max Yasgur?" asked Katie Hoare from the audience. "I thought Woodstock was held on Matthew's farm." "Me, too." agreed Eve Harvey.

"God! Don't they teach the important events of world history in schools over here?!" asked the female of Armenian extraction.

The film quiz was no more impressive. I was highly suspicious of the way that no matter how fast I hit the button it was always Steve Lawson's buzzer that sounded, particularly as Lawson had actually built the system.

"I just have faster reflexes than you" lied Lawson by way of explanation.

On one occasion when my hitting the button sounded Lawson's buzzer he was asked who had starred in 'The Man In The White Suit' and in 'I Was A Male War Bride'. This resulted in your reporter laying sobbing across the table because as any fool (and certainly Steve Lawson) know, it was Alec Guinness and Cary Grant. Taking pity on us quizperson Eve Harvey offered a point for an impression of Cary Grant, whereupon Martin Smith did an appalling impression that was closer to Elmer Fudd than to Cary Grant. An astonished and disbelieving Eve Harvey asked him to repeat it while the other members of the team frantically made he's-nothing-to-do-with-us motions at the audience.

"Well bugger me rigid" said Nigel.

We'll get you next year, Lawson.

TRAVELLING FAN Where most of those at RUBICON were giving thanks for the extra day off work provided by the Bank Holiday, our own Nigel Rowe was chortling away at the prospect of five weeks away from Harrods, even if it will prevent him from skulking around the cosmetics counter. After showing up at the Wellington last Thursday and whipping it out so that we could ooh and aah over how long it is (I refer of course to the dummy of THE INK MACHINE #2, his fanzine-in-progress, which currently weighs in at 97 pages), Mr Rowe then set off the following day on a tour of Europe and Scandinavia armed only with a change of clothes, a few hundred pounds, an inflatable sheep, and what he fondly imagines to be an endearing manner. He also took two books with him. These were 'Who's Who In New Zealand', to keep him occupied on the journey between Stratford and Mile End and, for reference during his travels, a copy of 'The Good Sheep Guide' by Mutton McShagger. We wish him well.

GROUP BIZ Future meetings will be held as follows:

21 - 8th Sept 1988
22 - 22nd Sept 1988
23 - 13th Oct 1988
24 - 27th Oct 1988
25 - 10th Nov 1988
26 - 24th Nov 1988
27 - 8th Dec 1988

GETTING OUR ACT TOGETHER II Avedon was reading a copy of the Madison group's CUBE and had that faraway look in her eyes again.

"Y'know", she said, "what we really need is an organisation."

"How so, my love, look you?" I asked.

"Well, look at the way the Madison group is set up. As well as ordinary and fully paid-up members they have officers."

"Officers, look you, oh jewel of my Nile?"

"Yeah. Y'know, presidents, chairpersons, secretaries, treasurers, and the like. It gives their group a cohesive structure and provides the springboard for their activities."

"Actually, o secret of my Sphinx, that idea has possibilities, look you. Owen could be the Old Hippy Officer, you could be the Quiet and Demure Officer, I could be the Suave Officer and Nigel and Martin could be the Officers In Charge Of Buying Drink. I could get next to those posts, look you, particularly the last two."

"Quiet and Demure? Me? You're not taking this seriously. I see myself as the Officer In Charge Of Ideological Correctness And Feminist Awareness."

"Hmnn. Y'know, there's one thing I don't understand about all this, look you, o cream of my cheese."

"What's that?"

"Why I keep saying look you, look you."

"Oh, that. Well, Owen was going to write this piece at first and he was planning to get back at you for all those 'ochs' you had him saying in the first issue of THE FANHATTONITE, so that's how they crept in."

"Well I'm writing this, not him, so they stop now. What's going on anyway, o plum of my sugar? This is like those scenes in MOONLIGHTING where David and Maddie talk to the viewer. 'Breaking down the fourth wall' I think they call it. Do we finish this piece with a bizarre chase, or what?"

"No, we finish it with the bottom of the page, which is coming up now...."