

# EVE HARVEY'S <sup>3</sup> Wallbanger



Teddy Harvia © 1980

WALLBANGER 3 - Third annual extravaganza - May 1979

This limited edition fanzine comes to you courtesy of Eve Harvey, 55 Blanchland Road, Morden, Surrey SM4 5NE. All letters of praise to this address please, all complaints to the Complaints Department, 1001Z Nowhere Road, East Cheam (next to Railway Cuttings). Get your copies now, since the rarity value of this series will increase their price beyond Sotherby's greatest expectations.

Just to make things a little more interesting on this boring contents page, I'm not going to list the articles in order, so there.

Page

Annexe

SPECIAL COLOUR SUPPLEMENT

Some of you will have a two-colour supplement with this edition of Wallbanger entitled 'Seacon behind Closed Doors', but there again, some of you won't. This is because the aforementioned first appeared in FEAPA and although we produced more than our statutory 50 copies, we miscalculated and didn't do quite enough to cover Wallbanger's circulation as well. Our stencils must have read FEAPA rules, however, and self-destructed after 50 seconds, so those who have received FEAPA will also receive a copy of Wallbanger sans supplement. Follow?

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This starts the ALBACON section. For those who were not at that illustrious gathering, or those who couldn't find their way up to the dizzy heights of the fanroom, there is a summary of an interview I 'conducted' with Jim Barker and Dave Langford, written by Kev Smith. "Why didn't she write it herself?" I hear you asking yourself; because I can't remember what happened and neither can Jim nor Dave!

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This is John's bit on ALBACON

1&2

This is my bit, not on ALBACON.

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STAFF NOTICEBOARD

This is my favourite bit. You see, I have this hidden desire, this predilection that not many people know about, a penchant that John and I have kept very quiet about, but now I'm bringing it out into the open - I love stupid notices. So all you poor readers are also lumbered with them because you can't even skip this section as there's nothing else in the zine! Many thanks to Evelyn Austen, Andrew Stephenson, Brian Beirne and an unknown contributor.

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Letters

I've enjoyed doing this so much I think I'll repeat the exercise again - maybe even for NOVACON. Finally, thanks to Jim Barker and David Thayer for the artwork. I was going to thank Simone Walsn for the loan of her typewriter, but she wants it back so I won't. This fanzine is available for the usual, and we also take Luncheon Vouchers.

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, BUT IF I DIDN'T.....

Isn't that a beautiful phrase? It's so versatile.

I've been using it quite a bit recently - I know I shouldn't produce Wallbanger annually, but if I didn't it would be even more behind schedule than it is.

I know I shouldn't make so many typos when typing up Matrix, but if I didn't, then it wouldn't have the same ambience.

I know I shouldn't keep on saying yes when people want things done, but if I didn't, what would I do with my evenings? Housework? Needlepoint? No, I'd have to write a novel! Then I could follow in 'other's' footsteps and talk about my novel. John already says I'm beginning to sound familiar with my remarks like

"Well, at Seacon we did..."

"In my fanroom at Seacon I did..."

so I might as well go the whole way - shame I cannot write fiction. Still why should that stop me, it hasn't stopped my mentor. (*Editorial Note: statutory Surrey Limpwrist veiled references to a well-known fancom/convention organiser over for this issue.*)

I know I shouldn't... you can go on forever. I'm sure better wits than myself could think up some really good ones (come on Kev & Dave, take me up on that).

This morning, in bed, I had some fantastic ideas (no, you fool, about this editorial) for this column, but now I'm at work I've forgotten them all. Coleridge's Khubia Mann strikes again.

To get back to the references to my fanroom at Seacon (kindly note the cunning linkages I'm employing to blend the paragraphs together), I met an American (believe it or not). No, come on now, take me seriously, I met this American called David Thayer, who happened to be an artist. Using my womanly wiles, I persuaded him to do me a front cover for the next issue of Wallbanger - we exchanged addresses and I promptly forgot the whole thing. Approximately 3 months later, this large envelope insinuated itself through my letter box. Damn, I've got to do another issue now. Oh, well, leave it for a bit. Matrix deadlines came and went. I started a one-off issue called 'Seacon Behind Closed Doors' but ran out of steam, so that sat around, already duplicated but too out-of-date to use. Then came FEAPA - having espoused never to subscribe to something so out of place with British Fandom, John and I promptly sent off copies of 'Seacon Behind Closed Doors', on the premise that all APAs we'd seen were hopelessly out of date, so our article would fit quite nicely. Then came ALBACON, followed by a dead period at work and my enthusiasm for 'doing things' was rekindled. I'll do a wallbanger for the May Bank Holiday I said to a stunned John. "Oh, yeah?" was his only retort.

Well, here it is - it's got nothing to do with Science Fiction, but it was fun, which is a change, so I hope you find it amusing, if not earth-shattering.

THE HARVEYS - AN EVERYDAY TALE OF COUNTRY FOLK

First a stolen car, then a collapsing ceiling, what can be the next exciting episode in the gripping saga of the Harveys at Home?

How does collapsing walls grab you?

Working for a bank, you see, I can get cheap loans. And since they don't pay me nearly as much as I'm worth, I had this brainwave. "Why don't we borrow some money and rebuild our kitchen, John?" I received his usual erudite retort of "Oh, yeah?" which, after 4½ years of marriage, I've learnt to interpret correctly; so I went ahead and borrowed piles of money. Kitchen planners came in to redesign the whole thing, units were bought, units were delivered, and then came the day. The Day Of The Falling Walls. Well, actually, only two - the larder just had to go. It's an amazing sight to see a 2-foot cold chisel being hammered into a wall, the crack gradually creeping towards the outside wall. Just imagine it - the excitement of "Will the crack stop before it continues through the outside wall?"; the suspense of "Will the rest of the wall remain standing when those bricks are taken out?"; the tension of "When that concrete shelf fell on the floor, did it damage the ceiling of the flat below?" It was better than taking odds on whether the ALBACON programme items would start on time - would they be worth seeing? could I stay awake during the film quiz?

Tiles came off walls (complete with plaster and brickwork in some places), units came down, floor space became a rarity, piles of pans, food and "Gosh,-I-didn't-know-we-had-any-of-that-left" items sprang up everywhere. Units went up, came down because they were crooked, went up again, were adjusted because they'd slipped. God, it was fun!

The whole epic was recorded for posterity, and the 'photo novel' will be published soon. Guided tours are being arranged, when the project has been brought to a successful conclusion, so keep this month next year free. Details of prices for these tours will be announced in your local press in the near future, so watch out for the adverts.

What else has happened? Not much really. There was the case of the multiplying bookcases, but that pales into insignificance when compared with the "falling walls" saga. Then there was the "blood all over the kitchen walls" episode, but that's too messy a tale to tell sensitive readers like what I have, so I'll leave that. Anyway, I'll have to leave something for the next issue, and since it was John's blood, I think he'd better reveal all the grizzly details. (Now that's got you all thinking!)

So, that's it from me, you can now go ahead and start enjoying yourself. John, where's that 'Learn to write in six easy stages'? I think I'm advanced enough to get past "Paper is the white stuff with lines, Pen is the round black thing".

S T A F F   N O T I C E B O A R D

Please keep all notices on the board for at least two weeks

*Now that I'm back in the big wide world of banking, spending my days chained to a typewriter or to the coffee machine, new intellectual avenues have opened up for me. One of these new avenues is a delight in stupid staff notices that I can put on my boss's desk as a slight hint on how he could 'improve' our relationship. The following was definitely a success, whether for him or me I haven't decided yet. So, all you secretaries out there (surely there must be some) here is a plea from the heart....*

RULES FOR DICTATION

1. Never start dictation first thing in the morning. I much prefer a terrific rush in the afternoon.
2. Please smoke whilst dictating - it assists pronunciation.
3. Do not face me whilst dictating - this would be too easy for me.
4. Hours of dictation: 12.00 - 1.00 and any time between 4.30 and 5.30 providing you want the work to go out the same night.
5. When dictating please parade up and down the room. I can understand what is said more distinctly.
6. Please call me in for dictation then proceed to sort out papers, lock up old files, telephone and receive calls.
7. Please lower your voice to a whisper when dictating names of people, places, etc and under no circumstances spell them to me. I am sure to hit upon the right way of spelling them. I know the name and address of every person, agency and place in the world.
8. When I do not hear a word, and ask you to repeat it, shout it as loudly as possible. I find this more mannerly. Alternatively you should refuse to repeat it at all. I have second sight and it may come to me.
9. Whenever possible you should endeavor to keep me late. I have no home and am only too thankful for somewhere to spend my evening.
10. Should a letter require a slight alteration, after it has been typed, score the word heavily through about four times and write the correct word beside it, preferably

in ink or heavy pencil, and always make the alteration on the top copy.

11. Should I be too busy or too lazy to take down dictation, please write letters with a blunt pencil in the left hand while blindfolded. (Incorrect spellings, balloons, arrows and other diagrams are very helpful to me as well.)
12. With regard to "tables", do not on any account use lined paper. If figures are altered, please write heavily over those previously inserted, the correct figure in each case being the one underneath.
13. Should the work be required urgently (a most unusual occurrence) it aids me considerably if you will rush in at intervals of 30 seconds to see if it is done.
14. If extra copies are required, this desire should be indicated either after the "Yours faithfully" or overleaf to ensure that it is the last thing I see when the letter is completed.
15. When I stagger out carrying a pile of files, please do not open the door for me; I am very good at opening it with my teeth or crawling under it.
16. Whenever you go out on no account tell me where you are going. I am psychic; I know.

etc

etc.

*As some of you may know, the organisation I work for is a new Merchant Bank in the City. The parent bank is Canadian and so when I joined I thought it would have all the new, up-to-date, modern office facilities. Cries from friends of "You're going to work in a bank! How boring!" bounced off me like water off a duck's back. I knew that this organisation was one of the get-ahead, exciting centres of the financial world. So, I was somewhat concerned on finding the following notice in my in-tray the day I joined.*

#### OFFICE STAFF PRACTICES

1. Godliness, cleanliness and punctuality are the necessities of good business.
2. This firm has reduced the hours of work, and the clerical staff will now only have to be present between the hours of 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays.
3. Clothing must be of a sober nature. The clerical staff will not disport themselves in raiment of bright colours nor will they wear hose, unless in good repair.
4. Overshoes and top-coats may not be worn in the office, but neck scarves and headwear may be worn in inclement weather.

5. A stove is provided for the benefit of the clerical staff. Coal and wood must be kept in the locker. It is recommended that each member of the clerical staff bring 4 pounds of coal, each day, during cold weather.
6. No member of the clerical staff may leave the room without permission from Mr Rogers. The calls of nature are permitted and clerical staff may use the garden below the second gate. This area must be kept in good order.
7. No talking is allowed during business hours.
8. The craving of tobacco, wines or spirits is a human weakness, and as such, is forbidden to all members of the clerical staff.
9. Now that the hours of business have been drastically reduced the partaking of food is allowed between 11.30 a.m. and noon, but work will not, on any account, cease.
10. Members of the clerical staff will provide their own pens. A new sharpener is available on application to Mr Rogers.

The owners recognize the generosity of the new Labour Laws, but will expect a great rise in output of work to compensate for these near Utopian conditions.

*Well, maybe I was using a bit of poetic licence! Anyone care to hazard a guess at when this notice was produced? It is, in fact, taken from a real-life notice. To give you some help below I've listed the new increased weekly wages:*

*Junior Boys (to 11 years) 1/4d (OK, so now you know it was before 1969!)  
Boys (to 14 years) 2/1d; Juniors 4/8d; Junior Clerks 8/7d; Clerks 10/9d;  
Senior Clerks (after 15 years with the owners) 21/-d.*

Continuing along these lines of audience participation, here's another competition. Apparently, in the Civil Service last century, all letters were signed with abbreviations of the writer's job title. Here are a few, can you guess what they mean?

C.M.G.  
P.C.M.G.  
G.C.M.G.

For those who can't get it, the answers are below (upside down, you fool, not in a foreign language!)

Finally, did you hear what the Grenadier Guardsman had to say to his colleagues on his return from his honeymoon?

"It's OK, but it's nothing like the real thing."

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Call Me God; Please Call Me God; God calls Me God.*

FROM: THE MANAGEMENT

TO: ALL NOTICE BOARDS

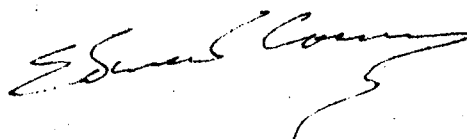
It has become apparent that, despite recent measures to reduce the rate of consumption of paper on this site, such as by cutting back on supplies of note pads and the substitution of pads of "scrap" paper, staff are co-operating half-heartedly (if at all) and that usage rates are rapidly returning to pre-shortage levels.

The management would prefer to confine itself merely to exhortation, but finds that more drastic measures are necessary. Regretfully, therefore, it is announced that the following Rulings will be in force as of Monday:

- 1) No notepaper is to be discarded without -
  - (a) being used at least nine times (multicoloured ball-point pens being provided to facilitate this),
  - (b) being covered with ink or other marking substance over at least 87.38% of its surface (Maths and Inspections Departments will assist in processing applications for disposal), and
  - (c) being certified to have a useful information content of less than 0.013% by ink area (Principal Engineers and above to be Authorised Signatories).
- 2) Reports, files, data sheets, and trade literature must be sent to Reprographic Department for salvage of all useful blank sheets, paragraphs, sentences, words, &c., and extraction of printing ink. Any coffee stains recovered are to returned to the Canteen for re-use.
- 3) Time sheets will be shared on a one-per-division basis. Local procedures will be evolved to cope with the anticipated problems involved in filling them in. However, we are confident that secretaries will display their usual resourcefulness in this matter.
- 4) Computer documentation will be subject to Ruling 1, with the addendum that programmers are to ensure that all lines are fully used. Dumps are prohibited.
- 5) In the interests of domestic economy, paper towels and other toilet stationery will only be issued from Stores as required and on presentation of a Stores Requisition authorised by Divisional Managers or above. Staff are urged to practice re-use and conservation wherever possible, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. However, some relaxation of this Ruling will be permitted in cases of emergency, when limited supplies may be obtained from the nearest First Aid representative.

These procedures will remain in operation until further notice. We look forward to your assistance in implementing them at all times.

SIGNED:



EDWARD CONOMY  
CENTRAL SUPPLIES MANAGER



MEIHEM IN CE KLASRUM

*Kevin Smith*

The pre-interview discussion should have warned Eve that she would have been better off shouting for Celtic at Ibrox Park than trying to interview Langford and Barker together. Dave borrowed Eve's cigarette lighter, a strange action, since he has given up letting off explosive devices, and set fire to her notes. Fortunately they were in the bar at the time, so there was plenty of beer around to put out the fire. It was just a matter of forcing a glass or two from the virtually unbreakable grip of passing fans. "You won't get upset at what we do to you, will you?" they said in unison. "Of course not," said Eve. "Anything you can do to make the thing flow well." Such innocence should not be allowed out on its own.

The time for the interview came. The fanroom was packed: people were hanging from the ceiling and peering in upside down through the windows. Eve sat alone behind a table. The hubbub in the room died to an expectant whisper as she began the introductions. (This is known as setting up the atmosphere.) "Dave Langford, mad bomber, computer cracksman, lockpick." (Applause.) Dave produced a balloon labelled "Bomb", and exploded it on Eve's cigarette. "Jim Barker, only half the man he used to be - Superslim!" (Applause for Jim; baffled silence for the joke.) Superslim Jim was wearing a bright yellow towel like a cape. Eve held up a card with 'Laugh' written on it. The audience laughed.

Eve had made special arrangements to cope with Dave's affliction. He's a bit deaf, you see... I said, "He's deaf". DEA... Oh, never mind. She lifted up a card with 'Name?' on it. 'Pass' replied Dave's card. Realising that this was going to get them not very far at all, particularly since Dave seemed to possess only the one card, Eve reverted to speech, and asked him about his anthropological studies. Dave launched into the explanation of the 'skulls in the cellar', which I shall not repeat here: Dave has written it better than I could in Twll-Ddu, and it was reprinted in Mood 70 (still available from Eve.) One harbours great suspicions about someone who finds skulls in his cellar. Obviously Eve did, because she quickly turned to Jim to ask about his early drawing career. He was very proud when his student newspaper discovered him and asked for some illustrations. Published for the first time! Great illustrations they were, for a really fascinating article on VD. Eve began to wonder what she'd really let herself in for.

Suddenly Jim jerked, and a very vicious looking mouse appeared on the table in front of him. Langford collapsed, beating Eve and the audience by scant milliseconds. Memories of Dave's earlier talk on mice came flooding back. The mouse disappeared, showing remarkable agility for something made of rubber. Perhaps it was scared off by the disgustingly ugly Hairy Hand that Jim had been concealing with great care until then. How he'd managed to hide it for so long was a source of much wonder, for it proceeded to attach the bemused interviewer and Jim himself before it was suppressed.

Of course, the conversation (for want of a better word) had to turn eventually to the reason why these two in particular had been singled out by La Harvey - TAFF. Jim and Dave agreed that this was indeed a worthy cause. In a rare spirit of trust and co-operation and love of money, they had collaborated on a fanzine Taff-Ddu, which was on sale in aid of TAFF for 60p (and can still be obtained for 60p plus 15p p&p, if you see what I mean, from them both, or either one individually. Buy it!) Dave had typed some illustrations and Jim had drawn some typescript, thus demonstrating their amazing versatility. While Jim was explaining this, the mouse re-appeared. Dave was squeezing it experimentally, and looking at it in a dubious fashion. Then it and a glass of someone else's gin and tonic vanished behind the table. Some sixth sense drew Eve's attention to this, but she was unable to believe what she saw. "Surely not," she said to herself. "It can't be." But it was.

"Die, Barker!" shrieked Langford, flicking off the safety catch of the loaded mouse and covering Jim's shirt front with stale gin and tonic. Never one to take things lying down, Superslim sprang into action. He flung his cape over Langford's head, following it up with orange juice. Someone else's orange juice.

Saved, eventually, from a fate worse than being nearly drowned in orange juice, Dave scribbled a note and passed it, smirking, to Jim. Jim read it, collapsed, and hurriedly passed it to John Harvey, who happened to be the nearest person in the audience. John fell over, thus causing Eve to miss in her grab for the note. "What is it?" she screamed impassively. The note moved like lightning through the audience, not one of whom failed to fall into less than paroxysms of laughter. At this point Eve seemed to be losing control of the interview, so Jim and Dave took over, asking each other the questions, and what is more, answering them too. In disgust Eve walked out.

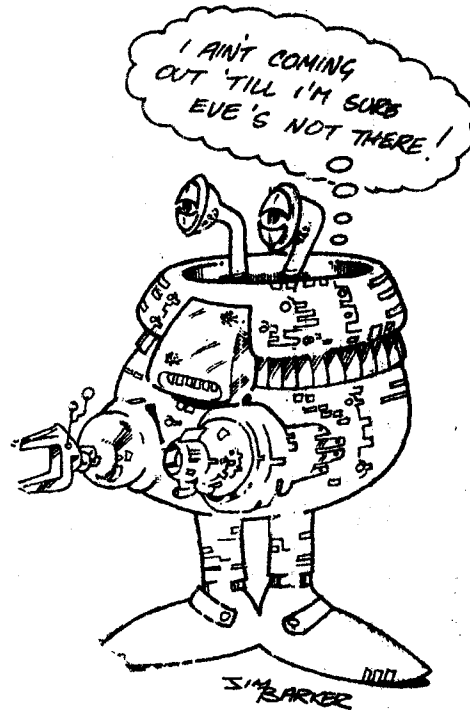
But she was prevailed upon to return in time to don a black cap and find the two TAFF candidates guilty of unfannish behaviour, in that they were nice to each other, and even friendly, during their TAFF contest. This could not be tolerated. They were sentenced to a duel, leek versus thistle to the death. And that was the end, thought Eve. But before she could finish thanking everyone for coming she was grabbed by her erstwhile interviewees and dragged out of the room, said interviewees leering malevolently. They returned a short time later, carrying her jacket, to the cheers of the audience. For the note, you see, had read: "Let's conclude with a rape scene."

But what, you say, did they discuss, What matters of import, what innermost secrets and desires, what scurrilous anecdotes? It lasted for an hour or more - what, for goodness sake, did they talk about?

Who remembers?

And now a final word from John, who's been sulking around the corner because he hasn't been allowed into my fanzine yet.

I keep on telling him that you've got to keep the best until the last, and leave the audience wanting more. Hey, so why didn't I put my editorial at the end? I'll have to remember that for next time.



### "WHAT'S THE A. S. STAND FOR?"

Some Albacon Impressions

John Harvey

#### The Cleancon

I wonder how many fans would have made it all the way to the foreign depths of Glasgow if it hadn't been for Persil? For months fans were wearing the cleanest shirts in history, passing more critical daylight tests than ever before imagined, as they frantically saved boxtops for their 'buy-one-get-one-free rail ticket vouchers. Thank you Persil for making ALBACON possible for some of us.

#### The Telecon

For the first time ever, an Eastercon was relayed over the internal closed circuit TV system. Real 21st century stuff eh? No need to leave your room to find out how boring the programme was. It was an amazing experience to sit in my room eating lunch whilst watching Joseph Nicholas dictate reading tastes (very objectively, of course) to the audience at the book review panel. It went something like this:

Don Malcolm "What do you think of this, Lionel?"

Lionel Fanthorpe "I quite enjoyed it."

Don "Joseph?"

Joseph Nicholas "This is a load of crap, I don't know how anybody can read it; you should be ashamed to own this; you're all cretins to look at the cover....."

(Rest of panel look at ceiling, start reading the Beano, Reader's Digest, picking their noses etc.)

Joe will no doubt write a 94-page letter telling me that was all lies.

The film quiz viewed on the TV made Crossroads look like The Sweeny. But viewing it whilst counting the BSFA Award ballots at least made the latter task, by comparison, appear the high-spot of the convention!

#### The Computercon

In the last issue of Matrix, I aimed a few glancing shots at the Albacon committee over the micro-computercontent of their proposed programme. There was some interest in this sort of thing and I even heard that the committee had organised a room with machines for people to play with. So, ever curious to see all the faces of fandom, I wandered in there. The room was filled with little screens, keyboards and a subset of fan-om playing games with themselves. I didn't recognize a single face; I wonder if the fans were brought in with the machines? Moreover, I didn't see any of these people in the rest of the convention; were they locked in at night and force fed through the keyhole, I wonder?

#### The Missing Fans Con

Yeah, you were missed!

#### The Filthy Con

Your reporter was truly shocked at a room party organised in Mr Kincaid's room in honour of YORCON II. He almost ran out of 'excuses' to make, although the Gideon Bible did remain intact this time. By the windows I espied a writhing heap of bodies, occasionally revealing Martin Hoare, Jim Barker and a couple of females. Next to this Eve was carrying out an oral survey of Kev Smith's beard. A spokeswoman later said, "I was only trying to find out how long it would take to get used to whiskers." (They'll never suit you, dear.)

On the bed lay the beautiful forms of Don West and Steev Higgins, their arms entwined around each other. At first glance one might think they were just exhausted after their latest literary efforts, but the ecstatic expressions on their faces told of hidden passions which were revealed only to the camera I so conveniently found in my hand. I'd love to print those photos, but I know you sensitive readers would be upset by such pornography.

The other bed supported the form of that giant of the literary critical world, Joseph Nicholas. He was busy doing his somnambulant balancing trick with two empty beer cans. Was there something symbolic about the beer cans being empty? (Another 194-page letter wings its way from Joseph's pen.)

It was all too much for this reporter, who couldn't stay after 5 a.m. - when everybody was thrown out. And they didn't even accept Luncheon Vouchers.

#### The Funcon

Yes, there was fun to be had  
- in a bar that did stay open late;  
- in reasonably cheap, edible food;  
- in a really good fan room.

Yes, ALBACON was nowhere near the disaster everybody had anticipated, but this was despite the committee, not because of it. A great tribute goes to Jim Barker and Jimmy Robertson who, in the face of great odds, such as a fanroom 10 floors from the nearest bar, managed to provide a haven for many people. The fanroom displays were interesting and the programming entertaining. I only hope Jimmy enjoyed his own fanroom as much as we enjoyed it.

Going back to the organisation hassles, however, the committee were very lax on several points - most of which are elaborated in other zines. One example, however. Eve and I found ourselves in PR1 (the only publication we received) listed as A. S. and S. P. Harvey. This was duly reported to Bob Shaw at Novacon, but obviously he didn't like our real initials, so we went around the convention incognito. Still, it gave people something to say to me - "What's the A. S. stand for?"

### L E T T E R S



Er, well, yes... It's a little difficult to do this section when most of the letters are dated summer 1979. I must improve my schedule - that'll have to be another New Year's resolution next year.

Anyway, if people are kind enough to respond, I think it is only fair to give them the ego boost they require, so here goes.

Dave Webb (22/4/79)  
David Lewis (26/5/79)  
Andrew Stephenson (20/5/79)  
John Steward (15/5/79)  
John Owen (8/5/79)  
etc....

As you can see from the dates, I'm a little late. So the content of the letters is not exactly topical now - still, you did all get your name in print, and isn't that what the ballgame is all about?

So that's it for the letters - see next issue for the next exciting installment.

*To finish with, I'd like to subject you all to another couple of notices that tickled my fancy. The first hits very near the heart for John and I since it seems tailor made for both our organisations. I'm sure it must fit many other firms - if we're not doing well, we'll change our name....*

"We trained hard, but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up in teams we would be reorganised. I was to learn later in life that we tend to meet any new situation by reorganising, and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress, while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralisation."

Caius Petronius, AD66

*And finally, a little light spot that appeared in the dark days of my imprisonment at Secretary for SEACON. It shows how that job gets to you if you need something like this to brighten up your day, but you must admit, it is nice...*

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE  
DETROIT, MI 48233

Dear Postal Customer:

We sincerely regret the damage your mail received during handling by the Postal Service and hope this incident will not seriously inconvenience you. We realise your mail is important to you and you have every right to expect it to be delivered in good condition.

Although every effort is made to prevent damage to the mail, occasionally this will occur because of the great volume handled and the rapid processing methods which must be employed to assure the most expeditious distribution possible.

We hope you understand and want to assure you we are constantly striving to improve our processing methods in order that even a rare occurrence can be eliminated.

Please accept our apologies.

MSC Manager/Postmaster

*Isn't that sweet? Why doesn't the British Post Office do something like that?*

**EXPOSED!**

# SEACON Behind Closed Doors



MINUTES OF THE 109TH MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF  
SEACON '79 LIMITED HELD AT 28 DUCKETT ROAD ON  
SUNDAY 32ND JULY AT 2PM

MINUTES TAKEN BY ROBERT JACKSON (RJ)

PRESENT: Malcolm Edwards (ME), Leroy Kettle (LK), John  
Steward (JS), Graham Charnock (GC), Pat Charnock(PC),  
Peter Weston(PW) - Managing Director, Colin Lester(CL),  
Eve Harvey (EH).

APOLOGIES: Apologies for absence were received from Peter  
Roberts (PR).

1. The meeting started promptly at 2.00 pm.
2. Minutes of the last meeting were agreed as being a true  
and correct record of the proceedings.
3. BUDGET  
Budget figures were revised upwards - again. See list  
attached with corrections on PW's figures by JS.
4. BLOOD DRIVE  
It was agreed there should be a blood drive at the convention.
5. PUBLICITY  
CL reported satisfactory progress on advertising for the  
Programme Book.
6. FAN ROOM  
PR reported satisfactory progress on fan room programming.
7. FILMS  
LK reported satisfactory progress on film hire.
8. MAIN & ALTERNATE PROGRAMME  
ME reported satisfactory progress on programming.

.....

Meeting was adjourned at 7 pm.

Next meeting to be agreed once PW has discussed the  
matter with his wife.



DATELINE: SUNDAY 32ND JULY 1979

EVENT: 109TH MEETING OF SEACON '79 LTD DIRECTORS

TIME: 1.30 PM

ENTER STAGE LEFT EVE HARVEY. SEATED AROUND STAGE AMONGST NEWSPAPER WRAPPINGS AND BEER CANS ARE THE REST OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ME Hi, Eve, Kentucky Fried Rat on the table.

LK Better be quick, it's been there since last night.

JS Money.... money.... anyone want any money? Get your cheques here..... Hey, not all at once. Air, give me air!

GC Have you seen my new toy? Calculator with an alarm that makes a great tune when you press the keys. Listen (STABBING AT KEYS) No, that's not right. Hey John, do you know how to work this thing?

JS Er, well, it's a bit modern. I don't know....

(BOTH GO OFF INTO A CORNER, GC STILL FRANTICALLY STABBING AT THE CALCULATOR )

RJ Er....um....yesyesyes... Pete, er, shouldn't we get started?

PW Come on now fans, let's get to work.

CL Is there any more booze left?

PW Come on now, we've got a long agenda to get through and I've got to be back early tonight. Now, we've all had a chance to look at the last (390th) budget figures. Are there any changes,

LK Yes, I've got the revised quote from Samuelson's adding the PA, cine equipment, video, cassette players, diffuse floods....

GC Typesetting and printing on programme book's gone up.

LK Films are going to cost more.

EH Fan Room budget needs to be increased.

TWO HOURS LATER

PW Christ, are we going to make it? Oh, I forgot to tell you all, guess who wrote to me last week. Yup, Bob himself... Here, here's the envelope... his wife says he'll come if his brain's healed in time. I sent him some pictures of my children... only trouble is, he wants us to do a blood drive at the Metropole.

PC Christ, no Pete.....

LK You must be joking....

ME Bloody hell...

LK Well, are you going to be first in line Pete?

EH We can't Pete, we'll be a laughing stock.

PW Oh, come on now Committee, I'm most disappointed in you, you've really let me down on this.

BRRR..... BRRR..... BRRR.....  
GC Eh, what... (Waking up) Oh, it's working.... that's the alarm on my new calculator, I set it for 4pm..... are we still on item one of the agenda?

PW OK then, we'll leave the blood drive and move on to item 2... Publicity. Colin?

CL ZZZZZZZZZ.....

PW Colin?

CL Eh, what? Oh, it's my bit. Well, we've got lots of ads in the Programme Book. ZZZZZZZZZ.....

BRRR.....BRRR..... BRRR.....  
(ME RISES TO ANSWER TELEPHONE. TALKS IN DULCET TONES FOR A FEW MINUTES)

ME That was Peter Roberts, he says programming for fan room is going fine. All planned now. Wants to keep it a surprise though. All he's got to do is ask the people on the programme, but he says he can do that at the con.

PW Right, item 3....

BRRR..... BRRR..... BRR.....

GC Eh, that's another hour - I set the alarm again

MEETING CONTINUES

BRRR.... BRRR..... BRRR....  
GC Six o'clock  
BRRR.... BRRR.... BRRR....

GC Seven o'clock

PW Christ, we'll have to leave the rest of the agenda till the next meeting. Eileen will kill me, she made me promise to get home early. Well done, Committee, I think my convention is going to be great.

# UFOs SIGHTED OVER SCI FI CON

Our reporter was in Brighton last weekend, covering the 37th World Science Fiction convention at the Metropole Hotel, when he witnessed the most amazing sight.

DAILY MUNG , 31 AUG 1979

## NEW DOPE ROUTE FEARED

Police in Brighton and London are at present investigating the unusual occurrences of Monday, 20th August. They fear that a new smuggling route may have been established between Morden and Brighton.

Chief Constable Robert Wilkins of the Sussex Constabulary said, in a prepared statement: "Our suspicions were aroused when, on the morning of the 20th, a 35-cwt van was observed leaving the residence of Mr & Mrs J Harvey at 9.30 a.m. This was noted by our counterparts in Morden as a highly suspicious move since no sign of life is usually seen at the house in question until at least midday."

### THE BRIGHTON RUN

Apparently two other suspicious characters were seen in the company of the Harveys, one - a bearded, furtive person - was observed riding in the back of the van, obviously to protect the substances being carried, whilst the other rode in the cab with the two people under investigation. The van was then observed proceeding along the Brighton road at a very sedate pace - again a highly unusual occurrence obviously aimed at preventing detection.

### THE METROPOLIS CONNECTION

At their destination, many plain boxes were unloaded and stored at the Metropole Hotel, one of Brighton's more salubrious inns, and the team returned to Morden. Local plain-clothed detectives staked out the premises and observed yet more packages being loaded and the van was then trailed back to Brighton, this time merely with Mr & Mrs Harvey. These two unloaded the van again and proceeded to another residence in Brighton - obviously a ruse to cover their tracks.

### FINAL PROOF?

The police were alerted again by a vigilant neighbour who reported seeing the couple back in Morden again at 7.45 am on Tuesday. A police spokesman in Morden said: "This was conclusive proof that something was up - to get back by that time, the couple under observation must have left Brighton at 6.30 a.m. - something absolutely unheard of, the stakes must be very high."

### POLICE FOOLED

Unfortunately the nefarious duo managed to give the police the slip by switching vehicles and loading the last of their illicit haul into their saloon car and making a third trip to Brighton incognito. Police are investigating the Metropole connection and hope to make an arrest within the week.

In the early hours of Monday morning he, amongst others seated around the stairwell, witnessed a close encounter of the third kind. Floating up the stairwell were a group of aliens. The leader, a large black creature with a short tail, resembled, uncannily, a dustbin liner; the others were smaller and more brightly coloured - obviously children.

This sighting was corroborated by many of the people present and the aliens were seen later out over the sea, most probably returning to their mother craft.

Next morning the doorman of the Metropole Hotel reported another sighting. At about midday a group of the young aliens were seen flying over the roof of the Metropole towards the town centre. A reconnaissance trip?

When questioned about these happenings, two of the delegates to the conference - Mr J Williams and Mr J Barker - denied all knowledge of the aliens. They said: "Utter rubbish, they were just a bin liner and some balloons filled with helium." Since most of the delegates were adamant in their denial of any connection with UFO spotters, perhaps the word of these two men should be taken with a pinch of salt.

Surprisingly, however, one of the organisers, Mrs E Harvey, also claimed the aliens did not exist, but she had been seen in the company of the two aforementioned previously, and so might have been "bought out" by them.

The one remaining question is, however - WHAT DID THEY WANT?

Jan Zide

THE MAKING OF SEACON BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

(Being by way of explanation of the preceding five sides)

by

John Harvey (he did the cover as well)

Seacon Behind Closed Doors was originally conceived some time before that illustrious event. It was intended to be the expose of the power struggles behind the scenes - Peter Weston stripped bare (perish the thought)! Eve and I wanted to disclose the bungles leading up to the fan event of the decade, but which diplomacy and cowardice prevented us from doing at the time.

Well, the concept was fine and the timing should have been great. Publish the damning document immediately after Seacon and fandom, still reeling from 5 days of excesses, would be stunned with amazement that the committee even managed to find the hotel, let alone get the date right. (Come to think of it, Peter was telling us about the other Seacon held at the Metropole about the same time. He made out it was a scales convention - but now I'm beginning to wonder...)

So with lightening speed we started to put it together. Get it out for the One Tun in September, and even if it's not too good, at least it will have been the first one. Well, the first thing to go was the bitterness. In our state of advanced shock, exposure and exhaustion we just couldn't be bothered to be angry any more. Hell, it was over, let's just settle down to the reminiscences. We'll keep the title, though, it sounds good. During a couple of slack days at work Eve had the inspiration for most of the articles, and with some input from me we had the first five pages typed and duplicated, but that sixth, what the hell could we say for that. Well, we'll leave it till the October Tun, better to leave it than attempt to fill a page just for the sake of it. You guessed, in November, looking at what had been done so far, a sense of dissatisfaction began to creep in. We realised that, as time went on, the sixth side would never be completed since the major asset to the whole thing was its promptness. So the already duplicated sheets were put on one side and would (should?) never have seen the light of day, but along came FEAPA.

I must confess to having mixed feelings towards APA's. Basically I cannot see a point in it all, especially in the UK. When FEAPA appeared Eve & I had doubts about contributing towards it and probably couldn't or wouldn't have done so if Joe Nicholas hadn't been bemoaning the problem of producing six sides (it's amazing what you discuss at a mind-stretching BSFA collation session). Joe asked whatever had happened to Seacon Behind Closed doors because the idea had particularly appealed to him, being a fan of the TV series, and his "fevered" brain had cast committee members as characters from the programme. It wasn't much of a jump to suggest distributing what we had duplicated so far through FEAPA.

So that, dear patient reader, is why you've had Seacon Behind Closed Doors foisted upon you. So blame Chris Priest, it was his idea to do FEAPA.