



Crystal Ship 15

In The Beginning

The first **Crystal Ship** was launched in June 1977, just under twelve years ago. It was a mere twenty pages long, and laboriously put together at weekends on a crotchety old portable borrowed from work.

From that slim beginning, **Crystal Ship** grew a-pace. The second issue was twenty-four pages, produced on an office electric during lunch-hours. The third crept up to thirty two, and there was a slow rise to a maximum of fifty six pages with CS7. The method of production slowly evolved, via a Brother golfball typer, then an Amstrad CPC464 home computer running a daisy-wheel printer, through to the present setup of an Amstrad PC transferring to a works Macintosh with Pagemaker outputting via a Laserprinter.

Common to all fifteen issues has been the use of litho printing on good quality 100gsm paper, the trademark of the Shipyard, also used on offshoots like **Rastus** and **Triptych**. The first three issues were printed by commercial high street printers, and the cost nearly crippled me. Then the rules about private use of the OU facilities were loosened, allowing me to use the internal Reprographics Shop for printing from CS4 onwards, making larger issues affordable, while retaining print quality (though that has occasionally been patchy, especially with CS9, where a Martin Helsdon centrespread had to be reprinted and inserted because of lousy reproduction).

Content of the various **Ships** has ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous

(often in the same issue!). In the beginning there was just me, for the first two issues. With CS3, there were outside contributions from Pete Presford, Joseph Nicholas, Andy Muir and Patrick Holligan, along with art by Steve Lines, and the first appearance on the cover of Martin Helsdon. Since then another twenty-seven writers (including Mary Gentle, Paul Kincaid, Andy Sawyer, Iain Covell, Skel, etc, etc) and seventeen artists (from Terry Jeeves in CS4 to Krischan Holl in this issue) have graced the pages.

My own favourite issues are CS6 (the Oriental issue), CS11 (the William Morris) and CS13 (the Shep special), largely because they were the issues that most successfully integrated all of the elements of writing, typography, illustration and layout that go into a fanzine.

Why am I reviewing the past of CS at such length? Because with the publication of this issue, **Crystal Ship** passes into history. I do not intend to publish another issue.

There are many reasons why I want to stop now. CS has built up a momentum and a life of its own, and to a large extent I no longer feel in control of it. It has created expectations amongst its readers which mean that each issue has to live up to its predecessors, has to maintain the quality of the line, so as to speak. That means that each issue takes a long time to produce, and I am ever more reliant on other people to help me produce it. That takes time, communicating with writers, getting artists to illustrate particular

(Cont'd on page 21)

Suffer The Little Children

by Hilary Robinson

As I sat on the shipyard wall, innocently minding my own business and determined not to get my feet wet, I was splashed by *Moment's Wave 3* and soaked by *Moment's Wave 4*. In MW3 John wonders about the kids who are growing up under Thatcherism and whose lives will naturally be shaped by it in one way or another, and in MW4 he speaks about the horror of having the violence of the grenade attack in Milltown Cemetery and the murder of the two soldiers happen in his living room. He contrasts that with the fictional violence of *The A Team* etc.

The last thing I want to start is a discussion on the political situation in Northern Ireland. Please don't send me your instant solutions. If it was that easy we wouldn't be in this fine mess, Stanley. What I want to do is refer to the two articles John has written and tell you a true story, and maybe, just maybe, I can let you see something slightly different from what you see on TV.

To understand the following, you need to remember that when the mad bomber threw the grenades in the cemetery he ran down towards a motorway, our M1.

The day following the grenade attack on the IRA funerals in Milltown Cemetery

(and before the murder of the two Royal Signals corporals), I was driving my six year old daughter Galina down the M1 to visit my friend who also has a small daughter. She had been looking forward to this visit every day since it was announced — ("Is this the day we go to Jan's house?") — and now that we were on the way I thought that there would be nothing in her mind but anticipation. Galina is too small to see out of the front windscreen of my MG Midget and has to look out of the side window, and consequently I thought I'd better keep up a running commentary so she wouldn't get too bored.

"We're going on to the Motorway in a minute," I said, "and then we'll go a bit faster."

"Is this where the man threw the bombs?" she asked.

I constantly underestimate my kids. I think they get so used to our appalling news that they ignore it. She knows that most violence on TV isn't 'Real'. She loves *The A Team*, and used to say all the time, "They're not really dead, are they?" and I'd assure her they were only actors pretending. She hadn't asked about the bombs in the cemetery.

"Yes, this is where the man threw the bombs, but we're not going near where he was. We're going in the opposite direction."

"He's not still there?"

"No, he's not still there."

"Where is he?"

"Well, I suspect he's probably in my hospital." (It has a secure ward.)

"What will they do to him?"

"I expect they'll put him in prison." By now I was curious about how this child was rationalising what had happened.

"What do *you* think they should do with him?" I asked on the spur of the moment.

"Brainwash him," she said.

I took my eyes off the road long enough to look at her. This is a six year old talking. Seriously.

"Why?"

"Then he would forget he was a bad person and forget how to throw bombs and be a good person."

"Where on earth did you get that idea from?"

"*You* know," she said, giving me an old-fashioned look. She meant where I'm always accusing her of getting daft ideas from.

"TV?," I said.

She nodded.

"*Starfleet!*" I guessed.

She nodded again.

Dammit, this child has got ideas about brainwashing people from a *puppet show!*

Do you know Starfleet? As puppets go, the crew of X-Bomber (the Terrans, and therefore the goodies) and the crew of Commander Macara's fish-like starship (the ant-droids and other assorted aliens and therefore the baddies) are really something different and worth seeing. At one point in the story Captain Carter, a goody, is captured by Commander Macara and brainwashed. As a result he thinks he's one of them and becomes a baddy. Simple. Now just reverse the process on the men of violence, they become goodies, and the problem of Northern Ireland is solved forever. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings? Well, maybe not, but it's no worse a solution than some others that get bandied about.

We talked a little about real violence and pretend violence but as we got nearer to her friend's house, excitement about the visit took over. I thought we had finished talking about it until the journey home when she again raised the question of whether we were going near where the man threw the bombs. I had intended coming off a junction early in order to avoid it but I thought it might be as well to let her see that he was no longer there, so we drove slowly past the cemetery and

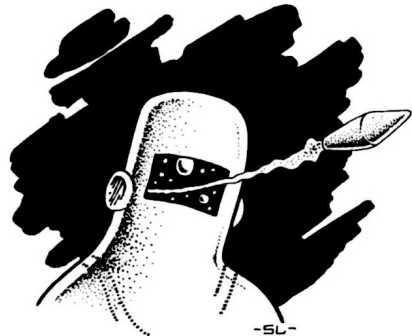
I pointed out the fence she had seen on the TV when he ran down towards the motorway and she could see that the place was deserted. After that she seemed content and the issue has not been raised since.

Should I have deliberately raised the topic of the murder of the soldiers a couple of days later to see if she was harbouring strange thoughts about that? Yes, I probably should. I plead guilty to cowardice, M'lud. I'm scared she'll ask why. Why did they kill the soldiers? Are they Really Dead? When I see her hand-in-hand with her little playmate all of a year older who happens to be Catholic, I feel good, smug even, and I think, that's the way it should be. The children have got it right. They fall out, like all kids, but not over religion, not over politics. Only adults are stupid enough to do that.

But all children turn into adults eventually. It's inevitable. How do I stop my child learning that there is a big line down the middle of life and she was born on one side of it and her friend was born on the other and there is nothing either of them can do about it? I can't. Even with the most liberal, unbigotted attitude that I am capable of, I can't change that. It's one of the Facts of Life. There is nothing that it doesn't effect. Her brother got scolded severely for coming home from school and repeating a sectarian joke he didn't even understand. Perhaps if Galina and her friend were able to go to the same school it would help. Perhaps I can teach her that Catholic and Protestant and Terrorist are not synonymous terms. But it's going to be an uphill battle.

I am acutely aware of my responsibilities as a parent. Should I leave my home and run away to England or Scotland or America in order to give my children a decent set of values, or would the issues there merely change to black and white racism instead of Irish versus British racism? Or should I stay and try to ensure that there are at least two in the next generation who can live together in peace? Do I have the right to make them stay in a country where someone might just decide to shoot them or throw a bomb at them when they're older because they are perceived to be on one side or the other? But Northern Ireland is a lovely place to live, despite the troubles. People talk to you in the street and if you were in trouble, a car accident, say, you could go to anybody's house and they would help you. I don't want to leave my home.

As I said at the beginning this is not an invitation to send me your solutions to The Problem Of Northern Ireland. I'm just an ordinary person and I couldn't carry out your instructions anyway. Even the Iron Lady can't end the bloodshed so what hope have I? Perhaps Galina's right. Perhaps we should just get Commander Macara and her ant-droids to brainwash the lot of us. Pity she's Not Real.



The Gates Of The City

by

Skel

The alien ship has landed. It's menacing bulk can be vaguely seen amidst the steaming smoke which arises from the blasted earth upon which it rests. The smoke thins and whisps away, the first thing of our world to flee from this alien presence — a portent perhaps of things to come?

A few folk come hesitantly forward. They need to see, to know, but they have this air of trepidation about them. It is certainly an occasion of great moment, one way or another, and they are obviously aware of this... but give the impression of hanging back even as they are drawn forward. One senses that they'd rather be watching it on television, where safety is but a flick of the channel away. Who knows what's inside that thing, or why they've come?

There is a sound, a deep vibration. One cannot say if it is 'heard' exactly or if it is instead felt. Felt, through the soles of the feet. Felt upon the exposed skin of the hands, of the face, like some psychic breeze blowing in upon the soul. The sound, if sound it is, rises in pitch and a section of the hull of the alien vessel begins to swing slowly outwards and down until the leading edge comes to rest upon the scorched sward.

Green tendrils of vapour spill down from the opening, and are snatched away

by questing breezes. As the darkened portal clears vague shapes can be glimpsed, alien articulations assault the eye. A threatening creature comes forth — threatening simply because it is so alien, so different. It advances towards the small knot of humanity and stops before them, arrogant in its unconcern. It speaks.

"Take me to your leader."

They don't even write cliches like they used to.

Though I'm not sure that they ever did. Certainly from my own experience the old cliches, recognised as such by some strange fannish racial memory, always seemed to come from the films. This of course was no indictment of the Science Fiction movie. It was simply that they came much later to walk down familiar roads. Roads familiar to me and you that is, but wholly new to the bulk of their audience...which is the bulk of *the* science fiction audience these days. Also those days. Any days in fact.

But of course in olden days, back in the mists of prehistory, almost back to the beginning of the 'Fabulous Fifties' in fact, there weren't that many SF films around, and hence the gates to the fannish city were invariably literary (bearing in mind that the term is used here in only one of its

many avatars). Nowadays things go somewhat differently. In the visual media (a definition that seems to imply all books are published only in braille) SF is a biggy. To those of us who crusaded for SF, who walked our lonely roads, the future is here. We now live in the Eternal city. Needless to say, we don't get on with the neighbours. We've gotten what we claimed to want. Science Fiction has become respectable. We did indeed have a better mousetrap. The world has beaten a path to our door... and the neighbourhood has gone to hell.

It's not that we've met the enemy, and he is us. We've met our friends, our

On one occasion in about 1951,...I actually said to Walt Willis, "Fanzines don't print enough about SF, which is what brought us all together in the first place." He gave a tolerant smile and handed me a plate of egg-and-onion sandwiches, knowing that my aberration would be short lived. And he was right.

Bob Shaw

allies, our fellow-travellers... and they aren't us. It's very confusing.

Somebody, not all that recently, was bemoaning in a fanzine the fact that we'd lost the appreciation of reading science fiction as the litmus test for fandom. As individuals, we don't really have all that much in common — a self-evident fact that ought to go without saying. But what we had in common was that we'd all read the same books, and we wanted to get together with congenial company, other folks who'd read the same books, who liked the same strange stuff. Fans *were* Slans, a separate and persecuted minority

who were convinced of their own superiority. SF novels were the 'Highway in Hiding'. And in a way we were proved right in our beliefs, because as soon as the message was translated into the right medium we were swamped. Science Fiction is part of the everyday worldview. We have won. We've been proved right. Fine, excellent, and totally wonderful. But... There's always a 'but', always a price to be paid. We have entered into the promised land, paradise on this earth. But... We're not special anymore.

In a way it's a bit like the early Christian disciples addressing a converted audience. "I bring you the word." "We've already got the sodding word. What else have you got to offer us? What else do you do for a living?"

The answer of course is "Well, nothing really", because it was Science Fiction that made us special, and if SF itself isn't special, then neither are we. It isn't, and we aren't — it's as simple as that.

There didn't used to be a lot of SF around. What there was of it was mainly in the books and magazines, and everybody read all the same stories. You could, and often did, count on it. I wrote an article for *Holier Than Thou* which took for granted the fact that the audience was familiar with certain specific Sf concepts/novels. Well that would've been a safe assumption back when I entered fandom (about 1970), but it's much more questionable now. In fact in an overview article of 1986 fandom Mike Glyer wrote that it "...exemplifies that forgotten aspect of fannish writing which assumes we fans share the common experience of reading zillions of SF stories, such as *Mission Of Gravity*... The assumption is flattering, but it's frankly less accurate

than an assumption that many fans have seen a given SF movie. This situation deserves more study”.

Well, I've been studying it. Me, Paul Skelton Phd (Pillock of the highest dimension). Not perhaps exploring the avenues indicated by Mike, but instead pursuing bright, elusive butterflies of my own.

The thing is, science fiction is now big and, trotting along on scienc fiction's coat tails, fandom is big too. And I mean big. I'm talking mega-big. It's enormous.

Fans act, react and interact in a manner appropriate to the fandom of their time.

Bob Shaw

I'd use the 'F' word as an adjective to describe just how amazingly big it is, but just as many of the *Crystal Ship's* readers shy away from confrontation with the 'F' word, just so do most fans shy away from the confrontation with today's megafandom. It is big.

So how do you maintain your identity, awash in this massive ocean? Perhaps 'maintain' is the wrong word, because first you have to find an identity in this greater audience. A coming to terms is required, between the size of the fish, the size of the pond, and the ambitions and worldview of the individual fan. The equation has many solutions, no one of which is ultimately more cosmically correct than any of the others.

The basic solution however seems to be to withdraw, to pull back, to narrow the focus. To redefine the terms more congenially. I mean, what are we talking about here? This is not life and death, this is fandom. It's a hobby, a recreational activity. We do it for fun (though this

might be difficult to comprehend amid the shrapnel which is sometimes flying around in fanzines). And fun is something we seek amid the company of friends. When your only requirement for companionship is that people read SF, then you're quite happy with the half-dozen or so souls who mirror your main interest. However, when so many people read SF that you can't relate to even a small percentage of them on an individual basis, then you start to get more selective. You narrow the focus down to a more congenial group by applying secondary and even tertiary criteria. Do they like traditional SF or what used to be known as 'new wave'? Do they just read, or are they into discussing it, into fandom? If so, are they Sercon or are they Fannish? And if so, how? The thing is you can really only associate on a quasi-personal level with a certain number of people.

Way back in the dim and distant, the only common denominator was a liking for Science Fiction. Even then there weren't all that many people who seemed to qualify, so everybody who passed this simple test was included. But, after a while, the test became insufficiently selective. There were lots of people who'd passed the simple test. Too many to relate

Fandom is big nowadays, easy to find, easy to enter -- but that doesn't mean that it's easier to exist in it.

Bob Shaw

to. So the focus was narrowed. Were they not only interested in reading science fiction, but also reading about science fiction? And in turn, when this became insufficient, the question was asked, are they interested in reading about SF, or in

reading about other people who have similar interests? And so on. And so forth. Narrower, and narrower, and yet more narrow still.

There's nothing premeditated or evil in this narrowing of focus. Everyone sim-

Fandom being big means that fans are expendable, and anybody who doesn't like a fanzine may have no compunction about giving its editor a scrotum-enlarging kick.

Bob Shaw

ply aims for the most congenial of company. A perfectly natural phenomenon, and one which results in schisms. Do I want to associate with these people or those people? Every time you draw a line you narrow the focus. You exclude. You say that this is what is important to you, and what you've excluded is of less importance. Life is exclusionary. You have to exclude or be swamped by miscellaneous noise. Exclude or be damned.

Unfortunately it's also 'Exclude and be damned'.

Many years ago I read an SF story called, I think, 'Point Of Focus'. It made a tremendous impression upon me, far in excess of the worth of the story itself. What it said in effect was that you had to have more than one point of view, because having these different reference points provided a way of zeroing in upon the truth, as if the truth was a spy being triangulated by the use of different reference points.

One of the reasons this story made such an impression upon me is that I have only one eye. I don't have a point of focus. My appreciation of perspective is given by movement of my head, by shifting my

point of view. Nearer objects move against the background of more distant scenes, but it takes a positive movement on my part, whereas everybody else sees the world in 3D as an automatic right. I can appreciate, as an intellectual exercise, how important a point of focus can be, whereas everyone else takes it for granted and overlooks its importance. You see everything in 3D, whereas I can't see anything in even a simulation of 3D unless I'm prepared to shift my point of view. Maybe this gives me an inbuilt advantage (to compensate for my other inbuilt disadvantages).

Writers are in the same situation as faneds -- nobody is unduly worried about hurting their feelings. The same applies to convention organisers, artists, society officers, you name it... It's all part of the new game, and in many ways the new game is faster, more dangerous and more exciting than the old one.

Bob Shaw

I have to be prepared to shift my point of view, because otherwise I know I'm getting a slanted view of things, and this is borne out by the evidence of my senses. This is an advantage/disadvantage that others do not have. For the more you narrow the focus, the viewpoint, the less variation you get within that narrowed framework. The more you talk to like-minded individuals, the less you have to talk about, for the basic requirement of interaction is difference.

The bigger Science Fiction fandom gets, the more you need to narrow the focus to talk to like-minded individuals. The more you narrow the focus, the more

like-minded the individuals become, the less you have to talk about within that group. We are victims of our own success. The narrower our focus, the more we exclude. The more we exclude, the less we include, and the less we include the less potential for variety we have in our interactions.

Perhaps that's the way fandom works.

Maybe the way it starts, fandom cannot find enough people, so it includes everybody, even those who can't write well. Anyone who professes an interest in SF. As Bob Shaw put it in his 'When Fandoms Collide', "Defects like having no eye for page layout, being able to spell properly, having a poor literary style, or even being a fugghead were regarded with tolerance and with indulgent affection as indicators of a quirky fannish personality. We made the mumsimus an art form".

But as time goes by we get pickier, narrow the boundaries more, until eventually we end up only talking to ourselves, or reasonable facsimiles thereof. Perhaps then in this context 'Golden Ages' of fandom become more explicable. They are times when the narrowing of focus excludes the less talented or more mundane types whilst at the same time not narrowing to exclude any of the talented types, irrespective of what it is they're doing. Doing is important, rather than what is done, so *all* the creative people are included, and you can create your own fandom by plotting your course from island to island amid a sea of general involvement. But, when you start calling at only a few ports, running only a certain type of freight, then the Golden Age is already dead, because you're al-

ready into the fantiquities trade. When you can point to it, identify it, it's already history.

So when you start narrowing it down to that which is most congenial, then you aren't talking to other people, only to yourself. The gene pool isn't large enough. There aren't enough different characteristics. It's not genetically viable. There aren't enough differences.

The bigger fandom gets, the narrower you need to focus your energies within it, and the narrower your focus the more creative talent gets excluded from your remit. The more you exclude, the

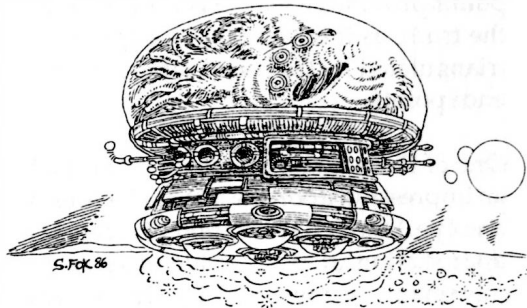
The message is that we have all got to be shock wave riders, skimming along on the crest of the present, letting the past drop cleanly away behind us.

Bob Shaw

less you've got left, until the centre cannot hold and suddenly you've got nothing.

Fandom is in danger of narrowing its concerns until it becomes the ooslum bird, the one that vanishes up its own backside. Fanzine fandom that is. Look around — the future is now.

((Bob Shaw quotes from "When Fandoms Collide", from Skel's *The Zine That Has No Name*, November 1982.))





A Splitting Of Images

by

Sue Thomason

Fenwick Lawson: Sculptures
York City Art Gallery, 4th July-9th August
1987

Walking up to the gallery, the fountain playing outside. Feeling my relaxed, curious perception slowly waking up, stretching and uncurling, scenting the environment. I like the gallery. It's quiet, sheltered. There's room to open out into the calm. And I like looking. Letting a picture work on me. Sculpture is more difficult, because I nearly always want to touch. There's something in me that doesn't 'get' a three-dimensional image until I've traced the blocked space off with my hands. Texture matters, too. I remember making the connection, all by myself, between woman and landscape, when I touched a Henry Moore statue in the Leeds gallery. I hadn't seen it until I felt it; but then it was suddenly there, vivid and real.

Up the stairs to the exhibition gallery. Quiet. Dull brown carpet, white walls, lots of spotlighting. Wooden figures. Big. Stark. Splintered.

The thing is, Fenwick Lawson works big, and he works in raw, unseasoned wood. He is cruel to his figures; they are burnt, gouged, hacked out of the wood; the larger figures are sawn across into several pieces (presumably to make it possible to transport and reassemble them for display). But he works in unseasoned wood. In the dry air of the gallery, great splits had opened down the faces

and bodies of his figures. They are cracking apart.

The most famous of Lawson's works is probably the Pieta in York Minster. Two main pieces, the upright Virgin and the supine, semi-dismembered Christ. This work was slightly damaged by the fire in the South Transept, but it has been damaged more by dessication. I saw the Virgin under construction, though I didn't realise it at the time. I think it was her; it might have been the carving of St Cuthbert; it was definitely a Lawson work. I used to cross the New Elvet bridge in Durham and see her sitting out above the steep of the riverbank, in what looked like someone's back garden. More elemental, somehow, against a background of peat-brown water, shadows curling like oil across the fastflowing surface. A figure rooted in the bare brown earth, dead leaves around it, then the green spikes of spring bulbs, finally the daffodils. But I never thought she was the Virgin. I saw her as the Elm Woman. I can't remember much about the Elm Woman; I think she comes in German folklore. The significant thing is she's a malign tree-spirit, she appears as a beautiful woman to beguile young men, but when she turns around, she has no back. There's nothing there but a black hollow, slime and rot. In fact the Virgin isn't elm-wood (though many of Lawson's sculptures are). She's beech.

The Virgin of the York Pieta; her face reminds me very much of the Noh mask

of a female ghost that I saw in the Great Japan Exhibition. It's bland, inscrutable. A deep crack has split the right side of her head. Her eyes are closed, as if in meditation. Her arms are straight. her hands palm out, she looks as though she's push-

always disturbing. It too, was full of splits, the cracks running deeper into the bulk of the wood, day by day. I had a dream, or vision, of the figure splitting apart into ruin, left to rot on the bank, a great hacked-up piece of ruined raw wood.

This was the Pieta; now the other side of the coin. The figure nearest the entrance at the exhibition was called Mam.

Lawson says this about his figure in the published guide to the York exhibition:

The Earth Mother works on a number of perceptual levels. At first it was going to be a Mother and Child, the tree had shape and look for the child. Then I realised that I was the child and likewise the viewer and from that position we could share the child's perception of the features of fullness and generosity.

Another experience is as a child of nature, a sense of wonder of the marvellous, rich, immeasurable thrust of life in the growth of the tree, the myriad texture in the surface and inside, and to feel you are part of it.

I consciously refer to one of the oldest known sculptures — the Venus of Willendorf — this Mam of mine likewise has something to do with birth, fertility, the vehicle for life, a meaning and content as significant now as then. Sculpture can transcend time and culture; I am suggesting it has something to do with biology more than ideology or theory.

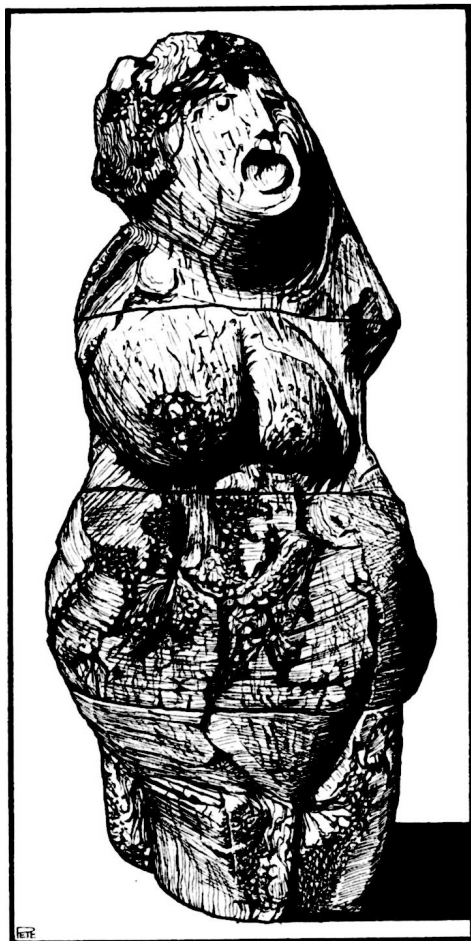
Another aspect and one which troubled me but, once thought, needed stating, is the expression of pain and anguish: the scream. In



ing the corpse away. The bottom of her skirt ripples out like the frill of a tree-trunk, with a human arm and bronze-nailed hand sticking out of it. There's another, dismembered arm. Lawson has crucified the tree.

I remember seeing the figure on the Durham riverbank, day after day. It was

our time it seems to me that Mother Earth is abused and damaged through greed, both knowingly and in ignorance. I need to state the child is in trauma witnessing the abuse of the mother.



Old oak-mam stands out of her tree,
hacked at and hammered by his hands,
her head torn apart;
torn, and still tearing
at the birth of her child.
He cut her from the living tree,
shaped her shallow mouth a
milkless bowl,
a blind, upended howl of thirst
when all over the front of her
is one burl of polished nipples.

Mam Mam what's for tea Mam?
— the boy's hands hammering
at the unresponsive bulk of
his rage-weathered mother
bulging in a shapeless frock.

Enough of Mam. Another figure group: Mother with Children. The mother is based on a picture by Edvard Munch: *The Scream*. Again the blind shallow mouth, the blank eyes open but unseeing as she holds her hands over her ears to block out the sound of her own scream. She's passive and withdrawn in the face of the horror of her children, as if there's no positive gesture she can make. There are three children; one is clearly a sculpture of the well-known image of a napalmed Vietnamese girl running down the road. The other two remind me of the casts from Pompeii. The boy stands in withdrawal with his hands over his eyes. The girl is armless, stumbling, falling.

This group raises another set of questions in my mind. Firstly, under what circumstances is it ethical to make 'art' out of someone's pain and despair? Is it more or less ethical to show one's own pain, or another's? I've heard a good deal of opinion recently on 'the pornography of violence', with particular reference to

Mam has a hole in her head. Even though she's oak, one of the most resistant and sturdy woods, she's still been worked raw, she is terribly split. Split open, not through giving birth, but through having been formed by Lawson's hands. And I wrote this about Mam:

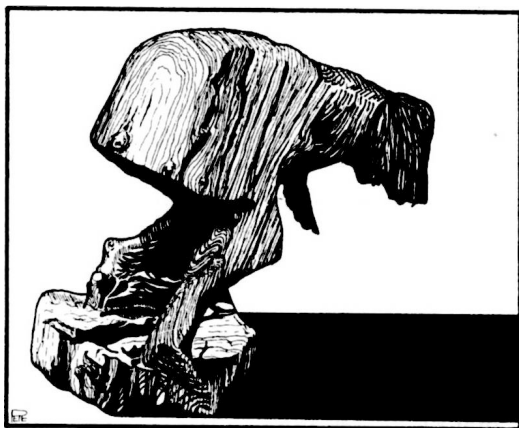
shoot-em-up TV programs, but violence has **always** been one of the prime subjects for art, right back to the cave paintings of hunted and wounded animals, bristling with spears. Obviously every figure Lawson makes is to some extent a self-portrait. Is he trying to exorcise his own violence and despair by creating these images, to bind the archetypes into fixed wooden forms so that they will no longer haunt his dreams? Perhaps he is hoping that as the figures weather and crack over time, as the carving loses form, the pain and horror will also lose form, dissolving back into an unformed primal energy that can be re-tapped and used for good. But perhaps the premature cracking will simply let the violence out, let it loose on the world again. Or are the wooden images in some sense a celebration of the Shadow forces in Lawson, in our society, and in us all?

The *Scream* raises another question for me in that it's a work whose stimulus or originating impulse lies not in the artist's direct perception of something-or-other, but in the artist's perception of another artist's perception of something-or-other. It's not a carving of a feeling, but a carving of a painting of a feeling.

Alvin Toffler says in *Future Shock* that all of us are aware of two different kinds of incoming sensory signals. There are coded messages (which depend upon a set of socially agreed-upon signs and definitions) and uncoded messages, which don't. Most of us rely more and more on an increasingly sophisticated selection of coded messages, and have less and less time for uncoded messages. Thus it seems to me that our 'art' is becoming increasingly self-referential, as it increasingly exists within a more and

more overtly man-made, man-structured environment. Art refers back not to inner or outer Nature, but to other art. This is OK in a unified culture, but our culture is increasingly fragmented. Different groups read different, often contradictory meanings, into the same message. And the language of 'art' that Lawson speaks is increasingly a minority language.

'Art' faces a terrible contradiction in the way we live. On the one hand, the



'global village' in which we all end up sharing a common baseline culture, in which anybody well-known is well-known everywhere. On the other hand, there is the increasing tribalisation I see in Britain; in which many groups refuse to know how other groups live because they fear this knowledge will threaten their own precariously maintained cultural identity. On the one hand, a universal but devalued TV-language of symbols and concepts which bears disturbing similarities to Newspeak, consisting of inanity and violence. On the other hand, a developing Babel which is apparently welcomed and actively encouraged by the subjects/participants.

This business about coded vs. uncoded messages is terribly important, because of what it says about our perceptions, how insecure we are in acknowledging that we do see what we see, we do feel what we feel. More and more people feel themselves unable to make value-judgements about 'art' without referring back to an 'expert opinion'. Art becomes defined as anything the experts say is art; our perception being too untrained or uninformed to constitute a valuable opinion. Art becomes what's inside an art gallery; a pile of bricks on a building site is a pile of bricks, but a pile of bricks in the Tate gallery is 'art'. This is very odd, because it means that the Art-value does not reside in the object itself. An art gallery can thus be seen as a machine for producing an altered state of awareness or consciousness, and 'art' consists of the interaction between an object and the viewer's altered perception of it. In this context there are no art-objects, only art-events. Presumably a successful exhibition is one that will teach the viewers/participants to alter consciousness, to obtain an art-experience at will. To make our own 'art'.

I remember once finding the bottom of a burned-out kettle in my communal college kitchen (note — this was before electric kettles were cheap enough to be a necessity of student life). It was a roughly circular piece of metal, thick and half-melted in the centre with an iridescent heart, lacily rusted and burnt at the edges. To me it seemed beautiful in itself, a perfect mandala/meditation focus, and a powerful symbol of transformation: cheap utilitarian kettle to unique but universal symbol, destruction/recreation by burning, rubbish to valued object, the kettle/cauldron itself a symbol of

transformation, here distilled by purest (felix culpa!) accident. I hung the kettle-bottom on my wall. Nobody else shared my transformation of perception. All but one of my friends, on seeing my new piece of artwork, asked me in considerable puzzlement why I'd got a kettle-bottom hanging on my wall. Perhaps they would have seen differently if I'd declared my room an art gallery.

Stupid, too, the monetary value of art. How can you double the price of a brick? Perhaps that's why art that can be stuck in an art gallery, tangible art, is OK. It's often hard to recognise as 'art' something you can't buy or possess. Is that why our art comes to depend more and more on coded perception — because it's easier for our society to put a value on something man-made, because our primary symbol-system for handling 'value' is money?? But art isn't only the thing, but also the perception. How can you buy a perception?

Back to York City Gallery and Fenwick Lawson. There was a picture of another of his figures in the exhibition catalogue that I liked very much. A carving of Cuddy, St. Cuthbert, sitting and smiling gently to himself, Cuddy's duck, the eider, nesting at his feet. He's clothed in the Northumbrian landscape; the folds of his habit are crumbling cliffs, choppy waves, ripple patterns left by the tide on the sand. He wears a single spiral on breast and shoulder; Cuthbert the Contemplative, turning inward without ever having to turn back out again. When I first saw this figure, I thought it was female. This is the other side of Lawson's work; I'm very glad to have seen it. But this figure wasn't in the exhibition.



Honesty Is The Best Policy?

by

Mic Rogers

I was shocked to read in a newspaper, recently, that many youngsters see nothing particularly wrong in shoplifting, fiddling Social Security, attacks on property, taking a car for a joyride, insulting or bothering strangers, prostitution and smoking cannabis. This made me really think. Is honesty the best policy? Why? Just what good does it do to be an honest and upright citizen? When you read reports of the number of people in positions of trust who use that very trust to enrich themselves, what does it say to the youngsters? "Don't get caught" is all. No one knows how much crime of a large scale goes undetected — so why not try it on a small scale? Just how many people fiddle their Income Tax, Social Security, their own firms? Where do you draw the line? Is it the size of an operation that makes it illegal? You know: a pen brought home from the office, a private call on the Firm's phone in the Firm's time, photocopying using the Firm's paper and machine — are these acceptable because they're so small? Never mind what justification you can think of for it, it is dishonest and we all do it to some extent. It is to our benefit to do so: so does honesty pay? If dishonesty pays for us older people, should we not expect it to pay for the youngsters as well?

You might say "Crime causes feelings of guilt and fear of being found out". But does it? This may apply to someone engaged in large-scale crime who was originally law-abiding — but for petty things? Perhaps some people find that threat a fillip, an added spice to an otherwise dull existence. Perhaps they just do not feel guilty at all — how do we know? They're not going to go around telling anyone what they feel, are they? Guilt may well be the 'curse' of older folk brought up on the mores of honesty, disapproval of crime, and the belief that the criminal gets caught and punished and that therefore there is a degree of shame attached to wrongdoing. How much influence on adults' attitudes did the Church have? The awful threat that God could see everything that you did and would punish you severely for whatever you did wrong — how much effect did that have? For how long? Did there come a time when, after judicious experimenting, you realised that God wasn't bothered about your wrongdoing or maybe didn't even see it? Does this apply to youngsters today? The fear of chastisement from one or other of one's parents was quite a strong deterrent; I wonder just how much response children get from their parents these days. From what one sees of children's

behaviour at school, and young people's attitude at work, I don't think there can be much.

In the past the police were a much greater influence, too. They could give summary discipline on the spot and the young offender would have to take it and learn from it. Can you imagine that happening today? The parents would most likely complain about police behaviour, first!

Think about shop-lifting and the way it sends up the cost of goods to the legitimate customer. Yet youngsters appear to think a small amount of shoplifting is OK. What makes them think this? Upon what do they base their judgement? Is it that they can't see that there is anything wrong, or do they get such a kick out of it it's worth the risks? Do they think they'll get off lightly if they're caught? All too often they will!

What about stealing through fiddling the Social Security or the taxman, or whatever amorphous 'department' you care to think of? There seems to be an attitude of it being a game and the best one wins: you win if you can get away with it and you lose if you can't and have to pay up. The un-taxed 'cash payment' or the backhander; the plain omission of amount or information that would result in taxation; the payment in kind; or simple dishonesty and fraud, are all forms of stealing. There are enough legal loopholes as it is without having to defraud the DHSS or the IR or whoever. Yet this seems to be almost an acceptable thing. The same as avoiding paying car tax or TV licences. The honest person pays through the nose for those who don't pay at all. There doesn't seem to be enough peer pressure to right or even to

prevent these frauds; so if adults are behaving thus, how can one expect young people to be any different? Surely they are going to follow the examples set to them? Similarly with smoking cannabis: if their Pop Idols do so, why shouldn't they? How can one persuade them otherwise?

Prostitution is another thing youngsters see no harm in. (The newspaper report didn't say how many girls — as opposed to boys — gave this point of view.) Again they could be apeing their elders. What sort of standards do we set them? How do they arrive at these opinions? Indeed, what knowledge or experience do they have to go on to form their opinions? Surely it is only hearsay — but I fear it may not be. Should they gain information of such things from the newspapers? (And how could one prevent them,?) It is something that they can read well enough to read a newspaper! Should items such as Cynthia Payne and her 'parties' be omitted from TV and papers? Do the kids give any thought to the ramifications of illicit sex? Probably not, alas. It would seem that a number of adults don't, either.

So far, to some extent, they are following in their elders' footsteps; but what about joy-riding in cars? This seems to me to be much more of a young person's activity than an older one's. Where do they get the idea that this is OK? Their attitude seems to be "What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own", and therefore they have as much right to another's possessions as they want — regardless of what it might mean to the owner. Is it "easy come, easy go" for their own belongings and so they see ownership in a different light from other

people? Are they able to replace damaged goods so easily and uncaringly that it doesn't occur to them what more damage than intrinsic worth they are doing when they take a car or damage property? It may be a sign of growing older that one acquires chattels for the memories or pleasure they bring, which then makes them irreplaceable. Perhaps this is something young people have to grow into before they can realise what hurt they are causing by attacking property and effects. Until then, I suppose, it's just a game to them; a way of showing their worth, their 'derring-do' to their peers.

Also, according to the report, a large proportion of young people consider it trivial to insult or bother strangers — as long as they are not attacked sexually! They obviously have no idea how upsetting, frightening even, (and certainly unpleasant) such an experience is for the people so abused — whether men or women — and especially for older folk. This, again, seems to be something they've thought up for themselves — I hope! I can't imagine any circumstances by which they would learn this from adults. But why do they do it? What pleasure and satisfaction does it give them? I assume that it makes them feel big and important; that someone is taking notice of them; I can only assume they choose this way as it's the easiest and most immediate. I think this, again, is something that can best be dealt with by peer pressure — but can't think how it might be brought about.

How has this climate of dishonesty arisen? It is a recent phenomenon for the most part. From what I've read and heard, in the past, even in the poorest areas it was safe to leave one's door un-

locked, whether one was in or out. Why has this changed? Is it because we now have so many moveable, saleable goods that there is more temptation? Is it because we make more show of what goods we have: a second TV, a third or fourth radio, a video recorder now, and so forth, so that more people know what we have in our houses? With so many expensive 'toys' on display in the shops, on TV and hoardings, in papers and magazines, it is not easy to accept the fact that they are beyond one's reach. That these are not necessities but luxuries that can be done without no matter what one's friends or neighbours might have.

It also seems to me that the whole 'climate' of honesty/dishonesty has changed and this is how, I think, it has happened. In the past, looting was part of a soldier's pay, quite likely the only pay he got. Even in the first World War a soldier's pay was not much and he was inclined to supplement it in whatever way he could; and here his uniform anonymity was in his favour. Items could go missing and be blamed on war damage or loss. This was even more apparent in the second World War: goods were 'liberated' and 're-deployed' on an unheard of scale and no one seemed to really object. There was a good market and no questions asked for whatever became available from whomever had items to offer. After the war, while there was still rationing, the same black market applied and I think it has continued thus up to the present time. The things that 'fall off the back of a lorry' and are sold cheaply; the overload of work the police have to contend with (which means much petty crime just doesn't get investigated); the general attitude of acceptance, all con-

spire to make honesty less attractive. The small instances of dishonesty get passed over and ignored, the large instances of dishonesty get a lot of publicity some time after the crime was done and the punishment is very often meagre. The sheer volume of delinquency super-saturates our senses and begins to wash over us unregarded, so that we become numbed by it all: if you're struggling for your life in the sea, which wavelet do you attempt to survive first?

It makes me wonder if honesty is the best policy — but if it isn't, what is going to happen to us all — especially the youngsters who will be the parents of the following generations? Is it possible that they have the right attitude to honesty? Has my upbringing been wrong for this time in our evolution? Honestly, what do you think?

In the Beginning... (Cont'd from p.2) subjects, assembling it all into a coherent package. And time is something I'm short of nowadays.

This does not mean I'm dropping out of fannish activities. It doesn't even mean that I'm ceasing to publish fanzines: I have plans to start a new 'zine, something smaller, more frequent (quarterly is not impossible), rather along the lines of old **Rastus**, a sixteen page zine I produced back in the mid-Eighties. But it will be a different beastie to CS. For a start, it will be limited firmly to 20-24 pages maximum. If it takes me more than a month to produce it then I'll be doing something wrong — I'll also be cutting into time for other projects, and I've sacrificed them to CS for too long now. It will be more topical than CS, rather akin to the **Moment's Wave** newsletter I was sending out to people I owed letters to last year. And it will be less 'designed' than CS, working to a fixed layout, with few variations.

I'll still be using outside contributions, both written and drawn, and will still use the same production process and material, so those of you who have material with me at the moment can still hope

to see it published, and perhaps quicker than in the past. Where I have contributions that I feel won't suit the new zine, I shall be getting in touch with the originators as soon as I can.

As for response to CS15, please do write: I may even do a **Ripples** special, just to see that the contributors get their dues. At the very least they will get to see all comments on their pieces, whether it be by photocopy or computer print-out.

I've enjoyed producing **Crystal Ship**, and it's with some sadness that I scuttle the old tub. But I can't really alter the **Ship's** character radically and retain the title, so a change is needed. Quite what it will be I've not yet decided, as there are several names in the running right now. I might resurrect **Rastus**, or carry over **Moment's Wave**, though my inclination is to come up with something brand new. What I can promise is that the first issues will go out to all CS readers currently on file, so you can all see what new craft the Shipyard is producing.

This is Captain Rastus, wishing you 'Bon Voyage', for the last time, and hoping to see you again in another place, another time, Real Soon Now.

Ripples: The Loccol

Heigh-ho, another fun-filled loccol to trundle through. Let's get straight into it with a section of comment on Mary Gentle's 'Hunchback' piece.

Andy Sawyer:

Interesting that your two main articles are both about being attracted to characters (in my case, a writer) who embody all that you *know* is ideologically unsound, but you have a sneaking admiration for. Like Mary, I love the Shakespearian villains: I suppose it's Blake's old thing about **Paradise Lost**:

"The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and god, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

But it could be more than that, simply that we know from the start, and so did Shakespeare, (a) because of history and (b) because he was writing the stuff anyway, that Richard or Iago was doomed at the end, so you might as well enjoy the character and end up with someone who's not just unpleasant but *really* nasty. I can't say I particularly *lech* after these guys but they're the ones you remember. Perhaps it's like wanting that coyote to just for once *get* that dumb road-runner! It's also kicking against authority — this being perhaps Blake's point — Richard gains power only to lose it. Lady Macbeth (how about *her* for a true female villain?) goes to pieces as soon as all the killing's done and her husband's apparently safe on the throne.

There's always someone with a slightly different view of things in fandom: this time it's:

Martyn Taylor: ...I was interested in Mary Gentle's little analysis (too little, really) which seemed to me to be the literary equivalent of the 'Durham Miner Syndrome' — you know, peaches and cream complexioned bourgeois young lady gets her jollies by imagining the rough, strong, dirty hands of a common or garden working man all over her. (Lawrence made himself quite a career writing about it — DH that is, for TE it meant something quite, quite different.) I think Mary got it wrong about Olivier's Othello, though. The reason she rooted for Frank

Findlay (apart from the fact that Old Bill wanted her to...) is that Olivier's Othello is one of the worst acting performances committed to film by an actor of his stature. Apart from the fact that it is inaccurate (Othello is the *Moor* of Venice, remember — a dark skinned Semite, Salad'din f'rinstance...) and patronising, it really was a bacon buttie of a performance (a lot of ham and old corn). Of course, his Dickey the Third shows how good he was, but let's face it, history is written by the winners and the duplicitous Tydders couldn't have the man they supplanted depicted as he was — something of a hero, physically immensely brave, and the best general England produced before Marlborough. So we have Crookback'd Dick passing as historical truth because the Great Bitch the First (no prizes for guessing the identity of the Great Bitch the Second...) had the best propagandist ever working for her lover.

Terry Broome gets back to the main action.

Terry Broome:

Mary Gentle's article was interesting. I came to the conclusion that the media encourages an unhealthy love for power and cruelty. In vampire stories the baddy is awakening sexual awareness made concrete, and in Christian ethics, adolescence, sexual awareness, is evil and something to feel guilty of. The equation could boil down even further — the establishment vs. the anti-establishment, creating a friction between our wants as individuals and the wants of society. We're all secretly in rebellion against the oppressive forces of standardisation, mediocrity and society generally. We all secretly root for those elements which hold personal considerations over the considerations of society. Personally I view goodies and baddies as the flip sides of the same coin — a reflection of unrealistic absolutes, and therefore equally suspect.

That's me to a T, folks -- the secret rebel. I find it by far the safest way! Meanwhile, Marc Ortlieb gets down to the SF level with his comments.

Marc Ortlieb:

...I tend to agree with Mary in that the portrayal of a truly evil character in literature always makes more interesting reading than does the portrayal of a truly good character, who usually makes one want to throw up. If I may descend from Mary's high literature into my well-worn gutter, Asimov's "Mule" is a far more interesting character than

are any of the others in the original **Foundation** trilogy. Emperor Ming is more memorable than Flash Gordon. Emperor Wang is certainly more fun than Flesh Gordon.

It's interesting though that science fiction, stereotyped as a fiction of clearly delineated heroes and villains, contains few memorable examples of either, outside of the movies and television shows which operate under different paradigms. Does Heinlein have heroes and villains? Protagonists, sure — Rico, Valentine Michael Smith, Lazarus Long — but the villains aren't there. They are either nameless hordes, the forces of the environment or a pitiless bureaucracy, where the individuals are as much trapped in the structure as are the protagonists.

I think Marc may be right: the forces against which many SF 'heroes' operate are as often as not the cold equations of science rather than the machinations of a villain or two.

William Bains:

...I am not sure that Mary Gentle's observations are entirely accurate. Maybe we all root for Richard III because Shakespeare is such an incredible writer that he can make good appear feeble and evil good without disguising them in 20th-century socio-babble. ("Oh, the king was dropped on his firkin when but a lad, and hath never been the same since.") I find most of the shop-soiled heroes I glimpse occasionally on other people's TV slightly repulsive, and the more soiled they are, the more they try the Dirty Harry style of heroics, the more repulsive they are. Usually the difference between them and the villains is that they are cleverer, or have more firepower. Maybe they just do not have the *je ne sais quoi* of Clint. *Sigh*

Who has, William, who has?

There's a slight oddity about the way the American readers viewed Mary's piece.

Harry Warner Jr:

It's odd that an audience would root for Richard

III, at a time when the most trivial misbehaviour of modern-day political leaders creates an off-with-his/her-head commotion from the general public. Normally, I think, audiences will accept criminals as heroes only when they are little people like Bonnie and Clyde. Iago is a different case: while he is the villain, if Shakespeare's play is performed uncut we learn that he has some reason for his conduct, a belief that Othello has cuckolded him, a plot factor that was inexplicably omitted from the otherwise splendid libretto for Verdi's **Otello**.

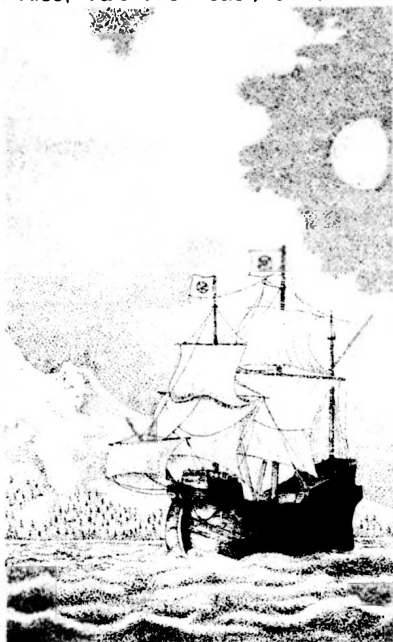
Buck Coulson:

People in the US aren't much in favour of villains... There is the "noble outlaw" syndrome, which has made heroes out of such unlikely people as Billy the Kid and Jesse James — what Mary calls "shop-soiled heroes". But the point is, they must be heroic during the course of the story, not just at the end. American Robin Hoods, unjustly persecuted. There is the military hero-worship, which has elevated such unheroic characters as George Armstrong Custer and Oliver North to popularity. We have a hatred of any authority, so large numbers of people have looked good — usually temporarily — by opposing "the system".

(That's part of the noble outlaw syndrome, which extended to the early gangster movies.) But our biggest heroes are the pioneers: Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and down to the people portrayed in the "Little House On The Prairie" series. (The "Little House" series was an excellent juvenile book series before it became inflated by TV.) The legends don't explain that Davy Crockett was a politician and Daniel Boone was a land speculator; they were entirely strong and noble and brave and pure in the legends.

See what I mean? The nation that invented the outlaw as an art form can't see the attractions of the villain? Wierd.

*I guess someone had to put Mary's CS piece together with her scathing denunciation of John Norman in **Vector** a few months back. Perhaps it comes as no surprise to see*



that it's Ian Covell who makes the connection. He-e-r-e's Ian!

Ian Covell:

I am blackly amused by Mary Gentle's article. Take a look at the final sentence:- "Fantasy defuses fear, promotes reassurance, allows safe adventure: we can close the book, we know the film and the fantasy will end."

This is the same woman who said that anyone who reads Norman is a potential rapist, that Norman is a dangerous author who should be at the least ignored, at the best banned. Remember her first sentence about "Who out there likes reading about Rape?". How does this square with the sentence above? Surely it's now obvious even to Gentle that the readers of Norman *recognise* it as a fantasy, and can tell the difference between the *idea* of 'rape' (ie, enforced sex) and actual 'rape' (ie, enforced violence) — what I think I'm trying to say is that Norman is fantasy. The reason people like Gentle seem to hate him is that he makes it attractive, even pleasant, and even possibly *real*. Yet it's only a philosophy of life: it's a single (and single-minded) daydream about a possible alternate world. I suppose Gentle can say that her final phrase about knowing the fantasy will end can't be applied to Norman because rape is *real*, but the truth is that Norman's 'rapes' aren't rapes at all — and they are *only* prose.

The women in Norman's books are not *made to enjoy rape*, so much as to be made aware that their sexuality, their sexual response to men, has been dimmed, even destroyed by the egalitarian society we are trying to create. The horror, it seems, for many feminists, is the *imaginary* woman's discovery that they *like* sex, indeed the majority of his heroines choose to live with a single Gorean male in what we would call marriage. The fact is, it doesn't matter whether this is a 'truth' about all women on the real Earth; it undoubtedly isn't true, in the same way *The Taming Of The Shrew* isn't true, though I suspect thousands of women wish they could find their Petruchio, ie, a dominant, witty man who does it *because he loves her*. That's what

Norman is doing, he has produced a planet of Petruchios, though not with his wit.

The truth is, I *don't* like Norman, though I read him as a fantasy writer, and hoped he'd make things go the way I wanted (ie, Cabot would overturn the Gorean system)... but it's surely less-than-fair for Gentle to say she adores the fictional (prose) bastards of some authors, yet won't allow others to like the fictional bastards of authors like Norman.

I think the worst thing is that this seems to be obvious, and Gentle is not daft, so how can she write the one article, and now write this one as though they were alternate views of the same thing?

I never knew until now just what a hotbed of Ricardians fandom is: take the following few letters.



Sue Thomason:

Mary Gentle's article...is a very fine piece of writing, *but... please* note... it is based on a false premise. Richard III was not a villain, but the victim of a very clever smear campaign by Henry VII and friends (the latter mostly being Morton of "Morton's Fork" fame). The little Princes in the Tower were certainly not murdered by Richard, because they were alive after Richard's death, at Henry's accession. Please, please read a very good book called *The Daughter Of Time* by Josephine Tey, which ex-

plains it all. Richard III was a popular king, intelligent, humane, a patron of the arts. He campaigned brilliantly and with minimal nastiness against the Scots, made a very decent job of ruling the North of England, gave his name to a Parliament that even school history textbooks agree was a model of justice and liberality, and *nothing* is known against his private life from any work written before Henry's accession. There's no contemporary reference to Richard having either a hunchback or a withered arm, though he does seem to have had one shoulder set lower than the other (possibly as a result of childhood polio). Shortly after his accession, Henry drew up a Bill attainting Richard before Parliament. Richard was dead, his friends in disorder and disgrace, his enemies were free to include every

nasty rumour they could think of in justification of Henry's takeover. *Nothing* was said about the murder of the Princes, *nothing* about the scandal that supposedly turned the country against Richard. Look at the National Gallery portrait (by the way, if anyone can obtain a postcard of this picture for me, I'll reimburse them), consider that Richard's personal motto was "*Loyaute me lie*" — loyalty binds me — and consider that Richard had nothing to gain by murdering the Princes — there were plenty of other York heirs around — and Henry had a good deal to gain. Consider that the other York heirs flourished under Richard; under Henry they were all swiftly despatched to convents or the grave... Shakespeare got his information from a work by Thomas More, which is usually treated as a primary source (eyewitness account). But More was a child of about five at the supposed time of the murders. He was eight when Richard died. More took his account of the murders from Henry VII's Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose household he had worked as a boy. Henry VII's Archbishop of Canterbury was Morton. Morton Morton Morton, *it was Morton*, the swindler, not Richard. *Please* read the book. Even Shep has only been able to make him look sinister by giving him a squint...

David Bell:

...As chance would have it, last Christmas I read over an idle few hours a book entitled **The Daughter of Time**, which deals in some detail with the assumed guilt of Richard III.

He didn't do it. "It" being most of what he is accused of by the vast majority who rely on the history they are taught at school. I think we ran through the Wars of the Roses one wet summer's afternoon in my first year of secondary education. Look, I know that Mary Gentle is really talking about the Tudor propaganda image of Richard rather than the reality but I can't leave that image unchallenged.

By the law and custom of the time Richard of Gloucester was the last true King of England and Henry of Richmond's only claim on the throne was that of conquest. By blood Henry had a better claim on the throne of France. Interestingly enough, while some partisan chroniclers report that the murder of the Princes was common knowledge during Richard's reign, the proclamation by which Henry took the crown refers first to right of conquest and nowhere to Richard murdering his nephews.

Henry then had Parliament annul unread the Act which had rendered King Edward's chil-

dren illegitimate (on the grounds of a previous marriage) and married one of the daughters. That was a particularly stupid move if he wasn't certain of the deaths of both Princes.

None of this is new. Horace Walpole had a go at the legend in 1768 and added the possibility that Perkin Warbeck was not an impostor but who he claimed to be. Certainly there are gaping holes in all the accounts which are claimed to support the usual story. There are mysterious figures in the background of paintings. And while the Council of York mourned Richard's death at Bosworth in as clear a way as you could wish for, Henry was trying to date his reign from the day before the battle so that he could charge his surviving opponents with high treason.

I suppose that anyone who used a time machine to go back to the reign of Richard III would be quite surprised, especially if they were leching after a hunchbacked villain. Somewhere, I'm sure, there is an SF novel in that idea. And Shakespeare could have still used the same joke....

Moving on to the central issue of the piece, there is something appealing about being that sort of ruthless string-puller. I'm sure that most people have harboured desires of revenge for some real or imagined injury; though hanging, cutting down while still alive, and all the bloody business of drawing and quartering might be a trifle excessive as revenge. On the other hand the conspiracy committee might well agree on one victim. It isn't just the desire for revenge that does it. Literature has been depicting the heroic style for several thousand years and the villain is no more than the hero who chooses the wrong side.

Look at Shakespeare. Richard and Macbeth both go down fighting, knowing they are done for but putting the best face they can on a particularly messy situation. Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane and Macbeth calls for his armour, vowing that at least he will die fighting. The difference between the shop-soiled heroes and the villains is not in their actions and behaviour but in their motives (and wasn't Sam Spade screwing his partner's wife?) and our view of their morality.

Even if Richard was the villain painted by the Tudors, killing his rivals with such abandon, he could well claim he was acting to give a stable government to a country still recovering from a civil war. As Niccolo Machiavelli points out, a compassionate ruler may well be one who kills a few individuals lest murder and rapine plague the land. And fear is a surer motive than love.

But it is a sexist world, isn't it? We men are conditioned by legend and story to be heroic and find so few images worthy of our own lechery. Okay, so there are plenty of sexually desirable images of women about but they are so superficial and flimsy. Even Lady Macbeth falls ignominiously down the stairs in the last act. Heroines are emerging but there is a lot of conditioning to overcome before they can be as real as Richard. To me the characters Lauren Bacall played in movies like **The Big Sleep** and **Key Largo** have some elements of the appeal Mary Gentle seems to be describing. If somebody looking like that were to smoulder into the room and ask me if I knew how to whistle...

Fat chance, right. Besides, they have the vulnerability without quite the same control. For that they have to meet Bogey, who at least gives me some hope when I look in the mirror.

Perhaps the two closest to the villain or shop-soiled heroine appeared in a cheapie, sometimes erratic, TV space opera that appeared ten years ago. Do you remember **Blake's Seven**? Servalan was certainly the villain with a wildly impractical dress sense and a way of dumping her male proteges when their schemes failed. You can pick out other reasons for her appeal but given half-decent writing and even Blake might have succumbed to her allure. And in the blue corner was Cally, the conscience of the crew and more battered by fate than most. Not even Rick suffered what she did, and hung on to some thread of humanity through it all.

Anyone who can start with Shakespeare and end with Blake's Seven deserves some kind of medal (or maybe it was treatment I was thinking of...).

Mike Ashley:

Much enjoyed the Dunsany article because I always enjoy reading other people's views on one of my favourite writers. I agree with all that Andy says, though I'd like to emphasise the point

about Dunsany's creation of atmosphere through his use of language and names. Dunsany had this talent for finding the right name for the right person or place and as such he can not only create vivid images through his selection of words but can also use the words sparingly as the language itself creates the images without an excessive use of adjectives or adverbs. Both Clark Ashton Smith and Jack Vance had the same talent though I think Smith would sometimes spoil it by the over-usage of bizarre words. Dunsany always kept the balance right and

never fail to be transported into lands of wonder when reading one of his stories just by encountering his names.

Having given Andy Sawyer a chance to talk about Mary Gentle, I guess it's only fair to allow Mary to return the compliment.

Mary Gentle:

I enjoyed Andy's article on Dunsany very much. There are writers you give up on, and grow out of, but Dunsany (the best of him, anyway) is not one of those writers; and I think the reason why might well be found in those tensions Andy identifies. There is a tremendous sense of Time the Destroyer in Dunsany, and perhaps the reason why it isn't a mere flirting with the danger-

ous is because he did see a way of life die. It didn't die, of course, it mutated; we still have the class-system, but I think not as Dunsany would recognise it. There is also in his writing (especially **Wise Woman**) a sort of celtic brutality-and-poetry that is anything but 'Celtic twilight' (maugre his links with that) and much more like the legends of Cuchullain and Maeve and Ailill. You don't get too many books that include Faerie and the IRA and accept both equally.

Ian Covell:

The Andy Sawyer article is very interesting in that he seems to have spotted a single theme in Dunsany, as I think I did in Morris. But I really don't agree with him (for the most part). Just as he finds Morris hard to read, I find Dunsany



impossible — I grant his work includes much pleasurable interest in huntin', shootin' and fishin', and I also think it contains what I consider another trait that goes with the others: distrust of women, and especially of attraction to women. This might be his Irish background, but it makes it impossible for me to read even a minority of his works. I did find the article itself slightly confusing — is there a point at which Sawyer says *precisely* what theme underlies everything? The idea of a vanished or vanishing mythical past when men were in contact with the land has infused thousands of other works, from Morris to Anderson (try *Midsummer Tempest*) and beyond. I'm not saying the theme doesn't exist, I just don't think it's a primary or even major theme in his work — everyone laments the passing of the good things.

Hmm, I can't help think that misogyny was a class thing, especially prevalent among men of Dunsany's class and time. It does seem to re-surface time and again amongst the British aristocracy.

Harry Warner Jr:

This is the second article I've seen about Lord Dunsany's fiction in fanzines in the past month or two. As I located the first article of this type, I suspect Lord Dunsany's fiction would have attained a greater place in the affection of today's editors and readers, and more of it would have stayed in print, if the writer had published his works under some such penname as Jimmy McElean or Paddy O'Shea. There must be at least a subconscious resentment in the minds of most publishers and readers over the fact that a nobleman flaunted his title in his byline, during an era when the aristocracy was held in the lowest possible esteem by most persons. I thought Andy Sawyer's summary of the three novels was excellent, although his penultimate paragraph seems unconvincing. It wasn't just Lord Dunsany who lived through a period of change and thought the changes were all for the worst. Everyone in Europe and North America who lived at any time from the late 18th Century to today was caught up in a time of enormous changes and almost everyone thought the changes were at least partially bad. The industrial revolution, railroads, and many other major changes in the world seemed at catastrophic to many persons as the H bomb does to us.

Railroads still seem pretty catastrophic to those who have to commute on them, Harry.

Vincent Clarke:

Dunsany has always been one of my favourite authors; I have about a dozen of his books plus the biography mentioned by Andy Sawyer. Unfortunately, the books are 'totally escapist fantasy' as Andy calls them ("A Dreamer's Tales", "Time And The Gods", etc.), and though there are elements of a 'semi-mystical unity through the land' in the stories, I find it hard to accept Andy's thesis, based on 3 books. I can't, in fact, reconcile Dunsany's delicate use of imagery with the actual huntin', shootin', fishin' squire at all, and I'm not really concerned to try. I just lie back and enjoy what I read... "Huge flowers went up out of these gardens like slow rockets and burst into purple blooms and stood there huge and radiant on six-foot stalks and softly sang strange songs."

Sounds just like the conception I always have for my garden, Vince: wish the reality lived up to it.

John Miller:

That quote from Lord Dunsany on p.14 makes me think of a few people I know, set apart from myself and each other by clouds of smog and murk. A surrealist prerogative was the reconciling of the gulfs "that stand between daily life and that of the things of dream". "All power to the imagination", as one of them said, a slogan once taken up by workers in France. I enjoyed the Lord Dunsany article even tho I haven't read the 3 novels, and have only read 'The Hoard Of The Gibbelins', in *The Spell Of Seven* (Pyramid Books) edited by L. Sprague de Camp. It's a good article. Liked it, thoughtful and interesting. In an introduction to the aforementioned short story, Sprague de Camp says that "Dunsany was a man of towering physical stature, fiery temperament and practical sensitivity". As a teenager I imagined him looking something like Vivian Stanshall's 'Sir Henry Rawlinson', sort of an old buzzard. Don't know what, apart from silliness, made me think of him like that. I guess that's a stereotype of the landed classes. Elsewhere, Sprague de Camp says "There was a conflict between his background and upbringing — that of a conventional hunting-shooting-fishing peer — and his personal literary interests and tastes".

Richard Bowden:

Andy Sawyer's piece on Dunsany was excellent. He obviously has a long standing love for Dunsany's work and this came across. I haven't read much myself but am now far more aware of

what I have been missing. One thing I did take exception to was Andy's phrase "...I'm sure you'll remember how the half elven Orion hears the horns of Elfland blowing in the twilight". All very well for those who do, but for anyone with his toe barely in the tub of Dunsanian fantasy, it was a weeny bit discouraging as far as the rest of what he was going to say. A slight correction to this piece too: **The Curse Of The Wise Woman** was actually brought out in a paperback edition as well, by Sphere (part of their "Dennis Wheatley Library of the Occult"), I think after it appeared in the hardback edition Andy mentioned. I have seen the odd copy around at intervals although it is long out of print, so perhaps it is slightly easier to find.

One other moan which I could make, although I realise that I'm in the minority here, is the phenomenon which surfaced in your pages — that of Hodgson-bashing. Am I the only one to rate William Hope Hodgson (mispelt 'Hodgeson' in the Dunsany piece) very highly as a writer? Very often it is the poor old **The Night Land** which comes in for the brick bats, as in Andy Sawyer's passing comments about the "excruciatingly awful" prose style. The current popular edition of **The Night Land**, also as it happens published by Sphere, is not a very faithful edition of the now very rare original book. Much of the work *is* awkward and it *does* go on too long, but I find that even in its modern, poor edition, the spell which the language and imagery casts is hypnotic. This I put down to some sort of tension between Hodgson's astounding imagination and the dirge like predictability of the prose. Hodgson was no great literary stylist, but I'm convinced that in **The Night Land** he tried an experiment which largely worked.

The artwork continues to draw in lots of mail, and it continues to be my policy to let the artists take some of their egoboo in public.

Bernard Earp:

...Don't know just what I think of the cover but a few fun ideas off the top of my head... The suggestion of stars or galaxies inside the people shapes could be taken as the idea that we all contain our own internal universes, but the background image of the glowing godfigure conveys that we still are not in control of our own destinies, strive as much as we like.

Terry Broome:

The most stunning [artwork] has to be the Helsdon centrespread — mythological symbols

of stone, wood and water, branch-like snake-like things twisting threateningly around vines, the giant face both attractive and the most threatening image of the picture, but an icon in decay. Nature has won back the world and is pulling down the artifices of the human (?) race. A vaguely Aztec feel to it. Technically superb. Beautiful. Iain's illos are impressive too — showing he has a wide range of styles he is master of, and beautifully presented by the editor. Dave Collins' illos were the most surprising — Brad Foster-ish, a real indication that Dave could do a lot more with his talent than we may have all come to expect from the major bulk of his fannish art. It's a terrible shame he felt fandom had rebuffed him for his more serious art.

I agree entirely with that final sentiment: has anyone out there heard from Dave recently?

Michael Gould:

...I found Martin Helsdon's centre page drawing extraordinarily beautiful... It's strange to have a picture which shows both decay and regeneration and manages to be beautiful. The normal tendency is to show it as drab, but this is very light.

Shep Kirkbride:

I have to say first of all that Pete Crump's piece of art on the inside front cover is a beautiful piece of work. The amount of detail coupled with the theme/subject matter make it a very moody piece indeed. Before I go any further in expressing my admiration for any of the other interior art I have to say that for weeks I kept going back to Pete's piece just to see if I could find something I had missed previously. It would be tempting to sit down and do something similar. That is something I always feel like doing when I see a piece of work that I admire. (Not that I ever do you understand. No, I'll wait a respectable few months before I rip him off. Only joking Pete, honest!)

...I suppose that CS is all things to all different fans. What I mean is that I've never really noticed it before but for me the pleasure of opening up the next issue of the **Ship** is for the layout and to see what wonderful art you have this time around. I appreciate that that may sound a bit incestuous being a fan-artist myself, but I make no apologies because there are fans that comment on the written word and openly dismiss fan-art as just fillers. But truth is, with a zine such as yours it is more like mortar between the brickwork.

Having said that, it doesn't mean that the editorial content isn't important. Oh no. Understandably your fanzine wouldn't have reached such popularity if it hadn't at first managed to capture a good snatch of contributors on the scribbling side, (and continues to do so may I add). No, the mix is damn near perfect. It's just

whole. I may not succeed every time, but at least I try.

Mic Rogers:

Christina Lake and Lilian Edwards say they would like to get 'full-page, thought-provoking pieces of artwork based on what interests the artist him (or her)-self most'. And you agree, John. So what constitutes 'thought-provoking'? A philosophical Still Life? Some soft porn? An illustration of a story or a poem? An abstract? Things SF-orientated only, or what? It's a bit of a chicken-and-egg situation. The Faned won't know what s/he likes until s/he sees it, and the artist won't know what to submit until the Faned says what is wanted.

This is where the editor shuffles his feet in embarrassment, says "Sho'nuff is a problem, Boss." and tries to pass rapidly on. Mic's right, of course. I can't lay down groundrules for art in CS: all I can say is that I'd welcome a broader range of material (the tendency is to send me material similar to that which I've already published). But, the Catch-22 is that a piece has to pass the acid test of my own personal taste: only if I like it will I use it. If in doubt, send a photocopy.

I take umbrage with Steven Fox when he says 'a good amount of fanart is amateurish'. Well of *course* it is — what does he expect? A good deal of writing in fanzines is amateurish too — so what? Since when have fanzines been for professionals only? I thought fanzines *were* the training ground for attempters. Are there some 'zines for learning in and others for when one has 'arrived'? How does one get to know about the former, especially a neo? Let alone the latter! Are some 'zines more exclusive than others? Only certain fans need apply? this is precisely why comments and feedback are necessary — I would say more so for artwork than for written work. Tossing your work into a sea of silence helps no one. I appreciate that one wants certain standards in a fanzine according to the Editor's personal view; I appreciate that one should aim for as high a standard as possible, but, until the contributors are being *paid* for their work then we are *all* amateurs and therefore we may lack the polish that you would like to see us all product.



that for me the look of the zine gives me a lot of pleasure. Makes me want to sit down and read the bloody thing!

But that's precisely what it is meant to do. Shep. Contrary to opinions expressed elsewhere, the design and artwork are meant to work in parallel with the text to make a

Eric Mayer:

Steve Fox's comments make good sense, at least his comments about multiple submissions do. Since leaving SF fandom, I've had a lot of my

articles reprinted in small press magazines, not to mention selling some of my SF fanzine stuff. It's a good experience for the artist, as well, to try his work out on different groups.

Steve also makes an interesting point about the artist being able to draw a great many things. This was brought home to me forcibly when I got into small press and wrote an independent comic which was drawn by Donnie Jupiter, who's done pro work before. I soon found that I could ask for any sort of scene, from any perspective, with any kinds of action or characters or animals — anything from a Pre-Cambrian swamp to the New York City subway system. Often, fan artists have a schtick. They seemingly are very limited. (Heck, I can draw an OK owl.) Just because someone has laboured mightily over the years to the point where he can draw a few fannish cartoons doesn't, as Steve notes, make him an artist. [Also] you have to remember that what you see in SF fanzines from artists or writers might not represent their whole range of abilities. Someone who has not developed a polished, fannish schtick, might in fact be a lot better artist... than someone who has. It's dangerous then to judge someone an artist or not on the basis of fan work and pointless too, because what matters, in each individual case, is the work itself and whether its creator might on the whole be judged an artist or not doesn't make the individual work any better or worse.

Michael Gould:

Some interesting points came out of the Locs on art. Surely a lack of artistic training may inhibit someone from commenting too heavily on the technical merits of a piece, but the misinterpretation of a work must be laid firmly on the shoulders of the artist. People appreciate things at different levels. Those who find it hard to unlock inner meaning may still appreciate the technical mastery, use of colour, physical representation. Someone else may see something of the actual message the artist is trying to convey. Someone else may deduce things about the artist from the work. The clever artist will be aware of the differing intelligence of his audience and cater for it with a multi-layered piece of work. Those who produce something totally obscure and then complain because the audience can't understand it are perhaps kidding themselves that they actually have something worth saying. I can't exactly lay claim to being one of the world's intellectuals, but I can appreciate a piece of work for its visual impact even if I can't come to terms with the artist's message.

Terry Broome:

...I've always been conscious of the use of art in my projects, and this is where Chuck's letter niggles. Just because I can't mend a photocopier doesn't mean I can't produce an attractive fanzine. I haven't experimented much with the wonders of photocopying... partly because it's expensive, but I'm fairly up on photocopying



capabilities (colour ink, for example, full colour copying, card as well as paper, photo-reduction and blow-up, some will even reverse images), but money and access are problems, and so are ways to practise the craft of editing/producing a fanzine. I improve with every issue of a fanzine I

do — I make great leaps of discovery. But I do so by *deliberately* not following the old formula where *everyone* (except maybe you) was producing fanzines in the same way. There's an excellent Dick story called 'Upon the Dull Earth' where everyone turns into the same person. That's how fanzines began to appear to me. I wanted to find out *why* that was so, *why* everyone designed their fanzines in exactly the same way. To do that I had to learn the hard way... With new faneds you must expect things won't be too hot, with not so new ones, perhaps some gentle encouragement that they should *experiment* is more in order than instant condemnation. It's not enough to *use* a successful formula/idea/style — one must know *why*, and it's this lack of knowledge, unwillingness to experiment that so discredits many fanzines.

Skel:

...I really liked Martin Helsdon's centrepiece and am amazed to read that the relatively small volume of material we've seen in **Crystal Ship** is in fact virtually the totality of his finished work. I'd assumed there must be hundreds of drawings for him to get this good. I am saddened though that a disabling disease is restricting his output, and may in fact terminate it altogether. It's bad enough that these things happen to anyone, but it seems doubly unfair that they strike at someone with a special talent, not so much because they rob the rest of us of the opportunity to enjoy the fruits of that talent (a selfish regret after all), but because they rob an artist like Martin of the opportunity to express that talent. What a frustration that must be — I am reminded of the title of one of Harlan Ellison's stories — "I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream".

As you can see from this issue, Martin's found ways to cope with his problems, and has become positively profuse with his creative output!

Steve Fox's problems are relatively minor, simply that some folks take umbrage at seeing the same material cropping up in several different fanzines. I'm a bit of a fence-sitter on this matter. As an (ex) editor I have to admit it would piss me off to go to the trouble and expense of reproducing some artwork only to have my thunder stolen when it appeared in another fanzine first. I would argue, after a fashion, with Steve's first point. True, faneds don't pay cash for artwork, but I'd say there is still a sense in which they 'buy' it. Certainly in most faneditors' minds

a contract exists. They tend to claim in their fanzines 'first publication rights', and publish with a statement to the effect that all (subsequent) rights revert to the contributor. Which seems fair enough to me. The editor is, after all, undertaking the expense of publishing the damn stuff.

Steve's attitude seems to me to be demeaning to artists. I can't think of a writer of fanarticles who'd take lots of copies of an article, bundle it up and send it out to various editors at the same time. Oh, it is true that some articles have appeared in more than one zine, but this was something the second editor knew at the time he or she accepted the piece in question (mostly for the reasons Steve gave in his second point). I guess it's just a case of different expectations. Now that just about every editor in fandom knows the basis on which Steve operates, I don't see any problem. Every editor who accepts his material would do so in the full knowledge (hopefully) that there was a fair chance it would have appeared in several other zines before said editor got it into print. As long as both parties to the fan-editor/fan artist contract are aware of the situation there's no problem. What I think Steve fails to appreciate is that his approach is the exception rather than the rule, and hence needed to be spelled out. After all, fan artists are no different from contributors of written material in this respect — they can always withdraw a piece and place it elsewhere if they aren't happy with the time it's taking to get it into print... thought I'll admit this doesn't always work perfectly. I have had material published in more than one zine simply because the editor I first sent it to responded to neither my exasperated demand to know just what was causing the abnormal delay, nor to my subsequent letter pulling the piece because they'd not had the courtesy to reply. Exceptions can happen, but they are precisely that — exceptions.

It's a case of exclusivity. The editor might be easy, but that does not mean that they can be gang-banged. I like much of Steve's artwork, but if I was still a faned I wouldn't touch it, on his terms, with a bargepole. It's a similar situation as a reader of fanzines. If I am presented with something, be it artwork or written material, that I've seen elsewhere, then it is a null, a waste of time, and I feel both cheated and insulted at being offered the self-same piece again as if it were something worthwhile. Whatever worth the piece has, I've already got the damn thing. If I want to study it again, I can go to my original source for it. I don't need reprints in a contemporary context.

Obviously I disagree with Skel in a number of ways. When Steve Fox sends me artwork, I sift through it and sort out stuff I've seen before, and I don't use that. Sometimes I see material I've already used in other zines. It doesn't bother me that much. There are cases where I might use an artist's work even if it has already appeared elsewhere. Martin's illos in this issue are a case in point, as are Krischan Holl's, some of which have certainly appeared in German fanzines (notably his own **Taurus**), but few people on the **Ship's** mailing list are likely to have seen it.

David Bell:

The art question isn't going to go away. I think that the very idea of being a fanartist lays the artist open to being seen from two different angles. Art is one direction and fannishness the other. I'd suggest that most fanartists can only be dealt with as fans. Their art loses its meaning outside that field. ATom's silhouetted aliens on p.45 are an example from that end of the scale. Shep Kirkbride's depiction of Richard could be used almost anywhere, especially a theatre programme.

John Miller:

I like the idea of 'Desktop Publishing', although I immediately thought it meant schoolboys doing home-made SF fanzines. I don't mean that in a derogatory way, and maybe fandom/fanzines, maybe even **Crystal Ship**, could be helped by some skoolboy razzberries. I mean as part of the content, not directed at the content. Maybe I mean particularly in zines produced by 'the Fannish Establishment'. I'm not sure. Just a thought in relation to a recent Loc to Edwards and Lake on **The Caprician**, in which I registered a regular complaint against 'fannish' writing, and lots more about conventions and the contributors non-SF hobbies. The possibility was suggested that fandom has become like a microcosm of society with, e.g., left/right wings, 'fannish' vs. 'sercon' (hate that jargon. It sucks), varying tastes/musical likings and the whole scale of the infinitum. Chuck sez... something about fanzines 'being put into the lower regions of fannish priorities' which, I agree, is a silly idea.

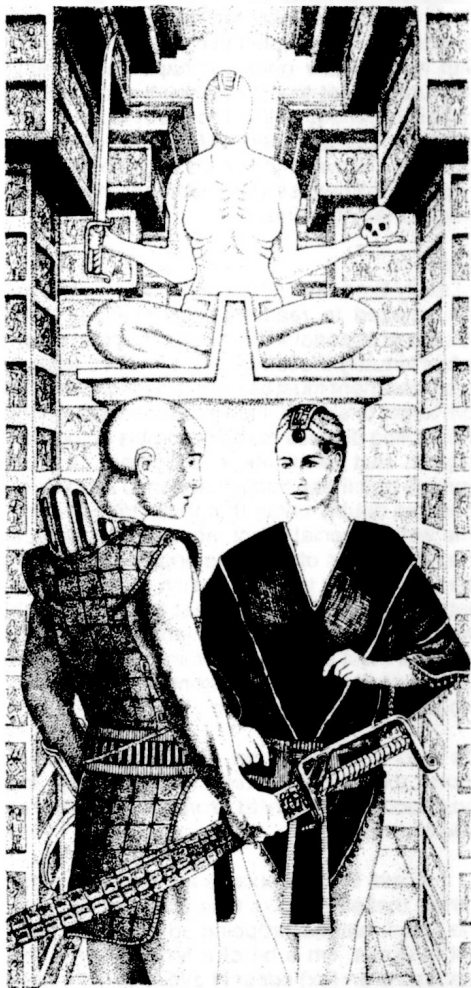
Silly idea, I agree, but sadly true in the illiterate eighties.

An argument that's been rippling around the loccol for an issue or three now has been the "production for use not profit" topic introduced by Chester Cuthbert. Bill

Bains had a go at Terry Jeeves about it last time, so now it's Terry's turn.

Terry Jeeves:

In the Locs William Bains queries what I mean by "Production for use not profit". Simply look in most markets and you'll see loads of plastic and other junk produced purely for profit.



The butter, wine and meat mountains stem from a money hunt by those farmers who feel they'd make less lolly by producing other, scarcer (and unsubsidised) foodstuffs. I gather dupers and their paper are being phased out in favour of photocopiers (which bring in a much bigger profit). To heck with churches, clubs and so on

who need one or two hundred copies. One could think of many other examples. Fair profit for a useful article is one thing... profiteering on rubbish quite another.

Vincent Clarke:

The short correspondence on 'produce for use, not profit' is thought provoking. There are numerous things that by any standards are useless — fashion goods, the latest 'pop' sensation, 'A' bombs, **The Sun**... the list is endless. But as long as people can be fooled into actually paying for them, they make a profit. I don't know that elimination of these items — and several thousand others — would make me feel as though I was living in a Stone Age economy.

I certainly pushed somebody's button with one of my comments on the issue last time.

Mic Rogers:

John, cigarette manufacturers are *not* 'producing something completely useless and makes no profit' as you well know! They are producing something to supply a pleasure — indeed, for some people a need — and are making a nice profit to boot. They are also providing work for a number of people who would not necessarily be otherwise employed and they are providing a handsome source of taxes which non-smokers would have to pay in some other way. Incidentally I think non-smokers *should* pay an extra similar tax — but I can't think of anything that wouldn't increase taxation for smokers as well!

Sorry Mic, I have to disagree: cigarettes are the perfect example of a useless item sold for profit: the 'pleasure' they give is chemically induced, habit-forming and injurious to health, and not just that of the smoker -- passive smoking by people sharing the same space is nearly as dangerous. The sooner people realise that smoking is a shell game they can't win the better.

Chester Cuthbert:

An interesting issue, as usual, but I am writing solely to answer William Bains, whose letter on p.48 questions the uselessness of much modern production, since Terry Jeeves was merely confirming my position.

The **Winnipeg Free Press** for June 19th reprinted an article written by Robin Broad and John Cavanagh from the **Los Angeles Times** under the heading "Technology is a threat to world economy", from which I quote:

"A combination of technological shifts, depressed buying power and implacable debt crisis is conspiring to depress demand globally, miring the world economy in a glut of goods and services for which there are too few buyers..."

The article goes on to point out that chemical, food and biotechnology corporations have pioneered a vast array of synthetic substitutes for many of the raw materials that form the backbone of Third World economies; that the labor-saving technologies are also sweeping the industrialised countries, eliminating jobs across industries and services, suppressing wages and decreasing buyer power. Increased taxes and basic costs have also reduced discretionary spending power.

The institution of an adequate guaranteed annual income would enable whole industries to vanish. Pensions, life insurance, workers' compensations for claims, are only samples; my guess is that almost 90% of all work done is solely for profit, not because it is necessary. I do not like to argue against the profit motive as an incentive, but when technology produces abundance which makes a profit impossible, that motive is eliminated; the surpluses must be financed, so there is no alternative to world deficits and ultimate bankruptcy of the money system. Only governments have the resources to shore up the failing banking system; and their deficits are already so great that a limit of taxation to finance them has been reached and inflation seems inevitable. A guaranteed annual income is already accepted in principle, and must be increased to become adequate to keep technology operating until a new economic system based on production for use can be instituted.

If Mr. Bains can offer any alternative solution, I, for one, would be grateful to learn of it.

I raised the question of coping with stress in the last issue, which brought in a number of comments.

Alan Sullivan:

...If you aren't careful, you can suffer from stress, start worrying about it and end up stressed by the stress — and if that doesn't get you... The thing with employers is that not all of them are far-sighted enough to see that a healthier laid-back worker is better than one constantly beaver away — and who has to keep taking time off work. More companies are taking out studies on stress — but, from the evidence of my eyes, they're either ignoring them, or they're not inter-

preting them properly. But then what do you expect when the majority won't even invest in their own business (and then complain that their competitors are beating them hollow).

On Bureaucracy: Weber (famous name in organisations) supposedly said Bureaucracy was the most logical form of Organisation — which is ok if you're a computer or a Vulcan, but if you're a human being... I get the feeling that people who are good at organising in this way are not necessarily so good with organising people. Basically, simplest is best — having two double checks instead of three or four actually cuts the error rate: I've seen it done in the Civil Service, which is about the most bureaucratic organisation going...

David Bell comes in with a lovely thought.

David Bell:

...Perhaps stress is nature's way of limiting bureaucracies. Let things get grossly inefficient and then thin the bastards out with high blood pressure, heart attacks, and **That's Life** reporters...

*The thing I keep for-
getting is that I suppose
I qualify as a bureaucrat
too! Oh well. While we're on
the subject of reporters...*

Harry Warner Jr:

Stress bothered me all during the four decades of my working career. There just wasn't any way to do my work without stress because I was a journalist. This forced me to be at certain places at specific times and then to write stuff to meet deadlines. I knew I wouldn't get fired for an occasional failure to show up or inability to meet a deadline but such goofs would have meant all sorts of telephone calls from whomever I'd promised to meet and whoever expected to find a news story in the next day's edition, so the stress is still there. I've overreacted since retiring by avoiding virtually everything that reminds me of the old appointment schedule and promises to perform at a certain time. I've failed to attend certain events I would have enjoyed, just because it would have meant going to this audito-

rium at that time on a certain day. I've refused to volunteer for various public service tasks that I'm qualified to do, because I know I would soon be saddled with more duties than I intended to perform, on a certain schedule. At least I've had five years of appointment-free retirement, although I can't hope to be granted forty years of this freedom from stress to match the forty years of clock-watching.

James Parker:

...Stress kills? Possibly. You may disagree, but I do subscribe to the theory that stress is also a natural part of our mental/emotional totality. A little stress can also be good for you! I would agree with you though that a healthy diet and plenty of (sensible) exercise are also vital ingredients in the fight against poor health.

A healthy diet is all very well, but it can also have side effects, as Marc Ortlieb recounts.

Marc Ortlieb:

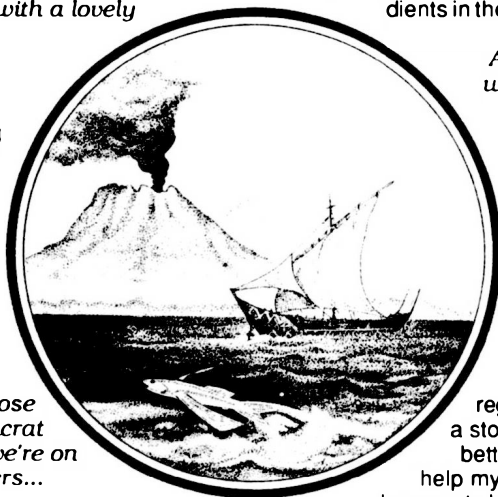
Hmmn. More signs of the aging of fandom.

I keep encountering mention of fans adopting healthier lifestyles. After my doctor dropped a subtle suggestion or two, I put myself on a regimen and dropped about a stone and a half. I feel much better and fitter but it doesn't help my fanac, which was fueled by sweetwhite coffee, biscuits, salted

nuts and chocolates. Perhaps that's the reason for my decreased fanac. Fortunately I have developed stress control mechanisms throughout my life and, as a result, I seem able to control my stress levels to match the situation in hand. I use stress to put me into overdrive at times such as report writing time. In between, I practise the art of seeming busy while doing as little as I can get away with.

Eric Mayer:

I enjoyed reading about your job. A lot of fans, it seems to me, cheat themselves either by insisting upon some sort of work that at least sounds creative — in publishing, for instance — or by staying in relatively menial jobs as an alternative to getting caught up in Big Business, etc. But, as you have found, it isn't necessary to get caught



up in the system. A few minor concessions to it are usually sufficient... at which point it can be pretty much ignored. I have to wear a tie to work — but I'm also typing this letter to you on company time. I really believe I am imposed upon a lot less than I would be if I were, say, in the typing pool rather than an editor, plus I make more. Of course, if you're going to try and get around the system you're not likely to become a corporate shooting star either.

Shooting stars burn out sooner or later (look at John De Lorean!), so I'd rather not be one, thanks very much.

Sue Walker's "teachers must teach" letter last time raised a comment or two.

William Bains:

Sue Walker — I had exactly the same experience when I tried to do some self-teaching (the preparation for which took me far longer than would a normal lecture — this was not an easy route). Some of them hated it.

Sheryl Birkhead:

The comment "Teachers are meant to Teach..." Looking at our public school system and I'm afraid I'd have to change that to Teachers are meant to Entertain. If it isn't entertaining and funny (heaven help you if you expect kids to take notes — unless they are college committed) you've lost three-quarters of the class. There appears to be very little intellectual curiosity around.

Terry Broome:

I wonder if Sue Walker watched and enjoyed *A Very Peculiar Practice*? It's set in a university, and the protagonist's girlfriend, an art teacher at the university, tries to get the students to think for themselves. They responded in a similar way [to Sue's students] saying (in effect) that teachers are meant to teach, that learning *should* be a parrot process, one of passive non-involvement, like machines being programmed. No wonder there is so much dehumanisation in society...

*To me, teaching **should** be active, showing not only what to learn, but **how**: the student*

*who learns parrot-fashion often fails to **understand** the subject.*

Vincent Clarke:

Nice to read the Airey/Warnes piece; I've kept coming across references to these two gents whilst doing research for Rob Hansen's *Then* history fanzine. And it's interesting to think of the fact that here are two people who knew of Arthur C. Clarke and Bill Temple as *fans*, and have never (unless Mal has been doing some missionary work) heard of fans Willis and Pickersgill and Langford etc. etc. By the way, the remark is made that most of the records of the first Convention seem to be lost, and I can confirm this. There was a souvenir booklet issued, and I've been trying to trace a copy for some time for the Library (in its

alter ego as a research centre) with no success. The fact that a source of information like this can just drop out of sight gives me the shudders.

Harry Warner Jr:

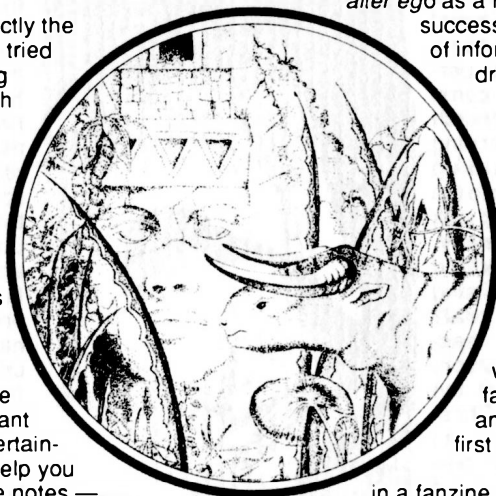
I found immense pleasure in reading 'A Most Genial Man'. I can no longer remember if I ever had correspondence with Doug Mayer, but his was still a name to conjure with when I first entered fandom in the late 1930s, and I do believe this is the first time anyone has written about him to any extent

in a fanzine since then. It was unfortunate that another fine fan of the late 1930s was on bad terms with Doug; perhaps that accounted in part for his failure to be mentioned more extensively in most recollections of his period until this tribute was published.

It wasn't just the old timers who enjoyed the piece on Doug Mayer.

Haz Bond:

I always love to see historical fannish pieces, because with fandom being such a transitory thing, if events don't get written down they can be lost forever. I've never understood people like Greg Pickersgill, who say fanhistoricism is pointless: how many of today's fans will be around in twenty years? Forty? Few, few indeed. Do we want today's fandom to vanish as if it had



never been? (Bits of it perhaps...) That's why it's worrying to see so many fans who were once active in fanzines turning to conventions only. Memory is a transitory thing: putting things down on paper is at least a step towards their preservation.

Dorothy Davies comes up next, with an intriguing sideline on her "Green Man" piece in CS13.

Dorothy Davies:

...I was equally taken aback at the reaction to my (Green Man) article — did I strike chords in many hearts? Is the pagan only just below the surface of all of us? Last week we had a big Society wedding, from the Manorhouse, Annabelle and Leo, who is apparently some Russian prince. Flower persons from Guildford came and turned the parish church into a woodland, winding rope round the pillars, tucking flowers, moss and ivy into the ropes, making the pulpit look like a cascade of greenery, huge pew ends, "a woodland glade" said the officiating minister's wife. Intentional? Unintentional? Mixed reaction from the congregation. Me, I was amused at the pagan surrounding a Christian ceremony. Me, I was annoyed, as the flower persons came back to strip out the house and marquee, and not the church. Us flower people had to do it, and a right mess it was, too! But interesting, extraordinarily interesting.

Bernard Leak's letter last issue seems to have pushed a handful of buttons, especially with ex-lecturer Bill Bains.

William Bains:

Bernard Leak — ...Lecturers (used to) earn little compared to what they could have got in other fields of endeavour. Comparing them to the average industrial worker is like saying how good the Health Service is because 1 in 4 do not die of plague anymore. The comparison is worthless for all except demagoguery. I don't have tenure.

I do not feel that lecturers are badly paid for what they do. I know that they could get much more elsewhere, and with no added job insecurity. "Bains claims that it is stupid to do his job..." No I don't. I claim that it looks stupid if you judge it on pay-and-promotion scales. And so it is: but there are other factors. "The parallels between Buddhism and science are deliberately perverse and mocking, but he himself seems not to know at any moment which side is being used to debunk the other." A symptom of Bernard's nihilism is that he thinks that I *must* be using something to debunk something else. *Vide infra*. "I suspect that Bains does not know what he is afraid of, and is scared of finding out." And then he goes on to say that I just sort of subconsciously put Colin Palmer's death in at the end without knowing why, my fingers typing away while my subconscious mind gibbered in a terrified corner. Really, that may be how Bernard writes, but I do at least read over what I write in articles, even if LoCs are tip-of-the-tongue stuff. Yes, as my LoC in CS13 implies, I know I am afraid of death. Fanfare from wings, Dr. Freud takes a bow. The convolutions Bernard uses to bring this rather unstartling revelation into play in the discussion have to be seen to be disbelieved. "I could continue by trying to demolish his own presentation of the transmission of scientific enlightenment,..." but he did not, probably because he knew that I had the first-hand knowledge and he does not, so if he were to say "tain't so!" to a statement of fact it would sound rather silly. I am threatening his idol, and he does not like it...

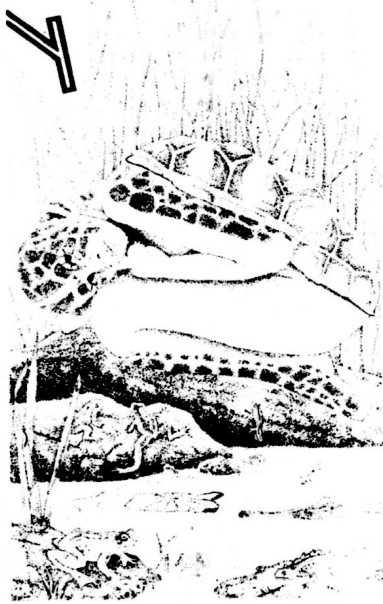
I entirely agree with Bernard that my outlook was blinkered by my academic career, and that my values were accordingly distorted. We all live in our own curved spaces of distorted values. Mine has altered shape a bit since then, and in small part I have Bernard to thank for that. (So there you are. Your fanzine actually changes opinions! You, John, also contributed, but in other writings.) Looking outside my ivory pit I have changed my viewpoint to consider the academic (as distinct from the scientific) mode of



thought to be rather less than wonderful, and indeed this has led me to leave academia entirely. I don't know whether this invalidates the point I made in the article about the 'naturalness' of an academic career. However I doubt that Bernard will have the chance to explode over my latest thoughts on science and how she is done because the one thing I wanted from the response to my article — some informed critical comment, some comments from people who read CS and are familiar with the other side of the comparative pair of science and buddhism (and I know they are out there), some extension, some further explanation — was almost entirely lacking. I even asked you to put in a brief bit from my LoC asking if any other readers could suggest books or articles which attacked, described or defended comparisons between science and religion, but no such appeared. So, when the only response is venomous (and sometimes massively ill-informed) disagreement or pats on the back, why bother to write. Some fans are sufficiently maladjusted to need lots of LoCs telling them they are wonderful people. While that is nice it is not my main motivation.

Terry Broome:

Bernard Leak's comments on (William Bains') article are truly perceptive. Rather than call the dread object of William's fare "death", however, I would call it the fear of *entropy*, of a world in ever increasing turmoil, chaos, a world running down into oblivion. In a world which is becoming increasingly disorderly, there is a contrasting and increasing desire to make some kind of order of it. This is expressed, in one way, in the increasing move to conservatism, the static state, and totalitarianism, as we try harder and harder to control that which becomes less controllable (to our perceptions). We desire to own, because what we "own" we can "control". If we can own knowledge, increasing knowledge, we can control it. By finding out more and more about Death, we hope to eventually control *that*, to chain it and lock it up away from our precious "possessions"...



There seems to be a minor Trans-Atlantic feud brewing between Buck Coulson and Judy Buffery

Judy Buffery:

...I do think someone ought to tell Buck Coulson that the *English* sense of humour is the most subtle in the world and far from considering ourselves superior, we are constantly putting ourselves down (ie, We are the most unhealthy, lazy, complaining etc, etc, nation in the world). However, I have this theory that human biology is not simply a matter of genetics but that geography comes into it as well. Let me explain: as you may know Birmingham is very much and always has been a multi-racial city. In its growth period in the nineteenth century its population was a glorious mix of Anglo-Saxon former agricultural workers, French Huguenots, Irish navvies, Jewish merchants, Scottish engineers, Welsh teachers and printers from the south of England. Nowadays all these are still here, of course, but some have become submerged in the general population. In addition we now have Poles, Germans and Austrians who came here just before and immediately after the Second World War, West Indians who came in the '50s, Chinese and a mass of other Asians who have been coming here steadily over the last two decades. Birmingham is also a city composed of a

series of villages that have become amalgamated, but each area does, to a certain extent, retain its individual identity and character. Customs and atmosphere vary considerably from one part of the city to another, but, and this is my real point, they haven't essentially altered in a hundred years. In other words, although the population in each area may have changed radically as to race and religion, the people still behave there as they did a century ago. For instance Sparkhill is still the close knit community I've always known, whilst Hall Green is still slightly 'posher'. The old ladies still feed the pigeons on the Parade as they did when I was a child, only now they are old Indian ladies.

Of course, when the Anglo Saxons originally came here they were Pagan ruffians, but they soon settled down to an orderly peaceful lifestyle. So much so that when the Normans came they were viewed as ignorant thugs and despite several centuries of heavy suppression the native population refused to learn French. What I am trying to say is that the particular characteristics of each nation may be dictated by where they live as much as who their ancestors were. African tribes do not have a monopoly on savagery: our Celtic ones were pretty brutal and still are when it comes to football hooliganism, but somehow our softer climate and cold winters seems to have kept things to a lower level. Even the Romans when they came here seem to have built villas all over the place, and Bath was used as a holiday resort even then. I have been to hidden valleys in the South Hams where the farms are still in the hands of families who were there when the Domesday Book was written. They are not aristocrats, but simple freemen who, because of the peculiar geography of the place have escaped attention from both officialdom and invasion.

Buck Coulson:

I can't say that I've ever had, or really wanted, a "sense of belonging". Maybe as a young child. There have always been friends, but there has almost never been any sort of group that I accepted uncritically. I do have a family history, thanks to an aunt who enjoyed geneology, and it's moderately interesting, but hardly essential. There's even a family crest, which one source said was the sort that a king handed out when one loaned him money and didn't ask for it back — I enjoyed that bit. If William Bains or another of your readers happens to be in a cemetery at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and notices the grave of a Thomas Coulson, died circa 1720 or possibly later, that's one of my ancestors; his son emigrated to Pennsylvania Colony. What I'd really like to have is an early 20th century British medical book which lists the "Coulson Swelling". Our family's main claim to fame is a unique hereditary disease... It's died out in my branch of the family; probably in most branches by now. My best guess is that it was a fatal allergic reaction. But it was supposedly listed as a separate disease in British medicine...

A fatal allergic swelling, eh? Don't tell me: I'm a long-lost branch of the Coulson tribe, right?
Sigh

Meanwhile, in the Uttermost West:

Dylan Dykins:

I was amused that Peter Smith thought the Anglo-Saxons were 'getting a bad press'. I can't think why — it's the Anglo-Saxons who own it. I think the 'fashion for things Celtic' is symptomatic of the way England is consuming our minority cultures; a picture presents itself of colonial lords, gazing with curiosity at the quaint peasants as they starve below in the streets... Over dramatising the situation? Well, Welsh Wales is rapidly becoming a 'soul-less place of transitory ice-cream suckers' and yuppie barons. Celtic speakers are unable to meet house prices pushed up by aforementioned yuppies. They become second-class citizens in their own country. They are losing their language. While government measures are introduced to protect English rural areas from yuppie invasion, for Wales nothing is done. It begins to sound like a 20-year-old conspiracy to destroy Welsh. And everywhere are the vultures, eager for any scrap of Celtic culture — is there an intuitive recognition somewhere that linguicidal policies are dragging the Celtic culture into museums?

...An interesting by-line on the (terminated) swearing debate: did you know that there aren't, and never have been, any swearwords in any of the Celtic tongues? The worst a compiler of obscenities could get from Welsh was something like... "you naughty blackbird"! In Gaelic there is "Pitis" (see glossary to MacAvoy's *Book Of Kells*) which is an "explicative meaning vulva, but not an obscenity. There are no obscene words, in the English sense, in Gaelic".

Knowing the degree of freedom women have always enjoyed in any true Celtic society, I am tempted to draw the conclusion that the Celtic is more emotionally/sexually advanced than the English mind. But of course that would be naive, and racist.

I prefer to believe that Celtic speakers, for the moment fairly isolated from zombie-culture and the male power system, have less cause for sexual tension and less cause to feel reference to sex is shocking and seditious. Why should the word 'fuck' be thought of as obscene? Is the act obscene? It certainly is; at least according to the zombie-culture, which is always at its most sensational when 'exposing' stories of incest, child abuse, rape, 'political' scandal.... Look for the ordinary aspect of sex and what do you get? Benny Hill repeats, pornographic pop videos, Murdoch's senile rags, all of which not only portray women as mindless sex ornaments, but sanitize sex itself beneath a veneer of money-sparkle. So you have the grunt-and-excretions-

extracted version of sex, smelling of expensive sex-kitten perfume rather than sweat, or you have horrific child-abuse. Could the organic word 'fuck' be anything but obscene in such a puerile culture?

Last issue Ned Brooks mentioned the lack of longevity among chemists.

Marc Ortlieb:

Has someone told Ned Brooks that botanists have the best record in the longevity stakes, with some of them doing valuable work well into their sixties? (I suspect that there is some form of natural selection at work here. Sooner or later, Gaia will ensure that only ecologically sound scientists will survive.)

Not if the current crop of Biology research students around here are anything to go by, Marc: they all seem to smoke heavily!

Ken Lake:

The Loccol provided some stimulus, particularly Pam Boal who left me perplexed.

From personal experience I can assert with some heat that most people do **not** read what you mean rather than what you say — in fact, they read what **they** think you have said, and attack you for it to boot. Most of the more virulent attacks on me in the fannish media have been because people have not bothered to try and figure out what I have said, or what I meant, but have transferred their own worst beliefs on to me. Furthermore, I've just been told that I have even made the same mistake myself — naturally I deny it, claiming that it's I who have been misunderstood again, but it can't be, surely, that Pam grasps nuances that ain't even there, and doesn't impute ill will to anyone from her to anyone from her own misconceptions?

...As for being able to write in one form, or for one medium, and not in others — That's certainly true. I cannot for the life of me plot fiction, though I can write first class dialogue; I cannot, it seems, hit the right note for SF articles, though

over the past six years I have sold (**sold!**) over a thousand articles on my professional subject. I really can't figure out where I'm going wrong... no, don't all rush to tell me, leave me with at least some illusions.

And now, for something completely different: may I introduce the Yugoslavs.

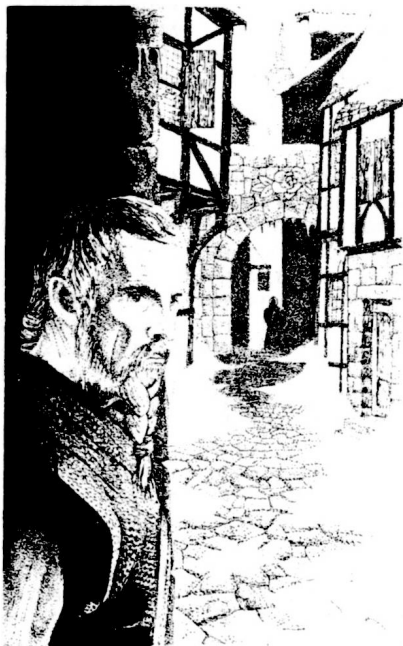
Bruno Ogorelec:

How refreshing to find a fan sharing such an unfannish interest as GP racing! In my twenty years in fandom you are the very first. There seems to be something about GP racing that turns off your average fan, or at least makes him wary of admitting his interest.

I could never really understand these chasms between people's interest. It is very difficult to find people simultaneously interested in, say, basketball and classical music. Or fire-arms and sociology. Or stock markets and science fiction. Not to mention the combinations of three nonrelated interests. My problem is that I am interested in all of the above things, and dozens more. It has always annoyed me not to be able to shift a conversation smoothly from, say, the wild inspiration of Gaudi's awesome, staggering, weird Sagrada Familia in Barcelona to the way stock markets might be used to improve the economy of Communist countries,

to the exquisite elegance of George Roesch's Talbot 90 and 105 engines to the Twenties (with pushrod valve gear that did not require lubrication!), to the unexpected competitive comeback of aged ex-stars to the World Cup ski-races last season, to... oh, you get my meaning

I wonder how people can *fail* to get interested in all of the above, and much more. Is there any subject at all which does not become interesting once you grasp its essentials? I doubt it. Of course, if some particular subject engages you forcefully enough to absorb you the others have to suffer from neglect, and gradually you



might lose your intellectual balance. You can easily become an expert in a narrow field of endeavour and remain ignorant in most others.

Krsto A. Mazuranic:

Being genuinely literature-minded, CS seems to me the right place to turn to for help. I wonder if any of your superb literary critics can explain to me what I call the Absolute Monopoly of High Cheek Bones in Anglo-American Literature.

To elaborate: there seems to be two kinds of character in A-A lit.: those with cheek bones unworthy of mentioning, and those with high cheek bones. (The occasional embellishment of the latter is the "Slavic high cheek bones".) I have yet to find a character described with any other kind of cheek bones other than "high". I mean, I've never come across a character with, say, "low" cheek bones, or "flat" cheek bones, or any other kind.

What's so fascinating in the high cheek bones?

The problem is, I can't illustrate the problem with quotes. It's the kind of question that slowly accumulates in the sub-conscious and then, at reading the twentieth or the two hundredth novel, it explodes out: "Look, high cheek bones again!". The thought gives you pause... when you realise what it really means... and you ponder and ruminate and try to compose your memory... and yes, you're absolutely sure: you remember the vague unease with which you accosted "high cheek bones" for the dozenth time, then the vague irritation with which you met those bones for the thirtieth time... Then you rack your brains trying to remember... you think hard... and yes! you can't remember a single pair of cheek bones that were other than "high".

I challenge everybody: find me a piece of fiction where a character is described as having any kind of cheek bones but "high" — or "Slavic high". I'll buy a pint for anyone who can point out to me a pair of "low" or "flat" cheek bones...

Er, do we have to travel to Yugoslavia to collect, Krsto?

Finally, Chris Elliott comes up with a worthy addition to the fannish acronym dictionary.

Chris Elliott:

A new addition to the vocabulary of fandom: DINOYF (din'oyf), v.i., [acronym]. To carry out an action whilst it is still fresh in one's mind. (Lit. "Do it now, or you'll forget.")

This handy little verb came to me the other

day when CS14 arrived. "Oh goody", I thought; "I'll loc that". Back came the thought, "Oh yeah? When? Six months, a year, when you have the next purge. Do it now, or you'll forget, just like you do with everything else." It didn't quite work, but the word is generally used in an admonitory sense, as in "You'd better dinoyf the oil in the car, we're going on a long trip tomorrow." This is followed some time after by the itys-like remark "I told you to dinoyf..." (N.B. Itys: another acronym, standing for "I told you so...")

WAHFs and Strays: George Airey, Harry Andruschak, Mal Ashworth, Sydney Bounds, Jonathan Coleclough, Brad W. Foster, Jenny Glover, Pavel Gregoric Jr., John F. Haines, Martin Helsdon, Mike Johnson, Cecil Nurse, David Redd, Hilary Robinson, Steve Sneyd, Julie Vaux, Roger Waddington, Sue Walker.

Credit Where It's Due Department.

Artwork this issue comes from the following people:

Krischan Holl -- cover and page 17

Steve Lines -- page 5

Steven Fox -- page 10

Shep Kirkbride -- page 11

Peter Crump -- pages 13-15

Martin Helsdon -- pages 22-39

(Martin's material this time all come from a role-playing game he has recently illustrated)

And that just about wraps it all up for the **Crystal Ship**. It's been a great twelve years for me, and I want to thank all those dozens of people who contributed to the fifteen issues for their help. And thanks too, to the loccers, for their support over the years, which has kept me going when I really felt like quitting at various times in the past. Having made a mail junkie out of me. I hope you'll all find my new zines equally loc-worthy.

The Vital Bits That I Nearly Always Forget Until The Very Last Moment.

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That's All Folks!