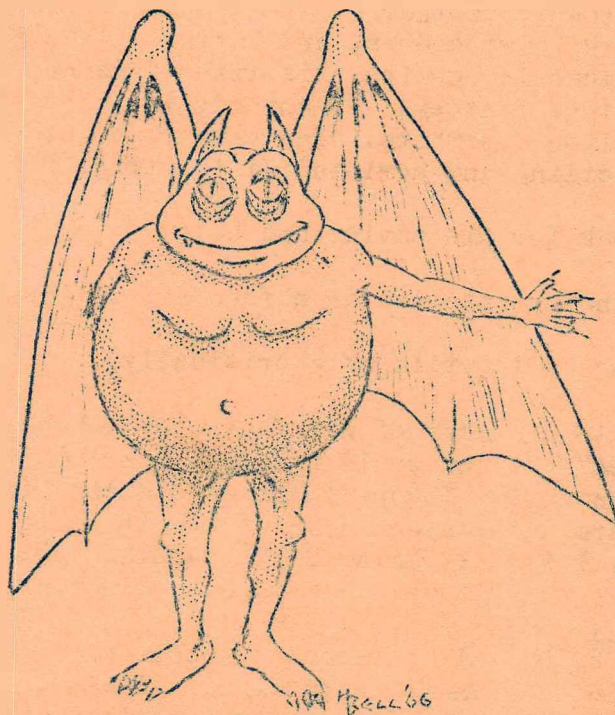




MAYA







# Ian Williams and his Rambling Editorial

I suppose that it is about time that this editorial was written. The magazine is almost complete and I feel in a writing mood. Of course there still remains the problem of what I'm going to say. This is my first editorial ever and, for at least three of my contributors, their fanzine debut so I'll introduce them first.

JIM MARSHALL drew the cover and did a number of the interior illustrations, all of which are highly distinctive. He is a young Sunderland fan and is unashamed of his great admiration for comics, but, apart from this weakness, is intelligent and highly articulate.

THOM PENMAN is another young fan from South Shields with a great variety of interests and a weird sense of humour which is apparent from one of his pieces in this issue.

Ritchie Smith is a friend of Thom's and has written most of the poetry for MAYA. He also wrote the striking review of Norman Mailer's novel. He has a great talent for writing prose.

Back cover and various cartoons, including the one above, were done by Harry Bell who is slowly recovering from a dreaded attack of GAFIATION much to everyone's delight. Harry used to edit the well-known fanzine GRIMMAB and was heard to mutter in the GANNET (Sunderland's version of the GLOBE) about a possibility of reviving it.

Mary Legg used to be known as Mary Reed who needs no introduction. But Mary Legg edits CRABAPPLE and is a sweet and lovely person.

I can't say the same about Gray Book who has a lousy taste in women, but is otherwise a good drinking companion, an interesting bloke to talk to, has good taste in SF, a lot of common sense and edits CYNIC.

The Terry Jeeves drawings and the Cy Chauvin review came via the Central Contributors Pool, with thanks. And that covers everything, I think, except Brian Stableford who is mentioned elsewhere.

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MAYA:1 costs 2/6 but is being sent out free. Maya:2 will cost 2/-, 6/- for three. In the U.S. one dollar for three.

MAYA is edited and printed by Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, SUNDERLAND, Co Durham, SR4 7RD, U.K., to whom all subscriptions & locs should be sent. Entire contents copyright by Ian Williams 1970.

MAYA couldn't have been produced without the help of a friend of mine, Ian Penman (no relation to Thom). Ian is another comics fan and is busy producing a newzine on the Ronco, which we co-own, and having a less frequent fanzine lithoed. Apart from discussing comics, his litho fanzine, ARMAGYDDON, reviews a largish amount of fantasy. If anybody is interested, his address and other details are given elsewhere. Ian gave me a lot of advice on layout, electro ~~sew~~ stenciling and scripted Jim's strip, which should appear elsewhere.

I'd also like to thank Gray Boak for his advice and help.

Mary Legg for being just Mary.

Audrey Walton for first printing my material in a fanzine, an important thing for any neofan.

And Pete Weston for encouraging me to write more critically.

This first issue is going out to a number of new fans who, I hope, would be tempted to write something for MAYA:2, and would probably ask themselves what the editorial policy is. Essentially, I hope to produce a zine in which people will write what they are interested in and write it well. In an ad in a recent BSFA bulletin, I wrote: MAYA IS THE FANZINE WHERE PEOPLE DO THEIR OWN THING. And that sums it up. I'm interested in anything that is good.

This issue was mostly written by a small coterie of people that I know and hence MAYA is somewhat thinner than I'd have liked. I want MAYA:2 to be half as big again. But this depends on your reactions. I know it sounds rather terse, but a fanzine is only as good as the interest it gets. So, for a bigger and better MAYA - write!

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No doubt that quite a few people reading MAYA won't have been to a convention. So I'm going to do my best now for plugging MASTERCON 22.

An SF convention is a very unique experience as I found out this year at SCICON 70 which was my first. It is a marvellous place for meeting people, for getting blind drunk, for talking endlessly, seeing old films, hearing authors talk, for getting very little sleep. The impression I get of the arrangements made for next year's is that it is going to be very impressive indeed. And don't worry about not knowing anybody, that's easily overcome by introducing yourself to a faned with whom you've been writing or by making use of the BSFA hospitality room. So do yourself a favour and send 10/- registration fee to Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, BIRMINGHAM 30, U.K.

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#### SOME FANZINES OF INTEREST:

CYNIC Edited by Gray Boak, c/o 3 Ryde Lane, Nuthurst, CRANLEIGH, Surrey, U.K. Faanish & very good.

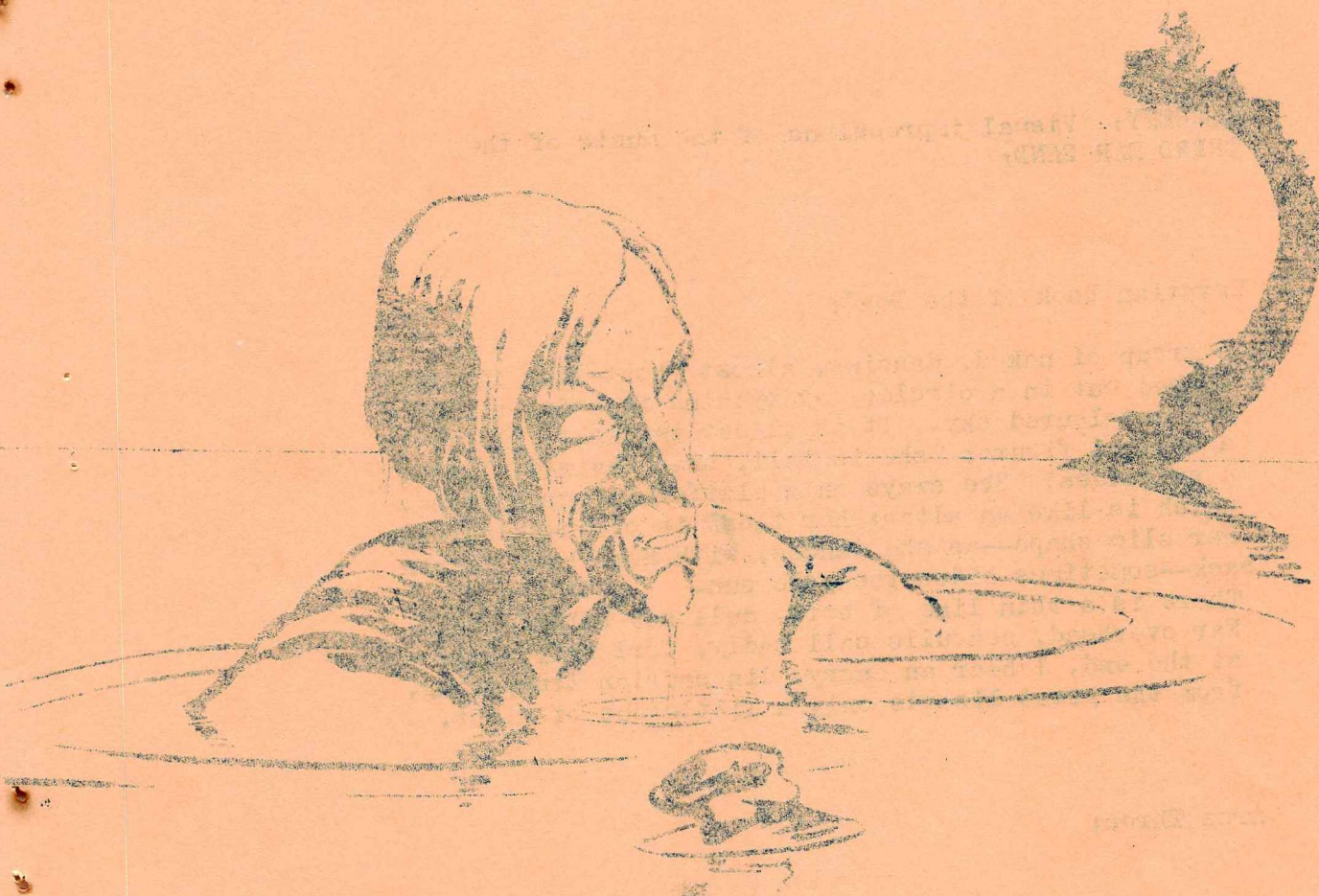
GRABAPPLE from Mary Legg, 20 Woodstock Close, Woodstock Rd., OXFORD, OX2 8DB, U.K.

SPECULATION from Pete Weston, address above, at 3/- per copy, and features the best in SF criticism.

WADZINE from Audrey Walton, 25 Yewdale Crescent, COVENTRY, Marks, CV 2FF, price 2/-.

EGG from Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, BRISTOL, BS4 5DZ, at 2/-, loc, trade, or contribution.





#### THE EDITOR CONFESSES!

Looking over the stencils I've typed and printed, I've become aware of a number of glaring errors. There are words spelt wrongly and words missed out, on occasion making nonsense of a sentence. Fortunately, most of these were on the first stencils I typed out and duplicated, (You'll have to guess which they were, because I ain't sayin'.) and I can see that I've improved as I've gone along. Of course there were the electro-stencils with the drawings on. I'm afraid I've stuck some of those on the Roneo stencils rather badly so as to leave corners and fingers missing from some of the drawings. I'm just wondering how the above drawing by Jim is going to turn out....

Readers of SPECULATION will probably notice a resemblance between my criticisms of Michael Moorcock, in my review of BEHOLD THE MAN, and his own self criticisms in the latest issue of SPEC. In case anybody thinks I've done a bit pinching, I'd like to point out that my review was written some weeks before SPECULATION came out.

#### AND A FEW FINAL WORDS:

An editorial is most often used for the expression of opinions which is something I haven't done in this one. However, if any reader has any nice controversial opinions that he can back up, I'd gladly print them.

ALCHEMY: Visual impressions of the music of the  
THIRD EAR BAND:

Egyptian Book of the Dead;

A group of naked, dancing, almost ghost-like figures, spaced out in a circle; everything is under a grey smoke-coloured sky. It is almost twilight. There is a central figure; she is tall, black-haired, lithe. A priestess? She sways on a platform of grey stone, which is like an altar; her flesh is cream-coloured. Her slim shape--as she dances, with her head thrown back--sometimes hides the pale sun.

There is a thin line of soft, dull sea behind them. Far overhead, seagulls call sadly, forlornly; and at the end, I hear an angry, dinosaurian trumpeting, from the great lizards only a little out of sight.

Area Three;

There is a huge concrete square, in the searing white sun: nothing moves. The shadows indicate morning or late afternoon. The sky is azure, very pale, and completely cloudless. There is an impression of utter barrenness, of a harsh, thirsty land. And, out of sight, I hear a banner flapping in the wind. The area seems to be deserted and abandoned; like a forgotten fortress, after the armies have marched away. Now I see the cracks in the concrete. The low white buildings on the other side are too far away to see clearly. And then the wind increases; I hear voices, mourning endlessly. Endlessly.

Dragon Lines;

Light is broken among the branches. It is an English forest in late summer: there are two young lovers, dancing. They seem to be dressed in Elizabethan style. A thin, high wind means uneasily in the trees. The vague light that lies on the long, sun-lit grass is palely green: and I am the young man. As we run lightly in the summer grass, my fingers tighten on hers: and then we stop, and kiss. The cool sun is broken behind me. Together, we sit down on the interwoven grass, and kiss again. The sunlight is almost golden.

Lark Rise;

There are shadows criss-crossing on a dry, parched land; millions of them. Ebony lines, changing, moving. There must be something incredible in the sky, but I cannot look up. Ribbons of darkness race over the jagged rocks, forever. There is a sense of timelessness; and the sun is yellow. It is noon.

Ritchie Smith



DANGEROUS VISIONS AND VISIONARIES      by  
Brian Stableford

DANGEROUS VISIONS is a very large original anthology, and hence, something new. But there is more than that - DANGEROUS VISIONS has a character, which is something no anthology has ever had before (themes, yes, but not character). Said character is due solely to the application of Harlan Ellison, its editor.

In his brilliant collection I HAVE NOMOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM, Harlan wrote a foreword to every story, sometimes explanatory, sometimes just for the sake of shooting off his capacious mouth. These forewords - lineally descended from similar ramblings in earlier collections - served the purpose of unifying the book, of making every story not just a few thousand words by Harlan Ellison, but a part of Harlan Ellison.

In DANGEROUS VISIONS, he does something similar. There are thirty-two forewords, one introduction, one story and one afterword, in this book, by Harlan Ell on - over twenty per cent of the text is occupied by the outpourings of his pen. He explains how the anthology came about, he escorts us lovingly through its assembly, and boasts about its outcome. He introduces his authors and talks about his stories. And he creates a unique phenomenon called DANGEROUS VISIONS. There is nothing else like it. Probably nobody else would have made anything else like it. Possibly nobody else can.

This collection represents Harlan's view of the new wave, and has a particular slant on breaking editorial taboos. Thus the e are stories about sex, homosexuality, incest, gambling, violence and disease, and, as a coup de grace Samuel R. Delany invents a totally new perversion to round the volume off. All that's missing is Bokomonism.

Harlan states that his new wave is not the same as Moorcock's new wave, or Merrill's new wave. (I see the difference as follows: Moorcock's is come-to-sunny-inner-space-let's-for-sakes-be-sophisticated new wave, Merrill's is let's-p .y-mainstream-and-lovingly-hug-to-our-bosom-any-SF-we-find-there new wave). Harlan Ellison's new wave is not narrow minded, but that's as much as I can gather.

There are anomalies in the collection with respect to the declared aim. I can't imagine what James Cross's THE DOLL HOUSE or Henry Slesar's ERSATZ are doing here. They are both and out of place. There are other poor stories, and others which are simply out of place. Harlan claims that each of his stories is filled with daring new ideas. Either his enthusiasm carried him away a little or he wrote the introduction before collecting the stories. Even some of the genuine, downright taboo breakers are a little tired and frayed at the edges - Damon Knight's Jehovah joke, Howard Rodman's sickly whimsy and Jonathan Brand's padded punchline, for instance.

But, happily, the collection does present a surprising number of good stories which might have never seen the light otherwise, and one or two really superb stories.

The great triumph of the volume is Philip Jose Farmer's RIDERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE. Written in the present tense, with a weird decoration of puns and satire, it is concerned with what Farmer calls the Triple Revolution (of Cybernation, Weaponry, and Human Rights). It deals with Chib Winnegan, a brilliant young artist with a strange and spectacular grandfather who is on the run from the IRB. The first chapter is incomprehensible, but gets the reader into the swing of things so he can follow the rest. The theme and carriage of the story are excellent. It is the longest story in the book and amply justifies Ellison's extravagant claims about it.

My own personal favourite in the collection is Fritz Leiber's GONNA ROLL





THE BONES. The author describes it as a tall story, the editor says it is uncategorizable. It is extremely appealing and showing in full splendour a grotesquerie Leiber has barely drawn upon in the past. It contains some of the magic of Bradbury, but built on a much stronger framework than Bradbury has ever used, and applies Leiber's own irony and delicate touch of fear. It is an entirely original rendering of the story of the man who gambled with the devil and was cheated.

A most welcome contribution is Theodore Sturgeon's story, not only because of its own merits, but because Sturgeon claimed it started him writing again. Its title is IF ALL MEN WERE BROTHERS, WOULD YOU LET ONE MARRY YOUR SISTER? Incest is its theme, which figures if you look closely at the title. I would quarrel with Sturgeon's crunch - that loathing for incest would prove stronger than greed in a conflict of motivations - but his moral is sound.

This story is interesting when compared to Poul Anderson's EUTOPIA - which has precisely the same moral (it deals with homosexuality instead of incest) but is built on an Andersonian

structure and not a Sturgeonic one. The two stories offer a chance to compare directly the methods of two widely differing authors on the same crusade, and it's the one thing Harlan Ellison seems to have overlooked in his exhaustive meanderings.

I was disappointed by the two parables presented by two of Britain's leading writers - Ballard and Brunner. The former deals with humanity, the latter with deity. I have come to expect better from these authors. I was suitably amused, however, by Brian Aldiss's tale of piped time.

In FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, Philip K. Dick returns to the drugs whose influence is manifest in THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, with an impressive tale of unmistakably nightmare origin. A less intense sort of horror is presented by two of David Bunch's excellent brief black comedies. The lynch-pin of Bunch's stories is the same as that of Dick's but their oblique approach gives them slightly more effect.

Larry Niven's JIGSAW MAN has a good theme but a poor punchline - a fault that is exactly counterbalanced by Larry Eisenberg, who's story has several good punchlines but no theme.

The irony of Roger Zelazny is similarly balanced by that of Norman Spinrad - the former carries off his tale of the car ring with the calm flourish of a matador, while Spinrad's CARCINOMA ANGELS has a goulish verve about it.

I've already mentioned Delany's AYE AND GOMORRAH as concerning a new perversion. It was Delany's first short story, and suffers from lack of neatness - his faults show up far too sharply in a work of this length. The author's afterword has a fine punchline, which might have been better

off where it belongs -- in the story.

Now I'd like to return to Harlan Ellison. The editor's own story fits the collection beautifully, which is only really to be expected. L. Sprague de Camp once said that he felt including his own stories in his anthologies was somehow unsporting, like shooting fish in a bathtub, but Harlan's story totally binds up the editor with his work, and hence becomes an integral part of the collection. It is a sequel to Robert Bloch's story, which is in turn a sequel to Bloch's YOUR TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER. Bloch's story is minor, Ellison's is not. THE PROWLER IN THE CITY AT THE END OF THE WORLD is an excellent picture of Jack adrift in a city of the future, like a rat in its walls of metal, pushed and watched by its inhabitants like a helpless tortured toy. It exhibits the power of the image which has made Harlan's recent short stories so outstanding.

It is this involvement with a central motif which characterises his stories, and this very same involvement which indelibly stamps the entirety of this anthology, making it body and soul a creation of Harlan Ellison. A montage, if you like, of other people's work is employed by the editor to express his own ideas. This is the impression which emerges from this collection, an impression which no editor has achieved before.

One can ignore the fact that some of the stories do not live up to the editor's claims, and one can ignore the editor's pomposity and narcissism. What he has accomplished is the unification of the work of many authors into a whole, and, for the first time, made an anthology into an entity. Perhaps, too, he has added a little more meaning to that nebulous phrase 'new wave' by showing us a wave, and not a series of discrete ripples.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AN AFTERWORD BY THE EDITOR:

It seems to me that I smell a disgraceful situation around here. That being that no English publisher has yet put out DANGEROUS VISIONS over here. Without doubt this is the finest anthology ever created and we British have to do without or buy the BERKLEY edition which is in three volumes at 95 cents each. No matter, it is worth the exorbitant price.

Dangerous Visions is so big and so brilliant that two people can like it for entirely different reasons. I haven't yet been able to get into Leiber's GONNA ROLL THE BONES after three attempts. On the other hand, I've read RIVERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE four times now, and like it better with each reading -- it's very likely that I'll be writing a long article on this novella for MAYA:2.

The Ellison story is good: it is also incredibly violent, savage and sexual and it has a valid moral. In that it differs from A BOY AND HIS DOG which, much to my disgust, nearly won a Hugo this year -- that story is violent and sexual but without any apparent moral making it just so much pornography.

As yet, at the time of writing, I haven't corresponded with Brian Stableford. (This review was kindly sent to me by Pete Weston.) I do know, however, that he has had published two novels -- by Ace, as halves of Ace Doubles, and by Sidgwick & Jackson. The books are CRADLE OF THE SUN (the Ace version has a superb Gaughan cover) and BLINDWORM: both are very unusual and very good and should not be missed and when is your third coming out Brian?

IRW.



MAY a few words on the people of the same name.

Their culture was highly advanced and they formulated the most exact calendar of all time. 'They know the Venusian year of 584 days and estimated the duration of the terrestrial year at 365.242 days. The exact calculation today 365.2422 days. They left behind calculations to last for 64 million years. Later inscriptions deal in units which probably approach 400 million years. And how about this for subtlety: 'the Tzolkin has 260 days, the terrestrial year 365 and the Venusian 584. 365 is divisible by 73 five times, 584 eight times. So the incredible (Venusian) formula takes this form:

(Moon)  $20 \times 13 \times 2 \times 73 = 260 \times 2 \times 73 = 37,960$

(Sun)  $8 \times 13 \times 5 \times 73 = 104 \times 5 \times 73 = 37,960$

(Venus)  $5 \times 13 \times 8 \times 73 = 65 \times 8 \times 73 = 37,960$

In other words, all the cycles coincide after 37,960 days. Mayan mythology claimed that... then the god Kukulcan would come from the stars, take possession of the buildings and from then on live among mankind'. Accordingly, a set schedule of construction was organised. The people waited for Kukulcan until the day of returning came...and waited. We must assume the gods did not come.

How will the Jehovah's Witnesses face up to the showdown, I wonder? I will return to Erich von Daniken's CHARIOTS OF THE GODS again: 'An absolutely incredible thing happened about 600 A.D. Suddenly...a whole people left their laboriously and solidly built cities with their rich temples, artistic pyramids, squares lined with statues, and grandiose stadiums. Investigations of archaeological sites have not produced one proof that even a single Mayan remained behind. The jungle ate its way through buildings and streets, broke up masonry and turned everything into a vast landscape of ruins. No inhabitant ever returned there.'

Thom Penman.

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#### THEMES ON A VARIATION by Thom Penman

I hear Athens and Chicago are battling again, and a river called Styx flows through Harlem. Odysseus is going by Pan-American next year. The Vamir are breaking down the walls of the Pentagon or joining the crusade to Vietnam. Homer is writing True-Love Romances nowadays. Buddha has been picked up for loafing under a tree. The city fire-chief's going crazy but Daley keeps playing that fiddle. Gilgamesh's expedition has been sponsored by the National Geographical Society. As a gesture of good-will the people of Russia have presented the city of Washington with a large wooden statue of a horse. Socrates has joined Kahn's think-tank. Woden's raven's have been hired by UPI. The new DEW-line designer is called Heimdall. In future, all photographs, pictures, etc., of the Russian premier must show the horns. The safeguard ABM system has been rejected in favour of an idea by someone named Zeus Agonides. The 51st state will be known as Elysium. The mayor of New York denied, yesterday, that anyone named Godfrey of Bouillon was arrested for disturbing the peace in the Ay-rab quater. Here endeth the goddar news.

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There are only forty people in the world and five of them are hamburgers:  
- Captain Beefheart.

Let Saigons be Saigons: - Roger McGough.

We have fairies living at the bottom of our street: - Adrian Henri.

## THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD:

Fingers are the branches,  
snatching, like barbed wire,  
like fishhooks as we run madly  
through the narrow country  
lanes.

Tear dropped are the twists  
running down with silver,  
capturing Ra and mirroring us,  
with ice, and fire, and time.

Trembling is the sky; reaped  
of its cloud towers,  
arching overhead and painted,  
till it greets the land.  
And as the sun edges higher  
morning turns to noon: and  
pale azure is digested by  
a softened, gentle sky.

And at my feet lie stones:  
grinning by the roadside,  
smiling at grim death and  
at the skulls he makes.  
And then their humour spurns  
me: uneasily I go..  
Under crooked arms and crooked legs  
and crooked spires of crooked trees.

by  
RITCHIE SMITH

## AND THERE WAS A DARKNESS ON THE SEA:

There lies Poseidon: and waves,  
high and strong, turn all white  
and die.  
Emerochin: delicate as first kisses,  
yes, and softer than  
the mist; they come.

Laughing distantly, the waves: like  
memories of time, rising, coming  
on: conversing with the sky.  
And blueness. A soft blueness.  
The surf-sound a message: a proud  
and old dream: and speaking, if only  
I could hear. Quiet as death,  
the graveyard: and saying,  
I made thee.

Oh, you sea: slash across the sky,  
mirror the clouds, capture the sun  
and make him sleep. Sleep,  
and dream.

Take me too.

Endlessly the waves..

Forming and leaping..

Racing from far continents

To die on this beach.

I sense a funeral somewhere.

And clouds: like scattered tissues,  
from metal-roy mountain range.  
Or like sails, huge and spread.  
And fragments drift, somewhere: as ruined  
slopes and battlements, as broken spires  
and dead machines,  
perhaps faces..  
They come and go.  
Endlessly the clouds..  
like the scattered white bones of a giant.

And on the sea shore, cold: wind  
claws at my bones, and I shiver.  
The sea roars its song of autumn  
endlessly, like music: music softer  
than spray smoke.

And from the other side of time  
comes yesterday: the same waves  
and sea..

Also an anthem: and a sky,  
coolly blue.

And scattered white bones  
crumble forever into foam.

Endlessly..



IN SEARCH OF THE WIND: A look at the epic of Gilgamesh by Thom Penman.

It's a damned funny book, this; I don't think I've seen a paperback quite like it. It's like coming across the myth of Orpheus or the Book of Job serialised alongside the comic-strip 'Scarth'. (And maybe this is a damned funny review. It must be the first in fandom to appear four thousand years after its subjects publication.)

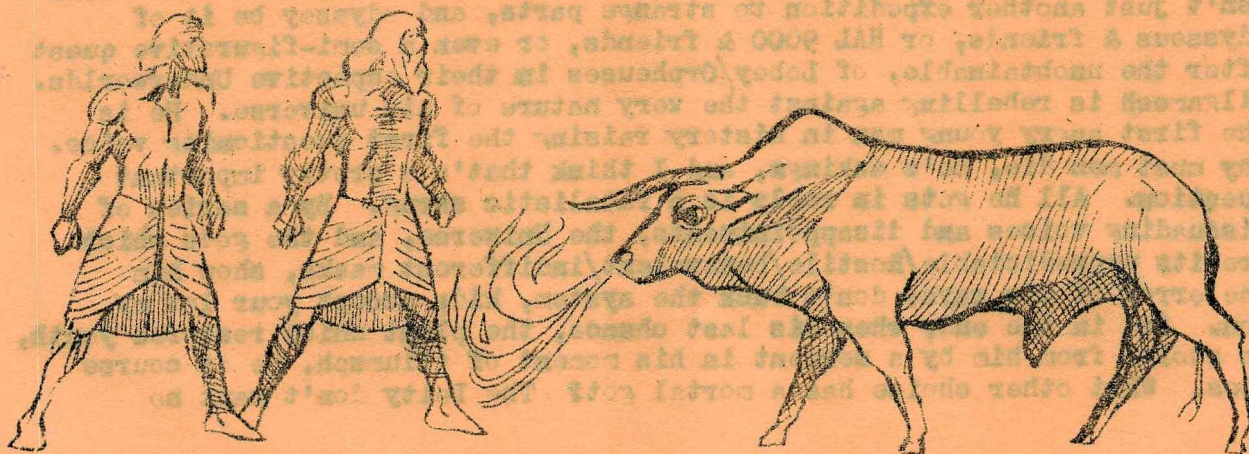
The style is curious, archaic, somewhat like Biblical, or a philosophical fairy-tale in mythological setting. The story was originally conceived as a cycle of twelve songs, a verbal tradition that comes over very clearly, more so than the epic poems of Homer, for instance, which it predates by at least fifteen centuries.

It must be read as one reads mythology, for enjoyment on that same simplistic, archetype-ridden level: but, peopled by gods, heroes and ogres though it is, mythology it is not, no more than the Odyssey or the Iliad are. The gods cast larger shadows than the Olympians, with their dilettante musings over the fates of men from somewhere off in the unknowable, but that's in the nature of the epic and of its times.

This is the literature of the first civilisation of man - the Sumerians - and in Gilgamesh we find the first identifiable human protagonist, albeit two thirds god, and his wildman friend Enkidu, born of clay and water, created by the goddess Aruru.

The friendship between the two, Enkidu's incurred death, and Gilgamesh's subsequent flight to the ends of the universe in an attempt to escape his own eventual doom, his own mortality, is the story. The skeleton is padded, of course, with the usual stage settings of the myth and wonderstory, the strange and wonderful backdrops against which fantastic inhuman, human, and superhuman figures appear. (Let's face it, it doesn't really matter if the wonderstory's told by an old blind Greek singer, some skald in a longhall, or somebody with an SFWA badge....)

After Enkidu's death, which devastates Gilgamesh, bringing to focus the overlaid presence of Fate, he becomes obsessed with his own impending doom. He undertakes a strange odyssey to the earthly paradise Dilmun, on the other side of the waters of death, where his forefather, Utnapishtim, the Faraway, dwells, the only mortal to be granted everlasting life.

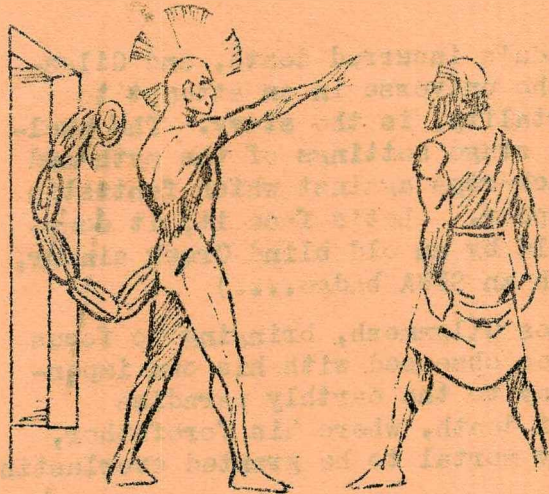




Many strange beings and sights pass him by on his strange, half-worldly, half-figurative, journey (Highway TEI Revisited??). There are the Man-Scorpions, Half man, Half dragon, whose glory is terrifying, whose stare strikes death into men, and whose shimmering halo sweeps the mountains that guard the setting sun. There is a claustrophobic journey through twelve leagues of eternal darkness to reach the gods, where there are vines bearing fruit of jewels, and bushes with leaves of lapis lazuli. Here, Gilgamesh meets, as he walks by the edge of the sea, Shamash, the benevolent sun-god who advises him of the futility of his quest. There is also Siduri, mistress of wines, and Urshanabi the boatman who ferries him across the dark waters of death to Dilmun at the mouth of the rivers, where he finally encounters Utnapishtim who turns out to be Noah by another name (or, more probably, vice-versa), who was, with his wife, granted immortality as survivors of the Deluge.

Earlier in the story, there is Humbaba, "whose name is Hugeness", guardian of the forests of the land of cedars. This archetype ogre, and also archetype forest deity, guardian of woodland and glen, is overcome by Gilgamesh and Enkidu with the aid of the winds lent by Shamash. It is by refusing the pleas of mercy of Humbaba and, on their return from the expedition, Gilgamesh's flouting of the fickle and dangerous goddess

Ishtar, of Love and War, that they cause their downfall. How typical it is that this is a set feature of all myths, but in the Epic it is further delineation of the theme that man should not outstep his limits, should remember his position in the scheme of things, and make do with it. An argument of the gods, principally between Shamash and Enlil, whose protege Humbaba was, has the outcome that one must die: Enkidu.



#### THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

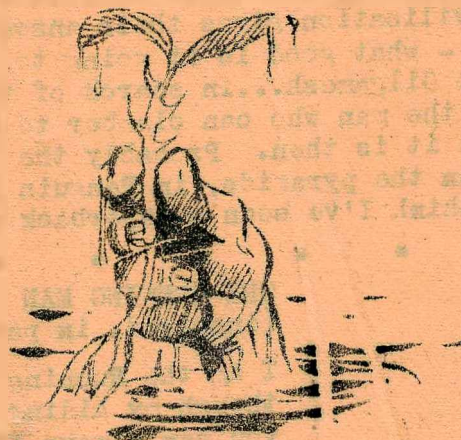
strikes me as being one of the most powerful myths or myth-like stories I've come across. It seems to be something more than just entertainment. This

isn't just another expedition to strange parts, and odyssey be it of Odysseus & friends, or HAL 9000 & friends, or even a semi-figurative quest after the unobtainable, of Lohay/Orpheus in their respective Underworlds. Gilgamesh is rebelling against the very nature of his universe. He is the first angry young man in history raising the first questioning voice. Why must men die, he's asking, and I think that's a pretty important question. All he gets in reply is a fatalistic shrug. By a series of dissuading voices and disappointments, the Universe, and the gods which are its unpredictable/hostile/benevolent/indifferent masks, show him the error of his ways: don't buck the system, kid; accept your lot my son. And in the end, when his last chance, the plant which restores youth, is stolen from him by a serpent in his moment of triumph, he of course does. What other choice has a mortal got? The Deity don't want no



cosmological social revolutionaries here, huh. And so it goes.

I hope if Zelazny, in what now appears as a series of rationalised mythologies, ever gets around to the Babylonian, he doesn't use the Gilgamesh story. Even though I hate to say it, that guy bastardises mythology, taking the letter, rather than the spirit of the lore. If a modern version could be writ, the writer could only be Samuel Delany.



The sense of doom and fate runs heavy through the Epic. His answer to Siduri, who advocates "dance and be merry, feast and rejoice" is: "How can I be silent, how can I rest, when Enkidu, whom I love, is dust forever?" (Gilgamesh's very relationship to Enkidu, to whom he is attracted "like the love of a woman", seems ambiguous: at times it smacks of homosexuality, but that may be due to viewing it through jaundiced 20th century eyes.)

Utnapishtim sums up the entire sense of doom-laden passage of time which must have haunted the religiously insecure Sumerians when Gilgamesh asks him how he can find the life for which he is seeking. Utnapishtim answers him: "There is no permanence. Do we build a house to stand forever, do we seal a contract to hold for all time? Do the rivers divide an inheritance to keep forever, does the floodtime of the rivers endure? It is only the nymph of the dragonfly who sheds her larva and sees the sun in his glory. From days of old, there is no permanence. The sleeping and the dead, how alike they are, they are like a painted death. What is there between the master and the servant when both have fulfilled their doom?"

Always, Nartan, the demon of the underworld representing Fate's evil aspect, seems to look over Gilgamesh's shoulder. He is driven on by the prospect of what awaits him after death, as revealed to Enkidu in a dream, before his own.

He tells of "... the house, whose people sit in darkness; dust is their food, clay their meat. They are clothed like birds, with wings for covering, they see no light, they sit in darkness. I entered the house of dust and saw the kings of the earth, their crowns put away forever." As N.K.Sandar says in her excellent introduction, "if the Egyptians give us the vision of heaven, the Babylonians give us the vision of hell. And, indeed, only the gods inhabit heaven in the mythology of the land of the two rivers.

Gilgamesh is the haunted hero of a haunted people, whose gods showed, as much as any other's, their eternal perfidiousness and whose afterlife is an image of gloom and despondency. Nowhere, in nature,

whose forces where controlled by opposed gods such as Enlil and Shamash, or in the hereafter, was there comfort or constancy. This miracle play of the first civilisation gives their answer of fatalism and the uselessness of striving - what good is it going to do you? As Shamash says: "Why do you come here Gilgamesh...in search of the wind?" Gilgamesh, himself, admits: Where is the man who can clamber to heaven? Only the gods live forever."

Here it is then. Probably the first secular literature in history, older than the pyramids, in Penguin for 4/-. It's a damn funny book, this; I don't think I've seen a paperback quite like it.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE RUNNING MAN

(inspired, in part, by Leonard Cohen's THE PATRIOT)

I am the Running Man  
though my hiding places are many  
you can always find me

My birthplace was the gutter  
and I grew up in the alleys  
running always running

I was hated by my mother,  
I was beaten by my brother  
who is all men

The only sounds I knew  
were the roaring of the mobs  
and the screaming of the hatred

I never knew what freedom was  
or peace of mind and only  
the invasion of my privacy

I'm the nigger and I'm the Jew,  
the queer and the kike and  
I'm the crucified Christ

I'm the lonely neurotic  
living in his bedsit  
weaving fantasies of love

I've been whipped and been castrated,  
burnt at the stake, raped  
and blacklisted by McCarthy

I'm the sacrificial king,  
the scapegoat on the altar,  
tortured by the Torquemada

I'm the outcast,  
I'm the stranger, he who was  
shunned in that manner

I am the Running Man  
though my hiding places are many  
you have always found me.

Ian Williams



## ZERO-ZERO HE FLIES

a column by

GRAY BOAK

My first column for a new fanzine: a strange sensation, akin to diving into an abyss. Or so I gather - I can't say that I've ever tried the latter. What kind of magazine will it be, this MAYA? Perpetrated by a collection of neofans; one fears the worst. Yet they seem a talented lot, perhaps there will be sufficient in it to make worthwhile its appearance in an overpopulated fanzine market.

So what to write about, when I don't know what to expect? Perhaps some kind of introduction to fandom - but that would bore established fans reading MAYA. Yet talking about fandom always seems to interest fans, and fanzines don't seem to be talked about anymore, so perhaps it's time for a new trend. Being unable to talk about MAYA, I'll fetch up a few points that arose from my own CYNIC: points likely to be squeezed out of my next issue by postal rates, yet of sufficient general interest to appear here.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ritchie Smith is one of the North-East Group - the MAYA mob. (The Monkwearmouth Mafia?) He liked the fanzine reviews by Jhim Linwood - scathing they were - and noted that WADEZINE, produced by Audrey Walton, came out badly.

"Will Audrey Walton now hate Jim Linwood?" he asks. Note the omission of the fannish 'h'. As in Ghod and BHeer, often omitted by neofans who consider it childish. They may be right, but it is part of the fannish ambience. In fannish (or in the extreme faanish) works, atmosphere is important. The fannish 'h' is a convention, and like most conventions seems a little silly out of context. Bear with it - it is but a little thing. Ritchie continues: "Does that kind of criticism lead to knife-fights at dawn, or just reasoned replies...?"

Ah, if only.... In the Good Old Days, or even nowadays in the U.S. of glorious A., a fannish feud was a wondrous thing. Such criticism would breed fierce reply, which in turn would call forth a response that would turn men's hair white, shake the very rafters of fandom, cause schins making gore run red in the letter columns.

Fans have built entire reputations on their ability to turn a cutting remark, to scythe-down a fake-fan with one withering comment, to run riot through letter columns across the entire world. The mere mention of names such as Ted White and Charles Platt is forbidden in some quarters. Should Roje Gilbert



and Brian Stableford ever meet....

Fanzine editors are, of necessity, a tough breed of fan.

So.... what did happen?

I'll tell you. Audrey Walton did not reply. She read it - certainly she did - but not one word did she utter. Not one morsel of self-defence, or excuse. (Not that I could find such defence, but obviously she must feel differently.) She did not lose CYNIC. She did not say "That was unkind, I shall not trade with you anymore." She did not ask if I agreed with my reviewers comments.

She did not send me the next issue of WADEZINE.

Oh feeble reply! Oh milk-and-water reaction! If she does not consider her zine worth defending, why does she bother to publish it?

Why indeed? And when such active (for she is - very active) faneds have so little care for criticism even when so desperately needed, can there be any doubt why British fan-publishing is in the doldrums? Weak editors produce weak magazines.

\* \* \* \* \*

So is this what fandom would be? All bloodshed and hate? Of course not - but if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well. Which requires enthusiasm, time, money, and talent. Too many British fanzines lack one or more of the above - and it shows. Take Pete Weston's comment:


"Don't fiddle about with fancy page layouts, electrostencilled illustrations, wide margins, big gaps between paragraphs, etc. These all waste valuable time and page space. And the latter means a waste of money." (And how!) "....it just isn't worth it." But it is. From the depths of my heart I plead - it is. British fanzines have bad reputation abroad. Dirty, crowded, badly duplicated on poor paper, uninteresting, contents unreadable anyway.

Crowded is one key word. Too much wordage packed onto a small page. Quarto is just too small for a duplicated magazine. Use of paragraph spacing; inclusion of lots of artwork (if you can get it) - even if it is pretty poor in itself, it breaks up the soggy mass of words; space-devouring headings: all help. But you need A4 to do this well, I feel.

Dirty is another word. How many British fanzines use slip-sheets? (These are paper sheets slipped on top of each page as it comes off the duplicator to prevent offset, the ink from page coming onto the back of another.) I can tell you one, but no other. Why not? Too expensive - nonsense. Slip-sheets will last for many issues. Too time-consuming. There we have it - and not because it really does add all that much time. Faneds are not prepared to spend the time and effort to produce a clear, legible magazine. They produce dirty, crowded crud-sheets.

Why there is so little good quality work done in British fanzines is another, more complex matter. I think that it is because there was no continuity within British fandom throughout the sixties. The excellent magazines at the beginning of the decade - ORION, APPORHETA, HYPHEN - died without leaving any successors. The schism of the New Wave - both fannish and professional - put the old fans on one side of a great divide, the 'young' neos on the other. Without guidelines, the British fanzines of late Sixties became ingrown. Too few writers appeared in the fanzines, which seemed to set out to become amateur prozines. They failed. A few good fanzines survived: SPECULATION and SCOTTISHE springing to mind.





Fandom became merely a social arrangement. Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Hobby, rather than Fandom Is A Way Of Life.

I used to believe FIJACH. But FIAWOL is much more fun. And when someone says "very good just to look at, and appreciate visually. That spaciousness and freedom in the format is really something, especially after the jammed madness of most other U.K. zines...it was really good." I glow. (Despite the split infinitive.)

Quality costs. Time, money, effort. CYNIC 1 was not the magazine I intended to produce - compromise is a necessary part of existence. CYNIC 2 will be, in part, yet further away from my aim. I doubt whether I can chieve

anything lasting until issue 5, at the soonest. When I go over purely typed headings, no artwork, no spacing between paragraphs and no slip-sheeting, I'll have lost.

And even the smallest death diminishes the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FANNISHNESS DOESSEEM TO BE RETURNING TO THE UK. Peter Roberts' ECG, for example. Yet a fannish magazine is a peculiar animal: it requires a vast expenditure of energy from its editor, then cannot thrive without its audience. British fandom has had the fanzines it deserves for too long now - the time is ripe for a fannish renaissance. But this will require work from the main body of fans, not just a handful of dedicated editors.

Someone, somewhere, is awaiting a loc from you....

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one greattemptation in fandom. Your own fanzine. Never mind the cost, put in everyhting you can get regardless of quality, and send it to your friends and a random collection of BNFs. Then sit back and wait for the Tocs to roll in. You'll get maybe 20%. Some people will complain because you slated their favourite fanzine/book. (You didn't, your reviewer did, but people hever notice details.) You'll be criticised by some people for your reproduction. "Nonesense," you'll cry, "it's as good as WADEZINE. Or RUFFCWT." What one person thought best, others will think worst. One person will sub. A few trades will come in.

If you are lucky, there may be a few constructive comments. If your audience is even luckier, you may take notice of them. All of them could have forseen by studying the fanzines already out, long enough to see which of them are good, which of them last, and who reads what. Make contacts with other fans - if only to gain a little variety in your own fanzine. Most important - there's no use in sending a poetry-oriented fanzine to Terry Jeeves or Pete Weston, your rave article on Asimov's Foundation Trilogy to Dick Geis, your Vargo Statten checklist to me.....

Thus, it is a little like dropping into an abyss, writing for a new fanzine. Will these newcomers have the staying power, bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fandom, care enough to try hard enough? They don't have to produce a fan-ish fanzine to produce a good fanzine, though it helps. (Usually.) Newfans are very difficult to help, whether you are a BNF or, like myself, a Middle Terrace Fan. (The term originates with Gardner Dozois. Any other expansion of the letters MTF is not requested.) Enthusiasm is easy to stifle - it is as easy to force the uninitiated away from your desirable route, as to point them in the right direction, then let ehri their own talent take them where only they, not you, can go.

Fandom can be all things to all people. If I sound a little crusading at times, it's not to close all openings but my own; rather an attempt to clear a blocked passage, to increase the choice of routes.

Even if it means being nice to wombats.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fanzines included, commented on, mentioned, and insinuated at.

APHORETA No longer being produced. The first three

HYPHEN are worth obtaining at almost any price,

ORION the last to be similarly avoided.

RUFFCUT

and, in alphabetical order, so that I come first:

CYNIC A. Graham Boak, 3 Ryde Lands, Muthurst, CRANLEIGH, Surrey.  
Fannish. No.2 out shortly.

EGG Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, BRISTOL, BS4 5DZ.  
Fannish. Recommended for the SF fan.

ERG Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Road, SHEFFIELD, S11 9FE.  
Fannish. Not for those with liberal/Socialist tastes. Worth Trying.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW Richard E. Geis, California.  
Highly recommended for the SF fan. Twice Hugo winner (69 & 70)  
4/- from the English agent Ethel Lindsay.

SCOTTISHE Ethel Lindsay, 6 Courage House, Langley Avenue, SURBITON,  
Surrey. Fannish, individual, and recommended.

SEAGULL Rosemary Pardoe, 15 Selbirk Court, Whitely Road, LONDON, N17 6RF.  
Lightweight. Standard British fanzine. Better than most.

SPECULATION Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton,  
BIRMINGHAM 30. Recommended to the serious & constructive SF fan.

\* \* \* \* \*

A FEW COMMENTS BY YOUR FRIENDLY, NEIGHBOURHOOD EDITOR:

This is one article I felt I'd like to say something, so I've crammed it up a bit on this page to make room for me. (Please don't call the curse of Ghod down upon me, Gray.) Gray makes a lot of very valid comments in this piece; the sad thing is they'll be ignored by most faneds, although a few of his suggestions will be incorporated into MAYA: 2 (e.g. headings, won't they Harry?...please.). But money and time are potent factors. Still, we all can but try.

I don't agree with all Gray says (APHORETA is a not very pretty bore), nor will a number of people, but that doesn't affect the basic <sup>truth</sup> of what he is saying and if more faneds thought about layout the UK fanzines could hold their heads up a bit higher. My excuse: I'm just learning.

(Oh, yes, and those two superior comics fanzines from Ian Penman, 30 Weldon Avenue, Grangetown, SUNDERLAND, Co.Durham are ORACLE, a newszine at 1/6, and ARMAGEDDON, a magnificent Rank-Xerox effort - in layout at least - costs 3/-.) Do I get a free copy now, Ian? Huh?



BEHOLD THE MAN: Michael Moorcock Mayflower 5/- Avon 75 cents.  
A review by Ian Williams

Michael presents a rather enigmatic and contradictory figure. He looks like a fat Christ and, at conventions, is noted for his flamboyant behaviour and consumption of alcohol. He is also the most influential editor the science fiction field has had with the possible exception of John W. Campbell. Whilst the latter insisted on a prose equal to mainstream level, Moorcock demanded, and occasionally got, work that was as good as the best in contemporary fiction, that was challenging both in concept and style. His arrogant boasting of this material raised a lot of hackles but, nevertheless, his contribution to contemporary s.f., as an editor, is phenomenal.

Sadly, most of his own writing is mediocre, or, at best, merely competent.

The Elric stories, about which there is something of a cult, have a certain vitality which grips and holds the attention of the reader. His RUNESTAFF quartet offer nothing but tedium and the occasional flash of imagination.

Jerry Cornelius infuriates and annoys a lot of people because, I think, that they are trying to figure out what Moorcock is getting at and can't. There's a simple reason for this: he isn't saying anything. Jerry Cornelius is as shallow as the 'pop culture' to which he belongs. He is like a large balloon covered with funny cartoonish drawings: light, amusing and very, very thin.

But in 1969, Michael Moorcock had published two novels which can be claimed as serious works of speculative fiction: THE BLACK CORRIDOR which saw light of day as an Ace Special and BEHOLD THE MAN. THE BLACK CORRIDOR involves a man going mad on a starship alternating with details of his previous life in an England on the verge of anarchy. The picture of England given in this book is so extreme as to be farcical - Powellism is taken to its ultimate limit wherein the Irish and Welsh are the subjects of racialism. The insanity of the central character is reflected in hallucinatory scenes and a kind of concrete poetry which doesn't come off at all. The idea behind this book is good but Moorcock doesn't have the talent to make it successfully realised.

And so to BEHOLD THE MAN, the subject of this review.

It is this book that shows Moorcock's sights, the same sights that were revealed by his editorship of NEW WORLDS, and also shows his limitations as a writer.

The theme is challenging enough: a time traveller who is searching for the historical Christ, finds himself taking on the role.

This is a difficult subject to tackle as, after hundreds of years of Christianity, the image of the crucified Christ has become a highly potent symbol. This image is echoed throughout the book. As a child, the protagonist, Karl Glogauer, is crucified to a wire fence. Although atheistic and of Jewish ancestry, he has a morbid obsession with religion that is highly sexual in its nature - the Cross, to Glogauer, is an erotic symbol of his fantasies. Frequently, it is stated that he wants to be a martyr in an age which doesn't give him the opportunity to become one. The Crucifixion is emphasised still further, in the Avon edition, by a brilliant, stunning cover which the Crucifixion is depicted in a manner resembling the religious work of Salvador Dali.

The best sections of this novel are set in the Palestine of 29 A.D. Obviously, Moorcock has done his homework on this. He presents an interesting, if brief, picture of life amongst the Essenes. The character of John the Baptist is credibly done despite its rather sketchy manner. All in all, I got the feeling that, yes, this is how it was. It's a shame that sex is dragged into these sections of the novel particularly after the marvellous feelings of austerity and asceticism the author manages to convey. Glogauer, in a delirium searches for Jesus and eventually stumbles upon him only to find that he is

mentally defective and that Mary is a slut who, whom Joseph is out of the way, lets Glogauer have her. This particular scene, I found, to be a piece of cheap, distasteful sensationalism that was more sordid than shocking. The rest is fairly predictable: Glogauer becomes known as a teacher and healer, gathers a group of disciples around him and acts out the Christ legend, finally dying, in great pain, on the cross and ends up rotting in a physician's surgery.

Of course this isn't really a novel anyway - just a blatantly padded out version of the Nebula-winning novелlette. I have no objection to the expansion of novелlettes into novels - Zelazny did a superb job on HE WHO SHAPES (THE DREAM MASTER), as did Daniel Keyes with FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON - provided they are well, or even passably, done. But BEMOLD THE MAN isn't. Insetted into the fractured narrative are strands of thought, conversations, the occasional piece of concrete poetry, and other gobbledygook. Enlightening (sic) pieces such as:

'Vampires.

We're quite a pair.'

and:

'How?

It c...

Jesus!

I need...

No!'

Quite a bit space is wasted by such irrelevant that add nothing to the book except for adding those few extra pages for Moorcock to claim it is a novel.

Whether Michael Moorcock had sincere artistic intentions in writing this book, I can't say, but the net result is a seriously flawed work, incredibly padded, and adds nothing to the original novелlette. This is a tremendously disappointing book but which will no doubt convince many people otherwise because of its pretensions to art.

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THE AMERICAN DREAM BECOMES NIGHTMARE: The apocalyptic canvas of Norman Mailer. A discussion of AN AMERICAN DREAM by Ritchie Smith.

In this novel Mailer coruscates and burns through a long, harshly violent, tour-de-force, throwing long strings of verbal fireworks that almost succeed in disguising the spare, powerful story that is the bare bones of this novel. That story belongs to the protagonist, a neurotic ex-marine hero called Stephen Richards Rojack, a half-Jewish maverick intellectual living in Manhattan.

However, the thing that rears above and behind this book is the incredible myth-landscape of neon-lit New York. And, if I can parallel Mailer with any one writer in the s.f. field, it must be Roger Zelazny: there are the same near-poetic glimmerings and the same casual insight. Of course the main difference is in their end-products: the almost insane disgust and bitterness of Mailer, so painfully involved, so different from the aesthetic-academic detachment of an Eliot, is far, far away from Zelazny's concept of life being like 'the beaches around Tokyo Bay'. Mailer makes no overt statements on life, serious or not: existence, as he sees it, is a meaningless, melodramatic episode set in a charnel house. It is no accident that he writes extensively about odours, particularly those of decay.

Of course, the comparatively cold tradition of s.f., where the novels must almost of necessity be divorced from contemporary reality, makes it a little harder to attain Mailer's unstable greatness. After all, how many famous novellists exercised that ultimate, bed-rock quality of science fiction? I am very much afraid that Norman Mailer is only screaming the cold truth in this



book. It has a peculiar, indefinable revolting quality that seems to come only with the truth.

The opening paragraphs go right onto a flashback of the killings that made Rojack a hero. Under conditions of extreme danger - and in a very odd mental state - he attacks two machine-gun nests and manages to kill the four Germans that occupy them. This killing soon becomes an obsession with him, as do the phases of the moon (it was under a full moon that he became a hero). He is wounded and shipped back to America. There, after a double-date with Jack Kennedy, he seduces the woman who is to be his future wife, Deborah Caughlin Mangaravidi Kelly. She was 'of the Caughlins first, bankers...the Mangaravidis, and Kelly's family was just Kelly, but he had made a million two hundred times. So there was a vision of treasure, far off blood and fear.' He is just about middle age, and considers himself a failure: and at a party in the full silver moonlight he comes near to committing suicide. (Unfortunately, I cannot really describe the wild, neurotic quality of his style. It must be read to be appreciated).

He leaves the party, drunk, to see his bitch-goddess wife, who is 'an artist with the needle'. She is probably meant to typify the emasculating characteristics of the American female. The fight that comes is the inevitable climax of the confrontation, and in it, Deborah more or less attempts to tear his gonads out. Rojack, however, gets her in a wrestling hold, and, in the middle of a vision of heaven, snaps her neck.

Now what can I say? The rest of the novel is an account of Rojack's attempt to break free of his dogging past, principally the murder of his wife: and if you are utterly revolted by Stephen Richards Rojack, who killed the woman who tortured him, I hope you are revolted in more than equal measure by his killing of the agents of a power that tortured other people. And now the rest of the characters stride through the pages. Cherry Melanie, a night club singer, who is almost sane. Deborah's shadow figure father, the multi-millionaire (and, perhaps, effective head of the Mafia), who tries to kill Rojack. And Roberts, a policeman who cares only about the hunt, and nothing about justice. And Shago Martin, a switch-blade carrying Negro singer, hooked on heroin.. All these must be read in the original, only a Mailer could fully do them justice.

AN AMERICAN DREAM is the clarion-call of a prophet without a cause: a real voice in the wilderness. He is dealing now with the contemporary fascist mythology; with all the archetypes of the American (and therefore also Western) sickness. Even the chapter headings, A Vision in the Desert, A Motive is Prepared, At the Lion and the Serpent, are couched in the language of the epic. In fact, Mailer seems to be developing a semantics of decay and dissolution. There are faults, no doubt: Many of the critics disliked the book and claimed it was overwritten: well, I would counter-claim that the book had to be written in the way it was and that was no other choice. The protagonist, a kind of parodied Mailer, still attracts my pity and concern: and the book is very good indeed.

Here the philosophy seems to be utter nihilism: Mailer seems to believe in literally nothing. This novel is like the trumpet-blare of nothingness, it is apocalyptic, and it tells you that there is nothing, nothing at all: everything is hideous, repulsive, and empty of all meaning and significance. Most of the insanities of America must be reflected in this book. Norman Mailer reads like something a wild embittered saxophonist would sound, somewhere far away in the night. The only shred of hope, he seems to say, is to leave the sickness of New York and America, as does his protagonist, in the chapter headed The Harbours of the Moon Again. This is, in itself, a wonderful piece of prose. And so, Rojack drives across the myth-landscapes of America, smelling their decay, away from the city in the desert, Las Vegas, and down to the jungles of Yucatan.

This is Norman Mailer. Here he is juggling with the archetypes of the

modern world: his is a voice from Golgotha, but I do not know who or what is being crucified.

And that is AN AMERICAN DREAM. It is a book that reflects all the tragedy of its title.

published by MAYFLOWER 5/-.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Thom Penman said a recent report showed that 4/5ths of the population of Manhattan suffer from mental aberrations.  
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THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, (Vol. 1), edited by Robert Silverberg; Doubleday, \$7.95; 558 pages. Reviewed by Cy Chauvin.

This massive anthology contains classic short stories by all of sf's great writers. The stories contained here weren't selected as the best by Robert Silverberg, the book's editor, but by a vote of the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA). During Silverberg's term as president of this organisation (1967 - 68), it was decided that a special 'showcase' anthology of the best sf published before 1965 - when the first Nebula awards were given out - should be put out. Nominations for the best stories of that period were then held open for a year. Each SFWA member was limited to one story by one author, and were asked to keep a historical perspective in mind, so that some of sf's earlier stories were not left out. It was intended that this 'showcase' anthology trace sf from its beginning, and sort of show its 'evolution' into the modern form. Finally, a vote was taken, and the top fifteen stories are as follows:

1. Nightfall by Issac Asimov
2. A Martian Odyssey by Stanley G. Weinbaum
3. Flowers for Algernon by Daniel Keyes
4. Microcosmic God by Theodore Sturgeon
- (tie) First Contact by Murray Leinster
6. A Rose for Ecclesiastes by Roger Zelazny
7. The Roads must Roll by Robert Heinlein
- (tie) Mimsy Were The Borogroves by Lewis Padgett (Henry Kuttner)
- (tie) Coming Attraction by Fritz Leiber
- (tie) The Cold Equations by Tom Godwin
11. The Nine Billion Names Of God by Arthur C. Clarke
12. Surface Tension by James Blish
13. The Weapon Shop by A.E. van Vogt
- (tie) Twilight by John W. Campbell
15. Arena by Frederic Brown

If nothing else, you can argue with your friends which stories should have been nearer the top of the list, or not included in it at all!

Actually, it's really very hard to criticise a book like this - all the stories in it are classics, and if you keep in mind 'historical perspective' while you read the thfirst few, and your personal likes and dislikes when you read the rest, why I'm sure you'll all agree that it's a fine collection. It's a good way of catching up on all the classics you might have missed reading, though there's a good chance that you've already read a number of the books stories. That's the book's only fault (if you consider it a fault) besides its steep price. It's a nice convenient collection of classics that every fan should want.

Editor's note: I believe this book is being published in England fairly soon, by whom I'm not certain - probably Gollancz &, I would imagine, cost about £2.25.



## SOME JOTTINGS FROM A DREAMING SPIRE

...Regilding the halo of the statue at the entrance of Greyfriars (a private hall for Franciscan monks), someone drapes a spotless hanky over the head of - I presume - St. Francis and then goes to lunch!

...T.E. Lawrence had a scheme to claim Magdalen's deer were, in fact, All Soul's, which had been pastured at Magdalen since time immemorial.

Mum says she'll come to dinner on Saturday. In true Herts fandom tradition ( 2 days early or 24 hours late), she arrives the following Wednesday...

...During original visit, Churl suggests a short cut from Magdalen to Science Area via a footpath, shown on the map, which turns out to be the Cherwell!

...There are still a great number of Narnia type (usually, though, one-armed) gaslights here, including the lighting for Woodstock Close -- Jack the Ripper would feel at home...

A lecturer in Churl's dept. turns out to be Pam Bulmer's double.

...I track up and down three stories of stairs in the Clarendon Building umpteen times before discovering a lift, approximately the size of a small airing cupboard ( without shelves ) but which takes, it says, five people...

You cannot observe certain colleges with an unjaundiced eye after you learn they contain the work of Mr. Grinling Gibbons...

The graffiti here is highly amusing and erudite; very few lewd examples seem to be on show. We would particularly recommend the area around Merton Street; in general, the most popular subjects are the Road Plan and a mysterious collection designated "Albatross"...

(Would you like to send me some for MAYA:2, Mary?)

(If you'll excuse this unwarranted editorial interruption, that is.)

...Oxford is possibly the only city in the world which boasts a shop where you can get your fountain pen serviced while you wait; for those who would like to avail themselves of this unique offer, it's by the Magdalen College traffic lights....

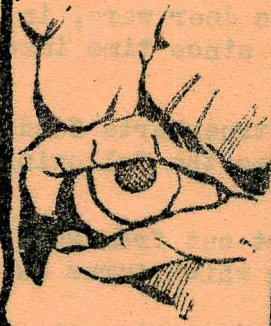
There are (bring your own shovel) half a million books under the lawn around Radcliffe Camera. For bookworms, perhaps...?

...Oxford is full of statueless niches, although the only place I've seen any is at the entrance to the Botanic Gardens (which rather gruesomely occupied the site of "a Medieval Jews burying ground").

Queen's college has two rather quaint customs. One is at Xmas, to usher in the Boar's head with a carol which is said to commemorate a student who was attacked by a wild boar and escaped by ramming a copy of Aristotle down its throat. (Do they sing a Greek carol?) The other is that on New Year's Day, the Bursar presents the people with a needle and thread saying: "Take this and be thrifty." It is said to be a pun on the founder's name - Eglesfield - i.e. aiguille et fil - needle and thread...



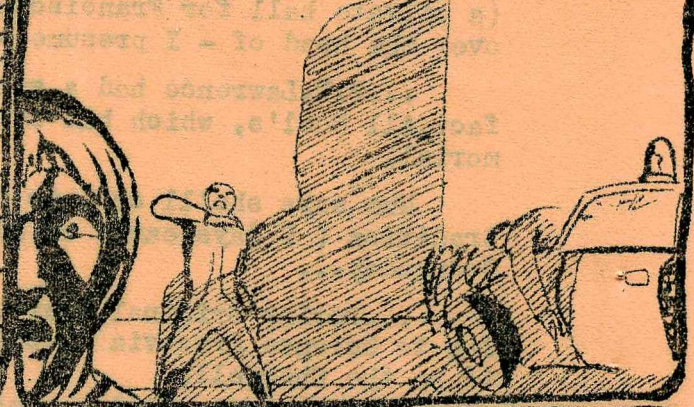
THE STONE  
MONSTER  
WOKE UP



AROUND HIM A TALL CITY  
HAD GROWN  
OF TALL BUILDINGS  
AND ROADS  
AND PEOPLE



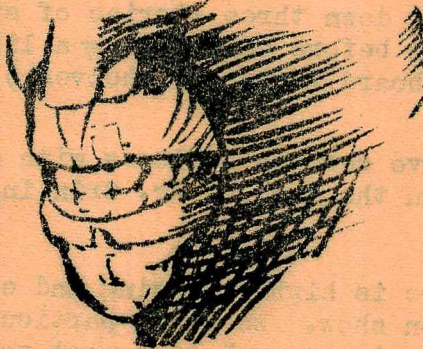
AND PEOPLE



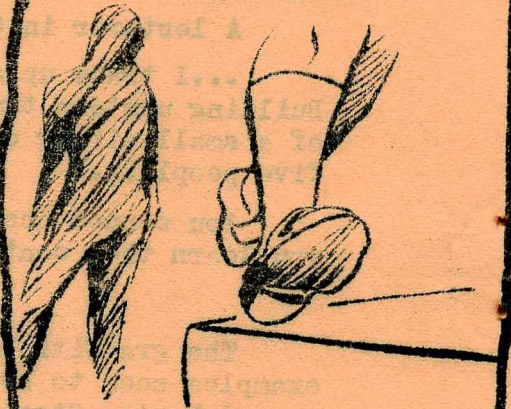
IT SAW A YOUNG CHILD



SO, DRAWING BACK HIS LIPS,  
SMILED AT HER WITH HIS GREY  
STONE FANGS  
AND HUGE JAW



THE CHILD SCREAMED AND  
RAN AND RAN



AT THIS SURPRISE,  
THE MONSTER CRIED  
A SINGLE BLACK TEAR  
WHICH FELL TO THE GROUND  
THIRTY FEET BELOW



THE STONE MONSTER STOOD  
WALKED RAN ALONG THE  
CROWDED ROADWAY  
TRAMPLING CARS MAKING  
PEOPLE IN THEM  
ALL SQUISHY



"IT'S A MONSTER"  
PEOPLE SAID, AMAZED AT THEIR  
OWN PERCEPTION  
"FETCH A POLICEMAN"



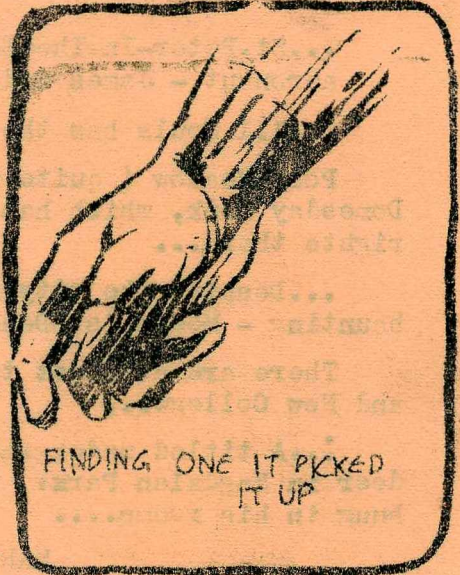


BUT THE MONSTER

HAD ACCIDENTALLY  
CRUSHED THE COP SHOP  
AND COPPEAS  
"WHAT EVER CAN WE DO?"  
THEY CRIED, RUNNING.

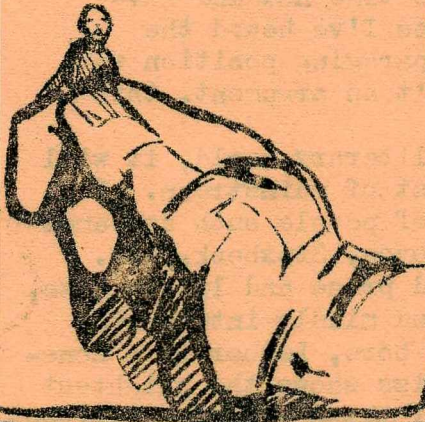


THE STONE MONSTER STOPPED  
TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER CHILD  
THE STONE MONSTER STOPPED  
TO LOOK FOR AN

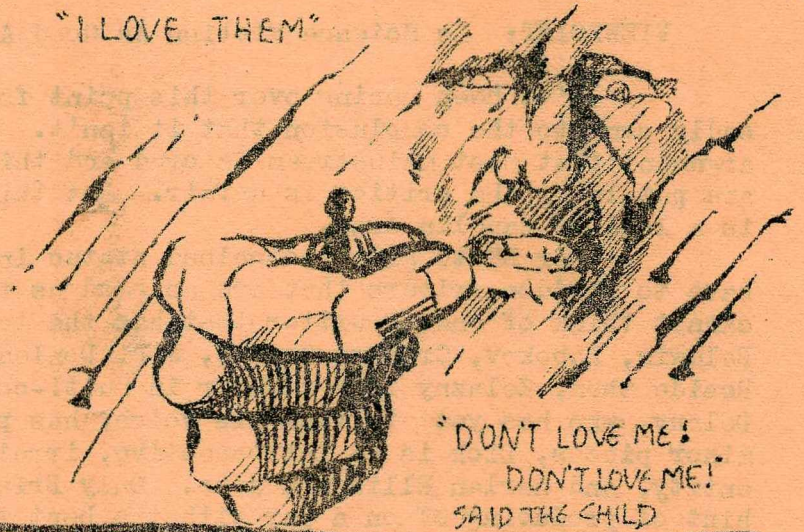


FINDING ONE IT PICKED  
IT UP

"DONT EAT ME!  
DONT EAT ME!"  
IT SAID

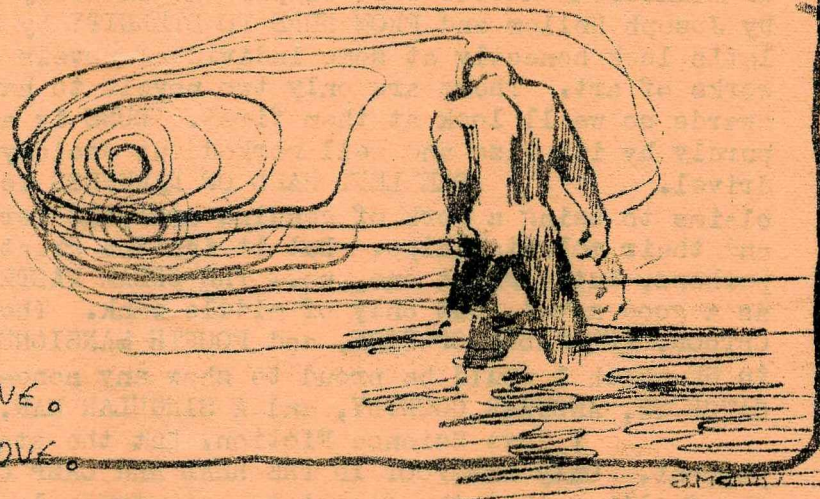


"I DO NOT EAT CHILDREN", SAID THE STONE MONSTER,  
"I LOVE THEM"



"DONT LOVE ME!  
DONT LOVE ME!"  
SAID THE CHILD

SO THE MONSTER PUT THE CHILD ON THE GROUND  
AND WALKED INTO THE SEA



ALL THE TIME CRYING  
FOR THOSE WHO REJECT LOVE.  
FOR THOSE WHO REJECT LOVE.



...St.Peter-In-The-East churchyard has the grave of the first English  
aeronaut - James Sadler, balloonist...

...All Souls has the only chapel in Oxford without an organ...

Port Meadow ( quite near to Woodstock Close) is an area predating the  
Domesday Book, which has never been ploughed. Oxford freemen have grazing  
rights there...

...Despite the city's antiquity, I have so far only found one claimed  
haunting - Meeton's 'Dead Man's Walk'...

There are at least two pieces of unicorn horns in Oxford, at Ashmolean  
and New College...

...A titled undergrad, following his father's example, shot one of the  
deer in Magdalen Park: to add insult to injury, he then had the carcass  
hung in his rooms....

MARY LEGG

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#### VIEWPOINT: Is Science Fiction As Good As We Think It Is?

I've been musing over this point for some time now and have  
sadly come to the conclusion that it isn't. Oh, yes I've heard the  
argument that most mainstream is crud and this disparaging position we  
are put in by the critics is unfair. But this isn't an argument, this  
is a load of maudlin crap.

For SF to gain recognised status in the literary world, it will  
have to produce writers that are as good as the best of mainstream. I  
cannot think of one SF writer that has the talent of people such as James  
Baldwin, Nabokov, Grahame Greene, J.P. Donleavy, Joyce, Steinbeck, etc.  
Beside them, Zelazny is a dabbler in multi-coloured prose and little else,  
Delany, who has yet to find his voice, has produced mildly interesting  
minor pieces, Dick is an introspective, irrelevant bore, Leiber is a none-  
entity, and Harlan Ellison a joke. Only Brian Aldiss shows the slightest  
hint of producing SF on a par with the best work of those writers mentioned.

You may think I'm unfair by comparing writers when a great number  
of mainstream novels were simply one-shots by their authors such as CATCH-22  
by Joseph Heller and FROM HERE TO ETERNITY by James Jones. Alright then,  
let's look honestly at some individual novels and see if they are valid  
works of art. There are only two novels to have won both HUGO and NEBULA  
awards so we'll look at them first. DUNE is a very flawed work and impresses  
purely by its size and well worked out ecology - the plot is melodramatic  
drivel.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is a unity with fairly valid  
claims to being a work of genuine artistic merit. It concerns human beings  
and their relationships. But it isn't a great novel, one with many merits,  
perhaps, but a great one, no.. THE DREAM MASTER could, conceivably, rate  
as a good novel, but only of middle rank. Then there are such books as  
CEPHON, THE MASKS OF TIME, and FOURTH MANSIONS - three of the finest novels  
in SF which I would be proud to show any none-SF reader, but compared to  
CATCH-22, ANOTHER COUNTRY, and A SINGULAR MAN, are rather laughable.

I love Science Fiction, but the standard is too damned low at  
present. Only BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD and CAMP CONCENTRATION left me with  
the feelings that the finest in mainstream leave me. This is the sad  
situation and only the writers can do something about it.

Ian Williams.



AN ATTEMPT, IN POETIC FORM, TO GET AT THE ESSENTIAL FEELINGS OF A PERSON  
REJECTED BY HIS MISTRESS AND WHO IS EXPRESSING HIS FEELINGS OF DEEP ANGUISH  
AND REMORSE by David Barry

Most poems by contemporary writers  
externalise their feelings of mental pain,  
this poem is an attempt to internalise such a thing  
in terms of the body at war with itself.

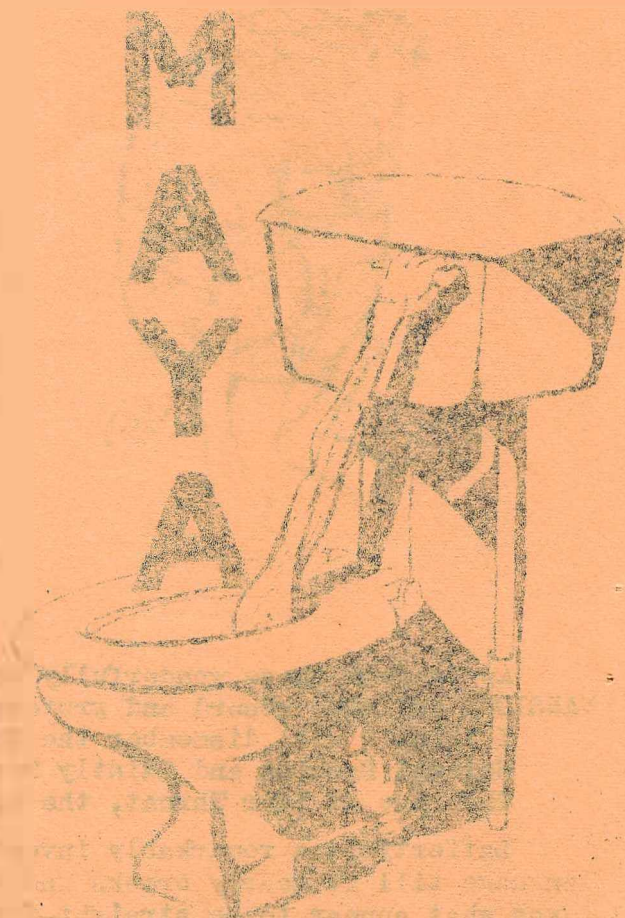
If you leave me  
my penis will perish  
and  
my gonads will go.  
If you leave me  
my kidneys will make love to each other  
and  
alienate the lonely pancreas.  
If you leave me  
my ribs will have a fencing match  
with  
a lung as prize to be devoured.  
If you leave me.  
My spine will kill my sternum  
and  
my toes will stand on each other.  
If you leave me  
my fingers will fellate my nose  
and  
my teeth will commit sodomy with my ears.  
If you leave me  
my stomach will eat my intestines  
with  
my liver for a dainty desert.  
If you leave me  
my tongue will consort with my cranium.  
and  
be unfaithful to my throat.  
If you leave me  
I'll cry  
and  
I'll cry  
and...

\* \* \* \* \*

That, needless to say, was a micky-  
take which my friend David, a none-  
fan, never thought I would print. x  
However, myself and the rest of the  
group found it extremely funny, so  
there it is. This also seemed a  
very appropriate place for Jim  
Marshall's drawing.

\* \* \* \* \*

I always wear a MAYA under my gannex  
Harold Wilson....



Ian Williams: IN PRAISE OF R.A.LAFFERTY

'Raphael Aloysius Lafferty is one prodigious liar...' Alexei Panshin.

'...the madman Lafferty.' Harlan Ellison.

'R.A.Lafferty is one of the most original writers in SF.' Terry Carr.

'R.A.Lafferty writes an R.A.Lafferty story.' James Cawthorn reviewing DARK STARS edited by Robert Silverberg, in New Worlds.

Nobody writes like R.A.Lafferty and nobody ever has. He doesn't write science fiction and he doesn't write fantasy. James Cawthorn categorises him in the only way possible (above). Lafferty is a unique nutcase who hasn't written a serious word in his ten years in the field. He isn't very prolific: in all this time, he's only written four novels and a moderate corpus of short stories, twenty one of which have now been anthologised thanks to Ace Books. In fact we've a lot to thank Frederik Pohl and Ace for. Most of Lafferty's stories appeared in Galaxy and if under Pohl's editorship (when their logical home might have been F&SF) and all but one of Lafferty's five books have been published by Ace Books.



There's such a lot in Lafferty's world that it's difficult to know what to look at first. Perhaps his poetry is a good starting point as his verses, which dot about in his stories and novels, cull the essence of Lafferty; his absurd, comic, and grotesque humour a bound in them. In THE REEFS OF EARTH, the titles of the chapters, when combined, form a sixteen line poem which beautifully sums up the plot of the book. The first four chapter titles go as follows:-

To Slay the Folks and Cleanse the Land  
And Leave the World a Reeking Roastie  
High Purpose of the Gallant Band  
And Six Were Kids, and One a Ghostie

Each chapter is SPACE CHANTEY begins with a poem which, again, sums up the tale told therein. From Chapter One:-

The Lay of Road-Storm from the Ancient  
Chronicles

We give you here, Good Spheres and Cool-  
Boy Concicals

And perils pinnacled and parts impossible  
And every word of it the sworn-on Gosipel

Apart from these wonderfully comic poems, the chapter titles in FOURTH MANSIONS are also absurd and grotesque, like:-

I think I will dismember the World with my Hands. (1)

Helical Passion and Saintly Sexpot. (5)

The Line of Your Throat, the Mercurial Movement.(7)

Lafferty is a remarkably inventive writer who twists and turns the English language till it nearly breaks under the strain of his contortions. He takes what appear to be straight-forward SF plots and stands them on their heads. In SNUFFLES, aparty land on an unusual planetoid with numerous inconsistent features. While they are there, their numbers are whittled down by a large bear, until, finally, all are killed. Snuffles, the bear, is not, however, an alien -



- he is God. What Lafferty does is to take the trappings of SF - time travel, Utopia, space ships, other worlds, aliens, invasions, robots, supermen - and transforms them into something utterly unique.

I'll go into more detail about that later, but first I'm going to look at a none-SF subject Lafferty writes about a great deal - children. I don't think he likes them very much because, in his stories, they are callous, savage little animals, no matter how sophisticated they may appear to be. The Puca children, in ~~in~~ THE REEFS OF EARTH, are cold, murdering little fiends without any empathy at all. They decide that it is necessary to kill their parents and so, with only a little sadness, they set about it. Ginny, in the short story GINNY WRAPPED IN SUN, is a totally selfish mutant unconcerned with humanity except to use them for her own purposes. The Camiroi race realise that children are animals and when educating them, treat them as such:

'Once they have learned that they must comply to some extent, there is little trouble. Small children are often put down into a pit.... If a child has not learned to accept discipling by the third or fourth grade, he is hanged.'

In SEVEN DAY TERROR, Clarence Willoughby builds a seven-day disappearer and causes havoc. His sister Clarissa said:

'I was going to make a thirteen year one but for that you need to colour the ends with blood from a little boy's heart, and Cyril cried every time I tried to make a good cut.'

Lafferty's stories are like his children, grotesque and callous. A number of his stories are very bloody, full of gore and always black comedy. I know of no writer who could describe a wife eating her husband in this way:

'All I want is a little affection,' said Regina talking with her mouth full.

'Help, help,' said Homer, as she ate him clear up to his head. 'Shriek, shriek!'

These tales often seem to be charnel houses in which people are slaughtered, maimed, and killed in a variety of ways. The earthman Garamask, in FROG ON THE MOUNTAIN, embarks on a safari to kill four beasts; his ear is severed, his nose torn off, an eye gouged out, as well as sundry other cuts and slashes on his person. In PAST MASTER, millions live in squalor to be devoured by rat-packs, killed by plague, and murdered by murderers. Mass slaughter is the climax of FOURTH MANSIONS and in SPACE CHANTEY, crewmen get killed off all the way al

But Lafferty manages to present these horrors in a way that is amusing and not as the pornography of violence. But those who are killed off are usually cannon fodder, creatures with whom we don't identify. When his leading players are destroyed then there is genuine horror.

As I mentioned earlier, Lafferty takes the trappings of SF and uses them to create something entirely different. SPACE CHANTEY has a simple plot; having survived a war, a group of starships, under Captain Roadstrum, goes home and on the way have number of adventures. Of course, this is the Odyssey pure and simple. Lafferty's science is the old Shuckley bible-bible only much funnier. The starships could be tin cans as far as Lafferty is concerned; when he thinks





it's necessary and amusing, he'll throw in things like a communicator which warns when voices are being imitated; this is used ironically, as Roadstrum and his crew don't have their real tongues in any case, having been torn out earlier. In SLOW TUESDAY NIGHT, Lafferty creates an incredibly speeded-up world. His scientific rationale for this: 'When the Abbaio Block had been lifted from human minds, people began to make decisions faster and even better'. I think that Lafferty's story premises would drive John W. Campbell round the bend.

But, please don't get the impression that he is merely a comic writer. R.A. Lafferty is much more than that as PAST MASTER and FOURTH MANSIONS have shown. PAST MASTER is a very tightly written which probably doesn't contain a single irrelevant word. It is a profound book, at times philosophical, packed with ideas and detail. The plot concerns a Utopia with a problem so

serious that it brings Thomas More from the past to try and find a solution. It is a bitingly funny book, but in a blacker more sinister vein than his other writings, with only one exception. The exception is FOURTH MANSIONS, a bewilderingly original work that appears, on first reading, to be totally illogical and self-contradictory. But it isn't. Hank Stine, in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW: 38, states clearly and accurately what the book was trying to do: 'Lafferty seems to have achieved what Samuel R. Delany tried in THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION: the setting of a story in a universe undergoing change, where the characters and nature of the story must change so much that, at the end, one finds oneself reading a different book with different problems necessitating different solutions.' Yet the book is deceptively easy to read, although the style can be a little overpowering. The dominating theme is similar to that of PAST MASTER - what happens to a civil-

sation when it is at its pinnacle; is it torn down and rebuilt in a different form, or go on to something higher?

And that, then, is R.A. Lafferty: intellectual madman and comic genius. Lafferty who writes like nobody else and who has had published only five books. So there is no excuse why you shouldn't buy them all.

THE REEFS OF EARTH Berkley 60 cents/Dobson £1.05.

SPACE CHANTEY Ace 60 cents.

PAST MASTER Ace Special 60 cents/Rapp & Whiting £1.05.

FOURTH MANSIONS Ace Special 75 cents.

NINE HUNDRED GRANDMOTHERS Ace Special 95 cents. (All short stories mentioned in this article are contained in this 318 page collection.)

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How to fill a page dept.

I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself. I am large. I contain multitudes: Walt Whitman.

This is the end of this bit of page filling. See you around!





SOME LAST WORDS: where the editor explains some contradictions, makes some apologies as well as some predictions.

Primarily, I'd like to apologise for the lateness of MAYA, which, at the time of typing, is going on for three weeks past my deadline and could very well end up as four. The holdup was because of the artwork, some of which was pinched along with a few of Jim Marshall's pens. This resulted in needing a script for the strip and the only thing immediately available and even vaguely suitable was a children's story-poem of mine which had previously appeared in WADEZINE.

Some of the artwork has turned out poorly because of crap electrostencils. Reproduction next issue will be much better, so will the general layout.

Deadline for articles for the next issue is mid-January and MAYA:2 should appear exactly four weeks later. On the other hand, if I'm showered with first rate material sooner.... MAYA:2 will also feature (I hope) a lengthy letter column.

And just one final reminder, I'm interested in good articles of virtually any kind, anything except fan-fiction.

Trades are welcome and I promise to loc every fanzine received.

And to every contributor - heartfelt thanks.



