



C7

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTION

What is a convention?

Why is a convention?

There is a standard set of rules for a British convention. It begins with an introductory item: the committee introduces itself, and announces the Great Names who are attending. These people are inevitably in the bar, rather than the convention hall; a habit assiduously adhered to throughout the convention.

At irregular intervals, the Great Names are dragged away from their comfortable positions to lecture fringe-fans and newcomers, whilst their colleagues, friends and long-time fans remain comfortably ensconced in the bar. (Or the Lounge - they aren't all soaks.)

The newcomer sits, usually uncomfortably, for hours on end, learning little and experiencing nothing. He may learn the faces of a few of his heroes, he will eventually (should he ever come to another convention) drift into fandom proper. When he does so, he will do what more experienced fans have been doing all along - he will sit in the bar and enjoy himself.

Fans do more than drink: they talk. Incessantly. They argue. If they wish to learn the thoughts of the Great Names, they wander across and talk with them. At least, they listen to the conversations, to the pearls of wisdom so carelessly dispensed. At most, they buy the Great Man a drink. If he is truly great, he buys one back. To their credit, the Great Names of SF are friendly, approachable people. Their good natures are misused abominably by convention committee after convention committee, dragging them onto panels, quiz shows, insisting on speeches.....

Couldn't we give them a rest from this charade?

Anyone in fandom will learn much more about science fiction from the international world of fanzines than from those friendly familiar faces plonked once more on the convention platform. Anyone out of fandom will learn much more if he is told how to get into fandom: its pitfalls and peaks, its problems and promise. Established fans do not need conventions to learn about science-fiction: newcomers do need conventions to learn about fandom.

This is not intended as a plea for more convention programme items about fandom, though such would not come amiss. It is an observable fact, which only the blind could deny, that such items draw above average attendances. This is a plea for a fresh look at conventions.

(Yes, all you convention organisers out there are now saying that it's not as easy as that. I know that you all rack your brains for new ideas, and end up with the same old mixture. You'd love to hear not destructive criticism, but some useful ideas.

So pin your lugs back!)

I have two main propositions, and the first is for the Eastercon. The Eastercon must contain a certain amount of organised discussion; partly to appeal to those people who know no better, partly to act as a stimulant, and partly as a mechanism to ensure movement of people within the con, an irregular shake-up to prevent stagnation. I cannot organise an Eastercon. There are no other fans for miles around, and there is just too much work for one person. I can merely hope that one potential convention organiser will open his mind to my suggestion.

Get rid of that platform!

You've all seen it. One to four Great Names sitting uncomfortably above the crowd of a hundred or so, most of whom are there because it is on the programme, rather than because of any overwhelming interest. Instead of this, let us have discussion groups. Perhaps two in the main hall, suitably separated. Others in appropriate lounges: I'd like to see a permanent coffee lounge, which could hold one such group. These groups would exist independently and in parallel, with one subject chosen for the morning, one for the afternoon, and (perhaps) one for the evening, for each group. In effect, they would be talk-ins, requiring one Moderator and one Proposer (these could be the same person, of course). There are surely enough people who could, and would, inspire such groups. Wouldn't those Great Names be much happier in such a group? It can't be difficult to find a writer willing to talk about his own work: finding four to sit on a panel must be many times harder, yet it is done time and again. The Moderator/Proposer need not be a writer, the subject need not, indeed should not, always be science-fiction. The extra time would allow fuller discussion of subjects, the more relaxed atmosphere would encourage wider discussion, would bring more of the newer, perhaps more restrained, fans into closer, more fruitful contact with the sf/fannish establishment. Those interested would gain more enjoyment through participation, those less interested could move from group to group as their interest, or the standard of discussion, rose or fell. With four groups in parallel, each would be smaller, hence friendlier, lacking the gigantism of the Eastercon mono-programmed platform lecture.

The idea does not spring complete from my fevered brow: it has been done successfully at SF conventions in other countries. Notably the 1972 Sydney Convention - right, Shayne? It could be done here. It is, after all, merely a compromise between the panel discussions and bar groups that occur now. Less rigid and formalised than the panels, more formal and generally informative than the often-elitist or just plain ignorant chatting between and after the programme.

Think about it. Please.

Now to the second point, and a return to my initial questions. Why do we have conventions?

A convention is for meeting people.

For the newcomer, this means the professional writers, the Great Names. For the established fan, this means his friends. We all enjoy that wonderful re-union, that party atmosphere all good cons produce, and that is nothing at all to do with the programme.

Some of us go to the programme, some of us don't. We may or may not enjoy it if we do. As one observant fan said, many years ago,

"The convention begins when the programme ends." More recently, Bob Shaw was reported as saying, "I'll come to any convention that has a bed and a bar." There you have it. The two main essentials of a convention. Add a sprinkling of assorted fans, stir well and hang around to enjoy yourself.

Drop the programme altogether.

Don't all shout at once. I am not talking about Eastercons. I admit that they need programmes. The newcomer must be considered at the Eastercon. The fringe-fan must be considered at the Eastercon. The Eastercon is British fandom's showcase for the world.

The Eastercon is as pretentious as all hell.

Let's have a convention with no programme at all, a weekend party in a hotel. A truly fannish convention. Exclude no-one - we were all newcomers once. The true hard core of sf fandom will come, the fringe-fan, the fake-fan and the too-serious newcomer will not. Why should they? This convention will have nothing for them. The newcomers who are interested in meeting people, in becoming involved with fandom, they will come. They, after all, are the very ones fandom wants and needs. If they want to talk sf....well, don't we all, sometimes.

This is an extra convention I'm suggesting. The first one will be held in Blackpool, starting on Friday February 6th 1976, and ending on Sunday the 8th.

"Don't just sit there moaning," they said, "Do something!"

So I did. Now, it's your turn.

In some two months time, I must go to the proprietor of the chosen hotel and tell him how many attendees to expect, and hand over £1 deposit per head.

The hotel is a 31 bedroom/60 guest private hotel in the centre of Blackpool, opening especially for us that weekend. We will have all of the hotel, and the bar will stay open to any reasonable hour that enough people survive to. Price will probably be £3:50 per night bed-and-breakfast, but that will depend upon numbers and inflation between now and the booking proper.

If you want to come, and I hope that you do, then you have to write to me before May 1st, and enclose £1 in token of your good intent. Those who do so will be in the convention, those who don't will be out of luck, for it is unlikely that any beds will be prepared beyond the ones booked.

So...this is a fan convention, this is your convention. Sit down now and write to me. Whilst you are sitting there, send a note to anyone you think might enjoy the convention but is not on C's mailing list. Spread the word by news of mouth, if you can. This convention can only be as good as the fans attending it - which means you!

To summarise:

Blackpool fan convention

February 6th-8th 1976

£1 to Gray before May 1st

Three conventions a year - great!

A CAUTIONARY TALE

It was my father who first introduced me to science-fiction, so it was his fault, in the beginning. It was my headmaster who advised me to go to Bristol University, and it was there that I read Tony Walsh's letter in the local evening paper. Tony ran the Bristol and District SF Group, to which Brum fans Pete Weston and Rog Peyton came a-visiting. So I came to be in fandom, on good terms with the Birmingham people. It is all their fault - every single one of those who guided my life along those particular lines. Probably Eney had a hand in it, as well.

What more natural than I should assist the Brum Group at Novacon 1? I took over the registration desk Friday evening, and was there when Hazel Reynolds and Meg Palmer came around, recruiting for the Fancy Dress. They were in the bar when I finally left the desk and headed for a drink. Just think of the number of people involved in arranging this little scenario, sitting behind the scenes pushing here, pulling there....

The final touch, however, was my own.

"Would you like a drink?" I asked, of the taller one.

Not the most romantic of opening lines, I must admit. Somewhen, I decided to improve on it. So, at Harry Bell's party, as soon as we had cheered the New Year in, I turned to my lady Meg and asked her

"Will you marry me?"

So she cried and said "Yes, yes, yes" and....did she hell. She didn't hear what I said. Maybe that was an omen. I decided not and repeated.

"Are you serious?" she asked. I arrange this romantic moment and get doubts. Sometimes I wonder....but I shook my head and pulled her close and she cried and said "Of course I will," and everything was as it should be.

She still had three-and-a-half years to finish at University, so we agreed that there would be little point to getting married before the end of the course. That didn't last too long. When we discovered a way around the punitive grant cuts applied to married women students, the other reasons for delay seemed much less important than our wish to get it all over with. Better to be married and separate than separate and separate, we thought. So a nice quick trouble-free wedding was planned.

Ha. And again, ha.

Next time, we elope. The first snag was that my parents do not speak to each other. Both have remarried, but could the hatchet be buried for this one day? No. Ah well, scratch one ticket. The second snag was that my best man couldn't come. I did have two unsuspecting reserves, and a letter went hastily off to the one of my choice. The other was a certain well-known, if somewhat small, fan, who had chosen the very next week to stay with us at Lytham. He stood there chatting with me as with trembling hands I tore open Jerry's letter and read that he would indeed be glad to "do the honours". Little Well-Known Fan, you were well off.

The reception was to be in the Imperial Centre Hotel, Birmingham, which is exceptionally handy for the Register Office. You have already encountered this hotel, for here thrive Novacons, not least Novacon 1. A nice touch, I thought. They also had a reduced overnight rate for those attending hotel functions - very useful.

* * * * *

In the summer, Meg was working at St. Annes. She received a message : phone elder brother Dave. She did. Her mother was somewhat ill, but not to worry, just thought she'd be better off informed. No, she wouldn't need to go home. Saturday morning, D-14, the GPO demonstrated its lovable habit of delivering telegrams with the ordinary post. Phone brother Roger. Not his home telephone number, as he was on holiday. Meg phoned, but he'd left for home. Dave was finally reached at 10pm. Her mother was seriously ill, and Meg must go home immediately.

Lytham is not the easiest of places to travel from on a Sunday morning, even after chasing around cancelling arrangements for the week. (She had intended travelling down the following Saturday, anyway.) I was, and remain now, irate at the way Meg was kept in the dark and then ordered about without ever a thought given to her life and her arrangements.

I leave it to you to imagine the state of the wedding arrangements down in Birmingham. Sunday D-13, remember. I came down to Birmingham for Saturday D-7, and we went around sorting out the final details at the hotel. Yes, things were fine, everything was well, the best man had rung and been told that unfortunately there was not a reduced rate.... The receptionist and the manager had three long telephone chats before it was agreed that yes, there was a cheap rate. £3:48.

"This leaflet I hold says £2:25."

"Ah yes, but...." Fine print. Manager's discretion. Ah well, it wasn't that important at the time. As a pointer to the way things were going, we should have paid attention.

Friday night, D-12hours. Meg's mother was a lot better. The hotel was booked. The taxis were booked. The rings were ready. My guests - family and best man and wife - arrived at the hotel. We had a good night, sitting in the lounge quietly drinking as the manager drifted past us, in and out of the disco.

In the morning, my mother was overcharged when she paid for her room, but she had a letter confirming prices! No matter, all was well, we set off for the Registrar's Office and it wasn't even raining. Meg was already there. Everyone arrived on time. The ceremony was impressively smooth. The procession sauntered back through Birmingham streets, into the hotel, up the stairs, into the Hertford Room for the....blank. No reception. No food, no drink, no cake, no chairs.

"Manager!" No manager. At the disco until three, he was now at home. He was sick. So were we. "Drink!" No drink. The bars were shut.

It wouldn't have mattered quite so much if the hotel had seemed to care at all. It took nearly an hour before anyone heard an apology. Despite a long telephone call, there never was one from the manager. It was over half-an-hour before anyone had a drink, and I suspect that the best man paid. Eventually, we had our buffet, and from then on things were smooth. There was no problem with families having nothing to talk to each other about! The cake had been made by a cousin of Meg's: it was delicious, but I will pass over the damage it did to the knife blade as I tried desperately to find a weak spot. What is there to be said about wedding receptions? Wine flowed, wives were photographed with the wrong husbands, kids ran screaming from photographs, my favourite neice looked more beautiful than ever. (Relax! She's only eight.)

Then we went back to Meg's home, and were eventually driven to Birmingham Airport, in the back seat of an Imp. Thanks, Hazel.

We were an hour early for the flight. The booking desk was not even lit up. British Midland Airways - Isle of Man. No-one there. I wandered off to look at the pretty aeroplanes. I wandered back. Ah, Meg was talking to a lady attendant. She seemed a little - strained?

There was, it seemed, no flight. No flight? Look, tickets; time, date, airline, destination....

No flight. There hadn't been one for some months. The travel agent must be at fault. Sorry. (6pm Saturday night. The travel agent was in the centre of Birmingham - shut.) The airline reservations clerk - gone home. No more flights tonight. There were no connecting flights with other airlines from Manchester or Blackpool.

As we'd come from Birmingham, we could go back, and return the next day. There were two flights, both fully booked, but we could always take our chances on standby, should anyone cancel.

It wasn't possible - we had nowhere to stay - but if it had been, we had no intention of doing so. She was just so disdainful....so arrogant.

"Get knotted!" we didn't say, but the thought must have been plain.

"We have two tickets. This airline must have confirmed the flight, or we wouldn't have them. This airline is responsible for us being here, we have nowhere else to go, and a contract to be taken to the Isle of Man." That, more or less, was what we said.

She went to see the Duty Officer.

She returned with a voucher for bed and breakfast at the airport hotel - the Excelsior - and news that there was a flight for us: 8:45am Sunday from the East Midlands Airport, Castle Donington, Derby. A taxi would collect us from the Excelsior at 7:00am. I sneaked a look at the voucher as we walked to the airline minivan, to take us to the Excelsior. "41 bottle champagne" it said.

Nice. It had taken an hour-and-a-half of wrangling with that miserable receptionist, but it seemed that the Duty Officer, at least, had done his/her best to make amends. Perhaps it hadn't been the airline's fault, initially. Perhaps the GPO had lost a letter. Perhaps.

Double hotel room, with bathroom. I phoned the Isle of Man hotel we had booked for the week. They hadn't known we were on our honeymoon, and we would have had to spend that night in a room with separate beds. So things weren't too bad after all. There must have been worse places to spend the first married night, especially with the...but there wasn't any champagne. I had seen it. Meg hadn't. It was clearly meant as a surprise, a gift, so I couldn't very well wander down and ask for it.

So I wandered down and asked to see the voucher. "I'm not sure if the airline said we could have breakfast - oh! What's this?" Wide-eyed innocence. "Oh- hasn't it come yet? I'll chase it up....it was meant to be a surprise." I don't know if it was merely yet another inefficiency, or whether the hotel was "on the fiddle", or what else it could be, but we had that champagne. I think that we deserved it.

In the morning, up at 0600 hours. Yes, really. Fortunately, the breakfast room was open, and we had a hearty breakfast. When we came down, the taxi was waiting. It was a gorgeously clear English morning, ideal for driving through the countryside. We felt good. We reached Castle Donington, at five to eight, plenty of time for the 8:45 flight.

Castle Donington is the headquarters of British Midland Airways. From there you could fly to all kinds of interesting places. Even the Isle of Man. There was a reception desk. It wasn't lit up. Quaking, just a little, I looked at the departures board. There was no Isle of Man flight listed. I checked the tickets: time, place, airline, destination. We walked to the counter, and said to the girl there;

"We're for the 8:45 flight to the Isle of Man."

She looked blank for a moment.

"It's gone. 7:45."

I think that I was very good. I didn't scream, jump up and down, throw things nor kick the desk in. I just turned to Meg and said "Not again!" Just the right amount of pathos, just the right amount of disgust, of frustration, of desperation. None of it acting.

The receptionist gathered that this was no ordinary missed flight. We explained the situation, displaying both sets of tickets as proof. She asked us to wait until 9:00am, when the reception clerk arrived. We sat. We looked at pretty aeroplanes. There weren't too many, but it seemed promising. We read the paper. At 9:00am we went to see the reservations clerk.

There was a flight out at 4:30pm, with two spare seats. Could we wait? I pointed out that we'd just have to, there being no choice in the matter. By the way, she said, the travel agent overcharged you. (Jesus....) We went to sit in the lounge. There was one readable book in the entire airport, and that I'd brought with me, and read on the Friday night. It was Doris Piserchia's STAR RIDER - Meg purloined that. I took some photographs of aeroplanes, while waiting for them to move and new ones come in. Unfortunately, Castle Donington is not the busiest of airports, and I was to be disappointed. I phoned the Isle of Man again.

I must, however, give BMA the credit it is due. As we sat there, the receptionist came up to us. Did we want a snack, coffee? Just get what we wanted at the buffet; the airline had told them about us. If we wanted to make telephone calls, use the one on the airline stand. (Too late.) She would try to arrange a meal for us in the airport restaurant.

She did. Whatever we wanted to eat, any drink we liked. We enjoyed the meal, but didn't go overboard on the booze. The staff here were doing their best for us, so we didn't want to take too much advantage of them. Had we been at Birmingham....

It was a long afternoon. Every now and then a receptionist would come to ask if we were comfortable, was there anything they could do? We just had to ask the desk. We didn't. What was there to ask for? There was no point in going into Derby, for on Sunday everything would have been shut. No bookshops, to counteract the prevailing boredom.

Well in advance of the flight our favourite receptionist came up, bringing with her a smiling uniformed male airline employee. He took our cases, she took our tickets. No check-in bother here! Would we please write a letter of complaint, as Castle Donington staff wished to take the matter further.

We had no complaints about Castle Donington staff.

Eventually we were airborne. Reaction must have set in, for I was distinctly hot and clammy and ill as we headed at comparatively low level

across the English countryside, and landed at Birmingham. No seats to be had, remember? Apparently there is this quota system. When we did climb away from Elmdon, twenty-two and a half hours late, my incipient airsickness vanished magically. We were on our way at last.

As a postscript, the honeymoon was cold and wet. Before the flight back we were searched, but after our adventures coming it would have taken much more to upset us. A mere peccadillo. (Relax, Peter, that's not a new Silly Animal.) Two weeks later, Neg was off to Bristol for three years. It is almost like being a bachelor again.

Next time, as I say, we elope. And fly from Squires Gate. Or maybe from Castle Donington - I wonder if they remember us, as vividly? I did write the letter, but heard not one word.

There, I stencil an untruth. When I wrote the above, it was true. When I cut the first three stencils, it was true. One day later the letter came. It had an apology for the long delay, but waffle, waffle, waffle. "... absolutely horrified at the unpleasantness..." good, good, "...indeed not in a position to accept responsibility..." oh. It was the travel agent's fault. Initially. "In vain have I tried to trace the check-in clerk, who appeared so curt..." curt, I like that. Wish I'd thought of saying that..."...the incorrect departure time, for which we take the full blame and apologise most profoundly." Well, fair enough, I'm not interested in persecuting the girl at Birmingham, as long as the message has been passed on, other passengers will be spared our trouble. "...should you wish to travel with us again, why not contact me...." Aha! Bribery? The truth shall be told! Fandon shall read all!

In truth, we wouldn't object to flying BMA again, if it was going from where we were, to where we wanted to be. It just doesn't seem too likely at present. Perhaps if they opened a Blackpool-Bristol route? As I say, the Birmingham Duty Officer did us proud, as did the Castle Donington people.

Saturday morning of Novacon 4 (more adventures with the hotel and its extravagantly incompetent manager, but I'll leave that story to others to tell!) Neg and I went to the travel agents, armed with tickets and letter.

"Flights from Castle Donington are cheaper...."

"We flew via Birmingham."

"Sunday flights are cheaper...." and "British Midland do this sort of thing...."

(To be fair, I must name the agency as I named the airline. Transglobe Midland Limited, subsidiary of Horizon Midlands Limited. New Street.)

"BMA's reservations clerk told us we'd been overcharged initially, and after all, we did fly from Castle Donington on Sunday...."

I have a receipt for the tickets, and will hear from them before November. I shall leave this page to be filled in.

November 1st: the travel agency has written. They are apologetic, and blame British Midland. In a rather snide way, I thought. They do not, however, say anything at all about the overcharging. Nor did they return the ticket stubs.

It seems that I have still another letter to write. I shall keep you all informed.

Impelled by some horrific inner demon, I shall now proceed to at least list every fanzine received since I moved North. I feel that my trusting fellow-editors deserve at least that. There is no discernable order, beyond a certain negative chronology.

TRIODE 20

Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, HOLMES CHAPEL, Cheshire CW4 7NR
Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Road, SHEFFIELD, Yorks. S11 9FE

The years roll back - too many for me, for Triode's previous incarnation was well before my time. I suspect that it has changed little, for there is a dated feel to the humour. But it is humour, Triode is fun to read, and well produced.

CHECKPOINTS 49 to 59

Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, HUNTINGDON PE18 7SU

Britain's indispensable newszine.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 10 and 13

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Virginia 23605 USA

Summed up by its title - the kind of magazine I'd like to put out if only I had the regularity...and the mail.

GANNETSCRAPBOOK 2

Harry and Irene Bell, 9 Lincoln Street, GATESHEAD, Tyne and Wear
NE8 4EE

In my own defence, I should point out that the gap at the foot of my 'poem' was left blank to announce my engagement to Meg Palmer. GSB2 was originally meant for last year, hence the dated appearance of at least one item! Better but blander than GSB1.

CYPHER 11 and 12

James Goddard, Plovers Barrow, School Road, Nomansland, SALISBURY, Wilts.

Britain's leading sercon fanzine, and hence Britain's leading fanzine, in the absence of fannish competition. It does show signs of 'creeping pseud', the dread disease that spoilt so much of Malcolm Edwards' work, but is generally worthwhile.

SEACON 75

Malcolm Edwards, 19 Ranmoor Gardens, HARROW, Middx. HA1 1UQ

This is the convention I spoke up in favour of, at Tynecon? How to out-pseud Scicon 70. Poor Harry Harrison.

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS 4

Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty, Missouri 64068 USA

A nice Jodie Offutt column, but otherwise proof that not all fanzines from across the pond are Outworlds or Energumenoi.

PREHENSILE 13

Mike Glycer, 319 Pike Street, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403 USA
Milt Stevens, 14535 Saticoy, 105, Van Nuys, California USA

Special LASFS/APA-L issue. Good. Very good. This I like considerably. It is interesting to note this fine fannish fanzine appearing in litho - a sign of the times? Is the printing of the wall for Gestetner?

TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG 8

Don Markstein, PO Box 53112, New Orleans, La. 70153 USA

Forwarded by Archie Mercer, because Don is advocating a World Faan Convention: a fun get-together for fanzine fandom. No films, no SF panels....sounds like heaven. If somewhat familiar.... Thanks, Archie.

FART, INFERNO 5 and 6

Paul Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW

Not forgetting Cas, of course. Thank goodness for INFERNO, keeping a dim fannish flame alight. Who'd have thought this would come from HELL? Good. Mind you, he's yet another of these bloody fascists - one of these days I'll produce a socialist fanzine.... just for the change!

GEGENSCHNEID 17

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia.

Consistent and often but rather ordinary.

GRANFALLOON 19

Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. 19076 USA

This is how to do a fanzine, one of the best around. Quibbling, I would say that the contents aren't as good as the production, but this country has nothing to compare with either. Recommended.

ROMPA mailings 2 to 4

Producer Ian Maule, 13 Weardale Avenue, Forest Hall, Newcastle.
NE12 OHX

ROMPA should have started to develop by now, but has failed to do so. The promise is still there, however.

WARK 1 and 2

Rosemary Pardoe

Reviews of mainly fantasy fanzines. A little restricted?

EGG 8

Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, LONDON W2

Not quite as dated as Triode, but getting that way. Nice, but not the old joie de vivre.

SIMON 1

Sue and Ron Clarke, 2/159 Herring Road, North Ryde, NSW 2113 Austr.

Slim personal zine.

FOOLSCAP 9 and 10 HITCHHIKE 20 and 21

John D. Berry, 1749 18th Street, Washington, DC 20009, USA

A tall friendly travelling man, John is perhaps the best writer of personal reminiscence that fandom has active at the moment. Each magazine is a delight from start to finish. A Granfalloon costs a small fortune, but a HITCHHIKE only requires talent. Very highly recommended indeed.

MOTA 7

Terry Hughes 386 N. Frederick, Arlington, Virginia. 22205 USA

A fine faanish offering. Now how about another one, Terry?

HALFUNCTION 6

Pete Presford, 10 Dalkeith Road, Sth. Reddish, Stockport SK5 7EY

The most improved fanzine in Britain... well, let's face it! Contents spirited, but could do with more attention to layout. And English.

THE WRINKLED SHREW 1 and 2

Pat and Grah Charnock, 70 Ledbury Road, Notting Hill, London W11

In-group Ratzine with moments of style, usually when Pat is writing. Grah (yuck!) comes on a bit heavy at times, writing down to these lowly fans. The writing quality is rather above average, but the subjects somewhat weak. Well produced, good overall I suppose, but I'm not enthusiastic.

TRUE RAT 3

Leroy Kettle, 74 Eleanor Road, London E8

This reads like a Kettle monologue. If you can stand Kettle, you'll enjoy this, but it isn't going to set fandom alight.

SPI 1

Graham Poole, 23, Russet Road, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 7LN

Graham spills de beans on de awful BSFA, and chats about the formation of the Cheltenham SF Group. Enjoyable.

SCOTTISHE 68 and HAVERINGS 58

Scot. keeps rolling on, vaguely entertaining, with lovely Atom illustrations, but I wish she'd drop the interminable book comments. After this I'm sure of one thing - I'll never again criticise the Haverings fanzine comments!

THE MIDDLE EARTHWORM 22 and 24

Archie Mercer, 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall, TR13 8LH

The Worm keeps turning on, and long may it continue to do so.

QWERTYUIOP 7

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925 USA

This zine is so obviously such great fun for Sam that it hurts to suggest that it is often more silly than funny, but then 7 is not one of his better issues. Let's have some more personal reminiscence, and less forced foolery.

SIDDHARTHA 4 and 5

Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland, SR4 7RD

Christ, but Goblin gets unbearable at times, when he cries out "Let me unbare my soul!" or "This time it's really love!" When he has something to say, he's good, there's no mistake, but oh he does go on....

PHOTRON 10

Steven Beatty, 1662 College Terrace Drive, Murray, KY 42071 USA

American equivalent of one of the lesser PaDSzines. Attempts at SF criticism lacking any true profundity.

MAGNUS 5

Eric Batard, Rue Kleber, 37500 Chinon, France.

French news, reviews. SF, fanzines, music. English supplement.

DYNATRON 58

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107
USA

Dynatron just keeps rolling on, with interesting sidelights on life in America. Fun, but it doesn't matter too much if you miss a few.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME 2 and 3

Alan and Elke Stewart, 6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlage 2,
West Germany

A fanzine difficult to describe without sounding unreasonably harsh, for it's a grab-bag of odds and ends. There's a fine editorial presence, and it is great fun, but in essence it's a PaDS-type zine with style. Surely it will change in content, but in which way? Worth watching.

SFC 38 and 40

Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia

Poor tormented Aussie intellectual - deadly serious about life. If you're a professional writer, or rich, you're sure of a fat mention from his travels. For serious discussion of the better SF books (and Philip K Dick) there is no better fanzine.

BIG SCAB 2 and 3

John Brosnan, 4 Lothair Road, South Ealing, London W5

Sad, bitter, biting, funny. The best fanzine of the year - Nova Award winner. Or rather, Joint Award winner. What a cop-out!

OUTWORLDS 19 and 20

Bill Bowers, Box 2521, North Canton, Ohio 44720 USA

Possibly the best current fanzine. Certainly the one with most attention paid to layout and appearance, though I find these issues cramped and unappealing. Superb art, good writing, a focal point. Is there anything more to be said?

MUNICH ROUND UP 133, 134, 135

Waldemar Kummig, D-8 Muenchen 2, Herzogspitalstr. 5, West Germany

Germany's leading fanzine, which recently reprinted (translated) the fanzine panel at Worcester Con (from C4 - one copy left!) and so I find myself on the mailing list. Rather wasted, however, as I can't read German. It is also a shame that the Kevin Cullen illoes were translated into Rambling Jake ones!

And there it ended last night, but something was wrong. Not enough fanzines. So I went delving. I still haven't found MAYA, but I did find GEGENSHEINS 13, 14 and 15, ah, and 16. Also True Rat 2, and the following:

LURK 6

Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby, DE2 7QH

A fine fannish fanzine. I only wish that it came out more often.

HELL 10

Now deceased, so it is possible to say nice things about bits of it without fearing encouraging them to bring out another issue. Seriously, HELL took a long time to get moving, but improved no end in the later issues. Possibly due to greater participation by Paul Skelton? More likely the result of greater exposure to other fanzines.

ALGOL 21

Professionally produced, a 'super-fanzine' that manages to stay enjoyably readable. This issue dwells long on the work of Ursula LeGuin, currently my favourite sf writer. Good.

SFINX 9

Peter Jones, St. Peter's College, Oxford

Mish-mash of bad amateur SF. Well-printed.

THE WEDDING and ARK 2

Sue and Ron Clarke, 2/159 Herring Road, North Ryde, NSW 2113, Austr.

Miss Smith becomes Mrs. Clarke, and after. Clarkezines are always competent and entertaining.

FANGLE 2

Ross Chamberlain, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY 11220 USA

Maybe NY fandom is not dead? Mainly (almost entirely) letters on Fangle 1. Letters from pretty well everybody you'd expect, and want, to see.

There is also an It Came In The Mail 9, which was unaccountably omitted. This leaves me room to mention

BELLICUS 19

Will Haven, 4 Victoria Street, Chorley, Lancs.

A wargaming fanzine, mainly devoted to Diplomacy, but with an interesting fantasy game where players write a story of events concerning their own, or other players', characters, and Will weaves these together into a cohesive (well, almost) narrative. The idea is fascinating, the standard of writing abysmal. What is totally fascinating is the existence of the National Games Club (? always abbreviated to NGC) which is to Diplomacy fandom what some people would like the BSFA to be to fandom - an iron bureaucracy, run by a dictator, squeezing out the independent fanzines. And hence Fans. Will screams out against this, as must we all.

LIGHTBULBS

The ghosts from the past return to haunt.....

Graham Poole

23, Russet Road
Cheltenham
Glos.
GL51 7LN

I think the Eastercon will get bigger and I believe it will be a good thing for sf as long as it doesn't get out of hand. Why should not the Eastercons be 'advertising springboards' for sf - after all more advertising means more people who know about it which, with direction, means more fans. Naturally I wouldn't accept George's conference idea to replace the Eastercon, even for just one year - now that wouldn't last long. Leave that sort of thing to the students of sf.

All this is not to say I do not favour small cons for the trufans as well. I do and in fact one of the first things I urged as I entered my present ((previous)) activist stage within the BSFA was a periodical minicon with a couple of guest speakers laid on and an otherwise informal programme. Nobody I mentioned it to at the time said anything about the idea (that's the trouble of having to do everything by post) and, naturally, there was little else I could do living in the fannish wastelands of Gloucestershire.

If such a minicon is to be organised I'd give it my support by attending. Of course this will depend upon times and place etc. I'd agree on the informality you propose and would suggest limiting any programme to a couple of interesting personalities giving a speech and who could also participate in group debates about fandom and sf and about ideas and projects etc with other fans, something there is little time for at the other cons and is very difficult, tedious and longwinded by post. I would not attend solely to enjoy one boozy weekend although this would be a secondary consideration.

With the present size of fandom, any general-based ^{con} would suffer size problems. Minicons need to specialise, and as Britain is too small for regional specialisation, it must be by subject. I'd love to see a con devoted to fanzines, for example. My con, if it ever comes off, will have no programme because that would be too much work for me to acheive on my own. I think that even the ideal con would have a certain amount of programming, in order to redistribute the fans now and again! Eastercons are over-programmed, and hence forever run late, and allow people to come, sit still all day, and leave without ever making contact with fandom proper.

AGB

I did have a couple of letters from Dov Lerer, who encountered C via a mention in AMAZING, and wanted to find out more about fandom. He has since left the Israeli army, visited England, and attended Novacon. I think he enjoyed it, but haven't a current address for him. If any of you out there....

Next from the mailbag comes an article about the Globe by John Jarrold. John's first article for a fanzine. I like John - I don't want him to hate me. I won't print it.

Now a questionnaire (his spelling) from Ken Ozanne, who was trying to compile some kind of directory of fans. A futile effort: they change their addresses far too often, not to mention their opinions, fanzines, activities and wives. I saved Ken some work by not replying. I hope he saved himself more by forgetting the idea.

Harry Bell

9 Lincoln St.
Gateshead
Co. Durham
NE8 4EE

Thanks for 'C'. Quite enjoyed it but I do think if you're going to change the name you might be more positive about it. It took me quite a while to realise that it wasn't CYNIC after all, and Maule didn't notice it at all.

Still don't like the format, so there.

* * *

As you notice, I gave up with title changes. Everybody still called it CYNIC, so I bow to the majority opinion.

AGB

Rob Holdstock

11 Milton Avenue
Highgate
London N6

When you say that Peter Roberts is the first TAFF nominee of our generation, do you mean our SF fanning generation, i.e. those who began between '64 and '67 or so and are now either big name F's or sad little heaps of intolerance staring mournfully from cobwebbed corners? Or do you mean our age bracket? No, I guess not. Fandom hides its age well. You either look forty and are nineteen (Brosnan) or you look nineteen and are ... older (innumerable).

To voting: why not adopt the Nebula system? (I think its the Nebula system) As many nominations as required can be submitted per person, including nominating ones own fanzine. Thus every fanzine gets nominated. But only those six with the highest number of nominations are presented to the panel for analysis.

I think most of us are in favour of an intermediate Con, and for myself, I'd like to see it in early July. Certainly a lot of people would be on holiday, but of course if it became an institution, holidays could be planned in advance... I say July for two reasons. It is, or can be, just before the holiday rush, and it is after the Colleges disband, leaving their halls of residence free for a convention take over. So why not? What is the objection to hiring a hall of residence, which will include a bar, a canteen and meeting rooms (if its a decent hall of residence) and staging a summer con for very low prices?

* * *

I think that a hall of residence convention is a superb idea. I really meant fannish generations, but they tend to be physical ones as well. See later comments.

AGB

Brian Robinson wrote to tell me he was giving up HELL. (Do you think this is a newszine? Tough.)

Terry Jeeves

230 Bannerdale Road
Sheffield
S11 9FE

Dave Rowe is an excellent artist. I make no bones over that... but he frequently has complained about an artist needing time to produce..and yet very seldom does he do more than the merest outline drawings...pictures which can be dashed off very quickly indeed. No hint of texture or light or shade. This is a valid technique, of course, but to use it and then complain about being pushed for time seems rather pointless. That cover for instance could have been dashed off in less than an hour with time to write an accompanying letter. It IS well drawn, it IS a competent piece of art...but it lacks depth and polish. Minor quibble, the stencil cutting isn't well done, there are numerous 'stencil jags'. The logo page illo by Dave is much less a work of art, but because the stencil work is seems better, and the illo has some attempt at texture work, I much prefer it....but the stencil work looks suspiciously like Atom's... Since that comprises the sum total of the artwork, I put in my vote that Cypher NEEDS more art.

You seem a bit hard on the BSFA...but to be honest I must agree that they seem to have followed the N3F into a debacle of fannish finagling politics.. At least when Bentcliffe and I thrashed the BSFA into life between us when Tubb resigned as VECTOR editor, and Dave Newman defected, we did produce two checklists in that early period, plus regular 40 page Vectors, and also set up the Doc Weir Award, and quite a few other items. BUT I hasten to add that even then we had the same fault which plaagues the Association now...namely, a hell of a lot of people who ask "What is the BSFA doing (a) for me (b) for fandom? Yet when we circulated members ASKING for a list of things the BSFA should be doing, we got NOT ONE reply. I might ask, "What are the knockers doing for the BSFA?" The organisers have a thankless job.

* * *

One point, Terry - this is CYNIC, not CYPHER. And the last issue was C6, not C5. However.... No Atom, that was Dave's own cutting. I would use more artwork, but have had terrible troubles with electros, and find that there are no current active British fanartists hand-cutting stuff I like. Your own work is very well done, but seems rather "mass-produced" - stereotyped 1940's rocketships etc. just don't 'feel' right to me. Each to their own.

My main criticism of the BSFA is that it seems to have abandoned fandom. Too many nasty little trendies crawl around conventions these days, without having an organisation to encourage such. And I still remember that the BSFA sold off its irreplaceable fanzine collection..... Then again, it is so totally, pathetically, inefficient.

AGB

Alan Hunter sent me some artwork suitable for litho reproduction. I can't use them Alan, I'm sorry, but have promised them to Pete Presford, so they should end up in print.

Mushling sent me, well, I guess it can only be referred to as a Mushling letter. Very nice.

Ian Williams regretted the lack of Jhim Linwood fanzine reviews. So did I, and so do I, but regrettably distance and publishing none-schedules play havoc with such a feature.

Hazel Reynolds

Current address?

I was really pleased to see such a great bit on the Nova by Jhim. We had one of two sleepless nights over the almost total lack of response to our little brainchild in the early days, Needless to say there were times when I thought no-one was going to nominate a zine at all. Things did pick up towards the con but the number of times I asked people to nominate a zine to be greeted by "Why? SPECULATION's bound to win it anyway." are far more than I care to remember. At least that myth won't be perpetuated. I'm truly grateful for the record to be set straight for all fandom to see, and it's certainly nice to know that all our efforts weren't wasted. After all we're always being asked for new ideas and if they are ignored fandom will soon become firmly stuck in its own little rut.

* * *

I'm all in favour of the Nova Award, and personally am quite happy with the judging system (though a bit cheesed off with the lack of nominations!). However, I think that this year's award was a mess. I shall say more somewhere else -- EGG, perhaps. However, I do feel that a large number of active fanzine fans are shunning the award because of the voting/Judging system, and without the full support of these people in particular, the Award can never live up to its aims.

AGB

Andrew Stephenson

19 Du Pre Walk
Wooburn Green
High Wycombe
Bucks.
HP10 0QJ

Pity you can't rediscover that spark, probably the people who were advising you to be more regular have the secret. I recall that CYNIC which was where I started on fmz, after all, attracted me because spontaneity was a strong link with the fannish spirit. Your slow schedule has helped kill this, or stun it at least. There is hope, though: something has managed to live on.

Had to give a wry chuckle at the continuing saga of the "cats in sf" illo, despite no seeing it in print. But I was sorry to have depressed Graham Poole, though lets face it: that Diogenes C5 cover was drawn some three days before WorcesterCon 71, or before the full page Aircrash Detective illo. That style change was indeed an experiment, one which I do not count a total failure.

* * *

If I produced more fanzines, I would have more enthusiasm. If I had more enthusiasm, I would produce more fanzines. I'm aware of the vicious circle, I just can't break it. Other than, of course, by gaffiation, but I'm not ready for that yet.

AGB

Syd Bounds enjoyed C6.
So did Stan Eling.

Archie Mercer

21 Trenethick Parc
Helston
Cornwall
TR13 8LH

I am no longer a convention fan. So far as I'm concerned, I can point to precisely one good thing about conventions, and that is the company. Unfortunately, the whole set-up seems to be designed to nullify this aspect as much as possible. One goes to a convention to meet one's friends, and finds them - stuck in the Con hall making like an audience. I know that there are times when the Con Hall is deserted, and said friends are then theoretically findable. But for every friendly hour so spent, there are far too many spent just hanging around waiting for people to become available.

Again, I have thought all along that it should be possible somehow for a convention to be divorced from a "hotel" set-up, and particularly from the licensed trade. But it never is. Apparently the general run of fans prefer hotels - and licensed hotels at that. As a result, a weekend convention can easily cost as much as a fortnight's holiday, and more.

When did any British sf con ever make a loss? Well, the 1957 Worldcon did for one - and the resulting recriminations continued for years. (If, indeed, they ever did die.) That is the only one I can definitely point to, but I understand that in those early days a convention loss was by no means unknown - hence various "continuity" projects, of which the BSFA is the best known, to produce a securer financial atmosphere.

I would hardly consider George Locke, one-time fanzine fan of considerable ability, to be an "uninterested person" where fanzines are concerned. At least he'll treat them with the respect they undoubtedly deserve.

True: I withdraw any possible adverse comment about George's interest. I have also been spoken to, on the subject, by Peter Roberts, and must accept that such dealers do serve a purpose, BUT fanzines are produced for fun, not profit. For someone not involved in the production to make money out of "wheeling and dealing" is morally wrong, in my book. I trust that no-one will ever have to pay money (other than for fannish causes like auctions at cons) for any of my magazines, and that anyone dealing in them burns in Hell for eternity. And I am NOT joking.

AGB

Ian Butterworth compared fandom to Frankenstein's monster.

Pete Presford suggested that I was almost too old to have children. What can I say?

Thom Penman sent a poor article. At least, I thought that he did, but I'm not too sure now... I think I sent it on somewhere, but I'm not too sure.

Pete Weston

72 Beeches Drive
Erdington
Birmingham 24

I laughed and laughed at your nastiness to the BSFA, which I found really hilarious. There was evidently quite a serious attempt to disband the thing at Chester, to my surprise, since I don't go that far by any means. If the BSFA is giving some sort of service and some pleasure to somebody - be it only the BSFA committee - then it deserves to continue. After all, it doesn't do any harm (does it, Gray?) and if members get tired of paying £1:50 or whatever, then they will stop doing so and the Association will quietly fade away - as it shows signs of so doing.

I think that I would challenge your contention that the BSFA "...has driven away many SF enthusiasts". That is not quite the same thing as having failed to keep these enthusiasts.

I'm a bit concerned that by implication you class me as one of the 'old-timers'. Oddly enough I didn't enter fandom all that much before you did - 1963 - and the real "established" fans would doubtless consider me an upstart rather than one of them. I'd like to be regarded as one of your "younger British fans", with whom I have nearly all of my fannish friendships, but with the antediluvian pre-1963 set, if such a set exists.

* * *

But Peter, you were already a BNF when I entered fandom..... I tend to split fandom into four periods: pre-New Wave (by no means homogenous but there does seem to have been more of a unity about fandom before then. It wouldn't do to exaggerate that, of course, and it really should be split into more eras - Irish Fandom Era, for one - but let it stand for now.) Secondly: New Wave - you, Platt, Moorcock, Chris Priest etc, resulting in a distinct split in fandom, and the disappearance of the quality British faanish fanzine. Thirdly; the PaDS crowd, which is me, Nushling, Mike Ashley, an era which ended with the resurgence of such fannish zines as EGG, MAYA etc., these making up the best of my fourth group, ie all these neos who have arrived since me. Does that explain my comments last time?

As for the BSFA: yes, it does do harm. I've already mentioned the fanzine library, but I also regard everyone who tries the BSFA for one year, then gives up in disgust, as a soul lost to fandom. And that, I feel, is harmful to fandom. As for providing enjoyment to committee members - have a word with Graham Poole!

AGB

Gerald Lawrence liked C6.

So did Howie Rosenblum.

Sam Long thought I was mellowing with age, or perhaps due to the influence of Meg. I don't think so, Sam.

Mike Glicksohn

Current address?

I say, old top, it's a bit much, you know. Here I with a great long letter to your fanzine do not even get acknowledged and in the same issue someone I don't know takes my name in vain! Is this any way to win friends and influence fanzine reviewers?

It's interesting to discover that, as usual, you seem to be having the same sort of problems in England that we're having in North America, only a couple of years later. The death of the open room party at cons over here has been much talked about in recent years. It really began about four years ago with the demise of the wide-open free-booze type bidding strategy, and was hastened on by the rapidly increasing size of even traditionally small regionals. It just became too expensive to throw an open party.

So the closed, invitational party became the order of the day, and resulted in the usual rash of complaining articles about how cliquish and in-groupish fandom was and how Joe Neo had attended his first convention and, lo and behold, fandom wasn't one big happy family and he couldn't get sick on other people's booze.

Harder to explain is the seeming demise at some cons of even the closed parties. When Susan and I were at the Westercon in San Francisco, with 1500 other people, we were constantly astounded by the number of BNTs who spent most of the evening in our room with our small gathering because there weren't any other parties going.

While I have a fannish inclination towards expecting a faned to duplicate his own fanzine, I can't support a motion to ban professionally printed fanzines on that ground alone. Anyone willing to pay someone to offset his fanzine is simply somewhat richer and incredibly more sensible than I. But I would demand much more of someone using offset than I would of a faned using his own mimeo, and I'd expect the former to utilize the tremendous advantages of offset to the fullest before I'd consider him the equal of someone producing a mimeoed fanzine that made the most of that particular medium. But then I always was screwy....(No, Lisa, I'm not "flipping": I'm flipped. Ask my friends; they'll both agree...)

I am now, and was on the day I received the Hugo, a Canadian citizen. The issues of NERG that won the award were produced in my days as a Brit, though. We drink scotch, here, dear. At least, I do. Out of glasses, though, not cups, and at a rate that causes strong men to blanch. How else could one read all those fanzines and write all these locs?

* * *

Surely the correct term is "Scotch" with a capital S?

Britain has never had free-booze bidding for conventions, a distinct failing, I've no doubt, but thus cannot be said to be "a couple of years later" in the way you imply. This timelag between US and GB fandom is mythological: it seems to exist because British fanzines take forever to appear, delay in discussing current trends until they are totally established, and then take six months to reach the States due to the combined inefficiencies of our postal services. And yes, I am aware that Canada is distinct from the US of A, but Canadian fandom seems less so. Excuse English. Your comments on the size of conventions are noted: over here this is complicated by an influx of trendy semi-intellectuals, determined to oust fandom from British SF: hence the next Eastercon will have no fannish item on the programme. The programme booklet goes so far as to state that fannish items are unpopular and badly attended: an exact inversion of the truth. But I digress...

Thank you, one and all, for your letters

* * * * *

A KIND OF EDITORIAL PRESENCE

This fanzine is called CYNIC 7 because I have little choice in the matter, it seems. This page is being prepared after the rest of the issue has been duplicated, thus saving any obvious chronological steps (the first draft is dated October 1st). There doesn't seem to be much point in moving platitudes like "Hope you enjoy the fanzine" for it's too late now!

Somehow, despite the name, it doesn't feel like a real CYNIC. Too much white paper, for a start. Not enough artwork. No external contributions - no Linwood fanzine reviews! I'm sorry people, but with this, ah, elastic publishing schedule I can't seem to manage such things. I would appreciate articles, fan columns and artwork for future issues, though obviously I can't guarantee publishing dates. This minicon should keep me reasonably active, however.... bear in mind that C wasn't always an annual event. Still, this is the age of the personal zine, Dr. Pardoe proclaimed, so who am I to argue?

Please note my new address, folks. Bernie Peek has taken over my old address and fan group, so please remember him when making up food parcels.

I did intend to produce a TRANSPLANT some months ago, going into much long and boring detail about my move, and the differences between Hawker Siddeley Aviation (Kingston) and British Aircraft Corporation (Warton) but thought better of it. With the industry in its present parlous state, I might want my old job back sometime. I'll say only that I moved North for several reasons, one of which was the thought that the work would be more advanced there. Just as well that wasn't a major reason, for my first few months were spent solely on Canberra work! In the third month I progressed to the Lightning.

As for the area, I'll merely say that it rains a lot. The *postman* doesn't have a bicycle, but a punt.

There are no other fans in the area. Not even my wife - she is a fan, but is still studying at Bristol, for the next two-and-a-half years. It does occur to me that she should be persuaded to write a column, at least, for this magazine, but so far she has steadily refused. I suggested the title "Life with Gray" but she thought it best to shield you from the truth. Or perhaps it is me she is shielding?. (It is I?)

It was therefore doubly pleasing to have the Kitten mob drop in one Saturday night. The doorbell rang, and I went outside to see who was there...they leapt into the air and waved their hands. At least, I'm told they did, for I was some five paces behind a neighbour, who bore the full brunt of their welcome.... My wife is a schemer. So is Dave Rowe. Those two had planned it all by post. Would you care to believe that I'd come across a letter to Meg, from Dave, the previous weekend, and hadn't thought anything of it? (Well, I hadn't thought much of it, anyway.)

No matter. I have now come to the end of C7. Bearing in mind that only two weeks ago I was convinced of my gaffiation, I don't think that this is too bad. Write soon.

This is the seventh issue of a fanzine, sometimes named CYNIC,
produced by

Gray Boak
2, Cecil Court,
Cecil Street,
Lytham,
LYTHAM ST. ANNES,
Lancs.
FY8 5NN
England

Artwork on front cover by Andrew Stephenson
C7 motif by Bob Smith
Artwork below by Grant Canfield
(presented by Dave Rowe)

