

This is the third (phew, we just made it before the con) issue of MAYA, the frequently late fanzine. Edited and produced by:

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ARTWORK

Front Cover...Harry Bell
Back Cover...Ken Simpson
 Jim Marshall

All interior artwork by Harry Bell except for page 8 which is by Alan Hunter.

Many thanks to all those who contributed and loced.

ED

THE MOTORISED BEGGAR

BY

LISA CONESA

He was standing in front of the Post Office, clad in a well-cut, though badly in need of a press, suit; beret on his head, driving goggles on his nose, a red glove on one hand; in this he held an empty canister, shaking it from time to time.

---At least five pence for my new Mercedes 6!... At least five pence, people!...

He called in such a tearing voice, that although I'm normally against any form of begging, I dropped into that canister a whole ten pence piece.

---Are you short for petrol, or for vulcanisation?! I asked him touched to the core.

He bowed elegantly, dried a tear, and pointed to the car with his chin.

---I'm short for petrol, for general overhaul, for everything! I won this petrol beastie in a competition three years ago, since then I've been virtually penniless.... Do you realise how much this thief steals in petrol alone?... Who can afford to keep such a thirsty dragon?

---I know this auto-lament well --I told him. ---This is a Mercedes or in other words a 'Hudson'. He is also known as a desert camel, or 'the road circulator'. He's driven many a man to ruin before... But couldn't you sell the thing?

---Sell it?! He said. ---Whom can I sell it to, a Lunatic? They're all driving around in minis, using but a thimbleful of petrol a mile. There was a time when I could have sold it, but today no one will take it, for anything.

---Yes, it is true, what with the taxes, you have to steal to keep such a pig.

---And where can one get the money from for insurance, to pay the imj-arc, or repair bills, oh, countless expenses?... Not only is one driven to stealing, but one must have industrious parents as well.

---What if you put the expenses of keeping the car into the P.O. Bank and used railways or public transport instead?.... ---I said.

The look on his face became dangerously angry, I felt cold shivers from head to foot. Then, taking from the canister my ten pence piece, he handed it back to me screaming:

---Take back your filthy money and go to the Post Office yourself!... I, travel on trains, like an ordinary man, whilst these others are driving around in luxe-cars!... Maybe you'd want me to walk even! Granted I'm begging for a car, but do you think anyone would help a blindman!... They'd rather give to a car. Open your eyes man.

This saying he got into his Mercedes.

I felt saddened to think of this beautiful young man, going thinner and greener in a few years time, from the constant diet of bean and sandwiches.

and all to keep on feeding his wretched car. So that he could flash before the eyes of jealous pedestrians.

He could always turn to crime, but he didn't, for the auto-eagle hasn't yet devoured his entire liver.

I lifted up my head to look on the face of the Mercedes 6 owner, but he was no longer there, I saw him driving at full speed towards the park, to stand there in front of the gates, and with his tearing voice once again screech out:

---I'm not saying that I'm blind, or hunchbacked, people!... I'm an ordinary orphan without a mother or father, I have only one dependent to support, my crippled automobile! At least five pence, people, for my poor car! At least five pence... People have you all gone deaf?!

LAZARUS SONG

Ritchie Smith

More resurrected tides, on our bulwarked timbers: or, flute-songs of spring
darkening within an hour, within a heartbeat
darkening soon to night and black. And,
My God: where the well-springs flow, where Artesian torrents
are fires, raging in a dry-stick forest, thunderstorms in a desert sky,
rats' claws tapping on a window pane
and crows' flight, in a straight (yet hidden) line,
am I.
The machineries turn, turn, turn.

She is hidden in the stones; in the dyke of stones.
Hidden. Loneliness. The place of stones, or
on its threshold, where sun's eclipsed, and water dies.
And my world ended with barbed wire, and the whispers
of false witches, as I turned, and spoke:
"It is the naked disease, this thing called poetry."

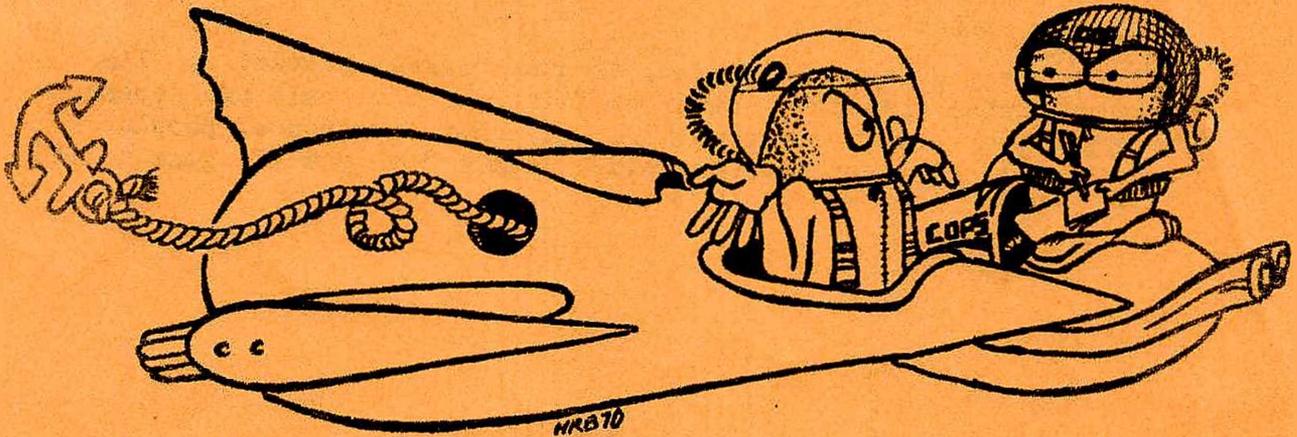
And now Lazarus lives again.

THOM PENMAN wants a sitar. Offers to 14 Winterbottom Street, SOUTH
SHIELDS, Co. Durham.

And if that isn't a strange way to fill up two lines....

ZERO--ZERO HE FLIES:

gray boak



I begin with the theory SF is dead: made semi-respectable by the genuine space exploits, it has been hung across the horns of two separate beasts, the avant-garde and the sword and sorcery. Sword-and-Sorcery that peculiar bastard out of fantasy and brutality, has taken away SF's sense of wonder; and the avant-garde, laying claim to the best writing within the field, has discarded space-ships and with them the future. Without the future, SF is merely a piddling little tributary of the mainstream.

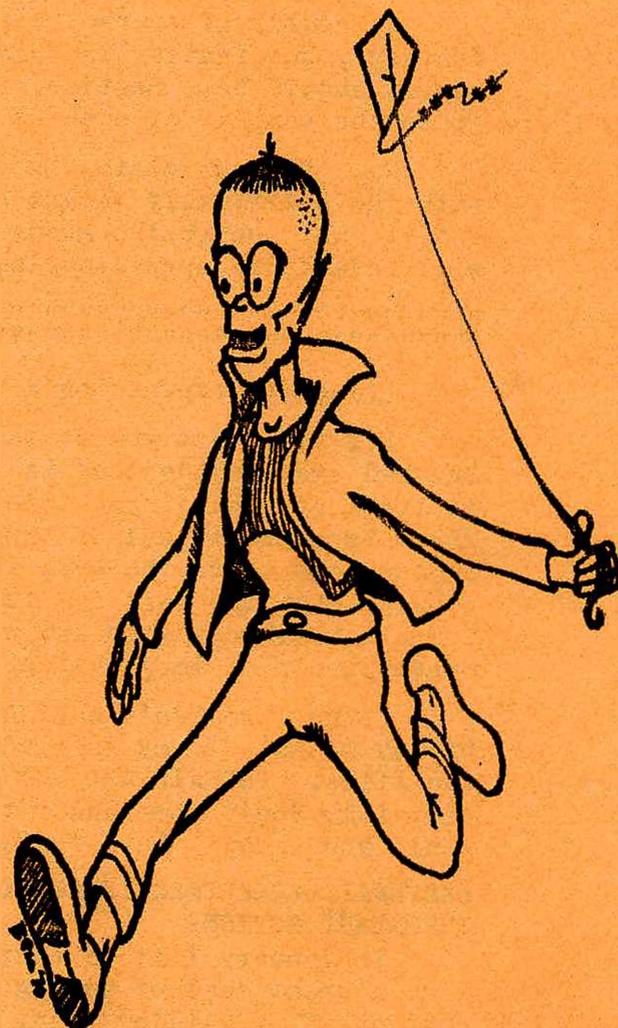
It is the very acceptance, the reality, of space-flight that has made the traditional SF unacceptable to 'forward thinkers'. They claim that there is no wonder in space flight because it has been taken over by the technologists, who would prefer sending robots rather than men, and compromise by sending men who are as near as possible to robots.

As a technologist, I resent this, for this argument is as full of holes as Gruyere cheese. The space programme has its fair share of personalities: Jim Lovell, orbiting the Earth on Xmas day, reported "an unidentified satellite in polar orbit": Wally Schirra, who compered a 'space TV spectacular' from Appollo 8 (and has since retired to help fight pollution): small-statured Pete Conrad, who on stepping onto the Moon reported "A small step for Neill but a large one for me." From the same flight, when a delinquent tv camera flickered into life, Al Bean told Huston Control "I hit it with my hammer." Drama? Deke Slayton, one of the original Mercury astronauts, was grounded before his chance to fly because of a minor heart defect --he is now permanently attached to the astronauts as a senior adminstrator. Al Shepherd, grounded after the first American space flight, fought hard to be reinstated --and finally was, for Apollo 14. And Tom Stafford's dry understatement from Apollo 13 (launched at 13.13 on Friday 13th) "It seems we have a problem."

I've never met any of the American or Soviet spacemen, but I work with the same breed of men: experienced test pilots. The men who would be among the British astronauts, if we had the political energy to try. Husky voiced Duncan Simpson, who has been test-flying almost as long as anyone else in the country. He received a Queen's Commendation for staying with a dead-engined Harrier long enough to clear some people's homes --smashing his back and throat in the process. John Farley, of incredible nerve, who can fly a Harrier as a boy twirling a plastic model between his fingers, yet capable of spending his time discussing the very basics of the aeroplane with a young, very green, graduate. Barry Tonkinson, who drinks 'g' forces as some men pints of bitter, I recall storming about the offices clenching a fuming cigar between his teeth. He was furious because he was temporarily restricted to production Hunter testing until the Court of Enquiry sat --his Harrier's engine died too, and he eh-so-nearly brought it back intact. Tony Hawkes, immaculately precise in his flying, always starting each test at a 10 or 5 second point in the flight, always finishing his set task in a shorter time than the others, always with a smile in greeting. And bald pixie Andy Jones, with the encyclopaedic knowledge of US fighters, and who produces the most superb side-slip traces ever seen.

These men, superbly fit with a full technical knowledge of their subject and lightning reflexes --these are the men to conquer space. They are as individual as any poet, musician, or artist can be. A crew composed of a poet, and artist and a musician may be able to describe the Moon better than Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, but such a crew could not have brought Apollo 13 back. A man has only room for so much in his life: if he chooses to spend his time bringing up a family and going into space, then he is unlikely to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. He just hasn't got the time --but that's no reason to consider him any less human.

These people who call out against the space programme are cripples, handicapped by a terrifying lack of vision. It is the view from space that has underlined the truism that the earth is a spaceship, and must be made liveable in but who wants to spend their entire life in a spaceship? Not the human race. These short-sighted monomaniacs are the true robots, restricted in the possibilities of their existence.



As for the other horn, the Sword and Sorcery hacks... Sword and Sorcery is used as an excuse for some of the worst writing seen in the field since the pre-war pulps. Totally abandoning such items as logic and characterisation, with superhuman strength and 'deus-ex-machina' magic substituted for believable action and careful plotting, these stories bid fair to destroy SF's carefully nurtured (and still highly fragile) claims to genuine literature.

Some few (precious few!) authors can handle the field well (though Leiber and Davidson are the only ones to spring to mind) but most seem to use it as a relaxation from the rigours of writing. Compare Anthony's SOS THE ROPE with his CHTHON --or even OMNIVORE. Or Moorcock's instant rubbish with BEHOLD THE MAN. (Even if Iam doesn't like the latter.)

Even space-opera shows up well in this company. Retief is hardly as bad as Brak the Barbarian, and Ensign Flandry could give Conan two rocks and a queen any day. (It would perhaps be fairer to compare Flandry with Fafhrd and the Mouser, as the best of their respective kind, but as that would only weaken my argument, I shall pass over it.)

We could, of course, claim that the Sword-and-Sorcery is 'only fantasy', but fantasy is inextricably linked with SF, and that's the way it should be. Besides, sword and sorcery authors would only disgrace the company of such as Peake, Shelley, Ariosto...

No. SF must claim its own, the jeremiads of technological doom with the spiritually vacant butchers butchers of man's dark periods. But it must absorb the good, and reject the wasteful extremes, or it will indeed die spread-eagled on two horns.

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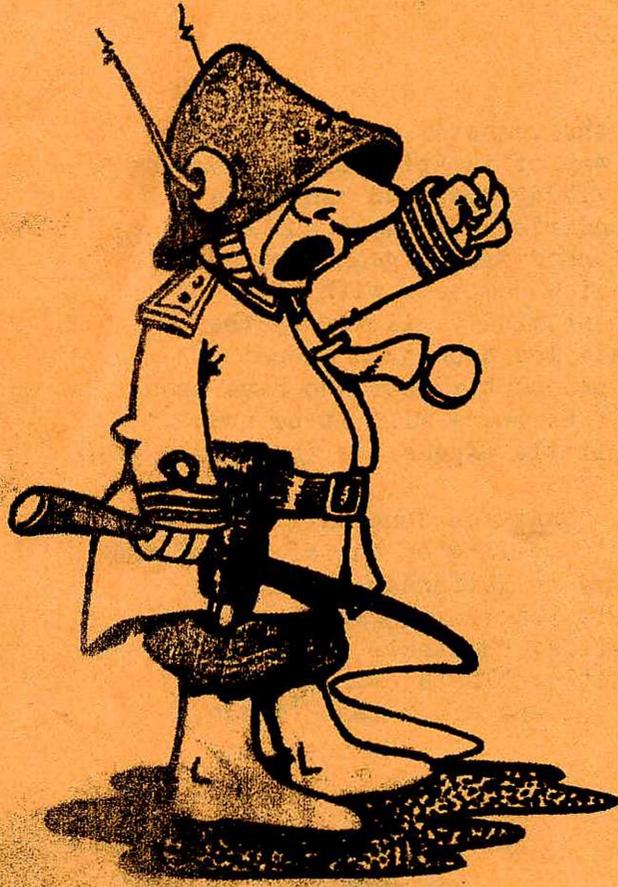
((Just to expound on a couple of points you make, Gray.

((I feel that you do the Mouser stories a great injustice. Sneaked away inside them is some of Leiber's best writing, his wit at its most subtle, and understated erotica, disguised a la Cabell. There is a great deal of depth to these tales, certainly more so than immediately meets the eye, which perhaps explains why they are too popular with the real S&S idiots, the ones who wallow mindlessly in Conan's brainless gore and who hold up Moorcock's shallow tripe as masterpieces of imagination.

((And I wouldn't call Avram Davidson a sword and sorcery writer by any means. To my knowledge he's written nothing that even vaguely qualifies. PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR and THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH' certainly don't come under these categories as they are more, more... would you accept 'hard fantasy'? IRW))

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

In January I'll be starting college without a grant which means I've a great deal of saving to do. Part of this involves a severe cutting of my mailing list. ONLY people who: SEND a letter of comment, a contribution, a trade, money, or review MAYA in their own zine will get MAYA:4. Any of those will do,



DAMN! They've
Closed The Bar.

A Pentangular Conreport

PROLOGUE
BY
IAN WILLIAMS

"Who's organising the con this Easter?" Asked Harry Bell.
"Pete Weston," said Thoth Penman.
"It's a Petercon," I said.
"A Westoncon," said the Mad Mole.
"It'll be a serconcon," said Harry Bell slurping his beer.
"I know," he continued, "Just wait and see," slurp slurp.

BLACK EASTER
BY
THOTH PENMAN

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the Conhotel... The trip down proved almost Fortian in the way of inexplicable happenings, but arrive I finally did. Greeted by Goblin/Teddy bear and Ian Maule, who hushed my lunatic gibberings (Why this is Sunderland, nor am I out of it), and convinced me that it was all real. I stashed all my gear, food and such in Goblins room, a kind of womb-with-a-view complete with t-v (such was the Giffard hotel). This arrangement, kindly allowed by the Editor, proved rather awkward however, and entailed a certain amount of dependance on his passkey. To those of you, presumably neos, who have never tried free-loading and are planning to do it at where will it be now, Chester is it? I would not recommend it. A little expense is worth the independance.

My first encounter with phaandom. Gee. "That was John Hall?" I asked, pointing back at a strange creature drunkenly rolling on the of one of the lifts. In the lounge Teddy Bear introduced me to Ratfandom as Ritchie Smith, blindly following an ancient unworkable practical joke to my chagrin. (Goblin: "Here's Ritchie Smith." Kettle: "Ha, thats funny!" Penman: "Uh--no, I'm Tom Penman actually." Kettle: "Thats even funnier!") (Dark thoughts thither hence to the Kettle..). And after that fiasco, Holdstock, whom I'd been told was looking for me came breathing fire at me because I'd loxed him as a one-time boring-moron and described him in my last letter as a spittoon. No pleasing some people; fortunately he turned out a real nice guy. As Zelazny once put it: "There must be something about him that we humans like."

40 proved to be Welsh; Pickersgill did not, tho considerably stockier than I had pictured--a sort of Neanderthal fan really. Idwal was some species of cockney not a long-haired frak, which suprise surprise, Pete Roberts turned out to be. The usual image-blower surprises of course. So what else is new, I suppose. Christ, things soon become confused.

This clown called Kettle kept clumping around wearing a patent grin, accosting people (and phans as well) with Ken Fadie's tape recorder's mike. During a long Ratdom session



I obliged him by telling the mike(surily)to remove itself with the use of urine and this seemed to satisfy him. Strange guy. I continued a long fugghead spiel against massed ratfandom,raising my voice above the noise from Gray's shirt,but to no avail. A case of Book of Ecclesiastes upon stony ground. Still, Holdstock did admit to me at the time: "Of course all my stories are crap." Incredible. The love of a good woman,obviously. Was the beautiful girl at his at his side really his fiance or rather someone hired by the hour to impress us all,I wonder? Jean Finney: Daughter of Lir,eyes of perdition..Rob had described her once in a letter as his "beautiful Greek-looking Irish girl" but I think Leroy Kettle had it with "Jean of the breasts and thighs".

Room parties even. Boak was it,thrusting thimbles of alcoholic washing-up liquid at me and Eadie? The legendary Verguzz,reputed to be distilled green frogs(250 proof!). I can well believe it. Arguing with Eadie in drunken stupour for hours;he believes Planet of the Apes to be perfectly possible with escaped zoo apes producing by mimicry internal combustion engines ten thousand generations later. Must be thick as a brick. He too tho,seemed a nice guy. Sex mad; he complained of Brunner (in his tenth and final avatar,for those who know)picking up in five minutes some wife he'd wanted to get off with all day. I say sex mad cos she seemed about fifty. "Ah,it's maturity that counts.." He mumbled meaningfully. Sometime about half past three that night I took a walk outside to see if I could watch the dawn come up. Must have been far gone. Soon realised my mistake,but eventually froze to sleep for three quarters of an hour sitting on a weighing machine in some bog. Never again. Ha!

Next night was also spent out in the cold and damp. Half of ratfandom and various other phreaks seemed to be mooching around from one nothing room party to another nothing room party or riding drunken up and down in the lifts. Kettle and I got evicted by the man,being unable to produce room-keys,and in the process of running from police cars etc,came across Pickersgill. The poison dwarf was leaning against a wall between two telephone boxes at three or four o'clock on the monday morning. Leroy asked him what he was doing there and Greg told him to fuck off. So he said," No!" so Pickersgill said, "Fuck off," so Kettle said, "No," so Pickersgill said, "Fuck off,"so....Pickersgill seemed quite reasonable about it,in a kind of flat monotone. They kept up this interesting dialogue for about three minutes before I noticed Pickersgill was holding a knife down at his side. After he attacked Kettle with it, we wandered off. I thought this must be all thomfoolery,but Kettle assured me Greg had been deadly serious. He'd attacked him with a broken bottle once. (I assume a fixed grin and swallow,like...)Mind you,this was before Pickersgill informed me he had been lying on the pavement pissed at the time,and Kettle had woke him up by kicking him in the stomach,so he puked over himself.. Great mates them two.

But onto happier fragments..

Films: "Demon With A Glass Hand" I thought very good,unintentional (unintentional??)humour and all,tho the plot was predictable and the two end-twists ---that the protagonist was a robot and that the wire coil on which was recorded the entire human race(yep)was hidden inside him---telegraphed. "Charly" was brilliant. Use of the camera actually added to the story of "Flowers for Algernon". Paticularly the end-half,high-spot being a romance scene I suppose you'd call it(not a love scene). This was a montage of camera views showing Charly and his one-time teacher now love,in a forest backdrop--trees,skies, their heads emerging into the morning from a sleeping bag,a boat made from two leaves floating down a stream.. all of which without dialogue, marvellously appropriate sitar music(fantastic)filling in the background. Just beautiful,man.

The ending of the film, the symbolic, in fact surrealistic, flight of Charly, doomed genius, through an Algernon-maze of endless corridors, from the reappearing figure of Charly, grinning idiot, was likewise tremendous. A chase made all the more nightmarish by slowed motion, and one that, as they receded further away, Charly, genius, was slowly losing. The cutting to the shot of the leaf-boat slowly drifting by for the final credits, really wrapped it up, for me.

It's so heavy, to Beefheartism.
Other fragments..

Lisa Conesa, most sought-after girl in fandom, has an incredible accent; an Italian Princess Anne/Hattie Jacques.. Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes and you're gone.. Huge eyes. Tall slim blonde. She shoots colours all around, like a starship going down.



Phil Muldowny's seeming monopoly on Lisa's company proved to be the most grumbled-at point in Ratfandom and the circles in which I slowly spin. Significant?

Found Sam Long would make a passable Amerikkkan Santa Clause, suitably padded and hirsute. Tried to convince me and Goblin the holy ghost was the Great Goddess of Fertility. Another fetisher..

Was waiting for a lift one night about half past one, when the thing comes down, doors open and there's Ian Maule (who is hardly, unlike such athletes as Gilbert or Eadie, the biggest thing in Condom) necking with a married woman who shall remain nameless. "Hi there," I quip dazzlingly after a moment. Doors close. Lift ascends. (I stand there, counting on my toes how many I'd had that

night..) It later proved to be a figment of objective reality however. Strange things happen in Condom..

Apparently two or three people mistook Miss Edwards for a man. (Still don't know how I came to buy two QUICKSILVERS..)

The Sunday night it must have been, I vaguely remember sitting in on Hall, Mike Collins, 40, and sundry others telling Jewish jokes with Son Rosenblum. I was feeling rather inanimated by this time, something like a drunk zombie, only I wasn't even drunk (doesn't this bring tears to your eyes?); I figured out later I had about four to five hours sleep in 94. Anyway, eventually I got so annoyed having to wake up to laugh at Jaggermouths punchlines (an excellent joke-teller, like 40, I'm not sure how much the incredible accent has got to do with it) that I somehow managed to crawl my way to Goblins room, having gained the key, and flake out on the

bed. Eadie came in after a while so I gave him a hard boiled egg with a smashed shell, and then Goblin came in and we departed quick to our various hangouts as Goblin seemed to wish to have his small but evil way with defenceless Julia Stone. Oh, the jokes flew about that.

I remember some very late Ratfandom sessions, Sunday presumably before people started riding the lifts to their higher levels of existence. Yes, the very same when Eadie smote Kettle and Hall. While the staff glared and talked loudly and Hoovered around prone figures on the floor. Sniggers passed in a bored sort of way concerning a rival group also occupying the lounge. Kettle tried to hit John National-socialist Hall in the balls several times with an empty bottle. Funny people. Kettle exercised his razer-sharp intellect with such witticisms as: "Look, you can hear Rosenblum fattening.." Half of Rosenblum's ass or a roll of blub or a pregnancy or something, was flowing over his pants in an obscene manner as he sat with his back to awesome Ratfandom, playing cards with Idwal, Eadie et co. (At this point Pickersgill returned from the bogs and announced "Whenever I get an erection there's no one in there to show it to..").

In the lounge Saturday morning I watched Rosenblum fire plastic pellets at people. Bounced one off the head of the passing Pi-man. (an incredible figure, only out-done by Micky Fox). Beautiful shot it was. The Pi-man announced he was going to bring his water-pistol the following day.

Such is the magic of phandhumb.

I thought I might as well get into the spirit of the thing, and wandered around henceforth with "Map of Africa" written on my left cheek. Must get a kazoo for Chester (a'la Woodstock Kettle-surrogate).

Is Marshian always that quiet or was it some kind of subtle piss-take, I wonder?

Irony of the con was 40 mentioning my weird accent in those distorted tones of Welsh of his. Great guy 40. Has real ability at retelling Micky Fox anecdotes. Should be on the stage. (It's leaving in five minutes, yeah, yeah...).

Blasphemy of the con was Mary Legg's. Mary, stepping thru the sunshine in a white cullotte-suit, long hair dangling down.. Truly as nice a person as her letters and general impression gives. Trying to think of some suitable quote from "Lady Elenore", but I'll settle on "my fair lady Galadriel.." Despite all, in the lounge she described LORD OF LIGHT as; "Oh, isn't that the one about Buddha and a few monkeys?" The words of Ecclesiastes fall, mourning, thru my head...

END

.....

HARRY BELL is a living legend.

THE SUN 9.2.72.

IMPRESSIONS OF EASTERCON
BY
JOHN PIGGOTT

Well, thought I, miserably trying to rake up enough cash to go to Worcester. What with this rail go-slow and all, I'll just have to go by road.

So, armed with a trusty Ace double, I arrive at the coach station. I had considered hitching, but no, too uncertain. After the odd breakdown or two en route, the coach eventually steams into Worcester half an hour after the scheduled start of the programme. Thank goodness! I had read all but three pages of my book, and it seemed certain that I would be reduced to staring out of the window....

Map in hand, I steer myself to the point named "Crown Hotel", and to my delight I see said hotel just in front of me. I go in. The porter shows me to my room, and I despair of ever finding my way out again, through the Moebius strip-like corridors and the innumerable interconnecting stairways. At last, I blunder through the door, and make haste towards the Giffard. Arriving there, I am surprised to find that the programme has only just started. Curses! My foul secret is out. Only a neofan, I discover, would expect the programme to start on time.

I remain in the convention hall most of the day, in between drinking. I stay and watch the first few films, chuckling at the Delta Groups creations. But I wonder to myself at how many conventions these films have been shown before... Eventually I wander out and stagger back to ye olde Crown Hotel and bed...

Saturday, and breakfast is taken with David Rowe and $\frac{1}{2}$ R Cruttenden, who requests that we call Gray Boak by the name "Arthur". Now why would he say that I wonder? Vast quantities of toast are eaten, while the waiters remain nearby, confused by Dave's incredible breakfast of porridge, cornflakes, and grapefruit. Stan Nicholls and Brian Hampton are at neighbouring tables, also Ramblin Jake Grigg, and others. The mundanes keep at a safe distance. Afterwards I shamle back to the Giffard to hear interesting talks by John Brunner and Pam Bulmer, followed by an anti-climatic, dull fanzine panel, at which nothing much was said that I hadn't already heard elsewhere. Now it is the



suction. I start purchasing bundles of Pete Westons old fanzines, reasoning that there must be some fanzines there of at least average quality. Of course, I guess Pete keeps his old copies of SFR for himself.... I buy three of these bundles, and as I bid for a fourth I suddenly notice the weight of the zines on my lap. The pile is ten inches high. I stop bidding, and eventually barge through the milling crowds and trek back to my hotel room with my purchases.

Afternoon. Gray Boak is encountered, and Pete Roberts. Gray informs me that CYNIC 2 is out....by an inch, I avoid falling to the floor in astonishment. Peter makes excuses for the lack of appearances of his zines, assuring me that I should receive lots shortly after the con. (And in fairness to Peter, I must say that a week after the con I did indeed get several zines from him.) Someone thrusts a copy of MAYA into my lap. He is the tallest dwarf I've ever seen, and for this reason it takes me some time to realise that this is in fact IAN WILLIAMS. Accordingly I must have seemed stupid to Ian. Sad. Meanwhile, the programme continues. Mary and Churl appear and disappear. Gray Boak at last arrives with my copy of CYNIC. I examine it. Finally, I say to him. "Well, it certainly looks better than your first issue." Gray counters. "Why?" I explain laboriously about typos, illos, layout, etc. Gray appears unconvinced, and eventually leaves, presumably to take refuge in the bar....

I wander down into the book and art room. Ian is there, recommending me to buy various things. I am so overwhelmed by his superior knowledge of SF that I actually get around to buying MACROSCOPE, which he says he liked. I must get around to reading it sometime, I suppose. Ah, time, time.... After eating I return to the convention hall, there to see my first and last St. Pantony ceremony. After this I visit the bar again, then back to the hall, fairly drunk by this time, to see yer actual long-delayed STAR TREK episode. A fan cryptically named 'Anonymous' effectively monopolises conversation with Dave Gerrold, but I sample a STAR TREK cracker and sit in a besotted stupor with a certain amount of contentment... Alas, soon after I suddenly need to retire, and all is blackness till

Sunday, when I breakfast in a bemused state, then go back to bed for another couple of hours, arising at twelve, when I once more walk down to the Giffard. By now I know the sights along the way like the back of my hand, a cliché almost as overused as I felt Worcester's High Street to be at that time. I arrive just in time for the con-bidding, after which the auction is resumed. I purchase a copy of 'Harlequin' for 35p., and an ANALOG signed 'Charles Platt' which I later hear had been inscribed the previous night by Roje Gilbert....is this true, R.I.G.? After lunch I meet Dave Berg, organiser extraordinary of Postal Diplomacy games, and he mentions plans for a game that evening. Though it may have happened, I wasn't there. I watch CHARLY in a full house, and found it twice as good as any of the other films I'd seen there; I sat back, but my attention was distracted by Brian Burgess, who attempted to sell meat pies...whoa, no! I eat something else though, after the film, then retire to the lounge. "Greetings" shouts Sam Long, maniac weatherman incroyable...A German fan, named 'Ubschi' or some such, engages Mushling, Rambling Jake and others in a guttural, broken conversation; I join in eventually, and discover I knew far more German than ever I'd realised. It still isn't enough however, and we continue into the depths of

the night, Mush and myself, deciphering a fine fannish tale that Ubachi spins. Julia Stone and Ian roll up at some stage; "If you see Pickersgill and Kettle, kick them for me," says Ian. But alas, I never did get round to seeing these two, nor did I get to talk to many others whom I'd have liked to see. Perhaps next year, if I make it to Chester...see you there?

WHAT I DID ON MY HOLIDAY'S

BY

IAN MAULE

On the Friday of the con I was up bright and early to catch the 8.20 am train to Brum. Because of the work to rule we arrived at 12.20, 10 mins late. Immediately I went to the information desk and asked what time the next train to Worcester was, "2,30" they told me. Well I couldn't wait that long, so I made my way to the Midland Red bus station, just round the corner. My luck was in, the Worcester express was just about to leave. During the journey I ate my lunch consisting of four rather off egg sandwiches, the smell of which I'm sure was the reason I had half the bus to myself. Arriving at Worcester I trudged towards the Cathedral, only to find when I got there that it wasn't. Not giving up so easily I asked an old woman the way to the "Giffard Hotel". "Straight up the road, turn right and its down a bit." At last the Giffard. All hot and bothered I entered the reception area, told the young lady there my name and was shown to my room by a porter. Against the rules I gave him a 2p tip, which he didn't seem very grateful for. After unpacking I made for the registration desk on the ground floor; there I received my name badge, programme booklet and sundry other items. Following the signs I found myself in the lounge, a few groups of people were sitting around but I didn't recognise anyone. Finding a quiet seat by the bar I read my programme booklet. I was feeling rather bored after reading it four times so began to take more notice of my surroundings. Who should I see but Ian Williams sitting with a crowd of admirers, including Greg Pickersgill and Leroy Kettle. Anyway, I walked across to where Ian was sitting and sat myself down beside him. I'm not sure what happened the rest of Friday, but I do remember talking about Enid Blyton with John Brosnan.

Breakfast on the Saturday consisted of one large pineapple juice, which I drank in an almost deserted restaurant. Most of the day I hung around with Ratfandom, not really joining in, just listening. I did break away early in the evening to listen to the many and varied tales of Al De Betten-court and his experiances in Germany and Japan. Shortly after I had the honour of having my first fan photo taken with Mary Legg and Julia Stone. Much later I teamed up with John Spinks to watch the fancy dress ball and afterwards wandered around until we found a room party (the Bridge's, or was it Gray's in their room?) anyway we were glad to have found it; rumours had been flying around all day to the effect that a room party was on somewhere. Most of Ratfandom was there + other assorted freaks, so I didn't feel to out of place. I managed to find a seat near the bed, next to George Hay and Bette Woodhead. Mr. Williams was sitting on the windowsill to my left, in a classic Goblin position, legs crossed. After much drinking John and I left for the St. Fantony party in the penthouse. We were pretty early in arriving, so had a very good seat, on the floor next to the punch-bowl.

During the course of the night many assorted people appeared at my left elbow: Jake Grigg, Dave Berg, George and Bette, these are the few I recall. Sometime in the night I remember shouting, "Terry Jeeves for TAFF" but my encouragement didn't seem to reach the ears of anyone. To bed at 4.30 am.

To be awoken at 7.00am by Tom Penman, who had mistaken my room for Goblin's. After gentle hints Tom departed, leaving me wide awake. After breakfast I went for a walk round Worcester with John Hall, Kettle and Spinks. At this early hour it reminded me of a ghost town; not a soul on the streets. The most notable incident on the Sunday, to my way of thinking, was Jake Grigg teaching a German fan to swear in ~~fluent~~ fluent English. I wont recount exactly what was taught, but I think you can guess. The rest of the night was spent in discussion with John Spinks, Norm Edwards, Dave Berg, and briefly, Hartley Patterson. The Goblin tells me that about 4 in the morning I was sitting in the lounge with Ratfandom, falling off stool's. Honestly, I don't remember it!

Monday, I spring out of bed, bright eyed and bushy tailed. Next I wake-up to find I have a hangover and a mouth like a sewer. Sitting in the lounge, facing the entrance, it becomes obvious to me that the majority of the con goers are either zombies or dead...

Giving the boat-trip a miss, I packed my bags, paid my bill and was off. Leaving the hotel at 11am I arrived in Newcastle at 5pm, after a hectic dash in Birmingham, where I had 3 minutes to catch the train; not the best way to end a quiet weekend is it.

.....

"THERE AND BACK AGAIN - AND THERE AND BACK AGAIN"
BY
MARY LEGG

Julia and us two had made arrangements to go to the con with Jim Hake, a newish fan we'd met recently. The arrangement was that Jim would pick us all up from Woodstock Close at 8.30 on the Saturday morning. At 8.32 the door-bell rang; in came Jim with apologies for being late - followed by Julia not long afterwards. Coffee downed, we set off for Worcester on a beautiful sunny morning, with amazing clear roads. The route was certainly scenic; going thru Woodstock we were ~~well a little strong~~ impressed by the No. of houses bearing notification of their landlord, the Duke of Marlborough. There were breathtaking views coming over the Cotswolds and the farmlands thereabouts. Some I fear, must have taken someone's breath permanently, for going down a 1 in 7 much bending road, we turned a corner and saw that while the road turned sharply to the right further down to complete the 'S' bend we were negotiating, directly ahead was a road literally gouged out of the pine covered hillside which was marked, quite clearly "Escape Road". We did not have to avail ourselves of it.

Worcester endeared us to it immediatly on entering it's bounderies, where we found a huge sign announcing that there was a Giffard Hotel and that it was a Trust House Hotel(but not giving directions as to where it was - not so silly as it sounds as the roads - nearly all one-way - led literally to it's door) and not long after we passed a public wash-house

for motorised furry animals - well it said it was a "Panda car wash"....

We registered at the Giffard and were instructed to wear our badges on pain of being challenged about it; mine I attached to my shoulder-bag - it sufficed, and we trotted upstairs to the actual nitty-gritty of the con itself. A quantity of folk were in the hall listening to John Brunner; we shimmied in, and I spotted Bill Burns with his Fiance Mary, and I joined them for an undertoned conversation. John's talk had ended and dozens of fen swarmed in and out; two or three appeared at my elbow - Ian Williams without his beard, but new gogo and haircut, and Roje Gilbert, a face from the past, and the con had really begun. We retired to the very comfortable lounge, where truth to tell most of our con was spent, and yakked madly. We saw a No. of old friends and some we'd known by letter but not actually met - Michel Feron and Mario Bosnyak to name but two. There were a No. of continental fen about, in fact more than I'd expected; including a bunch of French fen, the Germans, at least one Swede and I think some Italians. The American too were well represented - including John Berry (who was just completing some time in France at college) who I'd not seen since a Hertsfan group meeting a couple of years before. It was a little later on when Ian and I were chatting, that I asked where the other Gannetfen were. Somewhere about quoth Ian, and a few moments later a couple of young men trotted into the lounge. My antenna operated quite well, as even before Ian had revealed saying there was Thom and Ian(Maule), I'd guessed who they were. They sat down and chatted. Ah..the bliss of being surrounded by Geordie accents again! the bar opened and we got some cokes', finding that it was cheaper to buy booze than coffee. It was at the bar that Chris(tine) Priest said, "Married at last?" Which amused me no end; we had a quick natter and then I mentioned that we had been courting 4 years before we got married, she looked at husband Chris(topher) and said, "I've not known him 4 years...

A bunch of authors appeared - I think James Blish was one - and a rather vivacious American female. Charles and I said, "is it? It is - no, its not.. - yes, it is! and finally decided, after consulting the programme booklet that she must have been Anne McCaffrey. Fortified with our cokes, C and I trotted up and took the plunge by saying to her. "Does Honourary Grandfather mean anything to you...Pat Terry? Amazed, did Anne look, and guessed who we were, whereupon we got into conversation. I should explain here that some years ago, before he died, Pat was adopted by Anne's children as an "Honourary Grandfather". Anne later inscribed my proggy book "To another 'Honourary Granddaughter'".

I can make no claims to any correct chronological sequence here, or anywhere else in this conrep, but it was certainly Saturday morning when I descended to the depths of the book and art show in the basement. There was an excellent selection of books, including a stall belonging to Bram Stokes, one to Stan Nicholls(who had just opened a bookshop) and good - heavens, one presided over by Ron Bennett. I couldn't believe my orbs! There he was, calmly playing cards with Norman Shorrocks - so Skyrack soldiers on. Some other old friends were there - Dave Griffiths and Moy Read, who was wearing a superb pair of patchwork trousers, which she said had been much admired. Dave Britton appeared and I actually remembered his name after only 5 minutes, with a bit of prompting...I excelled myself there, having

an awful memory for names. We joined Harry Nadler and Chuck Partington (the two names which I used to get mixed up) and caught up on our news; Don Wollheim stopped for a word - I'd not seen him for a year or so either. As I said there were many old faces about - later in the day we ran across Gray Charnock(with beard) Gray Boak, Keith and Jill Bridges (who'd left the kids in Kent for the w/e), Brian Hampton, in home made suede trousers, her Cruttenden in "Mad surgeons" hat(he works at Nabisco at WGC, Phil Muldowney, Jill Adams (C said he was going to point to her ank and croon "Ankhs for the memory....") and quantities more, though some were missing. For example, the Mercers who had moved the Wednesday before, and so on. While there was a beautiful selections of books, there was very little artwork, predominantly, I think Jones, though I saw some macabre-slanted ones by John Brosnan. Yo-yoing again, and back upstairs, we go out to eat. After a quick tour of the high St., we settle on the Georgian restuarant, in which we find another Geordie, a waitress from Durham. We fell on each others necks, figuratively speaking, and ta lked of Durham....and so back to the hotel. There was to be an illustrated talk of SF in the cinema by a chap called Philip Strick from the N.F.I. (While the screen etc was being erected I cast about for an Oxford fan I knew was there "Look for the bloke in the green jacket, thats John Piggott," they said. So I spend half an hour battling my way through the hall, climbing over folk, searching for a bloke in a green jacket.....it turned out he was wearing a tweed jacket, and had been sitting next to where I stood when I commenced looking for him...) He showed a good slice of The Day The Earth Caught Fire, followed by Angels Games, which Mr. Strick said was quite frightening, and he'd thought it the most obscene film he'd ever seen. It reminded me of the type of animated film Monty Python does...

Later Saturday afternoon we were sitting in the lounge. The windows (which covered one wall and offered an excellent view of the Cathedral) were the sort which were black on the outside, but let the light in OK, so I thought I would record the happy scene with my cammy. Churl and Co. had gone to see The Man With The Glass Hand, which was an episode of a TV series. I looked in to see a bit of this epic, which was done by Harlan



Ellison. As I did, someone came to a sticky end in a sewer...rather like Ironside. On the way home Churl told me about it. It sounded promising; but why put the entire population into wires? For some heavenly globe lamp, maybe? And the villains looked like panders after a bad night out...very Fugitive... Immediately after this, as Jim had to report for work at 8pm, we had to go, but promised to return the following day.

Sunday morning Julia called for us, and we were on the deserted roads by 10ish, and made good time to the con again, in fact getting there before some of the attendees had risen. The bells of Worcester Cathedral opposite were chiming madly, which caused Ella Parker to complain how they had awoken her, tho Ethel Lindsay had slept through them. Keith appeared and told me he and Jill had been listening to the bells of the Cathedral playing tunes, etc., just outside our window, and then switched on the radio - and there they were, being broadcast. We asked who had been elected to the Knights this year and were told that the new Knights were James Whits and Bob Shaw - and of Doc Weir we heard of the excellent speech by last years holder, Mike Rosenblum - "Normally when the award is announced they have a drink from the cup to celebrate. This year I say "Phil - the cup." There had been a suggestion that only attendees of cons should be allowed to vote for Doc Weir, which I thought was a lot of absolute rubbish!

While we were having a quick dinner, Gray Boak appears clutching a copy of one of C. Platts old zines - I realise I have a No. of them somewhere - will they become collectors items??? A nestegg for my old age? We get talking to Rambling Jakes German friends, and a No. of fen join us as time passes. There are three, two young men and a slightly older gent; the latter speaks very good English, Hoopsie also, but his friend hardly at all, tho' we manage to communicate well enough. We admire Hoopsie's shirt, a semi-see thru of black. I further admire his boots. We enquire in halting German where he got them. He doesn't seem suprised. Peter Rabbit comes to join us with a wad of photos from Heincon. He mentions, on my enquiry as to how long his Univ-course is (4 years) that Vonnegut is a required auther: On which we ponder for a while. An amazing amount of English fen are there it seems. John Hall also joins us and buys us all tea. which was a nice gesture. Sam Long tells us they were watchinh Dr. Who (counting cliches) and he was telling David Gerrold about the skit we did on Star Trek meeting Dr. Who... with the original in full view...and talking of the films of the night before. Someone mentions Flash Gordon had been shown. I remember that as a serial when I was a kid. One of the most SFional ones I recall was a western, where the baddies had a hideout under a waterfall, reached by Turning off the waterfall with one small stopcock....

Someone had been teaching Hoopsie some choice Anglo-Saxon, so I taught him Geordie.... A little later Ian and I go for a walk behind the Cathedral and sit by the riverbank. I asked John Hall if he'd seen Julia. "Have you seen Ian? he said mysteriously. "I've just sat by the river with him for 2 1/2 hrs.," said I, and Ju wasn't there.....collapse of J. Hall..... It was later that Charly was shown. I did not see it as I was afraid it would spoil the short story for me. I later hear that many fen are upset by it. We also all went for a chinese meal with Al DeBettencourt, a most amusing encounter, who told us about the time he survived a Japanese Earthquake.

The con closed for us by sitting in the lounge talking to the German and Ailsa? for a few hours. John Piggott joined us and despite his doubts about his German, rallied magnificently and did noble work translating when the conversation got too complicated - it ranged over theology, families and whether we sat facing the taps when bathing or away from them - in fact John did his first fan-sketch to illustrate this. I wonder what happened to it? One chap whose Indian waistcoat I admired offered to swap it for my Turkish dress, made from 12 metres of cloth which Brian had brought back Istanbul a few years before. Altho' at the time it was quite dazzling, as he remarked that w/e, it was quite up-to date now. However, I didn't accept the proposed swap, as (A) my dress wouldn't fit him and (B) his waistcoat was a bit skimpy.

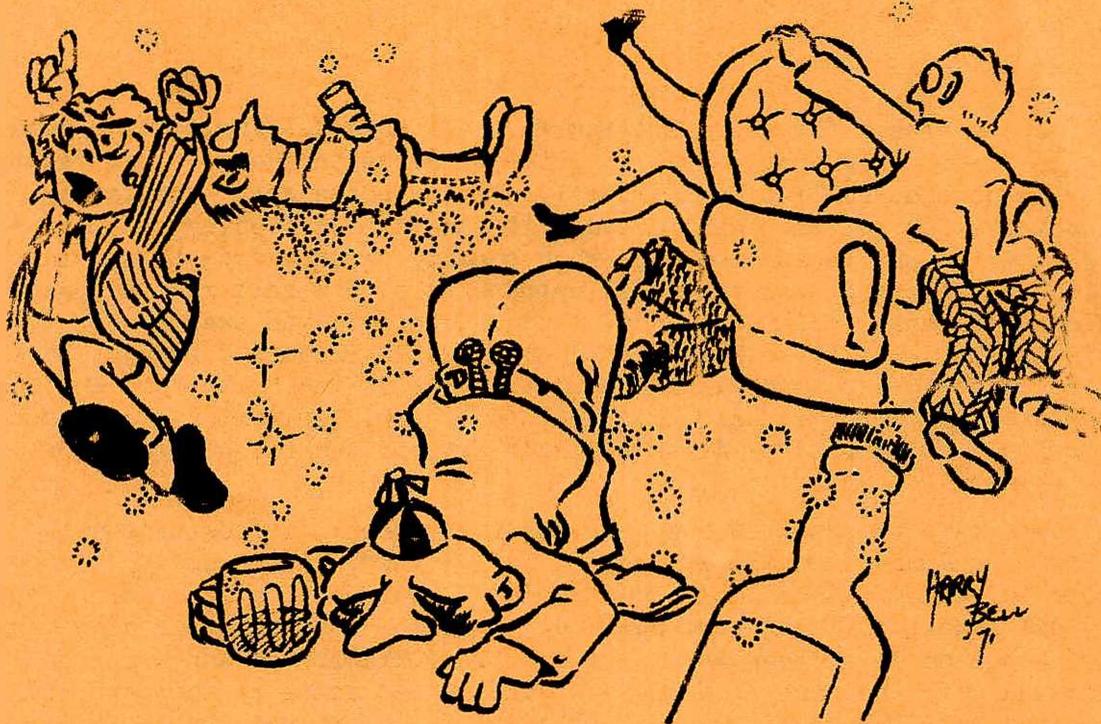
Quite late we departed; we were not to return to Worcester for the boat trip on Monday. On the way home I said I thought it wasn't a bad con. Too sercon for my tastes tho' - did you ever, not so much as a good room-party did I hear of. Mind you, Julia did tell me about one, she asked Thom to pop his head in and see who was there. Thom did so and announced in rising tones to the party attendees. "Julia Stone wants to know whos there, so I'm asking..." We got home to Oxford and fell into bed. By the time we awoke the con was over.



CHESSMANCON

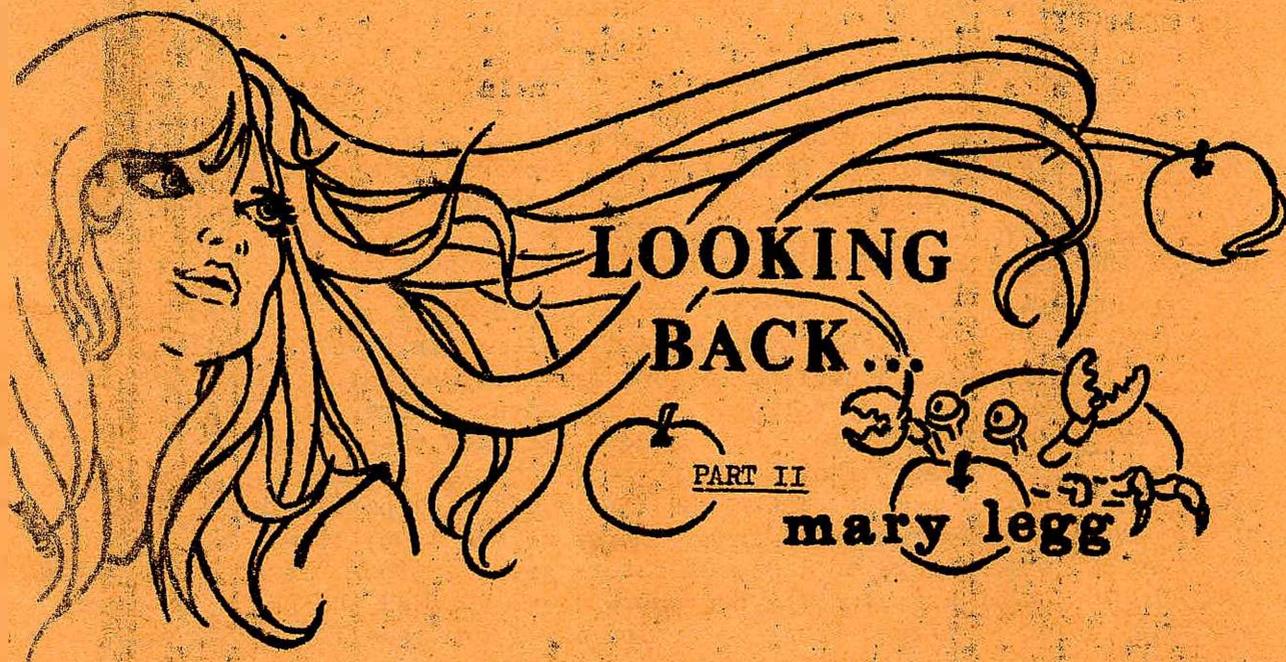
Conventions of late seem to be getting a little too serious, in fact the World in general is getting too serious; so CHESSMANCON sets out to stop all that.....we'll have our serious talks and panels, of course, but we to make the Easter weekend a FUN event....and your invited.... so dropalong a 50p certificate of postal moneyfication or some such proof of your good intentions and Tony Edwards will see to it that you join our great scroll of membership! Send your registration fee now to:-

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EPILOGUE
BY
IAN WILLIAMS

"Well then. What kind of a con was it?" Asked Harry Bell.
"It was a drinkconcon," said the Mad Mole looking at bleary eyed Thoth.
"It was a conversationconcon," said Thoth looking at me.
"It was a sexconcon," I said looking at the Mad Mole.
"It was a fanconcon," said the Mole.
"It was a filmconcon," said Thoth.
"It was a faanconcon," said I.
"A sleeplessconcon."
"A riverboatconcon."
"A randyconcon."
"A hucksterconcon."
"A verguzzconcon."
"A continuousconcon."
"A goodconcon."
"A serconcon!" cried the Doormouse, stunning us. So we put him in an empty beer glass and sealed it with an empty beer mat.



LOOKING BACK...

PART II

mary legg

By this time I was getting more involved with the fen who are now collectively known as "Hertsfen". Meanwhile, my mag had been removed from P.A.D.S. because of the latters death and I was producing it on dupers scattered literally from one end of the country to the other. I was also in the middle of arranging to move to Stevenage, because by now Churl and I were making plans about our future. Xmas time we actually got engaged; and I moved in to live with his parents the following year. He of course was still in London, but got home at weekends. Churl had had to give up his own fmz Entropy or Freewheelin' (depending on which ish you saw) because of pressure of work, and Crab got rarer, tho' still appeared. However, our fannish activities were now wholeheartedly involved with the Herts group, "The Honeymooners" as some wit called it, when commenting it did in fact cover Herts, Beds, and Essex. Gray Boak had graduated and was working for the ill-fated Handley Page people at St. Albans. Brian Hampton had been in Herts for some time and was working as a wind tunnel engineer, which involved such things as windtesting dustbins and throwing chickens at scale models of planes to simulate flocks of birds. Meanwhile, Keith and Jill Bridges, after a sojourn in Kent, returned to live to live in Welwyn Garden City; $\frac{1}{2}$ Cruttenden had never left his caravan in darkest Welwyn. So the nucleus of the group was quite promising; later we were joined by others, including an American school teacher called Pat(ricia) Henderson. After a couple of attempts at founding the group officially, which weren't too successful because the majority of the people were elsewhere at the time. We finally got founded, and elected a chairman(Gray or King Boak as he would say - and he would!) a treasurer - Churl and a seccy - myself. Since we generally met at Keiths and Jills (later also at $\frac{1}{2}$ rs), Jill was elected catering officer. By the sound of it, it looks

as though we were run on quite formal lines. But not a bit of it. We had a time devoted to "Official Biz", which ran from the time Gray managed to be heard above the hub-bub to declare the meeting open to the time he declared it shut. The rest of the time was a pure riot; I vividly recall one meeting where we had a passing fan visiting, who was almost washed away in a bucket-of-water battle between the Bridges on one hand and $\frac{1}{2}$ r and Brian on the other. At the W.G.C. 50th anniversary exhibition we mounted a successful stall which led to us discovering more fen - including one who lived at the back of the Bridges and had sold to F&SF - and an offer to lecture at the local tech.

In 1968 the con was in Buxton. Julia picked Churl and I up and we went North. The hotel had a lobby with one wall papered in Egyptian wallpaper, which is to say, paper depicting various types of ancient Egyptian articles such as sphinxes etc. Very fetching. We met among others, Mike Kenward, later editor of Vector. Other friends made there included one who became the first honorary member of Hertsfan, Gardner "Dozy" Dozois, an American with a delightful sense of humour. There was also a mad "tea party" in the hall of the hotel, (fully recounted in my conrep of the time) it was also the con where an old woman there to take the waters asked another "Is it a religious gathering?" Buxton was also the con where I was awarded the Doc Weir award, something which surprised - nay-astounded me. I can recall bursting into tears when it was announced, and drinking something out of it (cider?). At the time I was the second woman to win it, and the youngest ever.

As previously mentioned I was now living in Stevenage, a hotbed of fannish activity, for besides the activities already described we were producing almost a fmz per person. Gray was doing CYNIC and TRANSPLANT, I was doing CRAB. Keith had taken over Roje Gilberts and Brenda Pipers NEMESIS and was working on a new ish, and $\frac{1}{2}$ r was still in the throes of planning his own zine. We also got a writeup in the local rag, as well as the W.G.C. councils mag. The Birmingham group had by then lapsed into a fitful silence, and some of the original 'new wave' had become 'vile pros' with stories published in NW or even paperback. Some of them had married, one or two had disappeared into gafia (of whom a couple recently returned).

1969 was the year of the ultra-expensive con in Oxford, but we managed to get there for 2 days by staying at Banbury with Mum and commuting back and forth. It was at Oxford that we were graced by a film crew from Norway, or Sweden - Sweden, I think. They filmed all with equal good humour - including the tournament when some poor soul was rushed to the Radcliffe with a lacerated head, but reappeared next day to claim his consolation prize. I wonder what they put on the accident form? Ken McIntyre had sadly, died recently and a collection was made for a memorial award for artists. And Beryl was awarded the Doc Weir that year.

C. was now entering his final year at college, as were fen up and down the country. Many fen went to University in those days, or carried on to do doctorates - Tom Jones, Brian Stableford, Rich Gordon, Gray Boak, Peter Roberts, Barbara Mace, Roje Gilbert, Poj Hough, Brian Hampton, Alan Chorley, Howard Rosenblum, Nigal Haslock to name but a few. By this time the 'new new' and I suppose 'triple new' waves of fen had appeared. The latter are still with us, and voicing vigorous opinions of the state of things now. But in early 1970 things were just begining to bubble a little.

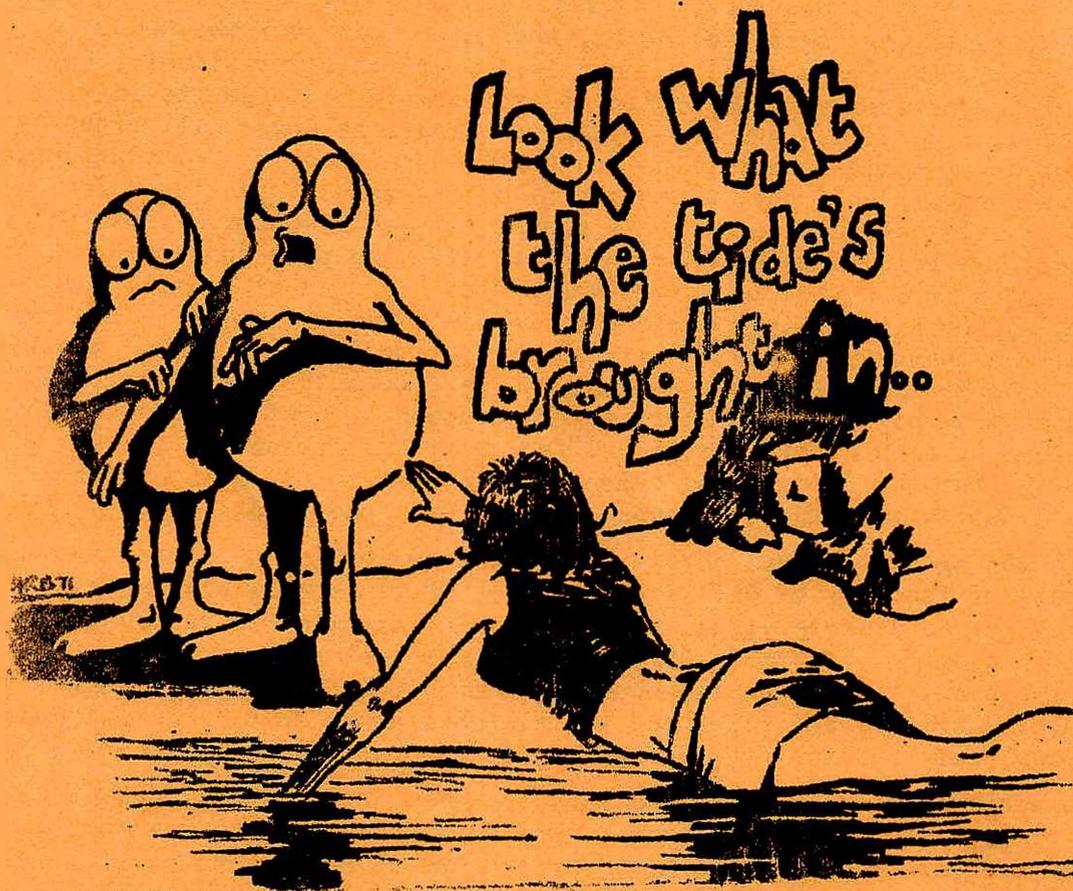
The con was rather disastrous, though it had it's high spots. I continued to meet hacks, including Roger Waddington, who later took over the Central Contributors pool. Tom Jones and I founded it 4 years or so previously, but when Tom went to University, I had taken it over completely. Despite initial prophesies of doom, we did - and do - a roaring trade, as Roger will probably confirm. However, immediatly after the con Churl began studying for his finals. Always, between summer and, say, August, a silence descends upon those fen studying for As, Os, entrance and finals exams, nor was 1970 any exception. In the summer, the results came; Churl had a first-class pass and could take up the offer from Oxford to do his doctorate. A couple of weeks later we were married (or hitched in Hitchin R.O. if you like) and moved to Banbury for 6 weeks. The thursday before we married we went to our last Globe; people were so kind. We couldn't finish the drinks we were bought, in the end. The following Monday at noon we were married; the postman brought 20 or so cards from well-wishers. We had not invited any fen as it was impossible to get all of them in, but the Bridges and bairns turned up for the ceremony and Nigel arrived just afterwards.. Everyone however had some cake .

Some months ago we arrived here in Oxford. I am working as secretary to the faculty of Theology of Oxford university; Churl is well away on his studies of 40 rats and there visual perception. In that time we've had about 30 visitors, some a No. of times; Oxford is a convenient stopping point for fen passing through. The original Banbury fandom(in the funny way it works out in fandom, has moved several times and finished up in Oxford)has re-formed with additions, only 23miles from the place of it's birth.

Of the people whom I've mentioned (and the many more omitted) - well - we are all older, more hirsute, perhaps. Many have settled down, one couple has children, we all have the vote now, our fmz are in some cases still produced, but in others abandoned for the greener fields of 'vile pro-ism'; and I - I still in spirit sit in the waiting-room at Oxford on the way back from a minicon (never guessing I'd live in that city one day) and sing Bob Dylan's DREAM for my companion, Julia. Recently I put another fan on the train after a visit. We had sat in the same waiting-room; something on which to ponder, perhaps.

The trouble with trying to finish this is - it's still in the process of being written!

MARY LEGG January 1971



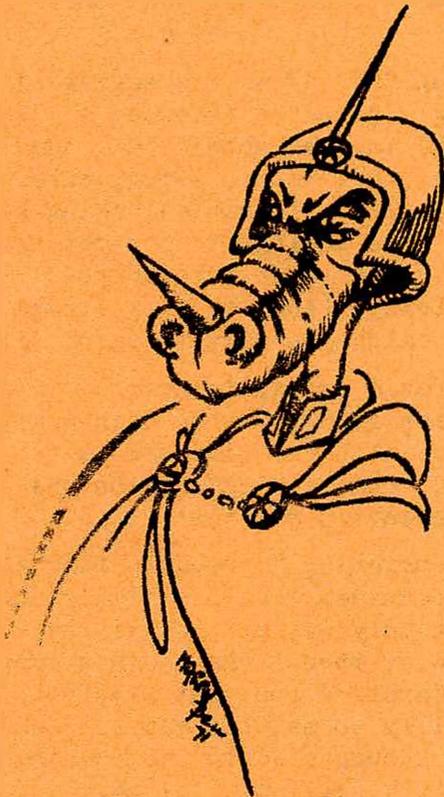
Cy Chauvin Thanks for MAYAs 1 & 2, and for printing my review, which for
Michigan being a product of about a year ago, isn't too bad...You know,
there are fanzines which one promises to loc, and fanzines
which COMMAND a person to loc: MAYA is a zine which COMMANDS a person to loc.
It's really quite a provocative thing. But first some comments on repro(re
Gray Boak, etc.)

Personally, I find the biggest fault of British fanzines is that there
electro-stenciled illos and lettering aren't printed dark enough. I don't
know why; you just must not enough ink on them, I guess. But this light,
fuzzy look that it gives all your artwork just ruins the stuff. If you can't
get your illos electro-stenciled decently, I don't know why you don't try
tracing them. Traced illos and headings in British zines generally turn out
much better--- look at SCOTTISHE, for instance. Aren't there any cardboard-
letter guides available over there, which you can use to trace lettering
direct on to stencils with? Most US zines use these, and it turns out quite
well. Costs less than electro-stenciled headings too. And haven't any of
you British heard of 'white space'? Now I don't mean by that, skipping bet-
ween paragraphs(that really doesn't add any class to a fanzine..nor does
Gray's suggestion of printing lots of "poor" artwork. No artwork is always
better than bad artwork.).Rather, setting off an article or illo by leaving
a lot of blank space around it; you might divide the page in half, and print

text only on one side of it, leaving the other side barren except for the article's title. I really hate to complain, though...I've never put out a complete fanzine myself, and I know that it must be an awful lot of work. But sometimes I wonder just what it is that makes British zines so poor looking in comparison to their American brothers(except for SPECULATION & SCOTTISHE). Quarto-size doesn't really look bad to me, and while everyone seems to complain about show-through and thin paper, I've yet to see a British zine that was printed dark enough for show-through to really matter. But that's more than enough on repro.

"Is Science Fiction As Good As We Think It Is?" Well, it certainly isn't as bad as you think it is, Ian! I mean, what about Keith Robert's PAVANE? That strikes me as an excellent SF novel, living up to quite high literary standards...Of course, then again I suppose it is really a collection of intergrated short stories..which brings me to my next point in this arguement. For in the short story field SF-Fantasy is every bit as good as the mainstream .. I'm afraid there's no denying it. Read James Tiptree's "The Peacefulness Of Vivian" in July Amazing. Read "A Tapestry Of Little Murders" by Michael Bishop, June F&SF, and "The Palaski Man" by Stuart Dybek, July F&SF. ++ I did, and think you've just blown your argument++ We've been reading through a collection of "classic" short stories in my literature class at college,

and all these stories compare quite well with the ones in that book. Joanna Russ and Harlan Ellison have always said that there's better short SF than long SF published, and they're both quite right. Now in the novel field you might be correct; I haven't read enough SF novels and mainstream novels to make a just comparison. But there is another factor to consider also. You say "Only BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD and CAMP CONCENTRATION left me with the feelings that the finest in mainstream leave me with.." And thats the crux of the whole thing! SF isn't supposed to leave you with the same feeling that reading mainstream fiction does. After all, if it did, what would be the point of it? Why read SF if you get nothing different out of it than you do out of general fiction? Greg Benford says much the same thing in CYPHER: "I've always felt that different genres express different emotions, ideas..." If SF is unique, you're going to have to get something different out of it; and different standards will have to apply to it,



in many cases. Can THE LORD OF THE RINGS be judged along the same standards as THE GRAPES OF WRATH? I read one for the intricate background, for the imaginary world that was created., and the other for the superb characterization and emotional conflict it presented. Tolkien had a different purpose than did Steinbeck...are you going to say that what he was trying for was hogwash, not worthwhile, and a "joke"? I think that most SF writers have a different intent in mind than do mainstream writers; people read SF mainly for the backgrounds and ideas that they possess. Think back Ian, and name me just two Hugo or Nebula winning novels that didn't have well-developed backgrounds. SF & Fantasy being what it is, the development of the world the writer is trying to portray is more important than plot, style, or characterization at times(not that SF writers shouldn't try to achieve excellence in these areas, too!). Also, read D.G.Compton's CHRONOCULES sometime, since it also demonstrates to a small extent what I mean.. it is a beautiful novel, but really a godawful piece of science-fiction. The SF element in it is sugar-frosting stuck on it for looks, and has nothing whatsoever to do with the central portion of the book.

There are other things to consider too; like the fact that SF writers aren't paid very much in comparison to mainstream writers, and that science-fiction as an intergrated conscious body of literature has only been around for about 40 years. Give it a chance, dammit! You just can't compare current works with 'established classics' which is what you(perhaps)and Chris Priest seem to be doing...

Note to Leroy A. Kettle: Yes, by calling "SF" SF we are "segregating" and "labeling" it, Leroy, sure. And by calling a "tree" a tree and a "bush" a bush we are "segregating" and "labeling" the two: we should call them all bushes. "Quality and segegation don't go together." Sure, Leroy, sure. What would you think if someone called your apple tree a terrible-looking bush? You'd think they were crazy, of course! And this analogy points out exactly my feelings on this subject...You'll just have to think through your stuff a little more if you want me to accept it, Leroy. (And throwing around words like 'semi-illiterates' aren't going to catch you many friends, either.)

I bet John J. Pierce would have found David Pringle's article interesting, since the optomistic vs pessimistic tendancies in SF are the things he seems to be arguing about. He might also be pleased with the line "SF is the modern eschatology", though he'd want to add "romanticism" on the end of it. Personally, however, I don't think the arguement is all that valid.

I don't know why Gray Boak considers reprinting a copout. After all, there are many interesting articles in old fanzines that are simply unavailable to most fen, and reprinting them is the only way people will ever see them. If the material you reprint is bad..well, then I can see his complaint. Or if He's read the thing already, I can understand too. But simply to outright condemn reprinting in general seems silly to me. (Of course perhaps I'm reacting a bit personally to this since I suggested to Jim Goddard that he reprint some Leon Taylor pieces in CYPHER. Forgive me if I am...)

Liked your in-depth fmz reviews very much; only wish they were a bit more 'in-depth'! Try to pick zines that you really want to say something about; it helps to make a more stimulating and interesting review.

Chris Priest Glad to see you turned on to Solzhenitsyn...even though he
Harrow is not a writer that appeals to me. I don't exactly expect
 the world's literary establishment to throw up their arms
at the heresy, but may I timidly say that I find his style strangely naive?
I can't pin it down exactly, otherwise I'd quote you examples. There are two
possible causes for this, which aren't too difficult to find, but I'm still
not sure they account for all of it. The first cause could be, of course,
that a lot is lost in translation. This might lose a few metaphors or most
of the cadence, but it doesn't do much harm to structure. The other cause
may be ethnic differences between Russia and the West...in a McLuhanesque
way, even the fact of the Cyrillic alphabet may have some effect on writers.
But then...I had no difficulty with Pasternak. I've just thought of an exa-
ple, which does serve to illustrate. A few months ago, The Observer ran se-
veral of Solzhenitsyn's short stories. One in particular impressed me. It
was about a man who discovers a remote wood in the countryside, and one which
is guarded by armed soldiers and surrounded by barbed wire. He manages to
get inside, and right at the centre he comes across a perfectly circular
lake of immense beauty. He reflects for a while about how the outside world
is being prevented from appreciating the beauties. This is all perfectly
acceptable allegorical writing, even if the metaphor is a rather obvious one.
But then Solzhenitsyn fucks up the whole story by adding one totally unnec-
essary last sentence: "O! My beloved homeland!" ++ The "whole story" is
actually a 300 word prose poem and the translation I read is better than
the one you quote++

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Terry Jeeves I liked the cover, I liked the artwork...particularly the
Sheffield work of Harry Bell...which I thought delightful. This is
 rather strange, since the work of Jim Marshall is even better
from an artists angle(at least I think so), but the fact remains that they
are both excellent performers, so lets not quibble.

Mary Legg had a good column, and I see that in the fmz reviews you
accuse me of attacking a non-existent balloon...be fair friend, the balloon
does exist...much of todays material(not all, and I hesitate to say how
much...but certainly a lot) does consist of what I complain about...stories
without plot, and lacking any coherent theme or content. I take it to be
New Wave for the simple reason that when it began to appear in New Worlds
(and elsewhere) everyone called it New Wave. OK. Maybe I'm wrong and it has
some other title...but I still read a story to be entertained in the first
place...if I want education I'll buy a text book. If a story lacks plot, or
a believable theme ...or a feasible subject...or just lays down flat as a
pancake, then I don't like it...and why the heck should I just because someone
else says its good so I ought to be??? Doc Smith's material these days isn't
good...but I used to enjoy it. Fearn's stories were masterpieces in the
thirties...today, they stink. Yet because I (and many others) loved such
stuff then, we are branded as reactionaries. Hells bells. WE DON'T WANT
SUCH STUFF BACK..DON'T DON'T DON'T...so please don't tag that wrong label
on any of us, and me specifically. What we want is stories which entertain
us today...and make us want more just as the old zines did...and you won't
find such material in plotless, incidentless stories whenever they were written.

Rest assured Ian...my balloon is there to be shot at...where you went wrong was in thinking that I meant ALL or even a high percentage of todays stuff was either New Wave or utter rubbish.....and here I had better state that I am NOT mad at you, I am not trying to shoot you down in flames...though such ideas may be inferred from the cold print of a letter. A spoken argument can be so more matey than a written one...the latter lacks the saving warmth of vocal inflection. ++ If they were such a small unimportant proportion why bother attacking them? It's like taking an elephant gun to go grouse shooting! ++

.....

Malcolm Edwards Well, I wont emphasise the point, as you're probably
Cambridge still smarting from Peter Roberts remarks, but the repro-
 duction makes life very hard at times(as well as rendering
several fine Jim Marshall drawings very faint...he's extremely good, in case
you hadn't noticed, and I'm sorry not to have run into him at the convention
as I'd like to tap him for some artwork. The only reason I haven't used any
is that I haven't come across any worth using. Perhaps you could put me on
to him??) ++ I have problems finding him these days. ++

I like David Pringle's definition of SF: "a literature of biological unease." But I don't agree that SF is a form concerned with the mutability of man...and my opinion is, perhaps, bolstered by his own early comments on ISLANDS OF SPACE, where he observes that the main characters have the mentalities of "jolly fourteen year old schoolboys". SF may postdate Darwen, but I think that's coincidental: What's important is that it postdates the Industrial Revolution; SF is primarily born out of the Victorian love affair with the machine. The changes which have occurred in SF since the thirties may be seen as natural consequences of the end of the honeymoon. (This argument goes a lot further than this, but quite honestly I don't have the time at the moment to think it out.) The trouble with SF has been that man hasn't changed: Same old 20th century man has gone out to the stars, gone into the future, and come out triumphant...a victory on the same sort of level as Gary Cooper managed in HIGH NOON.

I was interested, as a sidetrack(the spoor left by the lesser spotted sid, a rare, timid autochthon which usually escapes trackers by fooling them into following a) that you said in your comment on James Goddard's letter that you counted 12 excellent stories in DV; interested because I counted and, strange to say, I found 12 excellent stories. Swap? OK: Dick, Delany, Ellison, Leiber, Farmer, Silverberg, Emshwiller, Dorman, Laumer, Sturgeon, Ballard, Spinrad. Near miss: Sladek. ++ For me: Scratch Sturgeon, Ballard, Laumer, Emshwiller. Include: Sladek, Neville, Hensley, Lafferty. ++

I did buy THE ECLIPSE OF DAWN, read the first 4 pages, and gave up. But I'll try again. It seemed a bit sub-Zelazny, although I noted two very arresting phrases in those 4 pages: "...water, flat and ageless, like an old woman's chest"; "Colonby...hands dancing like sharp knives, said..." In each case, the unusual image stopped me dead, but in one case I think it's accurate, and in the other just superficially original and distracting. (I liked the second one, should you be wondering). I suppose a 50-50 score like this isn't too bad. When I do read it, I'll probably have a go at comparing it with the

other recent Ace Special FURTHEST by Suzette Haden Elgin, which is engaging, polished, readable and a mess. ++ Odd; It bored the pants off me with It's lack of imagination and originality. ++

Feter Roberts David Pringle's mention of Leslie Fiedler in connexion with
Keele SF reminds me of a much more interesting comment made in
 one of his books, Waiting For The End, wherein he says that
science fiction is "a largely Jewish product": "The basic myths of SF reflect
the urban outlook, the social consciousness, the utopian concern of the modern,
secularized Jew." He even states that the SF field is dominated by Jewish
writers, a fact I've never noticed and also doubt. "The traditional Jewish
waiting-for-the-Messiah," says Fiedler, "becomes the commitment-to-the-future;
which is the motive force of current science fiction." (Thats 1964, by the
way). Curious statements like these make me take Fiedler's criticisms, partic-
ularly in relation to SF, with a shovelful of salt. Mind you, I suppose
everyone does anyway...

Mary Legg looks at PADS through spectacles smeared a shade of rose. Personally I consider the "great gift" of being able to produce a fanzine without either typewriter or duplicator as being as much a present as a can of red paint to a two year old. The mass of fans who rushed off to throw a magazine together produced some atrocious crud which gave British fanzines the bad name that they've had since that time. At least Ruffcut and Viridiana had the virtue of being totally illegible - with PADzines you could actually read the contents...there were exceptions, of course: Pete Weston's Nexus, Dick Howett's Padlock, and I think Charles Platt (whose brainchild PADS was) also ran some stuff through it. Anyway, the idea wasn't bad and the people who ran it spent much time and effort sincerely. I still think it bugged up the British fanzine scene completely though, especially since PADzines were fairly widely distributed outside of the organization.

Grey Boak Ro Pardoe says she can provide "a considerable list
Kingston upon Thames of American Zines whose duplication etc. is far
 worse than most British Zines." I had thought that
He didn't have an unkind word to say about anyone, but obviously she hates
US faneds. Suffice it to say that I can provide a considerable list of Amer-
ican zines whose duplication etc. is far better than the best British Zines.

Let's face it, M2 was not one of the best British zines.

Ian William's just can't reproduce.

See how good I am to you, even providing your zine with one of the painstakingly-garnered con quotes meant for CYNIC. ++ Get stuffed, fuzzy face ++

M2 (or that of it legible enough to read) ++ That's the last time I buy you a drink. ++ seemed to be more fannish, and less sercon, than M1. Careful-or South Shields will declare UDI. This was probably due to the editorial gnatterings than the contents, although the large number of fanzine reviews

(like page 32 in your logo, and Enerry for Eney) ++ couldn't read Boak's writing. ++ the faintness of the artwork repro, all adds up to a cumulative effect of untidiness and hurriedness.

Hey, do you mean to say you can actually understand what a Nobel Literature prize winner is talking about! Much egoboo and profound worship to you. I have not read Solzhenitsyn, so I cannot comment. Which is a face saving way of saying I probably could not comment anyway. ++ You are an inverted snob. ++

Ouch! I think you made a mistake there Ian, admitting that an article was sent to you by Pete Weston, it sounds like 'oh, that was a reject from Speculation,' and indeed, Race Death In SF reads very much like a reject from Spec. I suspect someone who starts bringing in great quotes from people that I have never heard of, and that others that are irrelevant anyway. I read the article, and not a word of argument penetrated. My loss perhaps, but there it is.

Mary Legg is the highpoint of this issue of Maya at least. Mary is so very natural, that you can almost hear her chatting to you off the page. It has just the right air of lightness and humour that is just what fannishness is about. And faanishness is the in thing nowadays. Yet true fanishness is one of the most difficult things to maintain in a fanzine. It needs a rare gift of light writing that very few British fen seem to have these days. More often than not the recent attempts at fannishness I have seen, have given exactly the opposite effect from that intended, ie. They sounded stilted and pretentious, continually looking over their shoulder in search of the fannish grail.



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John Piggott Gray Boak's column consisted for the most part of fanzine reviews. Now there's nothing wrong in that in itself, and indeed Gray writes well on this subject. However, I thought that to place your own zine review column in the mag as well was a bit of a mistake. Hell, you had thirteen pages devoted to fanzine reviews! I must say, though, in your favour, that your zine reviews are interesting, even those of zines I have not seen, and your idea of writing the reviews with a parody of Jerry Cornelius was original and enjoyable. But your own column should have been only half the length it was, otherwise I can see Maya

that one could logically expect of an adult organisation dedicated to the scholarly dissection of SF. But the extended passages of introverted 'fannish' (ugh!) trivia slipped in between these, intended (I suppose) to make me count my blessings and realise how thankful I should be that 'comix fandom' (how I hate that phrase) hasn't yet degenerated to the level where we invent our own clandestine language and make esoteric references to half forgotten magazines with unpronounceable names and seemingly of no other reason for existence than the mere fact of existence itself, (gasp) succeeded only in my suspending credibility entirely. No, there is no such thing as SF fandom is there, Ian?...is there Ian?...answer me...

++ And now a few words from Mr. Pickersgill ++

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Greg Pickersgill Now look, you've got to forget all this shit about SF.
London If there's anything really worth saying Weston or little
 Malcolm will pick it up - all you're doing is perpetuating
a lot of old crapola that will be forgotten and wiped across someone's poxy
anus almost before the ink is dry. Who remembers old fanzines that concen-
trated in any tangible fashion on SF? No-one except nutters like Harbottle
or Ackermann. Now the faanzines, something else again. Hyphen being an obvious
example, but you could pick almost any other name more or less at random.
Course, what you're doing is alright if you're solely concerned with being
a little flash in a tiny frying pan lasting two milliseconds on the vast
timescale of cosmic fandom - but you'll have to concentrate on Boak & Legg
and similar fans and fannings if you want to be memorable. Who's going to
remember Quicksilver in ten years time? I might, because I know Malcolm, but
will Ian K. Taylor of Surrey? FANDOM is what's important - that's what needs
chronicling, needs the interest, the laying down on paper, the perpetuating.
Not these green pearls of wisdom that your dropping about Lafferty and the
muability of change (of whatever the fuck it was about). ANY twat with the
ability to marshall three thoughts into line can do that. You, you're a
bloody fan FAN FAN FAN what you wasting valuable paper for? I mean, make
the gesture if you have to, just here and there, tip your hat to the gods,
Knight, Geis, Blish and Edwards, but just remember what it's all about.
Don't loose sight of reality. SF is going to carry on and on and on and
bloody on without your piddling little contribution to the literature. Fandom
will doubtless carry on and on without you too, but you're in a real position
to make a fuckin difference to that. What's the matter with you, don't you
want to live forever???

.....

Sam Long Roje's Doomwatch article is a good example of a quiet, sober,
Oxford factual piece of TV criticism, tho it wanders somewhat I doubt
 whether it should really be called 'TV' criticism. It was int-
eresting: I learned some things that I didn't know before about cell hybrids.
Good, solid fannish stuff, unlike the Rippon and Penman poems that followed,
which I thought added nothing to the zine. Hybrid, by the way, comes from
the Greek word hybris, meaning overweening pride - 'overmood' to use the
the modern English spelling of the Anglo-Saxon word which meant the same
thing. It is certainly better drama to consider what might be the consequence
of man's o'erweening pride in his ability to hybridize, than to show something

good coming out of that same ability: bad news is better 'news' than good news, and tragedy is a higher art form than comedy.

The Loos were of course most interesting, especially Archie's. Let me add to his list: Weston-super-Maya, Maya-naise, and Maya-denform (I dreamed I published a fanzine in my Mayadenform bra). ++ Mutter, mutter ++

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Joe Patrizio DOOMWATCH REVISITED. Roje Gilbert looks as if he's trying
St. Albans to restart the 'should they/shouldn't they have dropped the
 A-bomb?' discussion (dog fight?) that went on in fmz during
the early 60s. My own view, now, is that it was morally wrong and tactically unnecessary to drop it on people. Doing this reduced it to the level of a scientific experiment - as Roje all but admits('...its really horrifying effect on humans would not then have been known.'). I cannot accept that the Japanese would have been so unimaginative not to realize what the consequences would have been had the bomb been dropped on a population centre, after some sort of demonstration. Surely it was worth a try anyway. The unsupported conjecture of Roje about what would have happened if the bomb hadn't been dropped is just so much clap-trap. And to try to justify Hiroshima by comparing it with Dresden is just sick.

BLACK, BLACK SAILS. Tom Penmans prose-poem seems to me to suggest that he is one of those people who think that it doesn't matter if you've got nothing to say as long as you say it differently. ++ I disagree, but... ++

FMZ REVIEWS. Very good. And your Jerry Cornelius interludes were funny - don't listen to anybody who says otherwise. ++ you're a nice person. ++

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Audrey Welton A point I'd like to make is that the BSFA offered to make
Coventry Keith's BRITISH WEIRED FANTASY SOCIETY a part of its org-
 anisation - even offered some small financial help. But
this offer was refused. Thought it might be just as well to have the records straight. Personally, I'd like to see the TOLKEIN SOCIETY a bureau of the BSFA as well - but splinter groups are a reality, so we just have to live with them. As far as I'm concerned, both of these groups would still be a welcome attachment to the parent-body.

.....

Mary Legg I dunno about BSFFA or even BSFA. It would be instructive to
Oxford see what changes members or non-members would like to see:
 I have already notified the BSFA of my ideas, but if it'll
get the ball rolling I shall repeat them. My main one is a sort of 'dual membership' for married couples (of which there are getting to be more and more) where the two would hold membership, but would only get one copy of Vector (tho' two ballots etc.), and perhaps slightly less access to the rest of the facilities. However, I understand there are some technical reasons why this would not be easy: J. Adams knows more about that tho'. I would also like to see reduced subs for people in full-time education at no matter what age.

Something which rather horrified me was that at the con it was said

