



GYNIC

5

CYNIC 5

Contributors this issue include

JEAN FINNEY           Page 7           THE NEW MESSIAHS

and

JHIM LINWOOD       Page 14       THE INNER FOCUS   (Fanzine reviews)

All else can be credited to me. The Bryn Fortey piece promised was mislaid. As was Jean's piece, but Fred Hemmings brought it back swearing that he found it "... in a stack of fanzines bought at Chester .." I wasn't at Chester.

Artwork, this issue

DAVE ROWE           pp 8,9,10,19,20,21,26

HARRY BELL          pp 4,5,6,10

ALEXIS GILLILAND   p 22

KEVIN CULLEN       pp 24,25

ARTHUR THOMPSON    p 14

ALAN HUNTER        p 23

ANDREW STEPHENSON pp 3,18 and both covers

Headings and odd horrors by AGB himself.

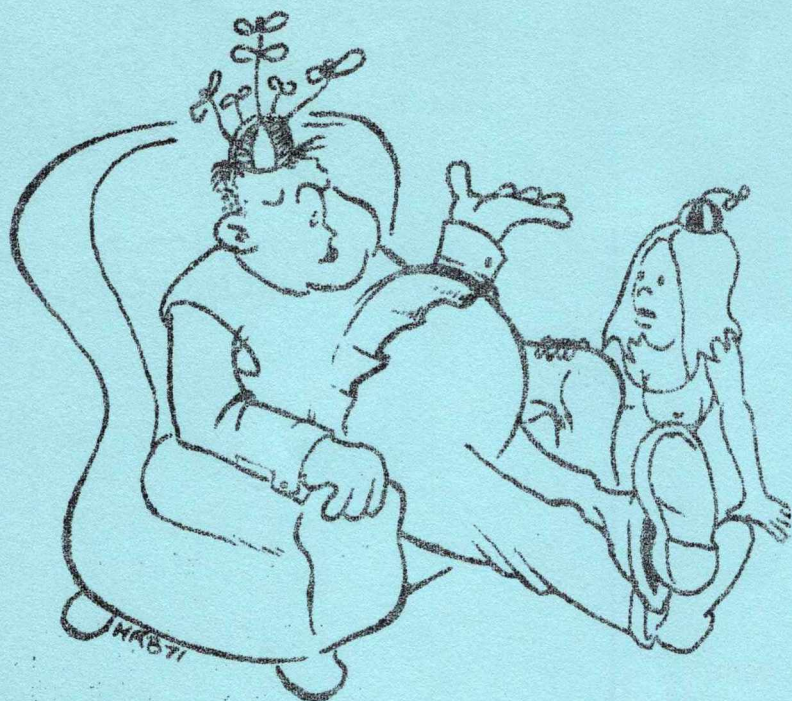
My next fanzine can be obtained in return for a letter of comment, a fanzine of your own, a contribution, a review, 20p hard cash, or because I love you. Kindly do not rely upon the last category.

Remeber: this fanzine runs on egoboo and good reading.

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Cynics are disappointed romantics; they keep looking for someone to admire and can never find anyone.

(Deighton)





# EGGOCENTRE

## THE STATE OF THE ART

A superficial study of the British fanzine scene must leave the observer with severe doubts as to its health. On almost all sides are the crudzines, the crummy zines, the "What's content/layout/reproduction?" zines, the "Be nasty to Bloggs this time" zines and the sheer (let's face it) talentless zines. Is the scene really so bad? There is a great temptation to answer "yes". Not merely to say it, but to shout it from the very rooftops!

I picked up my back issues of EGG to read the other night. (How often do you reread past issues of WADEZINE? VAGARY? HELL?) No, I didn't just read my bits. In his first editorial, Peter lamented the sad state of British Fandom. Times don't change, do they? He said how few fanzines there were around - BADINAGE had folded, and GRIMWAB, and ... yes, times do change. In truth, the state of British fanac has improved since then. EGG is now established, and MAYA, and CYPHER. If SPECULATION is no longer at its peak, in balance VECTOR has rarely looked better. SCOTTISHE goes on as ever; of the new zines, HELL has enthusiasm, LURK promise, and ZIMRI both. Even the fiction side is looking better with SFINX than it did with any of its predecessors.

It doesn't do to be too optimistic. The renaissance of British fanzines has been heralded before, only to lead to grim disappointment as promising zines fold. (Are you really going to do another MOR-FARCH, Peter?) In the present situation,

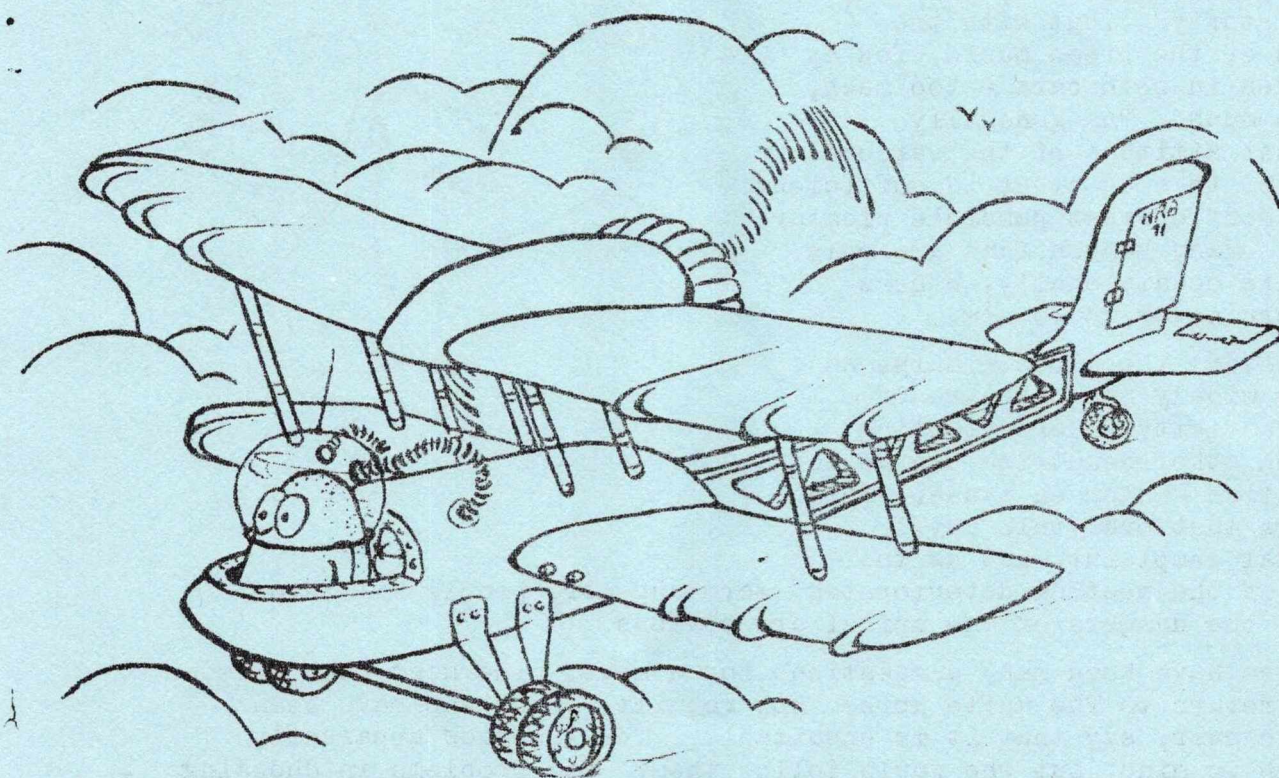
\* \* \* \* \*

I hope that there's nothing wrong with the baby's left eye .....



the sheer multiplicity of fanzines does lead me to at least hope that talent, given an airing, will appear in large measure. It will be an uphill struggle amid the crud, but it will be worth it.

It is fair to add that the use of EGG in this manner does point out one of the advantages of a fannish zine: the ability to step out of the present to view fandom with added perspective, gaining a greater insight past the perhaps misleading immediacies of the situation,



#### ANYONE FOR.....

It does seem a shame that British Fandom is allowing its traditions to disappear. Let me give you an example. At Novacon, as you will remember, there was a choice of ways from the bar to the Con Hall. (Or vice versa, or from the lobby to the Con Hall, or from the dining room to the Con Hall....) One could either walk along the broad corridor at the top of the stairs - this corridor being in use as a lounge - or pass through the lounge parallel to it - thus using the lounge as a corridor. A fine example of redundancy in the system. It does strike me that the lounge was just about the right size to be employed as a ghoddminton court.

How about a tournament this year, Pauline?

Admittedly, few present-day fans have the experience of those two hardened campaigners, James White and Bob Shaw, but surely some kind of

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.....it seems to be watering more than the others.



handicap system could be introduced? One could perhaps ensure that Bob Shaw ate a too-hearty lunch; or insist that James play on his knees, thus reducing him to more human proportions. I feel sure that the well-known ingenuity of the Birmingham Group would prove capable of the task (they could always print the Programme Booklet with stiff covers, to ensure a plentiful supply of bats). On reflection, however, the necessary increase in registration fees to cover damage would rule the idea, ah, out of court.

#### TALES FROM THE WHITE HART

For some time now there have been rumours. No-one, but no-one, actually likes the Globe. It was bad enough before, dark, crowded, grubby, stuffy....but with the addition of the piped music, fed by juke-boxes in both bars - too much, just too much. The generally unpleasant attitude of the various fan groups to each other is sufficient to sour most of what possible pleasure remains. Many London fans are only seen there occasionally, others have sworn never to return.

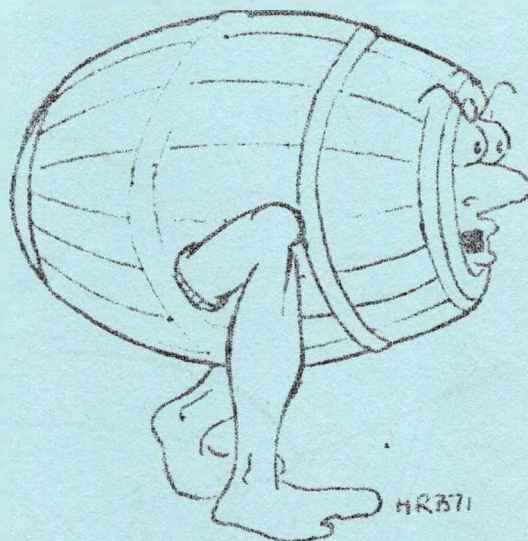
However, the Globe remains as the only widely known centre of fannish activity, where visiting fans from other countries can go to meet British Fandom en masse. This advantage must over-rule any individual complaint, but as the quality of the meeting deteriorates, more and more people will stop coming - the dangers of the spiral are obvious.

There have been many suggestions for a move. The most common seems to be a return to The White Horse, now rebuilt. Fans who have been there, however, say that it is unsuitable. The trendies apparently had a pub in mind, but who would follow them? The problems in choosing a new meeting place are considerable: it must be roomy, central, without additional music or a too-large normal clientele (on the first Thursday of every month, at least). Otherwise there would be no advantage in a move.

As long as the present foul inter-fannish attitude persists, however, I feel that a move would bring little improvement anyway. Though it may become possible to hold conversations again. No doubt the inertia of fandom will prove to large for any such change, and the meetings will continue to be held in the time-hallowed place.

I shall continue to go, swearing every time "Never again!" And every time someone will say to me "X will be there - you can't miss X!" And surely enough I shall fall again for the insidious lure, for after all, I wouldn't want to miss X. Or perhaps I would want to hand out a few copies of my latest fanzine, or collect some artwork, or hand over a column.....

It would be nice to try somewhere else, though.



Much as I hate to say anything reasonable about anyone .... LRAK

Jean Finney

# THE NEW MESSIAHS

The new awakening is here. Heed the new Messiahs and save your sanity. Yes, we want you to join in the new religion, become a Scifist, and choose who you want to be God.

That's the word that's going about, but what would you say if I told you that the new Messiahs preach in a secret place in the capital, on the sacred first Thursday of every month? You wouldn't believe it? Well, I've had the luck to be taken there to be made wholly on several occasions by their faithful followers and I've actually seen them, and heard them preach. Of course, they do differ from the other Messiah we've heard about for so long. They don't brag about their birth, and they're not relying on any half-deaf shorthand typist to write their orations down; this lot actually do it themselves in the privacy of their own homes, and they get paid for it. After getting this far it's not fair to keep my impressions of these learned men to myself, so I'll tell you about them. Messiahs vary in their dimensions, intelligence, outlokk and general appeal, and each has his own philosophy, but in general each can be placed in one of five categories.

the words are  
made flesh

## The Father Figure

He is usually of medium height, with an ever-smiling 'homely' face. He sees his writing as a normal nine-to-five job, except that he works shorter hours and he knows the tea girl intimately. Often portrayed sitting in front of a roaring log fire, smoking a pipe and reading one of his own doctrines, while his children busy themselves writing their own bedtime stories. His wife hates him for his calloused finger-tips, but fills her day by doing charitable works and composing lyrics to accompany her husband when he plays his electric typewriter. The Father Figure is not often seen in public but on those rare occasions he holds a small group in raptures as he theorises on his self-satisfying sexual adventures as a school-boy.



## The Count

He always arrives at the meetings after you have, and the uninitiated does not always realise that this has been pre-arranged. If the truth were known, you're certainly sure that you've heard a car draw up outside several times, followed by the soft lapping sound of a carpet (red?) being unrolled to the front door, you've had a fleeting glimpse of a head around the door, quickly retracted, and then the sound of retreating footsteps followed by an oath as if someone was trying to get 12 yards of carpet into a Mini, but then you couldn't be sure. Yes, indeed, you find that his entrance is pre-ordained, but isn't it worth waiting for? The flamboyance with which it is executed is second to none. This regal figure, a prince amongst men, hovers framed in the doorway, creating Dali outlines in the air with carefully executed thrusts and parries of his cigarette, causes the quiet before a momentary storm and widespread suppressed grins. His presence cannot be mistaken as he stands on zibar, although you really imagined him as the 17 year old RAF cadet portrayed on the fly-leaf of his latest book of parables. He has grace and charm reminiscent of Valentino, and impresses one with it ad nauseam. He is given to striking poses whilst explaining his doctrine, has a deft right wrist and executes to perfection the buttock-flick; he is also adept at raising his left hand above the crowd and clicking his fingers, his form of blessing. He is a God already, and loves women to sit on his right hand.

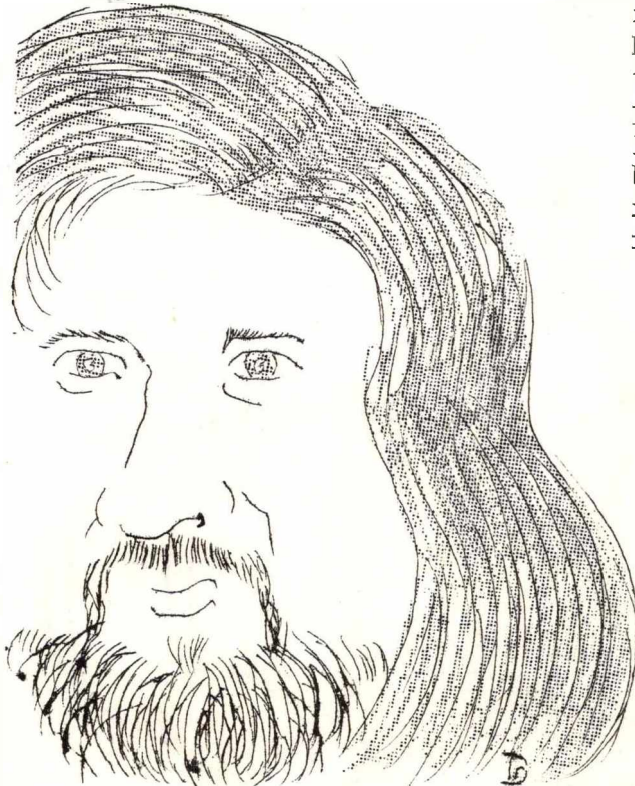


### The Dandy

There is a touch of the old world about this Messiah for, like a prior prophet's head, he is often served up at meetings on a silver platter handbeaten by his long-suffering wife. He holds the most expansive and expensive but most popular of philosophies, and is the only Messiah to practice as he preaches before your very eyes. He indulges in his seven cardinal delights; food, women, clothes, women, drink, women and last of all women. His writings are dismissed as a passing phase by his rivals in the deity stakes - in fact, one of them was heard to say that his memory will sink slowly below the horizon, as his wave of success dashes against the rocks, and the flow of the tide will bring in fresh-looking garbage. That's only inter-doctrinal bitchiness though, for as far as I can see the Dandy is the most successful, the most charming, and the Messiah most likely to make it.

### The Cowhand

He is the ultimate in physical dimensions and his presence can be overwhelming. Never has he been seen at the meeting place without being garbed in leather attire; in fact, some suspect him of wearing it where it can't be seen. He is given to expansive and explosive gesticulations, indeed many have been trampled and maimed under his holy foot as he metered out punishment to those who displeased him. He loves riding and has many offspring to prove it. The religion he preaches does not allow him to buy liquid refreshment for himself, but fortunately his numerous followers queue to provide it for him.



(Continued over)

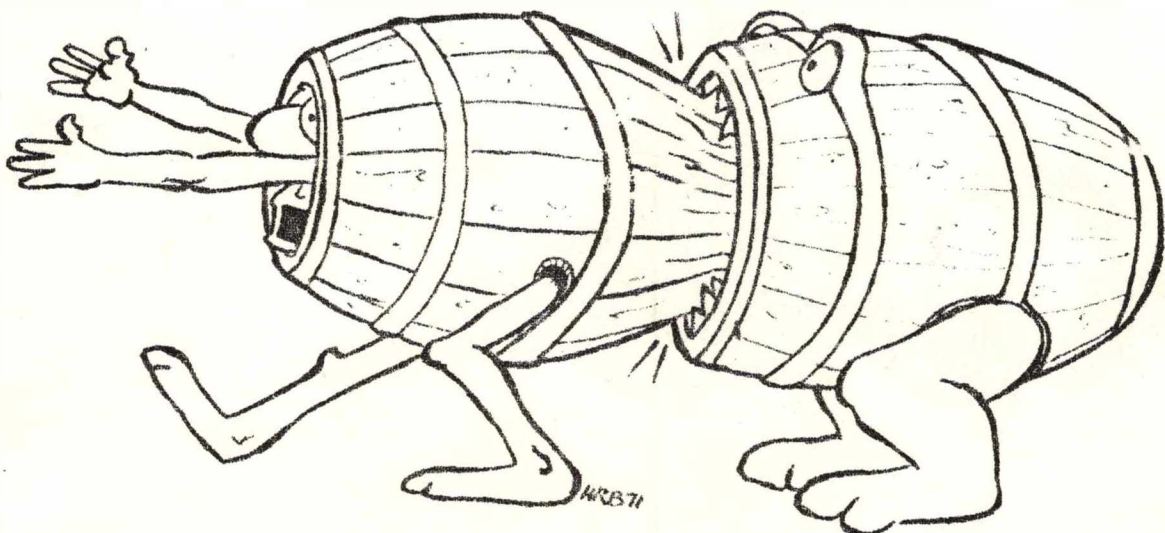


## The Hush Puppy

He is everyone's idea of a pet. He is long-suffering, as shown in his big doggy eyes, he is furry and lovable and would do well in Dulux advertisements. Although he knows that he is the master, he has been known to lick the feet of his most ardent followers as he sometimes needs the help of willing minions to clear up his mess on the carpet. He has a streamlined body, offering no resistance to insults, though his tight-fitting collar and chain cause him to wince. He can expound several quite different philosophies fluently and will vent forth to anyone depending on his mood, the company he is in, or the state of his finances.



Now the new Messiahs want as many followers as they can get because the more people who read their doctrine and follow them, the sooner they will be deified. So please try, even if only for the novelty of it all, try and make the pilgrimage to the secret meeting place. You may be nauseated, you may be amused, but remember ... when you spill beer over someone there, stare at him a little. He might be expecting it and he might one day be God.



# THE LONG TREK

Gray Boak

"What happened to the rest of you - ten set out, but there's only four back...."

The initial blame could, I suppose, be placed at Tony Walsh's door, but he was sensibly asleep at the time. Simone was one of the group, however, so the family was represented.

On the invitation sheets was a sub-title: The Brunel Bridge Sunrise Observance Society. So we set out to observe the sunrise from the Brunel Bridge, also known as the Clifton Suspension Bridge, and one of the sights of the city of Bristol. Only ten of us set out: Newport's Bryn Fortey, Birmingham's Helen Eling, Vernon Brown and Pat. (Pat who? I don't know: Vernon's Pat, anyway. Simone and Peter Rabbit on their home ground. From Surrey came Jan Geldart and your chronicler, from Manchester Tony and Marjorie Edwards. These last two rather damaged the fannish balance by being married to each other. (I hesitate before mentioning the fact, for fear of starting a trend, but the truth must be told.



So we walked to the bridge. Along the streets, over the Downs, up a long straight road lined with trees and an occasional parked car with steamed-up windows (yes, at 3:30 in the morning). I assured Jan that this was the drive up to the Mayor's House. Peculiarly enough, but for an eventual zig-zag and a junction, it was! My reputation as a geographer was assured.

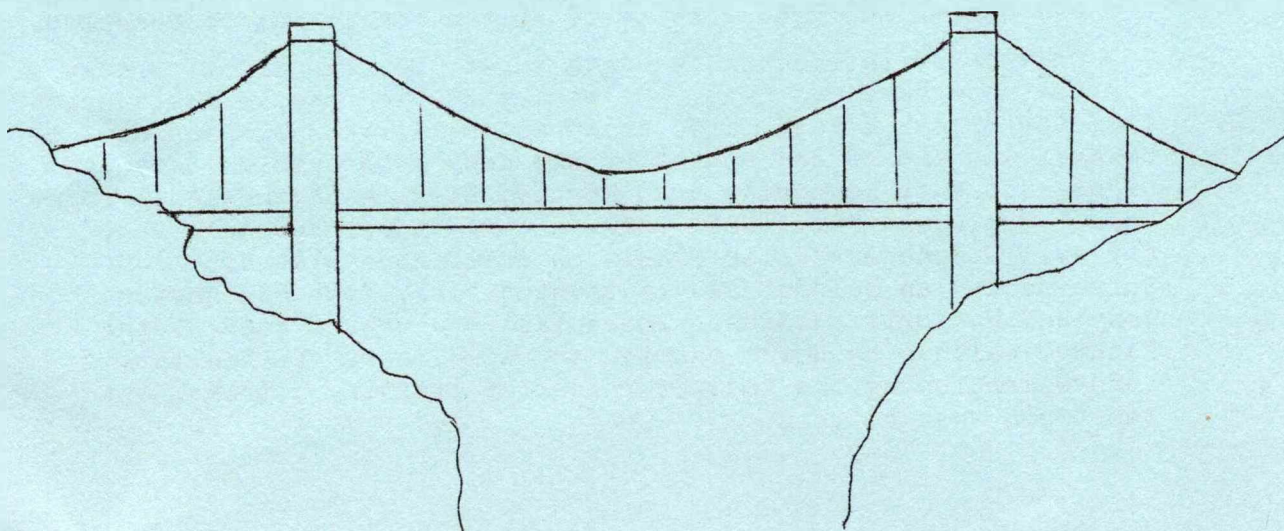
We walked on. Past the Mayor's house, along by the park, through into the undergrowth.

"It wasn't this far last time we came," I moaned to Simone.

"Last time we brought the car half-way."

Crushed, I climbed up to the Observatory in (comparative) silence and there below us were Bristol, the Gorge and the Bridge. To hearty congratulatory noises, and the handing around of a bottle of whisky (for the warming of our chilled bloods) we descended a bank and arrived at the bridge. The somewhat sleepy gatekeeper seemed reluctant to accept that these pedestrians actually intended to pay to cross the bridge at this ungodly hour. Eventually he accepted our pittance, we walked to the centre of the bridge and adopted our several anticipatory poses. (Arm around Pat, arm around Jan, arm around Marjorie .... you get the idea. It was cold.)

The sky was completely overcast. Down in Somerset, it was raining. Over the city, the clouds did seem somewhat lighter. None of us, of course, had bothered to check on the actual time of sunrise, listed in any of several almanacs. The sun had probably risen while Simone (I think it was Simone) had been exclaiming encouraging comments (I think they were encouraging) to the occupants (if any) of the parked cars we had passed. No-one had answered. To pass the time, we made use of the bridge-mounted binoculars to examine a car chassis half-buried in the mud beneath us, and lighted windows in the Brand Spa Hotel. If one of us saw anything worthwhile, the discovery was not passed on to the others.



To commemorate the occasion, at least until the passing of the next dredger, we scribed our names on the inside of a cigarette packet, which was placed inside the (now empty) whisky bottle, and consigned to the river. Comparing the width of the river to the widths of the mudbanks, it is a tribute to the sobering effect of a long walk that the bottle landed in the water.

Then we set off, two by two, for the return. Passing the Mayor's House, we turned right at Peter's old school (which I swear quivered in its foundation when it saw him), and headed past the Zoo. Once, Vernon, only once! Our close-knit group was beginning to spread out a little by now. Helen and I were setting the pace, with Bryn and Jan behind. Peter, Simone and the two Edwards were in a group following, whereas Vernon and Pat were already trailing..... Coming up to the Blackboy Hill Bryn and Jan closed the gap, waited for me to choose the right way home, and then zoomed into the lead. Vroom, vroom (well... plod, plod.)



Reaching the White Tree, we looked back. In the middle distance we saw Simone lead the middle group down a sidestreet. My recently-earned reputation as a guide was suddenly doubted.

"She's only doing that to worry us....."

There was no sign of Vernon and Pat.

When we finally staggered back into the Walsh's hallway, to the amusement of the party's few survivors, my faith was justified. Simone brought three others in sometime later....

Many minutes later the door opened, and in fell Vernon. He just lay where he fell, breathing heavily, grimacing at the revellers. Not at all his usually happy self. Pat staggered over his prostrate body, grinned apologetically, and slumped down next to him.

We all slept where we sat, despite the early hour and the church bells. We thought that we deserved it. Trying to feed Vernon breakfast a few hours later - now that's another story altogether.....

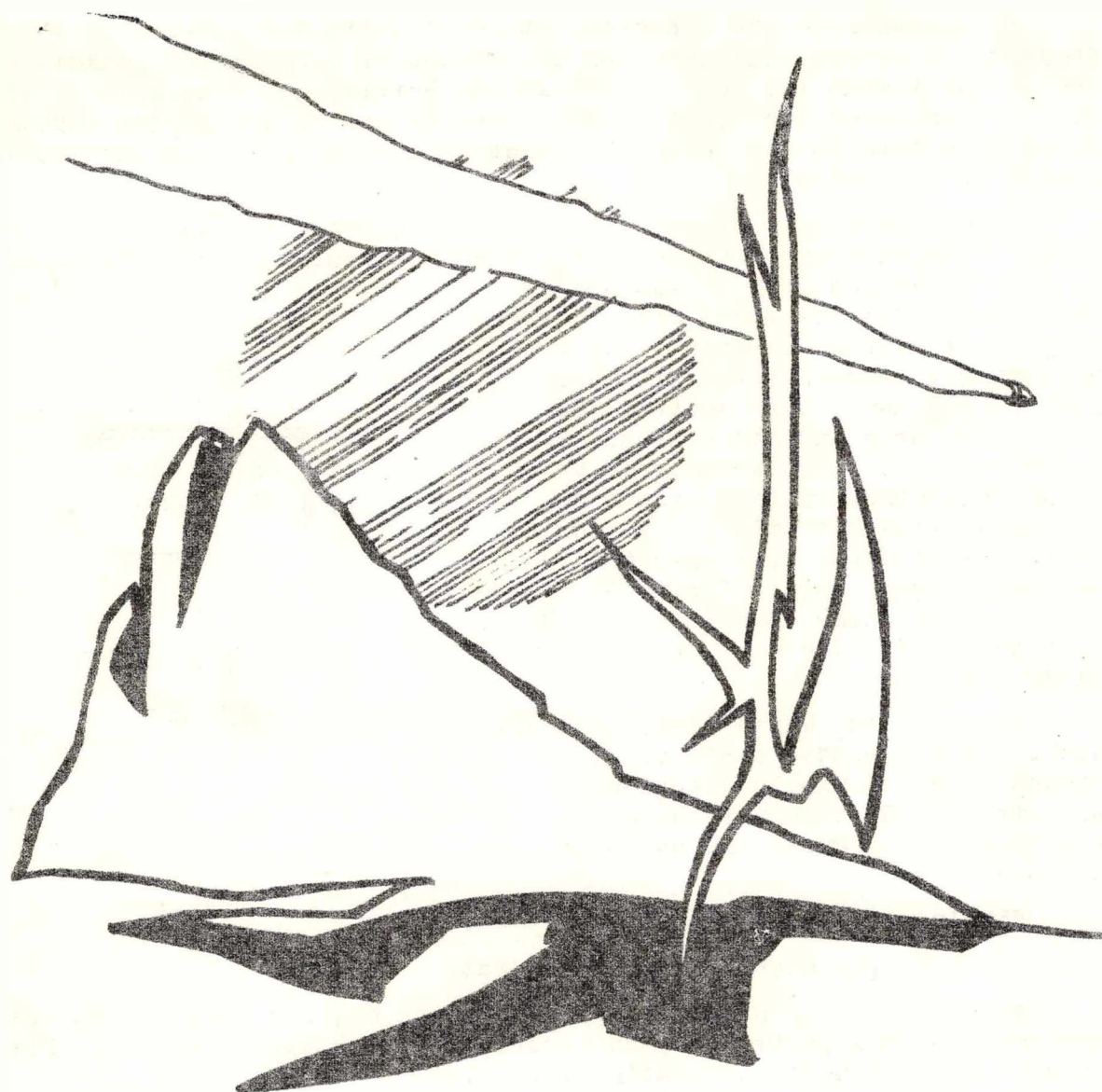
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#### THE ISSUE AT HAND

(Title for the benefit of Dave Hulvey.)

As can be seen, the death of CYNIC has been much over-rated. As assorted people can tell you, I have long intended to cry Halt! at the fifth issue, and look back to see what I have done, around to see its effect (if any) and forward to see what to do next. It is true to say that Britian no longer has such a crying need for a fannish fanzine - not that C has ever been quite what it was intended to be in that line - but I like doing fanzines, and it seems a shame to have to start all over again with yet another title (despite those people who will insist on reading too much into it). So...I'd particularly appreciate your comments on this issue, there being no backlog to affect the approach of C6....





Jhim Linwood

# THE INNER FOCUS

Bruce Gillespie's SF Commentary 26 should be the most exciting thing in fan publishing at the moment. Perhaps it is defeated by its size (120pp) which makes reading a chore rather than a pleasure. Cut down to a reasonable length (say 60pp) SF Commentary would be the best sercon zine around.

To list the contributors would fill a whole side (the contents page reads like a Who's Who on the current SF scene), but highlights include Gillespie on that much-written-about author Aldiss, Darko Suvin on the poetics of SF, and John Gibson on prehistoric SF. Artwork is non-existent, but as no-one is doing anything exciting at the moment it's no great loss.

Next to America, the focus of fan activity seems to have passed from Britain to Australia. There has always been a healthy fandom down-under (Vol Molesworth, where are you?) and with the decline of the great British fanzine it has finally come into its own.

Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia  
 Loc, Contrib, trade. \$3 for 9  
 British agent: Malcolm Edwards, 75A Harrow View, Harrow, Middlesex.  
 £1:50 for 9 (surface) £4 for 9 (air)

Ed Connor's MOEBIUS TRIP 13 begins with an interview of James Blish by Paul Walker. This is carried along by the strength of Blish's articulation and erudition as Paul's questions are rather dumb; questions which could be given to almost any writer of SF for they bear little relation to Jim's own work or personality. Blish seems reticent over his Star Trek adaptations; I was surprised to see the name of one of SF's leading writers on the covers of these dreadful nothings, but a guy's gotta eat....

The fmz has several well-written articles, notably Alex Vitak attempting to define SF and Robert Weinberg on the cultural shock of continual change (he recommends fandom as a useful timebinder). The 3 or 4 line fanzine reviews are the zine's weakest point. They are simply a waste of space, and make me wonder just what use are fmz reviews of this kind. Reviews of reasonable length are useful to test reaction against a known yardstick (your favourite neighbourhood fmz reviewer): a page of indignant response is more likely to make the subs roll in than one-worded reviews, good, bad, recommended, fair etc. Moebius Trip is good and recommended.

Ed Connor, 1805N, Gale, Peoria, Illinois 61604, USA  
 Trade or 2 for \$1

Pete Weston in SPECULATION 30 attacks the Rottensteiner's "hysterical" book reviews and questions the worth of reviews not written by a published author. If so, then why Speculation? I am surprised at Pete taking this line as his own reviewing is far from nice to any writer who displeases him; Lem, Dick and Lem again.

John Foyster, who also falls foul of Pete's scorn, vindicates himself in a review of Blish's More Issues At Hand. I disagree with John when he surmises that Campbell started to espouse crackpot theories to boost Astounding's circulation. Campbell wanted to be identified as the patron of some new and revolutionary "scientific" system. His need to be remembered as something other than a mere editor of an SF zine took him down some pretty strange blind alleys before he finally lost his credibility.

The boob of the issue is Creath Thorne's review of the Harlan Ellison collection Over The Edge. Up to date stuff this; the book was published two years ago! He spends  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the article writing in general terms of

\*\*\*\*\*  
 The women returned to their discussion.....



Ellison, lists the titles of the stories, and devotes a sentence or two to one story, Pennies off a Dead Man's Eyes. What he writes clearly shows through its mistakes that the story was either not read or just skimmed, thus invalidating the whole review.

No point in saying that this ish is, as usual, excellent. Without Spec and possibly three or four other zines Anglofanpubbing would be a joke.

Pete Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK  
Trade, contrib, 5 for £1

Eric Lindsay's GEGENSCHEN 5 has an article by Clive Morley on Nietzsche and his Superman philosophy. In his quotations from Thus Spake Zarathustra he refers to the Superman, but Nietzsche's term was Übermensch, which is translated in all English editions as Overman, so where did Superman come from? Morley goes on to disassociate the superheroes of the comics from the Übermensch, but does not look to SF for any counterpart. Gilbert Gosseyn is an obvious candidate; a normal man turned superman by Null-A philosophy, and many of Van Vogt's other heroes achieve near-divinity by subscribing to some crackpot theory currently favoured by the author of John W. Campbell, Jr. Gosseyn is a cut-price cardboard cut-out in comparison to Stapledon's Odd John, but we must discount him from the Superman stakes as he is a mutation not Homo Sapiens. The only true Nietzschean Übermensch in art is perhaps Wagner's Siegfried (written several years before Zarathustra) who held no allegiances to family, state, or religion.

GeG has several good book reviews, and even Don Tuck turns up with a small checklist of the reprint mags. The illos are not notable, but the overall presentation is clean and neat.

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia  
Trade, Contrib, Loc of 35c each.

Nick Shear's AFRICAN 1 is the sll singing, all dancing Bradbury adulation issue. It's a long time since fandom has heard from the Bradbury cultists - it appears that they all emigrated to South Africa. As a boy I loved Bradbury; lived, breathed and talked nothing but Bradbury for over a year. He was that rarity, an SF stylist. I became disillusioned when I discovered he was no better than many similar mainstream writers; John Collier, William Saroyan, Gerald Kersh, etc. I saw through the cheap sentimentality of his word imagery, and fell out of love with small town America. I discovered Kerouac, and left Ray with the other toys in the attic.

Among the many hymns of praise there is not one true piece of criticism, no serious assessment. No doubt the Bradbury haters (are they still as legion as they seemed in the fifties?) will rise to the occasion in aFRICAN 2's lettercol.

Nick gives an occasional insight into what life is like inside South Africa; he knows that if his political views were published a visit by a "uniformed gentleman" would be inevitable. It seems that Sex rather than Sadism is censorable by the SA authorities, particularly in the cinema. They quake at the thought of a black buck seeing a naked white woman, but not at showing him how violent whites can be. I wonder what they make of the delightfully subversive Planet of the Apes series?

"How Bradbury must love Ireland" Bill Wolfenbarger. Moebius Trip

"Ray hated Ireland with a passion" Gary Hypes. aFRICAN

.... of whatever it is women discuss.

aFricAN is a nice zine.

Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff 4, Joburg, South Africa.  
Loc, contrib, trade, or 20p to Lisa Conesa (address elsewhere).

STARLING 22 is a nice neat fmz by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell. Both editors make interesting observations on old horror movies, which are now familiar to most of us because of their popular revival on TV.

Hank rhapsodises over Lugosi, who surely must be the most over-rated of all actors. His Dracula comes across like a demented old queen, made more camp because we are not shown just what he does to his victims.

Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201 USA  
Trade, loc, contrib or 50c each.

Andy Porter's ALGOL 18 must be fandom's most attractive looking zine. The line-up is even more impressive; Bester, Swann, Lupoff, Ted White, Silverberg plus artwork by Bode, Cawthorn and Rotsler. Algol inhabits the wasteland between amateur and professional; its immaculate layout makes it seem much better than it is, but it is still a unique zine.

Ted White brings tears to the eyes in "My Column", showing how his salary for editing "Amazing" and "Fantastic" (150 dollars per month) qualifies him for the breadline. He goes on to show that a reasonably successful writer is in a similar position. Perhaps Ted is familiar with the late Alan Herbert's campaign for authors to receive a small royalty every time one of their books is loaned out from a public library. In the UK, libraries are the largest market for books - without them the whole book publishing world would collapse.

Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York, NY 10017, USA  
Contrib, loc, trades arranged. 4 for \$3  
British agent: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey. £1:25 for 4

Some anglofanzines remind me of starship stories in which operational procedures have been turned into a religion when their original function has been forgotten. Petes Presford and Colley's MADCAP 1 is such a zine.

The editors appear to think that all one needs to create a fanzine are a con-rep, book and record reviews, poetry, a science spot, and an apologetic editorial. Yet to call Madcap a fanzine is like calling Robert Heinlein a liberal. The zine lacks an egocentric editorial presence (one of the editors has to go), it lacks style, and worst of all: it bores.

Madcap's worst point is the four pieces of uninspired doggerel passing as poetry, easy to inflict on a fandom noted for its lack of appreciation for good poetry.

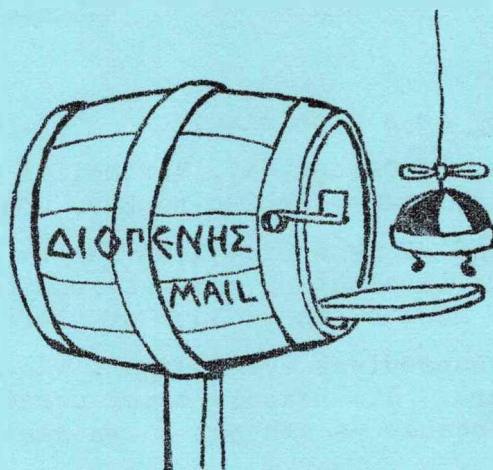
That the editors have managed to produce a reasonably well duplicated 22pp zine shows promise, perhaps Madcap 2 will be a fanzine.

Pete Presford, 10 Dalkeith Road, South Reddish, STOCKPORT, SK5 7EY  
No rates given

\* \* \* \* \*

The mimeo is mightier than the Sten.





# LIGHTBULBS

Starting with the serious stuff....

ROJE GILBERT, Department of Genetics, University College of Swansea,  
Singleton Park, SWANSEA, SA2 8PP, Wales.

Why attack me personally? Especially with half-truths. There were two places to fill on the committee; one was vacant, the other occupied by John Hart. Vic and I were voted on; who's to say who filled which place? You? Have you that authority? No. Then retract it.

This so-called insulting of Darroll. It resulted from a letter from Vic Hallett and I (funny how Vic is always whitewashed and me blamed); but Darroll was going to the USA that October and was resigning anyway. The letter made no difference. He told me he'd nearly forgotten it.

I was made Chairman in April '67, aged 20. On January 1, 1968, the BSFA became BSFA Ltd. I was still 20, and therefore legally unable to hold a position on the committee. My actions had very little effect on the BSFA.

So that's why you didn't talk to me after the Sunday. This letter states the truth. I am not entirely blameless, but hardly the villain of the piece. I would like an apology from you and a major retraction of the comments on page 12.

(( True, I can't say who filled which place. None the less, I feel that my comments still stand, if slightly modified. We were told that John Hart had done good things for the BSFA, whereas I (for one) had grave doubts about you. You have gone out of your way to be unpleasant to people in the past - you shouldn't be surprised if your associates are unnoticed in the glare of your reputation. As for Darroll, October is not April, and similarly wasn't so in 1967. In my presence at Bristol, Darroll was angry with you, and gave that as his reason for resigning the editorship. I do apologise over this business of age, I wasn't aware of it. None the less, you were gaffate from fandom during that

The egos shine like lightbulbs.....

Phil Ochs

period: if you were active in the BSFA then it wasn't obvious to the membership. But then, nothing that the BSFA does is ever obvious to the membership. If I didn't talk to you on the Sunday - I really don't recall any positive avoidance - then it could be that I didn't have anything to say to you. As I said last issue, we are on reasonable terms with each other, but you are not one of the people I go to conventions to meet.))

LISA CONESA, 54 Manley Road, Whalley Range, MANCHESTER, M16 8HP

C4 brought back memories, indeed Worcester Con was one great con. It was the best, because it was my first and unforgettable. Reliving it in C was almost as much fun; better, in a way, cos now I know some of the people mentioned within, at the time of the thing itself it was just a lot of names and faces... difficult to remember which was which - or who was who.

Yes, I remember... I remember Roje at Worcester, very charming, amusing, knowledgeable..informative. Told a lot of jokes about foreigners, I laughed and laughed. Did you know that plants have very interesting sex lives? One learns fascinating things at conventions. One learns fascinating things after conventions.

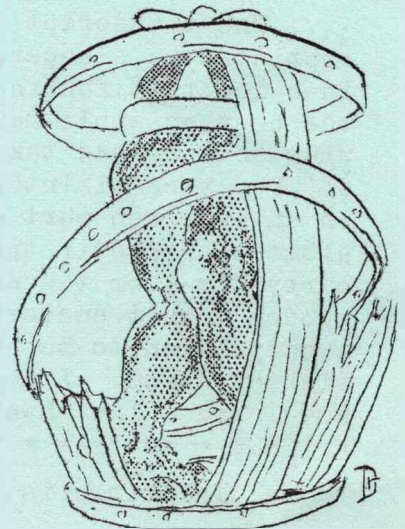
I remember..Jill Adams, who came into the Art/Book room - on the first day of the Con - stood at the top of the stairs, looking down into a room full of people (me included)and called in a voice loud and clear "Lisa Conesa, Lisa Conesa!" Everyone looked round, the name echoed from mouth to mouth, LC herself died, and proceeded to look for the deceased with the others...aaathe shy little flower...

I remember..meeting Brian Aldiss for the first time (my first live SF author standing there and actually breathing - think you must know the feeling, remember meeting your first live SF author?) I just stood there - and died again!

The FAN PANEL was most enjoyable and an excellent idea, I missed it in the flesh and was very disappointed not to have taken part in something like it this year. I've often asked myself the question: WHY DO I PRODUCE A FANZINE? A clear answer to which I can never find, cos the answer would consist of so many different, undefinable things. The main one in my case I think would be that I want to write; have to write, have written for eons, producing a fanzine there's a small chance that someone might read it, and if I can't be a writer proper then fanzines are the next best thing. Also it keeps one in touch with the world of books and writers, young talents and 'old' alike. There's also the chance that one day I might get a MS and only I will see its potential...Exciting thought, don't you agree? In years to come, sitting in my rocking chair... saying to the host of great-grand-children "I discovered this author..." Egoboo? Perhaps, but not just that, there's more...

Fandom is indeed a wonderful thing. I'm agreeing with everything, this will never do! Illoes deserve a mention, but I'm beginning to feel ashamed of liking everything so much....

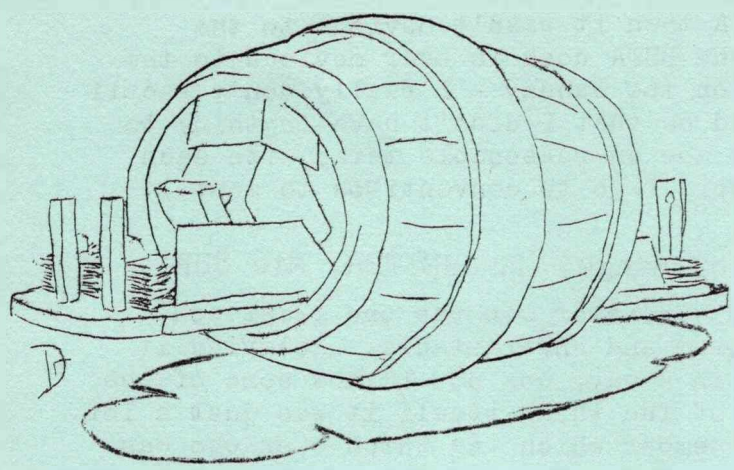
((What a thing to be ashamed of! I do a fanzine in order to receive other fanzines. I do feel that you overrate the connection with the pro world-the critical zines, maybe, but hardly the run-of-the-mill fanzine. The best



Look, I know about the price of paper, but....

\* \* \* \* \*





advice I ever heard for new writers was "Write!" Doing a fanzine, or being involved in fandom in any sizable way, can only use up time better spent writing. It is worth pointing out that the two major talents to emerge from fandom into the pro world made their name in fandom for 'fannish' work rather than amateur SF (Bob Shaw and Chris Priest). Recently, that is. But that is touching on a different argument...))

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, HAGERSTOWN, Maryland, 21740, USA  
Eliza Doolittle Day, 1972

Your convention issue is fine but it presents a philosophical problem peculiar to fandom. Unless I overlooked it somewhere, or unless you've changed your fanzine's name to C, you didn't include the name of the fanzine anywhere. This creates a situation analogous to the old question of whether there is a noise if there's nobody to hear the noise, or merely a series of wave impulses resulting from disturbances in the atmosphere created by some physical happening. Is the person who indexes fanzines playing God if he lists that issue under his heading of CYNIC? Or is a fanzine a sufficient living entity to itself that a title is really superfluous, just as Mia Farrow is quite clearly an individual person bearing that name, but the most minute examination of her body would fail to disclose those nine letters?

Anyway, I enjoyed it very much. It's the most extended account of a British convention that I remember seeing for several years, and there haven't been many accounts of American fan gatherings in one issue of a fanzine that are so thorough for quite a while. Your procedure of telling the event from several viewpoints is both a necessity and an advantage, I imagine, now that cons are mostly too big for any one person to know from all angles from start to finish.

Curiously, I couldn't see any big difference in outlook between the Britishers who contributed and John Berry. This might prove that fans are the same everywhere, or that fans behave in the same manner when they're writing conreports. Since I've been to only a half-dozen American cons and to none outside this country, I'm probably not a good person to make the judgement, but it sounds to me as if a con is still a con whether it's in Worcester or (ugh!) Baltimore.

The transcript of the fan panel discussion would be a useful tool if reprinted as a separate pamphlet, and kept handy whenever someone complains in a loc that fanzines should stick to science-fiction. Ethel described in the best possible manner why most fanzine editors behave as they do, but I wish someone had taken up the distinction between fan and pro. This is one of my pet complaints: the way many people make a distinction between the two in an era when most people who attend conventions have at least a trace element of pro if they're mainly fan, and vice versa. It's probably a carryover from the distinction that is made in athletics, but fandom and prodom aren't contests, except for a few social climbers and persons with a compulsion to be publisher of the best fanzine or winner of the most fiction Hugos. I consider Bob Silverberg a pro when he publishes his new novel and a fan when he makes his annual contribution to a FAPA mailing.

\*\*\*\*\*

The mimeo is mightier than the MiG.



I've made my living out of writing for the past twenty-nine years and people still occasionally ask me why I stopped being a pro after selling a dozen stories to the prozines a decade or so ago.

((I was thinking of retitling the 'zine, as people will keep on expecting it to be cynical - or worse, saying in print that it is! The way things are at the moment, though.....I shall wait a while and see. \* Apart from the moral aspects of minutely examining Mia Farrow's body, I would like to remind people that this is a Goldie Hawn fanzine... \* I was attempting to break out of the rut of convention reports (then I did this, then I did that...) and, as Worcester was a superb convention, I felt that it deserved something special in the way of comment. I hoped to cover all aspects of it, but unfortunately failed to find sufficient contributors. You might find it interesting to look back through your files, Harry, and read the report of BristolCon in BADINAGE 2- it was a similar attempt to produce a 'different' conrep.))

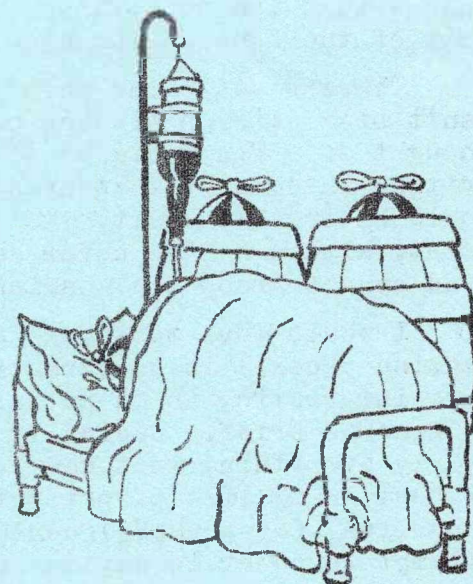
HARTLEY PATTERSON 'Finches', 7 Cambridge Road, BEACONSFIELD, Bucks.

Hm - thank you for Conrep.  
Only 350 days late.... One of your  
anons was me by the way (cheek!).  
I must do something wierd at a Con  
sometime (buy Pickersgill a drink?)  
so I get mentioned in a Conrep.

Look at those photos - everyone  
except me!

Fred (my Gestetner) claims to  
have done 50 fanzines since Worcester  
Con ((dated 14/4/72)) - is this a  
British record? And 35 of them were  
mine.

((Hartley's quote was "Doing  
something about the BSFA is like  
banging your head against a blanc-  
mange." Or so he says. I think  
that Keith Bridges claims it as well,  
however.\* Is that a record? Does  
anyone know?))



MIKE GLICKSOHN  
32 Maynard Avenue #205  
TORONTO 156  
Ontario  
Canada

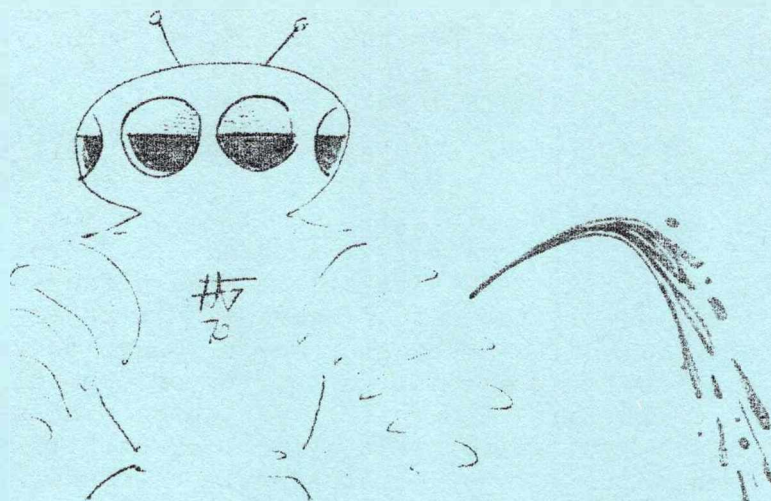
Caught in the rush to Lisa's room  
party, I gather....

I thoroughly enjoyed C4 with its coverage of the con and its insights into some aspects of British fandom. Late or not, it was a very worthwhile effort and I think you're to be congratulated. ((Beam.)) (The highlight of the issue for me was the transcript of the fan panel, and since this sort of material is relatively timeless, it didn't really matter that the issue was so long in preparation. There is another advantage of the fannish fanzine: it ages extremely well. As another sage once put it - "How often do you re-read your old LOCUSES?"

Being British by birth, I have fond hopes of returning again to my homeland and meeting some of the British fans I now know through corres-

\*\*\*\*\*  
Women are the shopstewards of the devil.





porndence and fanzines. The pictures were most appreciated as an identification guide (although I already knew most of the transplanted American fans). Speaking of which, I must admit that John Berry's remarks were the most enjoyable for me. Nothing chauvinistic here, it's simply that being a furriner like me, John felt called upon to explain things that are so obvious to all British fen that they are an accepted part of the fannish language. At last I know what FOULER is, for example!

There's something about picture 8 that really flips me (and it isn't Lisa or even finding out what Phil actually looks like). But the thought of a fan audience at a convention sipping tea is so completely British in concept that even a pseudo-North American such as myself would be freaked by it. Passing a bottle, sure; even handing round a joint, although I've never seen that happen at a panel; but tea? the mind cannot grasp the cosmicness of it all.

I would love to engage any or all of the participants ((in the fanzine panel)) in conversation some day. This sort of topic is far more interesting in an actual discussion than a letter, so I shall keep my remarks brief. Basically I found myself nodding in agreement with nearly everything that had been said. Personal satisfaction comes highest on my list of priorities; for this reason the fanzine my wife and I publish ((ENERGUMEN)) contains a wide variety of material, doesn't attempt to cater to any sub-group or fringe-fandom and has a reputation for neatness and an attractive appearance. I firmly believe that a faned has to have a lot of pride in his fanzine before others will treat it with any respect and we personally couldn't take pride in a sloppily-produced, illegible fanzine. Some people have criticised this approach, but since we're publishing for ourselves, we continue to take the time and effort to produce a physically attractive fanzine. Naturally, egoboo is vital to a fanzine and a faneditor. I know of only one faned who claims he doesn't care what others think of his fanzine and I also know that he's not completely truthful in that claim. I can't quite imagine the fan who could publish into a void without any feedback or egoboo, and still be happy in his role.

I completely agree with Peter that contacting other people is one of the major reasons for publishing. This is one reason I try to locate most fanzines I get, and also the major reasons I trade with so few fanzines. Trading fanzines, although a hoary fannish tradition, is too impersonal for me. I like to receive an individual response so I know that my efforts have been worth something. In the same way I give as many personal responses as I possibly can (there are eight million locs in the

\*\*\*\*\*

We don't serve draught Guinness here, sir.....



Naked Fandom ... this has been one of them). Again, I've been roundly criticised for this, but it's a matter I feel very strongly about.

I too was somewhat surprised at Darrol's publishing philosophy. I can't really see publishing something I didn't like on the off chance that someone else would like it. Perhaps I'm misinterpreting him. That's why I'd rather talk about these matters than write about them!

I can't agree with Ethel either, I'm afraid, on the matter of fan and pro writers in fanzines. It almost seems as if she equates "fan" with "amateur" which just isn't so. And she is wrong if she thinks a stable of pro writers is all one needs for a string of Hugos these days. Purely and simply, a circulation of 1000+ is all one needs, and a 250 print-run fanzine has little if any chance no matter who is writing for it.

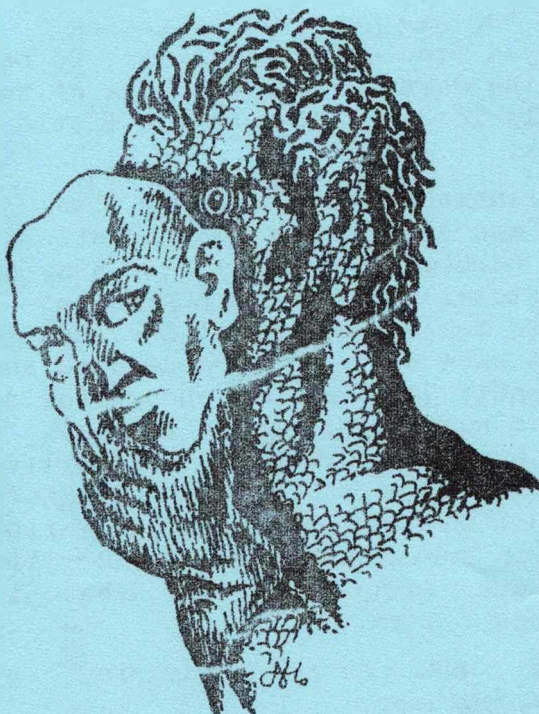
((Thanks for the comments Mike. I'd like to say here that I count comments from people who 'can do' higher than those from neos and of known little thought ... compliments from the editor of ENERGUEN rank very high. I only hope that you're wrong about that print-run, for ENERGU is my favourite of the Hugo contenders .. but the results will be out before C5. \* Lisa doesn't make you flip? Each to his own.... \* I must admit to being very bad about writing locs. Partly lack of time, partly laziness. I do tend to rely on trading more than I should. I did enjoy that copy of ENERGU you sent me... the only zines I do try hard to respond to directly are the better British zines - EGG, MAYA and a few others. Still, I suppose I write about as many locs as I receive - though not always to the same people, alas.))

GRAHAM. R. POOLE  
23, Russet Road  
CHELTENHAM  
Glos.  
GL51 7NL

One thing struck me ((about the con photos)), and you noticed it as well when you said "all the best people wear glasses" including Pete Weston, yourself and me. So I made a survey of each and every con pic and reached the following results. Of the 196 individuals I could distinguish 58 were female and 138 male. Of those 58 women, only 15 wore specs. Of the 138 men 80 wore specs. 26% and 58%. How many, I wonder, wore contact lenses. Either women are more vain ((No!)) or men are more susceptible to eyestrain. I hope it is not due to reading too much sf. No, I'll change my mind. After all, it's a good cause.

However, I fear that it's mainly due to reading poorly duplicated fanzines.

((All the knowledge of the world is contained in fanzines. Who could deny it?))



\*\*\*\*\*  
.....it's bad enough serving it in the public bar!



TERRY JEEVES, 230 Bannerdale Road, SHEFFIELD S11 9FE

I liked the super photopages very much...and naturally hunted like mad to find my face among the elite...woe, woe, woe. Not one shot of the Jeeves pan. It made me feel like one of those story characters who fail to appear on photos...maybe I'm a werewolf or a zombie???

Also very good were the numerous (excellent) fillos scattered throughout the text. Give my praises to Harry Bell for an oopsiliferous job of art work... and also give him a beer, he deserves it.

Black mark for not numbering your pages though. It means I have to refer to the bit about Gill Adams and the loo to identify what I'm on about. Referring to said loo, you say that Gill was unworried by the queue outside the loo, as she had booked in advance. Please tell me, did she have to make a small deposit, or how does one book a loo in advance?

As for that interlineation by Thom Penman..."I want to make fandom intelligent."....my only comment is that charity begins at home.

((AskRoje - he said it, and I don't know. \* I suspect that Harry is getting some of Kevin Cullen's credit (see other comments on the art) but whether that is so or not, I must agree with you. He'll get his beer.))

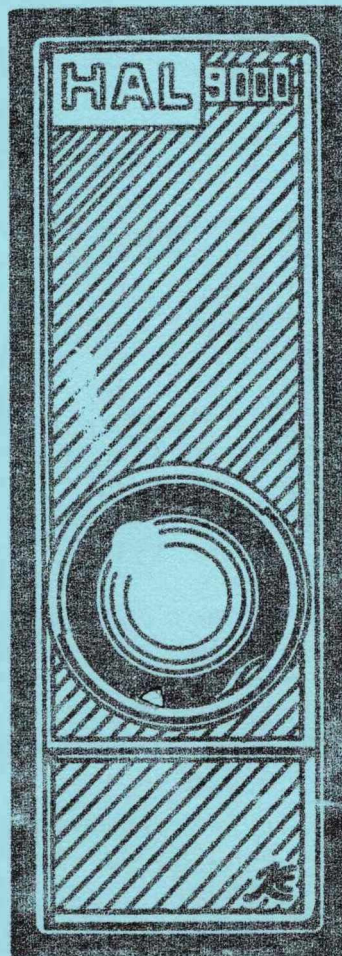
ROB HOLDSTOCK, 15 Highbury Grange, LONDON N5

C4 served a very useful function, namely keeping me amused on a very laborious rail journey to the excellent Chester con. I won't labour this business of conreps twelve months after the day. I guess John Piggott will have earned either your wrath or respect for his gentle nit-picking at delayed fanzine publication. To be honest the most refreshing parts of the tediously long report were the little comments.

I remember at Bristol, my first con and therefore the most memorable, Darroll Pardoe madly scratching away in virtual total darkness as a group of Mary Reed followers, myself included (I don't know why - I think because she was friendly and that was enough for me to feel a part of Crabapple fandom) lounged in a hotel room and said silly things. I was horrified to read EVERY THING said in that hotel room in various SPINGES in subsequent months. Horrified because everything was reported except the things I said.

The genesis of my malingering paranoia, perhaps.

((I notice that John Piggott seems to be finding it harder to produce a zine on time, now he's actually trying it himself.))



\* \* \* \* \*

Translations are like women...



MANFRED KAGE, 8 Muenchen 45, Eduard-Spranger-Strasse 24

This letter is my first reaction to a fanzine for quite a while. Right after HEICON I really was fed up for a couple of months. Gaining my original pleasue again concerning fannish activities the "lack-of-time-trouble" began. We - my wife Margot and I - had to move from the Netherlands to Munich. After having settled in Munich I was transferred to Bavaria to take a course in order to "reach the stars of an officer". Surprising myself I passed. Coming back to Munich I was transferred to another post within my unit and started all over again to get the necessary "know-how". I had to start getting prepared for my second (and final) course. After passing more examinations and pretending to be a good boy I was promoted to lieutenant this 21st of April. As usual in military life I had to change post again, but time permits me to continue my fannish activity now.

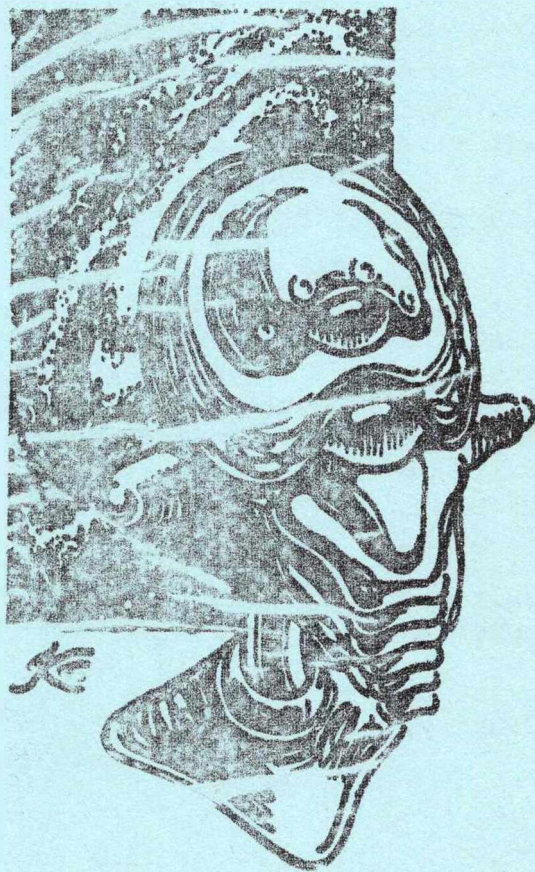
Vernon's contribution amused me quite a lot because it seems that everybody involved in organising a con has to make the very same experiences. Especially as far as enjoying a con and watching the programme is concerned. He mentioned one point which should be considered very carefully before organising a con (in fact he mentioned quite a lot of very good hints, but this one really has priority). It is very important that members of the committee live fairly close to one another in order that meetings can be held as frequently as necessary and at short notice if the occasion arises. The long distances we had to travel for meetings of the committee caused significant difficulties for HEICON.

Furthermore I liked the nice little conreps by certain members of the con although not all are known to me. But reading them all convinced me that it must have been a good con and I felt even more sorry than before that it was impossible for me to attend.

Reading the fan panel with great interest I understood even better the difference of motions forcing one to publish a fanzine. Although I like Ethel a lot I don't agree with her when she said "I am not going to make a profit out of publishing fanzines and therefore don't have to please the readers." Doing it for personal satisfaction - as she stated - is indeed another kind of profit only. And you still have to please the readers in order to make this profit called "personal satisfaction". Producing a fanzine without any reverberation will discourage one pretty soon.

(( That's the best reason for lacktivity I've heard yet. (I trust that all you faneds out there are taking notes?) Congratulations on your success, Manfred. ))

..... either faithful or beautiful.



\*\*\*\*\*



TERRY HUGHES c/o Route 3, WINDSOR, Missouri 65360, USA

The photmontages look like a lot of work, but then I get a lot of pleasure looking at them. I think Pete Weston did really capture the feeling of a covention. The montage included the hotel, the hard-working con committee, the panels, the masquerade, the parties, and the zany warmth that seems evident at such fan gatherings. Bravo, Pete!

A very good title for this con report issue. I really think it would have been better to print each person's account of the con as one piece rather than splitting it up, though perhaps doing it your way it was easier to compare experiences and truthfulness. ((?)) John D. Berry seemed to have written the best of the reports, but the others were enjoyable as well. It seems that John has a real knack for this sort of thing. The Harry Bell cartoon were the best in this issue (esp. the ones on Pp5&7) I enjoy his style more than most of the current British fanartists; though none can touch Arthur Thompson, would that he did more. The lino/quotes you used were marvellous. A perfect touch for a con zine. You should be quite proud. I certainly enjoyed the hell out of it. (You may have to go out and buy a larger beanie now...)

((John's title, too. I gather it was printed in another zine - FOCAL POINT? - as well but cannot confirm, as he didn't mention it. Terry would like me to point out that the above is his parents' adress, he'll be moving around during September and can't provide any other address until settled.))

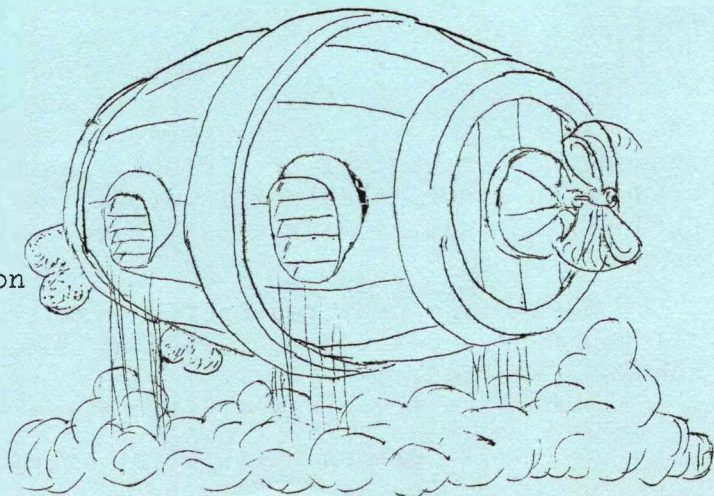
IAHF: Andrew Stephenson, who was sarcastic about my publishing schedule, demanded page numbers, and pointed out that Vernon wasn't smiling, he was gritting his teeth. I can assure you that he has been smiling a lot since he met Pat. Howie Rosenblum, who preferred the conrep to the panel. Mary Legg, who claims to be the anonymous bod who cheered for RUFFCUT. Pete Presford, who has "yet to gleam through it", but none the less didn't like it. He was fed up with con reports, and has a sense of eternal bondage. Peter Colley, who liked Harry Bell's artwork. And all the rest of the art. Jerry Kaufman, who found little to interest him, largely due to a lack of knowledge of British fandom, which "is likely to change so radically as to make it all irrelevant. Aren't you all in the last stages of disintegration, or something?" We are? Er, yes, we are ... but then we always have been, all the time I've been in fandom, anyway. We struggle on. Finally (where were the rest of you?) there was Trethon Judit, of the Science-Fiction Club of Hungary, who thought it "very pretty". The address of the Club is  
TIT Tudományos Fantasztikus Klub,  
BUDAPEST XI.,  
Bocskay ut 37.

They would appreciate hearing from you, and so would I.

You have been reading, or have just missed, issue five of CYNIC, a product of the fevered mind of

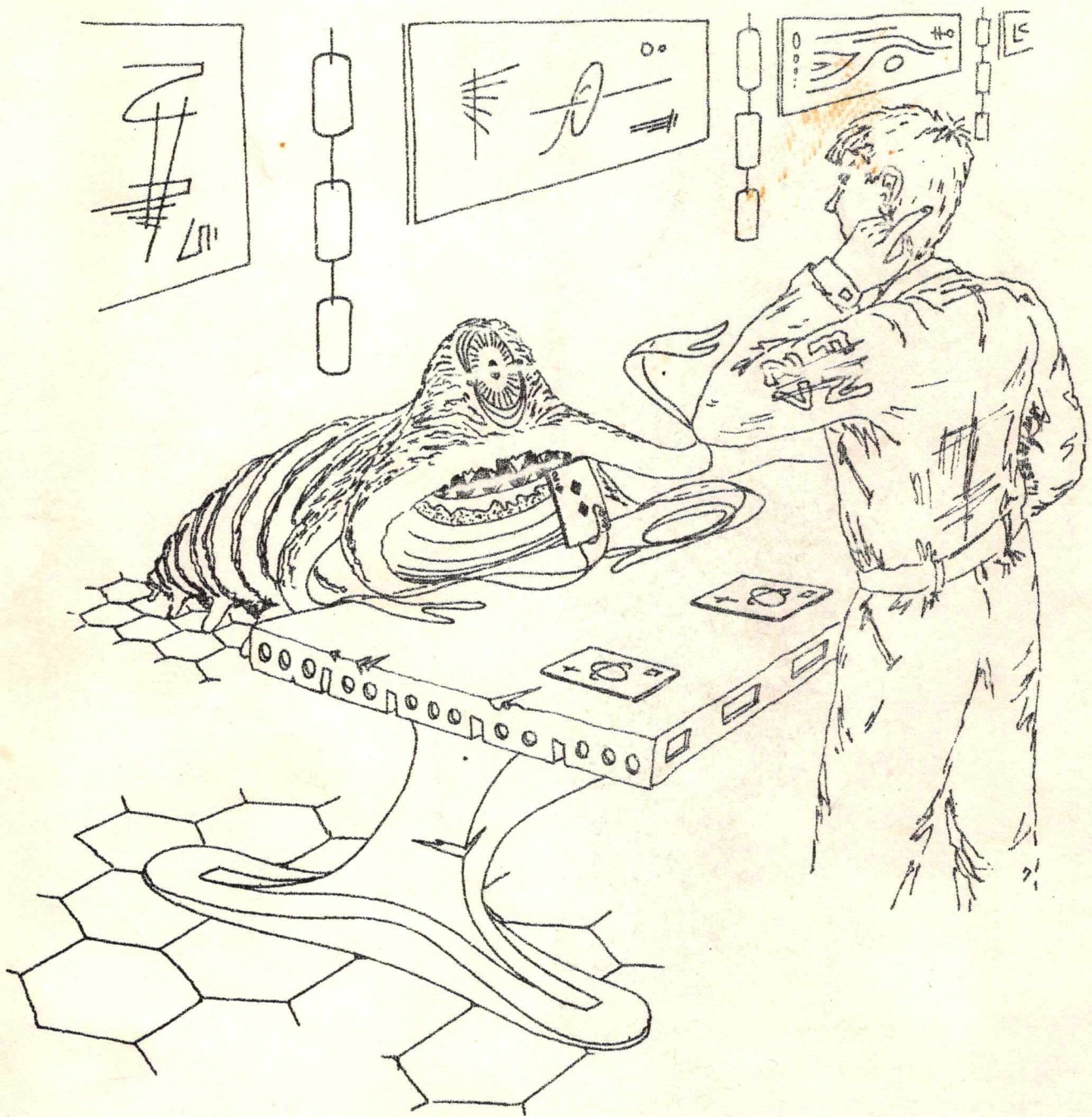
Gray Boak  
6 Hawks Road,  
KINGSTON upon THAMES  
Surrey  
1KT 3EG  
England

This has been a Harrier Production





Pozzo





# C5bis

Gray Boak  
6 Hawks Road  
Kingston - upon - Thames  
Surrey  
1KT 3EG

January 20th 1973

H14/C5b

So here I am, and what do I have to say for myself? The month's delay in production of C5 has already lengthened to five months: if I wish to suggest programme items for Novacon I must talk not to Pauline, but to Hazel. All the fanzines Jhim reviewed have published subsequent issues, and some have published more than one such. Very reprehensible of me.

Let it all ride. Tomorrow I go to attempt to finish the duplication of C5. If it still doesn't work I may just forget the whole thing.

Yet.... in my pocket I have an invitation from Messrs. Gestetner. Ghu (and finances!) willing, I'll have a nice new (to me) duplicator sitting in my room. Some time shortly after that this loyal but tired typewriter will be replaced by one with an elite type-face. There must be some purpose I could put these tools to...

CYNIC somehow hasn't quite become the magazine I had in mind when I sat down at a virgin stencil those days ago in St. Albans. EGG and MAYA have become the fannish zines of the UK, CYNIC never having become anything better than a PaDSzine with certain standards. I can only claim to be satisfied with the fourth issue, and then that was too late. Being late seems to have been a habit with CYNIC. Having means of production directly at hand should improve that, but there will always be the strong inclination to build that model aircraft rather than punch that stencil, and nowadays I seem to be drifting into wargaming - when I'm not up in London at Royal Aero. Soc. meetings, watching lectures or taking notes for minutes (which have to be written up later in good fan-writing time). There are rumours at work of a bout of overtime work coming up....

Why am I saying all this? Because I want you all to realise that there is never likely to be a regular Gray Boak fanzine. (Maybe if I lived in a hot-bed of fandom like Birmingham or Newcastle, where fannish happenings would fill too much of my time to allow other interests .... but in Kingston, there are fans near enough to hold reasonably-successful meetings on the last Saturday of each month yet none close enough to give me a fannish 'high' that would squeeze out extraneous matters.) With this in mind, I'm not at all sure just where to go from here.

A few months ago, I knew what I was going to do. I had the example of RICHARD E. GEIS before me, and Pete Weston had long ago suggested that I should produce something similar. I had written to him in 1968, before I started CYNIC, asking for ideas for a fannish fanzine. His suggestions were for something very like REG, but very much less painfully honest! Reality destroyed this dream when I realised that I'd never have the time/money/ability to produce this fanzine as regularly as required. That idea is dead, CYNIC is dead (or rather, has never quite lived), what is to follow?

Something less formally fake-professional-zine? More an expanded apazine, a TRANSPLANT rather than a CYNIC. This idea is very attractive, as it would give the chance of including more of my own writing - CYNIC's main drawback has always been a lack of main articles. I could even do my own fanzine reviews - let Jhim Linwood write for someone else (VIEWPOINT, as it turned out). Yet I keep giving my writings to other people who ask for them, and I've even promised to do fanzine reviews for ZIMRI now. I'd have to include more of other peoples' work - and we're back at CYNIC.

CYNIC's title never really worked... too many people kept expecting me to be cynical all the time. I hate these bloody literal-minded sods.

So what's to be done? I've decided to take the liberty of asking you. You are CYNIC's readers - what are you looking for when you open the pages? I don't mean those of you who are looking for Ritchie Smith poems or a panegyric on Philip K. Dick, I mean you regular readers who seem to generally approve of what I do. I do aim my magazines at a particular audience - the informed British fannish fan - although I do expect it to be of interest to sympathetic outsiders (I won't name names.) It is the locs and reviews and trades and comments of this audience that provides the impetus for my work - I'd like it -you- to write and tell me what kind of fanzine you expect me to produce. Write now.

A. Graham Boak  
6 Hawks Road  
KINGSTON upon THAMES  
Surrey  
1KT 3EG  
England